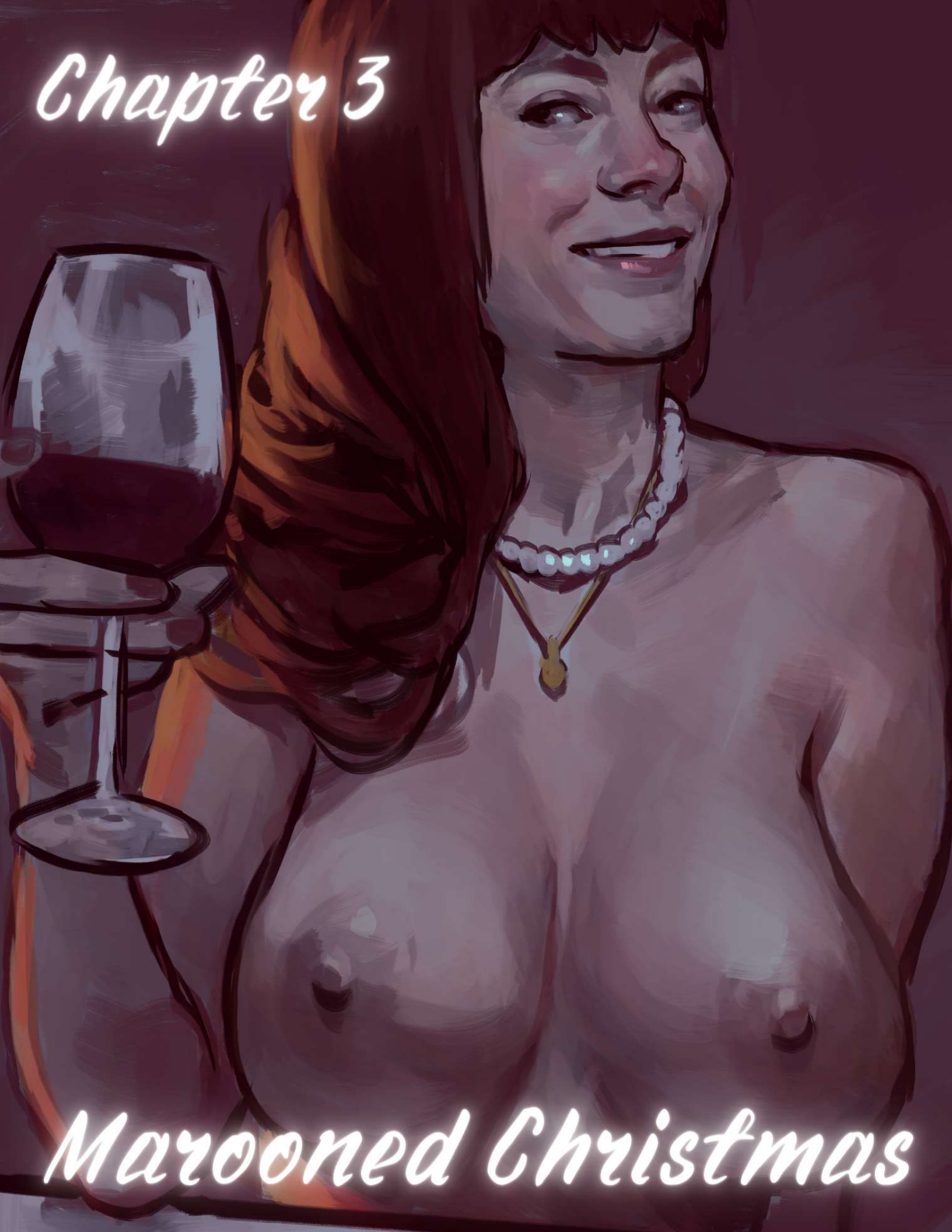


*Chapter 3*



*Marooned Christmas*

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Marooned Christmas 3

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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Mom stared at the Stratego board for a long while. She was drunk, but I didn't think that was the reason she was taking so long to move. I could see the wheels in her head spinning. With the snow covering our windows, it was dark in our cabin. We were lit only by the roaring fire. I sipped my wine, hoping that she was thinking about showing me her tits again.



"So ... Mom ... are you going to move your piece ... or are you going to take off your sweater?" I was drunk, too. I probably shouldn't have said that.

"Logan." She glanced at me, rolling her eyes in disgust. "You had your Christmas present. I'm not going to keep showing them to you." She turned her attention back to the board and moved her piece.

"It would help me get this crush thing out of my system." I pressed my lips together and studied the board.

"I know how boys work, mister. Showing them to you would only make you want more." Mom shook her head.

