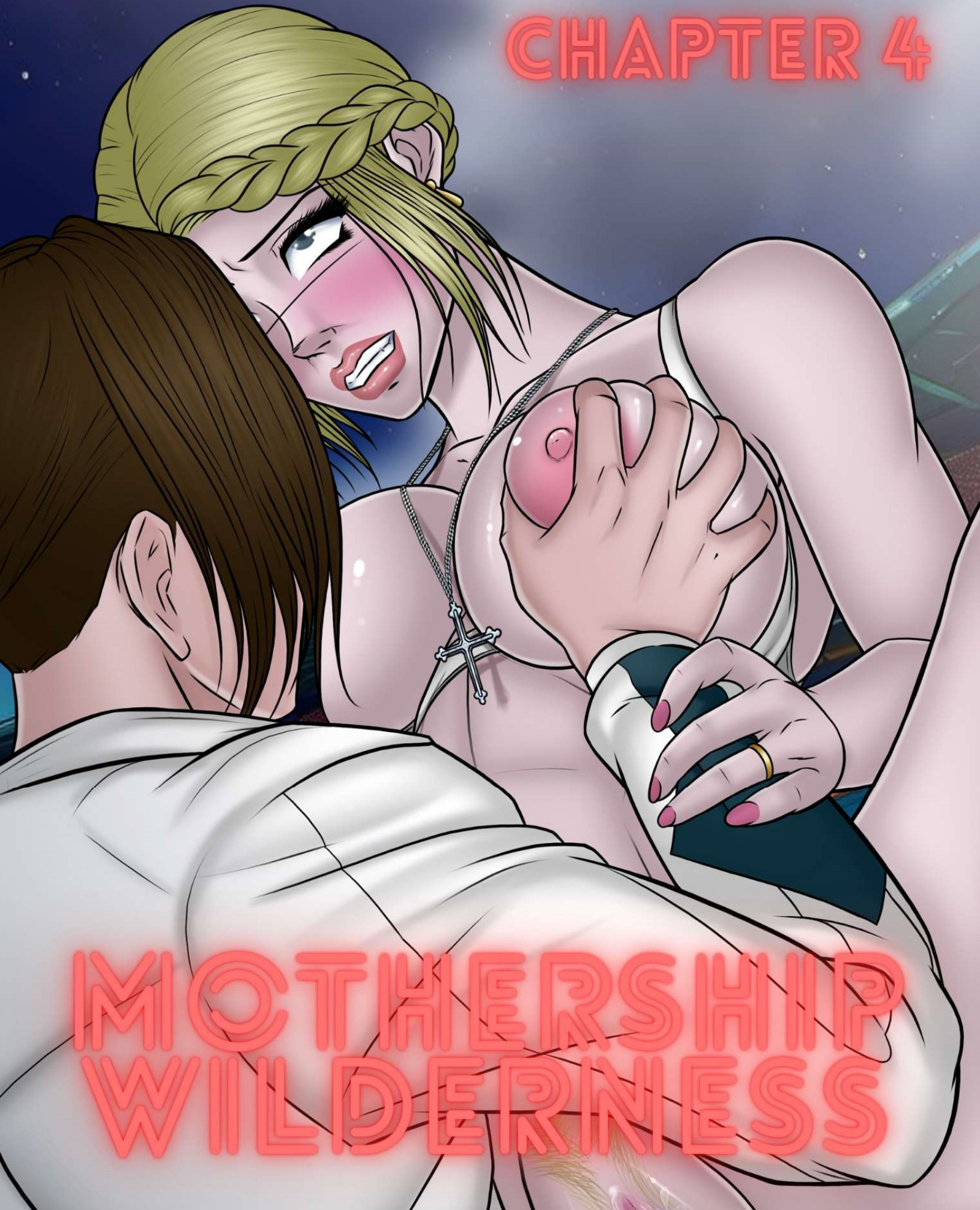


CHAPTER 4



MOTHERSHIP
WILDERNESS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Mothership Wilderness 4

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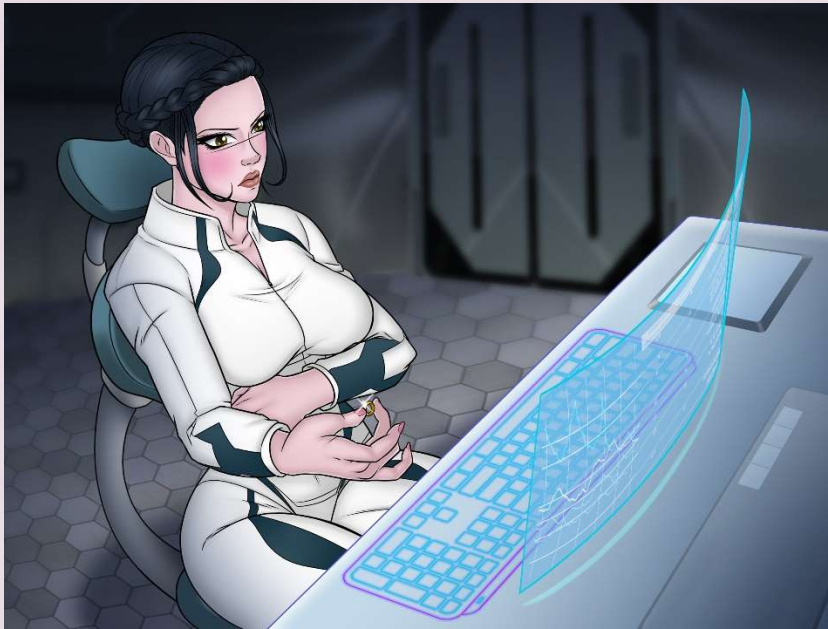
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The phosphodiester bond was ... wrong. Humility checked it again. Her short frame stooped over the table as she studied the readout, her white coat brushing against the stainless workspace. "Errand?"

