

## Hero King 91

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

#### Chapter 91: CH 82: NUWA

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

"Is she a demon or an angel?"

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

Sol's eyes opened wide at this revelation and he looked once more at the white-haired maid.

Chimera. They were the creatures created by Echidna Gula, the mother of a thousand monsters. Chimera by itself was not a race. The same way werebeasts had different sub-races, chimeras also had their own.

Sol never saw any chimera and they generally only left Gluttony Foss during war or beast tide. The last war, being the one that costs his parents' life.

"How did you capture her?"

He was a little uncomfortable with the notion of capturing someone to make them slaves.

In Lustburg, since Mars's reign, even though slaves existed, they were generally debt slaves or war slaves, or crime slaves.

Capturing a free citizen and treating them as a slave was forbidden. What's more, there were so many regulations for their protection that nowadays slaves were more like underpaid servants than anything else.

Of course, a chimera was no citizen of Lustburg and could even be called an enemy.

Theresa squinted her eyes at Sol's reaction. Once again she was reminded how different Sol was from his father. Back then, she knew that Mars had an absolute distaste for such a culture. If it wasn't because of his advisor, he would have simply abolished the slavery system rather than creating more regulations.

"Do not worry. Even though Greed Dike doesn't frown on slavery, I am not the kind to go capture people for entertainment. This girl was born from a fossilized egg I brought back from Gluttony Foss all those years ago during our campaign against Echidna. Back then, I thought that it was just a dead egg. So imagine my surprise when a few years later I got her. Hehe~!"

Even though she was laughing, Sol felt that she was still hiding something.

"Could you be a little more clear?"

"Well, I got this egg in a deserted part of Echidna castle. We were being chased down by one of the twelve constellations. Boy, you should have seen it. A giant humanoid spider running being us. The stuff of nightmares I say. So, I was running for my life when I saw this very shiny and round thing. Of course, as a dwarf, the first thing I did was to snatch it then continue fleeing."

He could feel an urge to slap his face as he heard this tale.

Still, to have the leisure to steal something while being chased down by one of the constellations.

"If it's a spider I guess it's the cancer constellation."

"Was. I don't know if Echidna created another one. But at least the previous cancer constellation got sliced off by Lilith. Hahaha~! You should have seen his face. He didn't even understand how he died."

The more he heard her speak, the more a yearning began to burn in his heart.

He also wished to go out and explore the world. To live through different adventures with trusted companions.

It might be a little childish and naive, but it was hard to discard such dreams.

"I get the situation now. So? You are giving her to me?"

"Yes. Her bloodline is without a doubt very powerful. I wanted to make her your partner."

"You do know that it's impossible to force a contract right?"

The contract system was under the direct control of the goddesses. A contract could only be formed between two willing parties without any form of coercion.

Jumping from her seat on his thighs, she turned to face him and gave an impish smile, "You are a Luxuria. I am sure you can do it." Saying so, she began to walk toward the exit, "Well, well, well. This is it for me for now. It's time for me to visit my old friends. Bye-bye! I wish you luck."

Without waiting for Sol's reply, she left the room with a laugh in her voice.

Now, alone with the cold faced maid, Sol began to observe her more carefully.

Long snow-white hair, deep red eyes, beautiful well toned curves, a young-looking face, a healthy and tanned skin and a short frame. This girl was the perfect definition of a foreign oriental beauty.

Letting out a sigh at how people seemed to only throw women at him, he relaxed in his chair and spoke.

"You have heard my discussion with Theresa. Before anything else, I think I must present myself. I am the crown prince of Lustburg, Sol Dragona Luxuria. How may I call you?"

The girl, who looked to be in her twenty even though technically she should be younger than Sol, stared at Sol in silence.

An awkward silence fell heavily once again between the two.

Sweeping back his hair, Sol sighed, "Let's make something clear. I do not particularly need you to be by my side. I already have one loyal knight who will follow me and if everything is alright, my first partner will be someone with limitless potential."

He had more important things to do than to waste his time discussing with a girl he just met and who refused to speak. Getting a powerful partner was without a doubt good news, but as the future king and with his capacity, the things he lacked the least were people wishing to form a contract with him.

The only reason he even bothered wasting his time with her currently was because she intrigued him a little. He could feel some sort of familiar energy flowing in her. He couldn't put his finger on it. But it was her.

Finally, after a short silence, "My name is Nuwa."

'Nuwa? Who gave her such a name? It's rather mighty.'

He already knew that for some weird reason gods and goddesses or mythical heroes names from his old world were used here. Still for one to be called Nuwa, the mother goddess in Chinese myths? His interest in her suddenly went up a notch.

"Nuwa, is it? Was it Theresa who gave you this name?"

"Nuwa is Nuwa. From the moment Nuwa was born, I knew I was Nuwa."

She continued to speak in the same monotonous and emotionless voice as if nothing interested her.

"I see. Then. You have already heard everything. What's your opinion?"

Lowering her head in a bow, she calmly said, "I do not care. From the moment I was born, my destiny had never been my own. Why should I begin to think now?"

"..."

'It seemed that this is going to be way harder than I thought.'

He sighed about this so-called gift. He was tempted to bring her in his mirror world just to see her act completely opposite to what she was doing now, but messing with the mind of people who did nothing to him didn't seem particularly interesting.

"Well, no matter. The time to contract is still far away. I guess I will give you time to think."

More importantly, he didn't want to contract with someone who might have another allegiance. He didn't want to distrust Theresa since she seemed to be a really gentle and loyal woman, but he didn't know her enough to give all his trust to her.

'Being in a position of power is really tiring.'

This was one of the few dissatisfactions he had with his current life. He could never truly believe anyone outside of a few people. Always had to analyze the situation. This would become even worse in the future once he really became a king.

He already knew that this wouldn't be easy. But it didn't matter. He didn't mind some challenges. Of course, living in easy mode was also interesting.

'I also need to ask Milia to keep an eye on her.'

Thinking so, he got up and walked toward the exit. This trip to Traver had been rather fruitful. He had already accomplished his goal and some more. Still, he needed to spend the night before leaving.

'I should walk out with Setsuna and Lilin tomorrow. If I am to end with Lilin, I must mend her relationship with Setsuna.'

This was giving him a headache. Whoever said that harem was a dream never really understood the reality.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 92: CH 83: FRIENDS? RIVALS?**

Even though the moon was bathing the capital with its gentle light, the streets of the city were still bustling.

Music, dance, and games were filling every place and the crowd mood was at an all-time high.

At first glance, it was a noisy night market with an exotic atmosphere, but as one delved further into the narrow and intricate alleys, they would come across the black market that was only known to few people.

A pub was located at the end of the shady black market alley.

This was the zone belonging to the Gorfard family. The zone reuniting all the shady business and the red light district. Some people even called it the underworld.

All types of people were gathered in the pub.

Most of the men in the pub looked like they wouldn't hesitate to do all sorts of nasty things. Often, they drank with the prostitutes.

From rich merchants to popular gladiators, every kind of person could be seen.

But no matter how rowdy they were, none of them dared to climb on the second stairs. After all, this was the floor reserved for Vito Ferro, a member of a fallen noble family that now controls the underworld. At least in appearance.

The second floor of the pub was reasonably desolate, unlike the loud first floor of the pub.

Two people were present on the second floor. One of them was leaning on the railing while observing the moonlight, and the other one nervously sat on a chair close to a circular wooden table while continuously wiping his sweat.

If the people could observe the current scene, they would be stunned by fright, because Ferro, the 'king' of the underworld was the one sweating like a pig while observing the man standing.

Adjusting his monocle, the man stopped gazing at the moon and faced Ferro with a smile.

"It seems like your business is thriving."

Ferro, knowing that nothing good came out of this fake smile shuddered a little but answered, "This is all thanks to you, Sir Edgar. Without your help, I would have never been able to have such a control."

Edgar began to slowly walk toward Ferro and finally stopped once he was just a few steps away from him.

"I am happy that you did not forget that everything you have, everything you are, is thanks to us. Now, I need you to do a little something for me."

Shivering a little under the cold gaze and feeling like he was slowly being squeezed out by a venomous snake, Ferro gulped a little and asked,

"How may I help you?"

"How? Very simple. Give me all the records of the deals between you and the Gorfard family. Don't lie by telling me you don't have them."

Ferro, feeling goosebumps, clamped his mouth shut as he had indeed tried to deny everything. Struggling for a short while, he finally sighed in defeat and slumped in his seat for a few seconds before finally getting up and leaving the room.

A few minutes later, he came back with a recording orb filled with all his deals with the Gorfard family over the years.

"Could I ask why you need them?"

"Why...?" Taking the orb, Edgar gave his usual smile and said joyously, "Guess~!"

The sun slowly rose on the horizon and the mist of the night slowly dissipated under its light.

Standing in front the bowing Duke outside of the Sol's gave a polite smile before turning away, his group, having one more girl.

The previous night in the Traver mansion had been rather uneventful. The Duke had many children, but none of them had managed to reach the level of the heir. Since their rules were pretty clear.

As for Theresa, she had completely vanished and even using his mirror world didn't help him find her. Meaning that she wasn't even in the mansion anymore. Though he had an idea where she might be.

"Then, your highness, I bid you farewell. I hope that you had a pleasant night in my humble home."

"No worries. I was very pleased. Your hospitality warmed my heart. Then, have a good day."

This discussion now over, he turned and left, Milia and Setsuna following behind him and Nuwa standing between the two of them, her face emotionless and her steps steady.

Neither Setsuna nor Milia had been particularly happy by the introduction of Nuwa in their group. Her seemingly lack of respect for Sol further angered them. The only thing stopping them from lashing out at her was the fact that she might become Sol's partner in the future.

