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Tackling The Debt

Chapter 2 - You, You, Me and Me

"What mistake? You're making me nervous. Did something happen to my body?"

Matt called me not even one day after I signed my contract with his debt recovery agency. I was thrilled to hear his voice, I wished I could be with him, but it was just not possible. I was using one of his clones, and the law prevented him from providing me with any assistance outside physical maintenance if my borrowed body was damaged. Left to myself, I had to figure out a way to repay my debt.

My real body sat at his recovery agency for them to take care of until I finished repaying my debt; it acted as a security deposit that I could claim back once I successfully fulfilled my obligations. So, when Matt told me over the phone that he had made a huge mistake, I couldn't help but worry that my sleeping self was somehow involved in some nasty accident.

"No... No, Chloe. Your body is fine. But..."

"But what? Tell me!"

"Well, okay... But please don't be mad. I will fix this, I promise! Last night, after everybody left, I brought your body to my place instead of storing it at the facility."

"Oh, no! Don't tell me you got in trouble because of me?"

"No. I didn't. But did you hear what I said? I took your body home."

"I heard that. But you said you made a mistake, what is it?"

"Don't you get it? My company is supposed to protect you. I took you home for my benefit. That's wrong."

"No, it's not. I asked you to make love to my body while it was sleeping. Granted, it sounded a bit creepy, but I'm fine with it. I didn't know you were going to take me home to do it, but it's even better."

"... Better?"

Matt was freaking out for no reason; at least that was how I saw it. We hadn't had much time to talk about this before and after the transfer, but I had a crush on him and wanted to make him happy by offering him my body for sexual pleasure. There was nothing wrong with this since he liked me very much, and I was willing. It was my body, so I could offer it to whoever I thought deserved it.

Learning he had brought my body home was a pleasant surprise. The perspective of being stored in a cold and sterile environment for years was not appealing. I preferred to have Matt take care of me instead of nasty people like Amanda, his receptionist.

"Matt, am I safe at your place? I mean, do you have the equipment you need to keep my body alive and well?"

"Yes... but..."

"Will your staff find out I'm missing?"

"Probably not... I reserved a long term cell for you, and nobody is going to look into it. They think you are in there."

"Okay, so there is no problem then. I'm telling you. I like the idea of sleeping in a real bed and having someone taking care of my sexual needs."

"But... it seems so wrong."

Why was he so worried? What I was asking was not that weird. It was the nice guy in him who couldn't bend a few rules to get some innocent fun. I wished I could make him relax a bit. I had to find a gentle way to show him my trust and that it was okay to take full advantage of my offer.

"Matt... Can you send a picture of my body?"

"A picture? I guess... one sec."

It didn't take long before my phone whistled from a text message. In the picture he sent me, I was sleeping on a comfy lounge chair, like the ones at the agency, and different devices, plugged here and there, were taking care of my needs. It was a bit odd to see myself like this, but I was fully dressed and looked peaceful.

"I look great! So, what did you do to me last night? Was it good?"

"Chloe... I didn't do anything..."

"What? Why? I told you I wanted you to. You did nothing at all?"

"Well... I did undress you..."

"Ah! So you saw me naked. Did you like it?"

"Not naked. I didn't take off your underwear. I just couldn't... but... I cuddled with you a little."

"Aww... Were you too shy? Did I get a kiss, at least?"

"... No... I couldn't."

What a sweet guy. He wouldn't harm me even if his life depended on it. I was more and more confident my body was in a very safe place. It was a bit strange, but this unexpected fantasy was turning me on a little. Being taken care of, like a doll, by someone else was enjoyable.

"Matt, how much do you like me?"

"I lot... You got inside my head, somehow."

"Good. So here is my instruction for you. Tonight, you take me back to your bed, you strip me naked, and you make out with me. That's what I want."

"But... Chloe."

"Stop feeling guilty, please. You are doing it for me. I have a question, though. Can my sleeping body feel pleasure?"

"Mmm... Yes and no... It will react to any stimulus. It just won't be conscious of it."

"Oh? So I'll get wet and all if you play with me?"

"Chloe! Are you that much okay with this?"

"Absolutely! But only because it is you. Don't go lend my corpse to your friends. Else, I'll be furious."

"I would never do that! Hey, listen, I have to go now. I'm already late for work."

"I have to go too. Call me tomorrow, Matt. I want to know all the crunchy details. I bet once you kiss me again, you won't be able to resist and do more."

We said our goodbyes and hung up. I had the feeling I didn't convince Matt all that much. He was not nearly as comfortable as I was with this whole idea, so he would need some incentives to comply. I understood his discomfort, though; playing with an inert girl is somewhat deviant and borderline creepy, from a certain point of view. But it was my body and my love life; he had to accept it. I was the one who decided to do this.

I put my phone back in my backpack, stood up, and stretched my athletic clone limbs. I wasn't too sure what would be my next steps. Clothing was a need, and a haircut was unavoidable; my mane was way too long. I could afford it since I had a bit of money, but I didn't want to spend it all as every dollar would count at the end of the month. Underestimating the severity of my situation wasn't an option.

Somewhere in this city was 1.3 million dollars that needed to transfer from random people's pockets to my backpack.

All morning, I walked down the main street to turn myself into something else than a soccer mom. Because of my restricted budget, used clothes were my choice. I picked a few used items for 25\$ from a store. I ended up with a cute charcoal summer dress and a nice pair of 3" heels.

