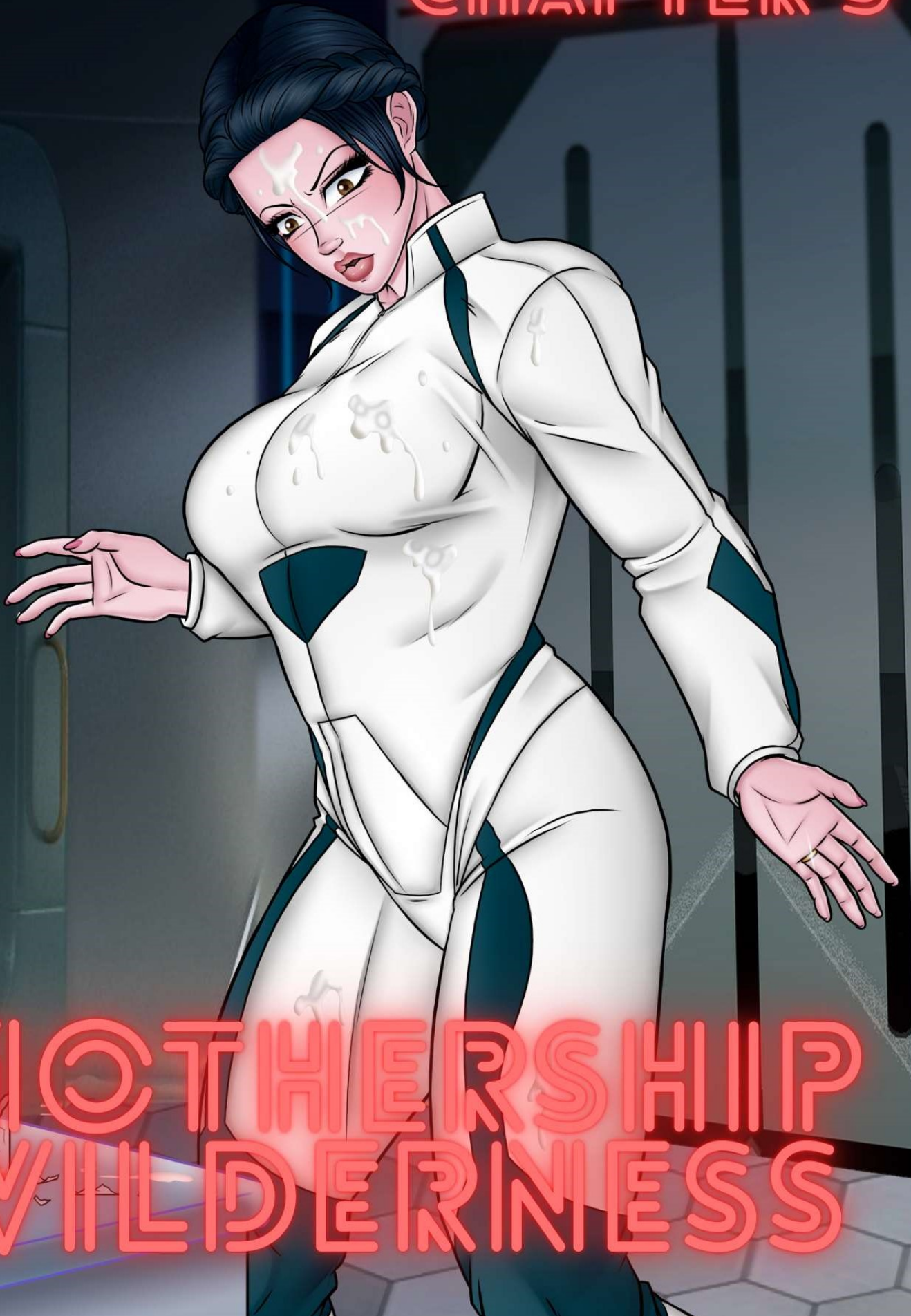


CHAPTER 5



MOTHERSHIP
WILDERNESS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Mothership Wilderness 5

