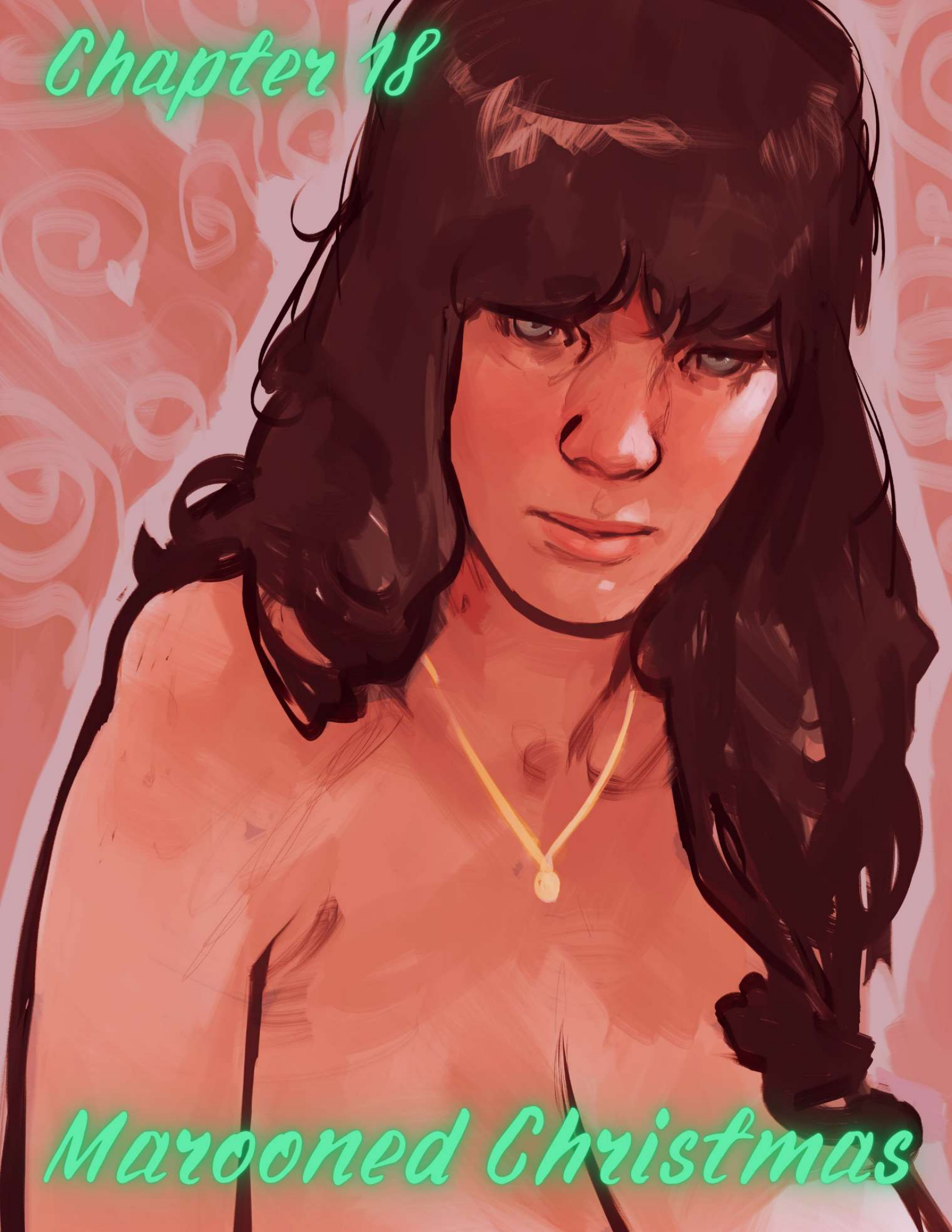


Chapter 18



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 18

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Maybe you should sit down, sweetie," Mom said. She and I were standing next to each other, her tit pressed into my arm. I could feel it wobble with the effort of her arm's jerking motion. Her technique wouldn't put her in the top percentile of handjob jobs I'd had, but having *her* do it was way better than the skill from some other girl. "I thought maybe ... you'd have finished by now." She removed her hand and daintily spit into her palm again.

"Sure, Mom." I did as she asked and sat in the armchair. "I'm really enjoying this reward."

"I'm glad." My mother pressed her lips together with discomfort. She looked down at the spit in her hand, then she looked at my cock, then she looked at the floor between my legs. "I ... um ... don't think it would be appropriate for me to kneel in front of you. I didn't think this sitting thing through. Where should I ...?" She looked at the armrests of the chair like she was trying to figure out how best to proceed.

"You can sit on my lap." I grinned.

