

Chapter 4



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 4

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"I won!" I was shocked. Despite the massive distraction my mother's boobs posed, I finally beat her at chess. I suppose all the wine she'd gulped down might have had something to do with it. Earlier in the evening, when we were less drunk, she had been defeating my boob-addled brain handily. "I won ... I won ... I won." I knocked over and mounted her king with my queen. I then bounced my piece on top of hers.

"Oh ... gosh ... you're making them ..."
Mom burst out laughing. "Stop ... that's not right." Her high, tittering giggle filled the gloomy cabin with life.

"Where do you think princes and princesses come from?" I continued my queen's humping action.

"You can be so juvenile." Still chuckling, Mom leaned back, stretched, and yawned.

I dropped the queen and stared at my mother's bare tits. I would never get tired of them.

She saw my gaze, stopped stretching, and silence fell over us. After a while, she nodded like she'd decided something. "These ladies really are like magic to you." She shook her shoulders, making her tits dance. She laughed at my expression. "You look catatonic, Logan. I think you just got hit by that anvil again."

"Yeah ... I think so." I nodded without looking up to meet her gaze.

"I could be saying anything right now, and you'd agree with me, right?" She sighed.

"Yep, sure, Mom."

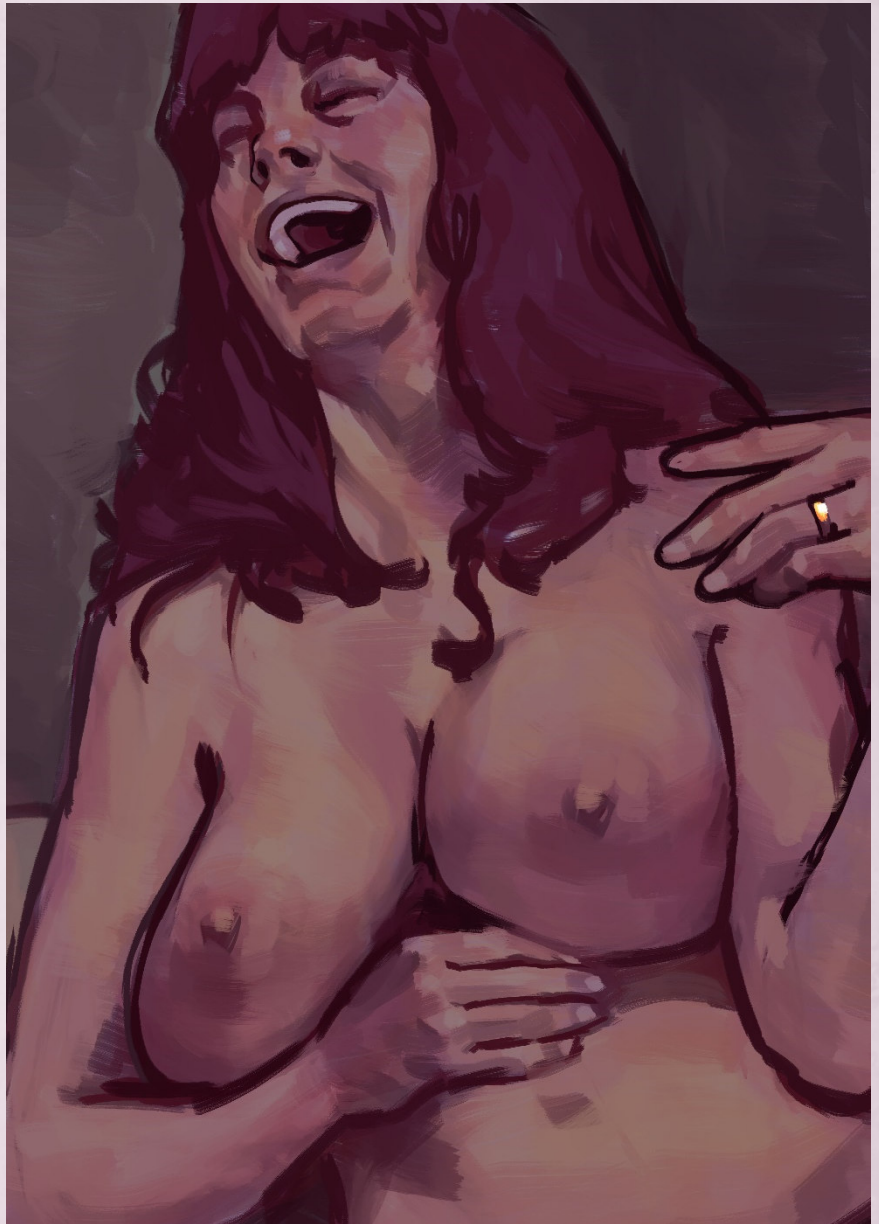
"You have the stinkiest feet in the family, don't you think?" Mom said.

