

CHAPTER 3



MOTHERSHIP WILDERNESS

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

Mothership Wilderness 8

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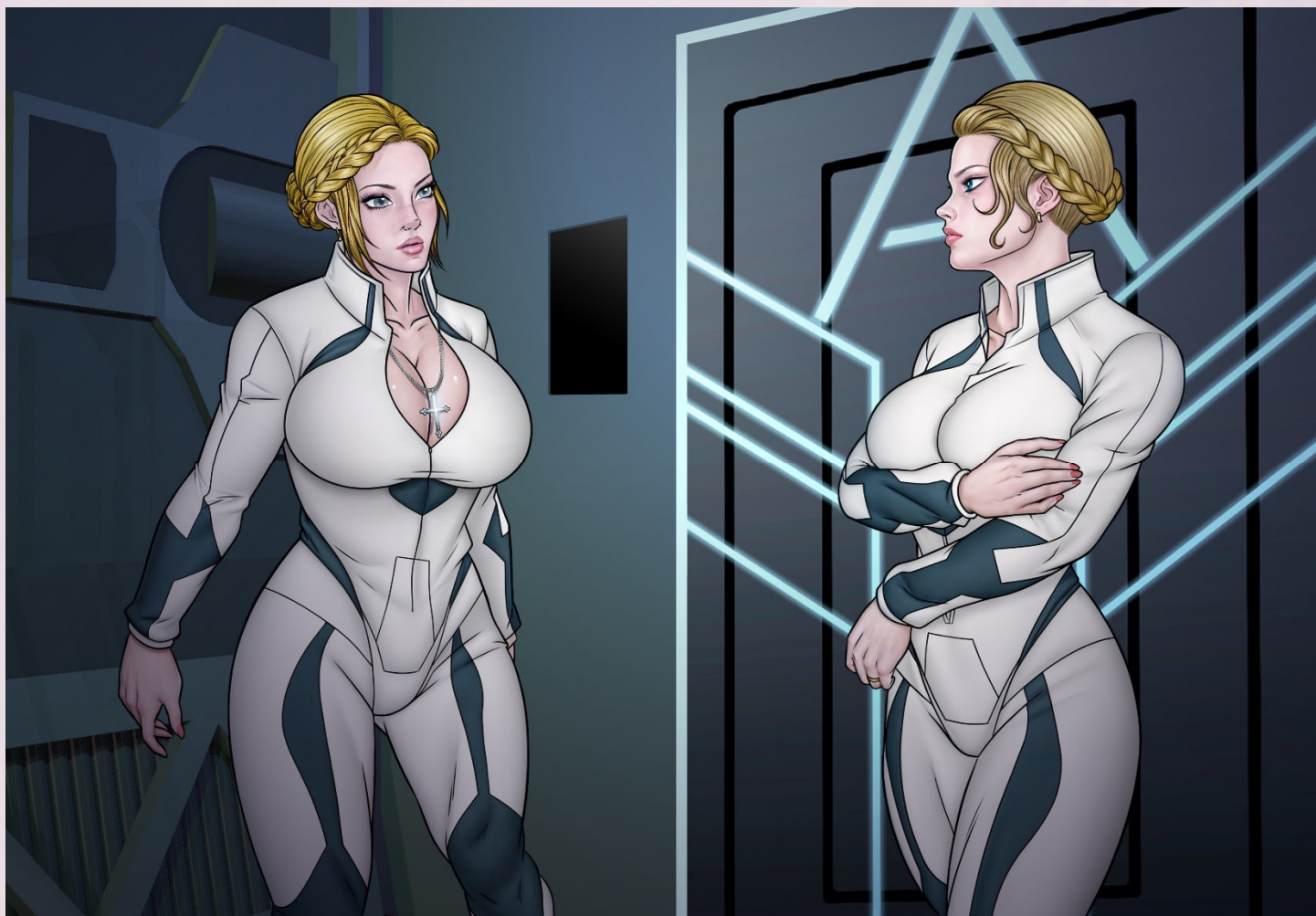
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As Pricilla approached her brother's quarters, a ghostly figure moved down the dim corridor toward her. The feminine shadow moved from the direction of the suite her mother shared with her father. The ghost solidified as they both reached Jacob's doors, and Pricilla's pupils dilated to see her mother better. Mary looked the same as always. Except, maybe, her Colony Control uniform didn't fit as well as it used to. It seemed to have shrunk on the woman. Pricilla had been having the same problem with her uniforms. Pricilla just caught a glint of Mary's platinum cross hanging outside her uniform over that growing bosom. "What are you doing here, Mom? It's the middle of the night." Pricilla folded her arms over her chest, self-conscious about her now large breasts. The tightly woven uniform was smooth and cool under her fingers.



