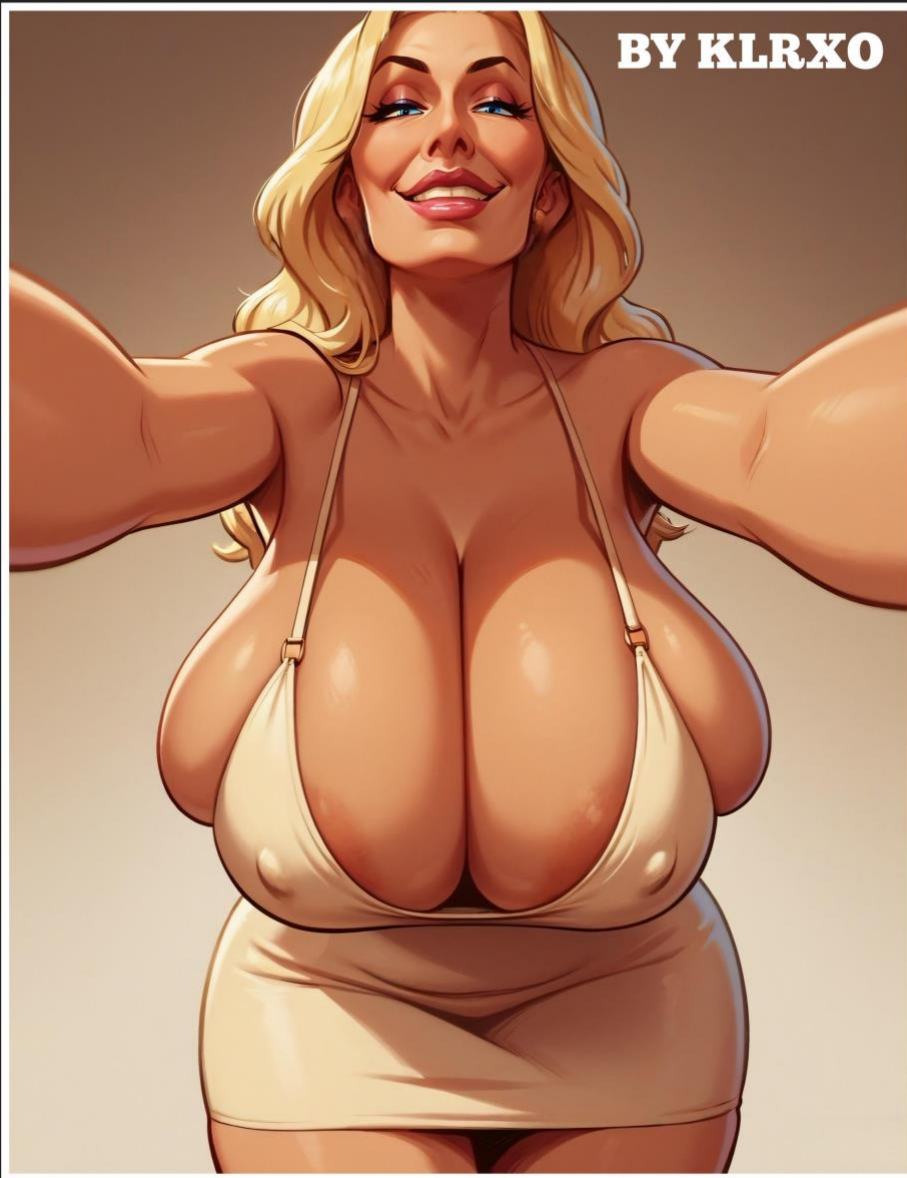


# CHARLIE'S HOLE

BY KLRXO



## SUPERSIZED

## Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED

By Klrxo

“Oh, I don't fucking know!” Sherry exclaimed in a burst of frustration, setting the sleek smart-watch back down on the glossy display case. The soft hum of the department store filled the air around them, punctuated by the distant chatter of other shoppers.

“Did you change your mind... again?” Barb inquired, standing close to her best friend amidst the aisles of high-tech gadgets. Her voice carried a teasing lilt as she observed Sherry's indecision.

“He didn't really ask for a smart watch, so why should I spend all that money on one?” Sherry reasoned, her tone a mix of practicality and uncertainty.

“What DID he ask for, a blow up doll?” Barb continued, her curiosity piqued as they began to stroll together through the store. Their dainty designer heels clicked rhythmically on the polished floor, echoing slightly in the vast space. The elegant shoes cradled their beautiful tan feet, each toenail meticulously painted with a glossy finish. Short pleated skirts swayed around thick juicy bubble butts, gracefully draping over their strong, freshly-shaved legs. Light turtlenecks hugged trim torsos and giant meaty tits, the indentations of their fat nipples clearly visible through the snug fabric.

“You know what he asked for... video games. What else would he want?” Sherry replied, a hint of exasperation in her voice as she brushed a strand of her platinum-blonde hair away from her pretty face, the strands gleaming under the store's bright lights.

“Then buy him a video game and be done,” Barb suggested, her tone pragmatic as she offered a simple solution.

“And enable a bad habit that he already spends WAY too much time doing? I don't think so. I really wanna buy him something out of the box this year. Something different,” Sherry explained, her voice laced with determination to find the perfect gift. “I mean, he's turning 18; that's kind of a big deal.”

“Well, you can always do like a lot of moms are doing and buy Charlie a glory hole,” Barb joked, her laughter making her ballooning MILF tits jiggle.

“Very funny!” Sherry retorted, a smile tugging at the corners of her lips despite herself.

“I'm dead serious. My sister bought one for her son, and from what I've heard, he fucking loves it!”

“Wait... are we actually discussing a literal hole in the wall where a guy sticks his cock through?”

“Yes, a literal hole in the wall, with a female on the other side, ready to suck and fuck the cum from his balls. That's exactly what we're discussing,” Barb confirmed with unwavering certainty.

“Hold on a sec,” Sherry interjected, abruptly halting. “Firstly... how does one even go about purchasing something like that, and secondly... if your sister bought her son a glory hole, who the fuck is the woman on the other side?”

“Apparently, there's a company dedicated to this, and they install them wherever you want. As for your second question... who do you think is on the other side? My sister!”

“Your sister? But... isn't the woman on the other side supposed to be servicing dick?”

“Yep!” Barb nodded, her grin spreading wide.

“Oh my god, Barb! Your sister is sucking her own son's dick?!”

"Among other things, yes!" Barb replied with an unsettling ease.

"Among other things?! Don't tell me she's actually giving him pussy too?"

"Oh, come on, Sherry, don't act so shocked. We both know at least half a dozen moms who are riding the cock train to nasty town with their sons, while their husbands are at work."

"Yes, we do, but we're not talking about your sister or those other moms. We're talking about ME and my son, remember?"

"Yes, your son, Charlie, who, might I remind you, has been stealing your panties to beat off with since he hit puberty," Barb stated bluntly.

"So you think I should encourage such behavior by just drilling a fucking hole in the wall for his enjoyment?"

"There doesn't even have to be sex involved," Barb insisted, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "The hole could be just for Charlie to sneak peeks at you getting naked now and then."

"I am not turning my house into a strip club," Sherry shot back, her voice firm.

"The point is, it's an outrageously untraditional gift... and you WERE looking for something different for him, right?" Barb pressed, her words dripping with persuasion.

"Well, a glory hole is definitely in the 'different' category," Sherry admitted, her voice laced with disbelief. "You said there's a company that actually installs these things?"

"Yep, that's what my sister told me. These glory holes are more than just a hole cut into the wall. Certainly not something you buy from your local Home Depot. This company is totally legit," Barb assured, her grin widening like a Cheshire cat. "Why, is Mrs. prim and proper actually considering it now?"

“Are you kidding? Dave would lose his mind if he ever found something like that in our house.”

“It’s not like it’s a blatant hole in the wall. The one they did for my sister’s son is so well concealed, you’d never spot it. They cap it with something that blends seamlessly with the wall.”

“Even so... if my husband discovered it, how on earth would I explain that?”

“Who says you need to explain anything?” Barb countered. “If he finds it, just act clueless. He’ll think it was something the perverted previous owners left behind.”

Sherry couldn't believe she was actually entertaining the idea, but she figured getting more information on the product wouldn't hurt, even if the idea was scandalous.

“Alright, get that website from your sister,” Sherry relented, her curiosity piqued. “I’m not saying I’m buying one, but I’ll at least take a look at what it’s all about.”

“I knew it,” Barb giggled, giving her friend a mischievous wink. “You’re buying one.”

“I didn’t say that!” Sherry smirked.

“You don't have to. I can see that naughty twinkle in your eye,” Barb stated in amusement. “I know you as well as you know yourself, Sher.”

Sherry knew it was true. The two were like sisters who even shared sex toys and masturbated together from time to time. But purchasing such a gift for her son had to be a decision and commitment that was hers and hers alone.

Charlie, Sherry's son, was a pervert. He had a raging hard-on for busty MILFs with massive tits and rounded asses. He'd jerk off three times a day to dirty MILF porn he found online. The irony? The hottest MILF in town was right under his roof - his own mom, Sherry. He constantly fantasized about ramming his thick cock into her pussy or tight asshole. He imagined her massive tits bouncing on her chest while he fucked her senseless.

"Charlie... dinner's ready!" her sweet voice called from the kitchen.

Chaos was ensuing downstairs. His younger siblings were always screeching about some bullshit, while his dad complained about work.

" Kids... enough please!" Charlie's mother patiently snapped as she brought dinner to the table, her dainty stiletto heels tapping against the wood floor.

"Looks delicious, babe," Charlie's dad, Dave, complimented, as his wife served them each a plate.

"Thanks. I tried this new recipe that Barb told me about."

Sherry knew Charlie's eyes were always glued to her at dinner. She would constantly catch him staring at her jiggling ass or bouncy tits. But before investing in something like a glory hole for him to spy through, she wanted to be sure he'd actually use it. The hot mom decided to test the waters and see if her son really wanted to see her body naked.

"Did you wash your hands, sweetie?" she inquired, standing just beside him and ladling food onto his plate.

"Yes, ma'am," Charlie replied, glancing up at her. It was then he noticed how low her blouse was unbuttoned, revealing an tremendous display of creamy tit-cleavage. What he wouldn't give to bury his face between those watermelon-sized udders and never come up for air.

His mom caught his eye, her luscious pink lips curling into a knowing smile, prompting him to avert his gaze with a blush.

Throughout dinner, Sherry lost count of how many times she'd caught her son stealing glances at her ridiculously-sized rack. *“Well, at least I know for sure now that a peephole would definitely get used,”* she mused to herself. *“I wonder if it's just my big tits or if there are other parts of me that captivate him?”*

“Charlie, would you mind helping me with the dishes, sweetheart?” she asked him once dinner was over and the others had left.

“No, not at all,” he responded, watching her bubble butt sway beneath her skirt as she sauntered towards the sink.

As Sherry began putting away the dried dishes, she deliberately dropped a few pieces of silverware onto the floor. “Oh, damn... I’m such a klutz. Would you mind picking those up for me, sweetie?” she asked.

Charlie dropped to his knees, eager to gather the scattered silverware. Being the perverted fuck that he was, he couldn't help but fixate on his mom's legs, glistening with a fresh tan. Her toned muscles screamed of strength, and her short skirt left little to the imagination.

He inched closer, angling for a view beneath her skirt. His eyes widened as he glimpsed her barely-there panties, the fabric stretched tautly across her plump mound. Her pussy lips bulged against the material, the crease of her slit clearly visible. He could see soft, supple flesh spilling from the edges of her panties, begging to be touched.

The scent of lemon- fresh soap suds clung to the air as Sherry, scrubbed the dishes with a gentle rhythm. She cast a glance over her shoulder, her eyes landing on her son, who was crouched low, taking a peek up her skirt. "You better not let your father catch you doing that, Charlie," she said, her voice a warm blend of amusement and warning.

Charlie shot up like a jack-in-the-box, his cheeks flushing a guilty pink. "Doing what?" he asked, feigning ignorance with wide, innocent eyes.

Sherry chuckled, as she gazed him in the eyes mischievously. "You know what," she said, turning back to her task.

Charlie sighed and resumed drying the dishes, the towel making a soft, swishing sound against the ceramic plates. After a moment, Sherry broke the silence, her voice casual yet probing. "Do you peek under girls' skirts at school too, honey? Trying to catch a glimpse of their pussies through their panties?"

Charlie's hands stilled, his shock palpable. "No, ma'am," he muttered, his ears turning a deep shade of crimson.

Sherry turned to look at him, her eyes soft and understanding. "You don't have to lie to me, sweetie," she said gently. "I know how curious you are about girls' bodies."

Charlie swallowed hard, his grip tightening on the towel. "I wouldn't lie to you, mom" he lied, his voice barely above a whisper.

Sherry turned back to her dishes, her hands moving in a steady, practiced rhythm. "Have you ever seen a girl naked?" she asked, her tone conversational. "A real girl, not one of those plastic women on the internet."

Charlie's breath hitched, his heart pounding in his chest. "No," he admitted, his voice barely audible. "I've never seen a girl naked in person."

Sherry looked at him, her eyes searching his face. "Well, what if you did?" she asked, her voice soft. "Would probably make your penis hard? Would it make you wanna touch yourself, Charlie?"

Charlie's blush deepened, spreading down to his neck. "Mom, that's kinda personal," he mumbled, his eyes fixed on the dish in his hands.

Sherry laughed, a sound like tinkling bells. "So is what's going on beneath my skirt," she said, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "But that didn't stop you, did it?"

Charlie's lips pressed into a thin line, his silence an admission of guilt. He shook his head, a small, almost imperceptible movement.

"Then answer my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you jerk off and give yourself pleasure, while you watch her?" the mother persisted.

"Probably," Charlie admitted, hardly believing his mom was asking such questions.

"While your beating off... would you imagine that you're manhood is inside her pussy – that you're having hot, nasty sex with her?" the mother asked.

"Mom!" Charlie blushed, hardly able to look her in the eyes.

"Charlie, you're gonna be 18 in two days. Technically, you'll be an adult," Sherry reminded him. "Do you wanna have an ADULT conversation with me, or should I keep treating you like a boy?"

Charlie was proud of the fact that he was nearly 18. He certainly didn't wanna be treated like a little kid anymore. "I can have an adult conversation," he answered, forcing himself to look over at her.

"Good... and I can use adult language with you and you won't be embarrassed?"

"Yes," he responded with a decisive nod.

"I'm glad to hear that," the mother smiled. "So back to my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you imagine that you're fucking her? Using her body like a sex toy?"

Charlie's heart skipped a beat. He had only heard his mom say "fuck" once before and it certainly wasn't in this context.

"Well... would you?" his mom asked impatiently.

"Yes, if she was hot," he timidly replied.

"Define 'hot' for me," his mom asked. "What color would her hair be?"

"Blonde."

"Blonde... like mine?" Sherry asked, running her finger through her silky platinum blonde hair.

"Yes."

"Hmn. What else? Would she have big boobs... a thick ass maybe?" Sherry asked candidly.

"Yes, both of those," Charlie answered blushing, glancing at his mom's huge melons, which seemed ready to burst from her top at any moment.

"Would she tease you with her big titties, sweetie? Is that something you fantasize about?"

Charlie was still in awe that he was even having this conversation with his sexy mom. He could hardly answer his heart was beating so fast.

"Charlie?" his mom asked, peeking over at him.

"Sorry, um... yes, she would be teasing me with them for sure."

"How so?" She asked, turning towards him curiously so her giant melons separated the distance between them. "The same way those big tit porn stars tease on the internet?"

"Yeah," Charlie replied, gulping as he gazed at the canyon of cleaved tit-meat looming beside him.

“And what do they do, sweetheart? What do those online sluts do with their heavy tits that you like so much?” Sherry asked.

Charlie was too embarrassed to look his mom in the eyes as the answer slipped from his lips. “Swing them back and forth.”

“Oh, I see. You like that, huh?” his mom asked, smiling over at him. “When a woman swings her big naked tits back and forth for you?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Does it make your penis get big and stiff when you watch that?” she asked, her brilliant blue eyes peeking down at the lewd bulge in his pants.

“Uh-huh!” Charlie nodded.

“How old are these girls that swing their tits for you online, sweetie?” his mother asked, already knowing the answer.

“A lot older than I am,” Charlie replied.

“A lot older, huh? Are they my age?” Sherry asked with a curious smile.

“Most of them, yes.”

Sherry leaned back against the counter, making her mommy-milkers jut out even further. She rubbed his arm tenderly. “And what do you call a woman my age that you wanna get nasty with, Charlie?” she asked.

“A MILF.”

“And what's that stand for?” Sherry asked with a naughty grin, dying to hear her son answer. “Come on, Charlie... you can say it. We're having an adult conversation, remember? Tell me what MILF stands for.”

Charlie took a nervous gulp, then spit it out. “Mom I'd like to... fuck,” he muttered.

Sherry thrust her huge tits out, closing the distance between them so her protruding nipples grazed his chest as they pushing out from beneath the fabric. “Do you know lots of moms you'd like to fuck, sweetie?” she asked in sexy tone. “Real moms, not internet moms?”

“Yeah, um... some,” he answered.

“Do you like to imagine that they're cheating on their husbands with you?” Sherry asked, curling her leg behind him and running her sexy bare foot up the back his leg. “That they're letting you between their spread-open thighs so you can pound your hard penis inside them and make them scream out in pleasure?”

“That would be... um... amazing!” the boy gulped, hardly able to breathe he was so turned on by his mom's questions.

“What if it were an older woman you were close to... someone who you saw a lot... would you wanna see her naked and fuck her hard too?”

The teen nodded with hesitation. “Yes, if she'd let me.”

Charlie's dad suddenly walked in, causing him and his mother to quickly separate and begin working on dishes again. “Anything I can do to help?” Dave asked.

“Nope. We just about have it finished, honey,” his wife answered, glancing at her son conspiratorially.

As they finished the last of the dishes, Sherry's mind was swirling with thoughts. Their intimate conversation had confirmed what she already suspected - her son was lusting after MILFs, and likely fantasizing about fucking her too. The way his eyes devoured her body left little doubt.

Maybe installing a glory hole for his birthday wasn't such an outrageous idea after all. It would give him an outlet for his raging teenage hormones and perverse desires.

The following week, Sherry found herself sitting at the kitchen table across from a well-dressed woman with an air of professional confidence. The saleslady, introducing herself as Candace, had arrived promptly for their scheduled consultation while the house was empty.

"So tell me a bit about your son Charlie's...naughty obsession," Candace began, her pen poised over a sleek tablet as she prepared to take notes. "The more we understand what gets him off, the better we can tailor our installation to suit his needs."

Sherry shifted uncomfortably in her seat, the topic still feeling surreal and taboo. "Well, as I mentioned on the phone, he's been using my panties for quite some time now. Sniffing them. Tasting them. I've caught him red-handed on multiple occasions."

Candace nodded, unfazed by the revelation. "That's quite common, actually. Many of our clients' sons exhibit similar behavior. It's a natural curiosity at his age. What else have you noticed?"

Emboldened by Candace's nonjudgmental demeanor, Sherry continued, "I've overheard him...jerking off...on more than one occasion. Always when he thinks no one is home or when everyone's asleep."

"Perfectly normal," Candace assured her, jotting down a few notes. "And have you ever caught him trying to sneak a peek while you're undressing or in a state of undress?"

Sherry's cheeks flushed at the memory. "There was one incident...I had just stepped out of the shower when I heard a noise. I peeked out and saw Charlie's reflection in the mirror, watching me from the doorway."

"Excellent," Candace remarked, a smile playing on her lips. "It seems your son has a healthy fascination with the female form, particularly yours. Which means a glory hole, appropriately placed, is something he would definitely utilize."

Sherry's brow furrowed. "I'm still not entirely sure about this whole thing. It feels so...wrong...to encourage this kind of perverted behavior."

Candace reached across the table, placing a reassuring hand on Sherry's. "Mrs. Thompson, I assure you, you're not alone in these concerns. But let me ask you this...would you rather your son continue to steal your panties and spy on you without your consent, or would you prefer to provide him with a safe, controlled outlet for his natural urges?"

Sherry pondered the question, her resolve slowly crumbling. "I suppose when you put it that way..."

"Trust me," Candace said, her voice smooth as silk, "our glory holes have prevented many awkward situations. By giving your son this gift, you're showing him that you understand and accept his needs. It's a beautiful thing, really."

"So, tell me more about how all this works," Sherry said, anxious to hear more.

Candace leaned forward, her expression serious yet understanding. "We offer three distinct types of installations, each designed to cater to different levels of...interaction." She tapped her pen against the tablet, pulling up a series of images.

"The first option is our Peephole Package. As the name suggests, this is purely for visual stimulation. A small, discreet opening is installed at eye level, allowing your son to observe without any physical contact. Many of our clients find this to be a good starting point."

Sherry nodded, her eyes fixed on the screen. The idea of Charlie watching her through a hole in the wall that only they knew about sent a forbidden thrill through her body.

"The second option," Candace continued, "is our Oral Fixation Package. This includes the peephole, but with an additional opening at waist height. This allows for...shall we say...more intimate interactions. Your

son would be able to experience the pleasure of oral stimulation without the complexities of a full physical encounter."

Sherry swallowed hard, her mind racing with the implications. The thought of her own son's cock passing through that opening, into her waiting mouth...it was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"And finally," Candace said, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "we have our Full Access Package. This is our most comprehensive installation, featuring a much larger opening and bench on each side strategically placed to accommodate a wide range of sexual activities. With this option, you and your son can explore the full spectrum of physical intimacy, all while maintaining a small degree of separation and anonymity."

Sherry's heart pounded in her chest as she pictured the scene: Charlie, his youthful body pressing against the wall, his hardness penetrating the opening, entering her...

"I...I don't know," she stammered, her face flushed with a mixture of shame and arousal. "It's all so overwhelming to even think about."

Candace smiled, her eyes glinting with understanding. "Of course it is. This is a big decision. But let me assure you, Mrs. Thompson...whichever package you choose, you'll be giving your son a gift that will shape his sexual development in a positive, healthy way. You'll be the mother he always dreamed of...in every sense of the word."

Sherry took a deep breath, considering her options. She wanted a memorable gift for Charlie, and this would certainly be that. She shook her reservations aside and made a decision that she knew would be best for her son.

"I think the Peephole Package would be the best fit for now," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "I want Charlie to be able

to...to see me...from time to time. But I love my husband, and I couldn't betray our marriage vows with anything more than that."

Candace nodded, her expression one of gentle understanding. "Of course, Mrs. Thompson. The Peephole Package is a wonderful choice, and it's the one most of our clients start with. It allows for that intimate visual connection without crossing any physical boundaries."

She made a note on her tablet, then looked up with a knowing smile. "And remember, you can always upgrade later if you find yourself wanting more. Many of our moms do, once they see how positively their sons respond to the initial installation."

Sherry felt a flutter of excitement mixed with trepidation at the thought. The idea of Charlie's eyes on her, drinking in her naked form, was undeniably thrilling. But the prospect of things escalating further...of his youthful hardness penetrating the wall, seeking her warmth...it was almost too much to contemplate.

"Let's just stick with the Peephole for now," she said firmly, as if trying to convince herself as much as Candace. "I think that's plenty to start with."

Candace nodded, her smile never wavering. "Absolutely. We'll get the installation scheduled, and before you know it, you'll be giving Charlie the gift of a lifetime. Trust me, Mrs. Thompson...you're about to embark on a journey that will bring you and your son closer than you ever thought possible."

Sherry swallowed hard, her mind swirling with a heady mix of anticipation and fear. She knew she was stepping into uncharted territory, crossing lines she never thought she'd even approach. But the hunger in her son's eyes, the aching need she'd seen in those furtive glances and stolen moments...it called to something deep within her, something primal and irresistible.

As they walked through the house, Candace took in the elegant decor and spacious layout. It was clear the Thompsons were a well-to-do family with impeccable taste. But what caught her eye even more was Sherry herself.

The blonde-haired beauty moved with a graceful confidence, her curvaceous figure drawing the eye like a magnet. Her gigantic tits strained against the fabric of her blouse with each step, the rounded globes defying gravity in a way that seemed almost supernatural. And when she turned, her skirt hugged the generous curves of her rounded ass, the taut flesh jiggling ever so slightly with each stride.

It was no wonder her son was obsessed, Candace mused silently. With a mother like Sherry, what red-blooded young man could resist the temptation to sneak a peek, to drink in the forbidden sight of her naked splendor?

As they toured the upper floor, Candace studied the layout with a critical eye. Sherry led her into the master bedroom, a spacious oasis of luxury with a king-sized bed and plush carpeting.

"This is the master bedroom," Sherry explained, gesturing around the room. "And over here is my walk-in closet." She opened the door to reveal a fashionista's dream, with rows of designer clothes, shoes, and accessories neatly arranged.

Candace stepped inside, running her hand along the wall that separated the closet from the adjoining room. "And what's on the other side of this wall?" she asked, her tone casual but pointed.

Sherry blinked, caught off guard by the question. "Oh, that's Charlie's room. His closet backs up to mine."

A slow smile spread across Candace's face. "Mrs. Thompson, I believe we've found the perfect spot for the installation." She turned to face Sherry, her eyes glinting with excitement. "Think about it - the closets

provide the ideal cover. You can slip in here anytime, and Charlie can access the peephole from the privacy of his own space.”

Sherry's heart raced at the thought. The idea of Charlie watching her from the shadows of his closet, his eyes drinking her in as she undressed mere feet away... it was thrilling and taboo all at once.

"I suppose you're right," she managed, her voice thick with a desire she couldn't quite suppress. "The closets do seem like the most private spot for this."

Candace nodded, her smile widening. "Once we install the peephole, this space will become a sanctuary for you and Charlie. A place where you can connect on a level deeper than words, where the lines between mother and son blur and something new and beautiful emerges."

She ran her fingers along the wall again, as if picturing the opening that would soon be there. "And who knows? In time, you may find yourself craving more than just his gaze. The Peephole Package is only the beginning...”

Candace pulled out her tablet, quickly navigating to a series of images showcasing the various features of the Peephole Package. "Now, let me walk you through some of the specifics," she began, her voice taking on a professorial tone.

"First and foremost, the peephole itself is a marvel of engineering. It's not just a simple hole in the wall - it's a high-tech optical device that allows for crystal-clear viewing from the other side. The lens is designed to provide a wide-angle view, so Charlie will be able to take in every inch of your glorious body."

Sherry felt a flush creep up her neck at the thought, her skin prickling with a mixture of embarrassment and excitement.

"But that's not all," Candace continued, swiping to the next image. "The peephole comes equipped with a state-of-the-art zoom function. With

just a tap on his phone screen, Charlie can magnify any part of you that catches his eye. Imagine him honing in on the swell of your breasts, the curve of your hips, the most intimate parts of you..."

Sherry's breath caught in her throat, her mind conjuring up images of Charlie's hungry gaze roving over her body, zeroing in on her most private areas

"And for those times when Charlie wants a more... immersive experience," Candace went on, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "the peephole has a built-in microphone. He'll be able to hear every sigh, every moan, every whispered word that escapes your lips as you pleasure yourself mere inches away."

