

A decorative blue floral border with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns, framing the central text.

Eclipsian Dynasty Pt. 01

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Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Eclipsian Dynasty Pt. 01](#)

Eclipsian Dynasty Pt. 01 by afs4

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Eclipsian Dynasty Pt. 01

CHAPTER 1. PRINCE CEDRIC

"Come on, sweetheart, keep pushing." King Arik held his wife's hand in a dimly lit room filled with healers.

"Ughhhh... Something's not right, my love." Queen Seraphina, with her sweaty chestnut hair sticking to her face, did her best to welcome their firstborn into the world, spreading her legs.

"I need your help, Eclipsian Gods. Please help us! Somebody, open the window!" ordered the King. One of the guards quickly opened it, allowing sunlight to stream in, landing directly on the Queen.

"Don't worry, my dear. Everything will be okay." assured the King. Seraphina let out another scream, the pain too much to bear.

"She's lost a lot of blood!" exclaimed one of the healers. "We're losing her, Your Majesty."

Arik, filled with despair, laid his head on her hand and closed his eyes. "My love."

Just then, the sunlight began to fade. A shadow fell across the bed as the moon covered the sun, casting a thick blue-gray light that illuminated the room.

"I can see the head!" exclaimed one of the healers.

Seraphina let out another scream, and within moments, the room was filled with the sound of a loud baby cry. A soft blue-gray light bathed the newborn.

"Your Majesty," said a healer, presenting the baby to the King.

"It's a boy," announced Arik. "Seraphina, it's a boy."

"I'm so happy, Arik," Seraphina said wearily. "Show him to the gods of Eclipse."

Arik stood by the window, letting the moonlight illuminate baby's face.

"I will name you Cedric. 18th Descendant. You have a great future ahead, my son. An unpredictable one," Arik said with a smirk, "full of danger and twists of fate. I know it."

He turned to Seraphina, locking eyes with his wife. "He's perfect, my love."

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18 YEARS LATER.

"Did you hear from the Solarion messenger?" Seraphina asked as she sliced a piece of meat, guiding it into her mouth. Her dress had an open neckline, revealing breasts.

"No, my love. Not yet," replied Arik. His beard was as gray as his temples. "I have an important meeting with our astrologer today. Sweetheart, could you do Dynasty Guide for Cedric instead of me? He already turned 18; it's high time."

"Cedric?" Seraphina turned her attention to the boy who was absentmindedly picking his nose, his brown hair falling into his food. "Cedric!"

The boy woke up, raising his head. "Yes, Mom?"

"Cedric spent all last night spying on the maids again," his sister with black hair smirked, sitting next to him.

"Elowen! You were supposed to be quiet!" Cedric clenched his fork tightly.

"Or what? Why should I? Are you going to complain to Mom like usual? Mama's boy."

"Elowen!" Seraphina gave her an angry look. "Watch your tongue. Arik?"

The king smirked slightly, a rare expression for him lately. He had been frowning and brooding as if something was bothering him.

"What can I say? Cedric has the love of women, just like me," he playfully nibbled on Seraphina's back and reached up to kiss her. Their lips merged in a sweet, loving kiss.

"Gross," Elowen said, looking away.

Cedric also turned away a little but still kind of curious. He didn't mind watching.

Finally, Arik pulled back from the kiss. Seraphina fixed her dress and hair before standing up. "Let's go, Cedric."

The guy sighed and followed his mother after passing the king's chair.

"Good luck, mama's boy," teased his sister.

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Why do I need to know about the Eclipsian Sovereigns? I know everything I need to know. We rule part of the continent; the other part is ruled by Solarion. Our symbol is a stylized eclipse with the moon and sun intertwined, representing the harmonious balance of power that the Eclipsian Sovereigns seek to maintain in the realm.

Everything else is just as fascinating to me as...as....just as Mom's ass!

He followed her from behind and looked at her ass. Two parts of the firm ass moved in time with the movement under her royal dress.

"Gross," Cedric thought, but he didn't look away. Kind of inappropriate, but he had to admit it. "Mom's ass is really nice."

Seraphina stopped suddenly and Cedric was startled. "I hope I didn't say that out loud. Mom's right; I rarely watch my tongue."

She turned and hugged him with a smile, pulling him to her chest. "Come on. Why does your sister call you that?"

"What?" he felt his head against her boobs.

"Mama's boy. Is it bad that we're close, and I love you? My little firstborn." She gently rubbed the top of his head with her fingernails.

"Maybe she's just jealous. She's always saying nasty things. But you love me more, right?" He looked up at her, and Seraphina laughed softly, covering her mouth with her hand.

"You're so sweet, dear." She let go of him and walked on.

"What does that mean? I'm your favorite, right? Right?" He tried to keep up with her, and they finally ended up at the Planetarium -- a huge room in the royal castle with painted walls and a big moon at the very top.

"I can't remember the last time I was here."

"How much do you know about our dynasty, Cedric?" Seraphina walked around him, examining the drawings on the wall.

"Well... just the basics."

"The dynasty supposedly started when the first ruler, King Alaric the Starborne, saw a rare celestial event during his coronation. During this event, the moon briefly eclipsed the sun, casting an otherworldly glow on the land. Alaric saw it as a sign of divine favor, and from that moment, the Eclipsian Sovereigns believed they were meant for greatness.

