

## Hero King 451

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

#### Chapter 451: CH 414: DEADLY TEAM

What do you do when your aunt kidnaps your lover and leaves a message taunting you to follow her on a wild goose chase?

If Sol was back on earth and still had access to the internet, he would have loved to put this on a thread and read the eventual answers that could get him out of this troublesome and headache-inducing situation.

Sadly, there was no such thing as the internet in this place so he had to make do with it the old-fashioned way.

Directly discuss with people face to face and come up with a possible solution.

"So... What do I do?"

Milia gave a humorless laugh at the question that was thrown at her. This was quite a weird situation and Milia had honestly never expected that she would have to deal with such a problem in her lifetime. After all, she had never imagined Lilith to act so mischievously or even childishly in the first place.

"This..." She was utterly, completely, and in every sense of the word lost for words.

In the end, she simply chuckled lightly and smiled. There was not much else to do other than to comply with her machinations. "Do you know where they are currently?"

After all, if someone like Lilith wanted to hide, she doubted they would be able to easily find her.

Sol took out one of the daggers and twirled it in his hands. "This thing is basically keeping a constant track of her whereabouts. I just have to follow it to reach her."

Sol was quite flummoxed by the intricacy of these weapons. After all, they were entirely made out of energy. Even then, Lilith was able to keep them constantly active despite the distance between the object and her.

This reminded him about how sword intent could still keep affecting a person even years after the skill was cast in some Xianxia novels that he had read. He idly began to wonder if it was possible to use this phenomenon to teach her sword style to more people.

But he shelved that idea aside almost immediately. Lilith's techniques were too dangerous to spread to people indiscriminately. It went completely against the current system since one only needed talent in a sword and enough mana and a strong body to be able to learn her techniques. It didn't discriminate in the capabilities of one's capacity.

"So, what now?"

Milia mused for a while before giving a look toward Clara. She was the secretary of the king, after all.

"Your Highness. I believe you should follow the Queen. This could serve as a way for you to get some much-needed relaxation. Now that we have prepared everything, your presence isn't much required to advance with our plans."

A king, as any leader of a force, did not have to do the whole job alone. His only job was to supervise and give the necessary orders when it was time for him to do so.

Sol had been quite high-strung during the last two weeks. But after dealing with the Black Knights, there was not much he could do outside of signing paperwork. Work that could be left out to be done by others.

"Having you two as my support is really something I appreciate wholeheartedly."

Milia gave him a light bow with her face becoming slightly flushed due to Sol's complement. Meanwhile, Clara's ears became a shade of deep red and fluttered slightly after hearing his compliment. It was a new effect that he had never seen before.

It seemed that those ears acted like the tails of dogs when true elves were feeling happy.

'They are really cute.'

He chuckled and stood up from his seat. "Well, this is a golden occasion in a way. I never visited outside of the capital like ever. I guess it's as good a time as any."

It was funny in a way. He had explored two dimensions, his mind space, and two territories, and even got a glimpse of the Divine Realm of the goddesses, and fought in the void of space, however, he had never gone outside of the capital of his very own Kingdom.

'Who should I take with me? What cover should I use to roam around?'

He thought for a while. The inner child in him lost all restraints as he decided that, indeed, he should have some relaxing fun for a while.

He remembered how Lilin told him that she worked as an adventurer for some time after leaving the Capital and experiencing the outside world for herself. It seemed that Lilith and his parents alongside the whole hero team also did the same thing when they had gone outside of the confines of the capital.

'Perhaps, I can give it a try as well?'

Back then when he had no intentions of taking the responsibility of a King seriously, he dreamed of becoming an adventurer and simply visiting the world and its wonders, witnessing all of it for himself and experiencing them with his body. Fighting against monsters, getting rewarded, climbing in ranks, and facing new and interesting trials with comrades he would make along the way.

Of course, he knew that this was just him romanticizing and exaggerating everything by a lot. There was nothing beautiful about being an adventurer and risking your life every day for meager and marginal rewards.

But... with his current level, adventuring was nothing more than a walk in the park. Even if he, for some reason, met a King-ranked individual, he had the confidence to hold on for a while or simply flee without any problems.

Not everyone was Lilith after all. The chance of meeting someone like her were so astronomically sma...

Sol stopped himself and shook his head, 'Begone motherfucking death flags!'

He was now starting to worry about his movements. 'Should I prepare to fight a god or something like that?'

This seemed the only way this trip would go without a hitch.

Laughing at his own silliness, his thought moved toward a more positive direction.

'This would be a great occasion to spend some quality time with Setsuna and the others.'

He had noticed her hesitation and fear during their discussion a few moments ago, and it was the perfect occasion for them to spend time together.

Having some fun with Sestuna as an adventurer, playing Lilith's silly game, and taking Camelia back out of her wicked grasp, while visiting Lilin and perhaps taking her along with him as well.

Furthermore, Setsuna wasn't the only one he had been neglecting lately because of a lack of time.

"Very well, I have decided. Milia, Setsuna, and Medea will follow me."

An assassin, a swordsman, and a mage who could play the role of a healer, and with him as the invincible tank.

Could there be any better adventurer party than this?

If he added Persephone they would even have a true Healer. This would become the perfect adventurer party.

Now if there was a problem then it was — How to convince the shut-in Medea to walk outside under the sun and go on an adventure with him.

Meanwhile, hearing Sol's brilliant idea, Clara could only show a baffled look on her pretty face. What the hell kind of monster were they going to hunt with an adventurer team like that?

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

#### **Chapter 452: CH 415: PRAISE ME**

The song of birds and the laughter of the nuns filled the hallways of the church as it always did.

Walking through this beautiful sight, Sol simply smiled and continued walking without anyone noticing his presence. Everything was as it usually was.

His direction was clear and his steps were steady and well-paced. He only stopped when he reached an office which he walked through with no problem.

Sitting on a desk, with a mountain of paperwork so high one would believe it was impressive they still stood tall.

On the other side of the paperwork was a young girl still in her teens, with golden hair shining like a sun, and blue eyes that seemed to contain the sky.

At least that was how she usually looked.

Right now though... Aurora Highland, now Aurora Castitas, looked like a shrew that was on the verge of exploding.

Her hair was in disarray, proof that she had not been able to groom them for long. There were large dark bags under her eyes, denoting how long nights she spent without sleeping, and even though she looked like she was on the verge of fainting, she was still continuing to look at the paper and sign.

"I am busy. What do you want?"

Aurora raised her head and glared at Sol when he appeared sitting on the guest chair. Her eyes were bloodshot red and dry.

"You look like some evil witch in the story told to children."

"Ugh."

Aurora groaned and looked down. She covered her face and screamed,

"Why in the mother goddess' name do I have to do all this, Hah!?"

It was quite the outburst but Sol simply smirked while giving her a glance filled with sympathy.

Since the royal family took care of the governance of the land, one would think that they were more busy than the church. But it wasn't so.

The King had an overview of the Kingdom but it was the nobles who took care of all the work in their territory. So the work the King ended up with was only a fraction of what was necessary.

Another large part would then be taken care of by the minister. Only leaving the strict minimum for the King to take a look at. Even then it would be an amount of work large enough to devote many white nights.

But the church was even worse.

Millions of prayers. Hundred thousand of donations. The necessity to accommodate the believers. The regular mass, the hundreds of useless ceremonies that all lasted for hours upon hours, the organization of the Paladin and so much more.

This was even more so in times of wars like this where even the non-believers suddenly started to pray to the goddesses and visited the church.

"I thought you wanted more power in the church? Shouldn't you be happy?"

"I wanted more power, not more work!"

Aurora stood up and vented her feelings as she shouted.

The last few days had been hell on earth for her.

More than  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the work charge of the Supreme daughter was assigned to her. At first, she was happy. She could see her influence growing rapidly. But now she realized that one should be indeed careful of what they wished for.

She thought the supreme daughter only had to sleep, pray sometime and look pretty. Now she realized how wrong she was.

The worse was, this amount of work had been carefully calculated, after years of experimentation, to be handled with relatively no problem.

But there was one hiccup. A little problem they could have not accounted for. Those calculations have been made with the hypothesis that the one working would be a King rank or a Duke rank at least. Thereby enjoying the increased power of their brain's ability to process information and the higher level of energy to sustain their body.

But Aurora, despite all her power, was still in a weak human body that had yet to even reach the Duke level.

Aurora cursed in his low voice again and again. This wasn't how she envisioned her reincarnation. She hadn't suffered so much for eons only to end up as some desk worker.

Looking at her like this, Sol felt almost bad about what he was about to say.

—Almost.

“Well... \*Ahem\* It seems like Camelia won't be available for the next few days. At least up to a week, I believe. So you will have to take care of all her work.”

Aurora looked at him with a blank look.