Sherry's knees felt weak at the thought, her core clenching with a sudden, desperate need. The idea of Charlie listening in on her most intimate moments, of him hearing the evidence of her arousal... it was almost too much to bear.

"Of course, discretion is key," Candace assured her, sensing her unease. "The microphone is equipped with a mute function, so you can control when and what Charlie hears. And the peephole itself is virtually undetectable from your side - just a tiny, innocuous dot on the wall, easily mistaken for a small imperfection in the paint."

She swiped to another image, this one showing a sleek, modern interface on a smartphone screen. "And here's where the real magic happens - the companion app. Once installed on Charlie's phone, it gives him complete control over his viewing experience. He can activate the peephole camera and microphone remotely, so he never has to miss a moment of your beauty."

Sherry's eyes widened at the implications. Charlie would have access to her at any time, day or night. The thought was both thrilling and terrifying.

"The app also includes a recording function," Candace added, her smile turning sly. "So if Charlie wants to relive a particularly memorable moment, or if he needs some... visual stimulation for his own private activities, he can save the footage for later viewing. All stored securely and encrypted, of course."

Sherry's mind reeled at the thought of Charlie rewatching her intimate moments, using the footage to fuel his own desires. It was a level of exposure she'd never contemplated before, a blurring of boundaries that both scared and excited her.

"I know it's a lot to take in," Candace said gently, sensing her inner turmoil. "But I promise you, Mrs. Thompson, this technology has been designed with the utmost care and consideration. We've thought of everything to ensure a safe, secure, and deeply satisfying experience for both you and Charlie."

Candace set down the tablet and met Sherry's gaze with a knowing look. "Now, there's one more important aspect we need to discuss - the wall treatment."

Sherry's brow furrowed in confusion. "Wall treatment? What do you mean?"

Candace smiled patiently. "Well, let's be frank. With a son as virile and eager as Charlie, that wall is going to see a lot of... activity. We need to make sure it's properly prepared for the onslaught of teenage enthusiasm, if you catch my drift."

Sherry's eyes widened as understanding dawned. "Oh. Oh my." She felt her cheeks heat at the thought of what Candace was implying.

"Don't worry, we've got it all figured out," Candace assured her. "We'll be applying a special polymer coating to the wall on Charlie's side. It's a high-tech material designed specifically for this purpose - to withstand

the rigors of repeated, shall we say, 'impacts' and to provide easy cleanup."

Sherry couldn't help but imagine the scene - Charlie, overcome with lust at the sight of her naked body, frantically stroking himself until he painted the wall with his youthful seed. The thought sent a forbidden thrill straight to her core.

"The coating is completely clear and won't affect the aesthetics of the wall," Candace continued. "But it will prevent any staining or damage from Charlie's... enthusiasm. And cleanup is a breeze - just a quick wipe with a damp cloth and it's good as new, ready for the next round."

Sherry marveled at the thoroughness of the company's approach. They really had thought of everything. "That's... that's good to know," she managed, her voice slightly strangled.

Candace nodded, her expression one of understanding. "Believe me, Mrs. Thompson, you're not the first mom to grapple with these realities. But that's why we're here - to make this whole process as seamless and stress-free as possible."

She reached out and gave Sherry's hand a reassuring squeeze. "By the time we're finished, Charlie's closet will be a veritable pleasure palace, equipped with everything he needs to explore his desires in a safe, controlled environment. And you'll be the star of the show - the object of his deepest, darkest fantasies come to life."

Sherry felt a rush of heat at the thought, her body responding to the taboo thrill of it all. She knew she was crossing a line, venturing into uncharted territory. But the hunger in Candace's eyes, the promise of forbidden delights, was too powerful to resist.

With the decision made, Sherry wasted no time in scheduling the installation. She knew she had to be cautious, to ensure that her husband

remained blissfully unaware of the forbidden gift she was about to bestow upon their son.

After careful consideration, she settled on a date when Dave would be away on a business trip, the kids safely ensconced in the routine of school. It was the perfect window of opportunity, a chance to transform her son's closet into a sanctuary of secret desires without fear of discovery.

The day of the installation arrived, and Sherry found herself pacing nervously in her bedroom as the technicians worked diligently in Charlie's closet. The hum of power tools and murmur of voices filtered through the wall, a tangible reminder of the forbidden transformation taking place mere feet away.

As the hours ticked by, Sherry's anticipation grew, mingling with a heady sense of trepidation. What would it be like, she wondered, to stand before that innocent-looking wall and know that her son's hungry gaze could be devouring her at any moment? The thought sent a shiver down her spine, a delicious mix of fear and excitement.

Finally, the lead technician emerged, a satisfied smile on his face. "All done, Mrs. Thompson," he announced, wiping his hands on his overalls. "The peephole is installed and fully operational. Here's a link to the companion app for your son to load onto his phone, so he'll be able to access the feed as soon as he gets home."

Sherry nodded, her throat suddenly dry. "Thank you," she managed, her voice barely above a whisper. "... I appreciate your discretion in all of this."

The technician chuckled, his eyes glinting with a knowing look. "Believe me, ma'am, we've seen it all. Your secret is safe with us." With a final nod, he and his team packed up their equipment and took their leave.

Charlie's birthday party went off without a hitch. The house was filled with the laughter and chatter of family and friends as they celebrated the young man's special day. Sherry played the perfect hostess, smiling and mingling with the guests, all the while feeling the weight of her secret pressing against her chest.

Amidst the bustling energy of the party, Sherry and Barb found their attention continually drawn to Charlie and his two friends seated across the room. The moms sipped their wine, their eyes discreetly roaming over the young men's lean, athletic builds, drinking in the sight of their toned muscles and the tantalizing bulges at their crotches.

The boys, for their part, couldn't keep their gazes from drifting to the two gorgeous MILFs. Sherry and Barb were the epitome of every teenage fantasy - their massive breasts straining against the confines of their low-cut blouses, their smooth, tanned legs crossed in a manner that was both elegant and seductive. The women seemed acutely aware of the effect they were having, their glossy lips curving into knowing smiles as they caught the boys staring.

"God, would you look at them," Barb murmured, leaning in close to Sherry's ear. "Those young studs look good enough to eat. Especially the birthday boy."

Sherry felt a flush of heat at her friend's words, her eyes flickering to Charlie. Her son was laughing at something one of his buddies had said, his handsome face alight with joy. But there was a hunger in his gaze as it slid back to her, a raw, unfiltered desire that made her breath catch.

"You're so bad," she whispered back to Barb, her voice thick with a longing she couldn't quite suppress. "Little does Charlie know he's about to get a birthday present he'll never forget."

Charlie's eyes locked with his mom's, their gazes smoldering with unspoken desire. He could see her and Barb whispering to each other, their eyes drifting over his body with a hunger that made his cock stiffen in his jeans. When Barb's gaze lingered pointedly on his crotch, Charlie's

imagination ran wild picturing what the two sexy MILFs must be discussing.

His eyes roamed up their curvaceous mommy-figures, taking in every luscious detail. He started at their dainty feet, admiring the way their stilettos cradled their sexy pedicured toes and accentuated their smooth, tanned calves. His gaze traveled higher, caressing the taut muscles of their thighs, barely concealed beneath their short skirts. Charlie pictured himself running his hands up those powerful legs, feeling them quiver under his touch.

Higher still his eyes wandered, to the tantalizing mounds of tit-flesh straining against their blouses. The fabric looked ready to burst, barely containing the giant ripe melons underneath. Charlie zeroed in on their fat nipples, clearly hardened peaks poking against the thin material. He imagined capturing one between his lips, suckling and teasing it to stiffness, his face sinking into the meat of her tit while his mom gasped and squirmed.

"Dude, your mom is so fucking hot," his friend Jake murmured, following Charlie's line of sight. "I'd give my left nut for a piece of that ass."

"Her friend too," Mike chimed in, practically drooling. "Those huge titties, man. I just wanna bury my face in them and motorboat till I pass out."

Charlie barely registered his buddies' crude comments, too entranced by the stunning MILFs eye-fucking him from across the room. His mom's plush lips curved into a secretive smile, her tongue darting out to wet them in a move that seemed deliberately provocative. Barb leaned in to whisper something else, her hand resting on his mom's thigh in a way that seemed almost possessive.

Charlie's mind spun with forbidden fantasies - thoughts of the two busty goddesses tangled together in a naked embrace, their hands and mouths exploring each other's most intimate places. He pictured himself joining them, his hard young cock disappearing between their bountiful breasts, into their eager mouths, their slick pussies.

"Charlie? Did you hear me?" Jake's voice cut through the haze of lust, jolting him back to reality.

"Sorry, what?" Charlie mumbled, reluctantly dragging his eyes away from the captivating sight of the MILFs.

"I said, you wanna head out with us and smoke this joint?" Jake held up a expertly rolled doobie, waggling his eyebrows.

Charlie hesitated, torn between the temptation of getting high with his buddies and the magnetic pull he felt towards his mom and Barb. "Nah man, I think I'm gonna stick around here for a bit," he finally said, his eyes drifting back to the curvaceous MILFs. "You guys go ahead though."

Jake and Mike exchanged a knowing look, smirking at their friend's obvious infatuation. "Alright dude, suit yourself," Jake shrugged, pocketing the joint. "Catch you later then."

As his friends said their goodbyes and filtered out with a few of the other guests, Charlie found himself alone in the room with his mom, Barb having slipped away to the restroom. Sherry sauntered over to him, her hips swaying seductively with each step.

"Did you have a good birthday, sweetie?" she purred, opening her arms for a hug.

Charlie stepped into her embrace, inhaling the intoxicating scent of her perfume as she enveloped him against her lush body. He couldn't suppress the shudder that ran through him as he felt himself literally sink into her giant, pillowy tits. The plush mounds enveloped his face and chest, surrounding him in warm, fragrant softness.

Sherry held him tighter, her fingers playing through his hair as she pressed him deeper into her cleavage. Charlie's head spun with the headiness of it, his cock hardening to a painful throb in his jeans. He could feel her nipples, stiff points against his cheek and chin, separated from his skin by only a thin layer of straining fabric.

He had to bite back a groan, his hips twitching involuntarily as he resisted the urge to grind himself against her. Sherry seemed to sense his struggle, a low chuckle vibrating through her chest. Her nails raked lightly against his scalp, sending sparks of pleasure radiating through his body.

"My sweet birthday boy," she whispered, her lips brushing against his ear.

"Thanks for the video game, mom!" Charlie stated, as he was unwrapped from his mom's embrace.

"That gift was actually from your brother and sisters, sweetie. I haven't given you my gift yet," she told him, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Oh... well there's no more presents over there," her son pointed out. "Where's your gift at?"

"My gift isn't wrapped," she said awkwardly. She looked around quickly to make sure her husband and other guests were occupied in the other room. "Can I um... see your phone?"

"My phone?"

"Don't worry... I'm not snooping. I just wanna download an app that's part of your gift from me."

"An app?" Charlie asked, handing his mom his cell phone, curious as hell about what she was downloading. "Is it a game?"

"No, sweetie," his mom giggled, "it's not a game. It's better than a game."

Charlie watched his mom's fat tits jiggle as she busied herself on his phone, wishing he could dive in and get lost between them. After a few minutes, she handed it back to him. "I installed an app on your phone," she told him in a hushed tone, "but PLEASE don't open it until you're alone in your room later, and never EVER show your father."

“Um... ok,” her boy muttered, confused by what it could be. After his mom walked away, he took a peek to see what the app was called. The picture was a dark circle, with a shiny gold outline around it. It was entitled “CHARLIE'S HOLE.”

After all the guests left, Charlie raced up to his room, his heart pounding with curiosity. As soon as the door clicked shut behind him, he pulled out his phone and tapped on the mysterious app his mother had installed - "CHARLIE'S HOLE".

The screen flickered to life, revealing a sleek, modern interface. A soothing female voice emanated from the speakers:

"Welcome, Charlie. You are about to embark on a journey of unparalleled pleasure and discovery. Your own personal glory hole awaits, ready to fulfill your deepest, darkest desires."

Charlie's eyes widened as the voice continued, guiding him through the features of the app. "Your glory hole is located in the wall between your closet and your mother's. Approach the wall and run your hand along the surface until you feel a slight indentation. That is your gateway to ecstasy."

With trembling fingers, Charlie slid open his closet door and stepped inside. He ran his palm over the smooth expanse of the wall, his breath hitching as he felt the subtle dip of the peephole. It was real. This was actually happening.

"To notify your viewing partner that you're ready, simply tap the 'Request Session' button on the main screen of the app," the voice instructed. "They will receive a discreet notification on their own device. Once they accept, the peephole will activate, and your voyeuristic adventure will begin."

Charlie navigated to the main screen, his thumb hovering over the glowing "Request Session" button. His mind raced with the implications.

Who would be on the other side of that wall? What forbidden sights awaited him?

Steeling himself with a deep breath, he tapped the button. A chime sounded, and a message flashed across the screen: "Session Requested. Awaiting Partner Confirmation."

Charlie's heart raced as he stared at the screen, watching the seconds tick by.

Downstairs, Sherry stood at the kitchen sink, her hands buried in soapy water as she washed the remnants of the birthday cake from the plates. Her husband Dave was beside her, drying and stacking the dishes with practiced efficiency.

Suddenly, Sherry felt her phone vibrate in her pocket. Her heart skipped a beat, knowing what that particular pattern meant. She dried her hands quickly, fumbling for her phone.

"Everything okay, hon?" Dave asked, noticing her sudden stillness.

"Yeah, just a text," Sherry replied, her voice carefully casual. "You know, I think I might go lie down for a bit. That party took a lot out of me. Would you mind finishing up here?"

Dave smiled, his eyes warm with affection. "Of course, babe. You go rest. I got this."

Sherry kissed him on the cheek, a pang of guilt twisting in her gut. If only he knew what she was about to do...

She made her way upstairs, each step feeling heavy with the weight of her decision. As she entered the bedroom, she locked the door behind her with a soft click. Her phone buzzed again, more insistent now.

With trembling fingers, she opened the notification. "Session Requested," it read, the words pulsing on the screen.

Sherry's thumb hovered over the "Accept" button, a final moment of hesitation. Was she really going to do this? Cross this final, irrevocable line?

With a deep breath, Sherry tapped "Accept." The screen flashed a confirmation - "Session Initiated. Peephole Active." There was no turning back now.

She stepped into her spacious walk-in closet, acutely aware of the tiny hole in the wall on the far side. Though she couldn't see it, she could feel the weight of Charlie's gaze, eagerly drinking in her every move.

Sherry stood still for a moment, her heart pounding, before she began her sensual strip tease. Without acknowledging the peephole, she slowly unzipped her skirt, letting it pool around her ankles. She stepped out of it gracefully, revealing her luscious bubble butt, barely contained by her lacy panties. The sheer fabric stretched taut across her round cheeks, the thong disappearing between them.

Sherry knew her ass was one of her best assets, a perfect heart shape crowning her long, toned legs. She turned slightly, giving Charlie a tantalizing side view. Her legs seemed to go on for miles, her sun-kissed skin smooth and flawless. She ran her hands along her thighs, caressing herself, imagining Charlie's quickening breath as he watched.

On the other side of the wall, Charlie stared transfixed through the peephole, hardly believing his eyes. There was his gorgeous mother, her spectacular ass on full display just for him. His cock immediately began to swell, straining against his jeans. He'd fantasized about this moment for so long, and now it was finally a reality.

Charlie zoomed in on the peephole app, focusing on the way his mother's asscheeks jiggled and swayed with her slightest movement. He could see the lacy pattern of her panties, the way they hugged the curves of her lush cheeks. He longed to reach through the hole and grab

two hefty handfuls of that succulent ass flesh, to rip off those panties and plunge his aching cock deep between those perfect globes.

But for now, he was content to watch, to drink in every forbidden inch of his mother's body. His eyes roved hungrily up and down her strong, motherly legs, committing every detail to memory - the supple curves of her calves, the sexy definition of her thighs, the creamy skin that he ached to touch.

Charlie couldn't take his eyes off his mom's spectacular rear end. Each cheek was a work of art, perfectly meaty and rounded and begging to be squeezed and smacked. The way her panties rode up, disappearing between her cheeks, made his mouth water. Her ass-crack peeked above the waistband, a tantalizing hint of the treasures that lay beneath.

Charlie's hand moved of its own accord to palm his rock-hard cock through his jeans. He squeezed the thick shaft, imagining it was his mom's ass he was groping.

Sherry bent at the waist, purposefully giving her son a prolonged view of her heart-shaped ass as she retrieved the skirt from the floor. As she leaned over, the crotch of her panties stretched taut across her plump pussy mound. The fabric molded to her womanly contours, clearly defining the outlines of her puffy lips.

Her pronounced cameltoe was on lewd display, the material wedged deep between her thick labia. The fleshy petals of her outer lips protruded obscenely to either side, begging to be licked and sucked. A damp spot darkened the gossamer fabric at the juncture of her thighs, hinting at the honeyed nectar oozing from her hot cunt.

Charlie zoomed the camera in as far as it would go, focusing on the blatant camel toe mere feet from his face. His cock throbbed almost painfully as he took in every intimate detail of his mother's barely concealed sex. He could practically smell her musky arousal through the

wall. He palmed his bulge harder, rubbing the rigid length trapped in his jeans.

He had to suppress a groan as his mom reached back and adjusted the thong, plucking it from the crevice of her ass. The movement made her cheeks wobble hypnotically. As she straightened up, she turned to face the hidden camera directly for the first time. Charlie's breath caught in his throat.

Sherry locked eyes with the peephole, giving her son a smoldering, knowing look. Without breaking eye contact, she slowly unbuttoned her blouse, letting it fall open. The lacy cups of her bra came into view, overflowing with her massive creamy tits. Her cleavage was a deep, mouthwatering valley, the likes of which Charlie had never seen, even on the internet.

His mother shrugged the blouse off her shoulders with a coy smile, letting it slither down her arms to the floor.

Sherry turned slightly to the side, presenting her bra-clad profile to the peephole. She reached behind her back, fumbling with the clasp in a teasing gesture. The first hook came undone, and her massive tits drooped a fraction of an inch lower. Charlie held his breath, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing spectacle.

Another hook released, and her bra loosened further. The creamy tops of her breasts spilled over the lacy cups, jiggling with each movement. Sherry took her time with the remaining hooks, prolonging the delicious anticipation.

Finally, the last clasp gave way. Sherry held the bra to her chest for a tantalizing moment, then let it fall away. Her enormous, heavy tits tumbled free, wobbling and swaying majestically.

Charlie's eye was glued to the peephole, his heart pounding as he waited for his mom to turn and give him a full frontal view of her newly freed

tits. But she seemed determined to tease him, keeping her chest angled away as she sauntered around the closet.

He could see the sides of her massive breasts sloping outward, the creamy flesh quivering with each step. The curves were so voluptuous, so ripe and mouthwatering. He ached to see her plump nipples, to watch those colossal jugs bounce and sway unencumbered.

But Sherry denied him that satisfaction for the moment. With a coy wink at the peephole, she turned and strutted out of the closet, her barely-clad bubble butt jiggling and undulating hypnotically. The twin globes of her ass bounced and wobbled, the flimsy panties straining to contain their fleshy abundance.

Charlie's hand pumped faster over his bulging crotch as he watched that heart-shaped ass vanish from view. His breath was ragged, his body tight with anticipation.

Just as Charlie was starting to despair that the tantalizing display had ended too soon, a notification popped up on his phone screen. His heart raced as he tapped it open with trembling fingers.

"Happy Birthday, honey! I hope you enjoy your special gift. That's all I can do for now... but there's more to come! 🥰 Love, Mom"

Charlie stared at the words in disbelief, reading and re-reading them as if to convince himself they were real. His mind reeled as the full implications sank in. His mom had actually bought him a glory hole for his birthday. She had installed a secret peephole between their rooms and put on that incredible striptease, all for his perverted pleasure.

That night, as Charlie lay in bed, his mind kept replaying the incredible sights he had witnessed through the peephole. The image of his mother's spectacular ass, barely contained by her skimpy panties, was seared into his brain. He could still see the way her cheeks jiggled and

bounced, the tantalizing glimpse of her cameltoe, the creamy expanse of her back.

His cock was rock hard and throbbing, begging for attention. Charlie shoved his boxers down, freeing his aching erection.

Charlie's cock sprang free, jutting out long and thick from his groin. At just over eight inches, it was definitely in the top percentile size-wise for teenage boys his age. The meaty shaft was girthy and veiny, pulsing with youthful virility. His swollen cockhead was a fat, purplish mushroom, flaring out obscenely from the throbbing shaft. A pearly bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip, oozing from his excited slit.

He wrapped his fist around the base, groaning at the exquisite sensitivity as he squeezed the steely hardness. Slowly, he began to pump his hand up and down the impressive length, savoring the slick glide of his palm over the smooth skin. His balls were drawn up tight to his body, swollen and heavy with pent-up cum.

As he stroked himself, Charlie's mind conjured up the forbidden images of his mother's body. He pictured her bent over in those scandalous panties, her heart-shaped ass jutting out as if begging to be grabbed and spanked. He imagined ripping off that flimsy thong and burying his face between her soft cheeks, tonguing her musky asshole and drooling pussy.

Charlie's fist flew over his cock, pumping the thick shaft with urgent need. He could almost feel the phantom touch of his mother's plump tits pressed against his chest, her hard nipples drilling into his skin. In his mind's eye, he watched those massive jugs bounce and sway hypnotically as she rode his young cock.

"Fuck, Mom..." he gasped, his voice tight with lust. "Gonna cum all over your huge fucking tits..."

His hips bucked off the bed as he thrust into his stroking fist, fucking his hand with desperate abandon. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room as he chased his taboo climax.

Suddenly, his swollen balls drew up even tighter and his cock jerked in his grip. With a strangled groan, Charlie exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Thick ropes of pearly jizz blasted from his slit, splattering his chest and stomach in a lewd display. Spurt after spurt of hot teenage cum painted his torso as he milked his throbbing cock, stroking out every last drop.

Finally spent, Charlie collapsed back onto the bed, his chest heaving. Cooling semen pooled on his skin as his softening cock slipped from his hand.

The reality of what had just happened began to sink in. His own mother had given him a glory hole for his birthday. She had stripped for him, flaunting her incredible body for his lustful gaze. And if her message was any indication, there was much more depravity to come.

The next day, Sherry called Barb over to help with a special project. "I need to install a lock on my closet door," she explained in a hushed voice when her friend arrived. "I don't want Dave walking in on me when I'm... you know..." She trailed off, blushing.

Barb's eyes widened, a sly grin spreading across her face. "When you're putting on a show for Charlie through the glory hole?" she finished, her voice laced with mischievous delight.

Sherry nodded, her cheeks flushing even deeper. "Yes, exactly. I gave Charlie a little preview yesterday for his birthday, but it was so quick. I was paranoid Dave would come upstairs at any moment, so I had to rush through it."

"Ooh, do tell!" Barb urged, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. "What did you do? How much did you show him?"

"Well, I started with a little striptease in my closet," Sherry admitted, her voice low and conspiratorial. "I let him get a good long look at my ass in my skimpy panties. I even bent over and showed him my cameltoe."

Barb gasped, fanning herself dramatically. "You naughty minx! I bet Charlie's eyes were bugging out of his head!"

"I'm sure they were," Sherry giggled. "Then I took my top and bra off, but I didn't let him see my tits straight on. I kept teasing him, angling my body away."

"Such a tease!" Barb laughed, swatting Sherry's arm playfully. "Poor Charlie, you probably left him with the worst case of blue balls!"

"I know, I feel a little bad," Sherry sighed. "But like I said, I was so nervous Dave would catch me. I had to cut it short."

Just then, Sherry's phone chimed with a familiar notification sound. Her eyes widened as she fumbled for the device, her heart suddenly racing.

"Oh my God, it's Charlie!" she gasped, staring at the screen. "He's requesting a session through the app right now!"

Barb leaned over her shoulder, peering at the notification. "Well, what are you waiting for? Accept it!"

"But I'm not ready!" Sherry protested, gesturing at her casual outfit - a snug tank top and yoga pants. "I don't have anything sexy on, my hair's a mess, I'm not even wearing makeup..."

Barb rolled her eyes, grabbing Sherry by the shoulders. "Girl, please. You look hot as hell just like this. Charlie's not gonna care if you're all dolled up - he just wants to see the goods!"

Sherry bit her lip, considering. It was true, the tank top did hug her giant tits rather nicely, and the yoga pants made her bubble butt look incredible.

"You really think this is good enough for a show?" she asked uncertainly.

Barb gave Sherry a knowing wink. "Honey, the whole point is to strip out of it! Trust me, once you start peeling off those tight clothes and showing Charlie the goods, he won't care what the fuck you were wearing to begin with."

Meanwhile, in a bathroom stall at school, Charlie had his cock out and was stroking it feverishly. He had ducked in here as soon as he had a free period, too horny to concentrate on anything else. With trembling fingers, he had opened the secret app and requested a session, praying his mom would accept.

When the notification popped up that she had joined, Charlie almost shot his load right then and there.

The video connected, and there was his mom, standing in her closet in a skintight tank top and yoga pants that left little to the imagination. Charlie drank in the sight of her massive tits straining against the flimsy fabric, her hard nipples clearly visible through the thin material. Her yoga pants were like a second skin, molding to every curve of her spectacular ass and cameltoe.

Sherry smiled seductively at the camera, her hips already starting to sway. She reached for her phone and a moment later, a sultry R&B tune filled the air. Charlie watched transfixed as his mother began to dance, her body undulating sensuously to the beat.

She ran her hands along her sides, caressing her curves, as she circled her hips in a slow grind. Then she turned around, bending at the waist and pushing her heart-shaped ass towards the camera. The fabric of her yoga

pants stretched obscenely over the fleshy globes, the outline of her thong clearly visible.

Charlie fisted his throbbing cock harder, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing jiggle of his mother's ass cheeks as she twerked and bounced to the music. He could feel his swollen balls drawing up tight, his impending orgasm building at the base of his shaft.

Sherry crossed her arms in front of her, grabbing the hem of her tank top. She lifted it tantalizingly slowly, inch by inch, revealing her toned midriff. Charlie's eyes were riveted to the screen as more and more of his mother's flesh came into view.

Finally, the tank top cleared her massive tits, and Charlie's jaw dropped. Sherry's bra was at least two sizes too small, her enormous breasts spilling out obscenely from every angle. The flimsy lace struggled to contain her abundant flesh, quivering mounds bulging out the top and sides. Her plump nipples poked against the sheer fabric, clearly visible.

Sherry tossed the tank top aside and began to play with her barely-restrained tits, bouncing them in her palms, jiggling them together. The thin bra straps dug into her shoulders, supporting the immense weight. Charlie couldn't believe how huge and juicy his mom's tits were, almost indecent in that far-too-small bra.

Still swaying her hips to the sensual beat, Sherry hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her yoga pants. She inched them down slowly, taking her time, putting on a show. The pants peeled away from her skin, revealing more and more of her thick, toned thighs. Charlie held his breath as the fabric approached her crotch.

