



Chapter 11

Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 11

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Your father says the plowing service is having trouble with their vehicles. He says he's been calling them three times a day, asking when our road will get cleared. They keep telling him, 'soon'." Mom, wearing her sweater, panties, and socks, sat by the fire, typing on her phone.

Relief flooded through me. It might be a while until the plow showed up. I needed that time. "Okay, hopefully they'll plow soon. That's great that Dad has been on it."

"He says he really misses us and that you should text him." Mom had been filling me in for more than twenty minutes now that the power was on, and our phones had reception. I hadn't retrieved my phone yet. It was a tie to the real world that I resented. At least for the moment.

"I'll text him when I check my phone." I was sitting in one of the chairs by the fire, my eyes moving between the flames and my mother hunched over her phone. Her braless breasts hung and tugged at her sweater wonderfully. But I felt like I shouldn't stare while she was texting with Dad. That would somehow be crossing a line. I caught my gaze drifting down her long, alabaster legs. I pressed my lips together and looked back into the fire. "The cabin's heating up," I said. We wouldn't have to huddle by the fire anymore. And we'd surely be in our separate rooms at bedtime. I did my very best to ignore the pit forming in my stomach.

"It's so wonderful to talk to your father again. And your sisters, too." Mom was smiling ear to ear. "They all wish you a Merry Christmas, by the way."

"Cool." I nodded. I wanted to get her off the phone, but didn't want to be selfish. I let her enjoy the moment and continue to fill me in on things she was learning from the family.



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“Goodness, it’s dinner time.” Mom looked up from her phone, stood, and stretched. “We should reorganize our food now that it’s warm in here and the fridge is working.” Mom plugged her phone into a charger in the living room and turned to find me in the kitchen.

“Already taken care of.” I smiled at her and made a big show of dusting off my hands. “I also reinforced our barricade in case the light and heat bring that bear back.” I pointed to the front door.

“Wow, you’re amazing, Logan.” Mom beamed at me.

