

## Eskimo Mom

By Klrxo

My name is Malina, derived from the Inuit word for "Sun Goddess." I am a proud Inuit wife and mother, deeply connected to my heritage and the customs of my ancestors. My roots are firmly planted in Eskimo tradition, and I carry those values with me every day.

But let's talk about something else that brings me immense joy: fucking. It's a topic that still makes some of my people uncomfortable, but not me. I embrace my sexuality wholeheartedly and thankfully, my husband shares a similar appreciation for it. Although, I must admit, there are times when his desire doesn't match mine, which leaves me feeling a restless longing.

But that longing is quickly soothed by the familiar comforts of my culture, the smell of burning wood from our traditional qulliq (oil lamp), the sounds of drumming and throat singing echoing through the walls of our home. These are the moments when I feel most connected to my roots and understand the true beauty and power of our traditions

My husband, Kali, is a staunch protector and provider, adhering to the ancient ways of our people. He's a skilled hunter, able to bring home seals, walruses, and caribou for our sustenance.

My daughter, Nanook, is a spirited young girl with a fire in her eyes that reminds me of myself in my youth. She loves to listen to the elders as they share stories of our ancestors and teach her the ways of our people. Her laughter fills our home with warmth and light, a beacon of hope for the future of our community.

Then there is my son, Anik, with his striking features and easy charm that draws in both boys and girls alike. He radiates youthful energy,

just on the cusp of adulthood, still transitioning from boyhood into manhood.

My son became the subject between my mother and I as we sat in the flickering glow of the qulliq, sewing sealskin garments for the coming winter. My mother, with her weathered hands and wise eyes, had been a source of guidance and comfort since I was a child. As we worked side by side, the rhythmic sound of her bone needle piercing through the skin filled the silence between us.

"Malina," she began, her voice like a soothing breeze on a summer day. "Anik is blossoming into a fine young man, but he will soon encounter new experiences that will mold his future."

"What kind of experiences do you mean?" I inquired.

"Experiences of a sexual nature," she replied, her tone soft but unyielding. And then she reminded me of something that had almost slipped my mind. "It is traditionally a mother's duty to prepare her son for the voyage into his own sexuality." Her words hung heavily in the air and I couldn't help but feel a sense of responsibility settle over me like a heavy cloak.

I had grown familiar with the tradition over the years, knowing that one day I would have to initiate my own son into the world of sexual pleasure. It was an essential rite of passage, ensuring that he would be able to satisfy his future wife and produce strong, healthy offspring. My husband, having gone through this himself, was surely aware of the tradition, but I also couldn't help but wonder if it was something that a father dreaded, knowing his wife would find pleasure in the hardened penis of their son.

"I'm prepared to fulfill my motherly duties," I stated, "but I would imagine it is a responsibility that husbands don't think fondly of, even though they once experienced it themselves."

My mother nodded in understanding. "It is a difficult role for fathers to accept, but they must understand the importance of it for the continuation of our people. Our ancestors knew the value of sexual satisfaction and propagation, and they passed on that wisdom through the generations. As a mother, it is our job to guide our sons into manhood, and this initiation is a crucial step in that journey."

"Shall I seek counsel from Kali on this matter, and inform him that the time has arrived for me to perform this tradition?" I inquired, referring to my husband.

My mother's response was swift and decisive. "This is a tradition that requires no consultation with one's spouse," she stated firmly. "It is a private matter between you and Anik, and while Kali may be aware of its inevitability, he need not know the specific details of when and where this tradition will be carried out."

Her words were like gentle but firm hands guiding me in the correct path. It was a long-standing tradition, passed down through generations, and it was not to be taken lightly or discussed flippantly with anyone outside of our immediate family circle. My decision would be made discreetly, without any input from outsiders.

"I'll begin preparations for the task right away," I declared confidently. I was completely devoted to my husband. But the mere thought of tutoring my son, who was much younger than me sent a rush of excitement through my body. My heart raced with anticipation as I imagined Anik's body intertwined with mine, our limbs entangled in a passionate embrace. Images of him bucking like a wild stallion between my cradled thighs, experiencing the heat and grip of his very first pussy, flooded my mind.

My mother looked at me with concern etched on her features. "It is an important task, so be sure to prepare yourself mentally and

physically," she cautioned, her eyes searching mine. "Especially after your recent accident."

I chuckled at the mention of my "accident" that had occurred almost a year ago now. "Mother, you worry too much. I've fully recovered from that slip on the ice," I reassured her.

"I know, but sometimes the mind and body need more time to heal from such traumatic events," she reminded me with a gentle hand on my shoulder.

The incident she spoke of was a terrifying blow to my head that resulted in total amnesia for months. It was only recently that all of my memories had resurfaced, and I finally felt like myself again.

As the days ticked by, my mind was consumed with a barrage of questions about how and when I should begin my son's sexual education. How should I even broach the subject? What were the fundamental lessons he needed to learn? Of course, knowledge of the male anatomy and female genitalia were vital, but what about sex positions? Which ones were appropriate for him to know? And how could I teach him techniques and allow him to practice them safely?

My thoughts inevitably drifted to my own experiences and preferences with sex. Missionary was always my favorite position, with its intimate connection. But would it be appropriate to pass down this information to my son? My mind whirled with uncertainty as I contemplated how best to approach this delicate task.

As my mind raced with questions, one in particular stood out above the rest. Would his penis respond to me? Would it become erect? I had seen him aroused before, the bulge of his young cock evident through his clothing, but the real question was... would I, his own

mother, be able to elicit that response from him? For the sake of learning at least, could Anik see me in a sexual light?

My intuition told me yes, based on all the times I had caught him admiring my body. Without trying to sound boastful, I knew I possessed a certain beauty that many found irresistible. My curves and proportions were often praised by others, particularly the size of my enormous breasts. The thought made me blush slightly, but also sent a flutter of excitement through my body. All these years of being a mother and suddenly I wondered if my son saw me as a desirable woman. It was both unnerving and exhilarating.

As I pondered my thoughts, my mind was consumed with a question that I had never considered before: how would Anik make me feel sexually? Would his touch arouse me, igniting a fire within me that would manifest by creating slick wetness between my legs? Would our union be a combination of learning and passion, creating an experience that I would never forget? Despite his handsome appearance, I had always viewed my son in a purely maternal light. But in a private and intimate setting, where sexual instruction was being imparted, could those perceptions shift?

As I approached my husband, my heart raced with excitement and nerves. "My mother has kindly offered to take care of Nanook tomorrow so Anik and I can join you on the hunt," I announced.

"We're going with father on a hunt?" Anik asked, looking up eagerly from his meal.

Kali's brows furrowed in concern. "The hunt may last for hours, perhaps even days. What will you and Anik do to pass the time?"

I could feel my cheeks flush as I quickly tried to come up with a suitable answer. Any response other than the truth would betray be suitable.

"We'll talk and bond, Kali. It'll be good for him to spend some quality time with me," I replied smoothly, hoping to hide the butterflies fluttering in my stomach as I smiled over at my son.

In that moment, I felt both guilty and determined. Guilty for deceiving my husband, but determined to see this through without hurting anyone.

The conversations and bonding between Anik and I on the trip would not occur in the way Kali had envisioned, but it was best to keep that information to ourselves.

"Suit yourselves," Kali stated with a resigned tone, "I'll have to prepare an igloo for the both of you to stay warm."

"I can help, father," my son offered eagerly. "My friends and I have crafted more than enough of them."

"I'll see to gathering the necessary supplies for our journey," I added, grateful that my husband saw the value in having us accompany him. The thought of venturing into the cold wilderness filled me with both excitement and trepidation.

Before embarking on our journey, I meticulously prepared my body for the upcoming sexual instruction. In my Inuit culture, this was a ritual of shaving essential parts – my legs and private area – with sharpened ivory and lubricating them with animal fat. Once smooth and bare, I indulged in a warm bath, washing my dark, full mane and pampering my skin with essential oils. I knew that the days ahead would be filled with intense lovemaking and instruction, and I wanted to give Anik nothing less than a perfect canvas to work with. It was a

sacred duty for me to present myself as fully ready and willing for this intimate experience.

