Kyle

by Brent Clark Palmer
Vulpes Parvaes, Book 33

Chapter 1: After the Game

The late afternoon sun filtered through the half-drawn blinds of Lexi's living room, casting long golden stripes across the worn beige carpet and the three young women sprawled across the sectional couch like they owned the place. Which, in a way, they did. The air still carried the sharp, clean scent of post-volleyball sweat—salt and citrus body spray and the faint rubbery tang of court shoes—mingling with the vanilla candle Bella had lit on the coffee table earlier that morning. It was the kind of smell that made a man like Kyle Smith feel suddenly, uncomfortably aware of his own age.

Lexi, nineteen and still glowing from the match, had kicked off her sneakers and propped her bare feet on the ottoman. Her white-and-navy uniform clung in all the right places: the thin fabric of the jersey damp against the swell of her breasts, the pleated skirt riding high enough on her toned thighs to reveal the faint sheen of perspiration along her calves. She stretched with lazy satisfaction, arching her back so the hem of her top rode up an inch, exposing a sliver of smooth, sun-kissed stomach. Kelly and Jessica flanked her, equally flushed and unselfconscious—Kelly's dark ponytail slightly askew, Jessica's blonde waves sticking to the nape of her neck. All three girls radiated that effortless, predatory confidence only nineteen- year-olds who had just crushed the opposing team seemed to possess.

Kyle sat in the recliner opposite them, nursing a lukewarm beer he didn't really want. At thirty-eight, he still kept himself in decent shape—broad shoulders from weekend yard work, a soft but not unflattering middle that spoke of too many family dinners—but next to these girls he felt… observed. Bella, his wife of seventeen years, lounged beside him on the loveseat, legs elegantly crossed, one manicured hand resting lightly on his knee. She was thirty-seven, poised and beautiful in that quiet, expensive way—dark hair pinned up, silk blouse unbuttoned just enough to hint at lace beneath, a knowing half-smile playing on her lips that had been there since the girls walked in.

"So, Mr. Smith," Jessica began, voice bright with mock innocence as she popped a grape into her mouth, "have you heard about the farm Lexi's working at now?"

Kyle blinked, caught mid-sip. "Uh, no. What kind of farm? Lexi said something about part- time, but I figured it was the usual—coffee shop or retail or—"

Kelly grinned, teeth flashing white against her flushed cheeks. She leaned forward, elbows on her knees, which only made her uniform skirt hike higher. "The kind where men are milked like prize livestock, Mr. Smith. Very scientific. Very… lucrative."

Bella let out a soft, cultured laugh, her fingers giving Kyle's knee the tiniest squeeze. "Girls, be nice. Kyle's still a bit old-fashioned about these things." Her

tone was warm, almost affectionate, but there was an edge of something else—something playful and knowing that made the hairs on the back of his neck prickle. She turned her head slightly, eyes meeting Lexi's across the room in a brief, conspiratorial glance that Kyle almost missed. Lexi's smile widened. She reached for her water bottle, took a long swallow, and set it down with a satisfied sigh. "Actually, it's true, Dad. The Sperm Extraction Farm out on Route 47. I started orientation yesterday. Mom already knows." She said it casually, as if discussing a new waitressing gig, but her green eyes sparkled with something sharper than mere excitement. "They pay really well. Like, *really* well. The donors make bank—steady income, no heavy lifting, just… contributing."

Kyle felt a flush creep up his neck. He shifted in the recliner, the leather creaking under him. "Sperm… extraction? You mean like a… a clinic? For donations?"

Jessica giggled, the sound light and musical and utterly merciless. "Oh, it's way better than a clinic, Mr. Smith. It's a *farm*. Rows and rows of these sleek pods with the latest tech— warm, gentle suction, perfectly calibrated rhythm. The men just lie back, relax, and the machines take care of everything. Efficient. Clean. And the women who run it?" She fanned herself dramatically. "So professional. So *hot*. They make the whole thing feel… rewarding."

Kelly nodded enthusiastically, her gaze drifting over Kyle with open appraisal. "You'd look great in one of those pods, honestly. Strong build, good stamina from what Lexi's told us about your weekend hikes. I bet you'd hit the bonus quotas easy." Her eyes lingered a fraction too long on his chest, then lower, before flicking back up with feigned innocence.

Bella's hand slid an inch higher on Kyle's thigh, her touch light but deliberate. "Mmm. I have to agree with the girls, honey. Lexi showed me the orientation photos last night. The donors look so… peaceful. And the earnings statements?" She let the word hang, her voice dropping into that silky, sarcastic register she used when she knew she held every card. "We could finally pay off the roof repair. Maybe even that second honeymoon we keep talking about. Just think of it as supporting your daughter's new chapter. And ours."

Lexi leaned back, crossing her legs so the hem of her skirt rode even higher, the smooth muscle of her thigh catching the light. "Mom's right. It's not like the old days where guys had to do everything the hard way. Society's evolved. Women-only staff, top-of-the-line equipment, and the men? They're appreciated. Celebrated, even. There's a whole leaderboard in the lobby—top producers get perks, custom pods, the works." She paused, tilting her head as if a thought had just occurred to her. "You should come see it sometime, Dad. Just a tour. I could get you in as my special guest. It's actually kind of fascinating once you see how gentle it all is."

Kyle’s mouth went dry. He set the beer down on the side table, aware that all five pairs of eyes—three pairs of bright, teasing nineteen-year-old ones and his wife’s cool, elegant gaze —were on him. A strange warmth stirred low in his belly, uninvited and unwelcome. He told himself it was the beer, the heat of the room, the way the girls’ uniforms still clung damply to their bodies after the game. Nothing more. He laughed, the sound a little too forced. “Very funny, girls. Me? Hooked up to some machine like a… a dairy cow? I don’t think so. I’ve got a real job. Responsibilities.”

Jessica pouted theatrically, lips glossy. “Aww, but you’d be such a *good* producer, Mr. Smith. I can already picture it—nice and relaxed, letting the extractor do all the work while pretty techs monitor your readings. They even play soft music in the pods. Some guys say it feels better than anything they’ve ever done on their own.”

Kelly added, voice dripping with playful sarcasm, “And the best part? You’d be helping the family. Lexi’s tuition, Bella’s little shopping sprees, all of it. Modern men understand these things now. It’s not emasculating—it’s *practical*.”

Bella’s fingers traced a slow, idle circle on his thigh, hidden from the girls but impossible for Kyle to ignore. Her smile never wavered, but her eyes held a glint he hadn’t seen in years— something possessive, something newly empowered. “Darling, it’s just a tour. No pressure. Though I do wonder…” She let the sentence trail off, glancing at Lexi again. “Maybe we should all go together. Family outing. Lexi could show us exactly how it works. I hear the first visit is always the most… enlightening.”

Lexi’s grin turned conspiratorial. “Exactly, Mom. Dad, you’d look so cute in the visitor robe they give out. Soft fabric, very flattering. And the staff? They’re all so friendly. They’d probably compliment your… potential right away.”

Kyle’s pulse kicked up. He could feel the heat in his face, the way his body was reacting despite every rational thought screaming at him to change the subject. The girls’ laughter filled the room—light, melodic, utterly confident—and Bella’s touch stayed right where it was, a quiet anchor of expectation. He swallowed, forcing another chuckle that sounded hollow even to him.

“Yeah, well… we’ll see,” he muttered, eyes flicking involuntarily to Lexi’s long legs, then to Bella’s knowing smile. The words tasted like surrender already, even if he didn’t admit it yet. “Just a tour. Maybe.”

The girls exchanged glances, satisfied and secret. Bella leaned in, lips brushing his ear for the briefest second as she whispered, so softly only he could hear:

“That’s my good man. Always thinking of the family.”

Outside, the sun dipped lower, and inside, the first delicate threads of the web had already begun to tighten—playful, sarcastic, and utterly inevitable. Kyle told himself it was nothing. Just girls being girls. Just his wife being supportive.

But the warmth in his gut lingered, shamefully pleasant, as the conversation drifted onward and the evening stretched out ahead of them like an open invitation he hadn't yet realized he'd already begun to accept.

Chapter 2: Lexi's First Shift

The following morning, Lexi pulled her beat-up little sedan into the employee lot of the Sperm Extraction Farm just after nine, the early sun glinting off the facility's sleek glass façade like it had been polished for her arrival. She killed the engine and sat for a moment, heart tapping a quick, excited rhythm against her ribs. Yesterday's living-room banter still hummed in her blood—the way Dad had flushed, the way Mom's fingers had lingered on his thigh with that quiet, knowing pressure. Lexi had barely slept, replaying every teasing word, every shared glance between her and Bella. This wasn't just a part-time job anymore. This was the beginning of something delicious.

She smoothed her uniform—a crisp white blouse tucked into a charcoal pencil skirt that hugged her athletic nineteen-year-old hips and thighs—and stepped out. The air smelled faintly of ozone and warm silicone, the signature scent of the farm's climate-controlled interior. A discreet sign above the staff entrance read *Efficiency Through Care* in elegant silver lettering. Lexi swiped her new keycard and stepped inside.

The lobby was nothing like she'd imagined from the orientation packet. Soft golden lighting bathed everything in a flattering glow. Plush carpet muffled every footstep. A curved reception desk of pale marble curved like a smile, manned by two women in fitted navy uniforms that accentuated every curve without a single vulgar inch of skin showing. One looked up and offered Lexi a warm, professional smile that somehow managed to feel both welcoming and predatory.

"Lexi Smith? Right on time. I'm Supervisor Elena. Welcome to your first full shift." Elena was in her early thirties, tall and poised, with dark hair swept into a low bun and eyes that assessed Lexi with quiet approval. "You'll shadow me today. We like to ease our new girls in gently—so they understand exactly how rewarding this work can be."

Lexi followed her through a wide, hushed corridor lined with floor-to-ceiling windows. On the other side lay the main production floor: row after gleaming row of extraction pods. Each one was a low, ergonomic cradle of matte-white composite and soft black padding, tilted at a precise forty-five-degree angle for optimal comfort and drainage. Men reclined inside them— dozens of them—naked beneath thin, breathable sheets that draped modestly across their

hips. Gentle blue indicator lights pulsed in slow, rhythmic sync with the machines' cycles. The only sounds were the faint, wet whisper of suction, the occasional soft sigh from a donor, and the low murmur of female staff moving between pods like silent priestesses.

Lexi's breath caught. It was beautiful. Clinical, yes—but also undeniably sensual. The donors weren't struggling or humiliated; they lay relaxed, eyes half-lidded or closed, faces slack with pleasure. Some had faint, blissful smiles. A few wore wireless earbuds feeding them calming audio. Every few pods, a monitor displayed real-time stats: volume collected, quality index, projected daily earnings. One man in Pod 17 was already at $1,247 for the morning. Elena gestured with a graceful hand. "Our donors are our most valued assets. We treat them with care, respect, and just the right amount of encouragement. The machines are state-of- the-art—warm, pulsing sleeves calibrated to each man's physiology. They stimulate, edge, and extract without ever letting the donor feel rushed or uncomfortable. Most report it feels better than anything they've experienced at home." She glanced sideways at Lexi, a knowing glint in her eye. "And the financials speak for themselves. Average producer clears six figures annually. Top-tier ones? Even more."

They walked slowly down the aisle. Lexi couldn't stop staring. A nearby donor—a man in his forties with a soft dad-bod not unlike her father's—let out a low, involuntary groan as his pod's extractor tightened and released in a slow, deliberate rhythm. The female tech attending him stroked his shoulder with clinical affection. "Good boy, Marcus. You're doing so well for us today. Keep that steady flow and you'll hit your bonus before lunch." Her voice was silky, almost maternal, yet laced with unmistakable authority. Marcus's hips twitched once, helplessly, and a soft chime announced another successful collection.

Lexi felt a warm flush spread across her own cheeks and lower, a secret thrill she hadn't expected. The power here was so elegant, so absolute. Women moved with quiet confidence; men simply… produced. No arguments. No ego. Just blissful, profitable surrender.

Her phone vibrated in her skirt pocket. She glanced down discreetly.

Mom: *How's the tour, sweetheart? Tell me everything. I've been thinking about your father since last night.*

Lexi bit her lip, suppressing a grin, and thumb-typed while Elena led her toward the monitoring station.

Lexi: *Mom it's insane. The place is gorgeous. Pods everywhere, guys just lying there getting milked so peacefully. The techs are so smooth—professional but you can tell they LOVE having total control. One just called a donor "good boy" and he moaned like it was the best thing ever.*

Bella’s reply came instantly, three dots dancing.

Mom: *Mmm. Perfect. Keep picturing your father in one of those pods. I have an idea— maybe we start with a “family tour” this weekend. I’ll suggest it tonight over dinner. Make it sound like it’s all for you and the girls. He’ll squirm so cutely.*

Lexi’s pulse quickened. She loved how Mom had slid into the plan without hesitation, already adding her own elegant twists. Bella wasn’t just going along; she was *enhancing* it.

They reached a bank of large observation screens. Elena tapped one, pulling up a live feed of Pod 42. The man inside was younger, maybe early thirties, body glistening faintly with the light sheen of effort. His extractor hummed steadily, the translucent sleeve working him with slow, relentless precision. His face was flushed, mouth parted, eyes glassy with pleasure.

“Watch his readings,” Elena murmured, voice low and instructive. “Heart rate steady, endorphin levels elevated but sustainable. He’s been here six months and requests extra sessions on his days off now. They all do, eventually. The body learns to crave the efficiency.” She smiled, a small, satisfied curve of red lips. “That’s the real secret of the farm, Lexi. We don’t force anything. We simply make it feel inevitable… and irresistible.”

Lexi nodded, mesmerized. In her mind she swapped the donor for her father—Kyle’s familiar shoulders, his slightly hesitant expression melting into that same glassy surrender. She imagined the girls—Kelly and Jessica—standing right here, giggling softly while they watched him twitch and fill the collection reservoir. She imagined her mother leaning close, whispering something sarcastic and sweet into his ear while the machine worked him over.

Her phone buzzed again.

Mom: *Any chance you can send me a discreet photo of one of the pods? Empty, of course. I want to show Mercedes tonight when she comes over. We’re planning a little “girls’ night” while your father’s at his boring meeting. She’s very curious about how we’re going to… rearrange things.*

Lexi glanced around—Elena had stepped aside to speak with another tech—and quickly snapped a clean shot of an unoccupied pod. The cradle looked almost inviting: soft contours, padded restraints that looked more like gentle guidance than bondage, the extractor sleeve resting neatly in its cradle like a promise. She sent it.

Mom: *Oh, Lexi. He’s going to look so perfect in that. Soft robe, legs spread just enough, that little embarrassed flush on his cheeks while we all watch the first time. I already know exactly what I’ll say to him: “Darling, it’s just a

demonstration. Think of the roof and Lexi's tuition. Be a good provider for once."*

Lexi had to press her thighs together under her skirt. The image was so vivid it made her dizzy with anticipation. She typed back quickly.

Lexi: *Mom you're evil and I love it. The staff here are all women—confident, sexy in that professional way. They touch the donors like they own them. One stroked a guy's chest while he came and he thanked her. Actually thanked her.*

Mom: *Good. That's exactly the energy we'll bring when we bring Kyle. I want him to feel surrounded. Cherished. And completely out of options. Mercedes suggested we have him sign the "visitor paperwork" while I distract him with my hand on his thigh the way I did yesterday. He never even reads fine print when I'm touching him like that.*

Lexi's grin widened. The plan was evolving beautifully, each woman layering her own flavor of playful cruelty. She slipped the phone away as Elena returned.

"Ready to see the donor prep area?" Elena asked, one perfectly arched brow raised. "It's where we help them transition from the outside world into their proper role. Robes, light cleaning, a little encouragement. Very… intimate."

Lexi followed, pulse thrumming. They passed another row of pods. A tech was adjusting the settings on a donor who looked remarkably like her father—same age, same soft middle, same slightly self-conscious posture even in his relaxed state. The man's hips rolled once, helplessly, as the machine milked another steady pulse from him. The tech murmured, "That's it, sweetheart. Let it all go for the farm. Your family will be so proud."

Lexi's mouth went dry. She could already hear those same words in her mother's silky, sarcastic voice. Could already picture Kelly and Jessica leaning against the pod rail, giggling while Dad tried—and failed—to hide how much he was enjoying it.

By the time the tour reached the staff lounge for her mid-morning break, Lexi's head was spinning with possibilities. The money on the monitors had been staggering—enough to wipe out the family's lingering debts, enough to fund the kind of life Bella and Mercedes had been whispering about for months. Enough to make her father's "real job" feel suddenly obsolete.

She sat on the soft leather couch, legs crossed, and pulled out her phone one last time.

Lexi: *Mom, this place is perfect. The machines are so gentle he'd barely notice at first… until it feels too good to stop. I think we should push for the tour this weekend. Tell Dad it's just to support me. He'll buy it. And then…*

Mom: *And then we keep him. I've already told Mercedes we'll use his first earnings to buy her that lingerie set she wants. The one that makes her look like the woman of the house. Our new house. You're such a clever girl, Lexi. I'm so proud of how naturally you're taking to this.*

Lexi leaned back, a slow, satisfied smile spreading across her face. Outside the lounge windows, another donor let out a soft, grateful moan as his pod chimed success. Inside her, the same quiet thrill bloomed—confident, playful, utterly certain.

Dad had no idea what was coming. But by the time they brought him through these doors, he wouldn't want to leave. And neither she nor Bella nor Mercedes nor the girls would let him.

The farm had shown her exactly how easy it was to turn a man into something far more useful.

And Lexi couldn't wait to get started.

