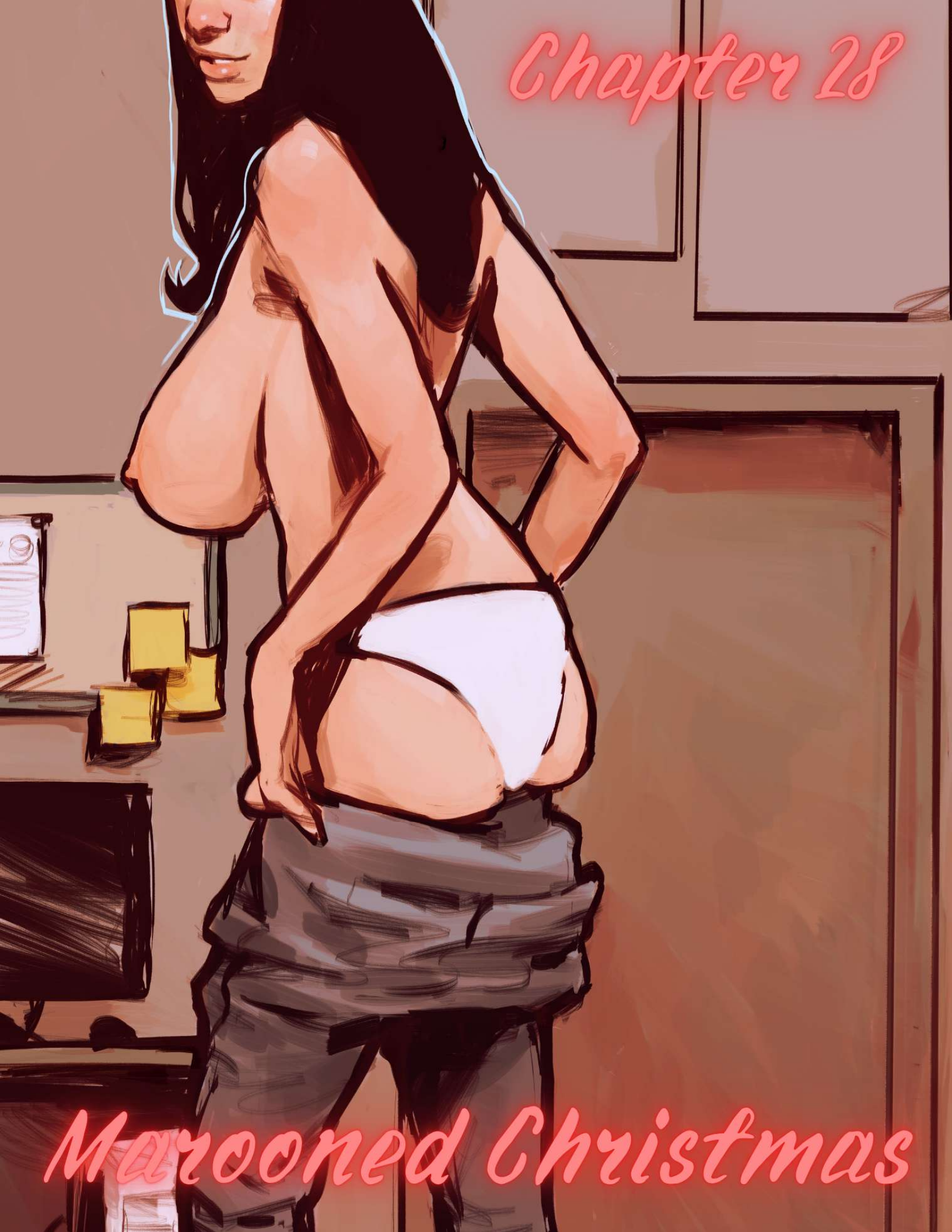


Chapter 28



Marooned Christmas



Marooned Christmas 28

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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My father and sisters were beyond happy to see us. Dad wouldn't leave Mom's side. At one point, I tried to pull her aside to ask about some rewards, but he followed her like an eager puppy.



