

Chapter 26



Marooned Christmas



Marooned Christmas 26

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Wow ... wow ... wow ..." Mom rolled onto her side and offered me a lazy smile. We had finished our sixty-nine a few minutes before, and she had cum running down her chin where she had failed to swallow it all. I didn't think she noticed. She propped her head up on an elbow and took in the sight of my penis as it stretched toward the ceiling. "Your little commander isn't going down."



"Yeah ... it's just really happy." I put my hands behind my head and relaxed. "Can you tell me more stuff like you did earlier? You know, about how sexy I am and how you're enjoying the rewards, too?"

"No ... I ..." Her smile faltered. "I can't do that right now." She glanced at my face and saw I wasn't happy with that answer. "But ... I suppose I could tell you something I've been toying with saying for a little while."

"What?" I raised an eyebrow. She had my attention.

"Well ... um ... I just ..." Her cheeks flushed. It was quite something to see her shy while she had cum dangling from her chin. "I just thought ... you should know that ... I've had more orgasms this Christmas than ... the rest of my life. And bigger ones, too." Mom rushed the words past her lips. "You're ... um ... going to make some woman really happy."

"I've already made lots of women happy, Mom. Remember how many I date?" My grin was back.

"Oh ... gosh." Her cheeks turned an even darker shade of crimson. "But ... you're settling down, right? I mean ... I'll reward you big time if ..."

"Yeah, settling down isn't going to be easy. It will take a really big reward." I nodded.

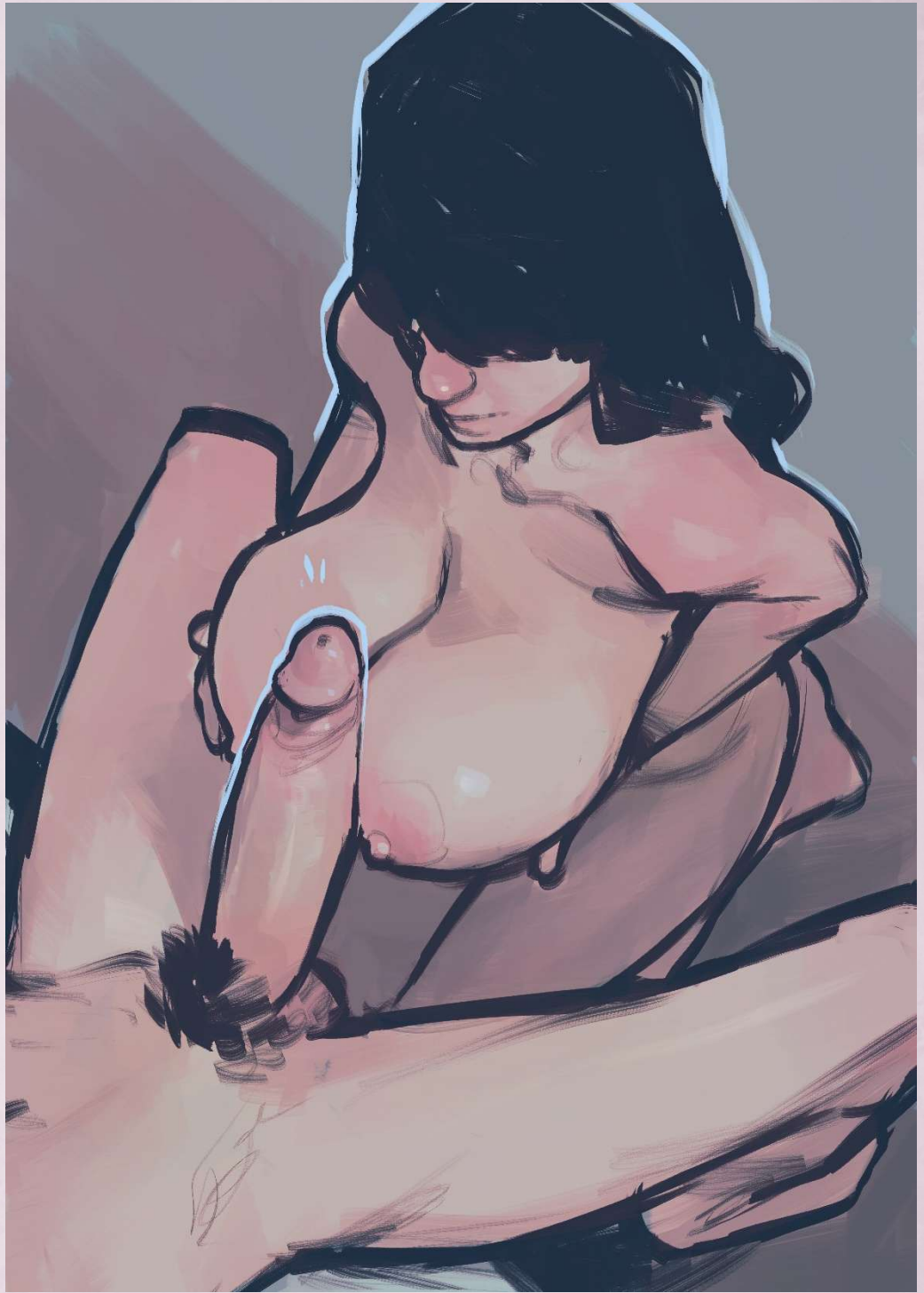
"I once pleased your father with my breasts." She crawled over to me, sat me on the edge of the bed, and got on her knees on the floor in front of me. She spread my legs, scooted closer, and rose up a little. "This would be a big reward, right?" She hefted her tits from below and moved them into position. "Should I get the oil for lubrication? I think this is going to be too dry."

