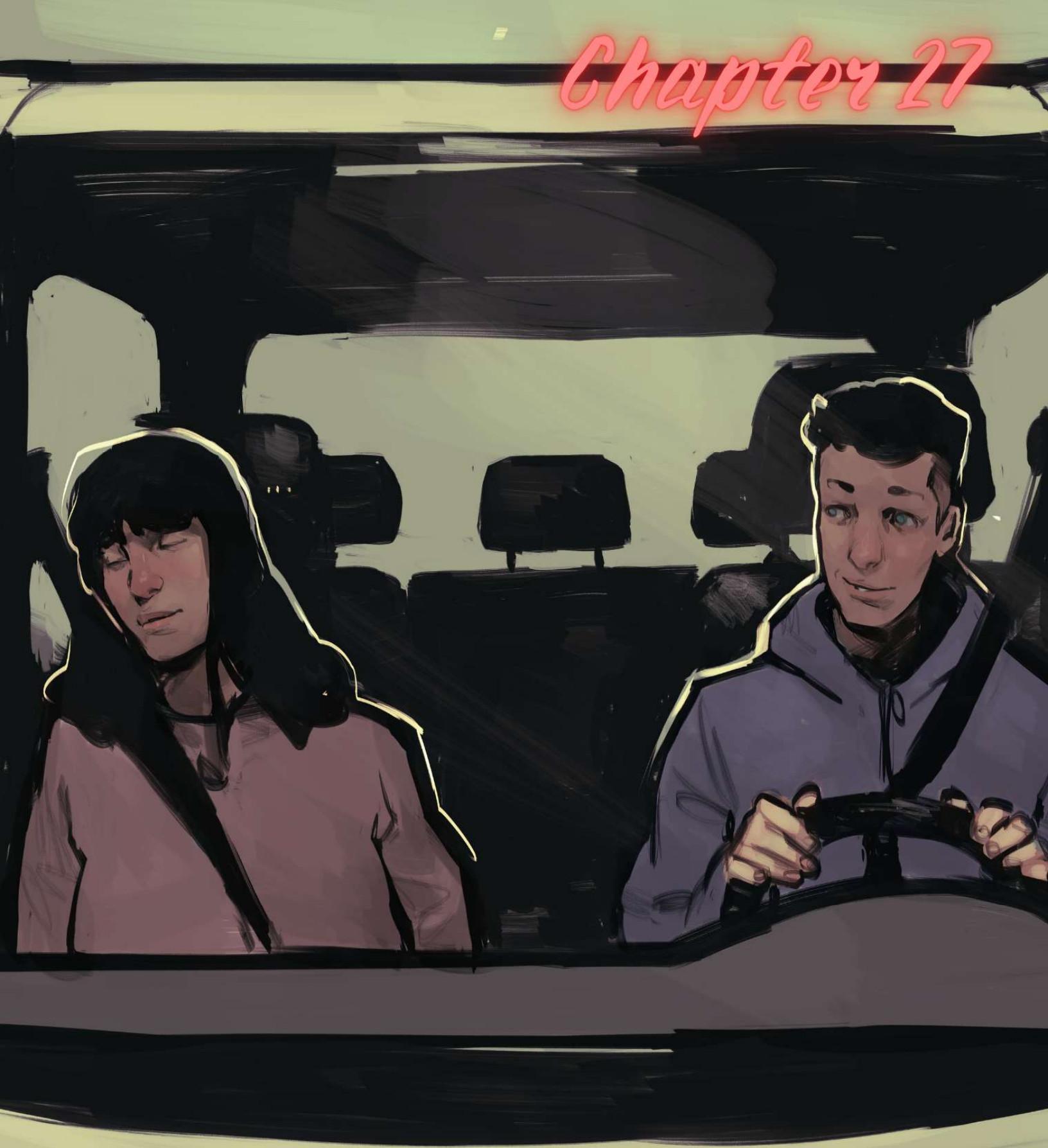


Chapter 27



Marooned Christmas



Marooned Christmas 27

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Logan ... what do we do?" My mother looked up at me, her eyes wide with panic. Her legs were still spread, and her pussy was still welcoming the head of my cock inside. I could see a lightbulb turn on in her mind. "It's the plow people. They finally came."