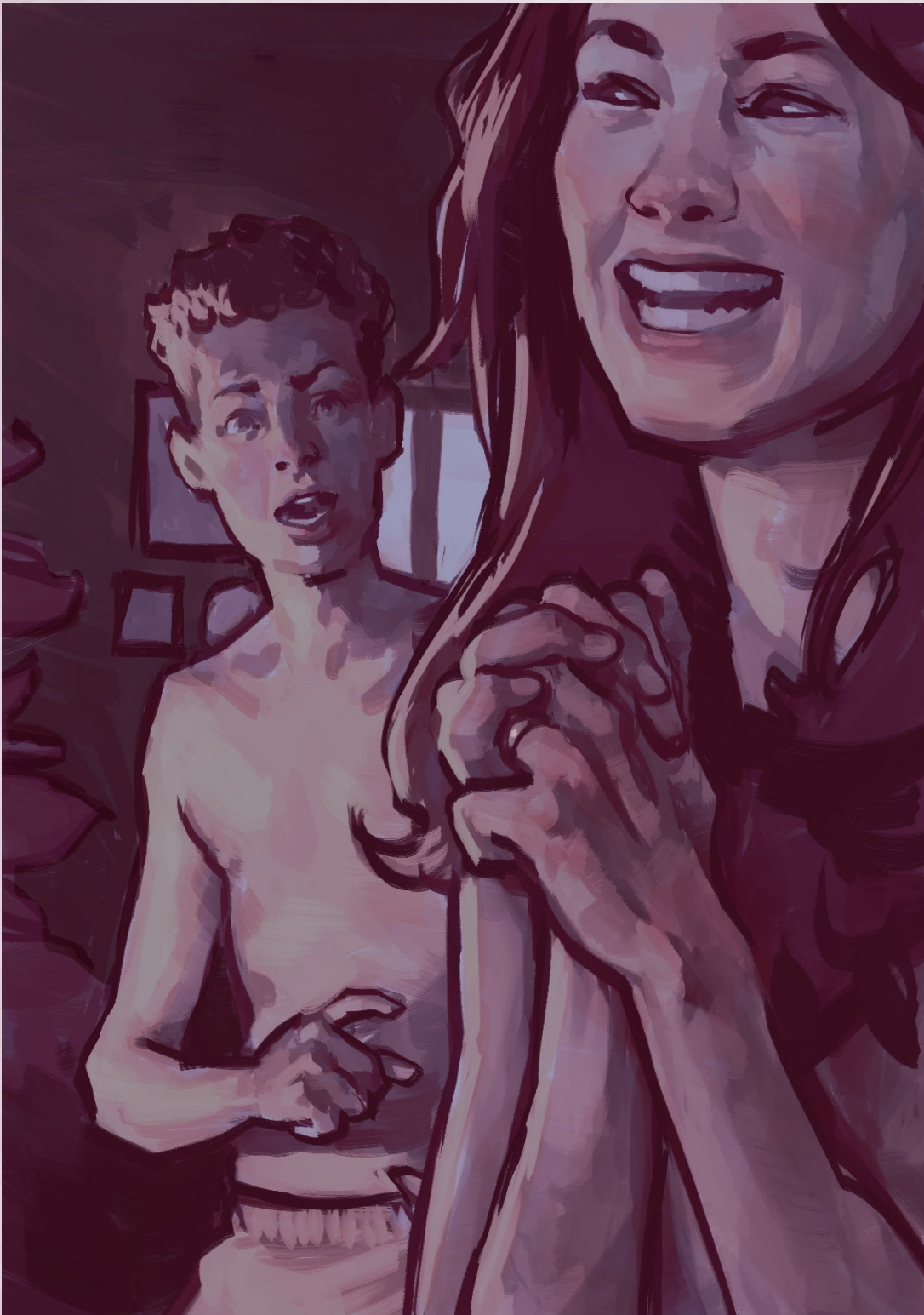
"Cassie has the stinkiest feet." I smiled and winked at Mom's boobs. My oldest sister did have stinky feet. That was just facts. "My feet smell like fresh-cut flowers."

"Oh, so you *can* hear me." She shivered and covered her boobs with her arms. "I think it's time to put the ladies away. I hope you enjoyed them, Logan." She pulled on a long-sleeved top, and then added layers to it.

"Best Christmas ever." I sipped my wine, got up, and added more logs to the fire.

