

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 15: CH 15: CAMELIA (1)

Gulp

Not dense, unlike your average harem protagonist, Sol was aware when he was receiving an invitation for a steamy session of carnal indulgence.

In fact, perceptive as he was from a young age, he always had the nagging feeling that Camelia's love for him was slowly morphing into something less than platonic. The only thing stopping her previously from taking any sort of action was that he was a minor, a child to speak plainly.

However, with him nearing the demarcation age of fifteen, he could already be considered an adult, by this world's standards, in every sense of the word. He having a nice couple of nights of passion with Milia, and his other trysts with the maids, also helped her to make the necessary step. Everything incorporated, Camelia was now ready to take their relationship to the step she was waiting for, for ages.

Feeling bold, he casually stretched out his hands, brazenly groping her ample breasts through her white dress. Feeling them up, he instantly felt her momentarily shiver under his brash touch.

Delighted by her reactions, Sol thoroughly toyed with the globes of fat in his hands, letting go of the last few emotional restraints holding him back.

“Nn~!...”

The Supreme Daughter, being the young holy woman she was and considering what she represented, had never built up a resistance to pleasure. She never had to, to be exact.

As his skilled hands, fondled her ample breasts, playing with them and teasing them, she grew weak and putty in his hands.

Seeing her gradually intensifying reactions to his shameless touch, Sol leaned over close to her side, whispering sweet words in her ear, his hands continuing to possessively grope her sizeable tits.

"You know what? I've learned a few things from my life and the people I have met."

"A-and what...is that?"

Giving her a rare indulgent smile when she politely responded, while progressively growing limp, Sol spoke in a clear tone.

"That there are people like you who will usher me with love for nothing in return. That's why even though you play the ditz, you will always have a large place in my heart."

The ensuing events to come weren't just about lust. Already disillusioned with the facets of simple fucking without feelings, Sol knew that if he just wanted a simple fucking session, he could just go back to the tower and call the maids there to attend to him.

No. The place Camelia had in his heart was in no way inferior to that of Milia. Once they crossed the line, their relationship would irreversibly change. Hence, it was absolutely necessary to tell her the feelings deeply rooted in his heart.

Embarrassed and equal parts delighted by his heartfelt remarks, Camelia's cheek reddened as she buried her head against his chest.

"Don't you think I am a shameless woman who is lusting over someone so much younger than me?"

"Of course not."

Raising her chin with his hand, staring at her quivering blue-colored eyes, he kissed her on her plump and inviting lips.

"Nn~!!"

He could feel her resist instinctively at first before immediately stopping her struggles and slowly but clumsily trying to reciprocate his advances.

It was weirdly cute and endearing to see a grown woman show such a lack of experience.

His lips now pressed down onto hers, she closed her eyes shut, her mouth also closing from nervousness. He lightly kissed her tightly closed mouth a few times and then gently sucked on her lower lip. He pulled away for a moment.

"Open your lips."

He commanded in a low deep voice. She swallowed a hard breath in further nervousness and anticipation; her throat hurt from the tension. Her face was tinted in a pink hue as she hesitated briefly, but in the end, she let her lips fall apart, opening them as he commanded. His eyes seemed to laugh and twinkle at her cuteness but soon, his lips firmly pressed against hers and a soft piece of flesh entered her mouth, burrowing and twisting in her mouth.

'Ah...'

His tongue smoothly ravaged the inside of her mouth, not sparing any corner. He slowly made his way around her teeth and the sides of her cheeks, relishing her to his delight. She felt a jolting sense of pleasure whenever his tongue met hers. As their lips parted the tiniest sliver, he spoke endearingly.

"You taste like wine."

Camelia felt her blush burning through her cheeks; his words had a radical effect on her psyche. Adjusting his position, he locked lips once more, eager for round two. Just as he'd remarked, their kiss tasted like wine, dizzying her with rapture, intoxicating her in its sensations.

Their tongues wrestled while their saliva mixed in a hedonistic show of passion. He was focused on exploring the insides of her mouth through his ardent kisses. His tongue twisted, his lips sucked on, then let go of hers for a much-needed break for both.

"Hu...."

A moan escaped from deep within her throat. The soft kisses gradually heated up. His gentle tongue suddenly pressed firmly inside her mouth, and when he continued to massage a sensitive spot, she unconsciously ended up firmly grasping the bedsheets. He kept making her breathless until she reached her limit. Then he parted his lips from hers, and after letting her catch her breath, he started once again.

Their kiss continued that way for many more rounds. Camelia's shoulders, which had been stiff from nerves, gradually relaxed. His kisses were sweet and soothing, relieving her of any tension she previously held. When he parted from a particularly long kiss, Camelia lightly gasped for breath. With only this much, it felt like they had done more than enough already.

"Ah...Ah... Ah"

Their short breaths echoed slowly in the closed room. Her deeply flushed face and her vacant eyes stroked his slowly growing ego immensely.

