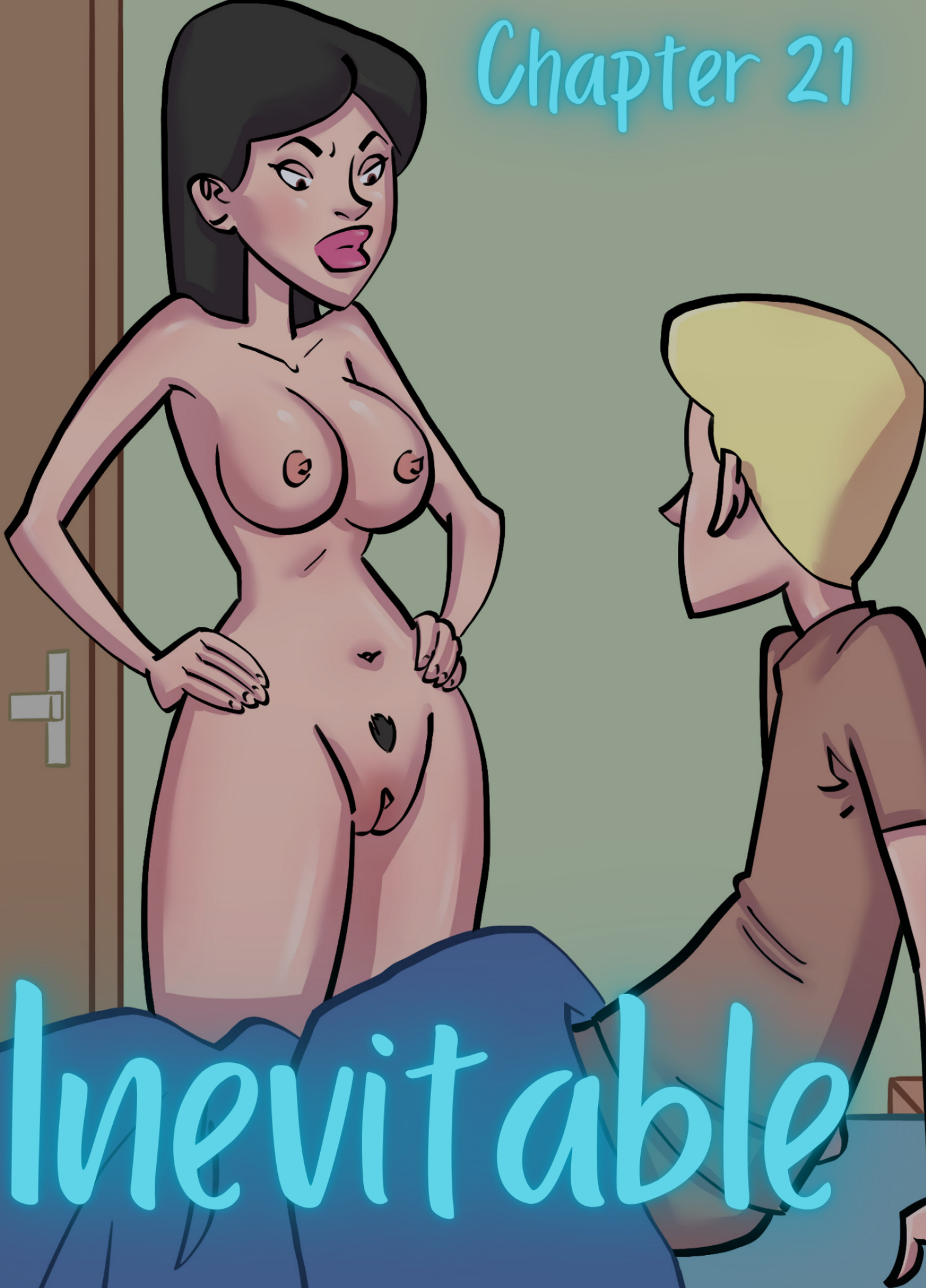


Chapter 21



Inevitable

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Inevitable Ch. 21

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"It's time I found out what I'm made of, Zachary." Amanda could tell from the change in her son's breathing that he was awake. She shook him again anyway. "You can't dodge this one. It's the final battle. And it's happening in my womb."

