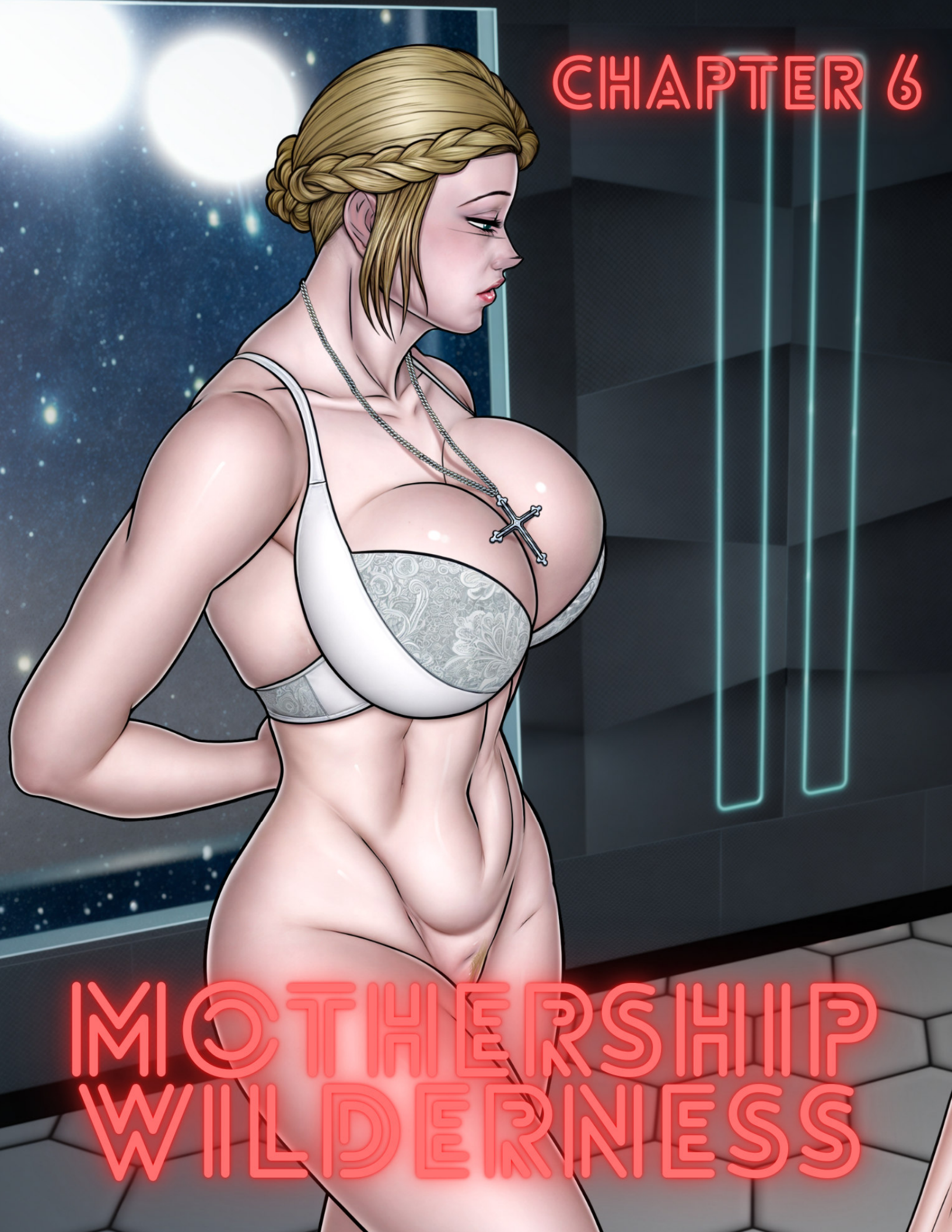


CHAPTER 6



MOTHERSHIP  
WILDERNESS

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## Mothership Wilderness 6

*Illustrations by Adun*

*Written by RawlyRawls & CeeBee42*

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"I heard Jacob was out of his room." Mason found his brother-in-law reading in the observatory. He sat down heavily in the chair next to John and stared out at the stars. Mason had a lot on his mind recently.

"Yes, we saw him when I was fixing one of the water recyclers." John didn't look up from his book. A cold sweat sprung out on the back of his neck at the mere mention of Jacob's name. Although, John couldn't have said why.

"We?"

