

Retirement Package

"Another one?" Derek asked, shaking his head slowly. "I can't imagine why. Young and beautiful and bright as you are..."

Jennifer huffed.

"Every single time!" She muttered. "I think I've met a nice guy, we get chatting, he seems interested. But, as soon as we meet up, suddenly he's not into me any more!"

"Perhaps its some problem with how the app matches people," Derek suggested. "It'd hardly be the first time algorithms fail to work as intended."

"That's the thing!" Jennifer whined. "It's not just guys I meet online, it's *every* guy I come across. Every single man I've met these last few months has been repulsed by me. And I just don't get it. I'm not ugly, am I?"

"Definitely not," Derek grunted.

"I don't smell bad, or-"

"No," Derek smiled. "You smell fine, Jen. Whatever the problem is, it isn't you. I promise. Personally, I can't imagine anyone seeing you and not having their breath taken away by how pretty you are."

"You're the only one," Jennifer said, feeling her cheek warm.

"Here," her boss grunted, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a small bottle of pills. "Take one of these. It'll make you feel much better."

He handed her the pill bottle, watched intently as she opened it and downed one of the pills.

Almost instantly, a wave of relief washed over Jennifer.

She had no idea how, but every time she took that special medicine, it washed away all her doubts. She felt lighter, happier. Found herself caring less and less about what other guys thought about her, how disgusted they seemed to be whenever she encountered them.

Truly, she had no idea how she'd have coped with all the rejection over the last few months, if not for Derek's pills.

"You should add these to the business," she told him, handing the pill bottle back. "You'd make a killing."

"They're not ready for public consumption yet," Derek shrugged, pocketing the bottle. "Despite what the allopathic medicine crowd think, we don't put out any random crap and call it medicine. These pills still have a lot of testing to go through before I'm comfortable putting them up for sale."

"Well," Jennifer smiled. "When you *do* start selling them, let me know."

Derek stared at her for a long moment, eyes filled with unreadable thoughts. He nodded his head slowly, spoke in a hushed voice.

"There's something I've been meaning to ask you, Jen. Something important."

"Oh?" Jen felt her heart seize in her chest. If he was about to fire her, about to disregard her like all those other guys... She didn't know if she could survive *that*.

"A, uh, 'organised community' has reached out to me. Somehow they've learned about what my new medicine can do and they... Well, they want to make me a part of their community. And they've made some *compelling* reasons as to why I should join them."

"I... I see," Jen said, confused.

"The thing is, if I join their 'community', I'll have to leave here. Close the business and basically disappear. You'll never see me again."

"Ah," an icy dagger twisted itself in Jen's chest.

"That's why..." Derek gulped, couldn't look Jennifer in the eye. "I was thinking... Well, if you were my wife, you'd be able to go to their community with me."

It was an impossible decision.

Marriage? To a man twice her age? Leaving with him to join some secretive, cult-like community?

Jennifer was nineteen. Young and bright, her whole life ahead of her. Was she *really* considering it? Giving up everything like that? Was she actually thinking about throwing away everything to marry a guy she barely knew? Sure, her heart fluttered at the thought. Sure, she got butterflies in her stomach when she thought about him. But running away with him? Joining this weird cult?

Derek was the only man who could stomach being in her presence. Every other man could barely stand to be in the same *room* as her.

What if he was 'the one'?

What if all that talk of soulmates and destiny was true?

What if Derek was the man she was *meant* to be with?

Sure, he was older than her. But that just meant he'd experienced more of life. He knew what he wanted, had spent enough time building his fortunes to be able to provide for her. So what if he was old enough to be her father? Plenty of women dated and married older guys. It wasn't *that* uncommon.

And he found her attractive.

Blonde hair, constant smiles, a nice figure. Until just a few months ago, guys had been all over her. Asking her out, wanting to date her. She'd been too busy with school then. And she always wore nice clothes; dresses and cute outfits. She was pretty! She knew she was pretty. Yet, every guy in the world except Derek seemed to hate her.

Maybe she should go with him to the community.

What if that's where the universe wanted her to go?

Derek wasn't a bad guy. Kinda shy sometimes, but nice and kind. He owned his own business making and selling nutraceutical medicines. And he was good at it! Really, Jennifer could do a lot worse than Derek. At least he could appreciate her. At least he found her attractive.

An underground facility. A former military base of some kind, deep in the earth. Concrete walls on all sides, florescent lights in the ceilings.

It was not what Jennifer had been expecting. Not at all.

In her imaginative mind, the community had been a little village with bright blue skies and bright green grass, a lush place worthy of being called a 'community'. Not this. Never in a million years would have have pictured *this* being her new home.

This place felt more like an apocalyptic bunker than anything else.

"This way," their guide said, leading them down a grey corridor. "Your living area is just down here."

Jennifer glanced at her 'husband', a pang of uncertainty clutching her insides. Though they weren't 'officially' married, she'd have to play the part of Derek's wife. The only reason Jennifer was allowed entry was that the people here thought she was his real, actual wife.

