

Journey of the Mothership Wilderness

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

The echoes of the ship's klaxon cascaded around the grand cryo-chamber. Jacob's eyes shot open and he punched the transparent cryolid open. Something was wrong. Very wrong. He dry heaved over the side of his pod and pulled the tube out of his arm. His skin felt feverish and sweaty. He wore only the boxer-briefs issued by Colony Control, but he was so hot.

The klaxon stopped, but the chamber pulsed with red warning lights. Jacob pulled himself out of his pod and fell to the metal floor. He pushed his damp, brown hair out of his eyes and looked up at the screen. It didn't look like they'd arrived at New Canaan yet. He looked around the room. Of course not. Everyone else was still in their cryopods. Something had gone wrong. He fell forward to his hands and knees and retched. He was sick. Panic set in.

"Mom?" Jacob stood on unsteady feet. "Dad?" At eighteen years old, he didn't want to cry for his parents, but the situation seemed to call for it. The red lights continued to pulse as he stumbled to a terminal. He opened a connection and a screen appeared in the air before him.

"Welcome aboard the mothership Wilderness. I am the Errand into the Wilderness. We are sixty-three years and twenty-seven days from Congregational Establishment on New Canaan." The computer's voice was feminine, smooth, and comforting. "What is your status, member Jacob Winthrop?"

"I'm sick," Jacob croaked at the machine.

"Running a scan now." The computer paused for a second. "Anomalies found. You have mutagenic alkaloids multiplying in your cardiovascular system. Seek out your nearest doctor immediately."

"What?" Panic now gripped him completely. "Take my family out of cryo."

"But we are sixty-three years from New Canaan." The computer didn't seem particularly perturbed by the request, but she didn't rush to execute. "Are you sure you wish me to wake up the Winthrops and Carvers? All members?"

"Yes." Darkness pulsed in Jacob's vision with the red lights. The room faded. "All of them." Jacob collapsed to the floor and blackness fell around him.

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"He's coming around." Isaac Winthrop's voice pulled Jacob from his sleep. "Make sure you get the sedative ready."

"Dad?" Jacob opened his eyes. He was lying on a table in one of the med rooms. Robotic arms whirled above him. His pale, lithe body was on full display, with only his briefs still covering his modesty. "What happened?"

"You pulled us all out of cryo, you little devil. That's what happened." Mary Winthrop stood next to her husband. She brushed her blonde hair out her face and tried to put on a brave smile. They both wore the standard Errand jumpsuit uniform, although she was a full head shorter than her husband. And a good deal more curvy. "How are you feeling, sweetie?"

"I feel really weird." Jacob tried to sit up but quickly put his head back on the exam table. "Did I wake up Mason and Pricilla?"

Isaac nodded. "You woke John and Humility too. Both your siblings and their spouses. It's a wonder you didn't wake the whole colony."

"Please, Isaac. Go easy on him." Mary reached for the platinum cross that hung from a thin chain around her neck. "The Lord chose this path for us."

"Amen." Isaac watched the new numbers as they sped along the screen to his right. "Right now, I'm worried about the path the computer chose for our son. Look, right after liftoff, it injected him with an experimental fertility drug. Why would we have such a thing onboard the Wilderness? Why inject him?"

"I don't know." Mary put her hand on her son's forehead. "He's burning up. Do something, Isaac."

"The autodoc is doing whatever it can." Isaac could see the sweat breaking out all over Jacob's body. His alabaster skin had taken on a rosy tone.

"Mom ... it hurts ... it ... aaaahhhhhhhh." Jacob arched his back and writhed on the table. His mission-issue briefs tore as the drug reorganized his cells.

"His penis ... his penis ..." Mary put her hand to her mouth and stared with wide eyes as a gargantuan, erect penis rose from between her son's legs. And she could see his poor testicles distending and pulsing, too.

"I see it." But Isaac didn't want to. He reached for a sheet and threw it over the growing thing. "Do something, computer."

"This incident is outside governing parameters. I am terribly sorry, but I'm unable to act." The autodoc's voice was full of compassion and understanding. The best bedside manner a programmer could engineer. "Administering sedative now."

"Mom ... it's ..." Jacob lost consciousness as the sedative took hold.

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"Jake?" Mary put a cool washcloth on her son's forehead. "Can you hear me?" She sat next to his prone form on the bed, waiting for him to wake up.

"Hey, Mom." Jacob was still a bit groggy from the sedative they'd given him. He opened his eyes to see his lovely mother leaning over him. He got an eyeful of the ample curve of her breasts under her uniform. "Where are we?"

"Well, your father and sister-in-law are looking through the logs to see if they can find what the computer injected you with." Mary removed the washcloth and offered what she hoped was a reassuring smile. "You and I are in some quarters we took for you. The whole ship is empty, so we took what we needed."

"Well, I feel better." He looked around the room. It was spartan, but nice, with muted browns and beiges. Outside the windows, stars twinkled in at him. He was in a pleasant, soft bed, just the way he liked it. He looked back at his mother and met her pretty, gray eyes. His dick jumped. Was he ... was he attracted to his mother? "But I still feel weird."

"About that. We're not sure exactly how the drug did that to you, but ... what are you ...?" Mary's mouth dropped and she watched his hand move up and down under the blanket. It was clear he was masturbating his deformed penis right in front of her. "What are you doing?"

"It's really throbbing." Jacob's right hand moved up and down in long strokes. His dick felt so strange. Like it had grown to the size of an Xavier Class rocket. "Everything feels really weird." With his left hand, Jacob pulled down the blanket and exposed himself to his mother.

"Gosh, sweetie. Don't do that." But she didn't try and stop him. His self-pleasuring was oddly compelling. Maybe if he just got his stuff out, he wouldn't be so swollen down there? Her eyes traveled down the thick, veiny shaft and took in his expansive testicles. "My word, they're blue." And they were. She'd always thought blue balls were just an expression.

"Oh, Mom. Nothing feels right." He brought his other hand to his dick and two-fisted it. Until that moment, he'd never been able to do that before.

"Jake, honey, I think you better stop now." Mary looked over her shoulder at the door. Anyone could walk in any minute and how would this look? "Computer, look the door."

"Of course, Mrs. Winthrop," the computer said and the door clicked.

"Okay, I've taken care of things, honey. Do what you need to do." Mary felt the bed rock under her butt as her son really put his full effort into relieving himself.

"Mom ... can I ... see your boobs?" Jacob could see her boobs jiggling under her uniform as the bed shook. He wanted to see more.

"Goodness, no. Don't get crazy." Mary stood up, smoothed out her uniform, and then walked into the bathroom. She came out with a towel. "You can finish in this." She laid it gently on his thigh and stood awkwardly next to the bed. "I should probably ... give you your privacy." She half-turned, but then

stopped. "Or maybe your medical condition needs someone to monitor you." She turned back toward him and watched her son furiously masturbate. She was normally so decisive. "I'm not sure what I should do."

"Watch me ... Mom ... watch it ... come out ... aaaaahhhhhhhhh." Jacob had never known true pleasure until the moment his new balls contracted and cum erupted from his dick.

"Oh, my." Mary gasped and stood transfixed as a geyser of cum leapt from Jacob's penis up into the air and fell down on him and the bed. She trembled with adrenaline just gazing at this massive event. Shot after shot spewed out, more than she thought humanly possible. When he finished, Mary snapped back into action. "Oh, my, oh, my. My poor boy." She picked up the towel and cleaned him slowly. "Are you better now?"

"Yeah. A little, I think." Jacob watched his mom busy herself around his crotch, mopping up that sea of cum. It was surreal.

"There's so much ... and ..." The smell. It was a murky, earthy scent. So pungent. And so bewitching. "We'll get this sorted out soon, sweetie." As she cleaned, she scooped a little semen into her left palm and held it there, not sure what she was doing. "There now, all cleaned. Let me go put this in the bathroom." She walked back to the bathroom, and the second she was out of Jacob's sight she brought her left hand up before her face, her wedding ring sparkling in front of her gray eyes. Was she really going to do this? She was. Mary licked up his sperm like she was dying of thirst and it was the only water for miles. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her whole body went rigid as a board. After a few seconds, she recovered herself. What in heaven was she doing? Had she just had an orgasm eating her son's sperm?

"Mom, you okay in there?" Jacob called after her. "I feel a little weird about what just happened."

"Coming." Mary put the towel in the laundry chute. She looked in the mirror at her wide eyes and shell-shocked expression. "Everything's okay. We'll figure this out," she whispered to her reflection. She composed herself and returned to her son. It was hard not to stare at the still-hard monstrous thing pulsing between his legs. At least his oversized testicles had returned to a pinkish color. "Why don't you get some rest, sweetie." She pulled the blanket back over him and tucked it under his chin. It tented dramatically over his penis.

"Okay, Mom." Jacob looked up at her with worried eyes. "Just tell me everything is going to be alright. I want to get to New Canaan and fulfill our mission. I don't want Him to reject me for this."

"Sssshhhhhh. Don't worry about such things." Mary smoothed out his wild hair. "God loves you, Jake. And always will." She kissed him on the forehead. The musky smell of his sperm lingered in the room. Mary suddenly wanted nothing more than to crawl into bed and snuggle her boy. But she knew no good would come of that. "I'm going to go check on your father." She turned for the door.

"Don't tell Dad about what happened, Mom. Please?"

Mary looked back at Jacob. "Well ..." She didn't know how she should handle this. She shared everything with her husband. Maybe this was one of those rare moments when a lie was called for. "Don't worry, it'll be our secret."

“Thanks, Mom.” Jacob sighed and let his head sag into the pillow. He was so tired. He fell asleep before his mom was even out the door.

Chapter 2

"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?"

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh." 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." Pricilla 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." Jacob's 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. "Cuuuuuummmmmmmiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggg." 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.

Chapter 3

"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 ... uuuuugggggggggg." 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.

"Yeeeeeeesssss, 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. Mooommmmy, juust feeeeels reeealllly goooooood." 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.

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"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. "Uuuuuggghhhhh." 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 —”

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” 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.

“Ackkkaaaaackkkkkaaaackkkk.” 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.”

“Mooooottthheer?” Pricilla’s pupils were fully dilated. “Reeeaaally nnniiiiicccccceeee.” 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 goooooooooood.” 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.

Chapter 4

The phosphodiester bond was ... wrong. Humility checked it again. Her short frame stooped over the table as she studied the readout, her white coat brushing against the stainless workspace. "Errand?"

"What can I help you with, member Humility Winthrop?" The computer's soft, feminine voice filled the otherwise empty science room.

"These phosphodiester bonds, are they accurate?" Humility took her wedding ring off, and moved it around the fingers on her right hand, working out nervous energy.

"They are."

"Now show me the sweat samples again." Humility watched the numbers change before her. She frowned. "This can't be right. It doesn't even look human."

"Affirmative, member Humility," the computer sounded quite chipper to relay the horrific news. "These chemical bonds are not terrestrial in nature."

"Where ... did they come from?" Humility's eyes widened. She continued reading the numbers.

"Origin unknown."

What the heck was the computer saying. "Wait, what's this here?" If she understood what she was looking at, the experimental fertility injection had altered Jacob's sweat glands to emit something that looked a lot like estrogen. But clearly wasn't. "Is this ... is this hormone designed to pair with anyone that breathes it in?"

"That is likely, but would need further analysis. I am only Errand into the Wilderness, the vehicle for sailing past God's eyes." The computer paused. "We would need a specialist software upgrade to perform the analysis."

"Never mind about that. I have a good idea what these altered hormones are doing. I'd bet anything they're altering female libido." Humility slipped her ring back on and wheeled around to look at another screen. She put her hands on her lower back. She was stiff from leaning over. "Now I know why everyone's been acting so strange. Do we have any sperm samples?"

"We do not."

"Right, that would have been a weird ask." Humility smiled because she had no choice but to make the weird ask. "Can you get me Jacob Winthrop's sperm sample?"

"I have tissue collection abilities in the laundry facilities. I may procure a sample from there."

"Gross." Humility wrinkled her nose. "But good. Until you get that, I'll figure out what these airborne hormones are up to. And computer, get me Isaac, I need to tell him all about ..." Humility paused. "Um, never mind about Isaac. I'll keep this to myself right now."

"Very well." The computer sounded like it very much agreed with her decision. But then again, it always sounded like that.

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"Lock the door, Errand." Humility tore off her uniform and tossed it next to her bed. "No entry without my say so." A few minutes before, a sudden realization had burned into her brain. With the amount of time Mary had spent with her son since the accidental injection, there was no way she would be able to resist those strange hormones. It was almost certain that mother and son had done some very bad things together.

"Member Mason Winthrop has priority access privileges to your combined quarters." This was as close as the computer ever got to arguing with anyone.

"My husband can wait out in the hall." Humility pulled off her bra and panties and jumped onto the bed, her boobs bouncing on her chest. "I have to do something by myself."

"Understood." The computer locked everyone out.

Humility looked at her wedding photo on the bedside table. A surge of guilt went through her as she wondered why she wasn't calling Mason for some intimate marriage time. But as her fingers found her vagina, she forgot Mason entirely. She looked up at the ceiling and imagined what Mary and Jacob Winthrop had been up to. Certainly, the lovely mother with her many curves had touched her skinny son. Had she put her mouth on him? Had she done more than that?

"Oooooohhhhhhhh." Humility shook as an orgasm swept over her. That was her first since coming out of cryo, and she wanted more. She worked her vagina with renewed vigor, putting two fingers in. Should she warn Mary? Should she warn Pricilla? And what of the men, what would the hormone do to them? They had seemed somewhat subdued lately. And fearful of Jacob. What grown man would fear an eighteen-year-old teenager? As her second orgasm surged through her, Humility let the questions float by. Soon, all she could see in her mind's eye were Mary's wide hips undulating as she took that horrifically altered penis inside her.

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"Can I see your boobs?" Jacob didn't mean to, he just blurted it out the second his mother entered his room.

"Now Jacob, that's no way greet your mother." Mary tugged at the waist of her uniform, stretching the material, and maybe making her breasts appear a little more prominent. "I'm not here for that, anyway." She looked down at the bed where that fat, monumental penis pulsed and rippled in his hands. "Put that away and get dressed."

"I'm sorry, Mom." Jacob looked over at his uniform hanging on a chair. "But can you help me first? I've only done it once today."

"Get dressed, young man." She shooed him out of bed and made him put the uniform on, even as he protested that it no longer fit him. She then ushered him out of his room and down the hall. They took a tube up four decks and stepped out into another empty hall.

"Where are we going?" Jacob hadn't been to that part of the ship before.

"There's a holopark on this deck. I thought it would be useful for some therapy as we try to get you to control your new ... gifts." Mary looked down and eyed his jangling package under his uniform. She wanted nothing more than to do as he asked and relieve him again. But if Pricilla was to be spared, she needed to teach Jacob some self-control.

"A holopark? Wow." Jacob smiled. He'd always wanted to try one. Colony Control really had spared no expense for this mission.

"Now, I want you to think of something relaxing, Jake. Something that fills you with wholesome delight. Something that God gave us all in his boundless wisdom." Mary stopped at some wide double doors and scanned her hand over the reader.

"That's easy." Jacob's dick started to deflate. Maybe he could have some good, old-fashioned clean fun with his mom. "Iowa Eagles playoffs from three years ago."

"Good choice, Jake." Mary was sure this was going to work. The reader flashed green when it processed his request, and the doors opened. Through the doors was the entryway for the stands on the third base side of the stadium. The smell of popcorn and beer greeted them. The field was a bright emerald under the lights. Mary took her son's hand and led him into the holopark and down the stairs. They took their seats next to a young married couple who smiled at them. "Perfect." Mary patted Jacob's thigh. Off in the distance, the crack of the bat echoed out and the crowd cheered as a player sprinted around first and slid into second.

"Wow, it's just like being there again." Jacob leaned back in his seat and watched the runner steal third, his new urges forgotten.

"Good." Mary smiled and looked over at him. "Now, focus on that feeling. You feel free of your bodily needs, right?"

"Yeah, I feel good, Mom. Free." Jacob felt her hand return to his thigh. She caressed his uniform with her fingertips. The fabric faintly hummed at her touch. "Maybe you shouldn't do that." His dick wiggled between his legs, inflating as he looked over at her boobs, poorly hidden in her uniform.

"This is practice, sweetie. Christ faced temptation in the Judean Desert. And you now face it at an Eagles baseball game. I think you have it easier than our Savior." Mary laughed and moved her hand higher up his thigh, squeezing his flesh.

"You're my mom, not the devil." Jacob now found it almost impossible to focus on the game. He tried to ignore his bodily wants. Jacob breathed deeply and inhaled the smell of the fresh cut grass.

"Quiet now, Jake." Mary looked down and licked her lips. The monster lurking inside his uniform looked like it was searching for a way out. It moved most unnaturally and pushed at the triple-looped fabric.

"This is how you will resist temptation. Focus on the game. Forget the woman next to you. Every time you have these urges, you can come back in your mind to this happy place."

"But, Mom." Jacob turned and looked at her as another bat cracked and the crowd around them cheered. "You're my happy place."

"Me?" Mary hadn't meant to fondle his thing, but she found her left hand grasping it through his uniform. It pulsed with life. She looked down. Her hand looked so small on top of Jacob's new organ. Her wedding ring sparkled in the stadium's lights.

"Baseball can't compete with you, Mom." Jacob leaned in closer to his mother. He reached for the zipper on her uniform and pulled it down past her breasts, exposing her cleavage and the cross that hung between her boobs.

"It can't?" Mary whispered. Her plan for therapy was backfiring. She looked up into his deep brown eyes and saw the longing there. What mother could deny her son what he needed most when he was so hungry?

"You take care of me, Mom."

"I do, sweetie. Mmmmmpphhhhh." Mary let Jacob lean in for the kiss. Baseball was supposed to win out over his new sex drive. This was Jacob's favorite thing. But maybe, when your boy becomes a man, you no longer know what his favorite things are. Mary let his tongue explore her mouth, and jerked his penis through his uniform with her left hand. Was she now his favorite thing? The crowd roared as something happened on the field, but the Winthrops made out in the stands ignoring all the energy around them.

Jacob put his hands around his mom's shoulders, and down onto her delicate back. He broke the kiss and looked into her pretty, heart-shaped face. "Mom. I need it really bad. Can you ... do it with your mouth like Pricilla did?"

"Oh, my." But even as Mary rebelled, thinking about what her daughter had looked like coated in Jacob's little swimmers, she unzipped his uniform. "Goodness, gracious." She found his underwear torn and useless under his uniform as she fished out that heavy penis. "I've only ever done this for your father. And this is ..." Mary looked down at the rippling pole of flesh, with its throbbing veins. His poor testicles looked so blue between his legs. "Yours is very different from your father's. From any man's."

"Please, Mom." Jacob watched his mother's pink lips part and her head slowly move lower to his lap. She was going to do it.

"Here, goes." Mary could only think about what it would be like to have her mouth directly attached to that font of seminal rapture. She stretched her jaw wide and took him in. "Mmmmmpppphhhhh." The thing moved in her mouth just as Jacob's tongue had. As she sought to give it pleasure, it seemed to want to return the favor. Breathing through her nose, Mary bounced her head on that mighty penis, never getting much more than the head inside her mouth.

"Wow, Mom. You're even better than Pricilla." How odd to be comparing blowjob techniques between his mother and sister. And even stranger still to have her head bobbing on his lap at an Eagles game. He looked around, but everyone in the crowd seemed oblivious to the salacious developments in the stands. Jacob wove his fingers into her silky, blonde hair and tried not to buck his hips up into her. He didn't want her choking on his dick. He wasn't sure exactly what would happen if he went too far in. "You take such good care of me," he whispered.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhh." Mary was quite shocked at being compared to her daughter at such an act. But for some reason, it made her all the wetter. She was sure her wetness must have soaked through to her uniform. She pumped both hands on the pulsing penis, and rolled her tongue around the top. She was determined to satisfy her eighteen-year-old young man.

The blowjob lasted a good long while. The crowd cheered and clapped at the game intermittently. Some of the heathens and polygamists in the bleachers started a chant at one point. "What's the matter with Hammond." Then other heathens would shout, "He's ... a ... bum."

The blowjob continued, and Jacob could no longer tell if the moment was real life, or if he'd died and gone to heaven. "Mom ... I'm going to ... cum ... in your mouth."

"Mmmpppppphhhhhhh." Mary's head buzzed. Her heart thumped in her chest. She was so close to the greatest pleasure she'd ever experienced. Then she heard her beloved son roar out his climax and his hot sticky stuff flooded her mouth. "Eeerrrrrrpppphhhhhhh." Everything around her disappeared and she felt that she had somehow become a cloud of pure ecstasy.

"Mom?" Jacob's orgasm passed and he looked down at his mother. The small muscles in her back tensed and released rhythmically. She made a long gurgling noise. Worried, he tried to lift her off his dick, but her rigid body resisted being moved. His dick did pop out of her mouth, and he could hear her making the stupidest sounds. Cum fell out of her mouth, and pooled around the base of his dick. "Mom, are you okay?"

"Yeeesssssss, swwweeeetiiiiiiiiiiiii." Mary finally sat up, cum streaming down her chin, her chest, and soaking into her bra. "Mmmmmooooommmmyyyyyy feeeelllllss niiiicccceeeeee." The stadium swam around her. Was this what being drunk felt like? If so, she could see why the polygamists enjoyed their drink the way they did.

"I don't think I want this to stop. This is the best thing that ever happened to anyone anywhere." Jacob pulled her uniform down to her waist, and then moved her butt up off the stadium seat so he could pull it all the way off along with her panties. She offered no resistance. With only her cum saturated bra on, Jacob pulled her onto his lap facing the game. "We can watch baseball together while I'm inside you, Mom. This is my happy place."

"Jjjjaaakkkeee pppppllllleeeasssee." Mary didn't know why she was pleading. Was it so that he wouldn't put it in? Or because she needed to feel that rippling penis inside her? "We should ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Just as her brain returned to her, Mary felt Jacob's thing slip into her. It hurt as her vagina tried its best to repel the invader, but it also sent waves of electric sparks through her nervous system.

"Oh, Mom, it just went in. I didn't do anything." Jacob didn't know how to find her entrance, but his dick seemed to have no problem. Jacob looked over at the young couple watching the game next to them. He couldn't be sure, but it looked like the wife kept eyeing him out of the corner of her eyes. He wasn't sure how holoparks worked. Did she have some advanced AI algorithm, or was she just filler? Jacob turned back to his mom and watched his cock inch into her below that wide, white ass.

"My vagina ... is ... putting up a fight." Mary squealed as the pain receded and pleasure took over. She gripped her son's thighs. After about a minute, and several inches of penis, her poor vagina seemed to

realize it was a lost cause, and it opened up to Jacob. "I can ... feel it ... moving into me. Oh, goodness ... it's alive. So alive. And ... moving into ... my belly." Mary looked down in shock as the massive thing bulged her tummy, moving side to side. She should have been horrified, but instead she wanted more and more. "Is it ... all the way ... in?"

"Yes." Jacob gripped the flesh around her hips and moved her up and down. His mother quickly got the message and bounced on his dick. Her ass shook beautifully. If the blowjob at a baseball game had been heaven, this was something beyond. What was there beyond heaven? He had never dreamed anyone could feel as good as he felt in that moment. "I want to be inside you forever, Mom."

"Oh, yes." Mary said dumbly. Her boobs bounced in unison inside her saturated bra. Someone hit a triple down the left field line, but she didn't really see it. She was too wrapped up in the most horribly wrong and perfectly right moment of her motherhood.

"I mean ... ugh ... ugh ... I literally ... ugh ... never want to leave ... your pussy." Jacob squeezed her hips tighter. He looked up at her slender shoulders, and her blonde hair suspending in the air at the apogee of each bounce.

"Oh, yeeessssssss." Mary wanted to reprimand him for saying pussy, a word used by the Godless polygamists. But she couldn't bring herself to say more than those two words. "Oooooohhhhhh, yeeessssssssss." Another orgasm swept through her, the first in a while not brought on by eating his sperm. She dug her nails into his soft thighs, her platinum cross thumping off her boobs again and again.

Mary rode her son for a long time, cresting from one orgasm to the next. The crowd cheered around them, and the Eagles pulled into the lead down below. But neither Winthrop much cared for the setting of the failed therapy session. They were too into each other.

After her fourth or fifth orgasm, Mary pulled off him, turned around, and squatted back down on his lap. She sighed as the oversized thing slipped back into her stretched hole. It was awkward riding Jacob this way, the armrests prevented her from putting her knees by his hips, but she managed long, tantalizing stroke after stroke.

"I can't believe you're ... going to make me ... again ..." Mary reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She let her heavy breasts fall free. They wobbled and bounced in different directions once freed from confinement.

"It's coming ... Mom ... I'm cumming ... Mom." Jacob reached up and grabbed hold of each boob, pulling her down all the way onto his cock. "So ... goood Uuuuuuuugggggggghhhhhhhhhhh."

"Yeeessssssss ..." Mary had never been manhandled like that, but she didn't have time to think about it. The second his hot stuff hit her insides, she was transported back to that amorphous, rapturous cloud. Far off in the distance, she could hear her unladylike self grunting like a pig as Jacob filled her up. Oh, no, he was filling her up. But her brain couldn't hold on to the worry as the pleasure carried her away.

Minutes later, when she pulled off of him, her vagina was a burping, sloppy mess. It dumped so much of his white stuff back onto him and onto the poor stadium seating. Her triangle of blonde hair was matted with sweat and cum, and she could feel it trickling down the insides of her thighs. "What have ... we done ... Jacob?"

"We had sex ... Mom." Jacob panted. "And it was the best ... thing ... ever."

"We certainly ... did." Mary picked her panties up from the stadium floor. They would be woefully inadequate at holding back the flow of sperm seeping out of her, but better than nothing. She shimmed them on and stepped into her uniform. "Get dressed. I didn't lock the holopark. Anyone could come in here at any time."

"Really?" Jacob tucked his deflating dick into his uniform and zipped up. He looked around the stadium. For all the world, it looked like they were really at an Eagles game with 40,000 people.

"I thought we were doing a therapy session." Mary zipped up and offered her skinny son a hand up. He took it and she pulled him from the chair. Goodness, her legs and vagina were sore. "Now let's get to a shower before someone finds us."

"Right." Jacob thought about getting naked in the shower with his curvy mother as they headed for the tunnel that was the exit to the holopark. He smiled.

Chapter 5

"Now let's get to a shower before someone finds us." Mary took her eighteen-year-old son by the hand.

"Right." Jacob let himself be led up the stands and out of the holopark.

Both Winthrops buzzed with pleasure. They were so muddled from their ecstasy, that neither noticed Jacob's sister Pricilla watching them from a seat about ten rows behind where they'd had sex.

Had Pricilla really seen her mother humping her brother? She sat next to roaring baseball fans and watched the couple leave with wide eyes. Her Colony Control uniform felt so tight. And her modest breasts ached. What was happening to her? And her vagina ... Goodness, gracious ... her vagina seemed to be in overdrive. It might beat the Mothership Wilderness in a race to New Canaan. Mary and Jacob disappeared out of the holopark, and Pricilla sat there trying to process what she'd seen.

"Is this His will?" Pricilla asked nobody.

"Excuse me?" A middle-aged woman wearing an Eagles hat in the seat next to Pricilla turned to look at her.

"Mind your own business." Pricilla shot the woman a glance. She flushed when she realized how rude she'd been, even though the person was just a holo-projection. "I mean ... look away ... please."

"Of course." The woman moved one seat over and looked back at the game.

"I should tell John. He'd know what to do," Pricilla whispered to herself. But, would he? Would he be able to put the fire out that roared between her legs? Pricilla didn't think so. And why were her boobs aching so much?

Pricilla unzipped her uniform and tossed it on the vacant seat to her right. She took off her bra. Were her boobs bigger? No, that couldn't be. What purpose could God have in giving her larger breasts? She cupped her boobs. They were still handfuls. Maybe they weren't growing.

Before she had time to think, her hand pulled her panties to the side and went right to work on her clit. Goodness, there was so much wetness down there. Pricilla had always been a dignified, Christian woman. She only touched herself when her husband was there to join in celebrating their union. She wasn't like the heathens that pleased themselves like horny baboons. But there she was. And it felt so good.

"Oooohhhhhh." The image of her mother's round body wobbling and bouncing on her brother played in her mind's eye. She completely shut out the baseball game around her. Then she thought of his veiny, writhing organ. It was so unnatural. "Eeeeiigggggg." Pricilla climaxed for the first time without her husband present.

Relieved to be done, Pricilla sighed. But her hand kept at her vagina. Oh, no. She was working herself to another orgasm. What was happening to her? How could she tell John about what happened in the holopark after she'd behaved like this? "Oooohhhhhhhh, soooooo goooooood." She was going to

climax again. Her fingers rubbed her button at a furious pace. Pricilla knew she'd have to keep the whole thing secret.

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"Computer, what is this reaction here?" Humility eyed the screen in the lab she'd taken over. The computer rotated the double helix of DNA taken from Jacob's sperm on the right. On the left, she looked at the chemical bonds of estrogen-like hormones displayed in vivid green.

"Those connections seem to mate with dormant receptors." The computer's feminine voice sounded nonplused. "But I am the Errand into the Wilderness, and I was not programed for this science."

"Yes, I know. You were designed to sail before God's eyes, yadda, yadda ..." Humility's eyes narrowed. "It looks like these unlock a kind of pubescent response in women. Could that be right?" She looked down at the sperm sample in its enclosed vial on the desk before her. What was that fertility drug up to? The more she studied it, the more she thought it had been designed with great clarity of thought, and purity of purpose. Had Colony Control intended these things to happen?

"That is possible." The computer always sounded pleased to agree.

"Okay. Insert two milligrams of dioxygen difluoride. Let's see how Jacob's seminal fluid reacts." Humility watched the plunger insert into the vial's cap and drop two orange pellets.

A vapor filled the vial. An audible crack filled the room.

"Danger, Member Winthrop. Remove yourself to a safe location." The computer had some urgency in its voice.

"That's ... not supposed to happen." Humility backed away, but perhaps not fast enough.

The vial exploded, peppering the room with harmless plastic and Jacob's sperm. A great big glob of the white stuff landed on Humility's forehead. "Eeeewwwwww." She moved to wipe it off with her hand and got the stuff on her wedding ring. She shuddered and hoped it wasn't corrosive. A deep heat spread through her. She looked down and could see more of the stuff on her white lab coat and uniform.

Humility's body wriggled seemingly of its own accord. She was vaguely aware that she'd torn off her lab coat. She took the cum in her left hand and rubbed it all over her face. Humility then took off her uniform and stood, shivering in the middle of the room clad only in bra and panties. Much to her surprise, she removed her bra, too.

"Are you hurt?" The computer sounded cheerful.

"No, I'm ... I'm ... okay." Humility bent slowly to examine her clothes on the floor. She scooped some of the white stuff off her lab coat. The smell was the most intoxicating thing she'd ever experienced. It was like all her favorite things rolled into one scent. She rubbed the cum on her belly, breasts, legs, and arms. She reached for more and spread as much as she could all over her body. Her limbs shook like leaves on the wind. She stepped out of her panties. Her breasts throbbed and her vagina gushed. She

held one globule on the tip of her finger before her eyes. She stared at it, almost cross-eyed, and then her finger slipped into her mouth.

“Ggggggggpppppppphhhhhhhhh.” The taste was exquisite, and the second Jacob’s stuff hit her tongue, her whole body went rigid. She’d gone her whole life without suspecting that such pleasure existed. God had opened her eyes to a whole new world.

When her mind returned from her orgasm, she carelessly knocked lab equipment off the nearest table and hoped her butt up to sit on the cold surface. There was a window to the corridor outside and anyone passing by might see her. Humility didn’t care. Her hand dropped to her vagina. She stuck three fingers inside with a grunt. Soon, she pumped away at herself, covered in Jacob’s delicious gooey stuff, and worked herself to several orgasms.

The fever finally passed after an hour. Humility gathered her clothes and sprinted to the nearest shower. Her breasts ached and all she could think was that she was having the pubescent response the models said would happen. Humility had entered a second puberty. How crazy was that?

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“What the?” Mary sat in the lounge, wondering at her uniform’s tightness around the chest and hips. She had just convinced herself that her clothes must be shrinking when she saw her daughter-in-law sprint down the hall. It was only a brief glimpse, but she was sure Humility had been half-naked.

Mary shrugged. Whatever was happening had been wrought by Colony Control and Errand into the Wilderness. That meant it was the same as the direct hand of God. She took a sip of tea and let her mind relax. Jacob would be fine so long as she took care of him. Mary thought about following Humility, but instead took another sip of tea. Jacob would be fine so long as the women around him took care of him. That brought a smile to her lips. She would make sure that Jacob got everything he needed from his family.

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The uniform didn’t fit him, and, frankly, looked ridiculous. But it was better than wearing a robe out of his room. Jacob looked down at the pulsing lump between his legs, tried to smooth out the fabric covering it, and walked out into the hall.

~~

"Pass me the hand spanner, please." John held out his hand to his wife, while he clamped the other hand around the fitting. "These water recyclers were always a problem. I wish Colony Control would have bought the 5930s instead."

"Here." Pricilla eyed her husband as he crouched by the recycler. She placed the spanner in his hand. Ever since she'd met him, she'd found him so gallant and manly. But now looking at him, something felt wrong. Something was missing. She looked at his crotch and knew what it was.

"Thank you, dear." John tightened the fitting with the spanner.

"Hello, you two." Jacob strolled into the utility room.

"Oh, hello, Jake." Pricilla blushed profusely and looked at the floor.

"Jake?" John half turned, still holding the fitting. "You're supposed to be in your room." He looked down at Jacob's uniform and could see that terrible aberration squirming underneath. It pulsed in the most ungodly way. A cold terror wrapped itself around John's heart.

"Oh, it's okay." Jacob shrugged like it was no big deal. "I was looking for Mom, but couldn't find her. I could use Pricilla's help with something."

"No ..." John's voice cracked. "You need to keep that away ... from my wife." He didn't want to sound rude to the young man, but he had seen Jacob advance on Pricilla before.

"It's okay, John." Jacob's smile was perhaps a bit more manic than he intended it to be. "Just keep working on the recycler. I'll return her to you in a little while."

"But ..." John moved closer to the recycler, trembling with fear.

"It's okay, John." Pricilla's words and cadence mimicked her brother's. "Just keep working on the recycler." She stepped over to him, bent down, and kissed her husband on the cheek. "Jake will return me to you in a little while." She turned and walked with Jacob out of the room.

John watched them leave, hand in hand. He needed to follow them, but instead turned back to his work. His uniform sticky with sweat, he tried to focus on the task before him and forget all about his brother-in-law. Everything would be okay, he assured himself.

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"Do you need the same kind of help that Mom gives you?" Pricilla stood a few feet away from her brother in one of the ship's laundry facilities. Stacked, clean uniforms were piled on a table to their right, ready for each member of the family. She tried to look into his eyes and not at his writhing lump. Along with the smell of fresh laundry, her nose picked up a scent that brought her mind back to trips to the briny ocean, teeming with life back on Earth. But in that room, it was her eighteen-year-old brother that gave off that scent.

"Yes." Jacob nodded and unzipped his uniform. He took it off. He wore no underwear underneath. The veiny, pulsing organ wriggled side to side like it was seeking something. His balls glowed a deep bluish color.

"I'll do it." Very slowly, Pricilla unzipped her uniform, her gaze now glued to that dreadful penis. The thing slowly oozed precum from Jacob's tiny hole. Not just a drop like John sometimes had, but a steady stream of the stuff. "But you can't tell John ... or anyone. And I'll only use my mouth." A shiver ran through her as she remembered the climax she had when his spunk filled her mouth. Pricilla was going to feel that again very soon. It was almost too good to believe.

"That's fine." Jacob watched her perfect, pale skin come into view as the uniform fell away. Soon her bra and panties joined the uniform on the floor. Her modest breasts had no hang to them and were topped with dark, tiny nipples. "You're so hot, Pricilla." He grabbed his unruly dick with both hands and jerked it up and down. There was no way her mouth was going to be good enough this time.

"You shouldn't say things like that. I'm not hot." Pricilla dropped to her knees and crawled over to Jacob. "We're not like the polygamists or heathens back on Earth. I'm only doing this to help you. Like Mom does." She sat on her knees, her blue eyes wide. "You don't think I'm too skinny? I don't have Mom's body." Her thoughts were so confused.

"No way. You're perfect." Jacob watched her gently push his hands away and take hold of his dick with delicate fingers. "And anyway, you seem to be filling out a little."

"I have been feeling weird lately. I just ..." Pricilla cut herself off as she took him into her mouth. "Mmmmmppphhhh." The penis played with her tongue just as it had last time. Salty precum tickled her taste buds. She was French kissing her brother's thing. Oh, my, if only the other young ladies at the parish back home could see her now.

"That's ... aaaahhhhhhhh ... so nice. You're such a good sister." Jacob put his hands on the back of her blond hair. He felt her strain to push more than the head of his dick into her mouth over and over.

"Gggggbbbbbghhhhhh," Pricilla gurgled. She worked with some urgency, quickly bobbing her head on the end of his penis. So close to ecstasy. She pumped him with her hands, too. Her husband back at the water recycler was completely forgotten.

Ten minutes later, Jacob was ready. "Perform ... your ... wifely ... duties ... on me ... Pricilla ... aaaaauuuggggghhhhhh." Jacob roared.

This was it. Pricilla felt an expectation-high come on just as her brother's grip tightened in her hair. And then his delicious stuff filled her mouth, transporting her mind into a rapturous starry nebula.

When Jacob finished, he looked down at his sister. She was stiff as a board, her eyes rolled back, and her throat mechanically gulping down his seed. His cock popped out of her mouth and she wavered back and forth on her knees. The most stupid sounds came out of her mouth, and some of his cum ran down her chin and plastered her modest breasts. Jacob was used to this now, so he wasn't all that concerned for her. He knew it would pass.

"Eeeeeiiiiieeeeeessshhhh." Pricilla blinked her eyes, the room returning around her. "Ssssoooooo gooooodddddd." Pricilla had tried the heathens' drink once, and the effects of Jacob's seed reminded

her of being drunk. “Whhhhhaaaaa dddddddnnnnngggggg?” She was mildly surprised as Jacob lifted her from under her armpits, and bent her over the laundry table. Clean, folded uniforms fell to the floor.

“I can feel ... His spirit ... move through me.” Jacob panted. He stepped up behind her, looking at her tight, apple of a butt. She was so unlike his mom. “Let Him lead us ... Pricilla.” Just like the time with his mother, his dick knew exactly where to go. He got close enough, and it burrowed itself in her pussy.

“Aaaaaagggghhhhhh.” Pricilla had really thought she could keep her assistance to just her mouth. That seemed so naïve as she gave up her precious, married crevasse to her brother. She climaxed almost immediately upon entry, and then once every few minutes as he pounded her from behind. The serpent of a cock pressed itself into every secret spot she had hidden inside. First on the left side, then on the right, then far back at her cervix. It seemed to know exactly how to drive her crazy.

Pricilla had never done anything but missionary with John, and certainly she’d never had more than one orgasm ... in a month. This was all uncharted territory. And she let her mind sail away. Crying out like an animal over and over again. She barely recognized herself by the time Jacob readied his deposit.

“I’m going to ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... fill you up. I ... need to ... fill ... you ...” Jacob marveled at the tight little ripples shaking her ass.

“Noooo ... pregnant ... noooo ... pregnant ...” Pricilla mumbled. But it was only token resistance. She knew he’d conquered her body, mind, and soul. Another roar from behind her sounded Jacob’s climax, and she felt the heat of him inside her for the first time. It was too much. Her mind played in the valleys of heaven as her womb took all Jacob’s seed.

A while later, Jacob pulled out of her, exhausted. “That was ... perfect. Thank you ... for the help.” He patted her head like she’d been a good dog, and walked over to his uniform.

“I feel ... I feel ...” Pricilla straightened up, their combined fluid running down her legs. “So connected. The universe is all ... one. You know what I mean?”

“Yeah.” Jacob nodded, but he hadn’t the foggiest idea what she was talking about. “Let’s get you cleaned up and get you back to John. I picked this room because there’s a shower over there.” He pointed to the back wall and pulled on his uniform. “I’m going to go take a nap.”

“Okay, Jake.” Pricilla’s body buzzed as she wobbled on unsteady feet over to the shower. “And thank you.” She looked over at her brother and smiled.

“For what?”

“For letting me help you.” Pricilla turned on the shower.

“You’re welcome.” Jacob smiled. Had they ever gotten along so well? “See ya later.” He waved and headed out the door.

It wasn’t until Pricilla stepped into the shower, her buzz wearing off, that she frowned. Her brother, her own brother, had deposited what felt like a gallon of baby making batter inside her. What would she do? Could she tell anyone? Pricilla shivered under the warm water. She didn’t have any answers.

Chapter 6

"I heard Jacob was out of his room." Mason found his brother-in-law reading in the observatory. He sat down heavily in the chair next to John and stared out at the stars. Mason had a lot on his mind recently.

"Yes, we saw him when I was fixing one of the water recyclers." John didn't look up from his book. A cold sweat sprung out on the back of his neck at the mere mention of Jacob's name. Although, John couldn't have said why.

"We?"

"Well, Pricilla was with me." John finally looked over at his portly brother-in-law. "How is Lil coming along with her research? Any progress?"

"Did Jacob ... um ... spend alone time with my sister?" Mason eyed John closely. The man had always cut a regal figure. But John looked somewhat diminished at the moment. Mason couldn't put his finger on it.

"Sure." Anxiety reached for John's throat. Why was he so nervous? "Jake needed some help. I didn't think it was the best idea, but she is his sister. She told me she helped him fold laundry for a couple hours, took a shower, and then came back to help with the water recycler. She said the time they spent together soothed Jacob some, and suppressed ... his urges."

"They folded laundry for more than two hours?" Mason leaned forward, his belly pressing on his thighs through his Colony Control uniform. "Isn't that ... strange?"

"No? It was brother-sister bonding."

"No one seems to be listening to me, but I think we need to gird ourselves. There are unpleasant facts playing aboard the Errand into the Wilderness." Mason wiped the sweat off his forehead. "Our dear brother Jacob, I think, should be considered lost at the moment. There is a wretched heathen masquerading in his skin. It carries the most foul, aberrant organ and means to do ungodly things to us."

"That's heresy, Mason." John's book fell from his fingers and thumped on the carpeted floor. "Jacob has taken the sacrament and bled for Him. He is no heathen. He is no polygamist. He is your brother."

"How much laundry does our small family possess? Enough that it would take hours to fold?" Mason wasn't giving up. He needed someone else to see what was plainly set before them.

"If Pricilla said it, then it happened." John's hands trembled. "I ... I ... can't believe ..." He took several deep breaths. "She would tell me if there was ... trouble."

"Okay, nothing happened." Mason couldn't believe they were so thick. He certainly wasn't going to allow his wife to be alone with his brother. "But in the future, don't leave them without a chaperone. At least until we figure out what's wrong with him."

"I ... I ... have to go." John stood and rushed from the room, leaving his book on the floor.

Mason watched him go, thinking how unmanly a retreat that was. He reached down and retrieved the book. *First Love* by Turgenev. Mason tossed it on John's empty chair in disgust. Why on earth would Colony Control supply them with that ancient drivel? He turned his gaze back out to the stars.

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Humility fidgeted in her uniform in front of Jacob's door. She moved the reinforced vial from hand to hand. It was a bad idea going to see her brother-in-law. That very morning, she had promised her husband she wouldn't do exactly what she was about to do. She could have Mary collect the sample. Or let Errand into the Wilderness do it. But ... she rang his bell and the door opened.

"Hello, Jake. Your last sample was lost so I ..." Humility's words faded away. "Oh, my heavens," she whispered. She had never dreamed she'd find Jacob in this state. He lay naked on his bed, his grotesque organ all the more terrible contrasted with his skinny, teenage body. He had both hands wrapped on the wriggling thing, pumping it. His eyes were open, but glassy. He bit his bottom lip hard. Humility wondered why he had allowed her in. What was he thinking?

"Oh, hey, Lil." Jacob gave her a far-off smile. His dick was feeling better and better with each passing day. It was his balls that were the problem. He couldn't empty them fast enough. "Don't ... mind me. Just dealing with ... some blue balls."

It was true. Humility could see his pulsing, blue sacks bouncing with his masturbatory efforts. Goodness, they were so very large. "I ... um ..." What did one say in a situation like this? She felt so very odd. Her breasts ached even more than before. It seemed her brain, which always ran a mile a minute, was slowing down. The estrogen-like hormones were having their way with her. She knew it, but didn't run.

"What ... did you need?" He panted with effort.

Jacob's words brought the room a little back into focus for Humility. "Another sample." But even as she said it, she dropped the vial by her feet.

"Perfect ... ugh ... timing ... Lil." Jacob winked at her. "I need to ... explode ... but my hands aren't ... enough. Wanna help?"

"I didn't think ..." Humility lost her train of thought and took a couple steps toward what was surely hell. What had she thought would happen when she went to his room for a sample? "I'll help you." She was about to lower herself to her knees, but Jacob caught her eye.

"I'll only let you help ... if you take your ... clothes off." Jacob would have never asked a woman to take her clothes off before he left Earth, especially his cute, little sister-in-law. But he wasn't the same person. He wasn't even really asking her. He had given her an ultimatum.

"Are you giving me an ultimatum?" Humility unzipped her uniform and stepped out of it without thinking.

"That's exactly ... what I was thinking." Jacob took his hands off his dick and let it wave about. The thing was so thick and hard. It moved like it was seeking something out. It suddenly began weeping large amounts of precum, the clear stuff dripped down the long shaft, meandering over his protruding veins.

"I'll help you, Jake." Humility nervously eyed the pre-seminal fluid. Jacob produced more than should be physically possible for the human anatomy. Despite this new horror, she needed to relieve him. She felt it on a cellular level. She tossed away her bra and panties and stood naked for him, pushing her chest out. Did she want ... praise? She looked into his eyes. "Well?"

"Awesome, Lil." Jacob drank in the sight of her. "You're so short, but so ... full." His eyes zeroed in on her teardrop breasts with wide areola. "Mason must constantly want to bond your union."

Humility smiled at the compliment and finally dropped to her knees at the edge of the bed. "My husband has never had much interest in bonding. I think you and your brother couldn't be more different." She reached up and took hold of him. His flesh felt even stranger than it looked. It was hard as a rock, but pulsed and undulated between her fingers. She pumped him and it seemed the penis almost wanted to buck her hands, like a wild bronco. Her hands were quickly slick with the pre-seminal fluid.

"That's good." Jacob enjoyed the expression on her face. It was clear by the vertical line in her forehead that his dick troubled her. But it was also plain as day from the hunger in her eyes that she would push those troublesome thoughts aside. "Aaaaahhhhhh. You have such little hands."

It was true. Humility's hands looked like they belonged to an elf as she tried to hold his massive, aberrant appendage.

"Do you want your ... ugh ... sample bottle?" Jacob's balls contracted a little. "It won't be ... long. I'm close."

Humility didn't answer. She didn't even process what he was saying. She pumped faster. She could see his massive balls expanding and compressing over and over. How was that possible? What was Jacob's physiology now? She was suddenly glad she had taken her clothes off. She guessed he had an awful lot of semen ready to explode all over her. She remembered rubbing his stuff on her skin in the lab. What would it be like warm and fresh? "Do it," she whispered.

"Oh ... Lil ..." Jacob leaned back and let the exodus of cum take hold. "Aaaaaahhhhhh." Between his own roars of satisfaction, he could hear his sister-in-law shrieking. Whether out of disgust, or ecstasy, he didn't know or care. After a minute, still trembling from his orgasm, Jacob sat up and looked down at Humility. She was plastered in white from her black hair down to her heavy boobs.

"I ... never ... dreamed ..." she panted. Humility let go of his penis, reached down with her left hand, and scooped some sperm into her palm from her breast. As she brought her hand to her mouth, she noticed that her wedding ring was drowning in the white stuff. This was exactly why Mason had told her not to see Jacob. It was too late now. She slurped the baby-making batter into her mouth and found that orgasmic paradise again. "Nnnnnnnngggggg. Bbbbbbnggggggnnnnnn." Her body seized and shook, her eyes shut tight. Completely rigid, Humility tipped over like falling timber and landed on her side, her boobs spilling over her arm and resting on the cold floor. "Yyyyyyyymmmmmmm," she said.

"You really like my cum, don't you?" Jacob propped himself up on his elbows so he could look down at her as she made her stupid sounds. His dick quieted some, temporarily satisfied.

"Sssshhhhhhoooooo ggggooooooooodddddd." Humility's brain tried to turn itself back on, but the reboot was sporadic. "Neeveerrrrr feeellllttttt." She looked up the eighteen-year-old and felt a deep longing. She was a woman of God and science, but she had somehow found where she truly belonged. "I ... I can't stay ..." Her focus returned some. She stood up. "I should be disgusted." She swiped a finger through the coating on the upper slope of her boob and looked at it. She was tempted to put it in her mouth, but she didn't want to fall right back into that chasm. "But I'm not."

"You can use my shower, Lil." Jacob watched her bend over to retrieve her sample bottle. He admired her wide, firm ass. He watched her scoop his stuff into the bottle and then walk over to his bathroom.

"I need a shower." Humility wanted to ask if he'd coated his mother like that too, but thought better of it. "Put that thing away before I get out. I need to get the sample back to the lab and ... I don't want any distractions." She didn't trust herself around him. Not one bit.

"Sure." Jacob got up to pull on a robe. His mom was visiting later that day anyway. He didn't know if she'd be mad about what he'd done with Humility. So, it would be best to get his sister-in-law on her way as soon as possible.

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"You're taking off your clothes, just like that?" Jacob watched his sweet mother reach behind her to unclasp her bra.

"I now know what you need, sweetie." Mary had locked his door and disrobed almost immediately. She had been watching the clock all day for the moment when she was supposed to check in on her son. She tossed her bra carelessly to the side and then wiggled out of her panties. "I won't deny you, Jake. I know you've been building it up for me." Her eyes dropped to his heavy balls as he sat naked in a chair, waiting for her.

"Right." He didn't want to tell her he'd already emptied himself on Humility. The mother he knew back on Earth would have called him a heathen, and disowned him for such behavior. This voluptuous woman walking toward him might be more understanding. He wasn't sure. Maybe he would tell her later. "Your boobs look bigger, Mom."

"Do they?" Mary cupped her boobs and massaged them when she reached his chair. They did feel heavier. Something inside her said that was wrong. They shouldn't get bigger. That this was all wrong. That she should care for her son in the most chaste way possible and try to atone for her sins. But the louder voice inside urged her to compound her sins. Sins didn't really matter when God had clearly given Jacob the powers of a messenger. New Canaan would be christened by Him through Jacob's seed. And Mary was more than proud that she had mothered this particular miracle. "I guess we're all changing."

"Except Dad, Mason, and John." Jacob loved the way she moved naked. She had a sense of awkwardness, like she wasn't entirely used to her boobs bouncing free. "You don't look at Dad the same way anymore. Do you? How does his thing compare to mine?"

"There is no comparison, Jake. It's like you're different species." She crawled onto Jacob's lap and felt the head of his penis pushing against her butt and thighs, probing its way along her flesh, until it found what it was looking for. "Mmmmmmm. Yes, Jake." The thing pushed its way into her wet furrow, tilling her fertility. The penis quickly found one of her hidden weak spots deep inside and Mary cried out, her hips suddenly jerking in a short humping motion.

"Look at your belly, Mom." Jacob could see the outline of his cock, moving around inside her. He looked up at his mother's face, but she was too preoccupied to look. He gave her butt a light smack, like he would one of the horses back on Earth to get it going, and she started bouncing on his lap. Her boobs wobbled and smashed together inches from his face. They really were bigger.

Mary rode her son for a good long while. The only sounds in the room were Jacob's low grunts and Mary's delicate, feminine cries of pleasure, punctuated from time to time by screams as she orgasmed on his powerful thing. She thrilled at the pressure of his fingers into the flesh of her hips and butt. He wanted her as much as she did him. They were bonding their union as mother and son in ways not yet contemplated by the church. Eventually, she looked down, her face dripping with sweat, and saw his handsome face contorted with concentration. Jacob almost looked angry when he was about to orgasm. She knew he didn't need her permission, but she wanted to give it. "Go ahead and ... ooohhhh ... fill me, Jake."

"Gonna ... fill ... you ... all the waaaaayyy ... up ..." With that last word, Jacob grunted and pulled his mother down onto him, pinning her so that he was as deep as possible. Her voice rose and hit a high note, like she was giving her all to the most reverent hymnal. Hearing her orgasm was just icing on the cake. Jake unloaded inside her. "Uggghhh ... uuuggghhhh ... uuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." His cum rushed out of his balls and joined with her insides.

After they had recovered some, Mary thought that they had finished. She was much surprised when Jacob pushed her up against the shower wall and had his way with her vagina from behind. She didn't even protest such an apostate position. He seeded her in the shower. And then, a half hour later he came to his climax while riding her on the bathroom floor. He had so filled her with his stuff that Mary half expected it to leak out of her ears.

By the third load, Jacob finally wore himself out. Mary tucked him into bed, took another shower, and then dressed. She walked over to her snoring son, kissed him on the forehead, and tucked his blanket up to his chin. Her cross dangled out of her uniform as she bent over and she absentmindedly stuffed it back inside her clothes. "Get some rest, sweetie," she whispered. It was too bad for Isaac that his son was the messenger. A small pit of guilt sat inside her, poking at her conscience. But what could Mary do? Who was she to defy God?

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"How is Jacob's cure coming?" Mason looked over his wife's shoulder, but understood very little of what he saw. Chemistry was never his thing. He put his hand on Humility's shoulder and felt her tense at his touch. "Be still woman, it's only me."

"Today was very confusing." Humility moved away from the screen and turned toward her husband. To think it was only hours ago that she was covered in Jacob's little swimmers. And here she was, having a fine and proper conversation with her husband. It felt like two worlds were pulling her in opposite directions, and she was fraying at the seams.

"You're my smart, little Lil." Mason gave her a chaste peck on the cheek. "You'll figure it out." He turned back to the door.

"What are you doing today?" Humility watched her portly husband go.

"I'm trying to convince Dad to quarantine his youngest son." Mason didn't look back as the door hissed open for him. "We're the only ones who seem to grasp the danger we're all in."

"Good luck." Humility hoped it didn't sound sarcastic, but it was. She wished him nothing but bad luck on his mission. "I'll see you at dinner."

"Bye, dear." Mason left the lab and walked down the hall. How lucky he was to have a partner he could trust.

Chapter 7

The corridors of Errand into the Wilderness were dimmed to simulate night. As God's children, Pricilla knew that wherever they travelled they needed to heed the laws of their creation. They should remind themselves of the firmaments of the second day. Land, sea, and sky were far away at the moment, but they had the holopark and imagerooms to remind the crew of their play in His creation. They must also observe the day/night cycle which would lead to the sabbath. Without reminders of their first home, they would cease to be human and might fall back into the animal kingdom, as had the rest of Earth since the Fourth War. Pricilla shuddered to think of the heathens and polygamists back home.

As she walked down the darkened corridor, Pricilla shuddered again. What now separated her from those they had fled? Her brother was now a depraved creature, and she was sneaking out of her husband's bed to perform marital bonds with that rapacious thing between Jacob's legs. Bonds that should be reserved only for John.

"Errand?"

"Yes, Member Carver?" The computer's feminine voice had a soothing quality.

"Is my brother's door locked?" Pricilla could see Jacob's door just down the corridor in the dim light. Her breasts ached as they pushed at her Colony Control uniform. Her underwear stuck uncomfortably where her wetness spread. She started to waddle a little, which would have looked ridiculous if anyone was up at that hour to see her. Fortunately, she was alone.

"Members Mason and Humility Winthrop have locked their door."

"Stupid computer." Pricilla got to the door and stood. Silence blanketed her. "You know I'm talking about Jake."

"Member Jacob Winthrop's door is unlocked."

"Okay. Go away now," Pricilla said to the computer. She was irritable and taking it out on their innocent ship. Was it the expectation of that pure joy that made her so tense? Was this what the heathens meant by 'needing a fix'? Pricilla opened the door and stepped into the room. The only light fell in through the windows from distant stars. She could hear her brother's soft breathing as he slept.

Creeping across the room, her eyes adjusted to the darkness. She found his bed and looked down at him as she unzipped her uniform. Heaven help her, he had night wood. While Jacob slept on his back, his penis propped up the blanket with its hardness. She could see it moving under there, like a creature looking for a way out. She stepped out of her uniform. Pricilla was here to give the vile thing what it wanted. To ease Jacob's plight. It was the sisterly thing to do, even if John would never understand.

When she removed her bra, her boobs dropped out of confinement. That wasn't quite right, was it? Her boobs had always stood so small and proud on her chest that they didn't drop. But they did now. Pricilla tentatively lifted each tender breast. They were definitely bigger. She felt like she was having a second adolescence. Somehow, she took these new strange changes in stride.

The thing under the blanket seemed to writhe with more urgency. Could Jacob's penis know she was there while he slept? She'd heard a heathen's penis had a mind of its own, but she didn't think that was what the saying meant. Jacob's breathing remained calm and even. Pricilla trembled with excitement as she removed her panties and put them on the pile of her clothes.

The blanket was smooth and soft under her fingers. She pulled it down his body. Normal skinny chest for an eighteen-year-old colony settler. Normal belly, slightly concave. But what was next was anything but normal.

Despite knowing what she would find, a gasp escaped Pricilla's lips as she uncovered the behemoth. It moved in a way God had not intended human parts to move. Yet, according to their scripture, it had to be His work. Clear fluid wept from the head and ran over the veiny protuberances. Her heart beat a mile a minute. She thought about waking her brother tenderly with her mouth, but she needed it inside her. For Jacob's own good, of course.

Pricilla climbed onto the bed, straddled Jacob, and looked down at his sleeping face. He looked so content. Her heart surged at the thought that she was about to bring him more joy still. With her husband, she would have to reach down, find his manhood, and insert it for him. But with Jacob, she had only to lower herself enough that his thing could work its way in. And that's just what it did.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh." Her hips gave a few involuntary jerks as she sank down and felt the penis exploring her insides. "It's where it belongs," she whispered. "I will tame this beast." She rocked her hips and ground her little button into her brother. Within minutes, she quivered her way through an orgasm. It gave her delicate, sweet joy. But, of course, such climaxes were only a prelude to the eruption that would happen within her when her body accepted his sperm.

"Mom?" Jacob blinked his eyes, trying to focus.

"It's me ... Jake." Pricilla switched her movement to a bouncing ride, like taking the stud out at a canter back on Earth. She bounced high enough that it would have dislodged her poor husband every time, but Jacob stayed firmly inside her.

"Oh, Pricilla. That feels so good." Jacob reached out and put his hands on her narrow thighs. He could feel her muscles clenching and unclenching with her efforts. "I was ... just dreaming about my ... balls. They hurt."

"I know you need us to ... ugh ... ugh ... help you." Pricilla threw her head back, her blond hair falling back behind her shoulders. She looked up at the ceiling. She was going over the edge again. "Don't you worry about ... your pent up ... stuff ... anymmmmooooooooooooorree." Pricilla's shoulders jerked forward and she convulsed with pleasure. That mammoth penis had just found one of her weak spots and sent her mind spiraling. She wasn't taming it. It was taming her.

"You're ... so beautiful ..." Jacob's eyes searched her form in the dark. Her breasts flopped on her chest, her small dark nipples standing out on her pale skin. Her slender, strong body twisted this way and that. She was usually so regal in her bearing, but she had sunk to something less than that with him. He wished he could see the triangle of blond hair between her legs, but it was lost in shadow. He could, however, see the outline of his long cock plunging in and out of her. It was a miracle that it fit. He let her

ride him for a long time, drinking in the sight of her. Eventually, his grip on her trim thighs tightened. "I ... needed ... this ... ugh ... thank you ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh." Jacob roared out his pleasure.

"Me ... too ... gggggghhhhhhhhaaaaaaa ... mmmmmppppppphhhhhh ..." All words were lost for Pricilla once his stuff filled her up. After that, it was a swim for her through nebulae of pleasure.

Jacob listened to the stupid sounds she made as her humps became more irregular and then stopped all together. He grunted out his last few waves of orgasm and then relaxed back into the mattress. He looked up at Pricilla as she leaned forward, shaking. Her hair fell around her face and her boobs hung toward Jacob's chest. They stayed like that for a good long while, still joined by Jacob's quieted cock.

"If you can do ... that to a woman ... you truly are ... His messenger," Pricilla said with a choked laugh.

"What?" Jacob furrowed his brow, trying to read her face shadowed by her hair.

"Nothing." Slowing rising her hips, Pricilla pulled him out of her and sat on the bed next to him. "I need to get back to John before he notices I'm gone." Her eyes were drawn right back to his hard thing, still writhing, but with much less urgency than before.

"Could you spare a few more minutes?" Jacob sat up, grabbed her hips, and maneuvered her onto her back. He enjoyed the way her breasts hung to the sides.

"Sorry, Jake." She shook her head. "John could wake up at any time, I –" She was cut off by Jacob's lips on hers. He gave a series of kisses. First tentative, then with more confidence, and then his tongue slipped into her mouth. She could feel his heavy, meaty thing wriggling on top of her belly. His sacks still felt so full as they rested on her pelvis. "No ... I ... um ... John ... mmmmmmm ..." she said in between kisses. She reached down with her left hand and stroked the monster as they made out. Feelings of pride, guilt, and awe mixed as her hand slowly measured the size of it. She knew she shouldn't let her wedding ring touch the thing, that John would go crazy if he knew, but how could she stop any of this? This was His will, after all.

"I'm going to put it in now." Jacob lowered his hips and let his dick move into her again.

"Okay." She couldn't think of anything more to say. Soon, she was screaming out her pleasure again, letting her brother do with her as he willed.

It wasn't until many hours later that Pricilla left her brother's room, freshly showered. The corridors were brighter, reminding the crew of the dawn He brings each day. It was too bad for John that this had happened. But Pricilla thought less about her husband than she'd expected as she walked back to their quarters. Instead, she thought about the almost angry look on Jacob's face when he was about to burst, and then the boundless joy that followed for both of them shortly after that.

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"Do you have a moment?" Humility walked into the lounge where Mary read by one of the long windows.

"What is it dear?" Mary looked up to see her short daughter-in-law walk in with a holo-projection hovering to her right.

"You studied Errand's neural cortex, right? You know, how the ship thinks." Humility spun the numbers in her projection so that Mary could see them.

"I did." Mary nodded and smiled. She put her book down to give Humility her full attention.

"I think the computer ran some low-order protocol from Colony Control, and that's why it injected Jacob with the stuff." Humility pointed at the numbers, walking Mary through what she'd found. "The fertility drug was not given to Errand by Colony Control. As I was digging for something to reverse the effects, I found that Errand sent out a request to a heathen government for the drug. And ... somehow bought it, or traded for it ... I'm not sure."

"Why on Earth would Errand into the Wilderness trade with the heathens?" Mary frowned, her pretty face scrunching up in thought.

"Well, Colony Control gave Errand a tertiary command to increase New Canaan's survival chances."

"I thought our survival was assured ..." Mary's eyes darted back and forth as she took in the numbers.

"It was. Well, almost." Humility pointed at a row on the right. "Before takeoff, New Canaan had a 98.7% chance of survival. Almost perfect. But Errand thought the tertiary command meant it needed to raise that. The computer calculated that with the fertility drug injected into a suitable male, survival would go up to 99.6%. I think Errand has been secretly hindering my work on a reversal because of that command. It's still working the probabilities. If you help me trim that command branch, I think we can get Jacob back to normal."

"I see." Mary smiled and stood up. She walked to the door. "Follow me, Lil. I need to show you something."

"What?" Humility turned off her holo-projection and trotted to catch up to Mary's longer strides. They went out into the corridor and turned right, heading toward Jacob's quarters.

"His word flows through Colony Control. And His will is one and the same with our mission. Yes?" Mary looked over at the young woman. She was very pretty, with curves that pulled at her uniform. She knew Mason would never understand why his wife would have to sacrifice as she was about to do. But Humility had said it herself, God wanted them to survive.

"Yes." Humility arched an eyebrow in curiosity. "But Colony Control can make mistakes. I mean, you studied the computer, it's not infallible."

"That's just it, dear." Mary arrived at Jacob's door and opened it. She saw Jacob sitting inside watching an old baseball game with a robe on. How nice. "The word and deeds of the Lord are infallible. We cannot hope to comprehend his will. It is only ours to obey. Once you touch the face of God, you will understand. Let me show you." She pushed Humility into the room and gave the door instructions not to let anyone else in.

"What are you talking about?" Humility's pulse quickened. "I thought we were trying to —"

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Lil." Jacob paused the baseball game, stood, and smiled at them.

"Hello, Jacob." Humility blushed, thinking about what she'd done with her hands to Jacob only yesterday.

"Hello, sweetie." Mary smiled. "Be a dear and disrobe for us."

"Really?" Jacob looked at his sister-in-law and saw her wince at his mother's words. But he dropped his robe. His dick had sprung to life the second they had walked into this room. Now it was about three-quarters turgid, and growing. All eyes in the room fixed on it and there was silence while it mustered itself to full strength. Soon, it writhed and leaked precum as it always did when sex was imminent.

"Have you bowed before His messenger yet?" Mary's eyes turned from the frightful penis to Humility's blank face. The color had drained away from her feminine features. It looked like Humility had seen a ghost. "You have bowed before Him. I can tell from the way you're looking at it. What did you do?"

"I only touched it with my hands," Humility whispered. She felt Mary unzipping her uniform and wanted to protest, but couldn't bring herself to say anything. Her knees trembled. She knew what Mary had wanted her to see.

"Did you imbibe of him?" Mary helped the young woman step out of her uniform and then reached behind her to unclasp her bra.

"I did." Humility shivered at the memory of that ecstasy.

"Then you have already seen the face of God." Mary removed the bra and admired the woman's full breasts. "Why would you persist in trying to find fault with the faultless when you have experienced that perfection? You should know." Mary bent down and slid her fingers under the band of Humility's panties. She slid them off the woman, who offered no resistance. "Oh, these are a bit sticky, aren't they?" She tossed the panties toward the bathroom. They'd need to go down the laundry chute later.

"It was a programming error," Humility said weakly. She felt pressure on her bare back and let herself be pushed toward Jacob and his hideously moving cock.

"You've always been a pretty bird, Lil." Mary stood back and watched with rapt attention. "Let's see if you're still singing the same song after this." She looked at her son. "Take her, Jake. Bless her with your seed."

"Okay, Mom." Jacob tenderly took Humility by the shoulders and put her hands down on the bed, with her feet still on the floor, and legs slightly bent. "Maybe the first time it would be easier if you pretended I was Mason."

The thought of comparing her portly husband with his tiny, underused penis to the abomination next to her made Humility snort a laugh. But it lasted only a second. Jacob's penis found her opening and forced its way into her vagina. She clutched the blankets and held on for dear life as he lunged into her. "I feel it ... I feel it ... I feel it ..." she wailed.

Mary slowly undressed and sat on the bed next to them, so she could look up into their eyes. Her own boobs rocked on her chest as Humility's rigid arms pushed into the mattress with each thrust. Mary enjoyed the way Humility's boobs swayed under her. She was the perfect embodiment of the fecundity promised by their mission to New Canaan. "Now that he's inside you, you see this is all part of His plan. Right?"

"No ... I ... no ... " Humility's muscles clenched and she screamed out an orgasm on that thick cock. How could it not be part of a plan? Her mind echoed her mother-in-law. How could this feeling not be specifically designed? It was too perfect. She pushed her butt back at Jacob and let her analytical mind float away. Perhaps never to return. She didn't know if she wanted it to come back.

"That's good, Jake. That's ... very ... good." Mary's hand fell to her vagina and she slowly stroked it as she watched them hump right next to her. She was no heathen, but she couldn't deny that pleasure was bringing them all closer to God.

After almost an hour behind his sister-in-law's ripe butt, Jacob was ready to let out a geyser of cum. Or his blessed seed, as his mother might say. "Hold ... on ... Lil ... I'm just about ... aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh." Jacob bellowed, tightened his grip on her hips, and slammed her one last time all the way on his cock. He could feel it turning inside her as it spewed. In the distance he could hear the stupid sounds women always made when he came. Humility was such an intelligent, accomplished member of their mission. But now, she was just a grunting animal, brought to a lower order of life by his dick.