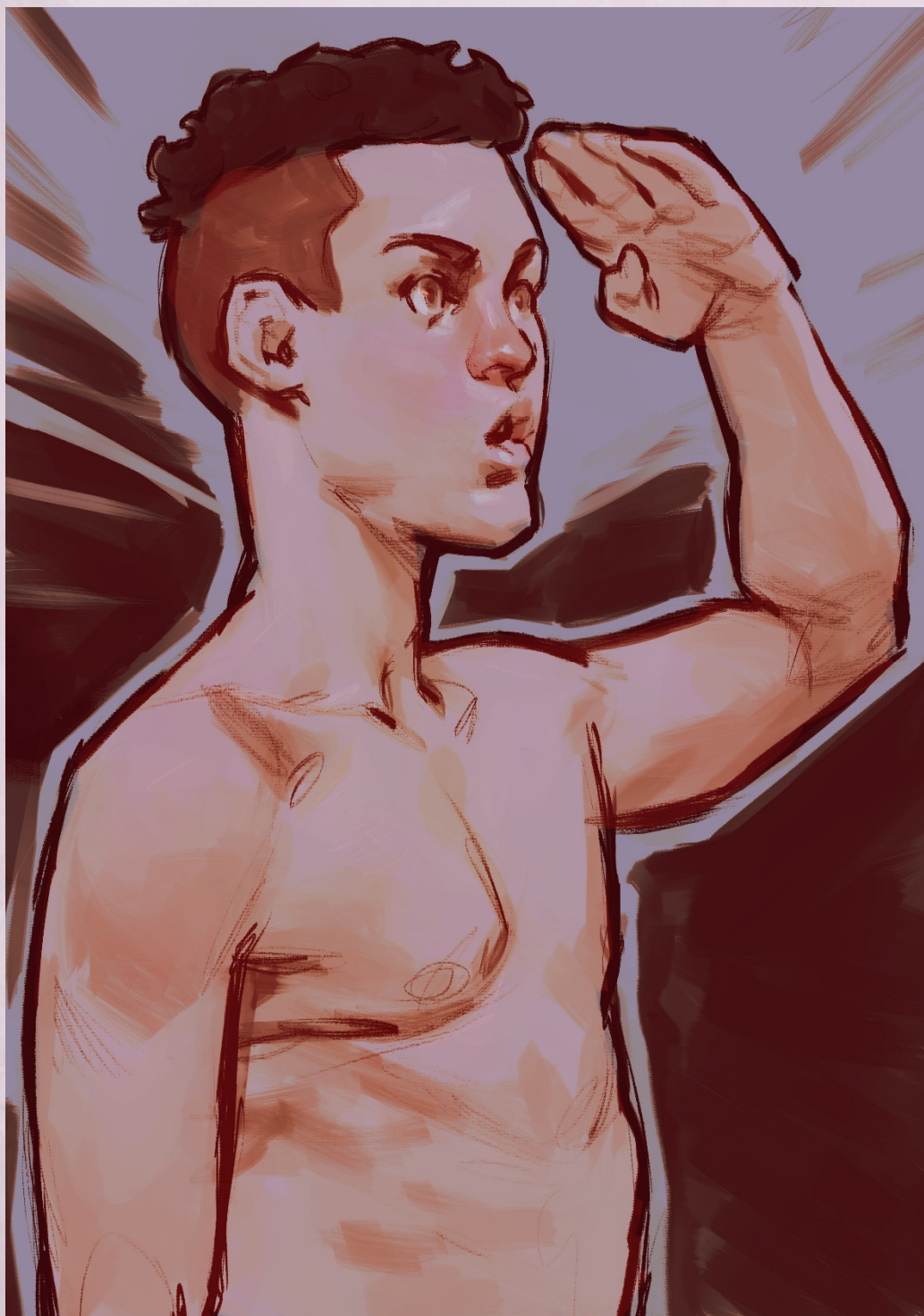


I raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, you only did that stuff for a reward?” She didn’t stop smiling, but she raised her eyebrows back at me in challenge.

“I did that stuff because I love you. And it needed to be done.” I turned to the fridge and started removing ingredients. “We get to cook tonight. Isn’t that exciting?”

“Oh ... I hadn’t thought of that. A hot meal sounds divine!” Mom, still pantless, hustled into the kitchen. She bumped her hip against mine. “Let’s make some yummy dinner, buster.”



“Yes, ma’am.” I saluted her.

Cooking was fun. Mom did most of the talking as we worked. She was so excited to be in contact with the rest of our family. I listened and laughed at her jokes. She brought out a bottle of wine when dinner was served. We ate at the table, savoring every bite. When dinner was done, we cleaned together. As much as I disliked the power coming back on, I had to admit that it was wonderful to use the dishwasher finally.

Chores done, we took our wine to our spot by the fire. We didn’t need to sit by the heat the hearth provided anymore, but it was still a habit. I suppose it was cozy, too.

“You didn’t ask for a reward for your kitchen work. Is it because ... um ... are you uncomfortable about us being in contact with your father?” Mom crossed her bare legs and gave me a serious look over the rim of her wineglass. Her cheeks were rosy. I couldn’t tell if she was blushing from the wine or the question.

"You said you'd continue to reward me once we get home. If I settled down with a girlfriend, that is. So, texting Dad doesn't seem worse than seeing your boobs at home." I smiled serenely. "Dad's not an issue for me."

My mother's blush deepened. "Good. Good. I just want you to know ... that I think it's fine that he doesn't know. It's something only the two of us share." She pointed her finger at me and then to her own chest to make the point.

"Yeah ... I get it." I nodded.

"You're staring at my legs, Logan." Almost imperceptibly, her voice pitched higher. "I think you want a reward for being so thoughtful this afternoon. Butt or boobs?" She raised one eyebrow in question.

"Why not both?" I shrugged.

Mom gulped down the rest of her wine and put the glass on the hearth. "Don't get greedy, sweetie." She stood, pulled off her sweater, and tossed it aside. I stared in wonder at my mother as she struck a nervous pose in only panties and socks.

"I love you so much." I stood and moved over to her. I saw that her gaze was glued to my crotch. Yes, of course, I was hard and tenting big time.

"I love you, too." It sounded like she was holding her breath. "Front or back?"

"Both. I told you." I stopped in front of her, lowered my face, and sucked in her supple nipple. While I reached around to grip her ass with both hands, I felt her shiver. Her butt was wonderfully pliable. I squeezed and hefted it.

"It's so strange ..." Mom exhaled and breathed deeply. "... so strange being naked in this cabin without any chill. I almost miss the pre-power cabin. I didn't like it at the time. But now ... oooohhhhhh ... I remember it as exciting." She cupped my head and played with my hair.

I spit out her nipple and kissed her underboob. "This is ... still ... exciting." I said between kisses. I couldn't see any trace of the red marks the game pieces had left on her tits.



