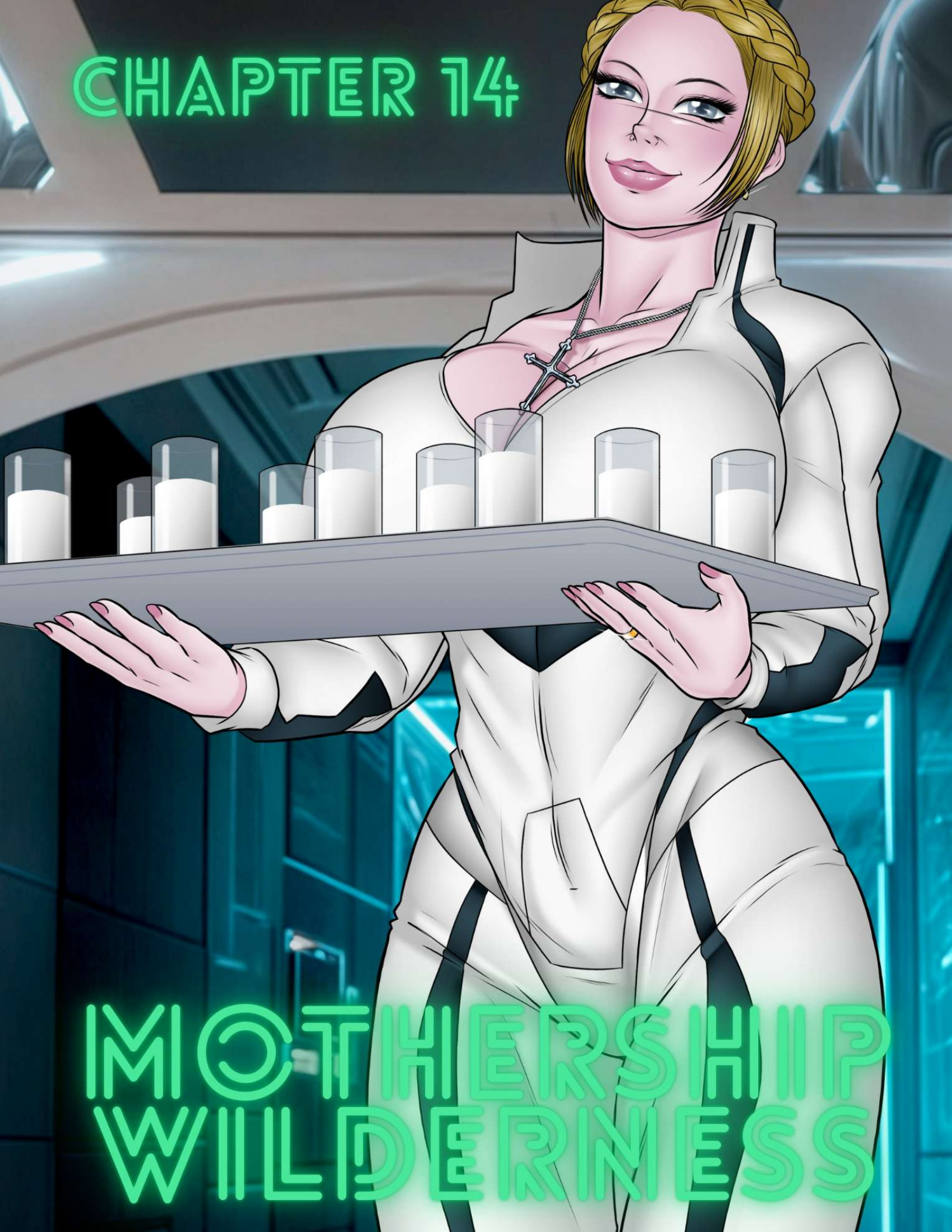


CHAPTER 14



MOTHERSHIP
WILDERNESS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Mothership Wilderness 14

Illustrations by Adun

Written by RawlyRawls & CeeBee42

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Everyone was gathered in the mess hall. Or, at least, everyone who was awake. There were thousands still in cryosleep. Penny sat next to Jacob with a big, silly smile on her face. She rubbed her thigh against his under the table, where her mother couldn't see.

Maureen scowled over at her eighteen-year-old daughter. She didn't like where things were going. She had been so tense lately. Her shoulders were knotted. And to make matters worse, her boobs were achy and swollen. She'd had mood swings, and her cramps hadn't been that bad since she was a teenager. It was like she was turning into a teen herself as she struggled with Penny. If they had the ability, she would pack up her family and leave that ship immediately. She looked over at Judy and Don holding hands. Well, at least that was going all right. She tried to catch her husband's eye, but he was talking with Mason in subdued tones. All the men had been so quiet lately.