"I am doing the same thing as my dear daughter, I expect." Mary pushed a strand of blond hair from her face and pressed her full lips together until they were thin lines. "We are not so different, it seems."

"Come off it, Mom." Pricilla's eyes went wider still in the dark, surprised as she was by the tone of her own voice. She had never before talked to her mother like that. But she couldn't stop herself. She continued, "Now that I'm taking care of him, he doesn't need you to do all that stuff. And what would Dad say if he found out?"

Mary's quiet laugh filled the corridor with soft chiming. "He'd probably say something similar to John, if he found out. No?" Mary spoke slowly, as if to a stubborn child. "I am responsible for him. Who better to care for his needs than his mother? Are your bonds so expeditiously forming outside your wedlock to John any different than my bonds? Don't take that tone with me. I lived through the Fourth War. I know His will is sacrosanct. If you want to continue your time with Jacob, I will not protest. I find your enthusiasm for His work virtuous. But don't interfere with my place as a member of His flock and as a mother."

"I want to be his," Pricilla said. Even to her own ears, she sounded petulant.

"You sound like a common heathen, sweetie. It's not becoming of the uniform you wear or the family you belong to." Mary scowled. "He is not some plaything for your enjoyment. Calm your loins and think with your heart. Your brother is a vessel carrying a message from our Lord to the people of New Canaan."

"What message?" Pricilla wondered if her mother was right, or if Mary was the ship's biggest hypocrite.

"To be fruitful and multiply." Mary stood straighter, sustained by righteousness. "Jacob is a new epistle, wrought by Him through Errand into the Wilderness. An epistle of fecundity."

The door opened next to them, and Jacob stood there, rubbing his eyes. "Errand said there was a commotion outside my door. What's going on?" He wore only poor fitting underwear. His massive erection twisted its way out of the top of his briefs and seemed to survey the air. It was near its full size and weeping precum as it did when mating drew close.

"Oh, Jake. You poor thing." Pricilla's eyes fixed themselves to the pulsing, squirming penis. It looked like it was intent on climbing right out of his underwear. "We were just ... um ... discussing ..." Her voice trailed off. She couldn't remember for the life of her what she'd just been arguing with her mother about.





“Let’s get out of the hallway, sweetie.” Mary gently pushed her daughter into Jacob’s room and the doors closed behind her. “We were discussing His magnanimity. Which I share.” Mary quickly slipped out of her uniform. She wore nothing underneath. The room’s lights were dimmed, and she looked back and forth as her children took in the delights of her womanly flesh in the near darkness. “Why don’t you relieve him first, Pricilla? I can tell you have that ache between your legs. And just imagine Jacob’s poor sacks. They are probably so blue, and you know how they jerk when they are vexed.”

“Yes.” Pricilla pulled off her uniform and underwear, tossing them into a corner of the room. She stood naked, eyeing her brother with longing,

