

CHAPTER 1



MOTHERSHIP WILDERNESS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Mothership Wilderness 1

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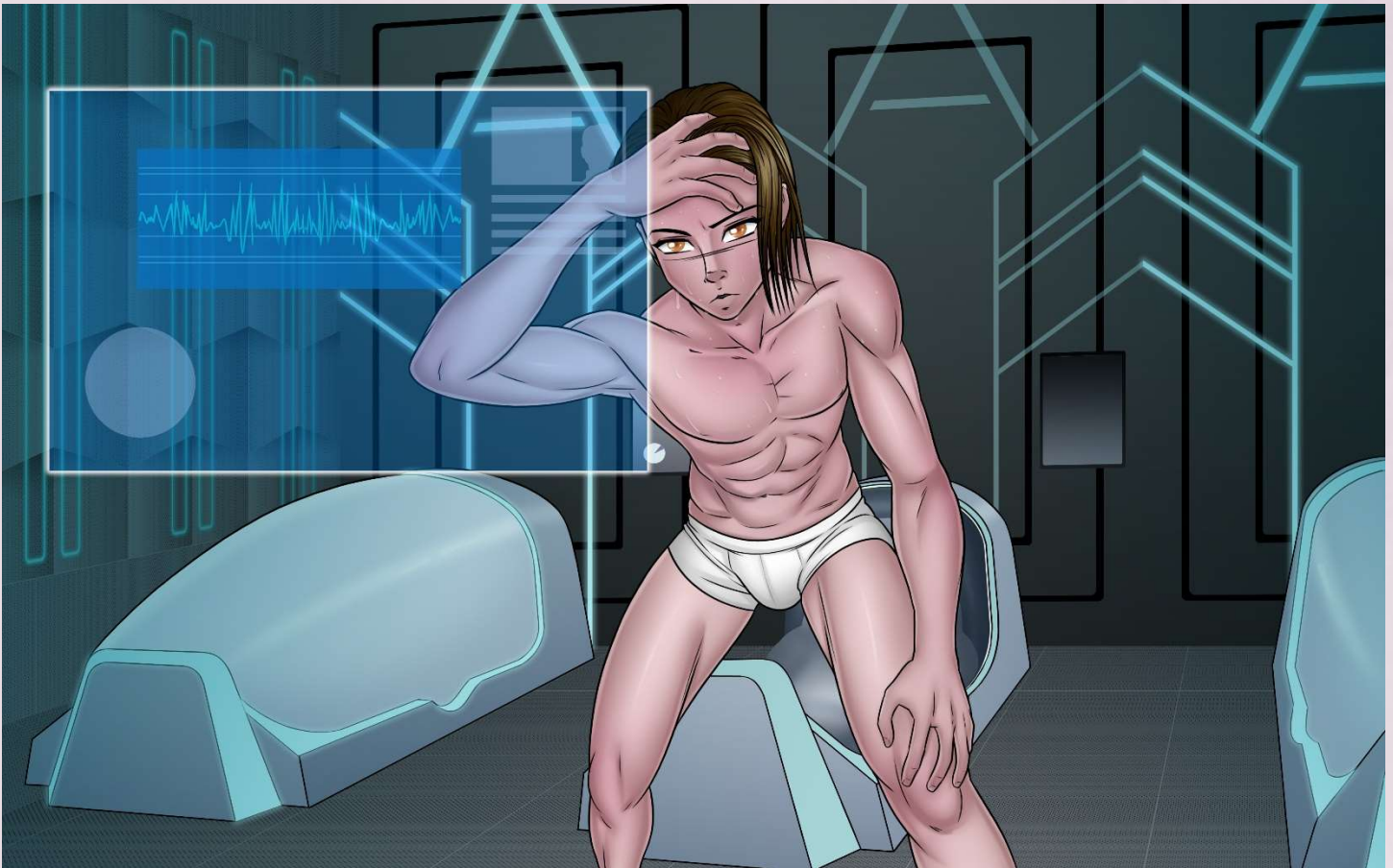
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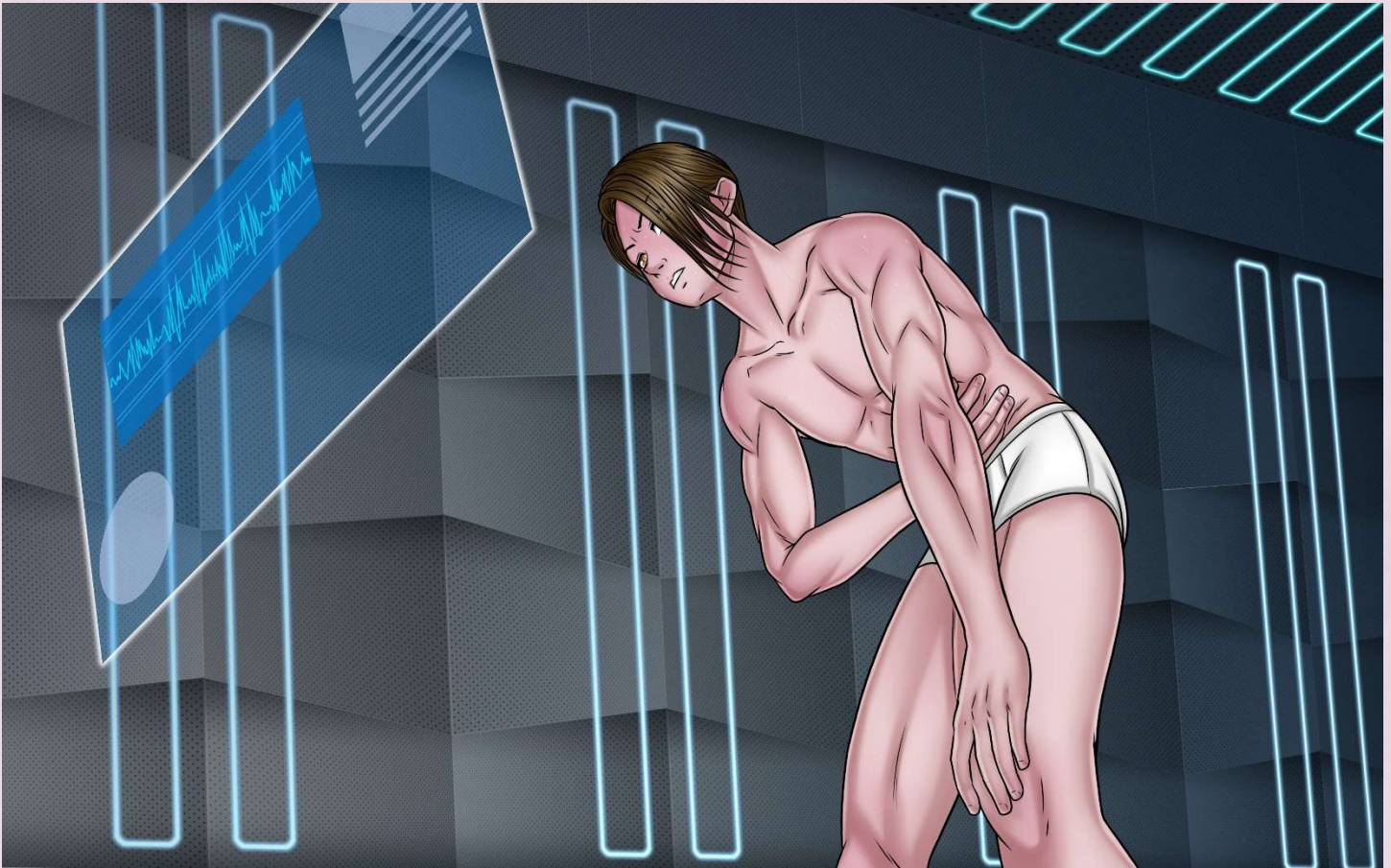
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The echoes of the ship's klaxon cascaded around the grand cryo-chamber. Jacob's eyes shot open and he punched the transparent cryolid open. Something was wrong. Very wrong. He dry heaved over the side of his pod and pulled the tube out of his arm. His skin felt feverish and sweaty. He wore only the boxer-briefs issued by Colony Control, but he was so hot.

