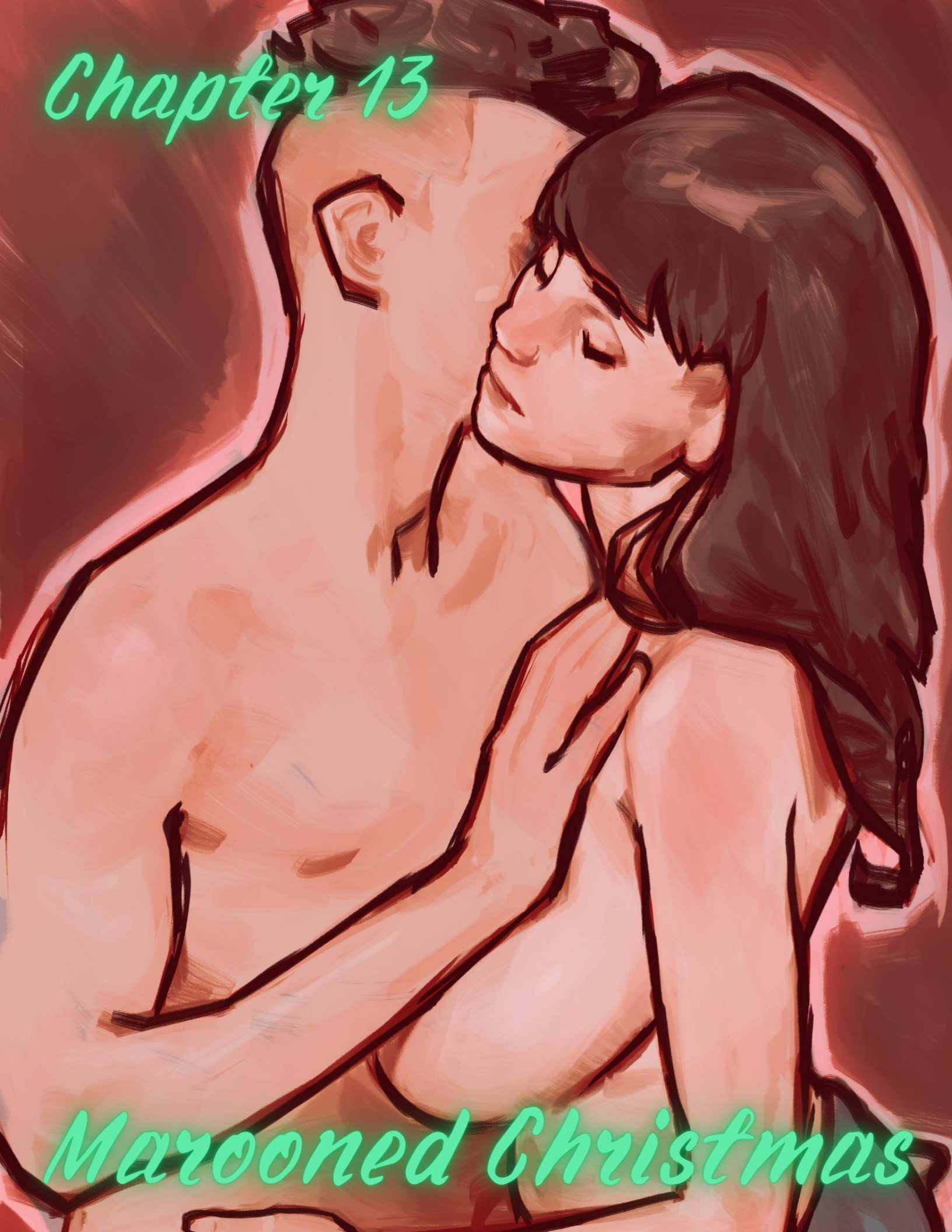


Chapter 13



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 13

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"It's been over four hours." Mom was starting to panic. I could hear it in her voice and see it in her eyes. We had just finished lunch, and she was staring at the tent in my pants as I cleared the table. "We have to do something, Logan. You need to try again. Go to the bathroom."

