

Hey everyone! MDF here with another short story, though this one's quite a bit longer than my normal stuff. Wanted to do the concept justice, y'know? It's about clones, and inspired by Horizon: Forbidden West (hopefully that's not spoilers). This story features the return of Rose and Thylda from Strike Team Beta. Couldn't wait to use these characters again, and now I can! They're more in supporting roles, but it's still fun. Hope you enjoy!

Here's a version in [Times New Roman](#).

CW: Selfcest, Dysphoria, Dismorphia

It was late. I was up, type, type, typing away at my laptop, working on that last damned formula. The storm outside raged, and Dalia wasn't too happy, choosing to cower under the bed. But she was always cowering, even when it was quiet.

"Fucking... x over t? What about g squared? Gah." I tossed my pen to the side, grabbing my fidget toy and running the problem again and again in my mind. If only Hector was still online. He seemed to be the only one in the entire company on the same wavelength as me.

But it was unreasonable to expect my coworkers to have the same despicable work-life balance as me, even if he was normally on into the ungodly hours of the night. Just like me. "Fucking hell." I stood up to make myself some coffee. Maybe that would calm me enough to figure this problem out.

Hector hadn't been online at all today. I was a little worried, since he usually left a note. As the coffee machine whirred, I heard a notification ding on my computer. It was a message from Hector.

Help.

1185 Silverback Rd

I looked up the address without hesitation, dialing Rose's number on my phone. It was nearby, some sort of warehouse.

"The fuck do you want?"

"I need help. ASAP. Meet me at 1185 Silverback Road."

I could hear her rustling, and another muffled voice on the end of the line. "Go back to bed, darling," she murmured. "See you soon." She hung up.

I pet Dalia's fur to soothe myself, then shook my head to clear my paralysis and got to work.

I donned my hiking gear and rushed to the car, plugging the address into the GPS and rocketing off down the road. One benefit to driving at one in the morning is an empty road. The clouds were just beginning to leak, and the streetlights did barely anything to fend off the darkness. I pulled up to the warehouse, seeing Rose's black van pull in behind me.

I took a moment to steady my breath, and Rose came around to sit in the passenger seat. "Care to explain?"

"Not sure. Got a distress message from a colleague with this address."

She nodded. "Well, you called the right person, though why they sent this address is a mystery."

"You know it?"

"It's a KC warehouse. My team used to come by to stock up before missions, but we got switched to a place further out. Said it was for security." She shrugged, flicking at her holster.

"So, what's in there?"

"We only got to see their armoury. The rest was off-limits."

I nodded. "Think KC's above taking prisoners?"

She raised an eyebrow. "No, why?"

"Hector is the only person I've ever met who's as smart as me. Maybe he found something he shouldn't. You can't deny they're a shady company."

"First, oww, second, you could be right." She stepped out into the parking lot of the warehouse. The lights spaced throughout the lot did little to illuminate anything, but that was all the better for us.

I followed Rose as she snuck closer, stopping as she pointed out a security camera. "That's a night-vision model. They're not skimping with whatever they've got in here."

She crept a bit closer, firing off a dart that stuck to the side of the camera and buzzed. "Let's see... security systems, offline."

The massive front door slid open, and we crept closer. No alarms went off, so there didn't seem to be anyone on duty. "Freya?" a feminine voice called from inside.

Rose and I exchanged a glance. She nodded. "I'm here. Who are you?"

"You need to get me out of here. Now. I'm sure they're on their way."

We crept inside to find a vast laboratory. To the far end sat a woman in a hospital gown, with her knees pulled to her chest. Her hair was a fiery red, just like mine. Rose dashed forward, glancing around each corner before advancing. As she got close to the woman, she paused. "Shit."

"What?" I said, joining her. But, staring back at me, was the face I saw in the mirror every day. With my ugly freckles and pointed nose, my froppy hair. "Oh fuck."

The woman, the other me, nodded. "I can't unplug on my own. Just grab the wire and yank."

"What?" I said, before following where she indicated. At the base of her skull was a jack, with wires connecting her to the wall. "Oh, fuck me. One sec," I knelt beside her, doing exactly as instructed.