The klaxon stopped, but the chamber pulsed with red warning lights. Jacob pulled himself out of his pod and fell to the metal floor. He pushed his damp, brown hair out of his eyes and looked up at the screen. It didn't look like they'd arrived at New Canaan yet. He looked around the room. Of course not. Everyone else was still in their cryopods. Something had gone wrong. He fell forward to his hands and knees and retched. He was sick. Panic set in.



“Mom?” Jacob stood on unsteady feet. “Dad?” At eighteen years old, he didn’t want to cry for his parents, but the situation seemed to call for it. The red lights continued to pulse as he stumbled to a terminal. He opened a connection and a screen appeared in the air before him.



“Welcome aboard the mothership Wilderness. I am the Errand into the Wilderness. We are sixty-three years and twenty-seven days from Congregational Establishment on New Canaan.” The computer’s voice was feminine, smooth, and comforting. “What is your status, member Jacob Winthrop?”

“I’m sick,” Jacob croaked at the machine.

“Running a scan now.” The computer paused for a second. “Anomalies found. You have mutagenic alkaloids multiplying in your cardiovascular system. Seek out your nearest doctor immediately.”

“What?” Panic now gripped him completely. “Take my family out of cryo.”

“But we are sixty-three years from New Canaan.” The computer didn’t seem particularly perturbed by the request, but she didn’t rush to execute. “Are you sure you wish me to wake up the Winthrops and Carvers? All members?”

“Yes.” Darkness pulsed in Jacob’s vision with the red lights. The room faded. “All of them.” Jacob collapsed to the floor and blackness fell around him.

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"He's coming around." Isaac Winthrop's voice pulled Jacob from his sleep. "Make sure you get the sedative ready."

"Dad?" Jacob opened his eyes. He was lying on a table in one of the med rooms. Robotic arms whirled above him. His pale, lithe body was on full display, with only his briefs still covering his modesty. "What happened?"

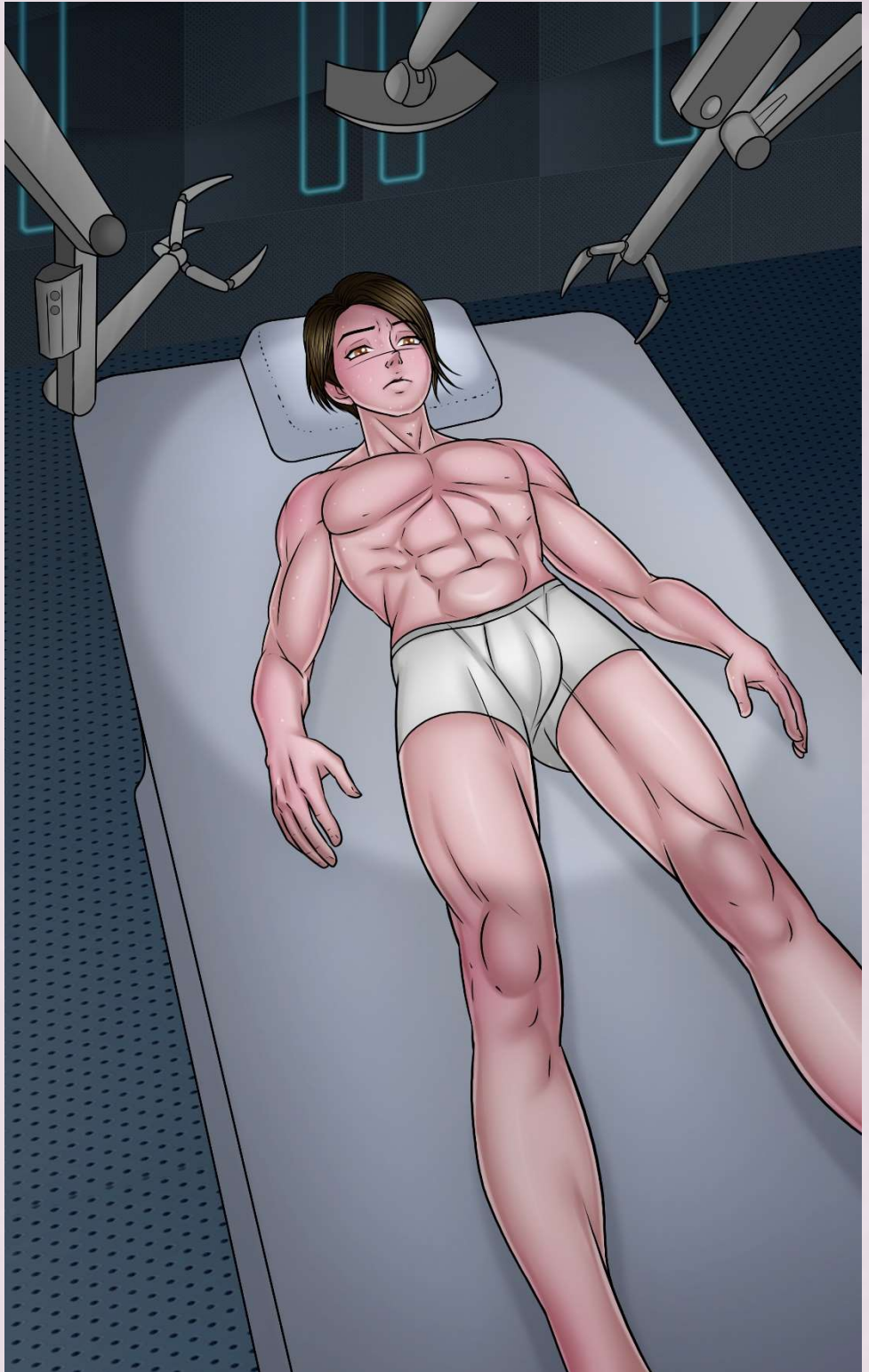
"You pulled us all out of cryo, you little devil. That's what happened." Mary Winthrop stood next to her husband. She brushed her blonde hair out her face and tried to put on a brave smile. They both wore the standard Errand jumpsuit uniform, although she was a full head shorter than her husband. And a good deal more curvy. "How are you feeling, sweetie?"

