

Chapter 22



Marooned Christmas



Marooned Christmas 22

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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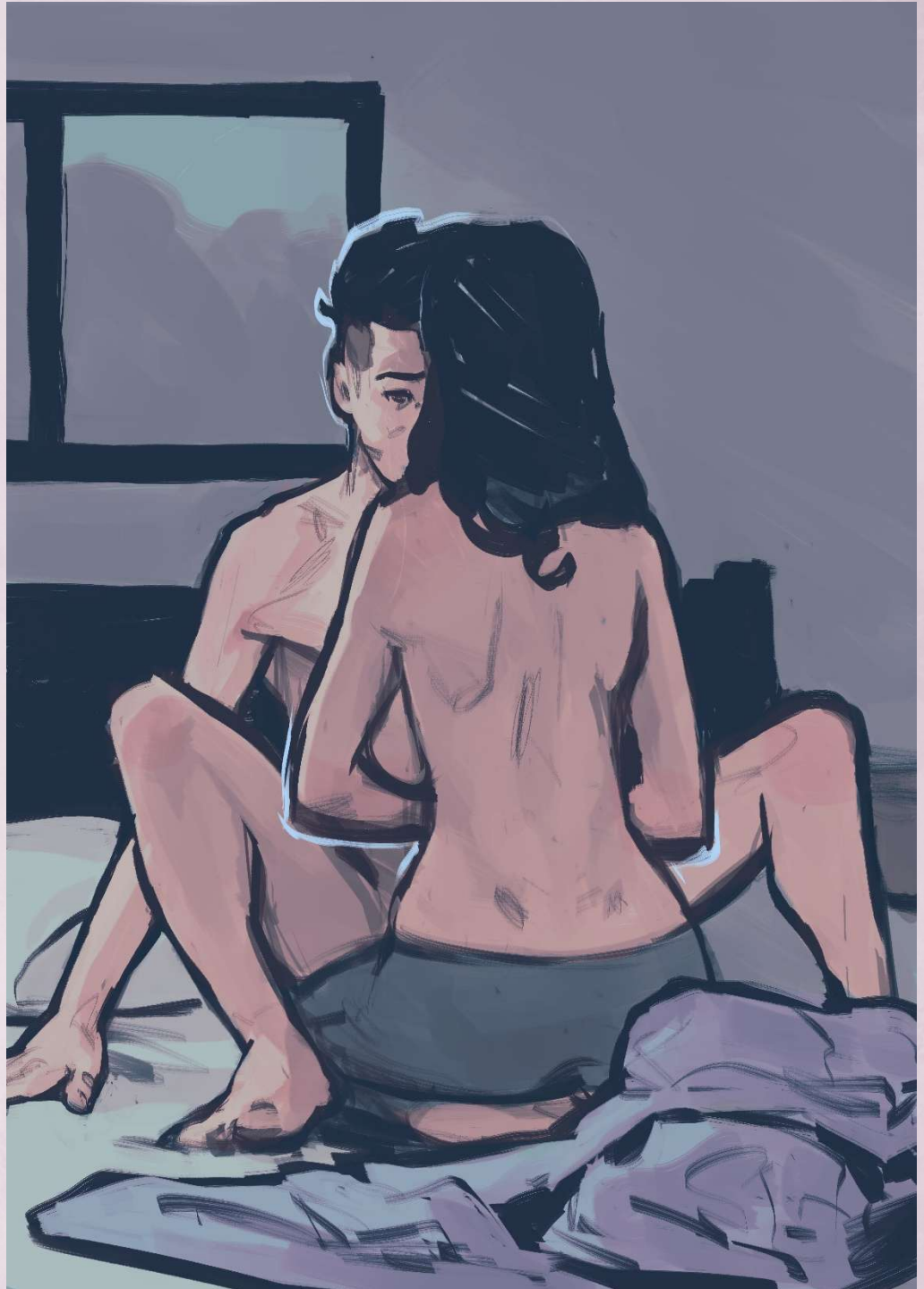
Sitting on Mom's bed – on *our* bed – I was completely naked. My mother still had her yoga pants on, which was only a modest disappointment. I didn't care so much about her pants because she was giving me a very earnest, somewhat awkward handjob, double fisting it.