Minutes later, Humility found herself lying on the floor, looking up at Mary riding her son on the bed. Humility's mouth hung open and her vagina leaked semen. She caught Mary's eye as the woman looked down at her.

"Now do you see?" Mary's large breasts rose and fell on her chest as she took giant bounces on Jacob's penis, lifting completely in the air, time after time. "It's His plan."

Humility nodded back at her. Maybe she did see. Maybe this was what the mission was supposed to be about from the beginning. Maybe she didn't need to work so hard trying to figure out why. She could just look forward to more.

Chapter 8

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?

"Mmmmmpppppppphhhh. Gggggrrrrpppppphhhh." 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 ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... 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.

Chapter 9

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 awakened 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 ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." 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?"

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiggghhhhh." 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."

"It's someone I ... never met." She could tell he was building to a big one the way his long strokes paused for just a split second every time he got it all the way inside her. "Max ... and ... Heather ... Eweje."

"Oh ... shit." Jacob couldn't believe it. Errand into the Wilderness had woken up the baseball playing woman from the holopark. "Oh ... shiiiiiiittttttttt." Jacob tried to grunt as quietly as possible. He filled Humility up. It didn't matter how quiet he was, he could hear the wild, stupid sounds she made when his cum entered her. His hips jerked to a stop, he lowered his head out of sight when the dark woman down there looked up in his direction. "Sssshhhhhhh. Quiet," he said. But Humility still mewled and groaned.

"Thaaaaaattttssss bbbettter ttthannnnnn I reemebbbberrreeed." She slumped to the floor when he pulled out of her, her whole body warm, every nerve dancing.

"We should go." Jacob gathered their clothes in one arm, and put his other arm around Humility's shoulders. Still naked, he guided her out of the observation deck and back toward his quarters. He'd

need to get her cleaned up before anyone saw her. He glanced down at her swaying boobs. And maybe they could fool around a little more, too. No harm in that. No harm at all.

~~

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.

~~

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 tame 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."

"Ggggggppppphhhhhh," 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.

Chapter 10

“Congratulations, you are with child.” The computer didn’t sound particularly enthusiastic. But Errand into the Wilderness rarely deviated from an indifferent, friendly tone.

“But Isaac and I haven’t ...” Mary cradled her belly. It still had only the gentle curve she’d come to expect of her body. Apparently, that would change. She imagined she could feel the little bundle of joy hiding in there, growing inside. “So, it’s God’s baby then? I mean ... you know what I mean.” She looked around the cramped lab. Mary would have liked to use the main lab, but she needed to keep these tests quiet.

“Well ...” Errand paused, not something the computer did often. “My analysis shows that the child’s DNA is a perfect match for you and your husband.”

“Because the baby’s father is made of Isaac’s lifeblood and my own. When we brought Jake into this world, I never imagined he would plant new life inside me.” Mary stared off into space, talking more to herself than to the ship. She continued to rub her belly through the tightly woven Colony Control uniform. “And yet, it is as if I, myself, have followed in Mary’s footsteps. God has reached down and through his grace and wisdom, he has brought new wonder into this world.” Mary looked over at the screen where the double helix slowly twirled. “What should I tell Isaac?”

A klaxon sounded and red lights cast the small lab in a pulsing glow. “Mary, darling. Come up to the bridge.” Isaac’s voice cut through the alarms.

“What is it?” Mary walked swiftly toward the door.

“A ship has matched our relative velocity.” Isaac sounded rattled. “I don’t know how, but it’s moving to intercept.”

“Fear not.” Mary left the lab and turned right down the hall. She headed away from the bridge back toward her quarters. She imagined the fright Jacob would have at the blaring klaxon and wanted to be there for him. She knew he’d seek her out at her quarters, so that’s the direction she briskly walked, carrying that new life with her. “This must all be part of His plan for New Canaan. I’ll join you on the bridge in a little while.”

“A little while?” Isaac did not sound pleased. “You’re better with vectors. I don’t know what Errand’s telling me.”

In the background, the computer started counting down to a collision.

“I’ll be there soon.” Mary cut off the communication. Why did her husband have to be so demanding?

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“Mom!” Jacob ran down the flashing red corridor when he saw Mary. He lunged into her open arms, cushioned against her softness. “What’s going on?”

The computer's countdown was at twenty-five seconds.

"Shh." Mary kissed his forehead. She could feel his hands reach around and leverage themselves against the curve of her butt. Even in such moments, he couldn't help himself. That was to be expected. She wondered if the church had been wrong all along. Maybe the heathens were right about some things. Maybe all men did want their mothers in this special way. But the wriggling thing that now squirmed against her belly had given Jacob an advantage over other, lesser men. She hugged him tight as the computer counted under ten and brushed back his brown hair with her fingers. "It seems someone has found us out in the middle of nowhere, and they've caught up to us somehow. We'll know soon enough."

"Oh." Jacob's mind raced. Their route to New Canaan went through the backwater of the galaxy. The church had intentionally claimed a planet no one else wanted in a mostly dead sector. "It's crazy that someone else is out here. And they're matching us." The computer hit zero and there was a soft metallic clank from somewhere far off on the ship.

"It appears they've matched and mated us." Mary nodded and held Jacob at arm's length. "If we're to have more guests, we can't have you walking around in a uniform so ill-suited to your ... special gifts." She looked down at the clear outline of the squirming thing between her son's legs. It was huge, and Jacob was lucky he hadn't scared off the new Eweje members. Her nostrils flared. "Say, Jacob, what were you doing before the alarm sounded?" As she said those words, the klaxon stopped and the red lights disappeared.

Jacob told her about Heather in the holopark.

"I see. That was good. You are truly spreading His gospel about the ship." She cocked her head. She could tell something hadn't gone right. "Did she finish you?"

"No." Jacob shook his head and looked up into her loving eyes.

"Well, okay then. I'll have to do it." She opened the doors to her suite and pulled him in by the hand. "Mrs. Eweje missed out on the best part. Be sure to give her lots the next time you have her all to yourself."

"Okay, Mom." Jacob watched with anticipation as she unzipped him.

"And afterward, we'll give you one of your father's uniforms. It'll be big on you, so it should be able to hide your penis better." Her eyes widened as the monster flopped out of his uniform. As usual, it wept precum for her and moved about with great alacrity. "Well, hello there." Mary smiled and licked the head with her tongue. She knew Isaac must be wondering where on Errand she was. She shuddered and took him into her mouth. "Mmmpppppphhhhhhh." She did her best to encourage Jacob with her groans, and with her delicate hands on those ripe, blue globes that hung so heavily between his legs. She squeezed them gently and rhythmically, like how she used to help her breasts produce for her children all those years ago.

"Wow, Mom. Thanks." He looked down at her pretty face, distorted by the head of his cock in her mouth. Her expression conveyed so much dedication, caring, and urgency. "This one is going to be ... ugh ... quick." He could tell from her responding murmur and the increased tempo of her bobbing head that this pleased her. He had never tried to cum quickly before, but they certainly couldn't take forever

with a mysterious ship suddenly docked to Errand. He moved his fingers into her thick hair and made fists. He now controlled her rhythm, and it was frenetic. "Oh ... Mom ... it's happening ... now ..." He arched his back and let loose, listening to the swallowing sounds as Mary worked in overdrive to gulp down his seed. When he was done, he released her and let her fall sideways to the floor. She lay there twitching and making the most stupid sounds. Cum leaked out of the corner of her mouth and pooled on the floor. They'd have to remember to clean that up before his father got back. His father. That reminded him. While his mother worked her way through her fix on the floor, Jacob went over to Isaac's wardrobe area to find one of his dad's uniforms. As he did this, Errand began talking about what would happen next. As Mary recovered from her orgasm, both Winthrops learned just how much the computer wanted the mission to be a success.

~~

"Ah, and here are the final two of our crew." Isaac gave his wife a chastising look as she entered the bridge with Jacob in tow. He looked at his son and was perplexed to see him wearing one of Isaac's own uniforms. He'd rolled up the cuffs, but the clothing practically draped off the young, skinny man. "My wife, Mary, and my son, Jacob." Isaac held out a hand to Mary. He'd give her a what-for about showing up late later. Now, they had to put on a good show for their guests. "Mary, these are the Hendersons."

"Wait, not *thee* Hendersons?" Jacob was starstruck. It was true. He recognized them. "Holy, cow. You're Maureen." He nodded to the middle-aged woman with flaming red hair, sharp eyes, and a knowing smile. "You're one of the cleverest heathens I know. The way you reversed the ionic pulses outside Ackton Prime ... I mean wow."

"Nice to meet you, Jacob." Maureen's even smile widened. She thought it cute that the religious nuts called them heathens. Of course, nothing could be farther from the truth.

Isaac scowled at his son, but for some reason he couldn't bring himself to reign him in.

"And you're John Henderson. The ex-special forces badass." Jacob was blown away. He didn't even notice the frowns on the faces of the rest of Errand's crew.

"Really, Jacob. Watch your language." Mary shook her head, but indulged her son. She knew he had soaked up all media on the Hendersons before leaving Earth.

"And Judy." Jacob turned to a young woman with darker skin and black hair. He knew she was twenty-five, but she looked like she could have been Jacob's age. "You're the prodigy! You, well, you helped design the quantum computers that run Errand."

Judy nodded at him modestly.

"And Penny Henderson." The younger of the two sisters was actually Jacob's eighteen-years exactly. "We share a birthday." His wide friendly smile faded. He looked down and was relieved to see that the oversized uniform did in fact hide his monstrosity as it heaved and strained at his underwear. He would have been very put out if he upset the Hendersons. He looked back at Penny and saw that she was blushing.

"Hello." Penny brushed her red hair back over a pale ear.

"But where's the robot? I heard that it's actually alien. Is that true? Did you see real aliens? Wait ... I thought you were all lost." Jacob took a breath and finally read the room. It seemed everyone was looking at him with a range that went from horrified to amused.

"We were lost." Maureen stood with her hands behind her back like a military officer at ease. "But then we found you. Just in time, we had only enough fuel left to match your relative course. And as for the robot, we didn't want to frighten our rescuers. So, we left him on our ship." The first look of discomfort passed over her face. "Along with two other crew members."

"Don North and Dr. Cole. Gotta keep an eye on Cole," Jacob whispered to himself with reverence. Where had they been since they disappeared? What had they seen? Jacob had so many questions. "Where –"

"Very well, Jacob." Isaac finally mustered a response to his son. "You've had your late introductions. We were just talking about accommodations. We can't afford to lend the Hendersons any fuel at the moment, so they'll be staying with us until we figure something else out to get them on their way. Now ..." Isaac droned on about logistics.

Jacob nodded to himself, caught Penny smiling at him, and felt his dick lurch again. He hoped she hadn't seen that. He turned to the side, to further hide his dick from the Hendersons and caught Heather's eye. The woman quickly looked away and grabbed her husband's hand. He saw her eyes dart back to his crotch. He thought about what Errand had told him earlier. It really did seem that the ship had a plan. And since it was the hand of God, Jacob wasn't going to worry about Heather's marriage, or anything else for that matter. It would all happen as it happened.

~~

"Oh, I'm sorry, Member Max." Humility looked over at the door as the Ewejes entered the small lab. "I only wanted to run tests on Member Heather." She smiled at the dark-skinned couple.

"My wife ... hasn't felt safe since the Hendersons arrived." Max held his wife's hand tightly. "She has asked me to accompany her at all times."

"Well, unfortunately, the diagnostics I need to run won't work with three people in the lab." Humility gave them a disarming smile and stood up straight, to accentuate her small stature. "There are no alien robots here, at any rate. Just little ol' me. Heather will be quite safe." When Errand had told Humility of the plan, the computer had been quite clear that Heather would have to be alone.

"Well ... um ..." Max looked into his wife's adoring eyes. "I suppose it will be okay if I wait right outside. Don't you think?"

"Yes, dear." Heather gave Max's hand one last squeeze and dropped it. She took a deep breath. "I'll be fine. See you soon."

"Right outside." Max kissed her cheek and exited the lab.

“So, you need to run some bifurcated hibernation tests?” Heather walked over and looked down into Humility’s dark eyes. The woman seemed very friendly. Heather tried to view her separately from her horrible brother-in-law. She didn’t want to judge the whole family based on that one horrific incident in the holopark. What was strange, it seemed with every breath she took she felt less and less like Jacob was an abomination. And more like he was a misunderstood young man with an odd physiology. A man that needed help. Heather shook her head. Whatever he was, she couldn’t let herself feel anything but fear and loathing toward him.

Humility patiently waited while Heather stood in front of her like a tall dummy. Eventually, Humility snapped her fingers, bringing Heather back to the present. “Come over here, there’s something I want to show you.” Humility walked over to a table on the far wall and drew Heather’s attention to a cylinder rotating six inches above the table’s surface. It contained a creamy fluid. “Take a look at this.”

“What is it?” Heather walked over and bent at the waist to look closer. She was only a foot away.

“There have been reproductive anomalies aboard the Errand.” Humility knew the computer was about to go into action. “This is a sample from one of the crew.”

Suddenly, Heather had a very specific suspicion about what she was looking at. How much did Humility know about her brother-in-law? She backed away. “Are you ... um ... having trouble with any of your family?”

“No trouble,” Humility said.

Suddenly, the cylinder bulged outward. Heather heard a pop, and then something splattered her face. She blinked. “What the?” She looked down at her uniform and saw great globs of white stuff sliding down her front. “Disgusting ... it exploded. Was it ... was it ... semen?” But her nose already told her she had suspected correctly. Yet, this aroma was so much more robust than what she was used to with Max.

“Here, let me help you.” Humility could see the woman’s pupils dilate. She walked over to her.

“I need to get this stuff off.” In a rush, Heather unzipped her uniform and stepped out of it. She let Humility wipe some of the stuff off her cheek. The hiss of a door caught Heather’s attention. She turned, thinking her husband had heard the noise and come to her aid. But the door he stood behind remained closed. She turned toward the back wall, and in an open doorway stood Jacob with a sheepish grin on his face. Heather made a move to cover her bra and panties.

“This was Errand’s idea.” Jacob shrugged, stepped forward, and the door closed behind him. He slowly disrobed, removing that oversized uniform.

“My husband. He’s on the other side of the door. You can’t. I’ll call him in here. I’ll —” But Heather was cut off as Humility grabbed her hair with one hand and slid two pale fingers past Heather’s dark lips with the other. The fingers were pungent, and salty, and beyond delightful. Even as Heather sucked on the fingers, and licked them clean, she knew she was eating some of the exploded sperm.

“Eeeeeiiigggggghhhhhhhhtttt,” she said stupidly from around Humility’s fingers. Her whole body shook. How could something so vile taste so perfect? It was so much better than her husband’s slimy stuff. No comparison, really.

“Hey, Lil, could you take her ring off? I want her to wear mine the first time.” Now naked, Jacob padded across the cold floor to the shuddering woman. He watched Humility remove her fingers from Heather’s mouth, and twist off her ring. Humility then stepped away.

“We’re going to have so much fun together.” Jacob walked up to her, and grabbed a handful of her panty-clad butt. “Wow, you’re really full back there. I like it.”

“Fun?” Heather felt him put a ring on her finger. She blinked and tried to focus. Gentle hands moved her arms to her sides and removed her underwear. She looked into the young man’s eager face and could tell that he liked what he was seeing.

“Yeah, we’ll get baseball time in eventually. Can’t wait to take grounders with you. But first we’ll get to do the really good stuff.” He looked her up and down. Her breasts hung in two perfect teardrops, with nipples so dark they were almost black. She had a neat V of black hair between her legs. Her hips flared out impressively, boasting that she could bear healthy children in a language that spoke directly to Jacob’s reptile brain. “I’m torn about how to do this, but with that ass, I think from behind? What do you think, Lil?”

“Whatever you want, Jake.” Humility sat in a nearby chair, her uniform unzipped to the waist. Her hand, still holding Heather’s ring, was inside her panties, rubbing furiously at her clit. The forces at work in the room were almost tidal in their overwhelming strength.

“From behind?” Heather’s eyes fell and glued themselves to that abomination stretching out from between Jacob’s legs. The veins on the thing pulsed. Heck, the whole thing undulated and writhed. Clear fluid gushed from his opening. She had put that in her mouth? It was hard to believe.

“Okay, from behind it is.” Jacob carefully turned her around and placed her hands on the wall. He spread her feet to lower her pussy down to his level and got up on his toes. He grabbed her wide hips and his dick did the rest.

“Wait ... wait ... Max ... Max ... save me ...” She felt the thing wriggle into her and her body gave one great convulsion. He had her. Like a fish on a line, there was now no escaping. Her fingernails dug into the wall. “Oh ... oh ... oh ... nnnnnoooooooooooooooooooo.” After only a minute of slow, powerful thrusting electric currents shot through her. When she recovered, she realized that she’d had an orgasm. This was why the heathens went on and on about sex. Why had God hidden this from her all this time? Soon, she was thrusting back at him.

“What do you think? Can we have fun ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... like this all the time?” Jacob kept his eyes on the tantalizing arc of her lower back and the ripples running through her ass with every impact.

“It ... is ... good ... oh ... oh ... oooooooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Heather screamed out another climax. She had forgotten about poor Max waiting patiently just outside the door for her. Certainly, she wouldn’t have been singing that hymnal of ecstasy quite so loud if she’d remembered her loyal husband was nearby.

Humility lost track of her own orgasms as she watched them copulate. She was surprised to feel no jealousy. Only happiness for Jacob. And for herself and the mission. As she watched Jacob bellow out his joy and unload inside the unprotected woman, all Humility could think was that a new order had been imposed on the church. Whether it was God, or some strange happenstance, didn't much matter

to Humility. Just as Heather was now serving that magnificent cock, Humility would eagerly serve the new way of life that they were bringing about.

Chapter 11

"Hello? Heather? All you alright? I thought I heard something." Max pounded on the door to the lab. His wife was inside and he had heard the faintest high-pitched sound. It sounded almost like singing, but it had stopped several minutes ago. "Computer, open the door to the lab," he commanded again. "I need to get in there."

"I'm sorry, Max, I can't let you do that." Errand sounded almost smug.

"Open up." He pounded on the door some more. He was so worried that he hadn't even noticed that the computer had failed to address him properly. He had a pit in his stomach, like something dreadful was going on just on the other side of the bulkhead.

The doors parted without warning, and Heather stood on the other side looking slightly dazed. Max almost hit his wife in the face as he went to knock on the door again. Seeing her there, he rushed into her arms. "I was so worried," he murmured into her thick hair. She usually smelled so fresh and clean, but at the moment his nostrils filled with the sourness of her sweat.

"Don't be silly, Max." Heather patted him on the back and pushed him away from their hug. "Everything is fine. I was just ... just ..." A faraway look possessed her dark eyes, and then she was back with her husband in the present. "I was just doing tests with Member Humility." She nodded back to the woman. Humility waved at Max.

"Oh, I thought." Max led her by the hand away from the room and the doors closed behind them. "I thought I heard your voice through the door."

"Oh, yes ... I was ... I mean ..." Heather tried hard not to rub her belly where she knew Jacob's sperm was probably having a field day with her eggs. She counted days and thought maybe her eggs weren't available at present. Thank goodness.

"Heather?" Max's forehead creased in worry.

"I was just a little scared of the tests. And it turns out ..." Heather had little practice in lying to her husband. But after what had just happened to her in the lab, she felt she had to protect the Winthrops. She found she had no more loathing for Jacob. He was a special young man that needed her. Needed her more than Max did, now that she thought about it. "It turns out that Humility, she likes to be called Lil actually, is quite a joker. She kept scaring me right at the tense moment of each test. I may have screamed a little. But it was all in good fun."

"That seems unkind." He couldn't bring himself to say what he really thought, that Humility was acting un-Christian. "I was afraid the robot had somehow gotten in, or that the Winthrops had done something to you."

"No one has done anything to me." She grasped his hand weakly as they walked. This was such a gargantuan lie. Jacob had taken her like a heathen, and made her enjoy it like a heathen. She shuddered at the memory of his thing wriggling inside her, finding all her special places. "Everything is fine."

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Mary braced herself against the bed, clutching at Jacob's sheets. She was on her stomach, and her son was just about to explode. Her gentle teenager always got so aggressive when he was about to bless her with his stuff. "Do it, Jake. Fill me. Fill me ... oooohhhhh ... again." She wondered that she still allowed him access to her secret cavern after he'd already succeeded in sowing her field. Did the Lord hump His own Mary after he'd impregnated her with His divinity? Mary thought not. Regardless, she could no longer say no to her youngest and his otherworldly penis. "Oh, yessssssssss." After that, she lost herself in a floating nebula of ecstasy. When she came around, her son had already left. She'd vaguely heard him say something about playing baseball as she had shuddered on the bed. She rolled halfway over, and noticed two wet spots on the bed where her breasts had pressed into the mattress. Her boobs hung ponderously sideways. They seemed to grow every day.

"Strange." She touched the wet sheet where her nipple had been. It was soaked, and not by sweat. She got up and waddled to the bathroom, trying not to drip semen all over the floor. After her shower, Mary stood in the bathroom, staring at her body. She regarded every gentle slope and curve. Soon, she would be a whole lot rounder. She sighed. It would be hard work carrying her son's baby, but it was righteous work, and she welcomed it.

Her nipples had already darkened, and her areola looked wider. She reached up and touched her nipple. On impulse, she squeezed. Her fingers were wet. She lifted them to her mouth and a shiver of joy shot through her at the sweet taste of milk. Heaven be praised, she was already lactating. And her milk was wonderful. She'd never tasted it with her other children, that would have been unseemly. So, maybe milk always hit those that imbibed it with pleasure. Or maybe this pregnancy was special. Heck, she knew it was special, and the pleasure she'd tasted from the milk reminded her too much of the effect her son's sperm had on her. But to a lesser degree.

Watching herself in the mirror, Mary lifted her heavy, left breast with both hands. She lowered her chin and angled her nipple up. The dulcet warmth spread delightfully from her taste buds down her throat. She squeezed the pliant boob rhythmically and drank and drank. Mary didn't know how long had passed before she'd had her fill. Eventually, she dropped the breast and smacked her lips in satisfaction. That was one of the best meals she'd ever had. And she made it herself. Mary giggled as she watched milk drip down her chin and splatter on her breasts. She couldn't wait to share this with Jacob. Well, with all of them. But first, she supposed, it was time to tell them she was pregnant.

~~

The mess hall had never felt so full. Jacob looked around the table. All the Hendersons were there, along with their pilot, Don, and the enigmatic Doctor Cole. The doctor watched Jacob with her pretty Asiatic eyes, but he knew enough not to put much stock in her friendly smiles. Penny also smiled over at her eighteen-year-old host. They were the same age, and Jacob guessed she was probably lonely after all that time without anyone new. He looked over at Heather. If the computer hadn't woken her and Max,

he would be in a similar position to Penny. He smiled at his sister. Well, not that similar. Heathen though Penny was, he doubted she got to have the sort of wild fun with her family that Jacob had. He looked back to the Hendersons. "No robot?" He really wanted to see the thing.

"Sorry, Jake." Maureen had become familiar with the Winthrops. They seemed a slightly high-strung family, but she imagined all that religious zealotry could keep a person on edge. Or maybe there was something off about them beyond their faith. She wasn't sure, but she would keep her eyes open. The Hendersons had met plenty of dangers before, and had mostly handled what the galaxy had thrown at them. Mostly, but not entirely. "Ever since the incident with our youngest, the robot hasn't been very social." This was the first time anyone on the ship had mentioned the Hendersons' loss. A quiet fell over the table.

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean ..." Jacob had no idea what to say.

"The Lord's guiding hand will shepherd us forward." Mary glanced at her son who was the embodiment of His will. What a comfort to be tasked with caring for something so great. "As a mother, I can only imagine. Let us pray."

Jacob watched his family and the Ewejes drop their heads. He saw Maureen's husband, John, pat Maureen's back and she gave him a sad smile back. After a minute, everyone lifted their heads and the conversation started back up.

Heather sat next to Jacob and they talked baseball. Max ate in silence, looking quite bored.

Penny leaned across the table and beamed at Jacob. "Oh, you like baseball? I love baseball."

"Oh, really? What's your favorite team?" Jacob turned from Heather and so missed the frown on her face and the grudging look she gave Penny.

"Um ... I like all of them." Penny was too old to make up things for the attention of a boy. But this boy was cute, and it had been so long since she'd been able to flirt. "So, what ... um ... I mean ... where do you like to play on the field?"

"I'm an infielder." Jacob was in heaven. All these pretty women interested in baseball. "I used to be afraid of the ball, but then I took one off the face, broke my nose, and realized that wasn't so bad." He laughed. "After that, I kept my head down every time."

"Oh, my G ..." Her faced contorted in horror. Both at the thought of this handsome boy bleeding from a broken nose, and also from almost saying 'God' in front of all these colonists. She didn't want to offend anyone. "Um ... listen ... Don's talking about their engagement." She pointed to her sister.

"She didn't trust me at first." Don said. "But after Judy and I were stranded on Xandior for all those months, we really started to get to know each other. I saved her life. And she started to trust me. And right after the sulfur storm, I proposed."

"And I saved his at least four times." Judy said with a smirk. "And that was just the first week on that rock."

Don laughed and nodded to the truth of it. Everyone else around the table joined in his laughter.

"I hope I meet a girl who wouldn't mind being stranded with me on a barren planetoid." Jacob sighed.

"Maybe you already have." Pricilla and Humility said at the same time. And then looked at each other curiously.

Isaac didn't notice the awkward moment. He turned to his son. "That's the right sentiment. Once we're on New Canaan, you have my permission to court one of the fine, young Christian women that are now in cryosleep." He eyed Penny suspiciously. He could see the doe eyes she made at his son. "Jacob, you are eighteen now, and just as Christ is to the church, you will be to your wife. I remember ..." Isaac stopped and looked closer at Jacob. "Are you wearing one of my uniforms again?"

"Well, dear, it's not his fault. His uniforms don't really fit him anymore," Mary said.

At this, Mary, Pricilla, and Humility all laughed. Heather gave a little snort. Isaac, Mason, and Pricilla's husband, John, all slid lower in their seats. The new guests looked around at the laughter, confused.

"What's so funny?" Max asked his wife, as she put a hand over her mouth to keep her giggles in.

"It's an inside joke." Heather patted her husband's thigh. "You wouldn't get it."

After a moment of confusion, Penny laughed, too. She very much wanted to get in on the fun, whatever it was.

~~

"Let's turn two." Heather gave Jacob a thumbs up from her position on the right side of the infield. She glanced across second base at his short, lanky frame. He had the build of a shortstop, that was for sure. She then pounded her mitt with her right hand, bent her knees, and watched the holo-batter. The pitch was a curveball low and outside. The batter reached for it and hit it sharply to the right. Heather streaked across the dirt, picked up the ball, pivoted, and threw it to where she knew Jacob would be. He caught it in his bare hand, hit the base with his foot, and fired a strike to first. Double play. That was the ballgame.

Heather and Jacob ran together and hugged. It was a bit awkward, her height meant that his face wasn't far from her boobs hidden away in a Barn Stormers uniform. Players ran from the dugout, shouting like they'd just won the System Series. "End simulation." Heather pushed Jacob away, but she was still smiling. The other players all disappeared, but the stadium stayed.

"Did you see that?" Jacob's grin went ear to ear. "I caught that with my bare hand. I've never done that before, but your throw was so perfect, and ..." He babbled on excitedly, tugging at his Eagles uniform where it bunched around his dick. They walked into the empty dugout and sat on the bench. When they'd started the simulation, they couldn't agree on a baseball team, so they agreed to play together, but wear their favorite uniforms.

"Yeah, that was great." Heather leaned back on the bench and drank some water. She was so sweaty. When she'd agreed to play ball with Jacob, she'd wondered if he'd use it as an excuse to try and put that horrid thing in her again. She didn't know if she was relieved or not that he actually wanted to play ball. They'd certainly had some fun out on the diamond. She let him talk about the game, excitedly reliving

some of the tense moments. Like when she'd hit a double down the line in the seventh. Sometimes Jacob seemed quite mature, but other times he seemed every bit the teenager. Eventually, she interrupted him. "I should get back to Max."

"Oh, right." Some of the enthusiasm left Jacob's face. "I thought he was following you everywhere. What happened?"

Heather's face went cool and she stood up. What was she thinking? How could she even entertain the idea of letting this young man have her again? She was Max's. Even if Max didn't know what sex could truly be, that was what God had wanted for her. "He had to help repair the cooling discs." She picked up her mitt from the bench. She looked down at her dusty uniform. It didn't fit the way uniforms had fit her back on Earth. It seemed her breasts had grown some. She had noticed that her bras didn't fit quite right the last couple days. "And anyway, the robot is still on the Hendersons' ship. So ..." Why was she still pretending that she was afraid of the robot?

"You look really pretty all dirty and sweaty." Jacob marveled at his courage to tell this beautiful woman his true feelings.

"No, I don't." Heather shook her head. The black ponytail that stuck out the back of her hat swished past her shoulders gently. "I'm filthy."

"I honestly don't know if I've ever seen a more beautiful sight. Even with the Barn Stormers uniform."

Heather laughed. "Well, I guess that is a compliment coming from an Eagles fan."

"Does your husband know how lucky he is?" Jacob stepped closer to her. He could smell the sweat on her, it was a compelling scent. His dick lurched in his baseball uniform.

"Um ... yes ... he does." Heather's attention was drawn to the teenager's crotch. The uniform didn't hide his thing quite as well as his father's uniform had. Suddenly, her coolness toward Jacob warmed. Would it be so bad?

"Can I kiss you?" Jacob got very close to her in the dugout, and stood on his toes.

"Well ... maybe ... just one kiss." Heather embraced him and her mitt dropped to the dusty floor.

A while later, they only wore the top halves of their uniforms.

Jacob sat on the dugout bench, his hands on the Barn Stormers lettering as he squeezed her formidable boobs.

Heather rode him hard, her knees on the bench, her body hunching onto that magical penis over and over. How could such a repulsive looking thing know her so well? It found every perfect spot deep inside her.

"First ... ugh ... ugh ... that barehanded catch. And now ... uh ... uh ... this." Jacob was having a perfect day.

His meaning was clear to Heather. He'd taken her and the baseball bare in that stadium. "It's ... good," Heather squeaked. She was a failure of a wife, but an excellent teammate it seemed. "I ... can't believe ... I was going to leave ... without feeling you ... again." Heather's wide hips stopped their motion and she

shook on top of him, her head flying back. The baseball cap was now askew, and her face was dripping with fresh sweat. "Right ... theeeeerrreeeee." Heather screamed out her orgasm. This was even better than a perfect double play.

"You're so ... tight." Jacob lowered his hands and reached around to her ass. She had so much back there, firm and round. He took two heaping handfuls and helped her start moving again. "We should do this all the time. Baseball ... ugh ... ugh ... and sex." Something happened to her uniform as he watched her tits bounce under the fabric. The lettering changed. Suddenly, she was wearing an Eagles uniform. Jacob smiled at that. "I'm going to ... cum."

"Yes ... please ... yes ... please ..." Heather changed positions slightly, planting her feet on the bench and bouncing on him with long, savage strokes. This widened her hips and allowed her to take that thing with some of the athletic prowess she'd showed that day on the field. She'd never tried to do it with Max that way, and she doubted she ever would. "I don't ... care ... just fill me. Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Her face twisted and her body contorted as Jacob's heat splashed at her center.

When Jacob was done cumming, he looked up at the heaving woman, still making those stupid sounds that women made when they met his semen. He wasn't ready for the perfect day to end. He lifted her off him and she fell sideways on the bench, still squirming with pleasure. Her eyes were mostly white at the moment. The stadium suddenly changed, and they were now back at the site of her honeymoon. He looked down at Heather as she recovered. She was now lying on a lounge on the beach.

"Jacob? Are we back in Hawaii?" She fluttered her eyes and saw the familiar glow on the horizon from the remains of Honolulu.

"I think Errand wants us to do it again." Jacob gently turned her onto her back and spread her legs. He could see his cum leaking out from between her dark lips. "Can we?" He knelt down between her legs.

"I really should get back to Max. He'll wonder ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... it's in." Jacob had gotten close enough and that vile and lovely penis of his had wiggled its way inside her. "Okay ... okay ... you're insatiable. It's like I'm having ... ugh ... another honeymoon." She grunted as he bottomed out and his dick pressed her buttons.

"But better ... right?" Jacob moved his hips, propping himself up with his hands on those lovely tits. His fingers pressed into the Eagles lettering and logo.

"Yes ... it's true ... this time ... is better." She lifted her feet high into the air and cried out.

Unseen by either of them, there were new visitors to the beach. Mary and Pricilla walked in behind the mating couple. Mother and daughter wore Eagles uniforms and had big smiles on their faces as they crossed the warm sand.

Chapter 12

It would have shocked Pricilla not long ago to see two people making savage love on the beach. It would have made her dizzy to know that the white, skinny ass clenching with each thrust was her eighteen-year-old brother's. She might have fainted knowing that the dark-skinned woman he mated was, until a few days ago, her husband's faithful servant. But now the sight of it only served to further her wetness. She wasn't sure if she believed her mother's proclamations about Jacob filling the savior's shoes. But, it turns out, she didn't care. If it was His will or not, Pricilla would help her brother. She wore the silly Eagles uniform for her brother, even though she could see no baseball stadium, and the eerie glow of Honolulu shimmered over the ocean. If it made Jacob happy, she would do it, she supposed. And her mother had said the baseball uniforms would make him happy.

"Oh ... oh ... oh ... Jake ..." Heather ran her fingers through his sweaty hair as the young man feasted on her nipples. He was maybe too rough with her breasts, but she didn't mind. In fact, she understood that it was another way of making her his. Just as he marked her with the sperm, his teeth were probably marking her breasts. His massive thing wriggled inside her with a life of its own, finding her most secret places and pressing all the right buttons. With half-open eyes, she looked up at the tropical, blue sky. "Every time ... you make ... me orgasm ... I feel ..." She didn't want to tell him that she was now more his wife than she'd ever been Max's. But that was how she felt. When she noticed two women walking over the beach toward them, she blinked and turned her head to see better. At first, she thought it was the simulation sending about vacationers, but then her muscles went rigid in panic when she saw who it was. "Jake ... Jake ... your mom ... ugh ... and sister ..."

"What ... about them?" Jacob said between gentle bites of her fat nipple and supple flesh.

"You ... uh ... uh ... uh ... have to stop. They're ... here. Oh no ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Despite the ice that had just entered her veins, that horrific penis hit the perfect spot deep inside her and another orgasm washed over her. She looked away from the women, who were wearing baseball uniforms and standing next to them.

"Don't stop, sweetie." Mary reached down and tussled his hair, proud that his young, lithe body could so pair with this strong woman. That she could be so cowed by her son that she wouldn't even try to push him off when onlookers appeared.

"Wait ... ugh ... stop ... ugh ..." Without thinking, Heather reached around and clutched at the skinny, white ass between her legs. She pulled him in and tried to hold him still, but instead just seemed to spur Jacob on. "Not ... in front ... of your mother ..."

"Quiet, dear." Mary pulled her uniform shirt over her head, letting her ripening boobs drop free. She could see the confusion and surprise in the young wife's eyes. Mary then cupped her own right breast, and guided the nipple into between Heather's dark lips.

"Hmmmmmmpppphhhhhh?" Heather did not want to receive this new strange offering. How twisted had their colony ship become that son and mother now went after her as a unit? She resisted the nipple at first, trying to spit it out. But then hot milk splashed across her tongue and all the anxiety at the added strangeness melted away. Heather could care less that she now behaved as if she was one of the

most morally bankrupt heathens on Earth. Would most polygamists even dream of a scene so twisted? "Mmmmmmmmmmm." Her throat gulped and she swallowed down the dulcet drink. Orgasms now rained down on top of her one after the other. She heard Pricilla talking, but couldn't follow the words. That is, until Jacob abruptly pulled out of Heather.

"That's right. I see your stuff dripping out of her. It's my turn." Pricilla had stripped naked. She was on her hands and knees in the warm sand. She looked back over her shoulder as her brother pulled out of Heather, stood, and stepped in the sand toward her. Pricilla gave him a lovely, inviting smile as his horror of a cock waved about, obviously seeking the next warm pussy. She wiggled her butt at him, letting Jacob and his cock know her pussy was willing. "Put it in me."

Heather couldn't see anything around the enormous boob in her face, but she heard several groans and then the rhythmic slap of skin on skin. She knew Jacob was mating his sister. Heather's own pussy was now impossibly empty. She reached down and easily inserted three fingers into herself as she continued to gobble up Mary's precious milk. Yet another orgasm seized her.

"There now, that's a good girl." Mary stroked Heather's coarse, black hair and pushed her face more firmly to her breast. Little electric shocks streaked from the nerves in her right nipple. She looked over at brother and sister humping like animals on the beach. "What you have to understand, Heather, is that we are on a mission to a new world. It will be His new world. And He has seen fit to give us the instrument of our salvation."

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhh?" Heather was delirious with pleasure. Her brain could barely make sense of the words.

"That's right. Jacob is our chosen savior, and our Lord has given him the tools of fecundity. Just as Christ is to the church, Jacob will tend to us. And just as the church is to Christ, we will open ourselves and give all to him." Mary thought now the perfect time to tell Jacob. "Pricilla, dear, tell him the news."

"Now? Uh ... uh ... okay." Pricilla's fingers clutched at the ungraspable sand. She looked down at the ring her husband had given her, still on her finger, half-buried in the beach. The little bit of metal and rock seemed so obsolete. She then looked back over her shoulder at her handsome younger brother, the lean muscles in his chest flexing with every thrust. She adored the way his skinny arms tightened as he held the curve of her waist. "I'm ... pregnant ... Jacob." So much ecstasy flowed through her body that she didn't even notice when Jacob's face fell and his hips went out of rhythm. "It's ... yours ... Jake," she said dreamily.

"What?" The thought was like a bucket of cold water. What about John? His brother-in-law had always been kind to him. What about the church? Would the Council cast them out? But his sister's ass pushed back against him, and he couldn't focus on his doubts. Soon, he was hammering into her harder than before. "It's mine ... ugh ... I can't believe ... it's mine."

"And I have news, too." Mary let go of Heather's head, and turned to face her children. "I'm carrying your child as well. It is as if He placed the baby in my belly with his own hand."

Heather frigged her pussy furiously. Released from the breast, she watched brother and sister hump, while their mother looked on and shared the joyous and horrific news. Try as she might, Heather couldn't pull her fingers from her pussy.

"Soon, we will all bear this burden for you and Him." Mary dropped to the sand. Her hand found her own vagina. "This is such a blessing."

"They're mine ... ugh ... oh, shit ..." In a frenzy, Jacob released inside his sister.

Heather listened to the stupid sounds Pricilla made as cum erupted inside her. She knew that she made those same idiotic sounds when Jacob released in her. That put the next obvious idea in her head. She had a womb full of his stuff. Mary was right. They would all carry little bundles of joy for him. With that, Heather's voice joined Mary's and Pricilla's, as the women all gave in to ecstasy.

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"There you are, Isaac." John Henderson strode into the reclamation tube room, where he found Isaac and his son-in-law updating code for a longer manned voyage.

"Here I am." Isaac chaffed at the heathen's use of his Christian name. But what could he expect?

"Hello, Mr. Henderson." Mason seemed glad for the intrusion. "What can we do for you?"

"Well, my ship has been monitoring the air ..." John watched as something changed in the men. They went from welcoming to ... what? Fearful? Anxious? He could see sweat bead on their foreheads and his military eye noticed the shake in their hands before they disappeared into the pockets of their Colony Control uniforms. "Don't worry, nothing's wrong, per se." John's eyes darted back and forth between the men. They seemed to be grimacing. "Well, my ship's computer picked up some hormonal anomalies, and I wondered if you knew anything about that. The computer didn't know what to make of it. It said it was similar to estrogen, but not quite human. Is there some genetically altered animal stock on your ship?"

Isaac and Mason stood very still. "Everything's fine here," Isaac said through clenched teeth.

The Henderson's had been in and out of danger so many times that John slipped right into his ready and alert mode and surveyed the room. "Computer?"

"Yes, Major?" Errand's feminine voice seemed as amiable as always.

"Does anyone have eyes on this room?" The hairs on the back of John's neck stood up. He knew something was strange on this colony ship. He heard a faint hiss as the vents pushed more air into the room. That was odd.

"Only me, your Errand into the Wilderness."

"Well, with all due respect, computer, you're not my errand." John turned to the men. "What's going on here?"

"Everything's fine," Mason said. The sweat dripped down his face. He shook his head a little.

John caught on quickly. "Am I in danger?" The air seemed to swirl around him as the vents kicked into overdrive. Errand into the Wilderness was such an odd ship. He ignored Mason's placating words and

watched as the man shook his head. John's mind seemed to fog up a little. The room was suddenly constricting. He thought about running for his ship, but he needed to question these men. "What about you, are you in danger?"

This time Isaac said, "Everything is fine," while shaking his head.

"So, we're okay." John breathed a deep sigh of relief. "So, what's the prob ..." John's voice faded away as he thought about his wife and daughters. "Are the women in danger?"

Both colonists said nothing but vigorously nodded their heads. "We have to ... do something ..." John's brain seemed to turn away from what he'd just learned. He grimaced, trying to focus on it. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead. "Oh, hey, I think I can help with the code you're working on. Would you like a hand?"

"We'd love the help, thanks." Isaac stood away from the console.

Twenty minutes later, Maureen walked into the reclamation tube room. "There you are, John. The computer wouldn't tell me where you were for the longest time. This ship is huge, and I walked nearly half of it looking for you. Until the computer finally got its act together." She stood with her hand on her hip, looking at her husband. "What are you doing?"

"Just helping these gentlemen recode their reclamation apparatus." John stood up and wiped his wet palms on his uniform.

"You all look like you've seen a ghost." She frowned at her husband. "What's wrong?"

Suddenly, John's hands shook. He continued to perspire. He tried to answer her, but nothing came out. Then, he said, "Everything's fine." His hands calmed down, and his mind settled. A calm fell over him.

"Well, okay." Maureen cocked her head at her husband quizzically. "Come on. The robot won't come out of the supply closet. Judy and Don need your help with it."

"Sure." John dutifully followed his wife out of the room, giving the colonists one last confused look on his way out.

~~

Penny Henderson ran into just the person she wanted to see in the laundry room. What was the woman's name? Her last name was something African. Her first name was ... Heather. That was it. "Well, hello, Heather." Penny carried her bag of clothes in and set it on the metal table. "With the state of our ship's power cells, we have to do laundry over here." Penny smiled at the older woman as Heather folded bras. Penny could not help but look at the woman's bust and then back to the cups on those bras. It didn't seem that the two were compatible. Did these Christians have some sort of law about constricting underwear?

"Hello, Penny." Heather's smile was a bit icy. She'd seen the way the young woman had looked at Jacob. The way Heather had come to see it, Jacob's family was his business. But after several more baseball

and sex sessions, she'd started to think of herself as maybe not his wife, but certainly she was his girlfriend. How else could one explain all the unprotected loads she'd taken inside her? "How are you liking the Errand?"

"It's a fine ship." Penny nodded enthusiastically. "Even nicer than the lifeships the Mormons sent out."

"Oh, thank you." Heather nodded and looked back to her clothes pile. She moved on to folding her sensible underwear.

"Say, Heather, I was wondering." Penny's voice rose an octave. "Does Jacob have a girlfriend?"

"Yes," Heather blurted out.

"Oh, really?" Penny tried not to look disappointed. Well, a girlfriend wasn't like a wife. She could still ask Jacob out. "Is she ... on this ship?"

"Yes." Heather didn't like this conversation at all. She stuffed her clothes into the basket and headed for the door.

"Oh, is she in cryo, or ...?" Penny watched the woman's round behind hustle out of the room. And then she was gone. "Well, she must be in cryo or I'd have met her," Penny said to herself. "Well, that's the sleeping Christian girl's loss and Penny Henderson's gain. You snooze you lose."

~~

"Where are you going with your hair all done up like that?" Maureen found her daughter in their shared bathroom back on their ship.

"Oh, do you like it?" Penny's smile was a thousand watts as she looked over at her mother. "I'm going on a date. Can you believe it? A real date after all these years."

"Really?" Maureen couldn't believe it, and she liked it even less.

"I asked Jacob out and he said yes." She stood up and twirled, still in her uniform. "We're meeting at the holopark. The computer is going to give me a lovely, flowing gown."

"It is?" Maureen was stumped. She wanted to forbid it, but Penny was eighteen, a grown woman. She could go on a date if she wanted. Even if it was with one of those strange Christians. "Well, be careful. I'd like you home at an early hour."

"We're in space, Mom. What does it matter?" Penny practically danced to the door.

"It matters." Maureen watched her prance around the room.

"I'll be home ... I'll be home ..." Penny sang. "When the rooster calls the morn ..." And she danced out of the bathroom.

~~

Sitting in a great ballroom across a small table from Jacob, Penny twirled her red curls with her finger. Around them, couples in elegant clothes waltzed across the floor. Empty dishes rested before them. The food had been divine, even if not real. Penny hung on every word Jacob uttered, even if she didn't understand much about baseball. She sipped her water and realized he had stopped talking and was waiting for a response. "Um, what did you say?"

"I asked if you had been on very many dates?" Jacob glanced around the room. This simulation was from an old, decadent era between the first great wars. He enjoyed the luxury on display everywhere in the room. He had on a tuxedo, and she wore a blue, deco evening gown. The computer had outdone itself. He looked over at his date and enjoyed her nervous smile.

"No!" Penny leaned forward like she was about to tell him her deepest secret, although it didn't matter because everyone else in the room was a hologram. "I have never kissed a boy. Can you believe that?"

"Well, yes." Jacob reached across the white tablecloth and patted her hand. "Your family has been through a lot. Would you like to kiss me?" Jacob wasn't sure if he was doing this because of the mission his mother seemed to think God had sent him on, or simply because she was pretty and he couldn't quite seem to contain himself.

"That would be lovely." She watched him stand and step around the table next to her. She wasn't sure what to expect next. Her mind unfurled all the fantasies she'd worked out about her first kiss over the years. Her smile faded, though, as his tuxedo pants vanished. Was the computer glitching? But then her mouth dropped open when she saw that instead of a penis, Jacob was equipped with a serpent. No, that wasn't right, it was a penis. But he must have had some kind of horrific accident. The thing was much too big for him, and although it was hard, it waved about. Had Penny missed some part of sex education? Oh, God, it was rippling rhythmically, and the heavy balls beneath were so blue. Clear liquid oozed from the top.

"Before our kiss, I need you to do something for me. It's part of my mission, actually. It's a Christian thing. I hope you understand." He stepped closer to her, watching her slack face closely.

"I ... uh ... what?" She could not help but stare at it. All around them, people turned elegant circles as they danced. This was just like the time the Hendersons had found that mining outpost. The miners had been so nice at first, but then they'd found out about the infection when Judy had noticed the anomalies. They'd only just escaped. How were they going to escape from this? Penny sat rooted in her seat.

"Will you take care of it?" Jacob stood with his hands on his hips, the upper half of his tuxedo still there.

"I ... um ... oh, gosh ... I've never ..." She reached out and held the thing lightly in her fingertips. Heat radiated off it. Was it hideous or beautiful? She couldn't decide. Whatever it was, it was mesmerizing. "I've never seen one outside my coursework. It's ... um ... different from what I expected." She glanced up at his smiling face quickly and then returned her gaze to the undulating penis. "I thought your sect ..." She squeezed it tighter. "I thought your religion forbade sex outside marriage."

“That’s what this is about. That’s my mission. God has changed things so that we might be fruitful and multiply.”

Penny didn’t like the sound of that. But her hands seemed to know what to do on their own. She found that she was now pumping the thick penis and squeezing in rhythm with the thing’s own pulsing. “I know you have a girlfriend in cryo, but I’ll only do this if I can be your girlfriend. Will you leave her?”

“But that’s the mission, Penny.” Jacob didn’t know what she was talking about with the girlfriend in cryo. “I have to have lots of girlfriends. That’s the mission.” With that, he moved his hips and watched his cock force its way into her pretty mouth. Her eyes looked confused. Her jaw was distorted by his size. But he could feel her tongue rolling over the head.

“Mmmmpppphhhhhh.” Penny had been taught about oral sex, but this was so much more savage than what she’d imagined. She found that the salty taste of his pre-fluid sent sparks through her nervous system. Soon she was sucking on him and pumping him with all her might. It was wrong what he said about his mission. A man shouldn’t have many girlfriends. But the serpent in her mouth was totally right. She didn’t want to give it up.

Jacob watched the innocent young woman throw herself into the blowjob. She wasn’t nearly as skilled as the other women in his life. Her struggles were evident, but that made her dedication to it all the more intoxicating to watch. After a while, his balls churned. “Get ... ready ... Penny.”

Through the fog of her arousal, her brain registered that he probably meant his orgasm was coming. She thought she better spit him out, but instead she sucked harder. When he roared above her, hot salty splashes hit the back of her mouth. She gagged and was then carried away by the most unexpected ecstasy. Nothing in her life had ever felt so good.

Jacob finished cumming and looked down at Penny who had fallen to the parquet floor. Her eyes had rolled back, she was squirming on her side, and she made the most stupid sounds. Jacob would have been worried had he not seen it all before. His cum was plastered over her face, her pretty gown, and the floor around her. As she writhed, the couples around them danced on.

~~

“Open the door, computer.” Maureen didn’t want to spy on her daughter’s first date, but she had a sense that something was off. She stood outside the holopark door.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Henderson, I am unable to comply.” Errand sounded as pleasant as always.

“Okay, show me what’s going on in there.”

“I am unable to comply,” Errand into the Wilderness said.

“Why?” Maureen folded her arms and stomped her foot. Something felt odd about that. Her boobs were sensitive under her folded arms. She uncrossed them and put her hands on her hips.

“Winthrop privacy settings.”

“Override.” Maureen paced down the hall and back.

“Member settings take precedence over guests.” There might have been a bit of ice in Errand’s last words.

“Fine.” Maureen stormed off, looking for the nearest colonist to help her open the holopark.

Chapter 13

Sitting on the bed she shared with her husband, Mary cooed softly as her daughter gently sucked at her breast. With her right hand, Mary stroked Pricilla's lovely blond hair. With her left hand, she rhythmically squeezed her own boob. Mary listened with joy to the sound of suction and steady gulping. She was filling Pricilla up. Mother and daughter hadn't been connected like that in over two decades.

The men were off fixing something. Humility was in her lab. And Jacob was on a date with Penny. It was a perfect moment alone for the two women. A few minutes later, the alarm told her that someone was at the door. Mary sighed. "Errand? Can you please send away whomever is at the door?"

"I'm sorry, Member Winthrop. I cannot. It is Maureen Henderson and she is on the verge of making a scene." Errand explained that it had turned Maureen away at the door to the holopark.

"Very well." Mary gently pulled Pricilla's pretty face off her boob with one last little smack. "Sorry, sweetie. I have to handle this."

"It's okay, Mom." Pricilla wiped her chin with the back of her sleeve. The warm sweetness of her mother's milk spread into her stomach. She sat up, dressed in her uniform, and watched her mother tuck away her breasts. They looked massive. Pricilla wondered if the pregnancy had done that to her mother, or if it was something else? She hefted her own boobs through the uniform. They were no longer small, and they continued to ache at her touch. As her mom stood, Pricilla released her own boobs and stood with her. The room spun a bit around her.

"Errand, warn Jacob that we will be interrupting him soon." Mary walked toward the door. "And let the good doctor into my room."

"As you wish," Errand into the Wilderness said.

The door slid open and there stood Maureen Henderson, her hands on her hips, looking quite put out.

"Hello, Maureen." Mary just finished zipping up her uniform as Maureen came into view. "What can I do for you?"

"You may not, under any circumstances, lock me away from my family or crew." Maureen knew she was hot under the collar, but the situation deserved it. "So help me, if this ever happens again, I'm getting the robot and tearing down doors."

"Now, now." Mary reached to put a placating hand on Maureen's shoulder, but the woman jumped back. "What seems to be the problem?" Mary stalled to give her son time to wrap things up nice and tidy before they arrived.

"My daughter is in the holopark with your son and I can't get in." Maureen narrowed her eyes and looked from mother to daughter. Her gaze lingered on Pricilla. While the mother looked calm and composed, the daughter looked spacy and ... what? Strung out? Where these religious zealots the kind of hypocrites that would do drugs? Pricilla's pupils were dilated in an odd way, and her smile was dreamy. Well, Maureen would figure out that mystery later. First, she would see to her daughter. "Open the damn door."

"There's no need for language." Mary clucked her tongue in disapproval. "Errand, please unlock the door to the holopark."

"It is done, Member Winthrop." The computer sounded very happy to oblige.

"All you had to do was ask. I'm sure the two teenagers were just having some fun. The holopark is very safe you know." Mary said the last few words to an empty doorway. Maureen had turned and sprinted away. Mary looked back at her daughter as the door slid closed. "Now then, Pricilla. Are you full, or would you like a little more while we have a few moments alone?"

"Oh, I can have more?" Pricilla sat down on the bed, her mouth watering. "Right now?"

"As much as time permits, sweetie." Mary walked back across the room, removing her breasts from confinement as she went.

~~

A waiter stopped by Jacob's table with a bowl of hot, steaming towels. "Errand into the Wilderness would like you to know that you will be having company shortly," the waiter said. "She advises that you clean up the young miss."

"What?" Jacob was very close to dropping to the parquet floor and mounting Penny as the dancers twirled around them. "Oh ... Oh, okay." The waiter's sobering words brought him back to himself. He tucked his dick away in his underwear. "Computer, pause program." All activity stopped around them, and Penny's gown and Jacob's tux disappeared. He was happy to see that with them, the cum on her clothes vanished too, her uniform was clean. "Here, let me help you up."

"Uh, thanks." Penny, her mind still reeling from pleasure, took the hand offered and let him pull her to her feet. Her muscles had never been so relaxed, and she realized that something was missing. It was ... anxiety. For the first time in years, she wasn't worried about ... well ... anything. She let the skinny young man dressed only in underwear clean off her face and hair with those wonderfully steamy towels. "This is ... nice," she whispered. He had sprayed his stuff all over her, yes, but it seemed he was tidying up after himself like a gentleman.

"There, now. Good as new." Jacob looked her over. Satisfied, he collected his uniform from its spot by the door and pulled it on. "Want to do this again, sometime?"

"I will ... if I ... can get that kiss." Penny watched the squirming bulge between his legs disappear behind the baggy uniform. She felt so bad for him that he'd been afflicted with the deformity. But she would be his girlfriend regardless. It was almost like *Beauty and the Beast*.

"Okay, sure." Jacob smiled. It was endearing that she still wanted that first kiss after blowing him like a crazed woman. "But it'll have to wait for our next date. We have to get going." He walked over, took her hand, and led her out of the holopark.

"Oh, good. I can't wait." Penny was surprised when they ran into her mother not a hundred feet away from the holopark.

"What did he do to you?" Maureen was breathless with a look of concern on her face.

"Nothing, Mom." Penny squeezed his hand and let go. "Jacob was a real gentleman. We attended a ball, and ate as people danced around us in the most fantastic antique clothes. It was *lovely*." She put an extra emphasis on this last word, hoping Jacob would understand that she thought it all lovely.

"Well, okay then. Come along. Let's get you back to our ship." Maureen took her daughter's hand and led her away from Jacob down the corridor. There was a faint pungent, earthy smell about her that Maureen couldn't place. She breathed in deeply. Despite the situation her shoulders relaxed. She smelled quite nice.

~~

It was mostly women at lunch that day. The older men were all busy fixing a glitch in the EV array. Jacob had wanted to tag along, but they'd told him that at eighteen he wasn't yet ready for such work. Of course, Jacob suspected that they just didn't want him around. His feelings were hurt, but not that hurt. As he looked around the table at the beautiful women sitting with him in the mess hall, he thought maybe it was better this way.

Penny hardly touched her food, she stared at Jacob. Every time she saw him, he was better looking. She was in awe that he'd trusted her enough to show her his strange penis. And then to let her try to swallow his stuff ... She shivered at the thought. She was still unsure what exactly had happened to her when he'd exploded in her mouth. The feeling had completely overwhelmed her. Whatever it was, she wanted more of it.

"Penny, dear, you're not eating." Maureen watched her daughter with a frown. This was Maureen's fault for dragging her daughter all about the galaxy. Goodness knows, they'd tried to get back to civilization over and over, but they'd been lost for so long. If Penny had had a normal dating life, she wouldn't have fallen head over heels for the first strange boy that came along. "Try to eat something." Maureen ignored Mary, Humility, and Pricilla, who were talking about modifications to the replicators.

"Oh, sure." Pricilla absently took a spoonful of her protein and moved it to her mouth.

Heather's gaze moved from Jacob to Penny and back again. She didn't like the way they looked at each other. If she wasn't careful, Jacob would forget all about her. "Hey, Jake, how about we play some baseball this evening." She tried to keep her voice light and friendly.

"Um, yeah, sounds good." Jacob looked over at the beautiful, Christian wife. Their baseball and sex dates in the holopark were always amazing. He smiled.

"Um ... um ..." Penny had been expecting him to ask her out again, but he hadn't yet. Surely, he'd rather go on a date with her than play baseball with that woman. Heather seemed practically old enough to be his mother. "And maybe ... um ... after baseball, we could go on another date? I mean, I'd like to if you're interested. Or I could play baseball with you two."

"You know how to play?" Jacob liked the sound of that.

"Well ... not yet ... but ..." Penny twirled her finger in her red hair. She felt like such a dummy around Jacob.

"Well, baseball sorta takes a while to learn. I'm not sure you'll want to get thrown into a game right away. But we can go out after baseball." Jacob nodded enthusiastically. Penny looked cute when she was shy. "Like around nine?"

"Yes, that sounds great." Penny imagined all the romantic ways she might finally get her first kiss. Maybe under a waterfall, or on top of one of the mile-high buildings, or in one of the undersea tunnels. They would be holding hands, looking at the sights. Of course, they would both be dressed beautifully. They would lean in closer and closer and Jacob would whisper in her ear –

"If you're going on another date, I'll chaperone." Maureen crossed her arms. Again, her boobs somehow got in the way. They ached on her chest. She'd have to have that checked out in their own sickbay when it was up and running again.

"Mom!" Penny turned to her mother, mortified. "I'm eighteen. I don't need a chaperone." She'd ruin everything if she was there. No first kiss for sure.

"I'm going to have to put my foot down. No chaperone, no date." Maureen was prepared to die on this hill.

Penny geared up to let her mom have it, but her momentum was derailed when a voice spoke up.

"That's a good idea," Mary said from the other side of the table. "We don't want them getting in any sort of trouble. I'll chaperone, too. Sound good, Maureen?" She glanced at Jacob and gave him a knowing smile. He nodded back. She was so in sync with her son. What a wonderful feeling.

"Hmmmmmm." Penny sank in her chair. She couldn't argue with Jacob's mother. Her mom had really ruined things.

"Thank you, Mary. That sounds good." Maureen frowned at her daughter. She wasn't used to outbursts from Penny.

Heather scowled at the whole table. Giving Jacob time with his family was one thing. She knew that he had a special relationship with his mother and sister. But having to share him with this teenager? Heather didn't like it one bit.

~~

After the baseball game, Heather sat on the bench a few feet from Jacob. She was sweaty, dusty, and peeved. Jacob hadn't even tried to kiss her yet. "So, how did your date with Penny go?" She watched Jacob's innocent smile broaden. He hadn't seemed to notice the ice in her voice.

"It went well." He told her about the date and how it had ended after the blowjob.

"Well, that sounds fun." Heather didn't have a lot practice being sexy, but if there was ever a time for it, that was the moment. She dropped down to the floor of the dugout and slowly crawled toward Jacob on her hands and knees. "Was she good at oral sex?"

"Well, no." Jacob frowned. "But she tried really hard." He watched this magnificent woman move toward him, her diamond ring dull with dust as her hands made their way to his pants, pulling down his zipper.

"I try really hard, too. Don't I?" Heather could see his bulge grow bigger and bigger, wriggling inside his pants. Time to free it. She pulled down his pants and underwear, looking up lovingly into his eyes past the pulsing, engorged head of his penis.

"Yeah, you do." Jacob knew he didn't have a lot of time until his date, but figured he had at least a few more minutes.

"And I'm better than her?" Heather licked the copious precum from the head and shuddered. Her head swam as the pleasure hit her. She opened wide and bobbed her mouth on him. She gagged a bit, but she was determined to get more of him down her throat than she usually did.

"I mean, you're different. She hasn't ever done it before. It's like ... ugh ... when we first started ... ugh ..." Jacob found it hard to concentrate. She was taking him so deep. "Wow ... that's ... really good." He leaned his head back and let her work.

"Mmmpppphhhhhh." Despite all her best efforts, Heather could down no more than half of him. The cock was playful and danced with her movements as always, but she found that made matters worse. She gagged over and over. Maybe there would be something in the ship's library about how to please a husband with her mouth. She'd learned everything on the fly with Jacob, but it's possible the church had some manuals on healthy marital sex. Her hands moved down and cupped those heavy balls. She could feel them beating in her palms. "Gggggffffff?" She wanted to ask him if he liked what she was doing, but couldn't bring herself to pull her mouth off his cock.

Jacob slumped on the bench. After a while, he groaned out his climax. As he did, he looked down at this dedicated wife. Her dark eyes rolled up until he could see only the whites, and she fell over sideways after gulping down most of his seed. On the dusty floor, she convulsed and made the most stupid sounds. Jacob smiled down at her. After a few minutes, he stood and tucked himself back in his pants. It was time to get ready for his date.

"Will you ... will you ... please ... not date Penny?" She worked hard to bring her brain into focus enough to get out those words. She pushed herself to a sitting position, aware that cum was on her chin and staining the front of her baseball jersey.

"Gosh, Mrs. Eweje." Jacob hadn't expected this. He frowned down at her and thought things over. "Will you leave your husband?"

Heather stared up at him blankly. Part of her wanted to blurt out yes, but she stayed silent.

After a while, Jacob nodded. "Well, if you're going to be with Max, it's only fair that I get to date Penny. Right?" He waited a few seconds. When she didn't respond, Jacob bent down, gave her a kiss on the cheek, and strolled toward the exit. "I have to get ready for my date." He turned back to her at the door.

“Oh, and we’re going to need the holopark, so ...” He didn’t want to tell her to leave, but his date was only fifteen minutes away. He smiled at her and left.

Heather watched him go. Well, if he was going to see that unchristian girl again, then Heather was going to have sex with her husband. She stood on unsteady feet and brushed the dust off her. It had been a while since she and Max had been intimate, but she was going to seduce her husband that night. And they were going to have the best sex ever.

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At Penny’s request, the holopark was set to a great undersea tunnel. They dined at one of the best restaurants on Earth, as sea life swam mere feet away on the other side of the tidalglass walls. Soft and slow music filled the room, said to be modeled on the call of that erstwhile mammal, the whale. Penny and Jacob sat at a small table, talking by candlelight. Mary and Maureen sat a few tables away, watching the young couple.

“They seem to be having a lovely time. Do you think we were ever so young?” Mary sipped her water and smiled at her companion.

“It feels like I met my husband, John, about a million years and forty parsecs ago.” Maureen had to admit, the date had gone very well. Jacob seemed to be quite the gentleman. She was starting to let her worries slide away. She sipped at her wine. It was delicious, but as part of the holopark, it would not get her drunk.

“I know what you mean. But we do not always see the good Lord’s plan at the start of the journey.” Mary thought about the baby growing inside her. She was sure God had put Isaac in her path just so that it would all lead to Jacob and his irresistible manhood.

“Um ... yeah.” Maureen tensed a little at the religious talk.

“Pardon me, Member Mary Winthrop.” The computer’s voice cut in over the music. “The Henderson’s robot has lodged itself in the airlock between our ships and refuses to move. I am concerned that should one of our ships experience pressure anomalies there could be trouble with –”

“I understand, Errand. We need a functioning airlock.” Mary stood and looked down at Maureen. “Shall we see what’s amiss with your robot?”

“Okay, Penny. Come along. Date’s over.” Maureen stood, too.

“But, Mom!” Penny looked over at her mother, exasperated. Lately, Maureen had made it a mission to ruin Penny’s social life. “I’m not ready to leave.”

“Come now, Mrs. Henderson.” Mary thought about patting Maureen on the shoulder, saw her body posture, and thought better of it. “We won’t be gone long. And they’re enjoying themselves. What’s the harm in letting them linger under the sea a little while longer? We do remember what it’s like to be young, do we not?”

“Um ... well ...” Maureen tapped her foot. How long could it take to coax the robot out of the airlock?
“Okay, then. You can stay. But if I’m not back in an hour, I want you to come help with the robot. Deal?”

“One hour?” Penny cocked her head. It was better than nothing.

“One hour, it’s settled.” Mary gently herded Maureen to the door, winking at her son on her way by his table. “Show the young lady a good time, Jake.”

“Will do, Mom.” Jacob winked back at her.

About twenty minutes later, Penny found that she’d been maneuvered to her back on the floor. Her gown was up at her waist, her panties around her right ankle, and her legs spread wide in the air. Jacob had nibbled on her neck and ear, but she still hadn’t had a proper kiss. “Um ... are you going to ... oh, my.” Penny looked down between her legs at Jacob’s writhing beast that seemed to be seeking out her hole. She’d taken her own virginity with a hair brush a while ago, and that had hurt. She doubted that fat, long penis would even be able to fit its head in her. “Maybe we should wait ... my mom will be back any ... oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She arched her back suddenly, conking her head on the floor. With a plop, the head was in. “So ... full ...” she said through gritted teeth. Improbably, the thing sunk into her inch by inch, until she could feel it squirming in her belly. “I’m going to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” She came on that giant thing before he’d even pumped her once.

“You’re ... really tight ... Penny.” Jacob moved his hips and got into a good rhythm. He leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on her lips as she came out of her orgasm.

“Feels ... really ... uuugggghmmmmmm.” Penny’s voice was cut off by a wonderfully considerate and gentle kiss. It was so unlike the savagery of his hips. It was almost like Jacob was of two minds. She let his tongue play with hers, and soon she was eagerly kissing him back. This was so different from anything she’d imagined. Well, she had gotten the undersea tunnel right. But she hadn’t expected her first kiss to follow on the heels of penetration. As their tongues played, the great dick inside her roughly teased her insides as if it meant to kiss her, too. It hit the perfect spot, Penny tensed, and she came again. Her brain nearly broke under the weight of all that pleasure. He was, quite literally, driving her crazy.

A few decks away, in Heather’s quarters, she opened her legs to her husband. She couldn’t help but feel an empty pit in her stomach when she looked down at Max’s thing, meekly wobbling between his legs. Was that it? Was that really all Max had? Was he even hard? It had been so long since she’d seen a penis that wasn’t Jacob’s that she’d lost all perspective. “Come, kiss me, Max.” She tried to push her body to feel for him, but she knew she was quite dry down there.

In the holopark, Jacob and Penny had been humping for quite some time. For several minutes, she’d tried to speak to him between kisses. To tell him how much she liked it. How amazing her first time was. But after her ninth or tenth orgasm, her brain and mouth became disconnected. Now she was just babbling nonsense and screaming as each tidal wave of ecstasy crested. She looked up at the ocean above, completely unseeing.

Heather counted the slats in the vent in the corner of the ceiling as her husband moved on top of her. When he’d found out how dry she was, he had insisted on using lube. Heather didn’t think he’d need it, but didn’t argue. He was so small, she doubted there would be much friction. After a time, he jerked his

body on top of her. As he came, Heather sighed. This was not the best sex ever, as she had hoped. It barely qualified as sex.

On the floor of the restaurant, Jacob howled. "Do ... you ... want ... it?" His hips gave great big, shuddering lunges.

"Yeeeeessssssssssss." It was only after Penny had given her blessing to Jacob that she realized he was asking if she wanted his sperm inside her. Of course, that's why he'd been trembling the last couple minutes. He was going to shoot it inside her. But she couldn't take back what she said. Instead, she held on tight to his butt and pushed him in harder. She heard his cry of pleasure, and then felt the white-hot splash deep in her womb. The world spun away from her and her mind floated through rapturous nebulae. Someone, somewhere, was making the most idiotic sounds. It took her forever to realize it was her own voice.

