

CHAPTER 9



MOTHERSHIP
WILDERNESS

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

Mothership Wilderness 9

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A coughing fit seized Heather, followed by uncontrollable dry-heaves. Her trembling hands pushed at the cryolid. It swung open. When her coughing subsided, she sucked in fresh air. A klaxon blared through the cavernous room. As her eyes focused, she could see red flashes pulsing but little else. Were they at New Canaan? It seemed like only a second ago she'd been at the dock outside Ganymede. She'd closed her eyes, let them close the lid, and now she was here.

The klaxon stopped and Heather retched again. Where were the welcoming bishops? The doctors? Something was wrong. She pulled the tube out of her feverish and sweaty arm and blinked at the room around her. There was nobody around. Heat radiated from her skin. She was only dressed in underwear issued by Colony Control, but she was so hot.

Pulling herself from her pod, she fell to the metal floor. Her dark skin contrasted with the bright, sterile environment. She looked up at the observation deck, and thought she saw someone staring down from behind the glass, but she wasn't sure. Everything was fuzzy still. Coughing sounded from her husband's cryopod. She quickly turned toward him. "Max? Oh, praise heaven. Are you okay?"



"I ... I think so." Max blinked, raised his head, and then let it fall again. "I am still very tired. I don't think I can get up."

"I'm coming." With great effort, Heather crawled in Max's direction. She pushed her damp, black hair out of her face. She hadn't made it more than a few feet when footsteps sounded behind her.

"Stay there, Members Eweje. You shouldn't move." Isaac rushed forward with light blankets to protect the newly wakened members' modesty. "We saw the alarm and came as fast as we could." Mason and John rushed next to him, carrying water and anti-nausea medicine.

"What went wrong?" Heather rolled onto her back, grateful that they weren't alone. She looked up into a man's kindly face. "Are we at New Canaan?"

"We don't know what happened." Isaac carefully covered Heather, looking away so as not to view her dark curves. "Until now, we were the only ones awake."

"And New Canaan?" Heather watched him put the blanket over her husband, who was still in his pod.

"We are still far away," John said as he kneeled next to her and put a straw in her mouth. "Drink this. It will help."

Heather stared at him in disbelief. How could they still be far away?

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The pulsing red lights finally stopped. The observation deck went back to its muted grays and whites. Humility stood on her tippy-toes to look down through the window at the newly wakened members below with Isaac, John, and Mason caring for them.

“Why aren’t you down there?” Jacob walked casually up to his sister-in-law and leaned against the window. She looked so cute pushing herself up to her full height to look down. Clearly the observation deck hadn’t been designed for people close to five feet tall. But Jacob was grateful, the way her butt looked in her uniform when she was on her toes was to die for.

“Well, the bishops are supposed to greet the newly awakened.” Humility looked at Jacob with a sour expression. “So, Mason said only the men could assist the new couple.”

“I’m a man. Why didn’t they get me?” Jacob put his index finger on her shoulder and gently traced the curve of her back down to that perfect, heart-shaped ass. He watched a sudden shiver pass through her.

“Because you’re supposed to be in your room.” Humility looked down into the cryochamber as the Winthrop men tended to the Ewejes. “You know, you might be a danger to the mission and the ship.”

“Me?” Jacob opened his mouth in mock-disbelief. He reached down and squeezed her right butt cheek. It was so wonderfully resilient and pliable. “Do you think I’m a danger? Or part of His plan?”

“Well, you do have your hand on my backside. And I see that thing squirming under your uniform. Mason would think his wife was in grave danger.” Despite her misgivings, a thrill surged through Humility. She remembered the ecstasy his seed bestowed on her.

“And you? What do you think?” Jacob leaned closer to her. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the activity down in the room below, but his focus was elsewhere. He marveled at his newfound confidence. He kissed her blushing cheek as he continued to massage her ass.

“Stop, Jake. I think they could see us.” But she didn’t pull away. She trembled and leaned into him.

“Not if I bend down a little.” Jacob bent and pulled her into his arms and kissed her hard on the mouth. If anyone looked up at the observation deck, all they’d see was the top of his messy brown hair at the bottom of the window. He wasn’t surprised at her eagerness when she kissed him back. He knew she was his. He’d have to get her a new ring, like the one Pricilla and Mary had used last time.



They tugged on each other's uniforms with some urgency, awkwardly undressing while trying to keep their lips locked and their tongues entwined. Soon, their clothes covered the spartan floor around them.





Humility tugged on the pulsing, squirming cock in front of her. After a while, she finally leaned away from their kiss and looked into his happy face. He looked every bit his eighteen years at the moment. "It's so fat and long. How did you fit this in me?" Her little hands worked hard, her fingers slick with precum. Far back in her brain, she knew hers was more the behavior of an addict than a thoughtful scientist, but she couldn't bring herself to care.