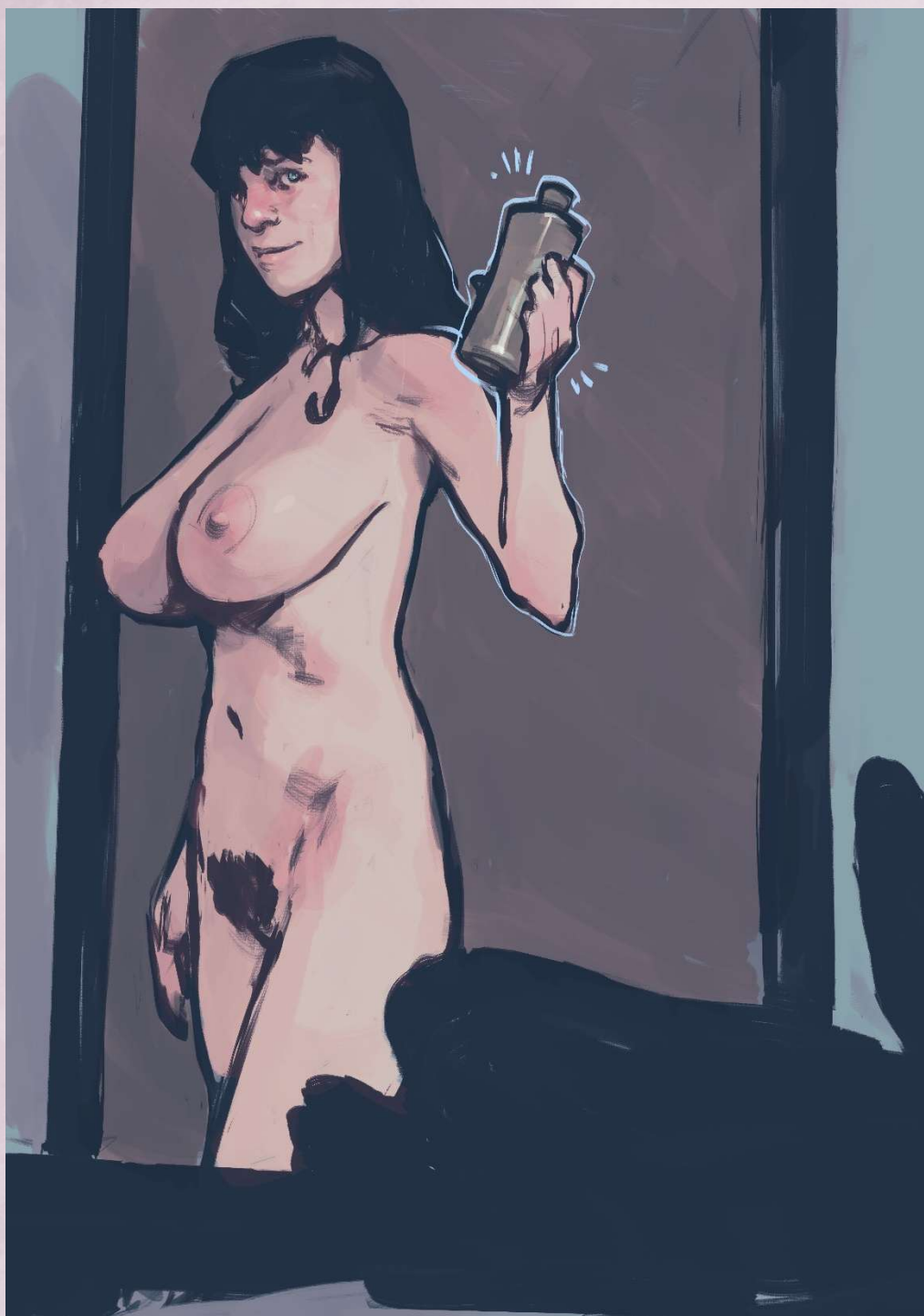
Without asking, she leaned over and spit on my cockhead. "Your girlfriend isn't going to be able to keep her hands off you. You're so handsome ... and well put together." She stared at my dick like it was mesmerizing her. Her wedding ring sparkled in the light of the lone lamp in the room. "I'm just ... really impressed with your little commander." She gave my dick an extra squeeze so I'd know what she was talking about. "Maybe I should start calling him your *big* commander." She giggled. "Are you going to finish soon?" Finally, she looked up and met my gaze. Her left eyelid fluttered, her lips were parted, and there was wildness in her stare. "Logan?"

"Not ... yet ... Mom." I grabbed her hip and pulled it to the side so her pussy would be within reach. That put her up on all fours, which was glorious to behold.

"What are you doing?" She continued stroking me, even when I pulled her pants and panties down to her knees.

"I want us both to feel good." Delicately, I ran my fingers along the perfect curve of her ass.





"These rewards aren't for *me*." She gave me a look, a half eye roll, that said I shouldn't say anything for a moment. She stroked me while she thought about something. "But I know you like to touch me. Because ... of course you do." She stopped stroking me, pulled her clothes off the rest of the way, and rolled off the bed. Her tits swayed and whiplashed in the most majestic way. "You can have the back door if you want. You deserve it for ... um ... widening the tunnel. But I need to get oil." She jogged to the door, her ass jiggling, and disappeared. A few seconds later, she came running back into the room, her tits bouncing side-to-side in unison. She closed the door, held up the bottle of oil, and smiled shyly. "You ready?"

"Why don't you put it on yourself?" I returned her smile.

"What?" She cocked her head and furrowed her brow in confusion.

"I want to watch you lube your butt. Cool?" I winked at her. She continued to stare at

me, dumbfounded. "It would be really hot. I mean, an awesome reward."

Mom looked around the room she normally shared with my dad like some piece of furniture was going to help her decide what to do next. "Um ... I'm not ..." She shook her head. "I'm not sure. I wish we'd been drinking wine while playing chess. I'm too self-conscious."

"Sure, if you don't want to, that's fine. It'll be a bummer for me, but that's fine." I thought for a moment while she stood indecisively by the door. "And also, I think you're beautiful, Mom. Always. Your blowjob-face is beautiful. Your chess-concentration-face is beautiful. Your boobs are beautiful. The way you look first thing in the morning is beautiful. Your butt is beautiful. Every bit of you is my perfect mother. I would be in awe if you lubed for me."

"I ... wow ... Logan ... I ... um ... my butthole? I never ..." She took a few steps toward the bed. "I guess you've already seen it." She inhaled deeply, held it in, and stared at my dick. After what seemed like forever, she exhaled and nodded. "Okay, but you have to promise me you actually like this, and it's not something you'll tease me about later."

I put my hand solemnly on my heart. "I will tease about beating you in chess and how you always forget Dad's birthday, but I'll never tease you about your butt. I swear."

"I believe you." She walked up to the edge of the bed, turned around, and bent at the waist.