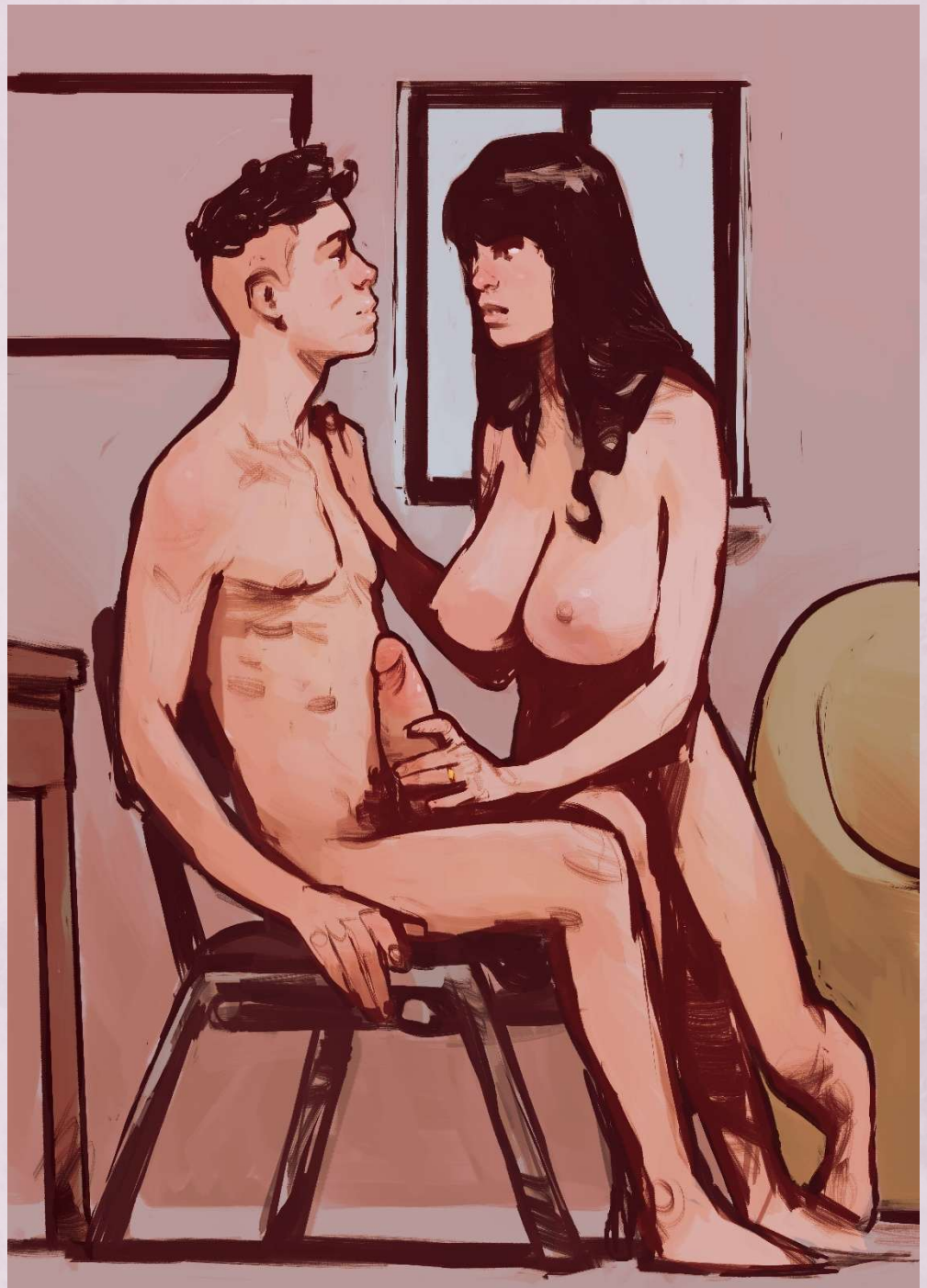
"Never in a million years." Her face went pale, and she shook her head.

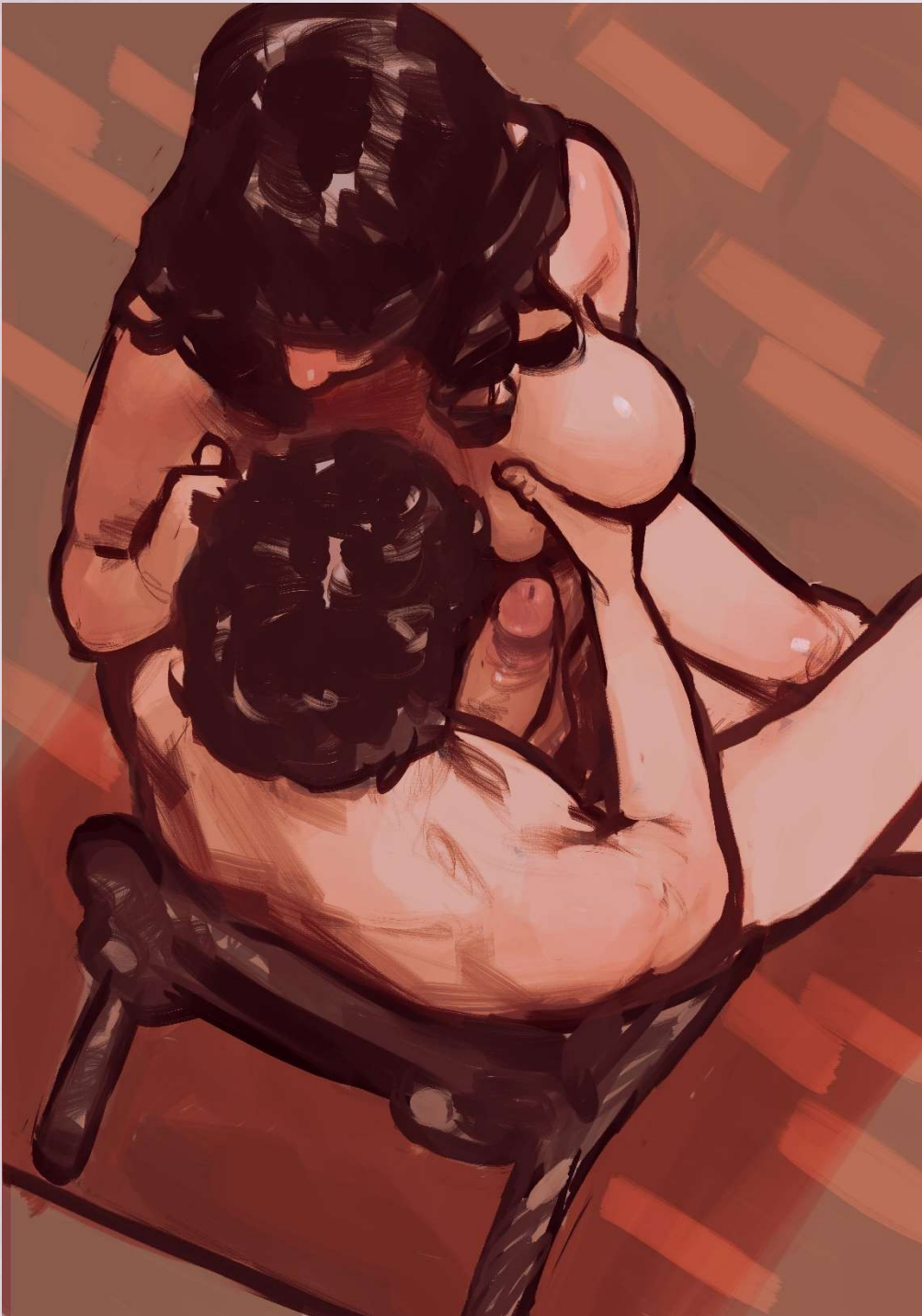
"I'm not talking about sex." I let out a harmless chuckle. "I just mean, you can sit sideways on my thighs. That way, you can do your thing, and I can see your breasts, and maybe touch them, too?"

