

# **The Body of Another**

**By: Crimson Rose**

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## **The One Mind Law of 2096:**

### **Article A:**

All individuals of sound mind are guaranteed the right and privilege of a cloned body in the event the original becomes beyond function or medical repair. If a person is not of sound mind, i.e. they have a mental illness that cannot be cured by conventional medicine, no clone shall be afforded to them. So long as the mind remains free of defect no limit shall be imposed on the number of clones an individual may have.

### **Article B:**

All cloned persons shall have all the rights and privileges of the original, naturally born individual.

### **Article C:**

To prevent imprinting the mind of one individual into the body of another, ALL cloned bodies shall be designed to function ONLY with the brain pattern of the person being cloned.

**Addendum:** In the event an individual's clone has not yet reach maturity, steps may be taken to imprint his or her mind on a surrogate clone until such time as his or her clone becomes ready for use.

### **Article D:**

No clone shall be permitted for past or current criminals no matter what the crime they were charged with. Should a cloned individual commit a crime all future cloning privileges shall be revoked.

## Chapter 1: James' New Body

"Uuhhnnggg," James groaned painfully "where am I?" *Wait!* He thought to himself. *That's not right. Why do I sound like a woman?* He blinked an eye open. He could see the white concrete ceiling inset with lights above. He turned his head to look around, and screamed out in anguish as pain ripped through his entire body. He heard footsteps. Lots of footsteps. They were coming his way.

Half a dozen doctors and nurses were suddenly leering over him. He panicked and tried to scoot away, but the pain held him in place. "What...what's going on?" he asked in confusion. "Where am I? Why do I sound like this? What happened to my voice?" He had a thousand other questions but one of the doctors cut him off.

"It's ok, Mr. Harding, just calm down and we'll explain everything," said the doctor. "My name is Dr. Gregory Nemkova. Do you remember what happened?"

"I...oh god I hurt. Why do I hurt so much?" James asked.

"You were in a horrible accident," answered Dr. Nemkova. "The pain you are feeling are phantom pains, residual effects of the accident compounded by the imprinting process."

James slowly sat up and took a look at his...no, it wasn't his at all. The body he was looking at was that of a young woman, perhaps twenty years old. "This isn't right," he said confused. "I'm a thirty-six year old man. Why do I look like a young woman? What have you done to me? Where's my body?" he said in a panic.

"Please, Mr. Harding," said Dr. Nemkova "let me explain what happened."

James Harding leaned back against the bed, his mind was beginning to clear, but the pain was ever present. He listened to what the doctor had to say with skepticism and horror.

"Three days ago you left for work and were struck by a speeding car," said Dr. Nemkova. "The damage done to your body was beyond repair. We searched your medical file and discovered you have a clone in processing. The problem is your clone will not reach a mature implantation state for another six years."

"SIX YEARS!" James exclaimed "then why aren't I dead? Why am I in this body? Please tell me this is some kind of sick joke!"

"It's no joke, Mr. Harding," Dr. Nemkova continued. "Lucky for you there was another accident that day. A young woman by the name of Renee Fuller was electrocuted. Her body and mind were fried beyond repair."

"How in the hell is that lucky?" James asked, horrified at what he was hearing.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound insensitive, but as it turns out her mind was beyond repair but her clone body was ready and waiting. Renee's mother and your wife discussed the options and an agreement was made. With permission from the family, your mind has been imprinted on Renee's clone."

"But how? I thought that was impossible? My wife, is she here? I'd like to see her now!" James collapsed back on the bed.

"We'll get her and Mrs. Fuller. Nurse, would you please inform Mrs. Harding that her husband is conscious?"

"Yes sir," replied the bubbly blonde nurse.

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Amanda Harding and Tabitha Fuller were sitting in the waiting room talking when the nurse approached them. "Excuse me," the nurse said to them "I have great news. Your husband is

awake and doing well. He's quite confused at the situation, but Dr. Nemkova believes with your help and understanding he'll make a full recovery and be out of here in a matter of days."

Amanda and Tabitha hugged each other tight. It had been an incredibly emotional three days for both of them. There were concessions made, but both believed they did what was best for everyone involved. "Can we see him now?" Amanda asked.

"Of course, please, follow me." The nurse led the two women through the hospital to James Harding's private ICU room.

