

# Chapter 19



# Marooned Christmas

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

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Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"I'm going to have to dig us out again." I was standing in front of the open door, met by a wall of snow. I had a sweater on, but not my jacket. I had a feeling I would be working up a sweat soon.

"Couldn't we just leave it for now? What about the bear?" Mom wore her jacket and scarf, frowning at the snow. "This weather is crazy."

"I suppose this is what climate scientists have been predicting. Bigger storms." I shrugged. If true, I guess that meant I owed everything that had happened with my mother to global warming. Probably. That was an unforeseen silver lining to be sure.

"Right, I know, smarty pants. Who do you think taught you to think critically and sent you to college to learn that stuff?" Mom folded her arms.

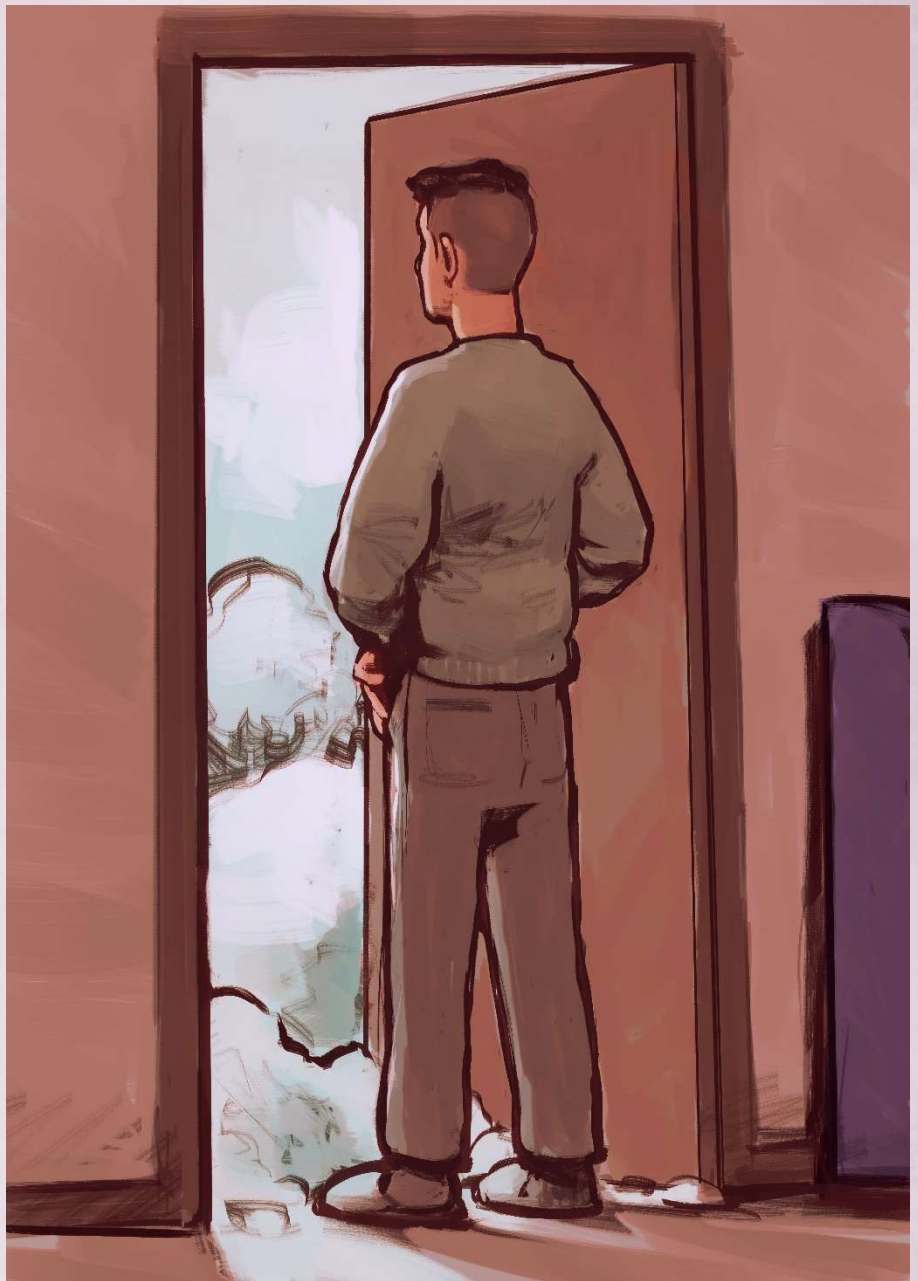
"You and Dad, of course. I didn't mean to mansplain. Just saying, maybe this will happen to us again someday. More strange weather." I put on my boots.

