Chapter 22
Inevitable

Inevitable Ch. 22

Illustrations by SeventeenSam Written by RawlyRawls & CrazyDorian

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After the first time Nicole and Caleb masturbated in front of each other, it became their ritual. Every night, Nicole would wait for the rest of the family to go to bed. With growing anticipation, she would slip out of her room with her e-reader. In her son's room, she would find him waiting for her naked on his bed. Caleb would usually have a light on, and he would be fapping furiously while reading on his phone. Nicole would quickly undress, put a towel on his desk chair, sit, and play with her vagina while reading.

At times, they would compliment each other. "That was a lot of stuff you just shot, sweetie. I'm impressed!" Nicole might say. "Mom, you look so pretty with your fingers in there," Caleb might say. At other times, they would make requests. "Could you turn your chair a little so I can see better?" Or "Caleb, sweetie, don't explode yet. I want you to time it to the eruption in the story. Give me one more minute, okay?"

Night after night, they committed solo pleasure together. “It’s so healthy … that we can be … open about this,” A sweaty, panting Nicole said one night as she came down from a terrific orgasm.

“I love you … Mom.” Caleb jerked his cock with fast, frenetic strokes. He was about to cum.

“I love you … too.” Nicole smiled and applauded as his wonderful spunk launched into the air.

Once in a while, they would put down their books and create stories about what happened to their favorite characters off the page. Nicole would breathlessly tell Caleb about what Amy would get up to during Ava and Evan’s wedding. Caleb would smile as he told his mother about what happened when Remnic and his entourage visited a goblin village in the Mottled Forest.

They would usually wrap up after Caleb’s second orgasm. Nicole would tell him to wash his penis well. “Don’t forget to clean under the foreskin.” And she would head for the shower and eventually bed. It was a sublime time for both.

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Much to Aiden's frustration and anguish, Amanda would no longer see him or answer his calls. Zach was friendly at school, but would only offer vague answers when pressed about his mother. Their D&D nights rolled around, and Zach canceled. Neither Caleb nor Aiden were invited to the Lutz house anymore.

Needing answers, Aiden cornered Kathy Schwartz in the hall at school. He found out that she had been going by the Lutz house for special one-on-one D&D sessions. She made Aiden promise not to tell her boyfriend before racing off to her next class.

And just like that, Aiden was back to abstinence. He couldn't cum at home with his mother hovering all the time. And the amazing entrée into the world of sex that Amanda had given him was clearly over. He grew more and more irritable with each passing day, often taking out his anger on his mother with outbursts of rudeness, and even some bad language.

Karen was growing concerned that the demon, Mrs. L., had returned. But she found no evidence. She didn't know what to do. So, of course, she called Amanda. "Amanda? Aiden just got home from school, and he was so rude." Karen sat on the sofa, blinking back tears. "I don't know if the demon is back, or maybe this is part of his plot to corrupt me. What do you think?"

"Oh, you're … still worried about … the dark stone thing? I think … ugh … I was overreacting there. Haven't you been … having fun pretending to be a cat … uugghhhh … or whatever? Do that. Just get close … to him." Amanda put a finger to her lips to silence Zach. They were both naked on his bed, as they were every day after school. Today, Amanda was riding her son with sinuous movement. "Zachary … just got home … too … and we're already spending time together."

"Are you okay? You sound … winded." Karen frowned.

"Zachary and I are doing … a workout. You might say that … I took his membership offer." Amanda winked at her son.

"I don't know what that means." Karen adjusted the foil band in her hair. "Do you think the headband will protect me from whatever's going on?"

"You're still wearing … that old thing?" Amanda laughed. "Those headbands … never did anything. You can … throw it away. Just do what … your son wants. Try to be … uugghhh … bad … for once in your life, Karen. Ohhhhkay … I have to … hang up now."

The line went dead. "Amanda? Amanda?" Karen put her phone down. She was so confused.

