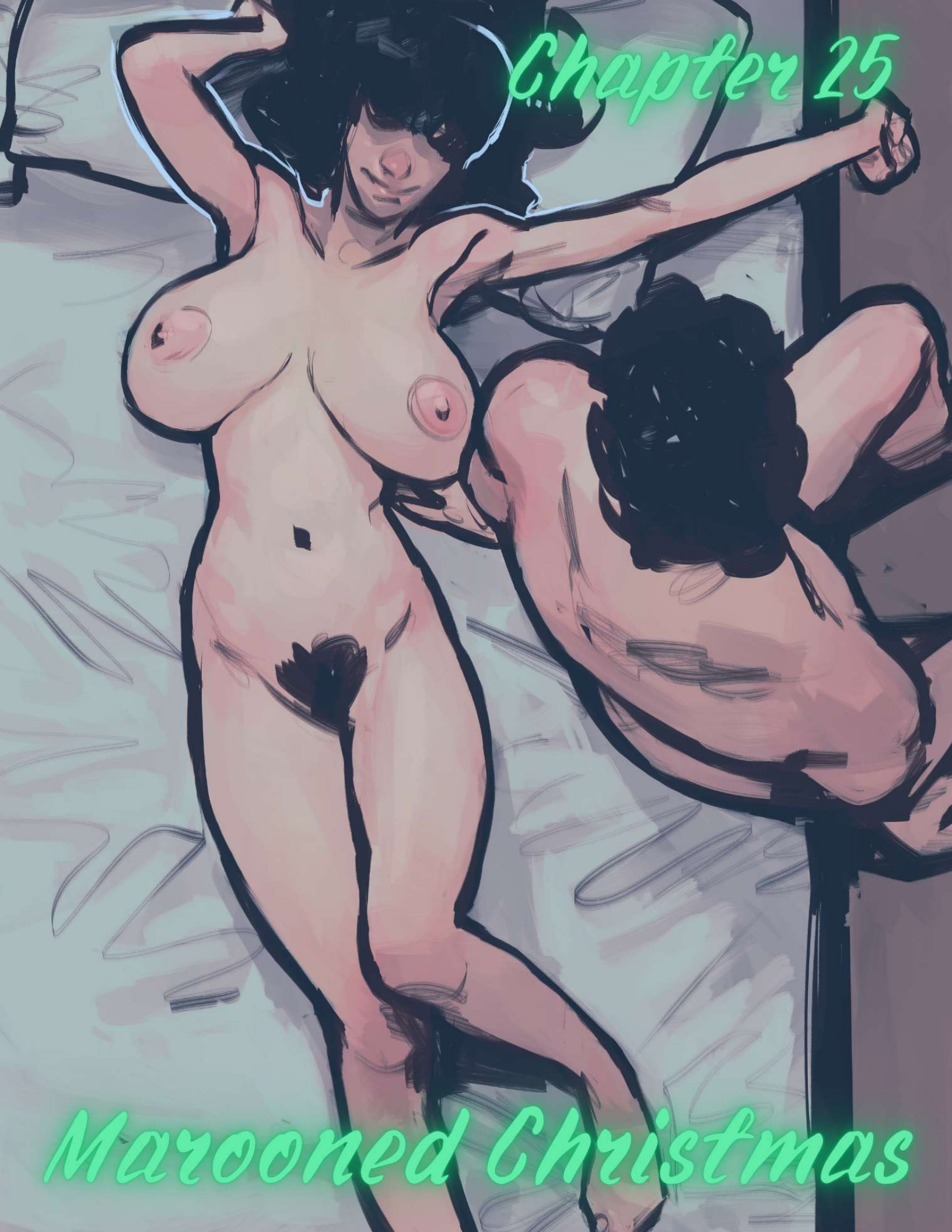




Chapter 25

Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 25

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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When we woke from our naps, the cum on us was dry. Although, there was still a moist spot on the sheet where my mother had squirted.

I sat up, yawned, and stretched. "I'm hungry. Are you hungry?"

My mother rolled onto her back and stretched. The sight of her took my breath away. She turned her head, looked over, and gave me a lazy smile. "I guess we both had snacks not that long ago." The confidence drained out of her face, her cheeks flushing red. "I'm sorry, that was a silly thing to say."