The cord came out with a flicker of electricity, and she whimpered, but stood, clinging to my arm. "Please, we need to go, now."

The three of us rushed back to our cars. The other Freya sat in my passenger seat, while Rose leaned over her and plugged an address into my GPS. "My team has a safehouse to the north. I'll take care of Dalia, and be up tomorrow. Don't wanna draw suspicion." She took another look at the two of us, shaking her head, then headed back to her van.

As I drove, the rain picked up more, but the only thing I noticed was the other me shaking. She took hesitant breaths, as though on the verge of a panic attack.

"Hey," I said, reaching over to grab her hand. "You're safe. We're safe. I have no fucking clue what's going on, but just try to keep calm until we get to the safehouse, alright?"

She nodded in my peripheral vision.

"Good." A million questions raced through my mind, but I settled on one. "What's your name?"

"They called me the Duplicate."

"Fuck. Cruel bastards. What should I call you?"

"I don't know. I called myself Freya."

"Freya it is."

She worried at her lip. It was something I did too. Guess the cloning really did work. "Won't it be hard for others?"

"Fuck 'em. You deserve to be you. We can always change our names later if it's too much of a problem."

Her hand trembled in mine, but she stayed silent until we pulled off the road and reached the cabin around sunrise.

As I put the car in park, she let out a breath, reaching for her seatbelt. "Thank you, Freya. I knew I could count on you."

I laughed. "Good thing to trust yourself, eh?"

She cracked a smile, and we headed inside.

The place was a bit musty, but nothing an open window couldn't clear out. It was quite the nice cabin. I'd have to question why Rose had hidden this from me for so long.

Freya let out a low whistle. Another one of my annoying habits, though it was more endearing coming from her. "Nice place. Rose is quite the lucky gal. Think she steals away with her secret lovers?"

I shook my head. "When I called her, there was someone else in bed with her. Presumably at her place in the city."

Freya chuckled, rummaging through the cupboards and pulling out some canned soup. "Hungry? I'm fucking starving."

"I could eat. I'll go check out the bedrooms."

As it turned out, the place was massive. Its size was mostly hidden by the trees, but you could fit a family of twelve in here, with some squishing. I was a bit relieved we wouldn't have to share a bed, though another part of my brain wondered what it would be like.

I returned upon hearing Freya shout for me. She poured two bowls of soup and laid out some cutlery on the table. "Bon appétit." God, I was pretentious. But as she looked at me, all proud of her accomplishment, it was hard to begrudge her.

We ate mostly in silence, until I couldn't take it anymore. I hadn't slept since yesterday, and the questions were pounding at my skull. "Okay, are you Hector?"

She nodded. "Yep. Double the efficiency of their greatest mathematician."

I shook my head, taking a slurp. The soup was pretty good for something scrounged in a hurry. "Can I ask some more questions?"

"Sure. I'd be dying to in your place. I'm honestly impressed you've held out so far." She flashed a smile.

"How old are you?"

"Same as you. Well, mentally. I have all your memories up until October 6th, 2020."

I nodded, taking another spoonful. The timeline did line up with Hector's arrival. "So, you've been trapped in there for almost a year? Fucking hell."

She chuckled in the way I did when I was trying not to cry. "Well, the life of a labrat is interesting, at least."

I reached across the table to grab her hand. "Don't justify it. You were tortured. I know this may be weird, since I'm you, and all, but you can ask me for anything. I am here for you. As is Rose."

She bit her lip, her eyes welling up. With the back of her hand she wiped them away. "I'm fine. What happened sucked, but I'm here. With you. God," she laughed. "I fucking prayed this day would come, that I'd be sitting here, across from you. And that you wouldn't hate me." Her face twisted into tears again, and I stood to go hold her.

"I could never hate you. I don't hate myself, well, not most of the time."

She nodded, sniffing. "So you never went to therapy like we promised mom?"

I shook my head. "Nope. Work is a better coping mechanism."

"Fuck, we're both broken, aren't we."

I put my hand to my chest in faux-indignation. "How dare you! I am a perfectly healthy individual with a perfectly healthy sleep schedule!"

