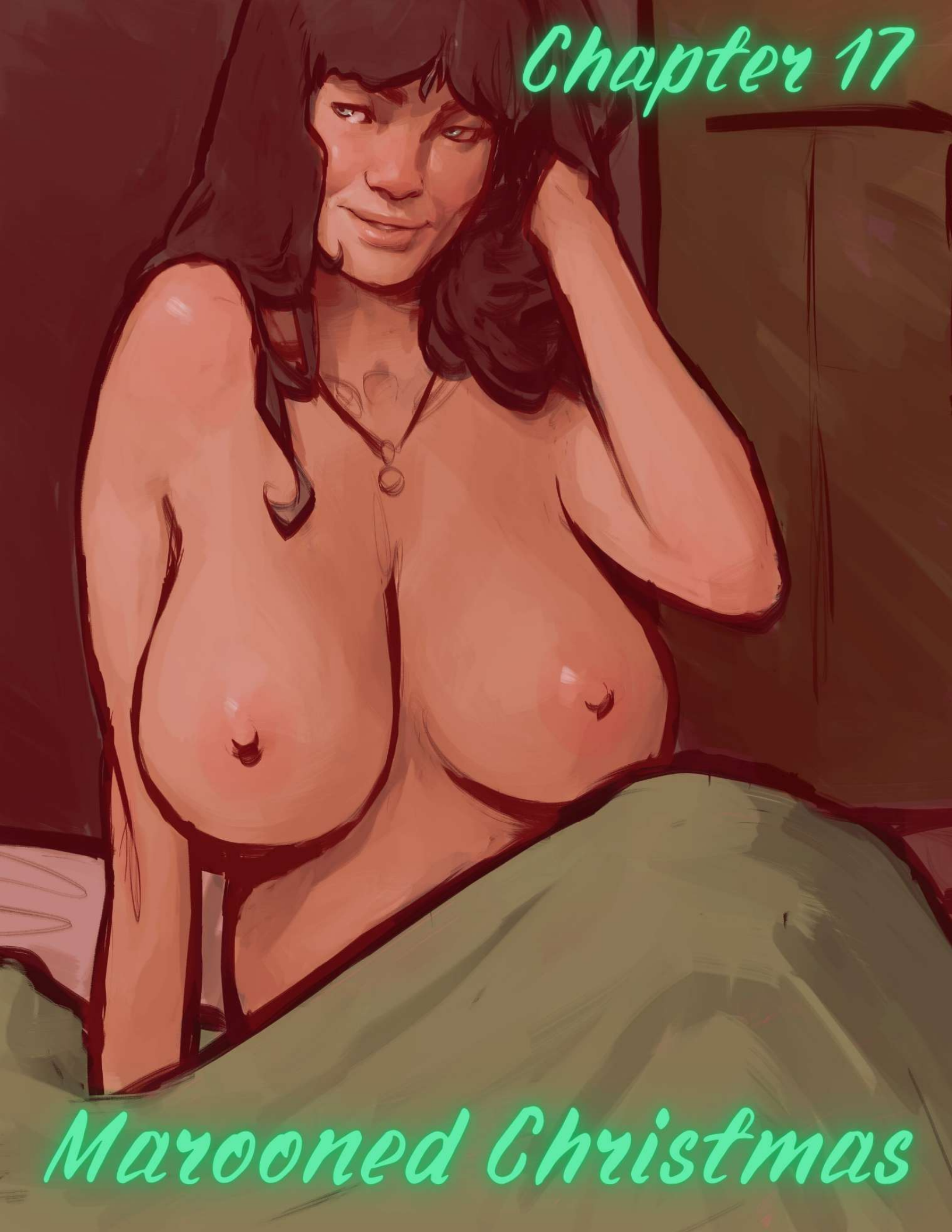


Chapter 17



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 17

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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My cock did deflate by the time I was out of the shower, back in my underwear, and walking back to bed. My mother was already in bed watching me. She got one look at my mostly hidden smaller penis and rolled onto her side, gazing into the embers of the fire. "Thank goodness your little commander finally stood down. My goodness." She sighed. "Never again."

"Yep," I agreed. I got into bed and rolled onto my side, facing away from her. I could feel the tension emanating off her in waves. Now was not a time to push her in any way. "Thanks for helping me. Even though ... I don't think we need to worry about the four-hour thing."