"No, it wouldn't." I sipped my wine.

"I let you look at my boobs yesterday and look how greedy you are." Mom scowled and gulped down the rest of her glass.

"Look, Mom, you already showed them to me. You have the most beautiful ... breasts in the world." I was drunk enough that I almost said 'tits.' "There's no real downside if you continue to show them while we're stuck here. If it doesn't work, and I'm still 'greedy' when we get home, you're no worse off than you are now.

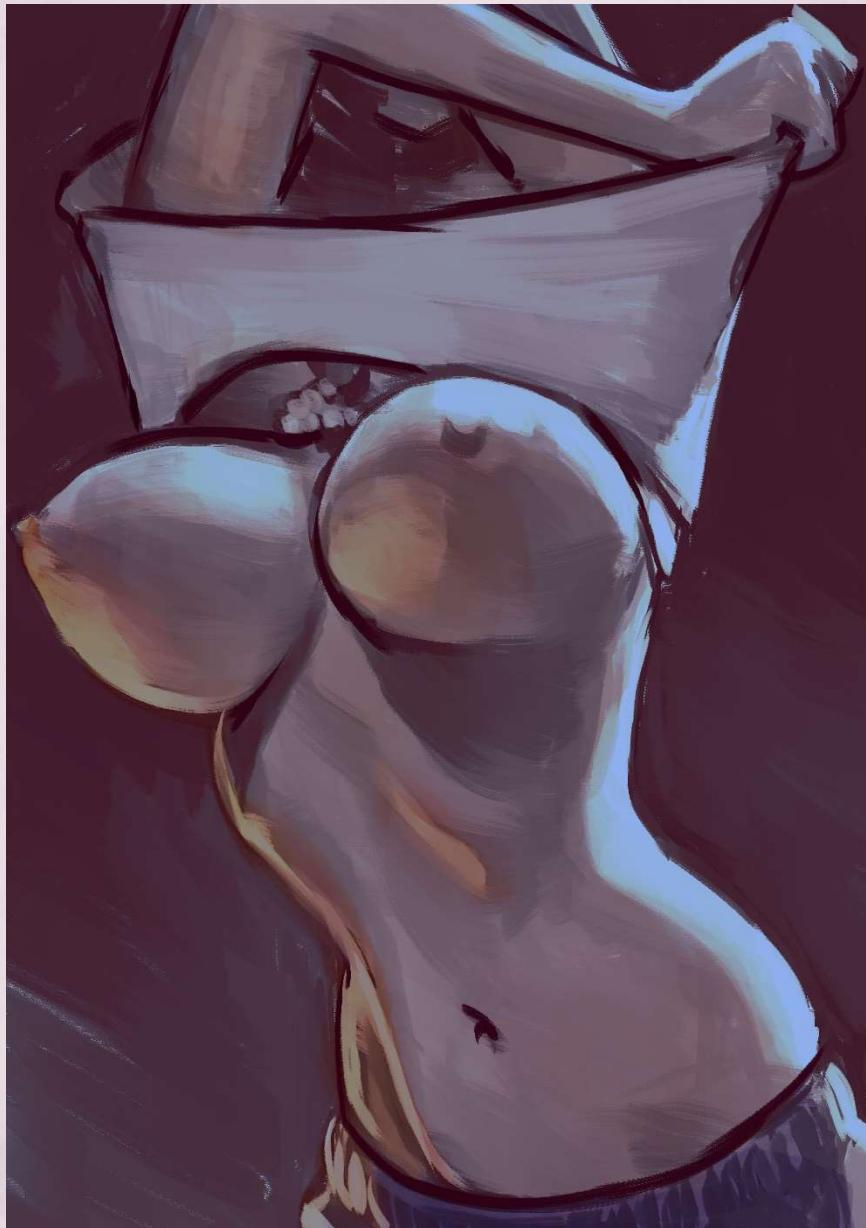
If seeing them a whole bunch gets it out of my system, you're way ahead. I'll finally move on and settle down with a girlfriend."

"I don't know." She wasn't slurring her words, but her movements were clumsy as she refilled her glass. Glancing back at me, she caught me peeking at the front of her sweater. "Your father always says I'm a pushover." She shook her head slowly.

"You love me, that's all." I shrugged. "Look, I wasn't even going to tell you about all this. You asked who I had a crush on. You raised me not to lie."

"I can't believe I'm even contemplating this." Mom took another gulp of wine. "Okay." She nodded her head like she'd made a decision. "It's warm enough by the fire. I'm going to give you all the boobs your eyes can handle. At least while we're hanging out near the hearth. If you don't get sick of them by the end of the night, then it's a lost cause anyway." She put down her glass, lifted the hem of her sweater, and wiggled it off.

