

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark green color, framing the central text.

# **Tribal Hunt Pt.**

# **01**

**afs4**

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## **Tribal Hunt Pt. 01 by afs4**

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## Tribal Hunt Pt. 01

All characters are 18 or older.

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### CHAPTER 1. BLOOB BIRD TRIBE

Anarungu stood over the dead body. He couldn't believe it.

His father was dead. He had been dastardly poisoned. Someone from his tribe had done it. He knew it for a fact.

Chief Anaragwan's body lay on a pedestal, among the huts and trees, surrounded by the priests and tribesmen of Blood Bird.

Anarungu gripped his spear tightly, holding back his anger as the priests prepared to burn the body.

"Hush, my nestling." His mother touched his shoulder, feeling the anger that came over him.

"I am calm, Mother." Anarungu didn't want to look at her. He glanced to the other end of the crowd, where, with his head proudly raised, stood the curse of the Blood Bird tribe. It was Chief Anaragwan's brother - Naragasa, Anarungu's uncle.

"Traitor had long wished to take my father's place."

His mother silently stroked his head, not hearing his angry words, and stood beside him. He looked at her.

She looked beautiful, the chief's wife with long black dreadlocks and large breasts with bulging nipples whose majesty was never hidden by any clothing. The women of the tribe did not wear outer garments that covered their breasts, much less the chief's wife. So it was hard for him to look at her.

Her full-of-life voluptuous breasts with bulging pink nipples drove him crazy and filled his head with the most horrid thoughts.

"She's my Mama, the one who gave me life, like Mother Earth or Mother Sky--Mother Gnelsey. My Mother. Can I think the same way of earth or sky, food or water?"

On the other hand, I am a man. I have to mate and produce new children. And my mother is a woman, just like the others. Is it wrong that I find her attractive?"

He turned away, swallowing, feeling the tension in his chest and below his legs.

What mattered most now was not his complicated relationship with his mother, but the fact that his father was dead. The tribe chief had been killed.

"Brothers and sisters of the Blood Bird tribe," one of the elders spoke in the tribal throat language. "

"Today, our hearts wrapped with sorrow because we lost someone special. We gathered here today to say goodbye to our great leader, the great Anaragwan the Great Ara. His feathers like fire lit our path.

Anaragwan was wise, like a sturdy tree that provided comfort and protection. He possessed strength, comparable to a bow ready to face any challenge thrown at him by fate. We, the Blood Bird, will always be thankful for the peace he brought into our lives. Now, as his wings carry him into eternal life, we will carry on his legacy. May Anaragwan the Great Ara find peace. At last. Goodbye, Anaragwan."

Several men pointed torches toward the body, red feathers on their heads. They shouted, beginning to sing as the fire engulfed the body.

The priests began to sing along and beat their drums, seeing the chief off on his last journey.

Anarungu sighed, lowering his spear. His eyes, painted with red lines, stared at Naragasa again.

"I will avenge you, father."

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"Would you like some berries, Anarungu? You'll feel better, I'm sure." His good friend Tatar'Atu held out a handful of red berries.

"I can't stand these things." Anarungu twisted the bowstring tighter on his bow, checking its integrity.

"You've never even tasted one." Said the other guy next to him, sharpening his spear.

"And I'm not going to."

"That's because Naragasa found them," Tatar'Atu said and smiled. "You hate everything he does. He has helped the tribe a lot, you have to admit that."

"He is the curse of the tribe!" Anarungu broke his bow in rage. "I'm sure he poisoned my father with these berries."

"We ate them and didn't die yet. The whole tribe eats them." Said the fourth in the company, a long-haired hunter with a large scar on his shoulder.

"I don't know how he did it yet, but I will get to the truth." Anarungu looked down at his bow with a sigh. "How will I go hunting now?"

"Are you already preparing for the Great Tribal Hunt?" Tatar'Atu smiled.

"I heard that the Elder will announce it in a few cycles!" The third spear-wielding friend, whose name was Lazy Peacock, looked at everyone excitedly.

"I'm unlikely to participate," Anarungu said quietly, but no one noticed.

"A new Tribe Chief will be elected through the Great Hunt. The last time it was held was 40 phases ago when Anaragwan became Chief," Peacock said.

"What are the rules of the Hunt?" Tatar'Atu looked at him with interest.

"No one knows," the long-haired scarred guy said, rubbing his shoulder. "But I think the name says it all. We'll have to hunt. The most important thing in the hunt is not to run into a lynx."

"I just lost my father. Let's not talk about this hunt and the election of a new chief, shall we?" Anarungu started to make a new bow.

"If you say so." All three of them said in unison, popping some more of the sweet red berries into their mouths.

Anarungu looked at the berries in a bag. Naragasa had discovered them somewhere in a remote part of the jungle a couple of phases ago. Since then, he had fed them to the entire tribe and often disappeared from the camp to bring more. For this, he was loved and honored. Even the chief himself, Anaragwan, liked berries, which saved the tribe from starvation on difficult days.

But Anarungu had never seen Naragasa himself eat the berries. Why?

"Have you seen how big Gindotola's breasts are already!?" Tatar'Atu's eyes widened.

"Chief's wife certainly has better ones," said Scar. The trio turned to Anarungu, but it was as if he didn't notice that they were talking about his Ma.

"I often watch my father copulate with my Mama. I can't wait to try it myself with a woman," said Peacock.

"My father copulates with my mother three times a day. He believes it will increase the chance of conceiving a child."

"Three times is a lot. But I'm not seeing any results. It's been four phases since the settlement has had a new child." Scar said.

"Maybe it's our tribe's curse for eating berries," Anarungu said casually.

"Hahaha. Sure." All three of them gulped down the delicious berries again, coloring their mouths red.

"What if this really is some kind of curse and we are going to die out?!"

"Sooner or later things would get better."

Anarungu just finished working on his bow when he noticed a large, tall man with long hair standing nearby. In his hand was a spear, his muscles glowing in the sun from sweat.

Naragasa looked different up close. "Anarungu. Let's go with me."

Anarungu got up and went after him, taking his spear and a new bow, and leaving his friends behind.

"How is your mother, Anarungu?" Naragasa had a menacing, bestial voice. He was three heads taller than Anarungu.

