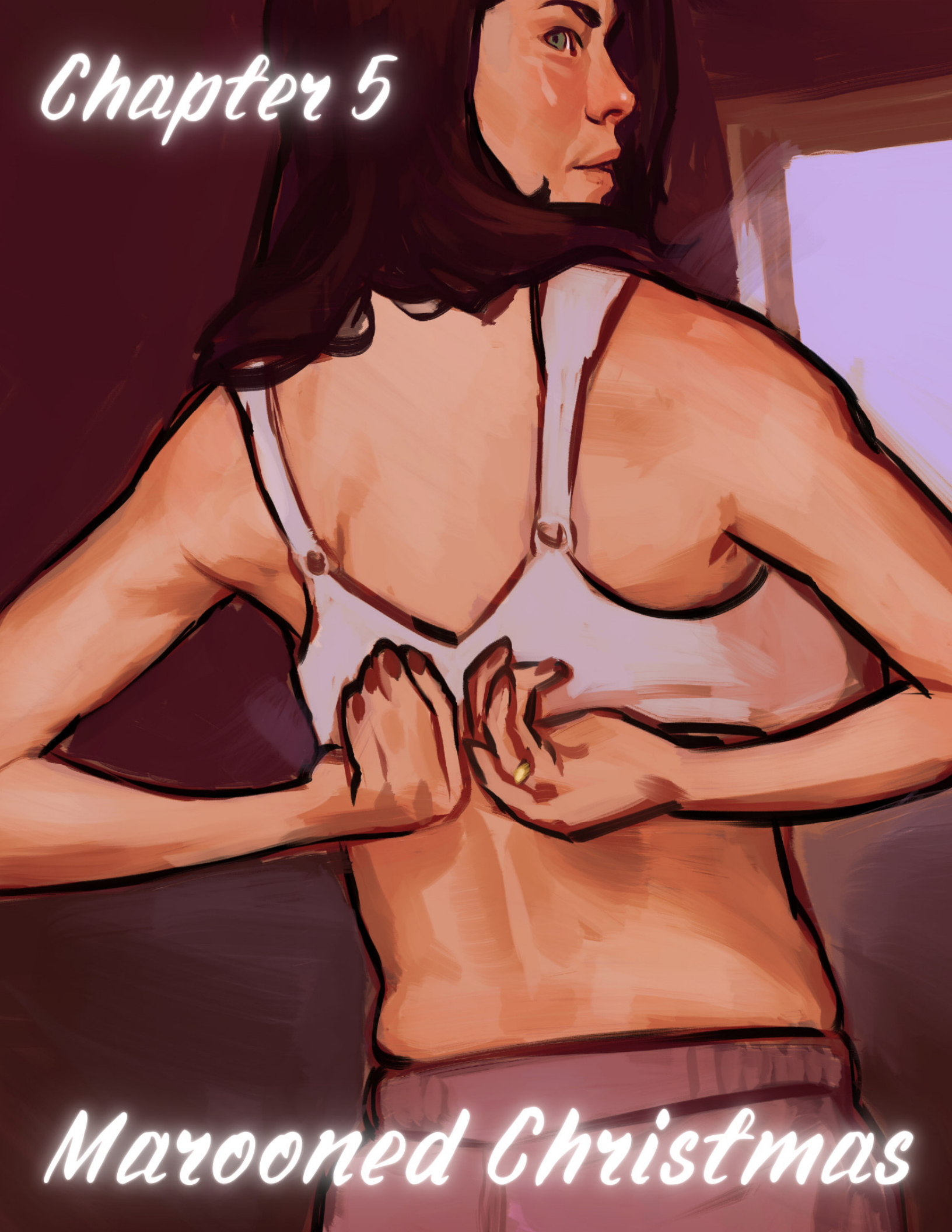


Chapter 5



Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 5

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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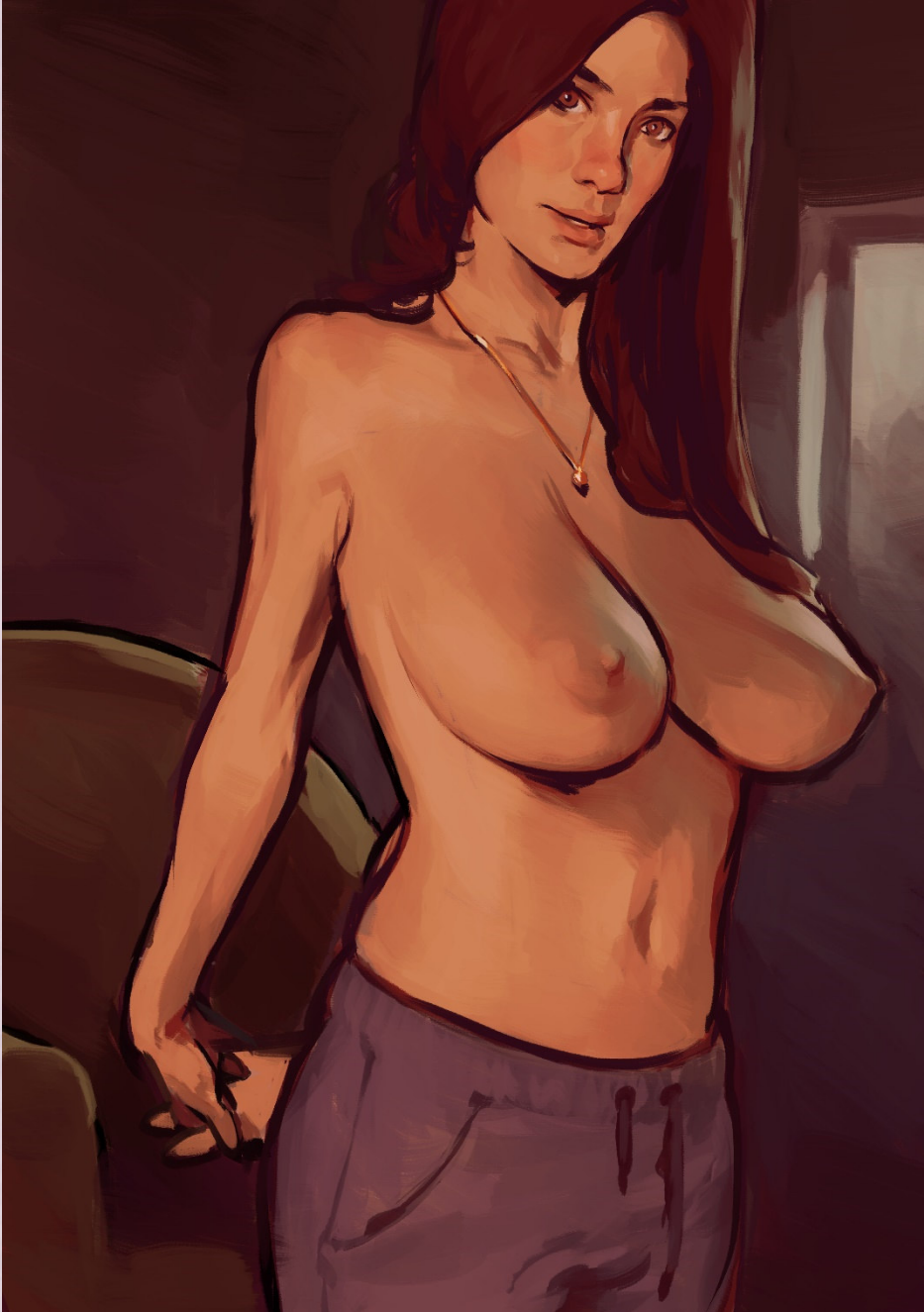
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"Should I get us more wine?" I smiled hopefully across the chessboard at Mom.

"HMMMMM." My topless mother rubbed her chin and frowned at me. Her movements made her tits wobble in the most delightful way. "Are you ... trying to get me drunk?"

"No ... I just thought ... it's afternoon, we might switch from coffee and ..." My cheeks heated up as she stared into my soul. "Yeah, I thought I could more openly stare if you were drunk."



"You can stare while we're sober, Logan." Mom sighed and stuck out her chest. Her frown lightened and lightened until it turned itself upside down. "Oh ... my gosh ... look at you, mister. You're practically drooling." Mom's high-pitched giggle filled the lodge and jiggled her boobs. "You know what?"

"What?" I said breathlessly.

"When we get home, I should whip out the ladies whenever you're reluctant to do something I ask." Seeing my hungry expression, she laughed even more. "Like last month, when you didn't want to come home for Thanksgiving ... I could have just told you that you needed to come home to see these."

"Yes, please." I nodded.

"Well, then. I have a request." She folded her arms over her tits and looked at me in a more serious manner, her brow furrowed. "No ... eyes up here. You don't get to see my boobs until you make a promise."

I gulped. I wasn't sure I liked where this was going. "Um ... sure?" I met her gaze.

"I'd like you to get a girlfriend." She

kept her arms folded and made a humping noise when I glanced at her chest.

"I have girlfriends, Mom. Lots of them." I smiled. "Can I see your boobs again?" I waited. When her arms didn't move, I added, "Please?"

