

Chapter 20



Marooned Christmas



Marooned Christmas 20

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"I ... uuuuggghhhh ... think that's ... ooohhhh ... enough ... for my butt ... Logan." My mother had stopped stroking my cock. Her hand was still on it though. I could feel little spasms of pleasure through the grip of her fingers. Her left eyelid was practically closed, and her right one was fluttering. Her jaw was loose, and her face slightly twisted. "Sweetie ... I can't concentrate ... with you wiggling ... back there ... and playing ... with my ... nipple. We need ... uuuuggghhhh ... to finish ... this reward ... sometime ... so we can sleep." I had been fingering her butthole and toying with her nipples for about fifteen minutes, and I guess that was enough.

"Sure, Mom." I pulled my finger out of her ass and grabbed a hunk of her ass cheek instead. "You can keep going with my dick."

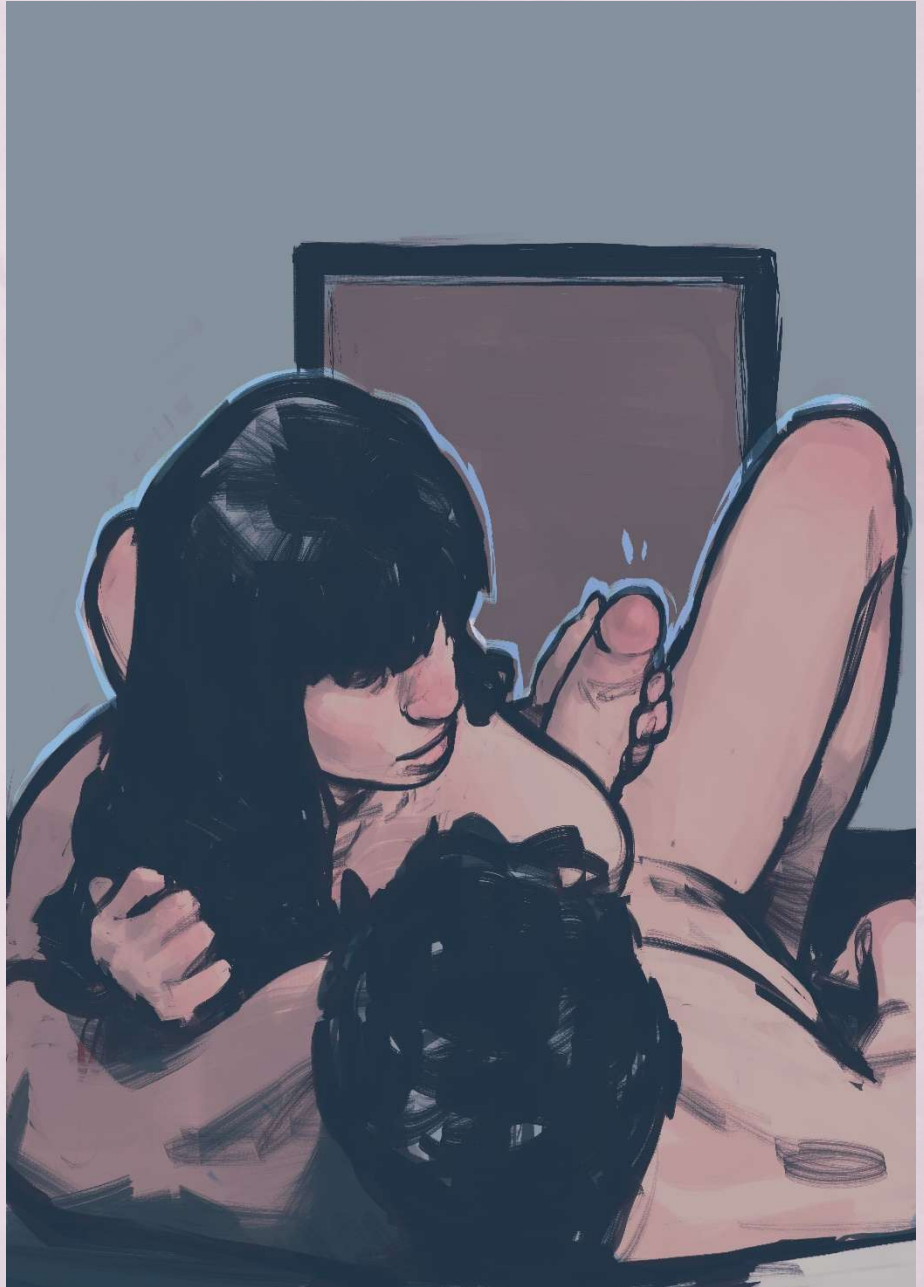
"Penis," she corrected. Her face slowly morphed back into a more normal, relaxed expression.