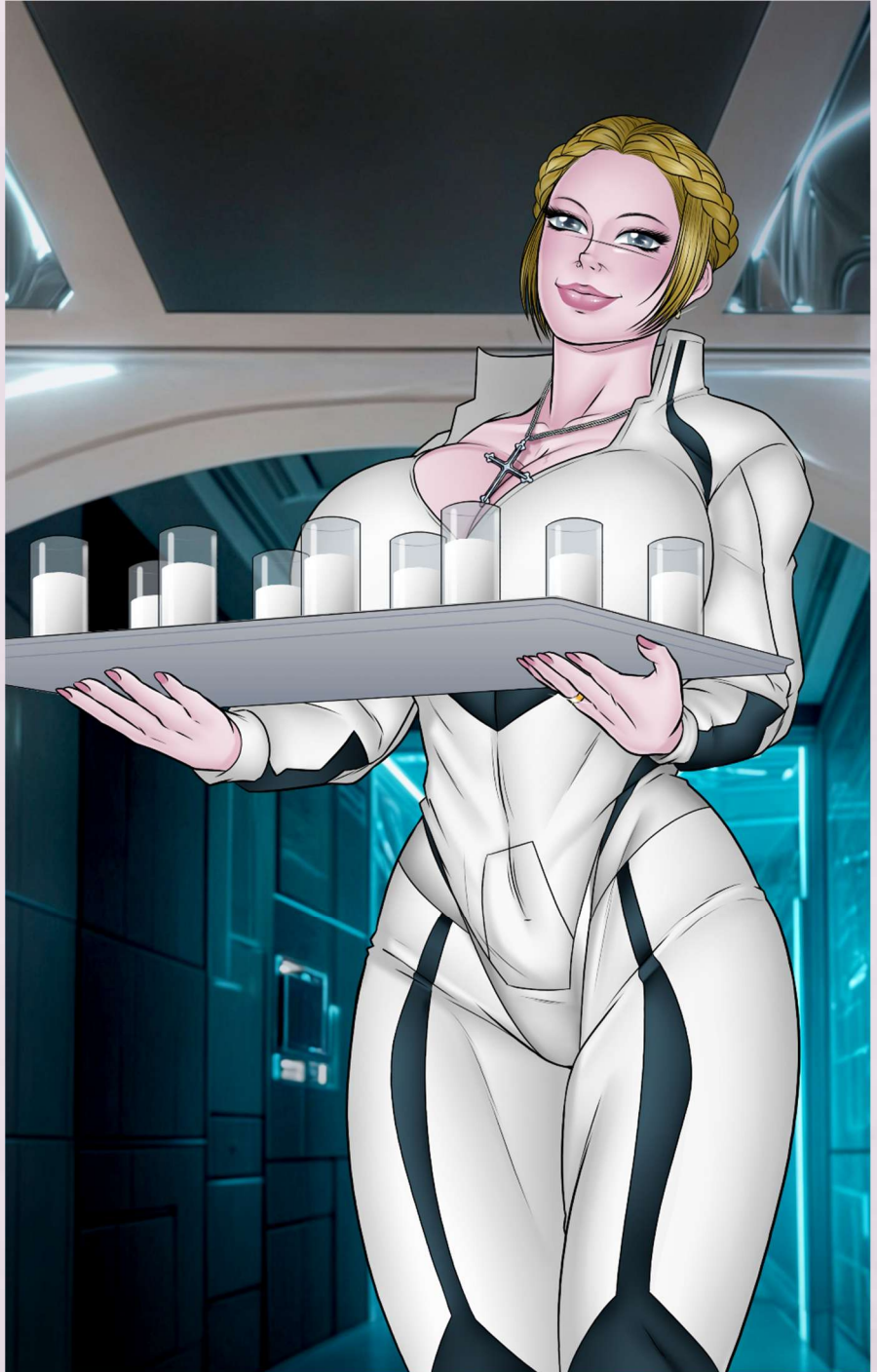
"I've been experimenting with the replicator." Mary walked in from an adjoining room carrying a tray of glasses. "I want everyone to taste this and tell me if we've finally got the milk right." She passed one out to each person.

"I don't like milk," Mason complained.

