



CHAPTER 8. MOM



Someone's voice called to him through the dream. He felt his arm being squeezed by someone's soft hand.

"Please, just don't die. Forgive me for all the times I've been rude. For all the times I insulted you. And when I said I hated you. Please forgive me, Cedric."

The voice was drowned in the vast darkness surrounding him.

He awoke to the rustling of wings, something walking across his chest, claws digging into his skin. Cedric opened swollen tired eyes.

A crow was perched on his chest – a white raven with cloudy white eyes gazing into his soul. It looked at him, its chest moving up and down, and he stared back. The crow cawed and flew up, only to be blocked by the tent they were in.

It headed for the exit, vanishing into the bright sunlight. He felt dizzy from the light, and tried to move, but regretted it when a sharp pain pierced his shoulder. He looked down and realized he was lying bandaged on the bed.

The tent had a mix of herb and blood smells, with clothes and medical supplies scattered around. The bandages on him smelled bad.

"So you are finally awake?" Eligh came into the tent, "You're lucky. Training's off today, prince."

Cedric let out a fake chuckle. "Where are my mom and sister?"

"They're fine. You should worry about yourself."

He touched his bandaged shoulder. "We were ambushed and... I wasn't ready."

"No, you weren't. But no one ever really is. You can't be ready for a fight; you can only prepare for it. That's something you gotta get."

Before Cedric could say anything, his mother's voice called out from outside the tent.

"Cedric! Cedric, are you okay?"

Seraphina rushed into the tent, going straight to the bed. Blunder came in after her, taking a place beside Eligh.

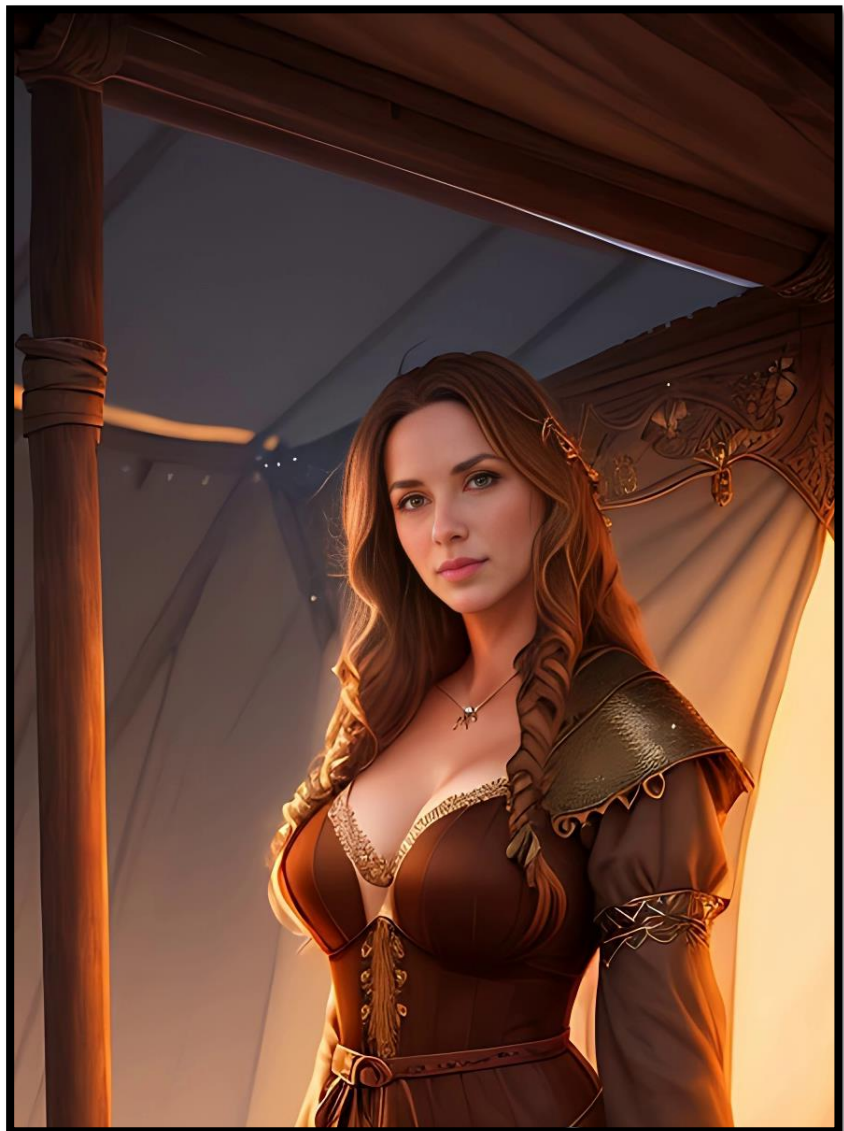
"I told you he'd be fine, Your Majesty," Blunder chuckled.

"Cedric."

Seraphina took her son's hand and kissed his forehead with her soft lips. "I was so worried about you."

He was happy to see her, to feel her soft kisses, to smell the scent of mommy's lush hair.

"I'm okay," he said languidly, closing his eyes under the barrage of her



kisses.

While Blunder was talking to Eligh, Cedric took the opportunity and gently pulled her closer to him.

He dug into her plump lips. The taste of her mouth mingled with the scent of healing herbs. Seraphina's eyes widened in surprise, indicating she wasn't fond of such affection. She put her other hand on Cedric's chest, trying to push away and break the kiss, but he held her too tightly. He didn't care about anything. He needed that kiss.

Finally, she broke free of his grip and wiped her lips.

Eligh left the tent, and Blunder came closer, seeming not to notice.

"How are you feeling? We thought they got to you before we did, Cedric," said Blunder.

"They?" asked Cedric.

"Cult. They must have found a secret passage through the mountains and snuck into the valley. I took your mother and sister to the library as

soon as the camp was attacked."

"What Cult?" asked Cedric. He could still feel the heat of the kiss on his lips.

Blunder looked at Seraphina judgmentally, her lips glowing with saliva as well.

"Didn't you tell him and Elowin about the Cult?"

He noticed Seraphina blushed. "We didn't want



to scare him and his sister."

Blunder shifted his gaze to the prince. "The Gargantua Cult. They serve the King of Solarion, though he rejects all ties. Their goal is to wipe out the descendants of the Eclipsian Dynasty, and they've come for you, Cedric."

He felt a little uneasy.

"When I didn't find you in the tent, I assumed they had already taken you, so I tried to rescue your sister and mother. The Exarchy found refuge for them in the library."

Cedric felt even worse at the mention of the Exarchy. He remembered the last thing he saw before he passed out.

"The Exarchy? She..."

Seraphina shook her head.

"She was killed by someone who was hiding in the library," said Blunder.

It seemed to Cedric that Blunder had turned pale. Was he talking about the creature he had seen last night?

"It wasn't a man, though it looked like one. It wore a cloak, moved like an animal, and didn't even need a sword to tear the Library guards apart. The way it butchered the Exarchy... It seemed to be personal."

"Lord Blunder!" exclaimed Seraphina.

"Your son saw it all for himself. Eligh gave the creature a fight and was the only survivor. I got there too late, it was as if the thing heard the call and headed away."

"I saw it leave the library when I was in the village. It left a trail behind it."

Blunder narrowed his eyes. "You were in the village? What were you doing there at night?" he asked angrily. It was the first time Cedric had ever seen him so upset.