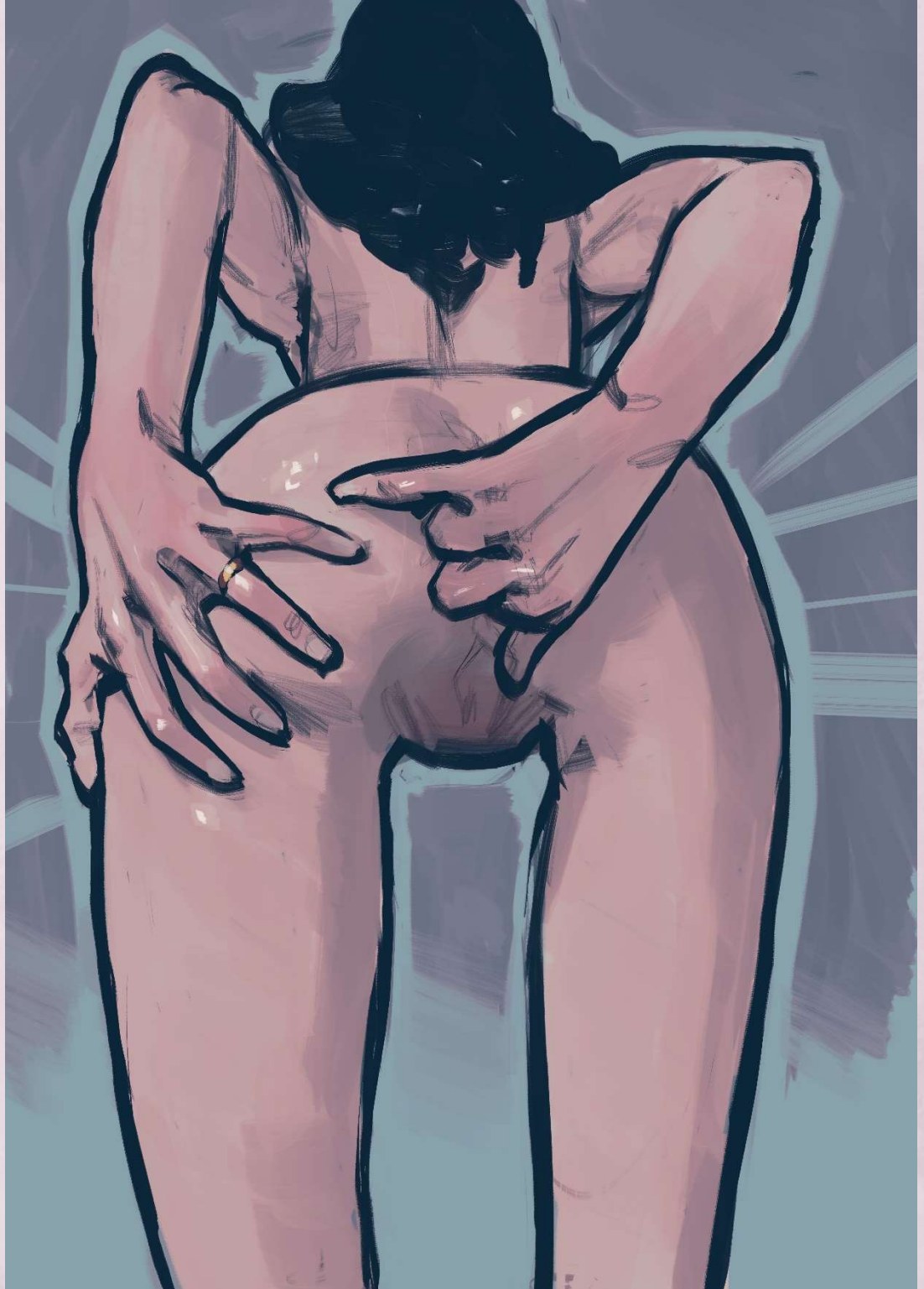
"Breathtaking." It was the best view in the world. I couldn't believe she was going to do this. I watched her put some oil in her hand and set the bottle down on the nightstand. She reached back, opened her cheeks with one hand, and found her butthole with the other. Slowly, she massaged the oil onto her hole.

"Oh ... gosh ... I can't believe this."

Tentatively, my mother sunk her index finger into her asshole. She pulled out, slid more oil onto the finger, and then pushed in again. "Do you ... like that ... Logan?"

