

Mom's Busted!

By Klrxo

“Hey, mom...I have an idea,” Fitz announced while watching her make cookies.

“What's that, honey?” the blonde-haired beauty asked, making her lovely round ass jiggle as mixed some chocolate chips into the batter.

“You could fuck me, like you were fucking that guy down at the park.”

Sandra suddenly stopped mixing. “Fitz, why would you say such an awful thing?” she scolded, leering back at him.

“Because it's true,” he answered. “I saw you, mom...and so did my friends.”

“Honey, no...I think you must have mistaken someone else for me.”

“No...it was you. I have a picture right here,” he replied, looking at his phone, “and that's DEFINITELY your car that you guys are in the back- seat of.”

“You took...pictures?” Sandra asked, frozen in fear.

“Yeah, but don't worry, I'm not gonna show dad...or tell him for that matter, as long as...”

“As long as what?” his mom nervously asked, staring right at him.

“As long as you fuck me, the way you did him.”

Sandra shook her head, wishing this were all some nightmare she could wake up from. “Honey, I made a mistake, alright? I had a weak moment and I...”

“Moment?” he son chuckled. “You were at the park in the backseat. This was more than a moment, mom. You guys clearly had this all planned out.”

“It was the only time I was with that guy, I swear,” she said with emotional distraught in her voice.

“I'm sure it wouldn't matter to dad if it was ‘one time’ or a hundred times. He'd still be pissed and probably divorce you.”

“Can we just...not bring your dad into this conversation, please.”

“But he's the whole reason we're having this conversation, isn't he? If you were single and I saw you fucking a guy at a park it would be no big deal. You're just out doing what single people do. But you're not single...you're married to dad, which is what made it so wicked, right?” the teen asked.

Fitz watched his mom's huge tits tremble beneath her cotton top as she stepped up close to him. “Fitz, I messed up. Please don't let this break up our family. I love your father...I really do. Things just haven't been...”

“Haven't been what? Are you and dad divorcing?” her son asked.

"No, we get along fine, it's just...well, your dad hasn't been performing very well, sexually I mean, and I guess I just got...frustrated," she confessed.

Fitz felt a bit bad for her, but stuck to his guns selfishly, in hopes of getting something that he'd wanted since he hit puberty. "I love you, mom, and I'm sorry you and dad are having those issues, but you have one way out of this mess."

"By having sex with you?" she scowled.

"Yes, by you riding my cock, like I saw you doing at the park.

"Fitz, please don't talk like that," she blushed.

"Don't act so timid, mom. I saw the way you were fucking him like a two-dollar whore. You were completely into it."

"I can't have sex with you!" Sandra exclaimed. "You're my son. It's just...wrong on so many levels."

"So is cheating on dad, but that certainly didn't stop you from doing it."

"Fitz, I get that you're upset. I really do. I promise it was a one-time thing. A stupid mistake. It'll never happen again," she pleaded.

Fitz turned and began walking from the kitchen. "I'll be in your bedroom, mom. If your not down there and naked in five minutes I'm texting those pictures to dad," he warned.

The mother stood there speechlessly. She simply couldn't believe her son was blackmailing her this way. Sure, she suspected that Fitz desired her sexually, just like a lot of boys did their mothers. However, she didn't think in second that he would stoop to this level to get into her panties.

"I can't possibly do this, can I?" she asked herself. She wanted to run away and hide, but the prospect of having her marriage destroyed horrified her. Besides the bad sex, she was still madly in love with her husband and couldn't imagine life without him. It was the one and only time she had ever cheated on him, but it was only because her sexual frustration had reached a breaking point.

"Alright, damnit...I'm just gonna go in there and talk some sense into him!" she thought. *"Fitz loves baseball. Maybe I'll bribe him, by promising to take him to some games."*

Fitz saw the shock on his mom's face as she opened her bedroom door and stared at him sprawled out on her marital bed with a monster erection. "Fitz, what the hell are you doing?!" she shouted, looking away.

"What's it look like, mom? I'm waiting for you," he answered. "Get undressed!"

"We can't just have sex. I'm your mother!" she reminded him.

"You have a pussy and I have a cock. We CAN have sex, so get naked!"

"There's a Sox game coming up, right? I'll get two tickets and we'll go. That'll be fun, won't it?"

"I don't want Sox tickets, mom. I told you what I want," he replied, staring at the giant swell of her tits. He noticed that her nipples had hardened and were clearly visible, protruding out from the peaks of her tits, beneath her top.