Feeling the freezing cold atmosphere behind him, Sol simply sighed. As long as it didn't lead to a fight, everything was alright.

He had already assured Setsuna that he wouldn't accept Nuwa as a partner if he thought she could affect them negatively.

Once they boarded the carriage, the way toward the tower was rather silent until Sol finally began to talk.

"Milia, did you find anything about Clara? Is she suspicious?"

"Your highness. I already got the report from the one who was with them back then."

Milia didn't use any names of her organizations as she didn't want to give important information in front of an outsider.

"We have enough information to judge that the elf is harmless. Though we will need a short probation period to be sure."

"So she had no hidden intentions?"

"Of course she had. Those prideful elves would never send someone who is still not of age out of the forest otherwise."

Sol's grimaced at this mention. Because of their incredibly long life span, Elves' perception of time was completely different from humans.

In their culture, no elf could leave the forest before their coming out of age, which generally happened at 50 years old.

"How old is she?"

"35."

Sol remembered Clara's childish antics and young-looking face before sighing once again.

'I really sigh too much lately.'

He had simply too many things to deal with at the same time lately.

'What's more, I didn't train at all lately.'

Technically, when adding the time spent in Medea's world it has only been about three days since his fight in the arena. But for Sol who was used to at least swinging his sword a few hundred times every day, this period of inactivity was beginning to make him antsy.

Thanks to his dragon heritage, even if he didn't train he could slowly become stronger even without training. But, this wasn't what he wished for. He had the talent of both humans and dragons. It would be a waste to not capitalize on those two talents.

"Setsuna, once we reach the castle, let's train a little before going for the date."

Setsuna gave a happy smile at this, her tail, swishing behind her.

Sol, seeing this, couldn't help but pat Setsuna on the head. He had a certain fondness for cute things and seeing his girls act like this always made him happy.

Milia, seeing this pouted and lowered her head to Sol, while she smiled thinly. He, of course, understood her silent plea and began to pat her with his other hand.

Watching this ridiculous scene, Nuwa kept her expression straight, but a glint of curiosity still resided in her eyes.

For as long as she could remember, she had never felt the things called love or happiness.

Even though her previous master, Theresa never treated her badly and in reality greatly took care of her, she simply couldn't feel any sense of kinship with her.

Instinctively she knew that this was because of her heritage. Her blood refused to bow down or to even close to anyone of lower rank than her.

This wasn't a question of power but of innate bloodline.

She didn't know what she was, nor how strong her bloodline was, but the fact was that she had never met anyone higher or even equal to her.

At least until now.

Focusing her gaze on Sol, she could faintly feel something in him that made her blood stir.

It seemed to be something similar but at the same time different. Her innate knowledge didn't give her enough information to judge the situation.

This was why she decided to follow him.

She wanted to know who she was.

She wanted to know what she was.

She wanted to know who her parents were.

If to obtain all that information she had to become the servant of this man, then it did not particularly matter.

She just wanted to know and for that, she was ready for any sacrifice.

This is how the carriage continued on the road.

"Sol~"

The moment he stepped into the tower, he immediately caught a purple-haired girl jumping in his arms.

"I missed you so much. You promised that we would spend some time together."

"I am sorry Lilin. I was a little busy."

The truth was that he also felt a little awkward with her declaration. But, now that she was in his arms, he realized that his worries were unnecessary.

He recognized that he did not particularly feel a strong love for Lilin. But, the simple thought of her falling in the arms of anyone set his heart ablaze in disgust and anger.

'I am truly becoming more and more possessive.'

"Your highness, you shouldn't forget that it's time to train as you promised."

The voice of Setsuna brought him back from his thoughts.

\*Tch\*

"Hey, Set, why are you bothering me while I am talking to Sol?"

Lilin, who was previously acting like a cute kitty in his arms raised her head and glared fiercely at Setsuna.

"Haha~I am sorry. I didn't recognize you after 2 years. I mean, it's been a long time. You should be happy that his highness didn't forget you."

"Heh, 2 years is indeed a long time, but I guess that it wasn't enough for you to finish things with Sol."

Lilin snickered, the innuendo in her words clear to everyone.

Setsuna, refusing to lose, begins a long tirade, and Lilin, who was just as headstrong, also refused to give up.

Watching the two princess bicker, Sol gave a gentle smile.

Only by observing this sight could he truly feel at home.

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

#### **Chapter 93: CH 84: LILIN (1)**

"So this is how it looks like now... It's way bigger than in my memory."

A half-naked Lilin expressed as she observed an equally half-naked Setsuna crouching down between Sol's crotch and bobbing her head up and down, her long blue hair dancing wildly with each of her movements.

A bitter laugh escaped Sol, "The last time we took a bath together I was six. I would be worried if it still looked the same."

"Your highness, forget her and focus on me. Am I doing right?"

Looking down at Setsuna who was dangerously holding on to his penis with a dissatisfied expression, Sol gently brought down her head again to it, "No worries. Continue like you were doing. And remember. No teeth."

Wiggling her tail, Setsuna opened her mouth wide and began to suck on his member again.

The sensation brought a shiver of pleasure to Sol who closed his eyes and let a sigh of happiness.

He laid down a little and was surrounded by a delicious warmth as Lilin who sat behind him on the bed with her top off hugged him.

Feeling Setsuna coil her tongue around his rod, he idly wondered just how this incredible threesome came to be.

A few moments ago, Sol was sitting in a recreation room. Behind him stood Setsuna and seated next to him was Lilin.

At the end of the day, bickering was fine and all, but doing so at the entrance of the tower was unacceptable.



Milia, on the other hand, had already left with Nuwa to settle her in the outer ring where the maids in training had their quarters.

As such, they had decided to use another room and Sol called some maids to take care of him.

This was why he was currently sipping on his steaming hot tea, relaxing, as a maid massaged his calf while another massaged his shoulders.

Meanwhile, he was watching Setsuna and Lilin throw death stares at each other.

'Nothing like home soothe my heart.'

This scene was something he was rather used to.

Since they were kids, Lilin had always been abnormally attached to him. She was basically like a shadow that refused to leave him. Be it sleeping or bathing, she was always with him.

Frankly, at first, he found her a little creepy but after a while, he became used to it and even found it cute.

'Humans adaptation abilities are seriously scary.'

Thinking fondly of those times, he smiled. Without a doubt, one of the reasons he wasn't repulsed by Camelia and Milia's heavy love must have been because he was already used to such attention.

The dynamics of his relationship with Lilin changed once Setsuna joined. At first, Setsuna was a little wary of him and didn't particularly like to stay with him, but, after they inadvertently entered Medea world for the first time and he stood in front of Setsuna to protect her, she began to open up to him greatly and also began to follow him everywhere.

This, of course, did not sit well with Lilin.

Jealousy, screams, tears, fights etc.

Having to deal with two children doing a drama worthy of Bollywood had been a true chore.

Thankfully, as time passed, this relationship became a more or less healthy rivalry.

"Enough Setsuna. I remember how much you bullied me with your strength because I didn't have mana back then. I think it's time for a payback."

"Brings it on."

The atmosphere in the room suddenly seemed divided into two camps.

The aura emanating from their bodies was literally the room to tremble.

Thankfully, all the walls in the tower were enhanced to be resistant to magic.

Sol, still sipping on his tea, looked at the uncomfortable expression of the two maids taking care of him and sighed, "I don't like girls who fight without caring about their surroundings."

Those words were like a magical incantation. All the building pressure immediately vanished as if it never existed in the first place.

The two girls still glared at each other, but otherwise didn't have any other action.

This was another thing he liked about them. No matter how deep they were into their arguments, they would always listen to him and stop when he asked them to.

"Anyway, no matter how strong you have become, I already nearly climbed the stairs of adulthood with Sol."

Lilin's eyes opened wide at this revelation and turned toward Sol, "Really?"

Sol didn't even open his mouth before Setsuna continued. "Of course."

"But I thought that you wanted to use your chastity to empower the ritual?"

Lilin was truly surprised. She may bicker regularly with Setsuna, but she knew how much Setsuna yearned for power and how serious Sol was. There's no way Setsuna would lose her virginity before the right time.

Setsuna flushed a little but didn't avert her sight from Lilin's curious glance. "There are many things possible even without penetration."

The two maids who were still massaging Sol blushed. They were part of the girls who had already lost their virginity to Sol and did it with him more than once, so they understood what Setsuna meant.

Seeing all the girls blushing, it suddenly dawned on Lilin that she might be the only one without any experience in this room.

'This won't do.'

"You two, this is enough massage for Sol. Now you should leave the room.'

The two maids hesitated a little before looking at Sol, and only after seeing him nod did they leave.

Now alone in the room, Lilin's fiery eyes settled on Sol.

"I want to learn."

Sol was now stuck in a dilemma.

Teach his absurdly sexy cousin who also had feelings for him about sex?

Or be serious and just push it to later?

This dilemma lasted for less than 0.001 seconds.

"Practice is always better than theory."

'Haha. Thinking about it, this is really a development worthy of a hentai story.'

Thinking so, he grinned mischievously and looked at Setsuna. Setsuna, who was still working on the felatio, understood his signal.

Letting go, she stood up and walked behind him before holding Lilin down.

"Heh~?"

Surprised, Lilin tried to escape but,

"No magic."

Those words of Sol sealed all escape routes for Lilin. After all, no matter how strong she was, she could never match Setsuna's pure strength without using mana.

Turning around, Sol observed the glamorous body of Lilin.

Since he had already bathed with Lilith not long ago, he could say that their proportions were very similar to each other.

The expression of looking more like sisters than daughter and mother had never been more appropriate. What's more, with his new sense, even their magic powers roughly felt the same.

