

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 2: CH 2: MILIA (1)*

“Sigh~ I am beat!”

Jumping on his bed — after wiping off the remnants of water droplets left on his body and hair with a towel, Sol released a sigh of contentment as he felt the comfy softness of his bed, healing the soreness of his fatigued body, and gradually refreshing his equally exhausted mind.

Today had been a little rougher than usual, which was understandable with him being distracted after having that remarkably bizarre exchange with his aunt, Lilith, at the start of this day. The contents of the conversation and the ominous ending still persistently resonated within his mind making him feel restless of a tumultuous future ahead.

After the end of his training session with Ares, he had been, for the lack of a better word, forced to listen to numerous boring lessons in preparation for his future role as a king, and consequently, he was now drained — both mentally and physically, more so than any other day of his life in this world.

He was so exhausted that he had to take a private shower on his own to refresh himself and release some of the accumulated fatigue. Truthfully, he would've very much preferred just dozing off in his cozy bed as soon as he entered the room but the putrid smell he had piled up all day made him think better. Thankfully, now after making himself reinvigorated with a good bath, he could finally rest.

However, just as he was about to enter the realm of dreams and serenity, away from all the worldly troubles.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

....Someone knocked on the door of his room, interrupting the serene slumber he wished to achieve.

'Huh? Who would come to my room at this time of the night?'

"The door's open. Come in."

“Excuse me. Sorry for interrupting you and your sleep, your highness.”

A buxom maid elegantly walked into his room and bowed deeply with a refined curtsy.

"Oh, it's you..."

He immediately recognized the identity of the intruding maid — it was Milia, the head maid of the palace, one of the few people in this palace that he truly cared for.

"So, what do you want, Milia? Any particular reason for coming to meet me at this ungodly hour?"

He nonchalantly inquired while he sat up in his bed, eyes still droopy, and slightly limpid, from the lack of sleep and the previous preparation of trying to enter a slumbering state.

"Her Majesty informed me about the discussion she had with you this morning."

"Ah...I see. So that's the case. Well, aunt Lilith advised me to consult with you, specifically, about...courting women, I suppose. According to her words, there aren't any restrictions aside from noblewomen.

"I'm a little embarrassed to say this, but I'm honestly lost as to what to do now. You are already aware of my rather...limited interaction with people. So...do you have any good ideas in mind? Where to even start? How to approach...this...whatever this is. Help me a little, will you?"

Seemingly waiting for those exact words to escape Sol's lips, Milia walked slowly towards him — a seductive flair added to her formerly refined gait — with a large, almost creepy, smile etched on her beautiful mature face. The sudden change of her aura made him befuddled.

"I indeed have many ideas for you to get more experience with women. But, for your first time, her highness specifically asked that you would have intercourse with someone experienced."

A growing suspicion lingering and rising in the depths of his heart — since the very start of this chat — bloomed into reality when he was pushed back on the bed by one of her, slightly tanned, dainty hands. His vision shifted to the ceiling of the room as he was now laid on the bed again, but it didn't stay there for long and again focused on Milia, now, with an astonished look donning his face.

"Or...is your highness not willing to lay down with an old woman like me?"

Sol gulped audibly in nervous anticipation, thinking of the ensuing events. He would be utterly lying if he said that he had never harbored any perverted thoughts or carnal fantasies about the buxom head maid.

Admittedly, Milia had been a mother figure to him in this new life of his, but for reasons unknown, that had been the primary cause for even more unspeakable, lecherous, scenarios to bloom in his mind every now and again, scenarios he was ashamed to even imagine conducting in reality. The allure of taboo pleasure was just that much captivating.

“You must be exhausted after such a long day, so I am here to give you a massage, your highness.”

“You don’t have to do that, Milia...”

Even though Milia was extremely beautiful, to almost criminal levels, and he indeed had some, questionable forms of, desires toward her, he would never destroy their current relationship by forcing her to do something she didn't wish to.

Milia, fully understanding what he meant by those words, smiled, almost chuckled, as she corrected his misunderstanding of her intentions.

“You are our master, and it is a maid’s duty to show their utmost hospitality and willingness to serve their masters, what’s more, I really wish, from the bottom of my heart, to give you an evening massage to soothe the day’s weariness.”

The bewitching smile etched on her mature and charming face hid no illusion about the kind of massage he would receive from her. The aura surrounding her transitioned to a besmirching one with each passing second.

