

Chapter 30



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Inevitable Ch. 30

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Late afternoon sunlight flooded through Zach's window. He was lying on his belly on his bed, a book open in front of him. He wore a polo shirt and khakis since they were having a formal dinner with his parents in a little while. He was supposed to be studying, but he was instead gazing at Kathy, who *was* studying at his desk. He loved the way she hunched her shoulders forward as she made notes about what she was reading. He loved her dark, shiny hair. He loved the way the skirt of her dress fell around the chair. He loved everything about her.



“Hey Zach, did you get what the chapter was saying about environmental determinism?” Kathy waited for an answer, but none came. She swiveled the chair and looked at her boyfriend. “You’re staring at me. What are you thinking about?”

“How crazy my life is,” Zach said. Kathy really did look a lot like his mother. More than his sister even.

“Right? Me too!” Kathy nodded enthusiastically. She got up from the chair, jumped onto the bed, and patted his butt. “So, I have some thoughts, and since we’re taking a break, I’m going to tell you.” She didn’t wait for him to respond, but she did slide her hand under his pants and underwear to squeeze his ass cheek directly. He didn’t have a massive body like her ex-boyfriend, but he was big where it counted. *His brain and his dick.* She giggled at the thought. “So, my priestess is obviously having a blast now that she’s dating your dwarf and the sorceress and breaking free of her upbringing, but I’m starting to wonder if this was the sorceress’s plan.



Did she join the party and manipulate us to do her foul bidding? She's still pretty domineering, even though she keeps saying we're in your harem."

"That's ... a reasonable concern." Zach tried not to be too distracted by the vigorous way she was groping his ass.

"I was reading about this kind of thing, and I think she might just be something called a 'power bottom'." She reluctantly pulled her hand out of his pants. Zach's dad was home, and she wanted to make a good impression on her first family dinner as Zach's new girlfriend. It wouldn't do to get caught copping a feel. "Do you know what a 'power bottom' is?"

"Tell me." Zack listened to Kathy's explanation and slowly nodded. When she was done, he sat up cross-legged, facing her. "You might be right, but she'd probably be mad if you told her. If Mom overhears and wants to know what it means, just tell her it's slang for her having an awesome butt."

"Good idea." Kathy laughed. "And she does!" She blushed at the words even though they were far, far beyond being embarrassed by words. "I do sometimes worry that she'll spill the beans to someone who ... you know ... doesn't understand her special bond with you."

They were silent for a moment, lost in their thoughts. Zach spoke first. "Mom has been telling me that I should be more commanding with my harem. She probably thinks I should discipline her the most, because I constantly have to prove my victory over her or something. You know how she is. But I think that gives us a way to keep her contained. After dinner, Dad's going to poker night. When he's gone, we can spank her. I think if it's part of a punishment, we can maybe get her to tone down being the sorceress except at designated times."

"It's so hot when you say things like that. I'll for sure help." She ruffled his hair affectionately.

"Your mom taught me all about hellhound care and discipline, and it would be fitting to use that on the sorceress herself."

Zach smiled. *Holy shit! I'm glad Caleb and Aiden know what I'm going through, because no one else would believe me if I told them what life is like now.*

There was a knock at the door, and it opened. Harold poked his head into the room. "Time for dinner, you two." He saw them sitting close to each other on the bed. "I hope nothing untoward is happening in here."

"We were just taking a break from studying." Zach rolled off the bed and offered his girlfriend a hand up.



“Such a gentleman.” Kathy smiled and took his hand. They followed Harold down to dinner.

Their food was takeout – neither Amanda nor Harold wanted to cook – but the eighteen-year-olds ate plenty. The dinner went about as well as possible, without too many odd comments from Amanda. At any rate, Harold was used to his wife’s eccentricities, and didn’t do anything more than give Kathy an apologetic glance each time Amanda said something inappropriate.



After dinner, Harold grabbed his wallet and keys and stopped in the dining room where his son was clearing the table. "Kathy seems really nice, and I'm glad she gets along well with your mother." Harold stood with his back to the kitchen. "And ... well, I love your mom, but you know how she can get. If you're dating someone like Kathy ..."

"Yeah ... believe me, I know. But I think I can handle it." Zach looked over his dad's shoulder into the kitchen. "Thanks, Dad."