"She is mourning her husband and preparing for the Great Hunt to meet our new leader."

"That's good. After all, I will participate in the Hunt. She should be ready to welcome me as her new Chief and husband."

Anarungu was silent; he followed, hiding his anger and pain.

"Tomorrow, I will go on the hunt for food. I want to take you with me. You are my brother's son; you are my blood. I want to train you, ensure you're not in danger, and see what my brother taught you before passing."

They stopped at the chief's house, at Anarungu's hut. He continued to be silent.

"Do you still refuse to eat the berries? They satisfy hunger when there is no other meat."

Anarungu didn't answer.

"Well. I can't force you to eat them. Tomorrow we'll meet at the edge of the village. Be ready at the dawn."

Naragasa walked away, and Anarungu watched him go. The big man had endured a lynx attack, been stabbed twice with a spear, and hit by three arrows in the back.

Yet, he's still alive.

"How can I be sure he killed my father? And how can I take my revenge?"

Anarungu entered the hut. Inside it smelled of herbs, his mother was conducting a ritual to communicate with the spirits. She was sitting on her knees, crouching on the floor and afterward lifting her whole body up. While doing so, she hummed.

"Great spirits, I turn to you in this moment of despair. It has been a long time since we, the Blood Bird tribe, have seen newborn children. The curse lies upon us like a heavy burden, and we fear it will drag our future away.

Today, I, Gnelsey, ask you for help. Grant the gift of motherhood to our women. I'm begging you to bring joy and love to our tribe. Allow our women to experience the joy of motherhood once again. Thank you!" Her bare breasts shook, her nipples hitting the ground.

Anarungu turned away, trying not to look at her chest.

"Do you think the spirits will help us?" he asked when she stood up.

"I'm sure they will. Tonight we will have a big ritual with all the tribe women, where we will address the spirits together and ask for new children." His mother moved closer, touching his shoulders with her hands, massaging them. "Motherhood is our greatest gift, my child."

She touched his back with a piece of her nipple. He shuddered. His cock rose beneath the feathered robe.

"You no longer care about father's death? Don't you want to seek revenge for his murder?"

"Murder?" she stepped back into the depths of the shack. Anarungu didn't face her, trying to hide his hard-on. "Your father was taken by the spirits. It was not the fault of any of our tribe members, including Naragasa."

"I know he's had his eye on you and the chief's seat for a long time. I'm sure it's him."

"Naragasa abandoned those desires long ago. He's been a great help to our tribe and our chief. He's a good hunter; he's a good warrior and a good man. You should not envy him."

"I don't envy him, Mama!" he felt the tension subside and his cock slowly fell. He didn't look at her, only listened to the rustle of Mama's footsteps, her strong beautiful legs.

If he looked, he would only have one thing on his mind again. Mating.

"You are afraid of the Great Hunt." She uttered, he felt her breath very close to him.

"Afraid?"

"A new chief will be elected, my new husband. You will no longer be able to live in the chief's hut, so as not to disturb him."

She touched An's shoulders again, running her soft hands over his muscular arms.

"You're not going to take part in the Great Hunt, are you? There are so many contenders; I don't think you can win them all. You could die, Anarungu. All the men of the tribe will be trying to take over as chief and my lover. And if you become chief, you and I will be forced to copulate."

"I..." he could barely find his voice.

She touched him from behind with her breasts, her hard nipples pressing right into his back.

He stiffened again.

"How could a mother do that with her son? The one who gave you life, cradled you in her arms, nourished you with the warmth of her own milk, nurtured you before you went to sleep? Each night, I tenderly bathed you in the waters of the river, carefully placing your head against my own body, whispering words to usher you into sleep. Tell me, Anarungu. Can we copulate?"

"No, we can't."

Her hands enveloped his muscled chest and stomach, running her hand over it and suddenly sliding down, gripping his hard cock.

"And yet. You think I don't notice the way you look at me, Anarungu? How can a nestling look like that at the bird that nurtured and gave birth to him?"

His legs jerked up in pleasure. She grabbed his cock, pulling the skin taut.

"You're so big and strong already, my nestling. I know the feelings you harbor for your dear Mama but promise me. Promise me you will not take part in the Great Hunt."

"Ohhh... Mama, yes, I promise." He bit his lip, feeling her hand on his cock, her breasts against his back. He shuddered, feeling ascension, connecting with the spirits. Feeling bliss.

"That's what I wanted to hear." She continued to stroke his cock, thrusting harder and harder. It was the best feeling he'd ever felt. His balls hardened, clogged, and were ready to emit fertile white liquid.

Gnelsey caught the moment and just before the end, she sharply squeezed his cock with all her might. Anarungu yelped in pain.

"I gave it; I can take it back, child. Remember to keep your promise to me".

She let go of his mahood.

"Now I have to wash my hand. Leave me for now, I want to prepare for the evening ritual."

Anarungu nodded, breathing heavily, and headed for the exit, recovering from the scene.

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Evening came. Gathering the women of the Blood Bird tribe around her, Gnelsey stood before them in the center of the village, under the patterned light of the torches.

"My sisters, daughters of the forest, I feel the weight that rests on our shoulders. We, the Blood Bird tribe, face a challenge - a curse that has robbed us of the gift of new life. Our children have not been born for a long time, and our hearts are filled with fear. But I am here as your sister to speak to the spirits!

I'll ask him to save us and make the curse go. Once and for all! May the new days be fruitful for us. May the women of our tribe conceive with new children. May the gift of new life fill our village once again! And may the tribe of the Blood Bird flourish under the care of the Blood Bird spirits!"

"Look at those breasts." Peacock standing behind huts nudged Anarungu in the side and pointed to a beautiful girl with bulging young dark boobs.

"Gindotola is indeed a beauty," Tat said.

"Still, the chief's wife has better breasts. Sorry, Anarungu, but that's just the way it is," said Scar. "Too bad today she's wearing a ceremonial garment that hides her whole body. I think sometimes even the Elder has his eye on her. I'd go to the Great Hunt just for her."

"Me too," Peacock and Tat said.