She resumed her seductive gait, slowly, almost teasingly, reaching towards the bed he laid on, the moment she reached his position, she halted, then slid down between his legs and crouched on that position.

The following moment, the charming maid reached out her dainty hands and abruptly began rubbing his crotch, sensually, over the thin fabric of his night trousers.

Her slender fingers and soft palm felt inexplicably warm even through the fabric and the rapturous sensation quickly brought his member to partial erection inside his tight pants, further tightening the constraints.

He had to hide a shudder of ecstasy from running throughout his body at the carnal pleasure he was experiencing from her touch alone. Even though he hadn't been a virgin in his previous life, it was difficult to claim that he was experienced in the sexual department. His plight was enhanced by the fact that his current body was still that of a virgin's and completely in the middle of his teen years, at least in human terms.

Expertly removing his pants, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do in this situation, she proceeded to lower his underwear as well.

The moment she lowered it till his thighs, his, now hardened, member rose up abruptly in a curved arc, after being freed from its rather tight constraints, while gradually growing even harder and larger, settling in a stunning length and girth.

"Oh, my! This is indeed something an inexperienced woman wouldn't be able to handle easily."

Masking a deep shock at the towering size of Sol's manhood, she placed her hand on the hot throbbing shaft and looked up at him, her eyes upturned, while slowly stroking it up and down at a steady rhythmic pace.

With the troublesome fabric out of the way, her ridiculously soft palm directly wrapped around his girthy penis, and the wonderfully smooth and pleasantly warm sensation of her fingers assaulted his crotch making him almost groan out of instinct.

Luckily he still had enough self-control, he couldn't let himself get lost in pleasure. For, he still needed to speak his mind, to completely clear out all the doubts and uncertainties clouding his mentality about the perverted act they were about to perform.

"Milia, I want you to know in advance that...I don't want you to do something you don't genuinely want to do...you can stop if you're forcing yourself to do this..."

"But I do want to do this. I am not forcing myself. I've always wanted to do this with you, for far longer than you can imagine. Even though I know it's wrong for me to have thoughts like that towards you, but, I just can't help it," Her deep black eyes stared at Sol with a serious expression on her face, devoid of the seductiveness they once held, trying to convey her sincerity to him. "Or is an unattractive woman like me not to your liking? If you are dissatisfied with me, I could call in one of the other maids. As unfortunate as that would be..."

Her face sank into deep sorrow as she earnestly pleaded for Sol's affection. Her once lively and alluring eyes started losing their light, ever so slowly shifting to a lifeless state. Dangerous thoughts started revolving in her head as she had the misconception of being rejected by Sol, of not being attractive enough to win his favor.

Sol felt a twinge of guilt ache in his chest when looking at her dejected expression, his intentions were to make things clear between them so that there was no room for any misunderstandings in the future. It was never his purpose to reject and undermine her, to make her sad, seeing her saddened look pained his heart and soul. Hence, he hastily replied to correct her.

"No...I would be a fool to be dissatisfied."

"Then please allow me to comfort you."

As if her previous dejected state had been an illusion, a bright smile bloomed on her face replacing the previous lifeless look she had donned as her hands reached for the blouse section of her maid uniform and swiftly pulled it down.

Gulp

He gulped as the fabric covering her massive breasts was removed and their wonderful bowl shape was fully revealed for his eyes to gawk on.

'The breasts of cow women are truly on another level.'

The giant breasts defied gravity to stick straight out towards him, settling in a round enamoring shape, and the cherry-colored tips were already hard and erect as if hoping to draw his eyes toward them. Apparently, she was already aroused from their previous interactions, the erect tips of her firm tits being a perfect indicator of that fact.

Milia blushed in slight embarrassment, her cheeks becoming slightly rosy, when he stared at her breasts with such focus and intensity, but she kept her back straight and her chest sticking out as though asking him to pay more attention towards them and in turn toward her.

The brown-haired maid gently lifted her massive round breasts with both of her hands. She inched closer towards Sol and pressed them towards each other with Sol's fully-erect manhood smothered in between their lovely shape.

"Ohh~!"

The smooth, unbelievably soft, and springy texture of her shapely breasts surrounded his heated shaft, making it pulsate in anticipation. The warm and firm titty pressure was so pleasant that he could not help but moan out loud, losing any semblance of self-control he had been trying to put on.

"It has been rather long since I participated in such a carnal act. Do you like it, your highness?"