"It'll still be hard if I do. I'd rather not." I scraped plates and put them in the dishwasher.

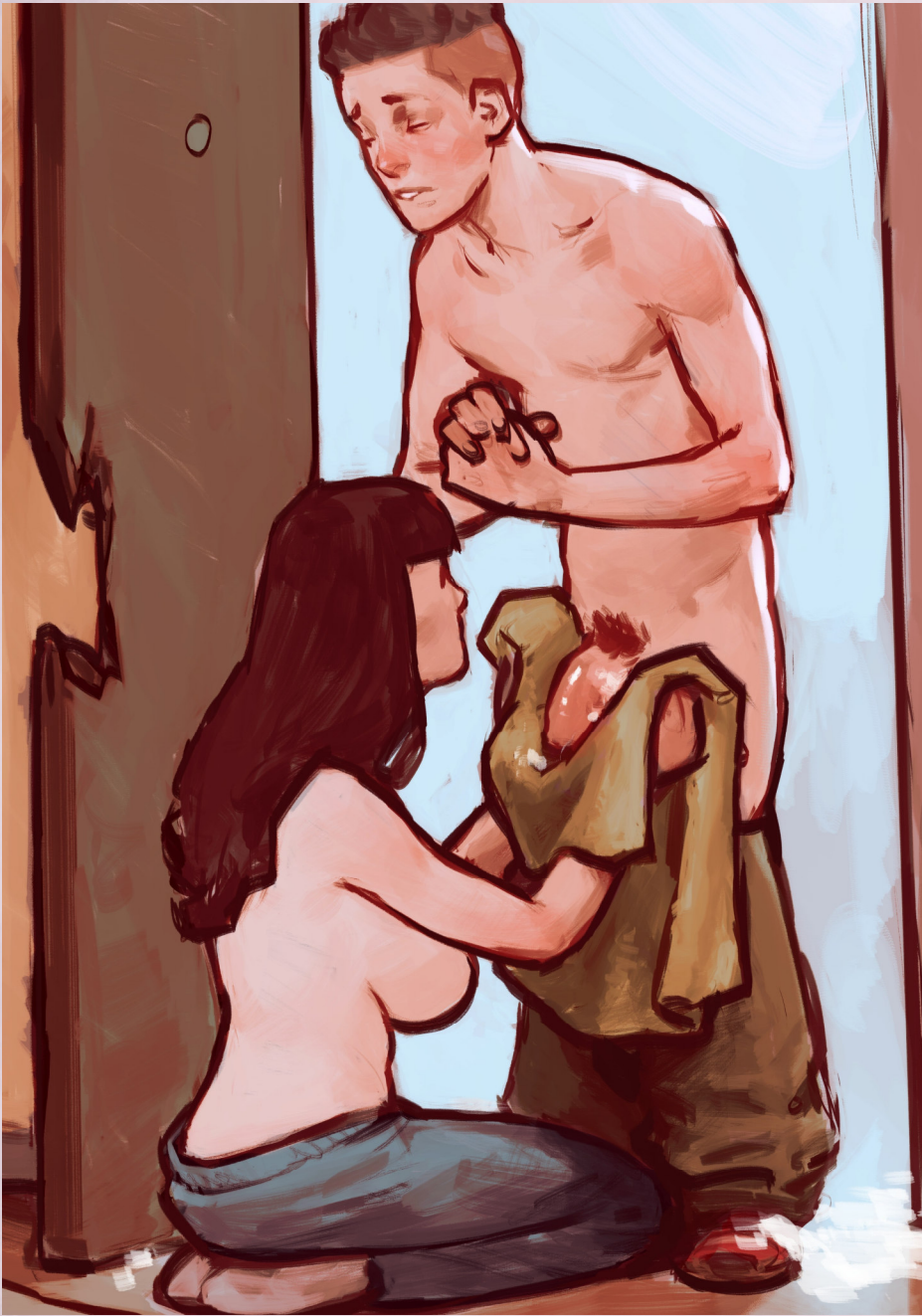
"Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ..." She waved her fingers in the air with worry. "Do I ... do I ... have to touch it for you?"