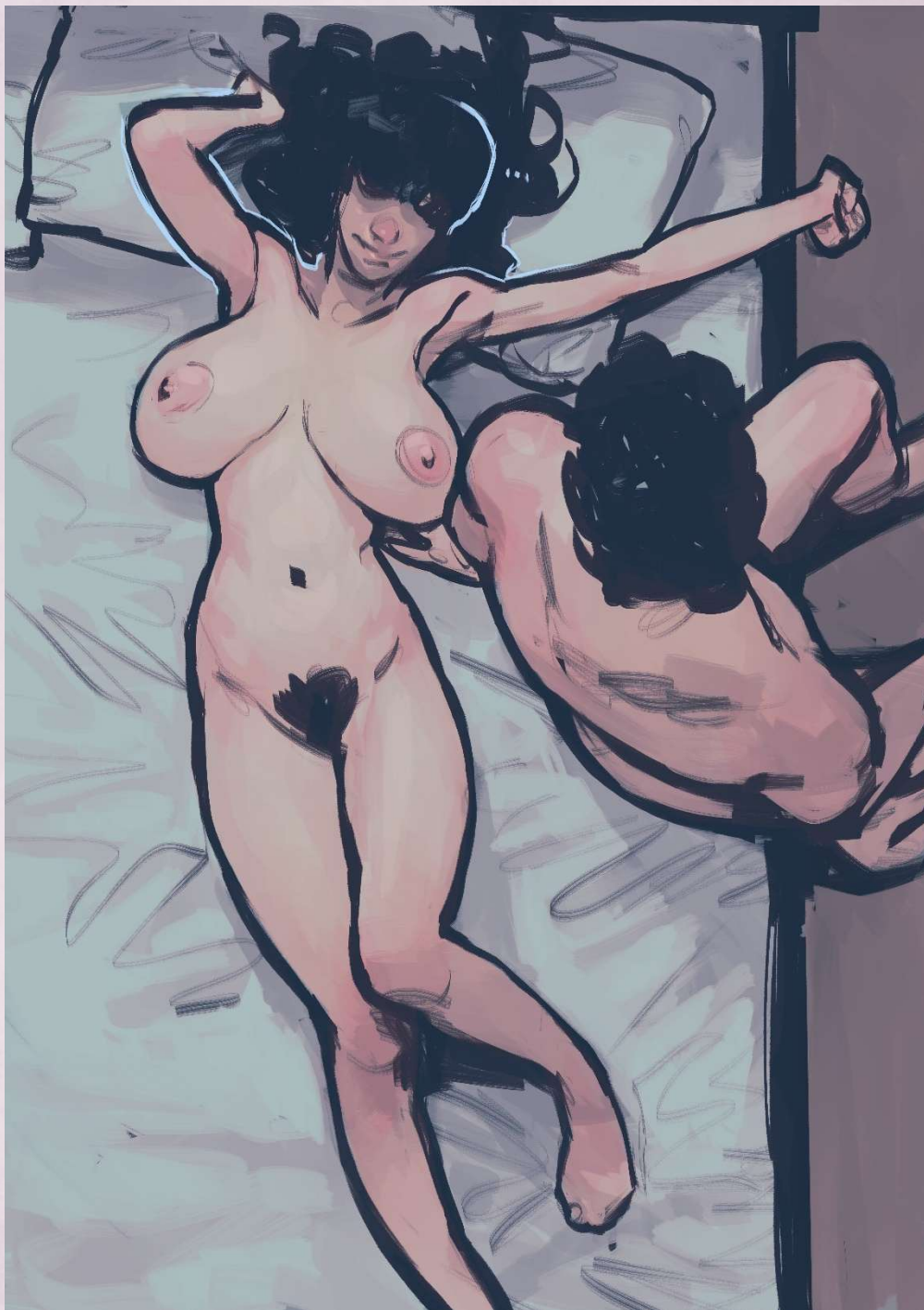
"It's cool, Mom." I laughed, got up, and put on my underwear, pants, and socks. Mom put on her panties, socks, and an oversized t-shirt that hung down to her thighs. I was topless, and she was mostly bottomless.

"Let's make dinner." She exited the room and headed for the kitchen. I followed her.

As we rooted around to put together a meal with whatever the bear had left us, I kept glancing at the way her ass and hips swayed as she moved. She wasn't trying to entice me or anything, just going about her meal-prep business. And the shirt wasn't all that revealing. It didn't matter. She was devastatingly beautiful. I kept thinking about what her face had looked like when I'd hit her g-spot, and later when her eyes had gone wide as she'd gulped my cum. As she worked at the counter, I got down on the floor, scooted between her legs, and put my back on one of the broken cabinet doors.

"What are you doing, Logan?" Her voice was amused, like I was playing a game with her.

"Just keep making those sandwiches. I'm going to have an appetizer." I pulled her panties to the side.



"Oh, sweetie. Can't we take a break? I don't want this to be the only ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... oooooohhhhhh ... Logan ... I ... I ..." She trembled as I lapped at her pussy.

"Mmmmmmpphhh." I grabbed her hips and pulled them down a little, so I could reach her clit. The second my tongue hit her button, she began gyrating her butt in little circles. I don't think she was making dinner anymore.

"Every time ... you go down there ... I ... I ..." Her voice was strained. "I'm losing it ... Logan ... I think I'm ... losing it ... I feel like ... like ..." She didn't finish the thought.

I took my mouth off her pussy. "Like what, Mom?" I pulled down her panties, helping her step out of them. Then, I put my hands on either ass cheek and went back to eating her out.

