

# CHAPTER 10



# MOTHERSHIP WILDERNESS

# FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

## *Mothership Wilderness 10*

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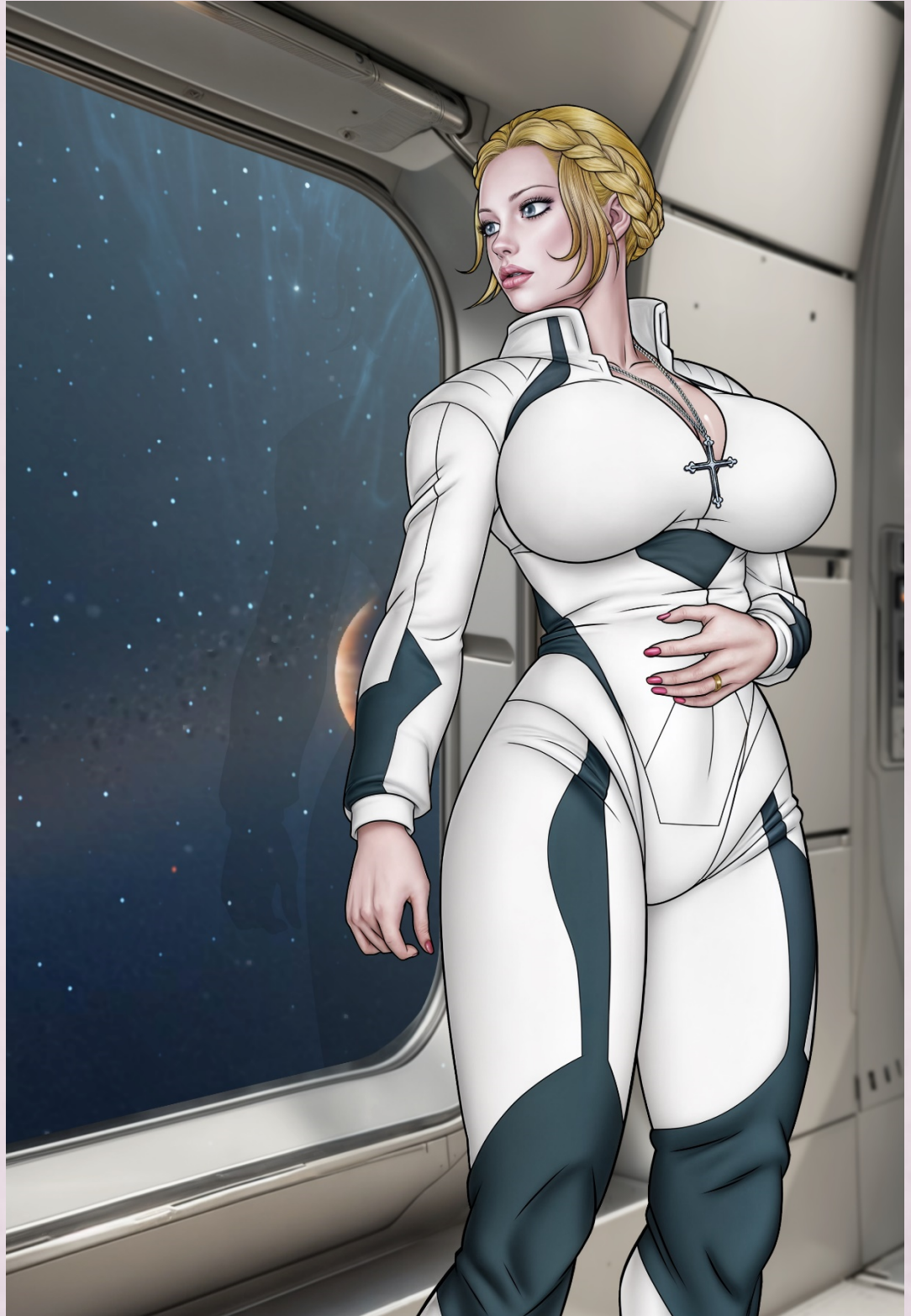
“Congratulations, you are with child.” The computer didn’t sound particularly enthusiastic. But Errand into the Wilderness rarely deviated from an indifferent, friendly tone.

