

Marooned Christmas





Marooned Christmas 23

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

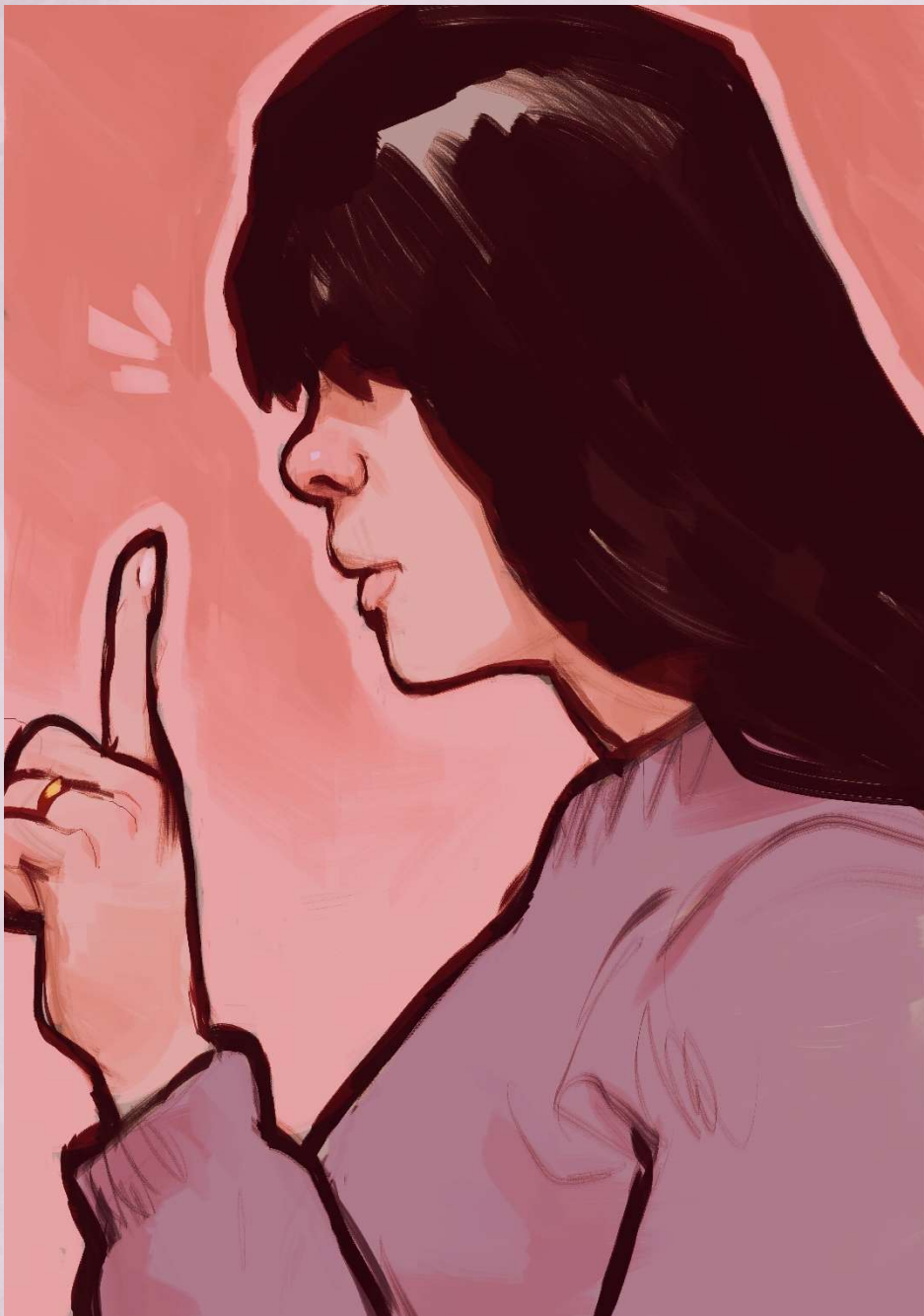
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"Mom, I want to make it clear that –"
"I stopped talking when she held up a finger.

"I'm aware that you're trying to seduce me like one of your women." She put down her phone and frowned at me. "Save the pep talk."

