

Hero King 81

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Chapter 81: CH 72: PRELUDE TO A DATE (2)

In a beautifully furnished room worthy of a princess, a young white-haired girl looked at herself anxiously through the help of a full-body mirror.

She was wearing a short black flowing skirt and a white short-sleeved shirt. Her attire was completed by a white sun hat, giving her the appearance of a young lady from a rich family.

"Do you think he will like it?"

She said while tugging at the hem of the skirt. "Also, isn't it a little too shameless to wear such a short skirt?"

A snicker sounded from behind her making the white-haired girl blush heavily.

There, on a queen-sized bed, a pink-haired young girl was seated with a smile on the side.

"It's your fault for staying in the seal for so long. Fashion doesn't stop you know. Look at me!"

"This is exactly because I am looking at you that I am worried. Your fashion sense had always been flawed even back then."

"Hey! My fashion sense isn't flawed. I just like this color. Compared to black, green, or—red, it packs quite a punch right?"

Edea sensed the pause at the color. Making her expression collapse a little. Sighing a little, she asked,

"The news you shared about Sister is really reliable? She really joined the other side?"

Freya frowned a little,

"I am sure it's just a mistake. There is no way she would do so. Mother just wants me to find her and ascertain the situation."

Shaking her head, her usual frivolous smile came back as she jumped from the bed and came behind Medea before cupping her breasts over the clothes.

"Anyway leave Kali to me. You should worry about your date first. The competition is pretty high. Even more with your childish body."

Medea blushed as she twisted her body to leave Freya's grasp.

"I am not that small!"

"Hahaha~! Indeed. Size-wise you are quite normal when compared to a normal teen girl. But when compared to women like that little Camelia, Milia, or Lilith you still have a long way to go."

Medea groaned at that. This was something she could do nothing against. It was already a miracle that she could have pushed her development to at least look like a teen woman. After all, normally a witch didn't look any different to a preteen.

After playing enough, Freya placed her chin on Medea's head, her eyes full showing a complex light.

"I know I already asked this, but, are you serious about all this?"

Freya wouldn't have been worried if it was just a fling. The curse of the witch wasn't really a problem if they just went out with long-living races like demons or elves and if they just did it one or two times.

There were always some weird guys who wanted to try new things even if it meant losing some lifespan.

Aside from that, some unscrupulous witches didn't really care if they stole the full lifespan of their partners and simply went wild.

But the situation with Medea was different. No matter how you viewed it. The relationship between the two of them wasn't a fling and since Sol was a half-dragon, his lifespan should be counted in thousands of years.

Medea fell silent for a short while. "I would be lying if I said I wasn't afraid."

Even now, the betrayal of Jupiter still stung the deepest part of her heart. But,

"I want to give it a chance."

Nothing would change if she just continued to cry and fear.

"Do you really love him?"

This was a hard question for Medea. Her relationship with Sol was still a little blurry.

"I... I don't really know to be honest. But, when I am with him, I am happy. I feel loved and appreciated. I feel relaxed and know I can be myself without any facade."

What is love?

This was a very hard question. Everyone had a different perspective of love and different reasons to fall in love.

Still, as she remembered his passionate confession, her heart couldn't help but skip a beat and her face heated up considerably.

Freya didn't miss this reaction and gave a bitter smile.

"Well, I guess your feelings will be fixed very soon."

At the end of the day, she was just a big sister. Thankfully, Sol seemed way more trustworthy than Jupiter and he didn't have the same egotistical arrogance.

What's more, she had to admit that he wasn't bad at all.

'How long ago was my last relationship?'

She didn't really remember. She wasn't particularly interested in men's women's relationship and after trying it a few times over the centuries to understand what was the big deal about it. The result was a little disappointing.

But more than anything,

'I wonder what it feels like to be a mother.'

This was the greatest question no witches could ever answer. Though perhaps not for long.

Thinking about that, she smiled mischievously and whispered something to Medea's ear, making the witch of Time do the impossible and blush more than ever.

Meanwhile, in another place in the capital of Lustburg, in the castle belonging to the Traver family, a short overweight man was patiently listening to a young man wearing armor.

"So the dinner with the prince went well and he convened with the Duke out of prying eyes?"

"..."

"I see. Ohohoh~! Seems like the prince got the support of that old man or is it the opposite? Well, no matter. This isn't particularly surprising."

Despite his amusing and round form. The Duke Traver wasn't someone who could be underestimated. After all, the only way to become Duke in their family was to outclass everyone as a merchant using any way possible.

Bribing, threatening, assassination, alliance, betrayal, begging. He stopped at nothing and rose from the least favored situation to the most favorable one. His name was Hermes. Duke Hermes Traver.

Next to Hermes, a short but obviously mature woman asked with a small smile. "So, little boy, what will you do?"

The Duke gave a bitter smile at this question. Ideally, he wished to have been neutral in this situation. After all, they were merchants. They were also the direct link to Greed Dike and as such many important trades.

But, he didn't reach his current position by luck. It was thanks to a power of his. Somethings not particularly powerful but terribly useful. He simply called it.

<<Gambler's Instinct>>

It was a skill that had saved his life and his business many times, and right now, right here, that skill was screaming at him.

Do not stand opposite to the royal family.

Do not stay neutral.

Every time he even slightly entertained the thought of going against it, goosebumps would cover his body.

Sagging a little in his seat, he sighed, "No need to fret aunt Theresa. I will take care of it."

The short mature woman, Theresa, smiled gracefully.

Inwardly though,

'I was too ashamed to finally meet my godson without at least a fitting gift. This should do, right? Or perhaps I should really give him some property outside of Lustburg?'

Theresa Gustav. Daughter of Mongov Gustav and old companion of Mars Lustburg.

She wasn't a genius fighter like Lilith.

She wasn't a powerful healer like Camelia.

She did not have the power of Blaze

Neither did she have the knowledge of Persephone.

Then how come was she able to stand out in such a group?

The answer was simple. Theresa Gustav was rich. Very very rich.

And she felt no hesitations in using that money.

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Chapter 82: CH 73: SWEET DATE (1)

After finally leaving the Highland territory, Sol went back to the tower and changed into his previous disguise, and went back to the plaza to wait for Medea.

Once again standing in front of the sculpture depicting his parents, Sol couldn't help but have mixed feelings. A mix of stress and eagerness. He could even feel butterflies in his stomach.

Something not surprising because even though he was already used to women, Medea was without a doubt his first love and the first woman he confessed to.

Sol wasn't a hypocrite. Even though he had a harem and seriously loved all his women, he admitted to himself that it was impossible to love them all at the same level.

After all, even a mother had her favorite one in a family with many children.

This made this date all the more important for him. He did not wish for a perfect date but, he at least wanted a sweet date that wouldn't end in a heavy note like his last one with Lilith.

"Good morning mister. May I bother you?"

Hearing the womanly voice close to him, Sol immediately turned to face the source of the voice and was surprised by how close it was to him.

"Hello?"

He was further surprised by the appearance of the one who greeted him. If he had one word to describe her, then it would be green.

A green long robe that hides her somewhat voluptuous body despite her slightly short frame.

Beautiful long green hair that reached until her butt.

Clair green eyes that showed a gentle expression full of compassion.

Sol couldn't help but feel like he was facing nature itself when standing in front of her.

He had only felt something like that when facing women like Lilith and Camelia.

This brought him to conclude that this was without a doubt an incredibly powerful woman.

"Ah! Sorry, I did not present myself, what a blunder. You can call me Miss P. How may I call you mister?"

'This is obviously a pseudonym.'

"Miss P? I see. Then, you can call me Invictus."

Sol Invictus. The name of the god of the sun in ancient Roma in his old world. It means <Undefeated sun> or <Triumphant sun>.

The woman obviously understood that he was giving a fake name but didn't seem to care as she gave a mysterious smile.

"Then, mister Invictus, if it isn't too much of a bother, I would like to ask the direction for the main place for the games? I have to meet someone there, but it's my first time in the capital you see. So I am ashamed to admit that I got lost."

'A calm and steady voice. Clearly rich clothes and an educated woman and she said that she never entered the capital?'

Sol felt a little suspicious. But then again until recently, he had never visited the capital himself. So he could not really nitpick.

"You just have to go south. In the Milaris territory. You should be able to find the place you are searching for."

Even though the woman was suspicious as hell, he decided to not make too much a fuss for now.

"I see." Looking at the direction she was pointing, she nodded before smiling and giving a bow, "I am thankful for your help. Well then, mister Invictus, may you have a good day."

"Same to you."

Waving at her while she was leaving, Sol frowned a little once she was out of sight. Powerful beings weren't rare. But powerful humans were. Perhaps she was really here just for vacation, but he hated to leave things to chance. Sighing, he decided that he needed to ask Milia and Lilith to reinforce the security both in the light and the shadow. He would also describe the woman later.

'Well, forget this. Now I have a date to enjoy.'

His mood didn't stay dampened for too long. He refused to let anything spoil the day.

"Sol! I hope I didn't make you wait long."

This time, when he raised his head and looked at the source of the voice before inhaling deeply. He was mesmerized at first sight.

Her long silver-colored hair was held up by hair sticks. The pure white neck and dangling accessories emphasized her femininity, making her alluring.

The beautiful makeup matched her already beautiful appearance, and her vibe as an innocent beauty was emphasized thoroughly.

"Beautiful."

He expressed himself honestly, making Medea blush heavily.

Her bashful look at his sudden compliments was like an arrow piercing his heart.

The usual Medea in his memory was a stern and knowledgeable woman worthy of respect and admiration. She was also someone who always wore dark and solemn clothes. As such, the current gap was even more impactful.

Thinking so, he approached her and took her hand in his as he smiled.