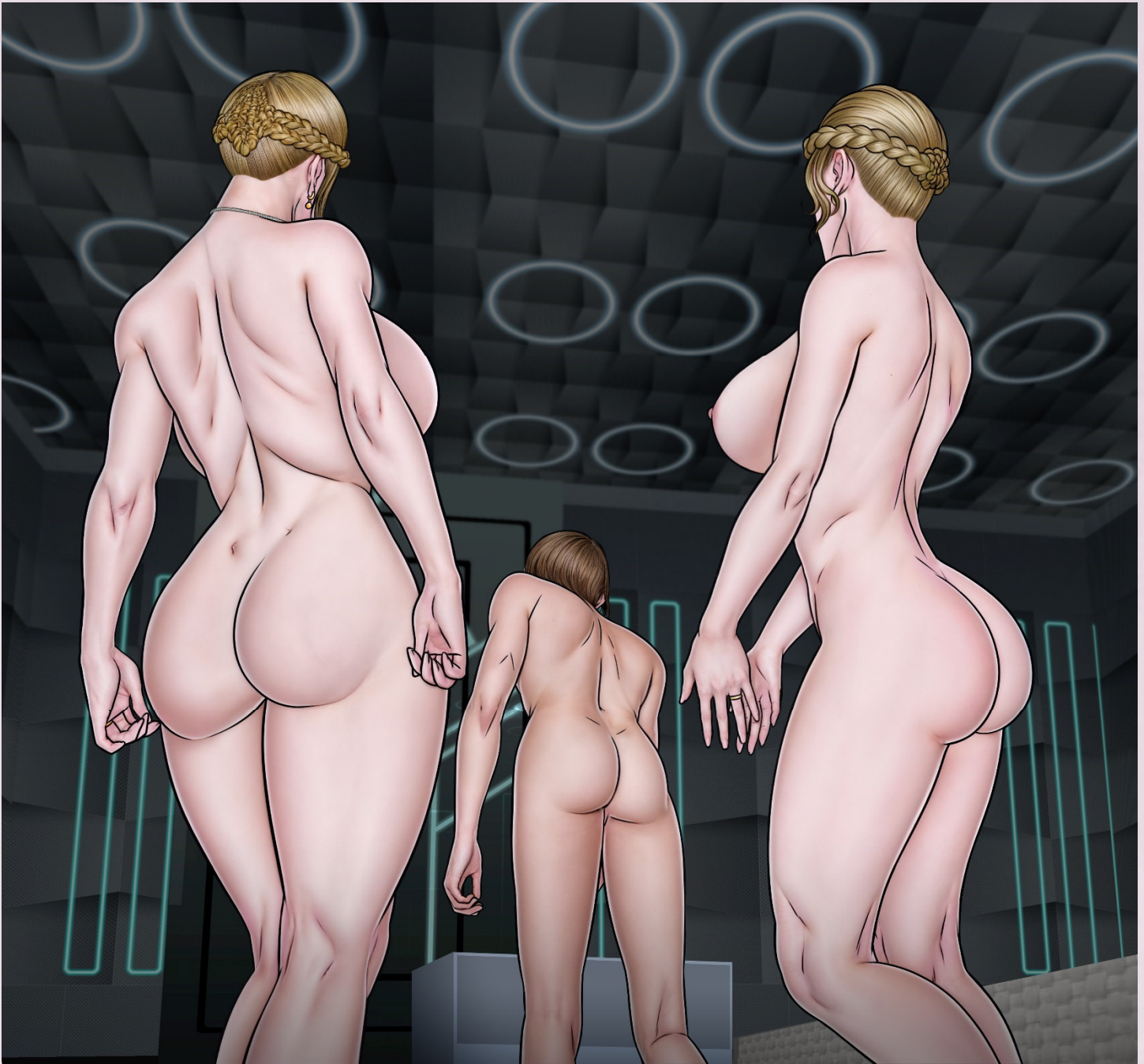
her heavy chest heaving with each excited breath.

“Wait a moment.” Mary looked down at Pricilla’s left hand. “You’re forging a bond with your brother that equals your vows to John. You now have two trains barreling down parallel tracks. Am I right, Pricilla?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Pricilla glanced at Mary. Whatever preamble this was, she wanted it to be over quickly. Her knees trembled when she looked back at her skinny brother and imagined what rapture awaited her.

