

Hero King 51

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 51: CH 46: DAILY LIFE OF A MAID

"Head maid, the breakfast is ready to be served."

"I see. I hope you avoided the things his highness did not like."

"Of course."

"Head maid, what about her majesty's breakfast?"

"Do as always. She isn't picky."

The maids snickered at the obvious difference in way she was acting. Despite that, none of them were particularly surprised. It wasn't the first time and it has been for more than ten years.

"Head maid, his highness is awake and is about to take a bath."

"Was the temperature set to ideal?"

"Yes."

"Who is the one on service today?"

"Two of the newbie and one who already served for about two years."

"Any of them already received His highness favors?"

The maid frowned as she took a notebook before checking the name.

"One of the newbies was part of a previous rotation and already received his favor. The other two did not."

One of the maids blushed heavily. Clearly, she was the one who already received the favor. The other two weren't better, anticipation could be seen in their eyes.

"I see. Prepare the contraceptive and make sure they drink it before and after. Only if his highness clearly states that they are allowed to have children should they stop?"

"Roger!"

After that, she beckoned three Catwoman maids who wore different clothes than the rest. Rather than just normal frilly clothes, they also had arm guards and leg protectors as well as a Halbert in their hands.

"You two, what is the schedule for her majesty today?"

"A conference with some of the nobles about the rampage of bandits and another one with the dignitaries of the church about the temporary new leader at noon. In the afternoon a meeting with the Duke Highland and at night one banquet with the duchess."

"Very well, you two will serve as guards for today. You will also test all the food during the banquet. I will call a squad that will help prepare it. Everything must be perfect! Any mistakes will be punished with your salary immediately halved and a grave mistake will result in being fired."

She then turned toward the last one, "As for you, Setsuna is becoming cranky because his highness doesn't train with her lately. You are today's sacrifice."

The maid that was pointed paled, "But—"

But a hand was placed on her shoulder as she was looked at with a sad expression, "Sorry, your sacrifice will not be forgotten. Your answer?"

Downcast, her ears and tail drooping down, she sighed, "Understood."

The two other cat women sighed in relief as they patted their rather small chest. Currently, Setsuna was on the verge of going berserk. Even though she didn't use her horns, few of the battle maids could hold a candle to her.

"Well, now that it's done... I need to go do some grocery."

The three of them tilted their heads. As the head maid, Milia did not need to do any chores aside from directing them. Still, they didn't bother arguing. This was an old habit of Milia as she always personally chose the ingredients for his highness dinner.

Being a maid wasn't easy. Being the head maid was headache-inducing.

The number of maids present in the tower was about five hundred. There was no male in the tower of Babel so all the servants were women from 15 to 40 years old.

Each maid was carefully screened. Different characteristics such as loyalty, clean background, good personality, beautiful appearance, and the ability to serve were necessary.

Even after they became maids, they wouldn't be allowed to approach members of the royal family before at least having worked for three years and accumulated enough experience.

A servant wasn't just someone used to work. A servant represented the face of the one they served. The mistake of the servant was the mistake of the master.

What's more, they had to be careful about spies, assassins, or seductresses sent by the nobles' families.

Of course, as the head maid, Milia had to work on all of that. She didn't refuse all the bad seeds. Sometimes she accepted bad maids only to fire them later just to show the good ones how lucky they were.

She also allowed some of the seductresses and spies of the nobles' family to give them the illusion they were getting some information on the royal family.

Of course as for the assassin—their destiny didn't need to be explained. Milia was many things, but she wasn't forgiving. Anyone trying to hurt Sol was just a target that should be exterminated in the swiftest way possible.

Walking outside of the tower with a basket in her arms, she gently hummed as she reached the main street of the plaza. She wasn't wearing her maid clothes but rather a simple large white robe that hides all her curves. Her usual working clothes showed too much skin and she refused to let anyone aside from Sol see her like that.

This order was also given to all maids. They could walk as scantily clad as they wished in the tower but they had to wear demure clothes once outside. In her mind, absolutely all the women in the tower belonged to her master. Even if he never touched them.

All the maids chosen were virgins and they were forbidden from any relationship while in service. Of course, she wasn't a dictator. If any maid wished to enter into relationships, she just had to leave their service. Of course, they would never have the occasion to serve again in the castle.

She ignored the wide berth people were giving her. In the past, many ignorant men had tried to accost her. Now though, they understood that she wasn't someone they could mess with.

The atmosphere in the market was bustling, people screaming, and calling to their shop, old women discussing and dissing younger women, younger women were scoffing at the dissing of the older one, pickpockets were trying to steal, and pervert tried to cop a feel.

It has already been about 2 hours since she went out, from her calculations, Sol should have finished his bath and exercise before taking his breakfast.

Her basket was already filled to the brim and she didn't find anything else.

Walking back toward the tower, she stopped at a rather normal looking shop. It was a jewelry one.

"Hello! What can I do for you?"

In the jewelry, an old middle-aged man with a potbelly waved with enthusiasm the moment she entered.

"I wish to see your boss."

"I am the boss."

"You wish."

Saying so, she ignored him and entered deeper before slowly vanishing. All this while, the smile of the shopkeeper never wavered.

Milia appeared one hour later, in the same place she previously vanished, and went out of the building without paying attention to anyone. Her expression, stoic, and unchanged.

The rest of the day went past as she busied herself for the different reception and conference as well as the banquet.

Thanks to her directing, the banquet was a smashing success, and the duchess left happily.

Milia of course knew what they discussed about, and while she didn't really approve, she knew it was necessary to help Sol reach the perfection he was destined to accomplish.

She did not doubt that Sol would reach the summit of this world. Her role as a maid was always to stay at his side and support him while observing his rise and protecting him from the darkness that tried to stab him in the back.

She was his shadow. He was her light. He was her life. He was her everything. Her devotion to him was unparalleled.

The maid quarter was extremely large. Newbies lived in dormitories. Acknowledged maids lived in room for four, senior maids in room for two. As for her, she had her own room separated from all the quarters and closer to Sol's room so that she could answer to his call at any moment in the fastest way.

As she went back to her room, her heart was beating in joy, and her body was brimming with energy.

Of course, working from dawn to nearly midnight was hard. However, no exhaustion was bothering Milia. On the contrary, she couldn't be more awake. She was like a young girl who discovered her first love.

After all, she was working for the sake of her beloved lord.

"Fufufu~!" A smile broke out on her face.

She knew that if someone else spotted her now, things would get complicated. As the head maid, she had to always show dignity and inspire respect in her subordinates. She should never show them her slovenly appearance. But, she couldn't stop her cheeks from relaxing.

Finally reaching the door of her room, she injected a bit of her mana in the lock before the door finally opened. There was no way she would use something as simple as a key to protecting her privacy. After all, she knew that if anyone saw what was hidden in her room, she might lose her job as a maid and even her companion in the crown's shadow would look at her weirdly.

Of course, the inside was pitch black. When Milia used a bit of her magical power, the magical lights in the room went on, illuminating the area. In front of her stood—Sol.

However, it wasn't just any Sol. It was a Sol that had been created by her, a life-sized statue created thanks to her high mastery of earth magic. If you took a closer look, you could see that it was a statue, but at a distance like this, it greatly resembled the person in question. And, there wasn't just one.

Around 10 of these Sol stood scattered in this rather large room, giving the impression that the room was smaller than it should.

"I'm back, Sol." Milia greeted the statue with a smile.

But, if she only greeted this one, then the others might be sulking, so she greeted every single other statue.

"I'm back, Sol."

"I'm back, Sol."

"I'm back, Sol."

She repeated this process for the other statues and showed a satisfied smile. Not even bothering to take off her maid uniform, she just collapsed on the bed, tightly embraced her miniature plush dolls made to look like Sol, and filled with some of his hair.

She looked up at her ceiling and meets eye with the painting of Sol holding a sword and wearing a golden armor.

Sleeping and waking up in this world filled with the person she loved, always motivated to give it her best for the day.

This room was filled with her beloved Sol. The plushy, painting, and statues aside, her blanket was made from Sol's old clothes. Her drawer was filled with Sol underwear. She also had his sweat-soaked training gear.

She possessed hundreds of goods related to Sol. This scenery would surely be enough to gross out the person in question, but Milia had no plans of ever inviting him over in her room, so there was no problem. And if the impossible were to happen, she was prepared to beg for forgiveness and cut her belly in suicide.

"Fufufu~!Ahhh... Sol... you're as dignified as always... Even today, I cannot get enough of you..."

Recalling his dashing figure as he entered Edea's world for the preparation of his core awakening, her hand slithered to her crotch as her breathing grew heavier as her arousal increased.

She was losing herself. She knew herself that she could never show these feelings, no it was shameful to even hold such extreme feelings in the first place, but she couldn't hold them back.

Her finger finally found her already drenched slit and she began to comfort her. She hadn't been able to receive affection from Sol today but it wasn't a problem. She knew that it was necessary for him to not be distracted.

"Sol...Sol...Sol."

The movement of her hand progressively increased as her voice became more shrill. Until finally.

"....!"

Her body stiffened as she silently climaxed. Before she relaxed and sighed in relief. It was nothing compared to what she feels while doing the deed with him, but it was enough to calm her aching body.

Discarding her clothes and deciding to simply wash herself later, Milia closed her eyes blissfully in her world filled with her beloved.

