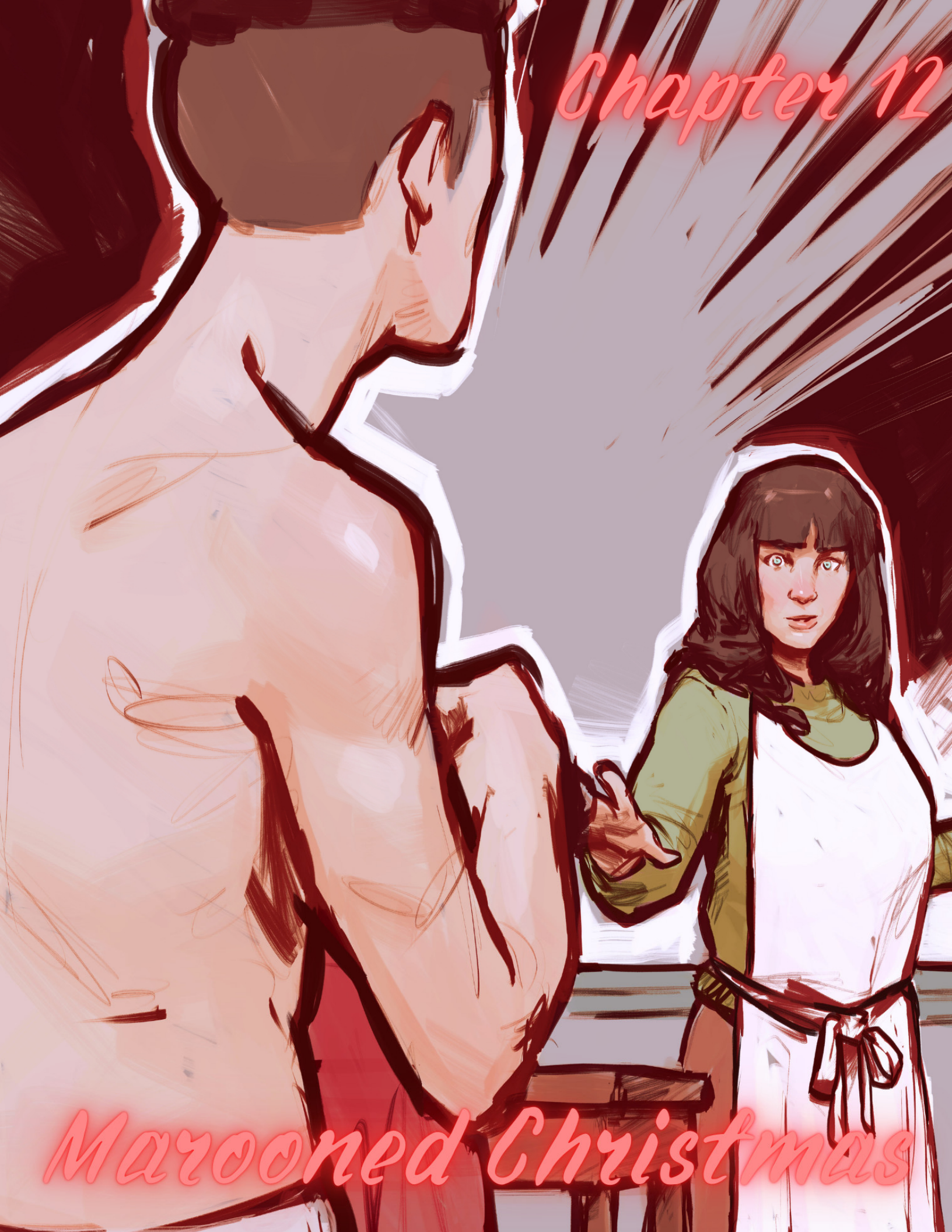


Chapter 12



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 12

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page <https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more of BSA's art:

<https://www.patreon.com/BSArt> and <https://twitter.com/BSAAnsfw>

I woke when it was still dark out. My mother wasn't curled up next to me. She wasn't even in bed with me. I sat up to find her face illuminated by her phone, sitting in an armchair by the hearth. The fire had died down so much I could barely make out the glowing embers. "What's going on, Mom?"

