



Anything for Robby

Chapter 7

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

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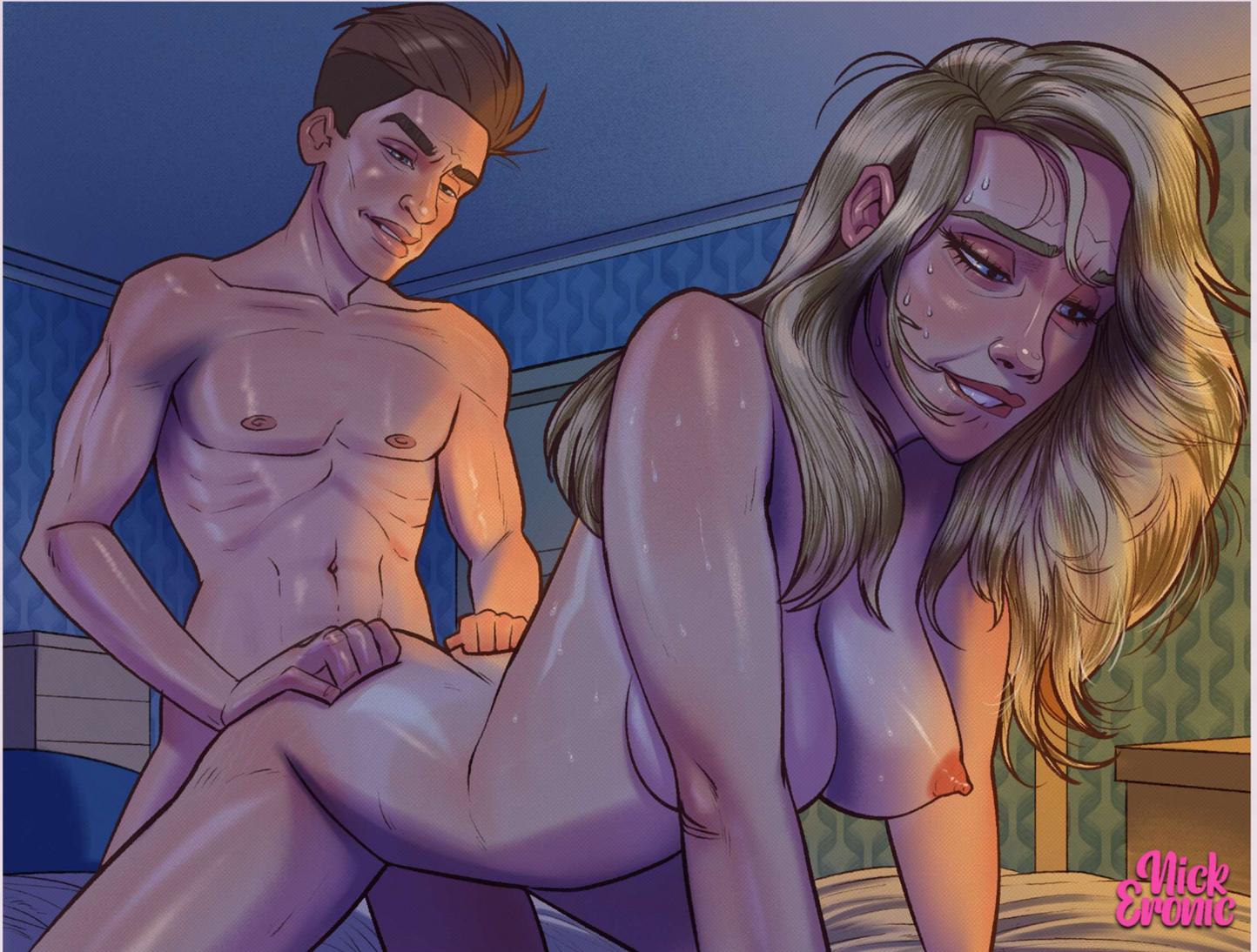
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Once you've given a little piece of yourself to something, it's quite difficult to guard the other pieces. Betty had given almost all of herself to her eighteen-year-old son, Rob. The once faithful housewife, perched naked on all fours, looked down at her white knuckles. Sweat dripped onto her son's sheet. She grunted as Rob plowed her butt from behind. They had been going since Rob got home from school and it was getting dark outside. She really needed to make dinner before her husband came home.



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“Robby, you in there?” Her husband knocked on the bedroom door. “Have you seen your mother?”
It was too late! Betty’s eyes went round as saucers. She looked back over her shoulder at Rob.



"I'm here, Dad."
Rob slowed his hips and looked down as his cock slowly slid into his mom's butthole. "I don't know where she is. Out shopping?" His gaze moved to her wide eyes and he winked.

"Her car's here."
The locked doorknob rattled as Rob's dad shook it. "What are you doing in there?"

"I had a big test today." Rob could tell from the panicked look on Betty's face that she wanted him to stop his hips entirely, but he felt slow and steady was good. He pressed his fingers into the soft flesh around her hips and held her tight. "I'm trying to take a nap. Maybe Mom went for a walk?"

"Maybe," Rob's father grumbled.

"Anyway, I have to go back to the office tonight. When you see your mother, tell her I'll be home late. Have a good nap."

"Thanks, Dad." Rob waited a good long while, slowly stroking in and out of his mom. He then pulled out, went to door, opened it, and listened. "He's gone." He walked back to the bed and took Betty's hand.

"That was too close, Robby." She let Rob pull her from the bed, followed him into the hall, and then into her bedroom. She held her breasts with one arm to keep them from swaying about. "We should stop." She let him push her onto her marital bed. She rolled onto her back and automatically spread her legs.



"We're never gonna stop, Mom." Rob climbed between her legs and fed his dick into her pussy.

"Well ... ooohhhhh ... If you're going to do it there, you need a condom." She accepted his thrusts.



"I was thinking ..." Rob found a good rhythm. He put both hands on her breasts for leverage. "With Dad gone tonight, we have a perfect chance at romance. Maybe light some candles. Do something special."

"But ... uh ... dinner ... Robby." Betty grunted as he hit deep places inside her that his father never had.

"What would be really ... special, Mom, is if you ... ah ... ah ... ah ... had my ... baby." Rob leaned down and kissed her pretty lips, swirling his tongue around hers. She kissed back with passion. He broke the kiss and looked into her eyes. "You're my girl now, and you're gonna have my baby."

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“No ... Robby ... we can't ...” But who was she kidding? She knew she'd let him. She was such a pushover. Minutes later, Rob grunted out his first orgasm of the night in her pussy. Thirty minutes after that, he erupted in her vagina a second time. And an hour and half later, he splattered her insides a third time.

By then, she was on top of her son, cradling his head against her boobs. “Good boy, Robby. Let it all out,” Betty purred. Her vagina spasmed around his long cock.

When her husband returned home, Betty was showered, changed, and sound asleep. Her womb was filled with Rob's potent seed.

