

Tribal Hunt Pt.03

afs4

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



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Tribal Mother gets pregnant by tribe's chief Son.

Tribal Hunt Pt.03

Chapter 7: Prisoner.

“Wake up, Anarungu.” Gnelsey shook him lightly by the shoulder. “Meet the dawn.”

Young chief opened his eyes, feeling something soft under right arm. It was Peacock.

Although it seemed like yesterday he’d had all the juices squeezed out of him, this morning he was greeted with a morning boner that peeked out from behind his girdle.

His mother glanced down at his huge cock and backed away, returning to chief’s wife morning routine. She had red feathers in her hair and a ceremonial outfit on the waistband.

“We did what you wanted. Now I need you to go and tell the Elder that you are not our chief from this day on.”

He watched as her insemination-perfect hips moved and her ass jiggled just above the level of his face.

“I told you I’d stop being chief if you didn’t get pregnant, Mama. After last night, there’s no way you won’t.”

Gnelsey traced her hand over her belly, sensing his warm jizz still lingering within her. A shiver of horror passed through her as she thought about the possibility that his seed might be fertile.

What if she has to bear a child of her own son? No, that can’t be happening.

“Why, out of all the men, would you think you could break our curse? Even if your seed is fertile, which is highly unlikely, it can’t grow inside me. I didn’t want to upset you yesterday, but a seed can’t sprout from the same tree it came from. I have lived a very long life and know how

nature works. A bird can't have babies with its own chick. You just wanted a night with me, not as a son, but as a chief and husband. And I granted you that night!"

"And the night was perfect, Mama," Anarungu came closer. He gently squeezed her lusciously beautiful breasts. "This bosom will feed our coming child, just like it fed me. Because of Naragasa's berries we are the only ones who can help the Blood Bird tribe."

She didn't understand why he was mentioning berries. Gnelsey removed his hands from her chest.

"This bosom will not feed your child, Anarungu. You have no idea the sacrifice I made for the tribe yesterday when I let you do... all this gross stuff to me. You finished inside me two times!"

He rested the head of his morning hard-on against her belly as she spoke. His pink head entered her navel lightly, smearing the viscous white fluid across her stomach. Gnelsey kept talking with a serious face. "And I want you too to finally make the sacrifice for our tribe. Give up your position as chief."

The jets of pleasure from his cock, touching her soft skin, were rushing through his skull. He wrapped his arms around her neck, moving closer to mother's lips, but not kissing. He felt her warm breath on his face, saw her nostrils dilate.

"You're gorgeous, Mama. You would be a perfect mother of my kids. I don't want to lose you; I won't give you to another man. But I'll do as you ask; only if it turns out that my seed indeed hasn't grown in you."

She rolled her eyes, tired of hearing his nonsense. Mother of his kids?

"How much do you want to wait?"

"Until I can be sure you are not pregnant, Mama. I think you remember how my pregnancy went and what the first signs were. But if you don't, ask the Elder. He knows how long you have to wait for the first signs."

Gnelsey's eyes suddenly glittered with anger. "Do you want me to tell the Elder that the chief, my own son, has put a child inside me!?"

"I haven't yet. I've only tried." He grinned.

"A bird cannot bear offspring from its chick! Did you even listen to what I was saying to you! Ughhh!!!! You're just like your father. You are thinking by using what's between your legs. The spirits will never let me get pregnant with your children. When will you understand that?" Gnelsey snapped, her hands angrily resting on her waist. Her chest heaved with emotion. "You should find yourself a suitable mating partner, Anarungu. I heard Gindotola was interested in you. Maybe you have a future with her, not me."

His hard cock was still pressing against her belly. Anarungu took her by the shoulders.

"For now, my mating partner is you. You're the chief's wife." He slowly sat her down on her knees.

"No, Anarungu." She tried to protest, but he was telling the truth. His eager manhood was finally at the level of her nose. Her soft pleasant breath rolled over his cock in waves.

Gnelsey's nostrils widened when she smelled his big member. It was still covered in the remnants of her insides and An's semen from last night. And that was the odor his mother was inhaling now.

"It's only until you realize I'm not pregnant. And no child-making mating!" Her eyes rose to his, her nostrils absorbing again the scent of his cock.

He nodded and twitched as her fingers gently circled his base.

"Shh, don't be so jerky," whispered Gnelsey, stirring up his skin. "I can't believe I raised such a hungry big bird boy."

"Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, Mama." His legs shot up as her lips gently kissed his pink head.

He has traveled back in time many cycles ago. He is wrapped in the cloth in her arms and suckles her breasts. Gnelsey kisses him, her tender kiss full of motherly love.

Now with the same kiss she bestows on his cock, covered in her son's semen. At this moment she seemed like the most beautiful woman in the whole world.

She smiled noticing how hard her kiss has knocked him out. Her lips opened and she enveloped his head before engulfing his cock all the way down with a sharp movement of her head.

“Ugghghhhhhhhfff... yeah, Mama, yeah,...guhghhhhhhhhhh... it's... perfect.” He closed his eyes, her moist soft mouth sending him to places of pleasure he'd never been.

Gulping sounds filled the shack; she was licking the remnants of last night's cum off his cock, eating his dead kids, her grandchildren. Anarungu strained hard not to fall, his knees bent slightly.

Her tongue drove over his cock, his skin, and his black veins. “Kghhh.. Ugh-ugh-ugh, ghhhhh, ugh.” She lapped, smacked and tasted the flavor of his manhood.

Anarungu felt a mad desire to mark her, to fill her throat and belly with his hot seed. First her vagina, now her mouth. But every time his hands touched her black hair or her head, wanting to embrace her — Gnelsey's teeth clamped down painfully on his cock. It was a clear sign, “Don't touch me.”

“I have to... AAAAGGGGGGGGHHH...” he couldn't help himself and a jet of pleasure rolled through his skull, he jerked as her lips pulled his skin one last time him and released hot semen.

Gnelsey pulled her head away and white clots shot out onto the floor, catching some of her hair.

“Ughhhh, Mama.” He straddled his trembling staff, releasing more and more streams.

When it was over, he realized he was standing in the middle of the shack alone. He could now smell the odor of cum himself. The mess created on the floor now had to be cleaned up.

The morning sun illuminated the Blood Bird tribe. Everyone was busy with their work, especially hunters, warriors of the Blood Bird tribe. At the fringe of the settlement, where the verdant jungle stretched out before them, a small group of hunters had congregated.

“A trap must be stealthy and inconspicuous. Otherwise there is little point in it,” Anarungu was showing a few of the young hunters how to properly tie a liana.

He was still recovering from the morning orgasm.

Peacock excitedly leaped up onto his leg, letting out tiny meows and eagerly trying to get involved.

“How do you know so much?” asked Tat.

“My father taught me everything he knew. While you were hunting animals, I was learning how to hunt humans.”

Tatar’Atu nodded.

“Elder says we will lose.” Suddenly said one of the young hunters. “Blue Lynx is stronger. Elder is old, he doesn’t care anymore. We’re going to run out sooner or later because of the Curse!”

“Did the Elder say that? He’s an old fool. He doesn’t know what he’s talking about. Do you want these murderers to come after our mothers and sisters? After our women?”

The young hunters shook their heads.

“That’s what I thought,” concluded An. “So get yourselves together. We don’t know when Blue Lynx hunters will atta...”

