

Chapter 24

Marooned Christmas



Marooned Christmas 24

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Written by RawlyRawls

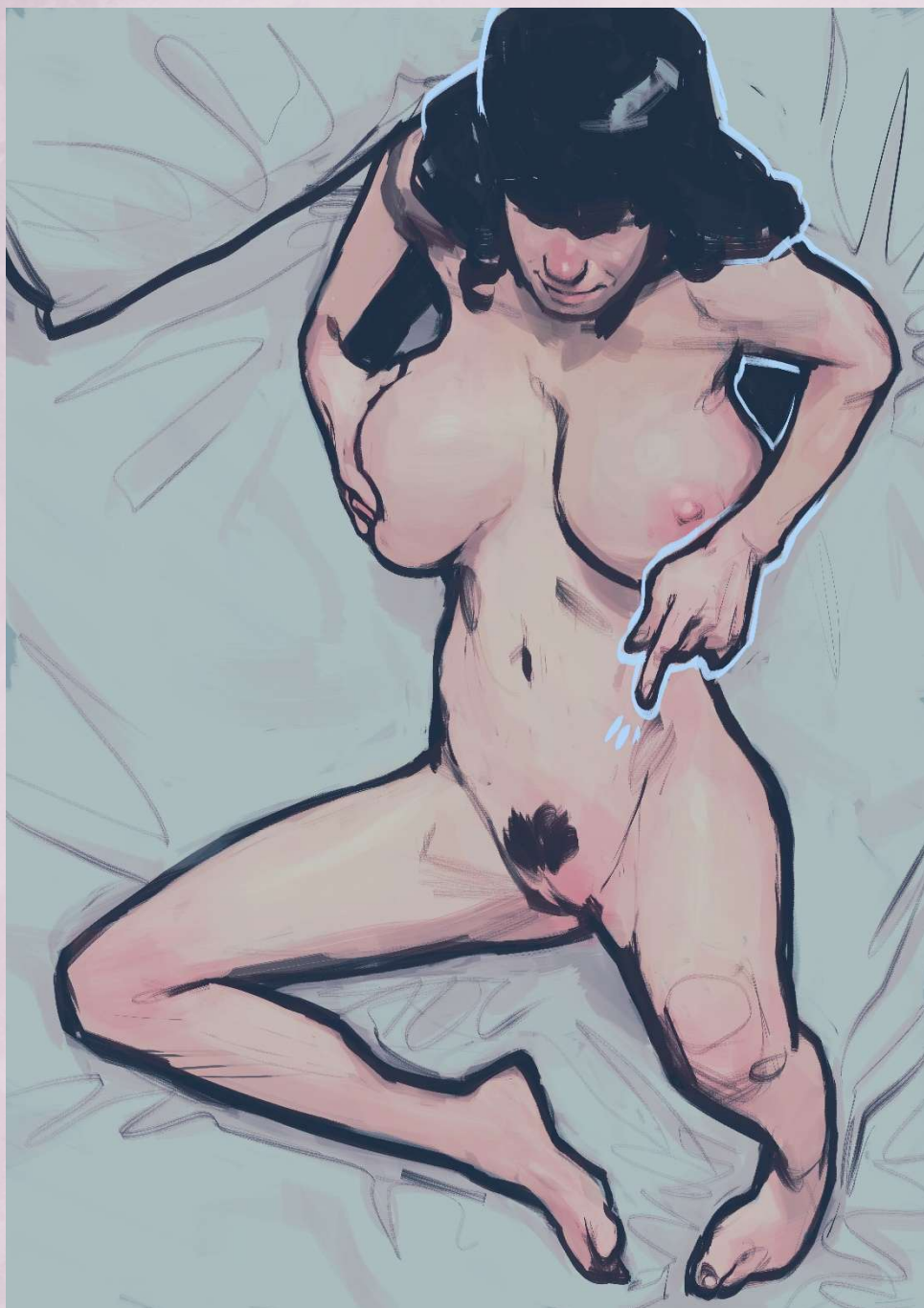
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Naked, my mother pulled down the covers and lay on her back in the center of the bed. It was magical to see her spread her legs, pointing her pussy right at me. Her nether lips were slightly parted, showing a sliver of glistening pink inside. Her triangle of pubic hair wasn't perfectly neat, but I didn't want it to be. It was so authentically my mother.

"You're staring." She bit her bottom lip with nervous anticipation.

"Sorry, you just ... look so good." I pumped my cock with my right hand.

Mom winced. "Don't do that in front of me. It makes me ... feel weird." To her credit, she kept her legs open despite her discomfort. Her tits were pulled by gravity to either side, jiggling a little as she adjusted her position.

"Sorry ... again." I stopped fapping and smiled. "It looks like you're offering up the goods to me."

"I am." She nodded, anxiety still twisting her lip.

"So ... I can't put it in. But ... what are you offering?" I grabbed the

bottle of oil, climbed onto the bed, and positioned myself on my knees between her legs.

