

# Marooned Christmas

By Rawly Rawls © 2022

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*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

## Chapter 1

"We're snowed in." Mom read the texts on her phone, frowning.

"What about Dad? Everyone else?" I watched her carefully. I loved Mom, that was no secret. But I was also madly, secretly *in* love with her. What better way to spend Christmas than alone with my smart, beautiful mother? I pretended to be just as worried as her. "How bad is the storm?"

"It's bad. It's supposed to snow for days." She looked around our three-bedroom cabin. "At least we have power."

The power went out not two seconds later. She jinxed us!

It was the middle of the day, but the light was dim inside. Snow swirled and caressed the westward windows. Mom's eyes widened. I didn't know if she was adjusting to the gloom or freaking the fuck out. "Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit! We have to drive out." Okay, so she *was* freaking out. She never swore in front of me. She stood, her frown deepening. "We can't stay here, sweetie." She raced to the front door, opened it, and stood looking out. Snow swirled in around her.

"There's already two feet of snow. We can't drive out." I joined her at the door. "We have to ride out the storm." I put my hand on the door and gently pushed it closed. "You're letting snow in, Mom."

"Oh ... no." Mom turned and hugged me, pressing her face into my shoulder. I put my arms around her, my hands feeling the outline of her bra. I knew the brassiere was putting in a yeoman's effort by containing her boobs. They were huge and pressing into

my chest. If I could just see them, that would be enough. We had plenty of booze. Tomorrow was Christmas. I swore to myself I'd make it happen.

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"What a man you've become." Mom warmed her hands by the roaring fire I'd stoked. "Sometimes, I still think of you as my little man. But you've really grown up."

"Thanks, Mom." My cheeks grew hot from the compliment and the flames. I sat on the hearth and picked up one of the bottles of white wine she'd packed. "Something to pass the time before bed?" My stomach was full from our cold dinner. A different kind of hunger gnawed at me. I needed to get her drunk if I was going to have any chance.

"You're not old enough to drink, Logan." She cocked her head at me. There was some leeway here. I could tell she was thinking it over.

"I'll be twenty-one in three months. You know I drink with my friends." I pulled the cork and looked over at Mom. She was wearing a tight sweater, and I couldn't help staring at her boobs. When I met her gaze, it was obvious that she'd caught me peeking. I quickly looked away.

"I mean ... I suspected ... but you never said anything." Mom shrugged. "I wish we didn't have secrets, sweetie."

"Me too, Mom." I poured the wine and handed her a glass. Over the course of an hour, we drank the bottle. I opened another one and steered us into a game of Truth or Dare. As we drank the second bottle, I waited for her to ask me about my love life. She was always pestering me about who I was dating, so I knew she'd bring it up on her own.

"Truth," I said.

"Okay ... okay." She sipped her wine, her motions languid and sloppy. Her words weren't slurred yet, but she was clearly drunk. We both were. "Who's your biggest crush right now?" Mom blushed and glanced toward the fire.

"Well ... um ... you are." I wanted to turn away, but I didn't. I sat up straighter, ready to face the music.

"Um ... what? I must have misunderstood you." She gulped down the rest of her glass.

"You are the most gorgeous woman on the planet. I'd give anything just to see your boobs." I did my best to keep my breathing even, pushing panic away. If I didn't go for it now, I never would. This was my moment. "You're the woman I have a crush on. It's always been you, Mom."

“What ... are you saying?” She carelessly put the empty glass on the coffee table, it rolled on its side and tumbled to the carpet, unbroken.

“You asked for the truth.” I shrugged and slumped in my seat. It could see she was going to reject me.

“I’ve ... I’ve seen the way you look at me. I just thought ... all boys your age ... do that.” She shook her head. “Thank you for being honest.” She stood and put the cork in the bottle. “Now let’s forget this ever happened. We’re going to wake up tomorrow and ... make the best of things.” She fled toward the master bedroom, turning back in the doorway. “I’ll take this room. You can sleep in either of the other rooms. Get that fire roaring before you go to bed. It’s going to be cold tonight.” She closed the door and disappeared.