Sol felt like he could even see what was going on in her brain. She had a look that was screaming, <<What hell is this bastard saying to me now?>>

When the information finally sank in her mind, Aurora shook her head and looked feebly at the work that already seemed without end.

“No...No. That woman despite her personality is a true workaholic. She wouldn't...”

At first, there was denial. She simply refused to accept the situation she was, clinging to Camelia's work ethic.

“Damn this shit! I cannot take it anymore. I quit! Go find a new holy daughter!”

Second was anger. She realized once again how much she would have to complete in the incoming days.

“Look. The kingdom is in an important phase, right? We are facing war, right? Why don't you try to understand my position a little?”

This was followed by bargaining. Since screaming was useless, at least they could have a deal, right?

“Hah...Why? Just why? My life is hell. Everything is meaningless. Perhaps I should just die? I haven't even seen the sun in days. I am literally in a prison.”

Depression settled in for more than ten minutes as Aurora lamented the fact that freedom was a lie, equality was an illusion and the world was filled with malice toward hard workers like her.

"I...I will do it."

In the end— Aurora flopped down on her chair and looked at the ceiling blankly, totally drained when she realized that none of what she was saying was moving Sol. Her fate was sealed the moment he walked in this room and there was nothing she could do.

Her words of acceptance and utter defeat sounded so pitiful. Sol decided to put an end to her suffering. After all, there was a limit to how much you could overwork someone before they simply decided to snap.

"I will ask my partner to send a few undead to you. They can't do too much but menial tasks should be easy."

The crown was also overworked so he couldn't do much more than this.

"You...You will?"

'Ugh.'

She looked at him like a lost puppy wet from rain that finally found shelter, food and a caring owner.

"Haha. Don't expect too much but I will do my best."

Aurora sighed in relief.

But the more it was so, the more Sol became curious.

"You...You are not exactly Aurora, right? You have nothing to do with Lustburg. Why work so hard."

Responsibility could only be felt if you cared.

When he first entered this world, Sol had felt no deep attachment to Lustburg. This was why he only did the bare minimum as a prince and didn't care for much more.

It was only now that he took things seriously that his workload increased.

But even then, if he decided to stop working. There was no one who could stop him.

As a holy daughter Aurora had absolute authority. Not even Camelia could actually force her to work and no one could dismiss a Blessed.

"I...I want to enjoy my life this time."

Aurora unconsciously caressed her neck as shadow of memory flashed in her mind.

"This work is a pain. It's exhausting and I hate the responsibility. Still. This is my new life...I don't want to die with regret in this new life."

Her eyes were hazy and the earlier atmosphere of the clumsy girl subsided slightly.

"Who were you really in your last life?"

“Who I was, huh?”

“I was Dawn. Nothing more. Nothing less.”

‘And you are the one who put an end to my life.’

Aurora looked at her ‘father’ with a complicated expression.

In her last life, she had also been the eldest and the one who was the most overworked taking care of an entire nascent universe while her siblings did nothing but have fun.

A forlorn smile flashed on her face as she looked up. She wondered what the Divine realm looked like nowadays. She was pretty sure her Divine Kingdom should be a complete wreck currently.

“Dawn... I did not say this last time. But I think it’s a beautiful name.”

“Thanks. My father is the one who named me.”

“Your father...What kind of man was he if I may ask?”

She chuckled at the ironic situation she was in currently. But looking at the genuine curiosity in his eyes, she thought deeply.

What kind of man Adam was?

“In my eyes, he was like a god. An omnipotent being who held no flaw and was able to do everything he wished. One who spread joy and happiness to all of us and gave us love with no hesitation.”

Her voice was soft, “I should have understood that there was no thing as someone without flaws. I should have remembered that Light could not exist without darkness. If I did...”

If she had noticed sooner the distress her father was in...Perhaps this whole tragedy would have been avoided.

She shook her head. “Well, the past is what it is.”

Aurora looked down at the paperwork and started to scribble again in silence and Sol took it as his cue to leave. It seemed like he had asked quite an insensitive question.

“Sol...”

“Hum?”

“Please come here.”

Just as he waved to leave. Aurora called out to him. He was quite curious about what she wanted. But when he finally approached her, the only thing she did was take his hand and place it on her head.

She slowly closed her eyes and spoke in a low voice. “Now...Please...Tell me I am doing good work. Tell me that you are proud of me.”

Sol was quite perplexed by this sudden situation. But, hearing the desperate plea in her voice.

He did as he was told. Slowly, gently...He spoke words of encouragement.

“I wanted to tell you this two weeks ago. Thank you for your hard work. Thanks to you, I was able to protect people dear to me. Thank you for everything you have done. Your work was more than good. It was great. I am proud of you and I am glad to have someone like you as a companion.”

‘Ah...’

Aurora closed her eyes tighter at those words.

She refused to cry in front of him.

This was the last modicum of pride she would keep.

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#### **Chapter 453: CH 416: WHAT IS SHE DOING?**

After a hard-to-describe moment he shared with a strangely behaving Aurora, she immediately booted him out of the office, saying that she was busy with work.

Sol had never been one to ignore the weird actions of women around him. He prided himself in thinking that, while he wasn’t the smartest man, he was able to understand the feelings that were directed at him by the opposite gender.

Was Aurora in love with him?

Sol rejected this notion altogether. He knew about love. Knew about sexual attraction, desire, and all that entailed as well. There were no signs of love for him in Aurora’s eyes when she was looking at him.

Only a certain form of weird longing. This was a feeling not directed at himself but at something or someone that he reminded her of.

‘Should I use...’

Sol stopped this train of thought before it could root in his mind. He felt disgusted in himself that the first thought he had after attaining this knowledge was how to make use of the situation to his advantage.

For now, Aurora, while extremely suspicious, has proven herself to be a good companion.

It was just that a part of him refused to let his guard down around her. Something was telling him that his relationship with Aurora was extremely unstable at the moment and any mistake he made could end up with her becoming an enemy.

‘Sigh... Forget it. Today and for the next week, I am just going to have fun and not think about anything troublesome. Nothing more, nothing less.’

He would finally be able to realize one of his dreams that he had ever since his time in the original world he came from. Becoming an adventurer might be a really childish dream at this time, but it was still a dream of his and he wished to realize it with his lovers.

‘Well. I should talk to the witches first;’

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[Tower of Babel — Medical Ward]

After the fight between Sol and Lilith, Medea's world had been reduced to nearly nothing. Recreating that place would take too much time and energy, so the witches had started to stay inside the tower or in Sol's dimension. Freya being the main offender in the case of Sol's dimension.

Persephone, meanwhile, had become more active as a sort of doctor in the tower. She seemed to be taking care of the women of the tower. He had yet to read what she did exactly, but he wasn't too keen to ask her about her work either.

Weirdly, Freya seemed to sometimes appear there as well. Though she would simply take notes while talking to the maids. It was there that he was reminded that Freya was actually an author of erotic stories. One of which fuelled Camelia's soft BDSM fantasies.

When he came this time to the ward though, the one he wanted to meet was neither Persephone nor Freya. But rather someone who had been as helpful as Aurora while taking even more risk for him during his mad task of saving Lilith's life.

"Hathor. How have you been?"

The Water Phoenix, Hathor. Considered to be the greatest healer in the Astral Realm.

What was supposed to only be insurance turned out to be one of the centerpieces of his plan to save Lilith...

Hathor was reading a chart when he came inside the ward. It was weird to see the usually drunk and slovenly woman wearing a lab coat while looking so serious.

"Hmm?"

Unlike Aurora, it was practically impossible for Hathor to feel his presence before he actually appeared before her.

But still, she showed no surprise at his sudden manifestation inside the medical ward. With her experience and what she had witnessed lately, she believed that there were very few things that could actually surprise her nowadays.

"What brought you here? No Kingly duties today?"

Hathor smiled and licked her lips when she sniffed a particular fragrance she liked emanating from Sol. She looked down at the bottle Sol was holding and her smile changed into a grin,

"At least you have some manners. What is this?"

Sol shrugged, "I am not exactly an expert in wine or alcohol but some of my ancestors were. I just went through the wine cellar and took whatever seemed the oldest."

"Ohhh..."

Hathor was not even listening to him anymore as she gazed at the bottle like a snake hypnotized.

"Take it. Anyways it's a meager gift for what you did. I just wanted to say thanks."

“Heh.”

Hathor snapped out of her stupor and snatched the bottle from his hand. She walked up to one of the drawers and took out two exquisite crystalline glasses from inside.

“Persephone gave these two to me. It belonged to one of the human kings before the creation of Lustburg.”

Sol was intrigued by this information. He remembered that all Four witches were actually older than the creation of Lustburg. It was one fact that was easy to forget with how young they looked.

‘Now that I think about it, I only know about Medea’s past.’

Despite having mingled with Persephone, it was hard to say that they were lovers. They were definitely close to each other but that was pretty much it. Freya still seemed interested in getting pregnant from his seed and had never hesitated in voicing this but it was clear that she did not feel much love for him.

