

## Hero King 481

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

#### Chapter 481: CH 442: I WANT TO PUNCH HIM

The night was covering the world, a feeble light from stars illuminated the horizon even as the false light of the moon helped give a more open view. For most creatures, this moment of the night was a territory too strange for them. It was a domain only a few entered and thrived in. Darkness was the source of many fears after all.

In the forest where the wilderness took back its right, and was moving around as some predator chased after their prey, a crunch resonated, the step of someone stepping on a broken branch. Thanks to the previously silent atmosphere, this simple sound was almost deafening. All the predators turned in unison, and then, as if they had all decided at the same time, began to scamper and flee from the zone, eager to vanish as fast as possible.

"Sol, you should learn how to move in the darkness."

"I do know how it. But moving into the forest is different. I feel like there is some branch wherever I walk."

"He is right, Setsuna. Do you really expect him to be able to master such a skill suddenly?"

"Once again I can, I just don't really see the necessity. I can smash anyone without having to hide and those who can smash me would still be able to find me easily."

"Basic knowledge should be mandatory. You never know when it can be useful."

"Hum true."

Sol, Setsuna, and Lilin were walking together calmly in the forest. The night was the time when the beasts became the most active as they searched for food and could unleash their full power. But Those same beasts could only stay in silence and hide as deeply as possible in front of the overwhelming power those three were showing off. There was no pride left and no desire to even try to compete for they knew they would be crushed.

"So, now Sol, what is the goal exactly?"

Currently, Sol was wearing simple leather pants and a shirt. It was simple to move in and at least resistant enough to not tear to shred at the slightest movement. He had given up on the armor. It wasn't particularly hard for him to use but he realized that he worked around with speed and while he didn't mind a slow and careful fight, this wouldn't do in the long run.

It was even more since that armor was actually weaker than his own body once he transformed. This made us once again understand why Dragons were not particularly interested in armor as it gave no protection to them. The same went for armor and weapons in general.

Only a renowned Blacksmith could even try to create something like this, and even with the right material, the chances of failure were extremely high.

In his opinion, the only mortal with skill enough to be distinguished was none other than the dwarf, Theresa. Though for clothes he could also try to have contact with Milaris. She had been talented enough to receive a weapon from the goddesses themselves.

'Hehe, once the blueprint is ready perhaps I Will find a better weapon?'

He was quite happy with his current divine weapon, but sometimes having something simpler and straightforward was also good. He didn't care what weapon it was.

"Well, Like I said we are chasing after a treasure. Though we might face some small difficulties."

"What do you mean by small difficulties?"

"I honestly don't know. I just know that the two of you need to be there and that this would help you grow. I imagine there will perhaps be some legendary weapon, or perhaps something different. I don't have a perfect reading on this matter."

Setsuna shared a glance with Lilin, "And the reason you should go alone is..."

"We can't always have the adult with us, right? Don't you think it would be interesting? An adventure of our own. Just the three of us. Though it will be quite short."

Lilin gave a smile and nodded, "I always wanted to adventure with you. I regret not taking you with me when I left."

"Heh. If the prince suddenly vanished people would riot. But yeah, it would have been interesting."

Setsuna meanwhile clenched her fist, "Is this why you gave me an ultimatum?"

She could guess that Sol had a reason to impose such a clear time limit. She did not fear this as she was sure that she would find her way. Her hesitation and self-doubt mostly died and now she believed that she could walk forward without looking behind.

"Fate is telling me that this is the best opportunity you will get. I will be candid. While I do not think that whatever is about to happen will be threatening physically, I do not know what will happen mentally. So you still have a choice. You can choose to go down or stay."

Setsuna did not cower under his gaze, "You seem to have forgotten but not long ago I was more or less your teacher."

Sol smiled, "Indeed you were and I learned much under you. This is why I believe in you. There is no way that someone who was my teacher will be unable to break through her limit without outside help. So stay strong and fight. The two of us are waiting for you on the other end."

He held his fist and only after Setsuna fist-bumped in return did he start to walk away. Lilin, who had stayed silent through all of this, finally asked the question she had always been dying to ask since leaving the camp.

"So...Where do we go exactly?"

Sol gave a confident smile and placed his hands on his hips before letting out a loud laugh. The laugh lasted for quite some time before he finally stopped and grinned.

"I do not know. He spoke with absolute assurance and confidence. Almost as if he was even proud.

Looking at him speechlessly, Setsuna, for the first time in her life, started to wonder if she should just hit him a little bit. Just a little.

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#### **Chapter 482: CH 443: OMNI**

Sitting quietly on the ground with his legs closed, Sol closed his eyes as he began to visualize the threads of fate once again. When one thought about it, it was rather ironic that for all his discussion about facing and rejecting Fate, following Fate became one of his greatest powers. But Sol was not dejected by this irony. He knew very well that once he reached the demigod level properly, he would not just be following Fate. He would completely control it and have it bend to his whim. For the meantime, he was observing all the threads that would guide him toward victory. The threads were not physical in the truest way but much like a GPS, in a way, the threads could guide him toward the right road. Much like a yes and no question or a guide buzzing whenever you took the wrong direction.

Thump - Thump - Thump

Slowly, ever slowly, his heartbeat started to slow down. The sounds of the world started to slowly quieten, and in the end, only absolute silence greeted him. He was deeper into a domain where nothing but him and Fate existed. Millions of threads were tied down to him in the most intrinsic way. Humans affected the world simply by existing, and the higher a human stood in society, the more influence he had and the more change he could bring. Sol was not only one of the most powerful beings in the mortal realm currently, but he was also the King of one of the largest nations, with millions of inhabitants under his control. In the same way, any of his choices and actions could affect the entire world and even the astral realm.

The threads that he could perceive were startlingly numerous, but he ignored them all, focusing on the more immediate problem—such as finding the way to this so-called treasure.

Step

He started walking, in this world filled with darkness and shining threads of all colors, he took a few careful steps, guiding him toward the path he wished to thread on and the goal he wished to grasp.

Focus.

The millions of threads started to vanish. One after another, filtering out the most useless ones.

Focus.

Slowly, all the thin threads were weeded out, and only a few were left, and he instinctively knew that those were the ones he was searching for.

"I got you."

Bringing his hand forward, he grabbed the thread, only to finally notice a few more threads entangled with it.

"Hmm..."

He could see Setsuna and Lilin's threads. But there were two more crimson threads entangled with the treasure he was seeking and also entangled with both Setsuna and Lilin.

"Oh?"

In this place, Sol felt nearly omnipotent.

"Should I kill them?"

He thought, and in the void, a pair of scissors appeared. He knew that it would be slightly complicated, but if he so wished, he could bring death directly to those two.

From the aura those threads were showing, they were nothing more than Duke-level enemies. Something that he could entirely and completely crush.

The distance was meaningless as they were in the same plane. Even if he couldn't kill them, he could surely give them a serious blow and incapacitate them completely.

"Ugh..."

He stopped himself. Even though he had the vision of being all-powerful, he was, in fact, not.

Giving a strike-through Karma and fate to kill enemies that were technically at the same level of existence as him would most likely incapacitate him. It was useless to take such a risk for two beings he could crush the moment he faced them directly.

"Setsuna and Lilin will have to face a trial."

Sol thought indifferently. He could feel his emotions slowly draining. The longer he stayed in this place, the more the feeling of being a different entity—a superior entity—floated in his mind.

He felt detached, as if he was looking at something that did not matter to him and was in no way related to him.

"This is dangerous."

He had not felt it when he was using the divinity. It seemed like this place was not somewhere he should stay long at his current level if he did not want to be assimilated.

It was a cold place with no feeling. A place that judged and established law with no care for right and wrong but only efficiency. Like a cold Balance that thrived to keep the equilibrium of the world.

"I wonder... Did someone create this system?"

What was Fate exactly in the first place? Who decided to create this system? What brought the creation of the universe?