The journey to the hunting grounds was a grueling one, taking hours to navigate through the harsh, unforgiving landscape. The frozen air seemed to bite at our skin, but the heavy furs we wore offered much needed protection.

As we finally arrived at our destination, Kali and Anik wasted no time in working together to construct the perfect igloo. Each block of snow was carefully placed, intricately carved, and reinforced with ice to create a strong and beautiful structure. As I watched them work, a sense of pride swelled within me for my son. He was growing into a capable man, finding his place in this world. The only thing he lacked now was sexual prowess, but I knew that would soon change with my help.

"I will set out on the hunt first thing in the morning," my husband declared with determination etched into every line of his face. I nodded, silently agreeing to his plan. "Very well, Kali, we'll stay in the igloo and spend our time bonding. Anik and I will have much to learn from each other during this time ." As I spoke, a smile crept onto my lips as I looked at my son. His cheeks were tinged pink and he met my gaze with excitement in his eyes. It was a well-known to boys that they would be trained by their mothers at some point, and I could tell that Anik was aware that this would be his special moment. I felt grateful to see eagerness rather than apprehension in his expression.

"Perhaps Anik should join me on the hunt," suggested Kali, his deep voice rumbling through the igloo.

A sense of unease settled in my stomach at the thought. I quickly racked my brain for a reason to dissuade him. "While it may benefit

Anik to learn hunting at some point, I would hate to be left alone for too long. If I had known you wanted to take him along, I would have brought Nanook along as well to keep me company."

Kali's expression softened as he considered my words. "You're right, my dear," he admitted with a sigh. "Next time then."

Anik nodded eagerly, clearly pleased with his father's change of heart. "Yes, next time," he repeated, flashing me a relieved grin.

Despite my intense desires, I resisted my husband's advances for lovemaking that night as we lay nestled beneath the thick fur blankets. "Anik might hear us," I whispered.

But in reality, my reluctance had little to do with him overhearing us. In fact, a small part of me wanted Anik to hear the sounds of pleasure on the eve of learning how to fuck a woman.

The real reason behind my rejection of my husband's advances was that I didn't want his cum planted inside me. My pussy needed to be clean and free from any mess for Anik's exploration the next day. It was my son's special moment and any release inside me should come solely from his own cock.

As I lay in bed, on the cusp of slumber, my mind began to wander towards my son's knowledge of sex. Had he already experienced it, or was he still a naive virgin? Despite his charm and popularity with girls, I couldn't shake the feeling that he hadn't yet dipped his manhood into the depths of a woman's core. Perhaps he hadn't even shared a kiss with a girl yet. The uncertainty gnawed at me as I drifted closer to sleep, knowing that in the morning, all would be revealed. My nerves were tingling with a mix of anxiety and anticipation for what the dawn would bring.

"Wish me luck," my husband said with a slight smile as he prepared for the big hunt. I could see the excitement in his eyes, knowing that this was something he truly loved and took pride in. He meticulously checked his gear, making sure everything was in perfect working order for the task ahead.

"Be safe," I said softly, feeling a twinge of guilt in my stomach. By the time he returned, I would have had another man's penis inside me and who knows how many loads of sperm soaking in my womb. Of course, that man just happened to be our son, and it was for the sake of learning, but it still felt like a strange form of infidelity.

"Have a successful hunt, father," our son Anik declared as we watched Kali step out of the igloo and into the tundra.

The chill in the air nipped at our noses and I knew we needed to find a way to keep warm. "Why don't we snuggle beneath the blankets," I suggested to Anik, wanting to ease any tension before we delved into the intimate discussions that lay ahead.

We both crawled under the thick, woolen layers and my son let out a contented sigh as we settled in, his eyes widening as we lay on our sides facing each other. I pulled him closer, feeling the warmth of his body against mine and the pressure of his embrace mashing up against my oversized tits.

Taking a deep breath, I spoke nervously. "Anik, you're on the cusp of leaving your boyhood days behind and entering into a world full of sexual experiences," I told him gently. "As your mother, it is my duty to prepare you for these encounters with women."

He shifted awkwardly, clearly unsure of how to respond to such an open conversation about sex. "Um...alright," he finally answered.

"How much do you know about your own body?" I asked, figuring this was a good place to start.

"About my penis you mean?" he replied.

"Well, yes...that. We should talk about the different parts of your penis and how they function."

"I already know all that stuff, mother" he confidently replied. "My dick is comprised of the knob, the shaft and the balls, and it needs to get erect before doing anything sexual, so that I can pierce a woman's vagina. The nuts are where sperm is stored for making babies."

I was taken back at his detailed answer. "That's impressive," I stated, looking into his piercing blue eyes. "What about the vagina?"

"I know all about that too," Anik bragged. "There's the outer lips and inner lips, the clitoris, the vaginal opening, and the hymen. And when a woman is turned on, her clitoris becomes engorged. Oh, also...her vagina can stretch wider to accommodate a man's dick."

"Well, it's clear that you've educated yourself on sexual body parts," I stated proudly. It was obvious that Anik knew his stuff when it came to the human body, but there was still so much more for me to teach him.

"Okay, let's start with the basics," I said, taking a deep breath. "Sex is not just about penetration, but also about foreplay. Do you know what foreplay is, darling?"

"Yes. It's all the kissing, touching, and pleasuring that happens before you penetrate a woman."

As I lay there with my teenage son to give him "the talk" about sex, I didn't expect the level of knowledge he possessed. As I explained the importance of ensuring a woman is properly aroused and lubricated before penetration, he interjected with a suggestion of his own.

"Instead of just touching or rubbing, you can also use two fingers to stimulate her G-spot," he informed me confidently. I couldn't help but chuckle at his eagerness to share this information, especially since I, as a woman myself, was well aware of the G-spot's location. It was clear that Anik had done his research on pleasuring a woman, impressing me with textbook answers to every question I had for him. "I'm glad you took the time to educate yourself on this topic," I praised him. "Remember, knowledge is power when it comes to understanding and pleasing a woman."

"Yes, mother," he nodded.

My heart raced with anticipation and excitement as I realized that the time had finally come for us to go hands-on. "Why don't we start with some foreplay," I suggested, my voice barely concealing my eagerness. "That way, I can answer any questions you may have as we explore."

Anik's face lit up with a mischievous grin, his eyes shining with an eager curiosity. "That sounds like fun," he replied eagerly.

"Just remember, these practice sessions are not just for pleasure, but also for learning and growth in your sexual knowledge," I reminded him.

"I understand," he nodded, then confidently placed his hands on my big breasts and gently squeezed. Instantly, I was flooded with pleasure and surprise at how skilled and confident his touch was. It had been a long day without much attention towards my body so Anik's touch ignited a fire within me that I didn't expect.

A gasp escaped my lips as his fingers found their way to my hardened teats, applying just the right amount of pressure around my swollen buds. I couldn't help but moan as he expertly tweaked and pinched the peaks of my jugs. A wave of pleasure washed over me, tingling in my pussy and making me ache for more.

"Anik," I said between heavy breaths, "have you been doing this with other girls in the village?"

He looked at me, confusion evident on his face. "No, why?"

"Because you're surprisingly skilled at this for someone without much experience," I replied, suspicion creeping into my mind. Had he been practicing on other girls? The thought both aroused and unsettled me. After all, I had been with his father for years and Kali had never squeezed my tender breasts this well before.

"I'm arousing you then, mother?" he asked, his voice deep and seductive. I could feel the warmth of his breath against my skin.

My cheeks flushed as I felt the evidence of my arousal coating my thighs. I wanted to hide my desire, but I knew that honesty was important in this moment. "Yes, my dear," I admitted, trying to steady my breathing. "You've certainly made my vagina plenty wet by the way you're using those skilled hands."

He seemed pleased with his effect on me, his smile dark and alluring. "Should I kiss you and touch your pussy now?" he asked, his words dripping with desire.