"What can I help you with, member Humility Winthrop?" The computer's soft, feminine voice filled the otherwise empty science room.



"These phosphodiester bonds, are they accurate?" Humility took her wedding ring off, and moved it around the fingers on her right hand, working out nervous energy.

"They are."

"Now show me the sweat samples again." Humility watched the numbers change before her. She frowned. "This can't be right. It doesn't even look human."

"Affirmative, member Humility," the computer sounded quite chipper to relay the horrific news. "These chemical bonds are not terrestrial in nature."

"Where ... did they come from?" Humility's eyes widened. She continued reading the numbers.

"Origin unknown."

What the heck was the computer saying. "Wait, what's this here?" If she understood what she was looking at, the experimental fertility injection had altered Jacob's sweat glands to emit something that looked a lot like estrogen. But clearly wasn't. "Is this ... is this hormone designed to pair with anyone that breathes it in?"

"That is likely, but would need further analysis. I am only Errand into the Wilderness, the vehicle for sailing past God's eyes." The computer paused. "We would need a specialist software upgrade to perform the analysis."

"Never mind about that. I have a good idea what these altered hormones are doing. I'd bet anything they're altering female libido." Humility slipped her ring back on and wheeled around to look at another screen. She put her hands on her lower back. She was stiff from leaning over. "Now I know why everyone's been acting so strange. Do we have any sperm samples?"

"We do not."

"Right, that would have been a weird ask." Humility smiled because she had no choice but to make the weird ask. "Can you get me Jacob Winthrop's sperm sample?"

"I have tissue collection abilities in the laundry facilities. I may procure a sample from there."

"Gross." Humility wrinkled her nose. "But good. Until you get that, I'll figure out what these airborne hormones are up to. And computer, get me Isaac, I need to tell him all about ..." Humility paused. "Um, never mind about Isaac. I'll keep this to myself right now."

"Very well." The computer sounded like it very much agreed with her decision. But then again, it always sounded like that.

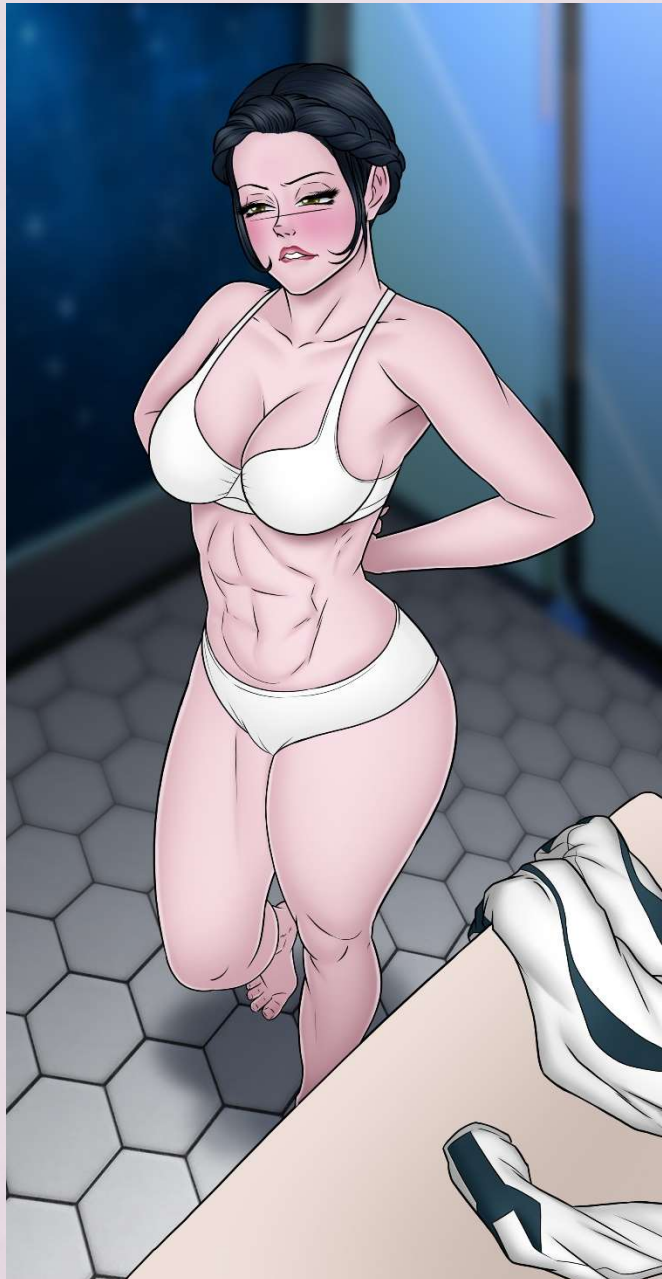
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“Lock the door, Errand.” Humility tore off her uniform and tossed it next to her bed. “No entry without my say so.” A few minutes before, a sudden realization had burned into her brain. With the amount of time Mary had spent with her son since the accidental injection, there was no way she would be able to resist those strange hormones. It was almost certain that mother and son had done some very bad things together.

“Member Mason Winthrop has priority access privileges to your combined quarters.” This was as close as the computer ever got to arguing with anyone.

