



CHAPTER 11. MOTHER SON 'BONDING'



The bright morning sun made him squint. He woke up feeling pressure on his chest. Seraphina was lying on top of him. Her breasts were resting right against his chest and he could feel her nipples through the tender and transparent nightgown.

Her hand was resting on his groin, one of her finger right on Cedric's cock. He looked at Seraphina's sleepy face - the wounds healed a little overnight.

"I won't let anyone harm you again, Mom." He moved closer, kissing her cheek and then gently moving to Seraphina's lips.

"Mmm... Cedric? Don't," she mumbled through the sleep, waking up and turning away, resting the head on the other half of his chest.

"It's time to get up. You're going to strangle me." He licked his lips to savour Seraphina's taste.

"What? Oh, sorry." She removed her hand from his groin and pulled herself, sitting up on the bed and wiping the sleepy eyes. Her dress fallen off, exposing the pale back. He could see half of her boob and round firm butt.

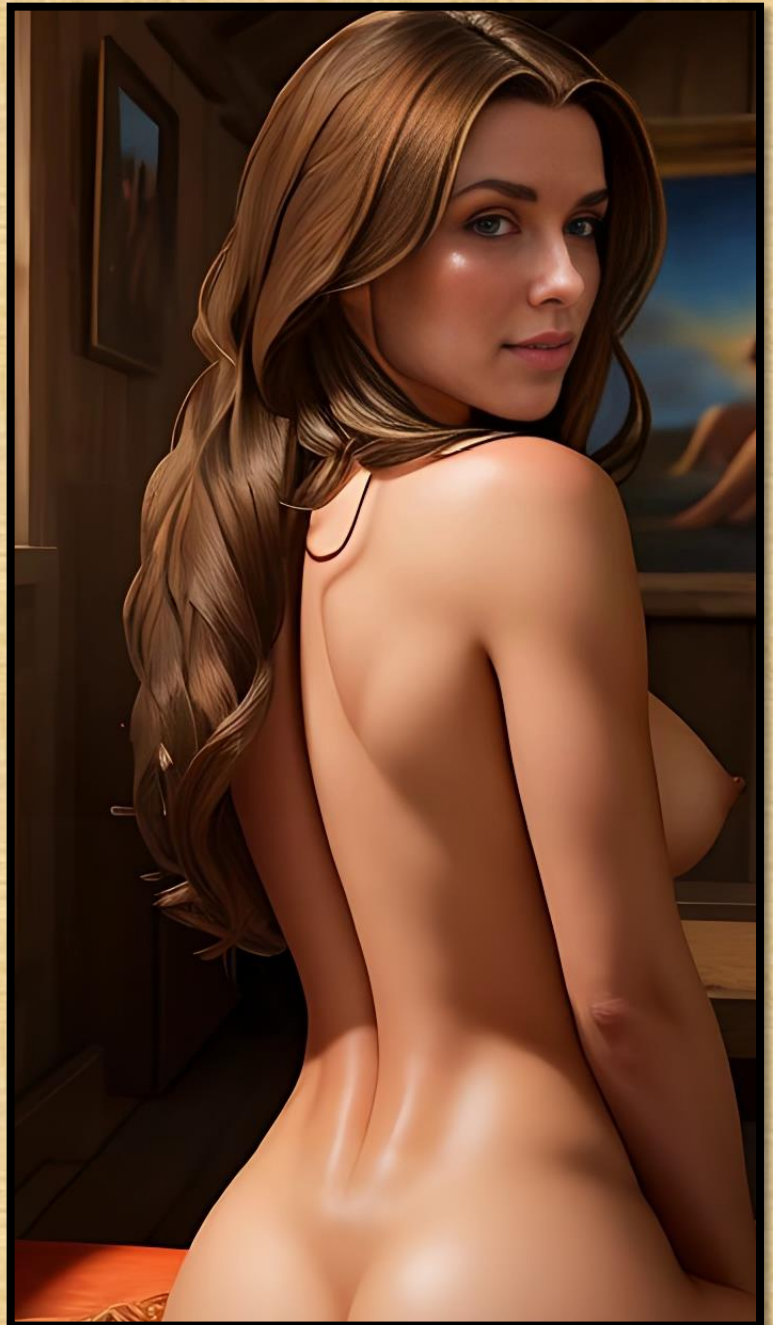
"Go wake up your sister." She slipped her dress over the shoulders, fixing her hair. "I'll make something to eat."

He got up and walked to Elowen's room door. For a moment, he hesitated, recalling what happened yesterday.

"Elowen, get up," Cedric opened the door, but the room was empty. His sister's few belongings were gone. "Elowen!?"

"Elowen left," Conrad slowly closed the door to the hut, covering the only half-open window.

"What do you mean she left? Where's my daughter?" Seraphina asked.



"She left early in the morning, packed her things, and headed back towards the valley. Your daughter made her choice."

"No, no. This can't be! She wouldn't do that. Did you let her go?"

"Could I stop Arik's daughter? She'll meet the king's people and return to her father. And there's nothing you can do about it."