They didn't sell used underwear, obviously, but I didn't mind walking around without panties. Nobody would notice unless there were a treacherous wind gust. I donated my old clothes to the store because I never wanted to see them again, but I kept my sneakers for long-distance walking.

The next stop was at a hair salon. Half of my hair fell and ended up on the floor. Why were they creating clones with such long hair in the first place? It was beyond my understanding. One fun fact was that the hairdresser quickly saw my small neck barcode, but she didn't freak out; she just enjoyed improving my hairstyle as if I was a mannequin head. This whole adventure cost

me 35\$. Asking the price before sitting down would have been the right thing to do; I wasn't happy with myself.

Those critical tasks completed, I was ready to start my day. The next 24 hours would undoubtedly go better than yesterday now that I was looking like a decent human being; I was pretty, my clothes were cute, and I was smart. There would be no reason not to succeed.

I sat on a bench in front of the salon and pulled out my phone. Making a lot of money in a very short time wouldn't be a piece of cake. I still wasn't too sure how I would go about it. My contract stipulated I couldn't start a business because I was a clone; I wouldn't be able to apply for a license.

I could probably work, but it was unlikely anyone would hire me. What kind of salary would I get anyway? Certainly not enough to stay alive at the end of the month.

The best option I could aim for would be to be self-employed. It was allowed, and I could run myself as a company even though I was not one. I think most people using the clone system to clear off debts were doing it this way.

Based on my experience from yesterday, I could see myself working in the sex industry. My high arousal feature and the fact I enjoyed letting people get pleasure from me, led me to believe it was something I could be good at.

Somehow, knowing I could make people feel good was attractive to me. I had this gorgeous body, so why not use it for a good cause? There were plenty of lonely men and women out there who would enjoy spending an intimate moment with me. That said, I couldn't afford to do it for free.

"Well, that is all nice... But what do I do with this now?"

I punched numbers in my calculator app and came up with an estimate. I would need 250\$ per day to have enough to repay Matt at the end of the month. Ideally, more would be better if I wanted to build up a cushion for the following months or eventually start repaying my debt.

"What do I do? What do I do?"

I was hitting my forehead with my fist, staring pointlessly at my phone as if it was going to give me a magical solution.

Then, out of the blue, a female voice came out of nowhere.

"You! Stand up. Let me look at you?"

"Uh? I'm sorry!?"

"Come on... Stand up!"

Standing next to me was a woman dressed all businesslike, with sunglasses, concealing her facial expression. Her tone didn't allow room for interpretation, though; it was severe yet not threatening. I obeyed, partly because standing up would help me confront her better. As soon as I did, she pinched my chin and tried to turn my head sideways, as if I were an object. I brushed her hand away.

"Heeey! What are you doing? Who are you?"

"You are a Cardinal? Aren't you?"

"A what? Do I look like a bird to you?"

"Ah, so you don't know. That means..."

"That means what?"

"Follow me!"

Convinced I would comply, she turned around and walked away. She didn't even attempt to justify her odd request. What did she mean by "*you don't know?*" Nope, I didn't trust her at all. Her emanating energy was not one I liked.

I slowly sat down on my bench, staring at her back. I was not her pet if that was what she expected me to be. I placed my phone in my backpack and threaded my arms through the straps. I was not going to stay here a minute longer; what had happened was too odd.

The lady was quite far already when she stopped, causing my heart to do the same. She turned around and looked at me for a moment, waiting for me to make up my mind; I was a bit scared of her. She took off her glasses and shook her head before saying something to me. I was not even close enough to hear her, yet, the gentle words effortlessly entered my ears.

"Lobelia Cardinalis... Follow me."

I stood up and started walking toward her... and I had no idea why. Why was I driven to do this? It made no sense. I just... wanted to. My feet were not moving on their own; I willingly went to the lady; it was so confusing. A few seconds ago, she was scaring me, and I didn't want to have anything to do with her. But now, it was the opposite. I quickly arrived at her side, puzzled like never before.

She grabbed my hand, and my fingers responded by gently wrapping around hers, once more, on my own accord. As if I was a child, she led me to her car and asked me to take the passenger seat. I had so many questions but couldn't get myself to ask them. She started driving away very smoothly as if everything was normal. Once on the road, she tried to reassure me... or something.

"Relax. There is nothing to worry about. I'm just taking you home to take care of you."

"Take care of me? Who... Who are you?"

"I'm Kate."

Well, that was not helpful. I didn't know what else to say; I had this strange feeling inside of me. I looked down at my hands and tried to move my fingers as if to test that I still had control over my body. After what just happened, it was fair to check. Kate saw what I was doing from the corner of her eye and sneered.

"Don't worry. I'm not controlling you."

"Why... Why did I follow you?"

"Because you wanted to. Simple as that."

"No... I mean... Yes... You said something to me and... I changed my mind."

"Yes, I persuaded you, but it was still your decision, was it not?"

"No! Well... Maybe... I'm so confused."

What was going on here? She was not lying, but I wasn't dumb; I knew I had no reason to follow her to her car. Something must have happened. A brutal question pulled me out of my head.

"How much money do you owe?"

"How... How do you know about that?"

"You are a clone. The only company around here using them is this stupid recovery agency, to my great despair. It doesn't take a genius to deduct where you are coming from. Those guys have no clue what they are doing. They are idiots."

