Chapter 20
Inevitable

Inevitable Ch. 20

Illustrations by SeventeenSam Written by RawlyRawls & CrazyDorian

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When Caleb arrived home and breathlessly started telling his mother what had happened during game night, she put a finger to his lips. “Shh, your father and sister are still up. Let’s go for a walk.”

It was a warm night, so they didn’t bother with jackets. Mother and son headed out and strolled nearby suburban streets, passing from one streetlamp to the next. Caleb told his mother everything that had happened, from what sounded like Zach getting a blowjob from Kathy, to what was clearly Aiden and Amanda having furious sex. When he was done with his story, they strolled in silence for a few moments.

“Oh, my.” Nicole had to compose herself. Her vagina was tingling, and she was sure her nipples would have been visible through her top had it not been so dark. “So … it seems Amanda has put herself in a pickle. Or … um … the pickle has put itself ...” She giggled.

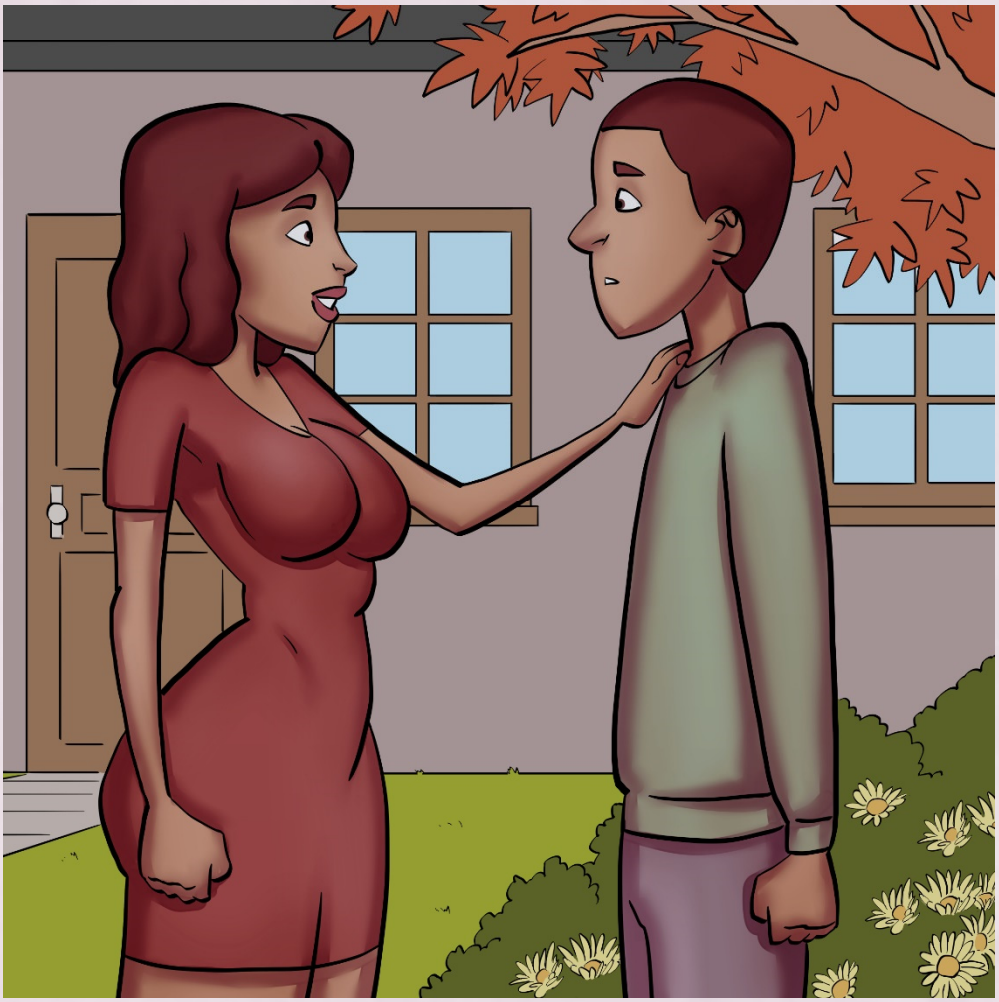
“Mom!” Caleb didn’t think this was the time for jokes.

