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Tackling The Debt

Chapter 1 - The first dollars

I just broke up with my boyfriend. I loved him very much, but there was no other choice. He took it badly and said that I should have told him earlier about my problem; he was a hundred percent right. I shouldn't have started dating him three months ago, but I did. I lied to get close to him because I needed affection, support. I shouldn't have allowed love to enter my heart in my current situation, but I was weak, and I needed someone to sleep and cuddle with before it was all over. I used him, and I was very sorry about it. I would carry this mistake with me for as long as I lived. I hurt him, like I did to all the others.

On this day, I couldn't even afford to think about the past. I looked at all possible options and decided on this one. It was probably the worst path to follow for most people, but I knew myself. I knew this was my best chance to fix the mess I created within the shortest amount of time. If I could manage to do this, it would be my redemption.

I was standing in front of a two-story building. The two sliding front doors made of glass transmitted a certain impression of modernity. This place was the home of a very special debt recovery agency, and I was about to throw myself inside it and experience the warmth of this wolf's mouth.

"Come on! Standing here won't solve anything. Let's go! It's time to pay the price for your mistakes."

My feet started moving, fed by the energy regurgitated by my own guts. I was alone; my boyfriend was the last one. I lacerated all ties leading to my family and most of my friendships vanished as floating ashes after I set them on fire. The two last friends that were supportive of me, we parted ways a few days ago voluntarily, doubting we would ever see each other again.

I was officially nobody anymore. Yet, those people I left behind in bad or good terms, they were my reason for going through this ordeal as fast and hard as I could. I understood so much more about hurting people today than I did before, and this would help me during this quest.

The sensor detected my presence and the two doors slid open to invite me in, there was no going back. As soon as I stepped inside, there was a long white desk with two administrative assistants sitting behind it, one of them who waved at me with a smile.

“Hello! How may I help you?”

“Hi ... I’m Chloe. I have an appointment.”

“Ah yes, please take a seat, someone will be with you in a moment.”

This place was so quiet. It gave me the feeling that I was the only one in the world with money problems. Not giving me enough time to sit down, a casually dressed man showed up and called me over. This place may have been looking like a medical clinic, but this person was certainly not looking like a doctor; I was at the right place.

“Chloe? How are you doing? I’m Matt.”

Shaking his hand politely and not replying to his generic question was the appropriate thing to do. People coming here are never doing well, and he knew that, so he just led the way to his office. After closing the door behind me, he invited me to take a seat.

The room was modest. It was kind of reassuring for a company that existed solely to take money from indebted people. He had a comfy looking office chair, a small glass desk on which his laptop was sitting, and there were two chairs for the clients. It was not really what I expected; I thought those guys would be filthy rich and showing it off.

Matt engaged a dialogue that would more than likely seal a good part of my future.

“So, Chloe. You are here to clear some debts?”

“Yes ... Obviously.”

“Perfect. The first thing I want to tell you is that we didn’t make any decision yet, okay? No matter what we will discuss this morning, you do not have to commit or sign anything. If you have a question, ask it. This is the best way to understand the whole process.”

Well, at least he was friendly and disregarded any of my hostility. He could have been pushy or arrogant, but that was not the case.

“Thanks, will do. I'm not sure where to start, though,” I said.

“It's okay. Let's just crunch the numbers first, it would be pointless to worry about the rest right now. I suppose the first question I have to fire your way is, how much debt do you have?”

I carried the embarrassing answer within me when I entered this building with the objective of telling them, but yet, I didn’t want to. I HAD to. My lips parted and reluctantly let the astronomical number escape from my throat.

“1.3 million ...”

“ ... ”

I knew this was going to happen. Matt froze up, and he was just staring at me in search of his next words, it took awhile for him to find them.

“Chloe ... Just file bankruptcy. Our service is not a good one for your financial situation.”

“I don’t want to do that ... Can you at least give me an estimate? So that we have an idea.”

“It’s pointless! I mean, we can do the maths, you’ll see for yourself. It is just not possible.”

“I’m sure I can make it happen.”

“I doubt it. So, what is your household income?”

“I have none.”

“Do you own a house or a car or anything of value, such as jewelry?”

“No. I have nothing. I sold everything already.”

“I figured as much else you wouldn’t be here with that much debt.”

He slid his calculator in front of me and started to punch in some numbers.

“You owe 1300000\$... the minimum interest we have to charge you is 3% ... That is 39000\$ per year. So every month, just to keep your debt alive, it would cost you 3250\$. But that’s not all. The absolute minimum our company can charge for the service is 4000\$ per month ... That would give you a total of 7250\$ per month and your debt would stay the exact same.”

“I can do it!”

“No, Chloe, you can’t ... and even if you could, it would take you a lifetime to clear off that much debt. Let’s say you did it in 20 years ... that would be over 5000\$ per month on top of the 7250\$. See, this makes no sense whatsoever. You must file bankruptcy now! It will ruin your life for a long time, but it is much better than ruining it forever. You cannot find 12000\$ every month, even if we give you a clean slate to work with. Be realistic.”

Hearing all those numbers I didn’t want to hear was making my eyes water due to the pain it was inflicting. If I were to file bankruptcy, I knew I would never have a life again; it would not do what I needed. This 1.3 million was a debt I HAD to honor, not only for me, but for the people that deserved to be paid back. I couldn’t leave this office without an agreement, I had to convince him!

“Matt. You must help me. Please let me do this.”

“No. You should leave.”

“I won’t. Let me try for six months. I’ll show you it is possible.”