As for Kali — Sol chuckled as he was reminded about her. Kali had been pretty clear in the fact that she would never enter a harem. In the first place, she didn’t even seem remotely interested in love. It was unlike most witches who endlessly sought the companionship and love of others.

Hathor caressed the bottle and seemed to hold some kind of ritual with the way she opened it and filled the two glasses.

Sol accepted the wine-filled glass and the two smiled at each other,

“To a successful cooperation. To a new friendship.”

“To a new friendship!”

Hathor laughed before slowly savoring the wine. She let out a low moan when the liquid filled her mouth. Her eyes lit up and she looked once again at the bottle.

“Impressive. This wine was made with an interesting technique. I feel like it’s one not of this world.”

Sol's expression betrayed no surprise. “It seems to be from the era of the Peaceful King, Pluto.”

Pluto was the son of Jupiter, making him the second King of Lustburg. The era of Pluto could be said to be one of the dark ages of Lustburg.

After all, Jupiter had set off to conquer the world and nearly succeeded, only to fail and die at the last step.

With the witches withdrawing from the front line and lacking a King, the young prince who was only ten years old at that time had to stand up and protect Lustburg as much as possible.

After all — Jupiter hadn’t been kind during the war. The country was basically the number one enemy during that period and without Pluto, the current Lustburg might have been more than 79% smaller.

“Well, thanks for the wine. But seriously though. Why did you come?”

“I just came to say thanks.”

Hathor tilted her head and chuckled derisively, "I thought it was something big. But is that really all?"

She shook her head, "I don't need thanks. I already obtained the greatest gift I could ask for. The memory I made here will be enough to last for a few thousand years."

"So... You are really going to leave."

"Indeed. Unlike Isis, who is contracted to you, for a King-rank divine beast like me, staying in the mortal world is not really a good thing."

The restrictions this world imposed on Hathor made her feel like she was constantly being shackled. It wasn't a good feeling in any way.

The mortal world itself did not welcome her presence in this place. She was no different than someone entering another territory illegally without permission.

There was a reason most divine beasts never came down here or if they ever did, it was only for a short trip.

"Also you know very well about the time flow issue, right? Even if the difference between the Astral Realm and Mortal Realm slows down, It's hard to say how many months or years went by there, in the meantime."

She had been here for nearly three weeks now. This was close to a year in the Astral realm if nothing changed.

She had her duty to uphold in her territory, after all.

Finally,

"There will be a meeting between all the Divine Beasts soon."

The word 'soon' had a different meaning when it came to a bunch of immortal beings who lived for thousands of years. But it was really approaching. When this happened, it was necessary for all the generals under the divine beasts to be present.

This was a show of force to establish a clear hierarchy and no matter how silly it looked, Hathor didn't wish to embarrass her mother at such an important moment.

"A summit, huh? Heh..."

Sol focused on the swirling crimson liquid before chugging it down in one go.

The Wings of Freedom had created quite a problem here as well. Not only did they obtain the Divine Weapon of Lustburg, but it seemed like they also obtained the Divine Weapon of Greed Dike, the Kingdom of Dwarves.

There were also signs of them perhaps infiltrating and causing chaos in the Elf kingdom back then while under the guise of Vampires.

The vampire girl who was part of the WoF had still not woken up and it was clear now that something was amiss with her.

Pandora had spent her time analyzing and swimming in the dream of that vampire to get more information about it.

Sol was not really worried about the Wings of Freedom themselves. Currently, they only had three or four Kings, and one demigod in their ranks.

It was impressive, but it was no army. The problem came from the Titans and the Chaos Spawns.

Not all divine beasts had the power of Tiamat and her dragons. Surtr alone was enough to make two or three Divine Beasts suffer greatly without much effort.

"Haha. I guess when compared to what happens high up, the incoming war really seems like child's play, huh..."

Hathor shook her head, "War is war. No matter what the scale is. There is no such thing as mere child's play."

Sol gave a bitter smile. Indeed. If it was a child's play, he could have simply challenged Lupus to a fight and sent Lilith to decimate his existence.

But it wasn't. War wasn't child's play. But it was still no less than a game where the Kings acted as players and Soldiers as chess pieces.

"Well. I won't let them sour my mood."

He downed the wine and smiled, "Wait one week. Lilith is currently acting mischievously. Once we bring her back, we will hold a great farewell party for you and send you off with all the glory that the Mortal Realm can harbor."

"I am kinda not exactly interested..."

"I will also open the wine cellar and grant you unlimited access for the day."

"What a measly week. Farewell parties are indeed a must."

The two laughed out loud and continued to drink the wine for a long time as they chatted about this and that.

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After drinking all afternoon with Hathor and talking with her about her experience and the worlds she explored, Sol found himself walking back to his office room.

It seemed like he had become quite the workaholic. He just wanted to take a look at some papers and then go talk to the witches about his plans for the week.

As always, Sol simply used his dimension to walk. He was doing so in order to increase his synchronization and understanding of this mysterious power.

This was why he was surprised to hear a muffled moan when he actually approached his office.

"Your highness~"

He recognized the voice and as such, had no hesitation when he passed through the door and finally saw the show Milia was putting on for him without her knowledge.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 454: CH 417: MILIA (6)**

After Sol left to deal with some minuscule problems and Clara went ahead to prepare a travel schedule for Sol and co, Milia had to admit that she felt a little excited about the incoming trip she was going to have with her dear lord.

Her life experience had not been the greatest thing one could hope to have. Living as an orphan in the capital, being used as an experiment subject for almost half of her life, working as an assassin for the Kingdom then as the master spy and head maid of the royalty of the kingdom of Lustburg.

Because of all the things that she had to go through in her tumultuous life, her experience outside of the wall of the capitals only amounted to the operations where she had to kill someone or flee from being killed by someone. It was truly a sorry fate.

She never had the chance to truly walk outside the walls of the Capital and have some fun. She knew that she wasn't the only one in this situation so this made the trip all the more enjoyable in her opinion. She couldn't wait to have the grand experience she was dreaming of in her mind.

Walking inside the office, Milia felt her heart beating heavily as her excitement continued to increase with each second.

She knew that the party would be too powerful to actually face any threat but still, it would be a nice change of pace for her.

She would have never thought that such things could bring her so much happiness and all of this was thanks to one man, Sol, her dearest lord. Just thinking about him was enough for her burning excitement to shoot through the roof and hazy and scandalous thoughts to run along her depraved mind.

She hesitated slightly, wondering whether what she had in mind would really be a good idea or not, but then walked toward the door and made sure it was locked firmly then turned around and looked at the scene of the quiet office.

She took a few hesitant steps, before reaching the office chair and took place where Sol usually sat to dish out his royal duties.

"Ah..."

Milia breathed in and her expression loosened slightly for the first time in a while. There were many scents that were filling the room, but in this place, his scent was simply overpowering.

She could see the documents that were yet to be processed and his favorite fountain pen that was engraved with the insignia of the royal family and the church as well as Sol's name being written on it.

"Ah..."

The more she embraced this scent, the hazier her expression became. In the end, she took the fountain pen and brought it towards her.

'Perhaps I should leave this place?'

Her rationale was trying to bring her to her senses but she was far too gone in the throes of lust and depravity to care about mere rationality. Lustful thoughts had already stirred deep in the recesses of her mind at this point for her to care about anything.

It had been so long since Sol last held her in his passionate and loving embrace filled with the warmth that was the last thing saving her sanity. She knew he was busy and for that very reason... all she could do was relieve herself in the confines of her room while gazing at her ever-growing collection.

'Just a little bit should be okay...'

The voices of a lustful devil seemed to murmur in her ears and in the end, the voices of the endearing devil won over her reasonings and rationales.

She slowly rolled up her long maid skirt, exposing her white garter belt and panties, which had become damp at this point. Holding up the pen she slowly brought it over her black panties and started to rub it lightly with gentle strokes.

"Sigh... Your Highness."

Hot sighs leaked out from her as her face became progressively more flushed with each stroke applied over her flowing garden. This was just a pen but since it had his name engraved on it, it gave her a certain immoral feeling about the things she was doing with his belongings.

Just imagining him using that pen later on without knowing what she did made her shiver and groan with lustful pants. At the same time, it satisfied the deep and twisted desire for monopoly that was hidden in her heart.

"Nh~!"

How many minutes went by? Perhaps an instant? Or perhaps over a dozen? But she did not care about the time. She simply was not able to. Her feverish face had now become completely dyed in the shades of red. Her eyes had become hazy and her mind was already approaching cloud nine.

A sweet smell had started to spread in the office room and an ever-growing stain was showing on her already damp panties while a clear liquid started to flow and leak out from the sides.

Soon, the sensations were not enough for her. She wanted more, way more. She pushed the panties to the side, and gently shoved the pen inside all while imagining it was Sol's experienced digits finally entering her.