"No, I'm not. That's not fair." I put my hand on my chest. I wasn't feigning the affront. I didn't like her thinking that she was like the other girls. "I'm not treating you like them at all. I mean, I can't. I don't love them. And I love you more than anyone in the world."

Her frown shifted from displeasure to confusion. "I guess ... I guess it's different." She took a bite of her sandwich and chewed. "I have a confession. It's eating me up inside. I need to tell you ..." Her voice fell away, and she turned her gaze from me to the pretty Christmas tree.

"What is it, Mom?" I kept my voice low and gentle.

"I can't tell you." Mom's voice was a hissing whisper. "I just can't."

"Okay, maybe later." I took a sip of water and leaned back in my chair. Her tits looked lovely, even encased in her sweater. Whatever she was

thinking about had made her nipples hard. The headlights were pointed right at me. "I need to bring in more firewood. Then, maybe, we can play a game and relax together. Sound good?"

Finally, her frown twisted into a faint smile. "Yeah, sweetie, that sounds good. It would be nice to laugh with you a little." She stood. "I'll put on my coat and come out with you. I want to see what the storm is looking like."

"Great." I cleaned up our lunch, leaving her half-eaten sandwich on the counter in case she wanted more later. Then, we moved aside our barricade, dressed in warm things, and headed up the snow tunnel to the outside world.

When we stood out in the open, we saw that the storm had mostly passed. The sky had some blue peeking in the west. It wasn't snowing, and the wind had died down. I stretched. "Nice to have some fresh air." I patted my mom's butt gently. "Now for some firewood."

"Logan!" She gripped my wrist with iron fingers.

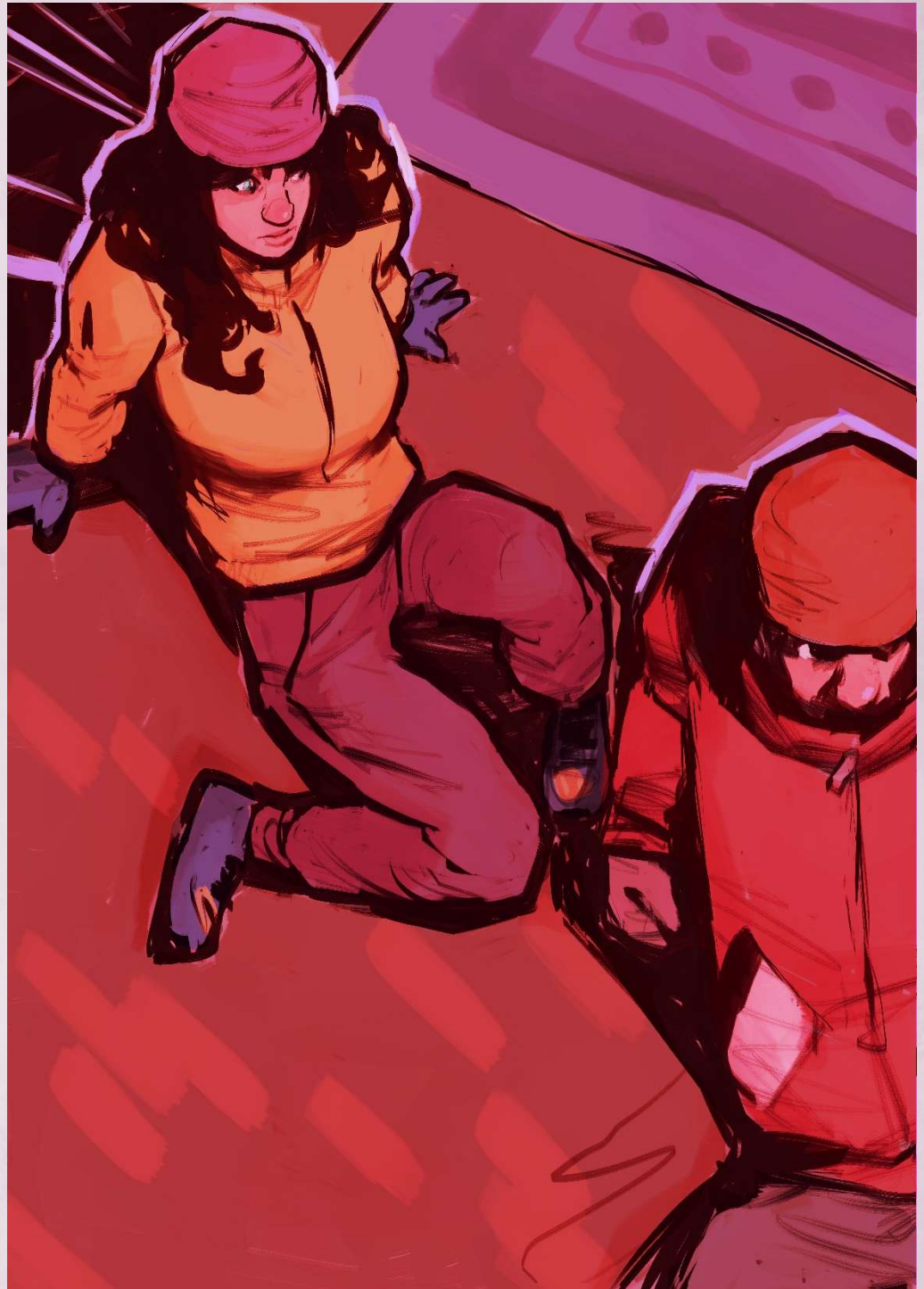
"What?" I glanced at her and followed her stare. "Oh ... shit." About a hundred yards away a bear was bounding through the deep snow toward us. Since every other bear was hibernating, I knew it had to be our old, murderous friend back for more. "Quick, back inside."



