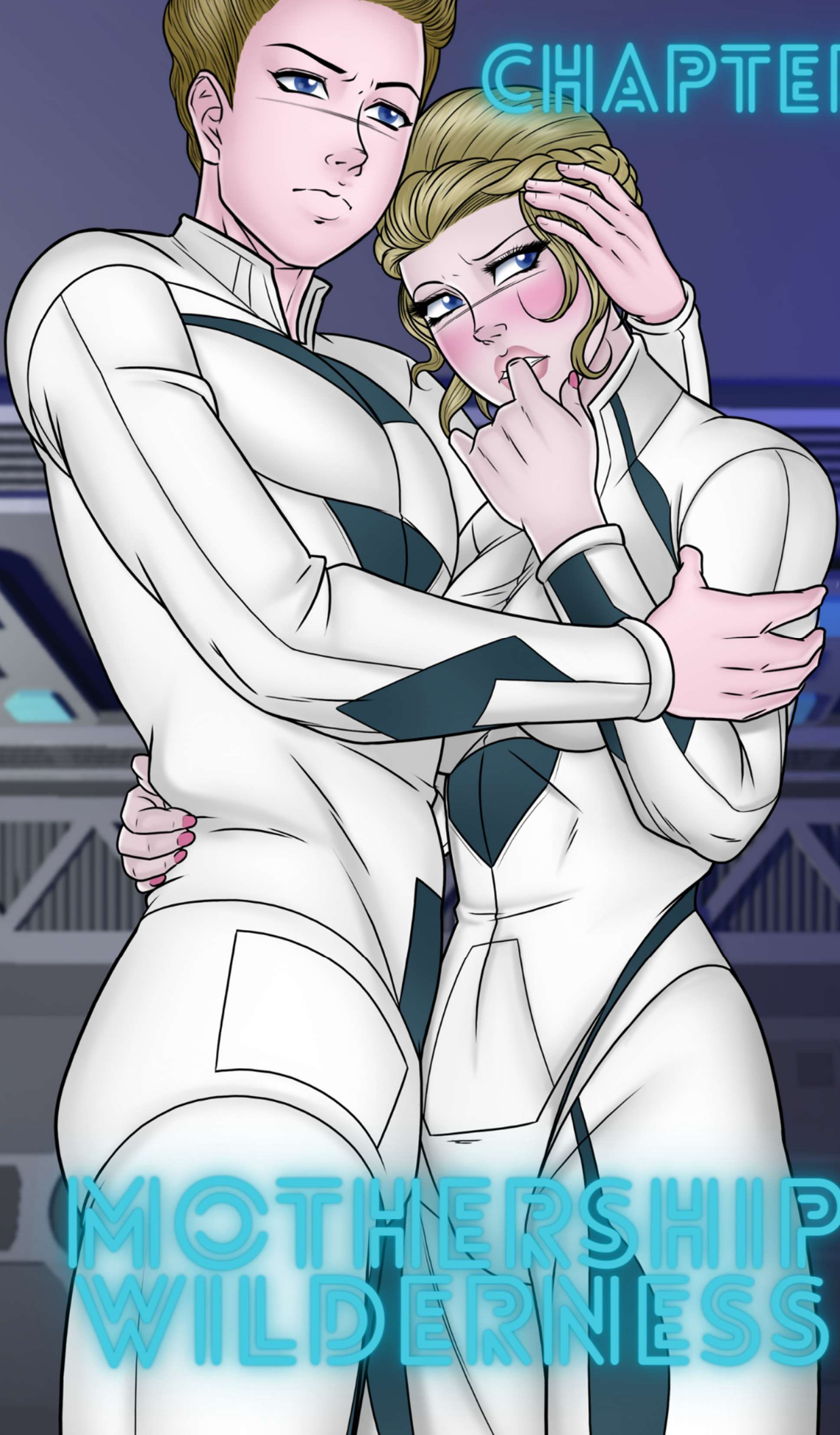


CHAPTER 2



MOTHERSHIP WILDERNESS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Mothership Wilderness 2

Illustrations by Adun

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“Member Humility Winthrop at the door,” the computer announced in its feminine voice.

“Let her in.” Jacob had taken to locking his door lately. He was so often unable to avoid handling his new penis that it seemed like a worthwhile precaution. He sat up in bed, with the covers up to his waist. The door slid open and Jacob smiled at the young, bouncy woman that entered. He very much liked his sister-in-law for many reasons, not the least of which was that she was the only member of his family shorter than him. It was nice to feel tall once in a while.

“How are you feeling today, Jacob?” Humility walked in wearing a white lab jumpsuit that hugged her curves. She carried a tray of medical equipment. “I’m here to run a few tests. Your father and I are going to get to the bottom of this.” Her smile filled the room with warmth.



"Thank you, Lil." Jacob found that her presence excited him in new ways. What had the fertility drug done to him? He struggled to prevent a boner from popping up. His gaze moved to the window. He tried to focus on the distant stars. "So, what do you know about my condition?"