“Chloe, you seem like a nice girl, but this is too much. The minimum would be almost 45000\$ for those six months. Where are you going to find that kind of money in such a short time?”

“I’ll find a way!”

“No! Now, get out. I’m sorry.”

“Three months! Let me try for three months!”

“Stop insisting! This discussion is over.”

“No, it’s not! Just one month ... just give me a chance to prove it to you, I can do it! You are the only one who can help me! If I don’t have your minimum at the end of the month, then I’ll leave.”

Matt had enough. He slammed his laptop cover shut, stood up, and put his two strong hands on the table, not so much to intimidate me, but to put some sense into my skull.

“Chloe. It doesn't even work that way! Not even close. It is not something you can just try! But, yes, you are perfectly right. We are the only one who can help you. And you know why? Because everybody else will stay far away from you. You own nothing, you have no revenue, and you are 1.3 million in debt. Your only option is bankruptcy, and you know it!”

I lowered my head because he was right and it was reason enough to kick me out. I must have sounded like a crazy person. I started sobbing, realizing that my moral life was coming to a definitive end. Matt waited for me to say something, but there was nothing else I could have said or done.

His irritated tone changed to one of pity after being washed away by the poor spectacle I was offering.

“What happened to you?” he asked.

“... I'm sorry?”

“Look at you, Chloe ... This is not just about the money, is it?”

“...”

“You look smart but yet you are willing to doom yourself ... I've seen so many people that got into debt. Generally, they are irresponsible, never learned a thing about money and simply don't give a damn. They would have filed bankruptcy for less than a fraction of what you owe. You are nothing like them ... So? ... What happened to you?”

A thousand knives sliced my heart when he forced me to express the real reason why I was here. If I were to tell him, a gallon of dark blood would come out from my mouth. What I have done was too terrible.

“Chloe, tell me!”

“I ... It ... It was my fault ... It was an accident ... But it was my fault ... I didn't mean to!”

“Mean to do what?”

“I ... I had a business ... My family and friends all gave me money to start it, and I thought it was going to work well. But then ... I made a huge mistake on one of my biggest contracts, and we got sued ... real bad. We lost the case swiftly, and we owed so much money.”

“Well, it happens, it's not the end of the world ... File bankruptcy and start fresh in 5 years.”

“No ... My biggest mistake was that my family and friends were affected too. Because of my poorly written contracts, they were also pulled in the lawsuit and lost everything as I did. My mistake destroyed so many lives. That 1.3 million is for them. That is around one third of what they lost after the lawsuit. I destroyed their lives ... all of them.”

“Do you mean you don't want to file bankruptcy else they won't get any of their money back? ... I see. Was it really your fault?”

“Yes. And if I file bankruptcy, I'll never be able to get a decent job. If you keep me here, my debt will be on hold for as long as I need, and I will have an opportunity to find a way to pay it back.”

Matt sat back in his chair, letting a long sigh out and looking at the ceiling.

“I am so going to regret this! Chloe. If I were to give you this chance ... Are you SURE you can get that minimum payment of 7250\$? Every month?”

“YES! ... I'll do all I can to make it happen!”

“I'll do it.”

“REALLY?”

“Stop! Don't get too excited. If you don't bring in the full amount, everything will be over. So as soon as you leave our building today, you'll have to figure out a way to make some serious cash. By agreement, we cannot help you with that. I am doing you a HUGE favor, and it is only because I'm one of the owners. So DO NOT mess up. My reputation is very much on the line. You will have to show me what you are made of. I will give you the best tool we have, but your mind is what you are going to need the most.”

“I won't mess up! I won't! Thank you! Thank you so much!”

What a surprising turn of events. Matt was amazing! A minute ago, he was about to have me kicked out, but now he was giving me the only thing I was in need of. Hope.

He pulled out a contract and started to explain to me every single point listed on it. I already knew the basic idea, but I learned a few important things. Not being the type of seller that would try to hide anything from his customers, he inspired me confidence; he just wanted me to know what I was getting myself into as he knew I couldn't back out once the agreement was signed. I gave him all my attention and listened to his speech attentively to make sure everything was crystal clear in my brain.

“So, first, we will fully manage your debt. As you know, we are a recovery agency, the bad guys. We are not a charitable organisation. You'll only owe money to us from now on, and we are the ones that will redistribute it to the right people. Simply put, we own you. It may sound harsh, but it's the easiest way to put it.”

“I get it. You have a job to do.”

“Exactly. Now, the fun part. Your body will stay here, under our care, for as long as you'll owe us a single dollar. We have never kept someone for 20 years, so please, pull a miracle and clear your debt faster. No matter what you have to do, do it. You cannot afford to be picky or ethical. Money is money, and your clone is expendable, make good use of it, they are made very tough.”

That was the most exciting part. The clone.

“They are better than our normal body?” I asked.

“Not better. Just healthier. Look, what I want to make sure you understand, is when I said that your body will stay here for as long as you owe us a single dollar. We will give you a tool to accomplish your goals, and that tool is the clone. It belongs to us. So if you try to run away, we will kill it. If you don’t pay your minimum, we will kill it. If you are caught committing a crime, we will kill it. And if any of that happens, it is a breach of contract. We will wake your original body, you will incur a penalty, and you will go to jail this time. So you must understand that part really well, it is not a game.”

“I do ... I was aware of this. It just makes sense. But ... What would happen if you killed me? I mean, my clone.”

“Good question. We would wake up your real body, and you wouldn’t remember a thing. You wouldn’t even understand why you would be going to jail until we explained why to you.”