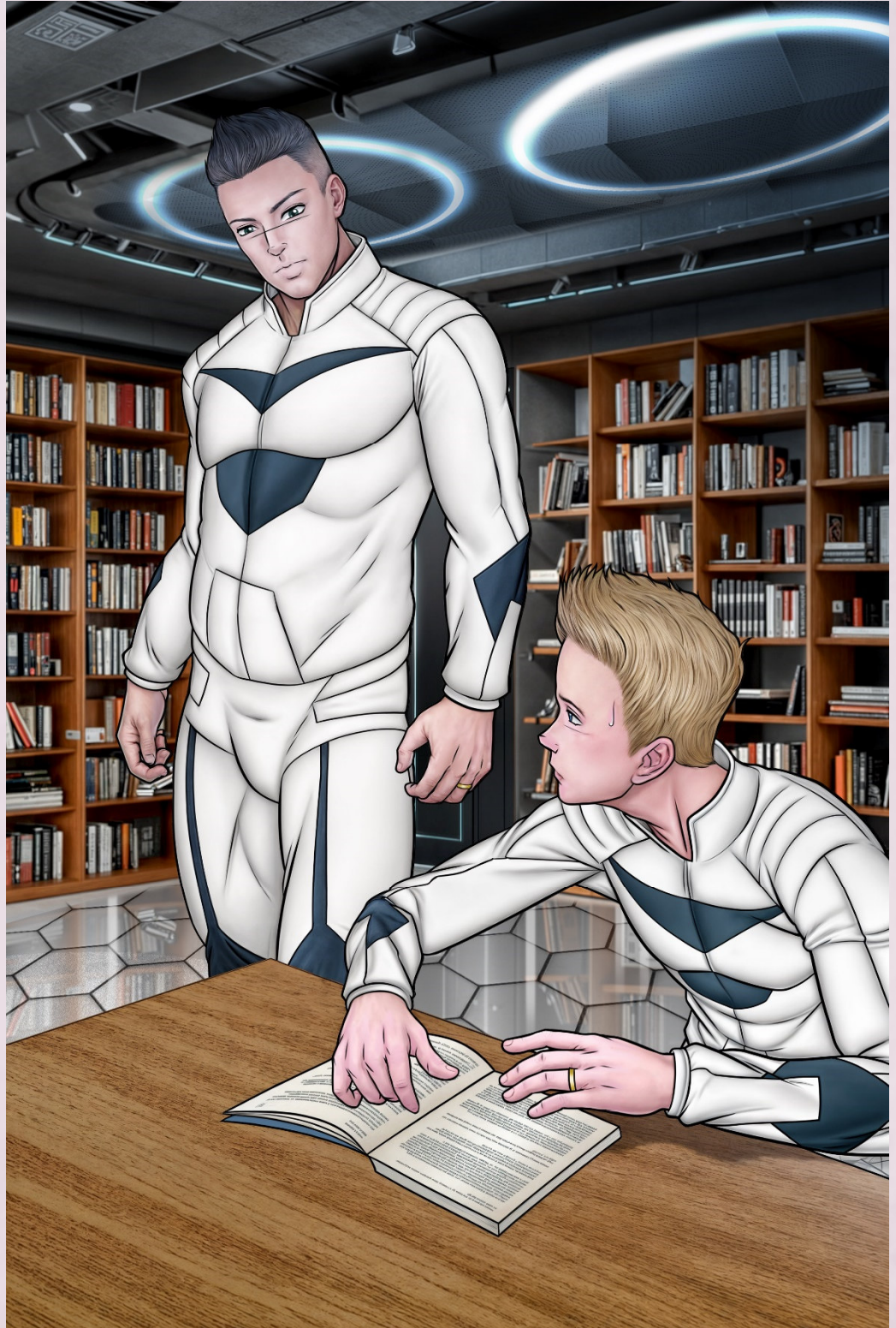
"Well, Pricilla was with me." John finally looked over at his portly brother-in-law. "How is Lil coming along with her research? Any progress?"

"Did Jacob ... um ... spend alone time with my sister?" Mason eyed John closely. The man had always cut a regal figure. But John looked somewhat diminished at the moment. Mason couldn't put his finger on it.

"Sure." Anxiety reached for John's throat. Why was he so nervous? "Jake needed some help. I didn't think it was the best idea, but she is his sister. She told me she helped him fold laundry for a couple hours, took a shower, and then came back to help with the water recycler. She said the time they spent together soothed Jacob some, and suppressed ... his urges."

"They folded laundry for more than two hours?" Mason leaned forward, his belly pressing on his thighs through his Colony Control uniform. "Isn't that ... strange?"