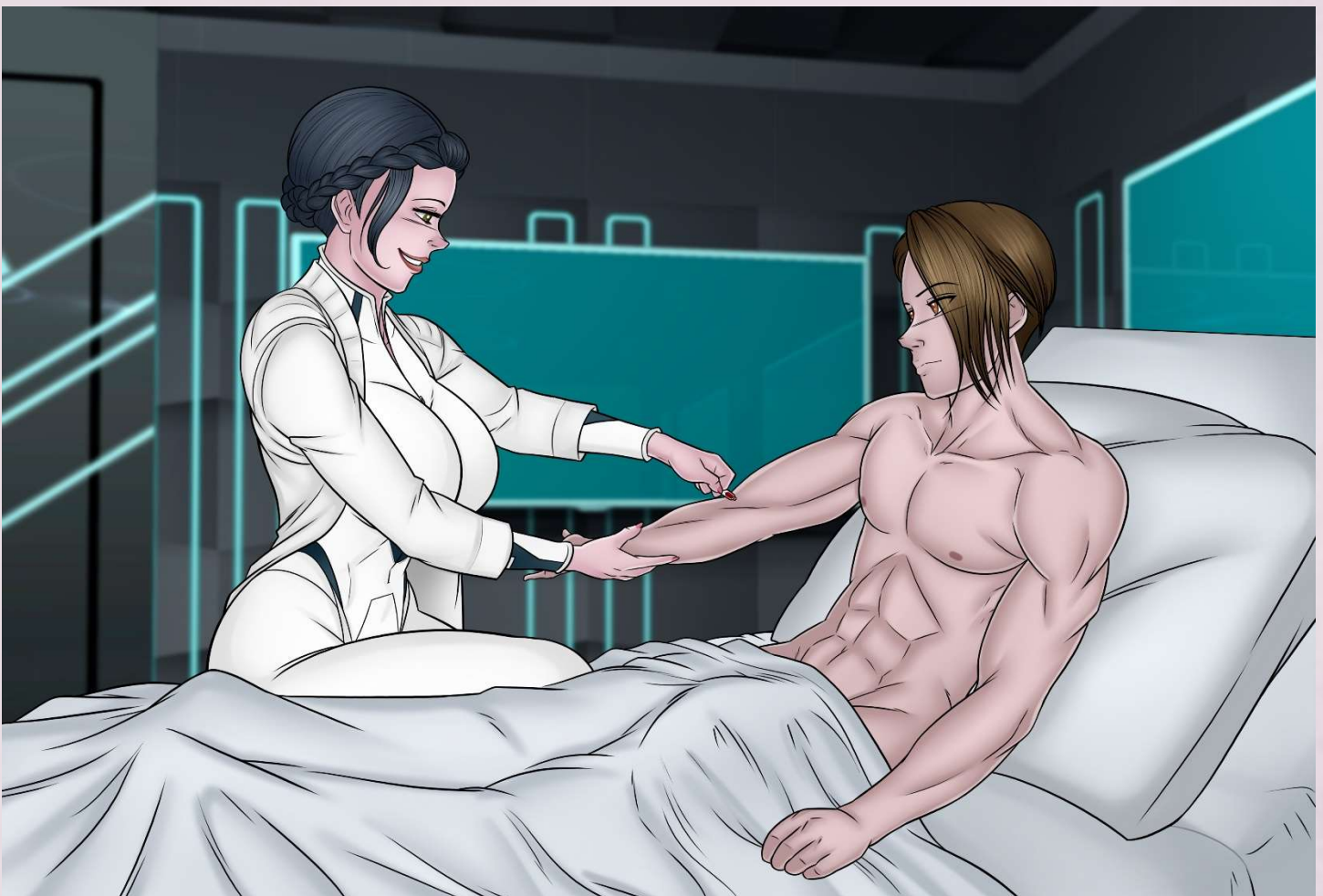
"I know everything." She sat down next to him on the bed and picked up a scanner. "And nothing." She pushed back Jacob's brown hair and pressed the device to his forehead. "Shh. It's okay, Jake. Don't look so upset. It's not your fault. It's all part of God's plan."

"God didn't deform my ... you-know-what. The computer did." Jacob strained against his dick. He could feel it rising. He willed it to stop. He promised himself the second Humility left, he'd fap.

"God is in the computer, Jacob." Humility put the scanner back onto the tray and picked up the injector. "We are the Errand into the Wilderness. Just like the colonies of old. Look around, little brother, His will surrounds us."

"So, you're not grossed out by me?" Jacob looked back at her. She was very pretty, with her elfin features and her black hair tied back. Did God want Jacob to see his brother's wife naked? Because that was the thought that burrowed itself deep into his brain.

"Heavens no. You're Mason's little brother. We both love you." Humility smiled as she moved the injector onto his arm, but she felt something wrong in the room. It felt like walking down a familiar path, but suddenly stepping out onto air where solid ground should have been. "Hold still, this will sting a bit." Her eyes dropped to the blanket between Jacob's legs. There was a visible lump there and it seemed to grow. A part of her mind told her to do a thorough visible inspection. Another part of her mind, the sane part, told her to leave the room as quickly as possible. She knew what was growing under there.