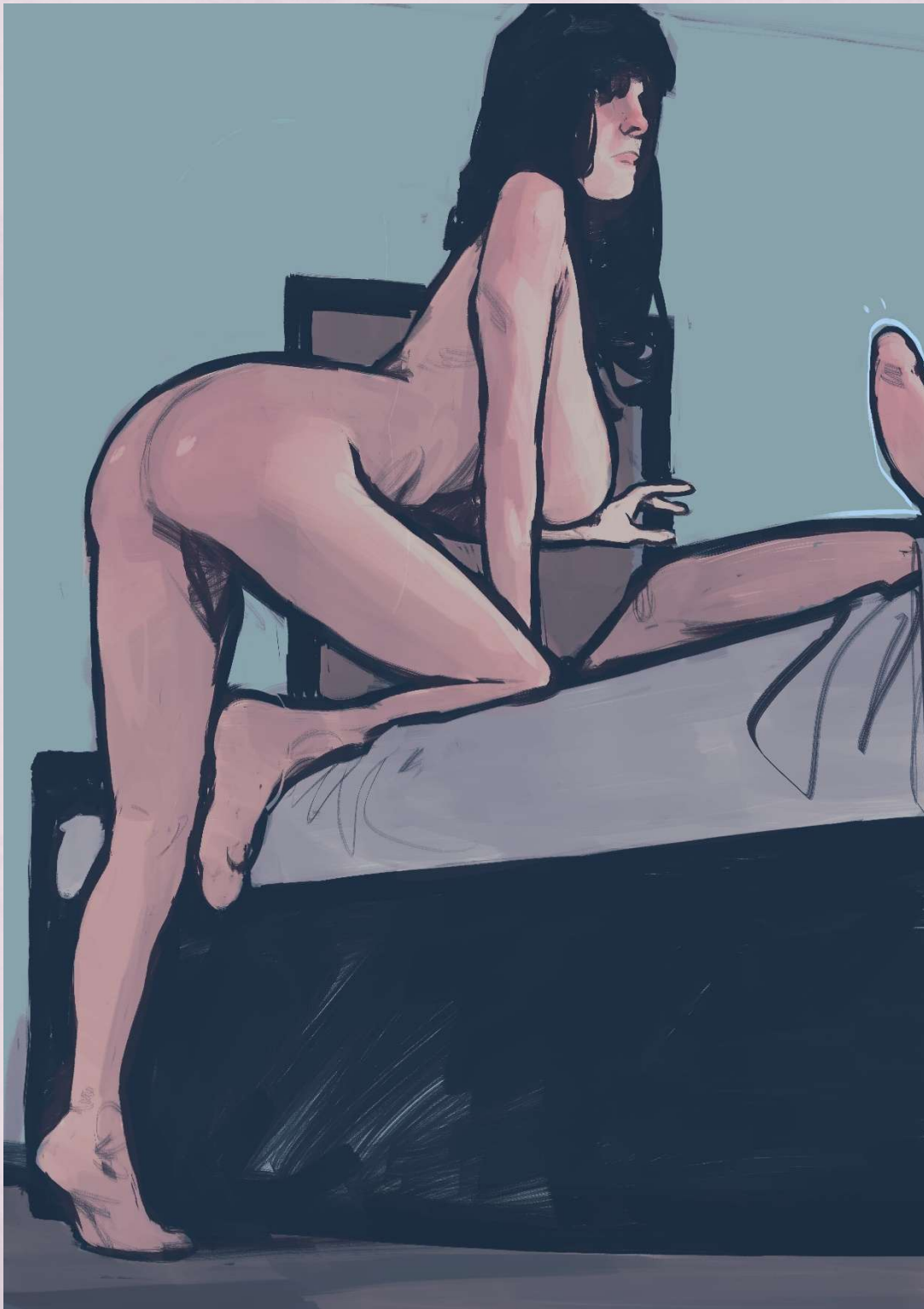
"Yeah, Mom." I couldn't keep the reverence out of my voice. "I'm so happy right now."

"Oh ... good." She pulled her finger out, re-oiled it, and inserted again. She didn't pump her butthole or anything, but she didn't need to. Her awkward willingness to show me was more than enough.

