



*Chapter 8*

*Marooned Christmas*

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

## Marooned Christmas 8

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"You were in there for a long time." Mom sat in an armchair. She was topless, and clearly enjoying the heat of the fire on her skin.

"Yeah ... um ..." My cheeks heated up. I wasn't sure what to say, so I told her the truth. "I was worked up. I had to do it twice."

"Oh, my gosh." Mom's eyes widened, and she glanced at my crotch. There wasn't much to see, my dick was slumbering again. "Logan ... I can't know that."

"I just thought ..." My cheeks grew redder. "Sorry."

Mom let out an awkward laugh. "Well, I'm just glad that you were happy with your reward. You saved our lives. You deserved it."

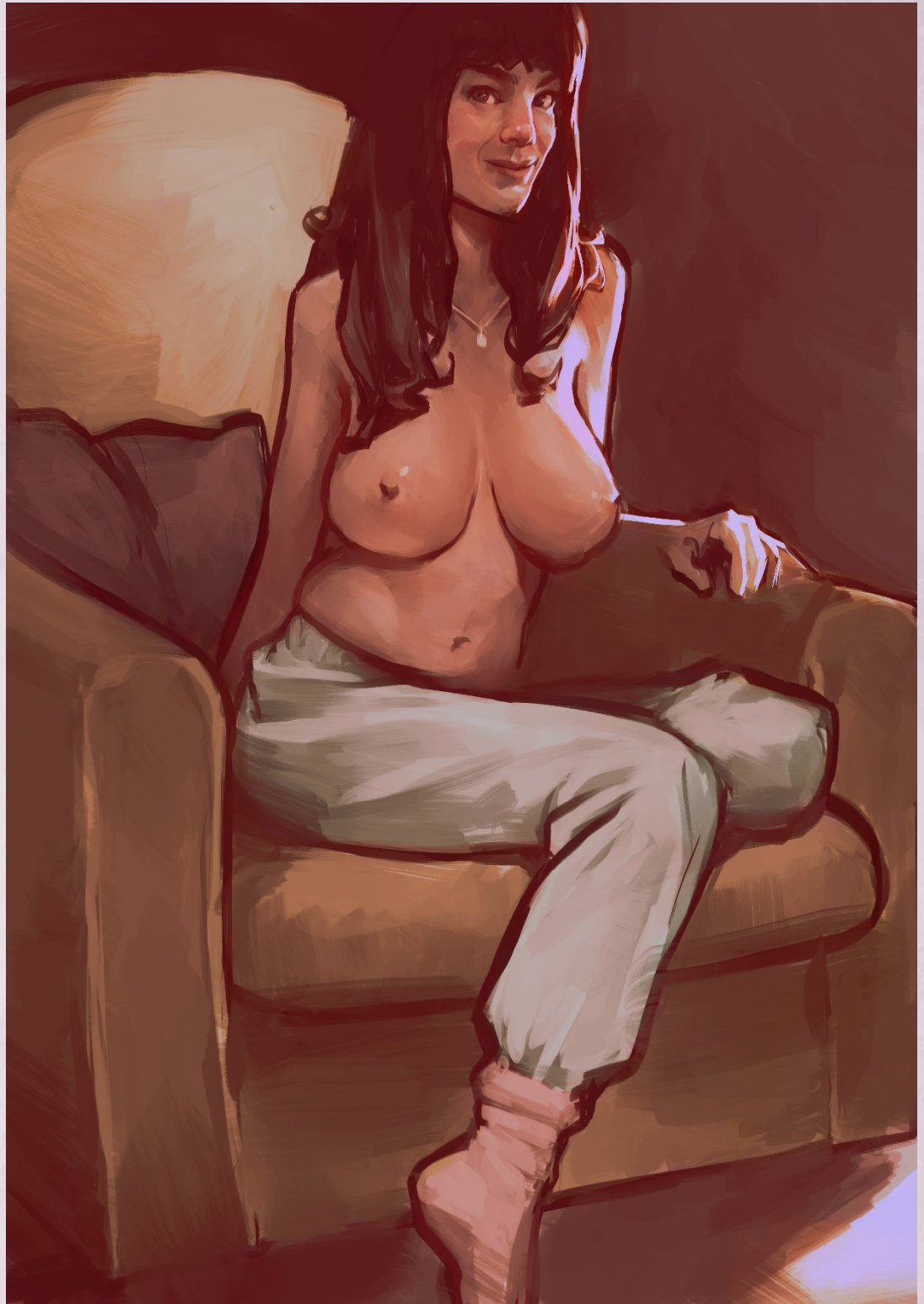
"Mom ... I ..." I thought about pressing my luck. But the moment didn't feel right. There was discomfort in the air. Which was, of course, my fault.