"You know what I mean." She cocked her head and gave me her stern, mom's-in-charge stare. "A real girlfriend. A girl you'll bring home to meet your father and me."

"I brought home that one girl ... um ... Betsy something." It was my turn to frown.

"One time. We never saw her again." Mom shook her head.

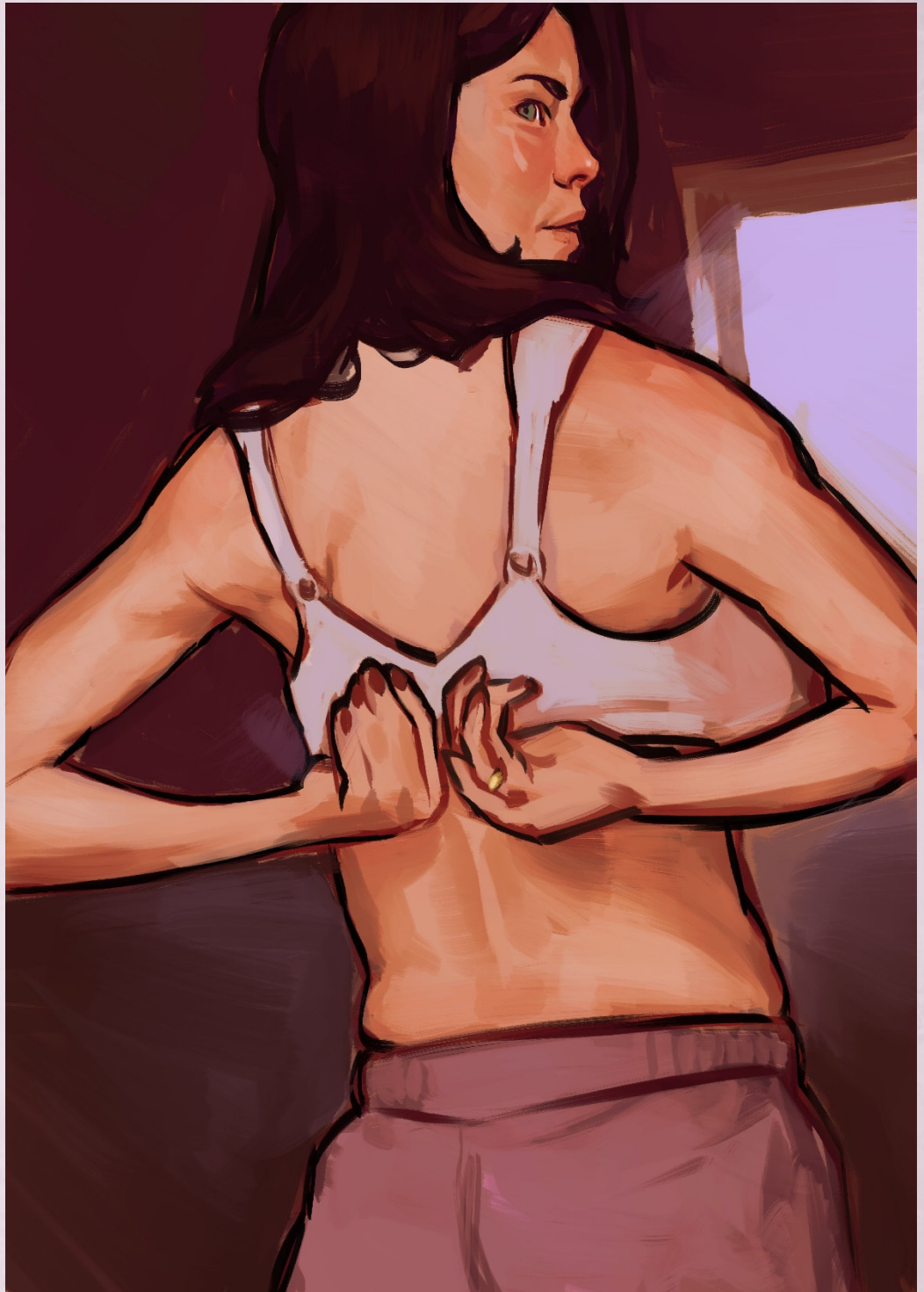
"Alison Becker!" I said.