Sherry turned around, bending over as she pushed the pants over the shelf of her spectacular ass. Charlie stroked himself faster as her bubble butt came into view, round fleshy cheeks barely contained by a miniscule lace thong. The tiny triangle of fabric disappeared between her plump

pussy lips, molding to her prominent cameltoe. Sherry reached back and smacked her own ass, making the ripe cheeks jiggle and wobble.

She kicked the yoga pants away and stood there in her mismatched, far-too-small bra and panties, a pornstar body barely contained by scraps of lace. Every movement made her giant tits and ass bounce and quiver, spilling out of the insubstantial lingerie.

Charlie beat his meat furiously, his fist a blur as it flew over his throbbing teenage cock. His eyes were glued to the screen, drinking in every detail as his mother slowly shimmied her tiny panties down her lush hips.

The flimsy lace inched lower, revealing more and more of Sherry's glistening pink slit. Charlie held his breath, his balls drawing up tight as the fabric finally cleared her pubic mound. His mom's bare pussy came into view, plump lips slick with arousal. A small tuft of neatly trimmed blonde hair adorned the top of her mound, pointing like an arrow to her juicy fuck hole.

Charlie zeroed in on his mother's protruding cunt hood, swollen and engorged, peeking out from between her puffy labia. He could see the shiny gloss of her excitement coating her inner lips, practically dripping with need. His cock jerked in his stroking fist, a fat dollop of precum oozing from his slit as he imagined burying his face between those succulent thighs, lapping at her sweet honey pot.

"Fuck, Mom..." Charlie grunted through clenched teeth, his voice echoing off the bathroom stall. "Gonna bust so hard for your hot cunt..."

His hand was a piston, pumping ruthlessly from root to tip, the wet slaps of flesh on flesh obscenely loud in the enclosed space. Sherry's lewd strip tease continued, her body now clad in only her too-small bra. Her colossal jugs strained against the flimsy lace cups, wobbling and jiggling with her every move.

With a saucy wink at the camera, Sherry reached back to unclasp her bra. The overtaxed garment practically burst open, freeing her massive mammaries in a glorious cascade of creamy flesh. Charlie choked back a groan as his mother's tits tumbled out, gigantic pale globes capped with plump, rosy nipples. The rubbery nubs were hugely engorged, jutting out nearly an inch from her wide puckered areolae.

Sherry hefted her enormous jugs, squeezing and kneading the doughy flesh, putting on a show for her horny son. She tweaked her fat nipples, rolling them between her fingers until they stood out even harder, straining towards the camera. Each tit was far more than a handful, overflowing her clutching palms as she groped herself wantonly.

"Holy fuck..." Charlie gasped, his cock throbbing almost painfully as he watched the live porno starring his own busty mother. He pounded his prick harder, his swollen balls slapping against his taint with every furious stroke.

Sherry jiggled and swung her huge melons, clapping them together and shimmying her torso so the massive jugs bounced and wobbled hypnotically, just like she knew her son liked. They were so enormous and heavy like two of the largest watermelons dangling from her chest, quivering with her slightest movement. She bent forward, letting them hang down as she swayed side to side, the immense globes swinging pendulously.

Charlie was mesmerized by the erotic spectacle, his eyes glued to his mom's exposed breasts as she put on a jaw-dropping tit show just for him. His hand was a blur on his cock, pumping the rigid shaft with desperate need. The soft flesh of her huge boobs rippled and undulated as she shook them, the rubbery nipples bouncing and jiggling wildly.

Sherry straightened up, thrusting her bare chest towards the camera. Cupping her giant tits from underneath, she pushed them together, creating an epic line of cleavage. The massive mounds formed a deep,

enticing valley, her plump nipples nearly touching as they strained towards each other.

"Fuck yeah, Mom..." Charlie groaned, his voice tight with lust.

"Goddamn, your tits are so fucking huge! Jiggle those big titties for me!"

As if spurred on by her son's dirty talk, Sherry began to bounce and shimmy her upper body more vigorously, sending powerful ripples through the enormous sacks of tit-meat. The fleshy globes clapped together lewdly, making obscene smacking sounds as they collided. Her elongated nipples poked out stiffly, clearly engorged with arousal.

Charlie felt his swollen balls drawing up even tighter, his impending orgasm coiled at the base of his shaft like a snake ready to strike. He was so close, pushed to the brink by the mind-blowing sight of his own mother's gigantic bare tits bouncing and shaking for his pleasure.

"Gonna cum..." he bit out through clenched teeth, his fist pumping ruthlessly. "Fuck, I'm gonna nut so hard, Mom! Gonna explode for those huge fucking titties!"

Sherry looked directly into the camera, her eyes heavy-lidded with lust. Slowly, deliberately, she raised her hands to her enormous jugs and hefted them up. Opening her mouth wide, she stuck out her tongue and began to lick her own nipples, right there on the live feed.

That obscenely erotic visual was the final straw. With a strangled groan, Charlie's orgasm slammed through him like a freight train. His cock jerked and throbbed in his stroking fist as it began to erupt, firing powerful spurts of hot cum straight up. Thick ropes of jizz shot out of his spasming slit, splattering against the stall door in a lewd abstract painting.

"FUCK! Unnngghhh! Mom! MOM! Fuuuuck!" Charlie grunted, his voice echoing off the tiled walls as spurt after spurt of teenage spunk painted

the stall. His eyes rolled back in his head, his body shuddering with the force of his explosive climax.

On the screen, Sherry continued her lewd show, sucking her own fat nipples into her mouth and moaning wantonly around the rubbery nubs. Her huge tits jiggled and swayed as she feasted on them, putting on an obscene display of auto-erotic bliss.

Finally spent, Charlie slumped back against the stall, his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. With a shaking hand, he grabbed some toilet paper and hastily cleaned himself up, wiping the rapidly cooling spunk from his softening cock.

He pulled up his pants and flushed the wad of cum-soaked tissue. On the screen, his mother was still going strong, her huge tits bouncing and jiggling as she writhed sensuously for the camera.

Charlie grabbed his phone and opened the messaging feature on the secret app. His fingers flew over the screen as he typed out a message:

"Wish I could stay and watch more but I gotta get back to class. Thanks mom! 🥰"

He hit send and watched as the message popped up on his mom's screen. Sherry paused her erotic dance, a satisfied grin spreading across her face as she read her son's enthusiastic praise. She blew a kiss at the camera before reaching over to end the session.

The video winked out, leaving Charlie staring at a blank screen. He shook his head in disbelief, still reeling from the mind-blowing experience. His own mother had just stripped naked and put on the most incredible live sex show, all for his perverted pleasure. It was like something out of his wildest wet dreams.

Charlie pocketed his phone and exited the stall, checking his reflection in the mirror. His cheeks were flushed and his hair was a mess, but

otherwise he looked normal enough. No one would guess he had just blown the biggest load of his life jerking off to his mom's huge naked tits.

He splashed some cold water on his face and tried to compose himself before heading back out into the hallway. As he walked to his next class, a dopey grin spread across his face. He couldn't wait to get home and see what other naughty surprises his mom had in store.

Sherry emerged from the closet, her voluptuous naked body glistening with a sheen of sweat from her erotic exertions. Her massive tits swayed heavily with each step, the plump nipples still engorged and jutting out. As she stepped into the bedroom, she stopped short at the sight that greeted her.

Barb was sprawled out on the bed, her own curvy body completely bare. She had one hand between her splayed thighs, Sherry's pink vibrator buzzing away against her swollen clit. Her huge tits wobbled on her chest as she writhed in pleasure, shameless moans spilling from her lips.

"Couldn't help myself, sorry," Barb panted, grinning up at Sherry with lust-glazed eyes. "Listening to you put on that sexy show for Charlie got me so fucking horny. Hope you don't mind me borrowing your toy."

Sherry laughed, shaking her head in amused disbelief. "You're insatiable," she teased, sauntering over to the bed. Her wide hips swayed hypnotically, the thick globes of her ass jiggling. "But I can hardly blame you. Stripping for my son like a cheap whore has me pretty worked up too."

Barb's grin widened as she drank in the mouthwatering sight of Sherry's naked curves. Her eyes zeroed in on her friend's slick, puffy pussy, glistening with arousal. "Mmm, I can see that," she purred. "Your cunt is dripping, you naughty slut. Putting on that peep show for your own son has your kitty creaming so hard."

Sherry blushed as her eyes roamed over Barb's voluptuous naked body spread out wantonly on the bed. Her best friend was an absolute knockout, with a figure that rivaled her own. Barb's enormous breasts were capped with large rosy areolae, the rubbery nipples jutting out obscenely. They wobbled and jiggled with her every movement, two massive globes of doughy flesh just begging to be squeezed and sucked.

Between Barb's splayed thighs, her bare pussy glistened with arousal. She had a neatly trimmed landing strip of dark pubic hair pointing like an arrow to her swollen sex. Her plump outer lips were puffy and engorged, slick with her desire. The vibrator buzzed away against her protruding clit, the sensitive bud peeking out from beneath its fleshy hood.

Sherry's eyes widened as realization dawned. "Oh my God, Barb..." Sherry breathed, her voice thick with excitement. "I just realized - from this angle, Charlie can see everything. He has a direct line of sight to the bed through the peephole."

Barb's eyes sparkled with mischief as she caught on. "Holy shit, you're right! He could totally watch you getting freaky, either solo or with Dave." She grinned wickedly, still pumping the vibrator against her swollen clit. "Fuck, that's so hot. You could put on a show for him without Dave ever knowing."

Sherry felt lightheaded at the naughty possibilities. Her pussy clenched and fluttered as she imagined Charlie's hungry eyes drinking in her every move, watching her pleasure herself or ride his father's cock. It was so wrong, so taboo, but that only made it more thrilling.

When Charlie arrived home from school that afternoon, he could hardly look his mother in the eye. Every time he glanced her way, vivid flashbacks of her live striptease flooded his mind - the exquisite jiggle of her huge tits, the lewd swell of her cameltoe in those tiny panties, the

delectable bounce of her bare ass. His teenage cock stirred in his jeans at the mere memory.

Sherry, for her part, was the picture of maternal normalcy as she puttered around the kitchen, fixing snacks for Charlie's younger siblings. But when her eyes met her son's over the kitchen island, a secret smile played at the corners of her lips, a knowing gleam in her eye.

In that loaded gaze was an unspoken acknowledgment of the taboo line they had crossed, the forbidden pleasures they had shared through the glory hole. Words weren't necessary - the heat smoldering between them said it all.

As Charlie gathered his books from the kitchen table, he caught his mother's eye with a meaningful look. "I'm gonna head up and get started on my homework," he announced, his voice carefully casual. But the heated glance he shot Sherry spoke volumes - homework was the last thing on his mind.

Sherry's heart skipped a beat at the unspoken message in her son's gaze. She knew exactly what he was really hoping for - another naughty show through the glory hole peephole. The very thought made her pussy clench with anticipation.

Clearing her throat, Sherry turned to her younger kids with a bright smile. "That's a great idea, Charlie. In fact, why don't you two head up and get started on your assignments as well?" She ruffled her daughter's hair affectionately. "The sooner you finish your homework, the more time you'll have to play before dinner."

The children grumbled a bit but dutifully gathered their things and trooped upstairs to their rooms. Sherry watched them go, her pulse quickening with the knowledge that she and Charlie would soon be alone on the second floor, separated only by the thin wall between their rooms.

As soon as the coast was clear, Sherry hurried to the master bedroom and slipped inside, locking the door behind her. With trembling hands, she opened the secret app on her phone and saw that Charlie had already sent a session request, the notification blinking impatiently.

Sherry's fingers hovered over the "Accept" button as she warred with herself. She knew it was wrong, so utterly depraved, to indulge her son's incestuous voyeurism like this. What kind of mother stripped naked for her own child's viewing pleasure?

But even as her mind grappled with the moral implications, Sherry's body was already responding to the taboo thrill. Her nipples tightened into stiff peaks, straining against the confines of her bra. Her pussy grew wet and swollen, dampening the crotch of her panties.

Bolstered by her body's wanton reaction, Sherry silenced the nagging voice of propriety in her head. Charlie wanted a show, and she hadn't spent all that money on his birthday gift for nothing.

With a deep breath, Sherry tapped "Accept" and watched the video feed blink to life. She stepped into her walk-in closet, knowing Charlie's eager eyes were already glued to the peephole.

Charlie peered through the small opening with bated breath, his cock already tenting his shorts in anticipation. His heart raced as his gorgeous mother came into view, her voluptuous body barely concealed by a clingy sundress. The thin fabric molded to her every curve, hinting at the succulent treasures beneath.

Sherry wasted no time, her hands going to the hem of her dress. In one swift motion, she pulled it up and off, letting it flutter to the floor. Charlie's breath caught as his mom's spectacular figure was revealed, clad only in a skimpy bra and panty set.

The lacy scraps of fabric struggled to contain Sherry's abundant curves. Her massive tits spilled over the cups of her bra, the creamy swells

quivering with her every movement. The matching panties were little more than a tiny triangle of lace straining to cover her plump mound. Charlie zeroed in on the visible outline of her puffy pussy lips, his cock throbbing urgently.

Sherry reached behind her back, deftly unclasping her bra. The flimsy garment fell away, freeing her gigantic jugs in a mouthwatering display. Charlie goggled at the sheer size of his mother's rack, watching in awe as the huge globes jiggled and swayed. Her nipples were fat and pink, jutting out from her puckered areolae.

Hooking her thumbs in her panties, Sherry slowly shimmied out of the skimpy underwear. The lace inched down, gradually revealing the smooth, bare mound of her sex. Charlie held his breath as his mom's glistening pink slit came into view, framed by the plump lips of her labia. The delicate folds were slick with arousal, making his mouth water.

Now fully nude, Sherry turned and sauntered out of the closet, her body a symphony of jiggling curves. Charlie feasted his eyes on her heart-shaped ass, the ripe cheeks dimpling and undulating hypnotically as she walked. He longed to bury his face between those perfect globes and worship her forbidden holes.

Sherry crossed to the bed and reached into the nightstand, retrieving a large pink vibrator. Charlie's eyes widened as his mom sprawled out on top of the comforter, her body angled to give him the perfect view through the closet door. She spread her thick thighs, completely exposing her dripping cunt to his hungry gaze.

Charlie hastily unzipped his jeans, shoving them down his hips along with his boxers. His thick teenage cock sprang free, slapping against his stomach before jutting out proudly. The meaty shaft was engorged and throbbing, pulsing with his arousal. Pearly pre-cum oozed from the ruddy tip, glistening in the light.

Wrapping his fist around the base, Charlie began to stroke himself as he watched the live porno starring his mom. His eyes were riveted to the incredible display on the bed, drinking in every lewd detail.

Sherry had her legs splayed impossibly wide, her ankles practically touching her ears in a jaw-dropping display of flexibility. The position left her drooling pink slit totally exposed and vulnerable. Her puffy cunt lips were splayed open, revealing the glistening folds of her inner flesh.

With her legs butterflyed, Sherry's puckered asshole was also on obscene display, the dusky pink rosebud winking from between her lush ass cheeks. Charlie zeroed in on the forbidden orifice, his cock jumping in his pumping fist at the taboo sight.

Sherry's dainty feet hovered in the air, her cute painted toes pointed at the ceiling as she held the limber pose. The soles of her feet faced the camera, giving Charlie an intimate view. He could see the sheen of lotion on her smooth soles, the delicate lines of her high arches. His mouth watered as he imagined worshipping those perfect feet, sucking her toes as he fucked her.

With her body folded nearly in half, Sherry's huge tits rested heavily on her upper chest. The massive globes flattened against her torso, flowing out to the sides. Her fat nipples pointed straight up, flushed a deep pink and straining towards the ceiling.

One hand cupped and kneaded a giant breast while the other moved the buzzing vibrator down to her splayed slit. Sherry rubbed the tip of the toy through her juicy folds, gasping as it bumped against her swollen clit. Her hips jerked involuntarily, a fresh gush of arousal leaking from her hungry hole.

Charlie groaned as he watched his mom tease her own pussy, wishing it was his cock sliding through those slippery pink petals. He pumped his shaft faster, smearing the copious pre-cum down his length. His swollen

balls drew up tight, aching for release as they slapped against his stroking fist.

Sherry notched the vibrator at her soaked entrance, the buzzing tip just barely penetrating her. With a wanton moan, she began to work the toy inside, pushing it deeper into her molten heat. Her puffy lips stretched obscenely around the thick shaft as she stuffed it into her greedy cunt.

Charlie's eyes were glued to the screen of his phone as he took full advantage of the peephole app's incredible zoom feature. With a tap of his finger, he zoomed in on his mother's slick, toy-stuffed pussy, marveling at the way her plump lips stretched lewdly around the vibrator's girth. He could see every glistening detail of her sodden folds as the buzzing shaft plunged in and out, frothy cream oozing out around it.

Another tap and the view shifted to Sherry's puckered asshole, the camera so close Charlie could make out the delicate wrinkles surrounding the dusky pink rosebud. He watched in awe as the forbidden orifice clenched and winked, flexing in time with the toy sawing in and out of her cunt. Arousal trickled down from her stuffed slit, glazing the valley of her ass and pooling at the entrance to her back door.

Charlie groaned, imagining sinking his aching cock into that tight hole, claiming his mother's ass. His fist flew over his pulsing shaft as he fixated on her twitching anus, picturing himself prying it open with his swollen cockhead, stuffing her full of his throbbing teen meat.

With trembling fingers, Charlie zoomed out and panned up his mom's writhing body, following the quivering plane of her belly to her heaving chest. He honed in on Sherry's gasping mouth, her plump lips parted in ecstasy as she fucked herself with the vibrator. Her pink tongue flicked out to wet her lips, her breath coming in shallow pants. Charlie could almost feel that hot mouth wrapped around his cock, his mother moaning as she slurped lewdly on his teenage dick.

Sherry's huge tits wobbled and bounced with her increasingly frantic movements, the giant globes rippling like fleshy earthquakes. Charlie zoomed in even closer, filling the screen with his mom's massive mammaries. He watched in rapt fascination as her engorged nipples puckered and throbbed, jutting out stiffly from her jiggling jugs. Sherry tweaked and tugged on the rubbery nubs, gasping as she sent jolts of pleasure straight to her stuffed pussy.

Charlie's balls ached as he imagined sinking his cock into the pillowy valley of his mother's cleavage, fucking her big soft udders until he exploded, painting her face and chest with his hot seed. He pounded his prick harder, reveling in the slick squelch of his stroking fist as he edged himself closer and closer to climax.

On the screen, Sherry was losing herself to her own pleasure, the vibrator plunging in and out of her slit at a frenzied pace. Her ass lifted off the bed as she fucked herself, body undulating, curves rippling. Broken moans and whimpers spilled from her lips as she chased her rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Fuck! Oh fuuuck yes!" Sherry keened, her cries growing louder as she teetered on the brink. "Mmmm so close... gonna cum so hard!"

Knowing his mother could hear him through the mic feature, but too far gone to care, Charlie grunted his encouragement, his voice rough with lust. "That's it, Mom. Fuck that slick cunt. Cum all over that fat toy. Wish it was my big fucking cock stuffing your sloppy pussy..."

As if spurred on by her son's filthy exhortations, Sherry stiffened and then convulsed, succumbing to a massive climax. Her cunt clamped down on the vibrator, cream gushing out around the shaft as a scream of ecstasy tore from her throat.

The sight and sound of his gorgeous mother coming undone was too much for Charlie. With a hoarse shout, he exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Thick ropes of pearly jizz rocketed from his slit, splattering

his closet wall in an abstract painting. He milked his pulsing shaft from root to tip, groaning as each stroke wrung another spurt of cum from his balls.

Through the screen, he watched his mom writhe and moan through the aftermath of her own incredible orgasm. Her body gleamed with sweat, her massive tits heaving as she gulped for air. The vibrator slipped from her twitching hole, strings of cream connecting it lewdly to her puffy, well-fucked lips.

Finally spent, Charlie collapsed back against the wall, his softening cock slipping from his grasp. He felt dizzy and elated, his head spinning with the depravity of what he'd just witnessed - and participated in. He had just watched his own mother fuck herself to a screaming orgasm, the ultimate voyeuristic thrill.

Chest still heaving, Sherry slowly lowered her legs, letting them flop bonelessly to the bed. She looked thoroughly used, her hair a wild tangle, her skin flushed and shining with exertion. Charlie thought she had never looked sexier, sprawled out naked and wanton, pussy still oozing the evidence of her pleasure.

With a satisfied sigh, the mother turned her head and looked directly at the camera - at Charlie. Her eyes were heavy-lidded, her expression one of sated bliss. But there was an unmistakable heat in her gaze, a smoldering promise of even filthier things to come.

Slowly, deliberately, Sherry raised one hand and blew a kiss at the peephole. Then with a saucy wink, she rolled off the bed and sauntered out of view, her lush ass swaying hypnotically.

Charlie stared at the screen in awe, his mind reeling. His cock gave a valiant twitch, already stirring back to life at the implication in his mother's parting look. This was just the beginning, it said. His gorgeous, voluptuous mom was going to push their taboo game to unimaginable heights.

And goddamn, he couldn't wait to see how far she would go. To find out just how depraved his own mother was willing to get for his pleasure.

Over the next week, Sherry continued to put on increasingly daring and explicit shows for Charlie through the secret peephole. Every day when he got home from school, she would accept his session request on the app and proceed to strip for him, displaying her naked curves and pleasuring herself wantonly.

Sometimes she would dance seductively to sultry music, her massive tits and ass bouncing and jiggling as she moved. Other times, she would simply lounge on the bed and play with her enormous breasts, kneading the doughy flesh and tweaking her fat nipples until they throbbed, putting on a lewd show for her son's hungry eyes.

But Sherry's favorite was using her vast array of sex toys, letting Charlie watch as she fucked herself with dildos and vibrators, stuffing her greedy holes. She would lay back with her legs spread wide, plunging a lubed-up toy into her dripping pussy, pumping it in and out until cream frothed around the shaft.

Or she would get on her hands and knees, ass pointed right at the peephole, and work a thick plug into her virgin asshole, moaning wantonly as she stretched herself open. Charlie would zoom in on her puckered rosebud as it fluttered and winked around the tapered toy, imagining that it was his cock prying open her forbidden back door.

Sherry put on these intimate solo shows daily, letting her son see her in the most explicit, vulnerable states of undress and pleasure. But she held back from letting him watch her fuck his father. It wasn't that she was opposed to the idea - far from it. The taboo thought of Charlie's eyes on her as she rode his dad's cock sent illicit shivers down her spine.

No, Sherry refrained from giving her son that particular show for a far more embarrassing reason - Dave was a premature ejaculator of the worst sort. No matter how much she tried to drag things out, her husband would cum within a minute or two of penetration, leaving her frustrated and unsatisfied.

Sherry could only imagine Charlie's disappointment if he tuned in eagerly only to watch his father shoot his load moments later, leaving her high and dry. She wanted her son rock hard and on edge, not going soft from second-hand embarrassment.

So she stuck to her solo shows, growing bolder and filthier with each passing day.

One afternoon while Charlie was at school, Sherry invited Barb over for coffee and girl talk. As they sat at the kitchen table, sipping their lattes, the conversation inevitably turned to the secret peephole and Sherry's taboo shows for her son.

"I still can't believe how daring you've gotten," Barb marveled, shaking her head in awe. "Fucking yourself with toys, playing with your ass, jiggling your huge tits... all while Charlie watches and beats his meat. You're like his personal porn star!"

Sherry blushed, a wicked grin tugging at her lips. "I know, it's so wrong. But God, it turns me on like nothing else. Knowing my own son is getting off to the sight of my naked body, watching me bring myself to climax."

Barb nodded eagerly, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Speaking of climax... I bet Charlie's just coating the walls of that closet with jizz, jerking his teenage cock to the sight of his hot mom acting like a total slut for him."

Sherry's eyes widened as a thought occurred to her. "Shit, I hadn't even considered the mess he must be making in there. I've been so focused on putting on a good show, I never stopped to think about the cleanup."

Barb grinned, setting down her mug. "Well, why don't we go check?"

Sherry hesitated, torn between propriety and dark curiosity. The thought of seeing the proof of Charlie's lust, the physical manifestation of how hard she made him... it sent a forbidden thrill straight to her core.

"Yes, let's," she said, standing abruptly. "I need to make sure he's not leaving cum stains all over the place anyway. The last thing I need is the smell of semen residue traveling down the hallway for his father to detect."

The two MILFs crept up the stairs, giggling like naughty schoolgirls as they made their way to Charlie's room, which was empty, Charlie still off at school for another hour. Sherry and Barb tiptoed over to the closet, sliding the door open with bated breath. At first glance, everything looked normal - piles of clothes, sports equipment, the typical teenage boy mess.

Then Barb gasped, pointing to the wall beside the peephole. "Oh my fucking God, Sherry. Look!"

Sherry followed her friend's gaze and her jaw dropped. The wall was absolutely plastered in cum, dried streaks and splatters painting the surface in a lewd abstract mural. It was clear that Charlie had blown load after massive load, coating the wall in a thick layer of teenage spunk as he jerked to the sight of his mother's depravity.

"Holy shit," Sherry breathed, stepping closer in disbelief. "I knew he must be making a mess, but this... this is obscene."

Barb shook her head, marveling at the sheer volume of jizz. "Looks like you've been inspiring quite the flood of cum. Charlie's balls must be working overtime, churning out spurt after sticky spurt for his slutty mommy."

As Sherry studied the cum-streaked wall, she noticed something that made her pussy clench. Amidst the dried splatters was quite a bit of

glistening globs, pearly and fresh. She swallowed hard, realizing what that meant.

"Barb, some of this is still wet," she said hoarsely, pointing to a particularly large dollop. "Probably from him jerking off to the quick show I gave him this morning."

Barb bit her lip, reaching out to swipe a finger through the fresh cum. It clung to her skin, sticky and obscene. "Damn, that's so hot. Your son is a fucking cum factory, blowing his load morning, noon, and night for you."

Heart racing, Sherry watched as Barb brought her cum-coated finger to her mouth, her pink tongue flicking out to taste the forbidden essence of Charlie's lust. Barb's eyes fluttered shut as she savored the flavor, a low moan rising in her throat.

"Fuck, he tastes amazing," she purred, licking her lips. "You've gotta try it, Sherry. Get a mouthful of the cum he spilled while jerking to your hot body."

Sherry hesitated for only a moment before her dark desires won out. Stepping forward, she dragged her fingers through a fresh streak of Charlie's spunk, scooping up a generous amount. Heart hammering, she brought the cum to her mouth, smearing it over her tongue.

The taste exploded across her senses, salty and musky and utterly forbidden. Sherry moaned, the wickedly taboo flavor of her own son's seed sending shockwaves of lust through her body. Her pussy clenched as she imagined Charlie's cock erupting, painting her face and tits with his teenage load.