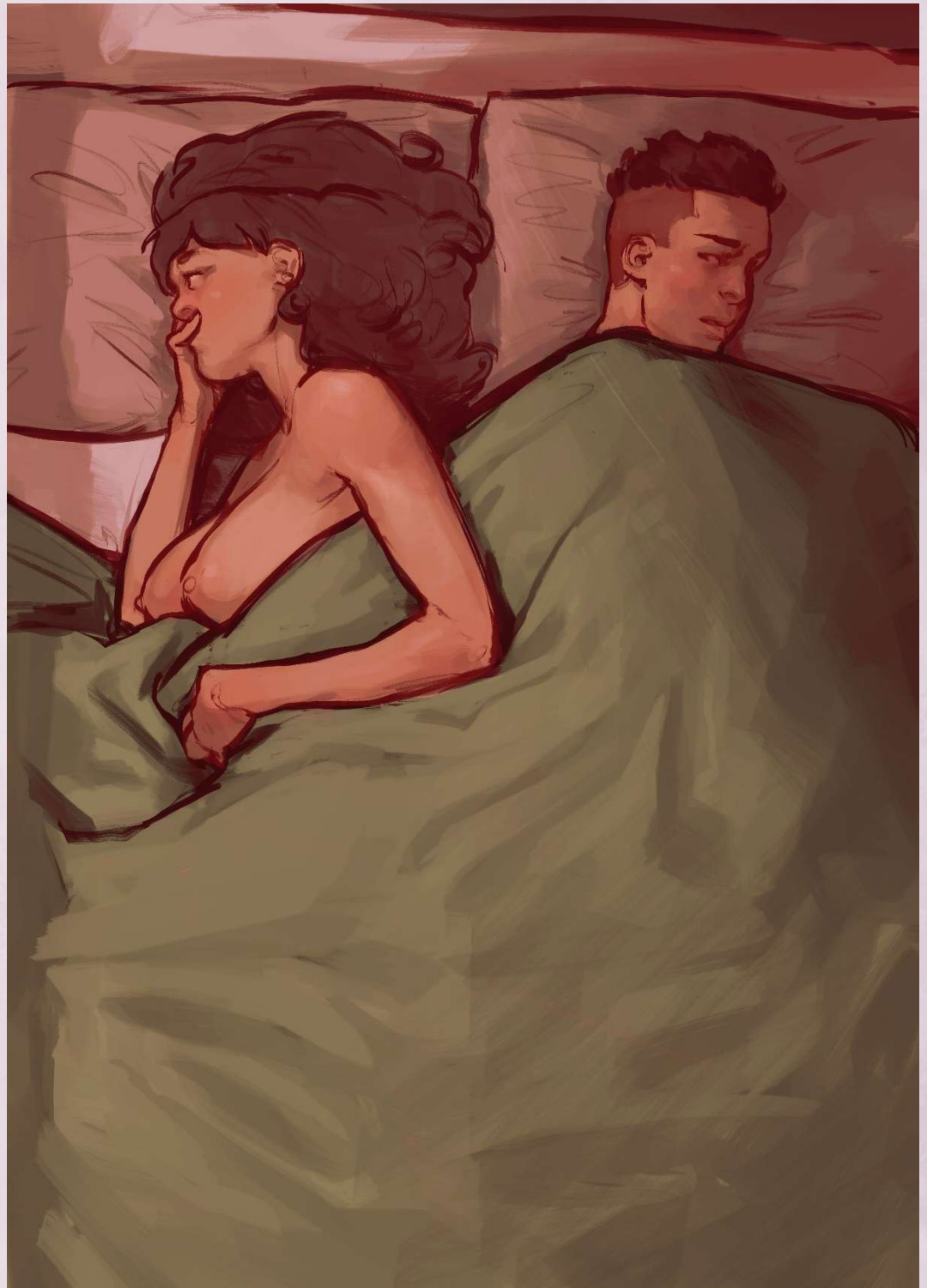
"Your father disagrees. When you get a medical degree, the two of you can debate it. Until then, I'm going with his word on penis health." She scooted a little farther away from me in the bed. "Go to sleep. We can figure this stuff out tomorrow morning."

"Goodnight, Mom," I said.

"Goodnight, Logan," she said.

Soon, we both went back to sleep.

