



## CHAPTER 3. BAD OMEN



“Mmmm, Mom.” Cedric pressed against her soft hair, her head, her 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 opened his eyes. Elowen stood right above him, smiling.

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.

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

"Calm down, charmer, 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. 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 small 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 left with a stick 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,” Cedric tried to attack, but when he got close, he hesitated, afraid of harming his 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 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 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. Life outside the castle is different, it's harsh. You better know it here, from me than from a real enemy." Eligh left, leaving Cedric in the mud.

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

The soldiers slowly parted and dispersed. "He did you dirty," Blunder said, appearing beside Cedric and helping him to get up.

"He did. 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, prince."

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



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?

"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.



"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 moon, but paid the price by getting rainwater right in his eyes. "Shit."

"You're just a coward, brother. You always have been. You can easily sit on the sidelines while I find the answer and prove to everyone that I'm the 18th descendant!" said Elowen confidently.

"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.

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

"It didn't even hit him, Mom." Elowen folded her arms across her chest, standing by the wagon.



He lifted up noticing her 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.

"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'Kornyoy," another



soldier with white 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 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. We should keep going!" Blunder addressed the troops and mounted his horse again.

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 will not leave you alone anymore, my dear," Seraphina tightly held his hand for the entire remaining way.

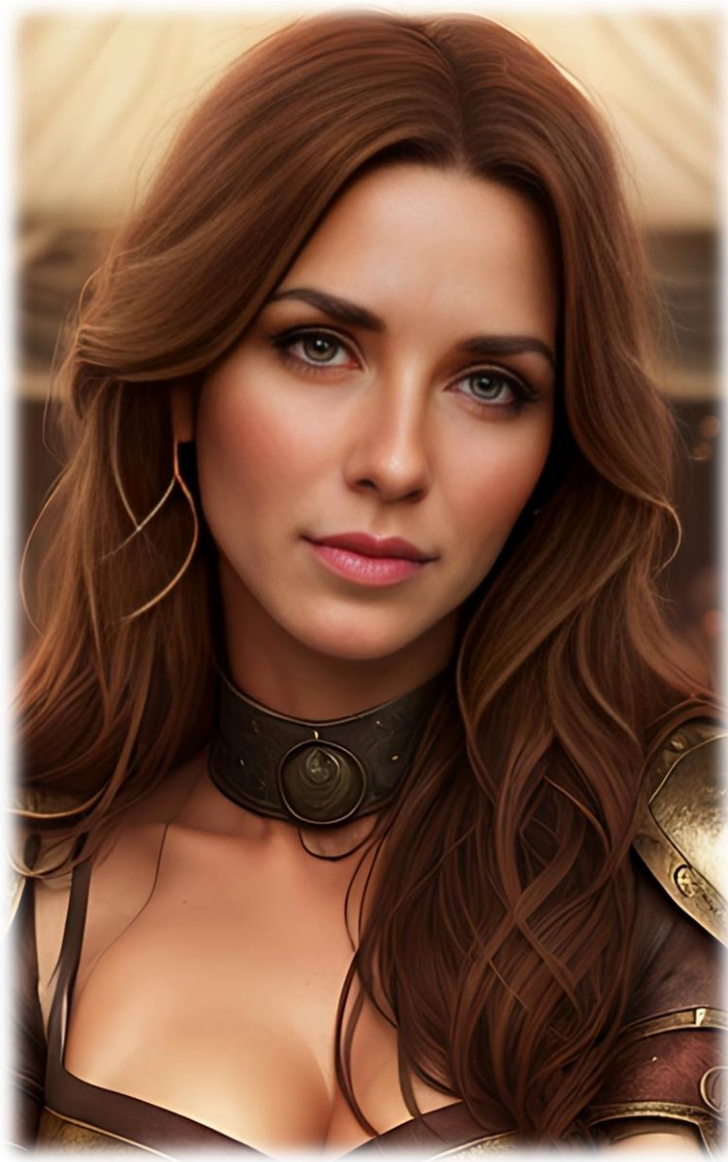
"Maybe another little kiss will help him, Mom? I'm sure it will instantly cure Mama's boy of all wounds," Elowen chuckled from behind.

"Enough, Elowen! It's not the time for jokes right now," Seraphina looked at her angrily

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.

He was so exhausted that he felt like he could just collapse and fall asleep on the spot.





He sat inside the tent, unable to feel his legs. His back hurt from the fall. Taking 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. You know, this ordinary, non-royal life is too complicated, Mom. 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 making a mistake."

She went quiet and looked away like she was trying not to show her feelings. But, her hand kept softly touching his face, reaching the scratches.

"What's this on you?"

"My first battle wound from Eligh. You knew 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. "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. Me and your father loved each other so much. All these years I thought we

had a perfect marriage, but now, look at us, we've had to leave and now hiding from him. I run away from the love of my life. I can't believe it. I can't imagine how angry and upset he must be. He won't love me anymore, I know it... 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... 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." 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. "Where are you rushing off to? Let's wait until the camp is asleep, and then we'll go."

"Oh, right." 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.





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.

"I'll get naked now. Turn around," Seraphina took off her coat. It was warm, and he turned away.

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. "Mom is beautiful, and her body is even better than the castle maids."

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

She lifted her hair up and at that moment 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 body 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 Central Land. 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 ample 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.

"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. "I want to feel your heat."



She was still wet. 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.

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

"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, I you were born, and I loved you more than anything in this world.”

“Well. That’s nice,” Cedric smiled, blushing.

“I mean it, dear,” she whispered with her hob breath.

Her lips were so tantalizing. Cedric moved his face closer and did the unthinkable. He kissed her right on the hot and wet lips, squeezing Mom in his arms. She met his kiss with



surprise, feeling his tongue and then pulled back.

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

"It’s okay,” she smiled. "Your lips feel warm. Thanks. 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.

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

Eventually, they both quietly fell asleep.



## **CHAPTER 4. LIBRARY**



TO BE CONTINUED

