

*Chapter 10*



*Marooned Christmas*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# Marooned Christmas 10

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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After breakfast, the lights turned on for a few seconds. But the power didn't stay on. We were both excited by the thought of electricity.

"If the power comes back, the phone tower will work again, right?" Mom glanced at her purse by the front door. We had powered down our phones when we didn't get any reception.

"If the power goes back on at the cell tower, yeah." I hated to suggest the next part, because I didn't want to hasten our leaving. But I loved my mother, and I know she was worried about Dad not knowing if she was safe. "You know, maybe the power is already back on at the cell tower. Its power source isn't necessarily the same as ours."

"You're right!" Mom was up in an instant. She had her sweater on, as she normally did while we were eating at the table. I watched her tits bounce in unison. Even under a sweater, they were mesmerizing.

"Please ... please ..." Mom got her phone and hit the power button. While waiting for it to cycle on, she chewed her lip nervously and stared at the screen.



"Anything?" I figured there was no reason to get my phone. If hers worked, mine would work. If not ... then not.

"Still loading ... wait ..." Her eyes brightened and then quickly dimmed. "No reception." She turned off the phone. And put on her jacket.

"Where are you going?" I stood.

"I want to see if they plowed the road. We haven't been outside for two days." Mom pulled on her boots.

"Okay ... but you stay here. I'll dig out and have a look. The bear could still be hanging around." I dressed for the cold and grabbed the shovel.

"I'll be right behind you, sweetie." She gave me a nervous smile. "You're so brave."

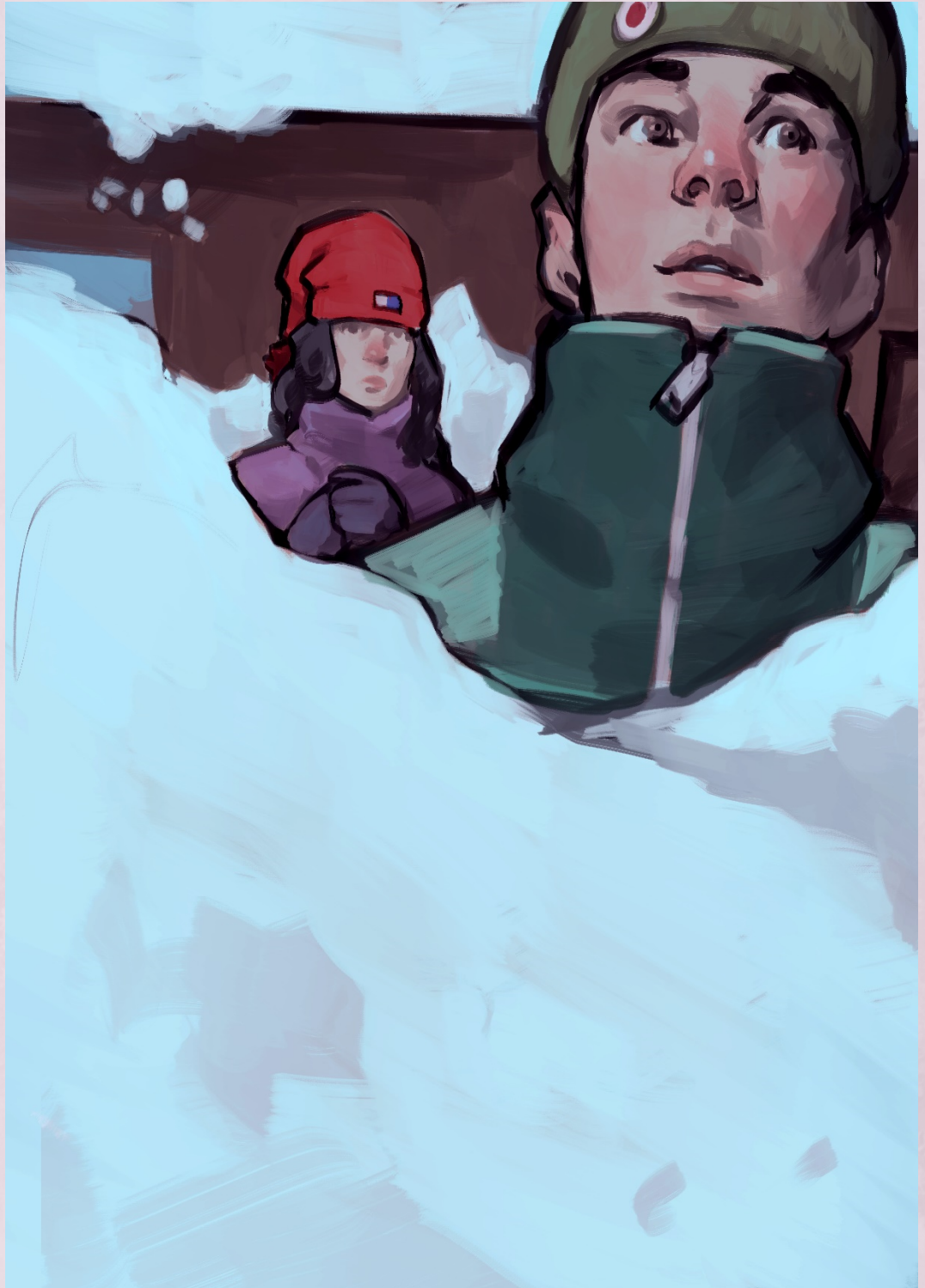
"All in a day's work, ma'am." I saluted her, which made her giggle. With the tension somewhat broken, we moved our barricade, opened the door, and I shoveled. The bear had indeed caved in my tunnel, but it didn't take me too long to make another one.