"Do not worry. I do not mind waiting forever if it's for you."

He winked while throwing this corny joke, hoping to help her relax a little.

This seemed to help as a small smile formed on her face. Gripping her hand even more tightly, he snugly brought her arm to his armpit, her small but swelling breasts softly pushing against his arm, and began to walk with her.

"Then, I guess it's time to go."

Medea was a little startled at first, but did not take her arms away though she continued to fidget a little.

"Medea, could it be that you are nervous?"

"Eh? Ahh, yeah... I- I've never had a date before... errr, so I was thinking about what I should do."

It was cute how she stammered while answering his questions and his sadistic side nearly reared his head, but he calmed himself down.

"... However. I think something like this is already fine with me."

"Hum?"

"Being together with you makes me really happy. What about you, Sol?"

"I'm also... Yes. I'm very happy."

From the bottom of his heart, he was happy. So happy he thought he would burst.

"Then, let's just hang out like this, talk about all sorts of stuff, laugh together... and learn a little bit more together. What do you think?"

"Sounds great."

He smiled brightly at her idea while nodding. At the same time, he marveled once again at her.

She seemed childish, yet mature, innocent, yet he could feel her deep and soft affection. Those contradictions were without a doubt one of the most attractive traits about her.

"Alright! Well then, how about we depart?"

"Yes!"

He squeezed Medea's hand a little tighter, and she responded with a big smile, as warm as the sun, with her cheeks blushing red.

Sol knew that one of Medea's favorite things were sweets. As such, while walking, he went towards a slightly trendy street with several confectionaries and restaurants.

When they entered the small candy shop, he felt Medea, who had a sweet tooth, pull his arm along as her eyes sparkled and began looking inside with curiosity and wonder.

In addition to a large number of sweets, all the pastries in the store looked colorful and delicious.

Her love for sweets aside, for Medea who did not observe the exterior for hundreds of years, everything she saw was truly marvelous, new, and intriguing.

Finally choosing several expensive sweets, she was preparing to pay for it but Sol stopped her.

"Ahh, Medea, I'll pay for it."

"Eh? But I probably have a lot more money than you think."

"But still, hum, we are on a date, and as a man, I want to at least look better. A- Anyway, I'll pay for this one."

Medea smiled brightly at those words and didn't insist anymore.

Even though those words of his may have seemed rather chauvinistic, he did think that it was normal for the man to treat the girl at least on their first date.

After they bought some candy and left the store, with a smile on his face, Sol took out a candy from her bag and held it out to Medea.

"Here. I'll feed you some."

"Eh!? W- Wait... Sol?"

"Here, quickly, ahhhh."

"A- Ahhn."

Not being able to refuse Sol, who was offering her sweets with a happy smile on his face, Medea had the pleasure and embarrassment of being fed sweets in the middle of a public street.

The two of them could clearly feel the stares they were gathering, but Sol did not care while Medea was too embarrassed to care anymore.

After she swallowed it, she saw Sol opening his mouth and understood that he wanted to be feedback.

Feeling her hand tremble slightly, she took out a candy and slowly brought it to his mouth.

She yelped in surprise when he not only swallowed the candy but also kept her finger in his mouth, though without biting them.

She then began to shiver a little bit as she felt him lick his finger. It wasn't just because of how sensual it was, but because she could also feel some of his life force gently enter her body.

"S-Sol, please stop. The curse is acting."

Sol, seemingly uncaring, continued for a short while before taking out her finger with a smile.

"You know that the curse effects on me are basically non-existent and this is without taking my longevity into account."

Sol chuckled a little at her stunned expression. He didn't know how long a half-dragon could live, but he knew it should easily exceed the thousand.

Still, he did not wish for her to live all her life in fear because of the curse. Sooner or later, he would break this useless curse.

"Well, shall we continue? We still have ample time."

This date promised to be very interesting after such a great start.

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Chapter 83: CH 74: SWEET DATE (2)

After the little episode with the curse, even though Medea's mood dampened for a short while, it did not take long for it to pick up again.

The streets were currently crowded, as families, couples, friends, or singles people walked around. Joyous music filled the air while the merchant shouted to attract people to their stalls.

Medea could only marvel at all that.

Even though she was sealed, since she could observe everything happening in the tower, she wasn't completely behind the time and had a concrete idea of how the world looked like.

But, imagination and reality were always different. In her mind, despite all the innovation, Lustburg was still this little, cold street where she lived, or rather survived, as a street urchin with hunger and anger in her belly.

It was still this poor and destitute country that needed the protection of the elves to not simply become a huge cake for all the countries.

It was still this war-torn country that was trying to fight for its freedom under her leadership and that of Jupiter.

Thinking of Jupiter, she was surprised to not feel the usual pangs of sadness his name brought her.

"Ea... Medea."

Medea yelped when she finally heard herself being called by Sol. Laughing stiffly, she shook her head and berated herself in her mind.

'Don't lose yourself. Sol is doing his best for you.'

She knew that this date would eventually lead to many things. Even though at this level her answer was clear to the two of them and more akin to a formality, it was still a very important step in their relationship.

More than anything, this was her first date. She wanted it to be a success.

Meanwhile, Sol didn't miss the myriad of expressions that flashed on Medea's face. But it didn't matter. He was willing to take his time for her. She was more than worth it.

He had been thinking about this date yesterday, letting her walk around and explore the city was the best thing.

Like that, until lunchtime, the two of them enjoyed themselves while walking around. Even Medea was feeling a little stuffed from everything they ate.

Though, for the two of them, this wasn't a problem. Sol's stomach was basically bottomless while Medea could simply rewind the time of her own body.

Deciding to take a rest, Sol found a bench under the shade for them. They weren't particularly tired, to be honest. But sitting a little was always nice.

Once Sol sat, he looked with curiosity at the fidgeting Medea who seemed to gather her courage, before finally seating on his lap.

One thing to remember was that Medea wasn't wearing her usual long robe, but rather a simple short skirt.

Sol could clearly feel Medea's ass through her thin skirt, and it was truly a tremendously destructive force striking right into his reasoning.

To be specific, he couldn't move as if he was completely turned to stone because he felt like if he moved, a certain part of his body would react and turn into a stone instead, so he was trying to make an effort in not moving and keeping his mind free from obstructive thoughts.

Thankfully, he was already used to women and so, once the shock passed, he was in control of his urge.

"Today was really fun. Everything seemed to be shining... It made me feel really happy."

"I'm also having a lot of fun with you by my side."

A warm atmosphere seemed to surround the two as they spoke like that.

He hugged Medea from behind as tight as he could without hurting her. Medea twitched in reaction, but she didn't seem to be resisting as she let him hug her body, making him feel her soft warmth filling his whole body.

Still feeling the warmth of her body, his hand was heading to the bulges of Medea's breasts, but he managed to control himself at the last moment. After all, no matter what they decided to do, he would never disrespect her by feeling her up outside in the streets.

Thinking so, he let his hand trail down before taking her hand in his. He felt like his heart was beating so fast it was about to explode.

He wanted to continue like that for the rest of the day, but good times were always fleeting, and he sadly had to visit the Traver family during the night.

To make the best of their remaining time, Sol and Medea stood up before continuing to walk hand in hand.

They ate different things, played in different stalls, and simply enjoyed themselves the best possible.

It wasn't a luxurious date. But, for Medea, this was perhaps the best day for her since very long ago.

She only remembered having felt such happiness when she was following Ambrosia, her teacher, and mother, after becoming a witch.

This was a moment she wished to keep in her memory for eternity.

They finally reached a tall hill in a park that seemingly overlooked a great part of the city.

Medea admired the beautiful view while Sol stood behind her and hugged her.

Murmuring in her ears, he said his heartfelt feelings,

"This is the kingdom you valiantly fought to create. I am sorry that you never got the recognition you should have. Thank you for everything. Without you, I wouldn't be here in my current position."

In the story, Medea was vilified and treated as an accessory. But the reality was clear. Without Medea, there would be no Lustburg as it is now.

It was unjust for her to be known as the bad guy even though she was the one who deserved the most thanks.

From a political standpoint, he could understand why none of the previous rulers gave the truth. Firstly they weren't close to Medea, and what's more, the truth would only weaken the royal prestige.

Jupiter was basically worshipped as a god and if the truth was known, people would either be in disbelief or be greatly disappointed.

Still, Sol did not care. He wouldn't rush it, but, once he became king, he would slowly wash clean her name and give back her rightful place in history.

Medea, hearing those words, fell in a short daze.

Truth be told, she would be lying if she said she wasn't saddened by her bad name.

But at the same time, she understood enough about the situation and never resented anyone from Jupiter's line.

Still, hearing those words from Sol, seemed to break a dam in her heart as her eyes began to moisten a little.

Closing her eyes, she inhaled deeply before taking away his arms from around her and turned to face him.

"You know, I already told you this, but I always hated myself."

Sol wanted to speak, but chose to keep quiet and simply listen to her.

"I was an orphan who had to eat the trash in the streets to not die. Even after I became a witch, I always felt somewhat inferior to Freya and the other.

"So, when Jupiter showed that he needed me, I felt so happy. For the first time, I thought I was really needed. For the first time, I thought I was really appreciated."

She gave a hollow laugh as if mocking her own naivety and stupidity.

"I hate myself because of how naive I was. I hate myself because even though I sort of understood he didn't really love me, I continued to trick myself into thinking that it was because of the stress he was feeling. I hate myself for all the grief I made Ambrosia and my sisters feel. I hate myself for not hating him even after he betrayed me."

Tears began to spill from her eyes, but she did nothing to wipe them. Looking straight at Sol's eyes, she continued, "Truly, I am a foolish woman. Don't you think so?"

Sol did not answer, for this was not really a question.