"No? It was brother-sister bonding."



“No one seems to be listening to me, but I think we need to gird ourselves. There are unpleasant facts playing aboard the Errand into the Wilderness.” Mason wiped the sweat off his forehead. “Our dear brother Jacob, I think, should be considered lost at the moment. There is a wretched heathen masquerading in his skin. It carries the most foul, aberrant organ and means to do ungodly things to us.”

“That’s heresy, Mason.” John’s book fell from his fingers and thumped on the carpeted floor. “Jacob has taken the sacrament and bled for Him. He is no heathen. He is no polygamist. He is your brother.”

“How much laundry does our small family possess? Enough that it would take hours to fold?” Mason wasn’t giving up. He needed someone else to see what was plainly set before them.



“If Pricilla said it, then it happened.” John’s hands trembled. “I ... I ... can’t believe ...” He took several deep breaths. “She would tell me if there was ... trouble.”

“Okay, nothing happened.” Mason couldn’t believe they were so thick. He certainly wasn’t going to allow his wife to be alone with his brother. “But in the future, don’t leave them without a chaperone. At least until we figure out what’s wrong with him.”

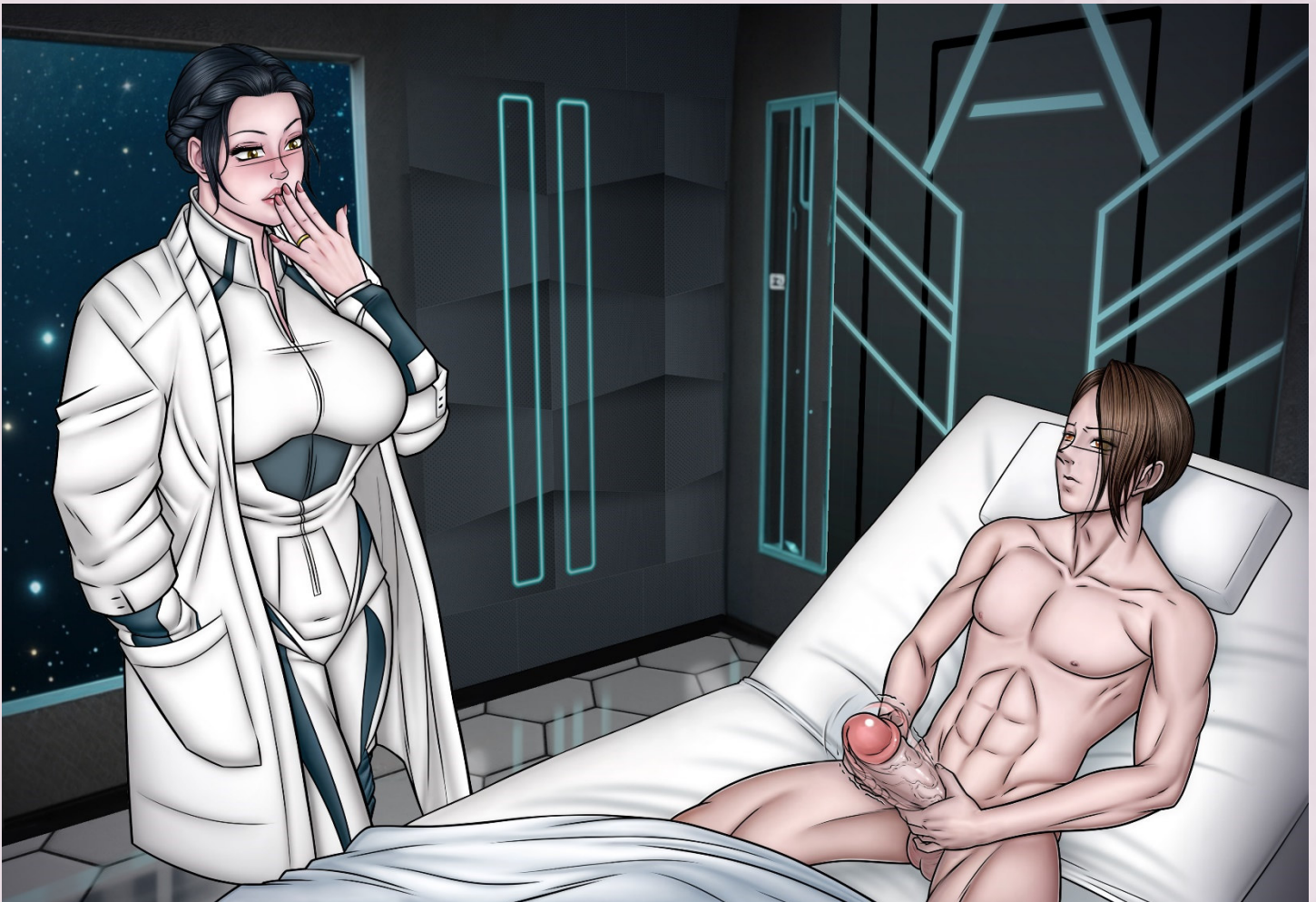
“I ... I ... have to go.” John stood and rushed from the room, leaving his book on the floor.