Zach had been hoping that she'd go away. When he processed her words, he forgot to pretend he was sleeping. "What?" Zach rolled over and stared at his mother. She was naked with her hands on her hips, her eyes blazing down at him. Zach flinched. His mother was a force to be reckoned with. "Did you say something about your womb?"



"Don't play dumb with me. I know how smart you are. I know what a leader you are. I know that you're always one step ahead." She leaned forward and glared with narrowed eyes. "You've been chipping away at my defenses. Sending your friend was a clever move. Making ghost-busting feel so good was genius. But I'm Amanda Lutz, gosh darn it. You won't take me without an epic final battle." She dramatically threw off his blanket. "See, the instrument of my destruction is ready to go." She pointed an accusing finger at the tent in his underwear.

"I'm always like that when I wake up." Zach's mind was trying to play catchup. "You ... um ... you want an inoculation ... now?"

"I told you not to play stupid." She reached down and pulled off his t-shirt. He didn't help much, so there was some grunting, tugging, and pulling on her part. When she got it off, she tossed it to the floor. "You're going to have a go at my womb, and I'm going to show you that I have the power to resist. I had a dream ..." Her eyes turned softer as she remembered the chains on her neck. She set her jaw tightly. "I won't become a slave ... or let all those other mothers fall into moral depravity." She roughly tugged down his underwear, freeing his now familiar penis.



"I don't know what kind of dream you had, Mom. But it wasn't real." He lay helpless as she mounted him. "Blowjobs are one thing. But if you stick it innnnnnnnn." His dick entered a new kind of tight warmth. She was already incredibly wet. Without his glasses, their meeting parts were blurry. But he didn't need glasses to see clearly that his mother had finally gone off the deep end. Before he knew it, she was rocking her hips.

“Mom ... we can't ...” He lifted his hands to stop her, but didn't know where to put them on her naked, jiggling form.

“So, I was ... right to press my advantage. Just like ... ugh ... ugh ... Victoria and ... ugh ... the Martian.” She leaned forward, grabbed his wrists, and pinned them to the mattress on either side of his head. “I'll show you ... how strong ... a mother ... can be.” She planted the soles of her feet on the sheet and really put her all into humping. She lifted her hips with great long strokes. Thanks to Aiden, she now had a good idea about how to handle a larger penis. “Uuuughhhhh ... Zachary ... I'm ... I'm ... having second thoughts.” Such intense ecstasy filled her that she almost closed the last few inches between their lips and kissed him. Her face twisted, and she tried to look away. She found she couldn't pull her gaze from his lovely eyes.



“Ooohhh ... Mom ... Mom ... Mom ... Mom ...” Zach didn’t know what else to say. She was definitely a crazy lady. But she was *his* crazy lady.

It took Amanda almost twenty minutes, and several mind-shattering orgasms, to realize that she wasn’t going to win this fight. Zach and Aiden had penises that were about the same size. They hit the same magical places in her vagina. But sex with Zach was even more intense and consciousness-shifting than with Aiden. *I don’t know if it’s because he’s so handsome and perfect, or if it’s hypnosis or something, but I love this more than anything. I would die for more of this. Zach is a better man than his brothers. He’s better than his father. He’s better than his friends. He’s better than Napoleon. He’s ... he’s ...* “Uuuuuggggghhhhh.” Amanda’s eyes crossed, and she shuddered through the most massive orgasm yet. When she came out of the clouds, she found that she’d somehow slipped off him, and his penis had dislodged.



After his orgasm passed, his hips went right to work again. He needed more.

Over an hour later, mother and son were sweaty, cum-covered messes. They lay side by side in bed, panting and staring with wide eyes at the ceiling.



“I finally realized something. You were thinking at a much deeper level than that Guide I found, all this time.” Amanda reached down and felt her gaping vagina as it continued to belch out all the sperm he’d put inside her. “I should have expected it, really. I raised you to look at the deeper truths of the universe.”

