



# Offspring with Queen Mother

## Part One

Once upon a time, in the southern mainland of *Arkanara*, lies the Kingdom of *Incuria* with its capital in *Galatley*. This is a tale of a special day, a day when the royal castle is more packed than ever with the noblest and most respected men and women from all over Arkanar. Representatives of allied kingdoms and estates, aristocrats, merchants, and famous warriors gather in the Triumphal Hall to celebrate King Inglud the Serpent Slayer's 60th birthday.

The Triumphal Hall has been the venue for every important ceremonial event, from the coronation of a king to his marriage. As guests arrive, they marvel at the exquisite drawings on the black walls and the perfectly rounded columns. Above them, scarlet tapestries with a three-headed bear devouring a snake, the cognizance of *Incuria*, hang proudly.

The air is thick with revelry, the tables loaded with greasy food and excellent booze, jesters dancing in multi-colored outfits, and bards playing lutes. The guests loudly chant *Incurian* songs, all in honor of King Inglud. But this year, something feels different.

Recent events have cast a shadow on the king's reputation. Rumors of political unrest and dissent have been spreading throughout the kingdom, and some say that the king's grip on power is weakening. Nonetheless, the celebration continues, and the king's loyal subjects raise their glasses in a toast to their beloved monarch, unaware of the troubles that lay ahead.

Inglud the Serpent-Slayer, also known as the Bear, was an unparalleled king and general of Incuria. His enemies trembled in fear and respected him greatly. With over a hundred victorious campaigns, dozens of conquered kingdoms, and thousands of slain foes to his name, he was a true legend. His massive hand could easily crush a human with a single blow, and his thick gray curls and beard gave him an air of wisdom that belied his ferocity. Despite his age, King Inglud still outshone many young warriors in every aspect of combat.

The guests at the castle drank deeply of ale and feasted on hearty fare as they toasted the king with loud exclamations of "For the king! For the king!" The warriors roared with laughter, spilling their cups of intoxicating ale as they reveled in the celebration.

The king raised his goblet, fashioned from the skull of a fallen enemy, and nodded his approval before wiping the froth from his beard.

"And for the queen!" someone shouted from the crowd.

"Yes! Yes! For the queen!" The warriors raised their goblets once more, timidly stealing glances at the beautiful Queen Nymira the Warrior, who was seated beside the king.

She wore a queen's green robe with a deep V-shaped neckline, and at only 41 years old, she had borne several children for the insatiable king, yet still looked perfect. The gray-eyed, buxom princess hailed from the Wooded Mountains, with mesmerizing curves and long golden hair tied in a bun

beneath her crown. Despite giving birth five times, she still possessed a girlish body and kept herself in excellent shape to satisfy the king's needs and avoid giving him any reason to doubt their marriage. Every man in the castle secretly desired her, but all knew that the queen belonged solely to the king.

Nymiria smiled, her plump pink lips curling upwards as she ran her hands over her rounded belly. She was in the final month of her pregnancy, and everyone was eagerly anticipating the birth of the new successor. The king had even ordered the healers to stay sober in case of an early arrival.

"I have something to say," the king's bass voice boomed over the music and cheers of his guests. The hall fell silent as he deftly rose from his throne, clasping the armrest with one hand while raising his skull-shaped mug in the other.

"I want to thank everyone who came here today..." He paused for a moment and glanced around the room. "Today, I turn 60. I've lived long enough to see kingdoms rise and fall, to conquer enemies and make allies, to enjoy the finest feasts and the sweetest wines. But you know what I haven't been able to do yet? Figure out how to blow out all these candles in one breath!"

The king points to a massive cake with a ridiculous number of candles on it, eliciting laughter from the guests.

Inglud's expression turned serious as he prepared to broach an important topic.

"Seriously, though," he began, "right now, my eldest son Nome is leading our army to victory against the barbarians from Overseas. Let's raise a toast to him! Cheers!" The guests slammed their jugs onto the tables in agreement, shouting "For Nome!"

The King drained his skull-shaped goblet and exclaimed, "For NOME!" Beer dripped from his overgrown beard as he reclined back onto his throne, clutching his stomach and laughing. "Enjoy yourselves, drink and eat. It's all on me!" The hall once again filled with the sound of chatter and revelry.

As mentioned earlier, King Inglud had many children. Two of his daughters were married to kings from neighboring states, his eldest son Nome was currently on a campaign, and his youngest son Karlas had died in battle a couple of years ago. The only son present at the celebration was Darian, a twenty-two-year-old young man with brown hair. Leaning against the wall, the prince watched what was happening in the Triumphal Hall. All these feasts were alien to him.

Darian took a sip from his mug and gazed at the guests. A young girl in a corner tried to wink at him. He was fond of girls, but just like feasts, love affairs weren't actually his thing. His only goal was to earn respect and glory and to be known throughout Arkanar as a brave warrior, general, and king. Nevertheless, no matter how hard he tried, no matter how many attempts he made, his older brother Nome was always one step ahead. Nome was better at everything: bigger, stronger, deadlier. He was the one son who would inherit the throne, the very throne that Darian desired for himself.

"I will return to my chambers, my love," Nymira said as she rose from the throne, clutching her stomach. A wet puddle appeared beneath her, indicating that her water had just broken. "Healers, come here!" the king yelled, grabbing the queen.

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Everyone had gathered outside the queen's chambers - guards, entourage, and servants, except for the counselors. Darian stood aside, closer to the corridor walls, lost in thought. The childbirth lasted for several hours, stretching into the early hours of the morning.

For some reason, he remembered the old rumors about the King's mistresses who had died during childbirth due to the enormous size of their newborns. Only Queen Nymira was able to give birth to the King's offspring. It was probably just a myth propagated to make people believe that Inglud was not an ordinary man but possibly a demigod. To be honest, it was not so hard to be fooled, considering all of the King's sons and daughters were indeed huge. Queen Nymira's procreative abilities were undoubtedly worthy of attention and praise.

Finally, the king emerged from the queen's chambers, wiping his sweaty hands with a cloth handkerchief, and glanced at the shocked and timid crowd that had fallen silent. The king needed to speak first.

"The gods have blessed me with a son," he proudly announced.

The corridor erupted with cheers and congratulations, but Darian remained silent and watched from the sidelines.

"And what name have you given the new heir?" someone asked.

"I am still considering options. For now, our queen needs rest," he replied, scanning the crowd. When his gaze fell upon Darian, he spoke with a thunderous voice. "Leave me and Darian alone. All of you."

The crowd quickly dispersed as the king ordered everyone to leave him and Darian alone. The last time Inglud had made such a request was almost a year ago when Karlas, Darian's younger brother, died. A few tears had been shed for him, as it was told that Karlas had died in a battle like a worthy Incurian. Only Darian and Inglud knew that Karlas had actually fallen off his horse and broken his neck like a weak, unworthy man during a battle with barbarians.

"It should have been you... Not him," the king had told Darian that night, his eyes full of silent fury at the gods and destiny.

Darian didn't even try to guess what Inglud was going to say to him now.

"I haven't heard from Nome in a long time," Inglud finally started, as the torches and fire on the walls became their only company. He sounded tired and slightly desperate. "I'm afraid he will not return. The last time we received word from him

was a month ago, and things were not going well for his army. Perhaps the barbarians are stronger than we thought."

"He will return, my king. I promise."

"No need for empty promises, boy. If he returns without a victory, it's better not to return at all," Inglud said, straightening up to his full height. "And yet, I still have you, the representative of my line. My family line must continue to exist at any cost. Am I right?"

"Yes, my king," Darian nodded.

"Our queen gave birth to another child tonight, but I am getting old and my time will soon come to an end," Inglud said. "Therefore, I have decided that someone else should carry on my Serpent-Slayer line."

He carefully scrutinized Darian through bushy eyebrows.

"While the fate of Nome remains unknown to us, I want you to continue my bloodline. Find a woman worthy of you and breed."

Darian tried to hide his confusion and managed a slight nod in response, still processing what he had just heard.

"It is your sacred duty and the command of the king. Do not disappoint me, Darian..."

"Yes, my king," Darian replied, bowing low.

"You may go now. Leave."

He quickly bowed once again and moved away, turning a corner and suddenly encountering a group of knights and even one of the king's counselors, Lokir. The small balding man had a squeaky voice and outrageous ambitions.

"Well, what did the king say?" the counselor demanded, suddenly standing in front of Darian, breathing garlic as always. He looked up at Darian from two heads lower.

"That is not for you to know," Darian replied curtly, pushing Lokir aside to avoid the stench of his breath.

"Arrogant boy! How dare you?" Lokir sputtered.

"Know your place, counselor," Darian retorted.

The head of the king's guard and queen's bodyguard, Braga, appeared as torchlights reflected off his bald head. He never concealed his disgust for Darian, as well as for the other sons of the king.

"I advise you to speak with more respect to the counselor," said Braga, his deep voice carrying an air of authority.

"I dare to speak with him the way he deserves," replied Darian, his tone laced with defiance.

"We are the reason this kingdom still exists, boy," Lokir interjected, his voice high-pitched and unpleasant. "So know your place. You will not become a king. Nome will take the crown, won't he?" The counselor giggled, revealing his yellowed teeth. "Boy."

The next moment Dairan drew a dagger, putting the blade right to the counselor's neck "Go on, call me 'boy' again."

The armed mob behind Braga immediately drew their swords. Head of king's guard put his hand on the hilt of his sword, not a single muscle on his face flinching. Only torchlight flickered across his troll-like head.

"You have no chance against all of us. If you harm the counselor, you'll have to deal with me and all the king's guards, boy."

Darian met each knight's gaze with his dark brown eyes, unafraid. Finally, he slowly withdrew the blade from Lokir's pale neck and returned it to his belt.

"One day the king will die, and no one will be there to keep you in this position... or even keep you alive, Braga."

The troll-like guard smirked and mockingly bowed his head. "Same to you... my prince."

With that, Darian strode down the corridor, pushing aside the knights who blocked his path.

"You will regret this!" Lokir shouted, rubbing his red throat.

Darian didn't look back. He knew that his defiance had put a target on his back, but he also knew that he was the only one who could secure the future of the Serpent-Slayer line.

## CHAPTER 1

Darian made his way to the queen's chamber with the intention of checking on his mother and newborn brother. As he approached the entrance, he found it empty. He adjusted his leather cloak and entered the queen's chamber without knocking. He slowly opened one of the large double doors and peered inside, taking in the opulent decor.

The walls and floor were adorned with dark gold and silver, and the soft light of the hearth illuminated the room. In the center of it stood a king-sized double bed with intricate wooden patterns above a huge red carpet.

*/On this bed all descendants were conceived/*. It ran through his head for some reason.

As Darian entered the queen's quarters without permission, he knew he was taking a risk. Queen Nymira was known for her temper and dislike of unexpected visitors. But he couldn't

help but be drawn to her peaceful slumber, dressed in a white satin nightgown that accentuated her delicate features.

He approached the bed with caution, trying not to wake her. Despite her exhaustion and weariness, there was a certain grace and beauty to her form that caught his eye. As he looked upon her, a thought suddenly flashed through his mind, one that he couldn't ignore.

/Still, the mother is gorgeous./

Darian marveled at how stunning his mother looked, even after giving birth multiple times. He couldn't help but wonder how she managed to maintain such beauty and elegance.

"Who's there?" Nymira rubbed her tired eyes with her left hand and yawned with a small, cute mouth. "Inglud, is that you?"

"It's me"

"Oh. Darian...What are you doing here? Are you watching me sleep?" She said it with a little irritation and got up from the bed. Her left breast nearly fell out of nighty as Darian made an effort to look away.

She shook back her wet braids and walked gracefully over to a table near the fireplace, which he now noticed was equipped with a small bed for the newborn child.

"I just wanted to visit you, mother." Darian walked around the bed and approached her from behind, peering over her shoulder. Unsure of what to say, he asked hesitantly. "Was the birth difficult?"

"It's kind of you to worry about me," she said, a hint of amusement in her voice as she brushed a damp strand of hair from her face. "But childbirth is not something that concerns me. I am a strong, capable, and beautiful woman, after all. That's why your father is not afraid to conceive new heirs with me."

Darian tried to hide his discomfort at his mother's words and shifted his weight from one foot to another.

"I'm glad to hear that everything went well," he said, trying to sound neutral. He couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy at the mention of his father. Nymira always had a way of making her beauty and fertility known to everyone around her. He cleared his throat and gestured towards the sleeping baby.

"And how is the little one?"

Nymira's face softened as she looked down at the newborn.

"He's doing well and he's name is Tartuff. A strong and healthy boy, just like his siblings."

Darian nodded, relieved to hear that his new brother was healthy. He wondered if he would ever get used to the constant

stream of new siblings that seemed to appear every year. But for now, he was content to watch his mother dote on the newborn and bask in the warmth of the queen's chambers.

As she stood there, slightly shorter than him, Darian's eyes flickered down to the table below. He could see what was happening beneath it, and more besides. He couldn't help but glance at the plunging neckline of her nightgown, the curve of her neck, the smooth expanse of her skin. But he quickly averted his gaze, afraid of being caught.

Darian felt a sudden rush of warmth enveloping him. A sense of serenity and lightness washed over him, easing his racing heart. The scent of his mother, a heady mix of milk, fragrant flowers, and sweet mint, greeted his senses, further soothing his troubled mind.

Despite coming to see his newborn brother, Darian found himself lost in the moment, lost in the embrace of the tranquil atmosphere. The worries that had been weighing him down seemed to fade away as he stood there, taking in the comforting ambiance. For a brief moment, the world outside the room ceased to exist, and he was left with nothing but peace and tranquility.

"Nome was very big when he was born, a true Incurian one and truly King's son."

Despite Nymira's voice droning on in the background, Darian found his attention drifting elsewhere. His gaze was fixed on the delicate straps of her nightgown, his fingers itching to touch them. It was as if he was under some kind of

enchantment, captivated by the alluring garment that clung to Nymira's curves.

As his fingers brushed against the strap, a jolt of electricity coursed through his body, and without thinking, he pulled it off. The fabric slid off her shoulder, revealing a tantalizing glimpse of her skin and exposing half of her breast, and Darian felt a surge of desire coursing through him. For a moment, he was lost in the sensation, the feel of her skin under his fingertips, the heady scent of her perfume filling his senses.

But before he could fully comprehend what he had done, she quickly covered herself up and slightly pushed Darian away.

"What the hell are you doing?" she hissed, her eyes flashing with anger. "Have you lost your mind? Are you still drunk?"

Darian recoiled, feeling the weight of his mistake crashing down on him. "I...I'm sorry," he stammered, his voice laced with shame. "I didn't mean to do that. I was just...I don't know. I must still be drunk."

He could see in Nymira's eyes that he had crossed a line. He felt like a delinquent youth, caught in the act of doing something terribly wrong. "I'll go," he said softly, turning to leave. "I'm sorry. I don't know what else to say."

As he walked away, his mind was a jumble of emotions. He felt guilty, embarrassed, and confused all at once. He knew he had to make things right, but he had no idea how.

He left the room and tried to catch his breath. A high-pitched voice pierced the darkness of the corridor. It was Councilor Lokir, his tone laced with a mixture of lust and envy.

"The most beautiful women are always the ones who have just given birth," Lokir crooned. "They're the sexiest, sweetest, and juiciest. I envy the king. He's going to have a lot of fun tonight."

Darian felt a wave of revulsion wash over him as he listened to Lokir's lewd remarks. The thought of someone finding pleasure in the vulnerability of new mothers sickened him.

As he turned to leave, Darian caught a whiff of something foul in the air. It was the stench of corruption, the rot of a system that allowed men like Lokir to hold power and prey on the innocent. He felt a surge of anger rising within him, a fire that threatened to consume him.

But for now, all he could do was retreat. He took a deep breath and headed back, determined to put as much distance between himself and Lokir as possible.

## CHAPTER 2

Darian hurried back to his chambers, his face still flushed with embarrassment. He splashed cold water from the oak bucket onto his face, hoping to calm his nerves.

His chambers were situated in the most secluded corner of the castle, several floors below the royal dungeon that had once

held traitors and prisoners of war. It had been years since anyone had been imprisoned there, and Darian had begun to think that he was the only constant prisoner in that part of the castle, albeit with a few extra comforts. His cell was just a few floors above, providing him with a measure of privacy that was rare in the bustling castle.

Darian sneered as he dried his face with a rough linen cloth, the king's words echoing in his head like a cruel joke. "Continue the Serpent-Slayer bloodline," he had said. "This is your sacred duty."

"My sacred duty to do that?" Darian muttered as he approached the window. "Not to win a war like Nome, but to breed?" A cool wind blew across his flushed face, dissipating the last traces of his blush. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself, when a knock sounded at his double doors.

"May I come in, my prince?" It was Narim, his oldest friend and second counselor. Darian felt a small sense of relief at the sound of his voice. Narim had always been there to help him since childhood.

Narim and Lokir, the other counselor to the king, were constantly at odds with each other, always arguing and finding counterarguments to each other's words. Despite their mutual animosity, however, the king considered them both invaluable servants to the kingdom.

"You may come in," Darian said, grateful for the distraction.

An old man with deeply wrinkled skin and short white braids shuffled into the modest chamber, his movements sluggish. It

was Narim's father, an esteemed counselor in his own right, who had served the kingdom for decades.

"Congratulations on the birth of your brother, my prince," Narim said as he entered the chamber.

Darian scoffed. "I'm not the one who should be praised. Congratulate the king since he's the one who conceived the child."

Narim looked at Darian with concern. "Is something troubling you, my prince? I'm always here to listen."

Darian shook his head. "The king just ordered me to find a wife. He's afraid Nome won't return from war."

Narim nodded understandingly. "Without Nome and his army, the kingdom's enemies will try to take the throne. And there are rumors of a spy in the castle. Lokir even suggested that the spy is you."

"I bet he did. I'm tired of the fact that no one takes me seriously!" Darian clenched his jaw in anger and knocked over a bucket of water.

Narim stepped aside to keep his cassock from getting wet.

"You think I'm not scary enough? You think I can't keep this kingdom in fear?" Darian continued, raising the bucket back.

Narim looked at him thoughtfully. "A formidable appearance alone is not enough to instill fear in your enemies. Perhaps something terrifying or reckless should be done."

Darian raised an eyebrow. "Reckless? What do you have in mind?"

Narim shrugged. "I'm only a counselor, my prince. But if you want my opinion, finding a worthy woman to be your wife might help."

Darian sighed. "I suppose you're right. Can you help me find one?"

Narim smiled apologetically. "I'm afraid that's not within my duties as a counselor, my prince."

Darian nodded in understanding. "Very well. Thank you for your visit then."

The counselor went to the door as he was about to leave, but on the very threshold, the old man stopped and turned around heavily, straining old bones.

"I almost forgot. As you asked I brought you the book and, as you asked" He friendly smiled. "No one knows about it. I have put it in your chest."

"Thank you, Narim," Darian replied with a nod of gratitude.

"Have a nice read, my friend," Narim said before turning to leave.

Darian wasted no time in finding a book amidst the jumble of items in his chest. The green half-print cover caught his eye, and he read the inscription: "About the Serpent-Slayers and the Kingdom of Incuria," by Lokir.

He couldn't help but remember how Lokir used to pester him with endless inquiries from that very book. "If you don't know your own history, what are you good for, huh?" he'd say. But despite Lokir's annoying persistence, Darian knew that this book was approved by the Masters of Historiography, so at Narim's insistence, he had decided to read it after all. And he was determined that Lokir must never know anything about it.

Finally settling in at his desk, Darian opened the book and began to read. The words on the page quickly captured his attention, and he found himself drawn into the history of his kingdom. As the hours passed and the sun began to set, Darian's eyes grew heavy with tiredness and the beer in his blood, but he kept reading.

Then, a particular chapter caught his attention. Lokir had a habit of using the phrase "By untrue rumors..." to describe information that made Incuria look bad, supposedly spread by enemies, but which Darian knew was actually true. This time, Darian stumbled upon another such "untrue rumor."

"According to untrue rumors, Prince Angus allegedly turned his eyes to his own mother, Queen Libra, after his coronation, instead of looking for a wife. Allegedly, the prince took the queen by force and henceforth used her at his will. I hasten to point out that this is all a vile lie. Prince Angus is one of the greatest of the Serpent Slayer's family line and one of the greatest commanders of Incuria."

Darian's mind was a blur as he slumped back in his chair, his thoughts drifting into dark and dangerous territory. He tried to shake the images from his head, but they clung to him stubbornly like a bad hangover. The beer in his blood wasn't helping matters either, making everything before him swirl and distort like a hallucination.

A sudden memory of the queen's chambers invaded his thoughts, sending a jolt of guilt and desire through his body. He could feel his hand reaching for her, as if pulled by some invisible force, almost seeing her naked body before him. He shook his head, trying to clear the unwanted thoughts from his mind, but they lingered like a stubborn stain.

Darian rose abruptly from his seat, feeling the cool evening breeze on his face as he tried to gather his thoughts.

/I shouldn't think about such things....its drink's fault/

He glanced back at the book lying on his desk, the page still open to the damning accusation against Prince Angus. He slammed the book shut and went to bed, hoping to clear his mind of the unwanted thoughts.

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As the days passed, King Inglud grew increasingly impatient for Darian to choose a wife. But the prince's thoughts remained in turmoil, unable to find the right match. On a quiet morning, Darian found himself standing in front of queen's chambers once more. He entered without looking up, his mind preoccupied with his own thoughts. Only when he had crossed halfway across the room did he realize Nymira was breastfeeding her child near the window.

"I beg your pardon, my queen." Darian's face flushed with embarrassment. He should have knocked before entering.

"It's all right," Nymira replied, stepping back from the window and towards the fireplace. "You have always been welcome here, even unannounced. Besides, I'm sure you've seen me half-naked before."

Darian couldn't help but feel uneasy at her words. He recalled the events of the previous day and wondered if mother had become colder towards him after their encounter.

"I should probably come back another time." Darian bowed, ready to turn around and leave.

"Would you like to hold him?" Nymira held the baby out to him.

Darian hesitated for a moment before nodding, his gaze fixed on the baby in her arms. As she passed the child to him, Darian struggled to keep his eyes from wandering downward.

Nymira walked over and held the baby out into his arms, pulling child away from her lush breast. He saw mother's nipple for a brief moment before she covered it with her nightgown.

"The king will be here shortly. Have you decided on your wife yet? Is that what you came to discuss?" Nymira's tone was polite but distant, as though she were simply going through the motions of a conversation. Darian shook his head.

"Not yet. I am still considering my options."

Darian gazed down at Tartuf. The child's tiny hands wrapped around his own fingers.

As Nymira went to change, Darian turned away, gently bouncing the child in his arms. The weight of responsibility settled heavily on his shoulders as he considered the daunting task of choosing a wife. The King's expectations were high.

"The requirements of conquerors," he repeated, his mind racing with thoughts of political strategy and dynastic succession. "It's not just about love, is it?"

Nymira emerged from the closet, now dressed in a new green nightgown with a sweetheart neckline. Her blond hair was

twisted up into a bun, and Darian couldn't help but notice the curve of her neck and the delicate lines of her collarbone.

"You can give him to me now," she said, holding out her hands for Tartuf. Darian reluctantly handed the child back, feeling a pang of regret as he watched Nymira cradle him to her chest.

"You're a bad babysitter," she teased, and Darian couldn't help but grin.

"I'll be better with one of mine," he replied wistfully, his mind drifting to a future that might never come to pass.

As they stood in silence, the crackling of the fire and the occasional whimper of the child filling the room, Darian felt a sudden sense of connection to his mother.

Perhaps it was the flickering flames casting a soft glow on her features, or the vulnerability of the young child in her arms. For a fleeting moment, he wondered if there was more to her than he had ever known.

"I'm sorry," he said, breaking the silence. "For barging in here like this. I should have knocked."

Nymira smiled at him, a glint of mischief in her eye. "Don't worry about it," she said.

"You're always welcome here, whether I'm dressed or not."

Nymira's gaze drifted over him, a thoughtful expression on her face. "You know, I've been thinking," she began. "Maybe it's time we spend more time together, just the two of us. We can go for walks, talk about anything and everything."

Darian's eyes widened in surprise. It had been years since they had done anything like that. He had always assumed that his mother was too busy with her duties as queen to spend time with him.

"Guess It wouldn't be so bad," he said, a genuine smile spreading across his face. "Thanks, mother."

The doors creaked open, as they had done so many times before, and Braga barged in, bellowing out his usual command.

"The King demands your presence in the throne room, my lady," he announced, his tone harsh and gruff.

Nymira let out a weary sigh. "Very well," she said, resigned. "Please summon Gertrude to take the child."

Turning her attention back to Darian, she added, "I apologize for the abruptness of my departure, Darian. Duty calls."

"It's quite alright," Darian replied, his voice tinged with disappointment. "I'll take my leave then," he muttered, and

walked out of the chamber, the door shutting behind him with a resounding thud.

### CHAPTER 3

That night, memories flooded Darian's mind of a warm summer day from years ago.

The memory of Inguria battling against the first Barbarian attacks, and he, Nome, and other soldiers sitting around a crackling campfire, singing songs. The camaraderie and sense of brotherhood among the soldiers were palpable. Nome, with his bushy chestnut beard, had gazed up at the star-filled sky and said, "The air of home is sweeter than honey."

Darian, taking a bite of the juicy apple he had plucked from a nearby tree, had voiced his concern. "But aren't you afraid of tomorrow's battle? We could die tomorrow."

"It's better to die fighting for our freedom than to live without it," replied Nome. "To live as we choose, eat until our bellies are full, and sleep with whomever we please." The soldiers nodded in agreement, their voices joining in support of Nome's words. His eloquence never failed to inspire them.

Suddenly, one of the soldiers broke the moment with a joke. "I'm in love with my aunt. Can I sleep with her?" he laughed.

Nome's response was quick, "If you're worthy of her, my friend, then you can. That's freedom. Marry and sleep with whoever you want. Even with your own mother."

The laughter and clinking of beer glasses filled the air as they all cheered to freedom, including Darian.

Years later, as Darian got up from his bed, the memory of that night still lingered. Dawn was breaking outside, and he took out the book.

"According to untrue rumors, Prince Angus allegedly turned his eyes to his own mother, Queen Libra, after his coronation, instead of looking for a wife. Allegedly, the prince took the queen by force and henceforth used her at his will".

His eyes scanned the page, and he continued reading. "Rumors are silent as to whether Angus had children as a result of intercourse with the queen." He closed the book, but the words lingered in his mind, stirring up a new voice inside his head. The voice whispered, "Who is more worthy to continue the Serpent-Slayer bloodline than his mother? She is the only queen capable of bringing Serpent Slayers to life."

Darian's thoughts wandered to Nymira, and he felt a longing to touch her. Why would he bother looking for someone else when he already had her? He questioned himself. Wasn't that what freedom was all about? To marry and sleep with whomever you wanted? He knew he was treading on dangerous territory, but the temptation was too strong to resist.

Darian found his thoughts drifting back to Prince Angus once again. What was it that drew him to this forbidden desire? As he entertained visions of himself as king, Darian felt the seductive pull of absolute power and the exhilarating freedom that came with it. The allure of indulging in his most illicit desires was impossible to resist. And ultimately Prince Angus gave in to temptation. He fucked the most unattainable woman in every man's life. His own mother. And at this very moment he became "Angus The Great".

Finally his inner voices became meaningful.

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As the sun began to set, Darian made his way towards the queen's chambers, feeling a mix of anticipation and nervousness. Braga, the guard posted outside, eyed him warily before reluctantly granting him entrance.

"May I come in, mother?" Darian asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he pushed open the heavy wooden doors. Nymira looked up from her desk, a faint smile playing at the corners of her lips.

"Of course, Darian. I was just writing letters to your sisters before retiring for the night." Gertrude, Nymira's faithful servant, bustled around the room tidying up, casting a curious glance at Darian as he entered. The sweet scent of mint filled the air, and Darian couldn't help but feel a strange sense of unease wash over him.

He suddenly realized the absurdity of his earlier thoughts, but he pushed them aside and focused on the present moment.

"Would you like me to send a message to your sisters on your behalf?" Nymira asked, her tone gentle.

Darian let out a derisive snort. "I thought they were enamored with the insipid prince they married. They can now face the consequences of their choices."

"Please refrain from speaking of your sisters in such a disrespectful manner in my presence...Gertrude, leave us, please."

The maid bowed and walked out the door. The queen dipped her quill into the inkwell and continued writing.

"Tomorrow I plan to embark on a horseback ride. Would you care to join me, Darian?"

Darian hesitated, "I fear that the king would not approve of me taking leisurely horse rides instead of attending to my duties."

Nymira flashed a reassuring smile, "Leave that to me. I will speak to the king about it. Besides, I require assistance in calming down the horses. As you know, it is mating season, and our prized stallion seems to have forgotten that his own mother is in the stable. We should avoid them breeding."

