

Hero King 61

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 61: INTERLUDE 5: PRINCESS?

"Princess! Run!"

A young blue-haired girl was running with a blank expression on her face. She was wearing a bright white and red kimono filled with jewels.

Despite her clearly expensive clothes that would make anyone envious, the situation she was in wasn't something to be envious of. After all, she was fleeing.

Under the light of the moon, the princess was being pulled by one of her kunoichis. Despite that, she would sometimes look behind her in dismay.

In her eyes, the reflection of the burning castle and the golden lightning falling like the Wrath of the Heavens was being seared in her young mind.

High in the sky, three large wolves that were at least four meters tall, two with beautiful golden fur and another one with a deep blue color could be seen fighting. The result of this fight being of apocalyptic proportion. Lightning flashed and storms gathered. Nothing in a kilometer radius aside from the burning castle was still standing.

"Father."

Murmuring under her breath, tears began to gather and her blank expression was replaced by one filled with sorrow.

"Father and mother will win, right!?"

She couldn't help but ask one of the women who were pulling her. It was difficult to see their faces under their black clothes, but she knew them for as long as she could remember and trusted them deeply.

The one pulling her had an expression of pain and sorrow flashing in her eyes. She wanted to say some kind words. Something to give hope to the princess she swore to protect. But—

"Princess, you must be strong. His majesty and the queen are fighting to give us enough time to flee."

Those words broke the little girl's heart. Despite her young age, she could understand the hidden meaning in those words.

Closing her eyes to stop her tears from falling down, she nodded her head and continued running.

She swore in her heart to one day come back and avenge her family.

[A few days later.]

'I am thirsty.'

A little girl was trudging under the merciless light of the sun.

Her body was covered in dried blood and mud. Her eyes were lifeless with dark circles around them. Her stomach was growling and complaining.

No one seeing her right now would believe that she was Setsuna Ira, the princess of the Wratharis Republic.

Even now, she herself couldn't believe how her life came crashing down.

All of this began when her uncle suddenly obtained a blessing, making him try to claim the throne.

In this world, only a Blessed one could become a king. Meaning, in the situation where more than one Blessed existed in the same zone, they had to fight for ownership.

After getting his blessing, her uncle, who she believed was so kind he wouldn't hurt a bug began to show his true face. His power had grown by leaps and bounds after he evolved from a blue wolf to a lightning wolf.

'Papa, Mama, Mio, Kio. I miss you so much.'

After fleeing from the zone of the battle, they had begun walking towards the elven forest. The elf race forest was a zone where absolutely no strife of human nature was allowed. Her servant planned to seek asylum.

Sadly, nothing happened as it should have.

Mio and Kio used themselves as bait and their fate was unknown. As for the remaining servants, most of them had fled while some of the other betrayed her and decided to sell her as a slave to the demons or her uncle. She could only flee in despair and now she didn't even know where she was.

Currently, even though her mind was muddled by the pain, anger, lack of blood, hunger, and sadness, she still continued to walk.

She didn't know where she was going.

She didn't know if she would die on the road and have her body serve as a meal for the hyenas.

But, even though her future seemed bleaker and bleaker, she continued to walk.

She knew that if she stopped even once, she would never be able to continue walking.

She didn't want to die.

She refused to die.

If she died, all the people who sacrificed themselves for her would have died in vain.

She refused to accept such a truth.

Right now, even as the soles of her feet cracked and began to bleed again, she did not pay attention to any of it.

The few days that followed were much of the same. The only difference was that she had to meet humans for the first time.

Sadly, it wasn't a pleasant meeting. After all, they were bandits.

They had attacked her, hoping to capture her and use her before selling her as a slave.

They would have succeeded if only they didn't underestimate her. After all, even though she was weak and tired, a wolf only became more dangerous in such situations

On that day, for the first time, she took a life.

It was something far easier than she thought it was. Life was so fragile. It was a reality she understood after all the events that happened to her.

The meeting with those bandits wasn't all bad thankfully. Thanks to that, she was able to use the food they had in their reserve.

It was disgusting and dirty. Something she would have never eaten nor even thrown a look at in the past, but right now she was eating it with relish as if it was the greatest food in the world.

A few days later, she finally reached a city. Her looks, completely different. Her hair was spiky and uncared for. Some of the last jewels she had hung around her neck. But they were so dirty no one could guess their values. She had used the clothes of some female bandits she killed in the past few days during her hunt for more food and torn them before adjusting the size.

Thanks to the money she had accumulated from all those bandit nests she wiped out, she had accumulated enough money to take a carriage that would smuggle her toward the capital. As of now, her only way was to take asylum in the church of Castitas or the royal family.

She didn't know why no one pursued her lately but she didn't want to leave anything to chance.

What after she obtained asylum? She didn't know. She doubted they would be willing to go to war because of her. As such there was only one way.

"I need to become stronger."

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 62: INTERLUDE 6: GLADIATOR

"I see, so you are Setsuna."

In a large room, a blue haired little girl could be seen standing in front of a blonde haired woman.

'Incredible! So this is the daughter of Castitas. How powerful.'

It wasn't the first time she had met someone at the level of a ruler. But compared to her father, or even her uncle, the woman sitting with a faint smile in front of her made all her instinct scream in submission. She had to give her all to not simply roll over and show her stomach.

Seemingly noticing her discomfort, Camelia showed a smile in apology before dispersing the silent pressure that was filling the room.

"I am sorry. Your father was someone I respected very much. Hearing about his potential demise is something truly sad and I lost control of my emotions."

Setsuna lowered her head at the mention of her father. Her eyes reddened as she fought to hold back her tears. No matter how far she had fallen, she was still the princess. She refused to show such a disgraceful sight to a stranger.

After she was smuggled into the capital, she thought it would take her some time to find the church, but she was mistaken. Just 3 minutes after she reached destination, a nun came and took her towards the church.

After reaching there, she was completely bathed from head to toe and received new clothes and was given a light lunch before being allowed to meet Camelia.

Setsuna was a little surprised at this display but otherwise didn't question it too much. She might have not been able to smell it because of how numbed she was, but she knew that she must have smelled awfully bad and was extremely dirty. The fact that they had to change the water of the bath 5 times was enough as proof.

Now though, she didn't know what to do. She knew she wanted to become stronger. But how?

"So, tell me, do you have plans for the future?"

This might have seemed cruel coming from Camelia, as she was speaking to a little girl who suffered a very traumatic event not long ago, but as someone who accidentally killed her own parents and exterminated her village while being a teen, Camelia was no stranger to traumatism.

She knew that what Setsuna needed right now wasn't someone to give her useless kindness, but rather to help her obtain a short term goal. One that would help occupy her mind.

What's more, beastmen grew faster than normal humans before ultimately stopping growing old once they reached a certain age.

They would stay at their peak until the day they died. That's why beast-kin were also called warbeast in the past.

Setsuna, hearing this question, clenched her teeth before saying, "I want to become strong. I want to become so strong that I will be able to crush my uncle. But, but, I don't know how. He is a blessed."

From what Setsuna knew, blessed people were simply too different. It wasn't just a question of talent.

They were the beloved children of the goddesses. Luck shined upon them and destiny smiled at them. They were the kind of people who could take a random stroll and find some old masters that would take them as a student or be so talented that they could learn anything.

Camelia understood what Setsuna meant and smiled, "You are right. People blessed by the goddesses have a different destiny. But at the same time it isn't like normal people can't reach our level. After all, those childish goddesses wouldn't find a game that's too rigged to be of any interest."

The last part was mumbled so quietly that even Setsuna wasn't able to hear what was said.

"Anyway, before speaking of power, we need to forge a new identity for you that will make it so your uncle isn't interested in you even if he finds about your existence."

Saying so, Camelia looked outside the room through the window and looked at the vague silhouette of the colosseum for a short while before a rather bold idea emerged in her mind. A way for Setsuna to not be chased down in the future and a way for her to become stronger.

"Setsuna, what about—"

She was about to share her ideas when a brief knock on the door followed by it being open stopped her in her track.

Turning, she was surprised to see a boy clearly younger than her observing the room. She was wondering who he might have been, but his golden hair and his blue eyes gave her the answer.

