

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 4: CH 4: HELL HAS NO FURY...(1)

Having cummed thrice from Milia's passionate and meticulous attention, Sol had fallen asleep almost immediately. The day's tiredness, and the mental strain of the pleasure he received, coupled with the strain of the passion-filled exercise was just too much for him to do anything but immediately shuttle to the realm of sleep.

However, for some unknown reason, as the light of the sun, filtering through the curtains, shined on his shut eyes and began to rouse him from his deep sleep, he felt a wet and warm sensation surrounding his lower body, specifically his hardened meat-slab.

“What is happening?”

Slowly rubbing his heavy eyelids, still drooping with sleep, he looked at his crotch, and immediately, identified the source of the pleasurable feeling originating from his pleasure organ.

“Good morning, your highness.”

Milia looked up at him with a gentle and slightly lecherous smile, but for some reason, his underwear was pulled down to his knees and his morning wood was held firmly in her dainty hands, shining wet with saliva and other fluids.

“Right...good morning... AS IF!!! What in the name of Luxuria are you doing, right now!?”

“My, why the sudden outburst? I'm giving you a blowjob of course. I came to wake you and found out you were already hard again after last night. So I thought... Why not?”

Milia's act made it look like giving a blowjob was a perfectly normal thing to be doing as she took the engorged head of his penis into her mouth. Her warm saliva and rough tongue wrapped around his penis, and immediately after, jolting shocks of immeasurable pleasure ran all over through his sleepy body.

“Ahh! S-seriously...?”

His blazing rod was twitching with wanton pleasure and it was already soaked with her saliva and his precum, so she must have been sucking him off for a while already.

Being woken up by a blowjob from a beautiful maid was the kind of upper-class luxury that Sol could only have dreamed of in his past life — never to be enacted in reality. He did wonder deeply if he was, in fact, dreaming this or not, but the sweet, addictive tingling assaulting his lower body was very real and very stimulating — sensations that would be impossible to be felt in a dream, so he had to take the events for what they were; reality.

“Nh~! You are so hard this morning...*slurp*...And it’s twitching too...such a fantastic cock, you wield, your highness...”

Her plump pinkish lips trailing stroked the shaft, the puckered lips intensely sucking at the sensitive head with intermittent rhythm. She seemed to have been trying to milk the cum right out of him with her oral technique, so Sol pleasuringly writhed on the bed from the unbearable pleasure that constantly emanated and spread throughout all his senses.

Partially because it had been so unexpected for him, he could not fight the urge to ejaculate as scalding pleasure took over his entire body, making his body hot and bothered.

The tip of her ravenous tongue slowly, sensually, crawled from the base to the head as though licking off the precum flowing from the tip, an obscenely wet sound simultaneously rang throughout the room as she resoundingly suck at his top, his precum mixing with the saliva in her mouth.

“*Slurp*, please cum whenever you are ready...”

His reactions must have told her he was close because she looked up at him with damp black eyes and prompted him to ejaculate.

“I’m cumming!”

The passionate tongue caresses his penis, so soon after waking up brought him to climax quite easily, easier than he thought possible. Overcome by pleasure, he grabbed the little curved horns peeking out of Milia’s head and used them as a handle to make her take his full length down her musky throat.

The maid’s eyebrows shot straight up for a split moment, only to relax at the next moment as she soon composed her expression. Then she audibly swallowed all the semen filling her mouth as if that were the only acceptable option given this scandalous situation.

“This really feels great.”

Even after he had finished ejaculating, Milia diligently sucked at his rod to take care of the cum remaining in his urethra as if it was the sweetest thing in the world.

He had cum so much last night, but she had just milked out, even more, this morning, and the look in her eyes told him that she was up for milking out some more, making him sweat in nervousness.

After she thoroughly cleaned his rod with her tongue, Milia got up and looked at him with her usual mischievous smile,

“How was it? Did you enjoy my mouth?”

She then tilted her head in wonder as she saw his cock slowly hardening again.

'His Stamina is really something else altogether.'

“Was that not enough to satisfy you? In that case, how about I use my breasts like I did last night? Or would you prefer my vagina?”