Carefully, I peeked my head out and looked toward the road. "No bear. No road."

Mom came up the tunnel behind me and put her hand on my shoulder. Her hip pressed into my butt and her boob into my back in the most perfect way. Even with our jackets on, I loved being in contact with her. She looked out at the white expanse around our cabin. "I guess it's just you and me for another day." She squeezed my shoulder and went back to the cabin.

I followed her and we reinsulated and barricaded the door. After that, it was Stratego time.

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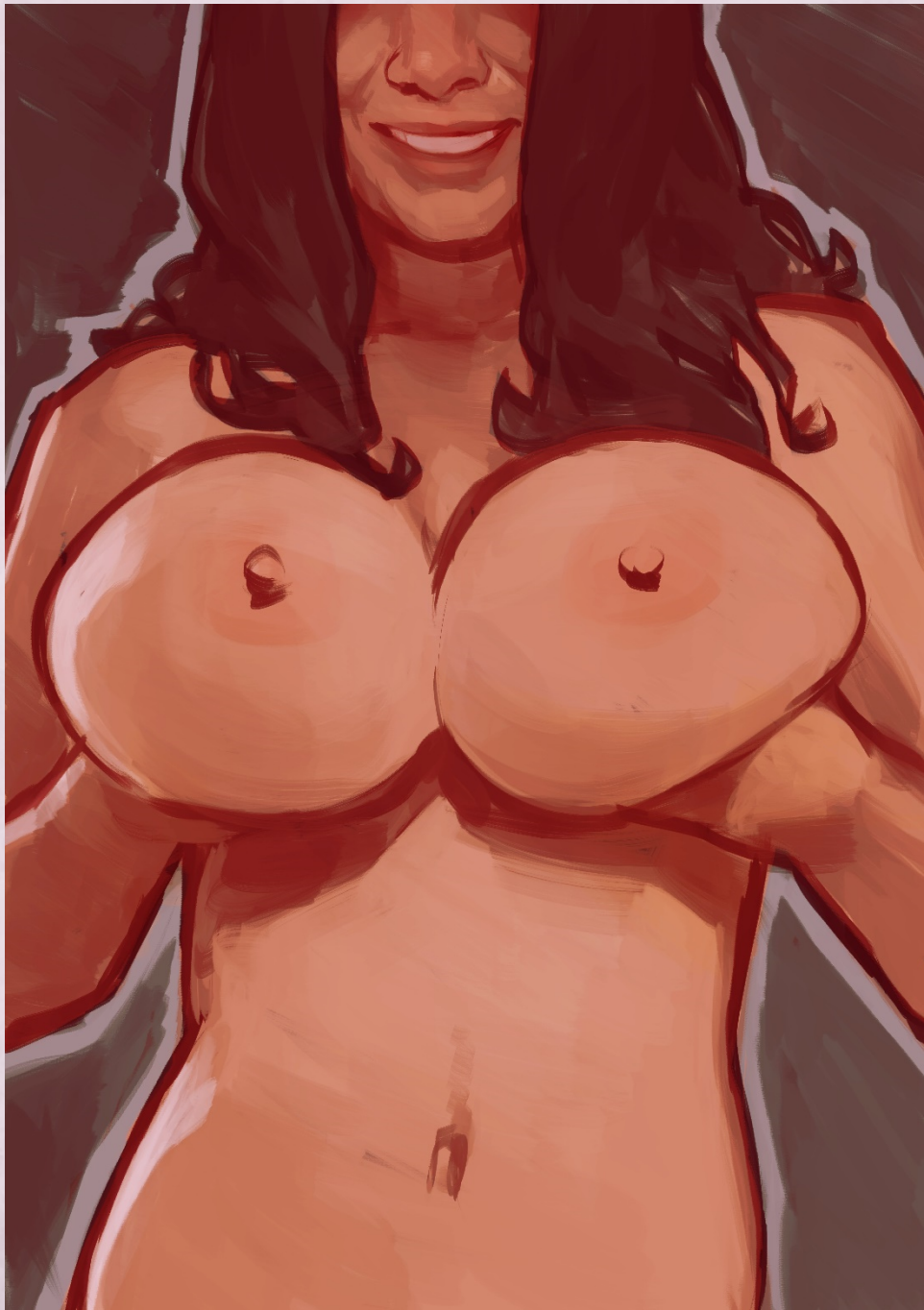