“Well ... that doesn’t sound fun at all. If I bring back the clone here first, will I remember everything?”

“It will be up to you to choose. We can do it both ways. You can decide at that time. Some people just want to forget; I don’t blame them.”

“I think I would want to remember. Forgetting must feel horrible.”

It was a good system, I thought. Those guys could store away my body for some time. Simply put, I would be losing my freedom as if it was a jail sentence; with a 1.3 million debt, I certainly deserved it. In exchange, they would build me a clone, which was a synthetic human body, they looked so real, and they would move my consciousness to it somehow. That new body would allow me to go out and work hard to obtain the money I owed.

Matt and I filled tons of paperwork, and he entered everything in his software. He told me exactly what he was doing to reassure me as much as possible, to show me it was not a trap. From now on, the government knew I was held in this facility so no creditor would come looking for me as long as my case was in order. If my family or friends were to look for me, they would also quickly find my registration file, even though I highly doubt they would bother after what I have done to them. I signed everything that needed to be signed.

“All done, Chloe. I personally want to ask you one last time, even if I know what you are going to tell me. Are you sure you want to go ahead with this? It is not too late back out. It is a huge deal for your future.”

“I’m ready!”

“Yeah, I thought so ... Okay then ... Follow me. The good news is that It will actually feel good.”

We got out of his office and followed the hallway in direction of the operation room, or whatever they called it. The last thing he said got me curious.

“Ah yeah? It will feel good?” I asked.

“Yes. You are a cute 27 years old, and you seem very healthy, but just imagine if you were 18 again, that would be the best way to describe it.”

“You find me ... cute?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. It was not professional.”

I pulled on his arm to stop him from walking. Matt was nothing else than awesome to me. He was taking a significant risk just to help a distressed girl. I had to bring back a lot of money in a very short time, and if I failed, I would probably go to jail, which would be very bad for the reputation of his company. But he listened to my story and agreed to give me another chance to redeem myself. It was more than just business. He did this because I touched his heart somehow. Perhaps he had a soft spot for me? Nevertheless, I was very grateful for what he did and wanted to reward him the only way I could.

“Matt, wait, are you single?” I asked

“I ... I am. Why?”

“When is the last time you slept with a girl?”

“Chloe? ... This is embarrassing. What kind of question is that?”

“Just tell me, don’t worry.”

“I don’t know ... Years ... I just don’t have time to build relationships with girls. I’m always too busy.”

“Well ... I don’t want to put you in a tough spot. But I want to give you something in exchange for all your help.”

“Chloe ... this is just business ...”

I pushed myself up on my tiptoes and gave him a deep kiss with a lot of tongue. The way he leaned into the kiss showed how much he liked it.

“So, how was my gift? Is it still just business?”

“... It’s ... good.”

“Are you in a hurry? We can do it some more if you liked it.”

“Well ... I have a few minutes ... I guess.”

We kissed again ... and again. I seriously started to be turned on. He was an excellent kisser, and I was losing myself in the moment. I wanted to give him a little something, but in the end, he was not the only one that got rewarded by this activity. I just didn’t deserve it nearly as much as he did.

I was pretty sure he liked me very much now, which made me a happy girl. Going through this ordeal was partly to become a better version of myself, the money wasn’t everything. This kindness I expressed to Matt, for no other reason than gratitude, was the first step in my recovery. It felt so good to give freely and I wanted more of this feeling ... but we had to go.

We walked in silence, but I was still holding on his arm and my head rested on his shoulder. He led me to a small room where there was a coffin-like device made of shiny white plastic next to some computer equipment. There was nothing fancy in here. Matt spoke to me as he was opening the side door of the white box.

“Alright, Chloe, just lie down in there, then I’ll walk you through the process. It is pretty straightforward.”

“Okay ...”

I started to unbutton my shirt, but Matt stopped me immediately.

“Woah! Stop! ... What are you doing, Chloe?”

“Taking off my clothes? Are you shy?”

“You don’t have to ... you can enter the box with your clothes on.”

“Oh ... Sorry, I didn’t know that. But ... since I’m already unbuttoned ... Would you mind ...”

I grabbed one of his hands and placed it on my breast. Matt was not resisting one bit. I could hear the ethical conflict bubbling inside his head, but he really was attracted to me, I could tell. I was the one offering, and I was not getting any privileges from this, so why not?

Matt and I kissed for a few more minutes while he massaged my chest. It was beyond me; I really wanted to make love to him right now. The sexual waves were traveling through me, making me feel amazing. I asked Matt a simple question.

"Matt ... Do you want to have sex with me?"

"Yes ... badly."

"Well, me too ... Let's do it ... I can't wait any longer."

"Chloe ... I ... I can't ... We have to do the transfer now ... I submitted the case to the authorities, and we have a limited amount of time to confirm the transfer. If we don't provide the clone code asap, we will be in trouble."

That sucked! Matt couldn't fuck me because of a paperwork issue? Funny, it was the first time a man served me that excuse, but I understood that it was out of his control. Perhaps it was because I was ridiculously turned on that such a weird and twisted idea popped up in my mind.

"Then ... Matt ... Could you make love to me while I'm sleeping? I know I would love it, and I know you want me badly too."

"Chloe ... But ... That's ..."

"Shhh ... Let's do this transfer ... I don't want to argue about my offer, this is what I want."

I kissed him one last time and walked to the box. I slid inside, and ... it was not comfortable at all. He closed the side panel, but we could still talk to each other even though it was a bit muffled.

