

Chapter 28



Inevitable

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Inevitable Ch. 28

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"Caleb, sweetie, can you come in here?" Nicole called over her shoulder. She was sitting at her home office desk, doing some shopping for their upcoming special evening.

David appeared in the doorway. "You need something, Nicky?" He caught a glimpse of his wife's monitor. "You buying something for you and me?" He waggled his eyebrows.

"Something like that, David. Now, skedaddle. I need to talk to our son." She shoed him.

"Well, don't let him see what you're shopping for. The kid would wither and die if he caught his mother buying lingerie." David laughed and walked down the hall.

"You would think that, wouldn't you?" Nicole said under her breath so that her husband didn't hear. A few seconds later, she saw her son's face in the doorway. "Come in. I have a few things I want to talk to you about."



"Wow ... Mom ... you would wear something like that? Really?" Caleb stopped halfway into the room, staring at her monitor.

"I wear stuff like this for your father sometimes. It's no big deal. Anyway, I'd like your input on the restaurant for dinner, I'm making reservations today." She smiled at him. "Also, the flowers, and ... I'd like you to tell me which lingerie set you prefer."

"As the guy ... I feel like I should buy these things. But I spent all my money on that murder mystery board game." Caleb frowned.

“As your mother, I can assure you that I’m happy to pay. It’s my treat.” She winked at him. “Although I like your impulse to be chivalrous. That will make some woman very happy someday.” She beckoned for him to get closer. “Now we have some decisions to make.”

“I like that one.” Caleb walked over and stood next to her chair, pointing at the screen.

“That one is for a woman with a bigger bust than mine.” Nicole glanced over her shoulder to make sure her husband wasn’t around. “Why don’t you close the door, and I’ll show you which ones are better for my body type.”

“Sure, Mom.” Caleb crossed the room, closed the door, and returned to his mother. He was painfully erect, thinking about their upcoming date night. But it wasn’t here yet. He adjusted his dick and set about helping his mother make decisions.

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"Um ... Amanda ... I'm here." Karen found the Lutz front door open a crack. She pushed it inward and stepped into the house, making sure to keep the overcoat wrapped around her. "Amanda?" She closed the door behind her.

"Come into the living room, Karen," Amanda called. "And get into costume."



"Okay." Slowly, Karen took off the overcoat and hung it on a hook by the front door. She put on her dog ears, and fiddled with her outfit to get it just right. It was a revealing doggy costume that Aiden had said she could bring over to Amanda's. Karen was so nervous, she wobbled in her heels. "Are you sure we should be doing this?" She said loud enough to carry through the first floor.

"Are you a well-trained hellhound? If so, get in here," Amanda responded.

"Okay." Karen walked into the living room and stopped abruptly. She had expected to find Amanda dressed up as a sorceress. And her friend was. But Karen was shocked to find Kathy there, too, wearing her elf costume. "Oh ... aren't you supposed to be in school today?" Karen put a guarding hand over her own exposed cleavage.

"I'm eighteen, Mrs. Wigginton. I can write my own excuse notes now." Kathy turned toward Amanda. "Are you sure this is okay, Mrs. Lutz? She looks nervous."

"Oh, no. You ... you just surprised me, dear," Karen said. "Aiden says it's okay for me to do things with you and Amanda." She took a deep breath. "I mean, he didn't say it would be both of you at the same time, but he said he was fine with it. If you're okay being around me while I get leashed and play heckhound, I don't mind. It'll be fun."

"Wow, that's so cool." A bright smile lit Kathy's face. "I wish I'd started playing these games with Zach sooner. Everyone he knows is so awesome."

"I'm pleased Zachary found you." Amanda gave her an approving nod. "You turned out so much like me, even without a mother."

"Amanda!" Karen hissed. She shook her head fast enough to ruffle her dog ears.

"What?" Amanda looked at Karen and understood. She turned to Kathy. "I'm sorry. That just slipped out. That must have been very difficult."

Kathy waved off the apology. "No, it's okay. Since meeting you, and Mrs. Wigginton and Mrs. Khan, I like to think my mom would be as cool as you three. That thought makes me happy."

"Oh, that's so sweet." Karen smiled. "I mean ... Ruff!"