While she spat her venom, I couldn't help but think of Matt. He was not an idiot! He was the most gentle and caring person on Earth. She had no right to insult him this way?

"Hey! Don't repeat something like this! Matt is not an idiot! He is a great guy."

"Is he now? I guess he had to be nice to keep his business afloat. He keeps your body hostage and charges you for it. Yeah, very nice guy."

"Stop! It is nothing like that. He is helping me! Stop badmouthing him."

"Fine. If you say so. What name did they give you?"

"They didn't give me a name. I'm Chloe, and that's my real name."

"Alright, then. So? Chloe? How much do you owe?"

"1.3 Million!"

Kate slammed on the brake and pulled over to the side of the road. As the gravel dust surrounded the whole car, she turned to me and scolded me.

"1.3 MILLION? Are you out of your damn mind? Please tell me you are shitting me."

"No, and this is none of your business!"

"Oh... Oh... It IS my business! If you are going to live under my roof, how are we supposed to pay that back?"

"Live... under your roof? We?"

What was she talking about? Why would I go live at her place? I didn't even know this woman, yet, it was what I wanted to do. My current desire, deep down, was to go live with her. It made absolutely no sense whatsoever.

That was the drop that spilled the glass. I knew perfectly well it was not what I was thinking a second ago, so how come all of a sudden I felt it was a good idea? I needed some answers. Something was going on, and I was going to find out what.

"Kate... That's enough! What did you do to me?"

"Don't worry about it... It will pass."

"What will pass? Tell me now or..."

"Or what?"

Kate took a deep breath and sighed loudly.

"Okay... Listen, Carole..."

"It's Chloe ... not Carole."

"Ah, whatever. I was going to tell you everything at home, but you seem to be a smart cookie. Earlier, I used a voice command on you to increase your susceptibility. The effect will fade away soon. I just needed you to come with me without making a scene in public."

While I was trying to process what she had said, the car started moving again. Could she use vocal commands on me as if I were a robot? Well, I guess I was a clone, so it was somewhat plausible. But, clones were not machines that could be programmed; they were just a synthetic replica of a human's body, both in look and functionality.

I feared to talk to her again in case she persuaded me to do other things. Forcing me to do something against my will was not cool at all. She placed her hand on my thigh and said one last thing.

"Don't worry. You are safe. I'll tell you more when we arrive."

Matt had gone back home early. He had tried to call Chloe back to continue their earlier conversation, but there was no answer; She must have been busy trying to make money and would probably call him back later.

After parking in his garage, he went straight to the room where Chloe's body was sleeping. Everything was normal; she was peaceful. The equipment taking care of her was working like

clockwork and kept her out of harm's way. He ran his fingers in her soft hair and murmured his troubles.

"Why does she want me to do those things to her body? What does she have to gain out of this? Would this really make her happy as she claimed?."

He sat on the chair next to her and started playing gently with her delicate fingers. The hardest part for him would be to decide if he wanted the same thing as her. Yesterday he was drunk on desire, which clouded his judgment and caused him to bring her home to cuddle.

"Did I like doing this? Do I want more?"

Knowing the answer was a yes, he was torn by his moral code that was screaming mistakes. Yet, it was Chloe's body, and she insisted on pursuing this weird adventure. She was pushing him hard into something twisted, but consensual... as far as he could tell.

Professionally, there was no question about it; he had screwed up big time. But what he told Chloe was the truth; the probability of someone finding out about this was slim to none. Even if they did, he could always come up with the excuse that long term storage required close monitoring for safety reasons. Through the eyes of justice, it would be suicide, but if Chloe were to support his claim, it would possibly fly.

All in all, this was irrelevant at the moment. Matt stood up while placing her hand back on the soft lounge chair.

"Well, Chloe... You are a piece of work. You know that?"

He leaned forward and started kissing her passionately. He would tell her all about this later, as she requested the crunchy details if he were to commit.

"Is this your house?"

"Obviously, yes."

"It is big."

"It's not important, follow me inside. We have a lot to talk about."

This time, I didn't feel compelled to do as she wanted. Maybe she told me the truth, and the spell she cast on me earlier was only temporary. Getting out of the car was the only option anyway; it would be pointless to stay here and pout. Additionally, she could always use that command again if I played stubbornly, which I didn't want.

Her house was giant, at least to my standard. Whatever career Kate was pursuing, it was working for her. The entryway was as big as a small bedroom, which made me wonder how spacious the rest of her place was.

Kate attempted to grab my hand again, but this time I was able to reject it.

"Hey, why are you always trying to hold my hand?"

"Hmm... Just an old habit, I suppose. Just follow me to the living room, Carole."

"Chloe ... My name is Chloe."

Walking behind her made me think I could just club her or something and escape, but I was not that kind of person. I was way too intrigued, even to consider leaving before we had this anticipated chat. We got to the living room; she made me sit on the soft white couch and picked the matching chair. The ambiance was rather heavy while she was searching for her next words.

"Chloe... I created you."

"What? No! Matt did create me yesterday. What are you talking about?"

"That's not what I meant. I was on the team that designed you. You are our Cardinal model, or Type C, if you prefer."

As she said that, I got a small flashback from yesterday. Before the transfer, I selected model C when I picked my body type; maybe it was not a coincidence. However, this was a bit off-topic. Having worked on the technology didn't give her the right to abduct me as she did.

"How is this important? That doesn't give you the right to force me to do things."

"I didn't force you to do anything. You were happy to follow."