I stared with wide eyes as she took off layer after layer. And suddenly, I was in the presence of perfection again. I admired her thin, delicate shoulders and arms. Her breasts sloped dramatically out to large pink nipples and areolae. A lattice of blue veins meandered wonderfully under her pale skin. I leaned forward, staring.



"Oh, my gosh. You're like a lion with his eyes on a gazelle." She frowned at me and drank the rest of her glass. She was quick to refill it.

"I ... um ... I ... what?" I was having a hard time processing her words.

"Oh, for Pete's sake." She leaned forward, resting her elbow on her thigh. That wonderful movement made her breasts dangle ever so slightly.

I ogled the little trembles and shakes her tits made as they found a new position.

"Was it my turn?" Mom moved her piece. It was clear that she was going to try and act normal with her tits out in the open. I was in heaven.

"I'm sorry, did you move?" I blinked, barely able to turn my focus down to my pieces.

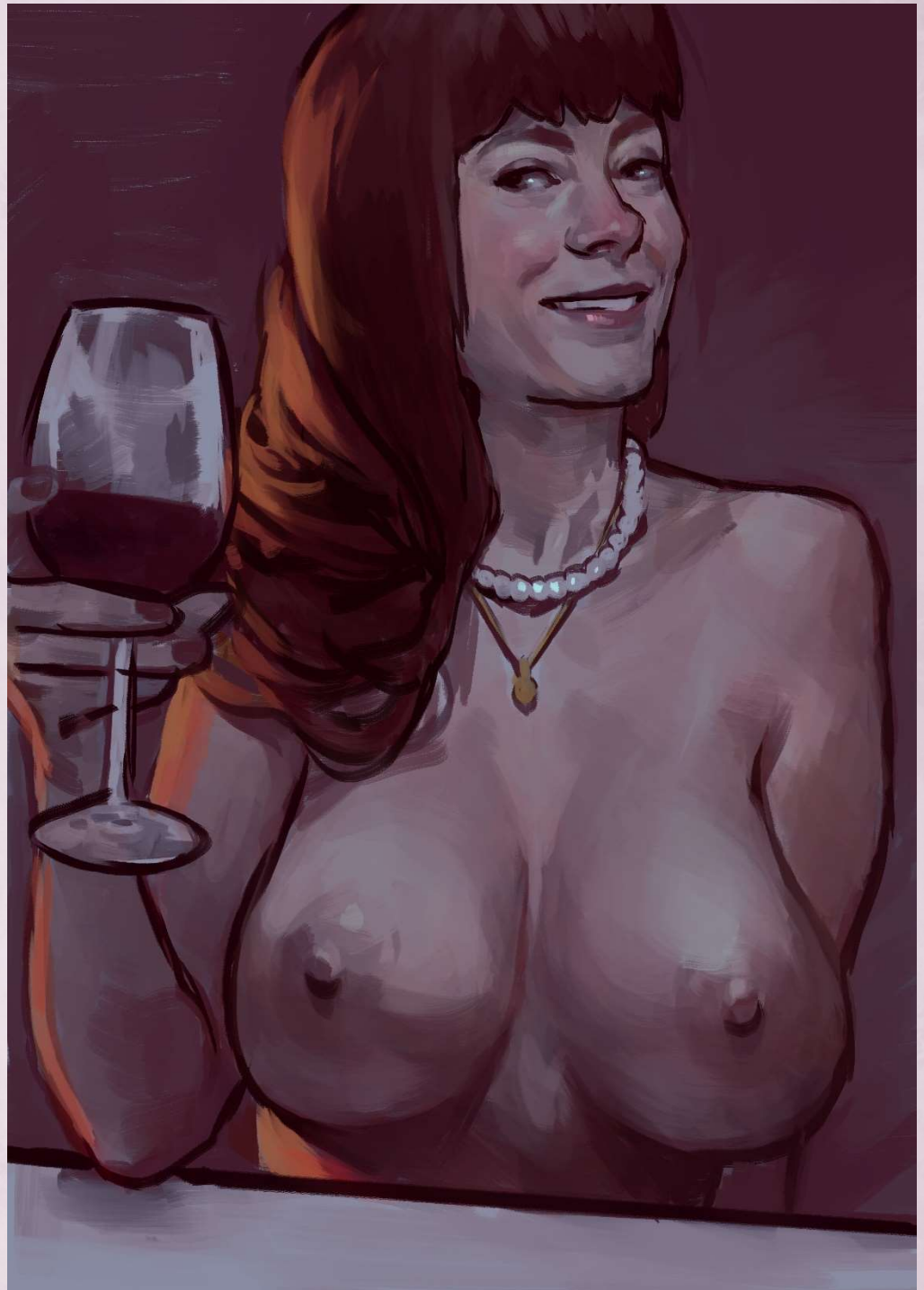
Mom let out a short, chiming laugh. "Well, now I know how to beat you at any game. Take out my breasts, and you turn into a zombie." She pointed at her piece. "Yes, I moved that one."

