



Anything for Robby

CHAPTER 1

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Written by RawlyRawls

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Ever since Rob turned eighteen, he had become quite moody and disagreeable. His mother, Betty, tried to discipline him, but she was a pushover. She asked her husband for help. Rob's father sat him down and told him to find a girl. Teenage boys need to let off steam. Rob agreed.



The next day after school, Rob snuck up behind Betty while she worked at the kitchen sink and rubbed himself against her round backside.

“What are you doing, Robby?” Betty turned and gently pushed her son away. “You can’t touch me like that.”

“I can’t help it.” Rob’s eyes roved over his mother’s curves, tucked away in her green housedress. “Dad told me I had to find a pretty girl and make her mine.”

“So, go do that and leave me alone.” Betty folded her arms over her chest and did her very best to look stern. It didn’t come naturally to her.

“You don’t get it, Mom.” Rob gazed into her pretty eyes. “You’re the girl I like best.”

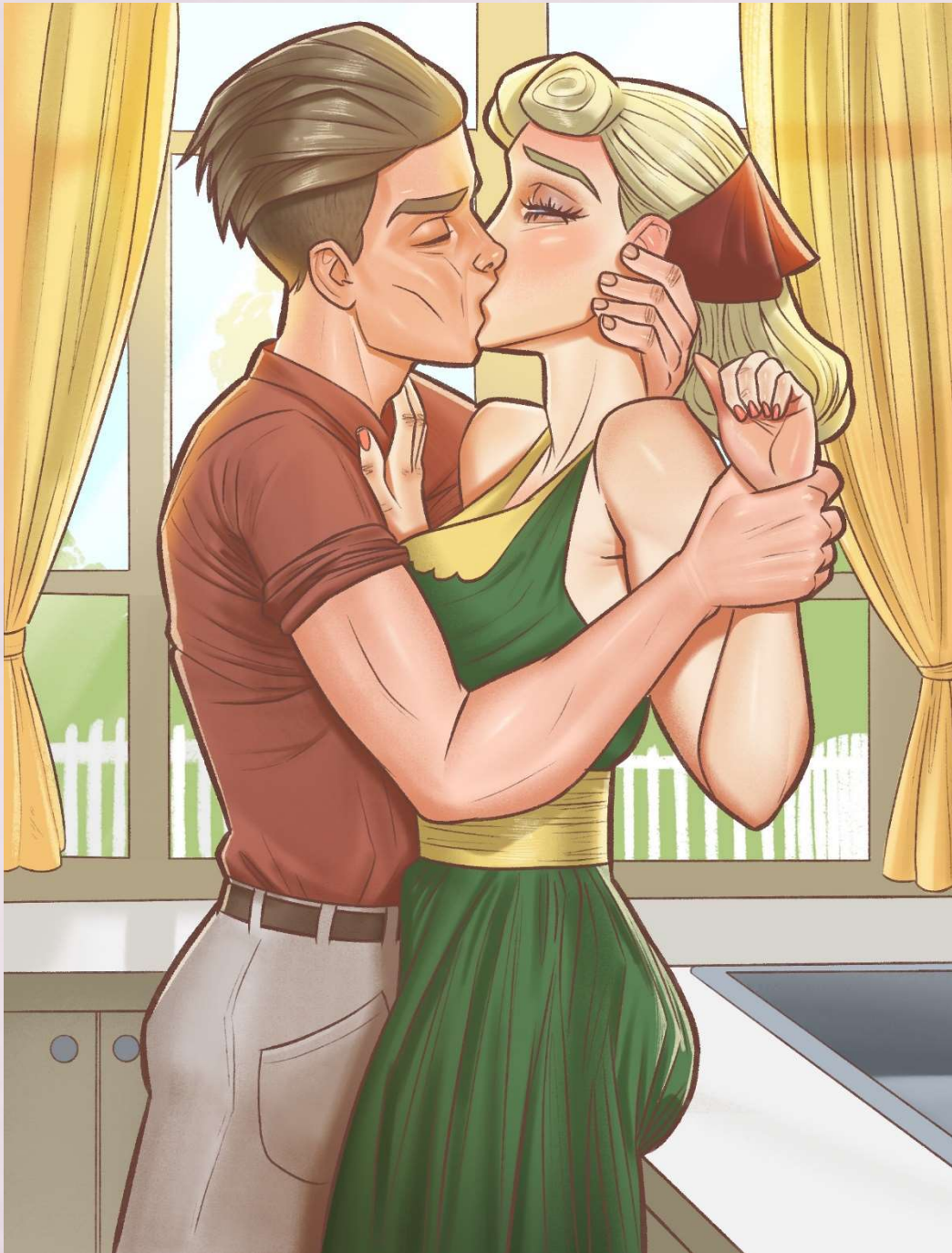
“What?” Betty’s pale cheeks blushed crimson.



“You’re the only one I want.” Rob stepped toward his mother and pressed himself against her softness.

“Now, Robby.” Betty was pinned, her butt pressed up against the counter. She pushed weakly against his shoulders with her hands. “That can never happen.” But she didn’t say it with authority.

“Be my girl.” Rob placed his hands on her back and drew her into an embrace. He stole an awkward kiss from his mother. Pretty soon, they were making out in the kitchen like a couple lovebirds at the passion pit.



How could this happen? Betty chided herself, but kept kissing her son, letting him explore her mouth with his tongue. She was such a pushover. And when he reached his hands up to her shoulders and pushed her down to her knees, she let him. He dropped his pants and she reached out to stroke his veiny, rigid thing. Motherhood was full of unexpected circumstances and messy situations. But nothing had prepared her for the moment she extended her tongue to lick the head of her son’s special gadget.

“Oh, my gosh. Mom, please ...” Rob looked down at her sweet face.

Betty bobbed her head on her son’s magic tool, her right hand stroking his length, her left hand pressing on his butt. After several minutes, she pulled him out of her mouth with an audible plop. She looked up into his dazed eyes. “I do this with your father sometimes. It always relaxes him to put his stuff in my mouth. Do you want that, Robby?”

“Yes.” Rob nodded and put both hands on the back of her head. He pulled her mouth back onto his dick.

Betty lovingly took her son’s penis into her mouth, slurping and bouncing her head back and forth. She could feel him building up to a release.

“Mom ... it’s ...” Rob closed his eyes, jerked his hips, and let loose a torrent of cum down his mom’s throat.

Betty gulped, doing her best to swallow the hot, salty mess. When he was done, she pulled her head back and regarded his sweaty face. “There now, all better.” She pulled up his pants, tucked in his penis, and sent him to his room to do his homework. Motherhood was full of surprises.