Chapter 3: Family Dinner Pitch

The dining room smelled of rosemary roasted chicken, buttery garlic mashed potatoes, and the faint citrus of Bella's favorite white wine. Candles flickered in the center of the long oak table, their soft light catching on the good china they rarely used anymore. It was a deliberate touch—Bella had set the table with extra care tonight, as if this ordinary Tuesday dinner were something to be savored, remembered. Lexi had invited Kelly and Jessica over to "celebrate her first full day," and the three nineteen-year-olds had arrived still buzzing with energy, their laughter filling the house the moment they stepped through the door.

Lexi sat at one end of the table in a soft tank top and tiny cotton shorts that rode high on her toned thighs, her volleyball-honed legs crossed casually beneath the tablecloth. Kelly and Jessica flanked her, both still glowing from the previous day's game and clearly thrilled to be part of whatever was unfolding. Kelly's dark hair was loose, falling over one shoulder; Jessica's blonde waves were pulled into a messy bun that somehow looked effortlessly sexy. Across from them, Bella presided over the meal like a queen who had just discovered a new crown—thirty-seven and radiant in a cream silk blouse unbuttoned one button lower than usual, her dark hair swept up to expose the elegant line of her neck. She kept one hand resting lightly on Kyle's forearm, fingers tracing idle, possessive little circles that no one else could see beneath the table.

Kyle sat at the head, knife and fork in hand, trying to focus on carving perfect slices of chicken. At thirty-eight he still looked like the reliable family man he'd always been—broad shoulders, a touch of gray at the temples, the kind of dad-bod that spoke of weekend barbecues rather than gym obsessions. But

tonight the air felt thicker, charged. He could feel the weight of five pairs of female eyes on him every time he looked up.

Lexi took a sip of water, then leaned forward with bright, conspiratorial excitement. “Okay, you guys have *got* to hear about today. My first real shift was… unreal. The place is so much more beautiful than the brochures let on. The pods are these sleek, padded cradles with the softest lighting, like spa chairs but way more… intimate. The donors just lie back and the machines do everything. Warm sleeves, perfect rhythm, gentle suction that never stops until they’re completely empty. And the techs?” She let out a soft, appreciative laugh. “All women, all so confident and professional. They talk to the donors like they’re the most important thing in the world while they’re working them. One woman kept stroking this guy’s shoulder and calling him ‘good boy’ in the sweetest voice while he was… you know… producing. He looked so peaceful. So *grateful*.”

Kelly giggled, the sound light and merciless as she speared a green bean. “I bet they all end up addicted. Lexi sent us pictures of the empty pods earlier—those things look like they were designed to make a man never want to leave.”

Jessica nodded, eyes sparkling as she glanced at Kyle. “Totally. And the money, Mr. Smith? The monitors show real-time earnings. One guy had already made over twelve hundred dollars by lunchtime. *Lunchtime.* Think about that kind of steady income just for lying back and letting the machine take care of you.”

Bella’s fingers tightened ever so slightly on Kyle’s arm, her touch warm through the sleeve of his button-down. She smiled that elegant, knowing smile that had always made him feel both loved and slightly off-balance. “It does sound perfect, doesn’t it, darling?” Her voice was silky, laced with that playful sarcasm she wielded like a velvet knife. “Lexi’s been texting me all day, and I have to say—I’m impressed. The farm isn’t some cold clinic. It’s efficient. Respectful. And the financials…” She let the word linger, giving Kyle’s forearm a gentle squeeze. “We could finally fix that roof that’s been leaking since last winter. Lexi’s tuition for next semester would be nothing. We might even take that second honeymoon we keep putting off. All because the men there are appreciated for what they can *give*.”

Lexi’s eyes met her mother’s across the table in a quick, secret flash of understanding. “Exactly, Mom. The supervisor kept saying the donors are the most valued part of the whole operation. They have quotas, sure, but the bonuses are huge if you hit them consistently. And the techs make it feel so easy. So… natural. I kept thinking how nice it would be if more families understood that this is just how things work now. Modern. Practical.”

Kyle set his knife down a little harder than necessary, the clink of silver on china cutting through the girls’ soft giggles. A flush crept up his neck. “Come on, Lexi. It’s a sperm extraction farm. They’re literally hooking guys up to machines and

milking them like… like livestock. I’m not knocking the science, but it’s not exactly my idea of a career change.”

Bella laughed softly, the sound cultured and warm, and leaned closer so her shoulder brushed his. Her hand slid from his forearm to rest on his thigh beneath the tablecloth, fingers stroking in slow, reassuring circles that sent an unwelcome spark straight to his groin. “Oh, Kyle, honey. It’s not *livestock*. It’s contribution. The donors I saw in the photos Lexi showed me looked so relaxed. Peaceful. Almost… blissful.” Her voice dropped into that sarcastic-sweet register that always made his stomach tighten. “And let’s be honest, darling— you’ve been carrying so much lately. The mortgage, the car payments, that endless overtime. Wouldn’t it feel good to let something else take care of you for once? Just a tour. Support your daughter on her first big opportunity. Think of it as a family outing. The girls can come too—Kelly and Jessica have been dying to see the place.”

Kelly and Jessica exchanged delighted glances, their giggles bubbling up again like champagne.

“Totally,” Kelly said, biting her lower lip. “We could all go together this weekend. Mr. Smith in a visitor robe, getting the full VIP treatment. I bet the staff would love him. Strong build, good stamina—you’d probably set some kind of record on your first try.”

Jessica added, eyes dancing, “And you’d look so cute trying to act all serious while the machines hum away. The techs are *so* good at making you feel taken care of. They’d probably compliment your… potential right away.”

Kyle shifted in his chair, painfully aware of Bella’s hand still resting high on his thigh, her thumb tracing lazy patterns that were making it impossible to ignore the slow, shameful heat building low in his belly. He told himself it was just the wine. Just the way the girls kept looking at him with those bright, teasing smiles. Just the mental image Lexi had painted— those sleek pods, the soft lighting, the quiet sighs of men who had simply… given in. It was ridiculous. He was a husband, a father, a man with a real job. And yet the picture kept flashing behind his eyes: himself in one of those cradles, surrounded by all of them—Lexi, Bella, the girls—watching with that same confident, playful approval.

He cleared his throat, forcing a chuckle that came out rougher than he intended. “You’re all having way too much fun with this. I’m not signing up to be milked like some prize bull. I’ve got responsibilities.”

Bella’s smile never faltered. She gave his thigh a gentle, possessive squeeze under the table, her voice dropping to that intimate, almost maternal tone she reserved for moments when she knew she had already won. “Of course you do, darling. No one’s asking you to sign up for anything. It’s just a tour. An hour or

two of your time to see what Lexi's so excited about. To see if maybe—just maybe—it could help all of us." Her fingers pressed a fraction firmer, a silent reminder of exactly who held the cards. "Besides, Mercedes was asking about it earlier. She thinks it's wonderful that families are starting to embrace these new realities. She'd love to hear how your visit goes."

Lexi's grin widened at the mention of her mother's longtime "friend." She exchanged another quick look with Bella, the kind of look that said the plan was moving exactly as they wanted.

Kyle felt the warmth in his face deepen, the unwelcome stirring between his legs growing more insistent despite every rational protest in his head. He could picture it too clearly now— the gleaming pods, the soft robes, the way Bella would lean in close and whisper something encouraging while the girls watched with those giggly, merciless smiles. It was humiliating. It was absurd.

And yet a tiny, traitorous part of him wondered what it would actually feel like.

He picked up his fork again, spearing a piece of chicken he no longer tasted. "Fine. I'll… think about the tour. For Lexi. And the family. But that's it. Just looking."

The women around the table exchanged satisfied, secret smiles—Bella's elegant and knowing, Lexi's bright and victorious, Kelly and Jessica's bright with playful hunger. Bella's hand gave his thigh one final, affectionate pat before she withdrew it, as if the matter were already settled.

"That's my good man," she murmured, voice dripping with silky sarcasm only he could fully appreciate. "Always thinking of us first."

The rest of dinner passed in a haze of light conversation and lingering glances. Kyle kept his eyes on his plate, but the images refused to leave him—those peaceful donors, the rhythmic machines, the confident women who ran everything with such effortless power. And beneath it all, the slow, shameful realization that his body was already reacting to the idea far more eagerly than his mind ever would.

Outside, the evening deepened. Inside, the web tightened another delicate, irresistible notch. Kyle told himself it was nothing. Just dinner talk. Just support for his daughter. But the warmth in his gut lingered, pleasant and treacherous, as the women around him laughed and planned and watched him with the calm certainty of those who already knew exactly how the weekend would end.

Chapter 4: The VIP Tour

Saturday morning arrived wrapped in a crisp, expectant hush. The Sperm Extraction Farm's visitor parking lot gleamed under a cloudless sky, its asphalt still cool from the desert night. Kyle sat behind the wheel of the family SUV,

knuckles pale on the steering wheel, while the women around him buzzed with a shared, electric energy he couldn't quite name. Lexi rode shotgun in a fitted white sundress that skimmed her nineteen-year-old curves like an invitation, her athletic legs bare and crossed at the ankle. In the back seat, Kelly and Jessica leaned forward between the headrests, their matching crop tops and shorts still carrying the faint scent of last night's perfume and laughter. Bella occupied the passenger seat beside him —no, she had insisted on riding in back with the girls, leaving Kyle alone up front like the designated driver for a field trip he had never truly agreed to.

"Relax, darling," Bella had murmured that morning as she kissed his cheek, her silk robe slipping open just enough to remind him of the lace beneath. "It's only a tour. For Lexi. For the family." Her voice had been that same silky, sarcastic honey that always made his stomach tighten with equal parts affection and unease.

Now the engine ticked softly as he killed it. The building rose before them: a low, elegant structure of smoked glass and pale stone, more luxury spa than industrial farm. A discreet silver sign above the entrance read *Sperm Extraction Farm – Efficiency Through Care*. Kyle's mouth felt dry.

Lexi bounced out first, ponytail swinging. "Come on, Dad! They're expecting us." She looped her arm through his the moment he stepped onto the pavement, her body warm and close, the hem of her dress brushing his thigh. Kelly and Jessica flanked him on the other side, their giggles already bubbling up like they shared a private joke. Bella brought up the rear, elegant in tailored linen pants and a cream blouse, her hand resting possessively at the small of his back as they approached the wide glass doors.

Inside, the lobby enveloped them like a whispered promise. Soft golden light, plush charcoal carpet that swallowed every footstep, and the same faint ozone-and-silicone scent Lexi had described. A curved marble reception desk waited, staffed by two women in fitted navy uniforms that managed to look both impeccably professional and undeniably sensual— tailored jackets nipped at the waist, skirts hugging hips with quiet authority.

The taller one—Supervisor Elena, the same woman from Lexi's orientation—looked up and broke into a warm, practiced smile that somehow felt personal. "The Smith party. How wonderful to have you all here." Her eyes swept over the group and settled on Kyle with flattering interest. "And you must be Mr. Kyle Smith. Lexi has told us so much about you. We're delighted to offer you the full VIP experience today."

Kyle managed a nod, suddenly aware of how the women had arranged themselves around him—Lexi on his left, Kelly and Jessica pressing in from the right, Bella's hand still at his back like a gentle tether. "Uh, thanks. Just a tour,

right? For my daughter."

Elena's smile deepened, professional yet laced with something warmer. "Of course. But we do like to make our special guests feel truly appreciated." She stepped around the desk, her heels clicking softly, and extended a hand. When Kyle took it, she held the grip a fraction longer than necessary, her thumb brushing the inside of his wrist. "My, you have a strong, steady build. Perfect donor profile, if I may say so. Broad shoulders, good posture. The machines respond beautifully to men like you."

A flush crept up Kyle's neck. He told himself it was the air conditioning, the sudden shift from outside heat. But the compliment landed low in his belly, warm and unwelcome. Lexi squeezed his arm, grinning up at him. "See, Dad? Told you they'd love you."

Kelly leaned in, her breath brushing his ear. "You're already fitting in so well, Mr. Smith. Look at how nicely that visitor robe would sit on you." Her voice was light, teasing, but the words carried an edge of playful certainty that made his pulse skip.

Jessica giggled on his other side. "Totally. The staff here are experts at spotting natural talent. You'd probably hit the bonus tiers on day one."

Bella's hand slid from his back to rest lightly on his hip, fingers pressing just enough to remind him she was there, watching, enjoying. "Girls," she chided with mock severity, her tone dripping with that elegant sarcasm, "don't overwhelm the poor man. Though I must admit, Elena, he does have that… reliable look about him. The kind that makes a family feel secure." Her eyes met Elena's in a quick, knowing glance.

Elena nodded graciously and produced a lanyard from behind the desk. "Your visitor badge, Mr. Smith. And for the ladies, guest passes." She slipped the lanyard over Kyle's head herself, fingers grazing the back of his neck as she adjusted it. The plastic card read *VIP Guest – Kyle Smith* in crisp black lettering. He didn't notice the second, smaller card she palmed and swapped with practiced ease—sliding a donor-profile tag beneath the visitor one while her body briefly shielded the motion from his view. Lexi caught the sleight of hand and bit her lip to hide her smile.

"Shall we begin?" Elena gestured toward the wide double doors leading to the production floor. "We'll start with the observation gallery. Our donors are at peak morning productivity right now—always such a lovely sight."

They moved as a group, Kyle at the center like the guest of honor he suddenly felt he was. The corridor opened onto a softly lit mezzanine overlooking the main floor. Below them stretched row after gleaming row of extraction pods, each one occupied by a reclining man draped in a thin white sheet. The machines hummed

with a low, rhythmic whisper—warm sleeves working in perfect, unhurried cadence. Soft blue lights pulsed in time with each donor's breathing. Female techs moved between them like graceful attendants, murmuring encouragement, adjusting settings with light, proprietary touches.

Kyle's mouth went dry. The scene was exactly as Lexi had described, yet seeing it in person hit differently—intimate, efficient, undeniably sensual. One donor nearby let out a soft, grateful sigh as his pod chimed a successful collection. The tech attending him stroked his bare shoulder. "That's it, sweetheart. Such a good, steady producer for us today."

Lexi pressed closer to Kyle's side, her breast brushing his arm. "Isn't it beautiful, Dad? So peaceful. They just… let go."

Bella stood on his other side, her hand now resting openly on his lower back, thumb tracing slow circles. "Mmm. And so profitable. Look at the earnings board, darling." She pointed to the large digital display on the far wall, where donor names scrolled alongside real-time totals. "Some of these men are clearing more in a month than you make in three. All while relaxing in those lovely pods."

Kelly and Jessica leaned against the railing, their bodies warm and close. Kelly's voice was a playful whisper. "Imagine you down there, Mr. Smith. In one of those pods. The machine doing all the work while we watch from right here. You'd look so cute trying to stay all serious and dad-like while it… handles everything."

Jessica added, eyes sparkling, "The techs would probably fight over who gets to monitor you. They love first-timers with strong potential like yours."

Elena stepped up beside Kyle, her shoulder brushing his. "Would you like a closer look, Mr. Smith? We can descend to the floor level. Many VIP guests enjoy meeting a donor or two— seeing the process up close. It's quite educational." Her hand rested lightly on his upper arm, a professional touch that somehow felt possessive. "And I must say, your profile really is ideal. The sensors would calibrate to you instantly."

Kyle's heart hammered. He could feel the heat rising in his face, the unwelcome tightening in his slacks that he prayed no one would notice. This was ridiculous. He was here as a supportive father, nothing more. Yet the women surrounded him—five confident, beautiful females all directing their attention his way, their words wrapping around him like silk ropes. Bella's fingers pressed firmer against his back. Lexi's smile was bright and expectant. Kelly and Jessica watched him with open, giggly appraisal. Elena's gaze held quiet authority.

He cleared his throat, forcing a laugh that sounded strained even to him. "It's… impressive. I'll admit that. But I'm just here to look. Support Lexi's job. That's all."

Bella’s voice slid into his ear, soft and sarcastic-sweet. “Of course you are, darling. No one’s asking for more. Yet.” The single word hung there, playful and loaded, as Elena guided them toward the stairs.

As they descended, the subtle donor badge beneath Kyle’s VIP lanyard shifted slightly against his chest—unnoticed, innocent, already beginning its quiet work. The air grew warmer, richer with the scent of the pods. A nearby tech glanced up, caught sight of the group, and offered Kyle a bright, approving smile that made his stomach flip.

Lexi squeezed his arm again. “You’re doing great, Dad. Just wait until you see the prep rooms. The robes are so soft.”

Kelly grinned. “And the way they fit… perfect.”

Jessica leaned in. “You’ll look like you belong already.”

Bella’s hand never left his back. “That’s my good man. Always so open to new experiences when it helps the family.”

Kyle swallowed hard, the warmth in his gut spreading despite every rational voice screaming at him to turn around. The flattery, the touches, the confident female presence surrounding him—it was all too much, too elegant, too inevitable. His body was responding in ways he couldn’t hide from himself, a shameful half-hardness he rationalized as nerves, as the strangeness of the place, as anything but the slow, treacherous thrill of being the center of their attention.

Elena opened the next set of doors with a flourish. “Welcome to the heart of it all, Mr. Smith. Your personal tour begins right here.”

The women closed ranks around him once more, their laughter soft and satisfied, their eyes gleaming with the calm certainty of those who already knew exactly where this day was heading. Kyle stepped forward into the gleaming production floor, the rhythmic hum of the machines rising to greet him like a welcome he hadn’t yet realized he was already accepting.

And somewhere deep inside, beneath the flustered protests and the rationalizations, a tiny, traitorous spark of curiosity flickered to life—warm, insistent, and growing.