She felt so ashamed of her actions, but her lust and desire were simply too overpowering for her to give mind to her shame. She imagined that it was Sol using his finger to bring relief to her and she leaked out a sob of pleasure as she reached a new crescendo. Her inner flesh tightened around the pen and she began to accelerate her movements.

Her thin love liquid flowed incessantly from her place and stained the chair below her;

“Nh~! Please, more!”

Shame was dead as fast as it was born and all that mattered now for her was reaching the peak. An exhilarating feeling of pleasure began to gather towards her lower abdomen.

Her whole body began to tremble and the rhythm of her breathing increased dramatically.

She was just a little short. Just a little more and she would reach what she sought...

“Your Highness~!”

“You called?”

“...”

“...”

A silence, utterly absolute in its overwhelming presence, befell the room that one might think Medea had launched a time impeding spell on the room. Milia slowly, very slowly opened her eyes. All this while she was praying, hoping that this was just the result of her imagination. That her senses had been wrong and she was just hallucinating his voice due to the longing in her heart.

But...

Looking at Sol sitting on the opposite chair with his head resting on the palm of his hand and a teasing smile on his face— shame went through her whole being as it kicked out the feeling of lust completely. No matter how fast she was, she knew she was doomed.

She could even imagine her current appearance.

“Oh? Why stop? Continue, I was honestly enjoying the show.”

Milia wished she could rewind time. Sadly she had no such powers. Maybe she could coerce Medea into doing it in her stead?

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

#### **Chapter 455: CH 418: MILIA (7)\***

The stalemate between the two lasted for a few seconds before Milia stood up, arranged back her skirt, and bowed,

“Welcome back, your highness. Now that you are here, I believe I can go back and finish my work.”

Sol gave her an amused glance as she began to walk away but just as she reached the door,

\*Tack\*

The two of them looked down, only to see the glistening pen that she had been using, laying on the ground while leaving a stain.

“...”

“...”

“This — is my pen, right?”

“...Indeed, it is.”

“And you were masturbating with it, right?”

“....Indeed I was.”

Her face was red and she gritted her teeth, but her lord had asked a question and it was her duty to answer,

“How interesting.”

Sol stood up and walked up to her nonchalantly until he reached the pen, then he crouched down,

“Your highness!”

“Don’t move.”

He said so in a low voice but it was enough to immediately stop her. Her expression became even more mortified when she saw him pick up the pen lightly,

“Well, well, well. Would you look at this?”

He brought the pen close to her and Milia could only look aside shyly.

This situation was more than fun for Sol. It was highly entertaining.

Every time he had sex with Milia, she would always smoother and mother him. It didn’t matter that he was physically stronger than her. She had always been the one at the win.

Of course, Sol didn’t care. The most important thing was having fun. But — watching Milia with her head bowed down like this and acting like a shy girl, it was impossible for him to not make use of the situation.

He threw the pen away and wiped his hand before cupping her face in it, “Look at me.”

Milia hesitated a little but did as she was told, her eyes moved around, showing how reluctant she was to face him.

Sol found her so cute at this instant. He wanted to kiss her and tell her that everything was alright. But he also wanted to tease her and bring her to tears.

It was necessary to find the middle ground.

“I don’t mind what you did.”

Milia’s eyes opened wide,

“But you still need to be punished.”

Milia shuddered as he gently whispered this to her ears.

He took a step back and sat on the office table, looking at her with a teasing light in his eyes.



“Raise your skirt.”

Once again a so calm but oh-so-commanding voice. Milia hiccuped a little in embarrassment at Sol's command.

A mixture of shame and excitement and anticipation filled her bountiful chest, causing it to rise up and down.

But in the end, she did as she was told and grabbed her skirt, before slowly pulling it up to her waist.

It was done slowly but this made the sight all the more tantalizing. First, her beautiful legs were shown, followed by her thigh encased in a garter belt, and finally, her white panties soaked in lustful love juice were revealed to his eyes.

She opened her trembling moist eyes and looked at him with a pitiful expression that made a fiery fire in him burn hotter.

He approached her and began to walk all around her, inspecting her carefully, until he was completely behind her.

This sight of her butt was no less tantalizing and in fact, was even more exciting for him. He wished for nothing more than simply to bend her down and shove his stick in her. But everything had a place and time.

He hugged her from behind and inhaled deeply. He didn't care that he looked like a pervert right now. He was simply completely intoxicated.

His hands were placed around her navel, right where her womb should have been and he started to apply some pressure. He also brought his face to her collarbone and began to bite –leaving marks of his teeth on her porcelain white skin.

“Hah...”

Milia moaned a little as the heat started to spread through her body.

Afterward, when Sol grabbed her panties and pulled them down, Milia did nothing as anticipation became like a lump blocking her throat.

Her naughty scents began to fill the room and a thread of transparent love juice dangled from the panties.

In an instant, Milia's became red to the ear. She felt even more shame when Sol used his fingers to spread her closed mound left and right, showing the pink flesh of her hidden garden.

Milia covered her face and let out a low moan as she felt him stir up slightly inside her. She could already imagine her liquid covering his hand and him being so close to her place.

“Your Highness...S-stop...”

“Do you really want me to?”

Sol whispered close to her ears, “Wasn’t it what you were imagining while you were pleasuring yourself on my chair?”

“Hah....This was...”

Sol smirked as he felt her vaginal folds clench around his fingers at his words. Clearly, his words had made her imagination more active.

He ignored her and began to accelerate the movement of his fingers. Like a motor that was warming up, her inside became hotter, and a wet stain formed on the floor because of all her liquid.

“Nh~!”

Each time his finger scratched her inside, Milia would tremble and spread her legs more vulgarly. She knew she looked nothing like the usual dignified maid she portrayed herself as but she had no desire to care for her unsightly appearance at this moment.

At the threshold of her climax, Milia swung her waist as if she had lost all reason but no matter what she did, the final release did not come to her.

At least this was the case until,

“Cum for me.”

His words were like permission granted by heaven.

“Ahhh~!”

Milia moaned loudly as she looked up at the ceiling. Her body trembled like it was being electrocuted and her juice flew like there was no tomorrow.

“Nooo~”

She was squirting, she was covering the entire room with her smell and her juice. She wanted to stop but the pleasure was like a never-ending wave that was constantly hitting her mind.

When the climax finally stopped, Milia would have plopped to the ground had Sol not caught her. Her legs were so weak that she was like a newborn calf that could not stand strong.

“This was beautiful.”

Sol’s voice was coarse and filled with desire. His cock was stretching painfully in his pants and he knew that soon, he would satiate his lust.

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

#### **Chapter 456: CH 419: MILIA (8)\*\***

Milia was completely disheveled at the moment and her breathing was out of control. The fact that she was a Duke-ranked assassin who could fight for days on end and not even break a sweat seemed irrelevant to her current fatigue.

Her mind was hazy as she continued to bathe in the afterglow of what could perhaps be the most powerful orgasm she probably ever had. And that’s just from his hands alone. She didn’t know all the

details about Sol's adventure in the Astral world, but without a doubt, his martial skills weren't the only thing that had improved greatly.

But, as her awareness started to come back to the surface, Milia slowly realized her own state and was mortified by it all the more. She looked like a complete and utter harlot... Like an animal in heat, wishing for nothing more than to be bred by her mate.

She wondered what her expression was like at the moment, but she knew for sure that it would only make her more ashamed of herself if she were to try to learn more about it.

"Don't be shy. You see, I believe there are few things in all of existence that are more beautiful than a woman in the throes of pleasures."

Sol was surrounded by very powerful and independent women who had taken care of him one way or another throughout his life after being reincarnated in this world.

For other people, those women were beyond their reach even in their wildest imaginations. They were a goal that could never be attained or even a source of respect and admiration for everyone involved.

Those same women would give up all resistance when they were to come in his hands and show expressions that would break the heart of those who admired them with all their hearts and beings.

The sadistic draconic being in him loved this kind of situation the most. Rather than just love, that beast revealed in such emotions. Meanwhile, the human in him simply loved bringing his lovers to climax and the utmost peaks of pleasure. Looking at them lose all restraints and have a great time with him.

Milia's dazed expression slowly vanished. She was slowly starting to get her bearings back and knew that acting shy now wouldn't change her current predicament.

As such she decided on a simple fact...

'Let's be bold.'

She consciously ignored the stain on the carpet. She would make sure to clean everything up afterward anyways. There were too many beast women in the tower and while they all knew she was Sol's woman, she didn't really wish to let them smell her in this place.

"Your highness, you became really naughty, you know..."

She grabbed him by the collar and pulled him to a chair on the side before pushing him against it.

Sol simply grinned at her sudden change in behavior. He was anticipating this shift for a while... "Indeed. You are the one who taught me to be like that, after all."