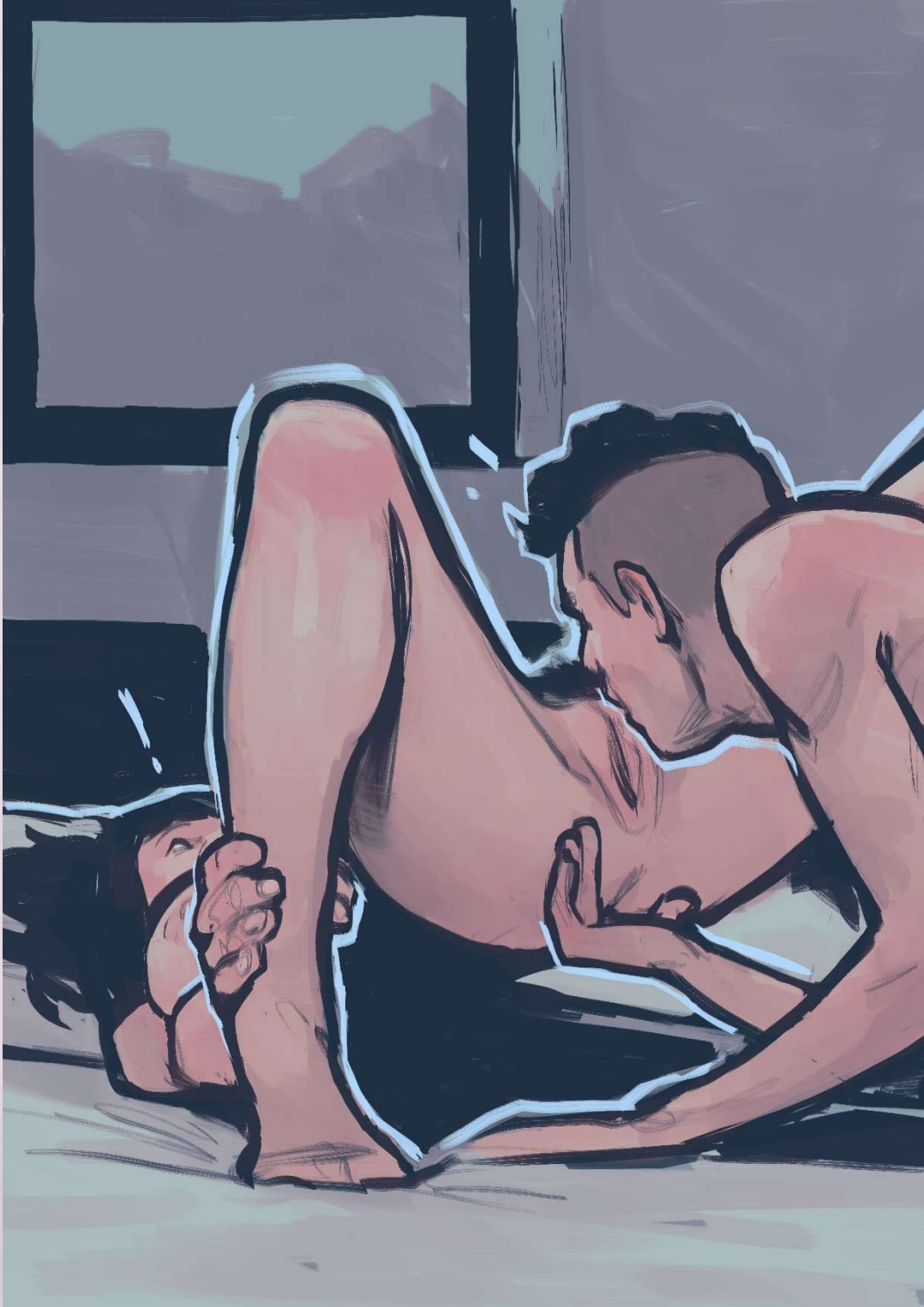
"I don't like that phrase 'put it in'." She pressed her lips together in a softer wince than the one before. She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. Her chest and abdomen rising and falling. "Sometimes your rewards are so awkward." Her gaze fixed on my cock. "You saved my life, Logan. What do you want to do with me?"

"I want to make you squirt. Then we'll go from there. Sound good?" I spread oil on my left hand and set the bottle to the side.

