

"We've done it, Supreme Leader," the scientist said timidly.

The Supreme Leader, sitting at the far end of a long table, pursed his lips and steepled his fingers.

"Is it effective?" he asked at length.

"Yes."

Oppressive silence settled over the conference room.

"Is it... safe?" a lesser advisor asked, equally timidly.

"It doesn't matter," the Supreme Leader said curtly. "Roll it out immediately."

For millennia, the orthodox had attempted to uphold the teachings of The Book. Sex was required. It was unfortunate, but without it, procreation could not occur. Male orgasm and ejaculation was also required. That was not unfortunate in itself, but the accompanying arousal and pleasure distracted the male from his primary goal: to worship The Holy One. Female orgasm had, a thousand years ago, been assumed to be required, but that had long since been debunked.

That was fortunate.

And now, the scientist had finally discovered what the Supreme Leader considered the Holy Grail of scientific research.

Safety didn't matter; what mattered was ensuring that every living male and female continued the species, devoid of those unfortunate, damning distractions.

"Next!"

Albert swallowed hard. He didn't know exactly what this gathering called by the Supreme Leader was about, but he *had* seen syringes.

Albert hated syringes.

"Hold out your arm."

Albert did a double-take, but the cold, steely eyes of the hulking attendant quickly stanching any thoughts of back-talk. Albert did as told.

"Um," he said nervously, "What's this about? *Yipe!*"

He yelped as the needle stabbed into his arm. Whipping his head, he gave the attendant a dirty look and rubbed the spot.

"Next room," the attendant said.

Albert swallowed again. His thoughts racing nearly as fast as his heart, wondering what he'd just been injected with, he moved into the next room.

Standing in front of him was a female in the standard-issue jumpsuit, looking just as bewildered as he was. Albert felt a sudden tightness in his chest, an uncomfortable, anxious feeling in his groin.

Without thinking, he stepped up to the female. She saw him coming, swallowed, then dropped to the ground and lay on her back with her legs spread.

Albert lay on top of her. His penis grew erect and eerily numb, and he brushed his hand over the fly of his jumpsuit, letting just the smallest bit of himself out and slipping it into the matching hole on the female's jumpsuit, expertly ensuring his penis never actually saw daylight. He thrust once, twice, three times.

He ejaculated.

He grimaced, feeling as though something had been taken from him without his say-so.

But the act was done. With the discomfort relieved, he pulled out and recovered himself. He and the female got up.

Going Medieval

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They exited the government building and went straight to The Holy Place to pray to The Holy One, to offer praise, ask for a fertile pregnancy and, of course, reiterate the constant prayer for protection of the Supreme Leader.