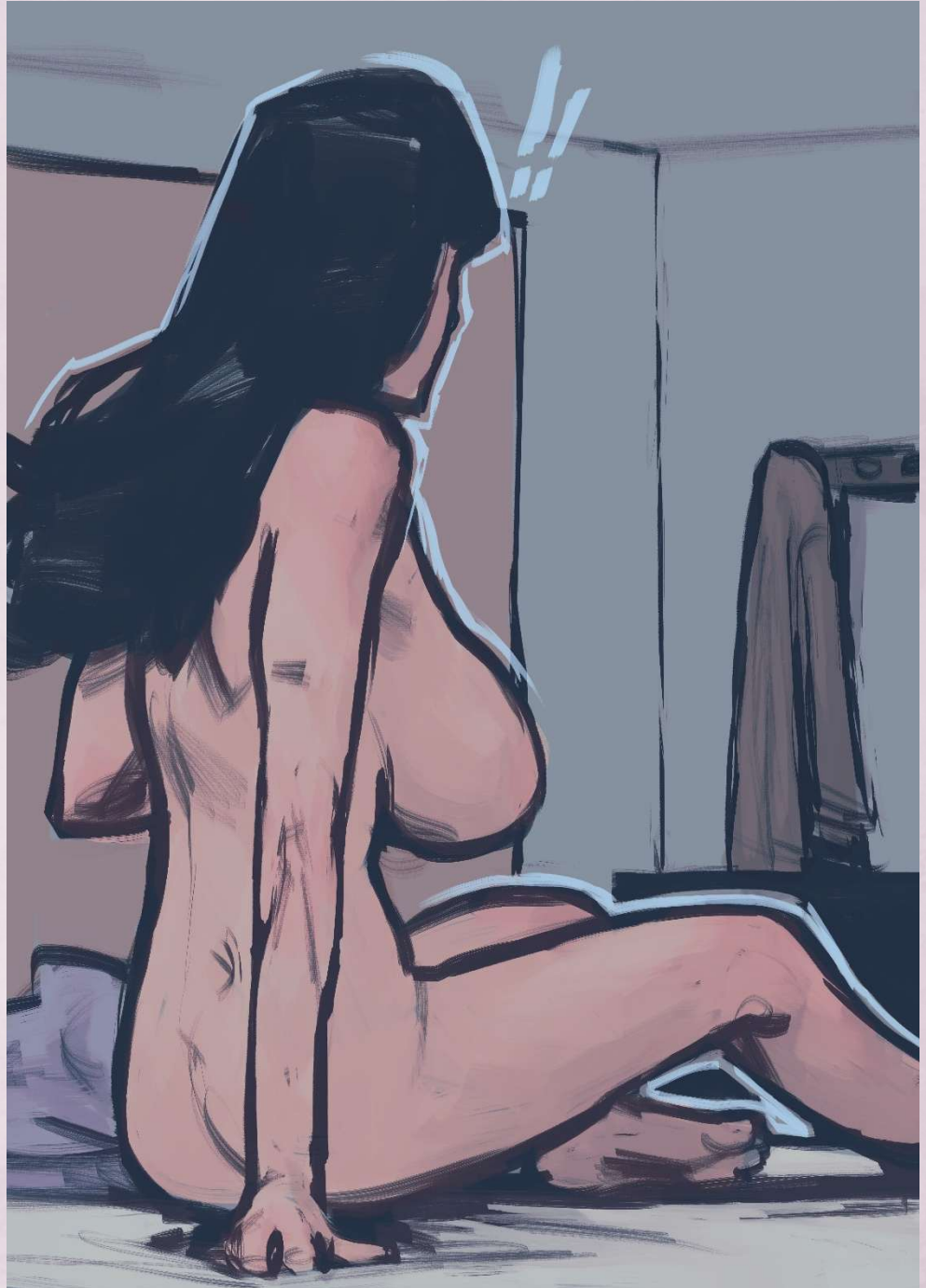
"Yeah." I pulled out of her with an audible plop. "Such great timing." My smile was thin and tight. "I'll answer the door."