"For years, I asked myself. What did I do wrong? Did he not like my childish body? Was he so scared of the curse? Did he love someone else all this time? Was I too much a bother?"

"I thought and thought again. So much I nearly became crazy. So much I thought I would die. But, no matter how much I reviewed our moments together, I could not really understand, or rather I refused to understand. After all, the truth was too much for me.

"He had never really loved me. He only used me and discarded me once he thought that I was useless. And I hated myself because I thought that I wouldn't have minded if he wanted to continue to use me as long as he kept me by his side."

She laughed, a laugh devoid of any happiness, a laugh-filled with sadness and self-hatred.

"I thought I was in love. I thought I really loved him. But, now, I understand.

"I have never loved him. I was just in love with the notion of love. I was just dependent on him because I wished to be appreciated and needed. From the very beginning, our relationship was doomed to fail."

Her tears stopped falling and a slight smile bloomed on her face. This time it wasn't a derisive smile, but rather a smile filled with joy and happiness.

"They say that everyone has a different definition of love. For me, love was being useful and giving everything to the one you loved. But, I understand now. This isn't love. Love isn't supposed to be a one-way street. It's supposed to be a mutual feeling linking people."

"When I am with you, I feel happy as if I was walking on a cloud. Every day, I would wait eagerly for our lessons. Passing time with you made everything more bearable and more beautiful."

She blushed as she continued.

"Sol, you know, right here right now, I can easily confirm. I really love you. From the bottom of my heart, I love you. I love you so much it hurts."

She declared in a soft and firm voice. Taking his hand into her, she continued,

"Sol, I am an awfully needy and spoiled woman."

"This isn't a problem."

"I am someone prone to depression and self-doubt."

"I know."

"Despite my appearances, I am an old woman who lived for many generations before you."

"Age is just a number."

"Even though you are extremely resistant to my curse, it will still affect you even if slightly."

"I was ready for that from the beginning."

"Then, I am in your care."

This time, Sol's answer was a gentle and light kiss.

This was the second time Medea was kissed in her life. All she could remember was how sweet it tasted.

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Chapter 84: CH 75: EDEA (1)

After their sweet kiss, Sol and Medea found themselves in Medea's world within the tower of babel thanks to Freya's space magic.

Even now, as he sat on Medea's bed, Sol could still feel the sweet aftertaste and wished for nothing more than giving her another kiss and much more.

What's more, they had all the time in the world.

Medea, normally, could only accelerate the time up to four times the normal speed without straining herself. But, this time, Freya decided to also give her help. Bringing the current ratio to a staggering 10:1.

They could only last for about three hours in the outside world, but it still means 30 hours here or more than one day.

As of now, he was currently seated on her king-sized bed while Medea stood in front of him with her skirt pinched on both sides and raised.

Medea, who had slowly raised her skirt in a bid to seduce him under the advice of Freya, had her skin flushing because of how shameless she was currently acting. Underneath her skirt, she was showing bold sexy white lace underwear.

Despite her shame, she had no intention of stopping. After all, as Freya said. They didn't have much in the body proportions department. So they had to make up for it with something else.

Sol, while a little bemused at first, was now completely savoring the situation as he thoroughly inspected her body with his eyes without moving.

Seeing his seemingly lack of reaction, Medea shivered a little as she asked, "Is my charm insufficient after all?"

It seemed that her low self-esteem was still eating at her.

"That's not true. You're an extremely beautiful woman, gentle, tolerant, a fine woman. You are also easy to tease. It makes me want to protect and dominate you a bit."

Truth be told, the current appearance of Medea's was truly awakening the sadistic feeling in him. She seemed so weak and vulnerable while standing here, in front of him, and showing her panties.

Hearing that, Medea's expression had some joy mixed in. Her skirt was still rolled up and her face was still red, but power entered her eyes again.

"Come here."

He beckoned her with his finger, and once she sat next to him on the bed, he gently put his hand on her thighs.

He enjoyed the feeling of her thighs as he stroked them. The thin flesh wasn't bad, it was still soft, the feeling of his finger sticking to her soft skin felt pleasant as well as the white stockings wrapping her legs was enchanting.

Despite that, both her feet were glued together. It seemed that she was still feeling a little shy. But, she neither escaped nor refused his hand.

"Don't be so nervous." He spoke in a soothing voice.

"I-I'll try..."

Sol understood that in such a situation, words alone were pretty useless. So, he decided to simply take his time and let her gradually adjust to the situation.

He let his hand wedge in the closed thighs. While he stroked her sensitive inner thighs, he waited for her to lose strength little by little.

"Nn!"

Sol continued to gently caress her body, slowly heating it without startling her too much.

"How's it?"

He whispered sensually before biting her ear, making her shiver in pleasure.

"it...feels a bit good."

While satisfied by her innocent reaction, Sol further caressed her thighs. Before long, her body lost its strength and her expression loosened. Judging that the time was right, he made his finger crawl on her wet genital through the panties.

This made her yelp in surprise, but as fast as it happened, her expression began to melt even more.

"Have you masturbated like this before?"

Medea stammered at this question for a short while before finally nodding while hanging her head in shame. But Sol didn't mind her silence and continued to loosen her.

He wanted to tease her more. Make her blush more. Ask her more private questions and bask in her cute blushing face.

'I need to get hold of myself. It's her first time.'

They could play as they wished later. But he wanted her first time to be a sweet memory.

Thinking so, he pushed the gusset of her panties aside and began to slide his finger up and down on her moist thin slit. It was still tightly shut, but still so alluring.

Medea gripped his clothes tighter but aside from that didn't do anything else. He could feel a little apprehension in her, so he hugged her with his free hand.

'She seems way smaller than I expected.'

He had been ready for her entrance to be somewhat small but still not at this level. This made him hesitant about continuing. Sol, while not too big, was no slouch in the length and girth department. When compounded with her small opening, he feared that it may hurt her far more than he thought it would.

"Excuse me."

Saying so, he took Medea in a princess carry and stood up before placing her down on the bed.

"S-Sol!?"

She asked a little anxiously at the sudden change of position. But Sol didn't answer.

Hovering above her, he slowly took off her panties sticky with transparent fluid. Once again he held the urge to tease her and smiled reassuringly.

"Entrust your body to me please."

Saying so, he slowly began to disrobe her. Her clothing had hidden some of her curves. She was without a doubt very petite, but her well-proportioned body was very attractive...

The nape peeking through her disheveled silver hair, her neck, her slender shoulders, the contours of her shoulder blades, the swelling on her chest, and her narrow waist that looked as if it would break if she was held too tight.

All those elements mixed gave her an appearance of fragility, further promoting her ethereal beauty.

"You are beautiful."

Sol was so lost for words he could only praise her using those words. Currently, he could feel his heart going wild and his mouth dry at the vision that mixed cuteness and lewdness in such a way.

He eagerly bent down and kissed her gently. Medea, hesitated at first, before slowly reciprocating.

While kissing her, he wrapped his hand around her beautiful breasts, their sizes, fitting comfortably in his palm.

When compared to his other women, it was without a doubt pitifully small. But Sol did not particularly mind. Small or big, breasts were one of the most beautiful things in the world. What's more, small breasts had a charm of their own.

He continued to knead them with his palm while enjoying the feeling of her breast. It was small yet soft and elastic, the tip was hard, showing that she was aroused.

After a while, he slowly separated his mouth from her, only to see her eyes wavering.

"What's wrong?" He asked worriedly. He hoped that he didn't hurt her.

"That... Don't you find my body disappointing?"

Sol smiled. He knew where her insecurities were coming from.

"Honestly, your body is indeed one of the less curvy than the other. But— I still think that you are the most beautiful in my heart."

He could see Medea deflate a little during the first part of his words before changing into joy at the last part.

"Sol~!"

Hugging him tightly, Medea screamed his name while her body began to shiver for a few seconds.

This scene astonished him,

'She is cumming?'

It was the first time he saw someone reach climax just because the said person was praised.

He could even feel a hot liquid gush on pant, informing him about her even squirting.

Medea's convulsions continued for a short while before she finally stopped. Sol, slowly raising his body while using one of his hands, managed to observe her dazed and blushing expression as she breathed roughly.

The scent of the room, already filled with her.

"Let's continue."

This wasn't enough. Not nearly enough.

With his right hand, he covered her entire pubis with his palm and softly caressed it to enjoy how it felt. He moved the other hand roughly through her hair and kissed her so passionately it took her breath away. Then the storm of kisses moved down to her neck, to her collarbone, and to her armpit.

He coated his fingers with the love juices flowing from her vagina and rubbed all over the inner labia that had swollen out in arousal.

"Ah, ahh... ah, ahn."

His finger stimulated her softened flesh in every direction like he was stirring her up. A ticklish pleasure soon ruled her crotch.

"Ah~... something, something entered."

"It's just a finger. If it hurts then tell me."

"It doesn't... hurt...Please... Don't stop."

She had never known how sensitive that part of her body was. She felt as if all her body was on fire.

She stifled a scream of pleasure when his fingers captured her clitoris. His thumb and forefinger pinched and lightly rolled around the pleasantly hard flesh bud.

"Ah~!"

The stimulation was too powerful, so her limbs trembled uncontrollably. He gave a focused vibration to the clitoris held between his two nectar-soaked fingers.

"You appear to be sensitive here."

"Ah...stop. N-no, wh-what? I...this feels weird...! Ah~ !."

Every woman's clitoris was sensitive and he was attacking more than just that. He also massaged her left breast, brought the nipple into his mouth, and rolled it around while soaking it with saliva.

Medea experienced her second climax of the day. One that lasted even longer than the previous one.

"That should be good enough." He said after seeing her refocus.

