

CHAPTER 12



MOTHERSHIP
WILDERNESS

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

Mothership Wilderness 12

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It would have shocked Pricilla not long ago to see two people making savage love on the beach. It would have made her dizzy to know that the white, skinny ass clenching with each thrust was her eighteen-year-old brother's. She might have fainted knowing that the dark-skinned woman he mated was, until a few days ago, her husband's faithful servant. But now the sight of it only served to further her wetness. She wasn't sure if she believed her mother's proclamations about Jacob filling the savior's shoes. But, it turns out, she didn't care. If it was His will or not, Pricilla would help her brother. She wore the silly Eagles uniform for her brother, even though she could see no baseball stadium, and the eerie glow of Honolulu shimmered over the ocean. If it made Jacob happy, she would do it, she supposed. And her mother had said the baseball uniforms would make him happy.

"Oh ... oh ... oh ... Jake ..." Heather ran her fingers through his sweaty hair as the young man feasted on her nipples. He was maybe too rough with her breasts, but she didn't mind. In fact, she understood that it was another way of making her his. Just as he marked her with the sperm, his teeth were probably marking her breasts. His massive thing wriggled inside her with a life of its own, finding her most secret places and pressing all the right buttons. With half-open eyes, she looked up at the tropical, blue sky. "Every time ... you make ... me orgasm ... I feel ..." She didn't want to tell him that she was now more his wife than she'd ever been Max's. But that was how she felt. When she noticed two women walking over the beach toward them, she blinked and turned her head to see better. At first, she thought it was the simulation sending about vacationers, but then her muscles went rigid in panic when she saw who it was. "Jake ... Jake ... your mom ... ugh ... and sister ..."



“What ... about them?” Jacob said between gentle bites of her fat nipple and supple flesh.

“You ... uh ... uh ... uh ... have to stop. They’re ... here. Oh no ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Despite the ice that had just entered her veins, that horrific penis hit the perfect spot deep inside her and another orgasm washed over her. She looked away from the women, who were wearing baseball uniforms and standing next to them.

“Don’t stop, sweetie.” Mary reached down and tussled his hair, proud that his young, lithe body could so pair with this strong woman. That she could be so cowed by her son that she wouldn’t even try to push him off when onlookers appeared.

“Wait ... ugh ... stop ... ugh ...” Without thinking, Heather reached around and clutched at the skinny, white ass between her legs. She pulled him in and tried to hold him still, but instead just seemed to spur Jacob on. “Not ... in front ... of your mother ...”

“Quiet, dear.” Mary pulled her uniform shirt over her head, letting her ripening boobs drop free. She could see the confusion and surprise in the young wife’s eyes. Mary then cupped her own right breast, and guided the nipple into between Heather’s dark lips.

“Hmmmmmpppphhhhhh?” Heather did not want to receive this new strange offering. How twisted had their colony ship become that son and mother now went after her as a unit? She resisted the nipple at first, trying to spit it out. But then hot milk splashed across her tongue and all the anxiety at the added strangeness melted away. Heather could care less that she now behaved as if she was one of the most morally bankrupt heathens on Earth. Would most polygamists even dream of a scene so twisted? “Mmmmmmmmmmm.” Her throat gulped and she swallowed down the dulcet drink. Orgasms now rained down on top of her one after the other. She heard Pricilla talking, but couldn’t follow the words. That is, until Jacob abruptly pulled out of Heather.

“That’s right. I see your stuff dripping out of her. It’s my turn.” Pricilla had stripped naked. She was on her hands and knees in the warm sand. She looked back over her shoulder as her brother pulled out of Heather, stood, and stepped in the sand toward her. Pricilla gave him a lovely, inviting smile as his horror of a cock waved about, obviously seeking the next warm pussy. She wiggled her butt at him, letting Jacob and his cock know her pussy was willing. “Put it in me.”

Heather couldn’t see anything around the enormous boob in her face, but she heard several groans and then the rhythmic slap of skin on skin. She knew Jacob was mating his sister. Heather’s own pussy was now impossibly empty. She reached down and easily inserted three fingers into herself as she continued to gobble up Mary’s precious milk. Yet another orgasm seized her.



“There now, that’s a good girl.” Mary stroked Heather’s coarse, black hair and pushed her face more firmly to her breast. Little electric shocks streaked from the nerves in her right nipple. She looked over at brother and sister humping like animals on the beach. “What you have to understand, Heather, is that we are on a mission to a new world. It will be His new world. And He has seen fit to give us the instrument of our salvation.”