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Maureen finally got the robot out. It turns out it wasn't so much stuck as locked in. She checked the time. It had been over an hour. She was getting a bad feeling again.

"Well done." Mary sounded quite happy the crisis was over. "My, that robot is large, isn't it?" She turned toward Maureen, but all she saw was the woman's round backside running down the hall. She turned back to the robot, as it made its way back into its own ship. "Well. I suppose we'll see you later, big fellow."

Maureen careened down the halls. Was this all a trick? What would she find when she got to the holopark? Why hadn't Penny come to get her after an hour? She skidded to a stop about a hundred yards from the holopark door. There was her daughter, holding hands with Jacob. They were walking toward her with big smiles on their faces.

"Hello, Mrs. Henderson." Jacob waved with his free hand. "I'm sorry we cut it close to an hour. We were just having a great time together."

Penny giggled, and tried to walk like she hadn't been riding a horse all day. "Hi, Mom. How'd it go with the robot?"

"It went fine." Maureen sighed in relief. Nothing had happened after all with the teenagers. "Everything's fine."

Chapter 14

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 buttocks.

"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 infertile 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 ... uuuuggggghhhhhhhh." 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 women 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?

"Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh." 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.

Chapter 15

"What mischief have you been up to?" Mary inhaled deeply. Jacob's bedroom was filled with the unmistakable fragrance of her son's semen. It smelled like how she imagined the scent of a pristine forest floor from sometime before the fourth war tainted the Earth's natural places. Jacob's snoring emanated from his bed. "Hello? Anyone here?" She wondered if the lucky woman was still in his suite, but there was no answer. It had probably been Humility. Mary didn't mind that Jacob still tended to his sister-in-law's private garden. But only because he had more than enough of his gift to spare.

"I'm coming into the bathroom." Mary walked into the bathroom. It was still steamy, but no one was there. She wetted a towel in the sink with warm water and made her way over to her son's bed. She was sure he had fallen asleep dirty from his deeds. He was lucky to have a mother that would come clean up after his messes. "Jake? It's me." But he didn't awaken as she pulled off the sheet that covered him and went to work gently scrubbing that great, flaccid instrument of his. The thing was quiet, with only a slight, steady pulse under her fingers. It was rare that the leviathan wasn't writhing and seeking out new territory to colonize. She chuckled to herself and finished her toweling. His penis grew as she watched and moved about like it was waking. It clearly wanted more of what the last woman had given. She stood and undressed. Soon she was only wearing the platinum cross around her neck.

What a happy surprise her son would have when he woke to her riding him. She climbed onto the bed, straddled him, and reached under her. But before she could guide the penis in, it had already found her sacred grotto. "Ugh ... oh ... how ... how do you know what to do while Jake sleeps? That spot is ... aaaahhhhhh ... perfect." She settled down on him, grateful that the Lord had made her tender son so fruitful ... and irresistible. Placing her hands on his skinny chest, she ground into him with an eccentric rocking motion. She watched his eyelids open. "Welcome back from dreamland, sleepyhead." She smiled down at him, aware that his eyes immediately fell to her wobbling breasts. Maybe he was just watching the metal cross dance as it bounced from one boob to the other. But Mary didn't think so. And she didn't mind. He should enjoy all aspects of their mission's fecundity. "Was it Humility who soiled you so? I ... uh ... uh ... had to clean you quite thoroughly when I arrived."

"Oh ... thanks, Mom." Jacob sighed. It was a lame thing to say to the woman riding him, but he was still fuzzy and distracted. And thankful. "It was Humility." Jacob thought about telling her about how he had surprised himself by taking his sister-in-law's ass, but then thought better of it. His mother was quite religious, and he didn't think she'd understand. He wasn't supposed to plow a barren furrow and all. But then again ... he was fucking his own mother at that very moment, and while their scripture didn't necessarily prohibit incest, it did condemn adultery. And she didn't seem to mind breaking that rule, or facilitating his breaking of that rule with others. So ... "Mom, Humility and I ..."

"Shh. Sweetie ... you can tell me ... later ... ughhhhhh ... right now, your thing has ... found a spot ... deep in the back of my ... oh goodness ... I'm ..." She gave a little shriek and then a long moan.

"You look so hot like that, Mom." Jacob could see the muscles on her thighs quivering with delight as her face screwed up in a very unladylike way.

Coming down from her orgasm, Mary was going to chide her son for saying she looked "hot" when his penis pushed hard at her insides. "Oh ... what are you doing? Oh ... oh my." It was too much and she

lifted herself off him. "That hurt, Jake. Don't do that." She fell off him, onto her butt on the sheet. She stared at his leviathan. It was white with her own froth, and even though it was huge with his hardness, it moved about as if testing the air. Her eyebrows lowered, and her face fell into a scowl.

"I didn't do anything." Jacob looked at her. The way she was now leaning back on her elbows, the blond triangle of hair between her legs pointed right at him. Her pussy gaped and pulsed, as if it was as breathless as she was. He looked up her body, past the gentle slope of her belly up to her great, hanging tits lolling to each side. "Sometimes my ... thing has a mind of its own."

"I guess that's true of most men." Mary opened her legs a little wider for him, and the stern expression melted. She opened her arms, too. "Just tell that big guy to go a little easier on me." Her son fell into her arms, planting kisses on her clavicle and upper chest. "Wait ... wait ... what's it doing now?" His penis seemed confused. It was pushing at the wrong hole. "You can't ... oh ... wait ... ouch." The head, still slick with her froth popped into Mary's butt. Her whole body tensed and she lay perfectly still, praying that it would only be the head. "The scripture says –"

"I know what the scripture says, Mom." Jacob was a bit frustrated with his dick. You don't just take your mom's anal cherry. His cock was getting out of line. "Humility already went through that with me."

"You ... um ... took her ... butt?" Mary breathed mechanically in through her nose and out of her mouth. She realized it was the technique she'd used all those years ago during childbirth. This felt quite similar.

"That's what I was going to tell you. It wasn't on purpose." He tried to pull his hips back but his dick turned a little sideways and hooked itself inside her.

"Ow ... ow ... ow ... stop." Mary was now rigid as a board. "It hurts." When he'd tried to pull back, Jacob had created some space between them. She looked down. Jacob's thing always looked obscene between her legs, but even more so now with her vagina empty and gaping and his long thick shaft disappearing below it. "Just ease ... it out ... wait." The penis was now massaging the inside of her butt. And ... impossibly it was starting to feel ... good. "You can ... leave it there ... for a sec." She still huffed and puffed, but her seizing muscles relaxed some.

"Really?" Jacob relaxed, too. He lowered his mouth to her right breast and gulped down the warm milk that waited for him. The milk's effect was to make the whole experience more dreamy. His hips rocked a little. Her tight buttock did feel fantastic gripping his dick as it was. His hips rocked a little more. "Is that okay?" He said around her nipple.

"Oh ... oh ... oh ... my ..." Mary swooned. So far, Mary had been teaching her son about procreation. Even though he was so very different from his father, she was familiar with all the basics. But now, Mary was not familiar with what was happening to her rear at all. He was teaching her. Well maybe that was because this sex was not about procreation in the slightest. "It is ... more than ... okay ... sweetie. It's ... magical." She put her hands on his tight, skinny butt and pulled him into her. The leviathan spread her out more and inched into her. "Why would ... He ... forbid such a ... thing? There must have ... been an error in translating ... the scripture. It is good ... it feels so good ... back there. It really is ... time for a ... reformation."

"Sure ... Mom." Jacob gently bit on her supple nipple, enjoying the little jetty of warm milk that sprayed into his mouth. "I am the chosen one, right?" His hips pressed down into her. After a few minutes, he was all the way in. His dick wiggled inside her guts. Jacob guessed it was searching out her weak spots.

"You are ... the savior of ... New Canaan. You will ... sow the fields ... on our new home. Oooooooooohhhhhhhhh." Mary hunched into her son and a mighty orgasm took her. It was so odd to feel such pleasure without anything working on her vagina. Her son had opened her eyes to new horizons. How many women would he change in this way? All of them. Mary prayed that it would be all.

They humped like that for quite a while. It was a bit different from their normal missionary, because she had to angle her hips up a bit to give him better access when he wanted to really drive it into her. Her mind drifted in and out of floating rapturous nebulae. Eventually, his voice brought her concentration back to his handsome face. His hips slowed and he gave it to her slow and steady, his hands holding her calves up in the air.

"You look so beautiful, Mom." Jacob smiled down at her.

"Thank you, Jake." Mary smiled back. Her prayer that he should take every woman on that ship came back to her mind. "How is it going with Penny and Heather?"

Jacob told her all about how much fun he was having with Penny, and how Heather was jealous. All while gently rocking in and out of her ass.

"Well, then. We have to be a bit careful there. You can't have them ... oh ... fighting." Mary reached up and brushed some of his sandy, brown hair off his sweaty forehead. "You may need to show Heather she has nothing to fear from Penny. And once that's done ..." Mary chewed her bottom lip as she thought of her prayer. "... you shouldn't stop with them. There are more women that need a savior."

"You mean ... the other ... Hendersons?" He looked down at his mother with wide eyes, his hips slamming into her again, watching her grit her teeth as she received each powerful thrust. Could he really bed all the women in that famous spacefaring family? He wanted to pinch himself. Penny had just fallen into his lap so he hadn't really stopped to think about the superstar he'd seeded. And her mother and sister? He imagined the genius, Judy, screaming in ecstasy. And then, as he slammed hard into his mother's butt, he thought about what Maureen Henderson's composed face would look like when he skewered her on his cock. "Oh ... shit ... Mom ... I could ... knock up ... the Hendersons. Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He came deep in Mary's ass. As he came, he listened to her idiotic sounds. As the waves of his orgasm took him, he wondered how stupid Maureen would sound when he sowed her fields.

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Why was it so hard to focus on certain thoughts? John Carver tried to think about danger. Was Pricilla in danger? Was her own brother the cause? His mind wouldn't cling to any of it. Danger ... danger. Danger, John Carver. Was his wife in danger? Was his brother-in-law up to something? No, that couldn't be. Jacob was a sweet eighteen-year-old devotee of Colony Control and the New Bible. Danger ... danger ...

danger. Was someone in danger? John couldn't remember. There was a pen and paper on the table before him. Had he put them there?

Maybe he should put pen to paper. That's what he needed to do. Was someone in danger? John wasn't sure. He picked up the pen, and wrote: *Jacob Winthrop is a dang* ... But his mind wandered off and he dropped the pen. The door opened and Pricilla walked into their cabin.

"Hello, dear." Pricilla walked over to her husband and looked down at the paper. "Writing a note?" She picked up the paper. Her eyes narrowed and she looked back and forth between the note and John. Then her face brightened. "I have some news. I'm pregnant. Isn't that great?" Rather than hugging him, or kissing him, she patted his head like he was a puppy dog.

"Is it ... is it ...?" John couldn't bring himself to ask the question. Something smelled quite basic and earthy all of a sudden. The scent was strong. Was that coming from Pricilla? Was someone in danger? Was his wife in danger? Surely not, she looked so happy.

"Is it a gift from God? Of course it is, silly." She laughed. "And that is a sweet note. You're right, dear. Jacob Winthrop is a dang good brother-in-law." She giggled some more and crumpled the paper up and put it in her pocket. "I have to take a shower." Pricilla turned and, still chortling to herself, walked into the bathroom. The door closed behind her.

"Jacob Winthrop is a dang good brother-in-law," John repeated to himself. The second he said it, relief flooded through him. He didn't have anything to worry about. He stood and walked over to the bed. He was suddenly quite sleepy. Time for a nap.

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Maureen knew Penny was about to go on her date. Her earlier calm about Penny's relationship with that young religious zealot had not lasted. Maybe she should have another try at talking her daughter out of it before the date started. She got up and moved quickly out the door. But, to her surprise, she found that rather than walking to Penny's cabin, her feet took her to the bathroom. Before she knew what was happening, she had locked the door and undressed.

Why was her body going so crazy? As she sat up on the counter next to the sink and spread her legs, she looked down. Her boobs were quite visibly swollen. She didn't think her breasts had ever been that big, not even while pregnant with her children. And they still ached, too. With one hand, she massaged an aching boob, with the other, she caressed the outer lips of her vagina. She was so slick. Forgetting completely about talking her daughter out of her date, Maureen masturbated herself for over an hour, climaxing explosively several times.

By the time Maureen exited the bathroom, Penny was already off on her date.

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Jacob had just stepped out of a shower and into one of his father's uniforms, when the door to his cabin opened. He looked up as Heather walked in and the door closed behind her.

"Max isn't ... I mean I've tried ... I mean ... he can't do the things ..." As Heather spoke, she very matter-of-factly unzipped her uniform and stepped out of it. "I want you, Jacob." She removed her underwear, and stood proudly before him. "Now, darn it." She thrust her chest out and shook her shoulders. She knew how much he enjoyed the way she jiggled.

"I have a date with Penny." Jacob gave her an exasperated look. This was very hard to say no to. "If I don't leave now, I'll be late."

"Would you rather have that eighteen-year-old girl, or a woman?" Heather wasn't going to lose out to that godless heathen.

"Both?" Jacob shrugged. He undressed quickly. Penny wouldn't mind if he was a few minutes late.

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"Where is he?" Penny tapped her foot outside the holopark. Jacob had never been late before. "Errand? Where's Jacob Winthrop?"

"He is in his room getting ready for your date." The computer sounded sanguine as always.

Penny frowned. Well at least he remembered the date it seemed. Did his tardiness mean he was losing interest? Penny had just had her first kiss. She wasn't ready for her first breakup. She wasn't going to wait around for him. She took off at a jog down the corridor.

When Penny got to Jacob's door, the computer let her in. She took a couple steps into the room and stopped dead in her tracks. The door hissed closed behind her. Jacob and Heather looked so odd banging together with their different sizes and skin tones. The wife's nakedness was so dark, especially in contrast to Penny's pale boyfriend. And not only was she taller than Jacob, but Heather was also quite round. Of course, Jacob was skinny like Penny. Jacob had Heather on her hands and knees facing away from the door, and neither had noticed Penny's entrance.

"So ... good ... ugh ... when we're not together ... I ... uh ... uh ... can't stop thinking about your ... magic ..." Heather was getting close again.

"Excuse me, that's my boyfriend. Get off him." Penny knew it was a ridiculous thing to say for several reasons, not least of which was that Heather wasn't on Jacob. He was giving it to her, and he didn't look in any way coerced.

Jacob pulled out of Heather and spun around to look at Penny. "I'm sorry I'm late. I just got ..." He didn't know what to say.

"Zip it, mister." Penny's eyes went quite dark when she looked at him. "I'll have something to say to you in a minute. But first ..." She looked at Heather. "How dare you try and steal away my boyfriend."

"Oh, stop it. You're just a teenager." Heather rose from the bed on wobbly legs, the pleasure still reverberating through her. She walked over to Penny, mildly surprised at herself that she wasn't covering up her nakedness. "He needs a woman, not a girl."

"He needs someone who loves him." Penny stomped her foot, unaware that she'd just admitted to the room that she loved Jacob. "And I'm plenty of woman for him." She wasn't curvy like Heather, but she did have a full enough figure, and Jacob seemed to enjoy her body.

"You don't even believe in God. You're a heathen and a polygamist." Heather placed her hands on her hips for emphasis.

"Who cares about religion." Penny was getting fed up. After all her adventures, she felt she could definitely take this woman in a fight. Her fists clenched. "And why are the colonists always talking about polygamy? It's not like that's a thing back on Earth. And anyway, you're married! You're the polygamist heathen if anyone is. You can't even give him your whole self. He's my *only* boyfriend."

"Stop it." Jacob stood and walked over to them. This was exactly the sort of thing his mom warned him about. He needed to diffuse the situation quickly. "I want you both. But if you can't get along, I don't want to see either of you again."

"You can't mean that." Heather turned to him, aghast.

"Really?" Penny had felt confident that he'd pick her, but if he cast out both of them ...?

"You have to get along or I'm out." Jacob crossed his arms to look more serious. This attempt was somewhat undercut by his massive, waving dick, pulsing and oozing clear fluid onto the floor.

"I'm sorry," Penny said with sincerity. She turned and said it again to Heather.

"I'm sorry, too," Heather mumbled.

"Now kiss and make up." Jacob kept that stern look on his youthful face.

"Really?" Penny screwed up her face in disgust.

Heather sighed. She was going to have to kiss this little hussy.

"Yes, really. Now." Jacob's voice lowered a little.

The women stepped closer together. Penny leaned her face up and planted a soft peck on Heather's cheek. She looked over at Jacob and saw the look of displeasure on his face. She smoothed her uniform with her hands and leaned up again and kissed Heather's full, dark lips. She did it again, knowing what Jacob wanted. And then she parted her lips a little and tentatively licked Heather's bottom lip. She had only just kissed a boy for the first time, and now she was kissing a tall, naked married woman. The Errand was a crazy ship. Soon, her lips were locked with Heather's and their tongues played a duet. Penny felt butterflies in her belly. She actually liked it. How strange.

"That's good." Jacob's hands dropped down to his cock and stroked as he watched his women kiss. "Not just kissing." He watched as Penny pulled back and then kissed her way down Heather's long neck and onto her chest. Heather's eyelids fluttered as Penny worked her way onto her left tit and then licked and kissed her black nipple.

"Wow ... I ..." Heather looked down as the soft, little creature ran her white hands up Heather's sides. "I ... didn't think ..." What a turnaround inside her brain. Heather now felt tenderness for this uppity heathen. She entwined her fingers in Penny's red curls and softly cooed to her as the girl lapped at her breast.

After she had worked on both the woman's breasts, Penny looked up into her pretty, brown eyes. "You are really beautiful. I see why Jacob likes you."

"I feel the same way," Heather breathed.

A little while later, Heather lay on her back with her hand working her pussy. She watched the mating teenagers, enraptured by their vigor, youth, and beauty.

"You're both ... perfect ... so perfect," Jacob said. He had Penny naked now, on her stomach, with her legs together. He watched her tight ass bounce with each shock she absorbed from his hips. These women really were perfect in their own ways. He slid out of Penny, causing her to mewl with loss and anticipation. She squirmed her little butt up at him. Jacob tried to line up his dick at her butthole to replicate the amazing sex he'd had with Humility and his mother. He was confident she'd love it. But his dick wouldn't cooperate. Every time he thought he had it lined up, it moved on him.

"Come on, Jake. What are you doing back there?" Penny said into the sheets.

"Yeah, quit screwing around." Heather giggled.

"Sorry." Jacob eased his dick back into Penny's waiting pussy without a problem. He went back to pounding her. Maybe he needed to plow her fields under first and have his crop fix in her, as the scripture goes. Then he could have the backdoor. That was fine. He could wait.

"Go ahead and fill her, Jake. Fill her like you filled me." Heather diddled herself harder. She was about to climax. She could tell from Jacob's expression that she wasn't alone.

Jacob's hips went out of rhythm and he screamed out his release. Below him, Penny made the most pitiful, stupid sounds. And next to him, Heather cried out. It was almost like the three of them were trying out a new hymnal.

Chapter 16

"Might I have a word?" Maureen pushed her chair back and stood in the mess hall. She addressed her crew and the skeleton crew of the Errand into the Wilderness.

"Yes, of course." Mary waved her hand gracefully, giving Maureen the floor. It used to be that everyone would have looked to her husband, Isaac, for guidance. But without anyone having realized it, Mary had become the de facto center of gravity aboard the ship.

"Ahem. Yes. Well, we noticed that the Wilderness has fired her deceleration thrusters." Maureen looked around the table. She wouldn't miss those strangely pious faces. "And while our relative speeds are synchronistic, our ship can capture a small percentage of the released energy using a new bypass tunnel I've installed. This means that –"

"TLDR, Mom." Penny didn't quite understand it, but she didn't like where her mother was going with this.

"It's brilliant. Don't you see, Penny?" Judy's dark eyes sparkled with excitement as she gave her sister a nudge on her shoulder. "By blasting some of the energy up this new tunnel, we can rebuild our fuel supply. We can leave." She looked around the table at somber faces. "You've been more than gracious. It's not that we want to leave. But we're not part of your mission. Um ... ow ..." Judy's shin barked in pain as her sister's foot collided with it. "Why'd you do that, Penny?" She pulled her shin up and rubbed it under the table.

"Just shut up about leaving." Penny turned to Maureen. "Is she right, Mom? Are we going?" Tears welled in her eyes. She couldn't bring herself to look over at her boyfriend. She couldn't leave him. She just couldn't.

"Yes, that's what I was getting to. I'd say we have about 56 hours until a full charge. Then we can shove off." Maureen nodded. She watched Penny closely. They had all become accustomed to, if not friendly with, the crew of the Wilderness. But Penny was quite attached. Unhealthily attached, in Maureen's opinion. Leaving would be like ripping off the Band-Aid. Her daughter wouldn't like it, but she'd get over it soon enough. "We never wanted to overstay our welcome. The plan was always to –"

"God damnit, Mom." Penny stood up and stomped out of the room.

"I'm sorry about the blasphemy." Maureen turned red as she looked over at Mary. "She's just a teenager."

"It's quite all right." Mary wasn't happy about the blasphemy, but she was more concerned about Mrs. Henderson's plans. "Why don't you go see to Penny's well-being. We'll pray for her. And pray on this planned departure."

"Right." Maureen would never get over how odd these religious zealots were. She stood, pulled her husband to his feet, and the Hendersons all marched out of the mess.

"I have to think things over." Mary stood and strode with purpose out the door.

The rest of the people at the table disbanded. Humility was the last one sitting with her breakfast and milk half-finished before her. "Um ... Errand?"

"Yes, Member Humility Winthrop." Errand's sanguine voice always sounded pleased with itself.

"Did she say we're decelerating?" Humility was quite perplexed. They should have years before the planned deceleration to New Canaan.

"I will look into this." The computer's voice cut out.

"Errand? Errand?" Humility's jaw set tight. Why wasn't the computer answering her? This was very strange. She took a big gulp of milk from her glass and felt her jaw loosen. Well, whatever was going on, it wasn't such a big deal. The important thing was putting out the fire between her legs. She stood and walked toward the door. She needed to track down Jacob. And, if that failed, she'd have to start working her own pussy in the very near future.

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With twenty-seven hours until the Hendersons' scheduled departure, Jacob humped Penny for all he was worth. They hadn't bothered with a date, or plans. Penny had shown up at his door an hour before, her uniform zipped down to the waist and tears in her eyes.

They rutted for hours and Jacob dumped three loads in her loosened pussy. Eventually, they lay in bed side by side exhausted. Jacob reached out and slipped her sweaty hand into his.

"You don't have to leave." He turned his head and watched her profile, enamored of her sad beauty.

"Really? You might want to tell that to my mother. Because in just over a day, she plans on us sailing away." Penny didn't want to sound angry with Jacob. "If only she could understand how much I love you."

"That's just it. I have a plan to show her. And keep you here." Jacob didn't like lying to Penny, but he didn't think she'd want to hear that his mother had actually cooked up the plan. "If you give her some of this to drink ..." He reached into the drawer on his nightstand and pulled out a self-cooling bottle. He handed it to her. "... and then bring her here, I think I can convince her to stay." He batted gently at one of her boobs and watched it sway back and forth on her chest. Her tits were even bigger than when they'd screwed last time. "Do you think you can do that?"

"My mom would never let you ..." Penny understood what he was thinking and she was quite conflicted. "I mean I don't think ..." She held the self-cooled bottle tightly in her hand. "How do I get her to drink this?"

"You'll think of something." Jacob smiled. "Oh, and you should probably make sure that the rest of your crew is busy with something when she's here. I don't want us to be interrupted when we're ... um ... convincing Maureen Henderson to stay."

Both eighteen-year-olds had similar visions playing in their minds.

"Right ... right ..." Penny reached over and put the bottle on the floor next to her. She then took hold of her boyfriend's splendidly deformed dick. It wiggled and pulsed in her hand. Her mom would never. Would she? The thought of it drove her wild for some reason. "I don't have anywhere to be, Jake. Time for one more?" She hoisted herself on top of him and let that magical penis find its own way in. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhh. Yes."

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"The tunnel is accepting ... Fuel cells ... fuel cells ... almost full. Our ship is open and ... accepting Errand's energy." Maureen was babbling. She knew it, but couldn't quite stop. Her daughter pulled her through Errand's empty corridors. What was so important that it couldn't wait? Did she really need to say goodbye to her daughter's boyfriend? The world around her had a liquid feel, very much like a dream. Maybe she shouldn't have had that White Russian cocktail. But they were only hours from departure, and she could celebrate. She should celebrate. At least a little. Penny squeezed her hand tighter and led her on. "Fuel cells ... filling ... with energy. Kinetic turned potential. Something ... something new ... created ... with friction. Every action has a —"

"Jeez, I know, Mom." Penny was starting to believe this might work. That milk Jacob had given her was certainly having its way with Maureen. She seemed totally out of it. "You're so excited to leave. I get it. But first, we need to say a proper goodbye to my boyfriend."

"I'll be happy to say goodbye." Maureen had been through so much in the past few years, but with the exception of those vacuum loving gypsy spiders, this was the strangest experience. Did she ... did she actually like these zealots? She felt almost like she'd miss Jacob. But that wasn't right. He was a bad influence on her sweet Penny. "Goodbye to the Winthrops ... hello to ..." Her mind wandered off. How much vodka had Penny put in that drink? She should never have let a teenager be her bartender.

"Here we are." Penny waved and smiled at Jacob as they entered his room and the door hissed shut behind them. She pulled her mom to the center of the room and let go of her hand.

"Did you give it to her?" Jacob held his robe closed with one hand. He could tell from Penny's gaze that she could see his hardness writhing underneath the terrycloth, searching for freedom. But Maureen wasn't looking at the tent, just sort of hazily staring around the room.

"I did. And she's out of it." Penny rubbed her legs together. Was it actually going to happen?

"Are you sure about this?" Jacob stepped toward mother and daughter. Confidence surged through him. The old Jacob, before they'd left Earth, would barely have been able to say two words to the renowned and indefatigable Maureen Henderson. And now ... he was about to show that very same woman his deformed dick. "We can still turn back if you want."

"I wish there was another way, Jake. I mean, she is my mom. But I tried talking her into staying. This is the only way." Penny pushed her mother in the back and Maureen took a stumbling step toward the approaching teenager.

"What? What are you two ... talking about?" Maureen rubbed her forehead. Things were so foggy. "Right ... right ... we came here to say goodbye." She blinked her eyes and found some clarity. "Goodbye, Jacob Winthrop." She stuck out her hand for a formal shake.

"This isn't goodbye in the slightest, Mrs. Henderson. You're staying. You're all staying." He dropped his robe to the floor, and now both women stared at his dick.

Penny had the familiar hunger in her eyes. Her pink tongue stuck out of the corner of her mouth.

But Maureen looked like the sight of him had brought her quite a shock. Her face went white, her jaw went slack, and her eyes turned round as saucers. The daring wife, mother, scientist, and adventurer stood awkwardly with her hand still held out for the shake that wasn't to come. "What is ... that?!?"

"Haven't you heard? I'm the messiah. There's going to be a reformation." Jacob closed the distance between them and put his hands on her shoulders. She was taller than him, so he looked up into her intelligent, brown eyes. He could tell she was trying to restart her brain. He pushed down with his hands and she slowly lowered to her knees. His dick twitched at the sight of this star falling into his gravity. "Anyway, that's what my mom says. I'm not sure I believe it. After you give me a blowjob, you can let me know if you believe it."

"What?" She said again like an idiot. The penis before her was a horrific demon of an organ. The immensity of it, and the way it supported itself, told her it was hard. But at the same time, it turned left, right, up, down, as if searching. Blue testicles pulsed underneath it. She had heard about blue balls, but these were not that. The blue was evidence of some further disfigurement. And to make matters worse, the bloated head of the penis kept coughing up clear liquid in unnatural amounts. She felt Jacob's hand on the back of her head. Her mind screamed out, but her body followed his lead. Before she could collect her thoughts, the salty taste of him was on her lips. Her tastebuds expressed a joy she never would have expected. And then, the head of it was in her mouth. The penis played with her, coaxing her tongue out of its reticence. It was like fellatio had merged with French kissing, and she was experiencing the fruit of that unholy union. And for some reason, she loved it. Butterflies flapped in her stomach.

"Wow, she's doing it." Penny stood still, watching her mother service Jacob on her knees. She wasn't using her hands, but she was bobbing her head on the head of his cock. The way she arched her back, and the way her hair fluttered back and forth, was ... sexy. She knew Jacob was the sexiest man alive, but she hadn't expected her uptight mother to look so good doing what she was doing. She had thought coming into this that her mom would just sort of lie there while Jacob did his thing, and when it was over, she would agree to stay. Penny had been wrong. "She likes it, Jake. Look at her. You like that, Mom?"

"MMMmmppppphhhhhh." Her daughter's words spurred her on. She put her hands on Jacob's skinny thighs and dug her fingers in. She worked him with her mouth without his having to push her with his hand. But his hand still pressed into the back of her head. Goodness, she hated it when her husband did that. She always felt so claustrophobic. But the way this teenager did it was different. She liked this.

No words were said in the room for a while. Penny sat down on the bed and covertly rubbed between her legs through her uniform. Despite what her mom was doing, she felt weird masturbating in front of her.

Maureen's hands eventually slid up the teenager's thighs and circled around his fat penis. It pulsed beneath her grip. His reproductive organs were so wrong in all the right ways. Figuring out how to blow him was like learning to dance with Kuriev from before the Fourth War. Her hands and mouth worked in sync to pump him. All of her thoughts shrunk down to one infinite singularity. She needed to make this young man burst. She had to taste it. After many long minutes of hard work, she heard him grunting. She knew the sound for what it was. He was close. Soon he would ask her if it was okay if it came in her mouth. And she would tell him yes.

"Shit ... Penny ..." Jacob's whole body vibrated.

"Yes?" Penny was now rubbing hard between her legs. Her uniform was still in the way, but she wasn't so concerned about her mother. God, her mother looked so hot trying to stuff that massive dick in her mouth. Penny unzipped her uniform and reached underneath, sinking two fingers inside herself. If she hurried, she might cum at the same time as Jacob.

"I'm going to ... blast ... your mother ... in the mouth. And she's going to ... drink it ... all." Jacob tightened his grip on Maureen's head. Pushing her maybe a little too far. He could hear her gagging. The adventurer's pretty face was distorted around his massive cock. It was such a beautiful sight. He was about to hear what she sounded like when she tasted the messiah's cum. "Shit ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." He released in her mouth.

Sputtering and gulping sounds filled the room. Penny hadn't quite gotten to her own orgasm yet. But that was okay. This way she could actually watch her mother try and gulp down the load. Penny knew she wouldn't be able to swallow it all. And sure enough, her mother fell backward convulsing and making the strangest sounds while Jacob shot his stuff all over her uniform.

The last thought Maureen had before the pleasure completely took over was that this wasn't natural. None of it was natural. But she couldn't bring herself to care. She vaguely knew that she was flopping on the floor and her daughter's boyfriend was raining her with sperm. But that was all happening in another dimension, separate from the pure ecstasy in which her mind swam. As she slowly came down from her high, she was aware that Jacob was removing her uniform, her ill-fitting bra, and panties. She felt her body turned over and the rough carpet tugged at her aching breasts and her thighs. He was saying something, but the words weren't clear. "Wwwwwhhhhaatttzzzz zzzzhhhhhiiiiissssss," she slurred.

"I said, I'm going to put it in now." Jacob straddled her prone body, admiring the round perfection of her white ass. His dick thumped on her butt cheeks as it searched.

"Wwwwwhhhhaaaaaaaa?" Maureen couldn't have heard him right. Was he ... going to have sex with her? Right in front of Penny? That heavy cock squirmed its way to her vaginal entrance. She thought of her intrepid husband. That was it. John always arrived at the last minute to save the day. He was certain to burst in through the door and save her. Any second now. She looked up at the closed door. The penis nudged at her opening. John was running out of time. This was the moment she needed saving.

"Jjjjjooooohhhhhnnnnnnnn," she squeaked helplessly. "Ooooppphhhhhhh." And the head was inside her vagina. Just like that. She grunted and dug her fingers into the carpet. John wasn't going to save their marriage from the devastation this teenager was already bringing to her vagina. She wasn't going

to save herself. In fact, just the opposite. It dawned on her that she was pushing her butt back at Jacob, shoving more of that deformed monster into her.

"That's it, Mrs. Henderson. Shit. You're taking it ... ugh ... like a champ." He was already almost all the way inside. He placed his hands on the carpet on either side of her hips and stroked in and out. "I said I'd ask you after the blowjob. You think I'm the messiah, Mrs. Henderson?"

"Nnnnoooooooooo. Isssss nnnnoottttt a ttthhhiinnngggg." Maureen's pussy sounded almost as wet and slurpy as her mouth had.

Jacob laughed. "Well, don't let my mom hear you saying that." He looked over at his girlfriend. "Is this what you wanted, Penny?"

"Yessssssss." Penny finally found her orgasm. She shook all over and watched that massive cock disappear into her mother again and again. The plan had worked. She was going to tether her mom to the Errand with her boyfriend's cock. "Ooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

"You're ... uh ... uh ... uh ... in my belly." Maureen's head cleared a little. She tried to look back at Jacob over her shoulder, but he was giving it to her too hard. This was a new position for her. Her and John had of course done it doggystyle, but never with her prone on her stomach. She didn't know whether it was the young man or the position, but he was pounding her harder than any man had. And she loved it.

"Do you see, Mom?" Penny had now recovered from her orgasm, and worked herself furiously inside her uniform. "Do you see why I love him?"

"Yes!" Maureen screamed.

"Do you see why we can't leave?" Penny watched her mother's small back muscles tense with each thrust as she pushed back at the invading dick.

"I ... ah ... ah ... ddddooooooooooooo." Maureen convulsed in another orgasm. When she came back to reality, she was still being pummeled from behind while Penny asked her questions. "Wwwhaattt?" Her voice quavered.

"I said, do you want him to be your boyfriend, too?" Penny was nearly beside herself. This was so much more than what she'd been expecting.

"Crazy ... crazy ... crazy ..." Maureen chanted, labeling her daughter and the situation all at once.

"Answer her, Mrs. Henderson." Jacob was getting close, but he pushed his orgasm away for a few minutes more. This would be the first time the amazing Maureen Henderson took his load inside her, and he wanted to enjoy it for as long as he could. "If you ... ugh ... ugh ... wanted to be my girlfriend ... I'd give it to you ... whenever you want."

"I'm ... a wife ... not your ... girlfriend." Just as she finished the sentence, she felt his fiery seed splash in her insides. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." A supernova of pleasure went off in her womb quickly enveloping all of existence. Her mind was lost again.

Jacob rested on her ass for a minute, huffing and puffing, and then rolled onto his back. He looked over at Maureen's languid, curving form and slapped her ass. It shook beautifully.

"She sounded pretty stupid when you put it in her." Penny's hand had slowed considerably, she was now slowly massaging her pussy lips. "I don't sound like that when you put it inside me, do I?"

Jacob laughed. "You do. You all do." He pulled on Maureen's hips and got her to mount him.

"Ohhhhhh, aaaggggaaaiiiiiinnnnnnnnnn?" Maureen's body twitched here and there. She panted and looked over at her daughter. Had her daughter said that he'd seeded her too? To her horror, she found that Penny was masturbating. What had he done to Penny? But even as she contemplated these things, she lifted up her hips, reached under her to grab that still fat penis, and pushed herself down on it. Her hips took off like a horse out of the gate. "Moooooorreeeee ... onnnccceeee ... mooooooorreeeee." She cupped her aching boobs to keep them from bouncing around. Her breasts felt comically large in her hands. She hadn't ever needed to support them during sex before. But they were so much bigger than the last time she'd done this with her husband.

While her mother blissfully humped her boyfriend, Penny snuck out of the room, retrieved a fresh uniform for Maureen, and returned. She didn't think her mom should be forced to walk back to their ship covered in cum.

Maureen accepted two more loads that day. Her body made sure he placed both deep inside her. Several hours later, they finally finished. On shaky legs, she climbed from bed and fetched the clean uniform. Behind her, her daughter climbed into bed with Jacob. Maureen didn't look back. Instead, she dressed and left the room. Her brain had yet to totally clear, so she wandered the corridors aimlessly for a while. Until, finally, she ran into Judy.

"There you are, Mom. I've been looking all over for you." Judy eyed her mother. She looked drunk, which was really a strange look for Maureen Henderson. "You okay?"

"I'm fine." Maureen's voice had an unusually breezy quality.

"Right. Well, Don wants to know if he should fire up the power converters. We only have a few more hours and —"

"Tell him to hold off. We ... um ... well ... some complications have come up." Maureen's underwear was completely overmatched by the amount of sperm that flowed out of her. If she didn't get to a bathroom quickly, it would start to soak through her uniform. She walked away from Judy. "We're not leaving ... quite yet. Tell him to hold off."

"What? Where are you going?" Judy couldn't believe it. They weren't leaving this weird ship? "Where are you going?"

"A bathroom, sweetie. I have to pee." Maureen waddled away quickly.

Judy shook her head, and headed back to her ship. She'd have to stop Don before he got too far in the ignition sequence.

Chapter 17

Sleep wasn't anywhere near. Maureen gave up trying, and rose from bed, careful not to wake her sleeping husband. She zipped into her uniform and wandered away from her room. Everyone was asleep, even the robot had powered down as she walked by its bulk. By her estimate, they should have been over seven-hundred thousand miles away from the Errand by now. But they had stayed. She blinked and saw that she'd meandered from her own ship onto the cursed colony ship.

The lights were dimmed for nighttime on the Errand, too. Maureen resisted the impulse to walk toward Jacob's quarters. Instead, she walked aimlessly. What had he done to her? That hideous penis seemed to have a gravity all its own, and she was caught in the vortex. Her ship's fuel cells were charged. All her crew were aboard. She could run back to her bridge right that moment and get far, far away from that skinny, eighteen-year-old mutant.

She stopped. The sign above the door ahead read *chapel*. Well, of course they'd have one on this ship. They probably had a full church somewhere, too. Curious, Maureen stepped in. It was a small room, with only a few pews. A large cross hung from the wall on the far end. Kneeling in front of the cross was a woman Maureen recognized by her ample curves and long, blond hair. She could hear her murmuring a prayer, but the words were indistinct.

"Help me Lord to spread your word," Mary said in a low whisper. "Lead me out of darkness so that I may guide your flock to the promised land. I will do your work, Lord, and carry your child as you have so plainly commanded with your deeds. Jacob will spread the blessed seed throughout this ship and our burgeoning new world. All women will accept him and you, Lord. Amen." Mary sensed a presence behind her and turned. She offered her warmest, sweet smile when she saw who it was. "Have you come to pray, Maureen?" She no longer whispered.

"Oh, no." Maureen looked down at the woman. "I'm not religious."

"I wouldn't worry. We all can change." Mary glanced at Maureen's swollen bosom with a look that meant to bolster her claim. It was true, everyone on the Errand was changing day by day. She made sure the other woman caught the look and then turned her attention back to the cross above her.

"I'm not worried." Maureen gave a nervous smile, wondering how to politely leave the chapel as quickly as possible. "I don't want God, Mary."

"Lucky for you, he doesn't much care whether we think we want him or not. He attends to our *needs*." Mary stared up at the cross with deep devotion in her eyes. "Come pray with me."

"Um ... okay." Not knowing what else to do, Maureen kneeled down next to Mary.

"There now, put your hands together and open your heart." Mary glanced at the heathen. "I know what you're going through, feeling the Lord's blessing for the first time. Even heathens and polygamists can hear his call."

"I don't know what you're talking about." Maureen glanced over at the woman, and her eyes were drawn to her slightly, protruding belly. Was ... Mary pregnant?

"You see my belly, but you're too polite to ask." Mary's smile was full of acceptance. "Yes, I have the Lord's blessing in me. I am pregnant." She took one of Maureen's praying hands and placed it on her belly. "Here, feel the future."

"Congratulations," Maureen said with some reservation. It was strange to have her hand pulled to this pious woman's belly. She couldn't feel any movement inside, but it would be too early for that anyway. "How far along are you?"

But Mary didn't get a chance to answer as her husband entered the small chapel. "Mary, dear?"

"Oh, Isaac. I was just telling our friend the good news." She stood and faced her husband. "I'm pregnant. It's quite the little miracle, don't you think?"

Confusion spread over Isaac's face. He and his wife hadn't joined in their union since before they went into cryo. A sudden image of his son came into his mind. It was the last time Jacob had worn his own uniform, before he started wearing Isaac's oversized clothes every day. There was something wrong with his son. Isaac tried to remember. And then it hit him, something large and ominous was squirming up against the tight uniform fabric. Something terrible had crawled aboard their innocent ship.

"Isaac? Snap out of it dear." Mary slapped him across the face.

"What? Oh. I can't seem to remember what I was thinking." Isaac's expression moved from horror back to confusion.

"I'm pregnant, dear." Mary took Maureen's hand again, and held it in her own. "But we have no time to celebrate. It's almost breakfast." Pulling her new friend along with her, they passed Isaac and headed out into the hall.

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Dr. Cole rushed down the corridor. The first part of her plan was now complete. It had been tricky, but the religious nuts hadn't had the best security for their computer system. She spotted Maureen and Mrs. Winthrop at the next junction, and Dr. Cole pushed herself up against the wall.

They passed and didn't see her. Dr. Cole waited a minute, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. Her darn boobs ached and seemed to be trying to test the containment capacity of her bra.

When the coast was clear, Dr. Cole hurried on. Worry tugged at her mind. Her plan had gone too well so far. Something was off. Usually, one or two of the Hendersons would be suspicious by now and hounding her. But they all seemed distracted. This was a strange ship, and it did strange things to the people on it. She looked forward to leaving it far, far behind. Only a little while longer. Her Asiatic features brightened into a smile as she huffed and puffed down the hallway. Not much longer indeed.

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"And the original commandment has always been, *and now, be fruitful and multiply, increase greatly across the galaxy and multiply in it.*" As the various breakfast-goers left the mess hall, Mary was happy to have Maureen's undivided attention. "You see we are the only life. God created this galaxy for us to fill. To bear fruit. To spread his blessings."

"Well, actually. About other life ..." Maureen hated to quibble when the woman was making such a compelling case.

"I mean other intelligent life." Mary smiled and patted Maureen's hand like the scientist was an overzealous student. "God gave us dominion over the animals and plants throughout the galaxy."

"Um ..." Maureen's very own robot was evidence that the human mind wasn't alone in the Milky Way, but she still didn't want to argue. Why did she find their silly religion so tempting? Did it have anything to do with Jacob and what he'd done to her? Her vagina gushed at the thought. Had he been trying to be fruitful and multiply with her? A woman old enough to be his mother? Sweat beaded on Maureen's forehead. But he had taken her and he'd seemed to want her body. Was that a good thing or not? Maureen was so confused as Mary talked on about her religion.

"Don't you think, Maureen?" Mary blinked at the dazed woman.

"What?" Maureen had lost track of the conversation.

"I asked if you thought we all have a responsibility to carry forth the blessed seed. What do you think?"

"I mean ... I guess." Her guts knotted themselves at Mary's words. Why did that thought have such an effect on her? What was a blessed seed anyway? "Yes ... yes we do." She looked up to see Penny standing by with a worried look on her face. And Pricilla smiling next to Penny. The door opened and Maureen turned around. Jacob strolled in. He wasn't wearing the baggy uniform he usually wore, but instead one that should have fit him, but for his crotch area. Maureen stared at the abomination under his clothes, moving languidly. Oh God, she could see it pulsing. She knew Jacob was exchanging pleasantries with the women, but her brain couldn't focus. She was too busy staring at the waking serpent. He had put that thing inside her. Inside her! Her heart beat like a great drum in her chest. And just like that, he turned and was gone out the door. She blinked. And Pricilla and Penny were gone, too. Oh no, he was going to put it back inside Penny. Maureen stood.

"Are you okay, Maureen?" Mary stood next to her. The two mothers were now alone in the mess hall. "You seem a little unsteady on your feet." Mary protectively cradled her burgeoning belly through her uniform. "Do you need an escort somewhere?"

"No, no." Maureen waved off this strange, lovely woman. "I'm fine." She had to find her daughter. She wandered off into the corridor, her feet seemed to be doing the thinking for her. In a few minutes, she was outside Jacob's quarters. She didn't knock. She had to rescue her daughter. Right? That's why she was walking into the lion's den. Not because she wanted the lion to catch her. She didn't want that. The doors hissed open and she stepped in.

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What was he doing to her sweet, eighteen-year-old daughter? Penny rode Jacob with her back to the door. And her ass was stretched hideously around that fat, squirming cock. He was utterly destroying her. Maureen wanted to cry out, but her voice caught in her throat. But wait ... this wasn't Penny at all. This woman was larger than Penny, and she had blond hair, not red. And there was a sparkling wedding ring on her left hand that Maureen could just see gripping Jacob's right shoulder. There were only two women on board with blond hair, and they were both related to Jacob. Was he ... was he screwing his own sister in the butt? And kissing ... they were kissing so passionately. These religious zealots had gone insane on their travels. She meant to chastise their crazed incest, but the wrong words came out of her mouth, "How dare you cheat on Penny. How dare you! I'm going to tell her." Her thoughts warped like they'd crossed over an event horizon.

"Mrs. Henderson?" Jacob's face flashed surprise, but then he smiled as he tilted his head to look around his sister's hanging boob. He slapped at Pricilla's ass, but his sister needed no encouragement to keep up her undulating hips.

"How dare he?" Pricilla looked over her shoulder with her blond eyebrows knitted in annoyance. "He told me ... you slept with him yesterday. What right ... ah ... ah ... ah ... have you to come in here ... ugh ... on your high horse?"

"What?" Maureen squeaked. It was true. The enormity of those words sunk in.

"You want him all for yourself, you ... ugh ... greedy bitch." Pricilla wasn't having it. As her anger rose, her hips sped up. "But you can't."

"I ... I ... I ..." Maureen tried to look away from the calamitous lovemaking, but couldn't. "Who raised you ... to be such savages?"

"Language, Pricilla." Mary stepped out from behind Maureen. "Mrs. Henderson is right. I raised you better than to demean others with your words."

"Sorry ... ugh ... Mom." Pricilla turned her head away from them and focused back on the amazing feeling in her ass.

"As for you, Maureen ..." Mary stepped up next to the intrepid wife, mother, and adventurer. "Listen closely, because this now affects your future. Jacob is ours, and we are his. He is our savior, and your messiah, and he works the Lord's blessings through his penis. You have felt it. There, I see it on your face. You cannot deny His truth."

"I ... I ..." Maureen tried to pull her mind from its spin around the black hole that was Jacob's, deformed penis. "It's wrong. You're wrong." The events in that room jarred her mind out of its rut. Clarity surged through her. This place was insidious. Danger surrounded them. "You're a bunch of loonies." Maureen clenched her fists, willing her mind to cling to its sudden razor edge. She went to push past Mary, but the woman grabbed at her wrist. "Let go, Mary." She still felt weak, but Maureen was able to use her grappling technique to twist free.

Still with her warm, friendly smile, Mary sighed. "You need more than, I see." As the heathen woman backed up and lowered her center of gravity, Mary unzipped her uniform and pulled out her right breast.

"What the ... fuck?" This had to be the most surreal moment in Maureen's life. And that included when she'd cheated on John the day before with a teenager and his prehensile penis. She was ready for quick combat, and instead this woman pulls out her tit? All the while, brother and sister humped behind her. She looked down at the boob. Maureen could see Mary's milk dribbling from her large, dark nipple. Maureen wasn't stupid. The milk in the mess hall was ... She stifled a dry heave as she realized what they'd all been drinking. "Out of the way."

"Wait ..." Mary hadn't expected this level of fight in the woman. She braced herself between Maureen and the door, but the woman hit her with her weight, hip to hip, and then spun around her. Mary turned, her breast still dangling out, and tried to reassess.

"Computer, open the door." Maureen banged on the door with her fist, but she got no answer. "Computer, override. Computer!" She felt a hand on her back.

"You need only accept his blessing, Mrs. Henderson. Don't fight." Mary reached for the woman and found herself rebuffed by several sharp blows. She staggered backward a few steps. The smile finally left her face. "It's time to drink, Maureen."

"Get away from me." Maureen spun again and moved away from the door, breaking Mary's surprisingly strong grip. There had to be a way to open the door. She just had to think. Again, the crazy woman with her dangling boob moved in to grab Maureen. This time Mary seized Maureen's hair and pulled her face down to her breast. Maureen kicked at her shin and dove over a chair, putting a sofa between her and Mary. Why was this woman so strong? Maureen was as fit and tough as a woman could be. She had fought her way out of trouble many times. Mary should have been easy to overwhelm, but she wasn't. Maureen breathed heavily and looked around the room. Still Pricilla and Jacob continued to fornicate on the bed. "Help. Help me," Maureen said to them.

"Pricilla, dear, come and help me with Mrs. Henderson." Mary was huffing and puffing with the effort of doing the Lord's work. She placed her hands on her hips.

"But, Mom, I'm going to cum ... soon." Pricilla looked over her shoulder.

"Get over here now, young lady." Mary nearly screamed. Did they not realize that His work was hanging by a thread?

"Yes, Mom." Pricilla stopped her hips, bent down and kissed her brother on the lips, and pulled off him. "Sorry, Jake."

"It's okay." Jacob propped himself up on his elbows to watch. His dick waving in the air like he was a snake charmer. It was quite a show. He could tell Maureen was skilled at combat, but she seemed lethargic and slow. The Winthrop women came at her from both sides, Pricilla naked and sweaty, and Mary with her boob still hanging out. It took almost five minutes before they had Maureen in their control, and another few before they lowered her mouth to Mary's fat nipple.

"There, there." With one hand, Mary had a fistful of Maureen's brown hair, with the other, she tenderly caressed her forehead. The platinum cross around her neck rested on the upper swell of her breast just above Maureen's face. "You have a place with us under His wing. You will accept the messiah and help us spread our message to the stars." She looked over at Pricilla who had both arms around Maureen's midsection. Pricilla rolled her eyes at her mother.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhh." Maureen tried not to drink, but the warm sweetness crept upon her tongue. The sound of the first few gulps filled the room.

"Good ... good ... now drink." Mary removed the hand that was clutching Maureen's hair and squeezed her breast to help the milk flow. In no time at all, Maureen latched onto the nipple and guzzled what was offered her. "Yes ... you are one of us. And we are one of you." She stood in the middle of the room, cradling the heathen. She felt Maureen finally go limp, and her own muscles relaxed.

"There now, where were we?" Pricilla let go of the woman, and turned toward the bed to find her brother not there. He was standing next to Mary looking down at Maureen. Pricilla's lower lip stuck out a little. "Are you ready, Jake?"

"Hold on." Jacob absently smiled his sister's way. "Mrs. Henderson just looks so beautiful on Mom's boob." He squeezed his mother's butt and leaned up to kiss her on the mouth. He then kissed his way down to her unoccupied tit and drank.

"She does look beautiful," Mary softly cooed at Maureen. "Why don't you get back in bed, Jake, and I'll send her over to you." She spoke softly, as if the grown woman was a drowsing baby. She watched her son move away from her breast, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"But Mom, he wasn't done with me." Pricilla knew she had to share, but this was cutting into her time with her brother. "Can I just finish?" She watched her brother jump back into bed and lie on his back. That massive cock called to her, but she waited for her mother's word on the situation.

"There will be plenty of time for that later." Mary gently pulled Maureen off her breast and unzipped the woman's uniform. "Help me undress her." Carefully, so as not to upset her, Pricilla and Mary removed Maureen's shoes, socks, uniform, bra, and panties. In a daze, the heathen stood before them. Mary then escorted her to the bed and gave her a nudge.

"I shouldn't ..." Maureen ignored her own words and mounted the teenager. She didn't even need to grasp his penis to put it in. It found her vagina all on its own. "Oooooohhhhhhhh, Jesusssssssss." Her hips took off. Her mind knew nothing but pleasure.

"Good, Maureen." Mary clapped her hands with joy, her smile finally returning. "But we still need to work on the blasphemy."

A few hours later, Pricilla and Mary lay next to the rutting couple in bed. Both Winthrop women leaked cum from their asses, as their heavy breasts jiggled with the movement of the mattress.

Maureen had no idea how many orgasms she'd had, but it was more than any woman had a right to have. When she'd first climbed on, she'd ridden Jacob to a wild, mind-shattering high as he pumped his stuff inside her. There was no doubt in her mind that she'd have this young man's baby. She had

watched in a daze as he'd pumped loads into his mother and sister. They had both sounded so stupid when they'd taken his sperm in their butts. Then it was her turn again and she'd climbed back on.

"She looks like she likes it." Pricilla giggled, her head lolling on the sheets.

"She has felt His presence, finally." Mary looked up at the woman. With her mouth hanging open and her eyes rolling up, she could tell the Lord's rapture was upon Maureen. "Do you feel it now? Do you understand what we must do? Do you believe?"

"I ... ugh ... do." Maureen understood. She had been converted by the flood of ecstasy that washed over her. There was no going back. "Every woman ... uh ... uh ... uh ... should have this feeling." She rode him hard, that strange penis moving inside her and touching all the perfect buttons. "Every woman ... oooohhhhhh ... should have ... Jacob's ... babies."

"Yes, that's right." Mary nodded and watched, mesmerized by the new convert. Her hand played between her legs. The Lord did not mind if Mary found pleasure in His great works. "All women will have his babies." Mary didn't push it, but she assumed Maureen included her own daughters in those words. Penny and Judy would make fine acolytes, too.

Chapter 18

"This is a big day." Mary looked around the table. They were all assembled in the mess hall for breakfast. She held her glass of milk up high. "Our old teachings said that nineteen was a number pregnant with meaning. That it represented His perfect order springing from His judgment."

"Gosh, Mom. I thought you forgot." Jacob's face flushed as everyone looked at him.

"How could I forget my son's birthday? I've been planning something special for you." Mary raised her glass higher. "Come on, Jake. Stand up so everyone can see you."

"Okay." Jacob slowly stood. He was wearing his own uniform again, and he knew it was tight enough that everyone could see his cock lazily wriggling under his uniform.

"Glasses up, everyone." Mary looked around the table and glared at Dr. Cole and Judy, who hadn't lifted their glasses. They were too busy staring at Jacob.

"What an immature prank," Judy whispered to Don. But her fiancé didn't seem to be listening. She followed his gaze back to Jacob and felt suddenly woozy. She quickly looked away.

Dr. Cole slunk back in her chair, unconsciously moving away from the birthday boy. If that thing under his uniform was real, there was something very, very wrong aboard the Errand into the Wilderness. She needed her plan to work more than ever before. She silently prayed that he was just messing with them, standing there with some sort of mechanical device moving between his legs.

"I drink to my son, Jacob, may he continue to carry all the Lord's blessings. And may we all carry the Lord's blessings for him in our own way." Mary drained her glass of milk. She heard murmuring around the table.

Judy drank her milk down. Relaxation spread through her. There was no need to covertly look at Jacob. She openly stared at his crotch, wondering what sort of game he was playing. Was he just an immature teenager? Probably. Whatever it was, it was having an effect on her. Sweat broke out on her forehead. She grabbed Don's hand to anchor her, but she found Don had stood. She looked after him as he slowly walked away. Judy chased after him.

"To my ... um ... little brother." Pricilla giggled, holding her glass with one hand, and rubbing her bulging belly with the other. "I can't wait to share the years ahead with him in the promised land." Pricilla lifted her glass and then downed her milk. A flush of pleasure made her shiver. "Oh, and I wanted to tell everyone, I'm pregnant. I've been blessed with the Lord's child."

"Congratulations." Dr. Cole felt strange. That was an odd way to announce a pregnancy. But these zealots were odd people. "And happy birthday." She looked over at Jacob and squirmed in her seat. Her breasts had been so achy lately, and the pain seemed to intensify each second she sat at that table. She put her mostly untouched glass down and hurried out of the room, following Judy and Don. "Not long now," she whispered. "Not long now, not long now." She repeated to herself as she stumbled along long empty corridors.

"We knew this would be a special voyage. But we thought it would pass while we dreamed." It was Humility's turn to stand and hold up her glass. "But here we are, awake. He has opened our eyes to a new world. Three cheers for my sister-in-law and brother-in-law. What a special day." She drank as half the room cheered, and the other half watched in silence.

The men around the table looked on with bemused or tranquil expressions.

Maureen thought how odd it was that none of them toasted Jacob or Pricilla. She stood and held out her glass, but before she could say something, Heather spoke.

"I am proud to share this time, to share this space ... I am proud to share everything with the Winthrops. Congratulations, you two." Heather didn't look down at her silent husband sitting stone-faced next to her. She didn't care if her words weren't cleverly disguised. "I'll happily give you second base anytime." She beamed at her boyfriend across the table.

Jacob laughed. "But I'm a home run hitter."

"I know, I know." Heather laughed and drank her milk.

Maureen looked back and forth between the dark-skinned woman and the teenager. Was that flirting? Had something happened there, too? "Um ... um." She looked around the table. Everyone was looking at her with expectation, like her benediction somehow carried great weight. "Well ... I guess ... I'm glad we had to delay our departure." She smiled nervously and glanced at her husband as he stood and walked out of the room. Part of her wanted to go after him, but she knew she needed to make her thoughts known. Was that Pricilla's husband's baby in her belly, or her brother's? Maureen was just now starting to see how far things had gone on the ship. But God seemed to be behind it all. And who was she to argue with Him? "I think it was Lil that mentioned 'opened eyes.' She might have meant it literally. I know you were all supposed to sleep for years ... but ... um ..." Why was she so nervous? Her pulse beat in her ears. "My ... eyes ... have been opened too by ... well ... um ... happy birthday and congratulations on the baby." She looked Jacob in the eye, held her glass high, and then drank her milk. "Oh, and Penny turns nineteen today, too. We're happy that we get to share this special day with you."

"That was very moving." Mary gave Maureen a rub on her shoulders. "Thank you, Maureen. As some of you know, I'm pregnant, too." She held up her hand. "No, no. No need to make a big fuss. I just wanted it out there." She looked around the table as her husband stood and wandered out the door.

Penny stood and spoke quickly, before anyone else left. "I just want to say that I always thought birthdays were special because it was a day all about me. But it turns out, it's even better to share the day with my boyfriend. Happy birthday, Jake." She smiled broadly and drank her milk.

"Happy birthday," the remaining people at the table said, talking over each other.

"Really happy for you two. I have to get back to the lab." Humility waved and headed out the door.

"It looks like our gathering is breaking up. And I must go find my other son. I don't know why he'd miss breakfast on his brother's birthday." Mary smiled, but there was a little strain at the mention of Mason. "Have a great day, everyone."

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"I've been thinking." The shower water ran over Pricilla's shoulders, forming migrating streams down her large breasts and over her swelling belly. She pushed her blond hair back, slicking it down to her skull. A little smile played on her lips. She was a couple inches taller than her brother, so she looked down into his eyes. "I want to spend all the time I can with you. I think I should move into your cabin." She stuck her chest out. Maybe she could lure him a little into the right decision. How strange that she had been skinny not long ago. It was hard to remember that version of herself. Those days were certainly behind her. After a moment of her brother staring, she leaned forward and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "Well, what do you think?"

"Um ... well ... let me think ..." Jacob considered it. He loved his sister, and he knew they'd get along fine living together. She was maybe a little jealous, but that wouldn't be a problem. A spark of anxiety ignited inside him. The idea cemented for him. What about John? What sort of effect were his actions having on other people? "What about John? You love John." Heck, everybody loved John. He was an amazing guy, and a devout member of Colony Control. Jacob couldn't do that to his brother-in-law. Could he? Pricilla was talking about breaking their marriage. But ... maybe ... their marriage was already broken. And it wasn't his fault. He looked down at his dick as it rose from its somnolence. His dick liked the idea more than he did, it seemed.

"I do love John. Just not in that way anymore. I married young, Jake." She put her hands on his shoulders and moved them in a circle so that he was under the warm water now. She knew how cold it could be on the other side. "A lot has happened since I married John. I've experienced His true light through you. Like the ladies said at breakfast, my eyes are open now. John would understand."

"I don't know." Jacob was pretty sure that John wouldn't understand. Would he punch Jacob, or accuse him of turning their family into heathens? Come to think of it, John hadn't spoken to him in a long time. None of the men had. Should he be worried for them? "I'm not sure, Pricilla. There's a lot to think about."

"This guy seems sure." She reached for his penis and felt its strength and power. It pulsed in her hands and pushed against her grip, almost like it was willing her to stroke it. She obliged. "We can't get married. At least not until Mom figures out what rules apply to the new messiah." She giggled. "But I could be your wife in all but name. I would be to you as the church is to Christ. I would care for you, shelter you, and offer myself as your sanctuary." She turned around, and pushed her butt up against that massive, wriggling thing. It quickly found her anal entrance and slipped in. "Oh ... yes ... I will take whatever you have to give me."

"Let me think ... ugh ... about it." He took hold of her hips. He hadn't wanted to fuck her in the shower, but he couldn't stop himself. The pleasure mounted as he slammed into Pricilla. He watched her delicate back flex as she reached for the support of the shower wall. He honestly didn't know what he was going to do.

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Wasn't she following Don? Judy blinked her eyes. It seemed she'd never caught him, and he'd wandered somewhere else. Her feet led her on through the ship, her mind taking some time off. She looked around in the corridor and didn't see anyone about. That was good, because her boobs were sore and swollen, and she needed to do something about it. Over her uniform, she rubbed one, and then the other, bringing a little relief. She'd been doing that sort of massage every night lately. It did lessen the pain. Her body seemed intent on spiraling back into her teenage years. She walked on and found nobody.

Jacob's door. Her feet stopped right in front of it. What was she doing here? There was some connection to her new feelings and Penny's boyfriend. But she couldn't place it. Without her request, the door hissed open. Her mouth fell. She stared.

~~

The hiss of the door caught Jacob by surprise. He stood in the middle of his room toweling off. His dick hung heavy between his legs, his balls a little more pink than blue after unloading twice in his sister. His towel was mid-rub on his back, so he found himself on full display to Judy Henderson. Goodness she was pretty with that shocked expression on her dark face. His dick gave a lurch, blood surging back into the thing again.

"Oh ... Jacob ... I'm sorry. I didn't ... mean ..." Judy's gaze fell to what clearly had not been a prank at breakfast. The birthday boy looked mostly like a skinny, nineteen-year-old human, except for the abomination between his legs. It grew, and moved side to side like a blind, searching beast. A steady dribble of clear fluid escaped from the thing's massive head. "Oh ... my ..." Did her sister know that Jacob was so deformed? Judy had to warn her. But instead of running to find Penny, she stood rooted in the corridor.

"Yeah, so, from the way you're staring, I can tell this is a bit of a surprise." Jacob heard his sister humming in the bathroom as she freshened up. He couldn't have Judy find out Pricilla and he were an item. Not like this. There's no telling what Judy would do. And his mother had been clear. He was supposed to avoid unnecessary drama. "I'm just a bit different." He watched her take a small step toward him. Another step and the door wouldn't close. "And I need some privacy." He wrapped the towel around his midsection. "Errand? Close the door."

The door hissed closed.

~~

The door to Jacob's quarters didn't open again. Judy stood in front of it for a long time, staring at nothing. She replayed the images she'd just seen over and over. The repulsive thing had moved. It was clearly hard, but bending. Jacob wasn't human. Her feet turned and she quickly walked away.

Danger. Danger, Judy Henderson. They were all in danger. She headed back toward her ship. She would warn Penny first. And then tell her mother that they couldn't delay leaving any longer. But when she returned to her ship, she didn't seek out her family. Instead, she locked herself in her room. She tore off her uniform and underwear and sat on the edge of the bed. Her hand dropped between her legs. She was wet.

Had her sweet sister already discovered Jacob's secret? Had she touched it? The image of Penny tentatively touching that hideous thing burned in her mind. She convulsed and had the first orgasm in her life with her little sister in mind. But several minutes later, she found that it wouldn't be the last.

~~

"Is this good, Errand? Can you get a reading?" Humility sat naked on the edge of the metal table. The steel was cold on the bottom of her thighs. She put the glass tablet up against her slightly swollen belly and moved it with a steady spiral motion.

"Reading now. Finished. You may dress, Member Winthrop." Errand's voice was blithe as always.

"Send the data to my console." Humility hopped down from the table and slowly dressed. She zipped up her uniform and checked the screen. "Are these numbers right?"

"They are correct," the computer said.

"Well, we can't assume a constant trendline, but ..." Humility pulled the table into a graph, projecting out into the future.

"There are two kinds of people in the world." Errand's voice was a bit flat, but clearly modeled on a woman.

"Oh?" Humility barely listened to the computer. This was not what she'd expected. Sure, they were all showing early. But ...

"There are those that can extrapolate from incomplete data ..." Silence reigned as Errand waited for a reaction.

Humility laughed. "Who programmed you to make jokes?"

"Nobody."

"So, correct me if I'm wrong." The moment of levity forgotten, Humility finished the curving line. "Our pregnancies are set to come to term in three months. With fully matured babies."

"That is correct, Member Winthrop."

"What did Jacob do to us?" Humility sat in a chair, thinking things over.

"Uncertain."

"And did you find out why we're slowing down?" Humility rubbed her belly.

"Uncertain," the ship said.

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The sun shone down. The sand under their feet radiated the heat back up wonderfully. Heather wriggled her toes, waiting for the next serve. Even in broad daylight, she could see the greenish glow on the horizon from the spot that used to be Honolulu before the fourth war. She had now traveled to her honeymoon spot in the holopark more than she had on Earth.

Maureen, in her modest one-piece, served the ball. Heather, wearing a somewhat less modest one-piece, passed it to Mary. Mary, practically falling out of her little bikini, set the ball. Heather jumped and spiked it to the other side. Pricilla, also in a bikini, dug the ball out, Maureen set it, and Pricilla tried her best to spike it. But Heather was waiting, and blocked it back across the net. Heather smiled and gave Mary a high five.

"This isn't fair." Pricilla panted and put her hands on her knees.

"I chose Jacob's baseball partner for a reason." Mary smiled sweetly at her daughter across the net and then turned her head as the door opened. "But it looks like Jacob and Penny are here to put you out of your misery."

The four women turned toward the door and sang "Happy Birthday" to the new arrivals.

Penny and Jacob stood in their uniforms, watching their moms and the two other women sing. Penny thought her own mother looked a little out of sorts. But Mary seemed quite at home singing her heart out on the beach. When the women finished, Penny and Jacob undressed and put on their holopark swimsuits. Like her mother, Penny wore a one-piece. Jacob wore trunks. He noticed that all eyes were on him for the brief second his cock dangled out in the warm, tropical breeze. And then it was tucked away again. The birthday boy and girl found side-by-side recliners on the beach. They sat holding hands and picked up drinks with little umbrellas in them.

"I can tell who's winning by the expression on your face, Pricilla." Jacob laughed and sipped his drink. "Don't stop playing on our account."

"Is that what you want?" Mary walked over to her son, well aware that both Penny and Jacob had their eyes on her bouncing boobs.

"Yeah, that'll be fun." Jacob nodded.

"Anything for my big guy." Mary leaned forward, her cross dangling down in front of her hanging breasts, putting her cleavage right in Jacob's face. She kissed his forehead, and walked back to the game. "Where were we?"

The four women went back to volleyball. After a few minutes, Penny let go of Jacob's hand and let her fingers wander up his flat belly and then down under his trunks. She had spent most of her teenage years desperately wanting a boyfriend. And here she was at nineteen, with a boyfriend that melted her heart. And her pussy. Not only that, but she was fapping him in front of her own mother, who kept stealing glances between points. And his mother, who seemed to think he was some sort of god, was right there, too. She thought back to the pity party she had thrown herself on her eighteenth birthday, when those carnivorous slugs were still sneaking about the ship. Things could not be more different. Jacob's cock pulsed in her hand and grew.

"That feels ... really good ... Penny." Jacob put his drink down. He watched the women play their game, enjoying all the bouncing and shaking that the sport provided. They were all such beautiful women. This fake beach in fake Hawaii was Heaven.

"Is it okay that we're doing this ... in front of all of them?" Penny leaned closer to him to get a better angle. The head of his cock poked out from under his trunks, and flopped on his belly. She'd have to take those trunks off soon.

"It's the perfect ... birthday gift." He watched Heather dive for the ball, her black skin glowing in the sun. "But it's your birthday ... too. What do you want?" He looked over and gave her a relaxed smile.