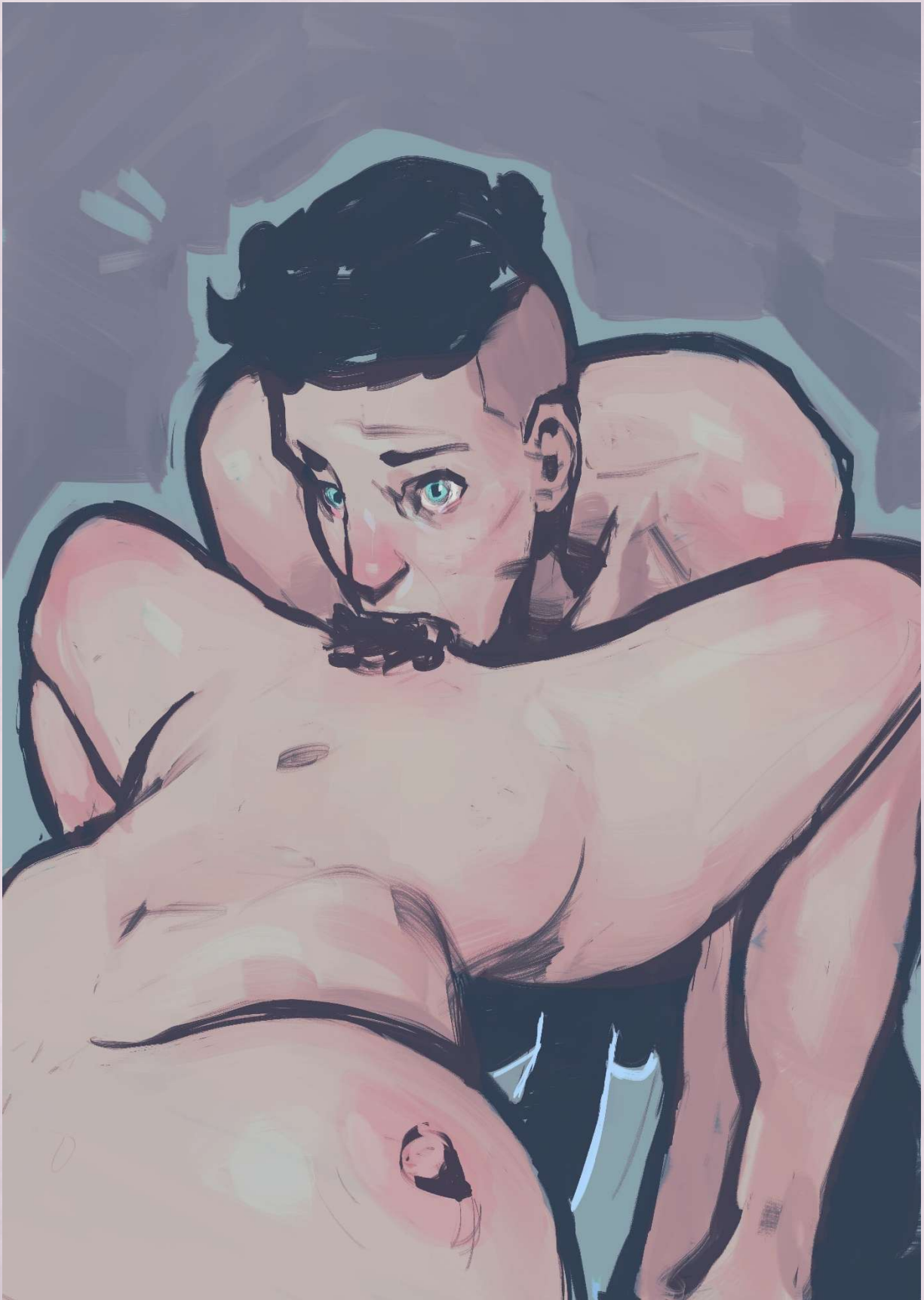
"Oh, gosh," she whispered. "I don't like the word 'squirt' either." But she didn't wait for an apology this time. Instead, she put on a brave face and watched me move into pussy-eating position. "Are you sure you like going down there ... with your mouth?"

"I feel like I'm praying to a goddess when I do this." I smiled up at her, my nose just touching her curly hairs.