"Just think of us all as your super cool moms, too. After all, you're in on our dark stone conspiracy now." Amanda checked Karen's eyes to see if what she'd said was okay. Karen didn't seem upset, so Amanda moved on. "Now, I, as the sorceress, have promised this elf priestess that I will teach her care of a hellhound. That will include obedience, grooming, and whatever else I decide." She took out a leather collar and secured it around Karen's throat. The leash came next. "There now, let's go for a walk around the house. Don't forget the brush, Kathriel, the hellhound has a long mane."



“Ruff, ruff, ruff!” Karen got onto her hands and knees, shaking her butt so that her tail wagged.

“Oh, wow, what a beautiful hellhound you have, Sorceress. What sort of magic can we do with her?” Kathy followed the women around the main floor as Amanda walked Karen on the leash.

“Well, that brush is actually a two-sided magical tool. On the one side, it collects magic from the hellhound’s mane.” Amanda reached down and patted Karen’s head. “On the other hand, if we insert it back here ...” Amanda slapped Karen’s mostly exposed butt. “... we can collect magic from her holes. Which do you want to try first?”

Karen looked up at her friend. *Did Amanda just say that she’s going to put that brush handle in my vagina?* “Ruff?” She was so taken aback that she almost crawled right into a chair.



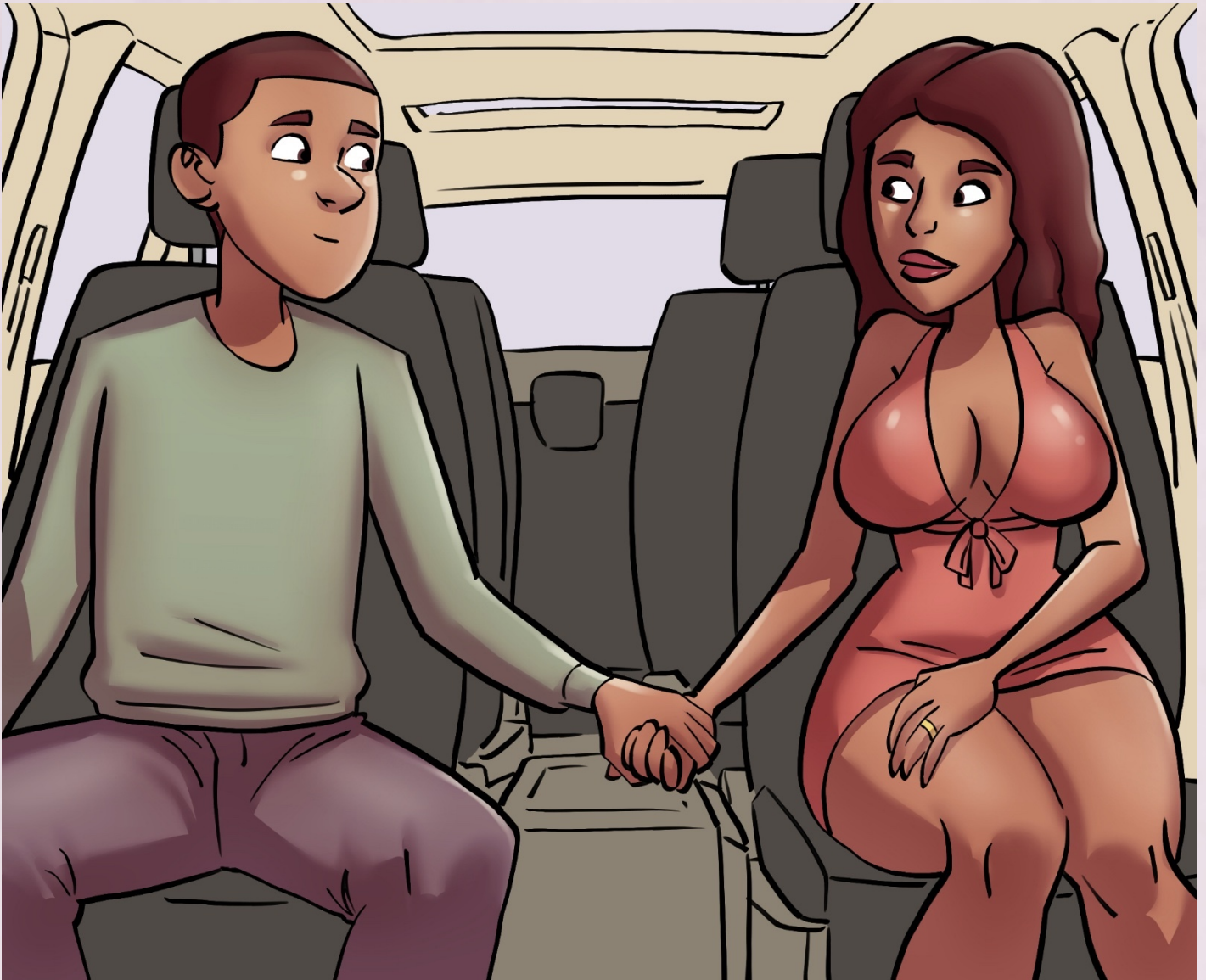
“Oh, the elf priestesses have a similar ritual with their own holes, as you well know.” Kathy smiled. “But I think we should start with the hair and work our way down.”

