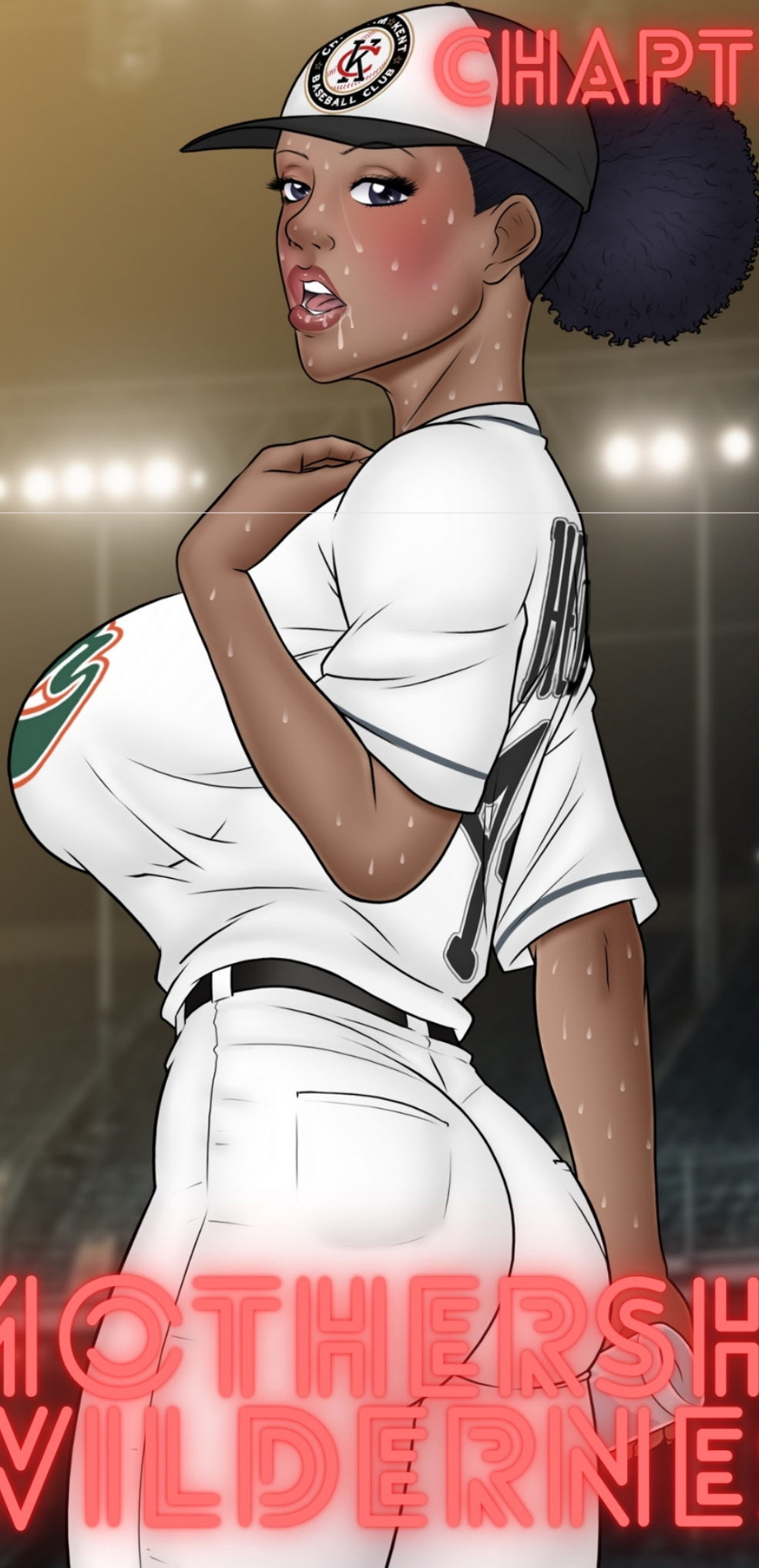


CHAPTER 11



MOTHERSHIP WILDERNESS

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

Mothership Wilderness 11

Illustrations by Adun

Written by RawlyRawls & CeeBee42

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"Hello? Heather? All you alright? I thought I heard something." Max pounded on the door to the lab. His wife was inside and he had heard the faintest high-pitched sound. It sounded almost like singing, but it had stopped several minutes ago. "Computer, open the door to the lab," he commanded again. "I need to get in there."