"Yes, that sounds okay." She rolled her eyes like she was thinking: *What have I gotten myself into?* But she did as I suggested, sitting sideways on my lap. Her hand returned to my dick.

"You're so beautiful, Mom." I played with the tit closest to me, bouncing it, massaging it, and eventually teasing her nipple. When I rolled it between my finger and thumb, her eyelids fluttered, and her hand fell out of rhythm. She continued the handjob but slower and with even less skill.

"Logan ... I hope ... you're enjoying this." After a few seconds, she arched her back and made soft grunting noises.





“Best Christmas ever.” I stopped playing with her nipple.

Mom’s hand sped back up to the rhythm we had before. “I’m glad you’re happy with it.” Her face sobered up. She looked down at the work she was doing with my cock in a serious manner. “It’s so ... strange.” She whispered to herself. At least, I thought she was talking to herself, so I didn’t answer. Instead, I slid my hands down to her belly, enjoying her womanly softness. When I moved my hands down further, she stiffened and pressed her legs together to deny me access. “No, Logan, not while I’m doing the other thing.”

“It’s basically all one reward. I know you won’t enjoy it, but I will,” I said.

My mother raised her gaze from my cock and stared into my eyes like she was thinking things over. I met her gaze, but didn’t say anything. After what felt like an eternity, she sighed. “Okay, Logan. Go ahead.” She spread her legs enough to give me access. “I suppose I really did love that

you made me breakfast. You deserve this.” Her lips parted and her gaze went distant when I slipped two fingers into her pussy. She was so perfectly warm and wet. As I took a leisurely exploration of my place of origin, she dropped her eyes back to my cock again, staring holes through it.

“I like the ridges you have inside. Touching a detail like that makes me feel close to you.” I dropped my voice low. “Like you’re showing me a cherished secret.”

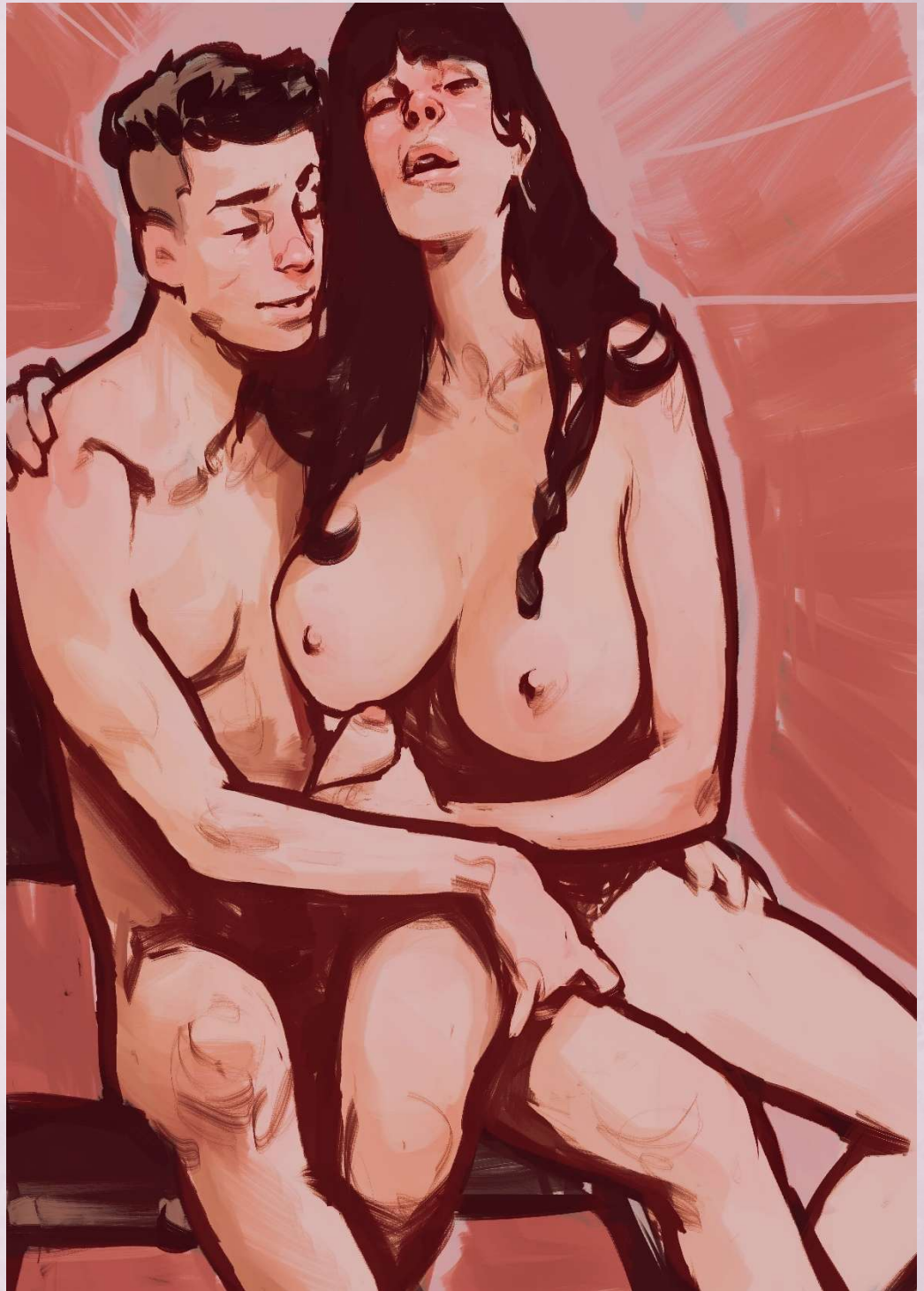
"I'm so glad, sweetie." She rolled her eyes, but her heart wasn't in the sarcastic gesture. "I ... hhhmmmm ... I forgot what I ... was going to say." Her eyelids went back to fluttering, and her back arched again. "I ... uuuggghhhhhh ... forgot ... Logan ... what is that spot? Logan ... that spot ...? Yyeessssssss." She shuddered. Her fapping hand fell out of rhythm again, but I didn't care.

