



Anything for Robby

Chapter 9



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Written by RawlyRawls

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Months passed and Betty gave herself to her eighteen-year-old son again and again. He became fixated on having a baby, and sure enough, Betty's belly began to swell. She convinced her husband that it was his. But, of course, she knew it was Rob's. And Rob teased her endlessly about carrying her own grandchild.

High school graduation arrived, and Betty's husband had his wife and son pose arm-in-arm for a picture. Rob and Betty wore big smiles on their faces. Rob's Oxford cap tilted a little to the side with the tassel hanging by his ear. Betty's baby bump clearly showed under her dress as she pulled her son tightly to her side. After the ceremony, Betty's husband told Rob that he was proud of him, and that all he needed to do was find himself a girl. Rob smirked and Betty blushed.



When her husband departed for work, mother and son stood together on the high school lawn. "I suppose you're going to go celebrate with your friends now." Betty stood next to Rob, looking at all the proud parents and happy young faces. "Do you want me to drop you off someplace, Robby?"

"No, Mom." Rob looked around and then gave her round butt a quick slap. "I'll see my friends later. I want to celebrate with you tonight." He linked his arm in hers and walked her out to their waiting car.



"Really?" Betty couldn't wipe the smile off her face. "What's your plan?"

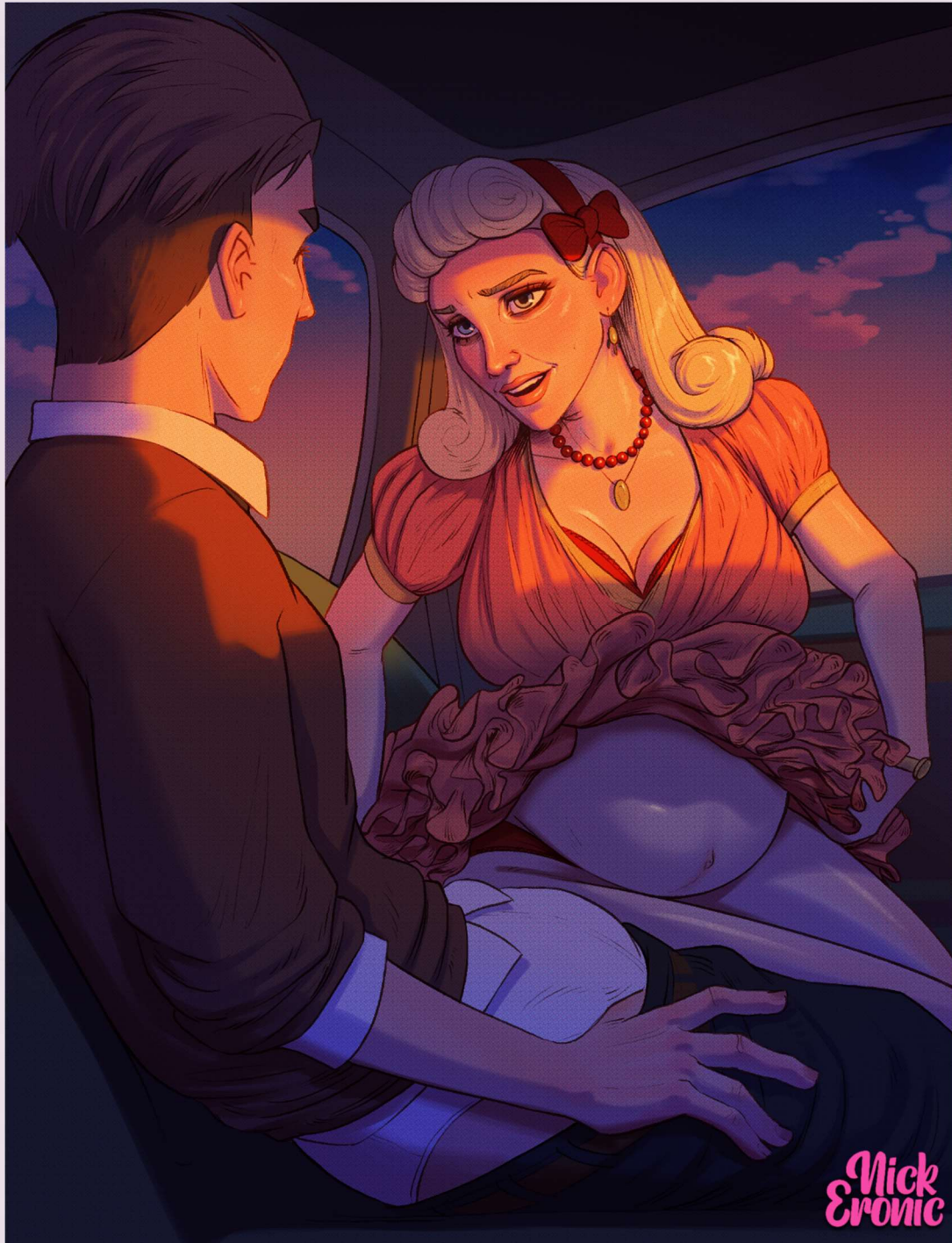
"Remember the time we went to a drive-in?" Rob leaned in close to whisper in her ear.

"That was ..." Betty blushed profusely. "The first time you did it ... in my ... you-know-what."

"Let's do it again." Rob opened the driver's side door and held it for his mother. "Burgers first."

"Okay." Betty cradled her belly as she lowered herself behind the wheel.

Later that evening, they sat in the back seat of Betty's car while the movie started. The front seat was littered with burger wrappers and paper cups from their shakes.



"How would you like to celebrate, Robby?" Betty lifted her dress to her waist and removed her panties.

"I'm gonna celebrate with your pussy, Mom." Rob pulled her onto his lap so that they were both facing the movie screen. As he entered her, neither were actually watching Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint.

"Your father's probably wondering where we are." Betty rocked her wide hips in little circles. She pulled her dress over her head so that she only wore her bra. Her round belly looked so obscene shaking with her movements. "We should have left him a ... oooooohhhhhh ... a note."

"You're my girl, Mom." Rob reached around her and pulled her bra cups down so he could grab her growing boobs. "You've got my baby inside you." He gently tugged her boobs up and down to get her to bounce on his dick. "Dad can fucking fend for himself."

"You're right." The haze of pleasure clouded Betty's mind. She didn't even reprimand Rob for his language. She bounced fast. She knew the car must be rocking, but no one would notice something like that at the drive-in. When Rob exploded in her vagina, she lost herself in her own orgasm.



"Turn around." Rob removed her bra and helped his naked mother turn to face him. She rode him hard, cooing and grunting. The pair continued until the movie finished. Afterward, Betty drove them home, cum leaking into her panties. She wondered what excuse she'd tell her husband. Maybe she'd tell him they went for burgers and a movie. She'd leave out the part where their son now owned her pussy.