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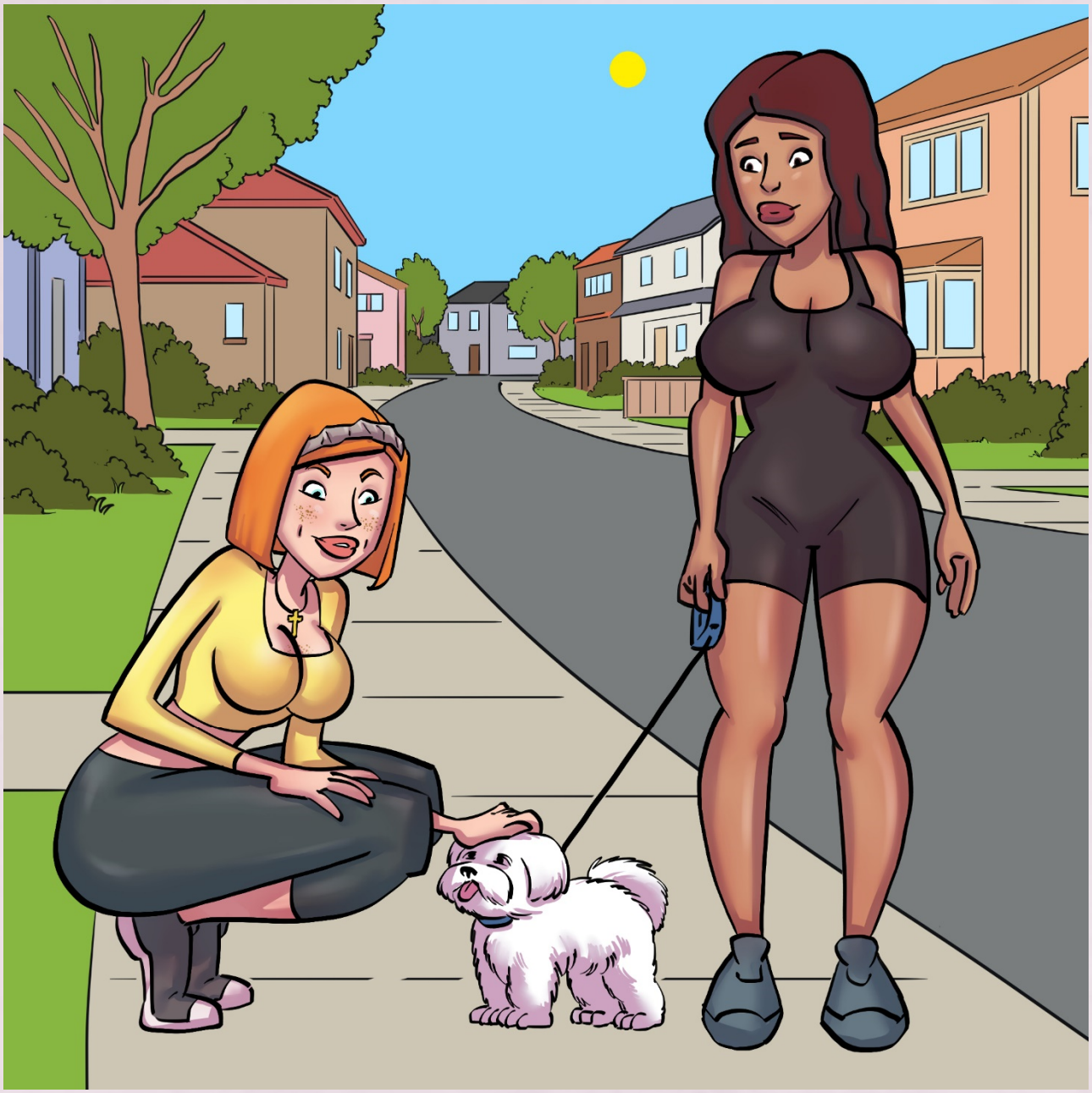
The next day, Karen met Nicole for a walk. While Nicole didn't have her finger on the pulse of what was going on like Amanda did, Karen still needed a friend to lean on. She shared her troubles as they walked down quiet, suburban streets dappled with shade.

Nicole listened to her friend patiently. When Karen was done, Nicole gave Karen a reassuring smile. "That does sound like Amanda. I think you're on the right track, being there for Aiden and letting him talk to you and work things out." She glanced at Karen, thinking things over. "And if the dog costume helps, then sure, go for it. Caleb and I have been talking a lot lately too, and he's a great listener. Those three boys all have a similar temperament. Not really boys anymore I suppose. They're all eighteen." She closed her eyes for a moment and pictured her son's majestic, manly penis. She cleared her throat and smiled at Karen. "Just let Aiden know you're there for him, and things will be fine."

“That’s too vague, Nicole. I need to know what to do! Aiden is being so rude. And things were so good before with him. I don’t know what happened.” Karen worked hard to hold back tears.

“This doesn’t have to be all on you. Aiden’s an adult, and this is his problem, too. You guys can work on this as a team. Give him room to share power with you.”

“Oh, that’s a good way of looking at it.” Karen’s face brightened. “A boy and his pet are kind of a team. That’s true.” They stopped in the street, and Karen reached down to pat Mary Puppins. “I should have asked you about this before. You're my only friend who even owns a dog.”