Darian felt a sense of excitement bubbling up inside him at the thought of accompanying his mother on a ride. "I will be honored to help you, my queen," he replied, trying to hide his eagerness.

"That's good. By the way, have you found a wife for yourself?" she asked.

Darian nodded, and as he did, he noticed a change in the queen's usually stern countenance. Her gray eyes softened as she regarded him.

"I'm glad to hear that," she said, setting aside her quill and rising from her chair. "The king will be pleased."

As she stood up, Darian placed a hand on her shoulder to help her up. His eyes trailed down her body, drawn to the curves that were accentuated by her attire. He couldn't help but notice the warmth of her soft skin beneath his touch, and he was tempted to explore the curves of her body with his hand.

"What are you doing?" she asked, suspicion creeping into her voice as she took his hands and removed them from her waist.

"You know that I love you?" Darian took a deep breath.

Nymira's face registered a mix of surprise and embarrassment. She wasn't sure what to make of Darian's sudden declaration of love. Was he playing some kind of game?

"Of course I know that, Darian," she said. "But what you just did was completely inappropriate."

As his hand reached out to caress her hair, he leaned in for a kiss. Their lips touched in a fiery embrace, and Darian savored the taste of her mouth, exploring every inch of it until she abruptly pushed him away. "What do you think you're doing?"

"It was nothing more than an innocent kiss."

"It didn't feel that way," Nymira shot back, her voice laced with disappointment and anger. She pulled away from his arms. "That's enough. You better go. Braga!"

The bald guard burst into the chambers at her command.

"Yes, my queen," he said, his eyes darting between Nymira and Darian.

"Take the prince out," Nymira instructed. "He's not feeling well today." With that, she walked over to her youngest son's bed.

Without a word, the warrior grabbed the prince's arm and led him out of the chambers and into the dimly lit corridor.

"Stop touching me," Darian seethed, yanking his arm away from Braga's grasp.

"Do you know where your chambers are? Go back there," Braga retorted, his voice firm and unyielding. Darian's cheeks flushed with anger as he watched Braga walk away. He couldn't believe the audacity of the warrior, treating him like a child. But deep down, Darian knew that he was partly to blame for the situation he now found himself in.

As he walked down the dimly lit hallway, Narim appeared beside him.

"What happened in there?" Narim asked, his voice thick with concern.

"Nothing out of the ordinary. Just pissed off the queen a little." Darian replied, his hand subconsciously touching his lips, still tingling from the memory of the recent kiss

"Be careful not to make our queen angry. She's called Nymira the Warrior for a reason," Narim warned with serious tone. "Young women from Wooded Mountains are trained to defend themselves and fight. They make excellent merchants and warriors, but few become wives of kings. There was one occasion when a spy infiltrated our castle and disguised himself as a guard. He intended to kill the queen but was met with fierce resistance. Needless to say, he didn't leave her chambers alive. Listen, Darian. You're a good kid. But you need to start thinking before you act. And you need to learn to control your impulses. If you don't, you're going to end up doing something you regret."

"May I ask what happened to the spy?" Darian inquired.

"You may, but I won't answer," Narim replied, a faint smile playing on his lips. "The queen doesn't like to speak of it."

He had always known that his mother was a formidable warrior, but he had never heard of this particular incident before. He wondered what other secrets lay hidden in her past, and if he would ever uncover them.

"Remember, queen belongs only to the king. Everyone knows it" Narim concluded.

"We'll see," Darian thought to himself.

## **Part Two**

### CHAPTER 4. HORSEBACK RIDING

The next morning, as Prince Darian stepped out onto the palace grounds, he was surprised to see Queen Nymira already waiting for him with their horses saddled and ready to ride. Despite what happened, she had not canceled her offer of a horseback ride.

But still as they ventured into the woods, an eerie silence hung between two. Nymira kept her distance, wordlessly leading the way while Darian trailed behind on his stallion. Despite the tension, Darian couldn't help but notice how regal and poised she looked in her riding outfit, the fabric clinging to her curves in all the right places. Her dress was made of the finest silk, the fabric shimmering in the dappled sunlight filtering through the trees. A simple leather belt cinched in at the queen's waist, giving the dress a flattering silhouette while still

allowing for ease of movement as she rode. Her hair was swept up in a loose bun, a few tendrils framing her delicate features. Despite the ornate nature of her attire, the queen seemed perfectly at ease on horseback.

With a calculated glance around, Darian ascertained that they had successfully eluded any potential guards. Satisfied, he turned to his Mother.

"Are you still angry about what happened yesterday?" he asked.

Nymira's expression slightly softened. "No. I'm not angry."

"I told you, it was just an innocent kiss." Darian paused for a moment, considering his next words carefully. "I mean, it's not like I asked you to marry me or anything," he smiled, hoping to ease the tension between them.

Nymira's face darkened, a note of warning creeping into her voice. "You can't do things like that to me, Darian. It's not appropriate. I know you didn't mean any harm," she paused for a moment. "I am your Mother, but I am also your queen and I must maintain a level of authority and respect that is necessary for the good of our kingdom. Our relationship as mother and son is just as important, but it is a separate matter entirely. You cannot kiss me like that. It's not appropriate for a son to kiss mother in such a way"

After nodding, he waited a moment before asking, "I was wondering, though, how familiar are you with Serpent-Slayer's history, my queen?"

Nymira shook her head. "Not good enough, I think," she admitted. "My attention has always been on the welfare of our people, not the exploits of our past heroes. Why would you ask?"

"It's... nothing." Darian hesitated; a small smile crossed his lips before he plunged ahead with another question. "And still, why did you decide to become a queen? Did you ever find pleasure in this marriage?"

Her expression turned cold. "Feeling pleasure is not a part of my duties as a queen. You are old enough to understand me. Let's just enjoy the ride now," she said, nudging her horse forward.

As they reached a clearing, Nymira reined in her horse and turned to Darian. "This is a lovely spot. Don't you think?"

Darian looked around, taking in the beauty of their surroundings. A burling waterstream meandered around, and wildflowers of every hue dotted the grassy expanse.

Nymira dismounted her horse and walked toward the water's edge, the sound of the stream rippling through the peaceful forest. She paused, looking out over the view before her. With a gentle touch, she trailed her fingertips over the cool water's

surface, and her dress lifted slightly in the back, revealing a hint of her bare ankles.

Darian turned away, quickly dismounting. "Hush, lad," he whispered to the horse, patting it gently.

"I love places like this," she said.

Darian stepped closer, joining her at the water's edge. He looked down into the surface of the stream and suddenly asked a question. "Do you miss Karlas?" he said, referring to his younger brother who had died a few years ago.

"He died like a true warrior," Nymira replied with steady voice. "Why should I be sad or miss him?"

"The king does. And he thinks me unworthy. The worst of all Serpent-Slayers. The weakest one," He smiled wryly, throwing a small pebble into the stream. "But not you. No... You don't think of me that way, do you?" he added abruptly, not giving her a chance to respond. "And that was one of the reasons why you were always special to me, Mother"

Queen Nymira's plump lips curled upwards into a warm smile, the light gleaming in her gray eyes.

"You always knew how to make me feel better," Nymira responded.

But before she could say more, a sudden jolt from a horse behind caused Nymira to lose her balance and tumble into the cool, rushing stream below. Darian's heart leapt as he watched his Mother's drenched form being swept away by the current.

Reacting quickly, he scrambled down the embankment and into the water, fighting the icy grip of the stream to reach Nymira's side. As he pulled her upright, back to the ground, his eyes couldn't help but be drawn to every detail of her body, now visible through the clinging fabric of her wet dress. Her slender shoulders, now shivering with cold, the delicate curve of her waist, the soft swell of her breasts beneath the sodden cloth. His eyes tracing every contour of his Mother's body now revealed through the soaked fabric of the dress.

For a moment, Darian forgot all else, lost in the overwhelming emotions. Only the sound of Mother's ragged breathing, her wet hair clinging to her face, the scent of the forest and the rushing water surrounding them, brought him back to reality.

"Queen. Are you hurt?" he exclaimed breathlessly, pressing his body against her thighs. His dick pressed precisely against her damp lush thighs through the wet clothes, and he was sure she felt it.

Nymira, whose cheeks flushed with embarrassment, gently pushed Darian away.

"I'm fine, thank you," she replied, straightening her dress and smoothing back her hair, feeling Darian's touch.

Her eyes darted to the water's edge, where they found a bizarre sight awaiting them. His stallion, who was biologically Nymira's horse's son, had mounted his mother in a strange and unsettling display of nature's unpredictable ways, and the two animals were now entwined in a mating ritual, their bodies pulsating with raw, primal energy.

Nymira breathing quickened, but was it because of the sight of the entwined animals? Or because of the way her son's body brushed against hers as they stood side by side, watching the scene unfold. She felt the heat of his skin seep through her clothes and onto her bare flesh. She could feel the heat of his breath against the nape of her neck, sending a thrill of excitement coursing through her. His lips were dangerously close to her ear.

Darian chuckled at the scene before them, "Well, I guess that's nature."

"We should take them off each other"

Together, they approached the entwined animals, careful not to startle them. Darian could feel the heat of the queen's body next to his, her wet dress brushing against his skin with each step they took.

"Push your stallion aside," she said, her voice shaking with a mixture of discomfort.

As they worked to separate the horses, Darian couldn't help but notice how strikingly beautiful the queen looked, even in

the midst of this unexpected situation. Her hair was slicked white, water droplets clinging to her long lashes and running down her flushed cheeks. Her dress clung to her body like a second skin, the wet fabric accentuating every curve and contour. He couldn't stop looking down, below her waist, where he had a small view of her vagina and blonde pubic hair. Realisation of seeing her private parts sent shivers down his spine.

Despite his best efforts to avert the gaze, his eyes kept straying to queen's figure, drinking in every inch of her body. He tried to resist, but the more he struggled, the more his eyes were drawn to the queen. He couldn't deny that Nymira's age only added to her beauty, giving her a regal and timeless quality that set queen apart from the younger women in the kingdom.

Darian rubbed his eyes, trying to shake himself out of this trance-like state and focus on the situation at hand. As he struggled to make sense of his feelings, he noticed the concern etched across his mother's face.

"She saw where I looked", he thought.

"Darian, are you alright?" Nymira asked, her voice heavy with concern.

Darian nodded, unable to find own voice.

Nymira, for her part, felt a flush of embarrassment rise to her cheeks as Darian's eyes lingered on her form. She quickly tried

to compose herself, hoping that the strange incident would soon be over.

Finally, with a great effort, Darian managed to separate the horses and lead them away from the water.

"Let's return to the castle. I'm cold and need to change," she said, relieved to leave the awkward situation.

"Yes, of course," Darian replied.

He mounted his stallion quickly, not to rush back to the castle, but to conceal his boner, which threatened to erupt from even the slightest touch. As they went back to the castle, the memory of the horse's actions lingered in the air between them. It was a strange reminder of the unpredictable nature of the world and the primal forces that govern it.

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## CHAPTER 5. CONFESSION TO THE KING

The throne room was uncharacteristically silent, save for the occasional rustling of robes as the King and his counselors took their seats. Prince Darian stood at the center of it, his eyes scanning the empty space, awaiting Inglud's words.

Inglud cleared his throat and spoke with a regal cadence, as if the room was filled with a grand audience. "Today, we gather

here to determine the identity of your future bride. Where is your betrothed, Prince Darian?"

"She is here, my King," Darian replied confidently.

"Here? Lokir, Narim, do you see anyone other than Darian in this room?"

"No, my King," the counselors replied in unison.

"Neither do I. Are you playing games with me, Darian?"

"No, my King," Darian replied, maintaining his composure. "I have thought long and hard about your words regarding finding a worthy bride."

The King's expression softened, intrigued by this response. "And what have you decided?"

"That the only one worthy is Queen Nymira."

The King's expression shifted from curiosity to disbelief. "But Queen Nymira is your mother," he said, as if the prince had forgotten.

The prince met the King's gaze without flinching. "I truly believe that she is the best candidate."

A stunned silence filled the room as everyone processed the Prince's unexpected proclamation. Lokir's crooked smile revealed his yellowed teeth, while Narim's face remained unreadable and placid.

"Seems like Darian finds it's funny. Leave us," Inglud took off his crown and slowly descended from the throne to Darian as counselors left the room. "Explain yourself," King stood right over Darian." Right now!"

Darian remained outwardly calm, though his heart was pounding in his chest. "You said my future wife must be worthy. Who could be more worthy than Queen Nymira? She has already birthed Serpent-Slayers and could bear more."

"With you?" he sneered. "You are a complete disappointment, Darian. I had hoped for better. I thought you could at least find yourself a woman, but I see now you can't even do that. Forget everything I told you. Your mother will continue our family line and bear more children. And you. I'll deal with you later," Inglud's voice trailed off. "Take this fool away."

Without a word, the guards entered the room and led Darian away to his chambers. Despite the king's words, Darian remained resolute and focused, his mind already turning to his next move.

As the sun began to dip below the horizon, Darian reflected on the events of the past few days, his mind racing with possibilities and questions. Was this all a coincidence, or was it destiny? His heart beat with excitement at the thought of what was to come.

"I am ready," he whispered to himself. "I am ready to become Darian the Great."

The weight of guilt hung heavily on him as he carefully extracted a brick from the wall, revealing a small compartment where he had hidden precious belongings as a child. Only he and Narim knew of this secret hiding spot, and now it would serve a different purpose. With a trembling hand, he placed the small bundle inside, the bundle that held the fate of a life in its hands.

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Darian strode purposefully towards the ornate doors leading to the queen's chambers.

As he approached, Braga stepped forward, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. "You are not allowed to be here," he barked like a dog.

"I want to talk to the queen"

A sudden hush fell over the chamber as a voice called out from behind the doors. "Who's there, Braga?"

"The prince has come, my queen," Braga responded, stepping aside.

"Let him in."

"As you wish, my queen," Braga said his tone deferential as he opened the door and allowed Darian to enter.

As Darian stepped into the room, his eyes fell upon Nymira, who was gently cradling Tartuff and preparing him for slumber. She was dressed in a flowing emerald gown, her hair falling in loose waves around her face. The moonlight streaming in through the window cast a soft, ethereal glow upon her delicate features, and Darian found himself utterly entranced by her beauty.

"I hope you came to apologize," Nymira said as she placed the sleeping baby in a bed full of soft quilts. "Inglud told me everything. How could you say something like that? You have dishonored the king, you have dishonored me."

Darian sat on the king's bed, draped with a silk blanket. "Yes, I must have acted recklessly"

Nymira approached the bed and took a seat beside Darian. "Yes, you have. Your father is disappointed in you. If you go to him and explain that you weren't serious, he may be willing to forgive you."

Darian's eyes were fixed on his mother, who leaned forward slightly, allowing him to catch a glimpse of the plunging neckline. "I understand, mother," he replied.

Darian's hand glided along the smooth skin of Nymira's leg, lifting the fabric of her nightie. Every touch felt deliberate and meaningful, he lifted the hem of her nightie, savoring the softness of her skin beneath his fingertips.

"Don't, Darian," she gasped, her hands pushing against his chest, her breath catching in her throat. "I am your queen. Your mother."

Her resolve quickly melted away as Darian continued to explore every inch of her body, his touch sending electric shocks of pleasure through her. She couldn't help but moan his name, the sound a sweet melody on her lips. "Darian," she breathed. The nightie slipped further up her leg, revealing more of her porcelain skin. She gasped and moaned, her mind clouded with a heady mix of desire and guilt.

Finally, he looked up at her with a fierce intensity in his eyes. "Don't fight it. I know who you are," he said, his voice low and husky. "But I also know how I feel. I love you, mother." The words hung in the air between them, heavy with meaning.

Suddenly, she protested, "No, that's enough." The mood shattered like a fragile glass. "You crossed the line, Darian"

But before she could say more, the chamber door burst open, and the king stormed in with Braga and a dozen knights in tow. "What's going on here?"

"I just came here to visit my brother and mother," Darian said, but it was clear that the king was not interested in hearing his side of the story.

"I told you he was here, king " Said Braga.

"Did you touch her?" Without warning, Inglud launched a brutal attack on Darian, striking him repeatedly in the face and head with his fists. Several of prince's teeth flew out, blood splattered on the floor, everything swam before his eyes.

"This is definitely a concussion," he thought.

Through the haze, he heard mother's voice, pleading with the king to stop. "No, Inglud," her voice trembling with emotion.

"Kill him, my king. Do it!" Lokir's squeaky and giggling voice reached his ears.

Eventually, Darian's body gave out and he fell unconscious. When he came to, he was in a dark, damp cell in the castle's dungeons. His head throbbed with pain and his jaw felt broken.

"I need some rest," he thought, slumping against the cold stone wall. But as he closed his eyes, he couldn't shake the feeling that his troubles were only just beginning.

CHAPTER 6. KINGSLAYER

Darian found himself confined in a small, damp dungeon with three cells lining one wall. He recognized the walls of the castle's dungeon, located several floors below his own chambers. Beyond the cells was a massive window overlooking the front yard, teeming with guards.

Time seemed to blur for Darian as he drifted in and out of consciousness, tormented by constant headaches. The only visitor he received during the captivity was the commandant, who arrived every evening with a meager portion of poorly cooked vegetables and scraps of meat.

One morning, he was rudely awakened by the sound of a commotion outside his cell.

"Wake up, prisoner," the commandant barked. "The king has arrived."

Darian lifted his head and saw a towering, white-haired man standing before him.

"You may leave, Frison," the king said with voice echoing in the damp dungeon. The commandant bowed and quickly exited, leaving Darian alone with the imposing figure of the king.

Inglud said nothing for a couple of minutes, his piercing gaze scanning the cell.

"Within a month, you will be sent to the North to extract gold in the cold mines with other prisoners. That's the life that awaits you from this point on. Be grateful that you're still breathing," the king said with a tone of finality.

"Fuck you."

Without warning, a huge hand seized Darian by the throat and lifted him up. His air supply was cut off, and he struggled to breathe as he dangled helplessly in the air.

"I could strangle you right here and now, but I don't know how I'll explain it to your brother," the king said, his grip tightening on Darian's throat. He released him, and Darian fell heavily onto the cold, unforgiving stone floor.

"I bet you enjoyed yourself," the king said after a pause, his words dripping with venom. "You had a chance to touch the queen. Don't be sad. At least now you'll have something to remember after a hard day in the mines. And while you rot there, I'll keep producing heirs with her. I'll impregnate her with the one while you're still in the castle. Think about it every second you're here."

Prince was silent. He crawled sluggishly into cells' corner.

"I can't believe you are one of the Serpent-Slayers," he king muttered before turning and exiting the cell, leaving the prince alone once more.

"You will believe," Darian thought to himself, despite the pounding pain in his head.

Struggling to keep his eyes open, he fought to piece together the events that just happened. "I have to remember everything. I have to remember my hatred," he urged himself, but his mind continued to slip away.

Suddenly, a figure loomed over him, and he recognized Narim's face.

"How long has it been?" Darian rubbed tired eyes and strained head to remember recent meeting with the King.

"You've been here for two weeks, my prince," Narim replied softly. "I am so sorry for everything that has happened to you."

"Yeah, me too." Despite the tumultuous circumstances, he couldn't deny that the one moment he had shared with the queen had made it all worthwhile.

"Prince. Do you hear me?" Narim clicked in front of his face.

"Yes, I can hear you. You don't have to click in front of my face. Have you come to say goodbye or what?"

"I'm sorry," Narim said, hesitating for a moment before continuing. "Actually, I have come to offer you salvation." He discreetly retrieved a tiny key from his belt. "Escape tonight.

Start a new life, hide, and forget everything that happened. Forget your past life."

Darian scoffed, his body aching from his time in the dungeon. "And what? Live like a rat? You're underestimating me again, my old friend. I thought you would know me better than all those king's ass-lickers. I thought you would know that I am a conqueror! I am Darian the Serpent-Slayer." He rose, resting his hand on the cold wall of the dungeon. "I won't live like a rat in oblivion, forgetting my past. Just give me the key and go..."

Narim held out the key, and Darian hastily hid it beneath the prisoner's robes. "Thank you anyway, my friend," he said, his voice softer now.

"Farewell, Prince," Narim said, bowing before roughly leaving the cell.

As the prince looked at Narim with his swollen eye, he spoke softly, "Hey, Narim."

"Yes?" Narim responded before leaving.

"What day of the week is it?"

"It is the Day of Golden Sun. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious," Darian smiled weakly, feeling the absence of a few teeth.

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As the sun set, the night descended upon Galatley, and the full moon appeared in the sky. It was the Day of the Golden Sun, the final day of the week and an occasion for revelry and drunkenness throughout the land. The King Inglud always visit the queen in her chambers on this day, indulging in alcohol before performing his marital duties. Darian knew without a doubt that the king would try to take advantage of the queen tonight.

He promised to impregnate her while Darian is still in the castle. Than today is the day. He has to act now to not make it happen. With Narim's key in hand, Darian carefully opened the cell gates and stowed it back into his prisoner's robe.

"I can climb from here through the window and get to my room," Darian peered out into the night. He scanned the area below, taking note of the patrol that had just passed the garden. He knew that the window overlooked the outer courtyard, full of guards who could easily spot him if he wasn't careful. With a deep breath, Darian began to climb up the rough stone wall.

"Hey, what's that?!" a voice called out from below.

"Another patrol," Darian cursed to himself, silently urging his body to move faster.

"You're just drunk. There is nothing there."

With a surge of adrenaline, Darian propelled himself upwards, his fingers gripping tightly onto the rough brickwork. He was almost there when his foot slipped treacherously off the ledge. He quickly wrapped his arms around a protruding brick and pulled himself up, leaping through the half-open window into his own quarters.

"I tell you I saw something!" The voices became even clearer, the guards moved closer to the wall, but Darian paid them no mind. He extracted a brick from the wall, exposing his hidden cache. From within it, he retrieved a small, gleaming dagger and a dark cloak, its fabric expertly chosen to blend seamlessly into the castle walls.

"The castle hallways are too dangerous to use, so I have to take the more perilous route along the ramparts"

With the dagger between teeth, he scaled the wall and made his way over the old stones of the castle ramparts. The full moon had disappeared behind thick clouds, leaving only the dim light of a few torches to guide him. Patrols walked by, their footsteps echoing in the night, but Darian stayed hidden in the shadows, making his way ever closer to the queen's chambers.

He pulled himself up onto the parapet and peered cautiously through the open window. To his dismay, he heard the sound of raised voices and the heart-wrenching cry of a child from within. As he strained to listen, he heard the King's voice, impatient and commanding.

"I'm almost done, woman. Just be quiet!..Oh You are so good." The king wrapped his arms around the head of the bed and threw head back in euphoria.

"I'm too late," Darian realized with a sinking feeling.

"Inglud You can finish later!" Tartuff's infant cries pierced the air, growing louder and more frantic by the second.

"I told you... I'm almost... Ooooh" The king's entire body shook with animal pleasure. He let out a scream that resembled a battle cry. His body went suddenly limp and he collapsed onto her.

With a gentle touch, she stroked his back and arms. "Well done, my king," she murmured softly. "Now get off me."

At first it seemed that Inglud fell asleep. Some chomping sounds reached Darian's ears. He noticed how white semen was flowing from the edge of the queen's vagina and how it dripped onto the floor, spreading all over the sheet. Darian glanced at his mother when she already lowered her nightgown and hid her nude body behind it. She abruptly got up and went over to Tartuf. Darian saw a white liquid flow down her shins, and semen dripped between her legs onto the floor, leaving drops of sperm behind her as she walked.

"Seems like Inglud did not stint on sperm and flooded queen with everything that was in his old ugly balls," he thought.

While Nymira was busy with Tartuff and dripping cum, Inglud went to the window where Darian was, waving his huge flaccid cock in the air. Bear-like nude figure went straight to the open window.

"So good," Inglud let out a deep, rumbling chuckle as he gazed out over the city, completely oblivious to the imminent danger lurking beneath him.

Darian drew the dagger from between his teeth and in one swift motion, plunged it deep into the bear-like man's neck. The blade found its mark with sickening precision, piercing through the trachea and slicing through vital breathing apparatus. The king stood frozen, his bloodshot eyes fixed on Darian as his brain struggled to comprehend the chaos unfolding before him.

"I told you. You will believe," Darian hissed, yanking the king violently towards him by his beard. Inglud, propelled by the force of the attack, tumbled over the window frame and crashed into the garden bushes below.

He heard movements from the room and quickly ducked back into the shadows. Someone went to the window and he heard mother's urgent cry. "Inglud!" she shouted and sounds of her steps vanished in the room.

"I should hurry," He deftly began to go down soon finding himself right next to the very bush where the king had fallen. His eyes narrowed as he saw the old man's twisted form lying there, still breathing but barely alive. Darian didn't hesitate.

He knelt beside the king and gently lifted him out of the bushes.

"How can you still be alive." The king's response was a silent glare. Inglud didn't puff, didn't scream, his face was a mess of scratches and bruises, limbs were twisted at odd angles. Darian could see the pain in his eyes, but he didn't let it sway him.

He drew his knife and stepped closer to the king. His hand was steady as he pressed the blade against the king's throat. The king's eyes widened, and for a moment, Darian thought he might try to fight back. But then the king's body went limp, and his eyes rolled back in his head.

The King is dead.

Footsteps approached, Darian scaled the stone wall, hauling himself over the edge and into the queen's room just as guards emerged below. He surveyed the empty chambers and headed for the exit through empty corridors, only encountering two oblivious guards. Arriving in his room, he stashed his dagger and cloak in a loose brick and made his way down the castle walls to the dungeon, relieved to avoid patrols. The adrenaline rush was palpable as he made his way down the ledges of the castle walls and returned to the castle dungeon, thanking the gods that no patrols were around this corner.

Upon returning, he found that everything remained unchanged. With ease, he approached his cell, swiftly entered, and securely locked the iron bars behind him.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he thought to himself, "Who would consider me a murderer if I spent all these days in prison...That's it... Now I can finally rest." With that, he settled down for a much-needed nap.

The night sky was awash with stars and Darian was caught in the throes of a fever dream, the last trace of a passing concussion. As his vision cleared, blurred figures began to take shape, and sounds into voices.

"You killed your king, Darian," he heard familiar soft woman voice. It echoed in his mind, louder than before, and suddenly the fog of his dream lifted. Darian found himself in mother's chambers, staring at Queen Nymira herself. Her hair was loose and tousled, cascading over her shoulders in waves, and she wore only a light robe that barely covered her figure and breasts.

Darian's heart raced as he struggled to make sense of the situation. "Mother...?" he stammered.

Nymira's expression was stern as she approached him, her voice low. "Why did you kill your own king?"

"I...I didn't..."

"You did it to be with me, didn't you?" Nymira's eyes bore into his, and she spoke again, her voice laced with an undercurrent of accusation.

He suddenly felt her gentle touch on his groin, her hand reaching precisely through the fabric to his shaft.

"O-h-h-h-h," he grunted feeling her touch.

"It's okay," she said softly, her eyes locked onto his. "Do you want to be with me? You want to be with your Queen? Do you want to fuck your own mother? Even though you know it's wrong?"

He hesitated for a moment, his mind racing with conflicting thoughts and emotions.

"I know it's bad," he finally admitted, his voice low and raw. "But I want it...more than anything else."

"I understand," The corners of her mouth lifted into a knowing smile as she looked at him. "But we have to be careful."

He felt being close out of her touch. She moved to him, her lips parting as she spoke in a sultry voice, "Kiss me. Let's share a forbidden moment." With a slow, deliberate movement, he leaned in to kiss her. The queen's plump lips were soft and inviting, but in that moment, the dream disappeared, and everything went into oblivion.

CHAPTER 7. AFTERMATH

The sound of a voice penetrated Darian's slumber, pulling him back to the waking world. "Wake up, Prince," the voice commanded.

Darian slowly opened his eyes, taking in his surroundings. He found himself locked behind bars, with Lokir standing before him in his customary black coat. Darian's overseer, stationed nearby, opened the gate.

"You are free," Lokir declared, extending a hand to help Darian to his feet. Darian rose from his cage, his body stiff and sore from the confinement.

"Come with me...and dress up," Lokir continued, offering Darian some clothes.

"Is this the order of the king?" he asked, pretending not to know what was happening.

"Did I say it's time for questions? Get dressed, lunatic," said Lokir, before leaving the cell and granting him some much-needed privacy. Thirty minutes later, they both descended the stone steps. The circular staircase was infused with the sweet fragrance of mint and basil, undercut by an unpleasant odor -- a putrid scent of illness. They had arrived at the healers' floor.

Lokir stepped forward and rapped on the wooden door. "I'm here with Prince Darian."

The next moment Gertrude, queen's servant, opened the door and the prince found himself in a small room with a stone table in its center. The pale and lifeless body of King was located on it. Meanwhile Narim, Braga and Nymira were around. His Mother was pale in face, dressed in black dress, hair loose.