When Mom told them about how I'd handled the bear, the family was impressed. Dad gave me a big, grateful hug. I wondered how happy he'd be if he knew Mom had swallowed my cum earlier in the day. Later, I did overhear him asking about the four-hour erection question. Mom told him that she'd had an uncomfortable argument with me about it, and that my health was important. No lies detected, I guess.

That night, I slept in my old room. My parents had kept it just the way I'd left it when I went to college a couple years before. I was hoping my mother might visit in the middle of the night, but I woke in the morning without any evidence of her stopping by. I had plans at school for New Year's Eve, so I couldn't stay. That morning, I tried again to pull Mom aside, but the house was too full with Dad and my sisters. We weren't able to have a private chat.

Saying goodbye to everyone, I grabbed my duffle bag and headed for the door. Dad shook my hand and thanked me for saving Mom's life again. My sisters gave me quick hugs.

Mom's hug lingered, but she didn't say anything beyond her normal farewell. I relished the feeling of her heavy tits pressed into my chest.

By mid-morning, I was on the road heading back to college.

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I miss you, Logan. Love, Mom. When I saw the text, I was walking back from class in early January. That she signed her texts with *Mom* made me smile. In the past, we hadn't texted all that much, but since our Christmas time together, I had been getting several texts from her a day. I replied: *I love you too. I miss you. Christmas in the Cabin was the best few days of my life.* 🌟🌟🌟

She replied: 💖💖💖💖👻👻👻

We were exchanging lots of messages like that.

Later that afternoon, while I was hanging alone in my dorm, I picked up my phone. *I aced my psych test. Maybe you could send me a pic as a reward?*

She didn't reply right away. I read my assigned philosophy chapters until my phone buzzed. Her answer wasn't what I was hoping for. *I'm so proud of you, Logan.* 🤖🤖🤖 *But pictures are a bad idea. Sorry.* 😞

No worries. I sighed. I wanted her to know how good I was being. *My roommate's going out of town this weekend, and I feel like bringing a girl back to my dorm room. But I'm not going to. I'll wait to find the right girl. Like you requested.*

Her reply was: 💖💖💖💖

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The week rolled on. I flirted with a few girls in various classes, but I didn't ask anyone out. Mom kept texting me. I think she was in danger of wearing out the heart emoji button. Friday arrived, and I thought about finally asking out a pretty redhead in my billiards class. But she clearly wasn't *the one*, and Mom's messages reminded me to stay the course. The sooner I found a girlfriend, the sooner she'd reward me. I made plans with friends for later in the evening and headed back to my empty room. It seemed a waste not to use the room with my roommate gone until Monday, but that's what I was going to do.

I was walking past the parking lot near my dorm, checking out some girls, when a woman yelled, "Surprise!" It only took me a millisecond to place that voice. I spun and spotted my mother leaning with her butt on the minivan. Her smile went ear to ear. She looked radiant in the setting sunlight. "Hi, Logan!" She waved her hand in a goofy way that made me laugh.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" I jogged over to her and hugged her tightly, my arms circling around her sweater. I had to resist the urge to drop my hands down the rear of her jeans.



"I'm here for a surprise visit. I hope I'm not interrupting your plans or anything." She pulled back from our hug. Her cheeks were crimson, and her gaze was demurely cast down. "You're not heading out for a date tonight or anything? I should have texted before I came, but I wanted it to be a ... I feel a little silly. I have a hotel room, I can go there and see you tomorrow if you're busy."



"No dates. I'm looking for the right girl." I wanted to give her tit a reassuring squeeze, but we were in the parking lot. "How long are you staying?"

"I told your father I was visiting for the weekend. I'll leave on Sunday." She stared at me awkwardly for a long moment. "Um ... why don't you show me your room? I didn't get a chance to see it on our last visit." She offered a shy smile.

"Oh ... I told you about my roommate." My eyes grew large. "Am I being rewarded for something?"

"I'm sure moms visit their sons in the dorms all the time. It's no big deal." She opened the rear hatch, pulled out her purse, and slung it over her shoulder. "Lead the way." She closed the hatch and locked the car.