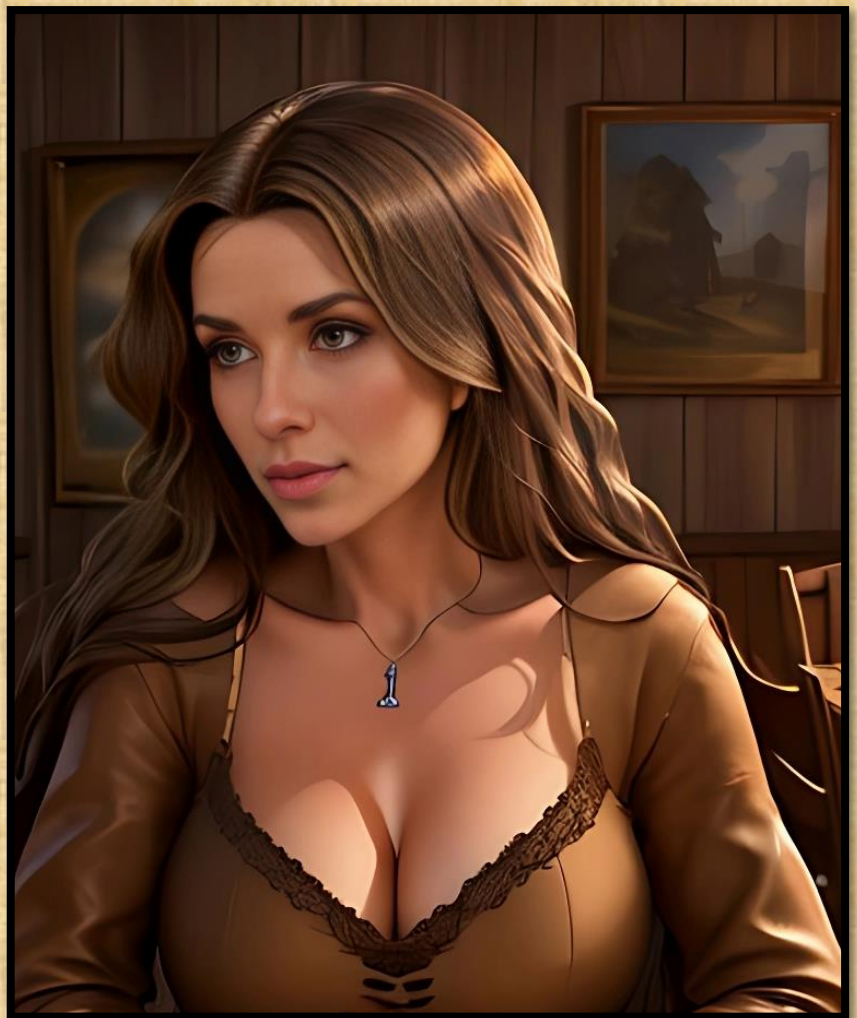
"But, but... Tilidus!"

"Milady. Tilidus is a dreadful man, but he would never harm the princess. He's too loyal to the king."

Seraphina sat down in a chair feeling numb, lost. She closed her eyes in silent inner pain and horror.

No one mentioned Elowen for the rest of the day. It was like she had never been with them at all. But Seraphina still occasionally opened the door to her room, hoping to find someone there.

During breakfast and lunch, Conrad watched the prince expectantly, never taking the eyes off him.



"If you have something to say, spit it out," said Cedric.

"I just want to know what now?" He finally asked. "What's our next step, prince?"

Seraphina answered for her son. "We'll return to Arik, just like Elowen did. Our mission failed. There's nothing we can do."

"Return to the king?" exclaimed Conrad. "After what happened? I left my home and family not to abandon everything now. My brothers in arms are dead, Blunder is captured. No, milady. That's not happening."

"The library is destroyed, Conrad. What now? There's nowhere else we can go!"

"The Red Castle," Cedric finally spoke up. "We need to go to the Red Castle."

Conrad sighed. "I got it that you didn't ask about the Red Castle for no reason."

"The Red Castle?" Seraphina repeated in horror. "The Red Castle of Solarion? But that's the lair of the enemy. Malachin and the inhabitants of those lands are insane, they're fanatics. Cedric, we can't go there."

"Answers are there. Faithwinder said so."

"Who's Faithwinder? Maybe he just wants to harm you. Malachin will kill you once you set foot on his land. You're the son of his biggest enemy!"

"Do you think you know better than me? You didn't know what was going on in the Library all these years, and you were wrong about Dad. Please, don't try to teach me, Mom. You can go back to Dad if you want! Alone!"

Seraphina fell silent, shamefully lowering her head. Conrad finished his meal and stood up. "So it's decided. I will head to the northern border at Astoria Prime. It's not far, just a day's journey from here. I know a man who will help us cross the empire's border unnoticed. You know where that is." Conrad glanced at Seraphina and she barely nodded. "You should depart in four days. By then, I'll have everything we need for our trip prepared. While I'm away, be cautious around the locals. No one should know who you are."

He dressed in his armor, put on his cloak, and fastened his belt with a sword. Then, he left, closing the door gently. Seraphina and Cedric were now alone.

"Don't fret over Elowen," Cedric said.

"I don't. Never raise your voice at me again. I'll go swim up in the lake. I saw one nearby," Seraphina said as she got up to clear the table.

He felt oddly thrilled at the thought of finally being alone with his Mother.



Seraphina walked through the empty streets and straight through the forest to the lake.

Arik's statue, standing in the very center of the village, seemed to watch her until she disappeared behind the trees.

Finally, Seraphina found herself alone for the first time since their escape and allowed herself to cry. Her Cedric could have been one of those kept in the Library's dungeons. How could all

those women let it happen? All these men used as vessels were their brothers and sons. Could she ever harm Cedric even for the greater good?

Her thoughts unconsciously returned to the last months of her pregnancy.

"I'm sure it's a boy," she ran her hand over her belly under the dress, standing in the middle of the king's chamber.

Her husband, his head not yet covered with a multitude of gray hairs, pensively looked at some papers and maps in front of him, where figures were arranged - red and blue.

"Arik?!"

"Huh? Oh, yes, of course. The child. The 18th descendant," he said strangely, then glanced at her belly, almost with undisguised hatred. Fire gleamed in his eyes.

"All you ever do is think about your kingdoms and throne. He's not just another descendant, he's our son."

"I'm just exhausted," he said, standing up and walking towards her. "We've been battling Solarion for as long as I can remember. These people fight like beasts. But the end of the Eternal War is close, I can sense it. This new king, Malachin, may cause problems, but he's weak. I'll defeat him and become the descendant who finally vanquished Solarion. I'll be the first ruler of



a united Eclipsian Empire. The whole Elradia will be conquered."

"Even if you can't do it, I believe Cedric can. Maybe he'll be the first ruler of a united Empire?"

"Cedric?" He looked surprised, and she kissed him.

"You don't mind? I like this name."

"Sure, let it be Cedric. Cedric, Savior of the Eclipse Dynasty," he smiled faintly.

Seraphina sat by the warm spring, gently touching her empty belly. She looked into the forest, lost in thought.

"The kingdom and the throne were always his main focus. I was too blinded to see it. Ughhh." She trembled all over, sinking down and feeling a pleasant sensation between the legs. "Warm water affects me too much."



She bit her lip, reaching a hand down between thighs. Touching her reddened cheeks she suddenly pulled her hand away. "No. I shouldn't. Control yourself, Seraphina."