"Yeah?" She lifted an inquisitive eyebrow.

"Nothing. I just love you, that's all." I walked over to our game table and sat down. "Stratego?"

"Sure, Logan. But I'm going to beat you. You're too aggressive with your high-ranking pieces." She made a motion like an explosion with her hands.

"What can I say? You make me explode." I was pushing it.





“Logan ...” Her voice was stern. It was odd to see her narrow her eyes and shake a finger at me while her boobs jiggled happily with the motion. “... don’t push it.”

“Sorry.” I gave a chagrined grin, which seemed to settle her down. We played several rounds of Stratego, then took a break for lunch. Mom dressed for that, since we ate in the kitchen, a little farther away from the hearth. She put on her top layers, sans a bra.

“I’d like to go for a walk.” She glanced at me. “I can tell from your reaction that you think that’s a bad idea.” She daintily munched a cracker and sighed. “It is a bad idea. That bear could still be out there.”

“If it’s not hibernating, it’s desperate.” I nodded. “The thing really wants to eat us. Best not to make easy targets out of ourselves.”

Mom shuddered. “It was desperate, wasn’t it?” Her face softened as she looked into my eyes. “But you drove it away. How did I

raise such a hero?” The fear left her, pushed out by beaming pride. “That was special. You know, I don’t think your father ever saved my life.” She let out an easy laugh.

“It was a special moment.” I was going to go for it. The moment seemed ripe. “We should celebrate it some more.”

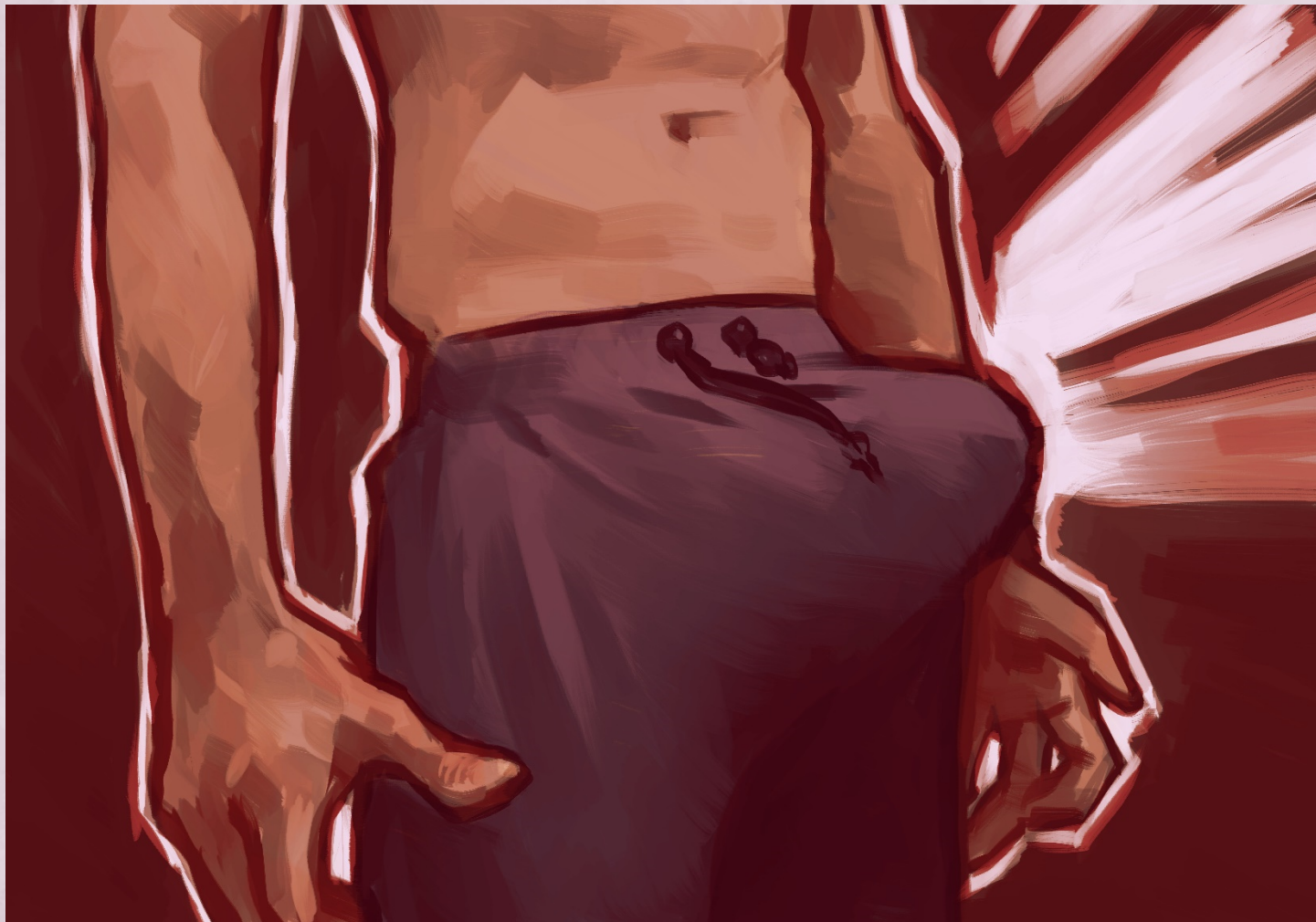
“Wine?” She grabbed a bottle and the opener, poured us a couple glasses, and we clinked them together.

