

Tribal Hunt Pt.02

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Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Tribal hunter wants to impregnate his own tribal Mother.

Tribal Hunt Pt.02

Chapter 5: The Only Fertile Man

Anarungu woke up at dawn feeling more refreshed than ever. Despite facing hardships and fatigue, the past few days had been the best of his life. He avenged his father's death, killed a lynx, became the new Chief, and, most importantly, had an incredible night with his new wife—his own mother.

The first rays of dawn illuminated his wounded arm. Gnelsey cut him to safeguard her womb from her own son's seed.

The cut was carefully treated with a healing ointment. It seemed the wound was treated while he slept.

Upon waking up, Anarungu could hear singing and water splashing outside.

He got out of bed, threw on his feather cloak, and left the hut. His mother was playing in the water, murmuring to herself. Her hands moved through the water as if cradling a newborn baby in a bundle. Anarungu approached, catching the familiar tune of a lullaby that Gnelsey had sung to him as a child. When she noticed him coming closer, she fell silent.

“You were such a beautiful little baby when I gave birth to you. A little birdy. But your father thought you were weak. He believed I cheated on him and gave birth to a weak Blood Bird child. Can you believe it?” She smiled, wiping away tears and washing them away with water. “But I didn't care. I was the happiest woman in the village because I finally became a mother and had the most beautiful son in the whole world. My Anarungu, my small birdy.”

He moved closer, and she lowered the newborn into the river once again. Submerged in the water, she extended her arms to the sides, watching the make-believe infant disappear.

“And now, my lovely child, the light of my life, has dared to... can’t even say it... dared to enter my sacred womb,” she ran a wet hand between her legs and touched her pubic hair. “You dare to take on the role of my husband and make a baby with me, your old Mother. How dare you, Anarungu?”

“Fate made the decision for us, Mama. We have to accept the new rules.”

“No! I won’t accept it! Never! There’s a curse of infertility hanging over our tribe. Now that the son-chief is married to his own mother, I see it as a sign. Our tribe is in danger of dying out. Maybe it truly is fate. I hope you enjoyed yesterday because it was the last time we will ever do that.”

He wanted to tell her about the berries, about the curse of Naragasa, and the fact that all the men of the tribe were now unable to have children. All but him.

She had to let him fuck her and put a baby inside her.

But maybe it was even better if she didn’t know.

He should let her continue to think that the curse has consumed the entire tribe. When the time is right — she’ll get a pleasant surprise.

“You cut me yesterday,” he said.

“It’s a small price to pay for our salvation. One day, when you come to your senses and realize what a mistake you’re making towards your poor old mother — you’ll thank me.” She turned around, pointing her chest towards the water and continuing to hum old songs, dipping back in time. “Now, please leave me. It’s still hard to look at you and to hear your voice after what we did yesterday. My heart aches, it’s hard to breathe.”

In the evening, the bodies of all who were killed in the hunt were brought to the ceremonial brazier. The first to find the bodies of Peacock and Scar was Tatar’Atu (An was not surprised). Tat spent a long time

soothing and comforting Scar's mother while Scar's father, too old to participate in the hunt, watched silently and probably enviously.

After the Elder's speech, the bodies were gathered together and set on fire. Anarungu watched as the fire devoured the bodies of his two lifelong friends.

"Goodbye Peacock. Goodbye Scar."

He tilted his head, saying farewell to his friends. It was hard to think he would never see them again.

Meanwhile, Tat silently consoled Scar's mother, standing opposite. She cried into his manly shoulder while Tat himself gently stroked her back and short black hair.

"Perhaps you would have been happier if I had died in the Great Tribal Hunt?" Anarungu ran his hand over his mother's back. The evening had turned cold and she was wearing a light cloak.

"Don't say that. It would have broken my heart and I would have died of grief," she ran her hand over his shoulder, touching the scar. 'But I'm not entirely happy with you being chief either.' She sighed and added softly. "My nestling."

He smiled. She finally sounded like his mother again. There was something incredibly exhilarating about being the only fertile male in the village, and the future mother of your children could be your own *Mother*.

"Can I kiss you, *Mama*?" he asked tenderly.

She loved the way he said the word "*Mama*." Just as she had yesterday when he'd furiously tried to fill her with his seed. Gnelsey never got rid of the thought that maybe her son had actually been sent to her by the spirits on her pleas to restore fertility to the tribe.

No, that would be too wrong.

"Yes, you can, sweetie," she said quietly, warmed by his words.

He slowly leaned down and kissed her soft lips, which were sweeter than any berries or fruit, tastier than anything. At that moment he was ready to sacrifice the whole world for her.

“I love you, *Mama*,” he said when their lips were finally parted.

She smiled, engulfing his saliva, but did not reciprocate. Gnelsey lowered her eyes, yesterday’s horrible mistake flashed before her eyes again.

Someone patted him on the shoulder. It was Tat.

“May I see you for a moment, Chief?”

Anarungu stepped away from his mother and approached him. His friend looked nervous.

“I never thanked you for letting me win the Great Hunt, Tat,” said Anarungu, but Tatar’Atu didn’t seem to listen.

“Whatever. There’s something I have to tell you. I saw one of Blue Lynx’s men on the night of the Great Hunt. He’s been prowling our lands, searching for prey. Didn’t they have an agreement with your father not to enter our territory? It’s a problem, Anarungu. If they start invading our lands...”

“They must have learned about my father’s death.” An adjusted his chieftain’s crown. “He warned me this might happen one day. Blue Lynx can’t be trusted. It’s a tribe of snakes and horrible slaughters.”

“You have to deal with it as the new Chief. I know it’s hard, but you have to make some sort of decision. We trust you, An.”

He bowed and returned to the roaster, hugging Scar’s mother again.

“Right. It’s much easier when someone else has to make the decision for you.” Anarungu returned to Gnelsey.