"Any time. Now, off to Sunday poker." Harold smiled at his son.

"Yeah, you don't want to keep your friends waiting." Zach raised his voice. In the kitchen, Amanda had pinned Kathy up against the counter and was making out with her. When she heard her son's voice, she pulled back.

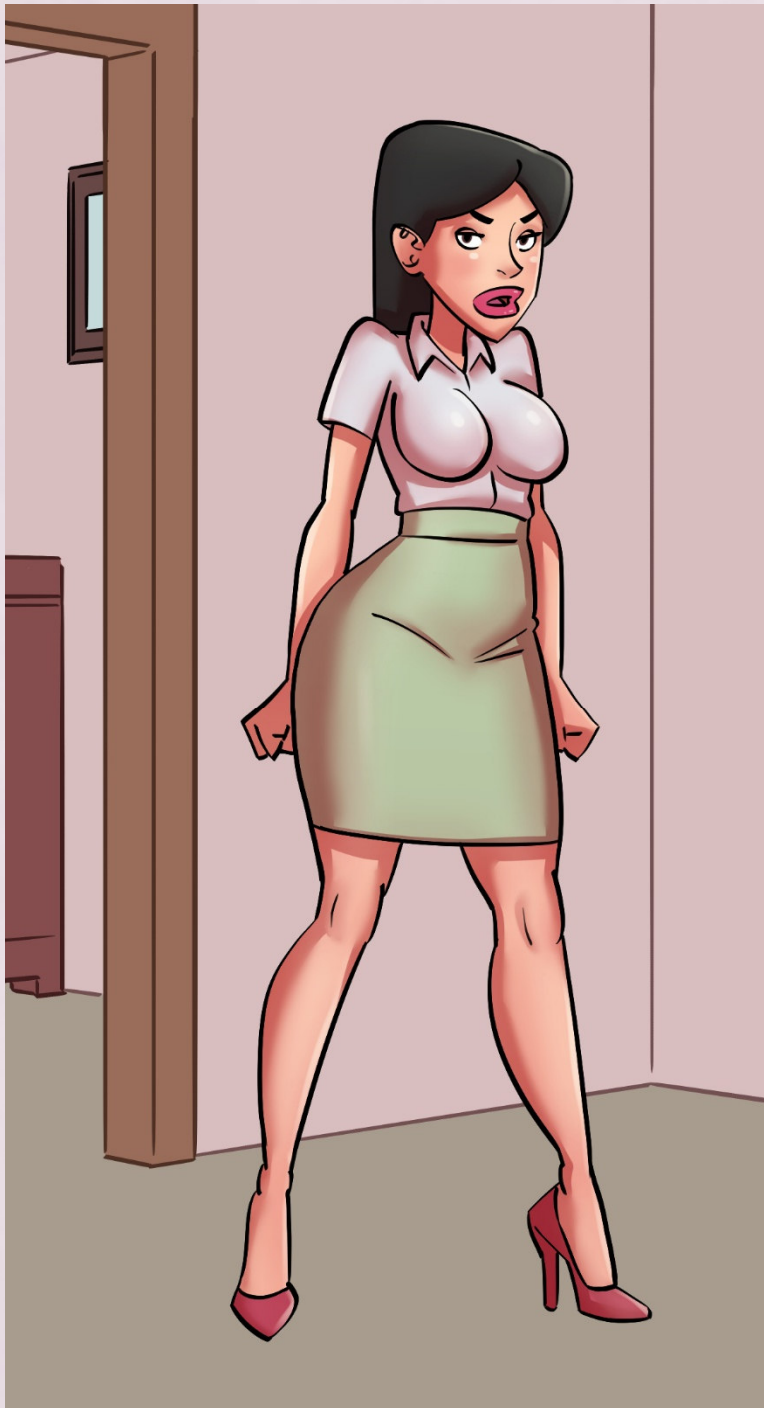


"Right you are." Harold nodded and headed toward the garage without even glancing back into the kitchen.

When Harold was gone, Kathy hustled out to the dining room to help her boyfriend. "Sorry about that. I'm not sure who your dad is supposed to be in the game, but I know he isn't supposed to catch your mother with her tongue down my throat. I didn't know that she was going to do that." Her cheeks turned crimson as she picked up water glasses to carry back to the dishwasher.

