

Hero King 461

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 461: CH 422: ADVENTURE GUILD

[Adventurer Guild]

The adventurer guild was a mysterious place. It had many branches all over the mortal realm where the adventurers could come and take a rest or take up missions and receive the corresponding rewards for said missions and they were extremely fair and rigorous.

Being an adventurer was no different from obtaining a free pass to different countries as the adventurer guild ran all throughout the mortal realm and was more or less an independent organization of sorts.

Obviously, one of the main centers of the guild was placed in the Capital of Lustbutg but for various reasons, it was one of the places that the adventurers very rarely visited.

The first reason was that the quality of the missions available in the Capital's branch was either extremely low class or extremely high class. The missions stood on the extreme ends of the difficulty spectrum and there were no in-betweens available. The definitive reason for this phenomenon was the presence of the vast quantity of soldiers available in the capital as they could take care of the majority of problems that plagued the city and its surroundings.

The second reason was that adventurers were a rough bunch but in a place like the Capital of the kingdom, there were many people far rougher than them who wouldn't hesitate to throw them in prison if they caused any sort of ruckus. And adventurers, as they were by nature, were not able to go without causing chaos in their wake which made the capital extremely unsuitable for their kind.

For all the reasons above, they generally tried to avoid this place as long as they didn't have an escort mission or anything of the sort that forced them to be present in this region.

Currently, though, there was a great influx of adventurers from all sides of Lustburg that were flooding the branch building.

War was a great calamity for normal citizens. But for adventurers, this was a period that could greatly increase their revenues and accolades. There was no way in hell any sane adventurer was about to miss a situation like this one.

The interior of the adventurer guild was fused with a large tavern and the crowd was as rowdy as always.

Gulp~

"Kuh. Gotta say, nothing better than a beer after a hard day of work, innit?"

Sitting close to the main reception area, a dwarf with a thick beard guffawed in pure pleasure after downing a large mug of beer down his throat.

His stocky face was rosy from the alcohol and he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand in a vulgar display of manners.

Happiness could be seen plastered on his face as if drinking was the most beautiful thing in the world for the short-sized creature.

Sitting next to him with a bored expression was a tanned woman of average height. Her brown and alluring skin made a certain contrast with her long white bunny ears that made her an exotic sight to the beholder.

She was carefully wiping her set of daggers and grimaced as she heard the exclamation coming from the alcohol-craving dwarf.

“Stop talking so loud, will you? We know that you love beer more than you love your own life. No need to shout it every time.”

“Young lass, you do not understand. I love beer and beer loves me, it’s necessary for me to show my love every time. Otherwise, our sacred love will fade with time. This is why all your relationship—”

“I dare you to finish that sentence.”

The dwarf raised his hands in surrender when he felt the cold blade neatly placed against his beard.

“Everything but the beard. I won’t be able to woo any woman without a thick and bushy beard like mine.”

“Scoff~ I thought beer was your only love in life?”

“I am an ever unfaithful one.”

The two men who were sitting at the same table as the bickering duo chuckled as they watched the usual scene unfold between the dwarf and the exotic bunny woman.

Even so, it was something they appreciated as they did not have many friends.

“Stop laughing you two, this is serious.”

She growled slightly before chugging her own beer down in a few mouthfuls. “I need a man. But all the ones I find always flee. Am I a monster or something?”

“Well...”

The two brothers could only give an awkward laugh in response. It was hard for them to explain that most men didn’t want a woman who loved her knives more than she loved them and could become invisible at a moment’s notice.

The feeling of never knowing when you would be stabbed wasn’t really a nice thing now, was it?

Like this, the four continued to play around until the dwarf finally sighed...

“Well, enough joking around.”

The merry atmosphere subsided slightly with that sigh, “Guys, what do we do now?”

He spoke quietly and looked at the two men, "You two managed to climb the ranks in the adventurer guild after leaving the Coliseum. But now a new opportunity is coming our way. What will you do?"

The two looked at each other briefly. They had once been slaves fighting in the coliseum and it was only thanks to reaching a high rank in the arena that they were able to buy their freedom.

Currently, they were living a very respectable life. But with the incoming war and the promise the prince made...

"...Can the prince's words be trusted?"

The promise he made was too tantalizing to just ignore but there was always a small doubt in the back of their minds.

"Well... After facing the prince, I believe that he isn't the kind to lie. Rather he would be too arrogant to lie."

"Facing?"

The dwarf chuckled at the words of the woman, "You mean after he trashed us like we were ragdolls?"

She could only cough awkwardly.

The four of them had fought the prince for his coming-of-age ceremony in the coliseum.

But the fight lasted only a few moments. Nothing they could do even disturbed him, and he completely destroyed them in a few moves.

His following fight with the Gladiator queen showed that they never had any chance of even beating him.

"Ahem... Well—"

The door of the guild suddenly opened.

One person entirely clad in obsidian black armor from head to toe followed by four women all wearing black featureless masks entered through the door.

The atmosphere they spread was eerie. As if a reaper followed by a few ghosts were walking their way in.

They didn't know why... But each time they took a step, the atmosphere slowly began to change, becoming heavier and heavier as people stopped chatting and some even started reaching for their weapons.

Even though they didn't know who those people were, they could all feel it instinctively.

Those people were dangerous.

But out of them all, the ones who showed the greatest surprise were none other than the four adventurers who were previously chatting by themselves.

Even though they could not see his face, they recognized his aura in an instant. After all, they had been in the first row to receive it. Furthermore, they could recognize the blue hair and the wolf ears above the head of the woman who had a sword on her hips.

The four of them had the same expression as they wondered the same thing.

What the hell were the prince and his bodyguard doing in this place?

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Chapter 462: CH 423: I WANTED TO HAVE FUN BUT MY PARTY IS TOO OVERPOWERED (1)

Sol had been quite a bit excited when he had entered the guild at first. But then, feeling the reaction of the surrounding adventurers to their presence, he began to wonder if he should have simply directly left for his destination.

The truth was that he had been too desensitized to the aura of the people around him. Taking it as entirely usual for it to be like that.

But now that they were outside the Tower and all grouped, he could once again discern that for the vast majority of people, what he considered to be normal was no different than a world-ending calamity strolling about in front of them.

‘Sooo... I guess no one’s going to say that I am a rookie or whistle while looking at the ass of my girls and make some crass comments that will force me to fight them I presume?’

He looked all around. The headgear he was donning right now had been enchanted so that he was able to see everything clearly, not hindering his vision in any way, even when he kept the helmet on and his face practically covered by the metal.

He sighed in sadness when he realized that no one would challenge them or come to harass his girls. The start of his adventure didn’t go remotely as he had pictured it to go.

‘Should I go to a restaurant next?’

It was well known that the inns, restaurants, and the adventure guild were the places to go if you wish to find some young masters to roll around for amusement.

Laughing under his breath at a joke that only he, Kali, and Anubis could relate to, Sol reached the reception desk with his full team behind him.

“Hello.”

“H-hi!”

The receptionist was a young blonde-haired woman with subtle features that went well with her job. She was wearing a white office lady skirt and a light blue shirt that showed some of her cleavages to the onlookers.

Usually, she would act like a ditz or a seductress toward the adventurers, but now all she could do was show a terrified expression toward their party.

“H-how may I help you?”

“Hmm... We are here to register as adventurers.”

“Y-Yes?”

It was evident that she had been more than a bit surprised at that statement. After all, with the aura they were emanating, this group should have already reached quite a high realm of power. Then she realized at once that they were perhaps a group of recluses or strong people out here on a whim to perhaps act as adventurers as a pastime.

This realization did not make her relax but made her even more fearful of them.

This wasn't the first time some noble or hidden disciple of some master surfaced out of nowhere and decided to become an adventurer.

But in one way or another, no matter what the reason was, they were all a pain to deal with and extremely dangerous individuals as they generally lacked common sense.

The one in front of them was without a doubt a noble. The armor the person in question was wearing seemed to cost enough to nourish a dozen families for years to come and still have leftovers for them to shelter the next generations of their families.