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Chapter 52: CH 47: WORRYING AND SHADOW

Under the darkness of his room, Sol laid on his bed, eyes open.

After the rather heavy discussion, none of them were particularly interested in continuing the date so they decided to go back, each of them heavy with their own thoughts.

"Well, agonizing is useless. I need to pay attention to tomorrow. But—"

He didn't really need any more preparation for tomorrow's fight in the coliseum. Of course, he could have entered Edea's world but it wouldn't have helped much. He needed to relax. He needed to rest.

Rousing from his bed, he walked out of his bedroom and began to walk toward the maid quarters. More precisely, Milia's room. He needed her help to alleviate the suspicions he had.

The maid quarters were at the west of the large floor dedicated to Sol. Reaching it, he turned a little and finally reached the door of Milia's room.

'Now that I think about it, I have never entered her room.'

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

"Milia. It's Sol. I need to talk to you."

"Yo-you're highness! Kya!"

Crash *Bang*

"Milia! What happened!?"

He tried to open the door but was surprised to find it locked.

"Wai-wait! your highness! Everything is alright! Do not force open the lock!"

Hearing the begging in her voice, Sol hesitated a little before ultimately not forcing his way. Everyone had right to his or her own privacy. Even if said person was his lover.

The ruckus in her room continued, with his acute hearing he could even hear her cursing.

'Just how full of bazaar her bedroom is?'

He waited like that for 5 minutes before the door slowly opened to a Milia wearing her nightgown. Her breathing rough and her face a little pale as if she had done some great sacrifice.

"Haha~! Your highness. What brings you to this poor maid room at this time of the night?"

"..." He opened his mouth to ask, before finally closing it. "Forget it. I am not interested in what you are doing in your room."

He could practically see relief oozing from Milia at those words. This made him even more curious, but his instincts were screaming at him to let the matter be and he liked to believe in his newly acquired instinct.

"Well, discussing in the hallway is slightly problematic. Let's go back to my room then."

"Your highness?"

Feeling the somber tones in Sol's voice, Milia gradually calmed down and asked with worry.

"Well, it's about my aunt..."

Sol clenched his fists. He wasn't the smartest alive, but he believed that one shouldn't discard any worrying signal coming from someone close to them. The discussion with Lilith didn't just bring him a

new outlook on life, but also basically screamed death flag at him. It was like the last will of a person ready to die.

Sol didn't believe in coincidence and he refused to leave the god to throw the dice. He would rather act first in preparation for anything that could happen. Even if in the end it was just a false alarm, it was better to be safe than sorry.

The reason he chose Milia was that she was the leader of the greatest dark organization of the kingdom, one seemingly entirely dedicated to the king. She was also one of his most trusted aid.

While Sol was busy worrying about Lilith's tendency, the shadows were moving in the kingdom. Each busy acting for their own interests.

The next day would be the day the crown prince was revealed to the capital and officially to the world. Everything would be captured and recorded. His appearance, the way he acted, the way he thought, his talent, his actual strength. Everything would be judged inwardly both by the citizens and the nobles.

Of course, as long as another blessed didn't appear, no one could take the throne from Sol. But, there were many ways to destroy the power of a king. A king could never reign without the support of his nobles.

"Take this."

A large pouch full of coins was thrown on the table in a room illuminated by just a mana fueled lamp. A low-class magitek gadget that was rather easily disseminated through the kingdom.

"What does it mean?"

The bearded man seated observed the pouch without moving to take it as he observed the black-clothed man in front of him.

"Hundred Gold lust coins."

The bearded man breathed sharply, the scar on his face wriggling as he tried to control his jaw from hanging open.

Lust coins were the currency of Lustburg.

The coins were divided into, copper, silver, gold, and platinum.

Each country had its own currency, but they all answered to the same rules. 100 copper for one silver. 100 silver for one gold and 100 golds for one platinum. One silver coin was enough for a commoner family to live for a few months without worry.

Calculating in his head, the man gulped before asking with trepidation.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Not much. Tomorrow during the test against the prince—don't hold back."

The man immediately felt all the hair on his body stand in fright. He also knew that depending on his answer, he would either walk away with the money or never walk out of this room alive.

"Do not worry. I am not asking you to kill him or anything. But, we just need the prince display to be catastrophic. So, rather than probing him like it's done each generation, I want you to go all out and make him appear as miserable as possible."

The gladiator closed his eyes. He was in no way stupid. He knew that while what he was asked to do seemed simple, it was in reality something riddled with danger. How could the royal family be casually disgraced?

Finally, Clenching his teeth, he finally asked, "I am the only one involved?"

"Of course not. Aside from the queen of gladiator, pretty much all those who were scheduled for the ceremony were given a price. Of course, we aren't dictator. Those who refused—were simply given the occasion to visit the astral Netherlands ahead of their time."

The gladiator gulped at the naked threat. Sighing, he finally opened his eyes and asked.

"But what if the prince is strong enough to not be embarrassed?"

The black-clothed scoffed, "Prince or not, he is just a non-awakened kid. Even if by some miracle, he really awakened before the ceremony, he would still be a newly awakened with no practical training nor contract. What do you have to fear? Now, your answer?"

"I...accept."

He would simply act as he was told and flee from the capital once he was done. Hundred GLC were enough for him to live for a few years.

"Glad to have you."

During this night, many scenes of the like were occurring all the other the capital. It was clear that it was an operation of great undertaking and anyone having his hand behind it was without a doubt someone rather high placed.

How will this turn out? The answer would be clear to all at the end of the day.

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Chapter 53: CH 48: POLITIC IS TRULY A PAIN

"Your highness, are you sure you won't regret it?"

Looking at his reflection in the mirror, Sol smiled a little.

His current appearance was different from his usual one. All his life, Sol had always been told how much he looked like his father. He couldn't do much for his facial features, but some little changes, such as his hair.

Until now, Sol always kept his hair long. At least until waist length. He had to admit that it was the chuunibyuu in him speaking back then and he still liked it. But, a change was necessary. If he wanted people to stop comparing him to his father, he had to at least look different from his father.

"Your highness?"

"Sorry, I was spacing out, and no—I won't regret it. And—I look really good right now, don't I?"

"Oh, my!"

Milia felt her heart pierced by a giant arrow at the hundred-megawatt smile Sol just sent to her.

She had to admit, Sol with short hair had a real new type of charm.

"Your highness was already incredibly handsome. Now though, you have a different type of smile. More like a bad boy. Fufufu~!"

'Fufufu~! And I also got his hair for my new collection!'

Sol, unaware of the disturbing thought she had, smiled back at her. The light of dawn was already coming and soon he would have to appear for the first time under the eyes of his future citizens.

"Well, help me wear my armor."

Wearing armor was rather tedious, but he had to admit that he was incredibly dashing in his armor. His current look made him feel like he was Saber from fate's prototype.

Short golden hair, blue eyes, a silver plate armor on the upper part of his body over gold and blue tunique.

In this world where people can destroy rock with their bare hands, one would wonder about the use of an armor. Well, not really that useful. At least not if they aren't specifically made magic armor made of dwarves steel.

This armor by itself was already rather strong and shock absorbent. It could adjust to the body so no matter what form he took the armor would stay. Finally, it was extremely mana conductive.

In short, it was the kind of privilege only the rich could afford and as the crown prince. Sol could lack anything but money.

On the side, Milia could be seen holding a tissue under her nose as she gave a thumbs up. The tissue, slightly wet with blood.

"Your highness is perfect!!!"

"Hahaha~! Thanks. Well, it's time to go I guess. We shouldn't let my aunt wait."

There was no gate between the tower and the coliseum. The fact was that gate were always two ways. Allowing a special gate from the Tower to the coliseum meant that the opposite direction was possible. The fact that the tower was connected to the church was only possible because of their relationship.

As such, it was in a luxurious carriage, carried by four white nightmare horses. It was scheduled for Sol to come back on his own nightmare horse once the ceremony and the fight ended. It was a sort of demonstration, to show that even after fighting, the future king could still run on horseback.

In the carriage, the atmosphere was relatively silent. Only, Sol, Lilith, and Milia were present. The battle maids were surrounding the carriage while on their own horse. Everyone knew that Lilith was strong enough to protect herself, but the protocol was protocol.

As she felt that they were drawing closer to their destination, Milia finally began to speak

"Your highness, your majesty, since we are nearing, I think it's time to discuss the schedule one last time."

Lilith and Sol nodded for her to continue.

"As the tradition asks for, The fight in the coliseum should happen before and the awakening. Before the awakening, the crown prince must fight at least ten times in rows and win. After his awakening, he must fight the king or queen of the coliseum. In this case, though he isn't expected to win he must make a worthy display."

Sol understood the necessity of such a situation. It was to curb arrogance in the prince.

The first ten fights would generally be done against low ranked gladiators who could barely cover their bodies in mana. The gladiators are also expected to take it easy. This is more like a show and a way for the prince to use his skills against different types of adversaries.

But the fight against the king or queen of the coliseum is supposed to be a beat down. By losing against a more experienced fighter, the crown prince or princess learns his place in the world and has a target to strive for.

"Still, this time is a little special. Like his previous majesty, His highness awakened early on. As such the two segments will be connected and modified. His highness will have to fight five high-rank gladiators and then fight the queen of the coliseum."

Saying so, Milia couldn't help but be a little worried. She didn't know why Lilith insisted so much for Sol to fight in such a situation.