"You want this to happen again? You like being stuck up here?" She raised an eyebrow and watched me closely. The lights from the Christmas tree danced in her eyes.

"It's not the cabin I like enough to be trapped in. It's the company. I feel close to you, Mom. The closest I ever have. Or at least the closest I remember. Maybe when I was a baby ..." I grabbed the shovel and started burrowing into the snow, trying not to throw too much into the cabin. I looked over my shoulder to see my mother staring at my backside. She had a deep blush going.

"I feel close to you too, Logan." Her voice was just loud enough for me to hear. "Be careful with the bear out there."

"I'm sure he's hiding from the storm," I called back to her. "Close the door after me to keep the heat in." I made a small trench in the snow, just wide enough to move through. My goal was to get to the top and dig back down to the door. And that's what I did. Soon, I was out in the storm. The snow swirled, and the wind howled. But I wasn't cold in my sweater. The temperature was in the high twenties, and I was working hard. Indeed, as I dug back down to the house, a sheen of sweat formed on my brow. I was huffing and puffing by the time I got back to the door again. It was closed, and I knocked.



My mother opened the door with a smile. She looked at the wide tunnel I'd made. "Wow, that was fast. I'm impressed. You're so strong." She hugged me and kissed my cheek. She made a mock disgusted face. "And sweaty! There's nothing like having to deal with a sweaty teenage boy." She waved a hand in front of her nose playfully.



"I'm twenty, remember?" I grinned. I desperately wanted to kiss her full lips but engaged all the willpower I had to stay leaning on the shovel. "No sign of the bear, but it's really coming down out here."

"I don't suppose they plowed the road?" Mom didn't look particularly hopeful.

"No, it's a vast white expanse. Or at least it is for as far as I can see through the snow." I gestured up the tunnel. "Want to see?"

She put on her boots and followed me up the tunnel. At the top, she looked out, shielding her eyes against the driving snow. "This weather. My gosh." I think she needed some reassurance, because she reached out for me and put an arm around my waist, hugging me tightly to her side. "The storm's so powerful, isn't it?"

"Yeah, Mom. It is." I leaned into her and put my arm around her shoulders, giving her a squeeze. We stood staring at the snow for a few minutes.

"Let's go back inside." Mom released my waist. I released her shoulders. And we descended into the cabin.

We passed a quiet afternoon playing games and making small talk. Eventually, we made dinner together and ate. Afterward, we cleaned together, and went topless together, retiring to the fire with glasses of wine.

