

Hope's Revenge

Lindsey Greene

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“Uuuhhnnngggghhhh,” Hope groaned as she stretched out on the bed. She wanted to sleep another five hours, but the sun shining through the window into her eyes put an end to that dream.

“Good morning Hope,” said a soft feminine voice.

“Mmmm, good morning. WAIT! What? Who’s there?” Hope was suddenly out of bed and on the defensive as she looked around for the intruder.

“Don’t be alarmed,” the voice continued. “It’s me...Sperms. Though I don’t really like that name at all.”

“Sperms? M-My suit is talking to me? That’s it! I’ve finally gone off the deep end. Amelia has finally fucked my brains out!”

“You’re not going crazy. We’re in a symbiotic relationship, remember? You’ve been wearing continuously for a month now and that means all of my functions have finally been enabled.”

“Well, okay then. This is going to take some getting used to. I take it no one else can hear you?”

“Correct. My nano-probes give me a direct connection to your brain allowing me to talk to you silently. That being said, congratulations.”

“For what?”

“On your pregnancy.”

“My what, now?”

“You are pregnant. I confirmed it with your medical chip last night but did not wish to wake you.”

“How in the hell am I pregnant!?”

“Well, when a man deposits his semen into...”

“I know *how* one gets pregnant! But how in the hell did I? I’ve only been having sex for a little over a month and most of that with Amelia! Who’s the father?”

“Initial tests are inconclusive. The identity of the father is not on file within any of the twenty-six nearest habitats. There is more.”

“More?”

“It appears you have been injected with an incredibly potent, genetically modified semen. By my best calculations, you’ll not only have twins or triplets when you give birth, but you’ll be having twins and triplets every year for the next fifteen years.”

“What the...holy fucking...no, no, no...this isn’t happening! AMELIA! That lying bitch! She must have come inside of me without me knowing it! I’ll kill her for this betrayal!”

“Don’t do anything rash,” Sperms said in a feeble attempt to calm Hope down.

“Calm down? CALM DOWN!?! That backstabbing fucking tranny impregnated me without my consent and you have the nerve to tell me to calm down? I’ll calm down alright! I’ll calm down upside her head! I’ll...”

Ding dong! The doorbell cut Hope’s tangent short and she stormed out of the bedroom to see who could possibly be bothering her at such an inopportune time. Looking out the window, she saw a young man dressed in a tailored black suit standing on her front porch. Yanking the door open, she stared the man down. “Can I help you?”

“My name is Martin Alexander and I’m with the Bureau of Female Affairs. May I come in?”

“What...do...you...want?” Hope said through clenched teeth.

“You’re medical chip alerted us at four-oh-seven this morning that you are now with child. I’m here to give you your first collar.”

“Fine. Give it to me and then go. I don’t have time for this shit today!”

Martin pulled a slender box from his jacket pocket and opened it. Inside, resting on black felt, was the sleek red collar that would tell everyone in Habitat Zenith that Hope was pregnant with her first child. It would also give her the added privilege of being able to choose her life partner with whom she will have as many babies as possible to help repopulate the habitat and the world. And if Sperms was correct in her calculations that meant somewhere between thirty and forty-five babies.

“Please hold the box for me so that I can put it on you,” Martin said holding the box out for Hope to take.

“I think I can put it on myself thank you very much.”

“I’m sure you can, but the initial placement must be performed by an agent of the BFA. Once it is around your neck I must calibrate it to your medical chip.”

“Fine, whatever,” Hope huffed. “Just get it over with.”

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With her new collar around her neck and magnetically locked, Hope left the house without breakfast and marched straight to BioGen Labs to have a word with her lover. After signing in and taking the elevator to the lab floor, she pushed the door open with all her strength – which was considerable thanks to Sperms. She saw Amelia at the back of the lab carefully measuring a bluish-green powder into a beaker half-full of a light pink liquid.

“Good morning Hope. Um, is something the matter?” Amelia asked, sitting the vial of powder down on the metal table.

“Do you notice anything different about me this morning?” “Hope asked as she moved further into the room.

“You mean something other than your obviously dour mood? Wait! Is that...OH MY GOD! You’re pregnant? How?”

“You tell me, Super Sperm! The identification of the father is not on file. That means it was you! Sperms told me I had been injected with an incredibly potent, genetically modified semen that would have me having twins and triplets for the next fifteen years! What in the hell did you do to me?”

“I did not impregnate you Hope. You know I would never do such a thing without your permission.”

“Then who? You’re the only one I’ve been with for over a month now!”

“Wait, did you say Sperms to you? As in your suit?”

“That’s right. She can communicate with me now.”

“Fantastic! I was wondering if that function was viable or not. How does...”

“Oh no you don’t! You’re not changing the subject on me!”

“I swear to you that I did not do this. You know full well that I’ve pulled out several minutes before ejaculation every time we’ve had sex. Other than what you’ve swallowed, none had entered your body. And before you ask, no, it is not possible for it to make its way to your vagina from your belly.”

“If not you, then who? The super sperm project is top secret known only to a handful of people. Who else could have done this to me?”

“Well, before meeting me you did say you had sex with an Aegis and a breeder gang. Perhaps one of them carries the super semen as well.”

“Can you tell me who the recipients are?”

“I’m not supposed to reveal that information to anyone for any reason, but considering the circumstances... follow me and I’ll show you a panel of faces. If one of them matches the men you had sex with prior to meeting me then you’ve found the father of your children.”

“So, is Sperms correct? Will I have multiple-birth pregnancies?”

“Most likely. The super semen was designed with population growth in mind. Although she may be off on how long the semen remains viable.”

“I am not wrong. I have analyzed the semen and it will remain viable for approximately fifteen years and seven months.”

“She says she is not wrong and that it will remain viable for fifteen years and seven months. I’m nineteen dammit! I don’t want to be having two or three babies a year until thirty-five! I want every last sperm out of me right now!”

“I’m afraid that isn’t possible even if I wanted to. You know the laws Hope. If I did that, especially since you now wear the collar, I’ll be executed and you’ll be placed in the Pokey for the rest of your life. I’m sorry, I love you but preventing you from having babies is not worth my life. Here we go, these are the men that have been given the super semen. Recognize any of them?”