“But Isaac and I haven’t ...” Mary cradled her belly. It still had only the gentle curve she’d come to expect of her body. Apparently, that would change. She imagined she could feel the little bundle of joy hiding in there, growing inside. “So, it’s God’s baby then? I mean ... you know what I mean.” She looked around the cramped lab. Mary would have liked to use the main lab, but she needed to keep these tests quiet.

“Well ...” Errand paused, not something the computer did often. “My analysis shows that the child’s DNA is a perfect match for you and your husband.”

“Because the baby’s father is made of Isaac’s lifeblood and my own. When we brought Jake into this world, I never imagined he would plant new life inside me.” Mary stared off into space, talking more to herself than to the ship. She continued to rub her belly through the tightly woven Colony Control uniform. “And yet, it is as if I, myself, have followed in Mary’s footsteps. God has reached down and through his grace and wisdom, he has brought new wonder into this world.” Mary looked over at the screen where the double helix slowly twirled. “What should I tell Isaac?”

A klaxon sounded and red lights cast the small lab in a pulsing glow. “Mary, darling. Come up to the bridge.” Isaac’s voice cut through the alarms.



“What is it?” Mary walked swiftly toward the door.

“A ship has matched our relative velocity.” Isaac sounded rattled. “I don’t know how, but it’s moving to intercept.”

“Fear not.” Mary left the lab and turned right down the hall. She headed away from the bridge back toward her quarters. She imagined the fright Jacob would have at the blaring klaxon and wanted to be there for him. She knew he’d seek her out at her quarters, so that’s the direction she briskly walked, carrying that new life with her. “This must all be part of His plan for New Canaan. I’ll join you on the bridge in a little while.”

“A little while?” Isaac did not sound pleased. “You’re better with vectors. I don’t know what Errand’s telling me.”

In the background, the computer started counting down to a collision.

“I’ll be there soon.” Mary cut off the communication. Why did her husband have to be so demanding?