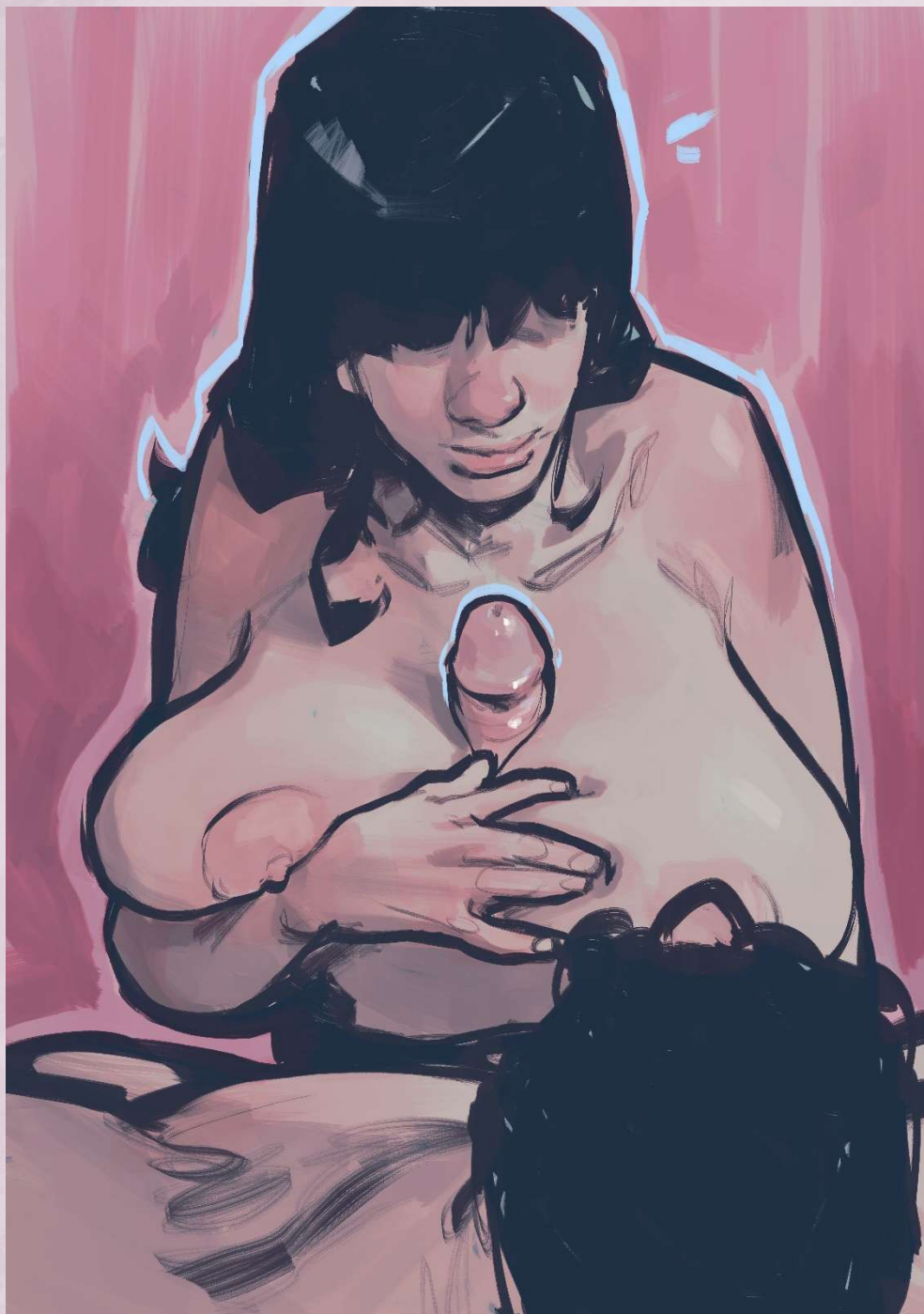
"Spit." I smiled down at her.