"I'm sorry, Max, I can't let you do that." Errand sounded almost smug.

"Open up." He pounded on the door some more. He was so worried that he hadn't even noticed that the computer had failed to address him properly. He had a pit in his stomach, like something dreadful was going on just on the other side of the bulkhead.

The doors parted without warning, and Heather stood on the other side looking slightly dazed. Max almost hit his wife in the face as he went to knock on the door again. Seeing her there, he rushed into her arms. "I was so worried," he murmured into her thick hair. She usually smelled so fresh and clean, but at the moment his nostrils filled with the sourness of her sweat.

"Don't be silly, Max." Heather patted him on the back and pushed him away from their hug. "Everything is fine. I was just ... just ..." A faraway look possessed her dark eyes, and then she was back with her husband in the present. "I was just doing tests with Member Humility." She nodded back to the woman. Humility waved at Max.

"Oh, I thought." Max led her by the hand away from the room and the doors closed behind them. "I thought I heard your voice through the door."





“Oh, yes ... I was ... I mean ...” Heather tried hard not to rub her belly where she knew Jacob’s sperm was probably having a field day with her eggs. She counted days and thought maybe her eggs weren’t available at present. Thank goodness.

“Heather?” Max’s forehead creased in worry.

“I was just a little scared of the tests. And it turns out ...” Heather had little practice in lying to her husband. But after what had just happened to her in the lab, she felt she had to protect the Winthrops. She found she had no more loathing for Jacob. He was a special young man that needed her. Needed her more than Max did, now that she thought about it. “It turns out that Humility, she likes to be called Lil actually, is quite a joker. She kept scaring me right at the tense moment of each test. I may have screamed a little. But it was all in good fun.”

“That seems unkind.” He couldn’t bring himself to say what he really thought, that Humility was acting un-Christian. “I was afraid the robot had somehow gotten in, or that the Winthrops had done something to you.”

“No one has done anything to me.” She grasped his hand weakly as they walked. This was such a gargantuan lie. Jacob had taken her like a heathen, and made her enjoy it like a heathen. She shuddered at the memory of his thing wriggling inside her, finding all her special places. “Everything is fine.”

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Mary braced herself against the bed, clutching at Jacob's sheets. She was on her stomach, and her son was just about to explode. Her gentle teenager always got so aggressive when he was about to bless her with his stuff. "Do it, Jake. Fill me. Fill me ... ooohhhhhh ... again." She wondered that she still allowed him access to her secret cavern after he'd already succeeded in sowing her field. Did the Lord hump His own Mary after he'd impregnated her with His divinity? Mary thought not. Regardless, she could no longer say no to her youngest and his otherworldly penis. "Oh, yesssssssss." After that, she lost herself in a floating nebula of ecstasy. When she came around, her son had already left. She'd vaguely heard him say something about playing baseball as she had shuddered on the bed. She rolled halfway over, and noticed two wet spots on the bed where her breasts had pressed into the mattress. Her boobs hung ponderously sideways. They seemed to grow every day.



"Strange." She touched the wet sheet where her nipple had been. It was soaked, and not by sweat. She got up and waddled to the bathroom, trying not to drip semen all over the floor. After her shower, Mary stood in the bathroom, staring at her body. She regarded every gentle slope and curve. Soon, she would be a whole lot rounder. She sighed. It would be hard work carrying her son's baby, but it was righteous work, and she welcomed it.

Her nipples had already darkened, and her areola looked wider. She reached up and touched her nipple. On impulse, she squeezed. Her fingers were wet. She lifted them to her mouth and a shiver of joy shot through her at the sweet taste of milk. Heaven be praised, she was already lactating. And her milk was wonderful. She'd never tasted it with her other children, that would have been unseemly. So, maybe milk always hit those that imbibed it with pleasure. Or maybe this pregnancy was special. Heck, she knew it was special, and the pleasure she'd tasted from the milk reminded her too much of the effect her son's sperm had on her. But to a lesser degree.