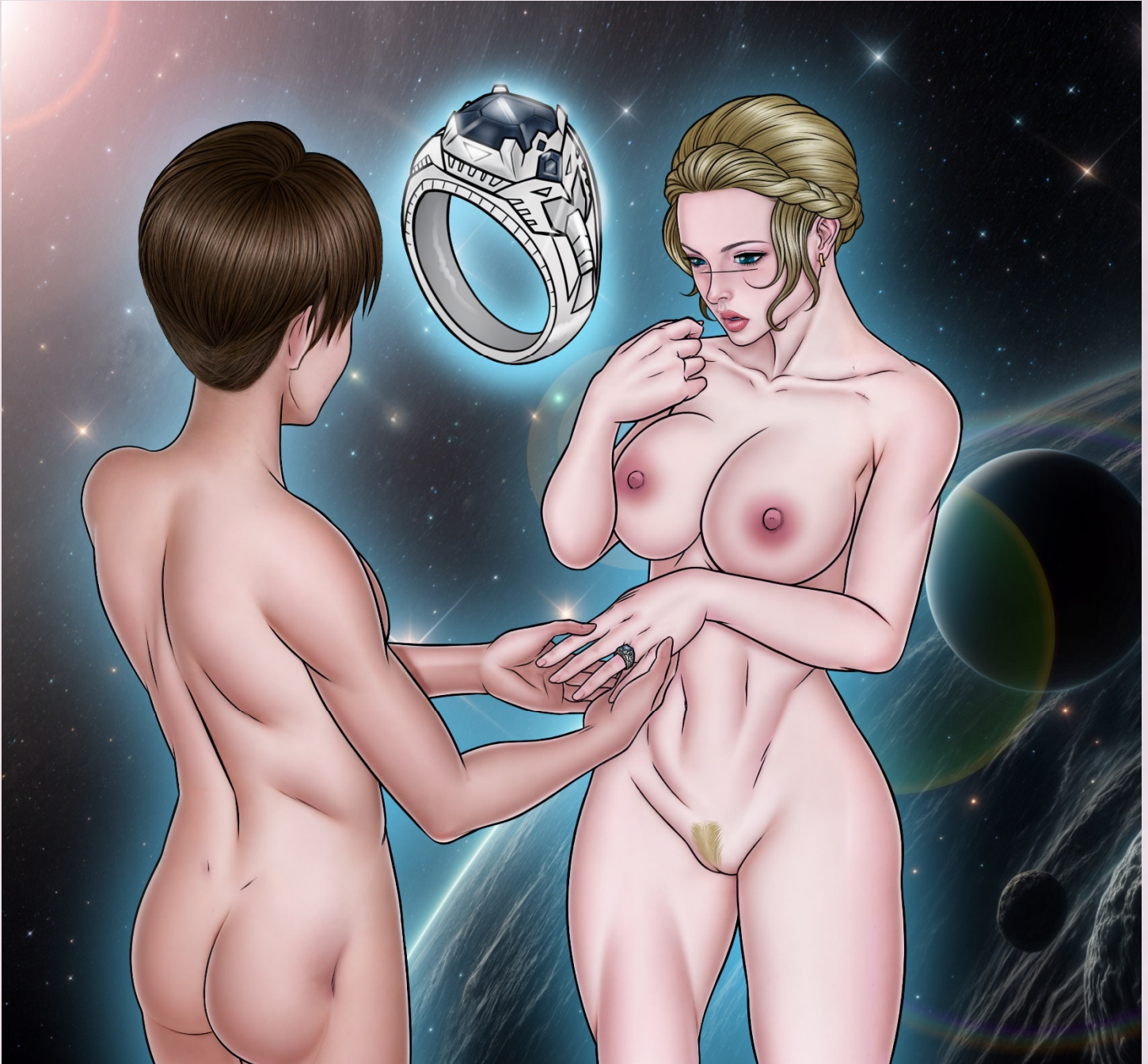
“Why don’t you give me John’s ring.” Mary held out her left hand, palm up. She watched her daughter quickly wrench the ring off her finger and drop it in Mary’s hand. “Now, Jacob, do you have a ring you could lend your sister for when she lies with you? Something to signify your bond through the church.”

“I have ... I have ...” Jacob turned and walked to the small wooden box beside his bed. He was aware of the women’s eyes on his skinny butt. He didn’t mind. He opened the box and fished out a silver ring with a black stone set at the top. A neat cross was engraved upon the black stone. “I have this one from Camp Colony Control. Will this work?” He turned to them with a smile.



“Very good, Jake.” Mary returned his smile and nodded her approval. “Now put it on her, quickly. You can see that she can barely contain herself.”

“Right.” Jacob crossed the room and took Pricilla’s left hand. He lifted it up and gently slid the ring on. It fit almost perfectly. Every good Christian knew the words. “Just as the church serves our Lord and opens up to Him, I ask that you open yourself to me. Just as our Lord leads the church, and protects her in the tempest’s gale, I promise to shield you from harm. Do you accept my ring?”



Pricilla put her right hand to her mouth and looked into her brother's deep, brown eyes. "Oh, goodness." All she could think was how John wouldn't understand any of this. Did she have two husbands now?

