



*Chapter 6*

*Marooned Christmas*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# Marooned Christmas 6

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Would it change things between us if I let you touch them?" Mom's sudden voice startled me. Ever since the foot massage, we had both been sitting in our armchairs by the fire, staring into the crackling flames. Okay, I had been trying to stare into the fire, but my eyes had often traveled sideways to take in my mother's heavy boobs as firelight danced over her curves. But Mom *had* been staring into the fire. Now, I realized, she was staring at me. I worked hard to lift my gaze to meet hers.

"Um ... what?" I was stalling, looking for a clever answer that would end with my hands on her tits.

"Your foot rub was really nice, so I want to reward you. I want to make you happy. But ..." Mom furrowed her brow. "... but I don't want to mess up, sweetie. I know you've enjoyed my ladies. But showing them to you, and letting you touch ... never mind." She shook her head. "I'll think of something else."

"I love your boobs so much, Mom. Touching them would be the best thing that ever happened to me!" I blurted, terrified the moment had already passed.

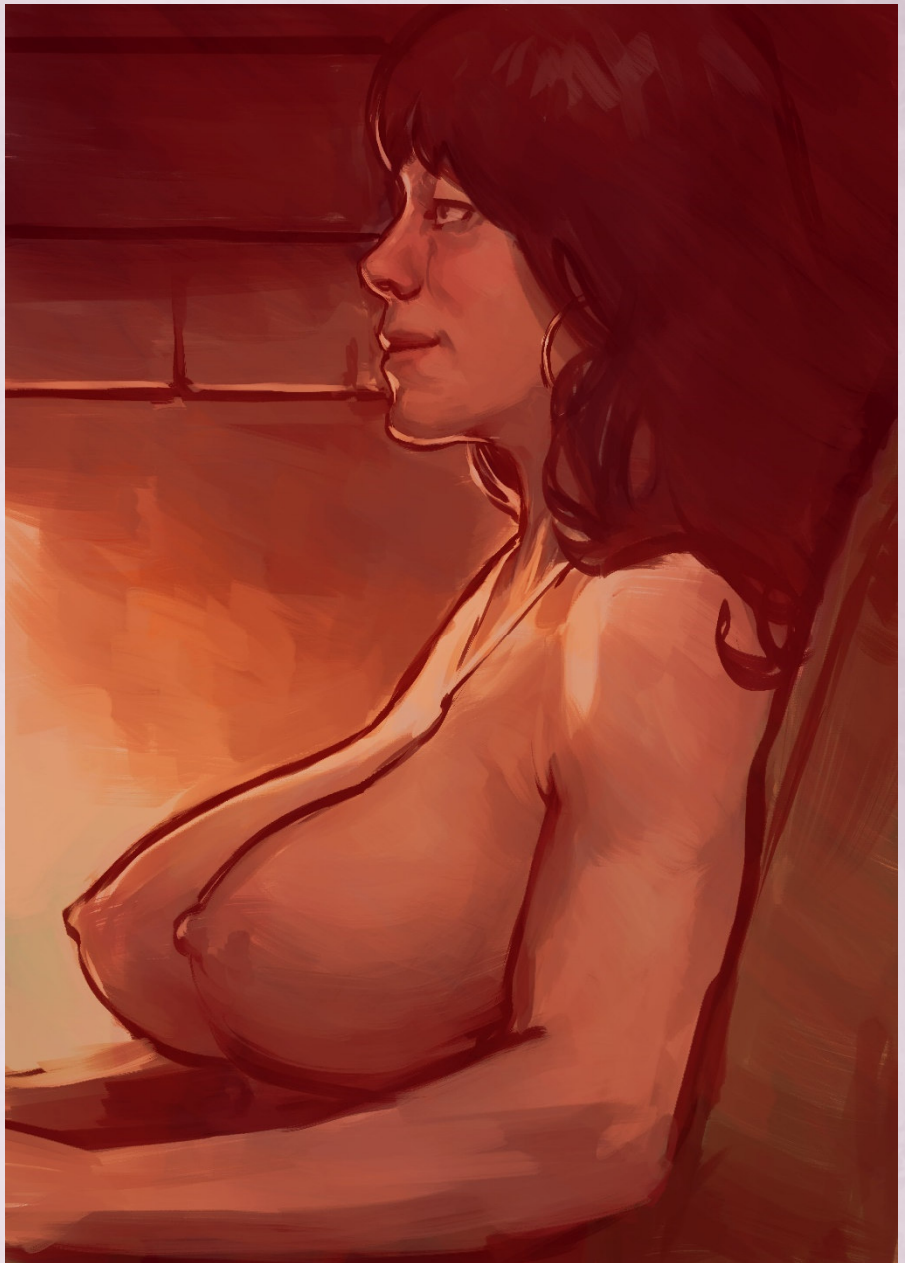
Mom pressed her lips together and turned her gaze back to the fire. "I can't believe I'm even considering this. What about your father?"