"Huh?" She looked up at me quizzically. I tried to commit the moment to memory. Her confused expression, the cum on her chin, her tits tentatively wrapped around my cock with the head poking out of her cleavage: all were perfect.

"You can use spit for lubrication. Like with the handjobs before." I watched her expression turn to faint aversion. This was much better than the abject disgust she had displayed not long ago.

"Okay ... I can do that ... for you ... Logan." Her voice turned to a whisper when she looked down at my cockhead. It must have looked enormous so close to her. She leaned forward and daintily drooled onto my dick. "I lied about something, and I feel bad."





"What?" I wanted to make eye contact with her, but I didn't want to interrupt the rapturous way she was ogling my cockhead.

"Well." Satisfied that there was enough spit, she pressed her tits tighter around my penis and slowly slid them up and down the shaft. "I haven't ever done this for your father. I lied about that because I was embarrassed that ... I did this with a man before your father. He asked me for it. Your father hasn't ever asked for this, so I didn't do this with him."

"But I haven't asked you either, and you're doing it for me." I tried not to laugh at the beauty of her naiveté.

"I guess you and your father aren't the same." Finally, she pulled her gaze away from my dick and met my eyes. "How is it?"

"It feels amazing." I gave her a wink. "And you look beautiful doing it."

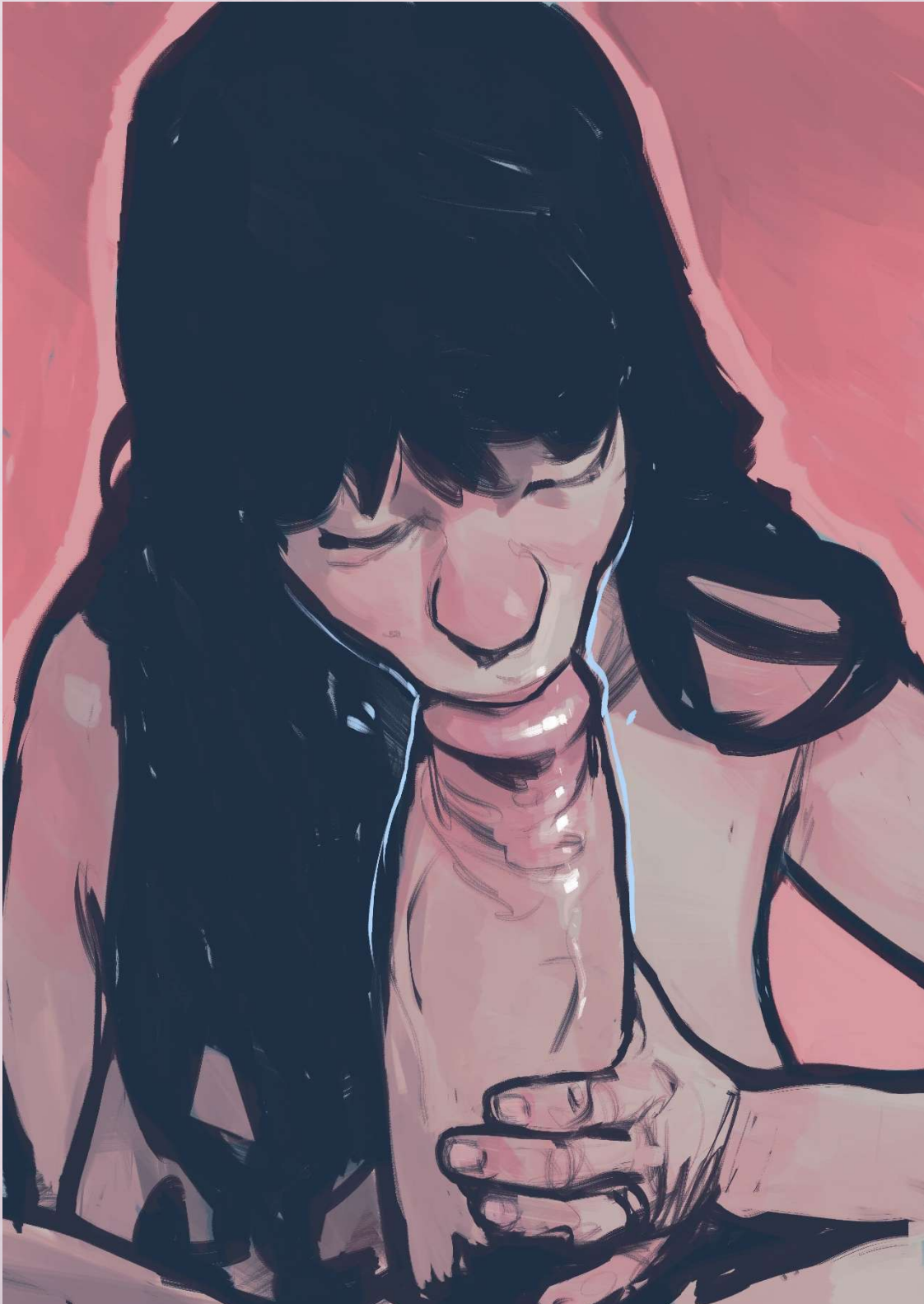
"Now, I know you're lying to me. I'm a mess." Mom let out a self-deprecating laugh. "But I'm glad you like it. Faster?"