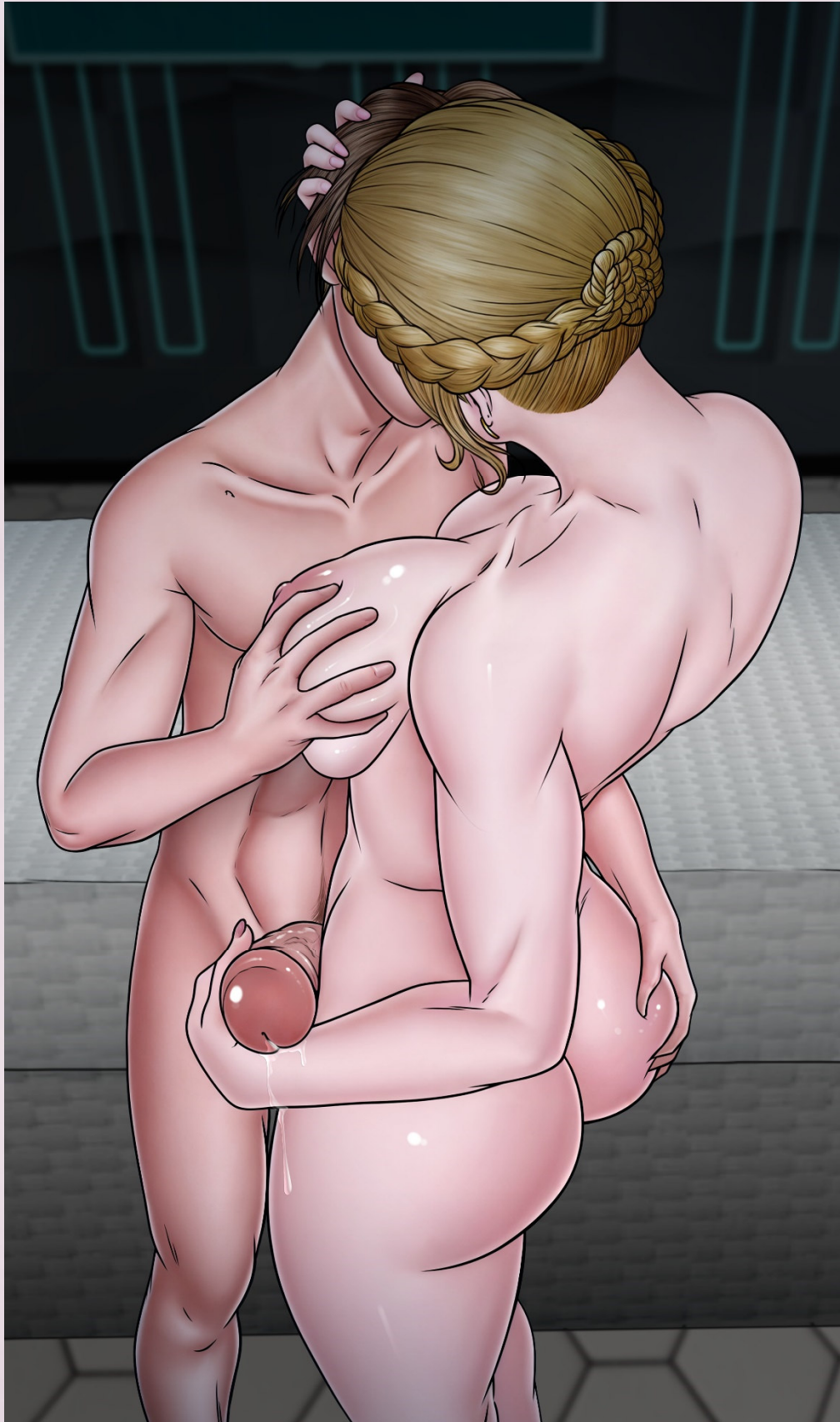
"Don't leave me hanging." Jacob's smile faded some. Had he taken it too far?

"I'm sorry. Yes, of course." Pricilla threw her arms around him and pressed him to her. She could feel his penis pressing back against her stomach.

Mary found a chair and sat with her legs open. It was possibly a bridge too far that she enjoyed watching Pricilla's submission to the church, God, and Jacob. But, why shouldn't she want to celebrate? Her left hand found her slit and gently stroked, all while still holding her daughter's first wedding ring. Maybe she would need to wear Jacob's camp ring when it was her turn, too. Yes, she thought it was probably the right thing to do so as not to disrespect the bonds she still had with her husband, attenuated as they were.



“Oh, Jake ... Jake ...” Pricilla gave him sweet kisses all over his face, bending down a little to put their lips on the level. “I can’t believe ... that you said those words to me ... my goodness.” Her lips locked on his and she reached down between them and took his cock in her left hand. She was so proud to know that her new ring pressed into his hot flesh. They made out for quite a while, their tongues locked, while she pleased him with her hand.