Cedric stared into the fire, wrapped in a warm blanket. So many people died because of him, because of their belief in him. Like Conrad, they all left their homes for their mission, but he had not lived up to their expectations.

Riley is dead. And Blunder is probably dead too.

"So many lies. I'm not who they think I am."

He gazed into the fire, sweat dripping down his forehead, and in the tongues of flame, he saw fields of vines and dried blood. New life is resurgent. The future, new era. And on the throne of the ruler of the United Eclipsian Empire sits the 20th descendant. A woman.

"What are you trying to show me?" Cedric whispered and pulled out from his clothes the only thing left to him from the library. A sheet with the family tree.

He ran his fingers over the spot where his ancestor's name should have been and turned the sheet, where in golden symbols gleamed the inscription.

"18th and 19th. When the night meets the dawn - one will stand, one will fall"

"I'm the 18th descendant. Will I really have to fight my potential son or maybe daughter?" He scratched the head, imagining his pregnant wife.

She's standing with her back to him, looking out over the kingdom, her hand resting on her big belly.

Then she turns to him.

And it's Seraphina.

His on Mother pregnant with his child.

The door suddenly slammed shut, and he nearly fell off the chair.

"Mom?"

"I'm back," Seraphina pulled back her hood and threw away the cloak. She was slightly wet, and her nipples showed through the dress. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing." But before he could hide the sheet, she grabbed it. "Hey!"

"Did you take this from the library? You're just like your father. Hmmm, is this our family tree? I

remember when the priestess came to the castle to write down your names. It's written with sun ink." She handed him the sheet.

"Sun ink?"

"It shines in the sun."



His eyes ran over the sheet, over the name of the sixth descendant - *Thaloran*. Cedric turned away, tucking the sheet back into his clothing. He pictured her pregnant again, and suddenly, his cheeks turned red. "So, uhm, has anyone seen you?"

"No. I didn't run into anyone. People here seem too intimidated by something. Or someone. I think so."

She took off her wet dress. Cedric saw her delicate white back and turned away.

"We have four days to spend somehow, Mom."

"You should keep training even though Eligh is gone." She put on another dress and adjusted her beautiful wet brown hair.

"Yes, I know. But we could..ugh... you know... Talk?"

"Talk?" She turned to face him.

"You could tell me about Dad. Why did he come to the Library when you met? Did he also steal something from the Library?"

"I don't want to talk about your father."

"Then we can talk about you. About us."

She looked at him closely.



"Fine, let's talk about your Dad. Arik arrived two decades ago for research purposes. He wanted to know something about the Dynasty and its 20th descendant. He claimed to have been granted permission to take the prophecy with him, but I suspect he simply stole it. I never actually asked him what he was doing there when we met. And he never wanted to talk about it."

"Right. The prophecy you've been silent about. The 20th descendant. the 18th and 19th Starborne's descendants have to prove Eclipsian Sovereigns' right to the throne. And the 20th descendant...?"

"It's already late, Cedric. I think it's time for you to go to bed. You can take Elowen's room if you want."

"No. I want to sleep with you."

"Fine."



"The power of the Second Eclipse? I do not need the power of the Gods. My grandgrandfather, fool Alaric, thought he could conquer Eldaria in just a couple of hours of the Eclipse. He was mistaken. After all these years Solarion still resists!"

"But, Thaloran, your Majesty..."

"Silence! Let the power of the Eclipse flow through my veins. Slowly. Its power will be not as great and powerful, but it will last for a longer time. And this power will be passed on to my children, and their children's children. Erase all mentions of the second Eclipse from all chronicles. Our enemies must not know about it."

Cedric woke up and the voices in his head stopped.

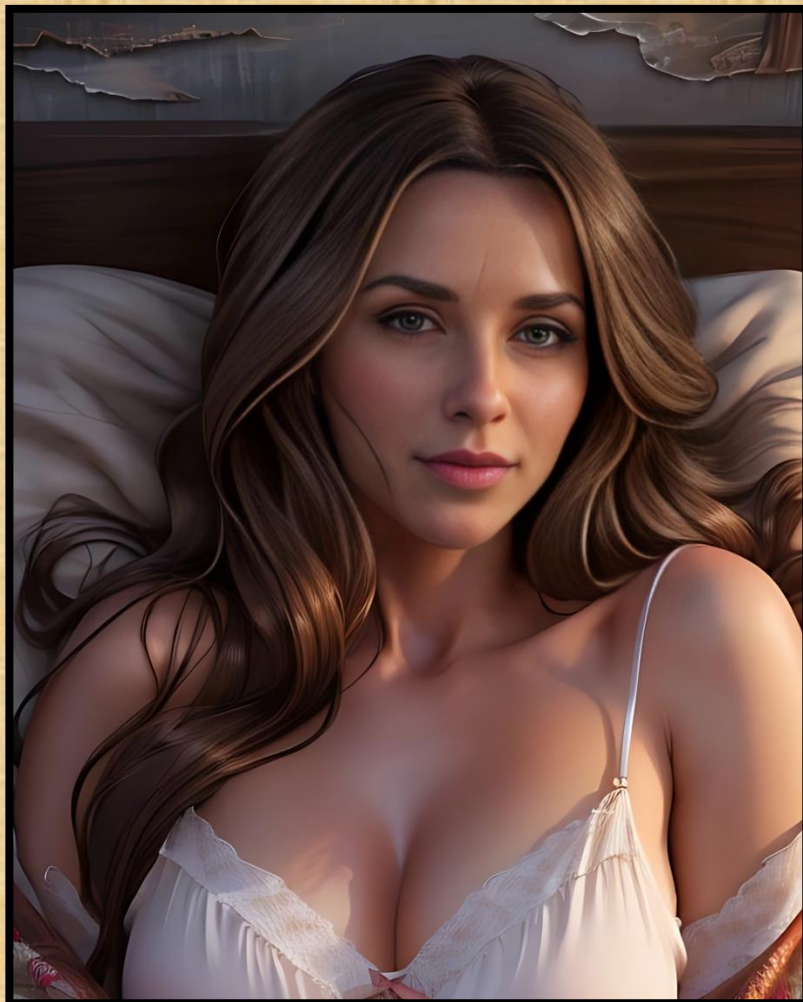
He heard noises in the night and felt the bed shaking. Seraphina was quietly groaning.

She turned to the wall, her right shoulder twitching.

