

# Son of the Hero King

## Chapter 14: CH 14: THE SAINT ISN'T THAT SAINTLY

The gentle calming music of a harp echoed soothingly in the large dining space. In the middle of the pristine white room people, guests of today's event, sat on either side of the relatively large table. The Supreme Daughter being the only one sitting at the helm of the white wooden dining table.

The stirring notes of gently plucked strings, resounding like the angelic hymns of heaven, were also the sole source of noise in the eerily quiet room. Even though the group currently dining was quite sizable, they ate in perfect and utter silence.

At the head of the table sat Camelia, resting on her comfortable seat, on her right sat Sol, and on her left the Duchess Milaris eating away with elegance, the scowl never leaving her otherwise glorious face.

The rectangular table was clearly divided into two camps, two sides at a silent war of stares, with Sol's side of the camp being quite empty. Still, this did not seem to bother him in the slightest.

The table was filled with delicious but light food, befitting their noble and pompous status. It wouldn't be a mistake to say that if converted into money, the food put on this table was enough to feed a commoner family for more than 3 months or more.

One would think that with the obvious dislike the Duchess had for the heir of the kingdom, the table would be filled with a heavy atmosphere, the smell of gunpowder pervading everywhere. And they wouldn't be wrong to think so, the past clashes of the two sides had enough reasons to warrant that thought. However, a singular yet significant difference marked the reason for the current...ceasefire peace among the group — the presence of the Supreme Daughter — Camelia Castitas.

If Arachne's dislike for Sol was known throughout the kingdom and even in some parts of the outside world, then the same went for Camelia's indiscriminate love for him.

Some rumors even stated that Camelia was most likely Sol's true mother because of how much she spoiled him, and the time they spent together, being much more than the time he spent in the eponymous tower. But of course, rumors of this magnitude only

circulated in the circles of the common populace. Nobilities wouldn't dare produce such remarks, less their heads were lopped off the next day by the church's forces.

Once the dishes were finished by both sides, the Duchess cleared her throat as she directed her languid stare toward the Supreme Daughter.

"Your holiness. I thank you for this sumptuous feast. The reason I sought you today was somewhat sensitive. Would it be too much to ask for a private dinner? We could let the children discuss between them in the meantime, what do you say?"

\*Ping\*

Even the nun playing the harp missed a note and grew flustered at her remark, the performance brought to a unanimous halt as perpetual silence descended on the room. The previously calm atmosphere suddenly became chilly as an overbearing aura of glowering intent to kill drenched the peacefulness once settled between the two sides.

"Setsuna. Stop."

Sol, who was previously minding his own business, raised his hand to stop Setsuna from unsheathing her blade. To say nothing about drawing blades, normal guards weren't even allowed to bring weapons in such a holy place. However, Sol, being the exception he was, wasn't included in the rule.

Once he stopped Setsuna from acting rashly, Sol elegantly wiped his mouth with a napkin and then calmly asked her a question.

"Duchess. Please, could you please tell me which authority allowed you to decide anything for me in my stead? More so, when I myself am present?"

"Oh? I see, I am terribly sorry for my oversight in that matter and so? What of it?"

He had to desperately hold back the urge to not punch her almost smug face.

This sentence of hers was nothing more than naked provocation directed at him. No matter how powerful she was as a Duchess, Sol was still the crown prince of the kingdom. His position wasn't something that should be challenged so blatantly.

"I am terribly sorry. But I mean, the truth is that you are indeed a child. What's more, I did not think that you would be so petty as to not allow an old woman like me to treat you as such. I heard that lord Gerald and you were rather close, could it be that you discriminate against me precisely?"

'Of course bitch. Why the fuck would I put you at the same level as uncle Gerald?'

Even though he kept a gentle smile on his face, throughout the ordeal, Sol was inwardly quite furious. Sadly, as a noble, showing your emotions means you already lost the battle before it could even properly start. He had to always act calm even when he didn't want to.

He was about to continue trading veiled insults with Arachne when a fair hand fell atop of his own. A soothing aura instantly calmed him, the gentle voice reeling in his agitated psyche.

"Sol Luxuria is the crown prince and the future king of this kingdom. There's absolutely nothing I have to hide from him. Duchess, if what you want to speak about is particularly urgent, I can find a private space for the three of us to discuss it. What do you think about that?"

The atmosphere tensed as Arachne and Camelia stood in a deadlock. Finally, an enigmatic smile emerged on Arachne's face.

"...I see. Then I guess I will take my leave and come at another time. This dinner was truly an eye-opening experience for me."

Then, without further ado, she stood up and turned on her heels while her cohort silently followed her. She had no fear of the church or the Royal family nor did she have any reasons to. After all, she was still a loyal subject to the kingdom. Her achievements open for anyone to see.

