



Chapter 7

Marooned Christmas

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Marooned Christmas 7

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Well ..." Mom yawned and stretched. My gaze, of course, never lingered from her bare tits as they moved proudly with her movements. "Oh, my gosh. You look like you're worshipping them." Mom stood and began clearing our game from the coffee table. She bent toward me, and her boobs swung ponderously below her. "Well, it's time for bed. Are you going to help me or what?"

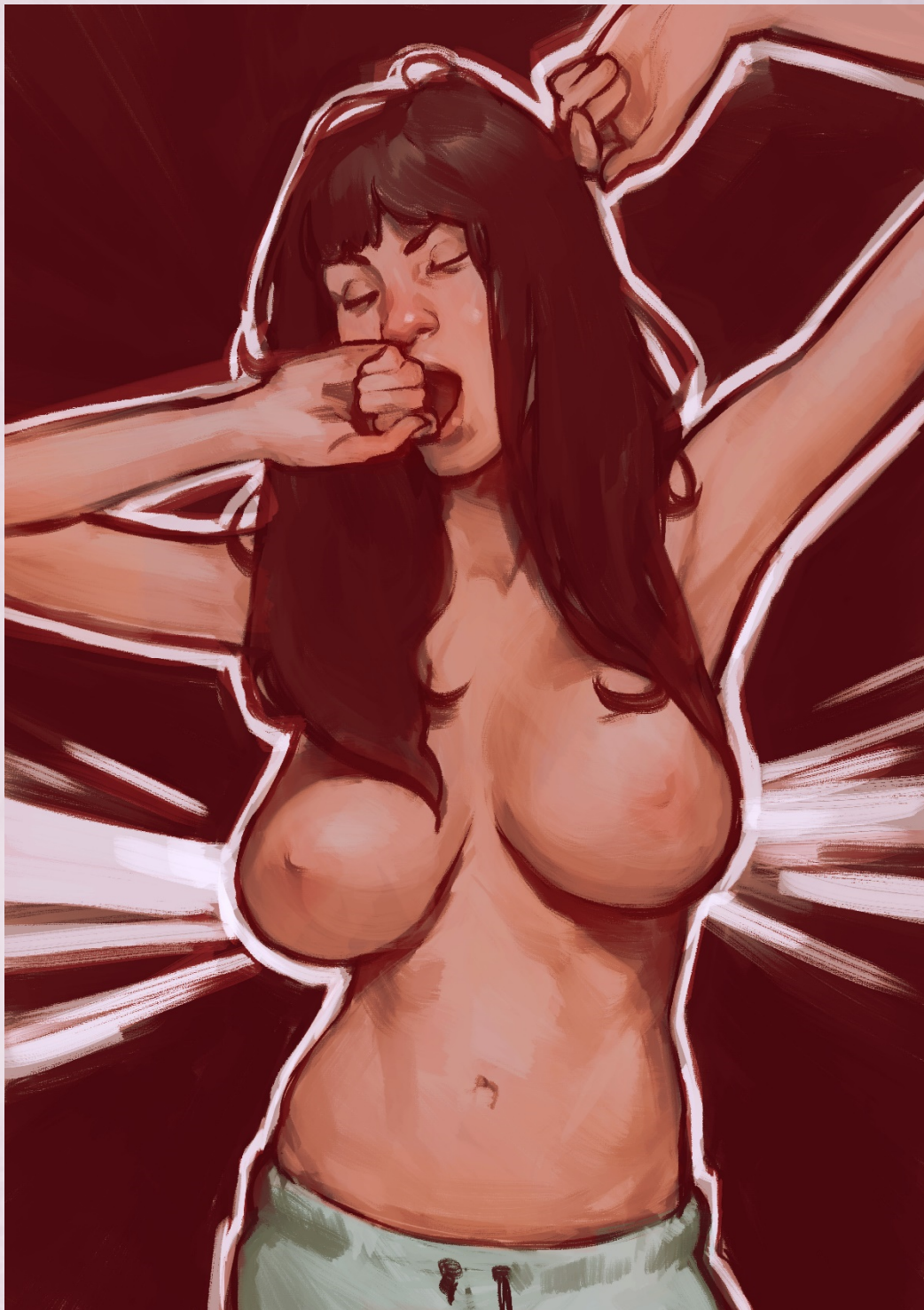
"Yeah ... yeah ..." I nodded and got to my feet. We cleaned up and set up our bed the same as the night before, right in front of the fire. After brushing teeth, I turned off the water and drained the pipes for the night, and we settled in.

