Chapter 16
Inevitable

Inevitable Ch. 16

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“How did it go tonight?” Nicole knocked on her son’s door.

“One … sec.” Caleb was reading in bed on his phone. He quickly pulled the covers over his erection. “Come in.”

She opened the door and walked into her son’s room. “It’s so late, I’m glad you’re still up.” She closed the door behind her and straightened the oversized t-shirt she had already changed into for bed. She held her e-reader to her chest. Her instinct was to hide the screen, even though it was off. “How did your game night go?”

“Yep. Just reading a novel. A … um … regular novel.” Caleb gave her an abashed smile. “It went well. Mrs. Lutz took the bait … I think.”

He told his mother about Kathy and the elven lust box that Amanda had absconded with. They talked a bit about how to handle Amanda. They were both hopeful that she would destroy the box and consider the matter resolved. Although, Nicole warned, there was some chance that Amanda’s imagination might rev up with the “magical” item in her possession. Eventually, their conversation died into silence.

“Hmmm.” Nicole sat on his desk chair. She put her e-reader on her lap face down, and gazed at the tent in his blanket. “We have a wonderfully open and trusting relationship, don’t we, sweetie?”

Caleb grinned and nodded.

“I was going to go to the living room to read since your father is sleeping. But, I think I would rather be with you.” She gave him a warm smile. “Do you mind?”

Caleb’s grin faded. He bit his bottom lip.

“It’s okay. You can do what you were doing before. It’s under the covers, so it’s fine.” She nodded reassuringly and turned on her e-reader. “I’m reading the one with the looping days,” Nicole said in a German accent. “I love the part with the apple thief. What are you reading?”

Caleb laughed at her accent. “The lusty elf box from earlier tonight put me in the mood for … the one where …” He lowered his voice even though it was just the two of them. “… female elves grow penises.”

“Oh … you like that stuff?” Nicole caught herself quickly and held up a finger. “I mean, it’s wonderful to explore your imagination like that. I support your interests as long as they don’t harm you or anyone else. Which … stories like that don’t harm anyone … obviously. And … you’re eighteen … so you’re exploring new ideas … and –”

“Mom, we’re trusting and open, remember? It’s fine.” Caleb turned his phone back on. “So, you’ll read your story, and I’ll read mine?”

“Yes, sweetie.” Nicole nodded and dove into her book.

“Okay.” Caleb watched her for a few moments. He could see lots of her thighs, but couldn’t quite glimpse high enough to see her panties. His boner was so hard it hurt. *That’s my mom. I’m not in one of these stories.* That reminded him to return his eyes to his phone. He didn’t want her to catch him staring.

Mother and son read for a while without talking. The only sound was the urgent, rhythmic rustling of Caleb's covers as he pumped his dick out of sight.

When it was time to cum, Caleb did his best not to grunt. His face turned bright red, and he unloaded on the bottom of his top sheet. When he opened his eyes, his mother was still reading. He thanked God she hadn't looked over.

A short time later, Nicole stood. “Well, that was nice. Maybe we can read together again sometime?”

“Yes, I’d like that.” Caleb nodded eagerly.

“Good night, sweetie.” Nicole hurriedly left his room. She was worried that she had soaked right through her panties and the bottom of the t-shirt. She rushed past her sleeping husband to their bathroom. Once there, she sat on the toilet lid with her book, and masturbated furiously.