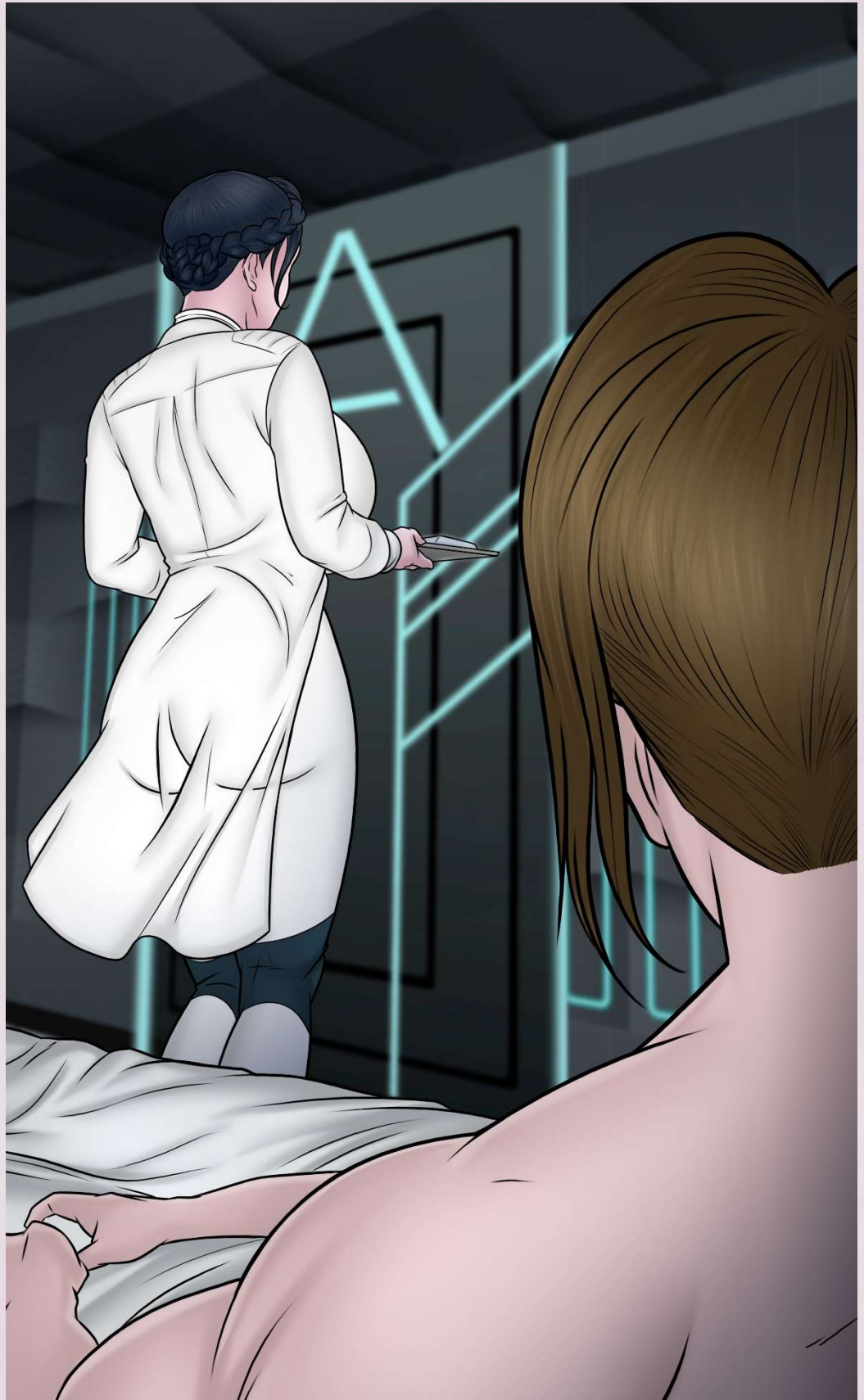
“Okay.” Jacob tensed, but the sting barely registered. “Can we go back to cryo, Lil? No one’s told me yet, and I don’t want to be an old man when we get to New Canaan.”

“We’re working on that, too. Don’t worry, this is all part of His plan.” Humility nodded, stood, and smiled stiffly. “I’ll run some more tests.” She picked up the tray and walked briskly toward the door. “Get some rest,” she said without looking back.

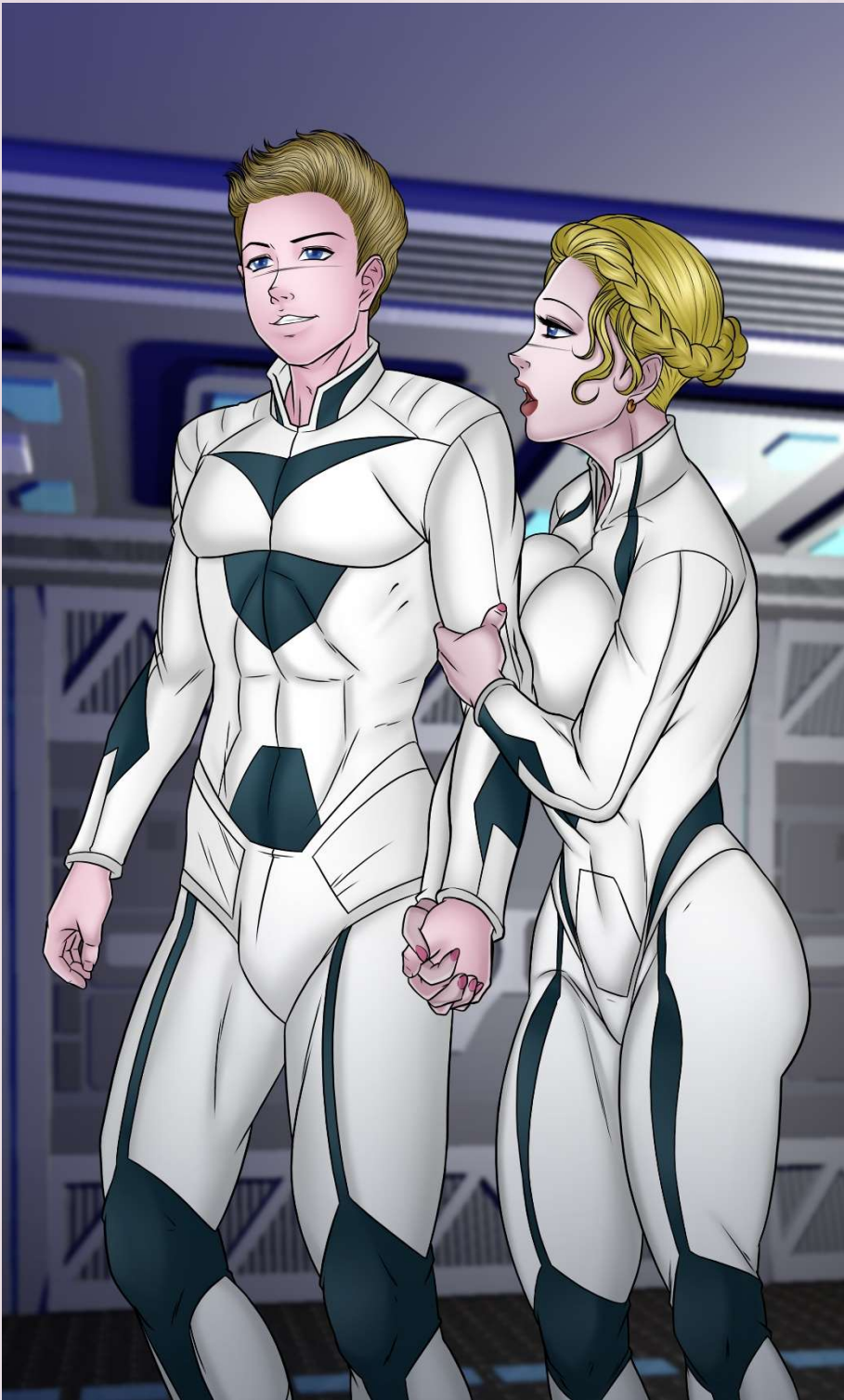
“I will, bye.” Jacob watched her round butt disappear and the door hissed closed behind her. “Errand?”

