

Terminal Quickies: A Case of Conception

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Part 1



Wait for it... Wait for it... There! Only 4 more hours now. Lara Wells excitedly bit down on her lower lip as she chewed on the butt of her pen. A bit of a bad habit, but she couldn't help herself. Tonight was going to be a special night. One she had been hotly anticipating all week. It was difficult to focus on anything else. The seconds hand kept ticking over as time officially passed 3pm in Hardwood City. *That was enough of a break, time to get back to work.* At least, that was what the thirty-five year old Associate Attorney had promised

herself just a few minutes before. Her sharp, ice-blue eyes remained fixated on the rustic wall clock hanging across the room from her office desk.

Thankfully it was a fairly slow work day for Mrs. Wells. She had finished reading through and compiling notes on all of the relevant case law she had been assigned, updated and scheduled meetings with partners and clients alike via email, and filed discovery documents for one of her 3 active cases. There wasn't a whole lot left to take care of at this time of the day, only 3 hours before the usual close of business at Baxton & West: the prestigious law firm the buxom blonde had called home for practically her entire career. She had always felt extremely privileged to be given this golden opportunity and to rise to the position of an Associate here with relative ease. Well, a lot of hard work and sleepless nights too, but that was the job. Besides, they had helped her pay off all her student debt over the years, and law school fees were no laughing matter! Not to mention the cost of living in this part of Hardwood. Lara didn't know where she'd be today if not for Mr. Rupert West giving her a chance all those years ago when she was still a fresh faced graduate. She'd even met her husband, Nabe, through one of the first major cases assigned to her.

Nabe Wells is an independent private investigator, and a good one at that. At least, that's the impression that Lara had always gotten. Even after becoming his wife almost a decade ago, she still felt an air of mystery about him. Very private when it came to his work. Always operating alone. A man of few words, yet she had loosened his tongue over time. Nabe was a tough nut to crack, as expected given his field, but Lara had her ways...

He was highly sought after at the very least. Always another job lined up. Nabe's work kept him busy and often out of town. Usually this suited Lara well enough, her career typically devouring all of her attention anyway. However, things were different lately. For quite a while now, Lara had wanted kids. Well, she had always wanted them, it was just a matter of everything else in her life lining up. But turning thirty-five had really made her re-evaluate her priorities. She didn't want to wait too long, and neither did Nabe. His profession could at times be very dangerous, and after recently reaching forty, even he was starting to doubt how much longer he could keep going at his current pace. They were both looking towards

the future. One of family where they could finally devote themselves and their time to each other as they deserved.

The only problem: conceiving was proving to be far more challenging than Lara had ever thought possible. Ironic. Nabe and her had spent so much of their active sex life trying to avoid a pregnancy, but now... Perhaps they should have started trying earlier.

Needless to say, their newfound common goal of reproduction had certainly spiced things up in the bedroom. They were getting creative and trying new things (roleplay, toys, & various kink explorations) in the hopes that it would increase their chances even a little bit. And if everything went according to plan, then tonight would be no exception. It had been nine days since Nabe had left on his latest assignment, and Lara had been edging herself every night since. Making sure not climax once. It was rather frustrating, but that was the point. She had read in some trashy magazine that it could accelerate her natural ovulation and result in massive orgasms. Lara knew it was all probably bullshit, just a psychological trick, but it did get her very excited at the prospect of finally unleashing. She had found herself getting more easily aroused than usual. Another attributing factor to her current lapse in concentration.

Beyond that, Lara had also purchased some sensual new lingerie. A skimpy little piece that she couldn't wait to slip into after she picked it up tonight on her way home. As soon as she laid eyes upon it, the voluptuous attorney knew that it was the perfect thing to surprise her husband with.

And to top it all off, Lara had decided to fork over the cash for a course of *FertiliMax* pills. *Fertile Womb Industries'* premium fertility supplement for women. It was supposed to induce ovulation and the reviews she'd read online were filled with positive testimonials. So far, they hadn't made her feel any different. Perhaps a slight tingling sensation in her ovaries, but Lara simply put that up to a placebo like effect. Always a little hesitant when it came to such interventionist approaches, these pills had her questioning just how far she'd be willing to go in order to ensure her picture perfect family became more than just a dream. She'd soon find out if the little capsules were worth the steep price tag. Nabe was due back tonight. And Lara was going to drain him dry.