"Honey, can you PLEASE just pick something besides that," she begged. "I'll buy you something nice...whatever you want, just name it!"

"I WANT you on top of me!" he persisted. "Trust me, mom. You'll like it just as much, if not more than you did with the guy in the car."

"Don't say that," Sandra uttered, shaking head with uncertainty.

"It's true," Fitz boasted. "The girls at school say I have a bigger dick than most guys. Probably bigger than the guy you were with, and MOST DEFINITELY bigger than dad, from the sounds of it."

"Don't disrespect your father that way," his mom whispered.

"Oh, you mean like YOU did, on your backseat? How crushed do you think he's gonna be when he sees those pictures."

She slowly forced herself to look back over at him. "I'm not gonna win this battle, am I?" she sweetly asked.

"Nope! Time for you to slip out of those white panties and wave them around like a surrender-flag," he joked.

Sandra's eyes drifted down to her boy's erect cock-muscle. She knew right away he was correct about one thing. Fitz's penis was MUCH larger and fatter than not only her husband's and the guy's she'd slept with, but any lover she'd ever had. His bulging veins looked like powerful streaks of lightning running down the meaty shaft. His pinkish-purple knob was turgid and well-formed. For a moment, she felt her hot pleated pussy-walls tingle just staring at it.

"If I do this...you delete those pictures and not a word of this, or what you saw at the park ever leaves your mouth, understood?" she warned.

"Don't worry, mom...I'll live up to my end of the deal, as long as you fuck me like you mean it," he answered.

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"What it means is...you fuck me with the same energy and enthusiasm that you were with the guy in the car."

"Fine!" she sighed, unbuttoning her blouse.

The boy's cock pulsed with excitement as saw his mom in her tit-stuffed bra for the first time. It was white and had beautiful floral-laced embroidery. The cup-panels were semi-sheer, exposing the wide, dark circles of her areola through the fabric. Next, she shed her shorts, revealing a sexy pair of bikini panties that was molded to the puffy outline of her vulva.

“Are you sure there's nothing else I can do to change your mind?” she asked, making one last-ditch effort, while reaching back to unclasp her bra-hooks.

“Take it off!” her boy demanded, watching in fascination.

Sandra unfastened her bra and peeled the cups away, releasing her big udders. They bobbed heavily, with fat erect nipples puffing out from the wide, thick-textures rings of her tit-caps. She looked away blushing, while she peeled her panties down her freshly-shaved legs and stepped out of them.

“Wow!” the teen muttered, staring at her mature pussy. Her plump outer lips converged, to form an alluring pudendal cleft. Her mons were crowned by a patched of neatly-trimmed pubic hair. “Come get on, mom!” he urged.

Sandra stepped over to her marital bed and crawled onto the mattress with her persistent boy. *“It's not too late! You can still say no to this!”* her conscience screamed. *“Yes, but at what cost?”* she asked herself. *“I fucked up and this is price I have to pay.”*

Fitz watched in wide-eyed fascination as his mom grasped his cock and fit it's fat tapered knob to her fuck-slit. She let his eager crown slip up between her flanking labium and felt it sink exquisitely into the tube of her hot vagina.

“Ahhh!!” the both gasped in unison, as Sandra lowered her ass, taking his steely-hard cock all the way inside her clinging cunt-hole.

She didn't want to act like a cock-humping whore in front of her son, but she knew if she put all her fucking-skills to work, she'd make him pop off quickly and it would be over with.

“Come on, mom...fuck me like you mean it!” Her boy urged, bucking his hips to get her going.

The mother put all her inhibitions aside and began riding her boy like a cock-fucking pro. Their crotches smacked together as Sandra found a nice steady tempo to ride him in.

“Yes...like that!” her son gasped, feeling her spongy ribbed lining glide along the meat of his cock. “Fuck that's good!”

Sandra didn't like her son using filthy language, but knew this wasn't the time or place to chide him.

The teen sat up and grasped her lush hips, guiding her thrusts, while watching her huge breasts bobble around from the rhythm of their steady fuck.

Sanda tightened her pelvic-floor muscles, making her spongy, corrugated lining squeeze her boy's rigid cock even tighter. *“Good grief he's hard!”* she thought, feeling his fleshy spike stab through her cuntal grip, kissing the ring of her cervical entrance on every thrust.

Fitz was a Guns and Roses fan and the lyric *“knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door!”* came to mind as he felt his fat knob smash against the doorway to her womb.