Mom got into bed first while I was still building the fire to a blaze. She had the covers up to her neck, her head on the pillow. Her eyes reflected the dancing flames. "You look so strong working on the fire, sweetie. I really appreciate all that you're doing for us."

"Of course." Finished with the fire, I undressed, stripping down to my underwear. I slipped under the covers before the cold could find me. My mother's soft, warm body was more inviting than anything I could remember.

"Careful, mister. Don't grope me." My mother pushed my hand away from her butt. "We can be close for warmth but nothing weird." I heard her mutter something about "grabby men."

"Nothing weird," I agreed. My dick raged against the confines of my underwear.



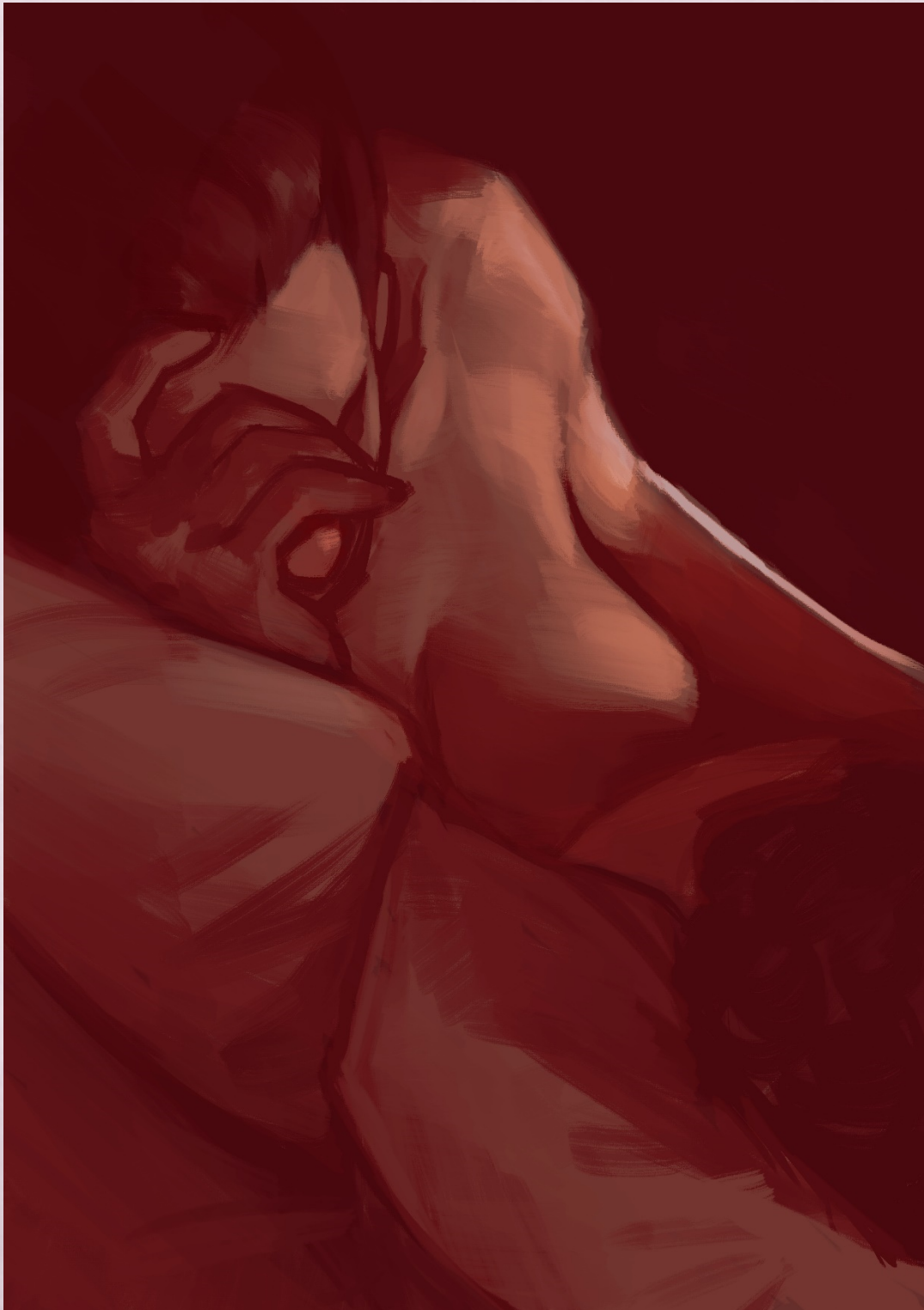
"Turn around, Logan. I'll spoon you." Mom stared into my eyes. Our faces were only inches apart. I could have kissed her if I wanted. But I couldn't risk ruining things, so I remained in control.