"Hum, don't stare too much, it is a little embarrassing."

He was brought back from his thoughts by Lilin's uncharacteristically shy voice. Raising his head only to see her flushed face, Sol smiled mischievously and gently began to take off her skirt, leaving her with only a pair of black frilly panties.

"Heh, So you use black now."

Setsuna snickered before holding Lilin breasts from her behind. Her expression, filled with jealousy.

Her actions caused Lilin to yelp in surprise, but Setsuna didn't relent and began to massage while murmuring, "Those useless lumps of fat."

Setsuna's breasts were far from being on the smaller side. But, Lilin was someone who could compare with some young cow women and not be left wanting.

Lilin twisted, but she could not escape Setsuna's grasp.

Meanwhile, after taking off her panties, Sol placed his hand on Lilin thighs and gently spread them, revealing her secret garden.

"Ah~ Do, I look weird down there?"

Lilin's breath grew heavy as she tried to close them, but Sol gently stopped her. No girl wouldn't be worried about such a situation while they still lacked experience.

"No, it doesn't look weird at all. It's beautiful. What's more..." He used his index to gently trace the still closed folds, "...You are already wet."

He slowly rubbed down the right side until he reached the bottom, then he rubbed back up the left side. At the top, he poked at the clitoris before rubbing back down the right side again.

"Ah~Ah~Ah~."

To the surprise of Sol, his teasing touch had her moaning in no time. The glistening pussy began to produce even more juice.

He knew he was good, but it was still surprising how sensitive she was. It was as if she was built just for the purpose of sex.

"Please...don't just tease me. Touch me more than that."

Setsuna, seeing her long-life rival in such an embarrassing situation, grinned deviously and stuck out her tongue before licking Lilin's ear.

"Ah~"

"Haha! To think the haughty princess would show such a face."

Setsuna became even bolder as she pinched Lilin's stiff nipples.

"Lilin, I hope you are ready."

Lilin, who had previously closed her eyes because of the influx of never-felt pleasures, opened them only to see Sol bury his face in her crotch.

He stuck out his tongue and let it crawl along the pink flesh.

This was a very confusing situation for Lilin. Her upper body, arms included, was constricted and she could not move. Her legs were spread wide and she could not close them.

Setsuna's smooth hands were massaging her breasts and Sol's sticky tongue was all over her most sensitive place.

She was not doing anything at all and the pleasure was coming to her in droves.

Every time the rougher flat of the tongue rubbed at her vagina, it would twitch wildly.

It was intense, but it was also light enough to be frustrating. It had her melting in no time.

"Ah! Sol~ Please, stop, something is happening!"

His tongue forced its way further and further in without caring about her plea.

He began moving his tongue in and out of her vagina.

Her love juices flowed without end as his tongue licked at the edges of the hole and the walls within.

His upper lip rubbed at her clit over and over as if trying to rub those love juices into it.

All those sensations began to build in Lilin. She felt as if something was about to explode.

"...!"

At that very moment, a veritable fireworks exploded in her mind.

A soundless scream escaped her as she opened her mouth wide. Her back arched and her hips trembled so much with pleasure they appeared to be convulsing.

For the very first time in her life—Lilin climaxed.

## Son of the Hero King

### **Chapter 94: CH 85: DANGEROUS WOMEN**

In a white void, Lilith slowly opened her eyes. It only took her an incredibly short time for her blurry eyes full of confusion to sharpen before they slowly narrowed.

"The only one who can mess around with my mind is you. Camelia. Stop playing around."

"Fufufu~I told you that there was no way she would panic."

"Buh~"

"I must say, hearing your voice really fills my heart with so much happiness."

Three feminine voices resonated in the void before one after another, three women appeared.

One was a busty blonde, one a short loli, and one a green-haired tall woman.

Looking at those three women together, Lilith's eyes misted a little before she regained her sharp expression.

"Reminiscence can wait for later. If you are all here, I guess the plan is close to completion?"

Camelia, hearing Lilith's question gave a cold smile.

"Those idiots are moving in the background to take over my position in the church. Fufufu~How could they know that all their supposed allies are my puppets now?"

"Uwa~ You are as scary as I remembered. I thought age would mellow you. Aren't old women supposed to be gentler?"

Camelia's smile twitched, "And your mouth is still without a break. I thought you would become more calm after growing old."

"Me? Old? Hehe~ I am a dwarf you know. I am still a young flower in our standard."

Camelia was unable to retort to this and could only change the subject, "Enough about age. Anyway thanks to Castitas, I won't grow old as long as I have her blessing. Did you complete what you ought to?"

Theresa's usual joyous smile vanished as she sneered, "Who do you take me for? Of course, I succeeded. My brother was really in cahoots with those bastards. Thankfully, I managed to take over the family and now I am part of the highest council."

"What about your brother?"

"My brother? Dead of course. There's no way I would leave such a variable alive."

None of the women's presents seemed surprised. After all, they knew very well that behind her usual antics was a woman who would destroy anything that stood in front of her.

As a dwarf, she only moved for benefits. Friendship and family were second. Sometimes, Lilith wondered if Theresa wouldn't hesitate to turn on them if her benefits were threatened.

"Ugh~Lilith, your distrust toward me is as obvious as always."

"My, my, Theresa, you know very well that the only one who truly trusted you from the bottom of his heart was Mars. Though he is dead now."

The green-haired green-clothed gave a motherly smile as she said that, following those words, the atmosphere immediately cooled down.

Camelia pinched her eyebrows, "Persephone, how many times did I tell you to not destroy the mood?"

Persephone tilted her head in confusion, "But he is indeed dead. Us not saying anything won't change this situation."

Camelia sighed and decided to once again drop the subject. Not only was Persephone one of the first witches in existence, but she was also the witch of life.

Her view toward life and death was simply completely different from common people.

A lull filled the place. Lilith, even though hurt by Persephone's words didn't take it badly. Because Persephone words were the truth. Still, she was once again reminded how extraordinary her brother was to lead a group with so many mismatched people.

Even now, the only reason they could work together was because of their common goals. Sweeping her hair, she asked, "Persephone, what about your sister?"

Persephone still gave her gentle smile, "Mother gave me the okay to capture Kali. We don't know how deeply involved she is with those bastards, but no matter what, she is worthy of punishment. Mother judged that Freya would be too kind. Fufufu~naughty little sister needs to be punished harshly."

Her gentle smile became a little sloppy as a blush covered her face.

The other three shuddered, falling in Persephone hands was in a way a punishment worse than death. Not only did she take pleasure in torturing people, but thanks to her power over life, she could make sure that even weeks of torture wouldn't leave the slightest wound... At least none physical.

After calming down, Persephone turned her attention to Lilith, "By the way, yesterday when I entered Lustburg, I met little Sol. He is truly a gentle and handsome boy. I would have stayed longer to discuss with him, but I didn't want my sister to meet me. After all, I am just a backup in the case Freya doesn't do her job."

Persephone felt a little giddy as she remembered Sol. Even though he was disguised and she had only met him when he was a baby, she could never mistake this powerful life force.

What's more, it seemed that he had managed to bring out Medea out of her prison. This alone was enough for her to take a fancy to him.

'I wonder if mother will meet him. She seemed really interested when she was informed about Blaze's pregnancy back then.'

She thought idly before discarding those thoughts.

Theresa, who was a little sullen at first began to laugh again, "Yeah, I also met him yesterday. He is really a good boy. Well, I guess it's as expected of my godson. Mhm~ By the way, Camelia, why are we the only one here? What about Arachne?"

Camelia didn't answer and simply gave Lilith a look.

"Arachne is still ambivalent. She will meet Sol today. I guess that she will make her decision then."

Camelia frowned at Lilith's answer, Arachne had been one of the people who took really badly Mars's death. Since then she has greatly changed.

"Are you sure she won't hurt Sol?"

Lilith showed surprise for a while at Camelia's question before she broke into a smile, "Arachne? Hurt him? This is impossible. No matter how much she dislikes Sol, Sol is Mars's son. She would never hurt him. What's more, heh, even if she really tried to hurt him, she would be in for a surprise."

Lilith had full trust in Sol's ability to protect himself. He might still be weaker than her, but if he decides to focus on defense, even she herself would have a hard time hurting him.

'Dimension magic is truly a cheat.'

All of them opened their eyes wide at this. In terms of pure power, aside from Theresa who wasn't a fighter, the other three stood more or less equal.

But, in terms of attack power, Lilith was without a doubt the strongest. For her to praise Sol so much despite such strength showed how truly amazing he was.

[Medea's world]

Sol, who was currently in Medea's world, felt his body twitch for a short while.

"What's the matter?"

Looking at the pink haired woman sitting on his lap snugly, he wondered whether his lap was such a pleasant place to sit.

"Soooo, I was supposed to meet Medea, where is she? Also, why are you seated on my lap?"

Since her skirt was so short, when she sat on him, he was directly in contact with her panties-covered ass. Even though she was rather thin like Medea, he had to admit that her ass really felt good and was a little distracting.

What's more, since he did not get to cum during his short episode with Setsuna and Lilin, his senses were currently heightened and his dick was rock hard. Though it seemed that Freya wasn't bothered by this.

"You were indeed supposed to meet her, but I asked her to give us some time to discuss together."

'So you will ignore my question about the lap?'

Smiling wryly, he decided to stop minding it. His boner would settle down sooner or later, and worst case, he had many willing women at his disposal.

'Since I am already in this situation, I might as well make the best of it.'

The sudden twitch from a few minutes ago reminded him of a sensation he had during his visit to the Highland family. As if he was being spied on and as if his blood was boiling.

Freya and Medea were some of the oldest and most knowledgeable beings he knew. So there was nothing to lose in asking.