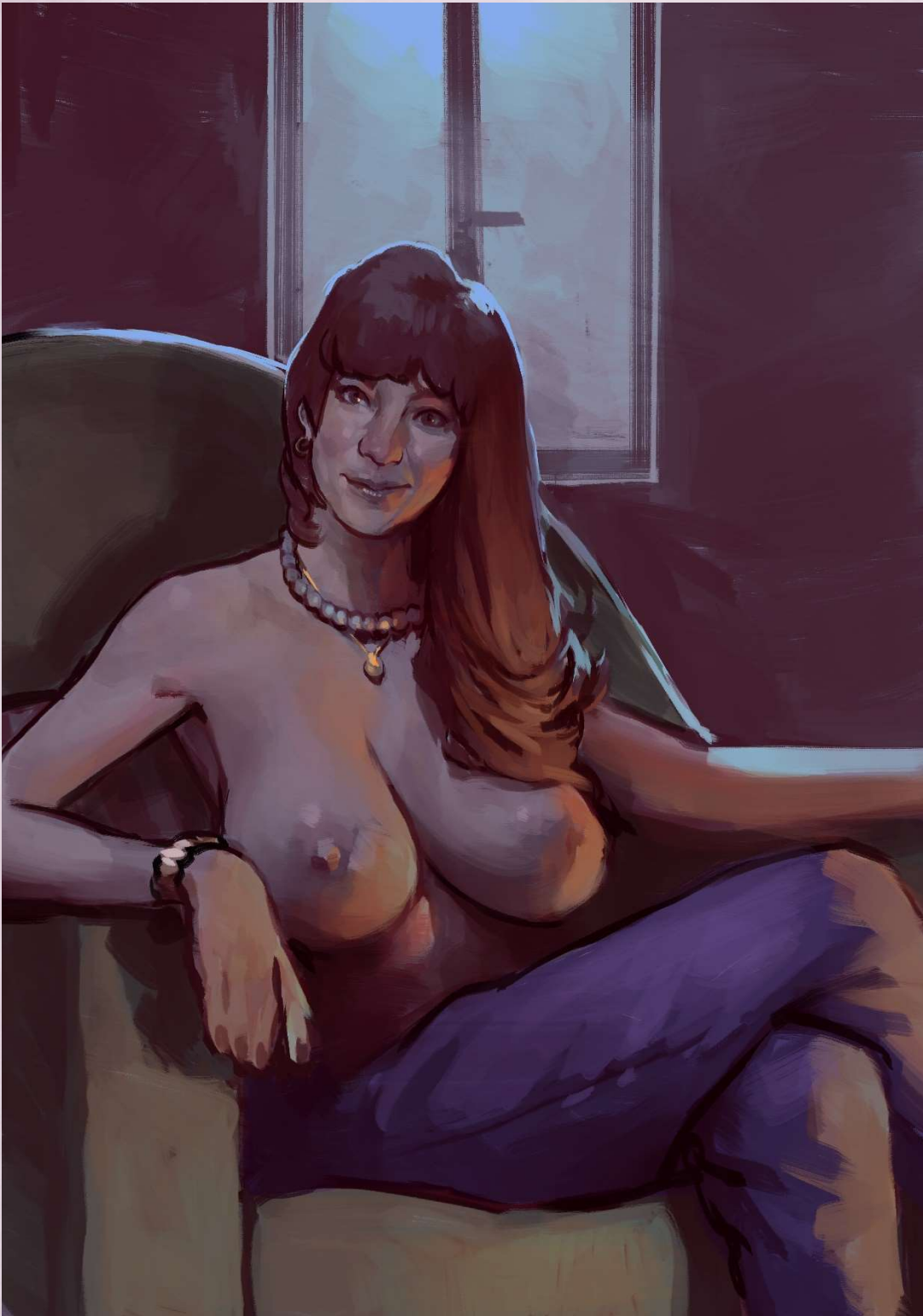
"Oh ... okay." I looked up at her beautiful face. I didn't remember her smiling at all the last time she had her tits out. Seeing her topless with a grin on her face was stunning. I moved my legs to adjust a painfully hard boner.