But, she also didn't know how much growth Sol went through, so she did not insist. At least she wouldn't have to take care of the pest that was bought to act against her prince.

"I see. Then after my fight what will happen?"

"The ceremony will begin with a speech of her majesty, then we will have a display of flights done by elites soldiers on their wyverns. Once done, we will allow people to fight and defy different gladiators or gladiators to fight each other. Then, his highness will select five gladiators who will fight against him. Each fight will have a time limit of 20 minutes. The fight against the queen will have a time limit of 45 minutes. If no winner appears before the time limit it will be considered a draw. Finally, once the last fight end, the ceremony will be closed by a speech of his highness."

Frowning a little, she continued,

"This evening, you must begin your visit in the four Duke families and pass one night in each of their homes. Once this is done, the official opening of the Astral realm will begin and his highness, as well as the different young nobles who just became fifteen years old like his highness, will go through the portal and search for their future partners."

This time she smiled, she knew of the Saint fall and the events behind it. As such, she knew that if he was able to—no, once he succeeded in passing the goddess trial, he will be assured to make a contract with a special S rank being like his own mother, Blaze.

"During his highness stay in the Duke houses, a seven days festival will be underway. At the end of it, his highness will be asked to display his contracts."

Sol complained a little, "This is so tedious. I already feel like sleeping just listening to you. Well, complaining won't change anything. Which house will I first visit?"

This time it was Lilith who answered, "The first one must be highlands and the third one Milaris. For the other two, decide as you wish."

Tilting his head, he asked, "Is there a reason?"

"Highland, before becoming Duke, was a general under your father during the wars against Wratharis, Envilya, and Gluttony. What's more, you might have forgotten, but Gerald is also a member of the Highland family. More precisely an elder. Going first to their home is a sign of goodwill. In cruder terms, it's a matter of face. As for Milaris, we struck a deal for her to not be the last house. I will explain it to you before you go visit the Highland. I think it's time for you to become more involved in the ruling of the kingdom now that you will officially become an adult and are able to protect yourself."

"I see, then, the second house will be Travers. Our relationship with them is more or less neutral. They only care for money and benefit. The last one, of course, will be—Gorfard."

Sol sighed at this. The Gorfard and the royal family were in a rather awkward and strained relationship. He had previously asked Milia why they didn't simply eradicate them.

Sadly, they couldn't just erase one of the most powerful families in the kingdom and expect the other to simply accept it. They needed a justification. Basically even when killing, they had to look like the good guy.

'Politics is truly a pain.'

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Chapter 54: CH 49: I AM TIRED

In this world of sword and magic, even though magic tech was somewhat developed in some countries such as Greed like the country of dwarves, or Slohtein the country of Angels, most people lived mundane life and as such had few ways to amuse themselves aside from fucking and fighting.

When Lustburg was first created officially after leaving the control of the elves, the king Jupiter was faced with a massive issue.

They had no attraction.

Attractions weren't just a way to bring amusement to the citizens. It was also a way to make them spend as much money as possible and increase the cash-flow of the country.

That's when the King had an idea. Creating a special attraction that would not only help the citizens have a source of distraction, increase the cash-flow of the newly created kingdom, and finally train more competent warriors.

Thus, the colosseum was created. A place where slaves fought and died by killing each other or by fighting beasts for the joy and pleasure of the citizens.

Nowadays, thanks to Mars, the gladiator changed from simple bloody slaves fighting for their survival and the amusement of the citizens to veritable stars acclaimed by the mass.

If in the past 99% of the gladiators were slaves, now they only counted for about 60% of the gladiators. The rest being warriors of different countries coming to test their might or receive fame and money.

It wasn't all. Once slaves reached a certain number of consecutive victories, they could redeem their freedom as long as they weren't death row criminals slaves or war slaves.

Sol, after helping Lilith descend from the carriage, admired the colosseum. As a child, it was one of the few places he visited regularly. After all, even though death was a possibility, most of the fight stopped after one received a grave wound or was unable to fight anymore.

'Frankly, it feels like I was watching wrestling matches.'

The Colosseum looked like a larger version of the Roman Colosseum and could hold more than 100000 people. It was basically as large as a soccer field. On the highest point of the right-wing, the sculpture depicting a man holding a sword and raising it toward the sky could be seen. With his eyesight, Sol could clearly see the words inscribed on it.

<<Eternal glory to the Conqueror king.>>

'Eternal glory my ass.'

"Your highness, please follow me to the lounge, her majesty must go prepare for her speech."

"Understood."

(An: Hesitating between using, Stadium or Colosseum. Hum..)

The beautiful voices of the artists resonated through the stadium as the spectators put a hand on their hearts and listened to the song.

This song was a hymn of glory and a hymn of death.

This song told the story of how a young man just short of his awakening stood up against the oppression and fought for the Independence of their kingdom.

It told the story of how he founded the kingdom with his own blood and tear after many sacrifices and finally stood at the pinnacle of the world.

It told how the king decided to give up on his greatest protection to protect his loved one even though she betrayed him and sealed her in the tower.

Finally, it told how he died courageously on the battlefield with a smile on his face.

Listening to this song, Sol, while seated in the highest room couldn't help but understand once again the meaning of the sentence "Winner writes history."

For him, it was a disgusting song. Thankfully only Milia was present with him, so he didn't have to act if.

"Do not worry your highness. Once this end it will be her majesty turn. It shouldn't last long."

He nodded and tuned out the song as he looked at his surroundings. It wasn't his first time using this room. It was reserved solely for the members of the royal family and as such was beautifully furnished.

Clap *Clap* *Clap*

He was brought back once he heard the veritable sea of applause and whistle.

"Reminds me of one thing. Once I become king, we need to change this hymn."

"Fufufu~! Understood."

Smiling back at her, he began to admire the arena where he would soon fight and from where the singers left after finishing their songs.

Despite how large it was, and how far from the terrain he was, he had no trouble seeing what was happening, and it wasn't thanks to his super senses, but rather a beautiful piece of technology.

Four huge holographic screens floating in the sky and transmitting all the events happening on the ground.

It was truly a beautiful display of magical technology and from what he knew this was just some discarded toy of the angels.

"Your highness, it's beginning."

"Indeed."

He could see it clearly. Lilith entering from the side and walking toward the center of the stadium. Her gait, slow but steady, was able to capture all the attention of the spectators and bring to a total silence.

Lilith wasn't wearing her usually revealing attire, but rather a long blue dress and a silver armor above it. One could say that it was the female version of his current attire.

Even though he was seeing her through the screen, he couldn't help but take a deep breath in admiration. He was used to Lilith his aunt. He was also used to Lilith his instructor. But the current Lilith, Lilith the queen was someone he had never really met.

The moment she reached the center, she stopped and raised her head toward the sky.

"My dear citizens."

Her voice immediately reached his ears, making him feel as if she was next to him. It was a beautiful application of mana. Infusing one voice with mana was very dangerous since the vocal cords were rather sensible. It was a true demonstration of skills. Something even master didn't dare to easily do.

Lilith raised her head in the direction of the highest VIP room. The one Sol was in currently.

When she thought about the fact that she had to make a speech, Lilith was a little lost.

It wasn't the notion of making a speech. She had been serving as the queen for more than 10 years and was used to it. No, it was rather the content of this speech.

What could she say?

Praise the country?

Praise the old kings?

Talk about the war?

Introduce Sol?

Perhaps none of that?

Perhaps all of that?

She didn't know. She didn't like not knowing and she hated the feeling of caring less and less.

She didn't want to be here.

She just wanted to sleep. Just to rest a little. But it wasn't the time yet.

As such, she had to stand up, no matter how many times it took.

"My dear citizens."

Refusing the micro, she infused mana in her voice. It was rather easy for her and it gave her a way to calm herself.

The feeling of mana coursing through her veins was always a special feeling she would relinquish for nothing.

"I do not want to make a long discourse and I am sure none of you came here to see me talk about something you have no interest in."

She decided to use the necessary skill for all politicians which was—Bullshit.

"All of you know me as the queen of this beautiful kingdom, even though temporary, this is the duty that was entrusted to me by my beloved brother and I have never hated it."

Lie. She hated this kingdom for which her brother had to sacrifice to protect. She was also indifferent to most of the citizen. Some night, she wished it was just erased.

"In all those years, I received an incredible amount of support from all of you and this is something I will never forget."

Another lie. Those bastards fought her all the way until her coronation. Stupid peasants being manipulated by equally stupid nobles.

"I love this kingdom more than anything and I am willing to lay down my life for it."

Hahaha. As if. The very moment this kingdom showed signs of collapse, she would take Sol and her daughter before fleeing from it as fast as possible.

"But, my time as a queen is coming to an end."

True. She was so happy. She would soon lay this burden to rest.

"The one to replace me is someone I care very much for. My nephew, the son of my beloved brother. Sol Dragna Luxuria."

Sol, Sol, Sol. What a gentle kid he was. She really hoped that he would find his own way in life.

"My nephew is someone who since as long as I remember, trained to become a king worthy of this kingdom."

Lie, this was this kingdom who was unworthy of him not the opposite.

"He is a gentle and kind prince. Someone who would make his father proud. Someone who is making me proud."

He was the pride of her life. In this life, only her daughter was equal to him.

"But, no matter how much he trains, training can never be enough to match the real world."

Oh, she wished she could shelter him from all pains and all tribulations. From all the dangers and ugliness of this world. Sadly she knew it was impossible. But it did not matter. She was sure that he would grow and become an even more splendid man than his father once was.