“My husband can wait out in the hall.” Humility pulled off her bra and panties and jumped onto the bed, her boobs bouncing on her chest. “I have to do something by myself.”

“Understood.” The computer locked everyone out.



Humility looked at her wedding photo on the bedside table. A surge of guilt went through her as she wondered why she wasn't calling Mason for some intimate marriage time. But as her fingers found her vagina, she forgot Mason entirely. She looked up at the ceiling and imagined what Mary and Jacob Winthrop had been up to. Certainly, the lovely mother with her many curves had touched her skinny son. Had she put her mouth on him? Had she done more than that?

"Oooooohhhhhhhh." Humility shook as an orgasm swept over her. That was her first since coming out of cryo, and she wanted more. She worked her vagina with renewed vigor, putting two fingers in. Should she warn Mary? Should she warn Pricilla? And what of the men, what would the hormone do to them? They had seemed somewhat subdued lately. And fearful of Jacob. What grown man would fear an eighteen-year-old teenager? As her second orgasm surged through her, Humility let the questions float by. Soon, all she could see in her mind's eye were Mary's wide hips undulating as she took that horrifically altered penis inside her.

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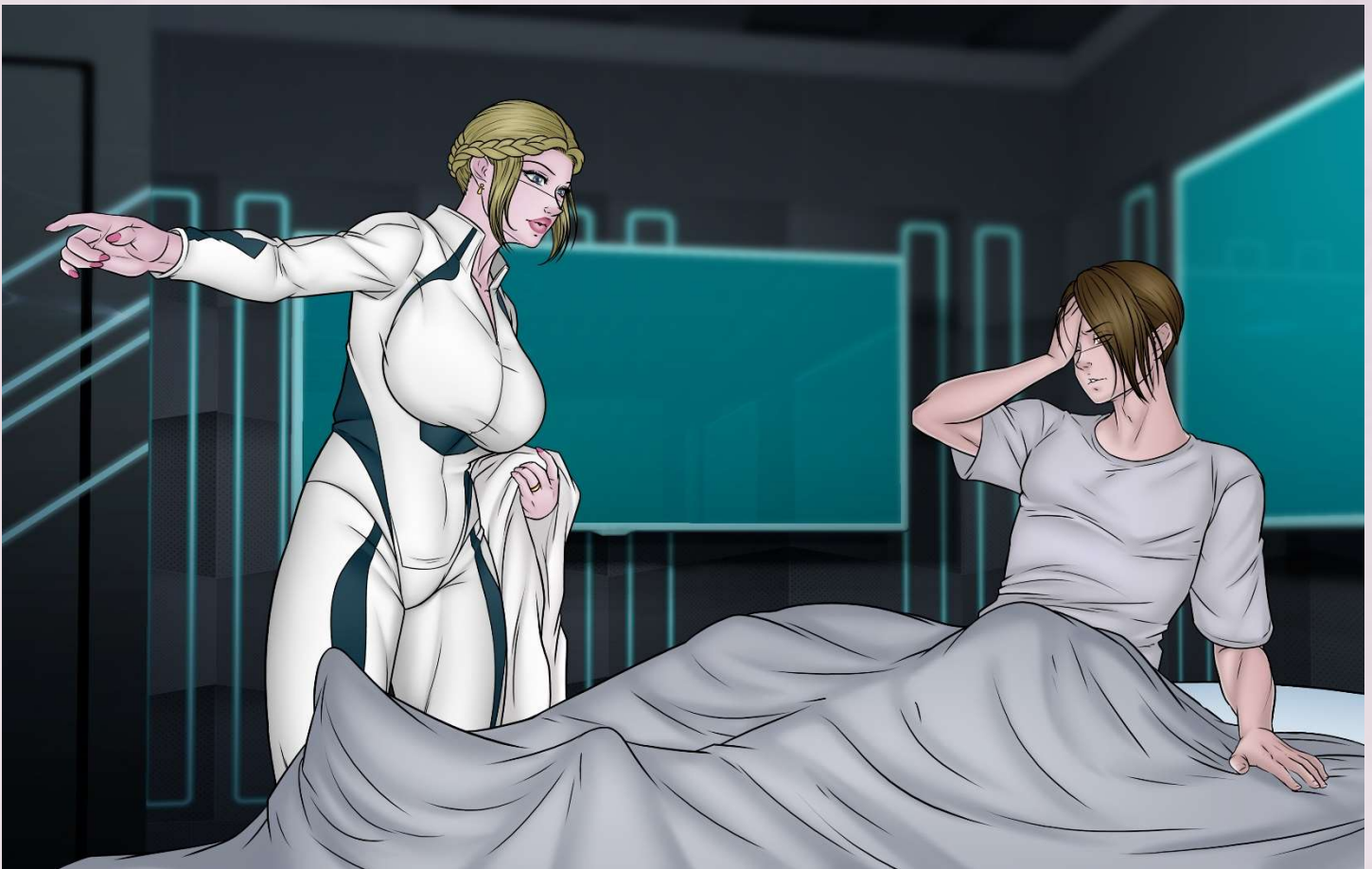


"Can I see your boobs?" Jacob didn't mean to, he just blurted it out the second his mother entered his room.

"Now Jacob, that's no way greet your mother." Mary tugged at the waist of her uniform, stretching the material, and maybe making her breasts appear a little more prominent. "I'm not here for that, anyway." She looked down at the bed where that fat, monumental penis pulsed and rippled in his hands. "Put that away and get dressed."

"I'm sorry, Mom." Jacob looked over at his uniform hanging on a chair. "But can you help me first? I've only done it once today."

