



Chapter 9

Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 9

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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Dinner came to a close, and the small talk died down. Eventually, eager to get to dessert, I got up and started cleaning our dishes. Mom sat, resting her chin on her hands. When she spoke, her words were quiet and hesitant. "When you saved us ... you were so brave. That was special. And ..." She looked over at me and cleared her throat. Her smile was thin and unsure. "And when you ... were back at my breast earlier, I think we both know that felt special." She didn't say anything more.

"Yeah?" I went back to the table and sat in my chair, looking her in the eyes. "You're right. I felt close to you. Like you were surrounding me with love." Honesty seemed the best policy. I was hoping she was about to open herself to even more stuff, but her face tightened. I could tell she was having some inner turmoil.

"Logan, what I'm saying is that we've bumped up against some powerful moments here and we ..." She pressed her lips into a tight line as she thought. "We have to be careful. We have to stay in control. I'm doing these things for you ... because they make you happy. But ... I'm not some girl you're dating. Your end goal can't be to get into my pants."

"I would never. I -" I started.

"One minute, I'm not done." She held up a finger to silence me. "What I'm saying is that we have to be careful with you ... touching me. We can't get carried away. I love your father and you ... well, I've known you for twenty years. You came out of me, for goodness sakes. You're grown up now, so we have to be ..." Her voice died away.

"Careful, I know." I nodded. "We won't get carried away, Mom."

"I'm glad you understand, Logan." Her smile looked more natural.



Ten minutes later, she was topless, standing in front of the fire. My tongue was running circles around her right nipple, while my right hand reflexively squeezed her left tit. She had her hands cupping my head, running her fingers through my hair. I felt warm and protected, and she felt ... I wasn't sure what she was feeling exactly, but she was cooing a lot and saying my name under her breath.



My left hand was unoccupied. Without thinking, it went to her bare waist, right above her pant line. She didn't say anything about it, so slowly, I crept my hand around her, until I was holding the delightful curve at the small of her back. I had been with many women, but it's quite possible that my mother was the sexiest of all of them. Or maybe that was just because she was such an awesome mom.

"Logan ... the way you're holding me ... you're so strong ... and brave. I ... uuuuggghhhh ..." She shuddered and never finished that thought.

"Mmmmm ... mmmmm ..." I hummed contentedly into her tit. There was a brief moment when I considered lowering my left hand to her ass. It was so close, and I was curious what those round globes would feel like. But I jettisoned the idea. There was no reason to push her boundaries any further. I had the small of her back. I had her tits. What more could a son want? We continued like that for a long time.



The fire was dying down by the time she pushed me away. "Okay ... okay ... Logan ... that was ... good." Her cheeks flushed. "Good for you, I mean." She didn't wipe the saliva off her tits this time. Instead, she turned her breasts toward the heat of the embers and let them air-dry. "It's late. Let's set up the bed and build up the fire."

We went through what was becoming our normal bedtime routine. At this point, I hoped they never plowed the road. Well, maybe not never. We would run out of food eventually. With only our lower underwear on, we shivered under the covers for a few minutes, our bodies pressed front to front. I had fapped in the bathroom before bed, but I was still hard. My dick pressed into her hip. She didn't say anything about it. She put her forehead to my chin, and we lay in silence for a while.

"Are you uncomfortable?" My mom was the first to break the silence. "I mean, with it still being so hard."

"A little, but ..." I shrugged in her arms. "It's okay."

"We can't do anything more than what we've already done, Logan." Her voice was just barely above a whisper.

"I wasn't asking for anything, Mom." My top hand was on her back. I gave her a squeeze.

"We just can't. I may have already let things get too far." Her grip on my back tightened, her fingers pressing into my flesh.

"I didn't -"

"Turn around, Logan, before we do something we regret. Let's go to sleep." Mom loosened her grip as I rolled over so that she could spoon me. Her hand tightened on my chest when we were settled. "I love you, sweetie."

"I love you too, Mom," I said.

After about five minutes, I heard her breathing change. She was asleep. It took me a long time to follow her into dreamland.



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The fire had died down when I woke. It was still night. Mom was still spooning me. From her tight grip on my chest, I thought she was awake. “Mom?”

“Shh ... I think it’s back,” Mom hissed.