"Oh, it's still early, sweetie. You can go back to bed." She glanced at me and smiled. Her face went dark when she shut off her phone.

"Everything okay?" I put my head back on the pillow. I was still sleepy.

"I was just looking at old photos. You've grown up so much." She sighed.

"What's wrong?" My eyelids fell to half-mast. I struggled to stay awake.

"I just have a lot on my mind. Go back to sleep. Everything's fine," she said.

That was all the encouragement I needed. Quickly, I was back in my dreams, digging a tunnel in the snow toward buried treasure.

~~



I woke for the second time that morning to the smell of sizzling bacon. "Oh ... my ... God that smells good." I sat up and spotted my mother working in the kitchen. She was wearing jeans and a sweater, with an apron tied to her front to protect from splattering oil.

When she saw me get out of bed, Mom gave me a warm, wide smile. "Good morning, sleepyhead. We brought enough bacon for the family. We're going to have to work through our stash now that we can cook."

"I guess we can indulge for a few days." I pulled on my socks and pants.

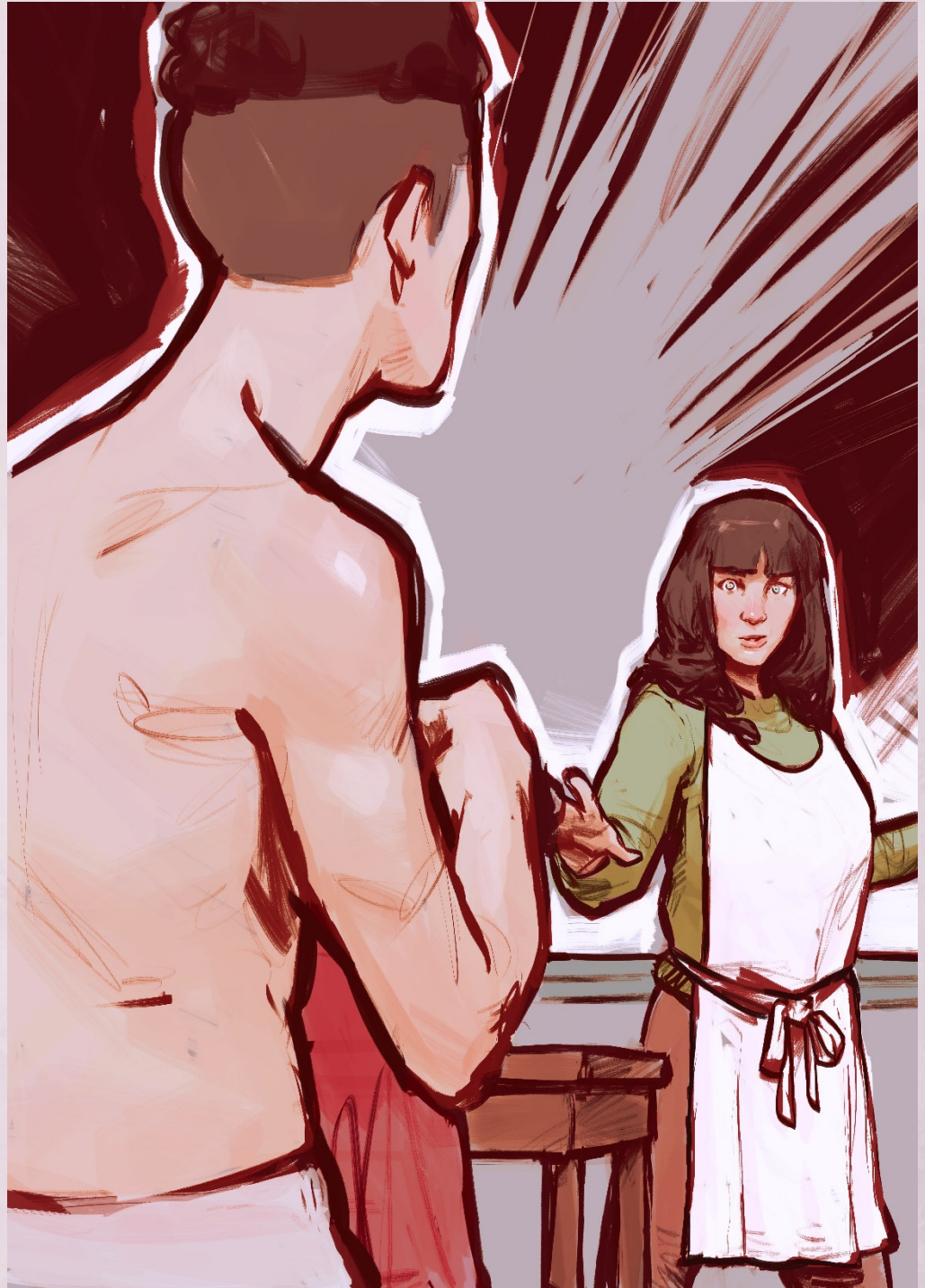
"Um ... don't put on your shirt." She eyed my chest speculatively.

