

Chapter 21



Marooned Christmas



Marooned Christmas 21

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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I woke in the middle of the night to the sound of my mother's even breathing. She was sound asleep, with a hand resting on my arm. The room smelled like our cum. It was intoxicating to lie there and feel her warmth next to me. I didn't want to go back to sleep, but I did.



When I woke again, it was morning. The window was, of course, blocked by snow, but I could see some daylight coming through. From the howl of the wind, I guessed the storm was ongoing. I reached for my mother, but found that she wasn't in bed. I sat up and looked around, but she wasn't in the room at all. I sighed and let my head fall to the pillow. It was fine, it wasn't like I'd earned a reward for sleeping soundly.

I got up, left my mother's room, and spotted her sitting by the smoldering fire. She was on her phone, with a mug of steaming coffee next to her.

"Morning, Mom." I stood and stretched. I was still naked, and my morning wood swayed with my movements.

She looked up from her phone, her startled eyes zeroing in on my cock. "You are so brazen!"

"I didn't have any clothes in your room. We slept naked, remember?" I smiled at her. She was wearing a sweater and yoga pants. Her feet looked snug in some wool socks. Her hair was wet. She'd clearly already showered.

"I remember." Her voice was so quiet I barely heard her.

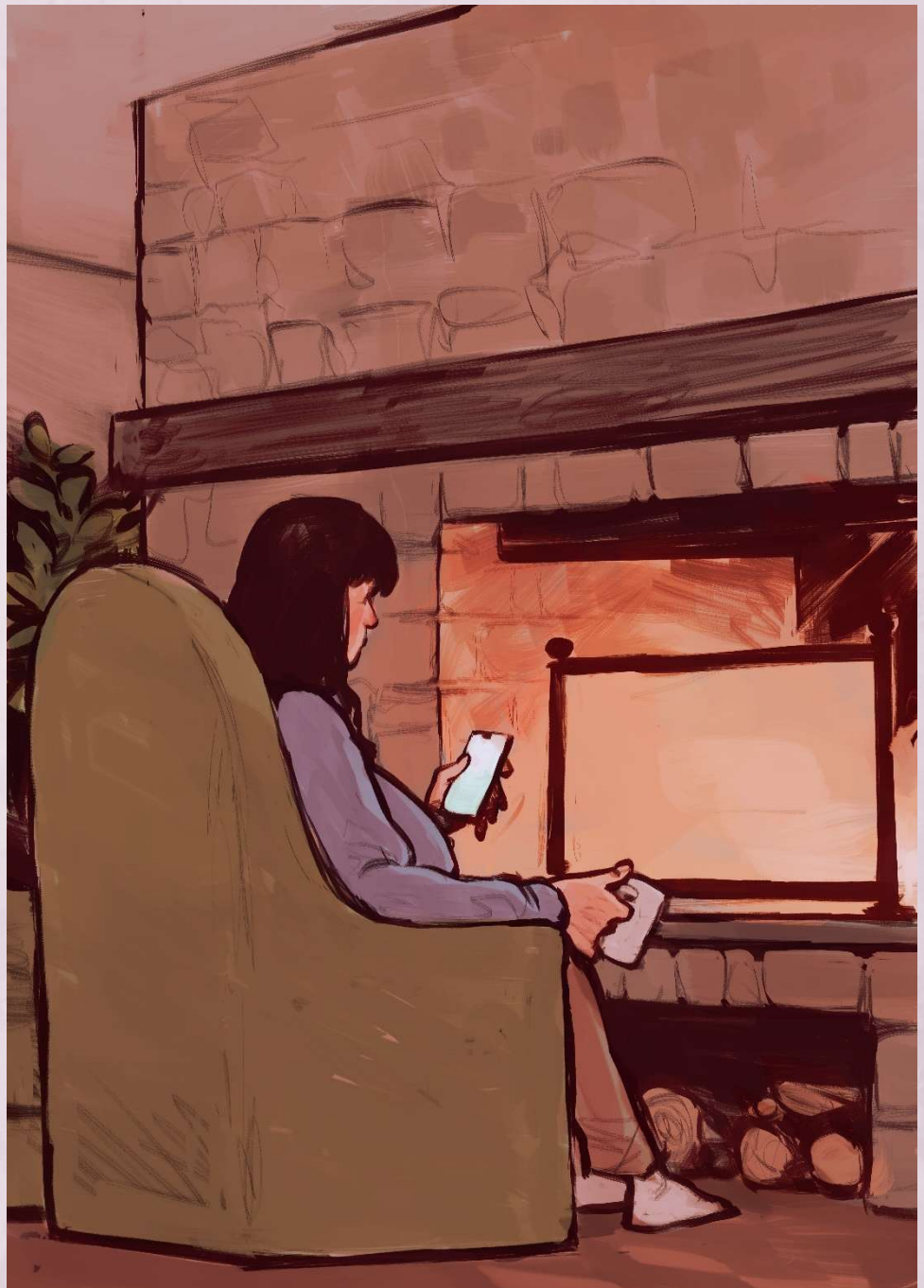
"What are you doing on your phone?" I walked over to the fire and started placing logs on the embers. I know I was giving her a good look at my bare backside. I wondered what she thought of it.

