

Dream Girl 2

Faye Valentine

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Dr. Melissa Hughes went over the charts six times before eventually, reluctantly accepting the facts. By all accounts Madalyn and Logan Walsh were completely healthy. Or at least that's what the battery of test performed before their operation indicated. But now, just a month after implantation their organs were beginning to fail. First it was the kidneys. Then the liver and now lungs. Knowing they had little time to live, she left her office and took the elevator down three floors to the large subterranean apartment her newest hire and lover Eliza Walsh called home.

Eliza was enjoying the rare day off of work and neurolink lessons when she heard the door open. "Hey babe, I'm in the bedroom, she called out, knowing there was only one other person in the entire company that had a key to her new home.

"Um, can you come out here please?"

"I'd rather you come in here," Eliza teased.

"It's about your parents."

All thoughts of sex vanished as Eliza ran butt naked out of the bedroom and down the short hallway to the living room. "W-What about my parents?"

"There's no easy way to say this so I'll just cut straight to the point," Melissa said as she offered the tablet she held in her right hand. "I know you're still earning your medical degree but you know enough to understand what that means. All tests indicated your parents were healthy enough for implantation, but...but they're dying, Eliza. Their organs are failing faster than we can repair the damage. They're dying. But they don't have to. We don't have clones of their bodies yet, but we do have clones we can put them in until theirs reach maturity."

"THEN DO IT!"

"That's where the law gets tricky, Eliza. We cannot transfer their consciousness into clones, their own or otherwise without their permission and they haven't given it."

"I'm their god damn medical power of attorney and I'm telling you to do it!"

"I want to, believe me I do, but I cannot do it without their permission and since they're in a medically induced coma..."

"Will they live long enough to wake up and answer for themselves?"

"Given the rate of failure I don't believe so."

"Then let me go in! Let me enter their minds as you entered mine a thousand times while I was under and I'll get you the permission you need. You can record the whole thing so you know they've given it and don't you fucking dare tell me you can't because I know we have the technology. Have you been in their minds? Have you told them any of this?"

"I have not."

"Then let me be the one to tell them."

"Alright, but before I hook you up there's something you need to know about the clones they'll be inhabiting. Your father is currently forty-five years old, your mother forty-three. If they accept the clones we have available, however, he'll be placed in the body of a twenty-year-old and she'll be placed in one that is nineteen. They'll still have all of their memories, but they'll be younger than you, Eliza."

"I'll let them know, but something tells me they'd rather be young again than dead."

"Put some clothes on and then meet me in isolation room seven. I'll have your mother brought down. Once you're finished telling her you'll need to take at least eight hours before you can be connected to your father's link." Seeing her lover about to protest, she held up her left

hand. “I know you want to tell them both as quickly as possible, I’d want the same if I were in your position, but you’ve had enough lessons to know the risk of neural degradation is too high. If you want I can go in at the same time you’re telling your mother so...”

“No, I should be the one to tell them. Besides, there might be other qualified technicians here but you’re the only one I trust with our lives. Don’t just stand there! Go get things ready and I’ll join you in a minute.” Rushing back to the bedroom, Eliza quickly put on a skirt and blouse for modesty sake and then ran barefoot out of her apartment where she reached the elevators about thirty feet behind Melissa who stuck her arm out to prevent the doors from closing.

“That was fast.”

“I’m not wearing anything underneath,” Eliza said as she stepped into the elevator. “So, could their condition be caused by the neurolink implant?”

“Unlikely. The tech has been in use for nearly two centuries and no one has ever exhibited this sort of trauma before. Some mental and emotional abnormalities, yes, but never organ failure. And for it to happen a month after implantation also leads me to suspect another cause?”

“Such as?”

“I don’t know. But I promise you I won’t stop looking into it until I’ve found the answer.”

“Their bodies can never be cloned can they? Whatever’s happening to them now will just happen to the clones. They can never go back to being themselves can they?”

“I’m afraid not. But the clones they’re going into are young and if I say so myself very attractive so they might not mind.”

“Um, who exactly are they going into?”

“That’s where we’re headed now. That way you can snap some pictures through your link to show them. As for who the clones were, well, cloned from, that would be my sister Alanna and her husband Ryan. Don’t worry, they died in a plane crash a hundred and sixty years ago so no one is going to come claiming them.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Thank you.”

“Are you sure you want my mother running around in your sister’s body? Also, how do you have a clone of your sister and her husband if they died do long ago?”