"That was because you triggered some weird shit in me."

"What I did lost its effect already, yet, you are still here."

"Aaah! What am I doing here, then? You even said I was going to live here with you. What was this all about?"

"I shouldn't have said that, but since you are bringing this up, would you like to stay here for a while?"

Why was she even asking me this? She knew I was buried in debt well over my head, which meant I had to work my ass off if I didn't want to end up in jail. It was way too important to me to reimburse my family and friends; I didn't have time for a vacation.

My hostility was shown in the form of a frown.

"NO! I have to work and make a lot of money. I cannot stay here. And why would I do that anyway? I don't even know you."

"You would get to know me. How much do you have to give the agency this month?"

"Over 7000\$. And I have like 140\$ in my backpack right now. Do you see the gap?"

"I'll give you the 7000\$ if you agree to stay with me this month."

"..."

That was... unexpected. Kate kind of shook me up with this offer. Would she really pay off one month's worth of payment so that I would keep her company? Who was this woman?

Capitalizing on my paralyzed throat, she continued describing her offer.

"You'll have a roof, your bedroom, and I will help you find a way to clear off your debt. Give me one month, and we will figure it out."

"Kate... this sounds insane. Why would you do that? I'm just a clone. If it's true that you designed me, that's one thing, you did an amazing job. But I'm a real girl inside this synthetic brain, and you don't even know me. You are aware of that, right?"

She just stared at me and sighed. As if she was trying to collect her thoughts, she was playing with her fingers.

"Chloe, you are right. You are a smart girl, so I'm sorry for being so strange and manipulative. Here is the thing. As I said, I designed you. You were my pride and joy. You were my favorite model by far, and I put all my heart and soul into my work. Seeing you, sitting on that bench, reminded me of how much I had loved you... I mean... working on you."

"Well... Aren't you working on clones anymore?"

"No... The company went south and took everything away from me. They sold the technology to other companies to repay as much debt as possible, which worked very well... This big house of mine is partly the result. But I lost you. I'll never get the resources to recreate a clone like this again."

That sad story made me feel bad for her. I could only imagine spending years working on a project just to see other people sell it to pay back debts. Her story sucked big time.

"So... This is why you want me to stay? You miss my clone?"

"I do... It's silly..."

"No... No, it's not. Look... if you are paying for my month, and on top of that you will help me figure out how to tackle my debt, I would be a fool to say no. You are probably ten times smarter than I am."

"Really? You would stay with me?"

"Yes, sure... Why not. But I need the money upfront... I don't want any surprises. Otherwise, they will kill my clone, and I will go to jail. I don't want that."

"No! Of course not. I don't want that either."

The announcement of my stay put into light a different side of her. She went from a cold authoritarian lady to a happy girl, as if she was getting back her favorite childhood toy. I was

conscious of the risk level of my decision, though. I knew nothing about her, and she knew everything about me, at least about my design.

Knowing she already had one potent trick up her sleeve, there could be more. But, I was generally good at telling when people were lying, and in her case, I didn't think she was, even if I knew she didn't give me the full story. I would have to dig a bit deeper to find out more about her motivations.

Kate transferred the 7250\$ directly to my digital account. I now had a certain peace of mind that I would not end up in jail this month. My finance app didn't lie. The money was there, she couldn't take it back, and Matt's agency would withdraw it automatically at the end of the month. I just hoped Kate told me the truth about giving me some pointers that would help me get out of this mess.

When she came back to the living room, two drinks in hands, she extended one of her arms toward me.

"Drink this... Cardinal loved it."

"What is it? It looks like lemonade."

"Because it is. Follow me. I will show your bedroom."

"You give me a lemonade? I'm an adult, you know."

"You'll see why once you taste it... Come on."

I got off the couch and followed her through her big house. I took a sip of my drink, and she was right. For some obscure reason, it was tasting way better than anything else I ever drank before. If it were true that she designed me inside and out, then it was plausible she knew my tastes as well. But... Why lemonade?

"Why does it taste so good?"

"No idea. It is something we discovered when we experimented with Cardinal. She strongly reacted to it."

"For good reason... It's amazing. I hope you have more."

"Here, this can be your bedroom for the month, if you like it."

I walked through the door and looked around. It was about ten feet by ten feet, disappointingly small, making the queen bed look giant as it filled most of the space. For a big house like hers, what was the deal with this? I didn't want to be rude, but didn't she have something more reasonable than a tiny room with no window?

The amount of money she just gave me was a deterrent to ungratefulness. I just couldn't get myself to say anything negative... But the positive wouldn't come out either.

"..."

"I know what you think, Chloe. But you will feel better here than in a larger room unless there are other people with you."

"Are there other people here too?"

"No, I was just telling you a fact. You like to be confined in small spaces unless there are people around, that's all. Didn't you notice it yet?"

"Not really. I got created yesterday and wasn't alone much except when I was walking."

"Did you sleep with someone last night then?"

"... I... did..."

"Then go take a shower immediately. Let's start fresh. It irks me to know a stranger desecrated my Cardinal. You'll find fresh clothes in this closet. Everything will fit you perfectly."

"So, Kate... It means you kept a clone here before?"

"... Go take your shower, Chloe."

There was some sadness in her tone when she brushed off my question. What was going on here? She guided me to the bathroom and gave me a towel without adding another word. I kind of felt bad for asking something that had troubled her. Did she like working on her clone that much?