“Very well.” Amanda was sure the three of them were going to get along swimmingly.



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"I feel nervous, like this was a real date." Caleb sat in the passenger seat of their minivan. His mother was in the driver's seat. They were holding hands and watching a movie on the drive-in screen. "My heart is thumping out of my chest."



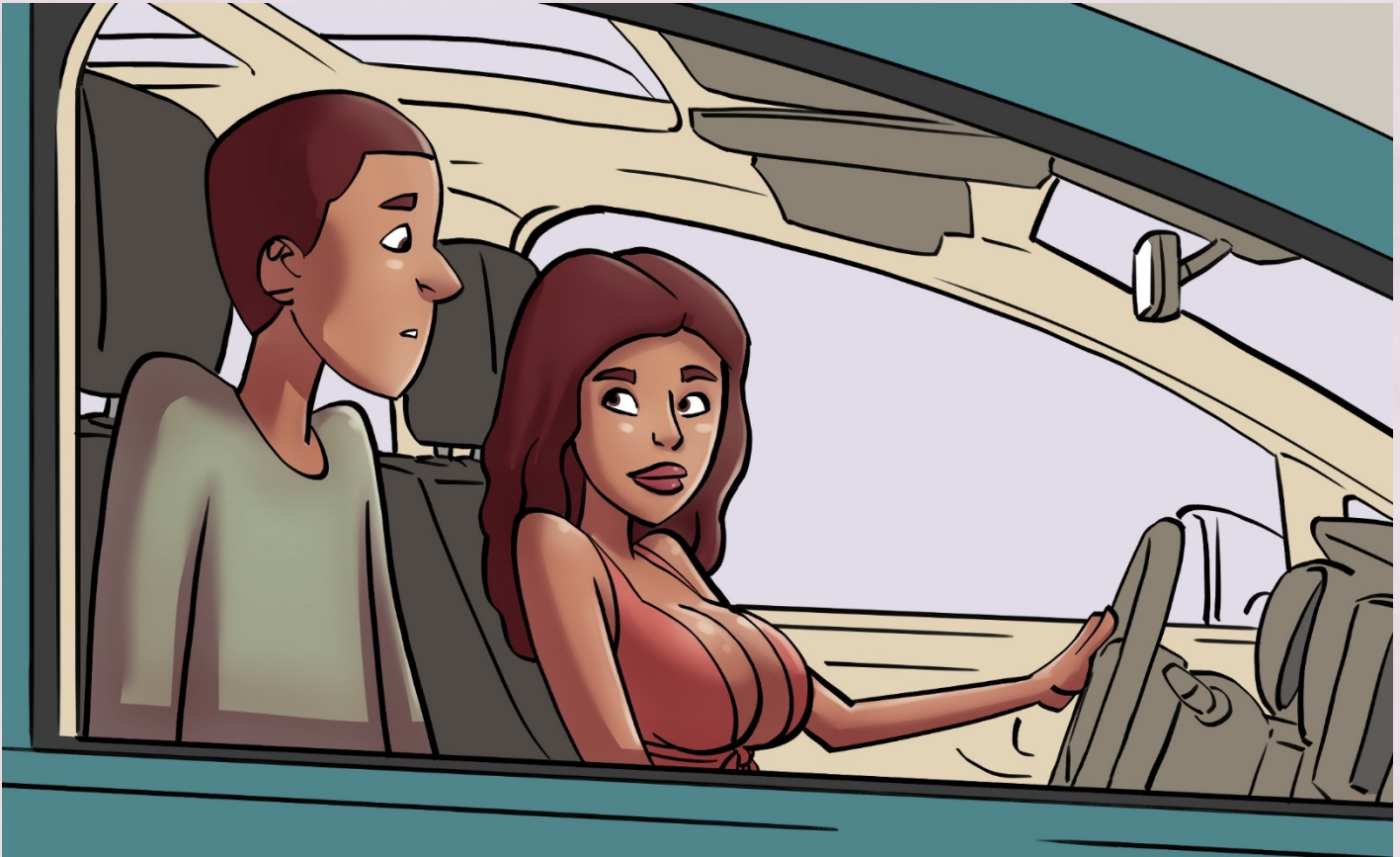
"Me too. I'm really excited, and all we've done so far on our special night is have dinner and hold hands." Nicole took her eyes off the movie and glanced at her son. "You're being quite the gentleman. Did you like dinner?"

