



*Chapter 2*

*Marooned Christmas*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

## Marooned Christmas 2

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"So, I'll be warm if I sleep naked?" Mom stood in the doorway to her bedroom. Her nipples pushed valiantly at all the layers she was wearing, forming the most mesmerizing headlights on her sweater.

"Sure, Mom. It worked great for me," I lied. It was stupid, but I still didn't want to admit my mistake. I shrugged like it was no big deal and openly stared at her tits. They *were* my Christmas present, after all.

"I'm glad you're so happy with my gift." Mom frowned at me. She seemed a little buzzed, but not drunk. The wind howled as the snow piled up outside. She was clearly thinking about something, so I stayed silent in my spot by the fire. "Logan ... I ... um ..." She hugged herself and rubbed her arms. It got colder in that cabin exponentially as one moved away from the fire, and she was across the room.

"Don't worry, Mom, I'll build up the fire before going to bed." I nodded earnestly at her, my attention drawn to her troubled face now that her arms were covering her boobs.

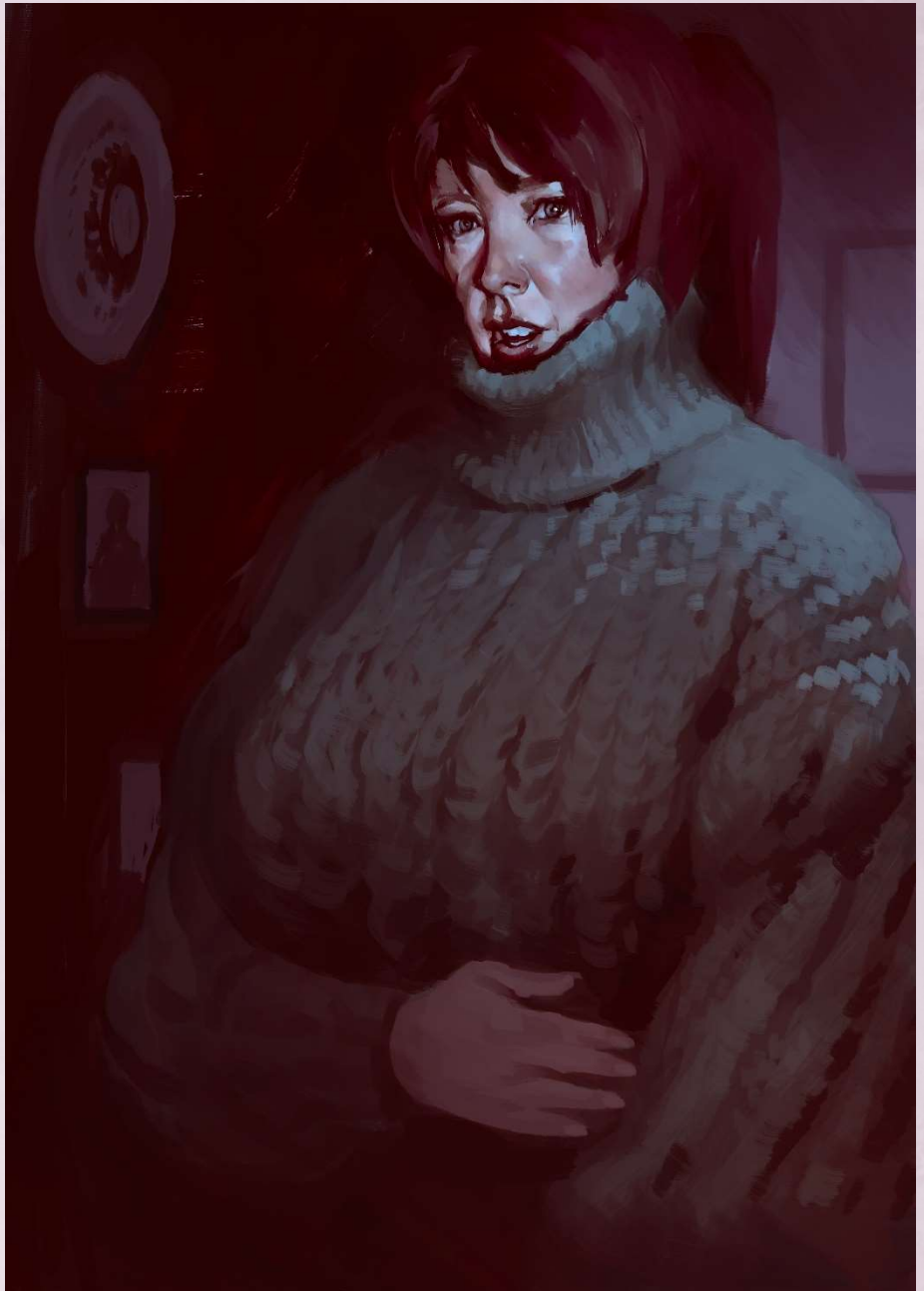
"Your father would call me such a pushover. I said I was only going to show you the once." Mom looked over at the dark Christmas tree. "But he's not here. He's with your sisters and all of our presents. And we're here. You and me."