His heart sank as he recalled what had happened. His fellow soldiers were likely all dead, Matt, Pale one, and the girl—whose body he had used to shield himself from an arrow—came to his mind.

"What have I done," he thought.

His silence continued, and Seraphina took a moment to intervene. "My son needs peace, Lord. Does it matter how or why now? The important thing is that Cedric was not in the camp when the attack occurred. He's safe and I would like some alone time with my son now, if you don't mind."

The Lord's lower lip trembled, but he pulled himself together quickly. "Yes, of course, my lady. I'll leave you to it; I need to speak with the newly elected Exarchy. Let the prince rest." He bowed and stepped out.

Finally, they were left alone. Seraphina lowered the entrance canopy to the tent. As she recoiled, Cedric kept his eyes on her lush big ass under her dress.

He remembered their shared prophecy and pictured her in a beautiful wedding ceremony outfit. He bit his lip, holding back a rush of emotion at the thought of her leaving father and letting Cedric between her legs to fulfill the prophecy. And perhaps he could even conceive a child with her, 19th descendant.

No, this was too much. He's not crazy.

She returned to the bed with a frown. "That kiss was not the right time, Cedric! They could have seen us! What were you thinking?"



"I'm sorry. I just couldn't resist," he looked at her, observing Mom's neckline and hips. Seraphina noticed his look, but he didn't care.

"You sound just like your dad, Cedric. You're scaring me." She lifted his chin to the level of her face. "My eyes are here. I was worried about you. I thought something happened like you got caught or even worse. What were you doing in the village?"

He was so tired he didn't even feel like lying. He didn't have the energy to make up a version. "I went out to spend time with the girls. Nothing big, just pampering. I have needs too, Mom."

"WHAT?" Her hands suddenly clutched at his neck, he thought she was going to strangle him. "You left the safety of the camp because you wanted to fulfill your animal needs?"

It was hard to tell from her expression whether she was trying to decide to strangle him or not. She looked very angry.

She quietly removed her hands, glided them over his chest, and stepped away. "You're so irresponsible. Sometimes I forget you're just a teenager."

What happened next was their mutual mistake. Things took a turn for the worse due to a misunderstanding. Seraphina said sarcastically, "If you're struggling with your needs so much, maybe I should handle it."

Of course, she didn't mean it that way. She would never, ever. She just wanted to shame her son for his rash actions, but Cedric replied confidently.

"I wouldn't mind."

Seraphina, taken aback, covered her mouth in shock.

"Cedric! How can you... how can you say that?"

He realized too late what a foolish thing he had said. "Sorry, Mom. I..."

But Seraphina wasn't listening. She hurriedly left the tent.

"Good job, Cedric."



He dressed, not without the help of servants, and went out from the tent, holding on to his walking stick.

Outside, the camp smelled of death and looked miserable. There were wounded soldiers everywhere, wrapped in bandages. Smoke still continued to billow from a few tents and the village. The library on the hill looked pathetic. Some female priests seemed to be trying to rebuild what was left of the steps.

Walking was tough. His entire body hurt a lot, and the stitches in his shoulder were coming undone. With each step, he felt like he might fall, but someone behind caught him.

"Don't fall here, Prince," Eligh said, guiding him toward. "I thought you already learned that lesson."

"Thanks."

"I'd like to escort you to the Lord's tent where an important meeting is taking place."

As Cedric walked, the soldiers turned to look at him. Some stopped and nodded, while others kneeled as he passed.

"Some soldiers witnessed your bravery in battle," said Eligh. "Others have seen you trying to summit to the Library, almost stumbling with each step. When they later saw you being carried out of the library, everyone thought you might not make it. While you were resting there was a lot of talk, and it seems some people now think you're not as useless as they thought at first. "

He watched as more and more soldiers bowed their heads, but there were also those who passed on.

"I don't deserve it." Cedric heard a familiar cawing, a crow flew in circles right overhead. Making another circle, it disappeared behind the edge of the forest.

Eligh was silent, and then Cedric asked. "I heard you fought back the creature from the library."

"It wasn't a creature," Eligh said coldly when they had almost reached Blunder's tent.

"A man? I saw hoofprints."

"It wasn't a man either."

"Then who?"

"I don't know." Ethel skipped forward, letting him into the lord's tent.

Cedric entered. There were people gathered inside, about ten captains and generals, Blunder was sitting at a small table with rolls of letters and candles. Everyone present bowed at the sight of the prince, even Riley, who stood behind Blunder.

Seraphina was sitting near the entrance on a chair with her legs crossed. She looked away when their gazes met, folding her arms across her chest.



"You're just in time," remarked Blunder.

He seemed to have entered a moment of heated negotiation.

Cedric cautiously sat down in the empty seat next to his mother. "Where is Elowin?"

But Seraphina didn't answer. She stood up, trying to get herself away from her son.

"We need to figure out our next steps. Staying in the valley is too risky," the Lord continued.

"How's the search for a

way to stop the Eclipse going? Are you close to a solution?"

Everyone's eyes went to Seraphina and Cedric. But they were both silent, having nothing to say, frankly.

"We..." Cedric spoke, but his mother suddenly interrupted him.

"We have almost found the answer, but we need a little more time to search."

"How much more do you need? We won't survive another attack," said one of the general who stood closer to Blunder.

"As long as it takes" replied Seraphina. "This is about saving the world. There can be no rush!"



"We can rush if our enemy has similar plans," added another captain. He had dark skin and a beard. "We interrogated a cultist and found out that Gargantua intends to use the Cosmic Eclipse's power to murder our king and wipe out his entire army."

"Murder the king?" Shocked and pale Seraphina fell back; Cedric picked her up right in time and set her in a chair. He squeezed Mom's hand tightly before he said.

"Then perhaps their target was not only me, but the library as well."

Everyone looked at Cedric.

"The answer isn't there. Someone pre-destroyed some of the pages about the Cosmic Eclipse." He felt Seraphina squeeze his hand painfully. "But I know where to look for the answer."

"Where?" asked Blunder. The room fell silent as everyone focused on Cedric. Only Riley, with his white pupils, grinned mysteriously.

"I..." Cedric felt the weight of everyone's gaze, reminiscent of the day the Cosmic Eclipse was announced, when he first discovered the 18th descendant's special destiny.

The Exarchy had clearly hinted to him that he should look to the spirits for answers. Though he did not yet understand how to do so.

"Prince?" the bearded captain asked as the pause visibly lengthened.

"I can't really say. You'll just have to trust me."

This response was disappointing.

"Trust you?" said one of the generals, a short, broad man with gray hair, getting up from his chair. "You haven't earned that right, kid. Our best men died protecting you. And all you give us is secrets?"

"Rosco!" Blunder interjected.

The angry general approached. Eligh stepped forward, positioning himself between the general and the prince.

"It was madness to follow this insolent, useless child in the first place. We risked our loyalty to the king, and for what?" He turned angrily to Blunder. "That's your fault, Elias. We need to return to the king and settle this. Our boys deserve to be buried home."

"You know we can't do that. I'm sorry."

General Rosco clenched his fists angrily and was about to walk out, but stopped. "And you," he jabbed a finger at Eligh. "don't you ever dare stand in my way!"

After these words, he left the tent.

"He'll calm down, sooner or later," reassured the bearded captain.

Blunder slouched in his chair, rubbing his eyes. "Meeting is over. Disperse the troops; we don't know where Gargantua used the passage. Send scouts; maybe their camp is still outside the valley. Conrad." The lord turned to the bearded captain.

