

Retirement Package

Chapter 2

Jennifer's smile widened as the other women approached. A group of five, all in their early twenties and all with bulging bellies of different sizes. The ringleader, Addison, was just a few weeks shy of the magical nine-month mark. And next to her, a girl with a flat belly named Harriet, who'd only just gotten her positive test result the other day.

The group all wore radiant smiles, laughter ringing out as they neared Jennifer.

"You're early," one said as the group came to a stop. "Any sign of the instructor yet?"

Jennifer shook her head. "I only just got here."

"We were just talking about starting a reading group," Addison grinned at her. "A way for us to get together outside of the re-education lessons. We could do it every Sunday."

"Sounds like it could be fun," Jennifer shrugged. "Not sure I'll have time for it though. There's always *something* to do at home. Once the little one comes, I doubt I'll have enough free time for a weekly reading group."

Several of the woman nodded their heads in agreement.

Addison pursed her lips, glanced down at her very pregnant belly. "You might have a point there," she sighed. "Still. It can't hurt to try, can it?"

The women began chattering again, sharing their thoughts and opinions.

For the most part, Jennifer stayed out of the conversation.

A reading group? On paper, it sounded like a fun little thing to be part of. An excuse to get out of the home every week, spend time unwinding with the girls. But, in reality, it'd never work. Not for her, at least.

She looked around, stared down the nondescript hallways of her 'community'. The lifeless concrete walls and ceilings, the concrete floor with its painted lines – coloured pathways guiding the way to important areas of the underground facility. Up on the ceiling, florescent lights flickered and buzzed.

From what she'd been told, those lights emitted a small amount of ultraviolet – enough to simulate being outdoors in sunlight. That, paired with vitamin supplements, and Jennifer's body wouldn't know the difference between living in this facility and living in the outside world. Or, that was the idea, at least.

It was hard to *not* feel trapped down here. Constantly surrounded by dull, grey concrete.

But... This was where she belonged.

When their instructor finally arrived, Jennifer was grateful for the distraction. Her and the rest of the women were led inside a large room, seated in rows.

Their instructor – an older woman with a cold, stern expression – stood in front of them all, eyes scanning the gathered faces.

"How a woman presets herself," the woman began, voice even and calm, "defines her. Is she some poxy strumpet that dresses to entice weak-willed men? Is she a heartless, loveless 'career' woman?" The instructor sneered. "Or is she a wife, a mother, a *good* woman?"

The instructor started pacing in front of them, finger pointed at the ceiling. She was wearing something out of the fifties or sixties. Cardigan and flowery dress and an old-school bun hairstyle.

"Up there, in the 'modern' world, women have forgotten their purpose. Their place in life. They dress like harlots and whores, dedicate their lives to usurping the positions of men. They've shunned what once was – what *should* be. And, because of that, they've created a society destined for destruction."

Jennifer frowned, glanced around and saw all the other women listening intently.

"Here, in our Community, such things are not tolerated. We are women. And we will *act* like women, *think* like women, *behave* like women. But, before we can do any of that, we must first know how to *dress* like women."

Despite wanting to speak up, Jennifer held her tongue. Best not to draw attention to herself. So, instead, she listened. Paid attention. The people here would expect her to act and dress a certain way. Okay. She could do that. No trouble. She'd do whatever it took to be able to stay here with her husband. With her Derek.

"Resting?" A voice in the doorway asked.

Jennifer jumped, spun around. Sure enough, there she was. Julie. Her nanny-in waiting, the housekeeper and Jennifer's mentor in all things homely.

The woman entered the room, graceful as always.

"I..." Jennifer blushed. "Just for a minute. Then I'll-"

"Shh," Julie smiled. "Relax. You're allowed to take breaks. Especially with the condition you're in."

Instinctively, Jennifer's hand slid down her body, rubbed the ever-growing bulge of her belly. Her steadily advancing pregnancy. A tingle shot through her body at the thought, the reminder.

"When the little one comes," Jennifer said, looking at the closest thing she had to a true friend down here. "I don't know if I'll be able to help much with the cleaning and cooking. I don't want you to have to do it all yourself, but..."

"I'll manage," Julie shrugged. "You don't need to worry."

"But we barely manage to get everything done when it's both of us here," Jennifer said. "How are you going to-"

A gentle hand on her shoulder quieted her complaint.

"I'll manage," Julie repeated calmly. "It *is* my job, after all. Yours is to produce children."

Jennifer chuckled. "You make me sound like some breeding animal."

"Well," Julie shrugged. "That is what you are."

Jennifer tensed.

She opened her mouth, but no words came out. What was she supposed to say to *that*?

"Don't be offended," Julie told her. "There's no shame in admitting the truth about what you are and why you're here."

"I'm *here*," Jennifer said, turning away from Julie. "Because my husband brought me."

Behind her, Julie sighed.

There was a moment of silence. Jennifer's heart pounding in her chest, her face hot, body tense.

"You're pregnant," Julie stated.

"Yes," Jennifer mumbled.

"And, after you've given birth, you fully intend to get pregnant again. And again after that. Don't you?"

"Wh- What does that have to do with anything?"

"Everything."

Jennifer spun on her heels, glared at Julie.

The woman simply raised an eyebrow at her.

"You exist to be bred. You're not here to be Derek's wife, Jennifer. You're here to mother his children and warm his cock. You *are* a breeding animal. The sooner you accept that fact, the sooner you'll find peace and happiness in the Community."