“I am here, member Jacob Winthrop.” The computer’s female voice was so comforting.

“Lock the door, please.” Jacob waited for the click and then threw his covers off. His dick was still at half-mast. What an effort it had taken to keep it there. Even partially inflated, the thing looked bloated and it pulsed rhythmically. Jacob grabbed his dick and fapped with both hands, all the while thinking of his little sister-in-law with her pretty, elfin face and her curvy, inviting body.



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"I don't want to see him." Pricilla clasped her husband's hand tight as they walked down the Spartan corridor. "It's so unnatural. What if he's contagious?"

"Jacob's your little brother, dear." John squeezed Pricilla's hand and gave her a confident smile. "He needs our support. Imagine what he's going through. Anyway, it's not contagious. The autodoc would have warned us. Isaac and Humility are working hard on a solution. Trust in Him. Okay?"

"Okay." Pricilla squeezed back. They stopped at Jacob's door. "I haven't seen him yet, does he look scary?"

"I dropped by yesterday." John pressed the doorbell. "He's the same as always. Have some faith, Pricilla. It's going to work out."

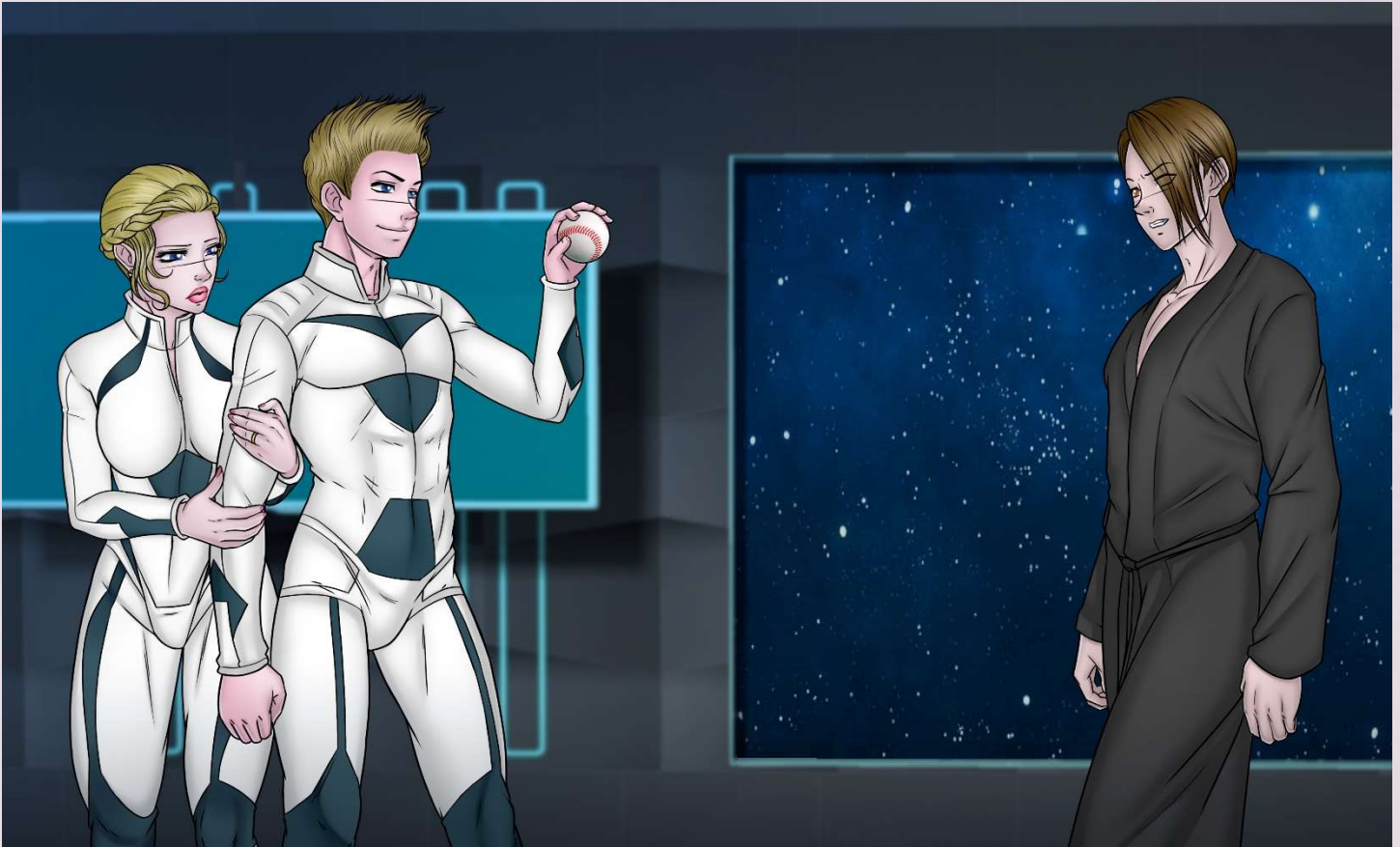
"Right." Pricilla took a deep breath and the door slid open. "Hello, Jacob." She put a big smile on her face and walked into the room with her husband. Their mom had set Jacob up with a nice space. It was large, with an extensive window bank and calming wall colors. "How are you?" She walked into the room, squeezing John's hand so tight her knuckles turned white. They stopped about halfway into the room, and the doors slid closed behind them. Jacob sat in a recliner looking out at the stars. He spun the recliner when they entered and smiled. Pricilla was surprised. "You look good. Healthy even."

