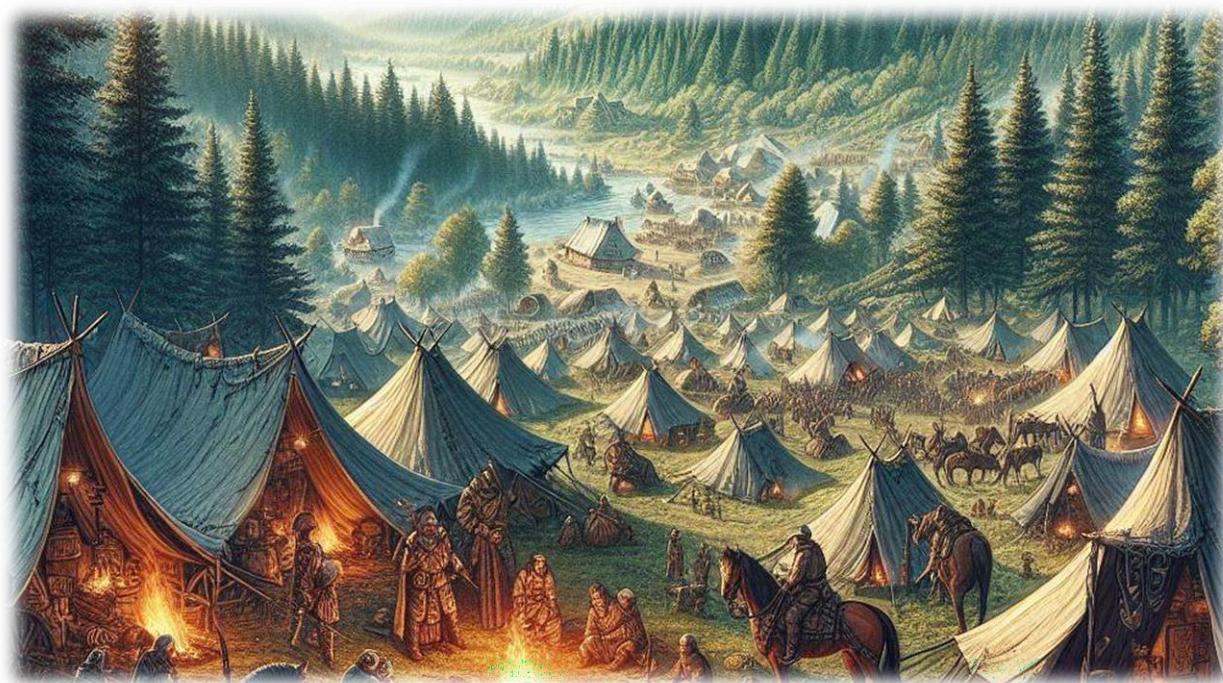




## CHAPTER 6. GREEN CLOAK



He sat by the fire, wrapped in a cozy cloak. Cedric's body and bones ached from another morning's training with Eligh, and his face showed fresh wounds. They had been in the valley for weeks, but still hadn't figured out how to stop the Eclipse.

And he couldn't forget Excarchy's words about his love toward Seraphina.

"It's not safe to be alone in the tent with Mom. What a nonsense. Me copulating with my Mo... No, I can't even say it. I'll prove her wrong. I'm not an animal; I can control my urges. I love my mother like a mother. She's taken care of me all my life. These recent weeks have been tough for her, so now it's my turn to take care of her."

As he sat there, he listened to the night—the camp sounds, the wind, and the crackling fire. Amidst the many voices, he recognized one familiar, soft, and wise voice.

"We might have to stay here for the winter," Blunder sighed.

"The Valley provides good defense against the king's soldiers," replied a soldier.

"I don't think it will come to that. We won't fight with the king. I brought my people with me to prevent bloodshed, not provoke it. If he decides to confront us directly, too many people will die. Arik understand that, he won't do that. I know him. No, it's not the king I'm concerned about."

"Are you talking about the Cult?" Someone else chimed in.

"Yes, the Cult. The Exarchy has approved deploying our troops across the valley to secure the entrance. She, like me, is uneasy about Gargantua's men and his Cult. Exarchy just asked me to ensure that our people won't try to get closer to girls in the valley. We don't want unexpected pregnancies here."

"Cult?" Cedric wondered as a soldier plopped down beside him.

"Sorry if I interrupted, Your Majesty." Cedric was surrounded by other soldiers in gray cloaks and armor. "We've got an idea. There are lots of lovely ladies in the village. We've been here for a few weeks and are thinking of heading out, maybe meeting a few girls, you know, enjoying ourselves a bit. We've got a meeting set up, and the girls are on board."

"No one is allowed to sleep with girls from the valley," Cedric said.

"We get it, we get it. The Lord made it clear about the consequences if he catches us. We're aware we can't do that. The girls know it too. But, there's no rule against, you know, using their hands and mouths."

Cedric gulped, glancing at his mother's tent where a candle flickered. He thought he saw movement inside as she probably prepared to sleep. "These soldiers probably don't even know that, as a prince, I allowed to actually sleep with girls from the village."

"Leave him alone. Maybe the prince isn't into women at all," remarked another soldier with a smile.

Cedric shot back, "It would be wise of me to execute you for saying something like that."

The soldiers backed off, all pale; the one who had spoken was the palest of all.

"He didn't mean it, Your Highness." The soldier stood up. "Let's just forget about it. We were only joking about the ladies. Just a silly joke."

"Where's the meeting place?" Cedric said.

"Well. It's in a big building with a red roof at the entrance to the village. Tomorrow night, we'll be meeting with the girls there."

"Why did you tell him, Matt?" The palest suddenly grabbed the soldier by the shoulder. "He's going to give it all away to the lord or Riley now, isn't he?"