"Sure, Mom." I rolled over and scooted my butt back into her hips. Her heavy tits rested wonderfully on my back. Her nipples didn't feel hard to me. She must have warmed up under the covers nicely. "We good?"

"Yes, good night, sweetie." She rested her hand on my hip.

"Good night, Mom." I closed my eyes and luxuriated in the closeness. Despite my erection, I quickly drifted off to blissful slumber.

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I was ripped from sleep by a loud thump. I heard my mother shriek, and I reached out for her. She was still next to me in bed. "What is it?" I sat up. The fire had died down, but flames were still flickering. It hadn't been that long since we'd gone to bed.

"Someone's at the door," Mom squeaked.

The front door rattled with a loud thump. There was what sounded like a roar outside. The door rattled again.

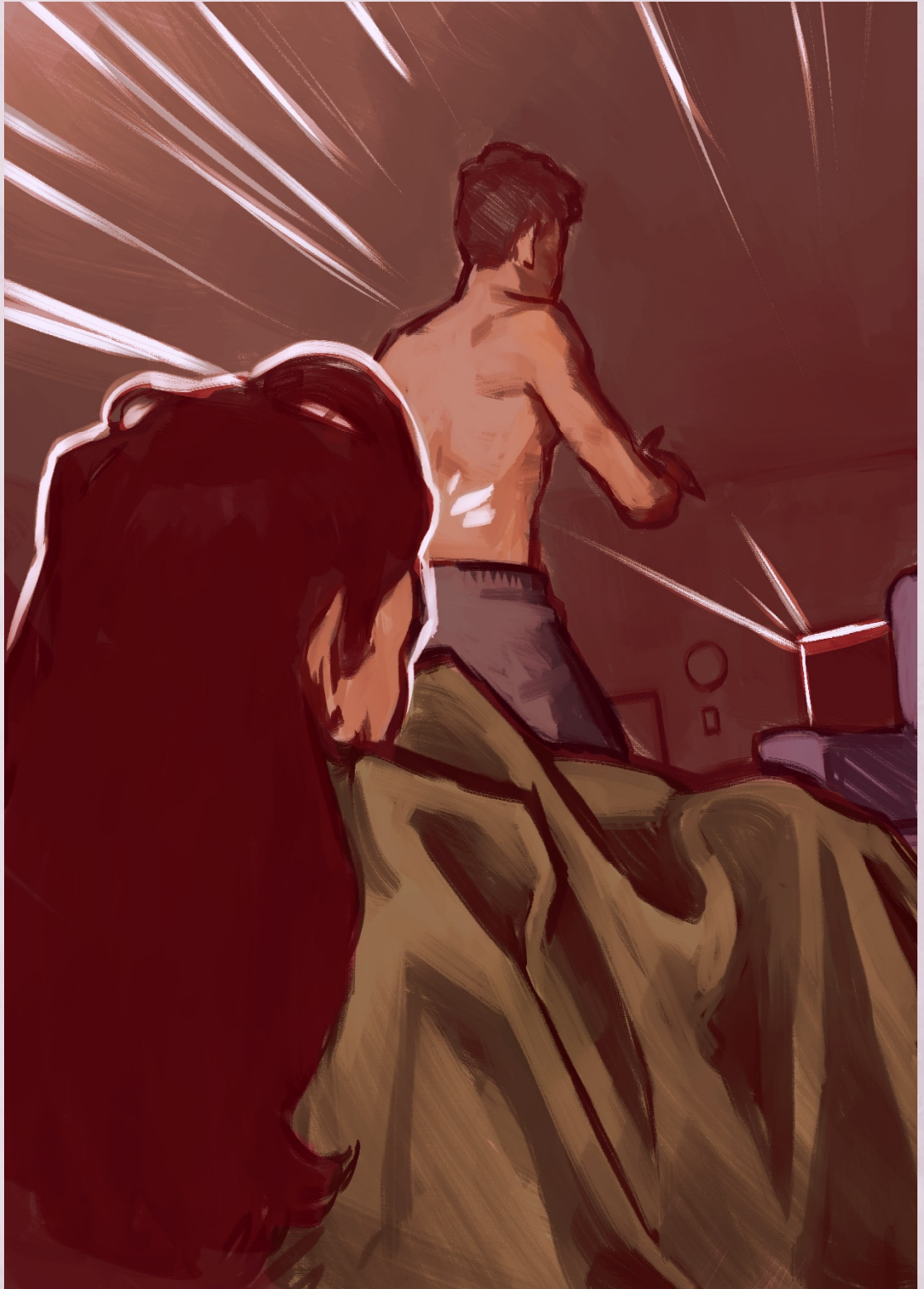
"Not someone. It's an animal." I stood, picked up a log from the pile by the hearth, and put the end in the fire.