"Sorry, sweetie. It's just … it's titillating to see Amanda's backward views lead her to such a ridiculous position. But you're right, no jokes. Think of poor Aiden. He must be so confused." She frowned. "Thank goodness I have such a mature son. Are you confused by anything?"

"I mean … yes … what's going on? First, she's giving Zach oral, and now she's doing that with Aiden! What's next?" Caleb tried not to gaze too longingly at his mother's breasts as they jiggled under her top in the streetlight. He forced himself to look straight ahead.

"Well, Amanda is very sexually repressed, and her fantasies seem to have taken over. I knew when she started with the Dark Stone stuff she'd get herself in trouble. But I didn't see this coming." She glanced at Caleb. "Don't give me that look. Of course she has fantasies. Many women fantasize about younger men. I've done it. A young man is so vigorous, strong, and enthusiastic. I mean, I *have* been enjoying the stories we've been reading together."

"Yeah … I suppose." Caleb glanced at her. The white crescent of her beguiling smile in the gloom nearly took his breath away. His mother was beautiful.



"Does what happened at Amanda's tonight arouse you?" She put a hand on his shoulder and stopped him. They stood facing each other under the darkness a tall maple provided. The crickets chirped around them. In the distance, frogs croaked at one another.

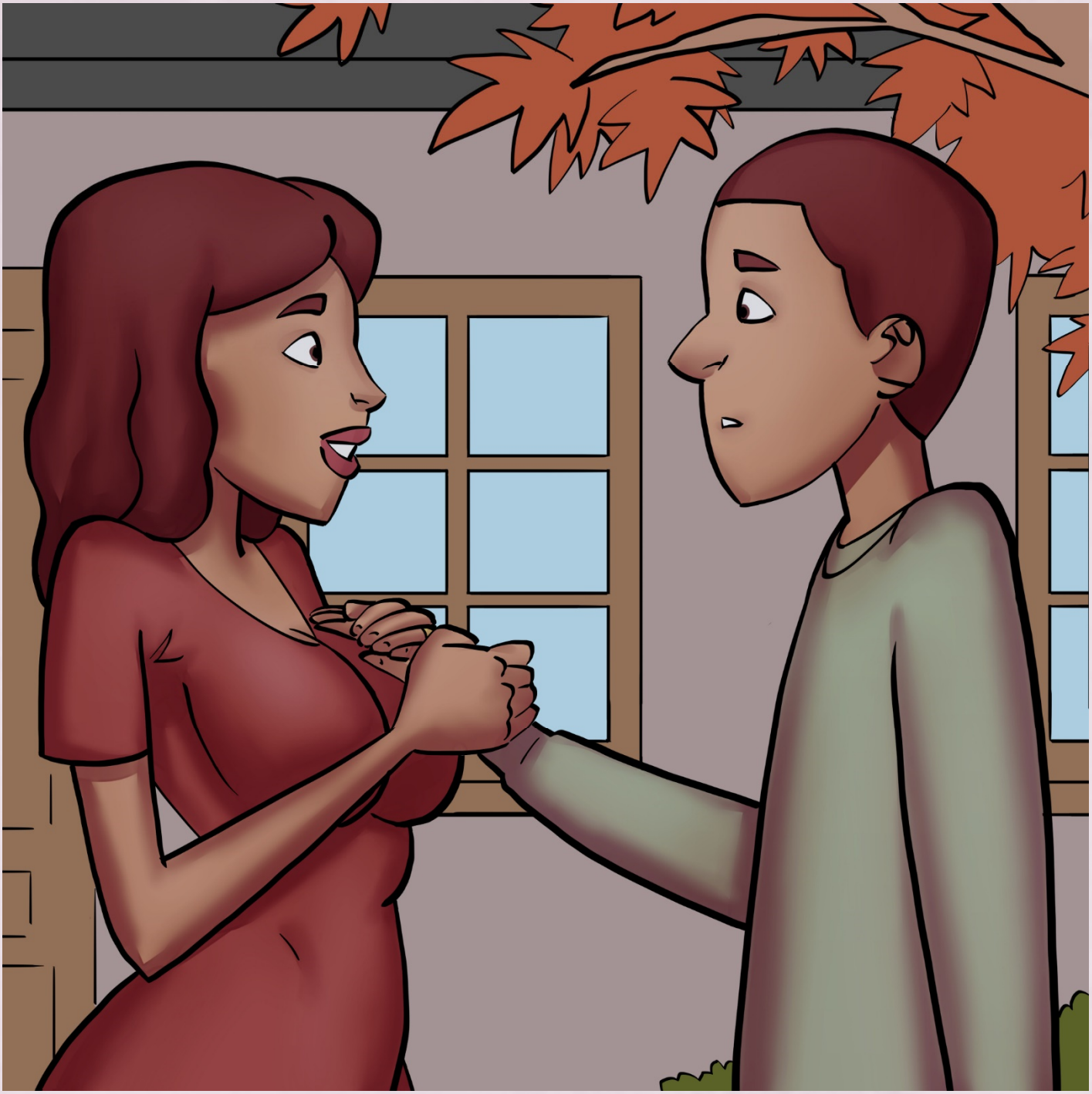
"I … um … I …" Caleb looked down at his feet. His cock was like steel. He hoped it was hidden well enough tucked under his waistband.

