

## Hero King 71

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

#### Chapter 71: CH 63: LET'S HAVE A DATE

"Let's have a date."

This phrase repeated many times in Medea's mind before she finally grasped the meaning of his words and began to blush heavily. Her face was already on the verge of boiling because of the heat.

"A-a date!?"

Sol smiled at how cute she was acting as he nodded. Sometimes he tended to forget that she was older than even the first generation of the Luxuria family. He had to admit that the gap was truly delightful.

"Indeed. I only have to go visit the Highland family tonight. Before that, I am totally free."

Looking at the time, it was still the afternoon. Noon just went past. He had far more than enough time to have a good outing with Medea and give her some beautiful memories. What's more, this time he already knew most of the beautiful places of the capital suitable for a date.

"So, what do you think? Or, perhaps you don't want to?"

"Of course I want to!"

Feeling a hint of disappointment in his voice, she desperately tried to placate him.

Seeing her frantic like that, Sol felt a little bit guilty. He had just tried to joke around with her when he acted as if disappointed. He never thought that she would have such an intense reaction.

At the same time, he couldn't help but understand how Jupiter managed to so easily manipulate someone as smart as her.

Medea was the kind of woman who, once in love, devoted her everything to her lover. If seen in a good way, she was a devoted and loyal partner. But from a more sarcastic point of view, it just means she was the kind of woman who would spoil rotten her husband and make him a useless scumbag.

'I have to be careful about this.'

"Then why don't..."

"Wait!"

He was interrupted by Freya.

"Hum... Is there a problem?"

"Oh. I don't really want to disturb you guys. But I think that it is better to push it to tomorrow morning after your visit ends."

"...Could I know why?"

"For one. I think you are going too fast. She just left her prison. Give her some time to think at least. Also, while the clothes she is wearing are extremely beautiful, I don't think they are suitable for a date. What do you think?"

Sol observed Medea's dress in silence and had to accept it. He had forgotten about it since he was so used to seeing her in it, but even at first glance, it was clear for anyone to see that this dress wasn't the kind of thing anyone could wear.

He also remembered having never seen her wearing anything other than this dress.

Laughing a little, he asked Medea, "What do you think?"

Clasping her cheeks, she continued, "I think this is a splendid idea. There's no need to worry."

Sol didn't insist on that. Be it today or tomorrow, the most important information was that he had obtained her ascent.

Under the puzzled glance of those two, he began to walk toward the end of the bed and took a beautiful tiny olden bell suspended on the wall of the room and he shook it with quite some strength. Despite the absence of sound, a few seconds later, three gentle knocks could be heard from the other side of the door.

"Your highness."

The one who entered was a tall and slim woman wearing the maid uniform with a tanned skin. From a first look, she looked like a young girl, but the steadiness and aura of calm she showed was not something a teen could show normally.

"Medea, Freya, let me present you Alice. A dark elf, she is also an extremely skilled tailor and is the one who works on the different clothes I wear with the help of Milia."

Alice, at the mention of her name, simply bowed in acknowledgments to Medea and Freya. Despite how polite she was, it was easy to feel a sort of deep pride in her.

Alice was one of the first maids with whom he had a sexual relationship. She was usually a quiet and confident girl, but her cold expression would completely melt once they went to bed together.

Sol always avoided having a one-one session with any maid other than Milia. The world of women was one cold and unforgiving place where the social place could be easily inferred.

As the head maid and his first woman, Milia's power over the maids both old and new was as high as ever. Still, if he ever had a one-on-one session with another maid, this situation would spark confusion in the food chain. The maid in question would become 'special' and even without any official post, she would get preferential treatment.

Even now, all the maids with whom he had sex were already considered to be at a level higher than the normal maids.

'Still, I need to choose a personal maid.'

It was an issue he had to deal with sooner or later. Not just a personal maid. He also had to have his own personal guards and servants. Those people would become his hand and his representatives once he became a king.

'At least the knight position is already filled with Setsuna. I just need one or two more. For the personal maid, Alice is a good choice but with Clara who is coming, I don't know if they will work well. From what I know, elves of different races do not really mesh well.'

Sol thought idly while the three women began to discuss the most recent trend. He wasn't in a particular hurry. After all, his contracted partners would without a doubt be the people closest to him.

'If Chloe wasn't a holy daughter then I would have asked her to form a contract after my first contract and Setsuna.'

[Many hours later]

The sun was slowly setting down on the horizon. The festival was still going on strong and people were smiling and laughing on the street.

Despite the obvious happiness on the streets, in one of the bedrooms of the Highland family, the mood was rather gloomy.

"Sigh, I know this old man is trying to sell me."

Facing herself in a full-body mirror, a red-haired woman complained while holding her hand horizontally while two maids, seemingly of human race, busied around her by helping her dress.

A pearls of laughter escaped the two maids and one of them even boldly declared,

"Athena. You know very well how much your grandfather is worried about your marriage. You made all your fiance candidates flee in fright."

If anyone saw this scene, they would be astonished at how maids could speak so daringly to their mistress, but they would understand more if they paid attention to the crest on their hands. A pair of wings for one and a shield on the hand of the second one.

Athena growled at the cheeky maid, but all she received in response was another bout of laughter and snickers from them.

The worst was that she had no counter to their words. Since the day of her awakening, she had joined the army and fought in many skirmishes against Wratharis. Even though she had never participated in a true full-scale war, she was already shown the horror of the battlefield many times.

Compared to her, most of the nobles in her eyes were pampered little brats who knew nothing of the reality of the world. Even though they were given the privilege to form a contract with spirit in the Astral world as their first contract, most of them were barely superior to hardworking commoners. How could she accept marrying someone from such a group of wimps?

She didn't need her husband to be strong, she was willing to protect him if necessary. But she wanted a husband who could face her as an equal and who could understand her desires and worries.

Thankfully, her grandfather despite being rather stubborn in some situations was also extremely kind to her and never forced her to marry.

"Nike, Aegis. Stop mocking me and be serious. What about you, Sirin? You have been awfully quiet."

Saying so, she looked at the corner of her eyes where an owl was standing while observing the situation. From the owl, an aged woman's voice came out calmly.

"As you asked I observed the fight of the prince for you. He is very strong, most likely even stronger than what he has shown. I am sure he is already able to use magic."

"Magic? Did he make a contract?"

"No, at least I didn't see any foreign mana in his body while watching him."

"I see. I guess being a hybrid dragon has its perk. So, what is your judgment? Do you think we would lose?"

The laugh died down instantly at this question as to the three women-focused entirely on the white owl.

"If it's one vs one and with you using magic. Your chances of winning are about 7 to 3. If the four of us were to act, the odd would be 9:1. I must precise that those are the odds solely based on what he has shown. Depending on how much power he has hidden and what kind of magic he has, the odds could change greatly."

Athena sighed at those words. "So my six years of training since my awakening only gave me such a meager advantage?"

"You don't seem disappointed."

Athena shook her head at this question.

"Disappointed? Why should I? Instead, I am happy. A strong monarch isn't necessarily a good one. But in this world, I'd rather have a strong monarch than a weak one. The stronger the prince is, the better it is for the kingdom."

The answer she gave clearly made the two maids and the owl happy. She was their most beloved master and what attracted them to her back then was her pure and courageous heart as well as her outlook on life.

\*Knock\* \*Knock\* \*Knock\*

"My lady. We received a message that his highness is about to reach the gate of the castle. His lordship asked to come to fetch you."

Hearing this, Athena closed her eyes before slowly opening them while exhaling deeply.

"I guess it's time for me to meet him. I really wonder what kind of personality he has."

Athena never fully believed in rumors. She always used her own eyes to judge a person. She was happy that the prince was so strong. But it wasn't enough. She still needed to judge his character. Only then, would she pledge her full loyalty to him.

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 72: CH 62: EDEA?... MEDEA**

"Sigh, now I have done it."

Sol sighed as he laid down on his bed. His thoughts, going back to what happened one hour ago.

After he declared war against Lilith, Sol, accompanied by Edea and Freya left with a huff.

He had already asked Edea to use her control of the tower to observe Lilith. From what he understood, he didn't really have to worry about Lilith for now, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

"Sorry. I shouldn't have acted in anger."

Seeing his beloved teacher apologize with her head cast down, Sol let out another sigh before shaking his head.

"It isn't a problem. Anyway, it was something that should have happened sooner or later. You gave me the push I needed."

It has been centuries since his teacher took a step into the outside world. No way he was going to reprimand her in such a day.

Forcing a smile, he got up and walked toward Edea before crouching down in front of her.

Admiring her for a few seconds, he sighed again at how beautiful his teacher was. Her long and beautiful silver-white hair, her extremely pale skin as well as her jet black dress. The contrast was so perfect it gave her an otherworldly aura.