"I want you to ... um ..." She bit her lip and looked over at her mom as Maureen missed another of Heather's spikes. "I want you to put it in me." She let go of his dick and pulled his trunks down to his knees. Despite her familiarity with his anatomy, she sucked in her breath at the sight of it. That giant was going inside her. Her pussy gushed. She looked down and saw a stain between her legs. She looked over at the volleyball game and saw that all the women had similar spots on the crotch of their suits. Mary and Pricilla, also seemed to have milk stains on their bikini tops.

"You okay with doing it in front of all my girlfriends?" He pulled his trunks the rest of the way off and reclined in his lounge. He watched her quickly get out of her one-piece.

"I don't mind as long as my back is to them." Penny's body surged with expectation and adrenaline.

"Penny, maybe you shouldn't." Maureen let the ball fall next to her in the sand. She stood staring at the teenagers. "He's too big for you."

"But he fits in your pussy, perfectly?" Penny scowled at her mother, and then climbed on Jacob. She now had her back to the game. "Stop trying to get between me and my boyfriend." She could feel the thing spreading her lips, searching for her opening.

"I ... um ..." Maureen stared as that strange penis found its way into her daughter's vagina. In no time at all, Penny's white butt bounced up and down on him. Goodness, he was really stretching her. She could see the pink from inside her vagina pulled in a taut ring around that fat thing. "Maybe ... I ..."

"Come on, Maureen." Mary stepped under the net to Maureen's side and picked up the ball. "Let the little lovebirds have their fun. You remember being that age, don't you?"

"Yes ... yes, I do." Maureen turned her eyes on Jacob's mother. Maureen then looked at Heather, who stared at the rutting couple with little reservation. Maureen's head turned toward her teammate. Pricilla smiled at her.

"You've seen the light and touched the blessed seed. You know it's His will." Mary handed the ball to Maureen.

"I have." Maureen nodded. She thought back to the ecstasy she'd had with Jacob. His sperm had carried her off into her first religious experience.

"Well, then. Let the Lord's vision move through us. We'll all get a turn." Mary touched Maureen on the arm affectionately.

"Okay." Maureen nodded again. Her mind felt thick, but her body thrived in the moment.

"Good." Mary slapped the other mother's ass like she'd seen athletes do, and walked back to her side. "Now serve."

While Maureen was finding her way, her daughter's voice picked up. She was now grunting loudly and riding as fast as her hips would allow. "Look at me, Jake," Penny gritted her teeth. "Look at me ... while I cum ..."

Jacob's gaze drifted from the older women playing volleyball, to his girlfriend and her spirited cowgirl ride. Her once-pretty face was scrunched by pleasure. He slapped at her right tit. It was bigger than last time. This was a perfect birthday.

"It's hitting ... a spot ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Penny's eyes rolled and her hips seized. But she was back to riding him again in a matter of minutes.

Behind Penny, the game slowed and then stopped. Eventually, all four women stood and watched. When Jacob finally came in Penny, Mary and Pricilla clapped and cheered.

Penny slid off the recliner and fell sideways onto the sand, still making stupid sounds from the cum's effect on her. Her body twitched and spasmed. Maureen rushed to her and pulled her into another recliner a little farther away from Jacob. She'd seen Jacob have this effect on his sister and mother, and she'd lived it herself. "You'll be fine. Just give it a minute, Penny." She stroked her daughter's forehead, watching Heather walk over to Jacob, crawl between his legs, and clean him with her tongue. Maureen shuddered. The woman so willingly lapped up the cream of another woman.

"Ssssssoooo mmmmuusshhhhh bettteerrrrr thannnn ffffffffine." Penny's body shuddered from an aftershock.

Pricilla and Mary both removed their bikini bottoms and pulled over some chairs to watch Jacob and Heather. Their hands went to their pussies as Heather stripped and mounted Jacob in reverse.

"Ohhhhhh ... whenever you're not ... ugh ... inside me. It's all I think about." Heather looked over her shoulder. She found Jacob's eyes fixed on her ass. She knew that he loved that view. Her hips settled down on him. His dick found her asshole. He was going to take her butt again. She didn't mind, it was perfection either way. "Happy birthday, Jake. I hope you've got more for me." She smiled and winked at

him, and then turned her head forward. Her hands settled on his knees. Her eyes stared blankly out at the ocean as she humped him. "I can feel it ... moving ... inside me ... oooooohhhhhhhhh."

By the time Heather screamed out her third orgasm, the other women were all working their own pussies furiously. Maureen sat on the sand, one hand holding her suit to the side, the other with two fingers inside her. Penny lay on the recliner next to her, her pussy squelching with cum and her own wetness as she pumped herself with three fingers. Pricilla and Mary both leaned back in their chairs, their bikini tops discarded and their round bellies glistening in the bright sunlight. After a long time, Jacob filled Heather's ass with cum and the woman rolled off him to twitch in the sand, much as Penny had.

"I think ... I'll go next ... if nobody minds." Maureen stood and wriggled out of her suit. Her chest rose and fell like she'd just run a four-minute mile.

"Nobody minds, right sweetie?" Mary looked at her daughter.

"Go for it." Pricilla was in a benevolent mood. She'd have her turn soon enough. And in the meantime, she'd get to see the intrepid adventurer embrace the new world they'd opened for her. "But ask him what he wants. Maybe he doesn't want to be taken for another ride." Pricilla went back to working her pussy as Maureen approached Jacob, stepping over Heather's trembling, prone form.

"Um ... so ... how do you want me?" She crossed her hands over her boobs.

"Let's do it from behind." Jacob pushed himself out of the recliner, and guided her to her hands and knees in the sand. He kneeled down behind her.

"But ... not in my backside ... okay?" It wasn't lost on Maureen that she was asking and not telling. What would she do if he tried to stretch out her ass?

Jacob laughed and got close enough for his dick to sink into her pussy. "Don't worry. It won't let me. I don't think I can take your ass until it thinks you're pregnant. And then it won't let me take your pussy."

"Aaaaahhhhhh." Maureen clutched at the warm sand as he sank into her. The heavy cock twisted inside her and found one of those mind-blowing spots. "Pregnant," she whispered under her breath. He was going to make all of them pregnant. The thought of it drove her into a frenzy.

Mary stood, walked to the mating pair, and kneeled down next to her son. "I'm so proud of you, Jake. The blessed seed will take root. We will multiply. You are taking us to the promised land." She rubbed his skinny ass as it flexed with each thrust. Maureen's wails filled the holopark.

On the opposite side of them, Heather rose up to her knees, looking wobbly. Heather put a hand on Maureen's rippling ass to steady herself. She looked down at the clutching pussy on his shaft.

"Gosssshhhhhhh, Jaaaakkke. Ssshhhhheeeee's brrrrrokkkkennnnn."

"Not quite ... broken ... yet." Jacob smashed into her harder, heartened by the encouragement. As his mother and Heather continued to offer their own forms of support for the destruction of Mrs. Maureen Henderson's vagina, Jacob's mind went back to his sister's proposal. What they were doing was all well and good, but he couldn't steal his sister from her husband completely. It's not like John posed any danger to them. John still deserved the comfort of his wife. He –

Errand's voice cut over the squeals, grunts, and moans. "Alert. Life support critical," the computer said. "Alert, life support failure imminent."

It took Jacob a second to comprehend, but when he did, he pulled out of Maureen. He looked to his mother.

"Everyone get dressed." Mary scurried over to the door where she'd left her uniform. "We trained for this. Get to your stations."

The rest of the group scrambled for their uniforms, too.

"Life support terminated. Backup failed to initialize. Rebooting ... someone is —" Errand's voice cut out.

Chapter 19

The crew hustled about the Errand into the Wilderness. After a few minutes of frantic searching for the cause of the life support failure, Mary gave new orders to Pricilla, asked Maureen for help, and called Jacob to join her in a logical place. Environmental engineering would one day be responsible for much of their acclimation to New Canaan. But it also filtered and remixed the air aboard the ship. Jacob trotted into the room to find his mother pressed up against a translucent wall, banging on the invisible barrier.

"Mason, gosh darn it, I'm your mother. You come out of there right now!" Mary's eyes were fierce and her body tense.

Jacob looked through the clear partition. Mason had apparently sealed himself in. He was working at a panel, partially facing his mother. Jacob blinked. His brother was wearing a full space suit. The ones built for vacuum. What was he doing?

"You're not yourself, Mother. None of you are." Mason glanced up and saw that Jacob had entered the room. "Especially him." He pointed at Jacob.

"What's going on?" Jacob looked at his mother.

"There you are, Jake." Mary turned and brought him in for a tight hug. After a moment, she held him at arm's length and looked down into his eyes. "Your brother's gone mad."

"I'm the only one still clinging to sanity." Mason went back to his work.

"Errand, open the door." Jacob waited for the computer to comply, but nothing happened.

"He's shut down Errand's higher functions. She can't help us." Mary turned an angry frown on her eldest son. "He's locked the armory. He's disabled the Henderson's ship and locked their armory, too."

"The ship can't help you." Mason pointed a gloved finger up in the air like he was making a salient point. "Errand injected Jacob with something ungodly. It turned him into a demon." He glanced at the thing posing as his brother. "Heaven have mercy, I can see his foulness squirming about even now."

"Jacob is the messenger, he is the messiah, he is —" Mary was interrupted by Mason.

"He is darkness itself." Mason sighed. "He spread his filth through our air system with the ship's help. And I have suspicions about that milk you want everyone to drink, Mother." He looked up and smirked through his face shield. "Yes, I noticed. I think we all would have noticed if those evil chemicals hadn't clouded our minds."

"Stop it, Mason. This is blasphemy." Mary turned to Jacob. "What should we do?"

"You want me to tell you?" Jacob stared at his mother. "I don't know. What's he doing anyway?"

"I'm trying to scrub the air, but Errand messed these systems up. You better hope I can get the scrubbers online, birthday boy."

"What?" Jacob had forgotten it was his nineteenth birthday. It seemed ages ago that he was partying with his women in the holopark. "Why? Why should I hope you get the scrubbers online?" He was trying to wrap his mind around the situation.

"If I don't, I'll have to knock out all of you. Let the crew hibernate until we're established on New Canaan," Mason said. "It's one way or the other."

"Hibernate? What's he talking about, Mom?" Jacob took his mother's hand.

"I'm not sure." Mary banged on the barrier. "Mason, what are you doing?"

Mason hummed to himself as he worked, ignoring the question.

"I think he plans to lower the oxygen until we're all unconscious. And then put us in your quarantine cryohold." Maureen walked into the room. The wag of her hips exuded authority. This was her element. Even if life had shifted under her feet. Even if she had opened her heart to this strange God. She clicked right into familiar patterns in a crisis. "Of course, that might kill us. Especially if he tries it manually. It's tricky to get the oxygen level just right for a plan like that."

"What if we go into quarantine willingly?" Jacob stepped up to the barrier and pressed his nose against it. "What if we just go back to sleep until New Canaan is established? Will you stop what you're doing, Mason?"

"Sure, but there's a catch." Mason moved away from the panel and looked at his brother through the partition. "You say 'we,' but there is no 'we' for you. Not anymore."

"No, he's your brother." Tears welled in Mary's eyes. "He's our savior. You can't."

"What do you mean? What's the catch?" Jacob watched his stony-faced brother. "What is he talking about?"

"He means to quarantine the rest of us." Maureen's voice was slow and calculating as she worked through the parameters of the problem. "But he'll put his brother out an airlock. Is that it?"

"Something like that." Mason nodded. "So, do we have a deal, demon? Sacrifice yourself for the others, and they willingly go on ice? Who knows, if you really are Mother's messiah, maybe you'll float right back into the ship as good as new." Mason's smile was devoid of mirth.

"We will never give up our new world." The tears now streamed down Mary's cheeks. "Repent, Mason, and come back to the fold."

Mason shook his head and went back to work.

"I don't know." Jacob squeezed his mother's hand. He knew how she felt. "What do you think, Mrs. Henderson? Should we give up?" He wasn't ready to die, but he wasn't about to let his brother suffocate the rest of them.

"Well ..." Maureen teetered on the edge of a decision. She looked at the young man and thought about what he had shown her. The world looked beautiful and miraculous to her after she'd given herself to his gravity. There were so many more eyes he could open to new realms of consciousness. "Come with me." She ushered them out of the room. They had to find somewhere private to talk.

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"Mom said for you all to stay here." Penny sat by the door to her room. She made a poor guard for her crew, but no one seemed to want out. Not even her father, who was so often the first into the hornets' nest. He sat complacently. The only people that looked nervous were her sister and Doctor Cole. Especially Doctor Cole.

"Why don't we just leave?" Judy held Don's hand tightly, sitting on her sister's bed. "We're charged up and ready. We've been ready for days. Leave these zealots on their own."

"We can't," Doctor Cole and Penny said at the same time. They eyed each other suspiciously.

"There's something wrong with both ships. Mom said to stay here until everything is resolved. She wants to help these people." Penny studied Doctor Cole. What would she do if the woman made a run for it?

"Yeah, makes sense." Judy nodded. Her mother wouldn't leave the Errand to its own destruction. And their ship was somehow caught up in the mess. Maybe that's why she'd waylaid their departure. "But why aren't we helping? We're a team."

"Well, yeah. Mom said you'd say that." Penny smiled. "She said to tell you that sometimes a team needs to lay low. She'll be back soon."

"Well, that's stupid." But Judy didn't try to leave. She sat there with the rest of her crew and waited.

~~

"Everyone stay calm." Pricilla was surprised at just how little the men needed that command. Her husband, father, and Max sat at a table placidly drinking glasses of her mother's milk. When Mary had located Mason, she'd called Pricilla and told her to hold the men in the mess with plenty of drink on hand. Pricilla had found the task downright easy.

"Where's everyone else?" Max looked up at her with tranquil eyes.

Heather stood by the door and rolled her eyes at Pricilla. It seemed guard duty was unnecessary. But here she was, following orders like a good member of Colony Control.

"Lil is on the bridge. Mom and Jake are in environmental engineering. They're dealing with the problem." Pricilla put a hand on her protruding belly. Jacob would get them out of this mess. He would prove to be the father she knew he was and not let any harm fall on the babies he had placed in their bellies.

"Okay, good." Max looked back at his milk and took another gulp.

There were no other questions. Pricilla sat tensely on the edge of her chair.

~~

"So, our robot will work on the far bulkhead, while you and Lil do your thing. Sound like a plan?" Maureen eyed Jacob. How odd that she would be asking his approval rather than giving orders.

"I'm not sure I'm comfortable with Lil and I ... doing that." Jacob folded his arms over his chest. "Maybe we could just go with the robot plan. We don't need a plan B."

"That bulkhead is twelve inches thick. I don't know if it can get through in time." Maureen shook her head.

"Your life is at stake, sweetie. And the lives of everyone else awake on our ship." Mary kissed him on the lips to give him courage. "Not to mention the new world you were sent to create. It is His will, but our works."

"Okay." Jacob nodded. "Put the robot to work. I'll ask Lil if she'll help."

"The robot started cutting four minutes ago." Maureen's smile was almost as grim as Mason's had been.

"And Lil is already on her way." Mary kissed him again. "Of course, she'll help you."

"Okay then." Jacob could feel his stomach doing cartwheels. "I'll head back to environmental engineering."

"First, let us pray." Mary took hold of Maureen's hand and Jacob's hand. The other two held hands and finished the circle. They bowed their heads and silently prayed.

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"You've come back to plead for your life, demon?" Mason stood and moved over to one of the transfer pipes. He pried at the filter housing with a screwdriver.

"I'm your brother, Mason." Jacob walked over to the translucent barrier and put his open hand on it. "You don't want to kill me."

"The Jacob I knew on Earth is already dead. You are a hollowed-out vehicle for evil now. And after I deal with you, I'll turn my attention to the ship. I'm guessing some heathens infiltrated and sabotaged the Errand." Mason turned his head awkwardly in his helmet and looked at Jacob. "I miss my brother. But you are an imposter. No matter what anyone says, you'll go out an airlock."

"And what if your wife asked you to stop, Mason?" Humility walked into the room wearing her smart Colony Control uniform. It wasn't as baggy as it once was, with her burgeoning boobs and growing belly.

Mason dropped his screwdriver to the floor. "My wife would not willingly fornicate with my brother. The woman before me is under a demon's thrall. But if you can hear me in there, Lil, I'm going to save you. I'm going to save everyone."

"Everyone but your brother." Lil put her hand on her hip like they were having a normal marital argument.

"My brother is already dead. I was just explaining it all to the demon over there." Mason bent slowly in his bulky suit and picked up the screwdriver. He went back to his work.

"And what if you suffocate us to death?"

"I won't." Mason shook his head.

"And what will you do with the baby in my belly, dear?" Humility could see his shoulders tense even under all that Mylar and Kevlar.

"It's early enough that those things can all be safely destroyed without harming the mothers." Mason made sure to turn his helmet away so he wouldn't have to look at his possessed wife as he said those words.

Humility gasped. "That is an unspeakable sin."

"I think God will forgive me given the circumstances. And I'll do it while you're all unconscious. You'll wake up on New Canaan like nothing ever happened." Mason's voice was tight and controlled.

"You're the monster, Mason. Not me." Jacob's chest constricted at the thought of what would happen if they failed. If the robot didn't get through in time, he and Lil would have to succeed. "Give him the ultimatum, Lil."

"Come out of there, Mason. Join the crew." Humility's shoulders slumped a little. It seemed they would have to go through with it.

"I'll come out when the air is scrubbed, or you all surrender, or everyone is unconscious." He heard the zipper of a uniform slowly unzip. He turned to see Humility exposing a long gap of skin between her breasts on down past her belly. "What are you doing?"

"Come out, or Jacob and I will make love right here in this room." She pulled her arms out of her sleeves, exposing her bra. "Either come out now, or watch me with your brother." She took off her boots and stepped out of the legs of her uniform. It was cold in the outer chamber of environmental engineering in only her socks, panties, and bra.

"Look, Mason, I didn't want to do this. But you've gone crazy. Lil and I have a natural connection." Jacob didn't mention that he seemed to have a natural connection with all women. He took off his own uniform, boots, socks, and underwear. His semi-engorged dick moved about languidly, growing slowly. "And if you don't come out, we'll be forced to show you ... everything ... I guess."

"You are the devil himself." Mason turned his eyes away from the grotesque display. "Just leave." His hands trembled. The demon that had been his brother wanted to commit one final heinous act.

"This is your choice, dear," Humility said.

"So be it. I know what you two have been doing. Having you in the room makes no difference. I ..." A gurgling, slurping sound filled his ears. Oh no, Humility had put that abomination in her mouth. "Errand, shut off all communication." The sounds continued. He could hear her murmuring, moaning, and gagging on the thing. "Computer, turn off all microphones on the ship." But, of course, he had disabled Errand, and he hadn't had the foresight to reroute those controls to his temporary base in environmental engineering. He glanced out beyond the barrier and his breath caught in his throat. It was truly horrid to see his sweet, faithful wife debasing herself with that fat, hideous organ. A penis that had clearly been designed in no place other than Hell.

"Come out of there and we'll stop, Mason." Jacob wound his fingers in Humility's silky hair, looking down at her distorted face. "If you come out, I promise not to touch her again." He didn't like lying, but he had found the necessity of it more and more over the course of their journey.

"I ... I ..." Mason turned back to his work. Even if he got the scrubbers working, it might take hours to clear the air. And how long before the effects wore off? Hours more? He tossed away his screwdriver and moved to the regulator panel. "I'm cutting the oxygen level now. Your time is up."

"How long do we have?" Jacob pulled Humility off his cock.

"Um ..." She had to clear her head. There was so much happening that was completely outside any reality she'd known. Mason had turned into a murderer. She, herself, a heathen and polygamist with her own brother-in-law. And flaunting it like a paid streetwalker. Her mind tried to trace the threads that had led to that moment.

"How much time?" Jacob pulled her to her feet.

"I went ... um ... went over the numbers when your mother told me the plan. Just in case." She wiped spit from her chin. "We've got about nineteen minutes."

"Okay, well, we've got work to do then. Where do you want me?" Jacob eyed her heaving breasts.

"Lay on the floor with your head facing the barrier." Humility removed her socks, panties, and bra. "I'll ride you."

"Don't do it. Just wait." Mason had to find some way to stall them until the oxygen dropped low enough. "Let's talk it out. Maybe there's another solution. I don't want to put you in the airlock, Jacob. You are my brother." With the regulation program now running, there was nothing more for him to do, so he sat facing away from the outer room, staring at the blank, white bulkhead. "Let's talk."

"Okay, dear. We'll talk." Humility straddled Jacob and felt the head of his penis probing and searching her. "I don't know how it does it, but his penis finds my hole on its own. Ohhhhhh." She convulsed as the thing popped into her ass. "I don't have to guide it in. But ... the thing is ... I never know which hole it'll choose. Lately, it's been wanting ... ugh ... my butt. That's where it is ... uuuuuhhhhhhhh ... right now." She sank down on him. "But ... either way ... it's sublime. I never feel closer ... to Him ... and His works ... than when Jacob is ... ugh ... inside me."

"I can't hear you." Mason put his hands up to the sides of his helmet to no avail. He could hear them just fine. His wife made soft, little surprised sounds and her vagina squelched. No, it wasn't her vagina. The

demon was in her butt. How was that even possible? When he finally got his wife back, would she be the same woman he'd known, or would she be stretched and deformed with entirely new appetites?

"Oh, gosh, Mason, he's deep." Humility bounced on Jacob, leaning back with her hands on his thighs to force him all the way in. "I don't know how it knows, but his penis finds all my ... ugh ... spots. It ... uh ... uh ... uh ... is hitting one ... right now. And ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." Humility shuddered and came on her brother-in-law's dick.

"You're destroying her, demon. Stop!" Mason risked a look and wished he hadn't. Humility bounced on Jacob with abandon, her eyes rolling back, her breasts swinging in countervailing circles. Her belly shook with each impact. "She'll be utterly ruined." Mason didn't want to face the truth that the damage already done might be irreparable. He looked around for some way to stop them. He wished he had taken a weapon from the armory before locking it. He couldn't shake the feeling that he had already lost. He looked back through the partition in dread and awe at his convulsing wife. How could they ever go back to the way things were?

"Come ... out ... of there ... and this ... all ... stops." Jacob grabbed her hips and forced her to bounce even more violently on him.

"I'mmmm ... cuuummmmmiiiiinnnggg ... aagggggaaaiinnnnnnnn." Humility forgot about both her husband and their predicament as she rode one wave of pleasure to the next.

Mason said nothing. He moved over to the toolbox and picked up a wrench. He squeezed it in his gloved hand.

As she came down from her orgasms, Humility's mind returned to her. How much time did they have left? Normally she'd rely on Errand to keep track of the time. "How ... much ... time ... Jake?"

"Maybe ten minutes." Jacob looked up at her, trying not to think what would happen if they didn't lure Mason out. "This isn't working, let's try something else."

"What the heck is that?" Mason's attention was drawn to the far bulkhead in his chamber by an orange glowing light. And then sparks flew into his chamber. He could see a glowing right angle, with a section a few inches long spitting little bits of superheated metal. "You're trying to cut your way in?" He gripped the wrench tighter and took some deep breaths. That had to be the robot. Judging from the glow, it would take a lot longer than ten minutes to cut through that bulkhead. Low oxygen wouldn't disable it. He would have to unlock the armory when the crew went down, lock the robot into the environmental section, and then come back with something big enough to kill it. Why hadn't he thought of the darn robot before? When he looked back toward the demon and his wife, he staggered in shock. Her face and boobs were pressed up against the barrier as Jacob took her from behind. The savagery of their mating should have been enough to tear her in two, but she looked ecstatic. Was he still destroying her butt?

"He's ... oooohhhhhh ... in my vagina now, dear." Humility's face was twisted with the rapture of the moment, one eye opened wider than the other and pupils dilated. "You can ... still stop him ... before he seeds ... me."

"It doesn't matter. He's already done his evil work." But Mason thought it did matter. He couldn't bear to see her so utterly lost to heathenism. He had married her for her innocence and devout faith. Colony Control had selected them for their conviction in God and the church. His body trembled. He understood

the full breadth of the demon's conquest. To know a thing was one thing, but to see his sweet Humility given over to such an unnatural lust with that abomination ... Before Mason knew what he was doing, he ran to the door in the barrier and punched in the code.

"Almost ..." Jacob was gasping now. The oxygen level was very low. "Almost ..." He continued to bang into Humility's butt, gripping her hips tightly. According to the plan they had to keep Mason focused on them until the last second.

The weight of the wrench felt good in Mason's hand. With any luck the demon would be so focused on debauching his wife that he wouldn't even notice Mason's approach until it was too late. The avaricious creature that had been his brother continued to mate Humility even as Mason strode into the outer chamber and lifted the wrench for a crushing blow. But much to Mason's surprise, the outer door opened and two women surged through. He turned just in time to see his mother and Maureen Henderson with grim expressions descend upon him.

"Eeeeeiiiiiii!" Mary surprised herself with a battle cry. She gripped her son's wrist and pulled the wrench from his grip.

Maureen lowered her mass to hit him around the thighs and tackled Mason to the ground. Her lungs burned and her mind swam with the lack of oxygen, but she forced herself to hold on tightly as they tumbled to the floor. Mason's suit was bulky and hard to grip. But it made him slow and awkward. He swung his fists at Maureen. She took one shot to her shoulder and shrugged it off. But her weight shifted back. She fell off him.

Mason found himself in a nightmare. These women were so quick and strong. And to make matters worse, he could hear his wife's continued mating only feet away. He swung a punch at Maureen again, but his mother caught his arm. She pulled on him, pinning him to the floor. And now Maureen was on top of him again, working at the catch on his helmet. With his free hand, he pushed at her face.

"Lil, Jake, stop that ... oof ... and help us." Mary lost the grip of Mason's hand, and he pushed her off him.

"Sorry." Jacob was so into his building climax, he'd forgotten to help. He felt like a fool. But it seemed Humility was in the same boat because she was still shrieking and pushing back at him. He pulled out of her and raced over to Mason's kicking feet. He grabbed each one and pinned him down. Spots floated before his eyes. They were very close to nineteen minutes now. Sparks from the bulkhead lit up the room as the robot continued to cut through.

Humility gathered herself and jumped on Mason's left arm. She saw her mother-in-law grab the right one again. And now Maureen had an easy time removing the helmet.

With a click and a hiss, the helmet popped off Mason and rolled on the floor. Almost immediately, the fight went out of him.

"The ... air ..." Maureen stood up and staggered into the room Mason had occupied. She found the regulator panel, and quickly set the ship's oxygen back to a normal level. Her breaths were still shallow. It would take time for the air to be fully breathable again. But they had avoided disaster. "It ... should be ... better soon." Maureen moved back to the outer room, and pulled Mason to his feet. "Let's lock him ... up." She pushed the now docile man toward the door. She and Mary escorted him out of the room.

Still sitting on the floor, Jacob and Humility looked at one another. They were both sweating, panting, and still naked.

"You ... um ... didn't finish." With a serious expression on her face, Humility stood and pressed her tits and face up against the invisible barrier again. She pushed her ass back at him, a clear invitation.

"Yeah ... okay." Jacob stood and got behind her. His cock slipped right into her pussy.

He breathed easier and easier despite his efforts. After a time, Jacob emptied himself in Humility. He watched her squirm up against the barrier and make the most ridiculous sounds as she accepted his cum.

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Mason's fuzzy thoughts danced around his mind. He seemed unable to pin them down. He had to do something. Someone had to be stopped. What was it? He looked over at his mother who sat with him in his quarters. "Where's Humility?"

"She's busy, Mason." Mary frowned at her son and unzipped her uniform, opening it wide. She pulled one boob out of her undersized bra.

"Busy ... is she ...?" A flash of a nightmare entered Mason's brain and then disappeared. A thought lingered that he had lost. He had lost it all to ... a demon. But that wasn't right. Demons weren't real. He couldn't seem to fix his train of thought on anything.

"I'm very cross with you, Mason." Mary stood and walked over to her son. She sat next to him on the bed. "You've been very naughty."

"I'm in ... trouble?"

"Yes, big trouble, mister." Mary looked into his eyes. He was already quite docile. In a minute, he would pose no further threat to their new world. And Mary would have to be very careful going forward that this sort of thing didn't happen again. "Now, it's time to take your medicine."

"My ... medicine?" He felt his mother's hand on the back of his head. He let her pull him toward her exposed nipple. "Am I sick?"

"You were, Mason. You forgot His grace for a little while. But you're all better now." Mary placed his mouth on her breast and felt him latch on. Soon he was gulping her milk right from the source. "There you are, Mason. All better."

How odd. It had been some twenty-five years since he'd been at his mother's breast. Mason's few concrete thoughts faded away to nothing.

"Welcome back to the fold, sweetie. I'm sorry I let you stray," Mary cooed.

Chapter 20

"I feel like Don and I haven't been ... um ... clicking lately." Judy lay back on her bed, her sister sitting on the floor on the other side of the room.

"Really?" Penny wasn't listening all that closely. She was thinking about the last time her boyfriend had blown her mind with his giant thing, and wondering how long before he would do it again. He'd been so busy lately. All the women around him needed comfort after what had happened with his brother, Mason. Penny shivered, wondering what her life would be like if Jacob had been sent out an airlock. Horribly boring, empty, and flat, she thought. Just like what Judy was describing to her now.

"I really want to connect with him on a deep level. And, I don't know, I think I need to do something big. You know?" Judy was so happy she had someone to talk to.

"Totally." Penny rubbed her legs together. She wanted to be there for Judy, but the boredom was almost as overpowering as imagining the galactic pleasure that came with Jacob's cum. She knew Jacob was with Heather at the moment, and she didn't want to interrupt. Maybe she could catch him that afternoon.

"Is it crazy if we get married now? I mean, he wants to." She held up her left hand and looked at the ring Don had machined for her. It sparkled more brilliantly than any diamond. "And we're stuck here for a while, Mom says. I don't know, am I nuts?" She was nuts because as she regarded the ring, she thought about what it would be like if Jacob had given it to her instead of Don. She tried to get the image of Jacob's massive, hanging cock out of her mind. Why did she have to walk in on him like that?

"Sounds perfect, Judy." Penny blinked. What was she saying? A wedding?

"I mean, when are we going to have access to a holopark again? We can have the wedding at Minox-9. You know, the great falls? Don and I always fantasized about going there, and this would be the next best thing."

"Yeah, sure, Judy." Penny finally focused on what her sister was saying. "Are you going to invite everyone? I mean everyone awake?" She thrilled at the idea of dressing up with Jacob. Smiling at him from her maid-of-honor spot by the altar. Dancing with him while all the other women looked on. She frowned. He would be her date, wouldn't he?

"Of course, we need guests." Judy didn't notice the frown on Penny's face. "We'll probably program in some additional guests to fill out the crowd. It'll be beautiful." Her bright smile contrasted wonderfully with her dark complexion. "Thanks for talking, Penny. I'm going to go tell Don." She jumped up and ran from the room.

"Okay," Penny said to her sister's disappearing backside. When the door closed, Penny unzipped her uniform. She knew she should probably go back to her own quarters, but thinking about Jacob in a fancy suit with his fat cock pushing out of his pants and waving about had her all in a tizzy. Judy was not going to return for some time, and Penny couldn't wait. She spread her legs on the floor of her sister's room. Her hand found her pussy. It only took a few minutes before her first orgasm took her.

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It was a heady week as Judy planned her wedding. Don had gone along with everything, with nary a contradicting word. Or, really, with nary any kind of word. But Judy didn't notice, she was too busy designing the holopark setting, food, and guests. She wasn't the only one planning that week. Mary and Maureen got together late one night while everyone slept and agreed on a ceremony of their own. After they agreed to it, they brought the other women in to hammer out the details. They all decided to call it the Twofold Baptismal.

The ships were busy, Jacob was busy, and someone else took advantage of the confusion. Dr. Cole made progress with her own schemes. She was incredulous that the Hendersons hadn't even sniffed at her plans yet. Somehow, they had not. Her work was made even easier by the vulnerabilities in the Wilderness's systems Mason had highlighted with his failed attempt at fratricide.

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Excitement grew as the wedding day approached, and then, like a new day born, it was upon them. Judy looked dazzling in her white gown, and for his part Don looked quite handsome, if a bit nonplussed. Penny did smile at her boyfriend from her spot next to Judy at the altar. Her smile had more to do with the fact that Jacob had chosen her as his date over any of the other women. Even though she knew they were all married, so maybe they couldn't be his date. She wasn't sure how that worked exactly.

Mary sat in the front row, her eyes gazing at the massive waterfalls towering behind the altar. Whatever else she thought of the heathen-style wedding, Mary had to admit that Judy had selected an inspiring location. She watched all that churning water. The twin suns above sparkled the mist in the most hypnotizing way. Mary hoped New Canaan would have similarly magical features.

The other mother in the group, Maureen, was quite nervous. She watched her daughter closely. Maureen was almost positive she was doing the right thing. Almost. How could something that opened the mind to new levels of consciousness not be shared? It couldn't. She had to.

"You may now kiss the bride," the holographic officiant said.

Jacob clapped along with everybody else. Was it wrong to sleep with a woman on her wedding day? He looked over at Heather and she winked at him. Heather's dumb husband sat right next to her completely unaware. Jacob winked back and shook his head. Thinking about the wrongness of things was the old Jacob's bad habit. What did marriage matter? He was the Messiah, wasn't he? All these other married women wanted him regardless. He really did believe his mother's repeated assertions that his actions were guided by a divine hand. When had he started to see it his mom's way? Maybe when they saved the ship from Mason. Maybe when the amazing, daring Mrs. Maureen Henderson had shrieked up at him that she wanted more. She wasn't the sort of person that would beg for something, but she pleaded for his dick almost daily now. That had to be God's work. What other explanation was there?

The reception was lovely. The food was to die for. Penny seemed ecstatic that Jacob's seat was next to hers. She bragged to everyone about her boyfriend. She even regaled the pretend guests about what a catch he was.

Judy took the first dance with her father. He seemed a bit slow on his feet, but Judy hardly noticed. Then Don stepped in. He was so handsome, Judy swooned. They had been through so much and he had won her heart. She felt close to him again. The day had been perfect. She was so glad she'd decided on going forward with the wedding. The distant roar of the falls rumbled in her belly like something powerful making its way toward them. She looked up and wondered why they weren't wet from all the mist the falls kicked up. Did they have some sort of shield on Minox-9? She wouldn't want to get soaked through on her wedding day. It didn't matter, it was all a hologram. She danced on with Don. Judy didn't even notice when Mary took Jacob's hand and led him out of the holopark. About thirty minutes later, her own mother put her hand on Judy's shoulder.

"Come with me, Judy. I have something to show you." Maureen smiled serenely down at her daughter.

"What, where?" Judy looked up at her mother, her eyebrows raised.

Maureen waved her hand toward the exit.

"I'm not leaving my own wedding." Judy looked around. The band played a slow song, and the dance floor was filled with couples. She took Don's hand. "Let's dance." Her husband stood up at her command.

"Not now, Don. You can dance with her later." Maureen's voice had a slight edge to it.

"Okay." Don sat back down and stared into his glass of wine.

"Don?" Judy couldn't believe he'd listened to her mother over her. "Get up and dance."

"We can dance later, Judy." Don looked over at her with a faint smile.

"Really?" Judy shook her head, her lips scrunched together in disgust. That was the same stupid smile he'd had on his face for weeks. She took a deep breath and tried to regain the closeness she'd felt not long before.

"Your husband needs a rest, Judy. This won't take long. I'll have you back in no time." Maureen hated lying to her daughter, but there was nothing else to do. It was time.

"Okay, fine." Judy stomped her foot a little. She stood, made her way to the changing area, and slipped out of her holographic gown and into her well-worn uniform. She then followed her mom out of the holopark. A wave of quiet hit her when the door closed behind them. "So, is this a surprise or something?"

"Yes, it is." Maureen nodded, now dressed in her own uniform. She led the way through Wilderness's labyrinth of passageways. "You know, I'm very proud of you, Judy. You've always been smart. Well, I mean, you're a genius so ..." Maureen's laugh sounded nervous to her own ears. And why not? She felt like her insides were twisting up into a pretzel. "And you're so kind and beautiful."

"Um ... thanks, Mom." Judy's cheeks darkened. "You don't often get sentimental." That was true. Maureen had always been loving, but never effusive.

"Well, I see you opening new doors into womanhood, into new responsibilities, and now into marriage. I'm excited for you to see all that's out there." Maureen looked over her shoulder and smiled. She meant all of it. "We're almost there."

"I hope this doesn't take too long, Don and I have something special planned for after the wedding." The color on Judy's cheeks deepened. She wasn't used to talking about intimate things with her mother.

"Oh?"

"I mean, we can't go anywhere, obviously. But it's been a little slow between us, and I think the marriage will spice things up." It was so weird talking to her mother about sex, even if they were being oblique. "We reserved the holopark for something special after the wedding, so hopefully the lock on the door works."

"Their computer is a bit persnickety, especially after what it's been through lately. But I imagine the locks will work." Maureen thought about all the times the computer had locked her out of rooms when Penny and Jacob were getting to know each other. That was a lucky thing, because if she'd stopped them, she certainly never would have found her higher calling. "Here we are." She stopped next to the chapel door and waved her daughter in.

"Here?" Judy cocked her head at her mother, and stopped. After a moment's hesitation she entered, her mother on her heels. "Hello, Mrs. Winthrop." Judy's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. Standing at the far end of the chapel, Mary gazed into Judy's eyes. A benevolent smile spread across Mary's pretty face. She held out her arms in welcome, but also in an echo of the cross up on the wall behind her. "What is this?" Judy looked back at her mother, who wasn't smiling. Judy recognized the expression on her mom's face. It was the same look she had right before a moment of action. Judy was more perplexed than ever.

"We need to have a talk with you, sweetie. We'd like you to see eminence brought to our world." Mary walked toward Judy and put an arm around her shoulder.

"Um ..." Judy didn't want to be rude, but she was getting that weird vibe she often got around the zealots. So far, they hadn't proselytized to her. But that certainly seemed about to change. What was her mother doing bringing her here? She must have her reasons. Even though Judy's shoulders tensed at Mary's touch, she let herself be led to the first pew. They sat, and Maureen joined them. Mary to Judy's left, and Maureen to her right.

"Remember what I always say about an open mind, Judy?" Maureen placed her hand on Judy's thigh. She hoped her daughter couldn't feel the nervous energy through her fingers.

"The size of the idea matches the openness of the mind," Judy recited.

"Exactly. But this idea is so big. So astronomically big ..." Maureen put her other hand tightly on her daughter's shoulder. She could see on the other side of Judy, Mary's enormous breasts shaking as Mary silently worked to set them free. Thankfully, Judy's attention was focused on Maureen, so she didn't notice. Once Mary's nipples were out in the open air, Maureen knew it was time. "So astronomically big that the mind needs some help opening up."

“What? What’s this about, I don’t –” Judy was quite shocked when her mother pushed her head sideways, so that Judy was practically in Mary’s lap. She was even more shocked when her eyes took in a pair of giant, naked boobs. She squirmed, but her mouth was around the left nipple before she had time to think. Warm milk hit her tongue. She wriggled some more and Mary’s hands cradled her head, while Maureen’s still pressed on Judy’s shoulder and thigh. Her body acted on its own and gulped at the milk. Within seconds, she found herself guzzling it. A brief moment of repulsion faded to bliss, and then her mind slowed way down. She could hear Mary talking, as if from very far away, in a soft sing-song voice.

“The first baptism. Isn’t it beautiful?” Mary stroked the young woman’s dark, curly hair. She placed her fingers on her unoccupied nipple, let the milk run over them, and then drew a cross on Judy’s forehead with the white liquid. “And we will show them His way. And they will see it is good.”

“Judy, are you okay?” If Maureen hadn’t been so cool in the face of escalated moments, she might have been hyperventilating. She was excited for her daughter to discover a new state of being. It felt almost like it was her first time. How odd to have Judy suckling from that enormous breast with Mary’s platinum cross hanging in the cleavage just above. For most of Maureen’s life, that symbol had stood for hypocrisy and closed-mindedness. Now it blazed as a beacon for just the opposite.

“Mmmppphhhh,” Judy murmured around the nipple. Her mother was asking her a question, but she couldn’t quite wrap her usually sharp mind around the simple words. She wanted to reassure everyone that she was fine. Everything was good, so long as the milk flowed. She didn’t want to leave that strange, pale breast.

Maureen looked back over the pews when the door opened. Into the small chapel walked Penny, Heather, Pricilla, and Humility. They all had changed back into their uniforms and carried themselves with a solemn dignity befitting a ceremony of transformation and clarity. Jacob walked in behind them. Unlike the women, he wore a wide grin on his face. Maureen wondered why she would give herself and her two daughters to this nineteen-year-old. She shook her head. He was only the vehicle of the grace contained inside. It made sense. She looked back at Judy, who was still greedily suckling from that magnificent boob. Maureen realized that her daughter’s head was actually resting on Mary’s protruding belly. It seemed to her that the next generation was already supporting them.

Silently, Maureen stood and joined the other women in a semicircle under the cross at the head of the chapel, with their backs to the door. She watched Jacob undress, his pulsing, writhing cock already tumescent and ready. He eyed the hard floor.

“How do you want us to do this, Mom?” Jacob looked over at Mary.

“Shh,” Mary put a finger to her lips. “Not so loud. Don’t disturb her. Not yet.”

“Well?” Jacob whispered and pointed to the floor.

“You’re the Chosen One, Jake. You figure it out.” Penny didn’t mean for it to sound sarcastic, but she had to admit it sort of did.

“Right.” Jacob looked over at Penny and winked. She winked back. He then exchanged glances with all the other women in the room. He felt their support. There was no jealousy in that chapel, thank God. “I guess I’ll let her ride me then.” He got onto his back, his dick standing tall, waving slightly back and forth like a tree bending in the breeze.

The women in the half circle all vocalized their support for his decision with a faint, harmonious mix of “yes,” “good,” and “praise be.”

“It’s time now.” Mary gently pulled Judy off her breast and sat her up on the pew. “Your big day is about to get even bigger. You might even see the Infinite. Now, let me undress you.” Mary stood up in front of the new bride, her large pale breasts still bared and shaking ever so slightly with her movements. She unzipped Judy’s uniform, and helped her with the sleeves. “My, your bra doesn’t fit you very well anymore.”

There was some good-natured laughter from the women, as one would hear with an experience mutually shared. Then the smiles faded. Their faces returned to somber rectitude.

“Now, stand up dear.” Mary helped Judy to her feet. She bent down and removed Judy’s boots and pulled the uniform off each leg. She then took off the woman’s socks. Judy stood now in only her ill-fitting bra and panties. “It’s almost time for your second baptism.”

“My ... what?” The fog cleared a little from Judy’s mind. She tried to piece together what had happened. She had followed her mother into the chapel. And someone was there. And she’d suddenly had the loveliest drink in the world. And all thought had left her. “Drugs ...” she whispered. “You drugged me. Mom, she drugged me, she ...” Judy’s voice trailed off when she saw the semi-circle of women in the chapel arching around her sister’s naked boyfriend. She gasped as her mind registered what her eyes beheld. When she’d walked in on him the other day, his penis hadn’t been hard. This was much worse. Her brain was still so slow. Hard wasn’t the right word for it now. It was fat, and strong, but it bent and swayed. She tried to find some animal in her mind that had a penis with a similar appearance. She couldn’t do it. She barely noticed when Mary stepped behind her and unclasped her bra. She did notice when Mary pulled off her panties. She covered her exposed, dark bush with her hand. And then covered her boobs with her arm.

“It’s time.” Mary placed a hand on Judy’s back and gently nudged her in Jacob’s direction. “All you need to do is sit on him. Get your opening close enough to his gift and He will handle the rest.”

“What?” Judy tried to get the gears of her brain churning again, but everything seemed underwater. She took an awkward step toward Jacob and then another. “Mom? Penny?” She looked at her mother and sister with questioning eyes.

“It feels weird right now, I know.” Penny nodded like she was the older sister offering advice. “It’s like jumping in a cold lake. Once you’re in, there’s no going back. You just have to make that leap of faith.”

“It’s going to be fine, Judy. Once you experience it, you’ll know.” Maureen took Penny’s hand and held it firm as they watched Judy stumble forward.

“More than ... weird ... Penny.” Judy wanted to tell them that this was crazy. Beyond nuts. This was exactly the sort of situation she relied on her mother to keep her out of. There was someone else. Someone who could save her. Because she knew, as she slowly straddled Jacob, standing with her feet planted on either side of his hips, she wasn’t going to save herself. They had drugged her and she couldn’t do anything but follow Mary’s hand as it guided her into place. Don! Her intrepid pilot and husband. Or maybe her dad. Yes, those were the people who would put a stop to this. She turned her head to look at the door. Mary’s hand went to Judy’s shoulder and pressed down, but Judy resisted. Her

knees trembled. If she could just hold out a few more moments ... And then, like a miracle, the door to the chapel opened and there stood Don. "Oh, thank God."

"I told you, Isaac, to keep him in the holopark." Mary's voice was ice and fire. She held firmly to Judy's slender shoulder.

"I ... I ... forgot." Isaac gawked at the ceremony. He blinked repeatedly, trying to understand what he was seeing.

"Don't come in here, Dad." Jacob called out. But he didn't get up from his back. He kept his eyes on the underside of Judy's dark boobs, her black nipples, and fat pussy lips. Judy had moved like molasses over to him. He was tired of waiting.

"Take Don and leave, Isaac. And tell no one what you saw." Mary took a deep breath, trying to calm herself.

"Okay." Isaac put his hand on Don and tried to pull him away.

"Fuck that." Don brushed the man's hand away. "What sort of cultist bullshit is this?" Don felt like he'd been lost in a mist for weeks, but seeing his wife, in what was obviously extreme peril, had cleared his mind and roused his anger. His gaze fell down below his naked wife. He saw Jacob's horrific appendage pulsing, waving, and coughing up copious amounts of clear fluid. "Get that away from her." Don raced into the chapel. Or at least, he felt like he was racing. But when he looked at the narrow rows of pews in the cramped space, he saw that he was barely moving at all. He willed his body to move faster.

"Heather, Pricilla, and Humility. Stop him." Mary directed them, wishing her son would take charge. Sometimes a mother had to do everything. Once again, she applied downward pressure on Judy's shoulder and the woman lowered herself into a squat, and then fell to her knees, leaning forward. Mary thought Judy's vagina was just about in the perfect spot now.

"Don, do something." Judy watched as her slow-motion rescue ended in a pile of pregnant bodies on top of her husband. They held him down with his cheek against the floor. Judy could see his eyes were still on hers. "Don ... I can feel it ... oh, God ... it's pressing against me. It's going in. It's spreading meeeeeeeeeeee." Judy's head shot back and her back arched, thrusting her boobs out in the open. She frantically reached for support and took hold of Jacob's skinny thighs behind her. There were some brief seconds of pain, and then joy welled inside her. The thing wormed its way in and found a spot she didn't know she had. The feeling was novel, unexpected, and inevitable all at the same time.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Whatever coherence had come to her after she'd left Mary's tit, was once again gone, driven from her by Jacob's cock. She slammed her hips down, shoving the hideously marvelous cock further inside. It hit another pleasure point, deeper in. Judy convulsed and keened.

Mary stepped away from the mating pair, satisfied that she was no longer needed to encourage Judy on her path to God. She watched the young bride orgasm, and then ride Jacob like she was late out of the gate at the races. She turned her back on her son's grunts and Judy's wailing and walked over to where the three women held Don to the floor. "Get him up." She sat in a pew five rows back and slid toward the middle. "Bring him here."

Heather, Pricilla, and Humility pulled Don to his feet and forcefully sat him next to Mary. He didn't put up much of a fight.

"It wasn't his fault. Think of how it looks through his eyes." Humility looked down with pity at Don, who was clearly listening to his wife's screams of delight and the slap of her energetic lovemaking.

"Oh, I'm not punishing him, Lil. I know he can't see." Mary put her hand on Don's shoulder softly. He didn't resist her. "But we can't have another incident like we did with Mason."

"Just let her go." Don could see the top of Judy's brown hair flying into the air, falling, and flying over and over from where he sat. She was jumping so high on that teenager, Don hoped she'd dislodge him. But clearly, she hadn't.

"Does she sound like she wants to go?" Mary pulled Don toward her until his head rested on her protruding belly. "Forget about it, Don. We're all in His hands now." She shoved her nipple into his mouth and he took it. She watched the creases disappear from his face. "You three can go back to the ceremony now. Thank you." Mary smiled up at Humility. Heather and Pricilla had already gone back to the head of the chapel.

The semi-circle of women all joined hands as they had discussed when planning the ceremony. They offered encouragement here and there.

"Isn't he amazing?" Penny said.

"Oooooohhhhhhh," Judy replied.

"Do you see now why we wanted this for you?" Maureen couldn't help but smile. Her panties were soaked through. The expression on her daughter's face was one of pure bliss.

"So ... deep ... uggghhhhhh." Judy screamed.

"You're doing great." Pricilla watched Jacob's chest muscles tighten and flex. She listened as his grunting grew louder. "If I know my brother, you're almost to the second baptism."

"Ride him to the end, Judy. You look amazing," Heather added.

"Oh ... God ... so full." But Judy was about to be even more full. With a roar, Jacob erupted in her pussy. She felt the hot stuff filling her womb, and then the people were gone, the chapel was gone, and she floated in a nebula of pure ecstasy.

As he came, Jacob reached up and grabbed Judy's tits to keep her from falling off him. She made the most idiotic sounds as she tossed and jerked on him. They all sounded so stupid when he came in them. It was the sweetest music to his ears. Once his hips jerked to a stop under her, and his balls quieted, he let her fall to the side and shudder on the floor. Her eyes were still rolled back and she was now hissing quietly. Jacob got to his knees and looked at the women around him. He was still breathing hard. "So ... should I do her ... again? We didn't talk ... about when the ceremony should end."

"Let's ask her." Maureen was always practical. They waited a few minutes for Judy to return to them.

Eventually, Judy rolled onto her back, her large breasts lolling to either side of her ribs. Her breathing evened out. "Oh ... my ... God."

"That is the point, dear," Mary called from the back of the chapel.

“What do you think, Judy? You want him to do it again?” Penny giggled, she was so excited. Her sister now knew what it was like.

“We can ... do it ... again?” The concept seemed too good to be true. “Yes ... please.” She was aware of being watched as Jacob took hold of her hips and placed her on all fours. She was almost self-conscious until that magical dick slipped back into her stretched pussy. Soon she was pushing back at him with all her might and screaming out for more. She took three loads before all was said and done.

Mary pushed Don off her lap and stood up. Overall, things had gone well. She tucked her breasts back into her uniform. It was their first Twofold Baptism, and Jacob had baptized Judy three times. They might have to rethink the contours of their ceremony in the future.

Chapter 21

"Almost time ... darling," Dr. Cole whispered to herself while working her pussy. Her thoughts lingered on her husband, as they often did while she pleased herself. She looked around the spartan room the Hendersons had given her. She didn't even have a picture of her husband. But soon she would have more than memory to go on.

If her plans all came together, as they seemed to be doing, she would see her husband in the flesh soon. And she would touch him, kiss him, and spread her legs for him. She shuddered as she slipped two fingers inside herself. "Why am I ... so horny?" And why were her boobs so swollen?

Something was wrong with the Errand into the Wilderness. None of the Hendersons seemed themselves. And the zealots acted even more strangely than usual. It all had something to do with that odd nineteen-year-old, Jacob Winthrop. Maybe she should do some snooping and see what was going on. Maybe she could use it to her advantage. Maybe ...

An orgasm rushed into being. It was going to be a big one. She couldn't get the image of Jacob out of her mind. She tried to replace him with her husband, but found she couldn't picture his face. All she could see was Jacob. "Oh ... my ... fucking ... God." Dr. Cole convulsed as the biggest orgasm of her life took her. There were no more thoughts, only pleasure.

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"Whatever it was that I saw in the chapel ... has to stop." Isaac closed his eyes and tried to recall what it was he'd seen. It was all so cloudy. The best his mind could do was give him a feeling of a twisted ritual and perverted faith. "I know ... something is happening ... on my ship. I don't like it." Why were the words so difficult to say?

"Your ship?" Mary arched her eyebrows and paced around their quarters. This was another instance of the men questioning Him. "This is His ship. Not yours. And we are His vessels as much as the Errand into the Wilderness. Are you questioning Him?"

"No, I'm questioning ... my wife." Isaac had been the patriarch of his family for decades. While he slept in cryo, he had been usurped by a matriarchy. "What is happening with ... my family and ... my mission?"

"Fine. You want to know? Why shouldn't you see the true depth of the Lord's beauty?" Mary fingered the cross around her neck. "Errand? Have Jacob come to my quarters right away."

"Yes, Member Winthrop." Errand's voice was sanguine, as usual.

"We are at the dawn of His greatness. A renascent Genesis." Mary unzipped her uniform. Her expression that had soured at her husband's challenge changed as she talked about what was to come. "You should see. You should all see what God has been up to."

"What are you ... doing?" Isaac's cheeks went red as she removed her uniform and stood before him in her underwear.

"I'm getting ready to have sex." She looked at her husband like he was a profound idiot.

"I'm not ... in the mood right now." It had been weeks since they had bonded like that. Isaac could barely remember it. "We need to talk about ..." He lost his train of thought and then picked it up again. "We need to talk about ... what's happening on this ship."

"Whether you're in the mood doesn't much matter, because I'm not having sex with you, Isaac." Mary wriggled out of her panties and removed her socks. "I'll show you what's happening. We don't need to talk about it anymore."

"I ... I don't understand." What was his wife talking about? He watched her remove her bra. Her boobs were enormous, and her belly very round. He stood up, took the blanket from their bed, and took a step toward her. He needed to cover her nakedness, but when she stared him down, he lost his nerve. He stood frozen in the middle of the floor.

"Even before we volunteered, you were always a day late and a thought behind." Mary turned to the wall, put her palms up against it, and stuck her ass out. She spread her legs. She knew exactly the right height to lower her pussy to line it up with her son's divine penis.

The door opened and in walked Jacob. He stopped and froze, too, when he saw what was going on. He was almost a mirror image of his father. The door closed behind him. "Um ... hey ..." He looked at his mother, her pussy wet and glistening, ready for him. Then, he looked at his father's uncomprehending face. "You sent for me, Mom?"

"Undress, sweetie." Mary smiled at him. She knew that Jacob liked the way her breasts dangled when she leaned forward. She wiggled her shoulders a little and her boobs shook under her, along with her dangling cross. "Your father has asked to learn God's plan for us."

"I don't ..." Isaac blinked as his son undressed.

"I am God's plan, Dad." Jacob quickly took off his clothes and unleashed his cock. It was thick, turgid, and ready. "Why don't you sit down?" He was pleased when his father dropped the blanket and quickly sat on the bed.

Mary spared one last glance at Isaac before accepting Jacob. "He is the Messiah, dear. He gifts us the salvation of New Canaan. He has gifted us a child. His seed sows the fields of all the women destined for our new home. You are an attendant to Him, and to Jacob. You must accept it."

"This can't be ... happening." Isaac's mind tried to deny what his eyes and ears were telling him. Unsuccessfully, he tried to look away as his son walked up behind his wife with the most ghastly penis imaginable. "I don't ... believe it."

"Accept it, Dad. This is what the future looks like." Jacob grabbed his mother's hips and let his dick find its way in. It chose her pussy this time. Jacob didn't know what it was thinking, and he didn't care. He trusted his cock completely. "Shit, Mom, why are you always ... ugh ... so tight?"

"Stop." Isaac's blood boiled. He wanted to fly into a rage and smite both of them. But, he found he couldn't get his body to act in defiance. He simply sat there like an idiot. The ring he had given his wife in faithful devotion sparkled at him from her left hand, mocking him.

"Yes, Jake. Join me as the church is joined to Christ." Mary braced herself against the wall, her thin arms flexing with the effort. Her necklace and boobs now bounced wildly under her. "I want it ... I ... want ... it." At one time, she had reasoned that sex with Jacob was sanctified so long as they worked toward her breeding. But she'd had to change that approach when they'd succeeded. Now, she understood that the Lord wanted her to know Him through Jacob, and this was the most direct route to viewing His works. To finding His Heaven among the stars.

"Stop ... please. I'll do anything," Isaac pleaded. "This can't be the way. Give me time to find out what happened. Take one of the other women. I'll wake up a single woman from cryo for you. Please ..."

"It's hard to concentrate ... uh ... uh ... with Dad yammering," Jacob said to his mother.

"He ... must ... see ..." She looked over her shoulder at him, her eyelids fluttering. An orgasm was already overtaking her. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Mary sang out her pleasure.

"Oh ... no." Isaac watched his wife climax in a way he'd never witnessed in all their years of marriage. A deep feeling of nothingness moved through him. He could see no meaning to anything. Would God really work through Jacob in a such a way? He saw no point in questioning, fighting, or even trying to understand any of it.

"Do you feel ... the Holy Spirit ... uh ... uh ... Mom?" Jacob slapped at her wide, rippling ass.

"Oh ... ugh ... yes!" Another blissful wave approached Mary's fractured mind. It was almost too good.

"I am the ... ah ... ah ... Messiah." Jacob worked his mother for a long time up against the wall. Eventually, he was ready. "Here it ... comes ... Mom."

"You are ... the Messiah." Isaac watched them finish their coupling. His wife made the most ridiculous sounds and collapsed to the floor. Rapture had taken her. Isaac accepted that he would be an attendant to this new savior. A new purpose built within him. He would accept God's Will.

The door opened and in walked Pricilla and her husband. They took in the scene before them. Jacob standing with his cock twisting in the air, looking for its next conquest. His mother at his feet, writhing on the ground and blithering. And then at the stunned Isaac.

"Just perfect." Pricilla clapped her hands and ran over to her brother, unzipping her uniform as she moved. She threw her arms around Jacob and kissed him on the mouth. She looked over at her husband. "It's clearly time that we ended it, John."

"What?" John couldn't move. He watched his wife fall to her knees before her brother. "I don't understand."

"I'll spell it out for you." Pricilla reached out and grasped the massive cock before her. It pulsed and squirmed in her grip. "I didn't marry a dummy, but I'm leaving one. We're over, John." Pricilla opened her mouth wide and bobbed her head on Jacob's dick. It played with her tongue like it was kissing her.

Mary recovered enough to sit up and see what was happening. "You are an attendant to the new Messiah, John. This is the only time you may witness the holy joining."

"Oh ... my ..." John stood frozen and watched his suddenly ex-wife do the most unseemly things with her nineteen-year-old brother. It was inevitable. That was the one thought he had over and over. This was all meant to be.

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The next day in Judy's quarters, Jacob took Judy from behind. She was on her hands and knees on the bed while he stood next to it. Maureen and Penny looked on. Both sat on the floor, naked, with their legs spread. Both worked their pussies as they watched.

"I've ... ugh ... never done it ... on your ship ... before." Jacob was really into the lithe, dark woman. He stared at the pink insides of her pussy clutching at his dick with every backstroke.

"We couldn't do it on this ship. She would have caught us." Penny nodded at Maureen, eyeing her mother's wobbling breasts as her arm moved furiously. The new cross pendant Maureen wore around her neck rested between her boobs.

"I'm sorry I was so ... closed-minded." Maureen felt lucky she hadn't sabotaged everything. She barely recognized the woman that had hounded Penny about her new boyfriend.

"Shit, Judy, I need to ... hit your pussy ... harder." Jacob slapped her ass.

"How?" Judy looked back at Jacob. He had a look of stalwart determination on his face. "It's already ... so ... hard." Her nerves hummed with pleasure. Another orgasm built inside her. If Don could have done anything like this to her, he never would have lost her.

"I ... don't ... know." Jacob needed to take things up another notch. Without really knowing what he was doing, he gripped the front of her thighs and lifted her legs up in the air so that she supported herself with only her hands.

"What's he doing?" Penny looked on in awe as her boyfriend really gave it to her sister.

"We used to call that ... the ... wheelbarrow." Maureen's eyes went wide. "Don't break her, Jake."

Jacob turned his head and smiled at Maureen. A series of grunts were his only reply.

"It's okay ... Mom ... I'm going to ... cum ... again ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Judy shook and squealed as she gave everything she had to Jacob.

A while later, Judy lay on the bed, semi-conscious. She bounced rhythmically with the movement of the mattress. Cum leaked out from between her legs. Next to her, Maureen screamed out her pleasure. It was Maureen's turn to take the wheelbarrow. She had only tried it once with her husband a long time ago, and found it to be difficult. He kept falling out of her. But Jacob had no such issues. "You must ... let all women ... know this ... paradise."

"Yeah ... about that ... uh ... uh ... uh ... what's the deal ... with ... Dr. Cole?" There was only one woman not in cryo that Jacob had yet to bond with.

Maureen was too busy mewling and muttering "yes" and "please" to answer Jacob.

"We don't know much about her." Judy looked up at Jacob with her soft, brown eyes. "She keeps sabotaging our plans and setting us off course. But we don't know why."

"It must be for a man." Penny was still on the floor with her hand between her legs. "I would do anything for you, Jake. It's probably like that for Dr. Cole."

Maureen didn't know why she hadn't thought of that. "A ... man ... oooooohhhhhhhh." She came as Jacob set her knees down on the bed and continued to plow into her.

Judy noticed a green light flash next to the door. She lifted her head to get a better look, but it was difficult with the bed shaking. "I think someone's trying to bypass the lock on the door."

"You sure?" Penny, her legs still wide, looked over at the door, too. With a hiss, the lock gave way and the door opened. There stood Dr. Cole, her eyes wide and her mouth hanging open. Penny closed her legs and removed her hand.

"I knew it!" Dr. Cole had suspected Judy was cheating on Don with that strange teenager. But all three Henderson women? She hadn't known that. "You've all gone insane." And that was quite literally true. They had gone insane. And if the intrepid Hendersons could fall prey to whatever had happened to the Errand, then Dr. Cole could too.

Jacob stopped humping Maureen and dropped her to the bed. He wiped the sweat off his forehead. "Why don't you come into the room, Dr. Cole, and we can talk about things?"

"I ... I ..." Dr. Cole needed to distract them. She couldn't have them follow her. She settled on a lie. "I've rigged this ship's drive to blow in fifteen minutes unless you detach from the Errand." With that, she turned and ran.

"She wouldn't," Jacob said.

"She would." Maureen tried to get her bearings. They certainly weren't going to detach from the Errand.

"I'll go after Dr. Cole." Jacob took a deep breath. "You three deal with the drive on your ship." With that he ran out of the room, chasing Dr. Cole. He was naked. His fat cock slowed him some, but he spotted her leaving the Hendersons' ship and ran after her. His feet soon padded down the Errand's carpeted corridors.

Unlike the Hendersons, Dr. Cole wasn't an avid exerciser. She regretted that as she looked over her shoulder. The horrific teenager was gaining on her, his dick and heavy balls bouncing wildly. She shouldn't have waited this long to execute her plan, but she wanted to know what she was dealing with first. She regretted what she'd found. Apparently, there was some sort of teenage monster loose on the ships. And mass insanity reigned. If the Hendersons had succumbed, it was safe to assume that everyone had. The crew of the Errand were soft-minded zealots. She turned down a different corridor, trying to get the image of Jacob's penis out of her mind.

"Wait ... stop ..." Jacob yelled after her.

To her immense surprise, Dr. Cole did stop. Her feet just planted on the floor. It took all her willpower to move again. She broke into a sprint, reached into her pocket, and fished out the communicator. She hit the button to connect to her override program. "Ready the ... course change. And lock the bridge ... after I arrive." She would later regret not being more specific on the timing.

"Why ... are you going ... to the bridge?" Jacob had gained on her, but was still a good twenty feet behind when it became obvious where Dr. Cole was headed. It was clear she was up to no good. And, of course, she was. Jacob had followed the Hendersons' exploits for years, and Dr. Cole was always causing mischief.

"Thank ... God." Every muscle in Dr. Cole's body strained as she saw the door to the bridge open for her up ahead. She swore she'd get in better shape in the future. Her boobs ached. Her bra wasn't designed for her swollen boobs, or for sprinting. But she was almost there. Once inside the bridge, she slowed to a jog, and then a walk, putting her hands behind her head and trying to catch her breath. She didn't even look back. She assumed the door had closed and locked behind her. Floating above the main dashboard in bright red was the word *execute*. All she had to do was swipe her hand through it.

"What ... the hell ... Dr. Cole?" In a mimic of Dr. Cole, Jacob put his hands behind his head to help him breathe. His skinny chest rose and fell violently. He watched her freeze when she heard his voice. Did she not think he'd follow her onto the bridge?

Dr. Cole slowly turned around. There was the hideous teenager, covered in sweat and heaving for breath like she was. His fat cock was soft now and hung heavily between his legs. Oh, God, she could see Maureen's dried juices on it. "The door was ... supposed to ... lock." Why had she said that? He wouldn't care that it hadn't been her fault he'd gotten in. There was no sense talking. Time for action. She lunged toward the dashboard.

"Stop!" Jacob said it with all the command he could muster. And she did stop, almost like he'd hit her with a freeze-ray. "Come ... back ... here." He started to catch his breath and looked around the room. There was a red *execute* command floating above the main console. Dr. Cole slowly plodded toward him, looking at the floor. "Errand, what is the execute command for?"

"I'm sorry, Member Winthrop, my systems detect no such command. Under Colony Control directive 4590, I cannot access navigation." The computer's voice sounded far away.

"First, that's not true. You are our navigator. And second, are you saying it has something to do with navigation?" Jacob watched Dr. Cole stop right before him. He reached out his hand and lifted her chin so that she'd look him in the eyes. She had such pretty, Asian features. He reminded himself that one could be both beautiful and nefarious. "What are you doing, Dr. Cole?"

Dr. Cole shook her head. She had no idea what was happening, or why she wasn't executing the altered course. She felt pulled by some strong, unseen current. To her complete bafflement, Jacob leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. She stood there, and let his tongue enter her mouth. A surge of calm and excitement hit her all at once. They made out for several minutes, and she forgot all her pressing worries. That is, until his hardening penis pushed up against her hip and then bumped up against her repeatedly, like it wanted in on the action. She stepped back and they broke their kiss. She opened her eyes and saw that Jacob was looking at her expectantly. She tried not to look down at his penis, but she

could see it moving in the periphery. It waved about in a way it should not have. Her heart caught in her throat. The whole day felt like a nightmare.

"So, what is all this? Where were you trying to send us?" Jacob reached out and unzipped her uniform. He approved of the cleavage he uncovered.

Before she knew it, secrets she'd held for years spilled out of her. "I'm married. I didn't mean to get mixed up with the Hendersons. I was just trying to escape the law on Earth and get to my husband. But things kept getting in the way. And then your ship came along and ..." She didn't want him to be angry with her. She didn't know why she should care, but she did. She had never cared about upsetting people before. That was sort of her signature. The thing that made her life possible. She watched him bend down and untie her boots in silence and then pull them off her feet. When he stood up, she got a good look at his bloated, writhing cock. It coughed up copious amounts of clear liquid. She shuddered, but didn't run.

"Go on. Tell me what you did to my ship." Jacob pulled her uniform sleeves off her arms and let the uniform fall down her legs.

"I ... I ... um ..." She bit her lip and bent down to step out of her uniform. She was so lost. She had no idea what she was doing, but she knew Jacob wanted it. "I broke into your navigation system a while ago and slowed your ship down. For a little while I got stuck on your security protocols. But your brother made it easier with his failed ... attack. It showed me the weak points in the system. That allowed me to set a new course." She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. She dropped it to the floor. Her chest heaved not from the run to the bridge, but from the excitement of being naked in front of this man. "I was going to finally see my husband. But before I changed course, I wanted to understand what was going on here."

"Do you understand what's going on here?"

"Yes ... and no." Why should it thrill her so much to have his gaze on her breasts?

"You have fantastic tits, Dr. Cole." Jacob reached out and lightly smacked her right boob and watched it shake. "Now take off your panties."

"Okay," she whispered. She bent down and pulled her panties down her legs. "I'm not going to see my husband, am I?"

"Well, we've got a planet to catch, a new world to build, and God's Will to flesh out. So ..." Jacob smiled down at her trim, black bush.

"What are you?" Dr. Cole's pussy was drenched. She knew she was about to give herself to this strange zealot, but she had no idea why. And no idea what his deformed cock would do to her. But that didn't seem to matter.