Mom was sitting closest to the fire. I was sitting across from her, trying and failing to concentrate on the game. She had just shifted in her seat, and her boobs wobbled almost imperceptibly. I stared at them, mesmerized.

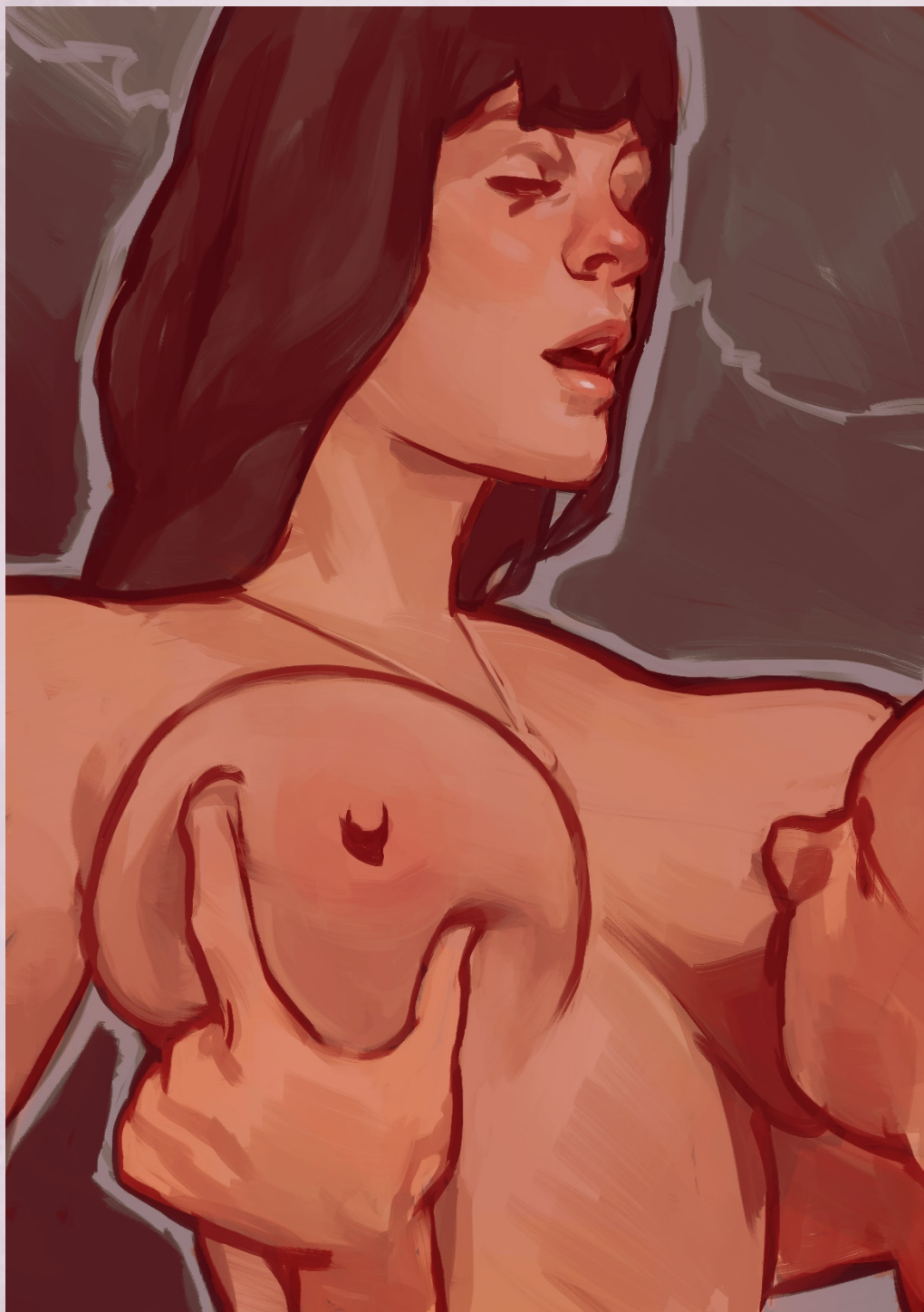
“Earth to Logan.” Mom waved a hand over the board. When I looked up into her eyes, she smiled. “There he is. I thought I’d lost you for a minute.”