“Exciting ... for you ... yes ... hhhmmmmmm.” She shuddered when my lips returned to her nipple. “I wonder what you’d look like if I gave you everything you wanted. I bet ... uuuummmmm ... you’d have the silliest expression. Like ... Christmas morning ... times a thousand.”



My ears perked up at those words. *What in the heck is she talking about!?!* “Mmmmpphhhh?” I said around her nipple.

“Of course, we’ll never know. I won’t ever behave like one of those trappy girls you take out.” She ruffled my hair like I was a little boy. Sometimes she forgot I was twenty. “Okay, that’s enough for now. Logan. I said that’s enough. Logan?” She didn’t stop cupping my head as I continued to suck on her boob. “Logan ... oooooohhhh ... Logan.” I realized that as I was massaging her ass, her hips had started gyrating in little circles.

Letting go of her nipple, I used her ass to spin her around. I sank to my knees, and quickly pulled down her panties. I could see that there was a large wet spot on the cotton fabric.

“We should keep my panties on, Logan. I was only joking about giving you everything you wanted.” She closed her legs, putting her feet together on the floor. I stared at her perfect ass, gently running my fingertips over her curves. Goosebumps appeared on her skin. “Logan?”

“It’s okay, Mom. I’m not going to do anything crazy. I just wanted to see your butt without underwear.” I kissed her right cheek reverently. Then the left one.



“Okay ... okay ... but remember ... we can’t get carried away.” Her body seemed to relax. After a few minutes of my caresses and kisses, she spoke again, “Do you really like my butt that much, sweetie? I feel like ... men don’t pay attention to me the way they used to.”

“If I were Dad, I’d be doing this every day.” I kissed the upper crack of her butt, careful not to go much lower. I didn’t want to freak her out.

“It’s ... not his fault ... ooohhhhhh.” She shivered again. “People grow tired of their spouses. It’s natural.”

“I’ll never ... grow tired of you ... Mom.” I reached around her and gripped her pelvis, pulling her butt back toward my face. I gave her ass cheeks several loud raspberries.

Mom burst out laughing. “Logan ... no one ... has ever done that to me before.”

It was silly that she said that over some raspberries, but those words were impossibly sweet to hear. “I like holding your hips like this.” I squeezed those perfect handholds. “Makes me feel like I could do anything.”

Her laughter died down. “Well, you can’t.”

“I know.” I licked the upper part of her crack, delving my tongue between her cheeks. I went upward to where the crack ends and continued up her perfect spine.

“Don’t kiss me ... in the crack. It’s ... dirty.” Mom half-heartedly tried to pull away, but my grip on her hips wouldn’t be denied.

“We have hot showers now. You need to wash up?” As soon as I said it, I knew it was the wrong thing to say. She tried harder to pull away, and I let go.

“Yes ... yes ... I need a hot shower after all those freezing towel baths.” My mother quickly strode across the floor, leaving her panties behind. I watched every shake and jiggle, committing them all to memory.

We both showered, dressed, and met back by the dying fire. She was in pajamas; I was in a t-shirt and jeans.