The equipment of everyone else in the group was also all brand new or looked extremely ancient, which usually translated to extremely expensive in the common tongue...

“Wait for... for a m-moment please!”

She bowed deeply and immediately pushed a button under her desk. This was a special feature installed to call for the guild master in case what they called “Special Individuals” appeared on their doorstep and the current group of people can be considered special even among the special cases.

Now, her job was simply to bring them to an isolated waiting room as she hoped and prayed that they didn't make a ruckus or demolished the guild in their anger or annoyance.

Thoma, the current vice guild leader of the capital's branch had been sipping on his morning coffee and focusing on the large wads of paperwork that came his way when the alarm suddenly rang on his desk.

He sighed exasperatedly after hearing that noise, “Another one?”

He stood up with annoyance and reluctance. Recently this bell had been ringing almost every single day.

Being an adventurer was an extremely dangerous job. So whenever a noble came, he had to make sure to dissuade them with everything he got.

After all, if they died on the job, the family would accuse the guild to take responsibility for the matter. This had happened enough times by now that they had taken precautions against it.

“Well. Let's chase them away fast.”

At least, this was what he thought before reaching the waiting room.

Gulp~

Standing in front of the door, Thoma began to hesitate.

‘What is this feeling of pressure?’

He was a very experienced adventurer in the past and though he had retired, he had once reached the threshold of the legendary Duke realm.

For him to tremble so much... It could only mean one thing.

Things had taken a turn for the worse...

“You can enter.”

“Yes.”

He answered immediately and opened the door, only to remember that he was supposed to be the host in this situation.

Such consideration vanished entirely from his mind when he set foot in the room.

Five masked faces turned in his direction simultaneously and while he could not see their eyes, he felt like a mouse suddenly being stared at by five lions.

“Ahem~ Ahem~ Good morning.”

He squeezed those words out with extreme difficulty and took a seat with nervousness and tension running through his body.

“Well, A good morning to you too. So, I was told we need to wait for the verification process. Are we supposed to pass a test?”

“A test?”

Thoma’s stiff mouth leaked a strained chuckle as he took a napkin to wipe the sweat from his face.

“A test, huh...”

Becoming an adventurer needed some basic mastery of weapons and mana manipulation. The test only went to this extent for normal people. Those who wished to skip the grade and not start at the very bottom as F-rank adventurers could take a supplementary test to upgrade their ranks. It was pretty basic, all things considered.

“You... You are all in the same party, right?”

“That is so.”

“I see... I see. So you want a test, huh...”

Thoma shook slightly as he took out a few documents.

“Please, fill your names in those forms.”

They looked at each other and simply gave each other code names related to the color of their hair. Gold, Brown, Blue, Silver, and Green.

Sol wondered for an instant if he was creating a power ranger team rather than an adventurer one and for an instant, a very short instant, he was tempted to write super power ranger as the name of the team.

In the end, he fought against his desire to mess around and gave a simple name.

[Twilight]

It was quite an edgy name. But for some reason, this name made him feel good. So he decided to go for it.

Taking back the form, Thoma nodded, not surprised by the code name. This was not an uncommon practice and since they were all wearing masks, it was clear that they were hiding their identities.

“Now what do we do?”

Sol was eager. Perhaps a test in some dungeon that was only ranked C rank but would turn out to become S rank or something like that? Or perhaps the guild leader himself would come and underestimate them and they would show off by whooping his ass?

He was brimming with excitement at the thought of what would happen.

This was why, a few minutes later [Twilight] stood outside of the adventure guild with a badge in hand, with a strange expression accompanying all of their faces.

He looked at the document he was holding with pure incomprehension.

☐ Party Name: Twilight

Individual ranks of each individual: S

Rank of the whole Party: S

He could hear the sound of his dreams shattering to pieces in real-time as well as the cold and biting wind of reality sweeping away the shattered debris.

Behind him, Persephone could be heard exploding in pure laughter, forgoing all manners of grace.

Truly this was the start of a great adventure.

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Chapter 463: CH 424: I WANTED TO HAVE FUN BUT MY PARTY IS TOO OVERPOWERED (2)

[Lustburg — Outside of the Capital Wall]

If the capital of Lustburg was a mix of technological and medieval elements, outside of the city walls, nature started to take its rightful place once more as all-encompassing waves of different shades of green accompanied the land.

The only proof of civilization on this endless plain of green was the perfect and smooth road that stretched throughout the kingdom. A necessity all Kings of Lutsburg had made sure to always keep well maintained. After all commerce between cities could not be done on a bad road.

“Pfft! Hahah! I wish you could have seen your face back there. Oh, my goddess, this was hilarious.”

Currently, a caravan was advancing on the said road at a swift pace. It was not a particularly fancy piece of vehicle and was more akin to a chariot than anything else for that matter. But it was still a comfortable transport that was enough for them to travel to their destination.

Milia, who was driving with Setsuna sitting next to her smiled slightly at the words coming out of the inside of the vehicle, and even the ever-stoic Setsuna couldn't help but chuckle slightly after hearing that.

“Come on girls, stop laughing at my expense, will you?”

Sol grinned feebly. His face was not covered by the helmet right now so they were able to see a shade of crimson stain his cheeks. A mark signifying the embarrassment he was feeling right now.

It was quite fun and refreshing to see Sol react like this so even Medea, who would usually defend him in situations like these did not intervene and just watched on from the sidelines.

Persephone, though, was merciless in her speech and kept poking fun at him at every possible moment.

“I mean. What did you even expect? All the maids in the castle were specially trained by that assassin of yours and are used to your aura. But that's pretty much it. It doesn't matter how much you try to restrain your natural state. A wolf can never truly disguise itself as a sheep.”

“I am lost about whether you are praising me or insulting me with that remark of yours.”

Sol shook his head dumbfoundedly before giving a light laugh...

“Well, I have to admit it though. I guess my preparations were not thorough enough it seems.”

As a result, what could have been a great moment of fun for him ended up as a great moment of fun for Persephone instead. How the turntables...

Persephone wiped away a tear that had formed at the corner of her eyes because of how much she laughed till now. She was having the time of her life right now.

“Well, this was interesting. But you aren't the only one at fault.”

She snickered slightly, “Medea's natural aura can make mortals flee in terror as Time is one of the scariest concepts for any living being. The assassin of ours is filled with so much darkness that even I would flinch if I meet her without knowing who she was and your bodyguard was acting like you would be ambushed at any moment with the aura of vigilance and brutality that was practically emanating from her whole body.”

She pointed out each of the mistakes that lead to the current embarrassing situation that Sol was facing.

“I guess you four were too sheltered and forgot about common sense as well.”

When your day-to-day life was about being surrounded by King and Demigod level entities, it was hard to think like normal commoners.

“Well. If you are so experienced then, what should we do now? Please enlighten us, oh sister of mine.”

Persephone chuckled at Medea's question and took out a few poster papers from her pouch.

“As I am merciful and honestly anticipated something like this happening, I took a few quests for us to try out. Those quests are all on the way to our destination and this one especially is something that will surely interest you.”

『 Bounty: Rank A

Description: Chase after the bandits. Cooperate with the army and Her Highness, Princess Lilin, to get rid of all those criminals

Reward: The reward will be based on the contribution to the cause 』

“Ah. We indeed sent such a quest as a reward to help spare some of our armed forces. I had completely forgotten about it. Milia, how many adventurers were gathered? Mayhaps we need to—”

“I thought this was supposed to be a simple and fun adventure with no job?”

Sol immediately shut his mouth at Medea’s muttering but acknowledged them. He knew himself and knew how immersed he could be if he let himself go as he did just now.

“A prince joining his army as an adventurer. I believe this will be quite the magnificent story.”

She smiled softly before taking out another quest from her pouch.

“But first, we have to do this one to have a feel of adventuring.”

『 Bounty: Rank C

Description: A goblin nest had settled not far from the capital. This situation cannot be allowed to continue. Destroy it

Reward: 10 Silver Lust coins 』

“Is 10 Silver a lot?”