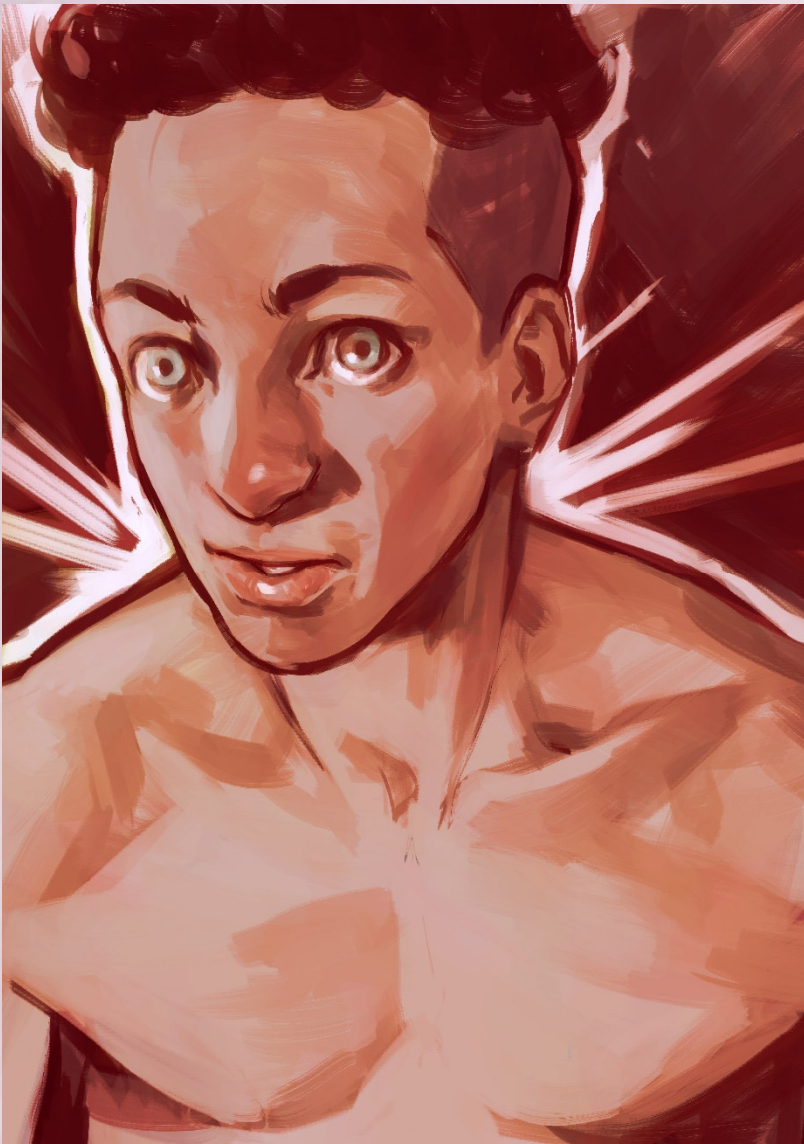
"I don't know about Dad. I'm sure he wouldn't mind," I said. With her watchful eyes back on the fire, I felt free to stare at her tits again. I would never get tired of them. "It would make *me* ecstatic. Over the moon, Mom."