"Get dressed, young man." She shooed him out of bed and made him put the uniform on, even as he protested that it no longer fit him. She then ushered him out of his room and down the hall. They took a tube up four decks and stepped out into another empty hall.



"Where are we going?" Jacob hadn't been to that part of the ship before.

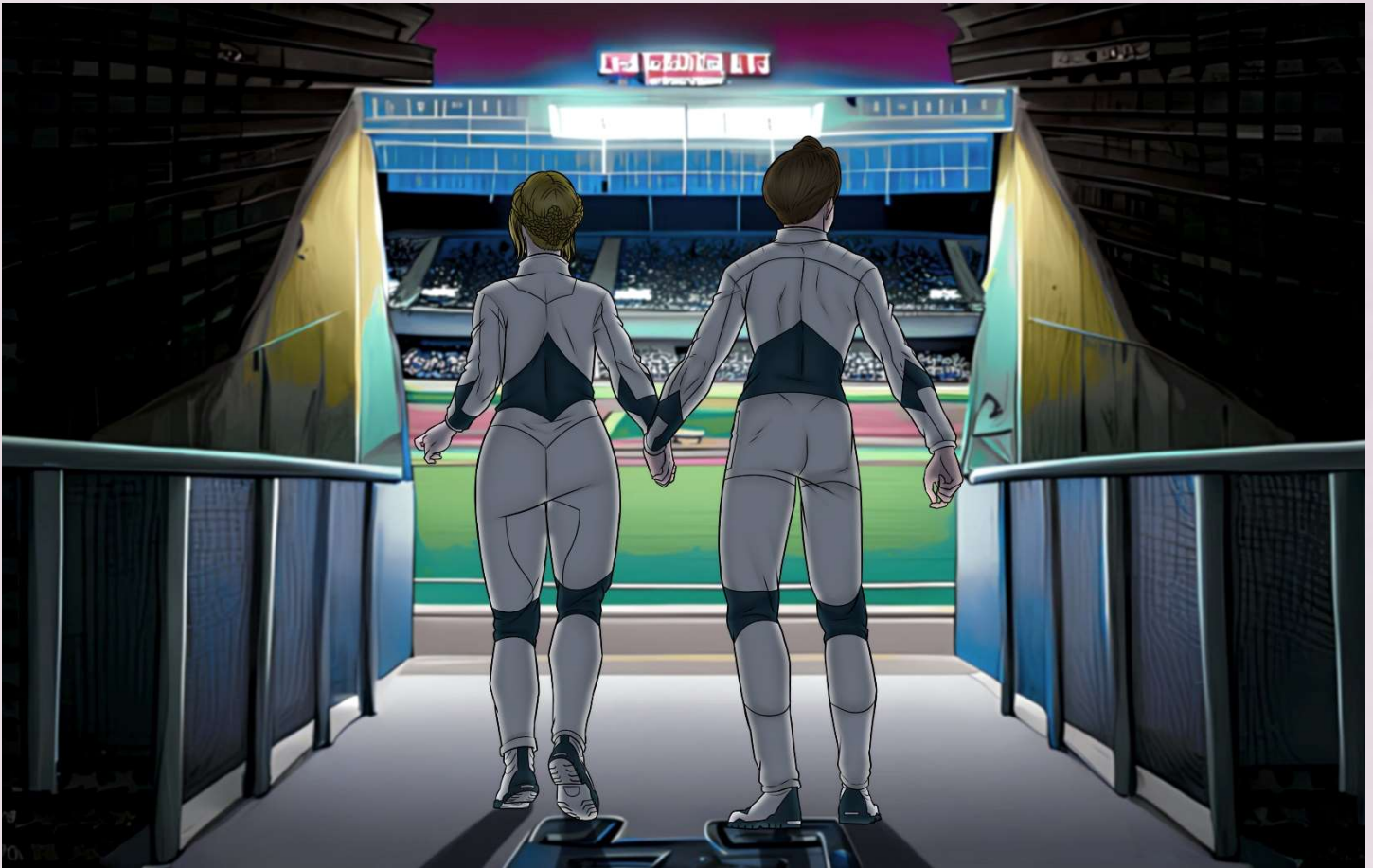
"There's a holopark on this deck. I thought it would be useful for some therapy as we try to get you to control your new ... gifts." Mary looked down and eyed his jangling package under his uniform. She wanted nothing more than to do as he asked and relieve him again. But if Pricilla was to be spared, she needed to teach Jacob some self-control.

"A holopark? Wow." Jacob smiled. He'd always wanted to try one. Colony Control really had spared no expense for this mission.

"Now, I want you to think of something relaxing, Jake. Something that fills you with wholesome delight. Something that God gave us all in his boundless wisdom." Mary stopped at some wide double doors and scanned her hand over the reader.

“That’s easy.” Jacob’s dick started to deflate. Maybe he could have some good, old-fashioned clean fun with his mom. “Iowa Eagles playoffs from three years ago.”

“Good choice, Jake.” Mary was sure this was going to work. The reader flashed green when it processed his request, and the doors opened. Through the doors was the entryway for the stands on the third base side of the stadium. The smell of popcorn and beer greeted them. The field was a bright emerald under the lights. Mary took her son’s hand and led him into the holopark and down the stairs. They took their seats next to a young married couple who smiled at them. “Perfect.” Mary patted Jacob’s thigh. Off in the distance, the crack of the bat echoed out and the crowd cheered as a player sprinted around first and slid into second.