"Texting with your father. He's up early, too."

"What're are you two talking about?" I stuffed some paper between logs to get things going.

"That's private between me and your father." She sounded annoyed. "Really, Logan, you couldn't put some clothes on before tending to the fire? You look ridiculous." When I looked over my shoulder, I could see her eyebrows were furrowed with irritation. "Our sheets are filthy. I'd like you to wash the bedding and that ... towel from last night. Maybe our dirty clothes, too. There's a pile of laundry in my closet."

I liked that she was calling them 'our' sheets.



"But ... you usually do the laundry at home." The fire was crackling now, so I stepped away from it, warming my hands and dick as they reached out to the flames.



"I'd like some more time texting with your father. Please just do the laundry. It's not difficult." She sighed.

I eyed her phone, but couldn't really read it upside down from a distance. "Sure." I shrugged and went to go strip our bed. I found her laundry, and pulled together my dirty things. With the sheets, it was enough for two loads. I got the first one going, dressed, and went to the kitchen to make breakfast. My mother was still texting. I didn't interrupt her. I made us the last of the bacon and some oatmeal. When I called her to breakfast, she put down her phone and came over. We sat at the kitchen table across from one another, eating in silence for a while.

Eventually, I initiated some small talk about the storm and asked about my sisters. She said the weather app expected the storm to end by noon. She told me about the latest news from home. Things felt awkward. As we finished breakfast, I sipped my coffee and watched her. She had a tick going near her right eye. She was either nervous or really peeved. "Everything

okay with you?" I said, trying my most disarming smile.

"I ... well ... I ... suppose this is the *morning after*, isn't it?" A nervous, half-smile flittered on her face. "I just can't believe we ... I mean ... the rewards went further than I intended. I was so busy telling you not to get carried away, and I went ahead and ..." She frowned. "Do you think less of me because of what I did? I mean ... every time you look at your mother now, you can picture her with your ... um ... with your little commander in her mouth. That can't be good for our relationship." She wasn't meeting my eyes, instead looking to the side toward the lit Christmas tree.

I got up, walked around the table, and put my hand on her shoulder. I squeezed gently. "This hasn't changed how I feel about you at all. I love you as my perfect mom. Always have. Always will." I squatted next to her so that my eyes would be level with hers. "I thought you looked as beautiful as ever when you were ..." I tried to get the words right. "... when you were making me happy. This is the morning after, and I'm thrilled to be here with you. I'll do whatever you want, Mom. You have me wrapped around your finger." I put my finger on her chin and slowly turned her face toward mine. She was worrying her bottom lip with her teeth, her expression twisted by uncertainty. "I love you, Mom." I said the words with all the sincerity I felt in my heart.

"I love you too, sweetie." Her smile reappeared, looking a little more confident now. "Just promise me we won't get carried away. I wish the roads were plowed. I feel like ... I could get a better handle on your rewards back home. Here ..." She shrugged, but her smile didn't fade, and her eyes didn't wander from mine.

"I promise." I was pretty sure that was a lie, but what did she expect?



"I don't know whether to laugh or cry." She rubbed her forehead with her palm. "I can't believe you know what my blowjob face looks like, Logan." She groaned.



"I can't believe you said 'blowjob face', Mom." I laughed. After several awkward seconds, she laughed with me. I stood and cleared the table, both of us chuckling as we cleaned up.