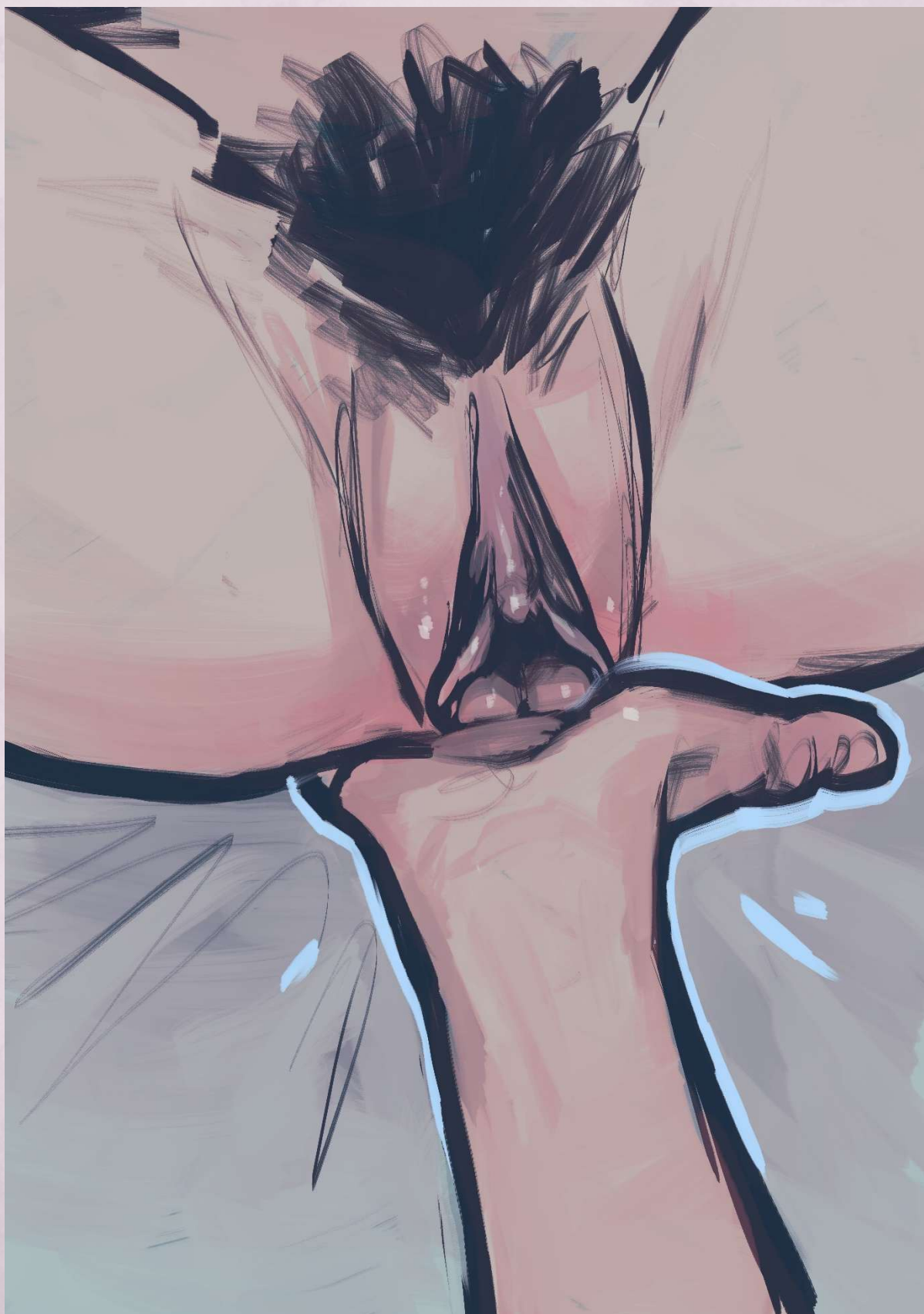
"Oh ... gosh." She tensed for a second as I slipped a well-oiled finger up her butt. When I lowered my lips to her labia, her eyelids fluttered. "Llllooooggannnnnnnn ... I ... uuuugghhhhhh." She arched her back off the bed.



“Mmmppphhh.” I ate my mother out for a good long while, switching between her lips and her cute, little button. I wanted to get her revved into a high gear before searching for her g-spot. While lavishing attention on her vagina, I didn’t forget her ass, pumping it with a good rhythm.



Needless to say, she was a quivering, orgasmic mess when I finally lifted my lips off her pussy. I smiled up at her. "How was that, Mom?" I removed the finger in her butt, replacing it with the oiled middle finger on my left hand. With my right hand, I inserted two fingers into her pussy.