"Do not worry teacher. Right now though, I am glad and I am also extremely happy about you finally leaving your golden cage." His smile became more genuine when he said those words.

Edea, looking at his radiant smile, blushed before using her witch hat to cover her face in embarrassment before raising her head and looking at him with her cheek puffed up.

"You are too straight forward." She murmured under her breath.

'So cute!'

Looking at her like that, Sol could already feel his heartbeat like crazy in his chest. Edea, seemingly being in the same situation, stopped blushing as she looked at him. They could feel their surroundings vanish from their minds as they slowly drew closer. But, just as their lips were about to connect,

"You are so cute!" squealing in excitement, Freya jumped on Edea from behind and hugged her with all her strength, effectively breaking the magic moment between the two of them.

'Tsk!'

The two of them click their tongue in disappointment while staring at the third wheel who seemed totally oblivious.

Of course, even though Freya had basically no experience with men. She wasn't oblivious to the situation nor was she dense enough to not understand what was happening.

It was just that, seeing Sol and Edea look at each other with so much affection,

'I was a little jealous.'

The moment she thought about that, a feeling of disgust and helplessness filled her.

It wasn't just Freya. Any witch who lived for a certain amount of time would be jealous of Edea's current situation.

Being a witch wasn't something particularly enviable for people who couldn't stand loneliness. She had many friends who killed themselves because they couldn't stand the effect of the curse.

The worst was that even changing sexual preferences didn't change anything.

Despite that, it was unthinkable for her to have an emotion as ugly as envy toward her own sister. She closed her eyes as she did her best to control her emotions. Slightly shaking while doing so.

"Freya?"

Noticing her abnormalities, Sol called her out, but Edea shook her head.

It took a few seconds before Freya finally opened her eyes, her breathing rough as if she just had an intense workout.

Sol frowned a little at this, " Freya, are you alright? What happened?"

Freya let go of her as she swiped her hair aside, her forehead covered in sweat.

"It's isn't anything you need to care about. Just a personal problem of mine."

Sol hesitated a little before nodding. Freya wasn't a little girl, and their relationship wasn't close enough for her to share her secret with him. What's more, Sol wasn't nosy enough to meddle in the affair of someone who was at best an acquaintance.

Discarding any thoughts about Freya abnormalities, Sol faced Edea again.

"So, teacher what do you plan to do?"

Throwing one last look of worry at Freya, Edea gathered her thoughts.

"I... I don't really know. Perhaps I will visit the world?" Letting an awkward laugh, she looked down before continuing. "I will most likely visit mother. But aside from that..."

Edea closed her mouth as her eyes swam in confusion. Now that she was outside, she remarked that she had nothing particular in mind.

"Then, why don't you follow me?"

"Follow... You?" She was a little confused about his choice of words before her eyes widened in surprise.

"You mean, you want to engage my services?"

"Of course. We lack a court magician. Why not change it to a court witch."

"But..."

Edea hesitated a little and he understood why.

It went without saying, but witches weren't particularly appreciated in Lustburg. Sol taking Edea as a court witch was sure to create some great backlash to him.

"Do not worry. If everything goes well, by the end of this week, there will be no one who will try to oppose us."

"What do you mean?"

Sol wished to answer her as he had nothing to hide from her, but, seeing Freya from the corner of his eyes. He decided to steer the direction of his discussion toward another subject.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Freya or that he was too suspicious. Sol just believed that trust was something earned not given. He blindly trusted Camelia, Setsuna, Lilith, Lilin, Edea, and Milia and he could share basically all his secrets aside from his reincarnation because he knew that they would never betray him.

But what about Freya? So what if she was basically Edea's sister? At the end of the day, the two of them were just strangers.

Freya, seeing his short hesitation snorted but otherwise didn't take offense. She didn't fully trust Sol herself. It would be rather hypocritical of her to expect him to trust her.

Edea also understood the situation. But she was helpless in changing the situation. She just hoped that time would help them become closer. She really wished that Sol and her family became friends.

'Perhaps more than friends if possible.'

It was something she had thought of many times in the past. Sol's ability to touch and possibly impregnate witches made him akin to an oasis in a desert.

It wasn't as if no witches never thought of fornicating with some dragon. But from what she understood, all witches were basically covered in Asmodeus scent. No dragon would even arouse the slightest lustful thought in front of a witch and the sole dragon equal to Asmodeus was a female.

Then, this begged the question of why Sol wasn't affected. From her own conjectures, either it was because he was a hybrid or because he was blessed by luxuria herself.

'But at the end of the day, everything depends on him.'

She was burdened by the curse of love. For her, Sol's well-being came even before her own. If he wished to have a harem of witches, she would be happy to help him.

Her train of thought was suddenly brought to a halt by the words Sol suddenly uttered.

"Medea, now that you are out. I believe that I can receive the official answer to my confession."

Edea was both surprised at how Sol used her true name rather than calling her teacher or Edea. She stammered a little as she tried to divert the subject.

"Why suddenly call me by this name."

Sol's answer was straight to the point, "Teacher is the form of respect while Edea was the name you used with my ancestor. Your true name is Medea. At least, this is the first name that was given to you and this is the way I will call you now. if you permit me, that is."

Saying so, he gave a slight bow and stretched his hand, his palm facing upwards, clearly waiting for her answer.

A blush covered her face. She understood the underlying meaning in this last sentence. Edea was the name she gave to her first love. Forgoing it meant that she truly discarded this part of her life and was ready to start a new page.

A few months ago, this question would have stumped her. But right here, right now, the answer was evident and no doubt clouded her heart.

Putting her hand in Sol's, she spoke with determination, "As of now, I will only answer to the name Medea."

This was her decision. She would once again try to believe in love. She would once again give her everything to him.

"Thank you. Medea. I promise I will not disappoint you."

'I promise to not be your second Jason.'

Then, deciding to strike while the iron was hot, he continued,

"Let's have a date."

He hoped that this one would end on a better note than his previous one.

(AN: For those who didn't know. The character Edea/Medea was based on the myth of the witch Medea. A Greek myth. A poor woman who falls in love with a bastard named Jason because of a curse thrown by goddess Aphrodite. Here Jason is played by Jupiter. The funny thing is that in some myths she is the granddaughter of the sun god Helios and Sol's name came from the sun god Sol invictus who is also an Incarnations of Helios in a certain way. Though the Roman version. Meanwhile Freya is basically the Norse version of Aphrodite. Yeah. I like Myths if it wasn't already evident XD.)

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

### **Chapter 73: CH 64: WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK I AM?**

In the busy streets full of festivity, a carriage pulled by nightmare horses was slowly advancing.

Despite how crowded the streets were, the road was free from anyone blocking it. None of the citizens dared to face or block the way of this carriage. The visible insignia of a Phoenix, clearly told to whom this carriage belonged.

The royal family.

In the carriage, currently, three persons were seated. Those three were none other than Setsuna, Milia, and Sol.



As a prince, he couldn't visit the house of the Duke without a retinue of his own. It would not only be unbecoming and what's more, it would have been stupid and naive.

Closing his eyes, Sol begins to remember the information he had on Highland.

From what he remembered, they were basically the oldest noble family in the kingdom and had control over the military.

Weirdly, despite all this, they had basically no influence in the political atmosphere of the kingdom. The cause is their so-called neutrality and unwillingness to dip into the dirty world of politics.

For some, this was an admirable family. Meanwhile, many nobles saw them as barbaric nobles who only knew how to swing their swords.

This thought always made Sol scoff in derision. Only nobles could mock the very people who assured their protection.

In absolutely every war, the Highland family was always on the Frontline. Because of that, during the last great war against Gluttony and Echidna, the war during which his father died. The Duke of that generation as well as his cousin also died forcing the last generation Duke to take control of the family once again to give the time for the heir or heiress to grow.

"They are basically like me."

Sol murmured out loud without paying attention. Milia, who also grasped all the information about Highland understood Sol's words.

"Indeed. The current younger generation of the Highland family is composed of three people. Two young women and another young man."

"Three? I have heard of the siblings Ares and Athena. But never of the third."

Milia nodded, her eyes expressing doubts, "The third and youngest was called Aurora. She was a candidate for the place of Holy Daughter. But for some reasons she mysteriously vanished."

"...Mysteriously vanished?"

Sol frowned at that. For Milia to say that it means that even the crown's shadow didn't know what exactly happened.

"By the way, is she also the granddaughter of the Duke?"

"No... She is the granddaughter of Lord Gerald."

Sol immediately frowned at that.

"Uncle Gerald?"

Gerald was as much a teacher for him as Medea had been. In fact, in his heart, the position Gerald occupied wasn't low by any means. He was the sole father figure he had in this life. He saw him as a gentle grandfather who would sometimes spoil him and sometimes be strict with him.