"Thanks." Jacob stood up and made sure his long, black robe covered everything. Their normal jumpsuits were too revealing with his new package, so he'd taken to wearing robes. "I feel ... okay." He took a few steps toward them. "Thanks for stopping by. It can get pretty lonely in here."

"Of course, Jake." John's eyes lit up and he dropped his wife's hand. "I almost forgot. Look what I found." He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a baseball. "It's real. Found a whole room with stuff like this. I guess they wanted to make sure we didn't forget Earth." He tossed the ball to Jacob.

Jacob bobbled the catch and the ball dropped to the ground. All three laughed.

"Same old, Jake." Pricilla let out a sigh of relief. She picked up the ball as it rolled to her feet and stepped over to offer it back to her eighteen-year-old brother. "Hey, you look sorta funny all of a sudden. Your face is all red." She stopped a foot away from him, hand outstretched with the ball. He didn't take it from her.



"I ... I think ..." Jacob's eyes had a distant look. "Oh, no. Something's happening." His legs and arms trembled violently.

The baseball dropped with a thud to the floor from Pricilla's hand. Her eyes went wide and her mouth opened in horror.

"What is it?" John quickly moved to his wife, put his arms on her shoulders, and pulled her away from Jacob. "What's happening?"

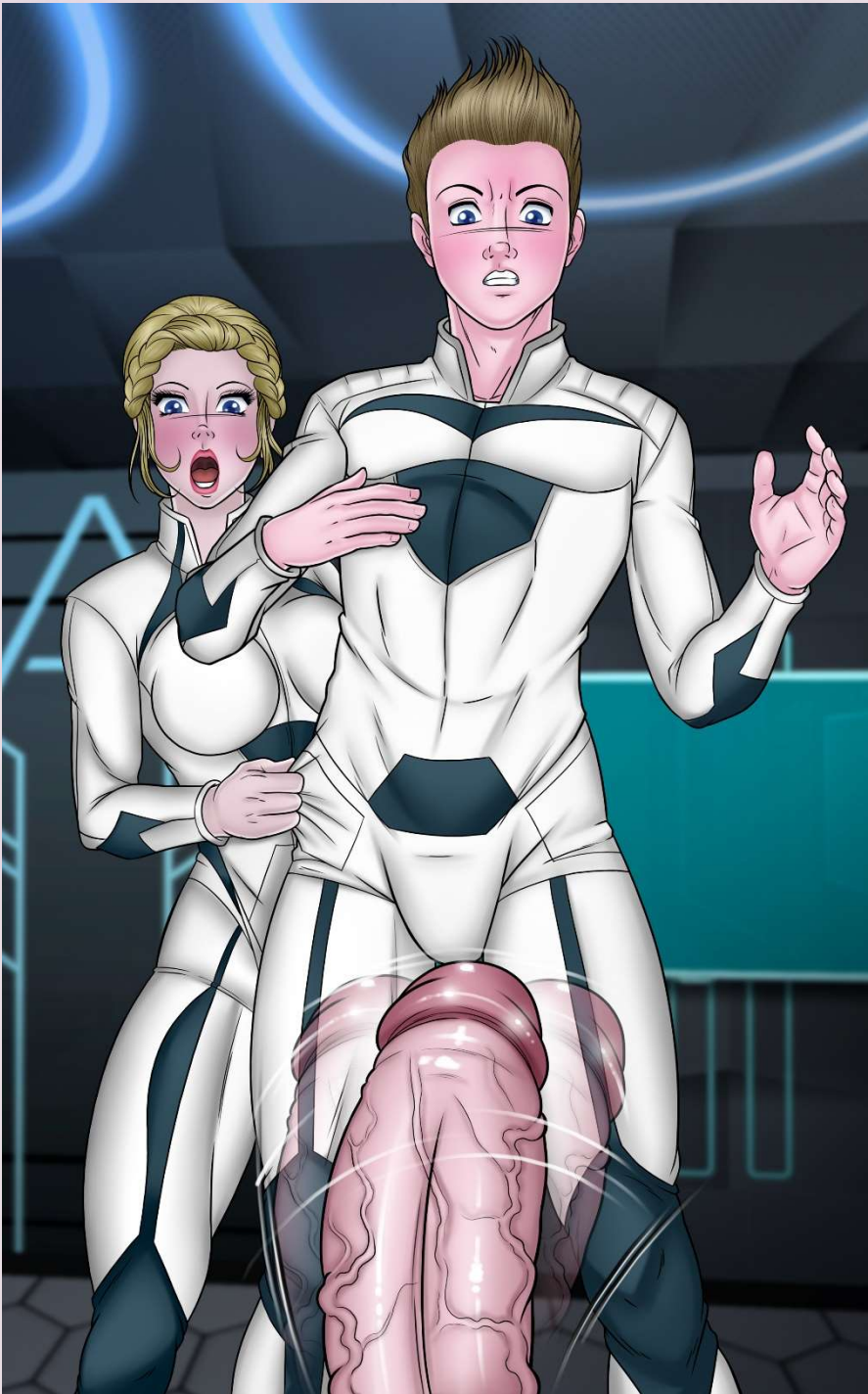
"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh." Jacob threw off the robe, and his pale naked form glistened with sweat. His great, big dangling penis came to life and lurched bigger and bigger with each pulse of his heart.

"Oh, no. Oh, no," Pricilla whispered. She couldn't take her eyes off the horrific spectacle. "Do something, John."

"Right." John stepped toward Jacob. "Hold tight, let's get you off your feet, sport. I don't want you to hurt -" John never saw the flailing arm that smacked him upside the head and dropped him, dazed, onto his back.

"So ... much ... pressure." Jacob looked down. He could see his flesh rippling on his dick, responding to some unknown rhythm.