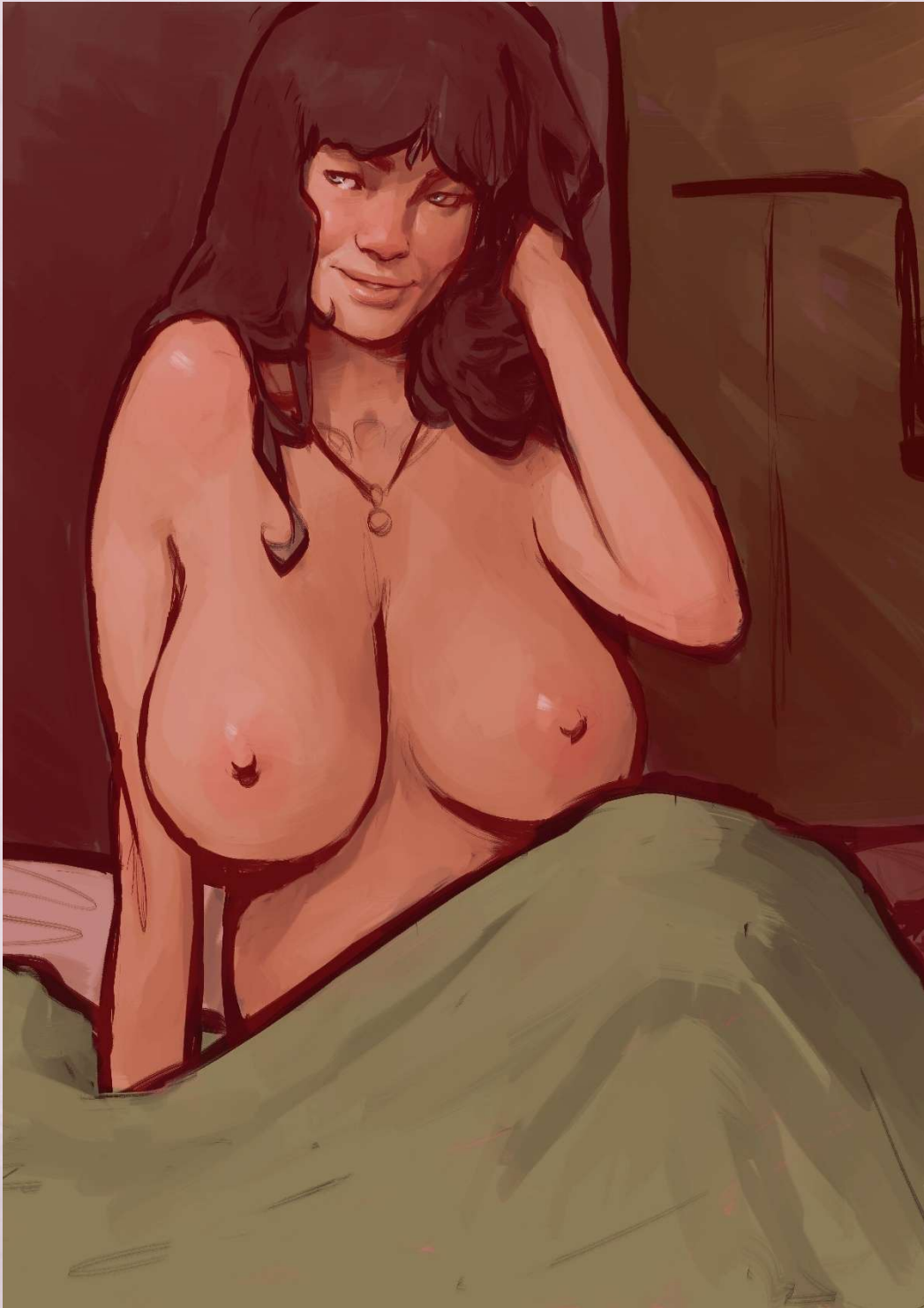
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I woke up first in the morning. I was hard again, what with my ever-dependable morning wood. So, I was glad Mom wasn't awake to see it and freak out. I had no idea how to thread the needle with her rewards and her worry about those four-hour erections. It was clear, however, that the less she freaked out, the better. Maybe there was a way to ease her worried mind.

Quietly, I rose, dressed, and tended to the fire. Wanting to start the day off on the right foot, I went to the kitchen and made breakfast.

Twenty minutes later, Mom stretched her arms in bed. "Mmmmmm ... what smells so good?" She sat up and smiled at me.



"Hash browns." I met her smile. But as I watched, her face fell, and worry etched lines into her forehead. "Don't worry, I'm not hard right now," I said, working hard to keep my own smile from fading.

"I'm that transparent, huh?" Her face didn't brighten at the news. She was clearly worried about something else. It didn't take a genius to figure it was that magical handjob. She crawled out of bed and went into her room. A few minutes later she came out in a sweater and jeans. By the time she got to the kitchen, I was already serving.

"Coffee?" I poured her some without waiting for an answer.

"Thank you." She didn't smile. Her lips were pressed into a grim, thin line.

We sat and ate in silence. I had hoped the breakfast would have put us in the right direction, but that didn't seem to be in the cards. Eventually, we finished eating. I sipped my coffee. I could handle a good long silence, but this was too much. "So?"

"So?" She shrugged.

"So, what's bothering you?" I tried and failed to ask the question with a smile.

"I gave your little commander a handshake last night, Logan. And he threw up all over me." While her words were objectively hilarious, neither of us laughed. There was genuine disgust on her face. "If we'd never started your rewards, I wouldn't know what your thing feels like. But now ... how am I ever going to forget that?"