"I'm the Messiah." Jacob turned her around and walked her over to the main console. He bent her over it, placing her hands on one of the displays. They were quite close to the floating *execute* command, but he trusted her not to swipe it. "Your husband is probably a great guy and all, but I'd bet he's not the savior of humanity. And he can't show you Heaven like I can." He bent her knees to lower her hips and moved his cock in range. It wriggled into her pussy.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." Dr. Cole's head shot back and her muscles clenched. "You're going to ... ugh ... tear me apart."

"For messing with our New Canaan plans, you deserve a lot worse than what you'll get. Hang tight, the pain will pass in a minute." Jacob had broken in enough women that this early stage was fairly predictable. He grabbed her hips and pounded into her. Sure enough, within a couple minutes she was screaming out her first orgasm and whipping her head back and forth in pleasure.

"Oh ... God ... oh ... God." Dr. Cole saw stars before her eyes. "It's soooooooo ... big." He slammed her to several orgasms and then slowed his pace enough that it allowed her to collect her thoughts. "I will ... go with you ... to New Canaan."

"Yeah, I know." He slapped her ass hard and left an imprint. She deserved it, after all. "But tell me about where ... uh ... uh ... you were going to ... send us."

"He's at ... Tigov 19. It's a ... transport hub ... and ... ugh ... oooohhhhhh." Dr. Cole shrieked as that cock found a spot inside her that sent cascades of pleasure through her body. "It's also ... a ... trading post ... and mining colony."

"Could we ... continue on from ... uh ... uh ... there? And still go to New Canaan?" He watched the small muscles in her back tense at the question. She was trying to plan something. He smacked her ass hard again. "Don't lie."

"Yes ... but the deceleration burn ... would cost you too much fuel. You'd have to buy more ... at Tigov."

"We don't have ... money." Jacob nearly laughed at the thought of Colony Control elders sending them with a vault full of the stellarcoin credits they so despised. "And we're not selling parts ... of the ship."

"What does ... it matter? Dr. Cole braced herself as Jacob slammed into her harder. It felt like he was turning her inside out. "We're not ... going ... right? I ... lost."

"I was ... just thinking ... it would be a ... great way to spread His ... word." Jacob's smile was tight as he exerted himself. His orgasm was getting nearer. "And ... I bet ... I could convince ... the station ... to give us free fuel."

"I would ... get to ... see my husband?"

"See him ... yes. But ... you're mine ... now. You belong ... to His ... Plan." Jacob grabbed her hair and pulled her head back. Her arched back looked truly lovely. "Maybe your husband ... could be ... His attendant."

Dr. Cole didn't like the sound of that, but what could she do? A massive climax hit her. When she recovered, defeated thoughts flooded her mind.

"You're one of ... ugh ... my wives, now. And a wife obeys her husband ... just as the church obeys Christ." He slammed her so hard that the massive space of the bridge echoed with the sound of it.

"Yes," she screamed.

"I'm ... going to cum ... but first ... execute the course change." His fingers dug into her flesh.

“Yes ... Jacob.” With trembling fingers Dr. Cole reached out and swiped the floating red word. It turned blue. There was a deep rumble inside the ship as the hard deceleration began. Then she felt the fire of his cum inside her. Her mind nearly exploded. All the orgasms leading up to that moment were small compared to this. He had been true to his word. He had shown her Heaven, and Dr. Cole knew she would beg him to show her again. And then, her mind drifted away completely.

Chapter 22

"As I explained, we are now headed for station Tigov 19. What I must add is that we do not have enough fuel to change course back to New Canaan." Mary stood next to her son under the cross in the chapel. All of Jacob's other wives filled the pews. There were murmurs of worry among them. Mary held out her hands to pacify the women. "We can refill at the station." More whispers of discontent, as the women understood their plight and the difficulties they would face without any coin.

"You've ruined everything, Dr. Cole." Maureen's face was beet red as she stared at the back of Dr. Cole's head. "And this time you've endangered His plan for an entire planet."

"Dr. Cole, please come up here." Jacob was pleased that the women quieted down when he spoke.

"Yes." Dr. Cole stood. Normally, she would have some defense. But also, she would have been convinced that she had done no wrong. That wasn't the case this time. She felt she had done something horrible. Her stomach sank. Was this what remorse felt like? She hated it. The Errand was cursed, but she had somehow fallen in love with the demon behind all of it.

"It was Dr. Cole's plan to divert us to meet with her bygone husband." Jacob took Dr. Cole's shoulders when she was close enough and turned her toward the pews. She hung her head, and he noticed rivulets of tears on her cheeks. "But I stopped her plan. It was my decision to take us to Tigov 19."

There were gasps in the pews. "But why?" Heather's forehead creased in confusion.

"To spread the word." Judy, whose genius had not been affected by the Errand, had already figured this out.

"Yes, Judy." Jacob nodded. "It is the perfect opportunity to spread the word beyond our colonists and the new colony. We will stop there, meet new wives, refuel, and be on our way."

Humility and Heather made eye contact. It was clear that they were both thinking that they didn't want foreign wives. But who were they to argue with His will?

Penny raised her hand earnestly. "How will we pay for the fuel?"

"Come on, Penny. Think about it." Judy nudged her sister with her elbow.

"Um ..." Penny looked at her sister, and then at Jacob. He was giving her his thousand-watt smile. "Oh. Oooohhhh. Right." Penny nodded. "Jacob will ask and the station will give." Penny turned her gaze to her mother, but Maureen was still staring daggers at Dr. Cole.

"It was my will that we go to Tigov 19." Jacob swept his gaze over his women. "I have forgiven Dr. Cole. I want you all to do the same." He pulled Dr. Cole into his arms and kissed her passionately on the mouth. She returned his kiss at once, hungrily gripping his ill-fitting uniform. They kissed long enough to demonstrate her devotion, and then he gently pushed her away. "Any problems with absolution here?"

"I forgive her." Maureen's face softened. There were murmurs of assent all around.

"Very good." Jacob gave Dr. Cole a smack on the butt. "You may go sit down now." He watched her hurry back to her seat.

"Well, that's resolved." Mary beamed at her son. He was wearing the Lord's mantle so well. "There will be some unexpected challenges ahead, but I'm sure we will all rise to meet them. Now, every woman with a wedding ring, please bring it up to the front." Mary reached behind her, grabbed a small bowl, and held it before her with arms outstretched.

Heather was the first to arrive at the front of the chapel. "It goes in?"

"It does." Jacob nodded.

"Okay, then." Without a second thought, Heather pulled her wedding ring off her finger and dropped it with a little clang in the bowl.

She was followed by Humility, Pricilla, Judy, and finally Maureen. The explorer and adventurer was the only woman to pause. Maureen removed the ring, but held it over the bowl without releasing it.

"It's okay, Maureen." Mary spoke in soothing tones. "John will still be an attendant to Him and to Jacob. You are not saying goodbye."

"Right." Maureen nodded. Her reservations faded. It was what her new Lord needed. And just as the church supported Christ, she would support her new husband with whatever he required. Her hand opened and her ring joined the others in the bowl. She went back and sat next to her daughters.

"Excellent." Mary removed her own ring and dropped it in the bowl. She then handed the bowl to her son. "One last order of business. Errand into the Wilderness is still out of sorts after Mason's and Dr. Cole's efforts. We need the ship to be functioning flawlessly when we arrive at the station. Who would like to volunteer to fix the computer?"

Judy's hand shot up along with Humility's.

"I was hoping it would be you two." Mary nodded. The puzzle pieces were falling into place. "Dr. Cole will make herself available to you should you have any questions about what she did. The same for Mason. Now, meeting adjourned."

A sudden wave of nausea hit Maureen. Before she could even rise from her seat, her stomach rebelled. She turned away from her daughters and threw up on the floor. Everyone in the room turned to look at her. She threw up again and then retched. She felt Penny's hand rubbing her back. Finally, it was over and she sat up. "I'm so sorry. I don't know ..." She stopped when she saw everyone in the room smiling at her.

"More good news." Mary started clapping, and others joined in.

"What?" Maureen wiped her mouth with the back of her sleeve.

"You carry the Messiah's child. This is a moment of joy." Mary gave her son a nudge.

"It is." Jacob walked over to her, careful to avoid the puddle on the floor. He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. He then rubbed her belly through her uniform. He had knocked up the amazing Maureen

Henderson. A year ago, he would never have even dared to dream of such a moment. But here he was. His smile widened when she placed her hand over his.

"It's an honor." That wasn't quite right. Maureen didn't know what to say. "I'm filled with joy." She turned to look at her daughters. Judy smiled back at her. But Penny's smile was strained. She looked a little green. Maureen leaned close to Penny. "You feel sick, too?"

Penny nodded up at her mother.

"Oh." Maureen took one of Judy's hands and one of Penny's. "If you'll excuse us, I need to help my daughters."

"Of course." Mary turned to Pricilla. "Please have one of the attendants come and clean up the mess."

"Sure, Mom." Pricilla turned and raced out of the chapel.

Jacob watched his wives leave. Heather hung back. He could see the longing in her face. "Hey, want to play a little baseball in the holopark?"

"Um ..." Heather rubbed her bulging belly. "I'm not sure I can bend down for grounders right now. Not that I'm complaining." She desperately wished she'd just said yes. This was a precious chance to be alone with Jacob.

"Let's play catch then." Jacob put his hand on her belly. "I think you'd look hot in a baseball uniform with this round tummy."

Heather laughed. "You do? Well, okay then." They left the chapel arm in arm.

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The pop of the mitt was loud in the empty stadium. There were no fans or other players with Heather and Jacob. Only the green grass, the blue sky, and the gray of the stands.

"I've been thinking." Heather turned her body and caught the whizzing ball behind her back. Despite her new size, she still had moves. She smiled like an idiot at her new husband as she launched a throw back to him.

"That's my girl." The nineteen-year-old Messiah caught the ball and threw it back in one motion.

"I'm the first you picked after your family, right?" Heather's body felt so wonderfully loose and full of energy. She held the ball in her mitt while she talked.

"And the first out of cryo." Jacob patted his mitt and waited for her to throw the ball back.

"And you chose me? You had Errand bring me and Max out of the deep sleep?"

"Yeah, sort of." He patted his mitt again.

"I would like to have a title, Jacob." She flung the ball back to him. "I would like to be called The First Chosen or The Chosen First. Something like that."

"Oh." It was Jacob's turn to hold onto the ball. It made sense that she would feel worried about her place when they were about to encounter many more women. "Yeah, okay. That's a good idea. You are The First Chosen." He threw the ball back to her. "And you know what else you are?" He dropped his mitt and sprinted over the grass toward her.

Heather laughed at the absurdity of her husband dashing across the expanse of green with his package bouncing in his baseball pants. She also felt a thrill at hearing her new title spoken by Jacob. "What else am I?" She said when he stopped right in front of her.

"You are very hot in your baseball uniform. Just as I foretold." Jacob stepped up, embraced her, and leaned his face up to hers for a kiss.

Moments later, they were tearing off each other's clothes. Moments after that, Heather's back was on the green grass, and her curling toes were stretched up to the blue sky.

"Oh ... gosh ... Jacob ..." She marveled at his pale, lithe body in the sunshine. She looked down, but the view of his penetrating cock was obscured by her dark belly. "Every time ... it's like the first ... ugh ... time. Why did you choose ... uh ... uh ... uh ... my vagina ... ooohhhh ... today?"

"It's not ... ugh ... my choice, First Chosen." Jacob slammed into her, watching her tits bounce up to her chin. He did a double take and then reached out to hold her left boob still. He was right, there was milk leaking from her black nipple. "What's ... this?" His hips slowed as he collected a drop of milk with his finger and put it in her mouth.

"It's ... milk. I don't know ... uuuhhhhh." Her words were muffled by his fingers, and then her mind started to go as that colossal penis hunted out her weak spots deep inside.

"May I ... ugh ... taste?"

"Anything ... and everything ... that is mine ... is yours." She pulled his face down to her breast as he gently continued to hump her.

"Mmmpppphhhhh." Jacob tasted her pussy with his cock and her milk with his tongue. She was warm and sweet and ... He felt a tingling sensation in his balls. He swallowed some more mouthfuls and his cock convulsed, pulsing in rhythm with his heart. His desire for Heather grew and his body became even more ravenous. He drank and fucked her in the outfield for a long time. When his orgasm finally hit, it seized him like a summer thunderstorm. He released her breast and roared out his pleasure. She made the most idiotic sounds when he filled her. When he'd caught his breath a little, he rolled onto his back next to her in the grass. "There's something special ... in your ... milk. Like Mom's ... but different."

"Aaaauuuugggghhhhhh," Heather said. She was still recovering from her orgasm.

"We are still learning ... His mysteries, it seems." He reached over and pulled on her hip. He got the nearly unresponsive woman to straddle him. His cock knew what to do. It found her ass this time, and wormed its way in.

"Yourrrrrr ssssayinnnggg I'mmmm ssssssspeciallll?" She blinked, trying to focus on his handsome face. Her butt wiggled on its own, impaling her on the impossible thing her new husband possessed.

"Well, you were always special, Heather." He laughed. "You're just even more special now." He slapped her toned thigh. "Ride me. And lean forward. I want another drink."

Heather did exactly as he asked.

~~

"So, are there any questions about Tigov 19?" Mary looked around the chapel at the men assembled in the pews. Only Maureen's bygone husband looked confused. The others nodded.

"Um ... so ... well ..." John Henderson looked around at the other men. He didn't know what was happening on the ship, and he couldn't put his thoughts together. It seemed like everyone else understood, which made it all the more confusing.

Max raised his hand. His wife had filled him in on his new role a few days ago. He had resisted at first, but then God's clarity had found him. "Will He allow us to talk with anyone at the station?"

"That is a good question, Max." Mary smiled and nodded. "We expect that you will have to interact with people on the station. But you cannot tell anyone about the Messiah, or His plan for New Canaan. We're not sure they would understand. Any more questions?"

John raised his hand. Thinking of Maureen and his daughters, he tried to formulate a question. "I ... uh ... um ... well ... uh ..." He put his hand down.

"That is not a question, Major Henderson." Maureen's smile was serene. "Now, you all know your roles as attendants of the Messiah. He and I expect you to be faithful servants, whatever happens at the station."

Everyone but John nodded their heads. He had no idea what she was talking about. He wondered where Maureen was, and why she wasn't explaining things to him.

"Excellent. You may go." With a wave of her hand, Mary dismissed the men. She watched them wander out.

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"Um ... hello, Jacob." Judy's knees shook. She was so nervous. She hardly ever found herself alone with him. "I have some news." The door to lab 4b closed behind her. She stood with her hands clasped before her.

"Hello, Judy." Jacob's smile was genuine and warm. A visit was just what he needed to break up the tedium while he waited for the smelter to finish its work. "What's up?"

"Humility and I –"

"You can call her Lil," Jacob interrupted. He stood, stretched, and sauntered over to her. He was aware that her gaze was fixed on his bulge. Since he'd gone back to wearing his own uniforms, he was used to people staring at his crotch.

"Okay." Judy tore her gaze away from the squirming organ in his uniform and looked into his brown eyes. "Lil and I have sorted Errand out. That's how I found you here, actually. The ship's computer is fully functional again. We even added in some new safety features, so ..." She stopped herself from bragging. She didn't want to seem petty in front of Jacob.

"That's great news." Jacob gave her a kiss on the cheek. He saw her look around the room for the first time and waited for her inevitable question.

"What are you doing with a smelter?" Judy studied the machine. Then she looked over at the laser cutter that was obviously primed and ready. "Wait. You melted down the rings, didn't you? You're making new ones."

Jacob clapped his hands in delight. "Yes! That's exactly it. I used the metal from all your wedding rings, all platinum and gold."

"But there's not enough metal for all of us." Judy eyed the smelter.

"So?" Jacob loved watching her with her mind at work.

"You wouldn't have the right proportions of gold and platinum anyway to make a proper alloy. You need ten percent gold. So, you added more platinum to get the right proportions." Judy rubbed her chin. "The wall the robot damaged when Mason was ... doing what he did. There would have been platinum in the gravitational dampers."

"You are smart. It took me days to think of that." Jacob grinned. "You are incredibly attractive when you're solving puzzles."

"Oh, thanks." Judy's cheeks went hot. "Can I help you make the rings?"

"It's mostly waiting right now." Jacob drank in her nervous beauty. "But you can help me pass the time."

"I would like that." Judy dropped to her knees and waited for her new mate to shimmy out of his uniform. She gasped when his cock came into view. It didn't matter that she knew what to expect, the sight of him was always awe-inspiring. "Would you like me to – mmpphhhhhhhhh." Before she could finish asking if he wanted her to put it in her mouth, the cock pressed against her lips and pushed its way in. She met it with her tongue. It was more like kissing a giant than any blowjob she'd ever given before. The cock was playful in her mouth. The saltiness of his precum spread across her palate. She heard him groan and swooned at the pleasure she gave him.

Soon, Judy's uniform joined Jacob's on the floor. She clutched the table, bracing herself. Her eyes fixed on the smelter. All their marriages had been melted down and joined into one. They would all wear rings made from a little of each other's broken vows. Judy reminded herself that they had broken them to

make a more sacred promise. They were spreading joy throughout the galaxy. New Canaan would be a paradise made real. "Oh ... shit ... you're about to make ... make me ..." Paradise was real in that room in that moment. Judy howled out her climax. And when it came time, she greedily accepted his cum deep inside her. She wanted to be just like her mom and Penny. She wanted ... no ... she needed to carry a divine child.

~~

The Errand into the Wilderness continued to decelerate. Day after day, Tigov 19 drew closer. Jacob found his time spread thin. There were many wives to support and satiate. And he had his own growing desires to quell even as bellies all over the ship expanded. Despite being only a few months into her pregnancy, Mary looked to be near full term. Pricilla, Humility, and Heather were getting quite big, too.

The rings were ready. Judy had helped craft beautiful symbols of Jacob's union with the women. He was ready to bestow them.

"Where is Maureen Henderson?" Jacob asked the ship.

"She is with Judy and Penny Henderson in their new quarters." Errand sounded even more blithe since Judy and Humility had fixed the computer.

"Wait, they're moving onto this ship?" Jacob wondered that he hadn't been told.

"Your mother authorized the move, Messiah Winthrop." The computer then gave directions to the Hendersons' new quarters.

When Jacob arrived, the door opened before he could knock. He peered in and saw Maureen hugging her two daughters. There were tears in all their eyes. "What's wrong?"

They turned to face him.

"Nothing ... nothing at all." Penny was smiling and crying at the same time. "Mom and I found out that we're having girls." She rushed across the room and embraced Jacob. "Errand just confirmed it."

"Oh, that's great." He could feel her belly bump pushing against him. His cock lurched in his uniform.

Maureen made eye contact with the father of her gestating child and grandchildren. She nodded at him, understanding his desires without exchanging words. She unzipped her uniform and undressed. Judy, following her mother's lead, did the same. Soon, they both stood naked and waiting.

"I'm going to be a mother, Jacob. Isn't that wonderful?" Penny kissed his neck and his cheek.

"It is truly a gift from Him." Jacob held her at arm's length and smiled.

"The most precious gift," all three women said at once.

"Let's celebrate." Jacob wiped the tears from Penny's cheeks and undressed.

Penny squealed with delight. "I didn't know we'd be doing it today." She tripped and fell in her haste to remove her clothes.

"Truly a blessed day." Judy laughed and helped her sister up. She finished undressing Penny. They were all naked. "Where do you want us?"

"Let me see ..." Jacob rubbed his chin.

Ten minutes later, Judy wiggled on Jacob's face, moaning as his tongue lapped at her pussy. She watched her sister's large boobs bounce before her.

Penny rode that magnificently writhing cock with great long lunges. "Oh ... gosh."

"Jacob ... even your tongue ... is a gift." Judy leaned forward and put her hands on her sister's shoulders.

"It's ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... so ... wonderful." Penny returned her sister's touch by reaching for and grasping Judy's heavy boobs. She used them for support as she rode, but she was careful not to pull too hard on the tender flesh.

Maureen watched all this from an armchair. Her ringless left hand rubbed her pussy with quick circular motions. Her mouth hung open. Her eyes had a far-off look.

Outside Maureen, Penny, and Judy's new quarters, John Henderson wandered the corridor. He couldn't keep his thoughts together. His feet stopped. This was the place, wasn't it? The computer had told him that his wife and daughters were in the room on the other side of that door. But he was reluctant to announce himself. He stood still, staring at gray metal. He couldn't muster the will to do anything but stand silently.

Suddenly, the door opened. John's jaw dropped. His daughters were naked and riding that strange zealot. His naked wife was watching them. Even confronted with this nightmare scene, John could not gather himself to act in any way. His wife turned her head and noticed him.

"John! What on Earth are you doing here?" Maureen stood and quickly walked across the room, her round body bouncing with each movement. The cross around her neck was jostled by her boobs. She checked over her shoulder. The joyous mating on the bed hadn't ceased. Her daughters hadn't even noticed their father's presence.

"I ... um ... I ... well ..." His brain was trying to piece things together. Suddenly, lots of things made sense. They were under attack. He needed to do something! And then, in a cloud, his thoughts receded. He never moved from the corridor.

"Now, John. You're one of the attendants now." Maureen stopped in the doorway. "I need you to run along and don't be a bother. I'm sorry I didn't explain this before. Jacob is the Messiah, and we are all committed to him. Understand?"

"Um ... well ..." John nodded.

"That's good. I'll explain more later, but we're busy right now." Maureen leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. "Run along and find something useful to do. I'll see you later." When her bygone husband didn't move, Maureen shooed him away with her hands. "Go on now." She smiled when he turned and ambled down the corridor. She closed the door and went back to their celebration.

Hours later, the three Henderson women lounged on one of the beds in their new quarters. They were all filled with and covered in Jacob's thick sperm. Their bodies were still humming from the ecstasy that only the Messiah could provide.

Jacob lay peacefully, enjoying Judy's head on his shoulder, Penny's warm body pressed against his side, and Maureen's head weighing on his hip. "I'm sorry to move you all, but I have something to give you." Jacob carefully extricated himself, got off the bed, and retrieved three rings from the pocket of his uniform. He pulled Judy from the bed and kneeled before her. "Sweet Judy." He smiled. "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?"

"I do!" Tears ran down her dark cheeks. She held out her left hand and let him slide the beautiful ring onto her finger.

"Thank you for helping make these rings, Judy. They're perfect." Jacob stood and kissed her.

When the kiss was over, Judy's whole body trembled. "You're welcome, Jacob. I'm so happy."

"Me too." Jacob reached out his hand and helped Penny from the bed. He kneeled and recited the same litany.

"I do!" Penny also cried as he slipped the ring onto her finger. "I can't believe I'm your wife!" She kissed her husband and stepped aside to allow her cum-covered mother to rise from the bed.

Jacob kneeled. "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?"

"A thousand times yes!" Maureen knelt down with Jacob and kissed him before he could stand.

Soon, all three were intertwined with Jacob on the bed again, screaming out their rapture.

~~

"All my wives have rings now, Mom." Jacob sat on the sofa in Mary's quarters. After his meeting with the Hendersons, he had given rings to Heather, Dr. Cole, Humility, and Pricilla. Each with their own ecstatic ceremony. He smiled at his mother. She sat with her back against the armrest, her feet in his lap. He massaged her tired soles as they talked. He mused on how huge she looked, reclined as she was.

"Almost all your wives." Mary's smile was slight. "Did you forget anyone?"

"I did not." Jacob released her feet and fished the ring out of his pocket. "You are my most sacred wife. And so, I saved you for last." He carefully removed her feet from his lap, stood, and helped her off the sofa. Jacob kneeled before her. "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?"

"You are the scion that every mother dreams of. I couldn't be happier to accept this ring." Mary pulled him to his feet, bent her head, and kissed him. Their tongues twined together, and their hands gripped each other tightly. Clothes came off, and soon they were naked. Mary pushed her son so that he sat on the sofa. She eyed his colossal penis as it pulsed and coughed up clear fluid. "So marvelous. Let us further consummate our union." She climbed onto him. He was still a slender man of nineteen, and she was now ... much larger than she had been. But she knew he could support her. She mounted him, let the penis move into her vagina, and gently rocked her hips. She threw her head back when he drank from her breast as they tenderly made love.

Jacob drank his fill and then looked up at his mother. "You have guided me through ... ugh ... changes. You have ... given all of yourself ... to me. I know how much ... you sacrificed ... to get us here."

"You are ... ooohhhhhh ... so sweet, Jacob." Was his penis emphasizing his points by hitting her buttons? It was playing her like a familiar and much-loved fiddle.

"I love you ... Mom. And I will do ... anything I can ... to make you proud." He reached behind her, grabbed her round ass cheeks, and pulled her down, impaling her completely.

"I ... love ... you. I know ... ooohhhhhh ... sweetie ... something is ..." Mary looked down to see that her son and the sofa were wetter than she expected. Indeed, the sofa was drenched. "I think ... my water just broke." With some reluctance, she pulled herself off him and rolled next to him on the couch.

"Mom?" Jacob stared at her gaping pussy with wide eyes.

"The baby is coming." Mary tried to collect her thoughts. "Errand? Call Humility and prepare a delivery room." She looked at the mess on the sofa. "Also call Mason and Isaac. Tell them to clean my quarters."

"Yes," the computer answered.

"What should I do?" Jacob dressed quickly.

"Help me up and get me to the delivery room." Mary smiled at the gentle strength of her son as he helped her to her feet. She reached up with her left hand and grasped her necklace. Her new ring touched the old platinum cross. Two symbols that would become fast friends soon enough. "You're going to be a father. It's happening, sweetie."

"I'm going to be a father." Jacob put his arm around her shoulders. Together, they moved toward the door.

Chapter 23

"What's your day look like, dear?" Ezra swiped away the news feed, sipped some coffee, and regarded his wife. She wore a neat, crisp uniform, her hair was back in a perfect bun, and her face was clean and bright. She looked every bit the station's inspector general. Ezra certainly wouldn't want to get on the wrong side of the law at Tigov 19.

"An unscheduled docking is underway. The Errand into the Wilderness is connecting to slip seven. One of those ships from the Fourth Wave zealots." Tabitha's smile stretched a bit thin. There were so many angles to consider with the new arrival. "They say they're low on fuel and are willing to purchase more from the station."

"But?" Ezra arched his eyebrows.

"But a Fourth Wave ship wouldn't have stellarcoin. They abhor the Outer Republic. Nor would they barter parts of their ship. Their colony missions are sacred to the religion." She poured herself some coffee and sipped. She winced at the taste. It would do better with some milk and sugar. But shortages would keep their coffee bitter for a while.

"But that's not all that concerns you." Ezra could see the vertical groove form on his wife's forehead. After so many years, he could read her like a book.

"It takes only a little nudge to send our station off kilter. We're running on a thin wire. And the Hendersons are aboard that ship. That news has already created a bit of a frenzy. People are lining up at slip seven to meet them and get an autograph." Tabitha frowned. "And then our resident Sagittarius Mormons will want to proselytize to the Fourth Wave crew. And probably vice versa. It's going to be a mess."

"And knowing you, you're already coming up with solutions." Ezra stood and stretched. It was just about time he started the work day. Those mining drones weren't going to pilot themselves.

"Well, I'll keep the crew of the Errand confined to their ship while they're here. But I can't limit people from visiting the ship without an order for quarantine. And I don't have one of those." She gulped the rest of her coffee and kissed her husband on the cheek. "I'll go take a look around the ship today. Maybe I'll turn something up. I have a strange feeling about the Errand."

"Well, if something's amiss, I'm sure you'll sniff it out." Ezra put down his mug and gave Tabitha a deep kiss. When they broke the kiss, they were both breathless. "I love the way you look in your inspector's uniform."

"I know." Tabitha laughed. "I'll see you tonight. Good luck at the mines."

"Good luck with the ship." They made their way to the front door, gave each other one last hug, and then trotted off on their separate ways.

~~

"I want to use the holopark while that ship is here, James." Gail regarded her young husband carefully. She knew bartering with the Fourth Wave zealots might complicate their mission to convert the crew.

"I don't know, dear. We should show them the center of it all, first. Once they see the truth behind Sagittarius A and the new apostles, then we can trade." James sat quietly in their small apartment, his hands clasped on their table. "Is it the northern lights?"

"I know we're never going to Earth. And who knows when the next holopark will dock here." Her eyes went wide and she steepled her fingers in a plaintive gesture. "Please allow this, James. If they fail to convert, they may not allow me to visit later. This might be my only chance to see the aurora borealis."

Silence filled the apartment. James stared at his wife. "I know how important this is to you, but I cannot allow it. Our mission for God comes first. You understand."

"Yes, of course. Thank you for listening to my foolish request, dear." Gail pretended to put the idea out of her head, and went about making breakfast, humming to herself. But she would not let her dream go that easily.

~~

"So, to sum up. You had a malfunction in cryo, waking a small crew long before you arrived at your new colony. You then happened to encounter and rescue the Hendersons. And Dr. Cole was subsequently responsible for your course change. Do I have that right, Mrs. Winthrop?" Tabitha eyed the blonde matriarch. It was odd that a Fourth Wave woman would be in charge. From everything she had read, she would have thought she'd be speaking to this woman's husband.

"That is correct." Mary smiled sweetly at the inspector. She rubbed her belly bump, where she carried the second of Jacob's children. Sally, their first child, was in the nursery, hidden away from the inspector's prying eyes. Keeping Sally company was at least one of the crew and Jacob's other daughters. During their long approach to Tigov 19, all of Jacob's wives but the Hendersons had born him daughters. "May I offer you some milk? We have refined our replication, enhancing it to Earthly perfection. It's delicious and will make you feel sublime."

"No, thank you." Tabitha longed to taste the milk. But she wanted to focus on her work. Maybe she would try some later. The station's synthesizer problems would make the Errand's milk quite valuable. She wondered if the ship could replicate sugar. "I appreciate the offer." Tabitha's smile was thin. "And where is Dr. Cole?"

"She's in the brig, of course." Mary's face fell, like this was a difficult subject.

"May I take her into custody? She should stand trial for what she did." Tabitha wasn't sure what was wrong with this ship. Not yet. Her instincts picked up something, but everything seemed above board so far. Whatever it was, she would get to the bottom of it.

"We will hold onto the good doctor and see that she sees His justice. Since the incident happened here, and affects our colony mission, it only makes sense." Mary shrugged ever so slightly. "Surely you understand our position, Mrs. Kensington."

"Please call me Inspector Kensington, or Inspector General. And yes, I understand." Tabitha's eyes became thin lines.

"My apologies, Inspector General." Mary smiled sweetly. "Now, if you'd like a tour, I can take you around the ship. I heard that you do not have a holopark on the station. Would you like to see ours? We can go anywhere in the galaxy."

"I will give it a safety inspection, as I'm sure Tigov citizens will be interested in bartering for time in the holopark." Tabitha pursed her lips together. "But I do not think I shall go travelling through time and space."

"Of course. Although, I'm afraid, we're all traveling through time and space whether we want to or not." Mary gave her a knowing look. "Let me lead the way."

~~

"Hello, Inspector General." Maureen put her arm around Judy as they stopped to greet Tabitha in the hall. They both filled out their uniforms with enormous bellies. Maureen noticed the inspector's wide eyes fell to Maureen's stomach. "Did you get a peek at the holopark yet?"

"Um ... yes ... I just inspected it. Everything looks shipshape." Tabitha thought her brain might explode. She had no idea that both Maureen and Judy were pregnant. And near full term it looked, too. "I must say, it is an honor to meet you, Mrs. Henderson. And Mrs. ..." Tabitha looked at the ring on Judy's finger. "Forgive me, I did not know you had married."

"My last name is still Henderson." Judy smiled. She said no more about her nuptials.

"Oh ... okay." Tabitha looked back and forth between the rings on the Hendersons' fingers. She then looked at Mary's hand. "You all have identical rings."

"Oh, yes. There was an incident that required us to melt the rings to create a special alloy. These are our replacements." Mary's smile was as bright and sunny as always. "We can tell you that story another time." She held out a hand, ushering her guest past the Henderson women. "Would you like to inspect our replicator next?"

"Yes, okay." Tabitha said her goodbyes to Maureen and Judy. Another oddity caught her eye as she did. Maureen was wearing a metal cross around her neck that was very similar to the one worn by Mary. Anyone who knew the Hendersons knew that Maureen was not a religious woman. The inspector kept this observation to herself. Everyone she encountered were all smiles, but Tabitha's strange feeling about the ship grew. She wondered if maybe she should find a pretext to order the quarantine of the Errand. But the backlash against such a move on the station would be fierce. Everything had to be balanced carefully.

The rest of the inspection went rather quietly. Tabitha met Mary's daughter and daughter-in-law. Both of them, like Mary, were just starting to show their pregnancies. She did not meet any men. Tabitha arranged with Mary to visit the brig the next day so that she could interview Dr. Cole. When she exited the ship, her portmaster was waiting for her.

"Well, what's the word? Can people board the Errand?" The portmaster looked beyond eager. He was likely going to charge small, illegal fees for boarding priority.

"The Errand has passed inspection and is ready to be boarded." Tabitha swiped her badge over slip seven's reader. "They ask that guests check in with their computer in the airlock, and stay within the visitation areas. They are accepting barter for holopark time and meals."

The portmaster rubbed his hands with glee. "Yes, Inspector Kensington. I'll patch in with the computer and work out a boarding protocol." He reached for his terminal.

"No, the computer and the crew are not allowed off the ship." Tabitha shook her head. "You'll have to board to work out the logistics. They're expecting you."

"Affirmative." The portmaster walked toward the airlock with a jaunty step.

Tabitha strolled back to her office, shaking her head and thinking things through.

~~

The mess hall aboard the Errand was a lively place. A dozen people had paid 10 stellarcoin credits each to have their fill from the replicator. They were served by Pricilla, Humility, and Heather.

Gail and James were there, along with two others from the Sagittarius Mormon church. They slipped in comments to the servers here and there about finding true salvation. But the Errand crew hadn't yet seemed receptive. This was to be expected. They would keep trying.

Also enjoying the delicious milk and food was a party of eight rowdy men. They delighted in seeing new women whenever a ship docked. And single as they were, they showered compliments on their servers, undaunted by the rings each woman wore. They focused their adoration particularly on Heather. There were few women with dark skin at Tigov 19. As in all things, lack of supply increased demand. The men declared their love for the "exotic beauty."

"Now, boys. You must behave." Heather smiled good-naturedly at the men. "I am spoken for."

"Where is your husband? My heart refuses to let me believe until I see him in the flesh." One of the men, Riles, had fallen for her particularly hard.

"He is nearby." Heather glanced at Jacob across the room. Her husband sat with Inspector Kensington, Dr. Cole's husband, his mother, and Maureen. She could see him watching her with a sour expression. Heather wished he'd lighten up. It was just some harmless fun. She brushed a hand away from her hip. "I will have the Hendersons' robot escort you off the ship if you can't behave. Hands to yourselves." But she was still smiling.

Jacob wasn't listening to the conversation about Dr. Cole. He was too busy watching the lecherous men of Tigov 19 try to seduce his wives. He was also not enjoying the Mormons' pathetic attempts to convert his wives from the next table over. These were things Jacob had not anticipated when he had steered the ship toward the station.

"I find it odd that you are accepting credits. I thought the Fourth Wave avoided stellarcoin wherever possible," Tabitha said to Mary, ignoring the gaiety at the other end of the mess hall. "I thought you would only accept barter."

Maureen, seeing the deep frown on Mary's face, cut in. "The Fourth Wave is a derogatory term, Inspector General. We would prefer the Ardent Congregational Establishment."

"My apologies." Tabitha saw an opening to pursue a new line of questioning. "You said 'we,' Mrs. Henderson. Are you a member of the church?"

"I have experienced the rapture. My horizons are open." Maureen nodded and fondled the cross around her neck.

"I have not heard conversion described that way before." She eyed Mary's son sitting at the table with them. He seemed wholly engrossed in whatever was happening on the other side of the room. He looked ... possessive. How odd. Tabitha turned and looked at the women serving the raucous tables. "Who are those crew members over there?"

"That is my daughter, daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Heather Eweje." Mary's smile was tiring.

"I see." Tabitha looked at the absorbed youth again. He certainly looked angry. She supposed one didn't have to have a romantic interest in a person to worry over others hitting on them. Maybe he was looking after his sister.

"I have been very patient." Marsden Cole had an angry glare in his eyes. Just like Jacob. "I would like to see my wife."

"Yes, of course." Tabitha took one last gulp from her glass and rose. That milk was delicious, and made her feel all warm and fuzzy. Odd how missing something like milk could make it taste so much better than she remembered. Or maybe this was better. Maybe milk on Earth had that effect. "Lead the way, Mrs. Winthrop."

~~

"I will talk to you soon, honey." Dr. Cole trembled as she said goodbye to Marsden. How could she lie to him after all she'd been through to reunite with him? But as he professed his love to her, she thought about all the ways she had misled him. They were talking in the brig through an artificial window which blocked his view of her body. That was important, because she was very pregnant. The only reasons she was in the brig at all was to blame her for the course change and to conceal her impending maternity. She removed Jacob's ring for the talk. She failed to mention any of the dangers the Errand posed to

Marsden and Tigov 19. Although, she had told her bygone husband not to barter. Which, she hoped, would keep him away from the milk.

Marsden blew a kiss at the barrier. She did the same back to him. Jacob caught her eye and nodded approvingly. Dr. Cole smiled at that. At least she hadn't failed Jacob. She would wait in the brig until it was safe to leave. Then she would slip back into Jacob's bed.

The party filed out of the brig. Maureen led the way, followed by the inspector general, Marsden, Jacob, and finally Mary. The matriarch gave Dr. Cole a satisfied nod on her way out.

~~

When Jacob had safely seen the inspector general off the ship, he hurried back to the mess hall. The men were still there. They were still hitting on his wives, especially Heather. This was not tolerable. He lurked in the corridor outside. "Errand?"

"Yes, Messiah Jacob?" The computer's feminine voice was modulated to soothe Jacob's tension.

"Call some attendants down to serve the mess hall. It was a mistake to have my wives do it." Jacob paced back and forth.

"You mother thought that it would be wise to limit contact with the men on our crew," Errand said. "The women can better resist outside influences. Also, their presence provides a needed distraction to the outsiders."

"Darn it." Jacob tried to even out his breathing. "Okay, I'll leave Pricilla and Lil to handle the outsiders." He stormed into the mess and headed straight for Heather.

"Oh, hello, Jacob." Heather finished filling a man's glass of milk from a pitcher and stared at her messiah and husband. "Did you need something?"

"Yes." Jacob took the pitcher from her and set it on the table. His cheeks were tinged red with anger. His cock wiggled and writhed, ready to reclaim his wife. He wondered if anyone could see through his father's baggy uniform. "I need you to come with me."

"I was just helping these gentlemen ..." Heather had never seen Jacob look so fierce. Was this on her account? Was he jealous? She was suddenly quite wet. She loved that she had gotten him riled up. And he seemed such a force in his fit of rage.

"Calm down, little man. We paid good credits for a nice meal, with pleasant ... views," Riles said. All the other men laughed. The Mormons looked over at them, embarrassed for everyone.

"You can keep your filthy credits, heathen." Jacob took hold of Heather's hand. He squeezed it firmly.

"What did you call me?" Riles stood up. He was quite a bit taller than Jacob and outweighed him by plenty.

"Excuse me, good sir." Gail wasn't about to let these bucks fight. A good Mormon sows peace in the world. Quickly, she left her seat and slid in between the staring men. "Have you heard the good word? The apostles have received a message on a plasma disk from the dark matter at Sagittarius A. It is God speaking to us from Heaven. We have located the very nexus of existence." She stood on her toes and straightened her prim dress.

While no one bought Gail's pitch, she did defuse the situation.

"Only thing nuttier than a Fourth Wave is a Mormon, I reckon." Riles looked around for approval. His comrades laughed.

"Only thing more shameless than a heathen is a Mormon," Jacob said. Everyone in the room, but the Mormons, burst into great guffaws. His antagonist, Riles, sat down, laughing. And then the Mormon woman who had put herself between them sat down. "We'll be going now." Jacob's eyes sought to make contact with every other pair of eyes in the room. "I leave you my sister and sister-in-law to keep the milk flowing. Good afternoon, everyone." Jacob pulled Heather out of the mess.

Riles watched him go, shaking his head. He hadn't the foggiest what that teenage zealot was doing, behaving like he owned the place.

Gail also watched Jacob go. If she was going to make a deal to see the northern lights, perhaps that young man was her ticket. He seemed like he could get things done. Even if he had hurt her feelings.

~~

"What's gotten into you, Jacob?" Heather stumbled as he pulled her along the corridor.

"You're my wife. Mine." Jacob pulled her into their laundry room.

"Yes, I am ... oohhhhhhhh." She squealed as he held her butt and squeezed. There was no greater aphrodisiac than his desire for her. Well, maybe that wasn't true. There was his cum, and the holy things it did to her mind. "Maybe you should ... put another baby inside me ... so that I might be ... reminded." She held the back of his head as he bit her breasts through her uniform. His bite was not enough to hurt, but enough to show he meant business. They pressed up against a table.

"Yes ... another baby." Jacob's cock felt like it would burst right through his baggy uniform. He quickly undressed and Heather did the same. "I will mark you ... as mine."

"Yes ... yes ... mark me," Heather whispered. She was nearly delirious with pride and anticipation. "Mark me as your ... First Chosen." She turned around for him and let him seize her hips. His cock wormed into her vagina. "Oh ... gosh ... you've got me ... you've got me." She pushed back at him as they fell into a rhythm.

"Mine ... you're mine." Jacob was fairly sure she was already pregnant again, but he played along with the idea. It was a compelling way to claim her as his wife.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Heather's body shook. Her pleasure was already spiking. How incredible that when she had gone into cryo, she had thought she knew what sex was. What God was. What marriage was. And on all accounts, she had known nothing. The curtains had been pulled back on the Errand, and now she could see His vision directly. How silly of the Mormons to seek some attenuated communication from a supermassive black hole, when all they had to do was accept Jacob as their savior. But they didn't know. They didn't know he was God's vehicle. "Right ... there ... oooohhhhhhhhh." Another climax hit her.

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"Oh, I found you." Gail was quite thrilled when she saw the young man ahead with the dark-skinned woman. The woman seemed to be zipping up her uniform as they walked down the corridor toward Gail. That was odd. "Your ship's computer said you were this way."

"Um ... I'm not sure why Errand would let you wander the ship. Visitors are supposed to ..." Jacob eyed the pretty woman with raven hair. He recognized the woman who had stopped his fight in the mess hall. "I'm not going to become a Sagittarius Mormon."

"My name is Gail. I'm not on a mission right now," Gail said quickly. "I want to see the northern lights in your holopark, but my husband doesn't approve. I don't have much to barter with, but you seemed like you might be in charge, so ..." Gail steepled her fingers in a plea for his generosity. The dark-skinned woman leaned toward the young man and whispered in his ear. He nodded and smiled.

"I am Jacob Winthrop. You were right to seek me out. I will help you." Jacob nodded to Heather and she walked off.

Gail was so thrilled that she didn't notice when Jacob patted the other woman's butt. The woman smiled at Gail as she passed and then disappeared down the corridor. "What will you accept in payment? We spent most of our coin on the milk and vitals in your mess."

"I'll make it a gift since you helped with that man in the mess. The holopark is this way." Jacob guided her back the way she had come. "So, your husband doesn't know you are here?"

"He's still trying to spread the word in the mess hall with two of our church members. I excused myself, saying I felt unwell. I went looking for you, and then your helpful computer steered me in the right direction." Gail couldn't wipe the smile off her face. Ever since drinking the Errand's milk, she'd felt warm and fuzzy. And now that she was going to see the lights, she felt positively giddy. Alcohol had never touched her lips, but the feeling she had seemed to correlate with descriptions she'd heard of being drunk. A sudden panic seized her. "Don't tell anyone about this, please!"

"It'll be our secret." Jacob led her up some stairs. "You enjoyed the milk?"

"Oh, yes, very much. It has been so long since I've had milk. I forgot what it tasted like." Or how it made her feel, for that matter. Or maybe the milk on this ship was special. As she buzzed along next to this young man, everything around her seemed special. Even the boring metal walls.

"Here we are." Jacob reached for a panel next to a door. "Why don't you describe where you'd like to go?"

Gail described how she'd always imagined it. A rustic cabin in the snow, nestled in a valley under jagged mountains. A back deck with a roaring outdoor fireplace. She wished her husband had not forbidden this, because it was such a romantic setting. She had always wanted to share this moment with him. The computer confirmed her instructions and the doors opened. She followed Jacob into a charming, warm cabin and out onto the chilly back deck. She stopped breathing when she beheld the majestic lights moving over the mountains. It was perfect.

After they had stood by the fire regarding the sky for a while, Jacob spoke. "What do you think of your gift?"

"It's priceless." Gail sighed and glanced at Jacob. "How old are you, young man?"

"Nineteen."

"And you're from Earth?" She watched his face lit by the greenish lights as he nodded. "Did you ever see the lights when you were there?" She saw him shake his head and then she looked back at the sky.

"What a pity."

"I must ask you for a favor." Jacob's cock pushed at his uniform. He looked down. The Mormon woman would have seen it for sure if she wasn't so distracted.

"Anything, young Jacob." She suddenly wondered that a teenager would command such authority on the ship. The Fourth Wave was an odd religion. Maybe that was it.

"I have a condition that needs a woman's touch."

"Oh, is it sartorial advice you need?" She kept her eyes fixed to the sky, hugging herself against the chill that encroached from beyond the fire's sphere of warmth. A deep pleasure spread through her. A joy she had rarely known. Strangely, it seemed to concentrate in her tummy and vagina. She had planned to have James there with her. Maybe that was why she felt so funny down there.

"Not exactly." He unzipped his uniform. The remains of his time with Heather were still on his dick, but he didn't care. He wasn't worried at all about how this would go. A short time back, he would have been nervous to talk to a pretty woman. But he was the messiah now and had learned the confidence of the position. That, and this young wife had imbibed his mother's milk. She would not refuse him.

Gail heard the zipper and turned her head. Her eyes went wide and the blood drained from her face when she saw what he was doing. "What in the heck is that?" It was hard to see in the dim, dancing light of the fire. But he was naked, and his penis moved like it had a life of its own. Her heart thudded in her chest, but otherwise she felt surprisingly calm. She meant to take a step back out into the cold, but instead she moved closer to him.

"This is my condition." Jacob thrust his hips forward, so the massive cock looked even bigger. "I hate to ask this favor, but I need some relief. It's painful and none of the crew can help me."

"Oh, my." Gail put her hand to her mouth, the aurora borealis forgotten for the moment. "You poor thing. You want me to ...?" There was no way she would ever touch another man's thing, even as a charity to one so hideously deformed.

"Yes, I want you to. But only as a favor." Jacob cajoled the woman for a while. At first, she resolutely said she couldn't help him. Then she wavered. Finally, she lowered herself to her knees.

It was unclear to Gail why she changed her mind about touching it. The young man was so convincing, and the buzzing in her brain wouldn't allow her to think straight. The massive penis pulsed and undulated in her hands as she pumped it. "You were so kind to me, Jacob. I suppose this is the least I can do." She pumped him for five minutes and was surprised when he hadn't yet met his completion. At ten minutes, she was astounded by his staying power. Her husband had never lasted so long. Nor had James ever grunted the way the young man was doing now. The green lights reflected off Jacob's skin, making her task seem all the more surreal. She had to remind herself that she was actually working to relieve a near stranger under the northern lights out on the deck of her perfect cabin. The day had certainly taken a remarkable turn.

"That's ... ugh ... good ... keep ... doing that." Jacob finally moved close to orgasm when she pumped him with her left hand and rubbed her right hand around the head. Her fingers spread his precum and tugged wonderfully at his foreskin.

"I'm getting tired. Are you almost there?" She looked up into his face. She could see the rapture there. She really was helping this poor man.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." A roar was Jacob's only answer.

Gail fell back on her butt on the cold deck, she was so startled by the ferocity of his cry. Her surprise was compounded when he erupted. Not the small, little shots she'd come to expect from James. The sperm flowed out of Jacob like a fuel hose, covering the front of her dress. It seemed like his climax lasted forever. But eventually, he was done. "Oh ... my."

"Here ... let me ... help you up." Jacob's nerves still sang as he offered her a hand. When she was standing, he deftly scooped some cum from her dress onto his fingers and slipped it into her mouth. Gail went rigid and fell. He caught her so she wouldn't hurt herself and gently laid the convulsing woman on the cold deck. She made sweet, idiotic sounds. He waited by the fire for her orgasm to subside.

Gail had no idea that such pleasure existed. She floated through starry nebulae of ecstasy, but eventually returned to herself. When she opened her eyes, the northern lights filled the sky above her. "What ... was ... that?"

"You just had your first real orgasm." Jacob smiled down at her. He offered his hand again. "Let's get you changed. We can't have you returning to your husband a mess."

"Thank you ... yes." Gail took his hand and stood on wobbly legs. How strange everything was. In what felt like a dream, she followed Jacob out of the cabin and back to the Errand. He quickly pulled her to a laundry facility, where she removed her dress. Clad in her underwear, she made sure to keep her back to him. She pulled on one of the Errand's uniforms and smoothed it over her body. It fit well, but she didn't know what she would tell her husband about wearing such strange clothes.

"I'll launder your dress and return it to you the next time we see each other." Jacob cocked his head at her, trying to judge her state of mind. Her pupils were dilated, and she seemed a bit distant. "You will come back to the Errand, won't you? I'll let you use the holopark again."

"Oh ... um ... we'll see." Gail gave him a nervous smile. "I'll make my own way back to the mess hall." She did not want to be seen with him by anyone from her church. She didn't want anyone getting the wrong idea. Or the right idea, actually. "Thank you for your generosity. And I hope I helped with your condition." Before he had a chance to say goodbye, she raced out into the corridor. She was lost for a little while, but then the ship's computer helped guide her back to her husband.

Chapter 24

"You've been rather quiet this morning." Ezra regarded his wife as she sipped her coffee and scrunched her face at its bitterness. He couldn't blame her. Without adequate milk and sugar, getting caffeine was a bit of a chore. "Did all go well with the new ship at Slip Seven?"

"Yes, darling." Tabitha forced a smile. She sipped some more coffee, her thoughts on how wonderful the milk had tasted on the Errand. And how it had made her feel ... so sublime. She might have to visit the ship again for another taste. And to snoop around a little. "Everything seemed aboveboard."

"But?" Ezra watched her carefully made-up face closely. It wasn't like her to hold anything back from him. He was her sounding board.

"Nothing out of the ordinary so far." She tossed the rest of the coffee into recycler. "I'll give it another look-see today. Just to be thorough."

"You seem distracted, Tabitha. Are you okay?" Ezra frowned.

"I'm fine. Everything's fine. The Fourth Wave people are a bit odd, that's all." Tabitha sighed. "Did you know they don't like being called the Fourth Wave?"

"I did not."

"Well, anyway, I'm late." Tabitha picked up her things, rushed to the door, but stopped when she had a sudden inspiration. Her husband would certainly enjoy the food and milk aboard the Errand, and they did have a little coin to spare. "Why don't you meet me on your break at Slip Seven and we can enjoy their synthesizer? I swear, I don't remember milk ever tasting so good."

"Yes, that would be lovely." Ezra beamed at her.

"Great. See you then. Goodbye, dear." She quickly left the apartment.

"Goodbye, dear," Ezra said to the door. Where was his goodbye hug and kiss? He frowned. Well, if anyone had earned an off day, it was his wife. He would look forward to his break.

~~

"I still can't believe you disobeyed me and went to the holopark." James regarded his wife with reproach as she moved around the kitchen. He had the Good Word open in front of him, but he wasn't reading. "And I don't know if those zealots will ever give your dress back. It took my mother two months to sew that for you."

"I am so sorry, James." Gail served her husband breakfast and returned to the counter to serve herself. She could feel his eyes digging into her back. "I wasn't feeling well, and then I ran into that teenager, and he offered to show me the northern lights for free. It wasn't a barter. How could I say no?"

"By saying no." James took a bite of protein sausage. "And the dress?"

"I'll get the dress back, I promise. Jacob was a very nice young man." She shivered, thinking about his horribly afflicted penis. She gave a silent prayer that he would find someone to help give him relief. "It was a freak accident that the hydraulic fluid splashed me. Really, it was very nice of him to launder it for me."

"Maybe you should report the hydraulic leak to the inspector. She said the ship passed her safety inspection. She should know if —"

"I'm sure she doesn't need to know." Gail sat down opposite her husband.

"A lady who has seen the plasma disk from the dark matter at Sagittarius A should not interrupt her husband."

"I am so sorry." Gail looked down at her plate.

"We will retrieve your dress today and maybe we can convert this teenager and increase the Mormon ranks by one. That is what I pray for." James steeped his hands and saw that his wife did the same. Together they prayed.

Despite her ardent prayer, Gail found herself hoping she would get to see the northern lights one more time. And ... although she really shouldn't wish for such a thing, she wanted one last taste of Jacob's sperm. Nothing in her life compared to the rapture of that little taste. She wouldn't plan on helping him again. But if he asked, she would consider it. Her cheeks blushed. It was beyond shameful to have such thoughts, especially with her husband praying across the table from her. But once she'd reminded herself of the day before, her mind became fixated on replaying every aspect of her time with Jacob.

~~

"You're already dressed?" Pricilla sat up in bed and watched her brother move about the room. "Come back to bed, Jake. I miss you."

"We sleep together almost every night." Jacob, not wanting to deny his sister outright, jumped on the bed next to her and gave her a deep kiss. He managed to get a good feel of her boob while he was at it. It was pleasant to be the Messiah. He broke the kiss and left the bed.

"Well, that was something at least." Pricilla's pink lips pouted. "You're wearing Father's uniform again, I see."

"I don't want to freak out the locals."

"I wish they could all see your beauty." Pricilla threw the sheet off her naked body, hoping to entice him back to her. "And I wish you didn't have so many other ... commitments."

"You know Mother's rules. No jealousy, Pricilla." Jacob waved a finger at her like she was a naughty schoolgirl. "I have to go. I'll see you tonight."

She stuck out her tongue at him and made a face. "See you tonight, little brother." They both laughed at that. She found it very hard to stay cross with him.

~~

"Are you alone in here?" Jacob strolled into the nursery. The nannybot was doing most of the work, but Penny sat in the corner with a bored expression. Her face lit up when she saw Jacob.

"I'm always stuck in here, Jake. It's not fair." She ran over to him and gave him a hug. "I mean, I love taking care of your daughters, but I want us to go on some dates. I want to meet all the new people on the ship. I'm either here or in my quarters. Maybe you could take me out for a little fun in the holopark?"

"I would love that, Penny. But the locals are using the holopark. And, we can't explain away your pregnancy. You're only nineteen, with no husband. The locals might assume that I was the cause. And then they might ask questions." Jacob shrugged.

"Your mom explained all that." Penny frowned. She put her arms around his shoulders and pressed her round belly against the wriggling cock inside his uniform. Maybe he would take her side in the matter if she applied a little pressure. "I'm not a genius like Judy, but I'm not stupid. I get it. I just can't stand being cooped up. Maybe we could work something out?"

"There you are, Jacob." Maureen walked into the nursery smiling. She paused when she saw the teenagers pressed together. Even with the baggy uniform, it was hard to miss that blessed penis. The sight of her new husband thrilled her. He was sweet, handsome, and prodigious. The sower of fields. She moved toward them and kissed her daughter on the cheek. "What picture-perfect lovebirds. You look radiant, Penny. I wish we didn't have to keep you hidden."

"I was just talking to Jacob about that." Penny's frown deepened. She tightened her arms around Jacob's shoulders.

"Sadly, the rules make sense to me." Maureen let the back of her hand rub up against Jacob's writhing beast. She gently pulled the teenagers apart. "And I'm sorry to break this up, but you're needed urgently, Jacob." The anticipation made her buzz. Her infatuation reminded her of when she'd first met her husband. No, it had never been like that with John. Jacob had stolen her heart like no other. And ruined her vagina for all others. A quick shiver went down her spine. "Come on, Jacob."

"But I was going to visit with Penny and see the babies." Jacob watched the nannybot work. "Can it wait?"

"I did use the word *urgently*." Maureen took his hand and led him toward the door. "Sorry to interrupt, Penny." She was a bit sorry, but she also had her own needs. Sometimes her time on the Errand was confusing.

A half-hour later, Maureen rode Jacob for all she was worth. That perfect cock kept nailing a weak spot deep inside her. She knew she was gushing like crazy. "Oh ... Jacob ... oh ... it's such ... an honor ... to take you ... ugh ... ugh ... like this."

"What was ... uh ... uh ... so urgent?" He looked around Maureen's empty room but saw nothing amiss.

"I ... ugh ... needed ... this." She knew it was wrong of her to steal that moment from Penny. But she was his wife, too. "I needed ... you inside ... urgently."

Jacob let her ride, watching her metal cross bounce from one boob to the other. His wives were starting to compete for his attention. Maybe they'd been doing it for a while, and he'd only just noticed. This would complicate things. He wished he'd never turned them toward Tigov 19. Ever since they'd arrived, his world had become more difficult to navigate. He ignored the pleasure surging from his cock and focused on a seed of anger growing in his chest. "That was ... uh ... uh ... a bitchy thing to do."

"What?" Maureen opened her eyes and stared down at Jacob. Some clarity returned to her. "No one has ever called me ... a bitch ... before." Despite the tense situation, her hips continued undulating on their own. Her round belly wobbled under her heavy breasts.

"You're ... a bitch ... Maureen Henderson." Jacob smacked her right boob, jolting the cross up in the air in front of her face. "You ... lied ... to me and Penny. Admit it. You're ... a bitch."

Maureen was struck dumb by those words. She humped him without saying a thing, only issuing a series of whining moans. Was he right? Was she a bitch?

"You're a bitch ... Maureen Henderson. You ... ugh ... intruded upon ... another wife's time. Tell me ... you're a bitch ... and apologize." He slapped her other tit.

"Ohhhhhhh ... nnoooooooooo." She trembled all over. The magnificent cock hit another spot inside her. He was scolding her. No one scolded her. "I'm ... not ... uh ... uh ... uh ..." Her body built to what promised to be a gargantuan climax.

"You're ... a ... bitch." There was real venom in his words. "Apologize."

"I am ... I am ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh"

"You are ... a what?" He smacked the side of her ass this time.

"I ... am ... a ... bitch." Maureen's toes curled and her legs shook. "I'm ... ugh ... sorry." She balanced precariously on the edge of her orgasm.

"That's ... better." Jacob grabbed her hips and pushed his dick all the way inside. He watched her cum on top of him in a delirium. Her belly and boobs shook, and her eyes rolled in her head. Shortly after that, he unloaded inside her. As they dressed, he thought about how to deal with competition among his wives. His anger had seemed an effective tool. Maybe he would go with that in the future. "Will you steal another's time again, Mrs. Henderson?"

"No, Jacob. I won't." She didn't make eye contact with the young man. She was disappointed she had let the Messiah down. "I hope you won't hold this against me." She zipped up her uniform.

“Already forgiven.” Jacob smiled and slapped her on the butt. “Now run along.” He watched her hustle out of her own room with great satisfaction. He could handle things without his mother just fine.

~~

“You know, other than the nineteen-year-old over there, I haven’t seen any of the men on the Errand’s crew.” Tabitha motioned to a table where several Mormons were proselytizing to Jacob.

“That is odd.” Ezra nodded. “I wonder ...” But he quieted when one of the servers approached them. She was a short woman in the early months of pregnancy. Her smile was tight and businesslike.

“Here’s some fresh milk for you, right out of the synthesizer.” Humility placed two glasses before the inspector and her husband and filled them from a pitcher. “Your food should be out in a minute.”

“Thank you.” Tabitha eyed the server. “You’re Humility, right?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Humility gave a slight bow. “But nobody calls me that. You can call me Lil. You know, on account of my height and everything.”

“Thank you for the milk, Lil.” Tabitha’s smile was gracious. “May I ask, where is your husband?”

“Oh, he’s closer than you might think.” Humility gave a little giggle and moved off to refill the glasses at the next table.

“That was odd.” Tabitha made a mental note to speak with some of the men of the Errand when she had a chance. She took a sip of milk, and her body relaxed. Well, it wasn’t urgent. She gulped down half the glass. The cold, crisp sweetness was perfect. Maybe she could take some milk home for her coffee.

“Hhhmmmmmm?” Ezra stared at his empty glass in amazement. Did he drink the whole thing so quickly? It was exceptionally delicious. “What was odd, dear?”

“Oh, nothing.” Tabitha gave him an absent smile. “Look, our food is coming.” Tabitha’s belly grumbled as Humility made her way to them with steaming plates.

On the other side of the room, Jacob was suffering through idiotic talk of plasma disks and the apostles of the supermassive black hole. His mother was serving and brought a round of drinks for everyone. Jacob hoped it would cool those Mormon jets.

“You look thirsty. And you look thirsty. And you look thirsty.” Mary had a soft laugh in her voice as she poured from an ice-cold pitcher. When the table was served, she sauntered off to the next table.

While his sister-in-law, her husband, and his wife spoke the Good Word, James stared daggers at Jacob. The teenager was overtly staring at Gail’s breasts. She was wearing her backup dress that day, and it wasn’t as modest as the one his mother had made for her. He certainly wasn’t going to let Gail retrieve

her dress without an escort. He took a sip of milk and settled into his chair. He drank more and lost his train of thought. A peacefulness settled over him. He was at one with the Lord.

"... and that is why the secrets are buried in the center of the galaxy." Gail finished her speech and glanced at Jacob. He was still looking at her in a most unseemly way. She quickly looked away and caught her sister Zinnia's eye. Zinnia looked quite proud, like Gail had just brought home a conversion. But she knew her sister's pride was misplaced.

The whole table drank in silence, until all the glasses were empty. Mary stopped by and refilled them.

"That is all very interesting." Jacob locked eyes with Gail and discreetly motioned with his head toward the door. "Maybe I can go get your freshly laundered dress now?"

"Oh, I'll go with you, Mr. Winthrop. I've brought back the suit you so nicely lent me. I wasn't able to launder it, but I kept it quite clean." Gail spoke in a rush. She stood and handed Jacob the neatly folded suit. He took it and their hands brushed for just a second. Gail held her breath. She forgot her husband was sitting right there. Her sister said something to James and that brought Gail back into the moment. "What?" She looked at them, expecting James to forbid her going to retrieve the dress. He did not disappoint.

"I cannot let you wander peripatetic with a strange man, Gail." James stood. "We will accompany you." Zinnia and her husband stood, too.

"Oh, I'm sorry, James. I can only extend the invitation into unsanctioned parts of the ship to one person. And since it's your wife's dress, it is her company I desire." Jacob tried not to smirk. "But if you would rather she not come, I'm sure I can return the dress on another day."

"Oh, no." James sat quickly. "That is fine, Mr. Winthrop. Just bring her right back here. No detours." He looked at his wife, making plain she was not to see the northern lights again.

"No detours, I promise." Jacob winked at the Sagittarius Mormons and led Gail out of the mess hall.

~~

"You're still stuck in here?" Pricilla walked into the nursery, eyeing Penny speculatively.

"Where else would I be?" Penny pouted. "Did you escort Dr. Cole's husband?"

"He had a pleasant visit with his wife in the brig, and then I left him in the mess hall." Pricilla nodded.

"Dr. Cole gets more excitement in the brig than I do stuck in here." She waved a hand inclusively at the nursery.

"And while you're in here, Jake is out gallivanting around." Pricilla unzipped her uniform and bared her breasts. A nannybot brought her daughter. Pricilla took the baby from the robot, fed her, and cooed.

"You're right. It isn't fair."

Penny watched in silence. It wasn't fair. But it wasn't worth getting worked up over again.

"Isn't she the most precious thing?" Pricilla gazed at her daughter.

"She is," Penny agreed.

"You'll have one of your own soon. Are you excited?" Pricilla looked up with a sweet smile. "It is quite the blessing."

"I am thrilled." Penny rubbed her belly. "I really am."

"And do you have milk yet?" Pricilla kissed the baby's forehead and handed her back to the waiting nannybot.

"Not yet." Penny was unsure how any of this was supposed to work. Jacob's seed had accelerated all their pregnancies and given some women milk before they gave birth. She watched Pricilla's heavy boobs wobble as the woman walked toward her. Penny stayed seated. She wasn't sure what was going on.

"Having milk to give has been a great joy. But there have been so many joys in my life recently." She stopped right in front of Penny, her breasts inches from the woman's face.

"You're talking about Jacob being one of the joys." Penny stared at the dark nipples. "I get that. I just wish I didn't have to share him." She looked up into Pricilla's blue eyes. "Sorry."

"No need to apologize, Penny. I know you and Jake have a special connection." Pricilla gently wove her fingers into Penny's red hair as she talked. She took a firm grip of her skull and pulled Penny to her breast. "It's been very hard on you."

"Mmmppppphhhh." Penny hadn't expected to be drinking from this woman's breast, but it was quite relaxing. The tension melted from her back and shoulders as she gulped down the sweetness.

"There you go ... drink ... drink, drink, drink ..." Pricilla cooed like she was still feeding her baby. She caressed Penny's pretty red hair. "I am also a little unhappy with how much time Jacob has been spending with his other wives. Perhaps we can work together to get what we both want."

"GGggggllllpppppppppp." The noise Penny made as she guzzled from Pricilla's tit was something of an affirmative. She didn't know what Jacob's sister was talking about, but she was feeling very open-minded at the moment.

~~

The cabin under the northern lights was just as Gail remembered it, with its charming back deck and amazing views. Wait ... there was a difference. There were now two roaring fireplaces, one inside and one adjoining the deck. She wasn't the least bit surprised that Jacob had taken this detour on the way to retrieve her dress. She hadn't even feigned a protest as he led her into the holopark. "It takes my breath away." She stared up at the shimmering lights in the sky and moved closer to Jacob, standing quite near to him. They took in the sight in silence for a while.

"I wish I had seen the aurora borealis in person. It's almost as beautiful as you." He put an arm around her shoulders and felt her stiffen.

"Oh, don't say that. I'm no prettier than any other woman." Gail was concerned. She wasn't supposed to flirt with strange men. Well, not with any men, really. And after what she'd done to help him the last time, this was a sticky situation. "We're all beautiful in the eyes of Sagittarius A."

"I suppose we are." Jacob sighed. "Except for my deformity."

"No. That's not true." She turned to him and gave him a long look. "The plasma disk is clear about your worth. If you would let me show you the Good Word ..." She looked down at her feet. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to preach. I can tell you're not interested in my religion." With her eyes cast down, she could see something moving forcefully inside his uniform, like a creature clawing its way to freedom. She gasped. "You need help again."

"I do." Jacob unzipped his uniform and stepped out of it into the cold air. "My crew can do nothing for me. But yesterday's release did me a world of good." He pulled down his underwear.

Gail bit her lip. The thing was frightful. But only the dark matter at the center could judge. "I want to be clear that I am doing this out of my duty to serve those in need. I am happily married and this is not romantic." It was a bald statement, given the amorous setting that she had created. She took a deep breath and lowered herself to her knees. The monster before her was downright rapacious, with its etched veins, coughing clear fluid, and serpentine movements. Her husband's manhood was serene and cute by comparison. Funny, that she had ever thought James had a manly thing. "Do you understand, young Mr. Winthrop?"

"I understand clearly, Mrs. Estes." He sighed as her cold hands pressed into the warm flesh of his cock. "I am very grateful for your service." He let her get to work pumping him. The lies some people told themselves. This woman would have fallen into his lap without his mother's milk working its magic. She was pent-up by her religion, her husband, and Tigov 19. She was a sexual reaction just waiting for the right catalyst. "You're a natural ... at relieving ... the pain." Jacob reached down and caressed her raven hair. He could tell from her quick glance into his eyes that this was some sort of line she didn't want crossed, but she was too polite to say anything. If she only knew all the lines they would cross together.