"Yes, my lord?"

"Send a messenger to the king. Report what we have seen - the creature that lurked within the walls of the library."

All the captains and generals looked at the Lord. "We don't know who or what it is, or where it's headed next. Is it connected to the Cult? We don't know. The king needs to know this thing is roaming in his lands."

Conrad nodded and stepped out of the tent. Outside it was already getting dusk.

Seraphina hurried away as soon as the meeting was over.

"Seems like she's still angry at me," thought Cedric.

"Let's go." Eligh roughly grabbed the prince's arm and lifted him up. "I hope you have a good reason to keep your mouth shut, lad. The lord is already being eaten alive by everyone for dragging them into this adventure. And you're not helping him in any way."



"I understand."

Eligh walked away, Cedric glanced up into the sky, but no crow appeared in the dim twilight sky this time.

What if he was mistaken?



He went back to the tent, feeling the need for more rest and recovery. Cedric wanted to think how to win back his mother's favor.

By the way, where is Elowin?

Suddenly, someone entered the tent. Before Cedric could look up to see who it was, Seraphina's body quickly settled on top of him, trying not to crush her son.

"Uff...what are you doing, Mom?"

"Shh. Tell me something, dear. Why did you say that?" She ran her hand down his neck, in the same place where she'd clasped her hands together this morning.

"Said what?"

"That you wouldn't mind if I helped you with your man needs. You know it's a bad and inappropriate thing to say. Moms shouldn't deal with their son's needs. You know that."

He blushed thickly. "Well...You just caught me in a moment and I... I didn't mean it, Mom. I'm sorry."

"So you didn't mean it now, huh? I think I starting to realize what's behind all the kissing, the attention, the hugging. Isn't there anything you want to tell me, dear? I know I've been behaving very inappropriately as a mother for the last few weeks. Especially," she sighed, recalling the



incident in the library.

"when I saddled you that one time."

"Wow. Did you really just say saddled, Mom?"

"Be quiet and listen, Cedric! I was lonely, okay!? That's why I acted like that and did so many stupid things. After all, I've never been so far away from your father for so long. Don't judge me, and now tell me. Do you like me?"

"Like you? Well, yeah. You're my Mom."

"Not like that, dummy. Do you like me as a woman?"

"What? No, of course not, Mom. I just

can't..." He attempted to come up with something believable as two lovely shapes, his mother's breasts, hung right in front of his face. "I can't like you as a woman because you are my Mom!"

“Are you sure?” She grabbed him by the neck again.

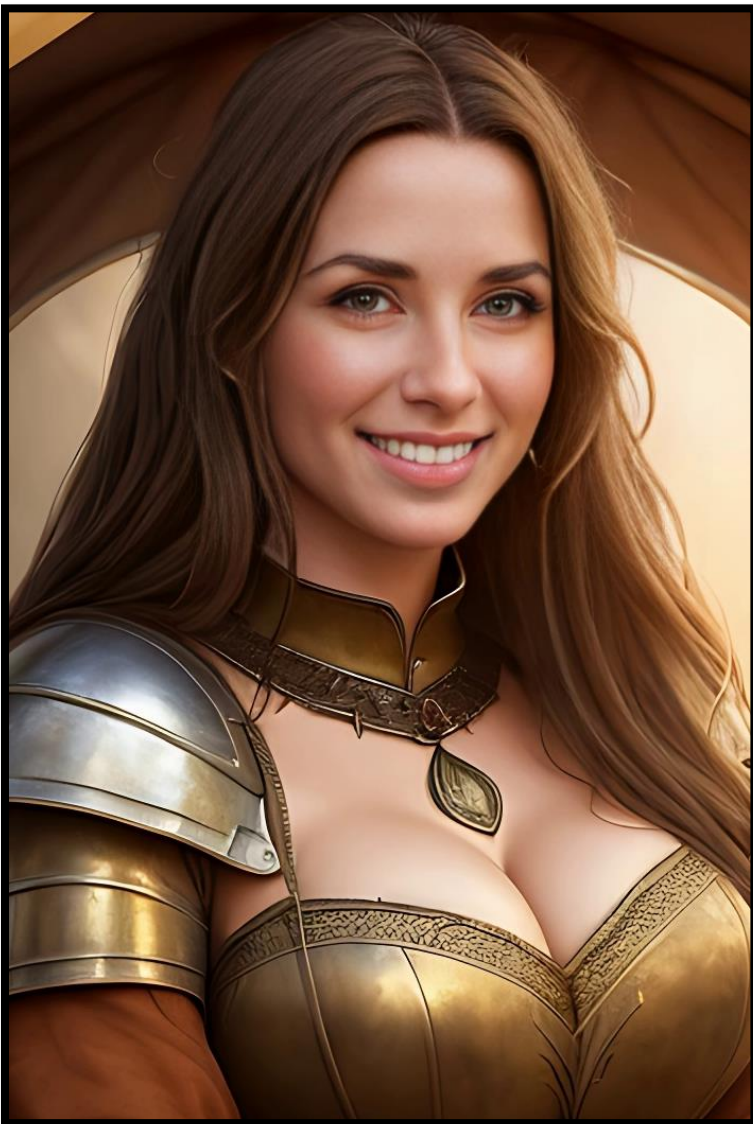
“Yeah. I’m sure!”

“Are you sure you are sure?”

“Mom, yes!”

She looked at him carefully, then exhaled in relief. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for this awkward conversation, dear." She removed her hands from his neck. "Elwin once said that you had a soft spot for me, but I didn't take her words seriously. She said if I cornered you, you'd confess right away. I decided, for the first time, to take my daughter's advice, and maybe I shouldn't have. It got a bit awkward."

“Screw you, Elwin. Whenever you are right now,” Cedric thought.



“I’m sorry, dear.” Seraphina was about to stand up when he firmly grabbed her thighs, gripping his fingers into her skin.

"Wait, don't go. Please."

"What? Why?"

"I... I like it when you sit on me like this. Just don't go."

He blushed even more.

She smiled. "You enjoy me sitting on you? It's a bit strange for a mother to hear that from her son. But okay, if that's what you want." She gently kissed his forehead and then lay down next to him, keeping her thighs over his