“What?” I stared at her pretty face, dumbfounded.

“I asked if you’re going to move sometime this year. But I don’t think you heard me.” She giggled at my stunned expression. “You only have eyes for these, huh?” She shook her shoulders a little, making her tits dance. “Well, this game was getting boring anyway.” To my utter amazement, she hefted her tits in her hands, leaned forward, and dropped them on the board, scattering our pieces. “Ow!” She quickly lifted her tits back up. “Those pieces are sharp.” Wincing, she rubbed the bottom of her boobs. “That was so stupid. I just got carried away.”



"I got this." I stood, pulled her to her feet, and I lowered my face to her boobs. Lifting her tits carefully, I kissed the undersides. I could see little red marks where the pieces had gotten her.



"Ooohhhh ... Logan ... thank you. That feels ... better." She ran her fingers through my hair as I kissed my way across the undersides of her boobs. "Okay, they're better now. Ooohhhhh. I said they're better. Logan?"

I wasn't about to let up. "Nipple ... time ... Mom." I said between kisses.

"I'm not sure ... it's time for another reward ... we just ... ooohhhhhh ... Logan." She arched her back as I sucked her nipple into my mouth. "It's so ... confusing ... when you do that."

I slid my left hand around her hip and cupped her ass through her jeans. She didn't stop me, just like she hadn't the day before. That made me bold. Using my grip on her ass, I spun her around so that she was facing away from me. I brushed her hair over her shoulder and kissed my way down the sublime arc of her spine. "Mom ... the small of your back ... is amazing." I kneaded her butt through her jeans with both hands as I kissed, licked, and sucked on the soft skin of her back.

“Logan ... this is ... too much.” Some hair fell back over her shoulder. She lifted her hair and held it up with both hands, to keep it out of my way. “Do you really ... like my back ... too?”

“Your back ... your butt ... your boobs ... I like every part of you.” I straightened and reached around to hold her tits. My fingers found her nipples, and I could feel the muscles in her back tense. Since she was holding her hair up, her long, delicate neck was exposed. I kissed it slowly and tenderly.

“Looogggaaannnnn,” she hissed. She pressed her butt back into me. I don’t know if she felt my hardness, but suddenly she was moving away from me. She took a few steps, turned, and stared at me. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly. I was pleased that at least she didn’t move to cover her boobs. “Remember ... what I said ... about being careful.”

“We didn’t do anything, Mom. It’s fine.” I tried to give her a reassuring smile. I was shocked when it seemed to work. I saw her shoulders sag as the tension left her.

“This is so confusing.” She shook her head slowly. “I ... um ... I let you kiss my back and neck ... and touch my butt ... as a reward for chasing the bear away last night. Nothing more, okay.”

“Does that mean I can do that again?” I raised my eyebrows hopefully.