"Being stranded with me in a cabin without power cannot be your best Christmas ever." She got up and moved next to me, warming her hands. Her wedding ring glittered in the firelight. "What about the Christmas when I got you that Lego set you'd been dying to have? You were so happy." She smiled at the memory.





“That was a long time ago. And ... I thought that was from Santa.” I looked over at her in mock surprise.

“Oh ... shoot ...” She put a hand to her mouth. “The secret’s out.” She laughed with much more enthusiasm than the joke warranted. “I hope you’ll forgive me, Logan. After all, your mother is drunk.” She looked toward her room, and her laughter died away. “And sleepy. But last night it was so cold in there.”

“I’ve got a plan.” I finished poking the fire and stood proudly by the blaze.

My mother waited for my plan, biting her bottom lip with anxiety.

"We can pull a mattress out here and sleep in front of the fire. When it dies down, I'll feed it." I started to push furniture out of the way.

"Oh ... ohhhhhh ... okay." My mother's shoulders relaxed, and she laughed. "I thought you were going to say that we should get naked under the same blanket. You know, because of the bouncing heat waves you were talking about."

"Not naked, Mom. We'll wear our underwear. Naked would be weird, right?" I smiled at her. I really hoped my words were coming across casually. "It's the best way to stay warm."

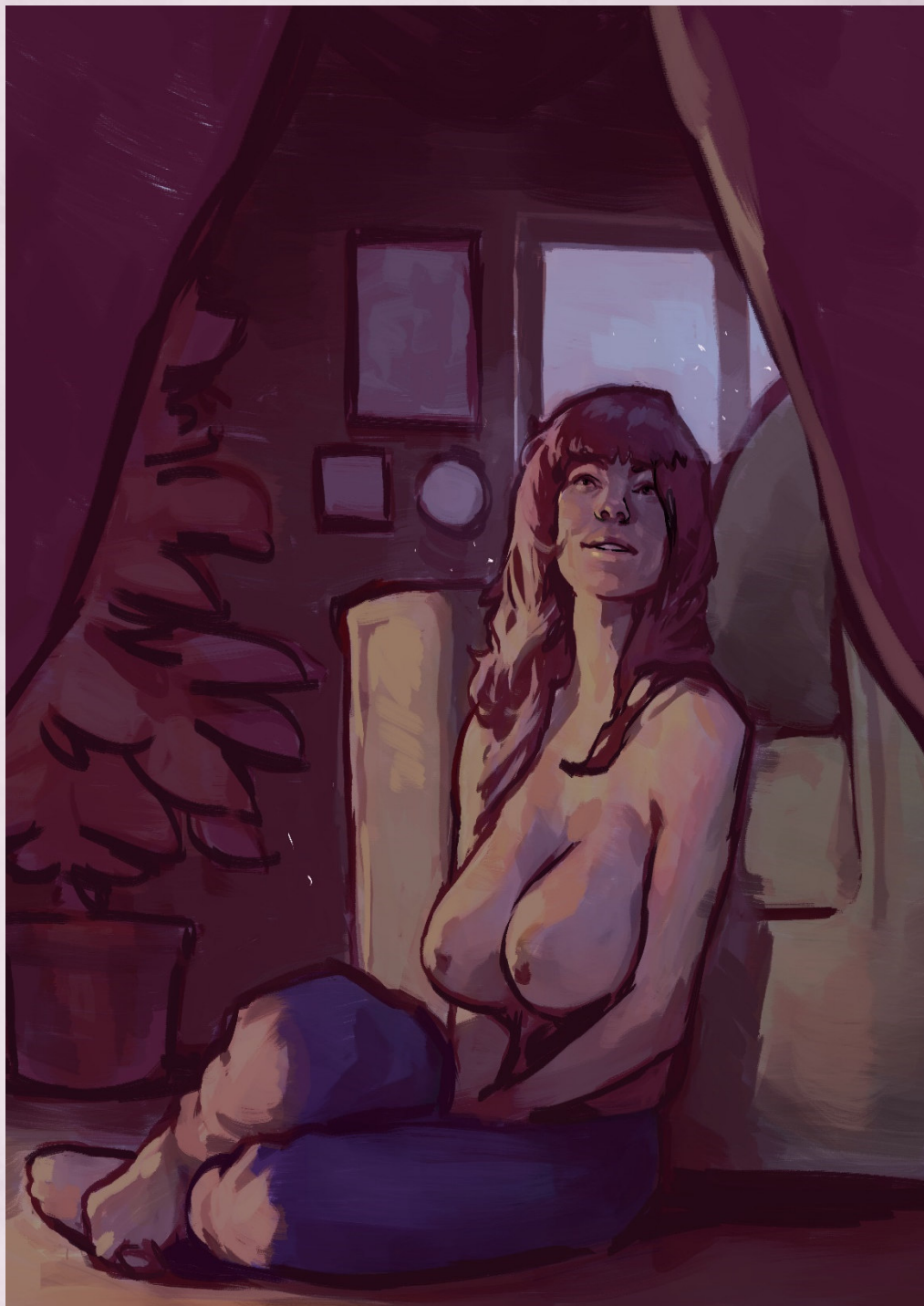
"But ... the fire." She looked at me with wide eyes. I caught her quickly glance at my crotch. It wasn't lust in her eyes. It was the same expression she'd had when she'd found a snake in our car five years earlier. She wasn't terrified, but she didn't want to be anywhere near that snake.

