

## Hero King 441

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

#### Chapter 441: CH 405: TYRANT

[Wratharis — Royal Palace]

Sol's speech was not only contained in the confines of the Lustburg kingdom. All kingdoms had spies mixed in with the populace of the other kingdoms and this was all the more so for Wratharis who was currently in midst of war preparation against the kingdom of Lustburg.

Bang~!

“He dares!?”

A roar filled the palace room as thunder crackled in the sky as a man shouted at the top of his lungs.

Unlike Sol's situation where he showed respect to his dukes and nobles of his kingdom and received respect in return, the current situation inside the palace room could only be considered to be a complete suppression as fear flashed in the eyes of the trembling retainers who had given the message to the king of Wratharis.

They always said that one should not shoot at messengers. But they knew very well that the man sitting on the throne with a wrathful expression was not one to listen to such courtesy.

Tiangou Lupus Ira.

The current reigning king of Wratharis. A rare variant of the Blue Wolf race, a Lightning wolf, who had reached the King rank as well.

As one of the most powerful beings in the Mortal Realm, one would expect a certain grace in his demeanor. But all one could see was the endless greed of a man who hungered for more and more power. Power that he didn't have the right nor the ability to handle.

He was a man who did not hesitate to kill his brother in order to steal the throne even though he could have just waited for it to be passed on to him naturally.

For many people, that man was not a king. He was nothing but a malevolent and ungrateful tyrant.

He did not lead through kindness, sternness, or even with authority. He only reigned through absolute power and fear of the destruction he would wreak on his opposition.

In any other place, this would have brought about a mutiny or a coup. A full-blown rebellion against his rule as the population decided to revolt against injustice.

Sadly, as a Blessed king, no Beastkin could ever hope to hurt him or take the throne from him. Doing so would mean fighting against the goddesses themselves. And this would only lead to the decimation and complete erasure of the individual.

Looking down at the trembling man kneeling beneath his throne, Lupus felt his anger rise more and more with each passing second.

For him, anger was power. He embraced it. This was the way to constantly increase his power. It was his truth and way of life.

But he still knew that hot anger was not the only way to lead life.

His wrath simmered down as the lightning in the room receded into his body, "Finish your report."

The messenger nearly let out a sob of relief as he bowed so low he planted his forehead firmly on the ground.

There was not much to say and once he finish retelling the events that transpired all over the kingdom of Lustburg, he was dismissed. Fortunately, he was able to keep his life and his limbs intact. But he wasn't fully sure of his survival. He wouldn't be sure until he left the sights of the accursed king.

It was only after standing outside and feeling the rays of the sun against his face that he realized that he was alive and that he had survived the ordeal.

Tears strimmed down his face as he wondered if he should go back home and work on the farm with his parents.

At least this would be a better life than this.

Serving a king was like riding a tiger. A man never knew when they would be swallowed by their own steed.

Though...'The future king of Lustburg seems to be different.'

He was envious. No matter if it was a facade or not, at least that noble king was willing to put up a kind facade for the public and his retainers. It was still infinitely better than the king he served.

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"Miserable wretch!"

After the messenger left the room, Lupus gripped his throne tightly with his hands. Despite his personality, Lupus was not foreign to politics. He simply did not see the interest in engaging in such useless and insufferable blabber as he judged it was utterly unworthy and beneath a king such as him to even dabble in.

This was why he could guess... That the baby prince was using him as a way to clean up his own kingdom of all of its malice and rotten parts.

His decision to wage war against that insufferable prince's kingdom was being seen lightly by that arrogant manchild.

Furthermore the words in the messages that were addressed...

Tyrant. Usurper. Unworthy of the throne. All those were adjectives and curse words that were used to describe him behind his back but he cared not as he knew those were nothing but the plays of a rat scurrying along the ground, destined to never stand up against the true beings of power.

But that wretched, vile, and dastardly prince.... "He really dared insult me."

Lupus was angry. Very very angry. He did not see himself as a usurper. He was a Blessed. He was a chosen one by the Heavens themselves and without a doubt, he would become unrivaled under the heavens using his power and authority.

“Sol Dragona Luxuria... I shall remember you and your insolence.”

He would see how that prince would react when he lost everything and his kingdom was burned to the ground while he laughed at his misery.

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[Patientia Church — Kingdom of Wratharis]

The Church of Patientia was more akin to a calm temple with hundreds of fox statues and red gates all over the place.

Even though winter was upon them, the sakura trees were still blooming in their pink hue and the petal flowers were floating leisurely in the sky.

Sitting on the ground with a bottle of alcohol next to her, Kiku Inari Patientia, the Supreme Daughter of Patientia, also known as the Miko, bonafide shrine maiden of this place, was gazing at the distant sky.

Next to her, was a short girl with two horns above her head wearing clothes that were more than just a little indecent.

“Shuten... How do you think this will end?”

Shuten Douji, leaned back slightly as she focused on Kiku’s side profile and spoke, “We are currently sitting on gunpowder and the Prince has just lit the fuse.”

Kiku sighed, “I wonder what gives him such confidence.”

“I don’t know either, to be honest. Information from the main tower of Lustburg is nearly impossible to acquire. But see... That prince is no fool. I am sure of that fact.”

Shuten had seen a record of the speech. This prince was unlike Lupus. This was not the behavior of a man drunk with power and overestimating his worth.

Those were the eyes of a man who knew what he was doing and who had the means to back up all of his claims.

“The first phase of our plan is more of a success than I had expected it to be. I believe even the second phase will succeed. But— We lack two very essential elements to fully utilize our plan.”

Shuten Douji was a demon and Kiku was a Blessed. As such, the two could openly plot against Lupus for his demise. But there was one rule they could never fight against.

“Firstly —We need a Blessed to take back the throne.”

The importance and influence of Blessed in this continent were without measure. One Blessed was more persuasive than a thousand of just cause.

As long as they did not have someone to replace them — Then chaos would inevitably ensue and burn the lands.

“Secondly — We need someone on their side to handle that brat, Wukong.”

Shuten Douji frowned at those words. She could not imagine anyone being able to fight that battle-thirsty monster and even tie.

It was even more so with his most recent evolution. [1]

But a deal was a deal. Sun Wukong only wished for even more evolution and enlightenment and he would not stop until he was able to reach his goals.

‘I hope the so-called Sword Saint will be worthy of her reputation.’

She did not wish to deal with a tantrum Wukong was capable of bringing otherwise.

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#### **Chapter 442: CH 406: NEW LILITH**

[Lustburg — Inverse World]

Back in Lustburg sitting inside the dimension of his Inverse World, in the copy version of the hanging garden, Lilith was in a rather bewildering but welcome situation.

The path of power from the start of Mana Manipulation to Reinforcement, Cladding, Intent, Zone, and Finally the True Name.

From nothing to the realm of the King, it was a simple yet tedious path that many could not reach or even aim for but it was a path that held no danger for anyone who had both the will and talent to challenge. One may never reach the next level but reaching this realm would automatically promote one to becoming a powerhouse.

The path to the realm of the Demigod, however, was quite different from everything beneath as it was deadly if even the slightest mistake was made along the way. There was no chance for any failure as failure would only mean death and demise.

For some, it was a transition into their most natural state. Others called it an ascension to their true self.

In the end, though, no matter what it was called, there was no denying the fact that it was the most important and the most deadly phase anyone in the King realm had to go through if they wished to advance to the next realm and glimpse into the territory of the gods— becoming a Demigod.

Many stopped on their path after learning of the consequences of failure. Even the Four Witches did not dare to go through it as they were now.

This was why Lilith was all the more bewildered by her situation and the current circumstance of her ascension.

“Well... It seems like I ascended while I was asleep?”

During her experience as her body was being re-constructed by the joint efforts of everyone, she had destroyed her True Name, her truest self, and erased her Truth to find a new way for herself.

Then by reaching the King realm once again, fusing the new name she had sought out for herself had been so easy that it literally happened while she was asleep and recuperating.

It was like her body had forcibly adjusted itself to her power and mental state. Bringing a result that would make any King realm powerhouse red-eyed with envy and jealousy.

When she learned of this fact, Medea cursed endlessly. Persephone looked up at the sky as she wondered about the truth of life even after being the witch that governed over life herself. Freya only gave a feeble chuckle and Kali simply stomped away muttering something incomprehensible about "Bullshit Xianxia protagonist." or something as she left the premise for who knows where.