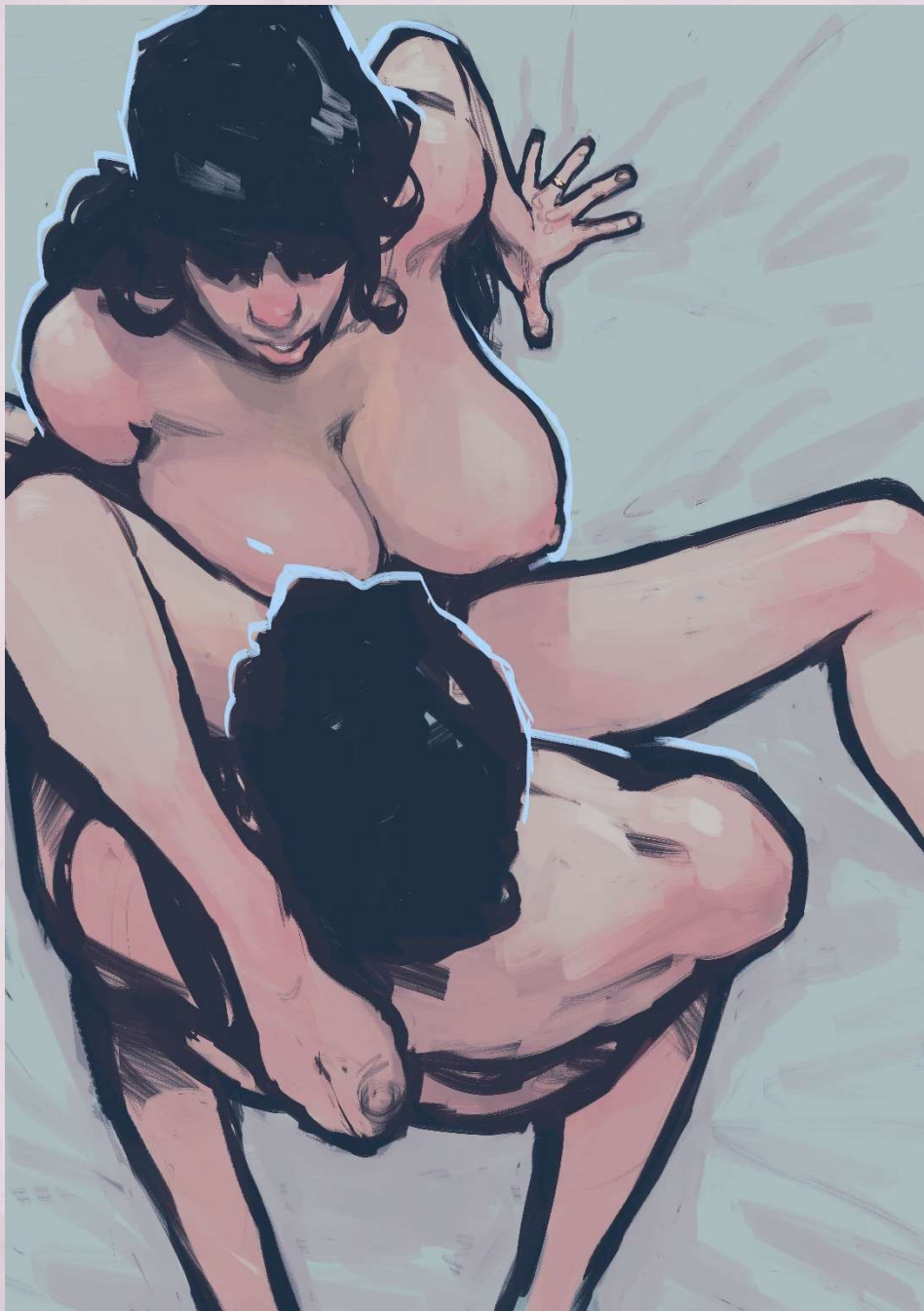


"That was ... crazy ... Logan. I've ... completely forgotten ... oooohhhhhh ... what I was rewarding ... you for." Her right eye was closed. Her left eyelid was fluttering wildly. Her face was twisted by ecstasy. Just seeing her like that would have been reward enough, but lucky me, my reward went far beyond simply looking.

"The bear, Mom." My fingers explored the roof of her pussy. Finding her g-spot wasn't second nature. Not yet. "You're rewarding me for the bear."

"Oh ... right." Her body convulsed. I had found her g-spot. "Logan ... that's the spot ... I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." It was a good thing we were far from civilization because she screamed loud enough to make my ears ring. I pulled my fingers out of her pussy, and watched her squirt on the sheet and on me. Her hips bucked, her head flopped side to side, and her boobs swayed like she was in the middle of an earthquake. Her eyes shot open, her pupils rolling back. Even as her scream died down, her mouth hung open. She looked like she was possessed. I would have to get her to let me record her sometime. This was a lifetime of fap material all in one

moment.



"Wow, Mom. You soaked the bed." I pulled my finger out of her ass and sat cross-legged on the wet spot she'd created. My dick rose with rigid determination, bumping my belly. "You good?" I waited for her to recover.

"Good ... good ..." My mother writhed on the sheet, her hands caressing her belly and breasts. "I'm ... gooooooooood." Eventually, she seemed to regain some composure. When light returned to her eyes, her gaze searched for my cock. She sat up on her elbows and licked her lips. "Do you ... want more ... rewards?"

"I could go all night." I laughed.

"I bet." A faint smile touched her lips. There was a light sheen of sweat all over her body. She sat up so that she was also cross-legged, her tits now hanging down near her knees. "You haven't asked me to put my own nipple in my mouth in a while. Would you like that?"

"I wasn't expecting that, but sure. I'd love that." I had been expecting a blowjob, but whatever. It was all gravy. "Can I touch myself while you do that?"

At that question, she visibly shivered. "Fine." She took hold of her left tit with both hands, angling the nipple up toward her face. "But I'm going to look away." She lifted her boob and gently took her nipple into her mouth. True to her word, she looked toward the wall.

"Can you suck on it?" I wiped some of what she'd sprayed me with onto my hand and used it to lube my dick. I pumped slowly.

"Mmmmmm." She did as requested. Faint suckling and humming sounds emanated from her lips. Her gaze roved back from the wall and settled on my fapping. We stayed like that for a while. After a few minutes, she switched to sucking on her other tit, but her eyes stayed glued to my masturbation.

"What do you want to do next?" I could tell she had something on her mind.