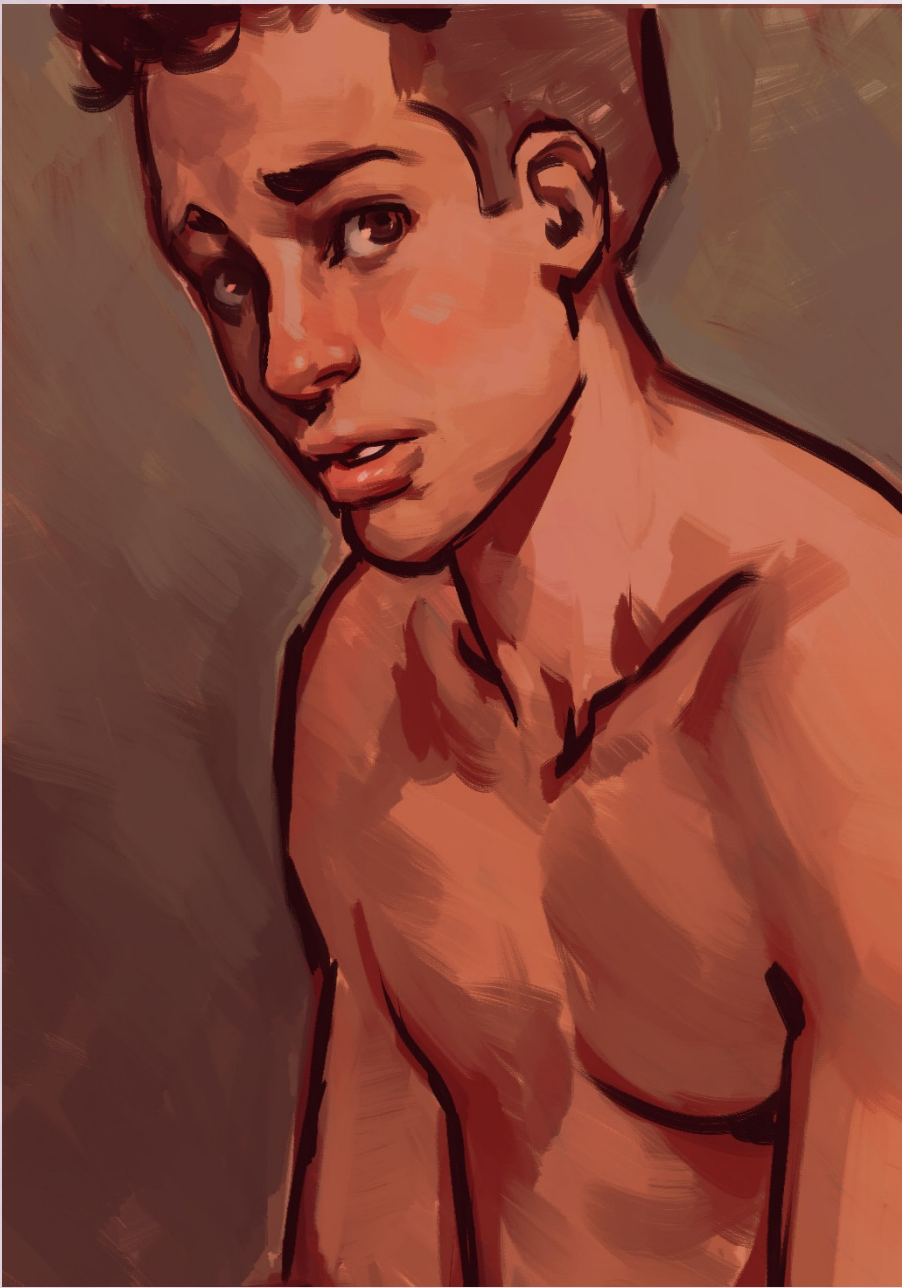
"That was high school. And your poor dad is still traumatized from finding Alison naked in your room. That was just a fling for you." Mom stood, picked up her bra, and turned her back to me. She put it on, looking at me over her shoulder.

"I'm starting to think that showing you my boobs wasn't a good idea. You talk women out of their clothes, and then you grow tired of them. Even your own mother! That's not healthy, Logan. As your mother, I'm telling you that's not healthy."

"I'll never get tired of your tits, Mom," I mumbled.

"What did you say?" She turned toward me and held up an angry finger. "Did you use a bad word about my body?"





“I just meant, you’re so beautiful, I could look at you forever.” Even though I was far enough away from the fire to feel the room’s chill, I realized I was sweating. My heart thundered in my chest.

“Well, if you can’t get a girlfriend, these beauties are going away ... forever.” She pulled on an undershirt. And then another layer.

“Wait ... Mom.” My heart sank. I watched her pull a sweater on and pull down the hem to her waist with finality. I studied her face. Her lips were pressed together. Her eyebrows were arched. She was serious. “Okay, I’ll get a girlfriend. I promise.”