Each ruler of the dynasty is said to have a unique ability linked to celestial phenomena. For example, Alaric could control tides during a lunar eclipse, while his son Celrock could use the energy of a solar eclipse to enhance his sword skills."

"That's insane. And Dad might be able to shoot lightning from his fingers." Cedric looked up at the moon covering the sun. The sight made his head spin a bit. When he lowered his gaze, his mother stood right in front of him, looking angry.

"Do you think this is a joke? Eclipse's powers helped you be born, Cedric. At your birth, their powers assisted and helped me to let you into this world."

"I'm not sure I want to hear about that, Mom."

"As the heir to the throne, you have to hear about that." The door suddenly opened, and a guard entered.

"Your Majesty, the King has called for an urgent council. He wants both of you there."

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COSMIC ECLIPSE

"There's no need to worry," Arik assured from the big round table.

"But what if we should?" A well-dressed council member stood abruptly. "Are you certain your astrologer got it right? Is 'Cosmic Eclipse' going to happen?"

"I'm more than sure. It's not just my astrologer; all Eclipsian Centers' astrologers agree. A rare convergence of solar and lunar eclipses, unseen for centuries, is set to occur in six months. 'Cosmic Eclipse' is real," Arik explained.

Cedric, sitting quietly next to his mother, was half-listening, not very interested. He gazed at his mom, noticing her tall figure, lovely face, collarbones, and the freckles on her neck and neckline.

"Who's that?" Cedrick pointed to the councilman.

"That's Don Aquinas, representing the south of the Eclipsian Lands," his mother murmured, leaning closer.

Meanwhile, the King continued, "The Cosmic Eclipse is a gift from the gods to the Eclipsian Sovereigns. It will only strengthen the power and strength of the Eclipsian..."

"Have you forgotten the prophecy? Cosmic Eclipse brings not only gifts but also destruction and chaos!" shouted another council member, wearing the Lion emblem on his cloth. He was huge, tall, and wide, with a thick beard. "This Eclipse means death for all living things!"

Gasps filled the great hall.

"Is it true, Mother?" Cedric asked in surprise.

She remained silent, folded her legs one on top of the other, and sighed deeply. He watched as her beautiful tanned neck muscles tensed.

"The last Cosmic Eclipse happened many centuries ago. Prophecy can be wrong!" Arik said.

"But what if it isn't? We can't take that risk. What does the prophecy say? Let the 18th descendant of Staborne go to prevent the Eclipse."

Suddenly, everyone turned to look at Cedric.

"What?" Cedric asked, all eyes in the council room were fixed on him alone, sending goosebumps down his spine. Seraphina squeezed his hand, it was soft.

"My son is not ready," Arik said loudly.

"It doesn't matter," Don insisted. "He is the descendant and must go to the Archi-Library to find the answer. That's what the prophecy says."

There was chaos in the hall, with everyone shouting and talking loudly. Suddenly, the king slammed the table.

"Enough! Have you forgotten we're on the edge of war with Solarion? King Malachin wants to demolish us, our people, and occupy our lands. Is that what you desire? We have an opportunity to stand up and defeat them once and for all, but you are trying to dismiss this opportunity that the Gods have sent us. The Cosmic Eclipse will make us invincible. It'll give kingdom the strength we need!"

Cedric felt a sense of relief.

"This is madness, my king," the man with the Lion emblem objected. "The price for our mistake will be too high!"

"I think the king is right," another Council member chimed in. "We must put an end to Solarion! We'll wait for the Eclipse!"

The hall erupted in cheers, supporting the king's decision. However, a few council members, including the man with the Lion emblem, remained silent, their eyes filled with despair.

"Let's go, sweetheart," Seraphina said, taking his hand. He was eager to leave.

"Yes, Mom," They walked out of the noisy hall, and only then did Cedric cautiously asked, "What did they mean about the 18th descendant? What do they expect me to do?"

"According to the prophecy, the 18th and 19th Starborne's descendants have to prove Eclipsian Sovereigns' right to the throne. Then, according to the prophecy, the 20th descendant—" She looked at him silently. "Well, maybe you'll find out about the 20th descendant later, dear. Council thought that since you are the 18th descendant then you should go and save the kingdom and hence prove Sovereigns right to the throne."

"They think I can somehow prevent the apocalypse? I'm only 18. How am I supposed to stop the Eclipse?"

"Shh, honey," she wrapped her arms around him, giving him a reassuring kiss on the cheek.
"It's going to be okay. You heard your father. The Eclipse will give us strength."

"But what if it's not, Mom?"

"Trust your father."

=====

"Hey, I heard you almost cried at the council when everyone looked at you, brother,"
Elowen said tonight in the chambers with a wide smile.

"Shut up. You weren't there. And anyway, this is no time for jokes. There's a possible
destruction of all living things in six months."

"Poor child. What are you talking about? Dad said in six months we'd be stronger than ever
and finally defeat that stupid Malachin from Solarion."

"That's just one possible outcome. Is Mom in Dad's chambers?" Cedric walked toward the
large doors.

"They're arguing about something again."

He walked silently to the door to the royal chambers and listened, putting his ear to the
door.

"After the argument, they'll probably make love, and the whole castle will hear it. Again.
Mom enjoys emotionally draining Dad at first, and then draining his balls."

"Darn it. What are you talking about? God, Elowen. Just shut up please, I can't hear
anything."

"Why? Am I wrong? Don't tell me you've never heard them do that." She fluttered her arms.