“Is something wrong?” she asked, looking into his worried face.

“Nothing. It’s just the smell of burning bodies. I hate it.”

“I thought you would have gotten used to it by now.”

“Apparently not.” He put his arm around her shoulders, smelling her hair. He didn’t care about anything, didn’t care about any danger as long as his beloved wife and mother was by his side.

There was something romantic about this evening despite the fact that right in front of them the bodies of his dead friends were being burned.

“Let’s go back to the hut, honey. It’s time for bed.” She took him by the hand and led along. The other villagers parted, bidding farewell to their chieftain.

Finally, the two of them were alone in the chief’s shack. Gnelsey showed him her knife.

“Tonight, we will spend the night as mother and son and just get a good night’s sleep,” said Anarungu.

“That’s what I wanted to hear. But I’ll still keep my knife with me, if you don’t mind. I’ll keep it with me even if you do.” Gnelsey smiled, getting ready for bed.

He admired her gorgeous body as his mother removed her cloak. Her black dreadlock curls cascaded over her strong, tan back, revealing the traces of a long and fulfilling life—burns, signs of aging, small cuts, and other marks. Her hips were gracefully shaped, leading to a well-defined and firm ass. Those were flawless hips, with the potential of bringing many children into the world, but, oddly, she had only given birth to him.

Even after all these years, she remained the best woman in the tribe, the true wife of the chief.

They went to sleep side by side, and Anarungu gently placed his hand on her stomach. “I wish I could put my child in this belly. Why does the idea of knocking up my Mother make me so crazy?”

“Don’t you dare do anything stupid, nestling. Don’t make mother bird angry,” she whispered.

“I just want to feel the warmth of your body, mother.” He ran his hand over her skin, feeling her warmth. “You never wanted more children?”

“Childbirth is too painful. Men, you will never understand it. Giving birth to you was terribly painful, Anarungu. I didn’t want any more children after that horrible night when you were born, and before the curse descended on our tribe. And then it was too late. Honestly, I was glad I didn’t have to go through labor anymore. I was grateful to have just you, my baby.”

“I’m sorry that my coming into the world has brought you so much pain, *Mama*,” he kissed her cheek.

She barely held back a chuckle, grinning through all her teeth. “Don’t be silly, it’s not your fault. Childbirth is a woman’s plight. Our sacred mother’s womb produces offspring into this world.” She made a deep sigh. “And you dared to enter my sacred mother’s womb yesterday. You entered the hole that gave birth to you. It’s just... repugnant.”

“You invited me inside, don’t you remember? I couldn’t say no.”

“You could! And you had to say no! You had a choice, but I didn’t. Did you really want to take your father’s place when you watched us make love?”

He nodded.

“I always told him not to do it while you were around, but he was blinded by his love for me. I knew it would affect you badly. Children shouldn’t have to see their parents doing it.”

“You were never as loud with him as you were with me yesterday.”

Gnelsey fell silent, looking up at the ceiling of the hut.

“Seems like you have nothing to say, *Mama*. Don’t listen to what your mind tells you, listen to what your body tells you. And I know your body liked what we did yesterday.” He slowly lowered his hand, fumbling for the warm maternal birth hole beneath her belt.

“NO! It only matters what my mind tells me, Anarungu.” As she spoke he rose and knelt between Gnelsey’s legs. ‘And my mind tells me that you are my son and we can’t... uughhhh,’ she squeaked when his tongue touched her labia. “What are you doing?”

“I want to show my love for the tender mother’s hole that gave birth to me even through pain and suffering.” He tenderly kissed her pussy again; he used his tongue, driving it along her sweet pink cheeks. His lips were kissing and licking it, savoring the taste of her sweet pussy. “Mmmm... I love the taste of you, *Mama*. The taste of my birthplace.”

“Ughhh, no, ooff. Don’t do that. Don’t... ughhh say that. Please stop. Don’t, Anarungu. My little nestling. Don’t make me use the knife again.”

“You still refuse to listen to your body? You taste so good, *Mama*.” He spread her legs, continuing to enjoy her birth hole, his birthplace. She moaned, putting her hands on his head and trying to muster the strength to tell him no.

“Gosh, Anarungu... Ughh... I’m begging you to stop. You said we were going to spend this evening as mother and son.”

“We are.” He removed his belt and pulled himself up, ending up on top of her. Anarungu slowly touched her pussy with his purple hot tip. “Oooh, *Mama*. I love your sacred birth hole so much.”

“Oooh, no, Anarungu. Not again... Never.”

He wanted to push further, to enter all the way in like yesterday, but suddenly felt a sharp blade on his neck.

“I said No! Why can’t you just understand it? Is it so hard? Yesterday I did what the tribe demanded of me. We miraculously avoided having you knock me up and I’m not going to do it again! Now put your cock away. RIGHT NOW!”

“Or what? You’re going to kill me?” he grinned, but at that moment a sharp blade swept across his chest, splitting the skin. He jumped back.

“Ouch! You know I could easily take that knife from you, don’t you?”

“You wouldn’t dare,” she carefully licked the blood off the knife and wiped it against the cloth. “I’m a dangerous woman. You don’t want to mess with me, dear. Now, lie down, and we’ll spend the night like a genuine mother and son. No, we will spend it like a loving mother and son. I’ll tend to your wound in the morning.”

She used her motherly tone and patted the bed beside her. Reluctantly, but Anarungu complied. Taking the knife away from her would only make her angrier.

He lay down, turning his back and making sure there was a certain distance separating them. The wound on his chest ached, but he didn’t let it show, thankfully, the wound wasn’t too deep, and the bleeding had ceased.

He flinched when something touched his skin, but it was her lips. Gnelsey kissed his shoulder, then his back, wrapping her other arm around him and snuggling up behind her son.