"I'll do it." Mom sat up. She still had drying cum on her face.

"No ... I think I better do it." I rolled out of bed and frantically dressed.

There was another knock on the door with more muffled voices calling out.

"Stay here, Mom. I won't let them in." I tucked my hard dick securely under my waistband to keep it under control, gave my still naked mother another tight smile, and headed out of our bedroom. Quickly, I washed my face at the kitchen sink. I probably still smelled heavily of sex, but hopefully the plow guy wouldn't notice. "One second," I called through the door. Removing the barricade, I cursed my bad luck. I had been inside her. She had been so tight, wet, and warm. I felt like I was getting expelled from her womb all over again. I opened the door. Two men stood in my snow tunnel. They were big, bearded, and gruff-looking. They didn't seem to be too worried about the cold. They weren't wearing hats or gloves, and their jackets were unzipped.



"I'm Brian with the plow service." Brian was the man on my right. "Is everyone okay here, kid?"

"I'm twenty." I frowned at him. "And we're fine thanks."



There was a long pause. Brian and the other guy looked past me into the cabin.

"Um ... is the road plowed?" I couldn't see anything but a tiny patch of sky out of the tunnel.

"Yep. And we plowed your driveway and shoveled the snow off your car," Brian said.

"Okay, thanks so much." I began to close the door.

"Whoa." Brian blocked the door with his hand. "Our boss said to check in on you and wait for you to leave. He said you saw a bear. I don't know if you know, but a bear that isn't hibernating is dangerous."

"Yeah, I know. But, we're good. I chased that bear away with a flaming log. No need to worry about us." I gave them a tight smile.

Brian looked at his friend and rolled his eyes. They didn't believe me. Whatever. "Can we come in?" Brian said. "We have to check on everyone."

"It's just me and my mother. We're fine." I didn't invite them in. I turned back toward the bedroom. "Mom, can you tell them you're fine?"

The bedroom door opened, and my mother leaned out. She was dressed now, but she still looked like a mess. At least from this distance, you couldn't see the cum on her face. "Hello, boys. I'm fine. We're good here. You can go about your job plowing other roads." She flashed them a bright smile.



I didn't like the way Brian and his friend were ogling my mother, but I kept my mouth shut.

"Well, if everything's fine ... we'll just wait in the truck while you pack up. My boss would kill me if the bear ate you before you could leave." Brian shrugged.

This was clearly the best deal we were going to get. And it meant the moment my mom and I had been sharing was well over.

"Thanks, boys. Give us about an hour then." Mom waved at them and slipped back into the bedroom.

"Don't take too long, kid." Brian gave me a sarcastic salute and turned back up the tunnel with his friend.

I closed the door, sighed, and looked around the cabin. We had a lot of work to do if we were going to get out of here in an hour.

Mom was all business, directing me about my chores. We cleaned up all evidence of my rewards, including packing up the bedding to wash at home. We both showered and put on new clothes. We tidied up the cabin as best we could. Mom said she'd send a handyman by to fix everything the bear had broken. We packed up our food, turned off the water, and shut off the heat.



In just under an hour, we had finished packing up the minivan. Mom sat in the driver's seat. I was in the passenger seat. At the end of the driveway, we could see the plow truck, with steam rising from its exhaust pipe. "Did you get the front door?" She waved to Brian and his coworker, but they didn't leave. I guess they really were going to wait for us to get on the road.

"Yeah, I wedged a shim in the door. That should hold it, unless the bear comes back." I nodded.

She turned the ignition, and the engine sputtered to life. "About your little commander ..." She looked at my crotch. Even though I'd tucked my cock under my waistband, the erection was obvious, running up past my belly button. "I'm sorry I didn't get to finish you off before. Do you think it can go down on its own?"



"I don't know." I shrugged.

"Well ... I can't very well do anything about it now." She stared at the idling plow truck. "Maybe we can stop along the way, and you can put some snow on it?"

That was not how I'd hoped she'd finish that sentence. I shivered. "I mean ... that doesn't sound pleasant. But ..." I shrugged again.

"Sorry I didn't get to finish you." She sighed. "But the interruption was probably for the best. We were doing something we really shouldn't. I didn't mean for your rewards to include ... that." Her body shook with a sudden, sharp shiver.