“For an ordinary family, it’s enough to live a few weeks to a month as long as they don’t overspend their budget.”

Sol looked up contemplatively but this time it was Milia who answered as she steered the horse.

It was indeed not a paltry sum of money.

“Very well. Shall we set off to the goblins then?”

Goblins were a staple of the fantasy genre. It was impossible to have an adventurer guild without a mission involving goblins or slimes. Generally, they were used as the weakest monsters to allow the main protagonist to grow and adapt to the new world.

Though in some darker stories, goblins were still depicted as extremely dangerous and intellectual creatures that caused terror no matter where they went.

“Well... Shall we go?”

He wondered if he should have brought Kali with him. He could already imagine her using a spell and screaming Explosion to wipe those goblins and their hideout from the face of the Mortal Realm!!!

‘Truly. I wonder if I should try to see if there are more reincarnators or if I should become closer to Kali.’

It was always sad to have a joke in your head you know others would never understand.

‘My genius is beyond their understanding. Such a lonely world I am living.’

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A few minutes later, Sol watched with a blank face as the entire nest was reduced to particles of dust by Medea’s magic.

He quite literally facepalmed at that scene and spoke out in a tired voice, “I thought I said no Duke-level powers were allowed?”

Medea tilted her head at the accusation that was placed on her and defended herself, “This is just a basic spell though.”

“Hah...”

“...”

“...”

Another cold wind passed through as Sol looked at the sky with a smile filled with defeat.

‘So, this is what it feels like to be over-leveled as heck, huh...’

“Hmmm... Should I have held back even more?”

Medea had quite an awkward expression on her face right now as she delivered those words. She had truly done her best to put as less of her powers as possible for her. But goblins had zero resistance toward magic and were one of the weakest creatures. Meanwhile, Medea was without a doubt one of the most powerful King level mortals in the Mortal Realm and even the whole universe.

Even a Duke-level warrior wouldn’t dare to face a spell she would throw while “holding back”.

“Sigh. Forget it. What is the next quest?”

Since everything had been reduced to dust, they had no way to prove that they did the job. But Sol didn’t care about the money.

He was rich. Money was the least of his problems.

“The next one is in a village. It seems like the mayor is exploiting the people there. So they sent a help request to the guild.”

“Hmmm...”

He frowned a little. “Shouldn’t this be sent to the government officials?”

Milia grimaced at those words, “The mayor is appointed by the government.”

“Oh...”

Sol looked up. “So, it’s corruption?”

He closed his eyes as anticipation rose again.

Not only could he have fun, but he could also kill a few corrupt agents on the way.

What could be better than that?

“Milia, note that we need to work on a new election system for our representatives.”

A complete purge was becoming more and more enticing to him with each passing day.

He knew that it was impossible to have a perfect system and that corruption would always exist.

This was a simple reality and something he could accept. But there were a few limits one should never cross.

Reading the description of the quest, Sol laughed darkly as he realized this man had undoubtedly broken all limits.

So his punishment would be severe.

“Well girls, let’s move on.”

There was nothing else to do here.

‘Sigh. I wonder what Lilith is doing currently.’

This little outing was indirectly thanks to her. He hoped she was having fun at least in this ridiculous event that she had created for them.

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Chapter 464: CH 425: NEVER GIVE UP

Lilith was not having fun. In fact, one could even argue that she was feeling the exact opposite of fun right now.

After all, there was nothing else like being smacked in the face by the consequence of your actions to sober up rapidly.

It all started the day after Lilith kidnapped Camelia and fled farther outward.

Lustburg was without a doubt a very powerful Kingdom. In all of history, whatever adversity the Kingdom faced, no matter how far it fell, it would always stand up back again and rise to the top.

All of this had been thanks to the different rulers of each generation— The Blessed beings of the royal family. They were the Kings and Queens of every generation.

Lilith was perhaps the first Queen in the history of Lustburg to not be Blessed and thus her reign was not welcome. She did not have any legitimacy to the throne, as only Blessed were allowed to govern the Kingdom, and because of this, she had to fight all the way to become respected as a Queen.

She had to put down many riots, face many schemes, and rise above everything to take the crown of the Kingdom. That was how half of her life had gone on.

For all the above reasons— Lilith hated Lustburg with a passion. [1]

Deep resentment from losing her loved ones during the war and bitterness about how much she had to fight even though she did not even want to become the Queen and take responsibility of this wretched kingdom.

All of this mixed with her thoughts of self-harm, inability to sleep even a wink, and her desire to die and so many more things... Yeah, life had not been good to her.

For her, ruling the Kingdom had always been a sort of burden. A burden she would gladly leave to Sol once he became old enough or any time he wished to get back the power that was rightfully his.

But despite all this bitterness, there had been one thing Lilith prided herself in... The thought that, at the very least, she was doing a very good job at being the Queen of the kingdom.

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“I was too lax, it seems.”

“Please, your majesty forgi—”

The man who was begging on the ground had his head flying before he could even finish his sentence.

Lilith ignored the look of terror the inhabitants of the place were throwing at her and swung her sword with no hesitation whatsoever. No blood had even landed on it with how fast she moved the blade. But she simply hated how she had to cut something so filthy and stain her weapon with it.

Standing next to her, Camelia could only flash a bitter smile on her face as she approached the inhabitants of the small city.

“Do not worry. Justice had been given and the oppressor was disposed of. May I know who is the second representative of the town?”

“I am.”

Getting much calmer now thanks to her holy aura and gentle appearance, a young man approached from the frightened crowd and Camelia nodded before placing a hand on his forehead.

“With this, you will have my mark for a few days. Visit any church and explain the situation. Everything will be taken care of by them.”

“Thank you! Thank you!”

Camelia gave an even bitter smile when she watched all of them kneel to her in gratitude even though Lilith was the one who did the job in the first place.

She wished to speak and explain the situation to them but a look from her old friend stopped her from doing so. In the end, she simply sighed and placed her hands together in a prayer sign...

“May the guidance of the goddess be with you.”

Meaningless words those were... as the goddesses would never bother themselves with the plights of simple mortals that had no impact in their meaningless games.

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A few hours later, even though darkness had already fallen, songs of joy and happiness were sung, and burning torches illuminated the city.

A small impromptu festival was taking place and the citizens were happy to have finally been freed from the clutches of their hateful lord.

Sitting far away from the fun and the songs, Lilith brought a mug of beer to her lips and chugged it all down in one go. Compared to the alcohol she could drink in the castle, it wouldn't be a mistake to say that it tasted like horse shit but she chugged it down regardless. She needed some alcohol in her system.

She seemed to have forgotten the fact that... with her current body, she couldn't become intoxicated anymore.

“A few golds for your thoughts.”

Camelia reached Lilith while holding a plate full of meat and other such food in her hands. She had received so many small gifts from the people that she had to simply flee from the crowd.

Lilith just shrugged in answer, “I am just thinking about how foolish I was to think I was doing a good job as Queen.”

Camelia stayed silent before lightly biting on the meat, “You are— were doing a good job. Thanks to you, Lustburg's national power never fell. The army became more powerful than ever and no one dared to rise a wave in the capital.”

“Indeed... In consequence, nearly all parts outside of the capital and the territory of the Dukes were suffering.”

Lilith had not tried to make Lustburg better. All she wished was to keep the legacy that was given to her intact and then pass it on to Sol in the same way when it was time.

In a way, she was no different from those corrupt nobles. After all, she only cared about her own needs and forgot her duty to the people.

“Lilith. You know my past, right?”

Lilith looked up in wonder at her friend but nodded regardless. Camelia was originally a village girl. [2]

A blind girl raised and loved in a small village before it was attacked and massacred by a bunch of bandits.

“This was during the era of your father. The nobles were rampant back then and the position of all the villages was even worse than it is now.”

“So. I guess I should be happy I wasn’t the worst ruler.”

“Well... You weren’t exactly the best, so you need to take what you can and be satisfied with it.”

Lilith laughed lightly at the humor and stole a fried chicken leg from Camelia. The meat was definitely much tastier than whatever that beer was made of.

“Hey! Go get your own!”