“Mmmppppphhhhhh?” Heather was delirious with pleasure. Her brain could barely make sense of the words.

“That’s right. Jacob is our chosen savior, and our Lord has given him the tools of fecundity. Just as Christ is to the church, Jacob will tend to us. And just as the church is to Christ, we will open ourselves and give all to him.” Mary thought now the perfect time to tell Jacob. “Pricilla, dear, tell him the news.”

“Now? Uh ... uh ... okay.” Pricilla’s fingers clutched at the ungraspable sand. She looked down at the ring her husband had given her, still on her finger, half-buried in the beach. The little bit of metal and rock seemed so obsolete. She then looked back over her shoulder at her handsome younger brother, the lean muscles in his chest flexing with every thrust. She adored the way his skinny arms tightened as he held the curve of her waist. “I’m ... pregnant ... Jacob.” So much ecstasy flowed through her body that she didn’t even notice when Jacob’s face fell and his hips went out of rhythm. “It’s ... yours ... Jake,” she said dreamily.

“What?” The thought was like a bucket of cold water. What about John? His brother-in-law had always been kind to him. What about the church? Would the Council cast them out? But his sister’s ass pushed back against him, and he couldn’t focus on his doubts. Soon, he was hammering into her harder than before. “It’s mine ... ugh ... I can’t believe ... it’s mine.”



“And I have news, too.” Mary let go of Heather’s head, and turned to face her children. “I’m carrying your child as well. It is as if He placed the baby in my belly with his own hand.”

Heather friggd her pussy furiously. Released from the breast, she watched brother and sister hump, while their mother looked on and shared the joyous and horrific news. Try as she might, Heather couldn’t pull her fingers from her pussy.

“Soon, we will all bear this burden for you and Him.” Mary dropped to the sand. Her hand found her own vagina. “This is such a blessing.”

“They’re mine ... ugh ... oh, shit ...” In a frenzy, Jacob released inside his sister.

Heather listened to the stupid sounds Pricilla made as cum erupted inside her. She knew that she made those same idiotic sounds when Jacob released in her. That put the next obvious idea in her head. She had a womb full of his stuff. Mary was right. They would all carry little bundles of joy for him. With that, Heather’s voice joined Mary’s and Pricilla’s, as the women all gave in to ecstasy.