Anarungu remained silent, folding his arms as he watched his Mother raise her hands to the sky above the fire. Some unpleasant feelings of jealousy and hate were brewing in his chest.

"Does she think I am unworthy of her? I am the son of Anaragwan. I can be chief too, I can win the Great Hunt. And then I'll kill Naragasa."

"When was the last time you brought big game to the settlement, Anarungu?" asked the Scar, as if reading his thoughts.

"Me? That one time when I got the boar."

"That was a fawn that got caught in a trap. And the trap seemed to be your father's."

"The trap was mine. But I didn't set it for a game..."

"Well, did you ever kill a big game with a bow? Did you ever fight a beast?" Scar pressed and scratched his own scar.

"With a beast?" Anarungu remembered the weeks and months before his father's death. Past battles flashed before his eyes.

He's standing with a spear, face to face with a man from another tribe. Blue Lynx Tribe from outer worlds. Man's face painted with blue smears.

"Anarungu?" Tat poked him in the shoulder.

"No, I haven't fought a beast yet."

"Didn't you say that you and your father often went on hunting trips?" Tat said, trying to support him. Peacock and Scar watched expectantly.

Anarungu thought for a moment. His father's voice rang clearly in his mind.

"Danger can threaten us from anywhere. We must be prepared; we must know how to fight. You are the son of a chief and you must be able to take another man's life. Anyone who tries to sneak into the Blood Bird tribe, anyone who wants to steal our food and women, must be killed. I will teach you how to do that. I will teach you how to take a man's life. Can you take a man's life, Anarungu?"

"No, we just went to set traps and pick berries. Nothing like that," Anarungu replied languidly.

"That's what I thought." Scar smiled. Peacock and Tatar'Atu were silent and tensely shifted their gaze to the ritual.

"Spirits of fertility, hear my call! The seeds of the Blood Bird are not sprouting and children's laughter is not spreading through the tribe. Restore our fertility! Grant us children who will fill our homes with joy!"

With each word of her prayer, Gnelsey raised offerings to the spirits. The women of the tribe followed her example.

"With a woman like her, my seeds will sprout at once," Scar grinned and disappeared.

"Scum!" said Anarungu, turning to face Scar, but Peacock and Tat held him back.

"Just ignore him. He's waiting for the Hunt; that's why he's so cocky. When Naragasa becomes chief, he'll turn into the old Scar again. Let's not ruin our friendship," Tatar'Atu said.

"Naragasa will never become the new chief!"

"Who but him?" Peacock watched the end of the ritual in silence.

Anarungu stepped back and left the twosome, heading back to his hut. "Never!"

## CHAPTER 2. LYNX

It was a bloody dawn, marking the death of one of the hunters.

Anarungu sat by the river, not far from his hut, washing his face. "Must be a lynx again." He looked up at the red morning glow. "Perhaps Birds are no match for a predators like lynx."

He guided his fingers into the ointment and lathered his eyes with the special red substance. A distinctive bird cry sounded above his head. Anarungu looked up into the sky and saw the bird illuminated by the red glow.

"Blood bird." He grinned, washing water over his body.

"Anarungu?"

He turned around. His mother was approaching the water from the hut, running her hand through her black dreadlocks. A light illuminated her chest. Anarungu's gaze slid over Mama's bulging maternal nipples and boobs.

I am preparing for a hunt with Naragasa."

She stepped into the river, washing her body and hair with water. He watched as Gnelsey ran her wet hands over her voluptuous breasts, washing them without missing a detail. Her fingers ran gently over the soft skin and hard nipples.

His cock rose again below the feather cape. He faced the water, looking at himself in the reflection.

"Isn't being one with Mama the same as being one with nature, with the water touching and washing over my manhood? With the fur and feathers that touch and envelope my male gut. She's a woman, I'm a man. And we have to copulate. She's created for mating."

He looked at her again and she smiled, meeting her son's gaze, without even realizing what thoughts were going through his mind.

He reached for his cock with his free hand, but then a voice distracted him.

"Anarungu!" Heavy rough footsteps were heard from behind. He turned around - Naragasa was standing very close by, painted scarlet, his long hair gathered over his head, spear in hand. "We're coming out now."

Naragasa turned to Gnelsey and slowly lowered his head as a sign of his respect for the chief's wife.

"Have a glorious hunt, Naragasa." Gnelsey continued to wash her belly and chest, slowly moving to her lower body,

"Thank you."

Anarungu stood up, grabbing his spear, his manhood calming down. They moved away, and Gnelsey disappeared from view. Exiting the settlement, they entered the thick jungle.

"Do you like Gnelsey?" the hunter said, keeping an eye on the boy.

"I love my mother. I respect and worry about her, especially now, with Blood Bird losing its leader."

"That's good. You're a loyal son," Naragasa chuckled, handing the boy a pot of berries. "Take these. They'll help in case of danger and dull the pain of wounds. Have you ever hunted big game before?"

Anarungu looked at the berries, but did not take them. "No. Never before."

"Wait," Naragasa stopped him suddenly. "Look." He pointed to the ground where large paw prints were visible.

"A lynx?" Anarungu examined them. "Big claws."

"Yes, a lynx. Lynx meat is enough to feed the whole tribe for 12 cycles. Your dad once hunted two in a single day--the only tribe member who could ever do that."

"That's why he was our chief. We'd better go the other way."

"Why? Are you afraid, Anarungu? Let's go." Naragasa dragged him forward, hiding the berries. "We must be ready for the Great Tribal Hunt."

They walked in silence and soon came to a large lawn. "Look." Naragasa pointed to something gray. A big lynx with gray fur was in the lawn, licking its paws that had some blood on them.

"Must be resting after a successful hunt. Take a bow."

Anarungu pulled out his newly created bow.

Naragasa continued, pulling out his spear. "I'll go around behind him and finish the beast with my spear as soon as you shoot. Aim exactly at the head. I'll be right there," Naragasa pointed his large hand to a point on the other end of the lawn. The next moment, the bulky man disappeared into the thicket.

"Does he think we can kill this beast, or does he think I'm a fool?" Anarungu waited for a while and drew the bowstring, preparing an arrow. The lynx raised its head, looking around and lifting its sharp ears upward.

Anarungu waited.