She finally fell silent and he listened to the voices.

"How can you take such a big risk? The chance of us all dying is too high to do nothing,"
Seraphina's voice reached Cedric.

"There won't be an apocalypse, Seraphina. I don't believe in that. Just don't argue with me. I
am the king and I know better. We will turn the Cosmic Eclipse day into a celebration, the
start of a new Eclipsian era. Or do you really want to send away Cedric to handle it?"
countered King's voice.

"Cedric is stronger than he looks. Don't underestimate him! He is your son. He's learned a
lot over the years," defended Seraphina.

"Oh, yeah? He's been under your control his whole life. You think he's strong? You've raised a sheltered and timid child. Elowen's right, you ruined him with your overprotectiveness. What kind of hero is he, Seraphina? He's pathetic."

Cedric felt his heart sink at those words. Elowen was eavesdropping too, their heads close together, noses barely touching. She smirked looking into Cedric's eyes.

"How dare you speak of your own son like that?" Seraphina shouted. "I married a noble and brave king, not a madman willing to risk everything for more power."

"Then get out. I don't want to see you."

"As you command, Your Majesty!" The voices fell silent.

"Yeah, well," Elowen said when it was over. "This time the quarrel is kind of strange. I don't think it's going to end in, for example, a third child being conceived."

"You make me sick, sister."

CHAPTER 2. QUEST

Cedric found it tough to sleep that night. Many things bothered him -- the Eclipse, his parents' argument, him being 18th descendant. Morning arrived slowly, with the sun beginning to rise.

He heard something, a barely perceptible noise. Was someone beside him awake at this hour?

He quietly got up and looked out - the door to his mother's chambers was ajar. She must have spent the night in her own private room. He went to the door and looked in through the half-open door.

Cedrick gasped.

His mother stood half-naked with her back to him. Her hair was pinned up, and the back of a light dress could barely hide her round firm butt. Her entire back was bare. A beautiful palm back adorned with dark birthmarks, freckles, and small scars. He could see half of her left breast.

Cedric's cheeks immediately blushed at the sight. His mother had a great body. "Damn it, that's Mom. I can't think of her like that."

She let her hair down, covered her back with brown curls, and started getting dressed.

"Where is she going?" When he noticed she was almost done, he hastily retreated to his room and lay down on a bed. Moments later, the door creaked open again. He lifted his head from the pillow and saw his mother in the dim light, now wearing a cloak and a hood.

"Get dressed quickly, honey. We're going out. All the questions later," she said mysteriously. Despite his confusion, Cedric complied as his mother helped him get ready. "Just be quiet."

They walked to the stables, avoiding the guards on their way through the castle corridors. Those who noticed them simply ignored them, as if they were asked to.

Elowen and the man from the council with the Lion emblem awaited them with two horses, it was still a sunrise.

"Finally, the sleepyhead is up," said Elowen and yawned.

"I wasn't asleep. And you are...?" Cedric glanced at the man.

"Elias Blunder, Your Highness. It is an honor to accompany you," declared Blunder as he extended his hand for a handshake.

Cedric accepted the handshake with a hint of uncertainty. "Accompany me to where?"

"I haven't informed him yet. There was no time," his mother said to Elias.

"We're going to stop the Eclipse and save the world!" Elowen added grudgingly.

"Yes, that's basically what it is," Blunder chimed in, rubbing his beard thoughtfully.

Cedric turned his attention to his mother. "What about Dad?"

"Your father is no longer thinking straight, son. Unfortunately, we will have to act in secret from him."

"Let's leave the castle as soon as possible. We can't stay here for too long." Blunder prepared the horses.

They rode through the city. Since he couldn't ride, he sat behind his Mother, holding onto her waist. The cloak hid his whole face and body. Cedric rested his head against Seraphina's warm back, wrapping his arms around her waist, and once again, he remembered the morning.

"Mom has a nice body," he thought, pressing his face against her even more, savoring Mom's scent, and imagining resting his head against her soft bare back. A small jolt brought him back to reality.

"You're squeezing me a bit, sweetheart. Let go," Seraphina whispered.

"Sorry, Mom."

What's wrong with me? I need to stop thinking bad thoughts about mom. There's something nasty going through my head.

They left the city and entered the forests outside the capital, pulling off the main road. "How much longer are going to ride? My back hurts."

Cedric heard his sister's voice nearby. Blunder seemed to be riding next to Seraphina with Elowen at his back.

"We're almost there. And please, keep your hands above my waist, my lady," Blunder, judging by the sound, pulled Elowen's hands higher, from his groin to the belt.

"Yes, sir," Elowen said hesitantly.

After about 20 minutes they stopped. Cedrick's cloak, which covered him completely, was removed from his head. The sun had already risen high and he looked around, shielding his eyes from the sun.

It was a camp. Men with the Lion emblem on their clothes and shields were scattered around. Tents were pitched at the edge of the forest. Sentries patrolled while soldiers sat around chatting by the fire.

"Welcome to your private camp, Cedric." Blunder helped Elowen off the horse and approached the prince.

"My private camp?"

"Sir Blunder set it up for your journey to stop the Eclipse," Seraphina said, getting off the horse after him.

Cedric felt his hands grow clammy. "So we're really going to do it without father's permission? Behind his back?"

"Unfortunately, we have to." His Mom ran her hand through his hair like she always did.

"We leave in a couple of hours," Blunder said, taking off his hood and cloak.