"The fire will help, for sure. But this place is cold, Mom. We're snowed in." I shrugged. "This is what people do in these situations."

"People use body heat for hypothermia. I've read about that." She pressed her lips into a thin line. "People don't do this just for a cold cabin."

"If we're not smart, we might get hypothermia, Mom." I went into my room and started unmaking the bed. "Think about it."

She did think about it.



A while later, our bed was neatly made in front of the fire. I was in my boxers and socks, tending to the fire. I wanted it roaring before we turned in. Mom was in her room, changing. I heard the door open, and she came out with a blanket wrapped around her. I turned and smiled at her modesty. "You've been naked all day, you don't need to cover up."



She stuck out her tongue at me. I was really enjoying having a drunk mom. She was so cute. "I'm not covering for you," she said. "It's like a freezer in that room. It's even chilly in here. Aren't you cold?" She looked at the outline of my hard dick in my boxers. "I thought your thingamajig was supposed to shrink when it's cold?" She hustled over to the bed, unwrapped the blanket, and quickly slipped under the covers. "Ohhhhh ... it's chilly in bed, too!" She kicked her feet.

"Mom ... you're not wearing anything on top," I said. She was only wearing panties and socks. The way her tits had rocked and swayed as she'd leapt into bed tugged at the primal parts of my mind.

"You told me not to, Logan." She looked up, her brows furrowed in annoyance. "You didn't want me to wear a shirt, and I can't sleep in a bra. It's really ... uncomfortable."

"Oh, I didn't know. I thought bras were ... soft." Even with the heat of the fire on my skin, I had goosebumps.

"Some bras are more

comfortable than others. I didn't pack any that I can sleep in." She beckoned me over. "The fire's good. I can see you shivering. Get in here, Logan."

I did as commanded and slid into bed next to her. "Yikes, the sheets *are* cold!" I snuggled up next to her, her heavy boobs pressing into my chest, her knees touching mine. Our eyes were inches apart. "Hi ... Mom," I whispered. She was breathtakingly beautiful in the low, dancing firelight.

"Um ... turn around ... sweetie." Her eyes looked a little dreamy. "Put your back to me, I think that would be more ... appropriate."