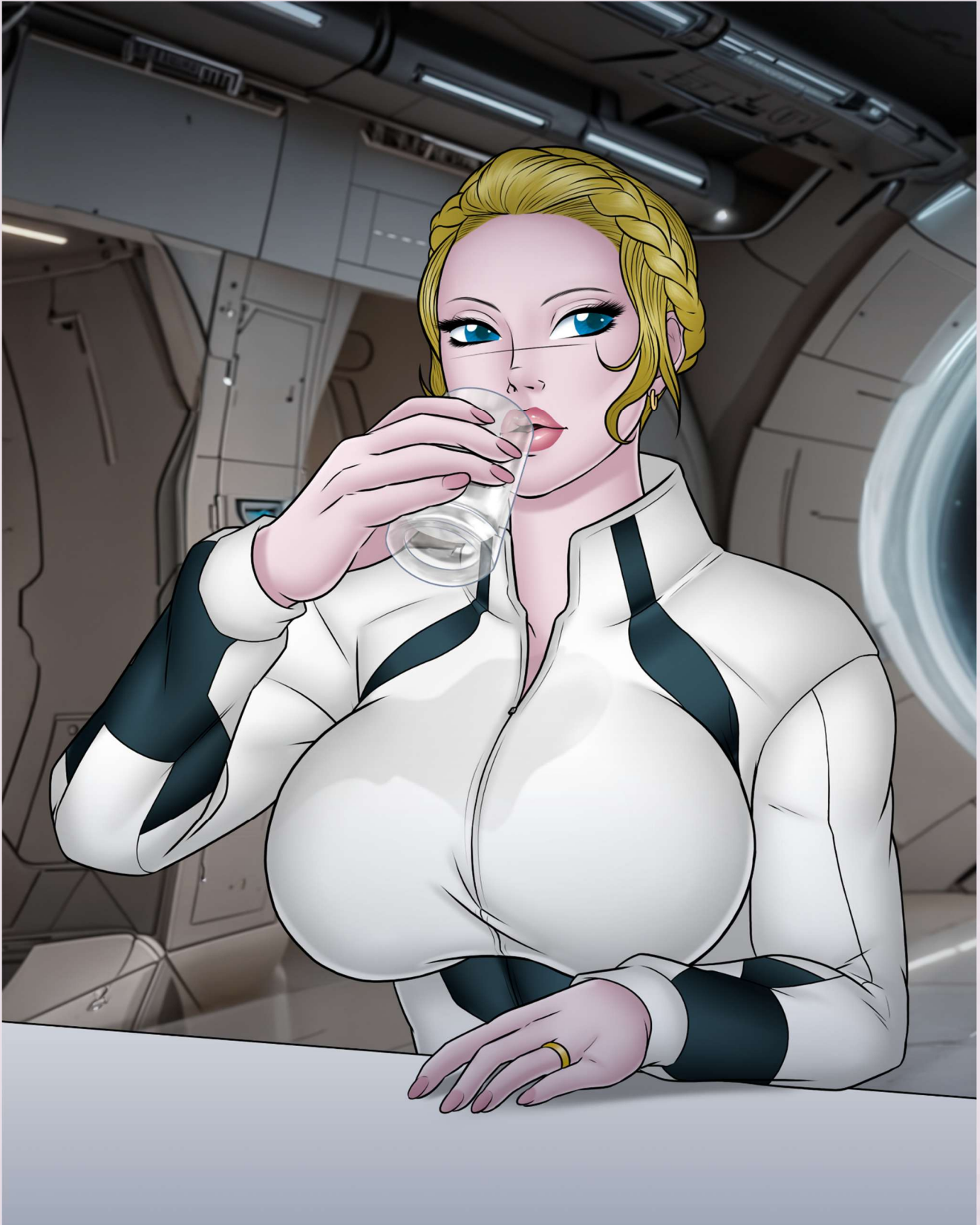
"Well, of course I know that. Who do you think raised you? I think you'll like *this* milk." Mary watched Mason bring the glass to his lips and then turned her gaze around the table. Pricilla was already chugging her milk, while her husband looked skeptically at his.

Isaac took a sip. "It's warm." He put the glass down, but then picked it back up. He took another sip and another. Pretty soon he was chugging, too.

"The computer thought it might be soothing for everyone to have warm milk. Like a nice tuck-in before bed." Mary watched people drink, but couldn't keep her eyes on everyone at the table. It didn't matter, they all seemed to be enjoying the new treat. Humility gulped down hers. None of the Hendersons or their extended crew had tried the drink.



Heather took a sip and recognized the milk immediately. What was Mary playing at, serving everyone the fruit of her breast? She watched her husband bring his glass to his lips, but she didn't stop him. Her eyes shifted across the table as Penny and Jacob clinked glasses and drank together.



“Want a nice tuck-in, Don?” Dr. Cole said to the pilot. She took a sip, almost challenging the pilot to do the same. It was actually quite nice. Dr. Cole hadn’t had warm milk in decades and it brought her back to her childhood. A warmth spread through her. Holy shit, this *was* soothing. “It’s actually quite good.” She happily drank the rest. She watched Judy shrug at Don and the engaged couple drank.

“Is warm milk a custom in your religion?” Maureen did not want milk.

“It’s an Earth custom.” Mary smiled and sipped some of her own milk. “You’re a mother, you must have served some warm milk in your day.”

“Well, yes.” Maureen watched Jacob and Penny like a hawk. They seemed to be getting closer together, their heads bumping as they whispered something to each other. She didn’t like it. She absentmindedly took a sip and it was like turning off a switch. Her body warmed and her nerves quieted. Why was she so worried? She gulped down the rest of the sweet stuff, and her body relaxed like she’d just spent a day at the spa. She was warm and tingly in all the right places. The replicators had really done a number on that milk. “This really is good milk, isn’t it? Can I have more?”