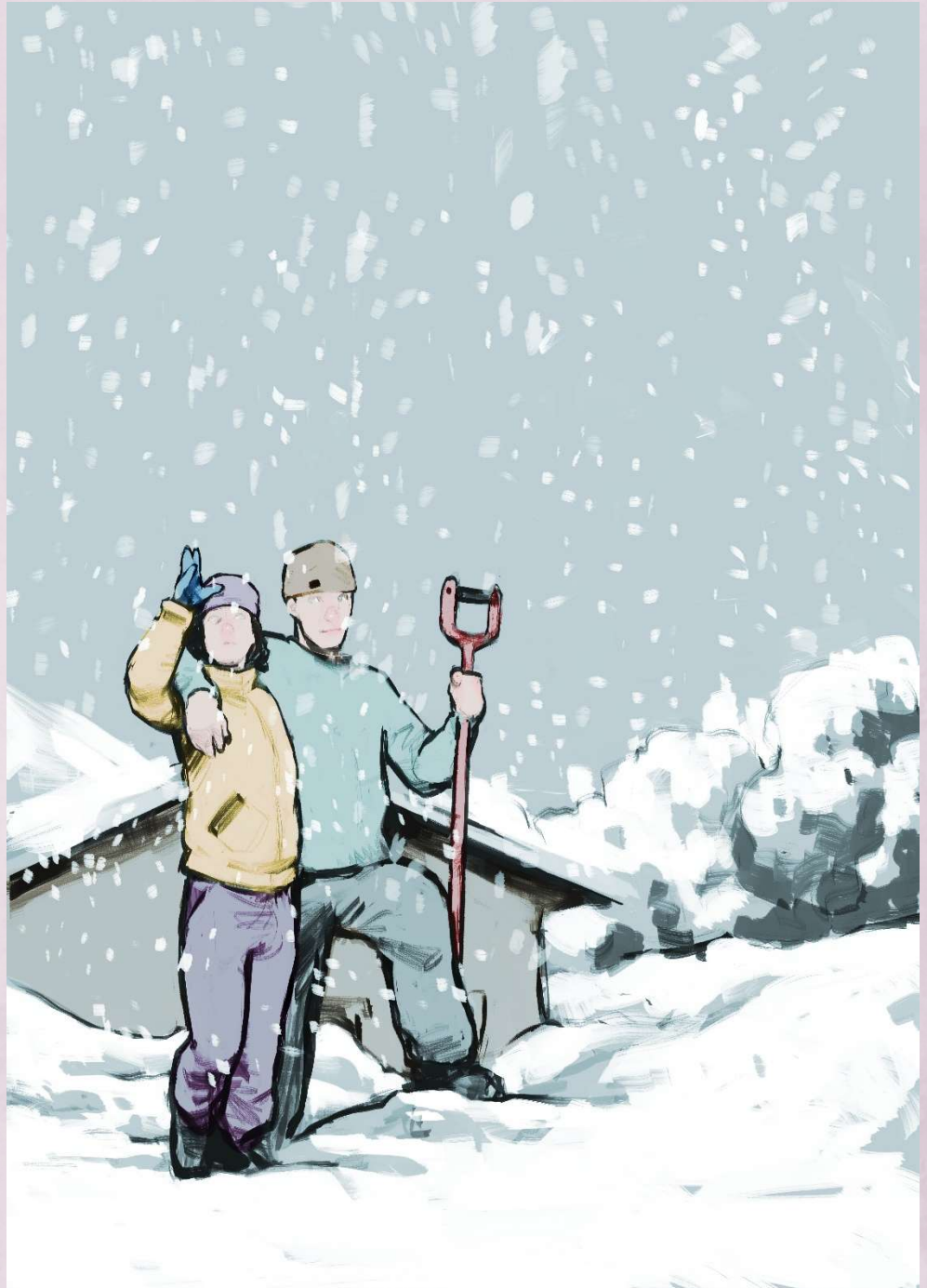
"You were impressed with my digging, huh?" I carefully watched the perfect slope of her heavy tits, enjoying the micro-wobbles when she moved her arm to sip her wine.

"Yeah. And I was impressed with how sweaty you got." She winked at me.

"I didn't shower yet. Do I stink?" I sniffed my armpit. I did stink.