"Pfft." She rolled her eyes. "Your father would indeed mind. And rightly so." She inhaled deeply, held it, and then let her breath slowly out. I watched her tits rise and fall with the long breath. "Why do men have to be like this?"

"I've always loved your boobs, Mom."

"Yeah, I gathered that. I mean, I always saw you staring at them. But I just thought ... you were a boy and ... boys will be boys." She shook her head with resignation. "Okay."





“What? Okay? What’s ‘okay’?” Suddenly, there was ringing in my ears and my mind was cloudy. I think I was in shock.

“I mean, as a reward for the excellent foot rub, you can touch my breasts with your hands. But only for five minutes.” She turned her focus back to me and held up her finger. She set her jaw, making a Mom’s-in-charge face. “You can *not* tell anyone about this. If your sisters found out ... or your father ... I wouldn’t be able to explain it to them. I’m doing this because it makes you happy, and I want you to know that this new reward system has real benefits. I intend to use the ladies to keep you in line when we get home.” I could see her frankly evaluating my giddy expression. This was all music to my ears, but it was a silly just game to her. She had discovered some leverage, and she was going to press her advantage. But her motivation didn’t matter that much, I was about to touch her tits. An icy current of anticipation ran down my spine. My dick strained mightily at my underwear and pants.

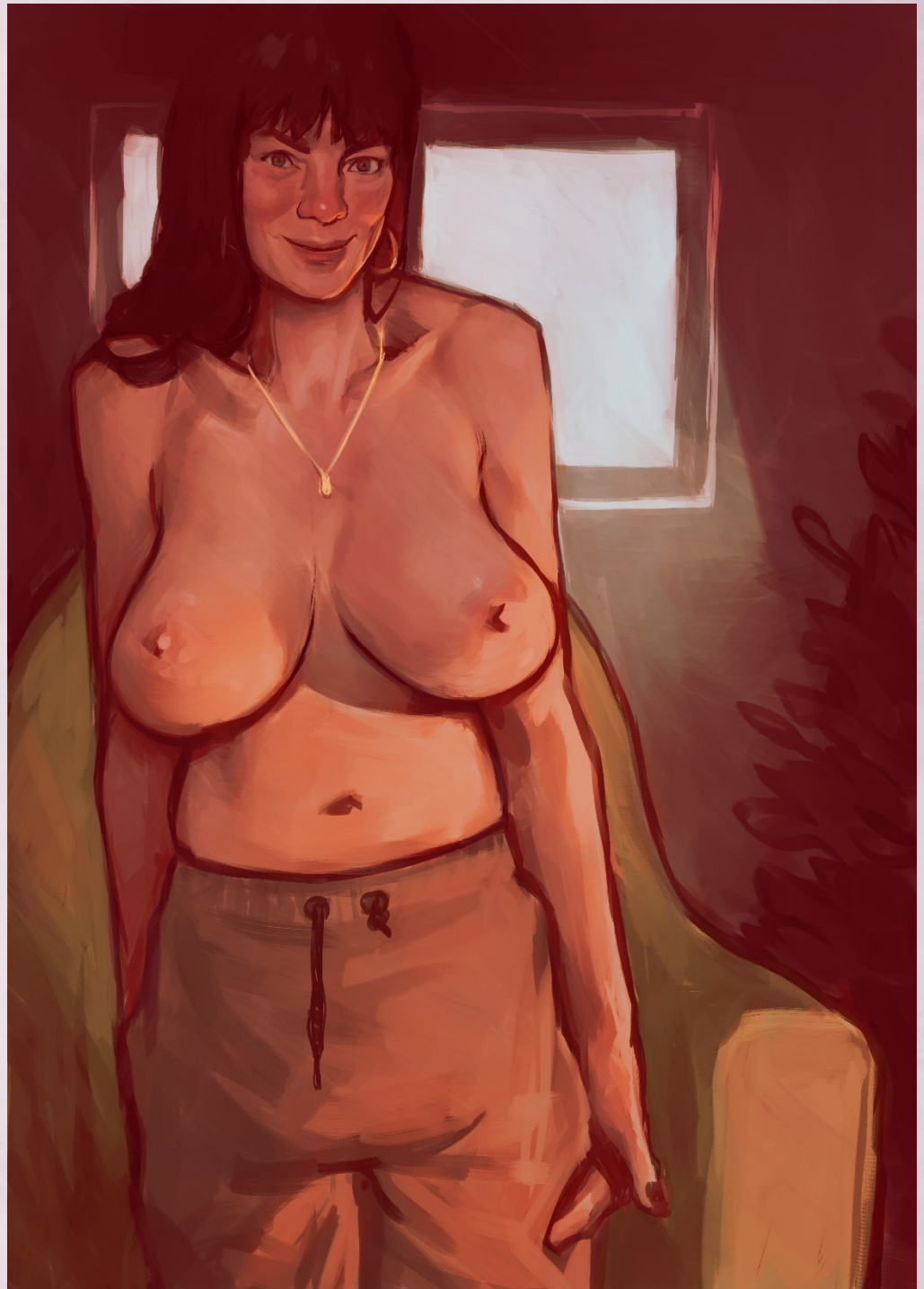
“How ... um ... how are we ... um ...?” I rose from the chair but didn’t move toward her.