“If you only knew how my heart bleeds when I have to do this. No mother should harm her child,” she murmured, running warm fingers over the wound on his chest. “It hurts far more than a small knife wound, believe me, my nestling. I hope you understand. I’m doing this for the greater good. You need to live with your urges without involving me in them.”

He remained silent, and she started singing the lullabies that once comforted him in childhood. Her hand gently stroked his head and soon he was fast asleep despite the wound. There was only one thought going through his head. “I’m going to do it anyway.”

The following days passed in a similar and peaceful manner. Gnelsey did not allow him to touch her, so there were no new cuts on his body. Anarungu performed his duties as Chief, wandering around the tribe in chief’s cloak and crown and making odd decisions with the Elder. Like

what the village should eat on a particular day or whether more huts should be built for the winter.

“How do you like my new look?” his mother fixed her hair. Instead of dreadlocks, she now had gorgeous long dark curls.

“You look stunning, *Mama*.” He rapturously examined her new hair while she smiled. “As always.”

“You make a good chief, my nestling.” Gnelsey kissed his lips in a sort of thank you and headed towards the river with the bucket. Anarungu felt the warmth of her kiss and watched her breasts shake.

“My chief?” said the Elder, coming closer. A tiny old man was peering out from Anarungu’s shoulder. “I need to discuss with you something.”

“Yes, what is it again? Something regarding food?”

“No, my chief. It is regarding Gnelsey. Some men feel, shall we say...” The Elder hesitated a little. “They think you should transfer your breeding rights to another man.”

“What?” Anarungu turned angrily. “Why is that?”

“Well, my chief, it’s because she is your mother,” the Elder said, lowering his head shamefully. “I myself remember the times when Gnelsey carried you in her arms and rejoiced that she was able to produce such a beautiful and strong boy. She was so happy at that time... So how can you engage in breeding, my chief? It’s just doesn’t seem right. Gnelsey is no longer young; her time is running out, so some men...”

“Didn’t I claim my breeding rights on my mother when I became tribe chief, Elder?”

“You did, chief. But...”

“Then don’t you dare bring it up again!”

In the evening, Gnelsey conducted the customary ceremony of worshipping the spirits, seeking their benevolence to restore fertility to their tribe. Many women mourned for their men who had not returned from the Great Hunt. Peacock and Scar's mothers, driven by the hope that the spirits would bless them with more children, joined in the solemnity.

His mother looked stunning in her dress with new hair, yet fatigued and seemingly resigned. She likely believed her days of motherhood were numbered now that her new chief was her own son.

Gnelsey closed her eyes, channeling the collective energy of the women around her.

"Let our Blood Bird tribe flourish once more, let the life force flow through our veins, and let the curse be lifted. We offer our unity, our love, and our faith. Hear us, spirits, and grant us the gift of new life."

"I would grant you a new life, *Mama*, if you would only let me." Anarungu sighed, sitting in the chief's chair. "There are plenty of women in the village, but for some reason, I want to make a baby with my own mother. What is wrong with me?"

The ritual was ending when someone tapped him on the shoulder. It was a concerned Tatar'Atu, holding something in his hands that Anarungu couldn't see in time.

"I have something to show you, chief," Tatar'Atu quickly vanished between the huts, concealing what he held.

Anarungu approached, Tat was holding a rolled-up bundle. There was movement inside of it.

"What is it? A child?"

"Not really. I found it in the woods not far from where the Great Hunt happened. I didn't know what to do, so I brought it with me."

A small grey lynx lay in the bundle, curiously looking around.

“A lynx? Why did you bring it to the camp?”

“It’s not like I could let it die, An! It’s him by the way. My mother is deaf and blind, but even she is starting to notice things already. I can’t keep him with me.” Tatar’Atu handed over the bundle. “You’re the chief now. Take it; take it for yourself, please.”

“Are you out of your mind? What am I supposed to do with it?”

“I don’t know! You have to make that decision. I can’t bring myself to kill it, I’ve tried, but I just can’t. He has grown so much lately. I don’t know what to do. He’s like a real baby. You have to make this decision; you’re the chief. Please, An.”

Anarungu gently cradled the lynx in his arms like a child. “Do you want me to kill it?” The lynx gently bit An’s finger, and he pulled his hand away. “Ouch”

“I don’t. But I’ll accept whatever decision you make. I trust my new Chief.”

“I already have so many problems, and now you’re here adding to them. What am I going to do with you?” He glanced at the lynx, staring at him with its green eyes in a mysterious way.

“In your hands, what’s that?” asked Gnelsey once he was at home.

“It’s a gift from the spirits,” he held out the roll, showing her the animal. Anarungu tried not to look at her breasts so as not to distract himself. “I found it in the jungle, I wanted to kill him but I thought it was a message from the spirits, Mother. Could this be the answer to your prayers?”

“Is it a lynx?!” Gnelsey recoiled in fear. “Why did you bring it here? Do you realize how many members of the Blood Bird tribe have lost their lives because of lynxes? This includes both children and women.”

“This lynx has done no harm. Tribe spirits sent it to me. Don’t you think it’s a message that I can have an offspring?”

“A message?” Gnelsey twisted her head. “What are you even talking about, Anarungu? It’s just a lynx. It’s not a message. Get rid of it.”

“No!” He clutched the lynx tighter against his chest. “It will live with me, with us. If I can’t have real children, then I’ll have him.”

“Sweetheart, I appreciate your kindness, but sooner or later, he will grow up.” Gnelsey stepped closer, cautiously examining the beast and stroking Anarungu’s hair with her free hand. “And then, it will turn into a wild creature.”

“So I’ll deal with him when he becomes one.”

“Fine. As you wish.” Gnelsey stepped back, ending the conversation. “But don’t you say I didn’t warn you.”

Over the next few days, all Anarungu did was take care of the little lynx.

“I’m going to name you Peacock, in honor of my good friend.”

