

Chapter 16



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 16

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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Despite telling my mother that I would yank one out in the shower, I abstained. The sexual energy was too good to focus anywhere but on her. I washed her cum off me, brushed my teeth, and dried off. I looked at my stained pants and thought this might be an opportunity. Wrapping a towel around my waist, I admired the bulge my still-hard cock made, pushed as it was, over to the left.

When I exited the bathroom, I found my mother sitting by the fire. She was still naked but for her socks, sitting on the soaked dish towel. She looked my way and arched an eyebrow. "Your little commander is still standing at attention."

"No, he's off to the side, see?" I pointed out the obvious profile of my dick.

"You know what I mean. This is serious. The four-hour thing." She shook her head slowly. "I can't keep giving you rewards if your health is at risk. And ... why are you only wearing a towel?" Her gaze moved up to my abs and lingered.

"I need to clean my clothes in the sink after ... what happened." I took my pants and underwear into the kitchen.

"But you have other ... never mind." She stood, looking a bit wobbly. I wasn't sure if her unsteady feet were from the post-orgasmic buzz or the alcohol working on her. "It's my turn in the shower. I want you dressed when I get out."

"It's getting late. I could just fix up the bed while you're in the shower and ... you know ... stay naked for heat." I gave her an innocent smile.

For a second, her face went stern. I thought she might pull back and have us sleep in our separate rooms. But her expression quickly

softened as she studied my bare chest. "Fine, but put on some clean underwear." She picked up the dishtowel she'd been sitting on, held it up, and frowned at the large wet spot she'd left on it. "I'm going to wash this in the shower. I can't believe ..." She shook her head, turned, and marched to the bathroom, her ass jiggling the whole way.



When she had disappeared into the bathroom, I cleaned my pants, put our wine glasses away, and converted the space in front of the hearth into our bedroom. Thinking about it as our bedroom made my cock even harder. The bed was made, and she still wasn't out of the shower. I grabbed a pair of underwear, pulled them on, and got into bed.



“Don’t you look cozy. I’ll be right there.” Mom walked from the bathroom to her room, wearing only a towel wrapped around her boobs. She came back out of her room a minute later, wearing only panties. Mesmerized, I watched her boobs jiggle and nod as she walked toward me. She caught the direction of my gaze and gave me a drunken smile. “Are you still hard?” She pressed her lips together. “What a question. Of course you are, you love my girls too much.” She frowned.

“I’m still hard.” I nodded.

“Hmmm. I don’t want to make you take a snow bath again. The bear could be out there. And it’s dark.” She turned and went into the kitchen to fetch her phone.

“What are you doing?” I leaned on my elbow and watched her. It was surreal to see her in such a normal state, standing in her panties, looking at her phone, her dark, wet hair drooping over her shoulders. *Did I really eat her out? Twice?* The memories were surreal, like looking through the surface of a lake at the cunnilingus below.

"I'm texting your father about the four-hour thing. I want to know if it's really a danger." Her fingers swiped the keyboard.

"You're telling him that I have a hard cock that lasts hours?" That was even more surreal.

