

Chapter 15



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 15

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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“No, Mom, really. Tell me about your first time. I told you about mine.” We had been sitting in front of the fire, drinking wine, for hours. We were both still topless and a little drunk.

“I couldn’t possibly.” Mom wasn’t quite slurring her words, but her speech was slower than normal.

“There’s nothing wrong with it. I assume Dad wasn’t your first.” I listened to the wind howl as my mother thought things over. The storm raged outside. Inside the cabin, my mother’s bare breasts looked perfect in the flickering light of the fire. We still had electricity, but had turned off all the lights other than the cheery Christmas tree.

“Your father wasn’t the first. He was the fifth.” My mother gave me a guilty look, gulped the rest of her wine, and refilled her glass. “When I was young, I ... um ... was a little boy-crazy. But I settled down with your father. And I’m happy with him.”

“All those guys and none of them went down on you?” I knew I was on perilous ground, but the alcohol made me bold.

“Stop it, Logan!” Mom waved a scandalized hand in my direction, but she had a smile on her face. “So, you really want to know about my first time? I have to warn you, it’s boring.”

“I love imagining you as a teenager grappling with your first boy.” I laughed.

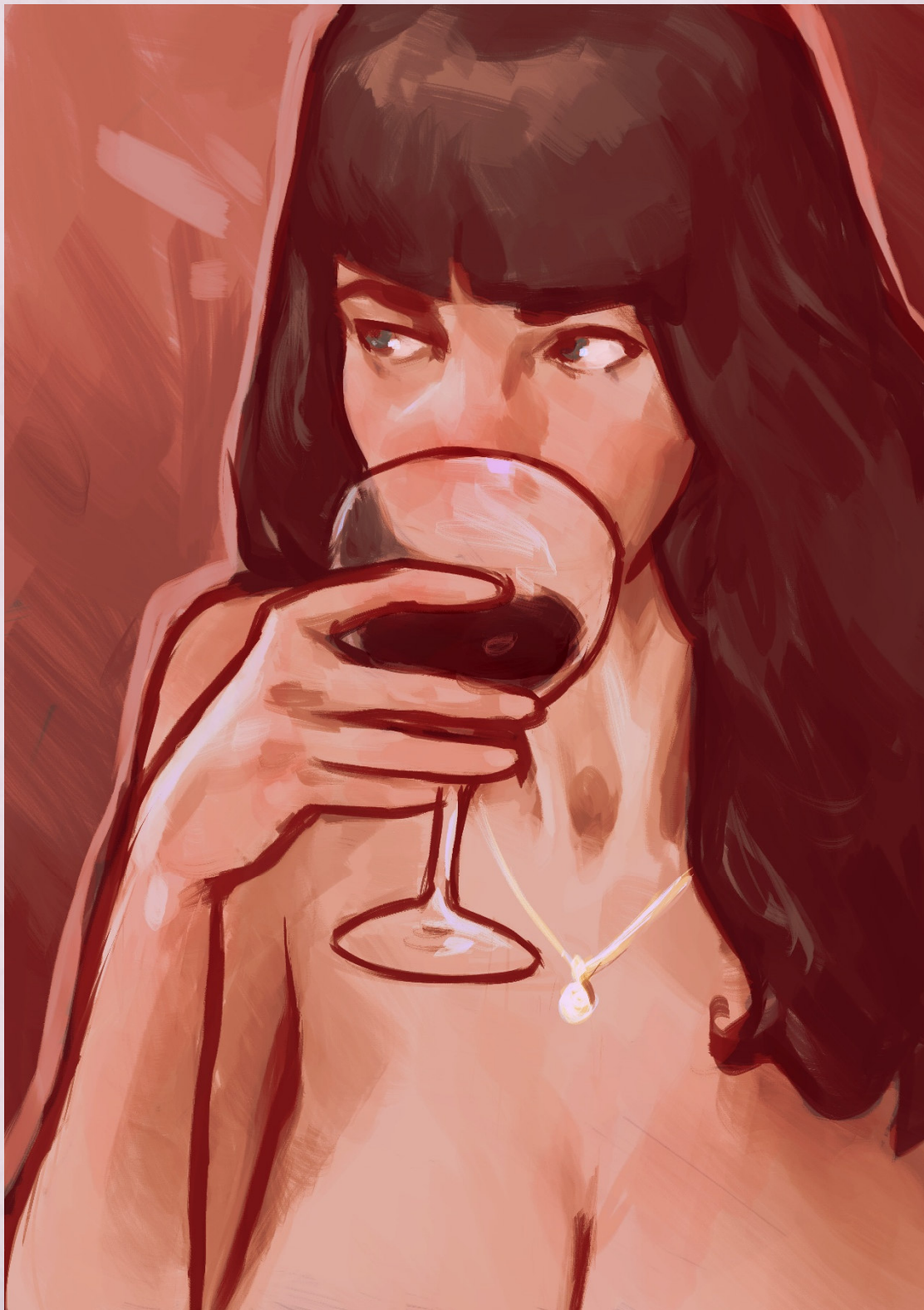
“Oh, you’re too much! And who said I was a teenager for my first time?” She laughed with me. Then she told me the story of her first time, with the more graphic parts of the story redacted. She was right, it was boring. But I didn’t tell her so.