He remained still, not showing any sign of being awake, just waiting. Suddenly, she groaned a little louder, her body twitching and jerking. Acting almost as if he was dreaming, he put his arm around her, hugging Mom. Seraphina twitched again, kissing his hand that ended up near her face.

"My... boy... Ohhhh." She exhaled, wrapping her arm around his hand.

She was breathing hard, and he noticed the smell of her sweat and something else. They stayed like that for a few minutes, with him looking at the back of her head, feeling the scent of her luscious hair.



Finally, he leaned closer and whispered in her ear, "You know I'm the only man worthy of you now. Father betrayed you."

He slipped his hand under her nightgown, touching her bare stomach and trying to reach higher, towards boobs.

"Don't, Cedric. Please," she closed her eyes, barely breathing, unable to stop her son's hand.

"Why not? We're supposed to be together by prophecy. There's nothing wrong with this."

When his hands were so close to her boobs, Seraphina finally spoke clearly. "NO!"

Her hand painfully squeezed Cedric's wrist, forcing him to remove his hand. "NO, because I am your *mother*! The prophecy lies. Now, sleep!"

He sighed quietly and turned his face to the other side.



The next day they hardly talked. Cedric pondered his dreams and what lay ahead, while Seraphina dwelled on Arik.

Later in the evening, she served dinner. "I know I'm not the best cook. Usually, the chefs at the castle or in the camp handled this. But it's better than nothing."

"Sorry for yesterday, Mom. I don't know what got into me."

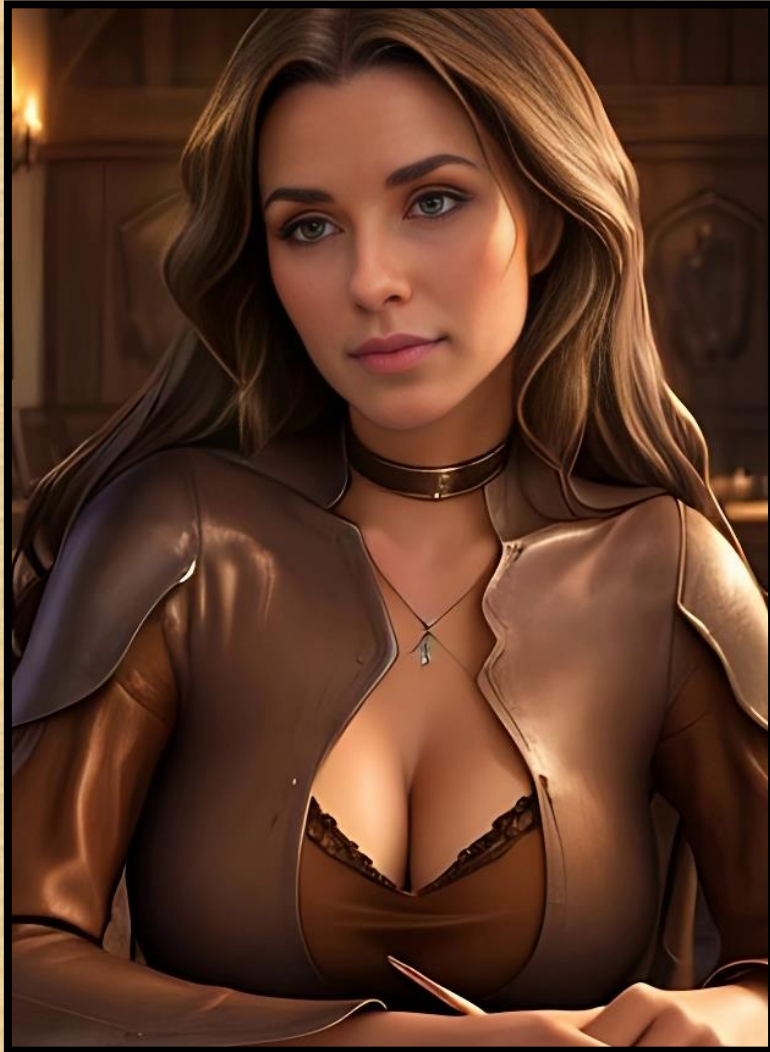
"It's okay. No hard feelings, dear."

They awkwardly remained silent as the evening gradually darkened outside the window.

"If you don't want to discuss father, or us, then let's talk about our destination. Tell me something about Solarion and the Eternal War. When we were home, you always tried to shield Elowen and me from the war and news from the North."

She looked at him wearily, rolling her eyes.

"I don't want to talk about the war, Cedric. I just can tell you that the Eternal war ruined your father. His desire to be the first to defeat Solarion always brought out his worst sides."



"Then maybe you could just tell me something about the 20th descendant?" He looked into her face, hoping to finally hear something, perhaps answers to his visions.

But Seraphina's face remained impassive; she silently consumed her food, staring into space.

"No. I don't want to talk about it."

He slammed his hand on the table. It was a sudden flash of anger, similar to when he attacked Riley trying to protect his sister. "I know you're sad about Dad, but life goes on! Maybe enough with the whining, and it's time to pull yourself together and start doing something? How am I supposed to do anything if I know nothing!"

"Do not you dare raise your voice at me, boy," she clenched the handle of the knife in her hand.

"I'm not a boy anymore. Now I'm in charge here, not you. You lost the last shreds of my respect when you first refused our prophecy because of your love for Arik, and then when it turned out you knew nothing about what was happening in your own home, in the Library!"

"Library was never my home..." Seraphina said, almost crying. The knife slipped from her hand. "It was you."

"You're to blame for those people's deaths. You couldn't protect me and Elowen. You were lucky that I saved you."

She pushed the table forward with a crash and stood up. Seraphina hurried to the exit, slamming the front door behind her.

Cedric returned to the leftover food, his anger surging, his veins pulsing on the head. His face flushed with blood, making it hard to think clearly.

After the anger subsided a little, he clasped his face. Feeling hopeless, anxious, and horrified, he wanted to cry but held back the tears.

"How could I have said such things to her? She is my Mother."

Seraphina only returned at night when he was trying to sleep. He pretended to be asleep, and she lay down beside him, hugging Cedric as he hug her yesterday.

"Forgive me for condemning you to this fate. Forgive me for everything."