"Today, mark the day for him to show the result of his training and to step on a greater stage."

Indeed, he was destined for a beautiful future.

"I hope all of you will support him in his endeavors and his growth."

Please, I don't ask for much, just don't stand in his way. That would be more than enough.

"Today is the day for you to finally meet your future king. But, I will leave the place to the elite force of the kingdom."

As if those could really be called elite. Just a bunch of kids who never saw blood and only play make-believe.

"Then, give a resonating ovation to the protector of the kingdom! That is all."

Oohhhhh!!!!!!

Screams and applauds followed her as she left the terrain. In her mind, only one thought kept repeating,

'I am so tired of this bullshit.'

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Chapter 55: CH 50: OBSERVATIONS

"Heh~So this is the queen of humanity? Your mother is truly incredible."

A brown-haired young woman wearing a tight white shirt as well as white pants commented with a chuckle. She was observing the heated stats of the colosseum after Lilith's speech, amusement and amazement clearly visible in her hazel colored eyes.

Next to her, another person sat while hiding her features with a cloak, strands of purple hair could be seen if looked closely.

"My mother was always incredible."

The brown-haired girl didn't miss the bitterness hidden in those words. She knew that the relationship between this mother-daughter pair wasn't best.

Deciding to steer the discussion away, she continued,

"Still, why didn't you show your identity? We could have entered the royal VIP room and you would have finally met your cousins after a long time."

The purple-haired girl sighed wistfully as she said, "Today is an important day for Sol. I do not wish to become a source of distraction. It would not be too late to meet him later once this ends. Also—"

'I don't really want to meet her.'

The purple-haired girl didn't continue her words but her friend understood the unsaid words.

"Well, enough of that. I said that I wished you to understand our ways better. If you really want to become Sol's advisor, you can't just use the information found in books. I am pretty sure your race has a rather bad view of us and still see us as some kind of barbarians."

The Brown-haired girl sighed a little as she nodded, "Indeed. Some of our books call you uncultured apes or hairless baboons. Then again, we even see angels as smart pigeons, beast-kin as crazy beasts, demons as parasites, and Dwarves as greedy midgets. So nothing personal."

The purple-haired girl had to stop a rather unbecoming laugh from spilling. Though she understood that this wasn't an exaggeration. After all, elves were the most stuck up and prideful race in this world.

Sol clapped after Lilith's discourse and waited for her to reach her place in the lounge. Once there she sat silently and Sol, understanding that she didn't want to be disturbed simply congratulated and focused once again on the events.

He had personally asked Milia to place Lilith under surveillance and never leave her sight until the end of the week. Only then will he have the time and composure to face her.

He still reeled in shock at the revelation that basically 30% of the maid in the tower were direct members of the crown's shadow. This was truly a dangerous organization with weird beliefs. He trusted Milia and trusted her loyalty to the crown, but the heart was always unpredictable. She was just one out of 5 leaders of one branch of the crown's shadow. It wouldn't be weird for there were people with different ambitions.

'Sigh, I am not even king yet and I must already worry about controlling a super organization full of spies and assassins.'

Sighing again, he began to focus.

What happened next was a veritable festival. Wyverns were one of the rare but powerful flying-type beast species. All wyvern knights were people specially trained since they were young and who contracted with Wyverns. The second type of war beast were nightmare horses.

One thing to note was that while wyverns were seemingly related to dragons, the difference between a wyvern and a dragon was akin to the difference between a chimpanzee and a human.

Still, as it may, even though dragons looked down on wyverns, dragons looked down on basically all beings. They were the beasts under the sin of pride after all and so it didn't mean much. Incidentally, pride and Humility were the sins and virtues of the elven kingdom, Southern Pride, truly fitting.

Sol idly thought as he watched the different demonstration of flying abilities and acrobatics actions as the spectators awed and screamed.

His mind couldn't help but wander as he wondered if he could ever fly by himself one day. As an earthling, it wouldn't be a mistake to say that flying and magic were basically the greatest dreams humans had.

As such, even though he was technically superior to those wyverns, he really envied their ability to fly as they wished.

This impressive display of skills lasted for a certain moment before finally ending with the knights scattering colored powder from the sky, forming a magnificent and glittering rainbow made out of tens of colors.

What followed was a short pause filled with music and spectacles as the gladiators were preparing themselves.

Meanwhile, in the lounge, silence was king. As they observed all of this with a bored expression. Sol couldn't help but sigh wistfully at this.

Once the music stopped, the fights finally began and attracted his attention.

The gladiators were mostly humans and beast-kin. Though he could sometimes see a dwarf or a demon.

"Why are there no elves or angels?"

He asked, feeling suspicious. It was something he had remarked when he was younger but had never really paid attention to.

"Most gladiators are either slaves fighting for their freedom or adventurers who wish for fame and wealth."

It was Lilith who answered from the side, a crystal glass filled with a scarlet wine akin to blood. Taking a sip, she continued,

"Angels hate and despise useless fighting. They preach that only fights of philosophy and science are the acceptable way. Mostly it's because they are too lazy and usually prefer speaking rather than fighting."

Sol tilted his head at her way of phrasing but nodded nonetheless for her to continue.

"As for those stuck up elves-"A sneer of derision settled on her face,"-They would never set foot here without being forced to. They call us barbarians, but they are without a doubt the most brutal of all races. After all, they follow the way of nature."

'Then shouldn't they be peace-loving like angels?'

Seemingly understanding his confusion, Milia took over, "Your highness, most of what you learn from books about elves being peace-loving who wouldn't hurt anything are simply heresy. True elves follow the ways of nature, they see death as the most natural thing and think that any fight should either be a fight to the death or never happen. To be honest they are even crazier than Berserker demons."

Feeling his views about elves shatter, Sol began to inspect the fight again.

He was rather surprised. Even though the ones fighting were generally low-level gladiators, the way they handled energy was so slow and clumsy that he felt like he was watching 2 years old children trying to draw.

His confusion was further deepened by the praise they were receiving. Admittedly, their skills as fighters were clearly showcased, but that was all.

Aside from that, they didn't even clad their weapons in mana or used intent. They simply pumped mana through their bodies and fought using the boost it gave.

'Are they holding back?'

Sol thought of a rather reasonable explanation.

There was also the fact that perhaps he had been using rather exaggerated techniques without knowing, but he didn't want to assume anything.

Overconfidence was stupidity, but looking down on oneself was equally stupid.

He hesitated a little about simply asking, before deciding otherwise. There was nothing shameful in ignorance and one simply needed to ask, but he personally thought that he should find the answer for himself through his own observations first and only ask once he was stumped.

The value of simply receiving an answer and reaching it by yourself were quite different after all.

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Chapter 56: CH 51: DISBELIEF

"The last step is about to begin. Hehehe~ Alfred, I hope you have completed the mission I gave you."

In one of the special rooms utilized only by the highest nobles, a red-haired man laid languidly with a blue wolf woman at his knees.

He was none other than Leonard Gorfard. The Duke themselves did not join the festivities as they had to prepare themselves in the eventuality they were chosen for the first night. As such, only the heir/heirress was present, each of them, in the room representing their families.

"Young lord, the matter has been handled carefully. We have already, let's say, convinced some of the gladiators who will most likely be chosen. To be sure, we also incited the white knight."

"Oh!? You managed to trick that goody two shoes? How?"

"From what I gathered, most of the paladins are dissatisfied with his Highness close relationship with The saintess."

"Ex-saintess you mean. That bitch lost her blessing. I really wonder what wish she made."

"Indeed, Ex saintess. Some of the paladins think that she was tricked by his highness in making this ritual. The white knight is one of her most fervent admirers."

"Hehe~! Hahaha~! Perfect! This is simply perfect! I simply wanted to lower the honor of the royal family and increase our speaking rights, but with this move, you basically put the church and the royal family nearly at odds. Beautiful."

The old man bowed as he accepted the praise of his master without a once of pride. He personally found this move incredibly foolish from a bigger perspective. Creating tension between the church and the royal family when war was upon them was stupid beyond reason. Anyone else would have seen something wrong with what he had done. Thankfully he had such a stupid master. No, this too was the will of his goddess.

'Praise the Crimson lady!'

His prayer was suddenly interrupted by a piercing voice.

"Ladies!!!! And! Gentlemen!!!! Now, the last step of this beautiful gathering is upon us. Are you ready!?!"

Yes!!

"I repeat. Are you ready!!!!?"

Yes!!!!!!

The jubilation could clearly be felt in the colosseum. Satisfied with the current atmosphere, the man who stood in the center of the ring after the previous fighters left it. Stayed quiet for a while before continuing.

"As the tradition says, the one who will become our future king must show his might and talent on this occasion for the whole kingdom to see. The current scene is retransmitted not only in the colosseum but in more than 70% of the kingdom."

Emotions could be felt in his voice, "This day was supposed to be perfect. To be complete. But, I just found how naive I had been."

The Colosseum fell silent in bated breath, tension rising.

"I realized how naive I had been because I thought we already reached perfection. But! I was proven wrong!! Beautifully wrong!!! Right here, right now, I have the immense pleasure to announce that!!!!"

Then, in a solemn and calm voice, he finished, "That his highness Sol had already awakened before reaching 15 years old, as his father did before him."

Total silence descended as most people were too astonished to properly understand what was said.