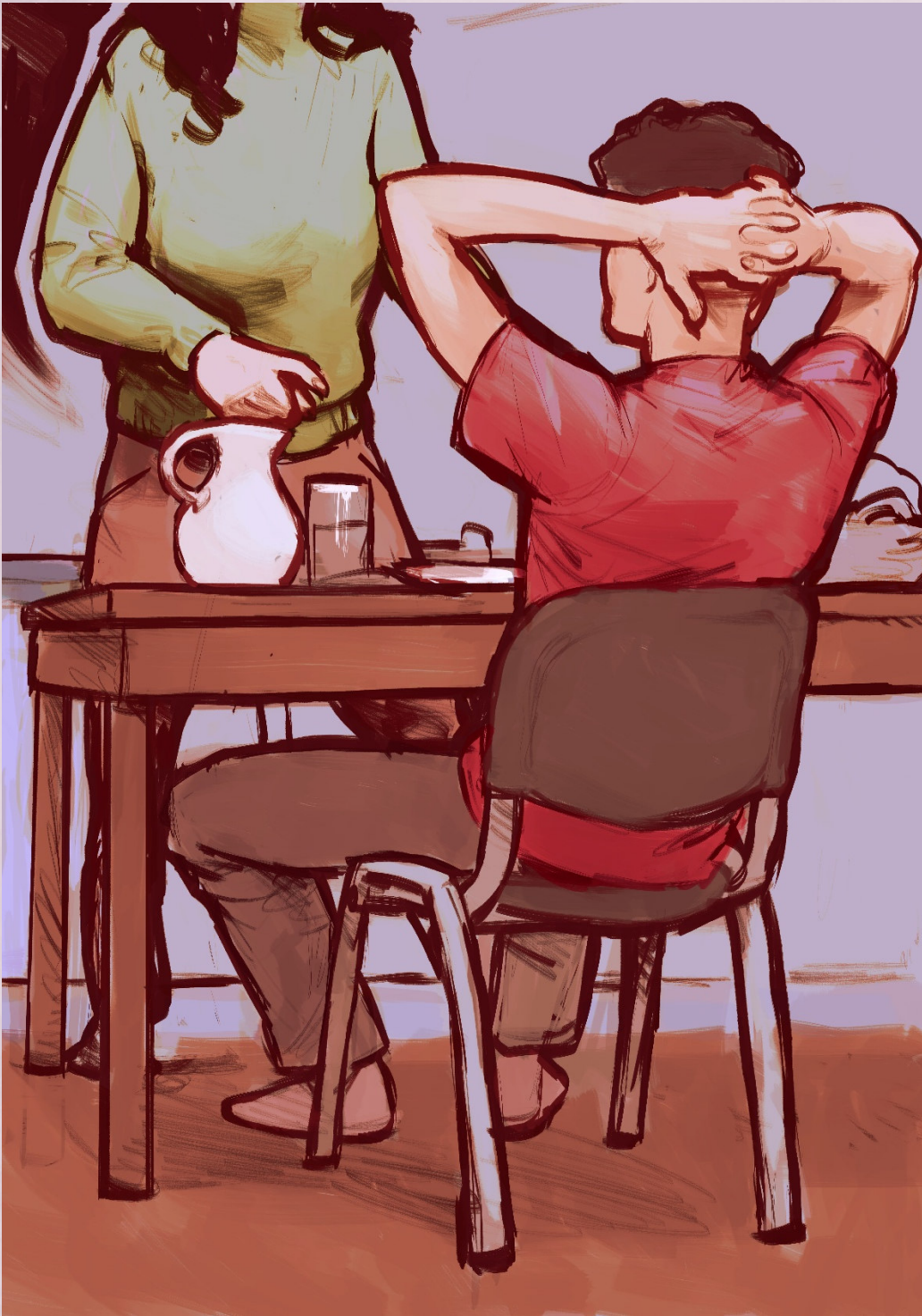
I paused with my shirt in my hands. "Why?"