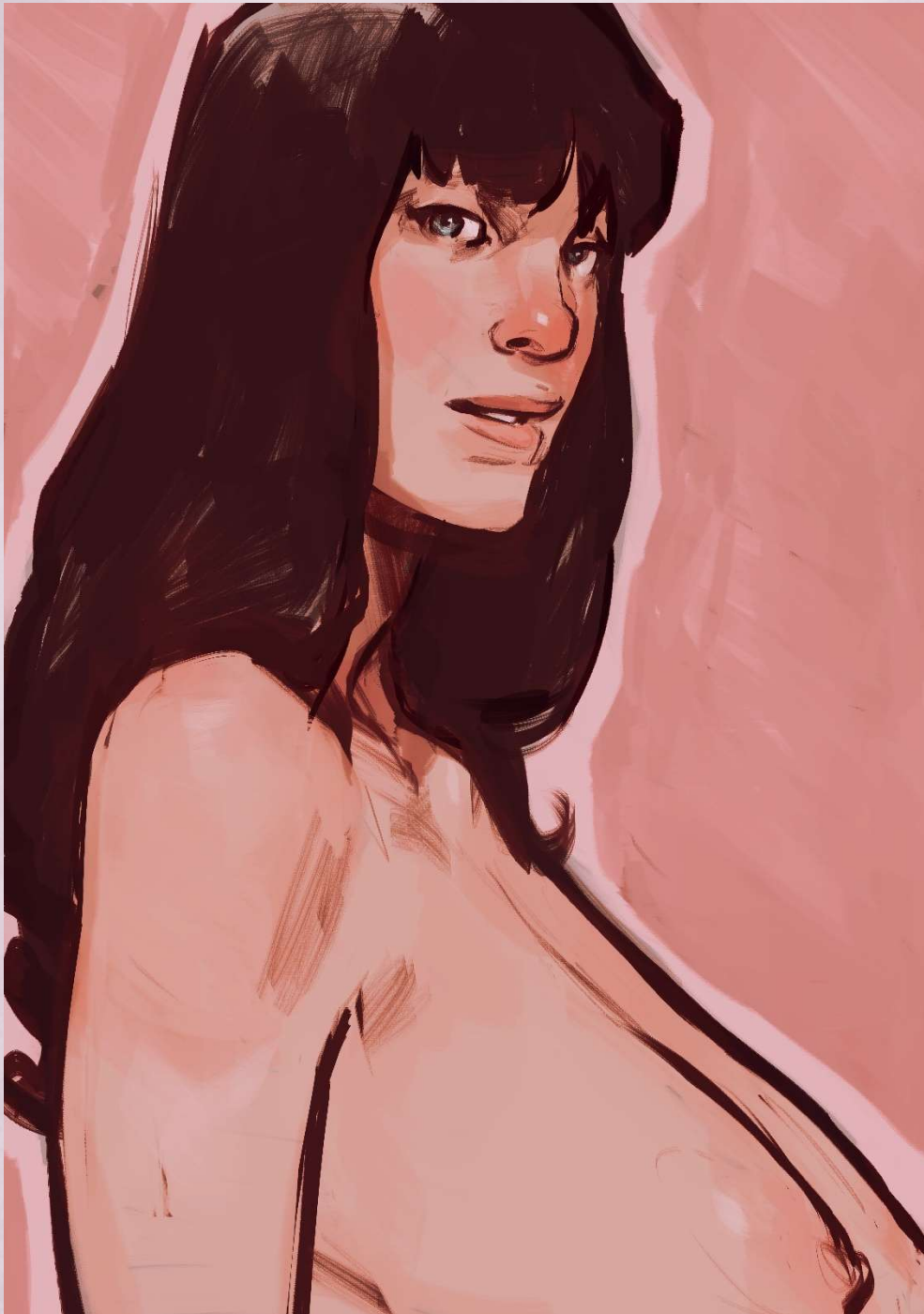
"I was teasing you earlier. I like the way you smell. It's so different from when you were a kid. It's so manly. I ..." Her cheeks turned crimson, and she looked away, turning her gaze to the fire. "Sweat doesn't bother me, Logan."

"I guess I'll wait to shower then." I smiled at her even though she wouldn't meet my eyes.



"You've been soft all afternoon. I'm really glad your little commander has had some rest." She took a gulp of wine. "I'm worried about him."

"Well, it's hard now," I said. She couldn't see the tent over the arm of the chair I was sitting in.



"Oh, really?" Her cheek twitched. "Because ... I let the girls out in the open?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I suppose it's okay after a long rest." She sighed. "That *was* a really nice tunnel you dug, Logan."

"What kind of reward were you thinking?" My grin went ear to ear.

"Can you wait a little while? I was thinking ... um ... it might be more comfortable if I rewarded you in bed." Her voice barely squeaked out.

"Oh, sure. I'll set up the bed in a few minutes." I nodded enthusiastically.

"Well, with the heat working. We don't really need to sleep out here, do we?" She gulped the rest of her wine. "You can take the mattress back to the bedroom."

"We're going back to our separate rooms?" A frown quickly displaced my smile. I didn't understand why she was backtracking if she was talking about rewarding me for the tunnel.

"I didn't say that. I just ... thought ... we could sleep in my room tonight. It would be cozier. And if that bear broke down our barricade, we wouldn't be laid out for him like food on a platter." She glanced at me with furtive eyes.

"You want to sleep with me in the room you share with Dad?" My eyes went wide.

