



# Anything for Robby

Chapter 6

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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Written by RawlyRawls

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Betty hadn't played Cowboys and Indians with her eighteen-year-old son in years. But one day when Rob got home from school, that's what he wanted to do. He asked her to find an old Halloween costume she had worn to take him trick-or-treating when he was little. Betty said she didn't know where it was and it probably wouldn't fit anymore anyway. But Rob persisted, and Betty eventually hunted it down. She was such a pushover.

Later, she walked into his room. Rob waited for her in a cowboy outfit, hat perched back on his head.

"What do you think, Robby?" Betty twirled for her son. She wore a buckskin dress with fringe hanging from the sleeves and the sides. She had a leather headband with a feather sticking out of her blonde hair. And she'd applied some black makeup in horizontal stripes on her cheeks to look like warpaint.



"It's perfect, Mom." Rob's dick instantly went rock hard.

"Now, how do you want to play?" Betty smiled, ready to have some wholesome fun with her son for a change. "I could pretend to be on a raiding party? Or we could just spend time on the ranch?"

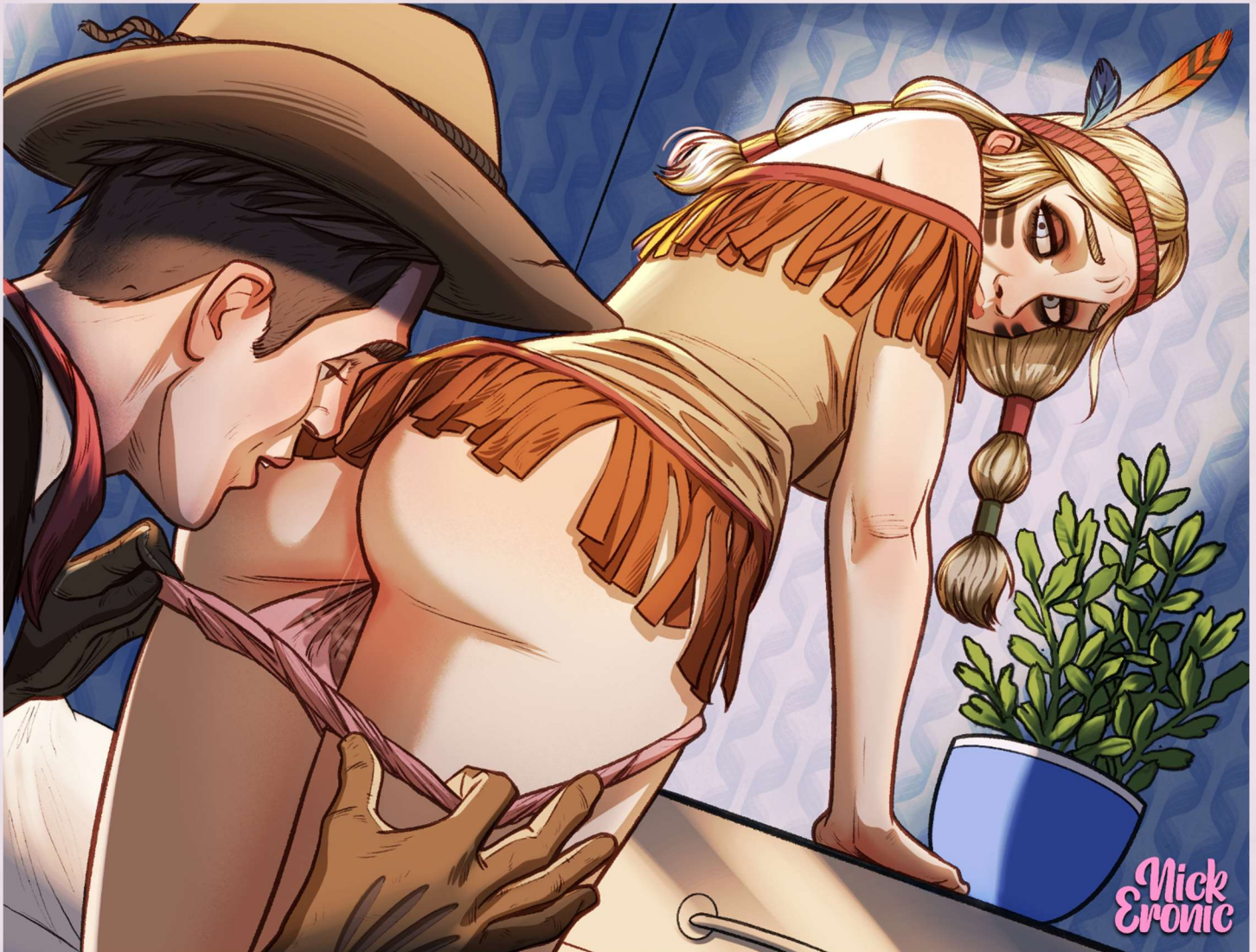
"I had something else in mind." Rob pulled down his chaps and pants and stroked his dick.

"Oh." Betty's smile faded and her eyes zeroed in on that ample penis. She supposed it was sexy to see Rob in his cowboy outfit. "I see. Well, then we better get your condoms." Betty stepped over to his nightstand.

"No." Rob watched her butt sway under her costume. "Cowboys and Indians didn't use condoms."

"But ..." Betty opened the drawer and reached in. Her hand stopped before grabbing the box.

"Don't worry. I'll finish in your butt." Rob stood, walked behind her, and lifted her dress. "Indians didn't wear panties, Mom." Rob pulled off her panties and tossed them away.



Ten minutes later, Betty was bent over the nightstand, looking at the unused box of condoms in the open drawer. Her buckskin dress was bunched around her hips. She thought about how good her son's bare penis felt inside her and grunted her way through her third orgasm of the afternoon. She'd allowed him finish in her vagina before, but she couldn't let him make a habit out of it. "My ... butt



... Robby. Not ... my vagina." Even as she said the words, she kept pushing her hips back at him.

"Sure, Mom." Rob pulled out of her pussy and slammed his slick cock into her asshole.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhh." Betty gave no resistance when Rob tugged down her dress, flopping her boobs out in the open.

"At least ... uh ... uh ... you're not wearing a bra. Indians didn't ... wear bras." Rob held tightly to her hip with his right hand and grabbed her left boob with his left. "So ... tight ... Mom." He loved that one hole he didn't have to share with his father. "Here it ... comes." Rob let loose a torrent of cum in her ass.

“Rooooobbbbyyyyyy.” Betty shivered and took his seed. She had told her husband when they’d married that she’d never do anal sex. But Rob mating her there was already second nature to her. Betty looked over to Rob’s cowboy poster and again imagined that Indian woman giving herself to that rough rider. This time it was up the butt.

“Thanks, Mom. That was the best Cowboys and Indians ever.” Rob pulled out of her with a plop.

“You’re welcome, Robby.” Betty straightened and pulled her costume back into place. “Maybe we could do it again, sometime.” She turned, gave Rob a kiss on the cheek, and left to put a housedress back on.

