

My Husband's Fertile Womb
- A Short Story -
By Razmagurk

"Good morning, baby."

"Mmm... fuck." My brain sloshed as I stirred. My brows tightened, eyes squeezing shut all the harder to keep it from leaking out. "What time is it?"

"Like, 10?"

"10!?" My eyes snapped open. I immediately regretted it.

"Shh, shh, its fine." My wife's tender hand stroked gently at my hair. She handed me some aspirin and a glass of water as I sat up. My tits were sore, my cunt was sore, my whole body was sore. "I told work I was going to be late."

"What? Baby, no, this is the third time this week."

"It's fine. I had a talk with my boss the other day about what we're trying to do. He wasn't supportive at first, but once I showed him exactly how badly I needed it, he demonstrated that he was more than happy to help out - in any way he can."

"Oh my god, you're so bad," I giggled.

"Mm, I am." She bit her lip. "Maybe I've earned a spanking."

"Fuck, look at you!" There was still cum dried in her hair and all over her body. She reeked of desperate, messy sex.

"Right?" she laughed. "I don't think I got home until like, 2?" There was pride in her voice. "Fuck, I almost didn't. You wouldn't believe the guys I hooked up with last night. Twins! Baby, holy shit, they fucked me so damn good. They must have cum 4? 5 times each? Load after fat fucking load."

"Oh my god, that's..." my head swam. I could just picture this woman, the light of my life, pitching back and forth like some wanton whore between two steely-dicked strangers. "That's amazing!"

"Right?" she beamed.

"I'm surprised you didn't spend the night." I crawled out of the covers and wrapped my hands around her, the whole of my naked weight pressing sleepily into her side.

"Mm, well," she smiled beatifically, "as fun as a repeat would be, you know I can't sleep without your perfect pillows." She leaned into me, twisting to playfully nuzzle her head into my tender, cum-stained tits. "Ooh," she came away licking her lips.

"And here I was wondering why you'd disappeared from the party so early." I laughed. "Did they cum inside you?"

"Mmmf, fuck yes they did." Her hand sunk down to her swollen cunt, her middle finger slowly spiraling around her throbbing clit. The dried cum still on her thighs slickened into a pungent slime at her growing wetness. "Double cream-pie, baby! All ten loads!"

"Oh my god!" I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a tender kiss right above the pussy. "Good job, baby. Fuck," I followed the trail of kisses up her soft fertile body. "You're such a hot fucking slut!"

"Aw, thank you baby." She met my lips with her own, our soft tongues mixing all the more passionately as I tasted the flecks of cum she'd licked off my boobs. "Anyway, if that doesn't earn a bit of extra sleep in bed, I don't know what does," she laughed. "How was the rest of your night? You look like you were run through the wringer." She groped at one of my sensitive tits, just below where someone had kindly written FREE USE JIZZ RAG in big black letters.

"Well," - I was salivating at just the memory - "while you were off getting railed by the twins, I had the rest of the frat all to myself."

"Ooh!" my wife's hand picked up speed.

"Right? You'd think. But ugh, they kept cumming in my ass and my mouth and all over my tits. Which, is, you know, fucking amazing, don't get me wrong, I was having the time of my life -" I sighed and took another drink, the flavor of last night still heavy in the back of my throat. "But it was, like, a total waste. Only six of them had the decency to actually drop their loads in my cunt, despite all my begging."

"Aw, I'm sorry baby, I wish I'd been there! I could have licked the cum from your ass and fed it to your pussy."

"Ah, fuck." I let out another sigh, though this one was not born of frustration. "That's so hot."

She leaned in kissed me, her masturbations growing all the more intense as our tongues danced some more.

"The guy who went last though," I continued, "fuck -" I squirmed at the memory of him - "he had the biggest goddamn dick. It curved just right to grind against my g-spot and when he bottomed out - oh my god - I was seeing stars. It was like he was dumping his load right into my cervix. Guy clearly had a thing for sloppy seconds, too. I mean, why else would he go last, right? He just kept cumming and cumming and cumming until I was just leaking out onto the floor."

"Mmmf." her breath was ragged. "Careful baby, you're gonna make me cum."

"Haha, It doesn't take much does it?" I stuck out my tongue.

"Mmm, tell me what you are."

"A bitch." I whispered between kisses. "A horny slutty cow quivering with need - an animal to get pounded and bred. A cumdump for strong virile, powerful men. A slut! Less than a whore!"