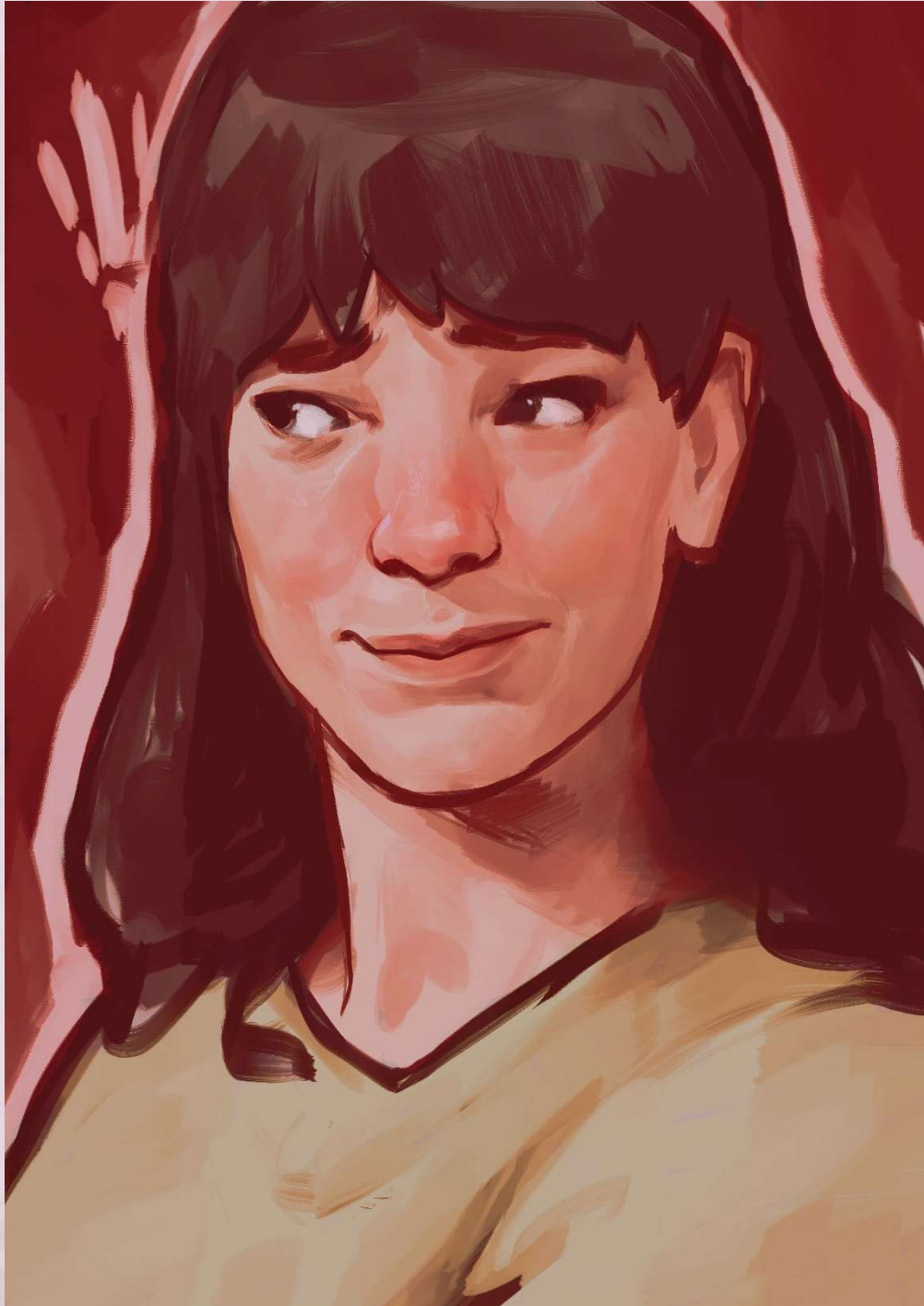
I was speechless for a moment. I tried to recover, knowing that I needed to course-correct our conversation before things got worse. "I ... um ... I ..." I didn't know what to say. "I don't think the handjob is any different than the rewards, Mom."

"Of course it's different. Your hot stuff landed on my arms!" My mother raised her voice, scowling.



“You splashed me pretty good for a reward, too. Remember?” I nodded earnestly. “And just like the rewards, the handy wasn’t for you, it was for me. I mean, you did it to help me. But while you didn’t enjoy it, I did. I thought it was amazing. It was one of the kindest sacrifices you’ve made for me. And it felt so good. You made me so happy. That’s what the rewards are all about, right? I make you happy by doing something like fighting a bear or bringing home a girlfriend, and you make me happy by satisfying my hormones. You touching me isn’t really different than me touching you. Not in any meaningful way. It’s just an extension of the same thing. And the reason you can stomach any of it is because you love me, and you know how much I adore you.”

Mom’s face softened. “I suppose you did make me ... spray stuff everywhere. And I was okay with that.” Her cheeks turned bright crimson. “Oh, my gosh. I can’t believe we’re talking about this.”



"You taught me to be honest and open with you." Finally, I was able to smile again. I could feel the tide turning.

"Just to be clear, I didn't enjoy touching you. That was completely for you." A shy grin touched her lips.

"Yeah, that's what I just said. I know. You're not interested in that stuff. But I am. And that's what makes you such a great mom." I stood and started clearing the table. "Thank you for going the extra mile for me."

"So ..." She didn't help me clear the table. She sat, resting her chin on her hands, watching me work. "So, if it's basically the same as a reward ..."



I waited, but apparently she didn't want to finish that thought out loud. I was going to have to help her. "If it's the same as a reward, then we could just add it to the reward list. You know, for very special occasions."