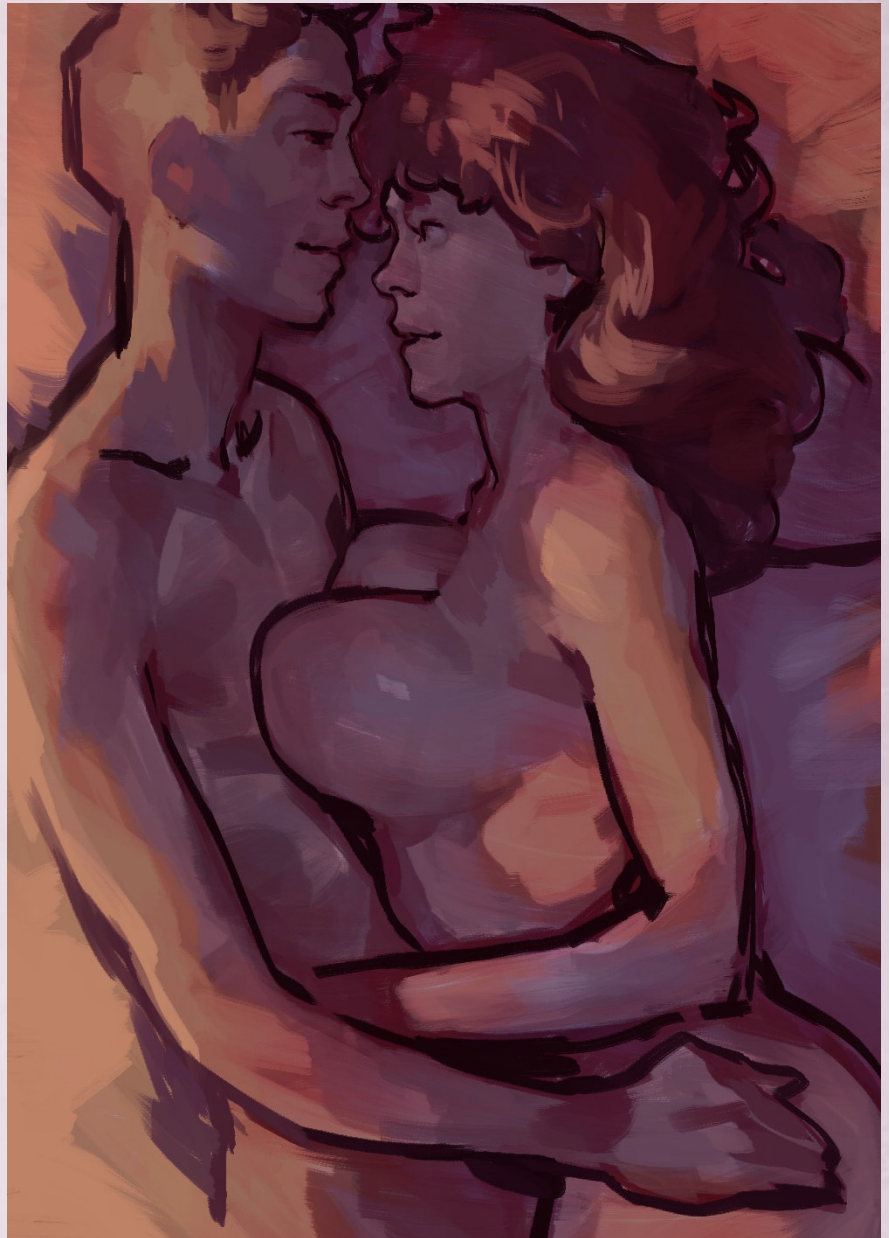
"Sure, Mom." I rolled over and wiggled my butt back into her hips. Her boobs, as they got sandwiched to my back, were cool to the touch and her nipples were hard. I hoped that meant that I felt warm to her. "Wake me up if you get cold. I can feed the fire or ... we can change positions."

"Okay, sweetie." She was trembling against me. She circled her arm around me. "I know I showed you the goods today. I know I'm drunk. I know how you feel about me. Regardless, I expect you to behave. I love your father and ... well ... you're my sweet, Logan. So ... just ..." She paused for a while. I could hear her breathing moving more quickly. "So, just behave tonight."

"Sure, Mom." I nodded into my pillow. "I'll behave."

I did behave. I was warm, drunk, and exhausted. That was the single most cozy moment in my life. With the room gently spinning, I drifted off to sleep.

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Waking up in the very early morning, I found myself shivering. Even with Mom snuggled up behind me, I was cold. The fire was only embers now, so I jumped out of bed, still wearing only my boxers and socks, and went about rebuilding the fire as quickly as possible.

“Logan? What’s going on?” My mother sounded like she was still halfway in a dream.