I did as she asked, and the fire was roaring when I finally went to bed. I’d been shot down. I felt gut shot. With a sigh, I curled up and tried to sleep. Even with a mountain of blankets on top of me, it was a bitterly cold night. After much tossing and turning, I stripped naked, hoping that the radiant heat between me and the blanket might warm me better. It was something I’d read once. It turned out to be bullshit. It was a rough, frigid night.

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“Sweetie? Sweetie?” Mom hovered over me, shaking my shoulder. I blinked my eyes awake. “The fire’s out. And it’s soooooooo cold.” I could see her breath hanging in the air.

“Okay.” I jumped out of bed, forgetting that I was naked. My dick was in full morning wood mode and flopped around as I crossed the room for my pants.

“Oh ... my.” Mom blushed and turned away. “Do you always ... sleep naked?”

“I was trying something last night.” I quickly dressed. “Something about heat radiating at a greater distance between the body and blanket.”

“Did it work?” She was hugging herself from the cold.

“Yeah, it was really warm,” I lied. I didn’t want her thinking I was a complete fuckup after the night before. The snow was over six feet high when I opened the front door. I dug a path to the wood pile on the side of the cabin, carried in the logs, and got a new fire going. The power was out, there was no reception, and no Wi-Fi. We didn’t know how much longer the snow would keep piling up outside, so I brought most of the logs

into the cabin. I didn't want to dig a new trench tomorrow. I was sweating by the time I sat down, panting from my hard labor.

"Well, this is a terrible Christmas." Mom rubbed her hands, sitting on the edge of the hearth. She caught me staring at her boobs again. They were poorly hidden under a Christmas sweater. I could see a bemused frown on her face before I looked away.

"At least we're together." I shrugged.

"That's the spirit." She went over to the kitchen and retrieved a bottle of wine. She held it up. "Perfectly chilled."

"Isn't it a little early?" I watched her uncork it. She poured two glasses and brought them back to the fire.

"I have a lot on my mind. We're stuck in the middle of nowhere. The rest of the family isn't coming. And your dad has all the presents in his car." She handed me a glass and sipped hers. "Like I said, I have a lot on my mind. I need something to take the edge off."

"Okay, sure, Mom." I wondered why she hadn't mentioned the truth I'd shared the night before. That was probably at the top of her mountain of problems that she was trying to forget. "Let's break out the fancy cheese and crackers. We can make this the best worst Christmas ever." I got her to smile with that. We clinked our glasses together and got out the good stuff.

Neither of us got plastered, but we did spend the day buzzed. We played cards. We played Chutes and Ladders. We talked. Mostly we stayed huddled by the fire. It was late afternoon when we finished a heated round of Twenty Questions. She always knew what I was thinking, never needing more than twelve questions. I had a harder time getting inside her head. We sat in silence as the light faded, sipping our wine and staring at the fire.

"Your whole life, I've wanted to make you happy." Mom's voice was low and contemplative. "That's always been my Achilles heel with you and your sisters. I just want to see you happy. Your father would say I'm a pushover."

"Mom, I—" I started, but she cut me off by raising a finger.

"Let me finish." She sipped her wine and turned her eyes from the fire to me. "I'll show them to you. If that will *really* make you happy."

My pulse quickened and my dick hardened. I thought she'd shot me down, but she'd been thinking about what I said the whole time. I nodded enthusiastically.

"I can tell by your enormous grin that it *would* make you happy." Mom didn't return my smile. Her face was filled with doubt. "I'll only show them to you if you promise me you'll find a girlfriend. Not someone to date like you usually do. I mean ... you know ...

someone you'll bring home to meet me and your dad. I don't want you fixated on me. It's not healthy. Promise me you'll find a smart, pretty girl that will make you happy."

"I promise, Mom." I put the wineglass down. My hand was shaking so much I was afraid I'd spill it everywhere.