"Logan ..." A quick shiver shook her. "Okay." She stood and removed her sweater and bra, taking her mug of coffee over by the fire. "Do you mind clearing the bed today? I just want to sit and think for a few minutes." When I nodded, she gave me a warm smile. "Thanks, Logan. And thanks for breakfast."

It wasn't difficult to clean up after breakfast, especially with the dishwasher working again. I then dragged the mattress out of the way and set up our game table by the fire. Mom stared into the flames the whole time I worked. I stole glances of her lovely, heavy boobs, but otherwise left her alone.

I took off my own shirt and sat on one side of the game table, setting up Stratego. "You want to play?" I stood and beckoned her over.

My mother looked over at me with a gaze veiled by deep thought. "Oh, you took off your shirt."

"I like when we're both topless." I flexed my arms as a joke, but saw her eyes linger on my lean muscles. "Let me get you more coffee, and then we can play a game." I took her mug from her hands, went into the kitchen, got us both some more coffee, and came back to the hearth. Mom was now sitting at our game table, so I sat on the other side.

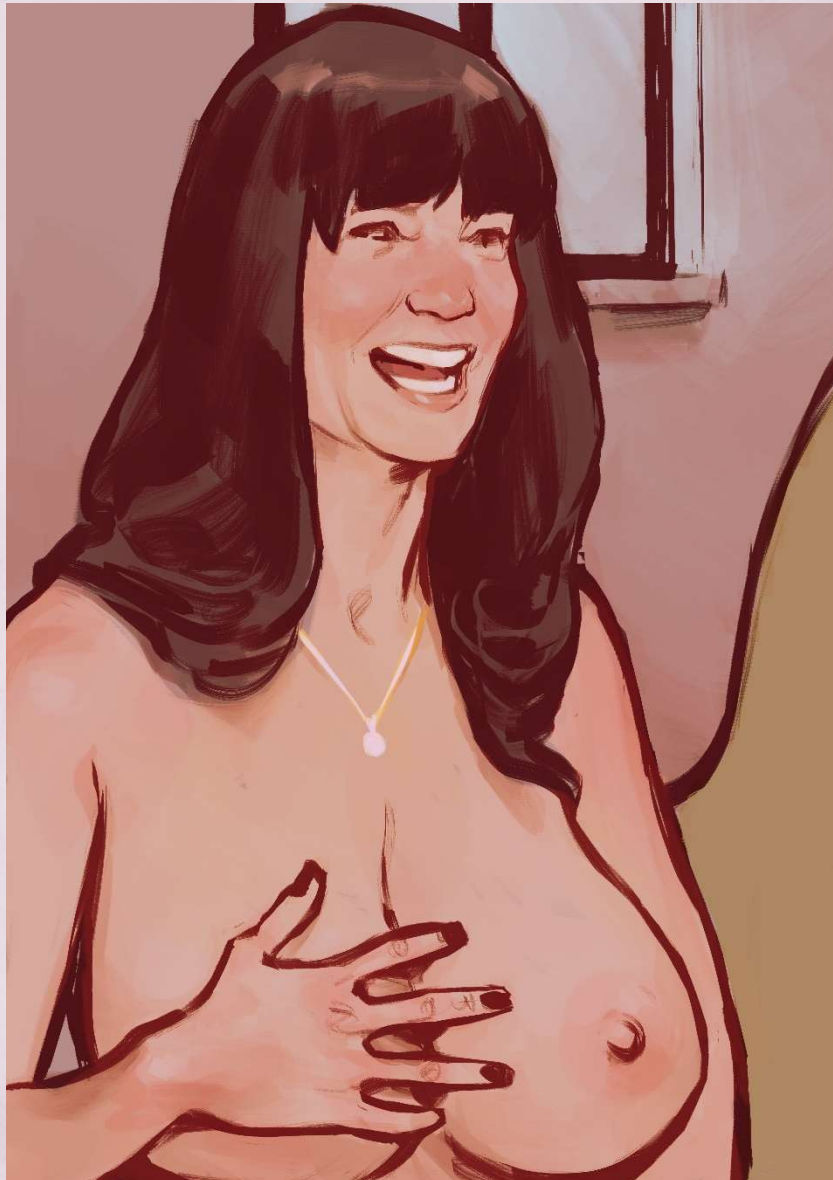
"Thanks for the coffee." She eyed my crotch as I settled into place. "How's your little soldier doing? Is he still soft?"

"Honestly, it's at about half-mast right now. I think the midnight handjob really settled it down." I wasn't comfortable using he/him pronouns for my junk, even if I did think it was cute when she did. "But it's never going to be completely soft when those are out in the open." I nodded to her perfect tits.

Mom sipped her coffee. "Well, if he was all-the-way hard, I was going to offer a reward. You were so sweet this morning with breakfast, clearing the bed, and coffee. I thought -"

I raised my hand to interrupt her. "I have an update. It's hard now."