Chapter 5: Shirt Off, Pride Down

The production floor hummed with a low, almost hypnotic rhythm that seemed to vibrate up through the soles of Kyle’s shoes and into his bones. Soft overhead lights cast a flattering glow over everything, making the white composite pods gleam like modern altars. The air was warm, scented with that same faint ozone-silicone blend, now laced with something subtler—clean skin, light cologne from the donors, and the occasional whisper of feminine perfume from the techs moving between stations. Kyle stood at the center of his little entourage, heart

beating faster than he cared to admit, while the women closed ranks around him with effortless grace.

Supervisor Elena had led them to a small, curtained alcove just off the main aisle—labeled “VIP Health & Calibration Station” in elegant silver script. It looked more like a private spa nook than anything medical: a padded examination table angled slightly upward, a sleek digital scanner mounted on an articulated arm, and a full-length mirror framed in soft LED lighting. Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica clustered to his left, their bodies warm and close in their casual weekend outfits—sundresses and shorts that left long, toned legs on full display. Bella stood to his right, one manicured hand resting lightly at the small of his back, her thumb tracing the same slow, possessive circles she had been using all morning. Elena positioned herself directly in front of him, tablet in hand, her navy uniform hugging her figure with professional precision.

“Before we proceed to the demo pods,” Elena explained in that smooth, authoritative tone that somehow made everything sound both reasonable and inevitable, “we like to run a quick baseline health scan on all VIP guests. It’s purely informational—helps the system calibrate if you ever decide to… participate in any hands-on demonstrations later. Nothing invasive. Just a surface reading of pulse, temperature, and muscle tone. Standard procedure.”

Kyle blinked, a flicker of unease tightening his chest. “I… really? I thought this was just a tour. I’m not here to—”

“Oh, darling, it’s nothing,” Bella interrupted, her voice silky and laced with that playful sarcasm she wielded like a caress. She gave his back a gentle press, her fingers warm through his polo shirt. “Just a quick check. The girls are so excited to see how everything works, and it would mean the world to Lexi if you played along. Think of it as supporting her new chapter. Besides…” Her eyes sparkled as she glanced at the three nineteen-year-olds. “It’s only fair. They’ve been dying to get a proper look at you all morning.”

Lexi’s grin widened, bright and conspiratorial. She reached out and gave his forearm a squeeze, her touch lingering. “Come on, Dad. It’s super quick. I did one yesterday during orientation—just shirt off, stand still for thirty seconds, and you’re done. The scanner is harmless. And honestly? It’ll be kind of cute seeing you up there.”

Kelly leaned in from the other side, her dark ponytail brushing his shoulder, voice dropping into a teasing whisper that carried just enough volume for everyone to hear. “Yeah, Mr. Smith. We promise not to stare *too* much. Though with that build of yours… no

guarantees.” Her eyes flicked down to his chest, then back up with feigned innocence, a giggle escaping her glossy lips.

Jessica nodded enthusiastically, blonde waves bouncing. “Totally. The techs here say the scan gives the best baseline for… potential. You know, chest expansion, skin responsiveness, that sort of thing. You’ll look great. Promise.”

Elena tapped her tablet once, the scanner arm humming to life with a soft blue glow. “Exactly. And Mr. Smith, I must say—your donor profile tag already flagged you as an excellent candidate based on the lobby intake. Broad shoulders, steady vitals from the walk- in. Removing the shirt is simply to get accurate readings. The fabric interferes with the infrared sensors.”

Kyle’s mouth went dry. He could feel the heat rising in his face, a flush that spread down his neck and into his chest. This was escalating faster than he had anticipated. The alcove felt suddenly smaller, more intimate, with all five women watching him expectantly—Elena’s professional smile, Lexi’s eager sparkle, Kelly and Jessica’s playful hunger, and Bella’s elegant, knowing gaze that said she already knew exactly how this would go. His rational mind scrambled for an exit: *It’s just a shirt. Just a quick scan. For Lexi. For the family. Don’t make a scene.*

But beneath that, something warmer, more treacherous stirred low in his belly—the same unwelcome heat that had been building since the lobby compliments and the observation gallery. Shame prickled at the edges of it, but the shame only seemed to feed the heat.

Bella’s hand slid from his back to his shoulder, giving it a light, encouraging pat. “Darling, it’s just skin. Mercedes and I have seen worse at the gym—remember that charity yoga class last month? You’ll be fine. And the girls are practically family. They’ve seen you in swim trunks at the lake a dozen times.” Her voice dropped to that intimate, sarcastic-sweet register only he could fully appreciate, lips curving into a smile that was equal parts affection and quiet command. “Be a good man for us. Shirt off. It’ll only take a moment, and then we can move on to the fun parts.”

Kyle hesitated one heartbeat longer. Then, with a resigned exhale that sounded far too loud in the quiet alcove, he gripped the hem of his navy polo and pulled it up and over his head in one awkward motion. The cool air of the station kissed his bare skin immediately, raising faint goosebumps across his chest and shoulders. He folded the shirt clumsily and handed it to Lexi, who took it with a delighted little bounce, holding it against her sundress like a trophy.

There he stood—thirty-eight years old, average dad-bod on full display under the flattering LED lights. His shoulders were still reasonably broad from weekend projects, but his stomach carried a soft, natural layer that spoke of family dinners and desk work rather than sculpted abs. A light dusting of chest hair trailed down toward his navel, and his nipples— already tightened slightly from the sudden exposure—stood out against the pale skin. He fought the urge to cross his arms, forcing them to hang at his sides while his pulse hammered in his ears.

The women’s eyes moved over him openly, appreciatively, without a trace of embarrassment.

Elena’s gaze was clinical yet warm as she directed the scanner arm to sweep slowly from his shoulders downward. “Excellent. Good muscle tone in the pectorals. Nice, responsive skin. The sensors love that natural chest hair—helps with conductivity for deeper calibrations if needed.” She tapped her tablet, and a soft chime confirmed the first pass. “You’re responding beautifully already, Mr. Smith. Heart rate elevated just enough to show healthy circulation.”

Lexi tilted her head, eyes lingering on his chest with bright curiosity. “Wow, Dad… you look even better than I remembered. That little bit of softness right here—” She gestured vaguely toward his midsection, not quite touching but close enough that he felt the phantom warmth of her fingers. “It’s actually kind of hot. Makes you look… real. Approachable. The donors here all have that same relaxed vibe. You’d fit right in.”

Kelly bit her lower lip, suppressing a giggle as her gaze drifted lower, then back up to his nipples. “Totally. And look at those—super responsive. The scan’s picking up every little detail. I bet the machine would love working with a chest like that. Gentle suction, warm pulses… mmm. You’d be twitching in the best way.”

Jessica leaned against the table’s edge, arms crossed under her breasts to push them up slightly, her voice dripping with playful sarcasm. “Aww, don’t blush, Mr. Smith. It’s cute. Most first-timers get all shy the first time they’re on display, but you’re handling it like a pro. That dad-bod is *working* for you. Strong enough to look capable, soft enough to look… comfortable in the pods. The techs would eat it up.”

Bella’s eyes never left him, her smile deepening into something elegantly predatory. She stepped closer, one hand rising to rest lightly on his bare shoulder, thumb brushing just beside his collarbone. The touch was casual, almost maternal, but it sent a spark straight down his spine. “See, darling? Just skin. And such nice skin at that.” Her voice was low, intimate, meant as much for the others as for him. “I always did like this part of you—the way it feels under my fingers at night. Mercedes has mentioned it too, you know. How solid you still are. Though I have to admit…” She let her gaze drift downward with deliberate slowness, taking in the soft curve of his stomach, the trail of hair disappearing into his waistband. “Seeing you like this, surrounded by all of us… it does something. Makes a wife feel very… appreciative of her provider.”

Kyle’s face burned. He could feel the heat radiating off his cheeks, his chest, even lower where his body was betraying him in the worst possible way. A slow, shameful swelling had begun in his slacks, pressing against the fabric despite every frantic mental command to stop. He rationalized it desperately: *It’s the air

conditioning. The embarrassment. The way they're all staring—it's just nerves, nothing more.* But the rationalization only made it worse, because part of him—the tiny, traitorous part that had been growing since the living-room banter—knew it felt *good*. Being seen. Being appraised. Being the center of all this confident, playful female attention.

Elena continued the scan, the arm gliding over his torso with a faint warm hum. "Pulse steady at 92. Endorphin trace already detectable—perfectly normal for a first exposure. You're doing wonderfully, Mr. Smith. Many men find the initial objectification… stimulating. Nothing to be ashamed of. It simply shows the body understands its potential here."

Lexi handed his shirt back but didn't let him put it on yet. "Hold on, Dad. The scan needs one more pass with arms raised. Just for a second. You look so strong like that."

He complied before he could think better of it, lifting his arms overhead. The motion stretched his chest, made his stomach pull taut, exposed every inch to their collective gaze. The girls' eyes widened with delight; Bella's smile turned positively radiant.

Kelly whistled softly. "Oh yeah. That's the money shot. Look at how everything… moves. So natural. The pods would cradle you perfectly."

Jessica nodded, voice breathy with amusement. "And those nipples? Definitely sensitive. The extractor sensors would pick that up in a heartbeat. You'd be moaning before the first cycle finished—I just know it."

Bella's hand slid from his shoulder down to his bare side, fingers tracing the edge of his ribs in a light, teasing caress that made his breath hitch. "Darling, you're flushing so prettily. It's adorable. And useful. The family could use a man who knows how to… let go like this. For us. For the roof. For Lexi's future." Her eyes locked onto his, sarcastic sweetness dripping from every word. "Just a few more seconds. Be good for Mommy and the girls."

The scanner chimed completion. Elena lowered the arm and offered him a warm, approving nod. "All set. Excellent baseline. Your profile is even stronger than the lobby suggested, Mr. Smith. The system has you flagged for priority if you ever return for a trial."

Kyle lowered his arms quickly, snatching his shirt from Lexi and pulling it back on with fumbling haste. The fabric felt suddenly confining, trapping the heat of his skin and the persistent, shameful erection he prayed the loose fit of his slacks would hide. His mind raced —*This is insane. I'm a husband, a father. Not some donor on display.* Yet the memory of their eyes on him, the casual compliments, Bella's possessive touch… it lingered like a drug, shame twisting into something darker, sweeter, more addictive with every passing second.

He forced a rough chuckle. “Okay. Scan’s done. Can we… move on now? I’ve seen enough for one day.”

Bella’s hand found his again, squeezing gently as the group began to drift toward the next curtained area. “Of course, darling. You were perfect. And we’re so proud.” Her voice dropped to a whisper only he could hear, lips brushing his ear. “Though I think the girls—and I—wouldn’t mind seeing a little more of that again soon. Much more.”

Lexi looped her arm through his once more, Kelly and Jessica falling in on either side with satisfied giggles. Elena led the way, tablet glowing with his fresh data.

The alcove lights dimmed behind them, but the flush on Kyle’s skin—and the growing, traitorous warmth in his core—refused to fade. He told himself it was just the strangeness of the place. Just family support. Just nerves.

But as the rhythmic hum of the pods grew louder ahead, he could no longer deny the tiny, insistent voice in the back of his mind whispering that it had felt… good. Shamefully, dangerously good.

And the women around him knew it. Every single one of them. Their confident, playful smiles said they had all the time in the world to make sure he knew it too.

Chapter 6: Locker Room Tease

The VIP Health & Calibration Station’s soft blue scanner lights faded behind them as Supervisor Elena guided the group down a short, carpeted corridor that opened into a discreet side wing labeled *Donor Prep & Transition Lounge* in the same elegant silver script. The space felt less like a locker room and more like an intimate spa antechamber: warm walnut paneling, recessed golden lighting, a row of polished lockers along one wall, and a central changing area screened by sheer white curtains that did little to conceal anything once someone stepped inside. A long mirror dominated the far wall, reflecting the scene with merciless clarity. The air carried a faint, clean scent of eucalyptus and warm fabric softener, undercut by the ever-present ozone hum of the farm itself.

Elena paused at the threshold, tablet tucked under one arm, her smile professional yet warmly expectant. “For the next portion of the tour—the observation pods and live demonstration area—we ask all male guests to change into one of our standard donor robes. It’s simply for comfort and hygiene. The fabric is incredibly soft, breathable, and designed to allow the sensors and machines to read accurately without interference. Most men find it surprisingly pleasant once they’re in it.”

Kyle’s stomach tightened. He was still tugging the hem of his polo shirt down self- consciously after the scan, the memory of five pairs of eyes on his bare chest and soft midsection burning fresh in his mind. “I… really? I thought we were just

observing. I can keep my clothes on for that."

Bella's hand found the small of his back again, fingers pressing with that familiar, possessive warmth. She had positioned herself slightly behind him, elegant in her linen pants and blouse, her dark hair catching the light like polished obsidian. "Oh, darling, don't be difficult," she murmured, voice silky and laced with playful sarcasm that made the hairs on his arms rise. "It's only a robe. The girls have been looking forward to seeing the full experience, and you've already been such a good sport with the scan. Think of it as part of supporting Lexi. Besides…" Her lips curved into that knowing half-smile as she glanced at the three nineteen- year-olds. "We've all seen you in less at the beach. This is practically modest by comparison."

Lexi stepped closer on his left, her sundress brushing his thigh, green eyes sparkling with bright, innocent enthusiasm that somehow made the request feel even more loaded. "Yeah, Dad. The robes are super comfy—I tried one on during orientation just for fun. They're like wearing a cloud. And it'll make the tour feel more authentic. You'll look cute in it, I promise."

Kelly and Jessica flanked him on the right, their bodies warm and close, the faint scent of their post-game perfume—something sweet and citrusy—mixing with the eucalyptus in the air. Kelly's dark ponytail swung as she tilted her head, biting her lower lip to hide a grin. "Totally. The fabric is so thin and soft it almost feels like nothing's there. But in the best way. You'll see why the donors never want to leave."

Jessica nodded, blonde waves bouncing, her gaze drifting over Kyle's torso with open appraisal. "And it'll give us the full picture. After that shirtless scan? We're all dying to see how the robe sits on you. The techs say it flatters every body type—especially the… naturally relaxed ones like yours."

Elena gestured gracefully toward the changing alcove. "The ladies can wait right here in the lounge area. There are comfortable seats, refreshments. We'll only be a moment, Mr. Smith." She said it with perfect professional detachment, but her eyes held a glint of amusement as she handed him a folded garment from a nearby shelf—pristine white, lightweight, almost translucent in the warm light. "Standard donor robe. Open in the front for easy access during assessments, but it ties securely at the waist. You'll find slippers inside the locker as well."

Kyle took the robe, the fabric impossibly soft against his fingers, like warm silk over cloud. His pulse hammered. Part of him wanted to protest again, to insist this was crossing a line. But the women were already moving—Lexi and the girls claiming the low velvet benches just outside the curtained alcove, Bella settling elegantly beside them with a satisfied sigh. Elena stood politely at the edge of the changing area, tablet ready, as if this were the most ordinary request in the world.

“I’ll… just be a minute,” Kyle muttered, stepping behind the sheer curtain. It barely reached his shoulders, leaving his head and upper torso visible to the group if they leaned forward even slightly. The cool air kissed his skin again as he pulled off his polo for the second time that morning, folding it neatly on the bench inside. His slacks followed, then socks and shoes, until he stood in nothing but his boxers. The mirror reflected him mercilessly: thirty-eight, broad but soft in the middle, chest still faintly flushed from the earlier scan, the light trail of hair leading downward. He could feel their eyes on him even through the thin barrier—five pairs, confident and unhurried.

Bella’s voice drifted over the curtain, low and intimate, though she made no effort to hide the conversation. “Girls, doesn’t he look even more… *approachable* without the shirt? That soft little curve right at his stomach—perfect for relaxing into the pods. I was telling Mercedes last night how much potential he has once he stops pretending he’s too

conservative for this sort of thing.”

Lexi giggled softly, the sound bright and conspiratorial. “Mom, you’re terrible. But you’re right. He’s going to look so perfect once the robe’s on. I can already picture him in one of the pods, all relaxed and… productive.”

Kelly leaned forward on the bench, elbows on her knees, her crop top riding up to show a sliver of toned midriff. “Mmm. And those boxers are cute, Mr. Smith, but the robe will be way better. No bunching, no restrictions. The fabric’s designed to let everything… breathe. You’ll feel the air on you in all the right places.”

Jessica’s voice joined in, playful and merciless. “Don’t rush on our account. We’re enjoying the view. That dad-bod is honestly growing on us. Strong enough to look capable, soft enough to look like you’d melt right into the machine.”

Kyle’s face burned as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers and slid them down, kicking them aside. Cool air brushed his exposed skin—thighs, hips, the heavy, half- hard length of him that refused to stay completely soft despite every frantic mental command. *It’s just the embarrassment,* he told himself, folding the boxers quickly. *The way they’re staring, the compliments, Bella’s voice… it’s nothing. Just nerves. I’m doing this for Lexi, for the family. One silly robe and we move on.* But the rationalization felt thinner with every heartbeat. The traitorous warmth in his groin was spreading, shame twisting into something darker and sweeter, a forbidden thrill he couldn’t quite name.

He slipped the robe on. The fabric was feather-light, whispering over his shoulders, chest, and back like a lover’s breath. It tied at the waist with a simple sash, but the front hung open just enough to reveal the center of his chest and the soft trail of hair leading lower. The hem fell mid-thigh, brushing his skin with

every movement, cool and teasing. No underwear beneath it—nothing but the thin material and the sudden, intimate vulnerability of knowing how easily it could part. The slippers were equally soft, cradling his feet like an afterthought.