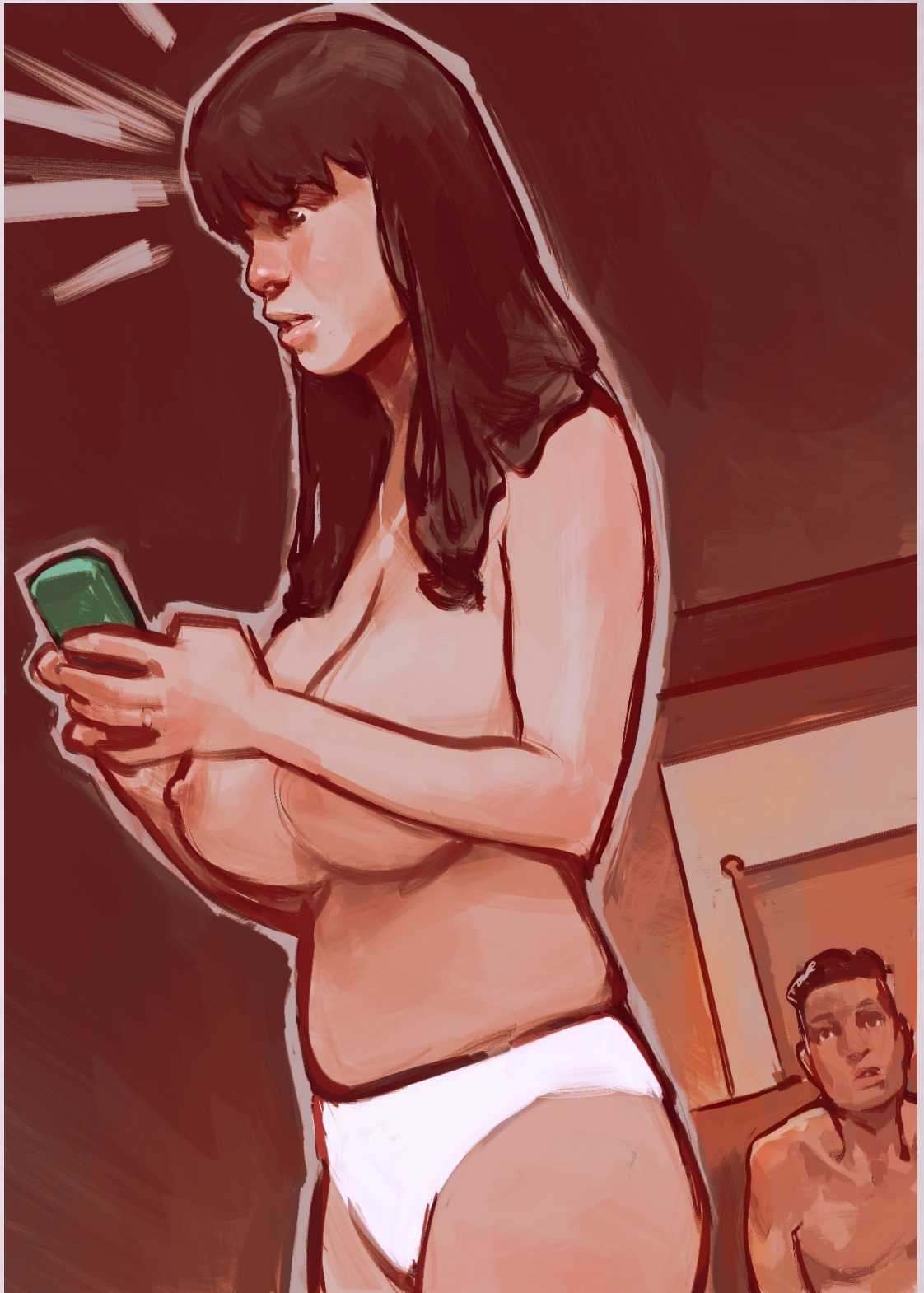
"No, silly. I'm telling him that we were having an argument about it, and I want his opinion. And don't use the C word, please." She stared at her phone. "He says that it is a serious issue and could cause erectile dysfunction. Oh, my. He says a man should go to the hospital if it won't go down."

"It'll go down when I sleep, Mom. Don't worry, come to bed." I beckoned her over.

"Maybe a cold shower?" She swiped a good night to my father, put the phone down, and walked over to the bed. She hesitated.

I took the opportunity and angle to study the perfection of her underboobs. "I *did* take a cold shower." I shrugged.

"Okay ... okay ... well ... I'm going to put something on so that I don't add fuel to the fire." She strode back into her room, coming out a minute later wearing an oversized t-shirt. I assume she still had panties on underneath, but the shirt's hem went down to mid-thigh. She turned off the lights, climbed into bed, and settled next to me. "No spooning tonight. You need to cool off."



“Sure thing.” I rolled onto my side, facing away from her. I was content from an amazing day. No need to push things when she was freaking out. “What if Dad figures out that you were asking about *my* penis?”



“He won’t, Logan. He would never think I’d be insane enough to do all the stuff we’ve done this Christmas. He knows me too well.” She rolled on her side, facing away, her butt barely touching mine. It seemed to me that Dad *didn’t* know her well enough, not the other way around. I was content to ponder the fact that I now understood my mother better than my father did in some ways. Those pleasant thoughts carried me off to sleep.

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"Logan ... Logan ..." My mother shook me awake.



"What time is it?" I blinked my eyes open. The fire had died down, but the Christmas tree lights were still shining merrily.

"It's after midnight. And I ... um ... I woke up and was worried about you, so I checked your penis." She lowered her voice to a hiss. "It's still hard. If we break your penis, Logan, you won't be able to get a girlfriend or a wife."

"It's okay, Mom." I turned to face her. Her eyes were wide in the gloom. There was a vertical crease of worry on her forehead. I tried to give her a reassuring smile. "It often gets hard at night on its own."

