



# Anything for Robby

Chapter 2



## Anything for Robby 2

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Betty thought that helping out Rob that one time with her mouth would satisfy him. It had been a surreal and sublime breakdown of the order in their lives, but it was now behind them. He would surely thank his lucky stars and move on to new woman, right? She was, of course, wrong.

Instead of putting it behind them, her son talked about going steady with her. She said that was preposterous. He asked her to go down south on him again. She declined. He asked for another kiss. She demurred. Eventually she compromised and let him explore her mouth in the living room one day after school. The two made out on the couch for hours, tongues entwined, bodies pressed against each other.

Not surprisingly, the make out sessions continued. Rob felt emboldened. He smacked Betty's butt when his father wasn't looking and pressed up against her behind while she tried to prepare dinner. He even started reaching for her boobs, squeezing and hefting them through her dress while he kissed her. Betty was a good, faithful wife, but she had a hard time saying no to her son. And Rob wanted another blowjob.





One day, mother and son drove home after a shopping trip to Woolworth's. "I can't stand it, Mom. I need it." Rob looked over at her from the passenger seat with pained eyes.

"You really want it that bad? Right now?" Betty glanced at him. Her poor boy looked so upset. She couldn't put it off any longer. "Fine, but we'll have to be quick." She turned the car down a side road and parked in an empty alley. How had it come to this? She leaned over, pulled his penis out of his pants, and took him into her mouth. When he came, she gulped it all down.



After that day, the floodgates opened. Betty went down on him again and again, swallowing load after load. Each day after school, she got down on her knees in the living room, washroom, kitchen, his bedroom, the garage, den, study, and even in the bedroom she shared with her husband.

That wasn't enough for the brash eighteen-year-old. One day in the kitchen, while Betty lovingly slobbered on her son's tool, Rob pulled her to her feet. "I need more, Mom." He turned her around, lifted her housedress around her waist, and pulled down her panties.

"No, Robby. This is going too far." Betty said the right words, but she stepped out of her panties and spread her legs a little. She bent forward and rested her hands on the wall. "You can't do this."

"Dad told me to find a girl." Rob stepped up behind her, dressed only in his cardigan. He looked down at the wonderful, round swell of her ass. "You're my girl, Mom."





"Robby, please. Your father ... oh, my ... you're really going to ..." She felt the penis sliding around back there. "A little lower, sweetheart." She was such a pushover.

"Thanks, Mom." Rob lowered his dick and slid right in. He put his hands on her hips and got into a good rhythm. The sounds of Betty's mewling, grunting, and "oh-my-Gods" drove Rob wild. He mated his mother from behind for over an hour.



"Not inside, Robby." Betty was a sweaty mess. She looked over her shoulder at her handsome son. She could tell he was getting close.

"Okay." Rob pulled out and deposited a massive load on her ass.

When they were done, Betty straightened and turned around. "I'm going to go get cleaned up. Now go finish your homework before your father gets home." Betty hustled off toward the laundry room to save her dress from staining.

Rob smiled, already contemplating their next copulation.