"I ... uuuggghhh ... have a confession ... sweetie." She reached down and laced her fingers in my hair. "I can't ... believe I'm going to tell you ... this ... but ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I'm starting to like ... your rewards ... too. I know ... I shouldn't ... but ... you're so gifted at this stuff ... and ... and ... you're going to give me ... another orgasm ... right now ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiii." Her body shook enough that I had to grip her ass tighter to hold her pussy in place. Her wails echoed around the cabin.





When she was done cumming, I crawled out from under her, picked up her panties, and stood up. She gazed at me with a stoned smile, taking her panties back when I offered them to her. Her nipples were clear as day through her shirt. I gave her right boob a friendly squeeze. "I'm so happy."

"Me, too." She bent over and slowly shimmied her panties up her legs. Standing in front of me, she appraised my face. "You're all shiny." She took several deep breaths, her eyes clearing a bit. "About what I just said, you can forget it. I was just telling you those things as part of your reward. I know you want to hear them, but I love your father and you're ... well ... you're Logan. So, it would be impossible to ... actually ... like this stuff." Her face was so full of transparent desperation that I did nothing to contradict her.

"Yeah, sure. Thanks for saying those things. It makes the rewards even better." I turned and worked on putting together the half-assembled sandwiches.

"Thanks for understanding." She nodded, turned, and went to the kitchen table. She sat at her normal

seat, put her elbows on the table, and placed her face in her hands. "I hope the plow people get off their butts and come soon."

"Me, too." I actually meant it. Cutting off our time in the cabin wasn't ideal, but it was better than getting eaten by a bear. "In the meantime, you want to play some Stratego after dinner?"

"Sure." She didn't take her face out of her hands until I put her sandwich in front of her and sat down myself.

We ate our dinner in silence. Afterward, we cleaned the kitchen and set up our game by the fire. I used the last of the wood to get the blaze going in the hearth. While watching the flames rise, I had an idea. "Let's play naked, Mom. We're always going topless, but I'd love for us to just do normal stuff naked." I turned and looked at her.

My mother stood and strode toward the bathroom.

"Where are you going?" I watched her stop in the bathroom doorway.

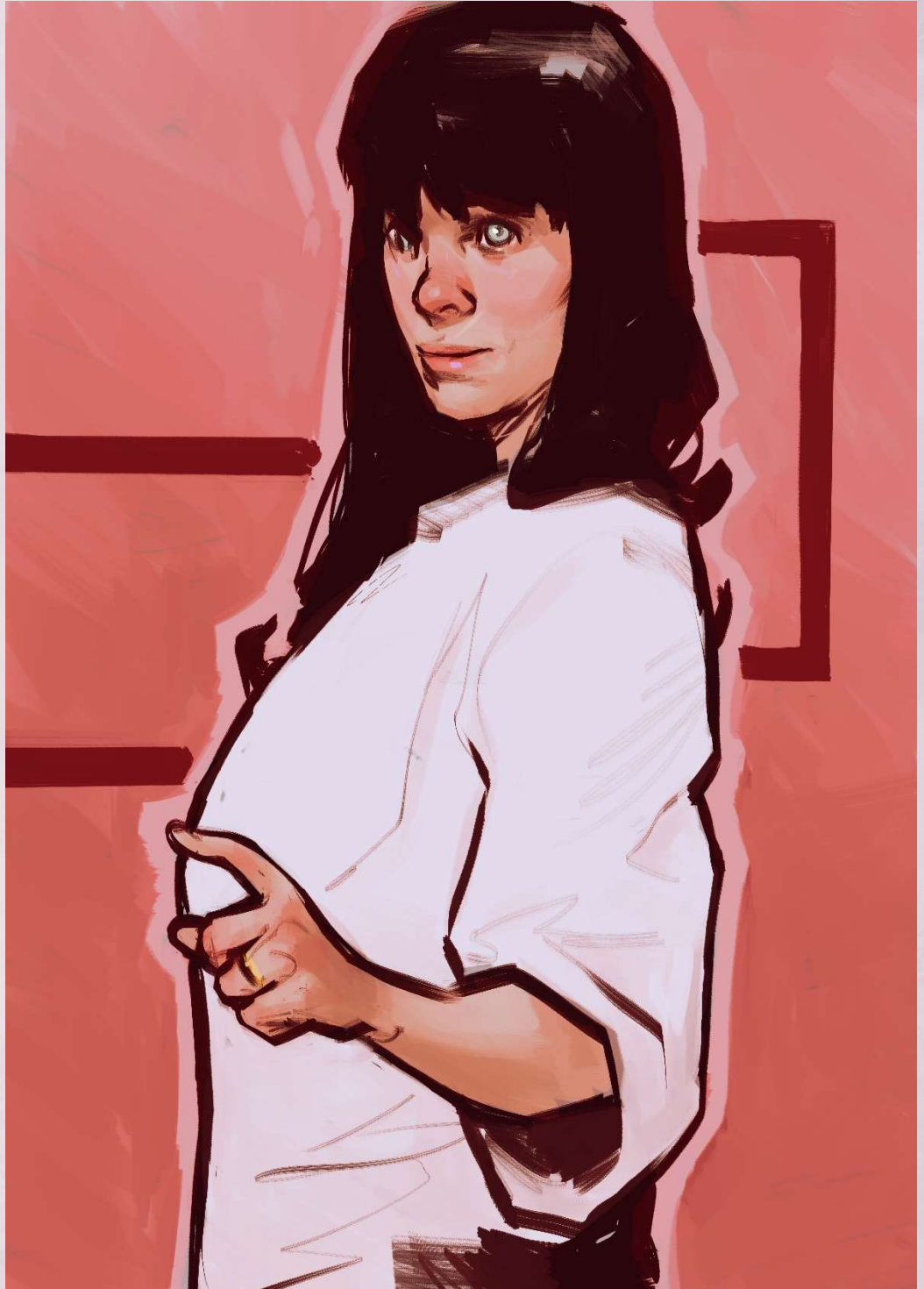
"If I'm going to be naked, I need a shower. Your someday girlfriend might be okay with being covered in dried sperm, but I'm not." She stared across the room at me.