“Sorry, pretty sure they would flee or kneel in fright if I approached them.”

The two laughed and began to look at the stars in silence.

“So. Will you tell me? Why you kidnapped me?”

“Because it seemed fun?”

“Lilith...”

“...Well... I am scared.”

Camelia opened her eyes wide and grabbed Lilith by the hair, “Who are you and what have you done to my friend? Out with it, you imposter!”

“Stop it.” Lilith swatted Camelia's hand aside and looked far into the distance, “I am ashamed to admit it. But I am scared to meet Lilin alone.”

Her voice was soft and filled with quivers, a testament to the nervousness she was feeling right now...

“There are so many things I want to do now and many more I want to obtain. But I do not know if I am worthy of them. Self-doubt and hesitation fill my mind. Even though I have gotten a second chance at life I wonder if I am deserving of it. I am scared to be told that I woke up too late.”

She chuckled ruefully...

“So I decided to laugh. Rather than crying and whining as I did for decades, I decided to have fun and face any adversity with a smile on my face. Hoping that somehow it would make things better... It didn’t.”

Lilith looked at her hands, “Hey, do you think I am being too greedy right now?”

“Oh yes, you are.”

Camelia’s answer to this question was immediate and blunt. She was not going to pull her punches, it seems.

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Chapter 465: CH 426: EVEN WHEN IT SEEMS LIKE YOU WILL FAIL

Camelia's answer was immediate and blunt. She was not pulling her punches at all.

Her answer prompted a bitter smile to form on Lilith's youthful face, making her question her life decisions. Still, Camelia wasn't finished with her speech yet.

"But... Like our dear Sol likes to say... So what?"

She gave a look full of intensity at her dear friend. "So what if you are greedy? So what if you are biting more than you can chew?"

"If you try, your chance of success may be low but at least there is still a chance left. But if you do nothing— then your chance of success will be absolutely zero.

"Those who give up without even trying because of thinking up of the consequences even before doing anything, are simply people who fled from their dreams and aspirations. A dream is a dream because it's hard to achieve. Hope can only exist when you are surrounded by despair. So, my dear friend, fight. Fight with all you've got. Even if you look ugly, even if the future seems bleak and it ultimately leads to nothing... Keep on fighting..."

Camelia went on and on, "Even if you need to beg and cry. Even if you need to roll in the mud and lose all dignity. Never let something like pride or fear keep you from reaching what is truly important to you. Never put something meaningless like petty emotions dissuade you from doing anything."

She clenched her fingers, "Did you know? For me, Sol did not hesitate to grovel on the ground in front of the goddesses. To make sure I would survive, he cast his pride aside and begged the goddesses like a pitiful beggar. Perhaps it was from then on, our relationship truly established into something substantial but at the same time a seed of distrust was placed because of my excessive greed and my lack of honesty."

She chuckled bleakly at being reminded of those dark times, "I wanted to be perfect. I wanted to move the chess pieces as if I was a player. Sol may have forgiven me. But I can't forgive myself for the way I have hidden the truth from him, even though I had no choice but to do so."

It had been a bet between her and the goddesses and she had been unable to give any information to Sol beforehand because of the constraints that had been tightly wrapped around her. Still, she knew that this was no excuse for what she did.

Be it with the goddesses or with Gerald, Camelia lied to Sol for 'his own good ' and that led to eventual cracks forming in their relationship. She may have an excuse for the first situation but the second one was something she could say nothing about.

The fact that Sol didn't simply lose all trust in her was already a godsend.

"I did all that, not only to secure Sol's path but also to make sure we could find a cure for you."

Camelia grinned ear to ear, "You obtained a second chance. This is something most people never have in their life. Please, don't squander it like this as you wallow in your self-depreciation."

The two of them stayed silent for a while as Lilith digested the words of her best friend.

"So, in short... Sol doesn't want to fuck you any—"

Lilith was not able to finish her sentence as Camelia threw herself at her and the two started to fight like their lives depended on it. Well, that was true for Camelia, Lilith was just trying to not hurt her friend...

.
. .

After a short yet intense catfight which obviously ended up in Lilith's victory, the two were once again back to sitting, acting as if nothing happened between the pair of lifelong friends.

Camelia sighed as she arranged her messy hair, "Well... Even though it pains me to admit it. Ever since he came back, Sol had been quite... Let's say, slightly distant with me, and guess who was the reason for that?"

Lilith shrugged in response, acting like it was none of her business, "Hey, don't pin this on me. It has been two weeks since he healed me, you know? And before that, he didn't really hesitate to have fun with Medea. I guess you just weren't his top priority anymore."

Camelia grabbed her chest and crumpled her face in pain, "I must say, dear friend of mine... It seems like your words became as sharp as your sword."

"I can cut everything. Even emotions."

The two shared a quiet laugh as the banter between them continued. They may never mention it but they really missed the old times.

"So... I guess the two of us have amends to make."

"Indeed."

Be it, Lilith or Camelia, they had never acted with intended malice. Only with a desire to nurture and protect. But, they had been warped in their own sense of self-righteousness that they became blinded to reality.

But as they say — The road to hell was paved with good intentions.

Because of this and the short-sightedness that followed their desire to protect their loved ones, they ended up causing unintended harm to the one they loved and cared for.

Lilith chuckled. Truthfully, she was not worried for Camelia. She had seen the way Sol looked at her while tucking her in the bed when she was completely drunk last time.

He may have some small resentment on his mind but this would never be enough to change his feelings for Camelia.

In her case though... She didn't think her daughter would be happy to see her at all.

'Sigh... I wish I could become drunk again.'

She thought for a while before shaking her head. Drunkness was just another means of escaping from the truth.

She had already made up her mind when she awakened her new True Name. She was done fleeing. Period. She was done acting like she had the entire weight of the world on her shoulders.

She would not let her negative feelings of depression cloud her mind any more than they already did till now.

She will fight. Fight against the world and fight against herself if necessary and at the end of the day, perhaps... She may realize her dream of having a happy family meal with Sol and Lilin sitting on either side of her.

Just imagining that picture brought a smile to her face and rekindled the flame of passion that had long since died in her heart.

“Speaking of... You are really shameless you know. Seducing a young man who barely entered adulthood.”

“Well... It’s hard to say who seduced who.”

Camelia blushed slightly when she remembered her first night with Sol. She had been ready to take the lead back then, thinking that he would not have the experience to lead but she indeed up being dominated quite fast.

Her butt tingled ever so slightly just at the thought of the night.

“Also, this is rich coming from someone who told him he should Fu... Ahem~ lay down with as many women as possible.”

“You wanted to say, Fuck, right?”

“I did not.”

“Heh, no need to be shy. Using crude words is fun sometimes, you know?”

“You are acting like a kid.”

“I look younger than you now. Sorry, Grandma.”

Lilith moved out of the way and avoided a punch coming from Camelia at full force.

“I am going to kill you!”

“First try to catch me, you old hag. Must be hard with your old bones, eh? Hahaha.”

On that night, an atypical scene of the Supreme Daughter running after the Queen of Lustburg could be sighted by the onlookers.

The few villagers who witnessed this scene looked down at the beer in their hands with suspicion and swore off alcohol for the rest of their life. It was a good night for many, indeed.

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Chapter 466: CH 427: LET'S BECOME FRIENDS

After Sol and his companion left the now vanished or rather erased Goblin's nest, Sol was laying down and admiring the flowing scenery. His head was resting on Milia's smooth thighs and she was currently cleaning his ears, causing him to twitch sometimes from the pleasure and relief he felt in this soothing gesture.

The way she handled his ear was like a pro and the calming aura she emitted reminded him of the days when Milia took care of him as a kid.

This time, the one driving the chariot was Medea instead. Persephone was teasing her sister as she instructed her how to move forward and how to control the horses with just her aura alone.

Meanwhile, Setsuna was gently wiping her sword with a cleaning cloth while sitting on the back with them. As a knight, it was her responsibility to maintain her weapon of choice and she took it rather seriously, ever-stoic as she was.