"It just sort of wiggled in." Jacob knew he had a stupid smile on his face, but his sister-in-law did not. Her expression was quite serious and hungry. It was perfect. He could feel his dick engorge even further as he took her beauty in. Her hanging breasts jiggled as her thin arms worked hard.

"Oh, my. It did at that." Humility's whole body trembled in anticipation. "Do you want me to put it in my mouth?"

"Maybe later. Can I put it inside you?" Jacob didn't wait for a response. He removed her hands from his writhing dick, and turned

her to face the observation wall.

"Yes ... you can." She pressed forearms up on the wall, just under the window and stuck her butt back at him. "Oh ... oh, no ... it's ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Humility surrendered to the invasion, feeling the worming thing find one perfect pleasure button inside her after another. "It knows me ... it knows every ... special spot ..."

"Aren't you worried ... uh ... uh ... uh ... someone will see us?" Jacob got into a good rhythm behind her. He watched her back muscles spasm. Her poor pussy formed a tight, pink seal around his cock, especially evident on each backstroke as her pussy clung to him. The observation deck wasn't locked. It was a long, curving room that hugged the chamber below. They could be discovered, but Jacob wouldn't have let go of her hips for anything.

"No ... no ... ahhhhhhh ... no. The men are all down there. We're safe." She did have some fear at being discovered by her husband, or one of the other male Winthrops. But it seemed she didn't care about her sister-in-law or mother-in-law. They were in the same boat, so to speak. The estrogen-like hormones were changing them, too.

"The men are ... ugh ... busy. I don't care ... about anyone ... else." Through her excitement, it had not occurred to her that Mason was so close while his brother plundered her insides. That realization sent white hot ecstasy running down her spine. She came on the massive dick.

Jacob looked up from his orgasming sister-in-law and peered down at the people below, his eyes just over the bottom of the window. His hips didn't stop thrusting as he looked. The awakened members had dark skin. A woman on the floor, and a man still in his pod. No one was looking up in his direction, thankfully. "Hey ... uh ... uh ... Lil, who did Wilderness wake up?"

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiggghhhhh." Humility convulsed, her hips shooting side to side as she absorbed her punishment. When her mind cleared a little, she leaned her head on her forearms and pushed back again. "What?"

"Their names? The ... people down ... there."