The lynx lowered the head, returning to its paw. The hunter released an arrow; it flew exactly over the animal and landed precisely where Naragasa should have been sitting. The fern leaves moved; the lynx's ears perked up sharply, raising its head and looking at the place where the arrow had landed.

It was quiet. The arrow simply fell into the leaves, blending in with the vines. The lynx soon lowered its head, getting back to her paws.

"He left me here to die," Anarungu hid his bow and slowly stepped back, disappearing into the jungle.

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"Anarungu!" He was greeted by Tatar'Atu at the entrance to the village. "We were worried. Naragasa said you went off on your own to hunt lynx."

"He said that? So he's at the camp?"

Tara'Atu nodded. "Why?"

"Nothing." He followed deep into the camp returning to his hut. Inside Naragasa was discussing something with Gnelsey.

"My nestling!" she approached him, embracing her son tightly, her boobs touching his chest.

Naragasa looked at him oddly. "How was the hunt?" he asked.

"The lynx got away after I shot it with an arrow. I had to come back when I couldn't find it." Anarungu continued to gaze up at the tall figure of Naragasa.

"You are very brave, Anarungu. Naragasa told me how you decided to go after the lynx on your own, refusing the help of the chief's brother." His mother kissed him on the forehead.

"Yes. That's how it was." He hugged her, feeling her nipples caressing his muscles on the chest.

"I must go. The Elder will announce the Great Hunt soon," Naragasa said as he left, passing by Anarungu and his mother.

Anarungu watched him until he was gone. "I need to be there too."

"No! Remember, you must not participate in the Great Hunt!" Gnelsey said.

He looked her in the eyes. "I remember."

Anarungu emerged from his hut, and in the center of the village, men and women gathered, all assembled around the Elder. Anarungu stood beside Scar, Peacock, and Tatar'Atu.

The Elder ascended to a tall pole in the center of the tribal clearing. Women and men of the Blood Bird tribe gathered around to listen to the words of their elder.

"Children of the forest, women and men of the Blood Bird tribe.

Our hearts still burn from the loss of Chief Anaragwan. But the time has come to choose a new leader.

It is time for the Great Hunt. A tradition that connects us to the spirits of our ancestors and shapes our future. Today, before you stands a challenge--a challenge for a warrior and a leader.

Tomorrow at sunrise, whoever boldly embarks on the hunt and brings back two carcasses with enough meat for all of us for the next 15 cycles will be chosen as the new leader of our tribe. And along with this honor, he will take Gnelsey as his wife. The wife of our departed chief Anaragwan."

All men glanced at Gnelsey, standing among the women. Anarungu did the same, and like all the men, his gaze slid over her beautiful face and body. Over her ample, life-filled bosom.

"The new chief will have the honor of conceiving a new generation with Gnelsey, to give our tribe new hope and life. The new chief will strive to conceive as many children as possible with Gnelsey.

We see how long the shadow of infertility has been cast upon us. We need a leader who will guide us, a leader capable of restoring fertility to our families."

Anarungu heard an excited voice nearby. "I can't wait." It was Scar.

"All men who want to participate in the Great Hunt, step forward."

Scar nudged Anarungu and took the lead, followed by Peacock and Tatar'Atu.

Anarungu watched as Naragasa hesitated before taking a slow step forward.

His father's words echoed in his head, "Are you brave enough to take a man's life?"

He looked at his mother. A vision formed in his mind -- she was lying in the hut, spreading her legs. "Greetings, my new Chief."

He thought about kissing her on the lips, on the neck. And then...

Anarungu stepped forward. His mother looked at him in horror and surprise.

"I will avenge you, father. And then, I will take my Mama as my wife."

### CHAPTER 3. THE HUNT

The next morning Anarungu got ready early. He couldn't sleep, and as the sun rose, he painted his eyes red. In the village, men were gathering to head to the woods. The goal was to bring back 2 carcasses to sustain the village for the next 15 days.

Hunters knew they had to go after the lynx, and not all of them would come back.

He heard his mother's footsteps.

"I didn't know you were up," he said, still gazing out the window.

Anarungu heard her heavy sigh make her bosom shake, slamming against the body. "Anarungu, my dear, think carefully. Are you absolutely sure about this? Have you considered the consequences of winning the Great Hunt? You shouldn't become my husband; it's not possible to take your Father's place in that way. You can't be your Mama's husband. I raised you, cared for you, fed you. A nestling cannot mate with a nursing Mother bird. That's not how nature works! Withdraw, Anarungu! We must avoid this outcome. If you genuinely care for me, you must make the choice to step back from this path."

She didn't come any closer this time. She wondered if Anarungu had been sent by the spirits as an answer to her prayers. No, she could not accept such a gift. She could not allow the tribe's fertility to be restored at such a cost, the cost of their relationship.

He could hear her strained, frightened breathing. "You've always been the most beautiful woman in the tribe. I have thought of you ever since I was a boy, and sometimes I imagined myself in my father's place when you were-."

Footsteps approached and Anarungu turned around. Gnelsey appeared before him in all her glory. Her black dreadlocks hung femininely over her full, large breasts with bulging nipples. Her thigh-high cape barely concealed the black triangle that matched her hair.

"Don't say it. I don't want to hear it. Don't break my heart even more. Do you really think you can become chief? Even if you can surpass Naragasa and other hunters, do you think you're ready to meet your Mama's needs?" She traced her finger on his chest. "Do you believe you have the strength to satisfy me?"

He lifted his hands and suddenly gripped Mama's breasts, squeezing them with all his might. She squeaked.

"You won't be ready for my fervor, Mother," he said.

Gnelsey bit her lip and drew out her ceremonial dagger, bringing the point sharply to the neck of Anarungu, whose hands were still painfully squeezing her soft lush breasts and hard nipples.

"Filthy child. I'm not going to silently let my own son between my legs. You think I'm stupid enough to give myself to you? I'll kill you if you turn out to be our new chief, but before I do, I'll cut off your cock. I gave it to you, I'll take it back!"

He looked quietly into her eyes, sensing the chilly stone blade on his neck. Her hand and lip trembled, and tears welled up in her eyes, shining in the dim morning light. It was tough for her to hear such unsettling words from her own son, and even tougher to threaten to kill him.