Anarungu introduced Peacock to the tribe. While few accepted this course of action, most considered it just another quirk of the new chief, similar to his unconventional relationship with own mother. Chief Anarungu might have hit his head hard after the Great Hunt, but Anarungu didn’t care what the village thought about him.

In caring for little Peacock, he found a distraction from thoughts of having offspring with his mother and completely forgot about the looming problem of the Blue Lynx.

“You’re growing up so quickly,” he mused, gently stroking the animal’s belly while sitting in his hut that morning. “I hope you won’t turn on me when you’re fully grown. Right?” Peacock playfully nibbled on his finger and let out a small yawn.

Gnelsey entered the hut with a couple of fruits, keeping a watchful eye on the animal. “Your friend Tatar’Atu has been spending a lot of time with Scar’s parents lately. I think he is interested in his mother. Do you know anything about that?”

“We’ve barely talked since the Hunt,” he replied, trying not to watch at her perfect body. He didn’t want to be distracted. He couldn’t think of anything else when he caught the scent of her vagina or saw her quivering breasts.

“You’ve changed so much, my little nestling,” she said, running her hand through his hair. “I am grateful that you didn’t try to be intimate with me again.”

“Yeah,” he responded casually.

“We should talk, Anarugnu. I had a prophetic dream this morning, and I believe I’ve figured out how we can break the curse of infertility.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Come, let me show you something.” She took his hand and led him outside. Peacock silently observed, licking his paw. As they passed, all the Blood Bird residents greeted their chief.

They approached a part of the village he rarely visited.

“Come inside.” They entered an old hut that had stood there since before he was born. Inside were small cribs for children, but they were empty. It seemed like no one had been in this hut for a long time.

“This place used to be filled with joy—children, babies crying and screaming. But now it’s empty, Anarungu. Every day, there are fewer of us. The elderly are passing away, but no children are being born.”

“So? What do you want me to do?” he asked.

She took his hands and looked into his eyes. “In my dream, I saw clearly and distinctly, just like I see you now. You must step down as chief, and then our tribe will thrive with life again, dear.”

“WHAT?” he exclaimed, pulling his arms out of her grasp. “You want me to give up everything because of a dream? It’s not a curse hanging over us; it’s you fools who blindly followed Naragasa and ate his berries, causing all men to be unable to procreate.”

Gnelsey approached silently, placing her hands on his cheeks. It was clear she wasn’t taking his words seriously. “I know you’ve always wanted to be chief, but you must make this sacrifice for the well-being of the entire tribe, sweetheart.”

“No, mother. That’s not going to happen!”

She ran her hand over his chest and moved lower. “What do you want me to do, uhm?” She started gently massaging his cock.

“Ughh, mother. What are you…”

“I thought about this. If you make it happen, I’ll let you spend another night with me. Just like the first time. And I’ll agree to put the knife away, because I’m sure you’ve changed and realize now how wrong it is to finish inside your mother.”

His eyes widened for a second. His cock immediately hardened at the thought of being able to be inside her one more time. And this time it would be without the knife.

“I see you like that idea, don’t you?” She smiled and squeezed his hard-on. “You are such a bad little nestling for desiring your Mama.”

“Mmm, yeah, ughhh.”

All he had to do was get her pregnant and then she would realize the foolishness of her dream. She’ll accept him as a real chief and husband.

“You are so big. So what have you decided? Will you do it if I let you enter me again?” she looked perplexedly into his eyes, while slowly stroking his manhood.

“I agree, yeah. But we’ll do it tonight.”

“Tonight? But I was going to do another spirit ritual.” She sighed and clasped his cock tighter, noticing that Anarungu didn’t seem to care about that. “Fine. Tonight.”

As the sun dipped below the horizon, the village was getting ready for sleep. However, inside the chief’s hut, things were just starting to stir. Gnelsey sat on a straw bed, holding up her knife to show Anarungu before putting it away. “Are you happy with that?” she asked.

“Oh yeah,” he replied, not taking his eyes off her trembling, swollen nipples as her hands moved.

“Then come over here. What are you waiting for?” She watched expectantly, nibbling her lip as he stepped closer removing his feather belt. “I can’t believe I’m letting you do that again.”

He touched her chin and ran his hand through her hair, she was so gorgeous. He wanted to kiss her, but she moved her lips away.

“Well then,” he got on top of Gnelsey, roughly guiding her onto her back. He spread her legs and entered sharply when he found the spot. ‘Ughhh.’ Anarungu was slowly working his way through the tight sweet vagina, reaching the very end. “Oooghhh, Yeah!”

He missed that feeling so much. He missed being inside his mother. The same pussy that gave birth to him.

“You are back in my sacred motherly birth hole, Anarungu. Are you happy?” She smiled, her whole body trembling, savoring his presence inside her.

“Yes, and there’s no way I want to leave it again.” Anarungu froze, it felt so wet inside, soft, warm, thrilling.

“Let’s make this night special, sweetie.” She put her arms around his neck. “I like feeling you inside again.”

“Yes, Mama. This night will be special.” He pulled himself together and withdrew. “Ughhhh, yes, yes.”

“Just ughhhh, don’t forget to take it out when you finish, please. Let’s not give fate a reason to curse us more.”

“Yeah, yeah, sure.” He started moving back and forth, finding a perfect rhythm. He pulled out and penetrated mother’s pussy again, hitting her with his hips. “Oooogh, uuughhh. How can you be so tight after giving birth to me.”

“Watch what you say, grrrrr, or I might grab the knife again,” she didn’t resist when he tried to gently kiss her.

“I love your taste, Mama.” He couldn’t stop the thrust of his hips, even if he had to. Her pink warm insides gripped his cock so damn tightly each time he entered. “You are my first one, mother. And I want to make love to you till the day I die.”

Gnelsey rolled her eyes under his thrusts. “Don’t talk nonsense while we are doing this, please, or I might get angry... Mmmm... I can’t believe how good you make me feel.”