“Damn that's some good pussy, mom!” the boy gasped, watching their crotches beat lewdly together.

“Fitz, please don't talk like that,” she blushed.

“What, it's true!” he smiled, then brazenly reached out and squeezed her ballooning tits.

The mother tried to push his hands away, but to no avail. "Touching my boobs wasn't part of the agreement," she complained.

Fitz sunk his fingers even deeper into the squishy meat of her jiggling melons. "The deal was...you ride my cock, like you did the guy in your back seat. I doubt you brushed his hands away from your tits, so don't do it to mine!" he demanded.

"Fine!" the mother relented. "You're a brat, you know that?"

"What's worse...a brat or a cheating wife?" he asked her. "Now shut up and fuck me!"

Sandra's rode her boy's cock with gusto. Minutes passed and her heart and respiration rate continued to rise. Her naked body was flooded with an increase of oxytocin, her love hormone. Her son couldn't help but notice how her beautiful body gave off a wonderful sexual blush.

"You're gonna cum, aren't you?" he asked with a big smile.

"No...I'm not," his mom panted, her body clearly saying otherwise.

"Yes you are. I can tell."

"Fitz, please just...hurry up and finish," she urged, fighting to ignore the warm, tingling sensation swelling in the core of her crotch.

"You can go crazy, mom...I know you want to," he told her.

She gazed at him pleadingly, her eyes glazed over with lust. She thought perhaps she could make her son pop quickly, before she reached this level of arousal. She thought wrong. "Can you please just...not watch me do this," she whimpered, on the verge of climaxing.

"Why would I not watch you? It's incredibly hot."

"Because I'm your mother...you're not suppose to see me having an orgasm."

"Too bad, mom. This is all part of the deal, so let loose!" he muttered.

Sandra knew there was no stopping the orgasm train that was preparing to roar through her sexual depot. She realized that the things she did during climax were mostly involuntary. Her son would be seeing the unbridled animal-side of her. He would be seeing her cum like a cock-lusting slut.

Fitz could feel the pressure around his burrowing cock gradually increase. Looking down, he saw that the hooded sheath that covered his mom's clitoris had peeled back, exposing the fat, juicy bulb of her sex organ. Another sign that she was about to explode.

The boy decided to hump his hips from the mattress and really bring her off hard. His cock pummeled through her savagely.

"YES! OH, GOD!" the mother gasped, her pretty eyes widening as she felt her son's long powerful fuck-muscle slam through her juice-slicked grip.

"Yeah! That's what you want, isn't it mom!" the boy blurted, meeting her frantic humps, so their genitals smacked wetly together.

“Holy fucking shit...he's gonna make me lose my mind!” Sandra thought as she quickly ascended towards that golden peak.

Fitz could hear his mother's heavy breathing become more rapid. He watched in fascination as her body tensed up and her fuck-rhythm increased. She suddenly mashed their genitals together in full penetration, then began swiveling up and back wildly, stretching the lining of her vagina every which way with his unyielding cock.

Sandra threw her arms up into the air, clenching her fists. Her pretty face contorted in pleasure as the muscles in her vagina, anus and uterus began to contract and relax in a rhythmic pattern. The heavy-titted mother let out a piercing orgasmic scream that made her boy's cock flex with excitement. Her entire body convulsed in powerful pleasure-spasms. Her fatty, oblong tits bounced and rippled, creating quite the eye-pleasing spectacle for her teen.

Fitz felt her snug birthing-tube chew at the meat of his cock. Her cuntal vestibule bulged out around the root of his erection as her urethra began squirting hot female ejaculate all over his dick and balls.

“Oh wow, mom!” the teen gasped, feeling her love-juice run down the sides of his bulging testicles. He had no idea that his mom was a squirter, but he fucking loved it.

After humping wildly, through what was arguably the strongest orgasm of her life, Sandra smacked her tits down against her boy's bare chest, causing him to fall back onto the mattress.

“Stop showing off and cum already!” the mother breathed, bobbing her lovely round ass up and down, feeding his prick through her skillfully clutching vagina. She planted her knees firmly against the mattress, astride his hip, so she could really ride him like a slut.

“Ahh, yes!” her teen hissed, delighting in the way his mom's huge milkers slightly rose from her chest and swung pendulously around his face.

Sandra felt a sharp hand-strike to her ass. ***“Come on, mom! Ride that big cock like a fucking whore!”*** her boy shouted.