"Yeah." I grabbed the edge of the mattress with my hands at either side of my butt, digging in my fingers. "Faster is ... uuuggghhhhhh ... good."

"I feel ... really feminine with your little commander ... between my breasts. It's so big ... hard ... and strong." Her gaze fixed on mine. "Caring for you ... all those years ... made me feel like a woman ... and now that you're grown ... taking care of you this way ... makes me feel like a different ... kind of woman. The kind of woman I had forgotten."

"Shit ... Mom ... I love hearing that." My balls contracted. Even though I had spewed in her mouth not that long ago, I was going to explode again. "Where do you ... uggggghhh ... want it?"

"Your sperm?" She saw me nod. "In my mouth again." She let her boobs drop away, and she pumped the shaft with her left hand while bobbing her lips around my cockhead.



"Mmmppphhhhhhhh ... mmmppphhhhh." Her forehead furrowed as the first blast hit her tongue. This time, her eyes didn't widen in surprise. I guess she was learning what to expect.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhh." My body spasmed. I listened to her gulp and sputter. Although some cum leaked out, she was able to keep her mouth suctioned around my dick until I was done with my shuddering orgasm.

Mom's mouth finally popped off my penis. She stared up at me, dazed. "That was ... wonderful ... Logan." Her hand went down between her legs. She was clearly touching herself.

"Your turn." I stood, picked her up, and placed her in the center of the bed on her back.

"No ... Logan ... that's enough for now. Your little commander needs to rest, I ... ooohhhhhh." She threw her head back when my fingers entered her pussy. She was incredibly wet and warm. I searched for her g-spot, by now knowing exactly where to look.



"Tell me you like it, Mom." I found her spot, and her hips lifted off the mattress, her thighs shaking.

"I ... oooooohhhhhh ... like it ... Logan." My mother's voice came out strangled by orgasmic bliss. "I didn't ... think ... anything like this ... was possible ... but ... oooooohhhhhh ... oh ... no ... you're going to make me ... it's happening ... again ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." "

"Cum, Mom." I removed my fingers from her pussy, and she squirted all over the sheet. Her hips bucked, and her upper body flopped. Her tits sloshed side to side.