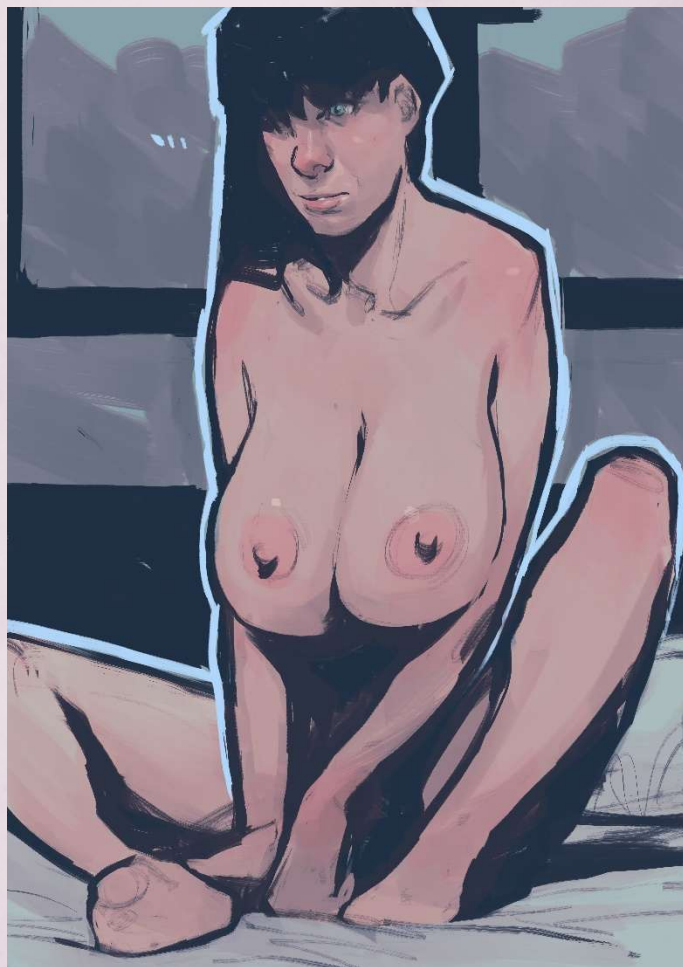
Mom released her breast and sat there, staring at my dick. "I don't want any of this, Logan," she whispered. "It's for you."

"What do *you* want, Mom?" My fapping hand increased tempo.

"This is for you," she hissed.

"Just tell me what you want." I could see that she was about to crack.

My mother put her finger between her teeth and gently bit down. "You're really going to sweep some woman off her feet. You have such a gift for this stuff." She scooted closer to me so that our knees were touching. She put her hand on top of my hand, feeling my fap. "Oh ... gosh ... it's so obscene." She leaned forward, putting her lips next to my ear. "I want you in my mouth, Logan. I want to feel how big you are. You saved me, so I want to do something I haven't ever done. I want to try and swallow your stuff. How does that sound?"