"Maybe the lynx will get me first," he said, holding her hand and gently moving the dagger from his neck. "Let's talk about it when I come back." Anarungu took a step back, quickly putting on his bow, arrow-filled belt, and some healing ointment, and grabbing his jagged spear. A small drop of blood from his neck cut landed on his gear, but he ignored it, only wiping the wound.

Gnelsey lowered her head, her breasts bearing the marks of his bold and forceful touch.

"Pray to the spirits for my return, or pray for my demise." With those words, he walked out, heading towards the gathering.

Scar, adorned in red hunter's drawings, sarcastically remarked, "Took you long; Mama was holding you up?"

Tat, frustrated, adjusted his head-woven tail, "Enough! Our enemy is in the jungle, not here. We share a common goal."

"That's where you're wrong, Tat. There is no common goal; there can only be one Chief. It's every man for himself, and I would do anything to become the chief."

"Anything?" asked Peacock fearfully, taking a step back from Scar.

But Scar didn't answer as the Elder's shout rang out like thunder over the crowd of men.

"This morning, the future leader of the Blood Bird tribe is among us. But who he is, only the Great Tribal Hunt will decide! May the Spirits help you in your quest and protect your souls. I remind you of the rules. The future chief must bring two carcasses. Whose carcasses are not important, but there must be enough meat for the next 15 days for the whole tribe. You have time until the dawn! Whoever delivers the heaviest carcasses wins. He will be our new Great Ara chief."

The men listened in silence. In the background, women and elderly observers peeked out from their huts, curious about the impending event.

"Let the Great Tribal Hunt begin!" thundered the Elder.

Anarungu witnessed the giant Naragasa swiftly vanish into the dense vegetation of lianas and bushes in the jungle, being the first to do so. The men and youths scattered in different directions.

"I will be the new chief!" said Scar and headed into the jungle with his huge spear. Peacock cowardly headed after him, nearly dropping his bow and spear.

Anarungu watched Scar and Peacock disappear into the foliage.

"It's time, An," Tat said, giving him a clap on the shoulder. "We have a better chance of killing the lynx if we team up."

"You're a good friend, Tat, but right now I have to kill Naragasa."

The village slowly cleared out as all the men ventured into the dense jungle, leaving only Tat and An at the edge. "This fight is mine alone."

Tat nodded in understanding, saying, "May the Spirits be with you then, friend." With that, he ventured into the jungle, leaving Anarungu standing alone.

An glanced back at his Mother's hut, savoring one last look and feeling the hot touch of her breasts on his fingers. He thought he noticed her watching. Does she hate him for his words and actions? It doesn't matter. She will have to obey if he is to be the new chief.

Anarungu gripped his spear tighter and headed into the jungle.

"Hunting humans is different from hunting beasts," he climbed through a liana up a tree, clearly hearing his father's voice as if he were speaking the words right above his ear. "Beasts smell with their nose, they listen with their ears, and prepare to be attacked always. Humans, like you and me, have an important weakness--we think we own the jungle. We are not as fearful of attack as beasts; we watch with our eyes and rarely listen. And even more rarely do we look up."

He walked on, listening to the hooting of the forest and noticing human footprints below. Three or four men had passed by, but there wasn't a single footprint of Naragasa. His large foot is immediately recognizable. The broken branches here are due to the inexperience of hunters, not their size.

He walked on, and after a while, he detected the distinct odor of blood. There, by the tree, lay one of the hunters--a tall and sizable man, slightly smaller than Naragasa. This man was part of the group that had set fire to the chief's body during the funeral. His name was Atolis Crimson Eye, and he had a chest wound--he had been stabbed with a spear and left to die. "Naragasa did it. Only he would have had the strength for that," he concluded. He was heading in the right direction.

He nearly fell a couple of times, stepping on stray branches or slipping. Faltering, he listened to the forest, trying to determine if he had been spotted.

"Did you hear it?" he recognized Peacock's voice. "It was a lynx, I'm sure."

"Then keep an eye out, Lazy Peacock. I don't want the lynx sneaking up from behind," Scar said.

"Whatever you say. I'd rather have stayed in the village."

"And be known as a coward? Don't talk. Let's go."

Anarungu climbed up and quietly moved towards the voices, holding his bow. Peacock and Scar were sitting directly below him, examining the ground.

"The lynx is nearby," whispered Scar. "Here's the trail."

Peacock tightened his grip on his spear, took out some berries, and ate them, trying to suppress his growing fear. On the other side, the bushes rustled, and Peacock and Scar stood up, aiming their spears.

Anarungu looked in that direction. Naragasa appeared from behind the trees, aiming his bow at Scar and Peacock.

"Naragasa?" asked Scar.

The thug looked them over from head to toe, but did not lower his drawn bow. "Anarungu! Is he with you? Where is he?"

"We went ahead, he stayed somewhere behind. We don't know. He's not with us!" babbled Peacock.

Anarungu barely breathing took out an arrow and drew the bowstring. Naragasa's body was in a good spot, right below him. The bulky man's eyes raced, searching the area. At that time, movement was heard behind Scar and Peacock.

"Anarungu? Is that you?" said Peacock, turning around.

The next second a huge grey lynx jumped straight out of the bushes, sinking its fangs into Peacock's face.

Anarungu released the arrow, but Naragasa noticed him just in time. The big man dodged, the arrow lightly grazed his shoulder, and fired his arrow straight at Anarungu.

An jumped backward almost falling off a tree.

"Aghhhhhhhhhhhhh," yelled the Peacock in pain as the lynx tore him apart. Scar tried to put a spear into it, but the creature threw him back. Part of the spear only grazed its hind paw.

After climbing back up the tree, Anarungu noticed that Naragasa had already disappeared into the jungle. The screams gradually died down, and Peacock's body wriggled like a toy in a child's grasp beneath the lynx's powerful jaws.

Scar rose again and threw his spear straight at the creature, but the lynx dodged it.

Then he drew his bow and arrow. His hands shook with fear as the lynx casually tossed Peacock's lifeless form aside and focused its attention on its next prey--Scar.