That got her laughing, and she wiped away the tears again. "Okay, bedtime. Which room are you taking?"

I led her upstairs, and showed her to what I deemed the nicest room. She deserved it, after everything she'd been through.

I took the room next door, curling up under the blankets. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I was out.

Later, though I couldn't be sure how long, I awoke to a loud moan from the next room over. I jolted up, going to listen by Freya's door. I heard a faint, "no, no, no, please," and I knocked. But it kept going, so I crept inside. She was still asleep, thrashing around.

"Freya," I whispered, going to sit on the bed. Still, she didn't wake.

"Freya," she moaned. "I need you. I'm Hector. Save me." I bit my tongue, then crawled in beside her, against my better judgment. Immediately, she quieted, and rolled over to hug me close.

Tears ran down her cheeks, and I wiped them away, watching her sleep. She was beautiful, snoring softly in my arms. Her hair was tangled from her thrashing, so I quietly stroked along her scalp to undo the knots and straighten it out. Now was the first time I had the chance to get a real look at her.

She was me, though her eyes were more sunken, her skin paler, and her bones more defined. Her hair was also shorter, though it suited her quite well. I'd always shied away from the dyke-y look, but maybe I'd give it a shot.

I settled into her bed, pulling her to my chest and rocking her gently until I fell asleep.

With bleary eyes, I watched her glance over at me, then stand and pace around the room.

"Morning," I mumbled. "Sorry for intruding. Just sounded like you were having a nightmare."

She nodded, relaxing visibly. "I was. I- thank you, Freya. It helped. A lot."

I smiled, stretching and getting up. "Gonna have to get Rose to bring us a change of clothes. Though I guess we've seen each other naked."

She froze, then forced a laugh. "Yeah, ha."

I raised an eyebrow, but dropped it. Maybe the joke was in bad taste.

We headed downstairs, finishing our exploration of the house and its grounds. There was an old desktop computer, a tv, and- thank god, a router.

Beyond the tech that caught our eye initially, the place was fitted with everything you could need. Outside there was even a garden and some forest trails that we vowed to explore later.

It was evening already, and as we relaxed with the tv's soft pining in the background, the crunch of gravel betrayed an approaching car.

I peered out the window, relaxing at the sight of Rose's van. She pulled up alongside my car, and stepped out. Alongside her was a tall, dark-skinned woman, who pulled some bags out of the back.

I met them on the porch. "Hi, I'm Freya. It's a pleasure."

"Thylda," the woman said, dropping a bag to shake my hand. "Rosemary tells me you're on the run from Karmacorp."

I nodded, looking at Rose.

"Well, I've got lots of experience with that. Also, I'm Rose's girlfriend, so it's high time we met."

I gawked. Rose, with a girlfriend? But that could wait. I grabbed Rose and pulled her aside. "Did you tell her about the situation?"

"Yes. Trust me, she's seen weirder."

I backed off. "Alright." I trusted Rose. Maybe more than I should've, but she'd never led me astray as of yet.

I led them inside, to where Freya was sitting on the couch. Thylda went over to shake her hand and introduce herself just as she had with me. Meanwhile, I rummaged through the bags they'd brought. There were plenty of foodstuffs, some clothes that were definitely not mine, and my laptop. "Yes!" I pulled Rose into a hug. "Thank you."

"You'd better. Your place is crawling with KC goons. They're definitely on your trail. Might wanna mask your laptop's ip or some shit before you use it. Not really sure how the tech works."

"Yeah, I've got that covered."

Rose and I joined Thylda and Freya on the couch. "So," Rose started. "What should we call you?"

"We've just been calling each other Freya. Maybe short hair, long hair?" I suggested. It seemed the simplest way not to offend my counterpart. She seemed pleased.

"Sounds good," Thylda said. "So, this place is only known to the members of Rose's squadron. We'll let them know it's in use, though they are trustworthy. I trust them with my life."

Rose nodded. "Thylda is... something Karmacorp doesn't need to know about. My squad are not loyalists. They've kept her secret for the past month without issue. But, I'll respect your decision if you wish to keep them out of this."