"Oh, my gosh." Mom burst out laughing. "I should have known."



I laughed right along with her. We hadn't even started our first game, and she was already offering me another reward. My speech after breakfast had been more effective than I'd thought. And it wasn't like I'd killed a bear. She was just rewarding me for hash browns. I was beyond giddy. Briefly, I thought about seizing that joyful moment and asking her for something more than a handjob. But then I reminded myself that a handjob was more than I'd ever hoped for from her, so there was no reason to get greedy. Also, I wasn't even sure if a handjob was on the table. We had just agreed that it was for special rewards. So, I didn't say anything, standing and quickly lowering my pants and underwear. My turgid dick flopped into the open and swayed side to side. This made us laugh even harder.

"This is so ... so weird ... Logan," Mom said between cackles. "I can't believe ... this is our ... Christmas." She wiped tears of joy from her eyes. Her laughter died away. "I needed a good chuckle. I've been so tense since it happened last night." She sighed. "But you're right, it's no different than the other stuff. And it's harmless ... unless you stain my clothes or something."

"There's an easy way to avoid stains." I took hold of my cock and pumped it a few times.

"Don't touch it like that in front of me. It makes my stomach queasy." She smiled when I stopped fapping. She stood and slowly shimmied her jeans down her legs. "You mean, your stuff won't get on my clothes if I'm naked, right?"

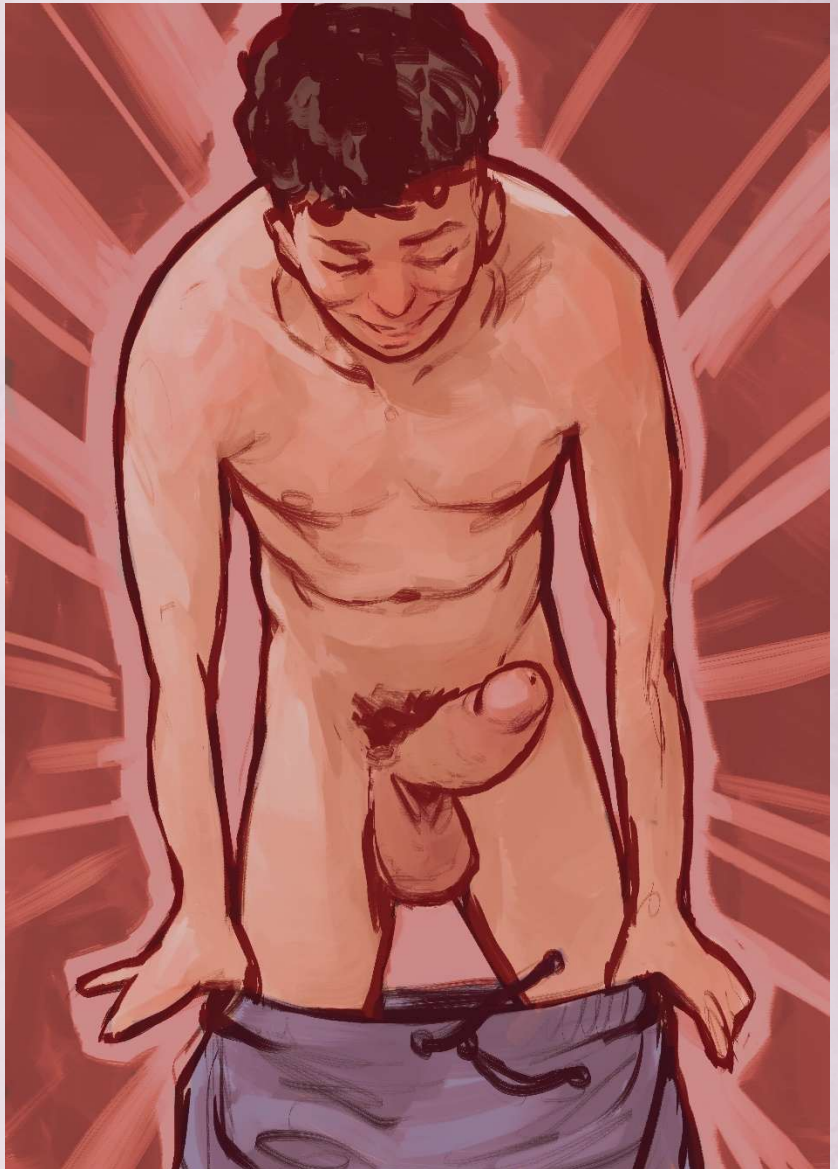
"Precisely." I nodded.

"Does your little commander always look like that when he's hard?" She stepped out of her jeans and nodded toward my cock.