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After breakfast, we brushed our teeth. Usually, we did that on our own, but Mom joined me this time. I wasn't sure why, but it felt strangely intimate to be in the bathroom together. After that, I bundled up and went out to widen the tunnel and bring in more firewood. Outside, I didn't see anything but the driving snow, and I didn't hear anything but the wind. I hoped that the hungry bear had found a deer or something and finally decided to hibernate.

By the time I had finished with the wood and barricaded the door again, Mom was sitting topless by the fire. She had her legs crossed, and her yoga pants hugged her thighs perfectly. She smiled at me and sipped her coffee as I took off my snowy coat. "Should we play a game?" She said.



"I have to keep that laundry going. Set something up, and I'll be there." I grinned at her, taking off my shirt as I crossed the cabin. I put the first load in the dryer, and put the second one in the wash. When the machines were happily whirring and thumping, I closed the door to their closet and returned to my mother, sitting opposite her. A chessboard was between us.

"You've been working hard. You're shiny with sweat." Mom's gaze lingered on my abs.

"You want me to come over there so you can get a whiff?" I winked to let her know I was joking.

"Logan!" My mother blushed so deeply her cheeks were deep crimson. "I'm not ... I don't ... I'm ... I won't ... you're ..." She was so flustered she couldn't finish a thought. It was adorable.

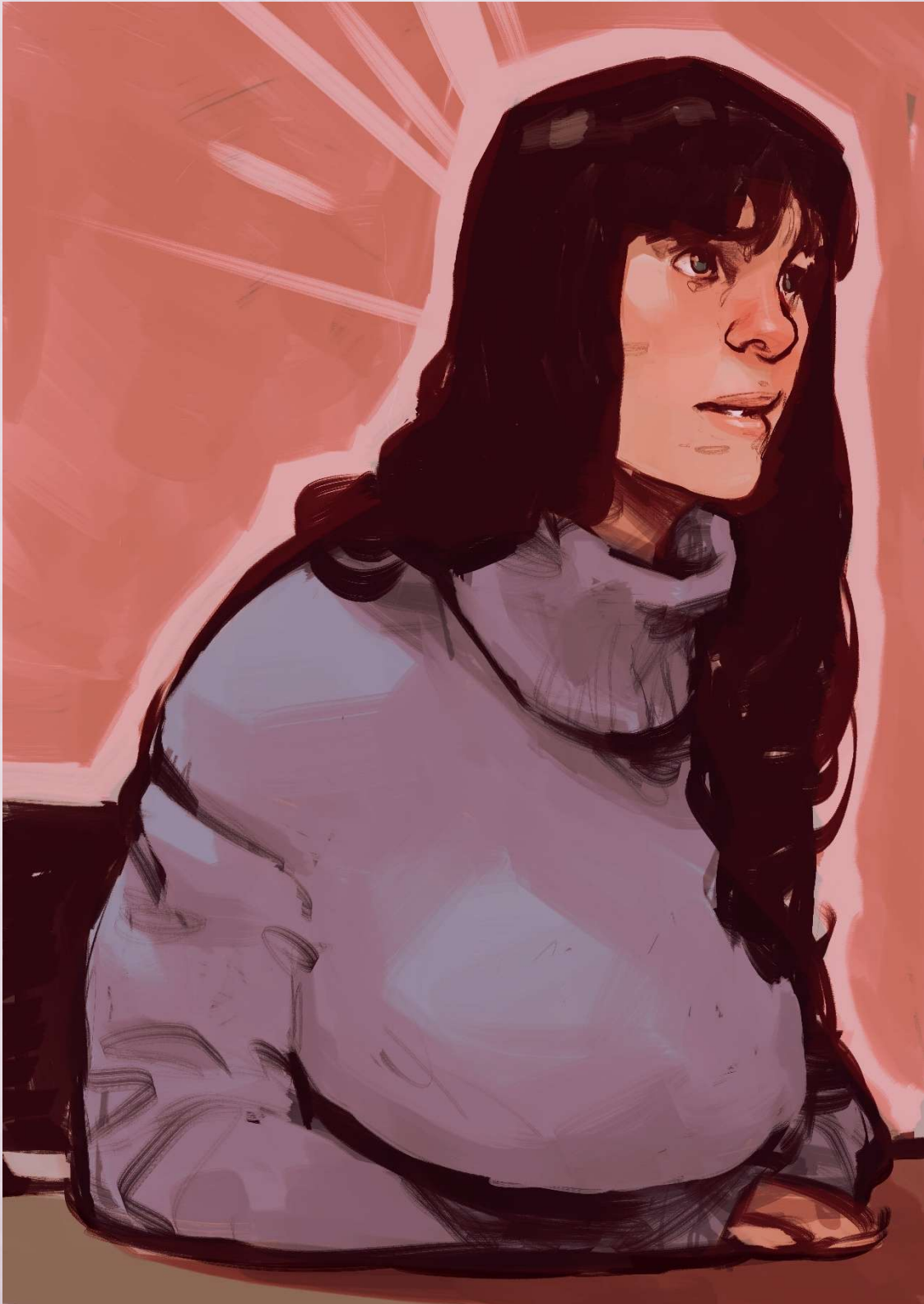
"You're adorable, Mom." I grinned at her and moved my pawn so the focus wouldn't be totally on her.