I stopped what I was doing and studied my mother's face. It was creased with anxiety. This was terrible. I didn't want to trick her into touching me. If it ever happened, I wanted her to want it. "It's okay, Mom. I know what to do." I went to the door and moved the barricade. Without a doorknob, the door swung right open. Stepping outside, I lowered my pants and underwear, took a handful of snow, and rubbed it on my dick. I grimaced. It felt like getting punched by Mr. Frost.

"What on Earth?" Mom stood in the doorway behind me, staring as I got a second fistful of snow.

"This ... doesn't ... feel ... good." It only took about thirty seconds for my erection to retreat. I turned around, showing her my wet, flaccid cock. "There, all better."





"Oh ... you're so brave ... again!" She grabbed my shoulder and pulled me inside. I stood shivering with my pants down while she retrieved a kitchen towel and dried off my penis, careful not to touch it with her fingers. "There now." Her smile was back. She looked much less panicked. "Pants up, mister. Time to put the little commander to sleep."

"Thanks, Mom." I pulled up my pants, put on my jacket, and got my boots on.

"Going somewhere?" Mom went to get her own jacket.

"We need more firewood. Also, we should check the road just in case." I stepped back out into the cold, but it didn't hurt this time.

"Your father said the plows still aren't running. But you're right, we should check." Her boots now on, Mom followed me out. "Keep an eye out for that bear."

"I am." I was peering from the end of the tunnel I'd dug out from our front door. There were large animal tracks in the snow, but no sign of the actual beast. "We're good." I stepped out and walked around the house to the woodpile. With an armful, I returned

to the cabin and stacked by the fire. I made several more trips while Mom stood out surveying the horizon.

"I can't even see where the roads are supposed to be," she said. "And those clouds look ominous." She pointed west.

"Might snow earlier than the weather report said." I passed her with my last haul of wood.

She patted me on the back. "You're so strong, Logan. You take such good care of me."

"Of course, Mom. Let's get inside before the bear decides to visit." I stacked the wood by the hearth.

Mom followed me in, and we rebuilt our barricade. Afterward, she removed her jacket. Then, her sweater came off. Even after all the times I'd seen her boobs, my heart skipped a beat. She glanced over at me and blushed. "I guess you're not tired of them yet. You're staring like they're rockstars or something."

"Your boobs are better than rockstars, Mom." My grin was a bit hungry.

"Yes. Not the same thing. You don't get to suck on rockstars, right?" It took her a moment for her words to hit her. Her eyes went round, and her crimson cheeks intensified.

"Oh, my. I didn't mean it like that. Sucking on a ... I just meant ... as a reward ... you can ... suck ... on them. Not rockstars ... that's gross. I'm so sorry. That was weird."

"I thought it was funny." I shrugged and pulled off my shirt.

"What are you doing?" Mom's eyes were on my abs.

"Don't worry, I'll keep my pants on. I don't want another snow scrub." I laughed. "I just thought it would be fun for both of us to be shirtless, together." I flexed for her and made a goofy face. "After I get the fire going again, I thought maybe I deserved a reward for hauling all that wood."