"I'm looking for your g-spot, Mom."

"The ... g-spot ... is ... a ... it's a ... oh ... my ... Logan ... I ... I ... eeeeeeiiaiiiiii." She threw her head back and shrieked.

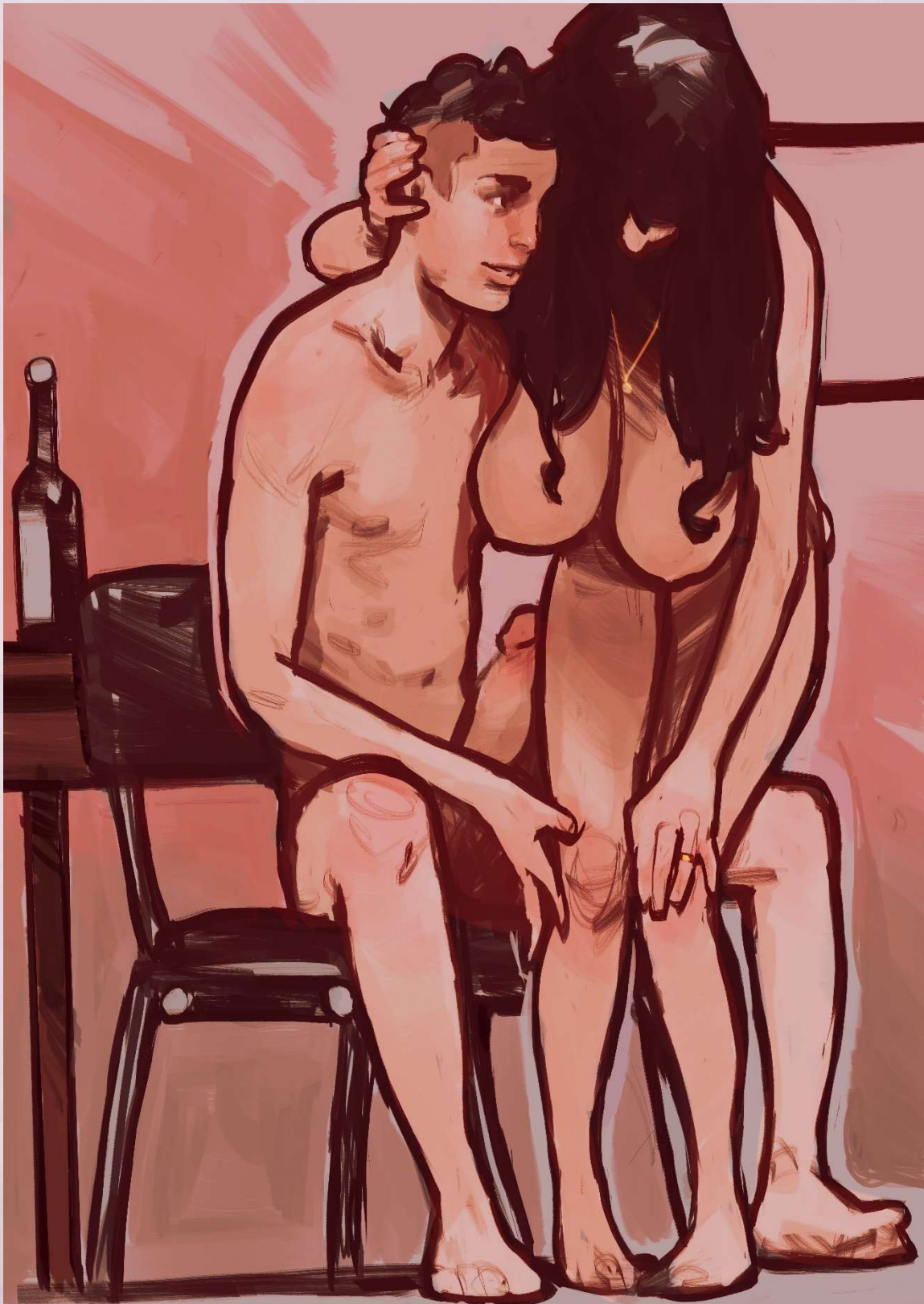
I'd found her hidden button on the roof of her pussy. I let her cum for a few seconds, then I removed my fingers, allowing her to squirt for the second time in her life. She lifted her butt off my thighs. Her body shook, and her hair whipped back and forth. She stopped squirting and settled back down to my lap, only to be hit with what looked like a massive after shock.