Beside her, Barb was scooping more cum from the wall, greedily lapping at her fingers. "God, I can't get enough," she groaned, her voice thick with arousal. "The taste of fresh, virile jizz... fuck, it's making me so wet."

"Well, I suppose this is one way to clean up this mess," Sherry giggled as she shamelessly joined her friend in feasting on her boy's spunk, the two

MILFs licking and sucking every glistening glob from the wall. They moaned wantonly, the forbidden cum smearing their lips and chins as they cleaned the closet of Charlie's copious spend.

Soon, both Sherry and Barb were shamelessly scooping up palmfuls of Charlie's cooling cum and smearing it between their thick thighs. They hiked up their skirts and shoved their panties aside, coating their swollen pussies with the slippery seed.

"Oh fuck yes, that's it," Barb panted, dipping her fingers into her cum-slicked slit. "I'm gonna rub Charlie's jizz all over my throbbing clit. Gonna get myself off with his fresh spunk."

Sherry whimpered, working a generous helping of Charlie's cum into the folds of her aching cunt. She began to circle her clit with slippery fingers, the lewd squelch of her cum-soaked pussy filling the closet.

The two horny MILFs frigged their desperate clits with increasing frenzy, mixing Charlie's spunk with their own drooling arousal. All the while, they continued to lap at the cum-streaked walls, their moans muffled by mouthfuls of the teenager's seed.

"That's it, eat that fucking cum," Barb growled, humping her spunk-soaked fingers. "Lap up every drop while you rub your slutty mommy clit."

Sherry obeyed mindlessly, lost to the illicit pleasure. She alternated between licking broad stripes up the closet wall and sucking the cum from her fingers before diving back between her thighs, rubbing her aching nub with increasingly desperate strokes.

Barb shoved three fingers knuckle-deep in her clenching cunt, plunging them through the mess of Charlie's spunk and her own cream. Her thumb battered her clit as she fingerfucked herself wildly, chasing her rapidly building climax.

"Fuck, fuck, I'm gonna cum," Barb keened, curling her fingers against her spasming walls. "Gonna cum all over your son's jizz, fuck!"

With a shrill cry, Barb exploded, her pussy clamping down on her plunging fingers as she gushed all over them, soaking Charlie's cum with her release. Her body convulsed, thighs shaking and tits heaving as the powerful orgasm ripped through her.

The sight and sound of Barb coming undone was too much for Sherry. With a strangled moan, she let go, succumbing to her own massive climax. Her cunt spasmed violently, squirting bursts of fem-cum to mix obscenely with the spunk coating her fingers. She threw her head back, a silent scream of ecstasy on her cum-smearred lips as she shook and twitched.

Finally spent, the two horny moms collapsed against the closet wall, their chests heaving as they basked in the afterglow of their orgasms.

As they caught their breath, Barb turned to Sherry with a wicked gleam in her eye. "You know," she mused, "upgrading to the Oral Fixation Package would certainly eliminate the mess in Charlie's closet. No more cum-streaked walls if he's shooting his load straight down your throat instead."

Sherry's eyes widened, a blush staining her cheeks. "Barb! That's... that's crossing a line. It's one thing to let him watch me, but to actually touch him, taste him... it's too much."

Barb cocked her head, studying her friend. "Is it though? Think about it, Sherry. You just ate a bucket load of Charlie's cum off the wall and used it to get yourself off. Your tongue has already been intimately introduced to his spunk. Is wrapping your lips around his cock and sucking it out directly really that much more scandalous?"

Sherry bit her lip, considering Barb's words. It was true, she had crossed so many taboo lines already. What was one more in the grand scheme of

things? Still, the thought of actually physically pleasuring her son, of taking his throbbing cock into her mouth... it felt like a point of no return.

Seeing her hesitation, Barb pressed on. "Think how much Charlie would love it. Getting his first blowjob from his own gorgeous mother. Feeling your lips stretched around his shaft, your tongue teasing his tip. He'd lose his fucking mind."

Sherry's pussy clenched at the mental image, a fresh flood of arousal dampening her thighs. The more she pictured it, the more the wicked idea appealed to her. Dropping to her knees before her son, slurping him noisily until he pumped her mouth full of cum...

"Plus," Barb added slyly, "a quick suck off here and there would certainly take the edge off for Charlie. Keep him from getting too pent up and frustrated. Might make him more focused and relaxed in his day to day life, you know?"

Sherry nodded slowly, latching onto the faux-logical justification. Yes, she could rationalize a bit of oral pleasure as being for Charlie's own good. Helping him relieve some of that pent-up teenage lust in a controlled way. It was almost responsible parenting, when she thought about it like that.

"You know what? You're right," Sherry said, a note of determination entering her voice. "Upgrading to the Oral Fixation Package is the logical next step. It's practical, really. Keeping things neat and tidy, while also attending to Charlie's perfectly natural needs."

Barb grinned, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Exactly! And just think how grateful Charlie will be. His loving mom, selflessly taking his cock down her throat, letting him empty his balls inside her body."

Candace sent over a detailed questionnaire for Sherry to review with Charlie before the Oral Fixation upgrade could be installed. Sherry's face

flushed as she scanned the intrusive questions, realizing she would have to ask her son about intimate details of his body and sexual habits.

That evening, Sherry knocked tentatively on Charlie's bedroom door, the questionnaire clutched in her slightly sweaty hand. Charlie called for her to come in, and she entered to find him lounging on his bed, phone in hand.

"Hey sweetie, do you have a few minutes? I need to go over something with you," Sherry said, perching awkwardly on the edge of the bed.

Charlie set his phone aside, giving his mom his full attention. "Sure, what's up?"

Sherry cleared her throat, trying to find the right words. "Well, you know that special birthday gift I got you? The one in your closet?"

Charlie's eyes widened, a faint blush staining his cheeks. "Uh, yeah. Of course."

"Right. Well, I'm considering upgrading it. Adding a new...feature," Sherry explained haltingly. "But before I can do that, I need to get some information from you. The company needs it to ensure a proper...fit."

Charlie sat up straighter, his interest clearly piqued. "Oh, okay. What do you need to know?"

Sherry unfolded the questionnaire, her hands shaking slightly. "First question - how tall are you?"

"Five foot ten," Charlie answered easily.

Sherry jotted that down, then steeled herself for the next query. "And, um... what about your measurements? You know, your...size?" she asked with a naughty smirk.

Charlie shifted awkwardly, his own cheeks flaming. "Uh, I'm not totally sure. Isn't that what a tailor usually does?"

"Not those sizes, honey," Sherry giggled. She took a deep breath, then forged ahead. "I need to know your penis size, Charlie. Length and girth."

Charlie choked, his eyes bugging out. "My WHAT?!"

Sherry winced, her face burning. "I know, I know. It's horribly awkward. But the new upgrade I'm having done to your gift needs to be customized to your...dimensions."

Charlie gaped at his mother, his mind reeling. "I, uh... I've never actually measured myself," he admitted, ducking his head in embarrassment. "I wouldn't even know how to go about it."

Sherry bit her lip, considering. "Well, I suppose you could use a piece of string. Run it along the top of your erection and then mark the length on the string with a marker. Same for the girth - wrap it around the widest part."

Charlie nodded slowly, still looking shell-shocked. "Okay, I guess that makes sense. But, um... where exactly should I start the measurement? I mean, do I just...?"

Sherry's blush deepened, but she forced herself to maintain a clinical tone. "Start at the very base, honey. Right at the root, where it meets your body. Press the string in to make sure you're getting the full length."

Charlie swallowed audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing. "Got it. Base to tip, all the way pressed in."

Sherry nodded, not trusting herself to speak. The mental image of her son wrapping a string around his hard cock, carefully measuring its impressive length and girth, was almost too much to handle. She could feel her pussy growing damp, her nipples tightening beneath her blouse.

"Just, um... just bring me the string when you're done, okay?" Sherry managed, her voice slightly strangled. "I'll take the measurements and fill that part in on the form."

"Sure, no problem," Charlie agreed, his own voice sounding a bit dazed. "I'll do it here in a bit."

Charlie wanted to take his cock out and beat it furiously at the sight of his mom sauntering across his room. He knew she was putting an extra sway in her hips for his benefit – her thick bubble butt jiggling beneath her denim shorts with every step.

As soon as she left the room, Charlie locked the door and dropped his pants. He fished out his cock, which was already half-hard just from the conversation. Wrapping his fist around the base, he began to stroke, coaxing himself to full mast.

It didn't take long. The mental image of his mother's undulating ass – the knowledge that she would soon be intimately acquainted with his dimensions - it all had Charlie rock hard in record time. His teenage cock throbbed in his grip, swollen and straining.

Picking up the string, Charlie pressed one end to the very root of his shaft, nestling it against his pubic bone. Carefully, he ran the string along the top of his impressive length, all the way to the bulbous tip. With a shaking hand, he marked the spot with a pen.

Next, he wrapped the string around the thickest part of his girth, pulling it snug. His cock pulsed at the slight constriction, a pearly bead of pre-cum welling from his slit. Charlie marked this measurement too before quickly releasing his aching dick from the string's embrace.

For a moment, he was tempted to just jerk off right then and there, images of his mother's mouth on his cock flashing through his fevered mind. But he resisted the urge, not wanting to keep her waiting. Besides, he had a feeling he'd be getting plenty of relief very soon.

Charlie tucked his painfully hard cock back into his jeans and made his way downstairs, string in hand. He found his mom in the kitchen, nervously wiping down an already spotless counter. She looked up as he entered, her eyes zeroing in on the string with a mix of trepidation and anticipation.

"All done?" she asked, her voice slightly breathless.

Charlie nodded, handing over the string. "Yeah. I, uh... I marked the length and width, just like you said."

Sherry took the string with trembling fingers, her eyes widening as she took in the marked measurements. Charlie shifted from foot to foot, feeling simultaneously proud and embarrassed by his mom's obvious reaction to his size.

"Goodness," Sherry murmured, tracing the length of string with a delicate fingertip. "That's quite impressive, Charlie. You're very...generously proportioned."

Charlie flushed at the compliment, his cock twitching in his jeans. "Uh, thanks," he mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck.

Sherry seemed to snap out of her daze, shaking her head slightly. "Right! Well, I'll just take these numbers and fill them in on the form. Thank you for being so...thorough."

"No problem," Charlie said, his voice slightly strained.

Sherry excused herself and hurried to her sewing room, the string with Charlie's intimate measurements clutched tightly in her hand. Shutting the door behind her, she leaned against it heavily, her heart pounding. With shaking fingers, she held up the string, staring at the marked dimensions in disbelief.

"Holy shit," she breathed, running her thumb along the length. Charlie was huge! Sherry had always suspected her son was packing some

serious heat, judging by the obscene bulge she often noticed straining against his jeans. But this... this was beyond her wildest imaginings.

Grabbing her measuring tape, Sherry lined it up against the string, her eyes widening as she took in the numbers. Eight inches long! And the girth - good lord. Thick as her wrist. Sherry suddenly felt light-headed, her face flushing and a rush of heat flooding her core.

She sank into her sewing chair, the string dangling from her fingers as she tried to process this new information. Her sweet baby boy was hung like a porn star. The thought sent a wicked thrill zipping down her spine, her pussy clenching as she imagined trying to wrap her hand around that massive shaft. It would be a struggle just to close her fingers!

Sherry's mind raced as she pictured Charlie stroking that huge cock, working it to full mast as he wrapped the string around its considerable length and girth. The idea of her son's member swelling even larger, growing to its full glory, made her dizzy with a confusing mix of maternal pride and illicit lust.

*"No wonder he was making such a mess in that closet,"* Sherry mused, her thighs pressing together as a fresh gush of arousal dampened her panties. If Charlie was ejaculating in proportion to his size, he must be spurting absolute buckets of cum with each orgasm! Ropes and ropes of the stuff painting his walls as he jerked his enormous dick to her naughty shows.

Sherry's nipples tightened into stiff peaks, straining against her bra as she imagined the upgrades she had planned. That giant cock pumping in and out of the new opening, seeking her mouth, her tongue. Charlie's eyes rolling back in ecstasy as she wrapped her lips around his fat crown, struggling to fit him down her throat. The obscene stretch as he filled her mouth with his throbbing heat.

A choked moan escaped Sherry's lips, one hand drifting up to cup her heavy breast through her blouse. She squeezed the plump flesh, imagining it was Charlie's huge cock pulsing in her grip instead.

A few days later, Charlie got home from school and hurried up to his room, his heart already pounding with anticipation. He had been thinking about his mom's naughty shows all day, his cock half-hard and straining against his jeans throughout his classes.

Locking his bedroom door, Charlie opened the secret app and sent his usual session request. His breath caught as he saw the notification pop up almost instantly - his mom had accepted. Fingers trembling slightly, Charlie opened his closet door and stepped inside, making a beeline for the peephole.

But as he approached the wall, he noticed something different. There was a second hole at waist level, which seemed...bigger. Wider and more prominent. Charlie's brow furrowed in confusion for a moment before realization dawned. His eyes widened, his heart rate kicking up a notch as he recalled his mom's questions the other day, her mention of upgrades and needing his measurements.

Could it be? Had she actually...?

With a shaking hand, Charlie reached out and touched the edges of the opening. The new hole was ringed with a cushioned sleeve, the material soft and slightly yielding. It was the perfect size to accommodate his straining erection.

Charlie swallowed hard, his mouth going dry as the implications sank in. His mom had upgraded from just the peephole into a full-blown glory hole also. An invitation for him to slide his cock through, to feel her touch, her mouth, on the other side.

His dick surged in his pants, rapidly swelling to full mast. Charlie fumbled with his zipper, shoving his jeans and boxers down to free his throbbing meat. The fat head was already shiny with pre, the slit weeping with pent-up arousal.

Charlie took a deep, steadying breath, trying to calm the hammering of his heart. This was really happening. He was about to stick his cock through a hole in the wall for his own mother to service. It was beyond his wildest, filthiest fantasies.

Wrapping one hand around the root of his shaft, Charlie positioned the swollen tip at the cushioned opening. He could feel cool air wafting over his heated flesh from the other side, beckoning him, tempting him. Biting his lip, Charlie began to slide forward, feeding his engorged cock head into the waiting hole.

The plush material hugged his glans, conforming to his shape. Charlie shuddered at the sensation, his breath catching as another inch disappeared into the opening. He pushed forward slowly, savoring the delicious drag on his sensitive flesh.

Soon the bulbous head popped through to the other side, followed quickly by several thick inches of Charlie's veiny shaft. He groaned at the intense vulnerability of it, his most intimate part jutting out into open air, totally exposed for his mom's use.

Charlie's hand fell away as he bottomed out, his trimmed pubes brushing the wall. Well over half of his enormous cock was through the hole now, throbbing anxiously.

Sherry nervously stepped into her spacious walk-in closet, her massive naked tits swayed and bobbed with each movement, the heavy globes capped with plump, rosy nipples that pointed straight ahead. The cool air kissed her bare skin, pebbling her flesh and making her shiver with illicit delight.

Sherry's sexy bare feet tapped a staccato rhythm on the plush carpet as she made her way to the far wall, where the newly upgraded glory hole awaited. She double-checked that the door was securely closed and locked, ensuring total privacy even though she knew they were the only ones home. This was a secret, forbidden encounter that required the utmost discretion.

Reaching the appointed spot, Sherry gracefully lowered herself to her knees on the plush pad thoughtfully provided by the installation company. It was the perfect height to service the waiting cock, allowing her to kneel in comfort for an extended session.

Sherry's breath caught as she came face to face with the glory hole, or more specifically, the magnificent pillar of flesh jutting obscenely through the opening. Her son's cock was truly a sight to behold, a thick column of throbbing meat that put her husband to shame. The bulbous purple head flared out at least two inches in diameter, the pulsing slit already weeping pre-cum. The shaft was long and girthy, a battering ram of veiny, rock-hard teenage cock.

Sherry licked her lips, practically salivating at the mouth-watering sight. Her pussy clenched and grew slick with want, empty and aching to be filled by such a glorious specimen. But that wasn't what this hole was for, at least not yet.

No, this upgrade was all about oral pleasure. About Sherry getting intimately acquainted with her son's most private part using her mouth and tongue. The thought made her dizzy with arousal, a heady mix of maternal love and forbidden lust.

Sherry leaned in close, inhaling the intoxicating scent of Charlie's arousal. The musky aroma filled her nostrils, making her head spin. Up close, she could see every bulging vein mapping the shaft, the flared ridge of his swollen head, the pearly beads of pre dribbling enticingly from the tip.

Sherry's eyes zeroed in on the glistening slit crowning the fat head of Charlie's cock. As she watched, transfixed, a bead of pre-nectar welled up and swelled obscenely, growing larger by the second. The pearly drop trembled on the very tip of his cockhead, as if defying gravity.

Sherry positioned her face mere inches below that tempting glob of teenage pre-spunk, tilting her head back and extending her tongue. She flattened the pink muscle into a welcoming runway, ready and waiting to receive her son's offering.

Finally, the surface tension gave way and the bead of pre-cum began its slow descent. It stretched into a glistening, snot-like string, lowering incrementally from the slit of Charlie's bulging cockhead. Sherry held perfectly still, her eyes crossing as she tracked the musky strand's progress.

Inch by torturous inch, the pre-spunk string extended towards Sherry's waiting tongue. She could smell the heady aroma growing stronger the closer it got, the scent of pure, concentrated teenage arousal. Her mouth watered in anticipation, her tastebuds tingling for that first sample of Charlie's fresh essence.

At last, the string of pre-cum made contact, draping itself over the center of Sherry's flattened tongue. The flavor exploded across her palate - salty, bitter, and utterly intoxicating. Sherry's eyes fluttered shut as she savored the taste of her son's nectar, letting it coat her tongue and seep into every crevice of her mouth.

As the strand settled, Sherry began to slowly retract her tongue, drawing the glistening pre-spunk into her mouth. The motion caused the string to pull taut, tugging gently on Charlie's slit as if milking him for more. Sherry felt him shudder through the wall, his cock flexing and pulsing at the delicate sensation.

The mother swirled the pre-cum around her mouth like a fine wine, relishing the silky texture and umami richness. She let it linger on her

palate before finally swallowing, feeling the warmth spread down her throat and into her belly. Her pussy clenched greedily, demanding more of her son's delicious emissions.

Charlie's teeth clenched and his eyes rolled back as he felt his mother's scorching breath wafting over his sensitive cockhead, her exhalations teasing the nerve-rich flesh. His hands balled into fists at his sides, his entire body trembling with the strain of keeping still. Every cell in his being screamed to thrust forward, to bury his aching cock in the warm haven of his mom's mouth, but he resisted. This was her show.

He took a look through the peephole at eye level and sure enough could see his naked mom kneeling at his cock on the other side, ready to service him.

Sherry took her time, pursing her luscious lips and blowing a focused stream of hot air over the shiny head of her son's dick. She aimed the moist gust right at his leaking slit, watching in fascination as it made the engorged flesh twitch and pulse. More pre-cum bubbled up as if on command, oozing thickly over the shroom-like glans.

With a wicked gleam in her eye, Sherry extended her tongue once more. The pink tip darted out to trace teasing, butterfly-light licks around the ridge of Charlie's cockhead. She swirled delicately over the taut skin, mapping every curve and contour of the bulbous head.

Charlie's abs clenched and flexed as he fought to control his reactions, soft grunts escaping through his gritted teeth.

Sherry lapped at the fresh pre-spunk pearling from Charlie's slit, savoring the salty-sweet flavor. She traced her tongue around and around the weeping opening, coaxing out more of the clear fluid. Pointing her tongue, she delved into the slit itself, wriggling the tip in a filthy kiss that had Charlie seeing stars.

"Oh fuck," he choked out, his voice strangled with pleasure. His fists clenched tighter, blunt nails digging into his palms as he struggled not to explode on the spot.

Sherry smirked around his cockhead, loving the effect she was having on her boy.

With wicked intent, the mother focused the pointed tip of her tongue on the exquisitely sensitive frenulum just below Charlie's engorged cockhead. She fluttered the wet muscle against that taut band of flesh, caressing it with feather-light strokes.

Charlie's cock jumped and throbbed as electric jolts of pleasure shot from that bundle of nerves straight to his heavy balls. His breath came in ragged gasps as Sherry painted lewd patterns over the thin skin with her tongue tip, the sensation almost unbearably intense.

Sherry shifted lower, dragging the flat of her licker along the bulging ridge that separated shaft from glans. She laved the pulsing blue vein, tracing its path with obscene attention to detail. Reaching the base of the fat head, she swirled her tongue around the flared contours, lapping at the sensitive underside like a well-practiced dick-licker.

Charlie's cock flexed and strained, clear ropes of pre-spunk pulsing out to coat his mother's exploring tongue. The spongy head turned a deep, angry purple, swollen and throbbing with need. Sherry hummed in approval at the copious emission, the vibrations making Charlie's rigid pole dance.

The mother licked her luscious lips, savoring the musky essence of her son's arousal. She gazed up at his straining cockhead with heavy-lidded eyes, her expression one of raw, wanton hunger. Opening wide, she extended her tongue and draped it along the underside of Charlie's shaft, the pink carpet unfurling to cradle his aching length.

With excruciating slowness, Sherry dragged her tongue from base to tip, following the pulsing vein and swirling over every ridge. Charlie's cock jumped and throbbed against the wet heat of her tongue, painting it with sticky pre-cum. When she reached the crown, Sherry closed her lips around it in a lewd kiss, slurping up the clear emission.

Hollowing her cheeks, she began to suckle on the bulbous head like a lollipop, her tongue flicking over the weeping slit. She moaned around the throbbing flesh, sending delicious vibrations straight to Charlie's core. Her mouth felt like hot, liquid silk encasing his most sensitive skin.

Sherry released Charlie's cockhead with a wet pop, a string of saliva and pre-cum connecting her lips to his swollen tip. She lapped at the pearly strand, breaking it and swallowing the mixture down with a throaty hum of approval.

Charlie's mind reeled as his mother's talented mouth worked over his aching cock. He had only been sucked off once before, by a girl in his class after a football game. It had been a sloppy, tentative affair, her teeth scraping him uncomfortably as she struggled to take even half his length. The whole thing had been over in an awkward minute after she changed her mind, Charlie barely having time to enjoy the wet heat of her inexperienced mouth.

But this - this was something else entirely. His mom's skill and enthusiasm were evident in every lewd slurp, every flick of her wicked tongue. It was clear she knew her way around a cock, her movements practiced and purposeful as she teased out salty spurts of pre-cum. Charlie's eyes rolled back, his head thumping against the wall as she took him to heights of pleasure he'd never imagined possible.

Sherry, for her part, was lost in a haze of lust as she feasted on her son's throbbing cock. Sucking dick had always been one of her greatest joys, an act she could lose herself in for hours if given the chance. She loved the weight of a hard shaft on her tongue, the musky taste of pre-cum

painting her palate. The power she felt as she reduced a man to a quivering, desperate mess with her mouth alone was intoxicating.

Unfortunately, her husband was a quick shot, popping off almost as soon as her lips wrapped around him. She rarely had a chance to truly showcase her oral skills before he was spilling down her throat with a grunt. It always left Sherry vaguely dissatisfied, craving more time to savor the act.

But now, with her own son's impressive cock and stamina at her mercy, Sherry could indulge to her heart's content. She slurped and suckled greedily, determined to make this a blowjob Charlie would never forget. Relaxing her throat, she began to bob her head, taking him deeper with each descent.

Charlie's hands scrabbled against the wall, his fingers seeking purchase as his mom swallowed more and more of his straining length. He couldn't believe how easily she was taking him, his oversized cock disappearing into the tight, wet haven of her throat. He felt the tip nudge the back of her palate and then slip beyond, the muscles fluttering around him as she suppressed her gag reflex.

"Holy shit," Charlie panted, his voice tight with awe and disbelief. He peered through the peephole to see her pretty blonde head bobbing up and back in a perfect cock-gobbling rhythm. "Mom, oh my god..."

Sherry's plump, glossy lips stretched obscenely around Charlie's girth as she took him to the hilt, her nose pressing into the wall. The pink ring of her mouth formed a perfect seal around his shaft, slurping and suckling hungrily. Mascara-tinted tears pricked the corners of her eyes from the strain, but she didn't relent, driven by the all-consuming need to swallow every throbbing inch.

As the busty mother worked her throat muscles around Charlie's invading length, she felt his cockhead flare and pulse, growing impossibly larger. The bulbous knob expanded against her tonsils, stretching her

gullet and making her eyes water. She gagged slightly but powered through, hollowing her cheeks and providing a tighter seal.

Sherry's chin and jaw ached from the unrelenting face-fucking she was giving herself, but the discomfort only spurred her on. She wanted to feel used, to have her throat reshaped by her son's mighty cock. Drool poured from the edges of her stretched lips, coating Charlie's shaft in glistening spittle.

With each bob of Sherry's head, her giant lush tits swayed and bounced, slapping together lewdly. Her protruding nipples grazed the wall, sending jolts of electricity straight to her dripping sex. She could feel her arousal trickling down her thighs, the insides slick with want. Her fat aching clit throbbed in time with the pulsing of Charlie's cock against her tongue.

As Sherry pistoned her mouth up and down, she swiveled and rotated her neck, corkscrewing on Charlie's veiny shaft. She slurped and gurgled noisily, reveling in the wet, obscene sounds of a truly sloppy blowjob.

Charlie's cockhead battered the entrance to her throat with every thrust, the thick knob pummeling her tonsils. Her neck bulged obscenely around his girth, the outline of his huge cock visible in her straining muscles.

"Fuuuuck, Mom," Charlie groaned brokenly, his voice muffled through the wall. "Suck that dick. Holy shit, your mouth... so fucking good!"

Sherry preened at the praise, doubling her efforts. She sealed her lips in a vise-like grip behind his throbbing crown and suctioned hard, her hollowed cheeks concave with the force. At the same time, she wormed her pointed tongue into his leaking slit, wriggling the tip in a filthy kiss.

Charlie let out a strangled shout, his cockhead engorging to its maximum size. The purple knob flared impossibly wide, stretching Sherry's gulping throat to its limits. She choked and sputtered but didn't pull off, determined to take everything he had to give.

Deep in Charlie's groin, his swollen testicles churned and tightened as they prepared to unleash their massive load. The exquisite friction of his mother's slick throat muscles rippling along his sensitive penile flesh sent shockwaves of pleasure radiating from his engorged cock.

Inside his scrotum, Charlie's testes pulsed and contracted, drawing up snug against his body as they worked overtime to produce an epic volume of semen. The seminiferous tubules kicked into high gear, the coiled tubes rapidly secreting thick globs of spunk. His vas deferens quivered as the gelatinous fluid was propelled through the sperm ducts, collecting in his quaking balls.

The rhythmic undulations of Sherry's gulping throat massaged the underside of Charlie's cockhead, stimulating the sensitive frenulum with each swallow. The bundle of nerves just below the glans sent electric jolts of ecstasy straight to his balls with every flick of her tongue. His heavy sack drew up even tighter, his nuts straining as they reached maximum capacity.

