



Anything for Robby

Chapter 12

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Written by RawlyRawls

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“What do you want for Christmas, sweetie?” Betty flipped pancakes with one arm and held Chrissy with her other. She looked over at the kitchen table with an eyebrow raised at her son who was devouring pancakes one after the other. Apparently, they’d forgotten to feed him at college. Her husband sipped his coffee next to Rob, his face hidden behind the paper.



"Um ..." Rob chewed, swallowed, and took a sip of orange juice. A sly smile spread on his face as he looked over at the newspaper hiding his father. "How about a new sister?" he said with complete nonchalance. "Or maybe a brother?"

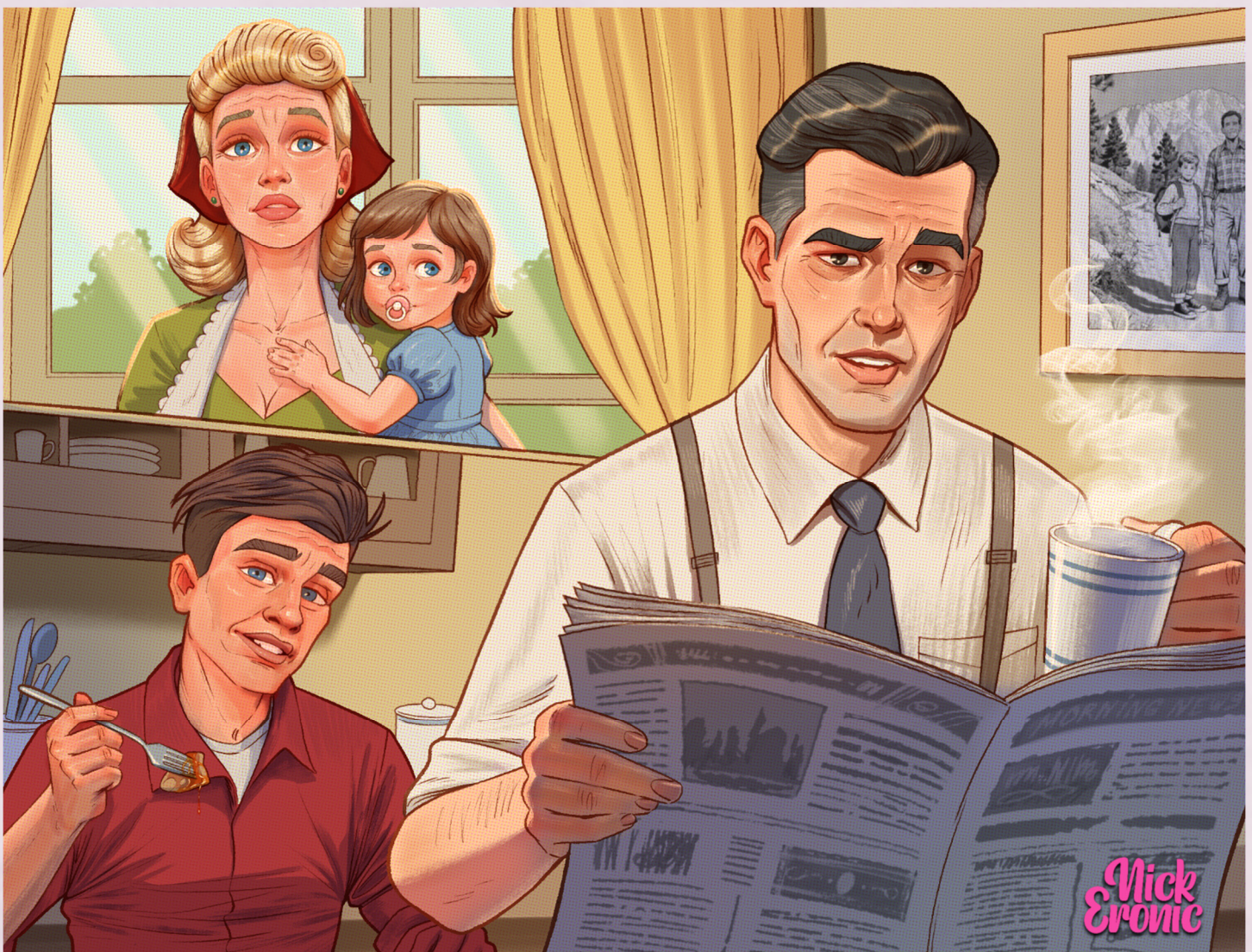
"Now, sweetie. That's between me and your father." Betty frowned at him. Chrissy fussed, and Betty bounced her a little and rocked her hip.

"That's a strange Christmas request, Son." Rob's father put down his paper, adjusted his tie, and looked over at Rob. "Between you and me, Chrissy was a surprise. And we're not planning on having any more rugrats running underfoot, thank you. Serendipity won't strike twice." He looked over at his wife like that was the final word on that. "Now, Rob, how about we get you a nice suit so you can take those pretty college girls out on real dates? Have you made a girl yours yet?"

"A suit's fine, dad." Rob tried not to look disappointed. "I've met lots of girls. But how do you know when you've made one yours? After the first baby? Or maybe the second?"

"Very funny." Rob's father hid behind his paper again. "I don't care for that sort of crass talk, Rob."

Betty looked between the two men sitting at the table, her eyes round with worry. She turned off the stove burner and walked over to her son. "I have to put Chrissy down for a nap. Will you help me, Robby?"



“Sure, Mom.” Rob stood, left his pancakes, and followed his mother to the other side of the house. When she’d put the baby down in her crib, Rob pulled his mother by the hand into his room. He quickly had her dress pulled above her hips and her panties pushed to the side. He bent her against the wall and admired her curves.

“Do my butt ... my butt ... we really shouldn’t do it in my ... oooooooohhhhhh,” Betty hissed as that long, hard thing slid into her vagina.

“Such crass talk, Mom,” Rob said in her ear. “What would Dad say?”

“Oh, your father ...” Her hands pressed into the wall and she pushed back at him. Her wedding ring caught her eye, and she wondered what the diamond signified now. Surely, she had betrayed its deepest vows.



"Well, I'm off to work." Betty's husband's voice carried through the house.

"Thank, God," Betty whispered. "Have ... ugh ... good day dear," she called back across the house, hoping she didn't sound too odd. The slam of the front door echoed back to them.

"You have the best ... pussy ... Mom." Rob increased the tempo, not worrying anymore about his father hearing them.

Betty blushed at the compliment and looked over her shoulder at him. He looked so handsome working her back there. "You really want ... another ... sibling?" Her feet wobbled a little as she tried to keep her balance in kitten heels. "For ... ah ... ah ... Christmas?"



"Yes." Rob gave her his widest smile.

"I'd do ... anything for you ... Robby." Betty closed her eyes as an orgasm approached. She was such a pushover. "Fill me up ... yes ... yes ... yeeessssssssss."

A few minutes later, she stood in his room with her legs spread wide and her dress hiked high. She stuck her hips forward so that Rob could get a good look at the sperm dripping from her pussy.

"It's beautiful, Mom." Rob grabbed her and tossed her onto the bed. "I've got more for you." His dick swung before him as he jumped on top of her.

"Just ... one more ... your sister isn't going to ... nap ... forever." Betty's heels stuck high in the air. She squealed as her son entered her again.