Mason watched him go, thinking how unmanly a retreat that was. He reached down and retrieved the book. *First Love* by Turgenev. Mason tossed it on John’s empty chair in disgust. Why on earth would Colony Control supply them with that ancient drivel? He turned his gaze back out to the stars.

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Humility fidgeted in her uniform in front of Jacob's door. She moved the reinforced vial from hand to hand. It was a bad idea going to see her brother-in-law. That very morning, she had promised her husband she wouldn't do exactly what she was about to do. She could have Mary collect the sample. Or let Errand into the Wilderness do it. But ... she rang his bell and the door opened.

"Hello, Jake. Your last sample was lost so I ..." Humility's words faded away. "Oh, my heavens," she whispered. She had never dreamed she'd find Jacob in this state. He lay naked on his bed, his grotesque organ all the more terrible contrasted with his skinny, teenage body. He had both hands wrapped on the wriggling thing, pumping it. His eyes were open, but glassy. He bit his bottom lip hard. Humility wondered why he had allowed her in. What was he thinking?



"Oh, hey, Lil." Jacob gave her a far-off smile. His dick was feeling better and better with each passing day. It was his balls that were the problem. He couldn't empty them fast enough. "Don't ... mind me. Just dealing with ... some blue balls."

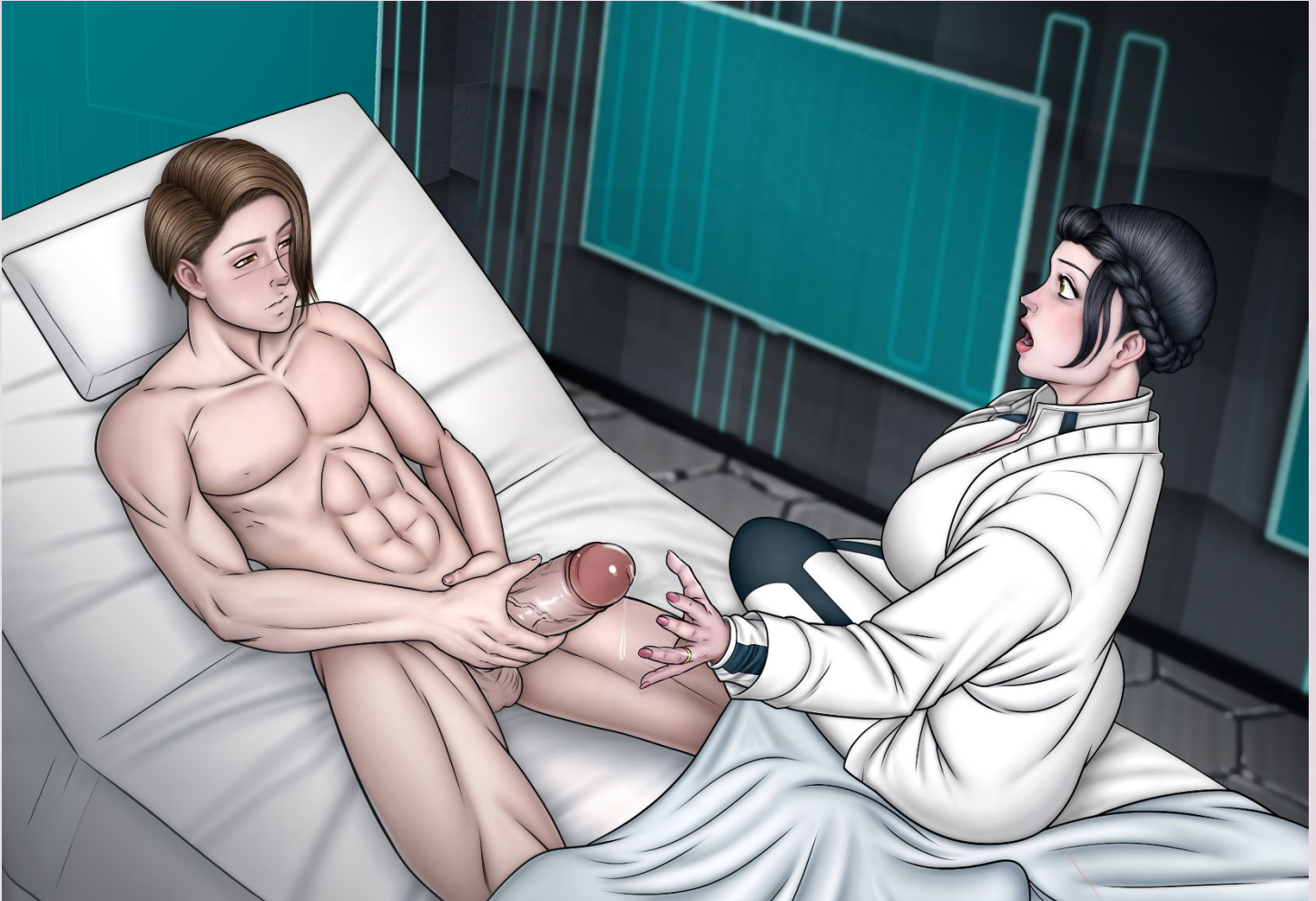
It was true. Humility could see his pulsing, blue sacks bouncing with his masturbatory efforts. Goodness, they were so very large. "I ... um ..." What did one say in a situation like this? She felt so very odd. Her breasts ached even more than before. It seemed her brain, which always ran a mile a minute, was slowing down. The estrogen-like hormones were having their way with her. She knew it, but didn't run.