“Chief!” Jarkash, a mature hunter, came running from behind the huts. “You need to see this!”

Anarungu and the young hunters hurried after Jarkash. They entered the jungle at the other end of the settlement.

“Look,” Jarkish walked over to three tall hunters who were flanking something. Or someone.

Anarungu stood amidst the hunters. On the ground, two slain Blood Bird hunters sat back to back. Their bodies mutilated and their noses cut off to the roots.

Some of the young hunters backed away in disgust, while others ran off.

“These two went hunting this morning for food,” Jarkash pointed to their chests. “The Blue Lynx mark.”

Peacock walked around, sniffing the bodies.

“We could have guessed who did it even without a mark,” said Anarungu.

“They’re trying to scare us. They think we’re afraid!” shouted Antolis, who was almost chosen as chief, swinging his spear.

Someone behind Anarungu was trembling, their knees and hands shaking.

“Set up the traps, just like I showed you. And burn the bodies of these two. We’ll say farewell to them before the sunset. This is our jungle, not theirs. Now find those who did this. They shouldn’t go too far,” Anarungu turned and walked back to the settlement. His serious expression suddenly softened, his lower lip trembling.

“Father, help me stay strong through all of this.”

“Elder?” Gnelsey went into the tall shack that stood out among the others.

The salty-sweet taste of her nestling’s dick was still on her lips.

She pushed aside a partly open animal skin cover at the entrance. Inside, the old hut was full of random things, with arrows and flint pieces scattered on the floor. Gnelsey carefully stepped over an old spear, which looked to have seen more than one encounter with an enemy, and approached the other exit.

“Elder?” she repeated. This time her tone was rather surprised.

A short old man stood outside the shack, two hands clutching a staff. He was watching the sky. “Is that you, Gnelsey?” he said, without taking his eyes off the sky. “I recognized your footsteps. My eyes don’t see as well as they used to. Come here, my dear.”

He reached out his hand, and she took it.

“How is our leader doing?” he asked with a smile, gazing at the clouds.

“Anarungu is strong. He is a good chief,” she replied.

“That is good, good. We need a strong leader now more than ever,” Elder nodded. “And how are you doing?”

He smiled and turned his head to Gnelsey, squeezing her hand.

“I’m fine, father,” she met that gaze with consternation and looked down.

“Is something bothering you, dear? Did something happen? You know you can tell me.”

“I’m just... We need different ways to pick a chief. The Tribal Hunt failed the Blood Bird. How did we end up with my son being my chief and husband? Sometimes I feel like I’m losing my mind.”

Elder sighed meaningfully, his nostrils dilating with mute anger.

“There was nothing between us! I would never let my son behave like my husband in any way. My womb is sacred.”

“Heavy trials have fallen upon your shoulders,” the Elder said, looking straight ahead as his slightly blurred pupils widened. “I think Gansaya would find the right words to comfort you, but as your father, I will speak the harsh truth. We have all faced hardships, and with the death of Anaragwan, a great threat has come upon us. Anarungu becoming chief was an accident, an accident that could destroy our tribe. We should get rid of him.”

“Get rid of him?” Gnelsey wrenched her hand away.

Elder made a step closer, adjusting the staff. “You’ll find a new strong husband, a hunter, dear. And you will bear many more new children when the curse of the tribe is lifted. I was silent when you mentioned not wanting more kids after Anarungu was born. But that was before the Tribal Curse! I know it’s hard to accept the loss of one son, dear, but imagine how many other children can you bear? Don’t they deserve the right to live? Your body is still capable of producing more strong progeny. You can’t be Anarungu’s wife and Anarungu can’t be your chief. Sweetheart, either you or him should go.”

Gnelsey watched the movements of his old lips in shock. “Anarungu is my son! He’s our family! We are not animals to kill our own kind, Elder. There should be another way. I’ll convince him to renounce his chieftaincy! I almost...”

“Those who renounce their chieftaincy are sent into an exile. Anarungu will never agree to that. Or you disagree with me?”

“Are you saying...” Gnelsey felt like she was suffocating. “Are you saying that I should exchange my son’s life for the prosperity of our tribe?”

“I’m old, dear. Time passes, sometimes I feel like I stopped understanding some things. And perhaps I’ve been wrong about many other things.” He looked at the sky again, jabbing the staff into the ground. “But in all this time while I have lived and watched, I have

realised one truth. There is nothing stronger in this world than my daughter's loyalty to the Blood Bird. And I know she will make any sacrifice to ensure that the tribe thrives."

Gnelsey breathed, her chest heaving. Only the light reflected from her tear-filled, beautiful brown eyes.

Anarungu fixed his knife on his belt. Tatar'Atu, sitting in a nearby tree, did the same. His friend grabbed a branch and glanced down in dismay. It wasn't too far to fall, but if you landed wrong, you could easily break something vital.

Anarungu dangled his feet, checking to see if the paint on his face has dried. On the tree across from them, two more hunters settled down. Their whole appearance indicated that hiding in the vines was not to their liking.

"We've been waiting for a long time. Could Jarkish have been mistaken about the Lynx scouts? Maybe they attacked our hunters and returned? Are we sure they should be here?"

Anarungu just nodded.

He fondly recalled the night he spent with his mother. The feeling of his hot seed flooding his birthplace was like nothing else.

And then today's morning. Her hot tender mouth was amazing. It was the same mouth that kissed him throughout his whole life, his birth and childhood.

But he still had doubts. Will his seed sprout inside her? He twirled one of the berries in his hand. Tribe Devours.

Maybe he had eaten those berries before but didn't remember. Just one or two. It might not have seemed important then, but even eating one berry would mean that he can't have children. "If I can't have children then I'll have to do what I promised. I have to stop being chief and go into an exile."

Tatar'Atu patted him on the shoulder and pointed down.

They are here.

Ten hunters, faces and bodies carelessly painted with red smear lines that tried to mimic the drawings of the Blood Bird tribe. But anyone from the Bird tribe would have realised at once that they were enemies.

Five men and four women were led by a very tall huntress with curly short hair. A short hunter with a bow behind her quietly said something An couldn't hear.

They were just below them.

Anarungu signaled.

A makeshift net-like trap closed in on several Blue Lynx hunters, lifting them up.

"I can't believe it worked!" exclaimed Tat.

"Trap!" yelled the tall huntress. A spear thrown from the branches killed a hunter standing next to her.

The Blood Bird Hunters on the other tree attacked first, followed by Tatar'Atu and Anarungu.

Anarungu's hands trembled, but he pulled out a knife and hurled it straight at the bowman's throat. The man fell as the blade did not go in, but grazed his neck.

The sounds of battle echoed through the jungle. The next moment with a loud shout, the female leader huntress rushed at Anarungu to attack. Her spear narrowly missed his head as he moved back.

"You wounded my husband!" roared the woman while behind her back Tatar'Atu slit the throat of one of the Lynx hunters.

"I could have sworn I didn't wound, but killed your husband."

She attacked with renewed vigour. Anarungu fought back with his spear, retreating further back. Her spear sliced through the skin on his

ribs. She knocked Anarungu down and grabbed him by the throat.

Death was so close that he could feel its breath at his ear.

The dying bowman's screams stopped.

"Your husband... is dead," growled Anarungu. Hearing this stunned the huntress for a moment. Her grip loosened just a little, and she looked at Anarungu strangely, as if assessing him.