He did have experience in his previous world. But all those experiences he could ever have paled in front of what Milia made him feel during their first time together.

It had been quite a life-changing experience for him, to say the least.

Milia smiled softly as she opened the front of Sol's pants and fished out his already-hardened penis. It felt hot and heavy in her hands. The shape of the blood vessels pulsating along the length made her

heart pound heavily. She began to gently handle the organ and fondled it like it was the greatest treasure in the world.

“My, my~ Every time I look at it, I wonder how this thing can go inside me.”

It looked like a massive spear that wished to tear her apart from the inside. Her cheeks became flushed again as she leaked out a hot sigh at the thought of feeling this inside of her.

She was quite startled when she felt a hand go around her body and couldn't help but look up at Sol, “Stop. I am pretty sure none of us needs any more foreplay at this point.”

Sol was one who would usually take all the time in the world necessary to bring pleasure to his partner. But Milia's had gone above and beyond a few moments ago. The only thing that could rival that powerful climax in his mind was the moment when Nefertiti shared the pleasure between all of them.

Without giving Milia the chance to argue, he lifted her up by the armpit and placed her on his lap face to him.

Her large maid skirt spread open and covered their intimate parts, giving the deceptive impression that nothing untoward was happening below.

But beneath her large skirt, this reality couldn't be any more different.

“You like this, right?”

Milia grinned as she watched Sol's entranced expression when he felt his hardened shaft press against her garden while his vision was being obstructed by her skirt.

“Ahem~ You slander me. I do not understand your insinuations.”

“Heh...”

Milia snickered out loud at the shamelessness of her lover and lord. She had observed some of Sol's small fetishes and knew that this situation where one could see nothing about what was happening below greatly aroused him to an abnormal degree.

“Oh?”

Sol's eyebrows rose at seeing such an expression on the royal head maid's gorgeous face.

He was being teased now, was he? A grin formed on his face at that thought...

‘Now, now, we couldn't have that, can we?’

“You do know... That I know about what is in your room, right?”

“Wha ~ Ah~!”

Milia was not able to finish her sentence as Sol placed his hand around her hips and made her plunge down on his massive girth.

She gasped for breath. Her private place was so wet from her earlier orgasm that he penetrated her with no problem whatsoever, even though the considerable girth and length that he packed beneath.

But even after that, it wasn't that there were no effects whatsoever. His massive member was packed enough to make her falter for a moment.

"Wai~ Ah~ Your Highness~!"

She could feel her moist and slithery insides clench his unruly shaft wildly as it filled her stomach while leaving no gaps unattended. As she trembled and tried to get used to the sensation she had missed for so long, Milia tried to get her words out but with no success in sight.

All she could do was let herself be swept away by the waves of pleasure as she hugged Sol with a troubled groan. With her so close, the sound of her lustful groans filled his ears like heavenly music, making Sol grind even faster along her depths.

He grabbed the front part of her robe with his teeth and tore the clothes apart like a beast going at the flesh of its prey. Her breasts, now free from their cumbersome restraints, were as impressive as always. The way they bounced proudly seemed to go against all the laws of gravity that Sol had been taught in his past life. No matter how much time had passed, and no matter how many mysteries and sights he witnessed through his journeys, this one, in particular, never ceased to amaze even once.

Moreover, her pale skin covering those gigantic globes and the pink cherry buttons at the top of her breasts made for a beautiful visual contrast with the massive mountains that she packed.

When Milia tried to put a word in again, Sol brought his teeth down with a laser focus and bit down gently on her nipples, but with enough force to make her moan rather than scream in displeasure. He then proceeded with playing around with her other breast, massaging it with all his skills.

The numbing sensation coming from her breasts made Milia distracted enough that she was unable to express herself correctly.

Taking off his mouth, he brought it to her collarbones and nibbled for a bit before muttering,

"Milia, oh dear Milia~ I am constantly moving through the whole tower using my dimension. You seriously thought I wouldn't notice them?"

Milia's collection had been quite.... Interesting. To put it mildly. That was all he was willing to say about them. Sol didn't know what was more disturbing about this scenario.

The fact that Milia basically had a whole room dedicated to worshiping him with pictures, sculptures, diary entries about his days, objects he owned in the past and so much more...

...Or the fact that all he felt after having witnessed such an eerie and goosebump-inducing sight was that Milia was pretty cute in her own right.

Sol chuckled as he kissed her fully on the lips. "I don't mind them, you know?"

He was surrounded by crazy women. This was a reality that he could either embrace or reject.

He chose to embrace it lovingly with no hesitation whatsoever.

"Ah~!"

Milia was left speechless but soon, hearts seemed to shine in her eyes as her libido shot through the roof at that statement.

Sol may have seen her collection, but he did not push her away. That alone was like the greatest gift in the world for her.

Like a string that had completely snapped for good, her reasoning broke thoroughly. All she wished now was to share this overwhelming and overflowing love in her chest with her most cherished and dearest person in the entirety of existence. She was once again affirmed of the fact that Sol was... everything to her.

She wanted to leave no doubt in the fact that all that was hers belonged to him and him alone. From her flesh to her very soul.

The two began to move once again in unison. There was no end to the filthy sound that resonated with the slapping of their flesh.

Sol kissed her collarbones, her chest, and every part of her body, making sure to leave traces of their lovemaking on her whole being.

Milia trembled with her legs outstretched as Sol pushed his phallus inside her deeply. She could feel his gland swell more inside her very depths, signaling his impending release to the world and her loving partner.

But what made her the happiest was seeing the same man who was now the King of Humanity in all but name lose himself like a beast as he made love to her. Her and her alone. At least, at this moment and time.

The signs of ejaculation began more and more apparent with each passing moment and finally, as the two shared one last deep kiss full of their lover, passion, and unending longing for each other, they trembled as Sol released his thick, white, and cloudy liquid in the deepest parts of her womb.

"I love you, Your Highness..."

Milia widened her eyes and her heart became flustered when she realized the words that had just leaked out of her lips without her knowledge. She had been so entranced that she left quite the embarrassing words that did not take her position as a maid into account.

"I..."

Sol merely grinned. It was quite funny to receive a love confession just as they finished climaxing. His face, was marred with sweat, and his breathing was heavy. He placed his forehead against hers and closed his eyes as he breathed out a raspy tone.

"I love you too. More than you can possibly imagine."

Her eyes misted slightly, tears of joy threatening to leak out of her enchanting eyes, and not being able to bear this sudden surge of emotions, she buried her face in his shoulder.

Like this, the two hugged tightly in the office room.

They were silent. But it was not an awkward silence. It was simply one filled with love and happiness for this moment they shared. In the here and now... They were truly happy to be in each other's embrace and hearts...

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

#### **Chapter 457: PHOENIX (2)**

[Astral Realm — Phoenix Territory]

It had been around six months since Sol left the Dragon territory and Nent returned to her home— the Phoenix territory.

The axis of time was moving closer and closer to the prime time as it brought the Astral Realm to a time level equal to that of the Mortal Realm.

The phoenix territory, with its multiple suns and heat and the large sea of sand, had the same exotic and dangerous beauty as it always had.

Each of the four King-ranked phoenixes had their own cities over the sandy territory in which they reigned and Nephthys stood at the peak as the Queen of the whole territory with the blessing of Gabriel who had delegated all her power and authority to her.

Usually, Gabriel would be seen seated, asleep in her throne room. The weight of time could not easily be shrugged off by a Divine Beast and for someone like her who had seen basically everything there was to see in the universe, sleeping was the easiest way to waste time and deal with cumbersome memories and visions of the past. A past... not worth remembering.

Today, however, she could be seen walking in a settlement near Nent's city, the piece of the sandy territory she controlled and ruled over. Her chocolate-colored skin gave a somewhat tantalizing contrast with her white robes which revealed quite a bit of her graceful body.

Her golden eyes shone quietly behind the veil that covered her face as she observed the city Nent had developed throughout the eons, not through her divine sight, but with her own two eyes.

"Mother."

Gabriel ignored her daughter's landing behind her and continued to observe the city with her blank eyes, the heat of the sand crunching beneath her bare feet did not seem to bother her and she took a deep breath as she came to a conclusion that she had reached millennia ago, but was not willing to reveal to her dear daughter...

"I hated your city."

Gabriel was straightforward with her remarks this time around. She had always hidden her true opinion about Nent's activities for as long as she remembered. But, for one reason or another, she decided to come clean about them right now.

"I hated how cold and focused it is. I hated how they showed no emotions and were only focused on making more coins, forgetting the simple value of life."

Out of all the cities in the phoenix realm, Nent's was the most structured, with a clear hierarchy and capitalism in place that bounded all the denizens who took root in this place. All those concepts were like blasphemies to her creed that Gabriel could not come to appreciate. But she had never intervened in the works of her daughter.