When he stepped out from behind the curtain, the women's collective gaze landed on him like a physical touch.

Elena's professional smile deepened with quiet approval. "Perfect fit, Mr. Smith. The sensors will read you beautifully in that. You look very… at home already."

Lexi's eyes widened with delight, roaming over him slowly. "Dad… wow. It's even better than I imagined. The way it drapes on your chest, the little gap at the front… you look so relaxed. Comfortable. Like you belong here."

Kelly let out a soft, appreciative whistle, leaning back on the bench with her legs crossed. "Holy shit, Mr. Smith. That robe is *doing* things. Thin enough we can see the outline of everything if the light hits right. And that dad-bod? On full display. The pods are going to love you."

Jessica bit her lip, gaze lingering at the hem where the fabric brushed his thighs. "So natural. No hiding. Just you, soft and open and ready. The techs would be fighting over who gets to adjust your settings."

Bella rose gracefully from the bench and approached, one hand rising to smooth the collar of the robe against his collarbone. Her fingers lingered, tracing the edge of the fabric where it met his bare skin. The touch was light, almost tender, but her eyes held that elegant, sarcastic fire. "Mmm. Look at you, darling. My big, strong husband… reduced to this soft little robe for the family's benefit." Her voice dropped to a whisper meant for all of them, playful and cutting in the most delicious way. "It suits you. Makes you look so *useful*. Mercedes is going to laugh when I tell her how naturally you slipped into it. How quickly you went from protesting to standing here half-naked and blushing for us."

She leaned in closer, lips brushing his ear while her hand slid down to rest on his hip, the thin robe doing nothing to hide the heat of her palm. "I just whispered to Lexi a little idea for later —maybe we keep you in this a while longer after the tour. Just to be sure you're comfortable. Maybe even let the girls take a few pictures for the family album. Wouldn't that be sweet?" Lexi's grin widened at her mother's side, the two exchanging a quick, secret glance full of wicked understanding. The girls' soft giggles filled the lounge, light and merciless, their eyes never leaving him.

Kyle stood there, the robe's thin fabric shifting with every breath, cool air teasing places it had no business teasing. His body was responding shamelessly now—half-hard beneath the drape, the outline just visible if anyone looked closely enough. Shame flooded him, hot and thick, but it only fed the growing arousal, twisting it into something he couldn't deny. *This is insane,* he thought,

even as his pulse raced with dark excitement. *I’m a husband. A father. Not some donor on display.* Yet the rationalization was crumbling, replaced by the intoxicating reality of their eyes, their words, their confident, playful control.

He swallowed hard, voice rough. “Okay. Robe’s on. Can we… get on with the tour now?”

Elena nodded graciously, but her eyes sparkled with the same knowing amusement as the others. “Of course, Mr. Smith. You’re adapting beautifully. Right this way to the observation gallery.”

Bella’s hand stayed on his hip as they moved forward, the robe whispering against his skin with every step. Lexi looped her arm through his again, Kelly and Jessica falling in close behind, their perfume and laughter wrapping around him like silk.

The rhythmic hum of the pods grew louder ahead, but inside Kyle’s chest, a new rhythm had begun—one of reluctant surrender, shameful pleasure, and the slow, inevitable realization that he was already deeper into their web than he had ever intended to go.

And the women around him knew it. Every single one of them. Their soft, satisfied smiles promised they had only just begun.

Chapter 7: Watching the Process

The corridor leading from the Donor Prep & Transition Lounge opened onto a wide, elevated observation gallery that overlooked the main production floor like a private theater box. The space was designed for comfort and discretion: deep velvet seating arranged in a gentle curve, floor-to-ceiling glass that muted every sound from below into a soft, rhythmic hush, and low golden lighting that made everything feel intimate rather than clinical. Large digital screens lined the back wall, scrolling real-time donor stats in elegant white text against midnight backgrounds—volume collected, quality index, projected earnings, even little heart icons that pulsed with each successful cycle. The air here carried the same warm ozone- silicone scent, now laced with the faint, unmistakable undercurrent of masculine release and feminine satisfaction.

Kyle stepped into the gallery still wrapped in the whisper-thin donor robe, the fabric shifting against his bare skin with every hesitant movement. The hem brushed his thighs, the open front allowing cool air to tease the center of his chest and lower still, where his body continued its shameless, half-hard betrayal beneath the drape. He felt absurdly exposed— thirty-eight years old, soft dad-bod on full display for the five women who had guided him here like a prized exhibit. Bella’s hand remained at the small of his back, fingers tracing idle, possessive patterns through the thin material. Lexi stayed glued to his left side, her sundress warm against his arm. Kelly and Jessica flanked him on the right, their

giggles barely contained. Supervisor Elena positioned herself at the railing, tablet in hand, her navy uniform a picture of effortless authority.

“Welcome to the heart of our operation,” Elena said smoothly, gesturing to the floor below. “Our donors are currently in their mid-morning peak cycle. Observe how peacefully they work. No stress. No effort beyond what nature intended.”

Kyle’s eyes were drawn downward despite himself. Row after gleaming row of extraction pods stretched out beneath the gallery, each one cradling a man in near-perfect repose. The donors lay tilted at that precise forty-five-degree angle, draped in robes identical to his own— white, soft, open at the front. Between their legs, the machines hummed with quiet, relentless precision: warm, translucent sleeves pulsing in slow, measured rhythms that drew soft, involuntary sighs and gentle hip twitches from the men inside. Blue indicator lights throbbed in time with each cycle. Female techs moved between pods like graceful attendants, murmuring encouragement, adjusting a setting here, stroking a shoulder there with proprietary affection. One donor—a man in his mid-forties with a build eerily similar to Kyle’s—let out a low, grateful moan as his pod chimed success. The tech attending him smiled and brushed a strand of hair from his forehead. “That’s it, sweetheart. Such a steady, generous producer for us today. Your family will be so proud of these numbers.”

Lexi leaned against the railing beside Kyle, her ponytail brushing his shoulder as she pointed. “See, Dad? Look how relaxed they all are. The machines do everything—warm suction, perfect edging, that gentle rhythm that just… keeps going until they’re completely empty. No mess, no hassle. Just pure, efficient contribution.”

Kelly rested her elbows on the rail, chin in her hands, eyes sparkling with playful delight as she watched a nearby pod. “Mmm. And check the earnings screen for Pod 17. That guy’s already at $1,847 this morning. *This morning.* Imagine that kind of money just flowing in while you lie back and let the extractor handle the rest.”

Jessica’s voice was a soft, teasing whisper on Kyle’s other side. “It looks so peaceful, doesn’t it, Mr. Smith? Like the machine knows exactly what your body needs better than you do. Those little twitches… the way their faces go all soft and glassy. I bet it feels incredible. Addictive, even.”

Bella’s hand slid from Kyle’s back to rest lightly on his hip, fingers slipping just beneath the edge of the robe’s sash through the open front. The touch was hidden from Elena but impossible for Kyle to ignore—warm, deliberate, possessive. She leaned in close, her elegant voice dropping into that silky, sarcastic register that always wrapped around his thoughts like velvet chains. “Darling, look at them. So calm. So *useful*. That could be you down there, providing for us without a single worry. The roof repair paid off in a week. Lexi’s

tuition covered for the entire year. That second honeymoon we've been dreaming about?" She let the words linger, her thumb tracing a slow circle against the bare skin of his hip. "All while you relax in one of those lovely pods, letting the machine milk you nice and thoroughly. Think how proud we'd be. How *appreciative*."

Kyle's mouth went dry. His gaze stayed locked on the scene below, unable to look away. The rhythmic pulse of the sleeves, the soft sighs drifting up through the glass, the way the donors' bodies surrendered so completely—it was hypnotic. Shame burned hot in his chest, but it twisted into something far more dangerous: arousal. Beneath the thin robe, his cock had thickened further, the outline now clearly visible if anyone glanced down, the fabric tenting slightly with every throb. He could feel the cool air teasing the sensitive skin, the weight of it shifting as his hips gave an involuntary little twitch in sympathy with the men below. *This is insane,* he told himself, even as the rationalization began to form, slippery and tempting. *It really does look… peaceful. No stress. Just lying there while the machine does the work. For Bella. For Lexi. For the family. The money is real—I can see the numbers scrolling right there. It wouldn't be forever. Just until the debts are gone. And god, the way they're all watching me… it feels almost good to be the focus like this.*

Elena tapped her tablet, pulling up a closer feed on one of the gallery screens. The image zoomed in on a donor's face—eyes half-lidded, lips parted in quiet bliss, cheeks faintly flushed. "As you can see, Mr. Smith, our technology is calibrated for maximum comfort and yield. Most donors report it feels better than anything they've experienced privately. The body learns quickly. Endorphins stay elevated, stress hormones drop. Many request extended sessions on their days off."

Lexi's fingers brushed Kyle's arm, light and encouraging. "Mom's right, Dad. Imagine the relief. No more overtime. No more worrying about bills. You'd come home—well, or we'd visit you here—and everything would just… flow. The girls and I could even stop by after volleyball practice to cheer you on. Wouldn't that be nice?"

Kelly grinned, her voice dripping with playful sarcasm. "Totally. We'd sit right here in the gallery, watching you get milked nice and deep. Telling you what a good provider you are while the machine edges you over and over. You'd look so cute trying to stay all serious and dad-like while your body just… gives in."

Jessica added, eyes never leaving the pods below, "And the bonuses? Top producers get custom pods, private lounges, even priority scheduling so their families can visit more often. It's like the farm rewards the men who embrace their role. You'd be perfect for it—strong enough to produce well, soft enough to look like you belong in the cradle."

Bella’s hand slipped a fraction lower inside the robe, her fingertips grazing the top of his thigh, dangerously close to where his erection strained against the fabric. The touch was hidden, intimate, electric. “Mmm. Listen to the girls, darling. They’re only being honest. I was telling Mercedes last night how much this could change things for us—for *all* of us. She’s so excited about the possibilities. A new life, just the women taking care of everything while you focus on what you do best.” Her voice was a soft, sarcastic purr against his ear. “Providing. Relaxing. Letting go. Look at how happy those men are. Doesn’t it make you wonder what it would feel like to finally stop fighting and just… contribute?”

Kyle swallowed hard, the sound loud in his own ears. His body was responding fully now— cock throbbing visibly beneath the robe, a faint damp spot forming where the tip pressed against the thin fabric. Shame flooded him in waves, hot and thick, but each wave only pushed the arousal higher, twisting it into something he could no longer pretend was mere nervousness. *It does look peaceful,* the traitorous voice in his head insisted, growing louder. *Peaceful and profitable. Bella’s hand feels so good. The girls’ eyes on me… they’re not laughing at me. They’re excited. Proud, even. This could actually help. Just a trial. Just to see. For the family. I wouldn’t have to decide anything today.*

Elena gestured toward a set of stairs leading down to the floor level. “If you’d like, Mr. Smith, we can move closer for a personal observation. Many VIP guests find the proximity… enlightening. The sounds, the warmth, the way the donors breathe in perfect sync with their machines. It’s quite intimate.”

Lexi squeezed his arm, bright and expectant. “Please, Dad? Just for a minute. You’ve come this far, and it would mean everything to me.”

Bella’s fingers gave his thigh one final, affectionate press before withdrawing, but not before brushing deliberately against the rigid outline beneath the robe—light enough to tease, firm enough to remind him who held the cards. “That’s my good man,” she murmured, voice dripping with elegant satisfaction. “Always so open to new experiences when it helps us. Let’s go down and watch them up close. I want you to see exactly how rewarding this can be.”

Kyle nodded before he could stop himself, the motion automatic, almost eager. His face burned, his erection ached, and the rationalization settled deeper in his mind like a warm blanket: *It really does look peaceful. Just a closer look. Nothing more. For Bella. For Lexi. For the family.*

The women closed ranks around him once more—Lexi on his arm, Bella’s hand at his back, Kelly and Jessica pressing in with delighted giggles—as Elena led them toward the stairs. The rhythmic hum of the machines grew louder, more inviting, rising to meet them like a promise.

Kyle descended into the production floor still telling himself it was only curiosity. Only support. Only temporary.

But the warmth in his gut, the shameful throb beneath the robe, and the confident, playful smiles of the women surrounding him told a different story—one of slow, inevitable surrender that had already begun to feel far too good to resist.

Chapter 8: The “Trial Run” Room

The production floor felt warmer at ground level, the low hum of the extractors wrapping around Kyle like a living thing. Soft blue indicator lights pulsed in perfect unison across dozens of pods, each one cradling its donor in quiet, rhythmic surrender. The air was thicker here—rich with the faint, intimate scent of warm silicone, clean skin, and the subtle musk of repeated, effortless release. Kyle walked in his whisper-thin donor robe, the fabric brushing his thighs with every step, the open front allowing cool currents to tease the rigid, aching length that refused to soften beneath it. Bella’s hand stayed at the small of his back, guiding him with gentle, possessive pressure. Lexi remained glued to his left side, her sundress warm against his bare arm. Kelly and Jessica pressed close on his right, their soft giggles and perfume creating a cocoon of confident female energy. Elena led the way, tablet glowing in her hand, her navy uniform a symbol of effortless control.

They turned down a quieter side aisle lined with private demo rooms—small, elegantly appointed chambers separated by frosted glass walls that allowed just enough visibility from the main floor to feel observed without being fully exposed. Elena paused before one labeled *Demo Pod A – VIP Calibration Suite* and swiped her keycard. The door hissed open with a soft, welcoming sound.

“This is one of our private trial rooms,” she explained, voice smooth and instructive. “Perfect for VIP guests who want to understand the process more intimately. No full extraction today —just a light positioning and introductory attachment so you can feel how the machine calibrates to a new body. Many men describe it as surprisingly soothing. Educational, even.”

Kyle’s pulse spiked. The room was intimate: a single extraction pod tilted at that perfect forty-five-degree angle, padded in soft white and black, with the extractor sleeve resting neatly in its cradle like a promise. Low golden lighting, a padded bench along one wall for observers, and a large mirror opposite the pod that reflected everything without mercy. “I… I don’t think I need to actually *try* it,” he said, the words coming out rougher than he intended. His robe shifted as he spoke, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide the prominent tent at his front. “We were just observing, right?”

Bella’s fingers traced a slow circle at the base of his spine, her elegant voice sliding into his ear with silky sarcasm. “Darling, don’t be shy now. You’ve come all this way, changed into the robe, let us see that lovely dad-bod during the scan… it would be a shame to stop short of the full experience.” She glanced at the others, her smile deepening with knowing satisfaction. “The girls have been so patient. Lexi’s first day, our family future—it’s only fair you give it a proper look. Just sit in the pod for a moment. Feel how comfortable it is. No commitment. Think of it as supporting us.”

Lexi nodded eagerly, green eyes bright as she gave his arm a gentle tug toward the pod. “Please, Dad? It’s not even the real thing yet. Just the sleeve attaching lightly so you understand the warmth, the pulse. I tried the empty cradle during orientation—it feels incredible. You’ll see why the donors never want to leave.”

Kelly and Jessica moved to the observer bench, settling in with crossed legs and expectant smiles. Kelly leaned forward, dark ponytail swinging. “Yeah, Mr. Smith. We promise we’ll be quiet… mostly. But after watching all those guys downstairs, we’re dying to see how *you* respond. That robe looks even better when you’re reclined.”

Jessica’s blonde waves caught the light as she bit her lip. “Totally. Just lie back for a second. The machine will only tease a little—warm suction, gentle rhythm. You’ll look so natural. So *relaxed*. We want to see that cute flush on your cheeks again.”

Elena gestured gracefully to the pod. “The restraints are purely for positioning comfort—soft guides, nothing restrictive. The sleeve calibrates automatically to your size and sensitivity. It will feel warm, enveloping, and perfectly calibrated. Most first-timers report an immediate sense of… relief.”

Kyle’s mind raced, shame and arousal warring in equal measure. His cock throbbed visibly beneath the robe, the damp spot at the tip now unmistakable. *This is too far,* he told himself, even as his feet carried him forward. *I’m a husband, a father—not some test subject.* But the rationalization was already forming, slippery and seductive: *It’s just a demo. Light attachment only. No full milking. For Lexi. For Bella and the family. The money is real—I saw the numbers. If it feels too good, I can stop. Just a few seconds to understand what she does every day. It’ll make her happy. And… god, the way they’re all looking at me, encouraging me… it feels almost good to be wanted like this.*

He lowered himself into the pod. The padding cradled his body instantly—warm, ergonomic, molding to his back, shoulders, and the soft curve of his stomach like it had been waiting for him. The robe parted naturally as he reclined, exposing his chest and the full, rigid length of his erection to the cool air and five pairs of attentive eyes. Soft guides clicked gently into place around his wrists and ankles—not tight, just enough to suggest he should stay exactly where he was.

Elena moved with professional efficiency, adjusting a control panel at the pod's side. "Excellent positioning, Mr. Smith. You're settling in beautifully." She lifted the extractor sleeve—a warm, translucent, flexible cylinder lined with soft internal ridges and gentle suction ports. It hummed to life in her hands, glowing faintly blue. "First attachment is always the most enlightening. Just the tip and mid-shaft for now. Light pulsing only—no full cycle."

Bella stepped closer, one hand resting lightly on Kyle's bare thigh where the robe had fallen open. Her touch was warm, possessive, elegant. "That's my good man," she murmured, voice dripping with sarcastic sweetness for everyone to hear. "Look at you, darling—reclined and open for us already. So helpful. Mercedes would be thrilled to see how naturally you're embracing this."