I looked at Freya, who shrugged back at me. "We'll think about it. Thank you, again. Both of you."

Rose nodded. "I need to be getting back soon, take part in the manhunt. But Thylda is offering to stay if you'd like. She's a great cook."

I nodded, again looking to Freya, who again seemed indifferent. "Some company might be nice."

Rose stood. "I'll fetch her things from the car. Be right back," she said, kissing Thylda on the cheek.

Thylda sat back, glancing at the tv. "I know this situation must be mind boggling for you two, so if you need me to take a walk, or just to stay out of your business for a bit, let me know. I'm here to help."

I leaned closer to Freya, her warmth a comfort after spending the night together. It felt odd to trust someone I barely knew so closely.

Rose returned soon after, bidding the three of us farewell. Thylda headed up to claim a room, leaving Freya and me on the couch. She shifted closer to me, and I pressed my thigh up against hers.

"Can I ask you something?" she said quietly.

"Of course. Though you have most of my memories."

She paused. "Do you remember that time we masturbated in the mirror?"

I blushed, looking away. "Ahem," I said, trying to regain some semblance of control. "Yes, I do. Why?"

"It's weird, and you're well within your right to tell me to shut it, but I think you're very attractive."

That was not what I was expecting. "Oh."

She brought her hand to stroke my face. "Your skin is soft. I remember hating my skin, but I haven't seen the sun in almost a year, so yours is a nice change of pace."

I brought my hand to touch her skin. It was odd, almost sickly feeling. "Well, we can watch the sunset if you'd like."

"Yes!" she said, bolting to her feet. "Sorry, I just... I haven't seen one since..."

I grabbed her hand, dragging her to the garden, and sitting us on a bench that wasn't built for two. She was pressed against my arm awkwardly, so I stretched it over her shoulders.

She snuggled a bit closer. "Sorry, back to what I was saying. I find you really attractive. I remember wishing I had someone who looked like me. And..." she paused.

"Knowing you were out there, knowing I was a clone, well, I've thought about it a lot."

I narrowed my eyes. I could see where she was going with this, but I figured a bit of teasing couldn't hurt. "Thought about what?"

She blushed. "You. Me. Maybe a strapon."

The blush on her face heightened, while my face went white. I hadn't expected her to just come out and say it. Clearly we weren't exactly the same person, despite our many similarities.

"Sorry if that makes it weird."

"Well," I cleared my throat. "I can't say I'm not interested. But you just escaped prison. I don't want you falling into my arms just because I'm the first person to give you kindness."

She shook her head. "It's not about that. My entire life, the entirety of last year, I've known you were out there. Our conversations online were only a glimpse into the life I could have. With you."

I nodded, not entirely shocked. In her position, I might feel the same. "Well, we need to have some serious discussions about what this means, but I'm definitely interested."

She pumped her fist, then fell silent as the sky went pink. "Oh. I forgot how nice these were."

A tear threatened to spill from my eye. In that moment, I vowed to keep her safe. My other half.

Once the sun was fully gone, and Freya started to shiver, we headed back inside. Thylda moved around the kitchen, tossing bowls and mixing things before laying out a fancy salad. "Either of you vegetarian?"

We shook our heads. Meat was delicious, and good for a late night snack to get the brain juices flowing.

"Me neither, but didn't want to chance it on the first night. I'll make eggs for breakfast, maybe."

We sat at the table, Freya sitting quite close to me, and bridging the small distance with her feet. "So, are you like our live-in maid?"

Thylda laughed. "That would be ironic. But no. I'm here for emotional support. And Rose tells me you'll survive on bread crumbs and canned soup. So I'm here for that too."

Freya glanced at me, though I couldn't tell what was going on in her mind. "Can I ask you a weird question, Thylda?"

"Go ahead."

"Is it bad that we want to fuck?"

I blushed. Clearly, in her year of solitude, she'd learned how to be blunt, a skill I'd never even attempted to master.

Thylda took a sip of water, calming her cough. "Umm, no. Maybe? I should be clear with the two of you, before I answer, since my relationship with Rose is abnormal as well." She took a deep breath. "I'm not human."

