

Duty To The Kingdom

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CHAPTER 1. KING'S MOTHER

It was a strange day. Ethel's father, King Wilfield, died in his sleep. He was not yet old enough to die of natural causes. The kingdom was in shock, and Ethel's grief was compounded by the sudden weight of responsibility that now rested on his young shoulders.

The king's advisers immediately pointed out that Ethel should become king, as he was the rightful heir to the throne. One night he was only Ethel the Brave, son of King Wilfield of the Kingdom of Rangland, and the next morning he was already king.

But the strangest thing in all this was the last commandment written down by King Wilfield before his death. It obliged the new King Ethel to take as his wife... Queen Beatrice, his own mother. At forty-one, she was the most beautiful maiden at court, a black-haired beauty who exuded a seductive charm that few could resist.

It's strange to consider his own mother as his wife, but in Beatrice's case Ethel found himself surprised by the fact that perhaps, just perhaps, it wasn't such a bad idea after all.

The funeral had been a somber affair, filled with mourning and grief. After the guests had left, Ethel and Beatrice found themselves alone in the king's chambers. He didn't know where to look, and his gaze flitted awkwardly around the room.

"Um, do you mind if I change?" she asked, taking a step closer to a mirror.

Ethel nodded, turning away awkwardly and focusing on the intricate designs etched into the stone walls. He knew he shouldn't look, but something inside begged him to turn around. As Beatrice's light royal dress fell to the floor, Ethel couldn't help but sneak a glance at her.

The curves of her large breasts were visible, as were the small folds of her back that moved into the roundness of hips and buttocks. He caught a glimpse of the roundness of her hips and the gentle slope of her back. There was something fascinating in a way an adult woman's body looked.

Eighteen years old, he had never been with a girl before, and the sudden proximity to a woman body was overwhelming even though it was his mother. But the moment was brief, and as soon as he realized what he was doing, he turned away in shame.

"Now, as a king, you'll have to sleep here with me, on the same bed. Just like when you were a child," Beatrice said with a mixture of sadness and nostalgia.

Ethel nodded. He heard the slip of her nightie on her body and turned around.

"Yes, mother," he murmured, hesitating for a moment before taking a seat.

"You'll have to get used to be a king. Our marriage won't be like everyone else's, you understand," Beatrice said as she patted the bed beside her.

Ethel hesitated. As a prince, he had been raised with certain expectations and responsibilities. "But, I was taught that when I become king, I must have offspring like a man. What are we going to do about that?"

"I've thought about that. We'll adopt a child, and he or she will be our heir. We can raise our child together, and they will be just as much our heir as if they were born to us."

Ethel's face lit up with surprise. "You want to adopt a child?"

Beatrice nodded. "Yes, I do. Or we can do it the natural way," she added with a suggestive grin.

Ethel's face flushed with color as he realized meaning of her words. "You mean...?"

Beatrice replied with a coy smile. "I wasn't serious. You can relax. But for now, let's go to sleep."

That night, Ethel tossed and turned in his bed.

"As a king, I know it's my duty to provide a heir to the throne, but the idea of bedding with my own mother is..." The thought made his skin crawl, he shuddered. He had never been intimate with a woman before, let alone his own mother. "Still, I can't deny that she's a beautiful woman." He cringed at the thought of admiring her in that way. "It's wrong, so wrong."

As he lay in bed beside Beatrice, he watched her sleeping form. The moonlight filtered in through the window, casting a soft glow over her features. She had thrown her arms up over her head, the straps of her nightgown slipping down to reveal the smooth curves of her shoulders. He couldn't help but notice the way her chest rose and fell with each breath, the gentle rise and fall of her body as she slept.

The thought of climbing on top of her flashed through his mind. At first, it made him feel disgusted, but he couldn't help the way his body reacted to her scent, the musky odor of her sweat that mingled with the fresh scent of her skin.

"I need to sleep," he muttered to himself and finally fell into a restless nap, his dreams haunted by forbidden desires.

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The next morning marked the beginning of Ethel I's first day of rule. It was hard to imagine anything more boring: listening to information about the royal treasury, taxes, notifications about the state of the army. It seemed that the royal advisors expected him to have the knowledge and shrewdness of his father, but Ethel bitterly admitted that he was far from understanding his father's ways. He needed time to get used to his new role as king and new responsibilities, and the queen helped him with that. Beatrice dealt with half, if not most, of king's duties and made some decisions on his behalf, with his consent.

At the evening gathering, one of the advisors, Krubach, brought up the issue of heirs bluntly. "I know it's not a pleasant question, and we've been avoiding it as much as we could, but we need to decide now what will happen to the kingdom after you, Your Highness. Who will be your heir? It's a difficult question, considering..." He coughed, and Ethel noticed his mother's face tensing, either from anger at the foolishness of the advisors' questions or for some other reason.

"That my wife is also my mother," Ethel finished for him, sitting relaxed in the main chair.

"Yes, Your Highness," the advisor nodded, lowering his head. His shoulder-length hair touched the edge of the round table.

"We have already discussed it and decided to adopt children," Beatrice said, taking off her crown from her braided hair and placing it on the table. "There is nothing more to talk about here."

"So, the royal bloodline will be broken by new blood? King's blood had been pure for more than thousand years, Your Highness," Krubach added briefly.

The other advisors' faces showed noticeable concern and incomprehension.

"You have other suggestions? I guess we should thank my late husband for this, who for some reason decided that marrying our son would be a good idea and strengthen the kingdom," she said discontentedly.

"I believe Father knew what he was doing," Ethel tried to interject.

"So you approve that strange marriage, son?" Beatrice asked looking directly at him.

"King Wilfield was very smart monarch. I am sure that there is some unknown meaning behind this marriage," Krubach added.

"Yes, of course. Some unknown meaning. He was just a pathetic hypocrite who decided to ruin my and our son's life," she said, still with a dissatisfied tone, leaning back in her chair and causing her chest to sway.

"I think we can consider this council meeting adjourned," said another red-haired councilor after a small awkward pause. Everyone agreed and began to disperse after Ethel nodded in approval.

"My King," Krubach suddenly approached Ethel, folding his arms into long sleeves, his voice a whisper. "I know how unpleasant can it be... But you shall consider all options," he gave the queen a faint glance and then withdrew, lowering his head.

"Wow," Ethel murmured, taking off the golden crown. "Gosh. It's hard to wear this thing on your head all day."

"You'll have to get used to it, son," Beatrice stood up from her seat. "I'll go to my chambers and wait you there." She approached him closer and, as Ethel stood up, hugged him tightly. He felt the touch of her breasts pressed against his body. He smelled her sweat and the pleasant scent of herbs again. Ethel nodded, still speechless, still lost in the embrace of his mother's love. He leaned in to kiss her on the cheek, but she turned her head, and their lips met. It was a fleeting moment, a mistake born out of love, but it was a mistake that would haunt them both in the days to come. The kiss was brief, but it sent shockwaves through both of them.

"I'm sorry," he said awkwardly, looking into her eyes.

"It's okay," she wiped his saliva from her mouth with the back of her hand. "I'll go." With that, she turned on her heel and walked out of the council chamber.

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The counselor's words were still swirling around in his head. Would he really never be able to have true blood heirs? What was he to do now, as a man and a king? After all, a king cannot have mistresses or lovers. And what about his mother? She also has needs.

He walked around the garden, pondering over, and decided to go down to the kitchen.

"Yes, your highness?" one of the chefs asked.

"I'm looking for Alfred," Ethel said and the same second something fell around the corner.

"Ah, there he is," the chef said, stepping aside to continue his work. At that moment, a short, semi-bearded guy of about the same age as the king came out from the corner.

"Ohh, Ethel. I was wondering when you'd show up," he wiped his hands with a towel and approached him.

"It's King Ethel for you," he said seriously, folding his arms over his chest. They looked into each other's eyes. And Ethel, barely holding back a laugh, smiled. "I'm just kidding."

"Of course, King Ethel," they hugged each other like old friends. "You seem even taller with that crown. Hard to believe you're a king now."

"Our friendship won't be affected by that. Besides, I need someone to watch over the kitchen so I won't be poisoned."

"Screw you. I'll poison you myself," Alfred said as they walked a little further, returning to the garden.

"I came by in the morning, but you weren't there," Ethel said.

"I was with a friend, I mean, a girlfriend I met at the port. Damn, you should have seen her, Eth... We spent the night together. So that's why I was late in the morning. Sorry, hope you won't sentence me to death?" he said, unable to contain his smile.

"I'll think about it," Ethel said sourly, not unnoticed by his friend.

"Why are you so sour? Because of a girl? Come on, you'll find yourself someone. By the way, you're married to the queen. God, if I was you I wouldn't be able to resist such a beauty. I would have her day and night..."

He shrugged. "You forgot that she's my mother."

"Yeah. Sorry. It must be difficult when your mother is so hot and unattainable."

"Disgusting." Ethel shook his head.

"Heh heh heh. Well, maybe. I was just trying to make light of the situation. So how are you going to... you know, be a man now? You can't have mistresses, can you?"

"No, I can't. I'll face a death sentence for it," he touched a tall bush in the garden, looking around to make sure there were no servants around.

Alfred put a hand to his chin, pretending to think hard. "Well, have you considered becoming a eunuch? That would solve the problem quite effectively."

"Thanks for the suggestion, but I think I'll pass on that one."

"Yeah. That's tough. Oh, I have another idea. You can ask her to undress and just imagine she's another woman. Jerk off as much as you want."

"That's even more disgusting, Al. Besides, she probably won't agree to that."

"But you're the king after all, ain't you? How can she say no? And the real friend is always here to help ya. You know how I seduced that girl besides my charm? I found a special recipe, look," he said, taking out some herbs from his pouch. "It's called xerpentine, I think. It's very rare here. You mix it with lavender and a little bit of pepper, and voila. The sexual activity of any female increases a thousand times. She'll beg you to look at her beautiful round breasts herself," Alfred said dreamily, covering his eyes.

"Forget it. I'm not interested in that kind of thing," Ethel said.

"Whatever you say, my friend. Whatever you say," he said as he put it back in the pouch. "But when your balls are about to explode, you'll speak differently."

And they closed the topic, continuing to talk about something else.

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Finally, he reached his chambers, holding the crown in his hands. Tiredness ran through his whole body, all he wanted to do was sleep. Ethel longed for a moment of peace and quiet, but as he entered his room, he was met with his mother's reflection in the mirror.

Beatrice was preoccupied with her own appearance, an indulgence that Ethel found somewhat exasperating. But, for a brief moment, he forgot about his weariness as he watched her primp and preen, admiring herself in the looking glass.

"Hello, dear," she said, turning to face him with a smile.

"Hi, mom," Ethel replied wearily.

"These silly questions about heirs... If your father and I had more children, everything would be much simpler," she sighed.

"I guess," Ethel added weakly, unsure of how to respond.

"You've been seeing Alfred again, haven't you?" Beatrice asked, disapproval evident in her voice. "You're the king now, Ethel. You can't just go around seeing a mere cook."

"I can see whoever I want, mother. I'm the king now, remember?" he snapped, feeling his exhaustion catch up with him as he slumped into a nearby chair.

"It's not gonna end up well if you keep talking with me like that, Ethel.,"she slowly unbuttoned her dress, seemingly unfazed by Etel's display of independence. "Do you mind, my king, if I change clothes?" she asked mockingly.