Lilith could not really blame them for their reaction. But there was not much she could do about this situation other than to blankly watch everything unfold in front of her eyes. For the remaining two weeks, Lilith simply adapted to the myriad of changes her body had gone through due to Sol's crazy plan.

By going through the ascension, she had now become a partial energy being. Akin to all other Divine Beasts. She was now able to absorb mana through the core that was generated in her body and could theoretically enjoy an endless amount of mana as long as there was mana that she could access in her surroundings.

This alone was enough for her to become ecstatic with joy and happiness. She always had a huge amount of mana but now it was on a totally different level.

But this wasn't all. Her body itself was different than her past brittle self.

In the past, she was a failed mixture between a Succubi and a Human. Born from the blood of Neptune and the Nightmare Queen who was also the previous queen of Envilya.

Unlike her daughter though, she had never been able to access the power of [Dreams] that came naturally with her powers as the most powerful Succubi. Though this had never been a problem for her. She had created her own path to mitigate all her flaws.

A path that she could not master in the past due to her mentality and outlook.

This time, however, it was different. She was different. She had overcome everything that was holding her back till now.

"Sigh... I wonder what I should do now."

There was a problem that had been bothering her for the last two weeks and she was quite lost about what to do about it.

Sitting not far from her was Ambrosia. She had her head resting on the palm of her hands as she observed Lilith's body continuously with her divine gaze. Trying to analyze and understand her and just what in hell she was currently.

What Sol had done to her was something that Ambrosia could never enact even to this day. It was a fact that artificially getting power imposed on a body had a certain limit on the one who was bestowed that power.

Divine Beasts could never become gods. In the same way, it was near impossible for a witch to become a Demigod due to the nature of their existence.

Since Sol had 'created' Lilith then her power and potential should also be limited. But the gate of the Demigod realm was basically non-existent for her. Then came the question. What even was her limit? Or, did the concept of limit never exist for her...

"You are certainly the most talented human I have ever witnessed with my eyes. Though— calling you a human right now seems a bit wrong."

"I know, right?"

Lilith grinned as she snapped her finger, "See, I have been thinking about this for so long but I still can't find an answer. What should I call my race?"

Ambrosia could only massage her head at seeing the ecstatic face of Lilith spouting out some nonsensical words. It was quite hard to match this current picture with the Lilith of the past who was always brooding and silent in her thoughts. Her dignified image was shattered in her mind with no hope of forming back.

"You have been thinking about this... For two whole weeks?"

"Well... I am honestly surprised that it has already been so long."

Ambrosia nodded. Understanding that Lilith's perception of time had changed from that of a mortal to that of a long-lived race. This was a necessary procedure as it was impossible for the human mind to support the weight of the years that the divine beings would go through in their life.

"So, did you find a good name for your race?"

"Honestly, I was thinking Godslayer. But..."

"You are...quite courageous, to say the least."

"I mean. Isn't everyone all about creating some new god or something? So why not a Godslayer? Naming the new race after my own sword art would be great."

Ambrosia's smile twitched as she heard her words, "Well, we barely avoided being branded as heretics but if it doesn't bother you, you are free to proclaim yourself as a Godslayer or anything you like."

Lilith laughed out loud before leaning down on the monochrome grass that was gently swaying beneath her feet.

"Well, I guess I can't really choose that name as I am now. Hah, oh well. I will find a good name for it sooner or later. Not like it really matters right now since I am the only one of this race currently."

"Your behavior has changed greatly. This is quite a concerning matter."

Lilith smiled at Ambrosia's words.

Looking up at the grey sky, she stretched her hand as mana began to fill her body.

It was a euphoric feeling. She felt like mana was just an extension of her body as she was now. As if she was being loved by mana itself. Just a call from her was enough to fill her body with more mana than she ever wielded in all her life.

Her strength also went beyond what could be humanly possible. She went from being weaker than a normal human to having enough strength to bend pure metal and create a crater in the ground with her fists without even focusing on the output of her strength. This was with her bare body without any enhancements whatsoever.

This had completely messed up her sense of swordsmanship as she needed to re-adjust herself to her absurd power.

"Do you know. Now for me, even this grey sky seems colorful and bright."

She felt like she had lived the last few decades in a haze and that haze was finally lifted from her eyes making everything clear and bright. She had sworn that she would not squander this second chance that was bestowed on her.

Life was fleeting and while she might have become immortal, she would never forget about the transience of life.

"For now. I want to have a bit of fun. Not just surviving but truly living this life."

She wanted to enjoy everything life had to offer.

She wanted to walk outside and talk with people. Play games with her daughter and laugh no matter what was the result.

"Once I create my territory, I will leave the capital for a while."

She wished to explore the world. It was impossible to visit the other kingdoms currently and since Lustburg was at war she couldn't go far. But she wished to see more of the place she had ruled over the years but had never truly come to love. For life was just a fleeting dream to her. Transient and ever closer to its end.

Now it was time for her to love it. Climb mountains, swim in the sea, run in the forest.

There were so many things she had to try and now... Time was the least of her worries.

She had all the time in the world to do everything she wished to do.

Ambrosia tilted her head, "Will you visit the Astral Realm?"

She could not accept this. Currently, Lilith was considered to be 'an undead' by the goddesses. She was not a natural undead so further growth was impossible. Much less becoming a Demigod.

If Lilith tried to establish a territory, then they would be flagged as liars and heretics then everything they did to hide the truth would have been for naught.

Lilith shook her head and looked around.

“Why go to the Astral Realm? I have all the place I could ever need just here.”

She didn't know if it would work and she would wait for Sol to come so that she could discuss with him about his plans.

But— She wished to create her territory inside the Inverse World.

This promised to be quite an interesting experience.

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#### **Chapter 443: CH 407: IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE**

When Ambrosia heard her absurd plan, she scrunched her brows and was about to rebuke Lilith for her stupidity. A territory could only be created in a place like the Astral Realm or the Mortal Realm and the Afterlife. It was a necessity as only places like these could bear the weight of an entirely new world superimposing on an existing one.

The dimensional walls of dimensions of the dimensional mages were just too weak to bear such pressure and the result would be mutual destruction of both worlds or dimensions if they were to try to enact such stupidity.

This was why even Tiamat could not create her territory in her dimension. In the same way, the three of them had to resort to other means to ascend to the Demigod realm.

In the past, Ambrosia chose to create her territory in the Astral Realm. Echidna choose the Mortal Realm and Anubis went and stole a part of the Afterlife to create his territory there.

In the end, the three of them could not escape this rule and Sol's dimension was not—

‘Huh...’

She stopped herself mid-sentence and observed the world once again.

So many events happened recently but it seemed like she had forgotten to inspect this place more rigorously. Now was a good time as any so she hurriedly put her focus to observe this monochrome world.

‘This is... Huh...?’

The dimensional wall was far sturdier than she thought them to be. She frowned instantly. Lilith had been able to cut down the walls and enter this place. Even though she was strong, it wouldn't be possible if the walls were as strong as that of an entire existential realm no matter how strong Lilith may be.

Even so, she felt that they were sturdier than your average dimension.

There was another thing bothering her about this place.

The space and the surroundings in a dimension were always fixed. No matter where they were, it would always be the same.



But the surrounding of this dimension changed and reflected the appearance of the real world.

‘This is...’

She bit her lips in frustration as more than hundreds of theories painfully created and glorified by witches seemed to vanish in the wind with the advent of this world and the anomalies called Sol and Lilith.

‘This place is really not for me.’

First, it was Lilith— breaking down all her knowledge about energy conversion and now it was Sol showing her a glimpse of something beyond the laws of space and time that was established since time immemorial. Since the beginning of all that constituted their reality.

She sighed in defeat and utter tiredness, “Whether or not this will be possible, you should prepare yourself all the same. It will take a very large amount of time. What kind of territory will you create? How big will it be outwardly and inwardly? But more importantly... How will you obtain Faith coins necessary to run the territory? You’ll need to contemplate and make plans for everything.”

If her territory was inside Sol’s dimension, it would mean that effectively no one below the Duke rank could come to live inside her territory.

King-ranked people didn’t exactly walk on the street.

Without people to populate the world no faith could be garnered and without Faith coins, it was impossible to expand and develop one’s territory.

Faith was a very important factor in this world. Almost, painfully so, too important.

Lilith shrugged her shoulders in response, “I only want a place to rest my sword and go through the next level. Honestly, the territory is only secondary to me.”

“You are a strange being.”

“I am, right? Heh.”