Fuck! I'm getting wet just thinking about it... Ah! Damn it, girl. I told you to stop daydreaming like this at work! She reprimanded herself, quickly snapping back to reality. Working herself up each night without finishing was really starting to get to her. It seemed harder to filter out the lewd thoughts with each passing day. It was a good thing the busty bombshell didn't have any meetings scheduled for this afternoon. In her current state, Lara was unsure just how professional she was capable of being. At one point this morning, she had even considered wearing an active vibrator beneath her thin, magenta colored thong. Keeping herself primed and ready for tonight's main event. Thank god she hadn't dared! The entire day would have ended up as a bust. At least, once she went home tonight and finally got down to business with her sure-to-be pent up husband, she'd be able to think clearly once again. Then she could come in fresh tomorrow morning with her head screwed on and, hopefully, a bun in the oven...

Back to work. There was always more to do. Never a shortage of case law to read. Even studying rulings from other state jurisdictions could come in handy when mounting an argument. That was sure to calm her down. If so, she could maybe tackle a slightly more pressing item before she inevitably called it quits for the day. If not, well, at least she tried. Lara sat up straight and opened the lid of her laptop. Even with her back firm against the seat, her voluminous breasts still rested heavily atop the wooden surface of her desk. Not that, that was much of an accomplishment for a woman of Hardwood City, but it still got a rise out of the average man. In some cases, literally. Like most of her peers, Lara paid it no mind. That's just the way things were in any one of the Free States' many lecherous and immoral modern metropolises.

Things had changed a lot over the past century. With the global population shortage being the primary concern of the Earth's four, conglomerate, super nations. Each had their own approach to rectifying such a crisis, but the underlying issue remained unanimous. To prevent a collapse of the global economy: more children had to be born. Fast. *The Free States of WestERICA* had been the most hesitant to impose any kind of mandates or requirements upon its citizenry. Even after the government had finally decided to implement some drastic changes some fifty years ago, the nation still lived up to its title as the land of the free. Some would say to its own detriment. While the public opinion on reproductive

sex and starting families had shifted greatly over the years, without any actual legal obligations to procreate, the States' population had struggled to bounce back when compared to the other world powers. Now, they were lagging behind. And this brought about its own unique problems...

Despite this, the people seemed content enough. Times were tough, but at least they had the freedom to choose their own path through life. Well, for the most part. Contraceptive pills, while still legal, had mostly been taxed to hell and back. They'd become much more of a luxury item for the wealthy than a consumer option. Meanwhile, condoms had been removed from the shelves all together. Sizable tax subsidies and schemes were established to provide monetary incentives for young couples to start their families early. Even a big boost in welfare payments for single mothers, to help offset any interruption to their careers. In addition, many more government funded nurseries and orphanages were established to encourage even those who weren't ready for the family life, to see any unplanned pregnancies through to the end. Fashion standards and ideals had been drastically manipulated over time to promote more scandalous attire, particularly for women. Indecent exposure laws were no more and, even more controversially, there had been a serious relaxation on low level sexual offenses. The governing body had done as much as they could to get the proverbial blood pumping and encourage frequent sexual interactions without infringing too much upon the rights of their constituents. It was a difficult balancing act, and while they couldn't always make things totally fair, the vast majority understood that a big baby boom was required. One way or another.

And this was all just the tip of the iceberg. Further changes had been made at the state and local levels too, but of course these varied from one region to another. Needless to say, the world had gotten a lot more perverse in living memory. Beyond that even. For people of Lara's generation or younger, such a brazen, hyper-sexualised, pro-sex world had been all they'd ever known. There was still some resentment about the way things had turned out among the elderly, but even most of them begrudgingly admitted that such changes had ultimately been for the better. At least until the national birthrates had stabilized to sustainable level again...

Accessing the firm's own legal database, Lara was just about to return to her list of bookmarked cases when she suddenly heard the familiar rasp of her direct superior buzz in over the intercom.

"Lara? This is Rupert. Sorry to interrupt so suddenly, but something's come up. How is your schedule looking this afternoon? Are you free?"

"Oh! Um... Y-yes, sir. I can certainly make the room," Lara responded. Slightly flustered before regaining her composure. She was simply caught off guard. Not only was she not anticipating a call, but Mr. West rarely dialed through to her directly. If he ever wanted to schedule something, he would usually have his assistant leave a message.

"Are you sure? If it's a bad time I want you to let me know. You did have those deadlines on the Fredrickson case, correct?"

"Done and dusted, sir. You have my complete and undivided attention."

"Well that is excellent to hear, but it is not I who is in need of that this afternoon. No. There is a new client, high profile, who has come seeking our services for something big. After looking him over, Charles and I have agreed that this individual would... do better under your care." Charles Baxton rarely agreed upon anything with Rupert. It was a miracle the two senior partners had kept this esteemed firm running smoothly for so long. *This must be an unusual occurrence.* Lara pondered with one eyebrow raised.