I sipped from my glass. “This wine *is* good. But I was thinking of something else. Since I went above and beyond, and you know what makes me happy ...”

“Logan ...” Mom narrowed her eyes and took a gulp of wine. “Be careful.”

“I only want to touch them, Mom. That would make me ecstatic.” I grinned hopefully. “We did it earlier. It wasn’t a big deal.” I watched her close her eyes. She had to steady her wineglass as her body spasmed with a sudden shiver.

“I suppose ... it’s only fair.” She opened her eyes, looked down at my pants, and raised an eyebrow in a startled expression. “Really, Logan? You just relieved yourself.” She pointed to the way my hard cock strained against my pants.



“I’m already getting ecstatic thinking about it.”

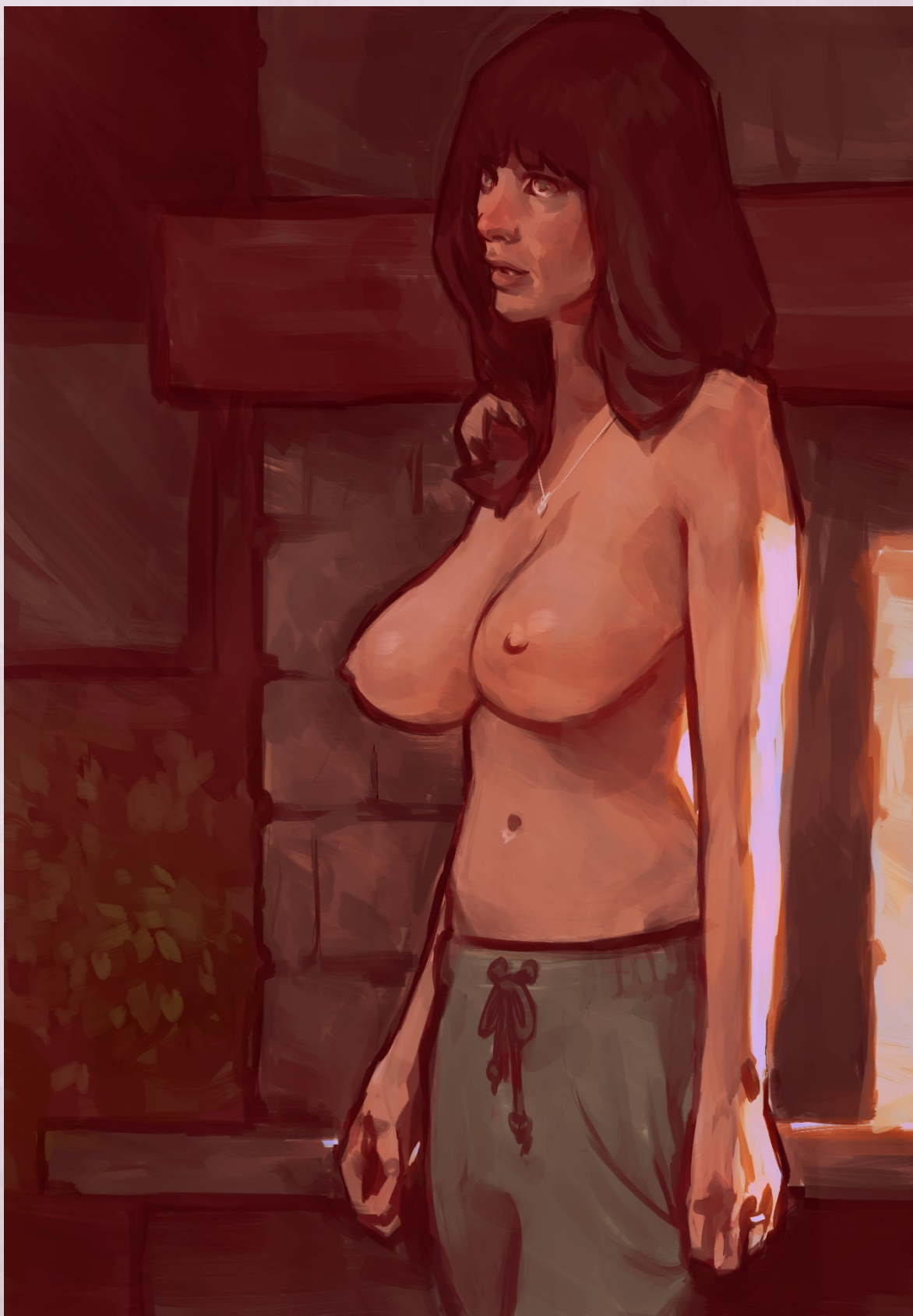
“Well, hold your horses.” Her smile was tight and contained. “We’re going to finish our lunch, and enjoy each other’s company first.”