"What you did with your family was wrong, dear child. The way you treated your children was wrong as well. It was vile and disgusting to its very core. Even more so because you were hiding your own selfishness under the veil of evolution and progress

"Even so... Even though I didn't like any of your decisions, did you know why I have never stopped you?"

Gabriel finally turned around and looked at her daughter in the eyes.

Since she had created her four daughters through the separation of her divine energy, the similarities between the two of them were great. But Nent was taller and had a more warrior-like figure than Gabriel's smoother and softer features. They were identical, yet had their own contrasts.

"It was because I felt guilty. It was because... I felt unworthy..."

"Mother..."

"Let me finish first... Please, dear child."

Gabriel flashed a sad smile to her dear daughter. Sadness was an everlasting concept that bound their twisted family, "It's a parent's duty to bring their children to the right path. I failed to understand how much those humans meant to you. I thought that they were just passersby in your long existence that would soon be forgotten with time. That you were just throwing a temper tantrum at me, a late rebellious phase of sorts if you will. By the time I understood how hurt you actually were — It was already too late for me to do anything anymore."

Gabriel grimaced slightly as she recalled those times and the deeds that she herself engineered that led to her daughter's state of apathy, solitude, and madness. Like all divine beasts, she was quite distant from her children. Even then, Gabriel never wished to outright ignore them altogether like Tiamat. She wished them all the greatest happiness possible in the world as she loved them as her greatest creations.

Gabriel sighed as she gazed once again at the city. It had only been six months, but the changes were so startling that it was simply ridiculous.

It was hard to describe in words, but one could say that the city felt more 'alive' than it once was. The sense of barren dread and coldness that permeated the whole city like a mechanism running on oil was no more and was soon replaced by a hint of refreshing euphoria of life. The atmosphere was lighter and the people seemed to be happier than they once were.

"I realized that you changed the moment you came back. What I couldn't imagine was how much you changed. How much 'he' changed you..."

From the moment she laid her eyes on 'him' to now, around a year went by. For those who lived for tens of thousands of years, one measly year was not even equal to a minute of their lives.

"This is why I am so angry at myself right now."



She could only let herself leak a bleak laugh, "700 years. I watched the bright and gentle woman slowly self-destruct herself and push away all those that loved her for SEVEN HUNDRED years and now you are telling me that this problem I was so helpless about got resolved by some young man who didn't even live for 0.0000001% of the time I spent in this world? Don't you think it's utterly ridiculous, dear child?"

She was truly happy. Happy that Sol helped bring the Old Nent back even if it was only partially.

But... It felt utterly and heart-wrenchingly sad. It was as if all her internal struggles were just meaningless.

"Well. I guess I shouldn't complain. I am the one who couldn't do the job well. So, tell me, how does it feel to have a lover?"

"Mother!"

"Oh, posh. Don't look at me like that now. You weren't that shy when you seduced the young boy when he came to this place. Or when you were doing those immoral acts throughout the territory like there was no tomorrow."

The earlier dreary atmosphere seemed to change with a snap. Looking at the flushed Nent, a calm joy lit up in Gabriel's heart.

Nent coughed slightly in a desperate attempt to hide her embarrassment and spoke in a low voice, "Well, I admit that having him on my side felt nice. Though if you are so interested, why not find a mate yourself?"

Gabriel shrugged her shoulders, "I never had the occasion to do that. I am not like that fox who didn't hesitate to descend on the mortal world and mate with a mortal."

Even now just thinking about it baffled Gabriel. It was normally impossible for a mortal to even come close to a demigod. Much less mate with one.

The good thing was that since that fox was under the Virtue of Patience, her concept was not really aggressive. All she had to do was to focus on controlling her strength.

"In my case, I don't think anyone outside of a demigod or a powerful King can approach me with lustful thoughts."

She was the divine beast of chastity. This was not really a friendly concept when it came to finding a mate.

"Heh... I believe that soon there will be a perfect candidate."

"What do you... Ah!"

This time it was Gabriel's turn to blush and cough. "Are you insane!? Do you wish to have our entire family under him?"

"I doubt Neith is interested in that. I don't know about Hathor and Nephthys obviously has Anubis. So you don't have to worry about that. You should simply focus on what you want to do."

Nent laughed quietly. She may have lost a little of the darkness in her heart, but this did not mean her goal had simply vanished.

If Sol had a child with each of the four of them, she would be able to witness firsthand how the blood and the power level of the parents could affect the talent of the future children.

‘Though, I must admit that this is quite shameless... Hmmm. Should I perhaps add one of my daughters?’

Nefertiti was her granddaughter so this meant they lacked one generation for the perfect link.

Of course, she would first ask Sol’s opinion on the matter. But... ‘That boy is also quite the hidden pervert.’

Would Sol resist the chance to make love to four generations of the same family? [1]

If Gabriel could read the thoughts of her daughter who was already ready to sell her whole to Sol, she would have slapped her silly. Sadly for her, she did not have such powers. Truly sad, indeed.

“Speaking of, you made a deal with Tiamat, right?”

Gabriel did not wait for Nent to finish her sentence as she immediately vanished from her spot and left a quizzical daughter behind.

[1]: That moment when you began to ask yourself where the hell you made a mistake as an author. Just realized how absurd Sol’s relationships in the Astral realm are. I need to become pure once again. He took ‘imma fuck your mom’ to a whole new level.

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

### **Chapter 458: DRAGON (2)**

[Astral Realm — Dragon Territory]

While Nent and Gabriel were having a heartwarming moment between mother and daughter while Gabriel was also trying to flee from her debt, the atmosphere in the Dragon territory was rather subtle in comparison.

If the Phoenix’s territory was a place that was extremely harsh and ill-suited for habitation, the territory of Tiamat was one of the most visited thanks to its mild weather and the beautiful sights of the floating islands above the seemingly endless blue sea.

[8th Heaven]

The territory was divided into nine heavens and out of them all, only the direct children of Tiamat and the people of their choosing could reside in the 8th heaven.

As the queen of the territory and the one who made the young dragons not able to wreak havoc at every moment of their existence, the amount of work that fell to her was truly extraordinary.

But despite the efficiency she usually had, the paperwork continued to stack as time passed and she seemed unable to reassume her duties.

"Mother. It seems like the Park of Lord Hydra faced another destruction thanks to two dragons fighting."

Aqua entered the room and groaned as she observed the amount of paperwork that seemed to have reached the ceiling at this point.

She felt like she was watching the phenomenon of the expansion of the known universe right in front of her very eyes at this moment.

"You seriously don't intend to work anymore?"

"Sorry. I was just a bit distracted."

Kiyohime spoke quietly before sighing for... Aqua had lost count of how many times she did that at that point. The only thing she was able to do at this point was just frowning at that answer.

"You have been distracted for a few months now."

It all started the moment Sol left to go back to the Mortal Realm.

Slowly, the efficiency of Kiyohime had been dropping until it reached the current level where it couldn't get any lower.

She understood that her mom was missing her lover. As weird as it was that someone so much younger was destined to become her 'father'.

But she had never imagined Kiyohime would be missing someone so much.

Aqua hesitated for a slight instant before shrugging like she couldn't help it.

She could take care of the official stuff herself later on anyways.

She took a seat near her mother and asked her with a concerned tone, "So, you really miss him, huh..."

Kiyohime was startled by her sudden words, "Is it really that evident?"

It was Aqua's turn to give her mother an utterly dumbfounded look, "I mean..."

She waved her hand to show the current state of the room. "I don't really need to be a genius to know about this, you know?"

"Hah..."

Kiyohime could only give an awkward laugh in response to her question, "Well... I wouldn't exactly say I miss him... But I do admit that it feels strange not feeling his presence in my vicinity."

Sol's time in the Dragon Territory may have been short, but in a way, she was the one who had spent the most time with him in this realm. Perhaps, she had spent the most time with him in his entire journey to this place. Taking care of him, training him, guiding him, and finally making love with him.

Even now, thinking about the events they had faced and experienced together she was unable to wrap her head around it. She would have never imagined that she would fall in love with a hybrid dragon who wasn't even in the realm of a duke when they had their first time.

Well at least that was justifiable, but it paled in comparison to the fact that the boy was her direct nephew. Just what was wrong with her for her to go along with establishing such a relationship? She was unable to understand that fact.

"I believe, mother... That the emotions you are describing can be summarized in three words. Ahem~ You. Miss. Him."

Aqua decided to make things straight and simple for her suprisingly ignorant mother.

"Ugh..."

Kiyohime could not argue with her daughter on that note.

"Now that we have determined that you indeed miss your lover... Let's see what we can do, alright?"

Aqua grinned. Kiyohime had always been this fair and nearly perfect ruler who took care of the well-being of the entire realm with utmost impartiality.

Even Aqua, as her direct daughter, was not given many special privileges from the get go. She had to earn them with her own blood and sweat.

