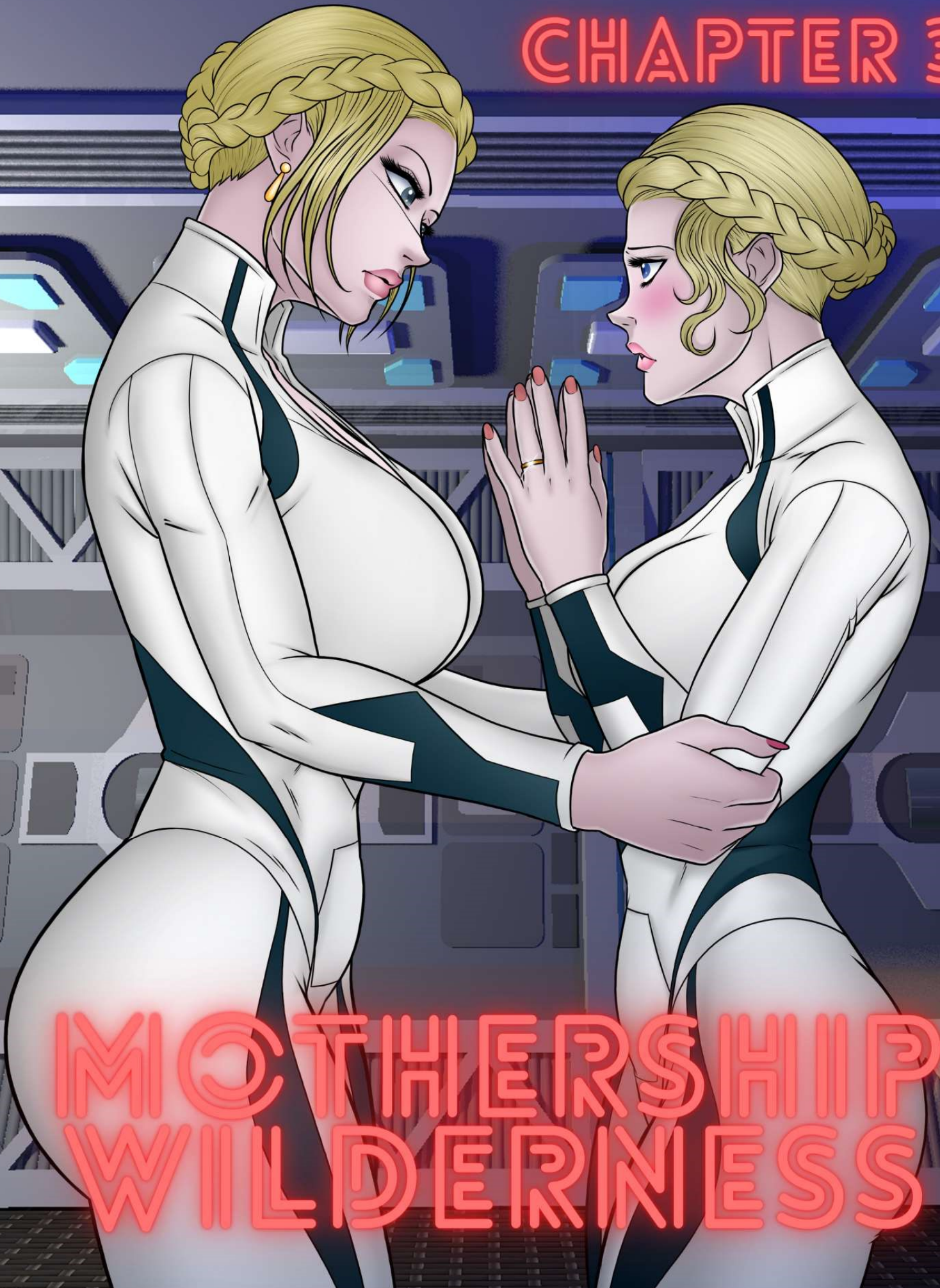


# CHAPTER 3



MOTHERSHIP  
WILDERNESS

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Mothership Wilderness 3

Illustrations by Adun

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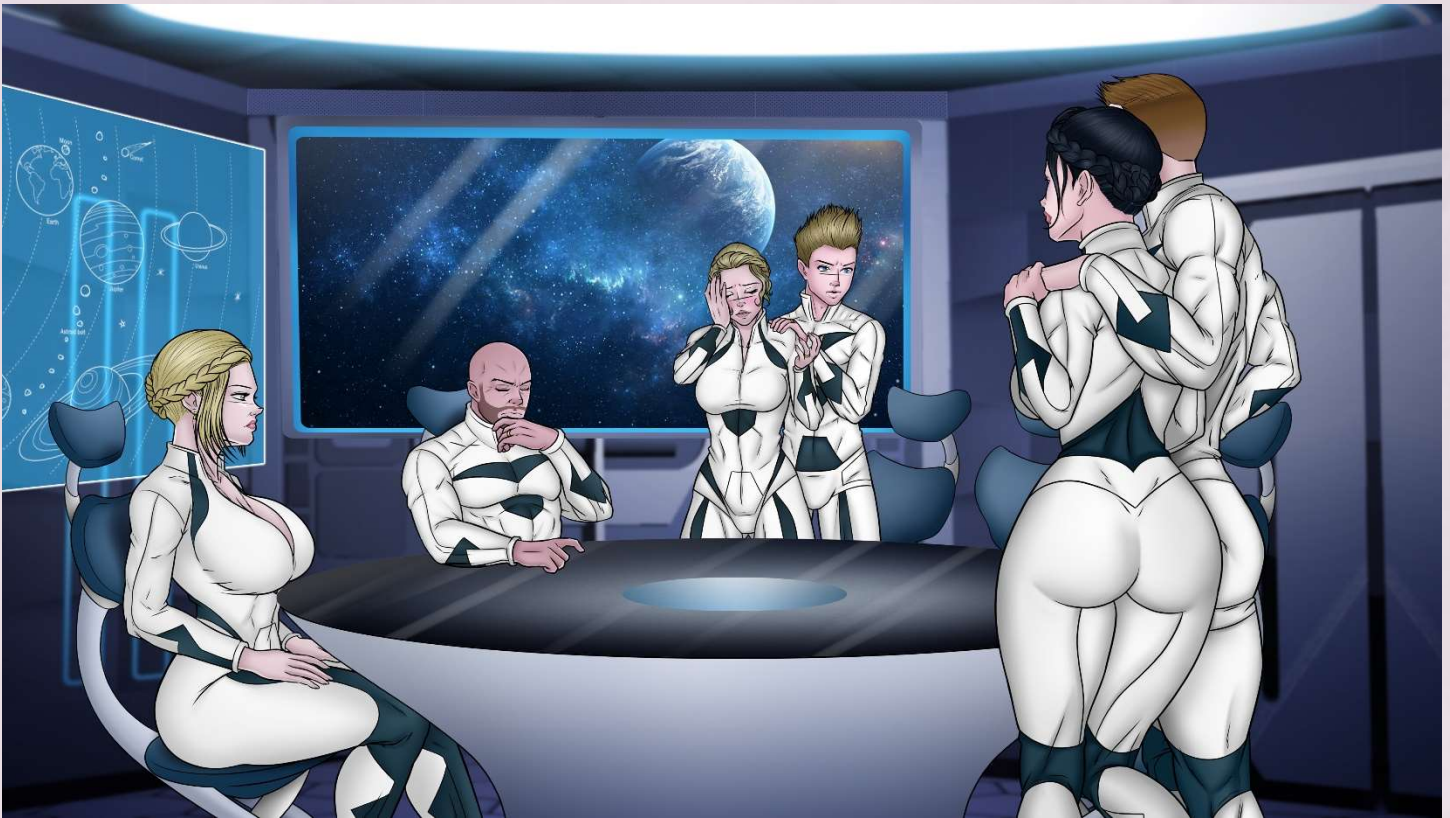
"But he didn't really assault Pricilla. His own sister? He wouldn't do that." Isaac frowned and scratched his head. "Jake has always been so gentle." He looked first to his wife, Mary, who averted her gaze and fidgeted with the platinum cross around her neck. Then to his daughter, Pricilla, as she looked at him with anguish. Her husband's normally chipper demeanor had darkened, and John held his wife's shoulder's protectively. Next to them, Isaac's portly son, Mason, looked like he was in shock. Mason's wife, Humility, tapped at a datapad.