"I object."

"And what does that mean?" she asked, a hint of amusement in her voice.

"It means that you are my mother, but also my queen and wife. I know we can't be together... physically. But I think there should be at least some level of intimacy we can have. Seeing you changing is the least we can do. I have needs and I see no harm in satisfying them this way."

The queen's eyes flickered with surprise. "You want to see me undress? I am your mother. Shouldn't you be disgusted by the look of my old body," she asked, her fingers already working to undo the clasps of her regal robes.

"We will see."

She pondered his words for several seconds. "As you wish". Slowly, she began to remove her regal robes, starting with the heavy velvet cloak that draped over her shoulders. As she slipped the garment off, her long hair tumbled loose, cascading down her back like a waterfall.

Next, she removed the jeweled crown from her head and set it carefully on a nearby table. With gentle fingers, she unfastened the intricate brooch that held her robes together at the neck, and let the fabric fall open, revealing a simpler gown beneath.

Her hands began to remove the straps of her dress, exposing her full breasts. Ethel tried to restrain his admiration, swallowing hard. Her dark large aureoles stirred his consciousness, the wavy veins on her chest and barely noticeable stretch marks that spoke of a life well-lived. The subtle imperfections only made her more alluring, a woman comfortable in her own skin. It was difficult to look away, an irresistible desire to touch her, to feel the soft weight of her breasts in his hands. A desire to bury his face in them. As she revealed more of her flesh, Ethel could feel his heart pounding in his chest, the blood rushing hotly to his groin. He saw a woman's breasts so close for the first time.

Despite the inherent discomfort of the situation, he couldn't shake the feeling that his mother was secretly pleased by the way he was looking at her. It was as if she relished the attention, savoring every furtive glance in her direction. He couldn't help but feel conflicted – part of him was repulsed by the thought of lusting after his own mother, but another part of him was drawn to her undeniable sensuality.

He tried to ignore the swirling emotions inside him, but it was no use. His eyes were inexorably drawn to her curves, her smooth skin, her full lips. He found himself imagining what it would be like to touch her, to kiss her, to make love to her.

The air was heavy with unspoken tension as she looked at him expectantly. "Should I continue?" she asked. Ethel just nodded, unable to find words as his desire threatened to overwhelm him.

Her hands gripped the edges of the dress and slowly began to pull them down, exposing her thighs. Soon some of her pubic hair became visible which gave Ethel goosebumps. With each movement she exposed more and more of her body until finally the dress was completely off. He saw her labia, his first labia in life and it belonged to his own mother, covered by a small layer of black pubic hair with beckoning cheeks. He could see it for a couple of seconds, as she quickly covered herself with her nightie, pulling it over herself. Apparently him seeing her lower private parts were too much to bear.

"Are you happy?" she asked, running her fingers through her dark hair.

Ethel released a deep sigh, his cheeks still tinged with warmth. "I think I do"

"I won't do that again, Ethel. So I hope you get a good look. Let's go to sleep now", she replied, settling into the pillows.

He didn't protest. When they settled, he closed his eyes, trying to push the images from his mind.

The images of what he had witnessed swirled relentlessly in his mind, taunting him and robbing him of any hope of peaceful slumber. Every toss and turn brought him no closer to escaping the unyielding grip of his thoughts. The images that had played out before his eyes left an indelible mark on his mind, a mark that he knew would never fade away. His mother, once the symbol of unconditional love and safety in his life, had now taken on a different persona, one that was shrouded in a secret, taboo love that he could not ignore. In that moment, he realized that he could never look at his mother in the same way again.

Despite the horror that gripped him, he could not deny the thrill that coursed through his veins, the intoxicating feeling of breaking the rules, of venturing into uncharted territories. It was a feeling that he had never experienced before, one that he could not quite comprehend, but it was there, pulsing within him, urging him to explore this forbidden love that had blossomed in his heart.

The more he thought about it, the more he began to feel consumed by his desires. It was like a secret flame burning within him. The forbidden nature of their possible love only fueled the intensity of his desire, despite the societal taboos and moral implications. The picture of her naked body lingered like a tantalizing dream, tempting him to indulge in the forbidden fruit that was his mother.

CHAPTER 2. BAD DRESSING

The next morning, Ethel awoke to find himself alone in bed, the soft sheets cold and empty. He couldn't help but absentmindedly trace his fingers over the place where the queen had slept.

"Can it be true? Do I truly harbor such forbidden desires for my own mother? Am I really want to breed her?"

Shaking off the unsettling thoughts, Ethel proceeded to dress himself meticulously, paying extra attention to his appearance, and made his way to the council room where he met his mother. The queen was dressed in a light gown with her black hair cascading down her back. She sat in her chair, her head propped up with her hand, staring into the void. Perhaps yesterday's scene, the excited look of her own son staring at her naked body, stood before her eyes. Ethel cautiously passed by some advisors, meeting his mother's gaze.

"You finally woke up," she said briefly, and removed a lost look from the face.

"Yes... And unfortunately, alone."

"I wanted to discuss what happened yesterday. I understand you're young and your desires are raging. But I'm not the right person to direct your desires towards," she said.

"I don't understand what you're talking about, Mother," he adjusted his royal camisole and looked around, making sure no one was overhearing them. "I was just watching you change. I don't see anything wrong with that."

Her beautiful face took on a serious look. "Watching me change is not something that a son should do to his mother. What happened between us won't happen again. And you should agree that I made a horrible mistake. Yes, I am your queen and wife, but first and foremost, I'm your mother. The one who gave birth to you. I belong to your deceased father, our king, and only."

Ethel nodded barely perceptibly and then watched her go as she returned to queen's duties.

And so began his second day of reign, with bad news that, unfortunately, was quite expected.

Nevertheless, he was sure she derived some perverse pleasure from his gaze, relishing in the attention bestowed upon her by a young man who happened to be her very own son.

A plan was already taking shape in his mind.

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Time passed, and as night fell, she would always push him away, wrapping herself in a shroud of darkness before changing, and sternly demanding him to look away. No matter how much he tried to sneak a peek or convince her again to let him watch, her answer was always the same: No.

He didn't want to ruin their relationship at all, so he had to obey.

Without delay, Ethel sought out the royal tailor, Young, renowned for crafting exquisite garments for the queen herself.

"I need something from you. Can you make some modifications to her robes?" Ethel requested of the tailor, guarded by a group of stern-faced soldiers. "Alter them in such a way that it requires multiple attendants to assist her with the donning and removal. Do me a favor."

The aged tailor peered at Ethel through his tiny spectacles and studied him for a moment before nodding serenely, as if it was not the worst thing he had been asked to do.

Now, he had to deal with the servants. What was the point of these changes if the queen could simply ask them to help her instead of him?

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"I fear for our lives, mother," he said to her one evening when they were alone. The fire crackled in the hearth, casting long shadows across the walls. He sighed and turned his gaze to the intricate patterns of the wallpaper as she changed. "It seems like I've already memorized every inch of this damn wall," he thought to himself.

"What do you mean, my dear?" his mother inquired, slipping into a light sleeping garment and unfurling her long hair.

"Do you think Father died of natural causes? I've overheard whispers of unrest among the staff. And the way he died...it was too quick, too convenient. I'm sure one of the servants was involved. Probably some kind of poison or whatever"

She looked closely at him as he turned around. In the dim light of the hearth, her breast contours were clearly visible, but her nipples were still hidden by the dress pattern.

"So,they shouldn't be allowed here, in our room," he asserted, his gaze lingering on her.

"It will be difficult to deal with our routine without the servants."

"I don't think it's a problem. If you need any help, just come to me."

"Fine," she sighed after a moment of hesitation. He lay there, hidden beneath the warmth of the blanket, watching her slip into bed. As she finally settled beside him, the delicate fabric of her nightdress brushed against his skin, igniting his senses with a heady rush of warmth. The softness of her breath brushed against his cheek, carrying a

whisper of temptation that sent shivers down his spine. Sometimes it seemed that he couldn't wait any longer; he was overwhelmed with desire and lust. As the silence settled around them, she spoke softly. "Good night, my dear"

With a bittersweet ache, he echoed the sentiment. "Good night, mom," he breathed, his desires simmering beneath the surface, waiting for the day when he could no longer suppress the fire that burned within. He was so hard, feeling his precum splurt from the tip right on the bedsheet. His virgin cock desired a pussy, and this desired pussy belonged to his mother.

In the hushed embrace of the night, they both drifted off to sleep.

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In a couple of weeks, his request to Young finally bore fruit.

"What on earth does Young think he's doing, completely ruining my exquisite dress? He has to be the most atrocious dresser I've ever encountered in all my years."

Beatrice couldn't figure out what was wrong with her robe as she couldn't manage to put it on. Her puzzled gaze fixed on the intricate folds of her robe.

"Let me help," Ethel approached from behind, touching her bare shoulders and pale soft skin.

"Thank you," she softly said, feeling his touch. He carefully helped her with the dress, his hands encircled her waist and lightly brushed against her buttocks. He gently slid the robe up her arms, adjusting it to fit comfortably over her shoulders. His eyes met hers. "This dress looks absolutely stunning on you," he complimented, a genuine smile gracing his lips.

"But putting it on is a nightmare," she replied with a sigh.

"Well, it's worth it," his fingers gently brushed against her lush, black hair, inhaling the intoxicating scent that surrounded her.

"That's enough, Ethel. I have to go. Thanks again for your help." With a swift turn, she left the room, her dress finally perfectly in place. With a lingering touch released, Ethel reluctantly let her hair slip from his grasp. As Beatrice gracefully turned and departed the room, he watched the sway of her hips.

"I want more. I want it all. I want all of her," he said to himself watching her go.

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Over time, Ethel began to assist her with dressing every morning and evening, and it quickly became a daily routine. Ethel's tender support became an unwavering presence, his gentle touch gliding along the contours of her shoulders, tracing the delicate curve of her neck, and occasionally grazing her hips.

As days turned into weeks, his touches were no longer merely functional, but rather lingered in places they shouldn't. In gratitude for his help, she began kissing him on the cheek. And while the kisses were appreciated, he yearned for a deeper connection, one that transcended the boundaries of parent and child.

One day he finally decided to pay Alfred a visit in the kitchen.

"So, how is your love life, King?" Alfred asked teasingly, emerging from the bustling kitchen and meeting Ethel's gaze.

"I need your sexy fern," Ethel interrupted him half-heartedly standing in the middle of the kitchen. Several of the cooks passing by looked at him weirdly.

"Sexy what?" Alfred gently took his friend aside making a fake smile.

"Sexy fern." Similarly confidently, Ethel repeated.

"You mean xerpentine?... Man, what do you want it for? I thought you can't have a girlfriend as a king."

"I want to use it for the queen," he said firmly and Alfred furrowed his eyebrows.

"Wow, so you finally decided to embrace this weird marriage and be with her?" Alfred patted him on the shoulder admiringly. "No judgement"

"Will you help me with that? Just do your thing and add it discreetly to the queen's dish."

"It sounds easier than it is. You know how hard it is to add something in the food? Everybody will think I try to poison her."

"You are a smart guy. Take some time to ponder on a clever solution"

Alfred nodded, impressed by his friend's newfound dedication, and assured him, "Consider it done."