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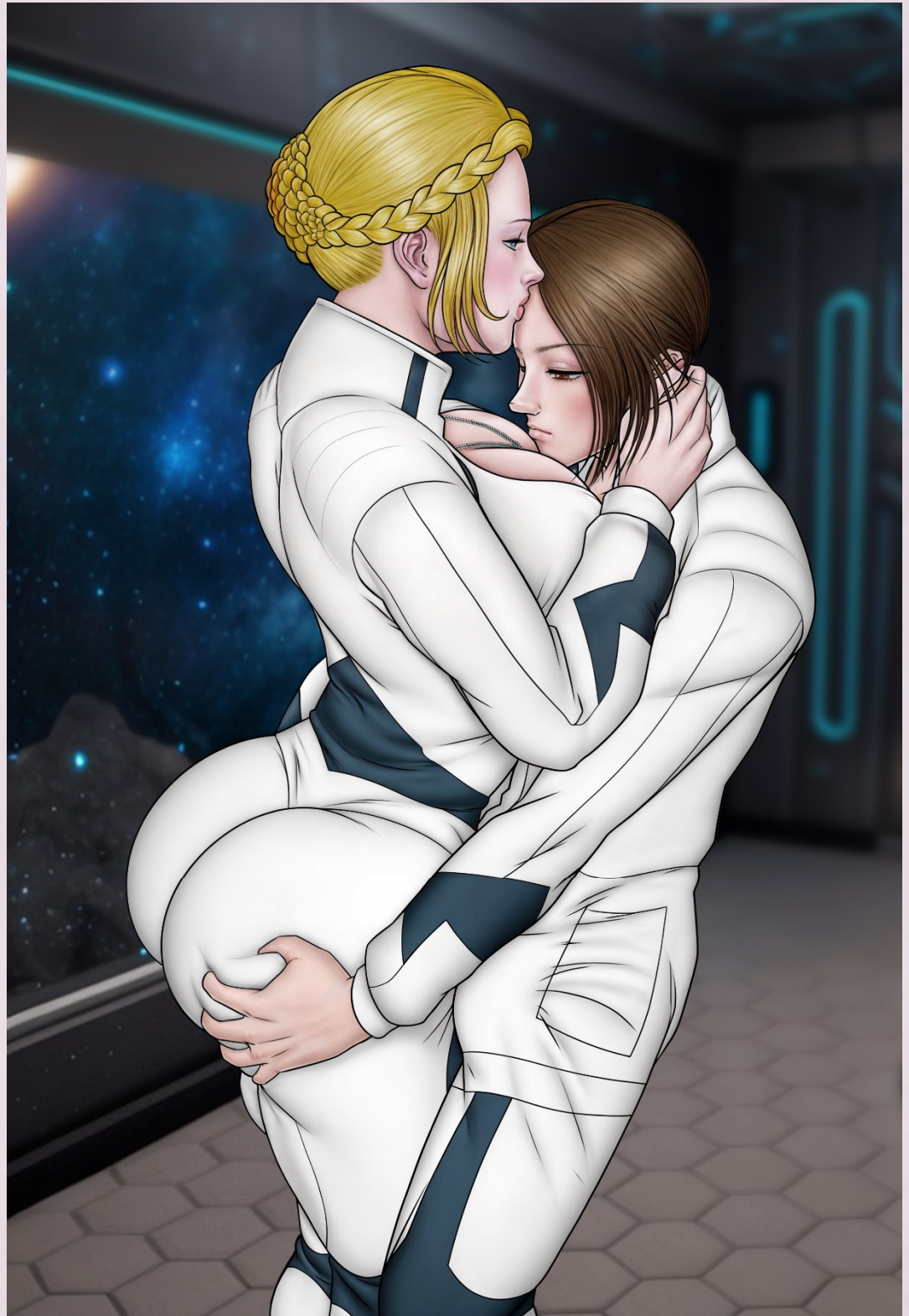


“Mom!” Jacob ran down the flashing red corridor when he saw Mary. He lunged into her open arms, cushioned against her softness. “What’s going on?”