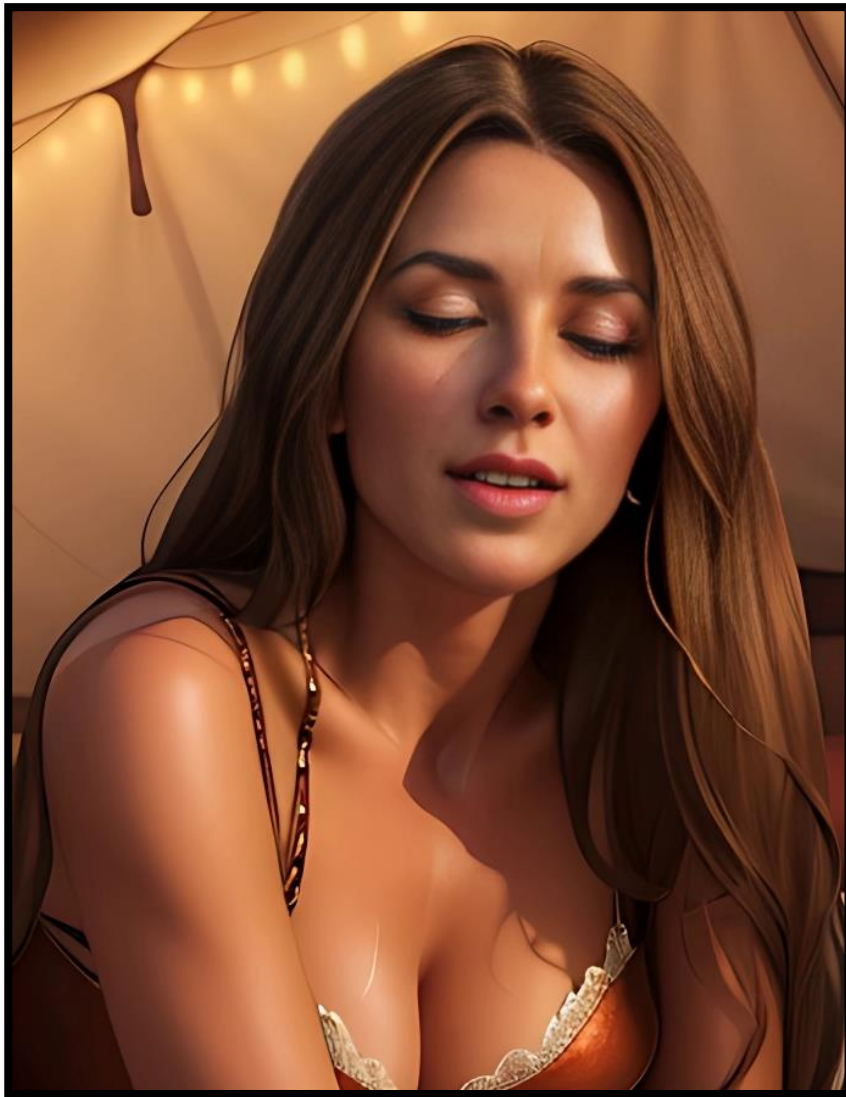
lap. She covered them both with a warm blanket.

"Why even start the conversation by jumping on me like that?" he could feel her warm breath and the beating of her heart. His mother smelled so nice.

"You probably forgot, but when you were a kid, I used to do this all the time when I needed to pry something out of you. But you weren't so big and strong before." She ran her hand over his bandaged chest. "Now you are so tall and full of energy."

"Yeah. I guess I forgot."

"Thank you for helping me at the meeting today. You were so brave. Just like your father."



"Could you not compare me to him every time I do something important please?"

She smiled. "It might be tough, but I'll do my best."

He loved the feel of her head on his chest, her hips on his groin. How had it come to this? How could he think of his mother in such a wrong way?

With her no longer angry, it was the

right time to tell her something important.

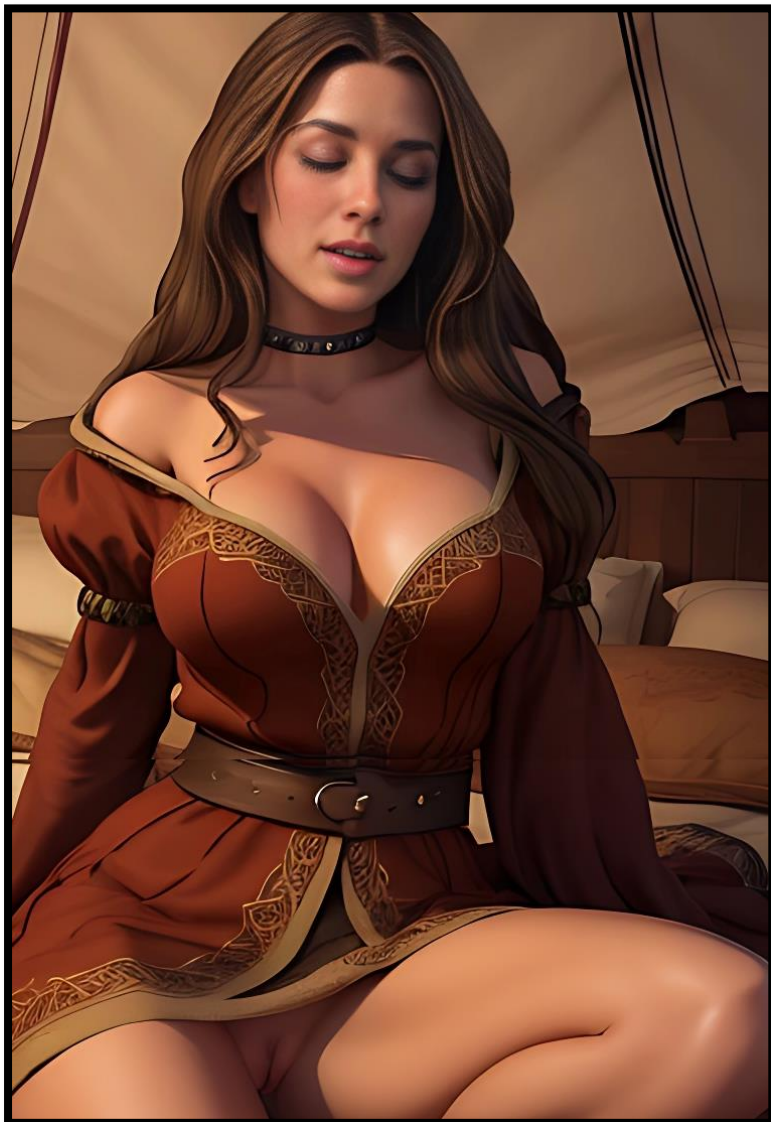
"There's something I have to tell you, Mom. I found out about a prophecy that says about us."

"Us?" Seraphina slowly raised her head, her emerald eyes fixed on him.

"That day when you straddled me. Well, I came across a book that mentioned something about the 18th descendant of Starborne and the last descendant of Leronse having to get married. It's talking about you and me, Mom. We should be married."

"WHAT? That can't be true. Maybe you misunderstood something, sweetie." She tried to get up. "It can't be us."

"I didn't believe it either. How can we be married? We're mother and son." He sat up more comfortably, letting his cock rest against her groin.



"There must be...a mistake, Cedric," she gasped, seeming to feel his cock on her vagina, but he held her too tightly for her to budge.

"There's no mistake, Mom. Maybe this is one way to stop the Eclipse. Maybe it's meant to happen? You and me, Mom. We have to embrace it."

He rubbed against her pussy, feeling her weaken in his arms.

"What are you saying? Don't, sweetheart. Let me

go, please. We can't," Seraphina whispered.

"Maybe I do like you as a woman, Mom. I didn't know why, but maybe it's to fulfill this prophecy between us?"

He pulled his pants down slightly, resting his cock against her vagina through the fabric of her dress.

"That's enough, Cedric," she rested her head on his shoulder, barely breathing. "Please."

Without realizing what he was doing, Cedric gently pulled her underwear off and at that moment a wave rippled through his body. He realized that his tip had touched the two halves of her wet drenched vagina. She was so wet.

They were so close to it. Just one more move and...

"I told you to stop!" Seraphina pulled away and scratched at his face with her fingernails. Cedric suppressed a yelp, clutching his face in pain. Seraphina stepped back, hastily gathering her clothes.

"You are out of your mind, Cedric. We almost made a terrible mistake. What is wrong with you? Are you out of your mind? From this day on I'll sleep in Elowin's tent. If you ever try to touch me or do anything inappropriate again, I will kill you. I won't care that you are my son, my child. No man has the right to treat me like that. What you just did is unforgivable, Cedric. And your father will know about it once we return home." She ran out of the tent as fast as she could.