Just as Ethel turned to leave, Alfred discreetly cleared his throat, capturing his attention once more. "I do you a favor, my king. I hope you won't forget about me in the future"

Ethel met Alfred's gaze. "I won't, Al. I won't"

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The evening has come and he started to wait hoping that Alfred's magic herb worked. Every passing moment felt like an eternity, his heart pounding in his chest. That was the first time when he started to doubt what he was doing. He couldn't help but ponder: "Am I truly doing the right thing? Perhaps the mother was right, and this forbidden relationship should never have happened. Am I really going to fuck her?"

A surge of conflicting emotions flooded through him. The realization of the potential harm he could inflict upon his own mother settled upon his troubled thoughts. It was as if he was, in a way, coercing her into a deeply intimate act against her will.

Finally, the doors swung open and he dismissed all concerns. "There's no turning back."

Exhausted and weary, Beatrice made her way into the opulent chambers, longing for respite. Frustration etched on her face, she attempted to rid herself of the confounding dress that seemed to conspire against her at every turn.

"Damn that incompetent tailor," she muttered under her breath, her irritation seeping through her words. The gown, stubbornly clinging to her, refused to yield to her efforts once again.

Sensing her distress, Ethel approached from behind. "Let me help".

The warmth of his touch was a stark contrast to the chill in the room. His fingers grazed her soft shoulders, providing a gentle caress, while his lips brushed against the delicate curve of her neck. As his lips ventured closer to the forbidden territory, a longing ignited within him.

Their eyes locked, the unspoken connection between mother and son momentarily eclipsed. Ethel's voice, barely above a whisper, broke the silence. "I know we are mother and son. But you, my dear mother, are my queen, and our union extends beyond blood. The kingdom demands that we seek more from this marriage, that we fulfill our duty to both crown and country."

His words hung in the air. The plea for a deeper connection, an acknowledgment of their shared destiny, echoed with a sense of urgency that left Beatrice contemplating the delicate balance between loyalty, obligation, and the longing of her own heart. He leaned closer to meet her lips in a hot embrace, their breaths mingling, but she pushed him aside.

"Ethel, my beloved son," her words trembled with a bittersweet tenderness, echoing the love that had nurtured their bond throughout the years. "I cannot cross that line. I know how you feel, I truly do. But I want to find solace in love we share as mother and son"

His face remained unmoving, his eyes locked on hers. "I have needs that only you, my queen, can fulfill. I yearn for your touch, your presence. "

"My dear Ethel," she touched his cheek gently. "We have already gone too far. And if we go further we both will regret about it deeply."

"But I'm not asking for anything physical. Of course, I'm not," he said, trying to contain his desire. "There are other ways. You can... satisfy my needs with your hands. We won't cross any line with that"

"Just listen to yourself. how can you even suggest such a thing?" her cheeks flushed, a mixture of embarrassment and conflicting emotions washing over her. She stepped back, creating a small but necessary distance. "No, Ethel. I cannot do this. It is not right. Don't even ask me."

He barely concealed his disappointment and stepped back, feeling he can't go any further. "Fine... As you wish, my queen,"

"I am glad you understand," she said softly, hoping that he would respect her decision.

As she changed into her nightgown, he tried to hold himself back. However, when they settled in the spacious king-sized bed, the temptation proved too strong, he instinctively leaning closer, drawn by an invisible force between them.

It's like a few hours had passed when his senses heightened, and an unexpected touch caressed his groin beneath the velvety covers. The sensation of her hand was electrifying. He gasped as he felt the warmth of her touch, an experience he had never felt before, but the pleasure was double as he understood it was his mother's hand. The realisation made him hard in a second. She quickly found her way through his trousers and encircled his shaft, he let out a soft moan.

"I can't bear to see you suffer," she whispered, her lips brushing against his ear.

With a sly grin, she started to tease him, her hand moving up and down his length with increasing speed, each stroke quickening in pace. He was powerless to resist. He gazed upon her exquisite face, his heart ablaze with an overwhelming rush of passion, an intense love for the woman who had nurtured and cared for him all his life -- his beloved mother.

In that intimate moment, he realized the depth of his affection for the woman who had selflessly devoted herself to his well-being. It was a love that defied societal norms, a love that whispered secrets in the darkest corners of their hearts.

He surrendered to the intoxication of her touch, the crescendo of sensations coursing through his veins. Every stroke of her hand awakened dormant desires, stoking a fire within him that burned with an intensity he had never known.

As the world faded into oblivion, they became lost in a realm of their own creation, bound by an unspoken understanding that defied reason. In that sacred space, there were no judgments, no societal norms to adhere to. There was only the raw, unadulterated expression of their love, cloaked in secrecy and forbidden desires.

"Please, don't stop", he moaned feeling her soft palm. "Can't believe you are doing this"

In the midst of their fiery and passionate embrace, his hand instinctively yearned to caress the soft curve of her breast, driven by desire. But she swiftly intercepted his advance, gently but firmly refusing his touch. Her voice carried a subtle yet commanding tone, leaving no room for doubt. "No touching," his mother whispered as she continued to pull on and down the skin of his cock under the blanket, speeding up and slowing down now and then.

"Oh, mom". No wonder he was already close. "You are so good at this"

"Don't talk", she commanded.

He gazed deeply into her eyes, losing himself in their verdant depths. As he looked upon her, he felt an overwhelming wave of love that washed over him, leaving him breathless. She was simply breathtaking, with her long, silky black hair fanned out on the pillow and a soft, gentle smile playing across her lips. Her eyes were a vivid green, sparkling with an inner light. He noticed the slight crinkles at the corners of her eyes, testament to the

passing of time. But to him, they only added to her beauty, a reminder of the years they had spent together and the love they had shared.

He wrapped his arms around the sheets to contain his emotions. In that sacred moment, their souls intertwined, forever bonded by the eternal and unbreakable thread of a mother's love. He could no longer contain the love he felt inside and the words tumbled out of his mouth, "I love you, Mom".

She stay silent but he could feel her hard hot breathing, the look of passion in her eyes. He felt the familiar rush of ecstasy building deep within him. His pulse quickened as he savored the sweet agony of anticipation. His senses were on fire, the scent of her skin, the softness of her touch, and the sound of her breath were driving him crazy.

Her hand continued to stroke his quivering flesh, a rhythmic motion that matched the intensity building within him. Beads of sweat formed on his brow as he succumbed to the mounting pleasure. He felt himself approaching the edge, his breathing became ragged, the sensations overwhelming his mind and body. He closed his eyes, letting himself be consumed by the shroud of pleasure that washed over him, leaving him breathless and blissful. Every muscle in his body contracted.

"I'm cumming, mom" And then, at long last, his climax arrived. He felt himself reaching the peak, and with a cry of pure ecstasy, he surrendered to the pleasure, his body shaking with the intensity of his release. "Oh-h-h-h-h, mom." His balls tightened and his cock shuddered under her hand. In that enchanting moment, he looked exactly at her, captivated by the graceful curve of her breasts and the exquisite contours of her face. Without a backward glance, he grabbed her breasts through her nightie, feeling soft skin and hardened nipples. And she let him.

An electrifying surge of pleasure coursed through his veins, sending shivers of ecstasy down his spine. Every nerve in his body ignited with a fiery intensity, as if a dormant volcano had erupted within him. With each breath, his lungs filled with a delicious intoxication.

His body convulsed, sending waves of hot, sticky fluid spilling out of him. A torrent of ecstasy surged through his canals. Splurt after splurt, wave after wave, his essence surged forth, all his male seed began to flood the bedspread and the sheets, emptying his balls. She could feel the warmth of his seed between her fingers, sticky and wet, as she continued to stroke him through the aftershocks. The heady scent of sex filled the air, she watched him as he gasped for breath, his body still trembling with the aftershocks of his release.

With a gentle motion, she reached for a nearby towel, ready to offer him comfort and care in the aftermath. She watched him intently, her eyes tracing the contours of his body as he gasped for breath, his chest rising and falling in sync with the remnants of pleasure coursing through him. He attempted to find his voice amidst the labored breaths, wanting to express his overwhelming emotions in the aftermath.

"That was...", he tried to speak, still catching his breath. "Rest now," she whispered. "No need for words. Just sleep"

A sense of serenity washed over him, and he murmured softly. "Thank you, mother." With those words, he surrendered to slumber.

Chapter 3. Bath

Ethel woke up to the faint sound of the commotion, slowly realizing that morning had already arrived. Disoriented, he blinked his eyes open, gradually becoming aware of his surroundings. Sunlight spilled into the room. It was then that Ethel's gaze fell upon his mother, who stood by the ornate mirror. She was struggling to put on her dress.

A flood of memories from the previous night rushed back to Ethel's mind, a vivid recollection of the intimate encounter he had shared with his beloved mother, his queen. She lovingly attended to his needs, providing comfort with her gentle touch. It was a night that blurred the lines between forbidden desire and a tender connection. In the moment of climax, their gazes locked, and Ethel felt a complicated mix of love and confusion. These memories, though surreal, were undeniably real.

Caught in a whirlwind of emotions, Ethel's eyes met Beatrice's reflection in the mirror.

"Good morning" she said awkwardly.

Sensing his mother's struggle, Ethel rose from the bed and approached her, his footsteps silent on the plush carpet.

They remained enveloped in silence as he assisted her in donning an elegant dress, its fabric cascading like a waterfall against her skin. "Today, envoys from Atraxia will be arriving," she finally spoke, her voice laden with a hint of apprehension. Ethel continued his gentle ministrations, his fingers grazing her back and collarbones. "Counselors asked me to keep the truth of our familial ties hidden, and pretend that we are a genuine couple."

"Understood," Ethel murmured, completing the task with utmost care.

"Thank you, Ethel. I must go now. We can talk later," she whispered, and soon he found himself alone once more, as he watched his mom leaving. He couldn't help but look at her private parts, the movements of her hips, and how the dress fit her firm round ass.

He watched the city from the window, recalling what had happened yesterday.

"Thank you, Alfred," he thought. "But it's still not enough."

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He reclined in the grandeur of the council room, an opulent space adorned with tapestries and gilded accents. Their discussion centered around the kingdom's affairs, but King Ethel's thoughts kept drifting to his mother. Her resplendent dress, meticulously crafted, accentuated the curves of her form, weaving an intricate tapestry of delicate silk and embellishments that whispered of her innate grace. Jewels adorned her neck and wrists.

What would it be like to hold her in his arms, to taste the sweetness of her lips? The mere thought sent an electric shiver down his spine. He tried to sneak a peak of her deep cleavage. What he wouldn't sacrifice to see her breasts again. The weight of their shared heritage, their intertwined destinies, only added fuel to the forbidden flame that burned within him. He yearned to bridge the boundaries that should forever separate them, to experience an intimacy that fate had cruelly denied.

"Your Majesty?" Krubach's voice interrupted Ethel's daydream.

"Yes, what is it?" Ethel snapped out of his trance.

"The envoys from Atraxia will arrive shortly. Should we make any preparations?" Krubach asked.

Ethel nodded. "Yes, we should ensure that our guests are well-received and comfortable during their stay."

"Are you okay, Your Highness?" asked the redhead advisor, whose name was Tork. "You are weirdly quiet today"

"I'm just tired. That's all"

"As you say"

As the council session ended, Queen Beatrice approached him. "I will go to the royal baths to freshen up before the envoys arrive," she said.