A wave of heat washed over me at his boldness. "Well, yes...I suppose that would be another form of foreplay," I replied, surprised by how eager he was to explore other ways of inciting pleasure. "Go ahead." My anticipation grew as he leaned in closer, his lips hovering just inches from mine. I had to remind myself that this wasn't how I was suppose to be feeling. I was merely the teacher allowing the student to learn and practice.

When our lips met, his tongue gently probed my mouth, teasing my lips and sliding between them. I couldn't help but moan into the kiss, the sensation of his tongue playing against mine sending shivers down my spine.

As our kiss deepened, his hands continued to explore my body. His fingers sliding down my sides, grazing the skin just slightly above my waistline. He traced circles around my navel, his touch feather-light and yet electrifying.

I began to lose myself in the moment, the feelings he was stirring in me completely consuming my senses. But then, I remembered where we were, and who I was with.

"Anik," I whispered hoarsely, trying to regain my composure. "We can stop now. You did excellent."

"But we can't stop yet. I was just getting ready to rub your pussy," he boldly stated.

Part of me wanted to let him, eager to see if he was as skilled at that as he was everything else he had done so far, but I was afraid that if he got me too excited, I'd lose control and cross a line I shouldn't. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, but we need to stop for now," I insisted.

Anik seemed disappointed by my decision, but he nodded quietly. "Okay," he murmured, sliding back and giving me some space.

I took a deep breath, trying to gather my thoughts and emotions. "Anik, I'm here to help you learn, but it seems like your skills are already very advanced for someone your age. I'm impressed, truly."

"Thanks," he grinned. "I imagine doing these types of things so often that I guess they just come naturally for me."

My curiosity piqued, I pressed him for more details on this intriguing topic. "When you imagine those sorts of things, do you physically pull on your penis?" I inquired.

His response was a simple nod.

"Imagine that sensation multiplied by a hundred," I continued, trying to paint a vivid picture for him. "That's how much better it feels inside the warmth and tightness of a woman's vagina."

"It sounds incredible," he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is," I chuckled, recalling the exquisite pleasure myself. "No more tugging or self-pleasuring necessary, just thrusting and letting a woman's pussy take care of the rest." My words were met with a look of amazement and eagerness from my adorable son.

"I think now would be a great time to introduce you to the female form," I stated, slipping out from beneath the blanket.

"Your gonna get...naked?" he asked, sitting upright.

"Well, yes...you can't very well learn about the female body if mine is covered."

It felt strange but exciting to remove my gown in front of him. The only person who had ever seen me nude was my husband so this was a new and thrilling experience for me.

Anik's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked up at my heavy, naked breasts. I could see the hunger and desire in his gaze, a lover of giant breasts who could easily get lost between them. His eyes roamed over the wide rings of my areolas, their texture thick and soft like rose petals. The pink hue of my nipples stood out against my skin, hard and erect with anticipation.

"Wow, um...those are something," Anik finally managed to utter, his voice filled with awe.

"As you may have noticed," I said coyly, "all the women in our family are blessed with generously large breasts." My hand lightly grazed over one melon, drawing his attention back to them. "A woman's

boobs play an important part in the lovemaking process, so I'll be teaching you all about that."

"I'll definitely be looking forward to that part," Anik confessed, a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"I know you will," I replied with a sly wink. "I can tell you're a serious breast enthusiast."

I let him take in my body as I stood before him, his eyes exploring every curve and contour. I wondered how familiar he was with the female form, so I gave him this opportunity to fully appreciate it.

Unable to resist any longer, Anik's eyes drifted down to my pubis. A small gasp escaped his lips as he took in the sight of my perfect cleft, glistening with excitement. I could see the hunger in his eyes and knew he was craving hot, wet pussy.

Our gazes met and I gave him a reassuring smile, letting him know it was okay to gawk at my body, at least for today. "Take your time, darling," I whispered seductively, knowing just how much he needed this.

It was then I saw something that made my heart swell with pride. The bulge of Anik's erection tented his loincloth, a clear indication of just how aroused he was by my body. He couldn't hide his excitement, and for a moment, it was hard not to smile.

"Anik," I breathed, trying not to betray how quickly my heart was racing. "Why don't you remove the loincloth now so that we can both be naked and continue your sexual instruction?"

I couldn't help but stare as he complied with my request. His erection stood tall and proud, like a statue of hard ivory. In the dim light, his penis seemed to glow, the veins pulsing beneath the pink skin. It was uncircumcised, but his foreskin was pulled back, revealing a perfect bell-shaped head.

I must have looked foolish standing there with my mouth hanging open, shamelessly gawking at him. But how could I not? Anik's cock was a work of art.

Thick and veiny, it protruded from his body with a confident grace. His balls hung low, full and heavy with desire. I couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like to have such a large, meaty tool inside me, those plump, hairless balls beating relentlessly against the ring of my asshole. It was a shameful thought, I knew, but I couldn't ignore the fact that he surpassed his father in length and thickness.

"Anik," I whispered, trying to keep my voice steady as my eyes roamed over his perfect length. "You're very lucky to be so well endowed."

He chuckled proudly. "Thanks. I've had girls tell me that before."

"Oh, you have have you?" I teasingly asked, my curiosity piqued. How much experience did he really have? His confident grin told me it was probably more than I expected.

"Yes," he replied with a proud grin. "They say that not too many boys can reach their wombs like I can."

His words made my heart lurch in my chest. Despite my recent bout with amnesia, memories flooded back of my own first experiences at his age, with a well-endowed Inuit boy who showed me the incredible pleasure that could be unlocked deep within my vagina. Anik's father, Kali, was close in size to that boy, but sadly not quite enough to fully reach that magical spot. Still, he knew how to bring me to climax, though not quite as intensely as I was capable of through the deepest sort of penetration.

As the wind howled outside, a reminder that my husband was out there braving the elements to find us food, I shook off my thoughts and focused on the present.

"We should continue our lesson," I said, trying to regain my composure. Taking Anik by the hand, I led him back to the bed where we lay side by side beneath the thick blankets once again. "Come closer to me," I whispered. "Let's embrace."

Our bodies melted together, radiating warmth and desire. With his erection nestled between my legs and his tip pressing against my rounded buns, I could feel myself beginning to grow wet with anticipation. My labial flanges spread out around his veiny stalk and I couldn't help but moan softly at the sensation.

His eyes gazed down at the pillowy mounds smothering his chest and the abundance of creamy cleavage squashed up near his chin. "This is nice," I whispered breathlessly. This felt like the perfect place for sexual exploration and learning. His intense gaze met mine and I could see the curiosity and desire in his eyes.

"Yes, your body is so warm," he nodded in agreement.

"Show me how you kiss," I whispered. I wanted to see how he performed in this area before providing him with helpful feedback.

Little did I know that Anik would require no advice from me. When our lips met, he took me by surprise with his skill and passion. His tongue gently probed my lips, and I could feel the heat of his breath on my face. As his mouth opened, our tongues met and danced together, exploring each other in a way I had never experienced before. It was as if our bodies were communicating in a language that only they understood.

I could feel the throbbing heat of his cock nestled between my tender labial folds, our arousal causing a surge of blood to engorge both of our genitals and secrete slick, sweet oils made to lubricate the union of flesh. Our kiss deepened, igniting a powerful current of electricity that coursed through my entire body. My skin prickled with anticipation as I pulled away to catch my breath.

"That was quite skilled," I managed to say, my heart still racing.  
"Surely you didn't learn to kiss like that on your own?"

Anik chuckled in response, his eyes sparkling with desire. "Kissing is one of my favorite things." His lips grazed mine once more before we continued exploring each other's bodies with fervent passion.

Gently, I rolled us beneath the soft, warm blankets, letting him take position on top of me as we kissed with a fervent passion. My instinct was to part my thighs and envelop him between them, but I held back, wanting to savor each moment and provide guidance before our ultimate coupling. For now, I kept my legs tightly together, his hardness trapped between them like a sacred offering.

Determined to push his kissing abilities to their limits, I plunged my tongue deep into his mouth, inviting his own to join in a dance of carnal desire. Our moans mingled and echoed off the walls as our hunger for one another grew more intense with every stroke of our tongues. Anik must have loved the way my soft tits were mashed against his lean chest, my nipples prodding into his skin.