Lilith grinned and stood up from the bed of grass. She was in a very good mood today and now that she managed to control her new strength, she had no reason to stay here any longer. She was going to meet her beautiful but cold daughter to whom she owed so much and try to set things right for the first time in her life.

If Lilin was interested, she would even teach her the 『Sword of the End』 and everything about her new 『Godslaying Sword Art』 that she acquired in her mindscape.

She didn’t know how much this would be useful for Lilin as her daughter was already taking her own path that was different from hers. But the first chapter of her new art allowed her to cut space. This should be quite useful for Lilin as her concept primarily focused on the utilization of space.

“See you later.”

She moved the ring on her finger and walked out through the portal that showed up in front of her. Leaving a despondent Ambrosia who was still inspecting the dimensional structure of this place.

Now that Lilith was healed, this meant that she had respected her part of the deal with Sol. Now, it was time for Sol to do the same.

‘Do not disappoint us, Sol Dragona Luxuria. There won’t be any more chances.’

She sighed inwardly. The witches had already suffered too much through their long and isolating lives and they were in very much requirement of the company of different people.

She had decided to stop being just a figurehead and stop letting her feelings of guilt dictate her actions anymore. She was willing to make things straight for her children and atone for her unjust actions.

[Little girl.]

The voice of a ma sounded in her head. In this entire universe, there was only one man who dared to call herewith this name.

“We need to talk— Asmodeus.”

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When Lilith walked out of the dimension, she took a deep breath before giggling under her breath.

“Hahaha...”

The feeling of mana in the Mortal Realm was quite dry and poor. She had never left the Mortal Realm but the difference in quality and concentration of mana between this place and Sol’s dimension was already startling even though his world was supposed to be the mirror of this world.

If before she felt like a fish in water, now she had the impression that she was a whale trying to squeeze her place inside a lake.

This made her understand why the overall level of mortals was so much lower compared to what Sol told her about the armies in the Astral Realm.

Thankfully for Lilith, she had lived all her life in this place. So it wasn’t hard for her to adapt to this sensation.

“Well then, where is Lilin?”

She had a daughter to find and amends to make. After this, she would meet Camelia and spend some time with her friend again. She needed to give her thanks for everything Camelia did to help her when things were hard and suffocating for her.

Finally, she would have to discuss with Sol his plans for the future. She wished to know what he would do exactly and what he needed from her. She also needed to make an informed decision about her territory. But if it was possible, she wished to do so in his dimension.

Her instincts were telling her that the effects would be beneficial for both of them.

Then once she resolved everything... She would go out on her journey.

Lilith closed her eyes and took another deep breath. This time, she only focused on filling her lungs with the aroma of the flowers in the Garden.

It was indeed good to be alive.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 444: CH 408: FATHER?**

Sol could be seen walking in the hallway with his retinue composed of Milia, Clara, and a few maids who specialized in internal governance.

“Where is Isis?”

“The lady is visiting the museum with miss Sheherazade. She should be out for the rest of the day.”

Sol nodded in understanding as he took the piece of paper another maid gave him and started reading through it at a fast pace.

“What am I looking at exactly?”

“A proposal from Count Ross about the construction of a new hospital.”

“Hmmm...”

He signed the paper and gave it to Clara who was already holding a huge stack of paper in her hands.

“Put this proposal in the list of projects I might be interested in working on in the future.”

“Understood.”

Clara nodded in response and gave a signal for another maid to come forth, “Your Highness, some of the nobles asked for the date of the new maids' selection.”

When a few of the old maids or the maids who found someone they loved decided to retire, it was time to hire fresh blood and incorporate them into the working force of the Tower.

Of course, with how stringent Milia was, she made sure to leave no leaks. Those who left received many prohibitions both written and magical in nature with certain death as an outcome in case of betrayal.

In the case of new maids, their status didn't matter much since Milia would screen out all the problematic ones and only leave the most promising, trustworthy, and excellent candidates.

“—And why am I looking at this exactly?”

Sol frowned his brows as he spoke. This was part of Milia's job. It had nothing to do with him.

Milia coughed slightly to hide her embarrassment and the shame she felt in handing over this task to her Lord. Indeed, normally she would have simply dealt with it herself but this time it was quite complicated for a mere maid, officially speaking, to handle. After all, whenever nobility was thrown into the mix, the need for absolute authority was a must.

“This time the daughters of a few Counts and even some Marquis are part of the candidates.”

“Oh? Would those pampered girls be able to handle the job?”

“Some of our current maids are actually from noble families. But the few in the new batch aren't here for a job, per se. They are more in line to be an open invitation for an alliance by the nobles. After all, your highness still has no official fiancée.”

Milia's words made Sol chuckle bitterly under his breath when he realized that he had indeed had no one to officially take the mantle of his Princess consort or Queen consort to be exact.

Truth be told, he was quite happy with this situation. He had the women he loved and cherished for himself and they returned the sentiment wholeheartedly. There was nothing more that he could ask of from them.

While a ceremony might be interesting, he was hesitant about naming only one of them as his wife. Official or not.

Doing a marriage for one of them would create a sentiment of insecurity and unfairness for the others. Of course, another reason was the bloodbath that might follow should this happen.

Sol was not blind to the insanity of some of his lovers and knew very well that sometimes, all people needed was a little nudge to truly have the strings of rationality snap within them.

“Refuse them.”

His answer was clear and concise.

Sol liked putting his hand on his maids and having a good time with them every now and then. But all of this was based on the condition that they knew it was just a casual fling that might or might not come again.

The daughters of those nobles would come with the goal of becoming his fiancée or concubines. Rather than making them waste their time and affect their future marriage prospects, it was better to stop this fiasco at its roots.

Inwardly, Sol also had to admit that he was simply not particularly interested in normal humans anymore as future mates or even future fling prospects.

At least, to this date, the only pure human he was interested in was none other than Camelia.

“Very well.”

Milia shrugged her shoulders, having expected this answer from the start. But it was still a necessary process and she was not willing to make Sol's decisions by herself. That would just be too arrogant of her.

Like this, they continued walking while working on the papers. It was a weird sight for some but Sol loved this since it was very efficient. Or at least it seemed efficient to him and that thought in itself was enough for him.

Right now, he wished to observe the training of the Black Knights. Royal Knights in the center of the Capital generally didn't participate in war.

But he wouldn't let it fly this time. The aerial advantage of Wyvern riders and the speed advantage of the Nightmare Horse riders were too important to miss out on in this war. It could also be a surprise element for them that would give them an edge on the battlefield.

Even more so in winter where mobility will become a decisive factor overall.

His march stopped short when he spotted Lilith far in the distance. She was wearing a light blue dress that gave her an aura of aristocracy.

It was quite unlike her usual revealing robe or battle gear. Right now, Lilith looked more like a curious princess who was completely lost and clueless in unknown territory.

The maids' expression grew concerned at this sight. For a moment, they thought they were facing Lilin but it was only later that they realized it was, in fact, the Queen herself.

They didn't know why she suddenly became younger but this didn't stop them from bowing.

"Your Majesty!"

"Oh."

Lilith nodded with a smile before facing Sol.

"Hi. How are you doing?"

Sol greeted her in a soft tone. He had not seen her up close for some time now. At least not since the time he saved her within his dimension.

He had been very busy and had to discuss with Luxuria and Aurora. In fact, soon he had another meeting with Luxuria in order to iron out all the details of the deals.

Lilith smiled, "I have never felt better. I was searching for Lilin but I do not see her."

Sol looked at Clara who nodded in understanding and responded to her query, "Princess Lilin has been out for a few days to participate in the extermination of a few bandits. She should be back in a day or two."

"I see. Heh. Too bad. I guess I will have to wait for her then."

Sol tilted his head at Lilith's current demeanor.

She was...quite a bit different from her usual self.

A little too much even.

He waved his hand at Milia, "Please proceed to the inspection without me. Call Athena and Ares. They will support you."

"Understood."

They all bowed and left the premise, leaving the two behind.

Now alone, Sol and Lilith faced each other.

There was a light smile on Lilith's face as she looked at Sol.

"There are many things I want to say. About how thankful I am. About what I want to do in the future. But before all that, I have been thinking about something quite funny."

His eyebrows rose in interest, "You intrigued me. What is it about?"

Lilith chuckled as a mischievous light twinkled in her eyes.

"See. I was thinking... Should I call you papa now?"

If Sol had a drink he would have spat it out in her face then and there.