"But where are we going?"

"We'll take you to the Archi-Library on the west. The answer to stopping the Eclipse might be there."

"You're so brave, Sir Blunder," Elowen approached him, patting his sturdy back. "Saving the world and not fearing the King's possible wrath, even though you know how harshly and cruelly he deals with his enemies and traitors."

"Um... yeah. Thanks."

"Why is she coming with us again, Mom?" Cedric pointed at his sister.

"Because I won't leave her with your father. I know how angry he gets, and he'll be furious after what we did. "I couldn't let him take his anger out on my daughter."

"Hey! What? Didn't you say my clever mind would help my dumb brother on his journey?"

"Well, I might have lied to you a bit," Seraphina smiled.

"I'm sure your clever mind will indeed be an asset to us," Blunder smirked.

"Oh, come on! I'm an 18th descendant too, you know. Don't forget that. Maybe I'll even take Cedric's place and stop the Eclipse. Why did everyone choose Cedric as the hero of the prophecy instead of me?" She walked off towards the camp, kicking the grass in frustration. Some soldiers with lion emblems on their helmets walked past and gave her curious looks.

"Here, Cedric, take this." Blunder handed him the sword as Elowen disappeared behind a random tent. "The hilt is shaped like a crescent moon. The sword was made just for you. I wanted to give you this for your 18th birthday and finally meet you at the king's castle. But I got too caught up with the eclipse news."

"A s-s-sword?" Cedric hesitated but took it carefully.

"I don't think we need it, Lord. Thanks, but Cedric has never held a sword before," Seraphina stepped in, about to take the sword from her son.

"You said there were no dangers in the castle, and I could only hurt myself," Cedric didn't give it back, lightly pulling the sword out of its leather sheath.

"Well, you're not in the castle anymore. You're in the Inner Lands, where bandits, mythical beasts, and creatures prowl. And if we're lucky enough to get past them, we'll be hunted by the king and his army. I'll find your son a teacher, queen." With these words, he bowed and headed for the camp. "We leave in two hours."

Seraphina sighed, her chest heaving.

"Mom, I'm no hero," Cedric returned the sword to its scabbard. "I'm not a warrior and I'm definitely not a leader. And betraying Dad? This is all too much for me."

"I know, darling," she kissed him gently on the cheek; he once again felt a gentle tickle in the back of his head. "You have Starborne blood in your veins. You're capable of great things; you just don't know it yet. There's too much at stake to just give up. These people believe in you."

He sighed. "Even I don't believe in myself."

His stomach suddenly rumbled. He'd skipped breakfast.

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Cedric sat by the fire, finishing his meal and inspecting his new sword.

Elowen wandered right in front of him, bending over to the fire now and then and showing him her butt.

"Hey, girl, don't touch the fire," warned one of their guards assigned by Blunder.

"I'm a princess, just so you know. I can do what I want. Plus, I'm cold. How do I make the fire hotter?" she asked, sitting down next to Cedric with frustration. "What's mom talking to Blunder about for so long?" she added, glaring in their direction.

"Why? Are you really jealous of him and Mom?" Cedric asked and smiled.

"What? No, I'm just....worried about her. She's loyal to our dad, she's his wife and queen. Right? Maybe you're the jealous one," Elowen replied.

"What? Me?"

"Yeah. I've seen the way you look at Mom. Now that Dad's staying at the castle, you're thinking of taking his place in Mama's bed, huh? Mama's boy."

"What? You're crazy, Elowen. Of course not! Gross."

"Do you want Mom to kiss you on the lips? Yes?" she teased.

"Stop it," he turned away, trying to avoid the conversation.

Surprisingly, her words didn't make him uncomfortable. In fact, he felt the opposite, maybe he really wanted kisses from his Mom. "I wish I could see her naked once again," Cedric thought. It was then that he realized all the soldiers in the camp were watching him as they walked by or sat in their spots. He hadn't noticed it earlier.

"Why is everyone staring at me like that?"

"Because they want to know who they're betraying the king for." A man came up from behind, short and broad with gray hair. "Your Majesty, I'm Eligh. Elias sent me to teach you how to fight. We'll start tomorrow at dawn. I'll find you by myself."

He said it all in one breath and turned around, heading in the other direction.

"Well, as you say." Cedric raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Such an odd old man."

"He's cute." Elowen stared after him.

"Cute? Sometimes I think you'd even fuck a tree, sister."

"I'm 21. I can sleep with and fuck whoever I want."

Seraphina approached the twosome, slipping a cloak over her shoulders and a hood over her head. "Get up. Camp is on the move. We'll go on our own, horses are limited, so they'll carry the load. We need to leave the confines of the capital as soon as possible."

They walked the entire day, aiming to set up their camp far from the king's castle and as close to the Library as they could. It wasn't until late at night that Blunder decided it was time to stop. Cedric quickly collapsed into his tent without bothering to change out of his clothes. Never in his life had he walked so long and so far. Exhausted, he planned to rest, but he wasn't going to sleep yet.

He heard his mother's voice outside the tent and pretended to be asleep.

Someone had entered the tent, and when he peeked out, he was relieved to find it was Mom. "Are we really going to share a tent together?" he thought happily.

When she was sure that Cedric was asleep, she turned and threw off the cloak, exposing the neckline of the soaked with sweat dress. Standing back up, she threw off the robe to her waist, leaving her completely naked.