My mother was frozen in place, so I picked her up and stumbled down the tunnel with her in my arms. I lost my footing as we got into the cabin, and we both went tumbling to the floor. That seemed to jar her awake.

"What do we do?!? What do we do?!?" Her voice was tight with panic.

"No time for the front door, into our room." I scrambled to my feet and pulled her upright. At that point, I could hear the churning snow outside. The beast was close. My mother started to scream. So, I clamped my hand over her mouth, lifted her, and carried her into our room. Once inside the room, I slammed the door and stood with my back to it. My mother was in my arms, my hand still on her mouth. I set her down on her feet. She was trembling uncontrollably. Even with her ass backed up on me, I was as flaccid as could be. Behind us, there was a loud thump as the bear entered the cabin. A moment later, we heard the crash of a shattering plate. The motherfucker was eating my mom's sandwich.



"Mmmpphh ... mmmmm," my mother whimpered.

"Shh." I held her tightly. "He's eating our food. Maybe that means he won't bother with us." My voice was barely audible. I looked around the room. For a moment, I thought about pushing the dresser in front of the door. But it was better not to remind him that we were also in the cabin than to have a barricade he could break down. "Don't make a sound ... don't move ... and he'll leave ... eventually."

Mom nodded. Carefully, she pried my hand off her mouth and put it lower so that I was hugging her with both arms. I squeezed tightly, and her trembling lessened.

Loud snorting and snuffling noises came from the kitchen area. Occasionally, there was a crash of something breaking. I wondered if the fucker was going to leave us with any food at all. I thought about going out there and chasing him away, but decided I wanted us to stay alive.

It felt like an eternity, but I think it was only about twenty minutes until the sounds stopped. We waited another twenty minutes after that, standing in the same position in front of the bedroom door, before moving. Finally, I let go of my mother. "I think he's gone. Go hide in the corner, I'm going to open the door and check."



"If we die, we die together, Logan." When my mother turned around, I could see she'd been silently crying. Her mascara had run down her cheeks. "Open the door." She planted herself right next to me, held my hand, and waited.

"Okay." Slowly, I turned the knob and swung the door open a crack. A burst of cold hit our faces. The front door was still open, and the place was trashed. But there wasn't any sign of the bear. The kitchen was a disaster zone. Our table and chairs were on their sides. The Christmas tree was lying on the floor. "First thing's first, let's barricade the front door. Then we can see how bad the damage is." Carefully, I opened the bedroom door all the way and stepped out into the cabin.