"Should I shower, too?" I was hopeful she might invite me in with her.

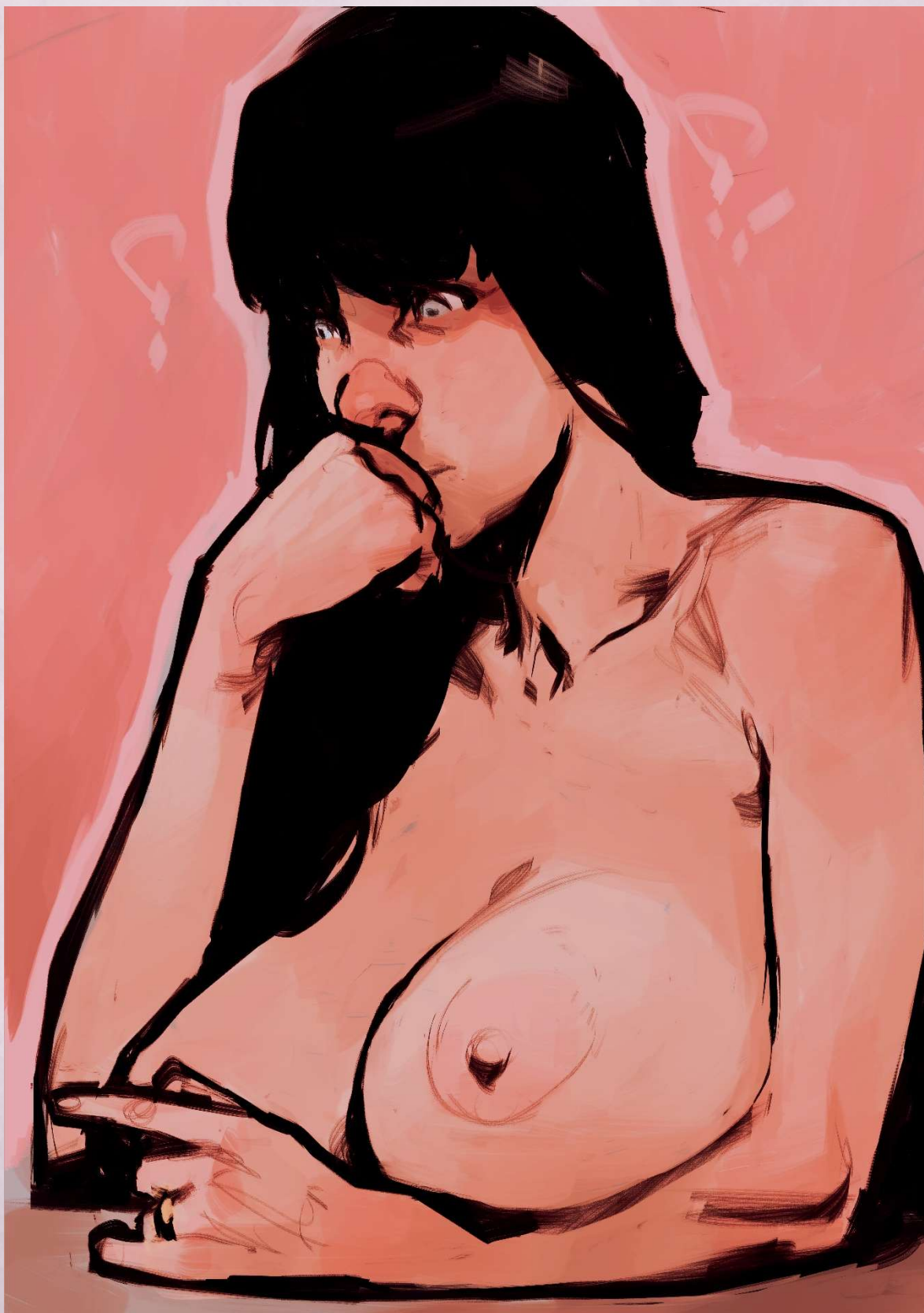
My mother cocked her head and thought about it for a few seconds. "No, you don't need to shower. But maybe wash off your face, okay?" She went into the bathroom and closed the door.