“Wow, it’s just like being there again.” Jacob leaned back in his seat and watched the runner steal third, his new urges forgotten.

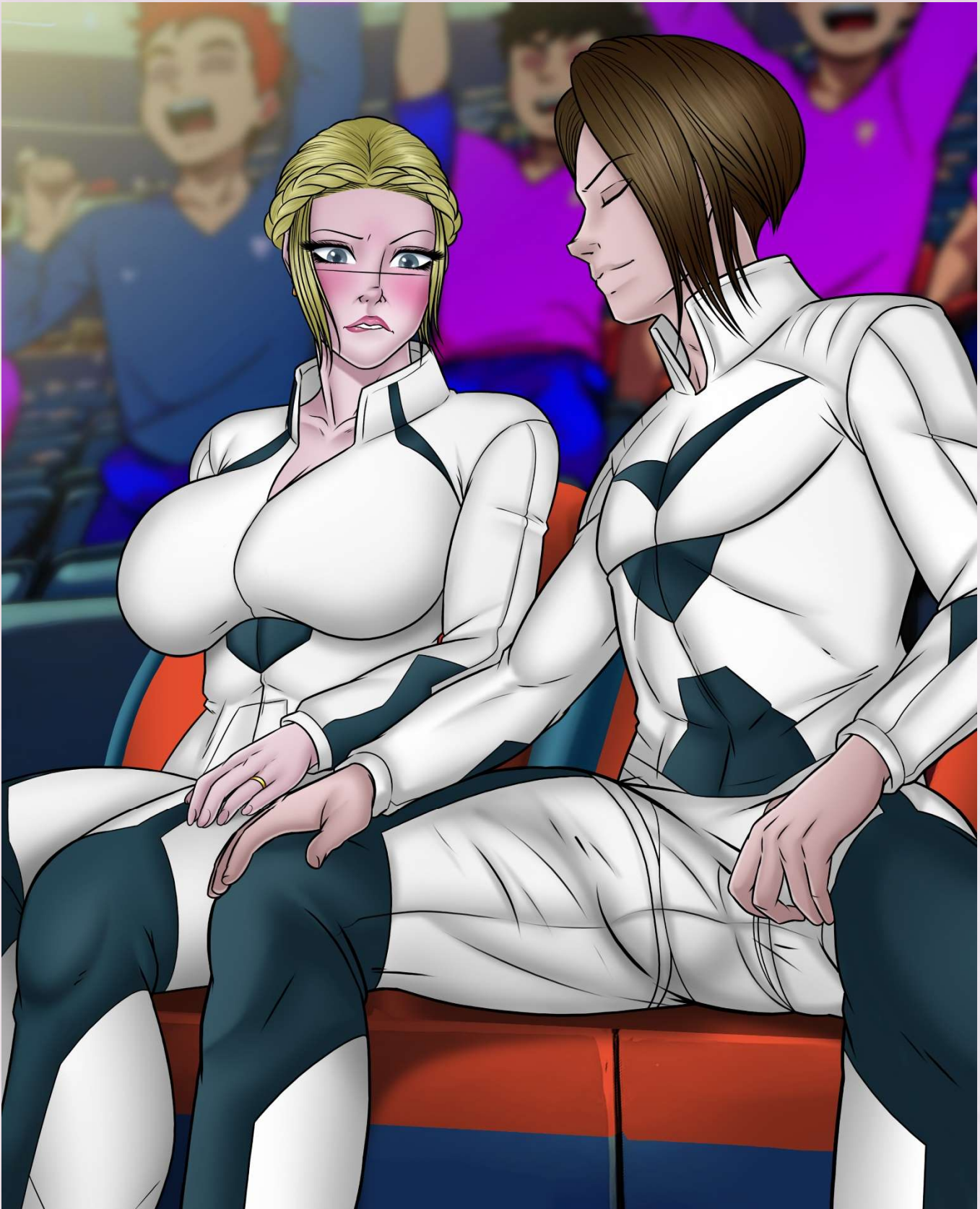
“Good.” Mary smiled and looked over at him. “Now, focus on that feeling. You feel free of your bodily needs, right?”

“Yeah, I feel good, Mom. Free.” Jacob felt her hand return to his thigh. She caressed his uniform with her fingertips. The fabric faintly hummed at her touch. “Maybe you shouldn’t do that.” His dick wiggled between his legs, inflating as he looked over at her boobs, poorly hidden in her uniform.

“This is practice, sweetie. Christ faced temptation in the Judean Desert. And you now face it at an Eagles baseball game. I think you have it easier than our Savior.” Mary laughed and moved her hand higher up his thigh, squeezing his flesh.

“You’re my mom, not the devil.” Jacob now found it almost impossible to focus on the game. He tried to ignore his bodily wants. Jacob breathed deeply and inhaled the smell of the fresh cut grass.

“Quiet now, Jake.” Mary looked down and licked her lips. The monster lurking inside his uniform looked like it was searching for a way out. It moved most unnaturally and pushed at the triple-looped fabric. “This is how you will resist temptation. Focus on the game. Forget the woman next to you. Every time you have these urges, you can come back in your mind to this happy place.”



"But, Mom." Jacob turned and looked at her as another bat cracked and the crowd around them cheered. "You're my happy place."

"Me?" Mary hadn't meant to fondle his thing, but she found her left hand grasping it through his uniform. It pulsed with life. She looked down. Her hand looked so small on top of Jacob's new organ. Her wedding ring sparkled in the stadium's lights.