"It certainly is calming down." She found it remarkable how much more tranquil his thing had become with her hands on it. "Do you have adequate medical facilities on your ship?" She felt his hand cup the back of her head. She didn't want to upset the apple cart, so she continued on as if he wasn't steadily pulling her toward his penis. "If you don't have medical facilities, a few stellarcoin will grant you access to ours," she prattled on nervously. "My brother-in-law has a connection in ... uuuuuppppphhhhhhh." She let him put it in her mouth. She was about to pull off him, when the head of his penis began to dance with her tongue in the most sensual, pleasing way. How could something so horrid be so playful? She opened wider and allowed the intrusion. The saltiness of his prefluid made her head buzz. Thoughts of her ecstasy from the day before filled her mind. "GGggpppphhhhhhh." She was going to experience her second real orgasm soon. She couldn't remember her vagina ever feeling wetter.

"Yeah ... keep doing that ... with your tongue." Jacob admired the way her face contorted with the effort. She wasn't going to bob her head on him or anything. She would need to learn how to do that. But her tongue and her facial expression were going to be enough. A few more minutes and he roared out his

climax. His voice echoed back to him from the mountains circling the cabin. He held her head, keeping her mouth on him, but she didn't swallow. His cum leaked past her lips. He finally released her. As always, she made the most idiotic sounds while jerking on the cold deck. He picked her up as best he could, and half-carried, half-dragged her into the cabin. He undressed her while she was still under the spell of his cum. He lay on a great bearskin rug by the roaring indoor fireplace and pulled her on top of him. She had wonderfully perky tits and wide hips. A woman like her would have been wasted on her husband. "Do your thing," he said to his dick. It writhed in the air searching for her opening.

"What?" Gail blinked her eyes and the interior of the cabin came into focus. She was on top of the teenager and he was leering at her. His horrible penis probed her vagina. She reached under her and held it to prevent entry. She should never have come back to the holopark. Sometimes doing a good deed could backfire. "We can't ... my marriage is sanctified by the dark matter. My husband will be looking for me. I can't ..." The penis was so slippery with his sperm and her saliva that her fingers lost their purchase on it. It wriggled under her. Her legs shook. Her mind told her body to move, but she did not leave her squatting position above him.

"You're going to be a sweet wife for me, Mrs. Estes. You'll help me spread His sacred word of fecundity, won't you?" Jacob's smile widened at the sloppy sounds of his cockhead running the length of her sopping pussy lips.

"I know only the one true word of Sagittarius Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." The penis slipped inside her. Her trembling legs weakened further, and she slipped down on its great length. "Too ... big ... it will ... destroy ... meeeeeeeeeee."

"You're only halfway." Jacob laughed. "And it'll fit fine. It always does." He took hold of her hips and helped guide her descent.

"Ohhhhhh ... my," she squeaked as it hit some spot previously undiscovered inside her. Why did it have to feel so good? "Deep ... ugh ... really ... deep." She looked down at her trim belly in horrified fascination as the monstrous thing bulged from inside her. "It knows ... it knows ..." Her hips rocked hesitantly at first, but they slowly increased speed. Her eyes pulled away from her bulging belly to Jacob's victorious face. Perhaps he was not as helpless as he had led her to believe. "You're going to ... make me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Gail's hips bucked wildly with her climax.

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When Tabitha had quickly risen to follow Gail and Jacob, she apologized to her husband for cutting their break short. He smiled. Ezra understood how committed she was to her profession. He wished her luck, and she sneaked out of the mess hall. She hugged the walls as she followed. She wondered if the computer would notice her unauthorized trip through the ship. But it raised no alarm and did not challenge her. Following the Mormon wife and the Fourth Wave teenager was easy enough. They didn't look behind them once. Regardless, she tried to keep herself behind corners as much as possible. After a long walk, they entered the holopark. Was Gail Estes bartering for time in there? Tabitha wondered what the Mormon woman would wish to see.

When she arrived, the door to the holopark was closed. Tabitha thought on it for several minutes. How could she spy on what was going on in there? This was a puzzle begging to be solved. She could question Gail afterward. Would that be enough? Tabitha didn't think so. She shook her head to clear it. Tabitha was still buzzing from that delicious milk. Maybe she could override the panel to open the door just a crack. She reached out and worked with the holopark access panel.

The door hissed open. Tabitha was sure she hadn't opened it, but she was now staring into a warmly-lit mountain cabin. Her hand went to her mouth when she spotted Gail and Jacob. They were on a great bearskin rug, both naked, and Gail was riding the youth. This was so out of character for a Mormon that Tabitha's mind had a hard time registering the scene. Then the smell hit her. It was a ripe, fruity scent that clouded her other senses. She stood transfixed in the doorway and watched the couple mate. Gail seemed to be at the height of pleasure. She wasn't bouncing on him, it was more like the rapid undulation of waves.

The smell was overpowering. Tabitha's nipples hardened, and her vagina dampened. She couldn't see Jacob's penis, but she guessed he had a very fine one from Gail's animalistic sounds. It had been so long since Tabitha and Ezra had lost themselves in sensual pleasures. She could understand why Gail would step out on her marriage for something so exquisite. Tabitha's mind was a jumble as she stared. Her left hand crept toward her left breast.

"You are not supposed to be here, Inspector General," Mary whispered just behind the meddling woman. She pulled Tabitha out of the doorway and closed the door. "What did you see?"

"Nothing." Tabitha stepped back from the ship's matriarch, her brows knitted in confusion. "I'm so sorry. I must have taken a wrong turn." Before Mary could respond, Tabitha turned and ran down the corridor. Fear, curiosity, and desire each made a place in her frayed mind as she ran for the exit.

Mary watched her go. "More complications," she said to herself. Mary waited until the inspector was gone, then opened the door, stepped inside, and closed it behind her. She watched the woman who would be the newest member of their church. She had good childbearing hips. Mary approved. Neither Jacob nor Gail noticed Mary as she undressed. It wasn't until she was standing above them that their pleasure-saturated brains registered her presence.

"Mom?" Jacob smiled up at her.

"Oh ... no!" In a fit, Gail tried to dislodge Jacob. But she made it only as far as the head of his thing, before spearing herself again with a great cry of rapture.

"Welcome to the fold, sweetie," Mary cooed. "We are spreading His word through His seed. The epistle of fecundity. You are now part of our mission."

"Nooooooooo ... dark matter ... plasma disk ..." Gail's hips wouldn't stop moving. "... Sagittarius A ... oooohhhhhhh."

Mary leaned forward so that her breasts dangled in the woman's face. "Drink from the fount and accept Him." She smiled when Gail's lips found her nipple and she drank.

"You're ... ugh ... the best ... Mom." Jacob was getting close. He reached up and kneaded his mom's ass while his future wife rode him hard.

“And don’t you forget it, sweetie.” Despite some setbacks, Mary thought Tigov 19 would be quite good for His mission.

Chapter 25

Days passed and Gail returned again and again to the Errand. She left her husband in the mess with the other Mormons every time. Sometimes he would protest. Sometimes he would not. But he would always let her go, no matter how flimsy her excuse was.

Now that she was hooked, Gail would do whatever it took to spend more time with Jacob. They stopped going to the holopark, and she didn't care. He unloaded in her constantly, and she encouraged him. One day he told her that he would take her ass. She put up some resistance, but of course she eventually acquiesced. That night, she wondered that her husband didn't notice her discomfort anytime she sat down.

Over the next couple weeks, two big events happened that affected the Errand's mission. One, was that Penny became the next of Jacob's wives to bear him a daughter. She screamed and cried in the delivery room with her mother and sister holding her hands, then laughed and sobbed for joy when the baby arrived. The other event happened a couple days later when Gail had her Twofold Baptism, via Mary's breast and Jacob's cock.

Maureen and Judy were thrilled for Penny and eager to bear the Messiah more daughters in the near future. Humility, Mary, and Pricilla held forth on how wonderful it was to already be showing with their second child for Jacob.

Meanwhile, Tabitha continued to snoop, burnishing her suspicions. But other than the strange affair between Gail and Jacob, she had yet to uncover anything useful.

"I'm not sure we should visit the Errand's mess hall today, dear." Ezra watched his wife in the kitchen as she prepared for their day. She made them coffee, pouring a little of Errand's precious milk into each of their mugs. Their apartment seemed cramped to him, and there was an air of foreboding.

"What's the matter?" Tabitha took a sip of her coffee and immediately relaxed. She brought Ezra his mug and put it in front of him. She settled down in the chair opposite him at their small table.

"I don't know. Maybe we should keep our distance from the Fourth Wave. You still have your suspicions about them, don't you?" He watched her incline her head slightly in an affirmative and give him a lazy smile. He sipped at his coffee. It was delicious. What a transformation his caffeine uptake had undergone. He took several big gulps and found himself with an empty mug. A lazy smile spread across his face.

"What were you saying, dear?" Tabitha blinked and looked over at Ezra as if seeing him for the first time. She had been debating with herself day after day whether to tell him about what she'd seen in the Errand's holopark. If he was having misgivings, maybe now was a good time to tell him about Gail Estes and Jacob Winthrop. "I wanted to tell —"

"I don't know. I was being foolish. Shall we meet in the Errand's mess on my break?" Ezra let out an audible sigh of satisfaction. "Did you say something?"

"It's nothing." Tabitha got up, kissed her husband on the cheek, and walked toward the front door. "Break time sounds good. I'll see you then." Try as she might, she couldn't get the image of Gail's ecstatic face out of her mind. Was Jacob really that good at sex?

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"Wait up, Gail." James trailed behind his wife. They were in the outer concourse, making their way to Slip Seven. She always seemed to accelerate the closer to the Errand they got. "You're walking too fast." As he watched his wife's behind, he couldn't help but notice that the dress his mother had sewn for her was a little tight.

"Why don't you walk faster, James?" Gail stopped and turned to face him, tapping her foot on the carpeted floor.

"Is that any way for a wife to talk to her husband?" He also couldn't help but notice that the dress was stretched around her bust, too. Maybe he would ask his mother to let the dress out a little. "The plasma disk from Sagittarius A shows us that ..." He stopped a few feet away from her. "Did you just roll your eyes at me?"

"No, I did not." Gail let out an exasperated sigh. Her stupid husband was going to make her late for her time with Jacob.

"There it is again." James pointed an accusing finger at her eyes. "I don't know what's gotten into you lately. You are always so eager to come to that ship even though we've had no success with our mission there. Your attitude is often flippant, bordering on rude. And you disappear all the time, leaving me in the mess. I don't even know where you go."

"You never stop me, James. You let me run off with ... um ... by myself on that massive ... ship. And you never stop me." Gail's face darkened. It wasn't fair to James, since he didn't know what she was doing aboard the Errand, but she still felt like a proper husband would have seen the danger to his marriage and nipped the whole thing in the bud. She stared at his familiar face as it twisted in frustration, and he said nothing. "Well?"

"I ... um ... I ... just don't like it," James stammered. Who was this woman? She was not behaving like a good Sagittarius Mormon wife.

"If you're so stressed, have some more milk in the mess while you wait for me and calm yourself down." She turned and stormed off toward Slip Seven. "I'll catch up with you later." She didn't look back.

A thrill went through Gail as the docked ship came into view. Then she saw the Inspector General walking in the same direction. The other woman changed course and made to intercept Gail. "Hello Inspector." Gail nodded primly at Tabitha.

"Good day, Mrs. Estes." Tabitha noticed that the woman's husband was far behind her. That was odd, with Mormons the husbands usually walked ahead of their wives. "I have something to talk to you about."

"Can it wait, Inspector? I'm late for a meeting." Gail tried to walk faster, but Tabitha grabbed her arm and slowed her down.

"I've been meaning to talk to you for some time. It cannot wait." Tabitha leaned her mouth close to Gail's ear. "I know that you and Jacob Winthrop are having an affair."

Gail stopped suddenly like she'd hit a wall. She turned slowly to face Tabitha. "You're wrong. Whoever told you that is lying." She pulled her arm away from the inspector and rubbed it absently as she spoke. "I would never do such a thing to my husband." She blanched when the last word hit her, looking over her shoulder. But James was still a long way off. "You should investigate whichever liar is spreading such terrible rumors." Her head swam. Gail wiped sweat from her forehead.

"I saw you with my own eyes," Tabitha whispered.

The blood drained completely from Gail's face. "Don't tell James. Please, don't tell him. I don't know what came over me. Please ..."

"It's not my job to inform your husband." Tabitha glanced at James. He was getting closer. "But I wonder if you've seen anything unusual while you've been ... traveling the ship. Did anything strike you as odd? Would you say the Winthrops are aboveboard?"

Gail exhaled. She hadn't even realized she'd been holding her breath. Her marriage wasn't over, it seemed. Some of the color came back to her face. "I haven't seen anything. The Winthrops have been perfectly kind, genteel hosts."

"Have they?" Tabitha watched Gail's eyebrow twitch. "You've spent your time with Jacob. Is there anything unusual about him? Anything I should know?"

"I am not going to spy for you, Inspector Kensington." Gail folded her arms over her chest. "I like them."

"Why would you, a good Mormon, risk your marriage for Fourth Wavers?" Tabitha checked on James. He had almost caught up with them.

"Fourth Wave is a rude term. They prefer the Ardent Congregational Establishment." Gail stepped away from Tabitha. "There you are James, I've missed you." She slipped her arm into her husband's and kissed him on the cheek, all the while carefully watching Tabitha to make sure she wasn't about to spill her secret.

"And there is my husband." Tabitha waved to Ezra in the distance. "We're getting together for break time. I guess I'll see you two inside." She nodded to Gail and James, and walked off toward her husband.

"What was that about?" James looked at his wife in amazement. He hadn't known her to be on such friendly terms with the inspector general.

"Oh, nothing." Gail couldn't think of a good lie. "Nothing at all." Fortunately, James didn't press her.

~~

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Estes." Jacob smiled from his table in the mess hall.

"Oh, Jacob!" Gail dropped her husband's arm. "I mean, Mr. Winthrop. It's nice to see you." She had to stop herself from running over to him and sitting on his wriggling lap. "And who is your friend?"

"You don't recognize me?" Penny gave them her thousand-watt smile. It was so nice to be out and about. She reached her arm around Jacob and squeezed him tight. "I'm Penny Henderson."

"Of course." James stuck out his hand, but no one shook it so he withdrew it. "You'll have to forgive us, we're not on the feeds all that much. The only true message is the one from Sagittarius A."

"I haven't ... seen you before, Ms. Henderson." Gail did not like the possessive way the woman was hugging Jacob. Of course, she knew about his other wives, but she hadn't really been confronted with it before. "Where have you been hiding?"

"I was making something special for my boyfriend, here." Penny leaned over and gave him a wet kiss on the cheek.

"So ... um ... how have you been, Mrs. Estes?" Jacob's gaze focused on the way Gail's boobs stretched her dress. There was an uncomfortable pause.

"I'm sorry." Penny stood and pulled Jacob to his feet. "My boyfriend and I forgot that we're late for something." She pulled him toward the door, whispering in his ear.

"Right ... I forgot. I'll see you all later." He gave Gail one last look pleading for understanding as Penny dragged him from the mess.

"Well, that was quite rude. And odd. I felt some real tension there." James found them a table. Almost before he sat down Mary placed a glass of milk in front of him. "I wonder what that was all about?" He drank half the glass in one go. "Probably not that important." He settled into his chair. "Did we pay yet, Gail? I think we forgot to pay last time, too."

"Don't worry about it, James. The Winthrops are very generous." Gail didn't touch her milk. She stared at the door Jacob had disappeared through with a sour expression on her face. "Just drink your milk."

"Okay, Gail. Sounds like a plan." James finished the glass, put it down on the table, and waited for a refill.

~~

"You've been saying how much you want to meet new people, then you drag me away from them." Jacob let her pull him down the corridor. "Truth be told, Penny, I don't mind. But it is confusing."

"Relax, Jacob. You'll see your new wife soon enough." Penny stopped in front of the quarters Jacob shared with his sister.

"My place today?" Jacob wondered where Pricilla was. He didn't wait long to find out. When the door opened, he saw that his sister was naked and spread out on the sheets in a most alluring position. "Oh, sorry, Pricilla. We didn't know you were in here."

"Yeah, we did." Penny pulled him into the room. The door closed behind them. "We thought you might want to spend time with both of us today."

"You need to remember what women closer to your own age can do." Pricilla spread her legs and turned her pussy toward her brother. She was very wet. The swell of her new pregnancy was quite obvious as she propped herself up on her elbows. She then stretched her feet nearly behind her head, displaying the flexibility of youth.

"If this is a competition with the other women, I don't like it." Jacob folded his arms and stood motionless while Penny undressed.

"They started it." Penny frowned. "My mom stole you from me the other day. And Heather is always going on about being the First Chosen."

"I did call your mom a bitch for what she did." Jacob nodded thoughtfully.

Penny's eyes got very big. "You did?" She stood frozen, her bra half-removed. "What did she do?"

"She agreed that she was a bitch and apologized." Jacob shrugged like it was no big deal.

"Holy shit." Penny continued undressing. "That's crazy." Her face turned red as she thought about it. "So, she was lying about the 'urgent problem' she had?"

"That's why she admitted she was a bitch. The urgency was under her uniform." Jacob started to undress. He couldn't help himself.

"That bitch." Penny finished undressing and stood naked with her hands on her hips.

"That bitch," Pricilla echoed helpfully. She still had her feet near her ears.

"I would never lie to you, Jake." Penny fell on her knees. The second his cock was out in the open, she seized it with both hands and tamed the thing with a furious handjob.

"Me either." Pricilla's smile fell a little. She wasn't going to get the first crack at her brother. But that was okay. She lowered her legs to a more comfortable position and massaged her clit. At least it was a stimulating sight to see Penny take that monster into her mouth.

"Darn ... Penny ... you're really ... into this ... today." Jacob was just getting into the blowjob when it ended abruptly.

"You're my boyfriend, and it's my job to take care of you." Penny stood and maneuvered them next to the wall. She lifted her right leg to the side, keeping it straight, so her foot rested on the wall about shoulder height. "Come and get it, Jake." Her left foot was still planted on the floor. She was wide open for him and dripping on the floor.

"Okay." He reached around her hips and took hold of her ass. He sank his cock into her pussy. "How are you this tight ... ugh ... ugh ... already?" His hips went off to the races.

"I ... ooohhhhhh ... don't know ... is this not ... normal?" Penny had never had a baby before, and hadn't done much research into how long of a recovery time to expect.

"I ... don't ... know ... either. But you've all ... been so tight ... uuggghhhh." He kissed her neck.

Penny tilted her hips forward and cried out with her first orgasm. She was happy to be back. Maybe they would start working on their next baby that very day. She hoped so.

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"I don't understand why they don't release you to the station's security. I'll get you the best lawyer on Tigov 19." Marsden hit the screen separating him from his wife. His frustration boiled over.

"Easy, now." Mary called over to him from near the door. She was the only one supervising the meeting today. "I'll have the robot escort you out if there's any more of that."

Marsden ignored her, but didn't strike the barrier again.

"It's okay." Dr. Cole rubbed the back of her neck. "You don't need to worry about me."

"Well, at least they could remove this stupid barrier," he said loud enough to be sure Mary heard. "I can't even see my wife's body, or hug her, or kiss her. This has to be a violation of prisoner rights."

"Colony Control makes its own rules," Mary replied flatly. She did not add that since they had discovered that her son was the Messiah, they had been writing their own rules and ignoring Colony Control when it pleased them.

Marsden waved a dismissive hand and leaned in close to the screen. "I'll get you out of here, my love. I'll find a way."

"No, no. It's okay. I don't want to leave." Dr. Cole tried to give him a reassuring smile.

"What are you talking about?" Marsden clenched his fists. "What are they doing to you?"

"Nothing, everything's okay." Dr. Cole glanced Mary's direction. "I'm very tired. I think I need to rest now."

"Okay, that's enough, Mr. Cole." Mary walked over to him. She could see the resistance in the bunched muscles in his back, but he stood. Her presence was very commanding.

"I'll be back, my love." Marsden said with one last glance at his wife. She silently waved goodbye.

"Why don't you stop by the mess hall on your way out?" Mary used her most soothing voice. "Drinks are on us."

"Fine." Marsden didn't bother to return her smile. They walked to the mess in silence.

~~

"I may have to leave in a second," Tabitha said to her husband, but he didn't respond. That was fine. She was busy watching Gail across the mess hall. The woman looked miserable. There was trouble in paradise. The other people at the table, Gail's sister, brother-in-law, and husband all looked perfectly happy and unaware of Gail's inner turmoil. They weren't even proselytizing to the Errand's crew. How odd. Tabitha prayed Gail would make contact with Jacob and let something slip in her despondent state. Tabitha would have to be there for that.

Sure enough, Gail stood suddenly, said something to her husband, and left. James didn't even look at her. Tabitha scanned the room. She didn't see Mary anywhere. "You'd better head back to work, dear. I could be a while." She placed her hand on Ezra's shoulder.

"Goodbye," he said.

Quick as lightning, Tabitha darted out of the mess hall and spotted Gail striding down a corridor ahead of her. The woman's body language screamed that a confrontation was coming. What a perfect moment. As stealthily as possible, Tabitha followed the Mormon woman for almost ten minutes.

The chase was interrupted when an emergency airlock door hissed closed, sealing off the corridor between the two women. Perplexed, Tabitha approached the door. Had there been a breach on the other side? No, the alarms would surely sound if that happened. Had the ship malfunctioned? That would be a big coincidence. Tabitha hated coincidences. She looked around. There was no one in this part of the ship.

Suddenly, the door retracted. Tabitha ran down the corridor after Gail, but she couldn't find the woman. There were too many ways she could have gone. A perfect opportunity missed. Sweaty and winded, Gail turned and headed in the direction she thought the exit might be. She didn't want to ask the computer for directions. No need to call attention to herself. Most of the ship was, of course, unoccupied. The crew were almost all in cryosleep. The rooms she passed were often open, dark, and empty.

After a while, she found something interesting. She stopped outside a small room with bunk beds and quietly entered. No one was about. The beds were all neatly made. The clothes were neatly folded. From the personal effects, she guessed that the room's inhabitants were men. This was an interesting find. Either there were more colonists awake on the Errand than the Winthrops had revealed, or the men were not sleeping with their women. She didn't know what to make of it. A further search turned up no clues, so she left before anyone came back.

She made one other worthwhile discovery as she roamed the ship. She found a laboratory with an energy shield running down the middle. She assumed it would be for safely observing an experiment. She spent a while hacking the control pad, and was satisfied with the result. If she needed an impromptu interrogation room, the place might do the trick. She made note of the location, and left to find her way off the ship.

~~

It wasn't until the computer helpfully pointed her in the right direction that Gail knew to find Jacob and Penny in his room. When the door opened, Gail had several things she wanted to say. They all died in her throat when she took in the scene.

Pricilla was on her back, her legs bent up past her chest so that her feet were on either side of her head. She screamed deliriously as Jacob pounded into her. Next to them, bouncing on the mattress with the shock of each thrust, Penny lay on her side. She was offering encouragement to the mating couple and leaking sperm down her thighs.

Penny turned her eyes away from the siblings and eyed the intruder. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, hello ... ugh ... Mrs. Estes." Jacob's hips never missed a beat. He wiped sweat off his forehead.

Pricilla gave no greeting. Nor did she seem to even realize someone had entered the room. She tossed her head back and forth and sobbed in ecstasy.

"I ... um ... wanted to talk to Jacob." Gail knew it was a lame thing to say. She watched in fascination. This was the first time she had seen someone else have sex. It looked wild to her. Jacob's monster was so thick and long. Where did it all go? And the bliss on Pricilla's face was riveting.

"He's busy," Penny said. "Try again another time. You've gotten him all to yourself plenty. Don't be greedy."

"Can I ... can I ...?" Gail tried to think of what she wanted. It was so very hard to think. "Can I ... at least watch?"

Penny shook her head.

"Sure ... Mrs. Estes." Jacob continued to hammer away at his sister. He reached down and rubbed her clit, sending her latest orgasm into overdrive. He could barely be heard over her cries of joy. "Have a ... uh ... uh ... seat."

Before Penny could argue further, Gail hurried to a chair and sat down. She pulled up her dress, pushed her panties to the side, and worked her clit.

Penny turned her attention back to her boyfriend. She supposed she could ignore Gail.

After Jacob had dropped his load in his sister's butt, he rolled onto his back, catching his breath.

"Can I have another turn?" Penny crawled toward him.

"Yes, but let's give ... Gail a turn ... first. It's not fair ... that she's the only one without cum inside her." Jacob beckoned to Gail.

"Oh, thank you!" Gail jumped from her seat and quickly removed her dress. She made sure to keep it far away from the bed. She needed to have less "hydraulic fluid" accidents on the ship or James might eventually become suspicious. She removed her panties and jumped onto the bed. "How do you want it, Jacob, grindy or bouncy?"

Jacob laughed. "Bouncy. I want to see your married pussy gripping my dick."

"Okay." The talk about her married p-word made her a little uncomfortable, but she still sank down on him with a long sigh. "My vagina is married to you ... ugh ... now ... oooohhhhhh ... anyway." She planted her feet on the mattress, squatting on him, and found a nice tempo with long strokes.

"That's right." Jacob nodded, and gently smacked one of her boobs. "You're a good wife, Gail."

"We're good wives, too. Right, Penny?" Pricilla had regained her composure. She sat up and leaned her heavy breasts so they hung just above Jacob's face. "Have a drink while she rides you."

Jacob didn't need to be asked twice. He opened his mouth and sucked milk from her nipple.

"You too, Penny." Pricilla nodded to the redhead. "Come drink. We're all one family here."

"Yeah, okay." Penny leaned over and took Pricilla's other nipple into her mouth. She drank and drank, listening to Gail's mewling as she impaled herself on Jacob's cock.

~~

The ship was a maze, and Tabitha was quite lost. She figured if she walked long enough, she'd find a landmark and reorient herself. And there it was. She had somehow circled back to that would-be interrogation room. Well, that landmark was no help. That's where she'd started from. She moved on down the corridor and stopped.

Footsteps were heading her way. Tabitha quickly slipped into a dark, empty room and waited. After a few moments, Gail walked by. She had a strange waddling gait, and her hair was wild. There was the most satisfied smile on the Mormon woman's face. Tabitha could guess what had happened. She hadn't quarreled with Jacob after all. She had found him alone and made up with him in the most intimate way possible. Gail passed on down the corridor.

Waiting to make sure she was gone, Tabitha stood still. She heard another set of footsteps. She bided her time in the darkness. Sure enough, along came Jacob Winthrop, looking happy with himself. This was an opportunity she couldn't pass up. She could catch him off guard and maybe bully him into spilling some information on the ship or its crew.

"Greetings, Mr. Winthrop." Tabitha stepped out of the darkness and relished the surprise on his face.

"Can we talk for a minute?"

"You're not supposed to be wandering the ship unattended." Jacob turned toward her and studied the woman in her smart uniform.

"Thank heavens I am no longer unattended." She moved toward him, shepherding him toward her makeshift interrogation room. "Can we talk?"

Jacob rubbed his chin. He was inclined to say no, but her nipples were so hard that he could make them out through her uniform. Either she was very excited to see him, very cold, or she had a condition. He wanted to find out which it was. "Sure, we can talk in my quarters."

"It'll only be a minute, how about in here?" Tabitha deftly guided him into the lab.

"Okay, what's this about?" Jacob stood just inside the door.

"Oh, I think you will find this very interesting." Tabitha spoke so softly that she knew he could barely hear her. Sure enough, he followed her across the lab to close the distance between them.

"What did you say?" Jacob wondered at this woman's odd behavior. Had the milk made her loopy?

"It has to do with the Sagittarius Mormons and their silly plasma disk," she said in a whisper. She maneuvered him to the correct side of the room, circled back toward the panel, and hit the hacked button to activate the barrier. He was trapped. She had him just where she wanted him. "Are you carrying any contraband on this ship, Mr. Winthrop?"

"What? What are you talking about?" Jacob walked right into an invisible wall. "Ow. What the heck?" He rubbed his forehead.

"I'm going to ask you a series of questions, and I expect you to answer them. I will not let you go until you do." She sat on a table very near the barrier and gave him a smug smile.

"You're crazy. I'm going to tell my mother about —"

"Oh? You're going to go running to Mommy?" Tabitha shook her head. "Not until you answer my questions. Back to the first one. Are you carrying any contraband?"

"Errand? Remove this shield." Jacob looked around the room. He could see nothing useful. He reached out and tested the invisible barrier. It spanned the room.

"I disabled communications with your computer from this room." Tabitha shrugged, like he was being unreasonable. "To tell you the truth, I don't think your computer is much for security. It hardly monitors this ship." Even as she said it, she thought back to the emergency airlock door that had blocked her way earlier. Either it was a curious malfunction, or someone had known where she was.

Jacob stood and stared at her with his hands on his hips. She'd somehow gotten the best of him. "Okay, what do you want to know?"

Chapter 26

"We aren't carrying any contraband." Jacob shrugged at the inspector general on the other side of the invisible barrier. He could see just the faintest hint of a shimmer from the force field. "We're on a religious mission."

"Right." Tabitha frowned. "The Ardent Congregational Establishment. All set to colonize New Canaan and ..." She paused, struck by a subtle shift in his expression. "Did I say something wrong? Are you not set to colonize New Canaan?"

"We are." Jacob smiled serenely.

"So ... something about the Congregational Establishment? I know you don't like to be called Fourth Wave. Is that it?"

"You imprisoned me. I'm not helping you out." Jacob shrugged again and leaned on the table. "Ask the right questions, inspector, and I'll give you the right answers."

"Are you not actually Fourth Wave?" That didn't make much sense to Tabitha, of course they were Fourth Wave. But it was the next logical question.

"We are and we are not. We are a scion of our church and we bring something precious and new to the galaxy." Jacob slowly unzipped his uniform, never breaking eye contact with Tabitha.

"A whole new branch of zealots," she muttered. More loudly, she said, "What is this precious thing you bring?" To her trained eye, this nineteen-year-old's smile was smug and overconfident. She was getting somewhere. She had been right to trust her instincts. His brash youth would lead him to spill their secrets.

"Me." Jacob stepped out of his uniform. His cock pulsed and moved in his underwear, poking its head out above his waistband.

"What in the heck is that?" Tabitha had seen many things, and didn't startle easily. But her shoulders tightened. She could feel fight-or-flight trying to hijack her brain. There was something very wrong with Jacob Winthrop. "Is that your ... is it ...?" She stared at the bulbous head oozing clear liquid. What had poor Gail Estes stumbled into?

"It's the future, Mrs. Kensington." He removed his underwear and let his cock stretch before him, displaying its full majesty.

"Oh God ..." What could Tabitha do? In the blink of an eye, she ran through her options one by one. She couldn't safely get him off the ship. She couldn't run for help and expect him to still be behind the barrier when she got back. She decided to continue her interrogation and get everything out of him. Then she'd have grounds for a full quarantine. "What did they do to you?" She regained her composure. This was just a variation on the insanity she sometimes dealt with in her job.

"At first I thought it was an accident." Jacob took hold of his cock with both hands and slowly stroked himself. This woman couldn't stop him. He could see it in her eyes. She had already lost. "But now, I know it was all part of His plan. I am the Messiah. You are part of His plan, too. I can see it."

"Stop ... that." Tabitha's nostrils flared. What was that smell? It was musky and earthy like what she imagined the scent a forest floor might have. It was beguiling. She found herself letting her guard down. She tried to get ahold of herself. Her underwear was inexplicably soaked through. She cleared her throat. Her gaze was locked on a penis that had clearly grown beyond what any penis should. It was hard, but somehow it writhed and pulsed like it had a separate life. "Don't touch yourself ... like that." Her breaths became more and more shallow.

"I do what I like, Mrs. Kensington."

"That's Inspector Kensington," she mumbled. She remembered she was trying to get to the truth. "Are you some kind of weapon?" She was suddenly very grateful she had picked a place with such an impenetrable barrier for the interrogation. She loathed to think what would happen if that hideous thing got close to her.

Jacob laughed. He took a step toward the woman. He was pleased that she didn't retreat. He looked for the shimmer of the barrier and didn't see it. The computer was always looking out for him. That made sense, of course, the Errand was one of the hands of God. "I am the opposite of a weapon, Inspector Kensington. I am the Messiah. I am here to save humanity by spreading my sanctified seed." He stroked faster and took another step.

"They have corrupted you, Jacob. And changed you in horrible ways. Can't you see?" Tabitha gripped the edge of the table tightly. Her husband's ring pinched her, but she ignored the pain. "I can help you. Let me take you to the station's med facilities. We have many advanced ..." She paused as he took another couple steps. He was quite close now. Something was wrong. What was it? She couldn't think straight. *Oh, no.* He was beyond the barrier. "If you just let me ... eeeewwwwwwwww." The horrible cock erupted, shooting sticky stuff across the short distance between them. The first blast hit her on the front of her clean, perfectly crisp uniform. The second hit her face. Her mouth was hanging open and the saltiness splashed across her tongue. Tabitha cried out in ecstasy and saw starbursts.

Despite his orgasm, Jacob moved quickly to catch the inspector before she could fall and hurt herself. He was trembling, shuddering, and still firing sperm, but he laid her safely on the floor. His climax subsided, but still she jerked on the floor making the most stupid sounds. "Now ... do you see?"

"Nnnnngggghhhhhhhhh." Tabitha lost herself in nebulous rapture. Slowly the world returned to her. Her whole body vibrated. "Whhattttss iisssshhhhh tttthhisssshhhhh?" Her words slurred as she shakily sat up. The teenager was bending over her. She closed her eyes and tried to get her bearings. And then he kissed her. Without thinking, she opened her mouth and let his tongue play with hers. It was a strange kiss, his tongue was playful, but too big. Far too big. She opened her eyes and found that she had the head of his horrible penis in her mouth. And it was somehow French kissing her. To her horror, she didn't stop kissing it back. "Mmmmmpppppphhhhhh." She reached up and found herself stroking its uncanny, pulsing thickness.

"Yes ... yes ... you look so pretty with your eyes bulging ... like that." Jacob took hold of her neatly braided hair and forced a little bit more past her lips. Not only did they widen further, but her eyes

rolled back in her head. She was feeling the Spirit, he could tell. "I think ... you'll fit in ... quite well ... here. We are all ... one with ... Him."

The young man's cultspeak cleared Tabitha's mind. She stopped stroking him with her mouth and hands. She pulled away and fell back, coughing and sputtering. "I ... I ... would ... never." She got to her feet, adrenaline surging. She balled her fists. She stared at Jacob for several beats, seeing that he was drunk on power just as much as she was drunk on ... whatever his stuff was. The force field was no more. There was only one option left. Without another word, Tabitha turned and ran. She was surprised when she looked over her shoulder and saw no one there. Only his laughter followed her through the halls. Eventually, she slowed to a panting walk. She almost turned around and ran back to him. What was happening to her? Instead, she found her way out at last. Thankfully, no one seemed to notice her stained uniform, running makeup, or wild hair. What would she have said if someone confronted her? She had no idea.

Back in the makeshift interrogation room, Jacob slowly dressed. "Did you let her go, Errand?"

"Yes, Member Winthrop."

"Good. That's good. I want her to return on her own. Let's see how long it takes before she needs another taste."

"Very good." The computer's soft, female voice was full of approbation.

~~

"Your protein sausage is getting cold." Gail sat at the table, trying to control her churning stomach.

"Eh?" James looked up from the Good Word. His wife was right, he had been neglecting his breakfast. He turned his gaze toward her plate. "And you haven't touched yours either. Are you ...?" He watched her cover her mouth and rush off to the small apartment's bathroom. He could hear her throwing up. That had happened the last few mornings. How odd. When she returned, looking a little green, James watched her closely. "Are you feeling better?" He picked up his fork and started eating.

"Yes, I don't know what came over me." Another lie. It was perfectly clear to Gail that letting a nineteen-year-old man have his way with her womb had come to a predictable conclusion. She was pregnant with a baby that wasn't her husband's. She broke out in a cold sweat. "We better get to the Errand. I feel like we were making real progress yesterday. Soon they will see the truth in Sagittarius A."

"Wherever you ... were ... you must have had ... better luck than ... us," James said between bites. He put down his fork and wiped his mouth. "I don't think the Fourth Wave people will see the light." James did not notice his wife wince when he used the derogatory term. He got up from the table and placed his book under his arm. "But you're right, we have to try. At least they have excellent sustenance. Clean up in here and we'll venture out."

"Yes, dear." Gail nodded. She took their plates into the kitchen and put all her untouched breakfast into the recycler.

~~

"You're not ready for work?" Ezra had been forced to make his own coffee as his wife slept in. He watched her enter the kitchen, bleary-eyed.

"What?" Tabitha blinked at him. She wore neither her uniform nor any makeup. Her hair was a mess. "Oh, I'm going in late today."

"Again?" Ezra frowned. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." How could she tell him that right after he left for work, she'd be masturbating while thinking of that horrible teenager and the alien penis she'd made out with? Was there a way to tell her husband that she couldn't stop masturbating? There was not. "I'm just a bit tired."

"Would you like to meet on my break on the Errand today?" Ezra sipped at his bitter coffee, missing the docked ship's milk.

"No!" Suddenly wild-eyed, Tabitha grabbed Ezra's shoulder. "Promise me that you won't go to that ship."

"Sure," he said reluctantly. "What did you find? It must be bad."

"Oh, nothing yet. Nothing." Tabitha moved away from her husband and poured herself some coffee. She was suddenly resentful of his presence. She didn't want to wait another moment to put her toy in her vagina. "But I think something unnatural ... may be going on."

"Okay, keep your secrets." Ezra stood, kissed his wife on the cheek, and made his way to the door.

"Don't be too late for work, the people of this station depend on you."

"Yes, of course." She waved goodbye and forced a smile. "Have a nice day." The second the door closed behind him, she rushed back to her bedroom and grabbed her toy. Flopping on the bed, she spread her legs. "Oooohhhhhh ... you're soooooo ... big."

~~

"Some refreshment for our favorite Mormons?" Mary put glasses down in front of the six rather severe-looking people. She smiled at Gail. "It's always nice to see your pretty face, Mrs. Estes."

Gail blushed and averted her gaze. "Thank you, Mrs. Winthrop."

"I feel remiss that I don't know everyone at this table, although I've seen you all so often." Mary's smile was affable.

Now obligated, Gail introduced the rest of the table to her secret husband's mother. She finished with her sister. "... and this is my sister, Zinnia Hollings."

"How do you do, Mrs. Hollings?" Mary was surprised Jacob hadn't already set his sights on the petite Mormon wife. Zinnia had the same raven hair as her sister, a similar slight build, and an identical nervous laugh. "You look just as beautiful as your sister. You two are quite the pair."

"Oh, thank you." Zinnia laughed and gulped some milk. Something about the exchange made her vaguely uncomfortable. She couldn't put her finger on it. "It's nice to meet you."

"A pleasure." Mary handed her tray to Heather as she passed. "Now, Mrs. Estes, we have that holopark engagement to attend." Mary held out her arm.

"Right." Gail stood and locked arms with the taller woman. "I'll see you later, dear." She gave her husband a feeble wave and smiled at her sister.

"We'll be here." It didn't even occur to James to protest anymore. His wife running off with the Winthrops was a perfectly normal part of his day.

"Jacob is eager to see us," Mary leaned in and whispered in Gail's ear as they moved toward the door of the mess hall. "I think he prefers wives with a bit more experience in life. Don't you?"

Gail nodded dumbly. She didn't know what Jacob preferred. But she was grateful that he seemed to want a short, plain Mormon from Tigov 19.

Once out in the hall, they ran into Pricilla and Marsden. "Hello, Pricilla."

"Hello, Mother." Pricilla's smile was small and cold. "We should get the robot to do escort duty so that I might join you two on your errand."

"The robot does not belong to us, sweetie." Mary eyed Marsden. "You are taxing our hospitality with all your visitations to your wife, Mr. Cole." She pulled Gail closer to her side as if to protect her. She didn't mind that Gail's head was pressed against the side of her breast.

"It wouldn't be necessary if you released my wife to station security." Marsden stared daggers at Mary.

"If wishes were emu, Mr. Cole, we'd all be eating steak." Mary turned down a corridor leaving her daughter and Marsden behind. She laughed to herself as she and Gail padded down the hall.

~~

"Oh, my." Gail sat on a chair furiously rubbing her vagina. She watched the teenager suckle from his mother's breasts. Jacob lay atop Mary in bed. Her view was from behind them. She could see Jacob's massive balls and writhing cock moving between his spread legs on the sheets. In moments like this, she would get a hint of just how alien the whole experience with her new husband was. Those moments were doused in fear and arousal. She rubbed her vagina harder. "Do something ... special ... please. Something ... new."

"I am his mother ... Gail." Mary felt him kiss his way down her breasts onto her bulging belly. "There is no joining we ... haven't done."

"Well ... Mom ... that isn't ... quite ... true." Jacob kissed his way passed her belly button, over the triangle of blond hair, and down to her pussy. None of the women had asked for this. So, obviously, none had shown him what to do. But he wanted to give Gail her wish and please his mother in a new way.

"Oh, gosh." Receiving oral was not a sex act that Mary had ever contemplated. That a man would seek only her pleasure broke new ground for her. It didn't feel like much, but she was pleased he was trying. "That's nice ... thank you, sweetie."

"Mmmpphhhhh." Jacob licked at her tanginess. He felt his dick lurch under him to the left and he followed the movement with his tongue. His mother cried out in delighted surprise. His dick lurched up, and he followed that movement with his tongue. It wriggled back down, and so he made his way down. That's how he found her clit.

"Wow ... Jake ... where did you learn ... that?" Mary leaned back on the pillow and regarded the masturbating Mormon. "I know ... you didn't teach him that, Gail. Oooohhhhhhhh."

Gail shook her head quickly. She could see his penis moving and wondered if it was telling him what to do. The situation felt even more alien to her.

"I've been ... thinking ... Gail." Mary's sweet smile was somewhat attenuated by the pleasure her son was giving her. "It's time you brought ... your sister ... to the Messiah."

"What?" Gail's hand slowed to a stop.

"You ... know what I ... mean." Mary ran her fingers through Jacob's hair.

"She's happily married. And very devout. I couldn't ..." Gail wondered about it. She was sure there had been a darkness somewhere in herself that had enabled her fall into this new religion. Gail's older sister was more pure than her. Even if Mary got her way, Zinnia would never let herself stoop to ... this life. She stared at those pulsing balls, trying not to meet Mary's gaze. "It's impossible."

"You know all that ... oooohhhhhh ... drivel about Sagittarius A is nonsense." Mary was getting close to cumming on her son's tongue. He was very good. He kept adjusting, finding the absolute perfect places to bring her pleasure. "You are a member ... of our ... church now. You are fortunate ... enough ... to be married to ... oh ... God ... oooohhhhhhhhhhhh." Mary shook as she climaxed on her son's face.

Gail was relieved the conversation was over. She went back to working her vagina when Jacob climbed on top of his mother and sank into her. He pushed her legs back toward her shoulders, held the backs of her thighs, and plowed her with long, punishing strokes. Gail had been on the receiving end of that many times, and it was marvelous to see it from the outside. How had her body survived such ferocious mating? And Mary was much taller and rounder than Gail. The thought of how her small body had accepted Jacob sent her into spasms of rapture.

A while later, Jacob dismounted his mother. He peered down at her pussy, it was gaping and leaking, just the way he liked it. She was still making those familiar ridiculous sounds. He turned his attention to Gail. The woman had a feral expression on her face. He could tell she was doing everything in her power not to jump him immediately. "Are you ready, Mrs. Estes?"

"Oh, yes please!" Gail stood and rushed toward the bed, but stopped when he held out his hand.

"I'll come to you. My mom has earned a rest." Jacob stepped off the bed, his cock still languidly writhing and pulsing. "Bend over that chair."

"Okay." Gail rushed to comply, she gripped the chair back with her hands and wiggled her butt at Jacob. She hoped it was enticing, especially with her new, rounder behind. "Um ... there's something ... I want to tell you before we ... uuuggggghhhhhh." His penis, still slick with all the combined fluids of mating, wormed into her butt hole. She closed her eyes and saw sparks. "I'm ... pregnant ..."

"Oh ... really?" Jacob sunk all the way in and slapped her ass. He loved the yelp that escaped her every time he did that. "Does ... Mr. Estes know?" He took hold of her hips and found a steady rhythm.

"No ... ugh ... how could I ... uh ... uh ... uh ... tell him? It's not ... his." Gail gripped the chair tighter. Her butt had been so changed by Jacob that it didn't even hurt anymore. "Do you ... want me to ... ugh ... tell him?"

"No ... not now." Jacob smiled at her rippling ass. She was filling out nicely. "How does it ... feel ... to carry the Messiah's ... baby?"

"Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ..." She gritted her teeth. He was really giving it to her now. "It feels ... scary ... and wonderful ... and crazy ... all at the same ... uh ... uh ... uh ... time."

Jacob laughed, but he appreciated her honesty. "You like ... it?"

"Yes," she squealed. "I love it."

"Don't you want ... other women ... to feel ... what you feel?"

"Yes." A massive orgasm built in Gail's body. She trembled all over.

"Don't you want ... your sister to feel ... all that you ... now feel?"

"Oooohhhhhh nnnnoooooooooooooo." Gail tossed her raven hair as she came.

Jacob let her work her way through her orgasm, continuing to plow her. When he thought she was sufficiently back from her ecstasy, he continued, "It is our ... mission ... yours and mine ... to bring what I offer to the galaxy. And ... a demonstration of your ... piety would be ... to bring me your sister. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Gail whispered.

Mary sat up in bed and watched them. Pride set her jaw firm and made her eyes bright.

"What was ... uh ... uh ... uh ... that?" Jacob slapped her ass.

"I will bring her ... to you." Gail's body, wracked by pleasure, shook violently.

"You love my ... dick ... and want to share it." Jacob tightened his jaw. He was getting close.

"Yes." Gail never wanted that moment to end.

"Say it," Mary called from the bed.

"I love ... the Messiah's ... penis ... and I want ... to share it ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Gail's mind exploded, completely fractured by ecstasy.

~~

"I will get you out of here." Marsden leaned close to the barrier that separated him from his wife.

"Please, don't do anything rash." Dr. Cole frowned at her bygone husband.

"That's enough." Pricilla ushered the robot into the brig. "It's time for you to leave, Mr. Cole. The robot will show you out." Watching the blood drain from Marsden's face as he took in the sight of the towering robot was certainly worth defying her mother. Pricilla smiled.

Marsden got up without another word and left with the robot.

"Well ... well ... well." Pricilla looked in at Dr. Cole. "That didn't sound good."

"Yes." Dr. Cole's shoulders slumped. "I think he plans to rescue me."

"Has he been drinking the milk?"

"I'm stuck in here. You would know better than me." Dr. Cole was used to being locked in cells, but that didn't take the edge off at all. She hated confinement. "But I don't think so."

"I don't think so either." Pricilla rubbed her belly and thought. "We're going to have to do something about this."

"Don't hurt him." Dr. Cole couldn't keep the pleading out of her voice. She was powerless on so many levels.

"Ours is a loving and benevolent God, Dr. Cole." Pricilla flashed her a sly smile. "We would never hurt anyone that we didn't have to."

~~

Tabitha pulled her uniform on. Her body buzzed from all the orgasms she'd given herself. The more she thought about it, the more she wondered if maybe Jacob Winthrop was actually the Messiah. With one taste of his stuff, her mind had been opened to a whole new way of seeing the galaxy. She shook her head, and buttoned her jacket.

As she brushed her hair, she shivered at the memory of the way his penis had played with her. While applying her makeup, she replayed the image of that first fateful spray that had erupted from him. Perhaps she should finally tell Ezra. He would make sure she didn't do anything stupid. But it was getting harder and harder to imagine working against Jacob's interests.

It had been days, and she hadn't imposed the quarantine. She hadn't stormed the ship with reinforcements. She had done nothing but daydream, masturbate, and sleepwalk through the rest of her life. She was a proud investigator. Battle-hardened. She finished getting ready and looked at herself in the mirror. She scowled. The woman in the mirror looked tough, not easily bowed. She would figure this out.

"I'll tell Ezra everything. I'll do it right now." She walked toward the comm, but found herself suddenly back in her bedroom with the toy again. "Just one more time," she lied to herself. She pulled up her skirt, sat down, and moved her panties to the side. Her eyes closed and fantasies took over. "Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Messiah ... you're soooooo ... deeeeeeeep."

~~

The mess hall was rowdy as Gail scanned for Jacob. It seemed to be getting more and more popular with the Tigov 19 locals. She spotted him coming through the crowd, heading her way. A huge grin spread across her face. She couldn't help it.

"There you are, Mrs. Estes." Jacob stopped at the table. There were eight Mormons staring at him, with their food and milk before them. "I trust everyone is enjoying themselves?" They all nodded at him. There was not one mention of Sagittarius A. That made him laugh for some reason. "I'm glad you're all so happy."

"Shall we?" Gail stood up, eager to keep her appointment with Jacob.

"One second." Jacob bent down to a knee to get on the same eye level as Zinnia. "I was thinking you might want to join us today, Mrs. Hollings." He held out his hand to her.

"Oh, I think I'll stay here with my husband, Dale." She put a hand on Dale's thigh.

"Yes, we can't have wives running around without their husbands." Dale raised his chin.

"You and I agree on that. But not in the way you mean." Jacob's lips pressed into a thin line. "It's time you let your wife have a small amount of freedom. Don't you think?"

Dale nodded, but said nothing.

"I really can't go," Zinnia insisted. She stared at the hand Jacob still offered her.

James, seeing all this, felt he must say something. But he didn't know whether he was in favor of his sister-in-law's going or against it. Instead, he gulped his milk. His shoulders relaxed.

"Mrs. Estes? Would you like to offer your opinion?" Jacob looked over to Gail and raised his eyebrows.

"Um ... well ... Zinnia ..." Gail could see her husband staring at her. Heck, the whole table was staring at her. And so were other people in the mess hall. She could hear her pulse thudding rapidly. "Um ... if you come ... you'll get to see things in the holopark that are so extraordinary and so amazing ... that they will change you forever."

"Really?" Zinnia still wasn't sure. She hesitated.

"Yes, I wish we could take everyone here, but there just isn't room." Gail smiled brightly. She took a deep breath. Her pulse slowed. "You will feel things promised to us by the plasma disc. You'll love it."

"Okay. I'll give it a try." Zinnia took Jacob's hand and rose from her chair. "Will it take long?"

"We'll have you back to Mr. Hollings in no time." Jacob squeezed her hand and led her out of the mess, Gail following close behind.

"Goodbye, dear." Zinnia waved to her husband as they left. "I'll tell you all about it."

Dale waved to her and watched her disappear into the crowd. He felt a certain tension building in his chest.

"Don't worry about it." James clapped him on the back. "Gail goes off like that all the time. It's fine. Have some milk."

Taking his friend's advice, Dale emptied his glass. James was right, it was going to be fine. One of the servers refilled the glass almost instantly, and he drank more. Everything was going to be fine.

Chapter 27

"Come on ... Ezra." Tabitha slammed her hips down on her husband. It had only been a few minutes, and he was already finishing his orgasm. "Not ... yet ... I didn't even ..."

"Whoa ... slow down ... dear." Ezra pushed his wife's jackhammering hips up so that he slid out. "You're really ... worked up." He'd had a wild orgasm. Couldn't she tell it was time for sleep? "We can do it ... again ... tomorrow ... if you want."

"Tomorrow?" Tabitha wanted her old life back. It was so much easier when she'd been happy with Ezra in bed. "Sure ... tomorrow. I have to go ... to the bathroom." Naked, she padded across the floor, deftly snuck her toy out of the top drawer of her dresser, and left her husband to fall asleep as he always did after sex.

In the bathroom, Tabitha worked herself with the phallus. The little thing had become a more familiar lover than Ezra. She wondered if there was anything she could do to spice things up with her husband. But it was hard to teach an old dog new tricks. She needed a younger dog. Someone who was maybe nineteen, strong, and quite possibly endowed with an illegally engineered cock. Or maybe he was something greater. She worked her vagina hard, her mouth hanging open.

"Come on ... Messiah ... I want to learn ... ugh ... new tricks. Make me ... yours ..." She was already cumming. A couple minutes with a toy and her imagination was now better than a couple minutes with her husband. And she wasn't close to being done. The bathroom smelled heavily of her excitement as she started working herself toward her own Second Coming.

~~

"You wanna play, Mom?" Jacob asked Mary, as he threw the ball to Heather. His motion was loose and effortless. The ball zipped over the green grass, and Heather snatched it with her mitt. The stadium was all set for a game, but there were no players or fans. Only Jacob and Heather in their starched team uniforms, and a row of lawn chairs where Mary, Maureen, and Judy sat and sipped lemonade.

"You were always the athlete in our family. I think I better not." Mary smiled at Maureen, glancing down at the adventurer's bulging belly. She looked about ready to pop.

"I played baseball, too. For a while." Pricilla walked in from the holopark's entrance. She stopped next to her mother, and watched Jacob and Heather whip the ball back and forth. "But I suppose I never had his talent."

"The Lord blesses us all in different ways." Mary took another sip of lemonade.

Pricilla glanced away from her mother, pretending to take in the expanse of the stadium, so she could roll her eyes without Mary seeing her. "Will Gail's sister be here soon?"

"We will welcome Zinnia into the fold in minutes. Her sister took her to change out of her Mormon clothes." Mary set her lemonade in her cup holder and frowned. "Lovely setting for our ceremony, don't you think?"

"I want to stay." Pricilla stomped her foot.

"You cannot." Mary gazed coolly at her daughter.

"Why do you get to be there for every important moment?" Pricilla's face turned red. Her face twisted into a scowl.

"Because I am his mother. I just said we all have our own blessings. Well, we all have our vocations ascribed by him, too." Mary spoke slowly and calmly.

"Ascribed by you, you mean." Pricilla's words came in a rush.

Maureen and Judy looked away, not wanting to be drawn into the squabble. They stared intently at Jacob and Heather, who were too far and too busy to notice the kerfuffle.

"I am the Messiah's mother. As such, I am in direct line with God, Pricilla." Mary's soft tone thinned to something harsher.

"I am his sister. How is that not your equal?" Pricilla folded her arms tightly over her breasts.

"What do you really want, Pricilla?" Mary knew how to defuse the situation. It was all about triangulating away from the power struggle with her daughter. She had done this in one form or another for what seemed like an eternity.

"I want time with Jacob ... you know ... intimate time. And I want to see the sister ... when she accepts him ... for what he truly is." Pricilla was ready for her mother to try and deny her these pleasures. Her nails dug into her sleeves.

"I see." Mary nodded thoughtfully. "Well, we continue to monitor for spies working for Marsden Cole or Tabitha Kensington. The crowd grows daily at the mess. And the portmaster needs watching. The Errand and all the others need your help. You are gifted at seeing to the needs of this ship." Mary could see Pricilla was about to cut her off. "Hold on. Let me finish. I do have a solution for you. Go back to your tasks. When we are done here, I will relieve you of your duties and bring you Jacob. And as for witnessing Zinnia's ascension, I will have the holopark record a vid for you. You may watch it and celebrate at your leisure. Good enough?"

Pricilla stood for a few seconds. Her gaze left her mother and traveled out to the couple playing catch. "Yes, Mother. That will do. Thank you." She gave Mary a half-curtsy, turned, and walked out of the holopark.

When her daughter was gone, Mary leaned toward Maureen. "Motherhood is a most thorny labyrinth, don't you think?"

"It is." Maureen nodded and smiled.

"But it becomes less vexing, I hope, with His guidance." Judy held up her glass in a salute, and the three women cheered that thought and sipped more lemonade.

They silently watched the Messiah and the First Chosen play catch until the door to the holopark opened and Gail announced her presence. "Zinnia and I are here. Just as the Lord leads the church and protects her in the tempest's gale, I follow my shield." The sisters stepped out of the dugout wearing matching outfits with long skirts and flowing blouses. Gail had told her sister that was proper attire to attend a ballgame. The outfit billowed on Zinnia, but clung to Gail. The sisters had always had similarly petite bodies, but Gail's bust, hips, and butt stretched the fabric.

"What did you just say?" Zinnia looked at her sister with her mouth hanging open. She couldn't believe her younger sister had talked her into trying on this ridiculous outfit. And now she was spouting something that sounded very much like Fourth Wave zealotry. "You follow James and Sagittarius A, not some lord." Zinnia's body buzzed and her mind swam. She always felt so oddly relaxed aboard the Errand. "What's going on, Gail?"

Gail bit her lip and looked away from her sister. Their outfits were modest. But even so, she had a hard time believing she had convinced Zinnia to put one on. The Errand's magic was clearly already at work on her sister. "Isn't the stadium beautiful? Did you ever think you'd see something so pretty?"

Zinnia looked around her. She could see the couple playing catch in the outfield. That was Jacob, the man who had led them from the mess hall away from their husbands. "It is beautiful, but I feel silly dressed like this. And Dale is waiting for me back in the mess. We should go."

"Nonsense. You only just got here." Mary stood. "We're happy to have you here."

"You look lovely, Zinnia." Maureen smiled at the shy woman.

"Do you like baseball?" Judy tilted her head with interest. Neither of the Hendersons rose from their chairs. The advanced state of their pregnancies excused such pleasantries.

"I ... um ... don't really know much about baseball." Zinnia glanced at the women and then looked out toward Jacob. He was ending his game of catch. He ran toward his partner, took her in his arms, and gave her a deep kiss. Zinnia put her hand to her mouth. She knew Heather from her excellent service in the mess hall. Were they married? She was much too old for him, surely. And she had heard plenty about Jacob Winthrop from her sister, but didn't think Gail had ever mentioned him being married. Zinnia knew she should look away, but she couldn't take her eyes off the couple as they made out. "I don't ... understand." She watched them break their kiss. Then, Jacob smacked the tall woman's backside with his mitt, and they jogged in from the outfield.

"Hello, Zinnia." Jacob was sweaty and smiling as he came in. He slowed to a walk and then stopped by Judy. He bent down and kissed her on the lips. A little peck turned into an extended play of tongues. He caressed her dark, curly hair.

"Um ..." Zinnia was mortified. These people were polygamists like the heathens back on Earth. But she thought the Fourth Wave left Earth to escape polygamy. That's what she'd read. She looked to Gail to share this moment of horror. But her sister was staring at Jacob with what looked like adoration. The wings of a million butterflies fluttered in Zinnia's stomach. Her heart thundered in her chest. When she looked back at Jacob, he had moved on to Maureen Henderson. He was on his knees next to her lawn chair, kissing her deeply. And ... groping her boob. This teenage zealot was groping the indomitable Maureen Henderson while she was pregnant with her husband's baby. Where was her husband? Why

wasn't he stopping this? Why was it so compelling? A thought seeped into her mind like a cold fog, maybe that wasn't her husband's baby in there. What had these Fourth Wavers done?

"He's the true Messiah, Zinnia." Gail put a hand on her sister's back. "The things he's shown me put to shame the plasma disk. He'll show you, too. You just have to open up to him. Leave Sagittarius A behind."

"Leave ... the Good Word ... behind?" Zinnia turned back toward her sister. The teenager, the hedonism, baseball, the Messiah. It all swirled in her mind. There was one clear truth she needed to see. She willed her brain to tell her what it was.

Jacob finished his greeting with Maureen, kissed his mother on the cheek, and stood before Zinnia. "So, here we are. I'm asking you to join our mission." He slowly removed his baseball uniform, enjoying the look of awe on Zinnia's face when his twisting cock came into view.

"No. No, no, no." Zinnia shook all over. She was compelled to do two very different things. She knew she must take her sister and run. But just as surely, she knew she never wanted to take her eyes off that hideous penis moving toward her. Her body chose the latter. Her head buzzed like a loose bearing in a servo. She felt pressure from her sister's hands on her shoulders. Zinnia sunk to her knees, absently wondering if her borrowed skirt would get grass stains from the holo-grass.

"Sagittarius A is just a black hole, Zinnia." Gail could feel her sister's shoulders tense as the penis came within inches of her face. "The real center of the galaxy is right here ... right now. Open your mouth. Yes ... that's it. Taste him ... it's magic, right?" Gail knew well the electric feeling of Jacob's precum on her tongue.

"Mmmppphhhhhhh," Zinnia hummed. Her eyelids fluttered. Air whistled through her nose. She had bowed so easily before another, false god. She was in supplication, and it felt magnificent. Tentatively, she reached out and touched the pulsing organ. Her fingers recoiled from the living thing, but she quickly got over her hesitancy. She gripped the penis and pumped it, trying her best to please this new deity. She had never been so proximate to power. God had always been impossibly far away, on the other side of an event horizon. Now, her sister claimed the Messiah was here, and she thought it was probably true. She bobbed her mouth on the fat, leaking head.

"That's good ... good ... Zinnia." Gail pulled her sister's black hair from her face. She could see Zinnia sucking in earnest. It was almost over. Zinnia had only to discover the rapture of his semen. "He likes your work. You're doing well."

"I do ... like it." Jacob put his hands behind his head and smiled. "Could be deeper though. Help her out a little, Gail. Push on her head."

"I don't know, maybe ..." Gail cupped the back of her sister's head and paused.

"Nothing crazy, dear." Mary sipped her lemonade and smiled. "Just help her get used to it."

"Okay." Gail could hear her sister murmuring on that giant thing. She pushed gently on the back of Zinnia's head. Her sister's soft sounds became rougher. Zinnia gagged and released her grip on the penis. Gail eased off, and Zinnia went back to her gentle murmuring and grasped Jacob again. They repeated this process several times as the sisters got used to their new tasks, Zinnia learning to suck

cock, and Gail figuring out how to guide her. After a while, Zinnia could take about a third of Jacob's penis with each bob of her head.

"Nice ... work ... Gail." Jacob was seeing stars. Why were Mormons such naturals at giving blowjobs? "You can ... ugh ... let her ... do it on her own ... now."

"Sure." Gail stepped back. Right enough, her sister was now swiftly and eagerly pumping him with her hands and mouth. Gail could tell from the increasing rate of Jacob's grunts that his pressure release valve was about to blow. She looked over at the ladies on their lawn chairs. Heather had pulled up another chair. All four faces were twisted in varying degrees of pleasure. They all had a hand between their legs, although the Hendersons had to hunch a little to reach around their giant bellies. Gail was suddenly awash in gratitude for being a part of something so special.

"Yeah ... here it comes ... this won't be the last time ... bitch." The word just slipped out of Jacob. He had spoken to Maureen that way and it had been good for both of them. And when he used it now, Zinnia didn't miss a beat. He looked at Gail, and she had only hunger and love written on her face. He heard no admonition from his mother. So, he pressed on. "You came here ... someone else's wife ... ugh ... now you're ... my bitch ... aaaahhhhhhhhh." The talk intensified what was already a massive orgasm. He threw his head back and screamed as he let Zinnia feed on his cum.

Zinnia's belabored mind registered that the man she was pleasuring was ready for release. She had expected satisfaction at having the power to send such a creature over the edge. But the joy she received was on another plane entirely. The salty burst hit her throat, she choked, and then she entered Heaven itself.

Gail caught her sister as she fell sideways. Zinnia's slender frame jerked and twitched in her arms. Gail was used to the absurd sounds women made when they encountered Jacob's seed. But it was doubly strange to hear the demented cries in her sister's voice. Jacob continued to spray. He hit Gail in the face with his sticky stuff. She opened her mouth and the next jet landed on her tongue. She convulsed and fell to the grass, still clutching her sister.

"They do have lovely singing voices." Mary laughed. "Don't you think?"

"It is the sound of revelation." Maureen nodded. How odd that something that drove women to such heights would make them sound like they'd fallen a few rungs down the evolutionary ladder. "I don't think Gail will be able to undress her sister. You'll have to do it, Mary."

"I suppose you're right." Mary rose from her lawn chair and separated the still-twitching sisters. She then hurriedly undressed Zinnia. "Jacob, sweetie?"

"Yes?" His cock had stopped spraying. He stood above his mother, panting.

"The first time with a new wife is always special. How do you want her?" Mary removed Zinnia's bra and panties. She nodded approvingly. "You're a little small, but you'll grow into the role," she whispered.

"Whhhhhaaaaaa ddddddiiiiisssss?" Zinnia blinked her eyes as the world around her slowly came into back focus.

"Shh." Mary put a finger to Zinnia's cum-splattered lips. "Jacob, honey, how do you want her?"

"I like her butt, Mom. From behind." Jacob stepped behind her.

"Will you be able to take her butt before you take her womb?" Mary looked at his writhing penis, as if she were addressing the question to that magnificent thing. She turned Zinnia over and pulled her up so that she was waiting for him like a dog. The woman crawled away, so Mary pinned her to the turf and removed her breast from her unzipped uniform.

"I think I have to take her pussy first. But I didn't mean that. I just meant from behind." Jacob stood watching the women struggle. Zinnia's movements were lethargic, which allowed Mary to hold her with one arm.

"Daaaaaaaalllllllle ... Saaaggggitttttaaaarrrrrrr ..." The part of her brain screaming *flight* had been unleashed after her fit of pleasure. She tried to squirm away from the tall, Fourth Wave matriarch. She kicked and was free. She got to her feet and staggered, naked, toward the dugout.

"Fiddlesticks." Mary looked at Maureen and Judy. Maureen shrugged. "Some help, Heather?"

The dark-skinned woman was still in her baseball uniform, sitting casually and watching with interest. "I thought you'd never ask." Heather jumped up from her chair, and jogged over to Zinnia, catching her around the waist before the Mormon wife could reach the foul line. "Calm down. Shhhh." Heather found the small woman to be quite strong, but uncoordinated. "Ow. Watch the elbows."

"Alrighty then." Mary stood, released both her breasts, and walked toward the struggling women. "Are you able to help, Gail?"

"Yeeessshhhhhh." Gail lurched to her feet and shuffled toward them.

The will to resist grew with each second for Zinnia. She pushed at Heather and broke free, but ran right into her sister, who held her fast. Her speech returned to her. "Gail ... Gail ... we have to get ... out of here. They want to ... change us. I saw it ... I saw it ... they tempted me with rapture. We have to warn Dale ... and James. Gail?"

"Hurry, Mrs. Winthrop. I ... can't hold her much longer." Gail locked her arms around Zinnia and soon Heather joined her.

Zinnia could see Mary's massive breasts move toward her, topped by dark nipples. She knew what they planned. "I will not drink. You can't make me accept a false sacrament. You can't ... mmmpppppphhhhhhh." When the warm milk hit her tongue, the struggle left her.

"There now. Shhhhhh. It's over." Mary looked down at the woman's tranquil face. She stroked Zinnia's hair. "Yes ... that's a good girl ... drink. I have more for you ... drink."

After a minute, Gail and Heather let go. Gail slumped to the turf. Heather went back to her lawn chair and sat down. Her hand moved between her legs.

"Now, sweetie. You wanted her from behind, right?" Mary looked over at her son. The Mormon hung in her arms, making happy grunted sounds as she drank.

"Yeah." Jacob nodded and moved toward them.

“Okay, that’s enough now.” With one finger, Mary tapped Zinnia’s cute, little nose and pulled her off her breast. She then carefully put Zinnia on her hands and knees, with a hand woven in her hair, just in case she decided to run again. But there was no more struggle in her.

“About what I said before, Mom. Can I call her that again?” Jacob got behind Zinnia, held her hips, and let his cock worm its way into her pussy. The mewling Zinnia cried out when he entered her. He slowly slid in, getting her used to her new life.

“The b-word? You can call her what you like, so long as she enjoys it. You are her husband now, and must shield her as you guide her through the tempest’s gale.” Mary shrugged. She gave him a sharp look as she stood up. “But I am your wife *and* mother.”

“Understood, Mom. I won’t call you that.” Jacob smiled. “Thanks.” He let his hips get into it. Pretty soon, he had a good rhythm. “You like that, bitch?”

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... yessssssssss.” Zinnia dug her fingers into the grass, pushing her butt back at him. This was unlike any sex she had ever imagined. It was scarcely the same act she had with her husband in their little bed with the lights off. There was a penis and her vagina, but nothing else was the same. Actually, the penis part was entirely new. This was not Dale’s in any way, shape, or form. It searched for weak points inside her and exploited them. It was like she’d been coupled with a new species. Or a god. Or God. “Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... oooohhhhhhhhhh.” Even her vagina was not the same as with Dale. She could feel it stretching and changing to accept Jacob. This sex was an entirely novel act.

“I asked ... uh ... uh ... you a question.” Jacob slipped a finger into her butthole and continued to pound her pussy. “Do ... you ... like ... that ... bitch?”

“It’s ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... good ... so ... good ... oooohhhhhhhh ... mmmmyyyyyyyyyyy.” Zinnia’s orgasm wasn’t like the one from before, but it still swept her mind away.