"Yeah, it's okay." I leaned over and gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek. "Let's go home."

"What a Christmas, huh?" She put the minivan in drive and slowly pulled out of the driveway.

"Yeah. Best Christmas ever." I patted her thigh as we got on the road and put the cabin and plow people in our rearview mirror.

"We did almost get eaten by a bear a few times." She gave me a serious glance, saw I was looking at her wobbling boobs, and smiled. "But it was ... special in a lot of ways." She drove in silence for a while after that. Eventually, she pulled to the side of the road, right next to a massive bank of snow. "It seems deserted here. We haven't seen any other cars yet." She put the car in park and looked down at the tent in my pants.

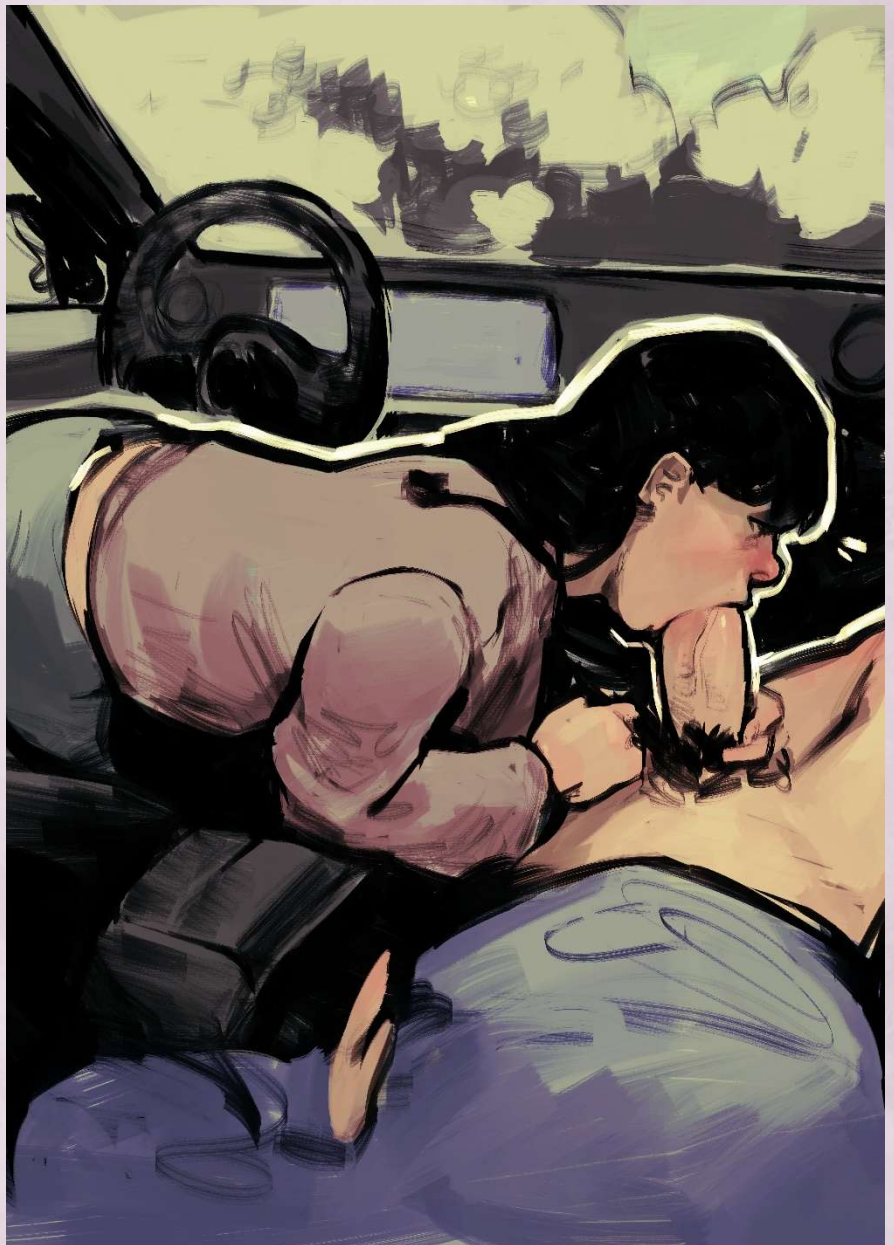
"Time for my snow bath." I put my hand on the door handle.