"Sorry, penis." I nodded my agreement.

"Let me get the towel ... so I'm ready." My mother took a deep breath to steady herself. Then, she rolled off the bed, making her tits do a gentle, delightful whiplash. She grabbed the towel she'd used after her shower and crawled back onto the bed, her boobs swaying under her. She settled by my hip and put both hands on my cock. "You're really going to sweep some lucky girl off her feet. I can't believe you came out of me. You're so ... gifted at these rewards. And I'm not ... well ... I'm me." Tentatively, she started pumping, staring at my cockhead as it oozed precum.

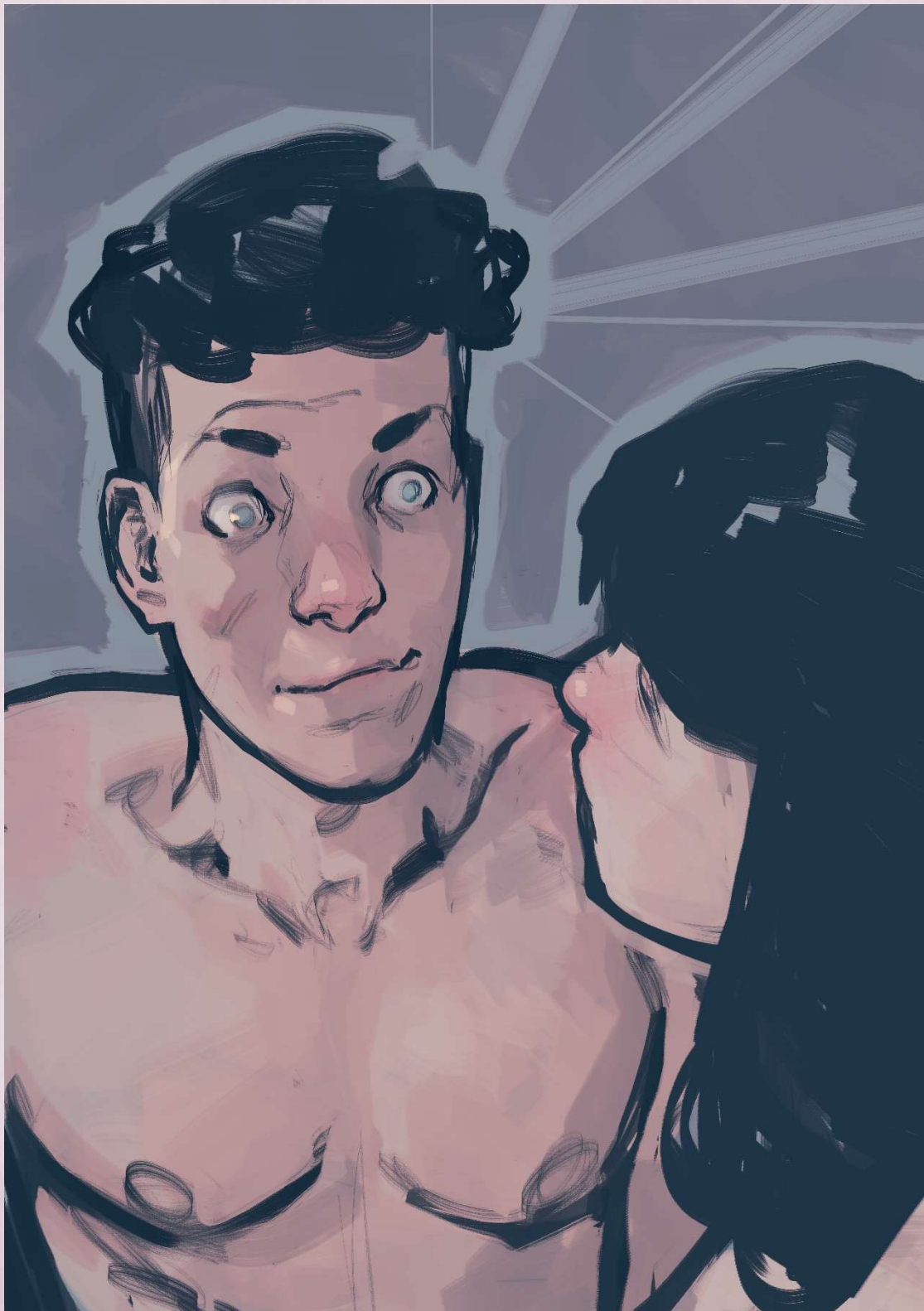
"I love you just the ... way you are ... Mom." I gave her ass a reassuring squeeze. "Maybe you can teach Dad some of my ... uuuggghhh ... techniques. It could ... spice up your marriage."