"What ... did you need?" He panted with effort.

Jacob's words brought the room a little back into focus for Humility. "Another sample." But even as she said it, she dropped the vial by her feet.

"Perfect ... ugh ... timing ... Lil." Jacob winked at her. "I need to ... explode ... but my hands aren't ... enough. Wanna help?"

"I didn't think ..." Humility lost her train of thought and took a couple steps toward what was surely hell. What had she thought would happen when she went to his room for a sample? "I'll help you." She was about to lower herself to her knees, but Jacob caught her eye.



"I'll only let you help ... if you take your ... clothes off." Jacob would have never asked a woman to take her clothes off before he left Earth, especially his cute, little sister-in-law. But he wasn't the same person. He wasn't even really asking her. He had given her an ultimatum.

"Are you giving me an ultimatum?" Humility unzipped her uniform and stepped out of it without thinking.

"That's exactly ... what I was thinking." Jacob took his hands off his dick and let it wave about. The thing was so thick and hard. It moved like it was seeking something out. It suddenly began weeping large amounts of precum, the clear stuff dripped down the long shaft, meandering over his protruding veins.

"I'll help you, Jake." Humility nervously eyed the pre-seminal fluid. Jacob produced more than should be physically possible for the human anatomy. Despite this new horror, she needed to relieve him. She felt it on a cellular level. She tossed away her bra and panties and stood naked for him, pushing her chest out. Did she want ... praise? She looked into his eyes. "Well?"

"Awesome, Lil." Jacob drank in the sight of her. "You're so short, but so ... full." His eyes zeroed in on her teardrop breasts with wide areola. "Mason must constantly want to bond your union."

Humility smiled at the compliment and finally dropped to her knees at the edge of the bed. "My husband has never had much interest in bonding. I think you and your brother couldn't be more different." She reached up and took hold of him. His flesh felt even stranger than it looked. It was hard as a rock, but pulsed and undulated between her fingers. She pumped him and it seemed the penis almost wanted to buck her hands, like a wild bronco. Her hands were quickly slick with the pre-semenal fluid.

"That's good." Jacob enjoyed the expression on her face. It was clear by the vertical line in her forehead that his dick troubled her. But it was also plain as day from the hunger in her eyes that she would push those troublesome thoughts aside.

"Aaaaahhhhhhh. You have such little hands."

It was true. Humility's hands looked like they belonged to an elf as she tried to hold his massive, aberrant appendage.

"Do you want your ... ugh ... sample bottle?" Jacob's balls contracted a little. "It won't be ... long. I'm close."

Humility didn't answer. She didn't even process what he was saying. She pumped faster. She could see his massive balls expanding and compressing over and over. How was that possible? What was Jacob's physiology now? She was suddenly glad she had taken her clothes off. She guessed he had an awful lot of semen ready to explode all over her. She remembered rubbing his stuff on her skin in the lab. What would it be like warm and fresh? "Do it," she whispered.