But, Gerald had never mentioned his granddaughter in front of him. Clenching his fists he asked,

"Do you find him suspicious?"

Milia didn't answer, but from the hesitation in her eyes, her answer was clear.

This realization brought a painful blow to him.

"Should I stop my investigation?"

Seeing Sol like that, Milia asked with a low voice. She hated seeing such an expression on Sol's face. For her, the only expression that suited him was one of happiness. If necessary she would do everything for him. Though she had to admit that a little part of her would be disappointed.

But,

"No. "

Sol went past all her expectations,

"Do not stop. Even though I believe that Uncle Gerald would not harm me. We must always hope for the best but prepare for the worst."

Looking at his expression full of determination as he made such a difficult but mature choice, one thought went flashed in Milia's head.

'Sigh, I think I need to change panties. The current ones are ruined.'

After this, all discussions in the carriage died down as it was clear that Sol was brooding.

Thankfully, it wasn't long before they ultimately stopped just in front of the castle belonging to the Highland.

The castle itself had nothing special. It was simply decorated and seemed more like a fortress than anything else.

In front of the gate, on either side of it, two lines made out of soldiers and battle maids were formed, each of them holding a long Halbert.

The moment Sol stepped down from his carriage.

Bam!

In unison, they all hit the ground with the butt of their Halbert and screamed with a vigorous voice.

"ALL HAIL YOUR HIGHNESS!"

This was followed by them crossing their Halbert high up, creating a road for him to pass.

At the end of this road, three people stood while looking at him with curiosity. They were the Duke and his two grandchildren.

Sol, observing this display in silence asked.

"What is the meaning of this?"

The scene in front of him might look like a display of respect, but he could feel each of the soldiers emanating their full mana before focusing it in front of them.

The one who answered was none other than the Duke himself. His face was solemn as he said,

"Your highness. You should know the symbolic meaning of the night visit. Right in front of you is what we call the path of the warrior. If you cannot even pass this, then how could we talk as equal?"

Sol pinched his eyebrows and scoffed in annoyance.

He knew that the Duke meant nothing bad by it.

He knew they were just straightforward about their desire.

He knew that by succeeding in this test, he would get their respect.

But,

"Who the hell do you think I am?"

He growled before slowly opening his eyes who were now black and gold. The gentleness in them nowhere to be seen and replaced by a cold stare.

\*Gulp\*

Some of the soldiers couldn't help but tremble and swallow painfully at the sudden change in atmosphere.

Sol was already in a bad mood because of the possibility of Gerald causing problems. But now, he was completely pissed off.

Step.

One step was all it took. The pressure that the soldiers initially projected was completely blown away by his own.

"Do you think I am a joke?"

Step.

"Do I look like a pushover to you?"

Step.

"So let me ask you again dear Duke. Who. The. Hell. Do you think I am?"

By the time he finished speaking, he was standing face to face to the Duke. The two of them standing eyes to eyes. The soldiers around them all kneeling while their face was covered in sweat.

The only people still standing aside from Sol were the three Highland as well as Milia and Setsuna who still stood in front of the carriage as they observed the scene.

The Duke, facing the young man in front of him sighed wistfully,

"You really are his son."

"Wrong answer."

The pressure surrounding Sol vanished as fast as it came. A beautiful smile slowly forming on his face before he slowly bent down and spoke to the Duke's ear.

"Let it be the last time. Otherwise, there won't be any castle left for me to visit."

The Duke impassible as always chuckled a little,

"Ohohoh~! What a frightening young lad. Indeed. I was wrong. You are in no way like your father. Should I say that you inherited the pride of your mother?"

Looking at the old man in front of him, Sol continued with a straight face.

"I am neither. I am me. I am Sol Dragona Luxuria. I am your prince and your future king. Never forget that."

Sol didn't like to flaunt his authority. But for a noble, much less the crown prince, acting humble was nothing more than a disgrace.

He will never use his authority to bully people, but he will never shy away from using it on people who underestimated him.

The standoff between the two lasted for a short while before a good-natured smile formed on the Duke's lips.

"Ohohoh~! Indeed. Indeed. Forgive this old man." Bowing a little, he said without any frustration in his voice, "Your highness, I the Duke of Highland, am happy to welcome you to my abode. I hope it will please you."

Giving a nod, Sol gestured to Milia and Setsuna to follow him in. Inwardly, he gave a bitter smile.

'It seems like I am facing an old fox.'

This night promised to be very interesting.

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

#### **Chapter 74: CH 65: DISCUSSION, MIRROR, FIGHT ?**

Few minutes after the debacle that happened at the door and after they had the maid show Sol and his group to their room, Athena, Ares, and the Duke Highland, Tyr, sat facing each other in the main office used by the Duke.

Filling his glass with some liquor, Tyr downed it all in one go and let out a sigh of pleasure.

"Ooh. I must say, drinking something strong always helps relax my nerves."

Saying so he twirled his shoulder before finally addressing his two grandchildren.

"So, what do you think?"

"He is a little rash..." began Ares.

"But he is powerful..." continued Athena.

"He most likely saw that our test had a double meaning..."

"Indeed, and he acted decisively..."

"His threat at the end was a little too much..."

"But I must say that it was really incredible to look at..."

Tyr smiled at this scene and began to pour another glass before swirling the beautiful amber liquid while marveling at how much the dwarves were a boon for this world.

"So, your conclusion?"

"He seems interesting."

"I like his personality."

Silence settled between them before Tyr turned to Athena.

"So, are you interested?"

"So you are really trying to sell me, shitty old man?"

"Sigh, understand me. I already basically presented you with most of the bachelor noble who is our ally and some of the most promising soldiers. Despite that, you are still alone. Not even a fling. Hell, I even tried to hook you up with some women in case you weren't straight."

Athena's flushed at those words before glaring at her twin brother to stop him from laughing.

"You shouldn't laugh." This time, Tyr faced Ares, "I know you have a crush on the Duchess, but I already told you it was impossible between you."

Sipping on his drink, Tyr let out another sigh as he pinched his eyebrows. The goddesses had blessed him with smart, talented, and upright grandchildren, but in matters of love, those two were really a royal pain in the ass.

Sometimes, he couldn't help but fear that the Highland lineage would end up with them after his death.

"Anyway, enough of that. As you can see the prince is no pushover like his grandfather. So at the very least, the chances of another Puppet King emerging are rather low."

"But what if he was already a Puppet? No matter how you look at it, Queen Lilith's willingness to let go of the throne seems fishy."

Ares expressed his doubts. A doubt that plagued close to all the nobles in Luxuria. Even though Lilith wasn't blessed, it wasn't as if a case of someone getting his blessing in their later years didn't happen. Even without that, most people were sure that she had a very large control over the prince.

"Lilith is..." The Duke hesitated before sighing. "Lilith was never interested in power. She is a free spirit and if she didn't have to keep the kingdom for her nephew, I am pretty sure she would be exploring some other part of the world."

Looking wistfully at the ceiling, Tyr remembered the cute little bumble of joy who would call him uncle with a cute haughty voice and order him to put her on his shoulder.

Sadly, the moment she grew old enough to understand the circumstances of her father and after her awakening, she gradually became a cold and detached woman.

"So, now that we have a preliminary understanding of his personality, Athena please, go escort him and pass some time with him. It should calm his anger by the time banquets begin."

The three of them nodded at that and got up before leaving the room.

What they didn't know and had no way of knowing was...

There weren't only three people in that room.

Floating in the now-empty office, Sol chuckled as he remembered the discussion that happened. At the same time, he couldn't help but marvel at how incredible his power was.

As of now, it didn't have any attack power. But, the abilities it gave him were simply insane.

After obtaining it, the first thing he did was to learn how to read lips. It was a necessary skill since sound didn't transmit from the normal dimension to the mirror dimension.

The flow of events that brought him here was rather simple. After he entered the room given to him and assured him that there was no one monitoring them, he asked Milia to create a doppelganger to replace him and then phased into his dimension.

The sad thing was that, as of now he couldn't really interact with objects in the dimension. They all seemed illusory and all he could do was float and observe things.

Finally, after some experience during his training, he discarded the idea of bringing his loved one in the mirror dimension.

This dimension twisted everything.

From what he gathered, aside from him, anyone who entered had their feelings and minds inverted. This means that the more they loved him in the real world the more they would hate him in the mirror world. He didn't wish to die after being killed by the people he loved.

He was also sure that this dimension had other negative effects. But he didn't have enough samples to understand it. There was only so much he could gleam by using animals as test subjects.

"Well, this is enough for now. At least I know that even though the Highlands can't be called steadfast allies, at least they are leaning towards my side.

This was enough for him. He would have been very sad if all the nobles' family were traitors. What's more, with what they were planning to do, having too many traitors would without a doubt affect the overall strength of Lustburg too much.