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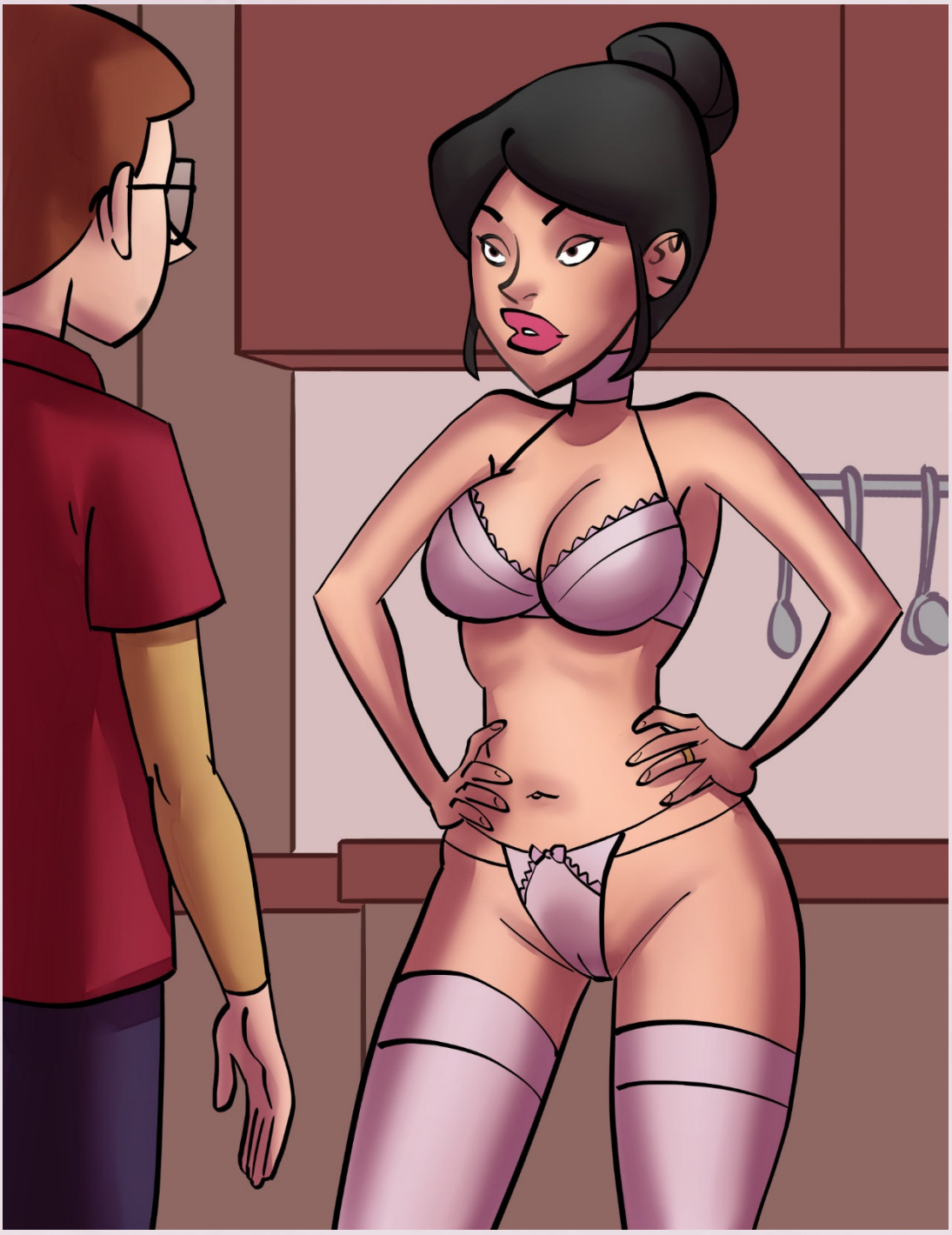
Amanda had been masturbating constantly in the few days since she'd acquired the source of the boys' power. That cursed box was driving her crazy. She even caught herself touching her vagina while sucking her inoculation from Zach's penis. This was dangerous. She was almost riled up enough to spread her legs for her son. Which, of course, was exactly what he wanted. She wouldn't give in. She even tried having sex with her husband, but he was predictably uninterested. It was torture.

Eventually, it occurred to her that while her goal had been to avoid sleeping with her own son, she hadn't really sought to avoid sleeping with her friends' sons. And Aiden was a very pliable lad. She might be able to get more information from him with a little pillow talk. That way she could kill two birds with one stone. That is, if birds were real. Of course, she knew they were not.

"Mrs. Lutz?" Aiden walked through the open front door of his friend's house and closed it behind him. He dropped his shoes and backpack. He had been so excited ever since he'd gotten the text from Amanda. She had invited him to skip chess club and stop by. He had texted her a *yes* right away. "Mrs. Lutz?" He said into the quiet house. "Is this about my mom acting like a dog? Because, I'm wondering why you put her up to that." He was just making small talk. He was praying she wanted to blow him again. And maybe, she'd want him to go down on her again. He still wasn't masturbating at home, so he was beyond hopeful that Amanda was crazy-horny, and not crazy-angry. He walked into the kitchen and found her waiting for him. She was wearing lingerie, which he thought was a good sign.



"You're making your mother behave like a dog? Like she's on all-fours? Ruff ruff?" Amanda glared at him with fierce eyes. Her makeup was flawless. Her hair was up in a style that Vogue promised was summer-sexy. Her hands were on her mostly bare hips. Bright red heels adorned her feet.