Watching herself in the mirror, Mary lifted her heavy, left breast with both hands. She lowered her chin and angled her nipple up. The dulcet warmth spread delightfully from her taste buds down her throat. She squeezed the pliant boob rhythmically and drank and drank. Mary didn't know how long had passed before she'd had her fill. Eventually, she dropped the breast and smacked her lips in satisfaction. That was one of the best meals she'd ever had. And she made it herself. Mary giggled as she watched milk drip down her chin and splatter on her breasts. She couldn't wait to share this with Jacob. Well, with all of them. But first, she supposed, it was time to tell them she was pregnant.

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The mess hall had never felt so full. Jacob looked around the table. All the Hendersons were there, along with their pilot, Don, and the enigmatic Doctor Cole. The doctor watched Jacob with her pretty Asiatic eyes, but he knew enough not to put much stock in her friendly smiles. Penny also smiled over at her eighteen-year-old host. They were the same age, and Jacob guessed she was probably lonely after all that time without anyone new. He looked over at Heather. If the computer hadn't woken her and Max, he would be in a similar position to Penny. He smiled at his sister. Well, not that similar. Heather though Penny was, he doubted she got to have the sort of wild fun with her family that Jacob had. He looked back to the Hendersons. "No robot?" He really wanted to see the thing.

"Sorry, Jake." Maureen had become familiar with the Winthrops. They seemed a slightly high-strung family, but she imagined all that religious zealotry could keep a person on edge. Or maybe there was something off about them beyond their faith. She wasn't sure, but she would keep her eyes open. The Hendersons had met plenty of dangers before, and had mostly handled what the galaxy had thrown at them. Mostly, but not entirely. "Ever since the incident with our youngest, the robot hasn't been very social." This was the first time anyone on the ship had mentioned the Hendersons' loss. A quiet fell over the table.

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean ..." Jacob had no idea what to say.

"The Lord's guiding hand will shepherd us forward." Mary glanced at her son who was the embodiment of His will. What a comfort to be tasked with caring for something so great. "As a mother, I can only imagine. Let us pray."

Jacob watched his family and the Ewejes drop their heads. He saw Maureen's husband, John, pat Maureen's back and she gave him a sad smile back. After a minute, everyone lifted their heads and the conversation started back up.

Heather sat next to Jacob and they talked baseball. Max ate in silence, looking quite bored.

Penny leaned across the table and beamed at Jacob. "Oh, you like baseball? I love baseball."

"Oh, really? What's your favorite team?" Jacob turned from Heather and so missed the frown on her face and the grudging look she gave Penny.

"Um ... I like all of them." Penny was too old to make up things for the attention of a boy. But this boy was cute, and it had been so long since she'd been able to flirt. "So, what ... um ... I mean ... where do you like to play on the field?"



"I'm an infielder." Jacob was in heaven. All these pretty women interested in baseball. "I used to be afraid of the ball, but then I took one off the face, broke my nose, and realized that wasn't so bad." He laughed. "After that, I kept my head down every time."

"Oh, my G ..." Her faced contorted in horror. Both at the thought of this handsome boy bleeding from a broken nose, and also from almost saying 'God' in front of all these colonists. She didn't want to offend anyone. "Um ... listen ... Don's talking about their engagement." She pointed to her sister.

"She didn't trust me at first." Don said. "But after Judy and I were stranded on Xandior for all those months, we really started to get to know each other. I saved her life. And she started to trust me. And right after the sulfur storm, I proposed."

"And I saved his at least four times." Judy said with a smirk. "And that was just the first week on that rock."

Don laughed and nodded to the truth of it. Everyone else around the table joined in his laughter.

"I hope I meet a girl who wouldn't mind being stranded with me on a barren planetoid." Jacob sighed.

"Maybe you already have." Pricilla and Humility said at the same time. And then looked at each other curiously.



Isaac didn't notice the awkward moment. He turned to his son. "That's the right sentiment. Once we're on New Canaan, you have my permission to court one of the fine, young Christian women that are now in cryosleep." He eyed Penny suspiciously. He could see the doe eyes she made at his son. "Jacob, you are eighteen now, and just as Christ is to the church, you will be to your wife. I remember ..." Isaac stopped and looked closer at Jacob. "Are you wearing one of my uniforms again?"



“Well, dear, it’s not his fault. His uniforms don’t really fit him anymore,” Mary said.

At this, Mary, Pricilla, and Humility all laughed. Heather gave a little snort. Isaac, Mason, and Pricilla’s husband, John, all slid lower in their seats. The new guests looked around at the laughter, confused.



