



Chapter 14

Marooned Christmas

FICTION

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Marooned Christmas 14

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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“Logan ... ooohhhh ... Logan ... maybe we should ... ooohhhh ... you can't ... but ...” My mother's whole body was trembling.

“Mmmmm.” I moved my grip from her hips to her ass cheeks, spreading them so I could have greater lapping access. Her pussy lips were large enough that I could nibble and suck on each.



“Wait ... wait ... if you do that ... if you ...” Mom put her hands on her knees, trying to support herself. I'm sure her legs felt weak. “This is ... what I was ... I was ... afraid ... Logan.”

I let go of her ass with one hand and reached around to her clit. It was swollen and quite easy to find. A salient thought hit me. *Holy shit, I'm strumming Mom's clit!* I kept topping previous peaks with her. I doubted anything could surpass hearing the whimpering, animal sounds she made when I found her clit though. I continued to slurp on her pussy lips and lap the tanginess between them while I played her clit with an expert technique I'd honed through my years of dating.

“Oh ... gosh ... what's happening?” Mom's legs were quaking like a tree in a storm. “What's ... ooohhhhhh ... oh ... my gosh ... Logan ... we have to ... Logan ... we have to ... uuuggghhhhhh ... nnnnggeeiiiiii.” She made the strangest keening sound and convulsed so much that I lost my grip on her.

Shuddering, she fell to her hands and knees. “Ggggghheeeiii.” I could tell she was cumming, trying to stifle the natural sounds that went along with it.

“You look beautiful, Mom.” I put a reassuring hand on her ass and held on as she worked her way through her orgasm. When she was done, she collapsed on her belly.

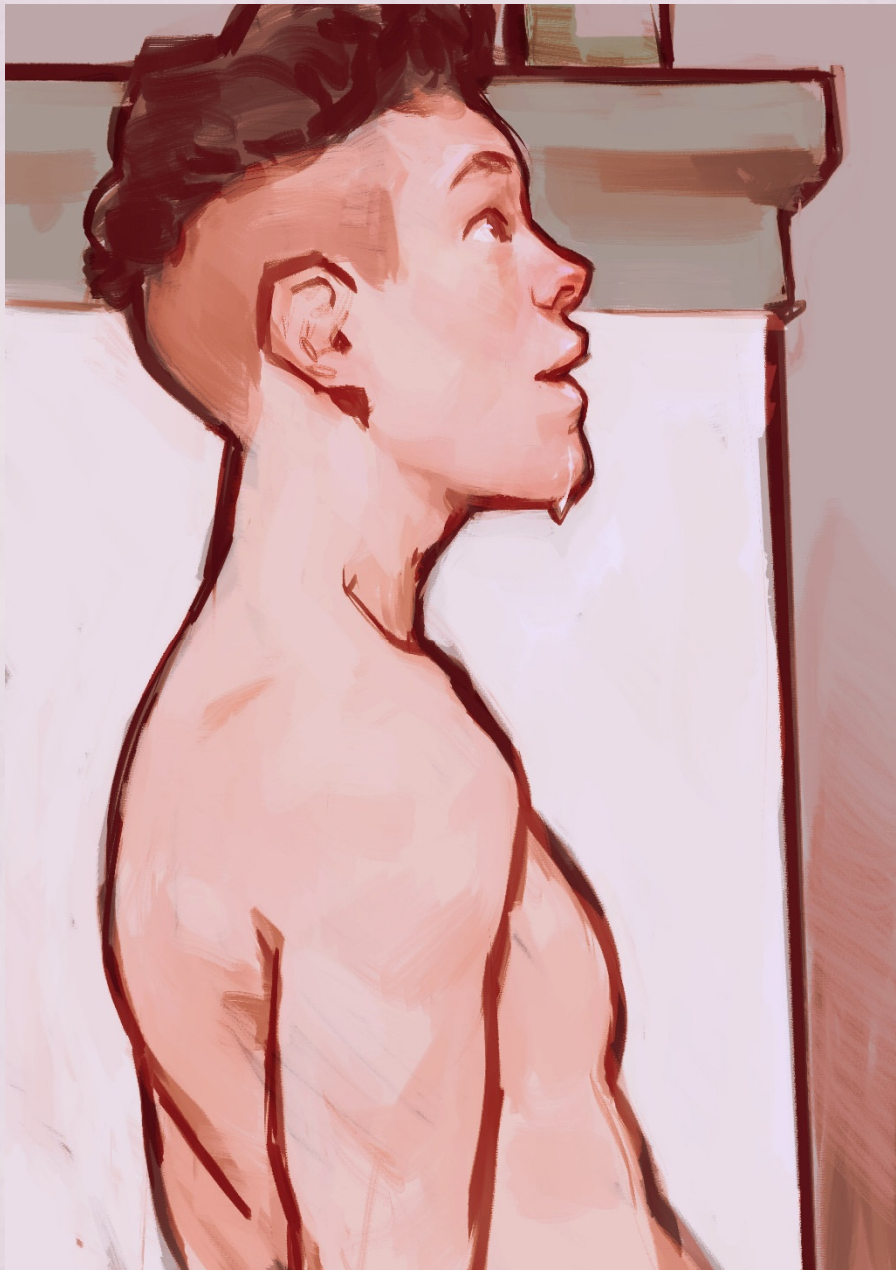
“What ... just ... happened?” Mom’s hair covered her face.