Her eyes went down to the tent in my pants. "Never mind. You need to take care of your morning monster. Go to the bathroom, and when you're done, breakfast should be ready."

"Yeah, okay." I put on my shirt and went to the bathroom. It was fantastic not to have to freeze my ass off while I fapped.

After I came in the sink, I washed up, making sure to get all the splatter off the mirror. When I returned to the main part of the cabin, Mom was just finishing setting the table. It wasn't a healthy breakfast, but we had big smiles on our faces. Mom led the small talk, mostly filling me in on the latest updates from the family. They were all home and missing us. Dad said that the plow people were still struggling with their equipment. And to make matters worse (better?), there was a chance of more snow tomorrow. "He's really worried about us." Mom's smile faded.





"I'm taking care of you. He doesn't need to worry." I leaned back in the chair, happily stuffed. "When I turn on my phone today, I'll tell him that I've got two eyes on you."

"Oh, Logan. Don't be weird." Mom barked out a nervous laugh.

"What was that shirt thing when I woke up? Why didn't you want me to put it on?" I stood and started clearing the table.

"Oh, that." Mom helped me clear the table, not making eye contact. Her cheeks turned rosy. She mumbled something I couldn't hear.

"What?" I loaded up the dishwasher.

"I just thought ... about how brave and strong you were facing down that bear with only a flaming log. And ... well ... I thought you might want to show off your strength." We finished cleaning and finally her eyes found mine. "You know ... you don't have giant muscles. But you have ... a very nice body. Most guys would be jealous. I thought

... it might make you proud to go shirtless with me. Sort of a low-key reward for everything you've done around the cabin. You know ... taking care of me."

Slowly, I pulled off my shirt. "You're right, Mom. It would be fun to show off a little." I made a silly face and flexed for her, moving through several poses.

My mother burst out laughing. "My big, strong man, huh?" She slapped my shoulder playfully, her fingers lingering on my skin for an extra moment. "Okay, what are we going to do today? We haven't played chess in a while." She walked over to our bed and started pulling off the sheets.

“Chess sounds good.” I helped her put away our mattress for the day, and we set up our game table. After that was done, I got the fire going again. I kept glancing at her. I think I caught her stealing peeks of my lean torso, but I wasn’t sure. Dad was a little pudgy, so I knew my body contrasted with what she was used to. “Um ... Mom ... aren’t you going to take off your sweater?” With the fire roaring behind me, I sat down and set up the chess pieces.