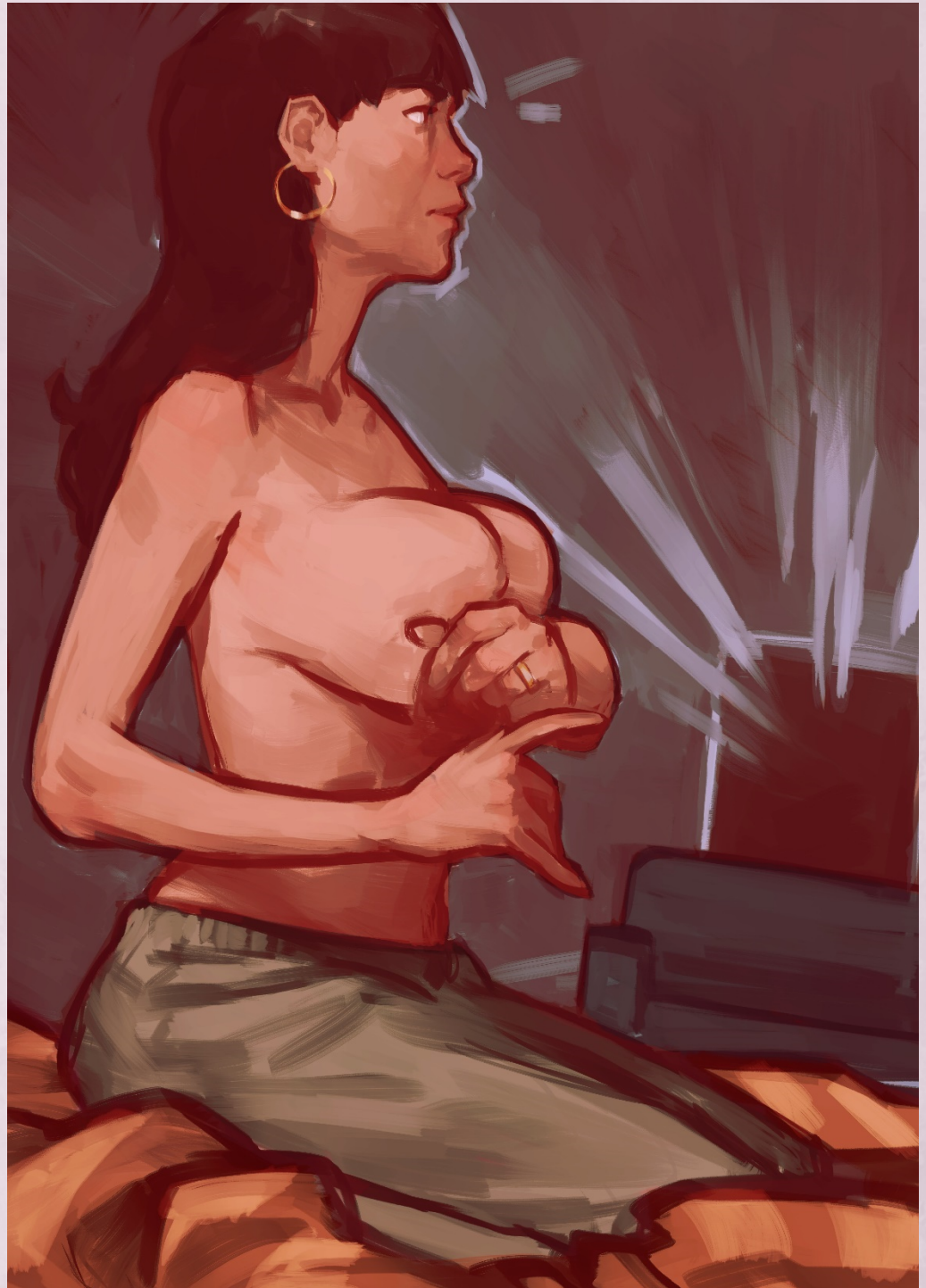
“What is ...?” I stopped talking and listened. I heard heavy huffing and the sound of digging snow coming from beyond the front door. The bear had caved in my path from the front door, and it sounded like it was now digging back down to us. In a flash, I was out of bed on my feet.

“Quiet, Logan!” Mom’s whisper was urgent. Her round eyes glowed in the fire’s embers. She sat up, covering her breasts with an arm.

“No, we need to be loud. We need to scare it away. Awwwwoooooooooooo!” I screamed and stomped my feet, dancing around the cabin like a madman. “Awwwwoooooooooooo!”

My mother took a few seconds to understand, but she got it. She stood up, forgetting to cover her breasts, and stomped around the cabin in her panties. “Awwwwoooooooooooo ... awwwwoooooooooooo!” Her high-pitched howls almost harmonized with my lower ones.