"Okay, Logan." Mom still had a death grip on my hand. She didn't let go until we started moving furniture for our barricade.

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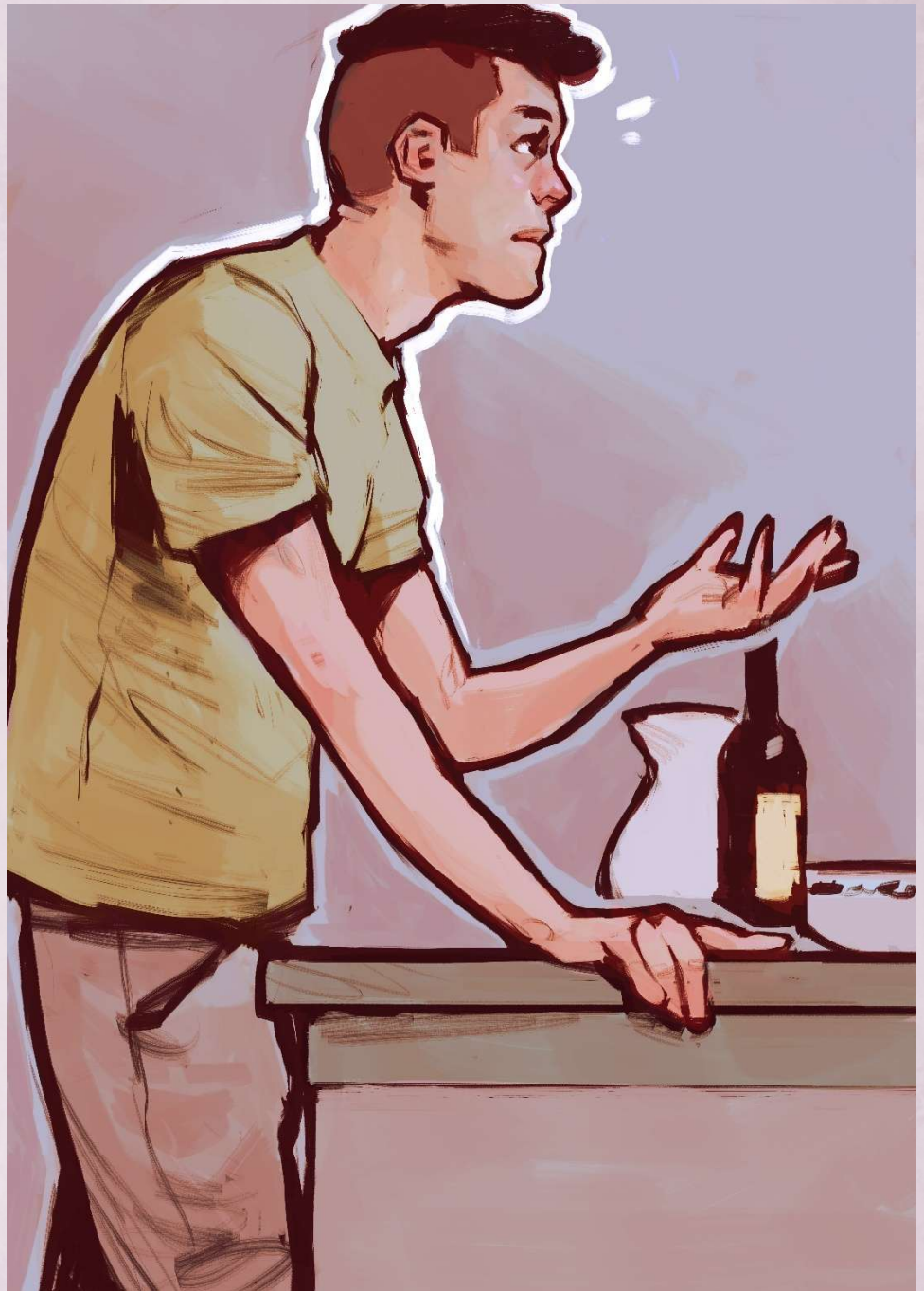


It took us a couple hours to clean and assess the damage. He had ripped several cabinet doors off their hinges, but hadn't gotten into the fridge. There were broken dishes and glassware on the floor. But overall, the cabin wasn't in terrible shape. The real kick to the gut was what he'd eaten. Almost all our dry goods were gone. We only had a few cans of food and what was left in the fridge. I could see the lines on my mother's face deepen as we took inventory. We had a new worry. A few more days, and we would start to starve.