"Wait." She frowned at me. "You don't have to do that if you don't want to." She reached into the backseat and pulled out one of my dirty shirts, putting it on her lap. "If you take the big guy out, I'll take care of him. Just let me know if you see anyone on the road."

"Sure." I was grinning ear to ear. Quickly, I pulled out my cock.

"Here goes." She leaned over and sucked my cockhead into her mouth.

"Mmmpphhh ... mmmm ... mmmmm." She pumped the shaft with one hand and bobbed her head at a fast pace. The windows quickly fogged up, so I turned the defrost on.



"That's ... really ... good ... Mom." Her blowjobs were still awkward. Her skill might have improved a little over the time we spent at the cabin, but I'd been with many women that had more talent. It didn't matter. Hers were still the best blowjobs in the world due to her enthusiasm and because, well, I adored her. "It's not going to be ... long now ... Mom." I rested my hand on the back of her head, just to feel her silky hair as it bounced.

"Mmmmmpphhhh ... mmm ... mmmpphhhh." Her noises had some urgency. She took my dirty shirt and wrapped it around the base of my cock. I guess she didn't want to make a mess on the way home.

We were mostly silent as I ramped toward my orgasm. Eventually, it arrived. "Mom ... Mom ... Moooooommmmmmmmm ... uuuggghhhhhh." My hips jerked, and I exploded in her mouth. I listened to her gulp. It was such a sweet sound. When I was done shooting, she pulled off me and mopped my dick with my shirt.



"There now ... feel better?" Her face was flushed, her eyes were dazed, and there was cum dangling from her chin.

"Much." I pointed to my chin. "You have some ... stuff ... there."

"Oh ... thanks." She gave me a sheepish smile and wiped her face with a dry part of the shirt. "Good?"

I nodded.

"You can put away your little commander now." She glanced at it. "And please make him go down. Otherwise, we really will do a snow bath next time."

"Sure." I pulled my pants back up and tucked my dick away. "He's happy, Mom. He'll go down."

"Good." She put the car in drive and pulled back to the center of the road. It was surreal watching her drive, something I'd done for decades, but this time was different. This time she had a load of my cum in her belly. Of course, I would need to think of something else or my boner wouldn't ever go away. I put on some music and thought about baseball.

It took us a couple hours of slow driving to come down out of the mountains. We were both lost in our thoughts the whole time. When we had put the last of the snow behind us, I patted her thigh. "Want me to drive? You look tired."