Lexi perched on the edge of the observer bench, eyes wide with delight. "Dad… you look perfect in there. The pod suits you. Now just breathe and let the sleeve do its thing." Kelly and Jessica leaned forward, their gazes locked on his exposed cock with open, playful hunger. Kelly's voice was a teasing whisper. "Oh wow. Already so ready. That natural response is *adorable*. The machine is going to love calibrating to that."

Jessica nodded, giggling softly. "Mmm. Thick and eager. The sleeve will feel like heaven. Just wait until the warmth wraps around you."

Elena guided the sleeve into place with clinical grace. The moment it touched him—warm, slick, perfectly sized—Kyle's breath hitched. The internal lining pulsed once, gently, enveloping the head and several inches of his shaft in soft, rhythmic suction. Not pulling hard. Not demanding. Just… teasing. A slow, enveloping hug of heat and gentle pressure that made his hips jerk involuntarily. A low, involuntary groan escaped his throat before he could stop it.

The women's reactions were immediate and mercilessly appreciative.

Elena monitored the readout, smiling. "Beautiful calibration. Heart rate rising nicely. Endorphins already climbing. You're responding even better than the baseline scan suggested, Mr. Smith. Such a natural producer."

Bella's fingers stroked higher up his thigh, brushing the base where the sleeve met his skin. "Mmm. Listen to that little sound you made, darling. So honest. The machine barely touched you and you're already twitching like a good boy. I knew you'd like it. Think of the money flowing in while you feel this every day. For us. For the family."

Lexi's eyes sparkled. "Dad, you're doing so well. Look how the sleeve is pulsing—gentle, warm, like it knows exactly what you need. Doesn't it feel nice? Just a tease for now… but imagine how much better the full cycle would be."

Kelly bit her lip, voice breathy with delight. “So cute. That dad-bod all relaxed in the pod, cock nice and hard for the machine. You’re leaking already—see that little shine? The extractor is going to collect every drop so efficiently.”

Jessica added, sarcastic praise dripping from her tone. “Aww, Mr. Smith. Trying so hard to stay still. But your body knows. It’s already bargaining with itself, isn’t it? Just a little longer. Just to help the family. So sweet.”

The sleeve continued its light, pulsing tease—warm suction drawing him deeper into the rhythm, edging without release, building a slow, delicious pressure that made his toes curl and his mind fog. Kyle’s face burned crimson. Shame crashed over him in waves, but each wave only intensified the pleasure, twisting it into something addictive. *This feels too good,* he thought, the rationalization solidifying. *Just a demo. Light attachment. I can stop anytime. But… the warmth, the pulse… it’s better than anything I’ve felt in years. For Bella. For Lexi’s tuition. The roof. It wouldn’t be forever. I’m helping. They’re all so proud. I can handle this. Just a little longer…*

Elena adjusted a setting, and the pulse deepened by a fraction—still teasing, still controlled. Kyle’s hips rolled once, helplessly, another soft groan slipping free.

Bella leaned down, lips brushing his ear while her hand rested possessively on his chest. “That’s it, darling. Let it happen. We’re all right here watching. You’re doing beautifully. Such a good provider already.”

The five women surrounded the pod, their eyes bright with confident, playful satisfaction— watching, commenting, praising in that elegant, sarcastic chorus that made resistance feel not only futile but strangely, shamefully wonderful.

Kyle lay there, robe open, body betraying him completely, the machine’s gentle tease promising far more than he had bargained for.

And deep inside, the bargaining had already begun in earnest.

Chapter 9: Consent by Distraction

The gentle pulsing of the extractor sleeve had finally released Kyle with a soft, final chime, leaving him flushed and trembling in the cradle of the demo pod. The warm, translucent cylinder slid away with clinical grace, trailing a faint sheen of his own arousal that the machine had already collected in a discreet reservoir. His cock—still rigidly hard, throbbing with unspent need—stood exposed beneath the parted front of the donor robe, the cool air of the VIP suite kissing the sensitive, glistening skin. A single bead of precum clung to the tip before sliding slowly downward, impossible to hide from the five pairs of attentive female eyes surrounding him.

Elena tapped her tablet once, the blue indicator lights on the pod fading to a soft standby glow. “Excellent first calibration, Mr. Smith. Your responses were

textbook—strong baseline yield, healthy endorphin spike, perfect rhythm adherence. The system has you flagged as highly compatible." She offered a warm, professional smile that somehow managed to feel both encouraging and proprietary. "We'll move to the consultation alcove now for the standard visitor documentation. It's just a few forms to formalize the tour experience— nothing binding, of course. Purely administrative."

Kyle's chest rose and fell in shallow breaths, the robe's thin fabric clinging damply to his skin where sweat and residual slickness had gathered. Shame burned through him like liquid fire, but it only fed the heavy, aching throb between his legs. *That felt… too good,* he thought, the rationalization already spinning faster now, smoother, more convincing. *Just a light demo. Educational. For Lexi's job. For the family. I didn't come. I could have stopped it anytime. But the warmth, the pulse… it was better than anything at home in years. Bella's hand on my thigh while it happened… the girls watching… it wasn't humiliating. It was… helpful. I'm helping.*

Bella's fingers remained on his bare chest, tracing idle circles through the open robe as she leaned over the pod's edge. Her elegant voice carried that silky, sarcastic sweetness she reserved for moments when she knew she had already won. "Darling, you were

magnificent. Listen to that little groan you made when the sleeve first enveloped you—so honest, so natural. Mercedes is going to adore hearing every detail tonight." She glanced at the others, her dark eyes sparkling with quiet triumph. "Girls, didn't he settle into the pod like he was made for it? That soft dad-bod all relaxed and open… the way his hips twitched when the rhythm started. Simply perfect."

Lexi bounced lightly on her toes beside the pod, her sundress riding up her toned thighs as she offered Kyle a bright, conspiratorial smile. "Dad, you looked so cute in there. The machine barely touched you and you were already leaking for it. That's a really good sign, right, Elena? Means he'd be a natural producer."

Kelly and Jessica lingered at the observer bench, their gazes still locked on his exposed erection with open, playful appreciation. Kelly's dark ponytail swung as she tilted her head. "Totally. And the way the robe just… fell open? No hiding anything. We could see every little throb. So honest. So *useful*."

Jessica giggled, blonde waves catching the light. "Mmm. Poor Mr. Smith—trying so hard to stay all serious and dad-like while your body was begging for more. The sleeve knew exactly what it was doing. I bet the full cycle would have you singing for us in minutes."

Elena gestured gracefully toward a small, private alcove at the far end of the suite—a low consultation table with plush chairs arranged around it, soft

lighting, and a single digital tablet already glowing with forms. “Right this way, everyone. Mr. Smith, you may remain in the robe for comfort. The fabric is designed for exactly this—easy access, minimal restriction. The ladies can join us for the discussion. It helps when family is present for these financial overviews.”

Kyle pushed himself up from the pod on unsteady legs, the robe whispering against his thighs as he stood. His erection refused to flag, tenting the front noticeably, the damp fabric clinging to every contour. He tugged at the sash with fumbling fingers, but Bella’s hand caught his wrist gently, stopping him.

“Leave it, darling,” she murmured, voice low and intimate as the group moved toward the alcove. “It’s more comfortable this way. And we’re all family here—no need to hide how much you enjoyed the demo.” Her fingers slipped back to his hip, guiding him with possessive ease as they settled around the low table. Lexi took the chair to his left, Kelly and Jessica to his right, Elena at the head. Bella chose the seat directly beside him, her elegant linen-clad thigh pressing warmly against his bare one beneath the table’s edge.

The tablet waited, screen displaying a clean, professional form titled *VIP Tour & Extended Experience Acknowledgment*. Small print scrolled beneath—pages of legalese that Kyle’s still-fogged mind had no interest in parsing.

Elena slid the tablet across to him, stylus attached. “Just a few signatures to confirm you received the full tour, understood the process, and consent to any follow-up data sharing for your profile. Standard for all VIP guests. We’ll discuss the financial projections while you sign—makes the time pass pleasantly.”

Bella’s hand found his thigh under the table immediately, fingers resting high, warm palm pressing through the thin robe directly against the rigid heat of his cock. The touch was deliberate, hidden from the others’ view but impossible for Kyle to ignore. She stroked once —slow, possessive, teasing the length from base to tip with the pad of her thumb—while her face remained perfectly composed, elegant smile never wavering.

“Darling, look at these projections Elena prepared,” Bella said smoothly, her voice dripping with that sarcastic-sweet concern as she leaned in to point at the tablet with her free hand. “If a man with your baseline—like the one you just demonstrated—were to contribute even part- time, the earnings could cover the roof in six weeks. Lexi’s entire next semester paid. That little vacation fund we’ve been dreaming about… all from such a simple, relaxing arrangement.”

Her thumb circled the sensitive head beneath the robe, smearing the fresh bead of precum that had welled up, the motion hidden but devastatingly effective. Kyle’s breath hitched, hips twitching involuntarily into her touch as he stared at the screen.

Lexi chimed in from his left, bright and eager, her hand resting lightly on his forearm atop the table. “Mom’s right, Dad. The farm’s numbers are insane. Full-time producers clear six figures easy. Part-time? Still life-changing. And after that demo… you saw how gentle it is. How *good* it feels. You’d barely notice the time passing.”

Kelly leaned forward on his right, voice playful and merciless. “Imagine the bonuses, Mr. Smith. Top producers get priority pods, family visit privileges—*we* could come watch you every weekend after volleyball. Cheer you on while the machine milks you nice and deep. You’d look so proud.”

Jessica nodded, giggling softly. “And the way your body responded in the pod? That’s premium quality. The system already has your profile optimized. Just sign the

acknowledgment and we can talk about a trial extension. No pressure—just options for the family.”

Bella’s fingers tightened around his shaft through the robe, stroking in slow, deliberate pumps —up, down, thumb swirling the tip—while she continued chatting as if discussing weekend plans. “Sign right there, honey. The first box. It’s just confirming you experienced the demo and understand the benefits. See? Right under ‘Participant Acknowledgment.’ You’re doing so well for us already. Mercedes and I were saying last night how proud we’d be if you embraced this. Think of it as the ultimate provider role—relaxed, efficient, appreciated.”

Kyle’s mind swam. The stylus felt heavy in his fingers, the words on the screen blurring into meaningless shapes. All he could focus on was Bella’s hand—warm, confident, stroking him with elegant precision beneath the table while the others watched his face with bright, knowing smiles. Pleasure coiled tight and low in his belly, shame twisting it into something darker, sweeter, more addictive. *It’s just paperwork,* the rationalization flowed easily now, lubricated by her touch and the lingering warmth of the sleeve. *Visitor forms. For the tour. For Lexi. For the roof and tuition. I’m not agreeing to anything real. Just acknowledging what happened. And god… her hand feels so good. They’re all so proud. It really could help. Just a signature. Then we leave. Or maybe… an extended tour. Just to see. For the family. It wouldn’t be permanent. I could handle it.*

He signed the first line with a shaky hand—*Kyle Smith*—while Bella’s thumb pressed firmly against the frenulum, drawing a soft, involuntary groan from his throat that he tried to disguise as a cough.

“Perfect, darling,” Bella purred, her voice never losing its cultured warmth. “Now the second page. ‘Extended Data & Profile Retention.’ It’s standard—lets them keep your baseline for future reference. Such a small thing, but it means so much to Lexi’s future here.”

Her strokes quickened subtly—long, smooth pulls that made his hips rock forward into her grip despite himself. The robe tented obviously now, but no one commented; they simply watched him with satisfied, playful eyes as if this were the most natural family discussion in the world.

Lexi squeezed his forearm. “You’re such a good dad. Signing while we talk finances— multitasking like a pro. The farm really brings out the best in men.”

Elena nodded approvingly, scrolling the tablet to the final section without drawing attention to it. “And here, Mr. Smith—just one more signature for the full VIP package. Confirms you consent to any recommended follow-up sessions based on today’s data. Purely optional, of course. But the projections are quite compelling.”

Bella’s hand never faltered, pumping him steadily now, edging him closer to the brink while her free hand pointed innocently at the line. “Right there, honey. ‘Full Consent & Enrollment Acknowledgment.’ For the family. Think of the new life this could fund—Mercedes moving in to help with everything while you focus on providing. We’d visit you every day at first. Watch you get milked properly. Tell you what a perfect, useful husband and father you are.”

Kyle’s vision blurred at the edges. Pleasure surged, shame melted into it, rationalization solidified into certainty: *Just one more signature. It’s all optional. I can back out later. But the money… the way it feels when they touch me… the way they look at me like I’m already theirs… it’s for them. I’m helping. I want to help. God, her hand… I’m so close…*

He signed the final line—his name flowing out in a trembling scrawl—while Bella’s fingers gave one last, possessive squeeze, holding him right at the edge without letting him tip over.

The tablet chimed softly. Elena smiled. “Wonderful. All processed, Mr. Smith. Your profile is now officially updated. We’ll have the full donor pod ready whenever you’d like to return— even tomorrow, if the family agrees.”

Bella withdrew her hand slowly, bringing it above the table to rest elegantly on his shoulder instead. She leaned in, lips brushing his ear as the others exchanged satisfied, secret glances. “That’s my good man. Always thinking of us first. You have no idea how proud I am… or how much fun we’re going to have with this.”

Lexi’s grin was radiant. Kelly and Jessica’s giggles filled the alcove like soft champagne bubbles. Elena tapped the tablet one final time, locking the forms away.

Kyle sat there in the thin robe, cock still aching and untouched beneath the fabric, mind reeling with the delicious weight of what he had just done. Shame and arousal swirled together into something new—something warm, inevitable,

and strangely peaceful.

He told himself it was only paperwork.

But deep down, where the rationalizations had taken root and bloomed, he was already beginning to wonder how soon they would bring him back… and how long he would be allowed to stay.

Chapter 10: First Full Session

The consultation alcove still hummed with quiet satisfaction as Elena tucked the signed tablet away, her professional smile never faltering. Kyle remained seated in the thin donor robe, the fabric damp and clinging where Bella's hidden strokes had left their mark. His cock stood rigid and aching beneath the open front, every throb visible to anyone who cared to look— which all five women did, openly and without the slightest trace of embarrassment. The air felt thicker now, charged with the knowledge of what he had just signed, the ink still fresh on the final acknowledgment that had slid so easily under Bella's elegant distraction.

Elena rose gracefully. "With the documentation complete, Mr. Smith, we can proceed to the final portion of the VIP tour—a short, full-cycle demonstration in the adjacent pod suite. Nothing permanent, of course. Just enough to let you experience the complete process so you understand exactly what the donors enjoy every day. Most guests find it… illuminating. Especially after the paperwork."

Kyle's breath caught. His mind was still foggy from Bella's relentless teasing, the rationalizations spinning like silk threads: *It's only a demonstration. Short. Educational. I already signed the forms anyway—it's part of the tour. For Lexi. For the family. One quick cycle and we leave. I can handle it. I need to know what it really feels like… for them.*

Bella's hand returned to his bare thigh, fingers squeezing with possessive affection as she stood and guided him up. "Darling, you've been so wonderfully cooperative today. This is the part I've been looking forward to most. A proper, full session—just a short one—so you can feel how rewarding it truly is." Her voice was pure silky sarcasm, warm and knowing. "Think of the projections we just reviewed. The money that could start flowing the moment you relax and let the machine take over. Mercedes and I will be right here, watching every second. Proud of our provider."

Lexi looped her arm through his again, her sundress brushing his side as they moved to the next chamber—larger than the trial room, with a full extraction pod centered under softer, more intimate lighting. The pod looked even more inviting now: deeper padding, the extractor sleeve resting in its cradle with a faint, anticipatory hum already building. Kelly and Jessica claimed the observer bench

once more, their eyes bright with delighted hunger. Elena moved to the control panel with practiced ease.

“Robes stay open for optimal sensor contact,” Elena explained smoothly. “The sleeve will attach fully this time—base to tip, with complete rhythmic calibration. We’ll run a standard fifteen-minute cycle. Edge-and-release protocol, controlled for maximum yield. You’ll feel the difference immediately.”

Kyle lowered himself into the pod without being asked, the padding cradling his body like a lover’s embrace. The robe fell open completely as he reclined, exposing his chest, soft stomach, and the full, heavy length of his erection to the cool air and their collective gaze. Soft positioning guides clicked into place around his limbs—gentle, reassuring, impossible to ignore. His heart hammered, shame flooding hot through his veins, but the shame only made him throb harder.

Bella settled into a chair pulled close to the pod’s head, one manicured hand resting on his shoulder, thumb stroking the side of his neck. “That’s my good man,” she murmured, leaning in so her breath warmed his ear. “Look at you—already so open and ready for us. The robe suits you perfectly like this. Relaxed. Useful. Exactly what the family needs.”

Lexi perched on the edge of the bench, green eyes wide and sparkling. “Dad… you look incredible in the full pod. The way the lights hit your skin, that little dad-bod all cradled and waiting… it’s actually really hot. Just breathe and let it happen. We’re all here for you.”

Kelly leaned forward, dark ponytail swinging, voice dripping with playful delight. “Mmm. Already leaking again. That’s premium, Mr. Smith. The sleeve is going to love wrapping around every inch of that. We get to watch the whole thing—every pulse, every twitch. You’re going to sound so cute when it really starts working you.”

Jessica’s blonde waves bounced as she grinned. “Totally. No more teasing. Full cycle this time. The machine knows exactly how to milk a man like you—slow at first, then deeper, edging you right to the brink before letting you give it all. For the family. For the money. You’ll see why the donors beg to stay longer.”