Then, as the light of understanding flickered in their eyes,

Oooooohhhh!!!!!!!

Deafening cheers rang in the colosseum, making it tremble under their voice.

For the commoner and low level noble, this was like a heaven-sent message, they could already imagine the birth of a new hero king. In their world, a powerful king meant a stable nation. But for the higher level... Their faces couldn't help but contort. Some in fear and some in disgust.

"Bastard!!"

"Ugh!"

The blue wolf woman contorted her face in pain as flung away by a kick on her stomach.

Leonard, now standing up, cursed openly as he couldn't believe it. While doing so, he continued to repeatedly step on the poor woman before finally reigning in his turbulent emotions. His eyes cold, as if the previous hysterical young man were two different people.

"How much did we spend on those now useless gladiators?"

"A thousand gold lust coins."

"I see... Kill them all by tomorrow and take back the money. Make it seem like a brawl or a mugging. Fuck, how did this bastard suddenly awaken?"

"Of course—" The hesitating, he continued, "—Young lord. Perhaps the saint fall is related to his highness early awakening?"

"Oh!? Indeed. This is rather possible. The rule is to awaken at 15. Then only a wish to break the rules could change it. Of course, there's also the possibility of him simply being talented, but from the spies we have in the tower, the prince never showed any particular talent. He never even trained and was only focused on theory."

Leonard fell silent. The rapports he received monthly were clear. Their spies were without a doubt the best ones in the kingdom. There was no way they were wrong. Then,

"I see... The prince showed basically zero talent so the supreme daughter sacrificed her power to boost it. What a wonderful display of affection!! Sometimes I can't help but wonder if they have an unorthodox relationship."

He snickered at his thoughts. It was simply impossible. There was no way the respectable Supreme daughter would do something like that. Most likely, their relationship was one akin to a mother and a son.

Sitting back, he sighed, "Your actions were very timely. At the very least, even though we couldn't humiliate him with the low-level gladiator, the white knight wouldn't act with a light hand."

The white knight was a title bestowed to the most promising paladin in training. Their titles would evolve to white paladin once they were accepted in the order.

The white paladins were the strongest in the church and formed the white cross. It was equal to the black cross, the strongest squad under the royal family.

"Hehe. This Sol will go down in history as the first king to lose before even facing the gladiator's king."

In his mind, he could already see this incredibly beautiful scene.

He had nothing personal against Sol, but he refused to live under anyone. He dreamed of making the day as it was during his grandfather's era. The era of the Puppet King. Sadly, basically, all the members of this generation had lost their lives one way or another after Mars came into power.

Many thought at first that it was Mars doing it from the shadow, but this idea was later dismissed since it was simply impossible for a heroic king like Mars to act in such a cruel and insidious way.

In another VIP room, the atmosphere was silent and frigid.

Three people were present in this room, all of them clad in black.

The youngest of the three, a young girl gulped and shivered. She wished to be anywhere than here. Even though she had already awakened two years ago and obtained a flame hawk, she still felt as if she was about to freeze to death or sink in the darkness.

This oppressive atmosphere was broken by a gentle and steadfast voice full of amusement.

"My, are you angry? Or perhaps happy? It has been a long time since I was unable to decipher the meaning behind the feeling transmitted by our link."

The one who spoke was a black-haired butler, gently preparing a cup of tea before putting it in front of the woman who sat, her eyes closed in thoughts.

The other Dukes were preparing in the case they were chosen and as such didn't come personally. What's more, they could observe it from their home if needed. But, she was different.

Not only did she already know at which moment she would be chosen thanks to her deal with Lilith, but deep down, she was curious about the display of the prince.

Currently though, as the previous words swirled in her head, she couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions.

She felt hatred because one of the unique records left by Mars was made less special.

She felt elation because Mars's son was better than she thought he was.

She felt sad because she was in no way related to him.

She felt disdain because simply being awakened earlier didn't mean much in the grand scheme of things.

Accepting, because this was how dazzling his son was supposed to be.

This created the current situation where she was losing control of her power and suffocating her niece who also played the role of her successor.

Strong people could change their environment with just their mood. The same was happening.

Sighing, she took a sip of her tea as she continued, "It seems like I was wrong about him never succeeding in surpassing his father. Depending on what will happen next, I will have to present my excuses."

"Perhaps the supreme daughter helped him by using Saint fall?" the heiress asked on the side. She wouldn't have spoken in any other setting, but she needed to speak to evacuate her previous fright.

Duchess Milaris's hand stopped before she shook her head as she threw a look full of warning to her niece. "Impossible. Never, you hear me, absolutely never underestimate Camelia. I would rather fight Lilith and die than ever make an enemy out of Camelia. She is someone very frightening. If she used Saint fall, it would without a doubt be for something game-changing. I wouldn't be surprised if even after using it she didn't lose her blessing."

As she watched her aunt utter those words, she couldn't help but wonder.

Her aunt was known as the craziest woman in the kingdom. Just how dangerous was the supreme daughter for her to demonstrate such a wariness?

As for the supreme daughter not losing her blessing, she scoffed at this notion. This was simply impossible.

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Chapter 57: CH 52: DOMINATION

Taking a deep breath, Sol stood up from his seat and began to fix his armor.

"So, it seems that you really hid my advancement level. I thought I was pretty weak, to be honest."

He began to twirl his shoulder in an attempt to relax himself. The atmosphere surrounding him was slowly changing. He didn't care about the cheer he was receiving before even showing himself.

Seeing this, Lilith smiled before nodding,

"Well, strength or weakness are nothing more than relative ways of seeing things. The standard I hold you is way higher than anything else."

"...I see." Sighing, he began to walk toward the large window of the lounge and asked, "So, how will it go?"

"The way you want it to go. You are the crown prince. You decide the rules as you see fit."

"I see. Then, I won't hold back

Either way, I am determined to win."

"Ohoh! Is this hubris? Did your newly obtained power make your head swell in arrogance?"

"Arrogance?" Sol tilted his head in confusion before smiling, "No, never. I have people like you or the witches as examples. The simple fact is that I have no other choice than to win. After all, I made a promise to someone."

Saying so, he opened the window, the cool wind rushing in made his already calm mind cool even further.

Looking down, he calculated the height and began to calculate.

'45m.'

Sol liked to think of himself as someone with a steadfast and calm personality. He was rather calm and easy-going most of the time. He was also someone rather modest and far from prideful.

But, he had discovered a hidden side of him lately.

He liked to fight—and he was good at it.

Smiling, his pupils turned into a slit as he jumped down without any hesitation.

"It's time for me to go all out."

BOOM!!

[A few moments ago.]

"Ladies!! And gentlemen!! Now, it's time to welcome our gladiators."

Saying so, he pointed toward the one of the doors on the side which was slowly opening.

From it, four individuals came out. They varied in size and appearance, but each of them was clearly a level above the previous fighters on the scenes.

Two of them were human males. One was holding a human-sized rectangular shield while the second one had an arc on his back. The third one was a tall tanned woman with white rabbit ears on either side of her head wearing a short skirt and short black leggings with many daggers tied to her right thigh. The last one was a short stocky man who was wearing leather armor and was holding a hammer.

"You know them all!!! They are the best! They are the greatest!! They aaaaaarrreeeeee—The stars of this colosseum!!! Welcome them with your cheers!!"

Wooooo!!!!

The chorus of cheers was deafening. This was how popular they were. The two human males were brothers and ex-slaves who managed to buy back their freedom. They were textbook examples of success from suffering and were the idols of many citizens and slaves.

The woman was a warrior from the rabbitmen clan. She wished to prove the strength of their races. Since they were considered as one of the weakest. As such became a gladiator.

The last one was a blacksmith who used the match as a way to test the gear he created. He was rather popular in the colosseum since his weapons were way cheaper than they should have been.

Each of those four people was strong warriors who fought many battles to reach the place they stood at.

"Now!! We will ask our dear prince to make his— *BOOM!!!!* *Cough* *Cough*"

The referee was suddenly interrupted by a large explosion followed by debris and dust. His view field, as well as the screen, were obstructed by the dust, hiding the cause of such an explosion. But soon, it was cleared.

Once the dust was swept off, the audience was shown a scene they would most likely never forget.

A young golden-haired man standing in the middle of a large crater was observing them. Even though from their position they were the ones looking down at him, they couldn't help but feel incredibly small in front of the aura he was emanating.

"I am Sol Dragona Luxuria."

Seemingly not caring about their shock, the young man began speaking in an unhurried way. His voice, filled with mana, reaching the ears of all the spectators.

"To be honest. When I thought about this day in the past. I was filled with apprehensions and doubts. Would I succeed? Would I do better than my father? Such silly questions filled my mind. But now that I am here in front of all of you, I remark that I am rather calm."

Giving a mocking laugh, he raised his head high, "This is officially the first time I show myself in front of all of you. I know many of you express doubts about me and my abilities. Many of you are worried and don't have much hope. Well, today, right here, right now, allow me to dispel at least some of your worries."

As he said so, a large golden-colored mana pressure began to emanate from him, making the atmosphere heavier by the second.

"The tradition wants for me to fight those four, one after another. But, I have decided something else."

Raising his hand and pointing toward them, he gave a bright smile filled with battle intent.

"Let's go for a simple brawl. The four of you against me alone. Are you ready?"

"Y-your Highness!? Are you serious!?"