Nevertheless, her shower proposition was perfect. I hadn't had a shower since my encounter with John last night. I would undoubtedly feel better if I were squeaky clean.

I stripped naked and climbed into a real rain shower. It was the first time I got to try one of those; Kate was making good use of her money. That soap she gave me smelled terrific too. Objects designed to make me happy were all around the place. I was still a bit suspicious about this whole deal, but more and more, I realized there would be some nice perks.

While I dried my hair with a soft towel, I slid the shower door open and stepped on the luxurious shower mat. But something was missing.

"Hey... Where did my dress go?"

I opened the bathroom door and poked my head out, looking left and right.

"Kate? What did you do with my clothes?"

"Don't worry about it, just go get something from your closet."

Really? I wrapped the towel around my sexy torso and tiptoed to my mini-room. The closet was not that big either, but stacks and rows of clothes were waiting for me to choose from. Why did she have that many clothes?

I pulled a yellow dress out of there. It was not ugly per se, but it was probably something I would have worn like five years ago. Ah, well, it would do for now. Now I just had to pick something from a small shelf full of sexy panties, bras, and hosiery.

"I hope she will explain this..."

I put on the dress and underwear I selected and made my way back to the living room. Kate was sitting in front of the fireplace on the fluffy carpet. While gazing at the dancing flames, she was pushing something in with the poker.

"Kate? Is it not a bit warm outside to start a fire?"

Curious about her odd behavior, I got closer, and my heart skipped a beat when I saw what she was burning.

"KATE! HEY! THAT'S MY BACKPACK!"

"Yes... I put your old clothes in it too."

"ARE YOU NUTS? MY PHONE IS IN IT!"

"No, it's not. I'm not stupid. Your phone is on the countertop, charging, along with your few dollars."

"Why .. Why are you doing this? I just bought that dress. I liked it."

"... and you also bought a sexy maid uniform? Spending your money on your kinks is not how you are going to get out of debt. Your priorities are... questionable. The uniform smelled like sex too. Burning it was the only way."

She was not entirely wrong about the maid uniform. I knelt next to her, watching the hungry flames eating up my only possessions. Once more, I thought about all the money she gave me a moment ago, and I couldn't get myself to get angry at her.

"Cardinal liked leather better anyway," she said.

"Leather?"

Kate turned to me and grabbed my hands gently. Her face? Why was she so sad? She even had a tear running down her cheek. What was going on?

"Kate? Why... Why are you crying?"

"Chloe... I want to tell you the whole truth... I don't know who you are really, but... I hope you'll understand."

I tried to place a hand on her face... but she gasped and turned her face away.

"Sorry... What's wrong?" I asked.

"Cardinal was my... lover."

"Your lover? You were dating a clone?"

"... No... Well... Yes. She was my science project for years. About ten years ago, we created her at the company. We transferred the consciousness of a volunteer to Cardinal's experimental body. I worked closely with her all the time. After a while, I decided to take her home with me because she was getting lonely at the lab. It was a good opportunity to keep studying her even after work."

"It makes sense, I think. Were you allowed to do this?"

"Yes. But... I didn't know... I didn't know we were going to develop feelings beyond friendship. Things quickly escalated between the two of us, and we became a couple in secret. For years we made our life together under cover of an experiment. The volunteer prolonged her contract over and over, convincing the board that she loved her job. This masquerade lasted for almost six years."

"So, where is she now?"

"She... no longer exist. About four years ago, the company went south, and the board started to sell our assets and shut down projects. Cardinal and I tried to resist as much as we could, to no avail. So one night, we were sleeping together, and we agreed that the next day we would transfer her back in her original flesh. That night we made love over and over one last time and vowed to continue our relationship with her real body."

"Ah, that is nice. That's true love."

"Yeah... But when I woke up the next morning... she was dead in my arms."

"WHAT? KATE! That's horrible!... What happened?"

"They... killed her. They remotely terminated Cardinal overnight and woke up the volunteer without transferring any of her memories. I rushed to work, but they wouldn't let me in. The company was closed for good. The employees were getting out of there one by one. I waited for the volunteer to get out... she eventually did... but she walked past me without even knowing who I was. She remembered nothing of all those years at my side. They made her waste five years of her life."

"That's so wrong... Did you try talking to her?"

"Yes... She was so pissed at the company that she hated me as well from the bottom of her heart, thinking I was as responsible as everybody else for this chaos. I made sure she got some compensation for her troubles, but I knew there was no way to rebuild our relationship. She remembered nothing of me."

That was the saddest story in the whole universe. I could only begin to imagine how I would feel if this were to happen to me. I had kissed Matt before the transfer, at least, so I knew I was going to remember a tiny something if they failed to recover my memory when I returned the clone.

But Kate's story was beyond tragic. I couldn't think of anything more terrible than having a loved one die in one's arms without having an opportunity to say goodbye. That was bound to leave a deep scar.

"Kate... Come here."

I grabbed her and hugged her tightly. She didn't return the gesture; she was just limp in my arms.

"Chloe... I know you are not her. I'm just... I need her. Sorry... When I saw you in front of the hair salon... It was the first time in five years that I bumped into a copy of this clone. I lost it."

"Hey... I get it. I understand now, so, don't worry. I mean, you rented me for a whole month... I could try to be like her if you would like. I'm a pretty open-minded person, you know."

"Would... Would you do that for me?"