I held my breath, my body going completely still. I didn't want to ruin whatever she was building herself up to.

"You're supposed to say, 'No, Mom, you're not a pushover.'" The briefest flicker of a smile touched her lips and disappeared. She glanced at me.

"No, Mom, you're not a pushover." I repeated the words like I was in a trance.

"That's my sweet son." She sighed, rolled her eyes, and her frown deepened. "You've been great today. I appreciate you taking care of the cabin and your mother. I suppose you earned this." She reached down to the hem of her sweater and slowly pulled it over her head. She turned her back to me as she removed the other layers she had on top. Her perfect, pale arching back was almost as beautiful as her tits. I stared at the graceful curve of it, and the flare from her waist out to her jean covered hips. And then ... I heard her zipper.





My eyes bugged out when she slowly wiggled her mom-jeans down her long legs. Her ass came into view. Two round, pale panty-covered globes shook with her movements. The firelight danced shadows across her curves from left to right. "Oh ... my ... God."

"Stop, sweetie. You're going to make me self-conscious." She looked over her shoulder as she stepped out of her jeans. Her cheeks were crimson. Wearing only her wool socks, bra, and panties, she straightened and kept her back to me. "Your father likes my backside."

"I like it, too," I whispered.

The wind howled, and the fire crackled as she reached behind her. I watched her wedding ring sparkle as her fingers unclasped the bra. "It's freezing in here. I hope this sleeping naked thing works."

"Me ... too." My dick was so hard it hurt. My mouth started going before I knew what words would come out of it. "Mom ... could I touch -?"

"No way." She wagged a finger at me, and turned around, her face full of disappointment. She shook her head. She was so gorgeous I could barely process what was happening. There seemed to be the ringing of deafening sleigh bells in my ears. Her nipples were hard and dark in the cold. Her tits were pale and jiggled ever so slightly as she made more disapproving gestures. "Logan ... Logan ... are you even listening?"

"What ... Mom?" I continued to stare at her tits, only taking a quick detour to check out her hips, and the panty-covered V between her legs.