"And ... you're incorrigible, Logan." She shook her head, an embarrassed smile twisting her lips. "I do not want to sniff you. I'm not a pervert like some people

in this room." She moved her pawn to counter mine. When she reached forward her tits brushed against her thighs in a way that caught my breath.

"Guilty as charged." I moved my knight.

"If you're so girl crazy, will you really be able to settle down?" She leaned forward and stared into my eyes with intensity, her eyebrow arched in question.



"I'd settle down for you. I'd do anything for you." The words came out more earnest than I intended. I guess I meant them.

"Yeah ... I believe you." She moved another pawn, sliding her boobs along her yoga pants again. She caught me looking at her tits. "Because of my girls? It's my breasts that have your loyalty, right?" She didn't wait for me to respond. "It's hilarious, really. All those books on parenting, all those conversations with other mothers, all those strategy sessions with your father, and all I ever had to do was harness your teenage hormones."

"I'm not a teenager anymore." I was still staring at her perfect, hanging tits.

"Just barely. You still have those hormones, that's for sure. And you have ... other things teenage boys have." She waited for me to say something, when I didn't, she shook her head. "Your hungry little commander, I mean."

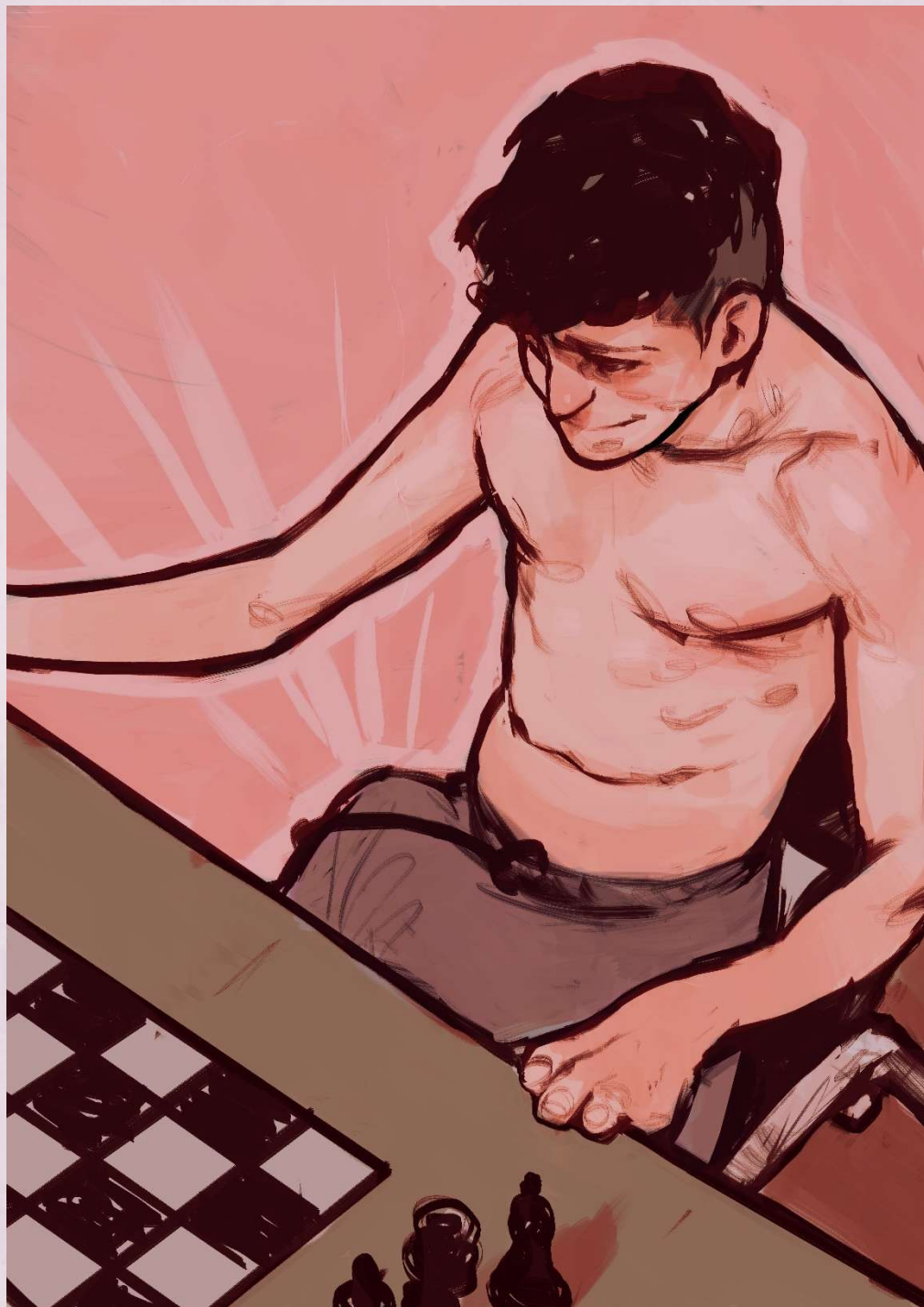
"Speaking of which." I looked down at my lap where my cock was now tenting my pants.