“Did you love him?” I asked when she’d gone silent.

“I thought I did at the time. But I think it was just a crush.” She sighed. “Your father was the first man I loved. And you were the second, I guess.”

“Are you getting your love-wires crossed, Mom?” I raised my eyebrows provocatively.

“Oh, stop. You know what I mean.” Her cheeks turned rosy, and she took another gulp of wine. “I said I would think about your reward for your bravery with the bear today.”



“And?” I sat up, my dick engorging at the mere mention of a reward.

She cleared her throat. “You really liked touching my ... um ... kitty with your mouth? And you didn’t mind doing that from behind?” She chewed her lip with nervous energy.

“Best reward in the universe.” I nodded enthusiastically.

“Why do you think the other men I’ve been with wouldn’t ...?” Mom fidgeted with her wedding ring, spinning it around her finger, making it sparkle in the firelight.

“Wouldn’t give you an orgasm like that?” I forced solemnity on my face. Now was not a time to smile. “I think it’s difficult for guys to think about pleasing women, sometimes. But for me, that’s the joy of it. I get such a rush from making women happy. I meet them, and they’re reserved with me, and often closed off. Before long, I’m showing them new highs. That’s why I date so often. It’s amazing.”

“I see.” Mom frowned. “So that’s why it’s such a reward. Because ... what? You feel powerful making a woman orgasm? So, you studied it to learn how ...?” She shook her head. “This is all so crazy. But I do feel like I’m getting to know you better.”

“I wouldn’t say ‘powerful’, but it is a thrill, for sure.” I nodded.