"Ah - f-fuck!" she cried out, shaking, as the first of today's orgasms rocked through her. She fell backwards onto the bed, panting, pussy dripping at just the thought of what was to come.

"Mmm, now that's what I call a good morning." I giggled as I fell back next to cuddled against her, the familiar musk of my wife's jizz-stained body the most comforting thing I could think of.

"Hey, baby?" she looked deeply into my eyes as she wrapped an arm and a leg around me.

"yeah?"

"How... how are you feeling? About... all this?"

"Oh. Honestly?" I bit my lip. "*Fertile.*" I couldn't hide the goofy little grin. "I'm glad you talked me into that party. Being the center of attention like that? It just felt so... so... *right.*"

"Good." She kissed me tenderly on the cheek and pulled me closer. "It's just, I know you had your doubts, and this is all still new to you, baby, and the last thing I want to do is push you out of your comfort zone."

"No, no it was really really great!" When I closed my eyes I could still see the canopy of virile men towering over me, their masculine energy sending shivers through my body whenever one even so much as looked at my slutty bitch body. All that dick, all that cum, all for me, filling up my every aching-empty inch. "We should definitely do it again sometime."

"Mmm, for sure." She laughed. I could already feel her body heat rising once more. "If that didn't get one of us knocked up, I don't know what will."

"Well, we can't take any chances." I stroked a hand along her back. "You've got to still keep fucking all those guys at work."

"Oh trust me," her grin widened. "They're not about to let me skip a day."

"God, they're so nice. You're lucky to work in such a supportive environment."

"And to think," she giggled, "I used to bemoan the fact that I worked in a male-dominated industry."

"Mmm, male-dominated is right." I sighed and clung to her all the harder. "All those guys bending you over their desk, taking you against the wall, so confident and powerful. Guys are... wow, guys are great."

"Right? All of them just taking turns pounding me in the boardroom, each taller and stronger than the last. unf." We both bit our lips.

There was a pause as we each reveled in our androphilic fantasies.

"I'm sorry I could never be that for you, baby." I glanced downwards bashfully.

"Oh honey no, it's not your fault!" She ran her fingers through my hair. "You were. But it just... it wasn't enough. How long did we try? A year?"

"A year and a half," - I sighed - "yeah."

"And the sex was great! But it just, it wasn't *enough*."

"Yeah..." Was I ever able to do for her what those men did? How could I have?

"But now, thanks to the fertility clinic," she squeezed at my pert midriff, "you've got a fertile little womb all of your own! Now you understand what it's like trying to get pregnant. And with both of us out fucking all day, we're going to double our chances easy!"

"Mmm..." I put my hands over hers. She was right. I could feel my quivering ovaries, ripe and ready, full of fresh eggs, just waiting for some hung bodybuilder stud with heavy churning balls to put a bajillion fat babies inside me. I could feel it sending sweet girlish estrogen surging throughout my body. It was this wonderful drug, screaming in my brain it's all-consuming need to just get pinned down and *bred* like the hyper-fertile bitch I was.

Fuck. I relaxed into her. I loved it.

I didn't think I would have, but the more I spoke with the doctor about it the more sense it made. This is what we wanted, wasn't it? The doctor made such compelling arguments. Why shouldn't I be willing to sacrifice everything for this - wasn't my wife in the same position? Weren't we a team?

"Oh, that reminds me." She rubbed her head into my neck. "We have another appointment this weekend."

"Oh, that's right!" I was grinning like a kid in a candy store at just the prospect of going back. "I can't wait to tell the doctor about all the guys we've been fucking! She's going to be so proud!"

"Mm, I can't wait to see that nurse of hers."

"Oh my god, right?" I giggled. "Fuck, he has the thickest, stickiest cum. I'm getting wet just thinking about him." Now it was my turn for my hand to creep down towards my cunt. "Do you remember the last time we were there?"

"Oh, I remember. He pinned you down for like an hour and just made you his bitch while the doctor took her samples and whispered all that truth in your ears."

"Oh god, he was so rough. Mm, talk about knowing how to treat a girl. Fuck. Why can't more men be like that?"

We both shuddered in mutual lust, the conversation on hold as our fingers played across our hungry holes. I shuddered all the harder as I came at the thought of what that man had promised to do to me if I'd been a good girl. I had been.

"Fuck... " I moaned "I love you so much baby."

"Mmm, I love you too."