He stripped off his clothing to reveal the fit body created thanks to all the training. His penis was also revealed. Seeing it left Medea speechless.

Medea trembled in embarrassment and worry as he grabbed her slender ankles and spread her thighs wide enough to see what lay between them. He brought his manly cock right up to the hidden red flowers sitting open at her crotch.

The tip of his hard erection pressed against the nectar-wet valley and his precum mixed with the sexual juices flooding her maiden slit.

"Nn~!"

She had already been brought to climax twice by Sol's skilled caress, so she did not have the strength left to even lift a finger and could only breath heavily while staring at him.

Sol, too before going for the last thrust, looked at Medea. His eyes filled with tender love but also a question in it. He was clearly showing that even though it would be hard if she wanted to stop, he wouldn't force her.

This, more than anything, made Medea melt even more.

"Let's do it."

It was time for her to end her centuries-old virginity.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 85: CH 76: MEDEA (2)

"Let's do it."

The moment Medea heard those words, she felt as if her heart would explode. She had dreamed of this very moment for years. In fact, she had even given up the notion of ever finding love.

Remembering words she saw in some of the books Freya liked to write, she stammered,

"Please... make a mess out of me."

Sol felt his reasoning nearly snap. Letting out a big sigh at how destructive Medea could be, he bent down and kissed her deeply, their bodies slowly entwining.

Finally, while Medea was completely focused on the kiss, he slowly pushed his gland in her tight vagina.

"Nn~"

Medea leaked out a small groan. Having a penis that's bigger than a finger spread her entrance was a bit painful. At the same time, her body that was driven into climax several times was rampaging from expecting pleasure and began to convulse.

Meanwhile, Sol could feel a fierce resistance once he reached her hymen. His worries were proven true, but he calmed down.

Sol hesitated for a short while before deciding that piercing through it in one go would be better for her.

"Medea, I am sorry."

"Wha~"

Her hips shook the moment he gave a deep thrust.

"Ah, ahh~!"

At that moment, she lost the chastity she had protected for so long.

Her thin eyebrows curved as that thick stake was driven into her. While pain surged through her crotch.

She stifled a scream from the intense pain racing through her hidden hole as her hymen was broken and hugged Sol tightly. At the same time, her nails scratched his back, but Sol did not mind as the pain she was feeling was without a doubt way worse.

He could also feel the stream of energy leaving him since he began touching her expand greatly. But once again he did not particularly mind. He simply continued to look at Medea, his eyes filled with love and worries.

The part connecting them had red blood flowing. It was the proof that she was a virgin a while ago.

Unconsciously, she was tightening around his cock painfully. The vagina's wavy folds entangled his penis, it felt so good that he thought he might ejaculate even if he did not move.

Looking at her face covered in tears, Sol slowly extended his tongue and licked them.

"... Salty."

"*Huff* *Huff* *Huff* I-I am alright, you... can continue."

Sol shook his head in refusal. He wasn't a beast. Well, technically he was. But this wasn't the point. He did not seek only his pleasure. He knew that she was rushing him because the longer they took, the more life energy he would lose. But, at this rate, even if they fucked for four hours straight, he would only lose about one or two hours of his life.

Even if they fucked ten thousand times, he would barely lose something close to three years of life. Three years out of potentially thousands. This really wasn't a big deal.

Deciding that she needed more time to adapt, he began to nibble her ear before trailing down kisses on her neck. While doing so, his right hand was rolling her nipple with his fingers, sometimes pinching them, though not too much.

It didn't take long for her expression of pain to loosen up before melting once again in pleasure. It was clear that she was extremely sensitive. What's more, he knew that his life energy was also bringing her pleasure.

He could already feel her vagina twitch and moisten.

"I am going to move."

"Y-yeah."

Sol slowly began to move further his waist, until it was swallowed up to the base just like that, the point bumped against the mouth of her womb. Her vagina shut hard and tightened around the whole penis.

Even though her vagina's entrance was tight, it was thankfully rather deep and could accommodate his full length.

He then began to go back and forth, while slowly accelerating. It did not take long for Medea to begin moving her waist alongside him.

With each thrust, her womb twisted, her slender body jumped, and moans escaped her thin lips.

Sol was astonished at how amazing a woman she was. The tightness was to be expected with a virgin, but the way she moaned in joy and agony was indescribably sexy. She stirred up his sadism like no one else.

He had considered being a little gentler with her, but she made him want to do it more roughly.

He lifted her up so she was seated on his lap and thrust powerfully up into her from below. To avoid the pain of having her full weight gathered on their union, she desperately clung to his body.

"Ah~! Ah~ !"

Beads of sweat appeared on her flushed face and heated breaths escaped her lips thanks to the unknown feeling surging through her entire body.

Her love juices dripped out with an obscenely wet sound while his massive member thrust in and out of her.

Her mind gradually faded away and she had trouble thinking straight, almost like she had a serious fever. A vague white feeling surrounded her and she could focus only on the presence of the giant penis thrusting up into her crotch.

Whenever he rubbed her vaginal wall, a seemingly pleased panting voice leaked out from her mouth. Her panting voice was as clear as a bell, hearing it pleased him to no end. Having her purr with a caress was fine but making her cry with his penis was the best.

When he changed his angle, her body started trembling. He focused on the same place and rubbed his glans.

"Ah! There, it's amazing there, it's making me tremble, this, this is... sex?"

Sol smiled as he asked, "Indeed. Does it feel good? "

"Nn~! Yes! It's hot deep inside my stomach... I... I'm cumming again."

"Very well. I'm going to make you cum as much as you like."

"Ah... I'm cumming. Nnnn.... If you're so rough then I'm going to cum right away—Sol!!!"

She screamed again and hugged him tightly. Her hot vagina began to contract, making Sol lose the little amount of control he had left.

The giant object inside her grew even larger and throbbed while she could feel something coursing through it.

Growling deeply, he kissed her as he began to release his semen inside of her.

"I-I'm cumming!" He announced while a hot liquid erupted from the tip.

"Ah, it's going inside me. Th-there's so much. Ah~ !"

A hot liquid was spreading within her vagina. And while she experienced being cummed inside for the first time, she also achieved another climax.

"Ah!?"

A shrill scream left her mouth and then she collapsed backward. The double stimulus being too strong for someone who was a virgin just a few moments ago.

After cumming all he wanted, he supported her limp body and slowly lay her down on the
His climax lasted so long. He felt like it was overflowing.

"Ah... Aaah... Ah.."

Once their mutual climax ended, the two were left breathless.

Still sitting on his lap, Medea looked dreamily at her first man. She could feel the hot liquid flowing in her body. She could also feel his life force fill her.

Gathering strength in her limbs, she closed in, nibbled on his collarbone, and with an entranced expression flushed with lust, asked,

"Could we do it again?"

How could he refuse such a plea?

Gently turning Medea around before pushing her on all four on the bed without pulling out,

"Eh? From behind?"

"Yeah. You don't want it?"

"I didn't say that... "

She was anxious because of how obscene this position looked like, but still supported her body with her arms and legs for a crawling pose.

Sol grabbed her adorable butt as he stared at her back which glistened brightly with sweat.

Thankfully, the new position filled her with delight as it seemed to reach even deeper than she thought possible.

As the bare-breasted witch stood on all fours like a dog, he reached below her arms and grabbed her breasts.

He bounced them around for fun and stroked the hardened nipples while starting to move his hips again.

"Nn~!"

He parted the back of her silver hair and kissed the white nape of her neck. He then licked along with her shoulder blades and spine.

"Your back is so pretty."

"Ah~ !"

Medea wiggled her back in embarrassment, though it was obvious how much she was enjoying his compliments.

The large quantity of love juices and semen were mixed by his rod.

It would flow out whenever he thrust inside and it was mixed together whenever he pulled back.

The sensation and the obscenely wet sound made the pure witch want to plug her ears, but at the same time, brought her even more pleasure.

The sound of slapping flesh continuously rang in the room. His rod kept moving without rest as it spread the deepest depths of her vagina, pushed back her folds of flesh, and pressed against her womb.

Medea's face burned red, she dug her nails into the edge of the mat, and she cried out even louder than before.

“This position... Ah...AhAh...It’s going to drive me crazy.”

Her entire body was twitching in response to his raging erection. Her shoulder blades were visible in her back as she arched it.

Sol, happy to discover that Medea seemed to really love this position continued without any worries.

“It feels good, doesn’t it?”

Medea closed her eyes and answered by simply nodding.

Seeing the line of her slender back bending left and right increased his libido, making him rub against her lower body at an even greater pace.

An avalanche of pleasure hit her and she could no longer support her upper body, so she started rubbing her face against the mat.

However, she kept her thighs straight and indecently spread to allow the thick rod to enter even deeper. And—

“Ah!”

She started moving her butt in a circular motion to rub up against the manhood as it stickily reached her womb. She could not speak. She had never felt anything like this.

“Sol!”

As soon as she screamed his name, Sol thrust his rod inside her as hard as he could. The head fits firmly into the entrance of her womb and he exploded. He tightly squeezed the breasts in his hands and he lifted her body up. His hot semen sprayed inside her womb.

Another orgasm washed over her like a great wave. That strong-willed woman ascended to a world of even greater pleasure.

Her brain gave a great cry at the intense pleasure. Her vision whited out and then grew black.

She had passed out because of the pleasure.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 86: CH 77: DARKNESS AND SWEETNESS

Somewhere in the capital of Lustburg, a woman wearing maid clothes could be seen seated on a comfy chair in a basement.

The sole source of light was a magical gear on the ceiling that gave a waning light.

Facing her was a man wearing a black tuxedo with a top hat and a monocle on his right eye, and another woman who was also wearing maid clothes.