“Um … yeah.” Nicole gave her friend a dubious look. She wasn’t sure she’d gotten her point across. But Karen seemed happier, so they changed subjects, talking about graduation plans.

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A few days later, Karen tried to verbally give Aiden his power and work as a team. But it didn't go well. When she was done with her speech, he was already fuming.

"Share power? Teamwork? Forget that. If you want to know what's wrong with me, why don't you call Mrs. Lutz!?! Your stupid friend isn't answering my calls!" Aiden stormed to his room.

"*Your* calls?" Karen didn't understand. She stepped into the backyard and called Amanda.

"Oh, he's frustrated, is he? That's delightful. Mmmmpphhhhh." Amanda was on her knees in front of her son. He had just arrived home from school, and already his penis was in her hands. And, in her mouth. Which made it hard to talk. She removed it from her mouth and smiled up at Zach. "To think, Karen, all I had to do to deny the boys their power was to give in. Fiendishly simple, don't you think?"

"Give in?" Karen was bewildered. "Give in to what? Aiden's so rude. He's not asking for anything, just yelling at me. He said that I should ask you about it."

"Give him what all boys need. You'll be amazed how much better your whole household works once you do." Amanda kissed her way along Zach's shaft as she thought. "It sounds like there must be a lot of ghost build-up

in your house, Karen. I'd come over to help exorcise you and Aiden, but I'm ... sick at the moment. In fact, I've had to keep Zachary home from school several days this week."

"What are you saying?"

"Napolean was wrong. Queen Victoria and Cleopatra, they were wrong, too. That's the whole thing I've come to see. Mmppphhhhhh." Amanda bobbed her head on her son's penis for a few seconds and lifted off. "It was foolish to try to fight the river. But if you give the water what it wants, you can dam it and control the flow. You get what you want, too. You get what you need, Karen, even if you didn't know you needed it before you got it."

“I don't own a boat though. Um … Hello? Amanda? Hello?” Karen looked at her phone. Amanda had disconnected. Karen pressed her lips together. *What do boys need?* According to Amanda, if she could solve that puzzle, she would be able to help Aiden. Maybe her friend was using a metaphor. *It’s not a real river!*

Back inside the house, Karen put on her dog costume and knocked on Aiden’s door. She opened it and found him with hunched shoulders, studying at his desk. “Aiden, it’s me. Your pet. I want to help you.” She got down on her hands and knees. “As your loyal dog, you can tell me what you need to make you feel better? What’s been wrong these past couple weeks? What do you need?”

“Need? Need?!?” Aiden had had enough. He launched his pen across the room, where it bounced off the wall. “Fine, I’ll tell you. I was having sex with Mrs. Lutz. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. And then it ended. She won’t even see me. And now … now … you’re hovering around worrying about those stupid demons so much that I can’t even fap. I need to cum, Mom. Or I’m going to go crazy and …” He saw her slack face and wide eyes. It hit him what he’d just blurted out. “Oh … I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that.”

“No … no … this was my fault. I’m sorry. Very sorry, Aiden.” Karen backed out of the room and closed the door. A fit of panic hit her. She knew what she had to do, but she didn’t know if she had the strength.

