



Anything for Robby

Chapter 3

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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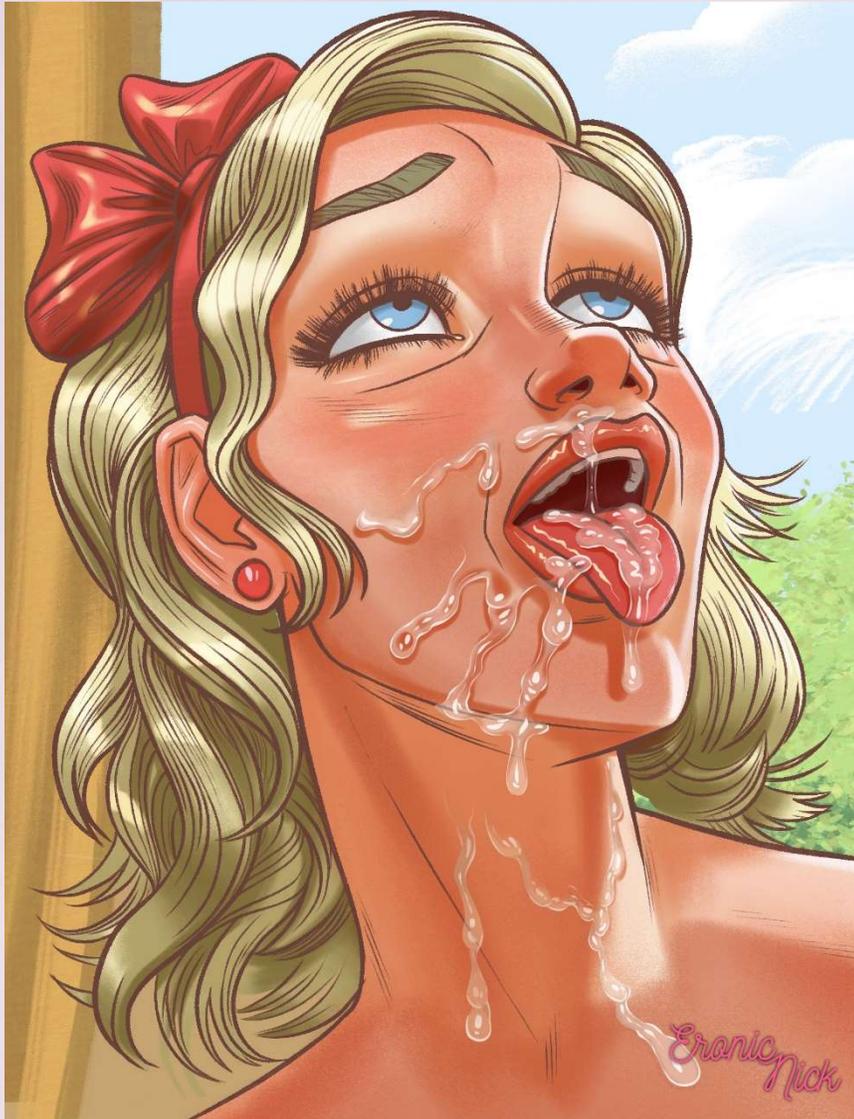
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After that one time when Betty let Rob mount her, he asked for more of the same each and every day. Clearheaded and steadfast, Betty refused him, but the look of rejection on his handsome face pained her. To compromise, she offered to satisfy him with her mouth. And so, the blowjobs continued, but she managed to keep her eighteen-year-old son out of her panties. Betty lost track of how many times her son filled her belly with sperm. She even let him spray it on her face from time to time. Her life was filled with salty, messy spunk.



One Friday night, Betty's husband informed her that he was going drinking with his pals. Betty had hoped for a special night with her husband, wanting to rekindle a little magic in their bedroom. Some distance had grown between them recently. She pleaded for him to stay, but off he went.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Rob found her lying on the couch.

"Your father's gone off drinking with his buddies." Betty sat up with a frown.

"Cheer up." Rob sat next to her and put his arm around her shoulders. "Let's go to the movies."

So, Betty drove them to *The Seven Year Itch* at the drive-in.

"This is fun." Rob passed her the popcorn from the passenger seat. The movie had just started. "Why don't we get into the back? It'll be more comfortable."

"I don't think so, Robby. That's what a boy does with his girlfriend." Betty shook her pretty blonde head.



"You are my girl." Rob climbed into the back. "That's why you're always going down on me, right? Now get back here."