The atmosphere between the three was silent and the shadow around them seemed to squirm as if they were alive.

Finally, after a silent contest, the maid with cow horns on either side of her head asked with a smiling face.

"So, you are telling me that even with all the time I have given you there is still no definite proof about the Gorfard having an alliance with the believer of the Crimson lady?"

The middle-aged man adjusted his monocle and with a jester smile, nodded,

"Indeed. Ohoh~! What can we say? They are truly careful. I guess we will have to rely on you when the prince visits the place."

The smile on Milia's face never changed despite the antics of the one facing her. Inwardly though, she was wondering whether she could kill him or not.

"Oh~ Sloppy~Sloppy~. I can feel your killing intent so easily. It seems like those years of peace while serving him really dulled you. I am quite disappointed. Or perhaps is he that important to you? Minos must be turning in his-"

He didn't manage to finish his sentence before feeling a sharp edge over his throat and a slight prickling sensation.

Raising his head, he crossed his eyes with cold eyes devoid of any emotion in them.

"I forbid you from insulting him."

Those words were said in an almost emotionless way and without any threat in it. But he could clearly hear the unsaid part.

The more he looked at her eyes the more he felt as if he was falling into a deep abyss where only death and darkness were present.

Despite this, despite knowing that death would reap him at any wrong words, his smile never wavered.

He feared many things. But death wasn't one of them.

—After all, there were so many things worse than death in this world.

Edgar chuckled merrily before pushing away the dagger from his throat while looking at Milia.

"Scary~Scary~ I was completely unable to react. Seems like I was wrong about you being rusted. Should I say, as expected of the only successful experiment?"

Milia's expression became colder at those words for a few seconds before slowly going back to the previous smiling one.

"Why are you trying to test me?"

Wiping the trace of blood from his throat with a handkerchief, his lips curled in a mocking smile, "... Guess."

Milia wished for nothing more than to simply slit his throat and let him die while bleeding like a pig. But she knew that this freak would still keep his smile even then.

Ketia, the second maid, spoke after letting out a sigh, "Milia, Edgar, it's enough. You know the rule. Infightings are forbidden."

The tension that was building up seemed to deflate a little. Milia walked graciously before taking back her seat.

Seeing this, Ketia, relieved that nothing regrettable happened, continued.

"Despite Edgar's stupid actions, he is right. Even though we have many spies in the Gorfard family, the current Duke is an incredibly cautious man with a very restricted circle of confidants. Finding enough proof to incriminate him and make his execution justified isn't easy."

"... I see."

Milia lowered her head as she pondered before asking.

"What about the gladiators we caught?"

This time it was Edgar who spoke after laughing a little.

"Even though you broke them, we obtained no particular important information. The one who bought them was cautious enough to never expose his identity. Of course, we know clearly who are the most likely suspects."

Milia gritted her teeth in frustration.

"Why don't we just release the evidence we have? It should be enough to severely destroy their power and influence."

Milia knew what Ketia was talking about. The Gorfard family caused many problems and had many unpunished crimes under their names. If they used those pieces of evidence, Lilith could reliably strip the Gorfard family of most of its power without any problems.

But—

"This isn't enough."

Milia's eyes lost their light as deep darkness seemed to reflect on it.

While cutting the tail of a lizard could hurt it, it could never kill it. What she wished for wasn't just the fall of the Gorfard family.

She wished for nothing less than its utter and absolute annihilation.

Only by exterminating them could she assure a stable and worry-free reign once Sol took the throne.

But, while simply killing off the Gorfard was the easiest solution. It was also the stupidest.

No matter how powerful an individual was, he could never rule a kingdom alone.

Not even the Wolf king of Wratharis dared to antagonize all the nobles under him even though he could crush them without any problems.

This was why they needed evidence. The kind that could spell the doom of absolutely anyone in this world.

[Church of Castitas]

In the church of Castitas, Camelia was standing over a large golden cup with her wrist, bleeding, over it.

Her expression was completely impassive even as the blood with golden hue was slowly filling the cup while her expression slowly became paler.

Finally, once she judged that she gave enough blood, a bright golden light covered her body and the wound immediately closed while her expression went to a rosy one.

<<Heal>>

One of the most basic holy spells any nun could learn. The spell was an apprentice level spell and normally shouldn't have been to heal such a wound so fast.

But in the hand of Camelia, even the most basic spell could reach incredible levels.

Chloe, who was standing on in a corner of the room in silence, finally spoke.

"What are you preparing this time?"

She asked curiously. Sometimes, she wondered if her aunt had a fetish for bleeding.

Camelia, hearing the question, raised her head and observed the scene depicted on the large black and white gate she was facing.

A woman with fourteen girls behind her, all of them wearing golden robes on the white side of the gate, facing them was another woman wearing a bright red robe on the black side

Smiling a little, she answered in a detached way.

"Soon, something very exciting may happen in the city. I need to make enough preparation to welcome the guests when it happens."

Chloe frowned before also observing the gate. She stared at it for a short while before understanding dawned in her eyes. Said understanding was soon replaced by absolute dread.

"Is this the true reason why you made this game of hiding your power?"

Camelia smiled, "Fufufu~ who do you take me for? I am not a goddess you know? I can't see the future. My plan was only created to reel in some small fish and a rabid dog. Who would have thought that I could also catch some heretics? I guess this is what it means to be blessed by Lady Luck."

Chloe chuckled helplessly while covering her face with her hands.

The more time passed and the more she wondered if she made the right choice in choosing Lustburg to get more experience.

"Oh, little Chloe, don't make such a face. You make me feel like I am the bad guy. You should be happy you know? Killing heretics is always a good way to get more blessings. Besides,"

The image of a green-haired and green-clothed woman flashed in Camelia's head as she murmured, "I even called one old friend to help out."

Chloe didn't know what feelings she should have currently, but happiness was definitely not one of them.

Thankfully, the fear she felt also receded greatly.

"Lustburg is destined to face a storm."

"The coming of a great king cannot happen without a storm to overcome. Soon, Lustburg will welcome a new hero king. Fufufu~! It will be beautiful. I hope he will reward me! Ah~! I can't wait for it~!"

Chloe could only turn her head to not see the current expression of Camelia.

'Perhaps I should have visited the demons? It couldn't have been worse, right...?'

[In Edea's world.]

The silver-haired witch slowly opened her eyes. Only to see a golden-haired young man on the corner of the bed while he caressed her.

Snapping awake, she tried to raise herself hurriedly, but the gentle hand gave a firm pressure and kept her on the head.

"You shouldn't move like that. Stay lying down."

Her mind which was still cloudy slowly cleared up.

"Sol? What happened?"

Just as she asked this question, a rush of memory flooded her head and her face flushed.

It became as red as a tomato once she remembered how she fainted because of the pleasure.

Looking at herself, she was surprised to see that she wasn't stained in fluid and was wearing a black transparent negligé.

Sol, forestalling her question, spoke calmly,

"After you fainted, I took you to the bath and washed you before putting on your clothes."

She didn't know what was the most embarrassing in this situation. Him washing her like a baby or the fact that she didn't wake up at all during all this.

Raising the blanket over her head in embarrassment, Medea curled like a shrimp and refused to answer no matter what Sol did.

'How cute.'

He didn't know how many times he had such a thought.

She was like a cute little cat that was playing hard to get. The image of a stern and respectable teacher had been destroyed.

Sol didn't mind her reticence to show herself and continued to coax her as if she was a petulant little kid.

Finally, slightly lowering the blanket, she asked,

"You don't find me disappointing?"

Medea didn't have any experience in sexual relationships but it wasn't as if she was clueless. At the very least she knew that fainting from pleasure for the first time was pretty rare if not impossible.

Sol smiled gently while caressing her head, "I would never. It's my bad for not having taken into account the effect of my life force. What's more, since it was your first time I should have been more careful."

Sol was really given a fright when she suddenly fainted.

The awkward expression on Medea's face melted as she completely lowered the blanket. Taking Sol's hand in her, she marveled once again at how big they were, giving her a sense of comfort.

Inwardly she couldn't help but chuckle at how helpless she was. In terms of fighting prowess, she could completely crush the current Sol without any problems. But, now that he sat there while she lay down on the bed, she felt at ease, as if everything would be alright in the world.

'Medea, Medea. You are truly a blind fool in love. Still, as they say, fool me, once shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me.'

She was willing to be an idiot in love for a second and last time.

"Sol, we will always be together right?"

"Yeah."

"You will always love me will you?"

"With all my heart."

"I see."

...

...

...

"Sol?"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"I love you too."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 87: CH 78: HE IS DEAD

[Medea's World]

Standing now alone in her garden, Medea was sipping on one of her best tea as she gazed absent-mindedly at the horizon. She was currently wearing her usual black robe that tightly hugged her body.

"Heh~! Already missing your lover?"

"*Pfft* *Cough* *Cough* What are you talking ab-about!?! I am just thinking!"

Freya gave a simple smile that showed that she wouldn't argue. Even though she didn't believe it.

"So, how was it?"

Medea blushed before lowering her head. "It was—it was beautiful."

"Is that so?"

Freya eyed the current Medea enviously. Even though she had few experiences, in reality, she had never really enjoyed sex. For her, it was just a way to gather data to alleviate the curse.

Sadly, she had given up hope and her last relationship was more than two hundred years ago.

That was until Sol showed up.

He was a new hope for their entire race. No, perhaps for the entire human race itself.

Humans could only use mana once they reached 15 years old. Even then, they could only use magic if they had the capacity and the relationships to form a contract.

This made it so that even though there were few individuals really incredible, humans as a whole were the weakest races.

Witches on the other hand could use magic. Even though they couldn't use it in the same way as magical beings, they didn't need a contract either.

So what would happen if a normal human and witch had a child?

