

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 1: BOOK 1/VOL 1/CH 1: AN INTRIGUING ORDER |

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In this world of fantasy and magic, Seven Kingdoms stood tall. Each of them, named after one of the seven sins, each of them representing one of the seven races inhabiting this world.

Among them, there was the race of humans, and their kingdom was called Lustburg, named after the most hedonistic of all the sins, the sin of lust — representing the relentless passion and prolific desire the race representing it, humans, instinctually held.

Presently, in a luxurious room situated at the very top of the royal palace of Lustburg known as the tower of Babel — a tall tower clad in the colors of white and gold, and stylized with archaic artistry — a young blonde-haired man could be seen sleeping soundly in a grandiose circular shaped bed, large enough to hold four or five people and still have enough room for them to sleep comfortably.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

“May I enter, your highness?”

Whatever dreams the young man might’ve been experiencing were broken like shattered glass as his eyelashes faintly quivered, the abrupt sound of knocking putting an end to his peaceful sleep.

Slowly opening his eyes, revealing a set of deep blue irises still blurry with sleep, the young man yawned and stretched his arms in the air, before adjusting himself and then his creased attire, making himself presentable enough — to prevent putting himself in a shameful light — for whoever may walk in through those doors.

“You can enter.”

Once the young man permitted entry, a mature woman wearing, from the looks of it, a custom-made maid uniform entered the luxurious room with elegant steps.

“Good morning, your highness. I hope you’ve slept well.”

The brown-haired maid pinched the sides of her pleated skirt and curtsied in an elegant fashion. Her movements and gestures displayed grace and a sort of artistic perfection in every minute detail, indicating her expertise and devotion to her job as a palace maid.

She appeared to be in her mid-twenties and looking at her face it was clear that she didn’t wear any form of makeup, yet her slightly tanned face held no blemishes and displayed a somewhat graceful appearance along with sharp features that perfectly showcased the mature charm emanating from her winsome existence.

At first glance, one would surmise that she was no different from any other woman, sensationally beautiful yes, but no different than any other human being. At least, their opinion would remain the same until they tore their lustful gazes away from her magnificent bountiful breasts, that seemed as heavy as a mountain, and focused on her other ‘extraordinary’ facial features and characteristics instead.

Two horns prodded up, from among her healthy brown hair, in curved arcs from either side of her head and paired with the distinctive droopy ears twitching restlessly framing her mature face showcased her racial distinction — she was a cow woman.

That was not all, the faint arching movements of a tail could be seen in her each step. Its movement was rhythmical and almost hypnotic. The dark brown, almost black, tail gently swayed, and the long tail — with a black-colored switch — originated from the circular cutout embedded in her maid outfit.

Dressed in a peculiar custom-made maid outfit with black patches plastering, aesthetically, all over the goth black and white dress and a layered pleated mini skirt that did nothing to hide her meaty thighs adding to it the white garter belts hugging said thighs tightly emphasizing them further — all of her attire just gave her a unique seductive charm akin to a seductress.

Her chic maid uniform was not exactly decorative or revealing, but her entire body gave off a mature sex appeal thanks to the weighty breasts being partially visible because of the wide-open chest area of the dress hugging said breasts, of humongous proportions, tightly and the plump fleshy thighs revealed between her skirt and white-colored knee-length socks.

Yawning once again, the young man answered the greeting in a slightly sleepy tone, eyes still droopy with remnant sleep, "Hello, Milia. Good morning. It's rare for you to come and wake me up. You are the head maid after all. Did something happen? Orders from my aunt perhaps?"

Despite him being the sole heir to the human kingdom, he never even tried to put on an air of superiority when present in a private setting and always treated the staff of the palace in the most ideal way possible, giving them the respect they deserved. This was

even more so for this woman standing in front of him. It was a given really, since she had been his wet nurse from when he was just a newborn.

She nursed him and took care of him, in a way she was like a mother to him, and indeed... he thought of her as a mother figure, with some mild controversial feelings added to the mix that is.

"Fufufu. Your highness' sleepy look is so cute. Perhaps I just wanted to take a look?"

He simply put on a smile, an extremely charming one, hearing her teasing words.

It might have worked at first when he was a toddler or when he was going through puberty and less used to her charms and teasing behavior, but it didn't take him long to adapt to it. Well, if told honestly, he kinda had to force himself to adapt to it so as to not be ashamed at every turn of their interactions, owing to the teasing nature Milia instinctively held when it came to him.

Though, he had to admit that it was, by no means, an easy task. After all, despite her clothes being completely respectable albeit a little short, and mildly skimpy, her voluptuous body made it very alluring nonetheless. The allure practically doubled when combined with her motherly aura that appealed to him, and his certain immoral fetishes, immensely.