He opened his eyes. She was standing naked with her back right in front of him. He could see her beautiful back in detail, all the details. Her big firm soft ass was right above his head, it jiggled in the way she moved and with every bend of her knees.

Seraphina half-turned and Cedric could see the outline of her still sweet large boob, as well as...a nipple. He felt the pleasant tingling in his head again. Mom had an incredible body.

She threw on her nightgown and lay down next to him. For sure, there's no way he could sleep after that. He winced and crawled closer to her, throwing his arm over her body, putting the hand on her waist, and resting his cheek against Mom's back.

"What are you doing?" Seraphina whispered.

"Just want to be closer to you, Mom".

She sighed, feeling him press his groin against her firm ass.

"I understand you might be a little worried, dear. That's normal. I've felt nervous many times in life, like when I married your dad. Even now, I'm a bit scared."

He gave her a hug, cuddling her belly and enjoying the sweet smell of Mom's beautiful brown hair.

"You don't seem scared," he said.

"I'm good at pretending," she admitted. Turning to look into his eyes, she said, "I want you to always remember that I'll be there for you, whether times are tough or joyful." She took his hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

"I know, Mom. I love you."

She pressed down even harder, feeling a nice tingle in his cock, rubbing lightly against her soft ass.

"I love you too, sweetheart," she replied, planting a kiss on his cheek. "After all, you'll always be my mama's boy, won't you?" She smiled and turned away.

"Yeah, right," Cedric smirked, holding back the rush of emotion. It felt so good to touch her with his cock, but he still knew it felt so wrong.

Seraphina tried to ignore it, clearly feeling his slightly aroused shaft with her buns. Maybe this would help his fear and nerves go away. "So be it, I'll allow it. But just this time, only once." she thought.

They became quiet, attempting to drift off to sleep after a long and tiring day. Outside their tent, they could hear footsteps and a crackling fire.

Once it seemed like both were deep in sleep, Cedric said.

"By the way, Mom."

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Could you not call me a mama's boy? Elowen's tent is nearby, and she might hear us."

"Sure, dear," she smiled with her eyes closed.

He snuggled into his mom's hair and soft body like a kid. The last thing he heard before falling asleep was a gentle giggle somewhere outside the tent.

"Darn it. She heard it, didn't she."

CHAPTER 3. BAD OMEN

"Mmmm, Mom." Cedric pressed against her soft hair, her head, her firm perfect ass. It felt so good. Through the dream, he kissed her head, then her cheek, slowly working his way up to Mom's lips.

"Mmm, Mom." He heard someone's mocking voice through the dream.

"Pathetic."

Cedric half-opened his eyes, finding Elowen standing right above him with a huge, wide horrifying grin.

There was a feather pillow in his embrace that he had been affectionately licking and cuddling instead of Mom.

"You are a pervert, brother. That's disgusting." Elowen grinned even wider. Cedric had tossed aside the pillow, adjusting his clothes and wiping saliva off his face and mouth.

"What are you doing here? This is the prince's tent! I didn't permit you to be here."

"Calm down, charm pillow kisser. I'm here on business. That cute gray-haired soldier is looking for you for your fencing lesson. Just make sure you'll be fencing with the right sword, not the one you have down there," she chuckled.

"Get out of here!" He threw a pillow at her.

"Mmm, Mom," she said mockingly again, walking towards the exit and hugging herself.

"I said, go away!"

She left, but the sound of her giggling lingered for some time.

"Damn Elowen."

He walked out, all dressed up, and let out a big yawn. "This is my first morning outside the castle," Cedric said as he stretched and looked around the camp. It felt weird to be around lots of unfamiliar faces and not going through every day prince routine.

He was still feeling the effects of yesterday's long journey. His legs stung from the pain, and his back from the luggage he'd been forced to carry. He wanted to wrap himself in a warm blanket, have a warm tea, and go to sleep for the rest of the day.

Just then, something light hit him in the face.

"Ouch," he exclaimed, grabbing his cheek in pain as he jumped back.

"Where's your sword, kid?" Eligh asked from behind, holding a long thick stick in his hand.

"I left it in the tent. Why did you hit me?"

"You knew we had training, but you left the sword in the tent? Rule number one: even if the sword won't be needed, always carry it. Here, take mine."

With a swift motion, he tossed the sword to Cedric. Prince caught it, almost stumbling into the mud. The sword was heavier than it seemed.

"Your first task for today is to try to hurt me, or at least touch me. If you leave a scratch on me, consider that you've learned something or at least that you are worth being taught."

"So, I'll have a sword, and you'll have a stick?" Cedric hesitantly drew the sword from its sheath. "Seems a bit unfair."

"Do you see this bruise under your eye that I just left with a stick that I found a moment ago? I just marked you as a worthless opponent. The fact that you got this bruise shows I don't need to worry."

He pulled his cloak tighter around him, keeping the stick visible. "Come on, prince. Start."

"As you ask. A worthless opponent, you say?" Cedric tried to attack, but when he got close, he hesitated, afraid of harming the opponent. Awkwardly aiming for the leg, he was effortlessly pushed away.

"You directed all your strength into one foolish strike and almost lost your balance. One hit and I could have easily broken your neck with my free hand when you got too close. Or knocked you off your feet -- then you would be my captive. That's probably even worse."

Soldiers gathered to watch the sparring. Cedric got up and attacked again.