“Really?” Mom’s smile returned, glowing brighter than the roaring fire. Had she been bluffing me? “That’s wonderful. So, you’ll stop chasing after girls and settle down with one?”

“Not if my new girlfriend is cool with me chasing girls.” I blew out a long exhale. Crisis averted. I didn’t know how I was going to settle on just one woman, but that was a problem for future Logan.

“Good luck finding that unicorn girlfriend, mister smartypants.” Mom laughed and shook her head. She

walked over to the front door, grabbed her coat, and put it on.

“I thought you were going to take them out again?” I stood and walked over to her. When she tossed me my coat, I caught it.

“After that little tiff, we need some air. Come on, I haven’t been out of this cabin since we arrived.” She put on her boots.

We bundled up and headed out. It was a beautiful afternoon. Clouds were moving in from the east, but the sun was brilliant on the deep snow as we trudged around the cabin. We had to guess at where our car was buried. Mom dug a little for it, but gave up. Instead, she rolled up some snow and hit me square in the chest with a snowball. Shocked, I rocketed my own snowball attack back at her. Laughing, we played in the snow for a long while.

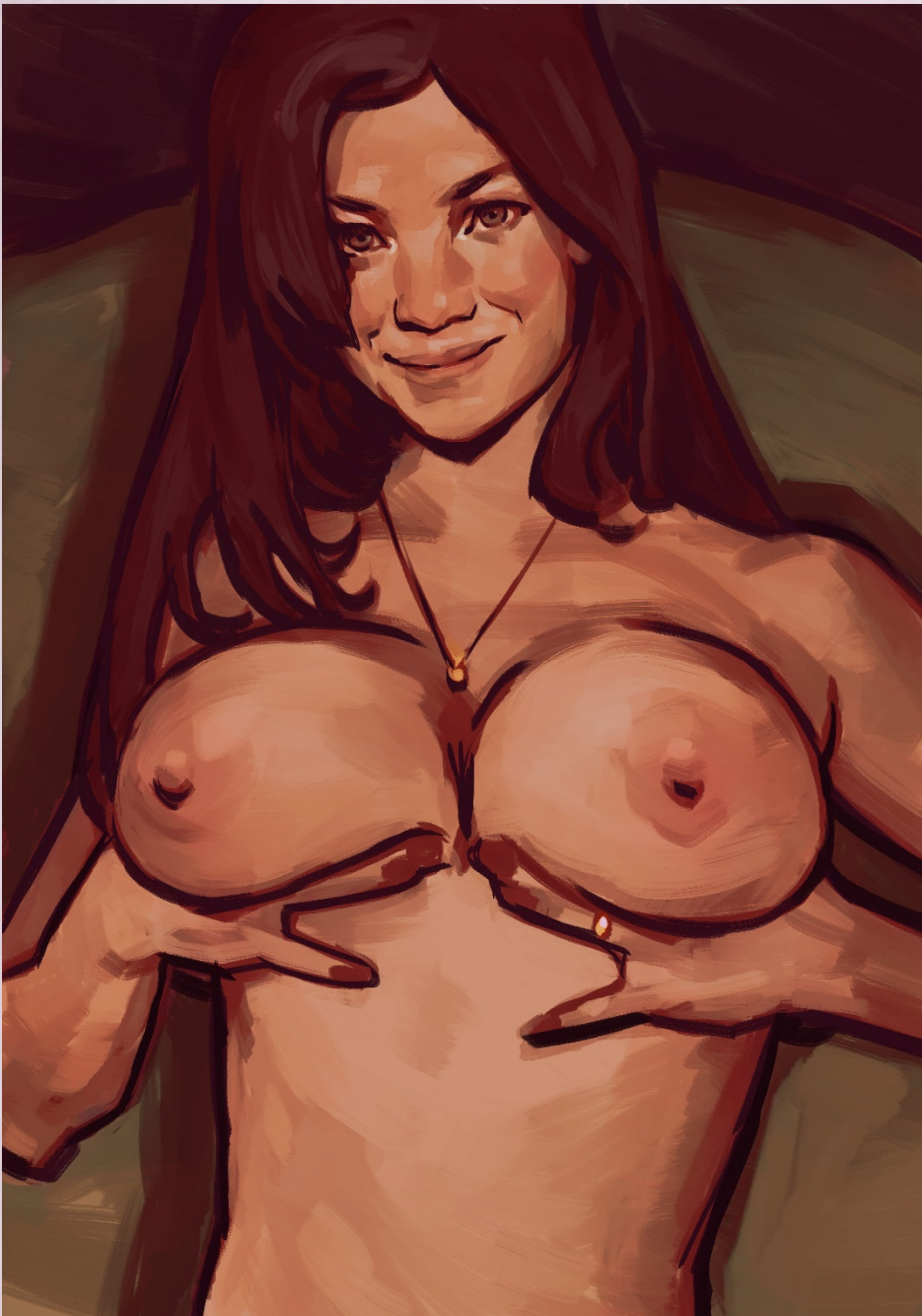


Our noses and cheeks were bright pink when we reentered the cabin. We took off our outer layers. I remade the fire. As I did that, Mom removed the rest of her top layers, including her bra. She sat in an armchair next to the fire, watching me closely.