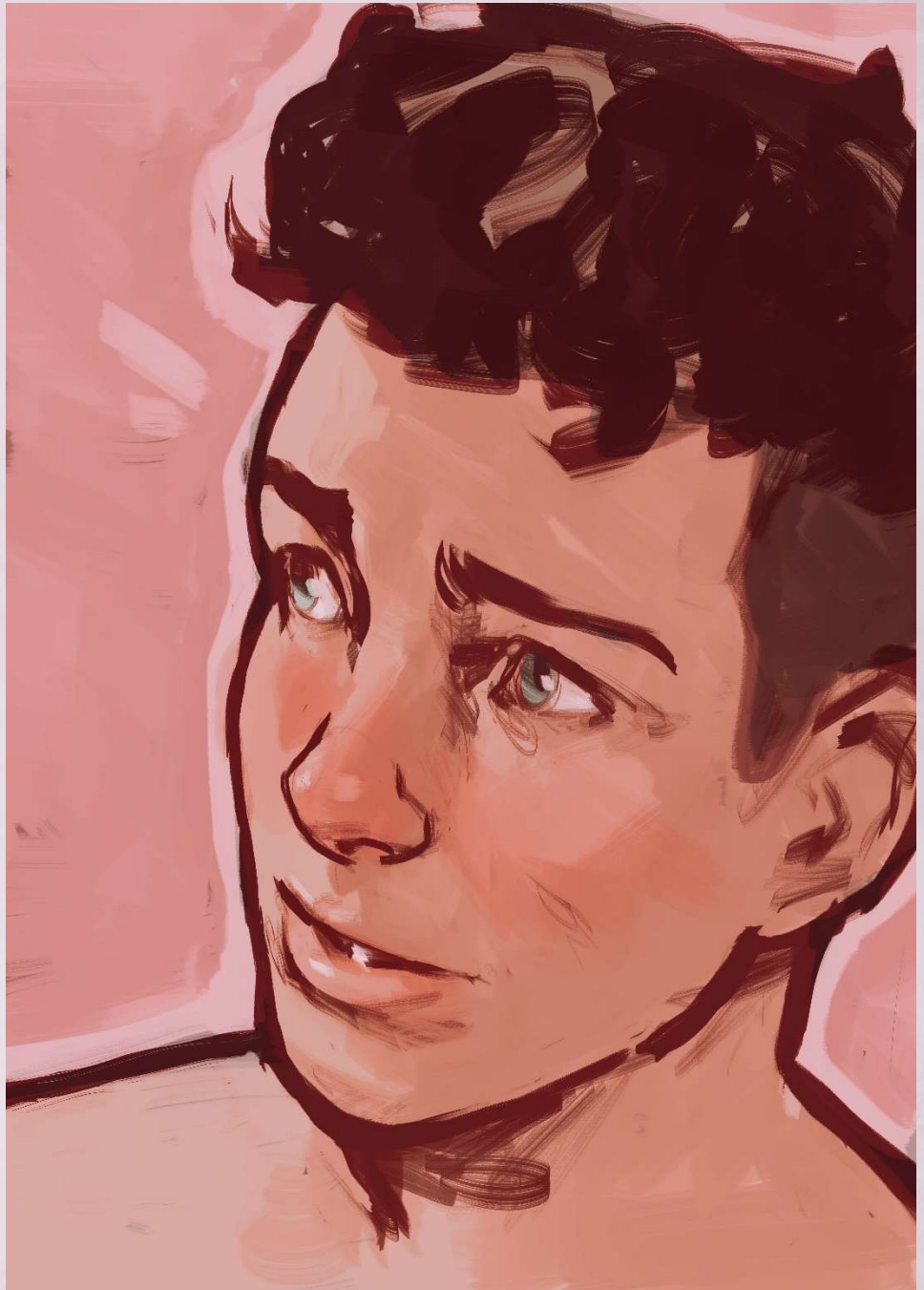
"He wouldn't mind." She put a surprised hand to her mouth. "I mean ... he would mind. But ... we won't tell him, right? And we're only doing rewards and sleeping in there. Nothing ... that would really make him ..." Mom's forehead furrowed with guilt.

"Yeah, it sounds great, Mom." I tried to give her a reassuring smile.

"I need to call your father. I haven't talked to him in a while. Why don't you go get ready for bed while I do that?" Her smile was uncharacteristically shy. "And ... you don't need to shower before bed. It's okay."