"You saw what he was like when you arrived." John paused and looked at his fragile wife. "He didn't assault her, but he meant to. I had to jab the poor boy in the ribs."

"And his penis?" Isaac hated to ask, but they needed to get to the bottom of this.

"I didn't see it clearly." John shook his head. "It happened so fast."

"I saw." Pricilla looked around at her family with fear in her wide, blue eyes. "It was horrible. It was ... big. And it was somehow flexible, even though it was ... so big. It moved ... unnaturally."

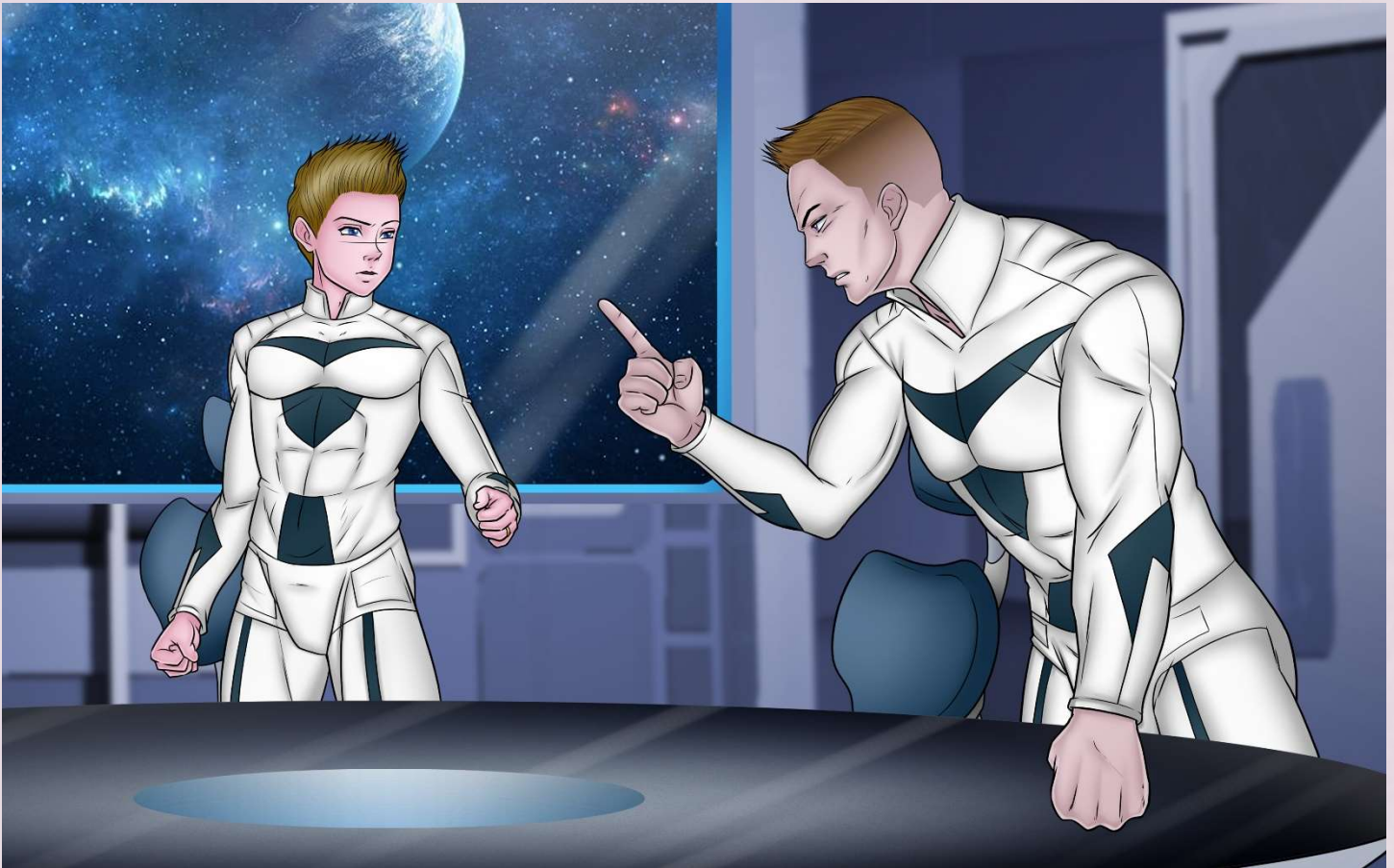


There was a gasp in the room. Isaac's face turned white. John clenched his jaw tight. Mason just stared at his sister like she'd told him Jesus was on the ship with them.