"What are you doing?"

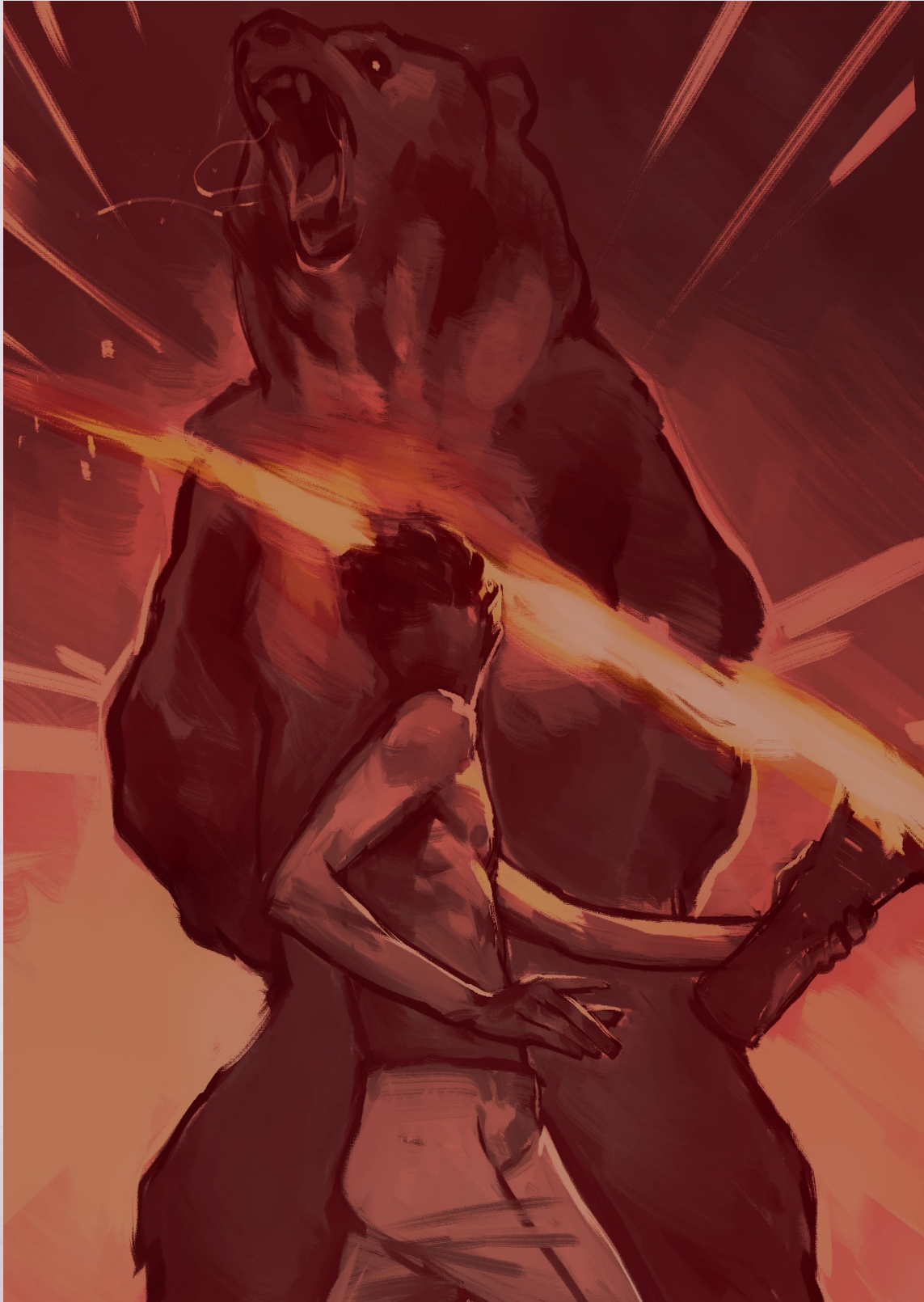
My mother retreated further under the blanket.