Elena lifted the extractor sleeve. It was warmer now, slick with internal lubricant, the translucent material glowing softly as it hummed to life. She guided it over him with clinical precision, the sleeve enveloping his cock from base to tip in one smooth, enveloping motion. The internal ridges and suction ports sealed around him instantly—warm, tight, alive. A low, involuntary moan tore from Kyle’s throat as the first full pulse rippled through the sleeve, drawing him deep into its rhythm.

The machine began its work.

Slow at first—gentle, rolling suction that massaged every inch, coaxing him with perfect, unhurried pressure. Kyle's hips jerked once, helplessly, the positioning guides holding him exactly where the pod wanted him. Pleasure bloomed hot and immediate, far beyond the light tease of the trial run. The sleeve pulsed, squeezed, released, then pulsed again—building, building, never quite letting him crest.

"Oh, darling," Bella purred, her fingers tightening on his shoulder as she watched his face. "Listen to yourself. That beautiful sound. The machine has you already, doesn't it? So deep. So thorough. You're going to give us everything today, aren't you? Such a perfect provider."

Lexi's voice was bright with excitement. "Dad, it's working you so well. Look at how your hips are moving—little twitches like you can't help it. The sleeve is milking you nice and steady. Doesn't it feel incredible? Better than anything, right? Just let it take it all. For me. For Mom. For the roof and tuition."

Kelly giggled softly, eyes locked on the rhythmic motion between his legs. "So cute. That dad-bod relaxing completely while the machine does the real work. You're leaking so much already—the reservoir is going to fill fast. Good boy, Mr. Smith. Give it everything."

Jessica added, voice breathy and merciless. "Mmm. Edging already. See how it slows right when you get close? It knows. It's going to build you up over and over before it finally lets you cum. You're going to look so blissed out when it happens. We'll remember this forever."

The cycle intensified. The sleeve tightened, pulsed faster, the internal ridges stroking every sensitive spot with relentless expertise. Kyle's breathing turned ragged, his body arching within the gentle restraints as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through him. The shame was still there—hot, thick, humiliating—but it had melted into the bliss, feeding it, making every pulse sharper, every moan louder. *This is too much,* he thought, even as the rationalization wrapped around the pleasure like a warm blanket. *They're all watching me cum for them. Humiliating. But… it feels so good. So right. The money is real. I'm helping. Bella's proud. Lexi's happy. I'm doing this for the family. I need this. Just this once. God, I'm going to cum so hard…*

Elena adjusted a setting, her voice calm and approving. "Excellent yield building, Mr. Smith. Endorphins peaking. Releasing in three… two… one."

The sleeve contracted in one final, powerful series of pulses—deep, milking strokes that pulled everything from him at once. Kyle's vision whited out. A long, broken groan tore from his chest as the orgasm ripped through him, intense and prolonged, wave after helpless wave spilling into the extractor. His hips bucked, thighs trembling, the pod's padding cradling every spasm while the machine

drew every last drop with perfect, greedy efficiency. The reservoir chimed softly, registering the collection.

The women's praise washed over him in a delighted chorus.

Bella leaned down, lips brushing his sweat-damp forehead. "There we go, darling. Such a good, generous man. Look at you—completely spent for the family. I'm so proud. Mercedes is going to love knowing how beautifully you emptied yourself under our eyes."

Lexi clapped her hands once, eyes shining. "Dad! That was amazing. You came so much. The machine really knows you already. See? It's not scary—it's perfect. You helped us just by doing that."

Kelly whistled softly. "Holy wow. That was a premium load, Mr. Smith. Your body knows its place now. You looked so peaceful at the end—so blissed out while it milked you dry."

Jessica's giggle was pure satisfaction. "Aww, and the little sounds you made? Adorable. First full orgasm on the farm and you gave it everything. The farm's going to want you back tomorrow—I can already tell."

Elena monitored the readout, nodding with quiet approval. "Superb first session. High-quality collection, strong afterglow response. The system has logged it to your profile. You may rest here a moment, Mr. Smith. The robe stays on for comfort."

Kyle lay there, chest heaving, cock still twitching inside the now-softening sleeve as the machine gently cleaned and soothed him. The orgasm's aftershocks rippled through his limbs —warm, heavy, addictive. Shame lingered, but it was distant now, drowned in the blissful haze. *I came right in front of all of them,* he thought, the rationalization settling deep and comfortable. *Humiliating. But… it felt incredible. Better than anything. And the money— that collection alone probably paid for something important. I'm helping. Really helping. They're all so proud. It wasn't so bad. It was… good. Maybe just one more session sometime. For the family. I could handle it. I want to handle it.*

Bella's hand stroked his hair with elegant tenderness. "Rest, darling. You did beautifully. We'll talk about next steps on the way home. The girls and I already have some lovely ideas."

Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica exchanged bright, secret smiles. Elena powered down the pod with a final, satisfied chime.

Kyle closed his eyes for a moment, the rhythmic hum of the farm still echoing in his blood. The web had tightened another irresistible notch, and for the first time, the thought of staying longer didn't feel like surrender.

It felt like the start of something he was already beginning to crave.

Chapter 11: Bella’s Private Idea

The drive home from the Sperm Extraction Farm passed in a warm, hazy silence that felt heavier than the desert air outside the SUV. Kyle sat in the passenger seat, still wearing the thin donor robe beneath his hastily thrown-on polo and slacks—Bella had insisted he keep the robe “for comfort on the ride,” her elegant fingers brushing the sash one last time before they left the facility. His body hummed with the afterglow of that first full milking: a deep, languid exhaustion that made his limbs feel pleasantly heavy, his cock still tender and half- hard against the soft fabric, every subtle shift of the car sending a faint, lingering throb through him. The memory of the sleeve’s relentless pulses, the women’s eyes on him as he came so hard and so publicly, refused to fade. Shame curled low in his gut, hot and familiar now, but it twisted into something sweeter with every passing mile.

It was just one session, he told himself, the rationalization settling in like warm honey. *A demonstration. For Lexi’s job. For the family finances. I didn’t agree to anything permanent —those forms were just visitor paperwork. But… god, it felt incredible. Better than anything Bella and I have done in years. The money they showed us… it could change everything. I’m helping. Really helping. They were all so proud. I can handle a few more visits if it means the roof gets fixed and Lexi’s tuition is covered. It’s not like I’m addicted or anything. Just practical.*

Bella drove with one hand on the wheel, the other occasionally drifting to rest high on his thigh, thumb tracing idle circles through the layers of fabric. Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica had ridden with Elena for a “quick staff debrief,” leaving the two of them alone for the first time since the farm. Bella’s smile was soft, satisfied, her dark hair catching the late-afternoon sun as it streamed through the windows.

“You were magnificent today, darling,” she murmured without taking her eyes off the road, voice silky and laced with that playful sarcasm he knew so well. “The way you relaxed into the pod… the sounds you made when the machine finally let you finish. Mercedes is going to be *delighted* when I tell her every detail. I already texted her photos of the earnings projection—they’re coming over tonight.”

Kyle’s pulse skipped. Mercedes. Bella’s longtime “friend.” The woman who had been a quiet presence in their lives for years—elegant, sleek, late thirties like Bella, with sharp cheekbones and a sensual confidence that had always made Kyle feel slightly off-balance. He had suspected, of course. Late nights, whispered phone calls, the way Bella’s eyes lit up when Mercedes’s name appeared on her screen. But hearing it stated so casually now, after what he had just done at the farm, sent a fresh sting through his chest.

By the time they pulled into the driveway, the sun was dipping low, painting the house in golden light. Kyle stepped inside on unsteady legs, the robe's whisper still teasing his skin beneath his clothes. Bella kissed his cheek with surprising tenderness.

"Go rest upstairs, honey. You earned it. I'll handle dinner and call Mercedes over. She's been dying to hear how her future provider performed." The word *provider* dripped with elegant mockery, but her hand squeezed his ass through the robe as she sent him toward the bedroom. "We'll come up and check on you later. Sleep. You'll need your strength for what's next."

Kyle didn't argue. He climbed the stairs, stripped down to just the donor robe—too tired, too hazy to fight it—and collapsed onto their king-sized bed. The sheets smelled like Bella's perfume and the faint trace of last night's laundry softener. Exhaustion pulled him under almost immediately, the rhythmic memory of the extractor sleeve echoing in his dreams like a lullaby.

Downstairs, the front door opened again twenty minutes later. Mercedes's voice floated up— low, sultry, laced with excitement. "Bella, darling… tell me everything. The photos you sent already have me wet."

Kyle stirred awake in the dim bedroom, the door cracked just enough that sound carried clearly from the living room below. He lay still, heart suddenly pounding, the robe tenting once more as he listened.

Bella's laugh was warm, intimate. "He was *perfect*, Mer. You should have seen him in the pod—dad-bod all soft and relaxed, robe falling open like he was made for it. The machine milked him dry in one full cycle and he came so hard I thought the reservoir would overflow. Moaned like a good little donor the whole time. Lexi and the girls were practically swooning."

A soft, wet sound followed—kissing. Deep, unhurried, the kind of kiss that spoke of years of secret hunger finally allowed into the light. Kyle's breath caught. He could picture it: Bella and Mercedes on the couch downstairs, bodies pressed close, Mercedes's sleek hands sliding under Bella's blouse while Bella's fingers tangled in her dark hair. The cuckold sting hit sharp and immediate, twisting low in his gut alongside the fresh throb of arousal. *They're down there… together. Openly now. While I'm up here in this damn robe, still sticky from the machine.*

Mercedes's voice purred, amused and possessive. "Mmm. Our little producer. I love it. The way you described him signing those forms while you stroked him under the table? Genius. And the earnings—enough to cover the new place we've been eyeing. I already picked out the lingerie set I want you to wear when we move in together. Kyle's contributions are going to fund our entire new life, aren't they?"

Bella hummed in agreement, the sound laced with satisfaction. “Exactly. Lexi’s fully on board—she’s already texting me ideas for a ‘family viewing schedule.’ We’ll bring him back tomorrow for another session, then gradually extend it. Start with daily visits, then overnight stays in his dedicated pod. The girls can stop by after volleyball to watch and tease him. I want him to hear us planning our weekends while he’s hooked up and milked—knowing his wife and her lover are out living the life his earnings are paying for.”

Mercedes laughed softly, the sound throaty and delighted. “God, you’re evil and I adore you. A viewing schedule? Perfect. We’ll sit in the gallery, hold hands, kiss while he’s down there twitching and filling the reservoir. Tell him how much better it feels when he’s providing instead of pretending to be the man of the house. I’ll even bring my strap-on and let you ride me on the observation couch while he watches the live feed from his pod. He’ll learn his new place so sweetly—resting, producing, listening to us moan his name as a thank-you.”

Kyle’s hand had drifted unconsciously beneath the robe, fingers wrapping around his aching cock as the words sank in. Shame burned through him like wildfire—his wife and her lover openly planning his replacement, turning his body into their personal ATM while they built a life without him. But the shame only made him stroke faster, the afterglow from the farm mixing with this new, sharper humiliation into something dark and addictive. *They’re going to cuck me completely,* he thought, the rationalization spinning desperately. *Bella and Mercedes… living together, fucking while I’m at the farm. But it’s for the family. The money will fix everything. Lexi’s happy. Bella’s finally getting what she wants. I’m the one who can give it to them now. It’s not emasculating—it’s practical. I felt how good the machine is. I can do this. I *want* to do this if it makes them happy. Just a schedule. Just visits. I’ll still come home sometimes… right?*

Downstairs, the kissing grew more heated—soft moans, the rustle of clothing, Bella’s voice breathy with pleasure. “Mmm, yes… right there, Mer. Kyle’s earnings are going to buy us that king bed we’ve been fantasizing about. We’ll christen it while he’s in his pod, getting milked on the live feed. I’ll text him little updates: ‘Darling, Mercedes is fucking me so good right now—your contribution is making this possible.’ He’ll throb for the machine every time.”

Mercedes’s reply was a low growl of delight. “And the viewing schedule starts this weekend. Lexi, Kelly, Jessica, you, me—all of us in the gallery while he’s the main attraction. We’ll praise him, tease him, tell him what a good, useful husband he is while he empties himself for us. Then we come home and celebrate with his money. He’ll never want to leave once he sees how happy it makes us.”

Kyle came quietly into his own hand, biting back a groan as the orgasm rolled through him— smaller than the one at the farm, but sharper, fueled by the fresh

sting of replacement. He lay there afterward, chest heaving, the robe sticky and open, shame and arousal swirling together into a hazy, blissful fog.

They're really doing this, he thought, the rationalization now ironclad and warm. *Bella's happier than I've seen her in years. Mercedes too. The farm… it's where I belong now. Providing. Relaxing. Letting them live. It's not forever. Just until everything's stable. And hearing them like this… it feels good. Shamefully good. I can be their provider. Their good boy. I want to be.*

Upstairs, the bedroom door remained cracked. Downstairs, Bella and Mercedes's laughter and moans continued, planning their future with the calm confidence of women who already knew exactly how the rest of Kyle's story would unfold.

And somewhere in the deepening twilight, Kyle's phone buzzed on the nightstand—a text from Bella, simple and loving:

Rest well, darling. Tomorrow we start the schedule. We're so proud of our perfect donor.

Chapter 12: Daily Visits Begin

The morning after the farm's full demonstration dawned soft and golden through the bedroom blinds, but Kyle had been awake for hours. He lay on his back in the king-sized bed, the thin donor robe still draped loosely over his body—Bella had insisted he sleep in it "so the afterglow lingers properly." His cock rested heavy and half-hard against his stomach, twitching occasionally at the memory of the extractor sleeve's warm, relentless pulses. The faint scent of silicone and his own release still clung to the fabric, a private reminder that refused to fade. Downstairs, the house was quiet except for the occasional murmur of Bella and Mercedes sharing coffee in the kitchen, their voices low and intimate, laced with satisfied laughter that carried up the stairs like a caress.

They're already planning the move, Kyle thought, the words settling into his chest with a strange, warm ache. *Bella's happier than I've seen her in years. Mercedes too. And it's because of me. Because of what I did yesterday. One session and the earnings projection already covered the first roof payment. I'm helping. Really helping. It wasn't humiliating… it was necessary. And god, it felt so good. The way they watched me empty myself for them… I can still feel the sleeve milking every drop. I shouldn't want to go back so soon. But I do. Just one more. To build the bonus. For the family.*

His phone buzzed on the nightstand. A group text from Lexi, with Bella, Kelly, Jessica, and Mercedes all copied in:

Dad! Farm called—your first collection cleared the bonus tier already They want you back today for a quick follow-up to lock in the daily rate. Mom and I can drive you after breakfast. The girls are coming too. So proud of our provider xx

Bella’s reply appeared instantly: *Darling, it’s perfect timing. Mercedes and I have some “errands” this afternoon, but we’ll meet you there later for the viewing. Wear the robe under your clothes again. It suits you now.*

Kyle’s pulse quickened. Shame flickered—hot, familiar—but it dissolved almost

immediately into a low, secret thrum of anticipation. He typed back with trembling fingers: *Okay. For the family. I’ll be ready.*

By ten o’clock they were pulling into the farm’s employee lot. Lexi drove this time, Bella in the passenger seat, Kelly and Jessica squeezed into the back with Kyle between them. The robe whispered against his skin beneath his loose shirt and shorts, every bump in the road teasing the sensitive length that had refused to stay completely soft since yesterday. The girls’ hands brushed his thighs casually, their perfume and post-volleyball glow filling the car with bright, confident energy.

“Morning producer,” Kelly teased, voice dripping with playful sarcasm as she leaned against his shoulder. “Sleep well after your big debut? Or were you lying there replaying how the sleeve sucked you dry in front of all of us?”

Jessica giggled on his other side, her blonde waves tickling his neck. “I bet he was. That little moan you made when it finally let you cum? So cute. The farm’s earnings app already shows your first deposit hit the family account. Two thousand dollars overnight, Mr. Smith. Just from one session. Imagine what daily visits could do.”

Bella turned in her seat, elegant smile curving with satisfied warmth. “Exactly, girls. Mercedes and I looked at the projections last night—daily quota at your level would clear the mortgage in six months. We’re thinking a dedicated pod for you by next week. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, darling? A place that’s all yours, where you can relax and provide without any distractions.”

Lexi caught his eye in the rearview mirror, green eyes sparkling. “Totally voluntary today, Dad. You texted you wanted to come back. That’s so sweet. The machine missed you already —I bet it did.”

Inside the farm, Supervisor Elena greeted them at the lobby like old friends, her navy uniform hugging her figure with quiet authority. “Mr. Smith—right on time. Your profile updated automatically after yesterday’s session. The system flagged you for daily calibration to maintain peak yield. We’ve prepared Pod 42 for you. Private, but with gallery access for the ladies.”

Kyle didn’t protest. He changed into the robe in the same prep lounge, the fabric feeling almost familiar now as it draped open across his chest and thighs. The women watched openly, their eyes tracing the soft curve of his dad-bod, the half-hard outline already tenting the front. No one mentioned underwear; none

was offered.

In the pod suite, the extractor sleeve waited, humming softly in its cradle. Kyle reclined without being asked, the padding cradling him like a returning lover. Positioning guides clicked gently into place. Bella settled into the observer chair beside him, one hand resting possessively on his bare chest. Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica took the bench, legs crossed, smiles bright and merciless.

Elena guided the sleeve over him with practiced grace. The warm, slick embrace enveloped his cock completely—base to tip—sealing with a soft, wet sound that made Kyle's breath hitch. The machine began its cycle immediately: slow, rolling pulses that massaged every inch, building heat and pressure with expert precision.