"Now I'll show you the 'foolish strike'," Cedric aimed the blade at Eligh's hand, but he simply shifted his body to the side, hitting the prince in the face and creating a new bruise.

"Why aren't you aiming straight at me? Are you afraid to hit me? How do you plan to survive a fight if you're not capable of delivering a killing blow?"

"Yeah. That's right! Show him, Eligh!" Cedric heard his sister's voice from the crowd.

He stood up tiredly, feeling two bruises on a young face. It hurt like crazy, but he didn't want to show it. He attacked again, this time aiming for his opponent's chest. Eligh drew back the blade with his stick and shoved Cedric's face into the dirt, pulling his sword from his hands.

"You forgot about balance. You put all your strength into one blow. This is your first lesson. Learn how to hold the sword and strike. Only then can I teach you anything," he hid his sword under the cloak. "Until this day, you knew no fight. Your face was clean and soft. Now that I have changed it, you'll have scars. It will hurt. Life outside the castle is different, it's harsh. You better know it here, from me than from a real enemy. Because with real threat that lesson will first and last one. Your welcome, kiddo." Eligh left, leaving Cedric lying in the mud.

"Good thing my Mom didn't see me like this," Cedric slowly stood up, brushing off the dirt from eyes, nose and mouth. "Embarrassing."

The soldiers slowly parted and dispersed. "He did you dirty," Blunder said barely hiding his laugh and appearing beside Cedric, trying to help him to get up.

"That's not funny, Lord. Can I have another teacher?"

"There's no better than Eligh, and you need the best one, Prince."

"Good thing the Queen didn't witness that. Where is she, by the way?"

"She's doing lady business. Why?" Elowen came out from behind her hiding place, trying to get closer to Blunder. "Do you want to snuggle her like a pillow, Mama's boy?"

"Hey! Keep your mouth shut!" Cedric rubbed scratches on his face.

Blunder looked at the duo in wonder. "Well. You did well, Cedric. Keep training," he said awkwardly, clapping him on the shoulder.

"Thanks. All I want now is to take a good nap," Cedric yawned again.

"A nap? The camp is getting ready for a new departure. We're leaving now. Pack your things and get ready."

"WHAT? Are we going to walk all day again?"

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It was pouring rain, and water was dripping into his hood and eyes. This was not how he'd imagined life outside the castle. He longed to return to a cozy bed, rest, enjoy a meal, and perhaps catch glimpses of the young maids.

He was barely dragging his feet, his eyes fixed on one person. In the distance, he was watching his Mother. She was far ahead, turning sometimes to see him. They hadn't exchanged a word since last night.

Did he act too clingy when he got close to her? What if she'd noticed him peeking at her body? Maybe that's why she's avoiding him? Because she's disgusted?

"What are you thinking about, Mama's boy?" Elowen kicked him in the shoulder with a stick. "About Mommy again?"

The soaked fabric of her road dress was completely encasing her (it was worth admitting) rather nice breasts. He looked at stick, it was the same on Eligh used to beat him.

"I think about what are we even going to do in the Library and what are we going to look for. Do you know how many books are in there? How are we going to find the answer?" Cedric looked up, trying to see the sun or a moon, but paid the price by getting rainwater right in his eyes. "Shit."

"You're just a coward, brother. You always have been. The most important thing is to start, and eventually, you'll get to your target. But, well, you can easily sit on the sidelines while I find the answer and prove to everyone that I'm the 18th descendant! I would prefer that more!" said Elowen confidently and hit him a wet stick.

"I'd be happy if it were true," Cedric wiped his eyes from the water. How would his mother feel about him not being the hero of the prophecy? Would she love him less, perhaps?

"Do you think I have a chance with Blunder? Just be honest." Elowen looked directly at him, peering into his hood.

"What?" Cedric barely had time to react before someone at the edge of the group yelled. Suddenly, a creature emerged and swooped in, dividing the convoy in half.

Cedric clumsily pulled out his sword, almost dropping it in fear and aimed it at the creature. It was a moose shining with a strong gray light. Its dark eyes appeared to be staring right at Cedric. A chilling sensation rushed through his body like he'd been doused with cold water.

He froze and the moose moved and jumped straight at him, leaping to hide on the other side of the forest. Cedric fell back, dropping his sword.

"Cedric, Cedric?" he heard his Mom's familiar concerned voice.

What the bloody heck had just happened? He looked up at the sky, lying on the ground.

For the second time that day, he found himself on the ground, in the mud. He didn't like that it was becoming a regular thing. This time at least it was a nice break for him to catch his breath and rest his legs from walking.

"Cedric, honey, are you okay?" his Mom bent over him, blocking the view with her pretty face.

"It didn't even hit him, Mom. Come on!" Elowen folded her arms across her chest, standing by the wagon in front of the troops, who gathered to check out prince.

He lifted up noticing Mom's bust. Seraphina bent over and her freckled breasts were exactly level with his eyes. "Yes, I'm feeling better, Mom."

"Oh, my sweetie" she pulled him against her chest, kissing his cheek multiple times.

"Oh, right, right. That's just what he needs right now, Mom," Elowen giggled.

"What was that?" someone among the soldiers said, aiming a bow in the direction where the moose had disappeared.

"The Sky Spirit. Alienta'Korny," another soldier with white long hair replied, lowering the first soldier's bow.

"Do you know anything about this, Riley?" Blunder was nearby, adjusting his armor with the Lion emblem.