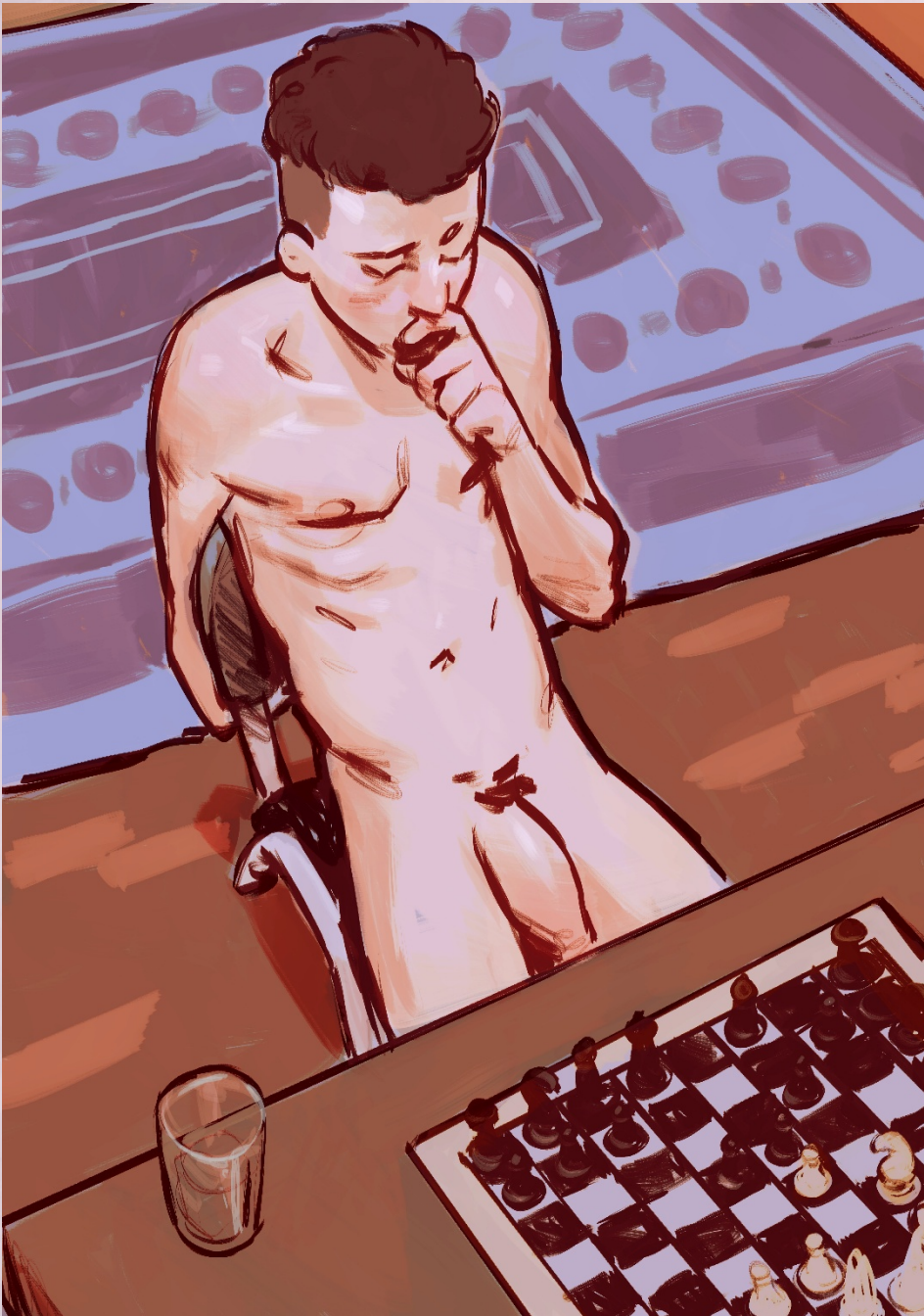
Still not removing her sweater, my mother sat opposite me and set up her half of the board. As she leaned forward, I could plainly see her nipples poking through the wool of her sweater. She hadn’t worn a bra in a while. “I thought it might be nice to have our roles reversed this morning. Let’s see how much *you* like being ogled.”

“You plan to ogle me? This really is a reward.” I leaned back and flexed again, this time without the silly face.

“I’ll ... um ... pretend to ogle for your sake. But I’m an old lady, I don’t stare at twenty-year-olds anymore. And also, you’re ... well ... you’re Logan ... so ...” She shrugged and gave me a half-hearted smile.

“Well, if we’re going to do this, I’d like to be naked.” I wasn’t sure what she was doing, but her body language and words gave me confidence to push things a little. I stood up and unbuttoned my pants.





"Wait ... Logan ... that's ..." Mom's words died away when I pulled my pants and underwear down, stepping out of them. My dick is fairly large, even when soft, and I could see her eyes following it as it bounced with my movements. I folded my clothes and put them on the hearth. Wearing only socks, I returned to our game. The game table was low, so she still had a view of my cock. I made sure to keep my legs slightly spread as I sat. "Should we start?"

"Um ..." Her gaze lingered on my dick, went up to my chest, then descended back down between my legs. "... what?"

"Should we start the game, Mom?" I grinned.