"This is a binding deal, Logan. I'll hold you to it. You'll find yourself a girlfriend." She put her wineglass down, too, and nodded like she'd made a decision. She stood, reached down, and held the hem of her sweater. "I can't believe I'm doing this." Slowly, she pulled the sweater up her body, wiggling slightly. I was on the edge of my seat, ready to see her bra, but she had on more layers underneath. I nearly laughed out loud, I was so nervous. But I held it in. I didn't want her to think I was laughing at her. She wiggled out of the other layers, put them down on the armchair behind her, and stood in front of me wearing only her jeans, wool socks, and bra. I stared with my mouth hanging open. It was a boring bra, but it exposed a milky white expanse of cleavage.

"Wow ... Mom ... you're beautiful." I adjusted my cock as it uncomfortably pushed at the confines of my underwear.

"Once upon a time, you loved these." She put her hands under her boobs and hefted them, causing her cleavage to shake. "It seems we've come full circle."

"Can you take off the bra, too? Please?" My breath caught in my throat when she nodded and reached behind her back. She unclasped the bra and pulled it off unceremoniously.

"Here you go. I hope you like them." She put her hands by her sides and stood in front of me. Even with the fire going, it was cold in the cabin. Her nipples looked stiff.

"Best ... tits ... ever." My gaze roved over her bare skin. 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, making her seem all the more vulnerable bared for me.

"Watch your language, Logan." She didn't look mad. She still looked confused and maybe a bit patronizing.

"Sorry, Mom." My gaze fell back to her tits. "You've really made me happy today. This is the best Christmas present ever. I wish you didn't ever have to put them away."

"I'll tell you what. Since this is the only Christmas present you're getting, I won't put my bra back on." She picked up her underlayers. "You can look all you want for the rest of the night, and you don't have to look away embarrassed like you always do when I catch you sneaking a peek." She put her clothes back on. Her nipples were more than evident pushing at her Christmas sweater.

"Best ... Mom ... ever." I couldn't wipe the grin off my face.

"I'm glad you think so." She went back into the kitchen to fetch us some more wine. "It fills my heart to see you so happy, sweetie." She came back and refilled our glasses. "More Chutes and Ladders?"

I was on cloud nine the rest of the night. We played games and talked, and I stared at her headlights unapologetically. Eventually, it was time for bed. But that's a story for another Christmas. Maybe I'll tell you about it next year. If you're lucky.

## Chapter 2

“So, I’ll be warm if I sleep naked?” Mom stood in the doorway to her bedroom. Her nipples pushed valiantly at all the layers she was wearing, forming the most mesmerizing headlights on her sweater.

“Sure, Mom. It worked great for me,” I lied. It was stupid, but I still didn’t want to admit my mistake. I shrugged like it was no big deal and openly stared at her tits. They *were* my Christmas present, after all.

“I’m glad you’re so happy with my gift.” Mom frowned at me. She seemed a little buzzed, but not drunk. The wind howled as the snow piled up outside. She was clearly thinking about something, so I stayed silent in my spot by the fire. “Logan ... I ... um ...” She hugged herself and rubbed her arms. It got colder in that cabin exponentially as one moved away from the fire, and she was across the room.

“Don’t worry, Mom, I’ll build up the fire before going to bed.” I nodded earnestly at her, my attention drawn to her troubled face now that her arms were covering her boobs.

“Your father would call me such a pushover. I said I was only going to show you the once.” Mom looked over at the dark Christmas tree. “But he’s not here. He’s with your sisters and all of our presents. And we’re here. You and me.”

I held my breath, my body going completely still. I didn’t want to ruin whatever she was building herself up to.

“You’re supposed to say, ‘No, Mom, you’re not a pushover.’” The briefest flicker of a smile touched her lips and disappeared. She glanced at me.

“No, Mom, you’re not a pushover.” I repeated the words like I was in a trance.

“That’s my sweet son.” She sighed, rolled her eyes, and her frown deepened. “You’ve been great today. I appreciate you taking care of the cabin and your mother. I suppose you earned this.” She reached down to the hem of her sweater and slowly pulled it over her head. She turned her back to me as she removed the other layers she had on top. Her perfect, pale arching back was almost as beautiful as her tits. I stared at the graceful curve of it, and the flare from her waist out to her jean covered hips. And then ... I heard her zipper.