"We're mature, sweetie. Which means we can be honest with each other." She took his right hand into her left hand and squeezed gently. "I can tell you, that hearing what happened tonight has me aroused. Think of the therapy story that just restarted. What would Doctor McAllister say?"

Caleb smiled. "She'd say that we share power, it's not a one-way street. That means we're a team. And we have to trust each other." He looked up and met his mother's dark eyes. A shiver went down his spine.

"Well? Answer the question then." She nodded encouragement, took his hand, and placed it on her left breast. She held him there, pulling in a little and releasing, so he could get an idea of her weight and pliability.

"I … *was* aroused … Mom." Caleb was scared to move or breathe for fear anything might ruin the moment. He stood perfectly still, the only muscles in his body moving were his fingers as they gently squeezed his mother's fantastic tit.



"How about now?" Nicole patiently waited as her eighteen-year-old son stood like a statue in front of her. Eventually, she tried again, "How do you feel now?"

"I'm … I'm aroused, Mom." He felt relief at the words, but also the world seemed to swim around him. He wasn't even sure if he was in reality anymore.

“I’m aroused, too.” Nicole removed his hand from her boob, but she didn’t release it. Their hands remained clasped as they walked home.

“Is this okay, Mom?” Caleb felt like he was walking in the clouds.

“I think that what that sexy psychologist would say is that we’re not indulging in the kind of conspiracy that Karen fears and Amanda ... feeds on. What we have exists because we’ve found a mutual interest that happens to be a bit unusual, but we’re both mature people, and we aren't going to hurt anyone. We love each other, and we’re on the same team.”

“Wow, that’s just what she’d say.” Caleb nodded. “I can picture her talking in my mind.”

“Yes, she’s so wonderfully professional and maternal.” Nicole squeezed his hand. “I’m glad the artist for that story was okay after all.”

“Me too.” Caleb tried to discretely adjust his stiff cock.

Nicole noticed the adjustment. To try to take some of the edge off, she told him about his father’s bowling league. She hoped that would dampen their arousal before they saw the rest of the family.