My hands wandered over his chiseled body, tracing the contours of his sculpted muscles as we continued our passionate embrace. He felt different than my husband, his skin smoother and perfectly defined in all the right places.

As our kiss deepened, I could feel Anik's cock pulsing and hardening even more against my sex, aching for entry. It was evident that soon we would take that next step, but for now we focused on the simple act of kissing and the gentle rocking motion of our bodies that mirrored the rhythm of sexual thrusting.

Wrapped in the warmth of soft fur blankets, our lips met and melded, rolling and twining together with an intense passion that seemed to consume us both. Time slowed as we explored each other's mouths, our tongues twisting and tangling like vines in a secret garden. It was

unlike any kissing I had ever experienced before; it was intoxicating, exhilarating, and I couldn't get enough of it.

As our lips finally parted, Anik gasped for air and asked breathlessly, "Can I put it in you now?"

The primal part of me wanted to say yes, to give in to the raw desire that pulsed through my body. But the more practical side of me, the one that desired a true connection with this boy instead of just a physical release, held back. "Not quite yet," I responded, trying to keep my voice steady. "Part of lovemaking is learning to control your body. To build up to the moment of penetration so that both partners are completely in sync physically and emotionally."

"Emotionally?" Anik questioned, his eyes filled with curiosity and desire.

I smiled at him, grateful for his eagerness but also wanting to make sure that our encounter wasn't just another sexual conquest for him. "Yes, emotional synchronization is just as important as physical," I explained. "And that can only be achieved through communication during foreplay. It takes time and restraint, but it can also be incredibly pleasurable."

With Anik resting comfortably on his back, I crawled above his body and straddled his neck beneath the thick blankets. My bare knees pressed against the soft fabric as I positioned myself just inches above his face, my hot, wet pussy tantalizingly close to his eager mouth.

"Tell me what you smell, Anik," I purred, my voice low and seductive in the darkness.

His response was a gasp, followed by trembling beneath me. "P...pussy," he managed to say.

A smirk crossed my lips as I ran my fingers through his hair, knowing he could feel my wetness so close to him. "Do you enjoy the aroma of hot, wet pussy?" I asked, my tone teasing and playful.

"Oh, yes," he breathed out, clearly aroused.

I leaned closer to him, feeling his arm wrap around my hip and his hand hesitantly searching for his own throbbing cock. "Tell me, darling," I whispered in his ear, "what do you like to do to it? Do you like to lick pussy?"

His breathing grew heavier as he stroked himself with increasing urgency. "Ohh," he gasped in response.

"Go ahead," I encouraged him, "pull on your flesh. There's no shame between us today."

As he began to stroke himself more firmly, I returned to my earlier question. "So tell me, Anik," I said as I rocked my hips slightly over him, "do you like to plow your tongue through the slit of a dripping cunt?"

The response came in a shaky, almost desperate hiss. "Yes."

I couldn't believe I was asking him this question, my stomach churning with both excitement and guilt. "Do you enjoy sliding your tongue inside a woman's warm, wet folds and tasting her sweet nectar?" I asked, my voice low and breathy.

"Uh-huh," came his moaned reply, sending shivers down my spine.

My fingers tangled in his hair, holding his head firmly in place as I teased him. "I'm going to lower myself now, very close to your lips. If you stick your tongue out far enough, you may just get a taste."

I could feel Anik anxiously extending his tongue as far as he could, eager for the promised reward. With a firm grip on his head, I slowly lowered myself closer.

"Here it comes, my love. Here comes my pussy," I whispered seductively.

A wave of intense pleasure washed over me as I felt his tongue just barely graze my throbbing folds.

"Oh, did you get a little taste? Did it leave you wanting more?" I taunted, unable to hide the satisfaction in my voice.

"Yes," Anik panted, the sound of his hand moving rapidly up and down his erection filling the air.

Eager anticipation burned within me as I whispered more naughty things to him. "This time I'm going to peel my hood back." My voice was barely a whisper, but I knew he could hear the desire and longing in it. "If you're lucky," I continued, "you'll get to taste the most sensitive part of my body - my clitoris."

With steady hands, I pried my flanges apart and peeled back my fleshy prepuce, revealing my juicy clit. It stood out like a fat, pulsating nub, begging for his touch. Slowly, I lowered myself onto his waiting tongue, allowing it to make full contact with my exposed pleasure center. The sensation of his wet tongue swiping along the length of my clit sent shivers of pleasure coursing through my entire body. "Oh, yes," I murmured, unable to contain the pleasure building inside me. My hips instinctively bucked against him, seeking more of his skilled touch. "Good boy," I praised him, reveling in the feel of his warm mouth on me. "Do you want to suck it?" I asked breathlessly. "Do you want to nurse on my clit like a big, fat nipple?"

I felt his eager nod before he eagerly suctioned my love-nubbin into his mouth. His tongue immediately went to work, attacking it with quick, skillful butterfly licks that had me groaning and arching against him. I shouldn't have been surprised by his expertise after the incredible kisses he had given me earlier, but I couldn't help being amazed once again at just how good he was at pleasuring me.

As Anik's hand continued to stroke his throbbing cock, he wrapped his free arm around me, pulling me closer and positioning my wet cunt right against his eager mouth. His lips immediately latched onto my swollen clit, sucking it greedily while his tongue flicked and probed at the sensitive flesh. I let out a moan of pleasure as he expertly pleased me.

"You have me exactly where you want me, Anik," I gasped between breaths.

He responded with a low growl, his mouth still occupied with my dripping pussy. I could feel him eagerly exploring every inch of my fragrant slit, savoring the taste and scent of my arousal.

I couldn't resist teasing him even in this intense moment, whispering dirty words and encouraging him to keep feasting on my cunt. It was a delicious game of give and take, and we were both enjoying the ride.

"Mm, see how wet it gets?" I panted between moans. "Do you see the way my pussy drips and throbs for your cock?" Anik's lips curled into a feral snarl, reminiscent of an arctic predator devouring its prey.

My body trembled with pleasure as his skilled tongue and hands worked me into a frenzy. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced before, even from Kali, who loved to perform oral on me. Anik was like a sexual prodigy, and I couldn't help but wonder if his skills were equally impressive when it came to fucking.

"Oh, Anik...you're gonna make me gush all over you," I cried out, a mixture of excitement and warning. My orgasms were known to be intense, and I didn't want to shock him with the amount of ejaculate that might shoot from my body onto his face. But at the same time, I knew that someone as young and horny as Anik would probably love nothing more than to be drenched in hot, female juices.

As I felt the waves of my impending orgasm building up, I reached down and grabbed a handful of his thick hair, pulling his face deeper into my pussy. His teeth grazed my clit as he licked and sucked at it, causing a flood of wetness to gush from my core. I gave a throaty moan, arching my hips up to meet his eager mouth.

With each suck and lick, the sensations grew more intense, until I could no longer hold back. I screamed out his name as my body shook in ecstasy. My juices gushed out in a torrent, coating his face and chest in a sticky mess. My hips bucked and twitched as I came, an intense pleasure coursing through my entire body.

Exhausted and panting, I finally made my way back down from the peak, collapsing on top of him in a sticky, sweaty mess. Our hearts beat rapidly in unison and I could feel Anik's erection, now freed from his grasp, pulsating against my leg like a slab of hot flesh.

"I don't know where you inherited your skills from," I remarked breathlessly, "but any woman lucky enough to experience your silver tongue should consider herself incredibly fortunate."

"Thank you," Anik responded with pride glinting in his eyes. "Can I enter you now?"

A giggle escaped my lips at his eagerness, but I also knew he must have been eager to make love. "Yes, but please remember, Anik...I am doing this with the intention of helping you become the best lover and producer of babies that you can be."

"I understand, mother, and I am grateful for it," he replied sincerely. Then, his eyes lit up with excitement. "Can we practice with me on the bottom first?" he asked eagerly.

"That must be your favorite position," I teased.

"Yes...I love cowgirl!" he exclaimed.