What? My brain took a moment to catch up. Had she actually said that? It couldn't be. Freya looked equally as shocked, but she acted quicker, getting up to grab Thylda's face and examine her closely.

Thylda laughed. "You won't get anything from that, short hair. This form is entirely human. Still," she gestured to the sink, the dirty water from her dishes rising into a pillar before crashing back down.

Blood rushed to my head as I tried to figure this out. Non-humans exist. And they looked just like us. Freya went to sit on the couch, but I forced myself to finish the salad before joining her.

Thylda stood before us, hands on her hips. "Maybe I should have given you a bit more warning."

Freya looked at me. "The fuck does this mean?"

"I have no clue." I turned to her. "That's your secret from Karmacorp."

Thylda nodded. "Yep. They have no clue about me or my people."

"Your people," Freya said. "What are you, then? Like an elf? A wizard?"

Thylda laughed. "No, elves left this world centuries ago. I'm a waste demon," she said, like that explained anything.

"Elaborate. Please," Freya begged.

"I am a demon who controls waste. My people reside in sewers, generally."

My head fell into my hands. "Can we take a moment?"

Thylda smiled. "Of course."

As she headed for the stairs, Freya said, "wait. So, demons are real, does that mean that the bible is true?"

I slapped her arm, but she glanced back at me.

"No. We were called demons by medieval peasants, but we chose to reclaim the word. I believe that happens a lot in queer communities. We are not malevolent. Just trying to live peacefully, away from the prying lens of the world."

With that, she left us to ponder the implications.

"Holy fuck," Freya said at last.

"You said it."

"Non-humans are real. Elves are real, at least by her implication."

"And they left this world? Does that mean there are other worlds?"

I shook my head. "Fuck it. I'm putting this in a box to deal with tomorrow. For now, it's bed time."

"She never did answer our question, did she."

"No, but I'm not sleeping with you tonight."

She bowed her head. "Would you at least cuddle?" Her voice was so lonely.

Despite my brain urging me not to, I nodded. "Yes. Can't have you having another nightmare alone. If you wake up, I'll be there. Okay?"

She nodded.

After cleaning up the dishes, we headed up to her bedroom. I moved all my stuff into her room, figuring it'd become a regular thing. Maybe not sex explicitly, but sleeping together. I had to admit, holding her in my arms made me feel good too.

She curled up, burying her face in my chest. We were both wearing new pyjamas brought by Rose, and it was divinely comfortable.

"Good night, Freya."

She nodded in my chest. "Can we talk for a bit?"

"About what?"

"Anything. I like your voice."

I chuckled a bit. "How about I tell you about my life this past year? You know some of it through Hector, but not a lot."

She nodded eagerly. "Yes, please."

"Well, October. I didn't do much. Saw our parents for thanksgiving. This is gonna be a headache to tell them about." She chuckled. "Well, then November. I got a promotion, which I told you about. I didn't tell you about the company resort I got permission to visit. Holy, the hot tub. Wow. Wish I could've shown you that."

She snuggled closer. "And then December. I spent Christmas with my friends. Rose, of course, and Betty, and Amber. And Julie was there too. It was crazy. We drank, we sang, we laughed and cried. I didn't stay up for new years. I was too tired from work."

She laughed. "We stayed up together the night before, working to get that problem fixed before the deadline."

"Right, I remember. God, Hector was such a good friend. I'm glad I finally got to meet you." I shook my head. "I always got the sense that something was different about him. And I guess my hunch was right."

She nodded.

"January and February were pretty slow, and in March there was only my birthday. Our birthday, I guess. Weird that we're twenty-six, now. Fucking crazy."

"Only a few months to twenty-seven."

"April," I paused. "Grandad passed."

"Oh. How did he go?"

"Peacefully. Stroke in his sleep."

She nodded, yawning. "What else?"

"May and June, I helped with that fundraiser. July, I slept eighteen hours total." She laughed. "Yeah, yeah. I know you were up just as much to finish that problem. And then, we're in August now, so."

She nodded. "We really have the best sleep schedule."

"Hey, we're going to bed at eleven today. That's a huge improvement."