'A blessed.'

Setsuna couldn't help but curl a little in her seat as she tugged her blue hair. She hated this color because it showed that she wasn't chosen. Perhaps if she also had the blessing, her uncle wouldn't have betrayed them?

"Sol!"

She received a second surprise as she saw the previously stern and mysterious Supreme daughter change into a doting woman as she rushed so fast she was invisible to her eyes before taking the young boy in her arms.

"Hah~! My little Sol! That blockhead finally let you come visit me again. I thought I had to level the tower before she relinquished."

"Stop~ it's embarrassing. There are other people in the room~"

Finally able extricate himself from this blissful suffering, the little Sol who was just 3 years old at that time came in front of Setsuna and asked in a lively and gentle voice while stretching his hand in sign of greeting.

"Hello! I am Sol Luxuria. Who are you?"

"Ah..."

Flapping her mouth as she hesitated about how to answer to this straightforward boy, she simply answered after casting her head down.

"I—I am.. S-Setsuna Ir—no. Setsuna. Just Setsuna."

"She is a slave who will fight at the arena in a few days. She will begin her training there."

Both Sol and Setsuna were startled, but Setsuna didn't deny. She was a smart girl. She wouldn't deny the one who was sheltering her openly. Though, at the moindre signe of truly making her a slave, she would bolt out of the room and the flee the city in flash.

Giving a sad smile at how helpless she was, she had a handshake with Sol.

"I see~ happy to meet you." Then, fidgeting a little he asked, "Hey, can I ask something?"

"Wh-what?"

"Hum...This is my first time to meet a wolf girl. Can I touch your ears?"

The entire face of Setsuna was immediately flushed. Ears and tails were important part of the body of a beast-kin that's why,

"N-no!!! Are you crazy!?"

'Ah!'

She shouted like that in embarrassment before remembering who she was talking to.

'Did I already offend someone important on my first day?'

Despair clouded her mind. She could already see herself being chased out before having to fend for herself again alone in the streets. This thought was the last straw for her as she collapsed. The last thing she saw was the flustered visage of the little boy called Sol.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 63: SPECIAL CHAPTER: DOUBLE MESSAGE

Sol was currently resting in the church after having fled from the training with Lilith. He didn't mind being trained harshly, but he also needed to relax from time to time.

"To think Sol fell asleep so soundly, that crazy Lilith must really be tiring him."

"Indeed. However, his sleeping face sure is cute..."

While Sol was still in the middle of his dreams, two women entered his room, enjoying the sight of his sleeping face.

One was Milia, his maid and the other was unsurprisingly Camelia. They were now sitting next to Sol, watching him as he sleeps.

"Nevertheless, for him to not even wake up with two people so close to him. Perhaps Lilith isn't training him enough?"

"This isn't the case. I assure you that his highness senses are incredibly sharp. It's just that he doesn't consider us as a threat and as such his sense didn't wake him up."

"Fufufu~! I see. In short, he felt at ease next to us."

It was truly incredible to see a Maid and the one equal to the king of the country speaking as if they were on equal terms.

"So, how is the investigation going on your side?"

"The Eyes are doing their jobs. It shouldn't take long for us to gather enough evidence. What about the inquisition?"

"Heh~Those conservatives old bastard of the inquisition didn't want to help at first. But I am very persuasive."

Milia nodded, not bothering to try to understand better.

"Soon, all his highness future worries will be blown away without even the slightest resistance."

Camelia nodded at those words before focusing once again on the sleeping Sol. The more she looked at him the looser her expression became. It reaches the level where she was even salivating.

Currently, Sol was wearing light trousers without a top. This impact was simply too great for Camelia.

Seemingly understanding Camelia's desire, Milia smiled before proposing.

"From my observations, his highness seems to appreciate being woke up by a fellatio. Perhaps you should try it?"

"Oh, my! Sol is really a naughty child." Camelia hesitated a little before finally asking, "Then, why don't we..."

"Ugg!"

Sol, who felt a moist sensation transmitted to his penis slowly opened his eyes. What he saw, made him wonder if he was having a wet dream.

The first thing his brain registered was Camelia and Milia wearing a see-through negligee made out of a very thin material. The white fabric covered their bare skin, but it clung to their bodies, accentuating the feminine curves of their boobs and butt.

The second thing it registered was the fact that they were currently sucking and licking his penis. The sensation was simply out of this world.

"Fufufu~you thought you were having a wet dream, but it was us!"

Seemingly feeling the change in his breathing rhythm, Camelia, who was previously licking the shaft of his penis let go of it before asking.

"Do you like it?"

Closing his eyes and enjoying the situation he nodded.

"Yeah, this feels heavenly."

It had to be said, but seeing two mature women with impressive curves going down on him was an incredible sight to behold.

"Still, what is happening?"

"It is as you see it, this lowly maid and Saint Camelia are now serving you."

Slowly feeling the urge build-up, "I am about to cum."

Sol calmly warned before letting go and ejaculating.

"Ah~ !" "Nn!"

Seeing the cloudy white liquid land on the breast and face of those two women, Sol let out a sigh of contentment.

"Fufufu. Seems like your highness really appreciated it."

Smiling with her cum covered face, Milia licked some of it with her tongue. Camelia meanwhile had a dazed expression while her face was growing redder and her breath rougher.

Seeing them like that, Sol could, even more, distinguish them and their usual kinks. Milia liked to mother him while they were having sex. For her, his pleasure comes before her own, and just seeing him ejaculate was enough for her.

Camelia on the other was a submissive pure and through with some streak of masochism, though not too much.

It was truly a heavenly combination.

Still, seeing them like that, Sol's eyes lit up as he thought of something he always wanted to try.

Double tit fuck.

Hearing his suggestion, both Camelia and Milia were more than happy to oblige.

Slowly taking off their negligee, the two of them were now clad in only their panties. Milia, wearing crotchless black panties, while Camelia was wearing frilly white panties.

His heartbeat accelerated at this sight as he simply wished to lay them down and fuck them but, he had a fantasy to complete.

Even though Milia's breasts were the largest, Camelia didn't fall behind by too much. Those two different sizes of bust surrounded his rod from either side. His penis was fully erect, but it was easily buried.

"This is so hot."

They moved their heavy-looking breasts up and down to stroke the sensitive rod with their extremely soft tits.

"I must apologize, Your highness ... I am already leaking milk..."

Milia blushed a little and white milk left the tips of her springy maid boobs to wet all four breasts.

Camelia, seeing this exclaimed in admiration.

"So this is the Milk. It's the first time I saw a woman, not pregnant lactate."

The rod contained between them was overwhelmed. The pleasure of their double titjob stimulated his lust to the point he thought his lower body would melt away.

"Nn~! What do you think, Sol? Does this feel good?"

Seemingly stimulated by the act of servicing him with another woman, Camelia stared at him with melted eyes.

"Of course. This is really great."

He couldn't use words to describe how good he felt currently. After all that training, the pleasure was even more overwhelming.

Happy by the answer he gave, she opened her sexy lips, stuck her tongue out, and let a clear nectar drip down between her breasts. Camelia's saliva mixed with the milk of Milia to provide better lubrication and the four breasts made an obscenely wet sound as they moved.

Finally, the pleasure provided reached the final point as his penis throbbed, and ejaculated for the second time while being buried in those two pairs of breasts.

Not as much got on Milia's face, but he gave Camelia a complete facial as her tongue crawled along with the head. But instead of trying to avoid it, she opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue, and caught the white liquid with a look of ecstasy on her face.

It was slightly bitter but she could feel her heart melt in pleasure.

While Camelia was in trance, Milia began sucking his still hard penis. She blew a breath on the head during the sensitive period immediately the following climax and then the warm flesh of her mouth surrounded it.

"Ah. Milia this is good enough now. I think it's time to attack the main meal."

He couldn't hold back anymore.

"Now, the two of you, turn back on all four."

Entering his master persona, he commanded them. Milia opened her eyes wide in surprise since it was the first time she saw him so domineering on the bed but the blush on her face showed that she did not mind it all. Camelia on the other hand directly turned as he ordered.