A bird-like whistle swept through the forest and a dozen hunters, led by Jarkish, jumped out of the trees. Peacock jumped out after them. The animal ran up and leapt at the huntress' leg.

As the creature's teeth dug into her skin she held back a groan of pain, and Anarungu kicked her in the stomach. The woman bent over in pain and Anarungu delivered another kick to the head.

He tied leader's hands. She was unconscious.

Soon after, all the men were killed. Only one woman, besides tall huntress, was captured.

Limping Tatar'Atu ran up to his chief. "Are you all right?" and without waiting for an answer asked again. "What is to be done with the women? Execute them?"

"No," Taking a breath, Anarungu said. "Bring them to the settlement. Are all of ours alive?"

"Karish is badly wounded." Jarkish said.

Peacock, whose small face was covered with blood, jumped back and ran between Anarungu's legs. After that it jumped away into the jungles, emitting a childish cat-like growl.

"Let's get back to the settlement," said Anarungu, feeling the wound in his ribs rumbling. "Let Karish be seen by the healers."

At that moment one of the Lynx men, mortally wounded, stood up. He wasn't noticed in time, and to the surprise of the other hunters, he

quickly moved towards the captured woman and killed her, snapping her head.

Bird hunters finished him off.

“Why did he do that?” Jarkish asked.

“Perhaps the Blue Lynx have customs we don’t know about.” Anarungu threw the tall huntress onto his shoulder.

She was their only prisoner.

Gnelsey rushed into the chief’s hut, anxiously searching for Anarungu. He was applying healing ointment to the wound.

“Anarungu,” Gnelsey hugged her son, her body pressed against his back. “My nestling, they told me you were seriously hurt. I was so worried.”

“I’m alive, Mother, but we lost three men today.”

“What were you thinking?” She slapped him in the face. “You can’t just wander through the jungle and wield a spear whenever you want! You’re the leader of our tribe, and you have duties!”

She kissed his wound delicately, bending forward a bit. The muscles on her neck twitched with every warm kiss.

“I know, Mama.”

“You should be here with me, not there. Why didn’t you ask me first? This is all Jarkish’s fault. He knows you’re a very young chief. I’ll talk to him and he’ll answer to me for having you almost killed!”

“You’re so pretty when you worry about me instead of trying to stab me with a knife.”

She squinted angrily and folded her arms, shaking her breasts.

“Just so you know, that knife has saved me many times. The best weapon against a man who wants to mate is a knife! You think I’ve never used it on your father? Well, you’re wrong. I said I didn’t want more children after you, but I never said you father didn’t want more.”

He approached her, savouring the scent of Mama’s black hair. Gnelsey hugged him.

“Just be careful, my nestling.”

Her tense dark nipples rested precisely against his chest.

“I won’t let them take you and my child from me.”

Jarkish appeared on the doorstep. He lowered his head and stepped back, waiting for the chief to be free.

“I have to go, Mother.” Anarungu slipped out of her arms and followed Jarkish. A stunned and confused Gnelsey fell onto the bed, holding her stomach.

“The woman,” said Jarkish. “She wants to see you. Says you’re her new husband now.”

They approached the half-empty hut. A few hunters let them pass. A huntress from the Lynx tribe sat on the floor and smiled. Her hair fell over her face, her hands bound.

“My name is Khaleana,” she examined him from head to toe.

Anarungu stood against the wall, holding a sharpened stone knife.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart, for injuring you,” said Khaleana with a chuckle noticing how he had touched his ribs. Gnelsey’s kiss eased half of the pain.

He squinted and levelled himself as if nothing happened.

“Why did you attack?”

She scrutinized his face like a female lynx preparing to mate. “Our messenger did not return. Our leader, the great Gharcha Sharp Fang

suggested that Naragasa refused the offer and betrayed his masters. Or am I wrong?"

"Wrong."

"Oh, really?" asked Khaleana with genuine surprise.

"Naragasa is dead. I killed him. I am the Chief of the Blood Bird. Anarungu the Great Ara. And we are fighting back of our own free will."

She laughed madly. "Your beak will be cut out very soon, birdy. I feel so sorry for you, child. You are so exuberant, I'm sure you are beautiful when mated." Khaleana lowered her eyes to his groin. "But who needs you like this when your pouch is empty and can't give birth to new fighters."

He remained silent. Anarungu didn't want to reveal the whole truth to his enemy. Not even the one who was his prisoner.

"You told my men I am your husband?"

The smile faded from her face. "According to our customs, the killer of a husband becomes the new husband. You killed my love, my husband. So now I am yours, Anarungu The Great Ara."

"So that's why one of yours killed that woman? Didn't want to share his wife with the enemy." He crouched down beside her, gazing into her face. Khaleana was indeed very beautiful. "Strange that such a beautiful woman had such a weak husband."

"He was the strongest warrior in our tribe! You were fortunate to have him. This time, he chose to use a bow, and your knife caught him off guard. What a fool."

He gently touched her cheek. "According to Lynx customs, are you permitted to kill your husband while mating?"

She reached up and kissed him. It was a nice, gentle kiss. "You'd be dead by now, birdy, if I only wanted to."

The other hunters were outside the hut.

“Do you have kids?” he asked.

“One.”

He pulled off his belt. “Maybe it’s time for another one. Your tribe should know that Blood Bird can have offspring.”

She smiled and spread her legs, inviting him in. He tousled her curly pubic hair with his tip, and when he encountered something soft and wet — Anarungu moved his hips and entered. Her birthhole was quite different, not like Gnelsey’s. “You are not as tight as my Mama.”

“What... what did you say?”

Before she knew it, he had his cock out and then back in. Then again and again. His hips searched for a rhythm.

“Mmmmm... I guess I was right about mating.” Khaleana bit her lip. He dragged her across the wooden floor, shaking her young ass with each stroke. Her small breasts barely jiggled with his arrhythmic thrusts.

He had only one thing on his mind. A Chief should have only one wife. And that was Gnelsey, his mother.

“Her brithhole is so much better. Ughhh, Mama.”

Khaleana wondered why he was talking about his mother. Faint streams of lightning ran through his body. Her warm vagina gently enveloped his cock.

“Yes, breed me, my chief.” Khaleana smiled, feeling Anarungu penetrate her deeper and deeper.

Would he ever be able to get together with another woman after his mother? He seems to realize now that he definitely won’t. He only wants his Mama now.

“Ughhhhh, Mother... ooooohh.” He gave one final push and released the entire contents of his balls. His cock shuddered and semen began to flood Khaleana pussy.

“Mmm, yes, I can feel it inside me. It’s a shame so much childmaking fluid goes to waste.”

He slowly pulled his cock out as the torrents of pleasure finally subsided. But all he felt now was regret and shame.

It should’ve been his mother. Not some random huntress from Blue Lynx.

“You are wrong. And now you will have another child. My child.”

The news quickly spread about a captured Blue Lynx prisoner. Gnelsey came out of the shack, wiping her tears and observing people moving toward the settlement’s border.

She joined the crowd, blending in.

Anarungu, wearing his chief’s hat and cape, stood near the border with hunters, Jarkash and Antolis around him.

“My nestling is so handsome. I nurtured and birthed a strong young man into the world.”

She remembered their crazy last night, her vagina still blistering. Was that pain because of the size of her son or the fervor with which he had penetrated the place that had manifested him into the world?