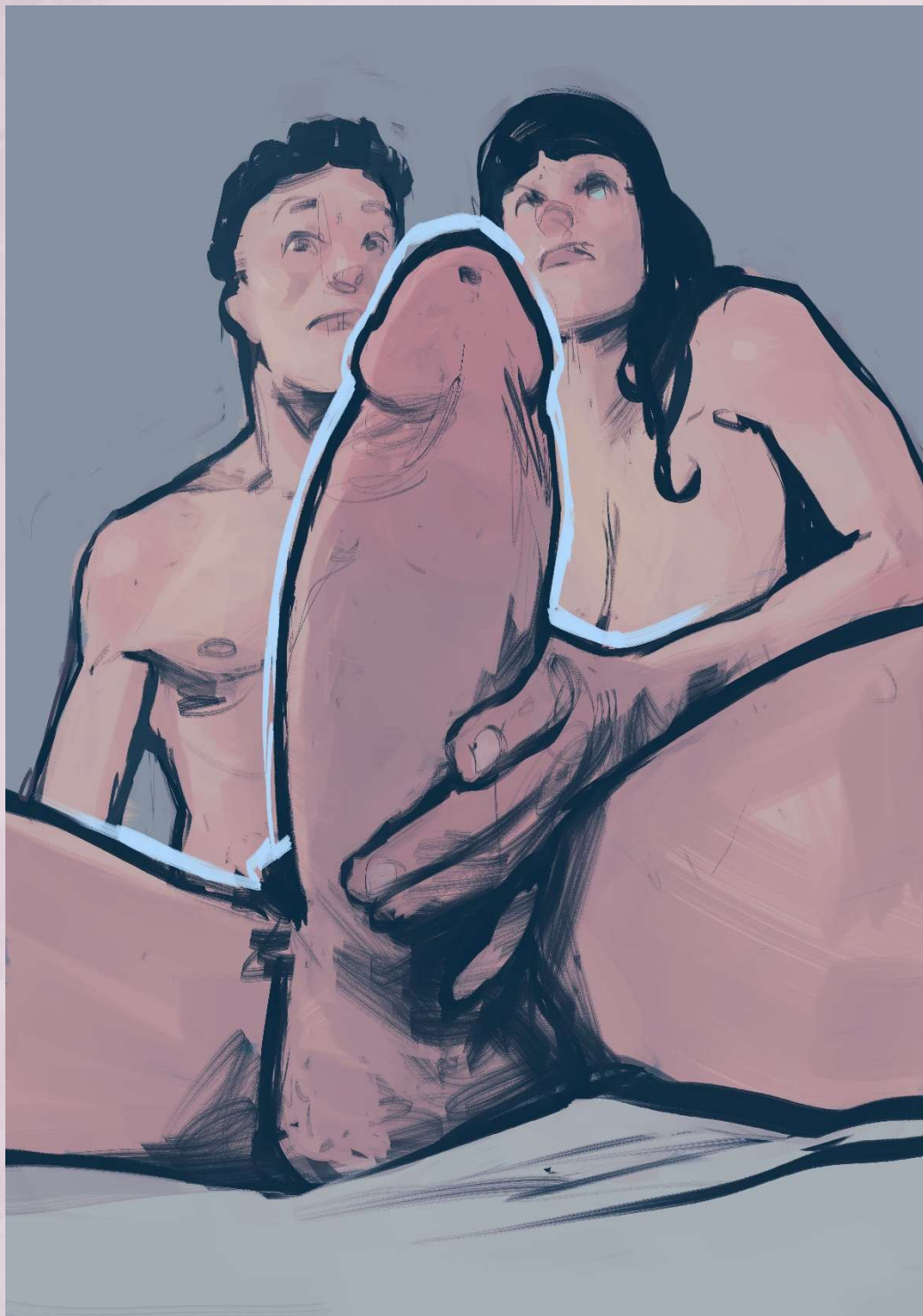
"It's so strange talking about these things with you." Her voice was low and hushed. She leaned forward and spit on my cockhead without my asking. The squelching of her saliva between her fingers was sublime. "Yes ... I'm going to teach him ... some of this stuff. But I'll have to go slow. He'll think I've turned into a horndog." She giggled. For a while, she fapped me in silence. I could hear her breathing getting shallower. "You dug a really nice tunnel. Would you like it if I tried something I only rarely do for your father? A really special reward."