Watching those two beautiful and plump butt clad in panties. Sol nodded in appreciation and slowly began to caresses them. Breasts were good, but he was definitely more of an ass man.

Sneaking a finger in the already drenched slit of Milia, Sol already knew who would be his first target.

What followed was an entire day full of moans and cry as they let their lust flow.

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 64: VOL4/CH 56: THE CALM...

Waking up, Setsuna blinked her blurry eyes before inspecting the ceiling,

'A familiar ceiling.'

She could easily recognize this place. This was the infirmary. A place she woke up many times during her first year as a gladiator.

Thinking about that, a nostalgic smile formed on her face.

"I see that you are awake."

Shifting her gaze, she was surprised to see Sol smiling at her. She tried to straighten but winced a little and wisely decided to stay put.

'How is it possible? I did not feel him at all.'

Even now, as she concentrated, she still couldn't feel him, even though she was able to see him.

Seeing her reaction, Sol was a little startled as he remembered something before saying, "It should be alright now?"

As he said, even though outwardly nothing had changed, she could indeed feel him again. She was a little curious about what happened but she knew that Sol would tell her when it would be necessary.

"Hehe~ This current situation reminds me of our first meeting."

Thinking of this Setsuna couldn't help but blush in shame. Back then she had misunderstood his intentions and collapsed before finally waking up, with him next to her.

"To be honest I was very flustered when I saw you faint like that. I didn't think that my innocent question would be met with such a response. As a result during our first few days of interaction, you would always hide your tail and ears and flee the moment you felt my presence."

"Please, Your highness, stop!!"

Covering her completely red face with her hands, Setsuna screamed with a pitiful voice. Just remembering those events gave her the envy to bury herself into a hole.

"Hahaha~!"

Sol laughed happily at this sight. The usual Setsuna was an incredibly stoic woman. She was someone he both loved and respected dearly. She was also someone he wished to protect and give—No, share happiness with.

Finally stopping laughing, he lowered his head as he said,

"It was a draw."

Silence immediately filled the room. Setsuna stopped covering her eyes and looked at the clearly disappointed Sol.

"You know, I could tell you now if you wish... I have nothing to hide from you."

Sol clearly hesitated before ultimately sighing, "Ideally I would say to wait until the end of the week. After I will make my first contract. If after that I am still unable to beat you. Then I will obediently listen to you. But—"

Sol wasn't someone usually stubborn nor did he think that never listening to her past because of some misjudged pride was the best idea.

Still, he wanted to beat her. The next time they fought, he would go all out. He wasn't satisfied with it ending in a draw, he wanted to be stronger than her.

But he knew that this wasn't the kind of thing that should be pushed back. With the war against Wratharis on the horizon, he couldn't afford to have some kind of super-secret thrown at his face at the most important moment and freeze like in some cliché stories.

But more than anything,

"I'm listening."

Pride could go fuck itself. He wished to listen to her, he wished to know more about her.

Saying so, he took Setsuna's hand from under the sheets and clenched them tightly in support.

Clenching back, Setsuna gave a wane smile before beginning her story. Her full name, her being a princess, how her parents most likely died and her struggle to stay alive.

During all this, Sol stayed silent while smiling in encouragement whenever she would turn to look at him. Even when she mentioned how she killed the bandits, he didn't frown nor looked disgusted.

This monologue continued for more than thirty minutes before she finally ended with a hoarse voice by telling how she reached Lustburg.

"... After that, I met Camelia before you finally appeared and the rest is history. So—what do you think?"

She asked a little timidly. It wasn't the kind of secret one should keep for so many years, and besides that, with the war against Wratharis on the horizon, she knew that her presence could pose a problem.

Of course, while he lacked experience Sol wasn't clueless about the world. He knew what kind of importance Setsuna had. Since she was of royal blood, even though she wasn't blessed it wasn't impossible for her children to be blessed by Ira and as such obtain a claim to the throne. No, even before her children, if Setsuna made Ira happy, it wasn't impossible for her to be blessed and as such, have an official claim to the throne.

Be it one or another, Setsuna's existence represented a danger to the current king of Wratharis. But,

"But so what?"

"Sol?"

Giving a bright smile, Sol bent down and gave a kiss on Setsuna forehead,

"Your past doesn't matter. All that matters is that you are mine. You know—I am a very very selfish prince after all."

While Sol and Setsuna were discussing, two people were watching the replay of the match. More precisely they were watching the moment when Sol used his dragon characteristics.

"As I thought. This little prince really inherited a large portion of the dragon's blood. Even though he did not manifest it, with him being able to use a bastard version of Dragon fear I can say with 90% certainty that he has a core. Now, what will you do?"

The one speaking was an astonishingly young woman. If one color could describe her, it would be red. A red dress, red cloak, red eyes, and long beautiful red hair as well as a red conical hat.

Watching her gave the impression that one was facing a sea of blood.

Even though her voice was beautiful, it gave an ethereal feeling. One of total disdain.

"I, I do not know. I do not know."

The one answering had most of his features hidden, but from his voice and frail hand, it was easy to deduct that he was a rather old man.

"Heh~ You are still hesitating after coming this far? Should I remind you that your granddaughter is only alive because of my care? Should I remind you that she does not have long to live? Finally... Should I remind you about the fact that the only way to save her is to have the core of a dragon or the heart of a phoenix?"

The man seemed to hunch further under the words of the seemingly young woman.

"But--"

"But nothing. I despise wishy-washy people the most. Make a choice. But know that I do not plan to indefinitely keep your granddaughter alive."

Closing his eyes in pain, he remembered all the moments he lived with his adorable granddaughter and all her life. As well as how much she meant to him after losing his daughter and son in law during the last war. Shedding a tear, he murmured painfully,

"I will do it. I will--take the core of his highness."

[Son of the Hero King](#)

Chapter 65: CH 57: LILITH AND LILIN

After Sol finished his discussion with Setsuna, he let her sleep a little and left the infirmary.

It was during this kind of situation he realized once again how much he was advantaged by his race.

The final attack the two of them launched was more or less of equal might with Setsuna's Railgun being faster and slightly stronger. Anyone else in his place would still be in his bed, but thanks to his high resistance to magic he came out without too much damage.

Dragons were really the bane of mages. Still,

"I shouldn't become conceited."

At the end of the day, he was just a hybrid dragon. If even the full adult dragons weren't the strongest in this world how could he dare to become prideful just because he had some of their power? That would be the height of stupidity. After all, even Tiamat, the divine beast was just one out of 14 of such beasts.

Despite that, he couldn't help but smile as he clenched his fists in happiness,

"I have become strong."

It wasn't much. He still had a long way to go and many things to learn. But this didn't deter him. It was just the beginning. His starting line was already the end line of many people of this world. He would be the most idiotic bastard if he didn't become a legend with all the advantages he had on his side.

"Your highness."

His shadow blackened before Milia slowly walked out of it. Ever since she revealed her identity to him, she began to hide less and less of her abilities. This shadow like power was truly worthy of an assassin. But something bugged him.

'Her race shouldn't allow her to use magic.'

The cow beast men were one of the weakest beast-kin race. At most, they had a somewhat higher physical strength than normal humans and could use mana since birth. But that was all.

'Perhaps she is a variant?'

"What's the matter? Is it about my speech? I thought I still had thirty or so minutes?"

He could see that Milia had a somewhat awkward expression on her face and tried to guess why.

The normal schedule had been completely destroyed. Initially each of the five fights should have had a time limit of 20 minutes while the fight against Setsuna had a time limit of 45 minutes. But he attacked the five of—

"Speaking of which, I thought I was supposed to fight five people. I did not think of it much back then, but what happened to the fifth one?"

In the lounge of Camelia, a young blonde-haired and green-eyed knight could be seen trying to fight back against the chain of mana that was binding him.

From her seat, Chloe would sometimes look at him with pity while sneaking a glance at the still smiling Camelia who was humming a song with sentences like 'Naughty children should be punished' or 'Stupid children who get tricked by stupid nobles need to be punished.'

Shivering a little she stopped looking and turned back her attention to the fights that were ongoing in the Arena.