“It’s a shame I can’t give him the children he wants so much. What is it with me?” she wiped her forehead. She felt shame but also... dizziness.

Elder suddenly stepped out of the crowd.

“What’s going on, Anarungu? Did you catch someone from the Blue Lynx tribe? Why wasn’t I informed?”

“Just watch,” said Anarungu.

Khaleana was dragged out by Tatar'Atu. Huntress ran her eyes through the crowd, spotting Anarungu.

"I am the wife of your chief. You dare not touch me, you dare not! Anarungu!"

"Wife? What is she talking about?" Gnelsey looked at her son with consternation. Anarungu met her gaze, but looked away in shame.

He approached the captive.

"I am taking you back to your tribe. Go back and carry Gharcha Sharp Fang my message," he said.

"Oh, yeah? And what's your message?"

He pointed to her belly. "Didn't you understand yet? It's inside you. Child will be my message. Your leader is mistaken in thinking that we can't have progeny. If the Blue Lynx ever return here, we will demolish all of you."

Gnelsey felt dizzy again. It felt like she was about to throw up. The entire scene, everything that has been said, made her stir, all her insides clenching with a strange pain... Was it jealousy? She is jealous of her own son?

"You would never harm your dear wife." Khaleana wanted to kiss Anarungu, but he pushed her away.

"I already have a wife." He turned to see his mother, but she was gone. Gnelsey disappeared in the crowd.

His heart poured with longing.

"Chief Anarungu grants you life." Anarungu set her free and let go. Khaleana kept an eye on her husband until she disappeared into the bushes.

"Do you think you did the right choice?" Elder walked over to him using his staff.

“They must know that death awaits them here.”

“Fool. As long as our tribe is cursed, no man can conceive a child! By letting her go, you’re showing them our weakness. That was a foolish move!”

“There’s. No. Curse!” Anarungu said angrily as he clenched his teeth and grabbed Elder’s staff.

Elder looked at him like on a madman. But Anarungu continued.

“You are just a miserable old man who is undermining the spirit in my tribe. Blue Lynx won’t bother us anymore, and the Blood Bird might reconsider and choose a new elder!”

An older man named Shazram, who was Scar’s father, stood up to defend the Elder. “Don’t you dare touch the Elder!”

He grabbed Anarungu’s arm, and Tatar’Atu aimed his spear at Shazram.

“Don’t you dare to touch our chief!” he said.

Tension hung in the air. Hunters circled around them. Everyone tried to pick a side.

Chief or Elder.

“Don’t, Tat,” Anarungu pulled his friend away and looked into Shazram’s tired eyes, they were about the same height.

“Any betrayal will be harshly punished.” Anarungu let go of the staff and headed towards his hut.

Elder watched and in his eyes burned the fire of anger and non-dependence.

“I know what we have to do, Shazram.”

Chapter 8: Broken Curse

“Enough time has passed for him to believe there’s no child. Today, I’ll tell him he must refuse the position of chief. It’s time”

Standing by the brazier, she prepared for the ritual. Another ritual of invoking the spirits to restore fertility to the tribe.

“Is there even any point in that?”

She touched her belly. Though she had convinced herself that her womb was empty, something strange had been going on inside her for the past few days. A slight pain and burning sensation came and went again.

“Why was I so uncomfortable listening to him making a child with Blue Lynx huntress? Was I envy? But didn’t I was the one who wanted him to find a new mating partner? It doesn’t matter now, none of it matters. I must think only of my tribe. And today the curse will finally be broken. My son, my little Anarungu, will either go into exile or... die.”

Anarungu sat by the fire, watching the ritual. He was mostly watching his mother. Peacock was under his arm, noticeably larger now, licking its bloody paw.

Gnelsey spoke words to the spirits as always, hoping to bring back fertility to the tribe.

“Why didn’t she get pregnant?” Anarungu stroked Peacock’s head.

As if reading his thoughts, Gnelsey shifted her gaze to him.

“Today, my sisters, the curse will be broken. I give you my word. The spirits have heard us. This night, go to your huts and mate,” Gnelsey said, ending the ritual.

Anarungu raised an eyebrow.

He noticed Scar’s mother leading Tatar’Atu by the arm deep into the village. Anarungu made a whistle and pointed Peacock in their direction.

“Let’s be sure Shazram doesn’t catch them.”

Gnelsey watched the beast with consternation as she approached her son.

“He scares me,” said Gnelsey.

“He would be useless if he didn’t. Should we also go and mate like everyone else, Mama?”

She didn’t respond, simply rolled her eyes and motioned for him to follow her home. He stood up, and they walked back to the hut. The settlement fell eerily silent, with everyone hiding in their huts.

“I’m sorry for what happened with the prisoner. It was unpleasant for me to do what I did. But I had to, to keep our tribe safe.”

“Don’t lie to me, sweetheart. I know that more than children themselves men love making them.”

“No,” he took her hand when they were finally inside the chief’s hut. “I didn’t like it. And I thought about you all the time, Mama. I’m sorry I did it. I love you. You’re the main woman in my life. And our love was truly special and I want to make children with you till the day I die.”

She smiled uncontrollably. She liked hearing that for some hideous reason. Why did it make her feel good?

“I meant it when I said today that the curse would finally be lifted our tribe,” she said. “There is no child, Anarungu. And there won’t be one until you renounce your status as chief. You should do it today. Now!”

“Remind me again what is done to those who renounce chieftaincy? Do they go into exile? I’m sorry, Mother, but the tribe needs a chief right now. It would be a bad sign if I were to leave. I don’t belong in exile.”

She touched his face with her hands and whispered. “But you don’t belong here too. I’m your mother-bird, Anarungu. And you’re me nestling. We can’t mate. We can’t make children.”

She looked up at him with teary eyes, filled with hope, waiting for his response.

He pondered, looked closely at her beautiful face and then said.

“How about one last time?”

She frowned, wanting to curse at him again but stopped herself. She was so close to finally change his mind.

Gnelsey gradually sank to her knees. “One last time for my favorite nestling chief.”

She removed her belt of feathers and grabbed his sagging cock, squeezing it with her hand to increase circulation.

Her fingernails crisscrossed his black veins. He got hard as a rock, right in her hand, and Gnelsey without wasting a second swallowed him all the way down.

“AaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhH!!! Anarungu screamed, grabbing her head. Her tongue stayed outside, licking his balls. His pubic hair tingled pleasantly on her tongue, nose, chin and all over the face. He could have sworn that no one had ever penetrated as deep into her throat as he has. His cock twitched inside her throat, he could see her neck spasm. Gnelsey moved backward letting the monster she created loose.

She coughed, his entire cock engulfed in drool. She spit on the floor, catching her breath. “I’m definitely going to miss my chieftain’s cock.”

She threw off her ceremonial cloak, exposing the soft orbs of her breasts. But the nipples looked different, not hard as usual, but slightly deformed.

She devoured his cock again. “Ugh-ghghghh”.

Her lips and mouth gently worked every part of the manhood she created, licking his balls and nibbling on the skin.

Anarungu rolled his eyes upward, beyond the orbit. Pleasure was pounding through him non-stop. His mother’s mouth was the most

tender thing possible.

Suddenly, she stopped and pulled his cock from the mouth, turning away.

“Is something...” he could barely speak. “Is something wrong?”

“No, no. Everything’s fine,” she smiled, her saliva mixed with the secretions of his cock dripping down her mouth. She licked the fluids off her lips and went back to work.