"It was so good, Mom. I can't believe you let me have a glass of wine." He squeezed her hand harder.

"You're eighteen now. I think you're old enough for a glass." Nicole beamed. It warmed her heart to see him so happy. "Let's enjoy the movie. Then we'll go home. Who knows, you might get lucky tonight, mister." She dropped her eyes to the tent in his pants. It was hard to believe she was so close to touching his thing. *Not much longer.*

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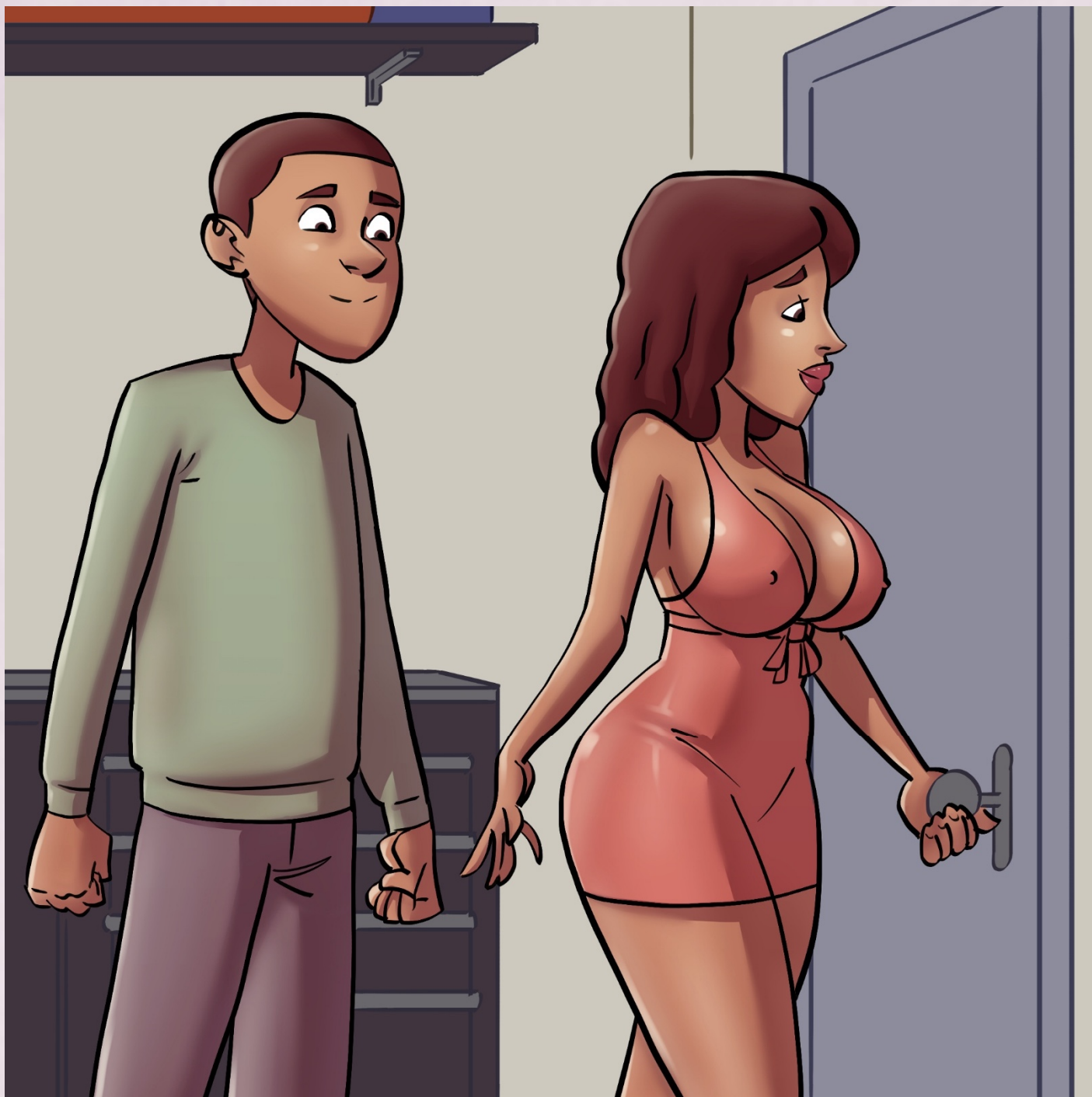
Anticipatory buzzing moved through Nicole's nerves. The night was a live wire, and she was exposed. Parking the minivan in the garage, she shut off the engine, and they sat in silence for a moment. "You've been a gentleman all evening, Caleb. Would you like to come in for a nightcap?"