"And it rippled." Pricilla shivered, but as she did a warmth spread through her. "I don't know how else to describe it. His deformity pulsed and rippled." She couldn't get the image of the disgusting thing attached to her brother out of her head. The thought of it made her feel weak. Did she want to see it again? Was there some sort of morbid curiosity?

"That's repugnant." Mason looked over at his wife. Humility had stopped working on the datapad and she had a far-off look in her eyes.

“Hey, watch it, Mason.” John glared at his brother-in-law. “That’s your brother you’re talking about. He’s only eighteen, and he must be scared to death over what’s happening to him.”



“We all love Jake, but I’m not sure that’s him anymore.” Mason looked around the room, reading people’s faces. He misread a few. “I’m terrified. We’re all terrified, okay?”

Mary watched her family closely. The men did look scared. Very scared. But Pricilla had the strangest conflicted expression on her face. And Humility looked like she was daydreaming. Mary, herself, wasn’t frightened of her son. She’d seen that his penis was harmless first hand. But she wasn’t about to volunteer the information.

“Okay, okay.” Isaac held up his hands. The patriarch quieting a silent family. “We need to redouble our efforts. And ...” He looked at his hand to see it trembling. How odd that he should feel so afraid. “I don’t think anyone but Mary should see him for now. We don’t want to ... agitate him, and Mary hasn’t had any troubles with him. Have you Mary?” Isaac trusted the inviolability of the mother-son bond. That would keep Jacob in check.

“No. No trouble.” Mary squeezed her cross and tucked it back inside her uniform. “In fact, I’ll go check in on him right now.”

All the others in the room nodded, admiring her motherly bravery.

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"I love your boobs, Mom. They hang so perfectly." Jacob jerked his monstrous, rippling dick while lying in bed.

"Do they hang too much?" Mary sat at the edge of the bed, her uniform around her waist, her bra on the floor, and her hands clasped in her lap. Her right index finger and thumb fidgeted with her wedding ring while she watched what should have been a horrific spectacle. Her son's poor penis moved and wriggled in the most unnatural way.

"No, you have mom-boobs. They're awesome." Jacob's mouth hung open as he watched her pale mammaries, tipped with those lovely pink nipples. Her platinum cross hung between them. Jacob wondered if it was sacrilegious to store Jesus's cross so close to those amazing tits. "Can I touch them?" He wanted to reach out and grab handfuls. He remembered how Pricilla had run from him and he didn't want a repeat performance with his mother, so he kept both hands on his dick.

"No." Mary shook her head firmly. "We need some boundaries here. I'm only doing this to help you with your ... changes." She looked up at Jacob's handsome face and could see the dreamy lust written there as his brown eyes drank in the sight of her boobs. "Besides, I'm married to your father. We left Earth for a reason. We wouldn't want to be like the heathens and polygamists that persecuted us, right?"

"Right, Mom." Jacob wasn't really listening. The sight of those perfect tits took up too much bandwidth in his mind. "Can you touch me then?"

"What did I just say, Jake?" Mary frowned, partly because of the rude question and partly because she immediately wanted to comply.

"I'm a special case." With effort, Jacob dragged his eyes up to hers. "Everyone keeps saying this is God's plan and that God is in the computer. We are all the Errand into the Wilderness. Right? So, God needs you to help me with my penis, Mom."

"Well ... um ... you make a good point." Mary lifted her hands and hesitated. "You can't tell your father or the others about this part of God's plan. Okay, sweetie?"



"I promise" A surge of adrenaline hit Jacob as he realized what she was about to do. He moved his hands off his dick, and grabbed a handful of sheet on either side of him. His eyes opened wide as his sweet, pious mother leaned forward, her breasts hanging out in front of her.

"Oh, my." Mary's hands couldn't fit around it. "Your thing feels like it's alive." The penis squirmed in her hands as she stroked it. "And it's so big."

"Bigger than Dad?" Jacob had never been touched like that by a woman. Her hands rained rapture on his nerves.

Mary tightened her mouth. She wasn't going to discuss the boy's father while relieving him with her hands.

"I'm ... close, Mom."

"Okay, let it out, sweetie." Mary looked back and forth from the terrible penis in her hands, to the carnal expressions on her sweet son's face.