Freya didn't know. After all, witches were unable to give birth.

Still,

'The children of a witch should also be able to use magic from birth.'

If her theory was right, in the best case, not only could the child be able to use magic from birth, but they would also even be able to contract.

It was, without a doubt, an ideal. Something unthinkable.

But,

'Sol could become the creator of a new type of humans.'

Just imagining it brought her a great feeling of anticipation.

She wished to see it. She wished to observe it. She wished to be at the first stand.

She wasn't like Medea or Kali. She didn't become a witch because of despair or persecution.

All she wanted was to obtain knowledge.

She wanted to know more.

".. Ya...Eya."

She wanted to know so much more.

"Freya!!"

"Ah," She jumped a little bit when she heard her name being screamed like that. "Sorry, I was lost in thought."

She calmed herself down before taking out a pen and a book note.

"So, I respected your opinion and didn't spy on your first time. Now, please describe to me everything that happened."

Medea covered her face in shame.

"Just why do you always do that!?"

Medea couldn't understand. One of Freya's greatest hobbies was recording the sexual experience of every witch she knew and writing them into books before publishing them. Under the pseudonym of <Pink Mist>.

The worst was that from what she knew, Freya was also very popular. Even during her date with Sol, she saw some of the books she wrote on display.

"Hey, Romance is very lucrative you know? What's more, my adult series, <<Master's orders>>, sell extremely well. Who knew so many women were interested in soft BDSM."

The next few minutes were the most embarrassing of Medea's life.

[Tower of Babel]

Sol was currently seated in the office of Lilith and was observing her while she scribbled on some documents.

Even though he stayed for a total of 20 hours in Medea's world, only two hours passed outside. As such he still had some time before his meeting with the Duke Traver.

The atmosphere between the two was currently rather awkward. Even though Sol had visited her, she hadn't lifted her head even once and acted as if he didn't exist.

But Sol didn't mind. He didn't require some sort of discussion. In fact, he was pretty content about the silence since it allowed him to gather his thoughts and his next plan of action.

'Too many things are happening at the same time. I need to be careful and smart.'

The currents in the capital were deep and muddy. Traitors abounded and a purge was necessary.

Perhaps in the future, he would be remembered in the same vein as his ancestor, bloodthirsty Queen.

He lowered his head and looked at his dainty white hands that had never mortally hurt another human.

"What are you thinking about?"

Without raising his head, Sol murmured

"I simply wonder what it feels like to kill someone."

The sound of the pen stopped. It took him a while to understand that he had just expressed his thoughts out loud, and once he did, he couldn't help but wonder why all his conversations with Lilith always had to contain some sweetness and some darkness.

"... What are you worried about?"

Sol debated for a short while before shaking his head, "Forget it."

It wasn't that he didn't want to discuss with Lilith. Her advice would without a doubt be very useful. It was just that he was tired of how each time they met they always ended up talking about depressing matters.

Lilith opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, before finally closing it and simply sighing.

She had some mixed feelings at the moment. On one side, Sol not asking her for advice meant that he was slowly becoming more independent from her as she wished—But at the same time, she felt a certain sadness at him doing so.

Deciding to change the subject, she asked,

"So, how was your meeting with Tyr?"

Sol remarked what she was doing but did not mention it as it suited his intentions.

"Duke Tyr was... Should I say that he was stubborn?"

"Stubborn?"

"Indeed. Even though he did not express it, I could feel that despite the current position of their house, if he had found me wanting, he would have kept the neutrality of his house."

Lilith gave a cold smile, "I am glad you were able to see that."

She stopped there and didn't continue. One of the people she despised the most wasn't the Gorfard for their actions but rather the Highland for their inactions.

At the end of the day, the Gorfard were ambitious people who strived for power. There was nothing she expected from them.

But, when the royal family was at its lowest, the so-called Shield and spear of the kingdom did nothing but stand and watch while acting like saints as they screamed their neutrality.

The only reason she didn't really hate them was because of how useful they were and the fact that they indeed never hesitated to sacrifice themselves for the kingdom.

"What do you think of this stubbornness?"

She was really curious. Back then, Mars simply laughed and said that he loved such stubborn people because they were very loyal once they sided with you.

Sol, hearing this question, stayed quiet before smiling,

"I find it very admirable but also very pitiful. But more than anything, I find it very frightening."

"...Oh?" This piqued her interest as she motioned him to continue.

Sol, leaned in his chair, "I find it very admirable because they are the representative of perfect knights. Loyal to a fault. Unafraid of death, willing to make any sacrifice... Yeah, very admirable. Very admirable cannon fodder I mean. That's why they are stupid. That's why they are pitiful."

For Sol, the Highland family was without a doubt a family worthy of respect. But they were also a very pitiful family.

The Highland duchy was neighbors to the Milaris and shared borders not only with Wratharis but also with Envilya. As if it wasn't enough, the members of the family were always conscripted to the army and always fought on the front line.

Sol, while studying the situation of the Highland family, always wondered about something very weird.

Over the centuries, many ducal families came and went.

Some were even more powerful than Highland. But they still vanished in the river of history.

What's more, the Highland family always followed a trend of rising then waning.

So, why did the Highland never fall?

What made them stand for so many years?

It wasn't because they were strong.

It wasn't because they had enough influence.

There was a very simple and very laughable reason.

They were the <<Sword and the shield>>

Or more crudely, they were the <<The hunting dogs and the Cannon fodder>> of the kingdom.

The only reason they still exist until now is that they were simply too useful to discard.

Every time, they would be given power, and when they reached a certain level they would be brought down.

They were just tools. A tool to be used when needed and put aside to gather rust when useless. But never discarded.

The worst?

They understood that very well. There was simply no way an old fox like the Duke Tyr would not understand this.

Despite this, they were still loyal. It was,

"It's very frightening."

Sol could understand one individual holding such loyalty. He had many people who were very loyal to him.

But what after one generation? Two? Three?

No matter how you looked at it, something was weird. Something wasn't adding up.

Lilith was looking at Sol with renewed eyes. She always knew that he was rather smart. But she didn't think that he could grasp this situation so fast.

Once again, she was reminded that Sol wasn't a child anymore. At the same time, the image of her brother that always overlapped with that of Sol seemed to further separate.

She didn't know if it was a good thing or not.

"Your thought process is very admirable. There's a deep secret that ties the Highland family to the royal family. Sadly, only the king can know the truth."

For once she wasn't holding a secret. She really didn't know why. Only the king, after entering the mausoleum of the departed kings could be privy to some important secrets of the kingdom.

This was also one of the reasons she didn't hold absolute control over the crown's shadow. Nor could she wield the royal sword.

At the end of the day, no matter how much authority she was given, she wasn't the true queen of Lustburg.

Sol on the other hand could only sigh at how many secrets he still had to discover.

"I am sorry." She grimaced a little at his disappointed expression.

"Why are you suddenly apologizing?"

"If my brother was still alive, I am sure he would have explained all those secrets to you." She gave a bitter smile at that.

Sol was surprised for a short while before chuckling.

"I do not care."

"What?"

"You always talk about how amazing my father was and how everything would be different if he was still alive. But the reality is there. He is dead.

"From the tale I heard, he was without a doubt someone incredible. Perhaps I would have really been happier if he was alive. Perhaps my childhood would have been more interesting. But once again, he is dead.

"The one who raised me wasn't him but you. The one who cared for me wasn't him but you. The one I see as my family isn't him but—you."

Sol did not doubt that his life would have been very different in other circumstances. But,

"All those IF, are useless for a simple reason... He is dead."

Lilith stayed silent. Her heart, mourning once again.

She knew he was dead. She knew that she would never see him again. She didn't need anyone to say that to her.

She wanted to lash out. To scream. To wail. But at the end, closing her eyes, she spoke feebly.

"It's time for you to meet the Traver family."

He could hear the silent dismissing in her voice.

Seeing her like that, Sol, for the first time, understood something.

In the eyes of the world, Lilith Luxuria was strong.

At a young age, during which most people still had the innocence of their youth, she stepped on the battlefield to prove her worth.

Later, as a single mother, she not only had to support the sadness of losing all her family, she also had to raise her daughter as well as her nephew and take control of a kingdom that did not want her.

The weight of responsibility on her back was so heavy that anyone in her place would have been crushed without any hope.

But she didn't bow down to adversity.

Even though she should have been sadder than anyone.

Even though she had no one to rely on.

She still walked steadfastly with her back straight, never bowing down.

But Sol now understood.

Lilith's mind was strong, but her heart was weak.

Very weak.

And was only growing weaker as time passed.

In his eyes, she went from a large mountain to a curled up and crying, little girl.

He began to think about every moment they passed together and gradually an idea formed in his head.

It wasn't perfect. It was mostly a gut feeling. But, there was no harm in trying.

'I will wait for a little. If I began now, I wouldn't seem sincere.'

He couldn't risk failure because of too much hurry.

Standing up, he gave her one last look and walked away.

No matter what, he would save her.

Though, just to avoid any oversight, he ordered the maids to stand in front of the door and used the code Medea gave him to ask her to observe Lilith.

'Well, I guess now it's time to see the Traver. I really wonder how it will go.'

No matter what, he was sure that it wouldn't be easy.

After all, the Traver family weren't warriors like the Highland. Why would they accept so easily?

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 88: CH 79: WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING?

The zone belonging to the Traver was the west.

After leaving Lilith, he hopped on his carriage and took the road. Thankfully, it did not take long for him to reach the mansion belonging to the ducal family.

It was a large mansion five stories tall full of different decorations, giving a somewhat gaudy atmosphere or that of a parvenu. Of course, Sol knew that underestimating the Duke just because of that would be stupid.

"Welcome your highness."