There was no way he could insert and draw the bowstring; his fear was too strong. Scar's eyes darted back and forth to the dead, mutilated body of his friend, distracting him from his goal. He ineptly drew the bowstring and fired; the arrow struck the lynx's forehead and just fell nearby, only angering the huge predator.

"No, no!"

Anarungu jumped from above, leaping with his spear precisely at the beast and piercing its neck with his weapon. The point of the spear went through its neck; the creature slashed at his chest in agony, and Anarungu jumped back, grabbing his wound.

Attempting to flee, the lynx stumbled and collapsed with the spear lodged in its throat, convulsing in its final moments. Scar, bewildered, uttered, "Ana-Anarungu?"

Anarungu rose, using the fabric to tend to the scratch on his chest. Although the claws hadn't pierced deeply, the pain was intense. "Is it dead?"

"I think so," swallowed Scar, still holding his bow and walking closer to the creature's corpse. "Where did you c-c-come from?"

"It doesn't matter. Pull my spear out of the lynx's throat," Anarungu said. He turned around, approaching the lifeless body of the Peacock. The lynx had ravaged him; the Peacock's face had been bitten off, and his body and limbs were shattered.

"The spirits did not keep you safe, my friend. I hope you are now with the birds of our ancestors," whispered Anarungu.

An unpleasant crunch was heard from behind; apparently, Scar had pulled out the spear.

"We need to make sure he-" Anarungu turned around. Scar was standing in front of him, pointing the bloody spear at him; this time, Scar's hands weren't shaking.

"What are you doing?"

"That lynx is mine. I'm sorry, Anarungu."

"Peacock just got mauled. Our friend is dead, and now you want to kill me?"

"You're not my friend! I was only friends with you because of your Mama. Now I have a chance to be with her, and I won't miss it. And I don't need her little nestling getting in my way."

The imposing figure of Naragasa cast a shadow over Scar, silent like a gentle breeze.

"What are you looking a...?" Scar, puzzled, tried to turn around.

Snap.

Huge hands snapped Scar's neck. He fell breathlessly to the ground.

"No one dares to take another tribesman's life," Naragasa stepped forward with his spear, the tiny wound left by Anarungu's arrow visible on his shoulder.

"You took my father's life." Anarungu didn't seem to notice the death of another friend, technically a former friend.

Naragasa chuckled, "Took? No, An. Your father's overindulgence did him in. He loved my red berries so much he didn't notice one, the green poisoned one." Naragasa grinned, pulling a dagger from Scar's belt and taking all his arrows.

"Those red berries are generally harmless," Naragasa continued, "except for one little detail."

"Detail?"

"They're called Tribal Devourers. But, of course, your father has never heard of them. They're harmless to women, but men..." Naragasa pulled a berry from his pocket and twirled it in his hand. "Eating just one can make a man incapable of having offspring. Man's seed turns to mere water. Many tribes have been wiped out by these berries, in the west and south of our lands. And now, because of our deceased chief, the Blood Bird tribe is about to die out too." He squeezed the berry, the sticky juice running down his fist.

"Is that why you never ate those berries? To become the Tribe's Salvation?" Anarungu pressed the clean cloth harder against the wound on his chest. He listened, and looked around, searching for an escape plan.

"Yes, I will be the salvation of the tribe. Gnelsey and my new children will breed with the rest of it. My name will be remembered, and my brother's name will be forgotten forever. I should have been the chief 40 cycles ago, not him. I've waited patiently, and now, my revenge is within reach." Naragasa stepped closer, and Anarungu moved back, pressing against the tree post with his back.

"I don't want to kill you, Anarungu. Once I'm chief, you can take your pick of any woman in the tribe - not just one, but as many as you want. Together, we'll usher in a new era for the Blood Bird tribe." He forcefully drove the spear into the ground, its point jutting upward.

"In return for my obedient silence and consent?"

"Yes. You can't escape me. Refusal means I'll rip you apart with my bare hands. I believe the choice is clear."

Naragasa was now quite close.

Anarungu thought for a moment. He thought about his Mama, her big breasts, her lips, her face. The intense desire to make her his wife was too powerful. He wanted that even more than he wanted to avenge his father's death.

"Use your surroundings, if you're cornered. Think. Even if you're hurt, even if you're in pain. Always think, Anarungu. Your weapon is whatever your eye falls on," his father's wise voice rang in his ears.

"My answer is no," Anarungu turned around, jumping onto a branch and climbing up.

"Then you will die!" Naragasa rushed after him, grabbing the branch and snatching it away. Anarungu managed to leap back to the next one, climbing higher and higher.

Naragasa threw out his bow and arrows, throwing them straight towards the spear stuck in the ground.

Anarungu climbed higher and higher, trying to reach the edge of the huge tree. It was hard to move, the wound on his chest was humming, and Naragasa kept catching up with him, getting closer and closer.

"You're as stupid as your father!" he shouted, climbing up.

Anarungu glanced down, checking where the spear was stuck. He hopped onto a branch, walking along it instead of climbing higher. Naragasa caught up, climbing the same branch. "Your dad taught you how to climb trees well, monkey boy, but you can't run away forever. What now?"

Naragasa took a step forward and Anarungu jumped down, grabbing the edge of the branch. The branch didn't hold and under their weight sagged and cracked.

Anarungu fell into the grass, hitting his head hard. Naragasa slammed his back right onto the spear he had thrust into the ground. The spear pierced his chest and went right through his body. He grunted and died in a second. It was a painful death.

Anarungu closed his eyes, finally losing consciousness from the hard impact on the ground.

CHAPTER 4. NEW CHIEF ANARUNGU.

He woke up to the strong smell. Sticky ointment covered his chest; he was sitting by the tree. Though it was dark, there was still some light peeking through the jungle.

Anarungu glanced around and noticed that Peacock and Scar's bodies were no longer there. Instead, the lynx and Naragasa lay side by side, covered with a blanket, and a rope encircled two carcasses. The fading sun's rays caught his eyes.

"Dawn. I have time until dawn."

He stood up, gathering himself as best he could. No time to wonder where the bodies had gone or who placed him by the tree. He took the rope the bodies were tied with and dragged them toward the village.