"Animals don't like fire." I remembered something. "They don't like people. It can probably smell our food and feel the warmth coming from the cabin. It should be hibernating. If it's awake, it's probably hungry. We just need to scare it. If we yell, it'll go away."

Without any pause, my mother and I both started screaming nonsense at the creature at the top of our lungs. I was just yelling for it to take a hike when the door burst inward, the frame splintering.



The bear took two steps into the cabin and stopped. Its brown eyes stared into mine. There was a long pause. Then, it rose to its hind legs, lifting itself far above my height. Its roar shook the cabin. Some part of my mind heard my mother's frenzied screaming. Some other part of my mind was getting ready to die without even touching her boobs again. But most of my mind was directing my arm to reach for the log I'd put in the fire. It came out in my hand with the far end ablaze. I screamed and charged the bear, swinging the flaming log at it.



I guess the warmth of our cabin wasn't worth it for the beast. The bear turned and ran out of the cabin, partially caving in the snow tunnel I had dug. I stood staring at the open doorway, looking at the snow that had slid into our cabin. My mind was a complete blank.

"Logan ... Logan?" Mom was by my side, naked but for her panties. "Are you hurt?" I felt her hands on my chest. I looked into her wide, frightened eyes.

"Mom ... I chased away a bear." I stepped over to the fire and tossed my makeshift weapon back onto the flames.

"Are you okay?" The lines on my mother's face were etched with worry.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Come help me bar the door. It's getting colder in here." I went to the front door and closed it. Thankfully, it still hung plumb, although the lock wouldn't catch anymore. I tossed away some broken wood, and we pulled the sofa in front of the door. That seemed to hold it securely.

Mom went back to bed and waited for me while I got the fire blazing again. "You were so brave, Logan." Her voice was brimming with pride. The sound filled me with warmth. I returned to bed.