### **Son of the Hero King**

#### **Chapter 445: CH 409: THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING**

Sol coughed in a blend of embarrassment and exasperation at her teasing words,

"Why?"

He couldn't help but ask. Her words had been more than just a bit jarring to his ears.

"I mean, just think about it. Neptune created me through his blood and the blood and genetics of the Nightmare Queen. You did something similar by using my human blood and your blood. In a way, I am your daughter now, right? or is it something along the lines of a sister? A bit confused myself, to be honest."

Sol groaned in his mind as he realized that his current and future family trees were and would be nearly as messy as a Greek god's tree.

Thinking about it clearly now, Sol was appalled to come to the conclusion that Lilith was now his aunt, daughter, and sister altogether in a twisted way. Meanwhile, Lilin was both his aunt and cousin and now his granddaughter?. On another note, Isis and Nefertiti were his women. which meant that Nent was both his aunt-in-law and also a lover. Their children would call her grandaunt or great grandaunt but she was also his partner which meant that his children with Isis and Nefertiti should call her stepmom.

If he had children with Nent, her children will be Nefertiti and Isis's stepchildren but at the same time will be their uncles and cousins respectively.

If he added Kiyohime and perhaps Tiamat in the future...

'This... Huh...'

Looking at Sol's expression as if his brain had just short-circuited, Lilith exploded out in laughter before waving her hand.

"Sorry, sorry. The atmosphere was so tense, I thought that I would make a joke to liven things up. Didn't think it would sound so true."

'Lilith and joking?'

Sol was bemused at this weird combination he had never thought would be possible.

"Well, looking at your face, I guess it isn't really like me, huh? Ambrosia has been saying the same thing too, that I am not acting like myself."

She shook her head and then looked at her hands, "What do you guys think acting like myself is exactly? I want to know as I do not know myself, to be honest..."

She mused in her mind, summoning her oldest memories, "The first few years after I was created I was practically a blank slate. Then when I gathered more experience, I became a little brash and clingy. I was quite childish if I say so myself. Hehe. I remember attacking Camelia for quite the weird reasoning and I am still a bit ashamed of my behavior toward her."

She chuckled and clenched her fists, "After your father, Mars, died and I realized I didn't have much time left for myself, I fell into depression for years and time passed away before I even knew it. I wasn't living per se. Thinking about it, I was just a husk keeping myself alive to accomplish my goals."

Light twinkled in her eyes as she tapped Sol's chest with her fist.

"You changed that part of me Sol. You gave me a second chance at life and made me realize how much I have been missing because of how focused I was on my objectives."

She moved away from him and opened her arms wide, "I realized that life is too short to stay brooding and unchanging. Now I want to realize things I was never able to. I want to spend time with my daughter and apologize for all the wrongs I did to her, knowingly and unknowingly. I wish to take care of you as well for I was not a good caretaker nor an adequate guardian. I want to mend my wrongdoings."

A soft smile graced her lips, "But, most of all, I want to be happy. I am tired of crying. Tired of moping and brooding while life flashes away in front of me — Is it really that weird of me to be different then?"

Was it wrong for her to seek happiness?

"So I just want to make one thing clear. I did not change. I am simply looking at the world from a simpler perspective and all of this—

She approached Sol and hugged him tightly in her arms, "—Is thanks to you."

Her arms wrapped around him as her head nuzzled on his chest, "Thank you for giving me a second chance. Thank you for not giving up on me even when I gave up on myself. Thank you...for everything."

---

After a rather emotional moment, Lilith wiped the small tears that had gathered at the corner of her eyes, "Whoops, sorry. I didn't want to make things heavy."

She turned and twirled on her toes, "What do you think of my current attire?"

"It's... I guess it's quite cute?"

Even though she looked younger and no longer had the succubus blood in her, Lilith was still an incredibly beautiful woman with a body that could lead even the staunchest man to follow the path of a depraved sinner.

But currently, as she twirled and smiled so candidly, it was hard to see her as a femme fatale. She gave the impression of a young naive princess who knew nothing of the world.

"Cute heh, well I like it."

She smiled a little. The Aura of giddiness around her began to vanish as seriousness showed on her face for the first time Sol had witnessed her new self...

"Tell me, Sol. It has been some time now but at the same time it hasn't really been that long since that moment. I asked you... Are you ready?"

Sol gave a confident smile in response, "I don't know if I will be a good king, but I am more than ready."

He would become the Emperor of the Mortal world, after all. How could he not be ready to reign over a Kingdom nay, a whole Realm?

"I see..."

A forlorn smile mixed with pride and relief spread on her lips.

The young boy had indeed grown into a full and reliable man.

But she had done little to shape him into the man he was today.

It was a regret she would carry on her back for all her life.

But it was alright.

The past was history. There was nothing she could do to change it.

All she could do— was focus on the present and make sure that she herself would be able to become a better person and a reliable ally for him.

"It might be a little too late for me to play the parent figure. But I want you to know that my sword will always be at your disposal."

This time it was not out of duty. Nor because of a feeling of obsession.

But simply for her own desire to take care of him and Lilin.

She was about to continue speaking a little when she registered a presence close to them.

'Hmm..?'

She tilted her head for a moment before a knowing smile spread on her lips.

"It seems like you have something important to deal with."

Sol had also noticed the presence of his little blue wolf.

Lilith waved her hands and started to walk away but she stopped for an instant.

"Ah... Before I forget. When you have some free time, let's go on a date again. This time I promise I won't bring you to a cemetery!"



She smiled and vanished into a corner of the hallway, leaving a bemused Sol standing still on his feet.

He felt like he had just faced some kind of tornado.

The new Lilith seemed like a complete mystery to him. Hopefully, he would be able to get a better gauge of her in the future. Goddesses knew that he had been helpless till now. He hoped that at least his powers over faith would allow him to get a complete understanding of this mad woman.

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

#### **Chapter 446: CH 410: SWAYING EMOTIONS**

Setsuna was feeling nervous.

Extremely so. Even as she took her bath and washed away the sweat, grime, and horrid smell she accumulated from the training, she could not help but be nervous whenever she thought of her upcoming confrontation with Sol.

For Setsuna, it went without saying that Sol was, without a shred of doubt in the world, someone extremely special. As a child – after losing everything she had and everyone she could call her own, including all those she loved and cherished from the bottom of her heart – it was only the extreme instinctual desire, of the beast within her, for survival and her absolute irrevocable hatred for her uncle that helped her holding her sanity and her life as she trudged helplessly in her path of exile.

Walking miles after miles after miles upon miles, escaping from the pursuit of the mad hounds of her hated enemy, and facing the ugliness of the world for the first time in her life at such a tender age. All those horrifying things would have broken her if she was not born with an iron will and the beastly instincts of an apex predator.

Even so... There was nothing unbreakable in this world and the psyche of a young kid like her wasn't an exception from that unfortunate rule.

What saved her from the depth of the abyss that she was slowly but surely crawling toward was none other than the little boy named Sol.

Even though she went from a loved and respected princess to a slave in name only in record time, she never completely complained about her fate nor did she fall into the darkness that the path of revenge insinuated one toward because she had someone she knew she could rely and depend on.

Sol Dragona Luxuria.

A young boy who shone as bright and majestically as the sun itself.

Their first meeting wasn't particularly the best encounter one could have hoped for. But it was also thanks to their meeting, and the circumstances that followed, they were able to create the sturdy walls that bound their relationship with each other.

In order to become stronger, she trained like a deranged lunatic, an addict whose only passion was training, training, and more training. She even joined the coliseum willingly and rose to the highest rank.

But even then, it wasn't enough for her. Be it to become Sol's knight or to take vengeance for the murder of her parents, her strength was not nearly enough for her to even think about those avenues.

All of this stemmed from a great feeling of confusion about what her truth should be.

Indeed. What really was her Truth?

Should she base it on the power of elements that she instinctively had dominion over and be done with it as Kali had said so?

Without a doubt, Kali was the absolute proof that such a path was indeed viable and also far-reaching. By using the simplest forms of elemental power, she rose to become a powerful being that even the goddesses couldn't take lightly.

But there was also no denying that Kali's ultimate goal had been that of Destruction – an all-encompassing power to decimate and annihilate everything from reality and bring forth nihility – and the four elements were just the foundation of her powers to reach that end goal.

Then... Should she follow the path of the sword?

She had been trained in sword arts all throughout her life and she was skilled enough to train even the Black Knights. The fact that Lilith let her become Sol's teacher in swordsmanship was an attestation of her skill and talent on the path of the Ultimate Sword. But even so, it was hard for her to say that the sword was really her true calling in life. The truest base of her Ultimate Truth.