“Right, of course!” I buzzed my way through the rest of lunch. It wasn’t the wine. I was high on anticipation. My mother’s perfect tits were about to be in my hands again. Somehow, I managed to engage her in small talk, mostly about my sisters.

When we finished lunch, Mom took her glass of wine over to the fire. She set it on the hearth, and slowly removed her upper layers. I was busy cleaning up in the kitchen, but I kept darting my gaze her way as more and more of her alabaster skin came into view. I finished my chores and quickly joined her by the fire.

“Okay.” Mom was topless now, standing in front of the hearth. Despite the fire’s heat, I think she was cold. Her nipples were quite obviously hard. Arms by her side, she waited. Her forehead creased with confusion.

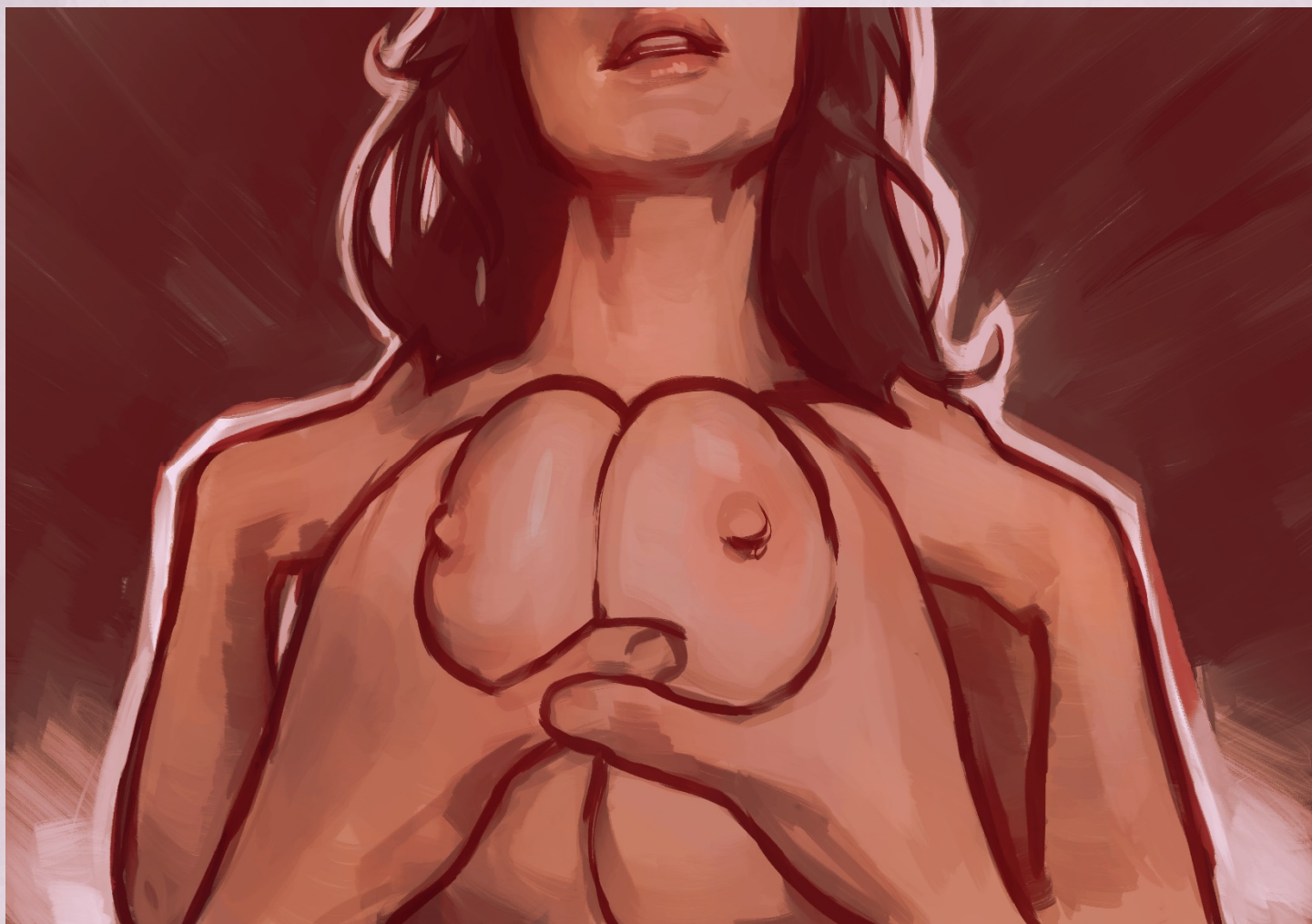
“Let me take another sip, then we can start.” She picked up her wineglass, drained it in uncharacteristic fashion, and put it on a side table. She fiddled with her hands, standing and waiting for me. “Five minutes, okay? Only five minutes.”