"I'll come with you. I'll be right here, like always. Tomorrow." Cedric snuggled deeper into his cozy blanket. The chilly fall weather was getting even colder.

The soldiers nodded and vanished as fast as they came. "They think I'm a child. I need to earn respect. Just gotta make sure it's not a trap," he mumbled casually to himself.

At that moment, he thought something moved behind him; he heard a sound. Cedric turned around, snatching up his sword. After so much training, he was doing it with no problem. Among the tents, a person in a green cloak disappeared into the depths of the camp. "Hey!"



He hurried in pursuit, passing other tents and scattered cargo. The tiredness slowed him down, making it challenging to catch up. Cedric halted at a turn, finding himself blocked by two tents, with a horse directly in front of him.

"Trouble, prince?" Riley, with a grin, emerged from behind. He looked at Cedric's sword. 'Getting ready for another round with Eligh? I doubt it'll spare you from more humiliation and bruises.'

"It's none of your business what I'm doing here." Cedric slowly walked past the white-haired soldier and headed toward the tent, bypassing the guards.

He stepped inside. "I think we're being watched, Mom."

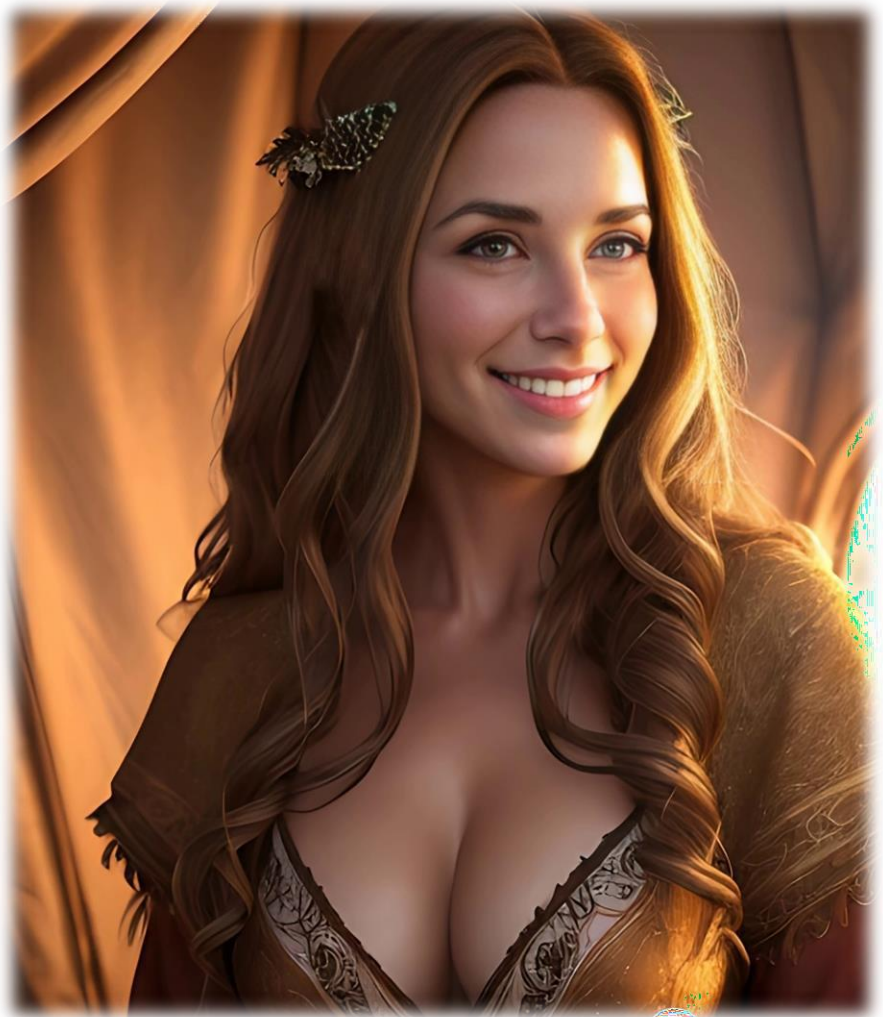
Seraphina was getting ready for bed, already in her warm nightgown. Inside the tent, it smelled of flowers as she gently brushed her long brown braids with a royal comb.

"Lord Blunder's men are keeping an eye on our tent and camp all the time. I doubt any spies would stick around," she said calmly, adjusting her curls.

"You trust Blunder too much. Maybe Dad has spies that can sneak in here. Secret covert spies?"

She laughed, nibbling on her little finger. "Secret covert spies? You're so funny sometimes, sweetie."

Seraphina stood



up and then next moment placed a hand on her stomach, shrinking slightly as if in pain.

"Is everything okay?"

"Ohhh. Yeah, I'm good," she said, smoothing her hand over her hips and adjusting the nightie. "Ugh, it's just my body being all womanly, telling me it's ready for another baby."

He was a bit surprised, thoughts of the spy forgotten. "Another baby?" Cedric glanced at her belly without a second thought.

"Don't worry, the pain will go away soon," she moved closer, hugged him, and gently kissed his cheek. Her plump lips stayed there for a moment, spreading warmth through her son's body. "Someday, when your wife goes through this, you'll do your duty and bring a new life into the world. The 19th descendant."

He blushed because of the kiss and the discussion of pregnancy and offspring. "And then the 19th one is supposed to bring the 20th, whose role in the prophecy is still mysterious for me," he said.

"You'll know about the 20th descendant later. His role is important, but not crucial for our mission. I told you that before, Cedric. Remember, we need to find a way to stop the Eclipse. Tomorrow, we'll keep looking."

He nodded.