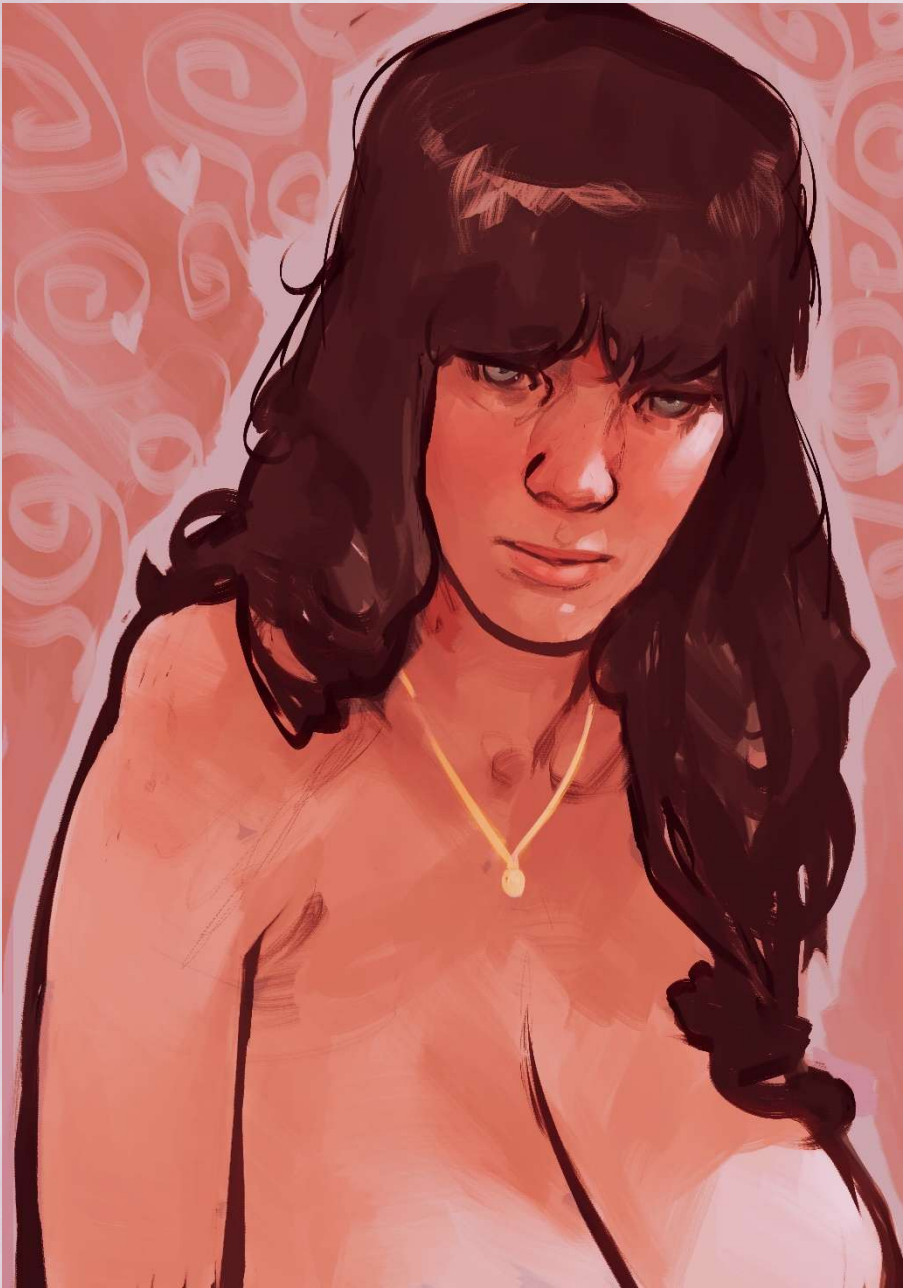
"Loogggaaannnnnnnn!" She thrust her hips into the air and squirted again. "Oooooohhh ... goooosshhhhhh." Her face turned toward me, and I could see her beauty twisted up in the most wonderfully alluring ugly way. All I could see were the whites of her eyes.



"Cum, Mom." My voice was a whisper.

"Okaaaayyyy ... okkkaaayyyy ... swweettie." She stopped squirting, and her body quieted. As she settled back onto my lap, she had the most blissful smile on her lips.





Her hand found my dick and went back to work, although I don't think her mind was actually working well enough to tell it what to do yet. That she was automatically jerking me was a very good sign. Mom gazed at me through half-lidded eyes. "If you can do ... that ... to any woman ... you should have ... no trouble ... finding a girlfriend ... to bring home."

"You say that. But you still don't like it?" I went back to playing with her boob.

"I mean ... I ..." Her gaze cleared. She eyed me closely, but her hand didn't slow its pumping. "What you just did felt nice, but I don't like it because it's coming from you. How could I? But maybe I can teach your father how to touch me like that. He's a doctor, I'm surprised he doesn't already know about that ... g-spot."

"But you don't mind it as a reward?" I rolled her nipple and got her to wince with pleasure.

"This is getting ... too ... weird. Just ... finish up ... and we can clean up and ..." She looked at the arm of the chair where she'd sprayed. "Oh ... gosh ... I hope there's stain remover here. Your father really likes this armchair. I hope

I didn't ... ruin it." She reached over her body and put her other hand on my cock. She pumped with a technique that still wasn't perfect, but showed real improvement.

"Don't squeeze it ... so hard." I gritted my teeth, staring at her parted lips. I desperately wanted to kiss her but knew that was a bright red line.

She eased her grip. "Like this?"