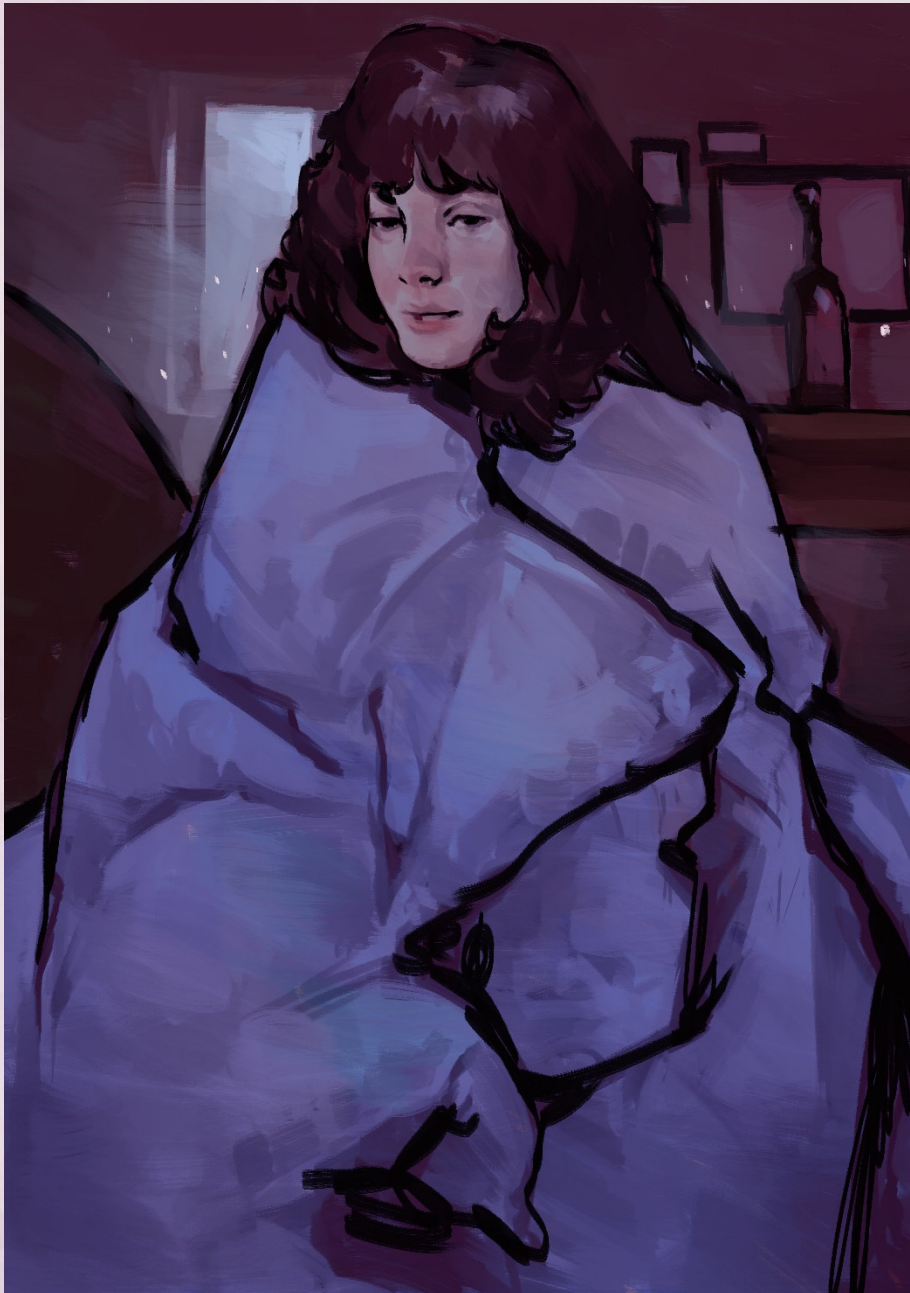
“Working on the fire, Mom.” I tossed on another log and created some gaps for airflow with the poker.

“It’s cold, sweetie,” Mom was huddled under the covers.

“Working on it.” By the time I finished, I was shaking so badly from the frigid air that I had trouble aiming the poker. Satisfied that the blaze was going again, I practically dove back into bed, letting her curves nestle into my back again.

“Oh ... goodness ... you’re so cold!” Mom hugged me tightly and rubbed my chest.

“You’re ... really ... warm.” My teeth chattered.





“Ohhhh, sweetie. You’re such a good boy, taking care of us.” She wrapped her legs around mine for added skin-to-skin contact. “Let’s get some more sleep, okay?”

“Okay.” Eventually, I stopped shivering and drifted back to sleep.

I woke in the morning before Mom. I wanted to stay in the warm bed forever, but I needed to get more wood for the fire. I could just make out daylight through the snow that covered our windows. The fire wasn’t as low as it had been in the middle of the night, but it couldn’t wait. Carefully, so as not to wake Mom, I slipped out of bed and dressed. Then I went out for the wood. It hadn’t snowed overnight, so there wasn’t much shoveling needed. Our car was still buried, and the road had completely vanished under all that snow.

Once the fire was set, I went about boiling some water on the hearth for coffee. My head throbbed from all the drinking the night before. I figured some caffeine would do us both some good. Mom woke just as I was pouring myself a mug.

“Good morning, sweetie.” She stretched under the covers. I imagined what her awesome tits looked like with that