My eyes bugged out when she slowly wiggled her mom-jeans down her long legs. Her ass came into view. Two round, pale panty-covered globes shook with her movements. The firelight danced shadows across her curves from left to right. “Oh ... my ... God.”

“Stop, sweetie. You’re going to make me self-conscious.” She looked over her shoulder as she stepped out of her jeans. Her cheeks were crimson. Wearing only her wool socks,

bra, and panties, she straightened and kept her back to me. "Your father likes my backside."

"I like it, too," I whispered.

The wind howled, and the fire crackled as she reached behind her. I watched her wedding ring sparkle as her fingers unclasped the bra. "It's freezing in here. I hope this sleeping naked thing works."

"Me ... too." My dick was so hard it hurt. My mouth started going before I knew what words would come out of it. "Mom ... could I touch -?"

"No way." She wagged a finger at me, and turned around, her face full of disappointment. She shook her head. She was so gorgeous I could barely process what was happening. There seemed to be the ringing of deafening sleigh bells in my ears. Her nipples were hard and dark in the cold. Her tits were pale and jiggled ever so slightly as she made more disapproving gestures. "Logan ... Logan ... are you even listening?"

"What ... Mom?" I continued to stare at her tits, only taking a quick detour to check out her hips, and the panty-covered V between her legs.

"I swear ... men. Even with your own mother." She held out her hands as if to present herself. "Get a good, long look, but never ask to touch me in that way again. Got it, mister?"

"Yeah ... Mom ... sorry." It felt like time and space were collapsing. If only she'd take off her panties. "Maybe you could take off the rest -?"

"Good night, Logan." She covered her tits with her arms. "I'll see you in the morning." She bent over to pick up her clothes, giving me a wonderful, ephemeral view of her dangling boobs, and then disappeared into her room.

The slamming door jarred me out of my stupor. That was it. Christmas was over. She'd never show me the goods again. I knew for a fact Dad didn't appreciate her hotness. It was so unfair. Rather than being happy with what I'd gotten, my thoughts turned sour as I built up the fire and went to my own bedroom. Since I'd told her to sleep naked, I couldn't very well sleep in all my clothes like I wanted. I stripped, hopped into bed, and tried to dream of sugarplums while I froze my ass off.

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The next morning, I woke in a funk. I wasn't so much hungover from the wine as I was from the high of seeing my mother naked. I had thrown myself out there about my

crush on her. And it had worked in a twisted, monkey-paw sort of way. She hadn't enjoyed it. And now I had to prepare myself for a lifetime of not ever seeing my mother naked again.

I got out of bed before her and built the fire back up. I pulled an armchair near the hearth and watched the flames dance. Despite the time, it was dark in the cabin. At first, I thought that was just because of the storm. But it was actually because the cabin's windows were buried in snow. That wasn't good. I stood, put on my boots and jacket, grabbed the snow shovel, and opened the door. Sure enough, I couldn't see the sky. Slowly, I dug a path for us just so we wouldn't suffocate in the cabin.

When I reached the open air, I found that it was still snowing. I looked around, and the world looked like a different place. I couldn't see our car. It was buried not very far to the east. And the cabin was basically just a roof among white drifts. I was glad we'd brought enough food for the whole family. It was quite possible we'd have an extended stay.

When I got back into the cabin, I found my mother warming her hands by the fire. She was bundled up again. She smiled at me when I came in.

"What news of the world beyond?" She said. Even though Mom was trying to make light of things, I could see she was nervous. Her smile was combined with a furrowed brow, and she gnawed on her bottom lip.

"The car's buried in snow. Everything's buried in snow." I took off my jacket. "And it's still snowing." I took off my boots. My pants were wet from the melt, so I took them off and hung them up to dry. I looked over my shoulder and saw that Mom was gazing at my butt. Or maybe she was just trying to see what brand of underwear I was wearing. Probably not that, since she bought most of my clothes for me. "Would you like to see me naked, Mom? You know, to return the favor."