“You can't slap my ass that way!” she complained. ***“Your father could see your handprints.”***

Fitz smacked her ass hard again defiantly, making the fatty flesh of her bubbly buttocks ripple. ***“I guess you better hide your ass from dad for a few days then,”*** he warned. ***“Besides...I know you like it!”***

“SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!” the boy's hand struck her bobbing ass several more times for good measure. Even though she had objected to him doing it, the excited squeals that escaped Sandra's mouth revealed how much it really turned her on.

She rode him good for several more minutes, enamored by his incredible staying power. ***“How have you not cum yet? I've been riding you for nearly a half-hour,”*** she inquired.

“If you want me to cum fast, you'll have to suck my dick. Blowjob get me every time,” he revealed.

“Well, I'm NOT doing that!”

“Suit yourself, mom. I don't mind being fucked like this, but just to let you know...it's probably gonna be another half-hour before I even get close.”

“A half-hour?!” Sandra exclaimed, still riding his stiff cock steadily. “Honey, this has already gone on for WAY too long!”

“Well if you stop complaining and start sucking it'll be over with a lot sooner!”

“Ugh!” the mother huffed, climbing off her boy's cock and taking position beside him. She grasped his erection around the base and glared over at him. “This is the one and only time I'm EVER doing this!”

“Then I suggest you get a motel room next time, so you don't get caught. Now start sucking!”

Sandra parted her lips and took her son's big, spongy cockhead in her mouth. Her tongue rolled around the sensitive flesh of his crown, swiping across his piss-slit, cleaning off the weeping pre-ejaculate.

The busty mother was a skilled cocksucker and she was eager to use her techniques to bring her son off as quickly as possible. Without delay, she began sucking hard, bobbing her head up and down the length of his cum-oozing hardon.

Fritz sighed from the feel of his mom's hot suctioned mouth squeezing up and down his dick.

“Ahh, man...look at you go, mom!” the boy sighed, watching her huge dangling tits jostle around wildly from the tempo of her sucking.

Lewd gurgling and slurping sounds filled her bedroom as Sandra fucked the ring of her lips on her boy's prick like a tight, wet pussy. She got both of her hands in on the action, one yanking around the base of his prick-shaft, while the other massaged his cum-bloated nuts.

“That's it, mom! Fuck, that's nice!” Fitz gasped, feeling his dick and balls tingle in the clutch of his mom's mouth and hands. “Get ready to drink my cum!”

Sandra continued sucking steadily, then curled her licker in her cock-stuffed mouth, dragging her tongue-tip along his sensitive frenulum.

“Oh shit, I'm almost there!” the boy announced.

His mom pistoned her mouth around his cock-muscle, feeling his knob mushroom each time it sunk into her tightly-clasping throat. She HUMMED loudly, adding extra vibrating pleasure to her boy's throbbing penis.

“Fuck, mom! Holy shit you can suck dick!” he gasped, watching her pretty blonde head fly up and down on his prick.

“Ahh, here comes my load, mom!” Fitz grunted, thrusting his cock as deep into her throat as he could as cum started spurting angrily from his piss-slit. “UUGGHHH!!” he growled in delight.

The mother was surprised to feel a second climax course through her body, just from the thrill of having her own son's ball-jizz blast across her tongue. She milked the cum from his organ and Fitz

could tell she was enjoying every second of it, even though she would never admit it. His knob finally popped from her mouth like a cork.

"There...are you finally satisfied?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes!" he sighed. "That was one hot blowjob, mom."

"Thanks. Will you please delete those pictures now?"

Fitz picked up his phone and deleted them, while his mom stood there staring at his still-hard cock.

"Done!" he blurted, then tossed his phone back down.

"Why do you still have a..." she said, pointing at his boner.

"A hard dick?"

"Yes, that," she blushed.

"Because it usually takes a couple orgasms to make it go down, AND there's a really hot naked lady standing in front of me," he teased.

Fitz expected now that his mom had followed through on her end of the bargain that she would quickly disappear. However, Sandra just continued standing there, eyeballing his rigid cock. "Are you sure you're completely satisfied now? You can keep this incident just between the two of us?"

"If dad ever does find out, it certainly won't be from me. I promise you that."

Later, at family dinner, Sandra's husband, Reid, noticed the awkward tension in the air. "So, what happened today?" he asked looking at his wife and son. "Did the two of you get into an argument or something?"