As the sun set, he reached the jungle's edge, hearing singing and joyful shouts from the lit fires in the village. The Elder cried, "Welcome our new chief!"

Anarungu thought painfully, "Has a new chief already been chosen?"

A familiar voice shouted, "Look who's there!" pointing at him. It was Tatar'Atu.

Anarungu weaved through the darkness, coming up with the corpses towards the village. "Finally," he let go of the ropes and fell to his knees.

The torches' fiery heat tingled his skin as a group of men gathered around him, picked him up, and carried him to the village.

"Hey, there's a lynx here, and Naragasa!" someone exclaimed from behind.

"Bring both bodies to the village," said Tat.

Tatar'Atu assisted Anarungu and gently placed him near campfire.

"Is the new chief chosen?" whispered An.

"Almost," a voice replied with a smile. An lifted his head and saw Tat approaching the Elder, whispering something. The old man nodded.

The Elder announced, "Antalis Braveheart brought a female lynx and Atolis Crimson Eye to the village."

The big stocky hunter raised his hand.

The Elder continued, "But Anarungu brought a male lynx and Naragasa's body. That means our new chief is Anarungu The Great Ara."

The voices sounded distant, as if he were still in the forest, hearing far-off singing and shouts. "Welcome our new chief!" echoed in the village.

"Welcome our new chief! Welcome our new chief!"

"The new chief needs peace!" shouted Tatar'Atu. He gently helped Anarungu stand and guided him towards the chief's hut. They entered inside, and An felt the warmth of the bed underneath him.

"Rest well, Chief. You have avenged your father." Tatar'Atu went outside, and Anarungu wished to forget everything in a peaceful sleep, eagerly anticipating savoring his victory tomorrow morning.

However.

Someone loomed over him. The chilly dagger pressed against his neck once more, just like in the morning.

"You!" yelled Gnelsey, almost choking on her anger. It seemed like she was crying. "You dared to win in the Great Hunt. Even though I warned you. I told you what would happen if you came back triumphant, but you didn't listen."

Through the darkness, he could see her breasts hovering over his face. "You wouldn't dare kill your new chief, Mother."

"I promised to cut off your cock. Do you remember?"

He was silent; he was too tired to speak. "I'm sorry."

She lowered the dagger, sobbing and laying her head on his chest. "I don't want you to be my chief. You are my child, my nestling. We can't, Anarungu. We can't!"

He ran his hand through her hair. "We have to."

Gnelsey, lying on his chest, embraced him tightly. "Have a good sleep, my nestling. My baby."

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He woke up and heard water splashing outside. Anarungu got out of bed, finding his wound completely healed, thanks to the soothing ointment. He felt much better. With a deep sigh he walked to the window. Near the river, Gnelsey was going through her usual routine, cleaning herself up at the water.

She ran her fingers over her breasts, cupping each part of them. Her fingers closed around her nipples, gently tracing the fingertips over them.

"I got revenge for you, Dad. And now, Mama is mine."

He walked out of the hut and strolled down to the river. Coming closer, he hugged Gnelesy from behind.

"Is my little nestling awake?" she asked carefully, sensing him against her damp back.

"Your chief is up," he said, taking in the fragrance of her hair. A shiver ran through him as he realized she was completely his.

He wanted her so badly.

"I used to give you baths in this water when you were a baby," she said with a smile, reminiscing about the past. However, he wasn't paying attention. Anarungu slid his hand down her belly, going lower and lower until Gnelsey stopped him.

"No! Not now. Tonight. You still need to go through your initiation as a chief, my chief."

"Initiation? I'm tired of waiting! I want to feel you know, Mother"

"I'm flattered that you want it that much. But I want you to take some time to think about it, about us." She turned and kissed his cheek. "We'll meet tonight, my sweet baby."

He had to say goodbye to her, and she returned to the hut. He didn't see her again that day. People praised and congratulated him all the way until the evening.

By sunset, he was really tired and out of breath. He sat on the chief's big throne by the fire, his face covered with fresh red tribal drawings. He also wore a crown made of red feathers on his head. "Did Father really go through all of that too?"

"May this day be a new era for our tribe under the leadership of Anarungu The Great Ara. May his leadership be long and prosperous. Hail to the Blood Bird Tribe and to our new chief!" spoke the Elder.

Tatar'Atu looked at Anarungu in a friendly manner, though something seemed to bother him. Everyone was happy (except for Antalis, who was still angry that An had surpassed him in the Hunt).

"It is time to unite with the chief's wife. You do realize what the tribe expects of you, don't you?" The Elder whispered, looking at An with tired eyes. "We'll understand if you and Gnelsey don't want to, well.... She's your Mama, after all. Mother bird."

"No," Anarungu replied sharply, standing up from the chief's chair. "I'll do it."

The Elder nodded, showing great respect for the new chief.

"Anarungu the Great Ara is tired and wants some privacy in his hut!" the Elder announced loudly.

Anarungu quickly went to the chief's hut, taking off his crown and wiping away the paint. The moment was approaching--he and his Mother, together as husband and wife. Walking towards the hut, it felt like his entire life flashed before his eyes.

He recalled his first memory: sitting in Gnelsey's lap and playing with her hair by the river, she was laughing.

She reprimands him for hurting Peacock. "You can't hurt those who are weaker than you, Anarungu."

He's a bit older, Gnelsey rubbing his abrasions because Scar beat him up over some girl. She laughs and gently kisses his wounds to make them heal. "Mama will take care of you."

Memories flashed in his mind. His Mama meant everything to him.

He stepped inside the hut, a faint fire burning beside the window.

"Greetings, my chief," he heard a voice by the fire. Gnelsey sat on the bed, jutting out her chest. She extended her arm, luring him to her with her finger. At that moment, she spread her legs wide apart, showing him a view of her sexy soft pink labia, above which flaunted black swirling pubic hair.

His birthplace.

He could hardly believe what he was seeing.

"Come on, my nestling. Take what is yours. Fuck your Mother," she said softly, squeezing her breasts and spreading her legs even wider, though it seemed no wider was possible.

He walked over, burning up inside, and clumsily sat down next to her. Anarungu carefully removed his belt, revealing the large erect cock hidden behind the feathers. Its open pink tip was ready to meet the lips that had brought him into the world.