“Oh ... Lil ...” Jacob leaned back and let the exodus of cum take hold. “Aaaaaahhhhhh.” Between his own roars of satisfaction, he could hear his sister-in-law shrieking. Whether out of disgust, or ecstasy, he didn’t know or care.



After a minute, still trembling from his orgasm, Jacob sat up and looked down at Humility. She was plastered in white from her black hair down to her heavy boobs.



"I ... never ... dreamed ..." she panted. Humility let go of his penis, reached down with her left hand, and scooped some sperm into her palm from her breast. As she brought her hand to her mouth, she noticed that her wedding ring was drowning in the white stuff. This was exactly why Mason had told her not to see Jacob. It was too late now. She slurped the baby-making batter into her mouth and found that orgasmic paradise again.

"Nnnnnnnngggggggg. Bbbbbbnggggggnnnnnn." Her body seized and shook, her eyes shut tight. Completely rigid, Humility tipped over like falling timber and landed on her side, her boobs spilling over her arm and resting on the cold floor. "Yyyyyymmmttttt," she said.

"You really like my cum, don't you?" Jacob propped himself up on his elbows so he could look down at her as she made her stupid sounds. His dick quieted some, temporarily satisfied.

"Sssshhhhhoooooo gggggoooooooodddd." Humility's brain tried to turn itself back on, but the reboot was sporadic. "Neeveerrr feeelllitttt." She looked up the eighteen-year-old and felt a deep longing. She was a woman of God and science, but she had somehow found where she truly belonged. "I ... I can't stay ..." Her focus returned some. She stood up. "I should be disgusted." She swiped a finger through the coating on the upper slope of her boob and looked at it. She was tempted to put it in her mouth, but she didn't want to fall right back into that chasm. "But I'm not."





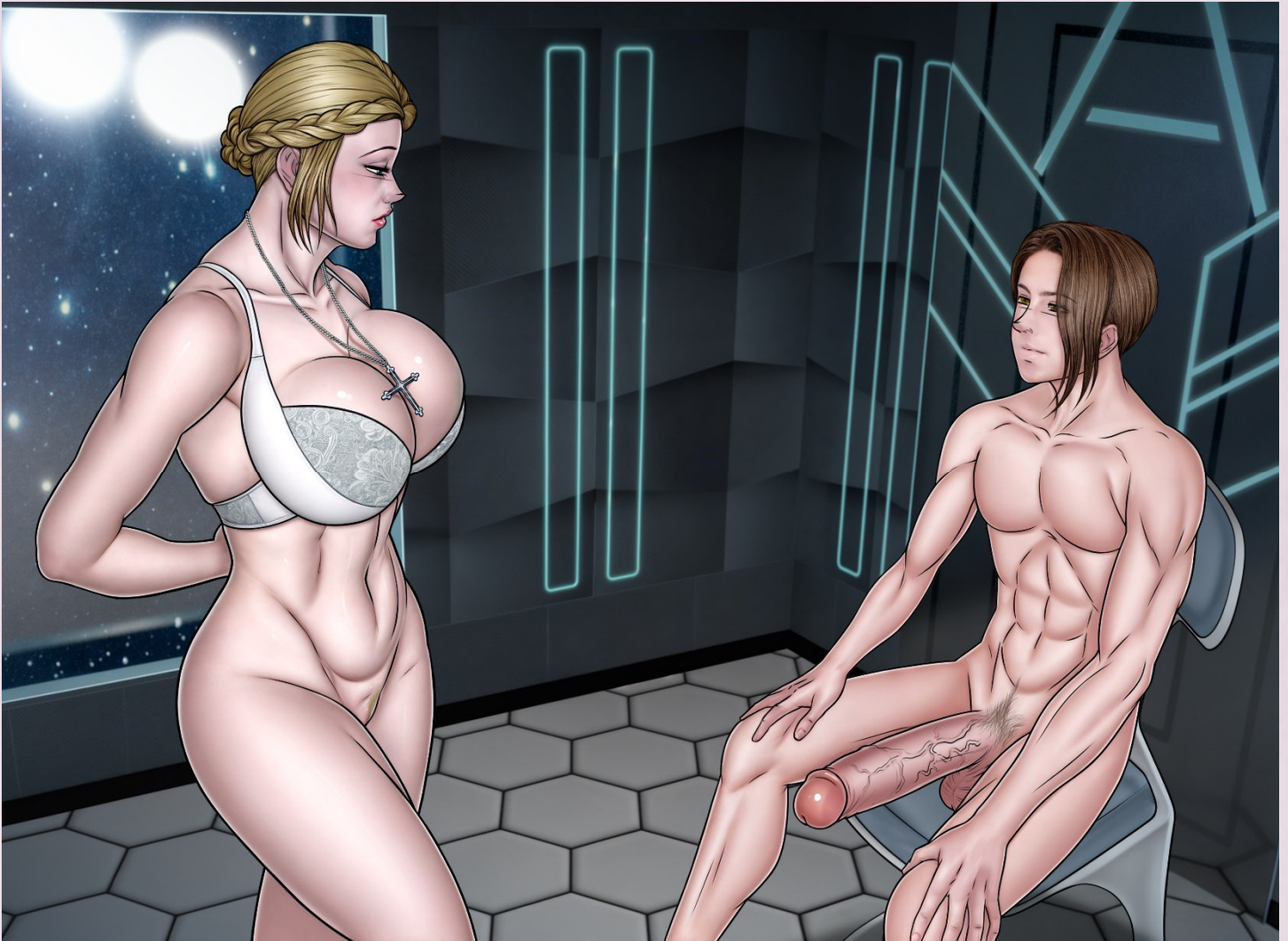
"You can use my shower, Lil." Jacob watched her bend over to retrieve her sample bottle. He admired her wide, firm ass. He watched her scoop his stuff into the bottle and then walk over to his bathroom.