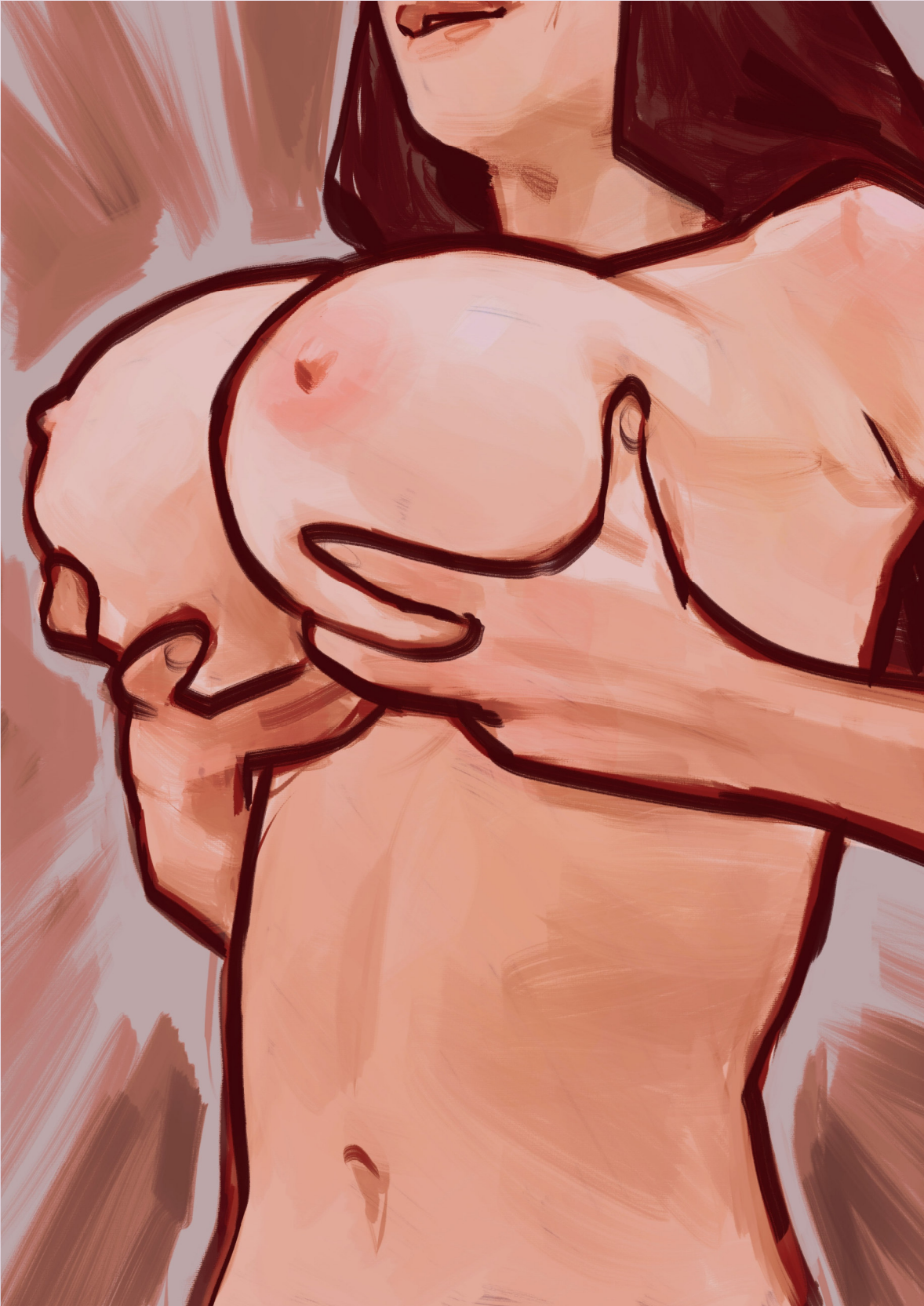
"Yes ... you do deserve a reward. You're a good boy, Logan." She watched me carefully place logs onto the embers in the hearth.

"I'm twenty, Mom," I said without looking back.

"You're still my good boy." Mom stood behind me.



When the fire was going again, I turned around. My mother was waiting for me, holding her boobs from underneath in a position of offering. "Your reward, Logan."



I stepped over to her, lowered my face, and sucked in her left nipple. I could feel her tense and tremble as I rolled it with my tongue. One of my hands held her tit, the other wandered around back and grabbed her ass through her jeans. It was wonderfully round and pliant.

“Logan ... Logan ... Logan,” she whispered. Her fingers laced into my hair. She pulled my face toward her tit.



I kissed my way up her breast. My hand slipped from her ass to the wonderful curve of her lower back. My lips ended up on her slender neck. At first, she shied away from my kisses there, lowering her chin to deny me access. But she didn't tell me to stop, so I persisted. After a few seconds, she raised her chin, extending her neck for me.

“Okay ... you can kiss me there. But no marks ... and don't even think about ... kissing my lips.” She was shivering with delight.