'Aunt is seriously scary when she smiles like that.'

"Fufufu~!"

Laughing under her breath, "The fifth one should have been a member of the church. But it seems like he was slightly problematic, as such, Saintess Camelia decided to forbid him any contact with you until he received corrections."

"Heh..."

Understanding what Milia was saying but deciding to not waste brain cells on someone who wasn't particularly important as of now, Sol discarded him from his mind.

"Your highness, this isn't about your speech. Rather... Well, please follow me. I am sure it will be a pleasant surprise."

Tilting his head Sol couldn't help but wonder what was going on, but from her smile, he guessed that it should really be something interesting.

In the lounge belonging to the royal family, a somewhat awkward silence was hovering.

Three people were currently present with the third one standing and trying to not sweat under the pressure that was slowly growing heavier by the second.

The two who were seated were eerily similar. From their form to their temperament and even their hair and eyes color.

The only notable difference was their ages.

The silence was finally broken by Lilith.

"So you came back."

Her voice seemed to lack any emotion as she looked at her daughter who had escaped from the kingdom about two years ago.

"Indeed."

Silence settled once again.

Finally unable to bear it, the one standing tried to speak, but the moment Lilith faced her, she immediately shut her mouth and bowed her head.

As an elf, even though she wasn't as stuck up as her peers, she still had some pride deep in her bones. Many times she had imagined how her first meeting with the legendary queen would go.

But the reality was far removed from her imagination.

She had imagined herself speaking eloquently as she sold her services but right now even speaking proved to be too much. Even standing as she was now was a defy.

She couldn't explain why, but she felt as if she was facing an unsheathed sword. Any word of her would immediately result in her being cut into thousands pieces.

'So this is the sword saint.'

On the other hand, the pressure emanating from her friend was insane. If Lilith was an unsheathed sword, then Lilin was an already drawn-out sword full of blood. Even standing behind her, she couldn't help but feel that she was seeing a mountain of corpses and a river of blood.

This wasn't the first time she saw the killing intent of Lilin. Each time she couldn't help but wonder just how many people she killed before the two of them met each other.

Thinking about the intent the prince used during his fight against the wolf girl, she couldn't help but curse under her breath.

'This family is full of monsters.'

It was when she was finally unable to hold on that the pressure suddenly vanished as if it was a lie.

At the same moment, the door opened and the one who entered was none other than the prince himself.

"Sol~!!!"

Before she could even understand what was happening, Lilin was already jumping in the arm of the surprised prince.

Seeing Lilin acting all girly while slightly blushing, she couldn't but feel that her worldview had been destroyed. She had to give her all to not scream in disbelief,

'Who are you and what have you done to my friend!!!!??'

"Sol~!!!"

Catching the purple bolt that jumped in his arms, Sol was slightly surprised before his eyes widened in realization.

"Lilin!!"

Smiling happily from the bottom of his heart, he hugged her tightly while she responded back.

Lilin Luxuria. Lilith Luxuria and Cerios Gorfard's daughter. Normally, her full name should have been Lilin Gorfard Luxuria, but Lilith never accepted giving the Gorfard name to her daughter despite all the complaints of the Duke Gorfard.

This was also one of the reasons why the relationship between the Gorfard family and the royal family was so strained.

Lilin Luxuria was basically the spitting image of Lilith. Albeit a little shorter. She was as beautiful as Lilith and her curves were as bountiful.

She was wearing a low skirt and a simple shirt that showed a little of her cleavage.

"Hahaha~! I am really happy to see you. I thought you wouldn't come for my coming of age ceremony."

Releasing her from the hug, he admired his cousin whom he hadn't seen for about two years.

Lilin had left the Tower of Babel one year after her awakening and since then, aside from some letters to show that she was alive, she never came back.

"Hey," Pouting a little, she continued, "How could I miss this day? No matter how much I didn't want to come back, you are far more important to me."

Sol winced a little at those words. He knew that the relationship between Lilith and Lilin was incredibly strained. It was at the level where they even fought once. Though Lilin had been absolutely trashed back then. This fight had also been the last straw that made her leave.

Trying to change the subject, he scanned the surrounding before finally finding another person in the lounge.

"An elf?"

Sol's eyes sparkled as he looked at her ears. He was about to speak, but when he remembered his first meeting with Setsuna, he coughed awkwardly before asking.

"Is she a friend of yours?"

"Oh! Look at me. I had totally forgotten her."

"Hey!"

Ignoring the hurt expression of her friends, Lilin continued,

"Sol, I am happy to present you, Clara, as you can see she is an elf. I brought her back because I thought she would do well as one of your retainers or perhaps a concubine."

"Heh!?"

Looking at the surprised expression of the elf, Sol couldn't help but pity her a little. He also wondered if it was in the gene of this mother-daughter pair to throw women at him.

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 66: SPECIAL CHRISTMAS: BLAZE AND MARS

Under a shed in the hanging garden, a beautiful red-haired woman reclined on a rocking chair, a large white blanket covering her as she observed a young man busy himself around.

White snowflakes fell like petals of a flower from the sky but thanks to a special barrier none of it entered the garden but instead drifted aimlessly around it, giving this sight a mesmerizing feeling.

Sighing, the red-haired woman asked, "Why don't you let me help you, you know that I just discovered my pregnancy two months ago right? I still have between twelve to forty months before giving birth."

At the end of the day, even though she looked like a human and had reproductive organs compatible with humans, she wasn't one. She was a dragon. A mythical creature mainly made out of energy rather than flesh.

For the fetus to mature completely, it had to absorb her energy until saturation. The longer this went on, the more talented the baby would be. The problem was that during this period, the mother would be slowly weakened as a result, and even after giving birth, she would take a long time before reaching her peak.

The man, a handsome blonde-haired and blue-eyed young man swept his long golden hair before looking with disapproval at his wife.

"Blaze, I already said that you shouldn't do anything strenuous now that you are pregnant with Sol. Also, I know how lazy you are during winter so don't try to put a tough front."

No matter how mystical dragons were, they were just partially divine and as such, they also had to follow some rules of nature.

Since they were naturally cold-blooded creatures, even though they didn't particularly mind winter on a physical level, they still hated it on a psychological level and generally became very sluggish during this period. Some of them even hibernate.

Blaze had nothing to retort to this and she had to admit that she liked being pampered by her husband, he had been busy lately because of negotiations with Slothtein and Greed Dike to put a common front against Gluttony Foss that was slowly stirring, so the time they had alone was becoming rather limited.

Smiling softly, she asked, "Then, why don't you have the maids help you? Wouldn't it be easier?"

Mars frowned a little before putting the Christmas tree in the corner of the shed.

"You know I don't really like being attended to. If I can do it myself, why have another one do it in my place?"

Blaze gave a wry smile at this opinion of his. It was something she had never really managed to understand. Even though he had been raised as a prince, sometimes she felt like he had received a completely different upbringing.

She knew that her husband was hiding a secret. A very big secret. Still, she never tried to poke her nose in it. People had the right to their privacy. This rule held true even between husband and wife.

"So, who will come? The usual group?"

Mars, who was now decorating the tree, answered calmly,

"Arachne, Camelia, Lilith, Theresa, Iris, Persephone, and Pandora."

Blaze's smile twitched a little at this list. Camelia aside, all the ones he listed were women who had some form of infatuation for him.

She could understand how Arachne Milaris and Lilith could fall for him. Lilith being Mars's half-sister didn't really matter. Incest was in no way a sin in the mind of dragons.

But the others always left her incredulous.

Theresa was the daughter of one of the richest dwarfs alive, hereby making her one of the richest in the world.

Iris was the heiress of the church of Industria in Slothtein.

Persephone was one of the four Ouroboros.

Finally, Pandora was the crown princess of Envilya.

As for her, as a dragon worshipped in Southern pride, she was even superior to the Queen of elves in that kingdom.

"So, all we miss is someone high placed in Wratharis? Heh, my dear husband, are you trying to rule the world?"

Mars immediately had cold sweat on his back as he gave up on work and immediately approached Blaze before taking her hand.