"Oh, please Jesus. Save my brother."
Priscilla watched as the hard penis rippled and moved like it had its own intelligence. It was immense, and she could see that it was fully erect, but at the same time, it turned left, right, up, down, as if testing itself. "What's happening?"

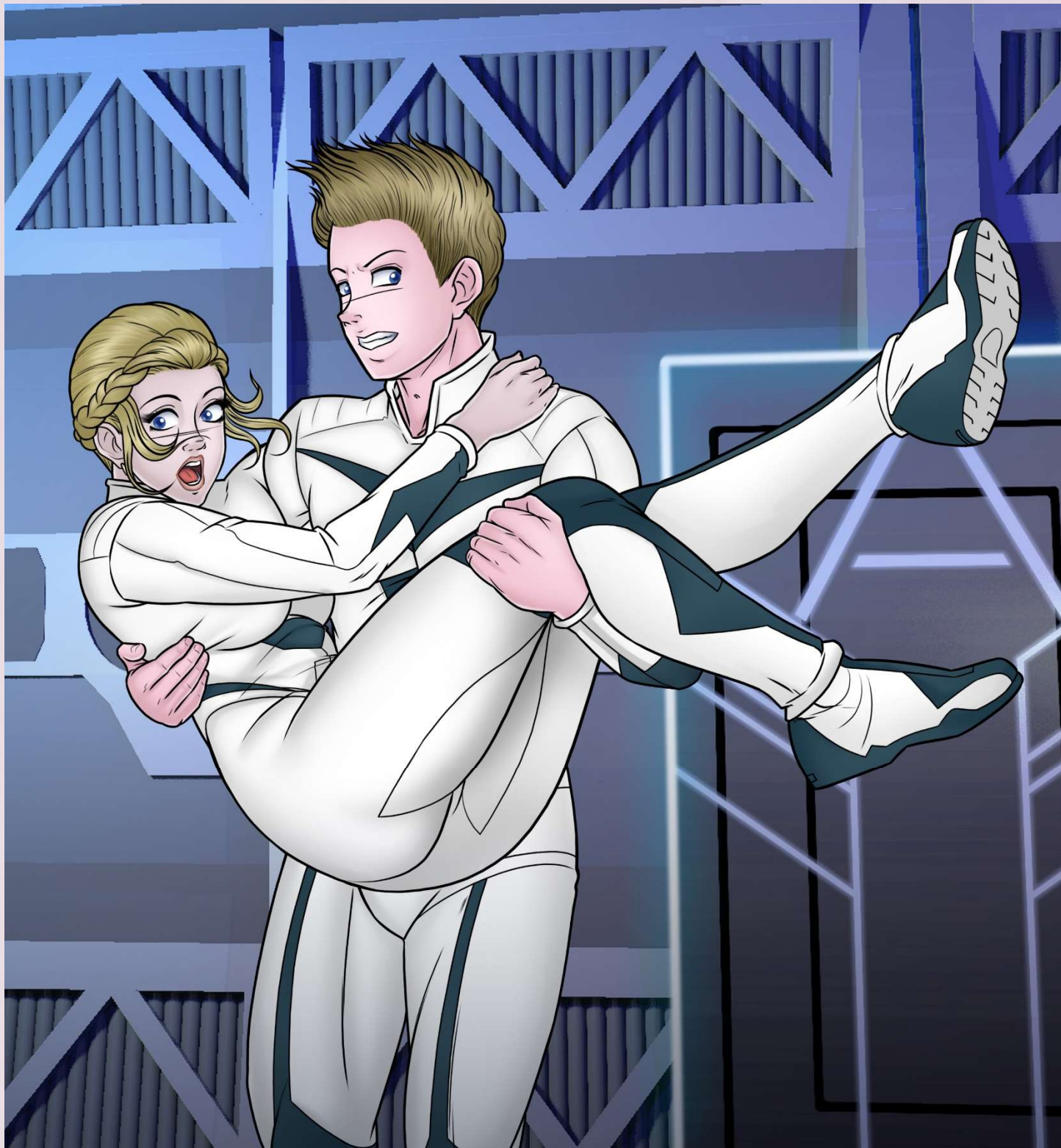
"I ... feel ... really strange." Jacob took a step toward Priscilla. The slender blonde woman looked so very tantalizing. Even if she was his sister.

"Stay back." Priscilla took a step toward the door.

"Errand, call in Isaac and Mary." John shook his head and sat up. He saw that Jacob was cornering his wife. "Call in the whole family." He stood quickly and raced across the room.

"Calling," the computer said.

“Sorry, sport.” He jabbed at Jacob’s ribs from the back. When Jacob gasped and turned, he dodged around the other way. He picked up his wife in his arms and sped toward the door. Out of the corner of his eye, it almost looked like Jacob’s hideous penis moved about of its own accord. What had that injection done to him? “Errand, open the doors.” John put his brother-in-law behind them and bolted out of the room. “Close the door and lock it from the outside.” The doors hissed closed.