“Sure ... Mom ... I ... love ... you.” I said between kisses. I pressed my chest to hers. For the first time, we had skin-on-skin contact while not in bed. Her nipples felt like diamonds mashed against me. I swear, even my nipples were hardening. I continued to kiss her neck.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Logan ... I ...” Suddenly, she pushed me away. She stared down in horror at the tent in my pants. “I ... felt your ... your commander poking my hip. You got carried away. You shouldn't be hard again. That

four-hour thing. And I don't want you to have to take another snow bath.”

“It's okay, Mom. I was soft for a while, so the time reset.” I tried to move back to her neck, but she pushed me away again.

"I think ... that was enough reward for now." She looked around the cabin. "I need a drink. You get the wine, and I'm going to text your father."

"What are you going to tell him?" I was a little worried that we'd gone too far, but I did as she said and went into the kitchen for wine.

"I want to tell him that I love him. He ... wouldn't understand your rewards. Don't worry, I won't spill the beans." Still topless, she fetched her phone. It was magnificent to watch her texting Dad while her boobs were jiggling with typing.

"Tell him 'hi' for me." I opened a bottle and carried two wineglasses to our game table. "Stratego?"

"What ...?" She glanced at my chest and stared for a moment, before turning her gaze to the fire. "Yes ... Stratego is good."

And so, we played.

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I think we were both staring at each others' chests often enough to be distracted. We played a couple very slow games of Stratego. When the second one finished with more of a whimper than a bang, Mom leaned back in her chair and brought her gaze up to my eyes. I smiled back at her.

"You can't ever kiss me on the lips like you did that one time." Her face was suddenly serious. "I'm not your girlfriend."

"I know." I nodded.

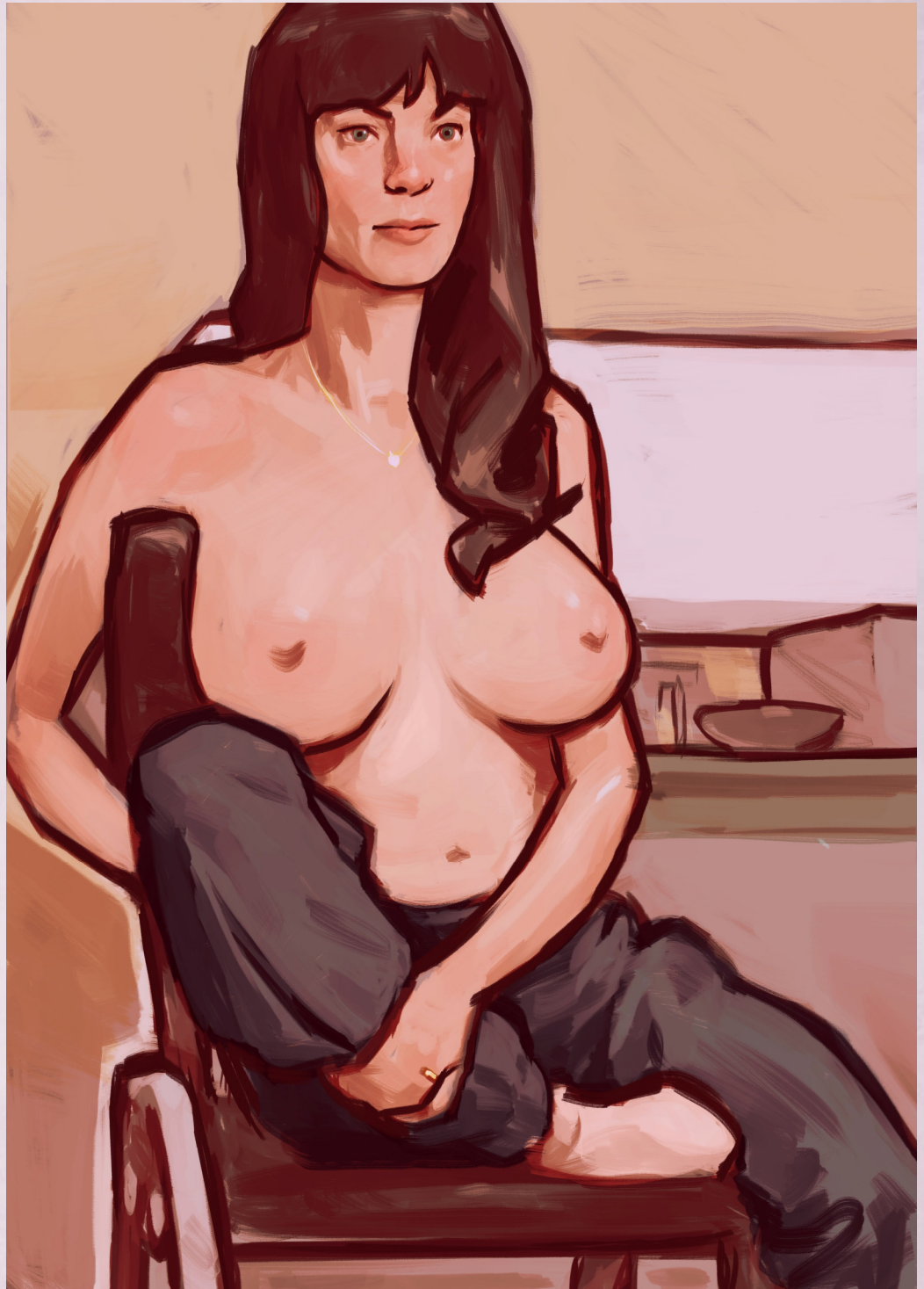
Her gaze turned thoughtful. "Do you ... enjoy your rewards because you're just not picky about women? Or ... do you ... like older women?" She held up her finger to silence me when I was about to speak. "Or ... is it because you love me as your mom and you're young and sort of ... getting your love wires crossed?"