She swallowed his cock once again, gently massaging An’s balls. Gnelsey gulped it down so far that the tip was deep in her throat again.

“I must mark her... She is mine alone now. I have conquered my mother.”

She lightly rubbed her dark nipple. Her head continued to suck all the juices out of her son at a wild pace.

He was getting so close; holding back was no longer an option.

“Ahhhhhh... Best... mouth... ever...”

He grabbed her hair and pressed it so hard against the root of his cock that his balls were in mother’s mouth too.

“Ughhhhhhhhhhh!!! Mama!” He shot his thick cum straight down her throat. He held her tightly as clots of white liquid shot down into the lungs and belly. Gnelsey’s eyes widened and she quivered, resting her hands on his hips. She coughed, spitting up some of his cum, but there was too much of it. She tried to break free, but he held her too firm. Anarungu pinned his mother’s head.

“Finally, I did it. I marked her”.

There was no other option. He couldn’t give her to anyone else, she belonged to him.

He shot down her throat again, watching her eyes fill with tears. His cock twitched inside her mouth, pleasure hammering at him with all its

might.

She pulled his cock out, but Anarungu continued to cum, shooting his semen all over her breasts, her hair, eyes, her swollen nipples.

“Ohhhh... yeah.”

Gnelsey spit on the floor, catching her breath. Her hand smeared cum on her chest, and she wiped her face with the ceremonial garment.

She quickly put the cape back on to cover her swollen nipples.

“That was the last time, Anarungu.” Gnelsey slowly rose to her feet, looking at the mess they created. “I hate that... smell.”

Outside, it started raining, and then a flash of lightning in the sky lit up Elder standing at the doorstep.

“Father?” Gnelsey wiped her mouth.

“Father?” interjected Anarungu in surprise. “Anaravansan? Wasn’t he killed by the lynx?”

Gnelsey remained silent. Anaravansan frowned as he watched the liquid accumulate around his daughter’s mouth.

“Anarungu. I’ve come to see if you still want to be chief or if it’s time to step down,” Elder said coldly.

“Anarungu, my nestling. It’s time. You have to do this,” Gnelsey squeezed his arms. “You promised. I’m not pregnant, you promised me. You have to stop being chief and save the tribe. Do it for me.”

Anarungu looked from the Elder to Gnelsey and back. “What’s going on here? Mother?”

“I repeat, Anarungu. Are you abdicating your role as chief?”

Gnelsey looked at her son with pleading eyes, watching his lips move.

Another bolt of lightning hit the sky.

“No!”

“Anarungu, please!”

“No, Gnelsey. Our chief has made his choice.” Elder struck his staff against the ground several times and whistled like a bird.

At that moment the men, the hunters, burst into the hut. Gnelsey took a step back, shamefully letting them in.

They ran in, grabbing their chief.

“What’s happening? No! Get away!” he tried to whistle to summon the Peacock, but his mouth was covered by someone’s hand. They grabbed him and pulled outside.

He looked pleadingly at Gnelsey, who lowered her eyes bashfully as he was dragged away.

“You had no choice, sweetheart.” Anaravansan ran his hand down her tender back.

“That doesn’t make me feel any better.”

“Then maybe you should stay here when...”

“No! I need to be there.”

Anarungu was dragged to the edge of the village. Rainwater was pouring down his face. He tried to escape by punching one hunter in the nose and stabbing another in the eye, but there were still more hunters.

“He’s kicking hard, Elder,” said Antolis.

“Then cut off his ugly fingers,” said the Elder calmly and coldly.

Anarungu saw a knife in Antolis’ hands illuminated in the moonlight. He tried to scream, to break free. But there was nothing he could do as the cold blade severed four fingers on his right hand.

He screamed into the hand. This can’t be happening. It can’t!

He was dragged to the jungle.

“Here the lynx won’t hear him,” said the Elder. Anarungu was placed on his knees and let go.

He pressed his hand, trying to stop the blood. His skull was buzzing with pain, but he didn’t try to scream anymore.

“Mama,” he whispered.

Gnelsey stood beside Elder with her head down.

“You refused to go into exile. With a chief like you, only death awaits the Blood Bird tribe,” said the Elder.

“You are wrong...” An’s body trembled with pain. “I am the only one who can save this tribe. You will all die out without me.”

“That is where you are wrong, child.”

Another bolt of lightning lit up the whole scene.

Elder continued, “We will die out With you, not without you. From now on you are no longer our chief, nor Gnelsey’s husband. Antolis is now chief of Blood Bird tribe, and he’s Gnelsey’s new husband. And the father of her future children when the curse is broken. You are nothing, Anarungu.”

Antolis drew his blade again.

“And you must die.”

Now death was not just close, it was whispering words in Anarungu’s ear.

“Usually, everything I do, I do for the tribe, Anarungu. But today I am making this hard decision not as an Elder, but as a father. I cannot watch fate mock my dear Gnelsey. You rape her, you torture her, you... do horrible things. I want only the best for her.”

“Let me at least... not die kneeling,” said Anarungu out of his last strength.

Elder nodded after a short pause. “You can get up.”

Anarungu stood up. He glanced at his mother, but she wasn't looking at him. Gnelsey's face was stony like she was sick.

Anarungu sighed, preparing to meet his end.

The sky lit up again with a lightning strike. Antolis swung, and at that moment Gnelsey fell to her knee.

She vomited.

The Elder's eyes grew wide. Everyone stopped, focusing only on her. Even the wind and rain seemed to calm down.

"It's... a sign," whispered the Elder. "You're pregnant!"

"No! I just... It's impossible. I can't be." Gnelsey tried to get up.

The old man let go of his staff and stared at Anarungu in shock.

"You broke the curse. Did you... She's pregnant."

He kneeled and bowed to Anarungu. Everyone else nearby, who had been urging him into the jungle just a moment ago also bowed, except for Antolis.

Anarungu slowly picked up the dagger that has fallen from someone's hand.

"This doesn't change anything. I still need to become chief, Elder!" Antolis was still standing when Anarungu's blade swiftly cut across his throat.

"Kh-a-ha-ha." Antolis grabbed his throat, then Anarungu struck again and again, aiming at his chest, his face, his stomach.

Everyone watched in silence, bowing to the chief. With blood dripping down his knife and cut fingers, he stood over Antolis' dying body.

"Get out, all of you. Go back to your huts, back to your mothers, wives and sisters. All except Elder. And take this filth body away. Feed it to my lynx."

Everyone dispersed, only Elder remained. Gnelsey approached Anarungu. “My nestling, let me examine your arm.”

“No! Go away... Get out! We will talk later.”

She nodded and walked away.

Finally, he and the Elder were alone.

“Please, my chief. I didn’t know” pleaded the old man, raising his head. “I wanted to do what was best for our tribe!”

At that moment, Anarungu kicked him in the face. He fell face down, spitting up blood. Anarungu struck again and again, knocking out the old man’s teeth.

“You wanted a better life for your daughter? Didn’t want her son to be her chief and husband? Now you will watch me breed her every day. She belongs to me now, and I’ll make her bear my children until she dies. And you will watch in silence.”

He kept hitting and hitting old man in the head, his anger and pain blurring his vision. He couldn’t tell what was going on. Was the old man still alive?

Elder was grunting, blood covering his face. His teeth were knocked out, but he was breathing. He was alive.