"Honestly, she seems so weird and happy just getting pets or playing fetch. I thought you put her up –"

"Oh, so you think you can make all us mothers into bitches, just because these elven lusts have us in heat?" She shook her head slowly for dramatic effect. "Think again."

"I didn't –"

"Silence!" Amanda grabbed a condom from the counter and tossed it onto the floor in front of the teenager. "I assume you're hard. You filthy boys are always hard."

"What … I …" Aiden didn't think he'd need a condom for a blowjob. They didn't use one last time.

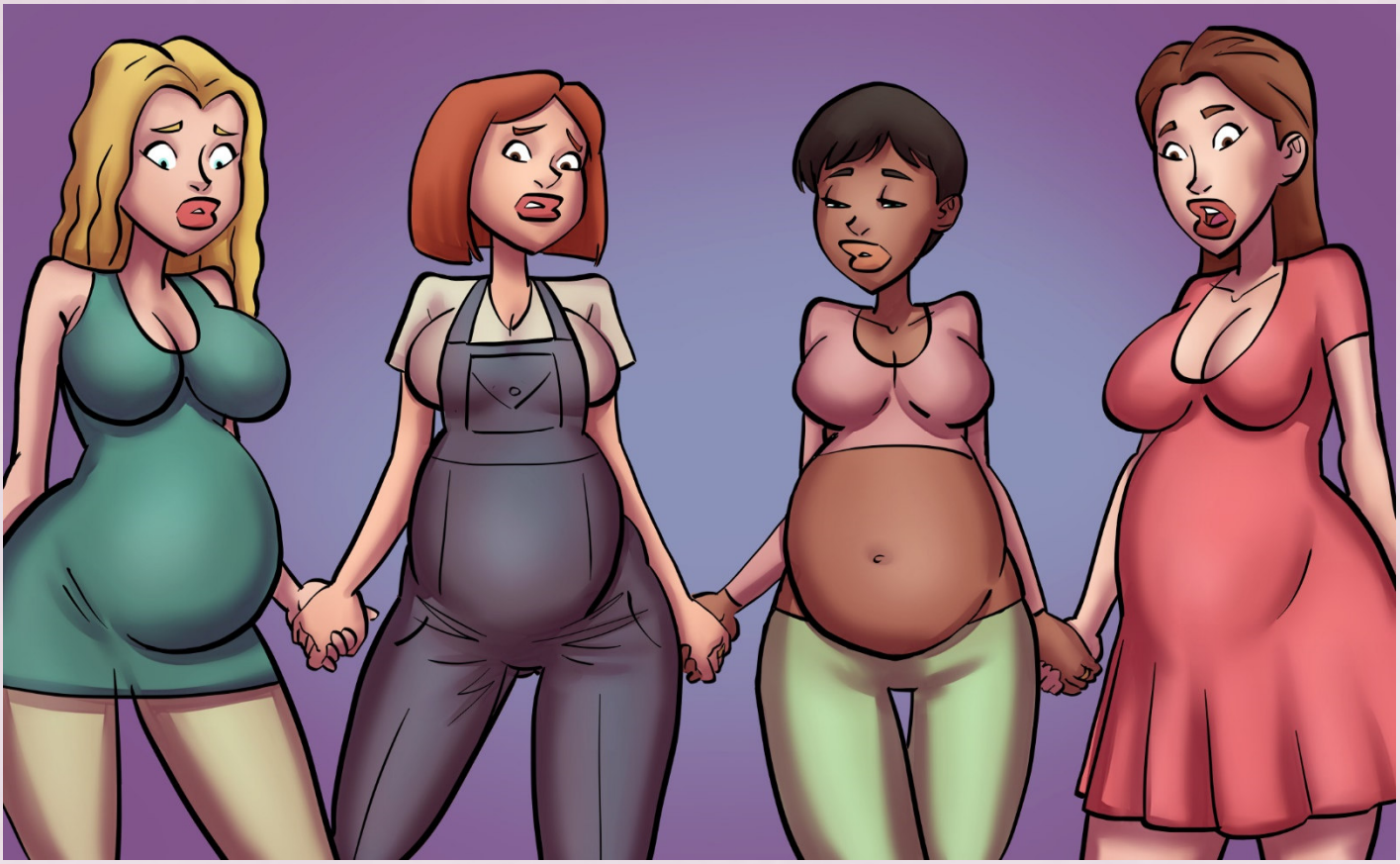
"Get moving! We don't have all afternoon." Amanda stamped her high heel on the kitchen floor. "You're the one that put this ghostly fire between my legs, and gosh darn it, you're going to put it out. Get that condom on and lie on the floor."

