



Anything for Robby

Chapter 7



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Illustrations by NickEronic

Written by RawlyRawls

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Betty started to see herself as having two husbands. There was the inattentive one, blind to his son's maneuvers. And there was her eighteen-year-old son, Rob. She found herself performing more wifely duties for Rob than her actual husband. As Rob's demands increased, Betty's other responsibilities around the house fell behind. She wondered when her husband would notice.

One weekday afternoon, as was typical on schooldays, Betty found herself naked in her son's room. She rode her son backwards, with his cowboy hat perched on her head. Their clothes were spread all around Rob's floor. And Rob's penis was in a familiar spot, buried deep in her butt.

"Yeeehaaaaawww, ride it cowgirl." Rob slapped Betty's butt and watched it wobble.

"Don't do that, Robby." Betty looked over her shoulder at him, her face flushed. *Could he tell that she secretly liked it?* "I'm your mother and you need to show me some respect." Her hips continued to rock.



"Come on, Mom." Rob laughed and slapped her butt again. "I can tell you like it. Plus, you have the most amazing ass." Rob reached for her arms and pulled them back. He placed her hands on her butt. "See what I mean?"

"Um, thank you, sweetie. I guess." Betty's blush deepened. She felt her butt with her fingers. Each globe was round, firm, and deliciously supple. "I guess I do have a nice butt."



"Yeah, you do." Rob gazed at her left ass cheek and eyed the wedding ring pressed into her flesh. "Slap it." He loved the way she moved her hips back and forth with a little wiggle. Before he'd made her his girl, he'd never have guessed his mom could move like that. "Go ahead and slap it."

Betty shook her head and looked forward, hands still on her butt.

"Go on." Rob pulled her left hand off her butt and slapped it back down. "Like that."

"Oh," Betty gave a little yelp. Her hips sped up. She felt him lift her right hand and slap it back down. "Ooh." She looked down at his cute, round toes. When had her boy grown up? It was certainly sometime before he'd talked her into that first blowjob. Betty slapped her own butt without help and felt its luscious wobble. "Like that?" She did it again and the slap reverberated around Rob's bedroom. Betty couldn't believe she was doing this, but after all, she was a pushover.

"That's ... perfect." Rob watched the ripples spread out from her slaps. Man, his dad was missing out. "You're my ... cowgirl ... Mom. Now ... I'm gonna ... I'm gonna ... cum ... cowgirl."

"Do it, Robby." Betty slapped her ass again and pushed back, driving his penis deep inside her. She took his cum in her backside for the second time that afternoon. Thank goodness she'd given him access to her butt, because over the last few days the boy had refused to wear the condoms she'd gotten him. Betty leaned forward, put her hands to Rob's thighs, and panted as she tried to catch her breath.



"You're ... the best, Mom." Rob slapped her butt one last time. He enjoyed the red hand print it left on her pale cheek. "I wanna try that while I'm in your pussy next time."

"Now, Robby." Betty climbed off him and started collecting her clothes from the floor. "You don't want to get me pregnant." The idea of Rob's sperm meeting her egg sent a dark, electric thrill down her spine. But she was a good mother and a faithful wife. Or maybe ... a mostly faithful wife. That could never happen.

"Yeah, sure, Mom." Rob put his hands behind his head and sighed. She'd change her mind about the availability of her pussy. After all, she just couldn't say no to her son.