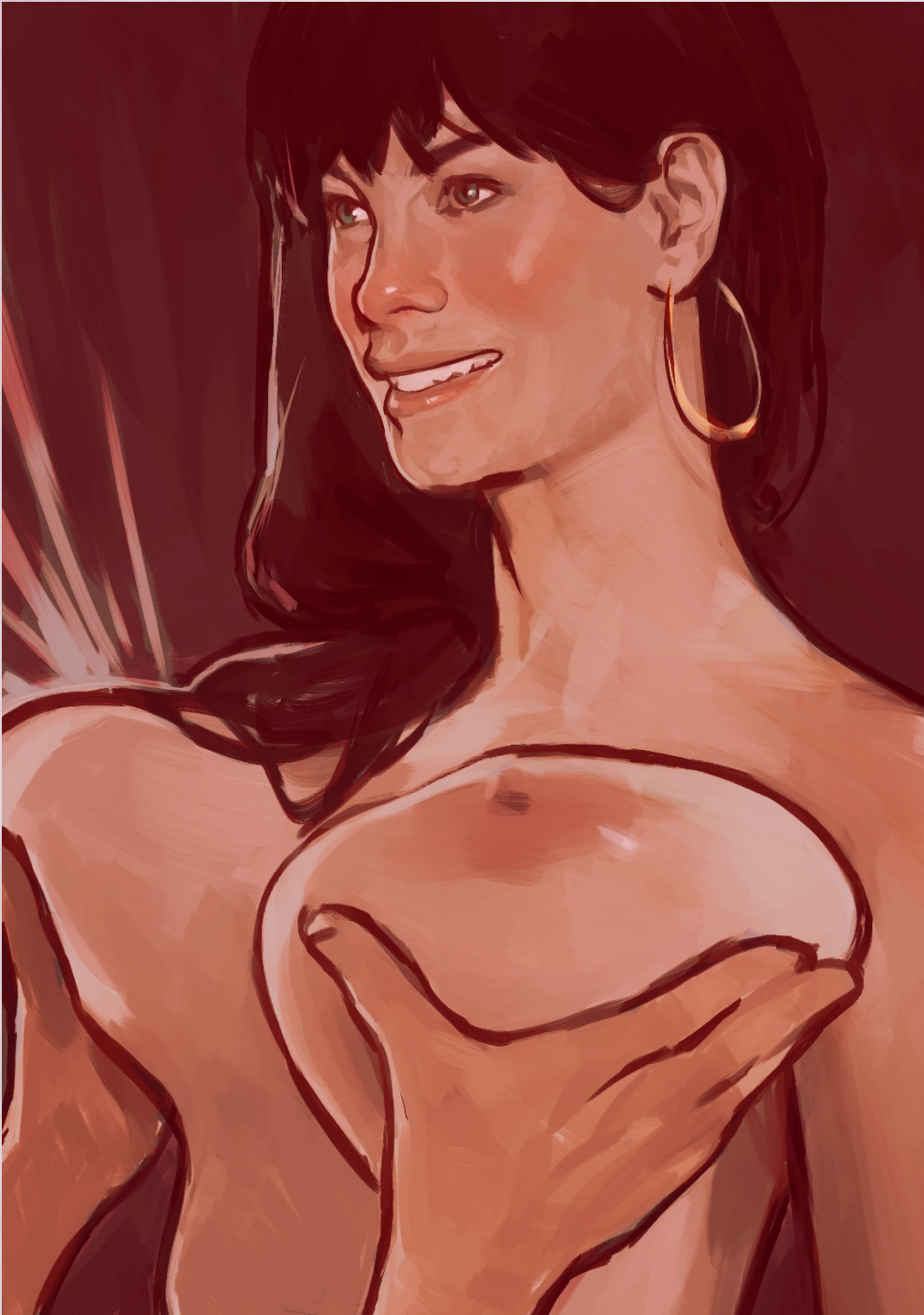
Mom laughed in a good-natured way and shook her head. "You can't even get out a coherent sentence. There's not enough blood in your brain right now." She rose from the chair and stood next to the fire, her arms at her sides. "Remember, I'm still your mom. Don't do anything ... weird."