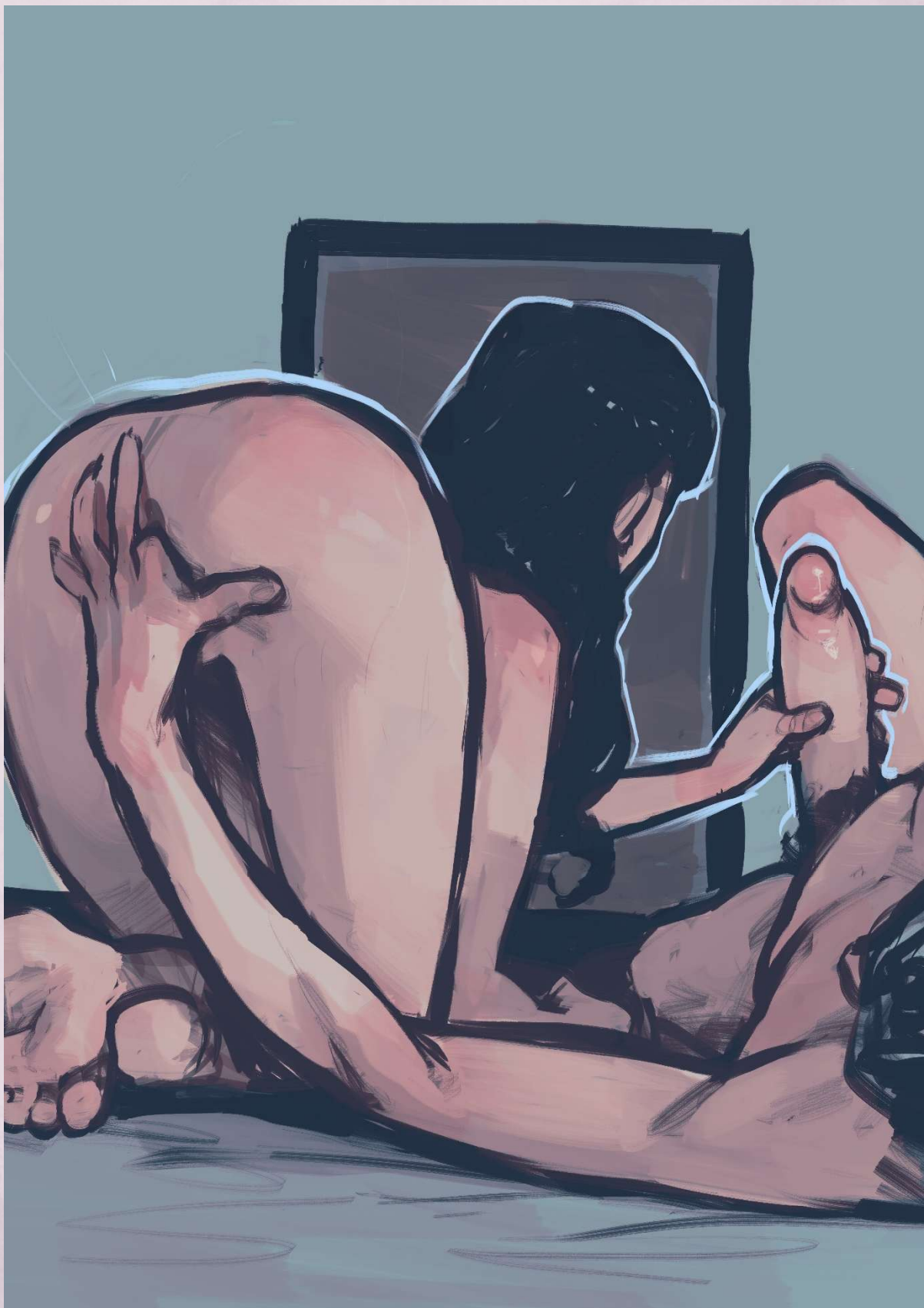


"Okay, it's ready." She pulled out her finger for the last time, turned, and wiped her oily hand on the sheet. "I have a feeling you'll be doing more laundry today."

"Yeah, sure." I nodded, staring at her swaying heavy tits as she crawled onto the bed. "Turn around like we were before. I mean, put your butt down in this direction." I patted the bed next to my shoulder.



“Okay ... it might be difficult to touch your penis in this position.” She settled on her knees next to me and tried several different arm positions, from attempting to rest on her elbows, to lifting up entirely so she was almost kneeling.



"It might be easier to do with your mouth." My suggestion was nothing but innocent helpfulness.

"Nice try, mister." She glanced over at my face and blew me a raspberry. Eventually, she settled with one elbow on the bed, her other arm used to stroke my dick. "Are you going to put your finger in my ... oooooohhhh ... yep ... there it goes." When my finger entered her asshole, her stroking hand hitched. But after a few moments, she found an awkward rhythm again.

We didn't say anything for a while. She stroked my dick, and I pumped her asshole with my index finger. I could hear her breathing getting shallower, her little mewls and grunts getting louder.

My mother was the first to break the silence. "Maybe you were right about it being easier with my mouth. You haven't finished yet, and my arm is getting tired. Would you ... um ... like me to do that special thing again?"

"Yeah, Mom. I ..." I was going to say something encouraging, but I guess she didn't need it. She had already slipped my bloated cockhead past her lips.

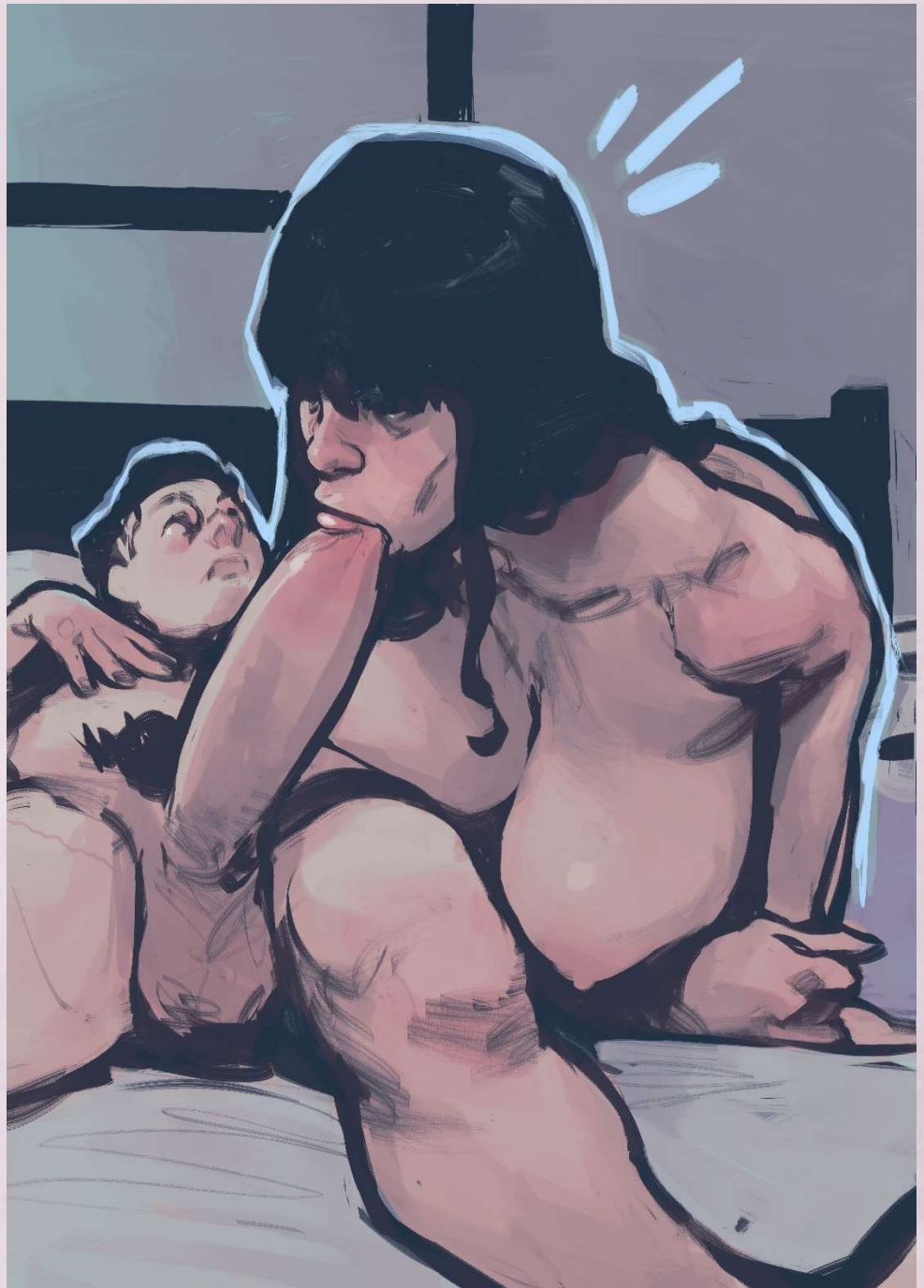
"Mmmppphh ... hhhhhffff ... mmmmm." She hummed on my dick, not taking more than the head into her mouth. I guess she didn't want to gag.