"Oh ... right, yes." She moved her first pawn.

The tables really had turned. She was so distracted that I beat her two out of three games. On our fourth game, my cock started to get hard. As it happened, Mom valiantly tried to look away. I could see a sheen of sweat on her forehead. She muttered to herself, making several terrible choices with her bishops. When my dick was fully engorged,

she leaned back and fanned her face with a nearby book. "Logan ... I think you need to take care of yourself again." Despite her best efforts, her eyes kept coming back to my cock. When I didn't say anything or move, she made a little, plaintive noise. Her left eyelid started fluttering. "I ... um ... haven't seen one like that. A ... you know ... a little commander. I haven't seen a little commander with so many veins. And the head ... is really fat. I don't mean that in a bad way. It's just ... I've ..."

I stood up for her so she could get a good look. I rotated my hips one-hundred-eighty degrees, displaying my cock from profile to profile. "This is a really great reward, Mom. You're doing an excellent job of pretending to ogle. Thanks so much." I wasn't going to push it further than this. Standing in front of my mother with a full-on erection was already one of the peaks of my lifetime. I didn't want to get greedy.

"It's bobbing up and down with your pulse." My mother was slack-jawed. "You should ... go take care of it."

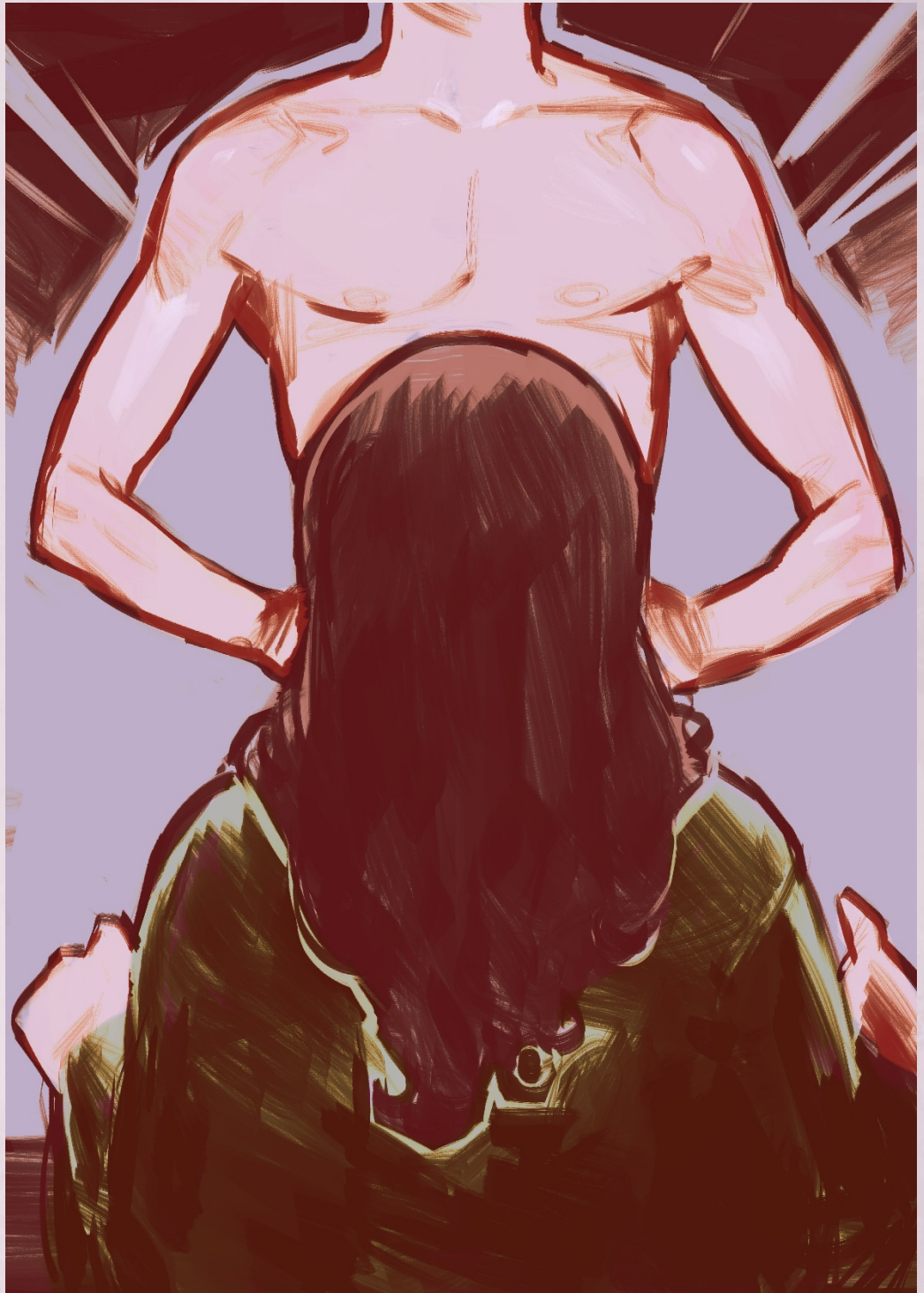
"I'm good." I sat back down and moved my knight.