His cheek was bleeding from a fresh wound. It hurt, but perhaps he had well deserved it.

He almost fucked his own mother.

They had come dangerously close. How had he gone from indifference to lust for his Mom in just a couple of weeks?

His mother was an incredible woman. What else is there to say?



He found it hard to sleep, disturbed by memories of his unsuccessful interaction with his mother. It was a complete disaster, and he felt really embarrassed about it.

And also the Cosmic Eclipse. Many people had been murdered, and the solution to stopping the Eclipse remained elusive.

Feeling restless, he climbed out of bed. He needed to contact the spirits somehow. Exhausted, Cedric sat on the floor with crossed legs. Though he didn't fully understand his actions, it felt like the right thing to do at that moment. He remained in that position for some time until he realized it wasn't the thing.

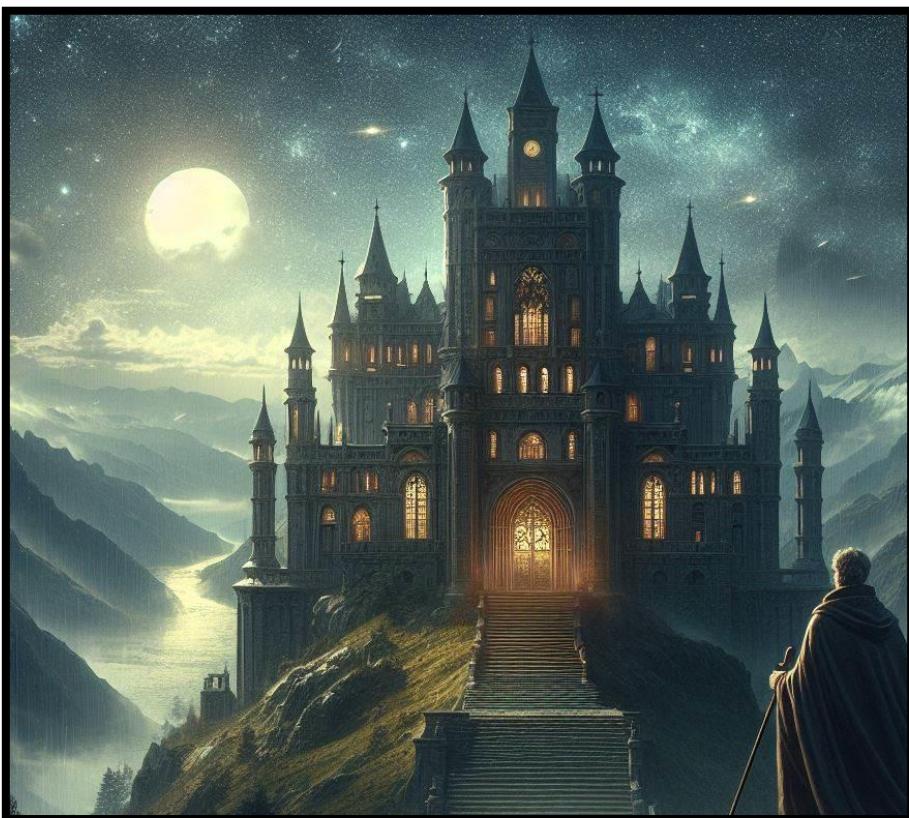
"I want to get some air." He threw on his clothes and went out. The camp was awake, even though it was late afternoon.

Cedric stared silently at the sky, noticing a white dot in the night sky. It flew out of the forest and headed straight for the library on the hill.

"So the library it is."

The climb took a toll on him. The steps were partly broken, and his body resisted the effort. It was painful. But he had to do it.

As he got up, thoughts about the prophecy crossed his mind. After



all, it says nothing about bonding or intercourse between mother and son. Maybe all they need is to get married and that's it. "I must put aside my vile thoughts. I love my mother, I cannot think of her in a bad way as a woman."

Finally, he reached the top. Once inside, the library still smelled of blood and death. The once-white marble columns and floors now appeared gray, not pristine.

A new woman sat at the Exarchy table. He couldn't see her face clearly but decided to get closer. It wasn't until he was near that he recognized her—the redhead from the village.

"Welcome to the Library, Prince," she greeted coldly.

"Hi. I didn't expect it was you."

"Yes, our first meeting was a bit strange." She lowered her head and, like the previous Exarchy, began writing something in a book.

"I'm sorry."

"Me too."

That seemed enough. He sensed the conversation was over and slowly moved toward the hallway. Surprisingly, the library was almost empty.

He strolled down the halls, heading back to the very room where he and Seraphina had spent lots of time searching. Inside, the lights were on, and someone sat at a table with their face buried in books. Elowin was asleep, her dark braids scattered everywhere—a funny sight to Cedric, seeing his sister dozing off over an open book, something he'd never witnessed before.

Under Elowin's head in the book was the Eclipsian Dynasty tree. He noticed his name, but black dots grabbed his attention. It seemed like some names had been erased clumsily, leaving traces of the act still visible.

"That's odd."

A gentle moonlight streamed through the round window, casting a soft glow in the room. Cedric made sure his sister's dark curls were out of the candlelight, covered her with his traveling cloak, and settled down on a warm rug at the other end of the room.

Uncertain of the outcome, he mused, "I don't know what will come of this, but it's worth a try." He covered his eyes, letting the moonlight illuminate his face, silently listening and breathing slowly.

Abruptly, a sharp knock interrupted his thoughts. Opening his eyes, he found the room unchanged, Elwin still asleep over her book, and all was quiet. The knocking didn't belong here—it was a clue he was on the right track.

He closed his eyes again. Suddenly, distinct shapes emerged from the darkness. Cedric observed a man with a golden mask covering his whole head as he moved through the dim cave. He wore the same cloak as the men who had attacked the valley.

The Cult.



"Has he said anything?" the man asked another cult member.

"No, Lord Gargantua. He just eats."

It was only then that Cedric noticed a large iron door in front of them. The guard opened it, allowing the masked man to enter. Inside was dark, with animal bones scattered all around.

"It's been a while. I want some answers," Gargantua said. Suddenly, in the dark, something shifted. It looked like the ceiling was coming down, but it turned out to be a creature stretching all the way to the top of the cave.

"To find the answers, you first need to ask the right questions," said a voice from the darkness. It was a rough, tough voice, like metal hitting metal. Two red eyes glowed in the dark.

"Who are you? What were you doing in the Library? And what do you know about the Cosmic Eclipse?"

The creature took a step closer, and through holes in its cloak, Cedric saw skin as white as snow.

"Those are the wrong questions. The real question is - who is watching us now?" replied the voice.

"Enough with the riddles!"

Suddenly, the red eyes focused on Cedric. The monster moved toward him, and just as the prince was about to fall back, something pulled him out of the cave, and he found himself standing in the forest.

He stood under the trees and felt the warm wind. Taking a moment to gather his thoughts, he heard a familiar sound. A white crow flew by, circled in the sky, and landed on the shoulder of a man who had been standing by a tree this whole time. The person in the white veil was quietly picking berries from the branches.

"I love the flavor of the fruit during this season," said the person. With bony fingers, they brought the sweet fruit to their mouth, and it vanished

before reaching the veil. "Want some?" They offered the berry to the crow, but the crow shook its head, cawed loudly, and started tapping at the person's shoulder, reminding them of the guest present.

"Absolutely, you're correct. As always."