"I'm glad you're still alive," the queen said briefly. The image from the dream reappeared before his eyes, and he turned away, staring at the cold dead body of the bearded king.

"What happened?" he asked his voice barely above a whisper. "Who did this?"

"I wish someone knew... Perhaps it's done by our very spy that we still unable to find." Hastly said Braga. "And look... The king is dead know. I just can't believe it"

"It was your job to guard him, baldhead!" snapped Lokir.

"He was with queen" Braga glanced at her and immediately regretted what he had said. ""My men saw an unknown man on the wall last night. I am sure the murderer has already fled, and it is the work of barbarians."

"There is no time for quarrels," Narim wheezed with his aged voice, his face wrinkled with concern. "The kingdom cannot afford to be without a ruler. We must decide who will now replace the king."

"Nómé will take his place," Nymira declared confidently.

"If he is still alive, Queen," Narim said, his voice carrying a note of caution.

"I am sure my son is alive. Send a pigeon with a letter." Nymira replied.

Lokir coughed, drawing Nymira's attention. "I must remind you of the rules, my lady," he said carefully. "If Nome does not reply to the letter within half a month, then..."

"Darian will be king." Nymira finished for him, cutting him off abruptly. "I know, Lokir. In the meantime, I want you and Narim to take over the governing functions of our king."

"Can't I do that?" Darian asked.

"As long as you're not king, boy, no," Lokir said firmly.

"The assassin may target you as well, Darian," Narim added gravely. "And you may suffer the same fate as our king." He lightly kicked the king's body with his stick, and Darian caught a whiff of persistent corpse odor. "You must take care of your own safety."

"I need to leave the castle," said the queen again, sighing, her breasts flirtatiously lifted. "It is too dangerous here now."

Braga, who had been standing quietly in the background, stepped forward. "I will protect you, my lady. I promise."

Nymira fixed him with a steely gaze. "Just as you protected my husband?"

Darian's mind raced as he contemplated the possibility of his mother leaving the castle. He couldn't allow it. Everything he had worked towards would be for naught if she left.

"You can't go," Darian retorted sharply, his eyes locked on his mother.

"And why is that? Tartuf and I would be safer elsewhere."

"Because that's exactly what they want. Leave the castle and you'll be attacked on the royal highway, ambushed by those who seek to harm us. The castle, despite what happened, is still the safest place for us."

The queen squinted as she looked at her son, pulling her head away as if she were seriously considering his warning.

"I think Darian is right, my lady," Narim interjected, stepping closer to the queen.

"As much as I hate to say it, I agree with the prince. I will ensure your safety within the castle walls." Braga nodded in agreement

"Then it is settled. You stay with me, mother," Darian declared firmly, his eyes flickering to Lokir, who had been silently listening to their conversation. "Now I better go," he muttered, eager to escape the smell of death that still lingered in the air.

As he began to walk away, Darian heard a voice behind him, taunting him. "Somehow he's not too upset by the king's death," the voice sneered, probably belonging to Braga.

"That's because he's about to become king, you dickhead," Lokir snapped, his voice filled with contempt. "If I were him, I would jump for joy." Darian ignored the jibe, feeling a heavy weight settle on his shoulders

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The next day, Darian arrived at the royal baths in the early morning, preparing for funerals. The steam from the hot water filled the room as servants bustled about, preparing the Queen for her bath. Darian watched as Nimira changed behind a screen, and then tossed a large, soft towel around herself. As the servants worked to fix her unruly hair, Nymira caught sight of Darian's reflection in the mirror.

"Come to take a bath, Darian? Come back later, I'm here today," she said, with a wry smile.

Darian chuckled softly, shaking his head. "No, Queen. I just came to see how you are"

Nymira sighed. "I am utterly exhausted by everything that has been happening in the castle. I do not know who is a friend and who is an enemy, and my husband, our king, has been killed. And my eldest son is nowhere to be found."

Darian stepped closer to Nymira, and the servants instinctively stepped back. "You can trust me, Queen. I will protect you until Nome arrives."

For a moment, they stood there in silence, the steam from the baths enveloping them. Darian's gaze drifted down to his mother's collarbones, visible above the towel she had draped around herself. He couldn't resist running his fingers over the soft, spotted skin, marveling at how delicate she seemed in that moment. His fingers tracing the contours of her collarbones as he worked his way down to her soft, spotted skin. Nymira closed her eyes, relishing the comforting touch of her son.

"We will get through this, Mother. I promise you," Darian said, his voice a low whisper. His hands slowly moved lower and lower, reaching down to the towel and dipping underneath it. He felt a thrill course through him as her nipples hardened beneath the towel, a sure sign that she was enjoying his touch, her neck slightly trembered, and wondered if it was from the cold or from something else entirely. The air between them felt electric, charged with unspoken desire.

"Yes... Darian," she moaned.

Darian hesitated for a moment before continuing. "You know, I still intend to do my father's last will."

"Last will?" Nymira stopped his touch and half turned around, her gray eyes wide with surprise with eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"To marry you," Darian whispered, making sure that the servants behind him couldn't hear. "And it's the only way I can protect you."

For a moment, Nymira didn't know what to say. Then she saw the determination in her son's eyes and realized what he was offering her. With a deep breath, she turned back to the mirror and ran a comb through her hair, attempting to maintain a sense of composure despite the sudden rush of emotions.

"I don't think I quite understand you," she said finally. "Or maybe I don't want to. You can't marry me, Darian. You're my son, and I'm your mother. Let's leave it at that. I cannot go against the laws of nature and society..."

Darian's face remained impassive. "We can keep it a secret. No one has to know. As for our relationship, it will remain unchanged. We will continue to love and care for each other as we always have. And as for the people...they don't need to know the details of our private lives. All they need to know is that their queen is safe and protected."

Nymira took a deep breath, her voice trembling slightly. "It's not just about keeping it a secret. I love you, Darian, but we

cannot marry. It's just not possible. That's it. When Nome returns, everything is going to be as it was before... Now leave me. Right now I intend to have a bath if you haven't noticed."

As the words left her mouth, Nymira's heart ached with sadness. She had never imagined that her son would express such feelings for her, and the idea of marrying him...

Darian's couldn't hide his disappointment, but he also comprehended her response. He bowed respectfully and turned to leave.

"Wait," Nymira called out softly. "I'm flattered by your proposal, Darian, truly. But you must understand that it's impossible. I appreciate your love for me, but you and I, we share a special bond as mother and son, but that's where it ends. We can't let our feelings get in the way of our duties to the kingdom and our people. Promise me you won't speak of this again."

Darian nodded, a sense of resignation settling over him. "I promise"

## CHAPTER 8. COUNSELORS APPROVE

With his problems, Darian came to someone he had never expected to ask for advice: Lokir.

As he entered the man's cabinet, the overpowering smell of garlic and socks hit him like a wall. Despite the low ceiling,

the room felt cluttered with various scrolls and books scattered haphazardly across the table, the floor, and even under the table. It gave an accurate impression of what kind of man Lokir was: disorganized, but incredibly knowledgeable.

Without a king he and Narim had a lot of stuff to do so Darian didn't want to bother counselor for too long. But as he was about to speak, a small balding man in black stepped out of the room, barely bowing to Darian.

"How may I help?" Lokir appeared from behind a towering stack of books, picking up some scrolls from the floor.

"I have a serious topic to discuss"

"I'm all ears," Lokir said, throwing up his hands. Something in his voice cracked with mockery. "You may have a seat, if you wish."

Darian sat down on the uncomfortable little chair, trying to ignore the scattered papers that Lokir had carelessly thrown around them.

"Hard to believe this very man wrote a book about us and our kingdom," Darian thought bitterly, feeling a wave of frustration wash over him.

Silence hang up in the air, only the crackling sounds of woods in the hearth intermittently breaking it.

Darian spoke, his voice heavy with determination. "I intent to follow my king's last will and continue the Serpent-Slayer line... "

As he started to speak, Lokir's eyes barely registered his presence. The counselor seemed more interested in organizing his papers and books than in listening to Darian's concerns.

"With the queen," Darian ended.

Lokir paused and with a swing threw pillars of sheets and books over his table, causing the wine glass to flip over. Suddenly, he was interested.

"So with the queen. Hm," Lokir repeated emotionlessly, surprising Darian. For the first time, Lokir's thoughts were completely unreadable.

"Yes, and I need your help with that," said Darian.

Lokir sat down, picking up his glass from where it had fallen, and began digging the meat out of his teeth with a fish bone. "Interesting," he said cryptically.

"Interesting?" asked Darian, confused about Lokir's reaction.

"It's interesting because it's not the first time I've been asked for something like this, my prince," Lokir replied.

Darian raised an eyebrow.

"Actually, if you had read my book about your history, you would know that the Serpent-Slayers have a lot of experience in this regard," Lokir said.

"King Angus," interrupted Darian, impatiently.

"So you read it. I'm impressed, my prince," Lokir smiled and leaned back in his chair, continuing to use the fish bone.

"And what about the 'untrue rumors'?" continued Darian.

Lokir took the bone out of his mouth and smiled like he'd never smiled before. That was enough of an answer.

"Honestly speaking, many years ago, King Inglud actually intended to share a bed with his mother, Queen Lazerta, as well. He wanted to emulate Angus in everything, so he took that step," Lokir revealed, relishing in the shock on Darian's face.

Darian's eyes widened. Lokir's words hung in the air like a noxious fog, and Darian recoiled from the implications of what he had just heard. "Wait, you're saying that the king... with queen Lazerta?"

Lokir nodded and Darian leaned in, eager to hear more of this tale. "And... did he succeed?"

Lokir's smile was sinister, "Well. It's a long story but... Yeah. they shared a bed only once, and there was a child born from that union, but it's unclear whether it was his seed or not. Regardless, they never engaged in such behavior again."

"What happened to that child?"

Lokir shrugged, "Have no idea. It doesn't matter I suppose..." Lokir smiled again looking at him. "What does matter is that Inglud asked Nome to do the same before the campaign against the barbarians."

"Nome? He asked Nome to share a bed with the queen?" Darian repeated again, looking probably like a fool with open mouth and widened eyes.

"Indeed he did. Hehehehe" Lokir giggled. "You should have seen the prince's face." "I can imagine," Darian said, his mind still reeling from the bombshell Lokir had just dropped.

"So Nome wasn't really into any of that stuff. He declined and left for war," Lokir took another sip of his wine, some of it spilling onto the table. He set the bone aside and leaned in, his gaze fixed on Darian. "But. It seems you are much more worthy of the title 'Serpent-Slayer' than I originally thought. My apologies for underestimating you, my prince."

Darian leaned back in his chair, still trying to process what he had just heard. Nome had never mentioned anything about sharing a bed with Nymira. But then again, would he?

Lokir interrupted Darian's thoughts, "So, Darian Serpent-Slayer. Are you planning to do what you intend to do? Do you intend to share a bed with your queen?"

Darian met Lokir's gaze, his voice steady, "Yes, I do."

"Then it's settled. I'll help you. I've had a plan in place for a long time, just waiting for the right prince to come along. I'll talk to the queen. And you, do me a favor. Talk to Narim. That old..." He wiped his mouth of wine. "The old scoundrel might try to interfere and ruin everything. The king promised to take care of him, but..."

"I'll talk to him. You can be sure he won't mind."

As Lokir spoke, Darian couldn't help but feel a sense of relief. He had found an ally in Lokir. Who could have thought?

"I'll give you a sign when it's time to talk business with the queen," he giggled. "For now, if you'll excuse me, I need to deal with my business right here on my table."

Darian nodded, got up from his chair, and disappeared out the door.

It was amazing how everything he'd heard had turned his picture upside down. So Inglud had coveted his mother, too, and even slept with her, and then, many years later, offered to

do the same to Nome? I wonder if Nymira knew about this. I guess it doesn't matter now.

If Lokir has promised to sort it out, let's hope he will succeed. He hadn't at all expected that the meeting with the counselor would turn out so favorably and successfully for his plans.

After a few minutes Darian appeared before Narim's doors and entered. The old man sat by the hearth, reading a letter from a large pile on his table. Unlike the sparse chambers of Lokir, Narim's study was filled with papers, books, and scrolls carefully arranged in cabinets and bookshelves that lined the room. The table lacked any signs of food, but the room was filled with a pleasant aroma of herbal ointment.

"Ah, my prince," Narim said, looking at the newcomer through his spectacles.

"No need for formalities," Darian closed the door firmly behind him, making sure no one was following him, and adjusted his doublet. "I've come to discuss business."

Narim carefully wrapped up the letter he was reading, but didn't put it on the table. Instead, he looked Darian over with his colorless eyes.

"Before we begin...I received a letter," the old man began in his slow, aged voice, exhaling deeply.

"A letter?" Darian asked, surprised. He came closer and felt the warmth of the fireplace on his face. He already knew the answer to his question, but was afraid to admit it. "From Nome?" Darian barely managed to utter the name, and Narim's slow nod dispelled all doubts.

The old man unfolded the letter and read it from beginning to end.

"I deeply mourn the death of our king and am aware of my right to the throne. However, at the moment, I cannot inform you of any good news. I have been severely injured on the battlefield, and our enemies have almost breached one of the last lines of defense. I will return as soon as I am able. Protect the queen. Nome."

The advisor slowly rolled up the worn letter and placed it on the table as if it were a precious artifact.

"It can't be..." Darian muttered in disbelief.

Narim answered with a resigned sigh, removing glasses from his eyes and spreading his hands to the side. "Well, apparently it can," he said. "Nome has confirmed his right to the throne with this letter, and he is now the future King of Incuria."

Darian's heart sank at the news.

No one must stop me from getting the queen. Not even my brother.

"Does anyone else know about this but us?" he asked.

"No one. Only us," Narim replied, folding his hands in his lap.

The two men were silent for a while, each lost in thought. Finally, the old man wanted to speak, but Darian interrupted him.

"He won't be back anytime soon," Darian said. "There is no telling when Nome will return or what will happen to the kingdom by then. Can we leave Incuria without a king for that long?"

"What else can we do? Circumstances are stronger than we are. We will have to wait for Nome to return and make sure that the kingdom will not fall by then." Narim concluded.

Darian sank down into the comfortable, cushioned high chair across from the advisor. "My friend Narim, for many years you have bailed me out. I have always known I could rely on you for something. And now I have a final favor to ask of you... Destroy this letter."

Narim's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Destroy it?" he repeated softly. "You are asking me to commit treason. The punishment is death."

Darian leaned forward. "No punishment if I am king," he said firmly.

Narim was silent for a while, his thoughts racing. Finally, he slowly rose from his chair with the letter in his hands. "To go against the crown... But do I go against it?" he muttered to himself. "Nome is wounded, and it is unknown if he will return at all. We need a king now, not in the uncertain future."

He turned slowly toward Darian. "I do this for the sake of the kingdom...my friend," he said. His hand with the letter slid down, and the letter seemed to fall out of his old fingers. The yellowed paper sank straight into the mouth of the hearth roaster, where tongues of flame quickly destroyed all its contents.

Darian's eyes followed as the letters and words on the parchment turned to black ash before him.

"Thank you, Narim," he murmured.

The old counselor sank into his seat, sighing heavily as he considered the gravity of what they had just done. "Is it worth notifying the Queen about Nome?" he asked, his voice heavy with apprehension.

Darian shook his head, "No, I don't think we should. I'll talk to her...actually, I wanted to talk to you about the queen."

Narim rubbed his eyes wearily and fixed his gaze upon the young prince, trying to discern the purpose of the visit. "Go on," he prompted.

Darian took a deep breath, bracing himself for the words to come. "I intend to carry out the king's last will...and breed," he stated, the discomfort evident in his voice.

"With the queen," Suddenly Narim interrupted,

"Yes," He said simply, unsure of how to proceed, surprised by that interruption.

The counselor fixed his gaze on prince. "Darian, I want you to tell me honestly. I just did you a favor, and now I'm asking you to do the same. Tell me. Did you murder the king?"

For a tense moment, the two men locked eyes, each searching the other's soul for a sign of deceit. "I still can't forget about the key I gave you..."

"I swear to you, I had nothing to do with it," Darian interrupted him, his voice steady. But the counselor's doubts lingered.

"I understand," the counselor said, his expression softening as he seemed to grasp the truth without further words. "Regarding the queen, I will only approve your...interrogations...under one strict condition."

"And what is that?"

"You won't 'breed' with her," the counselor spoke the words slowly and deliberately, leaving no room for misunderstanding. "You will not make offspring with the queen. Do you understand?"

Darian hesitated for a second, taken aback by the counselor's blunt request. But after a moment of consideration, he gave a resigned nod. "Fine."

"I want you to promise me, Darian. Promise me!"

"I promise, God. I promise I won't make offspring with queen-mother," he vowed.

There was a pause before the counselor spoke again. "Good. Then we have an agreement. That is all. Remember, you will be closely watched during your interrogations."

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Days turned into weeks, and people started to expect Darian to become a king. The kingdom was abuzz. And yet there were those who believed in Nome's return as rumors about him being alive grew.

It was a day like any other when Darian received a word from Lokir that everything was ready. The Queen was waiting for him in her chambers.

"So, that's it?" he thought, his mind racing with disbelief. "Have I really won her hand in marriage just like that?"

"Come in," Nymira's voice floated through the door after a short knock.

Darian entered to find his mother standing by the window, her usual green robes swishing softly around her ankles. The room was warm and familiar, much as it had been on the King's birthday.

"I came to talk. I know I made a promise to you..." Darian slowly rounded the bed, but did not come closer. He made sure little Tartuf wasn't by the hearth; Gertrude must be busy with the child.

"I know what you came to talk about," Nymira's voice was muffled and calm, with a hint of irritability, as always. "Lokir told me everything."

"He did?" Darian tried to look surprised, barely able to hide his amusement.

"He spoke of the old Serpent-Slayers tradition of a mother sharing a bed with her King son."

Nothing in the queen's demeanor or words gave away her attitude toward all that had been said. Is she annoyed? Is she angry? Or is the queen agreeable and willing to obey her fate?

"So?" he asked, unable to decipher her thoughts.

"So it's time to put an end to this abominable tradition," Queen Nymira declared, her voice firm and resolute. "And besides, as the king's first son, Nome never stooped to such base acts."

Darian scoffed. "And look where it's gotten him and the king."

The queen's plump lips and eyebrows curved in anger at her son's disrespectful tone. "How dare you speak of your father and brother in such a way?"

Darian stepped forward, circling his mother as she watched him warily. "Mother, I know you have doubts, but you must remember what you told me. You are a strong, fertile, and beautiful woman. My seed is as potent as King's, and you are the only one capable of producing Serpent-Slayers."

Nymira's eyes widened in shock as she realized where her son was headed. "Darian, no," she whispered, taking a step back.

But Darian was undeterred. "In the name of king's memory and for the sake of the kingdom, I shall continue what he started. Do not make the mistake of denying me."

As he spoke, Darian's words carried a weight that seemed to fill the room. Nymira felt her resolve begin to falter... But still, the thought of bearing her own son's child was a daunting prospect.

Realizing the true nature of Darian's intentions, Nymira turned away. "I had hoped you'd abandoned those foolish ideas that led you astray before the king's death. Get out. I don't want to see you, Darian. Nome will return, and he will be the true king the kingdom deserves."

"As you wish," Darian sneered as he left the room, his anger palpable.

Before he could depart, however, Nymira had one final revelation to share. "The king and I were together when he died, and I am already pregnant with a child. I have no need for another one."

## CHAPTER 9. NOW OR NEVER

He spent the rest of day in thoughts. He can't take her by force, it's just doesn't seem right and it shouldn't be like that. And, by the way, Narim clearly messaged him what happened with last person who tried to rape the Queen.

Darian couldn't shake the memories of the way Nymira had reacted to his words. The way she had paused, considering the proposition. Was it possible that she was willing to agree, unless it was all a figment of his imagination?

Darian spent hours lost in thought, replaying every moment of his interaction with the queen. The subtle nuances of her gestures and expressions haunted him, leaving him with a desperate hope that his desires were not in vain.

But for now, all he could do was wait and hope that fate would somehow bring them together in a way that was both safe and mutually satisfying.

The moon rose high outside the window, the middle of the night approaching. It was drizzling outside. Darian carefully pulled the small tobacco pipe away from his face and stared into the moon. As he turned to light a pipe, a shadowy figure in a black coat sprang from the shadows, sword drawn.

Darian's heart froze as the attacker lunged towards him. He struggled to defend himself, parrying the blows as best he could. It wasn't until the assailant paused for a moment that Darian recognized the face beneath.

"Braga?"

The bodyguard's eyes burned with a fierce intensity as he leveled his sword at the young prince. "I have dreaded this moment for years, Your Highness. Don't you remember my promise? With the king gone, the time has come for me to rid our kingdom of your weakness once and for all."

Darian's mind raced as he dodged another blow from the sword. He stood his ground, his sword flashing in the dim candlelight as he parried Braga's strikes with all his might.

With a powerful shove, Braga threw Prince Darian against the cold stone wall. Darian stumbled, his head connecting with a brick which dislodged from the wall and clattered to the

ground. Pain erupted through his skull, but he had no time to recover as Braga loomed over him, sword raised high.

"The spy gave me permission to kill you, Darian," Braga spat. "I'm sorry, but you wouldn't make a good king anyway"

But in that moment, something sparked within Darian's mind. He recognized the fallen brick at his feet - a brick from his own hidden masonry. Without a second thought, he seized the dagger he had used to kill the king and hurled it with precision at Braga's neck.

The blade pierced the full neck of the queen's bodyguard, sinking deeply and causing blood to spurt out. Braga's sword clattered to the ground as he grasped at his neck, eyes wide with shock and pain. As Braga stumbled back, Darian seized the fallen sword and thrust it into opponent's heart, determined to end the battle once and for all. With a final, desperate surge of strength, he hurled bodyguard out the window, watching as the man's body plummeted down into the abyss below.

"I am the King now. Long Live King Darian."

He rushed to the doors, tightly but silently closing it behind, he went to the queen.

Torchlight illuminated the narrow corridor as he made his way towards the queen's chambers. The whiff of draught and the flickering light of torches followed him as he moved deeper into the castle.

Finally, he arrived, only to be met by two guards.

"I'll keep an eye on the queen to make sure she's in no danger," Darian stated.

The two looked at each other, pondering what had been said. Nevertheless, no one resisted as he entered, closing the door tightly behind.

As Darian entered, the night fire whistled dimly in the hearth, saturating the room with warm air mixed with the scent of mint. Tartuf's crib was empty, which meant that the child must have been hidden somewhere safe for the night.

Prince's heart ached as he approached the bed where his Mother lay. He couldn't help but notice the gentle rise and fall of her mesmerizing breasts, her blonde hair spilled like a river of silk across the pillow, framing her face in a halo of softness. The light of the moon filtering in through the window cast a gentle glow across her skin, highlighting the delicate lines of the cheekbones and lips. Even in sleep, she exuded a regal elegance that left Darian in awe.

His gaze fixed on the swell of her breasts visible beneath the thin fabric of her nightgown. The unexpected sight caught him off guard, causing his heart to beat faster with a sudden rush of desire.

With trembling hands, Darian slipped off his cloak and placed it on a nearby fur-trimmed chair. He took a deep breath to

calm his nerves before making his way towards mother's bed, shrouded in darkness. However, Nymira stirred from her sleep, her eyes gradually adjusting to the faint light. She could make out the silhouette of her son standing beside her.

"Don't..." she mumbled, her voice barely above a whisper. "We can't do this..."

He gently threw off the blanket, exposing the view of Mother's entire body. His breath quickened as he climbed onto the bed, consumed by a rush of lust. Her gray eyes stared at him in the dark, the look on her face drove him crazy.

"I am the king now. You can't say no to me. We do this for the kingdom, Mother," he growled, moving his dick closer and climbed on top of her. "Your body belongs to me now."

Nymira's heart ached with conflicting emotions. She knew this was wrong, but the feeling of Darian's body against hers was overwhelming, and the power dynamics between them seemed to blur in the heat of the moment.

The memory of that fateful day in the woods came flooding back, overwhelming her senses. She could still see the magnificent stallion mating with his own mother, a sight that had left her feeling both aroused and horrified.

And now, as seeing intensity in Darian's eyes that she knew all too well, she made no move to resist. The pull of their shared taboo was too strong, drawing them together in a primal and forbidden desire.

Without a second thought, he pushed his hips forward and entered his mother's pussy. They both shuddered with pleasure, though he only entered her with the tip of his dick.

"I'm going all the way in," he said. His cock began to move deeper and deeper into his own mother. He still couldn't believe it was happening, and the sensation of ecstasy completely blinded his eyes. It was so... strange to be inside her, but so good at the same time. The sight of her face engulfed in pleasure, the way she held back from showing him her euphoria was driving him crazy and he could have sworn he was going to cum in that moment.

Finally, he reached the end, and he knew by the look on her face that he had reached a deep spot inside her. She cried out; it was nothing like the soft, contented sighs he had heard that night with the king.

"How... you," she managed to gasp, her breaths coming out in ragged bursts.

With a sudden movement, she wrapped her legs tightly around his hips and hands around his neck, drawing him down to her in a heated embrace. Their bodies fused together like two halves of a single whole, lost in the ecstasy of the scene.

For a while he just enjoyed the moment, enjoyed being fully inside her, ripping mother's nightie and wrapping hands around her full breasts, squeezing and licking them.

It seems she was still trying to protest, even now, muttering something like, "No, no... We can't, Darian." But he wasn't listening.

He slowly moved his hips back, gradually working his way through her vagina, she cried out again, and the sensation of pleasure hit his mind like a trumpet or a punch.

"Ooohhhhh. You are so good..." he mumbled, his breath hot against her neck as he leaned in to kiss her, greedily sinking into her plump lips, as he couldn't get enough of her. She squeaked in surprise, trying to pull her face away, but she couldn't. It was as if their tongues had merged together, and at that moment he made a powerfull thrust with his hips forward, as if trying to tear her apart from inside.

"Oh... Darian," she moaned softly, still trying to break the kiss.

He pressed forward with powerful, rhythmic movements. "I love you, Mom." Without pulling away from the kiss, he did so again and again, thrust after thrust, entering and leaving her vagina. His hips moved back and forth in a frantic rhythm.

Her heart fluttered with joy as she replied, "I love you too, Darian."

In that moment, he was lost to the world around him, consumed by his desire. Their hands clasped together tightly, fingers interlocking as they gazed deeply into each other's eyes. With a fierce outburst of passion, they drew closer, their bodies pressed tightly together as they shared the depth of

their taboo love. Every inch of their bodies seemed to meld together in the ecstasy. Darian couldn't stop moving his body, his hips, feeling that he was close, but it was okay. He thought he wouldn't even last that long.

"Am I better than the King?" he suddenly asked, breaking the spell that had overtaken them.

At the mention of the King, she recoiled, a flicker of fear crossing her face.

"Please," she whispered, her voice barely above a breath. "Don't talk about him..oh-h-h."

"But I need to know," he persisted, his tone growing more insistent.

"Don't... Oh-h-h," she mourned.

"Tell me, or I'll stop", he demanded.

A flicker of emotion crossed her face before she finally relented. "Yes," she whispered, "you are better."

The words sent a thrill of triumph through him. With each thrust, it felt as if he was lost in a frenzy, driving his hips with a fierce intensity.

And at that moment he felt something was happening to her body. She trembled and cried out of pleasure. "Yes, yes." Nymira's heart raced as a wave of pleasure washed over her, her body quivering with ecstasy. The sensation was all-consuming, every nerve in her body lighting up with a fiery intensity that left her gasping for breath. She came.

As she clung to the sheets, her mind flooded with a kaleidoscope of images and sensations, each one more intense than the last. Her body was a vessel of pure pleasure, every inch of her skin alive with sensation as she gave herself over to the moment. "O-h-h-h-h... Darian", she cried out, closing her eyes.

For Nymira, this was more than just physical release. It was a moment of emotional and spiritual liberation, a reminder that she was more than just a queen or a mother, but a woman with needs and desires of her own.

As she came, Darian felt her insides tighten around his cock, contracting and squeezing several times, and the fluid filled her vagina, causing his every thrust to be accompanied by a slurping sound.

Darian's heart raced with desire as he gazed into her eyes, her body pressed close against his. He leaned again in to capture her lips in a deep, passionate kiss, savoring the taste of her on his tongue.

As they moved together, lost in their own world of pleasure, Darian felt a sense of completeness wash over him. He had never felt this way before, so alive and connected to another

person. Lost in the moment, the two of them continued to explore each other's bodies, their love growing stronger with each passing second and thrust.

"Are you... close?" she said, hardly breathing, his hands still on her breasts. Perhaps she got it by the look on his face. "Don't... do it inside me... oh-h--h..."