"Your father said it was dangerous. Who should I trust, a doctor who's been practicing for twenty years, or someone just shy of their twenty-first birthday?" She put trembling fingers on my arm. I could feel her clammy palm press against my skin. "I trust him on health issues, Logan. Which means we have to do something. It's my fault for getting carried away with your rewards. I'm so sorry."

"There's nothing to do. You said it yourself, it's too dangerous to open the door for a snow bath at night. A cold shower won't work. Fapping won't work. I'm just really wound up. I love you, and I'm living my dreams." I tried out a confident laugh. "I think a long-lasting hard-on is perfectly natural."

“God forgive me!” She squeezed my arm tighter.

“For what? You’ve just been rewarding me for ...” My mind spun away when I felt her hand leave my arm and worm its way under the waistband of my underwear.



"This isn't a reward. Just so we're clear. I wouldn't do this as a reward." Tentatively, her fingers explored my cock. "This is ... clinical intervention."

"Ugh ... okay." I grunted as her fingers massaged under my foreskin. I let her explore and work on me, but she was having trouble with her wrist under my waistband. I pulled the covers down and slid my underwear down to my ankles. "Now you have room to work." I glanced at her face, which was still full of worry, and then back down to my cock. She wasn't pumping me with a steady rhythm. I think she was still exploring it. "Is this what you do with ... Dad?"

"I know it doesn't feel good yet. You're different than him, or those other men I dated. Give me a sec to figure it out." She sat up and stared at my penis as she moved her hand around it.



The air was a little chilly, but I didn't mind laying naked in front of my mother. Mesmerized, I watched her experiment with different strokes and touches. Eventually, I thought maybe I should give her some pointers. "It would work better with lube."

"Well, your father and I weren't planning on being intimate on this trip, so we left our bottle at home." She gave me a quick frown and turned her attention back to my dick.

They need lube when they have sex. She must have been really shocked when she squirted. "Spit would work."

"Absolutely not, Logan. I'm not one of your hussies. I'm just trying to get you soft." She shook her head and kept experimenting.

"Body lotion?"

"I have some of that." She got up, hustled to her room, and came back with a plastic bottle. She squirted some into her hands. "This will be cold."



"I can manage ... aaahhhhhh ... that's better." I watched her work the lotion into the head first, then massage her way down the shaft. "Uggghhhh."

"Try not to make those sounds. It's distracting." She used two hands for a moment, but went back to one hand. She still hadn't picked a steady rhythm.

"I'll try." I thought girls generally liked my happy grunts. But maybe that was the point. Mom didn't want to like this.

"Thank you." She continued with her awkward handjob. "Is this ... good?"

"You're getting there. Try ... two hands. Going from the top ... all the way down the shaft." I pushed her hand away and showed her what I meant with my hands. "You'll want to squeeze a bit, like you're milking it."

"It's really weird ... watching you do that. I've never seen a man ..." The worry was gone from my mother's face. Her eyes were wide, and her lips parted in what looked like surprise or wonder. "Okay ... I think I've got it." She shooed my hands away, squeezed some more lotion onto her palms, and applied both her hands to my cock. "Squeeze ... like this?" She pumped with a steady rhythm now.

"A little ... tighter." I was valiantly trying not to grunt. Her hands felt wonderful. Her tits were bouncing with the effort of her pumping arms. I stared at her t-shirt for a while, watching them jiggle.

"If this ... is what happens when we ... well ... I'm not going to be able ... to do any more rewards with you." She bit her bottom lip, staring at the head of my cock. "We can't do this. Not more than once. Don't expect this from me."

"No ... rewards ... no ... girlfriend ... Mom."