I went to the kitchen, washed my face, and stripped out of my clothes. I went back to the hearth and waited for her.

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We were both naked, sitting on either side of the Stratego board. Mom's hair was drying in the heat of the fire behind her. She tugged at her lower lip with her fingers, thinking about her next move. Her arm pressed against one of her boobs, causing it to spill wonderfully around her upper arm. "I'm afraid that's going to be a bomb, Logan." She eyed the backs of my pieces speculatively. Her gaze moved up just a little, resting on my cock. "Your little commander is still soft. Did I tire him out?"



"He's just resting." I smiled. "More rewards before bed tonight?"

Mom gulped and nodded. "If you think he can rise again."

I flexed my dick and made it lurch a few times without enlarging.

"Oh ... gosh! What was that?" She put a hand to her mouth. "Is it okay?"

"I was just making it jump a little. It's fine." I chuckled.

"Oh ... I didn't know men could do that." Her gaze went distant. "There's a lot of stuff you do that I didn't know men could do. Either you're really special, or I ... um ... have lived a sheltered life."

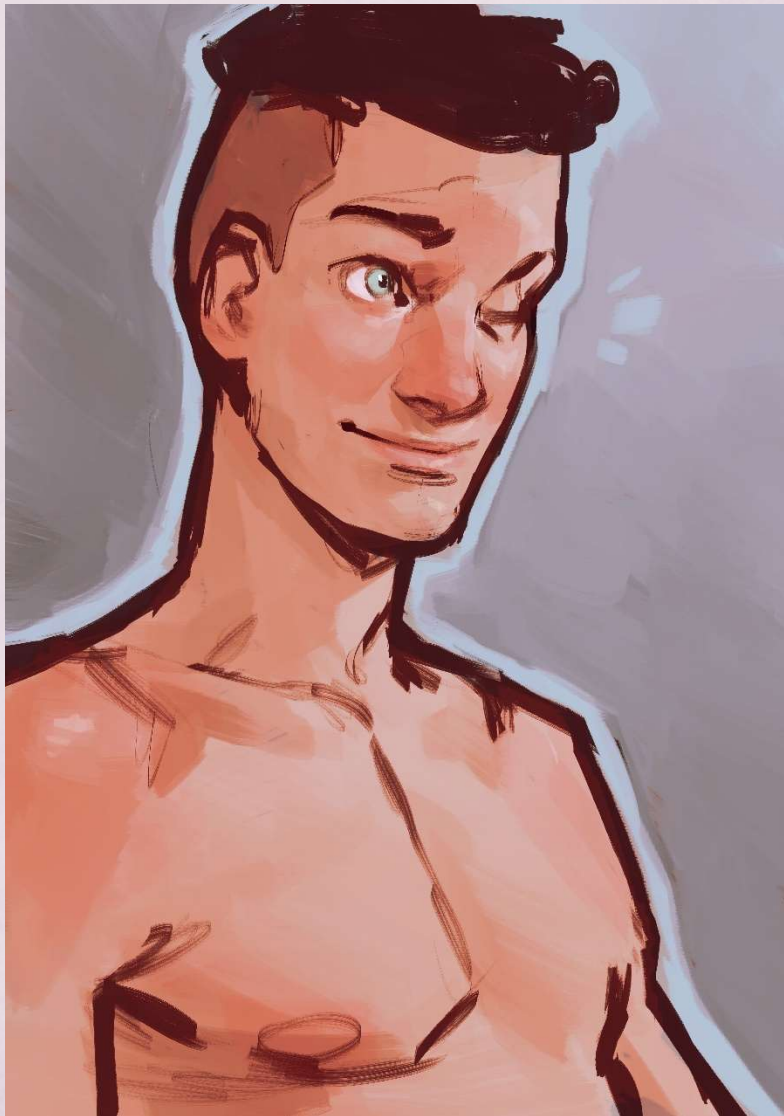
"Why not both?" I shrugged.

"Yeah." She shook her head and pulled her gaze back down to the gameboard. "And somehow I made you."

"By being a great mom." I wanted to reach over and squeeze her boob, but I didn't want to upset the pieces on the board.

"Ha! You're so sexy because I'm a great mom?" She gave me a sarcastic laugh and moved her piece.

"I'm sexy?" I caught her gaze and winked. "Hearing you say that is like a reward all on its own."



"Well, it's undeniable, Logan. It's obvious, even to your mother." She took hold of each tit and bounced them for me.

"What are you doing?" My dick stirred again, this time without any flexing.

"I wanted to see if I could wake him up." She lifted her left nipple to her mouth and kissed it. Her eyes went wide when my cock rose. "Wow ... it's magical watching it get bigger. It's like one of those time-lapse shots with a seed turning into a tree." She sucked her nipple into her mouth and murmured around it. When my dick was hard, she dropped her tit and massaged her breasts. "That big guy is sexy. I mean, look at the bulbous head, the veins, the way it pulses a little with each heartbeat. Any woman could see how special you are."