Humming a little, he slowly advanced as he floated toward the door of the office room. He wanted to explore the castle a little more.

While Sol was going on an adventure in the mirror world, Setsuna and Milia sat facing a smiling Sol.

At first glance, there seemed to be no particular difference between the doppelganger and the original. But a more cursory inspection would reveal many flaws.

"This is really incredible."

Setsuna complimented as she continued to inspect it. As one of the people closest to Sol, even she couldn't say with assurance she wouldn't be fooled for at least a few seconds after seeing the doppelganger. For warriors like her who could reach or surpass sound speed, few seconds were basically an eternity.

"Fufufu~! This is nothing. My doppelganger skills rely on my understanding of the one I am copying. The more I know him the more realistic I can make it."

Setsuna smiled at how Milia was basically bragging about her understanding of Sol. She respected Milia a great deal, but her smug face somehow irked her, making her eyebrows twitch in irritation.

Milia, being apt at observation, didn't miss this but feigned ignorance as she asked, "What's the matter? Or perhaps, are you doubting my words?"

Setsuna scoffed at that. "I don't doubt that. But don't act as if you know him the best."

"Ohoh?" This time it was Milia's turn to be a little irritated, she raised an eyebrow as she continued, "I am not acting as if I knew him the best. Because I do know him the best..."

Saying so, her eyes seemed to darken as she murmured, "Perhaps even more than he understands himself. His likes, dislikes, fears, his goal, his insecurities. I know everything. Absolutely. Everything."

Setsuna took a step back at that. She felt as if the darkness in the room seemed to thicken with Milia at the center. Her fur bristled as she crouched down and began to growl lightly, "Calm down or I will make you calm down."

This seemed to snap Milia out of her trance. The atmosphere in the room went back to normal instantly.

Taking the hem of her skirt with her fingers, Milia gave a curtsy her face now impassive. "Forgive me for my unbecoming actions."

Setsuna observed her for a while, still crouched down and ready to pounce on her at the slightest anomaly. It was the first time she had felt so much danger from the usually affable maid.

Then again before today, she did not even know that Milia could use magic. So she shouldn't have been surprised.

Sighing, she took a few steps back to increase the distance between them before standing upright. She wasn't Sol. Even though she believed in Milia, aside from Sol she would never give her back to anyone she deemed threatening. Being betrayed once was enough.

"I don't know what happened and frankly, I don't want to know. But if you don't inform Sol about that. Then I will."

"Inform me about what?"

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 75: CH 66: HAREM'S MANAGEMENT**

"Inform me about what?"

Sol slowly began to walk in the real world before observing the situation in the room.

On the bed, his doppelganger sat with a calm and empty smile. Aside from him, Milia and Setsuna stood further apart than when he initially left this room. It seemed to be a safe distance of sorts.

Finally, he could feel that the concentration of mana seemed a little higher than before. Not by much, but with the current situation this was enough to catch his attention.

The conclusion he came to after a short analysis was, "Did the two of you have an altercation?"

Silence was the answer he received. He looked at Setsuna's hesitant eyes as she debated whether to inform him or not. After all, no one liked snitches.

Thankfully, Milia didn't put her on the spot, "Forgive me, your highness. I acted a little excessively."

'A little?' Setsuna scoffed inwardly but didn't voice her thoughts. Since Milia decided to say the truth then she didn't have to meddle in it.

Listening to Milia's explanations, Sol pinched his eyebrows in thought. Truthfully he didn't want to intervene too much.

From the day she showed her fanatic gaze after she revealed her identity as a Finger, he already knew that she had a somewhat excessive obsession with him.

Thankfully, even though she seemed to show the traits of what was commonly called as yandere, she didn't wish to harm him or have him only to herself.

'I am extremely blessed.'

The problem in the current situation was that most of his lovers had a certain level of madness and obsession within them.

They all loved him. But they didn't necessarily like each other.

Lilin and Lilith's relationship was cold.

Camelia and Lilith were rivals.

Setsuna only trusted Camelia and was at odds with Lilin.

Medea only had good relationships with Lilith.

As for Milia, from the way she spoke, he knew that she could watch all his women burn without hesitation nor sadness.

His headaches grew stronger at this thought.

'How did those harem protagonists manage to make all the members of the harem act without any frictions?'



Sighing wistfully, he thought about how he seriously needed to have more male friends before speaking to Milia and Setsuna.

"Milia, Setsuna. I have no illusion about making all of you the best friends in the world. Each of you is an independent woman who can think and act for herself... "

This was something that both pleased and aggravated him. In stories, he always hated reading about those helpless girls having to be saved by the hero every ten chapters.

The problem in his current situation was that in case of danger, there was more chance of him being the helpless prince needing to be saved.

"... But let's be real. Each of us is going to live for very long if nothing happens..."

In this world, it wasn't that difficult for humans to live for more than one hundred years. Though, without a special type of partner reaching two hundred was practically a dream. The same went for beastmen.

The only exception to this rule were human hybrids like Sol, witches like Medea, and finally Apostles of divine entities like Camelia.

Still, no matter how long their lifespan was, they had about one hundred years together.

'I wish this was a world where training for immortality was the norm.'

"...Right here, right now I will make a rule. While I can understand disputes and differences of opinion, no fights are allowed."

He seriously needed to reunite all his women and put down some rules. This was necessary if he wished for them to live happily.

"Understood?"

Silence settled between the two before they nodded. In the first place, the relationship between the two of them wasn't that bad. So this was just a hiccup.

"Once again, I am sorry for going too far."

Milia slightly lowered her head to Setsuna as she apologized. Setsuna on the other hand waved her hands.

"No problem. I admit that I also provoked you a little. So it was kind of my fault."

The apologies were a little awkward but Sol was satisfied.

"Now that this is out of the way, let's discuss the situation."

Sol immediately began to recount everything that happened while he was sneaking around.

The more he talked, the more Milia was impressed. She already knew about his dimension, but she had to admit that it went past everything she had ever imagined. This was the perfect power for an assassin and/or a spy. Even her shadow and illusion powers were rather inferior to it.

Finally, once he finished, he faced Milia and continued,

"I did not see anything of note aside from the office. I did not see uncle Gerald either. Nor did I see anything suspicious."

Milia pondered a little, before speaking, "Your highness, as we thought the situation with the Highland is tilted in our favor. The Highlands are always neutral. But it seems like this generation they are willing to throw their lots with the royal family."

Sol nodded, "It's indeed as we thought. Lilith concluded a deal with the duchess Milaris, the Gorfards are clearly problematic. So..."

"So your visit to the Travers tomorrow will be the most important in our plan."

"The Travers..."

Sol murmured this name while thinking. Out of the four Duke families, if the Highland were the oldest, then the Travers were the youngest.

From what he knew the first Duchess Traver was a dwarf. The subsequent Dukes or Duchesses after her were thus all half-dwarf. They were also faintly related to one of the council members of the dwarf kingdom, Greed Dike.

"I still don't understand why would my great grandfather accept to add someone of another race in the royal family."

Sol wasn't being racist. It was truly baffling. No matter how he saw it, the Travers family were basically insiders or spies working for Greed Dike.

"Your great grandfather, Uranus the Tyrant King was someone rather... unconventional. During his years on the throne, all his closest ministers were magical beings more precisely beast kin. He called them... Kemonomimi. If I recall well."

Sol twitched a little before asking with a weird expression on his face.

"Why is it the first time I hear something like that?"

If he had any doubts about the previous rulers being otherworlders, then now those doubts changed into conviction.

He knew about the great number of magical beings working as a close aid to Uranus. It was also one of the reasons the Lustburg kingdom was such a melting pot of different races and that racism wasn't particularly rampant despite the continuous war against Wratharis.

"Ara?" Milia tilted her head before understanding.

"This kind of information, while not particularly secret, isn't something a serious professor would teach to his students. Even more so when said student is the crown prince himself. What's more, to better serve you, I used my time to make research about all the previous kings and queens, their habits, their powers, their personalities, their weak points, their bad points, their preferences, their... "

Sol looked surprised as he watched Milia ramble so much. On his side, Setsuna was pointing her finger with an expression that seemed to say, 'Now you understand why I reacted strongly.'

He had to admit that the current Milia looked a little creepy, but,

'She is pretty cute.'

He didn't know what it meant about him when he found such a sight cute.

"... Their favorite foods, their..."

"Enough, I understand. You are basically a master when it comes to the knowledge about the previous rulers. Anyway, let's go back to the core of the problem."

Milia blushed heavily after she was cut off, she couldn't believe that she showed such an embarrassing sight to him. Thankfully, he showed no signs of disgust. Otherwise, she would have just killed herself.

"I-I am sorry. Your highness. I don't know what happened to me."