Sol tilted his head and looked up. So many secrets. So many things to search and understand.

"I will come back."

Sol knew that he had reached his limit and was about to be completely eroded. As such, he took a step back and exhaled heavily.

It was time to go back to the real world.

"Sol?"

"Hmm..."

"Where should we go?"

Sol smiled as he continued to walk with his two companions. He already knew the answer, but he was in no hurry.

Either way, any treasure that was present would not leave. If it was the wing of freedom, then he just had to take his time and let them do all the work before coming at them.

"I wonder what members it is."

He honestly didn't care, even if it was a king level. He was sure that he could trade blows with one before being forced to flee. The sooner they worked on this and took out those pests, the better it would be.

Sol could feel that they were like a cancer, and if those bastards went crazy and started attacking the mortal world like crazy dogs, then the amount of damage they would make before being down for the count was not something he wished to see.

Thinking like this, he chuckled and continued to tease his two companions. Soon, it would be time to fight.

A few hundred kilometers away from Sol and the two others, deep in the entrails of the earth, a blue wolf tore apart three golems with her claws and fangs.

Not far from her, the young-looking dwarf kept firing bullets at anything that went past her. In the end, after a long fight, they finished destroying everything.

"This is taking longer than we anticipated."

"Fuck, I know it, okay? How would I have known that traps that were created almost a thousand years ago would still work? I am not a seer, okay?"

Acth seethed quietly. This fight hadn't made his wounds any lighter, and this was starting to piss him off.

They had entered this dungeon thinking that it would be easy, and at first, it was. They only had to drive out a colony of stupid ores and continue going down.

But each floor had an absurd increase in difficulty, and now they were facing golems that had the power and speed of an average Duke.

The only reason they even managed to win unscathed was that Neun was quite powerful herself and had become even stronger recently. But at this rate, it would be hard.

He could already imagine that they might face top-level dukes deeper in. This made him understand now how his ancestor managed to face the elves back then. This was indeed a top-level defense.

"Hahaha. With all of this, surely the treasure will be equally good, right?"

He was excited like never before about the possible reward that would come.

"Still, I didn't know you guys could change into full wolves."

He looked at his bestial companion with wonder. For all they were called beasts, war beasts, or beast-men, they only had some animal traits even when they entered their berserk mode.

It was the first time for him to see a true full transformation. In this form, Neun looked like a giant wolf and was quite threatening.

"We normally can't. I just managed to reach deeper than many."

This was the power she had witnessed when her king fought the usurper, and now she once again felt like she was closer to this ideal.

Soon, just a little more, and she might be able to become a King.

Then...

Divine punishment or not, she would enact her vengeance.

No matter the cost. Even if it was her own soul.

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#### **Chapter 483: CH 444: SURPRISE**

In the end, the other traps were no match for them. After all, those golems may have physical strength and speed matching a Duke. But without an actual Zone, they were nothing more than slightly stronger units.

Reinforcement/Cladding/Intent/Zone.

The golem lacked absolutely all the essential steps that could make one grow stronger even while fighting. Only by relying on their sturdy material could they match a Duke.

'This is absolutely fucking nut.'

Acht marveled every time he saw one of those Golem. Those could only be considered as masterpieces.

How did they find such material and work with it? What about the artificial intelligence that was implemented?

"Hahaha. I have been underestimating the old dwarves too much. It seems like they followed a branch of machinery that focused more on those golems."

The only race he had seen focus on artificial intelligence until now were angels. How could he ever think that his ancestors were so ingenious even one thousand years ago?

Finally, they reached the last room. Both Neun and Acht were unscathed but they were still a little tired.

After all, they have been fighting non-stop for a while. It was worth noting that while a few golems had stats comparable to Duke, the majority were far inferior.

Even then, by making use of the sturdiness of their bodies they could tank many hits.

"What is this material?"

"Orichalcum."

This was a metal that was extremely conductive of magic. It was extremely rare even in the Astral realm and it could be used to exponentially increase a strike from the one holding it. It could also passively absorb mana from the surrounding and convert it into energy.

"Hahahah. Holy Shit. We struck rich!"

Acht looked at the metal that served as the 'heart' of those golems and compared it to the one from his memory. This metal was extremely rare even in the Astral realm. It wasn't something anyone could acquire.

'So this is the secret of this facility. If all the golem have a heart made from this then magic reserve would never be a problem.'

This 'heart' was in function no different from the core of a divine beast. Albeit at an incredibly lower level.

The one who created this clearly took inspiration from them and created something similar. If this concept was applied to the whole fortress, this would mean that they had essentially created an eternal and perpetual functioning dungeon.

As long as Mana existed, the golem would self-repair and take care of the dungeon and the dungeon would extract the energy necessary.

He also understood now why there were so many colonies of ore and other magical beasts. As they all released mana unconsciously this mana would also be absorbed and used to sustain the dungeon.

This would pause no arm to the inhabitant and would assure a perfect continuity.

'This is revolutionary. With something like this as the base, it wouldn't be impossible to even reach the angels in technology if it had been continued.'

As a scientist and researcher, he felt pain in his gut just thinking about how this lost technology had been gathering dust here for thousands of years.

It was his duty to restore this legacy.

Of course, if he got something on the way then it was a bonus.

"Well, let's face the last room and see what it has to offer."

All of this was good. But it could only benefit a civilization. What he needed was something that could increase his own power.

Placing his hand on the door handle, he slowly pushed the door open.

But it was then....

"Ugh!"

Both Neun and Acht groaned when they felt something akin to a scythe coiling right around their neck. Even though they could not see the source of this power, they could feel it perfectly well.

Someone was warning them to not move. Someone was telling them that they would die if they took one more step forward.

'What is this pressure!?!'

Acht could not believe this. He was a powerful Duke and while he might be quite cowardly at him, he had faced the full brunt of the aura of many other Dukes and even King.

But this had never caused him such dread. It was as if there was absolutely no way for him to win or even escape.

Neun was not feeling any better. But she was truly a warrior. Her hand slowly reached for her blade. But she stopped when she felt the pressure on her suddenly double.

"Show yourself!"

\*Step\*

The sound of footsteps reached them. Slow, measured, and steady. Those were the steps of someone confident in his or her own strength. Who did not even try to hide?

"My, oh my. I have been wondering who we would find in this place. But I would have never thought that this would be you two."

Acht turned around and looked at the source of the pressure that had been pushing them down.

Golden hair, blue eyes, and a still somewhat young appearance. On his clothes was the crest of a snake eating its own tail and a phoenix.

There was no doubt about this. There was only one person who matched all this. In fact, they remembered his face clearly even if they didn't want to.

The Prince and future king of Luxuria.

The Sole ruler of Humanity.

Sol Dragona Luxuria.

'We are fucked.'

Acht could only feel despair and feel his heart sink at this situation. There was no solution.

He knew very well that the reason their boss was down from the count was because of the boy in front of them.

Even if he had 'cheated' and used some external source of power, this did not diminish his accomplishment.



"Fancy meeting you here. Why don't we have a friendly chat?"

Acht gulped. He had the deep impression that this chat would in no way be very friendly.

But what else could he say?

"We are more than happy to listen."

Not like they had a choice.

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

#### **Chapter 484: CH 445: SHORT FIGHT**

Sol chuckled at the look of pure and unadulterated fear the dwarf was giving off in each and every one of his actions. It was hilarious to imagine that these two beings were the ones who actively participated in the chaos that had wrought unimaginable destruction and unrest in the capital of his very own kingdom not long ago and that he had a hard time fighting even against one of their weakest members back then.

Now, deleting these people would only amount to an afterthought for him. But this wasn't why he was here right now. He could now understand why Fate showed him that this would be an important milestone for both Setsuna and Lilin.