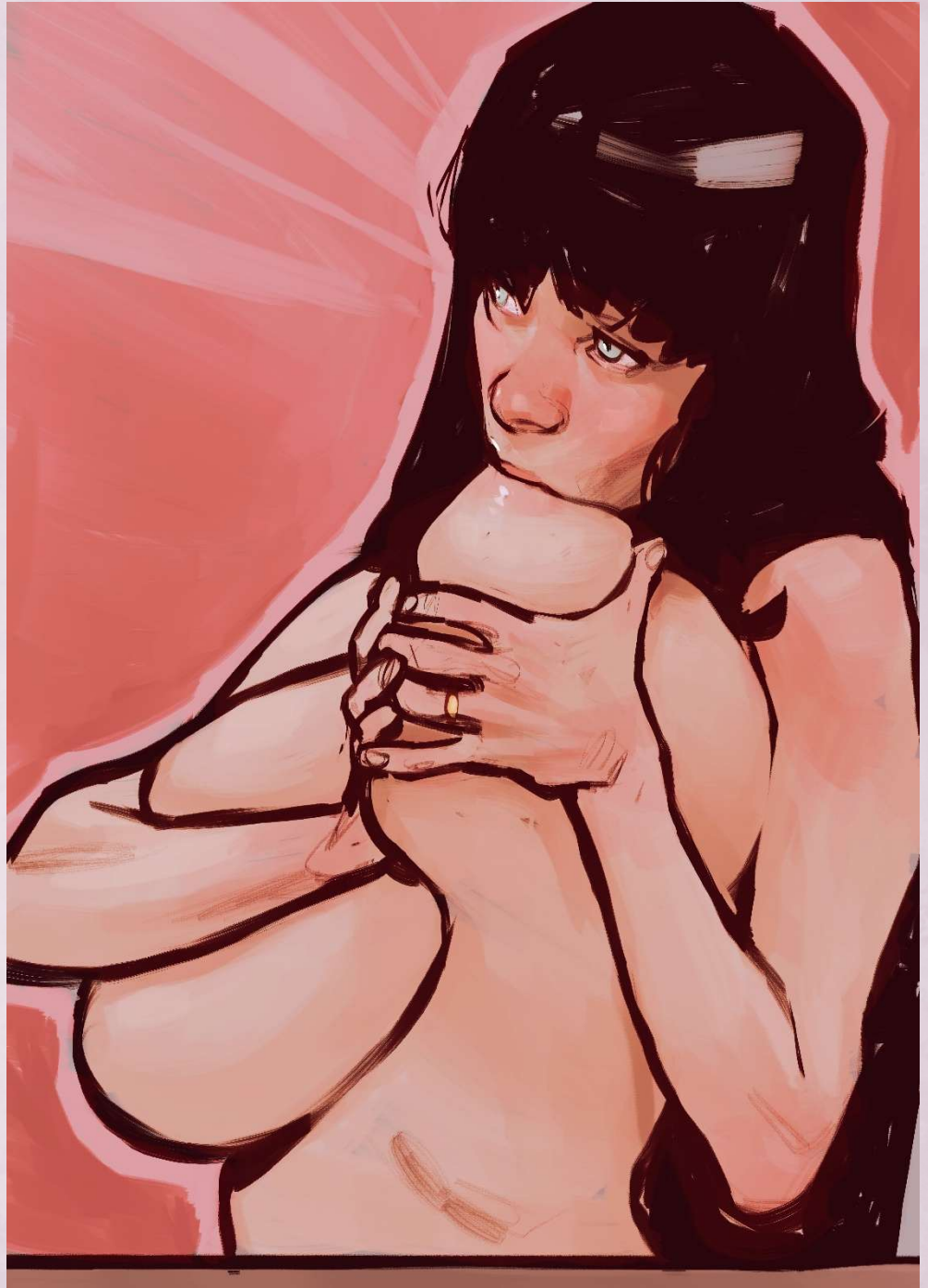
"Now that you've got me hard, do we just keep playing Stratego?" I had to fight the impulse to dive over our game table and carry her into our bedroom.

"Yeah, I guess that was stupid of me. We don't want it staying hard. The four-hour clock is ticking." She dropped her boobs and frowned. "I was just teasing you. I guess ... I make some mistakes when I'm around a naked, sexy man."

"Mom, did you like it when I carried you into the bedroom?