"What's a nightcap?" Caleb frowned in confusion. He stared at her soft, inviting beauty.

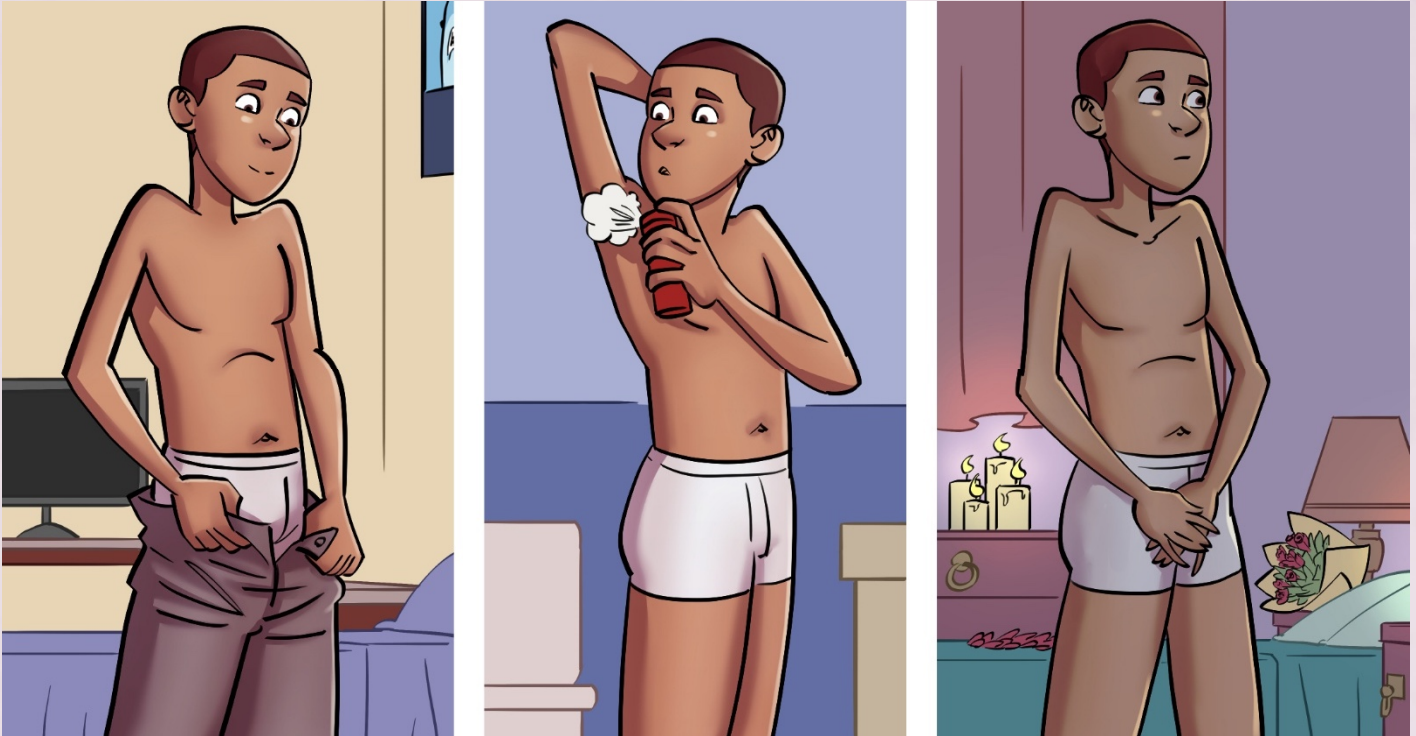
"It's me being a bit old-fashioned. A nightcap is a drink to cap the night." Nicole giggled at how earnest he looked. "It's no big deal. If we didn't live under the same roof, it would be an excuse for you to come into the house and keep the evening going. You know, on a normal date. I hope lots of ladies invite you in for nightcaps over the years."