The head maid, seeing that her antics were utterly useless, pouted a little in defeat before whining like a spoiled child, putting up an act that drew a contrast with her mature appearance yet was cute nonetheless.

"*Boo-hoo* You've become so less cute since a few years ago. I miss your blushing and flustered look. *Sigh* Anyway, your guess was right, her majesty indeed wishes to see you."

"Aunt Lilith wishes to meet with me, at this hour? It's a bit early but...hum...alright, I will prepare myself in a jiffy."

Normally, this was supposed to be the time allotted for his sword training, however, he was sure that his dear aunt wouldn't disturb his schedule without a reason behind it as the one who even made his schedule so busy and packed was his aunt in the first place.

"Understood, I will go prepare the tea. The meeting will be held on the lowest floor."

Hearing the place of the meeting, the young man's sleepy look instantly vanished, a solemn look taking its place instead as he ruminated over what the contents of their

upcoming discussion might be about. The mention of the floor level made the situation more serious than he previously thought it to be.

The lowest floor, or the floor of secrets, as some of the maids loved to call it, was a place in the tower that was only accessible to the members of the royal family of Lustburg and their closest confidants.

It was a secretive place that was often used to hold meetings that were highly confidential and the acting Queen used said place as her personal office.

'I wonder what brought the sudden call.'

With that thought in mind, the young man dressed himself in his regular princely attire — consisting of a blue form-fitting shirt, tight white-colored pants, and black shoes — and somewhat heavily made his way towards the place of the meeting, contemplating and theorizing some more about the upcoming talk that would take place during his visit to his aunt, the acting queen, Lilith.

[Lowest Floor]

"The summon is for you to search for a fiancée."

His question was answered with utmost abruptness and slight absurdity, at least that's what he thought his aunt's reply to be — utterly absurd.

"Fiancée?"

He couldn't help but frown deeply while making that single questioning note with all the incredulity in the world, unconsciously at that, as he looked at the purple-haired woman who sat in front, now facing him after pushing away the mountain after mountains of paperwork that never seemed to decrease no matter which time he had come to converse with her in this confidential room.

She was his aunt as well as the acting Queen of the Lustburg kingdom, Lilith Luxuria, a woman so utterly attractive and incredibly alluring, downright bewitching even, that he could only admit that she was worthy of her enchanting name.

If Milia was a woman that emanated a motherly aura, then Lilith was the kind of woman with a body and an aura so very sinful that could make a monk give up on all his ascetic vows just for a single fleeting chance at spending just one night of passion with her.

It didn't help at all that she wore a long one-piece dress with such a low cut that her bountiful breasts seemed ready to spill out at any given moment while the sides of her alluringly white and meaty thighs and a part of her hips down to her slender legs was visible due to the sidecut of her incredibly revealing dress.

In conclusion, his aunt was a creature of sin and lust that was the very personification of allure and desire — a perfect representative of the kingdom of lust.

As revealing as her dress was, it also showcased another side of her, a side that would almost make the seductive display of hers seem like a wonderfully woven lie made to mask the reality of her being.

Be it her beautifully slender yet well-toned, slightly muscular, arms or the incredibly alluring, and yet again, well-toned legs they were marred with cuts and faint scars of different sizes and shapes spanning all over her body and more hidden by her skimpy dress.

This, in fact, did nothing to diminish her incredible charm and seductiveness and in some cases further enhanced it. But they couldn't really hide the life, the journey that she had undertaken all throughout her existence, the fact that...her life in itself was a battlefield in which she had to win every battle by sacrificing everything, her body, her spirit, even setting her life on the line just to live on to see the next day.

She was a legendary warrior and a competent ruler, but more than anything she was an incredible person who earned everything in her life through her own convictions and actions, a person who took control of her own pitiful destiny and changed it to what it is currently shaped to be.

Lilith, seemingly observing his negative reaction to her sudden declaration, asked with a slightly bewildered face and faint traces of concern,

"You do not seem very interested. What might be the problem? If there's something on your mind, share it with me, I'm willing to listen."

"I was just thinking that this was quite sudden. Moreover, while it pains me to admit this bitter fact, I do not have any particular target I want to pursue. In fact, there's only one person that I could even pursue among my acquaintances. At most, I thought that I would end up betrothed with a woman from a Duke house."

"That...is indeed the case, *Sigh* but what can we do? We cannot take the risk of lacking an heir should anything happen to you. In fact, you should have already had a fiancée and as you surmised, Athena from the Highland ducal house was indeed the main candidate for that role. But, I decided to first wait for your awakening. The results of your awakening have a large impact on your life and the subsequent decisions, you are also aware of these facts."