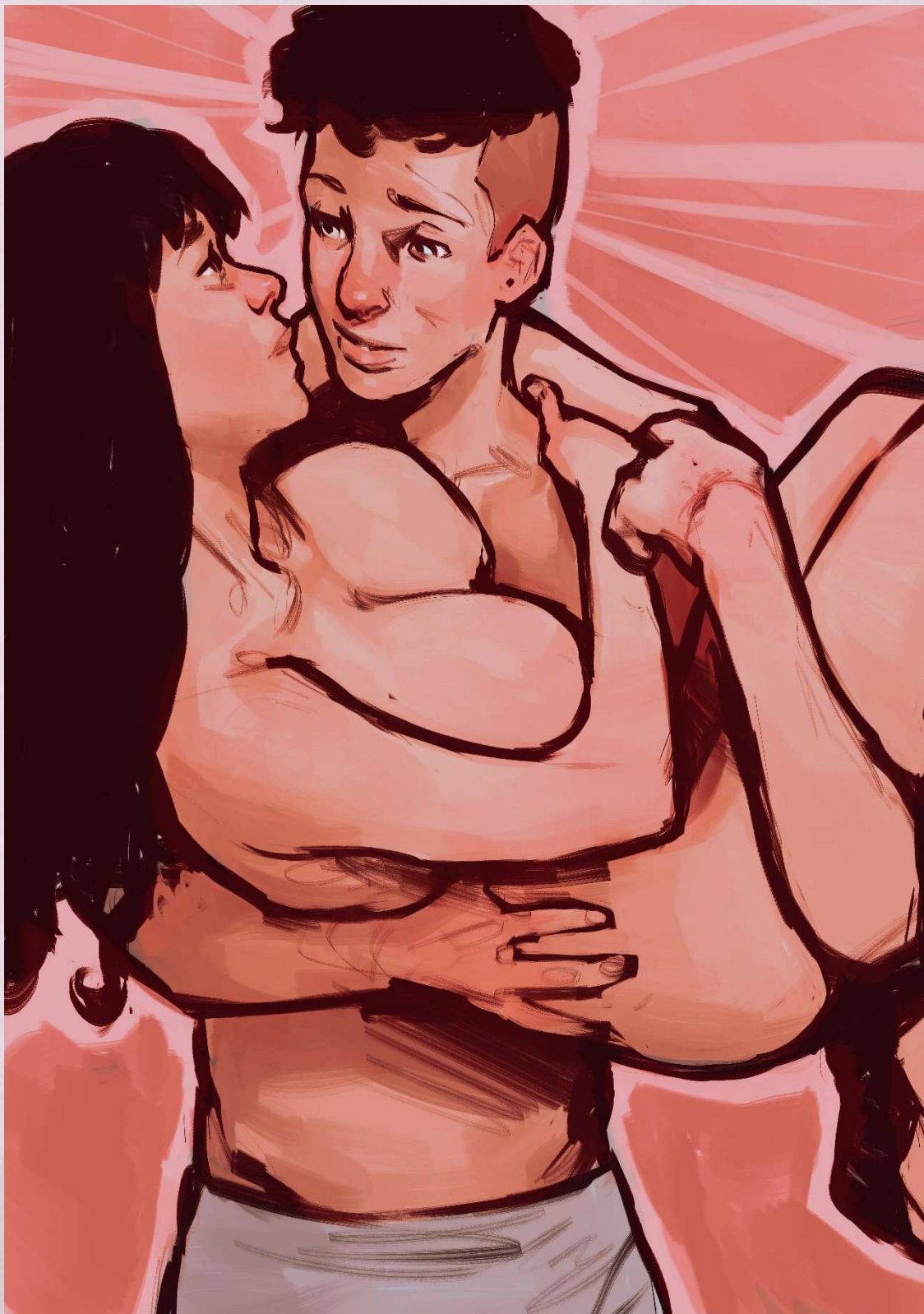
You know, when the bear was chasing us." I stood and stretched my arms over my head, forcing my erection to cantilever out over the game table.

"Honestly, it was heroic the way you carried me. But I wouldn't say I liked it." Fear flashed across her face. "I was too nervous about that monster chasing us to like any part of that. But I'm grateful I have a son that's strong enough to carry me to safety."



"Nobody's chasing us right now." I stepped around the game table, stooped, and picked up my mother, holding her in my arms like a groom taking his bride across the threshold for the first time. My cock pressed horizontally against her ass. "Do you like me carrying now?"

She put her arms around my shoulders, gazing deep into my eyes. "Yes, Logan. I like how strong you are," she whispered.