He turned to meet her face and wiped a tear from her cheek. "It's not your fault. I'm sorry for shouting. I realized the importance of our mission too late. And people got hurt. I love you, Mom..."

Cedric kissed her tear-stained lips. It felt like by acknowledging their faults they grew even closer. Or so it seemed to him.

"I love you, Cedric. I'm sorry I can't marry you. And I'm sorry we can't fulfill the prophecy. It was doomed from the moment I became the mother of the 18th descendant."

Cedric stayed quiet, gently caressing her lips once more. His mother looked so beautiful.



He woke up early in the morning. It was the final day. Today, they were going to the border. Outside the window, he could hear birds singing, and sunlight was streaming into the room.

He slowly turned his head, noticing a figure through the morning light. Seraphina stood with her back to him, leaning over her bag in search of something. Perhaps this noise awakened him. Apparently, she didn't have time to change and she just returned from the morning swim. Drops were still dripping from Seraphina's body.

His jaw dropped a little when he noticed her dress was pulled up, exposing her bare pussy.



Cedric stiffened at the sight. He had no control over his body and acted as if on instinct. He quietly threw off the bedspread and stood up, coming closer behind.

"Where is that damn paper?" she whispered. Only now did he realize that she was searching not her own bag, but his.

He pulled down his underwear and at Seraphina's next phrase "where is it god damn it?" he entered his birthplace with a sharp slap against her ass.

'Ughhhhhhhhh!!!' He entered all the way in, fully, and only his balls remained outside her vagina. A wave of incredible pleasure swept through the body. It was an incredible sensation.

"Agghhhh... Cedric?!" Seraphina tried to wriggle out, but he grabbed her waist and held her bent over.

Her wet dress felt cold, but her insides were insanely warm and cuddly. Her sticky, slick, sweet insides clung tightly to the cock. He couldn't pinpoint the sensations for a few seconds, it was both strange to be inside her and euphoric to the point of madness at the same time.

"Ohhh, Mom!!!!"

He tried to go in even deeper, but there was just nowhere else to go, so licking the edge of his mouth Cedric moved his hips backwards.

"Ohhhhhh, unbelievable," he groaned and shuddered one more time as a wave of insane euphoria struck his head.

"No, Cedric. Don't! Mmmm." Seraphina tried to suppress a moan, still bent over. "You shouldn't... We can't!"

At that moment he entered her again with a sharp thrust as if making one last thrust before ejaculating, plunging as deep into her vagina as he could. He didn't hear her, he couldn't hear her. He was drowning in his rapture, fumbling with the

waistband of her dress, pulling it even higher.

"Ohhhh, I can't believe I'm finally inside you." He lifted his head, taking a deep breath.



"Don't, Cedric." She tried to wriggle out again, but he pulled her down again. "No, Cedric."

He bit his lip, he was torn with excitement, so he withdrew again, about to take another thrust and delve into her, plunge into the mad pleasure of love.

But that was the end of it.

"I said No!" she pushed him away with a sharp thrust, his cock full of her juice slipping out of the vagina. Seraphina straightened up and turned around to punch him in the face.

It was a surprisingly strong punch, stronger than Elowen's blow in the forest. Everything went blurry before the eyes, and he nearly fell. Strangely, the pain seemed to heighten the pleasure.

Seraphina struck again. This time the blow was stronger, but he stood his ground once more. Blood trickled from his lips; her nail scratched his cheek. She wanted to strike again, but this time he grew tired of being hit in the face, so Cedric intercepted the wrist.

"Have you completely lost your mind? What have you done? How could you do this? You penetrated me!" She swung her other hand, but he intercepted it too.



"Stop hitting me. I'm sorry, okay? Is that what you want to hear? I'm sorry!"

She kned him in the stomach. Looks like she wasn't kidding. She knew how to fight.

It was the most painful blow of the morning. He bent over in front of her, falling to his knees and releasing the grip. It felt like some organ was definitely hit.

"Ugh." Something fell in front of his face. It was a bucket.

"Go get water from the well. I don't want to see you right now. I'll think about what you've done and about the trouble you've caused! I just can't believe it! Gods give me strenghts!" Seraphina held back from hitting him again, grabbed some things, and went into another room, slamming the door behind her.

"Well, it could've been worse. She could've killed me."



He stepped out of the hut, rubbing his eyes. Sheet with the family tree was still with him. Was she looking for it?

"Did it really happen? I entered it, and it was so incredibly good."

The statue of his father seemed to gaze at him from all directions, towering over the entire village.



Standing by the well and observing the statue of his father, he heard a voice from behind.

"Dear, would you help an old lady fetch some water?" An old lady extended a bucket towards him.

Cedric considered refusing - he didn't like carrying heavy weights. And to do it for someone other than himself? But he nodded anyway; besides, his body had grown slightly stronger.

At that moment, the old woman's lips twisted and uttered some sounds. He could swear they sounded like words, but he couldn't make them out.

"What... what did you say?"

She smiled, as if mocking him. "I said thank you. Gishikarta. Don't you speak Solarion? I knew right away you're not from here. You argue a lot with your girlfriend, don't you?"

She looked at blood on his lips and cheek.

"There's only one language. Elradian."

"Oh no, son. There are many languages. There were many until the conquerors from the Eclipsian Dynasty came. Many in Gshaan still speak solarion."

Only now did he notice a small tattoo on the old woman's pale face. "You're Solarion. And this is Gshaan – the last of the conquered by Eclipse Empire cities of Solarion."

"And you shouldn't be here, son." The old woman smiled through yellow teeth. "Don't linger here for long. I don't know why you came here or for how long, but life in Gshaan is dreadful. It's better to leave while you can. You're young, you have nothing to do in this awful place. Our town has known no peace since the times when we were captured. One day Solarion will free us, and we will live in peace."

"Solarion? But aren't you thriving under the Eclipse Empire?"

"Huh! Does it seem like we're thriving? Our town is impoverished, we're kept in fear, and they levy too much tribute from us. The king's people only care about the statue. Do you think he's here for any other reason than trying to scare us?"

Cedric glanced again at the statue and the cold expression of his father's stone face. At that moment, the old woman's lips uttered sounds again.

"Excuse me?"

"Let the Dynasty of Eclipse and all its damned lineage be cursed. Murderers."

"You're insane. All Solarions are insane. That's it. You just don't know what you are talking about."