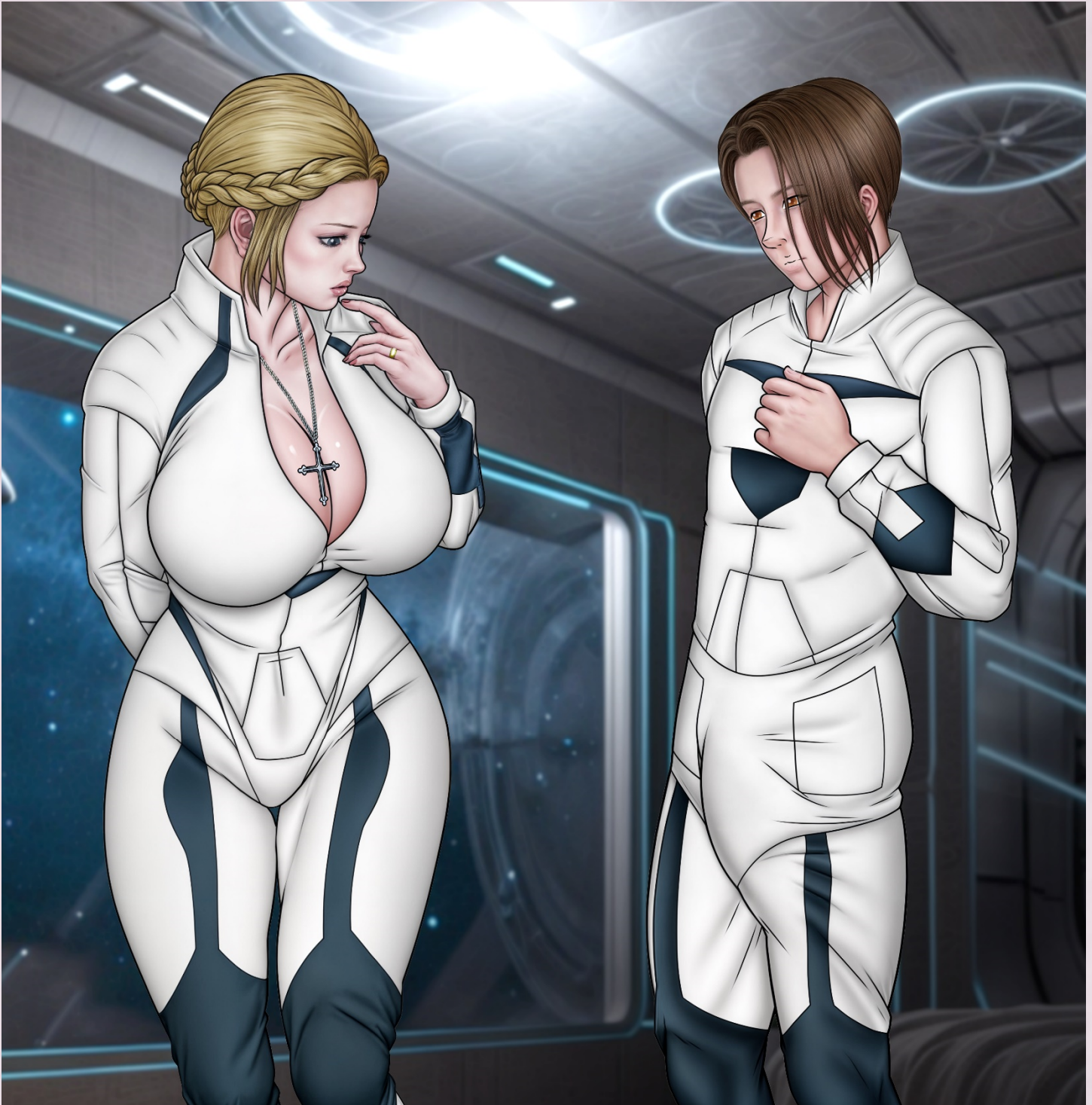
The computer’s countdown was at twenty-five seconds.

“Shh.” Mary kissed his forehead. She could feel his hands reach around and leverage themselves against the curve of her butt. Even in such moments, he couldn’t help himself. That was to be expected. She wondered if the church had been wrong all along. Maybe the heathens were right about some things. Maybe all men did want their mothers in this special way. But the wriggling thing that now squirmed against her belly had given Jacob an advantage over other, lesser men. She hugged him tight as the computer counted under ten and brushed back his brown hair with her fingers. “It seems someone has found us out in the middle of nowhere, and they’ve caught up to us somehow. We’ll know soon enough.”

“Oh.” Jacob’s mind raced. Their route to New Canaan went through the backwater of the galaxy. The church had intentionally claimed a planet no one else wanted in a mostly dead sector. “It’s crazy that someone else is out here. And they’re matching us.” The computer hit zero and there was a soft metallic clank from somewhere far off on the ship.



“It appears they’ve matched and mated us.” Mary nodded and held Jacob at arm’s length. “If we’re to have more guests, we can’t have you walking around in a uniform so ill-suited to your ... special gifts.” She looked down at the clear outline of the squirming thing between her son’s legs. It was huge, and Jacob was lucky he hadn’t scared off the new Eweje members. Her nostrils flared. “Say, Jacob, what were you doing before the alarm sounded?” As she said those words, the klaxon stopped and the red lights disappeared.



Jacob told her about Heather in the holopark.

"I see. That was good. You are truly spreading His gospel about the ship." She cocked her head. She could tell something hadn't gone right. "Did she finish you?"

"No." Jacob shook his head and looked up into her loving eyes.

"Well, okay then. I'll have to do it." She opened the doors to her suite and pulled him in by the hand. "Mrs. Eweje missed out on the best part. Be sure to give her lots the next time you have her all to yourself."