"What do you mean? You know very well they are just friends. Nothing more."

Looking at his earnest and serious eyes, Blaze sighed. She had mixed feelings about the current situation.

On one side, her pride made her unable to accept that her mate would have anyone else but her. On the other side, she took pride in the fact that he was loved by so many outstanding women.

Still, as a dragon, she wasn't particularly against polygamy. If Mars was more proactive in taking them in their bed she wouldn't object too much. Though she would have to beat them all up to set up a clear hierarchy in the harem.

Thankfully and for once again some weird reason, despite all his accomplishments, Mars seemed to suffer from some sort of inferiority complex and refused to believe so many women had feelings for him.

In her case, before they begin their relationship she even once literally jumped on him naked while he was bathing and all the dunce did was blush and close his eyes before running out of the bath.

Caressing his head with eyes full of frustration, she said, "I love you, but sometimes I really pity those girls."

She chuckled at his clueless looks. She didn't mind giving way to a harem. But no way she would be one to help it. If they wished for him to understand their feelings, they should do like her and jump on him while he was sleeping.

Christmas was a special day for everyone in this world. It's said that it's on that day that the goddess created life in the world. This was the day of the year where prayer was far more effective and Miracle more likely to happen.

"Merry Christmas!!!"

The garden was now occupied by a group of beautiful women as they chanted with joy and happiness.

"Blaze! Mars! Merry Christmas!! Congratulations on your pregnancy."

A short and slim woman of about 140 cm skipped to Blaze who was still seated on her chair. Her smile was innocent and contagious. She was wearing a short red and white skirt, that fluttered in the wind.

"Thank you, Theresa. Merry Christmas to you too, you are splendid."

"Hehehe~! Really!? Yeah!" Giving a bashful smile, she twirled, showing some glimpse of her red panties.

Mars hurriedly turned his head aside before also complimenting her dress, making Theresa even happier.

After Theresa, the other woman also approached and wished merry Christmas and also gave their congratulations.

Blaze watched all of them with a happy smile.

Even though most of them were her competitors of sorts, they were also precious friends she would never give up for anything in the world.

Looking down, she gently caressed her belly as she murmured inwardly,

"I pray that you will grow into a gentle and handsome young man. I pray for your life to be full of happiness. I pray for you to grow healthy. Finally, I pray to be by your side until the day you become a grown man. Merry Christmas my baby Sol, this will be the first out of many."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 67: CH 58: SHIELD AND SWORD

"Sol, I am happy to present you, Clara, as you can see she is an elf. I brought her back because I thought she would do well as one of your retainers or perhaps a concubine."

"Heh!?"

Clara exclaimed loudly at those words.

"Wait, wait, wait. What do you mean by concubine?"

Lilin tilted her head, "You don't want to?" her eyes showed a profound confusion as if the very concept that someone would refuse such an offer was something she couldn't understand.

Clara wanted to scream her frustration and say of course not but rejecting the crown prince like that in his presence was out of the question. What's more, she clearly felt three pair of eyes lock on her at the same time. She didn't know why but she was sure that giving a firm rebuttal wouldn't result in a pretty result.

"Lilin. Stop it."

The voice of salvation came from the prince himself.

"But..."

"No buts. I am happy that you thought of me, but I refuse to force anyone to enter into relationships with me. So please, stop now or I am going to be angry."

He was talking with a calm and steady voice. Even though he didn't raise his voice, Clara could feel a certain majesty in his voice.

This raised the opinion of the prince in her mind. Elves were rather liberal when it came to love. This was mostly because of their high longevity and their low birth rate. For elves, sex wasn't something for pleasure and love was just a chemical reaction. They only believed in survival and giving birth to the next generation.

Still, as a woman, she also had dreams about her first time.

"Clara, was it? I hope that you forgive my cousin if her words were hurtful."

Looking at his dazzling smile as he apologized, she could feel her face burn and her heartbeat accelerate. This made her understand once again why her mother said that those with beautiful faces could control the world. It was cheating.

Milia, who was observing all this from the back, had to hold the urge to let out a snicker. She wasn't biased in saying that Sol had the potential to be one of the most handsome men in the world. This was even more so because he was blessed by the goddess Luxuria. If he really wanted, few girls could resist his charm.

'This Clara is suitable to become his highness retainer. Perhaps even a contracted partner. Elves are B+ at base with different variants such as Moon elves or high elves having the potential to reach A+.'

She was already beginning to assess the advantages of getting this woman as a retainer for her beloved master.

But,

'I need to search deeper into her background.'

Even now, even though she knew it wasn't her fault, she could never forgive herself for letting her previous master die because of something as stupid as a betrayal. She would never let any traitorous bastard come close to Sol. Even if it was at the price of her life.

Thinking about traitors, she remembered one particular old man that set her suspicion ablaze. She needed to do a new round of spying soon to refresh her information.

'Once I have enough proof to validate my theory, I will immediately inform his highness. Fufufu~ it seems like I will have to become active again after all those years. I hope I am not too rusty.'

Sol, after giving his apology to Clara, patted Lilin on the head before turning to face Lilith. His fist was slightly clenched in anticipation.

"So, how was it?"

Silence fell as all eyes gathered on Lilith who stayed silent. Sol couldn't help but feel a little nervous but this nervousness provided to be useless as a small smile formed on Lilith's face before long.

Standing up, she came close to Sol and took him in her arms as she murmured.

"Aside from you showing off a little too much, this was almost perfect. You still have so much to learn, but—Sol, I am very proud of you. Congratulations."

Those words struck home deeply and he could feel his eyes moisten a little before giving his all to not shed a tear. It would be truly lame of him to cry because of some little praise in front of everyone.

In his past life, Sol wasn't anyone special. Just a normal teen that could be found in the world. Just one out of 7 billion humans filled this world.

His life was neither particularly sad nor particularly incredible.

That's why he loved this world so much at first. Here he wasn't just a nobody. He was Sol Dragona Luxuria. The sole and unique Sol. Here he was special. He wasn't just someone who would die forgotten and ignored by the world. Even thousands of years after his death people would still remember him as the tenth king.

... This was what he thought initially.

Later, as he began to grow up and adapt to this world, he began to understand.

Being special means nothing.

Being unique means nothing.

Being remembered means absolutely nothing.

Those were the aspirations of people who wished to leave a mark on the world.

For him...Rather than being special. Rather than being unique, the simple fact that those close to him were proud of him was enough to send him to cloud nine.

This was the greatest form of happiness for him.

Some people might see this as incredibly childish. Others might see this as stupid or pitiful. Many would mock his lack of ambition. But—

But so what?

What did it matter to him?

He would become someone they could all be proud of.

He would become someone who could protect all of them.

He would become someone they could rely on.

That's why, while giving the brightest smile possible, he answered Lilith's praise.

"This is just the start."

Looking deep into her eyes, he swore inwardly.

Even though he didn't know her pain.

Even though he could never understand her pain.

Even though it might be his selfish wish.

He would save her no matter what.

Even if the one he had to save her from was herself.

After all, he was destined to be a selfish king, right?

Once the weird emotional and slightly embarrassing moment passed, Sol took a deep breath and began speaking,

"Setsuna is alright and I am already healed. So, what now?"

Having someone like Milia helping him was a true godsend. There were so many things to do, and so many plans to make.

"I have already contacted the head butler of the Highland family. To warn them that they were the first chosen to host you. As of now, we just have to wait for the fight bellows to end before you give your speech. Since we finished way earlier than we thought, you still have a great buffer time before having to head to the Highland Manor."

Sol pondered a little before asking, facing his cousin whom he hadn't seen in years.

Many things could change because of time. Even one week was enough to observe incredible changes, not to speak of two years.

It would be stupid of him to assume the Lilin in front of him was still the same as she was back then. It was stupid and also very insulting for the person in question.

Then, "Let's get on with that speech fast. I want to spend some time with Lilin."

He was also very curious about the girl she came with. It wasn't the first elf he saw and such, Sol was sure that she wasn't a normal elf.

'I hope she isn't tricking her.'

Because if she was... Well, sooner or later he had to become accustomed to taking a life.