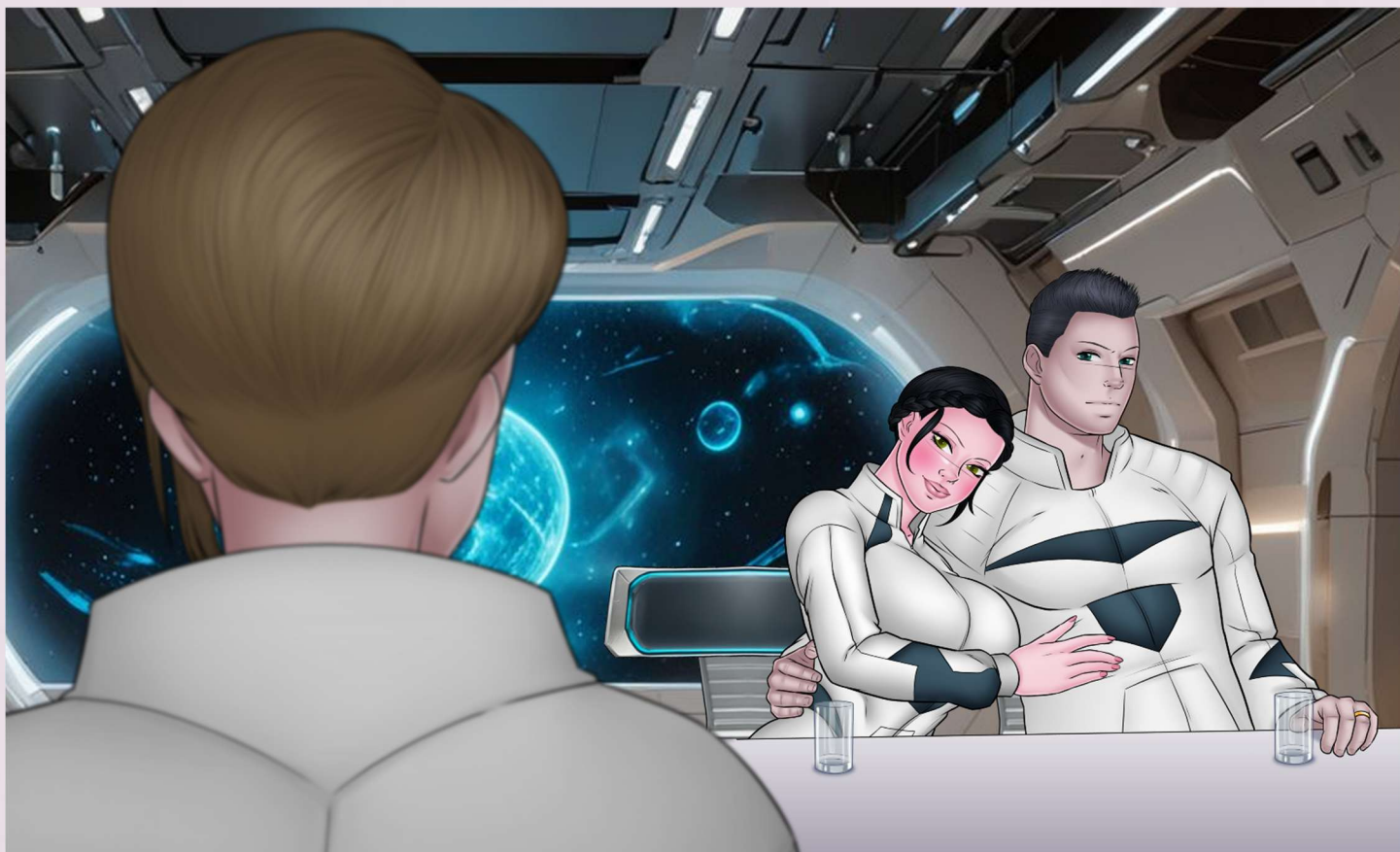
“Oh, goodness, sorry, Maureen. The replicators only made this much.” Mary turned to her husband. All the men were eerily quiet around the table. “Isaac, dear, will you do some more adjustments on the replicators?”

“I thought you asked me not to adjust the replicators.” Isaac’s thoughts were very far away.

“Please don’t argue.” Mary touched his hand in a patronizing way.

Isaac stood and walked off to the replicator room without another word. The table was silent for a while.

“I’m pregnant,” Humility blurted out. She was feeling so odd at the moment. She couldn’t stop thinking about the fact that she carried her brother-in-law’s child inside her. And those thoughts had bubbled over.



“Congratulations, sweetie.” Mary clapped her hands.

“Wow.” Pricilla giggled.

“Well, life does carry on even in a mostly deserted ship.” Dr. Cole eyed them.

“Our sincere congratulations.” Maureen watched Humility turn and give her husband a peck on the cheek. He was not very enthusiastic, but of course, he would have already known about the pregnancy. She watched his eyes go back and forth between his wife and his little brother. Maureen could never understand these religious people. Humility, on the other hand, looked flushed and so excited she might pee her pants. Maureen giggled to herself. What a silly thought. She put her hand over her mouth so no one would see her laughing.

“Yes, we’re really happy for you.” Judy rubbed her thighs together. The idea of a baby on the way suddenly made her more excited than she would have expected. She hadn’t really thought about having children. Maybe someday she and Don would get there. But she had so much work to do. Babies ... babies ... babies ... Judy’s legs trembled. The idea burned her brain. She leaned over and whispered in Don’s ear, “Let’s go back to our bunk.” She eyed Jacob and her sister. Was she jealous of Penny for dating a Christian oddball? That was absurd. Her mind seemed fragmented. Don hadn’t whispered anything back, but she was sure he was in the mood. He was always in the mood. Judy stood and pulled him by the hand out of his chair. “We ... um ... have to go.” They rushed out of the mess hall.