He had sworn not to impregnate the queen under any circumstances. And despite his intense desire to cum inside his mother, he had to obey the promise.

Finally, his breathing became ragged, less frequent, and his thrusts became irregular, hard. He thought he was suffocating and at that moment the orgasm came abruptly and hit him in the head.

"CUMMING". He yelled and his body hummed with excitement, a surge of energy pulsing through his veins. His heart pounded with pleasure as a wave of ecstasy washed over him, leaving him quivering in its wake. The sensation consumed him completely, every nerve in his body sparking with fiery intensity that left him gasping for air. Looking deep into his mother's eyes, Darian felt an eternal love for her. At the very last moment she managed to pull his cock out of her vagina, and Darian gave in.

All of his man fluids spurted out onto her abdomen, splashing all over queen's body. Spurt after spurt, explosion after explosion, his semen spurted out onto her stomach, puring all around her, onto her breasts, dripping down, and into her

hair. It's erupted like a volcano, sucking all the life force out of him and making him completely dry.

"Oh...Mom" He rubbed his cock over her belly, still trembling with pleasure.

With a heavy sigh, he collapsed right on top of her. She wrapped her arms around prince, holding him tightly in her warm embrace. As Darian's breathing began to slow and his eyes grew heavy, he whispered softly, "Thank you, mother," before drifting off into a deep and restful sleep.

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Slowly opening his eyes, he stretched his arms and basked in the warm glow of the first rays of sunlight streaming through the window. For the first time in weeks, he had slept soundly, and the memories of the night before filled him with a sense of contentment.

As he sat up in bed, he caught sight of Queen Nymira standing at the window with Tartuf nestled in her arms, gently rocking him back and forth.

Nymira spoke, her voice strained and filled with regret. "What we did last night was a mistake," she said without turning around.

His heart sank at the words. Was it all just a fleeting moment of passion, then?

"We did it for the kingdom," he said, trying to reassure her.

He rose from the bed and walked over to stand beside her, feeling a mix of confusion and frustration.

Nymira turned to face him, her eyes filled with both pain and understanding. "I know," she said softly, her voice barely above a whisper. "But that doesn't change the fact that what we did was wrong. I am your mother..."

Before he could finish his sentence, a knock at the door interrupted them. The door to his chambers burst open, and several armed guards stormed in, their weapons drawn.

Darian tensed, ready to fight, but before he could even make a move, he was quickly overpowered and handcuffed. He struggled against them, breaking the nose of one of the guards in the process, but it was no use. He was outnumbered and outmatched.

"In the name of the King, you are under arrest," one of the guards declared, his voice cold and emotionless.

"I am the king, you fool!" Darian snapped.

"What is going on?" Queen Nymira demanded, her eyes flashing with anger and confusion.

In that moment, like a snake slithering into the room, Narim slowly made his way forward, rattling his walking stick in a menacing manner. In his hands was a bundle.

"Darian Serpent-Slayer, you are charged with the murder of the king," Narim mouthed, his grin a wicked display of satisfaction. With a flourish, he opened the bundle, displaying the dagger.

"What are you doing, Narim?"

As Narim revealed the damning evidence against Darian, the queen's expression turned from indignation to disbelief. She couldn't believe that her son could have committed such a heinous crime.

"Darian, this is all a misunderstanding, isn't it?" she pleaded.

"I didn't do that. You have to believe me. It's a lie!" he protested.

She took a step forward, as if to embrace him, but Narim stepped in, blocking her way. "You see, my dear queen, this is the kind of treachery that we have been dealing with all along. The Barbarians have infiltrated our ranks, manipulating and deceiving us to further their own agenda. Braga was right, Darian is the spy. And that's why Darian killed him yesterday."

"No, no. What are you talking about, Narim?!"

And then, in a sudden flash of realization, he understood. "It was you," he said, his voice low and deadly. "You were the spy all along".

But the queen, meanwhile, was not convinced. "This cannot be true," she whispered. "Darian would never do such a thing."

## **Part Three**

### CHAPTER 10. BACK IN A CELL

Darian tried to piece together the events that had led him back to the same cold, damp cell in the castle dungeon. The betrayal stung like a fresh wound, and now the queen knew the truth - he had murdered the king.

"I should have gotten rid of the dagger and cloak," he thought bitterly. "But I was so foolishly relieved at my victory that I never even considered the possibility of being found out."

Despair washed over him. "Who am I trying to fool? I am not fit to be a king," he whispered. "I am just a scared and spoiled child. How could I have ever hoped to marry the queen? If Inglud was still alive, he would know how to stop this madness and save the kingdom."

The dungeon doors creaked, revealing an old man with a flickering torch in his hand.

"Narim," Darian said slowly. There was no hatred or anger in his voice. It was as if Darian was once again greeting an old friend.

"Darian," the counselor muttered back, putting the torch into the wall.

They watched each other in silence for a while, but the silence was far more eloquent than any words. Narim spoke first. "The queen took the throne before your older brother came back."

"I trusted you. I trusted you with my life. We had a friendship that I cherished. And this is the price for my faith? You betrayed me. You wanted me to kill the king, didn't you? And you let me do this."

The man before him, once a trusted ally, now seemed like a stranger. "I never pushed you to do anything. I gave you a book because you asked; I gave you a key so you could run away and start a new life; I destroyed the letter because you needed a favor. And everything I've done was in pursuit of what I believe is necessary for the greater good."

"Why are you doing this? Gold? Power? Queen?"

"Justice."

"Justice?" Darian scoffed. "What justice could possibly justify your betrayal?"

"Justice for those who perished at the hands of the Serpent-Slayers. For many years, your bloodline disrupted the order of nature. The Serpent-Slayers must be eradicated," Narim replied firmly.

"Eradicated? My bloodline has made this kingdom prosperous and strong."

"The prosperity came at a high cost," Narim retorted "Your line's actions have left a trail of horror and death. You capture and kill, destroy and plunder. Your traditions are gruesome and twisted. And you, Darian, are burdened by a forbidden love for your own mother. Such desires are not worthy of those who claim the throne."

Darian gripped the bars of his cell and said, "We have always treated you as a friend, and now you try to play the role of a saint? You're just a pathetic traitor. And my love for my mother is as pure as it can be. That's something you won't understand."

The cold dungeon wind almost extinguished the torch. Narim smiled before continuing, "I don't think there's any love from the queen's side. It breaks her heart to think that her son could commit such a heinous act as ravaging her in her own bed. What son would do this to his own mother?"

"I didn't ravage her, you monster"

"It's all over. You won't escape this time. She knows you murdered the king. Who do you think she would believe more?"

A cocky young man, even though he is her son or an advisor who has spent a lifetime serving the kingdom?"

The torch flickered, casting eerie shadows across Darian's pale face. "Now I understand why you warned me against mating with the queen. You didn't want me to continue the Serpent-Slayers' lineage."

"My dear friend, did you truly intend to sire offspring with your own mother?" Narim chuckled, the cruel sound echoing through the dungeon. "The queen's bloodline shall continue, but without your involvement."

Darian's heart sank. "What fate awaits me and Tartuff?"

"Your little brother will live, but he will never know who he truly is. He will never be the Serpent-Slayer. Your trial will happen tomorrow, but you won't be in attendance. Knowing your temper, my friend, I don't want you to say anything provocative. In memory of our friendship, instead of execution, I will ensure that you are sent into slavery, where you will live out the rest of your days in servitude"

"If you think I will thank you for that, you are mistaken."

"I won't," Narim said as he turned to leave. "But I do hope that, perhaps not immediately, but someday in the years to come, you will grasp the motives behind my actions. And maybe, through the trials of the life you are destined to lead, you shall find it within yourself to forgive me..." He paused briefly before adding, "My friend. I am sorry, Darian. Truly, I am. However,

sometimes sacrifices must be made for the greater good. The days of the Serpent-Slayers are numbered."

With those words, he left. Narim's footsteps faded, leaving Darian alone in the flickering darkness. There is no hope.

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As the sun set and the darkness crept in, a shadowy figure emerged from the gloom. A little man shrouded in a dark hood approached the young prince and Darian immediately caught a garlic scent.

"Lokir!"

"Back in your cell, I see, Prince. I'm starting to think you like being here," Lokir said with a yellow teeth smile "But I did not come on my own. I came with a guest."

With a flourish, he unlocked the dungeon door, revealing a woman standing in the doorway. Darian's heart skipped a beat. It was his mother. Despite the less-than-ideal setting, she was every bit as regal as he remembered. Her hair flowed in gentle waves down her back; she wore a flowing gown of deep purple that hugged her curves in all the right places.

The queen had always been beautiful, but at that moment, she was positively radiant. Despite the situation, Darian couldn't help but be captivated by her. He knew that he shouldn't be

feeling this way, but he couldn't help it. The queen was just too stunning to ignore even though she didn't even try to.

"Mother," he whispered.

"I'll leave you two alone," Lokir slipped out the door with a sneer.

"I didn't come to just talk. Is it true, Darian?" she asked "Did you do it?"

"No, Mother," he chuckled. "I did not kill the king"

The Queen's gaze flickered over Darian's face, searching for any sign of deceit. But he met her eyes steadily.

"I want to believe you. I truly do. But how can I when you've already betrayed me in the worst way possible? My own son, who I have loved and cared for since the moment you were born, has broken the ultimate taboo."

Darian's smile faded as he saw the pain in her eyes. He reached out to comfort her, but she recoiled, stepping back. "I can't even look at you right now. The thought of what we've done makes me sick."

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Mom. We did nothing wrong. It was our duty as king and queen..."

"Duty?" The Queen's eyes widened. "Is that what you think it was? You are not yet the king, Darian. And I am your mother, not wife!"

"Your body thought differently," it raced through his mind and then he said "I know what we did wasn't probably right. But can't you understand how much I love you? How much I need you?"

"Love shouldn't make you do things that are wrong; I am your mother. And what you're feeling is not love; it's a twisted, dangerous obsession."

"But you can't deny that this love felt good, didn't it?" A sly smile spread across his face. Darian reached out and gently took the queen's hand. "After what happened, our relationship won't be the same. You know it. So why don't we just surrender to these feelings?" With his other hand, he tried to pull her closer for a kiss.

"While Lokir is out we can..." he suddenly felt the queen squeeze his fingers painfully. "Ohhhh... Ouch."

"Do not test me. If you dare to touch me like this again, I won't see you as my son, and I might do something I'll probably regret. I am still your mother, and I demand respect," she pulled her hand away, her face flushing.

He gave a pained gasp, taking his hands back. "Nymira the Warrior," Darian thought with a bitter smile.

"This is madness," she said, voice trembling slightly. "I can't believe this is happening. My own son..."

"Your own son what?" he asked, almost whispering.

"Nothing," she said after a short pause. "I just can't believe we've come to this," she sighed heavily and brushed her blonde hair out of her eyes. "Now I clearly see that you did it. I'm not stupid, Darian. You killed the king to have a chance... with me."

She looked into his eyes again, searching for any hint of remorse or regret, but found none. The room fell silent, the tension thick and suffocating.

"You are not my son, and your fate will be decided tomorrow at trial. We are done, Lokir," she turned towards the door. Lokir opened it from the other side, letting the queen pass through.

Even though she hates him, Darian won't be able to forget the smell of her heated body, the warmth of her breasts, the feel of mother's insides, and the taste of her lips for a long time to come.

"It's not over yet," he thought and beckoned the counselor. "Lokir. May I have a word?"

"I'm not supposed to talk to prisoners, especially to the murderer of the king," he made a face as if he had tasted sour milk while looking at Darian.

"I don't ask you to talk. Just listen. Tomorrow, my fate will be decided. Whether I die, or whether I can get a second chance with the queen. You have always been more loyal to my bloodline than I could ever imagine. You are the only one I can trust. And tomorrow is your decisive chance to prove your loyalty."

Lokir raised an eyebrow. "Go on."

"I know we haven't always gotten along, but either way, I want you to ask yourself a question. Who is more likely to have killed the king: the prince, who was in prison in prison when the king was murdered, or the head of the guard, who has never concealed his hatred for the king's sons? The same man who later tried to murder me."

"Are you implying that Braga is behind the King's murder, my prince, not you?" Lokir scratched his balding head, "With all due respect to dead ones, Braga was too dumb to set up something like that himself."

"So, someone helped him - the spy. How convenient that Narim was the only one who knew about the hiding place in my chambers, where he found the dagger. Convince the queen to search Narim's or Braga's chambers. It is my last will."

"Hmm..." Lokir scratched his head once again. "The old scoundrel was never one for fair play. I used to tell the king about it all the time," Lokir remarked with a hint of bitterness. "It's harsh to see how he messed with you." advisor's expression softened slightly as he regarded Darian with newfound respect. "But now I see why he holds you in such high regard. You truly are full of surprises, Darian the Serpent-Slayer." With a nod of farewell, he added, "Goodbye, Prince."

"Farewell. Now everything depends on you"

## CHAPTER 11. FINAL TRIAL

The day of the trial passed like any other day in the cell. Everything took place without his involvement, and Darian could only wonder how his fate was decided. Thoughts of his illicit encounter with the queen were the only thing that kept him sane amidst the turmoil. He indulged in the memory of her scent, the softness of her skin, and the fullness of her breasts with meandering blue veins, skin stretches, and dark areolae.

If taboo was bad, then why did it feel so damn good?

As Darian lay back on his bunk, pretending to sleep, the dungeon doors creaked open, and a shadowy figure moved towards him. The sound of a blade being unsheathed filled the air. Darian secretly grabbed a sheet from his bunk, wrapping it tightly around his arm as a makeshift weapon. Swiftly, Darian covertly snatched a sheet from his bunk, deftly wrapping it around his arm to improvise a makeshift weapon.

Bracing himself for the confrontation, he remained concealed, capitalizing on the element of surprise.

Without hesitation, he lunged at the intruder, catching him off guard, and wrestled him to the ground, delivering a swift, decisive strike that instantly incapacitated the man's neck. It was only in that moment of victory that Darian's eyes could discern the features of the defeated assailant: his very own jailer.

Confusion mixed with pain as Darian noticed the stab wound on his shoulder, the jailer's final desperate act before meeting his demise. Wincing, he clutched his injured shoulder, trying to comprehend the turn of events. "What's going on?" he questioned aloud. "I have to find my mother", Darian took the jailer's sword and seized the keys, making his way towards the upper levels, escaping the depths of the dungeon.

The castle was suspiciously quiet. No sound of moving soldiers, no rustling flames, no wind blowing. It was as if time had stopped.

Soon he came across the first corpse. A soldier with an embroidered bear on his cloak, Incurian banner. A pool of crimson stained the ground beneath him, and an arrow ominously protruded from his neck.

"Stop right there, prisoner," a voice boomed behind Darian. Slowly, he turned around to face a heavily breathing soldier in armor identical to the deceased's.

"What happened? Where are the queen and the counselors?" Darian demanded.

"How did you escape? Drop your sword," the guard replied, edging closer.

"What is your name, soldier?"

Before the guard could respond, another guard appeared on the opposite side, wielding a bow. The archer drew back the string, preparing to fire.

Darian let out a sigh, waving his sword in the air. "I cannot handle two enemies from both sides."

"For escaping, you will face death!" the first one charged into battle with sword raised and Darian prepared to defend himself. An arrow flew and, to Darian's surprise, the soldier fell dead at his feet, the arrow piercing his eye.

"Are you not wounded, my prince?" inquired the archer, who had drawn closer, as if materializing out of thin air, while Darian still tried to comprehend what just happened "You have been acquitted, but there were traitors among the guards."

"I was acquitted?" Darian mumbled, staring at the dead guard on the ground.

"I will explain everything on the way," urged the Archer, gesturing for the prince to follow.

"I need to find the queen."

"That's where we're heading," assured the archer as they proceeded down the corridor. In hushed tones, the guard recounted the recent chaos that had gripped the castle. The queen, he explained, had ordered a search of Narim and Braga's chambers, which had left the former visibly shaken. It turns out that part of the guard was collaborating with him. That's when it started to get messy. The castle is still divided between those who remain loyal to the Serpent-Slayers and the traitors who have aligned with Narim.

"What's your name, soldier?" Darian asked while they ventured into dark corridors.

"Jason."

"You will be rewarded, Jason."

"A bottle of ale and some rest will be a glorious reward," Jason said, smirking.

They stepped into the grand Triumphal Hall, their eyes met with a harrowing sight. Corpses of fallen soldiers were strewn across the floor, painting a grim scene of battle. Standing in the center, surrounded by soldiers, was Lokir, engaged in an intense conversation with the once-respected old man, Narim,

now kneeling before him. Next to him was Nymira with a baby in her arms. She was clad in a sweat-soaked dress, the strap having fallen off her shoulder, exposing part of her smooth skin.

"Darian!" Lokir waved cheerfully, seeing the prince at the entrance. Meanwhile, his mother remained silent.

"I brought the prince," Jason said, stepping aside.

"You were right, Darian," the counselor stepped closer. "This old bastard is a sticky traitor. He was sending letters to the barbarians about Nome's army plans and status."

The hall quickly filled with soldiers, several of them picked up the old man and Darian met the eyes of the man who had once been his trusted friend.

"Narim, you are charged with treason," Lokir announced sternly, though the old man's gaze remained fixed on Darian, shifting back and forth between him and Nymira.

"Sonner or later Nome will return... And there will be no way out for you, Darian. And you know it. Celebrate while you still can. The true king is coming."

Darian watched him silently, his shoulder still giving a painful groan. He looked at the queen, noticing the torn strap on her right shoulder that caused her breast to peek out slightly from behind the dress. Her skin, with its undulating veins and tiny

stretch marks, reminders of her age, was shifting into a circumference of a pink halo, barely visible.

A sudden realization stunned him. All obstacles to their union were finally behind them. The king, the crown, Nome, Narim. He was the king now. She was now his wife, his queen. He gazed at the very throne he had desired for so long and stepped closer. "The queen belongs only to the king."

## CHAPTER 12. CORONATION

The morning began and Darian woke up feeling already exhausted. A couple of days had gone by, and life in the castle slowly returned to what it was. No one in the kingdom even knew what had happened inside the castle. But today, everyone knew that Darian's coronation would take place this evening.

As Darian splashed his face with water from the bucket, he couldn't help but reflect on the remarkable turn his life had taken. He had always harbored a deep-seated belief that he was destined for greatness, but he never could have foreseen becoming king under such weird circumstances.

Just then, there was a knock on the door, the queen appeared in a white light dress. Her tits jiggled as she entered, with nipples visible through the sweat-thin fabric.

"I... just came to check on you," Nymira said softly, her eyes scanning his wounded shoulder. "How are you feeling?"

He turned his face and winced as her gentle hands touched the wound, but didn't pull away. Despite the pain, Darian managed a weak smile. He was glad to see his mother. "I'm okay. Just a little sore. You are not accusing me of killing the king anymore?"

Nymira's expression softened, and she reached out to take his hand. "I never meant for things to get so out of hand. I'm sorry for doubting you and for accusing you of your father's murder. I should have known you would never do that."

Darian nodded. "It's okay... I still love you, Mom. You are the most important person in my life."

"I love you too, dear" her voice barely above a whisper. "Together, we'll make things right again. I know it"

Darian took a deep breath. "There's something I need to ask you."

"Before you say anything," she interrupted, "you will become a king tonight, Darian. Therefore, I want to start a new life between us. I want to forget about the taboo love we shared and I want everything to be as it was."

"I don't think we will be able to forget about it."

"We will have to. Do you understand?" She took a deep breath, examining Darian's body. "Now, what did you want to ask me?"

He immediately felt reluctant to talk, strained his forehead, thinking about something, and suddenly asked, obviously not what he was planning to say before. "Be honest. The night we spent together. I know it was wrong, but...did you enjoy it?"

Nymira swallowed hard, her eyes dropping to the ground as she searched for something to say, and that's when she noticed the hard points of her nipples pushing against the fabric of her shirt, suddenly aware that they had been visible all this time. Surprise sparkled in her eyes.

"It's...complicated," she said, her cheeks flushing red, she made an effort to hide her nipples. "It was wrong but at the same time, it felt so good. I felt like a woman, for the first time in years. I had been so focused on my responsibilities as a mother, queen, and wife that I had forgotten what it meant to be a woman, to feel desired and wanted. It was nice, but you are my son, Darian. It was just a one-time accident that we should forget and move on. I don't want it to ruin our relationship."

"I see. Now, I need to ask you what I planned," he got up and took her hands. "I want you to marry me."

"I know it's an unconventional request, but I also know that as a king, I need to have a powerful woman beside me. And I can't imagine anyone else but you."

"I remember how you promised me that you would never talk about our marriage again. I can't marry you, Darian. Why

can't you just understand it? I am your mother, and you are my son."

"A lot has changed since then. And you still owe me for what happened with Narim. Just think about it. I'll respect whatever decision you make."

She looked intently into his eyes, trying to determine the extent of his confidence. "I'll give it some thought, as you wish, son. You may ask me about it after your coronation." With that, she turned and left, leaving Darian to ponder his chances.

Was it too soon? What if he had to wait more time to ask her for that? Will she agree to be his queen on full terms and in every aspect? With a deep sigh, he closed his eyes and let his mind wander back to the memory of the queen's passionate embrace. Despite the inherent wrongness of their forbidden love, he couldn't deny how incredibly good it had felt.

He still couldn't help but wonder what drove him to this illicit relationship. It's not about being like Prince Angus anymore but something deeper and more complex that he couldn't quite understand, something more primal and animalistic. Was it the thrill of breaking the rules? The desire of forbidden love?

Perhaps it doesn't matter now. Because it's done. Despite her decision, he's the king now and the queen belongs only to the king.

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The Triumphal Hall was a grand spectacle, a majestic structure made of marble and stone that towered above the city skyline. Its vast halls and grand chambers were filled with the citizens of Incuria, all of whom had gathered to witness the coronation of their new king. The air was thick with anticipation as they eagerly awaited the arrival of their ruler.

At the front of the hall, a grand stage had been erected, adorned with the finest silks and tapestries from all corners of the kingdom. The throne of Incuria, an ornate masterpiece of gilded gold and polished marble, was centered on the stage, flanked by two smaller thrones reserved for the queen and the royal advisor.

As the doors at the back of the hall opened, the crowd erupted into cheers and applause as Darian, accompanied by his mother and advisor Lokir (who glowed with happiness as he was now the chief advisor), made their way down the aisle. Darian was resplendent in his regal attire, his crown gleaming in the light.

As the ceremony began, the High Priest of the kingdom approached Darian with the Crown in his hands. With a solemn expression, the priest placed the crown upon Darian's head, and the entire hall erupted in cheers and applause. The sound echoed off the walls, reverberating through the city like a thunderclap.

Darian looked out over the sea of faces, his heart swelling with pride.

"Long live King Darian!" cried out the High Priest and the crowd took up the chant. Darian looked around and whispered, "Long live King Darian."

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As the sun set on the day of his coronation, Darian was walking down the familiar halls of his childhood home, headed towards his mother's chambers. Despite his newfound status as king, he felt a twinge of nervousness in his stomach as he knocked on the door.

Nymira's soft voice beckoned him. "Come in"

He stepped into the dimly lit room, where she was sitting at her vanity, brushing her long blonde hair.

"Still remember how I came here after father's birthday. The first day when I understood that you..." he cut it out but then added. "That you are special"

A little awkward pause hung in the air before she spoke. "I will marry you, but on one condition. Promise me we won't be together as husband and wife," she said, making it clear. "No kissing or touching. I know it's not what you had in mind, but it's the only way I can say yes."

This was the kind of proposal he had envisioned. He searched her face for any signs of doubt, but all Darian saw was a sense

of calm resolve. "And... what about love? What about companionship?"

"I'm not saying we can't love each other. We just can't be married in the traditional sense. Our relationship will have to be...unconventional."

"Unconventional," he repeated, still processing. "What about heirs? The line of succession?"

Nymira's eyes flickered with amusement. "We'll figure it out, dear. Besides, you're not the only child I have."

For a moment, there was silence between them as they both processed the weight of what had happened. Then, Queen Nymira let out a small laugh.

"What's so funny?" Darian asked, surprised.

"I never thought I'd be having this kind of conversation with my son."

"It's nice to see you finally smiling," he said, stepping closer and examining her dressing gown, which covered her whole body. She probably had realized that she shouldn't be parading around in her thin nightgown in front of him. He gently reached out and placed his hand on her soft, delicate shoulders. With a tender touch, he moved a strand of her hair away from her neck and leaned in to place a soft kiss there.

"I want to spend the night here with you in your bed. Today marks my first day as king, and I desire to feel the presence of my queen by my side. Would you honor me by allowing me to sleep alongside you tonight?"

"I'm not sure that's appropriate," she blushed, considering his request. "But, well, fine," she murmured. "You may stay. Just remember, don't do anything improper."

"Of course, I won't," Darian replied trying to look innocent. "I just want to be close to you, Mother."

Queen Nymira's cheeks turned even redder, but she nodded. As he undressed and got ready for bed, Nymira began to breastfeed his younger brother, who had been peacefully lying in the toddler's bed all this time. He watched in amazement as she cradled the baby in her arms, her nurturing instincts on full display.

"Turn around, Darian," Nymira said, catching him staring. "You shouldn't watch me do this."

"As you wish," he couldn't help but feel jealous of the child, since Nymira's attention was fully focused on him.

"I'm ready," she whispered a few minutes after, placing baby in a crib and peeling off her dressing gown, revealing a sheer nightie that left little to Darian's imagination. As she settled into the bed, her curves were accentuated by the soft glow of the candlelight, and he had to resist the urge to reach out and touch her. The sight of her V-shaped body sent his mind

reeling, and his heartbeat quicken. He swallowed, part of him wanted to reach out and touch her, to explore every inch of her body, but it was not the time yet.

"Good night" he managed to reply, trying to keep his voice steady as he climbed into bed after her.

## CHAPTER 13. SEED

It was weird to sleep together at first. Only the faint rumbling of the fire in the hearth interrupted the silence. Darian could hear her breathing, and feel her long, silky hair cascading over the pillow; she was so close, just reach out and touch. Because of these thoughts, he got immediately hard. He discreetly took his shaft out of his pants, hoping she wouldn't wake up, and moved closer, feeling the tip slightly touch her back.

"Is it worth trying again?" he moved closer and suddenly heard the queen's voice.

"I never wanted to be a queen or mother. When your younger brother died I was horrified at how little his death affected me. How much I didn't care. I convinced myself that he died as a worthy warrior, but shouldn't I, as a mother, still care? I was a terrible mother to you and here are the consequences. I came while you were inside me."

"That means you're the best mother," Darian whispered as he pulled the strap of Nymira's nightie off her shoulder, revealing a sliver of smooth skin. He planted a soft kiss on the exposed flesh, trying to comfort her. The heat of her body was felt on

his fingertips. "If your body tells you it's right, then it is. I know you want it. I can feel your heat, feel your breath." He leaned in closer, his breath hot on her neck.

Nymira turned her head to him, and their eyes met. "I can't, Darian," she pleaded. "Don't do what you'll regret."

"Today we are not mother and son," he murmured, his hand sliding down her arm to take her hand. "Today, we are king and queen." He pulled her closer, as Nymira melted into his embrace.

He quickly found its way between her legs and, spreading her nightie, fumbled with fingers over her already wet vagina.

"Ohhhhhhhh... Darian," she groaned.

"Say it. Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me. Fuck me, please."

"That's what every son likes to hear from his mother." There was no need to ask twice. He quickly pointed his dick between her legs and touched the head of her labia with his cock through the public hair. She flinched again.

"Can I kiss...ughhh... you?" he said as she mumbled something unintelligible, biting her lip. At that moment he began to move inside, entering her vagina. "Ughhhhh... Yeah, you are still good." He felt a sudden burst of love as he was

entering her warm bosom deeper and deeper. Finally, his ballsack touched her cheeks. Darian moaned, fighting the urge to scream, biting the lip.

"Ohhhhhhhh... Yes. Right there," she trembled with pleasure when he hit her deep spot.

"How I've missed this. Do you like it?" he gripped her soft breast, with a bright areola, through her nightgown with all his might, feeling her nipple between his fingers.

Finally, he began to move his hips backward. 'You are so tight,' his cock came out fully and the next moment he jerked forward, finding himself fully inside her again, feeling her vagina clench and public hair tickle. He found a slow, deliberate rhythm, each stroke sending jolts of pleasure through them both.

As they moved together, his hands roamed over her body, tracing the curves of her hips and the softness of her breasts with meandering blue veins. "Do you like it?" Every inch of him was alive with a delicious, almost unbearable pleasure, and he felt himself being pulled deeper and deeper inside her. "It's so wrong but so good. I'm sorry, uhhhhh." An intense surge of pleasure pulsed through his veins as he began to move his hips in a rhythmic motion. Each thrust brought him closer to the edge, their bodies slick with sweat.