Illustrations by Adun

Written by RawlyRawls & CeeBee42

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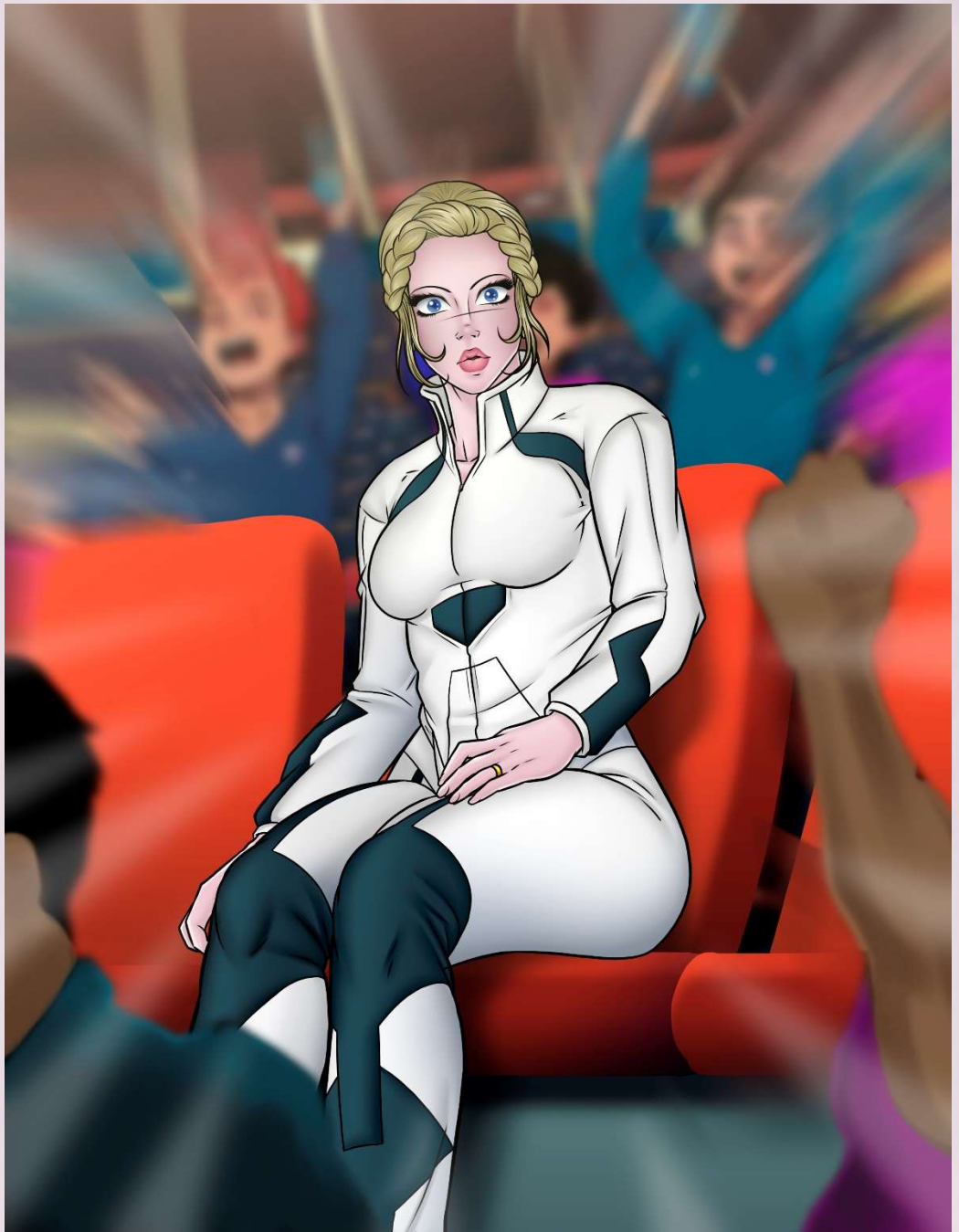
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“Now let’s get to a shower before someone finds us.” Mary took her eighteen-year-old son by the hand.

“Right.” Jacob let himself be led up the stands and out of the holopark.

Both Winthrop’s buzzed with pleasure. They were so muddled from their ecstasy, that neither noticed Jacob’s sister Pricilla watching them from a seat about ten rows behind where they’d had sex.

Had Pricilla really seen her mother humping her brother? She sat next to roaring baseball fans and watched the couple leave with wide eyes. Her Colony Control uniform felt so tight. And her modest breasts ached. What was happening to her? And her vagina ... Goodness, gracious ... her vagina seemed to be in overdrive. It might beat the Mothership Wilderness in a race to New Canaan. Mary and Jacob disappeared out of the holopark, and Pricilla sat there trying to process what she’d seen.



“Is this His will?” Pricilla asked nobody.

“Excuse me?” A middle-aged woman wearing an Eagles hat in the seat next to Pricilla turned to look at her.

“Mind your own business.” Pricilla shot the woman a glance. She flushed when she realized how rude she’d been, even though the person was just a holo-projection. “I mean ... look away ... please.”

“Of course.” The woman moved one seat over and looked back at the game.

“I should tell John. He’d know what to do,” Pricilla whispered to herself. But, would he? Would he be able to put the fire out that roared between her legs? Pricilla didn’t think so. And why were her boobs aching so much?



Pricilla unzipped her uniform and tossed it on the vacant seat to her right. She took off her bra. Were her boobs bigger? No, that couldn't be. What purpose could God have in giving her larger breasts? She cupped her boobs. They were still handfuls. Maybe they weren't growing.