“Go back to your hut, Elder.” With these words Anarungu went back to the settlement, wanting to deal with the severed fingers as soon as possible.

Chapter 9: Obey me, Mama

He staggered to the water and plunged his hand into the cool, soothing stream. The pain was unbearable—he just lost four fingers on his right hand. He was dumbstruck, his eyes stinging terribly, trying to

adjust to the darkness. Tears were coming from his eyes, either from the insane pain or the feeling of betrayal.

He wrapped his wet hand with a leather handkerchief and squeezed it.

Someone touched Anarungu's shoulder. In the darkness, he recognized that gentle, light touch, so he didn't jerk away, didn't budge.

"Mama."

"It's okay, my nestling. Mama's here." Gnelsey gently hugged her son, helping him with his hurt hand. She led Anarungu toward their shack as he snuggled against her body.

"It hurts..." He nestled against her warm maternal skin. It was warm inside the hut. She wiped him off, applied a healing herbal salve to his arm, and tucked him into bed.

Anarungu's teeth shook from cold and coming fever. "Don't go, Mama. Please, don't leave me alone."

"I'm not going anywhere, my nestling," whispered Gnelsey softly, kissing his forehead. She threw off her cloak and lay down beside him completely nude, letting his head touch her breasts. He brushed his cheek and mouth against his mother's breasts, the warm skin and nipples, and soon the pain dulled.

"I am proud of you, Anarungu. You broke the Blood Bird curse. You saved our tribe." She gently stroked his hair and caressed his skin, as if he were newly born. She held him closer against her soft chest. "Why, out of all the women in the tribe, did you choose me?" Gnelsey whispered, barely holding back tears.

He shivered with cold, staring into the darkness and feeling the warmth of her dark chest. It was like he was a child again. It was so wonderful to feel a mother's love once more.

"It's not a curse, mother. It's berries... berries are the reason men can't have children."

“Hush, Anarungu. You are beginning to rave because of your wound.” She snuggled him warmer, running her dark nipple along his cheek and mouth.

“I know you’re angry with me, Mama. I’m sorry I broke the curse with you. I’m sorry I’ve put my child inside you. Your body is too beautiful. You’re too beautiful. I couldn’t help myself. I was in love with you my whole life.”

Gnelsey remained unusually silent, resting his head against her neck. He fell asleep, trusting his mother to protect him through the night, just as she had when he was a child.

“Anarungu must become a man, Gnelsey,” Anarungu’s father declared, standing in the middle of the hut with his spear, gazing into Gnelsey’s young face.

Was it a dream? A memory as though from a past life.

“Anarungu is too young to participate in the hunt. You know how much he is afraid of lynxes. I won’t let him go. You’re scaring our son.”

Little Anarungu ran into the hut and wrapped his arms around Gnelsey’s waist. “Mama, I want to stay with you.”

“It’s okay, Anarungu.” She stroked his head protectively. “My nestling will stay with me,” Gnelsey said confidently.

“Then maybe you should bear me more sons?” the chief said calmly, stepping closer without even glancing at his son.

“I’ll cut your balls off if you dare. No man dares to order me around and force me to have children against my will. I nearly died giving birth to Anarungu, and I’m not going through that pain ever again. Be grateful we have Anarungu. I love our son more than anything, and I don’t need anyone else.”

The chief approached and ruffled the boy's hair. "Sooner or later, you'll have to give birth again. Your body is made for it, Gnelsey. You can't fight the nature. It will find a way eventually to put new life inside you."

"My body was created to care for and love my only nestling, not to satisfy your animal desires."

The chief left the shack. Gnelsey sat down and placed her hands on Anarungu's shoulders.

"Everything will be all right, Anarungu," she said, stroking the back of her son's head. "Mama will always be with you. I don't need anyone else but you. Remember that. I love you."

She was so pretty. Even though it was a dream linked to his childhood, he couldn't resist kissing her on the lips.

She smiled. "Well, well. I know you love your Mama, but you can't kiss me like that. Only your Papa can kiss Mama that way. Do you understand, Anarungu?"

Anarungu nodded.

"Good. Now, let's go find your friends."

Something soft brushed against his face. Anarungu recoiled in fear when he opened his eyes to see a lynx staring back at him. But it was just Peacock, apologizing for being absent yesterday.

"They would have killed you, little one," Anarungu said, stroking the animal with his left hand.

"Shoo, beast. The Chief needs quiet," Gnelsey said, waving her hand at the beast. Peacock grinned playfully, hopped over to her, rubbed against her legs, and then curled up to sleep in the corner.

“Are you feeling better now, my nestling?” she handed Anarungu water, her breasts hovering over his face. There were distinct dark circles under her eyes.

“Have you been up all night?” asked Anarungu, taking a sip.

“I needed to keep an eye on you, my nestling. You were trembling, and all you could say was how much you loved me,” she gazed at her belly. “I was sick again. The tribe must know that the Curse has been lifted. I’ll go... I’ll fetch more water.”

She stood up and hurried to the exit with a small bucket.

Anarungu slowly pulled out his right hand. What used to be his right hand now looked like a stump.

Limping, he made his way out of the hut to the water.

Anarungu could still vividly see Gnelsey’s face from the last night, prepared to watch her only child die.

“The old man said he didn’t want his daughter to suffer? To see her endure pain just because she’s loyal to her tribe? I’ll make her suffer for her betrayal...”

Anarungu’s mother sat on her knees, gently touching the water as it flowed over her dark skin, starting from her neck, then her chest, and finally running down her belly.

Gnelsey hardly moved, noticing her chief approaching. “I was just about to go back to the hut,” she whispered.

Her eyes were red with tears. His heart clenched at the sight.

“Don’t cry, Mama.”

“I almost... I almost let my nestling be killed. I am a horrible mother.” She gently touched his chest and held his right hand tenderly. “What have I done? Please forgive me, Anarungu. I’m begging for your forgiveness.”

“Forgiving you isn’t something I can promise. You’ll have to answer for what you’ve done to me.” He studied her face. “But you’re not crying because you almost let me get killed, are you? Maybe the consequences don’t matter to you. You’re crying because your nestling is the one who broke the Blood Bird Curse. And you’re his wife—the woman he broke the curse with.”

Gnelsey turned her back to the water, fixing her hair. “I shouldn’t have become a mother again... I can’t... I didn’t think I would again. I thought what we were doing wasn’t serious. I never thought you’d actually put a child inside me. If I only knew I would never let you finish inside... How did the spirits allow this?” she whispered. “You are my son.”

He smiled. “My love for you is stronger than any curse. You are my wife. I told you we should start choosing a name for our firstborn, didn’t I?”

She stood abruptly, knocking the bucket of water to the ground. “No! That’s not possible. This is wrong, Anarungu! I don’t want to be your wife! I don’t want your children. You are my child!”

He grabbed her hand and squeezed it. “If it was wrong you wouldn’t get pregnant. Don’t you think? Father gave you too much freedom when you were his wife. Things will be different with me. You’ll do whatever I tell you. Didn’t Elder say you were loyal to our tribe? Then prove it. Be a good wife and obey what I ask you. Obey me, Mama. You and I are going to rebuild the tribe’s population and there’s only one way to stop me — kill me.”

Fire gleamed in her eyes. It seemed to him as if, for a moment, she thought about it. About killing her own son.

“You’ve grown to be a monster, Anarungu.”