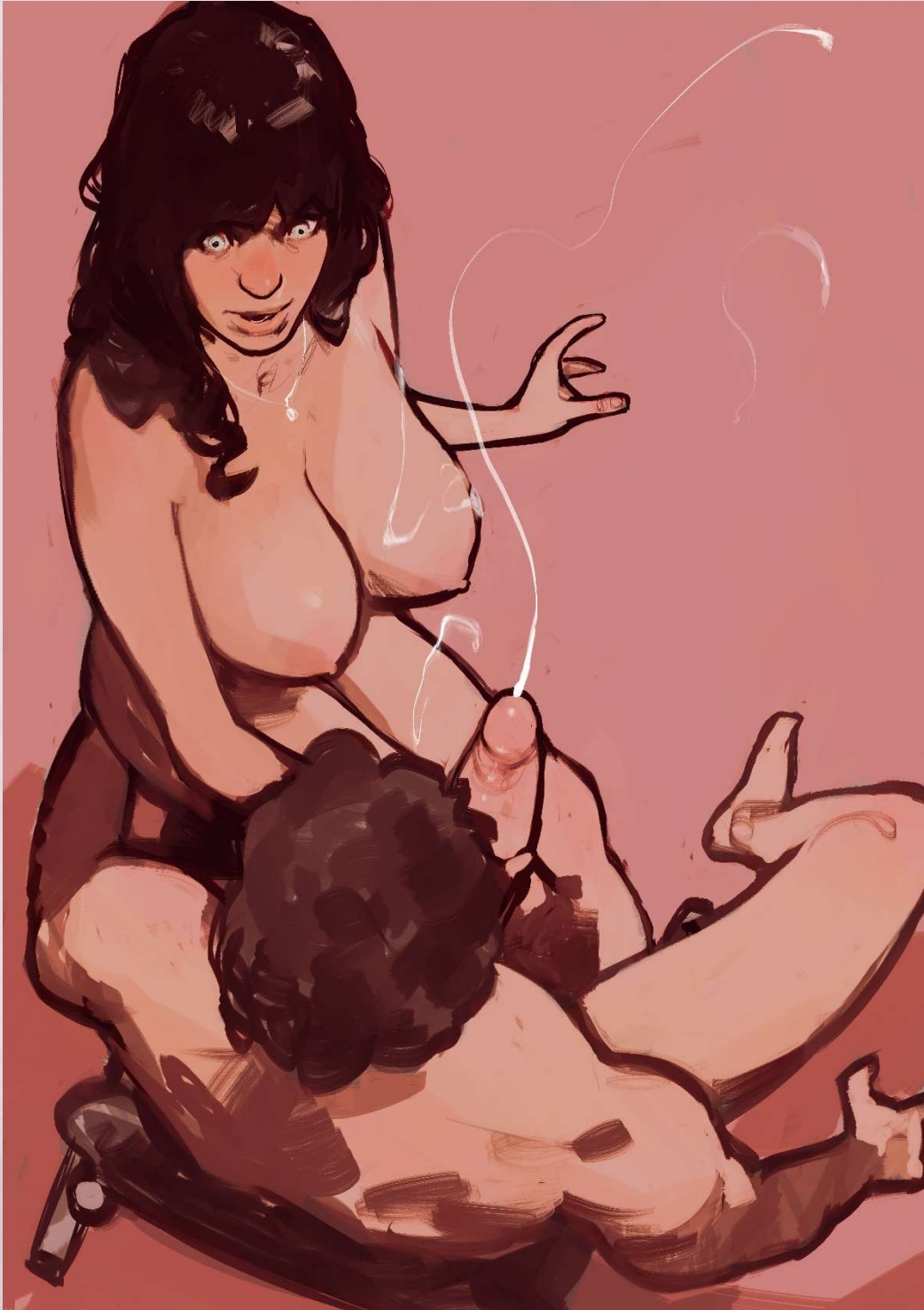
"Great ... uuuggghhhh ... now ... more spit." Ecstasy shot through my nerves.

"Okay." She leaned her mouth toward my dick. The movement was awkward since she was sitting sideways and using both hands. For a moment I thought she was going to upgrade this reward to a blowjob. I almost came at the thought. But instead, she spit down onto my cockhead. The sweet squelching sound of her work got louder as her saliva slid down between her fingers. "Finish ... up ... Logan. My arms are getting tired."

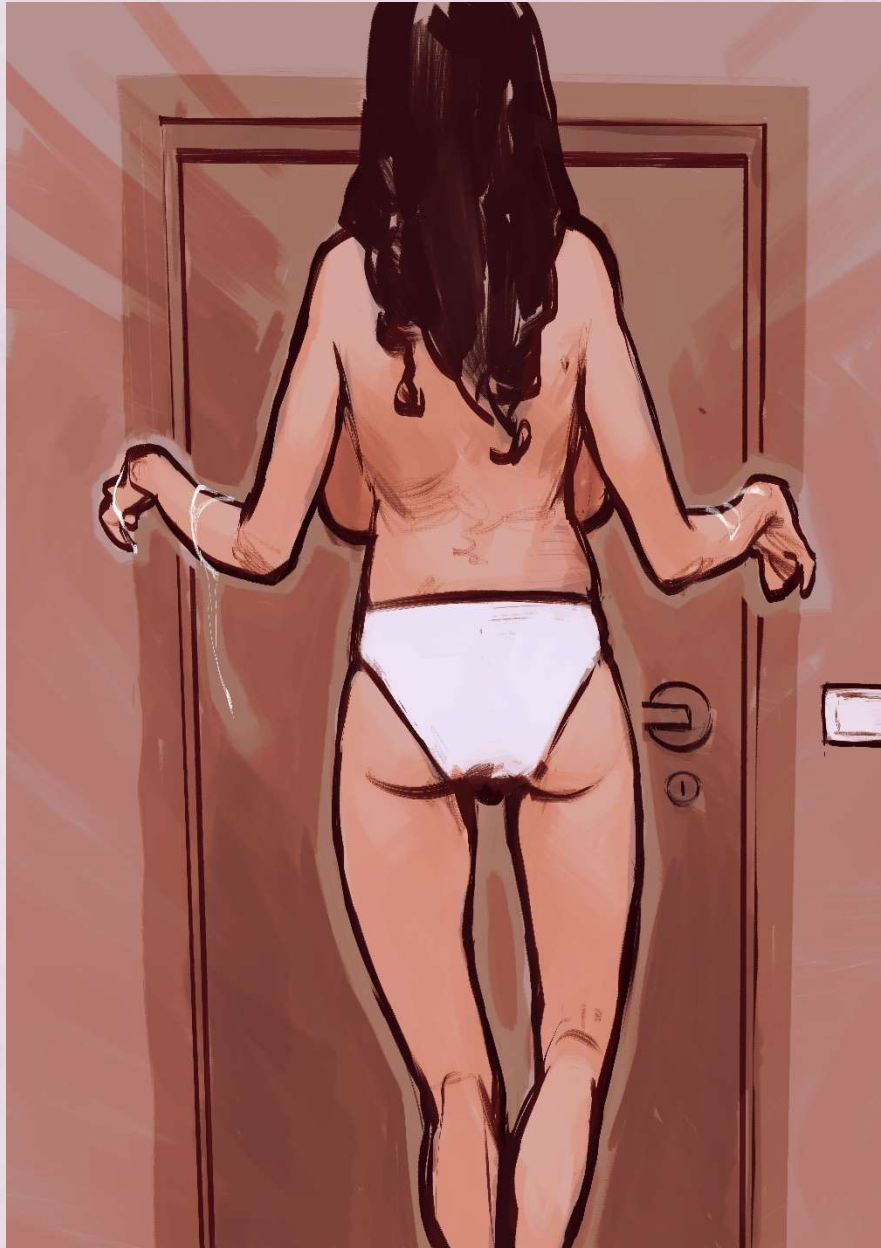
I wanted something more. Some high to finish on. I reached my hand down her back and found her ass. She didn't react to my gripping her cheek. I had done it lots before. But her eyes went wide when my finger found her asshole and gently massaged it without going in.