"Mmm, there we go," Bella purred, thumb circling his nipple as she watched his face. "Look at you, darling—already sinking into it like you belong. The sleeve knows its good boy now. Nice and deep. Let it work you. We're right here."

Lexi leaned forward, ponytail swinging. "Dad, you're responding even faster today. See how your hips are rolling already? So natural. The bonus for hitting daily quota is huge—another fifteen hundred if you maintain this yield every day this week."

Kelly's voice was a teasing whisper. "And between sessions? We were thinking a little light chastity tease. Nothing permanent—just a soft silicone sleeve to wear at home. Keeps you nice and eager for the farm. Makes the next milking feel *incredible* when you finally get hooked up again. Bella suggested it last night. Mercedes loves the idea."

Jessica nodded, eyes sparkling. "Totally. You'd wear it under your clothes during the day— gentle pressure, constant reminder of who you're providing for. Then we bring you back here, pop it off, and the extractor takes everything you've saved up. You'd love that, wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? That slow, aching build all day… ending with us watching you empty it all for the family."

The sleeve tightened, pulsing faster now, internal ridges stroking every sensitive spot with relentless care. Kyle's moans grew louder, unrestrained, his body surrendering completely as the machine edged him closer and closer. Elena adjusted a setting, and a soft chime announced the bonus projection on the wall screen: *Daily Quota Bonus: +$2,400 projected for consistent production.*

Bella's hand slid lower, resting just above where the sleeve worked him, her voice silky and commanding. "Hear that, darling? That's your money. Our new life. Mercedes and I are going shopping with the first deposit this afternoon—lingerie, new sheets for the place we're moving into together. You'll get the live feed from your pod while you're here. You can watch us trying it on… knowing your cock is busy providing every penny."

Pleasure coiled tight and hot in Kyle’s core. The rationalization flowed effortlessly now, shame melting into pure, secret anticipation: *Daily visits. The chastity tease between them. It sounds… perfect. I’ll ache for the machine all day, then come here and give them everything while they watch. Bella and Mercedes happy. Lexi proud. The money fixing everything. I’m not losing anything—I’m gaining this. The feeling of the sleeve owning me. Their eyes on me. I crave it already. I want the cage at home. I want to earn every bonus. I’m their provider now. Their good, useful donor. And it feels so right.*

The machine sensed his peak and released him in one long, powerful series of milking strokes. Kyle came hard, groaning openly as wave after wave spilled into the sleeve, the reservoir filling with audible chimes. His body arched, thighs trembling, the pod cradling every spasm while the women praised him in soft, delighted voices.

“Such a good boy,” Bella whispered, lips brushing his ear as the orgasm rolled on. “Giving it all for us. Again tomorrow. And the next day. We’ll bring the chastity sleeve home tonight— soft, pretty, locked with a little key Mercedes wants to wear. You’ll wear it proudly, won’t you, darling?”

Elena powered down the pod, the sleeve withdrawing with a final, gentle suckle that left Kyle spent and glowing. “Daily session logged, Mr. Smith. Bonus applied. We’ll see you tomorrow at the same time—your pod will be waiting.”

Kyle lay there a moment longer, chest heaving, cock still twitching in the open robe. Shame was there, faint and distant. But above it rose a warm, secret thrill—anticipation for the next visit, for the light chastity tease that would keep him aching all day, for the money that would fund Bella and Mercedes’s new life while he rested here, producing for them.

He nodded, voice hoarse but certain. “Tomorrow. I’ll… I’ll be here. For the quota. For the family.”

Lexi kissed his forehead. Kelly and Jessica squeezed his hands. Bella’s smile was radiant, sarcastic sweetness wrapped in elegant pride.

“That’s my perfect provider,” she murmured. “Rest now. The girls and I will handle everything else.”

As they helped him up, the farm’s rhythmic hum wrapped around Kyle like an embrace he no longer wanted to escape. The web had become home. And for the first time, he was already counting the hours until he could return to it.

Chapter 13: Group Observation Day

The Sperm Extraction Farm’s main observation gallery had been reserved exclusively for them that afternoon—a private, elevated viewing lounge with plush velvet seating arranged in a semi-circle around the floor-to-ceiling glass.

Soft golden lighting, chilled sparkling water on a low table, and a large wall screen displaying real-time stats for Pod 42: Kyle's dedicated pod. The air carried the familiar warm ozone-silicone scent, now laced with the subtle perfume of five confident women who had arrived together like a elegant, giggling procession.

Kyle reclined in the pod below them, the thin white donor robe parted completely, soft positioning guides holding his limbs in gentle, inescapable comfort. His body—thirty-eight, soft dad-bod flushed and glistening faintly with anticipation—lay open and vulnerable under the flattering blue lights. The light silicone chastity sleeve Bella and Mercedes had locked onto him at home that morning still encircled the base of his cock, a pretty pink ring that kept him aching and swollen all day, denying even the smallest relief until the extractor took over. His erection strained hard against the ring now, thick and leaking steadily, the tip already glistening as the machine's warm sleeve hovered in its cradle, humming with quiet promise.

Up in the gallery, the women settled in with delighted ease. Lexi claimed the center seat, still in her volleyball warm-ups, toned legs crossed as she leaned forward eagerly. Kelly and Jessica flanked her, their crop tops and shorts riding high, eyes sparkling with playful hunger. Bella sat to the right in tailored linen, elegant and poised, while Mercedes—sleek, late- thirties, dark hair cascading over one shoulder in a silk blouse unbuttoned just enough to hint at lace—lounged beside her, one arm draped possessively around Bella's waist.

Supervisor Elena had already activated the pod from the control station below. "Mr. Smith is calibrated and ready for today's extended session," she announced through the intercom, voice smooth and professional. "Forty-five minutes, multi-edge protocol with bonus productivity targets. The ladies have full commentary access via the open channel."

The extractor sleeve descended, enveloping Kyle's cock in one smooth, warm glide—base to tip, internal ridges sealing tight. The first deep pulse rippled through him instantly. Kyle's hips jerked, a low, helpless groan escaping as the machine began its work: slow, rolling suction that massaged every inch with expert, unrelenting care.

Bella's elegant hand rested on Mercedes's thigh, fingers tracing lazy patterns as she leaned forward, voice carrying clearly over the intercom with silky, sarcastic sweetness. "Mmm, look at him, girls. Already sinking so beautifully into the pod. That little dad-bod all relaxed and open for us… the chastity sleeve has him so nicely swollen. Darling, you're leaking for the machine before it's even really started. Such a good, eager provider."

Lexi giggled, ponytail swinging as she pressed her palms to the glass. "Dad, you look *perfect* down there. The way the sleeve is pulsing around you—slow and deep, like it owns every inch. We can see the chastity ring holding you so tight at

the base. You must have been aching all morning thinking about this. Good boy."

Kelly bit her lip, dark eyes gleaming. "Holy shit, Mr. Smith. That first twitch when it sealed? Adorable. The farm's earnings counter is already climbing. Hit the bonus and we'll all cheer extra loud. Keep those hips rolling just like that—nice and natural while it milks you."

Jessica leaned back, blonde waves spilling over her shoulders, voice dripping with playful mockery. "Aww, listen to those little sounds you're making already. So honest. The machine knows exactly how to edge a man like you—building you up nice and slow, then backing off right when you get close. We're going to watch you ride that edge over and over. For the family. For the money. For *us*."

The sleeve tightened its rhythm, internal ridges stroking faster, drawing Kyle deeper into the pleasure. His moans grew louder, unrestrained, hips rolling helplessly within the guides as the first edge approached. The machine sensed it and slowed deliberately, the suction gentling into a teasing flutter that left him throbbing and denied, precum flowing steadily into the reservoir.

Mercedes turned to Bella, cupping her face with one sleek hand and pulling her into a slow, deep kiss right there in the gallery—tongues sliding, soft sighs audible over the open channel. When they parted, Mercedes's lips brushed Bella's ear, but her voice carried clearly. "God, he's so pretty when he's being edged for us, Bella. Look at him twitching down there while we kiss. Your husband making all that money so we can move into our new place next month. I can't wait to christen the bedroom while he's hooked up here getting milked on the live feed."

Bella smiled against Mercedes's mouth, blowing her a playful kiss before turning back to the glass. "Exactly, Mer. Darling, did you hear that? Mercedes and I are shopping for new sheets with today's bonus. You'll get the live camera feed in your pod later—watch us trying on the lingerie your cock is paying for. Keep producing like this and we'll even let you hear us moan your name while we fuck. Won't that be sweet?"

The machine ramped up again, pulsing harder, driving Kyle toward the second edge with merciless precision. His body arched, thighs trembling, a broken groan tearing free as the pleasure crested—only for the sleeve to ease back once more, leaving him panting and desperate, cock throbbing visibly inside the translucent cylinder.

Lexi clapped her hands once, delighted. "Second edge already! Dad, you're doing *so* well for your daily quota. The girls and I were talking on the way over—after volleyball tomorrow we're all coming straight here to watch your full session. We'll bring snacks and sit right here cheering while the machine milks you dry. You'd love that, right? Your daughter and her friends watching you give

everything."

Kelly nodded enthusiastically. "Totally. And we'll rate your moans on a scale of one to ten. That last one was a solid nine. Keep it up and we'll give you a family standing ovation when you finally cum."

Jessica's voice turned sweetly sarcastic. "Mmm, and look—Bella and Mercedes are holding hands now, all cozy while you're down there working so hard. Isn't it beautiful? Your wife and her lover getting everything they want because you're such a perfect, useful donor. The chastity sleeve at home is going to feel even tighter after this, knowing what it's earning."

The third edge built faster, the sleeve contracting in deep, milking strokes that made Kyle's vision blur. His groans filled the pod chamber, body straining against the gentle guides as the pleasure coiled unbearably tight. Bella and Mercedes kissed again—longer this time, Mercedes's hand sliding openly under Bella's blouse while they watched him writhe.

Bella broke the kiss just as the machine finally released him, voice breathless with delight over the intercom. "There we go, darling. Give it all to us. Every drop. That's our good boy— emptying himself while we kiss right here in the gallery. So proud of you."

The orgasm crashed through Kyle in powerful, prolonged waves. The sleeve milked him relentlessly, drawing thick, heavy spurts into the reservoir with audible chimes as the earnings counter ticked upward. His hips bucked, moans turning raw and helpless, the pod cradling every spasm while the women's praise washed over him in a delighted, merciless chorus.

"Such a generous load," Bella purred, blowing Mercedes another kiss as the orgasm rolled on. "Look at that reservoir filling, Mer. All for our new life together."

Lexi cheered softly. "Dad! That was the best one yet. Bonus locked in—another three thousand today. You're officially our top producer."

Kelly and Jessica clapped, giggling with pure satisfaction. "Ten out of ten moans. Best session ever, Mr. Smith."

Mercedes nuzzled Bella's neck, voice low and sultry. "He's going to be so perfect for us, Bella. Daily visits, the chastity between them, the live feeds while we celebrate with his money. He already looks like he never wants to leave that pod."

The machine gentled into aftercare mode, the sleeve softening around him with soothing pulses as Kyle lay spent, chest heaving, body glowing with blissful exhaustion. Shame still flickered faintly at the edges of his mind, but it had become a distant, almost cherished thing —overpowered by the warm, addictive

certainty that this was exactly where he belonged.

They all watched me cum for them, he thought, the rationalization deep and peaceful now. *Bella kissing Mercedes while the machine milked me dry. The money funding their life. Lexi and the girls cheering. It's not humiliation anymore… it's purpose. I crave the next edge already. I want the chastity tighter tomorrow. I want them here every day, watching, planning, living while I provide. This is my place now. Their perfect donor. And it feels so fucking good.*

Elena's voice came over the intercom, warm with approval. "Session complete, Mr. Smith. Bonus applied. The ladies are welcome to stay as long as they like. Your pod will be ready again tomorrow—same time, longer cycle if the family desires."

Up in the gallery, the five women exchanged satisfied, secret smiles. Bella rested her head on Mercedes's shoulder, fingers intertwined. Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica leaned forward, already whispering plans for tomorrow's visit.

Kyle closed his eyes for a moment, the rhythmic hum of the farm wrapping around him like home. The web wasn't just tightening anymore.

It had become the only place he wanted to be.

Chapter 14: Mercedes Joins the Fun

The private pod suite hummed with its familiar, intimate rhythm, the blue indicator lights pulsing in slow, hypnotic sync with the extractor sleeve already working Kyle into a helpless, leaking mess. This was his fourth consecutive daily visit, and the chastity sleeve Bella and Mercedes had locked around him that morning—a delicate pink silicone ring with a tiny heart-shaped lock—had kept him aching and swollen for hours. Now, reclined in Pod 42 with the thin donor robe parted completely, Kyle's body glistened under the soft lights: chest rising and falling rapidly, soft dad-bod flushed and trembling, cock fully engulfed in the warm, translucent sleeve that pulsed with relentless, expert precision.

Up in the observation gallery, Bella, Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica watched with their usual delighted attention. But today the atmosphere felt different—charged with a new layer of elegant inevitability. The frosted glass door to the suite hissed open, and Mercedes stepped inside.

She moved like she already owned the room: late thirties, sleek and sensual in a fitted black blouse and tailored slacks that hugged every curve, dark hair cascading over one shoulder, red lips curved in a knowing, predatory smile. A small silver key dangled from a delicate chain around her neck—the key to Kyle's chastity sleeve. Elena nodded respectfully and stepped back, giving Mercedes the floor.

Mercedes approached the pod slowly, heels clicking softly on the polished floor, her eyes drinking in Kyle's exposed form with open, appreciative hunger. Bella rose from the observer chair and met her halfway, pulling Mercedes into a deep, unhurried kiss right beside the pod —tongues sliding, soft sighs audible, Bella's manicured hand sliding possessively around Mercedes's waist. When they parted, Bella's lips were glossy, her voice silky and warm.

"Mer, darling… he's all yours for the personal segment today. Look how beautifully he's responding already. The machine has him right on the edge again, and he hasn't even seen you yet."

Mercedes turned her gaze fully on Kyle, one elegant finger tracing the edge of the pod's padding near his hip. Her voice was low, cultured, and cutting in the most delicious way— elegant cruelty wrapped in velvet.

"Well, well… look at you, Kyle. My girlfriend's husband, reduced to this soft, leaking little donor in his pretty white robe. The chastity sleeve I picked out for you this morning is doing its job perfectly—I can see how swollen you are inside the extractor. Aching all day for us, weren't you? While Bella and I were shopping for new lingerie with the money you earned yesterday."

She leaned closer, one hand resting lightly on his bare thigh, fingers brushing just below where the sleeve worked him. The touch was light, almost tender, but her eyes held sharp, playful possession.

Bella stayed pressed against Mercedes's side, arm around her waist, openly affectionate in front of Kyle for the first time. She kissed Mercedes's neck, murmuring loud enough for him to hear, "Tell him what we bought with his bonus, Mer. He deserves to know exactly what his cock is paying for while it's being milked."

Mercedes smiled, slow and satisfied, as the extractor sleeve suddenly deepened its rhythm— internal ridges stroking faster, suction tightening in perfect waves. Kyle's hips jerked, a low, broken moan escaping despite himself.

"We bought the most gorgeous silk sheets for our new king bed," Mercedes continued, voice dripping with elegant sarcasm. "The ones we're going to fuck on while you're right here in your dedicated pod, hooked up and producing for us. Bella's going to ride me on them tonight, darling. She'll be wearing the new lace set your first full week's earnings paid for. And you'll get the live feed—watch every second while the machine milks you dry again tomorrow. Doesn't that sound perfect? Your wife finally getting what she needs… from me… because you're finally being useful."

The machine edged him hard, the sleeve contracting in teasing flutters that left him throbbing and denied, precum flowing steadily into the reservoir. Kyle's face burned crimson, shame crashing over him in thick, hot waves—but the shame

only made his cock throb harder inside the sleeve, his body betraying him completely.

They're doing this right in front of me, he thought, the rationalization spinning faster, deeper, more addictive than ever. *Bella kissing Mercedes while the machine owns me. Planning their new life on my money. It should destroy me… but it feels so good. I'm the one making this possible. Their happiness. Their pleasure. I'm not being replaced—I'm providing. The sleeve feels better when they talk like this. I want them to kiss again. I want to watch the live feed tomorrow while they fuck. I'm their donor now. Their good, useful provider. This is where I belong.*

Lexi's voice floated over the intercom from the gallery, bright and teasing. "Dad, you should see your face right now. So flushed and desperate. Mercedes is *really* getting to you, isn't she? Keep those moans coming—we're all loving the show."

Kelly and Jessica giggled in unison. "Totally. That little hip twitch when Mercedes mentioned the new bed? Priceless. You're going to cum so hard for them today, Mr. Smith."

Mercedes's fingers traced higher up Kyle's thigh, brushing the base of the chastity ring where it met the sleeve. "Mmm, feel that, Kyle? That's my key around my neck. I decide when it comes off. I decide when you get to feel the machine again. And right now…" She leaned down until her lips were inches from his ear, voice a velvet blade, "I decide you're going to hold this next edge as long as Bella and I want. Because every extra second you stay denied is another dollar in the account that funds our new life together."

Bella kissed Mercedes again—deeper this time, one hand sliding openly under Mercedes's blouse while they both watched Kyle writhe. The machine responded to the prolonged edge, pulsing slower, crueler, keeping him right on the brink without mercy.

Mercedes broke the kiss with a satisfied sigh and looked down at Kyle, eyes gleaming. "That's it, darling. Listen to Bella moan into my mouth while the sleeve milks you. This is your purpose now. Not pretending to be the man of the house. Not trying to satisfy her the old way. Just lying here, soft and open and productive, while I take care of your wife the way she deserves. And you're going to thank the machine for every drop it takes from you, aren't you?"