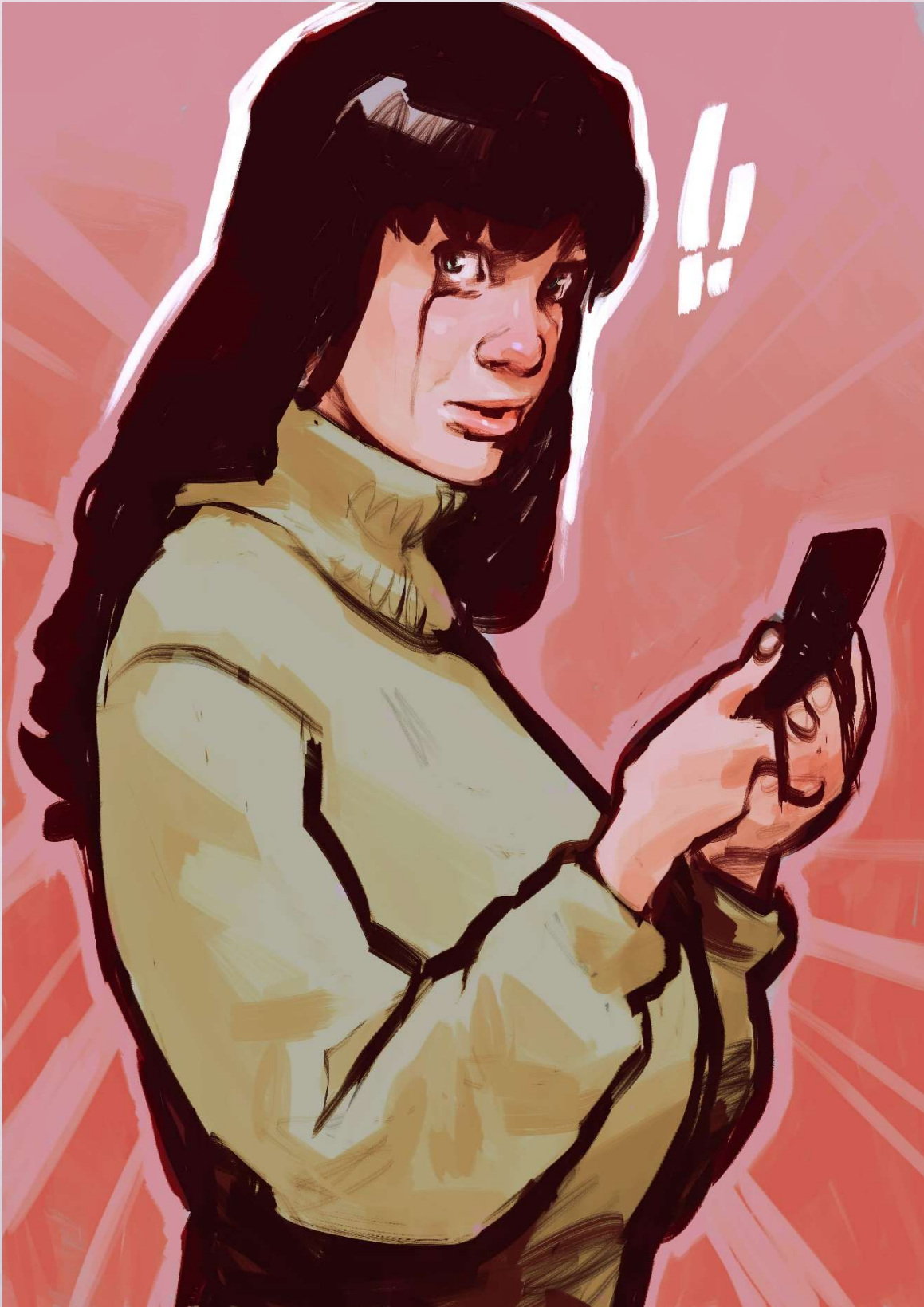
"Maybe we should start rationing food?" I leaned on the kitchen counter. The cabin was tidy again, the tree upright and shining. It was hard to believe I was standing in the same place that that murderous animal had been a few hours ago. I eyed the front door. We hadn't heard anything from the bear since it had left.