"Logan!" To her credit, she still didn't stop jerking my cock.

"Uuuggghhhhhh ... Mom ... I'm ... aaaaaaahhhhhhhh." I stared at her startled face as I came, shooting jets of cum into the air. By the time I was done, her arms were covered. As were her thighs, a few shots on her boobs, and a small splatter on the chair of the arm she'd already sprayed. My orgasm peaked and fell back to earth. Eventually, her hands slowed to a stop. I found that I was staring at her tits again. When my gaze traveled to her face, she was staring into my eyes with intensity. "Mom?"



“There now, that was more than enough reward for breakfast. I hope you enjoyed it.” Slowly, she got off my lap, moving like the cooling cum on her skin disgusted her, not wanting to touch it. “I still can’t believe how much ...” She shook her head. “I’m going to go take a shower. See if you can find a cleaner for the chair.” She glanced at my still standing cock. “And make the little commander go down. I don’t want him in the danger zone.”



“Sure, Mom.” I nodded but didn’t move. I was practically melting into the chair, all my nerves still sizzling from that orgasm. I watched her walk to the bathroom, wondering what her ass would look like covered in cum. It was pretty sweet as it was, jiggling and rolling with each step. But some sperm would be the perfect frosting on top. I watched her disappear behind the bathroom door. After a few minutes of sitting and staring into the fire, I got up and looked for some fabric cleaner.

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It was almost lunchtime, and we were playing Stratego. I was dressed. Mom was wearing a snug shirt with no bra and jeans. I didn't mind the shirt. It was a good change of pace to watch her boobs shake through some fabric. Almost like old times. Except, of course, those same tits had recently been contaminated by my cum. I smirked, admiring the faint outline of her nipples.

"Don't smile like that, you haven't beat me yet." Mom sipped some coffee and thought about her next move. She glanced at my crotch. "Is he still soft?"

"Yes, ma'am." I saluted her.

She took hold of a piece and moved it on the board. "I want to talk to you about something."

"Seems like we can talk about anything, Mom. As much as I like the rewards, I think I like how close we've gotten even more." I gave her a warm smile.

My mother blushed and didn't meet my gaze. "Sheesh, now I feel like a jerk for saying this ... but you can't touch my butt anymore."

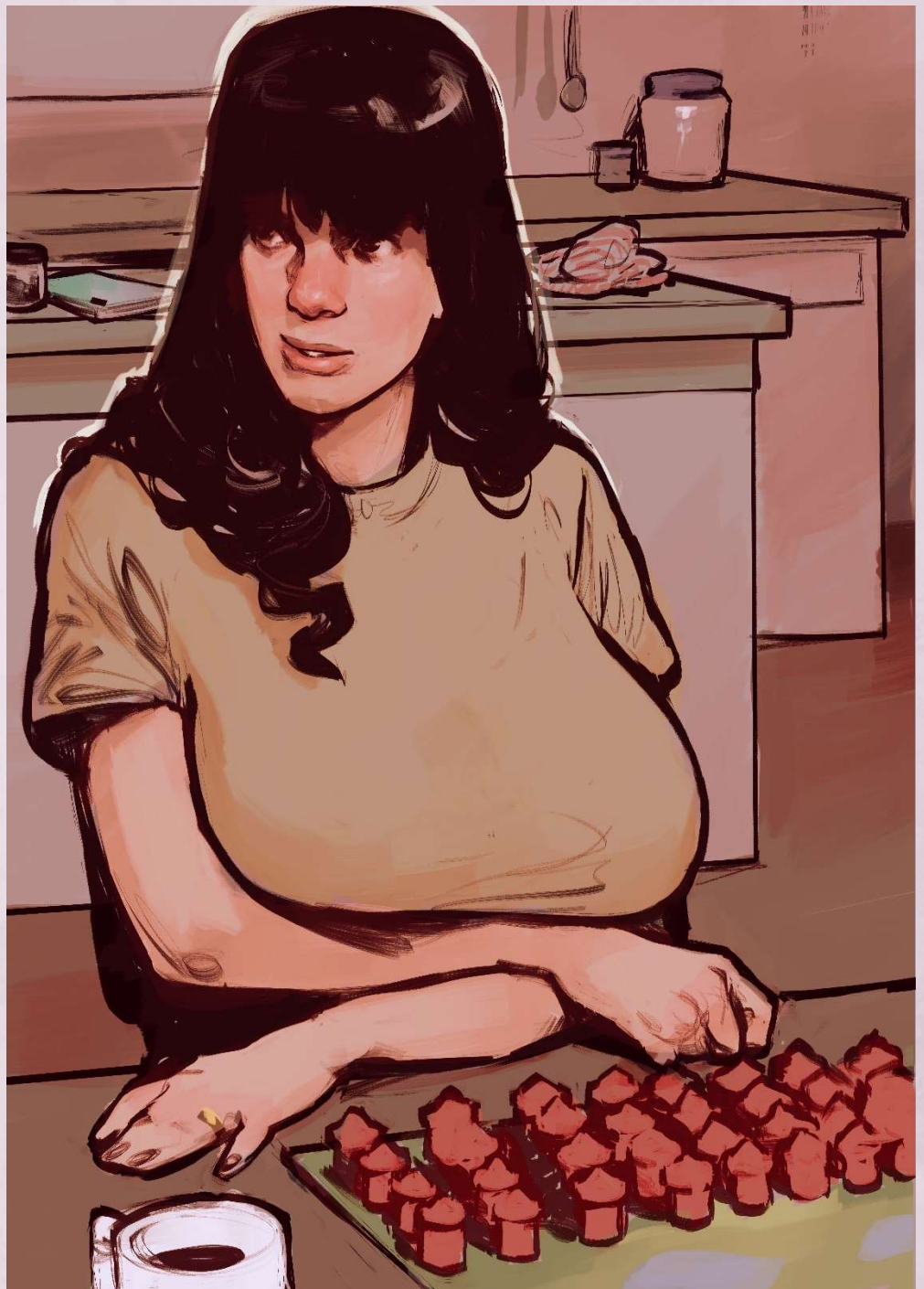
I frowned. "I thought you said your butt was okay."