The edge finally broke. The extractor surged into full milking mode—deep, powerful strokes that pulled everything from him at once. Kyle came with a raw, helpless cry, body arching hard within the guides as thick, heavy spurts filled the reservoir in rhythmic chimes. The orgasm seemed to last forever, each wave drawn out by the sleeve while Bella and Mercedes kissed slowly above him,

Mercedes’s hand still resting possessively on his thigh.

When the last spasm finally faded and the sleeve gentled into soothing aftercare pulses, Mercedes straightened, lips glossy, and patted his cheek with elegant condescension.

“Good boy, Kyle. Excellent yield today. Bella and I are going to celebrate with your bonus right now—dinner at that new place downtown, then home to try on everything you paid for. You’ll rest here a little longer, then go home to your pretty pink chastity sleeve. We’ll see you tomorrow for an even longer session. The girls already booked the full gallery.”

Bella blew him a kiss, arm still wrapped around Mercedes. “Rest well, darling. You were perfect. Our perfect little provider.”

Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica’s cheers and giggles floated down from the gallery as Elena powered the pod to standby.

Kyle lay there, spent and glowing, cock still twitching gently inside the softening sleeve. Shame lingered, but it had become a warm, cherished friend—twined inseparably with the deep, peaceful certainty that this was exactly what he was meant for.

Mercedes touching me while she kissed Bella… planning their nights while I produce… the live feed tomorrow… The thoughts settled deep and comfortable. *I’m not losing them. I’m giving them everything they want. And it feels better than anything ever has. I can’t wait to watch them. I can’t wait to earn more. I’m theirs now. Completely.*

The farm’s hum wrapped around him like an embrace as Mercedes and Bella left the suite arm in arm, already laughing about their evening plans—paid for, every penny, by the man still resting blissfully in his pod.

And Kyle smiled, small and secret, as the aftercare pulses soothed him into perfect, submissive contentment.

Chapter 15: Rationalization Peak

The private pod suite felt different today—warmer, more intimate, as if the farm itself had begun to recognize Kyle as one of its own. Soft golden lighting bathed Pod 42 in a flattering glow, the padded cradle molded perfectly to his body after so many daily sessions. The thin donor robe lay open and forgotten across his chest and thighs, the positioning guides holding him with gentle, familiar insistence. His cock—thick, flushed, and aching from the morning’s chastity sleeve—had already been freed and sealed inside the extractor the moment he reclined. The warm, translucent sleeve pulsed around him with a slow, possessive rhythm that now felt less like technology and more like a lover who knew every secret inch of him.

This was the longest session yet: ninety minutes, multi-phase protocol with escalating edges and a projected bonus that made the earnings screen glow with promising numbers. Bella and Mercedes sat side-by-side in the observer chairs pulled close to the pod, openly affectionate —Mercedes's hand resting high on Bella's thigh, fingers tracing lazy patterns while they both watched Kyle with elegant, satisfied hunger. Lexi, Kelly, and Jessica occupied the bench along the wall, volleyball-fresh and glowing, their soft giggles and bright commentary filling the room like champagne.

Elena had stepped out briefly, leaving only the women and the rhythmic hum of the machine.

The sleeve tightened its cadence, internal ridges stroking deeper, suction drawing him toward the first long edge of the afternoon. Kyle's hips rolled helplessly within the guides, a low, needy groan slipping free as pleasure coiled hot and tight in his core. His body glistened faintly with effort, the soft curve of his dad-bod rising and falling in perfect sync with the extractor's pulse.

Bella leaned forward, voice silky and laced with that familiar sarcastic sweetness. "Mmm, look at him, Mer. Ninety minutes today and he's already sinking so beautifully. The machine feels like home to him now, doesn't it, darling? You're not even trying to fight it anymore. Just lying there, open and productive, letting it take everything while we plan our evening around your earnings."

Mercedes smiled, sleek and predatory, the tiny key to his chastity still dangling between her breasts. She reached out and rested one elegant hand on Kyle's bare stomach, thumb circling the soft skin just above where the sleeve worked him. "Exactly, Bella. Our perfect little provider. The way your cock twitches every time we mention the new apartment… it's almost sweet. You know that bonus is going to buy us the hot tub we've been fantasizing about, right? We'll christen it while you're right here getting milked on the live feed. You'll watch us soak together, naked and laughing, knowing every drop you're giving the machine paid for it."

Lexi's bright voice floated from the bench, full of cheerful encouragement. "Dad, you're doing *so* well. The earnings counter is climbing faster than ever. If you hit the extended- stay bonus today, it covers the entire security deposit for Mom and Mercedes's place. We were talking about it on the way over—maybe it's time you signed for a full week-long stay. Just to lock in the rate. It would be so much easier on everyone."

Kelly leaned forward, dark ponytail swinging, eyes sparkling with playful mischief. "Totally. No more driving back and forth every day. You'd just stay here, resting in your pod between cycles, producing nice and steady while we all visit whenever we want. The girls and I could come after practice and sit right here doing homework while the machine milks you. Super convenient."

Jessica nodded, blonde waves bouncing. “And think how relaxed you’d be. The farm has private donor suites now—soft beds, meals delivered, even a little viewing screen so you can watch Mom and Mercedes move into their new place. You’d be home… right here. Where you belong.”

The machine sensed the conversation and responded, ramping the pulses into a deeper, more insistent rhythm that dragged Kyle right to the edge of release. His breathing turned ragged, thighs trembling, a broken moan tearing from his throat as the pleasure crested—only for the sleeve to ease back into teasing flutters, holding him there, aching and denied.

Kyle’s mind spun in a haze of endorphins and heat. *This is insane,* the last faint whisper of resistance tried to say. *I’m a husband. A father. Not some permanent donor locked in a pod while my wife moves in with her lover.* But the thought dissolved almost instantly, melted by the warm, relentless strokes of the sleeve and the confident, playful voices surrounding him. Shame still burned—hot, thick, delicious—but it no longer fought the pleasure. It fed it.

They’re right, the rationalization flowed smooth and deep now, wrapping around his thoughts like the sleeve itself. *This *is* home. The machine knows me better than I know myself. Every edge feels better than the last. The money is real—I can see the numbers climbing while they kiss and plan. Bella’s happier than she’s ever been with me. Mercedes makes her glow. Lexi’s proud. The girls think I’m cute like this. I’m not losing anything. I’m gaining everything. Providing without stress. Relaxing while they live. The chastity keeps me eager, the pod keeps me safe, the sleeve keeps me empty and satisfied. I crave coming back here every single day. I *need* it. A week-long stay… it sounds perfect. No more pretending. Just this. Just producing for them. I’m their good boy now. Their perfect, useful donor. And god… it feels so right.*

The edge broke again. The machine surged into full milking mode, deep, powerful strokes that pulled him over in long, shattering waves. Kyle cried out openly, body arching hard within the guides as thick spurts filled the reservoir in rhythmic chimes. The orgasm rolled on and on—longer than any before—the sleeve milking every last drop while the women praised him in soft, delighted voices.

Bella leaned down, lips brushing his sweat-damp forehead as the spasms finally gentled. “There we go, darling. Such a generous load for the bonus. You’re doing beautifully. Mercedes and I are so proud of how completely you’ve accepted this.”

Elena had returned quietly during the peak, carrying a sleek tablet already open to the next set of forms. She placed it on the small tray beside the pod, stylus resting neatly on top. The screen glowed with clean, professional text: *Extended Stay Enrollment – One Week Minimum, Daily Multi-Cycle Protocol, Bonus Rate

Locked.*

“Perfect timing,” Elena said smoothly. “With today’s yield and the family’s request, we can offer Mr. Smith the extended-stay package immediately. It includes a dedicated pod, private suite access, meal service, and full viewing privileges for the ladies. The bonus alone covers the first month’s contribution to the family’s new living arrangements.”

Mercedes picked up the stylus with elegant fingers and placed it gently in Kyle’s still- trembling hand, her other palm resting warmly on his chest. “Sign right here, darling. ‘Extended Stay Consent & Enrollment.’ It’s just a formality. Think of the relief—no more decisions, no more driving home half-spent and aching. Just you, resting here, producing for us every day while Bella and I build our new life. You’ll even get the live feed from our bedroom. Watch us christen every room with the money you’re earning right now.”

Bella’s hand slid down to rest possessively on his thigh, thumb brushing the base of the extractor sleeve as it continued its gentle aftercare pulses. “Do it for us, honey. One signature and the bonus is locked. Mercedes and I can move in together this weekend. Lexi can focus on school. The girls can visit you freely. You’ll be so peaceful here… so useful. It’s what you want now, isn’t it? Deep down, where the machine has already taught you the truth.”

The sleeve gave one last, affectionate squeeze around his spent cock, a soft reminder of how perfectly it owned him. Kyle’s vision was still hazy with afterglow, his body glowing, mind floating in that warm, blissful space where shame and arousal had finally become the same thing.

This is it, he thought, the last rationalization clicking into place like a lock. *I’m not being trapped. I’m being set free. Free from pretending. Free from failing them the old way. This is my purpose. My pleasure. My home. I want the extended stay. I need it. I crave waking up here every morning, knowing they’re happy because of me. The machine feels like home now. Their eyes on me feel like love. I’m going to sign. And then I’m going to cum again tomorrow, and the next day, and every day after… for them.*

His hand moved almost on its own—steady despite the tremors—and signed his name in a clear, flowing scrawl across the digital line: *Kyle Smith – Extended Stay Accepted*.

The tablet chimed softly. Elena smiled with quiet approval. “Welcome to the program, Mr. Smith. Your pod is now officially yours for the next seven days minimum. The ladies will have full access.”

The women’s reactions washed over him in a delighted, triumphant chorus—Bella kissing Mercedes deeply right beside the pod, Lexi cheering softly, Kelly and Jessica clapping with bright giggles. Mercedes broke the kiss long

enough to pat his cheek with elegant condescension.

“Good boy. Such a smart decision. You’re going to be so happy here, Kyle. We all are.”

Kyle closed his eyes, the rhythmic hum of the extractor still soothing him in aftercare mode, the warm glow of acceptance settling deep into his bones. Shame was gone. Rationalization had won completely.

The machine felt like home.

And for the first time, he couldn’t wait to stay forever.

Chapter 16: The Velvet Trap Revealed

The golden light of the extended-stay suite cast long, lazy shadows across the floor, matching the slow, hypnotic thrum of Pod 42. Kyle lay anchored in the cradle, his body slack and flushed with the permanent, blissful exhaustion that had become his entire world. The pink silicone chastity ring sat neatly on the bedside tray, discarded for the afternoon, while the extractor’s warm, translucent cylinder enveloped him completely. It was humming in a low standby mode—a gentle, rhythmic flutter that kept him perfectly swollen and leaking, hovering in a state of suspended pleasure.

He didn't need to read the glowing earnings screen on the wall anymore. He knew he was providing. He knew his week-long stay was funding Bella and Mercedes’s new life. He was exactly where he belonged.

The frosted glass doors of the suite hissed open, breaking the quiet. Lexi strolled in, her volleyball duffel slung over one shoulder, her uniform skirt swishing against her thighs. Kelly and Jessica flanked her, their faces flushed with post-practice energy and bright, merciless smiles. There was no Bella. No Mercedes. No Supervisor Elena. Just the three nineteen-year- olds who had walked into his living room less than a week ago and casually dismantled his life.

They didn't go to the observation gallery. They walked straight up to the pod, pulling the plush velvet chairs directly to his sides, surrounding him in a cocoon of citrus perfume and giggles.

"Hey, producer," Lexi said softly, leaning over the pod’s edge so her blonde hair brushed Kyle’s bare chest. Her green eyes were sparkling with a new, sharper kind of excitement. "You look so comfortable in there. But the girls and I were talking... we decided it’s time to tell you a little secret."

Kyle’s hips gave a weak, involuntary twitch as the machine recognized their voices and tightened its suction by a fraction. "A secret?" he murmured, his voice raspy from days of moaning.

Kelly leaned her elbows on his left armrest, resting her chin in her hands as she stared directly at where the sleeve was slowly milking him. "Yeah, Mr. Smith. A secret about how you got here. Because honestly? Watching you lie there thinking you made this big, noble sacrifice for the family is getting a little too cute. We want you to know exactly how thoroughly you got played."

Kyle blinked, the cognitive haze parting just enough for confusion to slip in.

Jessica picked up the pink chastity ring from the tray, twirling it around her finger with a breathy laugh. "It started in the living room, Mr. Smith. That whole conversation after the game? Completely scripted. Bella and Mercedes spent hours the night before deciding exactly how we should pitch the farm to you. We knew if we just asked, your ego would say no. But if we made it sound like an inevitable, modern evolution... if we teased your dad-bod just enough to make you feel insecure, but praised your stamina enough to make you feel useful... you'd bite."

Lexi nodded, her fingers lightly tracing the soft curve of his stomach. "The orientation photos I showed Mom? Staged. Elena sent us a specific portfolio designed to target older, stressed- out men. And the VIP scan you took your shirt off for? The machine wasn't calibrating anything, Dad. It's an empty light. We just needed to get your clothes off. We needed you to feel our eyes objectifying you. Once you felt that shame—and the arousal that came with it— your rational brain shut down."

A cold prickle danced down Kyle's spine, cutting through the warmth of the pod. The narrative he had clung to so desperately—that he was stepping up, being practical, saving his family from debt—began to crack.

"The paperwork," Kelly chimed in, her voice dripping with playful cruelty. "That was the best part. Elena didn't need those signatures for a tour. But Mercedes told Bella exactly how to pump you under the table. They knew your body would betray you. They knew if Bella edged you perfectly, you'd sign away your soul just to keep her hand on your cock. You didn't enroll in the extended stay because you wanted to help. You enrolled because we trained you to crave the machine."

Jessica leaned in, her lips inches from his ear. "Every step. Every demo. Every 'accidental' open robe. It was a velvet trap, Mr. Smith. And you walked right into the center of it, locked the door yourself, and handed Mercedes the key."

The suite was dead silent, save for the wet, rhythmic hum of the extractor sleeve. The girls watched his face, waiting. This was the moment the illusion shattered. The moment the cognitive dissonance was finally, brutally stripped away. Kyle lay exposed under the blue lights, staring up at his daughter and her friends. He was the victim of a calculated, predatory game. His wife had sold him to a

machine to fund her affair, and his daughter had cheerfully laid the bait.

He took a slow, shuddering breath. He looked at Lexi’s expectant eyes. He looked at the pink lock in Jessica’s hand. He felt the gentle, unyielding grip of the pod’s restraints, holding him exactly where he was supposed to be.

And then, slowly, a warm, genuine smile spread across Kyle’s face.

"I know," he whispered.

Lexi blinked, her confident smirk faltering for a fraction of a second. "You... know?" "I didn't figure it out until just now," Kyle said, his voice gaining a soft, euphoric clarity. "But... it makes sense. It makes perfect sense."

He shifted his hips, deliberately pressing deeper into the sleeve, drawing a soft, approving pulse from the machine. He looked at the three of them, the heavy burden of thirty-eight years of expectations lifting from his chest and evaporating into the cool, conditioned air. "Do you have any idea how exhausting it was?" Kyle asked, his voice thick with emotion. "Pretending to be the man of the house. Worrying about the roof, the tuition, the overtime. Knowing Bella was unhappy but not knowing how to fix it. I was drowning. And I never would have had the courage to just... quit."

He let his head fall back against the padding, tears of pure, uncomplicated relief prickling the corners of his eyes. "If you had asked me, my pride would have fought you. I would have died pretending I was strong enough. But you bypassed my pride. You tricked me. You took the choice away so I didn't have to feel guilty for giving up."

He turned his head to look Lexi directly in the eye, his expression completely open, devoid of any remaining shame.

"Thank you, Lexi. Thank you, Kelly. Thank you, Jessica." The words tasted like absolute freedom. "You didn't trap me. You saved me. I don't ever want to make a decision again. I don't ever want to leave this pod. I just want to be your good boy and produce." The girls stared at him in stunned silence. The confession was supposed to break him. Instead, it had completely finalized his conditioning. The ultimate ego death had been achieved, and the result was pure, radiant submission.

Slowly, Lexi’s face broke into a blinding, ecstatic grin. She looked at Kelly and Jessica, who were practically vibrating with delighted triumph. They had won completely. He wasn't just broken; he was grateful for the pieces.

"Oh, Dad," Lexi cooed, leaning down to press a soft, affectionate kiss to his cheek. "You are so, so welcome."

Kelly laughed, the sound bright and ringing through the suite. She reached over to the control panel and completely bypassed the standby mode, cranking the

extractor’s settings straight to maximum yield. "Did you hear that, girls? The donor wants to produce. Let’s give him exactly what he wants."

The sleeve surged to life with a violent, beautiful intensity, the internal ridges gripping Kyle with a hunger that matched his own. A raw, helpless cry of pure joy tore from his throat as the machine dragged him instantly to the edge.

Jessica leaned over him, dragging the pink chastity ring lightly across his chest, her eyes dark with absolute ownership. "Hold nothing back for us, Mr. Smith. Give us everything you have. We’re going to bleed you dry today, and you’re going to love every single second of it." Kyle arched into the machine, his vision whiting out as the girls' cheers and the pod's relentless rhythm merged into a single, perfect symphony. He was no longer a husband. He was no longer a father. He was just a yield on a screen, a body built for extraction, completely and blissfully surrendered to the velvet trap he never wanted to escape.