

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 19: CH 19: DAILY LIFE

Clang *Clang*

The grating sounds of sword clashing against sword, resonated deeply in the hanging garden of the tower of babel. Sparks flew, and exchanges were made.

In the middle of the clearing stood a ring, there... two people were fighting. No hesitation reflected in their moves, matching speed, strength, and skills in a macabre display, trying their utmost to best the other and emerge triumphant.

One of them, a young golden streaked, and blonde-haired boy, was sweating profusely due to the unceasing combat that followed till now. An extremely focused expression, however, persisted on his handsome face, his body precisely evading the blows and murderous slashes of his opponent. Still, he didn't stop there, answering his opponent's relentless strikes with equally brutal attacks of his own.

The other person, a sapphire blue-haired young woman, clearly slightly older than the boy, had a much more relaxed expression and overall body language during the length of the exchange. Still, her gait was focused, and her strikes unyielding and precise, aiming for the boy's vital spots.

Outside of the makeshift ring containing their fight — though it was just a circle drawn on the ground — girls wearing maid clothes were observing the fight with a variable range of entranced and enamored expressions plastered on their faces.

Normally, such an action would be deemed uncouth, they had their respective works to attend to after all. But, Sol, being the charming and lenient individual he was, very rarely punished them for such little mistakes.

An astute believer of earthly principles, he knew that an even ratio of stick and carrot tactics should be used to deal with one's subordinates. There needs to be a balance between everything. And said balance leads to the formation of competent and loyal subordinates.

On the other hand, the clamoring gathering of maids weren't really entranced by the amazing display of swordplay being thrown around the hanging gardens. An obvious reasoning since.... Even if they could wield and weave mana it did not mean that they could fight or even had any interest in said subject, to begin with.

Though, they all still wielded the basic ability to defend themselves — a requirement for being the maids of the royalty, especially to occupy a position at the top level of the tower.

Back to the reason for their entrancement... What took away the myriad range of maids' attention was the steamy display of the sweating, naked, and incredibly toned, upper body of their charming young master.

Born with aesthetics to fit his position as the future king and representative of the human kingdom, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that Sol's body was perfection incarnate. Neither scrawny nor bulky. His muscles were perfectly streamlined and his overall toned figure was the literal wet dream of many women, most of which were present at the location currently — since not many even had the fortune to see him in person, a situation that would surely discontinue...soon.

Ever since the day of his orgy with the five maids dedicated to bathing him, those five never missed an opportunity and unceasingly bragged about how good and attentive he was in the debauched act they shared and enjoyed together.

Raunchy details of their debauched act, and especially the part of their enjoyment, brought a great surprise to the more experienced individuals in the castle.

The surprise originated from the fact that, in this world, sex was more of an act where a man let out his primal urges by using a woman for their convenience. It wasn't quite as animalistic, as it surely sounded, but the men of this world didn't see the pleasure of their partners as their first priority or any priority for that matter.

His popularity in the castle went up by several notches after the explanation of his exploits and now, wherever he went out, they stared at him as if he was a piece of fine meat on a chopping block. Ready to devour him on the slightest chance.

Moreover, Lilith, being hellbent as she was on not missing any chance to throw women at him, promised a rather substantial reward for the girls he would invite to his bed, which went out to worsen his predicament quite a bit.

Back to the heated duel, it was now approaching its Zenith. The climax of the practice combat sparked when Sol, who was approaching his limits, failed to avoid a hit on his shoulder, gritting his teeth hard in order to hold back the scream that almost blared out of his throat. That strike had really hurt, but he wasn't about to relent easily.

Being a carefree individual, he didn't really mind the way the girls looked at him, he even slightly appreciated the fact that they desired him so. Though after having two or three more orgies with some of the other beautiful and lustful maids, he slowly lost interest in such debauched yet unfulfilling activities.

Orgies were good and all, but he preferred the deep connection he could feel resonating in his soul while embracing a singular individual over performing a mass orgy. Of course, with him being the sole receiver of the affection of the female participants.

However, comparatively speaking, the thing he preferred the most would be the moments of passion he shared with his lovers, like the times he made love with Milia and Camelia. He was the happiest when he was with them and shared their affections using various means.

This time, avoiding another blade, he rushed in, deciding to put an end to the match with a rapid thrust of his blade to his opponent's vitals, but the sword stopping close to his throat told him that his movements had already been read and countered with practiced ease.

Huff *Huff* *Huff*

Rough sounds of breathing echoed through the grounds, finally, the tired prince lowered his shaking blade, admitting his defeat in the duel. His body was exhausted, his mind expanded to its very limits...

"I lost again."

A bitter smile tugged on Setsuna's beautiful lips, her eyebrows knitting into a tight frown. She completely ignored the scream of the girls in the background as bitterness welled up in her mind.

Bitterness because she knew that those dastardly girls were basically in heat and were waiting to help Sol bath — meaning they were just eager to spread their legs shamelessly for him to pound, gracing them with the sweet taste of heaven and beyond. It was so very frustrating for her to not be able to cross the final line with him, teetering around its edges was the only way left for her. Each and every single time, she had to remind herself that soon she would be able to forget all restraint and truly be one with the one she loved.