"Baseball can't compete with you, Mom." Jacob leaned in closer to his mother. He reached for the zipper on her uniform and pulled it down past her breasts, exposing her cleavage and the cross that hung between her boobs.

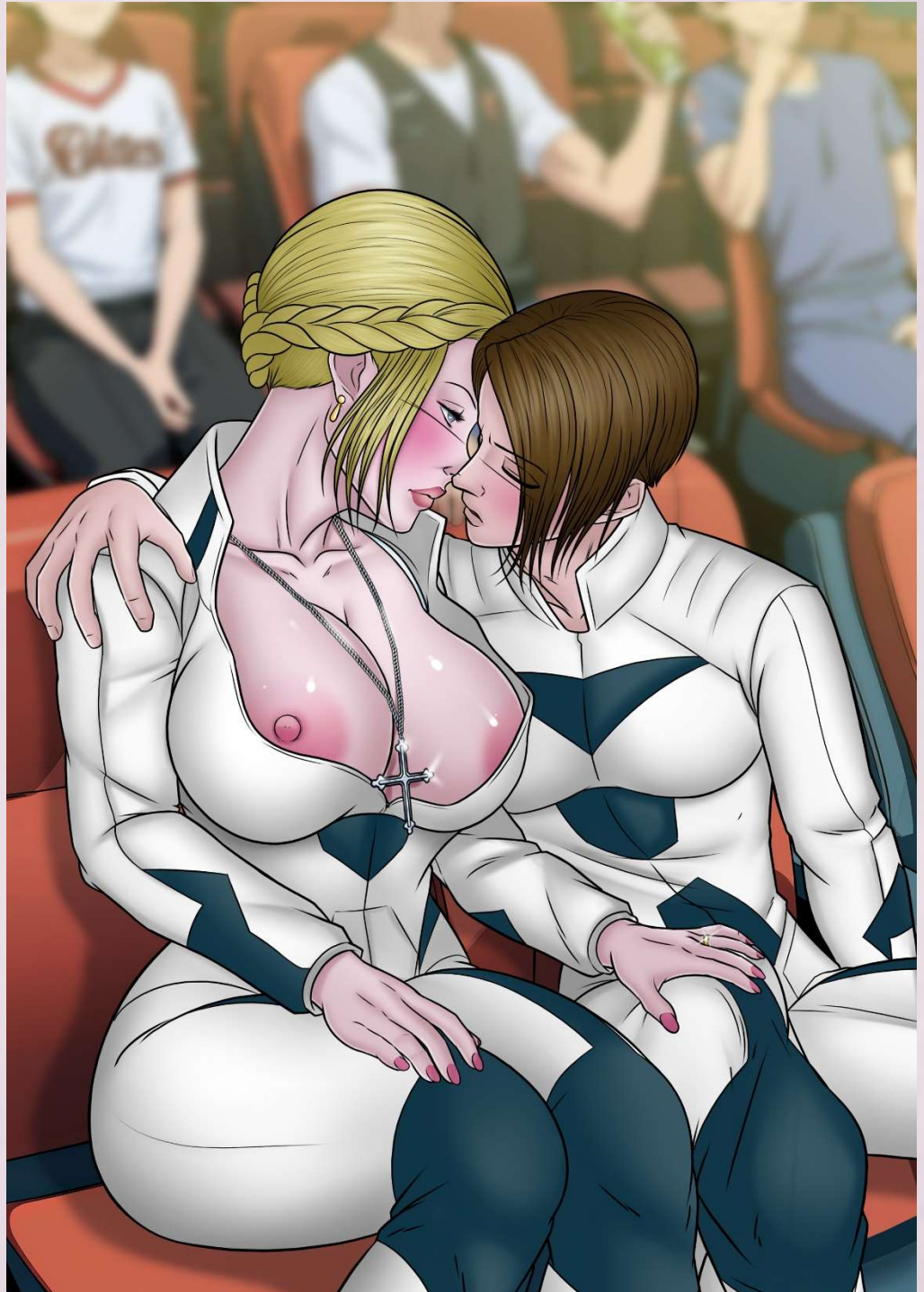
"It can't?" Mary whispered. Her plan for therapy was backfiring. She looked up into his deep brown eyes and saw the longing there. What mother could deny her son what he needed most when he was so hungry?

"You take care of me, Mom."

"I do, sweetie.

Mmmmpphhhhh." Mary let Jacob lean in for the kiss. Baseball was supposed to win out over his new sex drive. This was Jacob's favorite thing. But maybe, when your boy becomes a man, you no longer know what his favorite things are. Mary let his tongue explore her mouth, and jerked his penis through his uniform with her left hand. Was she now his favorite thing? The crowd roared as something happened on the field, but the Winthrops made out in the stands ignoring all the energy around them.

Jacob put his hands around his mom's shoulders, and down onto her delicate back. He broke the kiss and looked into her pretty, heart-shaped face. "Mom. I need it really bad. Can you ... do it with your mouth like Pricilla did?"



“Oh, my.” But even as Mary rebelled, thinking about what her daughter had looked like coated in Jacob’s little swimmers, she unzipped his uniform. “Goodness, gracious.” She found his underwear torn and useless under his uniform as she fished out that heavy penis. “I’ve only ever done this for your father. And this is …” Mary looked down at the rippling pole of flesh, with its throbbing veins. His poor testicles looked so blue between his legs. “Yours is very different from your father’s. From any man’s.”

“Please, Mom.” Jacob watched his mother’s pink lips part and her head slowly move lower to his lap. She was going to do it.