“What’s so funny?” Max asked his wife, as she put a hand over her mouth to keep her giggles in.

“It’s an inside joke.” Heather patted her husband’s thigh. “You wouldn’t get it.”

After a moment of confusion, Penny laughed, too. She very much wanted to get in on the fun, whatever it was.

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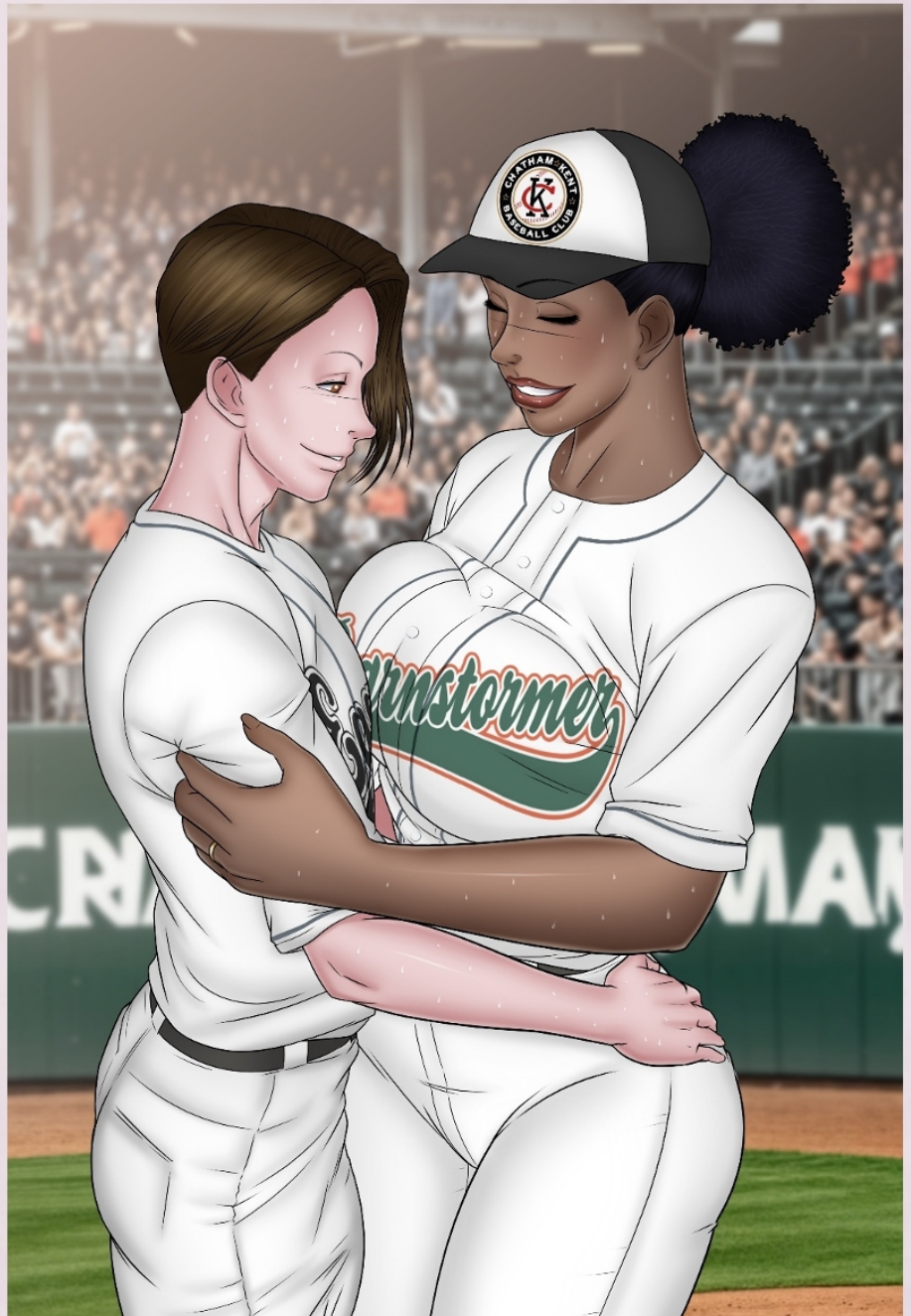
"Let's turn two." Heather gave Jacob a thumbs up from her position on the right side of the infield. She glanced across second base at his short, lanky frame. He had the build of a shortstop, that was for sure. She then pounded her mitt with her right hand, bent her knees, and watched the holo-batter. The pitch was a curveball low and outside. The batter reached for it and hit it sharply to the right. Heather streaked across the dirt, picked up the ball, pivoted, and threw it to where she knew Jacob would be. He caught it in his bare hand, hit the base with his foot, and fired a strike to first. Double play. That was the ballgame.

