

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 7: CH 7: HEAVY DISCUSSION

Hearing his sudden question, Lilith, who was about to eat her meal, narrowed her eyes to slits; myriad emotions filtered through them before she elegantly put down her fork and knife, resting her gaze at a serious Sol, more serious than she had ever seen him before.

She knew for a fact that this question would be coming her way sooner or later and in fact, was surprised it took so long.

Silence settled between the two as Lilith searched for the right words to answer Sol, to explain what he desired to learn. She wished for nothing more than for him to understand her woes and the grounds behind her actions.

Before getting pregnant with her daughter, Lilith had never been interested in motherhood and she believed that she was far from the perfect example of what a mother should and could be.

Her life was a battlefield and she was a warrior, motherhood never came close to the nature of slaughter and destruction she cultivated throughout her life.

Thus, the inevitable happened when her child was born — her relationship with her daughter could only be called strained when put gently but near-freezing cold when told truthfully. Her daughter hated her, and everything she represented, to her core.

In Sol's case, however, Lilith tried to always be a little more partial and gentle, however, distances were always drawn between them, distances created by her and kept for reasons she only knew.

She knew, deep down, that Sol's growth as the fine man he had now become had very little to do with her upbringing.

However, for that very reason, if not anything else, was why she had to do it — tell him what she's been hiding and enlighten him of the things that were his right to learn.

"I understand that my orders might seem a little incomprehensible to you, and truthfully speaking, perhaps I am reading too much into it, doing things for nothing in particular. Still, I have to do it because I believe this is a necessary step you must eventually go through. At least, I hope for you to know I have your best interest at heart...always."

Sol merely nodded at her words. He had never distrusted Lilith in his life, that notion never came in his mind to begin with. Lilith was the Regent Queen of the nation of Lustburg — the queen of humanity. Even though she did not possess any legitimacy since she was not a Blessed, there were many alternatives she could've found or methods she could've created to keep the kingdom under her control or change him into her puppet.

But she showed no such actions or intentions. Lilith had always taken his well-being as the first necessity.

Gently taking his hand in hers, Lilith began to explain herself, her woes, her difficulties, and the basis of her decisions.

"Sol, every time I look at you, I see the shadow of my elder brother. Be it your tall and muscular frame, or your long golden hair and beautiful crystal blue eyes. There's absolutely no mistake about you being his child."

Speaking those words in a doting tone, she slowly caressed his hair with a loving look on her ever stoic face.

She missed her brother. She really did. He was her rock, her shield, her light. The one who gave meaning to her life in this cold and merciless dog-eat-dog world. Sadly, she would never be able to see him again —

— One of the many many reasons why Sol was so important to her. He was the last memento of her brother, that she dearly loved, perhaps, the only person she loved...

"Sol. You are frankly everything I could ask for and so much more. You are handsome and hard working. You are smart and full of interesting ideas. But..."

Stopping in a trembling hitch, she looked down, down at her free hands, hands coursing with power, yet not enough to be able to protect all she loved. Clenching it hard, hard enough that blood almost seeped out of her dainty hand, she delivered to him the painfully bitter truth, that made it hard for her to sleep at night.

"It isn't enough. Like your father, you lack the single-minded drive to become stronger, despite your immeasurable talent. The all-consuming desire to stand above the others no matter what. The desire to stand in front of everyone and shadow them with your wide back."

Ambition — a feeling, a drive that drove humans toward greatness, fame, and absolution. In order to realize their ambitions, humans could reach new, never before seen, heights and break all limits and surpass themselves.

"Sol, Mars Luxuria was known as the strongest man ever born. A natural hero. A supreme being that made all the seven kingdoms and their powers tremble at the mere utterance of his name."

Mars as a Blessed was born inhumanely talented, to the point that some still believed that they had no limits, Lilith being one of them. But his case was a very extreme instance. Everything for him was always smooth sailing. There was nothing he could not do and his growth seemed to have no known limits.