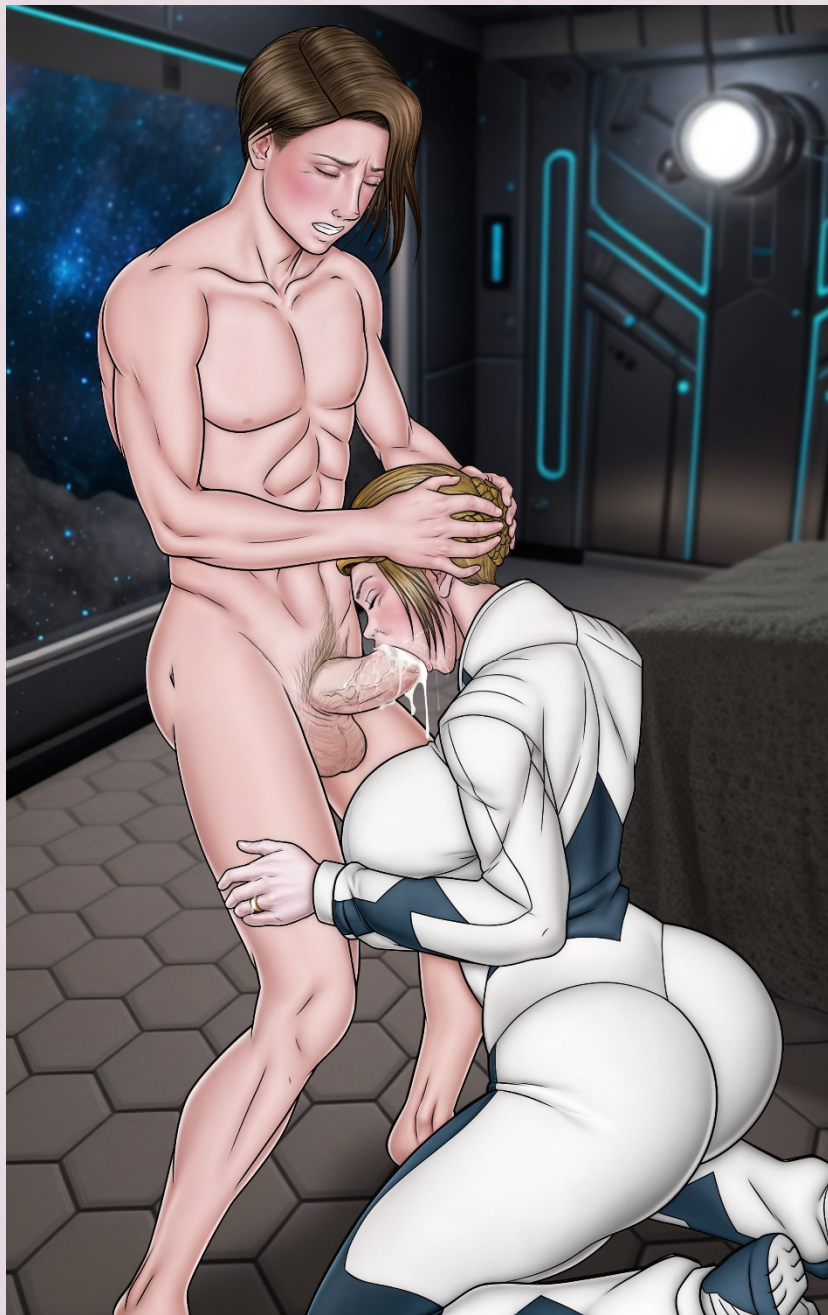
"Okay, Mom." Jacob watched with anticipation as she unzipped him.

"And afterward, we'll give you one of your father's uniforms. It'll be big on you, so it should be able to hide your penis better." Her eyes widened as the monster flopped out of his uniform. As usual, it wept precum for her and moved about with great alacrity. "Well, hello there." Mary smiled and licked the head with her tongue. She knew Isaac must be wondering where on Errand she was. She shuddered and took him into her mouth. "Mmmpppppphhhhhh." She did her best to encourage Jacob with her groans, and with her delicate hands on those ripe, blue globes that hung so heavily between his legs. She squeezed them gently and rhythmically, like how she used to help her breasts produce for her children all those years ago.