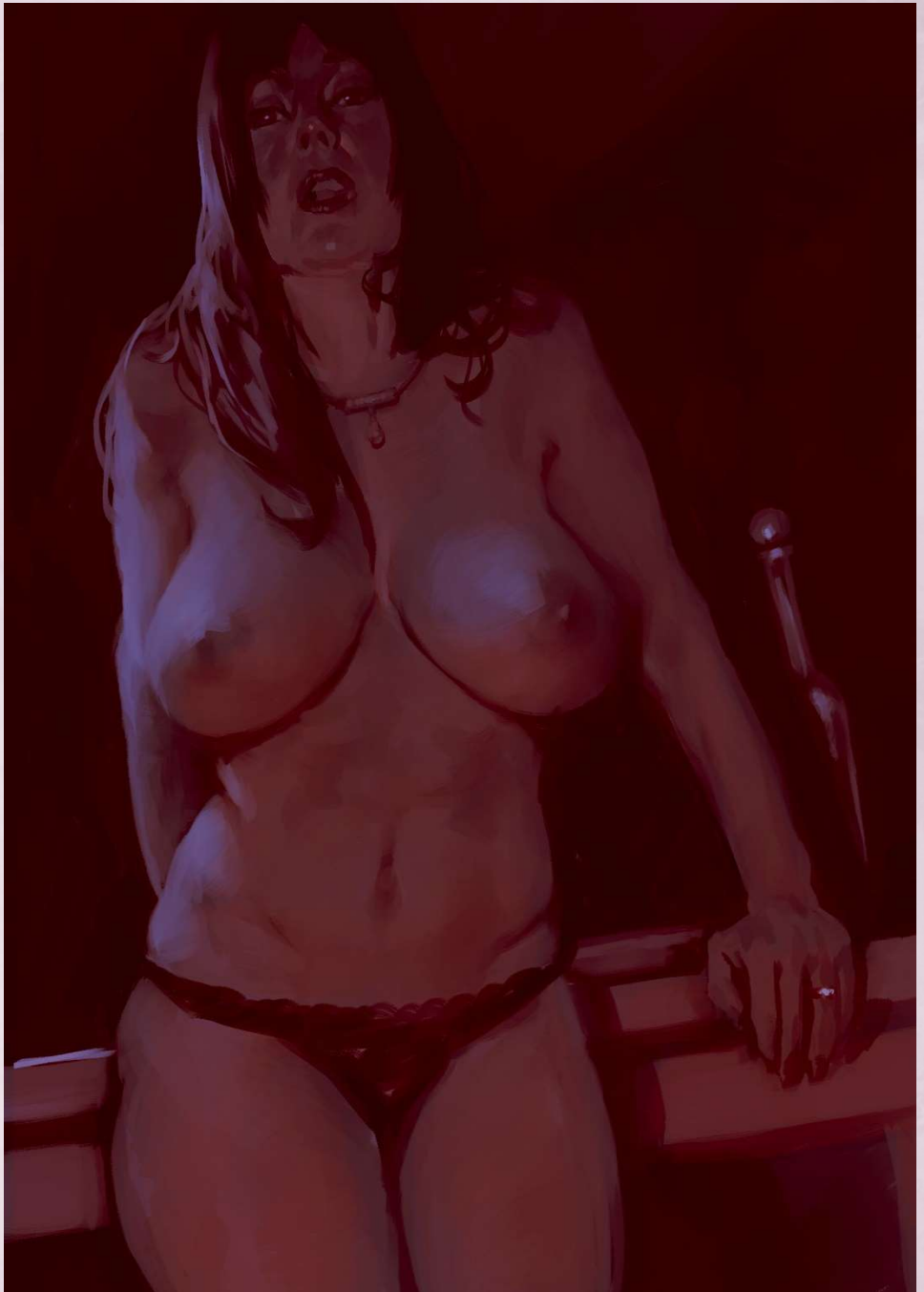
"I swear ... men. Even with your own mother." She held out her hands as if to present herself. "Get a good, long look, but never ask to touch me in that way again. Got it, mister?"

"Yeah ... Mom ... sorry." It felt like time and space were collapsing. If only she'd take off her panties. "Maybe you could take off the rest -?"

"Good night, Logan." She covered her tits with her arms. "I'll see you in the morning." She bent over to pick up her clothes, giving me a wonderful, ephemeral view of her dangling boobs, and then disappeared into her room.