Acht was the one who fought against Lilin and Nuwa back then. Despite their best efforts, the fight merely ended up in something that could neither be called a loss nor a victory- a draw of sorts, in the end. But, all things considered, they would have died if Camelia hadn't activated the barrier back then so it could only be counted as a loss on their part.

Meanwhile, the blue wolf that was looking at him with wariness but still a desire to fight seemed to be Setsuna's instructor and guardian in the past. During that night, Setsuna had been absolutely bested on all levels by her teacher.

He wondered what would be the result now.

"Before we start, why don't we finish some things first."

Sol pointed at the door and, walking past them, he entered the last and largest room of the dwarven labyrinth. It was a wonder how something like this could exist so far underground. The room felt more like a giant stadium with even the ceiling being several meters above their head.

But in the end, all eyes could only lock at the end of the room, which was the most eye-catching spot in the room as well.

A colossus, a giant golem that seemed to be more than 6 meters tall in height was standing there... immobile. It had a completely humanoid shape though from the proportions they were able to see it seemed more akin to a dwarven robot than your typical human. It made sense since the inventor of this robot was a dwarf, after all. Every creator would always try to make their best creation in their own image.

[Beep! Detecting challengers]

A red light flashed from the depths of the immobile machine and the dwarven golem churned to life with radio noises and a warning delivered in the most mechanical of tones. Rumble-!

The ground started to shake as the golem stood up from its previous position and Sol was forced to look up even more to be able to take in the full majesty of this gargantuan creation of steel and magic.

[Beep! Combat mode activated!]

"Hahaha."

Ignoring the two members of the Wings of Freedom, Sol strode forward with a large smile on his face.

Robots and cars were a man's romance and this was really something Sol never thought he would see in this medieval world; far away from the civilization of the modern world.

'The Dwarf King of that period should be a Reincarnator or at the very least, related to one.'

[Beep! Challenger, do you want the treasure of our King? He hides it somewhere here. I congratulate you for coming this far.]

'One Pie...? Yep definitely a Reincarnator.'

There was no other way to explain all of this and the cringy dialogue that was added at the end. But all of that did not matter to him right now. He could just slowly learn everything about this new senior of his later on.

What mattered now though was rather simple and straightforward,

"Let's warm up a little, shall we?"

Sol took off his shirt, exposing his chiseled musculature, and rushed in toward the giant golem. He did not fill his body with Mana. But simply went at it with no protection at all... bareback was how you do it when you were a real man.

It was a fight of epic proportion for the onlookers, but for him, it was nothing more than a way to waste his time pummeling mediocre opponents in the Mortal Realm. He would simply use this opportunity to channel his raw and animalistic passion and use the robot as a recipient for all of that energy and frustration he had stored during the days of his governance.

BOOM-!

Acht's eye twitched slightly when he felt the giant shockwave born from the prince receiving the full brunt of a hit of that Golem with its giant hammer.

The Golem was showing a power far superior to all the previous creations they had faced combined. This was without a doubt an aura that was close to what a top-level Duke should be capable of. As if that wasn't enough, it seemed that, unlike the earlier ones, this one was completely able to manipulate and use Mana at will to the cladding part at the very least. Even though it lacked a domain, this simple fact made the golem innumerable times stronger than any other creation of this realm.

Acht knew one thing though... If he had faced this golem, even with his full power, the only result would have been an embarrassing defeat or even possible death.

But...

"What the fuck?"

"Hahahah!! Hit me more! You are barely tickling me!"

"What the hell I am looking at?"

"More! More! Don't disappoint me!"

Acht could scarcely believe the fight that was preceding in front of him. In fact, could this even be called a fight?

The hammer's swings were mighty, and the power packed in the hulking frame of the robot was immense and unfathomable.

Crack-

The hammer began to crack. "Fuck."

Acht cursed again in a low voice. At the sight of the hammer slowly breaking down each time it hit the prince's body.

Even though the hammer was probably made from Adamantium and Orichalcum as well as other precious and sturdy metals, it seemed like it was unable to go through the perverse defense of this prince.

The boy was not even using mana, this was the result of the pure reaction force the hammer had to support each time it hit against the sturdy body of the boy.

'Just how strong is his body?'

If he had any idea about fleeing while the prince was busy, now all those ideas had vanished from his mind altogether.

'Still, why is it another battle freak?'

The way the prince was laughing and even holding back in order to better enjoy the fight made him think of Zwei- that crazy Oni.

He didn't know where she was currently but he was sure that only chaos followed this woman wherever she went.

A few minutes later, as well as many, many explosions in between, Acht and Neun approached the wreckage of what had once been a mighty golem.

Sitting on the pile of scrapes was none other than the prince who was showing a disappointed look on his immaculate face.

"I should have been more careful with my punches."

Sol ignored them as he looked at the robot before finally sighing, This had been quite an enjoyable fight. Without a doubt, he would ask Theresa to help him restore it. Perhaps even add things like transformation mode or super beam. He didn't know if it was possible but it was worth trying.

"Well. Now that I had my moment of fun, I believe it's time to have a discussion with you two."

He finally looked down at the two of them. From their perspective, all they could see was a cold and menacing gaze that seemed to have absolutely no regard for even their existence.

"I will be honest. I simply wanna kill you now and be done with it or torture you guys to wash the affront you caused to my Kingdom. But as a magnanimous King, I will give you two a choice."

He lifted a finger and a large insidious smile filled his face,

"One. Each of you will fight someone that I will designate to you. If you win, then I will just imprison you. There will be no torture involved. I promise this on my name and title as the future king of Lustburg."

He then lifted another finger,

"Or two... Die right here and now. Either way, I have a necromancer in my group. So we can ask any questions we have directly to your soul."

Acht clicked his tongue. He did not bother asking stupid questions like, why should we trust you? The situation was clear for all to see and in reality, there was no other way.

"I accept."

Sol shrugged and looked at the blue wolf, "What about you?"

Neun, unlike Acht, was not intimidated. She did not fear death. Never did, never will.

"Who will I fight and why? I would rather die than be a source of your entertainment."

"You will fight Setsuna and serve as her stepping stone."

The blue wolf closed her eyes before going to the ground on one knee and bowing to Setsuna while speaking in a clear and concise tone. "I accept." Her life belonged to her king and her princess. Her goal may have changed, but this reality would never change.

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#### **Chapter 485: CH 446: REVENGE MATCH (I)**

The order Sol gave to them was clear and concise. They had to fight the opponents designated to them to survive and avoid the worst possible outcome- annihilation.

What Acht could not understand though was... why?

Why not simply crush them here and now when he had the chance? Why not simply use his overwhelming power to make them do even the most heinous things imaginable and bring them endless suffering for what they did to him and his Kingdom?

Weren't they his enemies? Acht was sure that if he caught someone he considered an enemy like this, he would make sure to make him or her suffer the worst possible consequence as he looked on with glee at their sufferings.

But gazing into Sol's eyes, he was startled to realize that he could see no happiness in having caught them in this place and at such an opportune moment. He saw no joy in the prospect of torturing them and honestly, there was barely even the hint of any emotions that could be seen in those cold, indifferent, and unfeeling eyes of his.

"Why don't you hate us?"

The question spilled out of his mouth without him meaning to and he couldn't help but instantly regret that action...

Why did he have to open his large mouth and say stupid things like that? Wouldn't it be simpler for them to take care of this situation as was ordered by the prince and just walk away when they fulfilled his conditions? Why the fuck did he do that?

"Why?"

Acht shuddered when he felt Sol's gaze settle on his body. There was still no hostility in his gaze. Only honest confusion before those blue eyes were filled with a look of faint mockery.

"Not only did you do nothing to me... But why would I hate inconsequential people such as you? Feeling hatred toward people beneath me is just a waste of time. Don't you think so, puny dwarf?"

Acht gasped slightly before gritting his teeth in anger and frustration. He wanted to mock the prince for his arrogance but realized that they were indeed completely helpless in front of him right now...