“Maybe ... if you earn it.” She pointed to the bathroom. “It’s obvious you need to go take care of it.”

I stood, smiling at my mother like an idiot.

“So, go take care of it. Do it twice if you have to. I want it soft when you come back out.” She managed to put some authority into her voice.

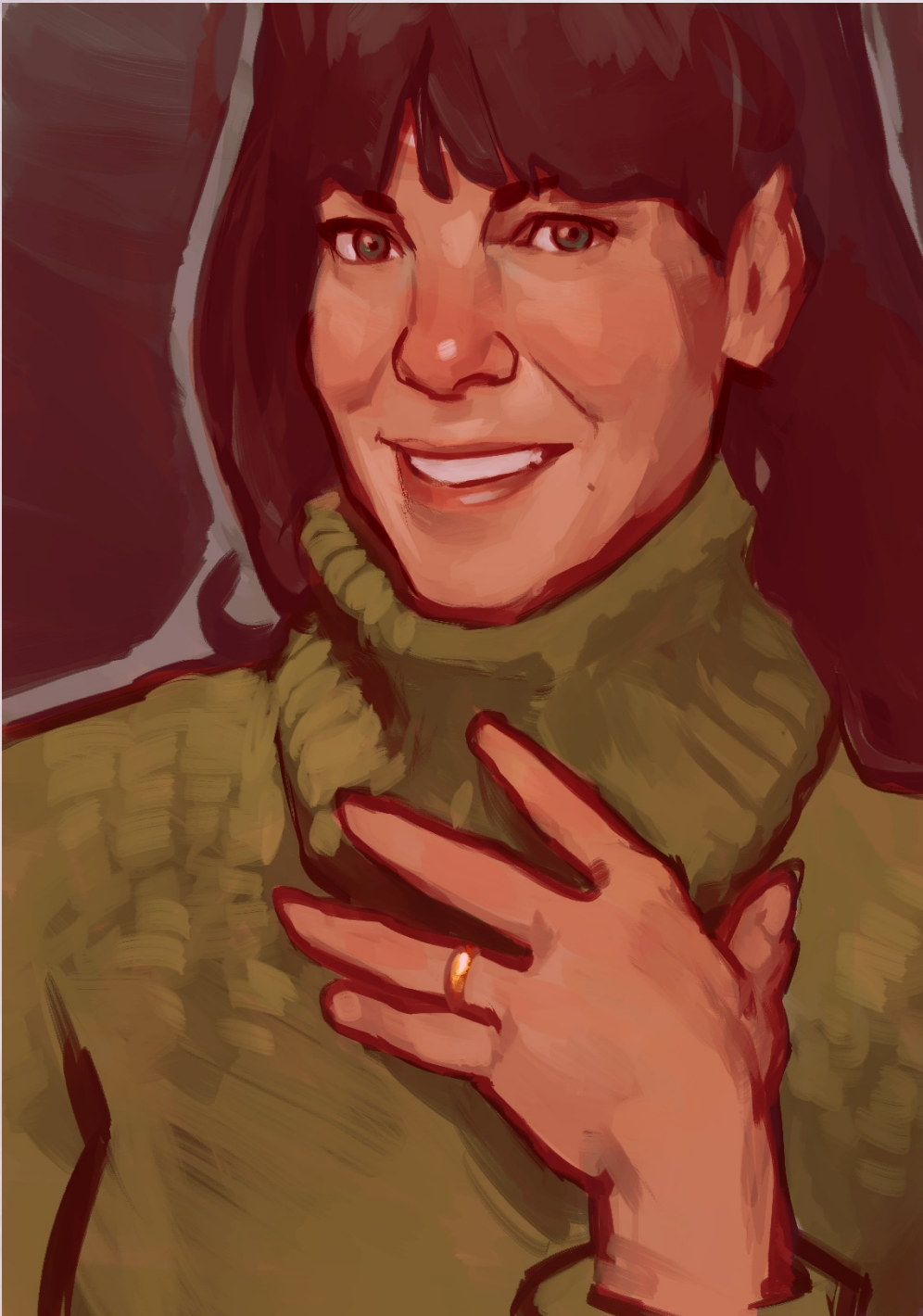
I gave her a mock salute and hustled to the bathroom. I was worked up. I thought I might have to fap three times.