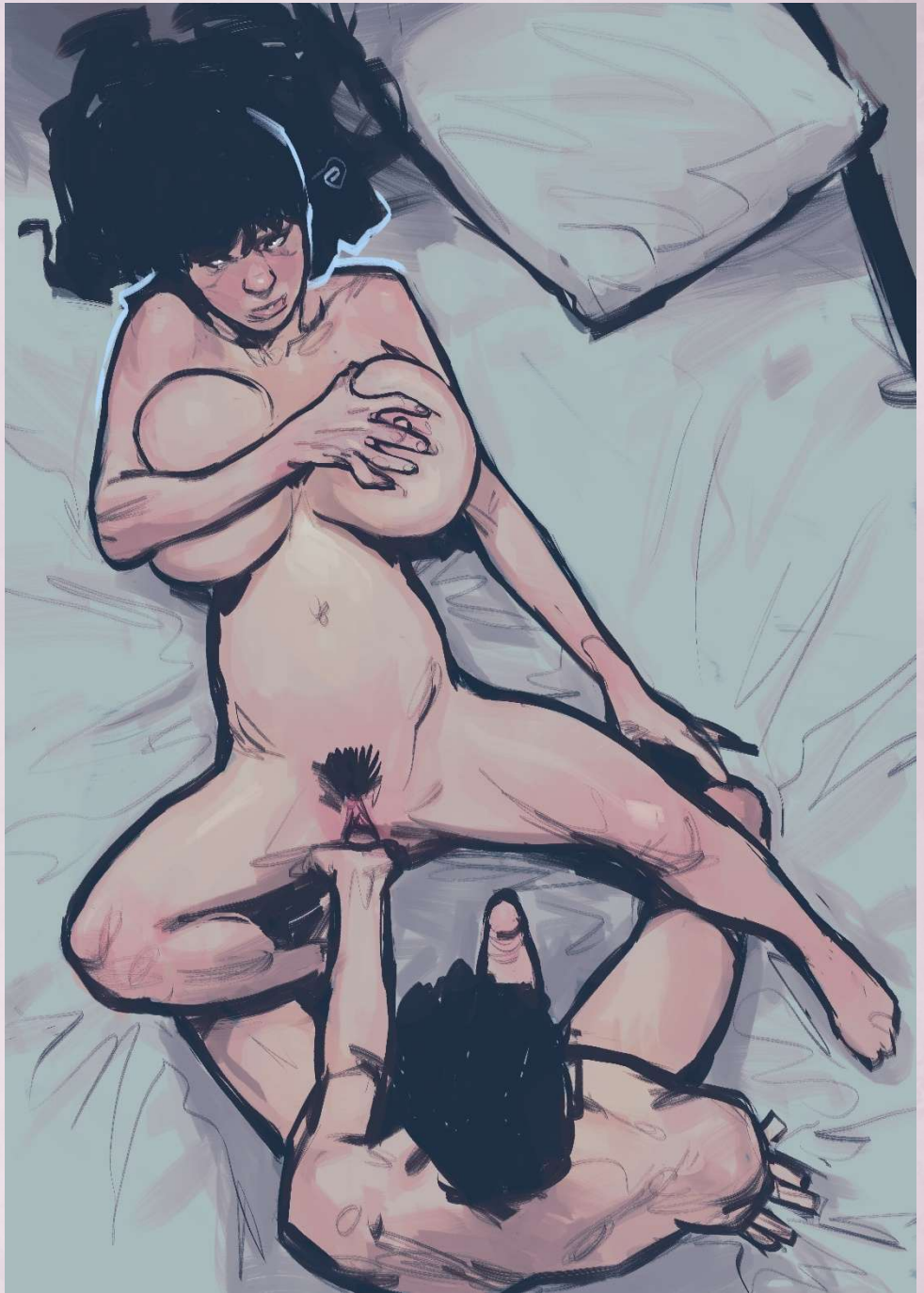
"Oooohhhhhh ... Llllooogggaannnnn ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." She clutched the sheets with both hands, her ring twinkling in the lamplight. As her squirting came to an end, her butt fell back to the sheet, and her body went through several spasmodic shakes. Slowly, her eyes opened, and that stoned smile I loved so much was back on her lips. "I know ... this is the orgasm ... talking ... but ... if you want to rub your penis on my vagina ... that could be a reward."

She tried to make herself look stern for what she had to say next, but her expression still looked wasted. "You ... can't put it in ... though. Not ever." She propped herself up on her elbows to look down at her pussy, spreading her legs for me.

"Okay." I didn't want to delay in case she changed her mind. I scooted up in front of her pussy and stared down. Her lips were glistening and swollen, pink showing in between. "So ... beautiful." Carefully, I moved my cockhead into position.