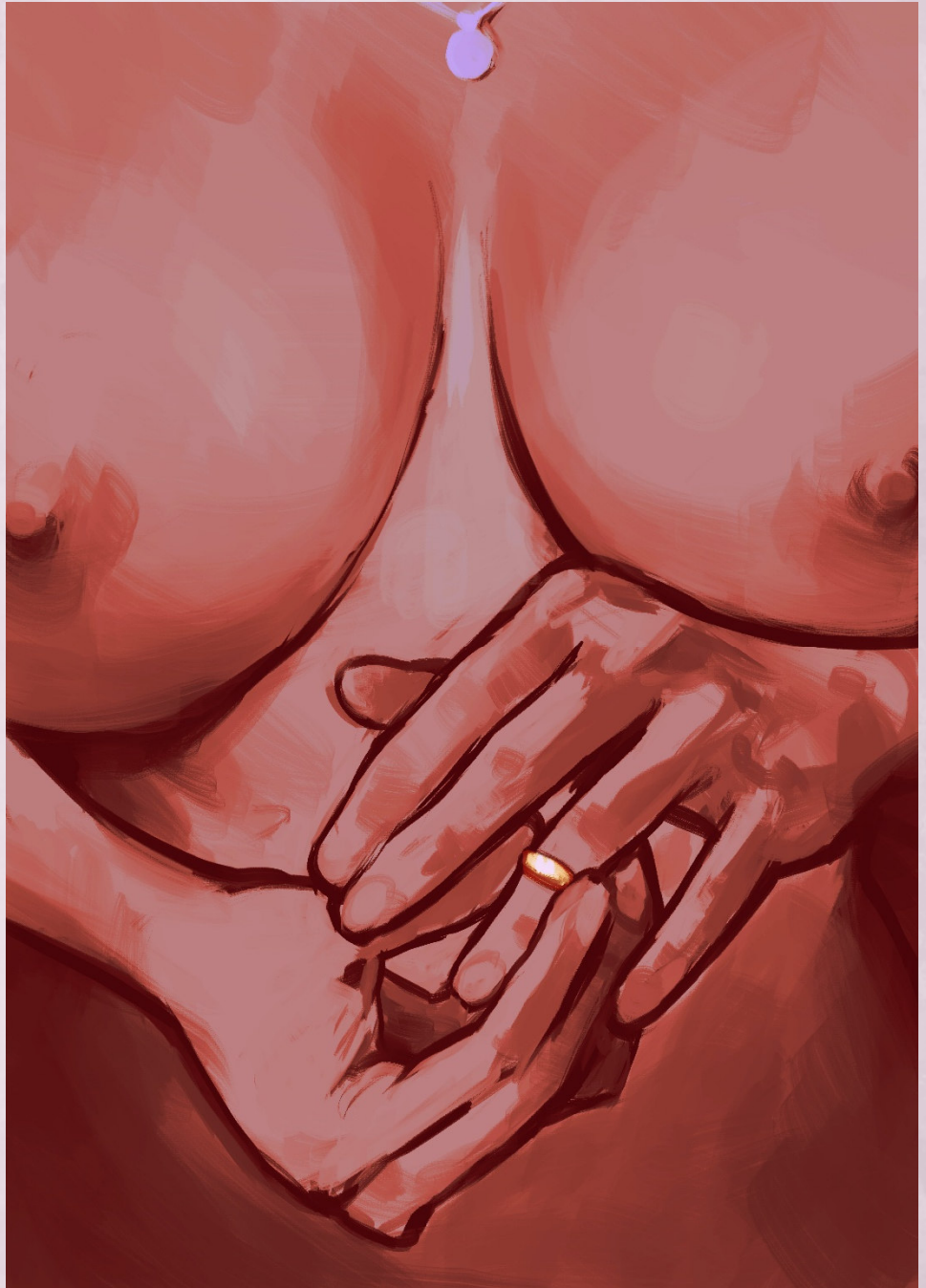
There was silence between us for a long while. Mom drained the rest of her glass. I sipped my wine.

“If I were to ... let you go down there again. It wouldn’t be about me. It would be about giving you what you enjoy as a reward.” She stared into the fire. “I’m only doing this for you. My pleasure doesn’t matter.”

“I mean, it matters because your pleasure makes me happy.” An eager smile returned to my face.

“Yes, if I have another orgasm, it’s only because it makes you happy.” She took a long inhale, held it, then slowly let it out. She placed her hands on the armrests. I could see her fingers trembling. “And only for really special things, like saving us from a bear.”

“How about when I find a girlfriend?”



“Maybe ... or ... I think just my breasts would be good enough for that.” Mom stood up and unbuttoned her jeans. I watched in awe as she shimmied them down her legs.



“What about when I get engaged?”

“You won’t want your old mom anymore when that happens.” She stepped out of her jeans, folded them neatly, and placed them on the hearth. She bent over as she did this, giving me a great view of her perfect, round ass.

“I won’t ever get married if there’s no reward in it.” I stood up, too. But I didn’t move over to her. I wanted to see what she’d do next.

“Don’t say things like that, Logan. That’s not reasonable.” She pulled her panties down, stepped out of them, and put them on top of her jeans. Wearing only socks, she walked into the kitchen, grabbed a dishtowel, and came back. “I don’t know if I can keep giving you these sorts of rewards. Especially when you’re engaged. But I promise I’ll make you very happy when that big moment happens.” She put the towel down on the armchair, sat, and scooted her hips so her butt was right on the edge of the seat. She spread her legs. “Go on. Take your reward for the bear before I change my mind.” Her gaze was on my chest. Her expression was all nerves and drunk excitement. She shut her eyes tightly, and pressed her lips together.



“You’re not going to watch?” My heart thundered in my chest as I moved over to her and knelt on the floor between her legs. The last time I’d gone down on her, I’d been on the opposite side of her and hadn’t seen much of her pussy. Now, I could see it flowering in all its firelit glory. Her pussylips were fat and spread open a little, showing me the pink inside.

"I can't watch ... Logan. This is all ... eek!" She jumped when I gently ran my finger down her sopping crevasse. She scrunched her eyes tighter and winced. "I probably shouldn't have had all that wine. This is crazy."