"Sure, Mom." I was thrilled. I led her to my room. She chatted me up about what was going on with my sisters as we entered my building and climbed the stairs. We got to my door, I unlocked it, and I let her in, closing the door after us. We stood in the room for a moment, my mother looking around. "I thought it would be fun to give you a reward here ... but ..." Her lips puckered with distaste. "I'm too old for this, Logan. There are students in the rooms next door. What if they hear us? And ... just looking at these posters ... I feel ..." She frowned at the large Greta Van Fleet poster on the wall over my roommate's bed.

"Well, I like having you here. I think it's fun." I took her purse, tossed it on my roommate's bed, and lifted her into the air.

My mother squealed. "Put me down!"

"Sure, Mom." I spun her in the air a few times, dropped her onto my bed, and fell on top of her. My hands immediately pushed up her sweater. When her pale, soft belly came into view, I went a little crazy. I kissed her stomach over and over, while my hands roved up to her breasts.



"Logan ... get a hold of yourself." My mother pushed on my shoulders. She didn't budge me. "Logan ... Logan ... you can't just ... Logan ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... Logan. You'll stretch ... my sweater ... I can't ... Logan ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... I missed you ... I've been thinking about ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh."

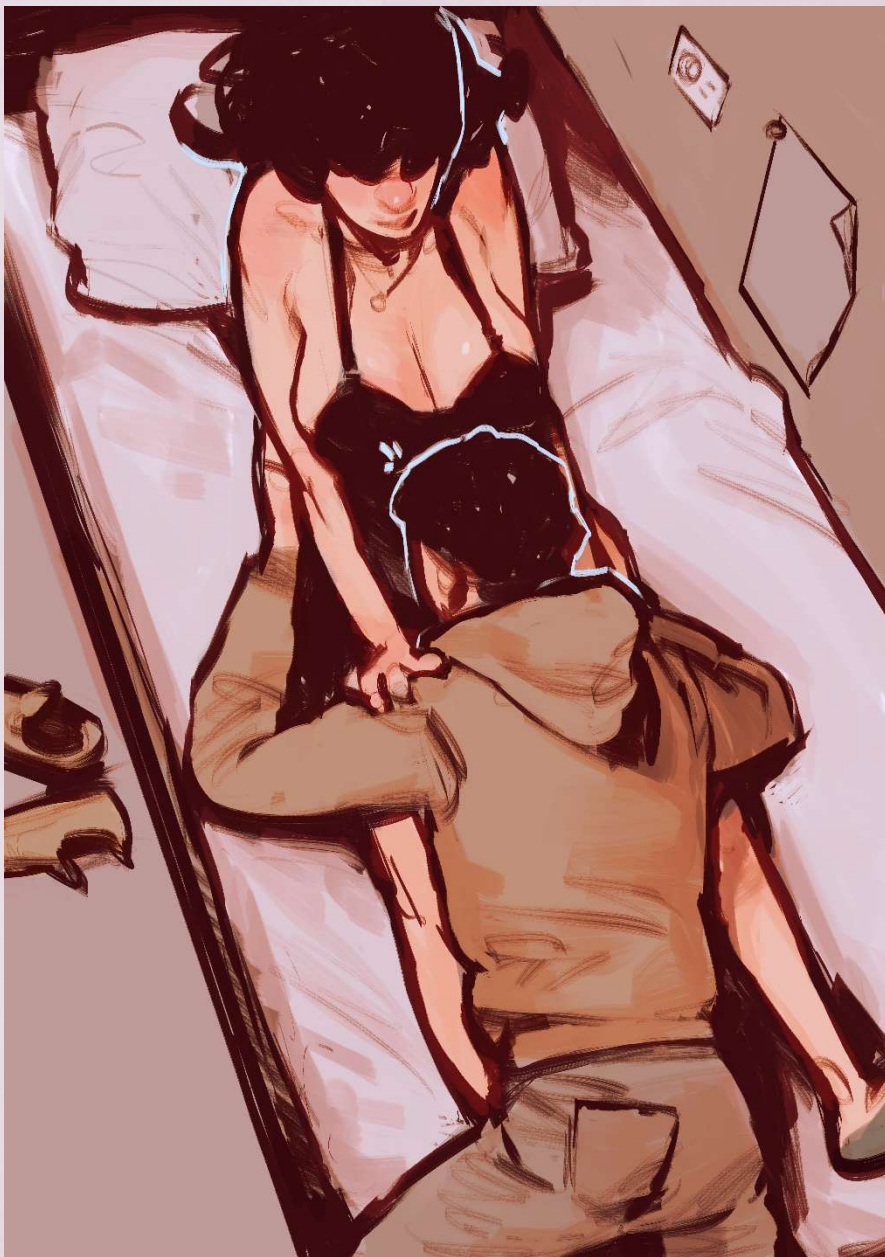
"I ... love ... you ... I ... love ... you ..." I repeated between kisses on her soft, warm belly. I pulled down her bra cup with my left hand, and my fingers found her nipple. My right hand unbuttoned her jeans.