“Wow, Mom. Thanks.” He looked down at her pretty face, distorted by the head of his cock in her mouth. Her expression conveyed so much dedication, caring, and urgency. “This one is going to be ... ugh ... quick.” He could tell from her responding murmur and the increased tempo of her bobbing head that this pleased her. He had never tried to cum quickly before, but they certainly couldn’t take forever with a mysterious ship suddenly docked to Errand. He moved his fingers into her thick hair and made fists. He now controlled her rhythm, and it was frenetic. “Oh ... Mom ... it’s happening ... now ...” He arched his back and let loose, listening to the swallowing sounds as Mary worked in overdrive to gulp down his seed. When he was done, he released her and let her fall sideways to the floor. She lay there twitching and making the most stupid sounds. Cum leaked out of the corner of her mouth and pooled on the floor. They’d have to remember to clean that up before his father got back. His father. That reminded him. While his mother worked her way through her fix on the floor, Jacob went over to Isaac’s wardrobe area to find one of his dad’s uniforms. As he did this, Errand began talking about what would happen next. As Mary recovered from her orgasm, both Winthrops learned just how much the computer wanted the mission to be a success.

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“Ah, and here are the final two of our crew.” Isaac gave his wife a chastising look as she entered the bridge with Jacob in tow. He looked at his son and was perplexed to see him wearing one of Isaac’s own uniforms. He’d rolled up the cuffs, but the clothing practically draped off the young, skinny man. “My wife, Mary, and my son, Jacob.” Isaac held out a hand to Mary. He’d give her a what-for about showing up late later. Now, they had to put on a good show for their guests. “Mary, these are the Hendersons.”

“Wait, not *thee* Hendersons?” Jacob was starstruck. It was true. He recognized them. “Holy, cow. You’re Maureen.” He nodded to the middle-aged woman with flaming red hair, sharp eyes, and a knowing smile. “You’re one of the cleverest heathens I know. The way you reversed the ionic pulses outside Ackton Prime ... I mean wow.”



“Nice to meet you, Jacob.” Maureen’s even smile widened. She thought it cute that the religious nuts called them heathens. Of course, nothing could be farther from the truth.

Isaac scowled at his son, but for some reason he couldn’t bring himself to reign him in.

“And you’re John Henderson. The ex-special forces badass.” Jacob was blown away. He didn’t even notice the frowns on the faces of the rest of Errand’s crew.

“Really, Jacob. Watch your language.” Mary shook her head, but indulged her son. She knew he had soaked up all media on the Hendersons before leaving Earth.

“And Judy.” Jacob turned to a young woman with darker skin and black hair. He knew she was twenty-five, but she looked like she could have been Jacob’s age. “You’re the prodigy! You, well, you helped design the quantum computers that run Errand.”

Judy nodded at him modestly.

“And Penny Henderson.” The younger of the two sisters was actually Jacob’s eighteen-years exactly. “We share a birthday.” His wide friendly smile faded. He looked down and was relieved to see that the oversized uniform did in fact hide his monstrosity as it heaved and strained at his underwear. He would have been very put out if he upset the Hendersons. He looked back at Penny and saw that she was blushing.

“Hello.” Penny brushed her red hair back over a pale ear.

“But where’s the robot? I heard that it’s actually alien. Is that true? Did you see real aliens? Wait ... I thought you were all lost.” Jacob took a breath and finally read the room. It seemed everyone was looking at him with a range that went from horrified to amused.

“We were lost.” Maureen stood with her hands behind her back like a military officer at ease. “But then we found you. Just in time, we had only enough fuel left to match your relative course. And as for the robot, we didn’t want to frighten our rescuers. So, we left him on our ship.” The first look of discomfort passed over her face. “Along with two other crew members.”