"Please, I've seen you naked a million times, Logan." She held out her hand, palm forward.

"You know it's different now." I turned around. My sweater wasn't wet, but I started to take it off.

"Clothes on, mister." She changed gestures to a finger wag. "You had your present yesterday. Now, let's move on."

"Sure, no problem." I tried not to let my disappointment show. I glanced over my shoulder as I went into my bedroom for pants, and it did seem like she was watching my butt. But I was probably imagining things.

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We ate breakfast, but didn't do much afterward other than sip coffee and sit by the fire. I think we were both a bit grumpy. Mom and I were in armchairs next to the hearth. The cabin was silent except for the roar and crackle of the fire. I kept thinking about how my life had peaked the day before. I'd somehow laid my feelings bare and talked her into showing me her boobs. And ... that was it. Now it was behind us. I sighed and held my mug with both hands. I suppose it could have been worse. She could have disowned me. And then she probably would have shown me exactly zero boobies. Silver linings and all that.

"I nearly froze to death last night." Finally, Mom broke the silence. "Your naked-sleeping thing didn't work."

"I must run hotter than you or something." I shrugged. "Maybe we should sleep in the same bed tonight and –"

"Come on, Logan. It's time to let it go. I'm your mother for fuck's sake." My mother hardly ever swore in front of me. I sunk into my armchair as she continued, counting on her fingers, "And I'm married. I made promises to your father, and I intend to keep them. Also, I'm an old lady. You can't possibly want me. Not really. You're a teenager, you see a woman and your hormones take over. Did I mention that I'm your mother? You can't see me that way. Just drop it. Drop it!" She'd worked herself up to the point where her voice was a strident scream. She took several deep breaths, calming down as she watched me closely. "Drop it. Okay, sweetie?"

"Sure, Mom. Sorry."

"Put all that energy ..." She pointed at my crotch. "... into finding a girlfriend. You're my only boy, so you owe it to me to find a nice girl who will want to be friends with me." Her smile was tentative. "Won't that be nice?"

"It's only us here. How am I going to find a girlfriend?" I sipped my coffee.

"You know what I mean." She stood and stretched. We were both aware of my eyes on the front of her sweater. She looked away from me into the fire. "We've both had a big shock. We're stuck here without Dad and the girls. We had an ... odd Christmas. Now, let's just have some normal mother-son time."

"Sure, Mom." I nodded. I didn't know what normal stuff we were going to do, but at least she wanted to hang out with me after everything that had happened.

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We raided the cabin's board game cabinet, playing several different games before settling on Clue. At lunch, Mom uncorked another bottle of wine. By the early afternoon, we opened another. The frostiness between us had thawed. We were laughing again, telling jokes, and she was asking me about school, friends, and girls.

"What do you do with all those girls you date? You see them a few times, and then you're onto the next one." Mom moved a piece on the gameboard carefully and then put it back, thinking about her next move. We were playing Stratego now.

"Are you asking me if I use a condom? Because I always do. I promise." I crossed my heart for her.

"You ... have sex with all those girls?" Mom's eyes got very round. She forgot about the board and stared at me.

"Not all of them. But ... you know ... I guess I have a talent for it." I shrugged.

"Why don't you make one of them your girlfriend?" She whispered.

"I'm sort of hung up on somebody else. So, I guess ... I get bored with them quickly." I frowned.

"You need to forget about me. Focus on the girls at school." Mom rubbed her chin. She didn't look angry with me now. She looked a little drunk to tell you the truth.

"How?" I cocked my head at her. I was a bit drunk too, so I plunged right back into the thick of it, risking her wrath. "Maybe if you showed me your boobs a whole bunch while we're stuck here, I'd get you out of my system?"

"Logan ... I ... um ..." Her lip curled in disgust, she gulped down the last of her wine, but she didn't shoot me down. "Let's just play our game." She turned her attention back to the board and made her move. I could tell she knew where one of my mines was hidden.

"Sure, Mom." I made a counter-move and changed the subject to what my dad and sisters were probably doing at that moment. Soon, it was lighthearted in the cabin again.