“Do you have a pillow?” I asked.

“No, but it will only take a few minutes. Just relax. So, here is what will happen. You’ll feel as if you were falling asleep, and then you’ll just wake up right away. In real-time, about two hours

would have elapsed. Be aware that when you'll wake up, you'll have a surge of emotions, but it will go away quickly. It is just the clone's brain that is firing up for the first time. You may cry, laugh, feel depressed, but don't worry; it means nothing. It is just hormones settling down. It will pass."

"Got it. I'll try to remember."

"So, what kind of body do you want?"

"Kind? Do you mean I can choose?"

"Yes, of course. Look at the screen and pick one."

I looked at the built-in screen inside the box and there was a choice of body types for me to select from. Right away, I spotted the girl with long legs, thin waist, and larger breasts. Why not, it was not every day that I could decide what I was going to look like. I thought my real body was really cute, but it was not as stereotypical as this. I probably read too many women's magazines in my life, I wanted to try something like this, something different.

"C ... I like C."

"I don't want to sound misogynistic, but good choice. Now, what hair color do you want?"

"Can you do red? I like red."

"Chloe, everything is on the screen, you just pick one ..."

"Sorry... C again."

"That's bold ... Don't forget; this is not a game. The clone needs to make some serious money. If you look like a punk, it won't help you."

"Still C ... That's what I want. It will make me stand out."

"Ok, then. Next are the eyes."

"R3 ... They are beautiful ... brown-red ... That's so cool. Why don't we all use clones?"

"Because it is illegal. It is a punishment, remember? Your real body lost its freedom; it is very serious, don't ever forget about that. So, skin color now?"

"I wish I could be tanned like B ... Give me B."

I'm going to look like one hot chick once this is all over. I was already aroused, and those thoughts were not helping, which made me ask a silly question.

"Matt, can clones have sex?"

"Hehe, of course, they can. As I said before, you'll feel like 18 again."

"Mmm ... That could be fun then."

"Right! It's ready. I want you to close your eyes and relax. I promise you won't feel a thing. Remember, when you wake up, you might freak out a bit, but just let it pass. Okay?"

"Okay ... Hey, Matt?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you. I won't disappoint you."

"Hey, I'm sure you won't, Chloe. I'll see you on the other side."

I heard some sort of white noise getting louder and louder. My eyelids were so heavy ... and ... I was getting so turned on. What was happening? My arousal was spiking up like crazy, but I couldn't move. Then I started breathing heavily and moaning. Wait. This was not my voice! Were those moans mine? I couldn't stop them. My pussy clenched over and over, and my whole body started spasming. When I felt the control over my body coming back, I started screaming ... of pleasure?

"Aaaaaann! I'm cumiiiiing! AAAAAH!"

"Chloe! Chloe! Relax! ... I'm here. It's Matt ... Calm down. Just breathe and let it pass. Breathe."

I opened my eyes, and I saw the blurry face of Matt right in front of mine. He was holding my shoulders down to the bed. I gripped his shirt and tried to understand what was happening. His calm voice slowly started to reach me more and more, soothing me.

"Where ... Where am I?" I asked.

"Calm down, Chloe. And those are my questions. Do you know where you are?"

"I ... Oh ... Wait ... The clone?"

"That's right. You are safe. Everything went really well. Tell me a bit about you. Your name, age ..."

"I'm Chloe ... 27 ... I owe 1.3 million."

"Haha, I'm glad you remember that part too. Come on, sit up, slowly. I need to check a couple of things. Your vision will get better in a minute. Your brain is still rewiring."

Matt helped me up and started to check my vitals such as my blood pressure and temperature, blood oxygen level, and more. I was still on a high after my sudden orgasm. He never mentioned anything about this.

"I came so hard, why?"

"Hehe. That was actually cute, and it doesn't happen often. Usually, people cry or laugh. Now that I'm thinking about it, maybe it was my fault. If you were sexually excited when we did the transfer, the same level of excitement would be your new normal in the clone. The transfer read your original body hormone level and used it to calibrate your clone. It is to ensure you feel roughly the same in this new body."

"Is this why I'm feeling horny right now?"

"More than likely, but if you calm down, I expect that it will mostly go away until ... Well ... Until something turns you on again."

"Well, I hope it will be manageable. Matt, those clothes are ugly!"

"Well, get used to them. It is our generic uniform. I'm not allowed to give you anything else. Starting right now, you have no possession at all, not even your original body. This clone is your only belonging. It is your salvation; take good care of it."

I was wearing a white blouse and a pair of blue capri pants. Not something I would call a uniform. It was more like what a soccer mom would wear; pretty offensive for a girl like me that only liked cute dresses. The shoes were just basic white sneakers.

“I won’t get a job dressed up like this. That’s for sure. Can I look at myself?”

“Yes, there is a full-length mirror in the corner over there. You look gorgeous. A little trick, just imagine it is a costume you are wearing, that way you won’t feel as weird.”

I slowly stood up; there was a lot more strength in those legs than I expected, enforcing a belief that I could get used to this new body. I walked up to the mirror and looked at myself. Matt was right; I was beautiful. My height was about 5’6”. My hair was bright red, more bold than what it looked like on the screen, and it was lower back long. Bringing my face closer to the mirror I looked at those eyes ... I loved them. They were like embers. My skin was tanned as if I were coming back from vacation on a tropical island. I gave my breast a good squeeze ... big ...

“Matt? Did you make them bigger?”

“No, they are what you selected. But you should stop massaging them.”