She pressed her breasts together firmly and began stroking his hard throbbing rod while turning her pitch-black eyes up toward him, making way for an unbelievably seductive scene, all for Sol to witness and relish.

"It feels...really good..."

"Does it...? Then please enjoy it even more..."

Sol, entranced by the sight could not avert his gaze away from the beautiful maid and this attention was something Milia relished immensely. Happily, her eyes narrowed into a crescent shape, but her dignified features remained unchanged and her expression

was locked in a calm alluring state of a mature enchantress. However, her cheeks looked a bit flushed and she seemed to be breathing a little heavily, her breathing getting more erratic with the passage of time.

And as she expertly moved her boobs up and down, and gyrated them in different ways to stimulate Sol further, small trickles of milk seeped out from her fully erect cherry-colored nipples.

“Ah, Milia, your milk...”

“Nh~... It comes out when I massage them hard enough...but the addition of milk should serve as a good lubricant...”

He recalled hearing that all cow women began to produce milk in their teenage years. It was a genetic trait of theirs inherent in every female of their race, which made them an excellent choice as wet nurses and nannies.

It was reliable enough that a girl's first lactation was considered as much of a coming-of-age milestone as her first period was, so it was not at all strange for milk to seep out from the breasts of a beautiful adult woman like Milia.

‘To think that I was fed milk from those same boobs when I was a child.’

The thought brought along with it a nefarious taboo pleasure that further stimulated his throbbing member, making him groan louder. A sweet aroma rose from her milk-wet breasts and the speed of the titty friction rose as the milk acted as a proper lubricant. The breasts bounced nicely atop his crotch, rubbing the rod between them all the while.

The sensation of the wet boobs was too much for Sol's virgin penis, so his hips began to tremble with immense pleasure, his balls aching for release, but he held it in just to feel this insane pleasure for even a moment longer.

Each time Milia shook her breasts with force, warm milk endlessly flowed from them, wetting his pulsating shaft and furthering his pleasure and maybe... even hers.

The sight of the cool and composed woman giving him a heated look while working hard at a titjob was immensely enticing to him. It greatly stimulated his male instincts, the powerful pleasure ruled all five of his senses, and he could only think about the rubbing friction of the maid's tits on his long manhood, giving him the taste of the greatest pleasure of his life.

The pleasure provided by someone else was very different from masturbating, so he already felt the urge to ejaculate rising within his pelvis even though not much time had passed since the start of the enchanting maid's ‘massage’.

Milia held her mouth shut to restrain her sweet voice from leaking out, but she could not stop the occasional shuddering hot breaths from escaping her quivering lips. This sight of hers only aroused him further.

He wanted to experience this pleasure even longer, but he also felt an urge to expel all of his desire right away.

All the while, Milia continued to attack his manhood mercilessly with her milky breasts.

“If you keep rubbing like that, I really will cum!”

“Ahh, go ahead, Sol. Please cum... Cum all over my milk-soaked tits!”

He grabbed the sheets tightly, wrinkling them between his balled fists, and tried to hold back the ejaculation, but his limit was approaching at breakneck speed. The stimulation was simply too great.

“I-I’m cumming!!”

He was unable to restrain the desire to ejaculate as it forcefully rose from deep within his crotch and he reflexively thrust his hips out.

The swollen head poked out from between the crevice of her massive breasts and then exploded in a stream of white-hot cum scattering all over Milia’s form.

“Ahh, i-it’s so hot.”

Milia accepted the ejaculation with an enraptured expression as it scattered all around, and covered her face and breasts.

“Are you satisfied?...”

The buxom maid scooped the semen from her body and licked it from her fingers before inching closer to his shuddering manhood and having her tongue crawl along his penis to lick up the rest of the smelly and sticky, cloudy white liquid, kissing and stimulating his girthy shaft, squeezing more semen out of the bulbous tip.

“Yes, very much...”

“I am glad to hear that. However, you are still nice and hard down here...”

Despite having just ejaculated, his penis had not gone flaccid for even a moment. It retained its full hardness and proudly stood up toward the ceiling.

She grinned as she looked at him with an almost hungry look as though ready to devour him whole. It was the look of a predator finally meeting its prey.

“Perhaps it’s time to pass to the main event.”

Looking at her enamoring heated smile of passion, Sol couldn’t help but have a feeling of immense anticipation. He knew that this night would be really memorable.