“Sure, Mom.” I remembered what she’d liked the last time. If I pushed her buttons, could I go longer than five minutes? I thought that was possible. I took a deep breath and tried to think confident thoughts. *You’re the guy that chased a bear out of the cabin last night. You can do anything.* I stepped up to her, gently pushed her hands out of the way, and took hold of her tits.

“You’re doing the weigh-in again?” Mom gave a sardonic snort.

“I just love how heavy they are.” I stared at the way my hands deformed her spongy flesh.



“Right.” She rolled her eyes in what I hoped was *mock* disgust. “Well, keep bouncing them like udders. You’ve got four minutes left.”

*That was a fast minute!* “Okay, I’ll try something else.” I’ve slept with a lot of women. I paid close attention every time, and I think I’ve picked up a thing or two. Using that knowledge, and what I learned the last time I had hands on Mom’s magnificent mammaries, I turned my attention to her nipples.

Suddenly, my mother got very quiet. I couldn’t even hear her breathing for a little while, then her lips parted, and she let out a sibilant exhale. I looked up quickly. Her eyes were glassy. She looked dazed and a little bewildered. The expression on her face was as erotic as her magnificent boobs. I gazed at her full lips. *What would it be like to kiss her?* I didn’t risk finding out.

Time passed. Her breathing got shallower. I’m happy to report that the five-minute deadline was quickly forgotten. When I looked up at the clock, I found that I’d been playing with her nipples for twelve minutes. “Mom?”

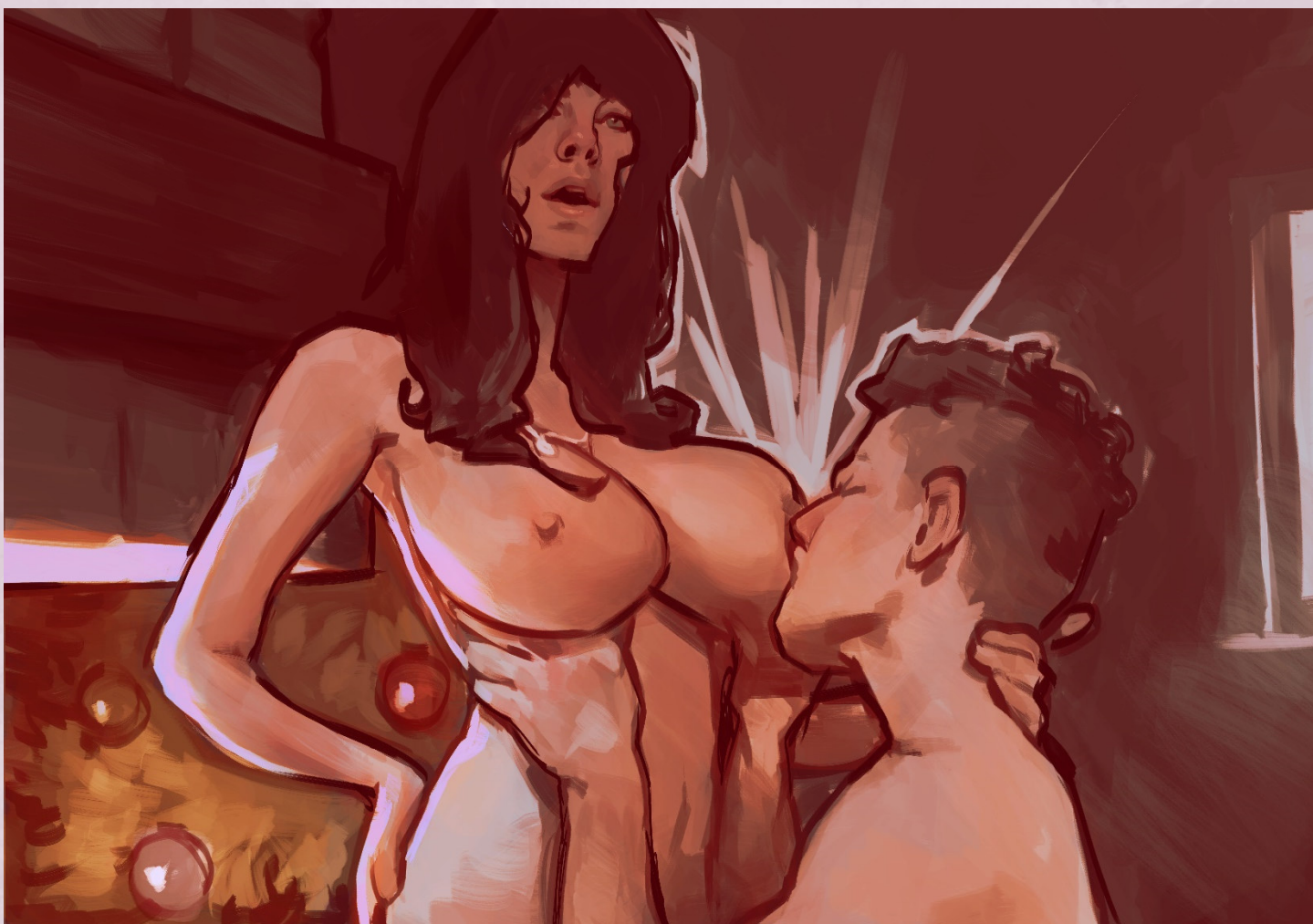
“HMMMMM?” Her left eyelid was fluttering. She didn’t make eye contact. Instead, she stared blankly into the middle distance. “Logan?” My name came out of her mouth as hardly more than a whisper.

