



Anything for Robby

Chapter 13



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"Run along you two." Betty shoosed the toddlers out of the kitchen, a huge smile on her face. Their father was home. No, not her husband. Her college graduated son was right outside. And ... Betty paused as she took one more look at the parking car. He'd brought a woman home with him. Her enthusiasm dampened. "I knew this day would come. And it's for the best," she whispered under her breath.

Welcoming the young couple into her home, Betty gave her son a chaste kiss on the cheek. She shook the young woman's hand awkwardly. Sarah was a pretty one and quite charming. Betty could see why Rob liked her. "I'll set you up in Rob's old room, Sarah. Robby can have the couch."

"We're both sleeping in my room, Mom." Rob put his arm around Sarah's shoulders and squeezed. "She's my girlfriend."

"You're not married. I can't have you sleeping in the same room. Your father wouldn't -"

"Mom." Rob gave her a stern look.

"Of course, I'll make up the room for both of you," Betty mumbled. She was such a pushover.

He smiled. "And where are the little ones?"

"Your brother and sister are in the living room playing with some dry-cleaning bags, I think." She watched Rob run out of the kitchen. She listened to the squeals of the happy children as they greeted their brother and roughhoused with him. Sarah stayed in the kitchen. Betty searched for something to say. "So ... um ... what are you studying?" Betty's eyes fell to the floor.

"Anthropology." Sarah stood demurely, with her hands behind her back. Her swing skirt and sweater flattered her well enough. She smiled sweetly. "I really do like Robby, Mrs. Brewster. I think he might be the one."

"That's nice, dear." Betty tried very hard not to frown. In the end, she put on some approximation of a smile. "I'll go get your room ready."



Later that night, the whole house was in bed. Betty stared at the ceiling, twiddling her thumbs in the dark. Her husband snored next to her. She needed to talk to Rob. She wasn't sure what needed to be said. Sarah seemed like a nice woman. But ... she had to say something. She rose from bed, pulling her nightdress tight around her. Silently, she moved out of her room and down the hall. She was about to knock when she heard something. She leaned her ear to the door. It was a moan.

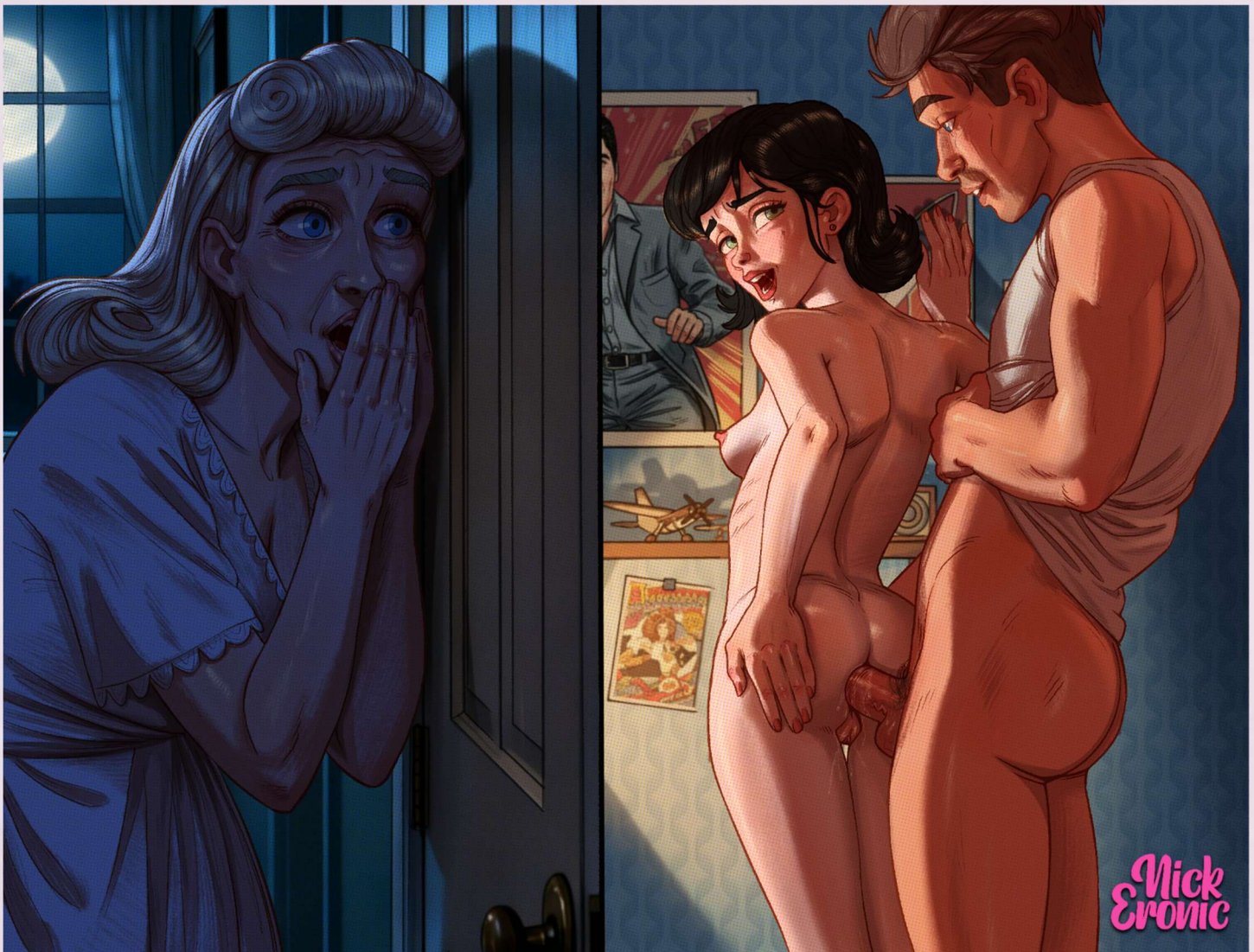
"Oh, Robby. You're so bad." Sarah's voice came through. "And so ... deep. I can't believe you talked me into putting it ... aaaahhhhhh ... in my butt."