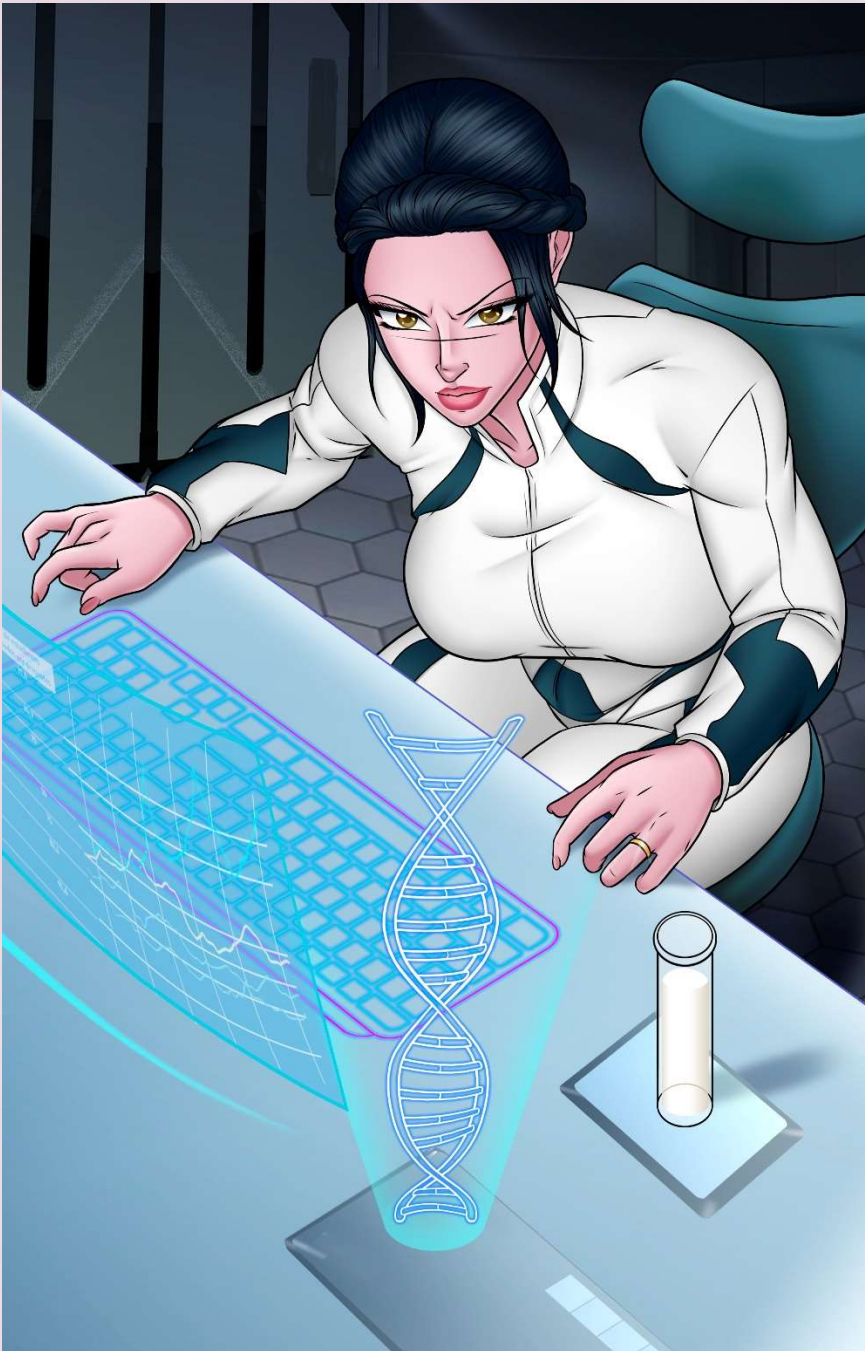
Before she had time to think, her hand pulled her panties to the side and went right to work on her clit. Goodness, there was so much wetness down there. Pricilla had always been a dignified, Christian woman. She only touched herself when her husband was there to join in celebrating their union. She wasn't like the heathens that pleased themselves like horny baboons. But there she was. And it felt so good.

"Oooohhhhhh." The image of her mother's round body wobbling and bouncing on her brother played in her mind's eye. She completely shut out the baseball game around her. Then she thought of his veiny, writhing organ. It was so unnatural. "Eeeiiiiiggggggg." Pricilla climaxed for the first time without her husband present.

Relieved to be done, Pricilla sighed. But her hand kept at her vagina. Oh, no. She was working herself to another orgasm. What was happening to her? How could she tell John about what happened in the holopark after she'd behaved like this?

"Oooohhhhhhhh, soooooo goooooood." She was going to climax again. Her fingers rubbed her button at a furious pace. Pricilla knew she'd have to keep the whole thing secret.