“Don North and Dr. Cole. Gotta keep an eye on Cole,” Jacob whispered to himself with reverence. Where had they been since they disappeared? What had they seen? Jacob had so many questions. “Where -”

“Very well, Jacob.” Isaac finally mustered a response to his son. “You’ve had your late introductions. We were just talking about accommodations. We can’t afford to lend the Hendersons any fuel at the moment, so they’ll be staying with us until we figure something else out to get them on their way. Now ...” Isaac droned on about logistics.

Jacob nodded to himself, caught Penny smiling at him, and felt his dick lurch again. He hoped she hadn’t seen that. He turned to the side, to further hide his dick from the Hendersons and caught Heather’s eye. The woman quickly looked away and grabbed her husband’s hand. He saw her eyes dart back to his crotch. He thought about what Errand had told him earlier. It really did seem that the ship had a plan. And since it was the hand of God, Jacob wasn’t going to worry about Heather’s marriage, or anything else for that matter. It would all happen as it happened.

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“Oh, I’m sorry, Member Max.” Humility looked over at the door as the Ewejes entered the small lab. “I only wanted to run tests on Member Heather.” She smiled at the dark-skinned couple.

“My wife ... hasn’t felt safe since the Hendersons arrived.” Max held his wife’s hand tightly. “She has asked me to accompany her at all times.”

“Well, unfortunately, the diagnostics I need to run won’t work with three people in the lab.” Humility gave them a disarming smile and stood up straight, to accentuate her small stature.

“There are no alien robots here, at any rate. Just little ol’ me. Heather will be quite safe.” When Errand had told Humility of the plan, the computer had been quite clear that Heather would have to be alone.



"Well ... um ..." Max looked into his wife's adoring eyes. "I suppose it will be okay if I wait right outside. Don't you think?"

"Yes, dear." Heather gave Max's hand one last squeeze and dropped it. She took a deep breath. "I'll be fine. See you soon."

"Right outside." Max kissed her cheek and exited the lab.

"So, you need to run some bifurcated hibernation tests?" Heather walked over and looked down into Humility's dark eyes. The woman seemed very friendly. Heather tried to view her separately from her horrible brother-in-law. She didn't want to judge the whole family based on that one horrific incident in the holopark. What was strange, it seemed with every breath she took she felt less and less like Jacob was an abomination. And more like he was a misunderstood young man with an odd physiology. A man that needed help. Heather shook her head. Whatever he was, she couldn't let herself feel anything but fear and loathing toward him.

Humility patiently waited while Heather stood in front of her like a tall dummy. Eventually, Humility snapped her fingers, bringing Heather back to the present. "Come over here, there's something I want to show you."



Humility walked over to a table on the far wall and drew Heather's attention to a cylinder rotating six inches above the table's surface. It contained a creamy fluid. "Take a look at this."

"What is it?" Heather walked over and bent at the waist to look closer. She was only a foot away.

"There have been reproductive anomalies aboard the Errand." Humility knew the computer was about to go into action. "This is a sample from one of the crew."

Suddenly, Heather had a very specific suspicion about what she was looking at. How much did Humility know about her brother-in-law? She backed away. "Are you ... um ... having trouble with any of your family?"

"No trouble," Humility said.

Suddenly, the cylinder bulged outward. Heather heard a pop, and then something splattered her face. She blinked. "What the?" She looked down at her uniform and saw great globs of white stuff sliding down her front. "Disgusting ... it exploded. Was it ... was it ... semen?" But her nose already told her she had suspected correctly. Yet, this aroma was so much more robust than what she was used to with Max.

“Here, let me help you.” Humility could see the woman’s pupils dilate. She walked over to her.

“I need to get this stuff off.” In a rush, Heather unzipped her uniform and stepped out of it. She let Humility wipe some of the stuff off her cheek. The hiss of a door caught Heather’s attention. She turned, thinking her husband had heard the noise and come to her aid. But the door he stood behind remained closed. She turned toward the back wall, and in an open doorway stood Jacob with a sheepish grin on his face. Heather made a move to cover her bra and panties.