"Oh, wow. I'd be honored to. How, um... How 'high profile' are we talking here?"

"Mr. Ioan Powell. Current head of Hardwood Constructions Pty Ltd. Not someone in the public eye per se, but a very important player in the industry. Especially here in Hardwood. Seems the company built near half the city over the generations. A lot of connections. Even for us he is a real important steal. Apparently he was not too fond of his previous representation. Figures. Miller and the rest of those hacks over at Black Tie Legal couldn't

solicit their way out of a paper bag...” Rule number one of working for Rupert West: never mention Frank Miller. Lara didn’t know why, but she knew better than to ask.

“Of course, sir. If I may ask though. This seems like something that either Mr. Baxton or yourself would want to handle personally. Don’t get me wrong, I’m more than grateful to be given such an opportunity, but out of all the others, why me?”

“Yes. I was just getting to that. Mr. Powell is... Well, I would rather not speculate off of mere rumor alone, but I believe some would classify him as a womanizer. And a rather prolific one at that.”

“Oh...”

“In fact, from our brief interaction it seems almost as if he were more easily irritable around other men. At the very least he seemed to strongly imply that he was hoping to hire a female practitioner on retainer.”

“I see...” So, it was one of *those* clients. Lara knew the type. The ones looking for more than just legal representation. Seeking a little more bang for their buck, literally. That type of high roller wasn’t uncommon around this part of the city. She’d dealt with a few herself in her time though no one as important as Mr. Powell. Fortunately, most gave her sapphire encrusted wedding band one look and knew to keep it in their pants. Most...

“Listen, I understand completely if this is not the sort of client you are looking to pick up. Honestly it was more Charles’ idea than mine, but I will admit it does seem like the best way to secure a successful working relationship with Mr. Powell and his company. I do not want you put you through anything that you are uncomfortable with though.”

“No, no. Not at all. I’m sure I’d make a great fit for Mr. Powell. I’ve dealt with men of all caliber before and never felt out of my comfort zone with them in a professional setting. I have complete confidence that I can handle any client you send through my door, sir. I’d be more than happy to take on such an important case for the firm,” Lara pronounced

confidently. It was the truth. She'd been waiting for an opportunity to advance her career. This client may not have been her ideal choice, but beggars can't be choosers. Opportunities such as this didn't rear their head all that often in this line of work. And with a baby hopefully soon to be on its way, Lara wanted to do everything she could to provide for her family.

"That is reassuring to hear, but are you certain? I can not guarantee first hand just how 'professional' Mr. Powell plans on being with you. Just because he is of high importance to our firm, does not mean you have to feel pressured into this. We do have other options here. So it is entirely up to you, Lara."

"Honestly, sir, it's no trouble at all. I can handle myself. You and Mr. Baxton can count on me. I won't let you down."

"Understood. We'll leave him in your capable hands then. You have full authority to foster this relationship in anyway you see fit. No holds barred. Do whatever it takes to get him on board." Her boss was being vague and professional with her, but she knew exactly what he meant. She'd do her best to steer clear of it, of course, but if push came to shove it wasn't beneath her. Just so long as Mr Powell respected her boundaries. "However, I want you to know that you are more valuable to us than even him, Lara. If you ever feel in over your head and decide to change your mind on this, please do not hesitate to let me know. Alright?"

"Loud and clear, sir. Don't worry though, I've got this."

"Good girl. There is a sizable bonus in this for you, if you do. Managing a client of this degree is sure to bode well for your career also. Right, I will have Janet send him down to you now then."

"Wha- Right now!?"

“Yes. I’ve had him waiting in the foyer up outside my office. Is there a problem? You are free, right?”

“Ah, no, it’s just... Sorry. Yes. Send him down now. I’ll be waiting to receive him.”

“Excellent. And Lara? Good luck.”

“Thank you, sir.” The call ended. Lara lifted her left index finger from the intercom device, before bringing her entire hand up to her brow, wiping away a fresh bead of sweat. *Shit! Why did it have to be this afternoon?* Judging by the way that Mr. West had described Ioan Powell, he might not be the best person for her to meet with in her current state of heightened arousal. *Although, by the sounds of it, he’d probably take a greater liking to me like this. Hell, who am I kidding? What man wouldn’t?* Lara took a deep breath in and sighed. Her whole career, she’d been waiting for a client of this significance to fall into her lap, but under these circumstances? She’d just have to focus up and stay in control. No matter how far off the rails this “meeting” went.

Gosh, I hope he isn’t hot...