Stepping out of his carriage, Sol paused at the reception reminiscing of what happened with the Highland.

Only this time, rather than rows of soldiers, what greeted him were two rows of beautiful women clad in skimpy maid clothes that barely covered their curves.

Sol had to admit that being greeted by such a line up was a turn on. If he wasn't already used to his maids, he would be grinning or blushing like a fool currently.

'Seems like Lilith's objective was meet.'

Smiling, he began to walk toward the entrance of the mansion where a stout short man was waiting for him without paying attention to the maids around.

Sex was something he could have at any moment. So he didn't crave it as much as most people.

Behind him, Setsuna was walking with a frown on her face at the blatant attempt of seduction while Milia keep a calm and serene smile.

The maid she chooses always wore rather conservative dresses that went past their knees, but she knew that those clothes had a greater allure for Sol.

What's more, she had absolutely no worries. She was always there to help Sol relieve himself if he needed it.

Thinking about that brought her mood up and erased any ill feelings she might have from the meeting with her colleagues.

Hermes Traver, seeing the prince walk unfazed, had to increase his opinion of the prince.

Being strong didn't mean much to him. After all, at the end of a day, for a kingdom, while a powerful Ruler was necessary, what truly mattered was nothing more than money.

War costs money.

Peace costs money.

Only the goddesses or the divine beings could escape this law.

So more than his fighting prowess, what mattered to him was the prince mindset. At least for now it didn't disappoint him.

Giving a genuine smile once the prince reached him, he bowed and said in a clear voice,

"Welcome your highness. Your presence brightens and honor my house. I hope you will have a pleasant stay."

After a somewhat surprising warm welcome, Sol alone sat in the main office of the Duke with a pondering expression.

Milia and Setsuna were currently outside of the room but were ready to rush in at any moment.

After all, while the Duke Highland was very trustworthy, The Duke Traver didn't have such a glorious reputation. So they had to be careful.

Sol on the other was rather curious.

He was ready for many things, but not something like that. After all, even Duke Highland took his time to observe him more before beginning to discuss serious matters.

Still, it did not bother him.

Facing him, was the Duke Hermes Traver, sipping on a cup of tea.

Silence hung in the room, but Sol wasn't in a hurry to dispel it. He felt as if he would lose if he talked first. So he simply closed his eyes and began to meditate.

Hermes, seeing Sol so relaxed was once again pleasantly surprised. He could see that it wasn't him acting, but that he was truly at ease in the current situation.

Deciding that staying silent longer than that would just be a waste of time, he coughed a little to get Sol's attention.

"If I may ask, how was your meeting with the old man?"

Sol, giving a small smile, leaned on his chair with his legs crossed in a rather arrogant way, while his chin pointed upward and his gaze fixed downward in a condescending manner.

"If by, old man, you mean Duke Tyr Highland, then know that he accepted to leave his neutrality and swear true allegiance to me."

Hermes was once again surprised but not overly so this time. After all, he had already received the rapport from his spies and knew what he had to expect.

Still, it seemed that him throwing his lot with the prince was truly the best way.

If he did so, the prince would have two of the four Duke on his side.

Arachne's opinion on the matter was obscure, but he was sure that with her obsession with Mars she would at worst choose to be neutral.

Meaning that the last one would be Loki Gorfard.

'Ohohoh~! The situation is truly interesting."

If at first, he had only accepted to join the prince because of his <<Gambler instinct>> and the matriarch, now, he was willing to give his all.

Still, he decided to ask,

"Your highness, what do you think is the most important for a kingdom? Money? Power? Wisdom? Loyal subjects?"

Back then when he asked this question to the previous King, Mars, he had answered that the most important were loyal subjects. He really wondered what answers the prince would give.

Sol, who was previously relaxed, sighed a little. It seemed that no matter where he went, people were always testing him.

Still, he wasn't angry. At the end of the day, he was just a young boy with no credentials to his name.

Wining in the colosseum was enough to not be disrespected or underestimated, but it wasn't enough to instill trust and confidence in people without showing more.

'What is the most important for a kingdom?'

This was a question worth pondering over. After all, sooner or later he would become a king.

"My answer may be still a little immature, but I believe that wisdom and loyalty, while important, aren't the most necessary. The most necessary are money and power."

"Oh~? Please could you elaborate your highness?"

"Loyalty is without a doubt very important at a personal level. Having few and truly loyal people surrounding you is a true blessing. But, it's impossible to expect an entire kingdom to swear eternal loyalty to one king. Not even the goddesses can do so."

This was something very important to understand. For example, even though Milia swore loyalty to him, it didn't mean that all the crown's shadow was truly loyal. The same went for Duke Tyr and his ducal house.

"A necessary amount of wisdom is without a doubt important. But at the end of the day, one or few people can't direct everything in the affairs of a kingdom."

The Lustburg kingdom was the size of the Canada. How could one or few persons deal alone with all the affairs of the kingdom? As such only a certain amount of wisdom was necessary.

"That's why I believe that Power and Money are the most important. The two together."

Money was something a kingdom couldn't do without. You needed money to live.

At the same time, being too rich and not having the means to protect your resources was a sure way to be robbed or annexed by a more powerful kingdom.

"Loyalty may be important. But filling one own stomach is more so. Rather than believing in feelings, believing in common interests is better."

Many people could betray their faith, but few could betray their own interests. This was the sad truth of the world.

"Enough power can stop any thoughts of rebellion from arising."

"The carrot and the stick."

"Indeed. A kingdom needs enough carrots to instill and enough sticks to truly function. Once those two conditions are reached, loyal subjects full of wisdom would without a doubt gather around you."

Why would people be loyal to you if you didn't have something special? Why would smart people surround you if they didn't believe they could obtain something from you?

"Of course, I believe that focusing on all aspects would be the most ideal. Having loyal subjects willing to lay down your life for you is without a doubt the greatest dream for any ruler. But reality isn't so sweet. Soldiers need money to take care of their loved ones. Otherwise, why would they sacrifice themselves."

Hermes could feel his heartbeat strongly in his chest, this was it. This was the answer he wanted to hear.

"So do you idealistic people are stupid?"

"Are they stupid? I do not think so. I truly find them beautiful and admirable. People willing to lay down their lives not for some interest but for their own beliefs of justice are people worthy of respect. I would never look down on them."

Sol didn't believe that he was particularly cold or calculative. Even though he wasn't willing to die for some ideal, he was willing to discard his pride and his life if it meant protecting his loved ones.

But that was just him. This wasn't enough to make a kingdom function.

"Beautiful. Very beautiful. Your highness, your answer truly moved me. I also believe that mutual interest is the way to go rather than simple blind loyalty. Then your highness, since the two of us believe in mutual interest. Pray tell me, what can you give me to make me swear allegiance to you?"

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 89: CH 80: DOTING GODMOTHER

The Duke smirked as he said those words,

"Beautiful. Very beautiful. Your highness, your answer truly moved me. I also believe that mutual interest is the way to go rather than simple blind loyalty. Then your highness, since the two of us believe in mutual interest. Pray tell me, what can you give me to make me swear allegiance to you?"

Silence fell in the office as he observed the impassive expression on the prince's face.

Truth be told, he had already decided to throw his lot with the prince. So no matter what the prince said here, as long as it wasn't something particularly idiotic, he would still follow him.

'Of course the better the answer the happier and more devoted I will be.'

Hermes was first and foremost a merchant before being a noble.

As a merchant, he had the boldness to invest in a promising stock, but he also had the decisiveness necessary to cut the tail at any moment.

Sol, unaware of Hermes's thoughts, was seriously pondering. Though, even if he was aware he would still do the same.

Sol believed in love and friendship. But such things couldn't be formed out of anywhere. As such, the most secure form of relationships was a common interest.

He had promised the Duke Highland to help him redress the situation of his family and accept Athena as one of his personal knights, with the chance of becoming his concubine.

But what did the Duke Traver need?

This was something complicated.

The ducal house under the order of Hermes wasn't the strongest, nor did it have the most influence.

Because of that, they had basically no weakness. What's more, they were connected to the dwarf kingdom. Giving them more avenue

Closing his eyes, he began to accelerate his thoughts.

What did they need the most?

Money?

No, the Traver lacked anything but money.

Then, Sol grinned,

"Duke Hermes, if I were to ask you. How strong are you compared to the other Dukes?"

"...?"

Hermes tilted his head in wonder but still answered.

"In terms of power, be it myself as a Duke or our house as a whole, we are without a doubt the weakest of the four houses."

'As I thought.'

Sol grin didn't fade as he continued,

"From what I know, it seems like the number of bandits has exponentially increased the last few months. I suppose that it must be rather troubling for you, isn't it?"

If Hermes couldn't understand what Sol was trying to imply now, then he would have wasted all his years.

"Indeed. Those bandits prove to be a true headache. What's more, we must pay more fees to the different ducal houses to get more protection."

"If I remember clearly back then it's how the king enticed the first Duchess right? Only, most of your rights were revoked during my father and Aunt tenure of power."

Hermes gave a bitter "Indeed."

Back then, during the puppets King era, even though he wasn't the Duke, it didn't mean that he was spotless. He had enjoyed the advantage his father brought and he now had to pay the consequences.

After all, who would have thought that someone like Mars would be born? The only reason that four houses hadn't been eradicated at that time was that the Hero king was too kind and refused unnecessary bloodshed.

If the one with the blessing of luxuria had been Lilith?

He shivered just at the thought.

'Praise the goddess.'

As a hybrid dwarf, he could pray to any of the four goddesses without guilt, but he was still more partial to Avaritia. The goddess of Greed.