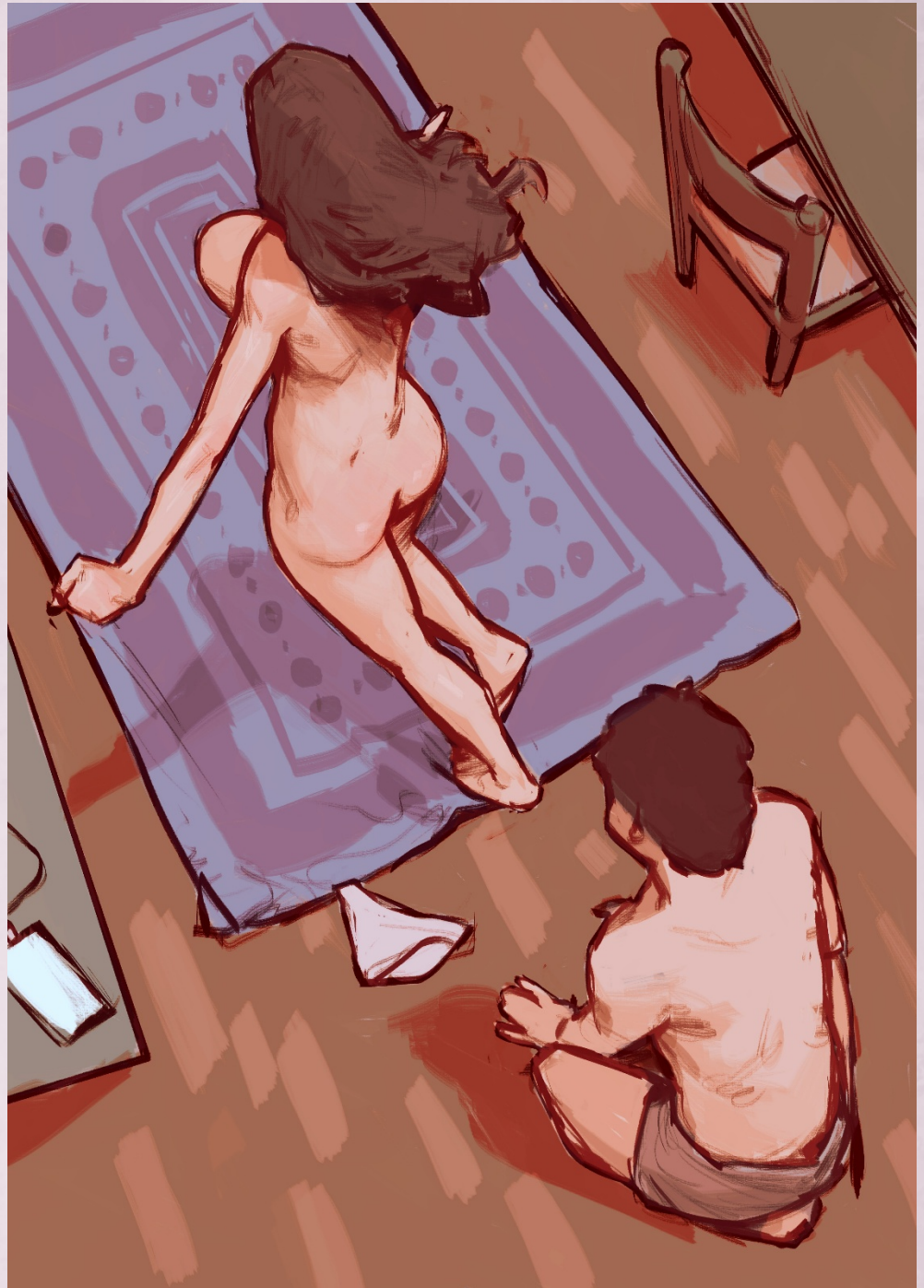
“I guess I don’t have to keep the fire going all night.” I sat on the hearth. My smile was thin. Her flannel pajamas were a poor omen for things to come.