“Ooooh, yes.” He greedily nipped her breasts as he continued to kiss and fuck her. “I love your boobs so much. I loved them my whole life... ughh”

“Ooooughhh, mmm, I know, baby. You always loved your mother’s boobs. Ughhhhhh, gosh. Why does it feel so different from your father. Unbelievable. Are you close yet?”

“No, I’m not yet. It’s going to last much longer, Mama.” He kept finding a rhythm, kissing and hugging her. It was crazy that she was letting him do this. One way or another he’s going to finish inside her tonight.

“Don’t make me regret this, Anarungu.” She gently kissed him on the lips, the first time on her own, and whimpered pitifully, clawing at his back. “Ughhh, yes, my nestling!”

He thrust in and out, while his *mother* was going through her orgasm, hitting her insides and thighs painfully. Gnelsey could barely keep from screaming under her son's rough thrusts. He was penetrating her with all his might, as if trying to tear her from the inside out.

"Be more gentle, please. Ouch, uhggggg."

"Does it hurt you? Does it hurt like it did when you gave birth to me?"

"Do you want to play that game, my baby bird? No, your labor was much more painful." She grinned wickedly and then he increased the pressure, thrusting at her even more. "You can't even... mmm... ughh.. imagine how painful it was, baby."

"I'll make you regret saying that." He started hitting even harder, thrusting in even more fiercely, holding back was getting harder and harder. He felt the end was near and almost shrieked. He can't show her that he's finishing.

"I love you, Mama. Oh, it feels so good. Your motherly hole is perfect, I... ughhhh." He took one final pull and entered all the way in. "Mmmmmm, yes."

"What are you doing, sweetie? Tell me when you're done so I can..."

He was breathing hard, he stopped moving and his face contorted. His hands squeezed her breasts even tighter and at that moment his balls clenched and the first drops of his seed spurted right into her.

"Anarungu, what are you doing?" she whispered.

He made a fatal mistake when he failed to consider the fact that his mother was far more experienced than he was and had seen men ejaculate and cum more than once.

He was ready to shot his seed inside her and wanted to kiss her at the fateful moment of the finale, but she realized what was happening. Through the lightning strikes of pleasure, he suddenly felt a sharp pain.

A pain like he had never felt before.

The knife was stabbing straight into his shoulder. He cried out softly, either from the pain or from the finale of their intimacy. He emitted a few droplets inside her pussy before pulling cock out. Clots of white fluid spurted out onto the floor and onto Gnelsey's thighs, belly and boobs. At that moment a new blow traveled down his shoulder again. Gnelsey pulled out the knife and struck again.

"What have you done?!" she screamed, pushing him away from her and pouncing on top of him. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?"

"You're insane, agghhhhhh." He intercepted her hand with the knife.

"No, you're the one who's insane, Anarungu. I thought you had come to your senses, I thought you realized you shouldn't finish inside me! I AM YOUR MOTHER! What a fool I am for believing and trusting my son. I hate you!"

A few trapped drops of semen dripped from her vagina down her leg. Anarungu snatched the knife from her hands and pushed Gnelsey away, heading for the exit of the hut.

"I hate you! I hate you!" Gnelsey continued yelling, her shouts turning into weeping.

Feeling the pain from two deep cuts, Anarungu held the knife with his uninjured hand and moved through the darkness toward the water.

"Was it worth it?" He was still recovering from the copious orgasm that mingled with the pain. He was sleepy, he dropped the knife into the water and started cleaning his wounds with it. "Yeah, it was worth it. Her body and hole are too sweet to resist. But what we did wouldn't be enough to get her pregnant. Only a few droplets got inside her."

But would he have another chance?

Peacock slipped quietly under his arm, biting and licking An's fingers. "At least I still have you."

CHAPTER 6. BREEDING MAMA

A bloody dawn brightened the morning. He fell asleep sitting by the water with Peacock. His cuts ached terribly; he could barely move his arm.

“Did someone die today?” He watched the bloody sky, scratching Peacock’s belly. The animal yawned, welcoming the morning.

He was about to get up when he heard a voice.

“Anarungu, Anarungu!” Tatar’Atu ran up with his spear. Peacock jumped out from under the chief’s arm and stood in a posture of defense. ‘I’ve been looking everywhere for you. We have a problem,’ he panted, noticing Anarungu’s wounds. “Has something happened? Have you been attacked?”

“What happened, Tat?”

A couple minutes later they were standing on the outskirts of the village, Anarungu dressed in his chief’s robes and carrying a spear. On the ground lay the abandoned body of one of the hunters. His chest had been pierced with a spear, it had been done recently.

“We found him here at the very dawn.”

“Who did this?”

“We don’t know, but there are marks...” the hunter didn’t have time to finish.

A rustle echoed from the forest. Instantly, the hunters behind Anarungu readied themselves, drawing their bows and preparing their spears. A huge stocky man emerged from the forest, his head bald, and covered in blue designs depicting the claws, teeth, and ears of a lynx. These were the tattoos of the Blue Lynx tribe. He was wearing furry clothes, despite the warm weather, and a huge club.

“Are you the chief? I recognize the clothing. Where is Naragasa? I have come to speak to him,” said the man.

“I am Chief Anarungu, and Naragasa has long since been killed.”

“Did you kill him, child?” The big man took a step forward and Anarungu forced himself not to step back.

“One more step and we’ll kill you. Who are you? You’ve entered Blood Bird territory.”

The big man looked around. “I am a messenger of Chief Gharcha Sharp Fang, and I have come to retrieve what Naragasa promised us in return for the berries.”

“Promised?” Anarungu gripped the spear tighter with his healthy hand. “And what did Naragasa promise you?”

“All the women of the tribe” The messenger licked his lips.

“What do you need them for?”

“What do *you* need them for?” the messenger smiled.