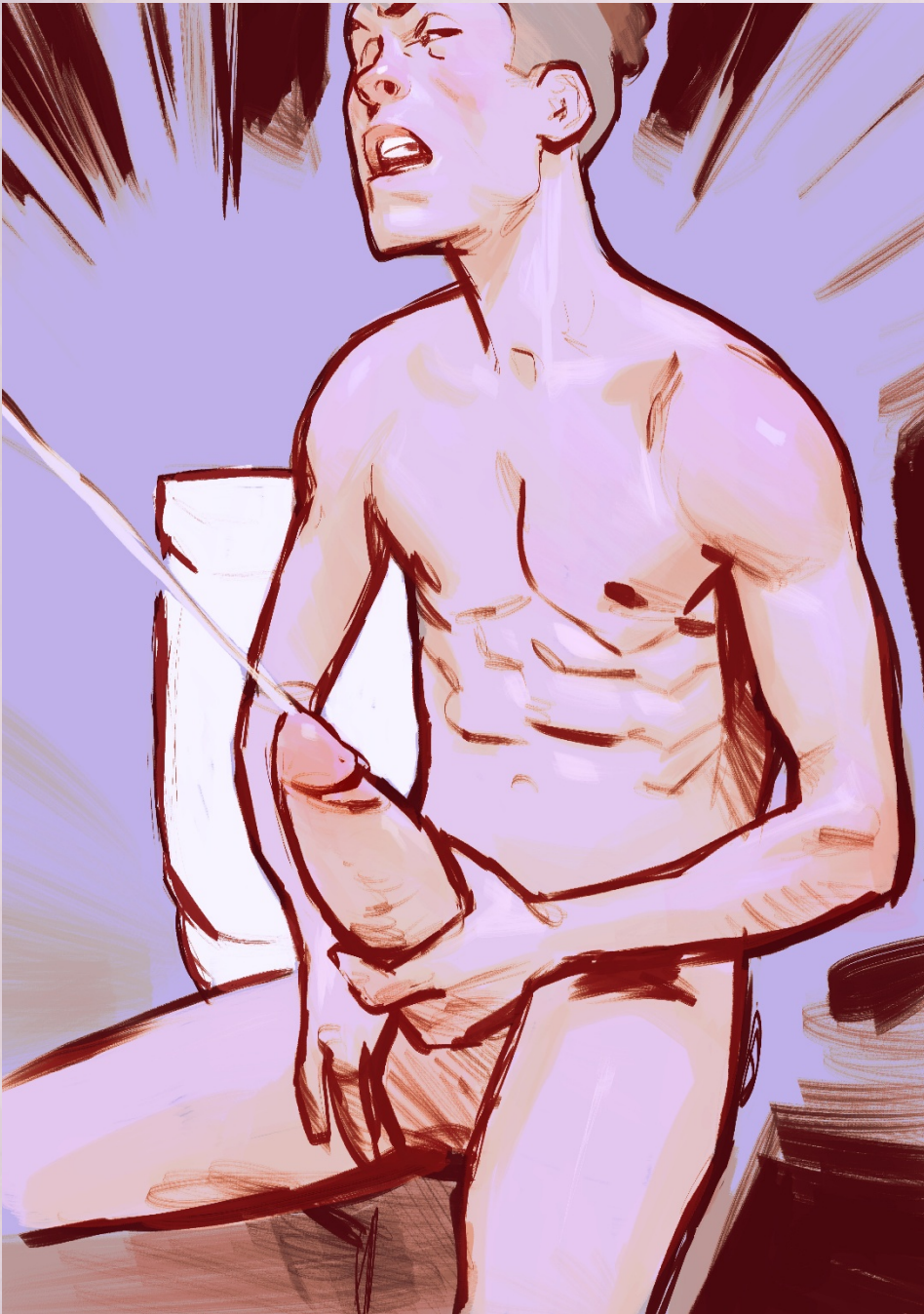
"For heaven's sake, Logan, it's leaking now. You need to go take care of it." She pointed an authoritative finger at the bathroom.