"Crazy awesome." I slipped a finger inside her. My whole body sung with happiness at getting to feel the little ridges on her pussy wall.

"Oooohhh ... gosh ... ooohhhh ... gosh ... I thought you were only going ... to taste it." My mother's legs trembled.

"Fingers are an important part of this, Mom." I added a second finger and saw her body spasm.

"You ... ooohhhh ... you ... didn't do that ... last time."

"It's harder to put fingers inside from that angle. But I did find your clit." I kissed the inside of her milky-white thighs. My fingers went to the roof of her pussy, looking for that magic spot.



“Okay ... stop talking about it ... now. It’s too much. I ... I ... uuuggghhhhhh ... Logan ... Logan ... what are you doing?” Mom’s eyes shot open, but they weren’t looking at anything in particular. Her gaze was stunned and distant. “You’re touching me ... in a place that ... oooohhhh ... my gosh ... what is this?” Her face twisted, and her hips lifted off the chair and gyrated. “Looogggaaaannnnnnnnn!” She screamed.

“Yeah, Mom?” I pulled my fingers out just in time to see her squirt. I laughed at the beauty of the moment. Most of her juice shot onto the floor, my pants, and some hit my chest. Her high, keening scream was a thing of magnificence. The last time she’d cum, she’d tried to stifle it. There was no smothering this orgasm.



“Eeeiiii ... eeeiiii ... eeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” She tossed her head side to side, her tits jiggling and bouncing wildly on her chest. Her screams turned into odd sounds. “Nnnnnggghhh ... gggghhaaaaa ...” I realized she had gotten to the point of her orgasm where she had the wherewithal to try to stifle her response. She was no longer squirting, but still trembling. Her butt dropped back to her seat, and her hips went quiet. “Logan ... Logan ... Logan ... what ... was that?”

“You squirted, Mom.” I grinned up at her. Her eyes still didn’t have any focus. Her expression was one of stunned confusion.

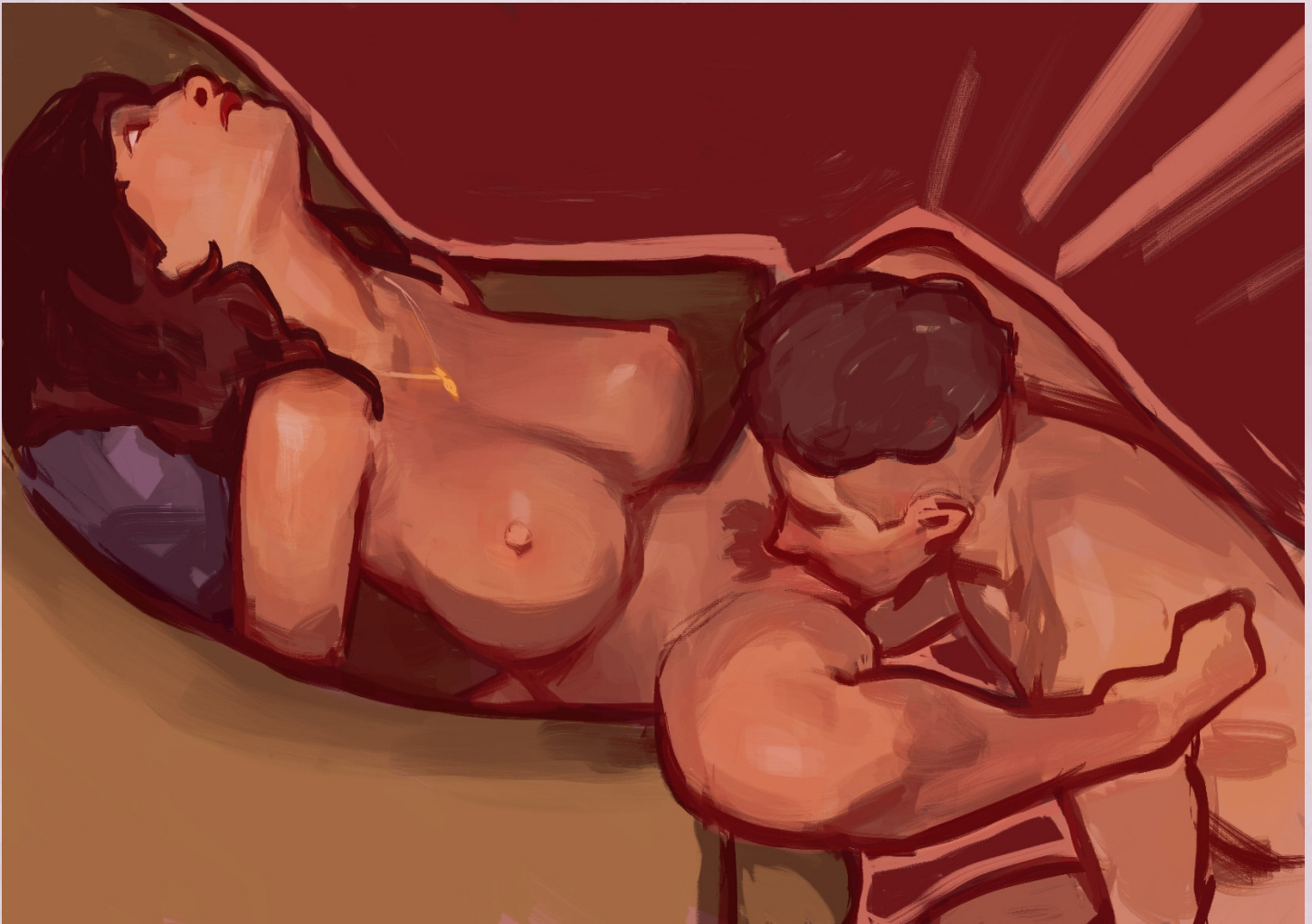
“No way. I’ve never done anything ...” Intelligence returned to my mother’s eyes, and she looked at my stomach where the evidence of her squirting was unmistakable. “Oh ... no ... I’m so sorry, Logan. I didn’t mean ... mean to.”