"Yeah, Kate. Why not? I mean, you know I'm not her. But if it makes you feel better, you can tell me more about Cardinal, and I'll try to give you back a piece of what feels good for you. I know I'll be stuck in this clone for a long time, so I'm willing to spend some of it making people happy."

"Chloe... You are so nice... I'll do all I can to help you fix your situation."

"I know you will... and hey... Thanks for telling me the truth. I thought you were a psychopath when I saw you burning my clothes."

"Hehe... Sorry about that. But the PVC maid outfit was too gross. It was the only way."

"Yeah... I can't blame you for that."

My spontaneous abduction was a good turn of events, after all; Unexpected, but good nonetheless. Kate went from an icy-cold lady to a person I could probably love if I wanted to. Her arms finally dared to wrap around me; she returned my hug. I smiled, wondering what we were going to do next.

"So, Kate? Where do we go from here?" I asked.

"... I... I have no idea..."

"Well, why don't we try to reconnect you with Cardinal a little bit? Do you want to call me by her name?"

"Chloe... No, you are not her, so I prefer not to. Chloe is cute too."

"Then why don't we try this, is there one day you had with her that you would like to repeat? Would you like that?"

"Oh! Her birthday. That was the best, but... Hehe. No. We can't do that."

Kate kept surprising me. Now, her blushing made her look cute. She thought about something she did and was embarrassed by it.

"Do what? I tell you, Kate, I'm super open-minded. And kinky... and adorable... and lovable... So, don't be shy. I want to have fun too."

"Hmmm... Well, okay then. We will do part of her birthday. But..."

"Enough with the buts... Just tell me."

"Would you be okay if I used the same voice command over you... The one that forced you to follow? Just as needed. That was one of our favorite things..."

"Mmm... I'm not thrilled about that. Are you sure the effects are temporary?"

"Yes... It only works for 30 to 60 minutes, depending on your mental state."

"Okay, that's fine then. I will trust you. If you say it is not harmful, I'm game."

It seemed like we were going to have some fun tonight. Money was one thing, but pleasing people made me feel great about myself as it aligned with what I wanted deep down. Being a positive force was the opposite of what I had done to my family and friends; my redemption didn't depend solely on the money.

We chatted a bit more about the evening she wanted to reproduce, but Kate didn't want to tell me too much since a large part of what she liked to do was to surprise Cardinal with new things. It didn't take a genius to understand that those two lovebirds had a Mistress/slave relationship of some sort in which Kate was the top.

That was fine by me, as I much preferred to be a bottom. It was less work and had higher rewards. I begged for more lemonade and asked permission to make a phone call before starting anything.

I trotted back to my tiny bedroom with my phone and closed the door. I called Matt to tell him some good news.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Matt. It's Chloe. How are you?"

"Good. Better. I kind of calmed down a bit. Sorry for this morning."

"No worries. So, guess what?"

"You found a job?"

"No... well, not quite. But I have all the money for this month!"

"What? No way... How did you pull that off?"

Because of the hatred Kate had toward Matt, I decided not to mention what was happening here. The six degrees of separation were real, and the last thing I wanted to bring into the mix was a new conflict.

"I prefer not to tell you. It is kind of weird. But I just wanted to tell you the good news."

"Well... That's good. As long as you are safe, it's not my business to ask anyway. Hey, Chloe. I think I have good news too."

"Ah yeah? What is it?"

"I kissed you."

"Awww... Nice! How was it? Did you like it?"

"Of course, I did! It was harder to stop than to start. You were responding a little bit too. It didn't have this cold body feel. It felt very much like you were quietly enjoying yourself."

"I know myself. I probably was. So, did you do more to my body?"

"No... Maybe tonight... I don't know. I don't want to rush things."

Mister nice guy again. He had the adorable me, all available to him, and he couldn't even get himself to abuse the situation a little bit. He would need another little push if I didn't want my sleeping body to get sexually frustrated.

"Matt, you are so funny. Let's see. Since I'll be your sex doll for a while, I want you to keep me cute. So if you want to sleep with my body, get me a nice lingerie set, something that would turn you on. Send me a picture, and I'll let you know what I think of it."

"Haha. That sounds fun. Okay. Deal... I'll see what I can do."

"So, be patient if I don't reply right away. I'm in a situation where I don't know how often I'll be able to call. Okay?"

"Sure... That's fine. Oh... and Chloe... you are so odd."

"I know! But that is what makes me so darn attractive."

"I suppose that is part of your charm, yes. Alright. I will talk to you later. Be careful! Whatever you are doing."

"I will!"

"Alright, Kate... I'm ready... So, you said your evening started with dinner?"

"Yes... I guess it will be weird for the two of us at first, but hopefully, we can have some fun. So you understand that if you argue about something I ask, I'll use the words to change your mind, right?"

"Hehe. Yes... Honestly, the more I think about that, the more turned on I get... Being controlled by someone else is a nice little fantasy."

"Cardinal said the same thing. She loved it so much. Okay then, why don't we start by dressing you up?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Ah, no! She always called me Kate. Just Kate... I'm not into the mistress title thing. It always turned me off."

"Yes, Kate."

While I followed her to the bedroom, or wherever she led me to, I was thinking about my extra arousal feature. She didn't know about it, and I didn't have a good window to explain it to her yet. Depending on what we were going to do tonight, I suppose she would find out.