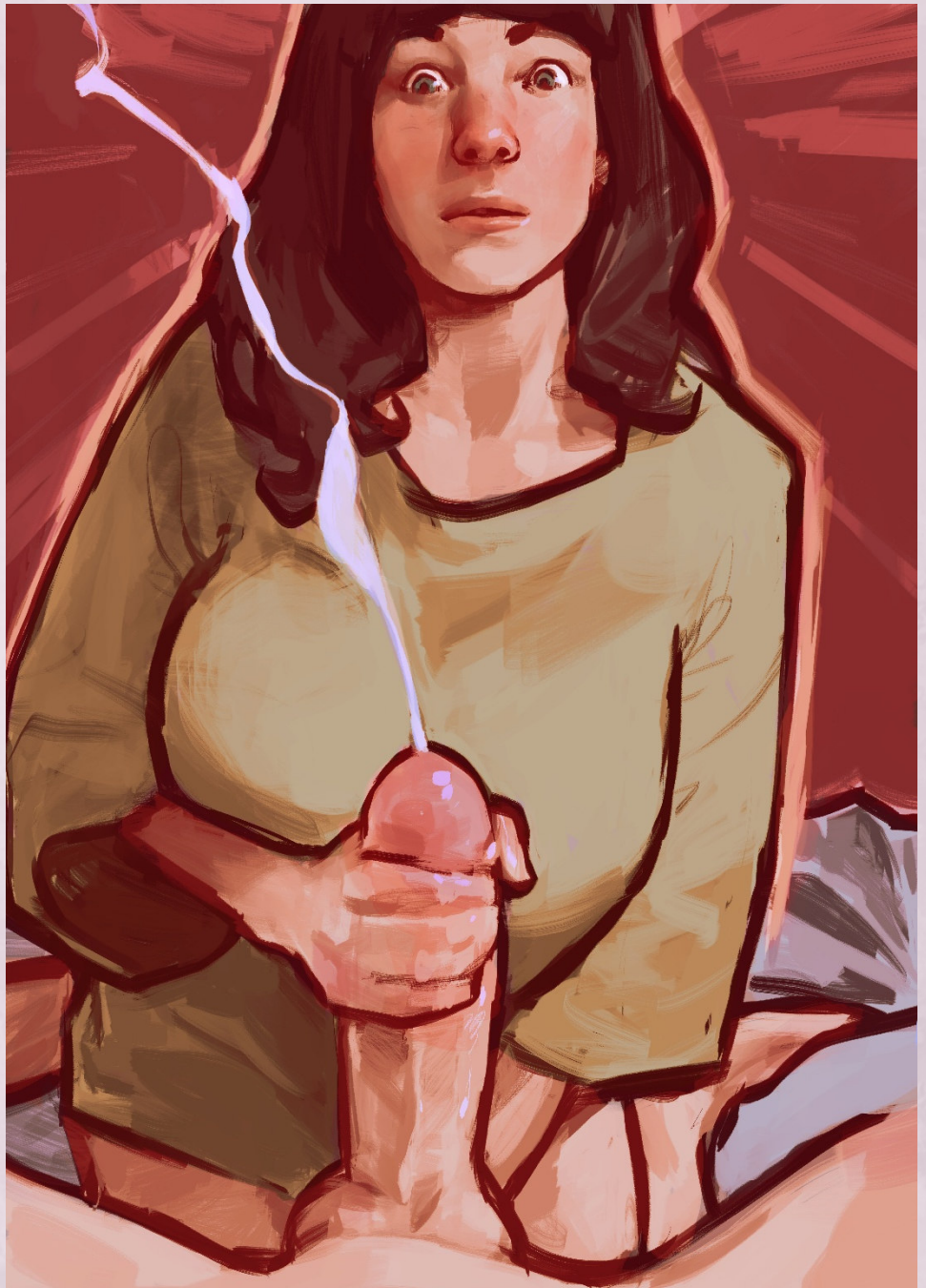
My mother glanced at my face, her eyes full of annoyance. "Well ... that's a problem. You need reverse Viagra or something. Can't you just ... will it to be soft?"

"After ... I cum ... it'll probably go down." I gripped the sheet with clenched fists. The end was near.

"That's another C word I don't want to hear. I ..." Mom's eyes got wider. "Your hole is flaring. You mean ... you're going to finish soon?"

"Yes." I gritted my teeth. "Get ... ready."

"Okay ... good ... finish and we'll be done with ... oh ... my ... Logan ... oh ... my ... gosh!" She shrieked a little when the first eruption sprang forth. To her credit, she didn't let go even as my hot cum came splashing down on her arms and hands. She continued milking me through the orgasm. "Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ..."



“Mom ... Mom ... ugh ... Mom ... uuuuggghhhh.” I finally let some grunts slip out. Sperm landed on the bed and on my belly, hips, and legs.



When my climax had passed, my mother slowly withdrew her hands, holding them out in front of her like they'd been contaminated. "I knew young men made a lot ... but this is ridiculous." Her nostrils flared as she breathed in the scent. "I'm going to wash my hands in the sink. You're going to take another cold shower. I'll change the sheets." She stood up and headed to the kitchen. "When you come back to bed, your little commander better be soft."

"Okay," I said weakly. My mind reeling, I stood and headed toward the bathroom. There was so much bliss from the handjob that I wasn't even worried about all her talk of ending the rewards. That was a problem for future Logan. Right now, I was going to luxuriate in the moment.