Recounting the situation, Freya pondered a little bit before nodding,

"Your sensation wasn't wrong. This should indeed be Tiamat. From what I know. It's one of her skills called, <<starry sea>>. Thanks to this ability, she can observe the destiny star of people related to her by blood."

"Destiny, as in foresight?"

"More or less, I guess? Frankly, it's hard to know since it isn't like I saw her use it personally."

Sol frowned a little, for one, the idea of being spied on by his grandmother didn't really sit well with him. What's more,

"If she can see destiny, why didn't she help Blaze and Mars?"

"This doesn't work like that. She isn't omniscient nor she can really see the future. She can only see destiny. For example, death is a destiny. But knowing how and when is only possible with foresight.

What is more, the divine beasts are physically forbidden from entering the mortal dimension. The most they can do is send something like an avatar devoid of any fighting strength. Finally, from what I know, she was in hibernation more than fifteen years ago."

"...I see."

This world really had many restrictions. Still, for her to enter hibernation before her daughter's death and to only awaken after so long, it truly seemed too convenient.

'Well, I will visit the Astral realm soon. I guess I should be able to meet her.'

"Well, this was all I wanted to ask. What about you, what did you want to talk about?"

Freya, in the most natural ways possible, answered,

"I want your child."

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

#### **Chapter 95: CH 86: TO LOVE OR NOT LOVE?**

"I want your child."

Hearing those words, Sol's eyes widened in shock for a short while, before narrowing in concentration.

"Explain." He asked in a calm voice. Still, it was clear from his voice that if her explanation didn't please him he would absolutely refuse her request.



Freya, still on Sol's laps, frowned as she searched for the right words. She suddenly regretted bringing this so soon, but she also knew that she shouldn't lie in this situation.

"To be honest. I have many reasons. The first one is of course to verify if it's indeed possible for a dragon to impregnate a witch."

This was a very important question. Until now, that theory had for sole basis the ability a dragon had to impregnate any being able to give birth. But here was the problem. Were witches even physically able to do so?

"My sister Persephone, the witch of life, has tried all possible means to find a solution. Even cloning and indirect impregnation. But all of them failed. Still, from the experiments she conducted, the body of a witch possessed all the organs necessary to give birth, the only problem being the absence of menstrual cycle."

Freya sighed, "From what we understood, our ability to steal life is even affecting our ovaries. Meaning when an egg is out, it gets completely devoured. That's why we tried indirect impregnation by using an egg and spermatozoid outside of the body, but the egg itself endowed the life devouring and any spermatozoa entering got devoured."

She swept her hair in frustration as she thought about it, "So, even with a dragon as a partner, the chances of success are absurdly low. What's more, you aren't a full dragon but a hybrid one and also blessed. There are so many uncertainty factors. This is a true nightmare for any scientists you know?"

Releasing a helpless chuckle, she continued, "Aside from wishing to determine the truth, I...I really want to have a child."

Freya wasn't lying. As a witch seeker of knowledge, she was extremely curious about the process of giving life. But as a woman, she also wished to give life.

She didn't think that women who did not give birth were lesser in any ways. But, nevertheless, she wished to have a child.

"I am sorry but I will have to refuse."

Sol's answer was simple and clear. Freya shivered a little at this answer but asked in the calmest way possible.

"For one. I refuse to let my child be some lab rat. No matter how noble the goal is it doesn't particularly matter to me."

Sol sneered a little before continuing, "Secondly, I am simply too young to have children."

Sol knew that in this world, people were already considered adults as long as they reached 15 years old. As such, women with family at 16 or so were nothing rare. This has also been the case with Lilith after all.

Still, for Sol, the simple thought of having to educate children frightened him greatly. He still saw himself as a kid, albeit one who got to enjoy many things most kids could only dream of, and having to raise one seemed another one seemed to be a tall order.

This wasn't just a matter of age, but of mentality. He knew himself enough to understand that even though he had somewhat grown, both mentally and in strength, in those few months, it was still not enough to properly take care and educate a child.

Finally, "I do not love you."

This was the simple and harsh truth. Lust and love were two very different things.

Sol could have sexual relationships with women he did not love. But he refused to do something like having a child with someone he didn't share close ties with. Doing so would be very cruel to the child who never asked to be born.

Freya, hearing him, shook her head, "I understand. After all, I feel the same about you."

No matter how handsome Sol was, love couldn't blossom with just the few interactions they had with each other. Freya never believed in love at the first sight. Such love was nothing more than an illusion born out of chemicals reactions and would vanish at the slightest difficulty.

True love was, in her opinion, was something incredibly beautiful and incredibly stupid. Something that could create miracles or something that could destroy everything.

Still, even though she knew that,

"I still want a child."

This was one of the greatest dreams all the old witches had. But she didn't want to force Sol either. So,

"Then I just have to make you fall in love with me."

Saying so, she jumped from his laps and began to wave her hand without looking back.

"I already got my answer, so I won't bother you anymore. Good luck for the two remaining ducal houses."

Watching her small back slowly going away, Sol sighed and decided to not let something like pity sway his decision.

'Well, initially, I wanted to go on a date with Setsuna and Lilin, but I guess it's out for now. Better train a little then go meet the Duchess.'

[Milaris Mansion]

The Milaris mansion was a rather dreary house.

Even though the zone under the control of the Milaris family in the capital was the entertainment district, the surroundings of her house were basically void of anything that could be called entertaining.

In fact, some people could even compare it to a more well-maintained horror house.

In the main room of this mansion, seated on a reclining chair, a black-haired woman was sipping on a luxurious red wine as she gazed absentmindedly at a portrait.

Said portrait was representing a semi-nude long-haired handsome man, his blushing face showing how embarrassed he was.

Remembering the scene when she asked him to pose for her nude painting, the duchess Milaris let out a rare chuckle.

Caria Arachne Milaris was an artist.

Painting, dancing, singing, sculpting, weaving, writing.

Despite her young age, she mastered them all.

It was to the level that calling her a genius would have been an insult. If not for her clearly black hair, some people would have thought she was blessed.

If it was just so, people wouldn't particularly envy her.

After all, in this world, what mattered more than anything were financial and martial might.

But, not only was she an incredible artist, she could even fuse her art with her technique, creating a way of fighting never seen before.

One would think that such a person gifted to such a level people could only cry in anguish would be happy.

But Arachne wasn't.

For her, her gift was only a curse.

No matter how much she wrote, no matter how much she painted, she could never find it.

The spark of inspiration that could transcend everything.

After all, she was already close to perfection.

It was then that she met him.

Mars Luxuria. The crown prince of Lustburg.

The very first moment she looked at him, heard his voice, and touched his hand, she felt her mind explode.

She knew then, that this was it. He was the one she had searched for all her life. The one who could make her transcend her art...

"...My lady."

Shifting her gaze from the painting of Mars, she settled it on her most loyal friends, displeasure, clear in her eyes.

"How many times did I tell you to not disturb me when I am in this room?"

He was the only one she allowed to enter this room. This was her sanctuary. Still, even he should know that he couldn't enter her without good reason.

Grinning, he simply shrugged his shoulders, "I was just here to tell you that the dinner prepared to receive the prince is ready. What's more, it shouldn't take long for him to reach here."

Arachne frowned a little before downing her wine in one shot.

Her flushing face, giving an alluring feeling.

"My friend, tell me, do you also think that I am a foolish and crazy woman? Obsessing a man who never saw me as anything more than a good friend or a little sister?"

He smiled at her question, "I have lived a very long life and contracted with many humans. Of them all, you are without a doubt the most foolish and pitiful."

Arachne smiled at the bluntness of his words. She felt no happiness for it was true. Still, even though she knew it was foolish, even though she knew it was pitiful, she could never forget him.

After all, "I really really loved him."

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

#### **Chapter 96: CH 87: MEETING (1)**

In the carriage, Sol, Setsuna, and another maid were sitting in silence.

Looking curiously at the brown-haired maid wearing a rather short white and black skirt that showed a glimpse of her white panties, Sol asked to break the silence,

"Your name was, Ketia, was it?"

Hearing her name, Ketia gave a polite bow while giving a perfect smile,

"Indeed your highness. You, remembering my name, brings me great joy."

Ketia was a human serving as Lilin's personal maid. At least, on the surface, she looked like she was human.

'She smells weird.'

No matter how he tried to ignore it, her scent was something that always made him curious. It was as if her scent had been mixed with that of a cat.

'Truly intriguing.'

Of course, the very moment he found something weird about her when he met her, he talked about that with Milia, who promised that she would explain everything to him tomorrow.

But more than her scent, what really brought his attention was another identity of her,

"So, how is it going? Will everything be ready?"

"That I do not know. We are currently understaffed you see. Well, Milia should be the one explaining everything to you since she is supposed to be your handler."

The way she phrased it ticked him, "My handler?"

"Indeed. Our name says it all. Crown's Shadow. Our job isn't to protect an individual in particular. But only the one who holds the crown. I was assigned to Lilin and after you were discovered, Milia was assigned to you."

Sol had many questions about the situation. Firstly she used the words 'assigned' meaning someone was above her at that time. Secondly,

"I thought it was my father who created the crown's shadow?"

Ketia nodded, "In a way, you aren't wrong. In the past, we weren't called the crown's shadow but the crown's hound. Some people called us the hunting dogs or the pet of the crowns."

She spoke in a rather derisive way as if she wasn't concerned by such opinions.

Then, with a serious expression, she continued, "Your highness, to be honest, I do not mind explaining everything to you if you order me to, but doing so would mean sharing Milia's past. Perhaps it would be better to wait for her to do so on her own."

Sol could only sigh, "Indeed. I wish for her to be the one to explain everything."