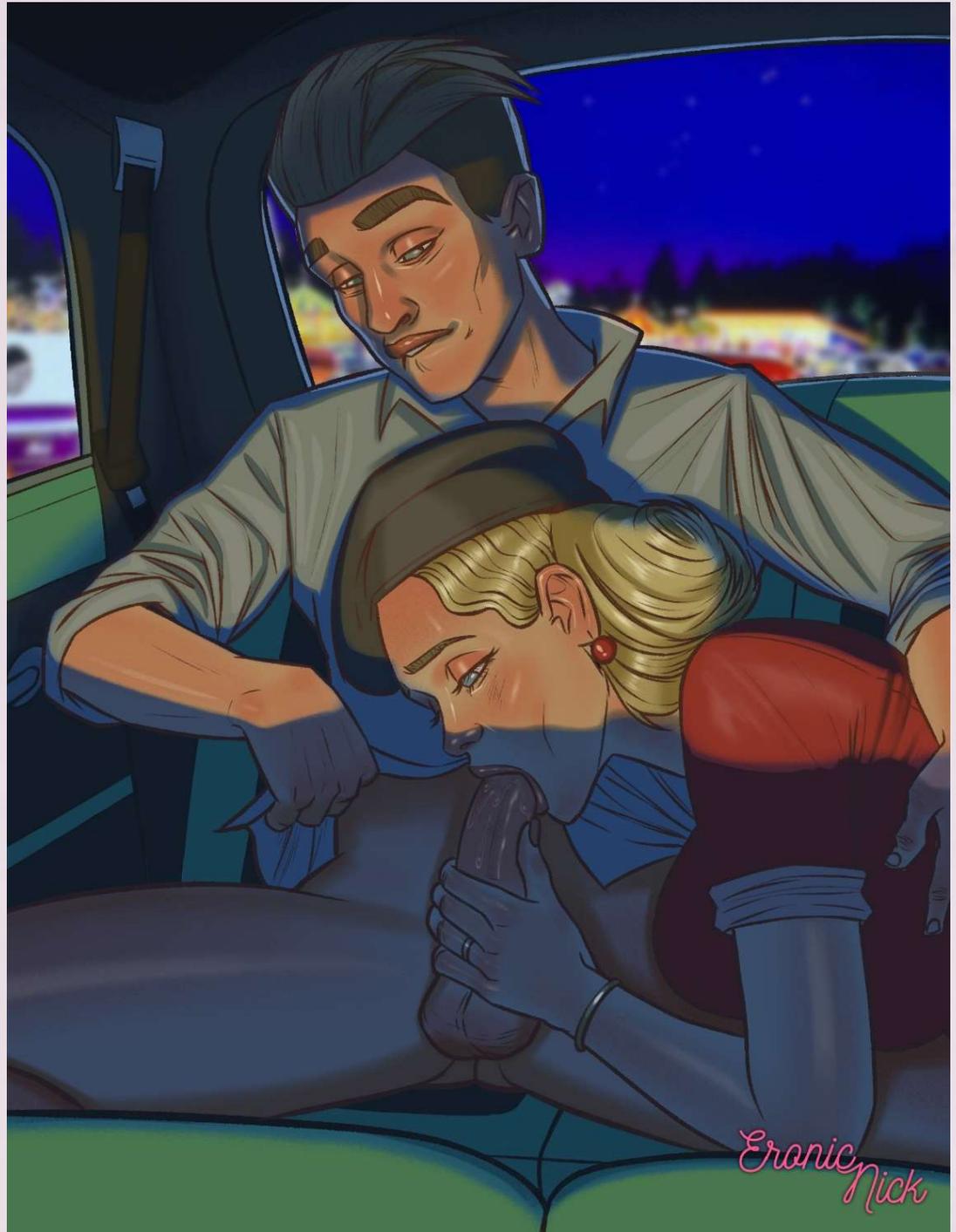
Betty blushed. She was such a pushover. She gingerly hoisted herself over the front seat to join Rob. She leaned up against his shoulder for a while. Looking down, she could see the tent in his pants, waiting for her. "Robby? Would you like me to take care of it?"

"Yeah." Rob watched her pull down his pants and underwear.

"You're especially big tonight, sweetheart." Betty stroked his erection. She lowered her mouth in the dark car and bobbed her head up and down. The car filled with the sounds of her slurping and gagging. Before long she coaxed out his load, gulping it down.

"Thanks ... Mom." Rob sighed. He'd completely forgotten about Marilyn Monroe up on the big screen. "But we've still got some time left in the movie."

Betty looked up at him with wide eyes. "Again?"



“Yes, but not like that.” Rob pulled her onto his lap. He lifted her dress and removed her panties. He unbuttoned the top of her dress and opened her bra, exposing her magnificent breasts.



“I keep telling you, Robby, we can’t.” Betty looked down at his hard gadget as it moved between her legs. “Ugh,” she said dumbly as he shoved it in. Despite her words, she was wet and accommodating.

Betty couldn’t help it. Her hips rocked and drew him deep inside her. She just couldn’t get him to listen to her. Not ever. Twenty minutes later, she could tell he was close. “Not inside, Robby,” she said weakly.

“Sorry ... Mom.” Rob grunted like an animal and unleashed a torrent inside her.

Later, Betty drove them home in silence, cum leaking into her panties. Her mind was at war, equal parts satisfaction and guilt. She wondered what Rob would get away with next.