“Well ... I mean ... do you want the technical explanation?” I patted her butt affectionately, watching the small ripples I made.

Mom pulled her hair out of her face and looked over at me with wide, dazed eyes. “I think that was ... an orgasm. I’m so sorry I let that happen, Logan. You should never see your mother like that.” Her brow furrowed. “Oh, gosh, you had your eyes practically on my ... you know ... my backside hole. I can’t ... believe I ... we ...”

“That was the best reward ever, Mom. To make you happy like that, to have you let me see you at your most vulnerable. That was ... perfect.” I smiled.

“Oh ... my ... your face is so shiny. Is that all my ...?” She stared at my lips.



"Best reward ever." I laughed. "If I ever do something really great again, I hope that's on the table. I mean, I'd do whatever you wanted if that was on the table."

"You *liked* that?" She stared at me with disbelieving eyes, sitting up and covering her breasts with one arm. "Your father ... I mean nobody ... has ever ..." With her free hand she rubbed her forehead. "I didn't think men actually liked that sort of thing. So, you're not disgusted?"

"You're a goddess, Mom. I worship at your feet." I couldn't wipe the grin off my face.

"You're interested in my feet now?" She held up her finger to silence me before I could speak. "I don't need to know about my son's kinks. I can't believe I even had to say that. What are we doing? I mean, you were just down there on me. The last time you were down there was when you were being born. Oh, gosh. Oh, gosh. What have we done?"

"We don't have to do that again. I'm happy with your boobs and your butt as a reward." I got up, walked into the kitchen, and washed my face in the sink. Drying my face with a dish towel, I sighed. "I thought you'd like it. It won't happen again."

"We're doing these things for *you*, Logan. Not for *me!*" Mom picked up her panties and examined them. "I need to change in my room. We need to put the brakes on this thing. This was crazy. I ... I ... don't even want to talk about it right now." She stomped to her room, her heavy steps making her ass quiver and shake.

When her door slammed, I let out a louder sigh and did as she asked. I even put my jacket on, since it had occurred to me that we'd need more wood before the next storm hit. My boots went on next, and then I dismantled the front door barricade.

"What are you doing?" Mom walked out of her room, wearing jeans and a new sweater. I could see from the way her boobs moved that she was wearing a bra for the first time in a while.



“With the storm coming in, we should stock up on firewood. Just in case.” I opened the door. “You can stay here. I won’t be long.”

“I’m not leaving you alone with that bear out there.” Mom quickly put on her boots and jacket.



"Thanks, Mom." I waited for her, and together we headed out. Feeling more confident, I did a cursory check for the bear. The stretch of snow around our house was Ursus free. I trudged around the house and picked up the first load of wood.

"Logan, those clouds look really dark." Mom's hair whipped around her face. I could hear the wind's eerie whistle as it caught on parts of the roof and depressions in the snow.

"Yeah, the storm should be here soon." I passed her and went into the house, dropped the wood, and came back out for more. I took two more trips while Mom stood sentinel at the top of our front door snow-tunnel.

"Um ... what's that?" Mom said.

I was around the corner of the house at the woodpile, so I couldn't see her. With half a stack in my arms, I hustled back to her. She was pointing to the tree line beyond where our car was buried.



"It's him, isn't it?" She clutched at my shoulder.

"Yeah, that's him." My blood ran cold. The bear lumbered slowly through the trees, heading our way. "Get back inside. I'll scare him off."

"I'm not leaving you. Let's go and barricade the door." She pulled on me.

"If you're going to stay, I want you to scream really loud and wave your hands above your head." I dropped the half-stack of wood and did exactly what I'd instructed her to do. Together, we screamed as the bear slowly approached and stopped about sixty yards away, staring at us.

Mom stopped screaming and clutched my arm again. "It's looking at us, Logan. It's not scared. We need to go back into the cabin."