He was only a little bit exhausted, given the deep sleep he was able to get, however, Milia misinterpreted his relaxed and mute reaction as silent acceptance and grew overly excited as she began to frantically remove her maid uniform.

“It felt good! It felt really, really good!”

“Really? Then tell me what is it that you would like me to do.”

Milia must have thought he was simply too shy to say anything because she was already beginning to bare her breasts to smother his penis between them.

“I appreciate the thought...but I really think we should stop...at least for now...”

He was really happy that she wanted to pleasure him that much. It was an utterly attractive offer, but sadly he had to refuse because he feared he would drown himself in those blissful feelings and forget about everything else. After all, was said and done, there was an optimal time for everything — which sadly for him, wasn't now.

Milia looked somewhat disappointed and slightly gloomy, her lips curving in a small pout, but otherwise didn't insist. She knew that she would have many occasions to have another night of unrestrained passion with him. Meanwhile, Sol swiftly pulled his underwear up and searched for some of his training clothes.

“I see... As you wish. Now, your highness, Sol. Her Majesty wishes to have breakfast with you today, but what would you like to do?”

"Hum, Breakfast? Indeed, we didn't have time to meet each other lately. Yesterday was our first meeting over the span of one week."

Even though he was the crown prince and his aunt was nothing more than the queen regent, he had a humongous amount of respect and admiration for her.

It was a given since, like his parents, she was one of the heroes who saved the world from the catastrophic disaster that was about to ravage the fate of the world and everyone that lived in it.

"Tell her that I will be happy to join her. For now, I need to meet Setsuna for our morning training or she will skin me alive. That girl is way too brutal."

"Fufufu!" Milia immediately covered her mouth as she let out an elegant and somewhat enigmatic laugh. She knew that even though Sol was complaining, Setsuna was one of the few people he really trusted and cared for — and people like those could be counted with both hands.

"Your sword and training gear are already prepared. Setsuna should be in the garden now, waiting for you to begin your today's training session today."

Though Sol would sometimes go down the tower and train with Ares and the other knights, most of the time, he would simply go up in the hanging gardens and train alone with Setsuna, that was the main approach of his growth to this date.

"Thanks. Please tell the maids to heat my bath and prepare some oil for massage, I am sure I will need it."

He let out a bitter laugh before changing his clothes to suitable ones for training. All this while Milia stood and looked at him with a teasing smile, but Sol didn't mind.

Their previous relationship was already as close as it could get. After last night, however, it only became even closer; crossing boundaries that he had been dreaming of crossing for a long time. It would be pretty stupid to still be embarrassed about being seen naked now that they did something so intimate.

"Okay. I am out."

Milia stood in the room as she watched Sol depart for his training. She knew that she should have told him to take a bath but at the same time, she thought that this would serve as a boost for a relationship that should have bloomed ages ago.

What's more, it would serve as a lesson for him. After all,

"How could he forget how sensitive the nose of a beastkin is? Fufufu! I wish I could take a look at her face when she sniffs the scent coming from him right now."

Laughing maliciously, her current form would've been enough to make Sol frightened and anxious, as he should be given the future awaiting him...

A few hours later...

Sun shone, scattering its blinding brilliance on the lush trees sprawled about the surface of the hanging gardens. Birds chirped the rhymes of nature, twiddling upon various branches of the evergreen trees. Cute, tiny squirrels plucked fruits from the saplings and scurried into the bushes.

This was nature in all her humble brilliance — a mesmerizing sight only visible in this unique place — the hanging gardens of Babylon...

In the center of such a lively garden, two people could be seen standing adorning training gears. One of them, frantically swinging a sword while the girl beside him was counting each of his swings, the scowl on her face indicating that she was in a very very bad mood.

"450. Do it again."

He had thought that he would only have to suffer a little bit, given the slight offense he thought he committed, unbeknownst of the scent leaking off him...

"450. Change your posture."

He had already imagined different situations and ways to cope with them in his mind, he felt confident...

"Study your opponents and find their weakness."

However, it seemed like he had seriously underestimated how angry she would be... little did he know, that the real reason was still unbeknownst to him still...