All around them were beautiful large trees, the odor of nature, and the sounds of small animals that registered in their ears and calmed them down.

Sol sighed in contentment at this.

He may not have obtained the super exciting adventure he had been dreaming of, but the current situation was not bad at all.

He could say that it was even better than the stressful and rigorous scenarios that he had been imagining in his mind.

This was a rare moment of absolute peace for him. No hurry because of the danger of death incoming, no having to plot to face the rebellion in his kingdom or fight against a world-ending threat, and even less running against the clock to save someone dear to him.

As for the war against Wratharis, the only thing Sol cared about was how to diminish the human losses that they would sustain.

While nothing was impossible in this world, the chances of Lustburg losing were so low that if they did lose Sol would have nothing to say about it. As he was a Duke rank and 'only the crown prince', he had absolutely no restrictions when it came to participating on the battlefield.

He doubted anyone but a King could defeat Lilin and Milia and while Isis couldn't use her powers as a necromancer, she was still a Duke-ranked Phoenix in her own right.

To this, he could add Sheherazade and even Nefertiti into the mix. Two people who could affect the entire battlefield with their broken abilities.

Finally, while Setsuna was not a Duke yet, she was stronger than many Dukes and could hold her own without losing to the rest so there was nothing wrong with their side.

And what if Wratharis upped their hands and brought the King ranked instead?

Well— technically speaking, Lilith was also still a King rank being still, so they could just unleash her into the battlefield and let her slaughter everyone in her path with her sword. That would make everything much easier for them.

'I hope I didn't trigger a flag here.'

Sol laughed quietly at himself. Even if he did trigger a flag, even if something big happened, they still had Ambrosia on their backs.

The flags could go fuck themselves for all he cared. [1]

Slowly, Sol's breathing became even and he drifted off to sleep. It was something that would be hard to do normally after his training in Tartarus where he had to be constantly on the lookout for any and all sorts of danger.

But right now, right here, he was just surrounded by his loved ones. People he knew he could trust with his life. And that was enough for him to let himself drift off to the peaceful realm of sleep.

When Sol's breathing completely settled down, Medea waved her hand and covered him with a temporal shield to block off all sounds that could disturb him from his nap while Persephone filled the zone with the power of life to help him have a good sleep that would fully energize his tired mind.

Milia smiled quietly as she passed her hand through Sol's hair. She had seen the young man on her lap slowly grow and become a reliable and strong pillar for his Kingdom. But in moments like this, as he simply fell asleep, she could once again see the shadow of the boy she once pampered and raised with her own hands.

The four women were silent. Each of them focused on their thoughts. Without Sol working as a lubricant, it was quite hard for them to have any meaningful discussion of their own.

Persephone and Medea represented one side, while Setsuna and Milia represented a second and third sides.

It was quite awkward, to say the least, and the first one to speak about this was Milia. the assassin herself.

"So, my dear friends. I believe we should use this occasion to become closer to each other. What do you think?"

It was one thing to remember but, just because they all loved Sol did not means they liked each other. In fact, during the whole travel until now, they had barely spoken to each other other than when needed.

Even so, they were willing to make the effort necessary to keep the peace and harmony in the harem. Thankfully, while they did not like each other very much, they did not hate each other either. So it was easy to keep things cordial between the girls.

"Do you want to propose another one of your contracts?"

Milia gave a calm smile at Medea's words. "In the past, I trusted none of you. After all, I am quite weak when it comes down to it. I had to take measures to make sure to protect myself and avoid unnecessary bloodshed in the future."

Before Sol went to the Astral Realm, they had all signed what amounted to a non-aggression pact between them. In Milia's opinion, there was nothing wrong with what she did and she did not regret her actions a single bit.

"But now, I believe some amount of trust has formed between us."

Persephone smiled quietly. It was oh so interesting to her. How the one with the lowest origin and influence was the one giving the orders. But even then, Persephone listened to them. Her relationship with Sol was extremely ambiguous, to say the least. But this didn't mean that she wanted out of it. She was fond of the boy in her own way.

In the few months she had known Sol, he had provided more excitement in her life than anyone before. All the stories she witnessed with him as a protagonist were colorful and epic like no other.

"So, what do you propose?"

"Simple. Let's be friends, everyone. I believe this would be a good first step for our future together."

She spoke candidly. Milia understood that a relationship based on a contract was too frail. What she needed were solid bonds. A more friendly relationship. One based on love and trust.

"Soon we will have our first night in the woods. I believe all of you know His Highness' strong libido, right?"

Setsuna looked up quietly when she felt Milia's gaze on her. "Why don't we do it like this? Let's leave the first night to both the oldest and the youngest."

She said so as she looked alternatively between Setsuna and Persephone.

Milia's relationship with Camelia became slightly closer after the experience they shared with Sol.

Few things could help create bonds faster than barring your body and soul while making love to the man you gave your everything to.

Setsuna blushed and Persephone laughed out loud.

"You... I already like you very much."

Persephone's laughter soon stopped as she felt the ring that was attached to a necklace around her neck.

This was the accessory created by Sol. The one that would allow her to have a close relationship without actually worrying about sucking her partner dry.

It seemed like it was time to give it a try.

"I..."

Setsuna, however, became a little fidgety with that remark. After all, she could not have full intercourse with Sol yet.

She wanted to speak but Milia gave her a meaningful glance toward her, "I know about the preparations you made after what happened when you visited the Milaris house with Sol." [2]

Setsuna groaned and covered her face in shame and humiliation...

“I will kill those maids with my own hands.”

“Hahaha. Don’t blame them. Anyway, it’s time to see if the preparations were good, right?”

Setsuna wished she could simply hide in a crack beneath the earth. But at the same time... She could only nod helplessly.

After all — She was indeed interested.

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Chapter 467: CH 428: DREAM AND *Ahem* DREAM

While Medea and the others were having a interesting discussion, Sol was having an even more interesting dream.

He was standing in a white void with a clear blue sky above him and the infinite white below, giving the impression that he was falling without end.

His senses were disoriented and pictures after pictures flashed in front of him one after another.

When Sol finally came to his sense, the world had completely changed. The white void and the blue sky were replaced by the infinite dark void of space with the stars visible in the distances.

All around ‘Him’, where debris of what must have been an entire planet. That place was now reduced to nothing but rubble.

‘He’ walked or it would be more apt to say that ‘He’ floated in the space and observed the end of a planet. One where billions of lives had inhabited.

“Did the planet finally die?”

‘He’ stayed silent and ignored the voice of the woman that had appeared next to him.

“I noticed that you are getting increasingly melancholic.”

“The world is dying.”

‘He’ finally spoke. ‘His’ voice was young yet old. Delicate, yet rough. It was as if thousands were speaking or only one. A mix of contradictions that the woman had long since been used to.

She shrugged, “This is normal. A planet can only live for as long as its sun is burning.”

She pointed at the dying sun. “Only 6 or 8 billions years. This is the reality of those ephemeral lives. This is not the first time you witnessed the death of a star or a system. Why the melancholie? This is just the cycle.” [1]

Her voice was clear, as if the death and end of all those sentient being was the most common and worthless things.

In a way it was. In the vast and infinite universe, the death of a star, the destruction of a planet, the birth of a new star and a new planet were the most commons things ever.

She had already become bored of such sight after the tenth time.

'He' looked at her with pity, "Indeed...It's just the cycle."

Life and death. Creation and Destruction.

Everything in existence had a counterpart, something they could not exist without. Time and space, Sins and Virtues, Good and Evil.

So many concepts, so many realities. So many laws that defined the universe they lived in.

This was why he was melancholic.

"Eve..."

"Yes?"

'He' looked at her, quietly, lovingly. But in the end 'He' did not speak. This was 'His' burden. The reality only 'He' was privy to and seemed to understand.

"Nothing. Let's go home."

"Very well. I believe Dawn is complaining about the amount of work her siblings are leaving to her."

'He' gave a forlorn smile, wondering how long this happiness would last.

They seemed to not realize it yet.

In this universe...Nothing was Eternal. Nothing was Infinite. For Eternity did not exist.