“Thanks, Mom.” Caleb smiled back at her and got out of the minivan. He was having trouble moving with his dick feeling like a hefty bar of iron in his pants. But he played it cool, following his mom in. He stared at the flare of her waist out to her hips, mesmerized by her round, rolling ass. Her dress accentuated her curves perfectly.

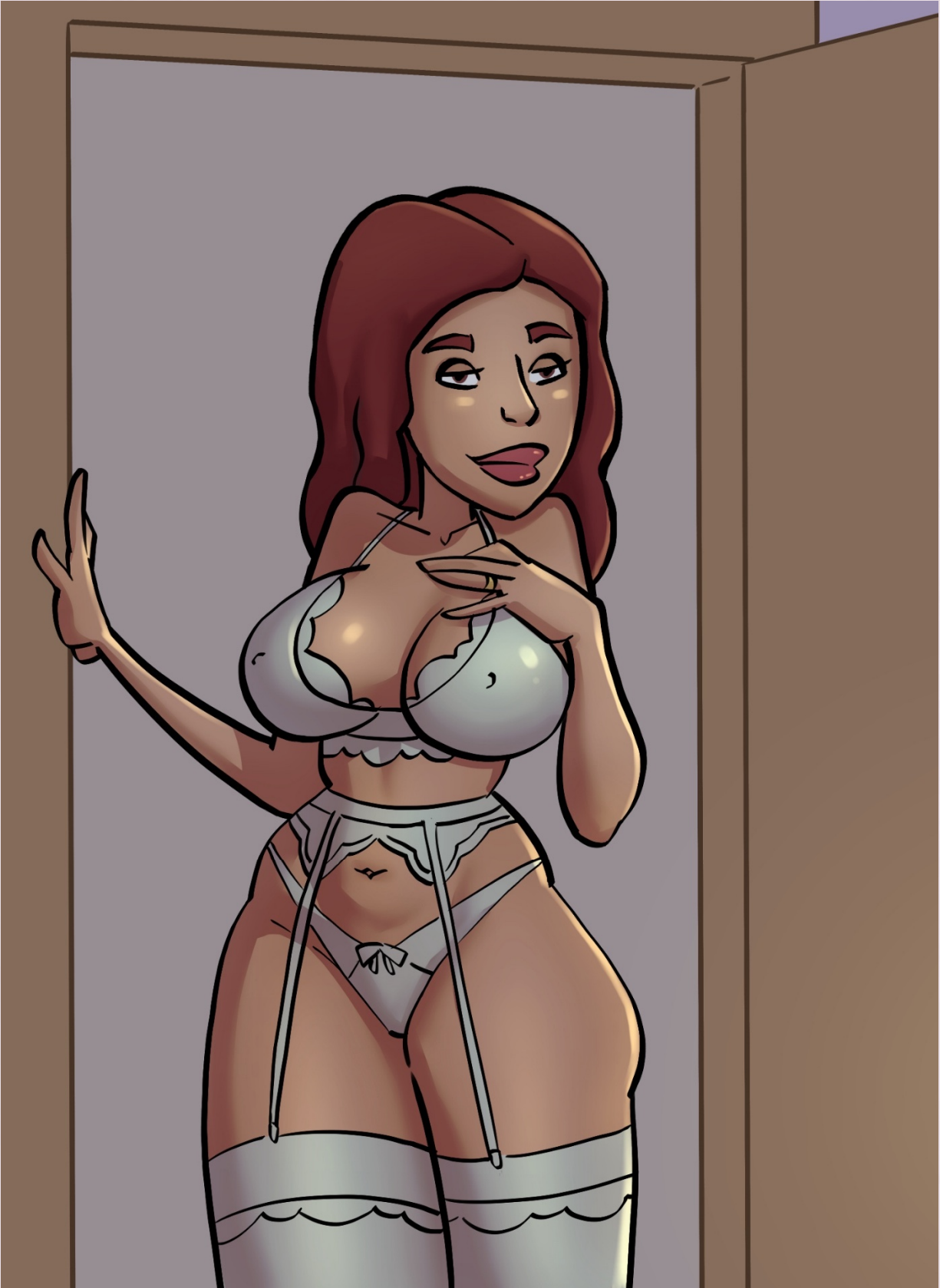


They drank their nightcap. Nicole made them martinis. She nearly laughed out loud at the disgust in his expression when he took his first sip. But ever the gentleman, Caleb finished his drink and complimented her on it. They made a little small talk, and eventually Nicole realized he wasn't going to make the first move. That was fine with her. “Okay, sweetie. I'm going to my bathroom to get changed. Why don't you strip to your boxers and meet me in my room?”

“Okay!” Caleb watched his mother head upstairs. As good as her ass looked, he couldn’t believe he had it all to himself all weekend. He silently praised his sister’s track event for getting her and their dad out of the house. He praised Amanda Lutz for making this all happen with her insane conspiracy theories. He went to his room and undressed in a frenzy. He stopped by his bathroom and sprayed on some Old Spice under his pits. Then he raced to his parents’ room. He stopped in the doorway. The only light came from flickering candles placed around the room. The bed was turned down, with his mother’s favorite sateen sheets. There were rose petals strewn on the bed, forming roughly the shape of a heart. There was a large bouquet of roses on his dad’s nightstand. Caleb wasn’t sure what to do. Was he supposed to disturb the bed? He stood in the middle of the room, hands clasped in front of his raging hard cock, which his boxers could barely contain, and he waited.