Thankfully, she had already promised to explain everything tomorrow morning. So he wasn't in a hurry.

In reality, he was even a little relieved to have more time to gather his thoughts. Without a doubt, the past of Milia wouldn't be rosy, and sharing it with him would re-open old wounds. He didn't want to show her a pitiful expression.

Ketia, inwardly smiled, as a friend, she was always worried about Milia because she was infatuated with Sol. After she came back and learned that she gave her body to the prince, she became even more worried.

After all, because of her past and her current profession as an assassin and a spy, she knew about the darkness residing in the heart of most people. She feared that the prince was only using Milia for his personal pleasure and would discard her. But now, it seemed that she worried for nothing.

'Good for you, Milia.'

Cheering for her friend, she began to wonder if she should also be more forward and seduce the dunce who always acted dense toward her signals.

[[Miliaris Mansion]]

'What a sinister atmosphere.'

The moment Sol stepped out of the carriage in front of the mansion, he immediately felt as if he was being stared by at.

Following his feelings, he looked at the different gargoyle that decorated the front and the sculpture on the sides.

'I heard that the duchess fused her talent as an artist with her martial art.'

Ketia, who stood behind Sol, murmured with a serious tone.

"Those gargoyles are basically watchdogs. They were personally created by the duchess. She can see everything in a certain zone surrounding what she created."

"Truly impressive."

He could only compliment in awe. Her power was simply too versatile and without a doubt, it was just one facet of it.

"Welcome your highness."

Compared to the row of warriors with the highland or the row of maids with the Traver, the only one welcoming Sol in front of the Milaris mansion was the partner and butler of Arachne.

"I apologize for the unbecoming welcome, all the servants of the house are still in the duchy. With the war coming and our duchy being the frontline, we are rather busy."

Sol's frown eased at this and nodded, "I see."

"Please follow me, would you rather rest a little, or do you wish to meet my lady?"

"Well, send my maid to the quarter I will occupy. I will meet the Duchess now. After all, I should at least salute the host."

"As you wish."

Giving a bow full of grace, he turned on his heel and entered the house, Sol and his retinue in tow.

Watching his back, Sol began to remember what kind of being this man was. A rare type of demon called Dark Phantom. Their specialties resided in shadow manipulation and teleportation. They were a dangerous race that was known mainly for their assassination technique.

'Now that I think about it, Milia shadow power does indeed have similarities with the power of a dark phantom.'

This situation was becoming weirder the more elements he pieced together.

'Still, I really wonder what kind of contract the duchess formed.'

Not all contracts needed virginity. The type of contract, the requirements, and the results were multiple.

More precisely, there were seven of them. Obviously related to the seven sins. The contract he wished to form with Setsuna for example was a lust-type contract. The most optimal for him since he was blessed by luxuria. The main condition for this contract being the virginity of one of the partners.

From what he remembered, the contract between his parents had been a pride-type.

'I can't wait.'

"We arrived."

Bowing, the phantom indicated a closed door with his hand.

Sol, surveying his surrounding was once again creeped out. He had tried to tune it out, but the whole hall was filled with sculpted black knights. Even though they should have been inanimate, Sol had the distinct impression that all of them were staring at him.

‘Knowing the duchess power, I can already confirm that they are indeed staring at me.’

“Very well, Ketia, follow him and arrange our quarter. Setsuna, stay here. At the slightest alert act at your discretion. I believe in your judgment. If necessary, simply blow up everything.”

Openly talking about the chance of being attacked was a little rude, but Sol didn’t really care. He absolutely didn’t trust the duchess. He was already gently circulating his mana in his body. At the slightest problem, he would simply go all out and destroy this mansion.

The butler’s lips twitched at how brave Sol was acting. The worst was that there was nothing he could do about it. It took a great deal out of him to not give a retort at how Sol was basically threatening to destroy everything if something went wrong.

“Your highness is indeed very prudent.”

“It’s better to be prudent and alive than reckless and dead.”

Sol didn’t know how he managed to get a second chance at life, but there is no way he would waste it in false bravado.

“Then, let’s go I guess.”

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

#### **Chapter 97: CH 88: DANGER ?**

The moment he entered the room, Sol was immediately greeted by a gentle and soothing melody.

Looking at the back of the duchess who was playing the piano, Sol closed the door behind him and took a seat, before continuing to listen to her. He didn’t know if she had heard him, but if she did, she didn’t show it.

Meanwhile, Sol didn’t really care. He wasn’t particularly in a hurry and he had to admit that even though he didn’t particularly like her, her music was something on another level.

Slowly, the gentle music changed, and became sad. A sound full of longing and suffering infused his ears.

This music was telling a story. A story that went from happiness to sadness. From sadness to furry, and from furry to disappointment. The last note though...

“What do you think of this song?”

The duchess asked without turning back. Her voice sounded so far away, he felt as if he was floating.

“It was a beautiful but sad song. But...”

“...But?”

“At the very end, the very last one showed a tinge of hope.”

Silence filled the room. Sol; still feeling a little weird, began to frown. Trusting his instincts, he began to slowly cover his body with mana. The result was instantaneous.

"What did you do to me?"

He asked in a cold tone. The previous feeling of weightlessness had vanished.

"Hum..." The duchess hummed in surprise. "You woke up sooner than I thought. I must admit that I am impressed."

"What did you do to me?"

Sol once again asked, his tone still calm, but threatening. Clearly, if her answer didn't satisfy him, the meeting would go bad very fast.

"Why not try guessing?"

Recalling his previous stats, and remembering some less savory doujin from his previous life, he hazarded a guess,

"Hypnosis?"

"Indeed. Though, I simply put you into a trance. Or rather, you fell into a trance while listening to my music."

He could hear the pride in her voice and indeed, she had all the reasons to be proud. This power while not at Camelia's level was still really frightening.

'Later, I need to visit Camelia to ascertain my mental state.'

He was pretty sure that he hadn't been hypnotized, but, since he watched a certain doujin where a fatass played with his bullies by making them think fucking him was a punishment, he rather e'er on the side of caution.

"Duchess, I must say that this meeting does not begin on a good note."

"But I thought my music was good?"

"Music? What does it have to do with... Oh~"

Did the duchess make a pun? Her? That gloomy and naggy woman?

Even though it was a rather bad pun, he couldn't help but chuckle.

The duchess, as if finally acknowledging his existence, finally turned towards him.

This allowed him to finally take a good look at her.

A beautiful black gown, long raven hair as dark as the night, and eyes the color of blood.

If he had to speak objectively, the duchess was without a doubt a beautiful woman. Even though she didn't have the glamorous body of Lilith or Camelia, she certainly didn't lose in terms of beauty.

"Sol Luxuria, the crown prince. Tell me. In your opinion. What is art?"



'Art is an explosion.'

He seriously wanted to say this iconic line. Though, with her skills, she was closer to the marionette than that terrorist wannabe.

Arachne didn't wait for him to answer, "You see, for me, art is the expression of the deepest secret lying in the artist's heart. Be it painting, singing, playing, sculpting. No matter what form of art, the artist must lay bare his heart for everyone to see. It does not matter how ugly or how beautiful it is. What matters is the heart."

Arachne closed her eyes, "That's why, even though everyone called me a genius, in my eyes, I was just a fake artist. For me there was nothing that could make me give all my heart."

An artist could only give his heart when he was giving his all to create something. But, for her, playing the greatest piece was child play. Painting the most beautiful landscape could be done with her eyes closed.

"Everything changed when I met your father."

When she met Mars for the first time, she tried to paint him later in the same day. But,

"I failed to paint him."

It wasn't just a matter of depicting what was shown. No matter how she tried, she could only paint something lifeless.

"I was frustrated at first."

After all, even though she didn't consider herself an artist back then, she still had pride in her talent. It was a rather weird paradox, but it was how it was.

"I began to increase the meeting between the two of us. At first from faraway and later I continuously began to spend time with him. Despite that, I was still unable to paint him correctly. Gradually, my frustration transformed into curiosity. Then, one day, I understood. Ah, I am in love."

That day, for the first time, she succeeded in painting him as she wished.

"That day, I painted my true first masterpiece. For the first time in my life, I really managed to put all my heart into the work I was doing. You can never imagine the happiness I felt. It was like a new world was opening in front of my eyes."

Her voice became rough, her eyes glassy and her cheek flushed.

Sol's eyebrows twitched a bit, he couldn't help but wonder if something in their blood attracted crazy girls.

Seemingly remembering that she wasn't alone, the flushed expression vanished as fast as it appeared, "\*Ahem\* I apologize for the unsightly display."

"No matter, a woman in love is always beautiful."

He truly thought so. Crazy girls were good as long as they didn't enter the realm of stabby stab like some crazy pink haired time goddess.

Giving a wane smile she continued, "You are truly unlike your father. Though, no one can be like him."

"There's something I wish to ask before you continue."

"...Do so."

"Why do you hate me?"

Arachne seemed startled before letting out a small and sad laugh.

"I do not hate you. I have never hated you. How could I hate the son of my most beloved? I merely dislike you. Your existence is the last proof of Mars's existence. But your existence is also a constant reminder that at the end, I wasn't chosen."

This was one of her greatest contradictions. She could only smile bitterly, 'Humans are truly complex creatures.'

Her feelings toward Sol had always been mixed.

Sol meanwhile could only shake his head at her confession. Feelings were not something clear cut, and while he couldn't understand her, he could understand that it wasn't something easy. Though this did not excuse the way she always treated him, it wasn't as if she ever hurt him.

"Well, now that I have answered your question, I think it's time to enter the main subject."

Her expression suddenly became extremely serious. Clearly, the matter she was about to speak was of great importance.