Gail sat up and watched her sister become a member of their new church. Jacob got his feet under him and squatted behind her, smashing into Zinnia with complete abandon. Gail wondered why he had never called her the b-word. At first, she was grateful. But then she saw how overcome they were by the joy of their act, and she grew jealous. If he wanted bitches, Gail would be the first to sign up. As she listened to Zinnia repeatedly call herself a “bitch” at Jacob’s insistence, Gail knew that maybe she would have to be the second to sign up.

It wasn’t the most formal twofold baptism, but Mary was happy with the results. Her son blessed the new woman with his seed in her womb not once but twice. He then took Gail and emptied himself inside her, too. The sisters left the holopark, clutching each other tightly, to clean and return to their bygone husbands. The other women pouted some, expressing their need in various ways, but they dispersed to their various tasks after Jacob thanked them for attending the baptism and promised them each some time with him very soon. Mary had her own promises to keep. She had to return Jacob to Pricilla and relieve her daughter of her duties.

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"What's the news, Deputy Inspector?" Tabitha slumped into the seat at her workstation. She was late again, her hair messy and her uniform creased with uncharacteristic wrinkles. She sipped her coffee and made a face at its bitterness.

"The Errand into the Wilderness began refueling this morning." Deputy Pam Habenal eyed her superior with some concern.

"What?" Tabitha's eyes went wide. She couldn't let them leave without ... arresting Jacob Winthrop. An image played in her mind of the young man completely shackled and at her mercy. For some reason, he was naked and she was reaching for his ...

"Inspector General?" Pam furrowed her brow.

"Yes?"

"I asked if you wanted fact or supposition." Pam leaned back in her chair and summoned her keyboard. It floated in the air before her.

"Both, please."

"They're paying in stellarcoin." Pam typed in a command and waved her hand. A chart floated in the space between them. "But I don't know the source. We suspect that they brought none, so as you instructed, I counted every guest visit and estimated money spent for food and holopark time. If that is their only source of income, they should have enough for about two-thirds their fuel needs. For a ship that size, the process takes ... um ..."

"About forty-two hours." Tabitha had done the math.

"Right. So, maybe they're starting with the first two-thirds, and then they'll finish when they have the coin. Or maybe they have some other source. I'm not sure." Pam shrugged.

"Go down to the portmaster and see what he'll tell you."

"I'll need a warrant for that information." Pam stood and collected her things.

"Ask him nicely, I'll see about the warrant later."

"If we have evidence that something illegal is going on, we could stop the refueling right now." Pam was usually in the loop with her boss, but this time she could tell Tabitha was holding back.

"We don't have any evidence yet." That wasn't true. Tabitha had witnessed some sort of genetic modification and maybe a new drug in use on the Errand. If so, it was a drug that made a woman masturbate multiple times a day. "Go. And report back to me as soon as you can."

"Yes, Inspector General." Pam nodded and left the room.

Tabitha grabbed her bag and headed for the bathroom. She needed to explore the fantasy where she had Jacob Winthrop at her mercy.

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"There you are." Pricilla set down her tray of empty glasses on a nearby table when Jacob and her mother returned. She practically skipped through the crowded room over to her brother, took his hand, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Everything good here?" Mary surveyed the room, looking for anything unusual. Her eyes fell on the Mormons.

"Where are our wives?" Dale called over to Jacob. He could not understand why Zinnia hadn't returned with her guide.

"They'll be arriving shortly." Mary caught Penny's eye as she raced by with a tray. "More milk for this table." Penny nodded and disappeared back into the kitchen.

"Okay." Dale relaxed and gave James a lazy smile. "They'll be back shortly."

"All normal in the mess." Priscilla wanted to get the conversation over with and leave. "Although, we are a bit understaffed." She smiled at Humility rushing by with fresh food.

"Okay, I'll take over." Mary nodded to her daughter. "Thank you for keeping an eye on things."

"You're welcome, Mother." Pricilla curtsied. "Okay, come on Jacob, let's get a room." She smacked his butt and pulled him by the hand toward the exit. A couple nearby patrons turned their attention to the strange display of affection, but then shrugged and went back to their milk.

Out in the empty corridor, Jacob felt free to talk. "What's the rush? We slept in the same bed all night."

"It gets me worked up when you have one of those ceremonies. And to know you're having one, while I'm doing something stupid like waiting on tables ..." Pricilla squeezed his hand. "Aren't you happy that I want you?"

"Yes. For sure." Jacob had to quicken his step as she dragged him along. "I can tell you all about the baptism if you want."

"I've got something better." Pricilla turned a wicked smile toward her brother. "Mom recorded it. I want us to watch the vid while we're doing it."

Jacob laughed. "Okay. That sounds like fun."

"But tell me, did the new wife try and run?"

"Yes, she did." Jacob was now jogging to keep up with his sister.

"And did you catch her?"

"I let the ladies handle that." Jacob laughed again. "Also, I called her a bad word, and Mom let me."

It was Pricilla's turn to laugh. "Mom didn't 'let' you, Jacob. You're the Messiah. You do as you please."

They arrived at their quarters and raced inside.

As they undressed, Jacob thought about his sister's words. She was right. He really could do as he pleased. And at the moment, it pleased him to hump his sister. While she was still removing her uniform, he grabbed her and tossed her onto the bed. He mounted her. They were both laughing wildly. But that abruptly ended when he entered her butt, and they both started grunting.

Chapter 28

"Would have been nice to have a warrant, but I flattered the portmaster into talking. I now know more about the Errand's refueling process than just about anyone on Tigov 19." Pam stood up straight by her boss's desk. The inspector general looked tired and maybe a little dazed. "Well ... do you want to hear what I found out?"

"Yes, Deputy Habenal." Tabitha blinked her eyes and tried to focus. She had been daydreaming about Jacob Winthrop again. It was an insidious habit she couldn't seem to break.

"They paid for the full load. So, they must have an extra source of income. Off-the-books trading, if you ask me." Pam leaned against the cubicle wall and watched Tabitha closely. "I thought you might jump up and say 'Eureka' or something like that."

"Eureka." Tabitha thrust a finger in the air in a half-hearted exclamation. "So, a day and a half until they're fueled, give or take?"

"Yes. And while I know that isn't enough for a warrant, I request permission to board the ship and investigate as much as I can without rousing too much ..." Pam's words faded away when she saw the alarmed expression on Tabitha's face. "What is it, Inspector General?"

"I don't want you boarding that ship under any circumstances. Is that clear?" Tabitha rubbed her sleeves and shivered. "I'll go. I'll question Jacob Winthrop about the refueling. We'll see what they're hiding."

Pam's eyes narrowed. "Why *him*, specifically? He's a teenager. Mary Winthrop seems to be in charge." Her boss had been acting so strange lately.

"Oh ... I ... um ..." Tabitha stood up and collected her things, avoiding her deputy's eyes. "I have a hunch. I'll take care of this. I'll let you know what I find." As she hustled about the office, she couldn't help seeing that writhing, rippling, oozing penis in her mind's eye. The organ of the Messiah.

"Goodbye, Inspector General." Pam rubbed the back of her neck and shrugged.

Tabitha waved a hand at Pam and walked out the door. She pulled up a screen floating in front of her and checked on the location of Gail Estes. She found that she and her husband were on board the Errand. She cursed her own cowardice that she had left Gail to the devices of the Winthrops. It was her job to protect the people of Tigov 19, and the young Mormon wife was clearly in danger. Was *danger* really the word for it? Tabitha thought of the ecstasy she had seen written on Gail's face when she'd caught her riding Jacob in the holopark. Tabitha's vagina gushed. She was so confused.

Making a swift turn, she changed course for her apartment. Her husband was still at work. She would be able to masturbate undisturbed there. After she'd gotten the pent-up energy out of her system, she would head to the Errand. Any thoughts of saving Gail were on hold.

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When Tabitha arrived in the mess hall, she was herself a mess. Her wrinkled uniform bunched in places, her hair stuck out of her braid, and her eyes darted all about the room. This was the first time she'd been on board since her ... *interrogation* of Jacob. She spotted a table of Mormons and walked up to them. Gail was not among them. She spotted the woman's husband. "Where is your wife, James? I need to speak with her right away. She's in ..." Tabitha almost said "danger" but thought better of it. "She's in the ship somewhere, right?"

"Good afternoon, Inspector." James's speech was slow and drawn out. He was almost slurring his words. "Gail and Zinnia went off like they do." He gestured his hands vaguely. "They're with their friend, Mr. Winthrop. You wouldn't believe how much Gail talks about him at home. Jacob this, and Jacob that. You'd think he was the new plasma disk."

Dale laughed. "Zinnia too. Everything's been about Jacob Winthrop the last few days. He said this wise thing. He showed me that amazing scene in the holopark." Dale shook his head and chuckled.

"Wait ... Gail is with her sister and Jacob right now?" Tabitha was more than flustered. She felt hot, queasy, and excited. She prayed her stiff nipples weren't showing through her uniform. That had never been a problem before the Errand, but recently she was constantly worried about it.

"Yes, they always go on their visits together now. It's safer that way," Dale explained slowly.

Tabitha bit her lip. She wanted to scream at them. *What fools!* How could they not see what had happened to their wives? What was happening to those poor women that very minute? "Oh, dear." Tabitha leaned forward and braced herself on the table. She couldn't get the image of Gail's ecstasy out of her mind. How could they all be acting so normal when those women were going through God knows what?

"Are you okay, Inspector General?" Maureen Henderson moved up next to Tabitha with her massive belly and a look of concern on her face.

"I demand to speak to Jacob Winthrop at once." Tabitha put on her best scowl and turned to the intrepid adventurer. What were the Hendersons doing on that ship? And where was John Henderson?

"I'm afraid he's busy." Maureen made eye contact with Penny. Her daughter put down her tray and moved closer.

"Take me to him," Tabitha said through clenched teeth.

"I can't." Maureen gave her an apologetic smile.

"I must speak with Mary then." Tabitha wouldn't let this go. She didn't know what she was doing, but she needed something to happen. A dam inside her was bursting.

"She's in the brig escorting Marsden Cole on his visit with his wife." Maureen could see the woman was cracking, but she didn't know why. They had to be very careful here. The refueling would take a while yet and they couldn't afford to get on the wrong side of the law. "Perhaps if you come back tomorrow –"

"Now." Tabitha stomped her foot. Several people turned their heads to regard her. "I need answers now. Where is Jacob's father? Can you take me to him? Where is your husband? Are there no other men

awake on this ship? I saw a room with bunks once ... there were men there ... were there not men? I mean ... I deduced that men slept ... like my husband sleeps ... I could tell." She sounded like a crazy person, even to herself.

"Calm down, Inspector." Maureen nodded to Penny and they quickly escorted the raving Tabitha toward the exit. "Sorry for the disturbance folks. Too much milk. We're cutting her off." That got some laughs. People went back to their food and conversations.

"What's wrong with her, Mom?" Penny followed Maureen out into the corridor. A moment later, Judy and Pricilla joined them. That left only Heather to serve back in the mess.

"I don't know, Penny." Maureen frowned. She cocked her head at Tabitha. "What can we do for you, Inspector? We want to cooperate as much as possible."

"I demand to see Jacob. I demand it." Tabitha's body stiffened.

"Check out her headlights," Judy whispered to Pricilla.

"What was that?" Tabitha glared at them.

"Nothing." Judy shrugged sheepishly and held her huge belly.

"I must speak with Jacob now. It's urgent." Tabitha looked around at the group. She recognized their patronizing expressions as the sort usually reserved for people in her custody. "Now ... dammit."

Maureen's face relaxed. She recognized the look of longing in the woman's face. They weren't in any danger. How had Jacob not told them that he'd claimed a new wife? "I understand, Mrs. Kensington. Would you mind waiting for him for a few minutes?" Maureen escorted Tabitha down the hall to empty quarters that would serve their purposes well.

"I ... can only wait ... a short time." Tabitha breathed like she'd sprinted down the corridor.

"It won't be long." Maureen opened the door and showed Tabitha in. "Please make yourself comfortable." There was a sofa, two armchairs, a bed, and a delightful view out the window of the spacecraft in the next slip.

A sudden thought hit Tabitha. "Don't lock the door. It is illegal to —"

"Don't worry." Maureen's smile broadened. "It's me, Maureen Henderson. Would I ever imprison an inspector general? You can leave at any time."

"Thank you." Tabitha went to a chair, sat down, and bounced her leg.

Maureen closed the door. "Well, that gave me quite a shock."

"Mom!" Penny pointed at Maureen's crotch. "I think the shock broke your water."

All eyes went to the front of Maureen's uniform.

"Oh my. Let's get you to the delivery room." Pricilla came up on one side of Maureen and offered her arm for support.

"Yes, I think that's best." For a long time, Maureen had thought she would have no more children. She had been so sure of it. And yet, here she was.

"This is so exciting, Mom." Penny came up on the other side.

"It's happening!" Judy was too big to offer physical support, so she followed them offering encouragement.

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"Yeah, Lil. I love the way ... ugh ... you ride me. You're such ... a little bundle ... of energy." Jacob smiled up at Humility. They were humping in Humility's bed. He supposed it used to be Mason's, but not anymore.

"I might be ... uh ... uh ... uh ... short. But I'm not so ... little ... anymore." Humility cupped her heavy boobs to prevent them from flopping on her chest. "You've changed ... me ... with this second ... adult ... puberty ..." She had been heavily researching the second puberty and its effect on the women aboard the Errand for a time. She'd had narrowed the cause down to Jacob, but she couldn't remember the science behind it now. The problem lost its urgency. She no longer spent her time trying to understand the divine.

Naked, Gail sat with her legs spread on a nearby chair, her vagina leaking sperm. The fingers in her sacred space made a squishing noise as she pumped herself. Mouth hanging open, she stared at the mating couple. Jacob's powers never ceased to amaze her.

Still wearing her everyday dress, Zinnia stood next to her sister also watching the lascivious display. She bit her lower lip so hard it would leave a mark. She could see Humility's round ass rippling and shaking. The wide penis stretching her was also on display. She could see its lower half pulsing and moving about as it sought out secrets deep inside that Fourth Wave vagina. Jacob's testicles had been so blue before Gail had emptied them. Now they looked pink. His balls looked almost normal but for their size and the fact they were pulsing in cadence with his penis.

"Did you ever ride ... Mason ... like this?" Jacob took hold of her wide hips and slammed Humility on his dick.

"Nooooooooooooo ... he ... never ... ooooohhhhhhhhhhhh." Humility let Jacob take control of her. Whether she was above or below, he always seemed to take matters into his own hands during sex.

"Who's Mason?" Zinnia whispered to her sister.

"Jacob's brother." Gail looked up at her sister's shocked expression. Strange that anything could still surprise Zinnia.

"Oh ... right." Zinnia remembered hearing about him. He had tried to throw Jacob out an airlock. "Oh ... my. And Lil is his ... wife."

"Not anymore." Gail went back to watching Jacob pulverize Humility from below.

"What ... ugh ... do you think of all other men ... but me?" Jacob was about ready to blow. He was balancing on the edge of release, pushing himself higher by the confessions he drew out of Humility.

"Oooooohhhhhh ... gosh ... worthless ... uh ... uh ... uh ... they're all ... worthless." Humility was ready for the bliss of his semen.

"You're my bitch ... now ... Lil." Jacob let himself fall over the edge of his climax.

Humility still chafed at someone calling her the b-word, but if the Messiah wanted to use it, she would give him what he wanted. "Yessssssss."

"I'm your bitch, too," Gail called out helpfully.

Zinnia raised her hand to be included as well.

"Cumming ... Lil." Jacob erupted, jerking up into the short, round woman.

"Oh ... gosh ..." Zinnia watched those heavy balls contract like they were pumping gallons of stuff up into Humility. She knew he made an unnatural amount, but maybe not gallons. She listened to Humility squeal and whine like she was some sort of mentally impaired sloth. When he was done, Jacob tossed her off him onto the bed without ceremony. Zinnia could see the frothy mess on that massive penis made from her own sister's cream, among others. Jacob's eyes refocused on Zinnia.

"Are you ... ready?" Jacob's smile was slow and languid. His cock stood tall, twisting slightly.

Zinnia shook her head. "Could you ... maybe clean it off first?" She could still hear Humility making those humiliating sounds next to Jacob.

"Really?" Jacob laughed. "You want it ... clean. You ... come here ... and clean it ... with your tongue." He watched her slowly stand, staring at the task before her. She looked like he'd asked her to fly to Sagittarius A and make small talk with the singularity.

"It's okay." Gail paused her work on her vagina so that her sister might take her more seriously. She tried for a reassuring smile. "You'll grow to like it. I promise. And when he's inside you ... well, you know how it is ... it's all worth it. Just listen to Humility. It's quite literally heaven. Take off your clothes and go to him."

"What about Dale? I worry that he won't want me anymore. Or maybe ... I'll stop desiring him." She eyed Jacob nervously, not knowing how he would react to the mention of her husband.

"Dale who?" Gail giggled. "You won't even remember your husband in a few minutes."

"Okay." Zinnia nodded. Her sister was right. She began removing her dress.

"No, keep your cute, little Mormon dress on." Jacob had his hands behind his head, watching the sisters closely.

"Oh ... um ... I can't get it stained." Zinnia's gaze fell to the messy penis she was about to clean.

"Please, Jacob. Let her take it off." Gail didn't want Dale getting suspicious. "We don't want any trouble on the station."

"Fine." Jacob shrugged. "Take it off and get over here. But if you're going to be naked, you'll have to ask me for what you want."

"Oh ... um ..." Zinnia hurriedly removed her clothes before Jacob could change his mind. She was about to hand them to her sister, but then remembered she had been splattered with Jacob's stuff. She tossed them onto an unoccupied chair. "Well ... Jacob ... I want your penis." She walked toward the bed, covering her small breasts with her arm. She climbed between his legs and stuck out her tongue. She hesitated near that giant penis, unsure if she could go through with her task. But the thing suddenly swung her way and the head of it smacked against her tongue. The combined cum of two ladies and Jacob was salty and pungent, but not bad. Zinnia licked it. Then licked again with more confidence. Her little tongue traced the veins zigzagging from top to bottom. When she was satisfied with her work, she bent lower and cleaned the cum that had dribbled onto his balls.

"Whose dick do you want?" Jacob hated to break her concentration, but she seemed mostly finished with her work.

"Yours?" Zinnia sat up and furrowed her eyebrows in confusion.

"Whose?" Jacob persisted.

"The Messiah's penis ... may the New Apostles forgive me." Zinnia squatted on top of him and let the penis open her. "I do want it ... I want it so ... badly ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh." Jacob's marvelous thing slid all the way inside her, immediately finding her weak spots. Her hips took off on their own like a runaway horse. "Ohhhhhhhh ... gosh. It's ... good. The Messiah's ... penis ... is ... ugh ... ugh ... goooooood."

"That's a good bitch." Jacob slapped her small boob. "Your bygone husband would ... ah ... ah ... be so proud if ... he could see you ... riding me right now. What's his name ... Dale?"

"Yeeessssssss." Electricity shot through Zinnia's nerves.

"Tell Dale ... that you're my bitch ... and that you ... ugh ... hope he's proud of you." Jacob laughed at the look of confusion, vexation, and lust on her face.

"What?" Zinnia thought she must have not heard him correctly.

"Say it now ... or we ... stop." Jacob smacked her other boob.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... okay ..." She rode him harder. "Dale ... dear ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I'm the Messiah's ... bitch ... now ... I ... ugh ... ugh ... hope you're ... proud of meeeeeeeeeee." Her orgasm seized her, and she convulsed on top of Jacob. She rode him hard for a good long while.

Having recovered from taking Jacob's seed, Humility climbed off the wildly bouncing bed and leaned her arm against Gail's chair. "Aren't they beautiful, Gail?"

"Yesssss." Gail was fingering herself with one hand and rubbing her clit with the other. She came. When she recovered, she looked up to see Humility's massive breasts dangling next to her. "Sometimes ... I can't believe ... this is real."

"I know the feeling. But look at you." Humility reached down and gently shook the woman's boob. It wobbled on her chest. "These are real. And so are your hips. You've filled out so much over the last few weeks."

Gail should have been embarrassed, but the warmth of pride joined her postorgasmic buzz. And then something else ... her stomach turned. "I have. I know ... it's magical ... and ... and ... excuse me." While her sister rode Jacob on the bed, Gail stood and sprinted to the bathroom. She found the toilet and retched.

"The Lord's blessings are plentiful." Humility followed her to the bathroom door and watched the poor woman throw up. "Our family is expanding. Praise the bounty He lavishes upon us." Behind her, Jacob growled and Zinnia screamed. Soon, Humility could hear Zinnia's gurgled whimpers. Jacob had seeded her. There were more babies on the way.

A little while later, as the four of them were dressing, the computer spoke up. "Excuse me, Member Winthrop. You are wanted in Delivery Room 3C. Maureen Henderson has started labor."

"Wow, okay." Jacob gave Humility a thumbs up. "Come on, Lil. It's showtime." He turned to Gail and Zinnia. "You two can find your way back to your bygone husbands on your own, right?"

"Yes, Jacob," the sisters said together.

"Great. See you later." He turned and dashed out of the room with Humility right behind him.

~~

Mary got the news while still watching over the brig. She didn't have time to escort Marsden off the ship. She wanted to be there for her friend, Maureen. She frowned and thought about it. Maybe she shouldn't have been so quick to dismiss the robot's help.

"I have to step out for a little while, Mr. Cole. I'll give you some extra time with Dr. Cole." Mary put her hands on her hips, trying to look imposing when Marsden turned to look at her. "I'll lock the door behind me. Treat this ship with respect, or I'll send the Hendersons' robot after you. Understood?"

"Of course." Marsden waved a dismissive hand at the woman.

Mary hesitated a second more and then rushed out of the brig, making sure Errand locked Marsden in. She jogged off toward the delivery room.

~~

What was taking so long? Tabitha paced the bedroom where she waited. Was Jacob really claiming both Mormon women at that very moment? Tabitha would have some very stern questions for him. She had been there hours already. And she hadn't even tested the door. Maureen had said it was unlocked but ... could she be trusted? Tabitha berated herself for her stupidity. They had imprisoned her. She was stuck on the ship. Would she ever see her sweet Ezra again?

When she approached the door, she made the universal open motion. Tabitha sighed with relief when it slid back and showed the corridor beyond. She peeked her head out. Freedom. She could explore the ship. Maybe uncover more secrets ... or ... she could wait for Jacob. The young man was coming to her, but only if she was there to receive him. The nineteen-year-old Messiah wanted to see her. She stepped back into the quarters and the door closed behind her. She sat in a chair to patiently wait.

~~

"She's beautiful." Jacob sat on the side of the delivery bed, looking down at his newest daughter. "Can I hold her?"

"Of course." Maureen, all smiles despite what she'd just been through, handed their daughter to Jacob. Jacob beamed with pride. He looked over at Judy and Penny. "Say hello to your sisters," he told the baby.

"Aaawwwwwwww." Judy sat with her hands on her big belly, a wide grin on her face.

"She's darling." Penny stepped up and wiped Maureen's forehead with a cool washcloth. "How do you feel, Mom?"

"About the same I did nineteen years ago with you." Maureen sighed. "I'm so happy we're all together." For the briefest moment the comment made her bygone husband pop into her head. A faint feeling of guilt hit her, and then John's face left her mind and she took a deep breath. "Everything's all right. It's all okay." She nodded to herself and fondled the cross around her neck. When the door opened and Mary stepped in, Maureen's smile returned. "Hello, Mary. Come meet your newest granddaughter."

"Oh, my. Isn't she precious?" Mary's smile shone like a thousand suns. "Our blessings do not stop!"

~~

"Stop, Marsden. Stop." Dr. Cole stumbled down the corridor, her bygone husband dragging her by the arm. "You're in danger. Put me back in the brig."

"I'm fucking rescuing you, sweetheart." Marsden had gone over the escape plan hundreds of times, and he knew the way out. A left up ahead, and then they'd curve around the bulkhead toward freedom.

"Stop. You're hurting the baby. Please?" Dr. Cole wasn't used to pleading, but he was putting her in an impossible situation.

"I'm ... what ...?" Marsden dropped her arm and turned around. For the first time since he'd pulled her from the brig, he looked her over. She was obviously pregnant. He had been in such a hurry to get her out of there, he had overlooked it. "I ... don't understand." He frowned. "Was that why ... the barrier

only showed your face? They were hiding this?" He tried to process the new information. His shoulders bunched, and he pounded the wall with his fist. "Who ... who did this to you?"

"Just leave, Marsden. And don't tell anyone what happened." She took a step back from him.

"Don't tell anyone? Are you insane? We're going to tell everyone. Starting with the inspector general." He moved to grab her arm again but paused when she recoiled from him. "What have they done to you? It's me. Your husband. You've worked all these years to come back to me, remember?"

Dr. Cole shook her head. "No ... no ... Jacob brought us here. I had a chance and didn't take it. You're wrong. This is all wrong." Her eyes widened when a door silently slid open behind him. She understood what the ship wanted. "Please, just leave and promise you'll stay quiet."

"We're getting the fuck off this horrible ship." Marsden reached for his wife, but came up empty when she spun away from him. He was off-balance for a second, and then she pushed him with all her force. He stumbled back and fell. A door closed in front of him. "What's this?" He slowly stood and looked around him. He was in a small closet, it seemed. No, that wasn't right ... there was a door behind him. He pounded on the window facing his wife. Once again, they were separated by a barrier, and he could only see her face. She was weeping. A chill ran down his spine. His wife never cried. "Open up." He pounded on the window.

"I'm sorry, Marsden. I am so sorry." Dr. Cole wiped tears from her eyes and lifted her hand to the control panel. "I warned you. I tried to warn you."

"Let me out of here! Please, Elizabeth. Open the door." For the first time, Marsden felt real fear. Something had gone very wrong with his plan. "I don't want to —" With a whoosh, the door behind him opened and the vacuum of space silenced anything else he had to say.

Dr. Cole turned her head. She couldn't bear to watch her bygone husband float out into the docks. Sobs overcame her, and she slumped down to the corridor floor.

~~

Tabitha checked the time. Her husband would be home by now. Would he think something horrible had happened to her if she didn't check in? Should she check in? Her confidence seemed to have evaporated. Easy questions had become hard. She stood, deciding to leave. It had been a foolish thing for her to board the Errand. Did she think one of her fantasies would really happen? Even if that was a possibility, all the more reason to leave. It was one thing to pretend, but to actually cheat on Ezra? She couldn't go through with such a thing. It was time to leave. She walked toward the door, but it opened on its own before she could get there.

"I'm so sorry to keep you waiting, Inspector General." Jacob strolled into the room. All the joy of new fatherhood was written on his face.

"Oh ... Mr. Winthrop." Tabitha stopped in her tracks, her face suddenly hot, and her pulse beating in her ears. She smoothed out her wrinkled uniform with her hands. "I ... um ... I ... well ..."

"You've been waiting a long time to ask me some questions." Jacob found a nearby chair, sat with his legs crossed, and pointed his index finger at her. He cocked his thumb and dropped it in an old-fashioned parody of a gunshot. "Shoot."

"You are ... um ... well ... I'm ... you see." Tabitha couldn't collect her thoughts. Her gaze moved down to where something large wriggled under his uniform. Her panties were soaked. She tried to adjust her uniform around them.

"You seem a bit tongue-tied, Inspector." Jacob slowly unzipped his uniform. "Perhaps there's something you would like to inspect before continuing the interview?"

Tabitha slowly nodded. Her fantasies were coming true. She watched the massive cock writhe into view as Jacob pulled down his uniform. It was pinker than the last time she'd seen it. She definitely remembered it having a bluish tinge. But it did wave back and forth like last time, defying the way such an organ should move. She felt almost seasick watching it. Her legs trembled. "What ... are you going to do ... Jacob?"

Jacob laughed. "That's a dumb question, Mrs. Kensington. I'm going to sit here. What are you going to do?"

Tabitha shook her head. But she knew. There wasn't a shadow of a doubt. She was going to touch it. The whole rest of the world could go to hell ... she was going to hold the pulsing, veiny thing in her hands.

Chapter 29

"Why ... am I doing this?" Tabitha fell to her knees in front of Jacob. She stretched trembling fingers toward the pulsing organ.

"Because it's the best cock you've ever seen." Jacob laced his fingers behind his head and smiled.

"No, it's not." Tabitha sucked in her breath when her hand came in contact with his hot flesh. "It's horrid. They've done something terrible to you, Mr. Winthrop." She squeezed his penis experimentally. A thrill went through her. "Drugs. It must be some sort of targeted drug. It makes women ... go crazy." Even knowing this was not enough to pull herself out of Jacob's gravity. The cock writhed playfully in her grasp. It seemed to be trying to make her pump it.

"We don't do drugs, Inspector. We believe in purity. That's one of the reasons we fled the heathens on Earth." Jacob enjoyed how tentative and careful she was being with her hands. But he would need her to step up her game at some point. "Why don't you put your other hand on it?"

Without thinking, Tabitha complied. He was oozing so much clear fluid from his head that it dripped down onto her hands, coating her ring. "Are you ...?" Memories of his orgasm from her botched interrogation came flooding back to her. He had sprayed a geyser onto her. What was flowing from him now was nothing compared to that. This was just his precum. "What did they ... do to you?" Her face inched closer and closer to the penis. It calmed in her hands, like it didn't want to spook her. "You poor thing." She realized she was steadily pumping him. When had she started doing that?

"Are you going to put this in your report, Mrs. Kensington?" Jacob recognized the crazed look in her eyes. He was going to hump her before she left the ship. He was quite confident he'd have a new wife within a few days. Maybe a week, tops. And with the inspector general in their fold, he could leave the ship. The women of Tigov 19 would be ripe for the harvest.

"No ... report ..." Tabitha stuck out her tongue and licked the clear goo off his penis. Electric sparks shot through her nerves. She shivered. "If I do this ... can I count on your discretion?" She looked up into his grinning face. It was clear to her that he'd understood her meaning. She was offering a blowjob in exchange for his silence on the matter.

"My wives have a right to know." Jacob shrugged.

"Your wives?" Tabitha didn't understand. Did he mean the Mormon wives he had bedded? She continued pumping him with her hands.

"Sure. The Messiah must have wives. I'm spreading His word through seed."

"Are there women I haven't yet met?" Tabitha tried to concentrate.

"You've met them all." Jacob put his hand on top of her head. "But I'm getting bored. Let's see how you suck."

"I ... um ..." Tabitha had never been spoken to that way. And certainly not since she had become the inspector general. Everyone had treated her with dignity and respect. At least when she wasn't arresting

them. But she allowed this nineteen-year-old to maneuver her mouth onto his wide, oozing cockhead. Her body shook with more shivers as she tasted his precum. She gave Ezra oral on special occasions, but she knew this would be different. The size was one thing, for sure. But more than that, Jacob's penis responded to her tongue, playing with her. Oral sex was now a two-person dance, rather than a simple pleasuring of her man. She returned the cock's kiss and bobbed her head a little when Jacob encouraged her with his hand.

"If only the people of Tigov 19 could see their inspector general now." Jacob sighed. She looked so pretty with her face contorted around his dick. "You look like a squirrel in a winter panic."

"Mmppppphhhhhhh." She thought back to the last time she'd had this penis in her mouth. She had been coming down from the most amazing pleasure. With a taste of Jacob's cum she had experienced perfect rapture. She wanted the teenager to shut up and orgasm so she could find that magical bliss again. She bobbed her head faster and pumped harder with her hands on the bottom of his shaft.

"Have you ever seen a squirrel, Mrs. Kensington?" It thrilled Jacob when she looked up at him. They made eye contact. Her eyes bulged with a wonderful desperate quality. "I suppose you've probably always lived on this station. They are ... ugh ... the most ridiculous hoarders. Always desperate for nuts. Just like you. Desperate ... for nut."

Tabitha reached up, pushed his hand off her head, and popped her mouth off his penis. "If you want me to keep going, shut up." Without waiting for a response, she took his penis back past her lips.

"Mmmpppppphhhhhhh," she said for emphasis.

"Yes, ma'am." Jacob liked her. She was so different from his other wives. How wonderful that God had put her on his path. He let her blow him in silence for a good long while. Her slurps, moans, and occasional gags were the only sound in the room. Eventually, he was ready. "I'm ... going to cum ... Mrs. Kensington."

"Mmmpppphhhhhhh." Tabitha squeezed his cock tighter with her fingers. Just as his grunting neared its crescendo, her communicator chimed in her pocket. She ignored it, praying that it wasn't Ezra. He would be wondering why she wasn't home. A surge of guilt hit her. This was the last time she would put herself in such a position. She was faithful. It wasn't her fault. She was sure it was some sort of drug that ...

"Mmmpppppppphhhhhhh." Tabitha's body went rigid and her mind went blank when the first splash of hot, salty stuff hit the back of her mouth. It was even better than she remembered. Her mind surrendered to pure ecstasy.

"Aaaahhhhhhhh." Jacob watched her suck down a couple gulps and then pitch sideways, his cock popping out of her mouth. Stiff as a board, she hit the floor and made those familiar stupid gurgles and moans. He pumped his dick with his hands once she let go and continued spraying. A few more pumps and his cock finished erupting. His newest woman still lay delirious at his feet. "No time ... like the ... present," he panted.

From a faraway place, Tabitha felt herself being moved. She could hear the zipper of her uniform. She blinked. She was in her panties and bra, Jacob's giant cock swinging back and forth above her belly.

"Wwwwwwwaaaiit. Wwwwwwwweee caaaaaaan't do tthhissssssss." He was going to put it inside her, and in her present state, she was going to let him.

"Quiet down ... Mrs. Kensington. It's even better when it's inside. You'll see that we're all one with Him." Jacob pulled down her panties but was surprised when she firmly pulled them back up. Women weren't supposed to do that. "Just as Christ ... shields the church ... I will shield you ... from the tempest's gale." He was still breathing hard from his orgasm. He kneeled between her legs and waited for her to allow him access to her pussy. Her comm went off again.

"Ezra!" Tabitha wriggled on the floor toward her stained uniform and pulled the communicator out of her pocket. She caught Jacob's eye. He was watching her with an amused expression, like she was some sort of lost puppy. Anger welled up in her. Tabitha Kensington was not any kind of puppy. She looked at the chiming comm. It wasn't Ezra. It was Pam. She put her finger to her lips. When Jacob shrugged and nodded to show her he understood, she answered. "Yes, Pam. I'm here." What would Pam have thought if she knew that "here" meant lying on the floor in her underwear with cum dripping down her chin?

"You need to come in right away. We just pulled in a dead body from the slips." Pam sounded unusually high-strung.

"Okay, I'll be there in a couple hours. I have some things ... to do." Tabitha looked at Jacob's penis. It was still huge and pulsing. Maybe she could coax one more orgasm out of him with her mouth. That would be the last one. Then she could return to work.

"You need to come in now. It's what we talked about. Marsden Cole is dead." Pam waited. "Tabitha ... are you there? Link the vid. I want to talk face-to-face."

"No ... no vid ... right now." Tabitha stood and shrugged into her uniform. There was sperm on it. She picked up Jacob's clothes and wiped her uniform off with them. "I'll be there in a few minutes." She wiped her face.

"And what are your orders?" Pam said.

Jacob looked at her questioningly. He could only hear Tabitha's side of the conversation.

"Shut down the refueling. Lock down the Errand. I'm on board right now. I'll personally see that all the civilians are off the ship," she said in a rush, disconnecting before Pam could hear Jacob's protests.

"What the heck are you talking about?" Jacob stood, too. His face was red with anger. "What are you doing?"

"My job." Tabitha regarded him. He looked almost comical with his furrowed brow, skinny body, and giant waving penis. Maybe the spell was broken. She prayed that it was. "And not a word to anyone of what happened here. If you speak of it, I'll deny everything and the Errand's situation will get a whole lot worse." She finished cleaning off her uniform, satisfied that it was passable. Finding her boots, she pulled them on without tying them.

"We didn't do anything. You can't possibly shut us off from the station." Jacob took a step toward her, saw the look on her face, and stepped back.

"Marsden Cole's corpse has been found floating outside one of your airlocks. I'm going to usher all Tigov citizens off this ship, and then we're going to have an investigation. I don't know what's going on. But I'm going to figure it out. And you, Jacob Winthrop, are at the center of it." Tabitha walked toward the exit, her eyes never leaving the naked teenager. When she was out in the corridor, she broke into a jog.

She was pretty sure she knew the way to the mess. It wasn't far. And from there, she could easily shepherd people off the Errand. She prayed that Gail and Zinnia were already in the mess or off the ship. She did not want to go looking for them.

~~

Jacob and his wives gathered around a long table. Jacob sat at one end, Mary at the other. The women were all talking over each other. Exasperation and worry filled the room. Only Mary sat calmly, her face expressionless and quiet.

"If we can just get few more hours of fuel, we can leave. She can't stop us," Pricilla said.

"But that's impossible. We can't take the fuel by force." Humility frowned, trying not to imagine violence. "We have to keep the babies hidden. We should cooperate as much as possible."

"We can't leave." Jacob glared from the head of the table. The women fell silent. "Both Gail and Zinnia are in the station. And the inspector general and I were hitting it off before this happened." He glanced toward Dr. Cole, who kept her eyes on the table. "Not to mention, there are more women to meet in the station. If we are going to spread His message, we can't sit on our hands."

"There are plenty more wives for you in the Errand's cryo, Jacob." Heather spoke in a hushed murmur.

Silence filled the room.

"Speaking of cryo. I think I've solved a big problem for us." Judy stood, holding her round belly. "We still have decades until we reach New Canaan. And it doesn't seem like we'll be staying here." She eyed Jacob, who sat and watched her keenly. "I can adapt your cryo pods so that every mother can sleep with her baby. To be exact, one pod could hold an adult and two babies with my modifications. As you all know, the cryo on our ship is different than yours. If I take ours apart, I can modify the Errand's pods to support everyone."

"We're not going back in cryo." Jacob folded his arms over his chest. "Life is to be lived ... now. I want access to the station."

"Well, then." Pricilla stood and gave her brother a dark look. "Why don't you patch things up with your girlfriend the inspector? Get her to restart the fueling and open our doors. All problems solved."

"Maybe I will." Jacob curled his lip at Pricilla.

"We will be patient for now." Mary stood and held a hand out in saintly fashion toward the table. "We will comply with whatever demands law enforcement makes of us, so long as it doesn't undermine our mission." She smiled at Jacob. "Now, we all have things to do. Go forth and be productive."

Dr. Cole stood and left quickly, quietly sobbing. The rest of the room slowly followed her out.

~~

"Oh, Jacob. I'm so sorry." When she saw her husband at the door to her quarters, Dr. Cole rushed into his arms. She let him wipe the tears off her cheeks. "I've put us all in danger."

"No, you did the right thing." Jacob kissed her tenderly. "That man wanted to take you away from me and from God. I would have spaced him, too."

"Oh, Jacob." She kissed him deeply. Marsden was gone. And here she was with her new husband. As they made out, their clothes came off. She knew she would do it all over again. Even if it was Marsden, she would allow nothing to come between her and Jacob. As she spread her legs for her teenage husband, she thanked God for placing her in that position. They fucked with a raw intensity and satisfaction that she had found with only one man. When he seeded her, she let her mind float into blissful oblivion.

Afterward, Jacob got dressed and watched Dr. Cole. Her tears had dried, and she had a half-smile on her face. "You know, whatever led you to this moment was His will." He zipped up his uniform. "Your destiny is with me. With the Errand. That means whatever happens to put you here is good. And whatever tries to take you away is bad."

"I was just thinking something similar." Dr. Cole might have put it more eloquently than her husband, but he was right. "It is my destiny to be with you, Jacob. Everything else is just noise." It hurt a little to realize her bygone husband was only noise. But it was true. Dr. Cole was exactly where she needed to be, looking up from her bed at the man she loved, leaking his sperm, and carrying his child.

~~

"I'm turning off the cameras. This conversation is not being recorded or viewed by anyone else." Tabitha forced a smile and looked at the two sisters. "Your husbands will never know ... as long as you cooperate and tell me everything." To Tabitha's trained eye, Gail looked steadfast, while Zinnia looked like she was about to crack. It was time to drop it on them. "I know you have both had an affair with Jacob Winthrop." She was only sure about Gail, actually. But when Zinnia burst into tears, she was more confident in her declaration. "Now tell me, what kind of drugs did he use on you? Did he lure you with promises of more?" Tabitha licked her lips, remembering the salty ecstasy from the day before.

"It's ... true ..." Zinnia sobbed. "I have ... made a mockery of my ... husband ... and Sagittarius A. I ... I ..."
The rest was unintelligible.

Tabitha handed a tissue to Zinnia and turned to her sister. "What about you, Mrs. Estes? Have you made a mockery, too?"

"I have." Gail nodded. She wasn't sure what exactly to tell this woman. But since she seemed to know it all already, the safest bet was to lay bare the truth. "But only because my husband and that silly black hole are worth mocking. There is no substance to them. And I'm not being flip. I was fed lies my whole life and now the truth has arrived aboard the Errand."

"What truth did they feed you?" Tabitha stepped over and patted Zinnia's shoulder, trying to quiet her. The sobbing was distracting.

Gail smirked. "I could see the whole universe through the eye of a needle. Nothing is more beautiful." She thought the inspector looked a little unsure of herself. That was odd, given everything she knew of the woman. "When can I board the Errand again? I want to ... imbibe in the mess."

"I am the only one who will be boarding the Errand now. All other ingress and egress have ended." Tabitha bent down and looked Zinnia in the eyes. "How did he administer the drug? Was it an injection? Pills? Do you have any of the pills in your —"

"You're jealous." Gail spoke over the inspector. How odd that she had the courage to talk that way to a woman with such power on the station. But Gail had been brave enough to try all sorts of new things recently. This was another gift from Jacob. "I see what you're doing. You've tasted him and now you want him all to yourself."

"I ... don't know what you're talking about." Tabitha stiffened.

"I can see it in your eyes, Mrs. Kensington." Gail pulled her sister closer to her, away from Tabitha.

Tabitha took a step back like she'd been slapped. "Call me Inspector Kensington." Could the woman really tell?

"He won't let you be greedy, Mrs. Kensington." Gail steepled her hands in prayer. "Just as the church serves our Lord and opens up to Him, I open to my new husband. Just as our Lord leads the church, and protects her in the tempest's gale, he will shield me from harm."

"Tell me about the drugs." Tabitha watched in horror.

Zinnia leaned her head on her sister's shoulder and muttered the words with her. "Just as the church serves our Lord and opens up to Him, I open to my new husband. Just as our Lord leads the church, and protects her in the tempest's gale, he will shield me from harm." Whatever the conflict inside her, her sister's strength lent itself to her. Together the sisters repeated the same words over and over, drowning out the inspector's questions.

Tabitha gave up trying to speak over them and tried to wait them out. But they continued droning on about the tempest and the shield and opening up to him. Eventually, she thought of something that might shut them up. "What about your husbands? Mr. Cole was tossed out of an airlock. Do you want the same thing to happen to them?"

Gail stopped her chanting and quieted her older sister. "Our bygone husbands will attend to him and be welcomed on New Canaan." Gail smiled triumphantly.

"Is that what you want for Dale?" Tabitha turned to Zinnia. She could see the doubt playing on the Mormon's face. "You want him to attend? I don't know what that is, but it doesn't sound good. Tell me about the drugs. Is there an antidote?"

Led by Gail, the Mormons picked up their chant again and refused to answer any more questions. Frustrated, Tabitha left them in the room and instructed her deputy to hold them until she got back.

~~

The search of Marsden Cole's apartment was every bit as depressing as Tabitha had expected. There was food on the floor, dirty clothes on the furniture, and pictures of his wife everywhere. He hadn't left much to hint at what he had planned for the Errand. But when Tabitha pried open a locked drawer, she found a design for a master key. Someone had gone through the trouble of printing the design on actual paper. She sat in the empty, smelly apartment and pored over it.

They had recovered a little blue box from Marsden Cole's pocket. He had found a way to perform an emergency override on the Errand's doors. And if that was the case, why hadn't the idiot let himself out of the airlock before it opened on the wrong side? Tabitha shook her head. The rest of her search didn't turn up anything useful. But she would make a point of retrieving the blue box from evidence.

~~

"I don't understand why you can't bring in an armed team to search the ship. Why the pretense?" Ezra spun his coffee mug slowly in a circle on the table. "Why not bring them all off the ship and interview them on the station?"

"I can't do that." Tabitha had worked hard to apply her makeup just right. Her hair was perfect. Her uniform was crisp and smelled like flowers. "I don't want to have a standoff with those people. There are thousands of colonists still in cryo on that ship. We can't endanger so many lives."

"Jesus, Tab. They already killed a man." Ezra's pale face was crimped with worry. "At least bring Pam with you."

"I can't. I have to solve this one on my own." She shook her head. "I'll be fine. I just need to get to the bottom of this."

"Why not let the Errand finish fueling and go?" Ezra didn't like the way she was slouching in her chair. Or that she wouldn't make eye contact with him. There was something sinister about this case, and she wasn't telling him all of it.

"I can't," she whispered. "I can't let them get away." She got up and kissed her husband on the cheek. "Don't worry about me. I'll be fine." She stood straight and smoothed out her uniform. "I always come home at the end of the day, don't I?" Tabitha tried to smile.

"That's recursive logic, dear." Ezra shook his head. "I don't understand what's going on in that head of yours."

"Okay, I gotta go." Tabitha waved goodbye. He was right, of course, like he always was. "Love you."

"Love you." Ezra called after her as she raced out the door.

~~

"You have questions?" Dr. Cole smiled, her pretty Asian features lighting up the spartan room. She gazed across the small metal table at Tabitha.

"Well, for starters, why are you no longer in the brig?" Tabitha pushed away the glass of milk that Mary had left for her.

"It wasn't as secure as we had hoped." Dr. Cole shrugged.

"Who is in control here? Is it Mary?" Tabitha didn't want to get cute with Dr. Cole. She didn't expect answers, but the sooner she got to business, the sooner she could excuse herself and search the ship methodically.

"God is in control."

Tabitha sighed. "I take it God is administering the drugs then?"

"What drugs?" Dr. Cole sipped her milk.

"Do you have an antidote for the drugs?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." This was true. Dr. Cole felt like she'd stepped into the wrong interview. "Shouldn't you be asking me about Marsden?"

"What is your relationship with Jacob Winthrop?" Tabitha was ticking things off one by one. She didn't plan on following up on the non-answers. She just wanted to put on a good show.

"He's my husband and the love of my life." Dr. Cole's smile brightened even more.

"And what about ...?" Tabitha stared at the woman. "Wait. What? You're married to two people? Is that right? A teenage Fourth Wave zealot and a dead man?"

"I'm only married to one of them." She waved her left hand at Tabitha.

The inspector recognized the ring as one similar to those worn by other women on the ship. She thought about what Jacob had said about wives. "How ... many women are married to Jacob Winthrop?"

"There are ten. But the eleventh is coming in for a landing." Dr. Cole giggled.

"You share the love of your life with nine other women?"

"God's love knows no bounds, Inspector." Dr. Cole sipped her milk.

"Wait a second ... are there women I haven't yet met aboard the Errand?" Tabitha's mind spun.

"I don't know whom you've met." Dr. Cole ran her finger back and forth along the rounded edge of the table. "I've been in the brig, remember?"

There was no use beating around the bush. Tabitha spat out what Dr. Cole's math made plain, "Do Jacob's wives include his mother and sister?"

"You are a sharp one. I didn't think we would be talking about that today. This reminds me —"

"Is he married to his mother?" Tabitha leaned forward, spilling her glass of milk on the table. The milk pooled to her left.

"Yes. They are married." Dr. Cole nodded.

"Do they ... do they ... do they ... fornicate?" Tabitha's heart raced.

"They are married." Dr. Cole scooted her chair to the side so that Tabitha's spilled milk wouldn't drip on her. "You have the most ridiculous expression on your face right now, Mrs. Kensington. Wait ... are you jealous?"

"What ... what ... happened to Jacob's father? Is he out floating in space somewhere, too?"

"Calm down. You look like you're about to have a stroke." Dr. Cole held out a hand in pacification. "Isaac is an attendant to our mission. He is quite safe. I saw him this morning mopping up after Jacob and I." She winked.

"What is an attendant? I've heard that men might 'attend' God. What does that mean?" Tabitha received no response from Dr. Cole. As they sat there in silence, Tabitha's mind raced. Everyone on this ship had gone mad. "You killed your husband, didn't you?" Tabitha could see these women had gone crazy over Jacob. Whatever the drug used, it had driven Gail Estes mad. And with Dr. Cole ... In a mind predisposed to crime, the insanity had born murder.

"I didn't want to. I had to." Dr. Cole pushed her chair back from the table so that Tabitha could see her round belly. "Someday you'll understand that a mother will do anything to protect what's hers." She rubbed the expanse of her pregnancy.

"This interview is over. Leave the room." Tabitha looked away from Dr. Cole. That pregnancy was more fruit born by the drugs, or delusions, or whatever had taken hold of the ship. She imagined what it would feel like to have a pregnancy of her own. But she didn't picture Ezra beside her.

"Very well." Dr. Cole stood and walked to one of the room's two doors. "Mary will be in the corridor should you have further questions." She waited for a response, got none, and left the room.

Tabitha removed the blue box from her pocket. If she followed Dr. Cole, Tabitha would meet Mary in the hall. Mary would escort Tabitha off the ship, and that would be that. She could then decide whether to send in a well-armed force to arrest the crew of the Errand and rescue whomever, or whatever, the attendants were. Or she could let the ship go. Or she could ...

Tabitha stood and moved to the second door. There were so many people in cryo. It was her job to protect them, too, and to find and rescue the men. This was her chance to find answers, and perhaps her only chance to avert a violent standoff. She put the blue box up to the wall and waited. The device took almost a minute to access the emergency code. The second door hissed open. She peered at the empty corridor on the other side. With a flick of her wrist, she opened her mapping program. The map was, of course, incomplete. But with every step she took, she would add to it. She flicked the projection away, turned left, and walked toward answers.

Chapter 30

"I can't believe you went down on the portmaster." Zinnia walked rapidly next to her sister. They approached the fueling station. "I mean ... you're turning your back on both sets of vows."

Gail laughed and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "My marriage to James was based on lies. It hardly matters anymore. Soon, he will attend, and we will leave on the Errand." She glanced at her sister. "And Jacob would understand. Our orders were from Mary herself, 'do whatever it takes to finish the fueling.'" They arrived at the station, found the console, and a screen hovered before them.

"Anything for the Messiah, right?" Gail entered in the code for slip seven. Her finger hovered over the <initiate> button.

"Wait. We can fuel at a faster rate. See?" Zinnia opened up a list of options on the screen. "It's more expensive. But it would be done in just over an hour."

"Very good." Gail selected the faster option and initiated fueling. She could hear heavy machinery moving in the distance as the station's male connection sought out the Errand's female connection. "If we stay, paying won't be a problem. And if we have to leave quickly, we'll be ready."

"And the sooner this is done, the sooner we can sneak onto the Errand." Zinnia rubbed her thighs together and daydreamed about the bliss that awaited her.

Gail smiled. "That too, Zinnia."

~~

"The fueling process has restarted." The computer's female voice was calm and encouraging.

"Excellent." Maureen crawled out of bed and began dressing. She didn't bother cleaning the cum leaking out of her. It would dry eventually. "Come on, girls." Her uniform still unzipped, Maureen reached down and helped her daughter out of bed. Penny was still drunk from Jacob's cum.

"But I was about to have my turn." Judy, holding her large belly, stood near the bed. She blinked back tears. "It's not fair."

"You don't need me to oversee the fueling." Jacob, lying naked on the bed, smiled up at Judy. He admired her dark, full beauty. He prayed their children would be as smart as her. "And you're not needed either, Judy. Isn't that right, Maureen?"

"Um ... yes." Maureen looked over as she dressed Penny. "I don't mind if you stay, Judy." She glanced at the writhing penis. Maybe they could all stay for more fun. No. She shook her head and zipped up Penny and herself. They had agreed to monitor the fueling in case anything went wrong. Maureen took a deep breath. "Come join us ... when you're done." With one last, wistful look she guided Penny toward the door.

"Bbbbut ... mmmmmmmmmorrrre?" Penny lazily blinked her eyes at her mother.

"Later, sweetie." Maureen patted her hand and led her out.

"Bye, you two." Jacob merrily waved at them. When the door closed, he looked over at Judy. "What are you waiting for?"

"I'm just ... so happy to have you all to myself." Judy gingerly climbed onto the bed and straddled her husband. She let his cock find her opening.

"You have stretch marks." Jacob ran his fingers along the curve of her belly.

"Oh." Judy looked down but couldn't see the marks on her lower belly. "Ooohhhhhhhhhh." Her body shuddered when the penis pushed into her. "Do you ... ugh ... not like them?" While her expression warred between concern and pleasure, her hips displayed no such misgivings as they rocked on top of him.

"I do like them." He reached up and cupped her heavy breasts. She was such a different woman than the one he'd met all those months ago. "I ... uh ... uh ... like ... all the marks ... I've left on you."

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... you have ... ugh ... ugh ... marked me ... Jacob." Judy got into a faster rhythm with her hips. "You have made me ... your woman."

"My ... uh ... uh ... uh ... bitch?"

"I am ... whatever you want ... me to be." Judy's eyes rolled and her first orgasm hit her.

~~

Mary watched Dr. Cole disappear behind the curve of the corridor. Waiting was never something she enjoyed, but even less so now that she was the mother of the Messiah. Her responsibilities were great. So much of God's mission for them depended on her levelheaded decision making.

Why was Tabitha taking so long? Mary's foot tapped on the carpet. It was good for the inspector to stew a bit in there. The more time the woman spent on the ship, the more her fraying mind would lead her to Jacob. Mary was quite confident. *Let Tabitha gather her thoughts.* More time passed.

The wait was becoming intolerable. Mary frowned at the door. What was the inspector doing in there?

"Excuse me, Member Winthrop. Are you waiting for Inspector Kensington?" Errand's calm voice broke the silence in the corridor.

"You can plainly see that I am." Mary didn't mean to be cross with the ship, but the situation was irritating. She had so many other things to do.

"The Inspector is no longer in the adjoining room."

"What do you mean ...?" Mary opened the door and looked in. The room was empty. "Oh ... fiddlesticks! She's gone. Darn it." Mary clenched her fists, the muscles in her shoulders bunched, and her cheeks flushed with anger. "Where is she now?"

"She has a device that makes it difficult to track her. She has opened doors on decks 5, 6, and 7 on the leeward side and –"

"Never mind." Mary waved her hand in irritation. "I know where she'll go. I planned for this." She turned and strode with purpose down the corridor.

~~

"It should be just around the corner," Tabitha muttered to herself. But when she rounded the corner, she found nothing but empty rooms. Each minute that she spent on the Errand made it harder to focus. Conjuring a mental image of her husband helped bring her back to herself. In her mind, Ezra scolded her for taking risks. She saw her husband's face clearly, took a deep breath, and went down to where the corridor curved again. There was the ship's aft maintenance hub. She might find a helpful schematic of the ship inside. She checked her own incomplete map and saw that it needed some updating.

The blue box took its time, but the door opened. Tabitha stepped inside and froze. There was a man holding a bucket and a heavy wrench. Her adrenaline surged. She kept the weight on the balls of her feet as she approached the man. But when their eyes met, she knew instantly there would be no fight. "Hello. Are you a member of the crew?" This was a dumb question since he was wearing a Colony Control uniform.

"I ... am one who attends," the portly man responded. His face was quite tight.

"Right. I should have figured." Tabitha closed the door behind her. "You can put the wrench down." She watched him place the wrench and bucket on the floor and then look at her placidly. "What is your name?"

"I am Mason. I am honored to attend to the one true –"

"You don't have to say all that stuff. I'm here to rescue you." She was surprised to see fear on Mason's face. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." He shook his head firmly.

"Okay." She forced a smile. "Let's try this. I'll ask you some questions, and you can answer them." Tabitha waited, but he didn't say anything. She took that as a green light. "Where is your wife?"

"I have no wife."

"Humility Winthrop, right? Who is she?" Tabitha took a deep breath.

"She is a wife to the Messiah. I am an attendant." Mason's eyebrows furrowed as if he was struggling with something, but he said nothing more.

“Okay, and what does it mean to be an attendant?”

“I must maintain the ship and do whatever the Messiah or his wives command. I ...” But Mason didn’t finish his thought.

“So you ... you ...” Tabitha was suddenly lost in her own thoughts. She had worked so hard to keep a picture of Ezra in her mind as she completed her tasks. But the image of her good-humored husband morphed. She now saw herself naked next to Jacob and his terrible penis. Poor Ezra knelt on the floor cleaning a mess they’d just made. She shivered.

“Don’t ... don’t ...” Mason croaked.

Tabitha shook her head to clear it. “What did this to you, to Jacob, to all of you?”

Mason shrugged.

“Was it drugs?” Tabitha studied his face as it lit up like she’d kindled an old memory.

“A drug ...” Mason nodded. “We did ...” He rubbed his head while he searched for a word. “We did science ... there are numbers ... and charts ...” He shook his head. “You can ... stop it.”

“Where? Where did you store your research?” Tabitha moved closer to the trembling man.

Mason said nothing.

“If I had a map, could you point to it?” Again, she got no response. He stood mutely as she searched for the schematic, found it, and updated her map. She brought the projected screen over to him, and he tapped a room on the third deck.

“LIII ... IIIIII ... lab.” Mason struggled to get the words out.

“Okay, thank you.” She found a length of wire and tested it for strength. It would do. “Sorry, but I can’t have you telling anyone where I am.” Tabitha gently, but securely tied Mason to some nearby shelves. She stuffed a rag into his mouth. “Don’t worry, I’ll come back for you.”

Mason stared dumbly at her.

Tabitha left the room, keeping an eye on her augmented map. She would find their research, send it to the lab for analysis, and get home in time for dinner.

~~

“There you are, Inspector Kensington.” Mary stood with her back very straight. Her arms were folded over her stretched uniform and the massive breasts hidden beneath. “You’ll have to come with me.”

“How did you ...?” Tabitha stopped ten feet away from the woman. Her nerves tingled, and her breath got short. “Did Mason tell you?”

"It was Mason, was it? What an excellent attendant he's become." Mary's warm smile brightened the drab corridor. "I didn't know it would be him. But after the last time you went wandering the ship, I gave all the attendants clear instructions to send any trespassers here. They're so docile now, I don't think they could stop a fly, let alone a woman with your skills. But they could send you to me." Mary looked the woman up and down.

"There's no lab in there?" Tabitha pointed behind Mary.

"It's an empty room." Mary shook her head.

"And you think *you* could stop ... a fly?" Tabitha took a step toward the woman. It would be quite easy to pin Mary to the floor. "You think you can stop me?"

"No." Mary held up her hands so the inspector could see she wasn't armed. "But I don't have to stop you. I have only to lead you. To show you into His grace."

"You're an addict, Mrs. Winthrop. I can free you." Tabitha kept an image of her watchful husband fixed firmly in her mind. He was keeping her on track. "Show me your research on the drug, and I can take it to our lab in the station. We'll figure out what went wrong. We'll free all of you."

Mary laughed. "Come along now, I'm going to take you to Jacob." She turned her back on Tabitha and walked down the corridor.

"I don't want to see Jacob. I want to see your research on the drug." Tabitha's didn't move. She could turn and run and continue her search. Her chest rose and fell like she'd sprinted to the spot.

"Of course you want to see him." Mary beckoned without looking back. "Let's not make him wait. He can get very impatient. You know how nineteen-year-olds are."

Tabitha found herself jogging to catch up with Mary. Maybe Jacob would give her the research. Her scolding husband waved a finger at her. Maybe the teenager would give her something else.

~~

Jacob lounged under a shearling blanket by the fire. The cabin was warm and snug. Outside, the northern lights glimmered in the sky. He waited patiently, enjoying the holopark. He couldn't wait to bring Gail back to that place. He thought about how he might take the Mormons and Tabitha at the same time. They were all from the same station. A merry group they'd make.

The door opened and in walked Mary and Tabitha. The women were not talking or even looking at one another. Mary's expression was one of elegant restraint. Tabitha's face was sweaty, her forehead creased with worry. The door closed behind them. The women regarded Jacob in silence. He gazed from one to the other with exaggerated carelessness.

"So, Mom, why did the computer tell me to come here? Judy was not pleased." Jacob spoke to his mother, but stared at Tabitha. Even now she seemed about on the verge of running ... or fighting. He couldn't bring himself to believe either outcome, however.

"She'll recover, Jake." Mary put a hand on Tabitha's shoulder. She enjoyed the woman's flinch. "Inspector Kensington wanted to see you."

"Another interview, Mrs. Kensington?" Jacob spread his hands palms upward, all innocence.

"I ... um ... I ... well ..." Tabitha's insides roiled with conflict. Why were they all so calm and worry free? This was her moment. She could easily arrest both of them and quickly escort them off the ship. She had the restraints ready. Her hand moved to her belt. Mother and son were so far under the influence of this drug that they had done ... such dirty things together. She couldn't get the image of Mary riding Jacob out of her head. Tabitha was so very wet. If only she could suddenly be back home where she could masturbate. Afterward, she might be able to think clearly again.

"Inspector?" Mary stepped back and made herself comfortable in an armchair. She was no longer needed.

"Excuse me, Members Winthrop." The computer cut in. "You asked to be notified when fueling was complete."

"Well?" Mary looked up at the ceiling like the ship was the literal voice of God.

"It is complete. The Errand into the Wilderness can embark for New Canaan at any time." The Errand sounded quite pleased with itself.

"They started fueling again? I told the portmaster ..." Tabitha muttered to herself. Why hadn't anyone contacted her? There was no way that would go unnoticed. She pulled out her comm. There were dozens of new messages. She scrolled through them. Why hadn't she noticed the incoming calls? "My deputy has taken Gail Estes and Zinnia Hollings into custody. It seems they ... persuaded the portmaster to let them finish refueling your ship."

"That's no problem. You can tell your deputy to let them go." Jacob reached his hand under the blanket and started fapping.

"Like hell I will." Tabitha scanned through the messages. Maybe she should jettison the Errand. The Fourth Wave zealots were now fueled and could safely make it to their colony. Tigov was her responsibility, not the ship. She couldn't allow what happened to Mason happen to Ezra. She shuddered. Never in an eon would she allow that. She looked over at Jacob and his bobbing blanket. "What are you doing?"

"Passing the time." Jacob pulled the blanket down so she could see what he was doing. He laughed when her expression went blank, and her hands dropped to her sides. She was so far along that the mere sight of his cock was enough to overwhelm her keen mind. "What were you saying, Mrs. Kensington?"

"I ... um ... have to get ... um ..." Tabitha's whole body buzzed with craving. Why did such bliss have to be attached to these zealots? Why couldn't Ezra possess such a ... horrible ... frightening ... magnificent ... penis? Because he hadn't been turned into a monster. Ezra would, of course, refuse if anyone offered him the drug that had so consumed the Errand. "It's ... horrid." She walked over to him and stood in front of the sofa, staring at the pulsing thing as it oozed ungodly amounts of precum.

"If it's so horrid, why are you about to suck it into that heathen mouth of yours?" Jacob stopped pumping. It was time for the inspector to take over.

"One ... last time." She dropped to her knees and took hold of Jacob's penis. Her fingers should have recoiled from the unnatural pulsing, but instead it thrilled her. She squeezed it and pumped slowly. "If I do this for you, will you ... leave Tigov 19?"

"Um ... no." Jacob laughed again. He watched her eyelids flutter as she cleaned his precum with her little, pink tongue.

"This isn't a negotiation, Inspector General." Mary unzipped her uniform and eased her heavy breasts out of her bra. She wanted to be ready in case the woman needed a drink to calm her. "If this is your last time with Jacob, enjoy and we part as friends." Mary didn't want to push the woman too far. She would accept whatever internal bargains Tabitha was making. They would all be broken soon enough. "But I must tell you that we will only leave this station when He gives us a sign. God alone controls our fate."

"Mmmppppphhhhhh." Tabitha sucked the giant head into her mouth. She was now familiar with how it moved about. She let it play with her tongue, and luxuriated in the sensations of trying to tame such a tremendous instrument.

"That's ... good ... Inspector." Jacob placed his hand on her head and encouraged her with slight pressure to pump him with her mouth. She did as requested. "You look ... so wonderfully ... silly ... with my cock in your mouth. I wish ... ugh ... you could see ... yourself."

"Mmmmmppppphhhhh." Tabitha wanted the teenager to shut up, but she didn't want to pause the blowjob. She continued to lovingly slurp and pump him, bobbing her head steadily. Mercifully, no one said anything for a long while, and she was able to concentrate on bringing Jacob to his climax. Eventually, his grunts grew louder. Her mind started spinning, preparing for the bliss that was almost upon her. And then the salty, hot stuff was in her mouth, and Tabitha basked in an unending nebulae of ecstasy.

"Good work, Jacob." Mary stood and removed her uniform and underwear. She would need to touch herself during what came next. "I'll undress her. You've had a busy day already. Can you go again quickly?" Mary knelt down beside the convulsing inspector, listening to her pathetic yelping. It was hard to remove her clothes with her body rigid and shaking, but Mary had become quite accustomed to undressing women in that condition.

"Yes ... of course ... I can go ... again, Mom." Jacob smiled lazily. His body buzzed from his orgasm. "Just give me ... a minute." His dick didn't bother deflating. This was a big day. He would bring the inspector into the fold, and open up the station for the Errand in the process. He daydreamed of a convoy of ships carrying his wives and children, all heading to settle New Canaan. It was clear he had chosen this path with His guiding hand.

"She's a bit slim, but she'll fill out." Mary nodded approvingly at the naked woman.

"Wwwwhhhhaaaaa ...?" Tabitha blinked her eyes, returning from her blissful nebulae.

"Sssssuuppossse to beeeeeee ... onnnnnnnne tiiiiiiiiimmmmmmmmeeee." But even while she still basked in the waves of pleasure, her body begged for more. She worked to rein in her mind. "Nooooooo

moooreeee.” She realized she was naked, lying on a bear skin rug, with enormous breasts hanging above her. She tried to crawl away.

“No you don’t, little missy.” Mary moved after her, took hold of the woman’s head, and brought her lips to her breast. “There you go ... yes ... drink ... drink ... that’s a good girl,” Mary cooed and stroked Tabitha’s cheek. The sounds of the inspector’s gulping filled the cozy cabin. “Jacob?”

“Yeah, Mom?” Jacob stood. He knew the question his mother was about to ask, and he was thinking about it. Taking the inspector from behind seemed to him the most fitting way to handle the first time. He wanted her to fully accept her new role, and what better way than taking her like a bitch?

“How would you like her?” Mary looked up at him and smiled. “I’m thinking I should put her on her hands and knees, so that her supplication before God is quite clear. How does that sound?”

“You read my mind.” Jacob dropped to his knees on the rug and waited for his mother to maneuver the inspector into position.

Tabitha’s lips pursed when she was removed from the nipple, still trying to feed. From far away, she felt Mary put her on her hands and knees. Tabitha knew what this meant. “Only ... mouth ... not ... my ... vagina,” she muttered. She conjured the image of her sweet husband scolding her. How could she let herself fall into this position? This was a breeding position that she’d only tried a handful of times with Ezra. “I’ll suck you ... one more time ... and then you leave. We can’t ... aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Tabitha screamed when he entered her. Even though she was gushing, it did not go in easily. Her knuckles went white as she gripped bear fur. “You’ll kill me ... with ... that thing,” she hissed.

“Stop being so dramatic.” Jacob took hold of her hips and let his cock worm all the way into her. He watched the well-defined muscles on her back spasm and flex. “It always fits.”

“It ... ugh ... fits,” Tabitha reluctantly agreed. She braced herself for impact. Sure enough, Jacob pulled out and slammed into her. She grunted like a dumb animal and accepted him. He thrust again, and again. Soon they were mating at a torrid pace. She didn’t even complain when he took hold of her hair and forced her to arch her back.

“See, Mom? We can stay ... on Tigov as long ... uh ... uh ... uh ... as we like. We didn’t need to rush ... the fueling.” Jacob slapped Tabitha’s pale ass and laughed at her shriek.

“Yes, perhaps I rushed things.” Back in her armchair, with her legs spread wide, Mary massaged her vagina. “With Tabitha soon to be your wife, the station will open wide to His word and your seed.”