Sandra and her son glanced at each other questioningly. "No...why would you think that?" the mother asked.

"Because you're acting strange. So what DID happen today?"

All she could think about was the hot fuck her and her son shared and just how incredibly hard Fitz had made her cum.

"Mom and I did get into a bit of a dispute, but we worked it out," Fitz shared, "didn't we mom?"

"Yes, well...I hope so," she stated, staring at her son intently.

"What's a dispute?" Sandra's six-year-old son asked, while playing with his food.

"It's when one person disagrees with something someone else does, son," his dad answered, then looked at his wife. "So, what was this dispute about?"

"It doesn't matter," his wife replied. "The important thing is that Fitz and I were able to CUM TOGETHER and resolve it, right, honey?" Sandra stated, looking at her son.

"Right," Fitz answered, sharing a secret smile with his mom.

The next day at school Fitz got a text from his mom. "The red hand-prints on my butt have finally gone away 😊," it read.

"Maybe I should give you more then," the boy texted back.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she texted back.

"Not as much as you would."

"No comment 😊. Question...what's your favorite color?" her text read.

"Red. Why?" he texted back.

"Just wondering. 😊 Don't forget we're going to the lake later with the Thompsons."

"Do I have to go?" Fitz texted back.

"Affirmative!" Came his mom's response.

Jamie Thompson was his mom's best friend since grade-school. She had a husband and three kids, one just a little older than Fitz, who had already gone off to college. This meant when they met at the lake for swimming and a barbecue, Fitz was usually bored out of his mind. Today was no exception. He wasn't really in love with fishing, but decided to bring along his fishing pole anyway, just for something to do.

"I have to tell you something, and promise you won't freak out," Sandra said to Jamie as they watched their younger children swim. A short distance away, their husbands were having a beer and a friendly game of cornhole.

"Why would I freak out? Haven't we always been able to tell each other everything?" her brunette-haired friend asked.

"Yes, well...this isn't something I'm exactly proud of."

"What is it? Did you kill someone?" Jamie joked.

"No...do you remember that cute guy who waited on us at that restaurant last week?"

"Of course I remember that guy. He was fucking hot, and he put his phone number on our receipts, which was..." Jamie said, then paused, staring at her friend. "You didn't!"

"I did," Sandra muttered. "I texted him and...well, long story short, I fucked him."

"Oh my God!" Jamie giggled. "Was it good?"

"It was just...ok," Sandra answered in a hushed, frustrated tone, "but I was stupid about it."

"How so?"

"We met at the park and fucked in my backseat."

"Damn, girl...talk about a risky affair!" Jamie smiled. "Sometimes that thrill of being seen though is what makes it so fucking hot."

“Apparently, we DID get seen, by Fitz and some of his friends,” Sandra confessed.

Jamie’s mouth hung open in shock. “Oh...shit, that is a problem!” she uttered.

“It WAS a problem...until Fitz pretty much blackmailed me.”

“Blackmailed you?”

“He said he would tell Reid, unless I agreed to fuck him.”

“Did you?”

“I had to. Fitz swore he would have told his father what he saw if I didn't.”

Jamie burst out laughing.

“What's funny about that?” Sandra asked, giggling some herself.

“I'm sorry, this is just too ironic.”

“What's ironic about it?” Sandra asked.

“Brad pulled the same thing on me last year. He came home early from school and caught me masturbating. He threatened to tell his father if I didn't let him fuck me.”

“Yeah, but that's just masturbating. Your husband doesn't know you masturbate?” Sandra asked.

“Yes, he does. He just doesn't know that I have a ten-inch black dildo I use to do it with,” Jamie admitted. “I had it shoved straight up my cunt when Brad walked in on me. He threatened to tell his father every juicy detail of what he had seen, unless I agreed to his terms.”

“So you fucked him?”

“I had to. I was backed into a corner. What else was I suppose to do?”

“Why did you never tell me about this?” Sandra asked.

“Because I was embarrassed. I didn't want you to think your best friend was some cheap slut. Hold on...” she sighed, looking at her kids in concern. “Brandon, don't splash your sister in the face, honey!” she shouted to her youngest son.

“I would never think you're a cheap slut,” Sandra stated. “but I CAN relate to what you were saying. I wasn't gonna mention what happened between Fritz and I to you for that very reason.”

“Don't beat yourself up about it,” Jamie advised. “You did what you had to do to save an already disastrous situation from getting worse.”

“I know,” Sandra sighed, still seeming as though something was bothering her.