"455. I know you can do better...so come on, swing harder..."

Still, he didn't stop changing his posture as he continued swinging his sword to the perfect rhythm of the sword forms. He had to, for he knew more than anyone else, that this world wasn't just some happy dream with him being a carefree prince.

"455. Your swing was too weak. It doesn't count. Do it again... Come on!!!"

He knew that this world was a very dangerous place where life and death could be decided at the drop of a hat. Ultimately, there was a reason why he was an orphan even after being the — the greatest human to ever exist in all the eras combined.

'If even the hero king and his dragoness wife can get killed. Who can avoid this fate? Death does not care about how noble or invincible you may be.'

As such, even though he knew Setsuna was simply blowing out some steam out of her system. He didn't stop or chastise her for her unfairness and instead put all his mind and focus on swinging his sword again and again. Until he perfected it, until he couldn't anymore, until he went beyond his limits... The inhumane and torturous swings continued for about 30 more minutes.

"990. Just ten more and your third set of 1000 will end."

His arms felt like they would fall off at any moment. Still, he did not stop and gave his all to perfectly perform the finishing swing.

"and...1000."

Those sweet words of release reverberated in his heart like the melodious voice of heaven forgiving a sinner of their eternal damnation.

huff *huff* *huff*

He stood shakingly as his body was literally bathed in his training shirt, sticking like a second skin to his body. His gait was unsteady and his mind blurry.

"A-Are you alright?"

From the side, the worried voice of Setsuna, his beast trainer, sounded almost like an afterthought.

"Sol!!"

Finally, he felt his vision darken as he fell into the embrace of mother nature.

What woke him up this time wasn't a wet sensation on his crotch but rather a dainty hand caressing his sweaty forehead. He could also feel the back of his head resting on something pleasantly soft and firm but also warm.

'A lap pillow.'

It was such a pleasant sensation that he wished he could stay like that for all eternity.

"Are you awake?"

He would have tried to fake his sleep, but he knew that someone like her should have been able to feel the change in his breathing rhythm.

He opened his sky blue eyes and looked at the nigh equally blue ones, but of a deeper darker shade, that were fixed on his face. Her beautiful angular face that was generally fixed like a cold mask was now wrought with anxiety.

He tried to speak but she beat him to it as she barked.

"Idiot!!"

He stopped short. He could see her face contort and her body quiver as she tried to keep the tears from falling.

"Why didn't you tell me you were past your limits?! You still didn't awaken after hours passed. Doing something like that could only be harmful to you."

He let out a bitter smile at her sobering remark. Indeed. Humans were different from the various other races of this world because they could only have access to mana after their awakening. This was why it was such an important milestone for them.

Even though Sol was already much stronger than the average Joe, he wasn't sadly above this restriction.

"Hahaha! Sorry, sorry. I was just sure I could do it. Heh. Also, seeing from this side, I believe it was worth it."

Those words, more than anything, made her flush completely as she stopped berating him before hanging her head in shame; her large fluffy ear also doing the same and drooping downwards.

"I am the one who should apologize. I shouldn't have made your training harder because of jealousy."

Her words might have come off as a murmur, but he was close enough to clearly hear her.

"Jealousy?"

He looked at her quizzically before everything finally clicked in his mind.

'Fuck. I forgot she was a wolf.'

Everything had happened too fast. He had totally forgotten how sensitive the nose of beastkin could be. Even more so for a blue wolf like her.

Coming at her training with the scent of sex basically radiating out of his pores might have been like a slap to her face.

Her face flushed even more when she understood he got what she meant.

An awkward silence fell between the two of them. Finally, Setsuna simply sighed and spoke out,

“Anyway, me being angry doesn’t excuse the fact that I made you push yourself more than you should have. I will do anything for you to forgive me.”

Sol, who was about to tell her to not mind it, stopped short at her words as his thought process crashed.

Few words held more power than those uttered out by her. He slowly got up and took her hand before pulling her further into the garden, which could also be called a forest.

Once he reached a place far enough, he asked again just to be sure,

“Setsuna, did you say that you would do anything?”