"Just that it's a bad omen," Riley replied. "Especially considering our mission." He suddenly looked at Cedric with cold white eyes. "Did the spirit say anything to you?"

"No. Should he have?" Cedric said. Seraphina helped him to stand.

Riley gave him a disdainful look. "Then it's definitely a bad omen."

A brief pause hung in the air.

"I like this guy," Elowen said, looking at the white-haired soldier.

"Omens don't matter. We should continue the march; it's still 2 days to the Library. Right, Sir Blunder?" Seraphina gazed at their leader.

"Yes. Of course. The queen is right. We should keep going!" Blunder addressed the troops and headed to the front of the convoy.

As Cedric regained awareness, he felt a touch from behind and a whisper. "You fell again. Don't forget about balance even outside of battle."

Cedric turned around. Eligh was gone, hidden somewhere among the armed soldiers with lion-emblazoned helmets.

"I won't leave you alone, my dear," Seraphina said, gripping his hand tightly. Even though being attacked by a spirit was frustrating and annoying, at least his Mom wasn't avoiding him anymore.

"Maybe another little kiss will help him, Mom? I'm sure it will instantly cure Mama's boy of all wounds," Elowen chuckled from behind holding her stick like a sword.

"Enough, Elowen! It's not the time for jokes right now," Seraphina looked at her angrily. "Cedric could have been seriously hurt."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever."

Mom's hand felt warm and comforting. He didn't mind if the soldiers saw a prince holding his mother's hand. He enjoyed the sensation of touching her skin and holding her hand.

But her gentle touch couldn't ease his tiredness. He felt as if he could simply collapse and doze off right away.

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He sat inside the tent, unable to feel his legs. It felt as if he had been brutally beaten with sticks. For some reason, every time he imagined who could have done it, he could clearly see Elowin's face. His back hurt from the fall. As he took off his cloak, his head throbbed terribly.

"Wow, what a day, right?" Seraphina pushed back her hood, quietly sitting beside him and taking off her road clothes. "Don't worry about what that soldier said about the bad omen. It's all nonsense, dear." She comforted him by rubbing his ear and running her hand through his hair.

"Yeah, right," he wanted to smile, but due to fatigue, he couldn't even do that. "You know, this ordinary, non-royal life is too hard, Mom. Don't you agree? Sometimes I just want to go home, back to the castle. I'm so tired. How I wish to be in my room again. Sometimes I wonder if Dad was right, and maybe we're the ones making a mistake."

She became silent and turned her gaze elsewhere, as if trying to hide her emotions. However, her hand gently traced his face, delicately reaching the scratches.

"What's this on you?"

"My first battle wound from Eligh. You would have known about it if you hadn't avoided me all morning."

"I... I just...I'm so sorry, dear," her lower lip trembled; she ran her hand through his hair and suddenly burst into tears.

"Mom? Did I say something wrong? I'm sorry."

She started crying uncontrollably, covering her face with her hands. "It's not because of you; I just really miss your Dad. You're so much like him, and I needed some time alone. Sorry for avoiding you, dear. We never... we've never argued so strongly before with him. Me and your father loved each other so much. For years, I thought we had a perfect marriage, but now, look at us, we had to leave and are hiding from him. I ran away from the love of my life. I can't believe it. I can't imagine how angry and upset he must be. I'm afraid he won't love me anymore. Forgive me, Cedric."

"It's okay, Mom," he pressed her head against his chest. "I'm sure Dad doesn't hate you. I know he still loves you." Cedric sighed. "I love you. You have me and Elowen. Don't cry. Is there anything I can do to comfort you?"

She pressed her face to his chest, wiping away tears. "Well, there's something. I saw a lake nearby when we settled. I know it's awkward to ask, dear, but I don't know who else to turn to. I just want to clean up after the long road and take a little dip in the water. Is it... I don't know. Could you come with me and make sure I'm safe, and no one will see me? Is it okay?"

His eyes widened. "To be with you while you're... in the water? Naked?"

"Yes. I know it's probably uncomfortable for you when your mother asks for something like this. But..." She went quiet all of a sudden, wiping away her tears and looking at his face in a strange way. "I'm having a little trouble figuring out how you feel. Are you grossed out, or is it okay?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I'm fine with it. I'm ready. No problem. I'm ready to help you, Mom." All tiredness vanished as someone waved it away. He was about to stand up, but she gently held him back.

"Wait, dear." She smiled through tears, barely laughing. "Where are you rushing off to? You are so eager to help me. Let's wait until the camp is asleep, and then we'll go."

"Oh, right. Sorry." He swallowed and lay back. Cedric envisioned the entire scene; his heart pounded harder.

"Is everything okay, Cedric?" Seraphina hovered over him.

"Yes, everything is fine. I'm just tired."

"You are such a sweet and caring son," she kissed him on the cheek and he felt a tickle in the back of his head.

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She led him through the trees; it was dark, with only the faint moonlight illuminating the path. Finally, they emerged at a wide oval-shaped lake.

"It's here." They stopped right by the water. "I'll get naked now. Turn around."

Seraphina took off her coat. It was warm, and he turned away, trying with all his might to hide his mounting excitement.

He looked out into the woods, hearing the rustle of her clothes behind him. His imagination was trying to figure it all out, but as always, imagination can't fully embrace reality.

He heard the splash of water and turned around. Clothing was neatly folded on the ground. Seraphina entered the water, moving with grace. In the faint moonlight reflected from the water, he could see the contours of her plump, beautiful buttocks and her back.