"The reason I brought the matter about your father was simple. What if I told you that I was approached by a certain organization that swore they could help me resurrect Mars?"

Sol suddenly feels a chill on his back.

"What if I told you the necessary components to succeed were extremely rare but at the same time extremely easy to get?"

The moment he tried to move, he suddenly felt as if he was constricted. Looking attentively, he could see extremely thin threads surrounding him and even covering all the room.

Despite their thinness, he was astounded by their sturdiness.

He briefly debated using his dimension to reverse the situation but ultimately decided to wait and see what was happening.

Seemingly uncaring about his actions, Arachne continued,

"There are three ingredients necessary."

"One, the core of an S ranked magical being."

"..."

"Two, a living sacrifice."

"..."

"Three, the body of someone related to him to house his soul."

Her face was completely emotionless as she gazed at him

"Sol, you are a half-dragon right?"

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 98: CH 89: BETRAYAL?**

"Sol, you are a half-dragon right?"

"... Indeed. So? Are you going to kill me to get my core?"

"Oh, ~!? You are surprisingly calm. Do you think I would not hurt you? No, from your reaction you are clearly wary of me. Then, do you think you can beat me? Ah~! Even though you don't really believe so you don't think you would lose either. I really wonder what kind of skills you obtained during your awakening."

The duchess continued to ask and answer to her own questions.

The binding surrounding him slowly came apart before completely vanishing.

"Arachne's thread. This is how this weapon of mine is called. It's a gift from the goddess after I showed my overwhelming talent. From what she told me. There was once a woman who went by the same name and whose skills could only be defined as godly. This thread was created by her. They are close to indestructible."

This information startled Sol. But he wasn't too surprised. If as he thought all the previous kings of Lustburg were earthlings, there was no way that such a coincidence could happen without a meddling hand behind it.

"This is interesting and all, but should I mention that imprisoning the prince of the kingdom, even shortly, is a crime?"

While he talked, his blue eyes turned gold.

"Say, duchess, are you perhaps underestimating me?"

Aura of power began to emanate from his whole body. He was well and truly pissed.

The reason why she acted this way didn't matter.

The fact that he could have escaped any time he wanted didn't matter.

At the end of the day, the sole truth was clear, she had assaulted him.

<<Intent>> "I suppose that Gerald was given a similar proposal."

All the energy he was amassing immediately vanished.

"What!?"

The duchess was as calm as ever.

"I believe that you heard me quite clearly the first time."

Sol's eyes showed pure disbelief.

He had been somewhat prepared, but deep in his heart, he always harbored the hope that everything was a mistake and that his uncle wouldn't betray him. Clinging on a vain hope, he asked,

"What makes you say that? Since when did you know or suspected?"

Arachne examined his expression. She could see how hurt he was at her revelation. Still, she needed to continue,

"I don't know all the details, but Gerald has a granddaughter. A very cherished girl, she was also the most likely candidate to become a Holy daughter since she was blessed. But out of nowhere, she suddenly vanished."

"I already know that, and so?"

"Heh, then, did you know? In his estate, there's two of my sculptures. No one outside of my companion during the war knows that I can share sight and hearing with the things I create. This is why I know. His granddaughter didn't vanish. I don't know why, but she is currently in a very deep sleep and she is growing weaker by the day."

"Once again, and so? This isn't enough to be suspicious of him."

"That's of course, see, after I received the invitation from those heretics, I immediately began to suspect people around me. This is when I saw it. It was just a glimpse, and I never saw her again, but I can't be wrong. He met a witch... A red-clothed witch...The same witch who proposed a way to resurrect Mars."

The hope in Sol's eyes dimmed considerably. He felt as if a stake was pierced in his heart.

Of course, this was just the duchess assumption.

Perhaps, like her, he only accepted outwardly while in reality, he was still loyal.

Perhaps, the way to save his granddaughter didn't need a core.

Perhaps, Milaris was truly a traitor and she was just misleading him.

Perhaps...

'Get a grip!'

He screamed internally.

"Hope for the best but prepare for the worst."

His murmur surprised Arachne. She had been prepared for many things. Tears, refusal to accept reality, suspicion toward her, and many others. But,

'To think that he would be able to recover so fast.'

This made her respect for him grow a great deal.

Sol on the other hand was doing everything to calm his fast-beating heart. He couldn't afford to be distracted now. He needed to keep his wits with him.

'Let's do one thing at times.'

Letting out a sigh, his eyes immediately focused back on Arachne.

"Your suspicions are noted. Now, I suppose that this is why you met my aunt to discuss. I will analyze the situation with her. Let's stop the discussion here. I admit that your revelation has quite rattled me."

"As you wish."

Getting her answer, Sol got up and turned away before leaving. His steps, heavy with muddy feelings.

Watching him close the door behind him, Arachne sighed and rose up before going to another room in her study.

There, admiring her full collection of Mars goods, she poured herself a glass of wine and closed her eyes, a feeling of peace washing over her.

This place was her sanctuary. It was her own little closed world.

"Mars, I finally had a true discussion with your son. He really grew up well."

She gulped her drink and continued to stare at Mars's portrait, her eyes, blurry with tears.

"I really miss you."

She could have resurrected her most beloved person. But she gave up this chance.

She could only smile bitterly and watch the future situation unfold.

A few minutes later, in the quarter reserved for Sol, Setsuna fidgeted uneasily.

Right now, the atmosphere in the room was extremely heavy. Sol had told them about his discussion with the duchess, and she had to admit that she was equally astonished.

Her relationship with Gerald wasn't particularly close, but he was still someone she respected as a soldier and as a sort of surrogate grandfather for Sol.

She knew that Gerald occupied a large place in Sol's heart and she couldn't even imagine how devastated he was currently.

Sol meanwhile, was thinking at an extremely fast speed. He was analyzing the situation in front of him from all angles. The best and the worst situation.

He was so focused, that the energy emanating from his body was slowly filling the entire room, bringing an incredibly heavy pressure.

Even Setsuna could feel her breathing becoming difficult. This level of power completely surpassed what he had shown during their fight.

"Sol, are you alright?"

The moment she asked this, she couldn't help but berate herself inwardly.

'Of course, he isn't alright. What are you thinking?'

The more hurt he was, the more hurt she became. Because she knew she couldn't heal those wounds. She had never been good with words and more than anyone else, she knew how painful it was to be betrayed by someone you trusted.

Her words seemed to bring him back, as he exhaled slightly before giving a weak smile.

"I am not really alright, to be honest. But well, this isn't a problem."

The situation wasn't at the worst yet. Whether Gerald betrayed him or not, at least he was aware of the situation.

What's more,

'Acting like this in front of my woman is seriously uncool.'

One of his greatest wishes is to become a man all his women could rely upon without hesitation.

This wasn't just a matter of strength, but also a matter of mental fortitude.

After all, how could he be reliable if he crumbled down at the slightest bad news?

Pushing down his worries, he gave a large smile at Setsuna and gently petted her head.

'Tomorrow at the shortest and in two days at the latest. Everything will come to light.'

Now, getting the allegiance of Milaris was the most pressing. Everything else could wait.

[In the tower of babel]

Milia was nursing a headache while sitting down in her office. It wasn't particularly comfy and was nearly devoid of any decorations.

The only exceptions were one large table and three chairs around it.

Thanks to the message system they developed, she already got the information about Gerald and Arachne from Ketia.

'This was truly an oversight of my part.'

Even though the crown's shadow was a powerful organization deeply entrenched in Lustburg, they weren't omniscient. Still, not knowing that a witch entered their domain and that said witch enticed someone extremely close to the prince they needed to protect was a great mistake.

'I should have pushed to know more about Gerald.'

Because of Gerald's past as a loyal general and his close relationship with the royal family, he was one of the least suspicious people in the kingdom.

What's more, he had never overstepped his bound and never fought for power. Even during the time of the Puppet king, he disregarded the rule of neutrality the Highland were known for and taught many things to both Mars and Lilith.

'I can't even imagine how bad Sol must feel right now.'

Just imagining his sadness made her feel like she was about to die. She wished for nothing more than to simply rush to the Milaris mansion and hug him tightly against her chest.

She wanted to comfort him, to make him forget all his problems. To bring him happiness and make his sunny smile never wane.

"So, why did you bring me here?"

Glaring at the source of the voice that broke her thoughts and was another reason for her headaches, she answered,

"I thought you were trained as a maid?"

She couldn't help but cringe when she thought about what happened.

After Sol decided to pass time with Lilin and Setsuna, she brought Nuwa to the maid quarters and decided to give her a little trial to gauge her skills...The result was catastrophic.

Three antique vases broken, one famous painting destroyed, and a few grimoires now completely unreadable.

Even though Milia wasn't particularly attracted by money and the like, just thinking about how each of those inestimable objects were lost forever made her feel like she was going insane.

Nuwa, tilted her head, a questioning light in her eyes, "Did I ever say that I was?"

Milia's expression froze.

"You aren't a maid?"

"I am not."

"Then why are you wearing a maid's uniform?"

"Because my previous master thought it suited me."

"Why did you not say that you weren't a maid when I entrusted those tasks to you?"

"Because you didn't ask."

Milia's face altered between red and white. It has been the first time in a long while since she wanted to punch someone so much.

"Then, what can you do?"

She could see Nuwa enter deep in thoughts, then,

"Look cute?"

Her answer once again astonished her.

### Son of the Hero King

#### **Chapter 99: CH 90: I AM CURIOUS**

After pushing out Ketia from the room and letting out some steam thanks to a steamy time with Setsuna, of course after verifying that there were no spying arts, Sol laid now on the bed, his torso naked with Setsuna in his arms.

This time, since they couldn't touch Setsuna's virginity, they tried some anal play, sadly, the result were less than satisfying.