“Can I ...?” I rolled her nipples in a way that she seemed to particularly enjoy. Her eyelid fluttered faster, and she shook with a sudden shiver. “Can I suck on them?” I said.

“Oooohhhh ... Logan ...” Her gaze slowly shifted to meet mine. “Nooooooooo.”

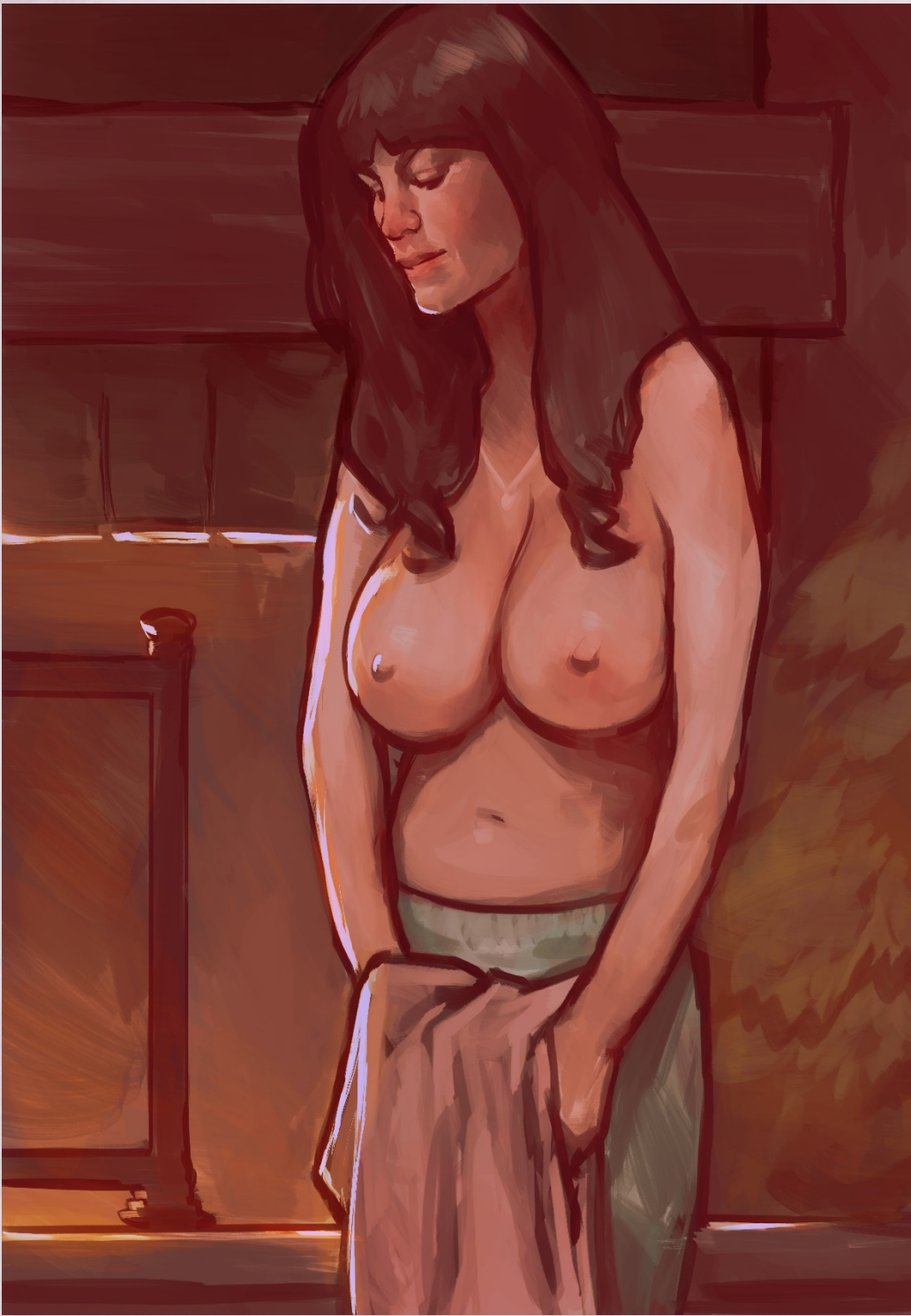
“Please, Mom? Think of me charging that bear.” I smiled serenely.