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After I finished in the bathroom, we had lunch. We were both fully dressed for it. I tried to get Mom talking about my sisters and their boyfriends, but she didn't seem in the mood for small talk. As we ate, she kept giving me odd, quizzical looks. By the time I was clearing the dishes, I was starting to worry that I'd pushed her too far. She sat at the table as I washed dishes in the sink. She looked lost in thought. When I was finished cleaning, I walked back over to our gameboard by the fire and started cleaning the pieces she'd knocked on the floor. "I've dated a lot of girls, Mom, and I've never seen anyone use her boobs to bomb a board game before."





Mom snorted a laugh and looked over at me. "A lot of girls, huh? How did I raise such a Casanova?"

I kept cleaning the pieces and shrugged.

"You keep telling me about all the girls you date. And now I have the tools to make you settle down with one. How do you feel about that?"

"Honestly ..." I looked over at her and grinned. "As long as I get to have your boobs, I don't think I'd even need to date someone my age."

She frowned. "Logan, don't joke about that. I'm not a substitute for a real girlfriend. I'm your mom. I'm only offering you my breasts because they make you happy."

"I know." I nodded. "Sorry." I finished cleaning up the game and put it away on the board game shelf. "What now?"

"I know that look. You want another reward?" She narrowed her eyes. "This is getting to be too much." She stood and walked over to the fire. She made no move to take off her sweater.

"I only said 'what now?', Mom." My gaze fell to her bust. She wasn't wearing a bra, and the way her tits hung under her sweater was so wonderful I almost didn't need her to be topless.

"Fine." She pressed her lips together and put her fists on her hips.

"'Fine', what?" I raised my eyebrows, still keeping my gaze mostly focused on the slope of her sweater.

"You want to see my butt, too. I can tell." She turned around and began removing her jeans. "So ... fine ... you can see that, too. You saved us twice, so I suppose you've earned it."



I stayed absolutely silent, not wanting to mess up the moment. The way she shimmied out of her pants was something I wanted to commit to memory for all time. Her sweater hung over her ass, but I watched her long, pale legs come into view. My heart soared. She kept her panties on, but stepped out of her pants, butt still facing me.

“This is so strange.” She lifted her sweater above her waist and bent forward. “There, now you’ve seen it.” Silence filled the room. The fire crackled and popped merrily. “Not that impressive, right? I’m an old lady, Logan. Not one of your girlfriends.” She stayed posed for me as another long moment of silence stretched out. “Say something, sweetie.”

“I’m speechless, Mom. You have the best butt I’ve ever seen. It’s so round ... and white. I love it.” My words carried real enthusiasm.

“Oh.” When she looked over her shoulder at me, I could see she was blushing. “So, this makes you happy?”

“I mean ... can I touch it?” I walked over to her like I was in

a trance and dropped to my knees behind her, waiting for the go-ahead.

“Just ... don’t get carried away, Logan.” She stayed leaning over and wiggled her butt a little, which I took as an invitation.

Tentatively, I reached my hands out and ran my fingertips along the curves of each globe. I could see her shiver at my touch, and I could hear her suck in her breath sharply. That encouraged me. I know she was expecting another weigh-in like what I’d done with her boobs, but instinct told me it was time to mix things up. I continued to gently caress her soft skin and pulled her panties inward to expose her right cheek. Then, I leaned forward and panted a soft kiss on her warm, supple flesh.

“Oh ... Logan ... I wasn't ...” Her words trailed away as I planted more kisses and licks on her right cheek, while continuing to caress and massage the left one. “Logan ... Logan ... I ... mmmmm.”



It was a magical moment, and I could feel it leading to more. Unfortunately, the power picked the worst time to come back on. The lights in the cabin were suddenly blazing. The Christmas tree sparkled with colored lights. I could hear the refrigerator kick on. A few seconds later, the furnace clunked into action.

My mother stepped away from me and lowered her sweater. I saw her use the hem to wipe off the spit I'd left on her right cheek. She pulled her panties back into place. "Well, Logan. The power's back." She looked around at the electric lights with wide eyes. "I guess things are going to change around here."

I thought that would mean her pants were about to go back on, but they didn't. Instead, I watched her slender legs as she walked over to her phone and picked it up. There was silence as she powered it on. Then she gave a little yelp of surprise. "We've got reception!"