"I feel really weird." Jacob tried to sit up but quickly put his head back on the exam table. "Did I wake up Mason and Pricilla?"

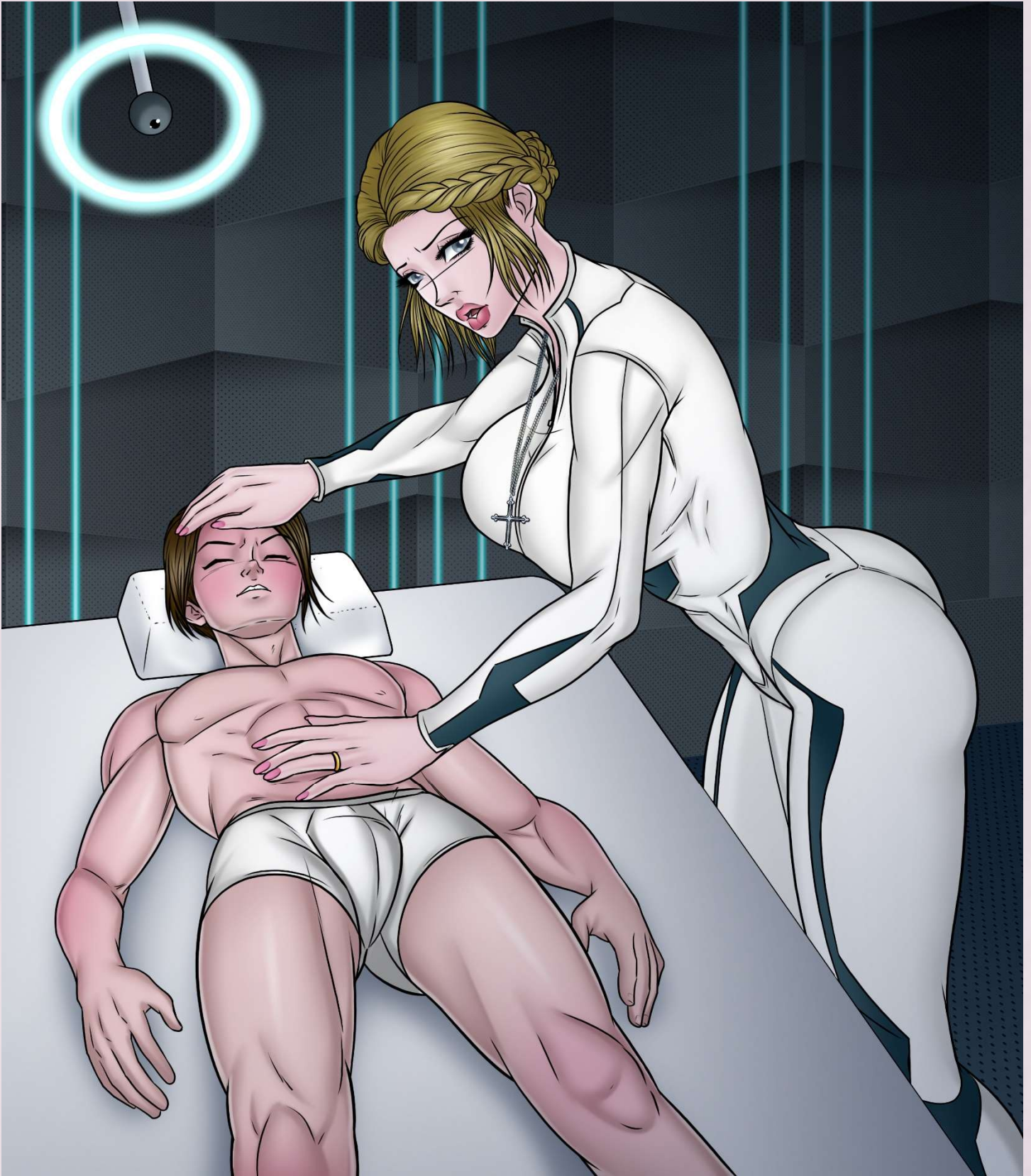
Isaac nodded. "You woke John and Humility too. Both your siblings and their spouses. It's a wonder you didn't wake the whole colony."