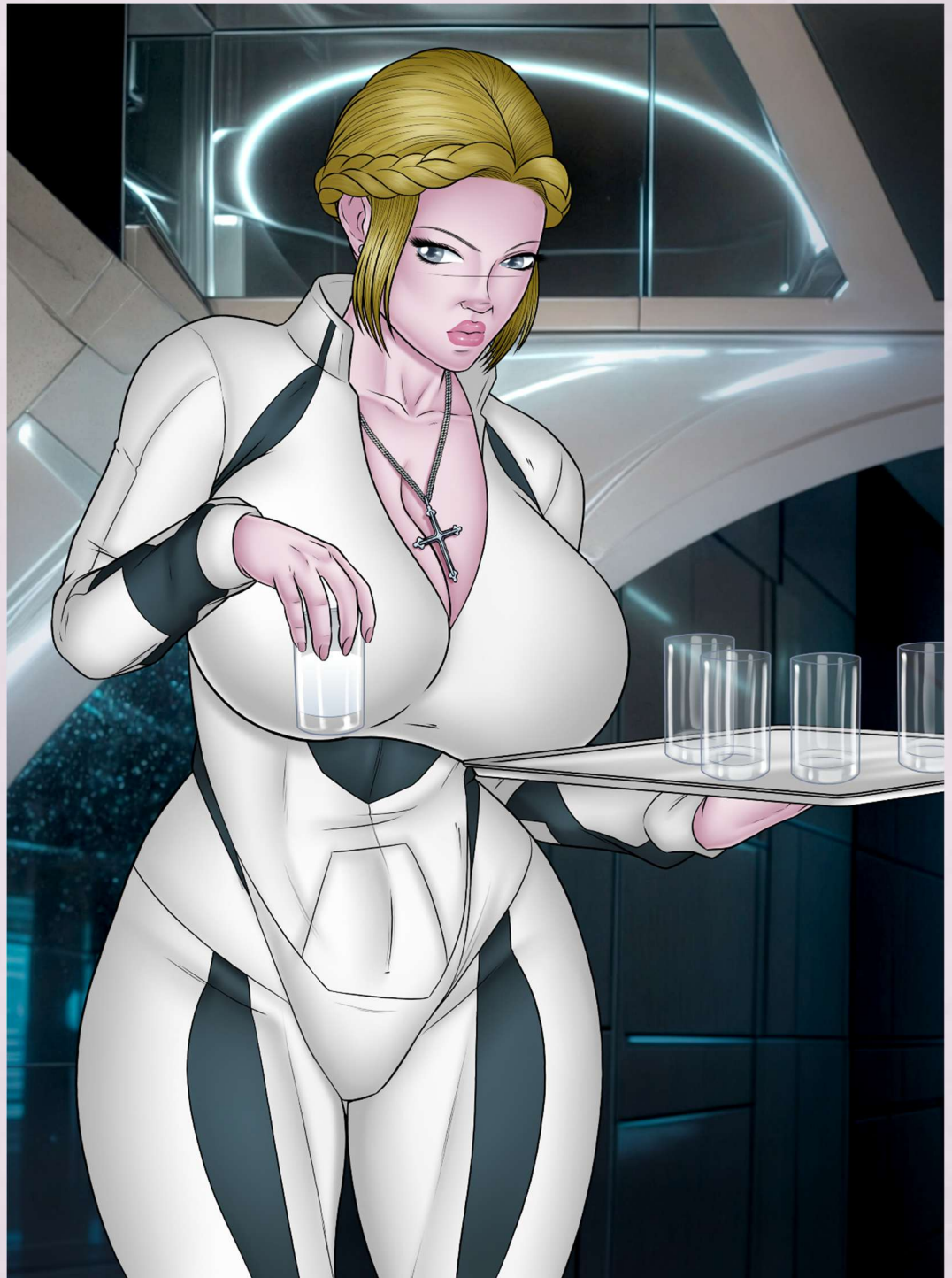


“Young love.” Mary laughed.

Maureen tried to work things over in her mind as she watched Mason collect the glasses back on their tray. Didn't their religion forbid premarital sex? Yes, she was quite sure it did. Then why was Mary so happy about an engaged couple so obviously looking for some private time? She looked over at Penny and Jacob. She was almost nuzzling his neck as they whispered together. As a mother, should she be worried about her daughter? She wasn't sure. Everything was fuzzy. Time passed and she watched as Jacob got up and left the room. Not with Penny, but with Humility. Their resident scientist. Well, that was good, wasn't it? She looked around the table. Penny looked a little dismayed, but not too put out as she got up and left. The rest of the table disbanded, everyone wandering off in their separate ways. She supposed Penny and Jacob had another date planned. And that was all right, wasn't it? How odd this ship was. Maureen stood and walked out of the room, not even noticing her husband walk off in the opposite direction. She needed a walk to clear her head.

Mary sat at the table alone, quite happy. But her eyes narrowed and clouds gathered when she got up to bring the tray of empty glasses to the washer. The problem was, the glasses weren't entirely empty. Someone hadn't partaken. She had been so lost in the communal good feelings that she hadn't kept careful track of what the people at the table had imbibed. Who didn't drink their milk?