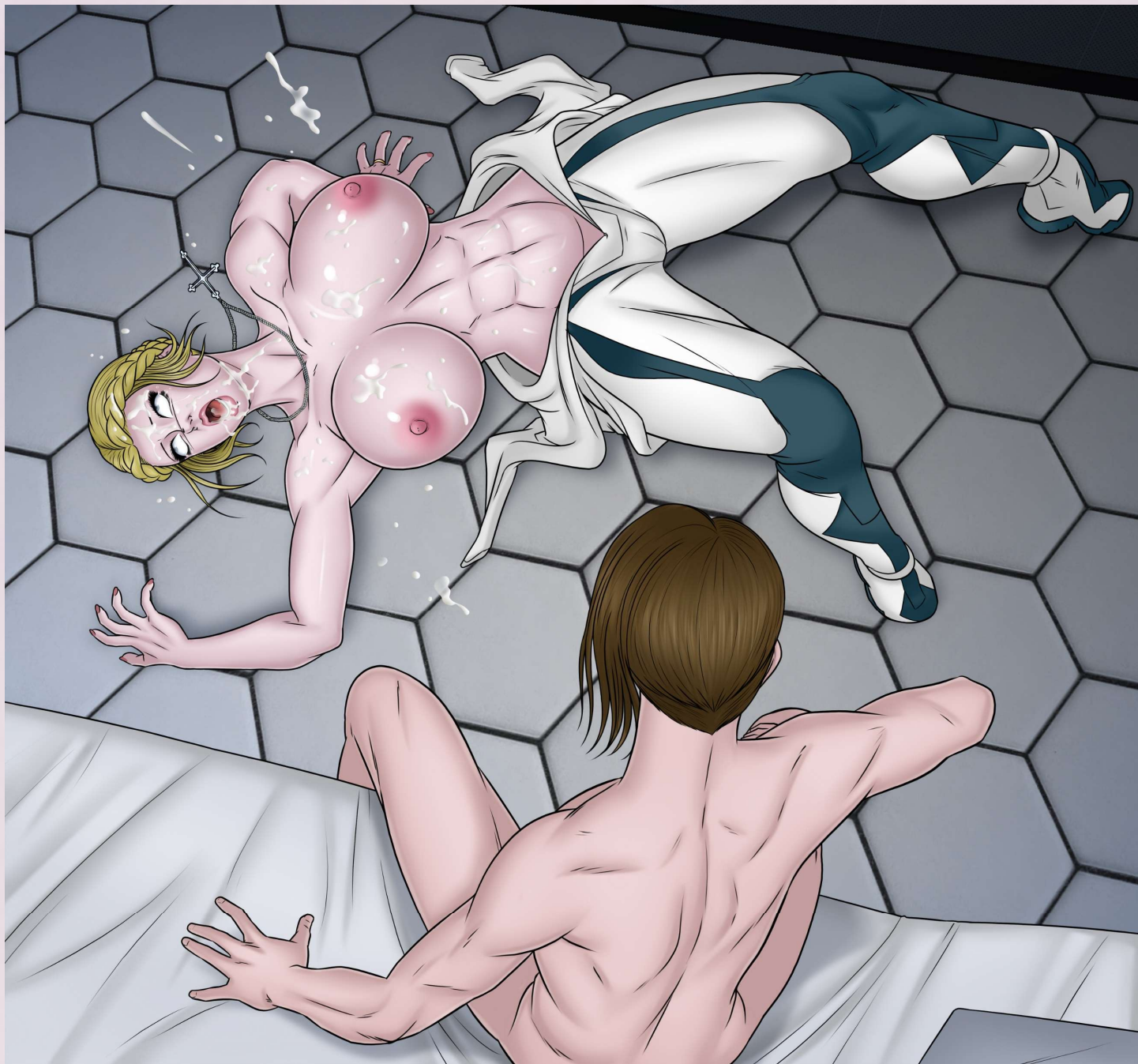
“Ugh ... ugh ...  
uuuuuggggggggggg.” Jacob let go  
and spewed forth the contents of  
his balls.

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” Mary  
whispered. A cascade of sperm  
shot up in the air with burst after  
burst. She could feel drops landing  
on her arms, breasts, and face. She  
was going to be a mess. She milked  
and milked her son until he was  
dry. Listening to his cries of  
ecstasy. Her poor panties were  
soaked. When he finished she  
removed her hands and leaned  
back. “There now.”

“Mom, that was ... like looking at  
the face ... of God. Wow.” Jacob  
gazed over at her pretty face, and  
could see a big glob of cum slowly  
sliding down her right cheek. “Um  
... you have some of my ... stuff on  
your right ... cheek.”

“Oh?” Mary knew she had his stuff  
on her everywhere, but she wiped  
her cheek and looked at her hand.  
Goodness, there was more in this  
one splash than what Isaac made  
in a week. Without thinking she  
put the sperm into her mouth and  
gulped it down. Instantly, one of  
those new, transcendent orgasms  
clouded her brain and her entire  
body seized. “Eeeeeerrrrrrrrrrr.”

“Mom?” Jacob was shocked that she’d eaten his cum. But then even more shocked, when her eyes rolled back, her body went rigid, and she made that dumb sound. She looked like she’d suddenly developed a mental disability. “Mom?” Jacob became concerned as the orgasm continued, but after about twenty seconds she seemed to return to herself.



“Yeeeeesssss, swwweettiiiiiee?” Her speech slurred and her eyes looked glassy.

“Are you okay?” Jacob looked down at his dick, which had quieted but was still hard as could be.

“F ... f ... fiiiine. Mooooommy, juust feeelsss reeealllly goooood.” Mary closed her eyes and basked in the afterglow. She took a deep breath and the euphoria floated away. “Okay.” She looked around at the copious amount of sperm everywhere. “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

“Before we do that.” Jacob braced himself for rejection. “Could we maybe, go a little farther? I’m still hard, and I’m a special case, right?”

"No way, Jose." Mary grabbed the crumpled top sheet from the foot of the bed and mopped up his semen.

"No chance, young man."

Jacob sighed and gave up on pushing her further. "I'm really sorry about what happened with Pricilla."

"That's good." Mary nodded as she cleaned.