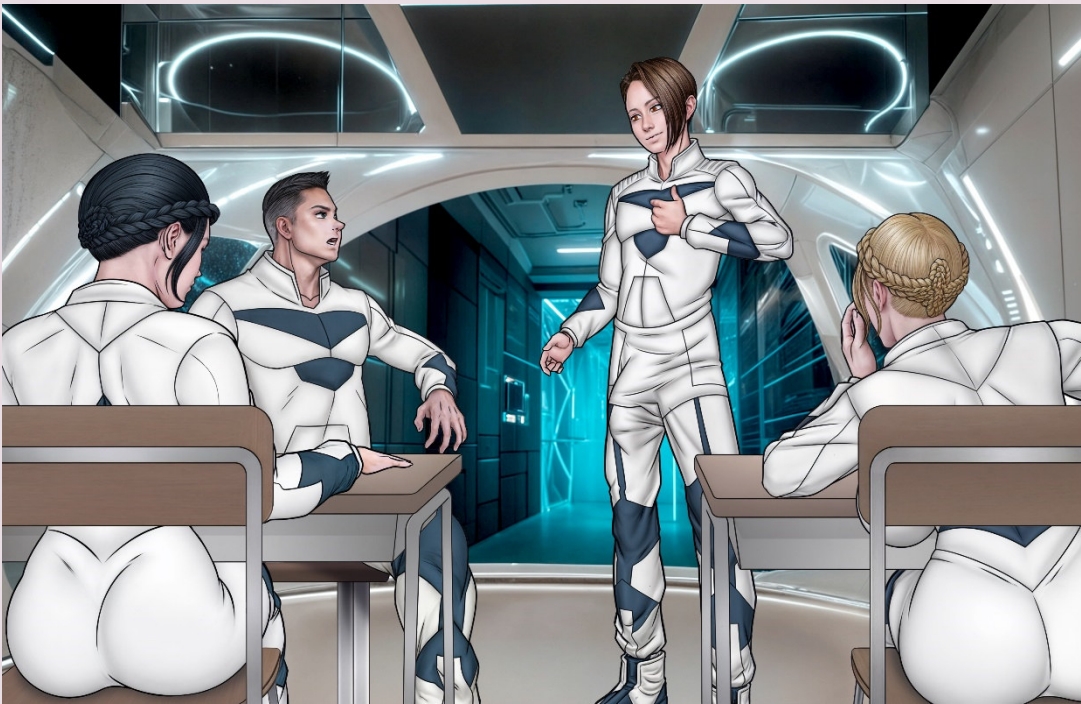


Something was wrong aboard the Errand into the Wilderness. Heather could feel it in her bones. A short while ago, back in their new quarters, her husband had agreed. But other than the obvious issues with waking early, neither could put a finger on it. Max seemed more quiet than usual and subdued. Whereas Heather felt ... well, she wasn't sure how she felt. But her breasts had started aching about twenty minutes before dinner, and for some reason her panties were quite wet by the time they all sat down in the mess hall. She assumed it was side effects from the cryofreeze, but made a mental note to ask the computer about it later.

"Now that I'm recovering a bit, I'm ravenous. How about you, dear?" Heather served herself another heaping portion of potatoes. She handed the bowl over to Mary, who also took another large portion. Heather looked at the plates around the table. It seemed all the women were eating a ton. How odd.

"I'm not that hungry." Max pushed the plate away from him. "I wonder have you asked the Wilderness whether -" Max stopped speaking when everyone turned toward the door.

"What are you doing here, Jake?" Isaac's chair screeched on the floor as he pushed it away from the table and stood.



"I was lonely." Jacob walked into the mess hall. He was aware that his soft dick bulged obscenely in the poorly fitting uniform, but at least it was quiet for the moment. Several sets of eyes looked at his disfigured crotch, including the new couple. "And I wanted to meet our new crewmates."

"You shouldn't -" Isaac stopped speaking when he felt his wife's hand tugging at his elbow.

"I think he can join us." Mary looked up at Isaac with a look of gentle disagreement. "He's been a good boy. Haven't you, Jake?"

"I try." Jacob nodded and sat down in between Humility and Pricilla. He watched his father slowly sit, too.

Max and Heather exchanged a look, and they both knew they were thinking the same thing. The Winthrops must be having some trouble with their teenager. In Heather's mind, the boy was clearly begging for attention. Why else would he stuff the front of his underwear in such a ridiculous fashion.

"All in favor of having Jacob join us tonight, say eye." Mary smiled at the people around the table.

All the women forcefully said "eye" including, much to her surprise, Heather. John joined them with somewhat less enthusiasm. The other men were silent.

"It is as if the prophet has spoken." Mary handed Jacob the bowl of potatoes. "Dig in."

Isaac shifted uncomfortably in his seat, but said nothing.

Mason looked around the table with wide eyes, like a rabbit that had just entered a coyote den.

John looked down at his plate.

The women all went back to shoveling food into their mouths.

“So, who wants to talk baseball?” Jacob stole a glance of Heather as he served himself some peas. She was every bit as beautiful as he remembered from the holopark, with her pretty, dark eyes and her soft, feminine features. “Before we left, the Barnstormers looked like they had a solid team. Who do you think they got to play second? Alvarez or Brown?”

“Oh, I love the Barnstormers. I used to play second base in my chapel league.” Heather put down her fork and clapped with enthusiasm. She then engaged Jacob in a long discussion on baseball, while the rest of the table fell silent.

Mary listened to them happily. It was strange, however. She’d never heard Jacob speak fondly of the Barnstormers before. It was always Eagles this and Eagles that. Maybe he was changing in all sorts of different ways.

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It had been an odd few days since she woke from cryofreeze. Heather felt distanced from her husband and a longing for something she couldn’t quite fathom.

At the moment, she sat on a tropical beach in her modest one-piece bathing suit, trying to clear her mind. And also, maybe bring her mind closer to Max. This was where she and her husband had honeymooned, and she hoped a couple hours in the holopark soaking up the sun might be good for her soul. She sipped at the pineapple juice, carefully navigating the little umbrella on top. Off in the distance, she watched the eerie, green glow from where Honolulu had once been. She remembered from her real honeymoon, you could see the glow even in daylight. There was a reason the church was able to buy this island for members to visit. The light spooked the heathens. But Heather didn’t much care. She had told her husband at the time that it was pretty.

“The light lingers from one of the weapons of the third war, I think. Self-inflicted by a falling empire. Or something like that.” A male voice came from the next lounge chair over.

“Computer, I asked to be alone. End company simulation.” Heather didn’t even bother to look over at the chair. The last thing she needed was to be hit on by a fake man on her remembered honeymoon.



"Member Winthrop is not a simulation," the computer's soft, feminine voice answered.