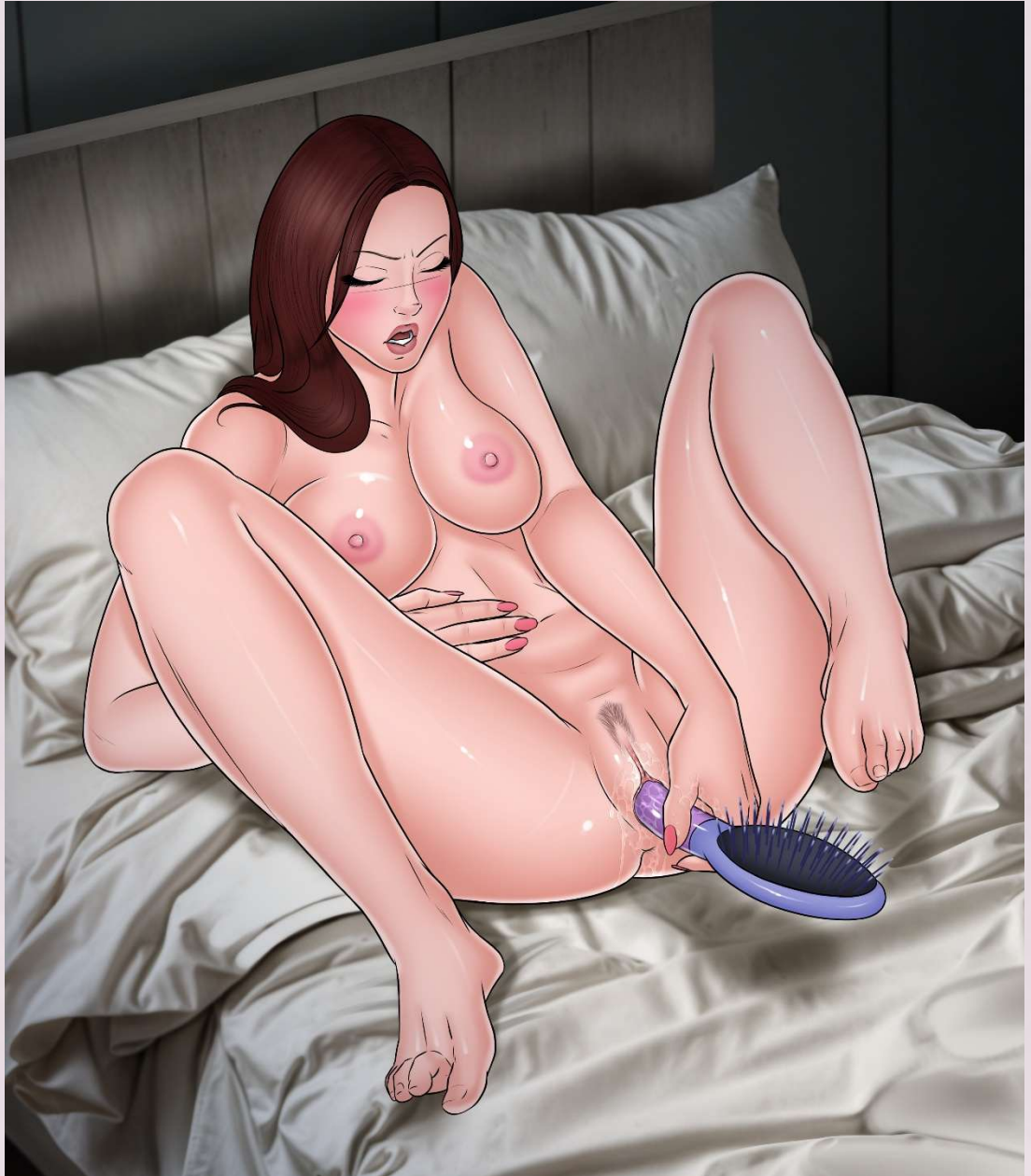
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Thirty minutes later, the party at the mess hall had completely spread about the two ships.

The trusty hairbrush was in Penny's hand as she flopped naked onto her bed. It was so hard to wait for Jacob, and the little brush handle was not a proper substitute for his strange and enchanting deformity. But she sighed as she pressed it into her waiting gash all the same. "Oh, Jake ... take me ... I want it again ... I never ... knew ..." She lost herself in dreamy, languid orgasms. Nothing like she'd experienced in the holopark, but good enough to tide her over.

Back in her quarters, Heather looked at her husband. He just sat like a sack of potatoes in a chair staring at the wall. She was on fire, and he was useless. She thought about inviting him to the bedroom anyway and trying to use him to relieve some of the