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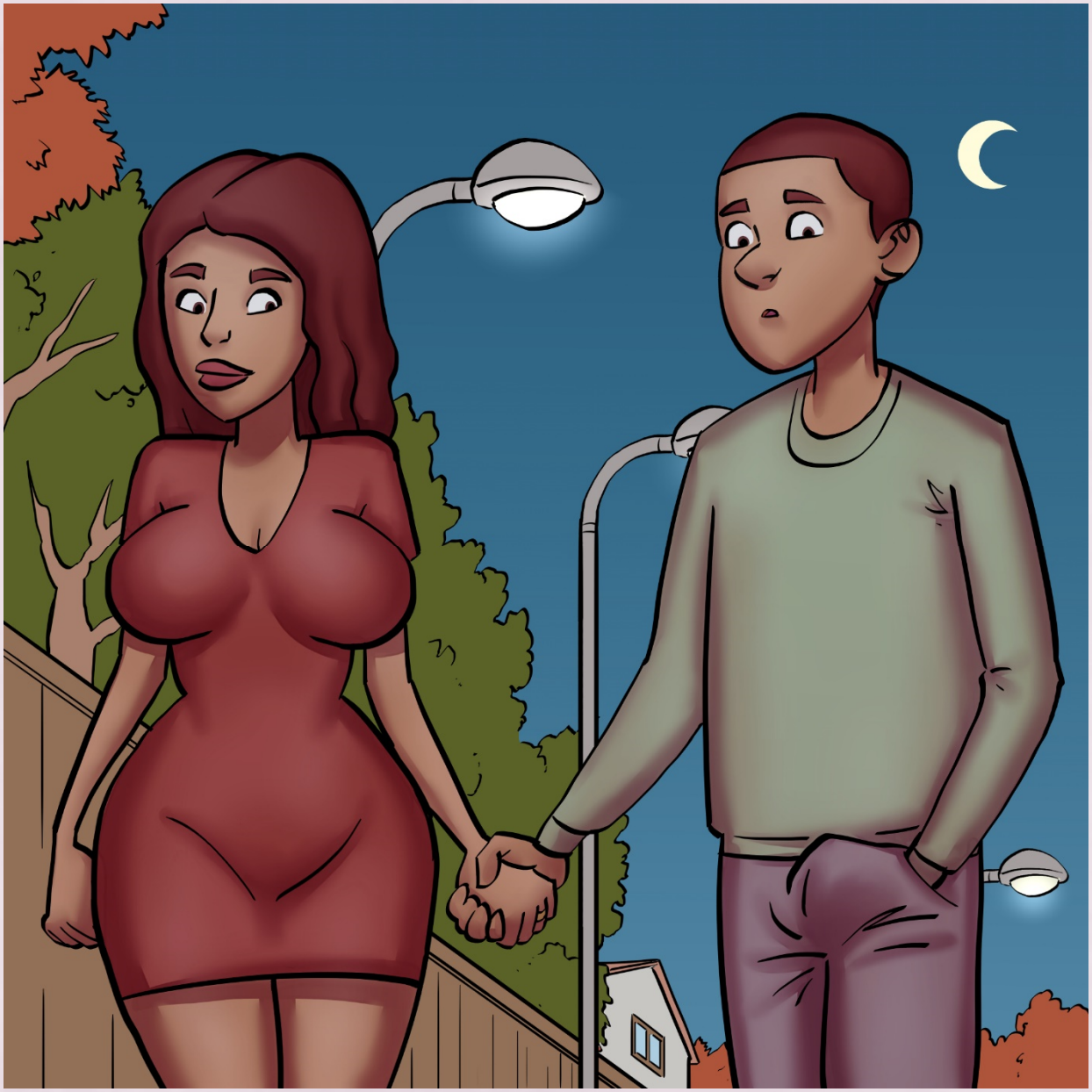

Later that night, Caleb was texting with Zach. The room was dark, and he was already in pajamas under the covers. Caleb was letting his friend brag about Kathy. Caleb hadn't told Zach about Aiden and Amanda though, or about what was going on with his own mother. Caleb wanted to be mature, but he was feeling more than a little confused.

Nicole entered her son's room wearing an oversized t-shirt that hung down to mid-thigh. "Your father is finally asleep." She flashed a smile at her son, who was illuminated by his phone. "What are you doing?" She had one hand behind her back.

"Texting with Zach. He's really excited about Kathy."

"Okay, well tell him you have to go to bed now." Nicole pulled out her e-reader from behind her back, showed it to her son, and walked over to the desk. She turned on the lamp there and waited for him to finish texting.

When she had his attention, she lifted up her shirt, exposing the neatly trimmed triangle between her legs, her wide hips, and her tummy. She wasn't wearing panties. "Since we are … um … feeling the way that we are about each other, I thought that we might read tonight without blankets. Are you okay showing me? I mean, I know what you've been doing under the blanket every night."

"Oh … I …" Caleb blushed.

"Let me say it directly." Nicole took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. She let her shirt fall and straightened her spine. "I think we should watch each other masturbate while we read the latest chapter of the Christmas story. The one where the mom isn't really into it, but wants to make her son happy."

"I like that one." Caleb hadn't been hard a moment before, but he was now. Under the covers, he pulled his underwear and pajama bottoms off.