"As anyone who is obsessed with big, bouncing breasts would," I added playfully.

"I will admit...that aspect is definitely a perk," he confessed with excitement. "And yours are so...enormous that when they bounce...they must be quite a sight to behold."

I let out a playful giggle as I imagined the view from below, with my huge bouncing breasts hanging over a man's face. "I have a feeling you'll be more than pleased when you're laying there looking up," I purred, excited at the thought of mounting another Anik's cock.

As I straddled him, it felt strange yet thrilling to be in this position with a young man who just yesterday was a boy under my protective wing. Now, he would feel the heat and tightness of my core against the fruit of his manhood. He would see the primal side of his mother, the one who birthed him, as I let go of all inhibitions. He would bear witness to my wild sexual desires, and I could only hope that I didn't overwhelm him too much with my passion.

My heart pounded eagerly in my chest as I sat up, reaching back to grasp Anik's cock firmly at its thick base. With a gentle upward motion, I guided it towards the heat of my swollen entrance, imagining the slick pre-cum that must be dripping down his swollen knob. A delicious mix of our juices would provide the perfect lubrication for the merging and grinding of our flesh.

I peeked down over the swell of my ballooning tits into his anxious eyes. "Oh, Anik...I wanna make this experience so good for you," I cooed.

As his swollen bell pressed against my outer lips, I felt them part eagerly to welcome him inside. With a gasp, Anik bucked upwards, stretching the walls of my vagina as his bulb entered my vestibule. I responded by pushing downward, enveloping half of his erection in the snug confines of my most intimate place.

A guttural moan escaped me as I felt his length fill every inch of me, reaching territories that had long gone untouched since my youth. Anik had boasted about how he had touched the womb of every girl he'd been with, and now I was no exception. His knob pressed deliciously against the puffy ring guarding my cervix, sending shivers of pleasure through my body. It felt so right - so incredibly perfect.

"Before our bodies begin to fuck together," I whispered, feeling his cock filling me, "let's take a moment to savor this intimate connection."

I gazed down at him, my breasts heavy and enticing above his eager face. Anik's eyes were fixated on my ample assets, but I could feel the intensity of his gaze on my core as well. The sensation of his thick, pulsating member buried inside me, the veins along its cunt-smothered stalk pulsing with blood was almost overwhelming. With a subtle flex of my inner muscles, I tightened around him, enveloping his shaft in tight, slick warmth that elicited a guttural moan from Anik.

He responded in kind by flexing his own youthful erection, showcasing its power and causing my delicate walls to stretch even further, awakening every nerve ending. It was time for me to guide him into manhood, to unite our bodies in the ultimate act of pleasure.

Cowgirl was not my preferred position, but it was one in which I had honed my skills. Over the years, I had acquired a repertoire of tricks and techniques that I was eager to unleash on Anik, determined to show him just how exhilarating this position could be.

Without further delay, I set my hips in motion, gyrating and grinding against him in a steady rhythm, my eyes never leaving his. My breasts swayed hypnotically, their weight and bounce captivating Anik's gaze.

His eyes flickered from my tits to my face, and back again, mirroring his eagerness. As I rode him, our bodies melded together in a tempest of desire, our moans and gasps harmonizing with the rhythm of our lovemaking.

The way his fat dick scrapped against my nerve-rich lining and the way his swollen tip beat against the back of my vagina made me come to the sudden realization that this would be the best fuck of my life. I already felt like my orgasmic coil was being wound tight and that soon I would experience a release that put all others in my life to shame.

"Are you feeling as good as I am, Anik?" I asked my son.

"Yes," he gasped. "This feels amazing."

"A woman has many purposes, but chief among them is to make a man's cock feel good," I breathed. "To draw up cum from his balls and to make it flow from his piss-hole."

I transitioned from bouncing to grinding, pressing my bare pubis against his and swiveling up and back in full penetration, my hair swinging wildly as it framed my face. The sensation of his cock stirring my pussy was electrifying, making me feel as if I was right back in the heat of adolescence, when I was first discovering my sexuality. It was a feeling I never wanted to let go of and now, here I was with my own son, experiencing the most intense pleasure I had ever felt.

His hands gripped my hips tightly, pulling me closer as our bodies melded into one, our skin slick with a mixture of our sweat and passion. I could see the pure lust in his eyes, the hunger and desire that mirrored my own.

My body tingled exquisitely as our movements grew more frenzied, our breaths labored. I felt the rising tide of my orgasm, the waves of pleasure crashing against my core like a storm at sea.

"Fuck," I screamed out, "I'm gonna cum!"

Anik's eyes widened as he watched his my face transform into a picture of pure ecstasy. He increased the pace of his thrusts, each one driving him deeper into the warm, tight embrace of my spasming feminine core.

My body convulsed and my throat belted out a primal scream, the intensity of my orgasm taking me by surprise. I had never felt such powerful waves of pleasure before, each one crashing against me with a force that shook me to my core.

Anik sat up, his strong arms reaching out to steady my flailing upper half as I continued to ride him, my hips swaying wildly in a frenzied dance. His hands found my breasts and he buried his face between them, kissing and nipping at the soft flesh of my cleavage with an eagerness that showed just how much he had been anticipating this moment.

Wrapping my arm around his neck, I pulled him closer to me, the sensation of his hard, youthful body pressed against mine only adding to the overwhelming pleasure coursing through me. As my first climax subsided and a second one began to build, I couldn't help but let out another scream as I surrendered myself completely to the ecstasy.

Anik continued to hold me tightly, his face engulfed between my quivering mounds as we sank back onto the soft blankets. My hips never stopped their rhythmic movements as I expertly worked his cock from base to tip, my body instinctively knowing how to please him as a good woman should. The sensation of my full, supple tit-

flesh pressing against his face and my tight pussy clenching around his member drove him wild with desire.

To my surprise, instead of slowing down, Anik's movements became more primal and urgent as he pumped into me with a ferocity that was almost animalistic. Our bodies were slick with sweat as they collided in a frenzied dance, the sounds of our flesh smacking together filling the air.

I had never been fucked this hard before, especially while being in a dominant position. It both thrilled and slightly intimidated me, wondering what Anik would be capable of once he took control. Despite feeling a bit foolish for thinking I could teach him anything about sex, it was clear that Anik needed no guidance - he was a master in his own right.

While he fucked feverishly and I did my best to keep up, I felt his lips kiss their way across one of my rippling breasts, then latch on to one of my swollen nipples. The sensation of his sucking, paired with the way his cock slammed through my cunt quickly brought me off again. "Oh, Anik!" I gasped, my entire body trembling with lust.

As I reached my peak, I felt my orgasm rippling through me, engulfing me in pure pleasure. I could hear my own moans echoing in the igloo, the sounds of our sweaty bodies slapping together filling the air. It was pure animalistic lust, raw and unfiltered. Anik's cock was pistoning in and out of me, hitting my G-spot with each powerful thrust. I arched my back, my hair wild around my face, as I enjoyed the ride.

"Fuck, Anik!" I screamed, my voice echoing off the walls. "Fuck me, hard!"

Still latched to my nipple, Anik's eyes locked onto mine, his gaze fiery with desire. He continued to pump his hips, his face contorted with

pleasure. I was amazed that he had lasted this long, since it had to have been at least an hour since we started fucking.

I could feel his grip tightening around me, his cock swelled and pulsed inside me, and I knew he was close to climax. I tried to match his rhythm, pushing back against him with all my might, feeling his cock fill me up completely. The sensation of his thick, veiny shaft sliding in and out of me was driving me wild, and I knew I was going to cum again.

"Oh, Anik!" I cried out, "Keep going...keep fucking me hard!"

His eyes, dark with passion as they peeked over my jiggling tit, never left mine as he continued to thrust into me, his breaths ragged and shallow. His teenage hips bucked wildly, each thrust more powerful than the last, driving me closer and closer to the edge.

"I'm gonna cum!" I screamed, my body trembling and convulsing with pleasure. "Fuck, fuck fuck...cum with me, Anik! Don't stop!"