Sol snickered a little but didn't comment further. Of course, there was no way he would give the same amount of support as his great grandfather. He didn't wish for one of the next rulers after him to become another puppet king or queen. Still,

"What do you think? I will give you my power and you will give me your money. Pretty good right?"

Looking at the still grinning Prince, Hermes sighed wistfully,

'Why do I not have a daughter or a granddaughter?'

The boy was still a little immature and inexperienced but it was nothing that couldn't be corrected with enough time.

At the very least, the raw potential he had already shown would have been enough for him to throw his lot with the prince even if he hadn't been forced to.

Thinking so, he caressed his beard, one of the sources of pride, and stood up from his chair before kneeling down in respect.

Seeing this, the smirk on Sol's face gradually fell down before changing into a genuine smile. He wasn't the kind to humiliate those who decided to follow him and as such stood up.

Now looking down at the Duke that was kneeling, Sol feels a rush of pleasure flow through his body.

'I need to be careful to not let this feeling swallow me.'

Pride was a dangerous sin for it could make you overestimate yourself.

"Duke Hermes Traver. Do you swear allegiance to me?"

"I, Hermes Traver, in front of the goddess luxuria do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his highness Sol Dragona Luxuria, his heirs and successors, according to law."

Like with Duke Highland, the oath needed no other witness.

This wasn't like in his old world where anyone could swear with impunity.

Here, swearing in the name of the goddess was a binding worth more than thousands of contracts. The one breaking his oaths would be immediately struck down.

Thankfully, it was impossible to coerce people into taking oaths they didn't want from the bottom of their hearts. Trying to do so would also result in being struck down.

Thinking about the goddesses, his feelings of pride immediately abated. He had no reason to be proud as he was now.

Neither Hermes nor Tyr would have bowed to him if he wasn't the prince of Lustburg.

'I still need to become stronger. Smarter. More experienced. In short, I need to continue growing.'

[Duke Hermes house]

In another room belonging to the mansion, a short but mature woman was focused on a screen displaying the scene of the Duke kneeling to Sol.

"Oh~? It seems like I really underestimated him. Even if I didn't meddle, he would have obtained the same result."

A smile bloomed on her face as she said that. Feeling pretty good, she turned toward one of the maids standing beside her.

This maid was different from the other in the mansion. Not only because of her long and beautiful silver-white hair, nor because of her well-toned body, but rather because of the running pattern covering her body from head to toe.

'Hehehe~! Seems like I did well in bringing her. It would be shameful if I couldn't give a gift to my godson on our first meeting after all.'

"This promise to be interesting."

She couldn't wait.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 90: CH 81: DOTING GODMOTHER (2)

Sol and Hermes made a happy deal. Of course, the deal itself was pretty vague. Sol never really stated how much support he would provide. But, this was something that could be discussed later.

After uttering his oath and getting back up, the Duke looked at Sol and hesitated for a short while before finally speaking,

"Your highness, there's someone I must present to you. Someone very important."

"Oh?"

Sol raised an eyebrow in surprise.

The Duke was basically the highest rank, only below that of the king. For him to describe someone else as important was truly intriguing.

Still,

"Why should I meet this person?"

He was the prince. This was neither arrogance nor hubris. Why would the prince and future king of a whole kingdom move to meet some unknown person?

The Duke, having clearly expected this answer smiled, "Her name is Theresa and she is the matriarch of one of the highest families in the council of Greed Dike. But, you might also know her as—one of your father's old companions."

This brought Sol's attention. Not just because of the reveal about her being his dad's crewmate. But rather because of the obvious respect the Duke was showing.

"So your house still has connections with the dwarves kingdom?"

His tone wasn't particularly accusatory but The Duke shivered a little as the temperature in the room seemed to plummet very fast.

Sol wasn't surprised about the situation. It was very clear from the beginning that the first Duchess was basically a sort of open spy or a link between Lustburg and Greed Dike.

Still, this action of the Duke showed that the influence Greed Dike had was stronger and he did not particularly like that.

His eyes became a little colder as he thought about how another kingdom could basically obtain any information they wished about him.

'Perhaps I should lower the rank of the Duke and place another family in its stead? Or perhaps—should I simply put them on the target list?'

He briefly entertained the thoughts but brushed them aside. It was one thing to attack traitors, but it was another to do so to someone more or less loyal. As long as the Traver didn't threaten Lustburg, he would let them be.

'Though, something needs to be done about that.'

Hermes, as an experienced old merchant, didn't miss the slight killing intent that Sol leaked. Thankfully, it seemed that the prince wouldn't follow the style of his ancestors, the bloody queen. Otherwise, he might have had to flee with all his family fast.

Thinking so, he smiled bitterly before putting his hand on his heart.

"I swear on my life to the goddess Luxuria that I never did anything that could threaten Lustburg."

Sol stared at the Duke for a short while before finally sighing then gave a hearty smile.

"I will believe you. I believe that this trust won't be betrayed."

'As if. The very moment the light is out, I will search all around in your mansion.'

Keeping his smile, "Then, since we have made everything clear. Why don't you introduce the matriarch, Theresa? I have heard her name from Camelia but aside from that I don't know much."

He wondered what kind of woman she was.

"Little Sol~!"

[20 Minutes later.]

Sol sat with a bitter smile on his face as a young woman who could have passed for a pre-teen girl sat on his lap while she kept humming.

If he didn't know that this woman was even older than his own father, he would have petted her head by now.

He had wondered what kind of woman the so-called matriarch would be and was surprised by how bubbly she acted.

Currently, only three people were present in the office.

Sol, Theresa, and a silver-haired maid standing with an impassive expression as she eyed the scene.

The Duke decided to leave them alone for now.

Watching the back of this seemingly young girl that aroused his protective instinct, he spoke calmly,

"Miss Theresa,"

"Aunt."

"...Yes?"

"Call me Aunt Theresa. Not miss. I am your godmother you know? Though I guess I had been absent most of your life."

He could hear the sadness in her voice quite clearly. Either she was genuinely sorry or she was worthy of an Oscar.

"This is the first time I have heard about having a godmother."

"What!?"

She seemed ready to jump in shock as she turned her head around and looked at him,

"Camelia did not inform you?"

"No. She never did."

"Oh~! The sneaky bitch. *Cough* *Cough* I mean. This is something she should have told you."

Sol's face twitched a little but otherwise didn't become angry. He knew the difference between a genuine insult full of malice and the kind of insult friends could make to each other.

Deciding to change the subject, he asked, "By the way, how did this come to be?"

"Hehehe~! I bought it."

"... Come again?"

"Yep~! You had heard correctly. I bought it."

Saying so, her tone softened, as if reminiscing. "Back then, Blaze said that only the one who gave the best gift could become your godmother. It was funny how Camelia and Persephone fought. But even though they could crush me in terms of might, no one can beat me in terms of money."

A funny image appeared in Sol's head. One where his mother was an auctioneer searching for the highest bid.

"It seems that my mother was someone really interesting."

A bell-like laugh escaped Theresa. "You can say it again. I remember the first time I tried to take Mars as a consort, she nearly fried me alive. Not really the best first meeting."

Even though she spoke of such events, Sol could feel again that this was another fond memory of her.

Sol never wondered how his parents of this world were in the past. In a way, he was thankful that they gave life to him. But in another way, not only did he never really see them aside from fuzzy memories in his head, and what's more, it wasn't as if he was an orphan in his previous world.

Those two conditions made it so he wasn't particularly curious about them and never asked any particular questions about his parents aside from some general information.

"It must have been interesting."

"... Indeed... You could say that it was the best time of my life. Going on an adventure. Fighting in a pseudo harem with an oblivious man and a jealous wife. Being chased around by said wife after trying to sneak in the bed of the husband. Those were without a doubt the best days of my life."

Theresa closed her eyes. The dwarf community was one extremely harsh. You could never trust anyone. Not even your own family. Business was paramount and even your family wouldn't hesitate to stab you in the back for enough profit.

Back then, she was fed up with this atmosphere and decided to take some vacation on Lustburg

This was where everything began. For the first time in her life, she made friends. True friends. Friends she knew could die for her without hesitation. She even had her first love. Sadly,

"Happiness never lasts."

She murmured as a feeling of grief washed over her.

She shook her head and kept a lid over those feelings. Now wasn't the time.

"Hehe~ ! Forget it. Even though it's sad, this is life. At least they didn't totally disappear from this world."

"People do not die when they are killed. They only die once they are forgotten."

Theresa's forced laugh stopped as she looked at Sol with shock before a big genuine smile formed on her face.

"This is a beautiful sentence."

Sol answered with a smile of his own, causing Theresa to blush.

"Oh my, you have the qualities of a true player."

His smile became a little cramped.

"So, Miss Theresa."

"Aunt."

"...Aunt Theresa, what brings you here now exactly? Why not sooner?"

"I really wished, you know? Sadly I was at war against some members of the council controlled by my brother for our heritage."

"I guess you won?"

"Indeed. Even though he was a true bastard, he was without a doubt a sneaky dangerous bastard."

'Was?'

Sol questioned inwardly. It seemed that the competition in the dwarves's kingdom was more brutal than he assumed. He also elevated his assessment of Theresa. She might look and act like a cute little girl, but under this mask was a woman who seemed rather dangerous.

"Anyway, you won so you came to visit me?"

"Yes. How could I never visit my godson? I am ashamed enough about missing all those years. As such, I decided to bring you a gift."

Saying so, she pointed toward the maid who had stayed silent until now.

"You are 15 right? Meaning you need partners. I don't know if you will follow the same policy as your father and only have one partner, but in any case let me present this girl to you."

Sol looked once again at the maid in wonder. No matter how he looked she didn't seem like any race he ever seen or read about.

"Is she a demon or an angel?"

"Nop, neither of the two. She is a chimera — from Gluttony Foss."