He knows. The Messenger knows exactly what Naragasa did to them. The Blue Lynx were the ones who had sent him with the berries to destroy the Blood Bird.

The other hunters behind Anarungu glanced perplexedly at the messenger and the chief, trying to make sense of the conversation.

“You will get nothing. Our tribes had a deal. The Blue Lynx Tribe has pledged to Chief Anaragwan not to enter Blood Bird territory.”

“You think we’re afraid of a child in chief’s clothing? You know you’ve lost anyway, don’t you? You’re expendable, we’re not. Our offspring will destroy you, one way or another. Just give us the women and we won’t touch the rest of you.”

Anarungu’s eyes filled with anger. “Kill him!”

Archers fired, arrows stabbing Messenger in the leg, arm, and chest. One slipped past his neck. Tatar’Atu thrust his spear precisely into the

man's arm, and the two big hunters behind Anarungu put spears into man's ribs.

Messenger coughed up blood, "You made a big mistake, Chief." He smiled and exhaled, succumbing to his injuries.

Anarungu turned around, making his way back to the village. Tatar'Atu quickly caught up, his spear still stained with blood.

"What did he say about the berries? Did Naragasa betray us? Does Blue Lynx know about our curse?"

Anarungu winced as he touched his wound. "It's not a curse, Tatar'Atu. Naragasa tricked us into eating berries that make men unable to have children."

"So, it's all because of those berries?" Tat asked. "But I... I ate them too."

Anarungu nodded. "Yes, I'm sorry, Tat. Naragasa deceived us all. Just keep it quiet for now. The tribe shouldn't know. No one should know; it's too early. We need to have a meeting and discuss it." Anarungu placed a comforting hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Tat, my friend, I need you to survey the tribe and find out which men and children did not eat the berries. Some might not have liked them, or maybe they ate very little."

"Like you?" Tat asked with envy.

"Yes, like me. We have to be prepared."

Tat sighed heavily and nodded in agreement.

The Chief, the Elder, and a few hunters met in a big hut for the meeting. Gnelsey and respected women, including Scar's mother, were present too. Gnelsey avoided looking at her son and stood to the side.

"We've already faced the Blue Lynx before. Why should fear trouble us now?" asked the Elder.

“They know of the curse that lies upon our tribe. They are going to fight us to the last man until all the men are simply extinct,” said Atolis, who almost became chief instead of Anarungu. “And he said something about berries and that he had a deal with Naragasa.”

“Naragasa betrayed our tribe long ago. I’ve been saying it for a long time, but no one listened to me,” said Anarungu. “We will fight Blue Lynx, and we will win in the end. Put hunters around the tribe and send out scouts, let them watch the forest.”

“Yes, Chief.”

Anarungu settled into his chief’s chair. “I’ve just become chief, and already I’m stuck in the middle of a war. The messenger was right. We can’t win; sooner or later, they’ll destroy us anyway.”

The hut swiftly emptied. Anarungu lifted his head, finding only his mother remaining.

As he stood up, she rushed to him, hugging her son as tight as she could. “I’m so sorry. I’m sorry for yesterday, my nestling,” she said, squeezing his neck.

Gnelsey touched the wound on An’s chest and shoulder. “I’m so sorry for that. It needs ointment, Anarungu.” She kissed the wound like it would help.

She tried to guide him, but he held her hands, resisting. “You’ve heard everything, Mother. We’re in danger of being destroyed if the tribe doesn’t produce new children.”

“And I still believe you must pass the role of chief to another to break this curse.”

“No, that’s not...” he barely contained the anger building up inside. “It won’t help! Forget about your stupid dream. Why are you so desperately afraid to let me do it?”

“Because you’re my son! You can’t be more than that, Anarungu.”

“You want me to stop being chief? I’ll stop it if we share a bed as we should. As chief and his wife. I’ll put a child inside you, Mama. But if you don’t get pregnant — then I’ll give the Chief position to someone else.”

Gnelsey shivered. “That’s gross, Anarungu. Why do you think you can break the tribe’s curse? Are you that confident?”

Funny how no one paid attention to the messenger’s words about the berries or realized what he was talking about.

Gnelsey continued. “Do you think you can satisfy your mother and put your child inside me?”

“Yes.”

“You know you won’t beat the curse, don’t you.” She sighed, touching his chest.

“So. Do you agree? Will you let me enter your sacred mother’s hole again?”

“If I have to do this to save our tribe, then so be it. I’ll meet you at the shack.” She kissed his cheek and walked out.

“Finally!” Anarungu could barely contain a smile, he was overwhelmed with thrill. “She has no idea what will happen next”

It did not take Anarungu long to arrive. He entered the hut, his mother already waiting for him on the bed. Inside, there was a sweet smell of a woman, and the cozy smoke from a nearby bonfire filled the air with a nice herbal fragrance.

“Greetings, my Chief.” Gnelsey spread her legs wide, showing off her gorgeous pink pussy and black curls of pubic hair.

She touched her breasts, squeezed them, and beckoned him to her. “I am waiting for you. Come over here. Fuck your Mother. Put your baby

inside me.”

“Yes.” He pounced on her the very next second, ending up between Gnelsey’s legs and kissing his mother greedily on her lips, neck and breasts. “I’m finally going to do it.”

“Finally?” she grinned under the pressure of his kiss. “Have you really wanted to knock up your Mama for so long?”

“You have no idea.” Anarungu removed his feather belt.

“I created a perfect strong cock.” She watched him get closer and run his tip over her wet labia.

“Oh yes, Mom. You created it. And your life will be forever changed after this time. I suggest you start picking names for our first child.”

He entered, working his tip through her sweet tender tight insides. “Ohhhh, fuck.” He was shaking with his whole body from the insane pleasure.

“Mmm, yeah, that’s it. Go in deeper. I’ve been thinking of names for your siblings for a while now. Come on, break the curse, and then I’ll name them whatever you want, my nestling.”