His face twisted into a primal, almost feral expression of pleasure as he pushed deeper, his cock pulsing and throbbing inside me as it pushed through the puffy ring at the back of my tunnel, threatening to pound right into my cervix. A rush of warmth spread through my body, igniting every nerve ending with a tingling fire. The intensity of his thrusts matched the rising heat within me, building and building until I could feel my own orgasm approaching like a tidal wave about to crash down on me.

"I'm...I'm cumming!" Anik's voice was muffled against my breast, his body shaking with uncontrollable release.

His cock twitched and jerked inside me, releasing hot ropes of cum that coated the walls of my womb. As each pulse sent a shock of pleasure through me, I couldn't help but think about the possibility of getting pregnant from this passionate encounter. The thought sent a

shiver of excitement and fear down my spine, fueling our already intense passion.

"Yes, fill me completely, Anik," I moaned, feeling every throb and spasm of his cock as he emptied himself inside me. With one final thrust, he stilled and we both lay there in blissful satisfaction, our bodies intertwined in the afterglow of our lovemaking lesson.

"How did I do?" my son finally asked, his breath still coming in ragged gasps.

"You were amazing, darling," I replied, gently sliding off of him. My body was buzzing with pleasure, but I couldn't let him know just how incredible he had been for fear of it going to his head. The truth was, he had just given me the most mind-blowing fucking of my life. His cock had pounded into me with an intensity that left me dizzy and gasping for air. But I had to keep up appearances and pretend there was still something for him to learn. Maybe we could explore different sex positions later on. I knew from experience that when I was on my back, legs wrapped tightly around a man's waist, I could push him to his limits of sexual endurance. "In a little while, we'll try it with you on top. How does that sound?" I asked, running my fingers through his damp hair.

"That sounds great, but why 'in a little while?' Why not now?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, darling, we just went at it pretty intensely. Don't you need some time to recover?" I asked.

"No way," he abruptly replied, throwing back the blanket, exposing his still-hard cock. "I'm ready if you are."

I was taken back by seeing his penis this way. I knew young men had short refractory periods, but Anik's cock had clearly not softened at all and was eagerly ready for round two.

"Well..." I grinned, my pussy tingling in anticipation. "I suppose you are ready, aren't you?"

We moved into the missionary position like dance partners who had practiced this a thousand times. When Anik entered me, I was surprised to discover that his cock still felt just as good as it had during our first bout. It was as if it had never left me at all. As he thrust into me, our bodies moved in perfect rhythm, each movement calculated and precise. My hands gripped his back, tugging him closer still, while his lips found their way to mine in a passionate kiss.

For a moment, as we lay there, our bodies intertwined, the world seemed to fade away. It was just him and me, lost in the pleasure of the moment.

As our panting breaths mingled in the air, I couldn't help but feel a sense of deja vu wash over me. The way his body pressed against mine, the rhythm of our movements, the familiar scent of sweat and desire...it all felt so incredibly familiar, yet I knew this was our first time together. Anik paused his thrusting and gazed down at me with curiosity and concern shining in his intense eyes.

"Is every thing ok, mother?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

I struggled to put my feelings into words, still lost in the intense pleasure coursing through my body. "I don't know...I know this sounds strange, but I feel like we've done this before, but I know we haven't. Does that make any sense?"

He chuckled softly, brushing a strand of hair away from my face. "Maybe I just remind you of someone else you've been with," he suggested with a small smirk.

I laughed and shook my head. "No, it's not that. It's something else...something deeper."

"Well, whatever it is, I'm glad it feels familiar to you," he said, leaning down to kiss me deeply.

I melted into his embrace, forgetting my earlier thoughts as we continued our passionate lovemaking in this beautiful moment.

I felt the hard, powerful thrusts of Anik's cock as it plunged deeply into my tender, wet pussy. Each movement hit me with a jolt of pleasure that seemed to radiate through my entire body. Even though this was all for the sake of learning and experimentation, I couldn't deny the intense pleasure I was feeling from being fucked by someone who could match my own sexual energy.

I wrapped my legs around him in a tight, possessive grip, enjoying the feel of his perfect male body as he worked his cock vigorously inside of me.

My thoughts briefly wandered to Kali, my husband, whom I loved dearly but often left me frustrated with his lack of sexual stamina. But in this moment, I pushed those thoughts aside as Anik showed me just how satisfying sex could be when both partners were equally enthusiastic.

"Do you like it, mother?" he asked, looking up at my face as he fucked me with wild abandon. "Do you like how hard I'm fucking your pussy?"

"Yes," I gasped. "I love it, darling. Your performing so well."

Anik seemed to anticipate my desires, moving seamlessly from one motion to the next. When I thought about how much I wanted him to suck on my nipples while we fucked, he leaned down and began doing just that. It was as if he could read my mind and knew exactly what would drive me wild with pleasure.

My legs stretched out into the air, toes pointed and muscles tensed as he pounded me with an almost savage ferocity. His youthful body

moved rapidly, like a wild animal in heat, between my thighs, his firm buttocks rising and falling with each thrust. The rhythmic slapping of his balls against the crinkled lips of my asshole added to the intense pleasure coursing through my body. I held onto him tightly, my fingers digging into his back as I felt another powerful climax building within me, ready to explode at any moment.

"I'm cumming, Anik!" I cried out, my entire body shaking like an earthquake. "Oh, fuck, you're so good!" My pussy clenched around his cock, pulling him deeper inside me, his thrusts becoming more urgent and unrelenting.

"Cum for me, mother!" he groaned, his voice husky with desire. "Let it all out!"

I closed my eyes, riding the wave of ecstasy that washed over me, feeling my orgasm cresting and then crashing down upon me. My body trembled and shook uncontrollably, every muscle taut with pleasure. My pussy contracted around his dick, milking him for every drop of intimacy he could give me.

As my orgasm subsided, I felt him shudder and then thrust deeply into me again. His own climax was imminent, and I knew that if I could hold on just a little bit longer, I could join him in that moment of transcendent pleasure.

"I'm...I'm so close," Anik gasped, his breath coming in ragged gasps. Every ounce of energy he had was poured into the raw, animalistic act. I could feel his cock pulsing inside of me, a powerful weapon that seemed to have a mind of its own as it pounded into me with relentless force. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room, punctuated by Anik's grunts and my moans. It was a primal dance between two bodies consumed by desire and pleasure.

"Come inside me, Anik," I begged, knowing that feeling his hot cum filling me up would push me over the edge.

He groaned and felt the walls of my pussy spasming around his dick, a signal that I was on the brink of another orgasm. The animalistic lust in him was overpowering, and he began to thrust faster and harder, his cock a blur against my sensitive flesh.

With a final, powerful thrust, he erupted inside of me, filling me completely with his hot cum. The sensation was overwhelming, and I cried out as my orgasm exploded within me. My pussy clenched around his cock, milking him for every last drop of his seed.

We lay there, our bodies entwined and slick with sweat, the aftermath of our passionate lovemaking.

“So, do you think I'm ready to provide pleasure to other women, mother?” Anik asked, his voice tinged with cockiness and satisfaction from knowing he had pleased me so thoroughly.

“Yes, my dear, you are more than ready,” I replied, still catching my breath.

I couldn't help but wonder who had gotten to him before I could; someone with experience who had taught him how to satisfy a woman in every way possible. Despite my curiosity, I was content in fulfilling my maternal duty.

My only disappointment was that Anik had taken me to heights of pleasure I had never experienced before and once his father returned from hunting, the sex would have to come to an end. But for now, as we lay there in each other's arms, nothing else mattered except for the blissful moment we shared together.

The night was a whirlwind of passion, with Anik fucking me in the igloo in every way imaginable.

We spent hours exploring every possible position, our bodies tangled together like a puzzle, perfectly fitting into each other's embrace. The feeling of his strong arms wrapped around me and his thick, teenage cock sliding in and out of my wet, pulsating pussy was beyond anything I could have ever imagined.