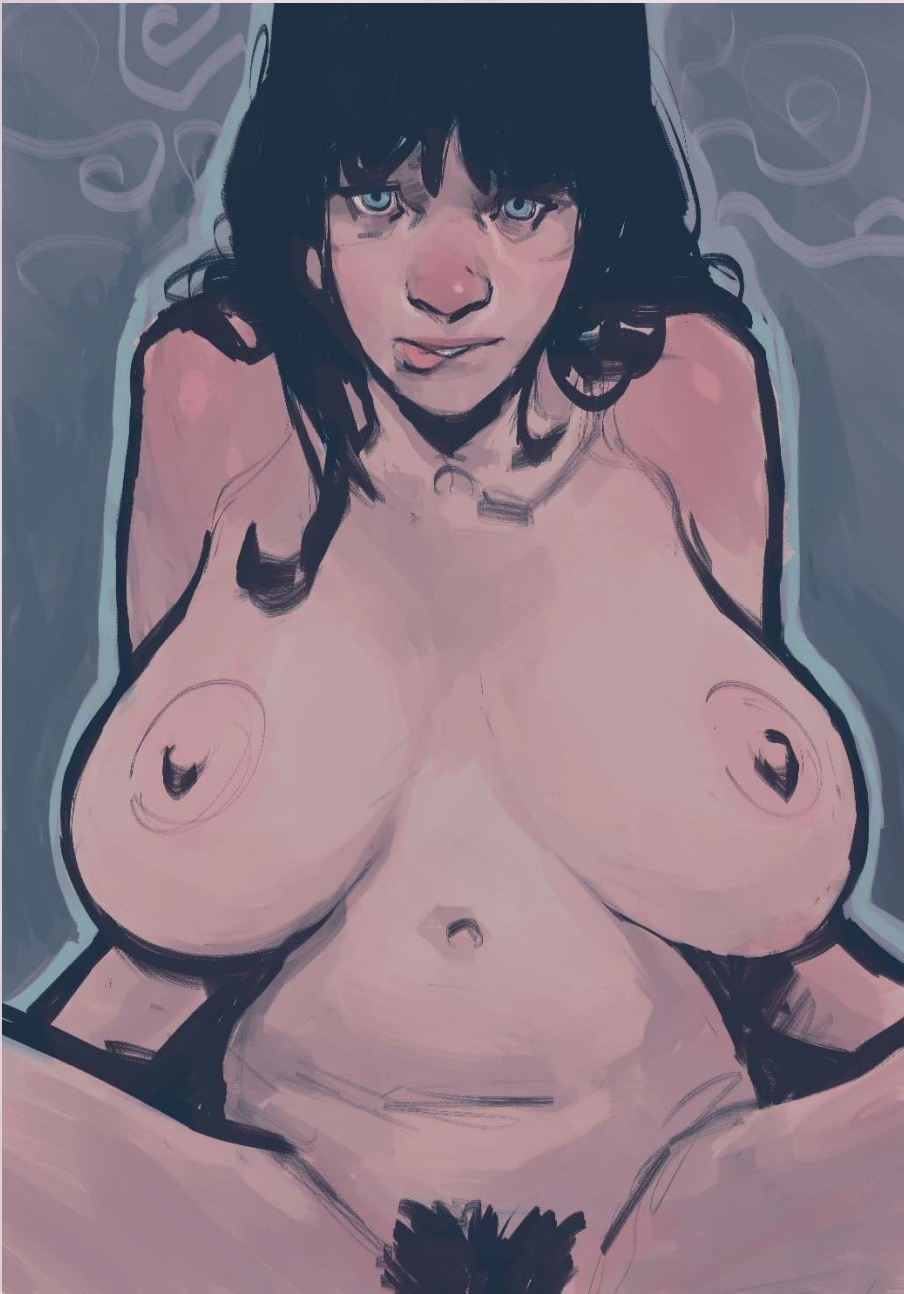
"Wait!" My mother's eyes went wide. "We need to wipe off your little commander. He's leaking." She reached for the crumpled top sheet and pulled it over.

"That's precum, Mom. It's not dangerous." I watched her bite her lower lip as she carefully cleaned my dick.



"I think it is." She glanced up into my eyes. "Remember, I was right about the four-hour thing. Don't make me call your father to ask about pre-seminal fluid."

That was objectively hilarious, but I didn't want to spoil the moment by laughing. I turned away from her earnest expression and stared at the wall. "Okay ... you're right."



"Thank you." She finished wiping my dick, tossed the sheet to the side, and laid back on her elbows again. "Go ahead, Logan. I hope you know how special this is."

"I know." I took hold of the shaft and guided my cockhead to her pussy lips. Removing my hand, I let it rest there for a moment, feeling the electricity of that contact. My gaze went back to her face, but she was looking down between her legs.

"It looks so big ... on my ..." Her eyes were half-lidded, and her jaw was slack.

"I'm going to rub a little." Gently, I moved my hips back and forth, sliding my dickhead up and down the length of her pussy, making a slick, sloppy sound.

"You're ... so handsome ... Logan ..." Mom's eyes roved my body, lingered on my face, and worked back down to my penis. Her fists gripped the sheets on either side of her ass. "I can't believe ... I get to see you like this. It's ... it's ... the same view ... your wife will have ... someday." For a moment, she looked chagrined. She glanced up at my eyes. "I mean ... uuuggghhhh ... I mean ... do you like it?"

"Yeah ... it's amazing," I rubbed on her pussy for a while in silence.

Eventually, she let her head fall back to the mattress, looking up at me. "What else ... can I do ... for you?"

"Suck ... your ... uuugghhh ... nipple." Pleasure surged through me. I wanted this to last as long as possible. I was glad I had already cum so much, or it would have been over by now.