It wasn't the sole reason, however. Another glaring reason for her bitterness, and the primary one at that, was the dejected expression hanging on Sol's handsome face, his aura gloomy at the loss he just received. Each time she saw him sulk like this, she had to hold back the urge to rain him down with relentless punches.

Her skills and experience aside, she was a beast woman from the blue wolf race. Even without the usage of mana, her strength and speed weren't aspects that a young human should have been able to match in the slightest.

'Sooner or later he will understand how much of a monster he is.'

He was growing exponentially, at an extremely rapid and unbelievable pace, and soon, she would have a hard time holding back against him and would have to use her full power to restrain him.

It wasn't like she didn't understand why he wasn't satisfied with his current strength, however. Sol's common sense was rather skewed because of the way and the environment he was raised in. This uncommon upbringing made way for the fact that he didn't have a good understanding of what could be termed as average in the world.

Even now, because of Lilith's order, she couldn't tell him everything and praise him wholeheartedly for his efforts and talents. After all, she was still officially a slave of the royal family.

'It does not matter. Soon, I will only have to answer to him and no one else.'

Still, she remembered the time all those years ago, when she was toiling around the gladiator arena as a mere gladiator to hone herself in combat, how a young blonde-haired boy looked at her with sparkling eyes full of awe and wonder.

He did not have the greedy gaze full of sick lust that the other spectators usually directed towards her, despite the terrible strength and aura she wielded after years in the gladiator arena. Rather, only admiration and curiosity rippled in his beautiful sky blue eyes, that seem to hold the vast skies' brilliance in them.

The moment he bought her, and immediately tried to break the slave contract, she opened her heart to him completely and became his friend.

The day he stood in front of her trying to protect her, against what they thought at the time to be a monstrous witch, while she cowered, gazing at that small, trembling, but oh so reliable back that tried to shield her without taking his own safety into account she swore to give her loyalty to him and him alone.

She knew that in the grand scheme of things, he did nothing particularly special. He wasn't the only one looking at her only with admiration and if the witch had truly been hostile, his spurring act of protection would have simply been useless.

But, did it really matter? She didn't need more. Especially at a time where...she had no one there to support her but him and him alone.

When she stood in front of him... She could only feel a fuzzy feeling welling up in her stomach. Her heart would beat erratically and her face would heat up with affection and love for the wonderful boy that showered her with the adoration she desperately sought.

"Hey Setsuna, you are as wonderful as always."

Watching his dazzling smile as he praised her without the slightest of negative feelings, a simple thought formed once again in her mind, like an endless everlasting echo. An absolute truth that she had already ascertained so many years ago, that still held true, and she surmised would remain absolute till the end of times...

'Ah, I really love him.'

After taking a refreshing bath, though, to the dismay of the maids — a simple one without any lustful acts thrown into the mix, Sol was currently on his way towards the lower floor since he had some things to discuss with his aunt.

Despite having been bruised in his last spar, he could already feel his wound slowly healing up, bringing his body to peak condition.

'I am changing.'

It had begun not long ago, just after his first time with Camelia. He was slowly becoming stronger, faster, and overall better in all aspects of combat.

Since then, the change would become greater each time he did the act of passion with her, though until now — two weeks had passed after their time together — she still refused to give him her virginity.

Sol wasn't dumb, he knew how to connect the dots. Whatever ritual she was going to enact was without a doubt related to the change he was currently undergoing.

'Well, let's just wait, she said that today would be the day.'

He was truly curious. What would the ritual entail? Well, he would learn about it soon, so he didn't let that thought plague his mind anymore and simply discarded it.

He was in such an absent-minded state, because of his contemplation, that he reached the door directing him to Lilith's study before he even knew it.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

"Aunt, May I enter?"

"You may."

Getting her permission, he opened the door and was once again awed by her beautiful sight.

'It would be so much better if she smiled and laughed more.'

He rarely saw her give a true heartfelt laugh, they were always smirks or masks she put on as a pretense for lewdness. The most she would give was a small measured smile.

"Good morning. I hope you slept well."

While Sol was always awed by her beauty, Lilith's heart always brimmed with pride whenever she looked at him.

In her life full of grey and monochrome, he and her daughter were the sole sources of joy that would illuminate her surroundings in a kaleidoscope of blooming colors.

Hearing his question, she ignored the lingering thought that she hadn't truly had a good night of sleep since a few years ago and always had to use sleeping pills to help her rest.

"Sol, you should know that your awakening will happen in about two weeks. Do you know the ceremony that the prince must undergo one day before?"

"Yes. The fight in the Coliseum, then the visit to each of the four Dukes to get their allegiance."

"Indeed, the king doesn't have to be the most powerful, but he must be able to pull his own weight." As she spoke this line, with a solemn tone, she couldn't help but sigh before continuing, "The fight in the coliseum before and after the awakening is a tradition. Before awakening, you must fight at least ten times in a row and win. Nothing will happen if you can't but your reputation will take a massive hit. After your awakening though, you will have to fight the king or queen of the Coliseum."

Being from a different reality than the one of this world, Sol didn't really understand the need for such a display of prowess, but he guessed it had its uses. However, it didn't matter to him. He clenched his hands, forming a fist at the thought of the ensuing fight.

The fight against the strongest gladiator. Even if he wasn't expected to win, he still had to win that match, no matter what. An inevitable conclusion, since the current strongest gladiator was...