She soaked her head, and the wet hair cascaded down her back. He gulped, observing her as she rubbed water on her body. The water ran down her back, over the contours of her shoulders and firm sexy ass. "Mom is beautiful."

She turned slightly and in the moonlight he could see the edge of her left breast. She ran her hand over it, gently rubbing the water on it. Her gentle movements made her breasts jiggle.

She began to wade farther and farther into the water. First, her ass gradually disappeared, followed by her shoulders until she was up to her neck.

She lifted her hair just as he heard footsteps from behind. "Damn it, who's there?"

He stepped aside and drew the sword. It was dark, but he wasn't afraid.

"Such a late hour is not the time for a stroll, prince," Riley's voice came from the side. A soldier, this time without a helmet, emerged from the shadows with a dagger in hand, his eyes cold as moonlight staring at Cedric.

"What do you want? Can't sleep? Return to the camp, soldier."

But he did not obey. "I don't sleep," he turned directly towards the lake. Cedric noticed in the corner of his eye that Seraphina had disappeared into the water.

"I want to ask you, Prince," Riley then turned back to him. At that moment, his mother's head slowly emerged from the water again. "Did you lie that Spirit tell you nothing?"

"Why would I lie? The moose just jumped onto the clearing and nearly trampled me with its hooves."

"The Sky Spirit protects us from the impurity that roams the forests of Inner Lands. We are now defenseless. Alienta'Kornyo came to verify if you are indeed the one prophesied. But if he hasn't talked to you, then you are not..." New splash was heard in the lake. Riley turned at the sound, and Cedric seized the moment, attacking with his sword, aiming to knock the dagger out. But Riley barely flinched, avoiding the blow and grazing the Prince's neck with the blade.

"You're not the one the prophecy speaks of," Riley muttered through his teeth, pushing Cedric into the bushes. The next second he vanished into the darkness, keeping his cold, glowing eyes fixed on the fallen prince.

"Yeah, I know it," Cedric stood up. "I fell again. Damn it."

He waited, trying to make sure Riley had left and turned towards the lake. His mother, as it turned out, was already on the shore, hiding her tits behind her clothes, pressing them against herself.

"Who was that?" she asked, brushing wet strands of hair away. He saw part of her right boob, the only part not hidden by the pressed clothes. He felt the pleasant tingling in the back of his head again.

"Cedric!?"

"Just a sentry, Mom. Get dressed, let's go." He swallowed, gathering all his strength to turn away.

What if Elowen is right in all her teasing? Maybe he really wouldn't mind taking his father's place? No, it's all wrong.

They returned to the camp, a cool wind rose, and his mother shivered. He hugged her tighter, feeling Mom's wet body. It was quiet in the camp, only some distant sentry was sharpening a dagger.

"Hug me, dear," said Seraphina when they lay down in the tent. "I want to feel your heat. Keep me warm."

She was still wet, wearing light nightgown. He covered her with a warm blanket, trying not to make any wrong moves. He pressed against her body, this time they lay facing each other. Her wet chest pressed against his body. She hugged him tightly, pulling him against her and letting him throw his leg over her hips.

"You're not crying anymore. That's good," he said, swallowing, running his hands along her muscular damp back through thin fabric.

"I feel better now, thank you. But I still miss your father," she laid her head, pressing against his chest.

He thought again about what had happened at the lake, running his hand through her hair. He was not afraid of the unknown, he wasn't afraid of Riley. He knew he had to protect his mother, so the fear disappeared.

"You remind me of your dad so much. He was so brave and honorable. Your Dad was the best swordsman in the Land. Did you know it? I loved everything about him," she whispered, shivering.

Cedric listened silently to his father's merits. "Wasn't there anything you didn't like about him?"

"Well, sometimes he could be kind one moment and then rude the next. I hated the way he treated you. But at the end of the day, he's the king and every fight we had ended with us making love. I'm sorry, sweetheart. I guess you don't want to hear about that."

He didn't.

"It's okay. I like listening to your voice. Did you really hate him for being harsh to me?"

"Yes! Of course I did, honey. Maybe he felt upset because, after you were born, you became my whole world, Cedric. You became everything to me, and I didn't realize there could be a love greater than the one I had for your father. But then, you were born, and I loved you more than anything in this world. I still do."

"Well. That's nice," Cedric smiled, blushing.

"I mean it, dear," she whispered with her hot breath.

Her plump wet lips were so tantalizing. He noticed the way she licked her lips, thinking about something, perhaps remembering Dad. Cedric moved his face closer and did the unthinkable. He kissed her right on her hot and wet lips, squeezing Mom tightly in his strong arms. She met his kiss with surprise, feeling his tongue and then pulled back, pushing him in the chest.

"Cedric!" She cleaned her lips after the kiss ended.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I just wanted to keep you warm."

"It's okay," she sighed and a smile reappeared on her gorgeous face. "Your lips feel warm. Thanks. You are a good kisser, but it's probably better if we avoid kissing like that. Let's not give your sister more reasons to tease us about being close. Okay?"

"You are right, Mom." He hugged her even tighter, closing his eyes and contemplating the kiss. It was unexpectedly blissful, unexpectedly so... exciting.

"You squeeze me too tight, darling," she softly whispered.

"Sorry, Mom."

Eventually, they both quietly fell asleep.