“Allow me to read your mind,” Jamie tease.

“Ok?”

“The problem now is...the sex with Fitz was really, REALLY good and you can't stop thinking about it. Am I right?”

Sandra fed her friend a guilty smile. "You always were good at mind reading," she replied.

"Listen, I always thought Larry and I had a pretty good sex life, until I fucked my son. Then I realized that my husband was actually pretty lousy in bed. After that, as wicked as it was, I decided I was never going back to strictly having mediocre sex again," Jamie explained.

"Hold on, you and Brad fucked a second time?"

"A second time, then third, then a forth...until we were pretty much screwing each other's brains out every day."

"Wow!" Sandra exclaimed in shock. "And here I was worried that you might tell ME I was crazy and perverted."

"No more crazy and perverted than I am," Jamie admitted. "I'm not telling you that you should fuck Fitz again, but I am telling you to follow your heart, which is the advice that any best friend would give."

"I love you, girl!" Sandra stated, mashing their huge tits together as they hugged.

"Love you more!" Jamie answered.

Fitz was on a private little beach area a short distance from the picnic spot. He had his fishing line cast out, but didn't look like he was having much luck.

"There you are!" he heard his mom say as she stepped up the tiny trail towards him.

"Damn...look at you!" he answered, staring at his mom with wide eyes.

Sandra wore a skimpy micro bikini. It was red, her son's favorite color. The triangular-shaped cups of the top only covered a small portion of her ginormous tits. This caused her ballooning milkers to wobble deliciously as she walked. The bottoms were molded to her crotch, creating a delightful camel-toe. The thin red straps crossed her wide swaying hips, forming what Fitz knew must be a thong in the back.

"Is that why you wanted to know my favorite color?" he asked.

"Maybe," she answered teasingly.

"That's quite the scandalous bikini, mom," Fitz commented.

"I know...that's why I wanted to come over here, away from the kids AND your father, to lay out in it and get some sun," Sandra said, stepping past him, towards a sandy area of the tiny cove.

"You won't hear any complaints out of me," Fitz said, followed the sway of her ass with his eyes. His suspicions were correct. The thin red string of a thong disappeared between the cheeks of his mom's luscious, undulating derriere. He watched her spread out a towel on the sand and sprawl out on her tummy.

"I didn't think I would I would hear any complaints," she teased, feeding him a sly smile.

“Better be careful,” Fitz warned. “You might attract some hot guy out here who wants to make it with you on your back seat.”

Sandra frowned. “Are you still mad at me about that?”

“No, it was just a joke, mom,” he answered, casting his line back out.

“Good...but if you're still feeling like I haven't done enough to earn your silence, I would understand...and be willing to do more, if I needed to,” she offered.

Fitz smiled. Yesterday his mom was begging him not to ask for sexual favors from her, now she was practically offering them up to him. “Well, um...what kind of ‘more’ did you have in mind?” he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders cutely, with her big tits squashed beneath her, bulging out between her and her towel.. “Oh, I don't know...if you feel like I still haven't done enough, I could...bend over and let you take me from behind,” she suggested.

“Really?! Out here?”

“Not because I want you to, of course, but just so you can feel like I've really earned the right to be forgiven.”

“If you feel like you need to be pounded doggy-style to make things right, I'm certainly not gonna argue with you, mom,” Fitz stated, peering over at her nearly naked bubble butt.

“Of course...if you'd rather keep fishing than feel my ass beat against you, I'd understand,” she teased, kicking up one sexy leg and waving her toes towards the sky.

“Fuck that!” Fitz answered, throwing his pole down and stepping over near his sunning mother. He looked towards the picnic area. “Are you sure this is a safe spot though?”

Before Sandra left the picnic area, Jamie had agreed to text her if any of the kids or husbands were wandering their direction. So she felt confident that this was a safe, discreet spot to get nasty with her son in the wild. “Don't worry. No one will bother us down here,” she whispered.

Fitz licked his lips in lust, staring down at his mom's meaty thonged ass. “I'm gonna smack that ass some more, especially if we're doing it doggy. You know that, right?” he bold asked.

His mom rose up on her hands and knees, pointing her big fleshy buttocks back at him. “Do what you need to do. I wanna earn your forgiveness, and I realize that's gonna take some real effort on my part.”