While Sol was contemplating the chance of him committing his first murder, the north side of the capital was bustling more than the other.

Here and there, soldiers could be seen walking and decorating the streets as well as some of the house.

"It seems like we will be the first one to be visited by his highness."

"But of course. Our Duke is without a doubt the most loyal one in the kingdom. It's very normal for him to be the first."

Here and there, such discussion could be heard from the soldiers. Being the first house chosen showed how much trust the royal family placed in the Duke of Highland. For those soldiers who were incredibly loyal and respectful to him, this was like the honor was on them.

This was even more so after they watched the display of the prince. It was clear that he was destined to be someone strong. They could already imagine the scene where they would fight against the Wratharis army with their flags fluttering high behind them.

While the common soldiers were basking in happiness, the upper echelon was rather somber.

In the manor belonging to the Highland family, a meeting was taking place.

"My lord. It seems like the queen wishes to pull us on her side. What should we do?"

The room where the meeting was taking place was a large room underground with barely any light. The sole decoration being a large rectangular desk.

At the head of the table, an old man, the Duke Highland pondered in silence.

On his right, a young red-haired woman decked in armor pounded her fist on the table.

"What should we do!? Of course, we should show our neutral stance! We are the Highland! The guardian of the kingdom! Why should we enter the game of politics of those stupid nobles!?"

Her last question seemed more like a roar than a scream. Despite that, many of the retainers present seemed to share in her opinion as they nodded their heads.

The first head of the Highland family was one of the most loyal Generals of the Conqueror King, Jupiter. This also made them the first and oldest noble family in the kingdom after the royal family.

Despite this position, the Highland family prided itself by never bothering with politics. Even when the Puppet King was being manipulated by the nobles, they never intervened be it for one side or another.

"Dear sister of mine. Are you perhaps stupid? Don't you see the trends? A war is coming. There's no way the Queen will let us in control of the military if we don't show our allegiance. Worse, I wouldn't be surprised if some of us were to be met with some deadly 'accidents' during the war or even before it."

The one who spoke this time was a slim young man who sat on the left of the Duke. His slim build and the round glasses he wore gave him a very intellectual look.

His words were also met with nods from the retainers. From the look of it, it was clear that each of them enjoyed a certain influence in this room.

"Bullshit!! Why would she do that? We are always the first ones to jump in during the war. All our ancestors racked up so much military merit that some king didn't even know what they should reward us with. And you are saying that despite all that the queen would destroy us just because we won't enter this stupid game?"

"This is reality. Your opinion is irrelevant. Do you not know that a dog who loses his usefulness can be drowned? We have lost much of our influence over the years. It's clear that the queen did not appreciate our so-called neutrality during the Puppet King reign. Even now I think that this was a stupid decision."

All the people present inhaled deeply at those words. After all, the current Duke was the one who gave that order back then.

Despite their fear, the Duke Highland simply gave a bitter smile,

"Indeed. This might have been one of the most foolish decisions I have ever made."

He seemed to crumble a little bit, but this didn't last long. Straightening his back, he steeled his expression and scanned the room with a cold expression before looking at his two greatest sources of pride. His grandchildren, who respectively stood at his right and his left.

"Athena, Ares, this old man made a big mistake back then. I was too stubborn. I forgot that in a sense, being silent was also a form of choice. But—"

He put more strength in his words. "But—just because I made that mistake once doesn't mean that we must necessarily follow the crown prince to atone. What are we!?"

"WE ARE THE SHIELDS OF THE KINGDOM!!!"

"What is our goal!?"

"BEING THE SWORD THAT PIERCE THE HEART OF OUR ENEMIES."

"This is so. We are the shield and we are the sword. We are tools to be used for a better future. But, not anyone has the right to wield us. The Puppet King was unworthy. The Hero King was more than worthy. Then, let's see if his highness will be worthy or not."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 68: CH 59: WELCOME BACK

What followed was a simple speech where Sol talked a little about himself and his wish to make the kingdom stronger and better. The usual rubbish.

He now understood a little why politicians always lied during elections. The populace didn't care about the truth. The truth was heavy and full of bleakness.

What they needed was someone who could make them dream. Someone who could promise them better days ahead. That was also why religion was always popular no matter what era.

Well, this was just his opinion based on his experience.

After the speech followed by the applaud, Sol's role was pretty much over. It was just noon and he had until the evening before having to go visit the Highland family. As such he decided to go to the quarters in the tower of babel with Lilin.

He obviously didn't take Clara with him. No matter how much a friend she was to Lilin, the upper level of the babel tower couldn't be entered by someone unrelated to the royal family. He wouldn't let strangers enter such a place no matter how cute or how close to his cousin she was.

There was also the fact that he wanted to spend some time alone with his cousin. After all, 2 years of absence was nothing to scoff at. Some relationships didn't even last that long.

Thankfully, it seemed that Clara understood his caution and didn't take offense to it as she waved them goodbye.

Before using the gate, even though he knew it might be useless, he gave a signal to Milia to investigate her. It was necessary for him to become more mature and used to give command little by little.

King or no King. Knowing how to direct your own subordinate was always a much-needed skill and he wasn't against learning something new.

After Sol left the lounge, Milia escorted Clara out of the Colosseum before giving her a card for a VIP room in one of the greatest hotels in the capital.

She might be under investigation, but she was still a guest of the queen's daughter. It would be extremely rude to not treat her as such.

Now alone, she sank in the shadows before appearing in another street, her maid clothes replaced by a simple long dress that could be seen on any ordinary commoner.

It didn't take long for her to enter a seemingly normal inn and then as if it was the most natural thing in the world, she entered the zone reserved for the staff.

The time to clean the kingdom was approaching. If possible, she wished that her beloved prince wouldn't have to be covered in blood.

She loved his gentle smile that always managed to soothe her heart and make her forget all her weariness. She liked his sunny aura that stepped into the heart of those who faced him.

She wished that he would continue to live in a bright and beautiful world full of colors.

That's why the crown's shadow existed. They were the dark hand behind the curtain. The one who did the dirty jobs.

She would protect him. It was far more than just a duty. It was her most precious wish.

That was why she would become active again. That was why she would take out her weapon again.

No matter what or no matter, how once she got all the proof she needed she would massacre them all.

"Did you capture those gladiators that were previously bribed?"

"Of course."

A feminine voice sounded from behind her. She didn't need to turn to know that it was one of the fingers. More precisely, it was the maid who followed the princess and came back with her.

"Then," stretching her fingers she gave a cold smile, "Your report about the princess can wait. Right now I need to see if I am still good at making the prisoners sing."

'No matter what happens, by the end of this festival, the kingdom will be cleansed of all those filthy worms.'

On Sol's side, once they entered the upper floor of the tower they immediately went towards the part reserved for Lilin.

"Nothing changed."

Lilin murmured under her breath, her expressions still cold and unchanging.

Sol was used to it. If Lilin could be described in one word, then he would use the term Kuudere.

Many people found her disturbing and even in the castle, he knew that most of the staff did not really like coming close to her. Despite that, in his eyes, she was just a clumsy girl awkward at showing her feelings.

"Indeed. Nothing changed. Let's see your room."

"Hum..."

It didn't take long for them to enter the room.

Surprisingly despite it being a girl room, there was nothing girly about it.

On the wall, all one could see were pictures showing the internal structure of the human body at different degrees. While some other pictures showed different poses necessary in martial arts.

Aside from those pictures, swords, and spears of different shapes and sizes could be seen all around.

The bed, despite being created by a master and extremely beautiful, did not really seem to fit in this room that looked more like a dojo than a bedroom.

Lilin's eyes began to sparkle even though her expression didn't change much. She rushed into her room and began to gently touch each of her weapons.

"When I fled two years ago, I was really sad because I couldn't bring them with me."

"Hahaha. Indeed. You always have loved weapons more than dresses and flowers. I guess this is why you are so good at fighting."

If people saw him as the second coming of Mars and always compared him to his father. Then Lilin wasn't any different as she was always compared to Lilith.

Everyone called Lilin a genius at fighting and even though she had zero talent towards contract, no one looked down on her since they had Lilith as an example.