Once she reached the door though, she stopped short before glancing over her shoulders to address Sol,

"Your highness, let me say this at least. If you do not want to be treated like a child, you should at least leave the skirt of your aunt. As you are now, you aren't even a hundredth of the man your father was at your age."

A shadow swallowed her and her group when she finished her words as she left. Their smirks were the last thing he saw.

\*Whoosh\*

Somewhere, far from the church in a remote castle, the shadow around the room squirmed before slowly stretching out as two silhouettes walked out of it.

It was the Duchess and her butler, who also served as her contracted partner. Her family members were nowhere to be seen.

"Mistress, was it wise to antagonize the heir so openly again? If he even has half the talent of his father upon his awakening, he will without a doubt become a powerhouse. In the first place, is it possible for a Blessed to not become powerful?"

Arachne scoffed, "Neptune is the perfect example that such a thing is indeed possible."

Neptune, the puppet King, was Sol's grandfather and was officially recognized as the most pitiful king in the history of Lustburg.

A smirk of derision and mockery formed on the duchess's face, thinking about that unfortunate yet loathsome man.

"What's more, so what if he has the talent? What would it matter to me? Do you think he can do anything to the Milaris house in this generation? No matter what, I was still a member of his father's party. I am a hero, you know?"

"...His father was already a monster at his age..."

"So?" The smile on her face slipped and was replaced by a scowl. "He isn't his father. Never will he be. There's only one Mars. Never compare him to that child again."

Sighing, she walked deeper into the room while dismissing him, "Now, please make me some tea. I need to reassess the situation and plan accordingly."

"Yes my lord."

As he walked, he took a look at the wall behind the duchess where the pictures of a man with long golden hair and sky blue eyes stood proudly. It seemed like an older Sol. This was without a doubt, Mars.

'She is truly a poor woman...'

He of course did his best to not look at all the other portraits of the same man that littered the room.

'...But still crazy as fuck.'

"THAT BITCH!!!"

"\*Sigh\* No need to be so angry. It isn't like I really care about that. Also, I am already used to being compared to my father."

After the duchess and her cohort left, Camelia wasn't in the mood anymore and dismissed everyone. Setsuna was given the usual room that she used when Sol visited the church. It wouldn't be wrong to call it their second home, after all, so all the accommodations were already ready.

Hearing Sol's words, all anger vanished from Camelia's face as she approached Sol with a worried expression marking her beautiful face.

"Oh, my poor baby. Don't worry I am here. I am sure you will show them what you can do once you awaken. This will shut some of those bastards up."

Camelia reached Sol who was sitting on her bed and took him into a tight hug. Her bouncy breasts nearly robbed him of his ability to breathe as they smothered him in their cushy softness.

A bitter smile spread on his face at her words.

In his life, Sol had three great influences.

Milia, who was basically like a mother to him. She was the very first person he saw when he woke up in this world.

Lilith, who played the role of the strict aunt. She never displayed any form of blatant outward affection to him, but he knew how important he was to her.

Finally, Camelia. The doting aunt. The one who always treated him as a child no matter how old he became and embarrassed him without even meaning to.

This made things really awkward for him. The worst was that he couldn't even hate her because he knew that she didn't mean anything bad. She just liked him... A little bit too much.

Moreover, well, she was sexy as hell. It helped a lot in coping with his indignations. In terms of body figures, she didn't lose to Milia or Lilith. And those hips. Oh dear lord!! He had to admit that rather than being a sucker for the cushy wonders, he had always preferred a perfectly cushy butt a lot more.

Setsuna's butt was firm and toned from years of training. But Camelia's was soft and large without disturbing her curvy body line.

"Please Camelia, could you let me go? I am not a child anymore."

"Oh~? Oh my. Who would have thought that little Sol saw me in such a way? Or perhaps did doing it with Milia awaken the beast in you?"

'Huh?'

"Fufufu~! Don't give me that shocked look. I have my ways. What's more, I must admit that I had been waiting for this for so long."

Sol hid a shiver of anticipation. It couldn't be, right? Perhaps he wasn't understanding what she meant.

"Say, Sol. You do know that even though we are known as the church of Castitas, we do not preach to our believers to never have romantic relationships? As long as it does not transform into promiscuity they are free to do as they wish. Love and lust are two sides of the same coin. As such, even the nuns are allowed to marry whenever they wish to. But..."

Letting her words trail a bit, she straddled him and locked his blue eyes with her own.

Camelia was truly a beautiful woman. Long golden hair and sky blue eyes akin to Sol's.

Those features weren't just random. Only people blessed by the Goddesses could have golden hair.

In this world, fifteen Goddesses existed. The ones whom humans believed in and venerated were Luxuria and Castitas.

"...But, the Supreme daughter is different. We can only marry either after we finish grooming a new successor or if the one we want to marry is from the royal family. I don't need to explain more to you right?"

\*Gulp\*

He could only gulp audibly as an answer.