"Yeah ... of course ... I ..." In a trance, I walked up and stood right in front of her, staring down at the way her blue veins meandered just under the alabaster skin of her breasts. I lifted my hands, but stopped. "Um ... really?"

"Come on, Logan. They're just boobs. Half the world has them." She took my hands and roughly placed them on her tits. She winced. "Oh, that's too cold." She pulled my hands off her tits and rubbed my hands with her hands one at a time, warming them with friction. I stood dumbfounded this whole time, watching her tits jiggle and shake with her rapid arm movements. There was no better definition of perfection. "There." She stopped rubbing my hands and put them back on her tits, one for each breast. "Go ahead and collect your reward. You have five minutes." She glanced at the clock on the wall.

Fireworks were going off in my brain. This was it! Everything I'd ever wanted. Getting snowed in had turned out to be the best Christmas gift ever. The first thing I did was heft them from the bottom, feeling the substantial weight of each boob. I nearly came in my pants as I dealt with the soft, pliable gravity that pushed back at my hands.





“I feel like I’m a cow at a weigh-in.” Mom watched me with detached amusement. “Is this what you do with all your dates?”

“You’re better than all my dates,” I whispered. I let her tits hang and ran my fingertips along the slopes and curves of them, going from the underboobs, all the way up her chest, and back down. Goosebumps appeared on her flesh.

“Don’t say that. I’m not a date.” Her voice was more subdued. I spared a quick glance up to her face. Her expression had turned more serious as I switched to gently kneading her boobs. “Okay, Logan. That’s enough.” Her voice was husky now.

“You said ... five minutes.” I carefully worked my fingers toward her wide, pink nipples. I knew that some women really enjoyed having their nipples played with, and others didn’t. I prayed my mother was in the former camp.