Sure, failing to have a baby together was a big deal, and the decision to go to the clinic had been a difficult one, but - I cuddled in tighter - you know what? We'd never been closer.

Not that, you know, we'd been having sex or anything. I almost giggled at the thought, the idea seemed so silly now. I mean, she was a *girl*, it's like, how would that even work? I mean, we kissed and stuff - we were intimate - but it wasn't sexual. Well, okay, maybe if it was to make some guy hard, sure, but that was just playing around.

Girls were like... they were beautiful, don't get me wrong, and the thought of one getting her pussy stuffed full of cum was sexy as hell - whenever I saw a hot slut getting pounded I wished I was her - but girls just... they didn't do anything for me any more. How could they? They didn't have what I needed.

Fine, okay, sometimes we'd help each other get off. We were horny sluts and sometimes you can only work a dildo so hard before your arm wants to give out. She was my wife; it was the least I could do. But it's not like I got off on it. It's not like we were lesbians or anything.

You'd think that would have driven us apart, but on the contrary, it just meant we had so much more in common. We both knew full well what fertile little bitches like us needed - the lengths we would go to to get it - and we were more than happy helping each other out, no matter what it took.

Sure, sometimes I'd still get a little jealous when some well-oiled alpha-male with a cocky grin and chiselled abs and baseball-sized nuts fucked rope after rope of his potent seed into her quivering pussy. - How could I not be jealous? I mean, that could be me with my cunt getting stuffed! -- but I felt so much closer to her in those moments than I ever had when I'd been fumbling around with my own dick trying to do the same. Besides. It's not like I wasn't going to have my turn, and when we were both getting pounded doggy style, hand in hand, staring lovingly into each other's eyes?

Absolute heaven. I couldn't imagine being more in love.

Eventually - begrudgingly - we got out of bed. I started cooking breakfast as she got ready for work. It was her favorite - sausage and scrambled eggs. I giggled.

"Oh, baby," she stepped naked from the steaming bathroom, toothbrush in one hand and a towel slung over a shoulder, pert naked body bouncing free and on display. "Don't forget to take your pills before you eat!"

My pills? I opened the side cupboard and looked at the pill bottle I'd set behind the cinnamon. I frowned. I'd hidden them. Why had I hidden them?

"Come on. Doctor's orders. Good girls take their pills, remember?"

"Yeah, I know, I just..." My heart beat faster at the thought of being a good girl. I opened the bottle. The glittering tablets inside were aggressively, hypnotically pink. Why did it seem so heavy?

"Baby?"

"Sorry," I shook my head. "It's just... they always make me super horny, you know? And everything goes all pink and fuzzy. It's so hard to think."

"You say that like it's a bad thing." She put a hand on my hip and kissed my neck.

"Yeah, when we're going out, it's great, but if I take them now, I'm gonna just wind up staying in all day and masturbating. Again."

"I mean," she shrugged, "if you feel like you're wasting the day, you could always go to work."

"Like this?" I laughed and gestured down at my fertile female body, naked save the 1950s house-wife apron. I had a body literally built for men to fuck. "They'd never recognize me."

It should have bothered me more, I was sure, but the notion that my whole life previous was basically forfeit was something I'd already come to terms with. It wasn't even a tough call - not really. The doctor made it all so clear - I'd sacrifice my masculinity a thousand times if it meant even just the chance of getting another load in my squirmy pussy.

"Hey, I never said you had to go there to do work." She stuck out her tongue. "Do you remember Brad from accounting?"

"Oh shit. I do remember Brad from accounting. Tall, dark, mysterious?" I licked my lips. "How had I never noticed what a fucking stud he is?" He acted like he was god's gift to women, but honestly I'd always thought of him as kind of a leech. Now though, now I could see how right he was. "Fuck, I wonder if he's got a big dick?"

"Mmm, I bet." My wife gave a wink. "Only one way to find out."

"Oh my god, and I could visit Barry, and my boss Blake, oh god." I bit my lip. "Fuck there are so many hot guys I could go see."

"Lots of hot cum for my baby."

"For our baby." I held my hand over my stomach. "Thank you, baby, you're an absolute genius!" I leaned up to give her a kiss. "I love you so much."

After my wife finished getting ready, we sat down over breakfast and exchanged further information about last night's cum-hungry dalliances. Not a single juicy detail was spared.

But alas, these little moments of domestic bliss could never last.