"We need ... to talk ... Logan ... I ... oooooohhhhhh." She was writhing now, her hands running up and down my back and through my hair. "Stop for a minute ... Logan ... Logan ... too many kisses ... just stop ... I'm your mother ... Logan ... stop!" She managed to put steel into that last word.

"What?" I removed my left hand from her breast and my right from inside her panties. Sitting up, I looked into her eyes. She clearly wasn't angry, but she did look perturbed. She pulled herself into a cross-legged sitting position, fixing her bra and sweater. "I'm so confused. I thought coming here was ... I've been thinking about ... I mean you're not my ... um ..." She pressed her lips together. "I shouldn't have come here this weekend."

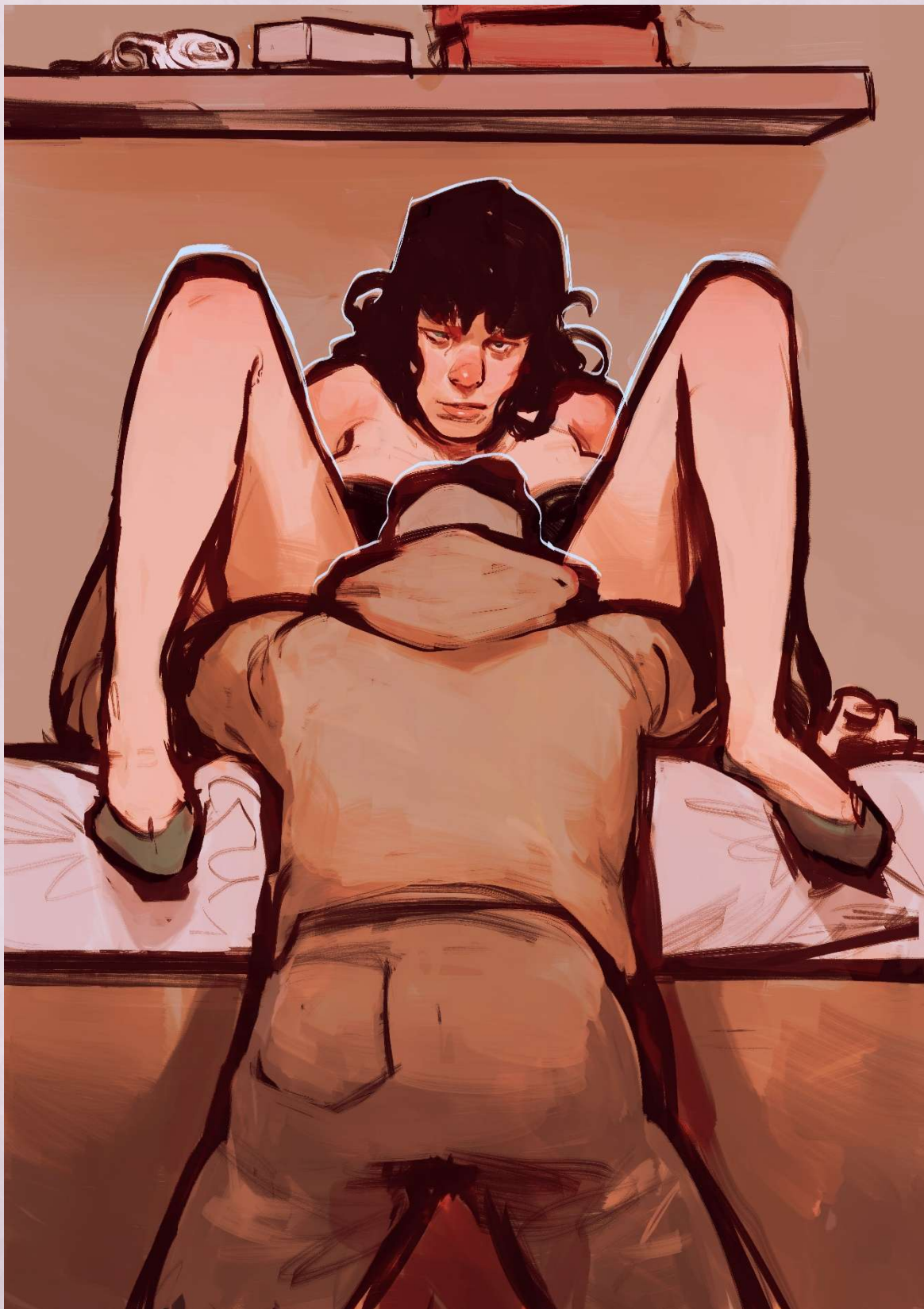
"I came on too strong. It's just that it's been weeks since the cabin, and I love you so much." I adjusted my dick. It was hard and in a painful position. I could see her eyes drawn to the tent in my pants.

