

*Mom's*  
**COCKSMAN**



**BY KLRXO**

## Mom's Cocksman

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One evening after his shift at the store, Paul came home to find his mom Lynne in the living room doing yoga poses in a tight tank top and shorts that hugged her delicious curves. She looked up at him and smiled as she moved into downward dog, her thick, rounded ass pointed towards him.

"Hi honey, how was work today?" she asked casually, as if she wasn't purposely giving him an eyeful.

"Um, fine," Paul mumbled, feeling his cock stir in his pants at the sight of his sexy mom bent over like that. He tried not to stare as he headed to the kitchen for a snack.

While Paul ate a protein bar, Lynne finished her yoga and joined him in the kitchen, dabbing sweat from her monstrous cleavage with a small towel. "A bunch of women at the studio were asking about you today," she mentioned, pouring herself some coconut water. "Apparently word has gotten around about your win at the Taekwondo tournament last weekend. And a certain part of your anatomy that was on display in that tight uniform."

Paul nearly choked on his bar. "What? Why are your friends checking me out?"

Lynne shrugged. "You're a very attractive young man, Paul. Women notice. Even...older women." Her eyes flicked down to his crotch for just a second.

He shifted uncomfortably, surprised but thrilled that his own beautiful mom was talking about him like this.

Lynne stepped closer, placing a hand on his muscular arm. "I'm not surprised they're interested. I see how hard you work on this incredible

body. How dedicated you are." Her hand slid up to squeeze his bicep. "Mm so strong..."

Paul's breathing quickened, his teenage hormones raging, cock now fully hard, trapped between his jeans and abdomen. "Mom..."

"Paul..." she retorted playfully.

The teen's heart raced as his mother caressed his arm, her touch both comforting and electrifying. He'd been noticing his mom in a different way lately, no longer just as his parent but as a beautiful, sensual woman.

At 43, Lynne was a total knockout. Her long blonde hair cascaded over her tan, toned shoulders. Her bright blue eyes sparkled with mischief. And her body - those enormous, heavy breasts straining against her tank top, her narrow waist flaring out to curvy hips, her thick, round ass filling out her yoga shorts perfectly. She looked like she belonged in the centerfold of a magazine, not in a suburban kitchen.

More and more, Paul's teenage fantasies and feverish masturbation sessions centered around his own mother and her alluring curves.

As an inexperienced virgin, his knowledge of sex was limited to furtive internet searches and what he gleaned from the ancient pages of the Kama Sutra, which he'd discovered while exploring his growing interest in Eastern philosophy and culture. The erotic text fascinated him, filled with sexual positions and techniques far beyond his naïve imaginings. He couldn't help but picture trying them with his mom.

Lynne's hand lingered on his muscles, her face close to his. The sexual tension between them was palpable. "You know," she purred, "I wasn't much older than you when I had my first experience getting fucked by an older man. He awakened me to so much pleasure I never knew existed."

Paul swallowed hard. "Mom, what are you saying..."

She looked into his eyes. "I'm saying you're a strong, virile young man. If you ever wanna learn, to practice, to get some hands-on experience..." Her hand drifted lower, brushing his abs and playing with the waistband of his shorts. "You should definitely find an older woman to guide you."

"You um, really think so?" the boy asked, his heart racing from her touch.

"I know so," she replied, her eyes lingering on his suggestively. "If a quick lay is what you're looking for, get with a girl your age. But if you want your socks blown off, find yourself a mom," Lynne winked.

Over the next week, the sexual tension between Paul and his mother continued to build. Lynne's flirting became more and more overt.

She would "accidentally" brush up against him, letting her cushy tits graze his arm. Sometimes, he could even feel her turgid ripples through the fabric.

While watching TV together on the couch, Lynne would drape her silky smooth legs across his lap, letting his rigid fuck-muscle dig against her flesh. She loved feeling it throb beneath his jeans.

Every morning, she made sure to give him a long, intimate hug before he left for school, pressing her pillowy chest against his firm pecs and whispering in his ear how much she adored her "handsome young man".

Paul was in a constant state of arousal, his teenage hormones set ablaze by his smoking hot mom's attention. He ached to experience all the carnal knowledge she had to offer. Finally, he worked up the courage to take her up on what she had suggested.

"Mom," he said shyly one night after dinner. "Remember when you said I should find an older woman to um, train me? Did you... did you have anyone in particular in mind?"

A slow, seductive smile spread across Lynne's beautiful face. "Oh, I think you know exactly who I had in mind, baby."