“Thanks for bringing out the ladies again.” I was having trouble concentrating on building the fire with her tits hanging not three feet away. But I wasn’t about to complain about it.

“Watch what you’re doing. Don’t burn yourself, Logan. I can’t very well take you to the hospital.” She covered her boobs with her arms until I was done with the fire and then uncovered them again. “That was fun. Outside, I mean. I like spending time with you, sweetie.”

“Me, too.” I sat down, sighed, and took in the view.



"These really do make you happy, don't they?" My mother had a playful smile on her face as she hefted her tits for me and made them drop a few times.

"Yes." I stared, mesmerized by all that jiggling and shaking.

"You know, I'm surprised you didn't try to negotiate with me about a girlfriend." Mom arched one eyebrow. "When you were little, you were always trying to talk your way into or out of trouble."

"Negotiate?" My ears perked up.

"I know what I'm asking you is a big deal, sweetie. Monogamy and all that. So, you know, you could have asked for something a little extra in return." My mother seemed to be enjoying the power she had over me. I had a moment of hope, but she wasn't looking at me like a sexual partner. She was looking at me like we were still playing games.

"Like ... rub snowballs on your boobs?"

"Oh ... my gosh. Ouch!" She cupped her hands protectively over her thick nipples. "Can you imagine?" She scrunched up her face at me. "Oh ... you are imagining."

I laughed. "So ... about that negotiation ..."

"Too late." She waved a finger at me. "You had your chance to play hardball. But you already agreed to get a girlfriend." She cocked her head. "Don't give me the long face. Okay, fine. If you had negotiated, you could have asked for ... I don't know ... a shimmy." She shook her shoulders back and forth, making her tits dance. "You like that one?"

"Yeah." I felt dazed, trying to follow all that jiggling flesh with my eyes.

"Or, you could have asked me to juggle them." My mother hefted her tits from underneath, and then bounced them in an alternating rhythm.

"Yes, please," I whispered.

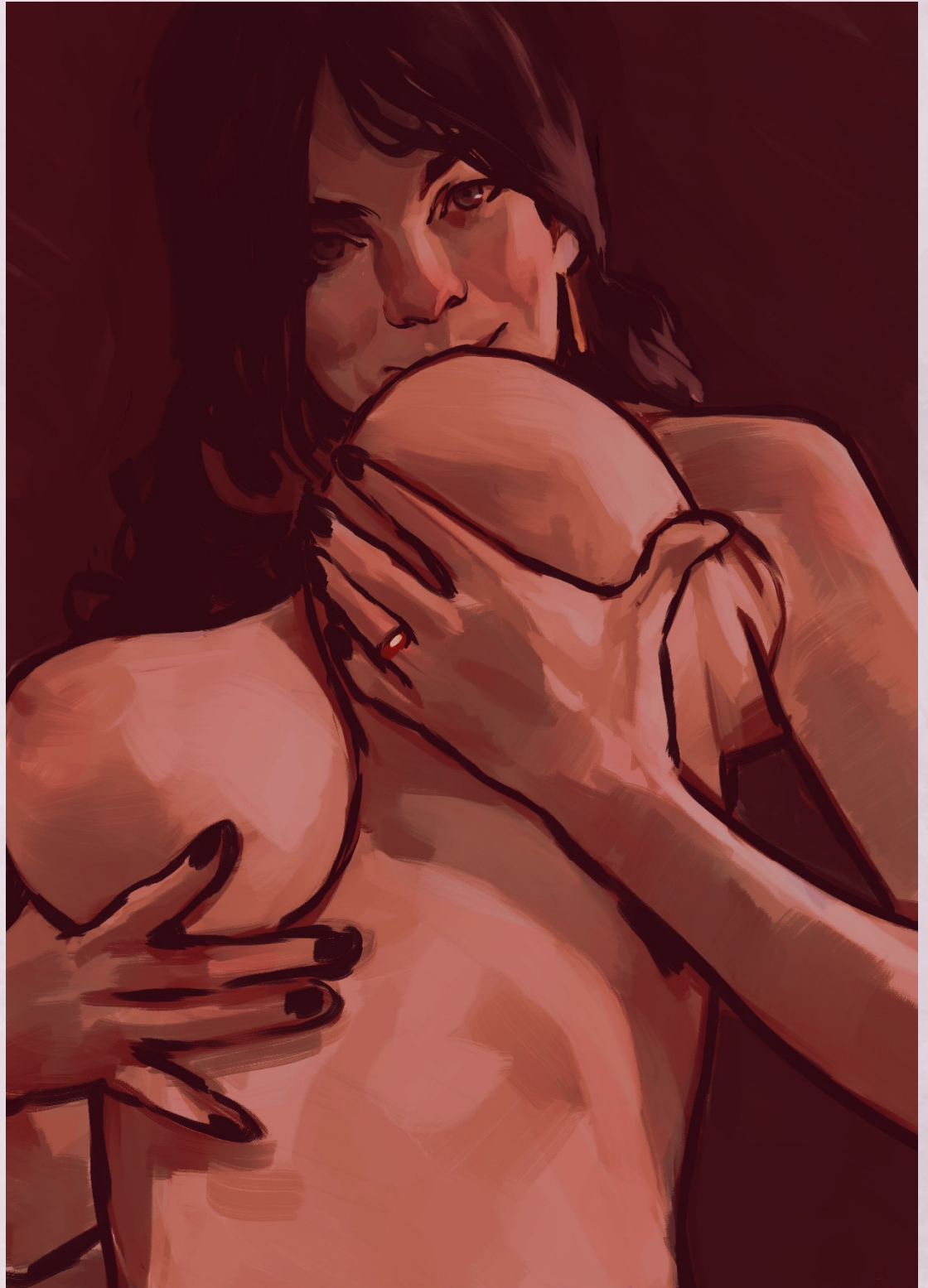
“Or, if you were really striking a hard bargain, you could have asked me to kiss my own nipple.” She stopped juggling them and gave me a shy smile. “I can do that, you know.”