We played Stratego for another hour.

The wheels came off for me, and she easily beat me three times. When we were done, I was afraid that she'd cover herself again, but she stayed dressed only in her jeans and wool socks. Mom leaned back in her armchair and stretched her arms over her head absentmindedly.

I gaped at her, my eyes nearly bugging out of my head.





She saw me and let out a little exclamation of surprise “Oh ... I forgot for a second that I was ...” Her face brightened. Mom giggled. “You look like someone just dropped an anvil on your head.” She put her arms on the armrests and grinned at me.

“I feel like that.” I nodded.

“I’m hungry. And I’m not walking over to the cold kitchen dressed like this.” She shimmied her shoulders. I was agog. My mother just made her tits dance for me!

“HmMMMM?” I said.

“Goodness, Logan, you’re practically drooling.” She shook her head, but she was still smiling. “Is it bad that I’m getting used to being like this around you?”

“HmMMMM?” I said.

“Food, Logan. I’m hungry. Go to the kitchen and get us some food.” Mom spoke slowly like I was developmentally disabled.

“HmMMM.” I stared at her tits. “Okay ... okay ... food.” A long time ago, I had gotten all my food from those amazing mammaries. I licked my lips.

“You’re being ridiculous.” Mom giggled again. Her high tittering carried just a hint of tension. “Go get us cheese and crackers, or I’ll put these two suckers away.”

Like a shot, I got up and raced into the kitchen. "Cheese ... you wanted cheese?" I put a board of cheese together. It was cold enough in this part of the cabin that we didn't have to use the refrigerator. Which was good, because the fridge had gone out with the rest of the power.

"And crackers, Logan." Mom called over to me.

"Right ... right ... we're having wine ... and cheese ... and crackers." I added the crackers, fumbling in the gloom and my drunkenness. "Hey, Mom. We're sort of eating like it's a date night."

"Oh, stop." Her voice carried none of her recent joviality. I got the message and let that drop.

"Here you go. Food for the beautiful lady." I returned to our spot by the fire, moved the board game aside, and set out our meal.

We made small talk while we ate. I had to look at the fire for long stretches, because when I looked in her direction my mouth stopped working. That's not to say that I didn't take some long, lingering glances. Seeing her daintily spreading cheese on crackers with her tits jiggling was something I was sure I'd never forget.

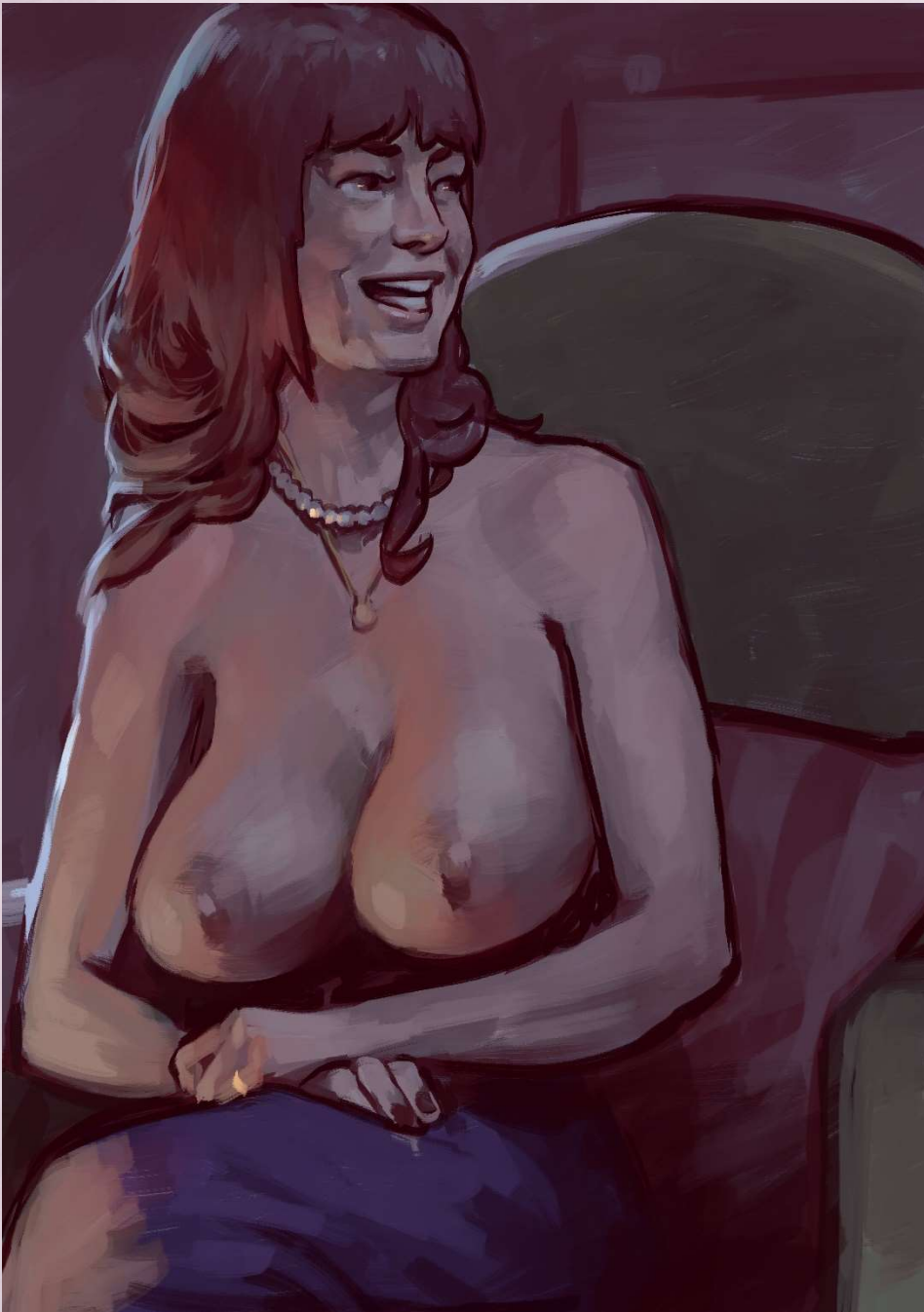
The sight of her boobs would have been stupefying regardless, but when that was combined with a normal, everyday thing I'd seen her do for years, it full-on melted my brain.