Suddenly, my heart was practically beating out of my chest. I prayed she was talking about a blowjob. My mouth was dry. My mind swam. I tried to say yes, but I only grunted in reply.

“Logan?” Mom took her eyes off my cock and gazed into my face. “I didn’t mean to freak you out. I was only ... well ... I just felt like it was the right thing to do. But, of course, that would be taking it too far. Sorry.”





"Oh ... okay ..." I'd blown it. I grunted again and nodded.

She turned her attention back to my cock, still pumping both hands with long strokes from base to head. "It's really impressive. Your little commander feels like ... it was made to make a woman happy." She giggled again. "I guess it was your father and I that made it so you could make women happy. But we did too good a job, huh? It's so nice that you seduce all sorts of women and won't settle down. But ... if I make you happy ... you *will* settle down, won't you?"

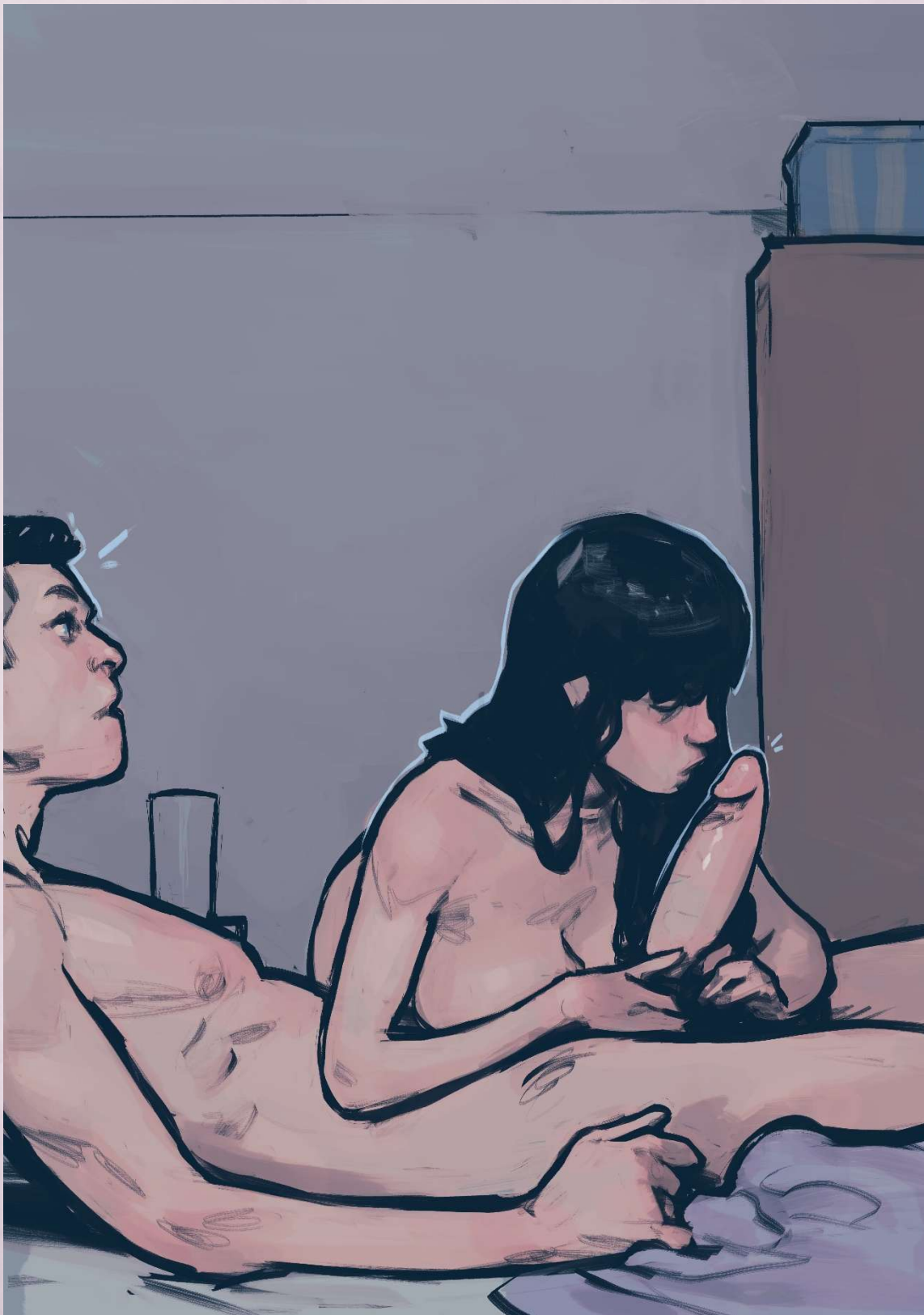
"Uuughhh ... yeah ... Mom." My whole body vibrated with pleasure. I flexed my legs and curled my toes.