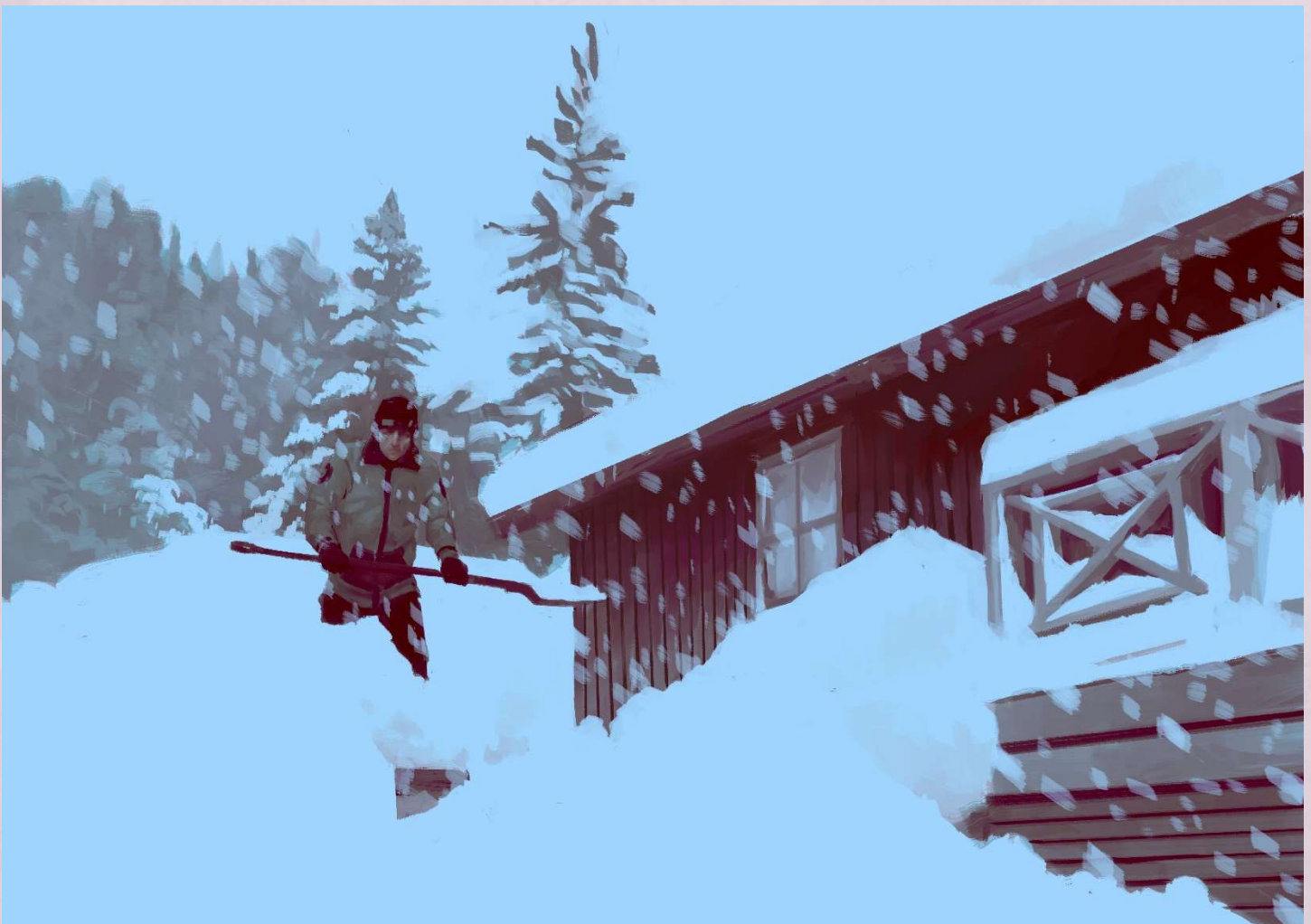
The slamming door jarred me out of my stupor. That was it. Christmas was over. She'd never show me the goods again. I knew for a fact Dad didn't appreciate her hotness. It was so unfair. Rather than being happy with what I'd gotten, my thoughts turned sour as I built up the fire and went to my own bedroom. Since I'd told her to sleep naked, I couldn't very well sleep in all my clothes like I wanted. I stripped, hopped into bed, and tried to dream of sugarplums while I froze my ass off.

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The next morning, I woke in a funk. I wasn't so much hungover from the wine as I was from the high of seeing my mother naked. I had thrown myself out there about my crush on her. And it had worked in a twisted, monkey-paw sort of way. She hadn't enjoyed it. And now I had to prepare myself for a lifetime of not ever seeing my mother naked again.

I got out of bed before her and built the fire back up. I pulled an armchair near the hearth and watched the flames dance. Despite the time, it was dark in the cabin. At first, I thought that was just because of the storm. But it was actually because the cabin's windows were buried in snow. That wasn't good. I stood, put on my boots and jacket, grabbed the snow shovel, and opened the door. Sure enough, I couldn't see the sky. Slowly, I dug a path for us just so we wouldn't suffocate in the cabin.