"For now, let's rest. Don't worry about the spy; I'm sure you'll keep me safe with your big sword," she said playfully, pulling him onto the bed on the ground. "Come here, baby."





"We could use an extra pair of hands, Elowen," Seraphina said, standing at the bottom of the stairs with her arms folded, looking upset.

"I told you I'm not interested," Elowen replied, inspecting her nails.

"But you volunteered before."

"That was then. Now I've found something else to do. The library is just a bunch of books. What haven't I seen there?" She snorted, turning away toward the village.

"I can't believe it. You're my daughter, a descendant of Leronse, just like me. This is your home. Don't you feel anything special about this place?"



"All I feel is the scent of a thousand dissatisfied girls drawn into some weird community with no dicks. Zero dicks. And the only suitable dick, aside from Sir Blunder's, prefers the company of a books and, who could have thought, his own mother."

Cedric shot Elowen a mean look standing behind Seraphina's back.

"You're just like your father, Elowen. Can't see past your own nose," said Seraphina.

Elowen laughed. "Oh, believe me, Mom, I see further than even your big, crooked nose does. You don't need my help; you're just scared to leave me alone with the soldiers in the camp," Elowen smirked.

"I'm done with this. We're done,"

Seraphina turned around. She went upstairs, trying to get away from her daughter.



"Go catch up with your girlfriend, sissy." Elowen grinned, looking at her brother.

"You know what?" Cedric confidently approached. "You have no chance with Blunder. Why would Lord pick someone as ugly



as you when he has the entire village to choose from, with the most gorgeous girls in Eldaria? Bye, sister.”

Cedric hurried, and as he ran, he heard Elowen yelling, "You call me ugly? You're the ugliest one! I don't care what you say, jerk!"

“Of course you do, sissy.”

He struggled to keep up with Mom, his legs burning from recent training.

"You have a nice nose, Mom. Don't

listen to her," he reassured, catching up. "Elowen is just jealous of your beauty—your lips, eyes, delicate face."

"Thank you, dear," Seraphina said with a smile, wiping her eye.

"I bet she's envious of your figure. Your..." He paused.

"My what?" She smirked, suppressing a laugh.

He peeked at her boobs, looked away, nearly stumbling. "Oh, nothing. Just your figure."

She wiped a tear from her other eye, chuckling, as they reached the door, passing the guards. The priestesses of the Library surrounded the Exarchy around her table.

"You're different from your father; he didn't enjoy doing compliments. I guess your sister took all of his..." Seraphina paused.

A painful scream reverberated through the library, originating from a far-off room in the vestibule, causing Cedric to shudder. The scream was heard for a few moments, and then abruptly ended.

The Exarchy remained unfazed, engrossed in her work. However, all the priestesses turned their attention toward them, silently conveying that they weren't meant to hear it.

"Let's go," Seraphina said, taking Cedric's hand and leading him into the right corridor.

"What was that?" He spun around, and the priestesses were still watching.

"I don't know, but, well, it's not our concern; we're just guests here. Let's let the hosts keep their secrets."

"Even if someone needs help? Did you hear that scream? Can't we do something?"

"We can't. We need to focus on our own business and avoid unnecessary questions. I don't want us to get kicked out of here, do you?" she closed the door behind them, breathing out.

From the corner of his eye, Cedric noticed another person in the room. For the first time during their stay, there was a priestess busy at the shelves, organizing some books.

"No more word about it," his mom whispered, taking a seat at the table.

It had gotten cooler than usual in the past few days, so he no longer had the chance to sneak a peek at her boobs. Still, she was wearing a nice brown warm shirt with a nice alluring neckline.



For the following hours, he had to focus on the books, shifting them from the pile right in front of him. "History of Eldaria and the First Civilizations."

No.

"Tales of the Great Journeys and the Rise of the Eclipsian Dynasty."

No.

"Starborne's Path to Power."

I've read this one already. More than once.

Cedric cautiously raised his eyes above another book in hands, glancing at Seraphina. She pushed back her chestnut hair to the side, revealing her neck and seductive collarbones. His Mom carefully tied her hair into a ponytail. Meanwhile, he observed her arm movements, noticing Mom's bare armpits and the flexing of her neck and arm muscles. Interested, he watched, pretending to be engrossed in the book.

"I see you, Cedric," she said calmly.

"Sorry, Mom." He shifted his gaze back to the books.

"Descendants of the Eclipsian Dynasty."

Descendants.

Suddenly, he recalled what he had recently read, that evening when they arrived at the library. He stood up and walked to the shelf, searching among the bindings.

"That's it. 'The Future of Starborne's Dynasty.'"

He opened the book to a needed page.

"The 18th Eclipsian descendant must marry the descendants of Laurence and Eldoran's only son."

"Interesting. I'm the 18th, but who is the son of Laurence and Eldoran? I think I heard these names somewhere before." He glanced at Seraphina sitting in front of him.

"Remind me, Mom, who were the founders of the library?"

"Laurence and Eldoran," she turned to him, wearily resting her head on her hand.

"And who is their only son?"

Her expression changed. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious about the library's founders. After all, I'm your son, and this place is also my home. Maybe Elowen doesn't, but I feel something special about this place."

She smiled warmly. "I'm glad you're interested, my dear."

Seems like that's worked.

"Their only son was Leronse. He was a great master, the only male, besides Laurence, his father, who had access to the books and information gathering."