She suddenly laughed, loudly and kindly. "I didn't expect any other reaction from a child of the empire."

He grabbed his bucket and hurried back to his hut.

"Crazy old lady."



The sun was setting, casting darkness.

"I'm so sorry, Mom." Cedric packed his bag to leave.

Seraphina sat beside him, gazing out of the window in the opposite direction.

"Let's talk about it later. For now, I don't want to discuss it."

They waited until the patrol in black empire armor passed by (weird, there were no patrols on other days while they were in the town) and then left the hut.

He walked behind, the bag with his stuff was so damn heavy, but he kept going; Seraphina's ass was making him follow her. He couldn't take his eyes off it. Even in a cloak, hood, and with a bag, he would easily recognize his Mom by the look of her two rear sexy bulges.

“We will go through forests, the main road is too dangerous,” she said.



They were about to leave Gshaan when Cedric suddenly halted. Moonlight illuminated his father's statue whose face was pointing directly at him, prompting him to turn around.

Before him stretched out a large cemetery, brimming with graves, both old and new.

An inscription outside the cemetery read.

"For those who refused to live under the Eternal Eclipse."



Seraphina grabbed his hand and urged him forward.

"We can't stop! They might spot us," she whispered urgently.

He nodded, and they left the town.

Seraphina and Cedric navigated through the forest. Cedric fondly recalled the hikes with Blunder and his people. Now, they traveled alone.

"Should we make a camp?" he asked.

"No, we'll travel at night. It's safer. By morning, we'll reach our destination," she replied, leading the way, skirting hills and carefully maneuvering through trees and bushes.

"I want to put today behind us. I mean, uhm, what happened between us there," Seraphina said suddenly, her tone serious as she half-turned her head. "Let's forget THAT ever happened and
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never speak of it again. Never. And by never I mean NEVER! Never, Cedric. This horrible, horrible incident should be forgotten."

"Okay, if that's what you want..."

"No." She abruptly halted, and Cedric almost bumped into her in the dark. "It's not that I just want this, but it's what's necessary! You've made a terrible mistake, Cedric. It's your fault! It's repulsive even to discuss it! But you were correct, life goes on. We need to find a way to move forward. The best option is to put it behind us completely."



Her brown eyes seemed to glow in the darkness. She turned and continued walking straight ahead.

He sighed sadly, recalling her pregnant body from his imagination. "I had my shot and I lost it. I shouldn't think about my pregnant Mom. It's just not right."

They walked all night. It was like their journey would never end.

"I'm exhausted," Seraphina said as dawn neared. Her face glowed softly in the forest light, and they could hear water nearby. Vanilla morning light illuminated their surroundings.

He caught her just as Seraphina almost fell from exhaustion. "Mom?"

"Yes, sorry, dear. Let's set up camp here."

They found a spacious spot among the trees and set up small tents. His mother kept getting distracted, gazing at the sky and listening to the water.

"Today the light is just like when you were born, Cedric. I always recognized it and remembered it for life. It's a sign from the Gods, they watch and approve of what we're doing."

"Uh-huh," Cedric nodded weakly. "You better eat, you're hungry."

He handed her some food and she sat down



entranced. She didn't look particularly tired. His Mom stayed silent, seemingly too preoccupied by the light from the morning sun.

"Mom, do we kill anyone who disagrees or doesn't want to join our empire?"

She looked up at him, a slight sadness reflected in her eyes. And tiredness. "You're an adult now, Cedric. I'll be honest. I'm not the one who has to answer that question. I'm sorry."

"At least, thank you for being honest." Cedric silently continued eating while Seraphina listened to the forest.

"I like this sound, water," she said, looking at him with a warm smile. "You know what I need right now to wash away my tiredness."

"Just be careful, Mom."

She picked up her things and walked off in the direction of the sounds.

He tried to eat, but he couldn't think of anything else but her nude sexy body. Cedric got a twitch at the mere memory of being inside her, how beautiful her pussy was. Her boobs were so firm and perfect when he touched them.

"This is wrong... I know I wanted it but... No, I shouldn't be thinking about this. I have more important stuff to do and think about. Enough!"

He ate, but he didn't see the food, he saw just his Mom. Her big voluminous breasts and nipples whose taste he couldn't forget, her firm tight ass and pussy, his birthplace.

He sat in silence, looking into nowhere. There was a fierce battle going on inside.

“What’s wrong if I just watch?”



Seraphina splashed water on her face. It was a warm river which was rare here, on the cold north. A nearby small waterfall added to the pleasant surroundings, and from here, she could see the sky framed by pinkish clouds.

Her body relaxed, and her thoughts finally fell into place. "Nighttime walks like these aren't for me. I'm too old for this stuff. I'm a mother of two adult children. Gods, when did it happen? Seraphina, when did you become so grown-up?" She sat in the water up to her neck and suddenly recalled what happened in the hut.

"My son penetrated me. Gosh, how could I have let that happen!? Why did I even need that stupid family tree at that exact moment?! I should have dressed first. You're an idiot, Seraphina. Idiot!"

She lifted herself up, running a hand over her sunlit breasts.

"I better stop talking to myself."

Cedric rubbed his tired eyes and moved closer. He stood by the tree, watching the water run down his Seraphina's large breasts. Her fingers touched her wet face, she moved her hair aside, and then rinsed her buttocks with her palms.

He found it hard to breathe from that sight, all the blood rushing down. "She's so stunning."



She made sure no one was around (Cedric hid well) and slipped her hand between the legs, gently running her fingers between pink cheeks. "Mmmm, yeah. The water is too... ugh... warm."

Cedric stepped forward into the green clearing in front of the water, yawning and stretching. It wasn't until he sat down on the grass, stretching his legs out towards the water that Seraphina finally noticed him.