After a while, Pricilla kissed her way down his bare, bony chest, pulling his briefs off him. Finally freed from the half-cover of his underwear, Jacob's penis flopped out and hit Pricilla's slender shoulder with a thud. Without thinking, she turned her head, opened wide, and let his thing wiggle into her mouth. Precum dissolved on her tongue. She shuddered with delight and let the bulb dart about with her tongue, performing a playful dance. Oral sex with Jacob was half making out with his penis, and half turning her throat into a tunnel for his pleasure. Soon, she bobbed on him, opting more for the later, and forced the bloated thing deeper and deeper. Gurgling noises filled the room.



"You ... keep ... getting better at that." Jacob intertwined his fingers in her hair. He wondered if he would need a ring, too. How many rings would he need? Well, at least three he supposed. Or maybe they could share one ring between the women. "I'm gonna ... do you want it ...?" But he knew she wanted it in her mouth. They all wanted it wherever they could get it, didn't they?

"Mmmpppppppphhhh. Ggggrrrrpppphhhh." Pricilla moaned and choked. When his seed hit her tongue, she found herself transported through time and space to a place of pure bliss.

Jacob let his orgasm subside and finally looked down. His naked sister flopped on the floor, cum coating her front. She made the most stupid noises. Her eyes blinked repeatedly, completely unseeing.



"You have christened her ring." Mary could see white sperm coating the black rock on Pricilla's new ring as her daughter's hands waved about.

"Should ... I ...?" Jacob looked over at his mother as he tried to catch his breath. "Do you want me to put ... it in you now?"

"Don't be silly, sweetie." Mary slouched down in the chair, furiously rubbing her vagina as she watched them. Her platinum cross bounced with her jiggling breasts. "You need to ... strengthen your bond ... with her. This is like ... a wedding night ... of sorts." Her face contorted a little as her own climax neared. Mary watched her son flip Pricilla roughly onto her stomach and mount her. His penis never seemed to tire. It slid itself home and soon the sound of smacking butt cheeks served as a metronome of sorts for Mary's own rhythmic stroking.

"Mom ... Mom ..." Pricilla's sweet face was strained as she looked up from the floor to her mother. "I'm sorry ..." She gritted her teeth against the sublime onslaught by her brother from behind. "You ... were ... right ..."



"What are you sorry for, Pricilla?" Mary could feel herself building closer to another climax.

"I shouldn't ... want this all ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Pricilla's eyes clouded over, and she lost her train of thought.

"What, dear?" Mary cupped one of her full breasts with her right hand and rolled her fat nipple between her fingers.

"It was selfish to want Jacob all to myself." Pricilla's eyes fell back to the floor inches from her nose. "I ... ah ... ah ... want him to give this to all the colonists. Every ... ooooohhhhhhhhh ... woman should feel this magic ... inside her."

Upon hearing those words, Mary orgasmed again.

Later, with her daughter full of sperm, Mary stood in Jacob's shower with the eighteen-year-old teenager behind her, blasting away at her vagina. She had been trying to clean him up, but neither could resist when his penis prodded at her round butt. "Dump it inside, sweetie. All, inside. Please," Mary whined.

"You ... want ... the ... blessed ... seed." Jacob didn't really buy into his mom's theories on his transformation, but he knew what she wanted to hear.

"Please ... please ... please ..." Mary pushed at the shower wall, slamming herself back on that enormous member. She looked to her left hand and saw the camp ring there where her husband's ring used to be. And then the heat filled her, she screamed, and ecstasy transported her mind away.

Mary and Pricilla dressed sometime later as dawn approached. Their original wedding rings now returned to their fingers. Just as Mary had zipped up her uniform, she sprinted into the bathroom.

Jacob and Pricilla looked at each other. Pricilla, with her uniform back on and Jake supine on his bed, his robe covering most of him. They could hear Mary retching from the bathroom.

"Mom? Are you okay?" There was worry in Pricilla's voice. But just as she said it, her own stomach seemed to turn over. She felt quite queasy.

"I'm ... okay." Mary finished throwing up in the toilet, straightened, and went to the sink. As she washed her face, she heard her daughter rush into the bathroom and retch at the toilet.

"You two alright?" Jacob called in.

"We're okay, sweetie," Mary called back.