Anarungu smiled quietly, reading her thoughts, and kissed her.

That evening, all the Blood Bird people gathered at the heart of their settlement. Anarungu heard singing, the sounds of drums and dancing.

But it was quiet inside the chief's shack. He looked sadly at how silly the spear looked in his left hand. "Come, Peacock."

The crowd respectfully parted, allowing Peacock and the Chief to pass through. Gnelsey stood by the chief's chair, waiting for Anarungu, who let out a sigh of relief before taking his seat.

Jarkish with a spear in his hand appeared nearby to protect his chief.

A gentle breeze tousled Anarungu's hair as he surveyed the expectant faces before him.

Everyone waited for him to speak. He looked at the dozens of faces before him, knowing they were all doomed to die because of the berries. They will leave no offspring.

"But not me."

"The spirits have heard us," Gnelsey spoke. "Our pleas have been answered, children of the Blood Bird. One of the women is finally pregnant! The curse is broken!"

The tribe erupted in cheers, their joyful cries echoing through the air.

"You didn't tell them who got pregnant," whispered Anarungu.

"Why should I? I don't want everyone to know," replied Gnelsey.

The tribe was in a non-stop frolic. Some men and women were making love right there, trying to repopulate the tribe. Anarungu watched in silence.

He had killed Naragasa.

He had avenged his father's death.

He had become chief.

He had protected the tribe from Blue Lynx.

And most importantly, he impregnated his own mother.

This felt more like a dream than the one he had this morning.

Gnelsey covered her chest with her robes and nervously gazed up at the night sky, deep in thought.

Perhaps she was trying to figure out what she should do next?

“Anarungu.” Tatar’Atu walked over to the chair. Jarkish let him pass. “I heard what happened. I should have been there...”

“No, you shouldn’t have,” Anarungu replied, raising his hand. “The fact that you weren’t involved is enough, Tat. Go, enjoy your life.”

Tat lowered his head. “Thank you, my chief.” He wanted to leave but hesitated. Another question troubled him.

“Is it true that Gnelsey is the first pregnant woman? Did you really break the curse with your own mother?”

Anarungu gave him an angry, exhausted look. Tat lowered his head and walked back into the crowd.

Amid the joyful shouts, Anarungu noticed the eyes of those who weren’t in a celebratory mood. A frail, battered old man with a stick looked up at him from the shadows of an old hut. His dim eyes flicked between the chief and Gnelsey.

“You shouldn’t have mutilated our Elder that much,” whispered Gnelsey noticing where he was looking.

“I shouldn’t have? I don’t know why you spent your whole life lying to me about the Elder being my grandfather, but he should be grateful he’s still alive. You don’t know how much I would have liked to see his head impaled on a spear after yesterday. But you’re his daughter, aren’t you? You care for him. I didn’t mean to hurt you, Mama.”

“Thank you, my nestling.”

Of course, he lied. The elderly Anaravansan was left alive to witness firsthand how Anarungu tirelessly would fill his daughter with an ever-increasing number of new children.

While the old man sleeps in his cozy bed, his daughter finds no rest, taking in another load of Anarungu's seed.

I own her.

"Mama. Come here." He faced Gnelsey.

His mother glanced at him but stayed put. She clearly didn't like his tone.

"I said come here," he insisted. Gnelsey hesitated before taking a step closer.

"What do you want?"

"Sit on my lap!"

"No," Gnelsey replied firmly, giving him a stern look.

"You have to obey me. Sit down! Right now!" Anarungu responded with a threatening expression.

"I don't have to obey you. I am the wife of a chief. No man can command me. I..."

"I am your chief," Anarungu interrupted her. "And I am your son. I am the only one who can command you. Now do as I say. Obey me, Mama."

Gnelsey furrowed her eyebrows. She was holding back, her chest heaving with anger, but she calmed herself as she shifted her gaze to his right hand.

She obeyed.

His mother sat on his leg with all her weight. He wrapped his arms around her waist, absorbing his mother's scent, feeling the warmth of her skin and body.

“Don’t forget that I own you after what happened last night,” whispered Anarungu, stroking her hair.

Gnelsey remained silent, feeling uncomfortable in her son’s arms. He could feel how nice she was squeezing him, sitting on top. He could only think of her warmth, peering at the neckline in her warm clothes. His hand traveled along her leg, getting closer to the cherished spot but never crossing the line.

“Good boy,” whispered Gnelsey, noticing him stop.

“She doesn’t know I’ll fill her before the sun comes up again.”

The feast had left him weary, yet the overwhelming desire to fully possess Gnelsey was intoxicating, dulling any discomfort in his arm and body. In the past, he had to use persuasion to gain intimacy with her. Now, with their child inside her — she had no choice.

She must obey him.

“You don’t look happy that the curse is broken, Mama.”

“No need to mock me, Anarungu.” She assisted him to their hut, releasing him as they crossed the threshold

“Didn’t the Elder say you were loyal to the tribe? What does it matter whose child it is, as long as the curse is broken.”

“It matters.”

Anarungu kept his gaze on her big ass, her thighs and breasts. He undressed as he watched Gnelsey get ready for sleep.

“I’ve always dreamt of having a sibling. Finally, that dream will come true.”

She raised eyebrow and looked at him as if he just admitted to her that he eats earthworms.

“What are you talking about? This is your child, Anarungu, not a sibling.”

“It’s actually both. Do you feel our baby moving yet?” He gently rested his hand on her belly.

“The baby is still too small.” She removed his hand. “I didn’t feel you moving, Anarungu, until four long cycles later when my belly rounded out. I was so so happy.”

She reminisced about that time with fondness.

“Take off your clothes,” he suddenly said.

“What?!”

“You heard me. I want to go to bed and I want to see your body next to me like I did yesterday.”

“Why are you... why are you treating me like this? I don’t understand. Haven’t I suffered enough?”

“Not enough.” He showed her his right hand.

Gnelsey sighed and threw off her robes. Her full breasts and slightly puffy belly were exposed. He lowered his eyes, meeting the most important part — his birthplace. Anarungu couldn’t contain his astonishment and involuntarily parted his lips in disbelief, peering into the dark pubic hair that wrapped around her vagina. This vagina now belonged to him.

She hurried over and got into bed. Anarungu lay down next. She covered them with a blanket, feeling Anarungu pressed against her with his whole body, his cock resting on her leg. He put his arms around her waist just like in the dream.

“You’re warm, Mama.”

She turned her head toward him and slowly raised her hand to run it along his face.

“You don’t need to be so rough with me, Anarungu. I know I made a terrible mistake. Forgive me. But still you can’t talk to me like that. I am your mother. I gave birth to you, I nursed you, I breastfed you, I raised you. Even after all the horrible things we did. Don’t you dare be rude to me. And don’t you dare order me around.”

“Do you think I was being rude to you?” He moved closer, touching his cock to her pubic hair. The touch sent a wave of pleasure over him.

“No, Anarungu...”

“Do you think there’s any chance I won’t fuck you tonight?”

He tried to climb on top of her, but Gnelsey slapped him and rose sharply to her feet.

“Anarungu!” she wanted to run away, but he managed to catch her and plow to the floor. Completely naked, she sprawled helplessly. Anarungu ran his hands over her delicate body, his touch sending shivers through her.

“After you tried to kill me — forget about forgiveness. You think I was rude to you? Now you’ll find out how rude I can be.”