Fitz was shocked at the fact that his mom was encouraging his nasty behavior, especially because of how reluctant she was at first. However, he certainly wasn't about to question it. He quickly removed his trunks and his boner sprung out from loins as stiff as a tree branch. He loved the way his mom was peeking back at it, with desire in her eyes.

“You like looking at this thing, don't you, mom?” he asked, wagging it back and forth.

Her gaze drifted up into his eyes. “Would you like me to say yes? Would you like to hear nasty, dirty things come out of my mouth, that would get you even more excited than you are?” she asked.

“Would you do that?”

“If you slapped me on the ass and told me to do it, yes. I told you...I'm willing to make the effort to be fully forgiven by you, Fitz.”

“Well in that case...” the boy said, lowering to his knees behind her and SMACKING her lovely ass as hard as he could. “Talk dirty to me, whore!”

“Is that what I am, baby...a whore?” she asked. “A slut for your big fucking cock?”

Fitz's mouth fell open. “Whoa!” he muttered, feeling like he should pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this.

“What?” Sandra asked, giggling at his reaction.

“I've never heard you talk that way.”

“Well, things are different now,” she stated in a seductive tone. “I'm trying to earn back the trust of my son, by letting him shove his big cock up my tight cunt, while saying nasty fucking words to him.”

“Righteous!” the boy sighed.

“You never answered my question,” Sandra said, staring back with her brilliant blue eyes. “Is mommy a whore for your big fucking cock?”

“Yes she is!” he answered, reaching out with both hands and taking two great big handfuls of fatty ass-flesh.

“Get my thong off then,” she mewled. “Peel my thong down my ass, then sock your fat prick through my pussy-hole.”

“Gladly!” the boy snarled, grasping the thin straps of her bottoms and yanking them down over her rounded ass. His mom lifted her knees from the towel one at a time, so he could pull them completely off. He brought the dainty red gusset to his nose and inhaled.

“Ahhhh, shit!” he sighed letting the wonderful cuntal aroma sweep through his nasal passage. He did this while staring at the outer pair of labial folds dividing her pudendal cleft. Her rounded mommy-buns were slightly spread, exposing the pink elastic ring of her butthole.

Sandra continued to peek back at him, watching him enjoy her feminine aroma. “Does that smell get you worked up, baby?” she asked. “Does it make you wanna shove your face between my shaved cunt lips and kiss the hole you came out of?”

“Best idea ever!” the boy excitedly answered, tossing her bottoms aside and diving face-first against his mom's pussy. He followed her suggestion to a tea, nudging his face through her cuntal fissure, into the vestibule, and kissing her hot, juicy hole.

Sandra gasped; her eyes rolling back in their sockets as she felt her boy's tongue whipping at her horny fuck hole. When his licker plowed down across her swollen love-button, she thought she might lose her fucking mind. “That's it, honey...eat at that pussy. Get it ready for a hard cock-pounding!” she cried out.

The teen was on cloud nine, inhaling his mom's fragrant folds, while lapping away at her pussy. He sucked her grape-size clitoris into his mouth, feeling it throb against his tongue. Her thick cuntal petals were flanking his face. He sucked and pulled on those also, snarling as he enjoyed the tangy-flavored flesh in his mouth.

"I've been such a naughty girl and I want your forgiveness so bad," Sandra cooed. "Maybe you should lick my asshole too, baby. I owe that to you."

Fitz licked his way up across her perineum, to the budding ring of her asshole. He tongued it really good, feeling it throb against his lashing licker.

"Are you ready to doggy-dick me, honey?" she asked. "Are you ready to smash your boner through my juicy cunt-hole?"

"Fuck yes!" the boy hissed, kneeling upright and mounting his mom's haunches.

Sandra's tongue was nearly hanging out in anxious lust. "Plow your fat knob through my cunt-slit and against my clit first. Rub our pleasure-bulbs together, baby!"

Fitz did just that, feeling his mom's slick, aroused genitalia against his sensitive glans. "I'm gonna fuck you now, mom. I'm gonna fuck you like a whore!" he announced.

Juice that had secreted from Sandra's Skene Glands wet her boy's cock as it squeezed into her spongy cunt-hole. "Ohhh, fuck!" Fitz exhaled, feeling his pink slab travel along the hot ribbed walls of her vagina.

Sandra let out a sharp pleasure-gasp as she felt her boy's barbed tip smash against the puffy ring at the head of her cervix. Before the boy could even start thrusting, the mindlessly horny mother began throwing her ass back on him.