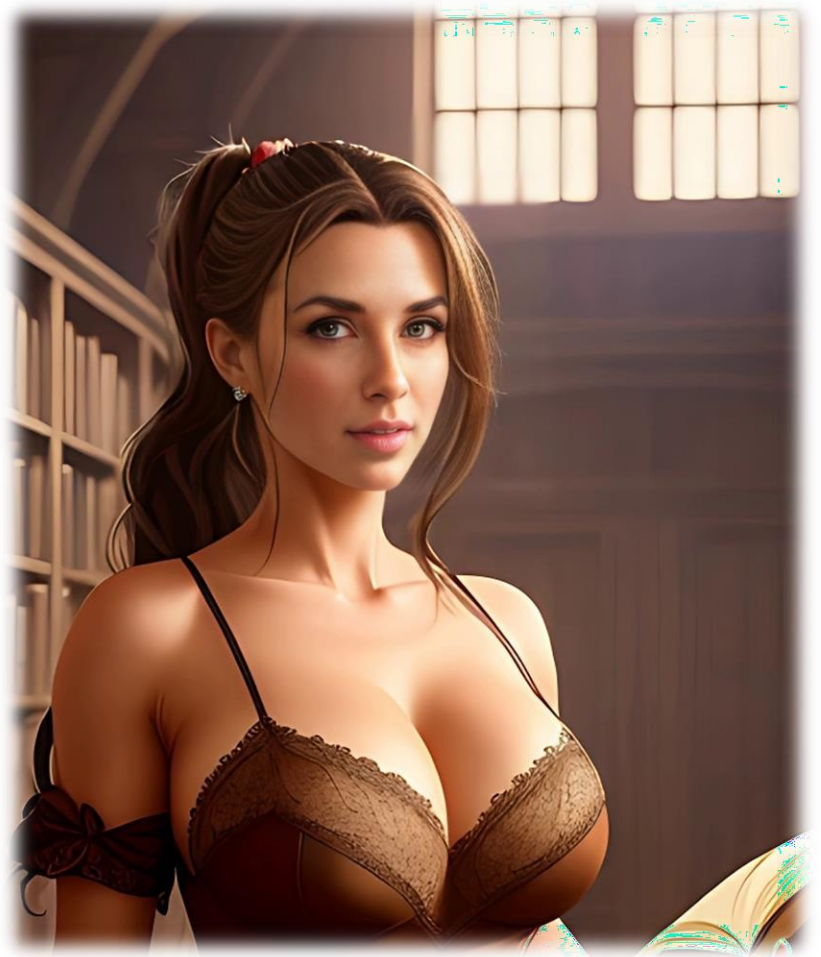
"Leronse?" It felt like the ground had slipped from under him. "Isn't Leronse your..."

"Yep, he is my great-grandfather." She sighed, evidently uneasy revisiting the her own past. "His blood was highly valued, which is why the Supreme Exarchy didn't want to let me go and marry your father. I am his last and only descendant."

"Oh, no." He froze, almost dropping the book. Realization dawned on him gradually. "No, no, no. So, you're the last descendant of Leronse?"

"Yes. Didn't I just say that?" She giggled, "So, why do you ask? Did you find something?" Suddenly curious, she stood up, wanting to know what he had, but Cedric abruptly closed the book.

"It's nothing. It's nothing."



"You're really bad at lying, Cedric." She placed her hands on her ample hips, and Seraphina's tense, angry gaze shot directly at him.

"I need to talk to the Supreme Excarchy." He wanted to walk past, but she stood next to him, trying to grab the book. He almost buried his face in her boobs.

"Give me the book." Her boobs brushed against his face, she wrapped her arms around him.

"No, I can't, Mom." He held it behind his back. In a sort of fight, their bodies got tangled. She reached out, pressing her body against his, attempting to snatch the book from behind his back. He could once again smell her pleasant scent and feel the warmth emanating from Mom's soft body.

"You really think I can't grab that book from you? You don't know me very well, dear" with a swift move, she brought him down to the floor, keeping him pinned.

"Wow!"

She fell right onto him, nearly jumped, collapsing with her whole body on him. "Almost!" Seraphina spread her legs and sat right on his groin.

"Ughhh, Mom. Stop it." His face turned red. He held the book on himself, her fingers gripping the cover, trying to wrest the book from Cedric's firm grip.

Despite her efforts, he was still stronger, and she squirmed on his lap, causing him to have a hard-on. She rubbed her crotch right against his cock, and Cedric was burning with bliss.

“Ohhh, Mom.” She rubbed it even harder, resting her vagina directly on his tip.

It seemed to him that she moaned. “Ohhh, so hard.”

Through the fabric of her pants, he could feel her vagina cheeks. It felt too unreal to actually believe it was happening.



But then she froze, stopping her hip movements, and looked into his eyes with fear, her messy brown hair falling onto his blushed face. "Sorry, I..."

Seizing the moment, he quickly pushed her off, scrambling up and heading towards the door with the book.

"Sorry for the scene," he apologized to the priestess, who sat in the corner with an open mouth, and then closed the door.

"That was weird." Cedric said as he puffed up and ran to the vestibule, heading straight for the Exarchy with the book in hands. Standing before her, Cedric placed it on the table. "I have a few questions."

The Exarchy stopped writing and looked at him.

"So, you say that... *huff* just a moment," he took a couple of breaths, still trying to catch his breath after the fight with Mom. "My Mother is full of surprises, it turns out. And it seems she knows how to fight. You have a very clean floor here by the way. It's so white and marble."

She silently looked at him through empty tattooed ebony eyes. "In our library, we uphold sacred cleanliness. This place is preserved from defilement, like the soul and body of our women," she calmly stated.

"Yeah, right. So, here's the thing," Cedric began. "You say that the library priestesses write prophecies. I want to know how. Where do you get them? Do prophecies always come true? How does it happen? Are there ones that didn't come true?"

"The priestesses of the Library are gifted with the ability to see what others cannot."



"Enough of this nonsense, lady. Tell me something real. How? How do you know it?"