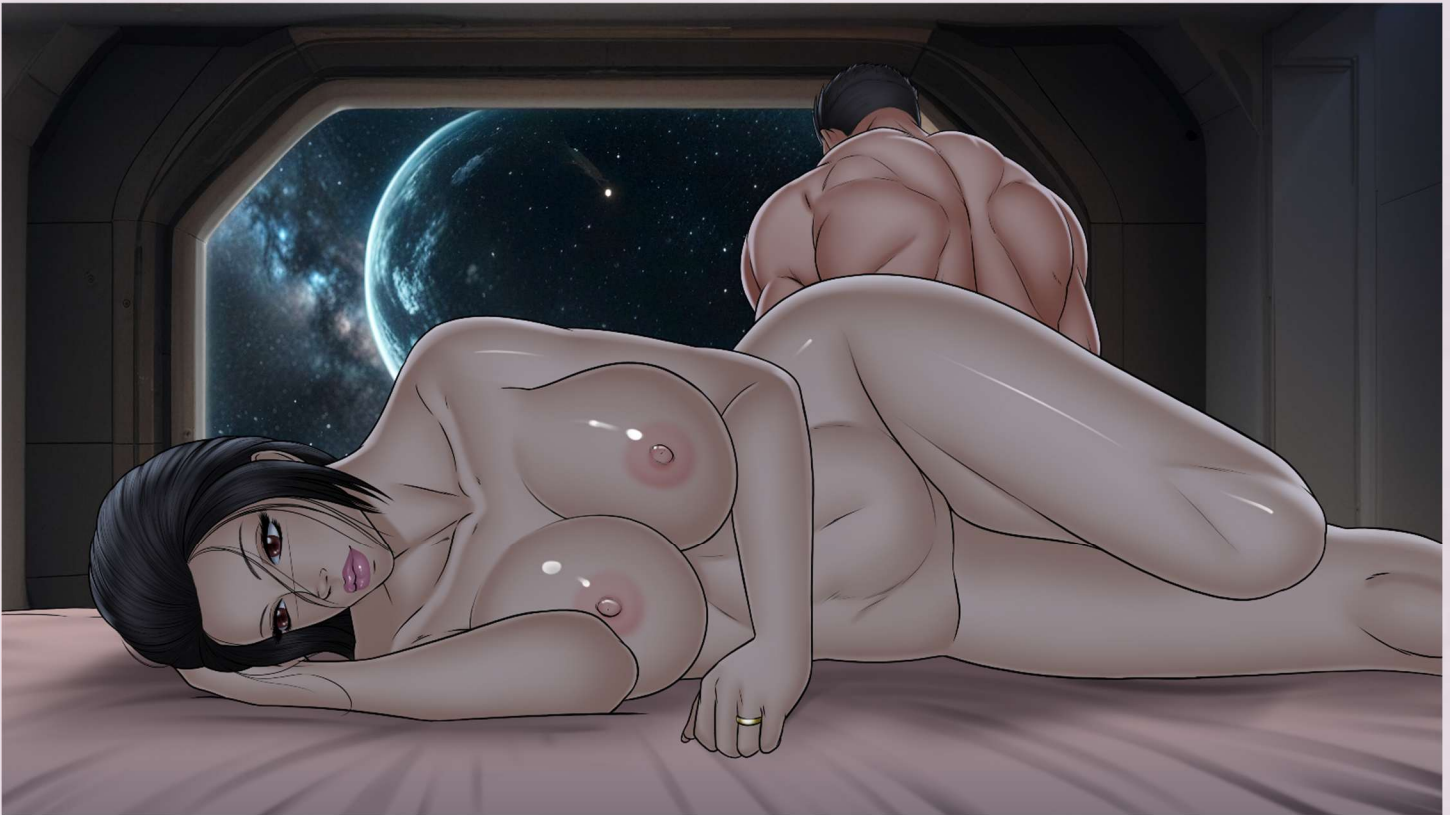


pressure. But she decided against it. "I'll be in the bathroom." He didn't respond, and she left him sitting there. Heather undressed and propped herself on the counter next to the sink. She rubbed her button furiously, and it was good, but she felt empty inside. Her orgasms were meek and sparse. But they would have to do for the moment.

Judy writhed with Don in the bed they shared. "Make love to me, Don. Harder ... harder ... give it to me ... harder." She felt like a winding dynamo. Judy had never had such pleasure from sex, but it was incomplete. She was revving up ... but she couldn't find the release. Don wasn't doing something right.

"This is as hard as I've ever ... uh ... uh ... done it." Don looked down at his angel on her back with her legs spread wide. Her boobs swayed on her chest in a way he wasn't used to. Were they bigger? That should have been hot, but for some reason he had to concentrate to keep himself up for the task at hand. Eventually, he went soft and he had to give up, frustrated. "We'll take a ... raincheck ... babe," he panted. "I'm just tired out."

Judy turned on her side so he wouldn't see the tears of frustration in her eyes. "It's okay, Don. It happens to all men sometimes." She knew there was an epic orgasm just around the corner waiting for her, but it wouldn't arrive. She squeezed her legs tight and tried to think of other things.



At that time, Maureen wandered the halls. Her mind kept thinking back to her teenage years. How firm and vital the men had been at that age. How different than her husband, who was still fit as can be, but was more wiry than anything else. Her husband ... She should find him to help her with the fever that kindled inside her. She needed to mount him tenderly. No, she needed him to be rough. And big. And commanding. And ... what was she thinking?

There was an unused laundry room up on her right. She couldn't wait for John. She needed to take care of herself now. Goodness, she was such a bundle of hormones lately. The door was open and despite her attempts to close it, it remained so. Whatever, she had wandered far enough away from everyone else. No one would see her. She stripped out of her uniform. When she released her boobs from her bra, the feeling was dramatic. She realized the thing had really been constricting her. Her panties followed her bra to the neat pile of clothes she made. She sat on the floor, leaning her back against the wall. Her hand went down between her legs. She cried out at her own touch. It was good. Very good. She orgasmed almost at once. And then again, a few minutes later.

The only thing missing was her husband's penis. She imagined it bigger than it was. What if her husband was some big brute that wanted her with a paleolithic passion? The thought sent her spiraling into another climax.

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On the other side of the ship, Humility was in Jacob's quarters. "This is ... all ... so crazy ... right? A new ... life ... growing ... inside me." She said between kisses. They were already in their underwear, and she unclasped her bra and dropped it to the floor as they kissed. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the leviathan squirming in Jacob's underwear, its head rippling and pushing up out of his Colony Control issued underwear.

"I have something ... to tell you." He pushed her away so he could talk to her seriously.

Although, much to his surprise, he found that he held one of her boobs and massaged it gently. It was so heavy, especially for her little body. "I ... um ... I mean ... um ..." His face flushed with heat. "My mom and sister are also pregnant."

"What?" Humility's jaw dropped. She almost forgot about his cock for a second. "No way. You? You did that to them, too? I mean ... it's all of us?"

"Yes," he admitted. He felt guilty about what he'd done, but how could he stop himself? It wasn't his fault. Like all men, his dick just had a mind of its own. "I'm sorry, Lil."