“Are you kidding me?” My laugh was good-natured and unrestrained. “I’m living my dream life here. I’d save you from a million bears for this.”

Mom cocked her head and gave me a look like she thought I was a moron. She closed her legs and put an arm over her boobs. "Okay, that's enough for now. We need to clean up after ... that."

"But I didn't get to do anything else with you." I put my hands on her knees and spread her legs again. "That would be like stopping Stratego before someone finds the flag. That's a no-go." Before she could argue, I leaned my face in, smelled her amazing, fruity fragrance, and worked my tongue into her slit.

"Ooohhhh ... noooooooo ..." Her legs shot up when my tongue hit its target. She then hooked the back of her knees over my shoulders, pressing her heels into my back. Her hands ran through my hair. "I'm ... ooohhhh ... doing this ... for you ... Logan."



"Mmmmmppphhhh." I agreed.

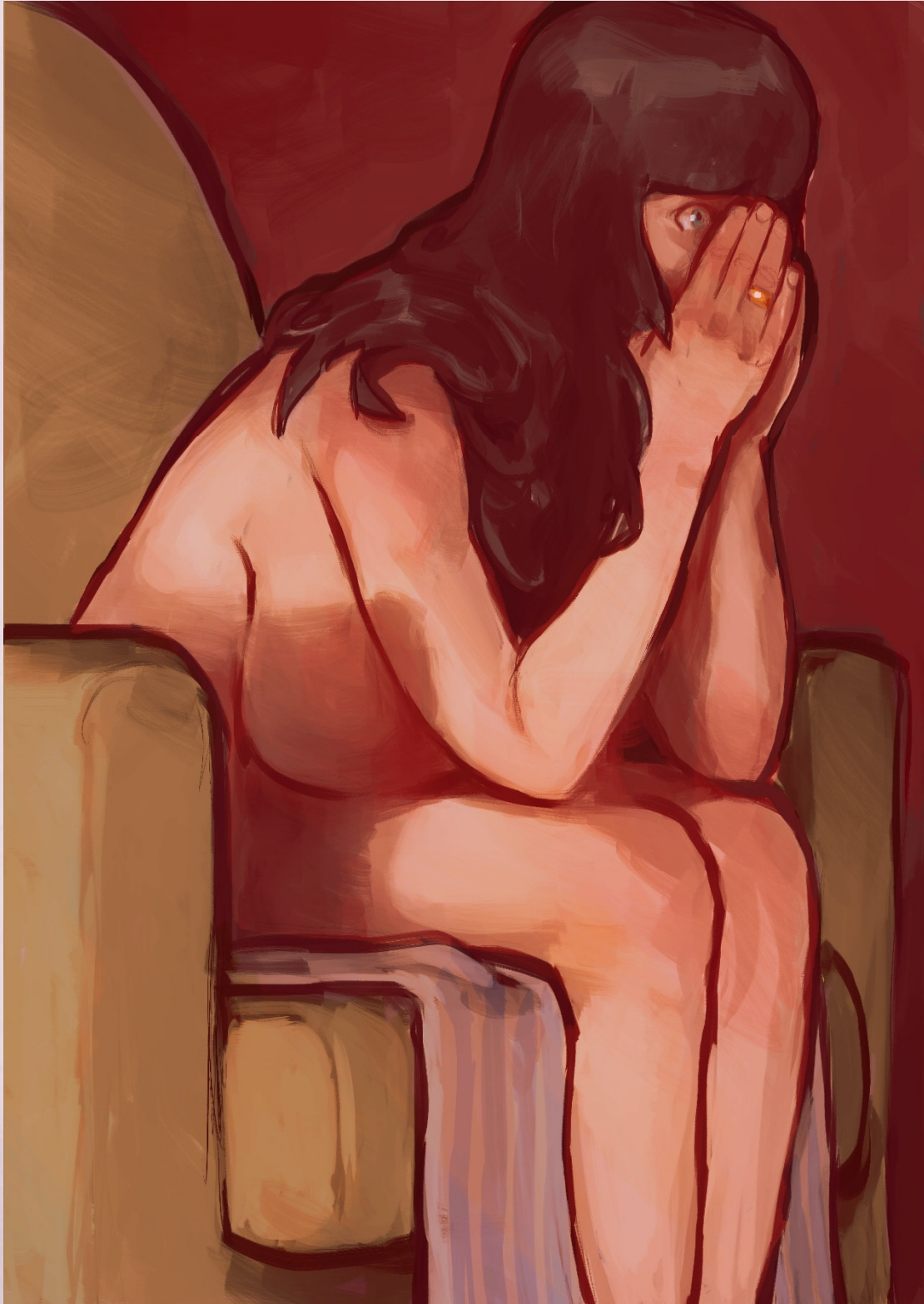
"Oooohhhhhh ... Logan ... I didn't know ... I ... ooohhhhhh." She cupped my head with her left hand, pulling me toward her pussy.

"Nnnommm ... nnommm ... nnoommmm." I moved my tongue upward and found her clit. I could feel her legs tense on my shoulders.

"Logan ... I ... I ... feel funny ... maybe we should ... oooooohhhh ... Logan ... maybe we ..." Her grip tightened on the back of my head. "This is so ... strange ... I ... I ... Logan ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiii." And just like that, she was cumming again. Although, no squirting this time, her body jerked and convulsed in the chair. I reached up and fondled one of her tits, rolling her nipple with my fingers.