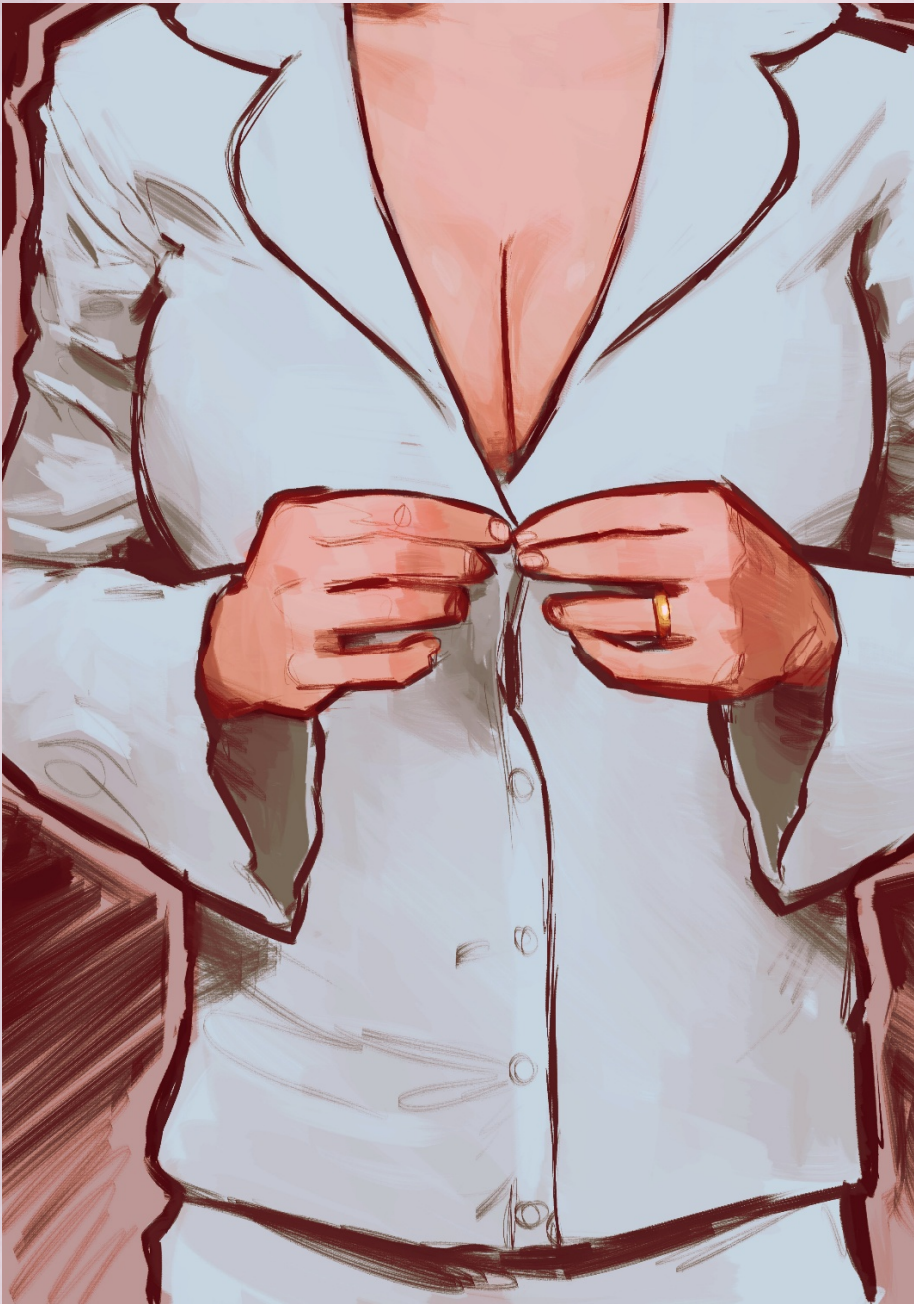
“So ... about our sleeping arrangement.” She folded her arms and looked down at me contemplatively. “We should really sleep in our own rooms.”

“Mom, I -” I said.

My mother cut me off with a raised finger. “*But ...* I know you really like the way we’ve been sleeping. And ... I think you deserve to have that at least one more night.”

“Oh, I thought because of the pajamas ...” I frowned at the flannel.





“Well, your body-heat hack isn’t really needed now. So ... I thought I’d wear ...” She cocked her head at me. “Don’t make that face, Logan. We still get to cuddle.” She matched my frown. “Okay, fine.” She slowly unbuttoned her top. “But you have to keep behaving yourself, okay?”

“Okay.” I grinned, eagerly staring at the opening top.

“Honestly, I would have thought you’d be tired of them by now.” Mom giggled, finished unbuttoning, and removed her top.

“I told you. I’ll never get tired of your tits, Mom.”

“Watch your language.” She paused for a moment, gave me a hard glance, and then pulled her bottoms down.

“They are my *breasts*, or *boobs*. Okay?”