She nodded, pulling against me. "Thank you, Freya."

"Don't mention it. Get some sleep."

She nodded sleepily, yawning again, and I reached over to flick off the lamp.

Sleep came easily, though it didn't stay for long. I kept waking up to check that Freya was alright, but she slept soundly, save a few soft mumbles and clutching tighter to me.

God, she was cute. But... she was me. Did that mean I could find myself cute, if I just let all my insecurities go? Easier said than done, obviously, but if I could, could I be happy?

Maybe she was the key. Maybe, if I learned to love her, I could love myself, too. The fact that I got along with Hector so well was a good sign.

Finally, morning came, and I heard Thylda up and about. With a gentle hand, I stroked Freya awake. "Morning, sleepyhead," I said, to which she grumbled. I wanted to let her sleep, but wasn't sure if I could hold my bladder any longer.

"I have to pee, okay? I'll be right back."

She nodded, but still groaned when I pulled away.

True to my word, I was back in less than two minutes, and found her watching me through bleary eyes. "Morning," she mumbled as I crawled back in and took her into my arms.

"Morning."

"You were gone so long!"

"Wow, I think Emilia had a point," I said jokingly.

She pouted, rolling away from me. "I'm not clingy."

"Well, if you aren't, then I certainly am," I said, yanking her back into my arms and tucking my face against her shoulder.

She tried to escape, in vain. I was too strong for her weak little arms, and she giggled as I pinned her to the bed.

As I caught my breath, she craned her neck to glance at me. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were getting me in position to fuck."

A blush immediately shot through my cheeks. "In your dreams."

"Trust me, you are."

I had to let go so I could cover my face. "Freya, please. I'm gonna die."

She rushed over to my side. "Sorry, was that too much?"

I rolled my eyes. "Remember our safeword?"

"Rubber chicken?"

"That's the one. I... like your teasing, okay? You know I'm a submissive top."

Her tongue swiped across her lips. "Oh, I know. I can't wait to make you fuck me."

I coughed, backing away. "I'll text Rose to bring up a strapon next time she comes. What size would you like?"

"Given I've only had my fingers for the past year, I'd say start off small. Maybe six inches?"

I nodded, grabbing my phone. "I'm also gonna check out the internet service here. See if it's any good. Maybe we can play some games later if it's stable enough."

"Ooh! Ask her to bring up our playstation!"

As I sent the text, I turned to her. "I didn't tell you I got a PSS, did I?"

She leapt out of bed, grabbing my arm. "You did? When?"

"About two weeks ago. I've barely even touched it, I've been so busy with work. Maybe we can play It Takes Two."

"I don't know that one. My internet usage was fairly limited."

I shook my head, tucking my phone away and taking her in my arms. "I am so glad I found you. You belong out here, with me."

She nodded, bringing her hands to grab my back. "Me too." She sniffled, and rubbed her eyes. "I think I smell breakfast."

Sure enough, Thylda had some bacon and eggs frying, which she slapped into a pair of buns and handed to us.

"Morning."

"Good morning," Freya said, taking a seat. Thylda did some dishes, clearing her throat as I sat next to Freya.

"I realized I never quite answered your question yesterday." She turned towards us. "I do not think it is weird, but I wanted to be clear that my perspective is not typical."

I nodded. "Well, thanks anyway. I'll probably ask Rose next time she's up here."

"Speaking of," Thylda said, returning to her cleaning, "she'll be up later today. She's somewhat angry at me for confiding in you, given your circumstances and logical minds."

Freya shrugged. "I am avoiding the implications. Maybe later, when we're in a better place, we can think it through. Did you really say elves?"

I tsked my tongue at her, and she nodded.

"Yep, right. Not thinking about it."

Thylda chuckled before retreating to the living room and turning on the tv. Freya and I decided to head into the woods for a stroll. Luckily, we still got data out here, however weak, and were able to find our way back in time for lunch. We ate in large silence, occasionally asking Thylda questions about her likes and history. It almost felt like a job interview, or one of those shitty dates where you have nothing to talk about.

When Rose arrived, Freya and I were deep in a game of cards. She knew my every move.