It was then and there that Setsuna was able to come face to face with her sad reality as she finally realized her true problem.

She was just half-baked in everything she did.

A princess who was not really a princess.

A slave who was not really a slave.

A swordswoman who did not truly love the calling of the sword.

An elemental power user who looked down on those elements themselves.

And finally...

A beastman who looked down on her very own innate being.

Setsuna in a way was merely a jack of all trades but a master of none. She was born supremely talented but that talent itself caused her to become lost on her path to power. She was great at everything but not absolute in any one thing. Her talent had become her only hindrance. What an ironic fate...

But until now... There was still one constant in her life. The very thing that allowed her to continue to trudge on to this day.

—Becoming Sol's first partner. The first one to sign a contract with him and become the main pillar of his powers and support.

Sadly, even in this firm and abdicating belief of hers, she had become half-baked with the advent of Isis.

She could only become his second partner and even that was not a certainty at this point due to her reality.

After coming back from the Astral Realms... Sol had reached a realm of power that made her question her usefulness at his side.

It wasn't just a question of self-debasement or lack of confidence in herself. But this was born from a look at the reality of this world.

Unlike Mars, his father. Sol did not choose to have just one contract. Then, with his pedigree, surely in the Astral Realm, Sol could have signed a contract with other even more talented Divine Beasts than the measly Storm Wolf like her.

She had heard Isis talk about how popular he was in that place and how he had officially earned the title of the Dragon Prince and was unofficially considered The Dragon Emperor — The second coming of Tiamat and maybe even more.

If he signed a contract with two or more dragons, his security and the power that it would provide for Lustburg would be considerably strengthened.

But he did not do that...and the reason for that was painfully obvious — Her.

Far from helping and making him stronger, her existence was holding him down and weakening him with each passing moment.

There was nothing more hurtful for her as a woman in love and a knight full of loyalty and subservience to her master than the reality of that truth.

The inevitable absolute fact that... In the end... She was just dead weight hanging on the thighs of her most beloved.

And thus was the crux of her agony.

— — —

When Setsuna approached Sol's location, she could see the back of a woman leaving the hallway leading to him.

'Lilith?'

Setsuna frowned, bemused. She had registered the scent of all the important people in the Tower but the current scent Lilith emanated was totally different than what she once did. It was like she was a completely different person altogether.

'Is it the result of whatever Sol did to her?'

She shook her head, now wasn't the time to ponder on that matter...

"Hi..."

"...Hi?"

Sol tilted his head in wonder at the sight of this rather awkward greeting coming from the wolf girl. It seemed like today was a day of personality shift. After all, the Setsuna he remembered was a serious, honorable and proud knight who was always stoic and level headed.

“Are you alright, Setsuna?”

Sol approached Setsuna and placed a hand on her forehead as if he was trying to check on her temperature. Unlike Lilith, Setsuna didn't have the excuse of going through a second life. So he wondered what occupied her mind.

Though...With his experience with Nefertiti, he had a small inkling about what it could be.

Setsuna swatted his hand in jest and smiled a little more comfortably at his terrible act, “I am sorry. It's just that it has been a while since we spoke alone like this. Though it seems like I interrupted your discussion.”

Now it was time for Sol to feel guilty inside.

He realized that he had not been very attentive toward this loyal wolf of his. He approached Setsuna and hugged her tightly in his arms.

“You know you can come to me at any time. No matter what I am doing, I will drop everything to spend time with you.”

It was important to not forget about those that he cherished. Power and influence were just a means to an end. Not the end in itself.

He wanted to become someone who could shield his family from all harm and he also wished to spend as much time as possible with them.

A light blush covered Setsuna's face while she lowered her head and placed it on his shoulder. She knew that she was being silly right now. It was downright funny how simple words from Sol could make her lose all her bearings and composure while bringing her so much happiness.

She knew very well that she had it down bad for him.

“I don't want to bother you,” she uttered in a small, meek, and slightly powerless voice.

He frowned and made some space between them for him to look at her— really look at her for the first time in a while, “There is no way in hell you can ever be a bother to me.”

He gave her a serious look before bending down and placing his lips atop hers.

She closed her eyes and opened her lips to accept his. The two hugged each other in a more tight and passionate embrace and she felt an all-encompassing love melting most of her stress like snow under the radiant sun.

‘You are really unfair, my love...’

Setsuna complained silently at the unfair kiss that made her weak in the knees. Her heart was beating so fast she felt like it would explode at any moment. She was embarrassed since she knew that...with his keen senses, Sol should be able to hear her excited heartbeat.

What made her calm down though was that she could also hear his strong beating heart accelerate upon this act.

There were many things she wanted to say.

But for now... She would just enjoy the kiss. The first true kiss she had with her beloved in a while...

Oh... How she missed this feeling...

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

#### **Chapter 447: CH 411: KNIGHTS (1)**

After a rather passionate and longing kiss, Setsuna felt that many of the insecurities that had built up inside her heart melted like snow under the radiant sun.

In his embrace, she felt like she had nothing to worry about and that everything would always be alright and well. That he would always take care of her no matter what and — She loved this feeling. She also hated this feeling with a passion.

Weakness hidden under the guise of happiness was just a disgusting thing.

For all his heaven-defying powers, Sol was not a god.

Nay, even the Goddesses were not omnipotent or omniscient. They could lose. They could taste defeat like anyone else or be misled by others on the same level. The incident with Lilith had been an indicator of that fact.

Accepting to bask in the happiness Sol gave her meant that she would never become strong enough to proudly stand at his side.

Not as just a simple lover. But as a true mate who could support him and be there for him in his toughest times.

Setsuna exhaled a strained breath. She could feel her ideas becoming clearer with each thought and the path she had to tread upon was no longer covered in the perpetual fog that was plaguing her mind since long.

However — She still lacked something crucial.

"By the way. If you aren't busy, ready to follow me to inspect the knights? You train quite regularly with them, right?"

Setsuna snapped back to the situation at hand at his words.

"Indeed. I have trained some of the knights myself while they trained me in strategy and leadership."

Even though Setsuna was not yet a Duke, her power was by no means inadequate and no humans could match her skills and inhuman levels of strength.

Even in Sol's case, shortly after his awakening, he had been unable to win against Setsuna in the contest of power and momentum even after inheriting the full properties of the dragons.

"Then let's go. The Black Knights will be essential for us in this war. I also plan to summon the Paladins later on. We will need many healers."

Humans did not have the accelerated healing capabilities of the werebeasts. If this changed into a war of attrition, then they would be in danger. No, it was certain that they would lose without getting their top-level powerhouses involved.

Setsuna nodded her head in understanding... "Let me take my sword and change into my armor."

She gave a beaming smile, "It has been quite a while since I walked with you as your Knight."

This made her brighten somewhat. After all, there were not many things she wanted more.

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The Knights' Barracks where they received training was now filled with rows of knights of all sizes and shapes. Both official ones and squires.

They had been called on this day for a royal inspection and as a result, they were feeling quite uneasy about what the day held for them.

It wasn't as if they had never interacted with Sol before. In fact, they had sometimes seen him training with Setsuna or Gerald.

But — Ever since what happened with Gerald, they had been wondering what would happen to the Order of the Knights.

After all, their leader had turned out to be a traitor. Though he redeemed himself somehow, there was no changing the fact that he betrayed the crown.

Ever since that harrowing incident, they had been wondering what would happen to them. Whether or not the Order would be disbanded or reorganized from the ground up.

Their worries had somewhat calmed down by the slightest bit in the following days but came back with a vengeance after watching the Declaration of the Prince.

And how he was now coming to inspect the whole lot of them.

They wondered what decision he would make in the end.

A few feared participating in the incoming war, while others were thirsty for this chance to prove themselves and redeem their value in front of the Prince and the Kingdom.

Furthermore, the incentive Sol had laid down before them was simply too attractive for those who were commoners in the Order. Even for those who were of Noble blood, the incentives didn't leave them indifferent. Primarily because they were the 3rd or 4th children in their families, and so they had no rights of inheritance.

"The Head-maid is here."

Someone muttered and silence immediately fell among the rows of armored populace. The knights were not stupid. The authority Milia wielded was too high to be that of a simple maid.

The fact that she was a beast woman did not matter much to them and all that stemmed from a simple reason.

She also had control over the funds of the Black Knights.