"You're not going out like that, are you?" I tilted my head to the side. She looked like a porn star trying to play a secretary.

"What's wrong with this?"

"Baby - " I reached up and groped the naked crotch beneath her miniskirt. "you're not wearing any panties."

"Mmhm," her breath hitched. "Easy access."

"Oh, I'm not saying it's a bad thing," I bit my lip, "but here. Take these!" I ran and grabbed a mostly-clean thong. I don't know if it was mine or hers, but it didn't really matter. "You can put them on after you've been creampie'd to keep all the cum from dripping out everywhere. Cum's no good if it's not in your pussy. Oh, and takes some condoms! If some guy wants to fuck you in the ass we can save it and I can rail you with the turkey baster when you get home."

"Aw, baby," she put the items in her tiny little purse. "That's so sweet!"

"And here..." I undid a few of her buttons, her cleavage went from hinting at her eagerness to making a very compelling argument on the matter.

"You don't think that's too much?"

"As someone who was a guy until very recently?" I raised an eyebrow. "No, I think that's the perfect amount."

"Thank you, baby." She gave me a kiss on the forehead. "I've got to get going. I don't want to miss my bus. I'm hoping that cute guy from last time will be there."

"The blonde?"

"The redhead." She swooned.

"Ooh, send pics! I'm going to be home all alone. Just me and the dildos. Call me after you fuck - or hell, in the middle of it. I want complete up-to-date dick reports on all the men in your life, do I make myself clear?"

"Mm, yes ma'am!" she giggled. "You let me know if you decide to go out, okay? You can't just stay cooped up here forever."

"I know... I know... we'll see. It's a big step. But hey, I might have some company. We'll see who walks by when I've got the blinds open and am womb-deep on Mr. Stallion."

"You're so bad."

We giggled.

"I love you baby."

"I love you too."

"I'm really glad this happened to us." I squeezed her hand.

"Me too. I can't wait to start a family with you."

"We're going to be the best moms the world has ever seen!"

I gave her one last kiss and she was off.

The door clicked closed behind her.

My heart pounded.

I looked down at the pink pill in my hand. I had palmed it earlier into the pocket of my apron. I closed a shaking fist around it.

This pill. This damn pill. I knew what it was, I knew what it represented.

There, alone in the last of the morning light, everything seemed so clear. I could see full well the thousand ways I had lost authorship of my life. I was being controlled, manipulated, transformed. My mind, my soul, my whole world. I had become someone else's plaything.

And here - I gripped my fist all the tighter - here I had a chance to fight back. All I had to do was destroy this pill. All I had to do was to keep that pink fog from my mind long enough to fight back, to find some means of escape. All I had to do was...

I looked back down at the pill and frowned.

Escape? Escape to what?

What would I find out there that I didn't have here? Was I not happy? Happier than I'd ever been before? Even if... even if none of this was real? Even if my happiness had been set up, engineered by some third party?

I took a deep breath and I let it out slowly. Did the surreality of my situation make it any less true?

Were my wife and I not going to spend the rest of our lives together, happy, pregnant and in love? Did the circumstances that created that situation make it any less desirable? People spent their whole lives searching for the kind of fulfilment we had! Didn't they?

I swallowed the lump in my throat. I was shaking. Was I... was I so wrong to want to embrace it? Not because of my programming, not out of some fear of what running would entail, but because of the genuine chance this represented at a good life?

Even if... even if it was a life that I don't think the old me would have understood.

Or was I being selfish for wanting what I wanted? Did I owe it to some higher ideal of truth to struggle? To resist until my last miserable breath?

Well, if so, then - I sighed - then maybe I was never much of a man to begin with.

To whomever I failed with my choices, I am sorry.

I put the pill bottle back behind the cinnamon. Maybe tomorrow would be different. Maybe tomorrow I wouldn't feel like being a good girl.

For now though, at least this life would be by my own choosing for just one more day.

I put the cotton-candy pill on the back of my tongue and swallowed.

Besides - it wasn't just my happiness, was it? I thought of my wife's smiling, cum-splattered face. How could I ever betray that?

I turned around to face the house, body already heating up. I had a lot of chores to do and I wanted to cook my wife some lunch and surprise her with it. My old office wasn't too far off of hers, I could swing by afterwards... maybe it really was time to start getting out again.

Ah, but first... I pulled open the blinds and pulled a dildo off the shelf.

It was going to be a good day.

The End.