"Yeah, it's okay." Zach shook his head. *We're definitely going to need to rein Mom in. Maybe later I'll see if she has that leash she was using with Mrs. Wigginton.* He went back into the kitchen, sat on a chair, and patted his knee. "Lift up your dress and lower your panties, Mom. That wasn't okay. You need a spanking."

"You can't talk to me like that, Zachary!" Amanda stomped her foot. "I'm your mother."



Kathy's eyes got wide, looking back and forth from mother to son.

"Get over here. I'm not going to tell you again." Zach pointed at his lap.

Amanda shivered. "Yes, Zachary." She lifted her dress, lowered her panties, and got into the spanking position.

"Kathy, come and help." Zach slapped his mother's ass, the sound echoing in the kitchen. "That's for almost getting caught." He spanked her again. "You won't put Dad in that position again."

Amanda gritted her teeth. It was wonderfully humiliating to have him do this to her. He really was the perfect dark-stone-wielding-young-man.



"That's for almost ruining my first family dinner here." Kathy slapped Amanda's other ass cheek. "Mr. Lutz likes me, and you're not going to ruin that." She slapped her again, looking into Zach's eyes to make sure she wasn't taking it too far. He gave her an encouraging nod.

The teenagers finished disciplining Amanda. Then, they took her up to Zach's bedroom to do kinder things to her ass.

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“The house is looking pretty good.” Nicole walked into the living room to find her son fluffing the cushions on the sofa. “Come here and let me see if you pass the sniff test.” Her phone beeped, and she picked it up from the coffee table. As she read a text from her husband, Nicole absentmindedly inhaled her son’s odor. He still smelled like a delicious mix of teenage sweat and sex. “You need a shower. What about me? Take a whiff.” She sent a text back to her husband.

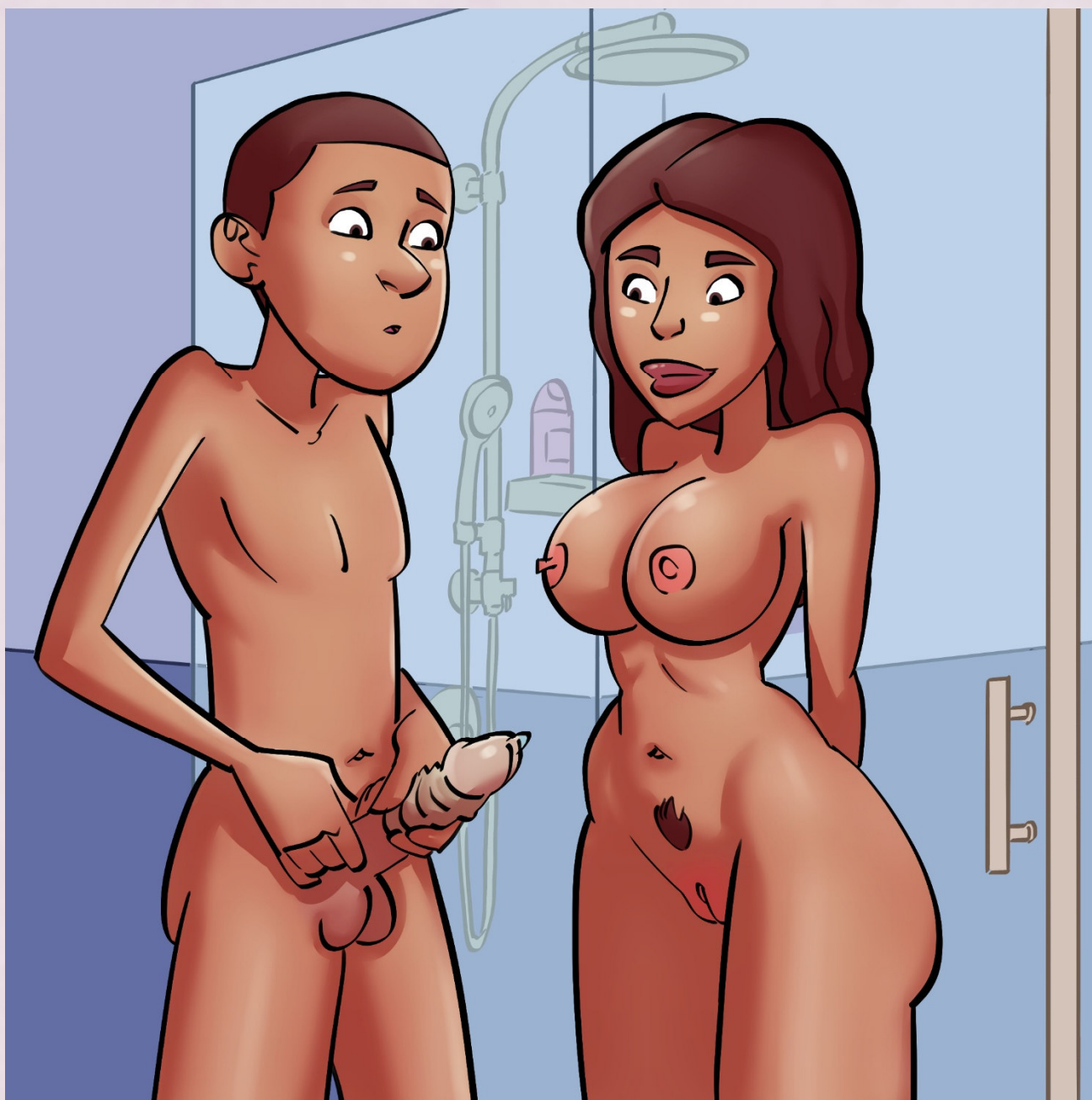
Daringly, Caleb leaned forward and pressed his nose to her cleavage. She was wearing an athletic top that seemed to beg for giving attention to her boobs. He sniffed. “You need a shower, too.”