After we finished our meal, we sat in our chairs by the fire, trying to guess what my sisters had gotten us for Christmas. Mom sipped her wine more slowly. I tried to pace myself, too. I did catch her stealing glances at the front of my pants a few times. I guess she finally noticed my erection.

"I'm getting cold." Mom shivered and rubbed her arms. She had goosebumps. "I think I'll cover up."

I sprang up out of my chair like I was shot from a cannon. "I'll bring in more wood! Sorry, I let the fire die down."





She laughed, watching me run off to the front door like a maniac.

There was a little more shoveling to do, but the snow had stopped falling. Maybe tomorrow we could see if the road had been plowed. If so, I could shovel our car to freedom. That meant tonight could be the last night of magic. As I carried wood back to the front door, I promised myself that I would enjoy every minute of it.

Once inside, I brushed the snow off my clothes. "My pants are wet."

"They'll dry by the fire," Mom said.

I took them off, and took off my top layers, too. Dressed only in my boxers and socks, I went over and laid out my clothes on the hearth. Then, I carried some wood over and fed the fire.

“What on Earth are you doing, Logan?” Mom stared at the front of my boxers with a horrified expression. Of course, I was still hard. I sure hoped that the ‘erections lasting longer than four hours’ thing wasn’t going to be a problem. There was no way to seek medical attention.

“I’m drying my clothes like you said.” I shrugged and went back to working on the fire, praying that she was checking out my butt.

“I ... um ... I see why you can date so many girls. You have a nice body, sweetie,” Mom said. “I mean ... you’re also smart and funny, but ...”

“Thanks, Mom. Our campus has a great gym. I go down there a bunch.” I moved some of the coals around with the poker and placed some logs so that air had room to flow. Soon, the fire was roaring again. “It stopped snowing.”

“Oh, thank goodness.” I could hear my mom take a big gulp of wine behind me. “Will we be able to leave tomorrow?”

