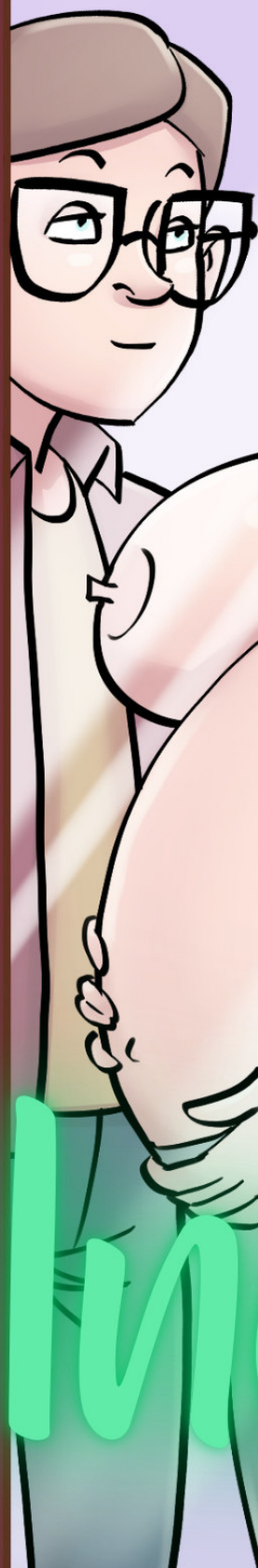


Chapter 32



Inevitable

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Inevitable Ch. 32

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“Now, that’s the way to start the day.” Amanda, wearing her yoga outfit, gave her son’s penis one last kiss, stood, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “All my sources say that sperm every morning is the best way to make the strongest babies.” She smiled at him and rubbed her round belly. It had been about five months since that wonderful day when she’d tested positive. There was never any doubt that her virile son was the father.



“I’m glad ... you have ... your sources.” Zach was still spasming a little, standing in the kitchen. His t-shirt was wrinkled, and his shorts were around his ankles.

The front door slammed, echoing around the house. “Morning Lutz family!” Kathy walked into the kitchen, wearing a nice dress and her backpack. She eyed her boyfriend’s slowly deflating penis. “Oh, good, the sorceress has already drained you. Ready for school?”

"Yeah ... okay." He pulled up his underwear and shorts. "How are you, today?"

"Good," Kathy said brightly. "My dad was just saying how much he likes you, Zach." She lowered her voice to imitate her father. "'That Zachary is such a smart, respectful young man. I'm happy he's in your life, sweetheart, even if he insists on sporting that scraggly beard.'"

"It's not scraggly." Zach rubbed his chin.

"It's a little scraggly, but I love it." Kathy laughed, walked over to the counter, and grabbed a dish towel. "You missed some, Mrs. Lutz." Carefully, Kathy mopped up the wayward cum on her boyfriend's mother's chin.

"Thanks, dear." Amanda gave the eighteen-year-olds a wide grin. "I may have been naughty. I told one of my girlfriends that Zachary is looking to expand his harem. Not in so many words, but you know what I mean. And she's interested."

"No, she's not, Mom. And neither am I." Zach shook his head, grabbed his backpack, and hoisted it onto his back.

"Mrs. Lutz, we've talked about this. The harem doesn't go beyond you and me." Kathy frowned. "Please turn around, Zachary needs to spank you." She glanced at her boyfriend. "Smack her in a manly fashion, but not too hard. We have to be careful of the baby."

"Hurry, Zachary. You'll be late for school." Amanda turned, lowered her pants and underwear, and bent over the counter. "Oohhh ... yes ... ow ... I was ... very bad ... ow ... and you know ... how to keep me ... in line ... ow ... like a good dark stone ... son ... ow!"

"That should do it." Zach finished spanking her. Bent low, kissed each of his mother's red cheeks, and took his girlfriend's hand. "See you after school, Mom."

"Bye ... dears." She turned and watched them go, rubbing her belly with satisfaction.

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"Are you sure I should be taking these classes, Aiden?" Karen looked at her bulging belly in the full-length mirror. They were in her bedroom, and she was getting dressed. Currently, she was only wearing her yoga pants. Her breasts seemed swollen. She pursed her lips, and looked at them from different angles with a frown. "I didn't do these classes with your father when I was having you or Billy. The Church says -"

"Mom." Aiden sighed. "Do good dogs do what the Church says or what their owner says?"