"Do not take this personally. I just need the two of you to be good stepping stones for my two beautiful companions. You should know them already by the way. Setsuna and Lilin." Acht's wounds throbbed at the mention of that accursed name. He still vividly remembered the fight he had with that crazy young woman.

The fight had been in his favor from start to finish. But in the middle, because he underestimated just how much damage that snake girl could take and how fierce the secret skills of the girl called Lilin was, he nearly got offed in just one strike from her sword.

Even then, this attack was still haunting his body and soul and giving him sustained damage throughout.

"During the fight, every hit is permitted. You can even go for the kill if you like. In fact, I will be sorely disappointed if you two hold back for one reason or another."

He turned his gaze over to Neun and spoke, "The last time you saw Setsuna, the two of you had a very interesting discussion, right? I am sure she will have an answer for you now."

A chuckle escaped his lips as he gazed at them with mirth and amusement evident in his eyes, "Now go up, meet them outside, and fight. If you survive this fight, my promise will still stand."

He waved his hands as if he was chasing away buzzing flies. Acht bristled slightly at this treatment but there was nothing he could do against that as he was simply too weak to even hold a candle in front of the prince.

Neun showed no particular reaction to his demeaning actions. In the first place, she did not care about humiliation whatsoever. She wouldn't have bothered living such a shameful life in the enemy camp if she had any regard for humiliation. At this moment, she was simply thinking about what she would do once she stood in front of the princess once again.

Their last meeting had not ended on a good note and she was still determined to follow her in her own way.

In the end, she could only walk out alongside Acht, leaving Sol alone in the main room.

Sol stood up and looked at the horizon, his eyes shimmered as the strings of fate once again appeared in front of him. He could see them moving, intertwining, and resulting in different outcomes that spiraled into endless possibilities.

'This feeling is quite euphoric, huh...'

He could now understand why Skuld liked to be so mysterious about everything. There was a certain feeling about being able to 'see' and manipulate the future that could never be explained in mere words.

Be it during his fight against Nihil and Surtr or the way he orchestrated the final events that led to Lilith's evolution, Sol felt like the entire universe was in some ways moving and responding to his every whim.

He was like a movie director, deciding the script in advance and choosing the actors to play the roles as he watched from the sides.

Or like an author, writing a story and moving every event as he wished and controlling everything as his heart desired.

The more he did so, the more he felt like he could hear the echoes of his name slowly rising up and settling in the distance.

He looked up... A new play was about to end and he had the most intimate intuition that by making one last play, he would finally be able to find what his True Name was. And doing so... would allow him to really step foot in the realm of the King.

'I think the War will be the best stage for me to finally become a King.'

This would be the largest stage created by his own means and bringing few of the strongest beings in this mortal world.

Perhaps the ultimate play before the full conquest of this realm. This was indeed the perfect stage for him to breakthrough.

He laughed and jumped off the humongous pile of scrap that was the robot from before.

It was time to find this so-called treasure.

If it was some BS feeling of friendship he swore he would raze this place to the ground.

Meanwhile, when Acht and Neun finally walked out of the dungeon and stepped into the forest once again, they were greeted by two women waiting for them.

One was a young blue-haired young girl with wolf hair and a tail. The other was a purple-haired young girl with a pair of horns sticking out of her head that gave her an eerie charm. Setsuna and Lilin.

The two had stoic expressions plastered on their faces, even as they looked at their foes. They perfectly remember the feeling of humiliation and depression that haunted them after they woke up at the hospital; defeated by the pair of enemies that they now had to face once more.

Be it Setsuna or Lilin, they had both sworn that they would one day avenge this humiliating defeat.

It seemed like this day had finally come for them.

"Princess."

Placing her hand on her sword, Setsuna stood up from her sitting position on her knees and started to walk away.

"Let's find some space to duke it out."

She was focused, her eyes betrayed no emotion other than a desire for growth and victory.

Neun bowed lightly to Setsuna's fading back and started to follow her in silence, leaving Acht and Lilin alone.

Silence settled between the two remaining individuals as even the sound of their steps could not be heard resounding in the distance.

Acht wondered what would be his chances of survival if he simply surrendered now. But he could feel that this would not end well for him.

'Very well. Do you think I only like being played around?'

He took out pills and started chewing on them. It was something Drei had made long before leaving. It could temporarily alleviate the pain and let him use his full power.

"Shall we dance?"

Light flickered and two guns appeared in his hand.

To those words, Lilin scoffed, "The only man I will ever dance with is Sol."

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

#### **Chapter 486: CH 447: REVENGE MATCH (2)**

"Now now, young lady. I see that you have grown quite a bit in the time that we haven't seen each other. But by how much though? This time you won't have a meat shield to protect you, right? I wonder just how long you will be able to last without that partner of yours."

The wind stirred as the two Dukes stood face to face with each other, eyes emitting murderous desire for each other's lives. Acht hid the uneasiness in his heart by acting in the best way he knew.

Acting cocky as fuck.

Even though he was mocking her openly, his eyes were analyzing every movement of his opponent. He remarked quite distinctively how she had essentially erased the distance between the two of them and nearly taken him out in one slash the last time they had collided.

Tension ran through the depth of his eyes as he carefully analyzed his opponent. His weapons had gone through a complete overhaul as Nihil had shared some of the technology she remembered from her time as an angel with him. The results were more than satisfactory and the power behind each shot had been amplified by a great magnitude. They were far more potent than ever.

Lilin, meanwhile, was more than a little nonchalant. She remembered her defeat even though she had been fighting with Nuwa as a support. She had been bested by her opponent in the end and nearly died if not for the intervention of her mother.

Many times after the defeat she had gritted her teeth even as she swung her sword, ready to avenge this humiliation. Many times the dreams of the defeat and it haunted her soul and made her feel a ruthless sense of anger surge within herself.

But now that she stood in front of Acht once again, she realized one thing.

"I will win."

Of that, she had no doubt. This was an absolute reality. She didn't just have the confidence that she would win. She was absolutely and completely certain that this battle would only end in her victory over her foe.

Her hand around her sheath tightened and she slowly flicked the handle with her thumb.

Waiting in silence, unmoving, she gazed at her opponent. Like a silent wall ready to stand forever without moving, her aura and her stance were unwavering and unparalleled.

Mana started gushing from them, causing the ground to start shaking slightly and the wind around them to move faster and more violently than ever before.

In the end, the first one to crack under the pressure and make the first move was none other than Acht himself.

Bang! Bang!

Two bullets were shot at lightning-fast speed but Lilin reacted even before the sound of the shots reached her ears as though she had already predicted their trajectory even before they left the barrel.

The moment Acht pressed the trigger, she was already two steps closer to him and avoided the bullets with just a simple movement of her head.

Her purple eyes shone and flashed eerily for a brief moment as she watched Acht also move two steps backward along with her; clearly intent on keeping a certain distance between the two of them.



'Does he remember the distance I had traveled during the previous confrontation?'

If that was to be the case then it was quite impressive. Even she did not remember exactly how much and how far she could travel back then.

"Hehe little lady, isn't this nostalgic? Back then as well, you showed your reach too easily, denoting your lack of experience from the start."

Acht chuckled, even though the girl had clearly grown, it had not even been two full months since they attacked Lustburg.

It was one thing for the prince to grow so much since he went to the Astral Realm. But this was clearly impossible for anyone else to reproduce such a feat even more if they remained in the Mortal Realm and didn't have abundant time to grow.

The fight between them started in earnest as Acht placed different runes and talismans on his equipment that allowed him to move slightly faster and deeper into the depths of the forest. This was the best place for a sniper like him and he planned to make full use of that advantage with no hesitation whatsoever.

Even as he moved he would make sure to shoot regularly at Lilin to keep her in check but he knew that such a thing would not succeed, in the end.

As he thought, Clang' Clang' Clang', the sound of bullets facing the metal edge of her swords filled his ears again and again.