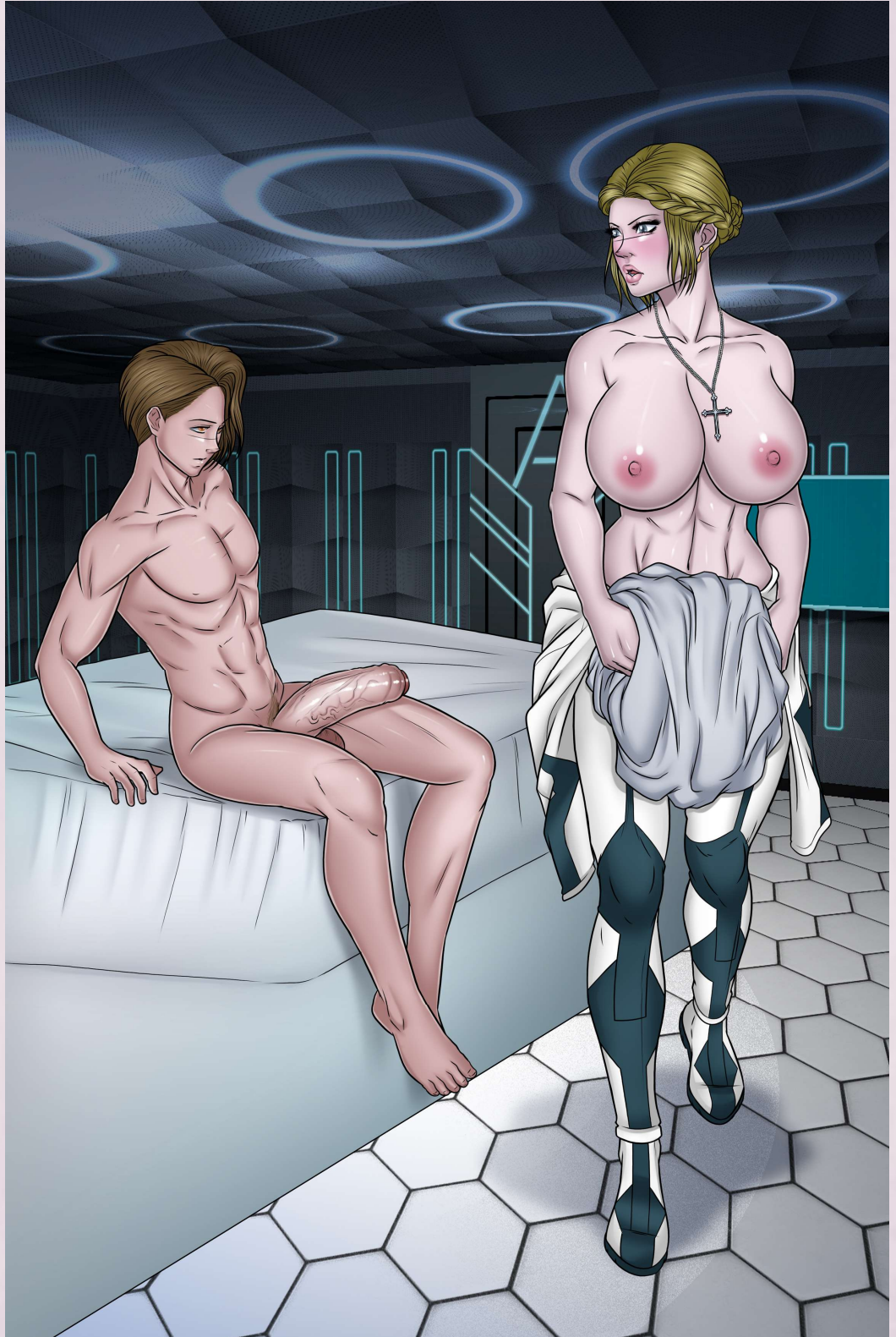
"I'd like to apologize to her."

"Your father said Pricilla and John should avoid seeing you for now." She balled up the sheet and stood up to take it to the laundry chute in the bathroom.

"I don't want to see John." Jacob wasn't used to deceit. But he realized he was asking for something more than to offer an apology. What did he want exactly? "I just want to apologize to Pricilla. Like a really big apology. You know?"

"Mmmmm." Mary lowered her eyebrows and stared down at her skinny son. "Okay. I'll bring your sister to you so you can apologize." She then turned for the bathroom. She fully intended to gobble up more semen before tossing the sheet down the laundry chute.

~~



"I don't think this is a good idea." Pricilla hugged herself tightly as she thought over the horror waiting in her little brother's room.

"It'll be fine." Mary patted her shoulder. "I'll be there the whole time. I'll protect you if anything ... unusual happens again."

"What about John?" Pricilla's innocent blue eyes looked up into her mom's warm, brown ones.

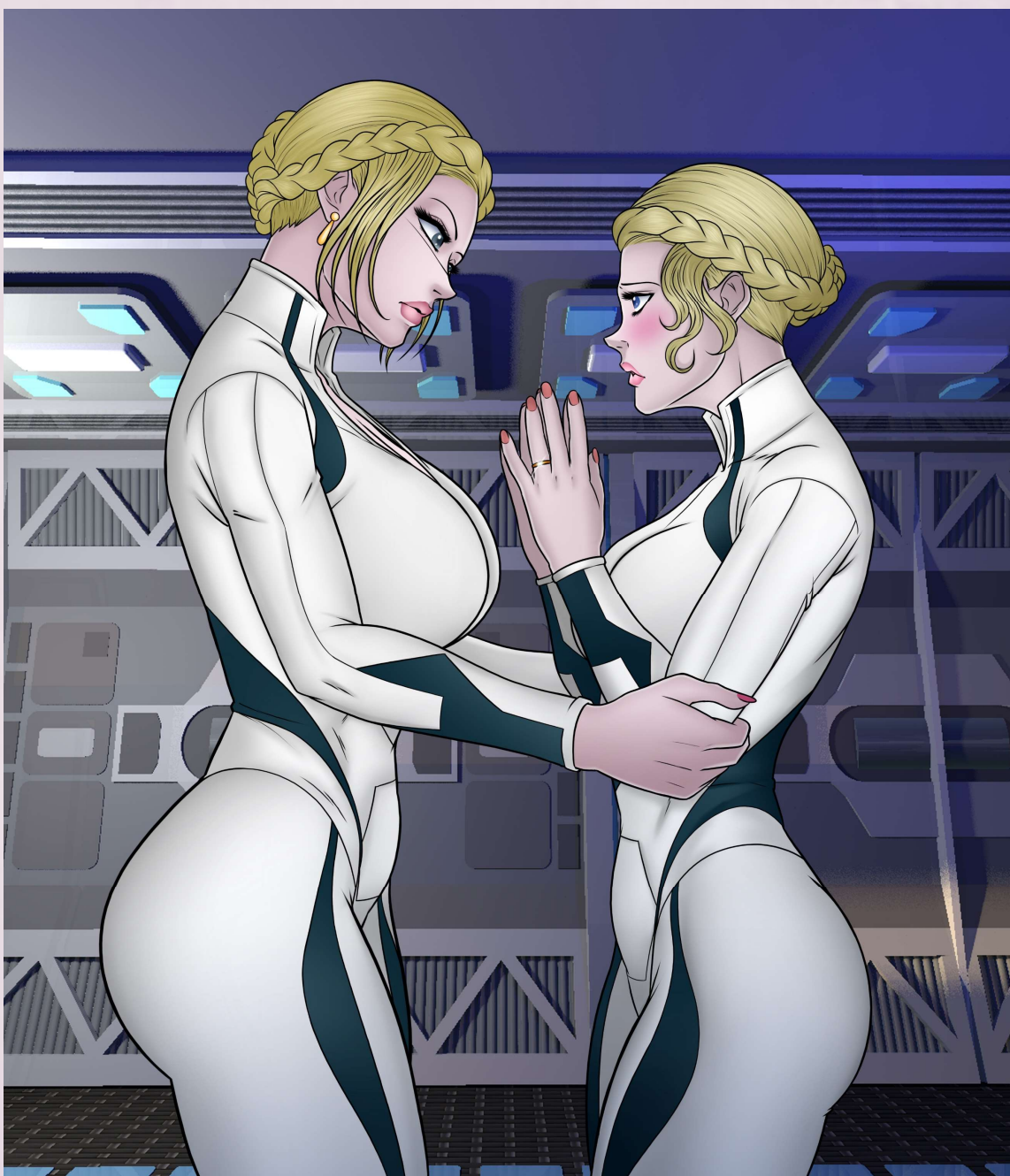
"I don't think he can see more than one visitor at a time. Besides me, that is." Mary smiled with reassurance.