"Hey Rose!" Freya called out, leading me to turn around and spot our friend with arms full.

We rushed over to help, and Thylda appeared to help her bring the rest in from the car. It was mostly foodstuffs, and my PS5.

Under everything though, was a black box tied with a pink ribbon. "I gotta ask about this."

I took the box and handed it to Freya. "Well," I said, not sure where to go from there.

"I want her to fuck me," Freya cut in.

Rose's eyes widened, but considerably less than expected. She glanced over at Thylda, who shrugged from her spot in the doorway.

"Can't say I wasn't expecting that."

"You weren't?"

"Well, when a pair of lesbians ask you to fetch them a strapon, even if they're clones, you're gonna assume they're fucking." She sounded so resigned.

Freya and I glanced at each other. "Are you... disappointed?"

"Not sure, to be honest. I can't say I blame you. If I had a hot little redhead..." she trailed off. "Anyway. I think it's weird, but go for it. Not like you can get pregnant. Fuck, who knows what genetic monstrosity that would create."

"Yeah..." Freya said.

Thylda clapped her hands. "Anyway, babe, you said you're staying the night?"

Rose nodded. "I am. Lucky for both of us this place is soundproofed. You won't have to hear Thylda railing me, and I won't have to worry about your act of masturbation."

"Thanks man," I said, putting my hand on my hip. "You've always been so supportive of my girlfriends."

"Well, this one's much higher on my list than Emilia."

I scoffed. "She is leagues above that bitch."

"My point exactly."

Freya grabbed my arm. "Wait, did something happen with Emilia?"

"Well, not exactly. I just spent a lot of time chatting with Rose and the girls, and, well, they pointed out some of her behaviour. That girl was a walking red flag. She was hot though."

"Amen," Freya said. "I guess I can see it. But I am intrigued about the details."

"We can go over those later. Rose, can I ask you another favour?"

She nodded, pausing her walk over to Thylda to spin around at me. "Shoot."

"Can we get our parents out here?"

Freya choked, dropping the box onto the counter, while Rose's eyebrows shot into the ceiling. "Really? Why?"

"What do you mean? They need to know."

"It's real fucking sudden."

"They can keep a secret." I turned to Freya. "Don't you want to see mom and dad?"

"Well, yeah," she said, catching her breath. "But don't you think they'll like fucking hate me or something?"

"Why would they possibly hate you?"

She shrugged.

Rose shook her head. "How can I be sure they won't rat you out?"

"Well," I said, but Freya put her hand up. She seemed to like bossing me around. Not that I minded, of course.

"Dad worked for Karmacorp back in its youth. He kinda created the R&D wing."

Rose sucked in a breath. "Oh. Wait, you're that fucking Yurenthal?"

I nodded. "Didn't you know? It's not a common last name."

"I just... wow. Yeah, I'll drive them up. I'll stop by their house tomorrow? Can you give them a heads-up?"

I nodded.

Rose shook her head. "Daughters of fucking Joey Yurenthal." She turned back to Thylda. "Well, goodnight you two. I know it's only four, but I haven't been fucked in a few days and I need some dick."

Thylda shook her head, smiling fondly, as she trailed upstairs after Rose.

"Think her cum is stinky?"

I laughed. "Probably. I mean, waste demon? Is she a futa too?"

Freya got that look on her face that meant she wanted to say something.

"Out with it."

"I... have a secret."

"What kind?"

"Not one I'm proud of. Umm... come with me."

She grabbed my hand, not forgetting the strapon, and led me upstairs to our bedroom. "Please don't hate me."

"Freya, I'm not going to. Just be honest."

She bit her lip, scrunching up her face as she worked up the courage. "I have a penis!"

I froze. She had a penis? I thought she was a clone?

"Okay. Elaborate, maybe?"

"Well, they fucked up my chromosomes or something. They didn't tell me the details. But by the time they realized, it was too late to change it, and I was not a cheap experiment, so they just pumped me full of female hormones."

I took a seat on the bed, catching my breath. "Fuck. You're wrought with dysphoria, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"I can't lie that I'm shocked, but I really don't care. I slept with a trans woman about two months ago."