"Yes!" Fitz gasped, grasping her humping hips and meeting her with thrusts of his own. His mom's fatty ass-cheeks SMACKED against his midsection repeatedly as they found a satisfying fuck-rhythm.

"Oh, shit!" the teen sighed, looking down and watching his juice-slickened cock appear, then disappear inside his mom's wilding- humping cunt.

"That's what you like, isn't it, baby?" Sandra panted, looking back over her shoulder, while screwing her clutching pussy back on him. "A nice tight pussy to beat your dick through!"

"Oh, hell yes!" the boy responded, watching the mouthwatering flesh of her rounded buttocks ripple every time it smacked against him.

"You probably didn't think mommy was gonna put out again, did you?" Sandra asked. "That's not the case. You saved my marriage, by promising not to tell your father what you saw. Mommy owes you a piece of her pussy anytime you want it, baby."

"Seriously?! Well, I uh...won't argue with that, mom," her son said, spearing his dick into her.

"Untie my top, honey. Let my tits out!" his mom shouted breathlessly.

All Fitz needed to do was reach down and untie her tit-sling. Her dangling boobs did the rest as they swung pendulously, tossing the dainty top onto the towel beneath her.

“Sweet! Now I can do THIS...” Fitz stated, leaning over, reaching under and grasping on to his mom's giant, dangling boobs. His fingers sunk into the fatty meat, pinching at her engorged teats.

“Yes! Squeeze those breasts, baby! Hold on to those hooters, while you pound the fuck outta me!” Sandra cried out.

Fitz's cock flexed as it plowed against his mom's vaginal walls. Pre-cum drooled from his piss-slit as he enjoyed the exquisite pleasure the texture of his mom's pussy walls were giving him. For Sandra, it was equally as intense. Friction on her vaginal tissue and their clusters of pleasure sensors made the root of her clitoris tingle. Her perennial sponge, between her vagina and rectum ached in arousal as her boy stretched it with each mighty plunge of his cock.

Naked on the beach, they fucked like lusty animals, their writhing bodies glistening in the sun.

Sandra's fuck-tube was slick with secretions. Fitz felt his mom's pelvic floor muscles bulge forward, then retract with arousal, over and over. This tightened the corrugated sleeve of her cunt, creating even more friction around his penile glans.

“Oh, fuck, your pussy feels good, mom!” he whimpered.

“Wanna cum together, baby?” she replied, peeking back at him. “I'm getting close, and I can tell you are too, by the way your cock is twitching inside by birthing tube.”

“You better be ready quick then, because you've got me all worked up.”

Sandra knew she was close to a toe-curling orgasm, but reached under and rubbed her clit to speed up the process even more. “Tell me when you're ready!” she gasped.

“Ahhh!” the boy delightfully sighed, his eyes rolling back as his mom flexed her cunt muscles, making her spongy cuntal lining gnaw at his stiff cock.

“I'm cumming! I'm gonna fucking explode in you!” The boy grunted, thrusting wildly and making their juicy genitals pound together.

“YES! GIVE ME YOUR BABY-NECTAR!” Sanda cried out as she too surrendered to her own full-body orgasm.

“UUGGHH!!” the teen grunted, hosing out a big fat ribbon of spunk inside his mom.

Sandra let out an orgasmic scream that echoed across the lake. Her body writhed and trembled wonderfully. Her genital pleasure-centers ignited around the fat cum-spurting erection that was plunging through the center of it all. After several body-trembling minutes, the boy pulled his cock out.

“Hot damn, mom!” the boy sighed, gazing down at the girl-cum literally dripping off his penis.

“Was it a good piece of pussy, baby,” she winked, standing up and putting her bottoms back on.

“Unbelievable piece!” he answered.

They arrived back at the picnic area together. Sandra was wearing a bikini cover up that she had brought with her.

"We heard you scream," her husband said. "Thought maybe you got attacked by a grizzly or something."

"No...just a savage teenager," Sandra answered, sharing a knowing smile with her friend Jamie. "I screamed after he threw me right into that cold lake water."

"Hold her under next time," Reid joked, making Jamie's husband bust a gut laughing.

"Oh, there WILL be a 'next time,' won't there, honey?" the mother asked, gazing into Fritz's eyes wantonly.

"Sure, and you think I was rough with you earlier, just wait until next time," he teased.

"Oh, sounds like I'll do a lot more screaming then," the mother stated in an exaggerated manner, then quickly brought her lips to her boy's ear. "I fucking love it rough," she whispered.