"I hate to worry your father, but I'm going to tell him what happened." Mom sat by the smoldering fire. We were low on firewood. I no longer felt like going out for more. She was typing on her phone, presumably texting with my father. "About the bear, I mean," she added. "I won't tell him about the other stuff. He wouldn't understand." Her cheeks flushed crimson.

"Yeah, I get it. But what can Dad do? He can't plow his way up here. He's already been calling those people." I pressed my lips together and thought. It occurred to me that we should call the plow people and tell them we'd been attacked by a bear. That would probably get them off their asses. A call like that would be especially effective coming from my mother. But, did I want the roads plowed? I eyed the front door barricade again. I suppose I did. Better to go home alive than have my mom all to myself and get us eaten. "Get the number for the plow people and call them, Mom. Tell them about the bear. A woman in distress might get them to do their job."



"Oh ... you're right." She glanced at me. I could see she liked the idea, but she wasn't able to smile yet. Not so close to that attack. She nodded her approval. Her face was solemn with streaks of mascara down her cheeks. "I'm getting the number from your father now." She typed into the phone.



A few minutes later, I listened to her tell the plow people about the bear. She broke down crying halfway through, which was probably more than helpful. When she hung up, she wiped tears off her cheeks with her hands and looked over at me. She put down the phone and sighed. "I know I'm a blubbering mess, but you full on saved my life today. It's the second time you've been a hero on this trip." She pulled off her sweater, folded it, and put it on the floor by her chair. She then took off her undershirts. Happily, she wasn't wearing a bra. "You also had the good idea about me calling the plow company directly. Your father should have thought of that. Anyway ..." She took a deep breath, stood, and posed with one hand on her hip. Her sloping tits caught the low light of the smoldering fire beautifully. "Anyway, I'm going to go wash my face, then you can have some rewards. I think if we do that stuff, it'll help you take your mind off the bear."