"Please, Isaac. Go easy on him." Mary reached for the platinum cross that hung from a thin chain around her neck. "The Lord chose this path for us."

"Amen." Isaac watched the new numbers as they sped along the screen to his right. "Right now, I'm worried about the path the computer chose for our son. Look, right after liftoff, it injected him with an experimental fertility drug. Why would we have such a thing onboard the Wilderness? Why inject him?"



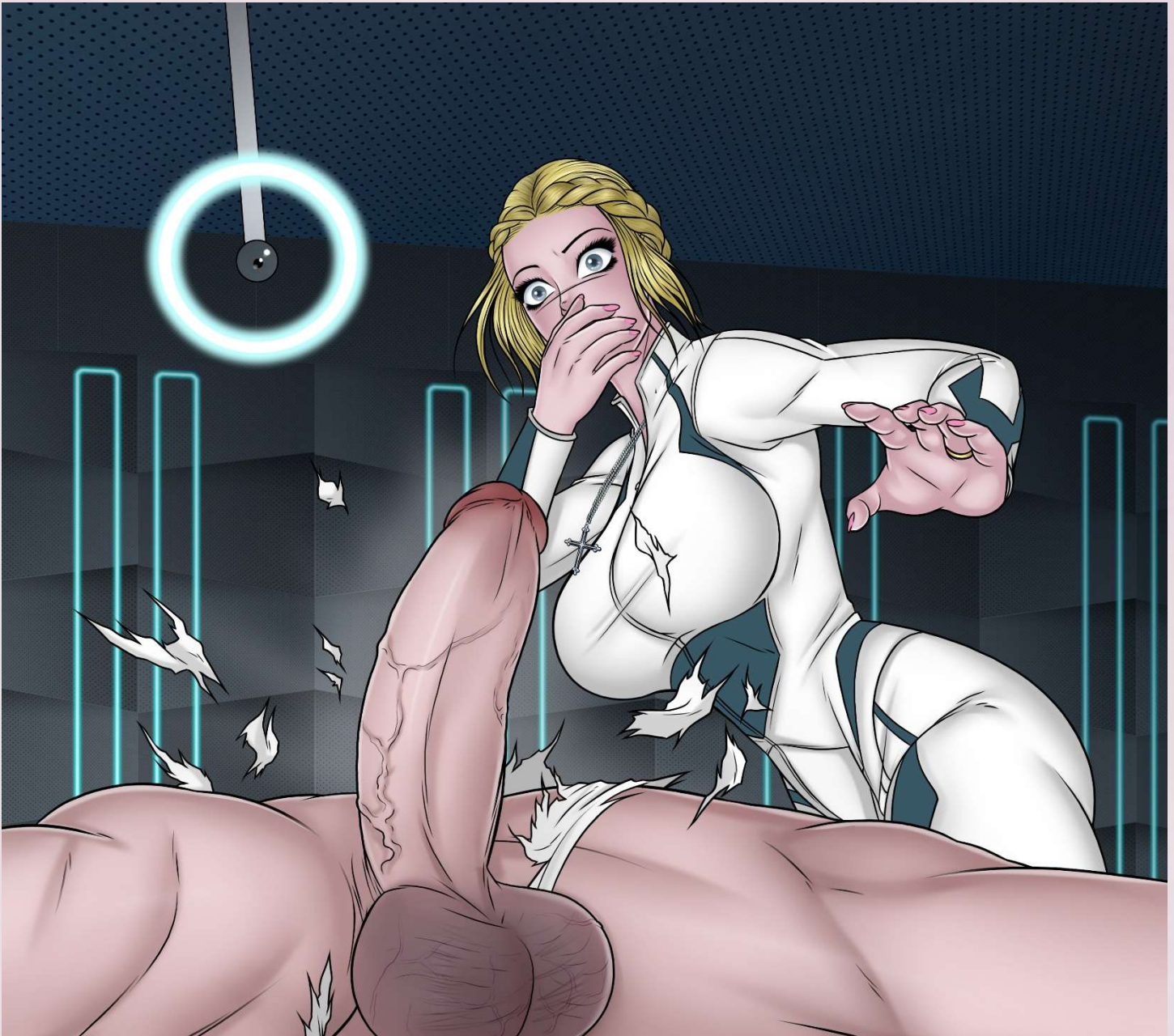
"I don't know." Mary put her hand on her son's forehead. "He's burning up. Do something, Isaac."