"Ohhhhhhhh..I love it... just not so fast". It had been years since she had felt the warmth of desire, and yet here it was, emanating from her own son.

Her skin was soft and warm pushing against his ballsack, and he could feel her every breath as they moved. He savored the sensation of her curves and contours, relishing in the way their bodies fit together. "I can't believe I'm fucking you again," his breath hot against her ear.

"Don't talk," she whispered back, pulling him closer.

"Kiss me. Kiss me or I'll stop," he demanded, his lips hovering just above hers.

"No, don't stop," she moaned, as he continued to drive his hips back and forth, each movement sending waves of pleasure through her body. He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers. The warmth of her mouth was insane, and he felt a rush of passion coursing through his body.

"Ohhhhhhh... baby," she groaned, a deep and primal sound escaping her lips as he continued to move his hips back and forth, his hardness plunging deep inside her.

"Do you like it?" he increased intensity, his hips began to drive back and forth, feeling the grip of her insides.

"Yes... yes....ughhhhhh"

"You like what? Say it."

"Don't make me say it," she gasped, feeling her body arching towards him.

But he wasn't about to let her off the hook that easily. "Say it," he demanded his voice rough with desire.

"I love being fucked by my son."

He responded by lifting her leg even higher, biting the nape of her neck with his teeth in a possessive gesture. She cried out, her body trembling. Their lovemaking intensified, building to a crescendo of passion that left them both breathless. The rush of sensation that came with being with her was overwhelming, and he felt his heart beating out of his chest.

He had never felt so alive.

Darian stopped, turning Nymira onto her back and climbing right on top of her, between her legs. "I want to see your face." With these words, he again burst into her warm vagina and gasped with pleasure. "Ughhhh... Mom," he took off her nightgown, completely clasping her breasts with both hands. She moaned in pleasure as he continued to drive his hips back and forth. Her hands roamed over his muscular back, fingers digging into his skin as he thrust deeper inside her. Closing her eyes, she tried to contain the pleasure, but it only drove him even more crazy.

"You are a great... partner. Ohhhhhhh. Woah. Don't stop, I'm so close, she locked eyes with him, and without hesitation, pulled him in for a fierce, passionate kiss. Their lips met in a heated collision, sharing saliva and igniting a fire that had been smoldering between them for far too long.

With that, he started ravaging her with wild, furious thrusts, lost in desire.

The bed trembled, and her breasts twitched with his thrusts as he completely smashed her. "Ohhhh... you are so fuckable, Mom. I'm almost..."

"No, I'm not yet uuuuuhhhhh," The hunger in her eyes set his nerves on fire, igniting a desire deep within him. He could feel the pulsing intensity of the moment building, the scent of her skin filled his nostrils, intoxicating him as he drowned in the ecstasy of her touch.

"You are so beautiful, You are mine now. You are my wife now, Mom. My queen. Say it," he gazed at her, trying to take in every detail of her face, every curve of her body, her perfect boobs with bright purple areolas.

"I'm yours. I'm only yours," she moaned between intense kisses, and within a second, her body trembled. "Ohhhh..yeah... Darian." Every inch of her quivered with delight as she rode the waves of pleasure. Her breath came in gasps, her body trembling with the force of her release, she tried to keep silent but her moans still found a way out. She was spent, drained of all energy, and yet utterly consumed by the flood of pleasure that had washed over her.

Darian felt her insides clapping around his cock. He was still going, moving his dick the full way in and out. The sound of clapping his balls against her cheeks was enough for him to finish but he wanted to make this moment last longer. He

knew he was close, so close, and he could feel her body responding, he could feel the heat radiating off her body, the way her muscles tensed and shuddered beneath his touch. He was teetering on the edge, so close to the precipice that even a single breath could send him tumbling over.

"Don't cum inside," she gasped, her voice tinged with desperation, while she was recovering from her orgasm fully at his disposal. "Please, don't."

He hesitated, his body still thrumming with desire.

"But you're already pregnant," he murmured. "With Ingrid's child."

She stared up at him, her eyes wide. "Don't do this," she whispered. "That's the only line we haven't crossed yet."

As he continued to move, Darian knew that pulling out would be difficult. He couldn't imagine leaving her warmth and the feeling of her body wrapped around him. "Ohhhhhhhh," he groaned and focused on the feeling, trying to make it last, but finally, he felt it slipping away. His thrusts became unstable, and his hands roamed over her body, tracing the curves of her hips and the softness of her breasts. The soft caress of velvet-like warmth spread across his skin, sending shivers of pleasure down his spine.

"I love you, Mom. I love you."

"I love you too, my dear," she murmured, her fingers clutching at his back. "Pull it out, Darian. Right now"

But he didn't. "You are mine now, I want you to take my seed." With a final, powerful thrust, he buried himself inside her, driving his hard length as deep as he could go until he brushed against the sensitive flesh of her cervix.

She gasped in surprise, a look of realization crossed her face, her eyes widening with a mixture of desire and shock. "No, Darian. Not inside. Don't do this. You are making a mistake."

With each passing second, the waves of pleasure grew stronger and more intense. He gasped for breath, his body trembling with the sheer intensity of it all. He almost fainted with pleasure, everything went black before his eyes. The room spun around him as he surrendered to the sensations coursing through him.

"Ohhhhhhhh... Mom, Mom, Mom. Cuuumming!" he looked right into her eyes and finally every fiber of his being quivered with an overwhelming sense of pleasure, fueled by the deep love he held for her - his mother. His balls exploded and a torrent of cum erupted from his cock, flooding her womb with hot cum. Eruption after eruption, shot after shot right into her vagina, filling its womb and sucking the life out of him. "Ughhhh. Mom. I'm cumming in my own mother," he trembled feeling cum leaving his balls and entering her womb. It splurts inside, filling her insides and leaking out. He was cumming for a total minute, emptying his balls right into her hot prepared mother's womb.

"No... Darian, you can't... I'm your mother!" she tried to protest, still feeling pleasure, placing her hands on his hairy chest.

His entire body trembled, every nerve ending alight with ecstasy. The sensation of pure bliss consumed him, leaving him powerless to resist. His balls tightened touching her cheeks. "Ahhhhhhhhh I love you, Mom." Darian's mind was consumed by the overwhelming pleasure, unable to think of anything else. Finally, as the intensity of the pleasure began to ebb, he took a deep breath and opened his eyes. For a moment, he lay there, basking in the afterglow, feeling more alive than he had in ages.

"Darian...what have you done", he heard her hard breathing beneath him.

"I.. made you my wife. You are my queen and I am your king," he said still balls deep inside.

Darian collapsed on top of her, burying his face in his mother's hair, trying to shut out the world. "I want to sleep while I'm still inside of you," his breath hot against her skin, his hands on her chest. "You are my wife now... And you will bear my children. I love you."

But there was no reply. Nymira's fingers traced over Darian's muscles and through hair, but her mind was elsewhere. She was still reeling from the realization of what they had just done - a taboo mistake. Mother and son - the thought alone made her shudder. They shared a bond that went beyond the traditional roles of mother and son.

## CHAPTER 14. LIFE AFTER

He woke up fresh. Last night marked the beginning of a new life. He became a king and cummed right into his queen. Inside own mother. The sensation of unearthly pleasure still washed over his body.

Slowly turning around, he noticed that Nymira was still asleep. The sun's rays were falling on her body and delicate face. She, once a symbol of unconditional love, now carried his seed within her.

It was so strange to realize that he had done it, climaxed inside of her. Wasn't it a mistake?

The sight of her breasts peeking out of her nightgown disrupted his thoughts. He crawled a little closer, kissing Nymira's cheek and slowly moving toward her lips. But at that moment, Nymira woke up and pulled away.

"Don't..." she whispered and rubbed her eyes.

All Darian could do was go back to his side of the bed.

"We did it again. I surrendered myself to feelings and pleasure one more time. And spent the night with my son," she said after a brief pause. "And this time you came into me."

"It was an accident," he said, trying to make her feel better.

"I hope so," she got out of bed, and he watched as the sunlight enveloped her neck, her shoulders, and her chest. Suddenly, she threw off the straps and fully revealed the view of her full breasts. Darian was mesmerized by the sight, and his heart began to pound with renewed vigor. He noticed her nipples, the veins, and the little stretch marks.

She stood up and noticed his wonder look "You've already seen my breasts," she stated matter-of-factly. "So why should I conceal myself?"

Swiftly, Nymira began to dress herself, slipping into a vibrant green dress. He realized it was the same dress she used to wear on each of his birthdays. Its fabric clung to her form, accentuating her every contour.

He slowly got up and walked beside her, examining Mother's body and face. "So now we can be together all the time, as husband and wife?"

"I don't think so," she responded. "I need to take some time to think about what happened, what we did, and what you did, honey. You came inside me."

"Because you're my wife."

Her expression shifted, reflecting a complex array of emotions. "I am not only your wife; I am your mother as well. You have broken every promise you made to me, regarding the sanctity

of our marriage and the boundaries of our intimacy. And now, this... What if I get pregnant?"

"I...did it by accident, I told you. You know what a fool I can be when I'm horny." He wouldn't admit that her pregnancy is exactly what he wanted.

"Perhaps, initially, I could have found a way to accept this unorthodox relationship we found ourselves in. It was exhilarating to feel desired once again. However, yesterday... What if Nome were to return? What if..."

"Don't think about what ifs, Mother," he kissed her cheek and then pressed his cock against her hips, against the green birthday dress. "Just embrace what's happening now," he kissed her neck.

"Ohhhh Darian... If only your father knew what you are doing to me."

He kissed got closer to Nymira's face and kissed her lips. Their first kiss outside the bed. Mother's mouth tasted like sweet nectar, a delicate blend of warmth and tenderness that left an indelible impression on his senses. The softness of her lips invited him to explore and savor every nuance.

"We can... do it again... If you want it," she finally was able to answer. "But no more finishing inside. I will do it just because I am your queen. There can be no passion or lover's love between us," she said strictly like he was a kid again.

"As you wish, Mother," he answered but still thought. "I'm going to make you pregnant."

## **Part Four**

### **CHAPTER 14. LIFE AFTER**

And so Nymira accepted her new role as his wife. His mother, once a symbol of motherhood and love, was now his sex wife. Their passionate connection persisted, it was like a dream (or maybe a hot nightmare). At times, his desires teetered on the edge of madness, leading him to question if he was really venturing into forbidden territory--impregnating his own mother. However, those distressing thoughts dissipated whenever he witnessed Nymira's nurturing presence in the evening, breastfeeding his younger brother and wearing a transparent nightgown. He took every opportunity to finish inside, but she always insisted on pulling out.

The morning had just begun and Darian turned Nymira onto her stomach and straddled her from behind, entering his birthplace, her warm mother's cheeks. He groaned, a mixture of pleasure and anticipation, as he felt the tip of his engorged manhood brush against the delicate barrier of her cervix. What could be better than that feeling? Be inside your mom.

"Easy, honey," Nymira whispered feeling the warmth of his hands on her breasts. "Ohhhh we are doing it like animals."

"I like this pose. Ughhhhh Mom. I just entered but ready to finish" he trembled,

with every passionate thrust a cascade of pleasure unfurled within him, coursing through his veins like a torrential wave. His hips moved, driven by an insatiable craving for more. He moved his hips so vigorously that Nymira had to intervene.

"I forgot how much stamina you, young boys have. Please, take your time. And don't call me 'mom'. Remember to pull out." she murmured, her arm encircling his hand on her hips. Her words carried a maternal touch, guiding him with care. The depths of her womb beckoned to him, promising an unparalleled pleasure.

"I'm so close... I want to release inside, Mom," he whispered, his voice filled with desperation. The very thought of cumming again into her womb was overwhelming.

She drew a shaky breath "You can't..."

"Just let me do it today," he almost pleaded.

She made a deep breath. "Fine. You can...do it...ohhh... but just today."

The affirmation unleashed a surge of passion within him, igniting a primal instinct that had been building steadily. He increased the intensity of his thrusts, his movements becoming more urgent and forceful.

"Ohhhhhhh... yes" his whole body trembled, guts clenched and with a final, primal thrust, he emptied his male seed directly into her unprotected womb, thrust after thrust. Darian surrendered himself completely to the overwhelming wave of climax. "Ughhh" His body tensed, every muscle taught, as he unleashed a torrent of cum into the sacred vessel that brought him into existence. "Ohhh Mom..." he emptied himself within her. His seed, warm and potent, flooded her depths.

As the torrents of pleasure gradually subsided, he found himself physically spent, his body collapsing onto hers. In that moment of intense vulnerability, a tumultuous mix of emotions swirled within him--shame and guilt entangled with a profound, inexplicable love for his mom.

In the recesses of his mind, still, inside her, memories resurfaced like fragments of a fading dream. He returned back to his childhood when he held Nymira's hand. The nostalgia washed over him, and he marveled at the timeless beauty she possessed, seemingly untouched by the passage of years.

"When you grow up, dear, you'll be a king just like your father. You'll find yourself a good woman and have a lot of children with her" He recalled that moment vividly, his cheek pressed against the warmth of her back, overwhelmed by a sense of connection as he poured his essence into her womb.

"I love you, Mom"

## CHAPTER 15. SUDDEN RETURN

Time passed, but nothing happened. Sometimes she would let him do it inside, sometimes not. But there were no signs of pregnancy, nothing. This distracted him from being a King, so Darian decided to ask Lokir.

The counselor was sitting in his office as always (it had become even messier here, for after Narim left, Lokir had more things to do).

"Ah, my king," he said, standing up and bowing respectfully as Darian walked in. This new version of Lokir seemed politer than the first time Darian sought advice. Lokir appeared neat and, importantly, clean. "At your service."

Darian did not sit down and walked quickly to the table. "I have a delicate question."

"Yes, yes. Is it something with the queen again?"

"Is it really that easy to predict?" Darian wondered.

"I thought things were going great for you, frankly. But so be it. Ask away."

And Darian spoke right away. "I want to continue the Serpent-Slayer's lineage with the queen, but my mother plays a strange game. One moment she lets me, you know... But then she doesn't. I just don't understand it." Darian looked a little lost and couldn't make sense of all the intricacies. "And she still isn't pregnant."

Lokir lightly touched his chin and grinned sneakily. "I think I know what it is. The ladies believe they're the only ones aware of women's matters." The counselor jumped from the chair he had sat on a few seconds ago and walked over to the window where moonlight illuminated the castle. "There are special days when a woman is most fertile. It's tied to her cycles..."

"Cycles?" Darian looked at Lokir in wonder.

"Never mind, Your Majesty. I suppose Queen Nymira specifically keeps you from doing it during those opportune days. I will speak to the servants, gather information, and inform you when she is prepared."

"Thank you, Lokir. I owe you." Darian headed for the door, but Lokir drew his attention again.

"My king, you should be aware that there are rumors of... Nome's return."

"Nome is dead, Lokir"

"But what if he's not?"

Darian walked out, slamming the door slightly. Rumors like that put him in a bad mood. If Nome came back, it was all over. No throne, no queen, nothing.

He went back to the king's chambers, where he found the queen deeply focused on her usual tasks for the day. The room was softly lit, and he could see her sitting by a window, dressed only in a light nightie, her blonde long hair in a bun.

"You seem upset," she remarked.

"It's...nothing. Just tired."

Setting her tasks aside, she walked over to Darian, hugging him tightly. He could feel her breasts touching his chest. But there was still a sense of coldness in her movements.

"I still haven't asked for forgiveness for suspecting you in the king's death," she softly said, resting her head on his chest. He rarely saw her so open and fragile. Probably the last time was by the stream when she fell in. "Sorry."

"Do you still struggle to fully accept our roles as husband and wife? As king and queen," he inquired, ignoring her sorry.

She let out a tired sigh, subtly edging away, and a delicate herbal scent drifted towards Darian. "I'm worried about your father is watching us. It's just too unusual for me. And Nome..."

"Let father watch. I am only following the traditions of our kind. The ones he knew and didn't object to."

"You're following an outdated traditions. Why don't you concentrate on more important matters? You're king now, Darian. Act like one."

"I'll try"

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Several weeks had passed since then. Darian waited for a sign from Lokir and in the meantime, he was overwhelmed with fears about his brother's possible return.

As the evening sun descended, he found himself alone with Nymira in the comfort of their chamber. He refrained from initiating any intimate contact until Lokir provided the signal, but he still needed to deal with his needs somehow. Observing Nymira as she slipped into her delicate nightgown, Darian's longing grew more intense.

He watched her taking care of Tartuff, noticing the subtle contours of her breasts that were unmistakably outlined beneath her sheer nightgown. With certain movements, he glimpsed her rosy nipples playfully making their appearance. Seated on the bed, his gaze followed as Nymira gracefully leaned forward. The nightie clung snugly to her ass.

Summoning his courage, he reached out to her. "There's something we haven't explored together."

Confused, Nymira questioned, "What are you trying to say?"

Darian coughed slightly, trying to find the proper words. "I'm trying to say... using your hands... or even your mouth."

Surprised, Nymira was taken aback. "I've never done something like that, not even with your father."

A mix of anticipation flickered in Darian's eyes. "Perhaps you can do it for me."

"Really, for you?" There was a brief pause as Nymira considered Darian's request, her eyes searching his face for sincerity. Eventually, she nodded, her resolve and affection for her son shining through. "If that's King's command and if this is...something you want, Darian, then as your mother, I'll do my best to fulfill your desires."

He chose not to ask for the specific details of what she had agreed to do, whether it was with her hands or mouth.

With a graceful movement, she settled onto the knees, her eyes with anticipation, their depths revealing a connection only a mother could have with her child.

Darian slowly began to undo the buttons of his trousers, revealing the outline of his hardened form. As his trousers fell to the ground, the air crackled with an electric tension.

With a tender touch, she reached out her hands, carefully wrapping her fingers around his throbbing dick. The warmth

of her touch sent shivers through him, making his body tremble. He got hard in a second, her fingertips traced the contours of his hardened physique, feeling the warmth radiating from his skin. She explored his hardened length, leaving no inch untouched.

"Ohhhhhh, Mom" he trembled closing his eyes out of pleasure.

"Don't...wake up your brother" she whispered. "I still wonder how can you be bigger than your father."

Feeling the intensity build, she sensed his need and, with a surge of courage, took him into her mouth. Her tongue danced along his velvety shaft, skillfully tracing every contour, eliciting primal reactions from him. "Ughhhh, can't believe you are doing it, Mom."

Her lips formed a passionate seal around him, her tongue touching his length, drawing forth gasps of pleasure that echoed throughout the room. Every sensation was heightened as she lavished him with her oral prowess.

"Whoa... For someone who never did it before you are quite skillful, Mom" he said smiling.

She glanced at him with a partially ominous look, evidently still displeased that he continued to call her "Mom." Her head bobbed rhythmically.

As her mouth continued its fervent exploration, she ventured even further, her chin delicately brushing against his testicles. Her tongue and mouth expertly glided along the length of his cock, applying just the right amount of pressure and teasing every sensitive spot. The sensations intensified as she used her lips to envelop him, creating a vacuum that heightened his pleasure. With each stroke, she expertly pulled the velvety skin over his engorged member, heightening his pleasure to new heights. "Just... don't stop... Ughhhh..."

Abruptly, she halted, as though attuned to a distant sound.

"Not now... What the hell is going on there?" Darian, too, caught the echo of heavy footfalls outside the door, which gradually faded. After footsteps faded, Nymira persisted, delicately embracing his cock with her lips.

"Ughh, Mom... I'm almost there," he affectionately tousled her hair, his fingers tracing over her scalp. Finally, Darian could no longer contain himself. Overwhelmed by pleasure, he instinctively reached out, his fingers still gently tangling in her hair.

"Ohhhhhhh Mom..." With a final surge of ecstasy, he released his essence, each pulsating spasm echoing through his body as he surrendered to the peak of pleasure. Series of intense, exhilarating bursts, hot cum leaving his balls and shooting right into her mouth, splurt after splurt.

His climax caught her off guard; her eyes widened in astonishment as his cum surged down her throat, nearly causing her to choke.

The warmth of her mouth became the vessel, her lips capturing every powerful surge as he released shot after shot, the rhythmic pulsations sending waves of satisfaction coursing through his veins.

Overwhelmed by desire, he instinctively grabbed a handful of her silken hair, allowing her to consume every last drop, right into her throat. Her lips captured every potent surge.

With a pause, Nymira slowly withdrew, her lips glistening with the evidence of their fiery encounter. "Satisfied?"

"Satisfied," he smiled and as buttoned his trousers they heard a noise outside the door. Again.

"What's going on in there?" he thought still blushing and went up.

The door opened with a bang and in the opening stood a man dressed in dark robes, a head taller than Darian and much wider. At first, he thought it was Inglud rising from the dead. But the truth was far worse. Nome has returned.

"What's going on here?" his eyes immediately looked over Darian, his flushed face, and Nymira. Nome was no fool and seemed to understand everything.

Following him, Jason, the captain of the guard, entered the room.

"I beg your pardon, Your Majesty. We... just couldn't stop him."

"Your Majesty..." With a sneer, the thunderer said and stepped inside. Nymira's eyes widened with joy as she hurried towards him, ready to embrace and kiss her older son, but he swiftly halted her. "Not with those lips."

"We thought you were dead, Nome..." Nymira uttered, her voice tinged with relief.

Nome's scrutinizing gaze traveled over Nymira, taking note of her alluring curves accentuated by the delicate transparency of her nightgown. Something in his gaze displeased Darian.

"Mother, please leave us. I want to talk to Darian alone," commanded Nome.

"But you just..." She cast a glance at him, seeking understanding, but he responded with a queasy expression, leaving her with no choice but to comply. Stepping out, she exited, and Jason quietly closed the door behind them, leaving the two brothers alone.

"So, you've become the king, my little brother," Nome remarked.

Darian stood at the bedside, watching his older brother's every movement.

"You didn't answer the letters..." he said.

"Perhaps someone didn't find any benefit in those letters,"  
Nome's response cutting through the air like a blade.

"You think I destroyed them?"

"I didn't say that," He took a step closer. The scent of medicinal herbs and the lingering essence of battle hung around him  
"While I was away, fighting on the frontlines, you remained here, unable to protect the king. Meanwhile our mother... Let me guess, father asked you too, right? To be with her?"

"I don't know what you mean..."

Nome licked his lips and looked around the king's bed." I don't judge you, brother. Whether you were aware of it or not, I resisted when Inglud propositioned me our Mother. Making love to her seemed unthinkable." He walked over to the cot and examined Tartuf, who never woke up despite all the noise. "But after enduring countless days in the cold and the horrors of war, after being consumed by solitude...the thought of her, of her body, didn't seem so abhorrent anymore," a moment of silence lingered "I am the king now. And the queen belongs to me."

He walked over to Darian and put a huge hand on his shoulder. "I won't execute you for your treachery, little brother. For your usurpation. And I hope you won't stand in my way."

Darian only stared silently.

"We will discuss these matters further tomorrow, brother. You will tell me about how Father died and how the wretched Narim found himself imprisoned. But for now, I am weary from my long journey and in need of rest." He clapped him painfully on the shoulder. "I need to prepare myself for the night with the queen," Nome declared. And Darian had to obey.

## CHAPTER 16. PREGNANT

It felt as though time had been reversed, taking Darian back months to when his father was still alive. Life within the castle walls had once again transformed into a game of masks, with Darian assuming different roles. Initially, he played the obedient good prince in front of the king. Now, he found himself in a similar situation with Nome. Although his older brother had not yet claimed the throne, everyone treated him as if he were already a king, including their own mother.

Nymira continued to dote on her eldest son as if he were her resurrected husband. At first, Darian convinced himself that she just missed Nome, considering she believed him to be dead. But in time Nymira had completely disregarded their past relationship, and Nome himself seemed eager to fill the void. He looked at her with desire. And it was as if Nymira herself didn't mind it.

The worst outcome now would be losing both the throne and his mother. Each time Darian attempted to speak to her or grow closer, Nome would conveniently appear. And adding to

the frustration, Nymira herself seemed to avoid meeting with Darian.

There seemed to be a conspiracy against him, and there was nothing he could do about it.

But still, he knew he had to get her pregnant at any cost.

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He made sure Nome was not nearby and approached her room one morning. Nymira was minding her own routine when Darian entered. She was humming something to herself as she looked over the dresses in her closet, wearing a beautiful mauve dress.

"Busy?" he asked, closing the door, making sure no one coming.

"Ah, Darian," she turned around. "I'm getting ready for tomorrow's celebration."

The dress made a great push-up to her boobs and Darian was mesmerized by the view as he could see a part of her nipple. He gulped and muttered. "Celebration?"

"For Nome's return. Don't tell me you forgot about it"

"Guess I wasn't even notified," he thought to himself, before answering, "Yeah, seems I forgot".

He stepped closer, planting kisses on her neck, trailing along her soft skin, reaching her cheeks, and gently as possible straddling her ass.

"Mmmmmm. Darian... " she moaned. "Not now"

"You've drifted away from me," he kissed her on the lips, going through her warm mouth. His tongue delicately explored the depths of her warm mother's mouth. Their tongues intertwined for a brief moment, indulging in the bittersweet taste. But he had to release her as she kept trying to push him away.

"I've been busy," she said, her gaze shifting as she moved to sort through her dresses.

"You know how much I miss our intimacy," he confessed taking a step back and saving her saliva on his lips.

"I know..." she wiped her mouth and continued going through dresses.

"What were you discussing with Nome all that time?"

She hesitated for a moment, her mind racing, before quickly replying, "Nothing." However, he could sense that something

was odd in her voice. "Would you mind helping me take off the dress?"

He approached her from behind, deftly undoing the clasps and releasing the dress from her figure.

"Thank you," Nymira immediately stripped naked, pulling off. The dress cascaded onto the bed. And before Darian stood a completely naked woman. Every curve of her body was now fully revealed -- the gentle slope of her hips, her tuft of pubic hair, her soft and ample breasts, adorned with the faintest blue veins, and her erect nipples that responded to the cool air of the room. Her blonde silky hair cascaded down, its ends gently brushing against the tips of her nipples.

"Why are you looking at me like that, dear?" She delicately shielded herself with her hand, sensing his lusting stare.

It was enough for Darian. He immediately felt himself getting hard and walked over to her, wrapping his Mother right up against the wall.

"Mmmm... Darian," she sighed with pleasure as he gently parted her legs and entered, lowering his pants. "Ugh... Just be careful not to wake Tartuff."

His cock immediately went all the way up. Gusts of pleasure darkened his eyes and he dropped his head onto her shoulders. He ground his teeth into the soft, tanned skin on her back and heard her gasp heavily as his tip touched the cervix. He froze in that pose, barely coming to his senses.

"Did you pass out?" she asked, smirking.

He took hold of her silk blonde hair, wrapping it in his hand, and began to move it back and forth at a frantic pace. "Uggghhhhhhh... Mom..." the room was filled with the sound of his hips slamming against her ass. His balls strained, hitting her labia, her pubic hair tickling. He wanted his balls to hit with such force that it hurt him a little. He was fucking her like she was the best whore in the kingdom.

"Oghhhh... Just don't, don't stop, honey" she clawed at the wall, trembling with pleasure. He increased his pace, feeling how her vaginal walls clutched his cock, moving his hips back and forth, a rush of euphoria washed over them both.

A primal moan escaped his lips. "Ughhhhhhh... God, Mom. I am almost," he had waited so long that he was ready to finish this very second. Her velvety insides clenched around his cock with a greedy grip, as if they were unwilling to let go, amplifying the pleasure coursing through his veins.

"Ohhhhhhhhh Darian," her body shook as she came. He wrapped his other hand around her breasts as he ravaged her pussy. "Ohhhhhh... I am... almost," all his insides clenched, a rush of wild pleasure hit his head, his balls tensed and cock trembled. And at that moment he came. "Mooooooooom... Ohhhhhh." Streams of pleasure rushed into his head, and he was flooded with pleasure and love for his queen. He could barely contain himself from screaming, trembling uncontrollably, and he could barely stand on his feet.

"Not inside, dear. Just not inside!" she moaned through her orgasm. He managed to pull his cock out as euphoria rushed into his head and cum began to splurt out of the head of his cock, right onto her ass. Eruption after eruption, splurt after splurt. Torrents of hot seed splashed on her great tanned ass that was now full of his white cum. He gripped his cock and shook it lightly, bending the skin, making sure she drained him.

He slowly put on his pants and adjusted the cape. "I wish it was inside her," he thought.

"That was great, dear," she said, planting a kiss on his cheek. However, the kiss felt different, almost distant and cold. Like she was playing her role as a good lover today.

"So...you're certain you're not...pregnant?" he asked hardly breathing.

"No. Thank gods I'm not," she made sure the baby was asleep and wiped her body with a towel, getting dressed. "We were fortunate enough to avoid pregnancy after both times you... well, you know, finished where you shouldn't have," she answered.

"That's a shame," he remarked.