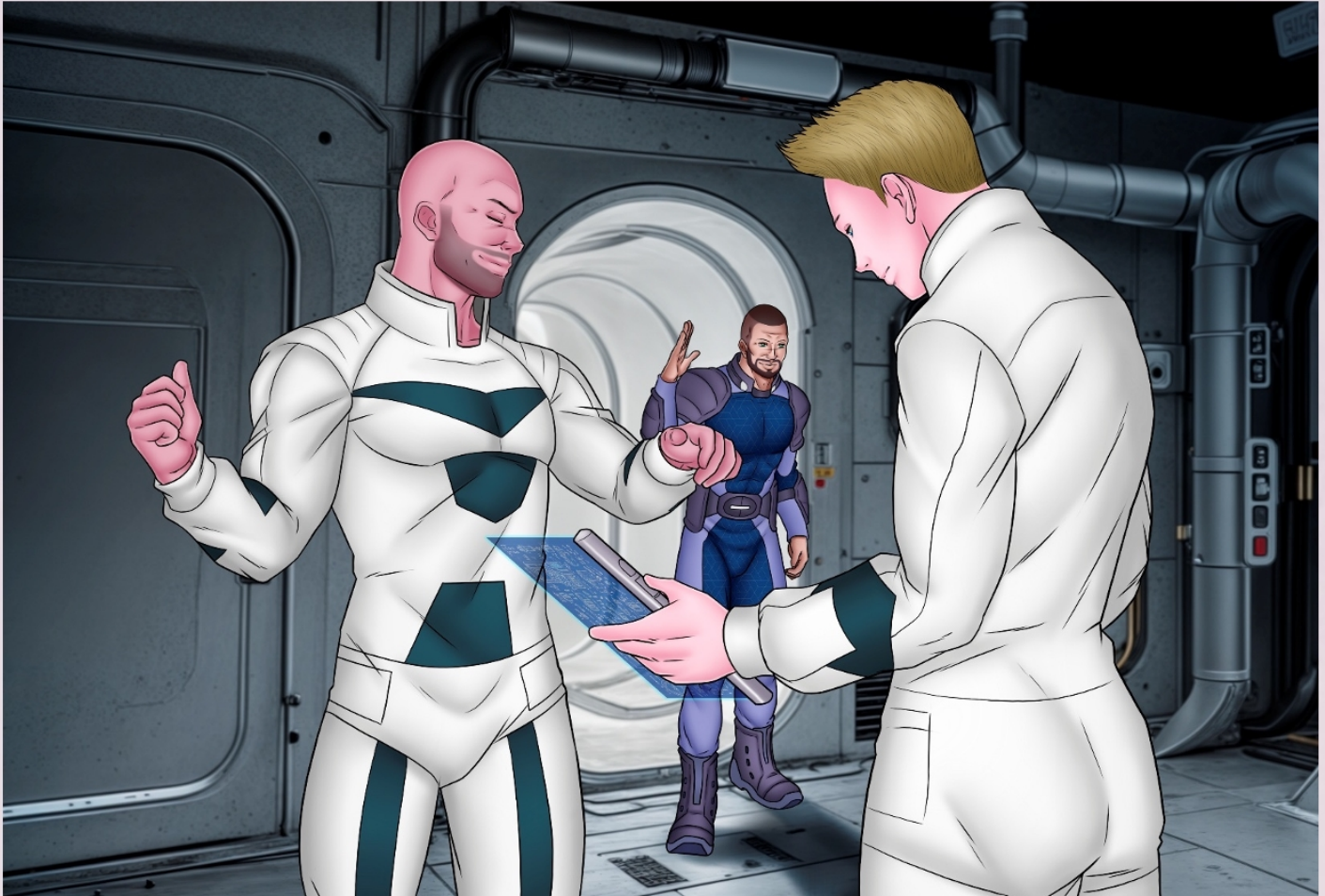


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“There you are, Isaac.” John Henderson strode into the reclamation tube room, where he found Isaac and his son-in-law updating code for a longer manned voyage.

“Here I am.” Isaac chaffed at the heathen’s use of his Christian name. But what could he expect?

“Hello, Mr. Henderson.” Mason seemed glad for the intrusion. “What can we do for you?”



“Well, my ship has been monitoring the air ...” John watched as something changed in the men. They went from welcoming to ... what? Fearful? Anxious? He could see sweat bead on their foreheads and his military eye noticed the shake in their hands before they disappeared into the pockets of their Colony Control uniforms. “Don’t worry, nothing’s wrong, per se.” John’s eyes darted back and forth between the men. They seemed to be grimacing. “Well, my ship’s computer picked up some hormonal anomalies, and I wondered if you knew anything about that. The computer didn’t know what to make of it. It said it was similar to estrogen, but not quite human. Is there some genetically altered animal stock on your ship?”

Isaac and Mason stood very still. “Everything’s fine here,” Isaac said through clenched teeth.

The Henderson’s had been in and out of danger so many times that John slipped right into his ready and alert mode and surveyed the room. “Computer?”

“Yes, Major?” Errand’s feminine voice seemed as amiable as always.

“Does anyone have eyes on this room?” The hairs on the back of John’s neck stood up. He knew something was strange on this colony ship. He heard a faint hiss as the vents pushed more air into the room. That was odd.

“Only me, your Errand into the Wilderness.”

“Well, with all due respect, computer, you’re not my errand.” John turned to the men. “What’s going on here?”



“Everything’s fine,” Mason said. The sweat dripped down his face. He shook his head a little.

John caught on quickly. “Am I in danger?” The air seemed to swirl around him as the vents kicked into overdrive. Errand into the Wilderness was such an odd ship. He ignored Mason’s placating words and watched as the man shook his head. John’s mind seemed to fog up a little. The room was suddenly constricting. He thought about running for his ship, but he needed to question these men. “What about you, are you in danger?”

This time Isaac said, “Everything is fine,” while shaking his head.

“So, we’re okay.” John breathed a deep sigh of relief. “So, what’s the prob ...” John’s voice faded away as he thought about his wife and daughters. “Are the women in danger?”

Both colonists said nothing but vigorously nodded their heads. “We have to ... do something ...” John’s brain seemed to turn away from what he’d just learned. He grimaced, trying to focus on it.

Beads of sweat formed on his forehead. “Oh, hey, I think I can help with the code you’re working on. Would you like a hand?”

“We’d love the help, thanks.” Isaac stood away from the console.

Twenty minutes later, Maureen walked into the reclamation tube room. “There you are, John. The computer wouldn’t tell me where you were for the longest time. This ship is huge, and I walked nearly half of it looking for you. Until the computer finally got its act together.” She stood with her hand on her hip, looking at her husband. “What are you doing?”