Ethel nodded and started to think. "I wouldn't mind following her in the baths but I need to see Alfred before."

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He descended the old route through the garden and straight into the kitchen again.

"Alfred! We have visitors!" shouted the head chef immediately. Everyone around bowed respectfully to Ethel. With an unusual delay, Alfred appeared, bowing his head. "Listen, Ethel..."

"You're my savior, Al. Your sexy fern helped me yesterday."

"When will you understand that it's not called a sexy fern... Wait, what do you mean it helped? I was just about to tell you that nothing worked out for me yesterday. The guards kept their eyes on me the whole time, I couldn't slip anything into the Queen's food. I'm sorry."

Ethel's expression changed immediately. "Couldn't slip anything? So... She wasn't influenced by the herbs?"

"Well... what do you mean? Did something happen between you and the Queen?" Alfred's eyes widened.

Ethel smirked at the corner of his mouth and rushed towards the exit, saying, "Save the sexy fern for the future, my friend."

"How many times do I have to say it..."

===

He made his way to the royal baths, his purpose clear: to rendezvous with his mother.

With curiosity and desire, Ethel couldn't resist stealing a glance through the slightly ajar doors. As he did, he was greeted by a sensory overload. The air was thick with the intoxicating fragrances of exotic oils, blending with the ethereal mist rising from the steaming pools that dotted the chamber. The atmosphere seemed to transport him to another realm, a world of opulence and indulgence.

Ethel's gaze immediately fell upon the queen, a regal figure surrounded by a retinue of attendants who were diligently attending to her every need.

Ethel's breath caught in his throat as his gaze fixated on the queen's stunning form, only partially concealed by a strategically placed towel. The damp fabric clung to her curves, accentuating the seductive contours of her body. His gaze hungrily traced the graceful lines of her partially covered form, from her slender legs to the curve of her neck, and the cascade of her long, lustrous black hair falling gracefully upon her gentle shoulders.

The temptation grew unbearable, overpowering his rationality, and Ethel could no longer resist the magnetic pull drawing him toward it. The queen noticed his presence and raised an eyebrow.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, her tone laced with irritation.

"I came to take a bath," Ethel replied confidently, his gaze lingering on her body.

With a touch of annoyance in her voice, the queen retorted "The bathhouse is busy right now. Can't you see?"

"Nothing stops us from bathing together. Leave us," he addressed the servants, his voice commanding and firm. The servants hesitated for a moment before bowing and exiting the room.

"Well, as you wish, Your Highness," the queen said mockingly. She returned to her business, grooming herself meticulously. Ethel watched in silence, mesmerized by her beauty. Her butt was slightly visible from under the warm terry towel.

As they were alone, he could wait no longer. He began to undress, revealing his toned body to the queen. He took a step closer to her and spoke softly.

"I wanted to thank you again for last night. It helped me a lot..."

"I don't want to talk about it," the queen cut him off immediately. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, but let's not discuss it."

Ethel was undeterred. "But I still need your help," he said, his voice pleading.

He stepped closer to the queen and reached out to touch her, his hand trembling as he reached out to touch her delicate arm. His boner went straight to her back through the towel. She recoiled slightly, pushing him away.

"Oh gods, Ethel. What are you doing? she exclaimed, her voice rising in alarm.

But Ethel's desires had consumed him entirely, rendering him oblivious to reason or familial boundaries. A primal longing coursed through his veins, overpowering any sense of control. He knew, with a twisted certainty, that he simply had to have her.

"I... need your help, again. To get preperater for advisors. Only you, Mother, can help me with my needs."

"You expect me to satisfy those needs, Ethel? Now? Again? You can do it yourself, Ethel."

"But I want you to do it," he replied, his voice becoming more insistent. "You'll finish this quickly, and we'll go back to our duties. Like king and queen."

A heavy sigh escaped her lips, filled with resignation and a flicker of compassion.

She cautiously took a step closer, reluctantly succumbing to his pleading. "Fine. But I'll stay in the towel. Let it be known that this remains purely an act to fulfill your desires. Nothing more."

She lowered his pants, going down to her knees and with a delicate gesture, reached out and wrapped her arms around his throbbing shaft.

Biting her lip, Ethel nodded, feeling the touch of her hands on his cock. She cautiously wrapped her fingers around the tip of his cock and ran her hand all the way to the bottom, pulling the skin taut.

Her touch was like a work of art, each caress crafted to ignite every nerve in his body and send him spiraling into ecstasy. With each tender movement, she traced the contours of his longing, teasing, and coaxing sensations that sent shivers down his spine.

He hesitated, fighting the urge to interrupt the moment by asking her to remove the towel to see her body or to touch her. He didn't want to risk jeopardizing the bond they had already formed. He thought of her full breasts and her purple nipples. The memory made him even harder.

"You are bigger then... Doesn't matter", she suddenly said, interrupting silence and his moans.

He smiled understanding what she meant. As the world around them faded into a blur, time seemed to stand still. He stood there, biting his lip, his whole body trembling. Each stroke was crafted with precision to ignite every nerve in his body. With every passing moment, their connection deepened the intensity building like a crescendo. The room filled with their shared breaths, whispers of desire and pleasure that intertwined with the soft melodies playing in the background.

"Are you close?" she asked, her voice laced with anticipation as her eyes wandered to the surroundings.

"Increase the speed, Mom", he said.

Every touch, every caress was a dance of seduction, leaving him teetering on the edge of ecstasy. Her delicate hand glided up and down his length, gradually increasing the pace of each stroke. Her fingers, soft and nimble, traced a path along his length. With each stroke, her movements grew bolder, her grip tightening, propelling him closer to the end.

The room was filled with an electrifying tension as their eyes locked. Every caress from her tender fingertips echoed with a lifetime of tenderness and unconditional love, intertwining with the intimacy of the moment. His breath hitched as if caught in the ethereal beauty of her face, illuminated by a soft, cascading glow, radiating warmth and devotion.

He surrendered to the mounting pleasure, his breath quickening, his heart pounding. Each stroke became a crescendo, building the tension within him to an unbearable peak.

"O-h-h-h, Mom" With a soft moan, he felt himself approaching the edge. He succumbed to the intensifying waves of pleasure, his every breath becoming more rapid, his heart thundering in his chest. Beatrice's fingers tightened around him, driving him higher and higher until he finally exploded.

"Oh-h-h mom. I'm cumming!"

"Finish on the floor", she said.

As he reached the pinnacle of ecstasy, a surge of raw pleasure surged through his veins. His balls tightened and his inner canals filled with torrents of sperm. His body convulsed with an uncontrollable shudder, and with a guttural cry of delight, he unleashed his climax.

And despite her asking, Ethel guided his pulsating shaft towards her flushed and radiant face. Time seemed to stand still as he released himself, a torrent of pleasure shooting forth and splattering across her facial features. Splurt after splurt, each droplet shimmered on her skin, towel, and black hair.

As the torrents of pleasure eased, he sighed, enjoying the aftermath of his orgasm.

"Sorry, Mom. I couldn't hold it."

She wiped semen from her eyes, and Ethel handed her a towel. He couldn't deny that she looked even hotter with his seed on her face.

"Just... just leave," she murmured wiping her face off his seed.

He nodded, quietly put his clothes on and left the baths. The door closed softly behind him, leaving both of them to grapple with the aftermath of their shared secret, and the shattered bond between a mother and her son.

Chapter 4. Bound by Blood and Love

Ethel looked out the window, pondering what had happened. He had cum on his own mother's face. Perhaps he should feel ashamed, and he even felt a little, but on the other hand, it felt so damn good. And her face full of his cum was so hot. Her eyes, her nose, the edges of her mouth, her hair. All covered with his man's seed.

"Gosh, what is wrong with me," he rubbed his eyes. He had always loved his mother since childhood, even though she was often absent, but he never imagined that after so many years their relationship would cross so many red lines. What was his fool of a father even thinking when he ordered the queen to marry her own son. And now his mother is too hot not to seize the opportunity.

It's a good thing the ambassadors rescheduled the meeting. It would surely have gone awry after what happened in the baths between him and the queen. Things needed to settle down a bit.

He had been too hasty with his actions. He has to be a little more patient with his weird desires. "Patience, the key to victory," his father's wisdom echoed in his mind. "If only he knew how I have wielded his life lessons," he thought with a wry grin.

Ethel heard approaching footsteps beside the corner, and suddenly, his mother stood before him. She was wearing a blue dress, her dark hair loose to her shoulders. Without hesitation, Ethel's words spilled out in a rush, laced with regret and shame, "I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I apologize if I've hurt you. You have every right to be angry with me for being a bad son. And I deeply regret what I did..... I'm sorry."

"No, my dear. It's not your fault." She said and for the first time, he saw a strange doubt in her eyes, as if she wanted to confess something "It's mine... If it hadn't been for your father's command, things would have been different. You need to get your sexual activity out somehow and I happen to be your queen."

Ethel wondered how often she pleased his father as much as she pleased him. Her relationship with the king has been strained for as long as he can remember. Perhaps there was no love there at all, just marital duty? And what she means by that is her fault. Ethel wanted to ask about it, but his mouth said something else. "What is so important about these ambassadors?" he was even a little glad to change the subject.

So did the queen, it seems. She slowly turned toward the window, and Ethel watched the beautiful muscles of her neck move. "Things are not going smoothly with the kingdom. There are problems that this alliance will solve. Their king didn't like your father, so maybe with a new king we have a chance."

"And we must pretend to be a couple?" he asked.

"Yes, we must. I guess after what we've done it won't be that hard." she smiled playfully.

"And how long are we going to do this? I take it the people in the kingdom don't know that their king is married to his own mother either. How long will we hide the truth from everyone, even if we succeed in deceiving the

ambassadors? You realize we can't maintain this charade of being husband and wife always," Ethel voiced his worries.

"We'll keep up the facade for as long as necessary, my dear son." The way her black hair cascaded down her back in soft waves made him wince a little. The gentle curve of her lips as she spoke, and the sparkle in her green eyes framed by thick, dark lashes that fluttered as she blinked all combined to create a breathtaking image. Her beauty transcended their familial ties.

Ethel pondered for a moment before raising another delicate subject. "What if we took things a step further? You once suggested conceiving children... naturally. In a natural way"

Beatrice looked at him, barely restraining herself from laughing. "The natural way? My dear, dear Ethel. It's one thing to mess up with me and my body, but it's another thing to attempt to... make me pregnant"

For some reason he became uncomfortable with her restrained laughing tone but at the same time the fact that she thought about, imagined him making her pregnant, sent a shiver down his spine.

Beatrice continued, her tone laced with a hint of wry amusement, "Nature has its own boundaries. It simply does not permit it. Even if you were to attempt to, shall we say, penetrate me, there's no way you could complete the act. You cannot climax within the woman who gave birth to you... Can't even believe I'm talking about it."

Beatrice leaned in closer, her voice dripping with a mixture of sarcasm and disbelief. "You understand how life goes. The workings of our reproduction. It's impossible, Ethel, and I find it quite fascinating that you would even entertain such an idea."

She straightened her posture, a smirk playing on her lips as she continued her pointed explanation. "My body, as capable as it is, possesses the wisdom to prevent any such aberrations. So answering your question – No. We can't do it 'in a natural way', dear."

"I understand" he decided to end this conversation, the fact that she had even talked about it was already a big step forward.