"Oh ... gosh ... it's insatiable." Mom stared at my pants. "If only your father knew what he was saying when he told me it was unsafe for an erection to go more than four hours."

"What would happen if Dad knew?" I was curious.

Mom was holding her knight in her hand, dangling it over the board. It seemed like seeing my erection had distracted her from the game completely. "Oh ... I don't know. It was just a figure of speech." Finally, she put her knight down, making a poorly thought-out move. "Can he wait until after the game?"

"Who, Dad?" I moved a pawn.





"No, your little commander. Can he wait until after the game? I don't want to ... you know ... have to drop everything for him all the time." Her forehead creased with thought. She was still staring at my pants. "You did do a lot of chores this morning, so a reward is fine. But ... I just think we should have some normal mother-son time. You understand?"

"I think the rewards *are* normal for us, Mom." I flashed an innocent smile. "It's just another mom-son thing we do now." I could see from her pinched expression that she didn't like that. "But, of course, chess is a normal thing we do, too," I quickly added. "And I love playing chess with you. He can wait until after I get you in checkmate." Great, now I was gendering my cock, too.

"I'm glad he's not impatient. I promise we'll take care of him well before four hours." She exhaled, and a faint, relieved smile brightened her face. "As for you

checkmating me, you forgot who taught you chess, mister. I would beat you anyway, but with my girls distracting you, you don't have a prayer."

"That's tough talk, Mom." I moved a piece. "Let's see you back it up."

She laughed. I could see the tension ebb out of her shoulders. We bantered about the game and engaged in small talk for the next half hour. My nerves vibrated with joy and anticipation. I was happy she had made me wait. The expectation was certainly heightening the moment. As we played, I often gazed at her boobs, remembering their weight and give. I would feel them again soon enough. I wondered if she'd blow me again.

I guessed probably not. I suspected she'd wait until night for that. It didn't seem like a broad daylight sort of thing for her. But what did I know? She'd certainly surprised me with the first blowjob.

Eventually, the game ended. In the end, she did checkmate me. In my defense, my mind wasn't really in it. I stood and stretched in a way that highlighted the tent in my pants. "So?"

"Let's go to our room. I'll take care of him in there." She walked over to me, took my hand, and pulled me toward the room she usually shared with Dad. She had called it 'our' room. That had to be a good sign. I couldn't wait to see how she was going to reward me this time.