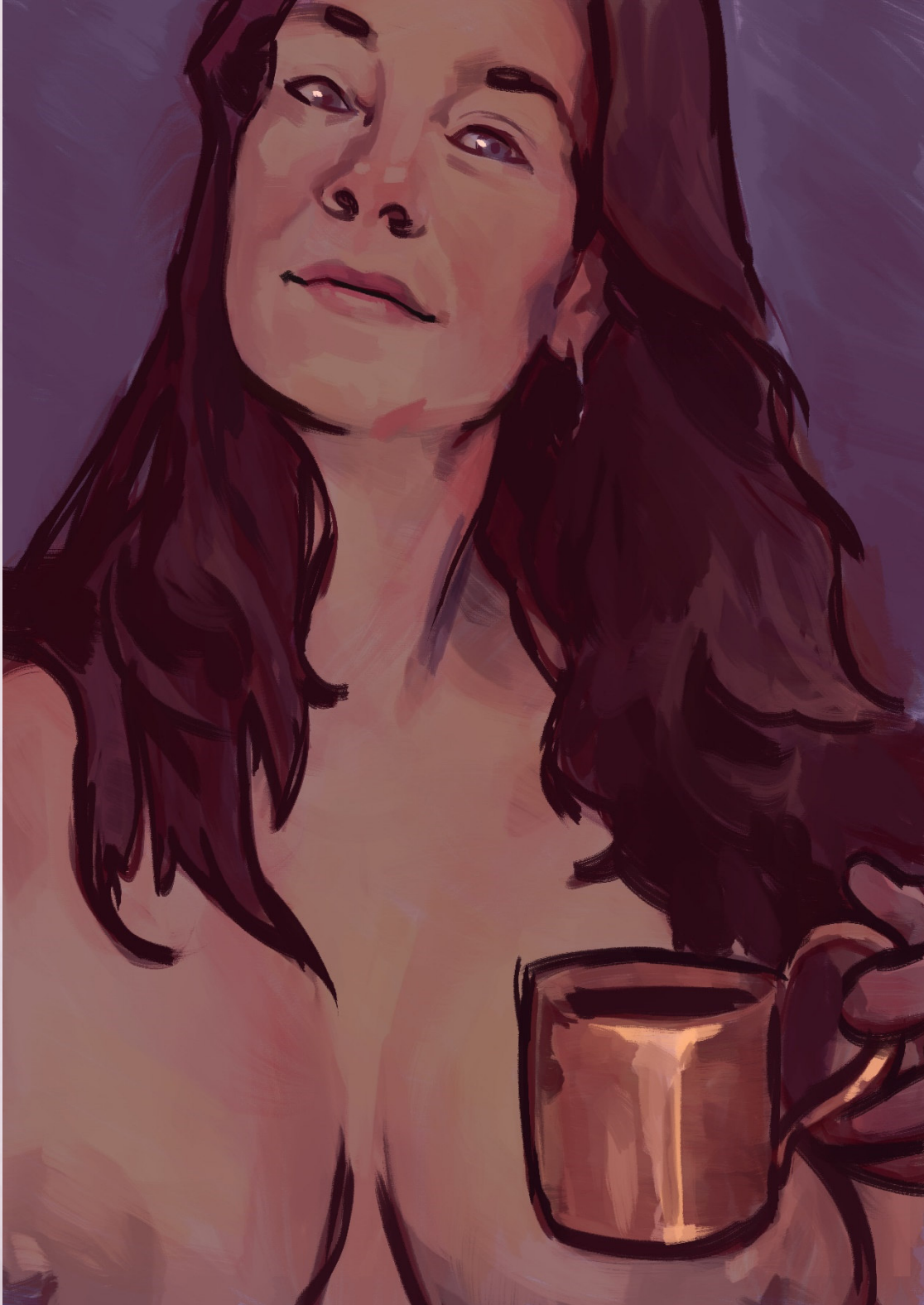
movement. I could credibly picture her tits now that I had committed them to memory. She blinked up at me. “You have the silliest smile. What’s so funny?”

“Nothing, Mom.” I shrugged. “I made us coffee.”

“Just what I need.” She sat up and rubbed her temples, keeping the blanket up over her chest. “Did they plow the road?”

“Not yet. We’re still stuck here.” I watched her slip out of bed and quickly dress. She turned her back to me, but that was just as mesmerizing. I stared as she wiggled into her pants, taking in the round globes of her butt, and the glimpses of her fantastic, dancing side-boobs. We drank coffee, ate breakfast, brushed our teeth, and I warmed up enough water for us to give ourselves shallow baths.

In the late morning, we convened by the roaring fire. I was inclined to try and get her drunk again, but I think we were both recovering from all that wine. So instead, I gave us refills on coffee.