"Look ... I *am* here to reward you. You're getting good grades. You're trying to find a girlfriend. And you're just ... a really awesome guy, Logan." She chewed her bottom lip. "Let's just go slowly, okay?" She straightened her legs and pulled off her jeans and panties. She tossed them to the floor, removed her sweater, and flung it away, too. "I'll give you a taste if you think that will be a good reward." Wearing only her socks and bra, she leaned her back against the wall and spread her legs. "Gosh, Logan. The way you look at my vagina. I didn't think ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh."



“Mmmpph ... mmmpphhhhh.” I didn’t need more of an invitation, I was already sucking on her thick pussy lips.

“Oooohhhh ... Logan ... I wish ... I could tell you ...” Her body stiffened and jerked when my mouth found her clit. I wasn’t sure what she wanted to say. It seemed like *she* hardly knew what she wanted to say.



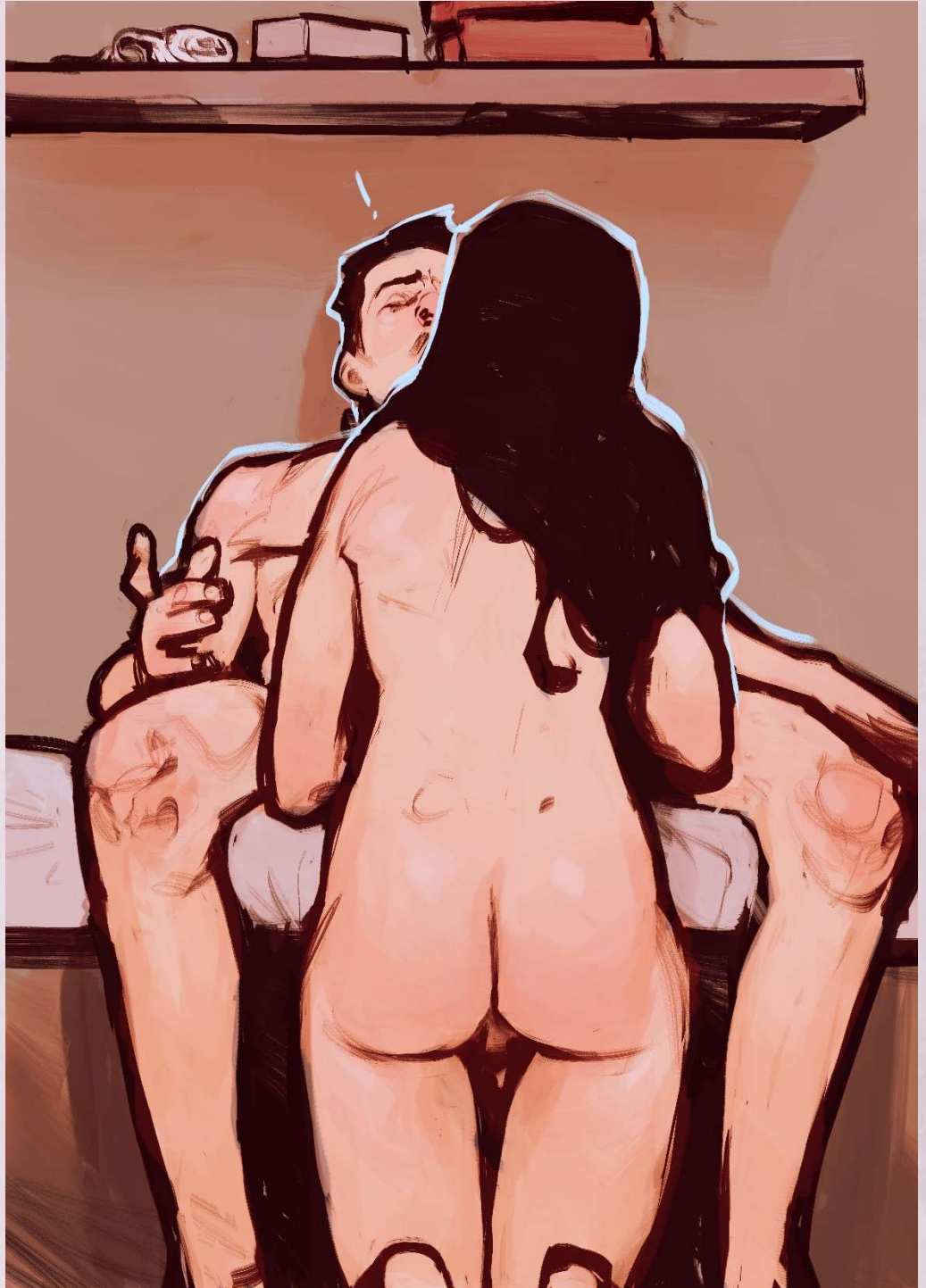
In no time at all, my fingers slipped into the familiar warm, wetness of her pussy. I played with the ribbing on the inside of her womb as I zeroed in on her g-spot. She wouldn't be the first woman to squirt on my dorm blanket. But she was certainly going to be my favorite.

"Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!" My mother's wide eyes locked on mine. Her mouth hung open, her voice stuck in one long, high note. Her hips bucked. "I'm ... I'm ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." Her face almost looked panicked for a second, then her forehead furrowed, her eyes rolled back, and her pussy squirted. I removed my hand and watched her spray with rapturous attention. I let her settle down before talking again. When I thought she was lucid again, I patted her thigh. "That was the perfect reward. I promise I'll continue to get A's, and I'll find a girlfriend."