Derek noticed her staring at him, gave her a comforting smile.

"Here," their guide said, stopping at a regular, wooden door and turning to Derek. "This is where you'll be living. Inside, you'll find your designated assistant."

Designated assistant? No-one had mentioned anything about a 'designated assistant' before.

The guide handed Derek a key, walked away.

Derek turned to Jennifer, gestured to the door.

"Guess we'd better check it out, huh?"

Wordlessly, Jennifer shrugged.

Her 'husband' looked at her thoughtfully for a long moment, pursed his lips. He reached into a pocket, pulled out a bottle of pills, handed it to her.

"Take one of those," he instructed. "It'll help with the anxiety."

Jennifer nodded her head, did as she was told.

And, together, they stepped into their new home.

Jennifer's eyes widened as she entered, eyes roaming the walls and floors in wonder.

If she didn't know better, Jennifer would have sworn she'd just stepped into a regular, normal house. Carpets on the floor, normal house walls with plain old wallpaper. A wooden staircase leading upstairs. There was a kitchen, a dining room, four bedrooms. Everything, every detail, was perfect.

Jennifer almost forgot she was even underground.

And, waiting in one of the small rooms of her new home, was Julie.

Their designated assistant was a woman slightly older than Jennifer. She introduced herself as 'Julie' and even Jennifer's eyes were drawn to the girl's large bust. Two massive breasts barely contained in an old-timey, fifties dress. With dark hair and bright red lips, Julie looked like a picturesque housewife.

"Here at the colony," she told Jen and Derek after the introductions had passed. "We believe in a traditional, natural form of living. Too many things in the modern world seek to separate us from what's truly important. Family and community. All couples who join us here are assigned a designated assistant. For the two of you, that's me. I'll serve as your housekeeper, your maid, your nanny."

"We... We don't have any children," Derek mumbled.

"Yet," Julie smiled.

"I'm not sure," Jennifer breathed. "I've never..."

She hadn't admitted it yet. Not to Derek. How could she? Until recently, he'd been her boss. It would've been inappropriate for her to tell him she was a... Even now, with him being her husband in all things practical, she could barely bring herself to confess it.

"I've never done it before."

Derek stared at her through wide eyes, the hands that'd been unbuckling his belt frozen in place.

"I'm a virgin," Jennifer stated, cheeks pink.

"I... see," Derek said. His hands began moving again, continued to remove his belt and lower his pants.

"I don't know how to-"

"Don't worry," her husband told her. "I'll be gentle."

All Jennifer could do was nod her head, watch as the man who was twice her age stripped naked before her. Her husband. The man who was supposed to impregnate her. It was a good thing they'd thought to bring along some condoms! Jennifer was *not* ready to be a mother quite yet.

When he was done taking his own clothes off, his cock standing firm to attention, Derek walked over to where Jennifer stood, stopping right in front of her.

Without uttering a word, he began taking her clothes off.

Heart pounding, face red, all Jennifer could do was stand there – raising her arms when necessary, lifting her legs so that her husband could remove her underwear.

He took her by the hand, led her to the bed.

Jennifer went willingly, chest warm.

This was her soulmate. Of that, Jennifer was certain. Yet, even so, she was scared. Her first time...

Derek kept his word.

He was, at least, gentle with her.

So this was the man who'd created such a wonderful drug.

Julie watched the screen intently, eyes on the two no-so-married people sharing a bed together. The thirty-eight year old man and his nineteen year old fake bride.

A fine addition to the community.

Be it by accident or by intent, Derek had created a pill that would bring untold success to the colony. A drug that caused a woman's body to create two distinct, powerful hormones. One that emulated the effects of falling in love, the other generating a pheromone that repelled unwanted mates. Derek's drug was a marvel; it allowed for the creation of faithful, loving wives. The kind of wives that would repulse all but their designated partner.

It'd make the colony's breeding project a raging success, Julie had no doubt. And would go a long way to funding the colony for the foreseeable future.

Securing Derek's cooperating had been as simple as reminding him how much the 'modern' world would punish him for his discovery, and his use of it. Drugging his employee so that any man she encountered would be repulsed by her, all so that he could claim her as his own? Naughty, naughty.

Julie couldn't blame him, though. Jennifer was a pretty girl. Good bone structure.

Her genes would be a fine addition to the colony.

In the corner of the screen, on the hidden camera's feed, Julie spied the box of condoms that Derek had brought with him to the colony. A sly smile spread her lips.

He thought he'd been so clever sneaking that in.

Little did either of them know that Julie and her trusty little pin had gone to work on the condoms in that box while Derek and Jennifer had been eating in another room. Those silly little things would do no more good at protecting Jennifer from her sacred duty of motherhood than they'd protect her from the many cameras hidden throughout her new home.

If the colony was going to thrive and prosper, it needed a future. And its future was in the fertile wombs of its many new inhabitants.