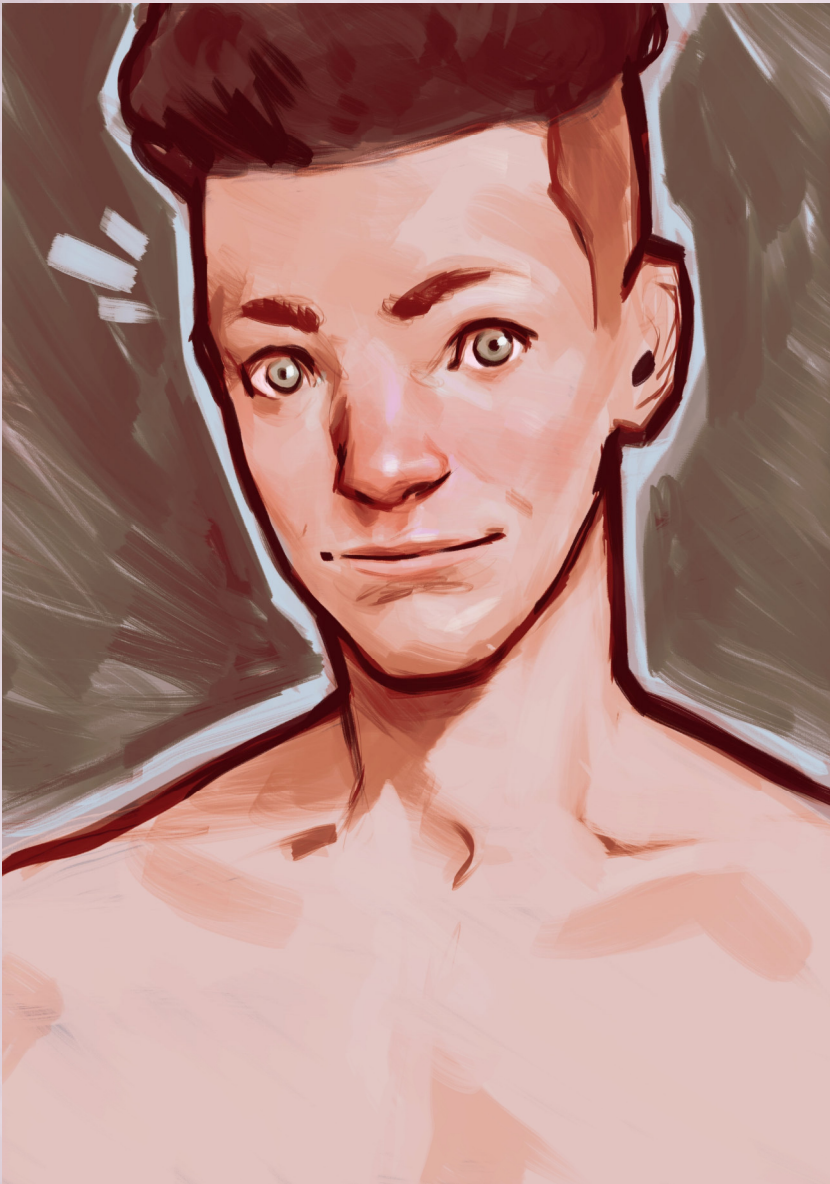
"Um ..." I blinked at her, trying to form a response. "Well ... I do love all women. And I've dated some older women. But --" I was quickly cut off.