“Well, we’ve got about an hour until your father and sister get home. They’re passing Baker Falls right now.” Nicole ran her fingers through his hair as he continued to inhale with his face buried in her cleavage. “We have time to shower off.”

“If we shower together, we could have time for a quickie before they get back.” His voice was muffled by her tits. He leaned back and smiled at his mother. “And if we do it in the bathroom, we won’t ruin the cleanup we already did.”

“You make that sound enticing *and* practical.” She held onto her phone. With her other hand, she took Caleb’s hand and pulled him upstairs to the master bath. “It really is practical of Dr. McAllister to have a shower attached to her office.” Nicole giggled as she quickly undressed. She felt giddy, her body light with anticipation. “Don’t forget the condom. You’ll want to put it on before getting in the shower.” She stared at his eager penis. It seemed perpetually ready for sex. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she watched him roll the condom on. She was proud of him for learning how to have safe sex, and thrilled that she was the one he wanted ... at least for the moment. She turned on the shower and waited for it to warm up.



"This was the best weekend ever, Mom. What are we going to do when they get home?" Caleb bounced his rubber-covered dick on her ass, mesmerized by the ripples.

"We'll have to be smart, Caleb. We can't have your father or sister suspect that we have ... this new special connection." Nicole stepped into the shower, pressed her hands on the wall, and thrust her ass back toward him. "We still have our reading time. Rather than touch ourselves, maybe we can touch each other while we read. And ... um ... blowjobs are pretty quiet. We ... uuuuggghhhhhh ..." She temporarily lost her train of thought when he entered her from behind. He slid in much easier than he had the day before. "But we can't ... we can't ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... have sex ... when there's a chance ... they could catch us ... so that will have to be ... saved for special ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... special ... times." She was doing her best to brace herself against his slamming hips.