"So, Ethel, focus on matters that are grounded in reality. Leave the realm of fantasy behind and embrace the truths that nature has bestowed upon us. It is far more rewarding and far less... awkward"

With that, Beatrice gracefully turned away, leaving Ethel to ponder the lesson he had received.

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Several weeks drifted by, each day presenting a fresh opportunity for him to rebuild the fragile bond of trust with his mother. He no longer asked her to help him with his sexual needs or even hinted at any of his other lusts for her.

He started to act like a good king and courted her in every way. His father, a strong and respected figure, had left behind a legacy that Ethel both admired and feared. He wanted to emulate his father's strength and charisma, hoping that by assuming his role, he could capture his mother's attention and affection in a way that transcended the conventional mother-son relationship.

One evening before drifting to sleep Ethel delicately rested his head upon the softness of her chest, aiming for an innocent demeanor and feeling the delicate rise and fall with each breath she took. Gladly, the blanket hid the rest of his body, hiding his hard-on. The weight of his head, warm and comforting, pressed against the gentle curves of her breasts, creating an intimate connection that sent a rush of sensations coursing through her body. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I just want to lie down here, feel you," he said. Her lustrous black hair fell in silky waves. The faint outline of her supple breasts hinted at her womanly allure, while her flawless tanned skin accentuated the sculpted contours of her legs and thighs.

A wistful smile curved across her lips "You always liked my breasts, didn't you?" The words hung in the air, suggesting a shift in their relationship from innocent affection to something deeper and unexplored.

Ethel asked the next question. "Did you love father?"

She gently reached out and stroked his ragged hair, her fingers tenderly tracing the contours of his scalp. "Why are you asking all of a sudden?"

"Just wondering." A subtle smile curved on his lips as he savored the warmth emanating from her body. His cheek pressed against her nightgown, and he felt the softness of her breasts through the fabric.

The weight of the word "love" lingered in the air, and she pondered before continuing. "Love is a powerful word. Wilfield was a good king, but perhaps not a good husband."

"Why is that?"

"Well...she hesitated before continuing, " I think he just liked me. He didn't really love me, though. He liked rather to own me. When you're a king, you want to own everything. And, between us..." she added with a faint smile, "he was a terrible kisser. And if a man doesn't even know how to kiss, then..."

So, he was bad in bed?"

A momentary pause hung in the air. "Don't forget, we are talking about your father," she responded, a mixture of amusement and discomfort playing on her face.

"Doesn't know how to kiss" his mother's words echoed in his mind. "I've never kissed anyone in my life."

"I never noticed the coldness in your relationship," he said then.

"We were skillfully pretending. Our whole relationship has been cold since the first day of marriage." "I didn't always like him either, but he died so suddenly. Right when I turned eighteen. Don't you think that's strange?" he said and felt her heartbeat quicken.

"Sometimes people die, suddenly and unexpectedly. Even kings, even your father."

"You can be sure that I'll be a better king and husband"

"I know that", she said smiling.

He settled himself comfortably on her breast, feeling the rise and fall of her breath. Gently, he rested his hand upon her abdomen. Eventually, fatigue overtook him, and he surrendered to sleep, nestled against his mother's nurturing bosom.

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Time passed and it became harder and harder to wait. As the days turned into weeks, something miraculous began to happen. The impenetrable walls that his mother had carefully constructed around her heart started to crumble.

He was notified that ambassadors arrive tomorrow so he had to memorize some phrases for the meeting, what to say and what not to say. There he felt the warmth of her kiss on his cheek. "You are a great king, son," she said to him.

He recognized immediately from her eyes that those times when he saw her naked, climaxed because of her touch, and coated her entire face with his man-seed seemed like something distant to her. But not for him. Ethel lived with those thoughts, relieving the sexual tension while being alone. Cumming and cumming thinking about her, the graceful contours of her breasts with their gentle veins and delicate stretch marks, her uniquely colored nipples, adorned in a subtle shade of purple, and the indescribable pleasure that emanated from her gentle caress.

Feeling the warmth of her kiss on his cheek. As he watched her leave he felt someone's touch on his shoulder and suddenly saw Counselor Tork's red-haired face.

"May I see you for a moment, your majesty?"

"Do I have to get up?"

"Yes, I want to show you something."

"Gosh. I hope it's something important" he sighed and stood up. Soon they were in the corridors, where paintings of all past kings flaunted. Including his father's.

"It's a beautiful exhibition. When, by the way, am I going to get one just like it? Or do I have to die as well?" asked Ethel wryly.

But the counselor didn't seem to be paying attention. "All the kings before you, all are your Blood ancestors. Your line, my king, has not been interrupted for many years."

"Look." Ethel interrupted his great speech. "I see where you're going with this. Royal blood cannot be interrupted, I get it. But it's not to me to make these speeches, it's for the queen. What do you want from me? Didn't she talk to you?"

"We are simply appealing to your sense of urgency. The queen is no longer in her youthful prime, and the sands of time are steadily slipping away for the possibility of a new heir." Tork explained

Ethel sighed. "I get it. Do what you can in that case. You always communicate with her. More often than I do, probably. I am ready to do it even tomorrow if she's ready. I'm sure you can convince her that a physical relationship with me isn't such a bad idea."

"Perhaps she still sees you as just a child? Show with your actions that you are no longer a little boy and are ready for serious action."

"I'll try", said Ethel.

Tork nodded. "We understand the burden we are putting you on. What kind of trials are we forced to go through for the sake of the kingdom... To have sexual intercourse with your own mother. But it is your duty. And it must be done," with that counselor left to give Ethel some time to think.

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The summer sun was setting, and Ethel sat in the garden with Alfred, examining magical herbs in his hands. He was still pondering the counselor's words and a question suddenly flew from his lips.

"Interesting herb... How do you think it's hard to knock up your own mother?"

"Um... What?" Alfred looked at him strangely.

Ethel quickly realized the oddity of his question. "Um, nothing."

"If my mother looked just like yours, then...No. Are you really serious about doing this?"

"I guess so. But the more time passes, the less certain I am of that choice. She has also made it abundantly clear why it's an impossible scenario. Maybe she is right and it's nothing more than a fantasy. And there can be nothing real between mother and son. But the counselors are demanding the continuation of the lineage. I feel sometimes like I'm lost in my own desires and responsibilities. " he sighed and added "Look, what if I use this herb on myself? What would happen?"

"Who knows. Does the queen know about your intentions?"

"Yeah, she is glad to be impregnated by her son," he said mockingly "Of course not. She thinks I dismissed those ideas a long time ago. Well, I think she does"

"Listen, man. I'll be honest. You've never had sex before with a woman. No offense, but how do you expect to please a lady like your mother if you lack the necessary experience?"

Indeed. At all times, it was the queen who pleased him. If he wants to be worthy of her, he must show the appropriate level of skill in lovemaking.

"I will deal with it somehow later. Can you add your magic herb to my food for dinner tomorrow?" Ethel asked.

"Well, yeah. No problem." Said Alfred.

====

Soon a new day arrived. Ethel awoke with thoughts of asking the queen to go further, to do the unthinkable and let him impregnate her with a new heir, but he had no idea how to do it. Especially now that she seemed to have already forgotten about the days when she had pleased him with her hands. He has to show her the seriousness of his intentions, but how to do that?

Someone from the servants reported that the ambassadors had already arrived in town and Ethel had to go straight to the throne room to wait. He had not seen Mother since yesterday, and perhaps he should have concentrated on meeting the ambassadors now, but he could hardly do so. "Tork, where is the queen?" He turned to the royal advisor standing nearby.

"She is already with the ambassadors. The queen will escort them to the castle."

"Hmmm. Fine," Ethel answered and at that moment the double doors swung open, revealing the ambassadors with their elaborate robes and formal expressions, Ethel straightened his posture and cleared his throat, remembering what counselors told him to say. "Welcome, esteemed ambassadors of Atraxia," he greeted them.

The ambassadors entered the hall, scanning the room until they locked onto Ethel. Among the ambassadors there he saw mother. Although she held the title of queen, her role in this meeting was to act as a representative, ensuring that their alliance would be established without any knowledge of their familial connection.

"Your Majesty," the lead ambassador spoke, bowing respectfully. "We are honored to be in your presence and grateful for your invitation."

Ethel reciprocated the gesture, offering a polite nod. "The pleasure is mine. I have heard tales of the strength and wisdom of Atraxia, and it is my desire to forge an alliance between our kingdoms."

The meeting went on for some time, first, he spoke, then the queen. At one point, he lost in his own thoughts, examining the queen's beautiful face. "How can I prove to her that I am no longer a child?"

The ambassadors listened attentively, their eyes fixed on Beatrice. He took a deep breath, gathering his resolve, and turned toward his mother. With a calculated and daring move, Ethel approached her and in one audacious moment, Ethel boldly pressed his lips against her, a kiss that startled the onlookers. It was a raw, clumsy kiss that caught her completely off guard, leaving her eyes wide open as she stared at him. From an outsider's perspective, it appeared as though they were witnessing an authentic moment between the young king and his wife.

For Ethel, this kiss represented meaningful milestone--the first kiss of his life, a moment he had long awaited. As their lips melded together, he could feel the mingling of saliva, the warmth of her mouth enveloping his, and the exploration of tongues delicately intertwining. It was an unconventional experience to share such an intimate kiss with his own mother, and yet, an undeniable sense of pleasure coursed through him.

The room fell into a hushed silence, and Ethel gently broke the kiss, his heart pounding in his chest. He could see the astonishment in the eyes of the ambassadors. It was a risk, but one he had deemed necessary to divert any suspicions.

"Forgive me," Ethel said, his voice filled with a controlled vulnerability, as he pulled away from his queen. "But I wanted to demonstrate the bond of love and unity that exists within our kingdom."

"What a dumb thing I just said", he instantly regret it but then the lead ambassador stepped forward, a contemplative look on his face. "Indeed, Your Majesty," he replied carefully. "Love and unity are essential qualities for any successful alliance."

"Yes, yes. Of course." Relief washed him. He maintained his regal composure, all the while discreetly glancing at his mother.

The meeting continued, and discussions about trade, defense, and shared values took center stage, gradually shifting the attention away from the momentary shock of the kiss. As the ambassadors bid their farewells and departed from the grand hall, Ethel and Queen exchanged a glance.

"You should have warned me about the kiss," she said when they finally were alone.

"I didn't have time for that. Besides, it's worked. Have you seen their faces? In a way, you should be grateful for that kiss" A subtle sense of satisfaction gleamed in his eyes, and he recognized a hint of approval in her silence.

"You grow more like your father every day."

He recoiled slightly at the comparison, his expression betraying his desire to distance himself from any similarities.

"I hope not"

"At least you both share the trait of being subpar kissers. It was the clumsiest kiss I ever had."

Ethel remained composed and replied, "I'll wait for you in the dining room. There's something important to discuss, my queen."

===

They sat in the grand dining room, surrounded by opulent decor and a sense of formality. The rich aromas of their meal wafted through the air, mingling with the tension that hung between them. He still felt her saliva in his mouth and it was a bit weird. At least he showed how the seriousness of his intentions. He looked out for traces of Alfred's plants. Perhaps these herbs would help him gain the confidence to say what he was about to say.

"Did you see Alfred again yesterday?" She said, sitting across the table. "It is not good for a king to be friends with a cook. What should I do to stop you from seeing him?"