"The autodoc is doing whatever it can." Isaac could see the sweat breaking out all over Jacob's body. His alabaster skin had taken on a rosy tone.

"Mom ... it hurts ... it ... aaaahhhhhhhh." Jacob arched his back and writhed on the table. His mission-issue briefs tore as the drug reorganized his cells.

"His penis ... his penis ..." Mary put her hand to her mouth and stared with wide eyes as a gargantuan, erect penis rose from between her son's legs. And she could see his poor testicles distending and pulsing, too.



"I see it." But Isaac didn't want to. He reached for a sheet and threw it over the growing thing. "Do something, computer."

"This incident is outside governing parameters. I am terribly sorry, but I'm unable to act." The autodoc's voice was full of compassion and understanding. The best bedside manner a programmer could engineer.

"Administering sedative now."

"Mom ... it's ..." Jacob lost consciousness as the sedative took hold.



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“Jake?” Mary put a cool washcloth on her son’s forehead. “Can you hear me?” She sat next to his prone form on the bed, waiting for him to wake up.

“Hey, Mom.” Jacob was still a bit groggy from the sedative they’d given him. He opened his eyes to see his lovely mother leaning over him. He got an eyeful of the ample curve of her breasts under her uniform. “Where are we?”

“Well, your father and sister-in-law are looking through the logs to see if they can find what the computer injected you with.” Mary removed the washcloth and offered what she hoped was a reassuring smile. “You and I are in some quarters we took for you. The whole ship is empty, so we took what we needed.”

“Well, I feel better.” He looked around the room. It was spartan, but nice, with muted browns and beiges. Outside the windows, stars twinkled in at him. He was in a pleasant, soft bed, just the way he liked it. He looked back at his mother and met her pretty, gray eyes. His dick jumped. Was he ... was he attracted to his mother? “But I still feel weird.”

"About that. We're not sure exactly how the drug did that to you, but ... what are you ...?" Mary's mouth dropped and she watched his hand move up and down under the blanket. It was clear he was masturbating his deformed penis right in front of her. "What are you doing?"

"It's really throbbing." Jacob's right hand moved up and down in long strokes. His dick felt so strange. Like it had grown to the size of an Xavier Class rocket. "Everything feels really weird." With his left hand, Jacob pulled down the blanket and exposed himself to his mother.