When I reached the open air, I found that it was still snowing. I looked around, and the world looked like a different place. I couldn't see our car. It was buried not very far to the east. And the cabin was basically just a roof among white drifts. I was glad we'd brought enough food for the whole family. It was quite possible we'd have an extended stay.

When I got back into the cabin, I found my mother warming her hands by the fire. She was bundled up again. She smiled at me when I came in.



“What news of the world beyond?” She said. Even though Mom was trying to make light of things, I could see she was nervous. Her smile was combined with a furrowed brow, and she gnawed on her bottom lip.

“The car’s buried in snow. Everything’s buried in snow.” I took off my jacket. “And it’s still snowing.” I took off my boots. My pants were wet from the melt, so I took them off and hung them up to dry. I looked over my shoulder and saw that Mom was gazing at my butt. Or maybe she was just trying to see what brand of underwear I was wearing. Probably not that, since she bought most of my clothes for me. “Would you like to see me naked, Mom? You know, to return the favor.”

“Please, I’ve seen you naked a million times, Logan.” She held out her hand, palm forward.

“You know it’s different now.” I turned around. My sweater wasn’t wet, but I started to take it off.

“Clothes on, mister.” She changed gestures to a finger wag. “You had your present yesterday. Now, let’s move on.”

“Sure, no problem.” I tried not to let my disappointment show. I glanced over my shoulder as I went into my bedroom for pants, and it did seem like she was watching my butt. But I was probably imagining things.

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We ate breakfast, but didn't do much afterward other than sip coffee and sit by the fire. I think we were both a bit grumpy. Mom and I were in armchairs next to the hearth. The cabin was silent except for the roar and crackle of the fire. I kept thinking about how my life had peaked the day before. I'd somehow laid my feelings bare and talked her into showing me her boobs. And ... that was it. Now it was behind us. I sighed and held my mug with both hands. I suppose it could have been worse. She could have disowned me. And then she probably would have shown me exactly zero boobies. Silver linings and all that.

"I nearly froze to death last night." Finally, Mom broke the silence. "Your naked-sleeping thing didn't work."

"I must run hotter than you or something." I shrugged. "Maybe we should sleep in the same bed tonight and -"





"Come on, Logan. It's time to let it go. I'm your mother for fuck's sake." My mother hardly ever swore in front of me. I sunk into my armchair as she continued, counting on her fingers, "And I'm married. I made promises to your father, and I intend to keep them. Also, I'm an old lady. You can't possibly want me. Not really. You're a teenager, you see a woman and your hormones take over. Did I mention that I'm your mother? You can't see me that way. Just drop it. Drop it!" She'd worked herself up to the point where her voice was a strident scream. She took several deep breaths, calming down as she watched me closely. "Drop it. Okay, sweetie?"

"Sure, Mom. Sorry."

"Put all that energy ..." She pointed at my crotch. "... into finding a girlfriend. You're my only boy, so you owe it to me to find a nice girl who will want to be friends with me." Her smile was tentative. "Won't that be nice?"

"It's only us here. How am I going to find a girlfriend?" I sipped my coffee.

"You know what I mean." She stood and stretched. We were both aware of my eyes on the front of her sweater.

She looked away from me into the fire. "We've both had a big shock. We're stuck here without Dad and the girls. We had an ... odd Christmas. Now, let's just have some normal mother-son time."