Sol, deciding that he shouldn't let her cool down, brought back his hand to her dress and swiftly tugged it down, undressing her with smooth motions.

In just a few seconds, Camelia was left in a pair of black underwear. The contrast between her pale white skin and the deep black tint of her underwear was truly a sight enough to make a monk give up his vows of celibacy.

"You are simply a work of art."

"Ara~! Is that so?"

Despite her confident snide, Sol could see bits and pieces of her nervousness dancing in the depth of her mesmerizing eyes, slowly leaking out of her calm front. Indeed, Camelia was feeling shy. She was in no way as bold as Lilith and usually wore conservative clothes. It was the first time a man saw so much of her skin.

'There's no need to rush. I should take my time with her.' the thought passed the boy's mind as he read the hesitation in her eyes.

"Ah!?"

With emboldened thoughts Sol yanked the bra off her, making her gasp in surprise at his abrupt act.

The breasts that spilled out were larger than Setsuna's own, but slightly smaller than Milia's. When you remembered that Milia was from a race famed for their large breasts, it was easy to understand that Camelia was way above average in that department.

The breasts reminded him of large melons, and tantalizing cantaloupes. They were well-formed, white, and undoubtedly alluring to the opposite gender.

Impressed, Sol grabbed them and found they had a smooth and youthful texture. Despite her age and how heavy they were, no sagging could be felt as they rested in his skillful hands.

The nipples looked like camellia petals blooming on her white skin and they were already erect from the loving session that ensued before.

When he pinched them between his middle and ring fingers,

"Ah!!"

Camelia let out a startled but sensual moan as her back arched in pleasure. Since she was still seated on his lap while wearing nothing more than a pair of panties, the already tight pants of Sol tightened further as his dick throbbed in pleasure. But he didn't pay attention to it.

He pecked her lips a few more times and gradually moved his kisses to her cheeks trailing it to her ear. His moist lips kissed behind her ear then moved down her neck slowly letting out a trail of kisses as he traced his lips from her neck down to the vicinity of her breasts, and began to suck on the nipple poking stiffly out from the soft left mound.

“Ah!”

A jolting pleasure from her breasts forced Camelia to let out a short moan. He took a mouthful of the sensuous piece of flesh and sucked on it. As if milk was coming out of her breasts, he licked her nipples meticulously.

"... stop, don't..."

Ignoring her plea, he persistently rolled the nipple around with his tongue and sucked even harder.

“Ahh, n-no...ahhh...”

Camelia wrapped her arms around his head to bear with the sudden influx of overbearing pleasure.

He let go of her breast, which was now wet with his saliva, and moved to caress the other one. He licked, sometimes lightly bit, swallowed, and from time to time sucked with great force. Whenever his tongue moved, a tingling sensation would travel up her spine shooting jolts of numbing pleasure directly to her brain, and she couldn't help but moan out loud even though she wished to bottle those shameful sounds.

He lowered his right hand and slipped it toward the source of heat gently emanating from between her thighs.

“Ah!”

Embarrassed and ashamed, she quickly tried to close her knees, but it was too late.

He rubbed up against her plump and soft inner thighs, making her lose her tight hold, and swiftly reached his destination.

Her panties must have been made of the same material as her bra. The smooth silky material felt good on his hands.

He softly pressed against the fabric with three of his fingers and began his work on the outskirts of her honeypot.

“No, stop! Aah... ”

She seemed to feel guilty about the pleasure and desperately tried not to feel anything, but the more she tried to hide it, the more sexual appeal she was inadvertently giving off.

Her cute breathy moans made him wish to please her even more.

He groped one breast with his left hand, sucked at the other nipple with his lips, and roughly rubbed against her crotch with three fingers of his right hand.

He could feel moisture through the thin material. This perfectly plastered the thin panties to her pussy and the shape of the contents showed through the dark material.

Sol shut his eyes and felt through her panties until he touched a small bump.

“Hh.”

With a quiet groan, a tremor ran through her slender body making her quiver all over in pleasure.

He looked up at her with her nipple still in his mouth and saw her white face had grown tinged with a deep hue of pink.

Her long eyelashes were shaking anxiously. This gave him all the answers he needed.

Having found the holy woman’s weakness, Sol struck a triumphant pose in his heart and focused on tormenting that small bump over and over with gentle motions.

“Ah...ah, ah... ”

For that sexually innocent young woman, toying with her clitoris through the thin panties must have been the perfect level of stimulation. She was clearly feeling unprecedented amounts of pleasure, pleasure far greater than anything she felt up to now.

He continued to act like that until he felt her clamp down his hand with her meaty thighs while her hands gripped his clothes and her body shivered as her mouth opened in a soundless scream.

The building moisture he could feel from his hand told him that he had indeed reached his first goal.

Then, she stopped gripping him and fully grew limp. All strength left her body in the process.

But was it enough? Of course not. The night was still young.

Suddenly, a memory flashed in his mind, a devilish idea entered his mind.

"Camelia, shall we play a game?"