But Sol never used the word genius to describe his cousin. She was without a doubt extremely talented. But calling her a genius was like insulting all the work she put into becoming better.

His training was rough. Incredibly rough. So rough he wished entertained thoughts of murder.

But –honestly speaking, it was bearable. For the simple reason that he wasn't totally human. Be it a higher strength than normal, incredible regeneration abilities, and a large quantity of mana, he simply had too many things to make the training bearable.

But what about Lilin? From what he knew she was just a normal human. Aside from her mana quantity that was far larger than normal, she did not have any particular perk. Wounds that would heal in a matter of hours or days for him would only heal after weeks for her.

Fatigue that he could shrug off after a few hours of rest would make her collapse and unable to move from the bed.

"Sol? Is there something on my face?"

"No. I was just lost in thought."

Smiling, he sat on the bed and indicated his thigh with his hand. "Come on."

Before he even finished his words, she was already laying her head on his lap.

Chuckling a little at how things seemingly hadn't changed, he gently caressed her head while she closed her eyes in happiness.

"It must have been hard right?"

What would it feel to go from a princess to a simple commoner? No matter how skilled she was, when she left she was only 16. Going from rich to rag must have not been easy.

He couldn't even begin to understand all the hardships she had to go through. As such, there was one thing he had to do before interrogating her.

"Lilin..."

"Hum?"

"Welcome back."

"Hehe~!" Letting a shy laugh, she answered, "I am back."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 69: CH 60: DO YOU WISH TO MARRY ME?

After welcoming her, Sol immediately began discussing with Lilin about her adventures.

"For the first few weeks, I just stayed in the kingdom."

From what she said, she didn't simply leave without any plan. She stayed in the surrounding of the capital and joined a mercenary guild to act as a guard for some merchants by hiding her features.

This part made Sol smile since, in reality, she was following the footsteps of Lilith.

During all those times, she was followed by her personal maid, a woman named Ketia.

From the information Milia gave him, that woman was also one of the fingers in the crown's shadow. After all, there was no way they would let Lilin, who was of royal blood, leave the kingdom without any protection.

After becoming a mercenary, she lived many adventures. Some good, some bad, it was also during those adventures that she killed for the first time and discovered her talent in channeling killing intent.

When she spoke about that part, he could feel that her voice was a little uneasy. So he gently caressed her head and told her to continue.

As someone who came from the modern world and lived a normal life free of all danger, Sol should have been morally affected by this.

But, he felt nothing.

It wasn't that he was desensitized to it. Be it in this life or the previous one, he had never killed anyone and didn't know the feelings one could have after doing such a deed.

But even though he wasn't particularly experienced and rather sheltered, he understood that using the moral of his original world to judge this one would have been extremely idiotic.

Morality changed depending on space and time.

But more than a question of morality, the simple truth was that, if he had to choose between the life of a stranger and that of his family, the choice was self-evident.

Lilin's adventure continued like that for about half a year before she decided to travel out of the kingdom. Ketia tried to dissuade her, but Lilin was pretty stubborn.

That's how they left Lustburg and entered the forest of Southern pride. The elves' territory.

In the territory of the elves, her life became even more eventful.

They lived in a kingdom system, but they were also extremely tribal. The elves were divided into four factions, each of them represented by one of the dragon kings under the order of Tiamat.

They were Fafnir the snow dragon for the moon elves, Welsh the fire dragon for the sun elves, Kiyohime the water dragon for the silver elves, and finally Hydra the poison dragon for the dark elves. Above them all stood the Queen, a high elf.

This part nearly made him cough while inwardly he couldn't help but chant.

'All hail hydra.'

From what Sol understood, each of the four clans representing those dragons was basically the elvish version of the four Duke families in Lustburg.

"When I entered Southern pride, the whole kingdom was facing a crisis."

"A crisis?"

"Indeed. It seems like some of the upper echelons of the kingdom had been infiltrated by vampires."

"Vampires? So Southern pride and Envilya are officially hostile?"

"No, it was an independent action from one of the four heavenly Generals, Dracula. Sadly there was no proof. Envilya sent one of the princesses and with her help, we fought back the rogue vampire. It's during this time that I befriended Clara."

"Hum, was the princess blessed?"

"No. She isn't the crown princess nor is she a candidate for the throne. Though she had beautiful purple hair... A little like me and mother."

"Oh? Interesting. What was her name?"

"Anastasia. Her name was Anastasia Invidia."

"Then what after?"

"After that, not much happened. We had some skirmish with the vampires before finally driving them out. We also drove the traitors out and now Southern pride is free of worry."

Sol couldn't help but pinch his eyebrows as he tried to analyze all the implications of what happened.

The fight between Southern pride and Envilya was nothing important in itself. The two-kingdom were separated by Wratharis and could never really engage in a full-scale war.

But if he understood clearly what happened. Not only did she help greatly the elven kingdom, but she also helped the demon kingdom. At least the royal family of the demon kingdom.

In terms of geography, Lustburg, Southern pride and Envilya completely surrounded Wratharis on all sides, except the sea at their back.

If they played their cards well, the war that was about to happen could become way easier than it seemed at first.

"Sol?"

"Hum?"

He was brought back from his thoughts by her voice. Seeing her worried expression he asked,

"What's it?"

"Hum... Did I do something wrong? Are you angry?"

"Angry?" He was a little puzzled before finally understanding the source of her worries.

"Hahaha~! How could I be angry!? What you did was simply incredible! If we capitalize on your achievement, the result will be beautiful."

He didn't mention the potential political backlash that could have happened. No matter what, Lilin was still a member of the royal family. Meddling in foreign affairs wasn't the smartest choice. In fact, it was pretty dumb. But the result was still here.

It wasn't his place to chide her. Lilin wasn't a child and she was far from stupid. If she made all those choices, then she must have judged that the possible gains far outweighed the loss.

It was a dangerous gamble, but the result was here. She won.

"Hehe~ Then, will I get a reward?"

"A reward?" He was a little taken aback, "Well normally yeah. I don't really know since but, you are the princess. Frankly, I don't really know what you could ask for."

This was the truth. Be it with Lilith or him as a king, Lilin would always be a princess and would never lack anything, so a reward would be pretty useless. Though getting a reward in public could be a good move.

It was impossible for her absence to not have bad repercussions on her reputation. But if they said that she was under orders and succeeded in an important mission, this would bring a great achievement under her name and wipe out any bad rumors.

"Having a reward from the kingdom isn't bad. But I want more. I want a reward from you."

'Why does it seem like the mood suddenly changed?'

Looking at her slightly heated eyes, Sol gulped a little.

'She wouldn't ask for that right?'

"Do you remember our promise when we were kids?"

'A promise?'

Searching in his memory, it didn't take long for him to remember.

"You don't mean?"

"Hehe. It seems like you remember."

"But..."

"Sol, do you wish to marry me?"

After leaving Lilin's room, Sol walked a little in a daze, her question, replaying in his mind.

Did he want to marry her?

This was a hard question to answer. If he had to be honest, it wasn't as if he had never seen Lilin as a woman. In fact, in terms of womanly charm, she didn't lose to any adult.

But, it never went past the simple fantasy. It never really bloomed into the love he had for his current women.

Sol didn't mind having a casual relationship with his maids. At the end of the day, it was just sex. A way to vent his lust.

But he refused to have such a relationship with someone he truly cared for, and Lilin was such a person.

'Sigh, I am a true hypocritical bastard.'

Still, even though it made him sick to think like that, from a purely objective point of view, him marrying Lilin was the most optimal option.

Even though Lilin didn't obtain the blessing, she was a Luxuria and as such any of her children or grandchildren or further down could potentially give birth to a blessed child.

In such a situation, a dispute for the throne would become inevitable and a tragedy like the one that happened to Setsuna would be the most likely outcome.

By officially marrying Lilin, not only did he satisfy the conditions of having a wife whose status matched his, but he also made it so his cousin didn't have to land in a complicated relationship.

Furthermore, currently, none of his women were suitable to become his official wife.

Milia was a maid and the leader of a shadow group. Setsuna was officially a slave and in reality the princess of another kingdom, Camelia was the supreme daughter and leader of the church and Edea was a witch.