'So cute!'

In his mind, Milia was always this serious and steady woman who sometimes spoiled him too much. Seeing her blush and stammer as she acted like a little girl was a sight that soothed his heart greatly.

This also made him understand once again that even the people closest to him had different sides to them that he did not know.

It would be stupid of him to presume the opposite. Seeing the naked body of your partner didn't mean that you saw his or her naked heart. It was important to not become complacent if one wished for a long and happy relationship.

"Hahaha~ No worries. I must say that it was rather entertaining."

It was when just as he was about to begin teasing her,

\*Knock\* \*Knock\* \*Knock\*

An old and calm voice sounded after three knocks on the door,

"Your highness, may I enter?"

Sol waited a few seconds before signaling Milia to answer, "You may."

"Then, excuse me."

The door opened and a giant muscular old man opened the door.

'He easily has more than 2 meters.'

Watching this man wearing a butler uniform that perfectly showed his bursting muscles, the old man gave a bow in a perfect show of courtesy before continuing,

"Your highness, I am the head butler of this humble abode. My master, the Duke, hopes to invite you to a banquet prepared in your honor. It will take place in the dining room at exactly midnight."

'Even when he bows he is still taller than me.'

Sol thought idly without being surprised at the excessive polite actions.

Even though the host was the Duke. Sol was still the crown prince and as such the Duke couldn't just force him to come to the dinner.

Though, if he didn't participate, it would be a way to say that he was dissatisfied with the Highland family and with how many spies there were, it wouldn't be a surprise if all the other nobles of importance learned about this before the sun was out.

'Politics is truly a pain.'

Thinking so, he stayed silent and let Milia speak in his place. Even though he didn't really care, since his maid was present, she automatically became his representative and he should only answer to people of important rank. A butler obviously didn't qualify.

"Tell his lordship the Duke that His highness will be happy to participate."

"It's much appreciated. The maids will come shortly and help you in your preparations."

Giving another bow, he waited for Milia to permit him before he left.

Once they were alone, Sol sighed inwardly.

'Thankfully I was born as the crown prince.'

Being born with a low position in a world where monarchy prevailed wasn't funny in any way.

'Well, it isn't like my old world was any better.'

There were no perfect worlds. Sol refused to delude himself into thinking that his old world was better than this one just because democracy was the norm. In fact, it was way more dangerous and horrible.

'It's ironic how a world without magical monsters is more dangerous than the one with them.'

He chuckled at this dark thought before focusing on the situation in front of him. This banquet would be very important for him and the kingdom.

After all, 'Having one more family on my side means having less blood in my hands by the end of this week.'

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

#### **Chapter 76: CH 67: MYSTERIES AND DINNER**

Somewhere far away, in an unknown dimension, a large monster was curling as it slept peacefully.

The world around it was devoid of any color.

The peaceful sleep was seemingly disturbed as its eyelids twitched briefly before slowly opening, showing cold gold and black pupils.

Slowly rising to its full height, the monster who was already a few stories tall, now showed its full splendor.

Anyone standing in its presence would have been unable to express any coherent thoughts.

This monster stood at the apex of the food chain.

Beautiful golden scales, long curved horns, a large and beautiful tail.

It emanated a perfect sense of harmony between strength and beauty.

It was... a Dragon.

The dragon, observing the monochrome world around it, slowly raised its head and looked at the sky full of multi-colored stars.

Some stars seemingly shined brilliantly while others seemed to be completely dead and basking in darkness.

Its gaze, finally settling on a dead star, showed a trace of sadness before it skipped it and settled on a little gold star next to it.

Compared to all the previous stars, this one was incredibly tiny. So small that it seemed that it could be snuffed at any moment. Despite that, its gaze brightened considerably at the view of this star.

Murmuring to itself in a surprisingly womanly voice, "It seems like my vision was a little off and I woke up a little later than I should have."

Stretching her paw in the direction of the star, the dragon suddenly stopped and watched as a red color slowly engulfed a corner of the previously golden star.

'Blood, war, destruction, and power.'

The dragon frowned as she observed the star and hesitated a little before finally putting back her paw and curling back to sleep.

The last thought as her eyes closed was,

'It still isn't time yet.'

Sol, who was currently walking in the hallway of the Highland castle felt a shiver pass through his spine.

"Your highness?"

Setsuna and Milia, seeing him suddenly stop were wondering what was happening.

"No, it's nothing. Let's go."

'I need to talk to Edea or Freya before the date tomorrow.'

He had felt like someone was observing him. But the sensation was so ethereal and went away so fast that he even thought it was an illusion.

Since his super senses caught something weird, it would be stupid of him to not investigate it.

Still, the only reason why he wasn't too worried was that,

'...It feels... warm?'

It was a weird feeling. It reminded him of the way Lilith, Milia, and Camelia looked at him when he was just a child. A stare filled with caring love.

What's more, his blood seemed to boil a little as if it was resonating with someone.

'Tiamat? Or another dragon?'

It was possible, but it was dangerous to jump to conclusions without enough evidence.

'Sigh, no matter. Let's focus on what is happening now.'

Finally reaching a large black and red door guarded by two knights, Sol's group stopped for a short while as they waited to be announced.

In the dining room, a young red-haired boy was seated with an impassive expression on this face as he observed those already seated.

The table was long and rectangular. No one sat on the head table as it was reserved for the prince. On the right side of the table was his grandfather followed by his grand-uncle, Gerald Highland. On the left side was his sister, followed by him.

After them, were the highest-ranked noble on either side of the table with the lowest-ranked one, a knight, seating next to him.

A piece of rhythmic and powerful music sounded in his ears, partially covering the noise of discussions and laughers.

Even though nothing seemed wrong on the surface, inwardly, he was seething at the pitiful sight.

'Grandfather is too...'

He stopped himself from going farther. Even though he didn't accept some, well, many of the choices of his grandfather, it was a fact that the man was an idol in his eyes.

But—only as a warrior and a general.

As a noble on the other hand, he was a total failure.

Calming himself and being sure that he didn't show his frustration, he looked once again at the pitiful number of people on the table and more than their numbers, their ranks were the problem.

'Many knights, some barons, and three viscounts and one earl. Not even one of the ten Marquess.'

To think that only such a pitiful group could be reunited after a call from one of the four Duke. At this rate, it wouldn't be long before the Highland family was erased like many Duke families before them.

'That's why we need to win the unconditional support of the prince.'

Lustburg kingdom followed a simple system. The highest-ranked were the members of the royal family.

After them, came the Dukes, then the Marquesses, then Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and finally Knights.

The Highland family was the oldest noble family still active. They were one of the four Dukes. People should be running trying to please them or submit under them.

Sadly, the reality was that, in terms of influence, even some Marquesses were higher than them.

What's more, the fact that the knights could sit on the same table as the viscounts or earl was something completely astonishing.

Ares wasn't the kind who discriminated against people based on their titles. He didn't think that he was superior to anyone thanks to his blood. He believed that everyone had equal chances to prove themselves.

But,

'How can grandfather just let the situation continue?'

He knew the difference between his ideals and reality. Just because he didn't discriminate, it didn't mean that they should allow such a scene to happen.

The worst was that,

'He wants his highness to share the same table.'

Just thinking about that was enough for him to feel like flipping the table and scream at his grandfather and his twin sister.

In his opinion, they had already gone past the line after what happened in front of their door. Such a new slight could push them to be completely blacklisted.

'Goddess above, please help us.'

Praying in his heart, he waited anxiously before finally hearing one of the servants announce,

"His highness the crown prince, Sol Dragona Luxuria and his retinue."

His heart missed a beat before he took hold of himself and braced himself for whatever was about to happen.

Despite that, some of his worries could still be seen on his face and this didn't escape the Duke notice.

Shaking his head, he raised his hand and the chatter immediately died down before he stood up, followed by all those present.

He loved his two grandchildren dearly, but for all his smartness, Ares was sadly not well suited for the position of heir. Keeping him as an advisor for Athena was the best solution.

The moment Sol entered, thanks to his outstanding memory, he immediately began to match the face with those he knew from documents his teacher in politics always made him learn.

Out of all of them, he could only recognize the Earl and the Viscount. As for the other one, since he didn't recognize them, it means that they were of a rather low rank.

For a moment, he began to wonder if the Duke was fucking around with him again, but after seeing the helpless and agitated expression of the Duke's grandchild as well as the familiar face of his 'uncle' Gerald, Sol immediately calmed down and judged that the situation of the Highland was worse than he thought.

The silence followed him as he walked in the room under the curious stares of the nobles present before he finally sat on the head chair, Setsuna and Milia standing behind him.

"You may sit."

"By your grace."

The voices were united and sounded powerfully in his ears before they all sat in unison.

'I see...'