Jennifer huffed, pushed past the nanny.

"I have cleaning to do," she grumbled. "No time to talk about nonsense with you. If

you'll excuse me.”

“Of course,” Julie smiled as Jennifer left.

“Just lay back,” Jennifer told her husband. “Relax. Let me take care of you.”

Warmth tingled inside her chest as she climbed atop him. A love so whole and pure that it flooded every inch of Jennifer's body. A righteous glow radiating out from deep inside her.

She straddled her husband's waist, trembled with joy and fulfilment at the physical contact. Her skin against his.

His cock stood to attention in front of her.

And, try as she might, she couldn't drag her eyes away from the sight of it. It's bulbous head and veiny shaft. A man's cock. *Her* man's cock.

Jennifer let out a moan, shuffled forward.

She pressed her crotch over the cock, slowly began grinding against it – the juices leaking out of her providing more than enough lubricant. She lost herself in the sensation, the feel of his manhood beneath her.

When she looked down at herself, saw her heavy breasts and bulging, pregnant belly, yet more happiness and joy radiated inside her. A wave of pure, blissful pleasure. A reminder that, no matter how much she might try to deny it, *this* was where she belonged. *This* was who she was. *What* she was.

She thrust her hips, slid herself up and down the length of her husband's shaft. Not letting it penetrate her – not yet. Just grinding against it, savouring the feel of it.

Derek groaned, eyes shut tight. His hands found their way to her hips, gripped her firmly.

“I want you,” Jennifer whispered. “I need you.”

Derek grunted, squeezed her waist.

“Fill me up,” she moaned.

Her hands slid up his body, trailed up his belly and chest, fingers wrapping around the back of his neck. She leaned down, kissed him – tasted the sweat on his lips.

“Do it,” she breathed into his ear. “Fuck me silly.”

She lifted her hips as he reached for his cock. And, together, they moved. Her dripping crotch down onto his hard, wet cock.

A cry of pleasure burst forth from Jennifer's lungs.

The sensation of her hole being spread open – so familiar, and yet so wonderfully refreshing. She felt it as the head of her husband's cock pressed deeper inside her, ravaged her tightness with its rock-hard girth. She felt her pussy squeezing around him, felt every inch of her body tense and shudder and relax all at once.

“Oh god,” Jennifer gasped. “Oh yes!”

And, just like that, she was *complete*. She was *whole*.

Her head on his chest, his hand on her breast. Together, they lay there silently in the aftermath.

The florescent lights in their ceiling were dim – indicating it was evening in the world above. As the ceiling lights got darker, people in the community would begin turning on lamps and torches and the like. But, for tonight, she and Derek wouldn't bother with that. Before long, she'd get up and prepare supper for them both. Then they'd both sleep the night and darkness away.

Post-orgasmic bliss. It sure was something.

Laying there in a state of total relaxation, not a care in the world, not a thought to be had. Her legs were sore from bouncing on Derek's cock so much, her back ached too. But, despite the little aches and pains, Jennifer was content. She was *happy*.

Julie's words echoed inside her skull. Bounced around her brain, demanding

Jennifer notice them – demanding she admit the truth.

She was happy.

This was her place.

Being bred was her purpose.

Thinking the words made Jennifer shift. She tried to ignore them, but in the silence it was impossible. Her head on her husband's chest, his cum filling her pussy, his love glowing deep inside her.

How could she *not* face it?

She was... She was...

"Babe?"

Jennifer flinched, looked up at her husband's face. He was staring at her, a look of uncertainty on his face.

"Yes?" She whispered.

"There's... There's something I have to tell you."

Jennifer sat up, heart thumping hard in her chest. She watched as her husband sat up to, couldn't ignore the obvious guilt in his eyes.

What'd he done? He hadn't... He couldn't possibly have cheated on her, could he?

"The reason we're here," he gulped. "The reason the Community invited us to live here... It's because I invented something. Something special. A certain drug that..."

He looked away from her, licked his lips.

"A drug that makes women fall in love. And makes them repulsive to other men."

First doubt. Then curiosity. Then a spike of realisation.

Before they'd come here, back when they'd been no more than employer and employee, Jennifer'd had a lot of trouble finding a man. Every guy she met had seemed to be *disgusted* by her. Every single guy she met, except Derek...

"I didn't think..." Derek said, brow beginning to sweat. "I just wanted to..."

"You used the drug on me," Jennifer stated.

It wasn't a question.

"Yes."

A thousand different thoughts buzzed around inside Jennifer's head. Memories from before coming here. The pain she'd felt at being rejected so much, and the gratitude towards Derek. The things Julie had said to her, called her. The Community and its guidelines and expectations. Her feelings, the pulsing of her heart.

It was all too much to focus on at once. Too overwhelming.

So Jennifer *stopped* thinking.

Rather than worry, rather than regret or panic or doubt or freeze, she set all that aside. Pushed all those conflicting thoughts deep down.

And, after doing that, she was left with one thing. Just one.

The overwhelming, all-consuming love she had towards Derek.

Whether it was natural, or the result of some fantastical drug, it was what it was. She was in love with the man before her. Madly, deeply, unquestioningly in love.

She was his.

"Okay," Jennifer said, looking at her husband.

"Okay?" Derek repeated, confused.

Perhaps he'd been expecting her to be upset. Perhaps she should be.

But she wasn't.

"Okay," she nodded her head at him, smiled. "What would you like for supper, dear?"