"He's a very fragile teenager and he's beating himself up over what happened. Even though it was God's plan."

"Yes." Pricilla nodded. "It is God's plan. I'll go with you."

"Great, I'll lead the way." And Mary led her daughter down the long, Spartan hall toward her son.

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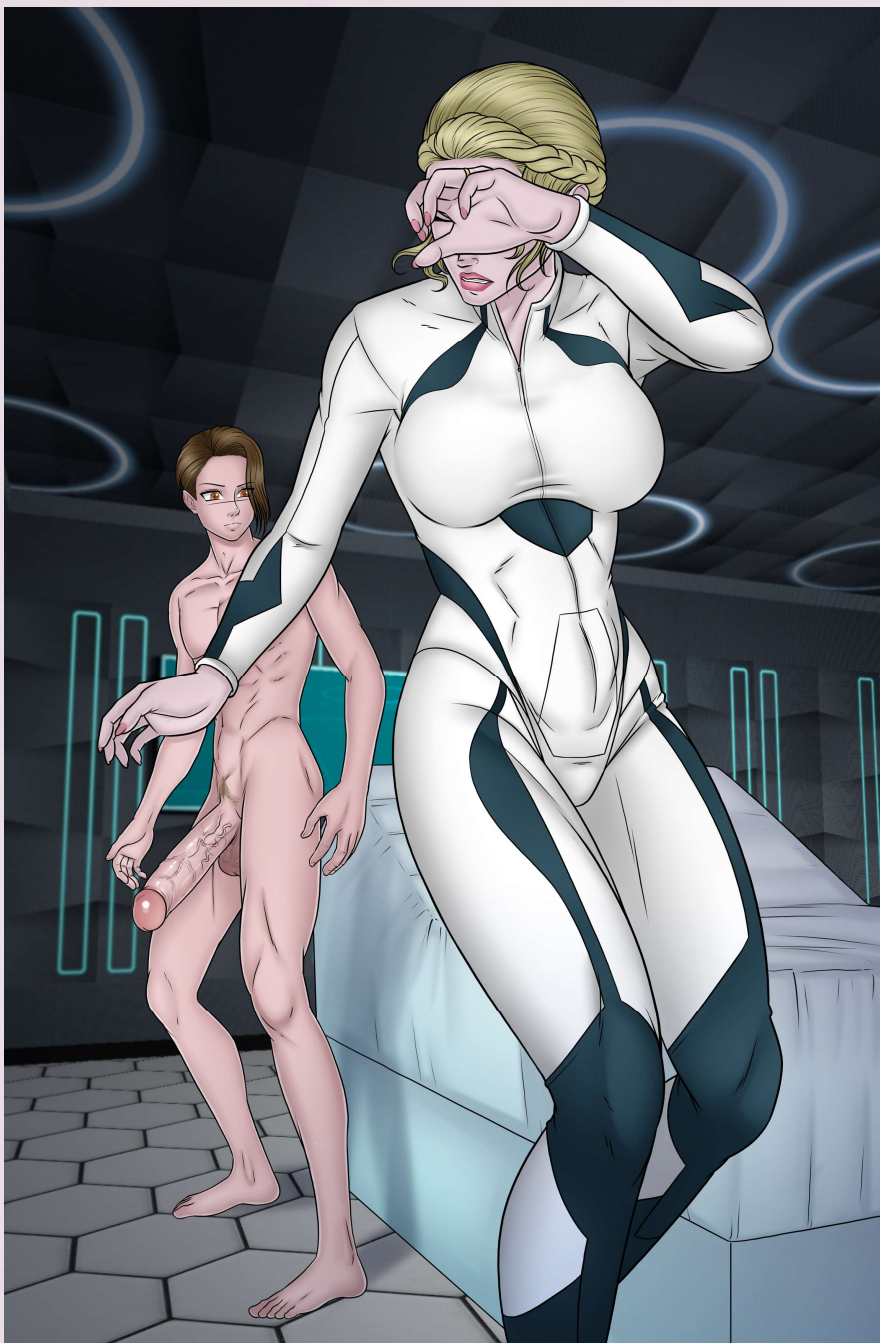
The doors to Jacob's room slid open. Mary and Pricilla walked in. Jacob had his back to them. He was zipping up his uniform. He heard the doors and turned to greet them.

"Thanks for coming, Pricilla." Jacob waited for the doors to close behind the women. "I just want to say, I'm really sorry for what happened earlier." He noticed that both women weren't making eye contact, but their eyes gazed down at his body. He looked down and realized that the uniform really couldn't hide his new cock. Even when it was soft. "So, the uniform is a fail then?"

"What?" Mary pulled her eyes away from Jacob's crotch. When she saw Pricilla was staring too, she gave her a light slap on the arm.

"Sorry." Pricilla looked up to her brother's face. She felt so odd. The room seemed to swim around her.

"I'm the one who needs to apologize." Jacob unzipped his uniform and pulled his arms out of the sleeves. "And these uniforms weren't made for men with ... um ... my build. So, I guess I better put my robe back on."



He pulled the uniform the rest of the way off, and then realized he was standing naked in front of them. That hadn't been his intention, had it? When he saw the look in Pricilla's eyes his dick began to rise.

"Our Lord in Heaven." Pricilla trembled all over. "I ... I have to go." She turned and headed for the doors.

"Errand?" Mary called the computer. "Lock the doors. No one in or out. Override Pleiades two zero seven."

"Doors locked," the computer's soft feminine voice replied.

"Mom?" Pricilla stopped in her tracks and looked over at her mother. She tugged at the sides of her uniform with apprehension. She felt so strange. She was calm. Too calm for sharing the same room with that horrific penis.