Sol immediately got rid of any thoughts about the Highland house being pitiful.

What they lacked in rank, they made it up with power and unity.

'That old bastard is far more dangerous than I thought.'

He had already understood a little of it when he saw how the soldiers didn't hesitate to follow the Duke's order back then this afternoon.

'To think it would even extend to the nobles.'

It was an impressive display of charisma and control.

What he didn't see was how cold Milia's eyes became. She understood the current situation even more than Sol.

Inwardly she had already decided that if the Duke didn't join Sol and insisted on being neutral, then she would simply cause him to die accidentally during the war that was coming once they were sure to win.

'No matter what, at the end of this week, Sol must have absolute control over the kingdom. Anyone standing in the way of this plan is a hindrance that needs to be erased without any pity.'

This was her creed. This was her way. Even if she had to walk through a bloody path, she would never regret it.

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

#### **Chapter 77: CH 68: JOYOUS DINNER**

The atmosphere was slightly restrained as the food was served by the servant.

Once this was done, all eyes gathered on Sol.

From what Sol knew, in his old world, nobles generally never ate anything that hadn't been tested by their servant first. This was to prevent being poisoned.

In Gaia, nobles were a little different. Poison simply didn't work the same way. Alchemy and medicine weren't particularly developed for the simple reason that they could basically heal everything either with their own regenerative abilities, with magic, or by asking a priestess to pray for them.

This made it so that poison that could affect people with mana was basically non-existent. Of course, this didn't mean they didn't exist.



Sol, thanks to his dragon physique, was immune to many things even before his awakening. Poison technically being one of them.

But,

"Your highness, please."

Taking a step forward, Milia gave a bow before letting her hand hover over the food in front of Sol. Her hand, shining with a blue light.

This was a form of mana usage that could determine the presence of mana in any substance.

None of the noble's presents frowned at Milia's action. This wasn't a question of trust or doubt. Sol and Lilin were currently the sole possible heir of the throne, with Sol being the only one having activated his blessing. There was simply no way he would take any kind of risk.

Once Milia was done with her inspection and was sure that there was nothing dangerous, she bowed again before taking a step back.

This was something that they had decided in advance.

There was no absolute in this world. He may be immune to poison on paper, but it would be too late to regret if he ever ingested a poison that surpassed his limits. Better be safe than sorry.

Taking his knife and his fork, he gently cut the steaming steak in front of him before taking a bit.

"This is truly delicious."

This was enough as permission, and soon, everyone was now eating.

At first, they were still a little restrained, but as time passed and they saw that Sol wasn't too strict, they relaxed considerably and began to discuss more joyously.

No one observing this table would ever imagine that they were nobles.

It wasn't hard to understand why. Some noble titles could be obtained with enough achievement in war. It was clear that all of the nobles present here were previously soldiers under the order of the Duke.

While most of the tables were discussing, the head of the table with Sol, Tyr, Gerald, Athena, and Ares was totally silent.

Athena was observing Sol with interest in her eyes. His earlier display really surprised her and it was hard to think that someone with such a tyrannical aura could be so calm and gentle.

She wasn't particularly interested in romance, but she had to admit that Sol was truly the perfect groom for any woman in Lustburg.

[Is there something on my face?]

She nearly jumped when she heard the voice near her ear. Still, her reflex kicked in and she stayed calm. She also knew what had happened.

<<Whisper>>

If mana could be used to amplify the voice like how Lilith did during her speech this morning, it was also possible to use it to lower and direct the voice.

Still, this wasn't something a newbie mana user should be able to do. It needed an incredible amount of control. Of course, after all those years she was also able to use it.

[I am sorry for staring too much, your highness. Though I must admit that your face is truly attractive.]

She wasn't a shy girl by any means.

Sol, hearing the compliment, smiled, and observed Athena.

Her name aside, who made him once again wonder what was the relationship between this world and his previous one, she was truly a gorgeous woman.

Her bright red hair and her equally red dress gave her the appearance of a wild beauty. Her forms weren't particularly impressive when compared to the adult women he knew, but she was by no means slim.

One could say that her curves were perfect. Neither too much nor not enough.

[You are no less gorgeous. I must say, I have heard of your exploits and I am truly impressed by your results.]

Sol might not know every noble, but how could he not have at least a basic understanding of the heirs who would serve him in the future?

Athena was a woman worthy of respect in his opinion. He had always liked strong independent women and she fitted this to a T.

In terms of pure power, she wasn't particularly remarkable. But on a battlefield, her abilities were simply nightmares for any enemies.

There was no doubt that he would need her help during the war that was approaching and as such having an amicable relationship with her was a necessity.

[Hahaha, thanks, your highness. Speaking of which, I have always been curious about you. Well, I guess everyone had always been curious about you.]

Sol gave a bitter smile. It wasn't like he could say that he basically never left the church or the tower of babel because of his overprotective aunt and lover.

[I can guess. Still, now I will appear more regularly in public. So I guess we will have more opportunities to discuss.]

The two continued to chat idly, unaware of the silence that had slowly befallen around them.

<<Whisper>> was truly a good way to discuss in secret. But it suffered from some flaws.

The first one is that since it was a mana technique, it had mana fluctuations and could be felt if someone was careful enough.

Secondly, no matter how much you whispered, you still had to move your mouth to speak.

As such, what the people at the table were seeing was the prince and the heiress murmuring without any sound while looking at each other.

"Ahem. Your highness."

Sol was startled when Gerald spoke to him. He was about to ask what was the matter when he finally remarked that all eyes were on him. It didn't take long for him to understand what happened.

More than anything, the grin on the Duke face made Sol want to punch him.

Coughing a little to hide his embarrassment, he began eating again and ignored the teasing light dancing in the eyes of the other people at the table.

"Do you think his highness and the lady are hooking up?"

"Who knows. But they seemed to be really interested in each other."

"Is his highness a womanizer?"

"Perhaps? At least he seems to know how to handle women. Never saw the lady smile like that when discussing with a boy."

"Ohhh. Then perhaps the lady will finally find a husband?"

"Incredible... I had already bet she wouldn't marry before at least her thirty."

"I had bet that she would never marry."

"Hey, don't insult the lady. I had bet that she was into girls."

Such discussion began to fly around. Even though they were murmuring and didn't whisper, when so many people talked at the same time it was hard to not hear them.

Athena blushed in anger about this betting she never heard about.

"You bastard! Who the hell began this betting?"

All the nobles feel silent before directing their eyes on the Duke.

"Ohohoh~! To think my loyal soldiers would betray me so easily."

He slowly caressed his beard while dodging the murderous eyes of his granddaughter.

Everyone else began to laugh while Athena began to berates the Duke.

Looking at them like that, Sol had to admit that he felt envy.

His diners were generally with Lilith and Lilin. Never of which were particularly talkative. He had never felt such warmth during a diner. So much laughter and happiness. It was truly a new experience that he relished greatly.

Smiling inwardly, Sol began to hope even more that the Duke would truly take his side.

[They are interesting right?]

This time, it was Gerald0 who whispered to him. His eyes still glued on the scene, Sol nodded, [Indeed. They are truly a funny bunch.]

Gerald, also looking at this scene gave a warm smile.

[My brother is someone who sees all his soldiers as family. Many of his most trusted generals even call him father or grandfather. He isn't the best example of a noble. But... He is someone truly worth respecting.]

(E/N: White beard. Lol)

Swirling a glass of wine in his hand, he took a sip before continuing.

[Sol, later, if you wish you will be able to discuss alone with my brother. Sadly, even though I wish to support you, I do not have enough power to sway the opinions. So the result will depend on you. I wish you success.]

Sol, hearing this heartfelt advice felt a pang in his heart. He wished, really wished with from the bottom of his heart that there was nothing wrong with Gerald.

'I hope that Milia's investigation will show how trustworthy you are.'

He refused to believe that the one who took care of him all those years could be a traitor. But he refused to leave anything to luck. Letting the goddesses throw the die was the most stupid decision anyone could take.

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

#### **Chapter 78: CH 69: ZONE VS INTENT(1)**

The dinner went as well as possible. The atmosphere was bright and friendly. Even though they did not forget their manners and weren't rude to Sol, he knew that he was already much closer to them.

The truth of the matter was that, at his current level, it was impossible to win a war alone. He needed soldiers. He needed generals. He needed many things and this was but the first step out of many.

It didn't take long for the dinner to end and the guests to go away. Each of them presented themselves to him by giving their titles and name in the utmost respect. They had seen what he was capable of and didn't underestimate him.

In the end, the only ones still present were the Highland family and Sol with Milia and Setsuna.

"Your highness, how was the dinner?"

At his right, the Duke asked with a tranquil smile.

"I must admit that it was refreshingly interesting. I thank you for this invitation."

