

Stepford Redux

Walter glanced back into the ballroom.

Colourful dresses and handsome suits, beautiful women and lovely music. There was elegant dancing. Circles of men conversing while their wives fetched drinks. A smile on every face. Splendour and dazzle everywhere Walter's eyes roamed.

A world built on lies.

There was his wife; his real, *human* wife. Dancing with Mike in the centre of the ballroom, ready to pull him away into the night when the time came. Their plan; Walter destroying the programming that kept the Stepford women enslaved, Joanna distracting Mike so that the mastermind would be unable to salvage the impending destruction.

Joanna was smiling at Mike as they danced, eyes filled to the brim with adoration and obedience. Who'd have known she'd be such an amazing actress?

Walter turned away from the scene. Crept into the mansion.

There was work that needed to be done, and he was the only one able and willing to do it.

His feet led him where he needed to be, away from the pretty dresses and beautiful music. They guided him to the hidden elevator which in turn took him where Stepford Wives were made.

And there, right in front of him, the doors.

On the other side of them, all the computers and programming which kept the Stepford Wives under control.

He stepped up to the door. Waited.

And nothing happened.

That wasn't right. The system should have detected him, known him as a man of Stepford. It should have acknowledged him and opened right up. Their whole plan hinged on this door opening for Walter! If it didn't...

No.

He shook his head, examined the door – searched for any buttons or controls he might be able to use, anything at all. But there was nothing. The door was sealed shut. And there was no way he'd ever be able to force his way in, not in a million years.

No!

This couldn't be it. This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

But...

Mike didn't know. The other men had no idea Joanna wasn't a Stepford Wife. As long as they continued to play the part, the pair of them could buy time. Eventually, they'd get the opportunity to put this whole Stepford conspiracy down – rescue all the women of Stepford from their twisted husbands.

This wasn't the end. Stepford could still be saved.

It'd just take longer than Walter had hoped.

Quickly, before his absence could be missed, he got back on the elevator, returned to the mansion proper and made his way through the corridors towards the ballroom.

Silence faded the closer he got, ballroom music still playing, people still dancing and chatting and laughing. All oblivious.

As he stepped into the ballroom, Walter's eyes found Mike and Joanna instantly – still dancing in the middle of the huge room. Both smiling, Joanna with a loving twinkle in her eyes.

Odd. She was supposed to have taken him outside already. Why were they still in the ballroom?

No, that didn't matter.

Walter had to tell her that their plan was a failure, take her away from here before either of them roused any suspicion. They could plan their next move at home.

He strode out onto the dance floor, weaved his way through men and their wives. Made his way to where his wife and Mike waltzed.

"Honey," he said, when he was close enough to be heard. "I think it's about time we got out of here."

"Leaving already?" Mike asked, staring into Joanna's eyes. Neither of them turned to look at Walter. "But the party's only just begun. You can't leave yet."

"You know how it is," Walter said, forcing a smile onto his face. "When a man needs to *make use* of his wife, everything else comes second. And I very much would like to have some fun with Joanna right now, if that's alright."

"He didn't try very hard, did he?" Mike said, ignoring Walter. "Barely there for two minutes. Was he always with much of a quitter?"

"Yes," Joanna answered. "Always."

"Didn't even *try* to force the door open. Just gave up right away. So much for the dashing hero come to save all the happy wives."

Walter's stomach sank. He stared at his wife – at the loving way she gazed into Mike's eyes.

"What have you done to her?"

Finally, the two stopped dancing. They turned in unison, faced Walter with mirrored smiles.

"You've gotten to her," Walter said, heart breaking in his chest. "You've turned her into a Stepford Wife."

"No," Mike shook his head sadly. "Not yet. Right now, Joanna here is still very much human. She came to me, you see. After you failed to upgrade her. Told me all about your little plan to 'free' the Stepford Wives from their loving husbands."

Joanna blushed, looked down at the floor.

"Shame on you, Walter," Mike continued. "I welcomed you into this community, made a place for you and your family here. And *this* is how you repay me?"

"But..." This didn't make any sense. Joanna had betrayed him? "Why?"

Feeling her husband's eyes bearing into her, Joanna looked up, met his stare with one of her own.

"Because Stepford is the future," she said simply.

"Yes," Mike agreed. "It is."

This was wrong. This was all wrong. It couldn't be happening. Walter refused to believe that any of this was real. It had to be a dream. It just *had* to be.

"Really though," Mike said, patting Walter on the shoulder as other husbands began to crowd around the three of them, "I have to thank you, Walter. I've been thinking about getting an upgrade for a while now. Lovely as my wife is, she's an older model. Outdated and redundant. Joanna here, when she's been Stepfordized, will make for a perfect new wife for me."

Walter looked to his wife, searching for something – anything – that might give him hope. She shrugged at him, hooked her arm under Mike's and turned away.

As the two of them disappeared, the rest of the Stepford men descended on Walter.

"Will it hurt?" Joanna asked, laying on the operating table.

"Not at all," Mike smiled. "You'll fall asleep as you, and you'll wake up perfect. That's all there is to it."

"What about Walter?"