She looked at him again with an assessing gaze. It was hard to tell if she was staring at his face through her black eyes or not. Like the first time they met, he felt a little uneasy, but didn't break eye contact.

"Spirits share insights with us about what might happen in the future. Or

what might not."

"Spirits? How can spirits know the future? How can the future be predetermined at all? And how you talk to them?"

"Too many questions, child. Spirits only predict what is likely to happen based on the past, present, and the facts of our universe. And so far, they have never been wrong."

"Never? So, I should marry my mother and tie our destinies because of the damn prophecy? Because some spirit said so?" he blurted out.

"Marry your mother?" Exarchy tilted her head to the side.

"Forget it," he sighed, dropping his head in disappointment.

Exarchy slowly ran her hand through the prince's hair. "Prophecies don't always unfold as we expect, child. Spirits come to those they wish to speak with in dreams, and sometimes their answers can be confusing, spoken in a sense we don't yet understand. You're seeking answers in the wrong place."

He looked at her perplexedly.

"This place, this library, holds answers not only to here," she pointed to his head, "but also answers to here." Her hand touched his chest, right where his heart was.

"I don't understand it," he whispered.

"You will, child. You are clever. You're her son, so you'll understand it," she said, looking towards the exit with a thoughtful expression. "Goodbye, Cedric."

"Riddles again." He picked up the book and headed back.

Cedric opened the door, stepping into the room with a flurry of thoughts. "Mom, there's something important I want to talk to you about," he reached for a book but noticed Seraphina was in tears. She sat at the table, crying over one of the books, her tears dropping onto the pages.

Turning around, he realized the priestess had left. "Mom?" He approached, expecting her, as always, to pretend like nothing happened.

He expected her to wipe away the tears and say she was just tired.

He expected her to smile, and then they would forget about this little moment of weakness.

But she didn't do any of that; she kept crying over the book even after Cedric made it clear that he could see everything.

"Mom? What's wrong?" He placed the book on the table and sat beside her, wrapping his arms around Mom's warm shoulders.

"We shouldn't have," she wiped her eyes. "Left the castle. I was so foolish. Neither you, nor I, nor Elowen are ready for all of this. What have I dragged us into?"

"Hush, Mom. This is not a reason to despair. We are saving the world. Did you forget?" He ran his hand up and down her warm, gentle back.

She turned, laying her head on his chest. "I found a book about the Eclipse, but there's nothing on how to stop it." She pointed to the book, its pages soaked with her tears. On the right side, it was evident that a large piece of the pages had been ripped out.

"We need to go back to your dad. I want to go back to my Arik, back to love of my love. He'll forgive us



for my mistake, and everything will be as it was before."

Cedric closed the torn book. It was titled "Spirits and Kings."

"We've come too far to give up now. Everything will be okay, Mom. We'll find answers in another book. I know it. Can you hear me?"

She nodded, his arms holding her head.

Cedric wiped a tear from her cheek. She looked so fragile and lost at that moment. He had never seen her like that before.

He leaned in and kissed her, sensing the salty taste of tears on her plump lips.

Enjoying the kiss, he thought. "I'm not ready to give you up to father. I won't give you back. And we have a prophecy to fulfill—the 18th descendant and the last descendant of Leronse. But I'll tell you later about it."



Seraphina calmed down and fell asleep in the tent. Cedric covered her with a warm blanket, kissed on the forehead and went outside, warming himself by the fire.

"The 18th descendant and the last descendant of Leronse." He ran his hand through his hair, staring into the fire. "Didn't the prophecy suggest a connection through blood for these two? Maybe I'm just deep down scared of wanting this? Me and Mom..."

He heard a noise behind once more. A quick glimpse of green cloak caught his attention between the tents. He hurried after. "It's you again. Hey, stop!"

Cedric tried to keep pace. The person in the cloak reached the camp's edge, oddly avoiding any guards. The figure darted into the forest, vanishing among the trees, leaves, and bushes.

"Where are you? Show yourself! I'm not scared! Were you sent by the king?"



Another sound reached him; the Cloak reappeared from behind a tree. Cedric immediately aimed his sword at him.

"Who are you!?"

Even in the dim light, he saw that it was a girl with a mask covering her face, black locks spilling from the edges of the hood.

"Your cloak is not familiar to me." Cedric took a step forward, keeping his sword raised.

The girl inclined and knelt on one knee, lowering her head before Cedric.

"What the..." He moved closer, sword still raised. "Stand up and take off your mask. Who are you?"

As he got closer, she stood up and, moving the sword aside, rushed into his arms. She tried to kiss him through the mask; it was a strange, uncertain kiss through the mask's wet thin fabric. More like a mimicry of a kiss than a real one.

In the next second, her hand descended to his groin, slipping through the pants and gripping his cock.

"Ughhhh. Are you a girl from the village?" He said when she finally broke the kiss. He couldn't see her face through the mask. The girl skillfully pulled out his dick.

"I can't. No, we can't," he wanted to push her away, but the sensations were too good to resist. Her hand was so warm, she smiled through the mask and grabbed his dick harder, taut its skin back and forth.

"Ohhhh, yes, I don't know who you are, but you are so good at this."

She slowly sank to her knees, grasping his cock with both hands.

His vision darkened. The unknown girl increased the pressure, jerking harder and harder, trying to drain him. He reached out and revealed girl's breasts.

Initially, she resisted but then gave in. Her young, firm breasts with prominent nipples appeared before him. Her body was obviously at its peak. She looked up at him as he touched one of her boob. It was a strange, condemning look, which seemed so familiar.

Finally, he couldn't hold back. She was too good at this. "Ughhhh, yes, yes, I'm almost." He grabbed her boobs, squeezed them, and yelled out. White sperm rushed on her boobs and her face

beneath the hood. At that moment, he was willing to do anything for this girl. Waves of pleasure surged through his mind like bright flashes of light. He almost collapsed, feeling her hands still gripping him. She kept draining his balls until the very last drop.