"I just need you to hear out your brother's apology." Mary wasn't quite sure what she was doing, but it felt like she was a conspirator in a crime. "I'm going to sit right here." She walked over to the bed and sat down with her legs crossed. "I want you to go to your brother and listen to what he has to say."

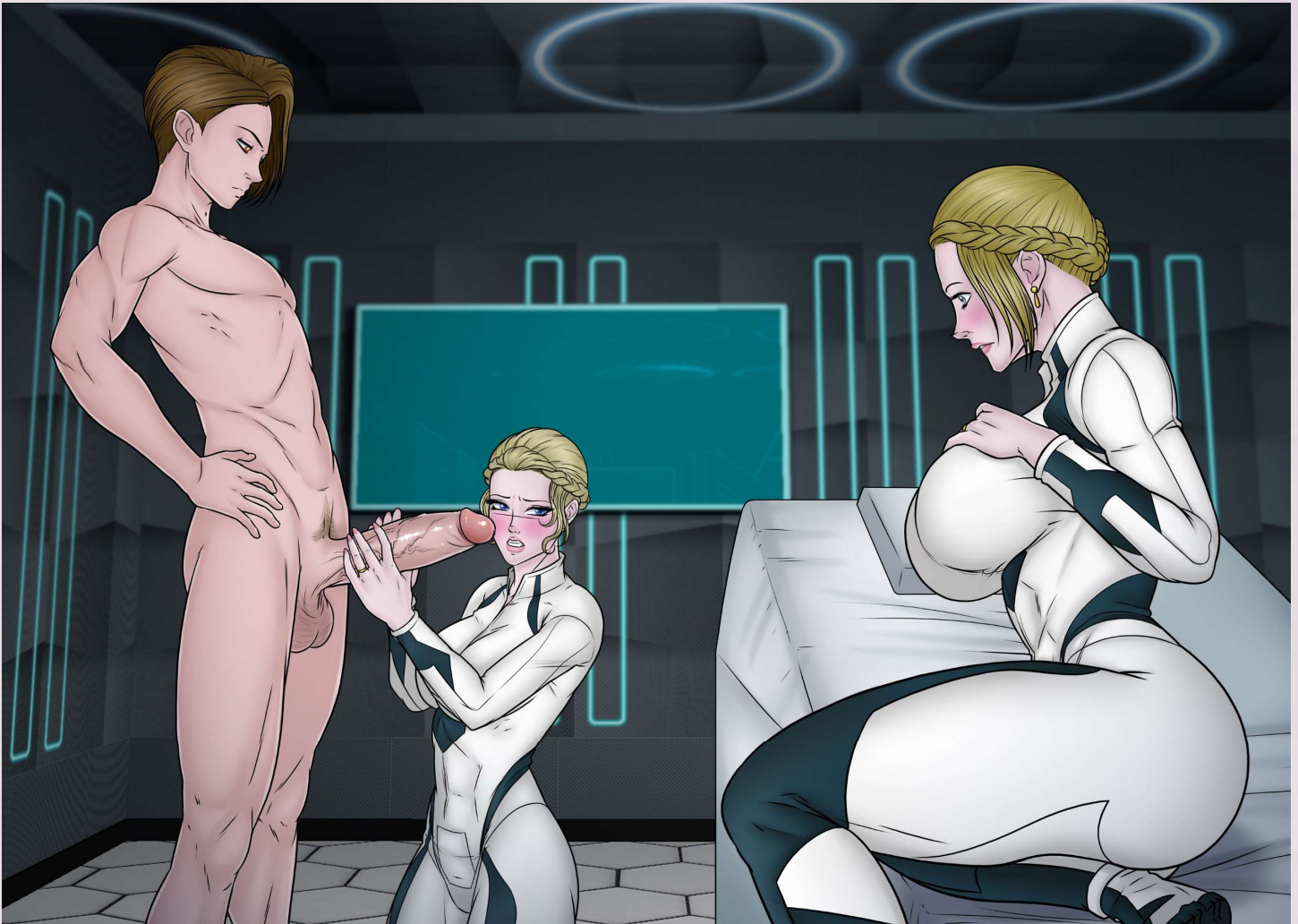
"Okay." Pricilla nodded. She turned back to Jacob and walked over to him until she stood only a foot away. Her

eyes never left the rippling, distended penis jutting out from her brother's slender frame. "What do you have to say?"

"I ... I ..." There was an apology inside him, but that's not what wanted to come out. "I need you to put it in your mouth."

"What?" Both women said.

But even as Pricilla reregistered the abhorrence of the request, she dropped to her knees. "Mom?" Pricilla looked over at her mother. "How can this be God's plan?" Pricilla reached out and took hold of the hideous penis with both trembling hands. The thing rippled and pulsed under her fingers. To think, John's ring touched such evil. "It's incestuous and adulterous. Why would He want this?"



"Uh ..." Mary was very wet as she watched her daughter's sweet, pink lips inch toward her son's otherworldly penis. She really needed to protect Pricilla from this. She'd promised to do just that a few minutes ago. But now Mary sat fixed to the bed, her panties soaked between her legs. "It may seem like a sin, but we need to trust in Him, Pricilla. There must be a reason for this."

“Okay,” Pricilla squeaked. Her hands moved back and forth on that thick shaft and she opened her mouth wide. “Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Pricilla had only ever done this for John, and now her brother’s mammoth penis wriggled in her mouth. Her stomach sank knowing how wrong this all was. At the same time, nothing her handsome husband had ever done for her had turned her on as much as pleasing her beastly brother. “Uuuuggghhhh.” She bobbed her head back and forth and jerked him with her hands.



"I ... can't believe it." Jacob looked down at his prissy, big sister as she slobbered on his new dick. How could these women not see that this was a gift from God? What else could it be? "You're sucking my dick, Pricilla."

"Hhhmmmmpppphhhh." Pricilla's mouth was so full, and the organ she pleased seemed to have a life of its own, playing coyly with her tongue. Almost like when she French-kissed her husband. Pricilla did her best to make sure Jacob enjoyed her efforts.