The referee seemed stumped for words and didn't know what to do. He looked around before finally looking high in the sky, waiting for a word to oppose this mad idea.

Three of the four gladiators on the other had hard times hiding their anger. Never had they felt so insulted in their careers. If Sol wasn't the prince, they would have already hurled abuse at him. The only one relatively calm was the dwarf. He was looking at Sol's armor in admiration and kept talking to himself.

Finally, receiving no words of denial. The man decided that it wasn't his place to intervene and began leaving the ring. He was no slouch in terms of fighting but he wasn't a veteran either.

Still, he was a professional and once he was out, he immediately began igniting the mood.

"Incredible!!! Unbelievable!!! MAGNIFICENT!!! In a bold display of power and charisma, our crown prince decided to do something never done since the creation of our beautiful kingdom!! What will the result be!!? No matter what, it promises to be something we will never forget!!!!!"

The silence in the stand was replaced by wild screams. This was indeed something never seen and people were curious about the power of this new prince. Despite that, few people had any hope in him winning. Gladiator fights weren't only one vs one. Sometimes team events or fights against monsters happened. The four of them were regular members of the same team and as such, their coordination, while not flawless, was nothing to scoff at.

"So, guys, what do we do?"

The sole girl of the group asked as she began to clench her fists.

"Ha. Lass, we shouldn't underestimate him. He can already do Cladding. Since he has the guts to defy the four of us then he must have something to rely on."

The dwarf guffawed as his empty hand stroked his beard.

The other two nodded in acquiescence. None of them were newbies. They might have been angered by the previous disregard, but they wouldn't rush will belittling their enemies or thinking they were arrogant.

"Still, ganging up on a young lad leaves a bad taste in my mouth. Let's do a little probing first. The lass will go first to face him. Meanwhile, we will take our position. If things turn south then we will act. Any objections?"

The silence was an answer.

"Have you finished your planning?"

The rabbit woman clicked her tongue before a deep red mana began to surround her body.

Reinforcement, then Cladding. This was the second step of mana control for mana users. The first step allowed one to boost their overall physical abilities while the second one protected the exterior of their bodies like an armor.

"Here we go!!"

The ring they were on was as large as a large field. The initial distance between the five of them was just a few meters. As such, she managed to reach him in the blink of an eye. At least—from a normal person's perspective.

Boom!

Countering her fist with his own, the two entered in a brief stalemate before separating.

The rabbitwoman was a little surprised while Sol had a thoughtful expression.

'As I thought. I could feel no intent in her fist.'

Sighing, he discarded those thoughts. Even though there was no intent, her fist was still heavy.

"Not bad! your highness. Then, should we accelerate a little!"

A mad grin suddenly formed on her face as she rushed again at him in an incredible burst of speed.

Sol calmly avoided some of them while retaliating from time to time. From what he knew, the rabbitmen were just a D rank race. Meaning they didn't even have horns. Still, they were quite powerful and their greatest strengths was their speed and the power of their feet.

Just as he blocked a heavy hit from her and took a step back, Sol immediately felt his back tingling. Moving his body in a rather unnatural way, he let himself fall and avoided an arrow that went past his previous position.

<<3rd step: Manifestation.>>

Molding mana and forming a construct out of it.

Sol, back on the ground, immediately crossed his arms in front of him when the sun was blocked by a black shadow above him swinging his hammer without hesitation.

Boom!!

The shock this time made the ground tremble as a deep crater formed from the aftershock.

"I wonder if it was too much."

They looked at the swirling dust in worry. It was one thing to fight but it wasn't like they wished to badly hurt the prince.

"Attention!"

The dust was swept aside as someone rushed towards the rabbitwoman. The moment he was about to hit her, the shield warrior put himself between the two and took the hit.

Crack!

He could only widen his eyes when his prized shield showed signs of breaking from just one hit. Focusing on the source of this attack, he was even more surprised when he saw that aside from a little bit of dust, the prince wasn't harmed in the slightest.

The rabbitwoman behind him, seeing this, took out one of her daggers and muttered something before she slowly vanished.

It was the unique magic of her race. A magic mainly used to escape danger, but she changed it and used it offensively.

Once the stalemate between the shield warrior and Sol ended, Sol, contrary to their expectations, didn't continue fighting. He simply sighed a little as he began to speak.

"An Assassin, a Tank, an Archer, and a Damage dealer. This is really a standard party. Well, If you had a healer that would be even better. Still, I must admit that I am really impressed."

Despite his calm words, none of them lessened their guards.

"I can see that I still have many things to learn. In any other situation, I would have taken my time and learned more from you. Sadly, I can't really do so today. Which is why I am going to end things fast."

All of them frowned at the same time. Even though the prince was clearly strong, from what they have seen he wasn't so strong that they couldn't deal with him together. What gave him such confidence?

"First one."

He immediately swung his fist on the right so fast it left after images. While it seemed at first that it hit nothing, slowly, a woman appeared before kneeling, her breath haggard and her eyes unfocused.

'How!?'

"It was rather ingenious of you to turn an escaping trick into something for offense. Sadly. You have too many flaws. After all, you are only invisible. Another one is your inability to strengthen your body when you are invisible."

The girl couldn't speak as she slowly slumped. Her eyes closed.

"Well, well, well, now we are only between gentlemen. The next one will be—You!"

'Shit!'

Not having taken enough distance after their previous clash. He could do nothing aside from putting his shield in front of him to block the attack.

Boom!! *Crack*

This time, the hit was so heavy that he felt as if his arms were going to break. Then, just as he was about to be finished.

"Not on my watch lad."

The dwarf intervened with a mighty swing of his hammer. He could already envision what would happen. The prince would escape from the left and his brother would welcome him with a mana charged arrow. In such a situation this should be enough to wound him.

But, contrary to their expectations, the prince didn't even try to avoid the hit. As if it didn't matter to him. He simply swung his fist down one last time and completely blasted the shield before punching the shield warrior heavily on the face.

His last vision was a large smile full of battle lust.

The dwarf on the other hand was horrified. He hadn't held back anything this time. He had clearly given a full blow with his hammer and succeeded in hitting the head of his target. But all that amounted to was—nothing. Not even a bruise.

"Oh! Those scales are tougher than I thought. I was pretty sure that I would at least be wounded."

'Scales?'

Hearing the prince murmur, he focused on the head of the prince and was surprised to see a part of the head of the prince covered by scales.

It was then that he remembered important information that most people tended to forget.

'His highness was a hybrid dragon. Ugh!!!'

This discovery was rewarded by a heavy kick in the stomach. A kick so powerful his Cladding couldn't protect him and he was momentarily suspended in the air, the air completely escaped out of his lungs.

"Then this is a payback."

His time in the air didn't last long as he was caught by the leg and swung like a hammer against the ground.

"Gah!!"

The shock was so great that he felt as if his brain was dancing in his skull. All his senses were disturbed and even thinking was a luxury.

"Heh~ seems like dwarves really have a powerful constitution. Then,"

Raising him again Sol immediately put the dwarf in front of him and blocked an arrow that was coming at him. Then, with a mighty swing, he threw the gladiator at his companion. The resulting collision, immediately taking them out of the limit of the ring.

Now the only one still standing on the ring, Sol simply raised his fist in a sign of victory.

"Well, seem like I won."

The stunned silence of the crowd was music to his ears .

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Chapter 58: CH 53: REVELATION

A stunned silence filled the stands as the crowd had a hard time understanding the scene in front of them.

Everything simply ended too fast. The first moment of the fight seemed as if the prince was somewhat struggling and had bitten more than he could chew, but suddenly, in a few seconds, the balance was completely broken as the four gladiators were brought down one after another.

In the lounge belongs to the royal family, Lilith watched this display in a daze, her eyes seemingly reminiscing a scene of the past.

She remembered how all those years ago she began to admire the boy who also displayed his power in the colosseum, under the eyes of the whole kingdom. They looked so much like each other, but—

'Their demeanors are completely different.'

Once again she was reminded that even though they had the same appearance, Sol and Mars were different. If she could say that his ways with women were because of her order, then she could only sigh as his current conduct was of his own choice and born from his own personality.

'Sol isn't Mars, nor is he a replacement of him.'

Such a simple reality.

She couldn't help but feel sadness and joy at the same time. Closing her eyes, she sighed before clapping her hands, the sound reverberating through the whole colosseum.

This was followed by one or two people before an entire ovation began resonating. This ovation was filled with whistles and screams as well as cheer.

Looking at the young boy she had raised basking under this ovation, her complicated emotions were swept aside and were replaced with pride and happiness.

"Yes!! Take that in your face shitty nobles! My Sol is the best!"

In another VIP room, a brown-haired woman with incredibly voluptuous form could be seen cheering in a rather unbecoming way. Though she didn't seem to care about the look she was receiving from the people who were sharing the room with her.

"Aunt Camelia please! Stop it."

A blonde-haired young girl begged on the side with a red face. She knew that her aunt loved Sol. She also knew that their relationship wasn't just platonic. Still, there were limits to some things.

"Hehe~!" Giving a cute laugh, Camelia took back her place.

Crossing her legs, she calmed down as she continued, "This is just the first step. Fufufu~! Soon, no one will compare my Sol to his idiot of a father."

Saying so, she snapped her finger, and a slim black-haired woman who stood at the back came and kneeled in front of her.

"Sigh, Elsmere, Elsmere. You were one of my favorites. I even planned to ask Luxuria to make you the next supreme daughter once I decided to retire. So why? Sigh, no need to answer."