"A shame?" She abruptly halted. "Do you realize how incredibly wrong and twisted that is on so many levels? A mother impregnated by her own son. Thankfully, luck was on

our side, and I am not pregnant. I refuse to take any further risks... That is why it must end, Darian."

"End? Do you mean end 'us'? Is that really because of pregnancy or just because of Nome? And what about 'the queen belongs only to the king'," he tried to remind her but she didn't forget.

"Exactly, Darian. I belong only to the king."

For a few seconds, he was trying to understand the meaning of her words. And the realization hit him hard. "No...He's not the king yet."

"It's over, honey. I'm sorry if it hurts you, but it is the truth. We can't be together anymore. Today was our last time. I told you that once Nome returned, everything would be as it was. We are once again simply mother and son. I will forget about our relationship and so do you... Now, I want you to leave. I need to prepare myself."

He stood there, shocked and unable to utter a single word. "If that's what you wish, Mother" With a heavy heart, he turned away and walked out, slamming the door behind him like an anguished child.

"I need a good drink," he thought, his cloak rippled with each purposeful step.

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Darian sat on the throne, thinking of the queen and her words. Clutching a mug of ale, he took a sip, listening to Lokir. The counselor paced the hall, back and forth.

"Tomorrow, we shall partake in a grand feast to celebrate the triumphant return of Nome and his glorious victory over the barbarians," announced Lokir. "At the same time, Nome wants to honor the memory of his murdered father. Are you listening to me or to that good ale?"

"Don't be envious. You'll have your fill of ale tomorrow during the feast," Darian took another sip.

Lokir's face darkened "Enviess is for fools. I don't envy. And, to be honest with you, I was banned to attend any feasts by King Inglud. And... I was also banned to get drunk. "

"As the new king, I grant you my permission," Darian set the mug aside and made a sign with the hand as if he were knighting Lokir. He continued, absentmindedly running fingers through the long mane. "Lokir. Did you find out about that very delicate matter that we discussed? The one concerning the queen?"

"Mm-mm-mm... You mean that one?" Lokir cleared his throat before responding cautiously, inching closer to Darian. "I think she will be ready by the time of the feast."

"So, I can impregnate her after the feast?" Darian asked.

"If that is your wish, to impregnate your mother, then yes."

And as Lokir finished, Darian grasped his frail hand. "Promise me you won't breathe a word of this to Nome"

Lokir studied Darian's face before adding. "Seems like you've also noticed Nome's interest in the queen?" he asked, unconcerned by such abrupt behavior on Darian's part.

"It is enough to have eyes to understand and notice everything," Darian released the counselor's hand and sighed. "Sorry for that. Do not forget who appointed you as chief advisor, and never overlook your duty to the kingdom... Promise me you will not tell him about the queen."

Lokir rubbed his hand and examined the king's tired face. "I won't, but the queen can do it herself. If you have noticed how Nome lusts after the queen, then surely you have also observed her reciprocation. Perhaps she would enjoy continuing the Serpent-Slayers tradition with the very son who most resembles her deceased husband. Maybe she even gladly accepts his seed."

"Did they..." Darian exclaimed, rising up. Images of Nome making love with Nymira immediately appeared in his mind.

"No. Not yet. And even if she won't tell him about her possible pregnancy days by herself, Nome may use your father's strategy. Just make love to a woman to the point she gets

pregnant. How can she say no to him? He has just risen from the dead."

Darian shuddered with disgust and sat back in his chair, slightly drunk. Lokir reclined and retreated, leaving Darian alone to think. But before he left he said one last thing. "I have not forgotten what you have done for me. So I say this - think better of how to keep the queen. If you keep the queen -- you'll save the throne."

"If it was that simple" Darian made a final sip from his mug.

## CHAPTER 17. FEAST

The feast to celebrate Nome's return and his victory began. Guests arrived, filling the hall with an array of guests, both locals and residents from distant lands. Lokir, granted with the king's permission, sat merrily among the guests, enjoying ale and shouting vulgar remarks. "Give me the biggest mug of your stinking ale, you, dumpy arseholes!" he called out, much to the amusement of some and the exasperation of others. Jason, the head of the guard, with a small group of huards stood behind, diligently keeping a watchful eye to ensure that Lokir didn't offend any of the esteemed guests.

Darian couldn't help but smile as he watched the whole scene. In moments like these, he could briefly forget the weight of his responsibilities and relive the cherished memories of simpler times. He longed for Narim's presence, hoping they could share a laugh together. Imagining his father raising a goblet and saying something hilarious, making the whole hall light up with laughter.

He observed the hall from his throne. Nymira was still gone, but that didn't upset him much. She definitely wasn't with Nome right now, because he was here too. The huge bearlike man, who had just eaten half a bull, sat not far away from Darian's throne, on the edge of the table, and kept his eyes on Darian under bushy eyebrows.

Rising to his feet, Darian raised his goblet and called for attention. "I propose a toast to my glorious brother Nome the Serpent-Slayer, the son of Inglud the Serpent-Slayer."

Guests looked at Darian, the hall went silent as the king continued. "Loyal commander, the greatest of all Serpent-Slayers. Well, second greatest after me," he added with a lighthearted jest, but barely anyone laughed. "Brother, son. Our father would be proud of your noble victory, Nome. You have achieved greatness for our kingdom. Let us raise our goblets, for I believe that one day, we shall all be reunited with our beloved father and our dear brother, Carlas, in the realms beyond. I drink to you. To Nome"

The guests echoed, their voices resonating as they raised their mugs in unison. "To Nome!" The hall resumed its lively cacophony, the clamor and feasting, the merriment of women, and the melodies of songs.

"I hope there is no such thing as an afterlife" Darian made a sip and took a seat.

"Those were nice words..." Nome spoke audibly enough for Darian to hear. His voice was like a bark. "You've changed,

little brother," He sat on the edge of the table, close enough to Darian, rubbing his knuckles

"Indeed, as have you."

"I went through a war. For the first time without you and Father. And when I returned, I found my father murdered, my loyal advisor caged and the throne occupied by my little brother. That same brother who now shares our mother's bed?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about," said Darian.

"Tell me. How is she in a bed?" The thunderer got up and moved closer, hovering over the seated king. With gentle force, he placed his bearlike hands-on Darian's shoulders, tightening his grip, and peered deeply into brother's eyes. "Nothing lasts forever. It ends now, little brother. I won't hang you for what you did to our father," he interrupted Darian's attempt to speak by tightening grip. "And I'll grant you some time to revel in your crown, have fun. But when the time comes, when I command you, you will abdicate the throne and return it to me. And you will forever live in my shadow only to be remembered as the Incurian king who reigned for a mere couple of weeks. Darian the Two-Week King. And then I marry our mother, who deserves the seed of a true Serpent-Slayer."

"I'll hang you up for such words," Darian said, but immediately felt the consequences. Leaning in as if to whisper something, Nome discreetly grabbed him by the throat and squeezed. "My patience wears thin, and it will eventually run out. You'll either be remembered as Darian the Two-Week or

Darian the Traitor. It's up to you," he hissed before releasing his grip.

Suddenly, a familiar voice diverted their attention.

"I'm a little late," they both turned to see Nymira. Adorned in the exquisite gown, her upper garment was open, exposing a glimpse of her flawless, velvety skin, her lustrous hair cascading down to her shoulders. The gown accentuated her curves, lifting up her breasts. It seemed as if her ample boobs were on the verge of escaping the garment. "Have I missed something?" she asked innocently.

She couldn't help but notice the crimson hue on Darian's face. Before she could ask, Nome approached, planting a gentle kiss on her cheek.

"Mother, you look absolutely stunning tonight," he complimented her.

"You smell of ale, dear. Nevertheless, thank you"

Leaning closer, Nome whispered something in her ear, his words causing a fleeting concern to wash over her face that turned red. However, her resilient nature quickly surfaced, and her countenance resumed its usual composed expression. Taking a seat beside Darian, she watched as Nome took his seat by the table.

"I was a bit busy. Was there something between you and Nome?" she asked.

"What did he whisper?" Darian ignored her question.

"Oh, it was nothing." She delicately adjusted her bust, pondering something.

"That 'nothing' can cause me everything," he thought.

He remembered Lokir's words. Today is the day. "I need to impregnate her."

"Can we... meet today? I mean, this evening? And talk," he asked, making an effort to avert his eyes from her revealing neckline.

"Today? I'm not feeling well. Besides, I already promised to meet Nome tonight."

"To meet Nome?" he almost shouted out. "The bastard beat me to it, he's going to knock her up tonight," he thought bitterly.

"Yeah, is something wrong?" she asked, puzzled by his sudden change in demeanor.

"Nothing," Darian responded, mirroring her nonchalant tone from moments ago. He slowly turned his head toward the hall. "I need to think of something. I can't let him win"

Darian looked at Nome sitting at the table and again imagined him trying to knock up his mother.

He then glanced around the hall and right in time. Lokir, standing on the table, shouted something vile, while Jason tried to pull him off the table.

"Now I understand why he was banned."

## CHAPTER 18. LAST TIME

The news that Nome was practically ahead of him knocked him down. He must think of something. The evening was drawing to a close. The guests gradually dispersed, but Nome was still sitting at the table, glancing over and over at him and the queen. Now he was busy talking to one of the guests. Darian sensed an opportunity and turned to Nymira.

"How about a stroll, then? In the garden."

"A stroll?" she repeated, her eyes narrowing with a hint of suspicion. "I'm tired, Darian. And I still need to meet Nome."

"Just a little walk. I won't overstep any boundaries, I promise, Mom."

"Fine. But just a short walk. There and back," she reluctantly agreed, and they discreetly slipped away from the Hall. The

two of them ventured into the garden, seeking refuge from prying eyes. They found themselves near the very spot where the Includ had met his death. He remembered how it all began, and who it was all for--her.

"I hope you're not going to bring up the topic of pregnancy again," she spoke suddenly, "That phase of my life is behind me. Time isn't making me any younger, and I can't bear children anymore, especially not Serpent-Slayers. I have long surpassed that age. That's why you should search for a fitting wife instead of... attempting to make me pregnant."

Darian sneered and asked, "Me or Nome?"

"Don't talk to me like I'm a whore who sleeps with whoever she gets. I am your queen, but still your mother. Sooner or later you will have to accept that Nome is the new king."

Darian guided her towards the edge of the lush forest, where a gentle stream flowed. The distant sounds from Triumph Hall reached them faintly.

"It's been quite a while since we've strolled like this," he said. "Just us -- mother and son."

"Yes. Is that all you wanted to talk about?" asked Nymira. "I should go."

"Just wait. If... if you allow me to be with you one last time, I will let go of our relationship and accept Nome as the king."

"Darian..." she sighed, a hint of disappointment threading through her words.

"One last time and it's over between us. Simply mother and son."

She looked at the water, contemplating his offer, and at that moment, he started to act. He kissed her neck and slipped his hands under her dress, fumbling for her vagina. "I know you want that, too."

"Why are you... like that?" she moaned, and he responded with a kiss on her lips before lifting her gently and placing her on the ground. "We'll be seen here," she said.

"I don't care," he positioned himself between her legs, gently laying her on her back and taking the missionary position. With one move he opened her cleavage, exposing her shapely and ample breasts. The gentle breeze caressed her skin, leaving her nipples slightly swollen.

In a wild rush of passion, he lifted her dress and, exposing his cock, ran the wet head over her wet lips. "Ughhhhh....." he entered sharply with the tip, and she gasped in pleasure. His cock immediately hardened as he thrust and began to move his cock forward, her wet insides embraced his cock. Finally, he got to the end, his balls meeting her cheeks.

"Ohhh... you are so tight, Mom," he leaned down and kissed her, her eyes closed, she was breathing heavily. Their tongues

met and furiously, he moved the hips back, leaving her bosom. His whole body trembled, butt tensed. He moaned returning back with one primal thrust inside. With each movement, he could feel the pulsating heat of her body. He began to move back and forth, savoring the embrace of her velvety insides. With each animalistic stroke, he explored new and new depths of his birthplace. His fingers, which had an innate familiarity, gently caressed her boobs.

As he delved deeper into the experience, memories of his childhood with his loving mother came flooding back, adding a bittersweet layer of emotion to the encounter. He couldn't help but recall the warmth of her hugs, the comforting words she whispered in his ear. And now he was about to make her pregnant with his own child. With each movement, he could feel his mother's velvety insides responding. "You.... lied to me."

"Uhhhh... What are you saying?" she gasped, her hands instinctively rising to caress her exposed breasts, her chest rising and falling with each heavy breath. There was a clear expression of pleasure on her face.

"I know you.... ohhhh," he began to move slowly back and forth, enjoying the process, enjoying every second of penetrating her. "I know you can have more children."

"No, Darian..." he wrapped his hand around her breasts and moved sharply inside her again, making her moan. "Not inside, not....ughhhh...today," With each thrust inside her vagina, her whole body and breasts shook.

"I will... I will make you pregnant, Mom," he moaned. He fucked her like never before, getting ready for that moment of finality. It felt like the afterlife like he died and felt pure bliss. He intensified his thrusts, humping her wildly to the sounds of the water and the woods.

"No, Darian...ohhhh... Please, don't do this, dear. This..shouldn't....happen. Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she tried to appeal to his sense of reason, to reach her son, but as she locked eyes with him, wrapping her arms around his face, all she saw was a primal lust and an insatiable desire to mate. He was consumed by his animalistic instincts. Nothing she said could stop him now.

She moaned even harder, tilting her head back either from pleasure or from the sudden realization that her son was about to shoot his hot cum right into her, to fill her womb with potent young seed.

He kept up the pressure, feeling the embrace of her warm, intimate depths around his pulsating cock. He fucked her many times before, but this one was special. "It feels so damn good....ughhh... I love you, Mom."

He could feel his climax approaching like a gathering storm. He was ready to share his seed with his mother's waiting womb, his heart brimming with anticipation. The realization washed over him like a tidal wave, enveloping him in a euphoria. There was a wild animal look in his eyes.

"You don't have to do this, Darian... ughhh," she gasped, her breasts moving in time with his thrusts. He felt himself

nearing climax, his cock shuddered inside, thrusts becoming increasingly erratic as he struggled to maintain control, and each breath he took seemed to carry a wild, electrifying buzz. "Please... ohhhh... you still have time to stop,"

In that intense moment, he suddenly realized that a single thrust more would bring it all to an end. But Darian suddenly stopped, frozen in that position, breathing heavily. He was on the edge, another movement and he would release his seed right into his very own mother. For a second doubt overshadowed his instincts. How could he go through with it? In that moment of uncertainty, he locked eyes with her and found understanding reflected back at him.

"Just... pull it out gently, dear," she looked at him pleadingly, feeling his cock trembling deep inside her.

"I love you, Mom," he slowly moved back, looking into her face. It was not just any face; it was the beautiful face of the woman who had raised him, his own mother. A wave of pleasure poured over him again, and everything fell into place. He had to do it; there was no turning back now.

"I love you too, honey," she whispered in response.

With one final, forceful thrust, he penetrated her, reaching the deepest part of her being as he brushed against the sensitive head of her cervix. "CUUUMMMIING!" In that exhilarating moment, his essence surged forth, he came, filling her insides with a powerful release. "Ughhhhhhhh...mom" his entire body quivered with electricity as if charged with raw desire.

Torrents of his hot seed cascaded from his testicles, erupting within her.

"Nooooo... Darian," she moaned feeling his cum shot inside her. With each breath, he unleashed a powerful release, his cock pulsating, overwhelming her senses in a euphoria.

"Ughhh... Ughh... Mom," he was uncontrollably shaking with pleasure, moving back and forth with his whole body, pleasure covering his eyes while his cock was erupting inside her. It was like he lost control of his body, powerless to control the primal urges coursing through his being during those fateful seconds.

He continued to release his essence for several blissful minutes. Euphoria coursed through his mind, intertwining with a profound sense of pleasure and love, flooding his senses. Finally, he felt completely drained, as if every last drop of his cum had poured into her, balls emptied. His trembling hands gingerly withdrew his now flaccid, white fluid-coated cock.

"I'm going to get pregnant," she moaned, tears almost glistening in her eyes as she spoke.

"I know," he said.

"But, Darian. We can't let it happen," she pleaded, her heart torn between her desires and the reality of their relationship.

"We have to face the truth, Mom. It was either me or Nome."

They lay there in the grass for some time. His cum leaked right out of her vagina onto the grass.

The gentle melody of the babbling brook provided a soothing backdrop. Her silence spoke volumes, but the subtle play of emotions on her face confirmed his suspicions. It was more than thrilling for her; it was a forbidden thrill that coursed through her veins, awakening a deep desire she had long suppressed.

## **Part Five**

### **CHAPTER 19. HOW COULD YOU DO THAT?**

His eyes fluttered open, and he realized he was still lying in the grass. Darian reached out instinctively to where his mother had been lying, only to find the space empty.

He thought about what he did. What they did together yesterday. He wondered what would be his older brother's possible reaction and the kingdom's response. If Nymira's husband was dead, who was the father of the unborn child? Would Nome still choose to be with Nymira, knowing she was pregnant with his child?

He noticed someone's figure looming over him. "Mother?"

The reply came in a gruff voice, "Not quite, Your Majesty," Jason, the head of the guards, responded.

"Is it morning?"

"It is, Your Majesty. I come bearing a message from the queen. She wishes to see you in the council room immediately to discuss the events of last night. She seemed... quite insistent."

"I hope 'immediately' doesn't mean right this moment?" Darian yawned, still coming to his senses.

"Unfortunately, it does."

Darian sighed, pushing himself into an upright position. "Tell me at least," he ran a hand through his tousled hair. "Is she angry?"

"To be honest, Your Majesty, she appeared quite irritated."

"So she is."

It's hard to judge this woman. It's easy to get upset when you know your son knocked you up last night. Standing up, Darian gripped Jason's glove. "I appreciate your assistance."

"I'll accompany you to the castle, Your Majesty, if you don't mind," Jason offered.

"I know the way. Thank you."

"And still, your older brother... shall we say, a little irritated too."

Darian just nodded and thought, "So, I guess he knows." Along the way, castle guests who hadn't yet left after yesterday's celebration greeted him. While shaking hands, he noticed some strange looks--some judging, others playful.

"What is that about?" He noticed a dejected look on Jason's face. "Do you want to tell me something, Jason? You've got that 'I-don't-want-to-upset-the-king-with-news' look that I had seen more times than you think. What's happening?"

Jason glanced around, limited by the bulk of his helmet, ensuring no one could spot or overhear them in this secluded part of the garden. "Rumors are spreading throughout the kingdom, Your Majesty. Curious eyes have spotted the king and queen disappearing the other night after the celebration. Whispers from the servants and guests might soon weave all sorts of tales within the city and even beyond. It's none of my business, but perhaps it's time to make everything public?"

"Make public what?"

"You know what, Your Majesty," Jason said, looking meaningfully into Darian's eyes as a convoy of sentries passed nearby and saluted the king.

Darian sniffed. Now he's irritated too. "You are right. I suppose it's none of your business."

They were silent the rest of the way until a large wooden door adorned with an engraved bear's head appeared. "Wait here," Darian opened the door, instantly greeted by the familiar scents of mint, roses, and milk "Mother?"

Nymira stood at the end of the room behind a large table by the window. She wore a fresh dress with a V-neckline, her blonde hair cascading loosely. He couldn't help but think about his seed inside her. Suddenly, the idea of being both her son and the father of her child felt strange to him, yet there was an undeniable thrill to it.

"Come in," she said. "I left at dawn while you were sleeping. I wanted to make sure our rendezvous in the grass remained hidden."

Judging by my morning walk of shame, it's not like you succeeded. He walked over and looked out the window that opened onto the castle courtyard as Nome rode his horse through the gates, returning from the city.

Darian spoke first. "So he knows that we...?"

"I didn't confess, but your brother is smart. He guessed. And I fear it might shatter his heart," her fingers idly traced the edge of a table. "He's always been imposing on the outside and sensitive on the inside."

"Your favorite son," he replied.

She playfully swatted his arm. "Don't talk nonsense. You're all my favorites. When you're not trying to get under my skirt or impregnate me."

She stepped nearer and tried to kiss him on the cheek, but he used it, planting a kiss on her lips, and the kiss was far from a motherly one: instead, Darian kissed her with the fervor of a man enraptured by a woman. The flavor of his mother ignited an intoxicating pleasure, the forbidden taste. The taste of his mother. His tongue explored her mouth, savoring her unique taste. Pleasure coursed through him, his lips explored hers with an intensity that betrayed the bond of blood. Time waned until she gently parted from him. "No, Darian. We had a deal yesterday. One last time for..."

"For Nome being a King," he sighed, still feeling her on his lips. "I remember, Mother." The levity ebbed away as the atmosphere turned serious. "What did you want to talk about?"

"How do you think?" She slowly turned her eyes toward him again and touched his cheek. "I just wanted to ask you. To ask why you did it, sweetie."

"Why?" Darian chuckled softly, his lips curling into a wry smile. "You mean..."

"Why do you want to make me pregnant? Out of all the women within the realm, why me? Why your mother?" she pressed, furrowing her eyebrows.

Despite everything he went through, this question stumped him. "I don't think I know... Because I am the Serpent-Slayer, and because some traditions should be kept."

She chuckled. "And that's all? Traditions? I have a feeling you're not being entirely honest, either with me or yourself. I could see it in your eyes yesterday. It's more than just preserving old traditions, my dear. It was something wild within you, fierce. It actually scared me a bit. It felt like I momentarily lost you... It's as if some primal force has taken hold of you, an animalistic urge."

Darian struggled to produce any kind of response. What could one even say in such a situation?

He remembered the look in her eyes. How she loved what they were doing, he recalled a look of animal enjoyment on her face. Breaking taboos, being inseminated by her own son. She may have been playing the strict and faithful wife, putting off such a strange relationship, but deep inside she loved it.

"Maybe I just want to surpass Nome, to be better than him. And I can't stand the thought of losing you." With a soft touch, he caressed her belly, a gesture as though pregnancy had already embraced her form. Nymira couldn't help but shiver, struck by the realization that Darian, her son, was attempting to mimic the role of her husband.

"If you bring up your brother, he never dared to cross that one line. He never let it happen in that way, not inside," she objected.

"So you don't deny that he fucked you? Just listen to yourself. You have a relationship with both of your sons. But didn't you promise to belong only to me? All these whispers behind my back, all these intercourses and talks like I don't notice anything. You forced me to do what I did. And I have no regrets. And don't deny it, you liked it when I came inside you. You enjoyed it!"

At that point, he got a smack in the face. The blow was harder than he would have expected from the queen. Blood spurted from the lip.

"Do not dare to talk to me in such a manner. I've shown you kindness for quite some time, perhaps more than warranted. Maybe it's time for honesty, my dear. If anyone within this fortress is worthy of bearing a child with me, it's Nome, not you."

She walked out, and Darian remained at the window, wiping blood from his lip. "How did it all come to this?"

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He stood there for a while, his lip was still sore. One question headed through his mind: "Why did I do it? Why I impregnated her? Why I impregnated my Mother? It's not about traditions anymore. Why am I so afraid to admit the fact that I just..."

want it." He left the room still in deep thought and just as he rounded the corner, a huge hand grabbed him by the throat.

The bear-like figure of Nome, immense in size, growled out the words, holding Darian as if he were a mere insect. "You think I don't know what you tried to do yesterday, little brother? Right behind my back." Darian tried to lash out, cupping his hand around his brother's throat, but Nome didn't even twitch.

"I...already impregnated... her. I won, you fool" Darian mumbled.

"Oh, wow, and I see you are so proud of it, trying to emulate our father." Something in the way it was said startled Darian, as if he were face to face with Inglud again. But Nome kept talking. "But that's not how it works, Darian. Take in this moment, the way I hold you. Do you feel like the Serpent-Slayer? Do you think you are the one? Do you feel powerful? You're the snake on our emblem, not the bear." Nome's huge hands clenched even tighter around Darian's throat. "Let me make one thing clear now. Pray she doesn't get pregnant, because once I know she is, once I'm certain she carries your offspring, my fingers close around your throat and snap. And after that, I'll shatter the fragile neck of a child you produced with our mother. And be sure, I will have enough willpower to end the life of a baby, both my nephew and brother."

Suddenly, Nome fell silent, his attention drawn to something behind Darian. Furrowing his brows, he flung him to the cold stone floor. Darian coughed, gulping air greedily.

"We're not done yet." With that, Nome walked away, waving his cloak.

"And this is the man I promised to hand over the throne to," Darian rubbed his throat painfully. He glanced up and spotted Jason at the far end of the corridor, unsheathing his sword. The head of the Guard shoved the blade back into its scabbard and approached the king. "Thank you, Jason. Once again, I find myself indebted to you."

"I told you he's irritated," said Jason, helping Darian to get on his feet. "Should I take any action?"

"No, he'll notice any surveillance, and it'll only make things worse. I'll handle it myself."

Darian wasn't as big as Nome or Inglud, but that had its advantages. He rubbed his throat and quickly followed the bulky man, leaving Jason behind. "Go back to your duties."

Soon enough, he found himself outside Nymira's chambers. "Of course, he would come here." Nome slammed the door behind him; there were no guards. Darian approached, listening.

"Is it true?" Nome's deep voice resonated.

"True, what? Can't you see I'm nursing and trying to get Tartuff to sleep? You can't just barge in like this, dear," Darian caught a glimpse of his mother's soft voice.

"Answer my question. Did you really allow him to put a child inside you? That feeble excuse for a Serpent-Slayer. Father considered him the weakest among us for a reason."

"Choose your words, dear. Sometimes you sound so much like Lokir. He is still your brother. To answer your question, no, I didn't let him do 'it'. What kind of mother would I be if my own son impregnated me?"

"So, it's false? And you're still not expecting?"

"No, I'm not. After your father's passing, it hasn't been on my mind." She shifted, and, judging by the sound, gently placed the baby into the crib. "But maybe it's time. I can make an exception for you. And I wouldn't object if... you do this"

"Do you want me to do this?" Nome coughed. "Do you want me to give you a baby?"

"Yes," Nymira replied. "I want it, honey."

Darian's heart sank. Could she truly betray him after all they'd been through? Maybe Lokir had a point. Perhaps Nome was closer to her because he resembled Inglud more.

"Then I'll do it, Mother," said Nome. "For you."

"Meet me at dawn tomorrow morning. I'll make sure there are no guards. No one will know, not even your brother. You can try to do whatever you want and father as many children as you desire. And I'll wait for you."

"Just us?"

"Just us."

A pause ensued, and Darian could almost swear he heard them kissing.

"And Tartuff..." Nome spoke again.

"I already told you, it's your father's, not his. I never let him do it inside."

"I've been away for a year. It's difficult for me to take someone's word as fact. I hope you don't lie to me, Mother."

Darian discerned footsteps and cautiously retreated. Fury boiled within him, but he realized there was little he could do, at least for now.

## CHAPTER 20. I LOVE YOU, MOM

"I can't believe she did that--betrayed me for Nome," Darian's mind was a maelstrom of thoughts.

"Meet me at a dawn tomorrow morning" he could still hear Nymira's voice. "I need to somehow make Mother not be angry at me. But I need some advice for that."

Darian burst into Lokir's chambers without bothering to knock. Lokir was sitting at the table, his head in a bucket. Surprised by such a sight, Darian stepped back, then reentered, allowing the door to slam shut behind him.

Lokir quickly lifted his wet head, and streams of water ran from his hair directly onto the table, on papers and all the stuff  
"Your Majesty."

"What on earth are you doing?"

"I... I have a... hangover." Lokir said bashfully as if he had been caught in some horrible crime.

"No wonder. You should have drunk less yesterday," said Darian.

"Yes, yes. You're right. It's my weakness. I should have told you about that terrible incident when I last got drunk at the celebration. King Inglud was so furious when I put his crown onto my..."

"I'm not interested in that now," Darian replied. "I need some advice, Lokir. Some good advice."

Darian took a seat at the table, settling down. 'I did what I had to do. I impregnated Nymira, and it angered her. I thought that her pregnancy would help me retain the throne and the queen, but maybe I only made things worse. And now she has asked Nome to impregnate her. What should I do now, Lokir? Why did she betray me?'

Amidst their conversation, Darian failed to notice Lokir plunging his head back into the bucket as if he wasn't in the middle of a conversation with the king.

"Lokir!"

"Yes, yes." The advisor raised his wet head again. "Just please don't execute me or dismiss me. I have nothing but this position as an advisor."

"You know what, just..." said Darian with a sigh. "Just tell me. How do you know she's ready to get pregnant? Just tell me that, and I'll go. How do you know?"

Lokir rose from his chair, water still dripping from his head. "You are still young, Your Majesty. But we counselors and servants have long known that a woman's fertility is signaled by her monthly bleeding."

"Bleeding?" Darian shivered, catching a piece of cloth Lokir tossed to him from the corner of the room. Examining it, Darian discovered dampness -- a trace of blood. "What is this?"