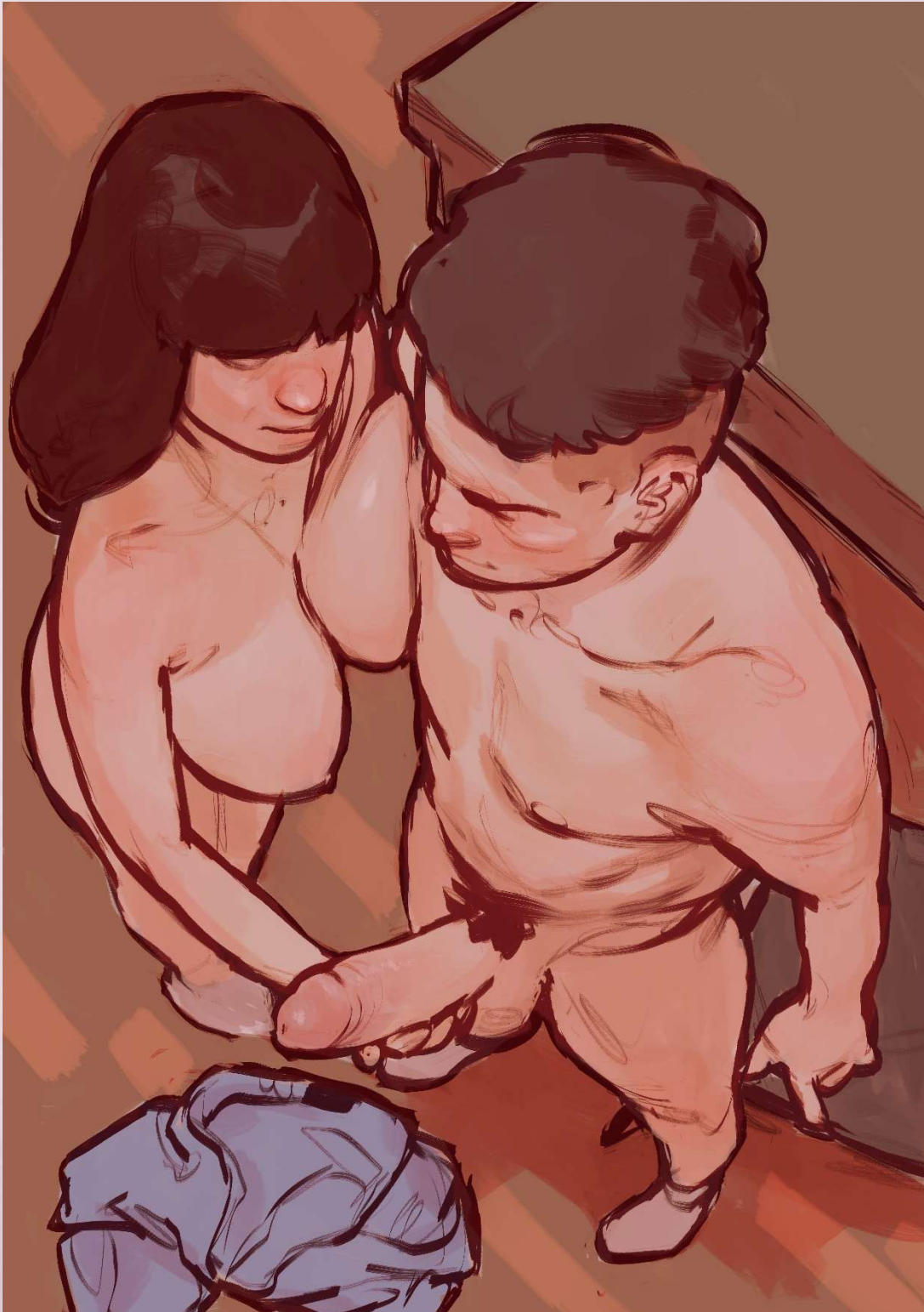
"Like what?" I looked down at my dick. It looked normal.

"I don't know, it looks sort of like he lost his mild-mannered alter ego and Hulked out." Standing in only her panties and socks, she took a step toward me and hesitated. "Like ... you know ... you wouldn't like him when he's angry kind of vibe. He's so big, and the reddish color on the head, and all those veins. I've never seen one like that before."

"It's normal, Mom. I think most of the women I date like it." I stepped around the table and stood with my cock cantilevered in front of me, waiting for her to make the next move.



“Well, I don’t like it,” she whispered, staring holes through my cock. “I only have eyes for your father. His penis is perfect for me.” She glanced up and met my gaze. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to say there’s anything wrong with yours. I’m sure you’ll find a wife that loves your penis.” Finally, she closed the distance between us, stood next to me, and tentatively put her hand on my dick. She let the weight of her hand press down, and of course, my cock held the hand easily. I’ve hung large towels from the thing before. A hand was nothing. “These rewards are completely one-sided, Logan. I don’t want you getting the wrong idea. Your penis isn’t for me.”