"Okay, fine." I got up and walked to the bathroom, leaving the door open a crack. I started fapping and grunting, not trying to keep quiet at all.

"Close the door, Logan." My mother called.

"Busy ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom." I pumped with both hands.





Thirty seconds later, Mom slammed the door from the outside. I tried to grunt out my pleasure loud enough for her to hear regardless.

When I stepped out of the bathroom, I was still hard. But I had cleaned up after my orgasms.

"I thought you were going to take care of it." Mom stared at my erection with wide eyes.

"I did. Twice. But, I don't know, I guess I really like being naked for you." I walked over and sat in front of the chessboard. "Can we keep playing?"

My mother had the silliest, stunned expression on her face. She was still looking at my dick, her mouth hanging open. "Logan ... I think you taking your clothes off was a mistake. Get dressed, please."

"I'm living my dream life here, Mom. Let me enjoy this, okay?" My smile faded. "Is there something wrong with my body? Is it hard to look at?"

"No ... no ..." She shook her head slowly. "The opposite, really. You're so strong ... and vigorous ... and full of life. Old women like me aren't supposed to look at men like you." She sat down in her seat, facing the chessboard, her gaze now running over my abs and chest. "I wasn't expecting ... I ... um ... never mind."

"Never mind to putting my clothes back on?" I crossed my ankle over my thigh and leaned forward, pressing my dick into my belly.

"Sure." Mom looked over my shoulder into the fire. "It will get soft at some point, right? I remember hearing that we should see a doctor for erections lasting longer than four hours. And ... we won't be able to take you to the doctor."

"It should probably go down. I'm just really enjoying my reward."

She muttered something I couldn't hear.

"What?" I raised my eyebrows.

"Nothing. Let's play chess." She moved a pawn.

I took that game from her and the next two as well. She was finding it hard to concentrate. Before we knew it, it was lunchtime. I stood and stretched. Thrusting my hips forward.





"It's been almost three hours, and it's still hard. You should really go take care of it again." Mom frowned at my cock. She looked at the thing like it might actually be a threat to my health.

I shrugged. "Even if I did, I'd still be hard. My body's just riled up." I wasn't worried. I'd had plenty of boners that lasted longer than four hours. I was pretty sure that was just something to worry about when on medication. But I didn't tell her that. I wanted to see where this would go.

"Okay, well you really need to put your clothes back on then. And we need to calm you down." She put her hands on her hips and frowned at my erection. "I don't want to be responsible for your little commander exploding or something. You're going to need it for that new girlfriend you promised me."

"Okay, okay." I collected my clothes from the hearth and slowly put them on. When I was done, the tent in my pants was obvious.

"Right. You sit by the fire and think about baseball or something. I'll make us lunch." Mom looked like she was about to peck my cheek, but changed her mind and ruffled my hair. "Think calm thoughts."

“Sure, Mom.” I turned my chair toward the fire and sat down.

“It’ll be okay, Logan.” Mom called on her way to the kitchen. “We’ve got plenty of time to make it shrink. Baseball, baseball, baseball.”

“Okay, Mom.” I watched her move around the kitchen, her braless boobs wobbling under her sweater. I was pretty sure that my cock wasn’t going down anytime soon. I wondered what she’d do as we got closer and closer to the four-hour mark.