Her gaze grew more distant again. Her chin gave the slightest nod. I took it as her approbation. Without giving her time to reconsider, I removed my left hand from her tit and closed my lips on her nipple. Even though I had been doing the protecting on this trip, I immediately felt safe and secure suckling at her breast. It was like she’d dropped some sort of motherly protective shield around me. I rolled her large nipple with my tongue, closed my eyes, and gave myself totally to the moment. When her hand cupped the back of my head, I thought I might faint from pleasure.



“Logan ... Logannnnn ... Looooogggannnn,” she whispered. “My ... sweet ... Looogggannnn.” She gently stroked my hair, holding my head to her breast.

My cock raged against my pants. I made sure to keep it from pressing up against her. I didn’t want anything to break the spell that had fallen over us. Each second that passed was time spent in heaven. But, unfortunately, we live on Earth. And the moment had to end. Eventually, she tenderly pushed on my shoulders, dislodging me from her breast.



“Okay ... okay ... that’s enough.” Mom picked up her top. I thought she was going to put it back on, but she just used it to wipe the saliva off her breast. Then she folded it and put it back down. “Well, that was a lot more than five minutes.” The smile on her face was thin and unsure of itself. She glanced at the clock. “Oh, my gosh. Forty-five minutes? I feel so ...”

“That was awesome, Mom. I felt so close to you just now.” I worked hard to maintain eye contact and not let my gaze settle on her boobs.

“You’re grinning like an idiot, Logan.” She pressed her lips together, trying to compose herself. “Do you need to use the bathroom again?” She glanced at the tent in my pants and blushed.

“Yeah.” I nodded, but didn’t go. I couldn’t bear to leave her presence just yet.