He finally found bits of herb on a plate. "Alfred's handwork," Ethel exclaimed with a sly smile, only to be overcome by a different concern. "Is it... Is it that simple to put something in my food? Alfred claimed he couldn't even attempt to do something like that with the queen's meal. But seems like he easily slipped it in my food, even though I am a King..."

"Ethel!" she raised her voice, looking at him.

"Alfred is a friend of my childhood. I can't just stop seeing him" After thinking for a second he carefully put the herb bits aside. "Sometimes I can't help but wonder if you're afraid of something." Ethel's eyes bore into her. He once again noticed the worry in her enchanting green eyes, her lips curled slightly. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"What should you do to stop me from seeing him?" He set his fork aside. "I'll forget about Alfred if you let us...do it in a natural way. Me and you."

"I have already made it clear, son, that such a union is impossible. Our relationship as mother and son prevents any physical intimacy between us. I can promise you that you'll regret it. "

"You don't think I can do that? Just give me a chance, Mother."

He noticed the gears turning in her head as she pondered. She took a deep breath, her breasts rising."If it will make you stop seeing Alfred in return and help the kingdom... So be it. I am willing to take this step to prove to you that there can be no physical relationship between us. There can be no passion or sexual love between mother and son"

"Whatever you say, Mother".

===

At last evening came. They didn't say a word when they were alone in the bedroom. Beatrice was dressed in her customary nightdress in front of the mirror, her thighs and butt showing. through. He distinctly noticed the contours of her breasts and the shapes of her nipple outlines, visible through the soft nightgown due to the fire's gentle light.

Ethel couldn't believe it was finally going to happen.

"You can't touch me anywhere, not a single caress. Keep your hands on the sheet. There will be no love or passion in this process, no tender kisses or whispered declarations of affection. Do you understand?"

"Um-mm-mm. Okay."

With a deliberate yet delicate movement, Beatrice ran a brush through her lush hair. It felt surreal to him as if he were trapped within an enchanting dream from which he couldn't tear his eyes away.

"I'm ready." Beatrice silently took her place on one side of the bed, her body concealed beneath the comforting embrace of a blanket. "Put out the light," she requested.

Ethel obliged, leaning forward to blow out the candles. As darkness enveloped the room, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment at the absence of moonlight streaming through the window.

"Come here," he heard her voice again in the darkness, she didn't have to repeat it. He steeled himself for the profound act that awaited him-- the act of inseminating his own mother.

Not only would he lose his virginity, but he would do it with his mom. He climbed into bed next to her and waited. "Did you do that before?" she asked.

"Yes", he lied. After what felt like an eternity she whispered "So. Are you going to start it or not? Or have you changed your mind?"

Hewent under the blanket, slowly finding his place between her legs, with sloppy movements. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he could make out her shapely legs parted invitingly, even though her nightie concealed the details. He was so horny that he was ready to cum right away.

"Add some spit before... Hard to believe I am telling you this," he did it without questioning, dousing the tip with spit. "Should I guide you?" she then asked.

He felt the softness of her hand on his shaft. "Oh-h-h-h-h, Mom." He couldn't hold back from moaning. It's been so long since the last time she touched him like that.

"I can sense your readiness, dear," she whispered, her hand expertly guiding the tip of his manhood to the entrance between her legs. At that moment, Ethel experienced an overwhelming sensation as he entered something unimaginably warm and velvety. Despite the darkness surrounding them, his eyes filled with pure ecstasy. It became apparent to him that the softness of a woman's vagina was far better than his hands.

"Feeling good?" she said. Ethel no longer required her guidance, as he positioned himself between her legs, flush with her face, their bodies intimately entwined. He delved deeper, eagerly listening to her muffled moans of pleasure, and once again wished he could see her face in all its glory.

The deeper he penetrated, the more his body trembled. With every inch inside his body quivered with overwhelming torrents of pleasure, intensifying the sensations coursing through his entire being. Finally, he realized he had reached the end when the tip of his cock touched something and his balls beat blissfully against her cheeks. He was balls deep inside her.

"Oh... Mom" he moaned feeling like he was about to pass out.

"Are you... still want to continue?" she asked hardly breathing in the darkness.

As the torrents of pleasure cooled a bit, streams of rational thought rushed into his head. He realized that he felt an inexplicable mixture of discomfort and fascination as he found himself in the intimate confines of his mother's womb. It felt so strange and so wrong. "That's right, pull it out" she whispered. With a growing urge, he instinctively moved backward, attempting to withdraw, only to be engulfed once more in waves of pleasure. It was the most pleasurable sensation of his entire life.

But when he pulled his cock out, he noticed Mother's movements in the dark. It appeared that she had assumed he was finished and hastily began to cover herself with the nightie, uttering, "Now you'll have to bear the burden for the rest of your days, knowing that you entered me, your own mother." But he chose to embrace the taboo and penetrated her once again, causing her to gasp in surprise "Do you want to try again?"

"Yes," Ethel entered her at full speed, feeling her vaginal walls gently squeeze his cock "Oh-oh-oh...that feels so good. You are so tight" He couldn't touch her, so he had to keep his hands on the sheet, but his eyes finally adjusted to the darkness and he could see her face. She was breathing heavily, the contours of her breasts visible beneath the nightgown, waves of hair cascading on the pillow, she was holding back her pleasure and moans.

Still pretending not to see anything, Ethel gently pulled her nightie down, revealing her breasts. He could barely make out her nipples, which were swelling slowly. His hips began to move back and forth, more and more actively entering and leaving her without holding back. Proving that her theory that there could be no passion in a mother-son relationship was a lie.

His breath catching in his throat, as his eyes fell upon the mesmerizing sight of her boobs. They trembled under the pressure of his hips, with each powerful thrust. His gaze caressed the patterns of veins that traversed her

flawless skin, accentuating the natural beauty of her boobs. He stopped holding back and gently straddled her breasts with his hands. Squeezing them, running his fingers over her nipples. "No touching..." she tried to remind him, closing her eyes. Still, he didn't take his hands off. He kept fucking her.

"That's the best day of my life. O-h-h, Mom..." he moaned and his hips moved with increasing intensity, thrusting into Beatrice with a fervor that betrayed the taboo nature of their relationship.

He was finally fucking his mother. Pleasure coursed through her, causing her to tremble with each primal thrust he delivered. "You... are so big" she moaned. As he gazed upon her, a love washed over him. He worried that he was inexperienced, but that proved not to be a problem.

His movements were raw and full of animal passion, each thrust possessing the power to consume her from within. Waves of passion coursed through him, causing his body to tremble and his hardened cock plunged deeper and deeper into her, relentlessly exploring the depths of her inside, her tight warm vagina. The realization that he was entwined with his mother overwhelmed him, adding a forbidden yet undeniable thrill to this tasty encounter.

The sound of clapping and her moans filled the room. He was getting close. She wrapped her arms around his head, still gasping with pleasure. Her breath was ragged, escaping in shallow pants, as she surrendered herself to the overwhelming sensations coursing through her.

"I know you love it as much as I do" he said, feeling his sweat drips down her breasts.

"We shouldn't do this... we can't oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-" she looked deeply into his eyes.

He surrendered himself to the desire. Each movement resonated with an electric fervor, drawing him closer to the climax. He couldn't resist and his heart raced as he found himself unable to hold back any longer. He leaned in, lowering his head until his lips made contact with hers. The once pure and nurturing lips that had showered him with a mother's love were now a tantalizing temptation that he couldn't resist. It was a bittersweet collision of affection and longing, as he yearned to capture every taste and sensation, savoring every delicate nuance of his mother's mouth. It was a sloppy, clumsy kiss but he didn't care, he wanted to taste her so bad.

He was finally ready to flush out all his semen. "I'll do it inside... I'm almost there," Ethel whispered breaking the kiss. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead. The sound of his balls slapping against her cheeks was driving him crazy. He couldn't believe taboo sex would feel that good. "No, Ethel... Not inside," she objected as she knew the consequences of their actions could be far-reaching.

"I don't care," Ethel responded defiantly, his desire clouding his judgment. The thrill of their forbidden love coursed through his veins, intensifying with each passing moment. Breathing became a struggle, his heart pounding in his chest, and the sensation of release surged through him. His cock shuddered inside of her, full of precum. He gazed deeply into her green eyes. With a trembling voice and a heart brimming with affection, he summoned the courage to speak his raw emotions. "I love you, Mom" he breathed.

With one final urgent thrust his cock found release in a cataclysmic eruption. "Ohhhhhhhh cumming," his balls tightened and his cum flowed through the canals. He erupted deep inside her, his body pulsating with wild desire as he released his warm essence, filling her womb with his potent seed. The very womb that had nurtured and brought him into this world now received the essence of his own cum. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... I love you, Mom"

"No, Ethel...." she whispered feeling the warmth of his seed filling the deepest recesses of her being. He was erupting and erupting, torrents of hot cum filled her, there was so much of it he could feel it flowing out of her vagina. As his climax peaked, torrents of unimaginable pleasure cascaded through his entire being. Every nerve ending tingled with an exquisite bliss, transcending the physical realm and transporting him to a realm of pure euphoria.

But when the last torrents of pleasure finally subsided, he gazed up at her with flushed cheeks, overcome by the realization of what had just happened. He had impregnated a woman his mother. In the aftermath, he heard her soft moans. "Oh... Ethel, my dear," she whispered, her voice laden with a blend of pleasure and uncertainty. "What have you done?" She touched his face.

Regret washed over him, and he mustered the courage to respond. "I'm sorry," he said, his words tinged with sincere contrition. He gently pulled his flaccid cock out and a stream of cum squirted out of her and the tip of his cock. He immediately collapsed into bed next to her, feeling tired. "I did what I had to. And I proved to you that you were wrong " he whispered.

CHAPTER 5

Ethel woke up, and the first thing that greeted his eyes was the soft glow of a delicate nightgown, revealing the contour of two gently rising mounds, unmistakably his mom's boobs. One of them teased from beneath the nightie, a large nipple with a purple halo peeking right out at him.

Apparently, in a fit of passion, he had stretched her dress and now her breasts didn't fit into. Yes, he couldn't believe his own thoughts.

In a fit of passion, he had stretched mom's nightie, because yesterday they were fucking.

Yesterday he'd done it with his mother. And he didn't just do it, he ejaculated inside her. Right into his mother's womb.

He shuddered.

Beatrice yawned, scooping up her arms, her hair lying softly on the pillow. She stretched, welcoming the morning, and her puffed-out breasts bobbed. Ethel watched everything unflinchingly with one eye.

She lowered her arms and hid her breasts under nightie.

He pretended to sleep, when her hand reached somewhere under the blanket. She looked flustered, apparently remembering the events of last night and her mistake. He could have sworn she was probing her vagina, she was verifying, in the most intimate way, that the extreme sex they had shared was indeed a reality and not a mere dream. And he really came inside. Her son's seed was flooding her.

He'd really done it. The thought made him feel uneasy again. Some strange chill ran down his skin. Not even kings had the right to fuck their own mothers. Much less put their child in their womb.

She turned away, adjusting her nightgown over her breasts again (her left one almost fell out) and Ethel stirred, showing he was awake.