Amanda ran over to the bed and leaned down to hug her husband. Tabitha ran to the bed to hug her daughter. James lay there and let it happen, confusion still very much his present feeling.

"What's going on?" James asked. "The doctor said it would be best if you explained."

"We'll be right outside if you need anything," said Dr. Nemkova.

"There's a lot to explain," said Amanda to her husband, or at least to the body her husband's mind now resided in. "This is Tabitha Fuller, she is the one responsible for your still being alive. Her sacrifice has given you a new chance at life."

"Thank you," James said, unable to form another word as the lump in his throat grew larger. It took him several long seconds before he was able to continue. "What exactly happened?"

"You were in a horrible accident," his wife replied.

"Unfortunately so too was my darling Renee," Tabitha said, barely able to bite back the tears. "Her mind was too far gone. They refused to imprint her."

"Your body was beyond repair," said Amanda "Your clone has another six years before it can legally be imprinted. As fate would have it, Tabitha and I were brought together in the waiting room. We talked and eventually came to an agreement."

"I couldn't lose my only daughter," Tabitha said, her eyes welling with emotion.

"And I couldn't lose my husband. After talking to the doctors it was agreed that your mind could be imprinted on Renee's body until your clone was prepared. But there are a few stipulations."

"What do you mean, stipulations? James asked. "What do I have to do? I'll do whatever needs to be done. After all, without your kindness I wouldn't be alive right now," he said taking Tabitha's hand in his own. "I owe you my life."

"We agreed to some things you're not going to like," his wife said "but it was necessary for your continued living."

James was starting to get worried now. "Just tell me what I have to do."

"For the next six years you must live your life as Renee would have. You will go to her job and hang out with her friends. You will explain to them what happened and how much time you have left."

"I can understand telling her friends and co-workers," James said "but I have a job. An excellent job that I'm very good at. I'd rather do my own job."

"Honey," Amanda said to her husband of twelve years "we own the company. It's not like you're going to get fired."

"What is Renee's job?"

Amanda and Tabitha looked at each other. The look told James he was not going to like the answer. And he was right.

"Renee was...is a..." Tabitha's voice faltered.

"Renee is a porn star," Amanda replied softly, doing her best to not make it sound like the dirtiest job on the planet.

"A WHAT!" James yelled.

"My daughter was a porn star," Tabitha continued. "Your wife and I came to an agreement. In lieu of you being imprinted on my daughter's body, you will complete the rest of her contract with the studio as well as..." She broke down once again.

"As well as what? James demanded to know. "How long is her contract? I'll buy it out. I'm not going to be a damn porn star!"

"Calm down, honey," Amanda said. "Her contract is for ten years. And I've already signed the contract with Tabitha stating you will complete her studio obligations."

"You can't do that!"

"Would you rather I left you to die? I couldn't lose you. I would have done anything to keep you with me. And as your wife I have the ability to sign such contracts in your name in life or death situations. I did what I thought was best for us."

"What else do I have to do? She was going to say something else. What was it?"

"Renee was an only child. As part of the contract you are to give Tabitha no less than three children over the course of the next ten years."

James was too stunned for words. His mouth dropped open and he just stared at his wife in disbelief. "You have got to be kidding me!" he exclaimed. "You cannot possibly expect me to have children! I'm a man for god's sake!"

"No," Tabitha corrected "you're a woman. Renee always talked about having children someday. She said she wanted three, and so three is what you'll give me."

"I can't have three babies in the next ten years. I get my own body back in six. I'm sorry but this is just too much."

"Your body will be ready in six years," his wife replied "however, it will remain in stasis until you've completed the terms of our contract."

"What about us? Do you plan on remaining married to me as a woman?"

"You might have a woman's body, but you're still my husband," Amanda replied. "I'm with you through thick and thin. We'll get through this together."

"Just so we're all on the same page here," James said "let me see if I got this right. My mind is stuck in the body of this woman for the next decade while I work as a porn star and pop out babies? Does that about cover it?"

"I wouldn't have put it so crudely," Amanda said with an apologetic look at Tabitha "but yes, that about sums it up."

"And I'm contractually bound?"

"Ironclad," Tabitha replied. "Six lawyers looked at it to make sure there were no loopholes."

"Then I suppose I have no choice but to get on with my life."

"That's the spirit, sweetie," Amanda smiled. "The time will fly by, you'll see."