"Yeah ... indeed." She kept working my cock in silence. I think she was having some sort of reverie. After a while, she cleared her throat. "I know it makes you a little uncomfortable. But I really want to try something. That thing I sometimes do for your father. I feel like ... if I

do that, I'll really be able to get you to settle down, come home for the holidays, and generally, be a good son."

"Go ... ahead ..." I was at least able to give my approbation this time. I didn't bother to remind her that I was already a good son.

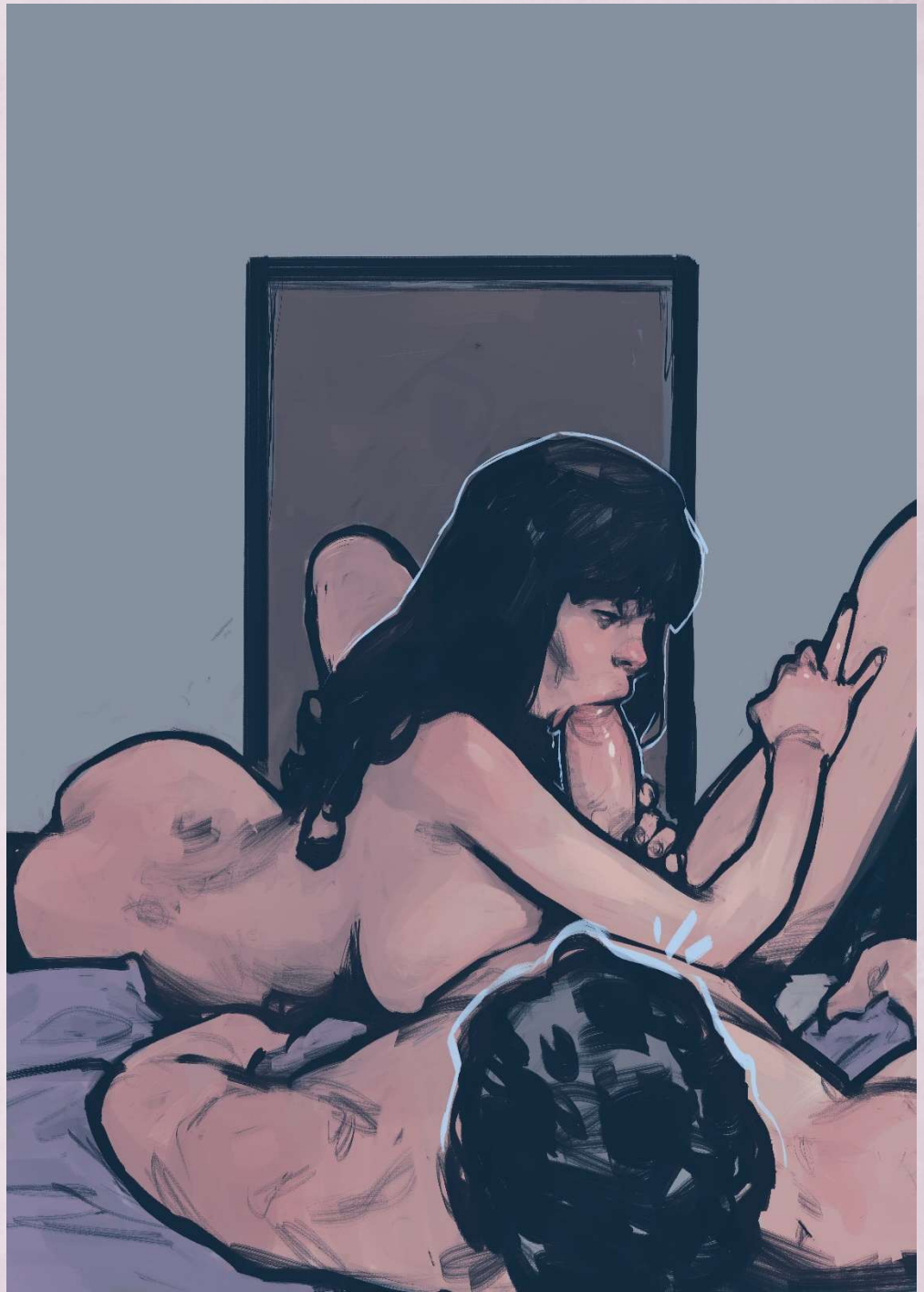
"If you don't like this, just let me know, and I'll stop." For what seemed like forever, she continued to pump me without moving. Eventually, her head tilted forward. She got to the point where she would normally spit, but her lips continued to descend. Uncertainly, she gave my cockhead a little peck. She released her right hand from my shaft, but kept pumping with her left, her pace slowing. She pecked again. I think she knew I wanted to see because she used her free hand to pull her hair behind her shoulder and neck. She held it there while giving my dick little kisses.



I didn't want to break the spell, so I stayed silent, hardly breathing. This was the most compelling thing I'd ever seen: my mother's kind, pretty face meeting my ugly cock. They were the perfect match.