"You can guess where it's from. Blood means her womb is ready for breeding," Lokir returned to his chair. "We've always handled these matters discreetly, shielding Nymira from such knowledge. Her own body remains a mystery to her. Just fuck her well these days, and nature will take its course."

Darian tossed aside a piece of the sheet. "I won't pry into that object's purpose in your room."

"And I thank you for that," Lokir continued. "Did you say something about Nome? Maybe our lovely queen just wants him to do it so that she could later say that her pregnancy is his job, and not yours. You really want to make her pregnant and be sure it's yours?"

"Yes," Darian said without hesitation.

"Then fill her as much as you can and make sure you do it before Nome."

Darian stood up and walked towards the door, hearing the splash of water in the bucket behind him.

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As the sun began to dip below the horizon, Darian felt the moment had come. He'll do it again, fill his Mother before Nome.

Summoning his inner courage, Darian's fingers met the cold, polished surface of the ornate doorknob, the night was unfolding. No guards were there, so Darian entered without a knock.

"Who's there?" Nymira's figure emerged, swathed in a loosely-draped robe. In a quick motion, she attempted to cover herself, but he glimpsed a sight of her nude body beneath. She was getting ready for sleep, and the room smelled pleasantly of flowers; Tartuff's crib was empty.

"Were you expecting someone else?" Darian asked.

"No... I wasn't," she said uncertainly. "I hope you've come to apologize for your words. Otherwise, I don't see why you should be here." With a deft movement, she released a barrette, allowing her flowing, blonde hair to cascade down.

"Darian moved closer. 'Yes, I...' He could not look away from her tanned legs peeking out from her dressing robe. 'I'm sorry for what I've said. I acted childishly and foolishly. If I've caused you pain, Mother, I am truly sorry.'"

"You kinda did," she said as she folded her arms across her chest, pushing her ample breasts forward through her dressing gown. "Basically, you called me a slut. It did hurt me, sweetie."

"I'm sorry," he said, drawing nearer. He extended his arms and enveloped her in a tender embrace. To his relief, she welcomed

his gesture. He hugged her gently, feeling the weight of her breasts against his chest.

"It's okay," she said, returning the hug and resting her head on his shoulder.

"I'm just afraid of losing you," he said, pressing her tighter.

"You boys sometimes get a little envious of dads and siblings. Even when you were just kids, you had moments like this. It's tough to watch another sibling enjoying time with Mom. I know you envy and are afraid of losing me, but growing up means facing these feelings, Darian. You're forgiven," she said softly, her hand gliding soothingly down his back. "We must stay united, especially after your father's passing. We're family, and we need each other," she tried to pull away, though Darian still held her, enjoying the touch of her breasts and the scent of her hair.

"I love you," he whispered, his lips pressing a heartfelt kiss to her cheek.

"And I, my dear Darian, love you beyond measure," she replied.

Before releasing her, his fingers grazed the edge of her robe, as if about to unveil her form, but she hesitated, holding back. "No, Darian."

"May I see you, just one last time? Just a glimpse," he implored.

"Are you sure about that? Just a glimpse?" She hesitated, feeling the warmth of his body.

He nodded, and with a slight movement, she slowly brushed down her robe, exposing her breasts. They were full, nurturing, adorned with violet-hued aureoles, and had engorged nipples. His mother's soft breasts were brimming with life-giving vitality. Darian's heart raced, and blood rushed to his groin. He noticed a faint trace of milk on her breasts, probably left there from when she was still breastfeeding Tartuff.

He nodded and with a slight movement, she slowly brushed down her robe, exposing her breasts. They were full, nurturing, and adorned with violet-hued aureoles and engorged nipples. His mother's soft breasts were brimming with life-giving vitality. Darian's heart raced, and blood rushed to his groin. He noticed a faint trace of milk on her breasts, probably left there from when she was still breastfeeding Tartuff.

"That's it?" she quickly covered, pulling away and walking towards the bed. "Now go. It's late already."

Darian came closer to her from behind. "After everything that happened between us, there's no going back, Mother. We can't just return to being a normal family again." He kissed her on the cheek to say goodbye but then slowly moved to her lips,

grasping her soft breasts with his hands from behind through the robe. "We can't be just mother and son again."

"No, Darian, please," her voice trembled.

"I know you want it," he slipped his hand under the robe, touching her clit, and gently put her down on the bed as she mewled with pleasure.

"Don't make me call for guards..." still weakly protested.

"There are no guards outside," he said with a wry smile. Trailing kisses along her breasts, his hands and tongue traced across her chest, igniting a series of pleasurable sensations. She moaned and at that moment, as she felt she was almost into it, he exposed his cock.

"Honey, don't do this, it should... uhh... stop," she moaned, barely protesting, while he explored her vagina with his touch. In a second, he reclined on the bed, inviting her to straddle him. Slipping off her robe, she placed herself on him and with a gentle thrust he entered her. "Mom, ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...."

"Uuuughhh, Darian," Nymira let out a surprised gasp. He started going deeper as she was on him and jumped slightly when he reached the end, he was balls deep inside, feeling her ass cheeks touch his balls.

"It's good to be back home." Darian paused for a moment just to once again enjoy being so deep inside her, touching her cervix with a tip. Once again balls deep inside his birthplace.

"Why... Why would you say something like that," she felt him inside, so deep, hardly believing he let him do it again.

Struggling to catch his breath, being fully in her, Darian looked into her eyes and whispered "Let's do some babymaking... Let's make a baby."

"Ohhhh, gosh, Darian," she moaned "We talked about this, ughhhh, honey, please, we shouldn't..."

"We shouldn't do what?" finally, as she was atop him, he shifted his hips, momentarily withdrawing before slowly sliding back inside her, but then moved back, up and down, creating a rhythm that began with a gentle withdrawal and a slow, deliberate reentry. He ruffled her hair, wrapping it around his arm, and with the other hugging her tightly around the waist and pounding her pussy with all his might.

"Uggggghhhhh... Darian" was the only thing she could utter under his animalistic thrust and speed. She squeaked, her breasts shaking with each thrust of his hips, thrusting upward. Her insides squeezed his cock sweetly, sending shivers of ecstasy coursing through his veins. He found his own rhythm and began to move back and forth, enjoying the process, enjoying every second of penetrating her.

"Ohhhh shit, you are so good," he kissed her intensely, ravaging her pussy, thrusting inside her and increasing speed. Her saliva mixed with the taste of his blood from the wounded lip making her mouth taste so damn good. He was trying not to cum too soon, to enjoy it as long as he could. Humping his mom, fucking her like an animal while she was riding him. He mumbled. "You are a slut, Mom. I know you wanted Nome to fuck you and cum inside, so that...ohhhh shit... you could tell him you are pregnant by him,"

"No...honey...ogghhhh... why are you doing...ughhh... this to me," she squeaked again, closing her eyes and biting her lip, limp in her son's hands.

"I'm so close. Tell me the truth and I will pull out, I won't do it inside. Now, say it," his gaze locked onto her eyes, a pleasurable intensity veiling his gaze.

"Yes... Yes," she surrendered completely to the overwhelming waves of pleasure. "I wanted him to cum... to let him cum and say it's his baby... Ohhhh...I'm such a bad mother."

"But you are mine alone, Mom. I won't give him this perfect pussy," he increased the rhythm, fucking and hugging her tightly almost breaking her tender back.

"Ughh, you hurt me, dear" She tried to break free of his dead grip, but he quickened his pace, each thrust becoming more urgent. He couldn't stop moving his hips, feeling the tip of her cervix each time he entered fully inside. And it felt some damn good. "My cock is created...for you, Mom...Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

"Yes, baby, fuck me, fuck your mother." Each time he touched her deep spot she almost jumped on his cock, closing her eyes, holding her cry. He tugged harder on her hair and squeezed her by the waist, savoring Mom's soft tender body. He made several quick thrusts, pounding his birthplace, as her teeth shook from his wild thrusts, and at one point he realized from the look on her face that she was about to cum.

"Cum on your son's cock," he pulled her even harder by the hair, biting her lip. "Do it, Mom."

Tears glistened in her eyes as she locked her gaze onto Darian's. "Ughhhhh, Gods, ohhhh," her body trembled as she pressed her teeth into her lip, pleasure crossed her face. With a fleeting moment of intensity, she shut her eyes tightly and shuddered once more, the sensation coursing through her. "That's... amazing...ughh!" she managed to murmur, restraining the urge to release a full-blown scream of delight.

Darian could feel her inner grip tighten around his dick, urging him to strain to keep from cumming early.

She had been cumming for a while, completely collapsed in his arms. Darian kept pounding her pussy, feeling precum leaving his tip, getting ready to shoot seed deep inside her, to fill her womb to the brim.

As Nymira's mind regained its clarity, her quiet moans continued, even though she'd just cum, and she noticed a change in Darian's expression, realizing that he was nearing the edge.

"I know you are close, baby..ughhhh....please, put out" she moaned, trembling out of pleasure.

In a rush of fucking her, he recalled the question that had been on his mind. "You asked why I wanted to make you pregnant? Among all women in the realm... ohhh... why I wanted you. Why I wanted to fuck and impregnate my dear lovely Mother."

He looked deep into her eyes, feeling his climax finally approaching, she looked into him, seeking the response. Their eyes locked. As his testicles tighten, all his muscles tensed and breath quickened, he softly spoke. "Because I want to breed you. I want to breed you like an animal, Mom. Like those horses that we saw in the forest...Ohhh... I just want to breed you because you are a perfect woman for my offspring. And I don't care that you are my mother."

"Uggghhh, how can you say it," she looked at him, hardly believing what she just heard.

But he kept fucking her, pounding her pussy, thrusting with all his strength, hugging her tightly while she was atop him. "Just don't do it inside. You promised me. You said you will pull out...ohhh"

Darian smiled finally feeling the end approaching. "I will do it inside because you deserve it, slut. Will you give me a baby? Give it to me, ohhhh" At this point he flipped her over onto her back, ending up on top, and inserted his cock as deep as he could. "Ughhh, Mom" He was teetering on the brink of climax,

a single heartbeat, a single thrust away from release, getting ready to unload his heavy balls inside her beautiful honeypot, with one hand gripping her breasts, with the other her neck "Take it, oh god, take it, Mom. Give me baby, ughhhhh" He looked deep into her eyes, and with one forceful thrust he entered balls deep, touching the tip of her cervix, "OOHHHHhhhhhh, Mom...Mom...CUMMING.. ohhhhhhhhh," he pleaded and jerked, his release washing over him. He surrendered to the intense pleasure, feeling his strength drain away as he came. His body trembled, surrendering to the overpowering sensations as cum was leaving his balls and shooting inside his mother's pussy. It surged forth in a series of powerful eruptions, eruption after eruption, splurt after splurt. He came right inside her, his mother, with his childmaking hot liquid, filling her womb.

"Oh, goodness, Darian" she moaned, feeling him filling her insides, knowing there was nothing she could do about it. Seed surged into her, a torrent of warmth, as he surrendered to the throes of pleasure.

"Ohhhhh Mom," he was still pumping his seed inside her, still moving his hips forth and backward. Ecstasy surged through his body, leaving him in a delicious state of languid surrender. The post-orgasmic haze had left him temporarily lost in a sea of sensations. He let out a low, satisfied moan as his muscles relaxed, causing him to feel almost weightless in the aftermath.

"You did it again," she looked at him, biting her lips, while Darian was still cumming, feeling his seed enveloping his cock inside her as if he'd slid it into something slimy. He was so relaxed and drained.

"Please, now pull it," she ran her hand through his hair.  
"You've done enough"

He slowly withdrew his cock letting cum leak. "You're very naive if you think this is the end." He stroke it for a bit and then reentered again.

"Gosh, Darian.. What are you doing?" Shock appeared on her blushed face, and her wet hair was sticking up.

"I want to continue," he started thrusting inside again, fucking her, even though it was harder than he thought, to find the strength to continue, as he was still in the aftermath of his first intense release, but he wanted to make it again, to fill her more. He fucked her intensely, sweatin', jerking in, finding a tempo. He fucked her in jerky strokes, advancing on her cum-drenched pussy. The sheet underneath them had wet spots due to cum spurting from her vagina.

"You, boys, ugh, have so much stamina and you are so insatiable," she moaned again, going through another semi-orgasm as he reached her deep spot.

"I won't stop until I breed you," he kept pounding into her, enjoying every second of penetrating again, enjoying every second of it. "Damn, Dad was just a bastard for having you, for fucking you so many times."

"Don't... mention him."

"I just came but still hard, Mom, ughhh" he quickened the pace, unable to turn away from her boobs. He started liking, sucking her nipples figuring out it was full of milk. And fucked her even harder as she moaned, holding his head and going through another orgasm. "Ughh, Darian. honey..."

It was hard to tell how much time passed at this pace, he was fucking her for some time until eventually, a wave of pleasure began to build within him, he was close. "Ohhhhh, Mom, Mom, I love you. I'm so close, I'm so damn close...uhhhhhh"

"Do it, dear. Fill me up, I don't care now... finish inside me. Cum inside your Mother," she enveloped his body with her legs and head with her hands.

"Ohh, I'll do it for you. Fuuuck, take it, Mom, oghhh" he made a final thrust and felt something heavy hit his balls. "Ohhhh, Mom!" his testicles clenched and semen rushed straight forward, flooding Nymira's womb, all her insides, with a new flood of semen.

"Mmmmmm...I feel it, you are so incoherent when you come, honey," she smiled with a deep wild blissful smile feeling her son emptying inside her. "No one in my life came so much inside me before."

An overwhelming surge of euphoria enveloped him as he surrendered to the crescendo of pleasure. His entire being was electrified, causing his form to quiver as an almost primal force overtook his senses. It's like he lost control over his body

so he allowed his primal instincts to guide him, letting seed flow freely inside her.

When the echoes of bliss finally subsided, he pulled out his cock and lay down beside her, feeling pleasantly weak and dry. It was beautiful.

It was already dawn outside the window. "I don't care what happens next. You can still fuck Nome, but I am the one who made you pregnant. I've left my mark on you. Forgive me for today, for this night."

Her voice, gentle and sincere, responded, "I forgive you. As I mentioned before, you boys just can't stand seeing another sibling having a good time with Mom. There's so much jealousy in you."

Completely drained, Darian found the strength to gather his clothes. "I'll see you this afternoon, Mom." He kissed her cheek and walked quickly out, making sure the castle corridors were empty.

## CHAPTER 21. NO INTIMACY WHILE I'M PREGNANT.

"We have gathered here today to address a matter of great importance," Lokir's gaze drifted towards the left end of the table to Nome-- the war hero who had vanquished the barbarians.

The counselor then shifted his attention to the right end of the table, where Darian sat -- the kingdom's savior, the prince who had taken charge in its time of need.

A heavy sigh escaped Lokir, who felt Jason's presence behind him before he turned to see Nymira, seated across from him.

Her hands were folded over the gentle curve of her belly. She ran a hand over it.

"Today, we shall ascertain the identity of this child's father."  
Finished Lokir.

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The news came unexpectedly.

"Look how quickly Tartuff is growing," Nymira seated at the table and observed the now-toddler confidently exploring the room.

Darian quietly savored his chowder, sometimes glancing at Nome on the other side of the table.

Since the last time with the queen, he had never pondered whether anything was going on between his mother and Nome. In truth, he didn't care.

He had fulfilled his part and more than once.

Even if Nome took over from here, a potential child would still be his.

"It's wonderful to have us all together as a family again, just like years ago," she said while adjusting her dress. "Only sad your father is not with us," She lightly touched her forehead, and Nome turned his attention toward her, "It's odd."

"Perhaps you should rest, Mother? The last thing I want is for you to be sick," Nome glanced across the table as if Darian shouldn't be here.

"No need to worry, darling; I'm feeling better now."

As they sat side by side, Darian couldn't help but notice the pronounced swelling of her breasts, her nipples prominently evident.

A sudden kick to his leg drew his attention to Tartuff, who stood between him and Nymira, casting an envious, childlike gaze. "What do you want, spawn of Inglud?" The child looked suspiciously pale and seemed sick.

"He's growing so quickly," Nymira gently stroked the child's head. "Motherhood is a source of joy for any woman, and the more, the merrier. Giving birth and raising children are challenges every woman should embrace, and I'm more than ready for another."

Darian coughed.

"Are you saying...?" Nome leaned in closer.

"Yes, dear. It appears I'm expecting once again."

Darian and Nome exchanged glances, and Darian couldn't help but notice a unique sense of pride in the expression on the redhead's face.

"How can you be so sure?" Nome asked.

"Believe me," she replied with a serene smile, "I just know."

Nome gently took her hand. "That's wonderful news, Mother."

The unspoken question lingered in the air.

"I understand what you're both thinking. But I'll reveal the identity of the father when the time is right. I don't want this to be another stumbling block in our relationship. Now, I hope you both will be devoted sons and provide unwavering care for your mother in these coming months," Nymira gently passed her hand over her belly, even though there was no noticeable bump. "I never aspired to motherhood, but having sons as splendid as you two--I'm grateful I am. Pregnancy is challenging, but bearing a child of the Serpent-Slayers is a far greater trial. And, I'd prefer if we refrained from discussing the throne until after I've given birth. We can consult Lokir on how to present my pregnancy to the kingdom."

"That can wait. Can you leave us, Darian?" said Nome suddenly.

Darian was taken aback but didn't argue. He stood up, pale-faced Tartuf kicked him in the leg again and walked out under his mother's silent gaze.

"I am surrounded by enemies. How did it come to this that my own brother became one? This is my child, isn't it?"

He stood at the door with a lost look in his eyes. "Right?"

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It was so thrilling to see her body changing. Her becoming a mother.

And at the same time, it was weird. She was becoming a mother of his child, and at the same time, this very child was his brother or sister.

Being at the same time father and brother was so weirdly thrilling to think about.

As the weeks passed, the transformation of her body became increasingly pronounced until, on one special day, the curve of her belly could no longer be hidden.

"I remember seeing her go through pregnancy with Tartuf, but now that she's carrying my child, it feels like an entirely new experience."

She sat next to him in the empty throne room where Lokir was reading out some news. Her hands were placed on her stomach to hide the emerging bump. She had made it clear, "No intimacy while I'm pregnant," prioritizing the well-being of their growing child above all else.

"Your Grace, our enemies... You Grace? Are you listening?" Lokir stood in front of the throne.

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"How many days do you think will pass before the people in the castle and throughout the kingdom notice?" asked Lokir suddenly.

Darian, visibly taken aback, turned his head toward the queen and noticed that she had fallen asleep. She was sleeping peacefully, sitting on her throne. Something she had never allowed herself to do before.

"The answer is zero." Lokir came closer. "Everyone has already noticed. We can't put it off any longer and my opinion is that it has to be reported."

Darian let out a chuckle. "Reported to whom? The citizens? There's nothing to report."

"The people need to know whose child it is. It would serve the queen no good to have rumors circulating that she is expecting a child from an unknown lover."

"And from her own son?"

"If we tell about the old traditions, then the kingdom will accept it. After all, you are their king."

"The kingdom don't respect me this much to accept it. That's nonsense," Darian took off his crown. "It will not accept this turn of events. Queen Mother pregnant by her King Son."

"You should give this some serious thought though. And we should also know whose exactly child it is, because..."

"Because what?" Darian's voice slightly trembled. "Did Nome lay with her?"

"Yes".

He clutched the crown tightly, not understanding the very source of his anger. He had suspected it, after all, he knew it. But still.

It was painful.

He looked at her peacefully slumbering on the throne, looking so innocent and cute.

It was so good filling her. He did not want to share Nymira. Much less with Nome, and also now, while she's pregnant.

"Mother knows whose child it is," his grip on the crown grew fiercer. "She'll decide."

"Unless she decides to claim it as your brother's, even if it's yours."

Darian's expression tightened. "She won't do that."

"Who knows, Your Majesty. As the chronicler, I have seen women capable of all manner of things."

"Not my mother." He watched her sleep; her breasts heaving as she peacefully enjoyed her slumber.

Lokir moved closer, suspiciously close. He said, barely audibly.

"I've.... I've been wanting to ask you something for a while now."

"Go ahead."

Counselor hesitated for a moment before continuing, "I was just curious what it's like... I mean, how does it feel... being inside a mother? In that way..."

Darian leaned back in his throne, making sure with the corner of his eye that Nymira was definitely asleep, and tried to find the right words. "Well, where some might see the enigma of the forbidden womb -- I see a woman whose heart can be passionately pursued and won over. Once you get past that stage, when you think there can be no intimacy with your mother, that it's a dream too distant to reach, as you delve deeper into this internal battle, it becomes evident that this is a battle that can be won. When you emerge on the other side, a world of boundless possibilities and pleasures opens up before you, like an unexplored landscape waiting for you.

In this process, the place where you grew up inside your mother undergoes an incredible change. It stops just representing your mom's care and becomes a fascinating part of the amazing person you admire and love deeply. It's when you realize that your mom isn't just someone who takes care of you but also has her own wishes and qualities that you can value and treasure in a special way. And you can love her not just as a son, but also as a man."

## **Part Six**

That way month after month went by. Her pregnancy was more and more noticeable. In the mornings, he caught glimpses of her body as it evolved. While he didn't witness her entirely unclothed, her dress hinted at the undeniable shifts: her breasts, now swollen, and the initial swell of her belly beneath her clothing. He noticed how she moved differently

down the hallway and how ascending the stairs had become a more laborious task for her. He couldn't help but smile when he saw her doze off in the comfortable armchairs.

One evening, Darian went to visit her in bed. Darian stepped into the room. "Mom?"

Nymira settled onto the bed, her hands gently cradling her belly.

He looked into her deep cleavage, blonde tresses resting gently on her breasts, now more voluptuous than ever. Her breasts swayed with each breath and movement. "I wish I could touch and taste them."

"I can feel the child moving within me," she said. "I'd almost forgotten how comforting it is. It's so strange; I once nursed both of you with these very breasts, and now I carry your child within me. I must be quite an unusual mother, wouldn't you say?"

"You gave me your milk as a child, and now, I've given you mine," It ran through his mind and then he said. "There's nothing wrong or unusual about it," he said softly as he carefully lowered himself to sit next to her, getting a better view of her cleavage, and looking into her eyes." But, Mother, when do you plan to reveal who the father is?"

She met his gaze, her fingers tracing patterns on her stomach. "I fear that by revealing the truth, I may break one of your hearts."

"Delaying the inevitable will only make matters worse. Better now than later."

"Maybe you are right," Nymira turned to look out of the window. "Then, I suppose, I'll gather the courage to reveal everything tomorrow."

-

The morning started with some bad news. Tartuf was sick and receiving constant care from the healers. Despite this, Nymira remained determined to reveal the child's father.

"I'm confident she'll tell the truth. But maybe the truth is not that I expect," Darian stood at the door to the council chamber, waiting for the meeting; he watched Nome standing at the door.

"What a twist of fate, isn't it?" said Nome, "We're standing here, waiting to find out which one of us knocked up the mother. You and I have been through so much together, would you believe it?"

"Yeah, that's weird," they both chuckled, the first time since Nome's return. "You know, I cannot be remembered as the Two-Week King."

"Then you should have had faith in me, little brother," Nome responded. "You should have trusted in my return, refrained from claiming the throne, and not killed our father."

"I didn't kill him."

"It doesn't matter anymore. You can still walk away, leave this castle life behind, and forge a new path in life. Just don't become my enemy."

In that tense moment, the door swung open, breaking the silence. "Please, come in," Lokir beckoned them into the room.

Nymira settled into a chair at the head of the table. "Oh, how I tire of this ever-swelling belly." Nome and Darian took their seats.

"Jason can stay. He's supposed to know," Lokir took his seat. "We have gathered here today to address a matter of great importance. Today, we shall ascertain the identity of this child's father. Queen, are you sure you agree to report who Father is now, within these hallowed walls?"

With unflinching resolve, Queen Nymira responded "I harbor neither shame nor secrets. I embrace my choices without remorse."

"Lokir, busy jotting down notes, chimed in, 'I'll record this for history's sake.' After a brief pause, he asked, 'So, Queen Nymira, who is the father of your unborn child?'"

A tense silence hung in the room until a response came, "The father is Nome."

Darian leaned back in his chair, barely realizing what was happening. Barely believing what he has heard.

"Very well, it's settled then. This child belongs to Nome!" Lokir turned to Jason. "Put that surprised face away, Jason, as if you didn't know anything about Nymira and her sons."

"I did, Counselor. And yet."

Everyone glanced at Nome, who was staring blankly at Darian. Clearly, the revelation had not taken him by surprise.

Darian had lost. This was the end of this story. All his efforts and endeavors had led him here just for Nymira to favor him over someone who looked like her husband.

And could he blame her for that? "So now I am Darian Two-Week King."

"Prepare the ceremony of my initiation as king, Lokir. And no word yet on my mother's pregnancy." Nome rose and kissing Nymira walked out.

The world spun beneath his feet when he stood up, and he nearly stumbled. Jason steadied him and offered assistance. He couldn't bring himself to look at Nymira.

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The bloody dawn illuminated the castle, and Darian threw a book at the wall as it had caught his eye--the same book that had allowed all of this to happen. "About the Serpent-Slayers and the Kingdom of Incuria."

His Mother had betrayed him, not once, but twice.

And yet he had given her all of himself. A soft, tentative knock echoed through the room, drawing his attention. He knew who it was, so he immediately stepped back to the window, not wanting to meet her gaze.

He only heard her slowly enter the room.

"Why are you like that, Darian?" She approached him from behind, her arms enveloping his body. Her large breasts softly touched his back. "I told you I didn't want to break the heart of one of you. Shouldn't you be happy that this child isn't the product of our... familial relationship?"

He continued to maintain his silence.

She rested her cheek on his back. "You are warm, my little son, you were always so passionate in bed. I'll never forget our

first time, when you came at night, so intense; I remember the way you looked at me with so much desire. I couldn't resist it. Your father was never like that, there was no passion with Includ, just the primal urge to satisfy his base desires. But with you, it was different. It was so good when you loved me," she moved her mouth closer to his ear and whispered. "And when you wanted to breed me, your own mother."

"What's the point of all this talk, Mom? You made your decision, you lied to everyone."

"I'm just trying to say you shouldn't be angry with me. Your brother is the rightful heir. I wanted to protect you from him. And I didn't lie," she clung even tighter. "Just help me through this pregnancy, and then I promise to make sure you won't regret it."

She took his hand, he initially considered pulling away, but then he felt something soft. She guided his palm to rest against her breast, just below the cleavage, through the dress. The flesh of palm felt her nipple, his fingertips brushed against her soft breasts. Mom's boobs felt incredible, more soft, tender and swollen. It seemed like pregnancy had its own advantages.

"You think I haven't noticed the way you look at me? The way you peek at my breasts?"

Slowly, he turned to face her. She had removed her clothing, and before him were her full, curvaceous breasts. Erected nipples were pointed directly at him, waiting for him.

He crumpled them and savored the moment. "They're sensitive, be careful," Nymira squeaked, turning red, as she felt his fingers gently grip her skin, savoring every curve. "You are so gentle, baby. It feels nice."

He kissed her breast, taking the nipple in his mouth like a child. He licked the breast and squeezed it, listening her hold back moans.

It was beautiful; he reached up, trying to kiss her, but at that moment unborn baby made its presence known. Nymira grasped her stomach, feeling the pain. "It's too early for fun, Darian. It's big, I can sense baby might arrive earlier than expected, maybe in a few weeks. I'm worried about what might happen during labor. And I want you to be by my side when your brother's child is born. Will you?"

"I'll be there for you, mother. Always."

## CHAPTER 22. FAMILY ADDITION.

Jason stood outside the heavy wooden doors of Darian's chambers. His armor gleamed, and his expression was both respectful and serious as he awaited permission to enter.

Inside the chamber, Darian sat at a desk, engrossed in a pile of documents.

"Enter," he called.

The doors creaked open, and Jason entered with a deep bow. "Your Majesty," he began, "I bring urgent news from Queen Nymira."

Darian set aside his papers. "What is it? Is something amiss?"

"She is in the throes of labor," Jason replied.

Darian sighed and rose from his seat. "How is she?"

"Her Majesty is in good health, but she has requested your presence. The time has come."

"My presence?" He was a little confused and immediately remembered what Inglud usually did. "Please, gather the royal physicians. I shall be with Queen shortly."

"As you command, Your Majesty,"

Darian took a moment to collect himself. With a final glance at the door, he set out to join Mother in the chambers where their family would soon grow. Whether he likes it or not.

At the entrance, he met Lokir catching his breath against the wall. Even through the poorly lit hallway, his pale face was visible. "Ufff, I can't stand these things. All the blood is disgusting. I'd rather wait here. Go, she's waiting"

"Is Nome..?"

Lokir immediately shook his head. "He's not here."