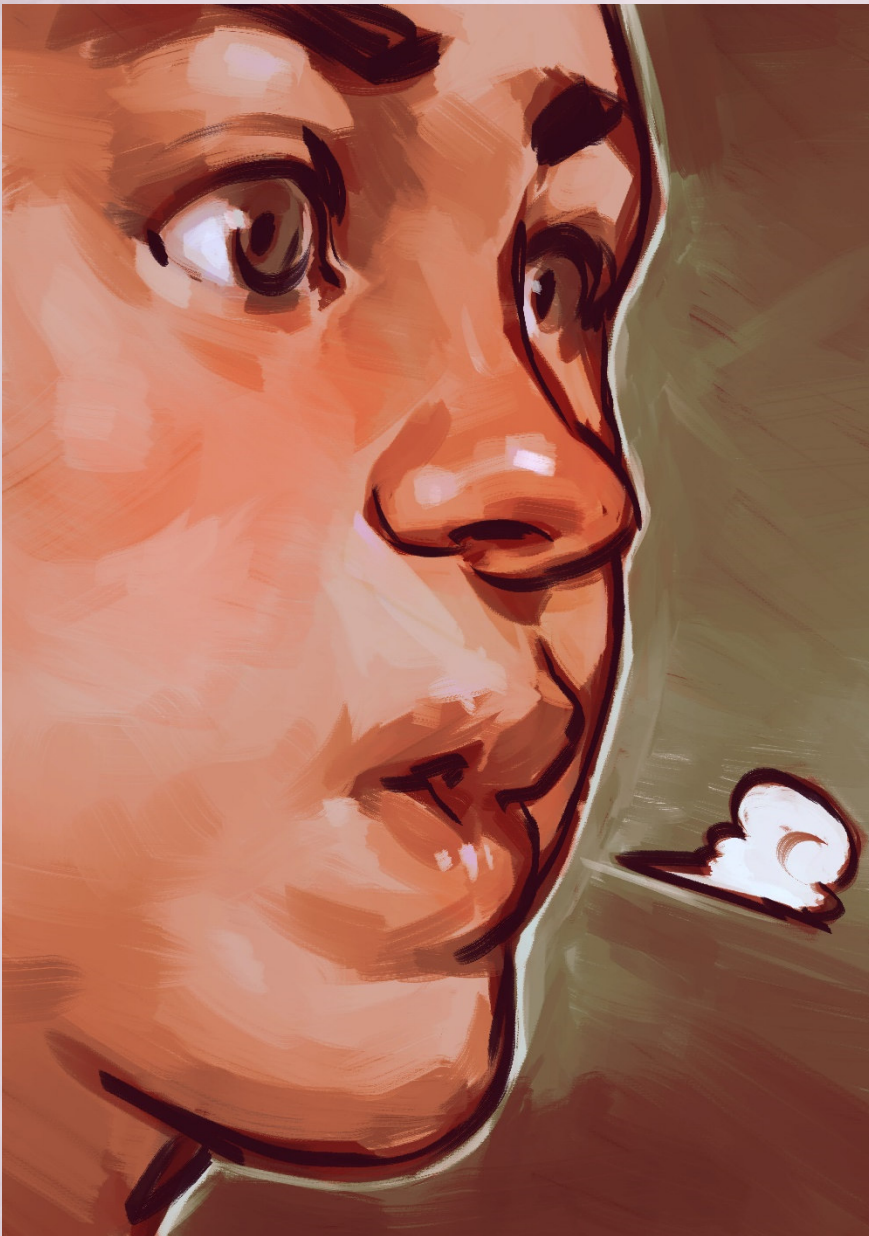
“No, you can’t.” I was pretty sure she could. I mean, her tits were huge. But I figured it would be best to challenge her. My mom always liked to rise to a challenge.