The greatest and most immutable law of this world was clear.

—For Every Beginning...There must be a...

—

Gasp

Sol eyes snapped open as his heart pounded. His vision was blurry, as he tried to forcibly remember the dream he just had. But only small tidbits and snippets were kept and even them as well eventually faded.

"Your Highness?"

'He'. No. He looked at Milia. The worried expression was clear on her face and the same went for all the others.

The seemingly infinite void seemed to become distant as he became grounded in reality again.

Patting Milia lap, he stood up and jumped off the chariots before landing heavily on the ground.

His sense of reality became more evident than as the last drags of dream vanished from his mind.

"Sol are you alright!?"

Medea appeared next to him and looked at him worriedly, to which he simply shook his head.

“I am...I think yeah I am alright. I just had a bad dream.”

He pinched Medea cheeks and sighed.

“The sun is going down, let’s take a rest.”

For them, the presence or absence of sunlight made absolutely no difference. Even so, he wanted to take a small break. After all, if they really wanted to catch up to Lilith’s fast, he could have simply flown at full speed to reach there.

Persephone and Setsuna shared a look, with Setsuna looking aside, blushing and Persephone smirking.

Sol meanwhile was preoccupied by the dream. At his level, his memory was nearly perfect and his control over his thoughts as well. Having a nightmare wasn’t impossible. But for the memory of said nightmare to vanish so fast from his mind was abnormal.

‘Just what the hell?’

He forced himself to hide a scowl that had formed on his face. This was definitely something that was going to come biting him in the ass later on. He could already smell the incoming bullshit like it was breathing down his neck.

‘I guess I can only wait this time.’

He forced himself to calm down. He knew that this hadn’t just been a dream. As such, the best he could do was to prepare himself as much as possible.

‘The King rank or at least, obtaining a name.’

Obtaining a name was the first step toward the evolution as a King. For now, he only had been a Duke for two or so months. Logically speaking, obtaining a name before at least a year or far more would be impossible.

But— Since when had he moved based on logic? Doing what others deemed as impossible and breaking all records were one of the few pleasures in life he enjoyed.

Of course, a few moments later, when Night fell and Sol looked as Persephone and Setsuna entered his tent while wearing green and blue negligees respectively, he gulped as he realized that there was another one of the few pleasures in life he was about to satisfy.

The night promised to be interesting.

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Chapter 468: CH 429: BE CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT YOU WISH

As the night deepened, Sol looked with anticipation at the two partners. His relationship with both of them was actually in a strange situation.

One side there was Setsuna. His knight and one who had waited to sign a contract with him for much of her life.

Setsuna had been with him for nearly as long as he could remember. She was one of his childhood friends and one he shared many moments. Sadly, because of the events that followed not long ago, he had been forced to leave the Mortal realm for a time.

The adventure he lived through, the people he meet, and those he fought. All those moments made it so he became very different from who he once was.

Now it was time for him to rekindle his relationship with her.

Persephone on the other hand was different. Out of all his lovers, she was the most distant. In the first place, were they even lovers? It was hard to say.

Persephone was extremely independent and she made clear that she didn't particularly want to settle. She was like a cloud, drifting and observing the world below in silence.

Unlike many of his lovers, Persephone was not particularly broken or she had already overcome any trauma she might have.

This made it so that she was far less dependent on him than the others were.

"So, what should we do?"

Persephone stood up. "I took some clothes from my collection. What do you think?"

She smiled quietly. Her green negligee was completely see-through, showing her mature body. She was wearing only a pair of green panties, and the outline of her proud breasts could be seen through the thin material.

Sol was transfixed. No matter how many beautiful women he had seen, he would never get used to it and in fact, did not wish to ever become used to it.

Seeing his reaction, Persephone nodded and brought Setsuna next to her, "Dear Knight, you should be a little bolder."

Setsuna looked aside as she fidgeted, making her all the cuter. Like Persephone, her attire was completely see-through but she did not hold the same confidence as the Witch of Life.

Her wolf ears dropped a little and the tail behind her was also hanging somewhat low.

As always she was suffering from a small sense of defeatism. Setsuna was a beautiful woman, but not the most beautiful out of Sol's harem. She was neither the smallest nor the biggest either.

She felt like whatever she did, she always ended up placing herself in situations where she would be compared and she would lose.

"Setsuna?"

She shook her head and raised herself up before jumping in his arms.

"Whooh!"

Sol caught her hurriedly as the two of them fell on the makeshift bed. Her eyes had started to shine with a light-filled with lust and a desire to fight.

“I won’t let you sleep today.”

“Oh?”

He rose an eyebrow at the sudden challenge and behind them, Persephone smiled as she put the ring to her finger.

“Fufufu~ I always had to hold myself back in the past. So I guess I won’t let you sleep either.”

Though Sol only lost a small fraction of his life in the past, there was no way Persephone and Medea could completely enjoy and let go of all worry, knowing that they were stealing his life force.

But now...Now she would show Sol what it means to be the witch of life.

It was time for a world-shaking battle.

While Sol was busy fighting for his life against one very thirsty woman and a second one who wanted to try new things, a meeting that had long been awaited was finally about to take place.

Lilin had been slowly losing herself in work for the last weeks after leaving the Tower. She had not waited for the news about her mother to be confirmed. She knew very well that Sol would do everything in his power to keep her well and alive one way or another.

She didn’t need to know how.

Her sword moved and blocked the incoming attack of one of her knights with ease.

“Too obvious.”

She moved her sword skillfully and disarmed him before kicking him in the stomach.

Despite the armor the man was wearing, he keeled over and breathed harshly before standing up with difficulty and giving a salute.

“Next one will be the last for today!”

All the knights flinched as they scrambled to be the next, sadly only one could win.

“Your Highness. I am Edwin.”

She nodded, “I know you. You were very helpful during the last attack good job.”

She lazily moved her sword and relaxed. She had no need to use her lai stance in such training. Her basics were already more than enough to deal with them all.

“Prepare your sword.”

Edwin’s eyes shone in excitement at the praise he had just received and took his stance with his two hands around the hilt of the sword. He knew that he would lose. But he wanted to make the best showing possible.

The other knights watched him in envy. But they could only blame their luck for being too slow.

This was a phenomenon that had slowly started since the start of the subjugation. At first, they were quite reluctant at the thought of being led by a young girl with no obvious experience. They had summarized that Lilin was simply using her position as a princess to get some achievement.

This was a pretty common practice among high nobles. So there was nothing they could do.

All hesitation or bad feelings vanished when the Knights realized that Lilin was a Duke ranked.

It was hard to decipher how excited they were then.

All the Black Knights knew the history of the order. They knew that in the past, Lilith, who was also a Duke ranked then, marched the battlefield with very few companions and those were the first few to become the first Black Knights.

Fighting alongside her, the daughter of Queen Lilith, was like a reenactment of a legend.

The respect they had for her slowly started to grow even more as they admired her way of fighting. Power beyond compare, Skills they could not even hope to reach, a charm no one could resist, and an absolute position of power.

It didn't take long for them to become completely mesmerized and respect her from the bottom of their hearts.

Her movements on the battlefield as she slayed the bandits one after another, leaving a trail of blood on her path all made them feel a mixture between fear, respect, and adoration.

Slowly, talk between them was made as some even wished for the creation of a new knight order. Already, a few knights painted some parts of their armor in red. Since all of their armor would always become red because of the blood of their enemies.

Another thing that cemented her position was the fact that Lilin would help them correct their form as they swung their swords. This slowly continued until the current scene became something usual.

Edwin was a relatively skilled swordsman. Despite being the son of a hunter, he had managed to enter the Academy and graduated with a good rank before being scooted by the Black Knights.

But even then, he had no way to win against Lilin. Her movements were like flowing water, fluid, fast, and nearly perfect.

He was forced to stop when he felt the cold tip of the blade on his throat.

"Good. You are better than you were yesterday. But you focus too much on trying to overpower me. I may look like someone who never lifted anything heavier than a napkin, but I can break you in two if I wish."