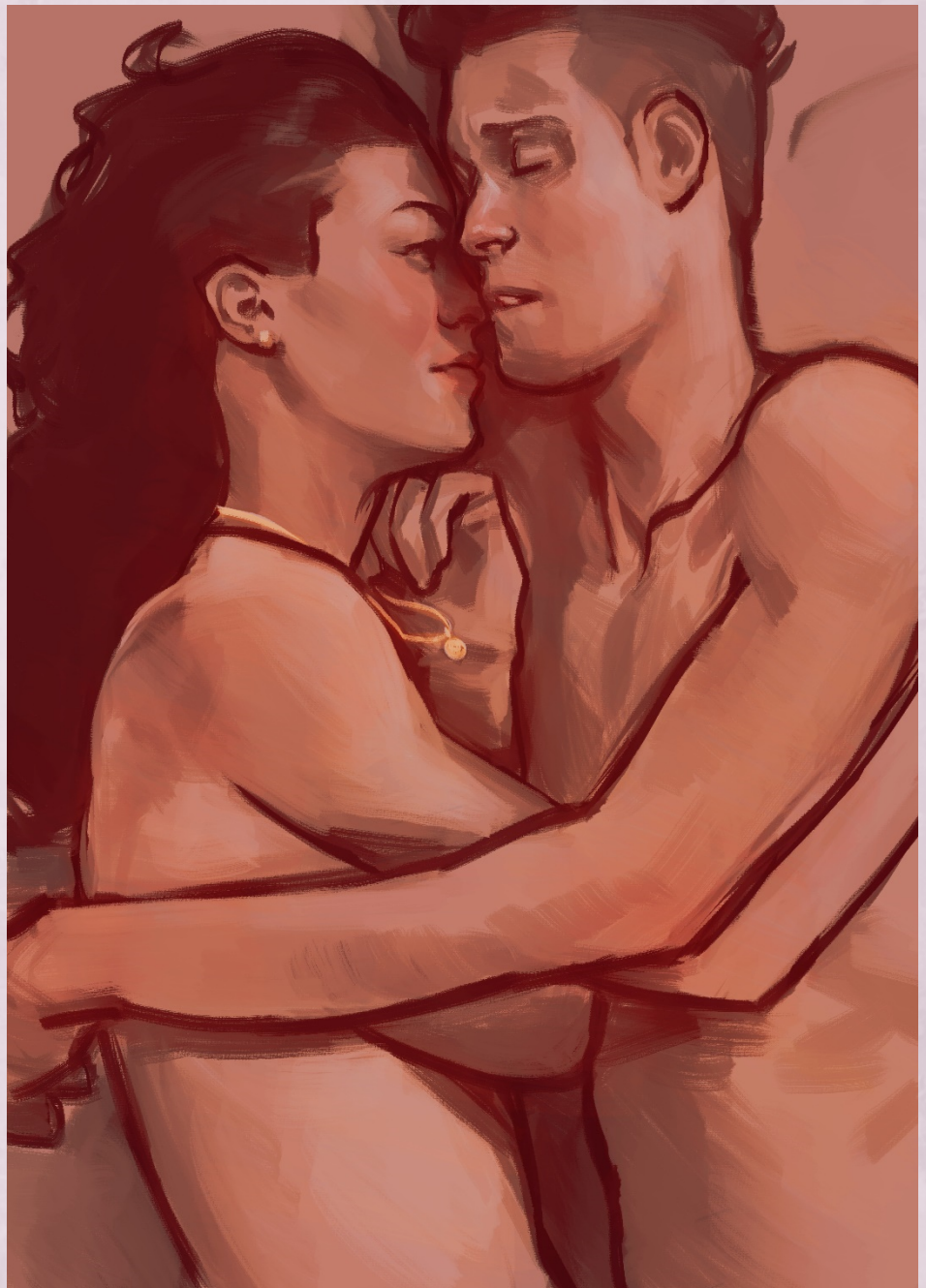
"You're shaking, Logan. Are you okay?" Mom's voice moved from pride to concern.

I listened to the fire crackle and pop for a few seconds, shivering the whole time. "I guess I'm cold."

"You're in shock, honey." Mom pulled me into an embrace, our foreheads touching. She wrapped her legs around mine. If she noticed my monster erection bumping up against her hip, she didn't say anything about it. "Shh ... Mommy's here. You were so brave. You saved us."

"Thanks, Mom," I mumbled. I was very glad the bear hadn't eaten us. If he had, I would never have felt my mom's soft tits press up against my chest as they were. I let her comfort me until, eventually, we both drifted off to sleep.

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I woke in the early morning. The fire had died down to embers. My mother's warm, perfect body was pressed against mine. I thought about getting up to build the fire again, but opted instead for the warmth of our bed.

Suddenly, the memory of the bear hit me. I stopped breathing and looked at the front door. It was dark, but I could tell the sofa was still in place. Of course, if the bear had come back, I'm sure I would have noticed when it started eating me in my sleep. I shivered and snuggled closer to my mother, letting her boobs shift and settle against my chest.

I was alive, nearly naked, and pressed against my mother. The bear hadn't ruined anything but the lock on the door. As the fright passed, I focused on my mother's soft curves. My dick sprang to life. I shifted a bit until the head of it was above the waistband of my underwear. I moved a little more and suddenly my glans was touching my mother's warm, bare belly. An electric shock went through me. I didn't dare move. I stayed perfectly still, feeling that skin-to-skin contact acutely. Her eyes were closed, and her breathing stayed slow and even. She looked pretty sleeping in the faint glow coming from the embers. I was completely enchanted. Eventually, I drifted back off to sleep.