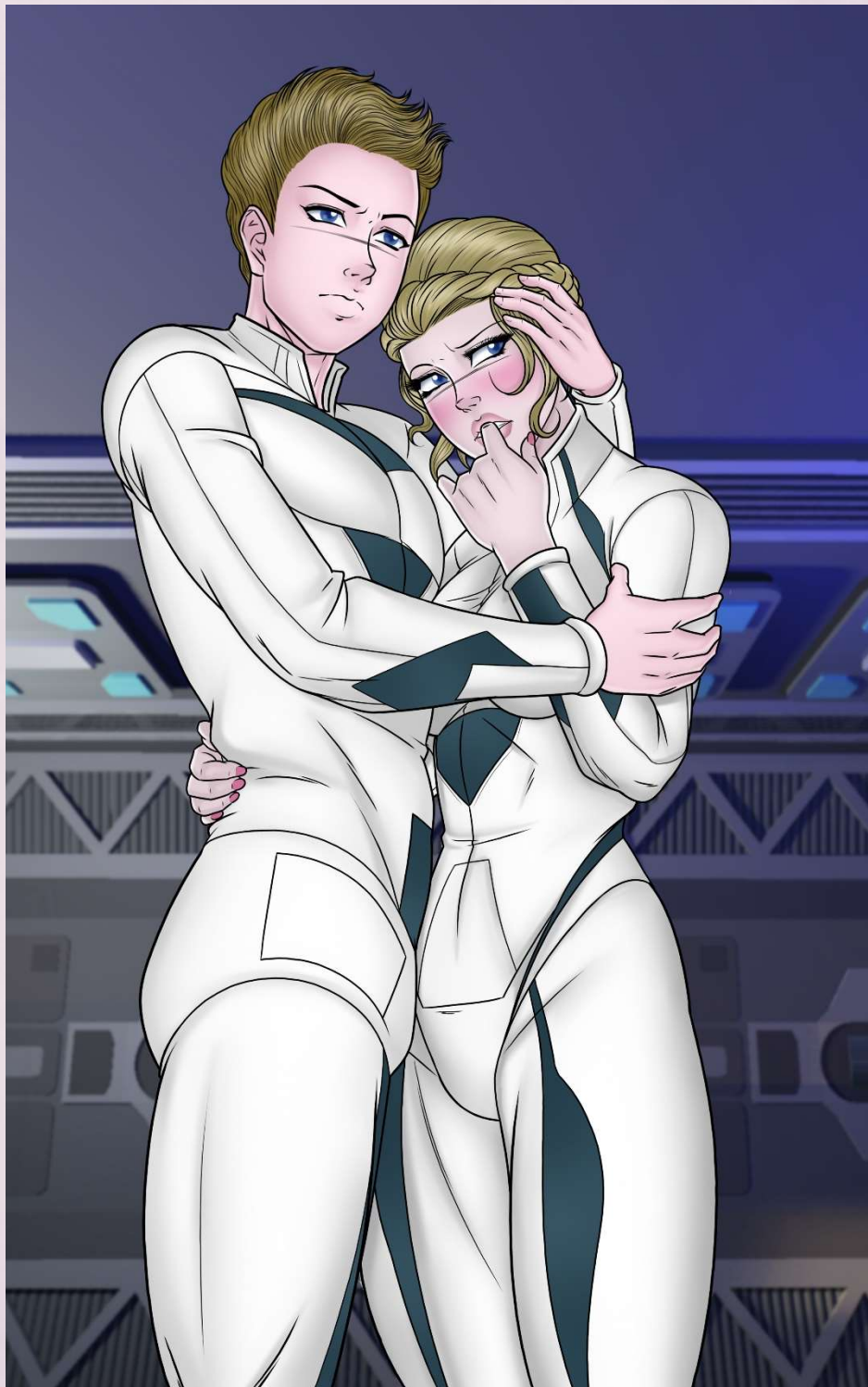
“Priority code needed for lock override.” Errand into the Wilderness’s voice was calm and collected as it always was.

“Orion.” John panted and put his wife down in the hall. The door clicked locked behind them.

“What’s happening to my brother?” Pricilla’s teeth chattered as she tried to deal with the fright they’d just had.

“I don’t know, dear.” John brought her in for a big hug. “I don’t know.”

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"Oh, good. You're waking up." Mary sat on the edge of Jacob's bed, watching her son with expectation. "You gave us all quite a scare. How are you feeling?"

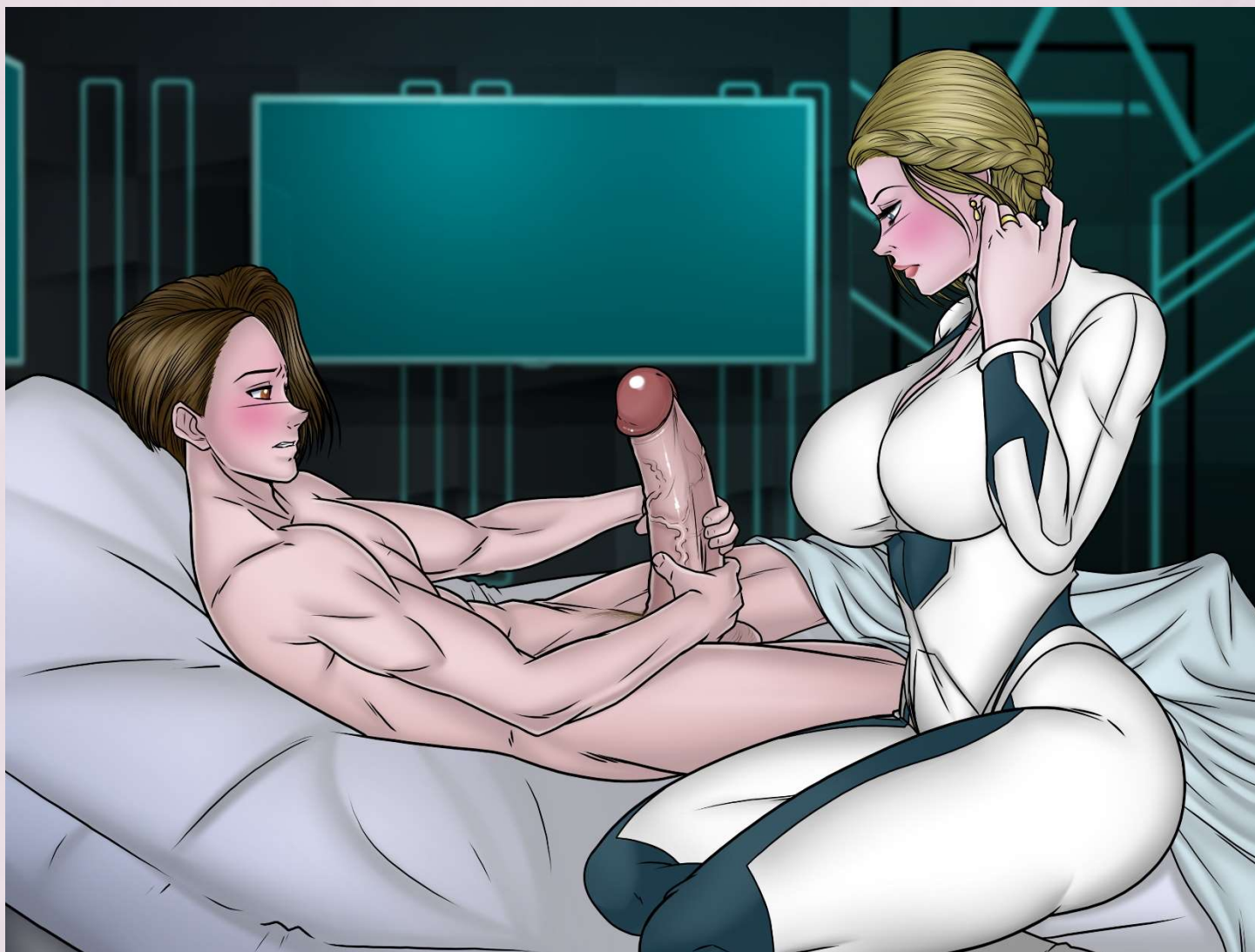
"What happened?" Jacob looked into her gray eyes. He was flabbergasted by her beauty. How had it taken him eighteen years to realize what a knockout she was? Immediately, blood flowed to places he wished it wouldn't. He remembered the way his hard dick had twisted and moved. A shiver moved up his spine.