"Oh, I didn't realize." Heather turned her head, simultaneously reaching for a towel to cover her bathing suit. "I'm sorry, I asked for a few hours alone in here. This is my honeymoon ..." Her voice trailed away when she saw Jacob Winthrop lying back on the chair next to her. The skinny youth was naked and, the most horrid, ungodly serpent writhed between his legs. Her whole body froze and her mouth hung open. Her dark eyes couldn't pull themselves away from the veiny, pulsing thing. It was much too big for him. And it seemed both hard and soft at the same time. This must be a malfunctioning holopark. "End simulation."

"Negative," Wilderness answered her. "Enjoy your honeymoon."

Was the computer backtalking to her? Heather was horrified, stupefied, and confused.

"I had a little accident, Mrs. Eweje. Can I call you Mrs. Eweje?" Jacob knew that it was always polite to ask to use something other than 'member' for anyone on the mission one didn't know well.

Heather nodded very slightly. Her mouth slowly closed as she reconciled herself to the fact that what she was looking at was very likely real.

"You see my balls?" Jacob reached down and moved his pushy dick to the side. He hefted up his meaty right testicle so she could see. "See how blue they are?" He knew he wasn't supposed to lie, but it seemed best in this situation. "Ever since the accident, they've hurt really bad. I need help, but only my family has been awake with me. You see the problem?" Well, it wasn't a complete lie.

Heather nodded again. Good gracious, he was going to ask *her* for help. But she was not some crass polygamist. She was a good Christian woman. Married to fine man. And ... why was she getting to her knees on the sand? She found herself crawling over to the teenager like a dog to a treat.



"Could you please, please help me get that stuff out? Just this once." It was like his cock was feeding him his lines.

"I ... can't." But even as she said it, she stopped next to his lounge and reached for the hideously squirming cock. She could see the green glow reflecting and refracting in her wedding ring as her fingers tried to encircle the mammoth penis. The protruding veins pulsed against her soft skin. The cockhead hiccupped up a great amount of preseminal fluid. She wanted to say 'gross,' but instead she whispered, "So ... much." The penis calmed in her hands as she stroked it, almost like a beast suddenly tamed to her touch. "Is this helping?" Her normally strong voice came out of her throat so weak and plaintive.



"Yeah, that's really good, Mrs. Eweje. You're a natural." Jacob let her stroke it and enjoyed the lapping sound of the waves and the swaying palm trees. He hoped New Canaan had some nice beaches. He'd love to take his women on a honeymoon to someplace similar. He didn't rush her, but let her work his dick. He knew she needed to get used to its girth and the tricks it tried to play on her. He could tell she was unsuccessfully trying to wrap her fingers all around the thing. He liked her spunk.

"An accident ... did this to you?" Heather was aware that she'd badly stained her bathing suit between her legs. It was a geyser down there. Would Max understand that as a good Christian woman, she needed to relieve this poor boy? She thought not.

"Yeah." Jacob brought his hand to the back of her head. Her black hair was coarse and strong. He liked the feel of it.

"Is that why ... your father wanted you ... in your room?" Her breathing was irregular now. She was so immersed in what she was doing. How strange that she'd come to this place to feel closer to her husband. She had trouble remembering his face at the moment.

"Just an overreaction." He put some pressure on her head. "Now, if you could suck it a little. That would really make it so much better."

"I ... never ..." That wasn't exactly true. She did give her husband oral sex on his birthday and Christmas. But that ran the full gamut of her experience. Much to her surprise, the head fit into her mouth. She was soon bobbing her mouth on the giant pole, as it moved around on her, seemingly playing with her tongue. Was his penis trying to pleasure her back? Was such a thing possible? She jacked him with both hands and worked on the blowjob like her life depended on it.

"Thank you, Mrs. Eweje." Jacob was getting close. "I'm almost ... there."

"Gggggppppphhhhhh," she said around the cockhead.

A loud klaxon sounded, and Heather jumped back from Jacob's penis like it was suddenly on fire. The sound had jarred her from her dreamy state.



"Proximity alert," Wilderness's voice filled the holopark. "All hands move to secure locations. Proximity alert. Possible impact in four minutes thirty-eight seconds."

"I'm sorry." Heather wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, made the briefest eye contact with Jacob, and then quickly ran from the holopark.

"Darn." Jacob watched her shaking round butt disappear behind him and looked down at his blue balls. "Bad timing, Wilderness."

The klaxon continued. "Possible collision in four minutes twelve seconds."

Jacob got to his feet, found his uniform by the door, and pulled it on. He then hurried to find his mother. Were they really going to hit something? Jacob willed his unsatisfied dick to deflate as he awkwardly jogged down the corridor. He couldn't show up with it wiggling all over the place. To his relief, it seemed to be getting smaller again. The klaxon sounded and he hurried on.