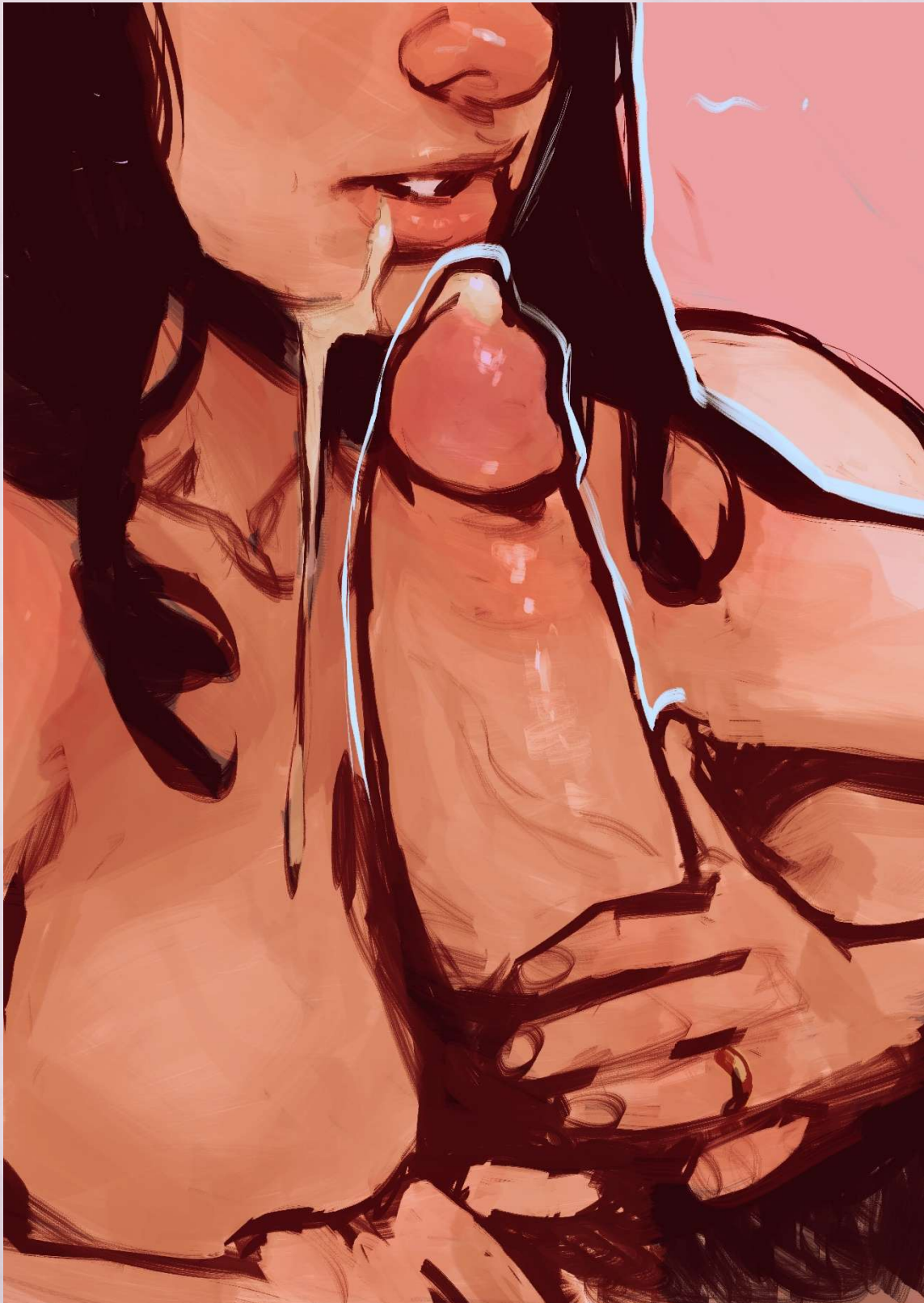
"Logan ... I wasn't expecting ..." As focus came back to her eyes, her gaze went to the tent in my pants. "Let me ... take care of you ... then we can go out to dinner."

"Sure, Mom." I undressed. My clothes were wet from her squirting, so I'd need to change before dinner anyway. She slid onto the floor, pulling me to the edge of the bed. On her knees, between my feet, my mother put all her effort into the blowjob. Her skill hadn't increased in the time we'd been apart, but I still enjoyed her awkward efforts. I put my hand on the back of her bobbing head and listened to her murmurs and the occasional gag reflex. I leaned forward a little and admired the flare from her waist out to her hips. Her ass looked lovely from that angle. I wondered if she was dripping on the floor. She *had* squirted a lot.

Eventually, my orgasm grew close. "Mom ... Mom ... Mmooooommmmmmm." My butt lifted off the mattress, and I exploded in her mouth.



"Mmmmmm ... mmmmmmm ..." She made satisfied noises as she drank my cum. When I finished, she lifted off my cock and gave me a dreamy smile. She hadn't been able to drink it all. Sperm hung from her chin. "I hope ... I tired him ... out. He should ... sleep now ... right?" She lifted my t-shirt from the floor, wiped the cum off my dick, and gave her chin a scrub.



In a daze, I watched my mother dress. "Yeah ... he's tired ... now." What a fantastic evening. I had gone from my plan to spend the night with friends to cumming in my mother's perfect mouth. "Where are we ... going to dinner?"

"How about that Chinese place your father and I took you to last time?" She shimmied into her jeans.

"Sure, Mom." I heaved myself out of bed. I had her until Sunday, and I planned to make the most of every moment with her. Even if the moment was going out for Chinese food.