In the last years of his life, he had even reached a level of power no known human had ever managed to reach and helmed the coalition during the last war against a very powerful enemy.

Lilith gazed deeply into Sol's eyes with a mad fervor dominating in hers. So much so that Sol nearly took a step back at the intensity he could see brimming in those beautiful eyes of hers — almost scaring him at the frightening emotions that reigned in them. It wouldn't be wrong to call them to have an almost fanatical glow...

"Sol Dragona Luxuria. You are the heir of this kingdom. You are the future king of Lustburg. More importantly, you are the . The man who saved this world. The man, the hero, who immortalized himself with his deeds. Never forget that. This title isn't just a boon for you. This is also a curse. A weight. A burden that will try to crush you at every moment of your life."

The fanatical glow in her eyes dimmed before changing into a sad melancholic light, a light that spoke tales of the tiredness, the helplessness, and the pain their wielder held.

"All your life, you will be compared to your father. It does not matter what you do. When you succeed, they will see it as normal and when you fail, they will mock you for being a disgrace.

"While children are praised for passing grades, you will instead be mocked. They will never care for your struggles and will chalk everything up to your talent and circumstances. They will never accept your merit as they will think that it was to be expected.

"Sol. I have protected you all those years from the outside. I have hidden you from the world because of my fears of losing you like I lost your father. Even then, I believe that I managed to give you a happy childhood. One even happier than the one I was able to give to my own daughter. But... All of this is about to change."

Lilith took a deep breath, before saying the final piece.

"After your awakening, I will not be able to hide you anymore without being accused of trying to steal the throne or manipulate you. Soon, you will have to face the world by yourself. A world that will be full of expectations for you but, at the same time, a world that, more than anything else, will wish to see you fail and make a fool out of yourself.

"After you awaken, you will become a man. You will have to fight for your authority. Fight for your life. Fight for your rights. For your kingdom. Your friends and your lovers. Let me ask you... Are you ready?"

Sol clenched his fist when he heard her utter that question — a question that seemed to hold the burden of the entirety of humanity.

Was he ready?

Sol wanted to say he was. He wished to say that she had nothing to worry about and that he would be able to handle everything alone. However, while his pride wanted to take control, the colder, more pragmatic, and calculating side of his mind that he cultivated over the years had already reached an answer, far before the prideful side of his could take reign of his emotions.

"No... I am not."

Softly, he spoke, hanging his head low...

He had been training since he was young. Learned everything from politics to warfare and fights. His theoretical knowledge was at a level few could ever reach.

But that was all it was. Theory. Theory and practicality would always be different.

He didn't want pride and arrogance to be his downfall.

Hearing him answer thus, Lilith showed a delighted smile, for the briefest of moments. She had no doubt that Sol would become a powerhouse. He was someone full of talent. But in this world, innate talent alone was never enough. The mindset was even more significant than any talent ever could...his father was an exemplary proof of that statement.

"Sol, I wish to see you stand at a height so high, that no one would ever compare you to your father again. I wish for you to live a life your father never had the chance to live. I wish for you to live in happiness. But more than anything,"

Her face clouded with immeasurable sadness and unreadable grief as she whispered the last painful words, "More than anything...I wish for you to never make the same mistakes your father did."

"Mistake?"

"Sol. Do you know why your father, a man so powerful that all the seven kingdoms feared him, a man who could saunter in and out from the spirit realm as if it was his own backyard, a man who even the goddess acclaimed, died?"

Sol gulped heavily, hearing her question. This was a blank point in history. Everyone knew his parents died during the war against the Chimeras while sealing all of them in an alternate dimension.

But no one knew why Mars had to die... The war was going so well that his death shouldn't have been necessary, even more so with someone as powerful as his mother by his side.

"All of this happened because of his naivety. All of this, because he trusted the wrong person..."

"The almighty hero of the mortal world, died because of a woman."

Lilith uttered, and Sol, as he heard those words, felt that the earth crumbled underneath his feet...