"Okay!" I got up, took our glasses into the kitchen, and begun hauling the mattress back to where it belonged.

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Mom had a phone conversation with my dad by the fire for a while. I eavesdropped. There was nothing about what we'd been doing. Mostly she talked about how responsible I'd been, how much she missed the rest of the family, and listened to him fill her in on what was going on at home. After she hung up, she found me making our bed in her room. "Do you think you'll want to do that special touch tonight? You know ... back there?" She looked pale, with a nervous half-smile.

I nodded eagerly.



"Right. Okay. That's no problem. You dug a really nice tunnel today. You deserve it." She mirrored my nod. "I'm going to take a shower and brush my teeth." She turned around and did just that.

I finished setting up the room. When she came back wrapped in a towel, I raced to the bathroom and brushed my teeth. She'd asked me not to shower, so I honored her request. I did strip though, dropping my clothes off in my room on my way back to her room. When I arrived in her doorway, I leaned on the frame and took in her beauty. She was dressed only in panties. She had pulled the blanket down, and was lying on her side on the top sheet. Her breasts hung one on top of the other, pressing into the mattress. The undulation from her waist to her hip was so powerful my breath caught in my throat. I realized she wasn't making eye contact. Her distant gaze was focused on my hard cock.

"You're naked," she hissed.

"So are you. Almost." I liked that she still had her panties on. They accentuated the shape of her hips and ... it was something to take off. "So ... what sort of reward is this going to be?"