Auqa found nothing wrong with that though. But she had always been worried about her mother. Kiyohime always looked like she had the weight of the entire world on her shoulders and it was disheartening watching her like this. Anyone would be mortified to see such a woman, much less her.

Now though, Kiyohime felt truly alive and happy.

She had to thank her cousin for that.

"Well, why don't we first try working on your fashion sense?"

This was going to be fun.

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[Tartarus — 8th Circle of Hell]

Below all those islands, in the subterranean grounds of the hells of Tartarus, Tiamat could be seen peacefully watching the gigantic sun floating in the sky.

The sight of a sun shining underground would have surprised anyone. But for her, this was just a common sight.

Next to her were three women.

The three looked like paintings depicting the same person at different moments in time.

From the youngest who looked like a young teen, to the somewhat adult woman and finally the mature big sister.

They were the Norns sisters. The weavers of Fate.

Urd ("That which transpired") was the oldest and calmest of the three sisters.

Verdandi ("That which is transpiring") was the most worrywart among the three sisters.

Skuld ("That which would transpire") was the most carefree and chaotic among the sisters.

The three sisters were standing together and the seal that usually stopped them from using their full powers without permission was not present on their wrists.

There was no need to. After all, Tiamat had absolute belief in subduing them no matter what they threw at her.

Their exotic pink skins and black sclera were fascinating to watch but Tiamat had no interest in observing them.

"How long do you intend to stay hidden, Lucifer."

Her voice was calm as always. This time, her hair was as black as the night sky and she was clad in a simple bodysuit that showed off her proud figure.

A sigh filled the sky as the sun seemed to change into a gigantic eye that looked down on them.

"Why can't you let an old man rest in peace until death?"

"If death wanted you, you would have long since left. You should curse your powerful past self that made it so even after death, a sliver of your soul could still thrive."

This time a chuckle followed and the transparent soul of Lucifer, the Light Bringer, appeared before them.

Verdandi gulped and Urd adjusted her position in a more respectful stance. Even though it was just a shade. Even though this soul barely had the power of a Duke and could be crushed by all of them — The man in front of them was still Lucifer.

Even Tiamat showed some modicum of respect for him. A notion that even the goddesses were unable to extract from her. He was such a being.

The only one who was completely unbothered was Skuld.

Compared to the things she witnessed in that other timeline, Lucifer was just a pitiful child.

This was why they were here. In a place the goddesses could not reach.

"I am surprised. Why are you bringing those people here?"

Lucifer did not hide his distaste for the Titans.

While he did not follow the doctrine of the goddesses, he did lose many people dear to him because of the machinations of the three sisters.

"Skuld."

Skuld nodded at Tiamat's word and advanced forward.

"Hi! I am Skuld and I am here to talk to you about the end of the world and all timelines."

Skuld grinned. She had been unable to follow Lilith's future lately. This meant that Sol succeeded and Lilith had survived her ordeal.

With this, the worst case scenario where Sol fell into the path of darkness had been averted successfully.

Furthermore, Nefertiti was doing a much better job than she thought and was increasing Sol's influence in a specific way by following her instructions.

But — It wasn't enough. Not nearly enough for the adversities ahead.

They needed to move and prepare themselves and all of this would begin in one place.

"When will the summit of the Divine Beasts begin?"

In that place, they would shine the light of her one and only master.

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

#### **Chapter 459: CH 420: BECAUSE I SAID SO**

[Tower of Babel]

After Sol had an enjoyable time with Milia as they once again reaffirmed the feelings they had for each other, Milia basically kicked him out of the office with a gushing red face as she argued that she needed to clean the traces of their shameful act up before Clara or anyone else found out about their situation.

Sol laughed quietly at her cute antics but decided to not trample on her pride and thus did as he was asked.

He took a short bath in order to clean himself off from all the scents that Milia lathered him with along with the carnal fluids and sweat he had piled up during their debauched act. With that done, he walked toward the place where Medea now resided.

It was quite a remote corner of the palace. Sol wished Medea would have shared the same room as his, but she immediately balked at that suggestion and decided to put herself in a situation where no one except for a few maids and her close ones could pass.

No matter what, it was clear through this act that... Even though Medea had trudged out of her prison, she wished to make her contact with people as small as possible.

This was why...

"I don't want to."

When those words came out of her mouth after he made his proposal about an adventure together with him and some of his girls to her, he was not surprised by the words of refusal that followed suit from her lips.

"I see... Anyway. Milia has already started preparing some things we might need on our journey through the lands. We will move out tomorrow morning at the latest so prepare yourself."

"Wait. I said I don't want to go."

"I know. But I don't remember ever saying that you had a choice on this matter."

He grinned as Medea gave him a sullen look, "I am serious Sol."

The grin slowly fell off his face as he spoke out in a blunt tone, "So you really don't want to come out of this enclosed space and have some fun with all of us?"

Medea hesitated slightly at that remark, "It's not that..."

"Or is it perhaps pertaining to some reason that involves you refusing to leave the capital even though your prison was destroyed?"

"I..."

"Do the words of Jupiter hold more importance for you than mine?"

"No!"

Medea shouted with vehemence and stood up hurriedly to state her front, "This wasn't what I meant at all. I just... I am sorry."

She shuffled slightly before finally coming and sitting next to Sol on her bed. Looking at her like this, Sol hugged her shoulders quietly with his arms...

"Medea. I am not someone who can read minds, you know? I am unable to know what you think or anticipate your thoughts."

Well, technically speaking, he could anticipate her thoughts. But this was another matter altogether and he wasn't willing to do something like that.

"So, will you tell me?"

"I..." She closed her eyes before speaking her thoughts, "Sol, you know that because of me, the witches mostly hide in Salem, right?"

It wasn't as if the witches were explicitly forbidden from walking in Lustburg. But the sentiment of the populace was so against them that most witches found no interest in visiting the lands of the humans.

Furthermore, with how powerful witches could be and the fact that they were still technically human, they were not exactly welcomed in other countries.

"I was just thinking... Is it really alright for me to walk outside and have fun while they are all basically imprisoned?"

Witches could easily visit the Astral Realm if they so wished. But that was true only for the powerful witches who could do so safely and secondly, no matter how vast the Astral Realm was, it didn't change the fact that witches were pariahs in their own countries because of her choices.

She was the greatest sinner of the witches.

Could someone like her really have fun and walk outside with her lover? Just like that? She didn't believe that she had that right...

"You can."

“What?”

“I said you can. You are allowed to have fun and to do whatever you want.”

“Why do you think so?”

“Because I said you could.”

Sol grinned. His voice sounded utterly arrogant even for him but he knew that what Medea needed at this moment was absolute confidence to push her forward.

“Because of you, the witches were forced to stay in Salem or the Astral Realm. Okay. There is nothing I can do about that. But... Now, you have me.”

He pointed at himself with his hands as he spoke in a confident tone, “Thanks to you, I decided to bring forth a way for the witches to solve the curse. Even if temporarily. You may have once been the greatest sinner, but now you are their greatest savior.”

Medea chuckled at his words, “I don’t think it works like that. But... You are indeed right.”

Medea leaned against the boy. The powerful echoes of his heart beating against his chest brought her great comfort and security.

“I need to take more steps forward.”

Not long ago, she had walked into the capital with Sol on their first date. It had been short but it was very enjoyable and one of her most beautiful memories.

She wanted to create more and more memories with her beloved, wanted to share more important moments with him that would never be forgotten no matter how long she lived.

For all of this, for their shared happiness... This would be a new and very important step.

“When we come back from the adventure and deal with the witches — I will officially name you as a court mage.”

Medea looked up abruptly at that statement, “Are you crazy?”

She couldn’t believe his words. The reputation of the witches was just too bad for that to happen and in the history of Lustburg, her own reputation couldn’t be any lower.

Sol had only recently started getting more power and was able to stabilize his position as the sole owner of the crown. Naming her a court mage would be like intentionally setting a bomb off.

“I am crazy for you.”

“Ugh. Don’t give me those corny lines and be serious for a moment, please. This isn’t a joke.”

“I know and I have never been more serious about it.”

He bent down and kissed her forehead.

“You are many things for me, Medea. Too many things. I will not let your name be tarnished any further.”



His blue eyes locked with her red and gold heterochromatic ones as he wished to convey his strong will and determination to her...

“I want the world to know without a shadow of doubt... that Medea Asmdoeus — The witch of time — is mine and mine alone.”

His words were extremely possessive and Medea felt like she was being sucked into a deep sea with no end.

She could barely hide her shivers and it was with even more fervor that the two of them kissed again.

When they finally separated, Medea chuckled, “My student became really cheeky.”

“Only by becoming cheeky could I break the wall you put between us.”

He caressed her face with his hand, “I still didn’t forget you used time rewind on me many times by the way.”

Medea started to whistle and suddenly found that the stains on the ceiling were really quite interesting. A new revelation for her no doubt.