Paul's heart pounded. "You?"

"Who better? I'm very experienced and I know you so well. I can teach you everything." She moved closer, her hand resting on his thigh, teasingly close to his boner. "That is, if you wanna learn from your own mom."

"Yes," he breathed. "I really want that. But..." He hesitated. "I don't want to, you know, do it with anyone else yet. I want my first time to be special, with someone I really care about."

"I completely understand, honey. How about this? You promise not to fuck any other girls and let me be your sole teacher. In exchange..." Her fingers walked up onto the shaft of his cock-bulge. "Once you become a true stud, a skilled cocksman... I'll get my pussy pierced just for you. A kinky little surprise you can look forward to."

Paul nearly came in his pants at the thought. He wasn't sure how his mom knew about his fascination with clit piercings, but she clearly did. "Really? You'd really do that?"

"Absolutely. But only if you prove yourself worthy of such a gift. Do we have a deal?"

"Deal!" Paul readily agreed, dizzy with lust.

Lynne smiled wickedly and leaned in close, her lips brushing his ear. "In that case, since your father's out of town, your training begins tonight. Come to my room after your shower, and don't wear anything..."

With that, she got up and sauntered off, her luscious ass swaying hypnotically. Paul watched her go, his cock rock hard, barely able to believe this was really happening.

That night, in the shower, he was so keyed up he thought he might pass out. He stroked himself a couple times but resisted cumming, wanting to save his pent-up ejaculation for his mom. After drying off, he walked

naked to her room, his erection bobbing like sturdy tree branch, leading the way.

Paul entered his mother's candlelit bedroom, his heart racing with anticipation. Lynne lay sprawled on the bed wearing nothing but a sheer black negligee that left little to the imagination. Her mountainous breasts and womanly curves were on full display. She smiled seductively and crooked a finger at him.

"Come here, baby. It's time for your maiden voyage into the world of sex."

Paul climbed onto the bed, his young, virile body already responding to the sight of her. Lynne pulled him into a deep, sensual kiss, her tongue probing his mouth. Her hands roamed his muscular chest and abs before boldly grasping his rock-hard cock.

"Mmm, you're so big and ready for me," she purred. "I'm gonna make you feel so fucking good."

She pushed him onto his back and straddled him, rubbing her wet pussy along his sinewy shaft. Then with a wicked grin, she lifted her hips and slowly impaled herself on his thick rod.

"Oh fuck yes, baby," Lynne moaned as he stretched and filled her. "You're so deep in Mommy's tight little cunt."

Paul groaned in ecstasy, overwhelmed by the incredible sensation of being inside a woman's hot, slippery core for the first time. He watched in awe as his sexy mom began riding him hard, rolling and gyrating her child-bearing hips, her huge tits bouncing.

"That's it, let Mom work this big cock. They'll be plenty of opportunities for learning, but right now I'm gonna drain these young balls dry."

Lynne showed her skill, fucking him fast and deep, greedily taking her own son's virginity. The taboo thrill of it only heightened Paul's pleasure. In no time, he felt his orgasm building to an explosive peak.

"Mom! I'm gonna cum!" he warned.

"Yes, baby, cum for Mommy!" Lynne gazed into his eyes and slammed down on his cock. "Fill me up with your hot teenage seed!"

With a guttural groan, Paul unleashed spurt after spurt of gooey cum-ropes deep into his mother's spasming pussy, experiencing the most intense climax of his young life.

After sharing his climax with one of her own, Lynne collapsed on top of her boy, both of them gasping for breath in the afterglow. She cradled his face and gave him a tender kiss.

"You did so well, honey. And this is just the beginning," she smiled. "I'm gonna train you to be an incredible lover every day while your father is at golf. By the time I'm done with you, you'll be a sexual god."

Paul grinned, delirious with excitement for the erotic lessons to come. Little did he know just how far his mother would take his education and the sexual Casanova he was yet to become.

The next morning, Paul and Lynne sat together in church, both struggling to keep their minds on the sermon after the taboo encounter they'd shared the night before.

Paul felt both exhilarated and conflicted about losing his virginity to his own mother. Part of him wondered if they had crossed a line that could never be uncrossed. But the way she had worked his cock, the sheer ecstasy of cumming inside her - he craved more of her sexual tutelage, consequences be damned.

Lynne, for her part, had no such qualms. Defiling her handsome son, claiming his innocence for herself, had only inflamed her lust. She was determined to mold Paul into the ultimate lover, to share every trick and perversion she knew.