My current problem was that my excitation level was already too high for my own good. This small chat with Matt and knowing he kissed my body was doing it for me. I would gladly skip the dinner and go directly to the evening's sexual portion with Kate; I wanted to be her meal. But this night was hers, so I wouldn't want to spoil her plans.

"Alright... Let me put this on you," she said.

"What is this?"

"A very nice leather body harness. Cardinal loved it. Come on. Strip naked."

I wasn't going to argue on that one; this was hot. I dropped my dress to the floor and let Kate do all the work for me. I would have no idea where to start with this thing anyway. She opened the harness and asked me to step in two of the loops. She slid it up on me and guided my arms through this net of soft leather.

"You are so cute, Chloe. That harness will make you look amazing."

"I feel sexier already."

I purred to let her know my approbation and because I couldn't prevent myself from doing so. The more she was tightening the straps around me, the better it felt. This contraption fitted my clone body like a glove, proving its original purpose. The way the leather was surrounding my breasts and body curves made me feel so sexy. She gave me a little tug, making me lose balance a bit.

"I didn't think I would see this ever again. You look so nice in this harness."

"Kate... I love it so much! I'm serious."

She went to the dresser and pulled out more leather items. First was a pair of wide cuffs, and then, there was a pair of ankle cuffs. I was hoping she would end up putting those to good use later tonight. The next item to go on was a large leather collar, which immediately limited my head movement. It was so comfortable.

"Oooh. I love this...", I said.

"Well, let's ensure it stays on."

She took out a small bowl with a plethora of small metal pieces. A closer look allowed me to confirm my suspicion; they were little black padlocks. One by one, she clicked them on my harness, cuffs, and collar. Making me a prisoner of my gears made her giggle; it was definitely something she enjoyed doing.

"Those don't have keys. Hehe."

"No key? How are you going to open them?"

"It's a secret. Cardinal loved it."

"She loved a lot of things that girl."

"Yes... She did. She did..."

I think there was one more thing she wanted to put on me. She rummaged in one of her drawers and pulled out another small harness.

"This one is for your head, but I can remove the gag so we can keep talking for a bit longer," she said.

She wrapped the leather net around my face. It was the first time I tried something like this. Once more, it fitted this body structure perfectly. She fastened the delicate straps as if she did this so many times before and locked it on with more of those small keyless padlocks. She ran her finger on the straps, covering my nose's bridge while looking straight in my eyes.

"Yes... You are so much like Cardinal. And I don't mean physically. She loved wearing those a lot, and I see the same happy gleam in your eyes. She had the same one."

"Did she have those ember eyes too? And what about her hair?"

"Same eye color, yes. She is actually the one who came up with that color when we were fine-tuning her. But her hair was blond."

"Maybe I should have picked blond..."

"We can change it later, Chloe, but I like your red. It matches your eyes well."

I didn't even notice she had something else in her hand until she clipped it on the front ring of my collar. I got leashed and pulled out of the room.

"Oh, so I'm your pet now?"

"Maybe. But first, you will be my cook. I hope you have the skills. I want to watch the sexy you while you are preparing my dinner."

"I can cook... but I'm not very good at it."

"Hehe. You better learn fast if you don't want to get punished."

When we arrived in the kitchen, she showed me what was in her fridge and asked me to come up with something; she was testing her new servant. To ensure all the pressure stayed on me, Kate dragged a chair near my working area and sat down with a drink. The way she was looking at me was very gentle, but I was still observed and judged. She was allowing all the good memories from her ex to flow within her mind.

I got to have more of that lemonade while I was cooking. What in heaven could make it taste it so darn good? It was unreal.

Putting the meat in the frying pan made me yelp a bit as the fat viciously attacked my naked belly. I did my best to season it before covering it, but it was pretty much a shot in the dark. It would stay there for another ten minutes.

While I was waiting for this, I looked at Kate, who had not said a word so far, and it gave me an idea; I wanted to thank her, my way.

I walked up to her, and I sat on her lap, facing her. I wrapped my arms around her neck and gave her a small kiss on the lips, and she let a little moan escape in return. Her next response was to kiss me much more vigorously. I could tell she had missed it; did she even have another partner during those past few years?

We were at it until the timer beeped. When I stood up, I realized that I left a little pussy juice mark on Kate's skirt, which would end up in either a punishment or maybe, she wouldn't say anything, appreciating the fact that my arousal was genuine.

"Food is ready."

"Mmmm... Good. Put the plates on the table. I'm starving."

As demanded, I carried the two plates to the table. I put one meal where Kate was sitting, and one for me, next to her.

"Kneel!" she said.

"..."

"Forget that. You are not sitting at the table. You are my pet tonight. So, kneel!"

Her tone, commanding yet gentle, sent a wave of pleasure through my body. I loved this way of being treated. It was the first time I experienced this kind of roleplay. Happy to show my obedience, I crouched down and sat on my heels. Still holding my leash, Kate turned to her plate and inspected it. Was she judging the quality of my food?

"The chicken is overcooked. Put your hands behind your back."

Oh, that was a bit harsh. My chicken wasn't that bad. Anyway, this night belonged to her, so I placed my hands behind my back and waited for further criticism as she tried the veggies.

"Those are okay. Here, try one."

Using her fork, she poked one piece of zucchini and brought it to my mouth. She petted my hair while I was chewing on it.

"I like it when you do that," I said.

"Feeding you?"

"Well, yes, but I meant the petting."

"If you are nice, I'll pet you a lot more."