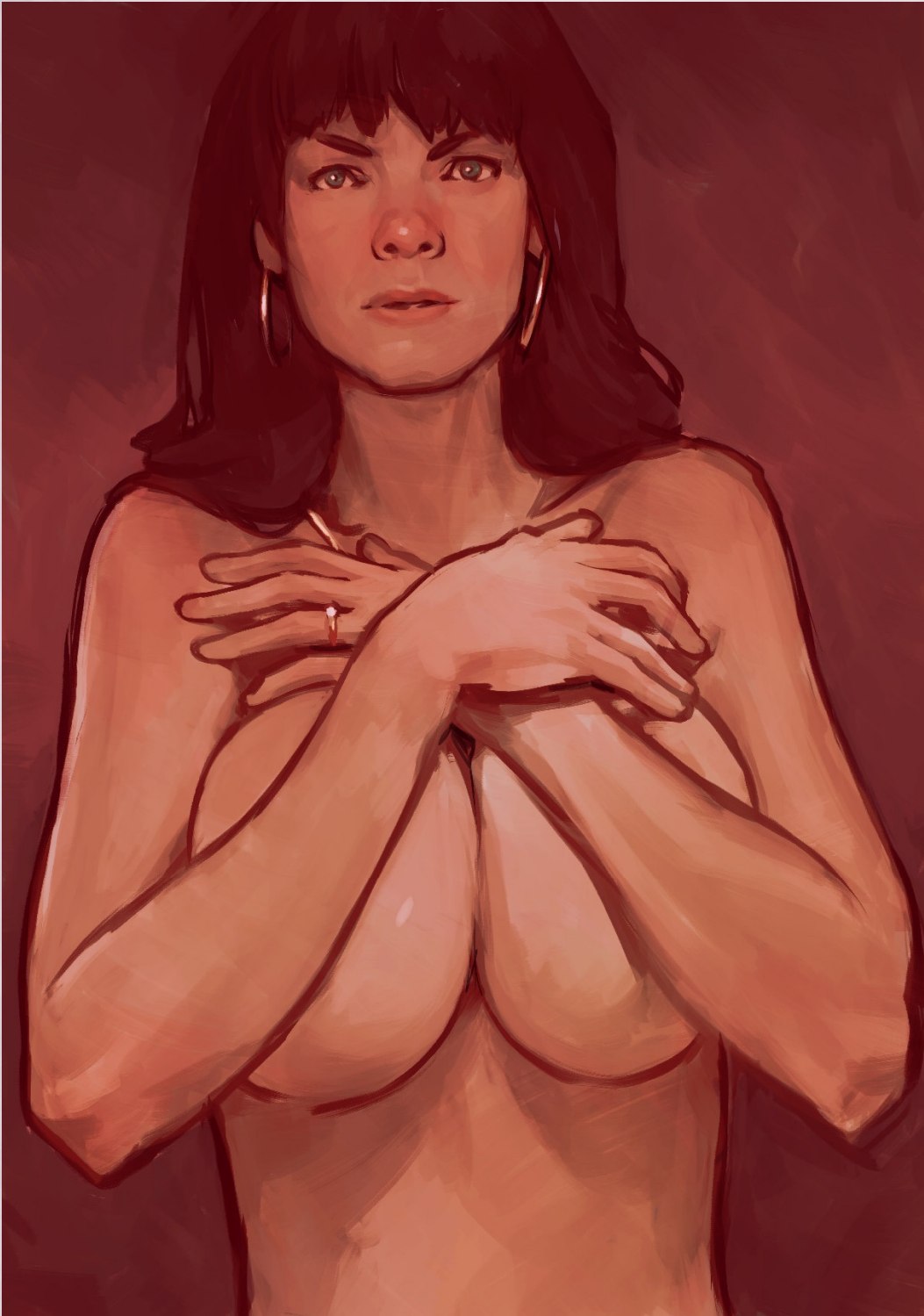
“Okay ... you have three minutes.” She gave an involuntary shudder when I rolled each nipple between my fingers. “Logan ... don’t ... do that.” She put a hand on my shoulder, but didn’t move to stop me.



“Don’t do what, Mom?” Mom’s nipples grew hard as ice. I had an instinct to lower my face and suck a nipple into my mouth, warming them. But thankfully I caught myself. I’m sure that would have gone over like a lead balloon. Instead, I used my fingers on her nipples. My technique relied on the feedback of numerous girlfriends and a few internet pointers. She seemed to like it, because when I looked up at her face again, her jaw was hanging open, and her eyes were vacantly staring down at my handiwork. Her hand on my shoulder squeezed tightly.