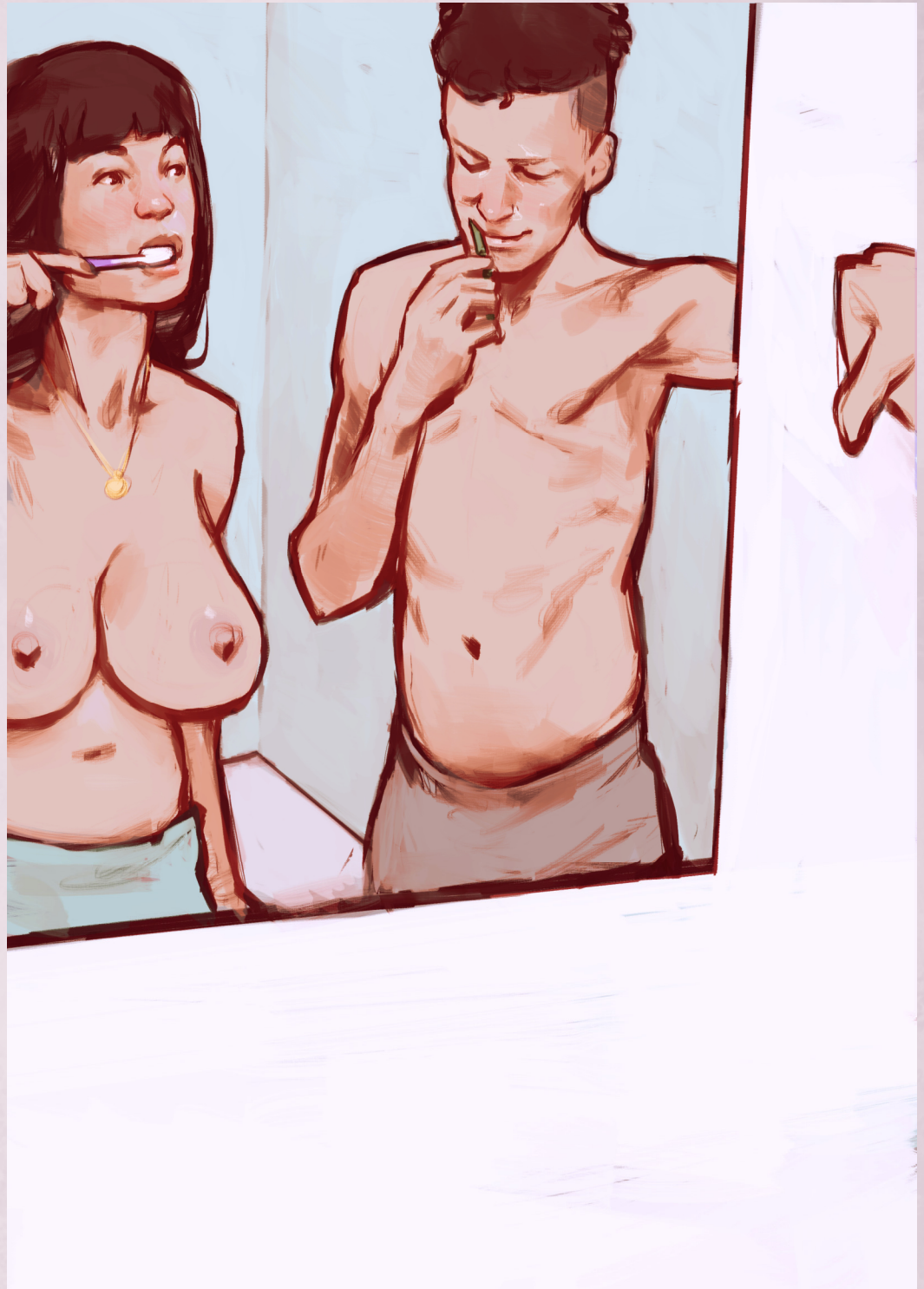
“Sorry. I’ll never get tired of your boobs, Mom.” I got up and started moving things around to make space for our mattress by the fire. We pulled the mattress into place and made the bed. I kept stealing glances of her butt and boobs as she bent over to deal with the sheets. In my mind, a refrain played: *Don’t get greedy. Don’t get greedy. Don’t get greedy.*

We brushed our teeth together. I spent the whole time watching her boobs shake in the mirror with the motion of her arm. After that, she got in bed, and I turned off the lights. The colored lights on the Christmas tree still shone, making the cabin feel cozy.

“After everything we’ve been through, it’s weird to let the fire die down.” I undressed while staring at the glowing embers in the hearth. When I was down to my underwear, I turned toward my mother. She had the covers up to her chin, staring at my crotch again.

“It’s hard again, isn’t it?” Her voice was just above a whisper. “Do you need to take care of it before coming to bed?”

“No, it’s okay. Even if I did, I’d be hard again when I got in bed with you.” I shrugged, watching her gaze come up to the muscles in my abdomen and chest, and then fall back down to the lump in my underwear.





"I bet you'd give anything for me to touch it." She let out a nervous laugh.

"What? I mean ... yeah ... I would." I nodded enthusiastically.

"I was only joking, Logan. I'd never ..." Her voice trailed away, and she bit her bottom lip. "I mean, that would have to be one heck of a reward, am I right?" She let out another nervous chuckle.

"Yeah, like saving you from a hungry bear or something." I slipped into bed and snuggled up next to her. Our eyes were inches apart. Her heavy, warm breasts were pressed into my chest. I know she was aware of my erection pushed up against her thigh. Her pupils dilated, and her lips parted. For a second, I thought she was going to kiss me.

"Turn around, sweetie. I'll spoon you." Her smile looked almost regretful.

"Sure, Mom." I rolled over and melted as she hugged me, digging her fingers into my chest.

I guess the excitement of returned electricity and contact with the family had exhausted us, because we fell asleep without another word.