He smiled and reached all the way down, resting against her cervix. “Ooooffff, so damn tight, Mama.” His suddenly clutched around her neck and squeezed painfully. His body froze, and An slowly lowered himself to Mama’s ear, tucking her hair away. “Tonight you don’t have the knife and we’re going to fuck the way I want. I’ll get even for all the times you’ve hurt me, Mama. You can be sure.”

“Mmm, is that so? Do it! I like it when you’re so angry and naughty.” She uttered, feeling the grip on her neck. “Do you think this will help make your seed stronger and beat the curse, my baby?”

“You have no idea.” He enjoyed being inside her for a couple more seconds. He pulled his cock back out, biting lip to the blood and leaving his birthplace. But only for a little while.

With a sharp jerk, he entered again, squeezing his clasps around Mother's neck even harder. "Ohhhh, yes," his balls slapped against her thighs with all his might.

"Yes, come on, grrrrhhh, Anarungu." She could barely breathe because of his tight grip.

He went in and out again, leaving her vagina and coming home again. It was like a beating, he thrust his hips sharply against her each time his cock entered her vagina. An was beating her body with his hips, clutching her neck.

Gnelsey grunted, closing her eyes, trying to hold back her scream and breath. His cock was made for her vagina. Sweet sensations filled An, incomparable to anything else. His skin gently stretched inside her pussy. He continued to thrust, fucking her wildly. He climbed more comfortably, getting his feet on the bed, his hands still clutching her throat.

Her thighs reddened from his blows, he took one hand away from Gnelsey's neck and clawed at her breast, scratching her tender skin around the hard sweet nipple.

His cock kept going in and out, he had no rhythm, he was just trying to enjoy the process and make her hurt. His balls were tossed from side to side with each powerful blow. His hips pounded against her body, he increased the pressure, hitting her hard over and over, using the full force of his strong muscles. He was trying to tear her vagina from the inside out.

Gnelsey squealed, pleasure mixed with pain, she barely had enough air for a few breaths because of how hard Anarungu clutched at her throat.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" He could feel the sweat dripping off his head. He was already sweating because of his intensity, because how hard and fast he was penetrating her. He kissed her, biting Moher's lip and continuing to use the full power of the hips to rip into Mama's birh hole.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, that feels so good. You’re in more pain now than when you gave birth to me. Yes? Does it hurt now? UGHHHHHHHHH.”

She didn’t want to answer, but she couldn’t help it. He demanded an answer. Sweat dripped down her face

“Tell me, Mama!!”

“Yes!” she screamed, looking helplessly into his eyes like a victim looking into the eyes of a predator. Anarungu smiled, remembering how she had looked at him their first night. Now he is in control, not she. “I am in pain, Anarungu! It hurts me more than childbirth. It hurts me more than your labors! Please don’t be so... kghhhhh... ROUGH! You’re tearing me apart. Ughhh, Nooo!”

The first tears appeared in her eyes. The insane pleasure blended with the pain of his strokes, she barely knew what was happening or where she was. Strong orgasms filled her head and at once mingled with the pain.

“Oh yes, that’s the way it’s supposed to be. I’m going to rip you here, and then my baby will rip your vagina as you thrust it with your perfect hips out into this world. Agghhhhhhhhhhh, that feels so good.”

He was starting to feel the pain himself, but it felt too good to stop. He let go of her throat, grabbing her hair and kissing her lips, eyes, nose, cheeks. It was like he was going insane, he couldn’t get enough of her. He couldn’t fully savor her.

Anarungu increased the speed, fucking Mama, entering her sweet tight pussy.

Occasionally Anarungu would pause to catch his breath. Gnelsey made the most of these pauses, breathing heavily and coming to her senses. She would try to recover from orgasms, shaking beneath An’s body. But he didn’t let her fully enjoy the ecstasy. Anarungu took a breath and attacked her furiously again right when she was in the middle of her new orgasm. “It feels so good, oooooooh yes, the best feeling in

the world. Do you like it? Has my father ever fucked you as hard?” He didn’t even give her a second to answer.

His animal nature began to erupt with each thrust and slam of his hips against hers. His cock was fully in and out, covered with the insides of her vagina.

“No, never, he never fucked me like that!!!”

“Yes, I remember. He was sluggish, weak, old. He wasn’t worthy of your sacred mother’s birth hole. But now you have me. Oooh.”

He slid into her as deep as he could, as if he was preparing to spurt all inside, but it was still early. His cock greedily explored every flesh piece, every bit of it.

He felt sad because he realized he was on the verge and soon this incredible thrill would be over.

“Oooh, yes, my hole loves your cock, Anarungu. Your father was not worthy of me. Keep going, keep going, don’t stop,” she closed her eyes, savoring son’s cock, his hands squeezed her breasts and nipples with all their might. “Mmmmm, yes, yes, like this.”

He kissed her, going crazy with euphoria. Everything was spinning before his eyes. It was a gentle kiss, no tongue, just lips. He wanted tenderness at these final moments.

“I love you, *Mama*,” he said it again. The way he said *Mama* was so sweet that Gnelsey couldn’t help but feel touched. Her son was so beautiful in his love for his mother.

“I love you too, *Anarungu*. My small baby bird. My nestling. Come on, fill me up. Do it! Ohhhh, yes.” She watched him penetrate her furiously, her thighs ached so much from his strokes, but maybe she deserved it.

“Ooooooh, I’m almost, yeah, I’m almost... *Mother, Mama!*”

“Give me that, give me your seed.” She grabbed his balls, massaging them. “Fill your Mother up!”

Anarungu roared like a wild mad beast and entered all the way in one fierce painful blow. “UGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

His whole gut, his whole body trembled, shrieking from the inside out, trying to release the energy that had built up. His cock and balls shook with maddening force, overflowing with power. He stared into her gorgeous face, his beloved mother.