“Here, goes.” Mary could only think about what it would be like to have her mouth directly attached to that font of seminal rapture. She stretched her jaw wide and took him in. “Mmmmmpppphhhhh.” The thing moved in her mouth just as Jacob’s tongue had. As she sought to give it pleasure, it seemed to want to return the favor. Breathing through her nose, Mary bounced her head on that mighty penis, never getting much more than the head inside her mouth.



"Wow, Mom. You're even better than Pricilla." How odd to be comparing blowjob techniques between his mother and sister. And even stranger still to have her head bobbing on his lap at an Eagles game. He looked around, but everyone in the crowd seemed oblivious to the salacious developments in the stands. Jacob wove his fingers into her silky, blonde hair and tried not to buck his hips up into her. He didn't want her choking on his dick. He wasn't sure exactly what would happen if he went too far in. "You take such good care of me," he whispered.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhh." Mary was quite shocked at being compared to her daughter at such an act. But for some reason, it made her all the wetter. She was sure her wetness must have soaked through to her uniform. She pumped both hands on the pulsing penis, and rolled her tongue around the top. She was determined to satisfy her eighteen-year-old young man.

The blowjob lasted a good long while. The crowd cheered and clapped at the game intermittently. Some of the heathens and polygamists in the bleachers started a chant at one point. "What's the matter with Hammond." Then other heathens would shout, "He's ... a ... bum."

The blowjob continued, and Jacob could no longer tell if the moment was real life, or if he'd died and gone to heaven. "Mom ... I'm going to ... cum ... in your mouth."

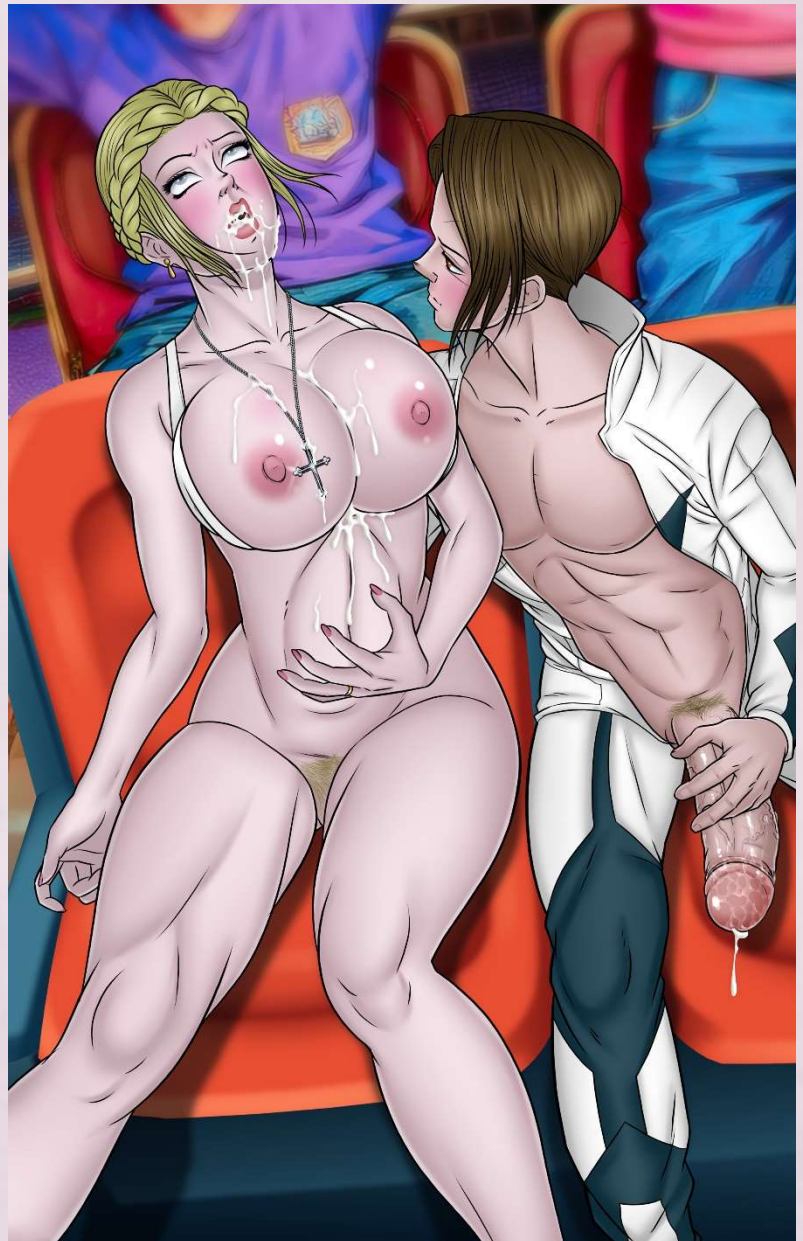
"Mmmpppppphhhhhhh." Mary's head buzzed. Her heart thumped in her chest. She was so close to the greatest pleasure she'd ever experienced. Then she heard her beloved son roar out his climax and his hot sticky stuff flooded her mouth.

"Eeerrrrrrpppphhhhhhh." Everything around her disappeared and she felt that she had somehow become a cloud of pure ecstasy.

"Mom?" Jacob's orgasm passed and he looked down at his mother. The small muscles in her back tensed and released rhythmically. She made a long gurgling noise. Worried, he tried to lift her off his dick, but her rigid body resisted being moved. His dick did pop out of her mouth, and he could hear her making the stupidest sounds. Cum fell out of her mouth, and pooled around the base of his dick. "Mom, are you okay?"