“Just helping these gentlemen recode their reclamation apparatus.” John stood up and wiped his wet palms on his uniform.

“You all look like you’ve seen a ghost.” She frowned at her husband. “What’s wrong?”

Suddenly, John’s hands shook. He continued to perspire. He tried to answer her, but nothing came out. Then, he said, “Everything’s fine.” His hands calmed down, and his mind settled. A calm fell over him.

“Well, okay.” Maureen cocked her head at her husband quizzically. “Come on. The robot won’t come out of the supply closet. Judy and Don need your help with it.”

“Sure.” John dutifully followed his wife out of the room, giving the colonists one last confused look on his way out.



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Penny Henderson ran into just the person she wanted to see in the laundry room. What was the woman's name? Her last name was something African. Her first name was ... Heather. That was it. "Well, hello, Heather." Penny carried her bag of clothes in and set it on the metal table. "With the state of our ship's power cells, we have to do laundry over here." Penny smiled at the older woman as Heather folded bras. Penny could not help but look at the woman's bust and then back to the cups on those bras. It didn't seem that the two were compatible. Did these Christians have some sort of law about constricting underwear?

"Hello, Penny." Heather's smile was a bit icy. She'd seen the way the young woman had looked at Jacob. The way Heather had come to see it, Jacob's family was his business. But after several more baseball and sex sessions, she'd started to think of herself as maybe not his wife, but certainly she was his girlfriend. How else could one explain all the unprotected loads she'd taken inside her? "How are you liking the Errand?"

"It's a fine ship." Penny nodded enthusiastically. "Even nicer than the lifeships the Mormons sent out."

"Oh, thank you." Heather nodded and looked back to her clothes pile. She moved on to folding her sensible underwear.

"Say, Heather, I was wondering." Penny's voice rose an octave. "Does Jacob have a girlfriend?"

"Yes," Heather blurted out.

"Oh, really?" Penny tried not to look disappointed. Well, a girlfriend wasn't like a wife. She could still ask Jacob out. "Is she ... on this ship?"

“Yes.” Heather didn’t like this conversation at all. She stuffed her clothes into the basket and headed for the door.

“Oh, is she in cryo, or ...” Penny watched the woman’s round behind hustle out of the room. And then she was gone. “Well, she must be in cryo or I’d have met her,” Penny said to herself. “Well, that’s the sleeping Christian girl’s loss and Penny Henderson’s gain. You snooze you lose.”



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“Where are you going with your hair all done up like that?” Maureen found her daughter in their shared bathroom back on their ship.

“Oh, do you like it?” Penny’s smile was a thousand watts as she looked over at her mother. “I’m going on a date. Can you believe it? A real date after all these years.”

“Really?” Maureen couldn’t believe it, and she liked it even less.

“I asked Jacob out and he said yes.” She stood up and twirled, still in her uniform. “We’re meeting at the holopark. The computer is going to give me a lovely, flowing gown.”

“It is?” Maureen was stumped. She wanted to forbid it, but Penny was eighteen, a grown woman. She could go on a date if she wanted. Even if it was with one of those strange Christians. “Well, be careful. I’d like you home at an early hour.”

“We’re in space, Mom. What does it matter?” Penny practically danced to the door.

“It matters.” Maureen watched her prance around the room.



“I’ll be home ... I’ll be home ...” Penny sang. “When the rooster calls the morn ...” And she danced out of the bathroom.

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Sitting in a great ballroom across a small table from Jacob, Penny twirled her red curls with her finger. Around them, couples in elegant clothes waltzed across the floor. Empty dishes rested before them. The food had been divine, even if not real. Penny hung on every word Jacob uttered, even if she didn't understand much about baseball. She sipped her water and realized he had stopped talking and was waiting for a response. "Um, what did you say?"

"I asked if you had been on very many dates?" Jacob glanced around the room. This simulation was from an old, decadent era between the first great wars. He enjoyed the luxury on display everywhere in the room. He had on a tuxedo, and she wore a blue, deco evening gown. The computer had outdone itself. He looked over at his date and enjoyed her nervous smile.

"No!" Penny leaned forward like she was about to tell him her deepest secret, although it didn't matter because everyone else in the room was a hologram. "I have never kissed a boy. Can you believe that?"