“Logan ... that’s ... too much.” Mom arched her back, her body getting stiff. “Logan ... sweetie ... I ...” Another shudder wracked her body. Her tits would have shaken wonderfully with the force of it, but I was holding them in place.

I continued with her nipples for a long time, varying the gentle pinches, pulls, and rolling motions so I wouldn’t overly stimulate her.



Eventually, Mom glanced at the clock on the wall and gave a start. She pushed my hands away. "It's been more than fifteen minutes, Logan." Doubt and surprise settled on her face. She crossed her arms over her boobs. She tried to smile, but it was stiff and strained. "I hope that made you happy."

"Yeah, Mom." I grinned at her like an idiot.

"Worth a foot rub?" She rolled her eyes and forced her smile a little harder in an *it's-no-big-deal* expression.

"More than a foot rub," I said with reverence.

"Okay ... well, I'll keep that in mind for the future." She sat back down on her chair, still covering her boobs with her arms. "I'm only letting you touch them for special rewards, okay? Not everyday stuff."

"So, I get to touch them again?" I almost came in my pants again at the thought of her magnificent tits being a part of our lives going forward.

"I'll let you know." She looked over toward the Christmas tree, her lips pressed together in thought.

"I have to go to my room for a while." I turned and headed across the cabin.

"But it's freezing in there. And you don't have a mattress anymore." She gestured at the bedding from the night before laying off to the side.

“Yeah, you’re right.” I changed directions. “I have to go to the bathroom.” I closed and locked the door, dropped my pants, and went right to fapping. It was chilly in there, but I wasn’t going to take long. I closed my eyes and remembered the weight and feel of my mother’s tits. I came while she was sitting by the fire on the other side of the bathroom door.



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It was quiet and awkward in the cabin that afternoon. I offered her another foot rub, but she declined. I tried to make small talk, but she gave me mostly one-word answers. To her credit, she did stay topless while we were by the fire. I was more than thankful for that. Eventually, she put her layers back on, and we bundled up for a walk around the cabin.



There were no snowballs this time. Mostly we trudged in the woods nearby, commenting on how pretty it was. Or wondering when we'd ever see our buried car again. The afternoon sun slanted through the trees, and the air wasn't too cold. Eventually, we turned around. It was slow going treading back along our own path in the deep snow. When we reentered the cabin, Mom seemed to be in a better mood. She gave me a few genuine smiles as I built up the fire again.

"You're so strong, Logan. Sometimes, I marvel that you're the same kid that used to get picked on by your older sister." She stripped off her top layers, obviously aware of my not-so-covert glances as her tits came back into view. "You're not even a teenager anymore. Sometimes, it's hard for a mother to adjust."

"I like how we get along." Satisfied with the fire, I grinned at her and got us two glasses of wine. She didn't refuse. "Stratego?"

"But you still like games." She helped me set up the board in front of the fire.

"You like them, too. What else are we going to do while we're stuck here?" I could think of a few things, but I knew she didn't want to hear any of that.

"Well, if I have to be stuck anywhere, I'm glad it's with you, sweetie." She sipped her wine. The board was set, and we were ready to play. "You're staring again."



"I thought you said it was okay?" I sat across the little table from her, not hiding my gaze.

"You probably felt how hard my ... um ... my ... nipples got earlier today." Mom grimaced and took a bigger gulp of wine. "That was because of the cold."

"Oh, yeah. I knew that." I nodded.

"You're a good son, Logan." She sighed. "Here's a little reward." She put her wine down, sat up straight, and shimmied her shoulders.

I grinned as I watched her tits dance. "Spectacular."

She stopped shaking her boobs and shook her head. "When I do that, you look like you're seeing the face of God or something."

"It is something like that." I laughed.

She gave me a long, quizzical look and picked her wine back up. After a moment, she exhaled. "Okay, let's play some Stratego. I've got some bombs for you to discover."

"I bet you do." I moved first. We played board games until the sun set, laughing and chatting about small things. It was wonderful, but nothing could beat the moment earlier in the day when I had my hands on her heavy tits, just about touching the face of a goddess.