'I really have no one suitable for the position.'

Of course, he could marry one of his partners like Mars did. More precisely the Phoenix who would become his partner. After all, the children and the direct descendant of the divine beasts were all considered to be royalty of sorts, but it would be pretty rude to have such an idea about someone he didn't even meet.

'To think I would have to consider marriage at such a young age. Well, for a medieval world it isn't particularly surprising.'

In an era where people lived a relatively dangerous lifestyle where they could die at any time, it was the norm to marry early.

This rule held true even in his old world. It was at the level where hearing about a 12-year-old princess marrying wasn't anything weird.

"Hahaha. The heck. I should stop being wishy-washy."

He didn't know how much courage Lilin gathered to make this confession. Since he liked her and she liked him. What was the problem?

'Still, I need to discuss it with Lilith first.'

Be it as his aunt and guardian, as Lilin's mother, or as the current queen, Lilith had all the rights to be informed first of the situation. What's more, hearing the thoughts of someone more experienced could only be beneficial.

But, "Well, this promises to be awkward." He murmured under his breath.

Just yesterday he had a date with her and now he was asking about the possibility of marrying her daughter.

This went way past the level of simply being awkward.

"Sigh. Let's see how it will go."

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 70: CH 61:SELFISH PRINCE AND SELFISH QUEEN

"Heh~ So she said that? Well, it was about time."

Sol and Lilith were currently seated under the shade of a tree in the hanging garden.

No matter how many times he observed this garden, Sol never ceased to be amazed by the beauty of it. From what he knew, it was Persephone, the witch of life who created it herself.

It was incredibly ironic how most of the greatest and most beautiful things belonging to this kingdom were obtained thanks to the witches who were so hated.

After leaving Lilin's room, Sol was informed that she was relaxing in the garden, and here he was, now accompanying her.

"So you already knew?"

Hearing this question, Lilith smiled a little after giving a nod.

"She made the promise to marry you once you become adults."

"Sigh, I thought that it was just a joke or something she would forget."

He seriously thought so. After all, who would take seriously the promise of marriage made by a 7-year-old little girl to a 4-year-old boy?

A pearl-like laugh escaped Lilith's lips at his dumbfounded expression, "If she is anything like me, and she is. She would have never forgotten this."

"...I may be mistaken, but it seems like it's making you happy."

He was rather curious. He was expecting many things, but not so much happiness.

"Indeed. This is incredibly good news. I was always worried about who she would end up with. So many complications ahead. I even initially planned to make her one of your fiancée candidates."

It was then that Sol remembered the very first discussion that sparked all the madness surrounding him. Looking at his aunt, he couldn't help but sigh.

He could feel how alluring and beautiful she was. A beauty, unlike any human. Looking at her, he knew that she would do anything he asked her of. Even if he asked her to make love with him she wouldn't refuse if he insisted. He could certainly Conquer her body rather easily.

But this wasn't what he wished for.

If it was just sex, Sol had hundreds if not thousands of willing partners possible.

But the matter of heart was something different.

Lilith, unaware of Sol's thoughts, was admiring a family of ducks who was happily paddling in the little lake in front of them.

"I am not a very good mother you know? Never was I a good aunt. This is one of the few regrets I still have, the result is the strained relationship between me and the two of you."

"..."

"But now I know that I don't have to worry anymore. I am sure that you will take care of her and Lilin became incredibly strong. She will without a doubt protect you with all her strength."

"..."

"The more time passes, the less needed I feel I am, once you obtain a basic amount of experience in matters of ruling and reach a sufficiently high level in terms of personal power, I will have completed my role."

"Sigh, Little Lilith, could you shut up, please? You have reached the apex in terms of destroying the mood."

A cold voice suddenly sounded before a black gate marked with the symbol of a snake eating its own tail appeared in front of them.

From it, two people slowly came out, one being a mix of white and black, the other being a bright and almost blinding pink.

They were without a doubt, the witch Freya and Edea.

The one who spoke was none other than Edea. Her expression, full of exasperation.

"Teacher! You finally came out!"

Smiling at him, Edea took two steps before Sol immediately reached her and pulled her in a tight hug.

Lilith, who was still seated, gave a frosty glare at Edea.

"I am happy that you finally broke your binding. But what do you mean by that? Know that my respect for you does not mean I will allow being insulted."

"Hehe~ She is angry."

Freya floated a few centimeters before reclining in the air as if she was sitting on a chair.

Meanwhile, Edea who had her hair ruffled and her breath out of order pushed Sol before facing Lilith.

"Oh please~. I thought I was bad, but you take the whole cake. At least I didn't play the hypocrite."

"Hypocrite?"

Lilith rose to her full height as she walked toward Edea. She was a head taller than her and her curves were undoubtedly way superior.

Raising her head a little, Edea continued, "Indeed. I thought I was rather bad in terms of personality and was too negative, but you take the crown. Never saw anyone like that."

"You-!"

"Me! What? Do you wish to fight?"

Feeling the fast deterioration of the situation and seeing how Freya conjured a bag of snacks and admired the scene with absolutely no intention to help diffuse the situation, Sol. Knew that if he did not intervene they would come to blow.

Covering his face with his hand, he sighed, "Please the two of you stop. Stop acting like children."

""Humph!!""

Thankfully the two of them listened to him and separated with a Huff.

Freya meanwhile looked at her snacks with a disappointed expression before shrugging her shoulder and popping one in her mouth.

Silence settled in the garden as Sol closed his eyes in thoughts. He wasn't dumb, once he clearly saw all the signals he managed to understand that Lilith was pretty much suicidal.

But here the question. What could he do?

He couldn't just jump in front of her while screaming to not kill herself right?

Yesterday, after his date, he asked Milia to put Lilith under complete surveillance to avoid any accidents. He understood that she wouldn't off herself as long as he wasn't officially made king, but better be safe than sorry.

Even now he could feel the seven maids skulking around as they were just doing their jobs.

But he knew that 3 out of the seven were members of the Crown's shadow. It was truly a staggering number.

'Sigh. I should face reality and stop letting my thoughts wander.'

He frowned at how he always began to think about many unrelated things when the situation in front of him was too complicated.

Lilith was suicidal, this was the undeniable truth. Then, how could he protect her from herself? The first idea he had was making her see someone akin to a psychologist.

Sadly, despite all the similarities between this world and his previous one, psychology-related studies didn't really exist and the few who existed used true hypnosis. No way he would let Lilith in such a situation.

Of course, he had the option of directly facing her. But what could he do? Force her to not suicide?

Scream that if she killed herself, he would follow her?

This could work. But it wasn't ideal. Someone suicidal had a reason for being so. Simply forcing them to stop could only work for a short time. You needed to understand and erase the cause of this.

'It is impossible to heal her mental issues as of now.'

Healing at the source would take time. So what he needed was time. No matter he had to be sure she wouldn't do something regrettable.

'I have heard that a Phoenix could resurrect anyone who didn't die for too long thanks to their tears. Though this could only be used once per person.'

He didn't want to think about it, but suicide or no suicide, death was an inevitability for mortals. Having a way to cheat it even if once was godly.

"My aunt, would you listen to me?"

"Sol..."

"Teacher may have exaggerated a little, but it's indeed the truth that you have been showing many signs pointing to a rather depressing conclusion. I wonder if there's some truth to it?"

Be it in this life or the other, Sol never had to deal with someone wanting to die. As such, he was very careful with the words he used.

Lilith, lost for words, stared at him silently. Still, silence was sometimes a better answer than any word.

"I see."

Falling silent, he sighed before continuing, "My aunt. You know, I understand your words of yesterday better now. You are a very selfish woman. Far more than I am."

Back then, Lilith soothed his worries about his selfishness. But now that he thought about it, she was also soothing her own guilt by saying those words.

Lilith stopped staring at him as she raised her eyes toward the sky. Despite that, Sol didn't let his smile slip a bit.

"Then, I guess this will be a match between our two selfishness. Mine, in wanting you to stay alive, and yours, in wanting to die."

It was a war. A war where he had to beat Lilith to save her from herself.