"I … um …" Aiden was too shocked to do anything but what she demanded. He quickly stripped, pausing only when he was down to his underwear.

"Oh, go on. Let's get this going already." Amanda ground her teeth. She just really needed to flop her body against something hard and warm. She wished she didn't have to deal with all the other niceties of social interaction. "I've seen it before."

"Right." Aiden lowered his underwear. Awkwardly, he bent down and picked up the condom. "I haven't ever used one of these before."

“Ha!” Amanda barked out a laugh. “How many women have you bedded with your dark stone plots? A dozen? Two dozen? And you never used a condom? It’s a wonder this town isn’t overrun with pregnant women.” Amanda imagined a row of wives and mothers standing hand-in-hand with pregnant bellies. All of the women looked shocked at what Aiden had sired in them. “You just roll the condom on. It’s not that difficult.” She watched him try to put the condom on, rolling her eyes in disgust. “You’re doing it wrong.” She hurried over to him, took out a new condom, and rolled it onto his erection. “Lie down.”



“Um … okay …” This is not how he’d thought he’d lose his virginity. “Should we light some candles or something?”

“So you can do witchcraft on me? That elven lust box wasn’t enough for you?” She put her hands on his shoulders and forced him to the floor.

“I … um … yes?” Aiden settled himself on his back on the cold floor, watching her straddle him while still standing. She moved with such confidence. Her panties had a dark stain where she was leaking. He thought of Zach and felt guilty for what he was about to do with his friend’s mom. He supposed it couldn’t be helped. While Amanda was clearly unhinged, she was still undeniably hot. “So … Mrs. Lutz … you think the box is making you –”

"Shh." She put a finger to her lips and lowered herself, one knee on either side of his hips. "It's time for me to get … some … ooooohhhhhhhhh." She guided his penis into her vagina. How odd that she should find herself hoisted on a teenage pole. Their evil side had come so close to winning, but even now, she was outsmarting Zach. She would use his friend and never submit to the incest she knew Zach craved. "This feels … oooohhhhhh … strange."

"Yeah …" Aiden agreed. He adjusted his glasses and watched Amanda's severe expression soften and turn almost goofy. That made her even hotter.

"Amanda's hips started to move, awkwardly at first. "You don't feel … like my husband. Is this … because of the ghosts you … ugh … ugh … put in me?"

“Uuuuuggghhhhh … I’m cumming … Mrs. Lutz.” Aiden’s hips bucked, and he exploded into the condom.