“Sure, I can. Your father loves when I do this.” She cupped her left boob, lifted it, and turned the nipple upward. She bent her head and placed a friendly little kiss on her nipple. She dropped the boob and then cupped the right one. She lifted it the same way.

“Can you ... um ... lick your nipple?” My mind swam. I was feeling a little too giddy.

“Yes, and I would have done it too, if you’d negotiated a little harder.” Mom gave her right nipple a dainty kiss and dropped her tit. No licks. I was crestfallen.





"Is it hot in here? I feel like it's hot in here." I picked up the instructions to Stratego, which were lying nearby, and fanned my face.

"It's freezing in here, dummy." Mom stuck out her tongue and crossed her eyes at me. She giggled. She was having fun with me.

I tried to remind myself that this was a very different moment for the two of us. "So ... um ... next time I can negotiate?"

"If I want something, you're reluctant, and I offer my breasts as a tool to get that thing, yeah." She nodded, rubbed her chin, and thought. "You know, my feet are tense from the cold. I could use a good foot massage."

Eager to touch her in any way possible, I almost blurted out my assent. "Well, I have really strong hands. I could sit on the hearth, hold your soles up to the fire, and relax those feet. But I don't know if I want to. Maybe if I could see you lick your nipple." I wanted to ask her to suck it, but that seemed like it might be going too far.

"Well ... um ..." Mom lifted her left boob, angling her nipple upward. She started to lower her head but paused. I held my

breath. A moment passed, and she dropped her boob without a lick. "That feels too weird, Logan." She gave me a tight smile. "Ask me something else."

"Can I ... touch them?" I thought it was a fair question. But when I saw her dark reaction, I winced. "I mean your feet, Mom. For the massage."

"Nice save." My mom stood, turning her back to me. I watched her jean-clad ass wiggle as she moved her armchair closer to the fire. She looked over her shoulder at me and caught me staring at her butt. Her smile was still tight and contained. "How about you massage my feet, and then I can think up a suitable reward depending on how well you do? That gives you incentive to give it your best." She sat back on the chair and removed her socks.

“Yeah, fair.” I sat on the hearth, put her feet on my lap angled so the fire would keep them warm, and started massaging her soles with my thumbs. “How’s that?”



Mom winced. "Not so hard on those ... aaaahhhh ... old feet." Her face softened. "Yeah ... that's good ... sweetie." She slouched in the chair, her tits lolling to the sides a little. I wondered if she could feel how hard my cock was. It was pressed by my pants sideways, but her heels were definitely touching it. If she noticed, she didn't let on.

I massaged her feet in silence for a while, really working on the soles, and then spending a little time on her toes. I hadn't much thought about her toes before, but they were all so tiny and cute. I would have sucked on them if she'd asked. But she wasn't saying much other than the occasional satisfied sigh, so I kept on with the massage. Her eyes eventually closed, and she melted further into the chair.



After almost fifteen minutes, my fingers started to cramp. "Okay, Mom." I gave her feet one last playful rub and then stretched out my hands. "How was that?"

Her eyelids opened halfway, and she dreamily gazed at me. "I feel drunk, sweetie. That was wonderful." Slowly, she sat up and put her socks on. "I'm going to have to think up a really nice reward for you. You certainly earned it."

"Oh, yeah?" I grinned ear to ear. I couldn't imagine what the prize was going to be. But she knew how much I loved her tits, so I figured it was going to be awesome.