"Sorry?" Her eyebrows arched, and she closed the distance between them, her hands fondling his junk through his underwear. "I mean, yeah. I should be horrified. But ... it's so ... scintillating to think about you ... I mean ... all those babies. It's just ... for some reason ... pushing my buttons." She practically tore his underwear off him, and then lowered her panties. She hopped onto his bed on all fours and turned her head to look back at him. "What are you waiting for?"



“Oh, yeah.” He stared at her. Her butt was definitely rounder than before, and her tits hung down to the blanket below. His sister-in-law was filling out and the sight of it titillated Jacob to no end. He got up on the bed behind her. “Is it safe to put it inside you? With the baby, I mean.” His dick waved back and forth, nudging her butt cheeks and smearing them with its clear precum.



“It’s fine. It’s early, and even later ... it would be fine.” Humility lost some focus. “Just put it in.”

“Okay.” He moved to comply, but for the first time his penis didn’t seek out her pussy. It instead twisted up and poked at her buttock.

“Ow. What are you doing?” Humility looked back at him, her face a mixture of anticipation and irritation.

“I’m sorry.” Jacob concentrated, and his dick slid in the right hole. Her wetness enveloped him wonderfully. He heard her grunt and saw her eyes go blank, and she dropped her head to look down at her hands. But before he could get in three strokes, he slipped out.

“What ... are ... you ...?” Humility’s nerves crackled with frustration. Was he teasing her? And then he nudged her butt again. “To populate the outer worlds, the Lord affirms that a man cannot bury his plow in unfertile fields. A connection can only be forged between the sown seed and the hollow,” she recited the scripture.

“I know ... I know ...” His dick was slick with her wetness, and it seemed intent on using that to pillage her rear end. It coiled and struck, finding her back entrance. His dick plopped its head past her sphincter.

Humility howled at the humiliation and pain of his conquest. But she scarcely had time to register those feelings when a nascent pleasure moved through her nerves. She braced herself as Jacob pushed into her with several desperate lunges. "It's ... dancing ... in my ... guts ... uuuuggggghhhhhhhhh." She shook and entered an entirely novel kingdom of ecstasy. It was like He was showing her His true lands. When she recovered some, her body readily accepted his thrusts. She had stretched for him. The fit seemed entirely natural. She was beginning to think the doctrine had been wrong about quite many things. "It's ... good ... it's good." She tilted her head to look past her ponderously swinging boobs and saw a wet spot on the blanket between her knees. That orgasm really had been different. She had squirted something out of her vagina. The scientist part of her brain tried to make a note to look into that later. Do other woman squirt so when entered from behind, or was this something only Jacob could accomplish with a woman?



“Yeah ... squeeze me ... like that. Oh, dang ... Lil. Your butt is perfect.” He didn’t know what his dick was doing at first, but now he was grateful. The scripture be damned, her ass was just as delightful as her pussy. He was sure that he would release his seed in a barren furrow quite soon. He had already tilled and sown her field anyway. What did God care if he put it in her butt while she carried his baby?

“Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Jacob erupted inside her, screaming out his pleasure. As his body jerked and his hands dug into the flesh around her hips, he heard the idiotic noises issue from Humility. As white light flashed before his eyes, he thought about how stupid this incredibly bright woman sounded as she took his cum up her butt. The thought sent him to new heights.



When she recovered from her orgasm, she found herself on her stomach, with Jacob bouncing his hips off her butt like she was a trampoline. “Oh ... Jake ... you’ve ... made me ... like it.” Just as it did with her vagina, his dick seemed to know where her pleasure points were and hit them over and over. With the load of cum he’d dropped back there, they weren’t about to run out of lubrication anytime soon. She grabbed the sheets in her fists and between her teeth and let him do with her as he pleased for a good long while.

Eventually, Jacob spoke, “What ... ugh ... do you want to ... name it?” He lowered his chest down to her back and humped with their bodies as close as they could be.

Humility spit the sheet out of her mouth. “What?” In that position he went even deeper. She grunted with each punishing thrust.

“Our baby. What do you ... uh ... uh ... want to name it?” He could feel her whole body trembling under him.

"I ... ugh ... don't know," she said through clenched teeth. "Whatever you ... ugh ... ugh ... want."

"Well ... let's ... think about it." Pleasure built inside him. "I shouldn't ... aaaahhhhhh ... say this ... but I love you, Lil," he whispered in her ear.

"Oh, Jake," Humility squealed. "I ... love you ... too." There it was. She'd said the words before she knew she'd meant them. But she did love him. Despite her undying vow to serve and respect Mason. Despite her understanding that this euphoria had more to do with renegade hormones than her rational mind. And despite the revelation that she shared him with the other women in his family. That, plus the writhing, freakish thing plowing her butt, should have sent her running from him, screaming, and praying to the good Lord. But instead, she felt her vagina spraying the bed again. She brayed like a demented donkey. That revolutionary, and revelatory, anal orgasm went off like a bomb again.



When all was said and done, Humility staggered to Jacob's shower, clenching her butt as tightly as was possible. This was a lot less tight than would have been possible a few hours before. She could hear his contented snoring from the bed behind her. She closed the door and turned on the shower. Like a solar system spinning too close to a black hole, their family had all been whirled from safe, familiar orbits. She put her hand on her belly as she stepped into the shower and stood there with hot water cascading over her, erasing the evidence of her sin. She could see they were all destined to become new moons around this massive gravitational force that was her brother-in-law. She pressed her hand tighter against her belly and released her the tension in her butt. Sperm leaked out of her. She had never been more content. She welcomed her new trajectory.