"Okay ... get ready," she whispered. "Here goes nothing." She stopped pumping and held my cock at the base. I could see her wedding ring twinkling. Opening her mouth wide, she lowered it, enveloping the top few inches of my dick. She let out a surprised gag, and her eyes went round and watered. She eased back and experimentally bobbed her head with her lips sealed just under my glans. "Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh ... hhhhhmmppphhhh." I wasn't expecting her to make that telltale humming sound girls made when they were into it. But there it was. Nor was I expecting the little pops as her mouth came off the head and slid back on. It seemed she was enthusiastic, even if she wasn't skilled.

"Wow ... Mom ... best reward ever." I didn't think that moment was the right time for constructive feedback. I lay back and enjoyed her awkward blowjob. The best blowjob of my life. I was so grateful for her pulling her hair back. The way her face was distorted by my size was more than half the pleasure. "I'm ... uuugghhhh ... getting close."



Like lightning, she popped off my cock. It was clear she wanted nothing to do with drinking cum. As I watched her frantically put the towel over my cock, I wondered if she might change her mind before we left the cabin. Even if she didn't, I'd just received a blowjob from my mother in the room she always slept in with my dad. And she was currently pumping me with both hands under the towel, biting her bottom lip and making soft whining sounds. Things were good.

"Cumming ... aaaahhhhhhhh." My butt lifted off the mattress, and I soiled my mother's towel with sperm. When my orgasm died down, we were both panting. "Wow ... Mom ... that was ..."