After that she wiped her hand on the grass and tried to cover her boobs.

"Thank you. What's your name?"

He sensed she wanted to run away and grabbed her hand to prevent that. "Don't go, wait. I don't like secrets, dear. You choose a bad day for that. I want to see your face now. Please."

She resisted, trying to pull away. "Let me go!" She punched him right in the face. Though it hurt, it wasn't the worst blow he'd get in the last month, so he held onto her.

Her voice seemed familiar. "No way." With a swift motion, Cedric removed her mask.

"Oh, no. Fuck, no. Elowen?"

Now he clearly recognized her green eyes; she tried to pull the mask back, but it was too late.

"What are you doing? What have you done? What have We Done!?"

"You think I enjoyed it?" she said, apparently giving up and taking off the mask. Pretending made no sense anymore. "You should have just let me go; you wouldn't have known anything, idiot!"

"Oh, so is this my fault? Why did you do that?" He pushed her away with disgust hiding his flaccid cock. "How did this even happen? It can't be, it just can't. You and me. Why?"

"You weren't supposed to see me. I wanted you to go back to camp, exhausted, and tell the soldiers that you didn't want to go to the village because you had already spent the night with a girl. That way, they would think you're a coward or that you don't like girls. They'd laugh at you and... and... no one would respect you then!"

"WHAT?! That was your plan!?! You wanted them to laugh at me?"

"YES!"

"Why? Just... Just why? Why would you want that?"

She wiped away the semen droplets that almost reached her mouth.



"Are you really so clueless, sissy?" He felt like she might cry at any moment. "Our parents have cared only about you their whole lives. They loved you, worshipped you. Mom always wanted a son and completely forgot about me when you were born. They didn't want a daughter; they wanted a son. I hate you, always have. Why does everyone think the 18th descendant is the boy? Maybe it's me? If no one respects you, then I'd finally have a chance to prove that I'm not just a stupid useless girl. The prophecies might be about me."

She wiped away a tear along with a drop of semen from her face. "Disgusting. I'd finally be Someone and not just Someone's nasty sister. I just wanted Blunder's people to despise you."



"Elowen, I'm sorry."

She looked so vulnerable.

"Just go," she covered herself with the hood, hiding another tear. "I want to be alone. Don't you dare to tell anyone about what happened. I'll murder you"

and pull your guts out."

"You don't need to be the 18th descendant for Mom and Dad to love you, Elowen."

"Easy for you to say." She smacked him in the stomach, pushing away and disappearing into the woods.

"Ugh... Can't believe I didn't recognize her." He slowly headed back to the village. "I'll be haunted by this scene for a long time. I just can't believe she did that. Elowen jerked me off and I came on her face and boobs."

He returned to his tent, where a few soldiers had gathered. It was already evening. "Here you are."

"We thought you changed your mind. We're going now," said Matt.

Cedric surveyed each one, still recovering from the incident. Elowen's firm, sexy beautiful breasts were still before his eyes.

"So?" Pale one asked. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, yes. Right. Let's go. I'm ready."



## CHAPTER 7. CULT



He walked behind, dragging his feet. A strange weight had settled on his heart, and it wasn't just because his sister had just jerked him off.

"She always appeared strong and stubborn. Did she really suffer because parents favored him over her? And now I'm also a hero tasked with saving the world. Maybe I can understand her. But that still doesn't mean it's okay to do what she's doing, that still doesn't excuse what she did. Damn, I still can't believe it happened."

"Can't believe what?" one of the soldiers asked.

"Never mind," he raised his head, turning it toward the library. Several figures in dark cloaks were ascending the steps, illuminating their path with torches.

"I don't recall anyone in black cloaks in the camp. Must be some priestesses. Do they visit the library at night?"

"Hey, prince," the Pale one turned to him. "How many girls have you been with before?"

"Just leave him alone," Matthew led the group.

"I had a few girls, but as a prince, it's hard to find free time."

Of course it was a lie. He was so over secured by his mother for his whole life that his only sexual experience was peeking after maids. No, that's not true anymore. His only sexual experience just happened with his own sister a few moments ago.

"That's rough, buddy," said Matt. "Finding a moment can be a real challenge. But hey, at least you're not a virgin like some of these guys."

"Hey, shut up!" someone yelled from behind.

"See? That's what I'm talking about."

The whole group laughed, and Cedric laughed right along with them. Suddenly, he felt a strong connection with these people.

He had spent many days with Blunder's soldiers on their journey, yet he had never even talked to one of them. These were the guys who had abandoned their lives to follow and protect him.

"We've arrived." They walked up to the house, hearing footsteps and people on the other side of the street. Despite the late hour, the village was bustling with activity.

At the back door, Matthew knocked, and after a moment, a woman opened it. She appeared to be around 60, with weathered skin, tired eyes, and gray hair.

"I hope this isn't one of those man-hungry girls," Cedric whispered and someone pushed him in a back holding a laugh.

The woman let them in, grumbling maliciously, "You have an hour until midnight."

They found themselves in a large room with sofas and tables, trinkets scattered all over the walls. It seemed like this place was

some kind of store before their arrival.

Only then did Cedric notice the girls sitting in the far corner at a low table. They were sipping tea in blue cloaks and chatting about something

"Well, finally," said the red-haired girl sitting in the center of the table, appearing older than the others.



"Did you get lost on the way or what?"

"No. Just had to wait for someone," Matthew glanced at Cedric, then back at the girls.

"I see. There's no point in introductions. We're not here to get married." The redhead smiled. "We'll just pick someone we like and the rest you know. Deal?"