The woman named Elsmere kneeled down in silence with a vacant expression. Camelia, completely uncaring, began to think once again of the dashing figure of her Sol.

"It doesn't really matter, nothing can make me lose my happiness after today's event. If he didn't have to visit those nobles I would have asked him to join me tonight."

Chloe, who sat next to her, was listening to this conversation with a bitter smile and a slight unconcealed fear. She was reminded once again just how dangerous and ruthless her aunt was.

After Camelia's loss of blessing was declared, movement in the church for power seizing became common. But what people didn't know was that—all those so-called traitors or ambitious nuns were nothing more than puppets dancing in the palm of Camelia's hand.

Camelia had never feared being betrayed for the simple reason that she was the true absolute master of the church.

Thinking about how absolutely all the members of the church had a hidden command in the back of their minds that would activate at the slightest thought of betrayal, she couldn't help but feel a shudder.

'This wasn't the kind of power a mortal should have.'

"Hope for the best but prepare for the worst. After what happened to Mars, all my subordinates had a command implemented. It only activates at the thought of betrayal. After all, Mars's death taught me an important lesson."

A melancholic smile formed on her face as she said so after noticing Chloe's reaction. She might be used to her enemies fearing her, but she did not wish to see this kind of expression on her loved one. As such she tried to explain her reasoning.

She might not have had any romantic feelings for Mars, but the fact was that he was indeed a good man. The sacrifice of her best friend, Blaze, saddened her further.

The cause of all that suffering?

Betrayal.

Since then, Camelia swore to never let herself fall in the same trap Mars fell in. She hated using her power. She hated controlling people. But in her mind, traitors weren't humans, they were nothing more than dirty wretches that needed to be either erased or controlled.

The Colosseum was a large structure. Aside from the VIP lounge, there were also underground restrooms dedicated to the gladiators who were scheduled to fight.

Most of the rooms were grouped, with four or five gladiators having to share them as they equipped their armor or prepared themselves. But, only one gladiator had the right to a single room.

The one who stood at the summit of them all.

Currently, in the room of the gladiator king, could be seen clenching their fist in joy and excitement as they watched the results of the match.

Currently, their whole body and face was covered by a thick silver armor made out of dwarven steel, that covered their whole body and a helmet that hid their face, effectively hiding their gender and identity from the world.

No one knew the true identity of the gladiator king, this was this sense of mystery that made this king even more popular than the previous one.

Well, no one—aside from the royal family and the director of the Colosseum.

"It's time for me to go."

Saying so, the gladiator king stood up and took their sword before beginning to walk out of the room reserved for them.

This could most perhaps be their last fight in this Colosseum. Either way, they couldn't wait.

It did not take long for the crowd to calm down. After the medic helped in taking away the previous fighter, the scene gradually began to calm down.

They knew that what would happen next would be a display of a totally different level.

Bets were being fired one after another. The odd being mostly in the Gladiator king's favors. Though the odds weren't as overwhelming as it seemed at first, few people thought the prince could win.

The referee, receiving a message, tilted his head before raising it up with a wide smile.

"Ladies and gentlemen! I just received news that He was coming! The king of fighters! The Berserker! The destroyer! Theeee–Gladiator–Kingggg!!!!"

Oooooohhhh!!!!

The cheers were on a completely different level.

Sol, who was observing the situation couldn't help but feel as if some kind of world-renowned star was stepping on the Arena.

Soon, under the clear ovation, an armor-wearing individual could be seen advancing calmly. Their armor, shining brightly under the sky. In their arms, a beautiful long sword.

Their gait was calm and steady. The energy emanating from them, powerful but reserved.

Seeing 'him' walk toward had the illusion that was facing an unsheathed weapon or a crouching monster ready to pounce on him at the slightest lax of attention.

Grinning without even understanding why, Sol felt his heart beating wildly in his chest. He could already feel the world around him slow down a little as he entered a focused state.

He didn't need to be told to understand. His instincts were screaming at him. This guy is different.

But this thought, rather than bringing fear to him, made him happier instead.

"So it has finally come to this. Do you remember our promise?"

"Of course not, your highness."

After they reached a certain distance from Sol, the gladiator king, or rather the gladiator queen, took off her helmet, showing her beautiful long blue hair and twitching wolf ears.

"Then, Setsuna, I hope you are ready."

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Chapter 59: CH 54: WOLF VS DRAGON (1)

The moment Setsuna took off her helmet, an uproar swept through the crowd. Most people believed the gladiator king to be a man. An old and rugged man to boot. Never in their wildest imagination would they have thought that the strongest gladiator was a woman, and one so young.

But, out of all of those, the biggest reaction was in the lounge belonging to the Gorfard family.

Leonard, after seeing Sol's display, was already tearing his hair out in frustration as he screamed in the lounge.

He couldn't accept that. He refused to accept that. The fact that this shitty prince was so powerful, he was an irregularity.

'Yes! Camelia! The supreme daughter! It must be because of her, there's no other way.'

Calming his bruised ego with his thoughts, he failed to notice the reaction of the slave beneath his feet as she murmured with a surprised expression.

"Princess."

Sol, facing Setsuna, calmed himself down before closing his eyes in reminiscence.

"As we have promised back then, once I beat you, you will tell me your past and you will totally submit to me, body and soul."

"Indeed. Though, I already said that I was yours. I do not understand why we have to pass by this step."

Sol smiled as he shook his head before opening his eyes, blazing with conviction, "I do not wish for such a relationship. I know the way of the wolves. I studied them because I wanted to better understand you. The blue wolves follow a pack system, and only a strong male can be recognized as the alpha of the pack."

Clenching his fist, he continued, "Of course, you guys aren't animals controlled by your instincts. Feelings and instincts are different. The one who loves me is Setsuna the woman, but Setsuna the wolf does not see me as the leader of the pack. If I do not make you submit. Our relationship will most likely become strained in the future."

This wasn't an exaggeration, beasts-kin were as much beasts as they were human. Though it would be a mistake to call them hybrids either. This made them a rather weird race that made instinct and reason coexist in the same being.

If he wished so, by asking her to force down her instinct, Sol could have a normal relationship with Setsuna even if he never beat her. But this wouldn't be a long term solution. Sooner or later, Setsuna would snap even if she didn't mean to.

He didn't wish for that. He wished not just for Setsuna, but for all the women close to him to have happy and fulfilling lives. He wished that they harbor no regrets over forming a relationship with him.

So, even if it meant he had to beat them up, he would make them happy.

'The irony of the situation.'

"...I see." Her deep blue eyes gazed at the man she loved more than anyone else, seemingly searching for something in his eyes.

Once she was satisfied with what she found, she began to discard her armor one piece after the other.

Seeing this, Sol smiled as he began to do the same.

Setsuna's armor was different from his. Aside from the hard metal, it provided almost no protection. After all, it was filled with runes designed to keep her identity. Still, he didn't hesitate to take off his armor.

He did not wish to leave any doubts about his victory.

Once they finished, Setsuna was now clad in a simple kimono with a short skirt while Sol stood in his blue and gold regal robes. Seeing them like that, no one would think that they were about to fight with everything they had.

"Hey, old man!"

"Y-yes?!"

The referee squeezed out his voice as he asked politely.

"We will use the free for all rules. The only way for defeat is to be knocked out, surrendering or the incapacity to fight. Nothing else."

"O-of course!"

There was no reason for him to hesitate, so he accepted quite readily.

Once Sol had this answer, he turned back to Setsuna.

"Are you ready?"

A savage smile formed on Setsuna's face as she replied, "This time, I won't hold back."

"I hop–huh?"

By the time Sol answered, a fair and dainty hand was already holding his face, before-

BAAM!!!!

-Bringing it down violently against the ground.

At least that is what it looked at first glance.

The moment Setsuna impacted the ground with her hands, the Sol she was holding faded, while another one appeared behind her.

<<Shadow clone>>

He had used a substitution technique that consisted of creating a double with mana and filling it with fighting intent. This double was unable to fight but was perfect for tricks and traps.

"Did they never tell you to not attack the face!?"

Sol, once behind her, reprimanded her while covering his entire arm in scales before thrusting it toward Setsuna's back. The attack was so fast that it left friction in the air. But, despite this speed, it still missed as she did a simple roll-forward before jumping away.

The two of them, now in the opposite position from the one they stood at the start of this exchange stopped to gauge their powers.

This short exchange allowed them to know that this fight wouldn't be an easy one for either of them.

Taking a deep breath, Setsuna closed her eyes before crouching down.

Biri *Biri* *Biri* *Whoosh*

The atmosphere around her begins to give an odor of ozone as sparks of blue lightning surrounded her body, while the wind stirred as if giving birth to a tempest.

Her long blue hair became spiky as they swayed in the wind, her eyes fully blue and two large blue horns made out of energy began to form on her forehead. Finally, her nails became as sharp as claws.

Growl

Currently, Sol didn't feel like he was facing the beautiful and gentle but stern Setsuna, but rather an extremely dangerous beast that was about to rip him to shred.

"So this is your fighting form."

Exhaling a little while exclaiming in admiration, he slowly twirled his shoulder and he calmed his rising tension.

Setsuna wasn't just a blue wolf, she was a variant or a mutant. A storm wolf. An A+ ranked beast. Basically, she had one of the most powerful bloodlines below the divine beasts and their offsprings.