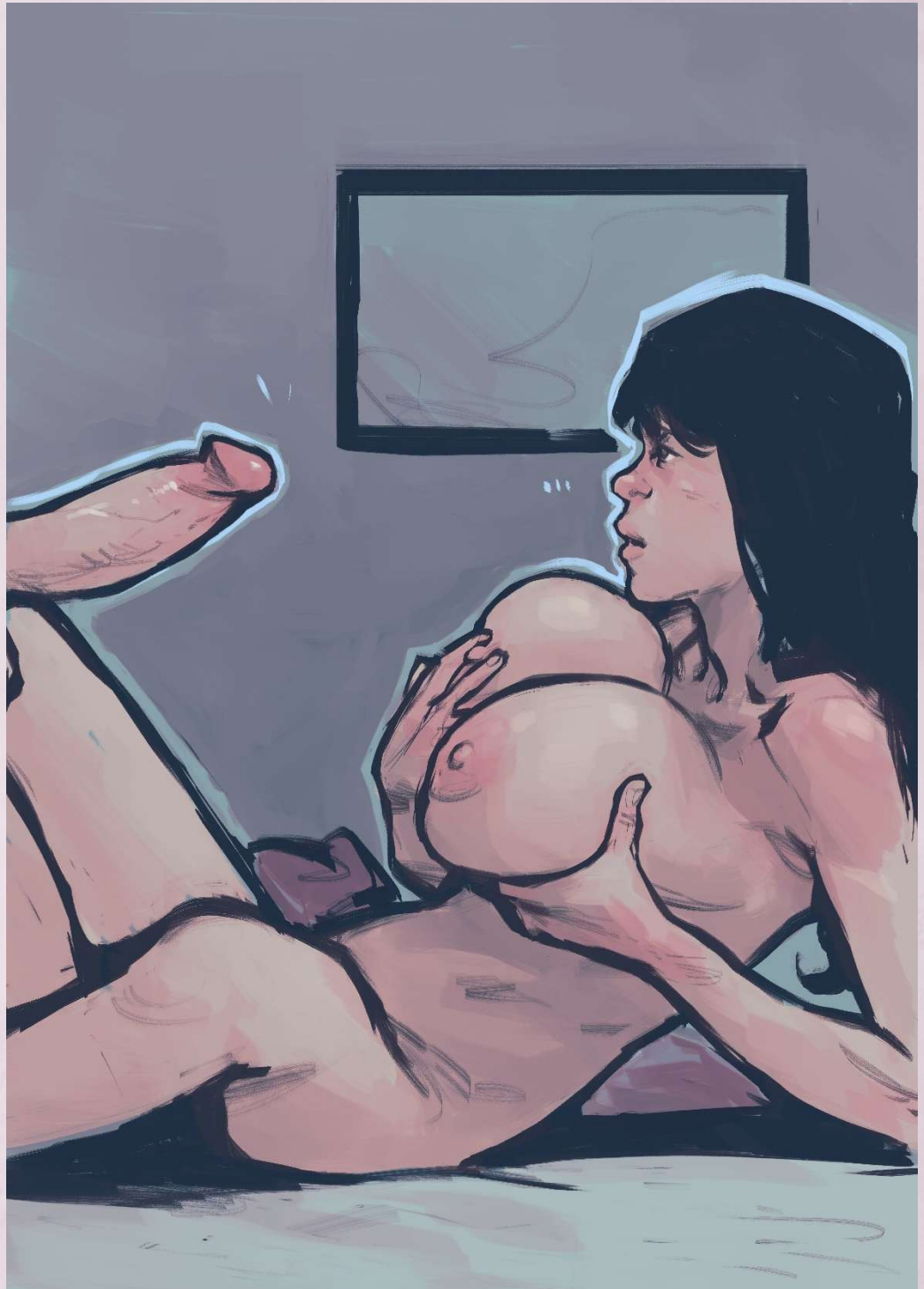
"Sure ... Logan." She brought her left nipple to her mouth and sucked it in. Her eyes rolled, and her eyelids half-closed.

"Mmmmpphhhh."

We were both really worked up. I stared at her pretty face as she was clearly rolling her nipple with her tongue. "I ... uuugghhh ... want to put it in," I said.

Mom's eyes went wide. That sobered her up some. She spat out her nipple. "No ... Logan ... we can't." But even as she said it, she stared into my eyes with longing. I met her gaze.