He could only hide a bitter and somewhat heavy sigh at her blatant remark. The fact that he was the last heir of the kingdom was a heavy and sad truth. Indeed, if anything were to happen to him, the kingdom would fall into extreme turmoil. He still had a

cousin, Lilith's daughter, but since she wasn't a 'Blessed', she had no legitimacy to the throne.

Lilith tapped the table with her slender fingers, to draw his attention away from the negative thoughts plaguing his mind,

"I decided that, rather than rushing toward finding a fiancée for you, you should first develop more experience on these matters. What do you think?"

"Do you mean that you wish for me to become some kind of playboy?"

He asked incredulously, even more than when he voiced his doubt about the whole fiancée fiasco a few moments ago, not believing the implications behind his aunt's words.

She only gave a wan smile as a response to his incredulous remark.

"Not exactly, but something close to it. However, always make sure to discuss it with Milia no matter who you choose. I don't want you to be ensnared by some weird woman. In fact, one of the main goals of this rather questionable endeavor is to make you more resistant towards women and honey traps."

He frowned again, this time a bit deeper, he could feel that there was more to the matter at hand, something incredibly serious for a woman like her to give such questionable advice, though he could not really understand what it was, at least not yet.

He would have to do some serious brainstorming on this matter.

"I'll properly consult with Milia to not cause you any trouble."

He didn't need a babysitter or a guide just to pick up girls. He was the future king of this kingdom. Women would basically throw themselves at him if he wished so. But, his aunt was right. It was important to be careful when choosing his partners.

Lilith sighed in relief at his words. Though she was the acting Queen, she had no real power over her nephew, or rather, she did not wish to force him to do anything he didn't wish to do. Her love for him didn't allow her to do anything untoward. Thankfully, he had always been a mature and sensible young boy. Far more than he should be in his meager age.

"Very well. I've already explained everything to Milia. You just need to discuss the details with her."

"I see. If that is all, I'll be taking my leave. I still have my sword practice to attend to, and you know how Setsuna acts if I'm late. So, I should be going now."

Just as he was about to stand up and leave, he was stopped midway by Lilith's abrupt words.

"Finally, let me give you some advice..."

A gentle, enchanting smile bloomed on her previously stoic and tired face, a very rare display for someone like her, as she spoke,

"You can do whatever you want with whoever you want. Just, never forget who you are, please. Never forget what you represent and the people who care about you, that's all I ask of you, my dear nephew."

"I will remember, aunt Lilith."

Nodding silently, his face hinting at how bewildered he was at the sudden heavy direction this talk had undertaken, he left for the training quarters. Inwardly mulling over her last words and wondering what brought them on.

Lilith didn't miss that detail, endless emotions flashed in her eyes as she looked at her nephew's departing figure, but all she could do as the door closed and blocked his figure was to sigh heavily and refocus on the endless paperwork, lost in her own steady stream of thoughts and painful memories.

Life was always full of regret and melancholy. A life without any regrets was a boon not many had the fortune of wielding, maybe, there was none.

'If only I can start all over again...if I could have a second chance to repeat it all. What I wouldn't give to get that chance.'

Who never had such thoughts?

He didn't believe that there was anyone who lived without any regrets, be it which shape or size it took, there were always regrets. After all, humans were a being inherent with that feeling. Endless regrets and infinite longings were an important part of human life, they helped shape them into becoming what they were.

In the past, he was just an ordinary man that could be found anywhere in the world. The personification of what could be called average.

He did not have some tragic background. Nor did he have a cool, heroic setting like dying after saving someone from death's grasp.

He was just an ordinary teen. Having an ordinary life that wasn't worth mentioning. He was a person without any expectations or goals in life. Living, just for the sake of living.

Losing his virginity in a very shitty way. Having a hard time finding a girl he could date. Never lasting long, in the relationship, with said girlfriend once he painstakingly got one.

A simple and ordinary life, full of regrets and longings. A life that didn't have much worth in maintaining.

He had no memory of how he died. He did not even know if he had really died or not. Everything was very hazy, like a dream lost in the clouds of forgotten thoughts.

His last memory of earth was getting dead drunk at some party and taking the last train home.

Yes, he wasn't on earth anymore, that much was clear. At first, he had thought that he was reincarnated in some medieval time, but one look at a beast woman was all he needed to understand that this wasn't the planet he called home.

Now, he was the crown prince and sole heir of the kingdom of Lustburg, the next ruler of humanity, as well as the son of the heroic man who saved the entire world through unequal might and irredeemable sacrifices— Mars Luxuria.

He was Sol Dragona Luxuria... The .

And this...is his tale.

BOOK 1 : MORTAL REALM

VOLUME 1: THE WITCH