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“Computer, what is this reaction here?” Humility eyed the screen in the lab she’d taken over. The computer rotated the double helix of DNA taken from Jacob’s sperm on the right. On the left, she looked at the chemical bonds of estrogen-like hormones displayed in vivid green.

“Those connections seem to mate with dormant receptors.” The computer’s feminine voice sounded nonplused. “But I am the Errand into the Wilderness, and I was not programed for this science.”

“Yes, I know. You were designed to sail before God’s eyes, yadda, yadda ...” Humility’s eyes narrowed. “It looks like these unlock a kind of pubescent response in women. Could that be right?” She looked down at the sperm sample in its enclosed vial on the desk before her. What was that fertility drug up to? The more she studied it, the more she thought it had been designed with great clarity of thought, and purity of purpose. Had Colony Control intended these things to happen?

“That is possible.” The computer always sounded pleased to agree.

“Okay. Insert two milligrams of dioxygen difluoride. Let’s see how Jacob’s seminal fluid reacts.” Humility watched the plunger insert into the vial’s cap and drop two orange pellets.

A vapor filled the vial. An audible crack filled the room.

“Danger, Member Winthrop. Remove yourself to a safe location.” The computer had some urgency in its voice.

“That’s ... not supposed to happen.” Humility backed away, but perhaps not fast enough.

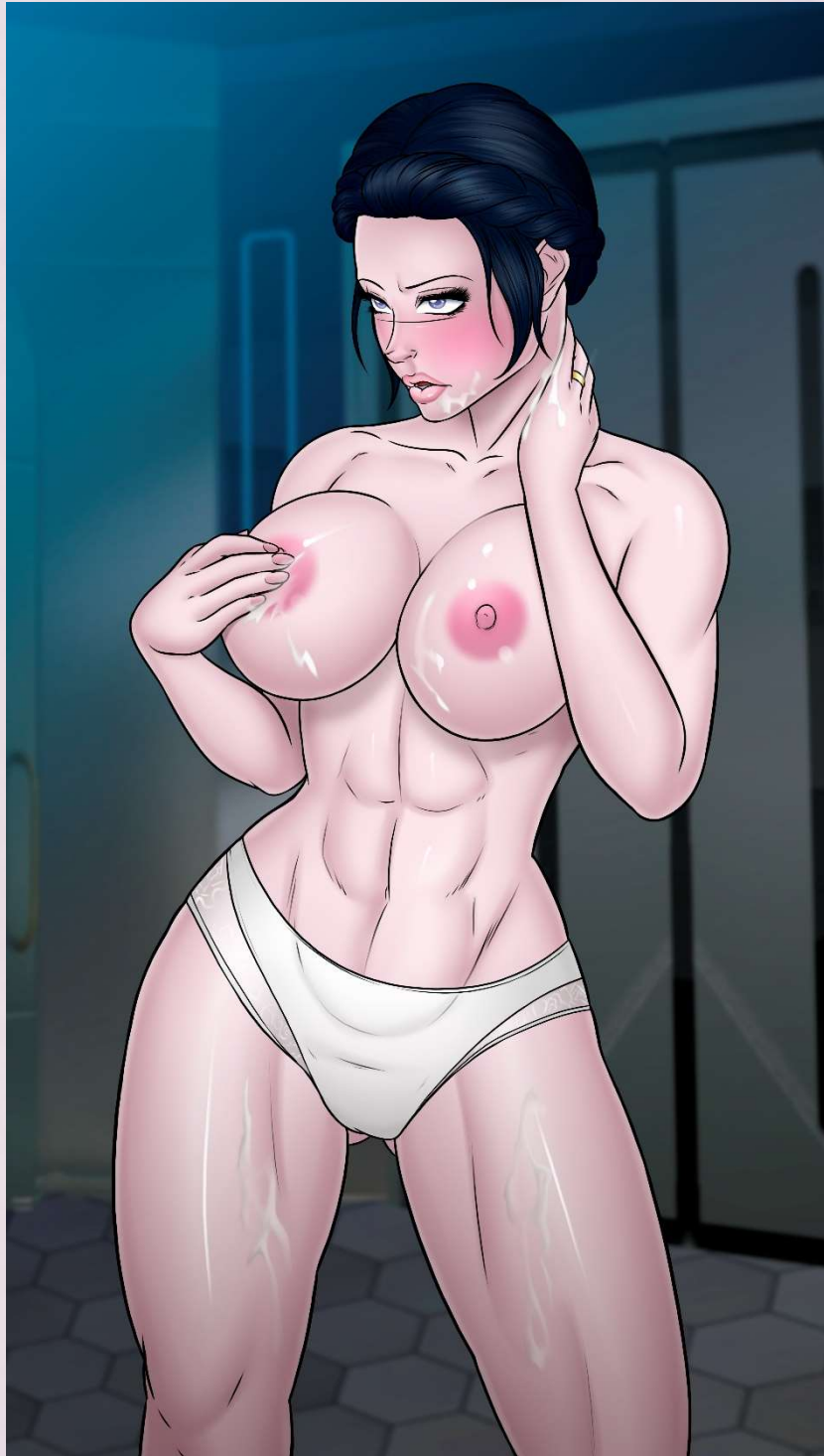
The vial exploded, peppering the room with harmless plastic and Jacob's sperm. A great big glob of the white stuff landed on Humility's forehead. "Eeeewwwww." She moved to wipe it off with her hand and got the stuff on her wedding ring. She shuddered and hoped it wasn't corrosive. A deep heat spread through her. She looked down and could see more of the stuff on her white lab coat and uniform.