"Well, yes." Jacob reached across the white tablecloth and patted her hand. "Your family has been through a lot. Would you like to kiss me?" Jacob wasn't sure if he was doing this because of the mission his mother seemed to think God had sent him on, or simply because she was pretty and he couldn't quite seem to contain himself.

"That would be lovely." She watched him stand and step around the table next to her. She wasn't sure what to expect next. Her mind unfurled all the fantasies she'd worked out about her first kiss over the years. Her smile faded, though, as his tuxedo pants vanished. Was the computer glitching? But then her mouth dropped open when she saw that instead of a penis, Jacob was equipped with a serpent. No, that wasn't right, it was a penis. But he must have had some kind of horrific accident. The thing was much too big for him, and although it was hard, it waved about. Had Penny missed some part of sex education? Oh, God, it was rippling rhythmically, and the heavy balls beneath were so blue. Clear liquid oozed from the top.



“Before our kiss, I need you to do something for me. It’s part of my mission, actually. It’s a Christian thing. I hope you understand.” He stepped closer to her, watching her slack face closely.

“I ... uh ... what?” She could not help but stare at it. All around them, people turned elegant circles as they danced. This was just like the time the Hendersons had found that mining outpost. The miners had been so nice at first, but then they’d found out about the infection when Judy had noticed the anomalies. They’d only just escaped. How were they going to escape from this? Penny sat rooted in her seat.

“Will you take care of it?” Jacob stood with his hands on his hips, the upper half of his tuxedo still there.

“I ... um ... oh, gosh ... I’ve never ...” She reached out and held the thing lightly in her fingertips. Heat radiated off it. Was it hideous or beautiful? She couldn’t decide. Whatever it was, it was mesmerizing. “I’ve never seen one outside my coursework. It’s ... um ... different from what I expected.” She glanced up at his smiling face quickly and then returned her gaze to the undulating penis. “I thought your sect ...” She squeezed it tighter. “I thought your religion forbade sex outside marriage.”

“That’s what this is about. That’s my mission. God has changed things so that we might be fruitful and multiply.”

Penny didn’t like the sound of that. But her hands seemed to know what to do on their own. She found that she was now pumping the thick penis and squeezing in rhythm with the thing’s own pulsing. “I know you have a girlfriend in cryo, but I’ll only do this if I can be your girlfriend. Will you leave her?”

“But that’s the mission, Penny.” Jacob didn’t know what she was talking about with the girlfriend in cryo. “I have to have lots of girlfriends. That’s the mission.” With that, he moved his hips and watched his cock force its way into her pretty mouth. Her eyes looked confused. Her jaw was distorted by his size. But he could feel her tongue rolling over the head.



“Mmmpppphhhhh.” Penny had been taught about oral sex, but this was so much more savage than what she’d imagined. She found that the salty taste of his pre-fluid sent sparks through her nervous system. Soon she was sucking on him and pumping him with all her might. It was wrong what he said about his mission. A man shouldn’t have many girlfriends. But the serpent in her mouth was totally right. She didn’t want to give it up.

Jacob watched the innocent young woman throw herself into the blowjob. She wasn’t nearly as skilled as the other women in his life. Her struggles were evident, but that made her dedication to it all the more intoxicating to watch. After a while, his balls churned. “Get ... ready ... Penny.”

Through the fog of her arousal, her brain registered that he probably meant his orgasm was coming. She thought she better spit him out, but instead she sucked harder. When he roared above her, hot salty splashes hit the back of her mouth. She gagged and was then carried away by the most unexpected ecstasy. Nothing in her life had ever felt so good.

Jacob finished cumming and looked down at Penny who had fallen to the parquet floor. Her eyes had rolled back, she was squirming on her side, and she made the most stupid sounds. Jacob would have been worried had he not seen it all before. His cum was plastered over her face, her pretty gown, and the floor around her. As she writhed, the couples around them danced on.

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“Open the door, computer.” Maureen didn’t want to spy on her daughter’s first date, but she had a sense that something was off. She stood outside the holopark door.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Henderson, I am unable to comply.” Errand sounded as pleasant as always.

“Okay, show me what’s going on in there.”

“I am unable to comply,” Errand into the Wilderness said.

“Why?” Maureen folded her arms and stomped her foot. Something felt odd about that. Her boobs were sensitive under her folded arms. She uncrossed them and put her hands on her hips.

“Winthrop privacy settings.”

“Override.” Maureen paced down the hall and back.

“Member settings take precedence over guests.” There might have been a bit of ice in Errand’s last words.

“Fine.” Maureen stormed off, looking for the nearest colonist to help her open the holopark.