I hated to do it, but I withdrew my finger from her ass. Then, carefully, I moved her hips closer to my head, and lifted her closest leg. She resisted a little, stiffening her leg.

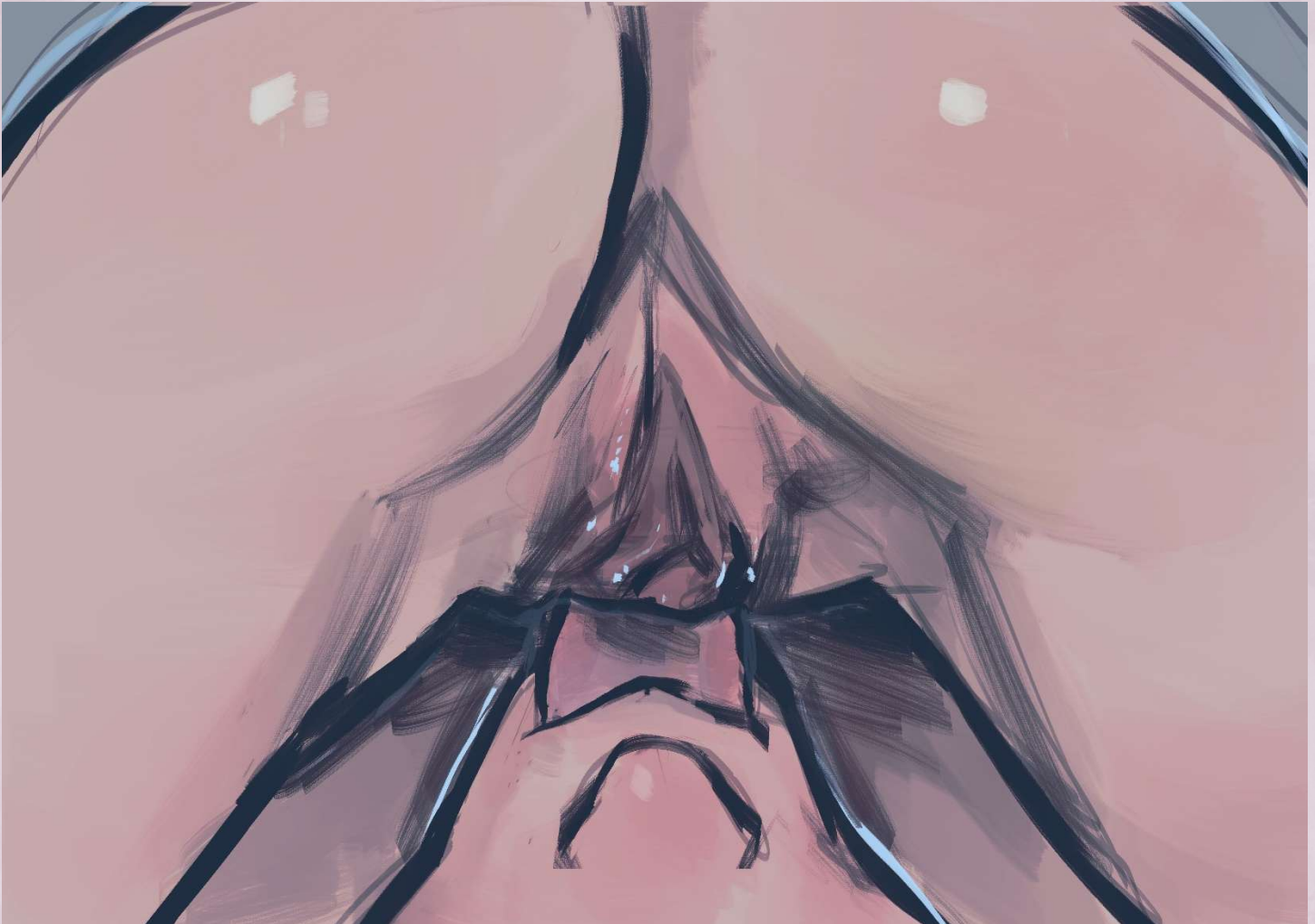
With a pop, her mouth came off my cock. "What are you doing, Logan?" She didn't look at me, just kept her face pressed against my cock while I maneuvered her into a sixty-nine.

"It's not a big deal, Mom. I've already gone down on you as a reward. And you did the same to me. We're just combining them." I gave her ass a playful pat.

"Oh, gosh." Her leg relaxed and she let me guide her pussy to my mouth. "You're right. We're not getting carried away. This is just a combo of regular rewards." With those words, she put my cock back in her mouth and rolled her tongue around the head.