"No ... you can still touch my butt. Just not ... you know ... the hole. That was too weird. Even your father never touched me there." She gazed into the fire and sipped her coffee.

"But I really liked it. And we're doing all sorts of stuff you and Dad don't do. What's one more thing?" I picked up my spy and moved it.

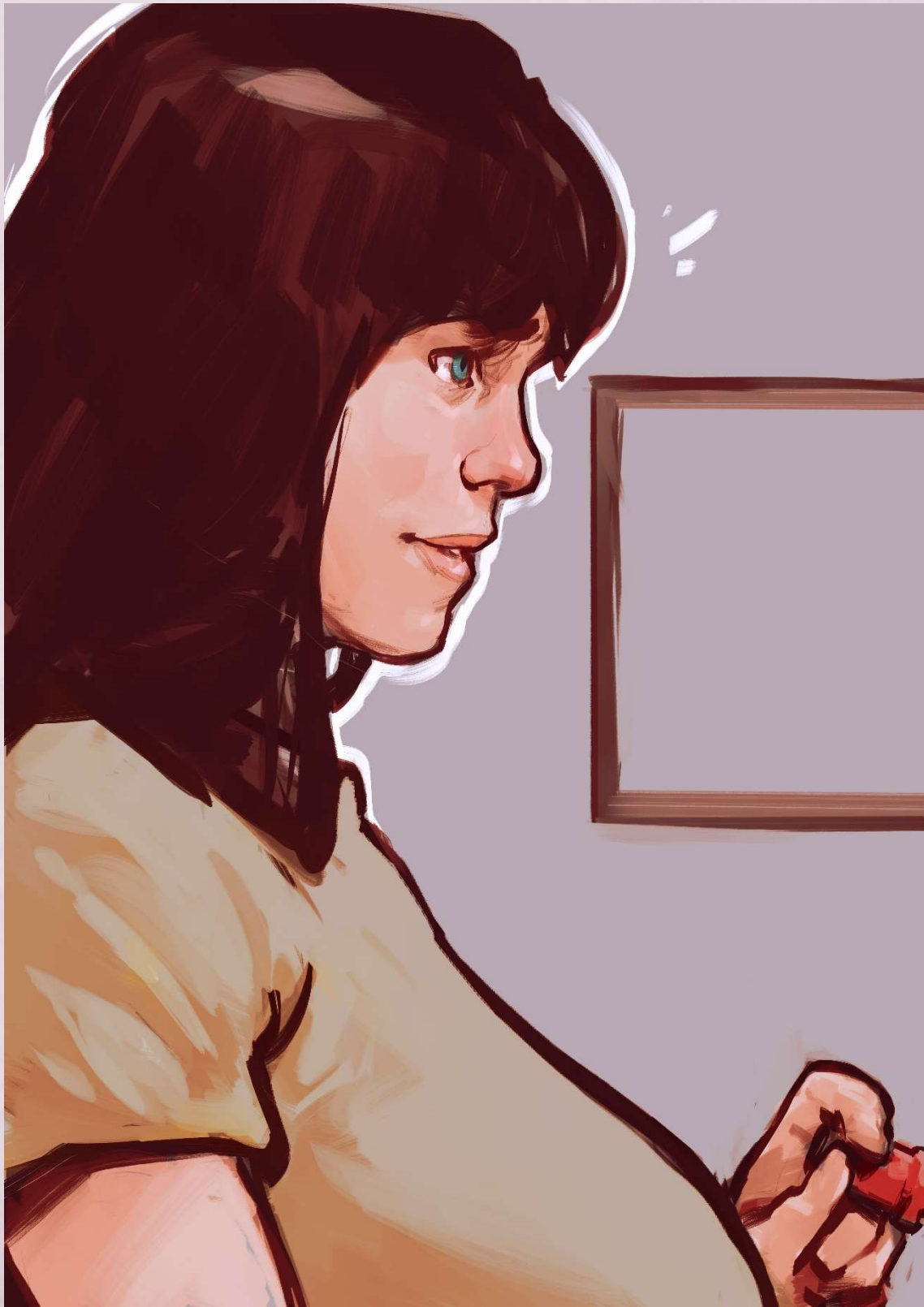
"It was ... a really intimate touch, Logan," she whispered, still not looking at me. Her nipples were now fully visible through her shirt. Her high-beams were suddenly on.

"More intimate than the other stuff? I didn't even put my finger inside." I decided I wasn't going to lose this argument. I wanted to touch her asshole again. I needed to.



"I mean, I found your g-spot inside your ... you know. And that was okay."

My mother's cheeks turned an even brighter shade of crimson. She finally met my gaze. I wasn't used to my mother looking shy, but she had an air of bashfulness about her. She moved her piece on the board.



I moved to take a different one of her pieces.

"It's a bomb, Logan. Show me your piece." She held out her hand and took my colonel from me. "Okay, then." She took a deep breath and let the air out slowly. "You can touch it again. But you have to tell me beforehand so I can make sure I'm ready."

"Sure," I said eagerly, not caring anymore that she'd taken my colonel.

"And only as a special reward. Deal?" She put the captured piece with its brethren.

"Deal." I nodded.

"I can't believe ..." Her voice trailed off. She glanced at my crotch and then met my gaze. She took another deep breath. "Let's finish this game and make some lunch together. Sound good?" The wind whistled outside. "Oh, gosh. We've been so busy this morning, I forgot about the storm. Do you think it's here?"

I nodded more slowly this time. "I checked my phone before you got up. It said the storm was here."

"Well, hopefully it won't be too bad. Maybe we should check outside after lunch." She looked over at our stack of firewood. We still had a good amount.

"Sounds like a plan." I gave her a reassuring smile. I was more interested in what would happen after we had lunch and checked on the storm.