“Why? Ooooooh ... Aaah ... Damn ... I see what you mean now by extra arousal. I will have to be careful.”

“I don’t think this ever happened before, that hormone calibration issue. You’ll have to report the effects back to me.”

“I guess ... Hey, I want to see my old self. Can I?”

“You are not supposed to ... but ... We haven’t stored it yet. Just a quick look, okay?”

Matt led me out of the room, but I had no idea where we were. This was not the same section where I fell asleep. Following him was my only option. Not too far away, he opened a door and let me take a peek inside the room. There I was, lying down on a long comfy chair. I looked so peaceful, well, and asleep.

“Can I get my clothes back?”

“No. I’m not allowed to give them to you.”

“Can I touch myself?”

That sounded so weird.

“You are not supposed to. We are responsible for her safety. You are not even supposed to be here, in fact. I was just trying to be nice since you were so ... lovely. Alright, I’m going to have to ask you to leave now. You have a lot of work to do to bring back that much money. Follow me.”

He gently grabbed my hand and walked me to the front desk, to one of the receptionists. I squeezed his fingers back. I didn’t really want to leave him just yet.

"Amanda, this is Chloe, the black-haired girl from this morning. Please give her a starter kit along with the usual information. She is very smart; she understands the whole system already."
"Sure, Matt. Oh my ... you turned this one into a sex doll or what?"

A sex doll? That was ... mean. Not that I found the term disgraceful, but what did I do to her? She tried to look down on me by calling me that. I frowned a bit and retorted.

"I'm looking good enough to get a better job than yours."

Matt placed his arm between the two of us.

"Amanda, just give her what she needs. This is ridiculous. I told you not to treat customers like that."

"She is just a clone. Ah, whatever."

Matt pulled me aside to say his goodbyes.

"Chloe, this will happen again, be careful. A lot of people are jealous of clones or simply freaked out by them. If it happens, don't pick a fight like you just did, you are not a real human, and they may harm you without any remorse. Most people won't notice it, but if they do, just walk away."

"Ah, it's fine. I'm good with people. I won't have any problems."

"I hope so. It would be a shame for this clone to get damaged. Give me a call if you get hurt, and we will see what we can do."

"Cool. Hey Matt ... Don't say anything, but don't forget about what I asked you to do earlier, okay? I would love it. You are special to me."

Matt looked around to make sure nobody was looking at him, and he gave me a quick kiss on the forehead.

"I'll miss you, Chloe. Good luck."

"I'll see you soon, yes."

What a great guy. I like him so much. He almost made me forget the giant mess I was in. I will have to work my ass off to get out of it one day, and perhaps take him out on a real date. Matt smiled gently and walked away before calling another awaiting client and leading him to his office.

Amanda was still rummaging through one of her cabinet drawers and pulled out a cellphone with my name on it along with a charger. She turned it on and asked me to scan my fingerprints on the sensor at the back. While the phone finished configuring, she explained what it was for.

"Don't lose the phone. If it breaks, you come back here asap. It is your whole life. It is your phone, email, ID, and payment card. We are also tracking you with it."

"I guess there is no money on it."

"Matt asked me to add 20\$ to your account. I don't know why, but he is bending the rules for you. It's from his own pocket, so I guess it is kind of legal, even if not ethical. I guess you will eat something tonight, not just the roadkills you find along the road."

"Ewww! Gross."

The harsh way she was talking to me made my new reality sink in a bit more home. I had nothing at all. I only had this new body designed to work hard and bring back the money, and people that would find out about me being synthetic would possibly hate my guts.

Amanda went to another cabinet and pulled out a little rectangular black backpack.

"Here, it is empty, but you can slowly collect what you need and carry it around."

"Thanks."

I placed my new cell phone and charging cable in it and put the backpack on. I looked like a soccer mom mixed with a Pokemon trainer now. Amanda walked around the desk with a scanning device. She pushed my overly long hair aside and scanned something behind my head.

"All done. You can go now. Don't be late with your payment; else we will kill you."

"Hum. What did you scan? And could you not use a more gentle term than killing?"

"Chloe, you are one of our clones. You have a small barcode behind your neck. If you cut your hair, keep it long enough to hide it. People will give you grief because of it, for good reasons. And yes, we will kill you if you are late. We call a bitch a bitch."

"So harsh. Amanda, what did I do to you?"

"Just get out. You are done here, and I'm busy."

This woman was not nice. I didn't like her very much. My thumbs wrapped around my backpack straps, and I walked away from this place. There was no point in stretching a conversation with this mean girl. The doors slid open to let me out, and for the first time, this body experienced the outside air. I felt fantastic.

I could have used the 20\$ to call a cab, but it wouldn't have been wise. I had brand new shoes, and I intended to use them.

"I need serious money. Where to start? I really do have to figure it out by myself."

I started walking, trying to come up with a plan in my head. I only had thirty days to come up with a large sum of 7250\$. A job in a fast-food restaurant wouldn't cut it, that was a given. Where could I get that amount from then? Using the palm of my hand, I tapped the side of my head.

“Come on, you idiot! You don’t need all that cash today. Right now, you just need to survive and make enough to get you started. You need food and a roof for tonight. That is all. Oh, and clothes too! You look like a default character from the Sims.”

How could I get those basic things? To appreciate how easy it was to walk in this brand new body, I paused my thoughts for a moment. I was so strong and healthy; it was magnificent. I could push this new shell as hard as I wanted since it would be discarded after use anyway. Thinking that I didn’t have to overly respect it gave me a couple of ideas. I would probably be okay tonight, all things considered.