At that moment, a white thick liquid spurted directly into her womb. Millions, billions of lives emitted inside her pussy, in mother’s fertile womb created for reproduction.

She had created that cock. Now it came back into her in streams of semen.

“Ooooghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, *Mama, Mama*, please, forgive me!” The thick liquid spurted inside again, penetrating her deepest tunnels. Both their bodies shook as if in a seizure, wet with sweat and passion.

“I feel it, baby. I feel it throbbing!”

He kissed her gently, feeling a new stream of semen spurt out, filling her pussy completely. Droplets of white liquid dripped from her vagina right onto the bed. But he, touching her tongue with his and going through a lightning strike, spurted another stream of vital fluid to make sure that her entire womb and pussy were filled.

“Ohhhh, yes... It feels so good. Finally... *Mama*.”

“I can feel your seed inside, so much. You have filled your mother bird. I am so... proud of you, my nestling.” She could feel how much he had put into her, her belly seemed to swell a little, overflowing with semen. “Did you really want to do that so badly? To knock me up?”

Anarungu didn’t listen, he couldn’t listen, the pleasure was too deafening, and he slowly pulled his cock out, a sluggish pearly river spilling out of her vagina.

He collapsed beside her, tired, exhausted. “Our children will be beautiful, Mama,” he said.

“It’s unlikely that will ever happen, Anarungu. I’m sorry, but the curse cannot be broken that easily. Not even with zeal like yours. That was beautiful. I’ve never felt so good before and I forgive you for finishing inside me.” She gave a good cough. She could finally breathe properly.

Her whole body ached as if someone had beaten her up. Anarungu couldn’t hold back a smile, even through the pain and fatigue. “If you only knew... Now while we’re awake I’d like to hear the names of my future brother and sister.”

“Do you want to hear the names?” she ran her hand over his cheek and hair. “I’ve always dreamed of another boy named Anaravansan. That was my father’s name. Your grandfather was very strict but fair and a strong hunter. However, one day, he was attacked by a lynx. It happened before your birth. And if a girl, Gansaya. That’s my mother’s name, your grandma.”

He saw her big, wet, red chest rise and fall with each deep breath she took. Her neck was also red, and she seemed to be struggling to catch her breath.

Anarungu reached out, touching her belly and slowly crawled up to her, finding himself between Mom’s legs again. His hard cock rested against her wet vagina.

“Are you hard again? How?” she asked surprised.

“I just love you that much, Mama. Let’s make sure Anaravansan and Gansaya see this world and be born.” He penetrated her wet pussy again, shivering. It was both cold and warm inside. Maybe he really had gone mad and distraught. It all seemed too unreal.

“Ughhh, gosh. I’m all yours today, Anarungu. If that’s what I have to do to restore fertility in tribe and stop you being chief!” Judging from her

face she didn't like what atrocious thing he just said about Anaravansan and Gansaya, but she didn't protest.

He quickly found a rhythm. It was strangely painful to penetrate her a second time after he rearranged her guts before. Her lips were still gripping his cock, but this time it was so damn wet there.

“Ohhhh, Yeah.” His cock shook uncontrollably. His body seemed to stop obeying him, and Anarungu had to stop for a moment.

Gnelsey ran her hands over his strong manly arms, from shoulder to forearm. “Is there something wrong, baby? Are you in pain? Shouldn't we stop, my nestling? Mother bird is tired. You've already done what you wanted to do. That's enough. Let me rest, please.”

He slowly pulled his cock out and slid in again in a sharp jerk.

“Ohhhhhh, honey,” she rumbled.

“No, I want more. I want all of you!” He squeezed her breasts, kissing her. “Mmmmmmmmm.” He grabbed her other breast, scratching at it with his claws, pressing fully into her skin. His hips kept moving, furiously intensifying his thrusts, penetrating her deeper and deeper.

“You're hurting me, sweetheart. You're hurting Mama, hurting, aaaahhhh.” She cried out, cocking her head back and raising her arms as he ripped her cum-filled vagina again and nibbled on her soft sweet breasts. “Did I really raise you... like this?”

“Mmmm, Yes, Mama, yes, ooooooghhhhhh!” His balls ached and quivered, gathering and preparing to emit more vital fluid. “Oooooh Mama!” Anarungu straddled her big legs and flew his cock all the way in.

“Take it, Mama. I want you to take it all, ughhhh.” He felt sick, his body trembled, and he was jittering. New streams of seed spurted straight into her sacred womb. He tasted blood, tasted pleasure, explosions, love, and the joy of creating new life. A surge of electricity raced through his entire body.

“Yes, yes. That’s it, keep going, my love.” She smiled, not from pleasure, which she undoubtedly felt, but from realizing that finally, this horrible night would be over.

He pulled his cock out followed by a slurping sound and collapsed beside her like a post-fight trot. If she had decided to kill him with a knife at that moment — he wouldn’t have been able to resist.

She ran her hand through his hair, he could feel her love and tenderness and her desire for him to fall asleep “Sleep my love.” She gently kissed his forehead; the distinct smell of semen could be seen in the air. “I love that you want to have a family, sweetie. You’d be an amazing father. And I’m even a little sorry that I won’t be able to give you what you want. But just a little. One day the curse will be over, you’ll find yourself the most beautiful girl in the village and start a family with her. It would be a good life, I’ll be a good grandmother to your children, boy and girls. We’ll just pretend today didn’t happen. You were young and eager, full of desires and lust. We’ll act like it never happened. Everything will be great. I love you, my little nestling.” She gave him a tender motherly hug, letting his head rest on her chest.

Well, sometimes fate indeed does bring us some unexpected and wonderful surprises.

While Gnelsey was asleep, trying to forget that ghastly night, she didn’t know about the many things happening inside her body.

The seed of the only fertile man in the village, who, by amazing circumstances, happened to be her son, was growing inside her.

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