"I need a shower." Humility wanted to ask if he'd coated his mother like that too, but thought better of it. "Put that thing away before I get out. I need to get the sample back to the lab and ... I don't want any distractions." She didn't trust herself around him. Not one bit.

"Sure." Jacob got up to pull on a robe. His mom was visiting later that day anyway. He didn't know if she'd be mad about what he'd done with Humility. So, it would be best to get his sister-in-law on her way as soon as possible.

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"You're taking off your clothes, just like that?" Jacob watched his sweet mother reach behind her to unclasp her bra.



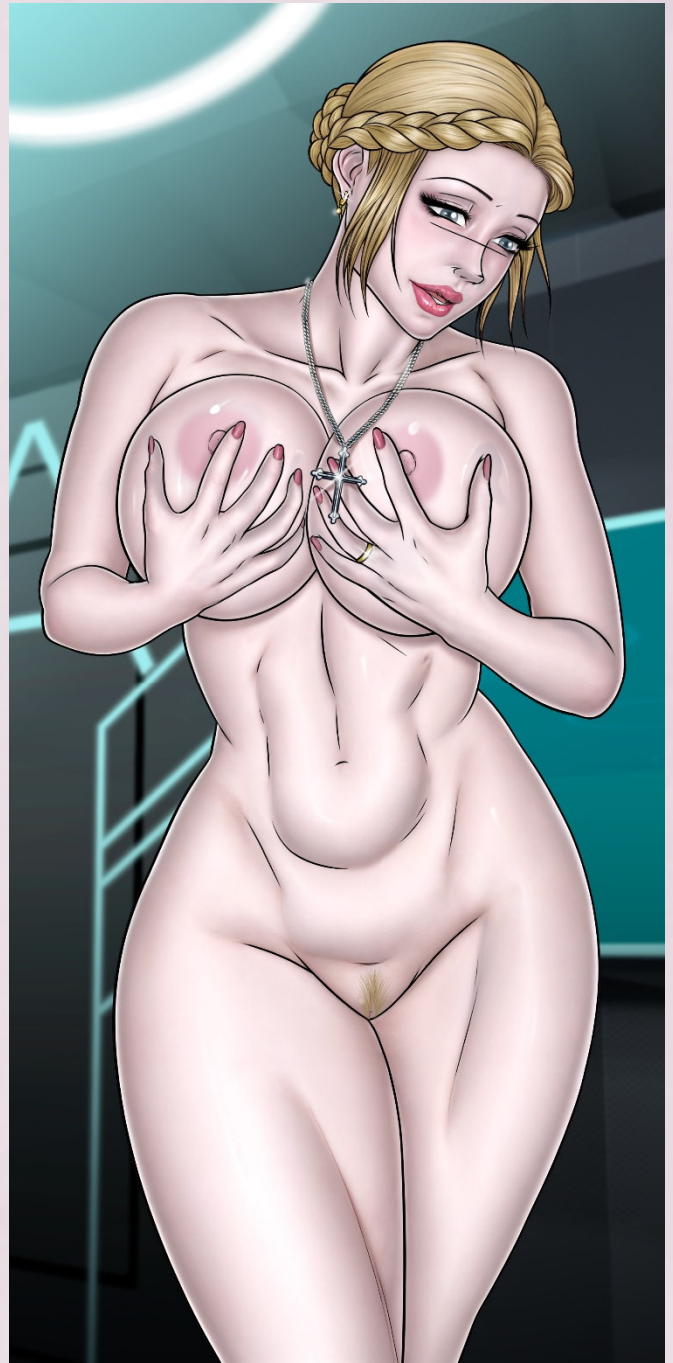
"I now know what you need, sweetie." Mary had locked his door and disrobed almost immediately. She had been watching the clock all day for the moment when she was supposed to check in on her son. She tossed her bra carelessly to the side and then wiggled out of her panties. "I won't deny you, Jake. I know you've been building it up for me." Her eyes dropped to his heavy balls as he sat naked in a chair, waiting for her.