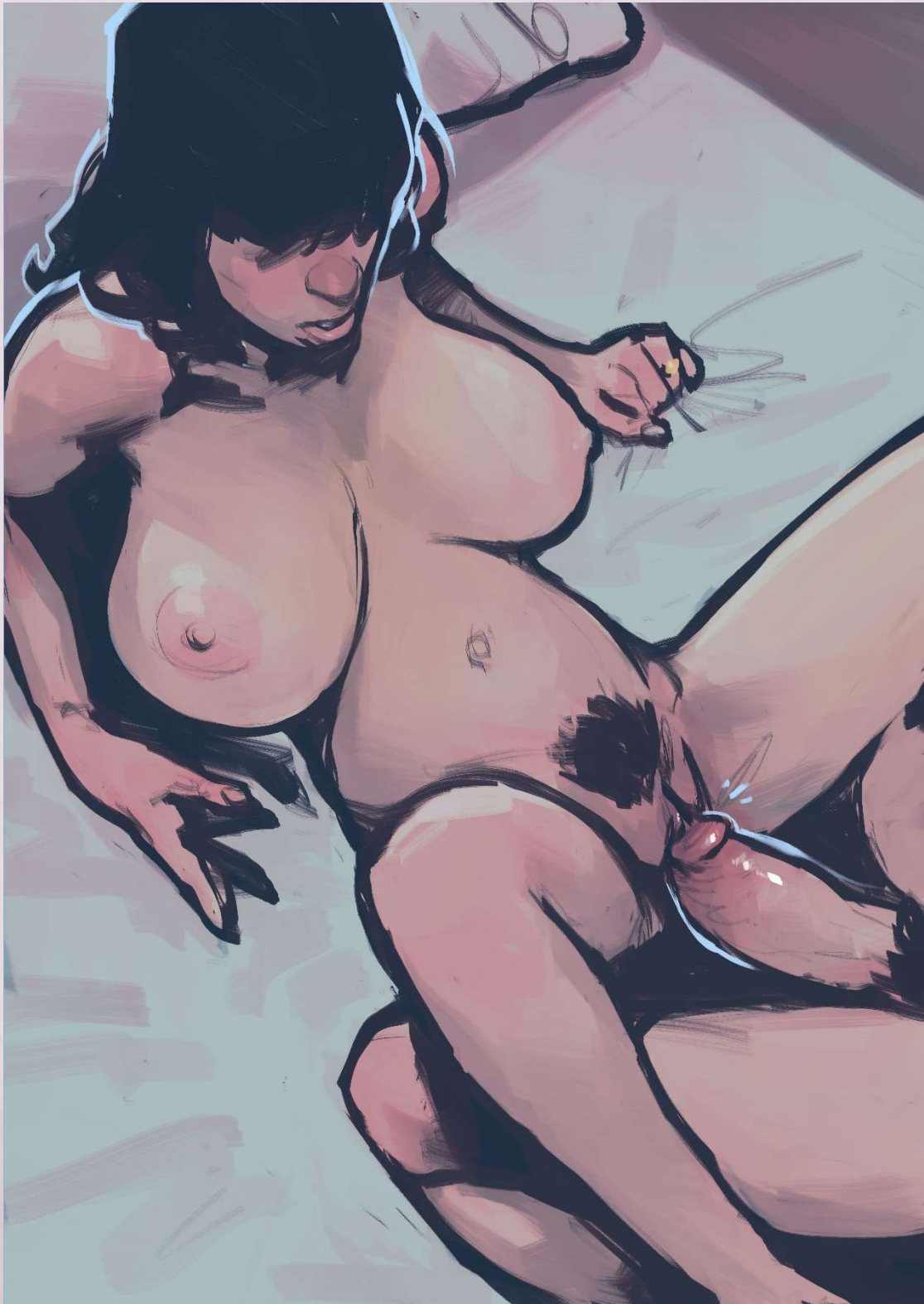
"Just the ... tip." I suppose it was a cliché for a reason. The moment felt perfectly right. I knew she was going to yes even before she did.



"Oooohhhhhhhh." She bit her bottom lip. I could see the wheels in her mind were spinning slowly. "I ... think ... that ... " She lowered her voice to a whisper, as if that would make it all right. "Only the tip." She nodded her approval.

I didn't care if I would never date another woman again. I would gladly give it all up for her. I stopped rubbing and started applying pressure. She was tight, so even with all her wetness, it didn't go in right away.

"I feel it, Logan." Her voice was an uncharacteristically high whine.



"Me too, Mom." My hips added a little more weight and ... plop, it was in.

Mom winced and yelped. "Ooohhhhhh ... is that just the tip? It's so big."

I stared down at where my shaft disappeared into her pussy. "It's just ... the tip ... don't worry." My hips wanted to thrust, but I stopped them. The only movement was our trembling bodies. "Mom ... I -"

I was interrupted by a knocking sound. We both tensed up.

"What was that?" My mother looked around the room.

The knock sounded again. And then we heard a man's faint voice, although I couldn't make out the words.

I stared down at my mother in disbelief, my cockhead still just inside her pussy. "I think ... someone's at the front door."