It looked as if, no matter how much he shot at her, she would parry and even slice through all of his attacks. Furthermore, she was also refusing to move from the place she had been standing since the start.

Running like never before, Acht finally managed to hide far into the forest, behind the thick ravine of trees and bushes.

Slowly steadying his heartbeat, he made sure to not breathe or make any sound, lest he would be found out by his opponent.

'She is definitely stronger and calmer than in the past. This is an admirable growth, but that wouldn't be enough to defeat me.'

He briefly debated trying to flee now. But even at this moment, he could feel the aura of the prince somewhere out there. It seemed like he was still present and observing them.

'Ugh...'

Putting his back against the tree, Acht caressed the ring on his finger and nine rifles with intricate designs appeared floating in the air.

Those were the same rifles he had used back then but far more destructive. One blast should be enough to wipe out a part of this forest. The only drawback was that the durability was compromised.

But honestly, this was the least of his worries right now.

Crouching on the ground, with one rifle in hand quietly aiming at his target, a grin formed on his face.

[Zone: Mind's Eyes]

At that instant, his eyes emitted a golden glow as the world around him began to change.

Zones could appear in all kinds of shapes and effects.

Some zones only affected the users, while others affected the surrounding, or simply created another effect altogether.

The zone that belonged to Acht was born from his understanding of what was supposed to be a sniper and his own nature.

Rather, it allowed him to amass an incredibly large amount of information and create a map of his surroundings in his own mind. The increase in perception allowed him to process that information at a speed hundreds of times faster than normal.

Thanks to this, as long as his target was in his zone, he did not have to 'see' them and could shoot them from anywhere without even showing himself.

His mistake back then had been underestimating the girl and showing himself when he should have simply ended her in one go.

[Target Locked]

Immediately, everything became as clear to him as if he had been blind all along.

He popped a pill in his mouth to calm down the aching pain that was slowly growing and once again aimed at his unsuspecting prey.

'This time I will end you in one shot. See you never bitch.'

Acht pressed the trigger and the moment he did so, through the visor, he saw Lilin looking directly at him, with a smile on her face.

At the same time, the bullet, which was more akin to a laser beam, traveled at a speed nearly that of a falling lightning bolt before reaching his target.

BOOM!!

Acht closed his eyes as everything was engulfed in the debris of a large explosion.

The sky became darker as the fire started to spread everywhere.

Acht could feel his heart beating powerfully inside of his chest.

This shot had been even more powerful than he had anticipated.

But this didn't matter. As long as he could incapacitate her, he could perhaps use her as a hostage to flee.

He started moving while staying slightly hidden behind the wildlife in order to not compromise his position.

'Did I get her?'

Feeling no answer, he couldn't help but start doubting himself.

But... when the wind moved away the cloud that was covering her, he could see Lilin standing still in the same place as the one at the start.

Everything was reduced to cinders.

Everything except a certain perimeter around her.

"I guess it's time for me to fight back?"

The grin she formed on her face made him think of Sol and he started to question if all the royal family members of Luxuria had a screw loose in their head.

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

#### **Chapter 487: CH 448: REVENGE MATCH (3)**

Looking at how Lilin was absolutely unscathed despite his destructive attack, Acht couldn't help but feel a shiver of terror and despair run down his spine, making him tremble to his very core.

Hastily standing up from his position, he immediately moved away and each time, he would move himself into a new place and attack her with a new barrage of his weapons of mass destruction.

His bullets were powerful and extremely deadly, the entire patch of the forest ground that the battle was ensuing on was being reduced to nothing but ashes in a ferocious sea of flames as the bullets detonated in Lilin's direction. Each attack was more unpredictable than the other and Acht didn't forget to superimpose the power of the bullets to create more and more havoc and annihilation in the general direction of his opponent.

His territorial zone whirred at its full capabilities and even went beyond, giving him the precise position that was most suitable for him to shoot at, the best angles to deal the greatest damage, and the right amount of energy that he needed to deliver to reach the utmost efficiency of all of his ammunition and capabilities.

This made each attack a perfect shot that would have brought down most dukes and even a team of ordinary dukes with the amount of ammunition he had spent till now.

Sadly for him... Lilin, despite being newly promoted to the Duke rank was in no way an average existence at this rank. He didn't know how but whenever he attacked her, she would simply be left completely unscathed. Not even a speck of dust could touch her body. It was astonishing and terrifying.

"Just how is this possible?"

Crouching against a tree far away from Lilin, with his chest heaving up and down clearly a little too fast to be normal, he muttered to himself. He couldn't believe and couldn't comprehend what the hell was happening right now.

His body was covered in sweat and his mana reserves were consumed by more than 40% with his previous continuous barrage of attacks. That was the breadth of the power and energy he had been using for those deadly attacks.

But even all of that, his best and most ruthless methods, seemed completely and utterly useless against Lilin.

'This is... Had it even been a trimester?'

He realized that he had underestimated the girl's potential by a long margin. Her growth and the evolution of her powers were too fast, too abnormal to even be considered in the realm of possibilities. This definitely did not match the records they had learned about her in the past. It was completely unprecedented and made utterly no sense whatsoever.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck!!!'

It was upsetting and truly enraging to see someone he could bully at will, and who needed a companion to barely confront him, now surpass him so easily in such a short amount of time.

He hated this feeling of powerlessness that he was forced to feel. Especially so as the one giving him this feeling was none other than Lilin.

'Don't fuck with me, you bitch!'

The pain in his soul resurged once again along with those thoughts, warning him of his possible outcome in case of prolonged confrontation with the dangerous girl. However, at the same time, that pain which made even his soul shiver in fright made way for a murderous rage to grow inside of him... He was unable to control the anger in his heart any longer and it heavily impacted his emotions and psyche.

Indeed, Acht was really, really angry right now. The fact that a person that was inferior to him could become superior was nauseating and absolutely despicable to him.

He wished for nothing more than to wipe out the smug grin on her face but there were few things he could really do at this juncture.

"Din't you say that it was your turn to attack now? Why are you not attacking, you whore?"

He screamed and cursed loud enough that Lilin could hear him loud and clear, reminding her of her old words and seemingly trying to taunt her. In reality, however, he was just trying to find a way to pass more time and decide on a plan of action he could pursue to get out of this situation.

Even though it hurt to admit, he was completely outmatched and the difference in power between them was vast and simply undeniable.

As such, rather than complaining, Acht tried to find an opening and bring her down in the fastest and most efficient way possible. But no matter how he thought about it, there was nothing he could come up with at this juncture.

Even though she was standing still and unmoving from her stance, he felt like he was facing some kind of rock. No matter from where he shot her, she was able to block his attack one way or another and he couldn't even detect how she was able to do it.

"Haha. Do you remember? The events of that night?"

A quiet laugh escaped her lips even as she looked up, her hands resting on her sword, in a languid and relaxed position.

It didn't look like she was fighting a Duke. More like she was simply playing around with some puny mortal.

"I have never felt so humiliated as I have on that night, you know?"

Lilin was still calm and her voice even and soothing, "Everything was new. Everything was a discovery. I was absolutely destroyed even though we were two fighting against one. There was no hope, only the avenue for despair."

Lilin could still remember how Acht soloed both her and Nuwa. It had been a brutal fight and this had resulted in many losses on their sides.

But nothing could compare to the psychological trauma that situation had brought to her...

"Thanks to a friend, I managed to climb back up from the depression of that horrifying loss and find the desire once again to fight."

'Bitch, stop speaking already.'

He took aim once again, this time with a normal bullet rather than his most powerful explosive one...

Thanks to this decision, he was actually able to get a close glance at everything that was happening when the bullet reached her vicinity.

She wasn't just fast. He was sure that her movements were nearly instantaneous and he could not even understand what happened or how the speed she reached was possible to be enacted before everything finished and the bullet was slashed into nothingness.