Humility's body wriggled seemingly of its own accord. She was vaguely aware that she'd torn off her lab coat. She took the cum in her left hand and rubbed it all over her face. Humility then took off her uniform and stood, shivering in the middle of the room clad only in bra and panties. Much to her surprise, she removed her bra, too.

"Are you hurt?" The computer sounded cheerful.



"No, I'm ... I'm ... okay." Humility bent slowly to examine her clothes on the floor. She scooped some of the white stuff off her lab coat. The smell was the most intoxicating thing she'd ever experienced. It was like all her favorite things rolled into one scent. She rubbed the cum on her belly, breasts, legs, and arms. She reached for more and spread as much as she could all over her body. Her limbs shook like leaves on the wind. She stepped out of her panties. Her breasts throbbed and her vagina gushed. She held one globule on the tip of her finger before her eyes. She stared at it, almost cross-eyed, and then her finger slipped into her mouth.





“Gggggggggpppppppphhhhhhhhhh.” The taste was exquisite, and the second Jacob’s stuff hit her tongue, her whole body went rigid. She’d gone her whole life without suspecting that such pleasure existed. God had opened her eyes to a whole new world.

When her mind returned from her orgasm, she carelessly knocked lab equipment off the nearest table and hopped her butt up to sit on the cold surface. There was a window to the corridor outside and anyone passing by might see her. Humility didn’t care. Her hand dropped to her vagina. She stuck three fingers inside with a grunt. Soon, she pumped away at herself, covered in Jacob’s delicious gooey stuff, and worked herself to several orgasms.

The fever finally passed after an hour. Humility gathered her clothes and sprinted to the nearest shower. Her breasts ached and all she could think was that she was having the pubescent response the models said would happen. Humility had entered a second puberty. How crazy was that?

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“What the?” Mary sat in the lounge, wondering at her uniform’s tightness around the chest and hips. She had just convinced herself that her clothes must be shrinking when she saw her daughter-in-law sprint down the hall. It was only a brief glimpse, but she was sure Humility had been half-naked.

Mary shrugged. Whatever was happening had been wrought by Colony Control and Errand into the Wilderness. That meant it was the same as the direct hand of God. She took a sip of tea and let her mind relax. Jacob would be fine so long as she took care of him. Mary thought about following Humility, but instead took another sip of tea. Jacob would be fine so long as the women around him took care of him. That brought a smile to her lips. She would make sure that Jacob got everything he needed from his family.

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The uniform didn't fit him, and, frankly, looked ridiculous. But it was better than wearing a robe out of his room. Jacob looked down at the pulsing lump between his legs, tried to smooth out the fabric covering it, and walked out into the hall.

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"Pass me the hand spanner, please." John held out his hand to his wife, while he clamped the other hand around the fitting. "These water recyclers were always a problem. I wish Colony Control would have bought the 5930s instead."

"Here." Pricilla eyed her husband as he crouched by the recycler. She placed the spanner in his hand. Ever since she'd met him, she'd found him so gallant and manly. But now looking at him, something felt wrong. Something was missing. She looked at his crotch and knew what it was.

"Thank you, dear." John tightened the fitting with the spanner.