Lilin gave a few more words as she pointed out his mistakes.

"I am grateful for this honor, your highness."

She nodded and gave a look all around, "Okay guys! We are slowly reaching the end of our mission. This is it for today's training. Everyone prepares the place."

“Yes! Your Highness!”

The Knights all gave a salute and began moving in perfect synchronization. Everyone had a task and they knew what they had to accomplish.

Looking at them like this, Lilin gave a small smile. The time she had spent with them was relatively short. But it felt nice being appreciated and respected.

She moved her sword lightly. Her mind focused, not on the play fight she had with them but on the fight she had with her mother. As well as what happened when Sol fought against Lilith

This was the only way for her to remind herself of one thing. One absolute reality.

She wasn't strong.

Being able to bring down the knights here or the bandits she slaughtered meant absolutely nothing.

They were all simply too weak.

'I need someone to fight.'

She sighed and focused on swinging her sword. Only then would she feel better. It wasn't as if she could somehow find someone at the Duke level in such a place.

It was better to focus on what she could.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 469: CH 430: THE WAYS TO HEAVEN ARE MULTIPLE

[Lustburg]

“Are you sure it's here?”

“Argh! Stop asking already. I said I don't know. I am just following the fucking map.”

In a forest that was a few hundred kilometers away from the capital, two people were observing the surroundings while the shorter of the two was holding a map in their hands.

The shorter among the duo had two guns attached to his hips, placed inside their respective holsters, and a scowl was etched on his face as he gazed at the map with such intensity that it looked like he wished to tear literal holes through the poor map.

“The treasure should be somewhere in our surroundings. Back then, the dwarves were fleeing from the control of the elves and used one of the places here as their stronghold. From the information that is contained in this map, it's made clear that they left many of their treasures inside the stronghold. On the list of lost treasures, I found one that could slightly heal one's soul. This might help us in solving the affliction of the boss.”

Dwarves were great blacksmiths. Some even boasted of being blessed by the goddesses of Creation herself as they had such a great form of talent that they could even bring forth extraordinary results while dealing with the most ordinary materials.

He knew that the saying was utter bullshit. But this didn't change the fact that the midget race had extraordinary talent and what they needed now was a soul-healing medicine for their leader. The shape of the medicine didn't matter to them.

The treasure in question was a pill that had been stolen from the elf queen of those times as they fled from their grasp.

"The greed of dwarves is really legendary. Even when fleeing for their lives they still stole something from the enemies."

"Heh. Greed is necessary for evolution and success."

He said so as he looked at his companion. It was a blue-haired wolf woman with a sword hanging on her hips. She had accompanied him as a bodyguard as he couldn't really use his full power as he was now.

"I guess this is why you only revealed you had this map after you were sure we would keep your share and help you heal, huh..."

"What can I say? I would rather protect myself than anyone else. As long as the boss is asleep we aren't all that scary, you know. I don't want to die after being disposed of."

They gazed at each other as a short clash of energy ensued between them before everything calmed down as though nothing happened in the first place.

"Acht, listen very well... The Wings of Freedom won't give up on you. But as you have already stated we are in dire need of that remedy. If we can accelerate her awakening even by a year or two, it will be more than enough for us to accelerate our plans. We need her in order to realize our ideals."

"Ideal huh..."

Acht nodded before smirking at Neun, "I wonder what you feel, you know... Your country is about to wage war soon. If the power of that prince is real... I am pretty sure Wratharis will lose before they are even able to know what hit them."

His grin stretched further as he spoke in a jeering tone, "You sacrificed so much. But in the end..."

"Watch what you are about to say, Acht."

The edge of the blade was placed against his throat and a voice colder than the edge of the blade registered in the man's ears. "I find it quite baffling of you to provoke the one who is supposed to protect you..."

"I like living in the thrill of the moment."

"Suits you, I guess. But let me say it clearly... My ambition does not stop at disposing of the Traitor King. I want to get rid of this unfair system where people are chosen because of the whim of 14 crazy women that are simply uncaring of the mortals that they themselves created."

Her eyes were blazing like a slumbering inferno, waiting to erupt at any moment, and Acht lifted his hands in surrender immediately when he noticed that.

“Sorry, sorry... Anyways enough with the jokes. We should find it fast while we are still in the dark. A vast majority of my information network was exterminated and we don’t have Drei anymore for trying out a mission to gather intel behind enemy lines. But I know that the princess of Lustburg is not far from this place as she’s on a mission of her own.”

His arm twitched as he placed a hand on his chest. Even now, a deep throbbing pain was constantly bothering him. It had become an afterthought by now. But whenever he used his Zone, the pain came back at full strength.

He would never forget how he nearly died that day because of his carelessness.

‘This treasure trove also has many powerful weapons the dwarves were forced to create by the elves in the past. Obviously, they also stole back those weapons when they fled their confinements. If I can get any of those weapons or even a blueprint then...’

Those weapons might be old now but some of them were near the level of Divine Weapons. As long as he could get even one, it would be more than enough for him to become even stronger, and if he could heal himself on top of that...

‘Reaching a level near that of a King wouldn’t be impossible.’

Then he would have far more speaking right in the organization. After all, they already lost two Kings and their Demigods were in a coma.

“Let’s not bother with the royal family of Lustburg. We already obtained the divine weapon we needed from them.”

“Heh...”

Acht didn’t bother to uncover the hypocrisy in the word of his companion. Even though they all joined the Wings of Freedom for seemingly the same goal, they all had different small objectives for themselves.

“Very well. Let’s go. Anyway, the chances of us meeting anyone from the royal family in this place is close to non-existent.”

The two moved and advanced deeper into the forest, well intent on finding the treasure and leaving the place as fast as possible.

The next day, after Sol had a very enjoyable night with both Setsuna and Persephone, he looked up at the rising sun with a thoughtful expression on his face.

His mind was serene as if he was devoid of all worldly desires, a saintly aura could even be seen behind him as he stood with his hands behind his back.

The night before had ended in his victory after a long and arduous fight.

Persephone had used the power of life to constantly enhance her stamina and Setsuna had surprised Sol by telling him how she had prepared herself for some deep exploration in her ass in lieu of her secret garden.

Facing those two had forced Sol to use all the skills he had learned over the years.

He had to summon the deepest parts of his strength and it was only after remembering all the steamy nights he went through that he was able to defeat those two formidable enemies.

Now, he was effectively a sage in all but title. One above all worldly desires.

“Oh. Your Highness. You rose up early.”

It was such a Sol that Milia witnessed as she prepared the food for breakfast.

Hearing her voice, Sol did not turn around and spoke solemnly. His voice was grave, showing how important the current situation was.

“Milia... I believe I have been enlightened on the way of this world. Indeed. Women have many treasures. But it's necessary to exercise control and not indulge in the desire of the flesh. Only then can one reach true peace. Amitabah...”

Milia tilted her head in confusion at the sudden words. But once she understood what was happening she covered her mouth with the back of her hand and let out a quiet laugh before answering in tandem.

“My... Is that so? I guess I need to put back the clothes I had prepared for Lady Medea then.”

Time seemingly stilled. Even Medea's time stop would have not given such an impression to Sol.

“...Elaborate.”

“Since Miss Persephone had such a hobby, I have taken it upon myself to prepare a few costumes. One of which was maid costumes. That would fit Lady Medea, Setsuna, and Persephone. There were also a few bunny girl costumes in the lot too.”

Sol gulped quietly as if he was suddenly a thirsty man walking in the desert without any signs of water.

His sage mode was being overwhelmed by the powerful pictures that were filling his mind.

“...”

“Lady Medea already accepted putting them on tonight. But since Your Highness believes in abstinence, I will just have to burn them.”

Sol turned around and shouted at the top of his lungs like a bereaved victim...

"Unhand those innocent costumes you criminal!"

He stopped as he saw Milia looking at him with a smile at the corner of her mouth and Medea covering her face in utter embarrassment.

Sol coughed slightly before silently looking at the sky and mourned by himself...

"The ways of heaven are broad and multiple. It seems like the path of non-indulgence is not the road I must take. Ahem~ Now then, about those costumes..."