I returned the favor, starting out by licking and sucking on her pussy lips. She was soaking, her taste pungent and tangy. I put one hand on her ass cheek, and the other returned a finger to her asshole. Her hips rotated slightly to the same rhythm as the blowjob.



I think we were both submerged in a sea of pleasure, I know I was. After a few minutes, I turned my attention to her clit and sucked it into my mouth. Her body went rigid on top of me, but her head kept bobbing. I could feel her ass puckering on my finger.

“Mmmmmppphh ... hhhhmmppphhh ...” Her humming got louder. She shook on top of me, first small trembles that built to convulsions. Her mouth popped off my dick again, and she rubbed my cockhead on her face while she came. She didn’t say anything about the orgasm, but when she was done, she went back to sucking my dick. We continued like that for I don’t know how long. Mom clearly had three more climaxes.

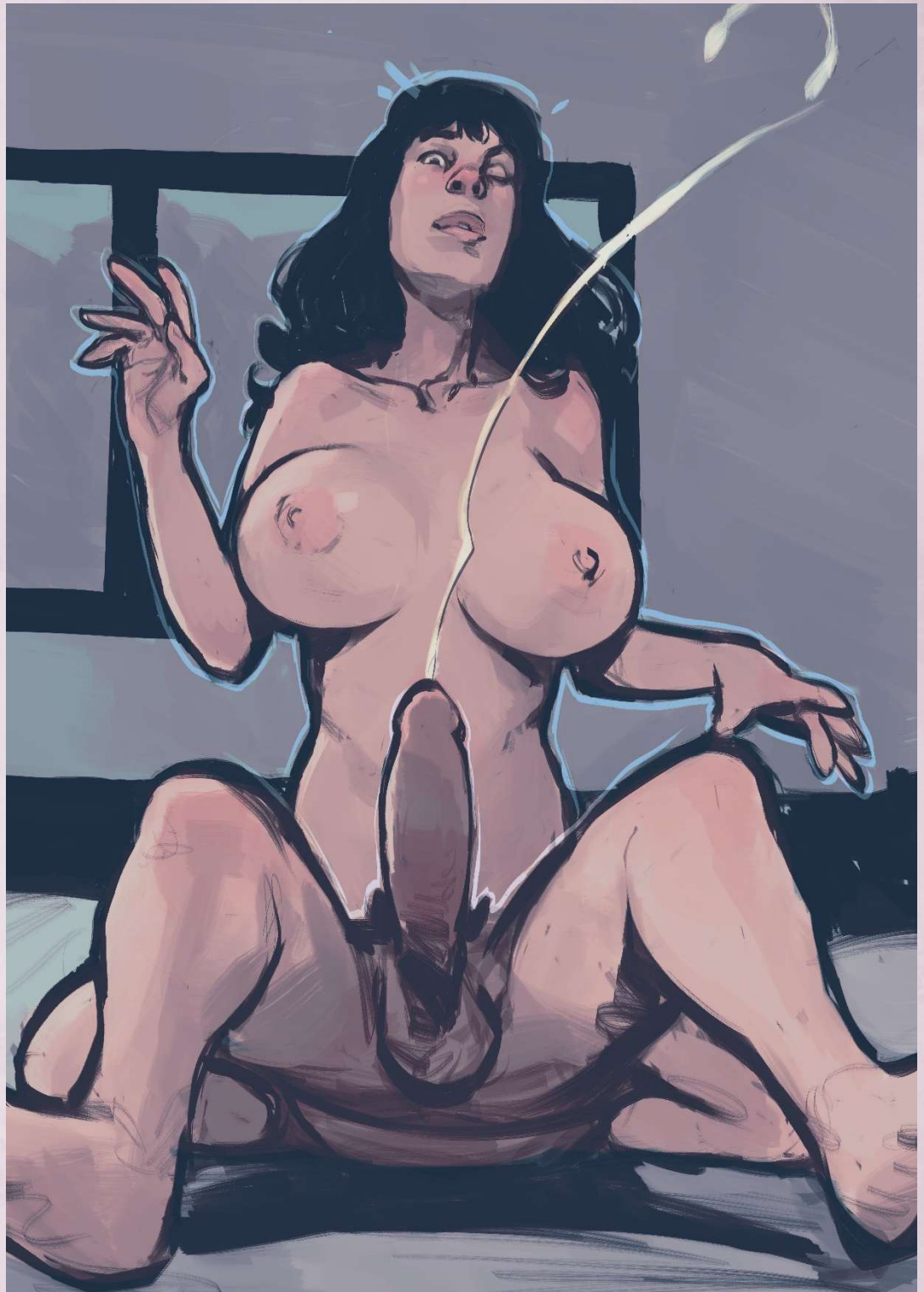
Eventually, I was ready. “I’m going to ... ugh ... cum ... Mom.” My words were somewhat muffled by her pussy, but she heard me.

She quickly pulled her mouth off me and stroked my dick with both hands. "Finish for me, Logan. Just ... finish." She hadn't brought a towel this time, and she wasn't running to get one. Maybe she thought I wasn't going to shoot far enough to splash her face. If so, she was about to find out how wrong she was. "Finissshhhhhhhhhh," She hissed. Her pussy was still firmly planted on my face.