Pricilla took several minutes to finish, her mother holding her blond hair back for her. She then rinsed off. And the women returned to the room.

Mary leaned over and tucked Jacob into bed. "Maybe just a bit too much excitement," she said. But that wasn't what she was thinking. Mary had her suspicions about what all that seed deposited in both of them over the last many days might have done. She'd need to covertly check with the ship when she had a chance. "Get some rest." She kissed him on the forehead.

"Goodnight." Pricilla came over and kissed him on the forehead, too.

Then the women turned and headed back to their separate quarters.



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“Member Jacob Winthrop, you’re wanted in the holopark.” The computer’s sweet, feminine voice woke Jacob from his slumber.

“What?” Jacob roused himself and got out of bed. “Okay.” He figured Errand had a good reason, so he stuffed himself into his uniform, frowning at the bulge in front, brushed his teeth, and then headed out of his quarters. He was still groggy when he arrived at the holopark doors. His brain had just cleared enough to ask questions. “What’s this about, anyway?”

“We’re going to play a game, Member Winthrop.”

“We are?” Jacob said. The ship’s computer was certainly behaving oddly. “What kind of game?”

“You will meet simulations of colonists on board this ship. You must find the perfect one,” Errand said enigmatically.

“The perfect one for what?” Jacob scratched his head and stared at the door.

“Exactly.” And with that, Errand opened the door. Inside, there was a formal ballroom, like what was in vogue before the Third War. A great open space, with an ornate chandelier hanging above. Tables piled with food dotted the periphery, and people in formalwear milled about the room, some dancing, some sipping what looked suspiciously like heathen drink, and most carrying on conversation.



“Um, hi.” Jacob walked into the room and struck up a conversation with the first couple he met. Given the company, he felt even more concerned about the state of his uniform with his poorly concealed dick slowly moving underneath. But no one seemed to notice or care. The woman wore a long blue ballgown, and the man an immaculate suit with tails. They talked to Jacob about their time back on Earth, what they had been assigned at the colony, and their love of God. It was quite boring.

After a while, Jacob excused himself and made his way to another couple. They had a similarly tedious conversation. And this repeated again and again. All were dressed in the fanciest outfits, clothes no colonist would ever wear. Jacob saw lots of cleavage, and even so he was beset by ennui.

That was, until, he found himself in conversation with a woman with dark skin. She was a bit taller than Jacob, and looked down at him with a soft, playful smile. Her pretty eyes were dark enough that they seemed almost black, and she had a way of gently nudging him with her hands to make points that Jacob quite liked. When they started talking baseball, her husband excused himself, saying he found the game pointless. Jacob and the woman laughed at that. How can anything as beautiful as baseball be pointless?

“What’s your team?” Jacob took a plate from a passing waiter and munched on some excellent cheese and bread.

“The Barn Stormers,” The woman beamed at him, caught his frown, and then smiled wider. “I can see you don’t agree.”

“I’m an Eagles man.” Jacob laughed. “And what’s your name?”

“I’m Heather Eweje.” She laughed her carefree laugh again. “Don’t tell me. You’re Jacob Winthrop, the belle of the ball, so to speak.”

“Yes.” Jacob nodded.

Heather leaned closer to him and lowered her voice conspiratorially. “Don’t tell anyone, but I also play baseball. I was second base on our chapel squad. Do you play?”

“Shortstop.” Jacob nodded and grinned.

“I know we’re supposed to be all work, work, work. We have a colony to found, after all. But ...” Heather whispered. “Maybe we should play sometime? Me and you. What do you say?”

Before Jacob could respond, Heather’s husband returned. “Come along Heather, there’s someone I want you to meet.”



“Very well,” she nodded politely to her husband, and then stole a wink at Jacob. “I hope we’ll get that chance, Member Winthrop.”

“Goodbye, Member Eweje.” Jacob waved after her, watching her round ass subtly rotate under her dress. “Errand?”

“Yes?” The computer sounded quite pleased with itself as it always did.

“I choose Heather Eweje.” Jacob looked around as the simulation stopped and the doors to the ship opened off to his right.

“Of course, you do.” Errand shut down the holopark completely, so that Jacob stood only in a blank room with gray walls. “You win the game. Are you ready for round two?”

“Maybe later.” Jacob nodded to himself and headed for the door. Really, what he was ready for was some breakfast. He was starving.

“Excellent.” Errand ran a new protocol and several decks below them one of the cryochambers began to cycle down.