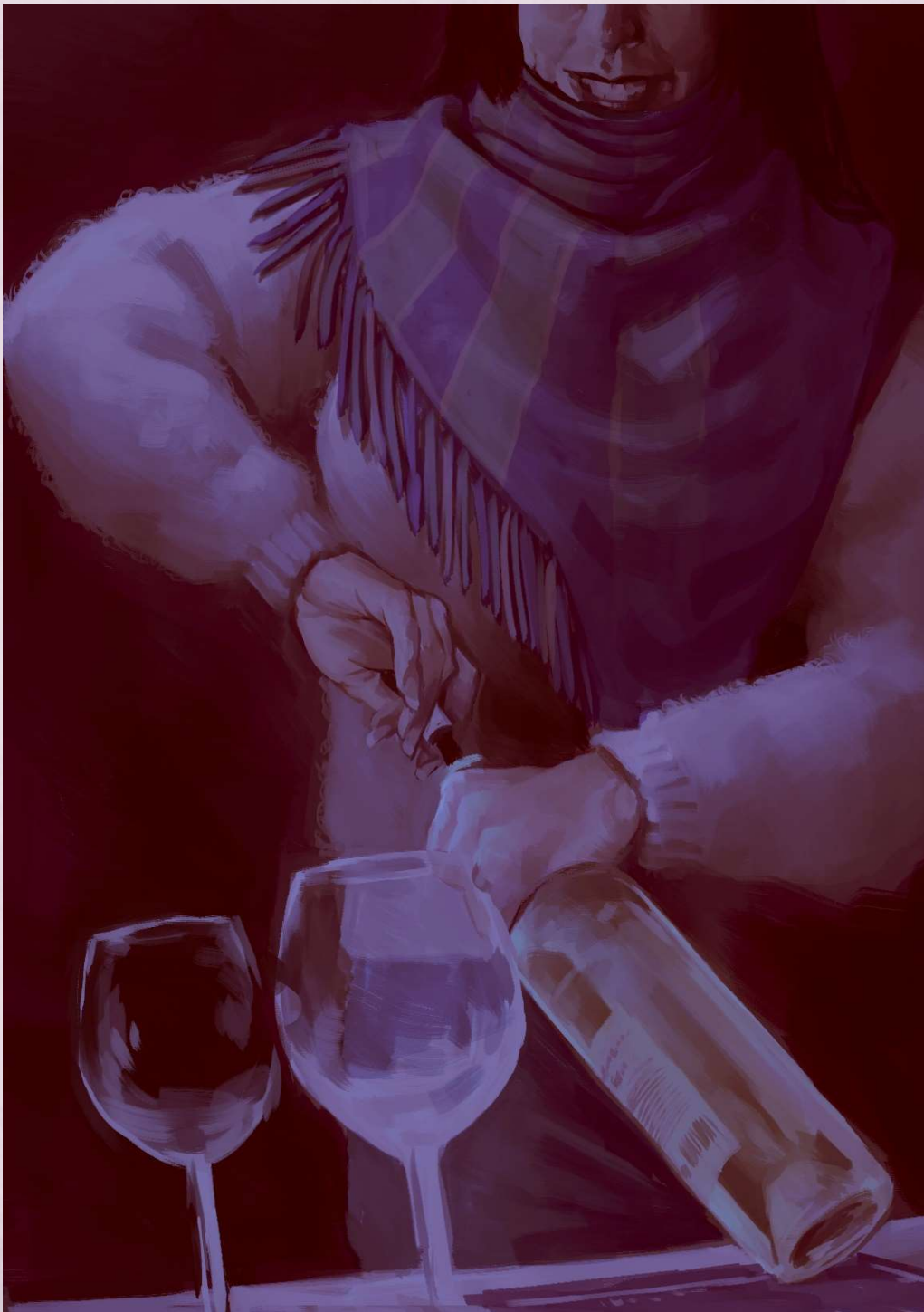
"Sure, Mom." I nodded. I didn't know what normal stuff we were going to do, but at least she wanted to hang out with me after everything that had happened.

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We raided the cabin's board game cabinet, playing several different games before settling on Clue. At lunch, Mom uncorked another bottle of wine. By the early afternoon, we opened another. The frostiness between us had thawed. We were laughing again, telling jokes, and she was asking me about school, friends, and girls.

"What do you do with all those girls you date? You see them a few times, and then you're onto the next one." Mom moved a piece on the gameboard carefully and then put it back, thinking about her next move. We were playing Stratego now.

"Are you asking me if I use a condom? Because I always do. I promise." I crossed my heart for her.



"You ... have sex with all those girls?" Mom's eyes got very round. She forgot about the board and stared at me.

"Not all of them. But ... you know ... I guess I have a talent for it." I shrugged.