"Oh, wow, yeah, just like that, baby."

They watched in silence as he brought his cock closer to her pussy, as if the world would change forever after that tiny one touch. And it was true. The world will never be the same for them.

He was quite close as Gnelsey suddenly placed her hand on his chest, closing her eyes. "Sweetheart, we... we don't have to do this. We can still avoid it, just go to sleep. Think about it, Anarungu. I'm your Mother, dear. You don't want this, do you?"

He hesitated, resting his arms and hovering over her, his cock a couple of inches away from her pink cheeks. "No, Mama. I want it more than anything!"

With a sharp thrust, he entered her, letting her vagina first engulf his tip and then pushing his cock all the way in. Finally, he penetrated her, his Mama.

"Ahhhhggggghhhh," Gnelsey cried out, feeling her son's cock inside her pussy. "Nooooooooo!"

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhgggg, yes, Mama, yes." Anarungu trembled with pleasure. His whole body twitched like from a blow. He fidgeted wildly with his legs as he kept going and finally reached the end. "Ooooh, Mama."

At that moment, when his cock was fully inside her, there was more tenderness and love in his words than in all the eighteen years they had spent together as Mother and Son.

"Agggghhhh, Mama, yes."

Again, he called her Mama with so much love, pulling his cock out all the way to the tip and immediately thrusting back in with all his might, slamming his hips against her body.

She felt warm inside when he called her "Mama" so tenderly, and all her anger vanished right away.

He was shaking again, like a lightning strike traveling through his body from head to toe. "Ughhh, ughhh." He couldn't believe how good it felt.

He pulled his cock out and entered again, her insides clutching his cock so tightly in her grasp as if she didn't want to let him go. "Offf, ugggghhhh, Mama."

He thrust again and again, in and out, his body was jerking uncontrollably. She was his first. He spread his legs wider, penetrating even deeper, as deep as possible.

"Oooh, my nestling, my baby!" She held his face in the embrace of her hands. She hadn't expected how good this was going to be, how good her little nestling was. This new sensation was different from what she had experienced with his father.

She shrieked and squirmed every time he entered, every time he came back to his birthplace.

"Ooooooh, yes, Mama. Ohhhh!"

But what she loved most of all was the tenderness, was how much love he put into that one word, while furiously fucking her - 'Mama'

His hips were twitching vigorously, he moved left and right as if trying to make sure every part of her vagina would be marked by his cock. "Ohhhhhhhhhh, yes, yes." His body convulsed.

In a burst of pleasure, once again penetrating her tender pussy, he pushed her legs even wider with his hands, almost breaking her bones. He thrust forward, panting in his euphoria.

"Ohhh my baby, yes, yes. Anarungu, ohhhh!!!!" she clawed into his back going through her first orgasm. In her son's arms, she found herself one with the spirits.

Anarungu wasn't going to stop for a second, he kept up the onrush, keep fucking her with all his strength, increasing and increasing the thrust of his hips. His balls were slapping against her firm arse.

He loved fucking his own Mama so much. And the knowledge of what he was doing heightened the pleasure of the act to the breaking point.

He must do it inside; he must do it inside her pussy.

Anarungu kissed her lips harshly, feeling the building up of the end. He slowed his hips slightly to stretch the pleasure of fucking the vagina that had birthed him.

"Ahhhhhhhh, ohhhhhhhh, Mama." His hands squeezed her breasts and bringing them together he kissed them ravishingly.

"Ohhhhhh, Anarungu!" She grabbed at his hair, sinking her claws into his head and going through a second orgasm.

Blood flowed from her lower lip. Anarungu couldn't control the power of his kiss due to the onslaught of pleasure and bit her lower lip until it bled.

He was ready to pour everything into her, into her unprotected fertile mother's womb.

He couldn't understand how and why. Why childmaking with Mama feels so amazing?

"I'll do it, I'll do it inside you, Mama. Ohhhhhh...yes," he croaked out, expecting her to respond, but she didn't.

Through her moans and her receding orgasm, she was staring exactly at him, into his eyes, seemingly waiting for her son's climax to happen.

He enjoyed the intense gaze she gave him, with hidden aggression. He grabbed her neck and squeezed lightly.

"Pull out... Anarungu," she muttered hardly breathing as his fingers closed around her throat.

"No, no. I can't, Mama."

He had the feeling her hand had slid down somewhere, reaching for something. He was too close to the finale to pay attention to the thing.

"Do it, my nestling. Finish while fucking your Mother," she whispered as his grip on her throat loosened slightly.

He could barely make out her words, the pleasure clouded his mind too much, he was panting heavily and his cheeks were burning like fire.

"Yes, Mama, yes... take it, take it, ughhhhh!" he cried out, preparing to spurt his seed into her womb, but at that moment he sensed... pain. Something cold slid over his shoulder, a frigid blade cut through the skin, and blood streamed out. A sharp pain surged through the shoulder, he recoiled and Gnelsey grabbed his cock with her left hand, pulling it out of her red wet vagina and guiding the pink end towards herself.

"Ohhhhhh, no!" he felt it was over. He was cumming. Streams of pleasure mixed with the pain of his wound. "Mama!!!"

Streams of thick white fluid erupted from his cock right onto her pubic black hair. "Yes, yes, just like that. Release it, my baby." She drove her left hand over his cock, pulling the skin taut and letting streams of his seed colour her belly, thighs and pubic hair. Through An's powerful orgasm, he heard the stone dagger fall out of her right hand.

His balls hammered together, releasing the last streams of hot white fluid, it felt so good, so perfect. But why, why didn't he do it inside?

He collapsed on top of her, hardly breathing. "Why?"

"I'm sorry, Anarungu. I couldn't let you do it inside," she wiped the blood from his shoulder, applying a cloth there. "Even with the curse that lies upon our tribe, I can't let you do it inside. No son should finish inside his own mother. I will never allow it. And I am willing, if I have to, to hurt you for that higher cause. You can never do it inside me. "

He lay on her chest, listening to her heart beating wildly.

"Sleep, my baby. Mother will take care of you." She gently wiped the blood from his shoulder, kissing the top of his head.