"I've seen men lose their heads in a fit of passion many times, and do strange things..... But this. This is beyond everything, honey," she grudgingly stood up, tossing back her black braids. Her breasts fell out of her nightie again, she touched the flesh and hid it, mewling unhappily. "That was my favorite nightie."

"The kingdom values the purity of royal blood. So our possible...child will only benefit," he sat up, not covering his dangling cock. His words sounded as if he was seeking conviction for himself, not her.

"Purity of royal blood..." she let out a chuckle. "If only you and the counselors knew the whole truth." She threw off her nightie, finding herself with her back to him and completely naked.

He could see the outline of her breasts and nipples. "What... truth?"

She suddenly became aware of her mistake and swiftly turned towards him. Her bare breasts were clearly visible, just inches away from his face. Round, with protruding nipples. She ran her hand over them, tugging lightly, fingers brushed over the skin.

Maybe under other circumstances he would have liked the view, but he still felt uneasy after realizing what had happened last night.

"Never mind," she said. "Your father, bless his soul, had to do everything eight times to conceive you, Ethel. Can't believe I'm telling you this... So there's no guarantee I'll get pregnant after first time."

That's in case my seed isn't stronger than his, he thought.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he felt her looking at his plunging cock. "It was so too... good. And I couldn't control myself."

"You are not the first one, darling. I know who you got it from..." She found a new nightie and threw it over herself. "Let's summarize everything and bring this rather awkward morning to a close. We both agree it was a mistake. I'll take action and make sure I don't get pregnant. And you, just return to your duties as king. Think about important stuff."

"As you wish."

She took a deep breath, steeling herself for what came next. "And, Ethel, I understand that it will be difficult for us to move forward after what happened, to look into each other's eyes. But, my dear, it doesn't change our relationship. I don't blame you, I know you regret what you did. While we may hold the titles of king and queen, we are still no lovers. You are not my husband, Ethel. You are still my son."

He nodded.

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"Congratulations, my king!" said Torc as soon as Ethel entered the council room. The redhead immediately shook his hand, and Ethel only wondered how they knew about everything so quickly.

"Atraxia is ready for an alliance!" finished the councilor.

"Oh, that's right, yes. That's great news."

"Their King Aranteal will arrive next week," Torc kept shaking his hand.

"Is that necessary?"

"Queen Beatrice has personally invited him."

"Personally?" he finally slipped his hand out of the counselor's clutches. "Is he coming by himself or with his consort?"

"King Aranteal is unmarried, Your Grace."

Ethel took his seat cautiously. "And how old is he?"

"Thirty-six, my king."

Something about all this displeased him greatly. His mother had personally invited a young and unmarried king, right into their castle. Why?

"Tell me more about this Aranteal."

"Well, of importance it is worth perhaps to say that he used to be a frequent visitor to our castle. As a young prince, an envoy of his father, King Antarel. He often appeared here and discussed the details of an alliance with your father on behalf of Atraxia."

"And when did he first appear here?"

"Oh, I don't remember that time well anymore. It was before you were born, Your Majesty," Torc muzzled a thoughtful face, taking a seat at the table next to him. "I remember well that Aranteal was quite a youth when he first arrived on behalf of his father. He was no more than seventeen or eighteen."

"And why did father break the alliance with Atraxia?"

"Oh, there were many reasons, but truth be told" Torc leaned in slightly. "I think your father was probably just jealous of your mother for Aranteal."

"Jealous?"

"Oh, yes. The king was handsome and young, Aranteal had already become king, and he turned 23. At some point, your father's patience broke and he demanded that the alliance be broken, even though there was much benefit to our kingdom from it. And Aranteal never came here again."

"So Aranteal was close to my mother?"

"I will only put it this way. I think your father had reason to be jealous. But enough about that, I don't want you to get a bad impression of the king," Torc stood up, returning to his discussion with the other counselors.

What he had heard had left some sort of unpleasant imprint inside Ethel. He didn't like the thoughts it had caused him.

At that moment, his mother entered, attempting to maintain an air of normalcy despite the events of the previous night. Her absence would undoubtedly raise too many questions.

Hair in a bun, dark dress clinging to her tall, slender frame. Only now did Ethel notice that she had dark circles under her eyes. Seems she hadn't slept well last night.

"Greetings, Your Grace. How was your night?" another counselor, Krubach, asked.

"Sleepless. My body ached, I thought about a lot of things. You could say the night was very... fruitful," she took a seat close to the Ethel, not looking at him.

"Tell me, dear mother," he started right away. "Why do we need an alliance with Atraxia?"

"Ethel, I've already explained it to you many times. If you devoted as much attention to your royal duties as you do to trying to catch a glimpse of my cleavage, you would know—"

"Something tells me that you are less interested in the profit of the kingdom and more in the companionship of the lovely and unmarried King Aranteal."

Slowly, she turned her head toward him. "Nonsense. You don't know what you're talking about. You are the first person I cheated on your father with since his death, just so you know. Yes, I am a single queen married to my own son. We were good friends with Aranteal until your father broke the alliance."

"You are my queen..."

"Do I hear jealousy? I am your mother," she asserted firmly. "And Aranteal and I are nothing more than friends, for your information. Just like you, I have no right to be in a romantic relationship with anyone other than my king. Remember? That's the end of the story, young man."

And she turned to the counselors, but Ethell didn't finish.

"Don't you think I forget about "If I knew the truth" thing back in the chambers. What did you mean? What's the truth?"

"Perhaps you'll figure it out for yourself when our guest shows up," she said tiredly, and that was the end of their conversation.

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Soon after a couple of days (Aranteal arrived sooner than expected) the retinue of King Atraxia rode into the city at night and approached the castle.

Beatrice was not well this evening, so Ethel and his advisors had to greet the guests themselves.

Several wagons pulled into the castle, riders and soldiers all around.

The wagon door opened, and a tall, blond-haired man stood before Ethel with shoulder-length braids, blue eyes, stubble, and a long beard. Ethel marveled at how much... he looked like himself.

"Greetings. You must be King Ethel. Heard a lot about you, new king. To be honest, I thought you were Wilfield's son. But my ambassadors have informed me that you are his brother and took Queen Beatrice as your wife after the king's death."

"Mmm. Yes, yes. Of course. That's the way it is," he hadn't thought about what version of events the advisors had spun to the ambassadors. He cautiously shifted his gaze to Torc and Krubach. They shrugged, barely perceptibly, as if to say 'What else could we tell them'.

"Truth be told, I thought I would be greeted by the queen," Aranteal looked behind him as if searching for Beatrice.

"She's not feeling well today, come on in. I have a couple of questions," Ethel said as he escorted his guest inside the castle. "Do you know my Mo... queen Beatrice well? I heard you used to be a frequent guest here before."

"Oh, yes. We met exactly eighteen years ago. I was very young then, a little younger than you. We hit it off immediately and got along quickly. We wandered through the forests, talking, dreaming, riding horses," he kept talking about Beatrice, and Ethel couldn't help but get an eerie feeling of how remotely similar the two of them were. What the hell, Mom, he thought.

"And you?" He asked suddenly, bringing Ethel back to his senses.

"And I...."

"How long have you known Beatrice?"

"Oh, right. My Mo... Yeah, Beatrice. I've known her all my life actually. But...uh... We became husband and wife out of the blue after Wilfield's passing and in that time I've genuinely grown to love her."

"And you have no idea why she's not well today?"

"Actually, I have some suspicions," he pondered for a moment.

Maybe my seed IS stronger than my dad's after all, he thought.

"But let's leave it to the healers. I think she'll be ready in a moment," Ethel finally said. They walked on through the castle.

Gradually the story of my father's death is becoming less and less complicated. Is this Aranteal connected to it?

The doors in front of them opened, and his mother emerged from the passage wearing a red silk dress with a surprisingly deep neckline on her chest--too deep, even for her. Tanned, beautiful full of blood breasts with barely discernible hints of her delicate nipples beneath the luxurious fabric. Her lustrous, ebony locks cascaded over her shoulders and down her back, framing her face.

Ethel took one look and turned away. He was still overcome with a strange sensation, ashamed of the night they spent. So he didn't want to see her in that light again, to see her as a breeding ground and as an object of lust. She was his Mom after all and their night together was a mistake.

"Beatrice," said Aranteal.

"Aranteal" she replied.

Their eyes met, as if they were reuniting after a lengthy separation, which indeed they were, and Ethel had only to watch with jealousy.

"So many years..."

"I know," Beatrice blushed as if to emphasize the color of her dress.

"You haven't aged a day."

"Well, you aged pretty badly, my friend," she smiled.

Ethel coughed and signaled he was still there (and the counselors).

"My..." Aranteal glanced at Ethel and then back at Beatrice. "Condolences about Wilfield. He was a good king. I'm sorry for your loss, Queen."

Ethel gave a feigned yawn. "I think it's getting late. We can talk tomorrow and discuss everything. Now's time for bed. Don't you think so?" Ethel walked over to Beatrice and he noticed as she slightly nodded to Aranteal. What was that about?

"Yes, of course. We'll meet in the morning, King. We'll discuss..." The King's gaze darted to the neckline on Beatrice's chest, looking directly at her boobs. "All the details."

He's just arrived and he's already allowing himself too much, Ethel thought. Maybe I really am jealous.

The vigilant guards guided the King and his entourage towards their chambers, while the counselors made their exit, leaving Ethel and Beatrice alone.

"You think I made a good impression?" she looked at her neckline.

"The only way you could have left a more lasting impression is if you had arrived naked," he followed her look at her breasts. "Is there anything you wish to tell me?"

"I'm feeling better, if you were interested. And no, I don't," she turned around and walked away.

Emotions were bubbling up inside. Could this man be... Not, that's impossible. My Mother would never betray Dad and cheat on him. They're just friends.

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He lay on his side, pondering all the events. Did his mother have something to do with his father's death? And did Alfred have anything to do with it all? What if he slipped some venom in Wilfield's meal.

"Ethel?" his mother's soft breath came over his ear, but Ethel did not move. He lay pretending to be asleep. It went on like that for about half a minute before she rose slowly, trying to remain unnoticed, and walked out of the chambers.

"What the...?" He went down the narrow, candlelit hallway, and quietly followed her. Through the dim corridors, he followed the silk dress and realized he had reached Aranteal's chambers. He waited in hiding for a while, not wanting to be seen by either the guards or Aranteal's retinue.

But time ticked by slowly, a minute turning into two, stretching to five, and perhaps even ten. He moved closer and listened.

"Oh, yes, Beatrice," a voice purred, following the unmistakable sounds of flesh colliding with flesh. "It's been so long... Ughhh... I'd forgotten how good you are... After all these years."

"Hush...please. We can't be overheard, yes, that's it," Ethel clearly recognized his mother's voice.

"Yes, ohhhh... you as tight as the first time we did it," sounds of flesh hitting flesh intensified. "I still remember. We used to love to do it in the old days.... Ughhhh... And I think we even tried a little too hard once."

"Ohhhh, what are you trying to say?"

"Come on...Ethel...is our son. I can see that."

"I can't... I can't admit it," Beatrice barely uttered a word.

"Just don't lie to me, sweetheart. Oh, that's it. Let's ensure that the seed goes in the right place," Ethel heard the bodies move and rustle of sheets as Aranteal shifted into a more comfortable position. "Admit it, is he our son? I always dreamt about a family with you, my love."

"No one should know, Arthy, please. I can't..." she murmured.