Anal sex wasn't something that could be done at the drop of the hat without enough preparation. It needed enough time and lotions. What's more, it wasn't particularly pleasurable for most women.

The only reason it worked so easily with Camelia was that in the first she was a soft masochist/sub and she did prepare herself for that moment.

In the end, unwilling to make Setsuna suffer, Sol settled down with making her come with his tongue and finger. Even though he didn't ejaculate himself, he had to admit that seeing his woman scream in joy under his fingers was another form of pleasure in itself.

'I wonder if I should invite Ketia later. Though she doesn't seem particularly interested.'

Sol wasn't into forcing people, even if said people were his subordinate. Sex was only enjoyable when it was a moment of mutual pleasure.

Setsuna on the other hand was incredibly frustrated and uneasy. Recently the number of sexual encounters between her and Sol continued to increase, but even though she managed to cum each time, the fact that they never went all ways was extremely frustrating for her.

"Sol, what if we simply change the type of contract we want to do? It isn't like I am against a Pride-type or perhaps even a Wrath-type."

As she said that, her expression became a little grim. In fact, if she had to be honest, the Wrath-type contract attracted her even more.

If the Lust contract's main condition was virginity and Pride, subordination, the Wrath-type was vengeance. One of the contractant had to swear to help the other obtain vengeance more than anything.

Sol frowned a little, before shaking his head. "I understand what you mean. But you should know why I chose the Lust type."

Why did magical beings accept to form a contract? It was because they also got something out of it.

Growth.



Depending on the type of contract, the magical being can get a boost of power. Either in one time or slowly over time.

For the Wrath type, even though it gave a one-time great boost in power after the condition was realized, that was all.

The Pride and Lust type on the other hand gave a little but continued boost over time.

"My aunt always told me that if my father knew that he would end up marrying my mother, he would have formed a Lust type rather than a Pride one."

The first condition to continuously receive a boost from Lust type was sex. The second one was love. As long as the two continued to love and make love to each other, they would slowly grow strong together.

"The condition for Pride is subordination and to continue receiving a boost, you must maintain a relationship between a lord and a servant."

This here was the problem. Mars and Blaze did have a lord/subordinate relationship at the start. But it rapidly evolved into love. Meaning, even though the contract still existed, they immediately lost a source of power.

Looking deep into Setsuna's eyes, Sol asked, "Or are you willing to stay just as a knight all your life?"

Setsuna's winced, even though she did see Sol as her lord, it was undeniable that she saw him more as her mate than anything else. With her current mindset, perhaps the contract wouldn't ever succeed if they went for Pride.

Sol's expression softened at her silence. "I can understand your frustration at the current situation. Even now, I am feeling the same. I wish for nothing more than going all the way with you, but we shouldn't let a simple moment of pleasure ruin everything. We have all the time in the world."

Setsuna was immediately reassured by his words. Her ears and tail wagging to show her happiness.

Sol gently petted her ears while worrying a little, 'I hope I didn't raise a flag.'

A few hours later, after taking a beautiful bath with Setsuna, Sol was now far more relaxed than he had been initially.

'Sex and hot water are really the best to blow away all worries.'

He joked a little inwardly. Though, if he had to be honest, he was indeed more focused and less worried.

Everything should be done step by step.

"Ketia, what did the duchess say?"

Ketia bowed as she answered, "The butler told us that she was waiting for us in the dining room. He will come to us in a few minutes to show us the way."

"I see."

He was planning to use his dimension and explore the mansion for a little while after he got her allegiance.

He was willing to believe in her, but he would only completely be reassured after making sure that everything was alright.

"So, I am sure you made a round. What do you think?"

Ketia nodded, "From what I saw, aside from some minor servants, there's indeed no one present. All the chores are done by special lifeforms."

"All of them are sculptures?"

"No. I saw some of them made out of an unknown material, their forms are more human-like and they have a wider range of movement."

"Her power is indeed something else. Well, no matter. This time I need to finish what I began."

After this declaration, they didn't have to wait for long before the butler came to fetch them.

"Welcome your highness. I hope that your rest was fruitful."

The moment they entered the dining hall, an already seated Arachne welcomed Sol with her usually stoic face.

The dining hall was rather well decorated, denoting the excellent taste of the owner. It was neither too luxurious nor too humble, showing how reserved she usually was.

On the table, a rather meager but clearly sumptuous dinner was presented. They would be the only ones to dine and it was clear that the duchess wasn't one to waste food.

Walking further in, Sol took the seat opposite to her and sat down elegantly. He wasn't particularly hungry and could basically go for a few days without really needing to eat. But the minimum courtesy when invited to a dinner was to eat and so eat he did.

After verifying the absence of poison and taking the first bite, Sol had to admit that the food was really masterly done. It didn't lose to the royal chef at all.

The dinner continued like that in relative silence.

Once he finished, Sol let out a smile of satisfaction.

"Whoever the cook is, he has my thanks. The dinner was delicious."

From the slight bow the butler gave, it was clear who was to thank. Still, this once again showed how weird the organization in the house was.

After all, for the head butler to work as a cook was something that could only happen in minor noble houses where the number of servants was very limited.

At the end of the day though, this didn't matter. At least he wasn't particularly interested in the way the duchess acted in her house as long as it wasn't detrimental to him.

After some dessert, beautifully well-baked chocolate, and strawberry cake, Sol and Arachne began to walk alone in one of many halls.

'This house is seriously creepy.'

It was the perfect template of a haunted house.

When he walked, he felt as if the painting stares were following him.

A low rumblings sound came from the armors on either side of the hallway, as if they were breathing.

Even the carpet he was walking on seemed alive.

He had to admit that, if he didn't know that he could blow away this entire house, he would have serious goosebumps rights now.

"It seems like you also didn't really like the decoration of my house."

Sol smiled awkwardly. It was hard to say to someone you were about to recruit that their decorations skills were in the negative.

"You do not have to be awkward. The reason you are feeling so ill at ease is that your senses are too sharp. In a way, you could say that it's one of your strong points and weak points at the same time?"

Sol frowned a little before understanding what she was meaning.

"Is it why I fell so easily for your hypnosis?"

"Indeed. I developed this technique thanks to a friend of mine. Persephone. She has a deep understanding of the human body and psychology."

"You used cues on me."

"Oh...You catch fast. Indeed. It isn't much. Some little induction. Some little words. Some little suggestions. From the moment you stepped in the house to the moment you opened the door of my office, your brain proceeded a large number of little cues that all gathered the moment you heard my music. Of course, you were able to escape, but for anyone else, it would have been game over."

"I see. So most of your hypnosis wasn't based on magic. This is why you could break through my defense so easily."

"You could say that. In that team of monsters, I had no particular strong points. Even my art isn't particularly powerful by itself. My mana quantity isn't particularly large and even though I had enough capacity to form a contract, one B+ is filling it all. That's why I began to search for other solutions and this was one of the results."

What she didn't tell Sol was that one of the reasons she wanted to learn a more subtle way of hypnosis was because, after his contract with Blaze, Mars had obtained her magic immunity. So, since she had been forced to learn a more subtle way of hypnosis.

As a result, she managed to get a kiss out of him.

Of course, she had been mercilessly beaten down by Lilith and Blaze afterward, but it had been worth it.

"Well, enough chit-chat."

Stopping in front of the door of her office, she turned to face Sol before opening the door.

"Let me be clear. To be honest I still do not particularly like you. Since you are Mars's son, I will support you as a king but nothing more. If you wish for more, if you wish for me to really swear allegiance to you, not because of who your father was, but because of your own merit, then you will have to wait."

Saying so, she didn't wait for him to answer and entered the room before closing behind her.

Sol understood what she meant. If he had to be honest, he didn't particularly care whether she recognized him for himself or because of his father.

But, his pride refused to be judged as inferior by someone who should be his subordinate. What's more,

"I am really curious."

What kind of expression will she have once she kneel down in front of him and recognize him as her king?

It would without a doubt be very entertaining.

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

#### **Chapter 100: CH 91: ANGELS AND GODDESSES?**

The next morning, Sol left the Milaris estate with an extremely weird expression.

After leaving the duchess, he had used his dimension to enter and see what she was up to, but he got the fright of his life.

Paintings of Mars, sculptures of Mars, Mars plushy, Mars on the wall. Even some music partitions were named 'an ode to Mars.'

For a very short moment, Sol had even begun to wonder if he was under an illusion.

He had always known how much in love she had been with his father, but he never knew it had reached such a deep level.

"Man, this world is really full of crazy women."

Once again, he really began to wonder if something in their blood drew crazy women.

Still, those paintings didn't just frighten him. It also made him doubt all her previous words.

Would someone with such a heavy love really give up on a way to resurrect her loved one? It was truly a hard question to answer and he didn't know enough about her to answer.

After all, if Gerald was really ready to sacrifice him to save his granddaughter, why would the duchess hesitate?

"I feel like my life is becoming more complicated by the minute."

"Your highness?"

"Nothing, let's go to the church before going home."

He didn't want to take any risks, and he had some questions. Some very important questions.

[Church of Castitas]

"Aunt, I received a report saying that Sol entered the territory of the church. It shouldn't take long for him to reach here."

Camelia, who was laying down weakly in her bed, woke up abruptly when she heard those murmur in her head.

"Is it true!?"

Without waiting for an answer, she rushed toward a mirror but immediately swore like a sailor when she saw what she looked like.

Because of the ritual, she was preparing and she had been continuously staying awake and using her power.

Right now, her hair was unkempt and frizzled, her robe was crumbled and stained with blood, she had heavy bags under her eyes, and she was pretty sure that she stank.

"Shit."

Cursing once again, she turned to face Chloe.

"Go stall for time."