Cedric took a careful step closer. "Are you a Spirit?"

The person briefly looked at Cedric, and then returned his attention to the berries. "Starting a conversation with a question, without even a greeting, is rude."

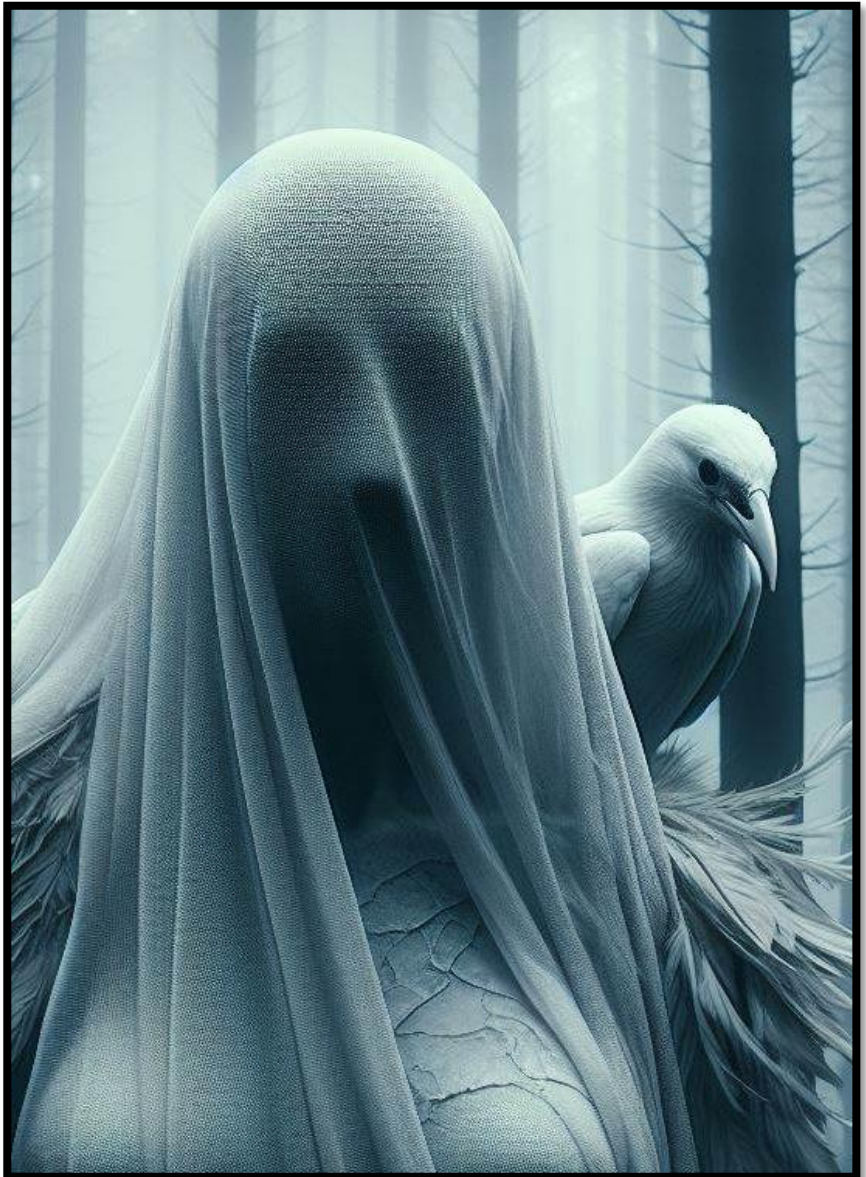
The crow cawed in agreement.

"Apologies, I just... imagined things a bit differently."

"Did you think spirits are always wise and speak in lofty words and prophecies?"

The crow flew away and disappeared into the forest.

"I think I did. Are you the spirit of the forest? I don't remember your name, sorry, but you were the one reaching out to me in my dreams."



The spirit moved to another tree. "You are talking about the Deer. Yes, some of my spirits like to take on the forms of animals and visit the world of mortals. Crow does too, but he follows my commands."

"Crow is a spirit?"

"A true one."

Cedric noticed they were in a valley but refrained from asking the spirit about their location. There were too many questions to ask.

"Who is that man I saw?"

"Does he look like a man to you? Just a lingering echo of a distant, terrible past. A dark shadow. Hmm, not ripe yet." The spirit tossed a berry into the grass. "He's from times before the Starborne, before the Eclipsian Dynasty."

"Is he a god?"

"God?" The spirit seemed like it wanted to laugh but couldn't. "Oh no, that would be an insult to him. He's the one who tried to overthrow the gods but failed."

"He tried to overthrow the gods? Who is he then?" asked Cedric, surprised, but the Spirit stayed silent, focusing on berries.

"I'm here to find out how to stop the Cosmic Eclipse. I need your help."

"Though I don't agree with Deer's ways, he's right in one thing. You're not ready for the truth and answers, Prince. The Spirits are watching. Prove you're ready to stop the Cosmic Eclipse. Your fate is tied to your mother and sister, Cedric."

"Are you talking about the prophecy? What does my sister have to do with it? She's not part of any prophecy."

The Spirit stayed silent. Cedric continued, "None of this adds up if Blunder's men just abandon me. You have to guide me to answers, tell

me how to stop the Eclipse. Give me at least something. I need people to believe in me, please."

The Spirit moved away from the tree, gliding toward Cedric. "Unfortunately, our meeting is over. I regret it, but I must bid farewell to the berries. Look around, child; appreciate where you are while you can. It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"What?" Cedric glanced around at the trees and the valley ahead. "Why should appreciate it? Why not just give me a straight answer?"

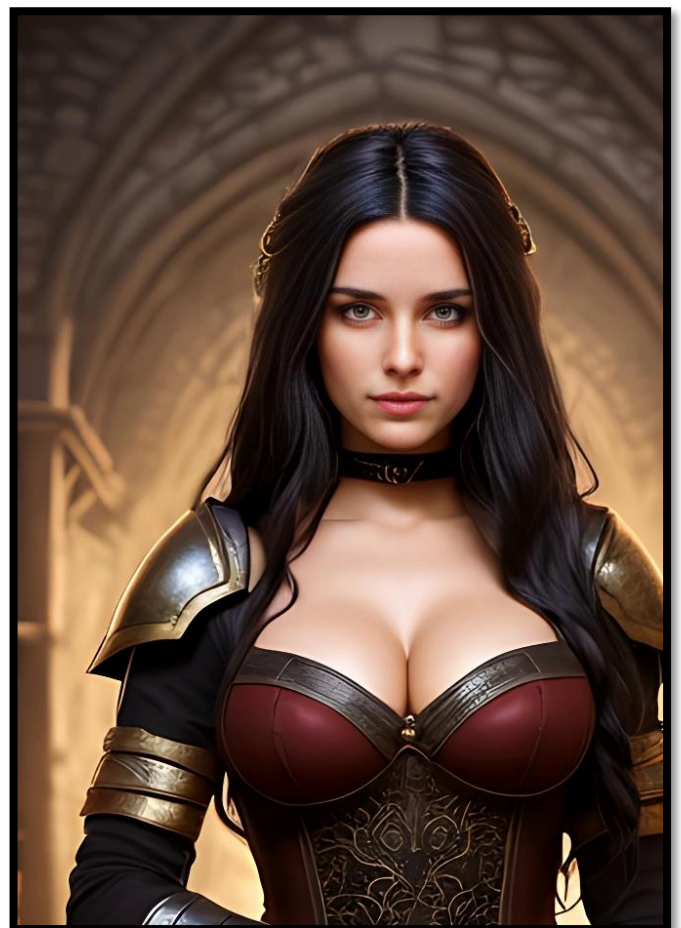
Suddenly, he noticed a building on higher ground—the Library, but from a different perspective. He hadn't seen it from this angle before; it was a part of the valley he hadn't explored yet.