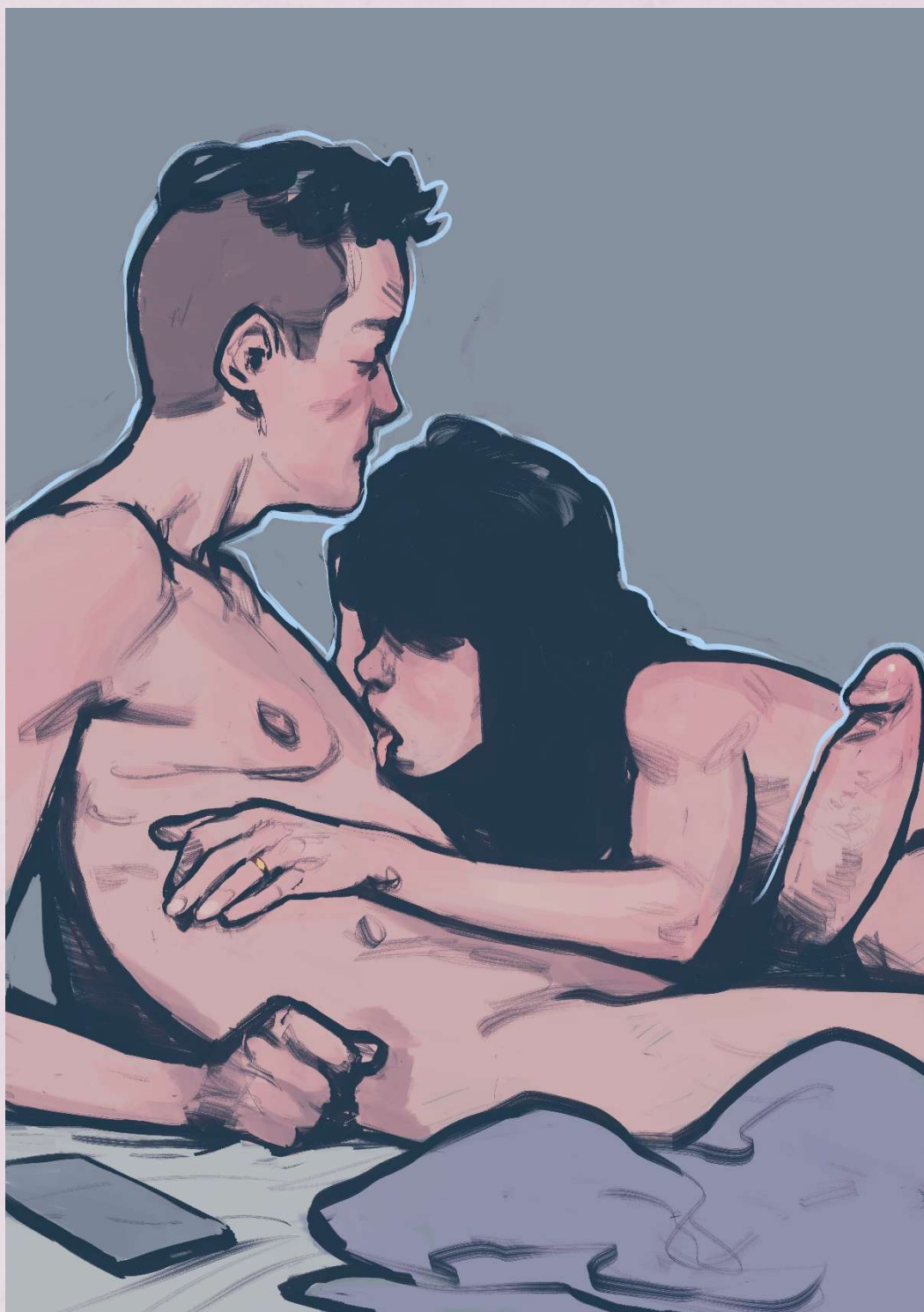


"We've really been pushing the line, Logan. Maybe you could just play with my breasts and ..." She gulped. "And I'll finish you into the towel." She nodded to the towel from her shower, hanging on a chair. "Then we can sleep together." Her eyes got wide. "I mean literally sleep! Not anything else. We're never going to do that other stuff, of course."

"Of course." I moved into the room, closed the door behind me, and walked to the bed. It felt wonderful being enclosed in the room she always shared with Dad. It wasn't their room now, it was our room. I didn't want to freak her out by coming on too strong, so I crawled onto the bed next to her and rolled onto my back, my dick pointing straight at the ceiling. The wind howled outside as we lay in silence.

"You're really handsome, Logan. And you're so charming. I don't love being naked with you, but I'm imagining a girl your age sharing your bed like this." Mom chewed her bottom lip as she carefully ran her fingers along my abs. "I bet her mind will be spinning and her belly will be flipping. And her vagina ..." She gulped. "I bet you could have the smartest, funniest, most beautiful girl in the world as your girlfriend. I'm going to be so proud when you bring her home." She leaned her face over my chest. I thought she was going to kiss me, but instead she inhaled deeply. "Wow ... you smell like a man." She did it again and sighed on the exhale. "Your girlfriend is going to love the way you smell, sweetie." This time she did drop her lips and tentatively kiss my chest. "Would it be a reward for you if I ... kissed your nipple. I never tried that with your father. Do men like that?"