"Ohohoh~! This old man is truly happy if it pleased you."

Sol returned an affable smile and waited for this old man to finish his thoughts.

"Then, your highness, could I ask for a meeting between the two of us, I would like to discuss important matters."

Saying so, he rose from his seat and bent down slightly.

Having no reason to refuse since it was his goal, Sol nodded without worries and indicated to Milia and Setsuna to not follow him before standing and following the Duke.

It did not take long for the two of them to leave the zone.

Now alone, Athena turned to Setsuna and Milia who stood still without movement. Squinting a little, she asked, "Setsuna, was it? I would have never thought that you were the gladiator king. I remember having invited your fake persona to serve the army. But I was coldly refused. I think I understand now why."

She wasn't the only one. Setsuna, the gladiator's queen, was an exceptional individual. She clearly had the talent to reach close to the highest level possible without much difficulty. Only time was necessary. As such, she had received invitations from basically all Dukes and Marquesses.

Despite that, she rejected them all. No one knew why and some even tried to eliminate her because of this, but they were all unable to determine her true identity.

Now though, Athena understood. How could a warrior of such caliber accept working for a noble when she was already the knight of the future king?

Setsuna, hearing this had to search her memory before remembering what Athena was talking about.

"I do not really remember your letter in particular. I was and will always be loyal to his highness. So I simply refused all those invitations in batches."

Of course, she hadn't always been this loyal to him. At first, she was simply thinking of using him and obtaining the protection of the royal family and a springboard for her revenge.

But, that day when they met Edea for the first time. That time when he stood in front of her while she was crippled with fear and unable to move. That moment, that instant, as she watched his small, shivering but steadfast back, he became her sun.

He became the light that would illuminate her path that was shrouded in darkness and hatred.

From then on, she began to observe him, his actions, his thoughts, his words. Everything was dazzling for her. Her crush slowly transformed into a fierce love and loyalty over the years.

Wolves were one of the most loyal creatures ever and werewolves weren't any different. This was also one of the reasons the treason of her uncle took everyone by surprise.

Wolves do not betray.

"... Setsuna...?"

She was brought back from her thoughts by Milia's voice. Giving a weak smile, she motioned that everything was alright.

Athena looked thoughtfully at Setsuna for a while before smiling brightly.

"I like you. If I still had enough capacity to accept a new partner, I would certainly fight over you with Sol."

Her smile was pure and shining without an ounce of sarcasm or ill intentions. Watching her like that, Setsuna also gave a smile of her own.

"Even if you had enough capacity, I would have never chosen you. My sole and only master is his highness. No one else."

This was her heartfelt thought and Athena, hearing those words, did not get offended but rather began to laugh out loud. A laugh of pure happiness.

In her mind, if you wanted to judge someone, then you should observe the people that surround him. After all, birds of a feather flock together. She could already judge that the maid next to Sol was also fiercely loyal to him.

If someone could obtain such a pure devotion, either they were masters in manipulating people or they were people worthy of befriending.

'Your highness, I am becoming even more curious about you.'

This was the first time that she expressed interest in someone of the opposite sex. If he knew about it, the Duke would cry tears of joy while cursing at all the money he would lose because of the bet he made.

While the discussion was ongoing in the dining room, the Duke, unaware of his possible future loss, was pouring in one of the most expensive liquors in his possession to Sol before finally taking a seat as well.

They were in a different place than the one where he had spied them discuss. It was a cozy place with soft music playing in the background and a fireplace warming the room.

"This liquor was specially created by the dwarves who are the greatest master in the domain. I had to spend a pretty large sum of gold coins just to obtain some of this collection. It's called an eternal dream."

"Eternal dream?"

"Indeed. It's a special mix. The effects are rather extremely strong. It's said that even an ogre would be down after drinking one glass full of it. What do you think? Would you like to fight this old man in a drinking match? What if we added a bet?"

"...What kind of bet?"

"If you win, I will accede to any one of your requests as long as it doesn't put my house in danger. If you lose, the same condition applies to me. What do you think? Will you bet with this old man?"

Seeing the serious look on the prince's face, Tyr nodded with approval. At least the prince wasn't someone frivolous.

What he didn't know was that Sol was putting on such a serious expression because he was doing his best to not break down in laughter.

Dragons were beings immune to pretty much all poison, and, despite how good tasted, alcohol was a poison for the body and as such could be erased without even making him drunk.

He was debating whether he should be honest and say the truth about his immunity or wait to bully that old geezer a little.

In the end, he sighed and began to speak, "I cannot get drunk."

"Ohoh?" the Duke was a little surprised before he caught on fast.

Coughing a little to hide his embarrassment over this slight episode, he took a profound gulp before putting down his glasses and throwing a steady gaze at Sol.

"First thing first, why did you warn me. You would have easily won if you just stayed quiet. Or perhaps did you have naive thoughts such as cheating is bad? If so, I would be very disappointed."

"I do not think using my natural gift can be called cheating. If it was a normal bet I would have used my constitution to my advantage without any hesitation. But, this isn't just a bet. I do not just wish to win. What I truly wish to obtain is—your loyalty."

Hearing this straightforward answer, the Duke sighed before filling his glass once again.

Looking at the ember liquid, the Duke showed a dazed expression for a short while before slowly hardening it.

"Your highness, let me ask you one question... Do you know the meaning of war?"

The atmosphere had completely changed. If before this, Sol was facing a somewhat funny and gentle old man, now though, he was truly facing the Duke Tyr.

The man who had outlived 2 kings and participated in the greatest wars of mankind while standing on the front line and still survived.

<<War zone: screams of thousands soldiers>>

If intent was the fourth out the six step for a mana user, then the zone was fifth.

It was an imposition of one's own vision of the world in the real world. A fusion between illusion and reality. One could say that observing the zone of warriors was the easiest way to understand him.

The Duke zone was,

Filled with blood and tears.

Filled with screams and despair.

Filled with carnage and destruction.

Filled with soldiers charging and dying for the smallest chance of victory.

This was the world in his eyes.

For him. There was nothing glorious in war.

War meant pain. War meant death. War meant parting.

Facing this scene worthy of hell itself, facing this living legend in his full might, a lesser man would have flinched and bowed his head. But Sol—smiled.

He knew nothing of the pain of war.

He knew nothing of the feeling of loss and the feelings of pain.

He knew neither hunger nor despair.

But, he had seen the true face of a goddess and had his mind nearly crushed.

Compared to that, no matter how powerful the projection of the Duke was.

At the end of the day it was nothing more than a mortal vision of the world.

<<Tyrant intent: Dragon Fear>>

[Son of the Hero King](#)

### **Chapter 79: CH 70: ZONE VS INTENT (2)**

The mana user needed six steps in order to reach the summit.

Reinforcement

Cladding

Materialization

Intent

Zone

And finally... Avatar.

<<War zone: screams of thousands soldiers>>

<<Tyrant intent: Dragon Fear>>

The intent represented the will of a person to perform an action. Killing intent, fighting intent, Tyrant intent. Since a person could make different choices and perform different actions, one person could use thousands of intents.

But the zone was different. It represented the supreme truth laying in one heart. One person could only have one zone. Even though said zone could change.

As Sol reviewed the information about the zone, he knew why the Duke was showing him this scene.

The zone was the supreme truth. The zone represented the outlook of life of the user.

The zone was not only a supreme weapon but also a supreme weak point since not only it showed everything about the user, but its destruction could bring the user on the path of insanity.

Looking at the scene in front of him, Sol understood more than ever how gruesome war was.



There was no glory in war.

There was no joy in war.

Even the victor had to stand on the bodies of its soldiers.

Children who will never see their parents again.

Parents who will never see their children again.

This was the true ugliness of the thing known as war.

"Your highness, as of now I have lived for three generations."

The voice of the Duke sounded so far away from him. There was none of the usual joy. Only gloom and sadness.

"I fought against Wratharis more times than I can count. I fought against the greedy dwarves. I fought against the cunning demons. I fought against the prideful elves. More than anything-I fought against the incarnations of gluttony. I have fought for so long. More than the number of years you lived."

Sol listened attentively. This was the wisdom of the old.

"Your highness, do you know? I see each and every soldier as my own child. From the foot soldiers to the high and mighty generals. I see all of them as precious children of the kingdom I swore to protect all those years ago.

"Your highness. Let me ask you again. What is war?"

Sol continued to fight back the pressure of the zone with his intent. But inwardly, he asked himself the question.

What is war?

As someone from a modern world he could give many answers.

Literally speaking, war is an intense armed conflict between states, governments, societies, or paramilitary groups such as mercenaries, insurgents and militias.

From an economical standpoint, war was a fight necessary in order to obtain more spaces and resources.

Ideally speaking, war is the place where heroes rise.

From a realistic standpoint, war is death and destruction.