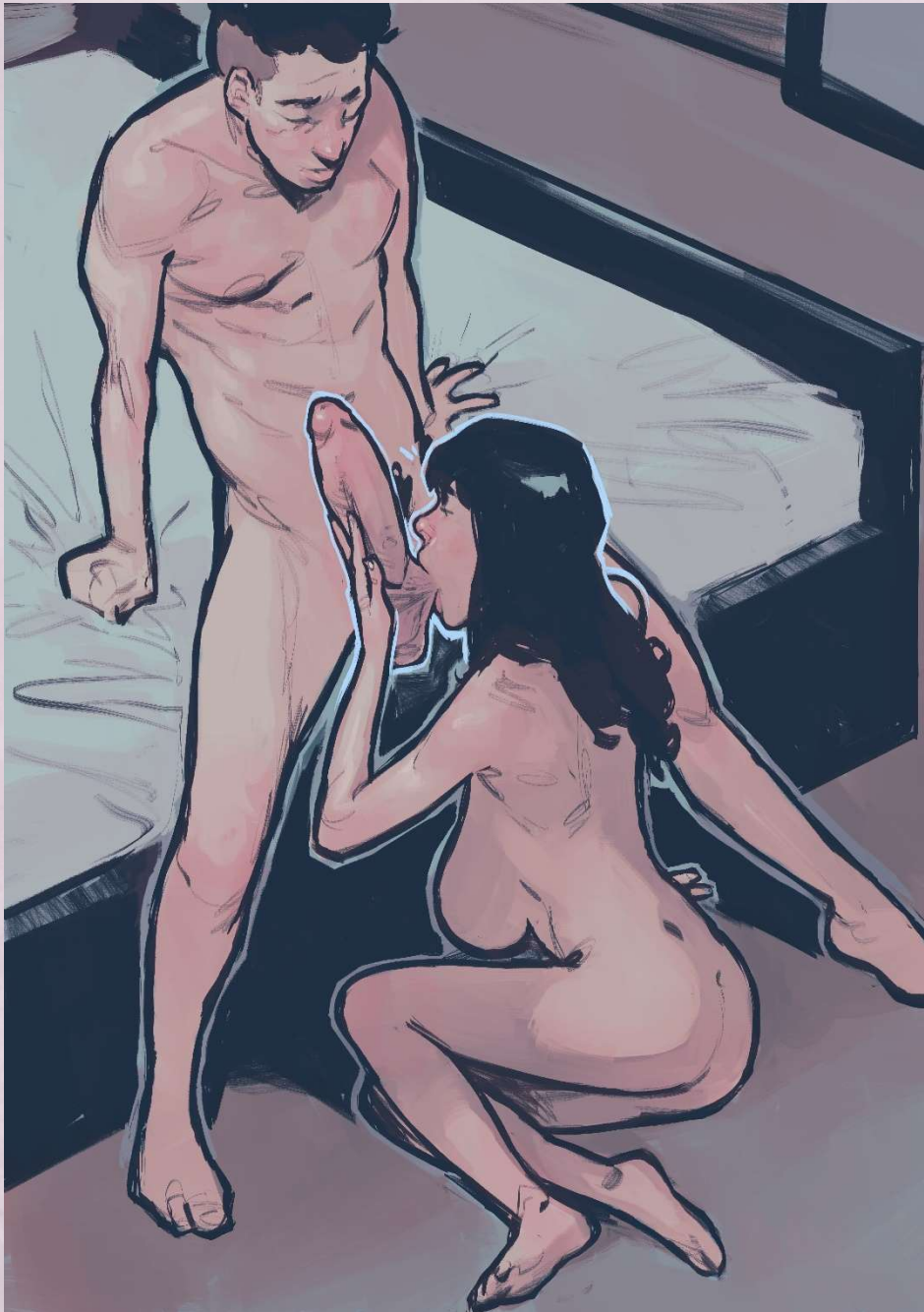


My throat was suddenly dry. "Yeah ... that sounds good."

Without another word, my mother pulled me to the edge of the bed, having me sit with my butt on the mattress and my feet on the floor. She kneeled in front of me, leaning forward to kiss my knees and thighs. The flare from her waist out to her hips and ass was spectacular. I watched her kiss her way up the inside of my legs. I had expected her to skip over my balls, but instead she planted several kisses on them.

"They're hairy." She giggled. "Do you like that?"

"Yeah." I nodded.



She sucked one of my balls into her mouth, rolled it with her tongue, and spit it out. "That was weird." Kissing her way up my shaft, her eyes seemed to glaze over. "Oh ... this is ... such a lovely ... lovely ... penis ... Logan ... you are ... so ... lucky," she said between kisses. "Your girlfriend ... will be ... so lucky."

"I love you, Mom."

"Mmmppphh ... mmm ... mmmm." Mom had my cock in her mouth now, but I was sure she was saying she loved me, too.

She hadn't really improved her skill since the first blowjob, but her enthusiasm seemed to be growing. Someday, I was going to give her pointers on how to suck cock. But I found her awkwardness endearing. It was a reminder that she was doing something well out of her comfort zone for me. I smiled at the thought of her comfort zone. She was on another planet from her comfort zone. She was popping her mouth on my cockhead and humming her satisfaction.

I still didn't believe that she was going to let me cum in her mouth. She had been outright disgusted by

my cum before. But who knew? "Look up ... at me ... Mom."

"Mmmmm." Her gaze lifted, and we locked eyes. Her normally pretty face was distorted by her efforts as she bobbed a couple inches. While maintaining eye contact, she took my hand and put it on the back of her head. "Mmmm ... mmmmm," she said.

"You want me ... to put a little pressure ... on your head?" I cupped her skull, enjoying the silkiness of her hair.

"Mmmmm." She couldn't smile with my wide cockhead between her lips, but her eyes shone with approval.

"Okay." Gently, I pulled her bobbing head toward my pelvis.

"Ggaaackkk ... ggaackkk ... ggaackkk." Mom tensed, closed her eyes, and her hands went helplessly in the air, but she didn't fight me. I eased up on the pressure for a minute, and she went back to bobbing on the head. Then, I pulled again. She gagged, but didn't try to remove my hand or push back. I eased again. When she opened her eyes, there were tears welling in them. She took hold of the shaft with both hands and made herself gag this time. I hadn't wanted to teach her, but she'd initiated the training herself. She gazed at me expectantly as she went back to bobbing on the first couple inches.