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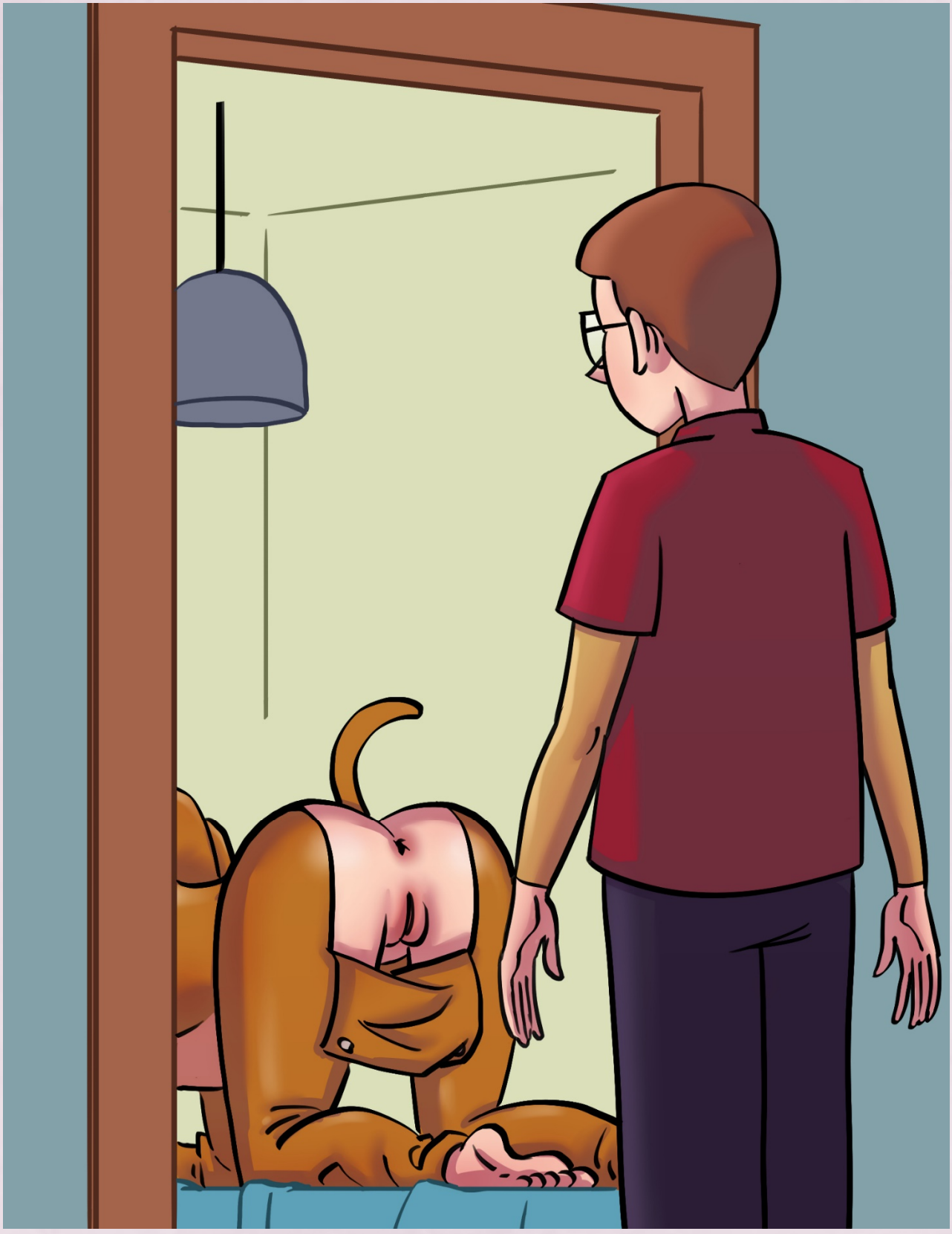
The next day, Aiden arrived home in a foul mood. “Mom, I’m home!” He wanted his mother to say something, anything, that would let him vent his anger. It wouldn’t take much. He looked around the house for her. “Mom?” He didn’t find her. For a few moments, he was hopeful that he’d have some privacy to fap. But that hope faded when he saw that the family car was still in the garage, and her purse was in the kitchen. He checked and her wallet and phone were inside.

Maybe I can just sneak a fap in the bathroom. She could be in the backyard or something. But he didn’t want to risk it. She was bound to pry, and more than likely she’d walk in on him, and the mortification that went along with that was worse than the blue ball frustration. With a sigh, he trudged upstairs. At least when he was doing homework, he didn’t think about Amanda Lutz and her perfect pussy.

Aiden opened his bedroom door, stepped inside, and his jaw dropped. His mother was on his bed on her hands and knees. She was facing away from him, wearing her dog outfit, although it had been opened at the back, revealing her round, bare white butt. He could just see her pussy peeking from down below. “Oh … my … God.”



“I understand what you need, sweetie.” The cross on Karen’s necklace was clutched in her left hand. Her eyes were shut tight. She didn’t dare look back at him. “I’m your loyal pet. You can do whatever you want to me. I’m sorry it took me so long to understand. But I get what Amanda was saying about boats now. It was a metaphor for what you told me yesterday. I get what Nicole was saying about being a team and sharing power.” She waited, but he didn’t say anything. She could hear him breathing heavily, so she knew he hadn’t left. “So … you can relieve yourself now. Just promise me you won’t tell your father.”

The door clicked closed.

Karen could still hear her son breathing. “Aiden? I know I’m not sexy like Amanda. I know I’m your mother. But this is what they want me to do. I’m sure of it. Please.” She heard his zipper descend. Her body tensed at the sound. “Aiden?” Karen waited. She prayed that she was doing the right thing. She prayed that Aiden would see what a good mother she was trying to be. She prayed.