Knights were perhaps one of the most expensive investments of a Kingdom. Good weapons, good armor, good steeds as equipment. Years upon years of training. Investment in elixirs and food of great quality. There was practically no end to the list of expenses.

And all of that was without counting the salary and all the little bonuses when Knights reached certain targets in their training.

All of this cost a shit ton of money and the one holding that money had all the power.

When Milia, accompanied by Clara, came on the podium and looked at the perfectly arranged Knights, she nodded in satisfaction with a somewhat indifferent gaze.

The Black Knights were more of a cavalry regimen. This was why Discipline was even more paramount for them.

After all, one mistake could take down the entire regiment if they were not careful.

“Where is the captain?”

A tall man with a muscular frame fitting that of a giant approached Milia and gave a light greeting by placing a fist over his heart.

“I am William, Madam!”

He was one of the retainers under the order of the Highland family. But his loyalty to the crown and the royal family was unmatched among this gathering of elites.

He had joined the Order ever since the day it was created by Lilith and had slowly climbed the rank over the years after some achievements in small skirmishes while following Athena and Tyr.

Milia knew that he was a steadfast man who knew how to do the job given without speaking too much.

“At ease.”

The knight relaxed but still stood straight as he placed his hands behind his back.

“I am ready to listen to your orders, Madam.”

“The prince will soon come. He is currently dealing with some personal matters. The second division captain is accompanying the Princess, right?”

“Yes! The Princess claimed that she was able to decimate the bandits alone and while that might be true, we judged it would be a perfect opportunity for some of the squires to get their hands bloodied.”

It didn't matter how trained a knight was... If they were unable to fight when it was required of them and died because they froze up in fear and intimidation, then it would be over for them.

William had wished many times to erase the Bandit nests that were continuously growing in the surroundings of the capital. But he did not have the permission of the royal family until a few days ago.

Clara stood aside as she took a notebook and observed the knights in silence while scribbling down something every now and then.

She had thoroughly memorized the names, ages, powers, skill levels, and even familial circumstances of all the Black Knights. As an elf, she naturally had a very high memory capacity so this was nothing much in her opinion.

She was simply doing her job.

The atmosphere became quite heavy with the silent sounds of scribbling, as they did not really know what Clara was writing.

While Clara was new, they knew that she was in a way the representative of the Prince now and should have quite the power to influence his decisions.

William was inwardly quite displeased at this sight. He had a great aversion for elves. After all, they had enslaved humans for quite a long time and whenever Lustburg fought against the Southern Pride, they never missed a chance to remind humans about this.

For an elf and worse, an elf who was not a citizen of Lustburg to be the Spokesperson of the future King of Humanity left a bad taste in his mouth.

'Sigh. I hope Lady Athena will be able to get the favor of the Prince.'

Only a human should have so much power in the Kingdom of Humanity. Even if not a human, a citizen born and raised in Lustburg like Milia was also acceptable for that task.

Clara had quite the opposite thought than our Knight Captain. As she looked at the rooster of the knights, she once again realized that the vast majority were pure humans.

In her opinion, this was a great oversight by the kings. The difference between races was more or less equalized at the Duke level as power then depended on the Zone or the Name of the individuals and so on.

But below the rank of Dukes, humans were at a great disadvantage.

In her opinion, the only reason Lustburg was never totally erased was that they were lucky enough to have powerful leaders whenever the time came.

She thought about the data she accumulated as she adjusted her glasses.

'Should we fuse the Black Knights and the Paladins?'

It was impossible to train an entirely new order of knights at this time and the impossibility only rose when it came to instilling loyalty in the new recruits. It would just be a complicated mess.

Even so, it was a project worth considering.

Sol had shared some of his plans with her and she knew very well that this war was just the beginning of a worldwide conquest.



Just thinking about how her master might become the Emperor of the Mortal Realm made her jubile inwardly like a fan girl meeting her idol.

She would give her all to realize Sol's dream and ambitions even if for that she had to rework the entire foundation of Lustburg from the ground up.

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

#### **Chapter 448: CH 412: KNIGHT (2)**

Unlike heavy armor that needed the help of a squire to be perfectly equipped, Setsuna's current armor was of the light type that only covered her vital parts like her heart, kidneys, and other internal organs.

As she was a Storm Wolf, her regenerative abilities were simply unmatched by any human's standards.

This was one of the many many reasons why humans were so much inferior to many species of this world.

In all of history, what saved the humans race from becoming slaves once again at the hands of elves or even any other races were always a few monstrosly strong and talented beings who seemed to be born in every generation just to be their savior.

Looking at his Knight, Sol directed a gentle smile as he reminisced about the past that was not really all too distant.

"Shall we go then?"

The two walked together in silence. But when Sol and Setsuna finally reached the last entrance that led to the open space where the knights were reunited, Setsuna couldn't help but speak out her thoughts, "Do you remember our last fight in the Colosseum?"

It had only happened around two weeks ago in the Mortal Realm's timeline but from Sol's perspective, who had spent his time in the sped-up world of the Astral Realm, it was already nearly one since that fateful day.

Even so, there was no way Sol could ever forget about that fight.

It was a fight that had ended up in a draw. Though, for Sol, it was nothing but his utter defeat. He had hoped that he would have been able to perform better on that day. Alas, things hardly ever went the way you would want them to go.

"Of course, I remember. Your punch back then really hurt, you know?"

Receiving a punch filled with lightning at the speed of sound was by no means a joke of any kind. It was a punch filled with enough momentum to kill most of the fighters at the level they trod on.

"Then... In one week from now on, I wish to fight you there once again. Just the two of us. No spectators. No distractions."

Sol was more than a bit stunned at her sudden desire to duke it out with him, but he soon understood what she really meant by those words of hers.

He opened his mouth, trying to remind her that the past was just that... The past.

The current him was so much stronger than his past self that it was funny to even compare them in the same breadth.

Even then, she wanted to fight with him?

"I thought you wanted to fight Isis?"

"I did. Still do. But not now. I started to realize that I can only move forward after making sure of one thing. And it is of paramount importance for my future growth. So, Sol, will you fight me?"

Sol merely sighed and nodded in agreement, "Anytime. Anywhere."

"Heh... Even when you are busy with the maids or your other lovers?"

"\*Ahem\* Well, anywhere but not any time, I guess."

Setsuna snorted out loud and the two couldn't help but laugh heartily.

Sol felt at ease. He had feared that a heavy discussion was waiting for him but while the topic was surely important, the discussion, after the initial awkwardness, managed to continue without any sort of problem.

"Well, time to go."

The smiles on their face vanished and a gentle calm mixed with the usual dignity of a ruler draped over his face while Setsuna went completely emotionless, wearing an apathetic expression.

The clothes did not make the man. But wearing good clothes could change the entire impression one could have on the people concerned.

This was why first impressions were so important for anyone. It created a sort of expectation and overview of a person that was hard to pull down without something drastic happening.

And from now on, as they were about to stand in front of the knights, they would do so not as friends nor as acquaintances, but as a Knight and a King of the Mortal Realm.

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There was a perpetual and intangible tension that was steadily growing between William and Clara from the moment they met each other.

After all, he couldn't help but doubt. Beyond being an elf, their natural and long-standing enemies, and past oppressors, Clara was not born and raised in the Kingdom of Lustburg. Would such a person sincerely wish for the best interest of the kingdom?

Was she using her beauty to trick and manipulate the Prince? After all, the Prince was still a young boy and elves were known for being quite shameless and having no restraints when it came to sexual matters.

The story of a hero losing his life because he fell into the trap of a beauty was nothing new to them, it was the usual honey trap cliché that had been happening since time immemorial, and Clara was certainly a very beautiful woman worth falling for.

He had seen the prince train with the now traitor, Gerald Highland, and while they never had any deep interactions, he had noticed that the Prince still had a certain candid air around him. The proof of his lack of experience.

He had heard about how the Prince had changed greatly after coming back and William certainly believed that the Prince became far stronger than ever before. But the strength of the body did not translate to the strength of the mentality.

Even though he might lose his position or even his life, William was ready to try to wake up the Prince if he was really being manipulated by the vile clutches of that woman.

At least... This was what he thought initially.

The moment Sol appeared on the knight's training grounds... All those thoughts vanished from his mind as if they had never existed, to begin with.

Sol's appearance and aura made cold sweat trickle down the back of William.

He had been through many fights and he could deeply feel it.

The candid and experienced prince of the past was no more. What approached him was something that transcended his understanding itself.