From a cynical standpoint, war is the game of the higher ups and the sacrifices of the lower people.

So many definitions. So many ways. But if you asked Sol to give an answer to this question. Then he could only give one answer.

"I do not know."

The atmosphere stagnated as the zone seemed to vacillate a little. The fragile balance seemed to tilt in Sol's favor.

The Duke looked at him with curiosity in his eyes as he smiled mysteriously, "You do not know?"

"Indeed. I do not know."

The intent of Sol intensified at those words.

"All my life have been blissful. Even though my parents died, I do not remember them and as such have no particular feeling of sadness over it. I never had to starve. Never had to suffer. Never felt loss and never fought for my life. As such, what could I know about war?"

Sol was someone who always refused to overestimate himself. It was one thing to show pride. It was another thing to change it into arrogance.

The one standing in front of him was a veteran who fought for more years than he lived in this world. Any answer he would give by using his knowledge would be without substance.

In his old world, Sol was nothing more than a random teenager who never lived any particular events. In this world, the greatest extent of his suffering was some harsh training he received from his aunt.

What could he understand about war?

What could he understand about pain and suffering?

"I know nothing and this is exactly why!"

His tone changed from a calm breeze to a raging tornado.

"This is exactly why I need your loyalty!"

His intent was slowly changing even as the words left his mouth.

"A king is the leader of a kingdom. But, a king is in no way omnipotent.

"There's many things I do not know. As such it's necessary for me to surround myself with people who do know!

"What I need are trustworthy comrades who will follow me on the path I am about to follow!

"What I need is a close advisor who will guide me on the path of greatness!

"What I need—are people full of experience and worthy of trust."

Standing up, Sol looked down on the old Duke.

Pointing at him, "I do not know war. But you do."

"I have no experience with war. But you do."

"I do not understand the pain of war. But you do."

"Then, if you are truly the greatest general of this kingdom. If you are truly the one who went through thousands of battlefields but still came out alive.

"I ask you. Right here, right now, are you willing to make an oath!? Will you swear allegiance to me?!"

The zone of the Duke was no more. All around him was golden light so pure and so bright it was blinding.

<<Ruler intent: Dragon Awe>>

Looking at the young prince bathed in such a light in front of him, the Duke could feel his blood boiling.

How long had he waited for such words?

Standing up, he looked deeply in the eyes of Sol and—slowly put one knee on the ground.

"Tyr Highland, do you swear allegiance?"

Putting his left fist over his heart and his right hand behind his back, the Duke answered loud and clear.

"I, Tyr Highland, in front of the goddess do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his highness Sol Dragona Luxuria, his heirs and successors, according to law. Until death!"

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

#### **Chapter 80: CH 71: PRELUDE TO A DATE**

Once the Duke swore allegiance to Sol, the atmosphere between the two of them became far lighter. They didn't really discuss much about the upcoming war as they still had about half a year or more for it to really begin.

Just as Sol was about to leave,

"By the way, your highness, I would like to propose my granddaughter as one of your official knights and concubines."

The Duke calmly threw this information.

In this world, polygamy was pretty common. There could only be one true wife married in front of the goddesses but it wasn't impossible to have an official concubine or just a simple concubine.

For the royal family, blood was really important since any child could get the blessing. As such, only the wife and the official concubine had the right to give birth to children.

Still, this didn't stop Sol from being surprised at this proposal.

"You do understand that a concubine has much less right than a wife, right? With her pedigree, Lady Athena can be the main and most likely unique wife of any noble in the kingdom."

The Duke smiled bitterly. "The position of Athena is complicated. She is the heiress of the family and her children will take the helm after her. Getting a husband means giving the power of a Duke's family in the hand of someone else."

He shook his head as he continued, "Athena understands how important her marriage is for the continuation of the family. She understands so much that she is burdening herself with it. This is why I always joke about it, I don't want her to feel too stifled."

He sighed, "At the end of the day, I am just a poor greedy old man. I want her happiness, but I can't discard the family for it either. But with you, it's different."

It didn't take long for Sol to understand, "The chance of a child of the official concubine being blessed is inferior to that of a child from the official wife. If the child between the two of us isn't blessed, he or she will automatically take over the house."

Giving a feeble smile the Duke nodded. But Sol didn't stop.

"What's more, the current situation of the Highland family isn't particularly bright. Getting a direct connection to the royal family means that you will be able to revitalize the family."

"Yes."

"Finally, at the end of day, a vow can still be broken. So by giving her to me, you are basically giving me a hostage to control your family, you are also placing a spy next to me who will work hard for the better of your family."

He had to admit that it was a pretty thoughtful plan. What is more, it was so straightforward that it didn't hide anything.

The Duke maintained his smile as he waited for Sol's answer.

The silence lasted for a short time before Sol finally gave his answer.

"I do not know enough about Lady Athena to accept such a serious relationship with her. But I can accept her as a knight. Once I form a contract with my first partner, I will officially confer her with the knight title."

If it had just been about a fling, Sol would have been happy to accept. Athena was a beautiful and interesting woman. But, he didn't want to play with her body while not being sincere about their relationship.

After he left the room, he found Milia and Setsuna already in his bedroom waiting for him. They had felt the clash of energy between the two, but no one tried to intervene since it was clear that it wasn't a fight.

After giving a summary of what happened and having a happy moment with Milia with Setsuna helping a little on the side by giving him a felatio, he closed his eyes and fell asleep in bliss.

Meanwhile, in the Duke office, he sat calmly as he faced his beloved granddaughter.

The two seemed content to stay silent as they silently sipped their drinks.

"As you have asked, I proposed your hand to the prince. He seemed reluctant to accept it, but he accepted to take you as a knight."

Athena didn't react to those words. She simply looked down at the reflection of her face in the amber liquid and downed her glass in one go.

The liquor seemed to burn her throat, making her feel alive more than ever.

"I see."

Athena had absolutely no opinion about her marriage. She wasn't one of the silly girls enamored with romance who forgot their responsibilities.

She was a Highland.

She was born with a golden spoon in her mouth.

But being born with so many perks means that she needed to repay them.

That's why she never settled down until now. She had never found the perfect candidate. At least until now.

Her brother thought that he was the only one who could see the situation of the family. She was sure that in his eyes, she and their grandfather were just brutes who couldn't see the situation.

The truth was, she understood more than anyone the situation and she was willing to pay any price to protect the family.

"Please, don't make such a face Granddad. This is my own decision. What more, it isn't as if I am throwing myself to some weird guy."

This was one of the reasons she discussed with Setsuna. She wanted to ascertain what kind of man he was, and she had to admit that she wasn't disappointed.

"But..."

Tyr opened his mouth, before finally closing it and sighing while hanging his head down.

"Forgive this old man."

The Duke was a legend. Someone who went through more battlefields than anyone else in Lustburg. But, at the end of the day, the Duke was only a mortal. He was old. Too old. His power wasn't at the same level as in his past. His health was slowly declining.

Sooner or later he would die. Either in the next war or of old age.

This was an inevitability. This was the destiny of all mortals.

The only way to avoid the power of the Highland family being chipped away after his death was to get a backer.

Still, even though he understood that, he couldn't help but feel bitter in his heart.

His sole source of happiness was that the prince was indeed a good young man. The fact that he didn't immediately accept the proposal pleased him even more.

"I had already prepared to hand down all the power of the family to you and go on holidays in our duchy. Seems like I still have much to do."

Deciding to lighten the atmosphere, he made a simple joke.

"Hahaha~! Sorry old man. I will wring your old bones dry before letting you go."

The two of them laughed and filled their glass before tricking again.

The next day, Sol was woken up but a tingling sensation coming through his crotch. Feeling himself ejaculating, he opened his eyes only to see a sea of blue hair moving up and down while a pleasant sensation made his body shiver in pleasure.

Once he ended ejaculating, he sighed and began to caress Setsuna's head, her wolf hair flickering as she closed her eyes.

\*Gulp\* \*Gulp\*

Setsuna, having swallowed everything, smiled at him as she rose from his crotch.

"Good morning Sol."

"Good morning Setsuna."

He admired her beautiful body while doing so. It was the tight and sculpted body of someone who trained regularly.

She basically had no fat aside from her bountiful breasts and her well-toned butt. Since she evidently woke not long ago, her long blue hair was still a little ruffled. Giving her a wild look.

Each time he looked at her like that, he couldn't help but curse the fact that he couldn't go all the way for now.

Still, it wouldn't take long. Just a few days.

"Where is Milia?"

He asked as he saw her take a towel bath.

"Hum~ it seems like she visited the kitchen to make sure that they would prepare a good breakfast for you."

"I see."

Saying so, he also left the bed and followed her to the bath.

Today promised to be an interesting day. After all... He had a date with a witch.