"In the past, you felt like someone incredibly strong. Someone who I would have a hard time surpassing in all my life. But now I realize- aren't you a little too weak? I guess I was just as weak back then and even more ignorant."

'You!'

Acht nearly cursed out loud subconsciously at those provoking words. He could feel the verbal attack land directly on his guts and he certainly did not like it a single bit.

"Feeling angry?"

Acht instinctively tried to move but a high pressure and all-encompassing killing intent made sure to keep him grounded and immobile; not letting him take even a single step from his position.

"You know, it's very important to listen quietly and not fight when someone is speaking. Where are your manners?"

"How..."

He could not understand. Once again he was completely lost about just what the hell was going on here.

"Distance is meaningless for me. I have transcended them."

She sighed and pushed her sword open with her hands and placed it close to Acht's neck,

"I am honestly disappointed. There are so many things I wanted to try out in this battle. At the same time, I am extremely happy. But now, I realize... You are indeed so very weak... So now, why don't you just die quietly... please...?"

Her gaze was apathetic even as she spoke word by word. She felt no joy nor anger at finally taking the enemy's head. She clearly remembered the tears of frustration she shed on the day she woke up on the hospital bed after the miserable defeat she had faced at the same guy's hands. They were like the distant past now...

"Wait! I have intel that could be useful. I will..."

"Not interested."

'Ah...'

It felt like flowing water. Acht did not even realize that the very last moment of his life had come before him even as he felt his vision start to darken.

He finally realized that he was dying in real time.

He was unreconciled, there were so many things he wished to do in his life. So many goals he had in mind. So many things that he wished to accomplish.

Sadly for him... This was the end for him.

His head fell on the ground loudly and blood flew all around and splattered on the surrounding. The turbulent streams of blood would have covered Lilin's face but before they could even reach her... they vanished into nothingness as soon as they entered her sword domain.

Now, as she looked at the corpse of the person she considered her lifelong enemy and the first true source of defeat she had ever faced, Lilin felt like a weight had finally been taken off her chest.

Her mind felt clearer and her whole body felt lighter. Now that she had slain her past, she could look forward to a bright future ahead.

Walking up to the severed head, Lilin took it by the hair before starting to walk away from the plain with slow and carefree steps.

She only needed the head for Isis to perform soul reading or whatever that skill was called. The skill would allow the caster to receive a certain quantity of information from the dead. Having a necromancer on their side was always good for these occasions.

She had left behind her a place filled with fire, dust, and ashes of the world surrounding her, but when she looked in the direction of Setsuna's fight, all she could see was endless ice and falling snow.

"I wonder what decision you will make.."

It was still left to be seen.

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 488: CH 449: POWER OF NATURE (I)**

A few moments ago, after Setsuna and Neun moved away from the other two, the two wolf girls started running in the forest with a grace and speed that could hardly be replicated by average existences on their level.

"I see that the princess has not forgotten the lessons I taught you about stealth..."

Setsuna ignored the words coming out of Neun's mouth and focused entirely on simply moving faster and with more dexterity, avoiding everything that could slow her down or make any sounds of her steps.

It was a silent run but the two of them knew very well that this might be the last time they run together. Like this, they traveled a few hundred meters away before finally stopping at a seemingly endless barren plain. They gazed at each other, their eyes full of meaningful emotion as they locked onto each other and didn't leave each other's gazes.

In the end, the first one to speak was none other than Neun herself. There were simply so many things that she wanted to convey to Setsuna. So many things she wanted to ask about her, and those thoughts and emotions made everything all the more painful for both her and Setsuna.

"How has life been for you, princess?"

"I am not a princess anymore, you know... You don't need to call me that..."

"No matter what your current position is... You will always be the one and only princess in my eyes."

She placed her hand on her hips and reached for her sword... As her stance changed, so did her eyes... going cold as though the chill of an endlessly cold plain rested on her eyes...

"This is why I beg you... Please, princess... Move away from here, I do not wish to hurt you more than I need to. It only prolongs my pain and suffering..."

Setsuna bit her lips tightly at her words... An endless volley of lightning started to flash and zap around her frame as she took her sword out of the sheath in one clean motion... It was an indication that she would not be hearing any more of Neun's blabbers... It was an indication for the start of their battle...

Slight traces of disappointment lingered in Neun's despondent-looking eyes, but she concealed them as soon as they came and looked at Setsuna with an apathetic expression on her face.

The two women stood equal distance apart, weapons drawn, and their bodies fully covered in mana. One was showing a deep, raging silvery white hue of mana mixed with blue electricity, while the other held on to an apathetic expression as a bluish watery hue of aura covered her body alongside calm traces of windy notes of mana.

Setsuna was a Storm Wolf, whose ability allowed her to have innate control over wind, lightning, and water. Meanwhile, Neun was only a Blue Wolf. She normally should have only been able to use water. But her mastery and talent helped her bring forth and awaken a second element, allowing her to control it in full.

Silence fell in the surroundings once again. For Setsuna, only the sound of her heartbeat filled her own ears, and everything else fell into a lull.

She could feel it. Neun had become even stronger than she had been the last time they faced each other. The only way for her to have a chance to win against her would be to find her domain. But she was already finding her way in.

'Flash.'

She had gotten rid of all showy movements and excess notes of circulation; only pure speed remained as lightning brought her forward like a rocket toward her opponent.

It only took her one step to reach close to Neun, but for this reason, all her senses became even more alert than before. She knew very well that she had entered her domain and on the reach of Neun's powers, and as she thought...

Calm Sea j

It felt like she was now standing inside a lake. Everything became meaningless, and everything felt like it should stop in front of the calming undulations of the endless sea...

Even though Setsuna had been moving fast, she immediately moved sideways and managed to avoid a downward slash that could have cleaved her head in two had she been hit by it.

The motion was not the end of her ordeal. Like a dance, Neun's sword would move in endless and chaotic motions, and Setsuna would avoid it, all this while turning around her and trying to pierce through her domain.

'I got her.'

She finally managed to reach the place that she believed to be Neun's blind spot and moved hurriedly for the kill, ready to tear her previous instructor apart with her sword.

Clang'

For the first time since the start of this fight, the swords of the two wolf girls finally clashed.

Agile Like the Surging Wind j

Moving and turning at an impossible angle, Neun managed to block the carefully timed strike that Setsuna had placed on her weak spot. At the same time, a hammer made of water manifested in the air before ruthlessly slamming down at her with inhuman speeds.

Boom - !

Setsuna managed to avoid the attack by taking a step back, but that was not nearly enough for her to miss the full brunt. The water, after striking the ground, changed form to look like two wolves and rushed at her with the speed of a vigorous cheetah.

"Begone!"



Setsuna howled, and thunder roared all around her, moving out of her body and relentlessly evaporating the two poor constructs into nothingness.

"Princess. Your mastery of lightning has certainly increased by a lot, the same with the way you use the sword. It's a beautiful growth. But if that's all you have learned in the time since we last saw each other on that night, I would be sorely disappointed, you know..."

Awooo~!

The wind started to stir, giving the impression that thousands of wolves were howling together and creating a hurricane of ever-surging pressure.

"Princess... Do you know why I love nature so much?"

Setsuna did not answer her, even as she watched the aura around Neun constantly swell to greater and greater heights.

Wind and water moved according to her whims, and the sky became dark and cloudy as even a sudden surge of rain seemed to be about to fall on their battlefield. One person alone was changing the laws of nature to fit her whims. The thought was both astonishing and terrifying...

"You see. Unlike the so-called Goddesses... Nature is unkind but also fair in its own particular way. It treats each and everyone equally."

She spoke gently, as if she was talking about her beloved of a thousand years.

"Nature is also unpredictable. It can be calm in one moment..."

She smiled at Setsuna before continuing her words...

"...Or it can show its wrath at the very next."

[Zone: Nature's Wrath]

The world changed, torrential rain started to pour from the sky in endless batches, as if wishing to bring the deluge, and the wind started to pick up even faster until it grew to the level of a veritable tornado.