“I like that one too.” Nicole lifted her shirt again, sat on his desk chair, and swiveled to face him. Slowly, she opened her legs, relishing the look of wonder on his face as he watched her. She wondered if he could see her vagina glistening with anticipation. “You can show me your penis now.” She thought the apprehension on his face was adorable. The blush on his cheeks made her want to go over and kiss him, but she stayed on her chair.

“I hope … this is okay.” Caleb pulled down his covers and let his dick stand proudly, pointing to the ceiling.

“Oh … gosh. It’s beautiful, Caleb. I knew you were large, but …” A thousand butterflies flapped in her tummy. “Well, I feel a bit silly. Like one of the mothers in …” It was her turn to blush. She cleared her throat. “Why don’t we do our reading now?”

“Sure, okay.” Caleb started fapping with one hand, holding his phone with the other. It wasn’t easy to concentrate on the story. His eyes kept darting to his mother’s pussy. The room was filled with the slick sounds her fingers made there and her gentle moans. Time passed as they masturbated. He watched her as she read her story. It seemed that she was being more free with showing her pleasure now that things were in the open. He glanced at her face, and her ecstatic expression was even more breathtaking than the sight of her pussy. Her brow was bunched, and she was biting on her bottom lip like she was trying to hold in a scream. Her eyes were on her e-reader, but they looked distant. “I … um … really like this … Mom.”

“Me … too … sweetie.” Nicole’s whole body was vibrating. When she looked over at her son and saw his turgid, aggressive looking tool, she lost it. “Oooohhhhh … Caleb … you’re so … special … nnnnggggggggg.” She bit her lip again to keep from crying out and orgasmed on his chair.

“Mom … Mom … Mom … uuuuuggggghhhhhh.” Usually, Caleb lasted longer, but things were too intense. Before he knew it, he was shooting ropes of cum into the air.

Nicole was just coming down from her climax when her son erupted. The spectacle of his sperm arching above him at such outrageous heights sent her over the edge again. She had never orgasmed back-to-back before that night.

When they had calmed down, Nicole excused herself so that he could clean up. In the shower before bed, her mind was racing. How odd that all these wonders could be traced directly back to Amanda’s shenanigans. It just showed that one never really knew where something was going to lead.

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Amanda was heavily pregnant. She wore a chain around her neck, dressed only in some sort of barbarian underwear. Other pregnant women were similarly chained and attired around her. She recognized them. They were the neighborhood moms she'd tried to save. But they were pregnant, too. *It's too late!*