"Right." He didn't want to tell her he'd already emptied himself on Humility. The mother he knew back on Earth would have called him a heathen, and disowned him for such behavior. This voluptuous woman walking toward him might be more understanding. He wasn't sure. Maybe he would tell her later. "Your boobs look bigger, Mom."

“Do they?” Mary cupped her boobs and massaged them when she reached his chair. They did feel heavier. Something inside her said that was wrong. They shouldn’t get bigger. That this was all wrong. That she should care for her son in the most chaste way possible and try to atone for her sins. But the louder voice inside urged her to compound her sins. Sins didn’t really matter when God had clearly given Jacob the powers of a messenger. New Canaan would be christened by Him through Jacob’s seed. And Mary was more than proud that she had mothered this particular miracle. “I guess we’re all changing.”

“Except Dad, Mason, and John.” Jacob loved the way she moved naked. She had a sense of awkwardness, like she wasn’t entirely used to her boobs bouncing free. “You don’t look at Dad the same way anymore. Do you? How does his thing compare to mine?”

“There is no comparison, Jake. It’s like you’re different species.” She crawled onto Jacob’s lap and felt the head of his penis pushing against her butt and thighs, probing its way along her flesh, until it found what it was looking for. “Mmmmmmm. Yes, Jake.” The thing pushed its way into her wet furrow, tilling her fertility. The penis quickly found one of her hidden weak spots deep inside and Mary cried out, her hips suddenly jerking in a short humping motion.





After they had recovered some, Mary thought that they had finished. She was much surprised when Jacob pushed her up against the shower wall and had his way with her vagina from behind. She didn't even protest such an apostate position. He seeded her in the shower. And then, a half hour later he came to his climax while riding her on the bathroom floor. He had so filled her with his stuff that Mary half expected it to leak out of her ears.



By the time he emptied his third load on her face, Jacob finally wore himself out. Mary tucked him into bed, took another shower, and then dressed. She walked over to her snoring son, kissed him on the forehead, and tucked his blanket up to his chin. Her cross dangled out of her uniform as she bent over and she absentmindedly stuffed it back inside her clothes. "Get some rest, sweetie," she whispered. It was too bad for Isaac that his son was the messenger. A small pit of guilt sat inside her, poking at her conscience. But what could Mary do? Who was she to defy God?

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"How is Jacob's cure coming?" Mason looked over his wife's shoulder, but understood very little of what he saw. Chemistry was never his thing. He put his hand on Humility's shoulder and felt her tense at his touch. "Be still woman, it's only me."

"Today was very confusing." Humility moved away from the screen and turned toward her husband. To think it was only hours ago that she was covered in Jacob's little swimmers. And here she was, having a fine and proper conversation with her husband. It felt like two worlds were pulling her in opposite directions, and she was fraying at the seams.

"You're my smart, little Lil." Mason gave her a chaste peck on the cheek. "You'll figure it out." He turned back to the door.

"What are you doing today?" Humility watched her portly husband go.

"I'm trying to convince Dad to quarantine his youngest son." Mason didn't look back as the door hissed open for him. "We're the only ones who seem to grasp the danger we're all in."

"Good luck." Humility hoped it didn't sound sarcastic, but it was. She wished him nothing but bad luck on his mission. "I'll see you at dinner."

"Bye, dear." Mason left the lab and walked down the hall. How lucky he was to have a partner he could trust.