

Females Attributes

By Kim Souza Carson

Copyright 2020

Chapter 1

The blood was in the test tube, she entered it into the Trait Set machine, it immediately woke up, sucking up the thick red life fluid into its metal mouth. The machine hummed and a row of lights went off, then it spit out the results. “This can’t be,” cried Lilly. “What can’t be?” asked Diane as she walked in the laboratory. Lilly pulled the printed tape out of the machine and stuck it in her lab coat pocket, “Um, nothing, it was a mistake, out of ink I guess,” She lied. “Well change it out and get back to work,” Diane ordered. “We have to process those males in the holding area,” Diane told her. “Yep, right away,” Lilly replied.

This was not only a job for Lilly, but a way of life, as it was for all the female population of this time. Since twenty-forty-one and the “Women’s Rise Up

Movement,” all the affairs of the world had been taken over by women, starting with the first woman president, after all, the earth was being destroyed by the male species with their greed and lust for war. It was inevitable that it would come to this, with the female species being more peaceful and sympathetic to the earth and all its creatures, it just made sense.

Lilly and Diane proceeded to the transport area and waited for the shuttle, “You seem quiet today,” Diane asked. “Yeah, I guess I just have some things on my mind,” Replied Lilly. As they sat and waited on the shuttle to arrive, Lilly took in the view outside the big wide glass building. The landscape was green with trees of every sort, lawns covered the earth with walkways that ran perpendicular to the buildings. She thought back to the days when they had almost lost it

all to ozone failure and rainforest depravation. Birds of all colors flew back and forth between the lush foliage. Her thoughts were interrupted by the squeal of the shuttle pulling up to their bench. “Here it is,” Diane exclaimed. She slid a card into the slot as they boarded the shuttle, the screen read “Processing”, the door glided to a close and the two took their seats. As the shuttle pulled away a female voice told them to buckle up and that their destination was the processing area. It moved smoothly and quietly on the rail and Lilly lost herself in her thoughts again, only this time it was about Mark, she had met him, as she would have any other male, when he came through for process testing. There was something different about him though, she could feel it every time she was around him, and it had already taken a hold of her.

“Lilly, you with me?” Diane asked. It broke her thoughts, “Yes, Mistress Diane, what is it?” “I was wondering if you would like to get some overtime this week?” Diane offered. “Yes, that would be good,” Lilly smiled. “Great, because we have a lot of males to process this week and we have been running behind.” Diane said satisfied. Lilly tried to regain her train of thought only to be interrupted again when the shuttle drew to a stop and the female voice announced that they were at the processing station. “Come on Lilly,” Diane said as she stood to exit the shuttle.

The area was clean, and the floors were polished to a high sheen, palms lined the curved hallway every ten feet or so. Digital photos of important women lined the walls. They came to two big doors which slid open quietly as Diane waved her

card across the beam that radiated from the middle of the doors. They walked into an airy room, off to their left were tall, large glass cylinders, tubes ran down and attached to males inside, they looked as if they were sleeping, they were full of liquid and lit with a blue hue, small bubbles floated to the top. To the right of them were escalators with men, wearing nothing but briefs, being transported slowly up and into a huge round machine, they were wearing a small thin collar that had a green light in the middle, they were calm and motionless. Diane took a long look around, “Everything looks good,” she said punching in on a micro pad. “Looks like we have thirty men going in for processing, we will have approximately fifty bags of fertilizer for the gardens soon!” Diane announced happily. Lilly smiled at her and punched in on the

micros tablet also. “Let’s go check in on the fertilization area now” Diane said as she waved a hand at two women upstairs outside of the processing machine. Arriving at the fertilization area, the two women approached a glass wall that had a row of men standing in briefs facing towards the front, each man had a collar with a green light on the front around their neck. “Umm, look at that one,” Diane said pointing to a tall, fit looking man, with a chiseled face and black hair. “Yeah, he’s a nice specimen,” Lilly agreed. “Do we have any women coming into breeding age?” Diane asked. “I think so, I believe there are ten or so that have just turned twenty.” Lilly answered. “There are also a few that are ready to have another child I believe.” “Wonderful,” Diane said gleefully. “Well, let’s have the virgin women come in and pick out a suitable male

donor as well as the repeat breeders.” Diane instructed.

“Yes Mam,” Lilly obliged.

“Since we’re here we may as well go check on the emasculation wing,” Diane suggested. “Sure thing, Mistress Diane,” Lilly agreed. Walking into the office there was a pretty young woman sitting at a desk,

“Afternoon Mistress Diane,” The woman said.

“Afternoon Linda,” Diane said coolly. “What can I help you with today?” Linda asked. “How many in for sterilization today?” Asked Diane. “I think we have two left, five have been done already.” Linda said matter of factually. “Full emasculations or snips?” Diane asked. “Let’s see, four workers, so four full emasculations, three are pleasers, so three snips. “Great, keep up the good work!” Diane smiled.

“Last stop, the gardens,” Diane said. “Ah, one my favorites,” Lilly smiled. “We can catch the shuttle,” Diane said pointing to the bench. As they waited for the next shuttle, Lilly’s thoughts wandered back to Mark, who she knew was in the holding area waiting on test results to see if he would be tagged a breeder, a worker, a pleasurer, or the worst-case scenario, become fertilizer for the gardens! He was probably going through his psyche evaluations now as she was making rounds with her supervisor, Mistress Diane. “Um, Mistress Diane, I have a question for you,” Lilly said hesitantly. “Yes, what is it?” “Well, there is a male going through testing right now and he tested with mixed blood,” Lilly said softly. “So, what is your question, you know the rules, no white and black mixed blood males pass through, they are processed.” Diane

said in a firm voice. “Yes, I know the rules, but this one is.... well, different.” Lilly cringed. “How do you mean... different?” Diane’s voice changed. “Never mind,” Lilly murmured.

Diane went quiet for a few minutes and then said, “I hope you are not considering breaking the rules we have set for good reasons, Lilly.” Lilly thought carefully before she answered, “No, of course not,” she said putting her head down. “Good,” Diane replied happily as she folded her hands on top of her knees.

Making it to the gardens, Lilly tried to shake off the conversation she just had with Diane. She took a deep breath into her lungs to clear her head as they walked outside and into the garden area, “Ohh, I love it here,” Lilly said. “It is nice isn’t it,” Diane agreed. There were rows and rows of various vegetables in one

section, in another were rows of fruits, and still another were orchards with fruit and nut trees off to the sides. It seemed to go on forever. Some of the food was grown outside, but there were also several green houses.

Workers, all men, were busy pulling weeds, hoeing, and watering or harvesting, while the women were standing watch at several places, some giving instruction. All the men had collars on with green lights on the front and the women carried remotes in their hands. Diane walked down one of the rows as Lilly followed, “Any trouble today?” Diane asked one of the women standing watch. “No Mam.” The woman told her. “Good,” That’s the way I like it.” Diane smirked.