"He'll wake up on the other side of the country," Mike said, looking at a computer screen. "With no memories of who he is or where he comes from. We'll make sure he has enough cash on hand to get by on for at least a few months – we're not monsters, after all. But Walter himself won't be a problem any more."

Joanna inhaled a deep breath.

"I'm ready," she said.

"I'm aware," Mike smiled. "You are, after all, the first woman to willingly undergo the operation. A woman after my own heart."

One of the men in the operating room placed a mask over Joanna's face. Within moments, she was getting groggy and sleepy. Thoughts slowing down, worries fading away.

"Just relax," Mike told her through the sudden, sleepy haze. "When you wake up, everything will be as it should be. We'll tie the knot, have a wonderful honeymoon. Just you wait. It'll be perfect."

Joanna shut her eyes and, before she knew it, she was gone.

Joanna flowed gracefully down onto her knees, dress fanning out perfectly around her. A radiant smile on her face, she took hold of Mike's belt, began undoing the buckle. Her mouth was already beginning to fill with a special lubricant designed to increase sensitivity and pleasure.

When she lowered Mike's pants and boxers, his cock bounced to attention – rigid and strong.

She gasped at the sight of it.

"Oh my," she said, examining the massive rod. "You're *marvellous*, dear. I can hardly believe my eyes!"

"Believe it," Mike grinned. "And take care of it."

"Yes sir," Joanna sighed happily.

She opened her mouth, the vacuum motors in her cheeks and throat activating. She widened her lips to accommodate her husband's girth, sliding his member into her mouth, and began sucking with more force and vigour than any normal woman was capable of.

Her head bobbed up and down on it, smothered it with love and affection. She pleased it in ways that she'd never pleased any man before. Pleasured it with an eagerness she'd never had for any man in her past. This cock, she knew, was a part of her. A missing piece of the machine that was Joanna. It was meant for her. It, and only it, could complete her.

Every grunt Mike made was music to Joanna's ears. Every pat on the head, every complement, was a greater reward than anything else she could imagine.

When it came time for her to stop sucking and to mount him instead, Joanna did it gladly. She climbed onto her husband, smiled lovingly at him as she guided his cock to her opening. The hole that'd been made specifically for him.

Pure electricity jolted through her the moment he rammed inside her. A perfect joy, a feeling of completion so overwhelming that Joanna could think of nothing else.

She rode him. Hard.

"Mike," she moaned, swaying her hips rhythmically. "Fuck me Mike!"

And fuck her he did.

Better than any other man could ever hope to, he fucked her. Pounded her with his amazing cock.

Her insides wrapped around it, pleased it in every way imaginable. And still he kept fucking her, pounding her insides. In the back of her mind, Joanna couldn't help but worry that her husband was so big, fucking her so hard, that she'd need to have her internal parts repaired afterwards.

A silly thought.

Mike had made her. And Mike didn't settle for anything less than absolute perfection. Joanna wouldn't break. Not from this.

She lost herself in the pleasure, in the need to pleasure him.

The gadgets and do-dads in her body were superior to any flesh-and-blood woman, able to satisfy a man far beyond the limitations of a non-Stepford woman. The special

aphrodisiac fluids her body produced, the knowledge and programming added to her mind on all things sexual, the customisable body-modifications installed in her. Everything that Joanna was, was for the sole purpose of satisfying Mike.

This was what she'd been made to do.

And Joanna loved every second of it.

She dedicated herself to his satisfaction, giving everything she had to give so that she could hear his gasps and grunts. Until finally, blissfully, he came inside her.

Filling her up with his essence.

She kissed her husband goodbye; a lovely, lingering embrace.

Wearing a lovely dress, white and brilliant, with a pearl necklace and a frilly apron. Clothes that suited Joanna so amazingly well that she couldn't even imagine herself wearing something else. Just the idea of putting pants on was revolting. Her bright blonde hair flowed beautifully down her shoulders, her face and its perfectly applied layer of make-up. Everything about the woman screamed 'wife' now.

The man she'd been married to before – whatever his name was – hadn't truly understood Joanna. Hadn't known that a wife's place was at home, taking care of it while her husband was away – and taking care of her husband when he wasn't. Why in the world had she ever married a man like that? Who didn't understand where she belonged?

It was no matter. She had a new husband now. A better one.

Their lips parted, breaths hot and tingly.

Mike gave his wife one last smile.

Then he was gone, off to meet Stepford's newest residents. A small family of four; husband and wife, two children. They, Mike had said, would make a fine addition to Stepford once the wife had been upgraded.

Joanna couldn't wait.

She'd learned so much about being a good, dutiful wife since coming to Stepford. Passing on all she'd learned, ensuring that the men of Stepford were as happy as happy could be, would be wonderful. Showing this new wife the ropes, slowly guiding her down the right path, would be exactly what Mike wanted her to do.

And pleasing Mike was all Joanna wanted from life.

She watched him disappear down the mansion's drive until he was completely out of view. Then, smiling, she turned back to her home. The giant mansion she was tasked with cleaning.

Such a wonderful, amazing life she lived.

Far better than anything she'd ever had before.