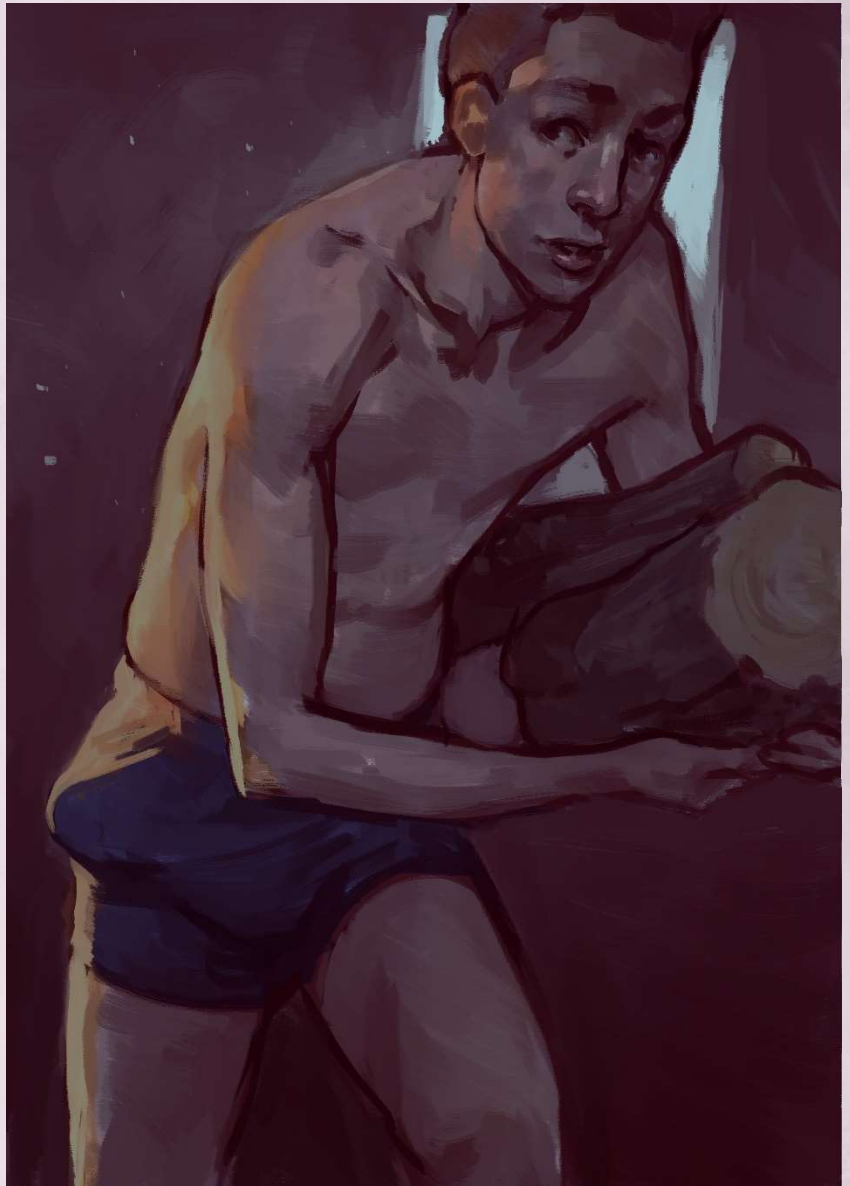
“If they plow the road. I’ll check tomorrow morning.” I stepped away from the fire, grabbed my wine glass, and sat on my mom’s lap.