"Apparently, the drug has a tertiary phase. It ... um ... had a negative effect. Your father and I arrived and gave you a sedative." She tried to sound chipper, but these new developments were more than unsettling. Sitting next to him, her nostrils flared. Something in the room smelled lovely. Her shoulders relaxed a little.

"It's getting hard again, Mom." Jacob felt the panic at what the drug had done to him drifted away. In its place, there was calm. And a deep need. "I have to touch it."

"That's okay, sweetie. It's not your fault." She put her hand on his shoulder. "Would you like me to give you some privacy?" She'd meant it as a rhetorical question. Of course, she'd leave the room as he took care of it. But her pretty lips frowned when she thought he might send her away. "I mean. I can stay if you want. I know you're going through a lot of changes. And it might be helpful to have me with you."

"Thanks, Mom." Jacob pulled off the blanket. "I want you here. What about the door?" He took hold of that mammoth penis with both hands and slowly slid his hands up and down.



"I already locked it." Mary coughed nervously. "It looks normal. Well ... um ... it's certainly ... too big. I mean big. I mean ... it's not moving about."

"It feels really good, Mom." Jacobs mouth hung open and he turned his head so he could stare at the curve of his mom's boobs under her uniform. "Better than before."

"Your testicles are still really blue, sweetie. And they're ... pulsing. The whole thing is pulsing, actually." Mary bit her bottom lip, brushed her blonde hair behind her shoulder, and stared. "Oh. Oh my. Your penis just moved to the left a little. Did you see that?"

"I ... I think I did that." Jacob tried to make it move to the right and it did in a jerking fashion. He was using muscles he'd never used before. It felt like walking for the first time. "Look, I made it do that."

"Gosh." Mary leaned closer. "The way it moves is so ... captivating."

"Could I see your boobs, Mom?"

"What?" Mary arched an eyebrow, and glanced at his brown eyes. They were looking straight at her bust. "I'm your mother, Jake. That seems like a bad idea."

"Please, Mom?"

Her body relaxed further, almost like an endorphin kick. "Well, now. I guess it wouldn't hurt." Mary returned her eyes to the enormous organ as her son stroked it. It wiggled and rippled and looked at the same time grotesque and beautiful. She unzipped her uniform and lowered the top half of her jumpsuit down to her waist. She then reached around behind her and undid the clasp on her bra.

"Wow, Mom." Jacob watched the bra fall away to reveal two full, sloping boobs with a fine web of blue veins running just under her pale skin. Mary's platinum cross dangled in her cleavage. That cross represented everything about why they traveled across the galaxy to spread His word to lifeless planets. But Jacob couldn't think about Jesus, or the persecution back home, or the Congregational Establishment on New Canaan. All he could think about was how womanly and perfect his mother was.

"Cuuuuuummmmmiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggg." His balls contracted, almost painfully, and cum erupted into the air again. There was always so much.



"Oh, gosh." Mary leaned forward, her nipples brushing against her knees. It was such a powerful release that droplets of sperm splashed onto her boobs, her cheek, and her hair. "I thought maybe I misremembered, but it really does rival Noah's flood."

"So ... good." Jacob's hands fell from his dick and his head lolled on the pillow.



"Okay." Mary could feel the wetness between her legs. Butterflies flapped in her stomach. She knew she was feeling anticipation. The moment before ecstasy. "Let Mom clean you up." She took the sheet from his bed and lovingly mopped up the mess, careful to store some sperm in the palm of her hand like last time. She then quickly walked to the bathroom, closed the door, and licked up her son's precious emanation. The salty heat mixed with a metallic taste as her tongue came in contact with her wedding ring. Instantly her whole body went rigid and she made a gurgling sound. She could touch the gates of heaven when that white stuff moved down her throat. The orgasm passed. She panted, looking at the bare breasted woman in the mirror. "More," she whispered and lifted the sheet and sucked the sperm deposited there. It carried her off on another bout of rapture.

"Mom?" Jacob called in through the door. "You okay?"

"F ... f ... fi ... finnnneeee." Mary made herself shove the sheet down the laundry chute and take a deep breath. "I'm fine, sweetie. Be out in a minute." She looked at her reflection in the eyes as she zipped up her uniform. "Retrieve your bra, tuck him in, and get to a shower before anyone sees you," she whispered at herself. She nodded. It was a good plan. She turned and opened the door. Now to put it into action.