Mom held up a hand to stop me. "I don't want ... to talk about it. That was a special ... reward ... for ... you know ... digging that tunnel." I think we both knew that the tunnel wasn't really worth a blowjob. Heck, I hadn't even known blowjobs were on the table. "Anyway, I hope your little commander can shrink." Still holding my dick under the towel, she squeezed it. "I think we'll need to do laundry tomorrow." She let go of my cock, took the towel, and got off the bed. She squealed when I grabbed her and pulled her back onto the sheet. "Logan ... my hands are gross. I need to get cleaned."

"As part of my reward, I want to return the favor. We're not done yet." I pushed her onto her back and pulled her panties down her slender legs.

"Logan ... Logan ... what are you doing, Logan? I ... oooooohhhhhhhh." She spread her legs for me easily enough as I started lapping her pussy. I could hear that she was muffled, so I looked up. She had the towel pressed against her face. *Is she huffing the scent of my cum?* The thought thrilled me, but honestly, she could have just been hiding. She squirmed under me. "How did you get ... so good ... at that?" She shuddered as I sucked on her clit.

With a smack of my lips, I lifted off her pussy. "It's all those ice cream cones you gave me as a kid." With a quick laugh, I went back to lapping her pussy, inserting two fingers as I nibbled and sucked her clit. My fingers searched for her G-spot.

"Ohhhhhhhh ... my gooosshhhhhh ... don't say that ... don't ... oooooohhhhhh ... Logan ... I think ... I think ... it's already happening." Her whole body trembled. "Eeeeeiiiiiii." She screamed, arched her back, and squirted. I removed my fingers and let her spray on my face and the bed. "Looooogggaaaaannnnnnnnn." Her voice was still muffled by the towel.

As she writhed with pleasure, I thought of something. “I’ll be right back. Don’t move.” I leapt from the bed, my hard cock swaying ridiculously in front of me. Opening the door, I hustled to the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of olive oil, and ran back to our room. Mom was still on her back with her legs spread and the towel held up to her face. There was the most picturesque sopping stain on the sheet between her legs. I slathered two fingers with oil, put the bottle down, and got between her legs. “Hold on, Mom. We’re going to do that special backside reward again.”

“Uuuuggghhhh ... Logan ... I think we’re done for tonight. I ... Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She went rigid when my fingers worked into her ass. Last time, I hadn’t gone very deep, but this time I continued to press into her tight warmth. My tongue went back to her clit, and she trembled under me. “Looggggaaannnnnn ... Logan ... Logan ... Logan ... Logan ... it feels ... strange ... but ...”

“Mmmmpphhhhhh.” I said as I alternated between nibbling on her nether lips and clit. My fingers pumped her ass with a steady rhythm. I had provided the first anal experience for lots of girls, so I thought I had a pretty good grasp on how to bring her along. She wasn’t asking me to stop, so that was a good thing.