The blowjob went on and on. Mary ogled her children. Her eighteen-year-old son looked beside himself with lust as he watched her twenty-two-year-old daughter push him further and further into her mouth. Eventually, Mary could tell Jacob was near release. "Careful, Pricilla, he's going to -"

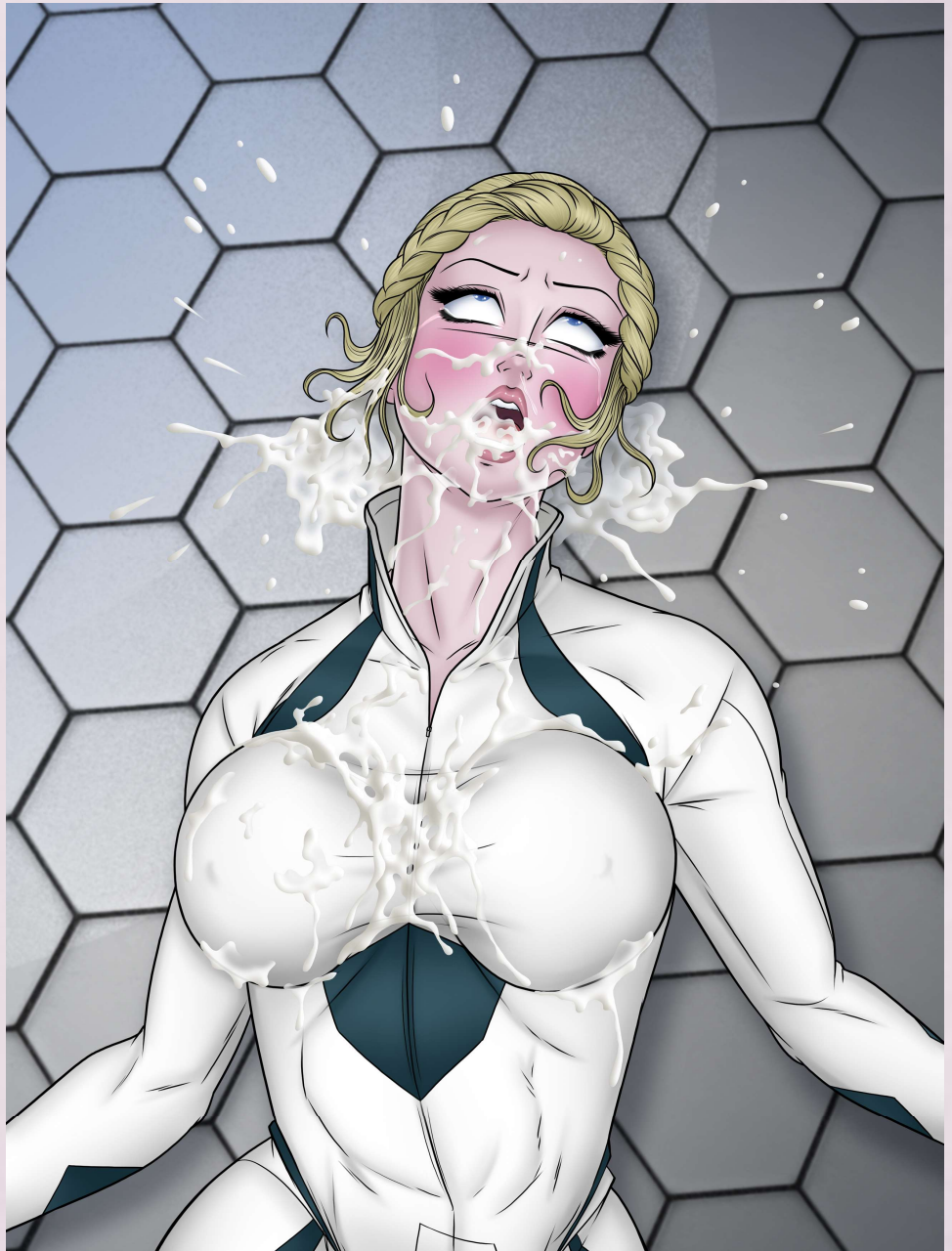
"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh." Jacob roared out his climax and felt the surge of his cum rushing down his sister's throat.

Mary could see Pricilla's blue eyes go wide in surprise, and then roll back in her head. Mary knew well what sort of ecstasy her son's sperm brought, but she'd never been lucky enough to have so much of it. Cum leaked out of the edges of Pricilla's mouth.

"Ackkkaaaaackkkkkaaackkkk." Pricilla's whole body went rigid and her mouth seemed to have a mind of its own as it gulped down the filthy seed as fast as it could. She was dimly aware of the stupid noises she was making, and then a cascade of colors flew before her eyes. This was pleasure. True pleasure. Her mother was right, nothing but God's plan could lead a person to feelings of such heights. The sperm flowed and the rapture continued for what seemed an infinity. Then, it was done, and Pricilla let go of the pulsing penis and fell back on her butt. She looked up at her brother through a cloud of lingering pleasure.

"Mom?" Jacob looked over at his mother. "You ... um ... you better get her out of here." He looked down at his still hard dick and he knew what it wanted. "It ... want's more ... and I don't think ... I can control it."

"Jake?" Mary stood on shaky legs. What had she just witnessed?





"I don't want to do that to ... Pricilla ... or John." Jacob took a step toward his panting sister. She looked so perfect with his white cum spilling from her mouth and running down her chin to pool on her uniform, just above her boobs. "Take her ... now." He took another step.

"Oh, my." Mary rushed across the room and pulled her daughter to her feet. "Pricilla? We have to go, sweetie."

"Mooootthhheer?" Pricilla's pupils were fully dilated. "Reeeaaally nniiiiicccceeee." Her speech was slurred.

"Come on." Mary gave the override command to Errand and pulled her daughter out of the room. She closed and locked the doors behind her. Thank goodness none of the rest of the family was about, or they would have been treated to a horrific sight. "Let's get you changed and into a shower." Mary led Pricilla down the hall.

"Soooooo goooooooood." Pricilla tried to focus on putting one foot in front of the other. Sparks still flew throughout her nervous system. With a deep breath, she regained some more control of her brain. "Jake's stuff, Mom. It's ... so good."

"I know sweetie." Mary took her daughter into an empty suite, and turned on the shower. "Now let's get you cleaned before somebody sees

you." Mary resisted the urge to lick her son's cum off Pricilla's sweet face. She got her daughter undressed and into the shower before she could give in to the temptation.