Turning around, Cedric spotted a path through the mountains, a secret passage the Cult had used. "This is the passageway, the same secret route the Cult used! This is the passage!"

Alone now, the Spirit gone, a crow cawed overhead. In that moment, he felt a strange sensation, as if everything had been turned inside out, sensing the warm room and the soft glow of a candle.

"What are you up to?" came a familiar voice. A figure loomed over him. "Are you allowed to leave the camp while you're wounded? And why were you yelling 'this is the passage,' 'this is the passage,' mama's boy?" Elowin asked.

"Elowin, you won't believe what I've seen."





Cedric quickly shared news about the hidden passage with everyone. They decided to wait until morning, and when morning came, Cedric's words turned out to be true. The place looked just like it did in the vision with the Spirit, confirming that the cult had indeed passed there.



Cedric became a local hero, and even the stern General Rosco stopped being upset. Blunder congratulated Cedric, patting him on the shoulder.

"Nice job, kid," said Blunder.

"Look at you. You're glowing with joy, I haven't seen you like this for a long time. But you're so wrong if you think I forgive you for what you tried to do in the tent," Seraphina said, sipping her wine.

Blunder set up a small feast in the camp to give everyone a break. And their prince turned out to be actually useful. So that was also a reason to celebrate.

"I don't know what you mean, Mom. We did nothing bad. By the way, the claw

wound doesn't hurt anymore. Thanks for asking."

"I didn't ask. And you deserved it. By the way." Seraphina went back to her drink, staring thoughtfully into the distance.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I truly regret what happened." He carefully took her hand.

"Mommy's little boy. Are you going to cry now? Asking for forgiveness from your mommy? Ha-ha." Elowin, who was sitting not far away, heard his words.

"This conversation is not with you. And you know what? I preferred it when you sought forgiveness and cried like a baby while I was asleep. 'Please, don't die, Cedric,'" he mocked her.

"I don't understand what you're talking about, prick." Elowin blushed, returning to her meal. But at least she finally fell silent.

"Did you have time to think about the prophecy, Mom? I know you don't like it, but our opinions don't matter."

Seraphina sighed heavily, speaking in a softer tone. "The prophecy doesn't exactly mention us, does it?"

"But it does mean us. Unless you know another Leronse's last descendant, Mom. Our destinies are linked in unexpected ways. And you know! Don't deny it." He squeezed her hand, but she pulled it away.

"Not here. I don't want to talk about this horrible prophecy in public." She took a sip of her wine. "Let's take a walk."

Seraphina stood up and walked into the woods, with Cedric following her with his walking stick. "As you say."

"Good luck, mama's boy," Elowin chuckled, but Cedric didn't care.

They walked far enough away, weaving through trees and bushes. He wondered if the Spirits were watching them now.

"I'm sorry about the scratch," Seraphina said. "I got scared, and you wouldn't let me go. You tried to rape me, so you got off easy, honey. So... I'm sorry."

"I didn't try to rape you, Mom. The cut has healed already, like I said."

"I'm just scared, Cedric. This prophecy, it feels wrong, love. Why did the spirits create it? Why do they want us to be together? I don't understand and it makes me sick. I'm married to your father, I love your Dad. I already have a husband. I don't want another marriage."

"Forget about Dad. I believe our connection has a purpose we can't see yet."



"I'm not ready for that. Do you really want to cross that line in our relationship, honey?"

Cedric gulped. Did she really mean it? He gripped his cane tighter to keep from falling.

"Yes. We're going to have to cross that," he gulped, "border."

Whatever this 'border' meant.

She twirled the dress in her

hands. "Fine, But I need time to accept the idea of marrying my own son. You should understand it. We'll get married when I say we will. No rush. Okay?"

He nodded.

"And tonight I think you deserved a reward, honey."

She suddenly reached for her bust and opened it, pulling her dress down. Right in front of Cedric appeared two beautiful lush breasts with nipples that hardened right before his eyes. They were beautiful breasts, his mother's breasts that had nurtured him.

"Wow, Mom. Can I, I mean, can I touch them?" asked Cedric.



"You may. If you wish, my future husband. But remember there's no turning back."

"I know." He took his cane under his armpit and reached out. His hands cautiously approached, his fingers recoiling from her breasts as if they had touched fire

as soon as he made contact. He had never touched a real woman's breasts before, and here was one in front of him, his mother's.

"I don't bite, Cedric. Don't be afraid." She smiled, noticing his reaction, and gasped as he wrapped two hands around her breasts and squeezed greedily. Those breasts belonged to him alone now.

"Easy, sweetheart." She bit her lip. "I'm not going anywhere. Be gentle please."

"I'm sorry, Mom." He could barely believe that this was really happening. It all seemed like a still distant dream, his mother letting him touch her breasts. How far he was willing to go?

He did the first thing that came to mind and moved closer bringing her nipple to his mouth.

"What are you... Ughhh, wow, sweetie." Seraphina gently touched the back of his head as he bit into her tender nipple. She looked around trying to make sure no one would interrupt them in this tender moment between mother and son.

"I can't believe we are doing that...Mmm, careful with your teeth, dear. Ughhhh. This feels nice." She closed her eyes, savoring the moment, letting her son enjoy her breasts.

For some reason he expected her boobs to be filled with milk, but it was empty. He eagerly sucked on her nipple, finding it amazing even without milk.

"Thank you, Mom," whispered Cedric taking his head away from her breast for a second.

"All for my husband's sake. These breasts belong to you. And I'll have to get used to being called Mom."

He wanted to go further, wanted all of her. He moved his hand to her belly moving lower and lower, but Seraphina intercepted his hand.

"No, love! I'm not ready yet. Just my breasts, nothing else."

"Whatever you say," he kissed her breasts and then brought his lips to hers and kissed his Mother, both hands squeezing her breasts. She squeaked in pain but didn't say anything.

She was the best Mother of all time for letting him do that.

"Should I keep going?" She asked when he was diverted from her lips to her breasts. "Maybe you need help with your, uh. "She looked at his hard-on. "I'm still not sure about this. Do you want it? Maybe that's still the border we shouldn't cross. I understand if you..."