Heather and Jacob ran together and hugged. It was a bit awkward, her height meant that his face wasn't far from her boobs hidden away in a Barn Stormers uniform. Players ran from the dugout, shouting like they'd just won the System Series. "End simulation." Heather pushed Jacob away, but she was still smiling. The other players all disappeared, but the stadium stayed.

"Did you see that?" Jacob's grin went ear to ear. "I caught that with my bare hand. I've never done that before, but your throw was so perfect, and ..." He babbled on excitedly, tugging at his Eagles uniform where it bunched around his dick. They walked into the empty dugout and sat on the bench. When they'd started the simulation, they couldn't agree on a baseball team, so they agreed to play together, but wear their favorite uniforms.

"Yeah, that was great." Heather leaned back on the bench and drank some water. She was so sweaty. When she'd agreed to play ball with Jacob, she'd wondered if he'd use it as an excuse to try and put that horrid thing in her again. She didn't know if she was relieved or not that he actually wanted to play ball. They'd certainly had some fun out on

the diamond. She let him talk about the game, excitedly reliving some of the tense moments. Like when she'd hit a double down the line in the seventh. Sometimes Jacob seemed quite mature, but other times he seemed every bit the teenager. Eventually, she interrupted him. "I should get back to Max."

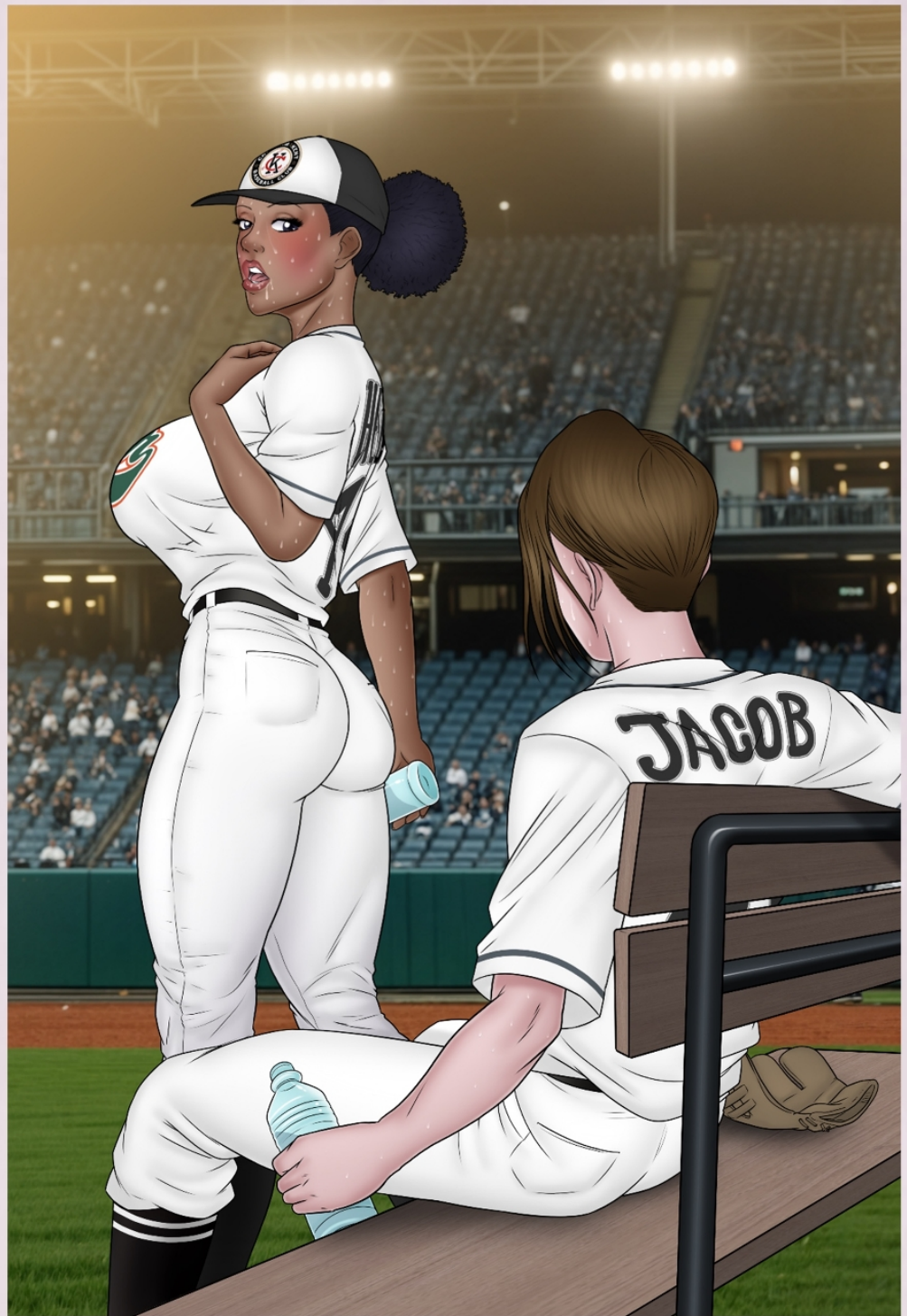


“Oh, right.” Some of the enthusiasm left Jacob’s face. “I thought he was following you everywhere. What happened?”

Heather’s face went cool and she stood up. What was she thinking? How could she even entertain the idea of letting this young man have her again? She was Max’s. Even if Max didn’t know what sex could truly be, that was what God had wanted for her. “He had to help repair the cooling discs.” She picked up her mitt from the bench. She looked down at her dusty uniform. It didn’t fit the way uniforms had fit her back on Earth. It seemed her breasts had grown some. She had noticed that her bras didn’t fit quite right the last couple days. “And anyway, the robot is still on the Hendersons’ ship. So ...” Why was she still pretending that she was afraid of the robot?

“You look really pretty all dirty and sweaty.” Jacob marveled at his courage to tell this beautiful woman his true feelings.