Like this, a new day full of adventure began for Sol and his group.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 470: CH 431: VINDICTIVE WITCH

After a few moments of jesting and playing around by themselves, Sol and his merry party decided to take the road once again.

This time Setsuna was sitting next to him as she was unable to walk correctly at the moment. It seemed that she had gone past her limits by trying to match him all night long and her ass was now protesting against her every movement.

Sol found it really funny but stopped himself from laughing right at her face. At the end of the day, he was also partially responsible for her current condition so laughing would only cause detriments that he was not willing to face right now.

Persephone was also standing next to him while holding a book in her hand, she was writing something in said book and Sol soon realized that it was some sort of explanation about what happened the night before.

"What is this?"

He asked her, curiosity shimmering in his blue eyes...

"Freya asked me to write anything I am able to learn once I tried the ring for myself. You know how she is with tech, right? This is to satiate her curiosity. I must say though, the results were more than just amazing."

"Heh, I guess you guys still doubted me a little, huh..."

"Indeed."

Persephone was direct and blunt in her words. "The curse we are suffering from had been bothering us for thousands of years. All the strongest and most knowledgeable witches gave the possible eradication of the curse a try but there was nothing we could do against it. So we simply gave up."

She closed her book. "You just wrote a new page in the history of the witches and all that while only being a Duke-ranked being. So you should understand our disbelief in the matter, right?"

She laughed quietly under her breath, "Though, I guess you had never been someone who could be observed with mere common sense."

"I am quite awesome, right?"

"Someone is having quite the big head now, huh..."

"Haha. Do not worry. Arrogance has been beaten out of me by reality too many times. I am just bringing pure facts into the table."

He was rich, strong, and handsome. If he wasn't awesome then who was? This had nothing to do with him being arrogant.

"I decided to be more open about my feelings lately. It makes things easier for everyone, don't you think?"

"I guess it does, huh."

Persephone smiled quietly.

"You know, I have been meaning to ask. What did you do before becoming a witch?"

Sol asked with a soft tone. He was rather curious about Persephone's history. He knew basically everything there was to know about all his other women, but she was still a mystery to him to this day.

"Oh? Are you trying to know more about me? Does that mean you consider me as yours now?"

Her smile took an edge to it as she looked at him to which Sol answered as plainly as possible...

"I do."

He shrugged his shoulders before speaking, "Of course, this is my own interpretation of things between us. So you are free to deny it if you want."

Sol wasn't naive enough to believe that just because he shared a bed with a woman it would mean that she would fall for him.

But if there was one thing he knew, it was that he was quite possessive. Perhaps even more than he believed in the past and this feeling of possessiveness was growing by the day.

"I like your frankness."

She nodded and looked up, "Well, unlike Medea and many others witches, I do not have a sad or heavy past I think. Fufufu~"

Most of the witches chose to become a witch because they had no other options left for them in life. They all lived a life where they could only change or die.

Kali, Medea, and Freya were all orphans who had been taken by Ambrosia one after another.

But Persephone was a bit different than everyone else...

"I was a princess, hehe."

Medea aside, they all opened their eyes wide when they heard this shocking revelation...

"Back then, as you know, was the warring era. The Seven Kingdoms didn't exist as it did now. There were two great empires with the Elves and the Demons being in command of each. All the others races were strugglings under the control of those three races and we humans were at the bottom of the bottom as slaves under the control of the Elves."

It wasn't as if the elves chained down all humanity for labor. Like now, human society was allowed to thrive in a certain way. But rather than one big kingdom, they were divided into many small ones.

“If I remember right, back then, the Demon King was trying to conquer the world. It was a rather fun era, all things considered. Angels still stayed above like the lofty beings they like to present themselves as while the Elves fought against the Demons for hegemony.”

The reason beast men were also called war beasts was because of this very era as they were the principal force of the armies. Unlike demons and elves, they had a short reproduction cycle and accelerated growth in the earlier years.

Dwarves were used to make the weapons and humans were...

“Well. We honestly didn’t have much use. I guess this is why they didn’t consider us in the grand scheme of things.”

Humans could only awaken at the age of 15 and then only 10% of the population could sign a contract with other races. Out of that 10% only another 10% could actually sign a rather high-ranked contract.

The problem was...

“Humans who could actually sign contracts were greatly appreciated. Elves used us as a way to make their children grow faster. Because of this, rather than forcing us on the field, humans were groomed. In a way, you could say that we were cattle to them.”

She laughed under her breath as she thought of that distant past. There was no exaggeration to her words. Elves in particular would create special human farms to make sure they would produce the best possible offspring.

This was what it meant to be royalty back then. Nothing more than glorified cattle for the Elves and Demons to use.

“I was born with a rather high capacity if I have to be honest. Enough to contract an A+ rank beast. So they were especially careful with me and wished to use me and wanted to find the best breeding partner for me to bring birth to another talent.”

Sol’s eyes twitched as he heard those troublesome lines.

“Ohoh. Don’t look at it like this. I wasn’t sad or badly treated. Do you think a sheep who never knows freedom would dream of the wide sky?”

Unlike what many would think, royalties were not unhappy with their destiny. You could only dream of what you knew about, after all.

You needed to know freedom in order to fight for it.

“But I was bored.”

She chuckled. She was bored indeed. That was all. Nothing more, nothing less.

“Mother heard about me and was quite curious. I guess she wanted to test making someone with talent a witch. To see if anything would be different.”

“So... You accepted to sell your soul... Because you were bored?”

“Fufufu~ When you say it like this it sounds quite stupid, doesn't it?”

She chuckled but there was no doubt nor regret in her life.

“I hated it you know. I hated my life. A life where everything was already planned from the day I was born to the day of my death. I knew exactly what I would do the next day, what I would eat, who I would meet, and where I would go. The man who would become my husband, the day where I would give birth myself, and how many children I would have.”

Mirth left her eyes as she continued in a cold lifeless tone, “A life where nothing exciting happens. A story that was so boring that even those who love calm stories would become bored by it. I hated it. Despised it. And loathed it with every fiber of my being. So... When Mother Ambrosia came up with a proposal, a way for me to finally write a new exciting story... I jumped in with no hesitation whatsoever.”

Sol digested this information with a cramped smile, before nodding to himself, “I thought you became crazy after becoming a witch. I see now that you were crazy from the start.”

“Crazy is such a heavy word. Let's just say that I was seeking a new path.”

“So you never resented anyone?”

“Oh, I did. This is why when our little dear here became entangled with your ancestor. The first thing I did was fight against the Queen of Southern Pride. Heh, it seems like our visit was too much for her. Right, Medea?” [1]

Why did she learn the power of life? Of course, it was partially because of Ambrosia. But she could have chosen space, time, or death. The reason she choose Life, in particular, was quite simple.

She wished to completely trample on the elves by using the power they were the proudest of and that by the 'Cattle', they used to raise.

“Haha...”

Medea chuckled awkwardly, refusing to remember that fight.

In the past, she had considered Persephone a gentle and demure woman who could not even hurt a bug.

After all, why else would she learn the power of Life that focused on Healing?

She should have realized then that one shouldn't judge a book by its cover. No matter how beautiful it may be, what was underneath can only be considered the stuff of horrors.

Persephone had been utterly and completely ruthless. The only thing she did was keep others elves away as Persephone trampled and completely trashed their queen.

From what she knew, that fight had completely destroyed the Concept of Pride the queen had been building on to become a Demigod.

Sol looked at the smile on Persephone's face and decided then and there to be very careful not to piss her off.

“So, I hope my story was entertaining?”

“It was. I —”

Kyaaa~!

The shrill scream of a woman filled the forest and startled the birds as they flew away in a hurry.

Sol's eyes shone with stars as he stood up in an instant, “We can discuss this later. No one does a thing. Medea, I am talking to you. No spell, no swords, or shadow. Nothing! I will take care of it this time.”

Sol could smell it. The smell of a true adventure finally waved at him.

For the first time in his life, he would be able to play the role of a knight saving the beauty in distress.