As the preacher droned on about sin and temptation, Lynne noticed the sizeable bulge tenting the front of Paul's slacks. *"Naughty boy, getting hard in church,"* she thought with a thrill. Deciding to have some fun, she leaned in close and whispered in his ear:

"I have a challenge for you, baby. I want you to keep that big cock nice and hard for the entire rest of the service. No going soft, no matter what. Can you do that for Mommy?"

Paul gulped and nodded, pulse quickening at her husky, seductive tone. He was putty in her hands and they both knew it.

"Good boy," Lynne purred. She discretely placed a hand on his thigh, her red nails lightly scratching the fabric. "And tonight, I want you to shave this area smooth for me. Your cock and balls too. I want my boy bare and silky, just like my own pussy and legs are."

To emphasize her point, she subtly uncrossed and recrossed her legs, making her short skirt ride up and expose even more of her tan, toned thigh. The tall stiletto heels she always wore to church made her legs look a mile long.

Paul white-knuckled the church bench, fighting to control his breathing as all the blood in his body rushed to his groin. Between his mom's dirty words, her wandering hand, and the tantalizing peek of skin, he was aching, throbbing, erect. He prayed for the strength to maintain his composure and not bust a nut right there in the pew.

Lynne smirked to herself, pleased by the effect she was having on her son. She couldn't wait for their first "training session" so she could peel him out of those clothes, run her hands and mouth over his newly-smooth skin as she continued began her carnal lessons. The wicked plans she had in store made her pussy clench and moisten in her panties.

Starting the next afternoon, as Paul's dad left for his regular golf game, Lynne and her son retired to the master bedroom for a session of Paul's

sexual training. They would light scented candles, put on sensual music, and Lynne would select a position from the Kama Sutra for them to attempt that day.

She began with the easier, more basic positions like Missionary and Cowgirl before moving on to more advanced techniques that required greater flexibility and stamina.

Lynne coached Paul on how to angle his hips for maximum penetration and G-spot stimulation. She patiently guided his rhythm and pace, and how to hold each sexual pose with perfect form.

They used copious amounts of lube to keep things slick and sensual. Lynne always made sure her pussy was glistening and ready, and she loved slathering Paul's hard young cock until it gleamed.

His hard, boy-rod glided into her effortlessly, his glans nudging the head of her cervix on every thrust. The skillful squeeze of his mom's birthing tunnel around his peter-flesh put his stamina to the ultimate test.

A kitchen timer sat on the nightstand, both a way to structure their sessions and a challenge for Paul to last longer each time. Lynne would set it for 10 minutes to start and have Paul thrust away until the bell rang. Then 15 minutes, 20, 30, and beyond.

"Come on baby, you can do it," Lynne would encourage as Paul pistoned in and out of her, sweat dripping down his abs, fighting the urge to cum. "Keep that cock hard for Mommy. Make me proud."

They fucked in positions like Butterfly, with Lynne's ankles up by her ears and Paul slamming into her soaked folds. Lynne's favorite was Balancing Act, where Paul held her up impaled on his cock, bouncing her on his shaft using just the strength of his arms and hips. She loved displaying his virility.

Paul's favorite was anything involving Lynne's huge, heaving tits. Kneeling between them and fucking her cavernous cleavage, or having

her wrap them around his head as she rode him cowgirl. He was obsessed with her squishy rack and she indulged him completely.

Every day the boy would give his mom more and more orgasms, watching her pretty face grimace with pleasure and making her girlish screams ring out through the entire house.

The timer continued ticking away, each session ending with Lynne praising her son's growing prowess before rewarding him with a massive, toe-curling orgasm. She would milk his cock with her velvety walls, coaxing out every last drop, before scooping up his seed and licking it lustfully from her fingers.

Afterwards, they would cuddle and kiss tenderly, Paul's head pillowed on his mom's bountiful tit-cushions. "You're learning so fast," she would coo. "At this rate, Mom will be getting that special piercing for you in no time."

Paul would just grin in anticipation, his cock already stirring for the next vigorous round...

To keep her teen constantly aroused and motivated between their intense training sessions, Lynne began sending him naughty pictures, videos and texts throughout the day, especially when his father was around.

While Paul sat in class trying to focus on his schoolwork, his phone would buzz with a new message from Mom. He'd discreetly check it under his desk and nearly choke at the sight of Lynne's huge tits barely contained by a lacy bra, or her tight ass bent over in a thong, or a close-



up of her freshly-waxed, glistening pussy.