Cedric stood by the door, wondering if it might be a trap after all. "What am I even doing here?"

He didn't realize the red-haired girl was suddenly beside him, placing her hand on his neck. "You're adorable. Why are you standing by the doors like you want to escape? Are you scared of us?" She playfully ran her finger across his face. "I like you. What's your name?"

"Guess they don't know I'm a prince," Cedric thought and said, "Riley. My name is Riley."

"Pleasure to meet you, Riley. I'm Cindy. Do you like me, Riley?" She then ran her hand over his lips. "Or maybe you fancy one of our girls?"

She turned his head to look at them, and his eyes quickly landed on the girl with brown hair who looked a lot like his Mom. They had the same eye color, face shape, and lips. Cindy, of course, noticed that he was looking at her.

"Do you like her? She's yours."

"What? No, she's just..."

"Hush, little one. Your look says it all," she pulled him forward, right to the girl. "Betty, meet Riley. Betty's mom owns this place."

Close up, Seraphina's look-alike resembled her even more. The girl checked him out like she was shopping and said, "Works for me, let's go."

"Don't forget, you're a guest here, kiddo. Behave appropriately. Keep an eye on my girl and keep her safe," Cindy stepped away, and Betty took Cedric by the hand, heading towards a door leading to another room. It was a space with a small bed and a window.

"Do I need to take off my sword first, or..." He didn't finish as she kissed him right away. Betty pushed Cedric onto the bed and joined in. She jumped on his lap and slipped her hand into his pants.

"Ohh. Seems like the girls really missed having men around here," thought Cedric. He enjoyed kissing her, running his fingers through her brown hair.

"Why are you not hard yet?" Her soft hand rubbed his dick.

He wondered how to tell her that his own sister just jerked him off.

She kept trying to make him hard, stroking it, and using all of her meager skills. It was more like she was trifling with it. "I can't believe I'm admitting this, but Elowen did it much better—more skillfully and with greater finesse."

"Just give me some time," Cedric said and kissed the girl again, and this time he thought of Seraphina. He inadvertently thought he was kissing his own mother.

And, as a result, this time it was different. He felt a nice tingling in the back of his head and chose to welcome these new feelings instead of pushing them away. After all, there was a prophecy saying he had to marry Seraphina. His cock immediately stood up. "Mmm, Mom."

She pulled away, looking at him in surprise. "Mom? Really?"

"Darn it." He noticed how someone on the other side pulled the curtain in the window and peeked inside. After that, they quickly lowered the curtain back down. "Someone saw us."

"What? Who?" She turned around, but there was nothing there now. "Doesn't matter, my mom will sort it out. Just relax"

"Something's not right. I can feel it," he kept staring at the window, which swayed from the wind or someone's movement outside.

"Yeah. Calling me Mom, that's what's not right."

The curtain twitched, person in a dark cloak pulled the bowstring.

Cedric moved quickly, spontaneously. He grabbed the girl; the sound of shattered glass echoed as an arrow whizzed through the air. Cedric positioned Betty in front of him, shielding himself with her body. The arrow pierced her chest and exited on the other side, not far from Cedric's body. Blood surged at his face and chest. The girl barely had time to utter a scream; she gasped and went limp in his arms.

He hadn't yet realized what he had done, hadn't understood that he had used her body as a living shield. The shock was overwhelming. Cedric pushed the dead body away and leaped towards the door, drawing his sword. Inside the house, cries, both female and men in pain, were already heard. He stepped into the hall room. The entrance door was smashed open, and several people in black cloaks stormed in. Meanwhile, Blunder's soldiers had emerged, drawing their swords.



"Cedric!" Matthew, wearing torn clothes, blocked a sword attack, and tried to reach him. "Protect the Prince!"

At that moment, one of the attackers lunged at Cedric, swinging a sword. Prince parried the blow, assuming a defensive stance. The opponent aimed for his leg, attempting to knock him down, but Cedric stood firm and counterattacked, injuring the assailant's hand.

Another person attacked him with a sword, but Pale arrived just in time. He blocked the attack, saving the prince. "Go back to camp and let the Lord know we're being attacked!"

He rushed toward the rear exit, bypassing Matthew's dead body. The clash of swords echoed in the room. Cedric forced open the rear door beside the old woman's body that had let them in.

The sounds of battle seemed to surround Cedric —coming from the forest, the village, resonating through the entire valley. The cries of women and the wounded filled the air.

"I need to find my Mom and Elowen." He dashed through the woods, careful not to harm himself with the sword. A strange noise reached his ears from the direction of the library, but the trees blocked the view. The noise resembled a humming, a guttural sound of some creature.

Finally reaching the forest's edge, he looked up. Thick smoke billowed from the library, and a figure descended the steps. Or something human-like, with a dark mist trailing behind, leaving black marks on the stairs with each step. The creature was pale, paler than the moon.



He didn't stop to look but ran, finally getting close to the camp.

Some tents were ablaze, and there was a skirmish all around. He leaped down, hiding behind the random tent. A few soldiers in black cloaks hurried past him. Once they were out of sight, Cedric kept going, soon reaching Seraphina's tent. He hurried inside—the tent was deserted, belongings strewn and torn. It

was evident that a battle had taken place here. Elowen's tent showed the same scene.

"Where did they go? Where are they? Where's Blunder? I need to find the Lord if he's still alive." He headed deeper into the camp. A horse ran past him, nearly knocking him over, dragging a dead rider's body behind it.

Around the next turn, he encountered an adversary—a huge soldier in a black cloak, taller than Lord Blunder, with an armored mask. Cedric noticed a dark, red mist emanating from the brute's eyes.

This one was different; the way he moved sent shivers down Cedric's spine.