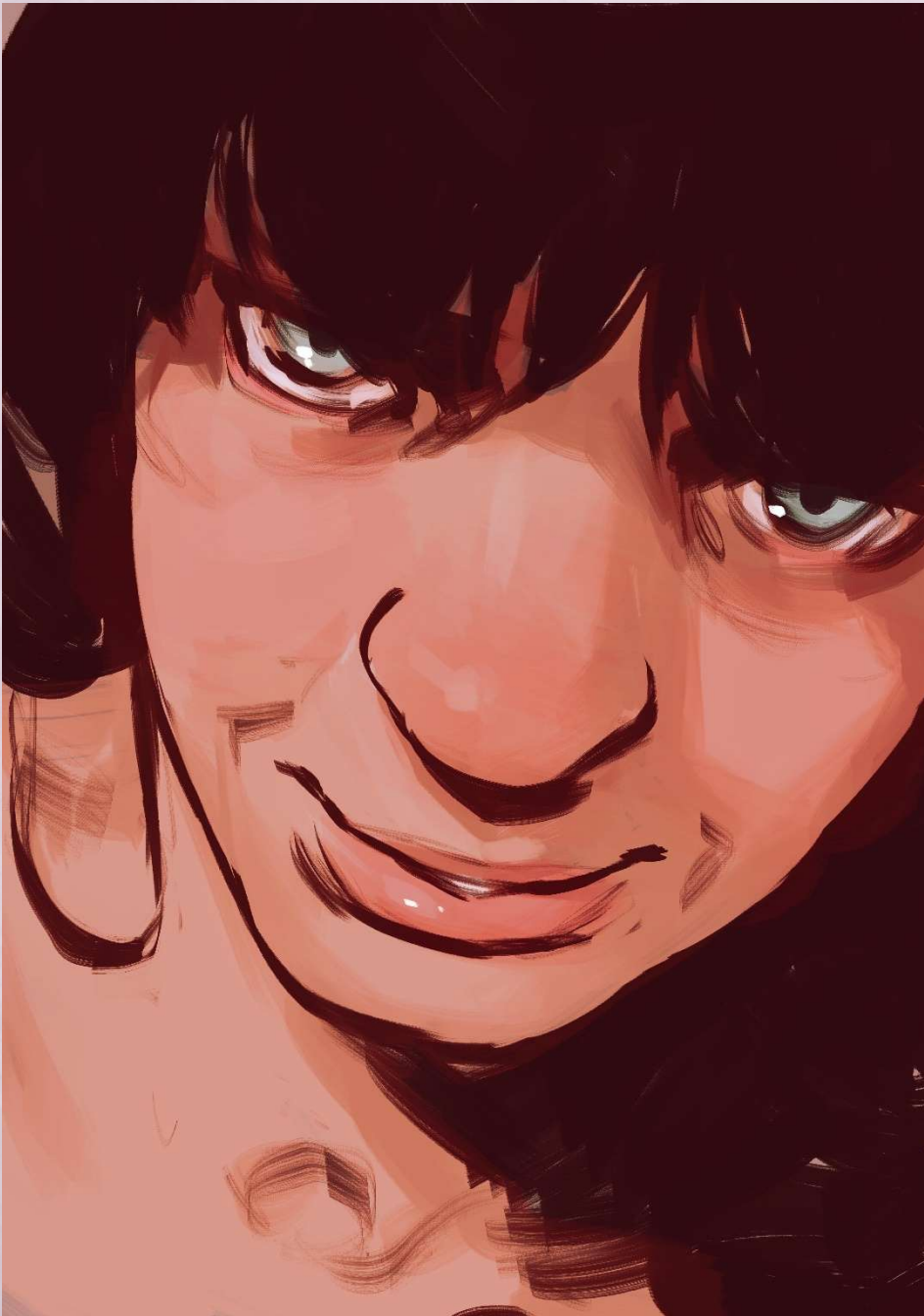
We were having a moment. The connection between us was electric. The fire crackled and popped. I leaned my face toward hers. "Can I kiss you?"

"No, Logan." She shook her head slowly. Her gaze went to my lips as I moved our faces closer together. "It's tempting, but we can't ever do that. It's too ... I don't know what. But we just can't." She was obviously having a hard time sorting out the difference between blowing me and making out, but there was clearly a difference there. "No, Logan."

I pulled my face away from hers, smiling. "No problem, it's just that you're so beautiful."

Her cheeks blushed. "Are you taking me somewhere, or are you just going to hold me in the air?"

"Where do you want to go?" I turned toward the bedroom, hoping that's what she'd say. I was strong, but she was heavy. I couldn't hold her forever.



"Take me to our bed, Logan. It's time for your next reward." She gave me a subtle wink as we entered the bedroom.

I closed the door behind us with my foot. I felt like tossing her on the bed in a manly fashion, but I didn't think she'd care for that, so I put her down gently. I flopped myself down on the bed, my dick pointing at the ceiling.

She sat on the edge of the bed, watching my body while nibbling on her bottom lip. "Can I do something a little odd?"

"Sure." I raised an eyebrow.

"Don't judge me, okay? I'm just ... checking." She crawled toward me, her tits swaying under her in unison. She stopped, lowered her face to my armpit, and inhaled deeply. After a few huffs, she raised her face with a lazy smile. "Your father doesn't smell like that."

"Dad and I are different in other ways, too." I grabbed her hips, turned her around, and maneuvered her into a sixty-nine on top of me.

“Oh ... gosh ... Logan ... the way you handle me ... oooohhhhhhhh ... Logan.” She shuddered as my tongue delved between her pussy lips. “Logan ... Logan ... mmmmmm.” And then, her mouth was firmly attached to my cockhead. There were no more words between us as we labored in a position that was rapidly becoming familiar. Neither of us were thinking about the rest of our family, the plow company, or the bear. We were lost in each other and lost in the moment.