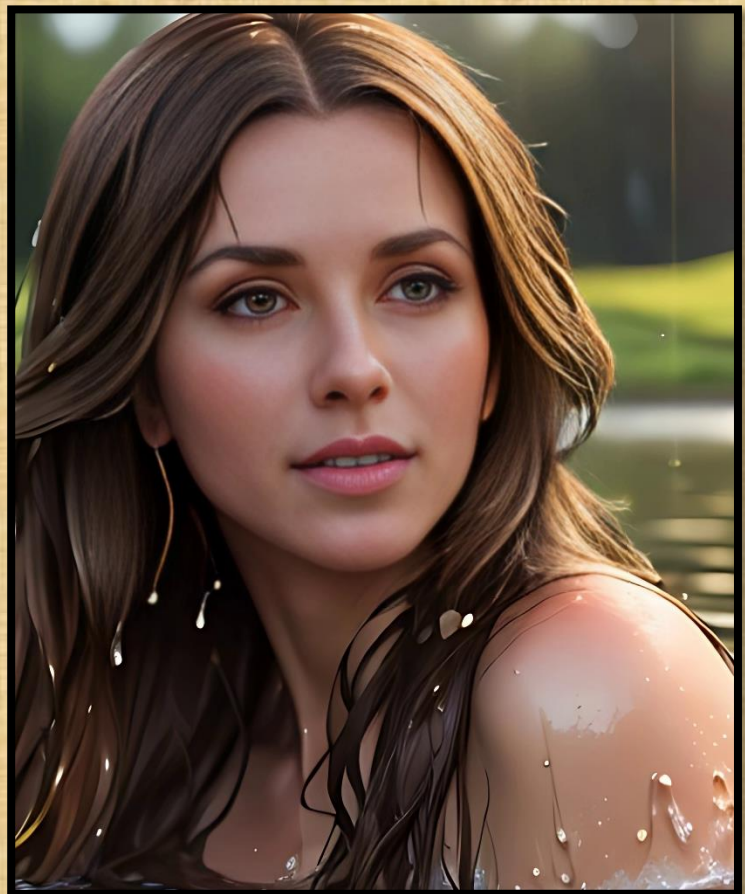
"CEDRIC!" she sat up to her neck in the river.

"I didn't hide behind a tree like I did the last time. Sorry. You made it clear that you don't like being watched from the sneaky side."

She looked puzzled, trying to find the right words. Only her head peeked out of the warm water.

"Can you just leave me alone while I'm here?"

"I don't want to be alone in the woods, Mom. I've seen you naked before, haven't I? And I'm sure you've seen me many times. You can wash up, we have nothing to be ashamed of. I want to look at your boobs."



"What? You-you..." shocked by his audacity, she could hardly find words. "Cedric!"

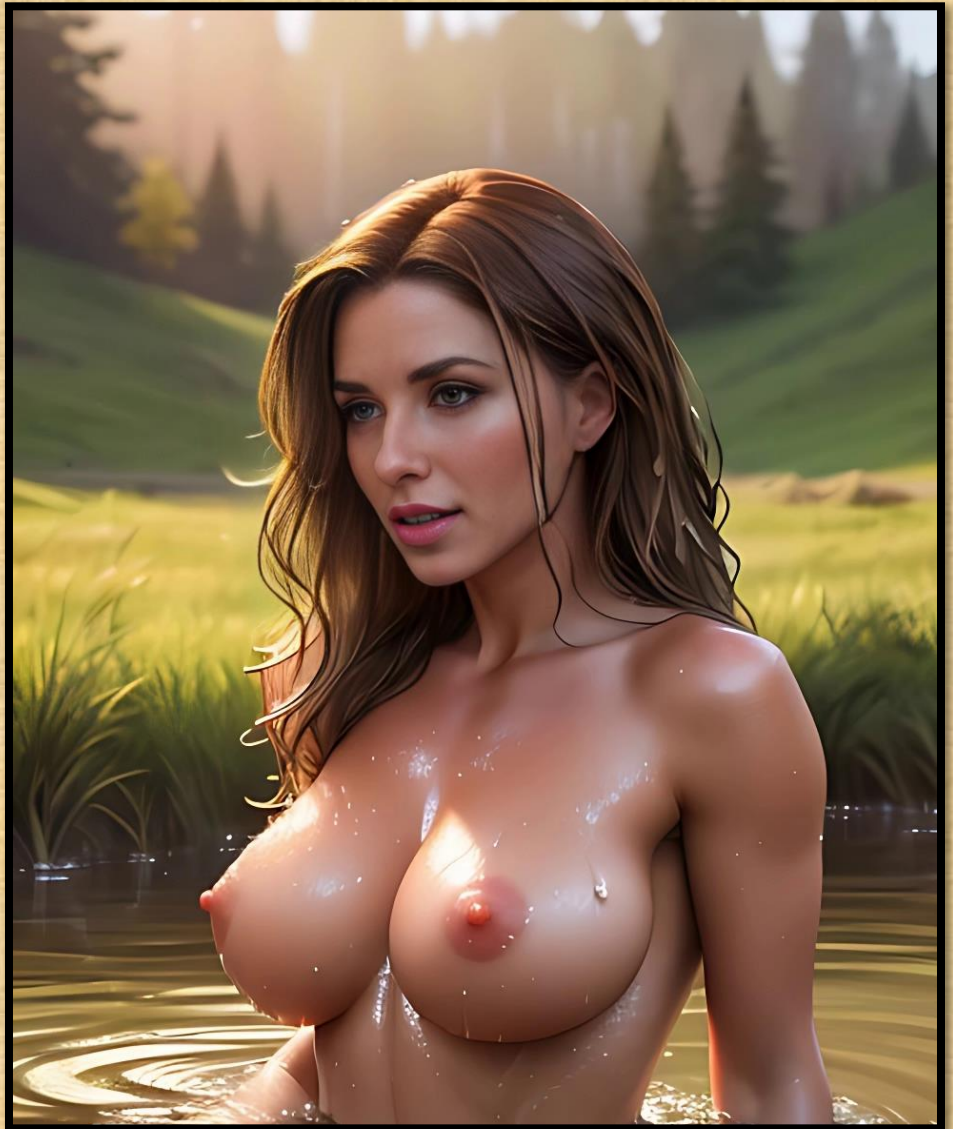
"What?"

"Do you want me to go out and punch you? You barely survived our last time. Do you want me to do it again?"

"You can try. Come on, Mom. Get out of the water."

"Let me guess. You will be watching me as I do it?"

He didn't answer.



"Alright," she stood up confidently, narrowing her eyes as she gazed at him. Seraphina emerged from the water with a queen's grace, moving towards Cedric. Her glistening wet body shone in the sunlight with a divine allure.

"Unbelievable. How could I have spent so many years peeping at silly maids and never noticed how beautiful my mother was."

She quirked an eyebrow as she walked over to her things, that were lying just beside him.