“They were both cloned back then and they’ve been in stasis ever since. His neurolink was damaged beyond repair while hers was corrupted. I’ve spent my entire life trying to unscramble the data, but it’s simply degraded too far to ever retrieve. By law, if the link cannot be placed in a clone then the clone becomes the property of the lab and may be used to house another consciousness.” The elevator stopped and the doors slid open. Melissa took five steps before stopping. “Nothing in this world would make me happier than my sister’s clone saving your mother’s life.” And with that she continued walking down the long, wide hallway towards the facility where all of the clones were kept in stasis.

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Although it towered twenty-three stories and held the clones of more than five hundred men and women, Neurotech’s holding facility was actually one of the smallest in the nation but boasted the latest in state-of-the-art technologies – some of which were not available outside the walls of the company. Circular, each story of the sterile metal walls contained thirty-five pods; the majority of which were filled with clones suspended in a special solution that could keep them in stasis for one-hundred years while electrode stimulated muscles and monitored vitals.

“Whoa!” Eliza exclaimed. “It’s much bigger than I imagined.”

“And still smaller than some of the national clone banks,” Melissa replied. “Alanna and Ryan are in pods one and two respectively and have been housed here since we opened. I can’t open the pods until time of transference but I *can* show you what they look like using holo-imaging,” she said as she led the way to a small side chamber. Like the rest of the storage facility the walls were made of metal. The outer edge of the floor was also metal while the middle fifteen feet was occupied by the base of the holo-projector. The top was attached to the ceiling twenty feet above. Such technology was common in many households, but this was the largest Eliza had ever seen.

“Who would you like to see first?” Melissa asked as she walked up to the base of the machine.

“I think I’ve got a good idea what your sister looks like so let’s start with Ryan.”

Melissa typed some information into the terminal and a moment later the semi-transparent full body image of a skeleton pixilated into existence. Organs were next. Then the circulatory system, muscles and tendons. Skin grew. Then short brown hair. Standing six foot three inches and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, he had the body of a man that had taken pride in keeping fit.

“Jesus Christ!” Eliza exclaimed. “Is he part horse or something?” she asked, eyes locked on the biggest manhood she had ever seen. “Sorry, that’s very inappropriate but holy shit! Oh god!”

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m commenting on my father’s future body. I’m going to shut up now.”

“Let’s hope your mother likes ‘em big,” Melissa commented. “I’ll let it rotate so that you can record it from every angle. You are recording, right?”

Open interface, she thought, instantly bringing up the HUD for her neurolink. With a few rapid eye movements the camera was active and recording everything she saw. “I am now,” she said as she slowly let her eyes drift down from Ryan’s handsome face to his sculpted chest and abs. She wanted to skip right over his private parts, but knew she had to get as complete a picture as possible. Once she reached his toes she went back up. His body started to slowly rotate giving her a clear 360-degree view of him. After ten rotations the holographic image stopped and she once again found herself staring at his manhood. And then he was gone.

“Are you ready to see your mother’s new body?”

“Yes,” Eliza answered, her voice soft and full of emotion. “My parents aren’t picky so if there’s any other clone…”

“She’s the only unclaimed female clone that we have. There are several other men, but I figured since she and Ryan were married before the accident they should be revived together, but if you want…”

“Nothing would make my parents happier than knowing they’re going into the clones of lovers.” Skeleton, Organs. Veins and arteries. Muscles. Skin. Long black hair. Left eye blue, right eye green. Standing five feet eight inches and weighing one-hundred-thirty-eight pounds she was a vision of beauty with a body most women would die for. Large breasts. Flat belly. Narrow waist. Round ass and well-tones legs. “She’s beautiful. Except for the eyes I can definitely see the family resemblance. I don’t know a lot about cloning yet, but are there any risks transferring a consciousness into a body not its own?”

“Clones are completely blank slates,” Melissa answered. “The most common side effects are disorientation and some minor body image disorders but they tend to go away after a few

months as the brain adjusts to its new body.” Pausing, she turned to face Eliza. I know this must be weird for you, your mother going into my sister’s body, but…”

“You’re giving my parents a chance at life. Does the mind or the body make the person? I’d like to think the former but even if it’s the latter I’ll still have my mother. My concern is that you’ll be okay seeing your sister with my mother’s consciousness.”

“Nothing will make me happier than seeing my sister’s long slumber finally end. She deserves to be free and through your mother she will be and for that I’m eternally grateful.”

“I love you so much,” Eliza said, pulling Melissa into a tight hug. “I need to tell you that I’m still recording and with your permission would like to share this with my parents. Would that be okay?”

“Of course.”

“Thank you. I don’t want to rush, but I’d like to connect to them before it’s too late.”

“Follow me and I’ll get you prepared while the doctors bring them down.”