After dispatching another foe, the soldier turned toward Cedric, raising his sword. Prince dodged the first blow, a move he had done many times with Eligh, and managed to hit the brute's hand, leaving a small scratch. The man retaliated, tossing the prince backward. Cedric's head hit the ground hard, and he struggled to get back up.

The enemy swung again, and Cedric, attempting to dodge, presented his shoulder. The cold blade cut into his shoulder,



slicing through the skin and reaching the bone. He yelped, and in the next moment, the brute struck him in the face with a glove, sending prince further back.

He fell, gazing at the dark smoky sky, feeling blood covering his entire face and mouth. Somewhere nearby, a horse neighed again.

Reluctant to stand again, Cedric knew he had to do it for his mother, for his sister. With determination, he pushed himself up, kneeling on one knee, disoriented.

Spotting the enemy close by, sword raised for a deadly strike, Cedric saw a horse racing by with a fallen dead rider. Gathering his remaining strength, he lunged forward, reaching out to snatch the fallen body. The sword whizzed past him, not too far away.

Horse dragged him along with the dead lion soldier, right into the middle of the camp. Trying to distance himself from the enemy, he collapsed near a tent, pretending to be unconscious. The wound on his left shoulder burned, but the headache was fading, becoming more bearable. He attempted to stand up again, still holding moon light sword, a gift from Lord Blunder.

"Finish this one!" He turned at the shout. There were more soldiers in black cloaks, he counted six.

"Out of the frying pan into the fire," Cedric stood up. Lord's tent was not far away.

The cloaks attacked, but at that moment, Blunder's soldiers appeared from the sides. They clashed with the cloaks, attacking fiercely. One of the cloaks closest to Cedric lunged at him, but someone from behind thrust a dagger straight into the enemy's throat.

"Prince?" Riley pulled his dagger out of the neck and rushed to the weakened Cedric. "We thought they got you."

"Where's my mom? Where's my sister?"

"They're in the library with Eligh and Lord. They're safe, Prince."

"I need to make sure. I have to go."

Riley pulled him aside, helping Cedric stay on his feet. "You can barely stand, friend."

"I don't care. I have to get there. That's an order."

"An order?" the white-haired soldier smirked. "Didn't think you'd be handing out orders so soon. I'll cover you, Prince. Go. Just don't die."



Cedric marched straight towards the stairs, bodies scattered everywhere – killed, wounded, butchered. Men in black cloaks and soldiers with lion emblems on their armor were all around. The scene was chaotic, with bodies and blood everywhere.

Riley lagged somewhere behind. All he could hear were the sounds of swords clashing and men in pain, but none of those cries belonged to Riley.

As he got closer, Cedric recognized the tracks leading right from the stairs to the village, hoof marks leaving behind black smoke.

Do these belong to the creature he saw earlier?

The tracks smelled of some strange decay, like a dead body. “It’s not the right time to figure out who that is. I have to find Mom and Elowen.”

Cedric climbed upward, noticing how cracked the steps were. In some places, the steps had collapsed under the weight of those who passed here before, so the prince had to maneuver carefully and navigate around where the rocks with steps had crumbled. The distance was challenging for him; blood still filled his face and eyes, and his entire left hand was covered in blood, flowing from a wound on the shoulder.

As he ascended, the smell of blood and smoke intensified. At some point he stepped into a blood. Streams of crimson liquid flowed directly from the entrance of the library, cascading down the upper stairs.

He reached the very top, the entrance slightly ajar, and around laid the bodies of the guards.



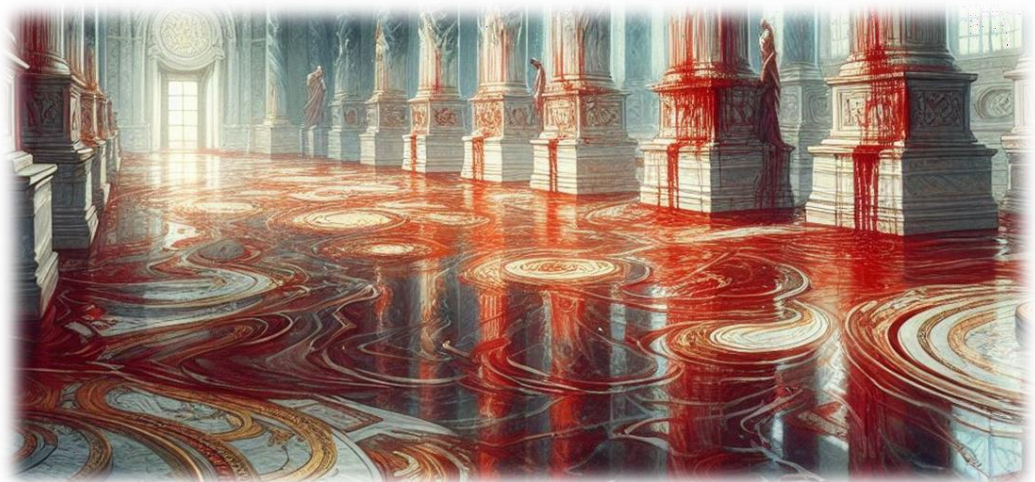
Cedric turned, watching the valley engulfed in flames. A horrifying, chilling sight.

“So that's what the war looks like. I have to find my mother and sister as soon as possible,” he declared and kicked one of the doors with all his left might, wielding moon-sword in his right hand.

The pure white sacred walls and marble floor of the Library were saturated with blood. Mutilated and mangled bodies of priestesses

lay around in various

poses, and in the center of the hall lay the lifeless Exarchy.



"Oh God," the loss of blood made itself felt, a vile stench filled his nostrils, his head spun, and Cedric collapsed. "Mom." He closed his eyes, drifting into unconsciousness.