“No, I don’t.” Heather shook her head. The black ponytail that stuck out the back of her hat swished past her shoulders gently. “I’m filthy.”



"I honestly don't know if I've ever seen a more beautiful sight. Even with the Barn Stormers uniform."



Heather laughed. "Well, I guess that is a compliment coming from an Eagles fan."

"Does your husband know how lucky he is?" Jacob stood and stepped closer to her. He could smell the sweat on her, it was a compelling scent. His dick lurched in his baseball uniform.

"Um ... yes ... he does." Heather's attention was drawn to the teenager's crotch. The uniform didn't hide his thing quite as well as his father's uniform had. Suddenly, her coolness toward Jacob warmed. Would it be so bad?

"Can I kiss you?" Jacob got very close to her in the dugout, and stood on his toes.

"Well ... maybe ... just one kiss." Heather embraced him and her mitt dropped to the dusty floor.

A while later, they only wore the top halves of their uniforms.

Jacob sat on the dugout bench, his hands on the Barn Stormers lettering as he squeezed her formidable boobs.

Heather rode him hard, her knees on the bench, her body hunching onto that magical penis over and over. How could such a repulsive looking thing know her so well? It found every perfect spot deep inside her.

"First ... ugh ... ugh ... that barehanded catch. And now ... uh ... uh ... this." Jacob was having a perfect day.

His meaning was clear to Heather. He'd taken her and the baseball bare in that stadium. "It's ... good," Heather squeaked. She was a failure of a wife, but an excellent teammate it seemed. "I ... can't believe ... I was going to leave ... without feeling you ... again." Heather's wide hips stopped their motion and she shook on top of him, her head flying back. The baseball cap was now askew, and her face was dripping with fresh sweat. "Right ... theeeeerrreeeee." Heather screamed out her orgasm. This was even better than a perfect double play.

"You're so ... tight." Jacob lowered his hands and reached around to her ass. She had so much back there, firm and round. He took two heaping handfuls and helped her start moving again. "We should do this all the time. Baseball ... ugh ... ugh ... and sex." Something happened to her uniform

as he watched her tits bounce under the fabric. The lettering changed. Suddenly, she was wearing an Eagles uniform. Jacob smiled at that. "I'm going to ... cum."



