

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 20: CH 20: WEAK TO STRONG

As always his discussions with Lilith were a little stiff and straightforward.

He didn't mind it to be honest. He just missed the days where she would just hold him and smile and laugh when he was still young.

'I need to make our relationship a bit better.'

If you asked him if he loved Lilith in a platonic way he would answer with a humongous no.

It wasn't just her body, which was hot as all hell, that attracted him to her. But rather her selflessness in caring for him and the ones she loved.

'I am truly blessed in this life. Once again, whichever god or goddess who sent me here, thank you from the bottom of my heart.'

Giggle

This time he was sure it wasn't just his imagination, he wondered if it was the laughter of the deity he was praising or not.

"Sol?"

Focusing once again on Lilith who was throwing a questioning glance at him, he shrugged lightly before changing subjects,

"Can you make a little time for me? What about some light sparring? I have some time before my lesson with my teacher."

Being passive in a relationship was simply stupid. Since he wanted her, he had to be proactive about it.

Besides, he didn't mind doing some training with his aunt.

"Oh..." Lilith hesitated a little before finally nodding, "It has been a few years since I held a true sword. Don't laugh at me, okay?"

"Of course."

He had heard about her legend but had always wondered how strong she truly was. At least he could see it for himself now.

Swoosh BOOM!!!

Sol stood transfixed as the huge two-handed heavy sword stopped just an inch before his face. The air pressure was so powerful that everything behind him was completely blown miles away.

'Okay...What. The. Fuck?'

This fight had been so short, it simply couldn't even be called a fight.

'Man...This was....'

"This was so fucking awesome!!"

He couldn't help but shout aloud in excitement. Seeing his beaming eyes full of awe, Lilith who was about to rebut him for his usage of uncouth language swallowed back her words.

It had been a long time since she had been so sincerely complimented. After all, the men of this world did not really take it well when a woman was stronger than them.

"*Ahem* This is nothing. You should be able to do as much, if not more, with sufficient training."

'No way. Is she embarrassed?'

He had to hide a cheeky grin from forming on his lips. It was the first time he saw her so flustered. Still, his compliments were heartfelt. Seeing a woman with such a lithe body holding a sword so large with only one hand was truly a sight to behold.

"So, how did you do that?"

Lilith twirled her sword a bit, creating a small whirlwind in its wake. "This is a principle of extreme control. Using a sword isn't just about swinging it wildly or using some form of fancy skills. My style of fighting is based on absolute micro controls."

At the end of her explanation, he saw her flicker her wrist a little then, following that movement, some of the flowers around her were immediately sliced apart at the seam.

'How can such a delicate movement be executed with such a large sword?'

But there was a question nagging on his mind,

"Why use such a heavy sword? Wouldn't such a style fit a one-handed sword far more?"

The sword she was currently holding was a large broadsword, as tall as a full-grown man, shaped like a butcher knife. The handle was also rather long and stretched up to the middle of her forearms.

This sword wasn't for games and jokes but rather a true sword geared towards murder. Still, for someone who used such a precise style wouldn't a lighter sword be better?

"This is where you are wrong. Or rather should I say that you lack enough information?" She lovingly looked at her sword as she continued, "This sword was created specifically for me. Despite its weight, in my hands, it's as light as a feather. This plus my fighting style allows me to use both strength and speed. It's the perfect sword for me."

"The perfect sword huh." Sol eyed his own sword with modicum amounts of doubt.

"Do not worry. Once you awaken, you will have your own sword."

"The holy sword?"

"NO!!!"

Her outburst surprised and startled Sol, but even more so herself.

"*Ahem* I am sorry. I mean, the holy sword indeed belongs to the king. But he can only use it when fighting things that threaten the kingdom. Otherwise, the sword will not answer their call."

"...I see. Anyway—" He was rather suspicious about why she reacted in such a manner but didn't let it bother him, "—why don't we continue? Your move was too fast for me to glean anything from it. We still have an hour to ourselves."

The awkwardness didn't last long, though a different kind of awkwardness was about to steadily grow in his pants if he didn't pay great attention to reigning in his little brother.

Saying that the training gear Lilith wore was revealing was an understatement. She wore a variation of Chinese Qipao, but the slit on the two sides reached up to her butt. And so, she was totally unrestricted but it also revealed her amazing thighs and wide hips which was constantly making his mind itch.

What followed was more of a light sparring with Lilith holding back a lot. Still, each bout ended with Sol learning more and more and slowly but surely changing the way he held his sword.

'Hum? If he focuses on the path of mana usage like me he would surely be able to reach unknown heights'

Sol laid down on the grass while his entire body was bathed in a thick layer of sweat.

"*Sigh* At this level I guess I may really never catch up to him." Murmured Sol in a quiet tone. He had never really felt inferior to his father, Mars. But being always compared to someone else had its adverse effect.

This workout was even more intense than the one he usually conducted with Setsuna. Lilith on the other hand though had barely worked a sweat.

Looking at Sol laying like that with unfocused eyes, she couldn't help but think back to the past. Though at that time it was her who laid down while gasping and her brother looked at her while being unscathed. She remembered how frustrating it was.

"Sol. Do you want to hear a story?"

Her words brought his attention back to reality as he looked up at her, "A story?"

"Yes... More precisely my story."

——— LILITH'S POV

You could say that I was born blessed and cursed at the same time. Born as a woman in the royal family, my role of having to marry and give birth to children was predetermined from my birth.

But, in this kingdom, women could still be influential as long as they had enough power. I had thought that I would reach the summit once my awakening happened. After all, I was the little sister of Mars, the strongest human in existence.

However...

My dreams were shattered on the day of my awakening. My capacity was zero. Something heard only in literature or comedies. You could even say that my lack of talent was so staggering that it was simply legendary.

I was mocked, despised, humiliated, and cast aside like unwanted trash.

But despite everything I was subjected to, I held on.

I didn't care about how other people saw me.

Never cared and never would.

When people mocked me, I trained.

When they despised me, I trained.

When they humiliated me, I still trained.

Ultimately, even though I was cast aside, I never ceased to train.

But this wasn't nearly enough, so I joined different battlefields as a mercenary. I fought and fought. Day after day. Battlefields after battlefield.

I fought so much I forgot the number of times I thought I would die. And in the process, I reached my goal. I became one of the strongest women in the kingdom and even in the world, I was respected by everyone.

What about those who mocked and insulted me, now they are working with me and must always carry a smile, even if it's a blatant pretense, to make me happy.

Their face, as they had to bow and scrape towards the one they previously considered as useless, was perhaps one of my best memories.

Sol, please listen to me. I already told you. Your life will likely be more difficult than mine. No one expected anything from me. But everyone is expecting so much from you.

I won't lie in telling you that I am not the same, that I don't expect anything from you. This is the truth, this is reality. Right now, you aren't Sol. You will always be my brother's Son. At least... Until you prove yourself otherwise.

So, never crumble, never give up. No matter how tough it is, no matter how bleak the future may seem, always walk forward with your head held high.

Show to all of them, to all of us, that you aren't just the .

Show us that you are you and no one else. That you are Sol Dragona Luxuria!

The day you can accomplish that... I will finally be able to rest... I will finally be at peace.