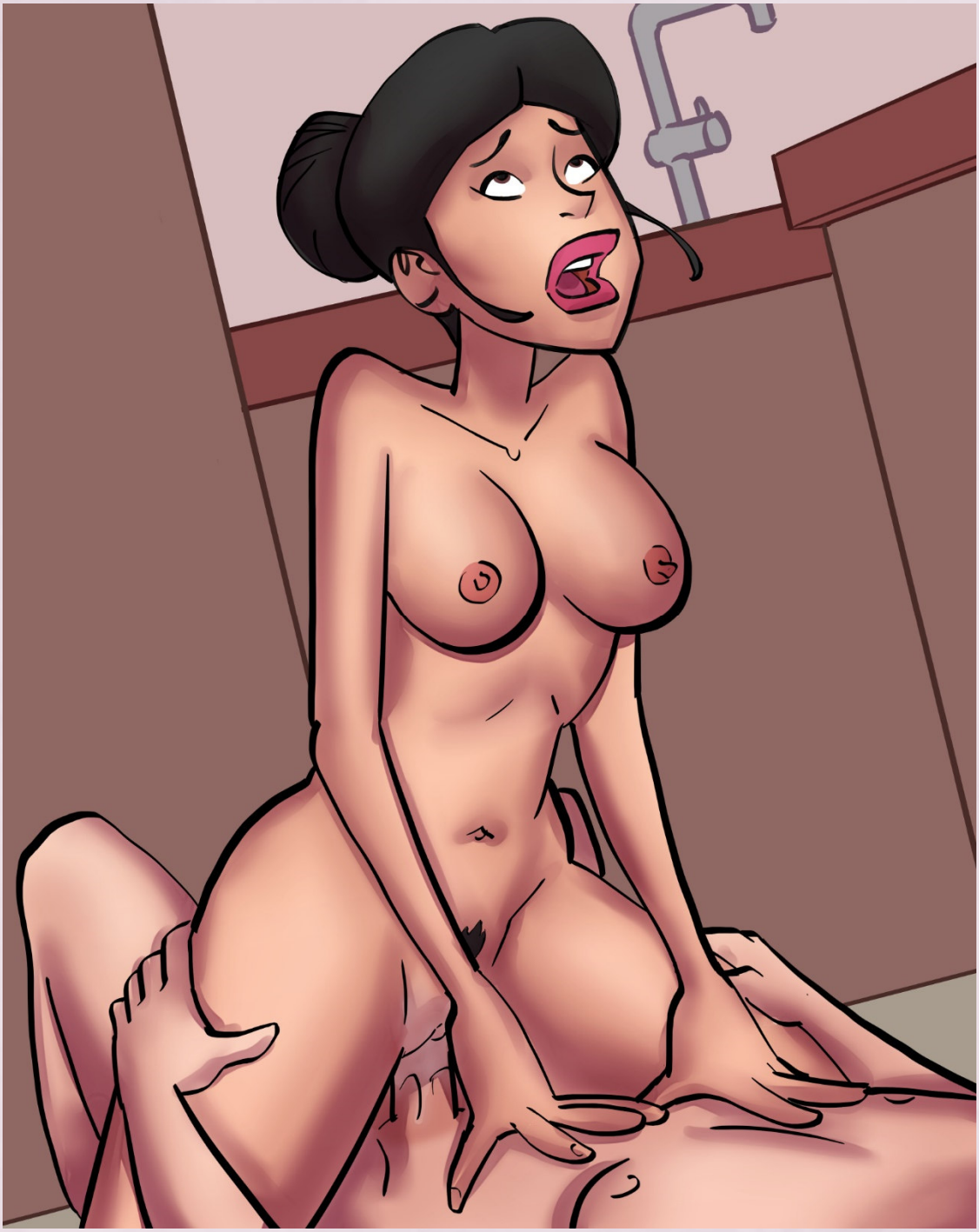
“Really?” Amanda stopped her hips and looked down at the eighteen-year-old fast-shooter. “I guess … you’re like my husband … in some ways.” She pulled herself off his penis.

“Nnnnnggggggg,” Aiden said. He was still cumming. When he finished, he lifted his head and saw that she was taking the condom off. “What … um … are you doing?” Aiden decided that sex orgasms were way better than any other kind.

“I’m not letting you off the hook just yet, Aiden.” Amanda walked to the kitchen trash, threw the condom away, and took off her lingerie. She returned to Aiden and took another condom from the box. “You’re probably hopped up on dark stone dust. And I might as well make use of that.” She rolled the condom onto his sperm-covered penis. “Whose idea was it to trick me with the box?” She straddled him again and lowered her vagina onto its target. “Who’s the ring leader?”

“I don’t know … uuuuggghhhhh … what you’re talking about … Mrs. Lutz.” Aiden’s cock was still sensitive from cumming, but he wasn’t about to ask her to remove her pussy.

“I … uuughhh … ugh … ugh … doubt … that.” Amanda dug her fingers into his scrawny chest and undulated. With each revolution, her hips became less awkward. “We’ll talk … uuugghhh … more about this … ugh … ugh … later. For now … I … eeeeeiiiiiiiiii.” Amanda’s eyes rolled back and her body bounced wildly on its own. She closed her eyes and lost herself in a marvelous orgasm. It was so good that she wondered if it was helping to exorcise the ghosts. Maybe they didn’t like sharing space with a penis. When she opened her eyes again, she looked down at Aiden’s sheepish smile. “Did you … um … orgasm again?”