Betty's hand went to her mouth in shock. She had assumed she would be the only woman brave enough to take her son's big thing back there. She had assumed wrong, apparently. At least Sarah couldn't get pregnant that way. There was some heavy, masculine grunting.

"It's ... ugh ... how my mom likes it." Rob's voice.

Betty nearly fainted on the spot. The blood drained from her face. He had told another woman that terrible secret?

Sarah giggled. "I almost believed you until I met her today. That sweet ... ugh ... oh, god ..." Sarah's voice got higher. "That sweet lady ... would never let ... a bad boy like you ... do that ... yes, that ... yes ... oooohhhhhhhhhh."



Betty felt dizzy. She rushed to the bathroom, thinking she would throw up. But instead, she found her hand between her legs. She masturbated furiously thinking about what her son was doing and saying just feet away. She didn't go to bed until five orgasms later. When she stumbled by Rob's room, all was quiet.



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The next morning, Betty was in the kitchen furiously scrubbing an already clean plate. Her husband was at work, and the toddlers were at their grandparents' house. She nearly jumped out of her heels when she felt strong hands slide onto her hips from behind. She looked up to see her son's reflection in the kitchen window. "Jeez, Robby. You nearly gave me a heart attack." Her whole body stiffened. She wanted to pull away, but he pressed his hard thing into her backside, pinning her. "What are you doing? Are you crazy? Your girlfriend will see." Betty sounded frantic.

"She's still sleeping. I wore her out last night." He was only dressed in boxers and a t-shirt. He pressed his morning erection into the crack of her ass.

"Your brother and sister ..." Betty dropped the plate in the sink, and it shattered. She gripped the countertop.

"They're not here. I checked. Did you send my kids to Gran's?"

"Yes." Betty squeaked. "We can't ... Sarah could find us." She let him flip her dress over her waist. She felt him wiggle his boxers down his legs, and then her underwear fell, too. "Get it slick ... you need to use ... my butt ... no more children."



"I'll get it slick ... in here." Rob sunk his dick into her pussy. Soon the sounds of their mating mixed with the tick of the clock and the morning sounds of suburbia from outside. Rob humped her hard for a half hour, and eventually filled her womb. When he pulled out, his mother was so happy she slumped to the kitchen floor with an ear-to-ear grin.

"I'm going to go wake up Sarah." Rob patted her blond head. "Breakfast in ten?"

"Yes ... Robby," Betty panted. "Make it ... fifteen." She needed some time to compose herself.