There was no heavy pressure accompanying his presence. No powerful aura emanated from his body. But simply being in the same place as the changed Prince made him feel breathless. As though even the mere act of breathing without his explicit orders would be the greatest blasphemy he could ever commit.

He wasn't the only one. The more Sol approached them, the more jittery the knights became. They felt as if they were standing in front of a large monster that was threatening to swallow them whole at even the slightest grievance.

A sea of blood covered their eyes and the pained roar of monsters being killed filled their ears with the nearing of the Prince.

Cough~

One of the knights could hold on no longer. His eyes rolled into the back of his skull and he fainted after a coughing fit.

This seemed to set a domino effect as more and more knights fainted and finally...When Sol stood on the podium... Only a third of the Knights were still standing, albeit with great difficulty.

There was a difficult and disappointed expression on his face as he looked down on everyone in silence.

William felt quite dazed at this sight but he gritted his teeth and placed a knee on the ground in respect.

"Welcome, Your Highness."

He sent a glare at the remaining knights who were still awakened but didn't kneel in front of the presence of Sol, and they soon followed the gesture.

“We greet you, Your Majesty!”

A small smile tugged on his lips as he commanded in a dignified voice, “Rise.”

Like a lie, the feeling of being in the presence of a large feral beast out for their blood vanished instantly.

Sol shook his head with a disappointed frown, “The results are more disappointing than I thought. But still, the Black Knights’ Order isn’t completely helpless, it seems.”

He gave a meaningful look at William who looked quite ashamed by their state, “I beg your forgiveness, Your Highness. I was not able to instill them with proper training and mentality.”

Sol did not comment. He had simply spread a little bit of the killing intent he had gathered after fighting and killing so many Chaos spawns in the levels of Tartarus.

He had expected nearly all of them to fall so the current result was more of a surprise than anything. But he didn’t let that show on his face.

“Let it not be said that I am a ruler who does not recognize merits. All those who managed to keep standing will have their salary doubled and taxes lowered indefinitely. The amount of merit necessary to receive a noble title during the war will also be lowered by half.”

He then looked at those who were down and out for the count and spoke out, “I am also willing to give the others a second chance. Train them to the best of your capabilities and in two weeks, I will test them again.”

This would create a sense of competition between the knights who fell down and those that were able to stay up even after being subjected to his test.

There was one truth in this world for soldiers. Honor and prestige all sounded good. Loyalty to the country was also great. But there was nothing like clear and tangible rewards to motivate these kinds of people to fight to the death if necessary.

This was true in his old world and it was true in this one as well.

“As for you, William... Well, you may ask for any reward you want as long it isn’t too excessive of course.”

“I...”

William gave a look at Clara then looked again at the dignified Prince. He couldn’t help but leak out a sigh, in the end.

He could literally see the stars in the eyes of the elf as she looked at the prince. When combined with the overwhelming power and authority he had just shown.

He realized that his worries had been for naught.

The Prince was just so charming that he managed to make an elf born in the forest be willing to submit to him.

‘Perhaps with him... It might be possible to bring back Lustburg to the summit it reached during the Era of Jupiter.’

“My blade belongs to you, Your Highness. My sole wish is to follow you on the battlefield and witness your might with my own eyes and sing accolades of your immortal feats once we achieve victory.”

“Oh...”

‘Did I stun this guy too much? This is quite embarrassing.’

Sol nearly lost his composure in front of this rather passionate oath. Thankfully he was able to keep his expression in check.

“Very well. I will also speak with Duke Tyr about increasing your peerage and making it hereditary if you bring satisfying results.”

‘I kinda understand now why some kings gave so many gifts to those who knew how to praise them.’

“You honor me, Your Highness.”

Sol waved his hands and looked at the horizon. He would train his army in earnest. If they could resist his pressure with no problem, then only King rank beings may be able to deter them in the future.

This was just the first step in creating an army that would conquer the world for him.

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

#### **Chapter 449: CH 413: THE PRINCESS IS IN ANOTHER CASTLE**

The feeling of the wind brushing past her skin was heavenly. The monumental beauty of the hills and the green pasture, paired with the everlasting forest as far as the eyes could see was mesmerizing.

Floating more than three hundred meters above the ground while sitting on top of her huge sword, Lilith quietly observed Lustburg from the skies above— the so-called bird’s eye view. Her eyes were filled with quiet contemplation about the sceneries of the world.

The world was truly a beautiful place.

In the past, she had never agreed to this opinion that her companions often used to utter. After all, her life had not been an easy one from the get-go. Born as an experiment with an expiration date stamped on her like a mass-manufactured item— for her, the world was only a grey scene and it became even greyer when she lost one of the very few sources of light that kept it some shades brighter.

Now though, she could better understand this world and its machinations.

When seen up close, life was truly miserable and filled with endless misery and suffering. But standing up from so far away, life was indeed beautiful.

In the end, everything was just a matter of one’s perspective— how one viewed and perceived the flow of events that comprised one’s life.

Lilith mused with serenity as she ignored the flow of the ice-cold air and the sparse oxygen available around her. Her body had already adapted to this harsh weather and she did not even need mana to

sustain herself. In her current situation, even floating in the vacuum of space would not bother her a single bit.

'I need a new sword.'

Certainly, as a master swordswoman and with her new True Name, everything she held could become a great weapon. But having a great weapon from the start would make everything better and easier for her. Her current sword, the one that had accompanied her from the start of her adventure, was not able to support the might of her powers anymore.

It was a shame. But it was reality.

'I wonder if Theresa can create a new sword of an even higher power.'

Theresa had created a God-level embryo weapon but even then it was only because of a moment of enlightenment and the extremely rare materials that were the Horns and Core of a King-ranked Dragon like Blaze.

It would be more or less impossible to find materials at that level again even if she scoured the entirety of the Mortal Realm.

'Well. Enough with all the hesitations.'

There was a reason she was currently floating in the air like this. She had been hesitating about something she wanted to do for some time now.

'Should I go meet her?'

Lilith wished to see her daughter again and speak and reconcile with her. But deep down, she feared what kind of response she would receive from her. She would feel quite sad if Lilin decided to just ignore her existence altogether. The opposite of love was indifference, after all.

'Sigh... I promised to enjoy this life that I've gained.'

Life was too short and anything could happen when we expected it the least. Reality was a mass of disappointment. Hesitation was only a waste of time that was way too precious to be spent.

"My. I was thinking who dared to trespass the aerial zone of Lustburg but it was you."

Lilith smiled as the sword slowly turned so that she could face the intruder.

"Camelia. How have you been?"

"Me? Perfectly well. I mean... It isn't like no one gave me a complete recap of what happened exactly and that I was kept in the dark about you surviving."

"I guess tasting your own medicine isn't that great now, is it?"

"Ouch. That one hurt."

Camila grimaced after those words. She knew that she was the one who usually cooked up schemes behind the backs of everyone.

“Well, don’t worry. Sol didn’t hide this out of pettiness. At least... I think he didn’t. Also, I didn’t really survive. I am currently an undead. Heh.”

“...An... Undead?”

Camelia could only give a perplexed look to that statement. But then she looked up at the sky and her eyes widened in realization.

“I see. An undead indeed. I guess this is why you look so much younger.”

“Hehe. Now I am not the oldest-looking one in the group, old hag.”

Camelia coughed a little. She had indeed teased Lilith many times about how she would never grow old as long as she had Castitas' blessing. But now, out of the group of four, she was indeed the oldest looking.

“This... Hmm... You...”

“Yeah, I have changed, haven’t I? I know. You wouldn’t believe how many times I heard this already.”

“Well. I was going to say you remind me of how you were in the past.”

Unlike the others, Lilith and Camelia could be said to be childhood friends. In fact, they were each other’s first true friends.

So Camelia was not as surprised by Lilith's current personality as the others. “I guess Sol really did a good job. That boy seems to have a knack for troublesome women like you and me.”

“Troublesome women... I guess I was indeed quite the troublesome woman, huh... Everyone took so much risk because of me.”

This was another reason why Lilith decided to be more upbeat. Sol, Lilin, Camelia, the five witches, and the Phoenixes. Even that little fairy and indirectly Pandora.

All of those people took too many risks for her well-being. Even though the vast majority did it for Sol rather than her, it did not lower the risks they took for her sake.

Her life was not just her own anymore. It would be an insult to all those who toiled in order to save her if she continued to wallow in her own sadness while never taking a step forward to get out of that cycle.

“Hey... Camelia. Will you be busy for the next few days?”

