



# Anything for Robby

Chapter 10

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Anything for Robby 10

Illustrations by NickEronic

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more NickEronic:

<http://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/NickEronic/profile>

"Your father's golfing, Robby. Should we ...? You know ..." Betty found her eighteen-year-old son reading comics in his room. She was already wet thinking about what they might do that day.

"Yeah, Mom." Rob looked up at his beautiful mother with a smile. "Cowboys and Indians?"

"I don't think that costume fits me anymore." Betty cradled her pregnant belly through her dress.



"I don't care." Rob smirked and went to get his cowboy outfit on.

"Okay, sweetie." Betty went to find her Indian costume. She pulled the buckskin thing on, but she couldn't really get it passed her swollen belly. Oh, well. She sighed, put mascara face-paint on her cheeks, and stuck a feather in her blonde hair. She left her panties on since the Indian consume wouldn't go past her boobs, leaving her feel a bit exposed. She found Rob in his bedroom waiting for her, looking handsome in his cowboy outfit. "You look very nice, Robby."

"You look amazing, Mom." Rob stood and lowered his chaps. "What would Dad say if he saw you now?"

Betty blushed and lowered her gaze to the carpet.

"Do me a favor." Rob's smile widened as he pulled his dick out of his underwear. "I want you to have sex with Dad tonight and wear that outfit." Rob chuckled. "Tell me what Dad says when he sees you."

"I thought you didn't like sharing me with your father." Betty stood fiddling with her wedding ring.

"It'll be worth it." Rob sauntered over to her and rubbed the precum from his dick directly onto her round belly. "I can't wait for you to have my baby, Mom."



"Let's not talk about that." Betty's blush deepened. "How do you want me?"

"Well, Indians didn't wear panties remember?" Rob pulled her panties off. "I'm gonna take your butt today. If Dad gets a go at your pussy later, I want to take what he can't have." Rob pulled her to his bed.

"Okay, Robby." Betty mounted him. She spit into her hand, reached under her, and guided him into her butt. "Oh, gosh. So ... so ... big." She bounced on his gadget for long while, moaning and squealing.

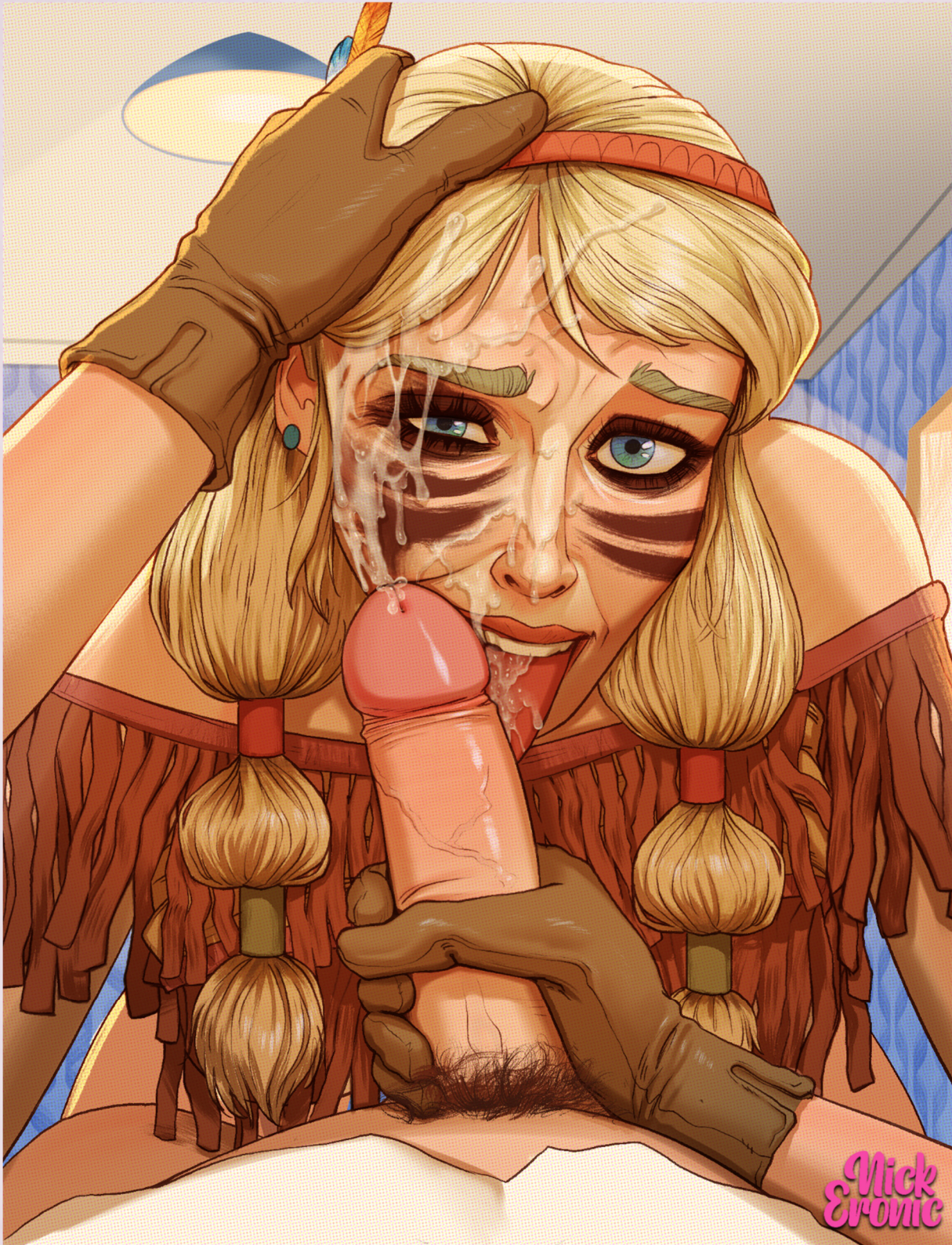


Eventually, Rob pulled her off, grabbed her hair, and brought her mouth to his penis. Betty didn't like to go directly from her ass to a blowjob, but she couldn't say no to Rob. She was such a pushover.

"That's it ... Mom ... I'm gonna ..." Rob trembled and pulled her mouth off him so he could spray her face.

Shot after shot of hot cum hit Betty's face. She closed her eyes and took it like she always did. When he was done, her face-paint ran down her cheeks, and she wiped sperm from her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Sheesh, I hope you didn't get any on the costume. How was that, Robby?"



"That was amazing. Way better than stupid golf. Dad's an idiot."

"Be nice to your father, Robert." It was hard to look stern with cum on her face, but Betty did her best.

"I am nice to him." Rob smiled. "I'm making sure he gets some sex tonight."

Betty sighed. "You're right, Robby." She climbed back onto Rob's lap and slid his penis into her vagina. "More?" She didn't wait for him to answer. She knew from experience that he could go and go.