"Princess, as descendants of the great Fenrir, we are all Harbingers of Calamity... Each of us in our own particular way, you see..."

Even as she manipulated the very force of nature to act on her whims, Neun was calm and indifferent and spoke in a tone without any hint of emotions. It was as if this raging sea and the tornado churning all around them were not the results of all the anger that was pent up inside the depths of her heart.

"Rage is our fuel. But rage does not control us."

Setsuna was astonished at the sight that had been presented to her by her once-beloved instructor. This was not the power a simple Duke should have in her hands. This was a power that was infinitely closer to the realm of a King-ranked being.

"For years, I moved relentlessly, accepted hundreds of humiliations and experimentations. All of this to obtain the power to bring death to the usurper and give back the throne to its rightful owner."

The apathetic expression lingering on her face never left as the violent and dormant wrath inside her heart kept swelling further and further and forced the world to change accordingly...

"With what kind of determination are you facing my wrath, Princess?"

This was a challenge for Setsuna.

"Please, dear princess... Do not die..."

Finally, under her control, nature expressed the wrath that was endlessly surging inside of her soul...

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

#### **Chapter 489: CH 450: POWER OF NATURE (2)**

Ever since she had lost everything she held dear on that fateful night, Neun, who had discarded her original name already, had been silently questioning herself... wondering in her mind just how she could take her revenge against the transgressors who made her life so hellish...

The reality of the matter was that even though she was a very talented swordswoman, all her life she had only worked as the maid and guard of Setsuna, the then royal princess of the Kingdom of Wratharis. Even though she had received training as a Kunoichi, it was hard to say that she was particularly superior to anyone else of her peers.

Neun did not think that she was particularly special and the reality was indeed the undeniable fact that she was an average existence among the beastmen. Blue wolves may be rare among all the demihuman beasts but they still existed in a rather large number. Having control over elements was great and all but it was not great enough to make her unbeatable and invincible in the world.

So... How could she ever be able to take her revenge? How could she really become stronger fast enough to face and take down the usurper that made her lose everything and stripped her of the purpose of her existence?

Grit and rage alone were not enough for her to achieve her desires. It would never be enough for her.

People did not become stronger simply because they faced despair. People did not become stronger just because they wished... There was nothing they could do in front of the potential of their existence... All of that was enough to bring endless despair to her life...

And in the midst of that despair... Neun met Drei. That was the day that her life truly changed as she made a contract she was sure she would never regret.

'Princess, just what will you show me now?'

Blood trickled past Neun's lips but she wiped it off without any change in expression on her beautiful yet stoic and apathetic face. She was inwardly sad that she had to face the princess, she served with all her being once upon a time, in such shoddy circumstances but if this encounter was enough to bolster her growth and make her even more powerful then it was all the better. She would gladly become her stepping stone to reach greater heights.

That was why, even though Setsuna was yet to become a Duke, Neun did not hold anything back, bringing the power of Calamity she had painstakingly managed to gleam through her bloodline resonance.

'Feel it please, princess. Feel my Truth and understand my ways. This will be the stepping stone you will need to accomplish what I have not been able to.'

All her life, she had been raised with only one goal. Protecting and serving the royal family.

The deal here was to care for all the members of the royal family. Even the usurper included. The identity of the King or Queen did not matter in that regard. A new Alpha taking the throne was the norm and they only needed to serve said Alpha without thinking much of their previous masters.

But her relationship with Setsuna and her father went far beyond the established norm. For her, he was like the father she never had and Setsuna was the capricious and slightly spoiled little sister she loved more than anyone and anything else in this rotten world.

Alongside her blood sister and her team of servants, they all made sure to protect Setsuna during that night even though it cost the life of everyone but her alone.

Now... Her time was very limited and even as she sharpened her blade to cut the throat of that usurper, she knew that her chances of success were very slim and may as well be close to none.

She had honestly given up all hope of killing that wretched being and seeing his fall. But now... Now she was starting to see the light of hope once more.

'That man...'

In the past, she did her research about the prince of Lustburg. After all, she knew her princess was now a slave of the prince. But the results had been meager.

After the attack on Lustburg, she had been left disappointed by the prince.

But now she knew she had judged things way too fast.

That boy was a literal monster of creation.

Even though she was so close to the King level. Even though she could take the most primal form of their bloodline... All her instincts were screaming at her a single and inevitable truth.

She could not win against him.

Fighting would be a death sentence for her.

Like a nebulous black hole... She could not grasp nor could she understand the true breadth of his powers.

Once she understood this, once she realized that fact, once she realized just what that implicated... Neun did not feel any fear anymore. She did not feel rage at the unfairness of the world nor did she despair at the futility of her sacrifice.

All she felt was immense glee at the ray of hope that person brought to her.

The princess would sign a contract with that man and Lustburg was at war against Wratharis.

She realized there and then that her goal, her deepest desire was almost about to be realized. This was why she accepted her incoming death with immense happiness.

Even if he was to behead her, she would die knowing that the Usurper would soon follow her to the underworld.

The only regret she may have had was not being able to see the princess one last time.

'Haha... Now I have a new regret.'

Her time was limited in this world, and as she felt the wrath burning inside her slowly but surely dissipate... so did her life... ever so surely. That was the clause of her contract...

And for that very reason, now she only had one wish.

'Please, princess. Let me witness your transformation.'

"Please, princess. Do not die."

Whoosh - !

Nature fell under her control and the very fabric of the world started to change as the rain and the wind mixed to bring birth to a veritable tornado sweeping everything on its way.

At the same time, Neun's body started to change. Her hair grew longer and longer until reaching her feet and her bones cracked, a beastly light covering her body, and the beautiful amazone-like woman was replaced by a Giant Blue Wolf.

In this form, manipulating calamity became even easier for her.

The tornado accelerated and the wind became so powerful that it seemed like it would erase the entire zone along with it.

Setsuna filled her body with as much Minna as possible but she was inevitably sucked in by the power of the ever-growing tempest.

As befitting of a power buffed by the zone, this was not a normal cataclysmic wrath of nature but one that was filled with the concept of destruction thanks to the power she had obtained from Ymir.

Breathing became hard for her with each growing second and Setsuna could even feel her skin slowly decaying as the protection of the mana over her body was being destroyed in real time.

She knew that if she did not fight back she would die.

And only by stopping the tornado could she survive.

Her survival instinct triggered and her mind worked on overdrive.

It was time for her to find her Truth and awaken her Zone.

It was a do-or-die situation and her only chance to prove herself to her beloved...

She had to cease it at all costs...

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

#### **Chapter 490: CH 451: THE MEANING OF 'SETSUNA'**

Even as the almighty tornado continued to suck her inside it, dizzying her with the speed at which she was being moved around by the swiftly circulating wind tunnels...

She felt sick to her core, a constant stream of damage being applied to her body and slowly breaking it down to pieces. She was sure that there were many more insidious concepts mixed in this deadly attack but she was not in the mind to find out what they were.

'Ah... Once again I am so hopeless in front of an enemy.'

She was sure that Sol was watching this fight from somewhere, keenly observing her actions. She was also sure that if she really fell in danger he would come and save her. She would never die no matter which turn this fight would take.

So, should she be happy to know that her life would never be in jeopardy?

'Fuck this shit!'

The mana around her body started going wild like a hungry beast as she fought to get back control of her body and limit the damage she was receiving from this wrathful force of nature.

She was not a damsel in distress who needed her prince to come and save her at the most opportune moment and make her swoon with his beautiful timing and charming way of rescue. She was a warrior and she was not willing to lose this fight.

'Sol trusts me...'

She would be given the important responsibility to be his glorious knight and representative in the future. She would fight at the forefront of the war and take care of an entire battlefield with a battalion under her control and authority.

All of that now hinged on how she would be dealing with the current situation and how much she evolved from this fight.