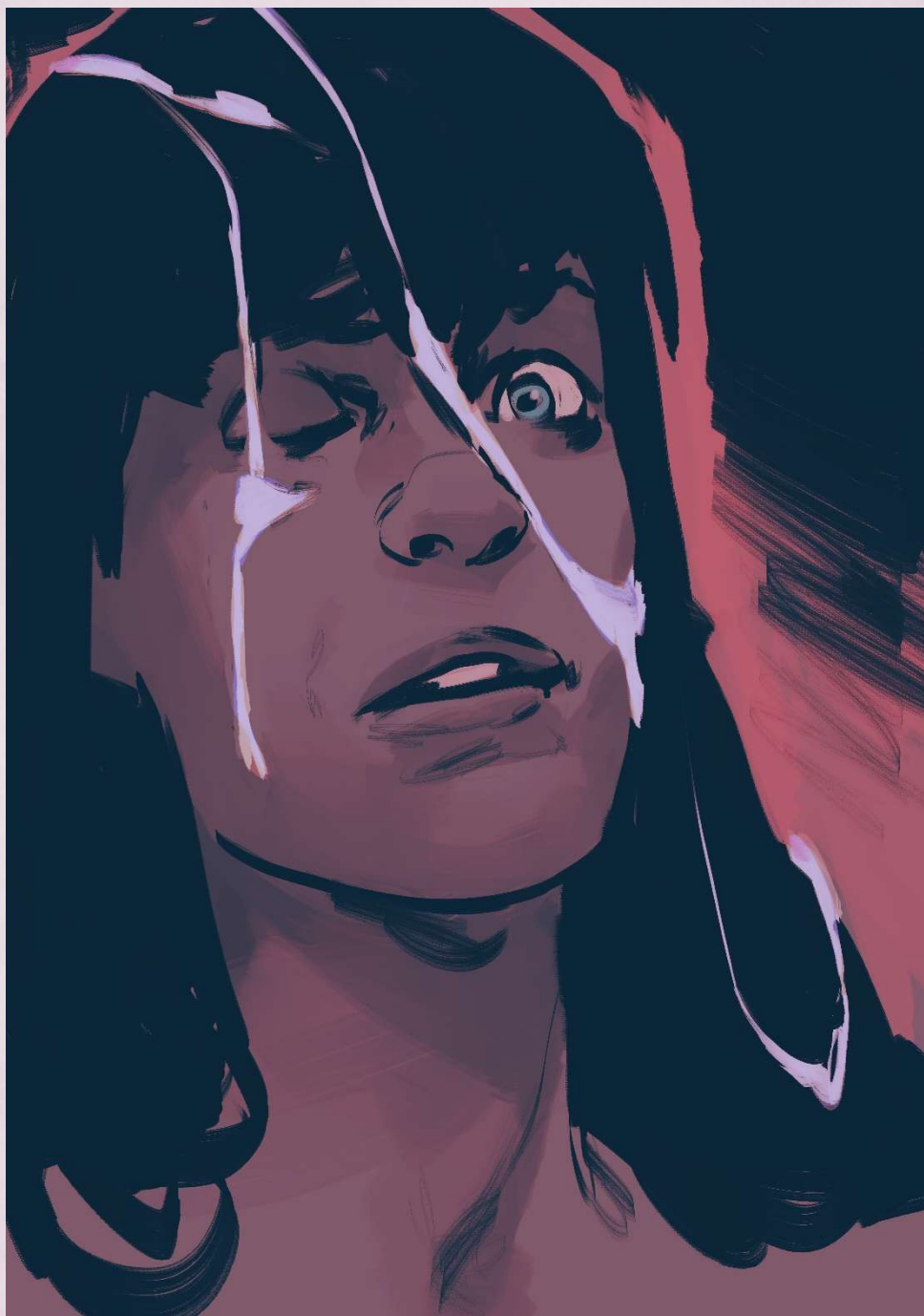
My balls contracted, and my cum launched into the air. I couldn't see it, but from her surprised squeals, I was pretty sure I'd hit her right in the face. I wasn't aware of much for a few seconds. Blinding ecstasy will do that. When my mind returned to the room, my mother was standing next to the bed looking at me with a scrunched, chagrined face.

"Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... ick ... ick ..." She was really covered. From her hair down to her boobs. Her hands and arms were also dripping with white splashes. She was holding her hands and arms away from her body like my cum was the most disgusting goo she could imagine. "I knew you made a lot ... but ... I didn't know you sprayed with ... such force." I could tell she wanted to wipe her eyes but felt her hands were contaminated.

"Just wipe off with the sheet. It's dirty anyway." I pointed to the cum that had missed her and landed next to me on the sheet.



"I need a shower. I need a shower. Oh ... my ... gosh." Gingerly, she walked to the door, did her best to open it without getting cum on the knob, and headed to the bathroom.



I lay on the bed for several minutes basking in the moment. I replayed in my mind what it was like to have my face buried in her pussy while her mouth bobbed on my cock. Perfection. I had hit another pinnacle that I hadn't expected or even thought was within reach. That thought made me consider what else might be possible. As I slowly climbed out of bed, I prayed the plows would give me at least two more days. I wanted to see where things would lead.

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We both showered, and I got another load of laundry going. Then, I made lunch while Mom sat by the fire and guiltily texted with Dad. She was fully clothed, and curled up in an armchair. Her body language was withdrawn. I could tell she was going to need another pep talk, but I wasn't sure what to say. As I put together sandwiches, I ran over probable conversations we might have.

When I served us lunch, she came to the table but stayed on her phone, not looking up at me. At home, there was a rule against phones at the table. I didn't push her. I ate my sandwich while she read her phone and picked at her food. Her shoulders were tense, and the lines had deepened on her face. I cleared my throat. It was time to say something.