I ate my mother out for thirty glorious minutes. She had seven shuddering climaxes. It was the best half-hour of my life to date. The way she babbled, the way she trembled, the wonderful animal noises she made, it was so close to perfection that at one point I was almost convinced it was a dream. But eventually she pushed me away and meant it, so I knew it was real life.

Panting, my mother stared at me. The wind howled around the cabin. The fire crackled and popped. The Christmas tree glowed merrily. Mom continued to gaze at me with what looked like disbelief.



When I started to speak, she raised a finger to silence me. "If you're ... going to ask me to ... return the favor, I want to ... nip that right in the bud. I'm not ... touching ... your little commander ... okay? Only you ... touch him." She looked down at my pants, stained as they were with her juices. She focused her eyes on the tent there. "And ... I want you ... to either take care of it ... in the bathroom ... or douse it ... with snow. I don't want us ... getting anywhere near the ... four-hour mark."

"Sure, Mom." I stood. "I need to take a shower. I'll take care of it in there."

"Will it go down?" She continued to gaze at the front of my pants.

"I hope so." I gave her a reassuring smile, watching her stand, pick up the saturated towel, and use it to gently mop up between her legs. It was just another perfect sight to add to all the memories we were making in that cabin. "Thanks for the reward, Mom. Love you." I walked toward the bathroom.

"Love you too, Logan." Mom's voice was a little shaky. She was drunk and still buzzing from those orgasms. I suspected she'd be buzzing all night.