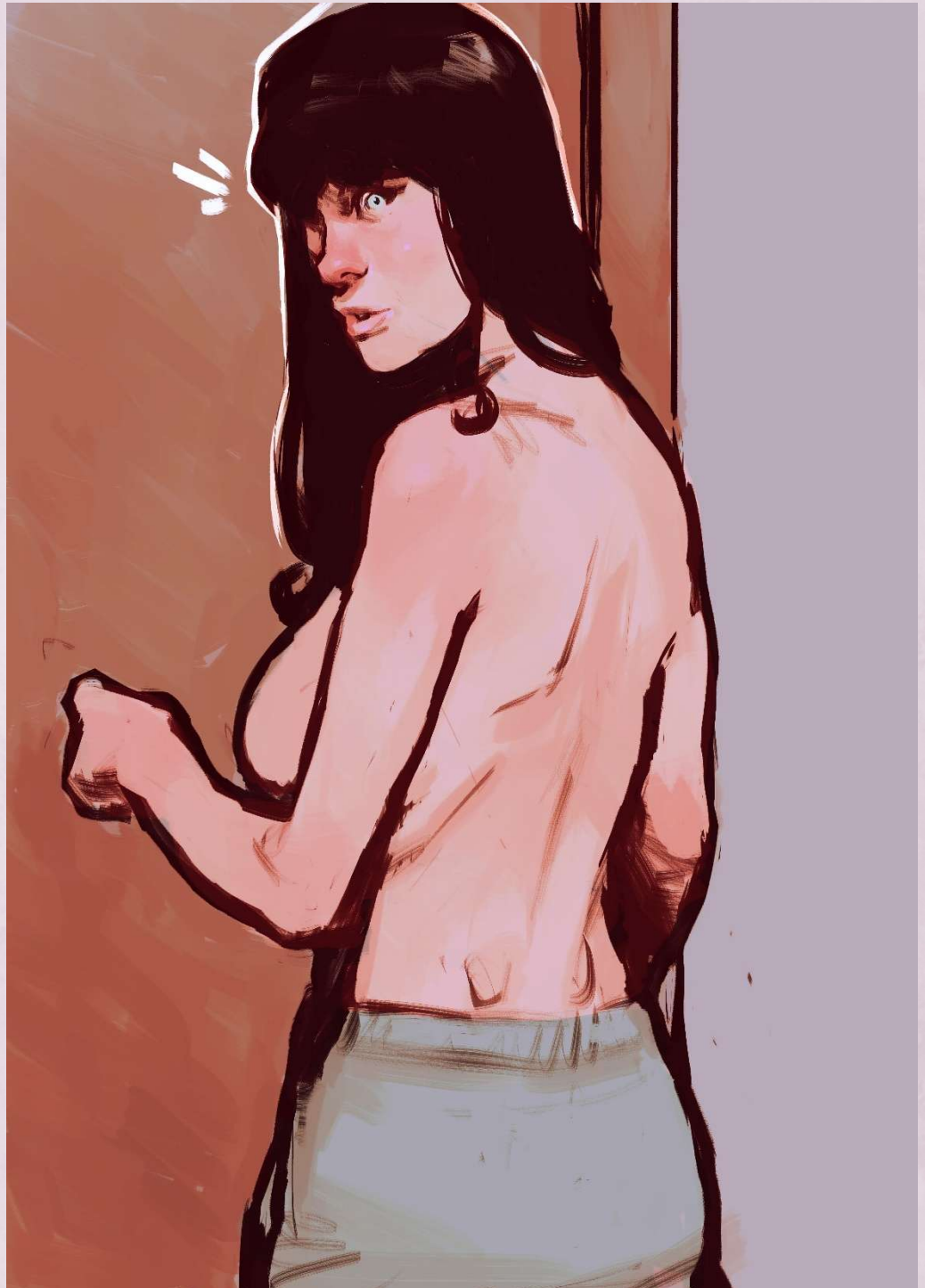
"Really? I thought we were going to play some games." I don't know why I said that. I'm an idiot sometimes.

Mom paused on her way to the bathroom. She turned and looked back at me with her eyebrow arched quizzically. "You'd rather play chess? I was going to give you big rewards. But if you'd rather ..." She spread out her hands, palms up. A frown pulled her lips down. She actually looked disappointed.

"Big rewards, please. You're right, it'll help us take our mind off the bear and the food situation." I smiled. "We can play chess later."