A few minutes later, Nicole stepped out of the bathroom wearing the lingerie they'd agreed on. "Oh, my gosh, Caleb. You look so cute standing there." She grinned at him for several beats. "Well, how do you think I look?" She did a slow spin for him and struck what she hoped was a sexy pose.



“You look ...” Caleb’s jaw dropped, and he stared with wide eyes.

“I’m going to take that shock as a good sign.” Nicole moved over to him and stood directly in front of him. She gazed into his eyes while putting her hands on his chest. “In those stories we’ve been reading, the older ladies really like how strong and lean their sons are. I get it now. I really do. I’m trembling, Caleb.”

“Mom ... I ... I ...” He didn’t want to objectify her. But he *did* want to objectify her. “I ... I ... love you.”

“You’re really nervous, huh?” Nicole tenderly kissed his cheek. “My stomach is twisted in knots. This is going to be so much fun. But it’s like jumping into a cold lake. We just have to get over the initial ...” She was going to say *hump*, but that word seemed a little silly given the circumstances. “We’re a team, just like the good doctor would say, so let’s do this together. I’m going to lean my lips toward yours, and you do the same to mine. Okay?”



“Okay,” Caleb whispered. His mother had the most alluring kiss-me-face he’d ever seen. He leaned forward, and before he knew it, he was making out with his mother.