We carried on for several minutes, then I held up my hand for silence. We stopped howling. Cautiously, I walked toward our barricaded door. I couldn’t hear anything. No digging. No predatory snuffling. Tentatively, I pressed my ear to the door. I could see my mom biting her nails near the Christmas tree. Her eyes were still wide with fright. I tried to give her a reassuring smile.



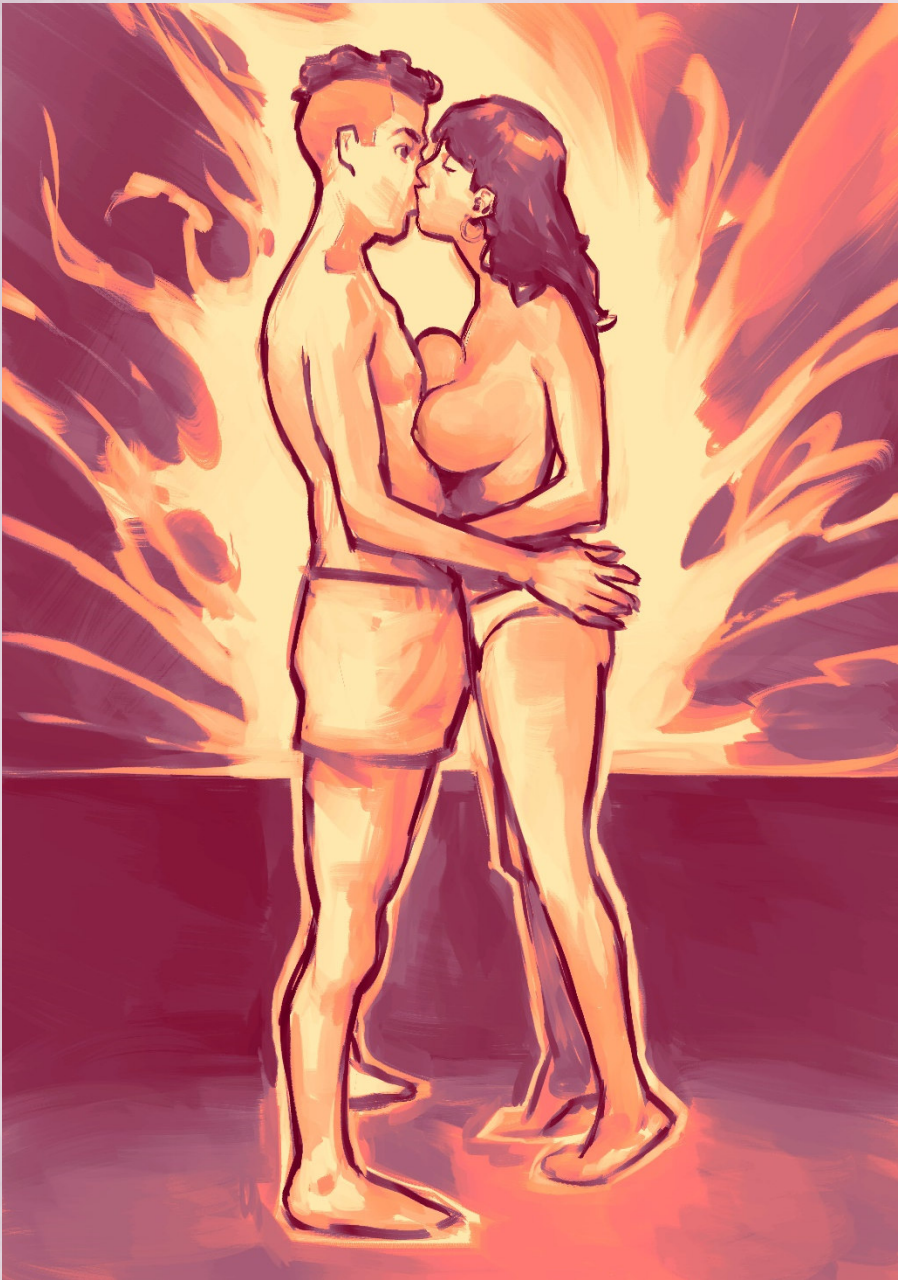
If this was a horror story, the pregnant pause that followed would be the moment when the bear smashed through the door and devoured us whole. Thankfully, it's not that kind of story. It seems we'd scared the bear away. It was hungry, but it wasn't hungry enough to deal with crazed humans.

"Is he gone?" My mother took a couple steps in my direction. Even with the grave circumstances, I found my gaze laser-focused on her jigglng boobs.