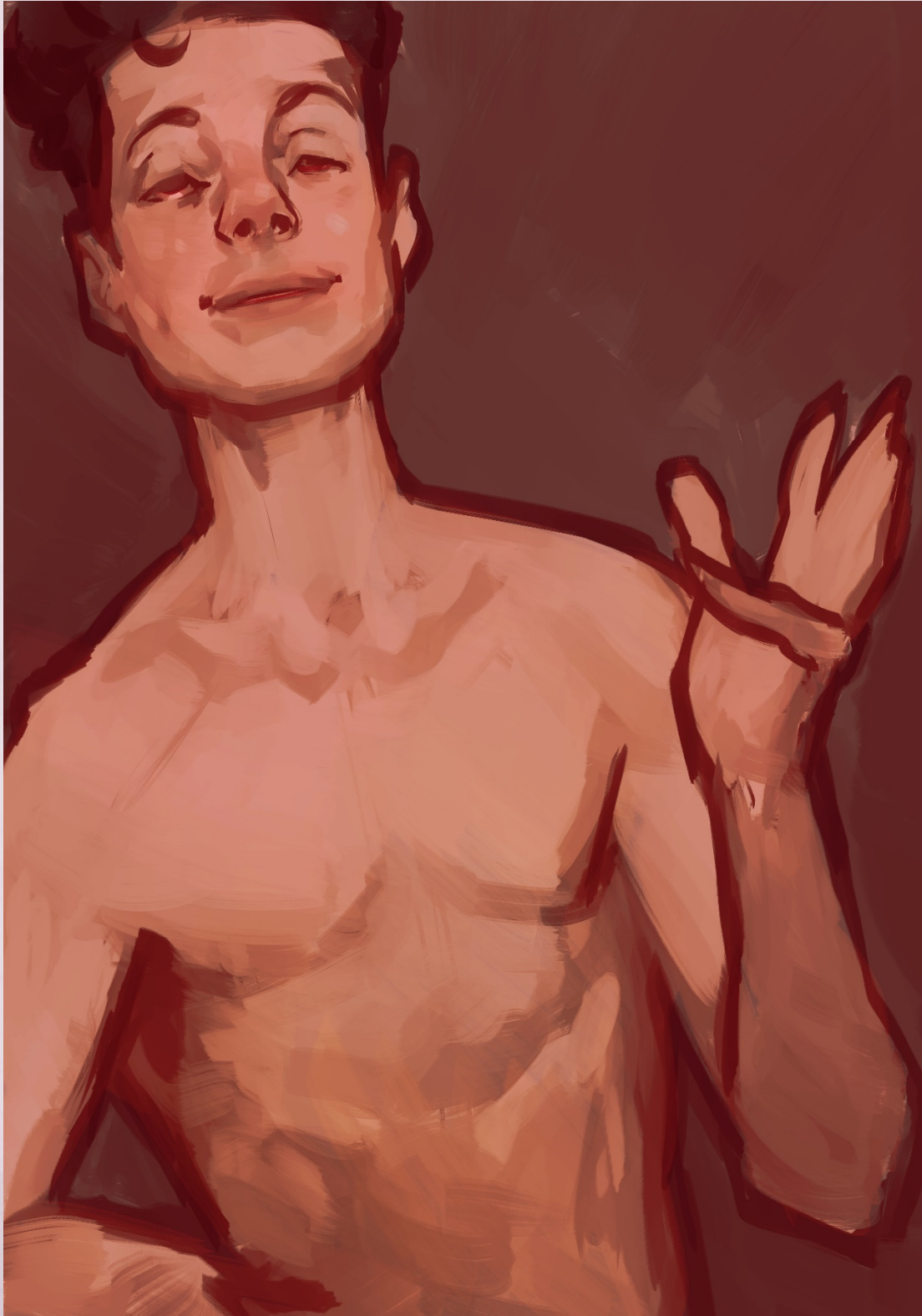
“Well, then. Go take care of it, buster. We can play some more Stratego when you get back.” She dismissed me with a wave.

“Right ... okay ...” I started to head to the bathroom, but paused, and turned toward her. “You don’t mind that I’m fapping in there?”

She curled her lip in disgust. “I don’t mind as long as we don’t talk about it. I’ve been married a long time, Logan. I know about a man’s needs. Just ... go ... okay?”

“Okay.” I left her for the bathroom. I fapped while replaying the protected feeling I’d captured at her breast. Even though it was the third time that day, my orgasm was huge. I ended up having to clean cum off the bathroom mirror when I was done.

When I returned to the living room, I refilled our wine glasses, and we played games. Mom stayed topless. I spent a good deal of my time watching the small jiggles that shook her boobs every time she moved a piece on the board. We didn't discuss what had happened with the bear or her tits. We kept things to game-related banter and some family small-talk. We got up and stretched our legs in the evening. Somehow, we'd polished off two bottles of wine. We were both a little tipsy, so I decided to try again. "Can I have another suck, Mom?"



“That was enough for one day, Logan.” She glanced at my crotch. There was no tent in my pants. A look of relief passed over her eyes. “The next time you save my life, I’ll let you do that again.” She followed that up with an awkward laugh.

She put on her top layers without a bra, and we went to the kitchen. We cobbled together some dinner that was mostly vegetables. When she went to open another bottle of wine, her inebriated hands lost their grip. The bottle banged on the counter and bounced toward the floor. I reached down and caught it before it hit.

“Wow, thanks, Logan. You’re a lifesaver.” She stared at me with wide eyes, a hand over her heart.



I handed her the bottle. "Life saver? Does that mean ...?" I smiled hopefully, not thinking she'd go for it. Saving a bottle of wine wasn't the same as charging a bear.

"What ... because of what I said about saving my life? I ..." Mom let out a nervous giggle. "I ... um ... okay ... fine," she squeaked. "But ... after dinner, okay?"

"Um ... yeah ..." My head nearly exploded. I was going to suck on her tits again. I wanted to jump up and down and pump my fist. Instead, I nodded with decorum and smiled. "That sounds wonderful."

Mom blushed profusely. "Okay, help me cut this celery." Mom glanced nervously at my crotch again. I think she saw the tent there, because she quickly looked away.

The conversation over dinner was stilted. I was too excited to focus on small talk. And mom was ... feeling whatever she was feeling. It looked like trepidation to me, but she didn't try to back out. When we were done eating, we cleaned up together. My whole body buzzed from alcohol and anticipation. It was almost time for dessert.