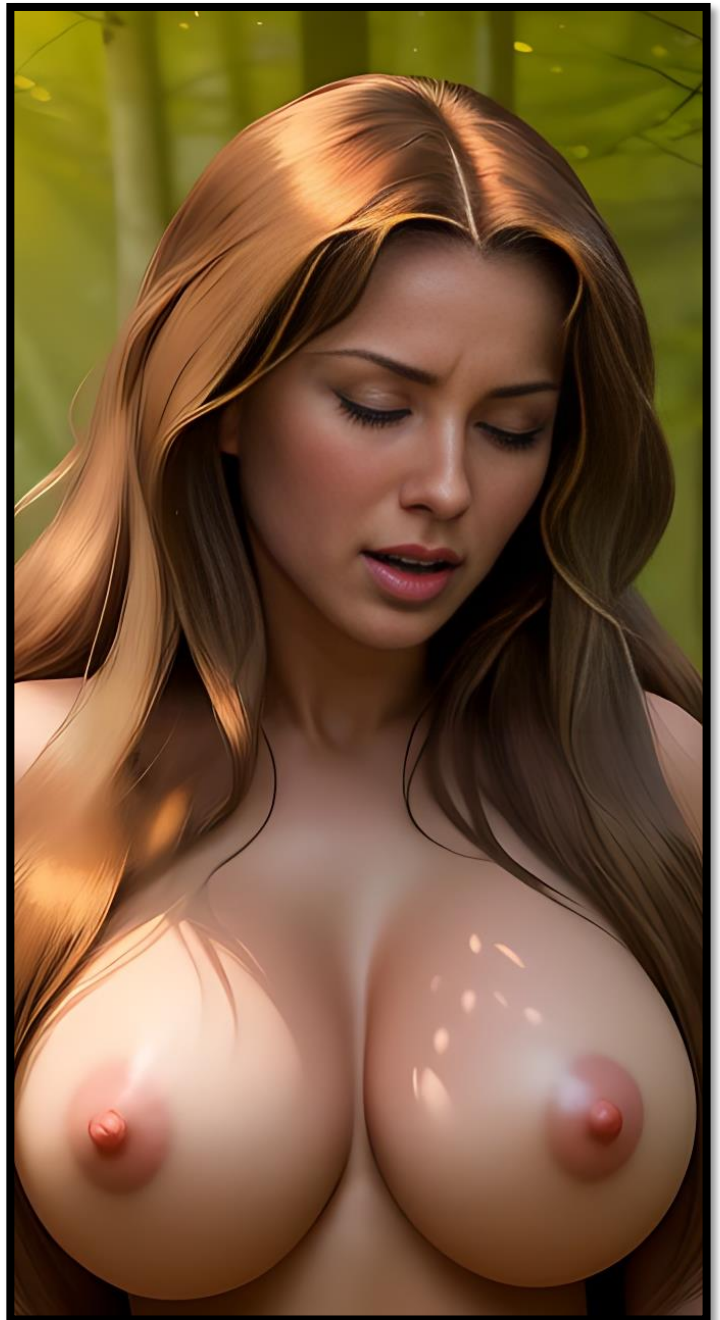
"No. I mean yes. I want you to help me with that. I want you to touch me."

Seraphina tentatively pulled down his pants, letting his cock out. She put her hand around his bare cock and squeezed it. Meanwhile, he continued to play with her breasts.

"You're so big now, my little mama's boy." She began to taut the skin on his cock and a bolt of lightning went through Cedric's body.

"Ughhh, yes, Mom."

"Don't be too loud. No one should hear us."



He continued to play with her beautiful breasts, kissing them while she worked his cock.

"Mmmm. You kiss my nipples so sweetly. Just like when you were a kid, dear." With one hand she continued to jerk and with the other she rubbed his hair.

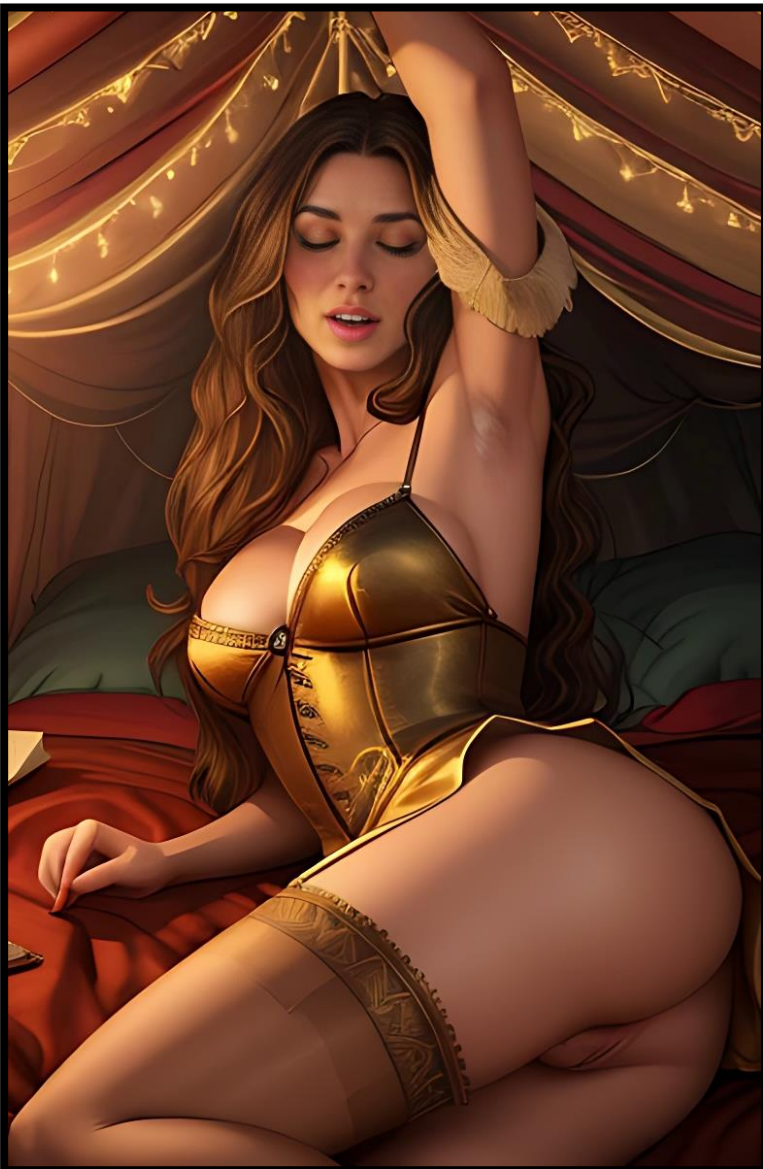
It was enough to make him cum. The warmth of her hand transferred to his cock, his balls clenched, and it was like lightning struck his body.

"Ughhh, Mom! I'm almost..."

"I know, dear. Let it go, don't hold it. Do it for your future wife."

"No, ughh... I will do it for my Mom."

She smiled and gently guided his cock to the side. He squeezed her breasts even harder and at that moment he finished, staining a couple of nearby bushes white.



"Ughhhh, yes, Mom, ooohhh."

"That's it. So much for Mommy... It's so weird to say it. Now get dressed." She hurriedly removed his hands from her breasts and slipped her dress back on. He clutched at her breasts so hard she had to tear his hands away.

"I'm gonna have your handprints on my breasts now. I hope it was worth it. Not a word to Elowin, Cedric. She shouldn't know about us and the prophecy."

"Yeah, sure, whatever you say, Mom," he pulled up his pants,

still heavy-lidded after his copious orgasm. Has it really happened?

She handed him his cane in her hands. "Let's go back to camp. We're lucky no one's been sent out to look for us yet. Let's go"

There was no doubt now. He would do it. He would fuck her at any cost. And there's nothing she can do about it.

He'll have her put on her sexiest outfit that she usually uses for her father and he'll fuck her all day and all night. He's taking full advantage of her pussy.

The future didn't seem so dark now, but was full of color and life. The prophecy was the best thing that had happened to him lately.

And yet he still had some questions.

What was the stain on his family tree? What was the role of the 20th descendant? What was that creature in the Cult's cave? What was it doing in the Library? And how could he prove to Spirit that he was ready?

"Cedric, keep up." His mother smiled sweetly at him as if nothing had changed between them.