I walked for a while until I reached the place I had in mind. It was a large park with all kinds of people performing random activities. I glided around with my sexy strong legs like a seeking missile in search of it’s target. A young male would do. I found one resting in the shades with his dog, so I carefully approached him and used my loveliest voice.

“Hello, sir.”

“Hmm ... What?”

“Well, I thought you looked cute, so I just wanted to say hello.”

“Go away. I have a girlfriend already, and I don’t do prostitute.”

ACK! That was harsh. Why? Was it because of my hair or my boobs? I didn’t dare to reply to him and just walked away. I went to a different area of the park and saw another cute young guy, a reader this time, sitting on a bench. I unbuttoned my plain blouse a little bit more. Seriously, everybody should like exposed breasts.

“Hi there. Can I sit next to you for a bit?”

“... Sure ... What can I do for you?”

“Oh, nothing. I was walking around and just needed to rest.”

“Okay. Sure.”

“...”

“...”

“I’m Chloe.”

“I’m John.”

“What are you reading?”

“It’s just a love story ...”

“Aaah. Love. I could use some love too right now.”

“... between two guys.”

ACK! What kind of luck was that? I found an excuse to leave and withdrew to a different location. I tried a couple more times with other guys without any success, lowering my standards more and more, and the last answer I got was that he had seen me flirting around with everyone else and that I was probably infected. It was definitely not my day. Talk about a false start.

Was my clone so gorgeous that people found it suspicious? I needed new clothes as soon as I possibly could to project a better image. I was just standing next to a tree, scanning the open area of the park for any other potential candidate, but the pool was running dry. And that was when I felt a hand squeezing my butt.

“Hey! What the ...”

“Hey, babe! Looking for some fun?”

“I ... Well ...”

This man with wandering hands wasn't the cute one I was hoping for. He was shorter than me, probably in his sixties, not quite clean looking and overweight. Not mentioning that his smile was kind of terrifying. He definitely needed some good brushing and flossing. I really had a hard time picturing myself sleeping with this guy tonight.

“How much do you charge?” He asked.

“Uh ... hum ...”

“Come on! Don't be shy ... I know what you are, look at yourself. Do you want the money or not?”

The money ... Matt's words echoed inside my brain ... I couldn't afford to be picky or ethical. I needed the money badly, if only to get me started. After all those rejections, I didn't have the luxury of choice. The sun was going down fast, and I had no other options anyway. The park was not where I wanted to sleep tonight. So I spat a random number to the man, hoping for the best.

“... 500\$?”

“Holy shit! No. 300\$ for the night. You don't even wear heels.”

“300\$ will be fine, I suppose, just this one time.”

“Alright, you better be good in bed.”

I had no clue if this body of mine would be good in bed, but I knew it would be displeased. I would never have slept with this guy if it had been my own body. He put his arm around my waist and walked me to his place. I just hoped to not end up with too much psychological damage.

Matt was closing the building after his long and emotional workday. His other clients declined the offers, but at least he had a perfect moment with that Chloe girl. Unfortunately, he knew there was no way she would be able to pay him next month. Over 7000\$ was insane. And she would have to do it month after month, and for what? So she could stay in debt for the rest of her life? 1.3 million. He never saw a client that pulled such a stunt.

That reality made him sad because she was so lovely. Her natural friendliness was probably the reason why he had decided to do the deal ... and she kissed him, touched him. Everything was signed, and she still gave him all that genuine affection. She knew there was nothing to gain by flirting at the time she did. Did she like him that much? Or was she romantically attracted to him? It was puzzling.

He turned off all the lights and locked all the doors. He sent his staff home a while ago, already. He went to the clinic part of the building and entered the room where Chloe's body was resting. He had not stored her just yet; he would have to do this soon. The cute black-haired girl was so peaceful, lying down on her long chair. He placed his hand on her cheek, rubbing it with his thumb.

"Why did she ask me that? She wants me to make love to her while she is sleeping. It would be so wrong. Could she really be okay with it?"

He was perplexed. She did give him her consent; it was recorded by a security camera as well, which would probably not hold well in court. His main priority was to keep her safe while she was using her clone. But she was so pretty. Black hair, brown eyes, thin and short. She was so cute. Those kisses she gave him were the problem. He loved them so much.

"Aaaah! Chloe, what did you do to me? I think I will trust you. But don't make me regret it later. I would be heartbroken."

He walked out of the room and made his way to the back door of the facility. He disconnected the camera and went to the parking lot to fetch his car and drove it next to the door. He hurried and went to get Chloe's body. She was so light. He carried her back to his vehicle and sat her carefully in the passenger seat. He reconnected the camera, armed the alarm system of the building, and drove off.

Twenty minutes later, Matt parked inside the garage attached to his house. Using the utmost care, he carried her to his bedroom and gently laid her down on top of his king bed. He had roughly another 12 hours in front of him before he had to store her. Longer than this and she would risk dehydration and starvation. He would never allow that to happen.

"So, Chloe, what should I do with you?"

He slowly stripped her down to her underwear. All his movements were full of respect and desire. He had no intention to mistreat her in any way; he was simply a guy in love that was going to have fun after being permitted by his new girlfriend. He was so turned on by her and couldn't stop caressing her almost naked body. He undressed as well and started to cuddle her warm body gently.

"Thank you, Chloe, thank you so much for that! I needed this badly."

On that night, he couldn't have sex her. He was not ready for it even though she asked him to. He denied her from her wish and didn't even want to kiss her. It would have been too much too quickly. Holding her gently in his arms provided enough good feeling for one day.