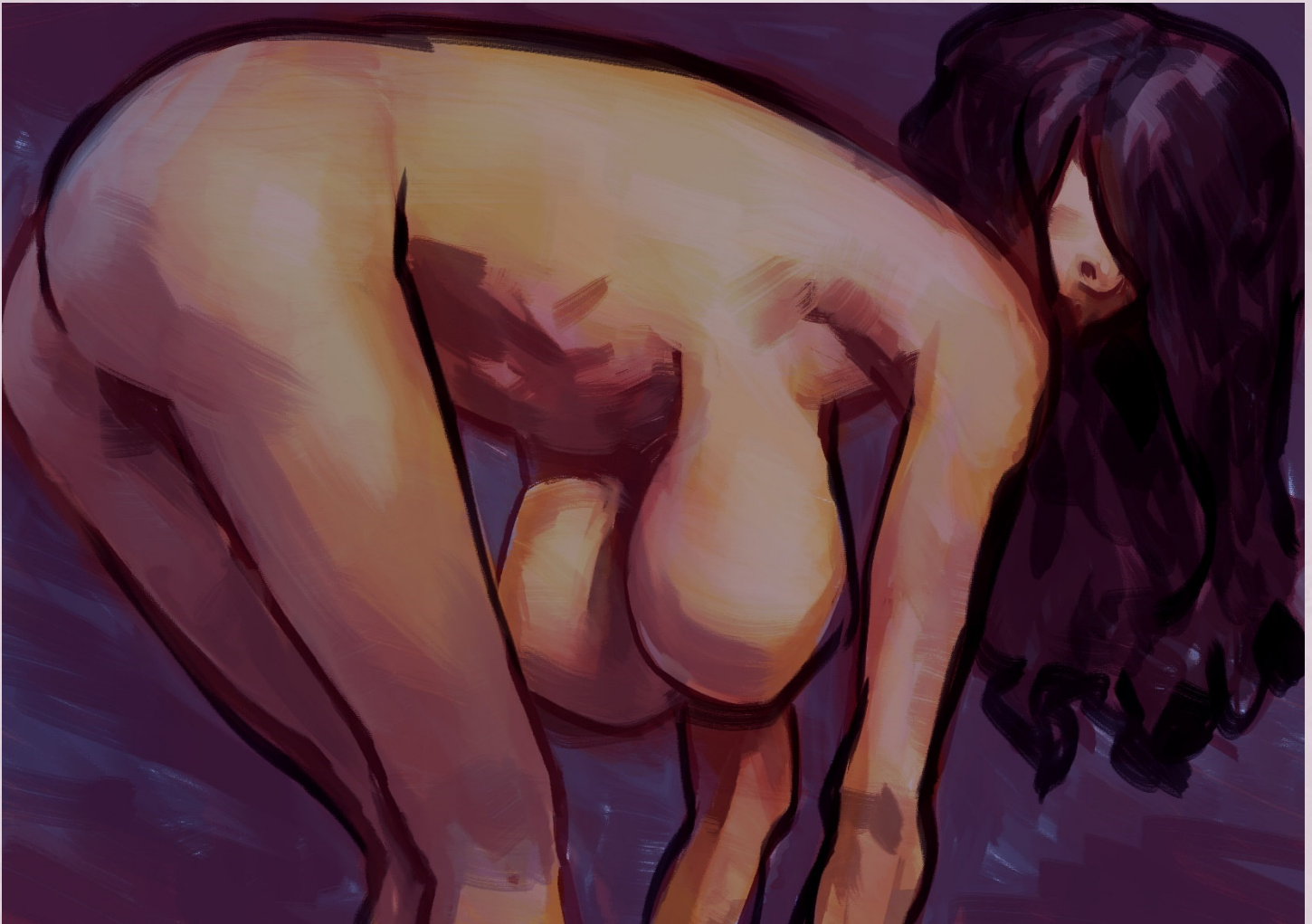
“Want to play some chess?” Mom put her mug down on the hearth and removed her sweater. She continued removing her remaining layers while my cock strained in my pants.

“What ... um ... are you doing, Mom?” I ogled her wonderfully sloping tits, paying special attention to her meandering blue veins. They made her seem so vulnerable and unguarded.

“I figure you’d want to see them, and it’s warm enough next to the fire. If you’ll help me move the bed, we can play some chess.” She pulled off her pants and underwear.

“What ... are you doing now?” I nearly fainted.

“I have to change. But first, let’s get set up.” She bent over and started to pull the covers off our bed. Her tits were hanging straight down, bouncing off her arms as she worked. I thought my eyes might pop out of my head.



“Yeah ... sure ... let’s play chess.” I helped her move the bedding and mattress over by the Christmas tree and set up our game in front of the hearth.. She put on a fresh pair of panties and pants, and we got more coffee. I kept waiting for her to put her sweater back on, but she didn’t. I wasn’t sure what her reasoning was for being topless, but she hadn’t waited for me to ask, beg, and argue. She was just ... going to hang out, tits in the open. Maybe this would be our thing now. I prayed this would be our thing now.

We moved the bedding and mattress over by the Christmas tree and set up our game in front of the hearth. I was back to staring at perfection while trying to beat her at chess. She was sober, and I was distracted, so it didn’t go well for me. I didn’t have another chance to hump her king with my queen. But I didn’t mind. I was in heaven. If they didn’t plow the road for a week, that would have been fine by me.