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“Wake up, Logan.” Mom was already up and dressed. She was wearing her outside gear, and I could see why. It was freezing in the cabin. “We need to restart the fire.”

I crawled out of bed and immediately felt the cold bite into my exposed skin. “Why is it so much colder in here this morning?” I dressed quickly, shivering as I pulled my clothes on.



“The door.” She pointed to where light was peeking in through the broken frame. “We’ve gotten drafty.”

“We’ll have to do something about that. But first, let’s get warm.” I settled in at the hearth and built the fire back up until it was roaring. After that, we had breakfast, turned on the water, and washed up as best we could. When we were ready to face the day, we moved the sofa and inspected the door.

“Dad could fix this.” I moved some long pieces of splintered wood out of the way.

“Even your father would need his tools. And probably some new lumber, too.” Mom was still wearing her hat and jacket. She put her hands on her hips and frowned.

“Obviously if the bear comes back, we’re not stopping it from getting through the door. I mean, it came right in when the door was fully functional.” She nodded at the pile of splinters I was making. “But we need to stay warm. We can’t let a draft in here.”

“Well, I guess we need to insulate the gap.” I nodded.

Using a spare blanket, scissors, and a needle and thread, we managed to make something that was easy to insert into the gap when the door was closed. It only took us a couple hours to complete the task. When we were finished, we both stared at our handiwork, smiling.

“I’m very proud of you, Logan.” Mom walked back over by the fire. “Help me move the bed, we can play some games or something.”

“Sure.” I helped her drag the mattress out of the way and set up. “What game do you want to play?” I was reviewing the shelf of board games. “Chess?” She didn’t respond. “Mom?” I turned to see her standing backlit by the roaring fire. She had removed her top while I had my back turned. I marveled at her tits as if I was seeing them for the first time. Her shoulders and arms were thin and delicate. Her breasts sloped dramatically out to large pink nipples and areolae. A lattice of blue veins was evident under her pale skin. My heart sung, and my dick raged at the sight.

“Um ... Logan ...” Mom was chewing on her bottom lip. Her shoulders were slumped with indecision. “You were very brave last night. I thought ... I thought the most horrible things were about to happen. And then you ... my shining knight ... you chased that thing away. I’m in awe of you.” She put a hand on her belly like she was feeling queasy.

“Thanks, Mom.” I shrugged and gave her a tight smile. “I was just protecting you.”





Her eyes lit up at that. A broad smile slowly built its way to brilliance on her face. "You ... um ... you deserve ..." She cleared her throat and put her hands on her tits, hefting them as if to show me their weight. I realized she was purposely mimicking what I had done with them when she first let me touch them. "Logan ... I said that the ladies wouldn't be available for normal, everyday things that you would do anyway. But for fighting a bear ... well ... you deserve to be happy, Logan. What would you -?"

I didn't let her finish the question, interrupting her, "I would love to see you suck on your nipple. You said that you do it for Dad sometimes."

"Well ... if you really want to see that." She looked away from me as she lifted her boob up and turned her nipple upward. She dropped her chin, paused, sighed, and stared at her nipple.

"Mom?"

"Yes, Logan. Just give me a second. This is a big ask." She kept her focus on her tit, staring down at it. After what seemed like an eternity, she lowered her lips and sucked her nipple into her mouth.

I was hoping she would moan or something, but she was mostly silent as she worked her nipple with her mouth. My whole body was rigid, especially my cock. I could faintly hear the soft, wet sounds of her lips working over the crackle of the fire. After about thirty seconds, she seemed to relax. I won't say she looked like she was enjoying it, but she didn't seem as uptight. I worked hard to remember every detail, from the way her fingers depressed the flesh of her tits, to the way her full lips gently suckled.

Eventually, she removed her mouth from her tit, let her breast fall with a shake, and glanced at me. "I suppose you need to use the bathroom now."

"Yeah, you're right." I bolted for the bathroom.

She let out a happy, little laugh. "Enjoy yourself, sweetie. You earned it."

"Thanks, Mom." I slammed the bathroom door, stripped, and went right to fapping.