"I'll make it scared." I pulled her hands off my jacket and took several aggressive steps toward the bear, waving my arms in a way I hoped would be threatening. I screamed at the top of my lungs.

"Logan ... don't go toward it!" Mom's words were pitched in her own primal yell.

The bear, hungry as it was, decided it had had enough of us. It turned and lumbered off. I hoped it would finally decide to hibernate.

I continued to scream until I lost sight of it in the woods. Then I turned back to my mother.

“Okay ... he’s gone.” My voice was hoarse. I walked back and picked up the wood I’d dropped.

“Oh ... my gosh ... that was so scary. Come inside. That’s enough firewood for now.” Mom led the way back into the cabin.

“Okay.” I followed her in, dropped off the wood, and closed the door. I put the barricade back together by myself. I didn’t notice that something was wrong with my mother until I finished and turned toward her. “Mom?”

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...” Mom was breathing hard, her face was beet red, and there was a sheen of sweat on her forehead. Her eyes looked a little glassy.

“Mom ... it’s okay. He’s gone.” I moved swiftly over to her and pulled her into a big hug. Her body went stiff for a few

seconds. Then, her arms circled around my shoulders, holding me tight. Her breasts heaved against my chest as she continued her rapid breathing. She trembled in my arms.

“It’s too much ... today was too much ... first that crazy thing ... then the bear.” She started sobbing. “And I can’t tell your father about ... any of it. He wouldn’t understand the first thing. And he would ... be so worried ... if I told him about the bear. I feel so ... alone ... Logan.”



"I'm here, Mom. I'm right here." I held her tightly, my hands pressing her back. We rocked a little as we hugged. Eventually, she stopped crying, and her breathing returned to normal.

Gently, Mom pushed me away and looked into my eyes. "You're such a good kid."





I smiled. "I'm -"

"Twenty, I know. You're a big man. But you're also a good kid." Her smile was thin and tight. "What am I going to do with you? Today was ludicrous. Where did you learn to ...? Never mind." She shook her head. "Do you do that with all your ...? Never mind." She frowned. "This is really confusing." She looked at the tentless front of my pants. "You're soft?"

I nodded an affirmative. "I was worried about you."

"Logan ... I'm glad your love wires aren't *that* crossed." She looked around the living room. She took a deep breath and walked to the kitchen. "You were really brave with the bear outside. I think you saved us again. I can't believe we squared up with a maniacal bear and lived to tell about it. Someday, I'll tell your father and sisters all about how you handled the bear. They'll be so proud of you. Like how I'm proud of you." She started getting ingredients out of the fridge, signaling dinner time.

"Proud enough for a reward?" I walked into the kitchen and helped her put dinner together.

"We'll see about that. Maybe later. I've been through a lot today. I'm just happy that your little commander is getting some rest. I was worried about him with the four-hour thing. But I feel good about him sleeping for a while." When she flashed me a smile, it was a little brighter than it had been. It was odd having her refer to my penis as a *him*. I'd heard the little commander thing before, but this was the first time she'd gendered my junk. As I thought it over, I was just happy she was thinking about my dick.

We finished preparing dinner, reverting to small talk about the family. I heard a lot about my mother's feelings on my older sister's engagement. I'll sum it up by saying she had her reservations about the fiancé. This was news to me, which made me feel like I was in her confidence. That had to be good, right?

As we served and ate dinner, our conversation switched gears. She peppered me with questions about the girls I'd been dating. This wasn't a new topic for us, but usually when she interrogated me it was to see if the latest girl was going to be "the one." This time, she seemed interested in the girls themselves. Asking me about their interests, their personalities, and their appearances. The topic carried us through dinner. There was no shortage of girls to talk about. When we finished, we cleared the table in silence. I did the dishes while she went and sat by the fire, staring into the flames.

"The wind is getting loud. Do you think it's snowing again?" Mom called over to me.

"Probably." I washed my hands one last time, dried them, and listened to the wind whistle and the fire crackle. "But I don't suppose it will make much difference to the plows when they're fixed. We'll be fine."

"I know we will. You'll take care of us, won't you?" Mom saw that I was finished. "How about some wine and a game? If you think your little commander won't get too excited, we could go back to ... um ... topless again. But nothing more, okay?"

"Sure, Mom." I quickly pulled off my top and got the wine. As I joined her by the fire, I regarded her tits with awe and admiration.



When she caught me staring, she smiled. "What do you want to play, Logan?"

"Let's just talk. I want to sit by the fire and spend time with you." I gave her a friendly wink.

"Aww. Okay." She took her glass of wine and settled into her armchair. I was happy to see that she was getting over the shocks of the day, and I was looking forward to seeing where the evening would go.