Water from her body dripped onto Cedric. She used a towel to dry her hair, boobs and nipples.

"Did you enjoy the show?"

He stood up and put his hands on her wet waist. "You're gorgeous, Mom."



"What are you doing, Cedric? Let me get dressed," she sighed. He didn't understand how, but her grip suddenly tightened around his finger.

"Cedric, let me go," she said, squeezing his finger tightly. It hurt a little, but then he remembered how sometimes pain in such things could slightly intensify pleasure. He kissed her wet lips and pushed her on the grass. "C-hmmm-edr-ic!"

Cedric suppressed a groan when something snapped. She broke his finger. But that didn't stop him. He pounced on her like a beast, unable to restrain himself.

"I'm tired of pretending, Mom."

"No! Cedric! Don't, honey! We shouldn't"

He pulled down his pants and strode in. He penetrated her, tip first, but

nothing could stop him. He pushed all the way in and her sweet insides welcomed him gladly.

"Ughhhhh, Cedric! NOT AGAIN!"



It was beyond blissful. Her wet pink insides squeezed with the full force of her inner muscles. He was ready to finish right away. "Ughhhh. Mom. I know you've been hungry for a man for a long time. You need it too."

She grabbed him by the throat. "Don't...don't you dare move your hips, Cedric. Stop!"

His cock twitched inside her tight pussy, reaching all the way in. Cedric couldn't hear what she was saying anymore. He barely swallowed, his balls shuddering as they rested against her butt, and at that moment he pulled his cock out sharply and slammed with all his might against her.

She moaned, and her fingers cut the skin on Cedric's neck to the point of bleeding. Her son took a more comfortable position, getting his feet on the grass, and continued. He entered, thrust after thrust, his hands exploring her body, her belly, squeezing her breasts.

"Agghhhhhh, CEDRIC!!!" She trembled under his frantic strokes, her moans changing to screams with each powerful thrust.

It was madness, but such insanely good madness.

Her vagina engulfed his cock with each entry, greedily embracing and taking him into her abode. Every thrust, every entry was like the first time. "Yes, yes, uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuughhh, Mom. Yes!"

He squeezed her nipples. Seraphina no longer resisted. Her claws detached from his neck. She moaned, closing the eyes as if under a spell while her son's hips battered her body.

"Ughhh, fuuuck, yes. Mom. Take it..ghhh... Oooooohhh!!!!"

"How did I let it happen." She mumbled. "It's so good."

He took a more comfortable position stopping for a second and then immediately slamming into her again, rushing into her vagina with all his speed. The thrust even made his balls hit her ass painfully.

There was no rhythm. Just a pure animalistic insane fuck.



He slid in and out, tearing her surprisingly tight cunt from the inside out. His tip touched the end of her insides with each plunge, exactly where he had come from. It was a perfect pussy.

Her wet breasts shook with each powerful thrust, and a moan escaped his lungs. It was getting harder and harder to continue, his legs no longer obeying him. The euphoria too clouded his mind.

"Mmmmmmmmm, yes, oh Gods. Give me the strength to endure this." Seraphina closed her eyes, moaning with each thrust and

resting her hands on his chest. It was her mind's last desperate attempt to fight back in any way.

Occasionally she opened her eyes, staring into Cedric's pleasure-crazed face. Her little Cedric was a true man now.

"Ughh, ughhh, Fuuuuck, Mom. I can't believe we are doing it." He grabbed her by the hair and pressed his forehead against hers. His fingers tightly gripped her brown locks. "I want you to look at me... Ohh...."

He stopped and entered sharply, then again and again, picking up the rhythm anew. His whole body shook with searing pleasure. Waves of euphoria washed over his head. Damn. What could be better than this? Fucking your own mother.

"You deserve it after everything that's happened."

He had to stop when the air in his lungs suddenly ran out. His cock twitched inside several times, releasing streams of whitish liquid, pre-cum. The embrace of her pinkish-red cheeks clenched his cock to the point of madness, squeezing the blood.

"Stop, Cedric. Please pull it out..." whispered Seraphina, lying on her back. Her chest heaving after each deep breath.

Sweat dripped down his face. He moved his hips backwards, it was so hard to pull his cock out of the grip of her insides.

Seraphina had no sooner rejoiced at the possible end to this insanity when Cedric, barely had his tip left her vagina, immediately entered again. And then again and again and again.

He fucked her even harder, even deeper than before.

"I want to do it inside. I'll do it inside," he squeezed her even harder by the hair, but she grabbed his face.

"No, Cedric. You must still have the rudiments of consciousness in you to understand....ughh...you can't finish inside. Don't." She looked into his eyes and vigorously kissed him like he was her husband.

He savoured the kiss, pushing mouth inside her delicious mouth. His hips continued to work vigorously, ripping into mother's vagina.

"Yeah, I can't do it inside. It's too wrong"

He moved like crazy, he panted out, greedily gulping air between kisses, but he kept fucking her anyway.

He was so close. "I love you, Mom. UUGHHHH!"

"I know, Cedric. I know... Ohhhh, come on." She shook again.

Cedric almost choked when the final thrust ended it all. He entered in and the ground disappeared from his feet. "Ughhhh.....Mooooooooom!!!!!"

"Cedric!" Her eyes widened and she pushed into his chest.

His mind twitched and when the first drop entered her vagina, he pulled his cock out and exploded. Streams of white fluid spurted out onto her pubic hair and stomach. He held back a scream as he looked at her breasts and face. "Fuuuuuckk, ughhhhh!!!"

A sword struck his head, his breath caught. It felt so good, so unbelievably good. All his insides and muscles clenched as if from a blow. And then the wave gradually subsided and all that was left was love. Love for his mother.

Seraphina breathed a sigh of relief, lifting her arms and laying her head on top of clothes and bags. He kept finishing on her, her own son cumming all over her body. That's can't be happening. But it felt too good to think about the consequences of what they have done. The nature norms they have broken. Cedric kept cumming, guiding the cock at her while his face changed one expression after another. Finally he lay down next to her in the grass.

Seraphina was silent, unable to say anything. Cedric was right, she needed a man. And now her body was thanking her for that gift. But that man was her own son.

Although, strangely enough, her vagina was a little sore. That had never happened after all the times with Aric.

"I love you, Mom."