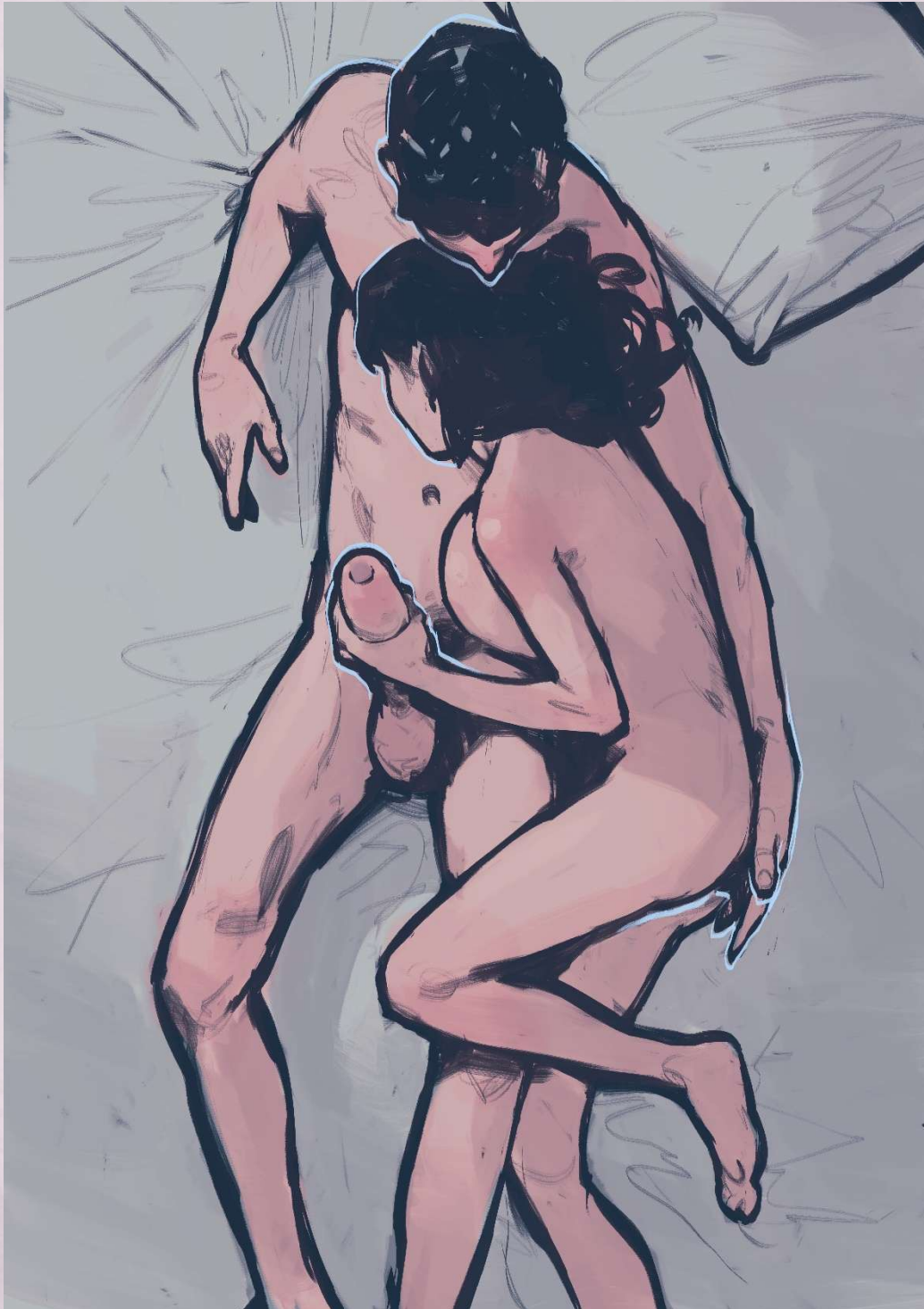
"I'd like that." I watched her stick out her tongue and roll it around my nipple. It wasn't a mind-blowing sensation like it seemed to be for her when I played with her nipples, but I liked it. I pulled her hair behind her shoulder so I could watch her lick and kiss my nipples and chest. Her tits hung perfectly under her, occasionally bumping into my side. Her panty-clad ass was up in the air. I reached for it and grabbed her cheek, massaging the supple flesh. She was still inhaling deeply as she kissed her way around my chest and abdomen. She *really* liked the smell of my sweat. That was something I would definitely use in the future. "Special reward time, Mom." I released her ass, brought my finger to my mouth, and wetted it.



“Okay, Logan.” I don’t think she knew what I meant, because she grabbed my dick while still kissing my stomach. She pumped it with a technique that was still improving. She didn’t grip it as tight as last time.

“That feels great, but I meant this.” My hand went back to her ass, slid under her panties, and my wet finger found her anus. She didn’t complain, only releasing a little whimper when my finger pressed against her sphincter. “I won’t go that far in,” I said.

“Oh ... Logan ... I don’t think ... eeeek!” She gave a little yelp of surprise when her butt stopped resisting and my finger slipped inside. I only went in to the second knuckle, gently massaging her hot, tight hole. She whimpered, and her hand lost its rhythm on my cock.



“How does it feel, Mom?” I expected her to say she didn’t like it, even though her body was quite clearly sending another message.

“If your father did something ... ooohhhhhh ... like that ... I think I’d like it.” She stopped kissing me and looked into my face. “I didn’t think anyone ... would ever touch me like that ... but you ... you ... we’re doing this only for you, Logan. Not me. I don’t ... really like it.” But even as she said it, her right eyelid was fluttering.

With my free hand, I reached under her and played with her closest nipple. “I love these rewards, Mom. If we keep doing stuff like this, you’ll be able to get me to do anything. I’d dig you a million tunnels in the snow.”

“Uuuuggghhhhh ...” She arched her back. “Yes ... sweetie.” I think she was too far into her own blissful paradise to hear what I was saying. That was okay. I could tell her again later. The night was young, and we had a lot of reward left to go.