“This was Errand’s idea.” Jacob shrugged, stepped forward, and the door closed behind him. He slowly disrobed, removing that oversized uniform.

“My husband. He’s on the other side of the door. You can’t. I’ll call him in here. I’ll –” But Heather was cut off as Humility grabbed her hair with one hand and slid two pale fingers past Heather’s dark lips with the other. The fingers were pungent, and salty, and beyond delightful. Even as Heather sucked on the fingers, and licked them clean, she knew she was eating some of the exploded sperm. “Eeeeeiiiggggghhhhhhhhtttt,” she said stupidly from around Humility’s fingers. Her whole body shook. How could something so vile taste so perfect? It was so much better than her husband’s slimy stuff. No comparison, really.



“Hey, Lil, could you take her ring off? I want her to wear mine the first time.” Now naked, Jacob padded across the cold floor to the shuddering woman. He watched Humility remove her fingers from Heather’s mouth, and twist off her ring. Humility then stepped away.

“We’re going to have so much fun together.” Jacob walked up to her, and grabbed a handful of her panty-clad butt. “Wow, you’re really full back there. I like it.”

“Fun?” Heather felt him put a ring on her finger. She blinked and tried to focus. Gentle hands moved her arms to her sides and removed her underwear. She looked into the young man’s eager face and could tell that he liked what he was seeing.

“Yeah, we’ll get baseball time in eventually. Can’t wait to take grounders with you. But first we’ll get to do the really good stuff.” He looked her up and down. Her breasts hung in two perfect teardrops, with nipples so dark they were almost black. She had a neat V of black hair between her legs. Her hips flared out impressively, boasting that she could bear healthy children in a language that spoke directly to Jacob’s reptile brain. “I’m torn about how to do this, but with that ass, I think from behind? What do you think, Lil?”

“Whatever you want, Jake.” Humility sat in a nearby chair, her uniform unzipped to the waist. Her hand, still holding Heather’s ring, was inside her panties, rubbing furiously at her clit. The forces at work in the room were almost tidal in their overwhelming strength.



“From behind?” Heather’s eyes fell and glued themselves to that abomination stretching out from between Jacob’s legs. The veins on the thing pulsed. Heck, the whole thing undulated and writhed. Clear fluid gushed from his opening. She had put that in her mouth? It was hard to believe.



“Okay, from behind it is.” Jacob carefully turned her around and placed her hands on the wall. He spread her feet to lower her pussy down to his level and got up on his toes. He grabbed her wide hips and his dick did the rest.

“Wait ... wait ... Max ... Max ... save me ...” She felt the thing wriggle into her and her body gave one great convulsion. He had her. Like a fish on a line, there was now no escaping. Her fingernails dug into the wall. “Oh ... oh ... oh ... nnnnoooooooooooooooooo.” After only a minute of slow, powerful thrusting electric currents shot through her. When she recovered, she realized that she’d had an orgasm. This was why the heathens went on and on about sex. Why had God hidden this from her all this time? Soon, she was thrusting back at him.

“What do you think? Can we have fun ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... like this all the time?” Jacob kept his eyes on the tantalizing arc of her lower back and the ripples running through her ass with every impact.

“It ... is ... good ... oh ... oh ... oooooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Heather screamed out another climax. She had forgotten about poor Max waiting patiently just outside the door for her. Certainly, she wouldn’t have been singing that hymnal of ecstasy quite so loud if she’d remembered her loyal husband was nearby.

Humility lost track of her own orgasms as she watched them copulate. She was surprised to feel no jealousy. Only happiness for Jacob. And for herself and the mission. As she watched Jacob bellow out his joy and unload inside the unprotected woman, all Humility could think was that a new order had been imposed on the church. Whether it was God, or some strange happenstance, didn’t much matter to Humility. Just as Heather was now serving that magnificent cock, Humility would eagerly serve the new way of life that they were bringing about.