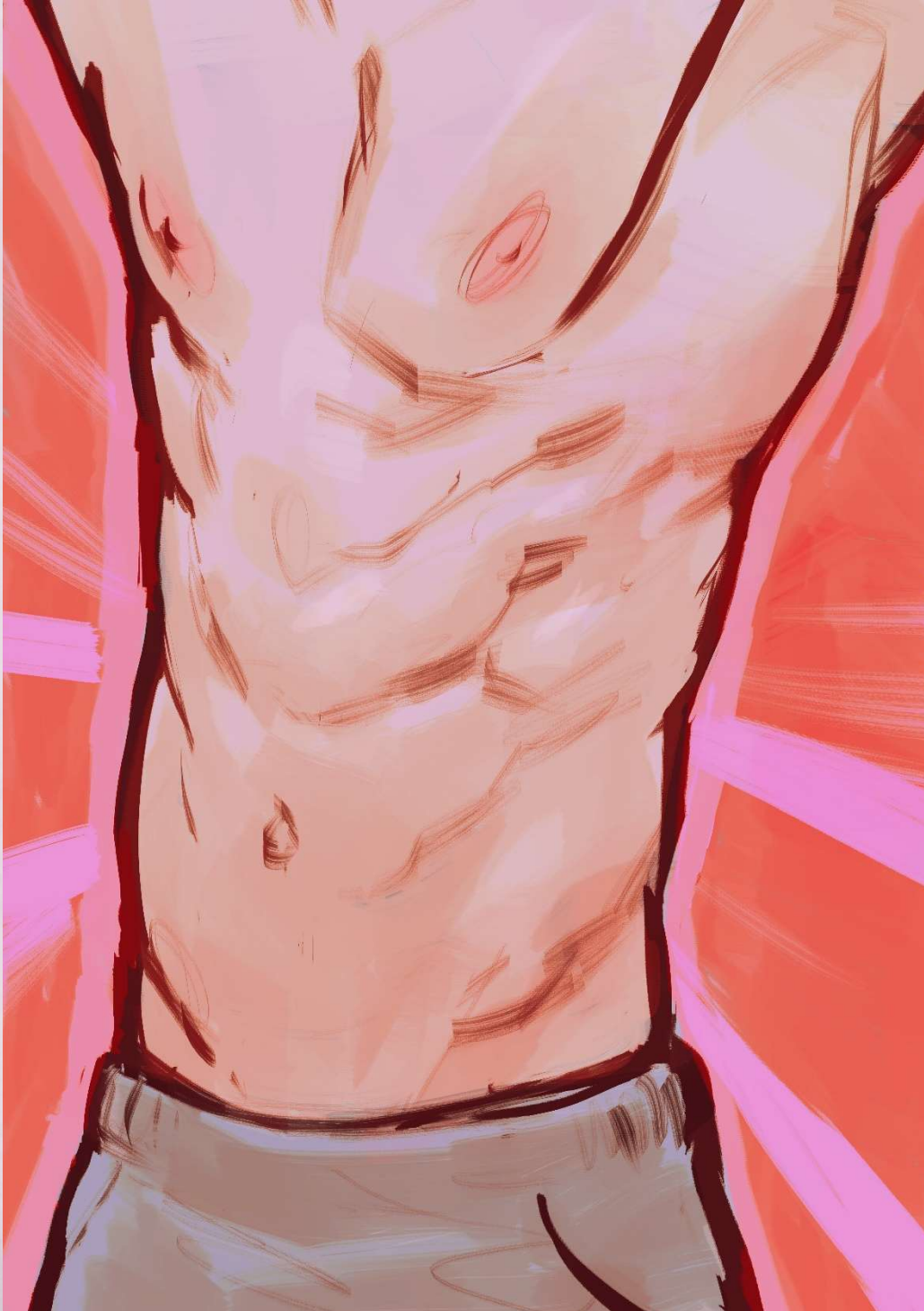
"Okay." She continued toward the bathroom. "But it won't take my mind off anything. It's only for you," she said over her shoulder.

My mother washed away her running mascara and came out of the bathroom fresh-faced. "Right, so you can do butt stuff if you want to. The oil is still in the bedroom. I guess it's lucky it's in there, or the bear would have gotten it, and we wouldn't be able to ..." She gave me a shy smile, her first since the bear attack. "Listen to me. I'm either the worst mother ever or the best."



"The best, for sure." I nodded enthusiastically. I pulled off my sweater and undershirt in one go, happy to see her eyes zero in on my six-pack. "When you say 'big rewards', are you talking about ... you know ... anything goes?"

"Oh, my gosh, Logan." She screwed up her face in exaggerated disgust and shook her head. "No, you obviously can't put your little commander in me. That's out of the question. But ... you know ... we can do whatever else. Try to imagine you're at home with your dream girl at the end of the second date. What would you do with her?" She headed to the bedroom, swaying her hips in an exaggerated fashion.



Her jean-clad ass looked amazing, and the curve of her bare back made my heart hurt. I spied a peek of bouncing sideboob, and it made my dick throb. I didn't want to tell my mother that I had sex with most girls by the second date.

"Okay, maybe some dry-humping then." I laughed to let her know it was sort of a joke, following her into the bedroom. I closed the door behind me, and pushed the dresser in front of it, just in case.

"Gosh ... Logan. You're too much." But she didn't say no. We didn't have any condoms. Mom wasn't planning on having sex with Dad during the trip, and I had no idea Christmas would go like this. But if we did have condoms, I was thinking I might have been able to talk her into actual sex. Of course, as it was, there was no chance. I doubted she'd even let Dad put it in her raw. I finished undressing, ready for my big reward.