Charlie's prostate throbbed and spasmed, acting as a pump to force the thick ejaculate through his trembling shaft. The clear tubes of his ejaculatory ducts dilated, preparing for the massive surge of semen that was about to explode from his tip. His swollen cock jerked and flexed as the first hot spurts were forced from his balls into his straining urethra.

The slit of Charlie's bulbous cockhead gaped open, the tiny hole widening as a massive glob of cum forced its way out. The pearly was erupted into Sherry's suckling mouth, splattering the back of her throat with a heavy spurt. Her eyes bulged as she felt the first hot jets painting her tonsils, the thick paste coating her tongue.

Charlie let out a guttural roar as his climax fully overtook him, his hips bucking forward to bury his spurting cock deep in his mother's convulsing throat. His piss slit flared impossibly wide, the gaping hole unleashing a veritable geyser of semen straight down Sherry's gullet. His

balls clenched and pulsed as they emptied their heavy load in long, ropy spurts.

Sherry gulped and swallowed desperately, her neck muscles working overtime to handle the massive influx of spunk flooding her mouth. Charlie's cock swelled and throbbed against her tongue, the shaft rippling as it pumped out what felt like gallons of jizz. The musky, bitter cream coated her tonsils and slid down her throat, settling heavily in her stomach.

Pearly rivers of cum poured from the corners of Sherry's stretched lips, overflowing her stuffed mouth to dribble down her chin. She sealed her lips tighter around his erupting cock, determined not to waste a single drop of her son's precious seed. Her throat worked convulsively, swallowing over and over as she fought to keep up with the relentless deluge.

Charlie's orgasm seemed to go on forever, his cock spurting like a broken hydrant. His prostate clenched and fluttered, wringing out every last drop of spunk from his quaking balls. Sherry milked his shaft with her lips and tongue, coaxing out the dregs until she had drained him dry.

Finally, the pulses began to weaken, the spurts turning to a trickle. Charlie slumped against the wall, his chest heaving as he struggled to catch his breath. His softening cock slipped from Sherry's puffy lips with a wet plop, a string of cum and saliva connecting them for a brief moment before breaking.

Sherry sat back on her heels, panting heavily. Her chin and neck were glazed with spunk, rivulets of pearly cream running down to pool in the valley of her heaving cleavage. She looked utterly debauched, mascara smeared and hair disheveled, the very picture of a well-used slut.

With a moan of satisfaction, the mother swiped her fingers through the mess on her tits, gathering up a generous helping of Charlie's leftover

cum. Extending her tongue, she lapped the spunk from her digits, savoring the taste with an exaggerated hum of approval.

That evening at the dinner table, Sherry and Charlie shared secret, knowing glances as they ate their meal. Dave, oblivious as always, prattled on about his day at work while the two oral sex conspirators played footsie under the table.

"So hon, how was your day?" Dave asked his wife, shoveling a forkful of pot roast into his mouth. "Do anything exciting?"

Sherry and Charlie locked eyes, barely suppressing their laughter. If only he knew...

"Oh, nothing too crazy," Sherry replied airily, spearing a baby carrot with her fork. She brought it to her lips, pursing them around the tip suggestively before slowly sliding it into her mouth. Charlie squirmed in his seat, his cock twitching at the blatant innuendo. "Just some housework, you know. Laundry, dishes... polishing the pipes. Unclogging them. The usual."

Charlie nearly choked on his milk, struggling to contain his mirth. His mother was shameless!

"Pipes, huh?" Dave remarked obliviously, cutting into his meat. "I didn't know anything was clogged."

"Oh, you'd be surprised," Sherry said with a sly grin, winking at Charlie. "Sometimes things can get quite... backed up. It takes a firm hand and a lot of elbow grease to work it all out. Gotta make sure every last drop makes it down the drain, you know?"

Under the table, Sherry extended her tan bare foot and found Charlie's crotch. She dragged her painted toes teasingly over the growing bulge in his jeans, making him jump.

"Is that so?" Dave mumbled around a mouthful of potatoes, not catching the double entendre. "Well, I'm glad you got it all sorted out."

"Mmm, me too," Sherry purred, locking eyes with Charlie as she continued to caress his stiffening cock with her foot. "There's nothing quite so satisfying as taking a long, hard object in hand and coaxing it to spew forth every drop of its pent-up contents. Wouldn't you agree, Charlie?"

Charlie flushed beet red, squirming as his dick surged to full mast in his pants. "Uh, y-yeah. Definitely, Mom. Very, um, satisfying."

Sherry smirked, giving his bulge a firm press with her toes before withdrawing her foot. Charlie immediately missed the contact, his cock throbbing urgently against his fly.

"Charlie, are you feeling alright?" Dave asked, finally noticing his son's flushed face and antsy demeanor. "You look a little feverish."

"I'm okay, Dad," Charlie managed, shifting to try and relieve the pressure on his aching erection. "I might just, uh... head upstairs and get started on my homework."

Sherry was just as anxious to give another blowjob as her son was to receive one. The feel of her son's huge cock pulsing in her mouth, pumping spurt after spurt of his teenage cum down her throat, was addictive. She craved the taste of him on her tongue, the weight of his shaft stretching her lips. Her pussy clenched with need, soaking her panties as she imagined choking on his massive dick again.

"Hey hon, would you mind clearing the table and loading the dishwasher?" Sherry asked Dave, giving him her most winning smile. "I have a few things I need to take care of upstairs."

"Sure thing, babe," Dave agreed amiably, already starting to stack the empty plates. "I'll get this cleaned up, you go ahead and do what you need to do."

"Thanks, you're the best." Sherry leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek, her eyes already drifting to the bulge straining against Charlie's zipper. "I won't be long."

With that, she sashayed out of the kitchen, making sure to put an extra sway in her hips for Charlie's benefit. She could feel his hungry gaze devouring her ass as she climbed the stairs, knowing he was just as desperate for her mouth as she was for his cock.

Charlie rushed up to his bedroom, and stripping off his clothes in record time, he practically dove into his closet, his rigid shaft bobbing before him.

The teen's boner jutted out proudly from his groin, the engorged head an angry purple as it strained towards the waiting hole. A bead of precum glistened at the tip, the pearly drop quivering with each throb of his shaft. His heavy balls hung low, already churning with a fresh load of spunk for his mother to guzzle.

Approaching the wall with his heart hammering, Charlie couldn't resist taking a quick peek through the hole at waist-level before feeding his desperate cock through. What he saw made his breath catch and his dick flex urgently - there, mere inches from the opening, was the lush pink cavern of his mom's open mouth.

Sherry knelt on the other side, her plump lips parted invitingly, a slash of scarlet lipstick emphasizing their lewd pout. Her tongue unfurled from between her teeth, the wet muscle glistening as it lolled out over her plump bottom lip. Strands of saliva connected her upper palate to her tongue, the inside of her mouth a hot, damp paradise just begging to sheath his aching cock.

Charlie watched, transfixed, as Sherry extended her tongue even further, lapping at her lips as if famished for a taste of his dick. She tilted her head, angling her open mouth directly against the hole, a clear invitation.

Her molten eyes smoldered up at him, the wanton hunger in their depths making his balls tighten.

With a shaking hand, Charlie stood up and lined up his bulbous glans with the entrance of the hole and pushed through, his cockhead notching perfectly into his mom's waiting mouth. The spongy tip brushed her extended tongue, smearing the silky muscle with a rope of pre-cum. Sherry let out a throaty moan, the vibrations making Charlie's shaft dance as she lapped up his salty emission.

Unable to hold back a second longer, Charlie surged forward, a guttural groan rising from his chest as his cock plunged into the welcoming heat of his mother's mouth. Sherry sealed her lips around his girth, slurping him down, her expert tongue swirling around his sensitive glans as she swallowed him to the root.

Charlie braced his hands against the wall, his head thrown back in ecstasy as his mother's throat muscles rippled along his invading shaft. He couldn't believe this was really happening - that after years of jerking off to forbidden fantasies of his mom, her lush lips were actually stretched around his dick, gulping down every thick inch. It was better than his wildest wet dreams.

Sherry bobbed her head in a steady rhythm, taking Charlie's throbbing cock deeper down her throat with each glide. The wet suction of her mouth was incredible, her tongue painting the underside of his shaft as she slurped him to the hilt. Charlie groaned as he felt the tip of his cock bump the back of her throat again and again, amazed at how easily she was able to take his considerable size.

For several blissful minutes, there was only the obscenely wet sounds of a sloppy, eager blowjob filling the air as Sherry skillfully pleased her son. Her plump lips formed a tight seal around his girth, slurping and suckling his throbbing meat. Charlie's heavy balls slapped against the

wall with each thrust of his hips, churning with a huge load just for his mom.

Then suddenly, a new sensation enveloped his spit-slick shaft, startling a gasp from Charlie's lips. It was warm and plush, silky soft skin molding around his veiny length. Sherry's mouth was gone, but the incredible pressure remained, squeezing his pulsing cock from all sides.

It took Charlie's lust-fogged brain a moment to comprehend what was happening, but then it clicked - his mom was tit-fucking him through the hole!

He peeked through the peephole to confirm. She had wrapped her massive, pillowy breasts around his slick shaft, trapping him in the heavenly valley of her cleavage.

Charlie groaned long and low as Sherry began to bounce her huge tits up and down his length, her soft flesh engulfing him over and over. The slippery channel of her cleavage was so hot and tight, the plush skin of her breasts molding around every throbbing inch. He could feel her stiff nipples dragging along his shaft, the rubbery nubs adding delicious friction.

"Oh god, Mom," Charlie panted, his voice strained with pleasure. "Milk my cock with your big fucking titties! Squeeze that dick!"

Spurred on by her son's voice through the app, Sherry redoubled her efforts, tit-fucking him for all she was worth. She mashed her heavy breasts together, enveloping his dick in her soft, doughy flesh. The slick slide of his shaft between her mammoth jugs was obscenely lewd, made even more so by the fact that it was her own son's cock she was pleasuring.

Sherry angled her chest, positioning her mouth at the tip of Charlie's cock each time it poked through her cleavage. As the swollen head emerged from her pillowy tits, she engulfed it with her lips, suckling the

glans like a lollipop before releasing it to disappear between her breasts once more.

Charlie's mind reeled at the dual sensations of his mom's tits and mouth working in tandem to worship his desperate cock.

The hot, plush flesh of Sherry's enormous breasts enveloped Charlie's straining cock in a heavenly sheath of silky skin. The tender inner slopes of her cleavage molded around his veiny shaft like warm dough, creating a tight, slippery channel. Her heavy mammaries formed a jiggling cocoon of satiny tit-meat that strangled his throbbing length, the supple fat of her breasts yielding and conforming to every contour.

Watching through the peephole, Charlie could see his bulbous cockhead poke out from his mom's cavernous cleavage with each thrust, the broad dome glistening with a combination of saliva and pre-cum. Sherry craned her neck, extending her tongue to lap at the slit each time it emerged, swirling the slippery tip around his swollen glans before he disappeared back into the warm, pillowy embrace of her tits.

The soft, pliant meat of her breasts rippled and undulated around Charlie's pistoning cock as Sherry worked them up and down his length. Her cleavage gripped him like a fleshy fist, the plush tissue compressing and massaging every throbbing inch. Rivulets of sweat trickled down into her cavernous cleavage, mingling with the teen's copious pre-cum to create a slick, frictionless glide.

Sherry's lush, heavy tits made wet smacking sounds as they slapped together rhythmically, pummeling Charlie's cock from all sides. Her voluptuous mounds jiggled and bounced lewdly, the sheer weight of them causing a mesmerizing ripple effect with each pump. The tender undersides of her breasts kissed wetly, sandwiching Charlie's veiny shaft between the pliant mounds.

Charlie could feel every sweet inch of his mom's succulent titflesh molding around his aching cock like a hot, satiny glove. Her plump, puffy

nipples poked into his shaft, the rubbery nubs dragging deliciously along the sensitive skin. He groaned as he imagined those fat nipples in his mouth, suckling and nibbling on the spongy tips until his mom cried out in ecstasy.

Sherry pumped her massive, pillowy breasts up and down Charlie's straining shaft with wild abandon, her movements growing more frenzied by the second. She could sense her son was close to the edge, his cock pulsing and jerking erratically between her slick mounds.

Determined to wring every last drop of cum from his aching balls, Sherry redoubled her efforts, fucking her huge tits along his shaft with near violent intensity. The wet smack of sweaty flesh filled the room as she used her breasts like a cock-milking machine, squeezing and stroking Charlie's throbbing meat for all she was worth.

"That's it baby, let Mommy drain those swollen balls," Sherry panted, her voice sounding through the speaker on his phone. "Paint Mommy's big tits with your hot, sticky cum! I want to feel you explode all over me!"

Charlie let out a strangled shout, his hips thrusting erratically as his cock swelled to its maximum size between Sherry's pumping tits. His cockhead turned a deep, angry purple, flaring impossibly wide as it poked free of her cleavage again and again.

"Fuck! Mom! I'm gonna...unnngghh!" Charlie's warning was cut off as the first massive spurt of cum blasted from his slit, rocketing out to splatter against Sherry's chin and neck. She quickly angled his erupting cock towards her open mouth, just in time to catch the next thick ribbon of spunk across her extended tongue.

Sherry moaned in ecstasy as Charlie geysered like a broken hydrant, painting her face and tits with what felt like buckets of hot, salty jizz. She continued to pump his spurting shaft with her slick breasts, coaxing out every last drop of his teenage seed.

Thick, ropy strands of cum webbed across Sherry's features, dripping from her eyebrows and nose to pool in her gasping mouth. Pearly rivulets streamed down the slopes of her heaving tits, collecting in the deep valley of her cleavage. She was utterly drenched in spunk, marked as her son's cumslut.

Charlie slumped against the wall, his chest heaving and mind reeling as the final weak spurts dribbled from his slit. He had never cum so hard in his life, the sheer volume and force of his ejaculation leaving him weak in the knees. His cock twitched between his mother's slick breasts, ultra sensitive as Sherry gentled her motions, milking out the last drops.

On the other side of the wall, Sherry released her boy's softening cock from the cum-soaked embrace of her huge tits. She sat back on her heels, swiping her fingers through the thick glaze of spunk coating her face and chest, fully intending on consuming every drop before emerging from her closet.

The next morning, Sherry woke up with a delicious ache in her jaw and a wicked gleam in her eye. The memory of choking on her son's massive cock, feeling his heavy balls slap against her chin as he pumped her throat full of cum, had her pussy clenching with need. She couldn't wait to wrap her lips around Charlie's throbbing meat again, to milk every last drop of jizz from his swollen nuts.

But as satisfying as it was to suck and tit-fuck her hung son through the hole in the wall, Sherry found herself craving more. She wanted to worship every inch of his incredible cock, to lave his balls with her tongue and bury her nose in his musky pubes. She longed to have unfettered access to his entire groin, to service him fully without the barrier of the wall.

Grabbing her phone, Sherry quickly dialed Candace's number, impatient to see what other options the company offered. Her pussy was already growing damp with anticipation.

"Good morning, Sherry!" Candace chirped when she picked up. "How are you enjoying the new Oral Fixation upgrade so far?"

"Oh my God, Candace, it's incredible," Sherry gushed, her face flushing at the lewd memories. "Charlie is having the best time."

Candace chuckled, a note of wicked delight in her voice. "I knew you'd love it. There's nothing quite like the thrill of a anonymous, taboo liaison with your own son, is there?"

"You're so right," Sherry agreed, squirming a little on the bed. Her free hand drifted down to press against her aching clit through her silk panties. "But I was wondering...is there a way to get even more of him through the hole? I'm talking every thick inch, balls and all. You know, a way for a mom to get total access."

"Well, it just so happens we do offer a deluxe setup," Candace revealed, a smile in her voice. "We call it the Full Access Package. It's a much larger, reinforced hole with a padded bench on either side. It allows for complete, unrestricted access to every inch of your son's impressive equipment."

"I want it," Sherry breathed, her voice trembling with excitement. "When is the soonest you can send someone out to install it?"

Candace chuckled at Sherry's eagerness. "I can have a team there tomorrow morning if you'd like. We pride ourselves on prompt, discreet service."

"Perfect," Sherry purred, already imagining having her son's massive cock and balls dangling through the expanded hole, fully at her mercy. "I'll make sure the coast is clear."

The next day, after Dave left for work and the kids were off to school, the installation team arrived at Sherry's door. They worked quickly and efficiently, cutting an impressive circular opening low in the wall and reinforcing it with a cushioned rim. On both sides, they installed a plush, padded bench-like platform that jutted out a few feet, providing a comfortable place to explore a variety of sex positions.

As soon as they finished, Sherry called Barb, too excited to keep the naughty development to herself. Her best friend rushed right over, eager to see the new setup.

"Holy shit, Sher," Barb breathed as she took in the large, inviting hole. She crouched down, running her fingers along the padded rim. "You could fit a whole body through there, let alone a cock and balls."

Sherry grinned wickedly, joining Barb on the floor. "I know, right? But now I can worship every inch of him, and his balls too."

Barb licked her lips, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You lucky bitch. I'm so jealous."

Sherry looked at her friend with sympathy, knowing how much Barb enjoyed gagging on a hard cock just as much as she did. An idea suddenly occurred to her - what if they shared this experience together? The thought of tag-teaming her hung son's dick with her best friend sent a fresh gush of arousal flooding Sherry's already damp panties.

"You know, Barb..." Sherry began slowly, a devious smile spreading across her face. "There's plenty of room for two at this gloryhole. What do you say we christen it together and give Charlie the double blowjob of his young life?"

Barb's eyes widened, her mouth falling open in shock and excitement. "Holy fuck, Sher, are you serious? You want me to suck your son's cock with you?"

Sherry grinned wickedly, reaching out to squeeze Barb's hand. "Dead serious. I know how much you love choking on a big dick. And Charlie's is huge, trust me. Wouldn't it be so hot to worship his cock together, licking and slurping up and down that fat shaft in tandem?"

Barb let out a shuddery breath, her thighs clenching at the mental image. "God yes. I'm dripping just thinking about it. You don't think Charlie would mind?"

Sherry laughed, shaking her head. "Oh honey, what teenage boy is gonna turn down his mom and her hot best friend slobbering all over his cock? He'll think he died and went to porn heaven."

Barb bit her lip, nodding eagerly. "You're so right. Fuck, let's do it. I wanna share that hung young stud's dick with you, Sher."

Sherry felt a rush of heat between her legs at Barb's enthusiastic agreement. She couldn't believe this was actually happening - that she was about to suck her own son's cock alongside her best friend. It was beyond filthy and so fucking hot.

Charlie could hardly concentrate during his last period, his mind consumed with the promise of another naughty encounter with his mother after school. His cock was already half-hard, straining against his jeans as he imagined her plump lips wrapped around his shaft, her tongue swirling over the sensitive head.

As soon as the bell rang, Charlie whipped out his phone, opening the secret gloryhole app with trembling fingers. He sent the usual session request, his heart pounding as he waited for his mom's response. To his delight, the notification popped up almost instantly - she had accepted.

Charlie practically sprinted home, bursting through the front door and taking the stairs two at a time. He hurried into his bedroom, locking the door behind him and quickly stripping off his clothes. His rigid cock sprang free, bobbing heavily as he made a beeline for the closet.

But as Charlie slid open the door, he stopped short, his jaw dropping in shock. The gloryhole had been drastically enlarged, the opening now a gaping, circular portal ringed with a plush, cushioned sleeve. And at the base was a padded bench-like platform, jutting out from the wall at the perfect height for laying on.

"Holy shit," Charlie breathed, his cock flexing at the sight. He realized his mom must have arranged for an upgrade, expanding the hole to accommodate more of him... a lot more! His balls tightened at the thought, a fresh bead of pre-cum welling at the tip of his erection.

Charlie cautiously approached the upgraded hole, his heart pounding with excitement and trepidation. With a deep breath, he clambered onto the padded bench and laid back, his rigid cock pointing straight up.

Scooting forward, Charlie lined up his head and shoulders with the circular portal. He slid through smoothly, the cushioned sleeve hugging him snugly as he emerged on the other side. Blinking in the sudden brightness, Charlie found himself staring up at the ceiling of his mother's closet.

But his view was quickly obscured by two pairs of massive, naked tits dangling above him. Charlie's eyes widened as he took in the sight of not only his mom's huge bare breasts, but Barb's as well. The two MILFs loomed over him, their faces split with amused, knowing grins.

"Well hello there, honey," Sherry purred, reaching down to cup her son's stunned face. Her plump nipples were stiff peaks, jutting out from her puffy areolae. "Fancy meeting you here."

"Welcome to the titty committee," Barb giggled, hefting her own enormous jugs. They wobbled and swayed, the fleshy globes capped with fat, rubbery nipples that pointed straight at Charlie. "Two pairs are better than one, don't you think?"

Charlie could only gape up at the wall of tit-meat hovering mere inches from his face, his brain short-circuiting at the overwhelming display. His cock flexed urgently against his belly, a fresh spurt of pre-cum splattering his abs.

Before Charlie could even form a coherent response, Sherry was swinging a leg over his head, straddling his face like a fleshy saddle. She faced away from the wall, giving her son an unobstructed view straight up the lush landscape of her curvy body.

Charlie's field of vision was filled with his mother's plump, glistening pussy lips hovering mere inches above his mouth. The intoxicating scent of her arousal filled his nostrils, musky and tangy, making his head swim with lust.

Sherry reached down and spread her swollen labia with her fingers, exposing the wet pink folds of her cunt. Viscous strands of her excitement stretched between her parted petals, clear evidence of how turned on she was.

"Wanna eat some pussy, sweetheart?" his mom asked, gazing down over the swell of her pillowy tits.

All the boy could do was nod eagerly, so excited he could barely form words.

"Get that tongue in there then, honey," Sherry purred, lowing her pubis and grinding her sopping slit against Charlie's mouth. "Taste how wet Mommy is for you."

Charlie didn't need to be told twice. His tongue eagerly extended to meet the descending honey pot, slipping between his mother's juicy folds to lap at her weeping core. The taste exploded across his taste buds - tangy, musky, intoxicating. He moaned into her pussy, the vibrations making Sherry gasp and roll her hips.

Above him, Sherry's massive tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically, the heavy globes capped with rubbery nipples. Charlie felt dizzy with lust as he tongued his mom's cunt, the sight of those huge fun bags bouncing above him making his cock throb against his belly.

As Charlie hungrily lapped at his mother's dripping slit, Barb moved in behind Sherry, climbing aboard and straddling the teen's chest. She pressed her huge, heavy tits into Sherry's back, the pillowy mounds molding around her shoulder blades. Barb's stiff nipples poked into Sherry's flesh as she ground her own soaked pussy against her friend's ass.

"Mmm, look at him go," Barb purred in Sherry's ear, reaching around to cup and squeeze her massive jugs. "He's eating your cunt like it's his last meal. What a good boy."

Sherry could only moan in response, lost to the exquisite pleasure of her son's talented tongue. She rolled and rocked her hips, smearing her slick arousal all over Charlie's face as she rode his mouth.

The teen lapped greedily at his mom's weeping folds, his chin and cheeks glistening with her essence. He pointed his tongue, delving deep into her clenching channel, fucking the wet muscle in and out. His nose bumped against her fat throbbing clit with each thrust, making Sherry cry out sharply.

"Oh fuck yes, eat Mommy's pussy," Sherry panted, one hand flying up to tangle in Charlie's hair. She held him firmly against her groin as she ground down, smothering him with her sopping cunt. "Shove that tongue in deep, get Mommy nice and wet."

Behind her, Barb began to hump and grind against Sherry's ass with greater urgency, coating her friend's crack with slippery arousal. "You're hogging his mouth," she pouted, giving Sherry's tits a rough squeeze. "I want a turn with that sweet tongue."

Sherry grinned over her shoulder, her hips never stopping their lewd undulations. "Patience, you greedy slut. Let him finish getting me nice and creamy, then you can sit on his face."

Charlie redoubled his efforts, spurred on by the naughty talk above him. He swirled his tongue around Sherry's entrance, lapping up her fragrant juices before plunging back inside. He fucked her hole with long, deep strokes, feeling the snug texture of her baby-chute, his nose and chin shiny with her tasty nectar.

"Fuck, I'm getting close," Sherry whined, her thighs starting to quake on either side of Charlie's head. She seized Barb's hands on her tits and encouraged her to maul the heavy globes. "Play with my nipples, pinch them!"

Barb eagerly complied, tugging and twisting Sherry's fat nubs until she was panting and mewling. The dual stimulation of Charlie's tongue and Barb's fingers had Sherry rapidly approaching the edge, her pussy clenching and fluttering around Charlie's thrusting muscle. She could feel her orgasm building, coiling tight in her core like a spring ready to snap.

"Almost there, don't stop!" Sherry cried, her voice high and tight. She tangled both hands in Charlie's hair now, yanking him impossibly deeper into the wet folds of her cunt. "Suck my clit, make Mommy cum!"

Smothered in cunt, Charlie immediately zeroed in on the throbbing bud at the apex of his mother's slit, drawing it between his lips to lave the sensitive flesh. He flickered the tip of his tongue over her engorged grape-sized nub, fluttering the wet muscle rapidly.

That was all it took to send Sherry hurtling over the edge. With a keening wail, she came hard, gushing all over Charlie's tongue and chin. Her pussy spasmed violently, clenching and rippling around his plunging tongue as a flood of tangy cream coated his taste buds.

"Fuck yes, drink it down!" Sherry babbled, grinding her pulsing cunt against her son's mouth. She continued to roll and undulate her hips through the aftershocks, milking every last lick from her son's talented tongue.

Behind her, Barb let out a desperate whine, her own pussy aching and empty. She rutted shamelessly against Sherry's ass, leaving a snail trail of arousal up her crack. "Fuck Sher, I'm dying here. I need to cum on his face so bad."

Sherry slumped forward, releasing Charlie's head from the vice grip of her thighs. She dismounted his face on wobbly legs, collapsing onto the floor. "He's all yours. Ride him hard."

Barb scrambled forward eagerly, straddling Charlie's juice-smearred face. She gazed down, watching his reaction as she smothered him with her dripping pussy.

Charlie blinked up at her, dazed from the orgasm he had just wrung from his mother. His face was glazed with Sherry's release, his lips and chin glistening obscenely. Barb licked her own lips hungrily at the sight, wanting nothing more than to lick Sherry's cum from every inch of his face.

But first, she needed to cum. Desperately.

She lowered her sopping cunt onto Charlie's waiting mouth. She shuddered violently as she made contact, his soft lips and hot breath igniting her nerve endings. She was already so worked up from tribbing against Sherry that she knew it wouldn't take much to push her over the edge.

"Fuck yes, there's a good boy," Barb purred, undulating her hips to smear her arousal all over Charlie's face.

Charlie gazed up across the landscape of Barb's body with awe and disbelief, his eyes tracing a path from her plump, glistening pussy mound

and the neatly trimmed landing strip of dark hair up the plane of her soft tummy. Her towering torso seemed to go on for miles, finally culminating in the massive, wobbling udders that capped her chest.