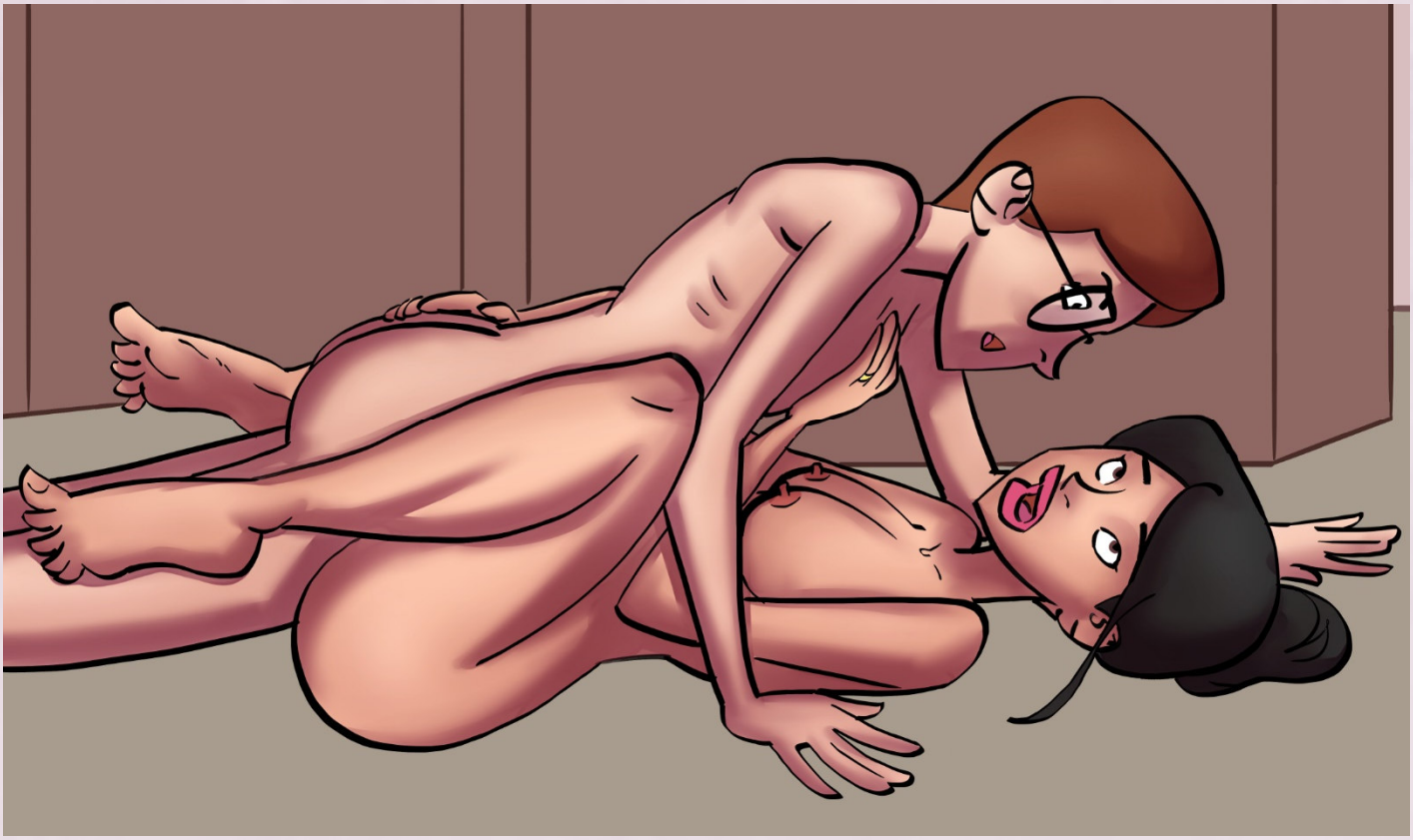
He nodded.

“Very well.” She dismounted him, replaced the condom with a fresh one, and lay on her back with her legs spread as wide as they’d go. “Come on then … I know you have another one in you.”

“Right … Mrs. Lutz.” Aiden stared at the V between her legs for a long moment. His heart sang. He no longer felt any guilt at all. He practically leapt onto his friend’s mother, trying out missionary for the first time. It was slow going at first, especially because she kept barking instructions at him which upset his concentration. But eventually, he figured out how to move his hips. Once he got a good pace, she stopped saying much more than a few words here or there. Mostly about aliens or ghosts. To Aiden’s bewilderment, she also mentioned a new understanding for how Napolean’s wife must have felt.

“Ooooohhhhhh … Aiden … Aiden … you’re like … the sea dragon … ooohhhhhhh.” Amanda pointed her toes at the ceiling. A series of orgasms hit her one after the other.

“Mrs. L … uuuggghhhhh … Mrs. L.” After cumming twice, Aiden’s third orgasm took its sweet time. And when it arrived after twenty minutes of sublime missionary, he nearly fainted from joy.
“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.” He had never bellowed like that before in his life.



They lay exhausted on the kitchen floor until their skin cooled. Then, Amanda gathered herself and dislodged the boy from her vagina. She dressed him and sent him home with a stupid smile on his face. She was so out of sorts from all the orgasms that she forgot to further question him about his plots. Well, that would have to wait until next time. For now, she desperately needed a shower before her men returned home.