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After dealing with Medea, the discussion with Persephone was much easier. She did not hesitate to accept his proposal as she mused that it would remind her of the old times.

He tried to call for Sheherazade and Isis. But Isis refused the offer. She knew that she was yet to be completely integrated into the group of harem mates and while this would be a good occasion to become closer to the other women, she felt like she would be an intruder in this adventure.

“I had you for so long in the Astral Realm. I am sure I can have fun a little without you.”

Hearing her, Sol again realized how lucky he was to have such women around him. He sometimes wondered if he had saved an entire continent or something of the like in his past life.

Of course, in order to share his appreciation for Isis, the two of them went ahead and spent the last night together in the castle before the departure. [1]

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

#### **Chapter 460: CH 421: FULL BLACK**

The next day, Sol woke up to a sensation that he registered from his most precious place.

Opening his eyes in wonder, he raised himself... only to see Isis manhandling his penis while looking at the throbbing organ with eyes filled with curiosity and wonder.

“Hmmm... Mind filling me up on the reason why I am waking up to your hand around my schlong?”

“Oh. Sorry, I was just a bit curious.”

Sol chuckled, he knew that Isis had a genuine sense of curiosity toward sex in general.

“It’s just so mysterious you know. Life, I mean.”

Isis placed a hand around her stomach, "I know you used that weird spell Nent taught you. But I just can't help but wonder how magical all of this is. No special powers, no laws, no bloodlines. Any living beings, even the humblest ones can give birth to a new life, one way or another. Truly, what a wonderful and mysterious thing."

Isis mused as she approached Sol and lifted her waist before slowly sinking the piece of meat slab into her sticky depths. The head of his shaft slipped her entrance open inch after inch until she finally fully took him in.

"Just one man and a woman. Mingling together can bring something even the most powerful demigods cannot do. Giving life."

For Isis whose power revolved around death, this act would always be foreign and mysterious in her eyes.

Not even her father could create a perfect life and even the full might combined of her father, Ambrosia, and Echidna, could only bring something close to that with years upon years of effort and experiments.

But two simple mortals could do in five minutes what those three and many more could never hope to accomplish in all of their lifetimes.

She slowly started to accelerate her movements as she thought about this fact, causing Sol to groan as he felt her folds tighten strongly along his girth. He had just woken up and he didn't want to stop himself from ejaculating inside of her.

"Do you... Do you want a child?"

Isis stopped for an instant before shaking her head and resuming her movements. She leaned down and gave a kiss on Sol's forehead.

"I don't think I am mature enough to raise a kid currently and..."

She went back up and placed her hands on his chest, the up-and-down movement of her waist accelerated and Sol felt like she was milking him for all he was worth.

"And?"

His voice came more like a growl than a questioning voice. He could feel that he was very close to reaching his climax...

"...And I want my child to have a home where no one can hurt them."

With one last shake, she slammed down on his pelvis and made sure to tighten as much as possible around his vibrating schlong. The two of them opened their mouths wide and groaned as Sol released his semen into her while Isis experienced many small orgasms at the same time.

When the wave of pleasure finally passed, the two breathed roughly and Isis chuckled,

"So. Future daddy, let's work hard and build our home, okay?"

Looking at her girlish grin, Sol wondered for an instant if Isis had some succubus blood in her or not.

Then again, since Anubis was a True Demon, that wasn't completely impossible. He chuckled and caressed her black hair with his rough hands, a sentiment that Isis quite enjoyed...

"This is without a doubt the most interesting way of saying goodbye."

"Well, I need to ensure you remember me while having fun outside. Though, I do seriously wonder if you will be able to walk with all those thirsty women around you."

The two of them chuckled without a care in the world. This would certainly be one hell of an adventure. No doubt about that.

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A few hours later, after making sure that everything was going well with Clara and delegating some of his authority to her, as well as changing his outfit to a more fitting one for his adventures ahead, Sol began to walk in the direction of his office.

The moment he opened the door, he could see the women who would follow him lined up in front of his desk and chatting about this and that.

The mage, Medea. She was wearing a black skirt and white colored shirt and this time, she did not have her witch hat above her head. This made her look even younger than she already looked with that teen appearance of hers but Sol found her current appearance to be cute.

The healer, Persephone. Persephone's attire was not much different from her usual garbs. But, rather than a robe, she was wearing black pants and an exotic green colored shirt. Out of all the witches, except for Ambrosia of course, Persephone was the one with the most mature body and her tight pants made her ass look really enticing, detailing her bubble butt and mature curves to a significant degree.

The swordsman, Setsuna. She was simply wearing black leather hot pants as well as a loose tank top that exposed her well-toned midriff. Her characteristic blue hair was tied in a ponytail, giving her a more valiant feeling than usual. Something that went a bit odd with her current setup but she was able to wield it with uncanny grace. At her hips, she had a crimson-black-hued double-edged straight sword.

The thief, Milia was... Well, it was hard to say that she was subtle. She was wearing black clothes from head to toe that made her look like a cosplaying ninja more than anything else. The problem was that... Her body proportion was quite a bit out of the norm and her massive chest could not be hidden by any clothes in existence so they stood out noticeably. In fact, the black clothes only made them even more prominent than her usual maid clothes.

Now finally, there was Sol, The Knight and Tank of the team... He was clad entirely in a ferocious looking black armor that was built like an iron fortress [1]. He was also holding a black helmet in his right hand. On his left hand was a towering shield that was almost as tall as him, giving the impression that he was a crusader ready to crush all enemies standing in his way with his shield of justice and valor.

Sol had been the one to send the design of this armor to the personnel involved and he was quite happy with the result that came out.

The armor was rather heavy and weighed nearly one ton. But this weight was just enough for him to not feel like he was wearing nothing.

“Oh my~ You look quite dashing in that armor of yours.”

“I decided to go all out. After all, I can’t really expose myself if I want to have fun, and wearing a wig is a pain.”

Persephone chuckled slightly at the answer before shaking her head. She wanted to tell that this armor was clearly a little too well made. Any adventurer would immediately know that he was some rich kid. But then again this whole thing was nothing more than a way to pass time for them so they didn’t need to worry about the minor details.

“Anyways, everyone looks great and it seems like we all chose the dark theme.”

“We are looking like some legion of doom.”

Medea grimaced as she looked at their attire to which Persephone simply chuckled,

“We look like a bunch of escorts accompanying a young master as he plays the role of the adventurer.”

Medea stopped and looked around and was forced to admit that this was indeed the case. The four of them all looked like dainty women who wouldn’t be able to hurt a chicken.

“Hehe, well it isn’t false.”

Sol simply laughed out loud. This made him feel like he was going to a cosplay convention rather than a life journey of adventuring. Surely, the others wouldn’t really like this. But so what?

“Well. Now that we are all gathered, I think we need to make some ground rules.”

He placed his hand together, “I believe everyone here can single-handedly take care of any mission we would undertake while searching for Lilith. So, rule one... We are all adventurers. Which means none of the uses should be stronger than a Duke. In fact, it’s forbidden to use intent when we do any quest.”

Setsuna winced slightly at that rule. She was the only one who wasn’t a duke at the party. Sol noticed her reaction and laughed out loud, “Setsuna please, I don’t think any Duke in the Kingdom except Milia and Lilin, can even hope to face you.”

Milia raised a hand, “Your Highness.”

“I am not the prince now.”

Milia froze. “Hmm...” She was quite lost about what to say or rather what to call him other than his title.

“Call me Sol.”

“But...”

Milia fidgeted. It was one thing to call him by his name when they were alone and making love but here? In front of everyone?

“Call me Sol.”

He grinned and looked as she fidgeted before sighing in defeat. “S-Sol... Kuh. Your Highness, I believe the restriction of our realm is useless for you. After all, you cannot lower the strength of your body.”

Milia spoke so fast one would think that she was rapping. Sol laughed out loud at her cute reactions but the problem she pointed out was indeed real.

“Well, we will deal with this as we go.”

He shrugged, “Anyway. Rule one... Avoid one-shotting everything. Rule two... No honorifics.”

He said so as he looked pointedly at Milia and Setsuna.

“There, I will just be Sol. Okay?”

They looked aside but nodded nonetheless.

“Any other rules?”

“No. We are going to have fun. So now this brings to the heart of the matter.”

He coughed a little, “Persephone, will you play the role of the navigator?”

It was shameful to say but... out of all those presents, the only one who had truly roamed outside of the capital was Persephone.

Persephone giggled. She knew that something like this would happen and was prepared for it.

“Very well. I guess we need to do one thing before anything else — Taking the adventurer test to obtain a license.”

A soft smile formed on her face. She wondered how those four people with common sense outside of the norms would fare during the test.

She spread the map and pointed at a place in the territory of the Highlands.

“Let’s go to the adventurer guild.”

This promised to be an interesting journey.