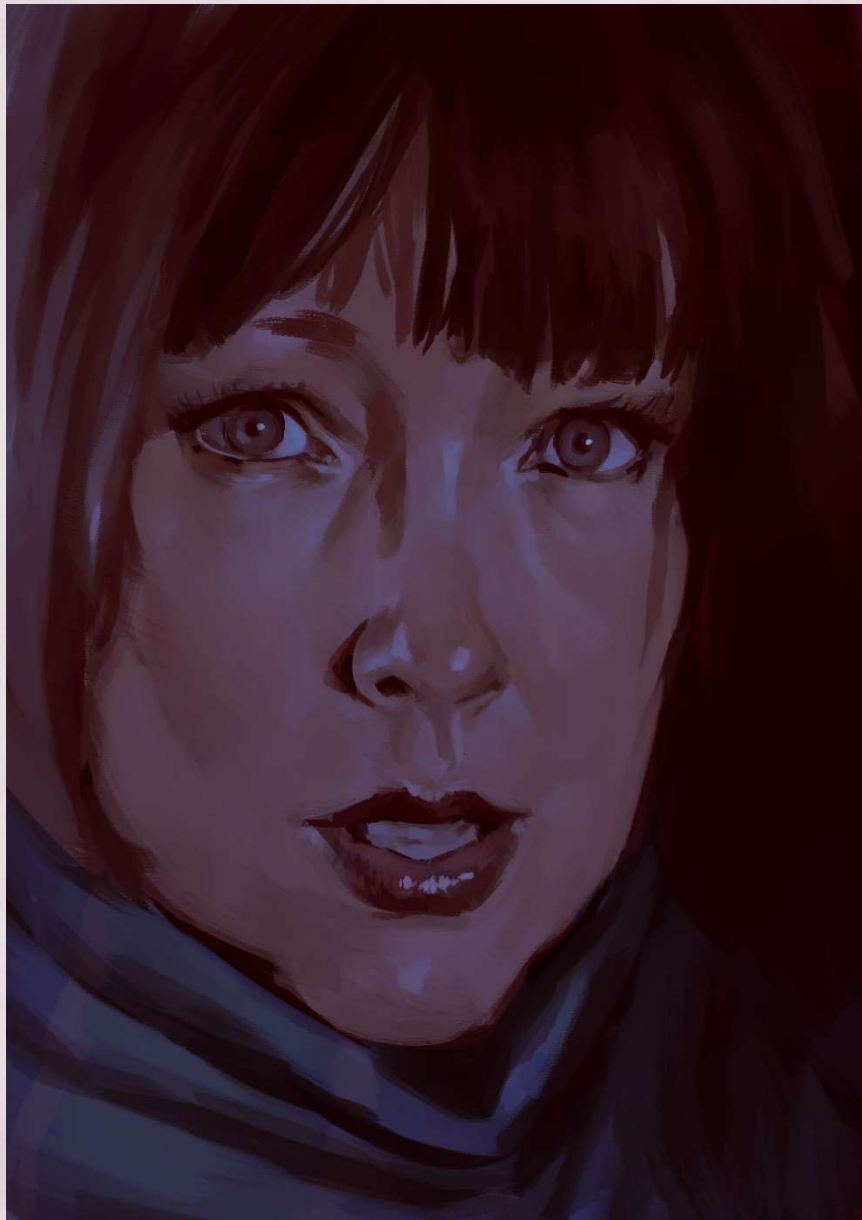
"Why don't you make one of them your girlfriend?" She whispered.

"I'm sort of hung up on somebody else. So, I guess ... I get bored with them quickly." I frowned.

"You need to forget about me. Focus on the girls at school." Mom rubbed her chin. She didn't look angry with me now. She looked a little drunk to tell you the truth.

"How?" I cocked my head at her. I was a bit drunk too, so I plunged right back into the thick of it, risking her wrath. "Maybe if you showed me your boobs a whole bunch while we're stuck here, I'd get you out of my system?"

"Logan ... I ... um ..." Her lip curled in disgust, she gulped down the last of her wine, but she didn't shoot me down. "Let's just play our game." She turned her attention back to the board and made her move. I could tell she knew where one of my mines was hidden.



“Sure, Mom.” I made a counter-move and changed the subject to what my dad and sisters were probably doing at that moment. Soon, it was lighthearted in the cabin again.