As Darian approached the door, he could hear voices inside. The room was bathed in a warm, soothing light from the numerous candles that adorned its walls. His Mother, regal and poised, reclined on a bed draped in rich silks. The sound of her slow, steady breaths filled the room. The palace was hushed, and only the occasional murmur of the attending midwives and healers could be heard.

Nymira looked calm and strong, showing her bravery in this tough situation. When Darian came closer, she met his eyes. Wet braids lay on her face. Her hand reached out to him, and he took it gently, offering a tender squeeze.

"Mom, are you well?"

Nymira smiled warmly, her eyes locking with her son's. "I am as well as can be expected, Darian. This is a happy moment for our family."

The queen was surrounded by her trusted handmaidens, who were chosen for their loyalty and midwifery skills. They moved around the room, lit by flickering candles on the walls.

"Is there anything I can help with?"

"Just having you here is enough. You being here with me is the greatest comfort of all. She bent down, kissing his cheek, and whispered softly. "Our child is eager to meet you."

The queen's breathing grew more rhythmic, her grip on her son's hand tightening as a contraction washed over her. The handmaidens moved closer, ready to assist in any way they could. Nymira's trusted physician stood at the foot of the chaise, her gaze fixed on the queen.

Minutes stretched into hours, and the tension in the room grew with each passing moment. He had never been a participant in childbirth, and everything that was happening seemed bizarre. Is that how babies are born? Even in childbirth, his mom looked beautiful.

He smiled, remembering what she said. Turns out, she had lied. She was good at it, just like him. He was struck by lightning. She had been carrying his child all this time, and right now she was giving birth to their baby.

"Summon your strength, queen, push," urged the handmaidens, while Nymira's grip on his hand intensified further.

Her countenance tightened, as she labored to bring forth another Serpent-Slayer, his child, come out into the world. Finally, a cry filled the room. The handmaidens worked quickly, swaddling the newborn in a silken blanket and placing the tiny, wailing infant in Darian's arms.

Not fully understanding what was happening, he held the baby. "It's a girl," one of the handmaidens said.

"It's a girl," he repeated.

"It's your daughter... Our... daughter, Darian," said Nymira hardly breathing.

He looked at the child, shifting his gaze back and forth between her and Nymira. The figure at the door caught his eye. Nome stood in the middle of the room, watching all that was going on, barely paler than Lokir when Darian had seen him at the entrance.

There were no doubts. He heard everything. The thug turned and walked out, shoving a passing counselor out of his way.

"Hey!" Lokir yelled.

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A few weeks passed. After giving birth, Queen Nymira needed a break. She had been well taken care of by midwives and doctors, and now she wanted some quiet time. A warm bath had been prepared in a nearby room, ready for her.

As Nymira relaxed in the warm water, she sighed with contentment.

The door creaked open.

"Darian," she said with a serious smile when she saw him at the door. "You always show up unannounced."

"The baby is asleep, and I wanted to make sure you're okay. They say Nome has run away because he found out about the baby..."

"No, I don't want to hear about him," Nymira interrupted. She touched her sore breasts, which were partly visible in the water.

He moved closer and touched her hand, kneeling.

"I'm thinking about Tartuf," Nymira said. "He had been sick for weeks, and despite the kingdom's best healers, he was getting worse. It was a sharp contrast to the joy of our new baby, and it weighed heavily on my heart." Nymira wiped away a tear and continued, "Thank you, Darian, for being by my side. I hope you have found happiness in the gift of a child. I have granted you a child you longed for. Has this quenched your thirst?"

"Partly, Mother."

"Partly?" Nymira moved closer and gently kissed his cheek, "You wanted this, right? You wanted to make me pregnant and have your baby. You achieved it, but now you should find a proper wife, a real mother for your future children."

"So, do you think this is the end of it? Do you think I've had enough of just one child and won't want to continue?"

"Darian, it was just one mischief. I fear that Tartuf's illness is the gods' punishment for our love. We can't go on... "

But he was firm. "I want you to bear my children for as long as you are capable. If Tartuf's life is ever cut short, I promise you a new son. I yearn for a large family, a thriving brood. I want you to be the mother of all my children, my offspring--all of them."

"No, Dairan," She pulled away, taken aback by the depth of her son's desire, and contemplated his words. She couldn't believe what she had unleashed; her son yearned to bring another child into the world through her.

He began kissing her, greedily exploring her body and neck with his tongue, his hands reached across the water to her beautiful tender breasts filled with milk. His palm slid further, barely touching her pussy.

"Darian, please... Ugh, it's...sensitive there now, be..." she moaned, he didn't let her finish, kissing her, savoring Mom's taste, sucking her in completely.

He gently lifted her from the tub, setting her down on the nearest table. Her vagina felt different to the touch, but he didn't care. She broke the kiss, her fingers delicately tracing

his chest as she gently pulled away. "Darling, you deserve a partner who can offer you more. You need a real wife."

His eyes met hers, filled with unwavering devotion. "I don't need anyone but you. You're the only woman who can give birth to Serpent-Slayers."

He pulled down his pants, her fingers circling his cock, which hardened in an instant. "Are you really going to put it in even though I recently gave birth?"

At that moment he entered with all his might, pressing Nymira against the wall.

"Ughhhh, so good to be back. Father was a fool and didn't know what you were truly capable of, Mother," It was soft and moist inside, but then her guts wrapped sweetly around his cock, and the rush of pleasure made him dizzy. He hit the exact cervix of her uterus and she shrieked, straddling his neck.

He began pacing back and forth; savoring the moment he'd been waiting for all these months. "I want you to apologize for lying to me and everyone about the baby."

"I'm sorry, ughhhh, sweetheart, please, forgive me for lying," she kissed him on the lips. He fucked her, nuzzling her hair and breasts as she begged for his forgiveness. It all seemed unreal. He was fucking his mother again after she had born him a child. Darian was ready to fill her with a seed again.

"Ohhhh shit, you are so good," he kissed her intensely, ravaging the pussy, thrusting inside her and increasing speed. His balls were sweetly touching her ass, cock penetrating the vagina that had not long ago been the site of a baby. "Ohhh, that feels so good," he bit her breast, kissing it and savoring the taste.

He pushed his cock in even deeper, right where the baby came out. "Ohhhh, it's been a long time since the last time we fucked."

He increased the pressure, entering deeper and deeper, harder and harder, trying to make up for the time that's passed. "It's so wet inside you. I hope Father sees us now, sees how we are loving each other."

"Just finish it, do it inside, I want to feel your powerful seed pumping inside me," she almost begged him.

That was enough. As his testicles tightened, all his muscles tensed and his breath quickened, giving all of himself, thrusting inside. "Ohh, Mom," his cock shuddered at the sensation engulfing him. He felt his orgasm coming and hugged her boobs with all his might, he sucked into her lips, tearing mother's vagina with renewed vigor. He made a few final thrusts, trying to delay that final moment, stretching out the pleasure.

Thrust after thrust and he couldn't hold back any longer. He thrust straight into her with one last push, entering balls deep into his birthplace. "Ughhhhhhh," a torrent of sensations surged through his body, igniting every nerve and consuming

his consciousness. Amidst the whirlwind of ecstasy, unexpected and vivid memories flooded his mind. As his breath quickened and his heart pounded, an image emerged, crystal clear and emotionally charged: his beloved mother. He shook with pleasure, his cock tensed and at that moment he came.

"Ughhhh, gosh, Mom," his seed spurted outward, right inside her. He cried out, unable to hold back. It surged forth in a series of powerful eruptions, eruption after eruption, splurt after splurt right into his mother's womb.

At such moments, you forget that nature may not have intended for sons to breed their mothers.

"Yes, Darian. Ughh, deeper, deeper, give me your hot seed!"

It was an electrifying, mind-blowing orgasm, and he shuddered with pleasure, his body quivering in ecstasy. Her soft moans of delight mingled with his deep, primal groans. With each groan, he injected a new load of white seed into her.

His climax slowly ebbed away, although his chest still throbbed.

"So much," she murmured sensually, tracing her fingers lightly across her erect nipple before descending to her warm, moist core, from which a glistening, pearlescent white fluid emanated.

"I love you, Mom, and I always will," he kissed Mom deeply, savoring her taste, her femininity, and their lovemaking. "You're not only my wife but also my queen. Nobody can ever keep us apart. I won't let anyone take you away from me."

"I won't let anyone keep us apart, sweetheart."

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The kingdom received momentous news: the joyful arrival of a newborn baby girl, born to none other than Queen Nymira. As whispers of celebration began to spread, an unexpected revelation soon emerged. It was revealed that King Darian, the Queen's own son, was the father of this precious child.

In the kingdom's deeply rooted traditions, there existed a unique custom. According to this age-old practice, a Serpent-Slayer possessed the extraordinary privilege to wed his own mother and bring forth children to form a family with her.

This revelation initially caused shock and consternation throughout the realm, for this revelation challenged conventional norms. However, as time passed and the depth of this tradition was understood, the kingdom gradually began to embrace it.

Ultimately, the citizens came to accept the fact that King Darian had married his own mother, Queen Nymira, and that she had given birth to his child.

"Life is finally getting better," he held out a finger, watching the girl child play with it.

Nymira came up behind him, laying her head on his shoulder. "Your little brother is doing better. But there's still no news from Nome."

"He'll be back sooner or later. And accept things as they are. I'm sure of it." He kissed her lips.

Darian remembered the morning. Lokir had handed him a letter that was supposedly from Nome. But he never opened it.

## CHAPTER 23.FINALE.

Darian, cloaked in shadowy robes and bundled in a thick scarf, embarked on an ascent to the city's highest point, on a snowy hill beside the castle. The heavy snowfall made it hard to see; he lifted the mask up and moved forward.

His gloved hand remained on the hilt of his sword, snug within its scabbard. At last, he conquered the summit, his breath visible in the frigid air as he removed his mask to survey the city below.

"In the shadowed halls of destiny, you once deemed me the feeblest among your progeny, the most inconspicuous of the Serpent-Slayers. But I achieved, father, something you deemed impossible. I ushered my mother into passion, into bed. I can do it with her many times as I want, have as many children as I want. Hear my vow. My legacy will be intertwined with the Serpent-Slayers, and your vaunted name, once held

in reverence, will dwindle to a mere murmur, a distant whisper when my final strike lands, severing the head of your firstborn."

He thrust his sword into the snow-covered ground and retrieved Nome's letter from the pocket within the robes.

"I've had time to think. For the shame and the disgrace you have heaped upon me, for the theft of our mother's love, on the second day of winter meet me at the place where our father met the flames - Nome."

Darian threw the letter and clenched his hands around the sword's pommel. The muffled crunch of footsteps behind him shattered the silence.

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"Only a fool would seek advice from a traitor."

"I know. But I want to believe that inside the traitor there is still someone I called my friend" Darian raised the torch above his head, illuminating the dark caverns of the dungeon.

The old man seated before him bore little resemblance to Counselor Narim, now reduced to a pitiful, wretched figure, unrecognizable from the friend Darian had known throughout his life.

"How do you defeat someone who could fight an army of barbarians? You could kill Inglud stealthily, Darian, but facing someone like Nome, his full-fledged doppelgänger, openly, would be suicide."

"Just what a traitor would want."

The old man sighed and coughed. "The air here is suffocating, damp. Turn Nome to your side. Show him my letters, tell him that the barbarians still pose a threat and that the army needs a general like him."

"And then what? Hope he gets killed, or wait for him to return? Nome hunger for revenge for mother's betrayal, and he won't stop until he gets what he desires."

Old counselor remained silent, staring at Darian with his lifeless grey eyes.

"I could have arranged an escape for you, Narim. But I don't think you'll stop to..."

"No," replied the old man sharply and hoarsely. "No. Just let me die. Tomorrow is my execution. I'm an old man, I don't want to die of old age, cowering, curled up in pain," he looked at Darian again. "Let it be quick. This time I ask as a friend."

Darian nodded, barely holding back tears. "I promise," he turned around, lighting the way out with his torch.

"Exploit your brother's weaknesses. If he's anything like Inglud, you know what to do," Narim said.

Darian paused for a moment, his face half-shadowed by the flickering torchlight. "Farewell, old friend," he stepped out, leaving the dungeon.

"Farewell, My King."

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The footsteps intensified. Darian opened his eyes and pulled the sword out of the snow, turning around.

The snowfall began to settle. "So you've come, then. I must admit, I was afraid you wouldn't have the courage even for this, brother," Nome slung a massive battle-axe over his broad shoulder, his face overgrown with a thick red beard and greasy hair. Sunken eyes and circles testified to sleepless nights.

Darian looked him over, letting out a sigh. "Do you want to know something fascinating? Our father, a colossus in both leadership and warfare, a slayer of hundreds, triumphed in countless battles. And yet in his last seconds of life, he squirmed like a slug under my feet. He me called the worst of the Serpent-Slayers, but in the end, my face was the last thing Inglud the Serpent-Slayer, the Bear, saw when I slit his fat ugly throat. He writhed beneath like a serpent in its death throes. And I was a bear."

Nome lowered his axe from the shoulder, rumbling and stepping closer. "No more evasions, then. You confess to the murder of our father. For this, I'll gut your corpse and hang it over the castle gates. You betrayed our family, Darian. You slew our father not in honorable combat but because he deemed you feeble. That did you no honor or glory, brother."

"You think I killed him because of that? No, he crossed the line when he dared to touch my queen, thinking I didn't deserve her. You will die for the same thing. In this story, Nome, you are the serpent and I am the slayer."

"These are bold words for a coward who sneakily stabbed a king in the back. We are no longer children. My axe will be the avenger for our father, and your name, Darian, will be erased from the scrolls of history. Forever! Your offspring will be spared, for our mother's sake, to prevent her from suffering further."

Darian raised his sword, "We shall see."

A guttural roar erupted from Nome as he hoisted his axe above his head.

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Darian gazed out of the window onto the castle square. The echoes of children's swordplay played in his mind, taking him back to the days when he and Nome were just kids.

"When I grow up, I'll become stronger than you," Darian proclaimed.

"Yeah, dream on, brother," Nome, the red-haired boy a head taller, swung a sharp stick and stabbed Darian in the finger.

"Ouch! That hurt," Darian winced.

"Are you about to shed tears, little brother?"

"Stop it, Nome, or I'll tell Mom!" Darian threw his stick away, shoving the bloody finger into the mouth.

"Come on! Fight me!" Nome swung his stick once more, putting all his might behind it. But this time, Darian dodged, and Nome's stick landed sharply on the ground, the pointed end firmly stuck.

Darian couldn't help but taunt, "Ha-ha. It looks like your stick found a new home."

"My king?!" Someone's voice from behind returned him back from memories. Darian half-turned at Lokir's call. The counselor stepped closer handing him the sword. Darian pulled it from its sheath, inspecting it and swiping it through the air.

"A blade of exceptional craftsmanship, forged by the kingdom's most skilled swordsman," said Lokir.

Jason, who stood near the door, chimed in, "This is a good sword. Your enemies won't stand a chance, Your Majesty."

Darian nodded appreciatively. "Thank you, Lokir."

Lokir's voice turned more somber. "How are you feeling after Narim's execution? Do you want to talk about it?"

"No. I don't," he returned the sword to its scabbard, staring straight at the counselor. "May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, of course. I'm here to answer King's questions."

"Why me?"

Lokir scratched his beard thoughtfully. "I don't quite understand. Why you what?"

"You had so many opportunities to betray me and to help Nome, someone who is more like our father. You swore allegiance to the Serpent-Slayers, but you chose me. Why?"

Lokir and Jason exchanged a knowing glance. "Because," Lokir began, "you didn't resort to executing us after Narim's ill-fated coup. Another Serpent-Slayer would have executed the entire guard just to intimidate the kingdom; he would execute even those who had helped him. You're not like other Serpent-Slayers, Darian. That's true. And Narim saw that as

a weakness and tried to exploit it. I, too, initially viewed it as such, until I realized it is your strength. A kingdom built solely on fear is destined for ruin. You earned your respect, Darian. You earned your crown. You are our perfect king."

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He deftly evaded the ax, swiftly countering with a slash of his sword across Nome's arm. With incredible force, Nome hurled him back into the snow with a massive hand.

The frost's grip began to tighten on Darian's muscles as he desperately crawled away, putting as much distance as possible between himself and Nome.

Red-haired chuckled, savoring the moment. "I enjoy it when events unfold just as I've foreseen. Crawl away, brat. "

Darian, rising to his feet despite the dizziness from Nome's previous blow, faced yet another menacing strike.

But with calculated precision, he still launched a ferocious assault with his sword, the blade cutting through the air with deadly intent. Nome, however, was no easy adversary, effortlessly parrying the attack and retaliating with a counterstrike.

Darian parried and with a precise thrust he breached the armor on Nome's chest, inflicting a minor wound.

"You are really worth something after all," Nome smirked.

"Just shut up," Darian attacked again, overconfident in his strength. Nome deflected the attack and, with his colossal gauntlet, delivered a crushing blow directly to Darian's temple. The world spun as Darian screamed, thrown backward, his vision obscured by a blinding pain. The blow severely damaged his eye and cut the skin. Darian barely got up, swinging the sword, seeing nothing in front of him. The snowstorm intensified.

" "That's it?" a voice sneered from just inches away from Darian's ear, and Nome delivered a merciless kick to his stomach, sending Darian tumbling face-first into the snow with a heavy thud. "I'm disappointed. What are you fighting for, Darian? For the throne or for our dear mother? Is she really worth it? I've only tasted her once, and it was a nightmare. I don't understand your fervor; I don't understand how you can do this. "

He thought about Nymira. "I won't die like this," Darian's vow cut through the biting wind, his teeth gritted against the pain. The determination in his eyes, fueled by love, sparked a glimmer of hope.

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"Where are you going in this weather?" Nymira was standing by the window breastfeeding a baby girl. She wore a green royal dress with furs at the neck. Her breasts peeked out through the slit of the dress, placed in a baby's mouth. She looked tired and exhausted.

"There is one thing I should do," he wrapped a scarf around his neck and dressed warmer.

"Why are you involved in something I'm unaware of?" she walked over, rocking the girl in her arms, and kissed his cheek. "You don't have to lie to me, darling. I know when you do, after all, I am the one who cradled you in my arms and watched you take your first steps. You see how my life has changed, how much I've sacrificed for you, Darian. So why? Why are you lying to me now?"

He looked into her eyes. "To protect you. It's... about Nome. I have an informant who knows where he is."

Nymira set the girl aside on the bed, she seemed too nervous to say anything.

"Nome is probably far away by now. He won't forgive us for our marriage," she forewarned.

He stepped closer. "Mom," whispered Darian, his eyes searching her face, "can you truly be prepared for the possibility of him not making it out alive? It's possible that our enemies could... you know."

Nymira gazed into the distance for a moment. "I would despise with every fiber of my being the one who brought harm to him," she finally spoke. "I would harbor an unyielding thirst for vengeance, and with every beat of my heart, swear to see justice served."

She turned and smiled with the corner of her mouth. "But there's nothing to worry about, I know it. My firstborn son isn't as easily felled as you might think, Darian." Leaning forward, she pressed a tender kiss upon his forehead.

His breasts were still in full view. With a tender touch, he traced his finger delicately over her nipple, wiping away a droplet of milk, and then tasted it. "Be ready when I am back, Mom."

As he made his way toward the door, she added, "I'll be waiting."

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His head throbbed with excruciating pain. Slowly, he rose to his feet, his vision clearing just enough to discern the looming silhouette of his older brother. "It's over, Darian."

"No matter how this day unfolds - history will remember you as a fratricide and a turncoat. The council and the guards have pledged their loyalty to me."

A defiant fire ignited in Nome's eyes, and he retorted, "Then I'll execute everyone. Lokir, Jason. Everyone!"

"But, above all, remember this," Darian sneered, hardly breathing. "Our mother will never embrace you as she did me."

"Shut up!" Nome swung his axe furiously. "I will become the greatest king! And our mother will be only mine!"

Darian dodged every attack. In a final, powerful swing, Nome aimed downward, causing the axe to embed itself into the ground. The blade stuck for a few seconds, but it was enough.

"Your weakness - your arrogance," Darian brought his sword forward and stabbed at an open spot on his armor, at the same very wound. The blade pierced through Nome's body, penetrating his chest.

"Aggh-h-h-h-h-h-h," Nome grunted in agony. Darian withdrew the sword, and Nome, dropping his axe, clutched desperately at the wound as torrents of blood streamed forth, staining the pristine snow beneath.

"It's not... over," Nome gasped, his voice strained, collapsing into the unforgiving snow. Darian caught the massive body as it descended. Nome's eyes mirrored the cold landscape around them. "It hurts. Why is it so cold?" his words were punctuated by labored breaths as Darian clutched at the seeping wound. "So that's how it is... That's how dying feels, brother."

"I'm sorry it ended this way, old brother."

Nome was breathing heavily, his eyes darting. "Maybe, after all, you were not a hopeless Serpent Slayer," Nome managed to utter, a fleeting smile crossing his face. He gave a final, rasping breath, his life slipping away in his brother's arms.

After sitting for a while, Darian gently lowered their brother's lifeless form into the snow. The once-pristine canvas now bore the stark contrast of red snow, a poignant reminder of the battle's toll. Standing up, Darian picked up Nome's massive axe from the blood-soaked ground.

"Your skull would make a fine mug."

With a single, decisive swing, he prepared to sever the head.

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Fatigued, Darian moved wearily through the labyrinthine corridors of the castle, declining any offered assistance.

Each step felt like a burden, and a trail of crimson droplets marked his passage, escaping from a concealed bundle in his possession. With care, he stowed the bloodied secret in a hidden alcove within his chambers.

Despite the hindrance of a throbbing eye impairing his vision, Darian persevered. His destination held an allure that outweighed the physical toll he bore.

He pushed, opening the doors leading to the queen's chambers.

Nymira sat gracefully in the middle of the room, her legs crossed on an old bed. Her blonde hair fell loosely around her beautiful face, and her gown hugged her gently. Shadows

played on the walls, creating a mysterious atmosphere. When the door opened, she looked at Darian and said, "I've been waiting."

Her eyes widened as she examined him "Oh my god, Darian. What happened?" Her concern blossomed into action, prompting her to rise from the bed and approach him with an urgency fueled by genuine worry. A hand reached out to trace the lines of wounds etched on his worn visage.

"Bumped into a bear," Darian offered with a weary smirk. "Nome won't return, Mom. I'm sorry."

She took a deep breath, her large breasts rising just in front of his face and then lowering again. "It's okay. I know he wouldn't. It will be better for us without him," Nymira responded with a quiet understanding. She hugged him, bringing him to her bare soft chest. He could feel the heat of her breasts, the softness, and her gentle motherly touch around his head.

"You need to see a healer," Nymira insisted, her concern now etched with the sternness of maternal care.

"You are my best healer. Tell me something, Mother," he continued, his tone shifting as he kissed her with hunger, savoring the bittersweet taste of her mouth. "Am I your favorite son?"

"Why are you asking, Darian? A mother cannot have favorites."

"But you're an unconventional mother, aren't you?" he touched her ass through the gown.

"Unconventional, perhaps. Now, can I comfort you with my warmth?" Her hand gently caressed his cheek, a gesture filled with both maternal tenderness and a subtle hint of something more.

He kissed her, and the world outside seemed to fade away. The silk of her gown whispered promises of solace, and he laid her on the bed. His hands traced the contours of her form. While examining her body, a thought suddenly struck him. "I killed my brother today, but I can always make a new one."

"Wait," she interrupted the kiss.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Can you promise me that someday this will come to an end? Our relationship. It can't go on forever, Darian."

"As long as you're my queen, Mom, we can do whatever we want and as long as we want."

"But promise me that you'll bring it to an end, sooner or later. Stop being with me, and we'll be a family once again. And maybe then your brother will come back."

He smiled slightly. "I promise." And then thought, "She should have realized a long time ago that I'm very bad at keeping promises."

Without a second thought, he pushed his hips forward and entered his mother's pussy. They both shuddered with pleasure. His cock began to move deeper and deeper into her.

As he reached the end, he slowly moved his hips back, gradually working his way through her pussy, she cried out again, and the sensation of pleasure hit his mind.

"Ooohhhhh. Yeah, Mom..." he mumbled. He fucked her wildly, clearly enjoying every moment it. She will never know that her son's murderer is fucking her right now. He pressed forward with powerful, rhythmic movements. "I love you, Mom."

"Uggggghhhhh... Darian" was the only thing she could utter under his thrusts. Her guts squeezed his cock sweetly, sending shivers of ecstasy coursing through his veins, enjoying every second of penetrating her.

"Ohhhh shit, you are so good," he kissed her intensely, ravaging her pussy, thrusting inside her and increasing speed.

"Watch your language," she ran her hands caressingly through his hair, closing her eyes.

"I'm sorry about Nome, and I'm sorry about Inglud, Mom. Ohhh, but we will be better without them," she was too busy

cumming on her son's cock to hear his words. Darian squeezed her breasts with all his might, wrapping his palms around them.

"Yes, yes. Ughhhhh," her body trembled as she pressed her teeth into her lip. With a brief but intense moment, she tightly shut her eyes and shuddered once more, feeling the sensation coursing through her.

He made several quick thrusts, pounding his birthplace. She moaned, her breasts shaking with each thrust of his hips. The sudden ripples made her breasts start to release milk. He couldn't miss this opportunity and took one of her nipples into his mouth.

She shrieked, not expecting this, and motherly scratched the back of his head again. "This is for you, darling," he sucked the milk, never stopping fucking her. It was magnificent; it was worth all the pain and suffering he went through. Humping his mom, fucking her like an animal.

Darian kept pounding her pussy. With each passing second, the waves of pleasure grew stronger and more intense. Nymira opened her eyes, breathing heavily and recovering from her copious orgasm.

"You are my favorite son, Darian," she whispered, "But please don't do it inside today.. ughh. I'm not ready for another pregnancy."

"I want to see... ughh.. your belly growing again, Mom. I want to see my child growing inside you again," he reached for her nipples one more time, tasting the milk. It was surreal but felt so damn good, sucking her milk and ravaging Mom's pussy at the same time.

"You can't be changed, Darian," she gave herself completely to the moment, preparing to have another orgasm.

Finally, he couldn't hold it any longer. His breathing became ragged, he looked deep into her eyes, feeling his climax finally approaching, he kept fucking her, pounding her pussy, thrusting with all his strength. He gasped for breath, his body trembling. He almost fainted with pleasure, everything went black before his eyes. He looked right into her eyes and finally every fiber of his being quivered with an overwhelming sense of pleasure, fueled by the deep love he held for her - the woman who had brought him into this world, his mother.

He looked deep into her eyes, and with one forceful thrust he entered balls deep, touching the tip of her cervix, "Uggggggghhhhh, Mom....Mom...CUMMING.. ohhhhhhhh," he pleaded and jerked. He strained and cummed right into her womb. It felt good to be home again. His balls exploded and a torrent of cum erupted from his cock, flooding her insides, her womb. She sucked all the life force out of him and dried him. It splurged inside, filling her insides and leaking out. "Ohhhh, Mom," his entire body trembled, every nerve ending alight with ecstasy. The sensation of pure bliss consumed him, leaving him powerless to resist.

The bliss was heightened by the realization of today's victory.

"Oh, goodness, Darian" she moaned, feeling him filling her insides, seed surged into her. His body trembled as cum was leaving his balls and shooting inside his mother's pussy. It surged forth in a series of powerful eruptions, eruption after eruption, splurt after splurt.

He was completely lost in the intense pleasure, unable to think about anything else. As the pleasure started to fade, he took a deep breath and opened his eyes.

"Ohhhhh Mom," he was still pumping his seed inside her, savoring her breast milk, still moving his hips forth and backward. Darian let out a quiet, contented sigh as his muscles relaxed, making him feel almost weightless afterward.

He slowly pulled his cock out, kissing her gently on the lips. "I love you, Mom. And no one will ever separate us again."

"I love you too, Darian," she gently hugged her son to her chest, letting him fall asleep. "My special son."

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The large statue of a man sitting on a throne towered over the crowd of visitors. He had a scar on his eye, thick marble shoulders, deep-set eyes, and a crown.

"That's how King Darian the Serpent-Slayer became the first ruler of Incuria to marry his own mother and ascend the throne as the second heir. He is considered by many as the

greatest King of Incuria, averting a military coup and defeating the barbarians."

"So he was married to his Mother?" asked one of the museum visitors.

The storyteller, with a knowing smile, responded, "Yes, he was. And they had four children."

An audible shudder passed through the crowd. A voice in the back expressed the sentiment shared by many.

"Gross. And what about his brother?"

"His fate remains unknown. Rumors say Darian made a mug out of his head, but that's just a rumor. Come on, I'll show you the next exhibit."

As the crowd moved on, the large statue was left alone, silently staring into the void with lifeless marble eyes.

THE END