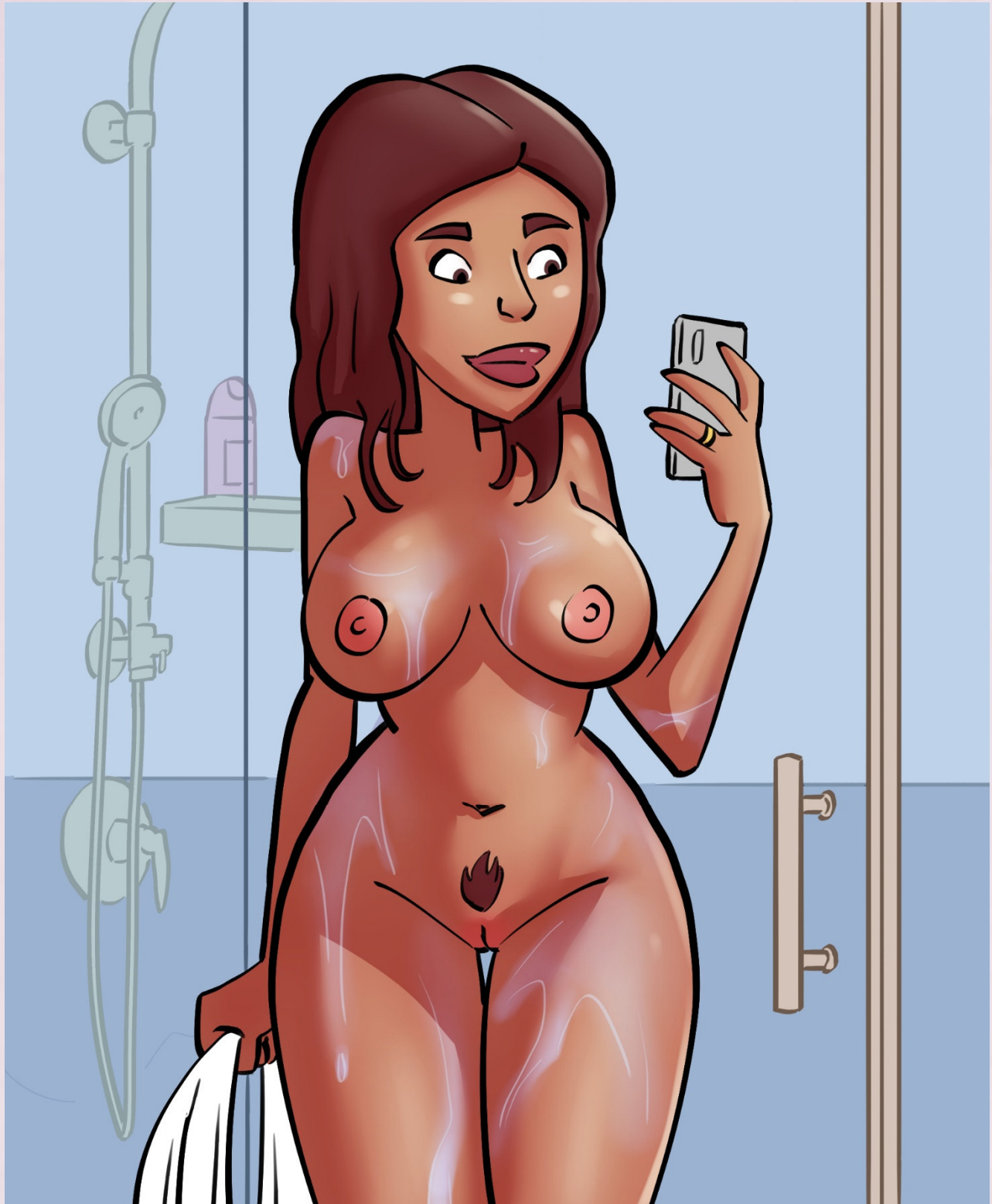
"Yeah ... yeah ... okay ... Mom ... we'll be ... smart." Caleb was really smashing her because he wanted to keep his promise to be quick about it. He had been lasting longer all day, but he thought if he really pounded her, he could hasten his climax. And he was right. He could already feel his orgasm building. "Mom ... I'm going ... to ... I'm going to ... finish. Mom ... should I pull out?"

"No! Stay ... ugh ... ugh ... in ... with the condom ... we're safe ... and I'm about to ... have a climax ... too." Her mind swam in ecstasy. "Keep going ... that's the spot ... ugh ... ugh ... right there ... I ... eeeiiiiiiiiiii." She screamed out her orgasm, feeling his hips falling out of rhythm behind her. Pleasure washed away everything but that perfect moment.



After the shower, they were both buzzing hard as they dried each other off.

Nicole checked her phone. "Your father says they're stopping for ice cream, and they're going to be a half-hour late." She put the phone down on the bathroom counter and blinked when she saw her son tear open another condom packet. "What are you doing?" She watched him roll it on, slap his penis side to side, and sit on the toilet lid. "Again?" She couldn't believe the restorative powers of an eighteen-year-old.



“We have time. Sit on me!” Caleb gave her an eager grin. He was thrilled when his mother shrugged, returned his smile, and climbed on. It had been a truly wonderful weekend.