The giant globes of tit flesh swayed pendulously above him, the jiggling movement mesmerizing. Barb's breasts were just as humongous as his own mother's impressive rack, each creamy mound much bigger than his head. Her nipples were stiff, rubbery peaks jutting out from puffy, saucer-sized areolae.

Charlie marveled at the wanton lust in Barb's eyes as she undulated her hips, grinding her dripping pussy against his face. This was the woman he had known like a second mother for as long as he could remember - his mom's best friend who had always seemed so happily married to her doting husband. She had bandaged his scrapes, snuck him cookies before dinner, cheered him on at little league games. She was as much a part of his childhood as his own parents.

Yet here she was, straddling his face with her sopping wet cunt, desperate for his tongue on her most intimate places. Her face was a mask of naked hunger as she gazed down at him, her eyes pleading for him to devour her, to make her cum.

The forbidden nature of it all made Charlie's head spin and his cock throb painfully against his belly. He couldn't believe this was really happening - that after years of secretly lusting after his mom's hot best friend, he finally had her succulent pussy smeared across his mouth, her musky arousal coating his taste buds.

The teen eagerly extended his tongue to delve between Barb's plump, slippery labia, lapping up her fragrant juices. She tasted slightly different than his mom - saltier, muskier, but no less intoxicating. He moaned into her folds as he feasted on her weeping petals, relishing the flavor of her forbidden nectar.

"Ohhh fuck yes, just like that!" Barb cried out as Charlie's tongue caressed her sensitive flesh. She clenched her pussy muscles around the slippery invader, trying to suck him deeper into her channel.

Charlie lapped and slurped greedily at Barb's dripping pussy, relishing the tangy musk coating his taste buds. Her heady feminine scent filled his nostrils and made his head swim as he tongued her clenching tunnel. He couldn't get enough of her potent flavor, suckling her engorged labia like a starving man at a banquet.

Barb's juices poured from her like a broken faucet, drenching Charlie's face in her essence. He was drowning in her arousal, his mouth and nose completely submerged in the wet folds of her pussy. But what a way to go - smothered by hot, fragrant cunt, desperately licking and sucking for air.

Charlie felt drunk on Barb's musk, dizzy and disoriented from the overwhelming sensory onslaught. His entire world narrowed down to the plump, throbbing flesh smashed against his face. His tongue probed her spasming walls, swirling and curling to lap up every drop of her free-flowing nectar.

Barb's pussy clenched and rippled around Charlie's slick invader, fluttering deliciously as she rapidly approached climax. She ground herself against his face with wild abandon, shameless in her pursuit of release. Her sodden labia slipped and slid over his features, leaving him glazed in her juices.

"Fuck yes, eat my cunt!" Barb wailed, fisting Charlie's hair to hold him in place as she fucked his face. "Tongue fuck my pussy, make me squirt!"

Charlie could feel Barb's impending orgasm in the way her thighs trembled around his ears, her swollen walls pulsing against his thrusting muscle. He doubled down, stabbing his tongue as deep into her clutching sheath as it would go while his nose bumped and flicked over her throbbing clit.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Barb screamed, her voice raw and hoarse. "Don't stop, I'm squirting, fuuuuuuck!"

Barb's pussy spasmed violently, gushing a flood of hot girl cum all over Charlie's tongue and chin. A torrent of liquid cream sprayed from her clenching hole, splattering across the boy's juice-smearred face.

Charlie sputtered and gasped as Barb's release geysered over his features, the tangy fluid filling his mouth and shooting up his nose. But he didn't relent, continuing to lave her pulsing flesh through her intense climax. He swallowed convulsively, guzzling down her gushing offering while struggling to breathe through the deluge.

As Barb's climax finally subsided, she slumped forward, bracing her hands on the bench to the sides of Charlie's head. Her massive tits swung down, smacking him in the face with their doughy heft. Charlie sputtered, his vision completely obscured by the smothering tit-meat.

"Alright, you greedy slut, stop hogging his face," Sherry laughed, tugging Barb off her son by the hips. "We have other parts of him to attend to, remember?"

Barb reluctantly dismounted Charlie and he lay there dazed, his face a glistening mess of fem-cum and saliva. He looked thoroughly used, and they were just getting started.

"Okay honey, time to bring that gorgeous cock of yours through to play," Sherry purred, patting his flushed cheek. "Slide on back and stick your bottom half through the hole for Mommy and Auntie Barb."

Charlie blinked up at his mother, his lust-fogged brain struggling to process her words. But his body responded automatically, his hips already scooting back on the platform. With a wet slurp, his head popped free of the hole, disappearing back to his side of the wall.

There was a brief pause and then Charlie's legs and groin emerged through the opening. The teen's cock was a thing of beauty - long, thick

and rock-hard, jutting out from a neatly trimmed thatch of pubic hair. The bulbous head was a deep, angry purple, the flared ridge slick with pre-cum. His heavy balls dangled below, swollen and churning with a fresh load of spunk.

"Oh my," Barb breathed, taking in the mouthwatering sight of Charlie's junk on full display. "You weren't kidding, Sher. He's fucking hung."

Sherry grinned proudly, reaching out to wrap her fingers around Charlie's thick shaft. "I told you he was packing some serious heat. Didn't I raise a prime specimen of a man?"

Charlie groaned as his mom stroked him slowly, her grip barely able to close around his girth. He felt so exposed and vulnerable with his most intimate parts on display, yet incredibly aroused at the same time. His cock flexed in Sherry's fist, another bead of pre-cum welling from the slit.

"Well what are we waiting for?" Barb asked eagerly, scooting closer on her knees. "Let's worship this beautiful set of cock and balls together."

The two busty MILFs exchanged a heated glance before descending on Charlie's prone body, peppering his taut abs with wet, open-mouthed kisses. Their huge tits dragged over his skin, soft and heavy, the stiff peaks of their nipples tracing teasing patterns. Charlie shuddered and flexed beneath the sensual onslaught, his abs clenching as his cock strained towards the ceiling.

Sherry slithered between her son's splayed thighs, nuzzling his heavy sack with her nose. She breathed in his intimate musk, intoxicated by the heady aroma of virile young male. Extending her tongue, she began to lap at his swollen balls, tracing the plump contours and laving the delicate skin. Charlie groaned, his shaft flexing urgently as his mother bathed his nuts with lewd devotion.

Beside him, Barb knelt on the floor beside the bench, bringing her face level with Charlie's impressive cock. Her eyes glittered with hungry

anticipation as she wrapped her fingers around the thick base, squeezing gently. The throbbing shaft was searing hot against her palm, silky smooth yet hard as steel. She pumped him slowly, watching in fascination as a pearly bead of pre-cum formed at the tip.

Unable to resist, Barb leaned in and swiped the flat of her tongue over Charlie's leaking slit, moaning at the bitter-salt taste of his essence. She swirled her long licker around the flared head, tracing the ridge and dipping into his weeping hole to coax out more of his nectar.

Charlie let out a strangled groan, his cock jumping in Barb's grip as she teased him with kittenish licks. His balls drew up tight as Sherry suckled one into her hot mouth, rolling the plump orb on her tongue. The dual stimulation was maddening, the wicked women tag-teaming his most sensitive flesh.

Sherry released Charlie's testicle with a wet pop, turning her attention to his taint. She dragged the flat of her tongue along the sensitive strip, feeling it twitch beneath her ministrations. Charlie's hips bucked off the platform, seeking more of that exquisite pressure.

Sherry licked a slow, deliberate path from her son's balls to his tight, puckered hole, circling the dusky rosette with the pointed tip of her tongue. Charlie yelped, his shaft pulsing out a thick spurt of pre-cum at the foreign sensation.

Barb eagerly lapped up the clear emission, savoring the concentrated essence of horny teenage male. She wrapped her lips around Charlie's swollen glans, giving a gentle suckle before releasing him and extending her tongue to lap up the underside of his shaft from root to tip.

"Fuck!" Charlie gasped out, overwhelmed by the combined onslaught.

"Hey Sher, look how his big fat cockhead gets all shiny and purple when I lick around the ridge like this," Barb purred, demonstrating with a slow swirl of her tongue. The bulbous crown swelled and pulsed, growing

even more engorged. "He likes having his helmet polished, don't you Charlie?"

"Yes!" the boy whimpered from beyond the hole.

"Mmm, and watch his balls draw up so tight whenever I lap at his taint," Sherry observed, tickling the sensitive spot with fluttering licks. Charlie's nutsack clenched and quivered, hugging his body as if trying to escape the intense sensation. "He twitches so cutely!"

Barb giggled wickedly, pumping Charlie's thick shaft with a twisting motion. "This big vein running along the underside is throbbing like crazy. I think it's begging for some attention." She sealed her lips around the pulsing trail of vascularity, suckling hard enough to hollow her cheeks. She nibbled on the swollen dick-flesh with her pretty white teeth.

Charlie let out a tortured groan, fisting the bench beneath him. The concentrated suction on that sweet spot made his cock flex and jump, splattering Barb's chin with a ropey strand of pre-cum.

"So much pre-nut!" Barb giggled.

"I know. Look how wet and drippy his slit gets," Sherry cooed, swiping up the pearly essence with her fingertip and painting it around Charlie's leaking tip. "So much sweet pre-cum leaking out, like his cock is crying for more."

She dipped the very tip of her tongue into Charlie's weeping hole, wriggling it obscenely as if tongue-fucking the tiny orifice. Charlie's eyes rolled back, a broken moan spilling from his lips at the incredible sensation.

"Don't be a cum hog," Barb chided playfully, wrapping her hand around Charlie's thick shaft and pumping it with firm, twisting strokes. "Leave some of that sweet pre-jizz for me."

Sherry grinned wickedly, still swirling the tip of her tongue around Charlie's leaking slit. "First come, first served, bitch! You snooze, you lose when it comes to slurping up our boy's juices."

Barb huffed, doubling down on her handjob. Her fist flew with a skilled corkscrew motion over Charlie's engorged cock, squeezing and stroking from root to tip. "Fine, but the next bead of pre that wells up is MINE."

The two MILF's intently focused on the weeping eye of Charlie's cock as Barb ruthlessly milked his shaft. Their faces hovered mere inches from the swollen purple head, breath mingling as they waited with bated anticipation.

Charlie squirmed and panted beneath their intense focus, his abs clenching and flexing as the pressure built in his heavy balls. He could feel his orgasm building, churning in his groin, but the women kept him teetering just on the edge with their skilled manipulations.

"Here it comes!" Sherry cried excitedly. "I see it, I see it!"

Sure enough, a fat, pearly drop of pre-cum was emerging from Charlie's dilated slit, quivering and swelling with each pulse of his cock. It grew to the size of a small grape, straining and trembling against gravity.

In a flash, both women surged forward, extending their tongues to lap up the tempting treat. They collided messily over Charlie's tip, wet pink muscles flailing and tangling as they fought for the pre-cum prize.

"Mmmph! No fair!" Barb whined around a mouthful of Sherry's tongue, stubbornly trying to worm past the other woman to get to Charlie's slit.

"Snnrrgh... all's fair in lust and war!" Sherry garbled back, not ceding an inch. Her tongue wrestled with Barb's, both of them mashing the wet muscles against Charlie's most sensitive spot.

The teen thought he might pass out as he peeked down through a gape in the cushioned hole and watched the lewd tongue battle happening on

the head of his dick. His mother and her best friend were sloppily frenching each other, their lips and tongues slipping and sliding around as they made out messily over his cockhead. Drool dribbled down his shaft as the women noisily sucked and slurped at each other, both still intent on capturing his pre-cum.

"His balls are so plump and heavy," Barb marveled, raking her fingers through the swollen sack. "Filled to bursting with teenage cum, I bet. I wonder how much these bad boys can pump out?"

Barb and Sherry took turns burying their faces in Charlie's musk-scented scrotum, inhaling deeply and savoring the ripe aroma of virile teen. They nuzzled and motorboated his swollen balls, rubbing their noses and cheeks all over the delicate, wrinkled skin. Charlie groaned as he felt their hot breath wafting over his most sensitive area, their feminine sighs of appreciation music to his ears.

"Fuck, he smells incredible," Sherry panted, her voice muffled by the hefty balls mashed against her face. "So earthy and potent. The pure essence of horny teenage stud."

"Mmm, I could get high huffing his nut musk all day," Barb agreed dreamily, dragging her lips along the seam of his sack. "It's making me so fucking wet."

Charlie's cock flexed and throbbed urgently with each nuzzle and sniff of his heavy balls, jerking against his abs as it wept copious pre-cum. The sticky strands clung to his skin, glistening in the light as his pulsing erection strained towards the ceiling.

"Look how much his big cock is leaking," Sherry marveled, wrapping her hand around the thick base and giving it a firm squeeze. A fat dollop of pre-spunk bubbled from the slit in response. "He's making such a mess just from us worshipping his balls."

"We've barely gotten started and he's already fit to burst," Barb giggled wickedly, trailing a teasing fingertip around the ridge of Charlie's swollen cockhead. "Just wait until we really get to work on him."

Charlie whimpered as the MILF's slowly kissed their way up his throbbing shaft, their lips and tongues leaving wet trails of saliva in their wake. They took turns suckling gently on his plump veins, tracing every ridge and contour with obscene attention to detail. By the time they reached his straining glans, the entire shaft glistened with their oral ministrations.

Sherry and Barb locked eyes as they hovered over Charlie's weeping tip, extending their tongues to lap at the viscous pre-spunk oozing steadily from his slit. They licked him like an ice cream cone, their wet muscles swirling around his most sensitive spot. Charlie gasped and fisted the bench beneath him, his balls drawing up impossibly tight as he fought the urge to cum.

"Fucking hell," the teen gritted out through clenched teeth, every muscle in his body coiled with tension. "If you keep that up, I'm gonna bust so hard..."

"Uh uh uh," Sherry tutted, giving his balls a warning squeeze. "No cumming until Mommy and Auntie Barb say so."

Sherry reached down and gripped the very root of Charlie's throbbing cock, her fingers circling the base just below his swollen balls. She squeezed firmly, causing his heavy sack to bunch up and bulge obscenely on either side of his thick shaft. His taut ball skin was stretched thin, the individual orbs clearly defined as they swelled with cum.

"There we go," Sherry purred, admiring her son's upthrust package. "Now Mommy and Auntie Barb have a nice clear canvas to work with."

Barb licked her lips hungrily as she eyed Charlie's presented genitals, the teen's most intimate parts completely at their mercy. "Mmm, I call dibs

on these ripe plums," she giggled, cupping his churning balls in her palm. "I'm going to suck the cum right out of them."

"Be my guest," Sherry grinned, keeping a vice-grip on the base of Charlie's cock. "I'll focus my attention on this angry red prick. It looks like it could use some serious soothing."

With that, the two MILF's descended on Charlie's junk like starving animals, ravenous for his flesh. Barb dove face first into his heavy sack, motorboating his balls and rubbing her cheeks all over the delicate skin. She mouthed at the swollen globes, sucking one and then the other into the wet heat of her mouth.

Charlie groaned, long and low, as Barb used her lips and tongue to caress every wrinkle and fold of his balls. The suction of her eager mouth made his sack tighten, hugging his body as she suckled him greedily. She released one testicle with a lewd slurp, only to engulf the other, rolling the hefty orb over her flattened tongue.

Beside her, Sherry was no less enthusiastic as she showered Charlie's straining erection with open-mouthed kisses. She dragged her lips along the throbbing underside, laving the thick vein with her tongue. Reaching the flared head, she swirled around the ridge before dipping into his leaking slit, lapping up the pre-cum hungrily.

"Fuck!" Charlie yelled, his cock flexing in his mother's grip as she tongue-fucked his slit. The wet, wiggling pressure was maddening, and more viscous fluid bubbled up to coat her probing muscle.

Sherry moaned as she savored the taste of her son's essence, taking her time to thoroughly clean his weeping tip. Once she had lapped up every pearly drop, she began to nibble and suck her way down his shaft, leaving a glistening trail of saliva in her wake.

Barb, meanwhile, was busy tonguing Charlie's taint, that sensitive strip of skin between his balls and asshole. She flattened her tongue and laved

the area with broad, firm strokes, feeling it twitch and flutter beneath her ministrations. Charlie's hips bucked off the platform as pleasure zipped up his spine, his cock flexing urgently in Sherry's grip.

"Ohhhh fuck," the teen groaned brokenly, fisting the cushions. "That feels so good..."

Sherry grinned around his shaft, doubling her efforts. She sealed her lips just under the ridge of his swollen head and suckled hard, hollowing her cheeks. At the same time, she pumped her fist up and down his thick length, twisting her wrist on the upstroke. Charlie saw stars, gasping for breath as his mother expertly milked his cock.

Barb, not to be outdone, crammed both of Charlie's hefty nuts into her mouth at once. She stretched her jaw impossibly wide, her lips straining as she tried to engulf the swollen globes. Charlie cried out sharply as she sucked hard, her cheeks concave with the effort. His heavy balls drew up tight to his body, but Barb was relentless, determined to swallow them down her throat.

She gagged and sputtered, drool pouring from the corners of her mouth as she attempted the impossible feat. The wet squelching and slurping sounds were obscene as she worked his churning balls over with her tongue, coating them in spit.

At the same time, Sherry sank down on Charlie's rigid cock, taking him to the root in one smooth motion. Her pillowy lips met Barb's in a lewd kiss as they pressed into Charlie's groin from both sides, his genitals completely engulfed by their ravenous mouths.

Charlie thought he might pass out from the all-consuming ecstasy of having his cock and balls entirely swallowed, suctioned and slurped by the dueling MILF's. Every inch of his most sensitive flesh was caressed by wet, wriggling muscle as the women feasted on him.

With a growl, the teen grabbed fistfuls of his mother and aunt's hair, holding their faces firmly in his crotch. Sherry moaned around his thick shaft as he tugged on her locks, the vibrations making him pulse between her lips. Barb whimpered as he used her hair as a handle, forcing her to take his balls deeper into her gulping throat.

"Holy shit," Charlie panted, his abs flexing as he stared down at the shocking sight of the women devouring his junk. "Don't stop, fuck, just like that! Suck me, eat my fucking cock and balls!"

Sherry and Barb went to town on him with renewed vigor, spurred on by his desperate begging. They slurped and guzzled wetly, their chins and cheeks glazed with drool and pre-cum as they worshipped every inch of his straining meat.

Sherry pistoned her head up and down Charlie's veiny shaft, taking him so deep that her nose mashed into his pubic bone on every downstroke. Her throat muscles rippled and squeezed around his cockhead, massaging him from the inside. Beside her, Barb gnawed and tongued his bloated sack, still stubbornly trying to swallow his balls down her gullet.

Charlie was in absolute heaven, his mind shorting out from the overwhelming pleasure. All coherent thought fled as he surrendered himself to pure sensation - the slick, snug heat of his mother's throat, the suctioning pressure of his aunt's hungry mouth. His balls churned and pulsed, rapidly approaching the point of no return.

Barb gurgled and slurped around Charlie's balls, drool pouring from the corners of her stretched lips as she stubbornly worked to swallow his entire sack. As the teen's climax approached, his testicles began to draw up tight, trying to retract into his body to prepare for ejaculation. But Barb clamped down with her lips, sealing them in the hot, wet suction of her mouth.

As Charlie's balls attempted to ascend, Barb pulled back, stretching his spermatic cords taut. His scrotum elongated obscenely as she used the

vacuum of her cheeks to tug his balls away from his crotch, the delicate skin growing thin and tight. Charlie let out a strangled shout at the intense sensation, his cock flexing wildly between his mom's lips.

Sherry felt her son's shaft swell and pulse, growing impossibly harder against her tongue. The bulbous head flared in her throat, stretching her gullet as it prepared to unleash its load. She knew he was mere seconds from exploding and doubled her efforts, sealing her lips in a vise-like grip around the base of his cock.

She began to hum, sending deep vibrations coursing through Charlie's aching shaft. The extra stimulation was the final straw for the desperate teen. With a guttural roar, he thrust his hips up, burying his cock to the hilt in his mother's convulsing throat just as the first shot of cum exploded from his slit.

Sherry's eyes bulged as a powerful jet of semen blasted against the back of her throat, painting her tonsils with a thick layer of spunk. She gagged and sputtered but gamely swallowed, gulping down the first surge of cream before the next volley could choke her.

Charlie's cock bucked and jerked between her lips as he emptied his balls, each contraction of his shaft accompanied by another strong spurt of jizz. Sherry swallowed fast and hard, her throat muscles rippling around him as she fought to keep up with the massive load.

Beside her, Barb tugged and squeezed Charlie's pulsing sack, coaxing out every last drop. She could feel his balls clenching and fluttering in her mouth as they worked overtime to pump out their creamy seed. Drool and semen leaked from the corners of her stretched lips, dribbling down her chin in glistening rivulets.

"Hnnngh, fuuuuuck!" Charlie grunted, his face contorted in ecstasy as he unloaded down his mother's gulping throat. He fisted both women's hair hard enough to hurt, holding their faces in his crotch as he bucked and spasmed through his intense climax.

With an audible pop, Charlie's balls slipped from Barb's stretched lips as she pulled back gasping for air. Strings of saliva connected her mouth to his slick sack as she panted, "No fair, Sher! I want a taste of his cum too!"

Quick as a flash, the two busty MILFs switched positions. Sherry released Charlie's spurting cock from her throat and dove face-first into his crotch, burying her nose in his musky balls. She inhaled deeply, savoring the ripe scent of her son's most intimate area as she began to tongue-bathe his pulsing sack.

At the same time, Barb descended on Charlie's erupting cock like a starving woman, engulfing him to the root in one swift motion. The teen let out a strangled shout as his sensitive glans hit the back of her throat, still shooting powerful jets of spunk. Barb sealed her lips around his girth and swallowed greedily, gulping down rope after thick rope of jizz straight from the source.

"Mmmmph, fuckkk yessss," Barb gargled around Charlie's wildly flexing shaft, her words muffled by the sheer volume of semen flooding her mouth. Her throat worked overtime as she guzzled the creamy load, massaging his pulsing cockhead with her gulping muscles. Rivulets of pearly seed leaked from the corners of her stretched lips, only to be scooped up by her fingers and shoved back into her hungry mouth.

Sherry, meanwhile, was going to town on Charlie's balls, alternating between sucking the hefty orbs into the heat of her mouth and lapping at the sweaty, wrinkled skin with broad strokes of her tongue. She nuzzled into his damp crotch, rubbing her face all over his swollen sack as she hummed in blissful contentment. The vibrations made Charlie's balls quake and tighten, pumping out the dregs of his massive load for Barb to swallow.

"That's it, baby, give Auntie Barb every last drop," Sherry cooed, her hot breath wafting over Charlie's saliva-slick nuts. "Drain those big, beautiful balls down her throat."

Barb moaned her agreement, still nursing on Charlie's softening cock as it twitched out the final weak spurts onto her tongue. She refused to pull off until he was completely spent, determined to milk him dry. Only when his shaft gave a final feeble jerk and began to wilt between her lips did she release him with a wet pop.

Charlie slumped back against the bench, his chest heaving and mind reeling from the intensity of his release. He stared up at the ceiling of his closet in a daze, barely registering as Barb sat up and licked her glistening lips with an exaggerated smack

"Damn, Sher, you weren't kidding about him being a heavy cummer," she purred, swiping a finger through the pearly streaks painting her chin and sucking it clean with a wanton moan. "I feel like I just drank a pint of semen, and I only got half his load."

"Yep. I have a feeling I'm definitely getting lots of grandbabies one day," Sherry said proud, nuzzling her son's nuts.

"Or just A BABY, if things keep progressing like they have been," Barb teased.

Sherry fixed her with a stern but amused smirk. "Don't even go there," she warned.

That evening, Sherry and her husband Dave relaxed in bed together after putting the kids to sleep. Dave was propped up against the headboard, clacking away on his laptop as he finished up some work emails. Sherry lay beside him, idly flipping through a magazine, her mind still reeling from the depraved acts she had participated in with her son and best friend mere hours ago.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed with a notification from the secret app. Her heart leapt into her throat as she saw it was a session request from

Charlie. Trying to appear nonchalant, she set her magazine aside and slid out of bed.

"I'm gonna go organize the closet a bit before bed," she told Dave, her voice carefully casual. "I wanna go through some old clothes, see what can be donated."

"Mmm, okay honey," Dave mumbled distractedly, not looking up from his screen. "Have fun."

Sherry padded into her spacious walk-in closet, making sure to firmly close and lock the door behind her. She approached the glory hole with bated breath, her pulse quickening in anticipation. Sinking to her knees on the plush cushion, she peered through the opening.

There, mere inches away, was her son's beautiful cock, already hard and straining. The thick shaft bobbed before her, pulsing with need, the bulbous head shiny with pre-cum. Sherry licked her lips hungrily, eager to wrap them around that throbbing meat once more.

Just as Sherry was about to lean in and engulf Charlie's waiting cock, his head suddenly poked through the hole instead. She jumped back slightly, startled by her son's unexpected appearance.

"Charlie!" she whispered, glancing furtively at the closed closet door. "What are you doing? Your father is right outside!"

But Charlie seemed unconcerned, his eyes glued to the plunging neckline of Sherry's skimpy nightie, her tits clearly unfettered. The silky fabric draped tantalizingly over her massive breasts, hinting at the succulent globes beneath. Her cavernous cleavage was on full display, the creamy swells nearly spilling out of the low-cut bodice.

"Mom, please," Charlie breathed, his voice tight with need. "Can I suck on your tits? Just for a little bit?"

Sherry's eyes widened, her pulse quickening at the forbidden request. She knew she should refuse, should send Charlie back to his closet before Dave caught them. But the raw hunger in her son's eyes, the desperate way he was staring at her barely-contained breasts, just like he always did... it ignited a fire low in her belly.

"We have to be quiet," Sherry murmured, already reaching for the thin straps of her nightie. "If your father hears us..."

Charlie nodded eagerly, licking his lips as he watched his mother slowly peel the silky fabric down. Inch by tantalizing inch, she revealed the glory of her enormous bust, the globes finally springing free of their confines and dangling heavily.

Sherry quickly glanced back at the locked closet door, listening for any sign that Dave had heard something. Hearing nothing but the faint clacking of his laptop keys, she turned back to her son's eager face poking through the glory hole.

"Okay, but we have to make this quick," she whispered urgently. "And you have to be silent."

Charlie nodded, his eyes still riveted to Sherry's exposed breasts. The massive mounds jiggled and swayed with her every movement, the plump nipples puckered into stiff peaks. He ached to get his mouth on them, to feel that pillowy softness engulf his face.

With gentle but insistent hands, Sherry guided Charlie onto his back, easing him through the hole until only his head and torso remained on her side. She didn't want to risk him accidentally penetrating her in their haste and arousal. This was to be a quick, illicit tit-suckling session, nothing more.

Once Charlie was situated, Sherry carefully straddled his chest, making sure to keep her silk-clad pussy well away from his straining erection.

Looming over him, she cupped her heavy breasts in both hands and slowly lowered them to his upturned face.

Charlie's eyes widened as the wall of tit-flesh descended, his mother's huge, soft tits coming closer and closer until they eclipsed his entire world. And then he was engulfed, his face completely smothered by the warm, plush mounds.