Feeling the incredible amount of mana she released, Sol decided that he would surprise her.

"You aren't the only one with a second form, you know."

Smiling wickedly, his eyes changed to his draconic one.

<<Dragon force: 1st step.>>

Slowly, under the astonished eyes of the crowd, his body began to change. He became taller, his white skin changed to a bronzed tone, and two glowing golden horns formed on his forehead.

The moment it happened, a true storm of mana began to fill the colosseum as Sol's and Setsuna's mana began to clash. Some of the spectators began to flee from their place as they couldn't support the pressure while some others who were too close, fainted.

At the center of all this were Sol and Setsuna, staring at each other with an unprecedented focus, none of the two thinking about anything else.

Then, under the eyes of the crowd, they simply vanished.

Boom!!

The scene happening in front of their eyes was one they had never witnessed in the colosseum. It was as if two fierce beasts were unleashing their Wrath on their surroundings. No place in the Arena was spared. In just two minutes, the place was completely ravaged.

Of course, for those able to see what was happening, they could only click their tongue in marvel.

Sol and Setsuna's way of fighting was completely different. One used her extreme speed as well as her skill and precision to deliver fast and precise blows while the other used his powerful body to weave through all damage and counter-attack.

They couldn't help but shiver when they thought about how helpless they would be should they face any of those two.

Finally, after one final blow, the two of them stopped moving and began seizing each other again.

Huff *Huff* *Huff*

Their breaths were ragged and their clothes ripped in different places, trickles of blood dripping from each of them. Still, the sharp-eyed ones could see that Sol was clearly having more difficulty breathing than Setsuna.

The result of the previous clash could be said to have resulted in Sol's defeat. His right arm was partially dislocated and his fingers broken, his chest was punctured and covered in blood. Even though his wounds were already healing, in the long run, they would sap his stamina even more.

'Sigh, I did not think that it would be this bad. If I didn't have resistance towards magic, the damage I took would be way worse.'

Even though he complained, he had to admit that he was loving this fight. This was different from all the ones he had against Lilith or the ones against the previous gladiators.

'Hahaha~I am really transforming into a battle maniac.'

Setsuna on the other hand couldn't help but feel giddy with anticipation. It has been a long time since she didn't feel her blood boil in such a way, the knowledge that this fight was a sort of courtship made her even happier. Still, even though she wanted to submit, she would never hold back. Doing so would be an insult to Sol as such,

"Your highness, I think it's time to accelerate."

"...Accelerate?"

She was going to use the greatest power she had at her disposal aside from her killing attack.

<<Third phase: Godspeed>>

What did it feel like to be hit by a punch at the speed of the sound?

Sol just tasted the answer.

BOOOOMMM!!!!

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 60: CH 55: WOLF VS DRAGON (2)

<<Third phase: Godspeed>>

What did it feel like to be hit by a punch at the speed of the sound?

Sol just tasted the answer.

BOOOOMMM!!!!

Rumble!!

The entire Colosseum trembled as Sol was propelled like a rocket before hitting the wall and becoming embedded in it.

Cough *Cough*

Even as his vision was obstructed by the debris of the wall and his mind slightly blacked out, he didn't know whether he should be amazed by the fact that Setsuna reached sonic speed or the fact that he didn't die under that hit.

'Sigh. My situation is becoming increasingly worse.'

He debated using his mirror dimensions but ultimately decided against it. This was a trump card he wanted to use for truly dangerous matters. Like the war for example. Keeping it a secret was for the best.

'Well, since she used magic then I guess I can use intent now.'

Exhaling a little, he firmed his resolve. His own intent was still a little weak and not complete because of his lack of experience, but it didn't matter. After all, he had something else to support him.

Rumble

The crowd fell silent as they observed the debris under which the prince was under. At first, they thought that he would come out blazing, but as time went past, it seemed incredibly clear that he was out cold.

They didn't know whether they should cheer for the Gladiator queen or cheer for the display of power the prince showed just after awakening.

But, just as the referee was about to give the signal, they all felt it.

Something dangerous was about to happen.

This was their primal instinct screaming from the bottom of their hearts.

Flee.

Don't look.

But none of them listened to this instinct. Some because of their curiosity, others because of the confidence in their skills.

It was then, a hand came out of the debris before the prince, covered in dirt and blood came out.

Despite his rather embarrassing situation, no one was in the mood of joking.

Because they could all hear him clearly murmur as mana filled his voice.

<<Tyrant intent: Dragon Fear.>>

Intent was a will. A determination to reach a certain result. People could use different intent at very low levels, but to truly bring this intent to the maximum, they had to understand and experience.

Killing intent needed the user to be used to killing.

Sword intent needed the user to reach an mastery of sword art.

As for King's intent, the user must have the experience of standing above the mass.

For Sol, even though he was the crown prince, he didn't have the demeanor of a king. This is where his dragon blood intervened.

Dragon fear was a kind of intent every dragon possessed. Though Sol as a hybrid couldn't use the power of Dragon fear easily, by fusing those two intents he reached a surprisingly good result. A mutation of sorts.

The moment Setsuna heard those words, even though she didn't understand the effects of the intent Sol was using, she already decided to attack him first. But,

[You mongrel. Bow in front of the king]

It was like the voice of a god above commanding her, stalling all her movements.

She was already about to kneel before understanding what was happening. Even more so, the very idea of refusing his order made a deep fear attack her heart. She felt as if she would die the moment she refused.

Right now, Sol wasn't a benevolent king who would sacrifice himself for his subjects. He was a tyrant who would use them for his selfish needs.

The sole result of fighting back was-death.

'Incredible!'

Setsuna gasped in amazement. As she felt the effects of this Intent.

'Even though it's weaker than that man, the potential behind it is out of the norm.'

Fighting back against the need to kneel, she stood back with difficulty, her breath ragged. Even keeping her Godspeed seemed way harder than normal.

'Even though I can fight against the order, all my abilities are basically restricted. I can't even use more than 70% of my full strength.'

Looking briefly towards the crowd, she was even more stunned by how many of them were already kneeling from their places. Some of them, unable to support the pressure, simply fainted. Even people in the VIP room weren't spared, some of them showing a pitiful display that would have shamed their family if they had been seen by the others.

'I need to end this fast. This intent is still too raw on the edge. There's no way his highness hoped to beat me with this move. This means he also wishes to go for a last attack.'

Thinking about that, she gritted her teeth and brought her hand in her kimono, taking out a little marble made out of metal.

"Your highness, I am really surprised. I thought my third phase would be enough to win the fight. Never would have I thought you had such a card."

"And so? Speak."

Setsuna didn't get offended. She knew that once an intent was used to a certain level, it could temporarily affect the personality of the user.

"Then, I guess it's time for one last attack. One where we would go all out without hesitation. The winner will be the last one standing."

"...I see. Very well."

Receiving this answer, Setsuna released her Godspeed before focusing inwardly.

The sparks surrounding her body slowly began to move and gather around the marble she was holding in her between her index and her thumb.

Seeing this movement, Sol grinned, his tyrant persona slipping up a little.

"So you have finally completed this move. Then, let me show you—one of the most iconic moves for a dragon."

Inhaling deeply, Sol held his breath as he concentrated pure mana in his lungs.

Silence settled between the two. The air, heavy with tension. The spectators still conscious gulped. Even without being told, they knew that this fight was about to end. The result, still up in the air.

Finally, the two of them were ready,

"This is what you taught me, your highness."

--flashback

"Ohhh! Then you can use lightning?"

"Indeed your highness."

A young Setsuna was talking to an equally young Sol. The two swinging their swords while standing in the clearing of the hanging garden.

"Then, then! I can teach you a super technique."

Tilting her head, she asked in surprise, "You? Teaching me? I thought humans couldn't use magic before maturity?"

"Hehe! You will be surprised. This technique uses either a coin or a marble. The name is..."

---Flashback end

<<Final technique: Railgun>>

<<Dragon arts: Dragon breath>>

Everyone was literally blinded and deafened by the flash of light and the explosion. The wind, stirring and blowing everything away. The heat was so intense that people were already sweating, while their hair curled because of the electricity in the air.

The explosion was so intense that casualties seemed inevitable but, thankfully, fail-safes, in the form of large glowing blue barriers, that were created to protect the crowd in case of a dangerous situation activated at full power, thereby avoiding the worst situation.

Finally, as the light abated only one question filled the mind of everyone still awake.

Who was the winner?

A gust of wind stirred the dust away, revealing the stats of the Arena.

Everything was blown away. Nothing was left. Only one word could describe this scene.

Apocalypse.

Finally, the two fighters could be seen standing. Their bodies, slightly charred.

The result?

The referee, seeing this, immediately understood the situation and screamed,

"I-it's a draw!!!!"

"Beautiful fight."

Milia murmured in happiness. She knew that Sol was receiving an intense training in Edea's dimension. But, seeing the result completely left her shivering in happiness.

"A fight? Heh~! I wouldn't really call it a fight. It was more like a display of power and some of their abilities. From the start, the two of them were holding back and didn't want to show too much of their hands."

"Indeed."

Milia acquiesced. Setsuna didn't use her Berserker mode. A power that all beast-kin could use. In Sol's case, she also knew about his magic and knew that he could have ended the fight way more easily if he had been willing. What's more, he hadn't activated his core.

In short, "At the end, this was nothing more than a mating ritual. Fufufu~!"