"When you get a girlfriend as part of our deal, she can't be that much older than you. I want you to be ... normal, Logan," she said.

"I like all women, Mom. I love them. But that's not what this is about with you. I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met," I said, watching her eyebrows raise with surprise. I paused a moment and continued, "I think you are so beautiful. And part of that is physical. You have amazing curves. But like you said, I also love you like no other woman. You're my mom. My perfect mom. Maybe my love wires are crossed. Or maybe they're right where they should be, worshipping you as a goddess."

"Your wires ... worship me?" Her voice squeaked.





"I find you so beautiful." My smile was genuine and warm.

"Do you ... feel this way about your sisters?" Worry creased her forehead.

"No, Mom. Just you." I nodded reassuringly.

"Okay. Okay." She picked up a book and used it to fan her face. "This is a lot to take in. I mean, I was sort of getting that picture. I just ..." She took a deep breath. "Logan, I want to thank you for being so open with me. You know that I see you only as a son, and not ... with crossed wires. But ... I don't mind doing these rewards because they make you so happy. And ... I suppose ... your interest isn't that strange. I have read about the Oedipus Complex. I just never thought ..." She shook her head and stood up. "For being so open with me, you deserve another reward." She stretched out her neck for me. "Would you like to finish what you started earlier?"

"Yeah!" I was so eager that I knocked over our gameboard as I stood. The sound of her giggles as she pulled me toward her was a siren's call. Soon, I was kissing and gently nibbling on her slender neck, working down to her delicate collarbone, and then working

up the other side of her neck. I made sure not to suck or bite hard enough to leave a mark. Both of my hands found her ass, and I pulled her hips into mine, rubbing my hard dick on her belly. It wasn't quite making out, but it was close. Damn close. She whimpered, shivered, and squirmed in my arms. One of my hands made its way to the front of her jeans.

“No ... Logan,” her voice was breathless. She reached down and tried to stop me from unbuttoning her pants.

“I just want to see your butt again. Maybe give it a kiss,” I purred into her ear.

“Okay.” She moved her hand out of the way. When I lowered her pants and panties, she stepped out of them. There was a clear, sopping spot where she’d gushed into her underwear. I didn’t mention it.



“Turn around.” I pirouetted her one and a half times and dropped to my knees, facing her ass. I spread her legs a little, and she let me. I pushed on her back, and she bent forward. I could clearly see her pussy glistening in the firelight. There were little droplets clinging to her pubes. It was glorious. Without thinking, I grabbed her hips to hold her still, leaned forward, and planted my tongue on her pussy. She tasted tangy, sweet, and sultry.

“Ooohhhh ... nnnnoooooo ... Logan.” Mom’s hips made a few involuntary jerks, but she didn’t try to pull away.

I had now tasted from the fount of all my pent-up desires. Without instructions to stop, I wasn’t going to hesitate. She had said I couldn’t kiss her on the lips. But I don’t think she’d meant her netherlips. I began eating her out for the first time.