Sherry had to stifle a moan as she felt her son nuzzle into her ample bosom, his lips and nose mashed between the pillowy globes. She cradled his head in her cleavage, holding him firmly in place as she began to gently rock, rubbing her breasts all over his face.

Charlie was in heaven, surrounded on all sides by his mother's giant lush tits. He inhaled deeply, breathing in the sweet scent of her skin, a faint hint of perfume mixed with her own unique essence. Her flesh was so soft and smooth against his cheeks, the pliant mounds conforming to his features like warm dough.

Unable to resist any longer, Charlie opened his mouth and began to kiss and lick every inch of silky skin he could reach. He ran his tongue along the deep crevice of Sherry's cleavage, tasting the thin sheen of perspiration that gathered there. She shivered above him, her nipples tightening into diamond-hard points that poked into his cheeks.

Growing bolder, Charlie latched onto one stiff peak and began to suckle, drawing the fat nub deep into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the puckered areola, flicking the tip over the straining nipple bud. Sherry had to bite her lip hard to keep from crying out, the sensation shooting straight to her core.

As Charlie suckled and slurped at his mother's sensitive nipples, Sherry began to trail hot, open-mouthed kisses along the side of his neck. She laved his racing pulse with her tongue, tasting the salt of his skin. Charlie shivered beneath her, his cock flexing urgently against her silk-clad bottom.

Sherry slowly worked her way up, nibbling along Charlie's jawline, her lips skimming his flushed skin. She peppered the corner of his mouth with feather-light kisses, teasing him, making him ache for more. All the while, she continued to grind her huge, soft tits against his face, smothering him in her pillowy flesh.

Unable to resist any longer, Sherry captured Charlie's lips in a searing kiss, swallowing his gasp of surprise. She slanted her mouth over his, her tongue delving deep to tangle with his own. Charlie responded eagerly, kissing her back with clumsy passion, his inexperience evident in his enthusiasm.

They made out sloppily, all lips and tongue and panting breaths, uncaring of the wet smacks and slurps filling the closet. Sherry plundered her son's mouth, relishing his sweet, eager taste. Charlie submitted completely, letting his mother dominate the taboo kiss.

As their tongues danced for 5 then 10 minutes, Sherry began to slowly undulate her hips, grinding her silk-covered pussy against Charlie's rock-hard abs. She was already drenched, her arousal soaking through the thin fabric to smear his skin. Charlie groaned into her mouth, his hands coming up to grip her waist, urging her to hump harder.

Lost in the forbidden moment, Sherry rode her son's stomach with increasing fervor, the pressure on her aching clit driving her wild. She broke the kiss with a gasp, tossing her head back in ecstasy as she rubbed herself shamelessly against his tight muscles. Her huge tits bounced and swayed above his face, the perfect globes capped with straining, spit-slick nipples.

"Fuck, baby, you're making Mommy so hot," Sherry panted, her hips churning faster. "I'm going to cum just from grinding on your abs, oh god..."

Charlie stared up at her in awe, stunned by the wanton display. His mother looked like a debauched goddess above him, her face contorted

with pleasure as she used his body for her own gratification. The knowledge that he was bringing her to the brink with just his mouth and stomach made him dizzy with power and lust.

Charlie alternated between hungrily sucking and nibbling on Sherry's massive, pillowy breasts and craning his neck up to capture her lips in sloppy, passionate open-mouth kisses. His hands roamed her curvy body, squeezing her plush ass and soft hips as he encouraged her to grind harder against him.

Lost in the haze of lust, neither of them noticed that with each roll and undulation of Sherry's hips, Charlie was gradually being pulled further through the hole. Inch by inch, his torso emerged until finally, his straining erection popped free, bobbing lewdly in the perfumed air of Sherry's closet.

Sherry gasped as she felt the hard, hot brand of her son's cock pressing insistently against her silk-covered mound. The thin, damp fabric was the only barrier between them now, and she could feel every throbbing inch of him nudging between her plump lips.

Unable to resist, she began to hump Charlie's shaft in earnest, grinding her soaked panties along his length. The slick friction made them both groan, the forbidden contact intensely pleasurable. Charlie's cockhead caught on her stiff clit with each pass, making Sherry see stars.

"Oh fuck, baby, your cock feels so good," Sherry panted, riding him harder and faster. She reached down to grip his shaft, marveling at the steely heat, the thick veins pulsing under her fingers. Angling it upwards, she notched the broad head against her covered opening and began to roll her hips, letting it slip and slide along her drenched slit.

Charlie threw his head back, his mouth falling open in a silent cry as Sherry used his cock like her personal sex toy. He could feel the searing heat of her, the plump lips of her pussy cradling him through the flimsy

fabric. He wanted nothing more than to rip those panties aside and plunge into her hot, slick depths.

But he held himself back, knowing this was already going far beyond the bounds of their agreement. So he let his mother take her pleasure, her desperation, on his aching cock, relishing the forbidden contact.

Sherry was in absolute heaven, shamelessly rubbing her aching cunt on her son's thick shaft. The textured slide of his engorged head over her throbbing clit was divine, sending sparks of ecstasy zipping up her spine. She could feel her orgasm building fast, her core tightening, her pussy clenching and fluttering around nothing.

Knowing she was about to explode, Sherry grabbed Charlie's head and mashed his face into her heaving cleavage, smothering him with her tits to muffle any noise. At the same time, she bore down hard on his bucking cock, trapping it tightly against her sopping slit.

Charlie's cock surged with a renewed rush of blood, the engorged shaft flexing powerfully against Sherry's pubic bone. The rigid pole felt like steel encased in silky smooth skin as it ground insistently into her mound, the throbbing veins standing out in stark relief.

The teen's body was on fire, every nerve ending electrified as his raging erection plowed against his mother's most intimate area. He could feel the searing heat of her even through the soaked silk, the plump lips of her labia parting to cradle his aching length. His balls drew up tight to his body, the contents churning as they prepared to unleash a massive load.

At the base of Charlie's straining cock, his pubic muscles clenched and released rhythmically, acting as a piston to drive his length harder against Sherry's needy cunt. The powerful root provided the perfect counterpoint to her desperate grinding, the two undulating in sinful harmony.

Inside Charlie's pulsing shaft, a complex network of tissues and membranes worked in tandem to increase his rigidity to an almost painful level. The corpus cavernosum, twin columns of spongy tissue running the length of his cock, became engorged with a fresh influx of blood. The smaller corpus spongiosum, which housed the urethra, expanded to accommodate the impending flood of semen.

The thick, pulsing veins traversing Charlie's turgid length bulged obscenely, the increased blood flow causing them to stand out like cables beneath the taut, reddened skin. They throbbed in time with his racing heart, each beat sending an electric jolt of pleasure to the hypersensitive bundle of nerves just under his swollen glans.

At the base of Charlie's shaft, the suspensory ligament contracted, drawing his cock up at an even sharper angle. The tense band pulled his erection tight against his pelvis, the head of his cock grinding mercilessly against Sherry's throbbing pearl. His heavy scrotum tightened, the muscles contracting to lift his cum-laden balls in preparation for ejaculation.

Inside those swollen gonads, his overheated testicles worked overtime to churn out a record-breaking load of spunk. The seminiferous tubules, the sperm production factories coiled within each teste, went into overdrive. They pumped out thick ropes of pearly genetic material, the eager little soldiers squirming as they were propelled through the epididymis.

The army of sperm raced through the vas deferens, the muscular tubes writhing to carry their precious cargo up into Charlie's groin. The teen could feel the searing path of his impending release as it traveled through his body, making his cock lurch and twitch against his mother's sodden mound.

With a choked cry, Sherry came apart, her pussy spasming violently against Charlie's grinding cock. The orgasm ripped through her like a tidal

wave, stealing her breath and causing her entire body to convulse with pleasure. She bucked and writhed on top of her son, the bench beneath them creaking ominously under the force of her wild gyrations.

Charlie followed her over the edge a heartbeat later, his straining cock finally reaching its breaking point. With a guttural groan muffled by his mother's smothering tits, he exploded, his shaft pulsing as it pumped out what felt like gallons of hot, thick cum. The fabric of Sherry's panties was no match for the flood, the sticky jizz soaking through instantly to coat her spasming slit.

They rutted together desperately, Sherry grinding her drenched, convulsing cunt against Charlie's erupting cock, prolonging their mutual orgasms. The obscene wet squelch of cum-soaked silk sliding over steel-hard flesh filled the closet, drowned out only by their ragged panting.

The bench shuddered and groaned beneath their frantic coupling, the reinforced metal and cushioning tested to its limits. But it held steady, absorbing the force of the depraved dry humping, built to withstand even the most vigorous taboo passion.

Lost to the maelstrom of ecstasy, Sherry threw her head back and let out a piercing cry of rapture, forgetting for a moment the need for discretion. The shameless squeal of release rang out, eclipsing the creak of the abused bench.

In the bedroom mere feet away, Dave's head snapped up from his laptop at the sound of his wife's outburst. Brow furrowed in confusion and concern, he called out, "Honey? Is everything okay in there?"

Chest heaving, thighs quaking, Sherry somehow managed to gasp out a strangled "Yes!"

Though in truth, it was more an affirmation of her earth-shattering climax than a direct answer to her husband's query. Biting her lip hard

enough to draw blood, she collapsed against Charlie, smothering his face completely in her heaving tits as the final shockwaves rolled through her.

Charlie, for his part, was only dimly aware of the close call, too lost in the throes of the most intense orgasm of his young life. He shuddered and jerked beneath his mother, cock spurting weakly as it finally began to soften, completely drained. The spunk-drenched silk of Sherry's panties stuck to his wilting shaft, a tacky reminder of their illicit coupling.

As the post-orgasmic haze began to clear, a swell of guilt washed over Sherry. She couldn't believe how far she had allowed things to go with Charlie - dry humping him to a screaming climax, soaking her panties with his cum. It was beyond forbidden, a line she had never intended to cross.

Gingerly, she eased herself off of her son's prone form, wincing as his spent cock slipped wetly from the drenched crotch of her ruined panties. She stood on wobbly legs, hastily adjusting her nightie back into place with trembling hands.

Charlie blinked up at her dazedly, a goofy, sated grin on his face. He looked thoroughly debauched, his hair mussed and cheeks flushed, a sheen of sweat glistening on his skin.

"Mom, that was incredible," he slurred, reaching for her. "Can we do it again sometime?"

But Sherry stepped back, holding up a halting hand. "No, baby. We can't. That...that shouldn't have happened."

Charlie's brow furrowed in confusion and hurt. "But why? It felt so good..."

Sherry sighed, running a hand through her tousled hair. "I know it did, sweetie. But we got carried away. What we just did...it's not right. I'm your mother. Sex is something that should be reserved for your father and me."

Charlie's face fell, but he nodded slowly in understanding. "I get it. I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to pressure you."

Sherry's heart clenched at his crestfallen expression. She knelt beside the bench, cupping his cheek tenderly. "You have nothing to apologize for, baby. I'm the parent here. I should have had better control."

She pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead before urging him to scoot back through the hole to his side. "Go get cleaned up and head to bed, okay? We'll talk more in the morning."

Charlie reluctantly complied, giving her one last longing look before disappearing back through the portal. Sherry slumped against the wall, her head spinning as she tried to process the intense events of the night.

After taking a few moments to collect herself, Sherry quietly emerged from the closet. She stripped off her soiled panties and nightie, tossing them in the hamper before heading to the en suite bathroom for a much-needed shower.

As the hot spray beat down on her flushed skin, Sherry tried to wash away the evidence of her taboo encounter with Charlie. But no matter how hard she scrubbed, she could still feel the ghost of his hands on her body, the phantom press of his hard cock against her aching core.

Sherry padded back into the bedroom, still flushed and tingling from her shower. Dave lay snoring softly, his laptop abandoned on the nightstand, work apparently finished for the evening.

Biting her lip, Sherry slid under the covers beside him, her body still humming with unspent arousal. She cuddled up to Dave's back, pressing her naked breasts against him as she nuzzled his neck, hoping to entice him into a late night romp.

"Mmm, honey," she purred, reaching around to palm his crotch. "How about you turn over and make love to your wife?"

Dave stirred groggily, letting out a jaw-cracking yawn. "Now? Geez Sher, I'm beat. Can't it wait until morning?"

But Sherry was persistent, rubbing and kneading his flaccid cock through his boxers. "Please, baby? I need you so bad. I'm aching for your cock."

Sighing, Dave rolled onto his back, allowing Sherry to tug his underwear down. She bit back a disappointed moan at the sight of his limp dick flopping against his thigh, so different from the rigid pole she had just been grinding against. Determinedly, she wrapped her hand around the soft flesh and began to pump, trying to coax it to hardness.

It took several long minutes of stroking and cajoling, but finally, Dave's cock began to stir. Sherry watched it slowly fill and lengthen, the pale shaft twitching halfheartedly in her grip. It was barely at half-mast, but it would have to do. She was desperate for something, anything inside her needy cunt.

Straddling her husband's hips, Sherry notched his semi-erect cock against her slick entrance and sank down, taking him to the hilt in one smooth glide. They both groaned at the sensation, Sherry's pussy clenching around his thickness, trying to mold his still spongy cock into perfect hardness.

Bracing her hands on Dave's chest, Sherry began to roll her hips, undulating sensually as she rode him. Her huge tits swayed hypnotically, drawing Dave's drowsy gaze. He reached up to paw at the heavy globes, kneading them roughly.

But even as Sherry ground herself down on Dave's cock, she couldn't stop her traitorous mind from comparing it to Charlie's. Her son's young dick had been so hard, pulsing with virile heat, the fat mushroom head prying her open, even through the barrier of her panties. He had felt huge, stretching her deliciously, the throbbing veins massaging her labial flanges.

But Sherry's reminiscing was cut short as Dave suddenly stiffened beneath her, his hips jerking erratically. "Fuck, Sher!" he grunted, fingers digging into the flesh of her ass. "I'm gonna cum!"

"What? No, wait!" Sherry cried, frantically grinding down on his twitching cock. She was nowhere near her peak, her pussy still aching and empty. "I'm not there yet, I need more!"

But it was too late. With a strangled groan, Dave thrust up hard and exploded, his cock pulsing weakly as it spat its meager load into Sherry's clenching cunt. She sobbed in frustration, feeling his release trickle out of her still needy channel.

Dave slumped back against the pillows, spent and satiated. "Wow babe, that was great," he mumbled, already halfway to unconsciousness. Within seconds, he was snoring softly, leaving Sherry humping forlornly against his wilting cock.

With a growl of pent-up arousal, Sherry climbed off her useless husband, his limp dick slipping from her unsatisfied pussy. She collapsed beside him, hot tears of frustration pricking at her eyes. It wasn't fair - she was wound so tight, her body crying out for release, and yet again, Dave had left her high and dry. Literally.

As Sherry lay there aching and empty, her treacherous mind drifted down the hall to Charlie's room, to the huge, pulsing cock she knew was waiting there. She imagined it standing at attention, thick and veiny and ready to plunge into her weeping cunt, to stretch her wide and pound her into oblivion.

Charlie would never leave her hanging like this. He was young and virile, with the stamina to match his impressive size. He could fuck her for hours, hammering her pussy with his huge cock until she was a babbling, incoherent mess. He wouldn't stop until she was fully satisfied, her every hole sloppy and overflowing with his seed.

Sherry squeezed her thighs together, trying to quell the feverish arousal raging in her loins. She knew it was wrong, knew she had already crossed too many lines with her son. But god, she needed him. Needed that massive teenage dick splitting her open, needed to feel those heavy balls slapping against her ass as he rutted her into the mattress.

Only Charlie could truly sate her, could fill the aching void Dave always left her with. His cock was made for her cunt, a perfect fit. She needed him inside her, needed to be claimed and bred by her virile young son. Yes, she was married, but her husband had his chance – many chances in fact, and failed miserably. It was time to indulge in another option.

Charlie was heading down the driveway on his way to school when his phone buzzed with an unexpected notification from the secret app. His heart raced as he saw it was a session request from his mom, at this early hour no less. Glancing around to make sure no one was watching, he turned on his heel and sprinted back to the house, backpack bouncing wildly.

He burst through the front door and took the stairs two at a time, not even bothering to kick off his shoes. Skidding into his bedroom, he locked the door behind him and made a beeline for the closet, already fumbling with his belt.

But when Charlie slid open the door, he stopped short, his jaw dropping in shock. There, jutting through the oversized glory hole, was the lower half of his mother's body. She was on her back on the padded bench, her knees drawn up and splayed obscenely wide, giving him an unobstructed view of her glistening, naked cunt.

"Mom?" Charlie croaked, hardly daring to believe his eyes.

Hands shaking with anticipation, Charlie yanked his pants and boxers down, letting his huge erection spring free. It slapped against his abs

with an audible thwack, hard as steel and drooling pre-cum. He stepped out of the puddle of denim around his ankles and approached the lewd display of his mother's splayed cunt and clenching asshole.

Charlie wrapped his fist around the throbbing base of his cock, giving it a few slow, luxurious pumps as he drank in the sight of his mother's glistening sex. Her plump outer lips were flushed and puffy with arousal, the delicate petals unfurled like a pink flower. Pearly nectar seeped from her weeping slit, painting the swollen folds with slick moisture.

Unable to resist, Charlie dropped to his knees and brought his face level with Sherry's pussy. Her musky scent filled his nostrils, making his cock jump and leak in his stroking fist. He leaned in closer, extending his tongue to trace the seam of her slit from bottom to top.

Sherry gasped and twitched as Charlie's tongue made contact, the wet rasp of his taste buds electric against her sensitive flesh. He lapped at her leaking essence, savoring the tangy flavor, before flattening his tongue and dragging it over her clenching asshole. The forbidden pucker flexed under the attention, winking and fluttering.

Emboldened by her response, Charlie pushed the tip of his tongue past the tight ring of muscle, wiggling it lewdly. Above him, Sherry keened and writhed, grinding back against his probing tongue. Charlie groaned into her ass as he tongue-fucked her, relishing the filthy act.

After thoroughly rimming his mother, Charlie moved back to her dripping cunt. He sealed his lips around her swollen clit and suckled greedily, flicking the fat sensitive nub with the tip of his tongue. At the same time, he eased two fingers into her slick channel, pumping slowly.

Sherry's hips rolled and bucked as Charlie worked her over with his mouth and fingers, the wet squelch of her pussy obscenely loud in the confines of the closet. She reached down blindly, threading her fingers through his hair to hold him in place as she ground against his face.

Charlie redoubled his efforts, pistoning his fingers faster as he lashed her clit with his tongue. He could feel her silky inner walls fluttering and clenching, her orgasm building rapidly. Curling his fingers, he massaged her spasming G-spot, wringing a sharp cry from Sherry's lips.

Just as her thighs began to tremble and quake around his ears, signaling her impending climax, Charlie felt something soft and cool caress his aching cock. He glanced down to see his mother's dainty foot rubbing along his shaft, her crimson painted toes teasing the sensitive crown.

Sherry's dainty feet slid around her son's hips to grasp his firm ass cheeks, her painted toes digging into the taut flesh. With a purposeful tug, she urged him forward, guiding his throbbing cock between her splayed thighs until the swollen head notched against her dripping opening.

Charlie's breath caught in his throat as he felt the searing heat of his mother's cunt kissing the tip of his dick, her slick petals parting invitingly. He glanced up through a gape in the hole at her face, silently seeking permission, hardly daring to hope this was really happening.

Sherry's half-lidded eyes smoldered with raw need as she locked gazes with her son. Biting her lip, she gave the slightest nod, a barely perceptible dip of her chin. But it was all the encouragement Charlie needed.

With a guttural groan, he surged forward, the bulbous head of his cock breaching Sherry's tight opening. They both gasped as he pushed inside, her elastic walls stretching deliciously to accommodate his girth. Inch after throbbing inch disappeared into her welcoming heat until finally, Charlie was balls deep, his pelvis flush against Sherry's.

For a long moment, neither of them moved, simply savoring the exquisite sensation of being joined so intimately. Charlie's eyes fluttered shut as he relished the feeling of his mother's pussy gripping him like a velvet fist, her slick channel molded perfectly to his shape. He could feel

the ring at the head of her cervix kissing his knob like a pair of soft wet lips.

Beneath him, Sherry panted shallowly, trying to adjust to the sheer size of her son splitting her open. She felt deliciously full, stuffed to the brim with his pulsing hardness. He was stretching her in ways she had never experienced before, reaching deep, untouched places.

Unable to hold back any longer, Charlie began to move, drawing his hips back slowly until just the tip remained inside Sherry's fluttering sheath. Then, with a smooth thrust, he plunged back in to the hilt, burying his cock in her welcoming heat.

Sherry keened, her back arching off the bench as Charlie began to piston in and out of her greedy cunt. His strokes were long and deep, pulling out until just the broad head parted her swollen lips before slamming back home. The wet suction of her pussy around his driving cock was incredible, her muscles rippling along every ridge and vein.

Gradually, like a locomotive gaining speed, Charlie set a relentless pace, fucking into Sherry with pent up need and youthful enthusiasm. The lewd slap of flesh on flesh echoed off the closet walls as he rutted her, punctuated by their harsh panting and wanton moans. The padded bench creaked under the force of their coupling, threatening to buckle, but it was made for such vigorous taboo romps.

Sherry locked her ankles behind her son's pumping ass, using the leverage to yank him impossibly deeper. Her legs formed a fleshy harness around his hips, urging him to fuck her harder, faster.

Charlie grunted as he bucked wildly into his mother's spasming cunt, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against her jiggling ass with each savage thrust.

Wanting to devour every inch of his mom's lush body as he claimed her, Charlie seized Sherry's waist. With a show of strength that made her

squeal in delight, he dragged her upper half through the opening, her huge tits flopping out to bounce and wobble.

The teen descended on the swollen globes with a growl, mauling the pliant flesh as he sucked a fat nipple between his lips. Sherry wailed, back bowing as Charlie bit and suckled her sensitive nub, worrying it between his teeth. Her cunt clamped down on his plunging cock, the walls rippling along his length.

"Fuck yes, baby!" Sherry cried, tossing her head back in ecstasy. "Suck Mommy's titties while you pound her pussy! Ruin me with that huge fucking cock!"

Spurred on by her filthy encouragement, Charlie released her nipple with a wet pop, only to engulf as much pillowy breast into his mouth as he could. He motorboated Sherry's heaving jugs, rubbing his face in her abundant cleavage as he fucked into her at a breakneck pace.

Sherry's tits jiggled and bounced wildly from the force of Charlie's thrusts, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly. Charlie licked and slurped at every inch of soft, perfumed skin he could reach, drunk on the taste and feel of his mom's glorious rack. Drool dribbled down his chin to pool in her cavernous cleavage as he worshipped her breasts with single-minded intensity.

Lost to the overwhelming pleasure of finally being taken by her hung son, Sherry babbled incoherently, spurring him on with broken pleas and wanton moans. Her eyes rolled back, fluttering shut as she surrendered herself completely to the ecstasy, letting it consume her.

"Mommy's cunt is yours, baby," she slurred deliriously, clenching rhythmically around Charlie's pistoning cock. "Fucking ruin it, wreck my married pussy with that fat cock, unnngh!"

Charlie snarled around a mouthful of tit, biting down hard enough to leave marks. The thought of his father's cock being inside his mom, in the same hole he was now pounding, filled him with a dark, possessive thrill.

Sherry's orgasm hit her like a freight train, her entire body seizing up as ecstasy ripped through her. Her pussy clamped down on Charlie's pistoning cock like a vice, the rippling walls milking him for all he was worth. Clear fem-cum squirted from her contracting slit, gushing around his plunging shaft to soak his pubic hair and balls.

Sherry wailed like a banshee as she came apart, her hands scrabbling for purchase on Charlie's sweat-slicked back. Her long, crimson nails dug into his flexing muscles, scoring his skin with livid red lines. She raked her fingers down his spine, leaving stinging welts in her wake as she clutched him, marked him, claimed him.

"FUCK, CHARLIE!" she screamed, too lost in the throes of her release to worry about being overheard. "YOU'RE MAKING MOMMY CUM SO HARD! DON'T STOP, DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING STOP!"

Charlie growled, gritting his teeth against the exquisite pleasure of Sherry's nails mauling his back. The sweet sting only spurred him on, making him fuck into her convulsing cunt even harder. He could feel her inner muscles fluttering wildly, clenching and releasing his driving cock as she gushed all over him.

"Take it, Mom," he grunted savagely, hammering into her like a machine. "Cum all over my cock, drench me with it. Fucking soak me!"

Sherry keened, thrashing her head from side to side as her orgasm crested, impossibly intense. Her untrimmed nails gouged into Charlie's ass, leaving behind bloody crescent moons as she urged him deeper, harder. Her heels drummed against the small of his back, the sharp points digging into his flexing glutes.

Charlie roared, throwing his head back as Sherry's cunt practically strangled his cock, her release drenching his pistoning length. The wet squelch of his balls slapping into the puddle of her cum was obscenely loud in the closet. His shaft pulsed and kicked inside her, swelling impossibly larger as his own orgasm rapidly approached.

Delirious with pleasure, Sherry reached up and grabbed two fistfuls of Charlie's hair, yanking his face down to hers. She crashed her mouth against his in a filthy kiss, all tongues and teeth and desperation. Charlie returned the kiss with equal fervor, plundering her mouth, swallowing her screams of ecstasy.

They rutted like animals, completely lost to their base instincts as Sherry's explosive orgasm finally began to ebb. Her pussy continued to twitch and flutter around Charlie's thrusting cock, aftershocks zipping through her.

The slick, heated channel of Sherry's vagina gripped Charlie's pistoning cock like a velvet glove, the engorged erectile tissue of his shaft pulsing in tandem with her fluttering walls. The sensitive nerve endings lining her elastic pussy were electrified by the relentless friction of his veiny cock head and corona, every ridge and contour stimulating her g-spot with precision.

The thick, bulbous head of Charlie's erection continuously nudged Sherry's cervix with each deep, pounding thrust, the little ring of muscle clenching reflexively and causing jolts of intense pleasure to zing up her spine. Her plump, puffy labia gripped his girth, clinging to his driving shaft before being forcibly peeled back by the outward stroke, only to re-sheath him on the inward plunge.

Sherry's engorged clitoris throbbed urgently, peeking from its protective hood to grind against Charlie's coarse pubic hair on each stroke. The wiry texture sent sparks of ecstasy zipping through the bundle of nerves, the

concentrated pleasure making her inner muscles ripple and undulate around her son's cock.

Charlie's heavy testicles, churning with virile seed, swung forward to slap wetly against Sherry's upturned ass with each violent thrust. The delicate skin of his scrotum, stretched taut over the swollen ovals, dragged deliciously over her slick, puckered rosebud, teasing the sensitive nerve endings ringing the forbidden entrance.

Their pelvic regions were a mess of co-mingled fluids - Sherry's gushing release and Charlie's steadily leaking pre-cum. The clear, slippery essence coated their thrusting genitals, allowing them to grind and slide together with obscene ease. Guttural grunts and keening wails bounced off the closet walls as mother and son rutted in debauched ecstasy.