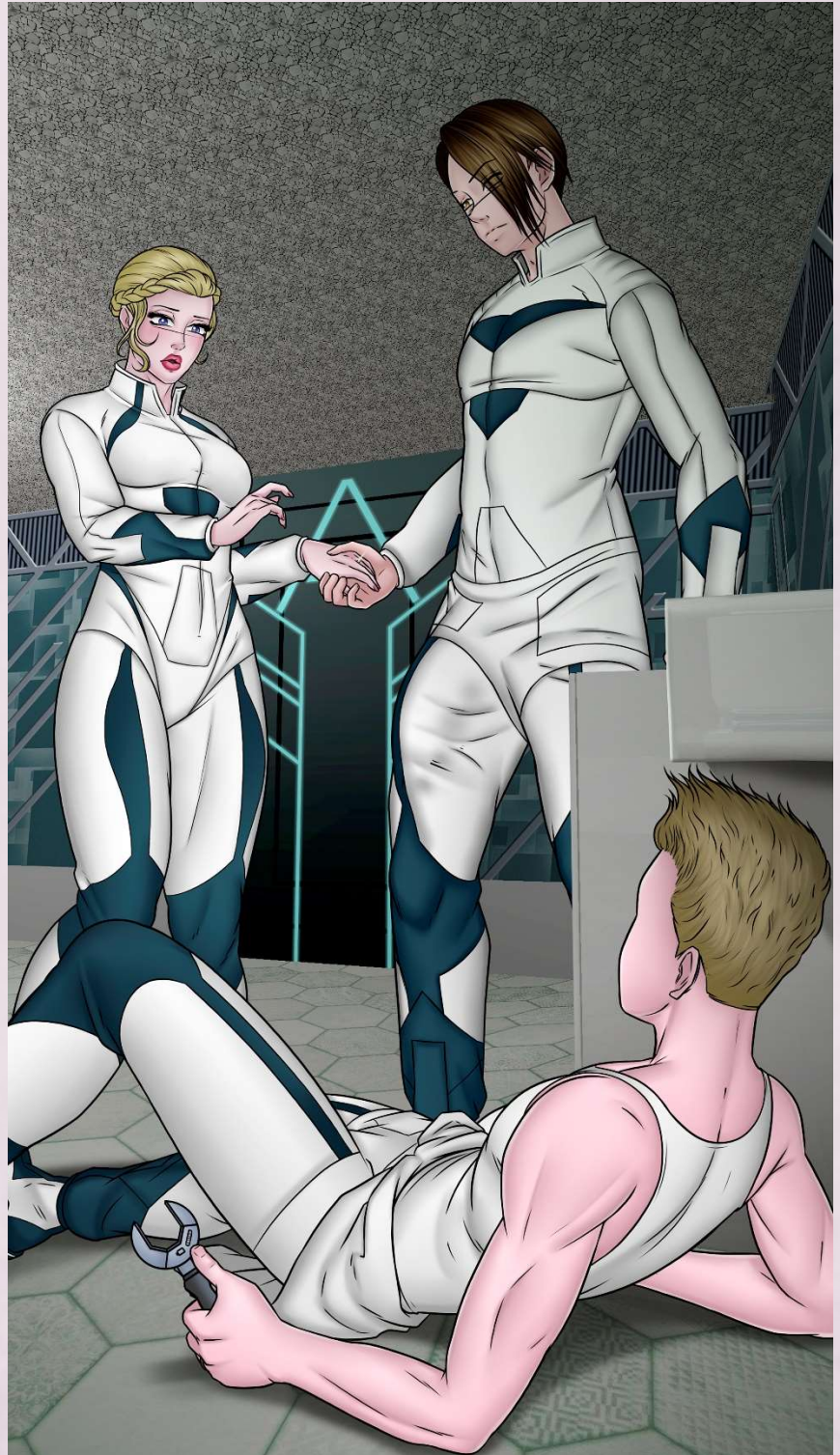
"Hello, you two." Jacob strolled into the utility room.

"Oh, hello, Jake." Pricilla blushed profusely and looked at the floor.

"Jake?" John half turned, still holding the fitting. "You're supposed to be in your room." He looked down at Jacob's uniform and could see that terrible aberration squirming underneath. It pulsed in the most ungodly way. A cold terror wrapped itself around John's heart.

"Oh, it's okay." Jacob shrugged like it was no big deal. "I was looking for Mom, but couldn't find her. I could use Pricilla's help with something."

"No ..." John's voice cracked. "You need to keep that away ... from my wife." He didn't want to sound rude to the young man, but he had seen Jacob advance on Pricilla before.



"It's okay, John." Jacob's smile was perhaps a bit more manic than he intended it to be. "Just keep working on the recycler. I'll return her to you in a little while."

"But ..." John moved closer to the recycler, trembling with fear.