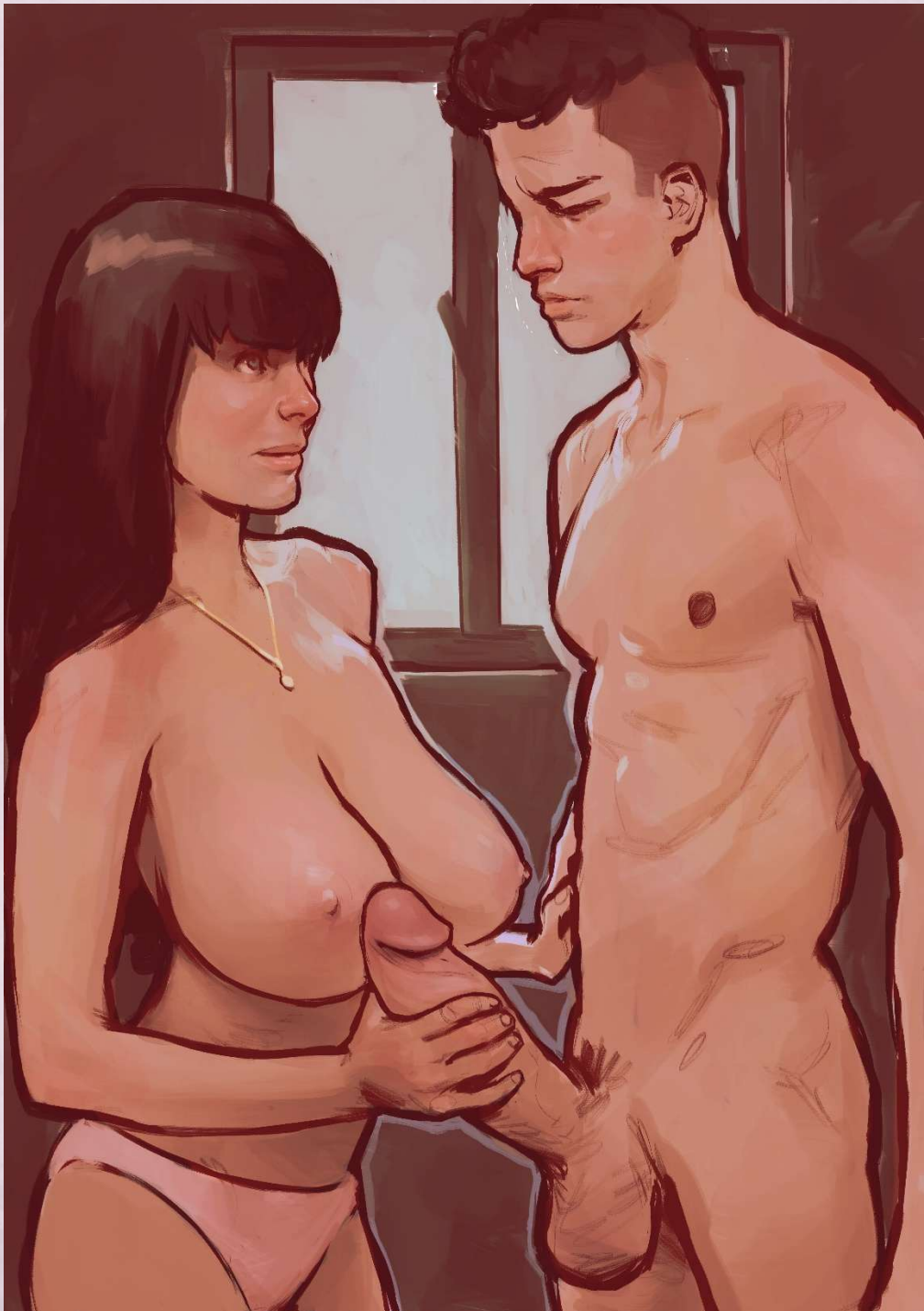


"We've been over this. I understand." I reached behind her and took hold of her ass cheek, gently squeezing and massaging it through her panties. Her boobs pressed snugly against my arm. I was in heaven.

"You really like my butt, huh?" She whispered.

"It's amazing." I was grinning like an idiot. I couldn't believe my luck. Or maybe it was my skill. Whatever it was, I couldn't believe it.

"Well, I think you'll like this, too." Gently, she pulled down my foreskin and rubbed my glans. "Last night, I didn't really know what to do with it at first. But I think I figured it out. You're not *that* different from your father." Carefully, she coiled her fingers around the shaft and moved toward the base. Soon, she was pumping. "Do you need me to get my lotion?"



I didn't want to break the moment, so I shook my head.

"Oh, gosh. You want spit again, don't you?" She was still whispering because her lips were right by my ear.

"I mean ... yes, please?"

"I suppose after everything else, why not, right?" She took her hand off my cock and daintily spit into her palm. "This doesn't make me one of your hussies." Mom put her hand back on my dick and pumped. It made a wonderful slick sound, and it felt marvelous.

"Don't worry ... Mom ... I know ... this is ... special." My whole body vibrated with pleasure. I stared down at her small, feminine hand. My cock made it look smaller than I was used to. I felt an orgasm hovering over the horizon. I willed it away. I wanted my second handjob to last as long as possible.