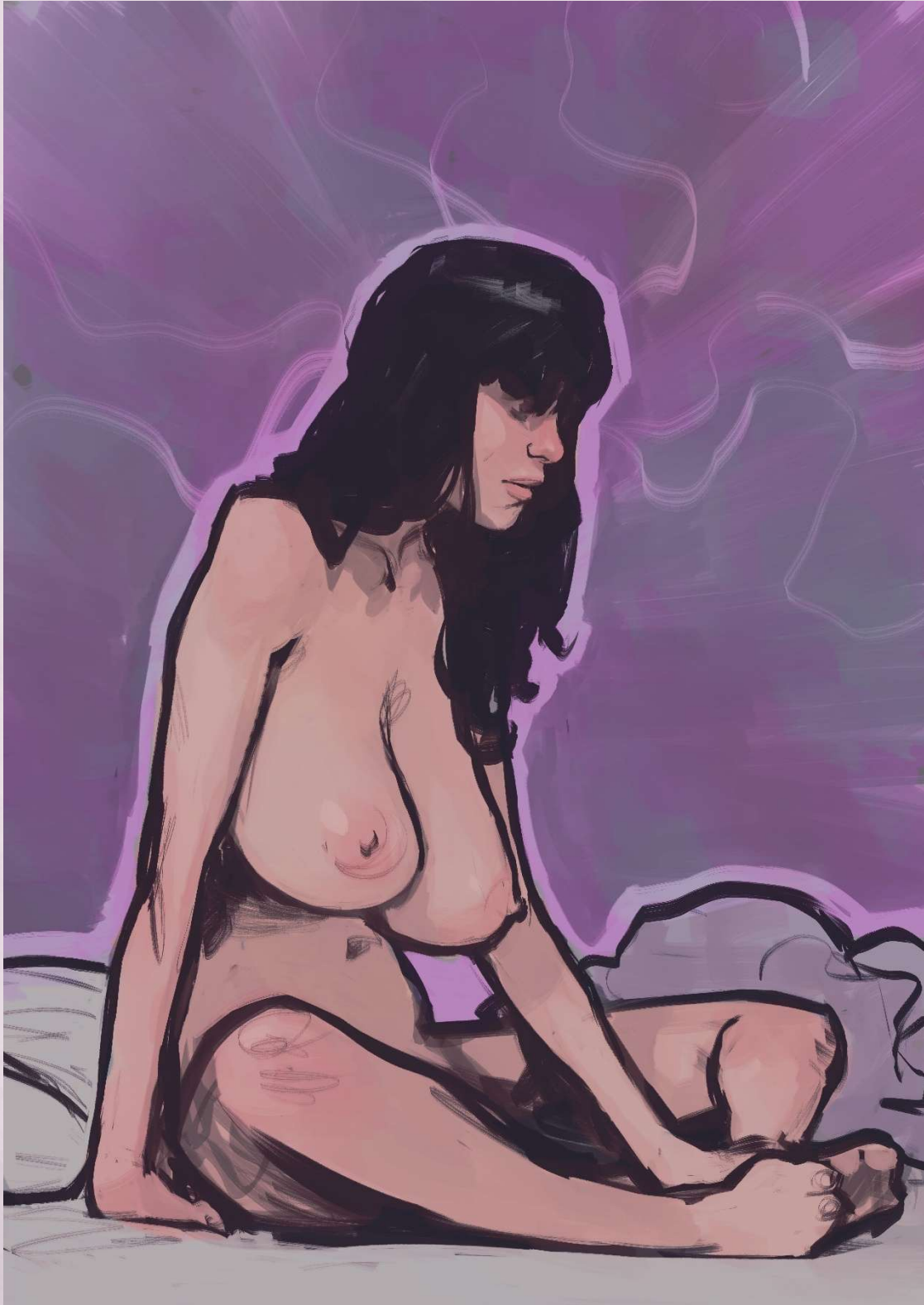


"This is crazy ... Logan ... crazy ..." She tossed the towel on the floor and grabbed the sheet with clenched fists. "I didn't ... know ... I didn't ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." She looked down at me, and we made eye contact. I continued to lap at her pussy. The feeling was electric. There was a wildness in her gaze I hadn't seen before. "Just ... don't ... stop ..." She leaned her head back onto the mattress and started gyrating her hips.



I wasn't about to stop. "Nnnnmmppphhhh." I focused on her clit.

"Logan ... Logan ... Looogggaaaaannnnnn." She came. And then five minutes later, she came again. After that, she *did* ask me to stop. Despite the oil, her butt was sore. So, I pulled my fingers out and left my spot between her legs. She lay panting on the mattress, not saying anything. Struggling, she sat up, then keeled over onto her back again with legs open.



I took the towel to the laundry hamper and went to the bathroom. I washed my hands and took a quick cold shower. It worked well enough to put my dick back to sleep. I didn't want her to worry about my 'little commander.'

When I arrived back in our bedroom, she hadn't moved more than to close her legs. "Come to bed, sweetie." Looking up with half-lidded eyes and a lazy smile, beckoning me with a pretty hand that hadn't been washed.

I thought about my cum drying on her wedding ring and smiled. I turned off the lights, put myself next to her, and pulled up the covers.

"Spoon," she said.

"Sure, Mom." I rolled onto my side facing away from her. She snuggled in behind me, her breasts pressing perfectly against my back. I was hyped, so it took me a while to go to sleep. I listened to her soft, even breathing and the howling wind outside. Before my dreams found me, I decided I was the luckiest man on Earth.