For the next few minutes, she quietly ate, occasionally giving me a piece of veggie. Not nearly enough to satisfy my hunger. Just looking at my untouched plate on the table was making my stomach gurgle. She noticed me looking at it, but she ignored me, not even considering allowing me to eat.

At the end of her meal, she wiped her mouth, then mine, and gave me a new command.

"It was okay. Thanks for the effort. Put some plastic wrap over your plate and put it in the fridge, so it doesn't spoil. Next time, you'll have to do better, I suppose."

"Am I not going to eat?"

"Not today, no. Go. Do as I say and meet me in the living room. I want more of those kisses."

Kate didn't seem concerned about making me skip a meal, but I didn't like the idea; it was just a bit strange. Despite my puzzlement, I stood up and proceeded as instructed. As I was wrapping my plate, she was not around, so eating some of it before putting it away was tempting.

"Nah... Let's play her game. I'm doing this for her, after all."

After my task, I walked back to the living room. That soft carpet rubbing on my bare feet felt so good. Since I was naked, I almost wanted to lay down on it and roll around. Kate was sitting on her couch, gazing at me with a smile.

"Chloe, I want to try a little something," she said.

"Sure... What do you..."

"Concitatō cardinalis!"

"AAAAAH!"

As if my earlier carpet wish came true, my two knees failed, and I fell on the floor like a brick. My arousal level exploded inside of me like a nuclear bomb, causing me to plunge my two hands to my crotch.

"AAAH! KATE! KATE! AAAH WHAT IS HAPPENING?"

"Oh, my God! Are you okay?"

She ran to me and placed her hands on my convulsing body... Grave mistakes... The simple feeling of touch on my bare skin threw me over the edge.

"AAAaah! I'm... I'm cumming! I'm cumming! AAAaah! What did you do to me? AAAAH!"

"I'm so sorry... Something is wrong. That was not supposed to happen. Try to breathe."

The more she was rubbing her hands on me, the more I was cumming. I couldn't articulate enough words to tell her to stop. Those were by far the strongest orgasms I had ever experienced. It felt as if I was going to die from pleasure. It was ridiculous.

"Are... Are you okay, Chloe? Talk to me."

"I... I... What was that? Holy shit!"

"It was a voice command conditioned in this clone. But it was not supposed to do this at all. It was only supposed to make you noticeably aroused. Cardinal never reacted this way. It's not normal."

I was trying to recover from the orgasm rogue wave, but my arousal level stayed very high. I had some difficulties thinking straight; the orgasms I had yesterday were nowhere close to this.

Kate helped me to sit back up.

"I so want to have hot sex right now," I said.

"Did something happen when they transferred you to your clone at the agency?"

"... I don't know... Maybe. I came hard when I woke up. Matt said it happened before."

"What an idiot! What were you doing before the transfer?"

"Hum... Kissing... a little bit... And there may have been... some breasts fondling."

Kate let a groan out and crossed her arms.

"They really are a bunch of idiots. So you're telling me your arousal is permanent?"

"I guess so. Matt said something about the clone being calibrated based on my original state."

"Well, yeah! I wonder what else they screwed up. I wanted to tease you and turn you on, but it triggered massive orgasms instead. I will have to be careful with that one."

"How many other triggers are hardcoded in my brain?"

"You probably don't want to know. But you are not a robot that can be programmed. Those commands are just part of who you are. Everybody feels good when they hear loving words. They can trigger physiological reactions. Your words are just different, so are the effects."

"Can you at least do something about my arousal right now?"

"We could go to the bedroom and... naturally evacuate it."

She grabbed my leash and tugged on it a little. Well, that was not the worse idea of the night. I crawled to her and gave her a little kiss.

"Lead the way, Kate."

The next few hours were absolutely insane. Because of what Kate did to me, I was out of control. Coming over and over was so easy and powerful that I thought my heart would stop. I did my best to return the favor, even with my lack of experience; It was the first time I had sex with a woman. Using a clone lifted some limits that I may not have crossed with my real body; I greatly enjoyed this freedom. Kate was incredible since she knew every single millimeter of my body.

I noticed that she was madly in love with me... or I should say with Cardinal, her ex-girlfriend. I think she ignored the fact I was Chloe on purpose, and she was trying to enjoy the moment with her lost lover. She would never have thought possible to have sex with the woman of her life again. Her happiness was beyond reasoning, so I let her take all she could from this experience.

We were just cuddling on the bed after my hormones-fest finally calmed down. Kate squeezed me a bit.

"Thank you, Chloe."

"My pleasure... a lot of it."

"Hehe. Yeah, I won't use those words on you again. Good thing clones are made tough."

"Can I sleep with you tonight?"

"Ah... So you feel it?"

"Not sure what you mean, but I feel that I want to stay with you here all night."

"Okay. No problem. But there is one last thing that Cardinal loved. I'll be back in a sec."

She got off the bed and disappeared for a moment and came back holding a little gift for me, the ball gag she was referring to earlier. My opinion was not required; she pushed it behind my teeth and attached the two straps to the side of my head harness. Then, of course, she used two keyless padlocks to secure it in place.

"Hmmpfh!"

"Indeed. It looks great on you. Give me your hands."

I presented my wrists, and she used another padlock to cuff them together; she did the same with my ankles. I was certainly not going anywhere tonight. Kate kissed me on the forehead and hugged me tightly.

"Thank you so much, Chloe. It is going to be a great month for the two of us."

"Hmmpfh."

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