We shifted from the classic missionary position to the primal doggy style, our bodies moving in sync as we found a rhythm that drove us both wild. Then came the intimate spooning position, our bodies intertwined and pressed together like puzzle pieces. But my favorite by far was when Anik lifted me up, my legs wrapped tightly around his waist, and he plunged deep inside me with an intensity that left me breathless. We spent hours lost in each other's embrace, his mouth hungrily exploring every inch of me as we moved together in a passionate dance.

Our bodies seemed to merge into one as we fucked tirelessly, unable to get enough of each other. And as I clung to him with all my might, I knew that this was where I belonged - tangled up in his arms, completely consumed by our desire for one another.

As we moved in rhythm, our bodies sweating and glistening, I couldn't help but think about how much I loved him. I was so proud of the man he was becoming, and I knew that he had so much more ahead of him. Yet the strange feeling I had earlier persisted, gnawing at me like a thorn in my side. Anik's prowess in bed was undeniable, but there was still something about his movements that felt oddly familiar. It wasn't just his movements, but the way we interacted, the way he looked at me, the way he kept searching my face for something.

We rolled and writhed, our bodies intertwined like two wild animals in a dark, primal cave. The only light was the faint glow of dawn seeping through cracks in the stone walls. Anik's lips were almost constantly latched onto my full breasts, his head buried in their

softness as he gorged himself on my pink peaks. Our movements were frantic and passionate, our bodies slick with a mixture of sweat and cum. When we weren't lost in the pleasure of our physical connection, our lips were fused together in a heated kiss, our tongues dueling like they had minds of their own. As the first rays of sunlight illuminated the cave, Anik showed no signs of slowing down, his incredible stamina driving him to continue pounding into me with relentless force while I lay folded in half, my ankles resting on his shoulders.

His cock felt like a hot brand against my sensitive flesh as it slid in and out of me, my pussy throbbing with each thrust. I arched my back, pushing my hips upward to meet his every move, my nails digging into his back, leaving red marks in their wake.

"Oh, Anik!" I cried out, my voice hoarse from hours of passionate lovemaking. "Please, I need more!"

He complied, increasing his pace and using his hips in a rhythm that felt like a thrusting motion against my G-spot. I could feel my orgasm building, my body trembling and shaking, my pussy clenching around his invading cock like a vise.

"I'm gonna cum, Anik!" I gasped, my voice barely audible over the sound of our bodies slapping together. "I'm gonna fucking cum!"

A guttural groan escaped his lips as he thrust harder, pushing into me with a ferocity that matched my own mounting pleasure. My body arched and trembled as I was consumed by waves of intense sensation, my breaths coming in ragged gasps. Anik's movements became more urgent, driving himself deeper inside me until I could feel the pressure of his stiff cock in my belly. With a deep roar, he released his hot seed, filling me with yet another load of baby making nectar that made my whole womb quiver.

Our bodies remained intertwined, our hearts pounding in perfect synchronization as we rode out the aftershocks of our powerful release.

"I love fucking you this way," Anik gasped the next morning as he pounded me again doggy style. I could see the thrill in his eyes as he watched my big, rippling buttocks beat against his sweaty crotch.

"You're so good at it, darling," I panted, savoring the feel of his rock hardness filling me up completely with every thrust of his long, sinewy cock.

As if showing off, Anik grasped my hips and started pounding into me with ferocity, his tongue hanging from his mouth like a wild dog. He leaned across my sweaty back, reaching down to squeeze my swinging udders while he fucked. When he licked at my neck and nibbled on my earlobe, I could feel my body tremble in response.

Time seemed to slow down as he increased the intensity of his thrusts, his hips smacking against my naked buttocks with a wet, slick sound. I could feel his erection throbbing inside me, pulsating with each downward plunge. I reached down to massage my swollen clitoris, my body yearning for release.

"You're so fucking tight," Anik groaned, his voice low and husky. "I can't get enough of you, mother. You're the best."

"I love it when you say that," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper. "But I'm not the only one you've been with, am I? You must have had some practice."

Anik's body moved against mine with rhythmic precision, his fingers gripping me tightly as he continued to fuck me. The warmth of our small igloo was in stark contrast to the frigid air outside, and I could feel beads of sweat gathering on my skin. But our pleasure was

suddenly interrupted by the sound of someone digging through the fresh snow piled inside the doorway.

We both knew it was Kali and quickly scrambled beneath the blanket just before he crawled inside. "I'm back," he announced cheerfully. "Are you two sleeping?"

I poked my head out from under the covers, trying to smooth down my tangled hair and hide any evidence of our activities. "Welcome back, Kali," I forced a smile.

"I have good news," Kali said excitedly. "The hunt went well. I came across a herd of caribou and was able to take down a few. There will be plenty of meat for everyone."

"That's great, Kali," I said, trying to sound genuinely happy instead of relieved that he didn't seem suspicious of us.

"Is there anything we can do to help with the meat?" Anik asked, his voice strained with effort as he peeked from beneath the blanket.

Kali shook his head. "No need, I can handle it. I just wanted to let you know that I'm back and everything is okay."

As he turned to leave, Kali made a strange comment that left me completely confused. "You two bring me good luck," he stated. "I had much success when you both accompanied me last year as well."

"Last year?" I asked puzzled, not recalling any memory of that.

"Yes," Kali replied with a knowing look in his eyes. "Perhaps it's a memory that has yet to resurface due to your accident. But you and Anik were with me on the hunt last year as well, and we had similar results."

As Kali left the igloo to continue his task of preparing the caribou meat, my mind raced with questions. Anik had never mentioned

anything about a hunt with Kali last year, and I couldn't recall any memory of it either.

My voice trembled as I turned to Anik, my heart racing with confusion. "Anik, what is he talking about?" I asked, struggling to make sense of the words that had just been spoken.

"We did come with him last year," my son answered, his own voice tinged with nervousness.

As if a floodgate had been opened in my mind, memories of our past trip came rushing back to me. The sights and sounds of that journey were now vivid in my mind's eye. But what stood out the most was the moment when I had given Anik a sexual education, teaching him all that I knew about pleasure and intimacy. "We've done this before," I uttered, my face filled with shock and disbelief. "No wonder you're so amazing at sex, Anik. You've already been taught by me."

My son hung his head in shame, his silence confirming what I already knew. "I'm sorry, mother," he finally spoke, his voice heavy with regret. "I should have told you."

My thoughts raced as the memories flooded back, recalling our time together on that trip. Anik, once a timid virgin, had transformed into a confident and skilled lover thanks to me. The amount of times we had fucked and cum on that first trip made me dizzy with arousal just remembering it. But why hadn't he mentioned this before?

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked, my mind whirling with questions.

His voice was quiet but honest as he confessed. "I loved the sex with you so much that I didn't want it to be a one-time thing. I hoped it would happen again."

A mix of emotions swirled inside me at his words. I felt a twinge of betrayal that he had kept this hidden from me, but also flattered that he had cherished our experience together.

As I reflected on his admission, I couldn't help but wonder what it was about me that had made him come back for more. Was it my expertise in pleasure? The way our bodies fit together seamlessly?

Anik's gaze met mine, his eyes filled with both guilt and longing. "I know it was wrong, but I couldn't resist," he said huskily. "You're my mother, yes, but you're also the most beautiful and desirable woman I've ever known. I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of being with you again."

I sighed, trying to calm myself. "I can understand why you didn't tell me, Anik. The chemistry we share sexually is so intense, I can blame you for wanting more."

He nodded, his lips still pressed into a tight line of regret. "But I should have been honest with you. I'm sorry."

A heavy silence hung between us, broken only by our own racing thoughts. The tension in the igloo was palpable, and I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. Finally, unable to bear the weight of the unspoken words any longer, I spoke up.

"Look, Anik," I said, my voice trembling slightly. "There's no denying the intense chemistry between us. And I can't deny that our bodies fit together perfectly when we fuck." My cheeks flushed as I spoke the words, feeling a mix of desire and guilt wash over me. But then reality set in and I knew what had to be done.

"But you're my son," I continued firmly, my eyes locking with his. "And you're clearly ready for whatever sexual adventure comes your way." A pang of disappointment shot through me as I realized that this was truly the end for us. "We can't do this again, Anik," I stated

firmly, trying to mask the sadness in my voice. It was the right thing to do, even if it broke both of our hearts.

