



Anything for Robby

Chapter 4



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Written by RawlyRawls

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There are many problems when opening a Pandora's Box. One issue, Betty discovered, is that once you open the thing, you find it nearly impossible to close. And so, Sunday morning before church, while her husband golfed, Betty once again gave in to her eighteen-year-old son. They were already dressed in their Sunday best, but Rob wanted to undo that.

"Robby ... please ..." Betty offered only token resistance as Rob roughly removed her dress. "If you're going to do this, we need to use one of your father's condoms." She melted a little as Rob leaned in for a kiss.

Rob broke the kiss and pulled the dress over her head. "Fine, Mom. But you have to put it on."





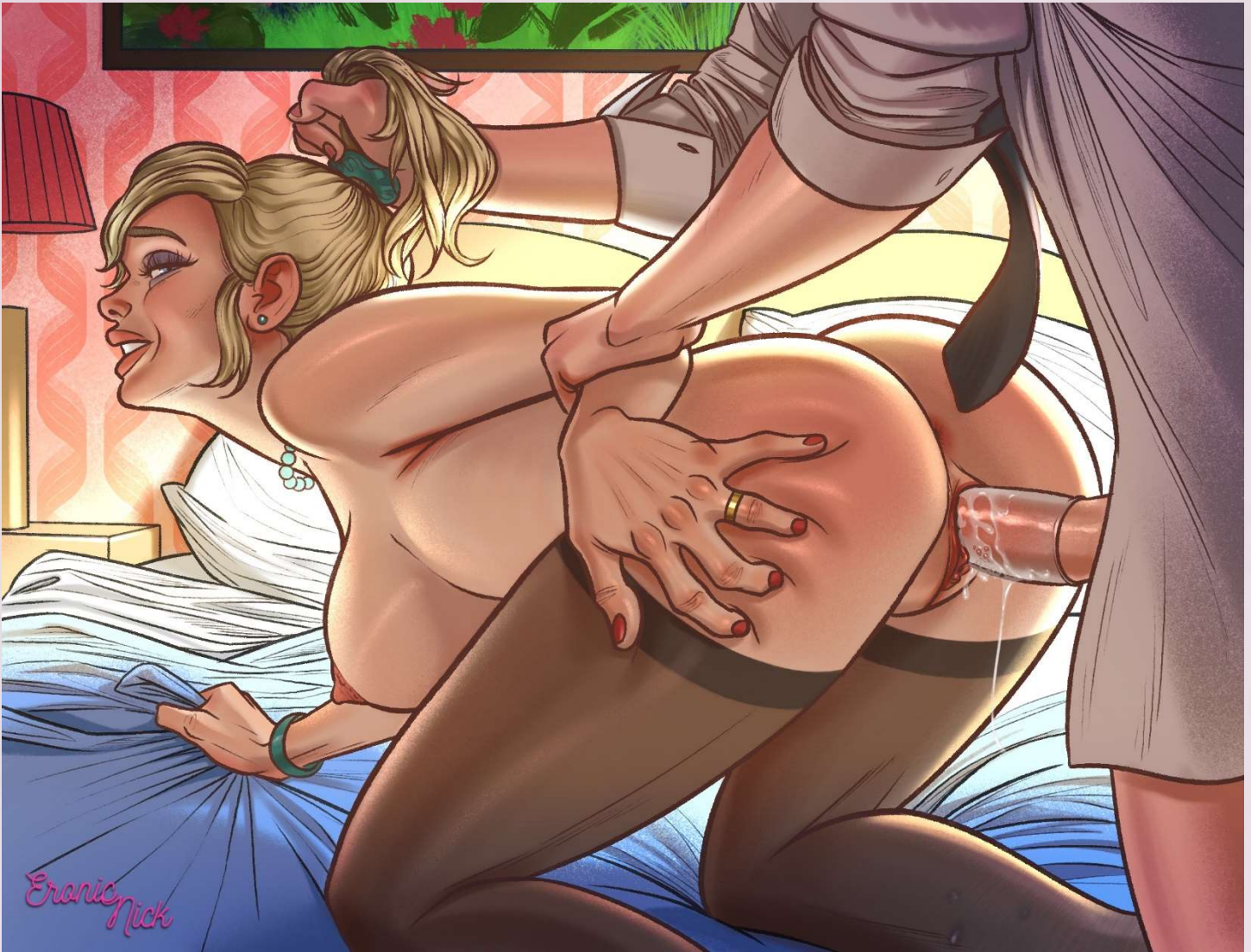
"Okay, sweetheart." In only her heels, panties, and bra, Betty ran upstairs. "We have to hurry. I want us ready for church when your father gets home." She moved into her bedroom and opened the nightstand drawer. She prayed her husband wouldn't notice one missing condom as she tore the packet open.

"I love watching your butt as you run." Rob followed her into the bedroom. "I could watch that all day." Rob dropped his suit jacket on the floor. He tossed his pants and underwear behind him. His dick swung right below his shirt and tie. "You have such a wide, round butt, Mom."

"Oh my gosh, Robby." Betty blushed, walked over to her son, and dropped to her knees. "Don't say things like that." She carefully rolled the condom onto Rob's erect penis.

"Lose the bra, Mom. I'd like to see your boobs." Rob smiled as he watched her tits drop out of confinement.

A few minutes later, Betty found herself on all fours on her marital bed with Rob plowing away from behind. “Not so ... ooohhhh ... not so rough, Robby. You’re ... really big.” She thought about her husband. Was he on the 15th hole right now? The 16th? She wondered how he could be so oblivious to something as monumental as her surrender to their son.



“You’re my girl, Mom. Don’t complain.” He slapped at her butt and thrilled at her little yelp in response. “Dad’s lost you. You’re mine now.” Rob grabbed her ponytail and pulled her hair.

“No,” Betty squealed. “I love ... your father.” She marveled at the way Rob handled her. She felt Rob’s penis touch a previously hidden spot deep inside her. Her orgasm approached.

“Okay.” Rob slapped at her white ass again. “But you’re a better mother than a wife.”

“Yesssss ... I ammmmmmm.” That sent Betty over the edge. She shrieked out a massive climax.

“You can be my girl and his girl.” Rob’s cum churned in his balls. He was close. “I don’t care.” He let go of her hair and grabbed her hips with both hands. He convulsed and unloaded into the overtaxed condom.

When he was done, he pulled out of her and looked down at the ballooned prophylactic. "What should I do with this?" He peeled it off and walked into Betty's bathroom.

"Leave it on some tissues in there." Betty rolled onto her side, pleasure still rippling through her. "I'll take care of it. We can't have your father finding a used condom."

Rob did as instructed. Betty disposed of the condom, reapplied her makeup, and dressed. By the time her husband returned, they were ready for Sunday services.