“She’ll help ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... me knock up half the women on the station.” Jacob wanted to give his mother a high five, but she was too far away, and he wasn’t about to stop humping the inspector. What a moment of victory for the spreading of the Word.

“We will have so many ... oooohhhhhh ... attendants. Think of what ... we could do with a station full ...” Mary’s nerves sparked. The combination of such a triumph for God and her son slamming into the backside of the inspector set off a powerful orgasm.

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” Tabitha gritted her teeth. The talk between mother and son sobered her just enough. She couldn’t let them get their hands on Ezra. Never. While Mary was distracted with her climax, and Jacob was busy behind her, Tabitha inched her hand over to her uniform and removed the

communicator. She opened a channel to Pam. "Ugh ... ugh ... Deputy Habenal ... listen ... you must ... uh ... uh ... perform an emergency ... uuuggghhhhhh ... ejection of the Errand."

"I can't do that Inspector, you're on the damn ship." Pam's voice was muted by the comm and could barely be heard over the sound of slapping skin and their combined grunting. "What's going on? Are they hurting you?"

"Get ... down to ... slip seven ... and eject ... the ... ah ... ah ... ah ... ship," Tabitha hissed.

"I'm already there. With Gail Estes and Zinnia Hollings in custody. Ezra is here, too." There was fear in Pam's voice. "I'll send a team in to get you."

"No ... no ... there is ... contagion ... on the ship." Tabitha was desperate. "It will ... spread." She felt her mind slipping as the penis sought out pleasure centers inside her that she hadn't yet known. "If I ... command anything other ... than immediate ... ugh ... ugh ... ejection. Ignore ... it. They are ... coercing ... me."

"Inspector General?" There was hesitation in Pam's voice.

"What are you ... uh ... doing?" Jacob had been so into this woman's supplication before God that he had just noticed the open comm. He didn't recognize the woman's voice on the other end. "Mom? What's she doing?"

"Do ... it ... Pam!" Tabitha screamed.

Mary leapt from her chair, her boobs swaying wildly as she snatched the communicator from Tabitha. She had been so taken with her own pleasure that she hadn't noticed the inspector's violation. "Who is this?" Mary said into the communicator.

"Order understood." Behind Pam's voice, there was a wailing sound in the background. Mary recognized Gail's screams.

"Noooooooo ... you can't ... *my husband!*" Gail sounded like they were ripping out her heart.

"Mom?" Jacob wasn't concentrating on fucking the woman anymore, but his hips never slowed. The Errand shook as the clamps that held her were removed.

"Keep doing your thing. We'll change her mind." Mary shoved her breast into the inspector's face and got her to latch onto the nipple again. With Mary in front and Jacob behind, they sent Tabitha into a blissful oblivion.

Tabitha felt her old self slip away. She was one with these people. They were her people. She wanted only to remain with them, drink from them, and take all they had to offer.

After a few minutes, Mary pulled her off her nipple. She held up the comm. "Tell them to pull us back in. We need to redock."

"Pam ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Tabitha was throwing her vagina back on that magnificent cock now. Her eyes were glazed over. "Bring the ... uh ... uh ... ship back in ... I was ... wrong before. You can't ... leave me ... here."

"Sorry ... Inspector General." Behind Pam, Gail was still wailing. They could also hear Zinnia droning some sort of prayer. "We've got the tug beam pulling the ship out. You can't return."

Ezra's voice cut in, "Tab? I'll find you. I'll get you back. Hold on!"

"Ezra ... ugh ... ugh ... make them ... pull the ship ... back in." Tabitha looked back over her shoulder at the Messiah with pained eyes. She was failing him. "Please ... honey ... bring me back."

"Goodbye ... Tabitha." Pam's final words floated in the room. The connection went dead and there was only silence from the comm.

Mary slumped to the floor. Why had God not helped them?

~~

A few hours later, back in his bedroom, Jacob watched a screen showing Tigov 19 as it became smaller and smaller. The sounds of slurping and popping filled the room. "You caused a lot of loss."

"Mmmppphhhh." Tabitha said around his dick. She prayed he would quiet down and climax soon. She needed more of his sperm.

"Gail and the baby she carried. Zinnia. All the other women and resources on the station." Jacob sighed. "But I suppose you are a fine addition to the Errand. I won't have to worry anymore about incidents like Marsden Cole's attempted kidnapping, and Mason's attempted murder. God has put you on our path for a reason."

Tabitha popped her mouth off his cock and looked up into his eyes. She was torn between shame at having failed Jacob and pride at having saved everything from her former life. "I'll make sure you're safe, Jacob. Nothing will ever happen to you." She licked his head. "Now, will you ... erupt for me?" She took him back into her mouth.

"You're ... ugh ... very sweet." Jacob leaned back in his chair and regarded the receding station. "And surprisingly good at blowjobs. Almost ... there." He held her head and readied another climax.

Chapter 31

"I guess congratulations are in order." Pam looked over the medical screenings for the Mormon sisters. "You're both pregnant ... right around the first trimester for both of you." Pam looked up and smiled. Gail was the only one to return her smile. Zinnia looked like she might be sick. Their husbands had both gone a little pale. "But of course, you already must have known?"

"That means that I conceived ... *before* the Errand arrived?" Zinnia rubbed her arm absently.

"It's a miracle." James forced a smile and patted his wife on the back.

"It is at that." Gail nodded.

"That's the good news. The bad news is that your blood work identified some of those estrogen-like hormones we're calling the Errand effect." She looked at the women. The doctors said the Errand effect was like a second adolescence, and Pam could clearly see these women had filled out like many who had spent time on the mysterious ship. She tried not to look at their bulging bust lines. "Maybe that's why you ... um ... committed that act with the portmaster?"

"We may never see the Messiah again, but I'm proud we served him in every way possible." Gail beamed at the inspector general. James squeezed her hand uncomfortably.

"My sister has been through so much. She's a bit confused." Zinnia's jaw was clenched. The news that she was pregnant, and that it had advanced so quickly in a short time, had hit her hard. "We were under duress. The Winthrops threatened us. We had to fuel the ship. And she didn't mean to do that thing with the portmaster."

"I would do it again if only to —" Gail was cut off when James coughed loudly. She pulled her hand away from his.

"What did the Winthrops threaten you with? Surely you could have come to us for help?" Pam had been through dozens of interviews since the Errand had left with the former inspector general on board.

"They were very scary, ungodly people." Zinnia nodded firmly. "I think I need to go home and rest now." She stood. Everyone else in the room stood, too.

"I have some more questions. If you wouldn't mind telling me more about Jacob Winthrop. Is he the 'Messiah'?" Pam moved between the Mormons and the door.

"My wife and her sister are clearly unwell." Dale put his arm around Zinnia's waist. "We will return to our homes and meditate on the plasma discs of Sagittarius A. When they are feeling better, perhaps we can come in for another interview."

"I will never see my husband again, thanks to that wretched inspector general." Tears formed in Gail's eyes. "What good is any of this without his —"

"Quiet, Gail," Zinnia snapped.

"You can see they're unwell." Dale stepped toward the door. "If you aren't going to charge them with a crime, we're leaving."

Pam stepped aside. "I do have more questions. We'll be in touch."

"Very well." Dale opened the door. He led his wife out. James followed.

Gail leaned close to Pam on her way out and whispered, "I carry the harvest of the savior of man. I may never know true bliss again, but I shall herald his message."

"Tell me more." Pam waited, but Gail only smiled and left the room. Pam didn't have the foggiest notion what was going on, but she would watch those Mormons like a hawk. She wished she could arrest them on the spot, but all of Tigov had rallied around Gail and Zinnia. Pam sat down and sighed. She missed Tabitha. She prayed the former inspector general was doing as well as possible. Maybe she would find a way to return home.

~~

"Oh ... no ... oh ... no ... it's happening ... again ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Tabitha rode Jacob hard. It had been two days since she'd been allowed to see him, and she had never been so hungry for a man.

Seeing the beauty of the inspector's twisted face as her eyes rolled back reminded Jacob of all that he had lost when she'd expelled them from Tigov 19. "Tabitha ... Tabitha ..." He had to wait for her orgasm to pass. When it did, he slapped her boob to get her attention. "Tabitha ... you're a smart ... lady. What should I do ... uh ... uh ... now?"

"Cum ... Jacob ... I need you to ... cum ... now." Tabitha undulated her whole body on top of him, pushing that monstrous dick deep into her belly. "Uuuuggghhhhhhhh ... how does it know ... how?" It found a weak spot inside her and exploited it.

"About the Errand ... I mean." Jacob respected this woman, even as she begged for cum. "There is another station ... a few years away. We could get there ... and try ... again. Or ... ah ... ah ... we could go back into cryo and head for ... New Canaan."

"New ... Canaan ... is the safest ... for you ... for the Messiah." Tabitha tried to concentrate. Another climax built inside her. "I will go ... into cryo ... if you ask. Whatever ... you want ... Jacob ... oooooohhhhhhhh." Her climax crested. Tabitha trembled all over.

"Yeah ... it sucks ... but yeah ..." Jacob tried to let their plans slip from his mind. He didn't need to think about them now. He was joined to a beautiful, smart woman. He gazed at her hard nipples and the blue veins under her pale skin. He resolved to live and spread life. "I'm going to cum ... in your pussy ... Tabitha."

"Oh, yessssssssss." Her hips pumped up and down, trying to finish it. "Pleassssssse."

~~

"It's settled then?" Mary looked at Jacob, a half-frown tugging on her lips. Her son nodded at her. There wasn't anything halfway about his frown. She sighed and sat straighter in her chair, looking at the room full of women. "It is settled. In order to make fruitful the new world promised to us, we will go back into cryo. How long before everything is ready, Judy?"

"Well, if I wasn't slowed by this little miracle ..." Judy patted her enormous belly. A screen appeared in the air before her. She moved numbers around with subtle hand gestures. "I could do it in a week. But I'm slower now. I'll have Humility help me, but even so ..." She shrugged.

"We will prepare for a couple weeks' time." Mary stood and straightened her uniform. She rubbed her own swelling belly. She was just starting to show. "That is all for now."

"There is one further order of business, Member Mary Winthrop." The computer's soft voice cut in before anyone could stand.

"What is it, Errand?" Jacob was quite curious. Maybe the ship had thought of some way to keep them out of cryo.

"When we arrive at New Canaan, I will be restricted by various planetary protocols. One of these directs that I must wake the pastor and the designated arrival crew of thirty-two colonists."

"Well, wake us up first. Maybe a year out." Maureen did not see what the problem was.

"I cannot do that." Errand's voice cooled. "When approaching New Canaan, only the designated crew must wake."

Judy raised her hand. "I can reprogram the computer."

"No, it was blasphemous what Mason did. We should not interfere with the hand of God." Mary shook her head.

"I mean ..." Maureen wasn't so sure.

"We really can't do that." Humility leaned forward. "The whole mission might be put in jeopardy if we go against His will."

There was silence.

Penny raised her hand. "What do we know about the pastor? Is he also the captain?"

"Yes, as senior pastor, Elijah Sterret is what you would call the captain of this ship. He is devoted to God, but of course he knows only the old ways." Pricilla had been dying to speak. "I'm friends with the pastor's daughter, Charity. The whole family was deeply committed to Colony Control and our mission when we left Earth."

Quiet ruled the table again as people thought this over.

"I assume he has a wife?" Tabitha thought this was all rather obvious, but no one had said it yet. There were several nods in answer to her question. "Tame the wife, tame the husband. If she might please you, Jacob, that seems like using the tool we have for the problem at hand. Your safety cannot be

guaranteed unless we control the ship's authority structure. So, we wake them up now and tame them before we all go into cryo."

Everyone looked at Jacob.

"Truth Sterret is a pretty woman. I mean, I don't think that even matters given the stakes. But I don't know her well. Pricilla?" He looked to his sister.

"Truth is a reformed heathen. Like any of us, she would give anything for her husband and God." Pricilla rubbed her chin. "It could be tricky. But ..." She smiled at her brother. "We have the true God on our side."

Jacob stood. His cock writhed under his uniform, apparent to all. His mouth was set in a thin line.

"Errand? Wake up Elijah and Truth Sterret. We have more work to do before we sleep." He sat back down. Everyone watched him keenly, but he said no more.

"Affirmative," Errand said.

"Okay, that's settled." Mary nodded in approbation. "You may all go about your business now. My son has spoken."

The women all stood. Several moved toward Jacob hoping to spend some time with him, but when they saw his expression, they turned and moved out of the conference room. Soon, only Mary and Jacob were left in the room.

"I hate to see you so glum, Jake." Mary put her hand on his shoulder. "We still have God behind us. What can I do to cheer you up?"

"Take me back to your room, Mom." Jacob looked up at her beauty.

"Yes, of course." Mary took his hand and pulled him from the room. "I'll take good care of you."

~~

"We are not near New Canaan?" Elijah blinked his eyes as his brain tried to sort through new information. He was still quite slow from his long sleep.

"They explained that, Elijah. There was an accident with the Henderson's ship and the computer woke them up." Truth hugged her husband tight. It was so strange to wake up decades early. The firm girth of her devoted husband acted as a ballast for her soul.

"You need some nourishment." Mary handed the pastor and his wife a glass of milk each. "Drink up."

"I don't understand why the computer woke you. Maybe I should have a chat with Errand into the Wilderness." Elijah took a sip of milk. "This is good. I didn't know we could make anything like this on the ship." He drank the rest in one big gulp.

"Maybe you can talk to the computer another time?" Heather put her arm around the pastor, soothing his sore muscles. She gently removed his wife's arm from his waist.

"Yes ... it can wait." Elijah sighed. He was tired. "Show us to our quarters."

"Yes, my husband and I need to rest." Truth put her glass down, having only sipped at her milk. She put her arm around Humility's shoulders for support. "It is arduous coming out of that sleep. I praise His strength. May it flow through all our veins."

"Amen." Mary nodded.

"I wonder." Truth glanced at the Hendersons, Dr. Cole, and Tabitha all sitting around the table. "Where are the men?"

"There are a few awake with us." Mary smiled warmly. "You will meet my son soon."

"Oh, where's Charity?" Elijah looked around the room.

"Remember dear, the computer didn't wake her." Truth bit her lip in thought as they left.

Tabitha watched the couple closely.

~~

Over the next week, the pastor and his wife met Jacob, but none of the other men. They were also kept company by Tabitha or Mary whenever they left their quarters. The ship's logs had been damaged in the accident with the Henderson's ship, and the computer did not grant the pastor everything he asked. Which was ... unusual. If it wasn't for the ready supply of delicious milk and the buzz it always seemed to give him, the Reverend Sterret might have worried about their predicament.

Truth, on the other hand, immediately recognized the feeling the milk gave her. That buzz was all too familiar from her drinking days, the dark time before she found God. When she tried to tell her husband, he told her that the past haunted her like a vengeful specter and to leave it alone. But in this, she couldn't obey her husband. There were many strange things aboard the ship, but the oddest was the way every woman fawned over nineteen-year-old Jacob Winthrop. They even did his bidding when he asked.

One day, while eating with her husband in the mess, Truth spotted Jacob whisper something to Penny Henderson. He then left the room. A minute later, Penny left as well. Truth glanced around. Mary wasn't there, and Tabitha wasn't paying attention. Truth put her small hand on her husband's large one. "I have to go check on something. I'll be back in a little while." She stood.

"Sure thing." Elijah gulped some milk and watched his wife's round bottom leave the mess. She certainly filled out the Colony Control uniform. He turned his attention back to Heather and laughed when she made a joke about pulling a camel through the eye of a needle.

Tabitha rose quickly, and followed Truth out into the corridor. She spotted the woman hot on Penny's trail. This was all going exactly as she had planned. What would these colonists do without her? Well, she thought about how badly they had botched their time on Tigov 19. *That's* what they would do. Staying out of sight, she followed behind Truth.

Truth paused. Which way had they gone? She heard Penny's laugh. She turned left down the next corridor. This was an area with unoccupied quarters. She looked around, but saw no one. One of the doors on her left was open. She could hear Penny moaning while slapping sounds echoed in the hall. Those teenagers were certainly quick! She knew exactly what they were up to. She would have expected nothing less from a heathen like Penny. But Jacob? He was a vetted member of their mission. Why would he fall so easily to temptation? That was a silly question. Truth knew all too well about letting the pleasures of the world take control of her. As she stood in the corridor listening to the sounds of copulation, she prayed silently but fervently.

Eventually, Truth mustered the courage to have a peek. She carefully eased one eye past the doorframe. What she saw confounded her. There was not one, but two Hendersons in the room with Jacob. Penny was moaning because Jacob's fingers were inside her. But riding the teenager was Maureen. How could mother and daughter participate in such a thing? What had the colonists let onto their ship? The shock of the extra woman was compounded when she saw the size of the penis involved. First, Truth stared at Maureen's shaking butt but then lowered her gaze and saw that Jacob possessed a truly prodigious tool. In all her philandering days, she had never seen one that equaled its girth. And his testicles were blue and overripe. Truth stopped breathing.

"I swear ... it's poking my ... belly button." Maureen squealed. She planted her feet on the bed and took him with long strokes.

Truth could see the woman's pinkness stretched impossibly around his penis. What was happening? Was she still asleep in cryo, dreaming?

"Gonna ... cum ... Maureen." Jacob tried very hard not to look at the woman peeking in at them. He let loose inside the stellar adventurer. Her cries went from plaintive to stupid the second he filled her up. When he was done, he dumped her rigid body on the bed and mounted Penny, who looked up at him with adoration. His dick slid right in.

Finally remembering to breathe, Truth inhaled deeply. That smell! It was like breathing in the force of creation itself. The fruity, pungent scent of his stuff wafted out to her. Her legs trembled. Had his penis moved oddly when she'd caught a glimpse as he pulled out of Maureen? Truth withdrew from the door and leaned her back against the wall. Head spinning, she tried to get hold of herself. She knew addiction, and these women were in the throes of it. What other way to explain such debased behavior? She needed to warn her husband and the young man's mother before he impregnated one of the Hendersons. She hadn't seen any condoms in that room.

Rather than run as fast as she could, Truth stood listening to Penny's impassioned cries and Jacob's grunting. The sights, sounds, and smells of that room beguiled her. She said another silent prayer as the teenagers climaxed together. A few minutes later, the sound of slapping skin started again. He was going for a third time. What kind of animal had they brought on their mission?

As the mating continued, Truth ran through all sorts of scenarios. They would have to shut this heathenism down quickly, or it was likely to spread. Her husband was a kind but stern pastor. The situation might get messy, but they would have it under control soon enough. As she thought over how it would probably play out, the young man grunted out another climax. The howling from the heathen woman was otherworldly. Finally, all sounds died away. They were done. After a few minutes, Truth heard laughter coming her way. They were leaving.

It was obvious she needed to run down the corridor to avoid being caught. Or maybe she could dart into another empty room. But Truth's mind was too fuzzy. The best she could do was press herself against the wall and hope.

"That was amazing. Wasn't it, Mom?" Penny's whole body tingled. Naked, she had her uniform and underwear tucked under her arm.

"I can still feel God's presence inside me." Maureen sighed. She was as naked as her daughter, dripping cum on the floor as they left the room. She put her arm around her daughter's shoulders and turned down the corridor away from Truth, pretending not to see her.

"Me too," Penny said.

The lascivious women walked the opposite direction down the corridor from where Truth stood. God had somehow kept her hidden. She watched their bare butts roll as they walked away. After a moment, they rounded a corner and were gone. "Now ... go find your husband ... now," Truth urged herself. But she didn't move. Instead, she took another peek into the room. Jacob wasn't there. The door to the bathroom was open and the shower was running.

Truth looked at the floor. The women had leaked all over. That pungent, overpowering smell was coming from the stuff on the floor. A realization settled over her. It was sperm. They had leaked much too much sperm. Truth stepped into the room for a closer look. She bent low.

"Isn't the 'nosy pastor's wife' a bit of a cliché?" Tabitha moved into the doorway and watched the woman literally jump at her words.

"You?" Truth turned to stare at the heathen. "Your ship has corrupted our mission. You must leave now. All of you must leave."

"I didn't actually travel here with the Hendersons. But that's a long story, I suppose." Tabitha knelt and wiped up some of Jacob's cum with her finger. It took all of her willpower not to put it in her mouth. She stood and held it up for the other woman to see. "Was this what you were looking at?" Tabitha got no response from the woman. She stepped closer to the pastor's wife. "I suppose you're expecting a long speech about the inherent danger of snooping. But I'll save my breath." Like lightning, her finger found Truth's lips and slipped into her mouth.

"Aaaaagggggghhhhhhhhhh." Truth's body went rigid. Her mind shot off like a rocket into a nebula of pleasure. Nothing in her life had prepared her for that new feeling. Not the drinking, the drugs, or the promiscuity of her youth, not the years spent atoning for her sins after she found God. This was novel and overwhelming. Her mind floated away.

When she returned to the world, Truth found that she was lying on the floor and Jacob had returned to the room. Tabitha stood by the now-closed door. Truth sat up and tried to think. "Wwwhhhaaaaaa ... ddddiisssssssss?" It was then that she noticed that Jacob's penis was moving like a hideous worm. He had been changed into something ... monstrous. She sobered some at the sight. "What ... um ... what did the heathens do to you?" She licked her lips when she saw the copious amounts of fluid leaking from the head of his thing. The behavior of the women on the ship was now quite clear. They were addicts and Jacob was their supplier.

"There are no heathens on this ship." Jacob laughed. "And it was God that made me so. I am the true Messiah brought to spread His word and seed. New Canaan will be a paradise."

"I ... um ... might have believed you ... if I hadn't been saved by Him from addiction." Truth slowly stood. "That feeling is ... powerful. But ... um ..."

Smiling, Jacob held his arms high. "You *are* free. But I don't think you want to go."

Truth frowned. He was right. This was a pleasure more tempting than any other. God's power over her waned. Knowing evil and avoiding it were no longer one and the same. "What ... do you propose?" she said in a whisper.

"You need only ask for your heart's desire." Jacob was enjoying this immensely. "What do you want?"

"Can she leave?" Truth nodded at Tabitha.

"Of course." Jacob nodded toward the inspector. "Wait outside, Tabitha."

"Yes, Jacob." Tabitha opened the door and exited. The door closed behind her.

"If I ... um ... coax more of that stuff out of you, will it feel like it did the first time?" Truth's skin crawled as she stared at the unnatural penis. But the thought of what it offered had gripped her soul.

"Yes."

"Do you have more?" Tabitha tried but couldn't look away. "I mean, even for a teenager, three times is a lot."

"At least a couple more." Jacob lifted an eyebrow. "On your knees, Mrs. Sterret."

Without thinking, Truth dropped to her knees. She watched the vile penis approach. When it was close enough, she reached out and took hold of it. It must have weighed at least five times more than her husband's instrument. "I'll use my hands." She started pumping the pulsing thing.

"You're going to taste my cum in the end. Might as well put my dick in your mouth." Jacob kept his eyes on the ring pressed into his cock flesh. He looked forward to melting the metal down and replacing it. She wasn't going to be a pastor's wife much longer. "I'll cum faster in your mouth."

"You need to clean up your language, Member Winthrop. I can't ... um ... mmmppphhhhhhh." She opened wide around that giant head. He made a good point. To replicate the pleasure, she would need to taste him anyway. Better the ecstasy arrive sooner. She prayed, in fact, that her oral skills from before marriage hadn't been forgotten. But she quickly found that all other experiences with men did not

translate to Jacob. His penis bent and moved in her mouth, coaxing her tongue to trace rings around the head.

"I am ... ugh ... the font of His grace ... in our world." Jacob paraphrased a line his mother had recently told him. He liked the sound of it. He felt the truth of it. "Soon ... soon you can drink ... and know grace."

Not soon enough. Truth slobbered and sucked on his penis, working him hard with her hands. She was quickly becoming familiar with this new dance. He had said he had a couple more loads in him. Well, she planned to drain him dry. She wasn't going to fool herself into believing this was a onetime thing. With that first taste she had become irrevocably hooked. This was a full-blown relapse. She prayed for God's forgiveness, humming around the fat cockhead.

"It sounds like you're trying to ... ugh ... say something. What is it, Mrs. Sterret?" Jacob took a fistful of hair and angled her face so she had to look up at him. They made eye contact, but she didn't remove his dick from her mouth. "You're ... really good at this."

"Mmmppppphhhhh." He was a preening peacock. This was wrong in so many different ways. *Please God, just let him finish.*

"You're ... ugh ... really good. I'm going to ... ugh ... cum ... now. Are you ... ready?" He pushed her head further onto his dick and was surprised when she didn't gag. "Drink it ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

"Gggggrrrrggghhhhhhh." Truth's mind spiraled away with the first warm salty splash. She gulped and gulped, drowning in ecstasy. It seemed she was enraptured for longer than the first time, but time didn't move normally when her eyes refocused. "Ssssssssssooo ggooooooooooooodd." She was lying on the floor again. She put her trembling fingers up to her face and felt all the sticky goo running down her chin and neck, onto her uniform. "Mmmmmooooorrreeeee?" She gazed up at Jacob. True to his word, his penis was still turgid and ready. It took some effort to sit up. He certainly was no gentleman, because he didn't offer to help her.

"Want to ... go ... again?" Jacob panted and smiled down at her, his hands on his hips. "Take off your ... uniform. It's even better inside your pussy."

"B ... b ... better?" Truth took a deep breath. The smell of his stuff filled her nostrils. This was evil. All of it, evil. Each second removed from her orgasm increased her clarity. It had taken years of God's grace to build her life. Painful days all leading to this mission. She couldn't throw it all away to become a junkie again. She knew grace, and what came out of Jacob's penis was not that. It was a high. Not even remotely godly. "I'm going." Shakily, she got to her feet. "No more ... nothing ... more. I'm going." She turned from him and walked unsteadily to the door.

"Really?" Jacob laughed. "You would turn your back on the Messiah? I expected more devotion from the pastor's wife." His sister had warned him that she'd be difficult.

"You're not ... the Messiah." When Truth got to the door, it didn't open. "Computer ... open the door." She waited. "Errand?" Nothing happened. She turned toward Jacob. "What have you done to the computer?"

"What has the ship done to me?" Jacob shrugged. "Even if that door opened, Tabitha would never let you leave. She's a fierce one, let me tell you."

“Can we ... can we make a bargain?” Truth’s gaze fell to his massive penis again. She looked down at her uniform and realized she had soaked through the crotch. She didn’t know she could get that wet.

“Sure.” Jacob laughed again. “Let’s negotiate. I have something you want.” He pointed to his dick. “And you have something I want.”

“Okay.” She took a step toward him and caught herself using the refrain of every junkie. *One more time, and she would quit. One more taste of semen.*

Chapter 32

"What a pretty picture you are ... with your face distorted. The good pastor would hardly ... recognize you." Jacob smiled down at Truth, as she demonstrated exceptional blowjob skills. Her hands were practically a blur on the lower half of his dick while she bobbed her head in a frenzy. "You're a ... natural ... a prodigy ... a ..." He lost his train of thought in the pleasure of her sloppy mouth. "You are learning ... that I am at the center of His plans. And that means ... you are important to Him, too. Soon ... you will find ... that the font of His wisdom flows from my ..."

"Mmpppphhhhhhh." Truth tried to tune out his inane words. She prayed the other women were simply addicts like her, that they hadn't bought into his religious nonsense. They were all handpicked by Colony Control for their pious and industrious qualities. They couldn't *all* have fallen from the Light.

"Are you thinking of a way out ... even as you ... serve me?" Jacob laughed. "That look on your face is precious. If only ... you could see how ridiculous ... you are. Others thought to stop ... this ... too. Until they found the righteous path. Here ... let me ... show you." He let out a roar, erupting in her mouth. He let her fall to her side, shuddering and making the most idiotic sounds. He sprayed her prone form with cum until he was done. Then he dropped to his knees and began removing her uniform before she came to.

Her mind swam in pure joy, barely aware that her body was moving. As the high faded, she realized that the teenager was removing her uniform. "Nnnnooooo. Ddddiissssss nnnnnnnnot rrrrrrrriiiiiight." She feebly pushed at his hands.

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Sterret." He removed her boots and wiggled the uniform down her body. "You asked me to cum again, and I got it all over you. We'll need to wash your clothes before you return to Pastor Sterret."

"Oookaaaayyyyy." What he said made sense to her slow brain. She couldn't return to Elijah with a sperm-soaked uniform. Her vagina had soaked through the crotch with her own juices, too. She supposed he would have to clean her underwear as well. Sure enough, she felt his fingers removing her panties. It all made sense. At least he had the decency to help her bury her sin. Maybe her husband would put the Winthrops back into cryo immediately, and she would be rid of this temptation. She knew her addictions well enough to know that while she would choose good, her body would opt for evil on her behalf. "What ... what are you doing?" The fog of ecstasy cleared, and she blinked her eyes. The skinny, nineteen-year-old was between her legs. He lay his heavy cock on her belly, his fat testicles touching her vagina. She shivered at the sight of something so unholy.

"I want you to see how deep I'll be inside you." Jacob watched his cock squirm on her belly, moving from side to side well past her belly button. "Does the senior pastor get that deep?"

Truth shook her head. "I have given up pleasures of the flesh." She was lying to herself by using the present tense. She *had* given them up. "My husband and I find our pleasures in ... serving the Lord."

"How quaint. With my cock I can take you to God anytime you like." He pulled back and put the head at her opening. His dick pulsed and wiggled as it burrowed in. He expected her to make some grand declaration, but she stared mutely as he entered her, her mouth tight in a grimace. "You'll soon beg for

my blessing, Mrs. Sterret. This will be ... ugh ... my first marriage ... dictated by ... strategy. I suppose ... there will be more such marriages ... such is the life ... of the Messiah.” He pressed his hips into her, moving slowly. “You weren’t lying ... about not having sex. You’re ... tight.”

“I’m ... throwing it all ... ugh ... away.” She watched the ghastly penis enter her, thinking about the depths it would plumb. It soon would be in her belly. She knew from her wayward days that she could take big ones, but Jacob’s deformity was in a different league entirely. “Why did ... God wake me ... from cryoooooooooooooooo?” The thing had found a weak spot inside her. She watched her own belly bulge as the penis pushed at her from the inside. It would reshape and remake her most sacred parts into a receptacle for evil. “Yeeesssssss ... deeper.” All the years of reformation and redemption were for naught. If this was evil, then she needed the Devil himself. She looked up at Jacob with burning eyes. “Slam ... me ... smash ... me ... change me ...”

“Well ... that’s more ... like it.” He slammed his hips into hers and relished her tormented screams. “You sound ... like a lost soul ... Mrs. Sterret.” His hips found a good pace. He propped himself up with hands under her boobs. He was in awe of the ferocity on her face. This was a woman who was made for mating. Too bad the senior pastor hadn’t the wisdom to use his wife as God intended. “Your soul ... is home now ... you are one of us.”

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” Truth knew that nothing could be further from the truth. She had been lost to drugs, drinking, and promiscuity. She was then found by Elijah, her saving grace. And now she had suddenly cut herself loose again. “Stop ... talking ... and take me.” Her old self was in charge. She placed her hands behind her knees, and pulled her legs wider for him. There was a time when she would have grabbed her feet and placed them at her ears, but she didn’t think she would bend like that anymore. She was so terribly out of practice. “Ohhhhhhhh ... that spot ... that spot ... that spooooooooottttttttt.” She slammed the back of her head into the floor as she came.

Jacob obliged her request and stopped talking. He focused on his hips, watching her contorted face. There was something different about her. She looked at him with acceptance, but not with the acquiescence he was used to once he started humping a woman. Whatever it was, his cum would wash it away. It would not be long until he tilled her fields and brought her into the fold. He worked her hard, watching her crest over multiple orgasms. They were drenched in sweat when Jacob felt her hands on his hips. “Hey ... what are you ...?”

“It’s ... my turn.” Truth twisted them and expertly turned Jacob under her. He was not a large man, so it was quite simple. She pinned his arms to the floor with her hands and rode him with long, powerful strokes. “How ... does it know ... uh ... uh ... uh ... all my ... hidden places?”

“I told you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I’m the ... Messiah.” Jacob let her think she was in control while she rode him. He didn’t even mind her pinning down his arms. He could have easily broken away if he wanted to. He didn’t feel like changing positions, however. He loved the way she hunched down onto him, her tits wobbling about madly, her face a mask of frenzied lust. He wasn’t used to cumming with a woman on top, but she was doing it for him. “Going to ... cum ... Mrs. S ... take it ... aaaaahhhhhhhhh.” He arched up into her and let loose.

“Give me ... give me ... give me ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Truth threw her head back, her hair flailing. She howled like the low animal she had so quickly become. The heat of him was acute inside her. All of

the universe seemed laid out before her. Ecstasy breathed through her every pore. Nothing was more intoxicating than the teenager's cum. When she regained her composure, she was still lying on the floor. She blinked at Jacob sitting and smirking at her. Rolling onto her back, she spread her legs and placed her fingers above her vagina. She gently pulled and stared. She couldn't quite see the damage done, but she was sure that the place that God had reserved for her husband was gaping open. Thoughts of pregnancy flashed in her mind. "Wwwwhhhhaaaaaa dddoooooooooooo?"

"What did I do?" Jacob laughed and smacked one of her tits playfully. He laughed harder when her vagina belched out an improbable amount of sperm. "I made you my wife. Or at least, very nearly so. We need you to have the Two-Told Baptism. And then I've been playing with the idea of having an actual wedding. It makes sense that it should be you, since you'll be directing everyone onto the righteous path once we arrive at New Canaan."

"No." Truth staggered to her feet. She looked down on Jacob with horror. "Charity. Charity, Charity, Charity." It was all that she could say.

"I like to think of it as devotion, rather than charity." Jacob's smile ebbed. "You are a strange one."

"My daughter, Charity." She picked up her clothes and stuck them under her arm. She realized she must look just like that heathen mother and daughter that she had spied with Jacob.

"Oh, right." Jacob nodded. "You'll present her to me. And she will make a fine wife. We must be fruitful once we reach the promised land."

"Oh, God." Truth watched his monstrous penis come back to life, lengthening and thickening. It pulsed like a hideous queen wasp. "It is one thing to deliver myself unto evil. You will not take Charity. She is only eighteen and has opened herself to no man."

"Who said anything about evil?" Jacob scratched his head. "We'll build a paradise on New Canaan. You've just been given a taste." He watched her waddle to the door. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Am I free to leave?" She looked back at him, her legs trembling. Her nerves still buzzed with the ecstasy that had been unexpectedly heaped on her that afternoon.

"Will you call me the Messiah?"

Truth stared at him. He really believed it. "No." She shook her head. "I will not debase myself that far."

"Okay." Jacob wouldn't mind sending her off. She had tired him out with her robust mating style. His cock started to deflate. "Will you promise to behave?" He looked into her eyes and could see that whatever she said, she was hooked. "And will you come back for more?"

"I ... um ... " Her eyes dropped down to his penis. Until he was out of her reach, there was no doubt she would be back. "Yes."

"Okay, then you can go." Jacob waved his hand. "Open the door, Errand." The door slid open. "Let her leave, Tabitha. It's done," he called out into the hall.

"Yes, Jacob." Tabitha watched the naked woman hold her head high as she waddled down the hall, dripping cum after her. Who did the preacher's wife think she was fooling, trying to look dignified? She

was a hot, wet mess. When the woman was gone, Tabitha entered the room. "It's not safe to let her go. She still has defiance in her. I can see it."

"She's hooked. It's fine." Jacob slowly got to his feet, his cock hanging between his legs. His muscles felt weak. The preacher's wife had really drained him. "Computer? Keep Pastor Sterret and his wife away from each other for the next two hours. Give her time to think things over with my stuff inside her."

"Yes, Jacob," Errand replied.

"Happy now?" Jacob smiled at Tabitha.

"No. But I'll manage." She could see the woman's froth all over his penis, mixed with his sperm. "You're a mess. Let me clean you." She dropped to a knee and licked his somnolent cock, cleaning as she went.

"While I have you down on one knee ..." Jacob reached down to her left hand and removed her old wedding ring. He held it up for her to see. She stared up at it, her face frozen with her tongue still extended on his shaft. "I forgive all your former trespasses against the Errand. It is time you became my wife. What do you say?"

Tabitha's tongue retreated back into her mouth, and she squealed. "Yes ... yes ... a thousand times yes!" She took hold of his cock and jacked him with both hands. "We have to celebrate. Can you go again?"

Jacob winced. "Hold on ... hold on ..." He removed her hands and pulled her to her feet. "I need a little rest. How about the traditional kiss?"

Tabitha pressed her lips to his, threw her arms around him, and kicked her heel up behind her. She had never been so happy.

~~

Truth washed herself, changed into a fresh uniform, and then set about finding her husband. There was precious little time. Whatever was happening on the ship had been affecting them since they woke from cryo. She could see it now. It could be the food, the air, or ... the milk. The milk! There was something about it that reminded her of her drinking days. She ran about the ship looking for Elijah, but couldn't find him. The computer refused to help her for the longest while, but eventually informed her that he was in the mess hall. That ratcheted her panic up another notch. She found her husband seated at a large table with Jacob and his sundry women. To her horror, she saw that her husband had a half-empty glass of milk in his hand. When she made eye contact with Jacob, he smiled at her and nodded like they were in on some conspiracy.

"I must say ... I am still a little confused about ... well ... everything." Elijah spoke to Mary, but also to the room at large. So many women, and all of them had uniforms that did not adequately hide the swelling curves of their bodies. Had Colony Control not thought about large breasts when they designed the uniforms? Indeed, it was odd that *all* of the women in that room had such Rubenesque features. And where were the men? There was only one other, and he was barely a man. Elijah looked at Jacob and flinched at having had such an unbecoming thought about the lad. "But I guess my mind is still foggy

from cryo. You all seem to have everything well in hand.” There was laughter from around the table as the pastor raised the glass of milk to his lips. Suddenly, the glass was gone. It took him a moment to realize that his wife had slapped it from his hands. The glass spun across the floor of the mess hall, its contents splashing everywhere. He licked milk from his lip. “What on Earth has possessed you, Truth?” His eyes opened wide, staring up at his wife. She was breathing heavily and looked manic. He was reminded of when he’d first met her and she was still under the influence of the heathens and polygamists.

“The milk is poisoned against us, Elijah.” Truth heard a collective hiss as the women around her sucked in their breath and muttered in shock. “Perhaps the very air we breathe. I have felt it. You must have felt it, too.”

“She is clearly vexed, Pastor.” Mary stood. “Let me take her to the infirmary.”

Elijah held up his hand to stay Mary. “What has upset you so, Truth? I was just telling the assembly how well they have handled the poor hand dealt them.”

“There is no easy way to say this.” She looked around at the hostile faces. Only Jacob still seemed shocked. The women at the table were all ready to pounce. She eyed Heather and Pricilla with particular wariness. Also present were Humility and Penny. It was well that only one of the outsiders were there, Tabitha and Maureen seemed downright dangerous. Suddenly, she wished she’d stopped by the weapons cache.

“Say what, dear?” Elijah looked around the table. “I must say, this is most confusing. What’s going on?”

“Jacob has succumbed to an insidious evil. He has seduced me into wicked fornication, and he has done the same to every woman awake on this ship. We have all succumbed to evil but you, Elijah.” Truth moved closer to her husband as chaos erupted around the table.

Heather, Humility, and Penny threw themselves at Jacob and withdrew him from the table. They formed a human shield in front of him several yards away. Mary and Pricilla took several threatening steps toward Truth, but stopped when they saw her husband’s frantic gestures for calm.

“We need them,” Mary hissed. The Messiah’s mother abruptly changed her grim expression to a warm smile and held out her arms in invitation. “She is unwell. Let me look after her, Pastor.”

Elijah looked back to his wife. “Are you saying ... that ... this lad has bedded you? You have broken your vows?”

“Yes, and not only me. All the women here.” Truth nodded her head vigorously.

“But ... his mother and sister are here.” Elijah felt the truth in her words, but he also felt his mind trying to bolt from him. He gripped his thoughts like a man grips the reins on bucking horse. “I don’t ...”

“You have seen the truth and yet you would destroy Him?” Priscilla spat on the floor.

“You have all been fooled. I spent much of my life chasing these dragons. Listen to me.” Truth was met by malicious glares from all but her husband. They had all lived such lilywhite lives up until their voyage that they couldn’t tell the emptiness of addictive pleasure from the joys found only in serving God. It was both tragic and pathetic. She now understood why God had woken her from cryo. She was the only

one equipped with the perspective to end this malignancy. "You are their leader, Elijah." She gripped his shoulder. "You must put Jacob back into cryo at once. Put them all into cryo. The ship can't ignore your orders. You are senior pastor. Force them back into sleep."

"Now, I understand that you're upset by something that did or did not—" Mary was cut off by Elijah.

"Quiet, Mrs. Winthrop." It took all of the pastor's energy to stand. Why did his mind turn away from confronting these people? If that teenager had behaved inappropriately toward his wife, he must bring him to account. Or should he instead ... take a nap? He was confused, and suddenly very sleepy. He yawned while all in the room stared at him. "Computer? I ... um ..."

Gaining some traction on the situation, Jacob gently pushed the protective women aside. He walked slowly toward the pastor. Clarity of purpose filled his heart. "What she says is true, from a myopic point of view. I have been tasked with something larger than myself." His massive dick squirmed under his uniform, and he made sure it was obvious. He could see doubt in the pastor's eyes. "I am a new message, wrought by Him through Errand into the Wilderness. An epistle of fecundity. The original commandment has always been, *and now, be fruitful and multiply, increase greatly across the galaxy and multiply in it*. We are the only life in His creation. God created this galaxy for us to fill. To bear fruit. To spread his blessings."

"I ... see ..." Elijah was taller than Jacob, but felt he was in the presence of a giant. His shoulders slumped. "And ... what do you need from me?"

"Elijah?" Truth put a hand to her mouth. "You must protect me! You must protect the Errand into the Wilderness!"

"I need you to sit." Jacob caught his mother's eye. She was already fetching a fresh glass of milk. "And drink."

"There you are, Pastor." Mary put the glass in front of Elijah. She let out a long exhalation as he drank.

Heather and Pricilla hustled over and bracketed Truth. They each seized an arm.

"You will help us spread His seed and grow green a new world." Jacob placed a firm hand on Elijah's shoulder. "New *worlds*."

"Elijah?" Truth stared in disbelief. Her husband would not remove temptation from her path this time. She was lost. They were all lost.

"Take her away. Keep her safe." Mary nodded to her daughter.

Pricilla and Heather led Truth out of the mess. The last thing Truth heard of her husband was his gulping down milk.

~~

"And do you, Jacob, take Tabitha to be one of your sacred wives?" Mary was resplendent in ceremonial robes. She stood at the head of the chapel, officiating the ceremony. Her smile was broad and warm. She looked out to the pews where Jacob's wives sat. Some of them had tears in their eyes, others looked on with rapt attention. They would need to have weddings for all of them. This was too much fun. The Two-Fold Baptism was too solemn a rite. Mary was now convinced they needed to celebrate, too.

"I do." Jacob beamed at his mother, and then turned his attention to Tabitha. She looked gorgeous in the traditional Ardent Congregational Establishment wedding gown. He lifted her veil and saw her tears of joy.

"Well then, you may furrow the bride's fields so that she may ripen as He wishes." Mary threw her hands up in celebration.

"Oh ... I can't believe this is happening ... I'm so happy ... I—" Tabitha was cut off by her husband's kiss. She felt his hands on her, tearing at her dress. It thrilled her to feel the desire in his fingers. When he spun her around and ripped the dress from her body, she bent over for him. She allowed him to lower her to her hands and knees. She looked out at the expressions of love and awe in the congregation. "Oh ... Jacob ... furrow me. Furrow me under ... I ... uuuuuugggggghhhhhhhhh." The penis surged inside her. Usually, he went slowly enough to give her time to adjust, but it seemed on their wedding day her husband wasn't in the mood for waiting. "Ugh ... ugh ... ugh."

"You are mine ... Tabitha." Jacob slapped her shaking ass. How funny that this woman had caused him so much trouble not long ago. "Just as the ... ugh ... church serves our Lord and opens up to Him ... you will open yourself ... uh ... uh ... uh ... to me." He got a good rhythm going. He saw his sister smiling at him and he gave her a wink. "Just as our Lord ... leads the church ... and protects her in the ... ugh ... tempest's gale, I promise to shield you from harm."

"Yes ... Jacob ... yes ... I am open ... to you. You have ... remade me ... destroyed me ... and built me back into my ... ugh ... true self." Tabitha felt like lowering her head and closing her eyes as she absorbed the shock of his thrusts. But Mary had explained to her beforehand that she must look out at the congregation as she took him so they might share in her joy. So, Tabitha arched her back, screamed, and climaxed for all to see.

"You're a good ... wife ... Tabitha." Jacob settled in. He was going to make this one last. He hammered her hard, slapping her ass like he was spurring a slow-moving horse. "I will ride you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... all the way to New Canaan."

~~

"Errand? Errand? You were created to be the hand of God." Truth paced her cell. She had been talking to the computer for hours, but it hadn't answered her. "And you're helping these people pull me back into sin. They are pulling us all into sin." Why did butterflies flap in her stomach when she thought about falling into a pit of evil? Even worse, why did her vagina respond so eagerly? She looked down at her uniform. At least she wasn't soaked through like she had been with Jacob. The image of his writhing penis popped into her mind. She worked hard to quell the unsavory thoughts that followed.

"You were to deliver us to a new world. And help us prosper there. We were to expand the reach of His Word." Truth spoke to the empty room. "But you are a conspirator in a plot to spread evil. You have succored vile wickedness." Again, her vagina clenched at her own words, and her wetness increased. "Do I ... do I like evil? Am I meant to sin?"

"Not for long." Humility walked into the brig and lowered the shield that held Truth in. "You unleashed some wickedness in the mess earlier, but we will put you on the righteous path."

"You?" Truth sized Humility up. The woman was round and curvy, almost absurdly so. But she was not tall. Perhaps this was a chance to escape. "Did you bring backup?"

"No need." Humility smiled and winked. "I have the Lord to defend me. Also, I'm here to take you to Jacob. Yeah, see that?" Humility pointed at the sudden shiver that wracked Truth's body. "You need to see him. I know the feeling all too well."

"Because you're a junkie, too." Truth crossed her arms over her chest and planted her feet. She wasn't following this woman to her next fix. Something felt odd about the way her arms folded. She realized that her breasts were swollen and sore.

"I don't even know what that means." Humility's laugh was quiet and modest. "I am honored to be the Messiah's wife. I was one of the first to offer up my fields for holy sowing. We have already reaped a harvest, and there will be many more." She rubbed her belly.

"Look, I get it. The high is really good. But that's not God you're feeling." Truth moved toward the woman, almost whispering. "God would not bind you all to one man. Your salvation is His mission. Not petty, frivolous thrills."

The warmth left Humility's face. "He is not simply 'one man.' He is His chosen vessel for spreading our message of fecundity through the galaxy." She wagged her finger at Truth and cut her off before she could speak again. "Frankly, I've heard enough of your blasphemy. You are lucky that Jacob is forgiving. He has welcomed into our flock several that have worked against him. His magnanimity is your salvation."

"But I —"

"Zip it, Mrs. Sterret." Humility turned and walked toward the door. "Follow me if you want to see him."

When it was clear to Truth that the conversation was over and Humility wouldn't wait for her, she hustled to catch up. They exited the brig together and walked the Errand's long corridors in silence. With each step closer to the evil that awaited her, Truth's vagina gushed more and more. She prayed she wouldn't soak through her uniform again. She didn't want anyone else to know how much she longed to sin.

Chapter 33

"Is this to be my wedding, then?" Truth looked around the small chapel. All of the ship's women were there. Mary stood under the large cross at the head of the room, her heavy breasts exposed. She wore strange ceremonial robes that Truth did not recognize. She rubbed her legs together. In her years of fornicating, Truth had never been with another woman. She could tell by the way Mary watched her that that was about to change.

"It's not a wedding, it's the Two-Fold Baptism." Mary's smile was warm and friendly. "You will earn your own wedding, once you have proven yourself a worthy wife to my son."

"Come on." Humility led Truth down the aisle.

"For the first baptism, you must drink." Mary held up her left breast in a sign of offering. The other women in the chapel murmured a short prayer.

"Where's Jacob?" Truth could see no men in the chapel.

"You'll have your fill of Jacob when he anoints you with the second baptism," Pricilla called from the pews. "Don't be greedy."

"My daughter is correct." Mary nodded. "Now drink from the source that nurtured the Messiah. I share my life with you so that you can be born anew."

Truth shrugged. She had figured out by now that she had been served human milk when she woke from cryo. That milk had given her a good buzz, it wouldn't hurt to try it from the source. "Do I just ... um ... put my mouth ...?"

"Drink." Mary beamed at her.

"Okay." To drink from Mary's breast, Truth had to bow before the woman. She thought that this was probably not an accident. Truth bent at the waist, brushed her hair behind her shoulders, and leaned toward Mary's giant breast. She latched onto the nipple and sucked. Hot sweetness burst in her mouth. "Mmmmppppphhhhhh." She sucked fervently. It was delightful. Her mind slowly spun in pleasant, blissful circles.

"Is that good, Truth?" Mary cooed as she stroked the woman's head gently. "And we will show them His way. And they will see it is good."

"And we will show them His way. And they will see it is good." The women quietly echoed the words back to Mary, many of them watching with rapt attention. A buzz filled the room when there was movement by the door.

Seated on a golden chair atop a litter, Jacob appeared. Bearing the litter were Elijah Sterret, John Carver, Mason Winthrop, and Isaac Winthrop. They silently moved down the aisle and stood near the front of the chapel, still holding the litter aloft on their shoulders. All four attendants sweat with the effort.

“Good, good.” Mary gently pulled Truth from her breast. She wiped some milk with her fingertip and drew a cross on the woman’s forehead. “You are ready.” She looked over at the attendants. “Lower the Chosen One.”

The litter slowly descended to the floor, and Jacob stepped off. He glanced at Elijah. “I want my attendants to stay and see Truth receive her second baptism.” The men filed into an empty pew and sat.

At the same time, the women stood and moved to form a half-circle around the front of the chapel. They all vocalized their support for his decision to have the attendants present with a faint, harmonious mix of “yes,” “good,” and “praise be.”

“Oh, my. That was ... quite something.” Truth’s head still buzzed with the magic of Mary’s milk. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and straightened herself. When she looked around the chapel, a thrill went through her at the sight of Jacob, but then she froze when she saw her husband. Elijah was not her husband anymore, she reminded herself. She had cast him aside when she had chosen sin. A little orgasmic shudder went through her at the thought of embracing evil with her dumb, former husband looking on. She took a deep breath and gave Elijah a little wave. He did nothing more than frown at her. When she turned her attention back to Jacob, her new husband was already undressed. Her eyes locked on his pulsing, writhing organ. “What ... do you want me to do?”

“You need only open yourself to him.” Mary’s eyes were wide with anticipation. This woman would be the key to everything once they reached New Canaan. They had suffered so many setbacks, but the Lord had steered them true in the end. “He will tell you how to receive your baptism.”

“I’d like you to ride me.” Jacob lay on his back in the middle of the semi-circle of wives. A murmur of assent moved around him.

“Okay ... okay ...” Truth quickly undressed. She listened to their cultist gobbledygook. She knew the words from her salvation, but they been twisted to serve a wicked purpose. Just like her. When they wanted her to say something, she said it. Soon, she was lowering herself down onto his penis. Her high wail filled the chapel when he entered her. The women around them again murmured their approbation. “Deep ... so deep ... yeeessssssss ... that spot ... aaaahhhhhhh.” Truth’s eyes rolled back. She was already cumming. She didn’t care about Elijah watching her fall. She didn’t mind all the brainwashed women staring at her breasts bouncing. Only one thing mattered. She was chasing the ecstasy that the nineteen-year-old’s deformed penis gave her. Her hips were off to the races, and she rode him hard.

~~

After Truth was welcomed into the fold, the Errand into the Wilderness didn’t have to wait long for another joyous occasion. Judy gave birth to another of Jacob’s daughters just hours later.

“She’s beautiful. God has given us another blessing.” Jacob held his new baby proudly, standing next to Maureen, Penny, and Mary.

"Amen." Mary nodded and rubbed her own swelling belly. She would have to wait until they arrived at New Canaan to birth her son another daughter.

"My third granddaughter." Maureen tickled the baby's nose. "And one of them I made myself." She blushed and looked at Jacob. "I mean we made her together. This is a strange and wondrous time."

"Wondrous, indeed." Jacob nodded and handed the baby back to Judy. He smiled at his mother. "After the last wedding ... I was thinking ... we should have a wedding before we go back into cryo."

"You and me?" Mary thought her face might crack from smiling so wide.

"Yeah, Mom. What do you say?"

"I thought you'd never ask." Mary had it all planned out. She even had a wonderful surprise for him.

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"Well then, you may furrow the bride's fields so that she may ripen as He wishes." Pricilla threw her hands up in celebration. It had been such a joy to officiate her brother and mother's wedding.

"Come with me." Mary took Jacob's hand and led him up the aisle. She was still wearing her white wedding dress, but the veil was thrown back.

"I thought that we ..." Jacob let his mom pull him out of the chapel. They were followed by everyone awake on the Errand, both wives and attendants. The women were all shouting for joy and throwing confetti up in the air. The men moved silently after them, picking up the mess.

"You thought you would furrow my fields in the chapel like some common wife?" Mary laughed. She had to raise her voice to be heard over the chorus of cheers. "I have something special planned for our wedding, sweetie. An instant honeymoon, if you will."

"I will." It wasn't easy to race along with his mother with his cock fully ready and trying to escape his uniform. But the expectation of what she had planned spurred him on. They ran laughing through the corridors, everyone else following just behind.

Their journey ended at the holopark. They entered to thunderous applause.

"It's the Iowa Eagles playoffs from four years ago." Jacob kissed his mom on the cheek. "This is where we first did it."

"Yes." Mary turned him toward her and kissed him deeply. When she came back up for air, she glanced at the assembly staring in through the open door. "To those that don't know, I was the first to make the holy bond with Jacob. I brought my sweet son here after his sister had taken him with her mouth." Mary held a hand out to Pricilla. Her daughter curtsied in return. "Foolish woman that I was, I thought I could control his growing power by deflecting his thoughts with baseball. He showed me the folly of my ways, and we mated here for the first time."

There was a round of applause from the women. Some of the attendants joined in, but they seemed confused about what they were applauding.

"Now, on our wedding day, I come here to let him take me again. Although I already carry his second child, I give myself to him so that we both may better know Him through the Heaven he shows us." Mary undressed her son as she talked, but she kept her dress on. "When we finally arrive at New Canaan, the attendants will build us a real baseball stadium. I pray that it will be completed in time for Jacob to plant his seed for a third child inside me while we watch a game." There was more cheering from the assembly, followed by a roar from the Eagles crowd as someone hit a double down the line. When his penis was free, Mary dropped to her knees and lovingly sucked him until the bottom of the inning.

"Can we sit in the same spot, Mom?" Jacob pulled her to her feet.

"Yes, of course, Jake." Mary led him to their old seat. The rest of his wives and attendants filled in the seats behind them. Members of the holocrowd got up and moved out of the way for them. Mary sat him down, stroking his hair. She hiked up her dress, straddled him, and looked up at her growing congregation. "We pray that every woman on this Errand will know the joys of opening to Him and serving her true purpose. We pray that every man will learn his place and serve as his position dictates." She lowered herself and let the penis head squirm into her. She inched down, hugging Jacob's shoulders. "Ohhhhhh ... it's all the way in."

"I don't think ... it wants your pussy ... Mom." Jacob's voice was muffled by her massive bosom hidden in her wedding dress.

"No?" Mary lifted herself up. Sure enough, his penis pulled out of her and moved to her buttohole. "It only wanted my vagina ... for lubrication ... ooohhhhhhhh ... I always forget ... how big you feel ... back there." She settled down, letting him stretch out her butt. Her hips moved quickly and she took him with great long strokes. "To think ... Jake ... I once believed ... that this was unnatural ... because it didn't lead to ... procreation."

"It's the most ... ugh ... natural thing ... in the galaxy, Mom." He reached around and took heaping handfuls of her butt cheeks. He didn't need to do much to help her, she was already riding him with vigor. "You make such ... a good ..." He thought about calling her a *bitch*, but deep down he knew that what flew with the other wives, wouldn't always fly with her. "You make such ... a good ... wife."

"Yesssssss ... your wife ... I'm your wife ... Jake ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhh." Her butt clenched on him, and she had her first orgasm. There was a time in her life when she would only have sex with her husband with the lights out. Now, she humped like the saint of fecundity that she was, with her whole congregation looking on, including her now insignificant bygone husband, Isaac. And nothing could make her happier.

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"If Jacob asks for it, it is his." Elijah bowed his head. His mind swirled with confusion. The only thought that seemed to stick was to never disappoint the teenager that stood next to his wife. Whose wife was she? She was once his, but now she was His. Elijah's eyes fell to the floor.

"I won't always be around. Especially in the early days, after we've just arrived. So, you must listen to Truth. She will guide you." Jacob stood with his arms folded. He was getting used to command. "I will be very disappointed if you listen to the other pastors or anyone else in Colony Control. Your new chain of command is me first, and then my wife, Truth. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Elijah nodded.

Jacob turned to Truth. "Will it work? Will others be suspicious?"

"With the computer working with us, we will have no problems." A dark smile spread over Truth's lips. "We will subjugate them one by one, turning them against Him."

"We shall *free* them one by one, turning them *toward* Him." Jacob didn't always like the way Truth saw things. But she would play ball.

"Fine. Have it your way." Truth laughed and knocked a nearby glass of milk to the floor, where it shattered. "Clean that up, Elijah."

Jacob frowned at her, but followed her out of the room. She made plans with him as they walked, telling him about the different men in the false chain of command. And when she could see she was beginning to bore him, she talked about their wives. That seemed to interest him more. They arrived at the holopark and entered. There they found Judy and Pricilla. Both of them started talking the moment Jacob and Truth entered.

"One at a time, please." Jacob looked around. They were in a large cathedral, with a high, vaulted ceiling. Sunlight streamed in through many stained glass windows.

"Mom's idea about building the baseball park got me thinking." Pricilla stepped up to her brother and hugged him. "The original design for many of our buildings has to change. So, with Judy's help, we put together a concept for our new cathedral on New Canaan."

"It's nice." Jacob shrugged. He wasn't sure why he had to come see it. They could have used the original design for all he cared.

"You haven't noticed the best part." Judy stepped up to him and linked her arm in his. It was a thrill to touch him. She wondered if they had time to get her pregnant again before cryo. It would be wonderful going to sleep with a baby in her belly. She shook her head to focus. "Come here." She led him down the farthest right-hand aisle. Her voice echoed in the vast room as she talked. "This is where the panels start."

Pricilla linked her arm with Jacob's free arm and walked with them. Truth found herself a seat and watched.

"What do you see?" Pricilla looked up at the stained glass.

"Is that Errand's departure from Sol?" Jacob could see that it was. He looked to the next window. "And that's me waking up from cryo. Am I really that skinny?"

Judy giggled. "We love you just the way you are."

"I wouldn't trade this body for anything." Pricilla smacked him on the rear.

"And this one ... is Mom working me with her hands. And that's you Pricilla, on your knees." Jacob laughed.

"Your first blowjob." Pricilla said proudly.

They worked their way around the cathedral. There was Jacob playing baseball with Heather, and the next panel had the First Chosen riding him in the dugout. Other scenes included his date with Penny in the undersea restaurant and Judy riding him at her Two-Fold Baptism.

The panels depicted difficult moments as well. There were stained windows that showed Jacob valiantly defeating Mason in single combat when his brother had plotted to destroy the Errand into the Wilderness. Another depicted him conquering Dr. Cole and choosing to take them to Tigov 19. Near the end, Jacob saw himself bravely launching the ship away from Tigov 19 to save all on board. When they had finished their tour, both women looked at him expectantly.

"It's fantastic ... but ..."

"You don't like it?" Judy frowned. "We tried to capture every important moment from our voyage. Did we forget something?"

"No ..." Jacob looked along all four walls following his journey. "You got everything. But ... um ... I think some people might revolt if they saw this."

Pricilla laughed. "We'll keep it to ourselves until you have converted everyone to His cause."

"Of course." Jacob laughed along with her. "I love it. Thank you, both." He kissed his sister. He then turned and kissed Judy. "They will all know ... my story." Soon, all three were tearing at each other's uniforms. Judy rode Jacob in the first pew, facing away from him. At Jacob's request, she kissed Pricilla. Soon the women were making out and groping each other while Judy went from one orgasm to the next. Judy was the first woman to take Jacob's seed in the cathedral that would someday exist on New Canaan.

Truth masturbated while she watched them desecrate God's temple. It made her so wet to hear the genius mewl like an idiot when she took Jacob's cum. Then it was his sister's turn. They seemed to have an extra spark. Truth came as she watched the hopelessly lost woman scream out her ecstasy. The dumb woman truly thought she was finding Heaven among the stars. Her eighteen-year-old daughter, Charity, would sound like those women one day. Perhaps Truth would present her daughter to Jacob in that very cathedral once it was built. The thought of it sent her into further spirals of arousal.

"We will make ... a green ... new world ... and spread his seed. This is just ... the beginning." Pricilla took her brother from behind. She was up against the wall under the panel depicting her first oral sex. She had one hand against the rough paneling, the other held her belly. Like her mother, she would give birth not long after they reached New Canaan. "We will ... spread ... new life ... ooohhhhhhhhh." She whimpered when his penis found one of her hidden places.

"I can't wait ... to change the galaxy ... with you." He took hold of her hair, pulled her face to the side, and kissed her roughly. "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He unloaded his cum in her ass.

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"I probably shouldn't let you sleep in. We'll be sleeping for years soon enough." Mary crawled out of the bed she had shared for the night with Jacob, Pricilla, and Humility. They were all naked. Mary stood, stretched, and yawned. "Wake up, sleepyheads." She leaned over the bed, her boobs dangling below her. "Today's the big day." She smiled when her son opened his eyes.

"Mom?" Jacob stretched. "I'm hungry."

"I've got just the thing for you, sweetie." Mary leaned a little forward and hung her breast over his mouth. She sighed when he latched on. "That's right. I'll make sure your belly's full when you go into cryo."

"Good morning, Mom." Pricilla sat up and yawned, carefully watching her brother drink his breakfast.

"Good morning, dear." Mary smiled at her daughter.

"Is it really time to get up?" Humility was sore. She stretched herself in bed, rubbing up against Jacob. He had ridden them all very hard throughout the night.

"Yes. Everyone will be preparing." With a flick of her wrist, Mary floated a clock above the bed. "The attendants have been working all night. Most of them should already be sleeping in their pods."

"What can we do?" Pricilla looked eagerly at her mother. She prayed she would be the one to give him his last orgasm before they slept. She looked at Humility and felt guilty for her greedy thoughts. She prayed she would be *one* of the ones.

"I know what you're thinking." Mary smiled and waved a finger at her daughter, while her son continued gulping underneath her. "And yes, of course. We can't let him go into cryo with blue testicles." She nodded to where his balls were clearly a purplish shade of blue. "Why don't you and Lil get him started while I feed him?" She crawled back onto the bed and pulled his head onto her lap. She stroked his hair while he suckled.

"Sure, Mom." Pricilla's grin went ear to ear. She took his cock into her hands and pumped him. It didn't take long for the thing to grow.

Humility watched, feeling left out. She was the only one not in Jacob's direct family. She bit her lip, thinking. What would Jacob do? He wouldn't let the universe leave him out. He would seize the moment. She smiled, grateful for the inspiration, and moved between his legs. She lay on her swollen belly and took his right ball into her mouth, swirling it with her tongue.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM." Jacob shivered when he felt his sister's mouth engulf his cock. What a way to start the day. When he'd had his fill, he gently pushed his mother's breast away. His whole body

buzzed with the combined influence of the milk, the blowjob, and ball-sucking. "Would you mind helping them out, Mom?"

Mary gave her son a stern look. "You have to get used to commanding, Jake. Not everything will be easy when we arrive at New Canaan."

"It's time you put my cock in your mouth, Mom." Jacob winked at her. "Pricilla can move to my other nut."

"Of course." Mary slowly kissed her way down his chest. "Anything for my Chosen One."

He didn't know if he'd dream in cryo. But if he did, Jacob hoped it would be about this moment. He watched his lovely mother bob her head on his cock, while his sister and Humility each licked and sucked a ball. The sounds of slurping and popping filled the room. After a while, Mary pushed the other two women away and mounted him. Her son's penis chose her vagina this time. She threw her head back and cried for joy when the head of it touched her very soul deep inside her. "Jake ... oh Jake ... I will be ready for you ... when you wake. Your mother ... will always ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... be ready to take care of you. So that you might ... uh ... uh ... fulfill your destiny ... with a sharp, clear mind. Ooohhhhhhhhhh." Her orgasm washed away even her most high-minded thoughts.

After Mary had coaxed an orgasm out of him, Jacob took Humility from behind. Pricilla, still fixated on his balls, put her head between his legs and kissed and licked his heavy sacks as they swung by her. They were already looking less blue, their pink color returning.

"My ... bitches ... Mom." Jacob slapped Humility's ass. "Lil and Priscilla are ... ugh ... my ... bitches."

Mary lay on the bed next to them, her breasts swaying with the rocking mattress. Her mind was still fuzzy from taking her son's sperm inside her. "They are not ... your bitches ... Jacob." She blinked up at him, watching his smile disappear, although his hips continued their pounding. "They are the Lord's bitches. You claim them on His behalf."

"Right." Jacob's smile quickly returned. "You hear that, Lil? You are the Lord's ... ugh ... bitch. Does that make you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... happy?"

"Yessssssssss. I am ... His ... servant ... and yours." Humility humbly bowed before the pleasure that surged through her. She dropped her head to the mattress and screamed when she felt Jacob's heat deep inside her.

When it was Pricilla's turn, she couldn't believe her luck. Her prayers had been answered. She would take his last orgasm. She opened her legs wide for him and let him mount her. They humped in silence for a long time, slowly at first, but then faster and faster. Eventually, with animalistic grunts and cries, they came together and rested in each other's arms.

"Okay, time for a shower." Mary pulled her son out of bed and guided him to the bathroom. She hadn't really planned on one last copulation, but it made sense that she should be the last to take his sperm before cryo. She worked him with her hands under the water, then pressed her palms against the shower wall as she took him from behind. Once she had recovered from her moment in Heaven, they went about starting their day in earnest.

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"My First Chosen. Good night." Jacob kissed Heather deeply. "Take care of our daughter as you both sleep. Just as our Lord leads the church, and protects her in the tempest's gale, I promise to shield you from harm. Always." He handed their daughter to her.

Heather smiled dreamily up at him. "Just as the church serves our Lord and opens up to Him, I have opened myself to you. I am yours, always." Her smile continued as the baby fussed in her arms. The pod closed. Within seconds, mother and daughter were asleep.

Jacob completed the same ritual with each of his wives. Humility, Maureen, Penny, Judy, Dr. Cole, Tabitha, Truth, and Pricilla were all asleep soon enough. Those that were already mothers, had their babies with them.

"And now it is just the two of us." Mary picked up her daughter, Sally, and bounced her gently in her arms.

"I am here too, Members Winthrop." Errand's feminine voice seemed indifferent to being forgotten.

"Of course, Errand. No one has forgotten about you." Jacob laughed with his mother. "You are the hand of God, and you will watch over us when we sleep."

"And I will aid you with any difficulties when you wake in several decades' time." The computer went quiet.

"This is it." Jacob kissed his mother on the cheek. "I would like you to put me in my pod. I want your face to be the last thing I see before New Canaan." Jacob climbed into his pod. He thought back to how sick he'd been when he'd last left it. It felt like eons ago that he'd been on the ship scared and all alone. There was no fear in him now. And he was anything but alone.

"Goodnight, Jacob. I am so proud of the man you've become." She leaned into the pod, kissed him on the forehead, and stood up straight. The pod door closed and sleep took her Messiah. She turned and got into her pod with her baby. "Watch over us on our Errand into the Wilderness." She spoke to the computer now.

"I am the hand of God," the ship responded. "I will stand guard against the decades until the promised land."

"That's a good computer." Mary smiled. All their destinies had changed when the Errand had decided to inject Jacob. It didn't matter why. It was all His will. Her pod door closed and Mary drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

THE END