Inside Charlie's straining cock, blood surged and pulsed through the spongy erectile tissue, making it swell to an almost painful degree of hardness. He could feel every ripple and flutter of his mother's clenching cunt along his length, massaging him from root to tip. His swollen glans pulsed urgently, the sensitive nerve clusters just under the head sparking with ecstatic electricity on every drag against her clutching walls.

Sherry's sodden, claspings pussy felt like searing satin engulfing his steel shaft, her muscles milking and squeezing him rhythmically. He could feel his impending eruption building at the base of his cock, his pendulous balls drawing up tight to his body as they prepared to spew their massive load.

Sherry sensed her son's climax approaching in the erratic flex and twitch of his cock inside her quivering sheath. She clamped down harder, undulating her hips to grind her cervix against his throbbing tip. Her vaginal walls rippled along his girth, massaging him from all angles as she sought to coax out his creamy release.

"Do it baby," Sherry panted raggedly, her hazy eyes locked on Charlie's straining face above her. "Spurt that huge load in Mommy's pussy. Paint

my insides with your hot cum. I wanna feel you throbbing and pulsing as you fill me up!"

Charlie groaned harshly, his rhythm faltering as his balls clenched, preparing to unleash. The muscles at the base of his shaft spasmed, a searing tingle shooting from his prostate as the first jet of semen surged up his cock. His swollen cock head flared impossibly wider, stretching Sherry's rippling walls as it swelled with his impending load.

With an animalistic grunt, Charlie buried himself to the hilt inside his mother's convulsing pussy and exploded, his pulsing cock head nestled right against her quivering cervix. A tidal wave of potent cum erupted from his aching tip, flooding Sherry's clenching cunt with his virile heat. The first ropey blast splattered directly against the entrance to her womb, painting it white, before the next shot gushed out to fill her spasming hole.

Sherry wailed in ecstasy as Charlie's burning seed jetted into her, the thick ropes of sperm-laden fluid searing her sensitive vaginal walls. She could feel each throbbing spurt as it exploded from his jerking cock head, the sensation triggering a second, even more intense orgasm. Her cunt rippled and squeezed around his erupting shaft, milking him, coaxing out every drop.

Their bodies undulated together as they rode out their mutual climax, Sherry's pussy suckling hungrily at Charlie's spurting cock. His heavy balls clenched and pulsed as they emptied their massive load into his mother's welcoming depths, each flex and twitch accompanied by another creamy spurt. Sherry's fluttering walls massaged the throbbing length, wringing him dry until he was completely spent.

Finally, with a shuddering gasp, Charlie collapsed onto his mom, his softening cock still buried inside her cum-flooded cunt. She cradled him against her heaving chest, running soothing hands over his sweat-slicked back as the last feeble spurts dribbled into her. They lay like that for long

moments, hearts pounding in unison as they basked in the afterglow of their forbidden coupling.

Eventually, Charlie's wilting cock slipped free of Sherry's well-used hole with a wet squelch, a river of pearly semen gushing out in its wake. The thick cream coated her swollen, reddened labia and dribbled between her ass cheeks to puddle on the bench below. The musky scent of their co-mingled fluids perfumed the air, an erotic reminder of the taboo act they had just committed.

Sherry gazed down at the obscene mess between her thighs, reaching down to scoop up some of Charlie's pearly essence. She brought her coated fingers to her mouth, suckling them clean with a wanton moan. The salty-sweet taste exploded across her tongue as she savored the flavor of their forbidden passion.

Charlie watched through hooded eyes as his mother lewdly licked his cum from her fingers, his spent cock twitching valiantly at the erotic sight. He knew he should feel guilty, ashamed of what they had done. But as he lay there amidst the intimate perfume of their lovemaking, all he could feel was a deep, primal satisfaction. A bone-deep rightness.

Like this was always meant to happen. Like his cock had always been destined to find its home buried inside his mother's succulent cunt. Society and its taboos be damned - this felt more natural than anything he had ever experienced. And from the blissed out, sated look on his mom's face, he knew she felt the same.

No more words were needed as mother and son lay entwined, their sweat-slicked bodies stuck together in the most intimate of embraces. The rest of the world faded away, the looming specter of consequences banished from their minds as they lost themselves in the hazy afterglow. For now, in this moment, there was only the two of them, joined in the carnal knowledge of the flesh.

Over the next few days, Charlie and Sherry seized every opportunity to indulge their forbidden lust, engaging in risky, frenzied couplings through the expanded glory hole. The padded bench became their secret trysting place, bearing witness to a marathon of depraved mother-son fucking.

Every morning after Dave left for work, Sherry would send Charlie the now familiar session request through the app. He would race to the closet, shedding clothes along the way, his huge cock already throbbing in anticipation. There he would find his mother splayed out on the bench, her wet, needy cunt on obscene display, ready to be filled by his aching hardness.

They rutted like animals, Charlie pounding into Sherry's greedy hole with piston-like intensity as she wailed and thrashed beneath him. The wet slap of flesh on flesh and their guttural moans of pleasure filled the closet, a debauched soundtrack to their illicit passion.

Sherry's pussy was in a constant state of soreness, her son's mammoth cock stretching her to new limits each time he took her. But it was a sweet ache, a reminder of the forbidden ecstasy only Charlie could give her. She craved the delicious burn of his thick shaft cleaving her open, ruining her for anything less.

They experimented with an array of positions, finding new and exciting ways to fit their bodies together through the opening in the wall. Sherry especially loved being on her hands and knees, her huge tits swaying as Charlie fucked her from behind, his pelvis smacking against her jiggling ass. She would reach back to spread her cheeks, giving him an unobstructed view of his huge cock sawing in and out of her drooling cunt.

Other times, Charlie would lay supine on the bench with Sherry straddling his face, smothering him with her sopping pussy as she sucked his massive erection. They sixty-nined sloppily, slurping and moaning

around each other's genitals until they came explosively, drenching one another with their releases.

No position was off limits, no act too depraved. Sherry rimmed her son's puckered asshole until he sobbed with pleasure, plunging her tongue deep into the musky orifice. Charlie returned the favor, feasting on his mother's clenching rosebud until she squirted all over his face, howling her ecstasy.

But their risky trysts weren't limited to when Dave was out of the house. The thrill of almost getting caught, of fucking mere feet from where Sherry's husband lay sleeping, was too delicious to resist.

Nearly every night after Dave's snores filled the bedroom, Sherry would slip out of bed and pad quietly to the closet. There she would find Charlie waiting, his huge cock straining through the hole, a bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip. She would drop to her knees and take him into her eager mouth, slurping lewdly as she struggled to suppress her moans of enjoyment.

Charlie would muffle his groans into his forearm as his mother deep-throated his aching dick, her expert tongue lashing the sensitive underside. He lost count of how many loads he spurted down Sherry's gulping throat, her muffled hums of approval vibrating around his throbbing length as he filled her belly with his seed.

When sucking Charlie off wasn't enough to sate Sherry's burning need, she would present her dripping snatch to him, hiking up her nightie and pressing her pussy against the hole. Charlie would lap at her slick folds, plunging his tongue into her weeping hole to gather her sweet nectar.

Fisting her fingers in his hair, Sherry would grind herself against her son's face, riding his tongue, her stifled whimpers of pleasure so loud in the otherwise silent house. Charlie would eat her to a shuddering, gushing climax, lapping up her release and delving back in for more, wringing out orgasm after intense orgasm.

They knew they were playing with fire, risking their family and reputation for these sordid encounters. But they were in too deep, too drunk on the forbidden fruit of incestuous lust to stop. The taboo only heightened their desire, made each illicit coupling that much sweeter.

Sherry's cunt was ruined for Dave's lackluster cock, spoiled by the sheer size and virility of her hung son. Her husband's feeble thrusts and two-pump releases paled in comparison to the hours of ecstasy Charlie could wring from her body with his tireless teenage dick. She felt like an addict, fiending for her next fix of his potent cum. It turned out his wonderful birthday gift was just as much for her as it was for him.

Charlie, in turn, was utterly addicted to his mother's succulent body - her huge, pillowy breasts, her juicy, slurping pussy, her velvet-soft throat. No inexperienced fumbling with girls his own age could compare to being expertly pleased by his wanton mother. She had awoken a raging hunger in him, an all-consuming need to rut and breed.

One sweltering afternoon, Charlie stumbled into his room, his cock already throbbing in anticipation of burying it in his mother's juicy cunt. He quickly shed his clothes and scrambled onto the padded bench, his heart racing as he aligned his hips with the glory hole.

With a grunt, he shoved his lower half through the opening, his huge erection slapping against his belly as it emerged on the other side. He waited with bated breath for the familiar caress of his mom's fingers on his aching shaft, for the searing heat of her mouth or pussy engulfing him.

But instead, he felt multiple hands seize his thighs in a bruising grip. Before he could react, he was roughly yanked all the way through the hole, his broad shoulders barely squeezing past the edges. He tumbled onto the plush carpeting of Sherry's walk-in closet, which was pitch black, the door firmly shut.

Disoriented, Charlie tried to get his bearings, blinking rapidly in the total darkness. But then he was pounced on by two writhing, slippery bodies, all grasping hands and mashing breasts and wet, open mouths. The heady scent of aroused female filled his nostrils as his mystery assailants rubbed their naked flesh against him from head to toe.

"Wha-? Mom? What's going-nnggh!" Charlie's confused protests were cut off as a slick tongue plunged into his mouth, muffling his words. Plump, pillowy breasts pressed into his face, smothering him in fragrant tit-flesh. He could only moan helplessly into the forceful kiss, his hands reflexively coming up to palm the heavy globes.

"Mmmm, we've been waiting for you, baby," Sherry's husky voice purred in his ear, her teeth nipping at the lobe. "Auntie Barb and I are absolutely ravenous for this big, fat cock of yours."

"That's right, sugar," Barb chimed in, her nails raking down Charlie's heaving chest. "We're gonna drain these swollen balls dry. Hope you can handle two horny sluts at once."

Charlie's eyes nearly rolled back in his head as two hungry mouths latched onto his nipples, suckling hard. Sherry and Barb licked and bit at the sensitive nubs, each trying to outdo the other as they mauled his pecs. Their hands roamed his body greedily, squeezing and caressing every straining muscle.

One delicate hand wrapped around his pulsing erection, giving it a firm squeeze. "Oooh, he's leaking like a faucet already!" Barb cooed, swiping her thumb through the slick pre-cum oozing from Charlie's tip. "Gonna be a big messy load, I can tell."

Sherry and Barb wasted no time in their carnal assault on Charlie's straining body. In the pitch blackness of the closet, hands roamed and groped urgently, mapping every contour of his muscular young physique. Hot mouths latched onto his throat and chest, suckling and biting, leaving behind livid marks of possession.

Sherry grabbed her son's throbbing cock in a tight fist, pumping him from root to tip. "Mmm, so hard for us already," she purred, thumbing the weeping slit. "Auntie Barb, I think our boy is ready for a ride. Why don't you remind him why he likes hot MILF pussy so much."

"With pleasure," Barb growled, straddling Charlie's hips. The teen groaned as he felt the scorching heat of her soaked pussy painting his shaft. Gripping the thick base, Barb notched his bulbous tip against her entrance and sank down in one smooth motion, engulfing him to the hilt in her tight sheath.

"Fuck!" Charlie gasped, his hands flying to Barb's undulating hips. She was impossibly tight, her slick walls gripping him like a velvet vise. He could feel every flutter and ripple of her internal muscles massaging his aching length.

Barb set a relentless pace, bouncing on the boy's cock with wild abandon. The wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the closet as she rode him hard, grinding her clit against his pubic bone. Her huge tits jiggled hypnotically, the stiff nipples grazing his chest with each roll of her hips.

"Oh my God!" Barb cried out, her voice hitching as Charlie's massive cock stretched her impossibly wide. "It's so big, so fucking hard! I've never felt anything like this before!"

She threw her head back, mouth slack with pleasure as she pistoned up and down on the teen's raging erection. Each punishing thrust felt like it was trying to batter down the entrance to her womb, the thick head pummeling her cervix. Barb's husband had never reached such depths, his average cock unable to compete with the sheer size and power of Charlie's throbbing meat.

"Your dick is splitting me in half," Barb babbled deliriously, her cunt clenching and rippling around the invading shaft. "Gonna fucking break

me, unnngh! Wreck my pussy, ruin it forever. No other cock will ever satisfy me now!"

Charlie could only groan, his fingers digging into the plush flesh of Barb's ass as she used him like her personal fuck toy. Her slick walls were squeezing him rhythmically, milking his pulsing length for all he was worth. He could feel her arousal gushing around his pistoning cock, drenching his groin in her essence.

As Barb rode Charlie's huge cock with wild abandon, Sherry mashed her monster-sized tits across his upper chest, her lips brushing her son's ear. "You love wrecking Auntie Barb's married pussy, don't you baby?" she purred, her hot breath making him shiver. "Ruining her for her husband's little dick with your big, fat cock."

Charlie could only whimper and nod, too lost in the tight, slick heat of Barb's cunt to form words. He felt her powerful pelvic floor muscles chew at his meaty slab like only a mother's pussy could. Sherry chuckled wickedly, tracing his jaw with one lacquered nail.

"I knew from the moment I saw this monster between your legs that you were made for one thing," she continued, gripping the base of his cock where it disappeared into Barb's stretched hole. "Destroying MILF cunts. Fucking us until we can't walk straight, until our pussies are molded to your shape."

Charlie bucked his hips up involuntarily, driving himself impossibly deeper into Barb's spasming sheath. She let out a piercing wail, her nails digging into his chest as she ground down hard, taking him to the root.

"Poor Auntie Barb," Sherry cooed, kissing along her son's jawline, smothering his neck in soft, sweaty cleavage. "Her husband can barely get it up anymore, and even when he does, he's got a little pencil dick. Doesn't last more than a minute before he's spitting his watery load. Can you imagine her frustration, baby? How desperate she must be for a real man to stuff her full and fuck her like she needs?"

Barb moaned brokenly above Charlie, her cunt fluttering wildly around his thrusting cock as Sherry's filthy words washed over them both. "It's true," she panted, rolling her hips. "I haven't been properly fucked in years. That tiny dick could never satisfy me, not like this big young cock!"

Sherry grinned. "And now you've ruined her," she purred in Charlie's ear. "Wrecked her needy cunt beyond repair. She'll never be happy with her husband's pathetic efforts again, not after experiencing the fucking of her life on your huge teenage cock. You've spoiled her for all other men, baby."

Charlie groaned, his balls drawing up tight at his mother's depraved words. The thought that he was ruining his mom's best friend for her husband, that his dick was remaking her pussy to fit only him, was incredibly arousing. He could feel Barb's molten sheath reshaping itself around his pounding cock, permanently altering to his size and shape.

"Just like you've ruined me," Sherry continued, her voice dripping with lust. "Destroyed my pussy for your father's sad little cock."

Sherry climbed up Charlie's torso until she was straddling his face. "Eat Mommy's pussy, baby," she commanded breathlessly, lowering her dripping slit onto his mouth. "Get me nice and wet so I can ride your cock next."

Charlie groaned into Sherry's sodden folds, eagerly lapping up her fragrant nectar. He pointed his tongue and thrust it deep into her weeping core, fucking her with the slick muscle. Above him, his mother mewled and writhed, grinding her aching clit against his nose.

Barb and Sherry fell into a rhythm, the two women bouncing and undulating on Charlie's straining body. Barb rode his cock like a woman possessed, her cunt squeezing him rhythmically as she chased her pleasure. Sherry humped her son's face, coating his cheeks and chin with her slick arousal.

The sloppy sounds of sucking and fucking filled the closet, underscored by feminine moans and grunts of exertion. Charlie was lost to sensation, drowning in hot, slippery flesh and heady musk. His hips pistoned up to meet Barb's downward thrusts, splitting her open on his rigid shaft, as his mouth worked feverishly over Sherry's dripping slit.

"Fuck, I'm close," Barb panted, her movements growing erratic. She ground down hard, taking Charlie impossibly deep. "Gonna cum on this big cock, fill me up, fuck!"

With a keening cry, Barb came apart, her pussy clenching viciously around Charlie's pistoning cock. Clear fluid gushed from her spasming hole, coating his balls and soaking into the carpet below. She shuddered and jerked through her release, never stopping her wild gyrations.

As Barb's orgasm crested, Sherry lifted herself off of Charlie's gasping mouth. "My turn," she declared, dismounting his face. In a flash, she had Barb on her back, the two women trading places seamlessly. Sherry sank down onto Charlie's slick erection with a low moan, taking him to the root.

Charlie grunted as his mother's searing heat engulfed him, her pussy molding to his contours like she was made for him. He could feel the difference immediately - while Barb had been almost painfully tight, Sherry's cunt was a perfect, suckling glove, wrapping around him like hot satin.

Sherry rolled and rocked her hips, swiveling on Charlie's impaling length. Her copious juices slicked the way, allowing him to plunge impossibly deep, the broad head of his cock kissing her cervix with each thrust. She leaned forward, smashing her huge, swaying tits into his face.

"Suck mommy's tits while she rides you," Sherry panted, feeding her son a stiff, rubbery nipple. Charlie latched on greedily, worrying the pebbled nub between his lips. He alternated between breasts, suckling hungrily, losing himself in his mother's abundant cleavage.

Beside them, Barb was a whimpering mess, lazily frigging her sensitive clit as she listened to the depraved display. The wet squelch of Sherry's pussy devouring Charlie's cock, the slurping sounds of him feasting on her bouncing tits, had her rapidly ascending to another peak.

Sherry increased her pace, slamming herself down onto Charlie's upthrust cock with bruising force. Her juices gushed freely, coating his pistoning shaft and balls, dripping down to mingle with Barb's release on the carpet. Her huge tits bounced and rippled wildly, smacking Charlie in the face with each hammering thrust.

Charlie grunted into his mom's heaving cleavage, his face a mess of sweat and drool and smeared lipstick. His hands kneaded the pliant globes, shaping and squeezing as he suckled greedily at her distended nipples. He could feel his mother's impending climax in the flutter of her walls around his pulsing shaft.

"Fuck, baby, you're gonna make Mommy cum!" Sherry babbled, her hips a frantic blur as she chased her pleasure. "Gonna cream all over this big dick, paint your balls with it. Fuck me harder, wreck my cunt!"

Charlie pistoned up into his mother's spasming sheath, grunting with the effort. The wet, obscene slap of his groin meeting her bouncing ass filled the closet, punctuated by Sherry's breathless moans. Barb frigged herself furiously beside them, her fingers squelching in her dripping folds.

With a strangled cry, Sherry came violently, her pussy gushing around Charlie's plunging cock. Her juices sprayed from her clenching slit, splattering his groin and coating the already sodden carpet. Her powerful internal muscles rippled along his shaft, milking him mercilessly.

Barb followed a moment later with a sharp gasp, clear fluid squirting from her cunt to paint Charlie's flexing thigh. She shuddered and jerked,

her fingers a blur over her pulsing clit as she prolonged her release. The musky scent of fem-cum saturated the air, dizzying in its potency.

Charlie groaned, his balls drawing up tight as his own climax fast approached. The dual sensations of Sherry's rhythmically clenching pussy and Barb's slick fluids coating his skin were too much to resist. With a choked shout, he slammed up into his mother one last time and exploded, painting her rippling walls with his seed.

Thick ropes of cum pulsed from Charlie's jerking cock, flooding Sherry's fluttering channel. She milked him through his release, her cunt massaging every throbbing inch as she worked him for all he was worth. Barb reached between their straining bodies to fondle his spurting balls, coaxing out every drop.

Finally spent, Charlie collapsed back against the carpet, chest heaving. Sherry collapsed against him with a satisfied sigh, his softening cock slipping free of her well-used hole. Pearly semen dribbled from her gaping slit, adding to the growing puddle on the floor.

The three lovers lay panting in the darkness, their sweat-slicked bodies entwined in the afterglow. Charlie was utterly spent, his cock and balls throbbing in the sweet ache of overuse. He had never imagined such mind-blowing ecstasy could exist, let alone that he would find it with his mother and her best friend.

But before he could fully catch his breath, he felt two pairs of lips trailing over his sensitive skin, reigniting the embers of his lust. Sherry and Barb planted open-mouthed kisses along his chest and stomach, licking up the sweat and traces of their mingled releases.

"Mmmm, I think our boy is ready for round two," Sherry purred, nipping at Charlie's earlobe. Her fingers danced over his sticky shaft, which twitched valiantly under her teasing touch.

"My thoughts exactly," Barb agreed, cupping his balls and rolling them gently. "We've barely scratched the surface of all the naughty things we're gonna do to him."

Charlie groaned, his cock already thickening, filling with renewed lust. In the stifling blackness of the closet, there was no telling how long this depraved session would last, how many more times he would be made to cum. But one thing was certain - his balls would be utterly drained by the time Sherry and Barb were through with him.

The sweltering afternoon stretched on endlessly as the two insatiable MILF's took their fill of Charlie's nubile young body. They used him like a living sex toy, a vessel for their depraved lusts, wringing untold orgasms from his straining physique.

Over and over, Sherry and Barb mounted Charlie's tireless cock, their wet cunts suckling greedily at his girth as they rode him to one shuddering climax after another. They gushed geysers of musky fem-cum, thoroughly drenching the teen in their releases until he was saturated from head to toe, the puddle underneath them growing into a small lake.

Charlie took them from behind as they knelt side by side, moving from one woman to the next, sawing his steely dick not only through their pussies, but the tight tunnel of their assholes too. Sweat poured from his brow, splattering down onto their rippling naked bubble butts as they beat against him tirelessly.

When they needed a break from fucking, the wanton duo put Charlie's mouth to good use. They smothered him with their dripping mounds, grinding slick folds over his gasping lips until his cheeks glistened with their nectar. He serviced their twitching clits and spasming holes with his tongue, lapping and suckling like a man starved.

Charlie lost himself in the slippery press of writhing female flesh, drowning in tits and ass and hot, fragrant cunt. The sinfully soft glide of Sherry and Barb's abundant curves against his aching cock, the wet

suction of their mouths engulfing him to the root - it was sensory overload in the most intense and pleasurable way.

In the disorienting darkness, the passage of time lost all meaning. It could have been hours or days that the marathon fuck session lasted - Charlie had no way of knowing. His entire existence narrowed down to the exquisite torture of being relentlessly milked by the MILF's talented bodies.

Again and again they wrung bone-rattling orgasms from his cock and balls, skillfully stoking him back to full mast each time he began to flag. His spunk painted their bouncing tits and jiggling asses, pumping into their thirsty cunts and gulping throats.

In the coming months, Sherry and her son continued their risky affair, finding stolen moments whenever they could to sate their depraved lusts. Charlie pounded his mom's married cunt every morning before school, so she'd spend her day with a pussy full of his cum. Sherry sucked her son to completion each night, swallowing load after hot load of his salty essence.

They were playing a dangerous game, each reckless coupling bringing them closer to discovery. But they were too far gone to care, too consumed by their taboo hunger. Dave's oblivious snores and the ticking of the clock faded into insignificance when compared to the wet slap of flesh on flesh, the obscene slurps and grunts of a mother and son in carnal bliss.

Still, Sherry couldn't help but feel a thrill of wicked excitement every time she and Charlie brought each other to muffled climaxes, their bodies shuddering and pulsing with illicit pleasure mere inches from her slumbering husband. If Dave knew what depravity was transpiring on the other side of that closet door, would he be able to look her in the eye? Would he see the truth written on her flushed and satisfied face?

Part of Sherry almost wanted to get caught, to see the shock and betrayal in Dave's eyes as he witnessed his wife's unquenchable appetite for their son's cock. She fantasized about him walking in on her with Charlie's huge dick buried in her throat, her lips stretched obscenely around his girth. Or discovering her riding Charlie's face, smearing her cum all over his eager tongue.

But then reality would set in and Sherry would push those dark thoughts aside, focusing instead on chasing her next explosive orgasm. She knew she should feel guilty, should put a stop to this before it destroyed their family. But the wanton pleasure was too intense, too addictive. She was in too deep to turn back now.

Charlie, too, wrestled with the taboo thrill of cuckolding his father, of claiming his mother's pussy as his own. He loved knowing that his cock had ruined her for anything else, that she craved his huge dick above all others. Let his dad have her as a wife - her cunt belonged to Charlie now.

He pounded into her with renewed vigor, relishing her muffled squeals and the filthy squelch of his cock churning her cum-flooded hole. Sherry clapped a hand over her mouth, trying desperately to stifle her whorish moans as her body shook and juddered from the force of Charlie's deep thrusts.

"That's it, Mom," Charlie growled lowly, his breath hot against her ear. "Take my cock. Fucking take it. You're mine now, this pussy belongs to me."

Sherry could only whimper and nod frantically, too lost in the sensation of her son's huge dick splitting her open to form words. She knew he was right - her cunt was ruined for anything else, forever molded to the shape of Charlie's perfect cock. She was his now, body and soul.

As if to punctuate his point, Charlie reached down and began to feverishly rub Sherry's clit, his fingers slick with her drooling arousal. The direct stimulation was too much for the mother's overwhelmed senses

and she came with a strangled cry, her pussy clamping down on Charlie's pistoning cock like a vice.

Her powerful internal muscles rippled and squeezed his invading length, fluttering wildly as her orgasm crashed through her. Clear fluid gushed from her spasming cunt, splashing obscenely against Charlie's groin and running down to soak the already damp bench.

Charlie followed her over the edge with a guttural groan, his swollen balls drawing up tight as they prepared to unleash their load. He slammed into his mom one last time, grinding his pelvis against hers as he exploded deep inside her convulsing sheath.

Thick ropes of cum pulsed from his jerking cock, painting Sherry's inner walls with his virile seed. He filled her to overflowing, the creamy excess oozing out around his twitching shaft to join the growing puddle of their combined fluids beneath them.

They collapsed against each other, chests heaving, skin slick with sweat as they trembled through the aftershocks of their intense mutual climax. Charlie's softening cock slipped from Sherry's well-used hole with a wet squelch, a river of pearly jizz gushing out in its wake.

Sherry lay there gasping, her thighs quivering and her cunt aching with the sweetest of pains. The pungent aroma of sex hung heavy in the air, a carnal perfume that made her head spin. She felt thoroughly debauched, utterly claimed by her virile young son.

And she had never been more satisfied in her life. Let the world burn - as long as she could have Charlie's cock stretching her, filling her, ruining her for all others, nothing else mattered. She was his now, forever and always. His perfect fucktoy, his eager cum dump, his devoted mommy-slut.

As their heart rates gradually slowed and their breathing evened out, Charlie and Sherry shared a long, heavy look. An unspoken

understanding passed between them - there was no going back, no pretending this hadn't happened.

Bound by their shared journey, they were in this together now, no matter what challenges the future might hold. And that "what" was already manifesting as a burgeoning life within Sherry's belly, planted by her son's virile seed, blossoming like a tender bud at that very moment.

THE END