"We scared him away. He's gone." I left the door and confidently strolled toward her.

"Oh ... my gosh! You saved us again." Mom closed the distance between us, put her arms around my shoulders, and hugged me tightly. Her soft tits mashed against my lean chest. "I was going to stay quiet, and that would have practically invited that beast in. But you ... you ... saved ..." She pressed her lips to mine.





I was shocked. I stood stiffly in her embrace. She pecked my lips several times. Of course, there wasn't any tongue. When my own tongue tried to automatically fill that void by darting into her mouth, she pulled back.

"Oh ... Logan ... I'm sorry ... I didn't ..." She pulled away from me and covered her boobs with an arm again. "I didn't mean to lead you on. I ... was just so grateful ... I'm so sorry." Quickly, she retreated to bed and dove under the covers.

"I'm sorry, too." I went over to the fire. I was shivering from cold and shock. I threw some more logs onto the embers and moved them around with the poker. When it was roaring again, I returned to bed. "Sorry, Mom."

"It's my fault, I shouldn't have kissed you on the lips. After everything, I should have known that would confuse you." She reached out and hugged me. We were face to face again. "I was just really excited about you ... us ... chasing that bear away. I forgot myself for a minute." She stared at me, inches away in the firelight. "Don't look so gloomy, I'm not mad. Look ..." She wiggled herself up, until her boobs were now staring at me instead of her

eyes. "You can suck again if you want. I think you've earned it."

I was confused, but I wasn't going to say no to that. I latched my mouth to her proffered nipple and sucked to my heart's content. The awkwardness of the kiss and its aftermath faded. Once again, I was inside the warm envelope of maternal grace. I heard my mother let out a little moan, and her breathing got shallower.

Without thinking, my hand slid over her hip and took a handful of her panty clad ass. It was every bit as inviting and delightful as I'd imagined. She didn't stop me, so I explored her butt with roving squeezes while I sucked and lapped her tits. This went on for some time.

Eventually, Mom pulled away and got out of bed. "This is confusing." She walked toward the room where she'd spent the first couple nights.

"Where are you going?" I was concerned the ass-grabbing was too much for her, and she'd decided to freeze the night in her room.

"I need to change." She didn't look back.

“You’re only wearing panties.” I watched her ass rotate with each step.

“I need to change, Logan.” She went into her room, closed the door, and came back out a couple minutes later, wearing different colored panties. She hustled back to bed, and climbed in. “Roll over, I’ll spoon you again.”



“Okay.” I was disappointed that our face-to-face time, or face-to-boob time, was over. But all good things had to end. I think I was exhausted by the rollercoaster emotions related to the whole bear-part-two episode. I was asleep before I knew it.

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When I woke, it was morning, and I was alone in the bed. “Mom?” I sat up. She was sitting on the hearth, her back to a rebuilt fire. She was leaning forward, looking contemplative. She’d put pants and socks back on, but her top was still blessedly bare. I was enamored of the way her boobs hung forward with her posture. They looked so heavy and full. “Mom?”



“Good morning, Logan.” She blinked, looked over at me, and smiled. Her expression carried warmth, but also some unease. “We’ve had an eventful twenty-four hours, haven’t we?”

Still in my underwear, I got out of bed and sat next to her on the hearth. “Everything okay?” I didn’t worry about how poorly my underwear concealed my erection.

“I mean ... I’m not sure.” Her smile weakened. “I thought I had a handle on life ... on motherhood. And now ... things have gotten complicated.”

“By ‘things’, you mean me?” I put a comforting hand on her thigh.

“Yes. I never had these issues with your sisters.” She let out a nervous laugh. “What’s going to happen today? I feel like if I toss a coin, heads will be Stratego, wine, and small talk.”

“And tails?” I squeezed her thigh gently.

“I don’t want to say what tails is out loud.” She sighed and studied my eyes. “I meant what I said last night. We need to be careful about this.”

“We will, Mom.” I said it earnestly, even though I didn’t know how careful I could actually be.

"You're a good boy, Logan." She reached out and caressed my cheek. "How about we get dressed and put together breakfast?"

"Sounds good." I stood and went over to my clothes.

"Thanks for saving us again." She watched my body closely as I pulled my pants on. I think her eyes were mostly on the tent made by my morning wood. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." I pulled on my shirt, and saw her do the same with her sweater.

Once dressed, she looked over at me with unusually shy eyes. "Okay, let's see what sort of day it is."