"Oh! Their owner." She forgot about judging herself in the mirror and looked over at her eighteen-year-old son. She reached for the locket around her neck and squeezed it tightly. "I should know that by now. So, I should think of these classes like obedience training?"

"As long as you don't call it that out loud around anyone else, sure." He laughed. How

odd that this was normal now. "I should be getting to school. Let me know what you learn in class."

"Aiden ..." She was supposed to be getting dressed, but instead she slowly lowered her yoga pants and stepped out of them. "If I drive you to school, we could have another twenty minutes together." With as much teasing as she dared, she lowered her panties. "You've been so attentive to my pregnancy. I feel like you've really taken ownership. Your father never much cared when I was pregnant. I ... um ... really like your way better." She posed for him, feeling a bit like a silly cow. "You really like my body like this?"

"Yes. God, yes." Aiden hurriedly undressed. "Get on your hands and knees."

"Don't use the Lord's name in vain." She hustled to the bed and did as he commanded.

"Mom, you keep forgetting, I'm your owner. I can use the Lord's name if I want." Naked now, he climbed onto the bed and got behind her. "You're carrying my puppies after all."



“Ruff ... ruff!” She acknowledged that this was correct. He could do what he pleased. “Ruffffffff!” Karen’s eyes crossed as he entered her. She never grew tired of that first entry. He spread her out so wonderfully. In no time at all, he was smashing into her butt like a demonic piston. She didn’t think he was actually demonic. But if he had been, that would be okay, too. Aiden was everything to her now. Her world revolved around him.



“You like that ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom?” Aiden held her hips tightly. He couldn’t take forever or he’d be late for school, so he pushed his hips to full speed, focusing on how tight and wet she felt.

“Ruff ... ruff ... ruffffff!” Karen loved it. This was heaven on Earth. Her first orgasm was rapidly approaching. She wished she was going to a real obedience class. She imagined herself there on a leash with Aiden, while other sons walked their mothers around, learning how to have the best-behaved moms. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Her orgasm was upon her.

Not long after his mother's third orgasm, Aiden unloaded into her pussy. He pulled out quickly and dressed himself. "Hurry and ... clean up ... Mom ... or I'll be late ... and you'll miss your class."

She drove him to school in the minivan, both of them smiling the whole way, ear to ear.



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“What do you want to role-play tonight?” Nicole was in the kitchen with her son. Her husband had already left for work, but her daughter was upstairs, so she kept her voice low. “The one where you’re impregnating everyone on the spaceship? Maybe one of those dark stone ones where the mothers all end up pregnant?” She rubbed her burgeoning belly through her yoga clothes. “I’m definitely never telling Amanda how much I think about those ones these days.”

“We don’t *always* have to talk about those stories.” Caleb laughed and admired how pretty his pregnant mother looked. She had a glow about her.



“I know, but you boys really got me into those games, and I’m only going to be able to accurately role-play this a bit longer.” She turned to the side so she could see her outline. “We could still pretend I put on a little weight. Soon, it’ll be obvious I’m hiding a baby in there. Let’s enjoy it while we can.”

“But it’s Dad’s baby, not mine.” Caleb finished eating his toast, stood, and smiled at his mother.

“That’s why they call it role-play, sweetie.” Nicole grabbed her mug and sipped her coffee.

“Actually, I’d like to pretend that I already got you pregnant.”

Caleb waggled his eyebrows. “Let’s do the cider frau and the apple thief again. The rogue keeps coming back to the orchard when your husband and daughter are away.”

They heard Lauren coming down the stairs.

“Your father and sister will be gone when you’re home from school.” Nicole couldn’t wipe the grin off her face. “It is a date, young man,” she said in a bad German accent.

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"You know, I think Kathy's friend Jennifer might be interested in you, Aiden." Zach walked between Aiden and Caleb. It was after school, and they were all hustling to get home as quickly as possible, almost at a jog.

"Kathy's been talking you and Caleb up almost as much as she brags about what a good boyfriend I am."