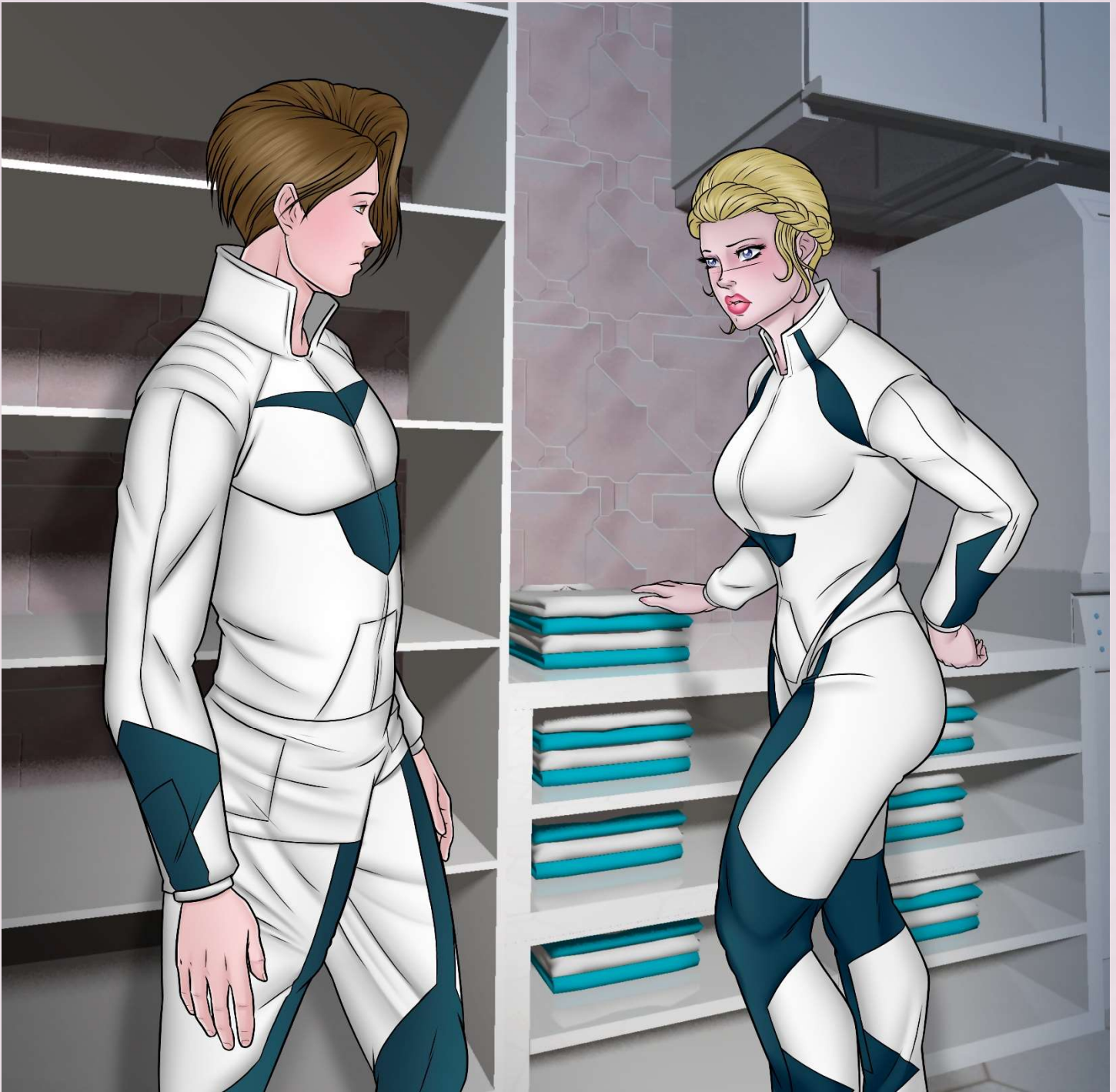
"It's okay, John." Pricilla's words and cadence mimicked her brother's. "Just keep working on the recycler." She stepped over to him, bent down, and kissed her husband on the cheek. "Jake will return me to you in a little while." She turned and walked with Jacob out of the room.

John watched them leave, hand in hand. He needed to follow them, but instead turned back to his work. His uniform sticky with sweat, he tried to focus on the task before him and forget all about his brother-in-law. Everything would be okay, he assured himself.



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“Do you need the same kind of help that Mom gives you?” Pricilla stood a few feet away from her brother in one of the ship’s laundry facilities. Stacked, clean uniforms were piled on a table to their right, ready for each member of the family. She tried to look into his eyes and not at his writhing lump. Along with the smell of fresh laundry, her nose picked up a scent that brought her mind back to trips to the briny ocean, teeming with life back on Earth. But in that room, it was her eighteen-year-old brother that gave off that scent.



"Yes." Jacob nodded and unzipped his uniform. He took it off. He wore no underwear underneath. The veiny, pulsing organ wriggled side to side like it was seeking something. His balls glowed a deep bluish color.

"I'll do it." Very slowly, Pricilla unzipped her uniform, her gaze now glued to that dreadful penis. The thing slowly oozed precum from Jacob's tiny hole. Not just a drop like John sometimes had, but a steady stream of the stuff. "But you can't tell John ... or anyone. And I'll only use my mouth." A shiver ran through her as she remembered the climax she had when his spunk filled her mouth. Pricilla was going to feel that again very soon. It was almost too good to believe.

"That's fine." Jacob watched her perfect, pale skin come into view as the uniform fell away. Soon her bra and panties joined the uniform on the floor. Her modest breasts had no hang to them and were topped with dark, tiny nipples. "You're so hot, Pricilla." He grabbed his unruly dick with both hands and jerked it up and down. There was no way her mouth was going to be good enough this time.