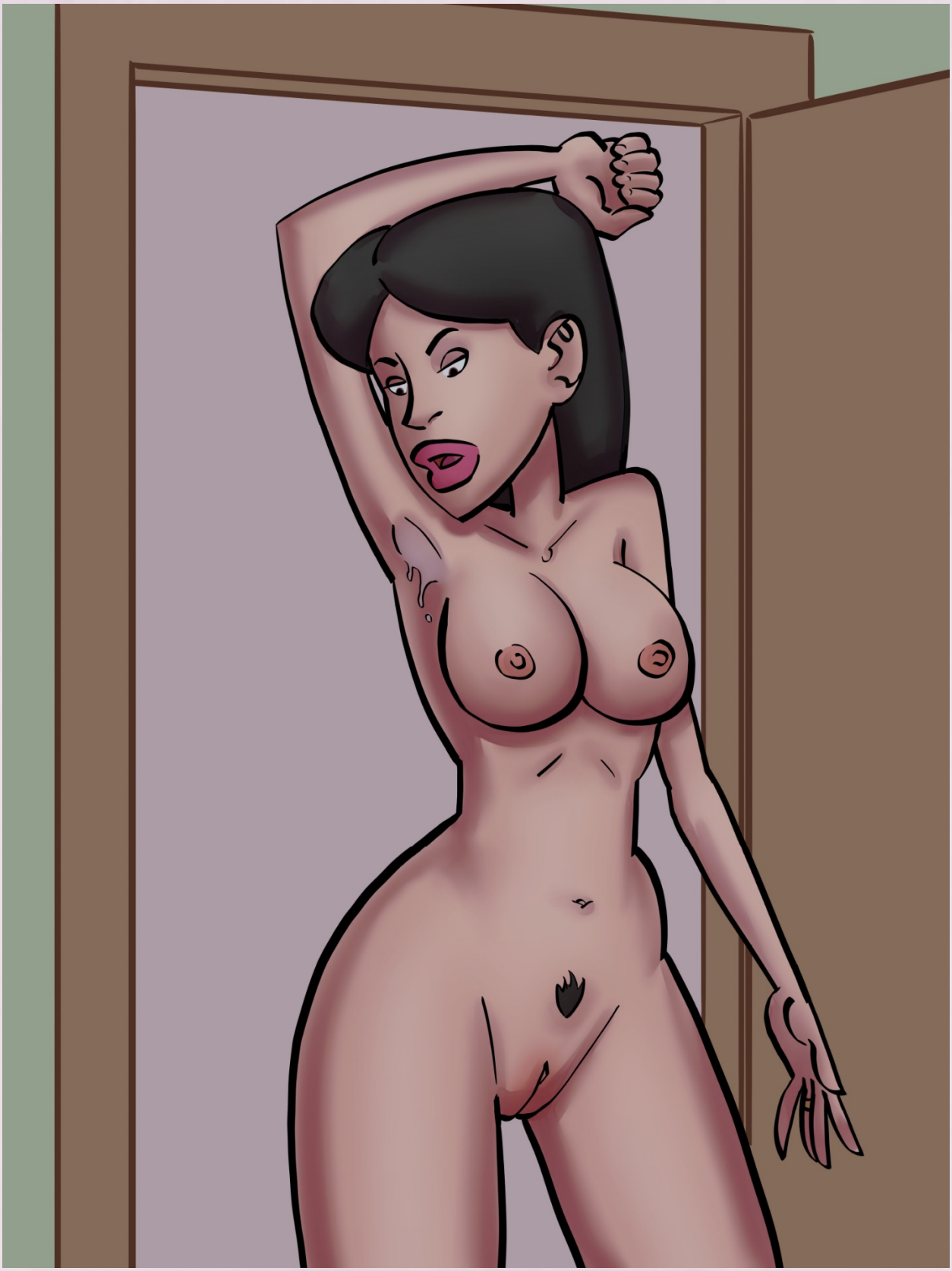
They were in a cavernous room. She looked up to the throne before her and saw her son. He sat naked, his penis even bigger than she remembered it. The only thing he wore was a crown on his head. He smiled wickedly down at her. "Did you really think you could beat me, Mother?"

"I … um … I knew you were strong … and smart … and handsome. But I thought …" Amanda's vagina was on fire. The chain around her neck should have brought her shame, but it only served to excite her. "I let your friend do it inside me. I'm so sorry. I thought he would save me for you. But … that was my downfall. My womb was the battleground and I lost, didn't I? He corrupted me."

“I own you now. I own every mother in town.” Zach cackled malevolently.

Amanda woke with a start. She found that she was covered in cold sweat. *Just a dream. It’s not too late. But their mind control powers are strong. I wanted to be owned by him.* She crawled out of bed, entered the bathroom, and changed out of her soaked pajamas and panties. She toweled off the remaining sweat and stood in the bathroom staring at her worried face in the mirror. “It’s just like Queen Victoria and the Martian. This is a prophecy. My womb is the holy battleground.” The reflection in the mirror didn’t answer her. She was only a little disappointed by its silence. That part of the Victoria story didn’t need to come true. She understood what she needed to do. Without dressing, she tiptoed past her sleeping husband and went out into the hall.

Her son's room was dark and smelled of pungent teenager. She lifted her arm and smelled her pit. Well, maybe the smell was coming from her. She had been in a cold sweat after all. She shook her head and closed the door behind her. The boy wouldn't mind her scent.



In the dark, she stood over him, looking at the faint outline of his skinny body under the covers. She glanced at the window where streetlight filtered in. She walked over and closed the curtains. If she failed tonight, she didn't want anyone spying on her shame. It got very dark after that, so she stumbled over to his floor lamp and turned it on. "It's the final battle, and this time the Martian isn't going to win," she whispered. *I am Victoria!* She walked over to the bed and shook her son awake.