"Gosh, sweetie. Don't do that." But she didn't try and stop him. His self-pleasuring was oddly compelling. Maybe if he just got his stuff out, he wouldn't be so swollen down there? Her eyes traveled down the thick, veiny shaft and took in his expansive testicles. "My word, they're blue." And they were. She'd always thought blue balls were just an expression.



"Oh, Mom. Nothing feels right." He brought his other hand to his dick and two-fisted it. Until that moment, he'd never been able to do that before.

"Jake, honey, I think you better stop now." Mary looked over her shoulder at the door. Anyone could walk in any minute and how would this look? "Computer, look the door."

"Of course, Mrs. Winthrop," the computer said and the door clicked.

"Okay, I've taken care of things, honey. Do what you need to do." Mary felt the bed rock under her butt as her son really put his full effort into relieving himself.

"Mom ... can I ... see your boobs?" Jacob could see her boobs jiggling under her uniform as the bed shook. He wanted to see more.

"Goodness, no. Don't get crazy." Mary stood up, smoothed out her uniform, and then walked into the bathroom. She came out with a towel. "You can finish in this." She laid it gently on his thigh and stood awkwardly next to the bed. "I should probably ... give you your privacy." She half-turned, but then stopped. "Or maybe your medical condition needs someone to monitor you." She turned back toward him and watched her son furiously masturbate. She was normally so decisive. "I'm not sure what I should do."

"Watch me ... Mom ... watch it ... come out ... aaaaahhhhhhhhh." Jacob had never known true pleasure until the moment his new balls contracted and cum erupted from his dick.



"Oh, my." Mary gasped and sat back on the bed, transfixed as a geyser of cum leapt from Jacob's penis up into the air and fell down on him and the bed. She trembled with adrenaline just gazing at this massive event. Shot after shot spewed out, more than she thought humanly possible. When he finished, Mary snapped back into action. "Oh, my, oh, my. My poor boy." She picked up the towel and cleaned him slowly. "Are you better now?"

"Yeah. A little, I think." Jacob watched his mom busy herself around his crotch, mopping up that sea of cum. It was surreal.

"There's so much ... and ..." The smell. It was a murky, earthy scent. So pungent. And so bewitching. "We'll get this sorted out soon, sweetie." As she cleaned, she scooped a little semen into her left palm and held it there, not sure what she was doing. "There now, all cleaned. Let me go put this in the bathroom."



She walked back to the bathroom, and the second she was out of Jacob's sight she brought her left hand up before her face, her wedding ring sparkling in front of her gray eyes. Was she really going to do this? She was. Mary licked up his sperm like she was dying of thirst and it was the only water for miles. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her whole body went rigid as a board. After a few seconds, she recovered herself. What in heaven was she doing? Had she just had an orgasm eating her son's sperm?



"Mom, you okay in there?" Jacob called after her. "I feel a little weird about what just happened."

"Coming." Mary put the towel in the laundry chute. She looked in the mirror at her wide eyes and shell-shocked expression. "Everything's okay. We'll figure this out," she whispered to her reflection. She composed herself and returned to her son. It was hard not to stare at the still-hard monstrous thing pulsing between his legs. At least his oversized testicles had returned to a pinkish color. "Why don't you get some rest, sweetie." She pulled the blanket back over him and tucked it under his chin. It tented dramatically over his penis.

"Okay, Mom." Jacob looked up at her with worried eyes. "Just tell me everything is going to be alright. I want to get to New Canaan and fulfill our mission. I don't want Him to reject me for this."

"Sssshhhhhh. Don't worry about such things." Mary smoothed out his wild hair. "God loves you, Jake. And always will." She kissed him on the forehead. The musky smell of his sperm lingered in the room. Mary suddenly wanted nothing more than to crawl into bed and snuggle her boy. But she knew no good would come of that. "I'm going to go check on your father." She turned for the door.



“Don’t tell Dad about what happened, Mom. Please?”

Mary looked back at Jacob. “Well ...” She didn’t know how she should handle this. She shared everything with her husband. Maybe this was one of those rare moments when a lie was called for. “Don’t worry, it’ll be our secret.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Jacob sighed and let his head sag into the pillow. He was so tired. He fell asleep before his mom was even out the door.