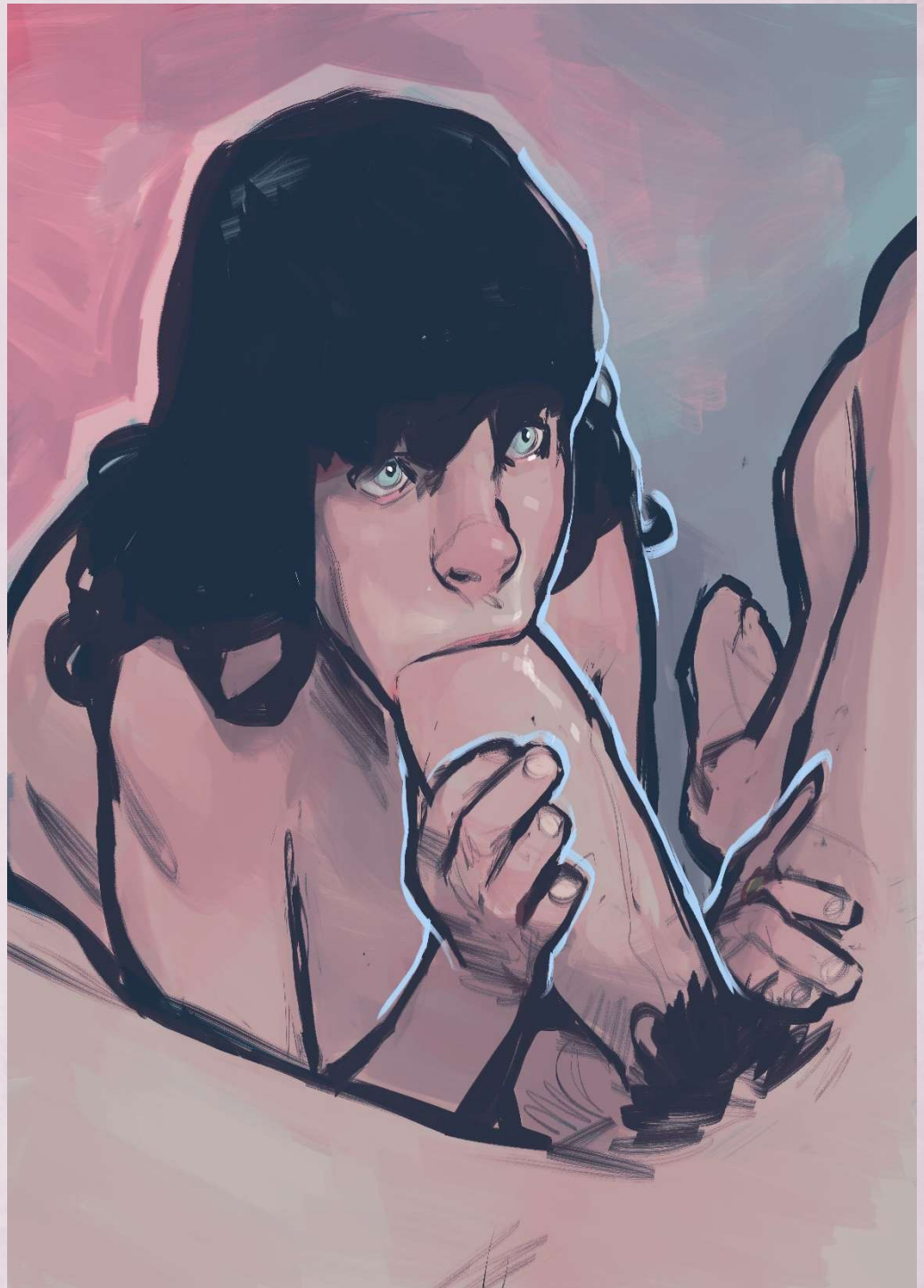
"You want me ... uuggghhhh ... to cum?" I held the back of her head just hard enough so that she would feel the pressure.

"Mmmmm," she said with urgency. "Gggaackkk ... ggaccckkk ... ggaaccckkkk."

"Don't ... gag ... while I'm cumming ... or you won't be able to swallow." I really was training her now.

"Mmmmm." She closed her eyes, pumped her hands on the shaft, and bobbed on my cockhead.

We hadn't been at it very long, but the way she was throwing herself into this was a real turn-on. I was ready to explode. "Damn ... Mom ... you're going to make me ... uuuuuggghhhhhhhh."



Her eyes shot open in surprise when the first blast hit the back of her throat, but she didn't flee like I'd thought she would. I heard her gulping. It was maybe the sweetest sound in my life. She was valiant, but didn't last through my orgasm. Overwhelmed, she pulled off and caught the last two sprays on her face and hair. It was glorious.

"Oh ... my ... gosh. Gosh ... gosh ... gosh ..." Her hands kept pistoning. "Logan ... Logan ... Logan."



After a few seconds, my shuddering ended. "You can ... stop ... pumping me ... now."

"Okay." She released my dick and sat back, panting. Taking a corner of the top sheet, she wiped her eyes. "You're like ... some sort of ... genetic experiment ... Logan." She opened her eyes and stared at my dick. "I can't believe ... I did that."

"How ... was it?" I stared at my cum-covered mother, still kneeling in front of me. Her expression only looked faintly disgusted this time.

"Not ... as bad as I'd feared." She looked around the room. "My inclination is to wash off, but ... um ... what would your someday girlfriend do now? I want to do this right." She stood, still staring at my dick.

"I love the smell ... of my cum. Having that scent on you would be ... awesome." I scooted back and patted the stained sheet next to me. "Why don't we cuddle ... for a little while?"

"She would really ... just keep your stuff on her?" Her eyes finally made it back to mine. She saw my confidence and nodded. "Okay, I want this to be the best possible reward." She climbed onto the bed, her breasts

swaying under her. "Even if it's weird." She curled up next to me and put her sperm-coated cheek on my stomach in such a way that she could keep an eye on my penis. "I hope you liked that, Logan. You earned it."

"You're the best, Mom." Lazily, I stroked her back, relishing the perfect curve of her spine. "And this is the best Christmas ever."

"I'm so glad." She dipped her finger in some cum that had pooled on my thigh, making little designs with it. We cuddled in silence for so long that we both drifted into naps.