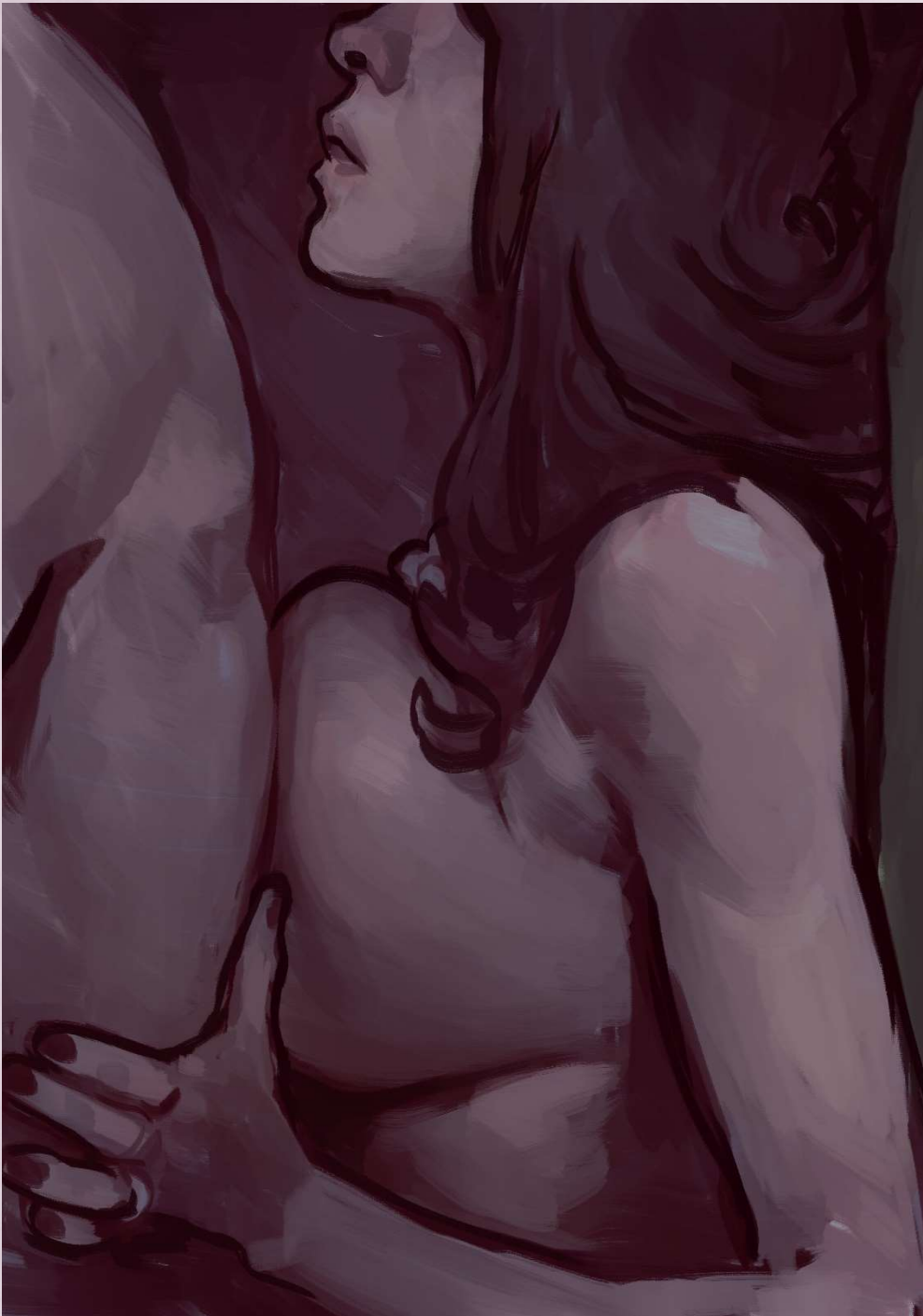
She let out a surprised, stifled shriek. “What are you doing?” She didn’t push me away. I think she was too shocked.

“I was cold.” I grabbed a blanket from the sofa and threw it over us. “Just for a minute until we warm up.”

“The days where you can sit on my lap are long over.” Mom started to push my back with her hands. “You’re too big.”

“Special circumstances, Mom.” I pushed my back into her. Suddenly, my spine was pressing into her right boob. It squished into me in the most delightful way. “Remember what I said about sleeping naked? The heat waves can bounce off the blanket better. This is the same thing.”





She stopped pushing. "Okay, but you need to move over. You're crushing my thigh."

"Sorry." I scooted on her lap until both her tits were smushed against my back. "Better?" I prayed she'd say yes, because this was heaven.

"Just for a few minutes." She sighed. "You aren't crushing me there." Her hands came to rest on my sides. Her touch was cool on my skin, which I hoped meant that I felt warm to her.

"I love you, Mom." I snuggled up a little tighter into her and pulled the blanket up to my chin.

"Oh, my gosh." I could feel her relaxing behind me. "This does feel warm. I was getting pretty cold going topless with the fire dying down."

"I know. Your nipples are like rocks digging into my back." I laughed.

"Logan!" She slapped my shoulder playfully, but didn't otherwise scold me. We sat in silence for a while. "What would your father say if he saw us now?"

My dick throbbed with my pulse. "That you're a pushover," I said. "But you're not," I quickly added. More silence stretched out. Her skin didn't feel cool anymore. The fire crackled, its light dancing around the room. "This is nice, isn't it?"



“Yes, sweetie. It’s been a strange Christmas. But ... this feels special.” She wrapped her hands around me, her palms on my abs. She gave me a hug. I couldn’t tell if there was a grope in there, too. I was hopeful, but maybe it was only my imagination. She withdrew her hands. “Okay, time to get off. My legs are going to sleep.” Mom pushed me again.

I got up and went to my armchair, tossing the blanket back on the sofa. The fire was giving off a good amount of heat now. “What’s next?”

“How about another bottle of wine and some chess?” Mom smiled, and my heart melted. She stood, and her boobs danced beautifully. “I’ll get the chess set.” She walked over to the game cupboard.

“I’ll get the wine.” I stood and headed to the kitchen. The tent in my boxers was ridiculous, but she didn’t ask me to put pants on, so wasn’t about to get dressed.

We reconvened in front of the hearth and got the board set up. Usually, I’m pretty good at chess, but watching her tits wobble and dangle with each move knocked about 100 IQ points out of my head. I got crushed several times, but I’d never enjoyed chess more.