I entered the man's apartment, and it was not that bad at all. He took better care of his place than of himself. This would be a good place to stay for the night. However, the guy immediately grabbed me by the waist and pulled me close. I was here for a reason.

"Woah, calm down tiger. Why ... Why don't we take a shower first ... See, that's my thing. I like to make you feel better ... before making you feel amazing," I said.

"In a hurry to get naked? Good ... Alright, go in there first, and I'll join you in a minute. I do have a surprise for you as well. The way you are dressed right now is such a turn-off."

Well, he didn't lack honesty, but I also fully understood why he was single. And what surprise was he referring to? I put my backpack down next to the door and headed to the bathroom. There was a shower in a tub, simple, but at least it would kill some of the unwanted bacterias. I had to remind myself several times this body was not my body. My real body was safely stored at the recovery agency under Matt's care.

The warm water running for the first time on this new clone felt great. I rubbed my soapy hands all over myself and started to feel excited already. This constant arousal was as much a blessing as a curse. It was a bit strange, unnatural perhaps, but who didn't like being sexually excited at the end of the day?

All of a sudden the older man pulled the curtain open, making my heart skip a beat. I was here, naked and sexy in front of someone that was not that attractive to me. I was in my happy zone until he showed up. I had no choice; I had to do all I could to minimize the moral damages I was going to take tonight. The one thing I could do, was to be nice to him, I vowed that I would treat people well after all.

"Hi, sir! Come on in; I'll give you a good scrubbing."

"I hope so, that's why I'm paying you, whore."

Could he be ruder? I wasn't going to let him treat me like this. I just tried to be friendly. What was he trying to achieve? Show me how confident and manly he was? I was wondering what happened to him to turn into something like this.

"Hey! If you want to get some, you have to be nice. Let me clean you well before we do anything, and then I'll let you have the night of your life."

"Grrmm ..."

He mumbled something, but at least he started listening to me. I let him touch me as much as he wanted with his hands in exchange for his good behaviour. Affectionately washing him like this made him start to relax a bit. I think he began to understand that it was okay just to let someone take care of him without judgment. He loved my breasts a lot, unfortunately, my body reacted strongly. I tried to hide it, but holy crap, it felt so good.

I reached the point where I had to wash his crotch. I couldn't avoid what was inevitable, so I knelt down in the tub and started to clean his private parts. It was not my body; I repeated to myself over and over. And when he put his two hands on my head, I knew there was no escape anymore. Doing this would provide me with what I needed to survive for the next few days, so I needed to accept that part at least; it was what I decided to do tonight to make a few dollars.

He pushed his entire length inside my mouth. Good thing he wasn't that big, he was barely touching my throat. This was going to be manageable. I acted as if I enjoyed it and tried to give him what he was going to pay me for, a bit of pleasure and a bit of self-confidence. It was easy to pretend to be turned on since I was in that state for real despite my reluctance.

I sucked him nicely for a long moment. Occasionally he was trying to be rougher, he probably learned that from porn videos. It was alright, I let him feel like he was good at it. Without any warning whatsoever, he pushed his cock as deep as he could in my mouth and came. Taste of cum never grossed me out before. I didn't know if it was because of this clone, but it was not very good this time. Perhaps those brand new taste buds were just too sensitive. Anyway, I gagged a little and swallowed it all.

He praised me for a job well done, as if his opinion mattered, and we finished our shower. I needed to do something about his mouth before I would let him kiss me. I looked inside his pharmacy mirror and found what I was looking for, a free sample of floss his dentist probably gave him years ago. I lowered the toilet cover and made him sit on it.

"How was your shower?" I asked.

"Good, you did well."

"Aww, thanks, I wasn't sure I could take a cock that big. But now, there is something else I would like to do. I like to take care of my clients well, as I said. It won't be that fun at first, but you'll feel so much better after. I'm going to clean your teeth well. It is a little fetish of mine. Is that okay?"

First, I lied about his cock, then I acted all motherly and kinky so he would allow me to do it. If he could understand that he didn't have to behave all dominant around me, we both would have a better night. He could actually be a nice guy if he stopped acting that way.

I grabbed the toothbrush and put some paste on it. He didn't argue one bit. I gently brushed his teeth while caressing his face and giving him encouraging words, as if he was a child. I think he

liked it quite a bit. I gave him some water to rinse and made him spit back into the glass. I poured the advanced colony down the sink drain and grabbed the floss.

"Alright, this won't be fun, but you will be a good boy, okay? You'll feel much better after."

"... Sure."

"By the way, I'm Chloe. What is your name?"

"John."

"Hehe. Nice meeting you, John. Hold still now and don't bite."

I pulled out a long string of floss and rolled it around my fingers and entered his mouth. I had trouble finding the space between his teeth so much it was caked with tartar. Slowly but surely, I flossed carefully and with determination to make him feel better. The smell that came out of there was not joyful, but I endured. Was it his fault, really? If he were over 60 and never learned to take care of his teeth, he probably didn't have a very happy life. I kind of felt sorry for him, so I gently talked during the process.

"The top is almost done. You are doing so well."

"... it burns ..."

"I know, I know ... here ... rinse with cold water, and you'll feel better."

"Chloe is a nice name."

"Oh, thanks! I like it too. It's cute, isn't it? Let's do the bottom now. Are you ready?"

"It hurts ..."

I sat on his lap, pressing my body against his. I was going to finish that well-needed mouth job.

"I know, hang in there. Just play with my naked body while I'm doing it. It will keep your mind busy."