"Yeeesssssss, swwweeetiiiiieeeeeee." Mary finally sat up, cum streaming down her chin, her chest, and soaking into her bra.

"Mmmooooommmmyyyyyy feeeelllllss niiiicceeeeeee." The stadium swam around her. Was this what being drunk felt like? If so, she could see why the polygamists enjoyed their drink the way they did.



"I don't think I want this to stop. This is the best thing that ever happened to anyone anywhere." Jacob pulled her uniform down to her waist, and then moved her butt up off the stadium seat so he could pull it all the way off along with her panties. She offered no resistance. With only her cum saturated bra on, Jacob pulled her onto his lap facing the game. "We can watch baseball together while I'm inside you, Mom. This is my happy place."

"Jjjjaaakkkeee pppplllleeeassee." Mary didn't know why she was pleading. Was it so that he wouldn't put it in? Or because she needed to feel that rippling penis inside her? "We should ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Just as her brain returned to her, Mary felt Jacob's thing slip into her. It hurt as her vagina tried its best to repel the invader, but it also sent waves of electric sparks through her nervous system.

"Oh, Mom, it just went in. I didn't do anything." Jacob didn't know how to find her entrance, but his dick seemed to have no problem. Jacob looked over at the young couple watching the game next to them. He couldn't be sure, but it looked like the wife kept eyeing him out of the corner of her eyes. He wasn't sure how holoparks worked. Did she have some advanced AI algorithm, or was she just filler? Jacob turned back to his mom and watched his cock inch into her below that wide, white ass.



"My vagina ... is ... putting up a fight." Mary squealed as the pain receded and pleasure took over. She gripped her son's thighs. After about a minute, and several inches of penis, her poor vagina seemed to realize it was a lost cause, and it opened up to Jacob. "I can ... feel it ... moving into me. Oh, goodness ... it's alive. So alive. And ... moving into ... my belly." Mary looked down in shock as the massive thing bulged her tummy, moving side to side. She should have been horrified, but instead she wanted more and more. "Is it ... all the way ... in?"

"Yes." Jacob gripped the flesh around her hips and moved her up and down. His mother quickly got the message and bounced on his dick. Her ass shook beautifully. If the blowjob at a baseball game had been heaven, this was something beyond. What was there beyond heaven? He had never dreamed anyone could feel as good as he felt in that moment. "I want to be inside you forever, Mom."

"Oh, yes." Mary said dumbly. Her boobs bounced in unison inside her saturated bra. Someone hit a triple down the left field line, but she didn't really see it. She was too wrapped up in the most horribly wrong and perfectly right moment of her motherhood.

"I mean ... ugh ... ugh ... I literally ... ugh ... never want to leave ... your pussy." Jacob squeezed her hips tighter. He looked up at her slender shoulders, and her blonde hair suspending in the air at the apogee of each bounce.

"Oh, yeesssssss." Mary wanted to reprimand him for saying pussy, a word used by the Godless polygamists. But she couldn't bring herself to say more than those two words. "Oooooohhhhhh, yeesssssssss." Another orgasm swept through her, the first in a while not brought on by eating his sperm. She dug her nails into his soft thighs, her platinum cross thumping off her boobs again and again.

Mary rode her son for a long time, cresting from one orgasm to the next. The crowd cheered around them, and the Eagles pulled into the lead down below. But neither Winthrop much cared for the setting of the failed therapy session. They were too into each other.

After her fourth or fifth orgasm, Mary pulled off him, turned around, and squatted back down on his lap. She sighed as the oversized thing slipped back into her stretched hole. It was awkward riding Jacob this way, the armrests prevented her from putting her knees by his hips, but she managed long, tantalizing stroke after stroke.

"I can't believe you're ... going to make me ... again ..." Mary reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She let her heavy breasts fall free. They wobbled and bounced in different directions once freed from confinement.





“It’s coming ... Mom ... I’m cumming ... Mom.” Jacob reached up and grabbed hold of each boob, pulling her down all the way onto his cock. “So ... goood Uuuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhhh.”

“Yeeesssssss ...” Mary had never been manhandled like that, but she didn’t have time to think about it. The second his hot stuff hit her insides, she was transported back to that amorphous, rapturous cloud. Far off in the distance, she could hear her unladylike self grunting like a pig as Jacob filled her up. Oh, no, he was filling her up. But her brain couldn’t hold on to the worry as the pleasure carried her away.

Minutes later, when she pulled off of him, her vagina was a burping, sloppy mess. It dumped so much of his white stuff back onto him and onto the poor stadium seating. Her triangle of blonde hair was matted with sweat and cum, and she could feel it trickling down the insides of her thighs. "What have ... we done ... Jacob?"

"We had sex ... Mom." Jacob panted.
"And it was the best ... thing ... ever."

"We certainly ... did." Mary picked her panties up from the stadium floor. They would be woefully inadequate at holding back the flow of sperm seeping out of her, but better than nothing. She shimmied them on and stepped into her uniform. "Get dressed. I didn't lock the holopark. Anyone could come in here at any time."

"Really?" Jacob tucked his deflating dick into his uniform and zipped up. He looked around the stadium. For all the world, it looked like they were really at an Eagles game with 40,000 people.

"I thought we were doing a therapy session." Mary zipped up and offered her skinny son a hand up. He took it and she pulled him from the chair. Goodness, her legs and vagina were sore. "Now let's get to a shower before someone finds us."

"Right." Jacob thought about getting naked in the shower with his curvy mother as they headed for the tunnel that was the exit to the holopark. He smiled.