Failure was never an option for her. She refused to believe in that notion. She needed to, no, she had to win at all costs...

'But... How can I win?'

If she focused all her energy on her control over the lightning element, then she believed that she could accelerate herself enough to definitely escape this tornado storm she had been sucked into. But this would change nothing for her. It wasn't as if Neun was only capable of sending one tornado storm her way.

There was only one way for her to even the playing field between them... and that was to reach the Duke realm, right here and now.

Curling up her body like a ball, Sestuna brought out her own water and wind elements from inside her and covered her body entirely in those elements, creating what seemed like a protective cocoon.

This was the best way to protect herself as she thought up a solution and a method to attain victory over her opponent.

Mana condensed all around her and she slowly went back to her own consciousness to deeply ponder her options.

All she could see inside was a deep void above what looked like a lone gate standing in this endless void of her mindscape.

Sestuna knew that the formation of this gate was already an indication that she was going in the right direction. She could even see that the gate had slightly opened and was waiting for her to fully comprehend her Truth to fully open the gates.

But this slight opening was not enough for her to truly do anything in this fight. She did not just need a step in the right direction. She needed to reach her destination to annihilate her opponent and achieve a perfect victory.

What was her 'Truth?'

What were her strengths and weaknesses?

Sestuna thought back to the training she had done with Kali in Medea's world.

She was someone who had reached the power of destruction through her own understanding of the basic four elements. No matter how she thought about it, she was, without a doubt, someone worth all the respect in this world for that achievement alone. Just controlling the basic elements to sublimate the power of destruction was unprecedented.

Then... what about her?

Sestuna had already admitted it inside of her mind. That she was actually nothing special. She had nothing that could make her comparable to the true geniuses of the realms.

Her talents were amazing when thinking of them from a general perspective. But when faced with the true supernatural geniuses and monsters at the top of the pack, she was just someone slightly special that was barely able to distinguish herself from the mediocre populace.

This reality was something that had hurt her ego many times over but she had managed to accept that simple reality over time. But now, it was time for her to truly accept and surpass that reality to establish herself at the peak.

If so, then what did she want in reality?

Fight for Sol? Protect him? Avenge her father?

Sestuna sighed as she began to walk alone inside the darkness of this everlasting void in order to reach her Gate of Truth. She did not know when, but another woman had appeared next to her in this endlessly lonely and desolate plane.

Her features were impossible to distinguish but her exterior did not seem that much different from her own self.

As she walked further and further, images started to appear along the way one after the other. She easily recognized the first one. It was a picture of her as a child.

"This was a good time, wasn't it? Back then life was easy for you and everything you wished for was handed to you on a silver platter."

Setsuna smiled as she watched her younger, more spoiled, self. It was a time when she was still the Princess Sestuna and not Sestuna the Slave or Sestuna the Knight.

She passed this image of her over, causing it to dissipate on the horizon and more images to form.

The next image that greeted her was one she was just more than a bit familiar with. This was a picture that always greeted her in her nightmares and filled her with endless hatred and wrath.

"Sadly for you, Fate had something else in store. The indecision of your father, the ambition of your uncle, and finally the scheme and plans of the goddesses. It's hard to say that it's the fault of only one person... but the end results are there for all to see. On that night... You lost everything that you held dear."

Her father, in his giant wolf form, had fought alongside her mother against the usurper. Even though it deeply hurt her heart to admit it, the man was without a doubt extremely strong and worthy of his powers. He alone had managed to take on a King and someone who was not far behind the realm of a king without much of an issue and even landed a decisive and easy victory.

No matter how despicable he was, his power was the real deal and this was why she felt all the more frustrated inside of her mind.

Many more images started to follow soon after with no end in sight. One more blurry than the other, the images all kept showing the sight of a young girl running away from everything she had ever known. Venturing into the unknown. Fightings against her pursuers and the bandits along the way.

She could see herself crawling on the ground while clutching her stomach as hunger wrecked her body and mind.

She could also see her past self laying with her tongue out and her eyes hollow as she fought the effects of a poison she might have ingested while eating wild herbs.

This was... perhaps... the darkest period of her life. She nearly went completely feral during that time.

Death, hunger, powerlessness, depression, pain, and so much more.

So many negative emotions and sensations swirling in her mind, attacking her body, and corroding her will into nothingness.

The number of times she had thought of putting an end to her misery and simply dying was so numerous that they could not be counted with one's hands alone. But in the end, she held on and pushed through.

No matter how painful it was she held on.

Her life was not her own. Her life belonged to all those who sacrificed themselves to keep her alive.

She had to fight. She had to survive.

Those were the only feelings in her mind until she finally reached Lustburg.

It was there that she found... her destiny... her beloved... her will to move forwards...

She stopped as an image of a young blonde-haired boy walking into the church and excitedly asking her permission to touch her ears and tails appeared in front of her.

"Sol..."

"He was your salvation. The sun that illuminated your heart that had been filled with nothing but darkness and hatred. Had he not existed, you would have most likely become insane and done deeds that you could never even hope to imagine."

Setsuna caressed the head of the smaller Sol, causing the image to scatter in the air.

After this, more joyful images followed.

Her moments with Sol were always filled with happiness and she never forgot her objectives and goals. Then Lilin was also added into the mix, her first true friend and another source of joy in her life.

If Sol was the sun giving him the warmth she so desperately needed to live on and sustain her will, then Lilin was like the moon, guiding her even in the darkest hours of her life and paving her path forward with her gentle light.

Those two had forever changed her life. They opened her dead heart and made her feel the joy of living once again.

Her desire for vengeance never left her, but it did not become an all-encompassing desire that was destined to burn her whole.

She stopped seeking vengeance for vengeance's sake. She now sought that in order to reach a new and more beautiful life by severing her past and accepting her future with them. They finally arrived in front of her Gate of Truth.

Both Sestuna and the featureless figure stayed silent as they watched the humongous gate that was slightly opened.

"You now know what you want, right?"

Sestuna smiled. Her gate was filled with images. Images from the present, images from the past, and even images she could not really make sense of yet.

All those images seemed to fuse in a grand whole and create one great picture.

A Wolf howling at the Sun and the Moon at the same time.

"Instructor Kali once told me that in a long-forgotten language, my name had a certain meaning."



When he was younger Sol loved sharing this kind of knowledge with her. Kali was much the same and she would always talk about how her linguistic skills were useless in this plane. Even though she was not able to understand what she meant by that.

"In that foreign language, Sestuna means (An Instant! I [A moment] or even a 1A split second)..."

The figure looked in her direction and Setsuna gently caressed the gate that was starting to open under her touch.

"My name is Sestuna. Perhaps this is Fate, destiny, or whatever you wish to name it. But I represent an instant. The very moment between life and death. The very moment between victory and defeat. The very moment... to change my destiny..."

She laughed, remembering the new catchphrase that Lilin had obtained after she opened her Zone...

'Distance is meaningless for her huh... Then...'

"Time will be meaningless for me. Let me take an instant in time... and stretch it into infinity... and beyond."

A smile formed on the figure before it slowly dissipated into particles of light and entered the slowly opening gate.

Setsuna did not know what the figure was. Perhaps another self of hers? The personification of her fears and insecurities? Or perhaps something more?

It did not really matter.

"Thank you..."

Thanks to the figure... she had now found her path. The path to her 'Truth.'

Back in the real world, Neun watched with progressively more disappointment as she received no feedback from inside the tornado. 'Did the princess give up?'

She could not help but wonder in her mind.

It was then-

Awooo!!!

A howl that seemed like it could tear open the entire sky could be heard coining from within the tornado that had trapped Setsuna. The Rain and Wind were stopped as Ice and Snow started to take their place, freezing everything on its route.

And in that very 'instant'...

- 'Time' itself stopped moving...

[Zone: Eternal Memories]

[A Step into the Present : - : Fimbulvetr [1]