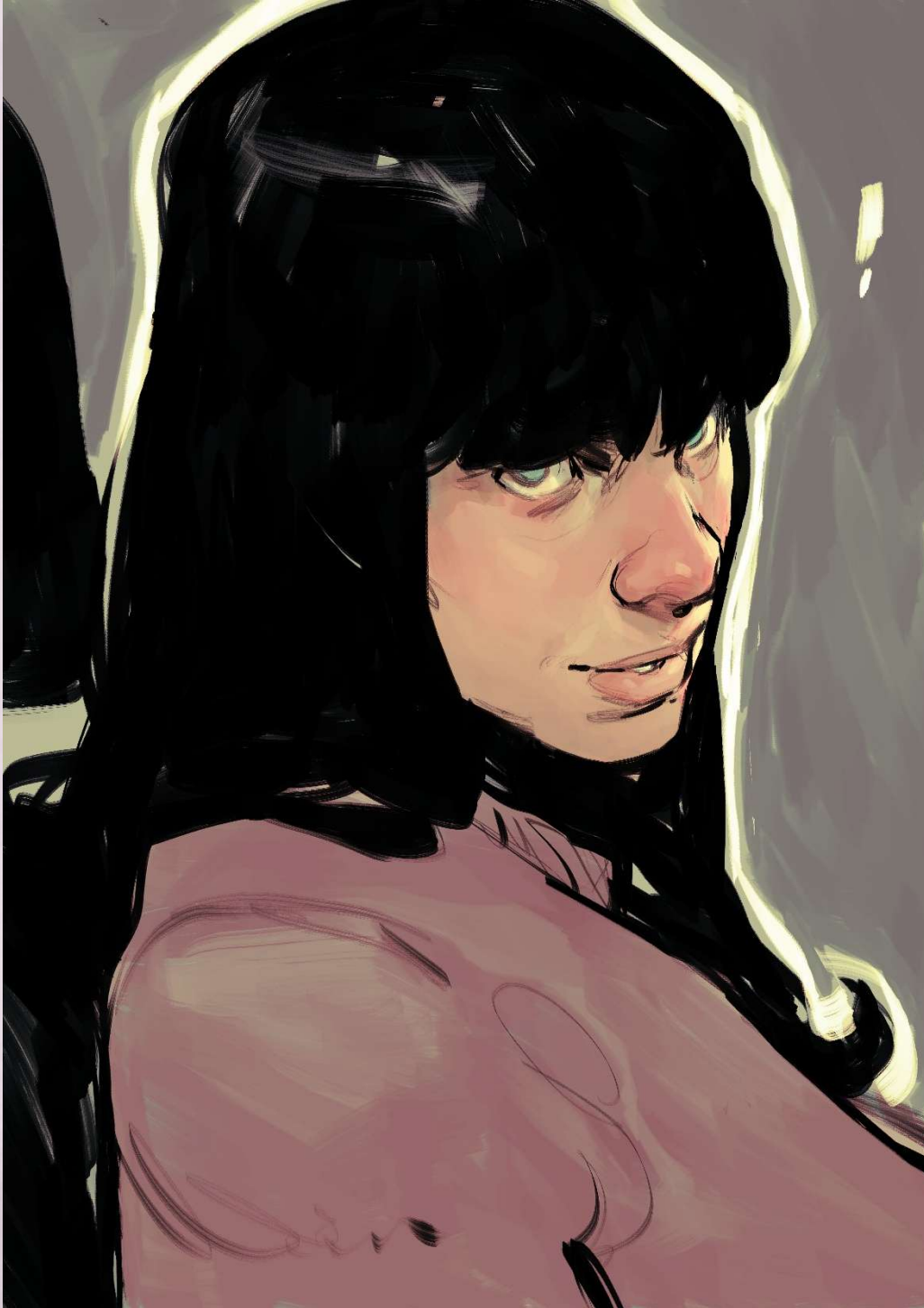
"Yes, thank you, Logan." She pulled off the freeway, and we headed for a restaurant. "I could go for some real food."

"Other than sperm?" I laughed.

Her cheeks turned bright red. She looked away from me with a nervous smile on her lips. "Do you want to eat or not?" She parked and put the minivan in park.

"Let's pretend we're on a date." I tried to catch her gaze to give her a wink, but she wasn't looking at me.

"Absolutely not, Logan. I'm your mother. Your rewards aren't ... about that." She took a deep breath, put a stern look on her face, and finally met my eyes.



"I was teasing. I know." I exited the car, stepped to the sidewalk, and waited. When she passed me heading toward the restaurant, I gave her butt a quick pat. She wagged an admonishing finger at me, but didn't otherwise scold me.

We were both hungry, and scarfed down burgers and fries. During dinner, we made small talk. Mom was excited to tell my father and sisters how I'd saved us from the bear. She was beaming with pride when she talked about it. I watched her sip her milkshake and thought she was probably the most beautiful woman in the world.

When we were done with our meal, we got back in the car. I drove this time. It didn't take long for my mother to lean her head to the side and fall asleep. It was nice to feel like I was watching over her. I kept us at the speed limit and glanced over from time to time, just to make sure her jiggling tits were doing okay. I liked the way they looked under her sweater with the seatbelt strap running between them.

As we got closer and closer to home, I wondered how much of our Christmas experience would come home with us. Would that be the only time I'd have my cock inside her? I didn't know. I thought about waking her up to talk about my rewards going forward, but decided to let her sleep. Whatever happened with us now would happen. No matter what, I would have the memories of our Christmas trip. Nothing could take that away from me.