"Your husband is dead. There's nothing to be afraid of"

He guessed from the sounds in the room that they were kissing. Finally, after a frustratingly long pause, he heard his mother's soft, excited voice. She, catching her breath, said. "Yes... Yes, he is ours....ohhhhhh. He's yours."

"Oh, yes... Ughhhh.. That's just what I needed to cum. I knew after that one time you would definitely get pregnant. I'm sure Wilfield fool never knew about anything... Now we'll be together forever, ooh. I'm almost..."
Slaps intensified.

The realization struck Ethel like a thunderbolt: this man, Aranteal, was his true father. He couldn't help but hear the soft, intimate sounds of their kisses, pleasure in Aranteal's sighs, him enjoying her body, his mother as if they were lovers, husband and wife. It was strange to listen to this, to realize that his real parents were making love. That his real father was making love to his Mom.

"Come on, come on, ughhhh" Beatrice barely held back a scream apparently cumming.

"That's it, my love. Yes. Now it's my turn, I'm going to do it inside." Aranteal said.

"No, Arthy, please. It's too soon."

"But I want it so much, Beatrice. I've been waiting for this all those years." Sounds stopped for a moment.

"It's not time yet, darling... I promise you'll do later, after the union. You'll be a frequent guest here again and have as many children as you want."

"As you say, my love...Ohhh.... As you say. Damn, ughhh. It will be so hard to pull out," slapping continued.

"Almost, almost.... Oh, yes. Beatrice, ohhhhhhhhhhhhh." Aranteal held back a cry of cum, he stifled a moan of ecstasy.

Eventually, Ethel managed to collect himself and swiftly retraced his steps through the corridors, making his way back to the king's chamber.

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He lay on his side of the bed, thinking, watching the full moon rising in the window. It all seemed like a nightmare. Fuck... All these times his life was a lie. And it was his mother's fault.

The door creaked open and Beatrice returned. Ethel lay with his back turned to her, but he could sense her presence as her nightgown brushed the floor while she approached the bed. Taking a seat on her side, she leaned over and gently kissed the top of his head before settling into sleep.

Just a few minutes ago, she had been with that man, his real father, they were fucking. And now, she was back here.

"You betrayed Dad, Mom."

"What are you saying, sweetheart?" Beatrice replied with a tired yawn.

"I know everything. I know about you and this Aranteal," he turned to her, and she watched him with a worried expression as he ran his hand gently over her cheek and down to her shoulder.

"I didn't betray him, dear..." she touched his hand on her cheek. "Your father couldn't have kids."

Ethel stared into her deep, troubled eyes.

"Aranteal... it happened so fast, just an accident. He was so young, so full of energy, and one day he just couldn't contain himself. He wanted to do it with and he just did it. He impregnated me.... You heard the counselors, honey. Wilfield needed new descendants, a continuation of the king's line. And I gave it to him."

"You gave him a heir. I understand. But..." he drew nearer, tenderly kissing her cheek before their lips met. "...I need that too, don't I?"

"What are you doing, Ethel?"

He drew nearer, closing the gap between them as he straddled her, positioning himself between her legs. His past disgust and shame had passed.

"Honey, we shouldn't. I'm your Mother..."

"Will you stop me?" His response was swift and passionate, as he revealed his dick. He made his way to her, through her body and ending up between her legs.

"There are other ways, dear. Please, we shouldn't do this. It's not right."

At this moment he unveiled himself and smoothly entered the eagerly awaited warmth between her thighs, into that much-desired warmth, Mother's pussy. "Ughhhh," she barely held back a groan, biting her lip.

This time the moonlight illuminated the room well and he could see everything. To see the change in her face as he entered. It was nice and warm inside and it didn't matter to him that he wasn't her first lover that night; he was content.

"You don't have to do this, darling," she traced his hair with her fingers, trying to persuade him again.

"I know, but I want to," he moved slowly, inching towards the end.

"Ohhh, Ethel..." she moaned softly, her eyes closing in surrender. "Why are you doing this to me?" She felt him entering, slowly, inch by inch, her eyes squeezing shut as waves of wild euphoria washed over her. His cock seemed relentless, an unending source of pleasure. "No mother should know how good it feels."

Finally, he found its end, his tip gently brushing against her cervix. "Ughhh," he gasped, feeling an unusual wetness inside, even more so than the last time. "You mean... being penetrated by your own son? Wow, Mom... But you know how good it is," he lifted his head, feeling the most caressing sensations in the whole world.

He straddled her legs, pulled them up, and finally began fucking her, slamming his hips hard against her thighs. "Oh, yes, oh, yes, Mom," he pounded harder and harder on her thighs, pounding and pounding, going crazy.

Instead of just stretching, he tore her nightie this time and kept his eyes on her breasts, teasing her hardened nipples. As he lost himself in the moment, he tangled his hand in her hair, holding her legs up with his other hand.

"I don't understand why it feels so good. Why it feels better..." she pushed him slightly, keeping her hands on his chest, her nails digging lightly into his skin.

He fucked her, slamming her cheeks with his balls. "You said father needed to do everything eight times... I'm ready to do it eight times if needed."

"Oh...baby."

Damn, she was such a slut. He gripped her hair harder in his hand, destroying her vagina with all his might, entering deeper and deeper with each thrust. He could already feel his pre-cum coming out, further intensifying the moisture inside her.

"You will have my child, Mom. Only mine."

"Oh, yes... I want to have another child. Yes..."

"It's time for a sibling, Mother. I always... Ughhhh... gosh, wanted brother or sister. The counselors will be pleased."

Her sincere motherly face drove him crazy, her green eyes, cascading dark hair, and full, inviting lips. He couldn't believe he was enjoying doing this so much. Fucking his own mother and completely destroying her vagina. "I was a fool not to see that the perfect woman had been with me all this time."

Is it even possible to breed your own mother with so much pleasure? He couldn't believe. "Oh, yeah... That feels so good." He fucked and fucked her, thrust after thrust, elevating her legs higher and higher, on the verge of hurting her, pulling her hair, but she didn't resist. He could see the joy on her face. The joy of being bred.

"Ah... Who could have imagined that my own son would become the most passionate and intense lover I've ever known?" she smiled, closing her eyes, slightly pushing his chest.

"Oh, I'm almost there. Yes, yes... That feels so good. Yes...." he prepared to vaporize his whole gut right into her, everything that was in his balls, everything that was inside. He didn't stop even if he would die after this orgasm. It would have been worth it. Pouring his childmaking seed into his mother again. He was determined, and willing to give it all.

"Grant me this, beget our heir," she implored.

Like a madman, he fidgeted on the bed and noticed they were doing it on his father's side. "I'll do it for you, my queen." His cock was more ready than ever to finish, to spurt all out. His hips were bucking hard against her thighs, the intensity of the moment making it difficult for him to grasp the reality of the situation.

"Can't believe I'm letting you do this again, ugh, it hurts, dear." She touched his hands on her breasts, his fingers squeezing her nipples, it reminded her of the tender way he used to hold them as a kid. But this, new adult version of Ethel was stronger and loved her much more fiercely.

"I love you, Mom, ohhhh yes," he squeezed her breasts with all his might and felt it was it. He got into a comfortable position to make sure that his seed was definitely flowing into her womb. Kissing her on the lips, he moved his hips furiously, penetrating her, pounding her ass with his balls. With a final, deep thrust, he penetrated her completely.

He began to pant, as if he were out of breath, his movements becoming erratic. "Ughhhh..... MOM!" His gut all quivered and he shook his mother, dragging her back and forth across the sheet, their movements sending ripples across the bed. His cock shook at last.

"I can feel it, oh yes. I feel it, honey," she moaned, digging her claws into his back.

His dick exploded with a torrent of cum, right into her cervix. All of his seed was pouring inside her, flooding her. He moaned in pleasure, switching to a half-cry. "God, you deserve it, Mom. You deserve it, oh yes, take it slut, every drop of it... Ohhhhh." His balls twisted as if in a knot, pumping the last of the juices from his balls, flooding her entire womb, draining him. He kept pounding, almost using his cum as a lubricant. Ethel shook her in the bed, going almost crazy. He could feel the cum coming back from her insides flooding around his cock, and vagina and outward onto the bed. He flooded her all over. Just as he intended.

He had barely recovered from such a profuse orgasm, still hovering in clouds of pleasure. He whispered lightly, trying to make out her face under the moonlight. "Mom...I love you"

She stared silently out the window and whispered. "What have we done, dear."

He granted her a gentle kiss on the lips. Just a couple of months ago, sitting at the dinner table with Father and Mother, he would never have believed he would be in this position. He never would have believed that fucking and filling your Mom would be that good.

After what felt like eternity he wearily withdrew, collapsing on bed, his hand still resting gently on her breasts. "That was perfect," he murmured.

She looked at him with a hint of concern. "You're not angry anymore?"

He smiled. "Your pussy is too good to be angry at you, Mom."

"Ethel," She adjusted the remains of her nightie, her other hand feeling how much of the bed beneath her was flooded with cum from her vagina. "We need this alliance. I hope you won't do anything stupid tomorrow."

Ethel barely heard her as he pulled back from his orgasm. He smiled. "I won't, Mother. I promise."

In the ensuing silence, she hesitated briefly before speaking again. "You released so much inside... I still feel it. Can I ask you for something? My king?"

"Anything for my queen."

"Don't you dare to hold my hair and breasts like that again," she said.

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Aranteal was voraciously devouring his meal while seated across from Beatrice, with Ethel beside him.

His mother was languidly pecking at her food, dressed modestly in a dress that concealed not only her breasts and neck but also her arms.

"You seem to have lost your appetite, my lady," Aranteal remarked.

"I'm not particularly hungry today, especially for this soup."

It's funny, I recall you having similar sentiments right before you got..." Aranteal's gaze suddenly shifted to Ethel, and he fell silent. "Never mind."

It's funny to think that it's their first family breakfast right now. Son, Father and Mother. Happy family.

Ethel, breaking the silence, spoke up, "I've had a change of heart, King Aratheal."

Aranteal raised an eyebrow, asking, "Oh, really?"

"I no longer wish for this alliance."

"What?" Aranteal nearly jumped out of his seat in astonishment.

"What?" Ethel's counselors behind him did the same, but they actually jumped.

"You have abused my hospitality and had the audacity to spend the night with my queen."

"Ethel!" Beatrice exclaimed in dismay.

He continued. "I cannot tolerate such behavior. Therefore, I declined the union. However, you're welcome to stay as a guest if you choose."

"How can you say it, Ethel!"

"Don't, Beatrice." This was the first time he had used her first name in front of Ethel. "If it is the king's will, fine. But mark my words, there will come a day when you regret it. I don't see the point of this decision so far. I love this woman, your mother." The counselors jumped up again, Torc nearly fainted, and Krubach picked him up just in time. Ethel watched idly.

"This union would help us both. Your kingdom and mine. Think again, boy." Aranteal finished.

"There's nothing to think about. And your misconception of my and Beatrice's relationship only confirms my fears. She's my wife, not Mother."

Aranteal glanced at Beatrice, expecting support this time, but her eyes were fixed on the floor.

"It's still not too late to come to your senses. King Ethel. I'll give you time." Aranteal bowed mockingly and walked out of the hall.

"Goodbye... father."

Ethel watched with a smile as the king left the hall accompanied by his guards.