“Huh... I think I am free for at least two days.”

It was a sudden and unexpected question but Camelia shook her head. Even though she did not like Aurora, there was no denying that her tasks became lighter since she had someone to take charge of them.

“Hehe. Then... Let’s have a small adventure. What do you say?”

“Wh— Wait!”

Camelia did not have time to answer before Lilith captured her with her powers and began to fly away from this place. Before leaving, Lilith created two small daggers with her powers. On them was a message that was hastily scribbled, then she threw those daggers at the position of Sol's bedroom and his office.

The message was simple.

[I have captured the Saintess Camelia. Come find me if you wish to free her.

PS: If you are too busy you can just wait. We will come back.]

It was truly a sudden and random stray thought she just had. There were no deep plans or considerations behind them.

But what the hell? She thought it would be fun.

'Now then. An adventure of Sol and Liliin fighting the evil swordswoman Lilith to free the saintess. I wonder how he will react to that.'

She gave a low laugh as she fled in the direction of Liliin, with a very confused Camelia in her arms.

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A few hours later, when Sol finished dealing with the knights and went to his room to change into more comfortable clothing, he was quite bewildered as he read the message from Lilith.

"What the f..."

'Am I becoming some plumber in red and blue chasing after a princess now?'

This was becoming quite uncanny.

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

#### **Chapter 450: CUTE CULT**

[Southern Pride — Eternal Forest]

This was the country of the proudest mortal race in the entirety of the Mortal Realm. The country of the elves, drenched in the sin of pride and hedonism. They had once been as close to being the rulers of the Mortals realm as possible. Fighting against angels and demons while keeping Humans and dwarves under their servitude. Since Angels and Demons were of Divine origin, it wouldn't be a mistake to say that they were the strongest mortal race in the Mortal Realm.

The structure of the houses in the kingdom of Southern Pride was one that fused with nature. Elves did not cut their forest to create houses but simply used their magics to create special trees that were empty on the inside.

The closer you came to one of the five main settlements of the elves, the taller the trees would become. It was big to the point that 10 to 20 meters tall trees were a common sight in the inner region of the settlement.



In the center of the seemingly never-ending forest of green, where the high elves lived, stood the tallest tree in all of existence.

One so tall it literally pierced the clouds above and no one could see the ends of it with just standing on the ground alone.

The elves called it the World Tree— a tree born from one of the seeds of Yggdrasil, the Divine Beast of Humilitas.

The world tree also housed the sanctuary where the High Priestess and the Queen made their decisions.

Satella Superbia like any other elf was a beautiful and graceful woman. She had a slim body with small curves, but she did not lack a single bit in the feminine charms department. Though, because of her emotionless face and the long golden hair that reached fell gently on the ground, some would inevitably compare her to a beautiful doll more than a living being.

Jasmine, on the other hand, could not be more opposite. She was a short-haired brown-skinned elf with a body many men would judge was worthy to wage war for. Her satin-like robe was stretched so much by her bountiful curves that it looked like it would burst at any given moment and show the barely hidden spring sight to all concerned.

Usually, at this moment, it should have been a calm space filled with melody as the Queen, Satella Superbia, quietly drank her tea or discussed stately and/or personal matters with her friend, Jasmine Humilitas who was also the Supreme Daughter of the church of Humilitas.

But on this day, the two were facing each other in silence while listening to a report from a dark elf.

Once the elf finished her report, she bowed her head deeply before leaving the two rulers with a complicated expression that marred their enchanting faces.

“This is...”

Jasmine tried to keep her expression in check but the mirth in her eyes could barely be hidden. This caused Satella to sigh out loud.

“You find this quite funny, don’t you?”

“Well... Do you want me to be honest?”

“Go on.”

“Pfft! I honestly find it absolutely hilarious.”

Having received permission from the Queen, Jasmine could no longer hide her laughter and Satella knew that there was not much she could do about it.

Southern Pride was currently facing a crisis like no other. It wasn’t something like a war or the infiltration of the vampires, but something much much more insidious. To the point that she was completely helpless to do anything about it.

“A new cult... I would have never thought that someone would be this daring to do something this brazen.”

“Hehe. Attention. It is not the cult. It’s an assembly formed by like-minded people who respect and admire the tales of the Dragon Emperor.... Pfft! Hahaha~!”

She could not keep a straight face even as she spoke out that line, causing Satella to feel like facepalming herself due to the antics of the Supreme Daughter of her country and long time friend.

All countries in the mortal world had freedom of religion. An elf wasn’t forced to pray to Superbia or her sister. Nor were humans forced to pray to Luxuria and so on.

This was a law that had been established since the start of the Kingdom era. But in the end, it was because any other religion that they were able to divert to would be the religion of the Mother Goddess of Order.

This was the limit of the freedom of religion.

Even for the elves who respected and worshipped dragons, there were some limits they did not dare to cross.

But what was happening currently was quite headache-inducing, to say the least.

Everything started nearly three weeks ago when they received news that two pure Dragons would come down from the Astral Realm.

For elves, it was akin to earth-shaking news. But when they finally came down, there was one more guest with them that made everyone’s eyes go round into saucers.

A phoenix.

In hindsight, Satella should have been more careful about their guest. But — Before being a queen, she was also an elf. One with dragon blood in hers. While her respect and admiration for the dragons were lesser than the majority. It still existed to some degree.

This was why she had overlooked the weird action of the woman named Nefertiti. After all, she was an honored guest of the dragon race.

She shouldn’t have. Oh, she definitely definitely shouldn’t have done that.

The Elves had a very tribalistic lifestyle and the four greatest tribes used the Four Dragon Kings as their Totem.

In just a week, news about the war against Chaos seemed to have spread throughout the forest like the most wildest of wildfires.

In two weeks, a group of more than hundreds of elves already formed as they showed respect to the supposed Dragon Emperor. For the elf’s small population, a hundred gathered individuals were quite a large number. Enough for a minor tribe to form.

—And this was where the problem truly began for them.

Currently, the group was pushing the idea that it would be disrespectful for the Dragon Emperor to not have a Tribe under his name.

If the Dragon Emperor was someone from the Astral Realm, Satella would not have minded. It wasn't like some minor tribe didn't use the others' princes as Totem or even others' dragons. But the problem was the identity of the so-called Dragon Emperor.

Sol Dragona Luxuria — The current Crown Prince and future King of Lustburg.

The reason why the different totems were accepted was simply that dragons did not care for the affairs of the Mortal Realms. They were above that.

Unlike them — Sol was quite invested in the Mortal Realm. He was the future king of a literal Kingdom for crying out loud. Of course, he would be invested in the matters of the Mortals. Creating a tribe under his name only meant giving him great power over Southern Pride.

“Ugh...”

Satella groaned under her breath. As a ruler, what she should do now was to ruthlessly stamp down this growing cult. But she could not do that.

Not only would the elves riot if she tried to do so, but there was also the fact that they had visions about an incoming doomsday, and Sol Dragona Luxuria just happened to be the key to this incoming event.

They wished to be in his good graces no matter what would happen to them.

“Sigh... Ismelya's daughter also cut all contact with us. I guess she became completely enamored with him.”

Clara should have also played the role of an informant for them. But her last report was only about her joining the Prince and thanking Southern Pride for everything they had done for her.

Clearly, the girl had no intention to play double agent from the start.

“Well. I am not surprised. He seems quite imposing and enchanting.”

They had seen records of Sol in both his Hybrid form and War form. Those records were made in pictures and all sorts of products were being sold by the dastardly Phoenix freely to all of the elves.

Dragons generally hated having their pictures recorded or even interacting with elves. So those pictures were selling like hot cakes and there were even black auctions happening taking place for them and the price of the pictures was literally reaching gold coins.

“Indeed. But this is ridiculous! Who the hell paid 30 gold for a mere picture!?”

Jasmine coughed embarrassedly, causing Satella's eyes to squint in suspicion.

“Don't tell me...”

“What I do with my money is my own problem.”

“Seriously?”

“What? He is handsome, charismatic, and sexy. I have money. So I bought it. Simple.”

“I don't even know what to say...”

Jasmine chuckled. "Well. I will be honest. I had a discussion with the goddess not long ago and this boy caused many storms recently. She didn't tell me anything deep. But she gave me a warning."

For once in this discussion between the rulers of Southern Pride, her expression was draped in the veil of seriousness as she spoke out ominous words, "Either ignore him or become his ally. No one in the Mortal Realm can bear the weight of becoming his enemy."