“Mom? I don’t know what –” Zach didn’t have time to finish.

“Even after you boys clearly corrupted Kathy so quickly, I thought I could turn it around. Was she ever really my agent?” She turned her head to look at her son.

Zach was having a hard time thinking straight. "Ummm ..."

"But Aiden let it slip that everything I knew about your dark stone mind control and elven lust boxes was true." She frowned at the dubious face he was making. "Aiden tried taunting me with it, and some dark part of me even liked it. So, if I'm going to risk it all, it's going to be against the true mastermind, Zachary. My ... Zachary."



“Dammit Aiden ...” Zach rolled on top of his mother to shut her up. He slipped his dick into her sopping pussy and pressed his lips against hers. Soon his hips were thrusting on their own, and he was riding an incredible high.



“Mmmphhh ... mmmpphhh ... mmmppphhhh ...” Her feet flopped in the air, her toes curling. Her son was a machine.

A while later, they lay in each other’s arms, completely exhausted. Fresh sperm leaked from Amanda’s vagina. She had never felt more at peace in her life. Amanda had found her purpose. “Did you know that Aiden tried to usurp you? It’s so clear to me now. He was the one that couldn’t be satisfied with his own weak mother.”

Zach was so tired that he could barely follow what she was saying. “Wait, do you mean you had sex with Aiden?”

"Of course!" Amanda laughed. "And I thought it was the most dangerously amazing thing in the world until right now. But, I have to tell you, it was a pale shadow of the real thing. I know things now. This is why you need your mother as your closest adviser. Like a vizier to the sultan!"

"Mom, viziers are always evil. That's the whole trope."

"Evil doesn't mean disloyal, honey." She nuzzled closer to him, and together they fell asleep.



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“Oh ... gosh ...” Karen stood in her son’s door. It was the middle of the night. Hours ago, Aiden had gotten in late after his dragon game at Zach’s house. He had headed straight to bed. Karen could now see that he’d barely made it. He was still dressed, with one leg hanging off the bed. He still wore his glasses, but it was clear from his snoring that he was sound asleep. “Poor, guy. You’re all worn out. Those games with your friends must be so tiring.”



Karen turned to go, but stopped. She stepped into his room and walked over to the bed. She took off his glasses, pulled off his pants and socks, and dragged his body under the covers. He stayed asleep through all of it. “Aiden, are you still sleeping?” She tucked him in.

Aiden snorted out a loud snore and rolled onto his side.

“Something really wore you out. My poor, big guy.” She frowned. “I feel bad leaving you like this. What if those demons return and take advantage of you? But it’s not like your mother can just take care of you all night. You’re a man. A mother can’t ...” A thought hit her. “But a dog is supposed to keep her master company. Wait here.”

Aiden continued to snore, softer now, as his mother hurriedly left the room.

Five minutes later, Karen crawled into the room on her hands and knees, wearing her dog costume. She turned out the light, closed the door, and crawled over to his bed. She didn’t know why her heart was beating so fast or why she had sweaty palms. She had bonded with Aiden enough in the dog suit to be used to it. But this was a new dog thing to do. And as she curled up on the bed by his feet, it felt like she was bonding with him at a whole new level.



At first, Karen was worried she'd be cold, but the costume kept her warm. Her master was safe with her there, and she was giving him the comfort of companionship. For a brief moment, she worried what Amanda would think of this. Whether her friend would worry that this would lead Karen down a path where the boys could corrupt her. *I'm not even so sure that Aiden wants to do those awful things anymore. Maybe Amanda and I overreacted.* That was a nice thought. With a smile she drifted off to sleep.



Early in the morning, Karen woke with a start. It had been wonderful snuggling with her son, but she couldn't let her husband catch her behaving like a dog. She stretched, climbed off the bed, and crawled out of the room.

A little while later, she was back in her pajamas, slipping into bed next to Chuck's familiar mass. It was lonelier in her marital bed, but she felt a thrill thinking about how she'd comforted and protected Aiden. Maybe she'd get a chance to do it again sometime. For the second time that night, she drifted off to sleep with a smile on her face.