"Yeah ... I know. I'm kind of worried though." Aiden adjusted his glasses.

"My mom's been going on and on about how stud dogs are paid to sire puppies. You know, how I should be out there 'breeding other bitches'. She says it's not a swear word, since it's the technical

term. Anyway, I like Jennifer, but I'm really worried she might let something like that slip if I bring a girl home. She introduced me at the maternity yoga class as her owner before correcting herself."

"Sounds like no problem at all, if you ask me. Super easy, barely an inconvenience." Caleb smiled. "Just tell Jennifer that your mom's a little nutty. She'll laugh off anything your mom says. And your mom will be thrilled to have another 'bitch' around. Just like Zach's mom." He was a little jealous, but not much. His own mother kept him plenty busy.

"Yeah, I'll think about it." Aiden nodded. "Gotta go." He peeled away from the group, making a beeline for his house.

"See ya!" The other two split, too. Pretty soon they were all sprinting their own paths home.

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“Oh ... no, you’re back ... to further sow ... my orchard ... with your wicked fruit!” Nicole, wearing her best Oktoberfest outfit, ran around the house shrieking and laughing. Her German accent was very over the top. She made sure the ruffian caught her in the living room. Soon, her son was on top of her, her legs were in the air, and he was pumping her in a frenzy.

“Too ... much ... noise ... cider frau!” Caleb took an apple and placed it in her mouth. He liked the way she looked with wide eyes, holding an apple with her teeth, as he plowed her pussy. He roughly pulled her dress down, exposing her swelling boobs. One of the reasons he liked this role-play was that his mother seemed to enjoy a little of the rough stuff.

“Mmmpph ... mmmpphhhh ... mmpphhhh.” Nicole stared at her handsome son as he did what came naturally between her legs. She loved when it was just the two of them at home.



Several blocks down the street, Amanda sat on her son's lap. They were both naked, although she did have a silk scarf tied around her wrists. "I've been ... bad ... and you're ... oohhhhhh ... punishing me."

"Sure ... Mom ..." Zach nodded, staring at her wobbling belly and boobs as she rode him with big bounces.

"I have ... been bad ... and must be punished!" Amanda screamed.

"You've been bad ... Mom." Zach reached around and smacked her ass cheek. "Stop telling ... other women ... I'm available." He smacked her again, and again, hard enough that the sound echoed around the basement.

"I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ... you know ... best." Amanda threw her head back and let out a long, wailing cry. She was having another orgasm.



Several blocks away, Aiden was pounding his mother from behind. "So ... you learned ... some new stretches ... in class?"

"Ruff ... ruff ... rruuffffffff." Karen's eyes crossed, he was so deep inside her.

"Speak ... English ... I want to hear ... about the class." He grabbed her hair, forcing her to arch her back.

"Ooohhhhhh ... okay ... okay ... but first ... I'm going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Karen lost herself in an amazing orgasm.



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Later in the afternoon, Nicole and Caleb still had a half-hour until the rest of the family was due home. They had already showered and cleaned up their apple-themed mess. But they were still naked in Caleb's room.

"You really like taking these pictures?" Nicole posed for her son, getting on all fours on his bed. A couple months ago, he had asked to document her pregnancy. It was such a sweet request that she'd said yes. Since then, after every sex session, they managed to make some time for photos.

"Arch your back a little. Yes, like that." Using his phone, Caleb took some more snapshots. "And yes, I love these photos. I'll make a slide show for us sometime. Maybe we could watch it together."



“If you’d enjoy that, I’d enjoy that.” Nicole laughed, rolled onto her back, spread her legs, and held her belly. “Your father is very attentive, but I feel like you might be even more excited about your little brother or sister than he is.”



“Cup your boobs for me.” Caleb took some more photos. “Yeah, Mom, everything about you gets me excited.” He glanced down. Of course, he was hard again.

“Well, we have a few more minutes. Just enough time for a quickie. Come here, sweetie.” Nicole held her arms and legs wide in welcome. When he moved on top of her, she squealed. “We ... uuuggghhhhhh ... have to be ... quick though.” In no time at all, he was vigorously pounding her again.

“Without a condom ... it shouldn’t take ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... that long.” Caleb grinned down at her twisted face and worked on cumming one last time for the afternoon.