As we made the journey back home with Kali, my mind was consumed with the memory of how Anik had ravished me, his massive, unrelenting cock plundering every inch of my body. Guilt gnawed at my conscience, but desire burned even hotter within me. Every glance exchanged between us spoke volumes about our mutual craving for one another.

The next day, I sat with my mother in her humble hut, the air thick with the scent of herbs and incense. My body still tingled from the extraordinary pleasure I had experienced with Anik. I couldn't believe how intense it had been, how he had made me feel things I never thought possible.

As I explained everything to my mother, she listened patiently, her wise eyes taking in every detail. She nodded understandingly as I told her about training Anik twice, my cheeks flushing with embarrassment at the memory.

Her response surprised me. "The fact that he made you feel so good the first time is a testament to your skill," she said, a small smile gracing her lips. "You must have trained him well and left a powerful impression on him."

I thought back to the way Anik had eagerly followed my every move and whispered praises in my ear. It was hard not to feel a sense of pride and satisfaction at his response.

My mother's next words jolted me out of my thoughts. "And now you desire more," she stated matter-of-factly.

I hung my head, feeling ashamed of my feelings for Anik. "Yes," I admitted softly. "But I know it's wrong and disgraceful."

My mother reached out and squeezed my hand reassuringly. "Love knows no bounds, my child, nor does lust," she said gently. "It is not something to be ashamed of."

"Yes, but what about Kali? I do love him, but—"

"But you're not IN LOVE with him the way you are with Anik," she finished the sentence for me, her eyes sparkling with understanding. "I see it in your eyes, my dear. You selfishly desire your son, and there is nothing wrong with that."

I looked up at her, surprised to hear her say such a thing. "I thought you would condemn me for it," I admitted hesitantly.

My mother smiled, her expression fierce and proud. "As your mother, I wish to protect you. But as a woman who has lived and loved, I prefer to guide you. I want you to experience the same ecstasy you've given to others, and more."

I blinked rapidly, overwhelmed by her words. I looked down at my hands, remembering Anik's touch, the way his fingers caressed my skin, the way his cock filled me so perfectly. The memories flooded back, and I felt a shiver of desire run down my spine.

"So, I'm not wrong by wanting to have more sex with him?"

She shook her head, her eyes filled with kindness and understanding. "No, my dear. You are not wrong. The desire to explore one's carnal urges is a primal instinct that is alive within all of us. It's a force that cannot be tamed, and it is through fulfilling that desire that we grow and evolve."

Encouraged by my mother's words, despite the pangs of shame and betrayal, I couldn't help but scheme ways to continue my forbidden affair with Anik behind my husband's back. The following day, I put a plan into action without hesitation. My senses were heightened, my body thrumming with anticipation for what was to come next.

As we sat in our humble hut, I couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by the bounty of meat my husband had acquired. Kali was hard at work, expertly carving and cooking some of it over the fire. My gaze wandered over to my son, Anik, who stood nearby watching with curious eyes.

"Looks like we'll need to make some room for all this new meat," I stated, trying to sound nonchalant. A mischievous smile tugged at my lips as I turned to Anik. "Would you mind helping me clear out some space in the storage area?"

His face lit up with eagerness. "Of course, mother. I'd be glad to help."

We disappeared behind a thick curtain that separated the living quarters from the storage area. I led Anik into the cramped crawlspace behind some supplies where I had stashed a soft fur blanket earlier in anticipation of our secret rendezvous.

Without a moment's hesitation, I turned to Anik and pulled him into a passionate kiss while frantically removing our clothing. The air was thick with anticipation and excitement as we both knew what was about to happen. As I looked into his eyes, I could see the desire burning brightly in them.

"Are you sure, mother?" he asked, his voice trembling with eagerness.

"I'm sure," I replied confidently. In that moment, there was no doubt in my mind, no hesitation or fear.

With determination, I pulled Anik down on top of me, my strong legs wrapping tightly around his young, naked back. I couldn't believe how quickly he became fully aroused, his hard member eagerly pushing against my slick folds and finding its way inside my warm vagina. It felt like it belonged there, filling me up and igniting a fire within me.

There was no shame or guilt in our coupling, only raw passion and desire as we moved together like animals in the wild. Our tongues tangled together in a dance of ecstasy as Anik's muscular body thrust up and down between my cradling thighs, driving his delicious cock deep inside me with each powerful movement. My large breasts bounced and swayed between us, caught in the intense rhythm of our lovemaking. This was primal and consuming, nothing else mattered in this moment but our bodies joined together in pleasure.

As we collided in a frenzy of passion, we managed to knock over several canisters that were stored beside us. The loud clanging echoed through the room, disturbing the stillness around us.

"Everything OK, dear?" Kali's voice called out from the other room.

I struggled to hold back my moans as I answered, trying to keep my voice steady despite the intense pleasure coursing through me. "It's fine, Kali," I managed to say, hoping he wouldn't come investigate any further.

But as Anik continued to ravish me with wild abandon, I couldn't help but wonder how I would keep from crying out in ecstasy, especially if it was anything like the dozens of orgasms he had given me while we were in an igloo together. Every touch and thrust sent waves of pleasure crashing through my body, threatening to take control of my vocal cords. But I knew I had to remain quiet, or risk getting caught in the act by Kali. So I bit down on my lip and focused all my energy on containing the intense pleasure within me.

"You fuck me so good, you beast," I whispered into Anik's ear, driving him to fuck me even harder.

My son's lips captured one of my rubbery, erect nipples and buried his face against the soft, rippling flesh of my tit-melon as he sucked hungrily. The intensity of his sucking reflex sent waves of searing heat coursing through my body, igniting every nerve ending in a fierce frenzy. I could feel my own climax edging closer with each passing second.

With relentless force, Anik continued to pummel my swollen, wet pussy, his thick, pulsating member threatening to bore a hole in my womb as it relentlessly stabbed against the sensitive ring at the back of my vagina. I couldn't tell if I was in agony or ecstasy - all I knew was that I needed more.

"Fuck me harder!" I gasped into his ear, my voice barely above a whisper even though it felt like he couldn't thrust into me any faster or deeper than he already was.

The wooden floor beneath us groaned and creaked from the intense pressure of our bodies colliding in a primal mating ball. Our glistening skin slid and rubbed against each other, muscles flexing and straining with every movement as we writhed violently in our shared lust and desire. In that moment, nothing else mattered except for the fiery passion propelling us towards our impending mutual release. Nothing could have pried us apart or stopped us from reaching the ultimate peak of pleasure together.

A muffled squeal left my mouth as I bit into the flesh of Anik's shoulder, my pussy contracting in a powerful climax around the pummeling shaft of his cock. I felt his body tense and his thrusts become more erratic, reaching that point of no return as he too let out a low, animalistic grunt. His warm, thick cum pumped into into

me, coating every inch of my inner walls and mixing with my own ejaculatory juices in a carnal explosion.

As our orgasmic bliss subsided, we lay still in each other's arms, our heartbeats slowly returning to normal and our ragged breaths calming down.

Despite the shame and guilt that still lingered between us, we couldn't help but bask in the afterglow of our illicit affair. We knew it would be risky to continue this way – the danger great and the consequences could be disastrous. But in that moment, we were just two people who found solace in each other's arms.

Slowly, we dressed ourselves again, wiping away the sweat and cum that had mingled together. We emerged from the storage area like nothing had happened, our minds already plotting the next time we could sneak away for more forbidden pleasures.

"Everything organized?" my husband asked.

I smiled over at Anik knowingly. "Yes, everything is just perfect," I answered.

As Kali resumed his work, Anik and I exchanged sheepish glances, both knowing what secrets lay between us.

In that moment, all we could hold onto were the electrifying memories of our intimate encounters. The lingering warmth of Anik's cum inside my pussy sent shivers down my spine as I recalled the heat and passion of our time spent in the igloo and storage room. It was a sensation that lingered long after our physical encounter had ended, like a burning ember slowly fading but never truly extinguished.

THE END