“No, Anarungu!”

He held her on the ground. He drove his cock through her pubic hair, then touching her soft pink-brown lips.

“Ohhhh, yes...” That was almost enough to make him cum. “I’ve missed your hole so much.”

Eventually she stopped resisting.

“You know you have to be punished, Mama.” He put his hands on her back and with a sharp thrust he entered.

“Acgghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” A vibration of pleasure rippled through his body in a wave, his hands pressed Gnelsey even harder into the hut’s floor. His body from his feet to his head shook. “Ugghhhh, Mommy.”

“Aakkkghhhhhhhhh!!!! ANARUNGU!”

“Still think I was too rough on you, mother? Your nestling is capable of so much more... Ackgghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...”

He lifted her to her knees and nuzzled her breasts greedily. “I can’t wait... akghh... when these breasts are full of milk.” He was literally drilling her pussy. He hadn’t cum yet, but white streams of white liquid were already flowing out of her vagina, forming into bubbles and leaking out onto the floor. Her pubic hair was sticking together.

“AKGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” The vibrations rippled through the ass along her entire body. He didn’t understand what was happening, but he knew it was right.

“Mommy, mommy... acgghhhhhh.” If love between mother and son was wrong, then why did it feel so good? Why then does his cock penetrate her so perfectly? Why is he so eager to fill her again?

She bit down on the hand he used to squeeze her throat. Her vagina clenched several times. She came. Anarungu’s eyes rolled back behind his orbits because of how hard his cock was choked by her vagina. “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, MAMA!”

Gnelsey held back a cry of pleasure, her teeth sinking into his hand.

Anarungu’s balls clenched with every jerk and thrust, air coming out in gusts. He was drilling her from behind with insane speed. He didn’t stop, just wildly penetrating her while getting faster and faster. The sharp strokes made the skin on her ass spread in waves.

“AGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, ANARUNGU!”

“Louder! Louder! I almost... akghhhh.” He pulled out for a moment and Gnelsey sighed in relief. But the next second he pushed her onto her side, finding himself between her legs and entering her again, immediately tipping her over onto her back. He continued to fuck her, trailing one leg up, even before Gnelsey was on her back. Nothing could stop him.

Anarungu brought his cock all the way in, and possibly even further. His cock shot out a thick white fluid.

“MAMA!” The pain went away in an instant and was replaced by a feeling of insane buzzing euphoria. He shook in a seizure, Anarungu hissed, screamed and began to make every possible sound his ligaments were capable of. His feet beat frantically against the wooden floor.

He looked only into her eyes. Gnelsey’s eyes. Both of them felt streams of sweet nectar rushing into her womb, where there was no escape.

“Ohhhhhh... Anarungu” she whispered, catching her breath and feeling the fluids drain out of her onto the floor while he was still inside.

Her nestling shot out again straining his lower back and hips, pushing his cock in even deeper. “YES!!!AKGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.” He was on the verge of blacking out, the torrents of pleasure only intensified and eased only when he spurted out the last clot that had been stored in his balls.

Mortified, he collapsed on top of her. Not moving and barely breathing.

It was hard for her to breathe through the full weight of her nestling, but she remained silent. Her baby, her nestling has done it again. That realization made a small tear roll down from her eye. Would she ever be able to accept that he was her husband and she was his wife?

“Never,” she thought.

She reached down. Anarungu was still balls deep inside. Gnelsey touched the liquid that was leaking from both of their bottoms.

At that moment, Anarungu whispered in her ear. “You are mine... And you will do as I command, Mama. These are consequences of your betrayal.”

“Sleep, nestling. You did a good job today. Mommy is proud of you,” she said.

He wrapped his arms around her neck so she couldn't escape, and in that position right on top of her, he drifted into sleep. The sweetest and most pleasant dream he had seen in a while.

The Blood Bird continued to live. Time passed and Gnelsey remained the only pregnant woman in the entire tribe.

The morning just begun, but Anarungu was already inside his mother. He entered, feeling the sweetness of her body and with his hand stroking the first signs of the roundness of her belly.

“Acggh, acggh... yes... pregnancy only made you more gorgeous, Mama.”

She yawned, welcoming another morning, hoping he would finish as soon as possible.

“I'm pumping my... child... inside... you... Ughhh!!” He gently nipped her swollen nipples.

“Careful, they're sensitive,” said Gnelsey harshly as he touched her breasts the wrong way.

“I remember, Mama. Don't worry.” He thrust off rhythm, penetrating her swollen mother hole. His tongue licked her breasts and belly.

He did this every morning, every evening, every day. But she still couldn't get used to it. And how could she ever get used to it?

She stared at his lust-crazed face. Gnelsey couldn't understand how he could love her so much. How could he love to do THAT with her so much?

His face contorted in a twitch. Gnelsey sighed, realising it was finally over. This time he finished faster.

Anarungu covered his eyes, letting the wave pass through he body. He froze and yelled.

“Take your daily... seed,
MAMA!!!UGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

He shot again while deep inside. Gnelsey felt the strokes. Those were strokes of his cock, which, like its owner, was shaking in a mad seizure. Anarungu’s cock shook and in non-stop shot streams white stuff.

It was something she could never get used to either.

She lowered her legs as he shot out again. Keeping them in an upward position was hard labor.

He emitted some more vital liquid. He looked so sweet while he was cumming in her. She smiled a bit.

“Ughhh, Mama... It’s so good... Ughhh..” Anarungu licked his lips, pulling his cock out and shaking off the residue onto her pubic hair.

She looked at the mess he made.

“My sacred mother’s bosom.” She ran her hand over her wet cheeks.

“Lick your fingers,” ordered Anarungu.

She sighed and obeyed as she always did, licking his cum off her fingers.

“I just have to be patient until our first child is born, and then...”

She pictured herself with a knife in her hands. Quickly, painlessly. For the good of the tribe. Anarungu just can’t keep doing it with her for the rest of their lives.

At that moment someone disturbed them.

A battered, barely alive old man appeared on the doorstep. His teeth were knocked out, his face as red with mutilation as his entire body.

“My chief, I have come again to beg forgiveness” the old man fell at his feet. “Please take pity on my daughter. She doesn’t deserve this; she doesn’t deserve to suffer for her loyalty to her tribe. Kill me, but spare her from this punishment!”

“From the punishment of being my wife? Is that a punishment? I consider it the greatest honor.”

Anarungu straightened his belt still recovering from the insane orgasm

“You have broken the curse, chief. I pray you may choose any woman of the tribe, you may have as many children with them as you wish. But I pray you leave my daughter alone.”

“Father, please stand up,” Gnelsey helped the injured old man up. “You are our Elder. Please, act like one.”

Anarungu watched the old man with disdain.

“You are pathetic. Because of you I almost died, because of you Red Bird almost lost her only chance at salvation. You have no right to ask anything of me. I own your daughter. Now get out.”

“But she is your mother!” faltered Anaravansan. “You can’t make children with her! You can’t copulate with her?”

“I can. And I do. She is my mother and that’s I only want her. Pumping new life into my mother is the best part of being a chief. Now get out before I commanded Peacock to tear you apart.”

Gnelsey helped her father up.

“Honey, you have to... we have to do something, don’t we?” Whispered the old man, believing Anarungu couldn’t hear them.

“Nothing can be done.” She led him to the exit. “Nothing can be done yet.”

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