Oh, God. His hands felt so good. Was it normal that this clone's skin was so sensitive? His hands were kind of soft too, probably well polished by his masturbation habits. I was starting to like this new body a bit more all of a sudden.

The bottom jaw went a bit better, but it was bleeding quite a bit. After a few rinses and another brushing, they looked a bit more like teeth than concrete blocks. For the first time, I kissed him, and it was very acceptable, even with the tongue.

"See how good it is now?"

"Yeah. I guess. Thank you."

"Hehe. You know what, you are a good man, John. So, you said you had a surprise for me earlier?"

"Yes, I put something on the bed for you."

"Ah yeah? What is it?"

"A dress. I think it would suit you."

I got off him and went to the bedroom ... and why was I not surprised? It was a small black and white PVC maid uniform. Where he got that from was a mystery that I didn't want to unveil. What he did with it during all those years, I didn't want to know either. I pinched the shoulders of the somewhat cute dress and lifted it in front of me; it was heavier than it should have been. Some matching panties were waiting for me on the bed as well, and once more, I didn't want to know.

"Come on, put it on," he said.

It was not my body ... It was not my body ... I unzipped the back of the dress and climbed in it. It was a bit too small for me; those new breasts were quite voluminous. It worked well in the end because the PVC stretched nicely. I put my legs in the panties and slid them up. Hopefully, there wouldn't be little worms tickling my clit all night.

"So? How do I look, John?"

"Mmm, You remind me of my wife?"

"Your ... your wife?"

"Don't worry; she passed away years ago."

"John! I'm so sorry to hear that ..."

"It's fine ... It's been a while. I will cook us some dinner. At my age, I'm not ready for round two just yet."

His age had nothing to do with it, he was just not healthy. While he was trying to prepare some food, I walked a bit around his living room. In the bookshelf, there were a bunch of old pictures. One of them picked my interest. It was a young couple holding hands in front of Niagara Falls. I took a closer look at it just to confirm my suspicion. It was John and, more than likely, his dead wife.

I couldn't help it. All the mean things I thought about him made me feel quite guilty. There was no certainty, but more than likely, his life went to hell after his wife's early departure. She was probably taking care of him well, and when she left, he just couldn't keep up with life. I was sad for him.

"Chloe, since you are my maid, try to be useful and set the table."

Well, I guess I would have to be a bit nicer around him. Even though I possessed a single fragment of his story, it still opened my eyes. I wanted him to be happy if only for one night. I would feel better about myself and would enjoy the night much more if I knew I did something good for someone in need. I did hurt so many people with my debt catastrophe. Remembering how it felt to give something priceless to someone was something I wanted.

The dinner was fun. We had a little chit-chat, and I acted like a sexy maid, I even sat on his lap to make him eat his dessert. It was just oreo cookies, but still, it felt friendly and good, partly because he didn't act stupid anymore and it made me happy to take care of him.

We then went to bed a bit later and he quickly discovered that I tasted good. He licked me over and over, and I came over and over. This extra arousal I was stuck with was nuts. Otherwise, his performance in bed was way below average, but it was still enough to make me feel really good. Since he had no stamina whatsoever, I spent a lot of time cuddling him and making him talk about all kinds of stuff. I may have even managed to convince him to take better care of his teeth once I would be gone.

The next morning, I woke up early, still wearing the maid uniform. This body could sleep profoundly; I felt very refreshed. I didn't want more sex from him, but I had to wake him up to collect what he promised me.

"Hey ... John, I have to go. Can you pay me now?"

"Mmm ... Yeah, I guess I have to do that."

He sounded grumpy. I can only imagine how he felt when he understood that none of what happened was real. Today he would be alone again, back into his usual joyless life. Not fun at all. He pulled out his wallet from his crumpled pants on the floor and removed all the bills from it.

"Here, take this."

"Well ... we said 300\$... this is 180\$..."

"Whatever, you were average, just keep the outfit."

"Average? But ... And the uniform is full of cum ..."

"Just go, Chloe ... Just go, please."

"..."

"Hey ... John? ... For what it's worth. You are a good man. Don't forget about that, okay?"

He was the one that didn't respect our deal, but yet, I was the one feeling bad. He didn't have anything else to give me. His wallet was as empty as his heart.

I went to the hallway and took off the outfit, and stuffed it in my backpack along with the money he gave me. My pussy was still a bit caked with cum, but I didn't want to stick around any longer, I needed to move and go back to my main quest as soon as possible. With my ugly clothes back on, I grabbed my backpack and left the premises.

I sat on the front steps of his apartment building with my phone to collect my thoughts. It was 6 am, and I still had 29 days to find 7050\$, and that was only if I wasn't spending anything. Today, I would have to find new clothes that were somewhat decent and also needed a haircut badly ... and some food.

That dirty maid uniform was taking a lot of space in my backpack but it could be useful if I found a nice way to decontaminate it. I spoke to myself in an attempt to avoid the thought.

“Let’s call last night a win. I have funds to live another day, and I discovered that this body is made of pure sexiness. That can come handy, I suppose.”

My phone rang, pulling me out of my in-depth analysis. Was I really receiving a call? From a private number too?

"Hello?"

"Hey, Chloe?"

"MATT! I'm so happy to hear your voice! This clone works great."

"Yeah ... Well ... I'm not calling you for that ..."

"Uh? What's up? You sound a bit down?"

"Yeah ... Listen ... I made a huge mistake last night ... We need to talk."

Remaining debt : 1,300,000\$

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