"Getting wet thinking about you... Can't wait for our next lesson," the accompanying text would read. Or "Mommy's clit is so swollen for her big boy."

Paul's cock would immediately swell painfully hard in his jeans. He'd squirm in his seat, unable to concentrate on anything but the throbbing between his legs and the dirty images seared into his brain.

Other times, Lynne would send short video clips of her sensually applying lipstick before puckering and blowing a kiss to the camera. Or

lotion rubbed into her legs and cleavage. Or her fingers dipping into her folds beneath her short skirt.

"Edging myself thinking of you," she'd message. "No cumming until I say, baby."

Paul would grip his phone white-knuckled, his balls aching with pent-up need, barely holding on amid the relentless teasing.

This naughty long-distance flirtation even extended to times when Paul's dad was home. Lynne took great pleasure in making her son squirm with arousal right under his father's nose.

At dinner, as her husband prattled on about his latest sales figures, Lynne would text Paul increasingly explicit messages:

"Your cock felt so good pounding Mommy's pussy this afternoon."

"I can still taste your cum on my tongue."

"Get hard for me right now. No touching."

Paul would flush scarlet and adjust himself as discretely as possible, praying his father didn't notice the tent of his raging erection.

During family movie nights, with Paul on the couch between his parents, Lynne would secretly caress his thigh while texting things like "Mommy's nipples are so stiff for you" and "I'm naked under this blanket."

Paul's cock would leak pre-cum into his underwear as he struggled to keep a straight face, terrified of giving them away but tremendously turned on by his mom's brazenness.

The most intense sexual tests and training came when Paul's dad was away on his frequent business trips. Lynne would take the opportunity to keep Paul home from school for some "quality time", which really meant fucking savagely for hours on end.

Each day, Lynne would focus the lesson on worshipping and pleasuring one particular part of her body, determined to make Paul an expert in every erogenous zone.

After weeks of intense lessons and teasing from his mom, Paul's high school graduation finally arrived. As he crossed the stage to accept his diploma, he caught Lynne's eye in the audience. She winked and blew him a kiss, her huge tits nearly spilling out of her low-cut dress.

Paul's cock immediately stiffened in his graduation gown, his mind filled with all the dirty things Lynne had trained him to do.

The summer flew by in a haze of clandestine, marathon fuck sessions whenever Paul's dad was away. Lynne was insatiable, riding her son's cock for hours, bending over for him in every room of the house, letting him practice all the techniques she'd taught him. By the end, Paul had the sexual skill and stamina of a porn star.

When it came time for Paul to leave for college, Lynne insisted on driving him to campus herself to help him "settle in". After they finished unpacking Paul's stuff into his dorm room, Lynne shut and locked the door. She stripped off her sundress to reveal the sluttiest lingerie set Paul had ever seen.

"Time for your going away present," she purred, pushing him onto the bed.

They fucked like wild animals the entire weekend, christening every surface of Paul's new room. Lynne took particular delight in riding Paul's face in front of the mirror, watching his cock strain and bounce against his abs as he eagerly devoured her fragrant pussy.

"That's it baby, worship Mommy's cunt," she moaned, grinding on his mouth. "Gonna get it pierced just for you, my perfect pussy-eating stud."

Paul doubled his efforts, lashing her clit with his tongue, determined to earn his special reward. He made Lynne cum over and over, gushing her

ejaculate onto his face and into his open mouth until she collapsed in a satisfied heap.

Before heading home, Lynne took Paul to an upscale piercing studio. He watched, barely breathing, as the piercer carefully installed a dainty gold ring through Lynne's clitoral hood.

"How's it look, baby?" Lynne asked, spreading her legs with a smirk. The piercing glinted against her pink folds, impossibly erotic.

"So fucking hot," Paul groaned, painfully hard in his jeans. He couldn't wait to feel that metal sliding along his shaft as he plunged into her.

"You'll have to wait until I'm healed to try it out," Lynne teased. "But don't worry, Mom will be visiting for Homecoming in a few weeks for some Very Special bonding time."

She palmed Paul's bulge, feeling it flex against her hand. "I expect you to keep this cock hard and ready for me."

They kissed deeply, Paul savoring the sweet taste of his ultimate prize. He knew without a doubt that he'd be reserving a hotel room for Homecoming weekend, where he planned to fuck his hot mom senseless and give her newly adorned pussy the attention that only a true cocksman could.