"You shouldn't say things like that. I'm not hot." Pricilla dropped to her knees and crawled over to Jacob. "We're not like the polygamists or heathens back on Earth. I'm only doing this to help you. Like Mom does." She sat on her knees, her blue eyes wide. "You don't think I'm too skinny? I don't have Mom's body." Her thoughts were so confused.

"No way. You're perfect." Jacob watched her gently push his hands away and take hold of his dick with delicate fingers. "And anyway, you seem to be filling out a little."



"I have been feeling weird lately. I just ..." Pricilla cut herself off as she took him into her mouth. "Mmmmmppphhhhh." The penis played with her tongue just as it had last time. Salty precum tickled her taste buds. She was French kissing her brother's thing. Oh, my, if only the other young ladies at the parish back home could see her now.

"That's ... aaaahhhhhhhh ... so nice. You're such a good sister." Jacob put his hands on the back of her blond hair. He felt her strain to push more than the head of his dick into her mouth over and over.

"Gggggbbbbbggggghhhhhh," Pricilla gurgled. She worked with some urgency, quickly bobbing her head on the end of his penis. So close to ecstasy. She pumped him with her hands, too. Her husband back at the water recycler was completely forgotten.

Ten minutes later, Jacob was ready. "Perform ... your ... wifely ... duties ... on me ... Pricilla ... aaaaauuuuggggghhhhhh." Jacob roared.

This was it. Pricilla felt an expectation-high come on just as her brother's grip tightened in her hair. And then his delicious stuff filled her mouth, transporting her mind into a rapturous starry nebula.

When Jacob finished, he looked down at his sister. She was stiff as a board, her eyes rolled back, and her throat mechanically gulping down his seed. His cock popped out of her mouth and she wavered back and forth on her knees. The most stupid sounds came out of her mouth, and some of his cum ran down her chin and plastered her modest breasts. Jacob was used to this now, so he wasn't all that concerned for her. He knew it would pass.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiessshhhh."
Pricilla blinked her eyes, the room returning around her.
"Ssssooooooo
gooodddddd." Pricilla had tried the heathens' drink once, and the effects of Jacob's seed reminded her of being drunk.
"Whhhhaaaaa
dddddddnnnnnggggg?"

She was mildly surprised as Jacob lifted her from under her armpits, and bent her over the laundry table. Clean, folded uniforms fell to the floor.

"I can feel ... His spirit ... move through me." Jacob panted. He stepped up behind her, looking at her tight, apple of a butt. She was so unlike his mom. "Let Him lead us ... Pricilla." Just like the time with his mother, his dick knew exactly where to go. He got close enough, and it burrowed itself in her pussy.

"Aaaaaggghhhhhh." Pricilla had really thought she could keep her assistance to just her mouth. That seemed so naïve as she gave up her precious, married crevasse to her brother. She climaxed almost immediately upon entry, and then once every few minutes as he pounded her from behind. The serpent of a cock pressed itself into every secret spot she had hidden inside. First on the left side, then on the right, then far back at her cervix. It seemed to know exactly how to drive her crazy.



Pricilla had never done anything but missionary with John, and certainly she'd never had more than one orgasm ... in a month. This was all uncharted territory. And she let her mind sail away. Crying out like an animal over and over again. She barely recognized herself by the time Jacob readied his deposit.

"I'm going to ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... fill you up. I ... need to ... fill ... you ..." Jacob marveled at the tight little ripples shaking her ass.

"Noooo ... pregnant ... noooo ... pregnant ..." Pricilla mumbled. But it was only token resistance. She knew he'd conquered her body, mind, and soul. Another roar from behind her sounded Jacob's climax, and she felt the heat of him inside her for the first time. It was too much. Her mind played in the valleys of heaven as her womb took all Jacob's seed.



A while later, Jacob pulled out of her, exhausted. "That was ... perfect. Thank you ... for the help." He patted her head like she'd been a good dog, and walked over to his uniform.

"I feel ... I feel ..." Pricilla straightened up, their combined fluid running down her legs. "So connected. The universe is all ... one. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah." Jacob nodded, but he hadn't the foggiest idea what she was talking about. "Let's get you cleaned up and get you back to John. I picked this room because there's a shower over there." He pointed to the back wall and pulled on his uniform. "I'm going to go take a nap."

"Okay, Jake." Pricilla's body buzzed as she wobbled on unsteady feet over to the shower. "And thank you." She looked over at her brother and smiled.

"For what?"



"For letting me help you." Pricilla turned on the shower.

"You're welcome." Jacob smiled. Had they ever gotten along so well? "See ya later." He waved and headed out the door.

It wasn't until Pricilla stepped into the shower, her buzz wearing off, that she frowned. Her brother, her own brother, had deposited what felt like a gallon of baby making batter inside her. What would she do? Could she tell anyone? Pricilla shivered under the warm water. She didn't have any answers.