"But..."

"Don't make me repeat myself. I do not care how you do it but stall for time. I swear that if he sees me like that, I will kill you then kill myself."

Looking at her bloodshot eyes, Chloe wisely took a step back and fled from the room.

\*Giggle\*

"Oh, you, don't you dare laugh at me! Okay?!"

The giggle transformed into a full-blown laugh, but Camelia couldn't care about this as she rushed to jump in her bath.

"So you are saying that Camelia is currently praying and isn't ready to receive me?"

"Haha~! Yeah."

Sol asked with an expression full of suspicion and Chloe could only awkwardly laugh. She didn't like to lie, so she used an excuse that was technically the truth.

After all, even though she wasn't praying, she was indeed doing a ritual.

"I have never seen Camelia praying."

Chloe immediately froze.

This wasn't a joke. In all his life, he had never seen Camelia pray. Even when mass was held, the ones presiding over it were always one of her subordinates.

"Haha~Haha~Perhaps she does it when she is alone?"

Sol admitted that it was possible, but with how awkward she was acting, it was clear that it was a lie.

'Well, it isn't like I can't guess.'

"Her current appearance is messy right?"

Chloe's laugh froze.

"I guess it was a bullseye. Well, it isn't like it's the first time."

Camelia wasn't particularly a vain woman, but she hated letting him see her sloppy appearance for as long as he could remember.

He thought that now that they had sex and he saw her in even more embarrassing situations she would relent but he had to admit that it was a little cute.

"Well, knowing her, we should have quite some time. What should we do?"

Chloe's awkward expression eased a little. She was happy that Sol didn't tease her about her previous embarrassing display.

"If you don't mind we can discuss a little. To be honest I don't really have many occasions to discuss with someone my age."

"Why would I mind? We are friends, right?"

Saying so, he presented his fist to her.

A beautiful smile bloomed on Chloe's face as she remembered their first discussion and fist-bumped with him.

"Of course."

"Then, let's go."

He had asked Setsuna and Ketia to go back to the tower and give the report to Lilith. As for him, since he could use the gate that linked the church to the tower, he was under no risk.

Even though she seemed to be the serious type, which she was, Chloe wasn't the kind that was too serious for their own good.

He was surprised to find that they surprisingly clicked very well. He also learned many things. About Angels in general and Slothtein in particular.

Slothtein was one of the smallest countries in the world and proportionally, their population was also the smallest in the world.

Despite this situation, they were the most developed race in the world technology-wise. In fact, from the description he was receiving, Slothtein didn't seem to lose to his previous world technology-wise and in fact, could even be superior.

After all, thanks to their supernatural powers, there were many experiments impossible or deemed too dangerous for humans in his world that were totally harmless for the angels.

"Then, if angels are so developed, why is the rest of the world so backward?"

Chloe frowned a little, "This is something I cannot really explain without sounding arrogant, but us angels judged that if the world had access to too much technology the world as we know it would soon be destroyed."

Sol winced a little, it wasn't as if he couldn't understand her.

The greatest difference between magic and technology was usability.

Magic was something that only a few elites could obtain. What's more, even between those few elites, only an even fewer could really grow to incredible levels. Technology meanwhile was something that anyone could use.

If he had to give an analogy, it would be like comparing martial artists before and after the creation of hot weapons such as guns.

A martial artist would need years of training but could die just because of a bullet coming from a gun held by a child.

"So you guys are controlling the level of technology?"

"No, not really. We do not fancy ourselves the guardians of the world. If anyone else made new discoveries, we wouldn't try to destroy them. It's just that, if the world must sink in chaos because of technology, we refuse to be the cause for it."

"But you guys do sell your technology sometimes, right? Like those holographic screens or way of communication."

"Indeed we do. But technology geared towards amusement and one geared towards armaments are different."

Sol pleaded to differ. Even though those holographic screens were used for entertainment, Sol could find few ways they could be useful in war.

After all, even computers and cell phones were originally mainly used in war before being streamlined for public use.

Still, he could understand that by nature, angels weren't a race that saw fighting as something they should care about.

The problem was that using general rules to judge an entire race was something extremely stupid.

Even though 'most' angels weren't interested in war, what if one angel decided to use their technology to conquer the world or something of the like?

After all, if holographic screens were just some outdated technology for the angels, he didn't even dare to imagine what was considered as mainstream.

Their discussion continued until they reached the garden.

It wasn't as breathtaking as the hanging garden of the tower, but it was still extremely beautiful and well-taken care of.

What's more, seeing the different nuns walk around gave a sacred atmosphere to the situation.

Once they saw him, the nuns began to blush and bow, but Sol simply waved at them.

He had always come here for as long as he could remember, and as such, even though he wasn't particularly close to any nuns, he knew their faces and they all knew him.

Looking at the numerous young and pretty nuns blushing while looking at him, Sol had to admit that he was a little tempted to lay down with some of them.

The nuns in this world weren't restricted by some chastity vow. They could marry and even have children as they wished. The only ones under any kind of restrictions were the holy and supreme daughters.

If he had to be honest, having sex with a bunch of nuns was one of his little wishes. The only thing that stopped him from doing so was that he didn't want to abuse his power.

In the tower, all the maids who rotated to bath him did it with the notion in mind that he could have sex with them. As such by accepting to bathe him, they showed their willingness to do so.

Here though, even if some nuns were not willing, they wouldn't dare to show their objections in fear of angering him.

'Seems like not finishing with Setsuna really riled me up...'

Not only his pride, but his lust was also growing continuously. This caused him some apprehension.

After all, there was a thin line between pride and stupid arrogance. Like there was a line between being lustful and being a rapist.

Finally reaching a little clearing with a few chairs around a white table, Sol and Chloe took place before continuing their discussion.

"So, why is your race so against war and fighting? Is it as said, because you guys are too lazy?"

Sol joked a little about that, but it was truly a question that intrigued him.

In all the known history, the number of times Slothtein went to war was incredibly small. Aside from some small skirmish against the demon of Envylia and the chimera of Gluttony Foss, they generally only went to war when provoked.

Chloe chuckled a little.

"It isn't entirely wrong. Sol, why do you think people go to war?"



Without waiting for an answer, she continued, "Religion, resources, territory. Those are the main reasons for war. Of course, sometimes you have people who go for emotional reasons such as hatred but they are generally very small."

Sol nodded and at the same time got the answer to his question.

"Slothtein is a flying island or rather a group of flying islands. The whole sky is basically your territory."

"Indeed. As for food, since we are partially energy beings, we do not need food to sustain ourselves. Resources-wise, we can already create anything we need ourselves or go to unexplored zones to obtain it. Finally, for religion, the last war between the fourteen divine daughters was one thousand years ago."

Chloe narrowed her eyes as she mentioned this part.

Even though the sisters were friendly to each other now, this wasn't always the case.

In the past, they were great enemies, at least, that was what was mentioned in books.

Some people called it the warring Era, while others called it the Era of darkness. The races weren't divided in Kingdoms then but rather in tribes.

But later, in their grand kindness, still from history books, the goddesses named some people to become their shepherds. Those people were the first blessed. The one who ushered the creation of the seven kingdom system.

At least, that was the official version. The truth was much less grand.

Chloe sighed, in the past, she had always wondered why her mother held no reverence toward the goddess of diligence even though she was serving her.

But after meeting Camelia and seeing the same lack of reverence, she understood that it wasn't her mother who was the odd one.

There was something she was missing. Information only someone at the level of Supreme daughter or King should be privy to.

"Anyway, we have everything we need, and we have no particular hatred with any race aside from some bad blood against the demons. But even that is old history."

Sol could only envy them. Too powerful to be attacked and too powerful to need to need to attack anyone.

But at the same time, he could only respect them.

As they said, war wasn't only fought for rational reasons. Sometimes, the cause could just be the ambition of some despotic bastard.

A great example was his own ancestor, Jupiter. Though, without him, Lustburg wouldn't be what it is now.

'Well, the greatest contributor was Medea though.'

After talking about war, Chloe and Sol continued to discuss. Sometimes it was politics, sometimes history, or sometimes nothing serious.

It was an enjoyable conversation, something very rare if he had to be honest.

Of course, their opinions weren't always in sync. Sometimes they even clashed. But this was what made this discussion so interesting.

It was when they were about to discuss the differences between contracts that, a young nun came close to Chloe and murmured in her ears before going away.

Sighing in regret, Chloe stretched her hand toward him, "As enjoyable as it was, it seems like we must cut it short. Aunt Camelia asked to call for you."

Clasping her hand while standing up, Sol gave her his usual charming smile, "It was also a pleasure for me. Don't hesitate to visit the tower if you are free. You won't be able to enter the upper part, but the middle and lower part still have interesting facilities."

"I will take you on that."

On those words, Sol left Chloe with a last wave of his hand. Once he left the garden, his smile slipped off of his face.

The day was far from finished. He needed to get as much information as possible before meeting the Gorfard.

Something was telling him that his meeting with them would be the start of a series of problems.

Since he knew the church like the back of his hand, it didn't take long for him to reach Camelia's quarters.

He was about to knock when,

"There's no need to knock. You can just enter."

He shrugged and opened the door, only to hold in his breath in shock.

Camelia was kneeling in dogeza in front of him.

Her attire consisted mostly of see-through clothes, reminiscing of what women dancers wore in an Arabian harem. What's more, her position made her butt stand out more, giving an incredible lewd feeling.

Sol gulped a little at the sight in front of him.

Raising her head, her face covered by a white veil, she chuckled and said

"Welcome back, master."

Her voice sounded so sexy, Sol immediately threw away all worries from his mind and he slowly closed the door behind him.

'Perhaps the serious discussion can wait for another hour or two.'