"But... I'm not trans. Well, maybe I am."

I reached out to grab her hand. "It doesn't matter to me. I just meant... I don't care about your genitals." I took a breath. "Can I ask about preferences?"

"Just... avoid it, maybe? And can you call it my clit?"

"Sure. I just want to make you comfortable. Now, if you still want me to strap you, are we gonna need a douche?"

She shook her head. "The hormones fucked up my colon too, and I eat plenty of fibre. I should be clean as a whistle."

I nodded, reaching for the box. "In that case, would you..."

"Like to do it now? Yes, very much."

"Alright."

I tossed my shirt to the side, and she groaned as she saw my tits. "Fuck, I have wanted this for almost a year. How are you so hot, Freya?"

I shrugged, unclasping my bra. "You know me, perfect sleep schedule and diet."

She laughed. "Good one. I still... man, I feel like I'm not as hot as you."

I grabbed her hips, pulling her against me, and craned my neck to slam our lips together. "Shut up. You're the hot one. Your skin is so smooth."

"From never seeing the sun."

"Girl, you know I'm a vampire."

"Then be a good girl and suck," she said, leaning down to press her throat against my lips.

God, this woman would be the death of me. How had she become so confident, while never interacting with anyone? I guess I rarely interacted with people outside of my core friend group.

I wrapped my arms around her back, pulling her into my lap and sucking hard on her neck.

She let out a loud moan. "Fuck, mark me so Thylda and Rose know I'm yours."

I couldn't argue with that. When I was satisfied with the first mark, I moved onto another, and another. She'd be a tapestry of hickies and bruises by the time I was done with her.

Eventually, she pulled away, leaving us both breathing heavily. "Fucking hell. You know exactly where my weak points are."

"Insider knowledge," I grinned.

She tossed her shirt over to where mine lay, then settled back down in my lap, bringing my arms to her bra clasps. I fumbled with it for a moment before catching on and unhooking it, leaving her adorable breasts hanging between us.

She shoved me back onto the bed, pinning my arms above my head. "Stay."

I nodded. I was not going to disobey her and risk losing this. Just the view alone, of the valley where her breasts hung down over mine.

She darted in for a quick few kisses to my lips, then moved her way down my neck. When she reached my collarbone, she bared her teeth, and bit the sweet spot at the base of my neck.

"Fuck, Freya, please," I moaned as she held me down. I arched my back into her grip, but she put a hand between my tits and pushed me back down into the mattress.

"Stay. Or we're gonna skip foreplay."

"Yes. I'll stay."

"Good."

I was fucking dripping as she kissed her way down between my tits, eventually settling on one and taking the nipple gently into her mouth and sucking lightly.

She knew. She knew every weak point, that spot on my neck, how sensitive my tits were...

Of course, I knew hers too, but she was in control. "Mm, Freya."

She slid around to straddle my lap, finally releasing my arms, but commanding me to hold them up with a glare.

I listened, never moving even as she ravished my chest and moved down to bite my stomach.

Eventually she let me go. "Strip."

I did, immediately tossing my pants and panties to the side.

She adjusted herself to put her head in the pillows, then beckoned me over. "Ride my face, darling."

I moaned, reaching up with one hand to bite my finger, and using the other to steady myself against the headboard.

That first lick from her warm, soft tongue sent me mewling against the wall. Her hands dug into my hips, keeping me steady even as I wanted to ride her. Another lick came, this one reaching slightly inside me and driving me insane.

"Freya, please," I begged as she licked up me a third time, still neglecting my clit. She was torturing me in the best way.

"Look me in the eyes."

I glanced down to find her nose and cheeks wet. She adjusted to look at me more clearly, leaving her hot breath as the only contact on my pussy.

"Please."

"Again."

"Please, Freya. I'm so close."

"Already?" she raised an eyebrow. She seemed genuinely surprised, and I couldn't blame her. We'd never been the easiest girl to get off. But something about her...

I nodded, whining.

"Very well," she said, moving slightly and sucking on my clit. Hard.

Stars shot through my vision as she brought one hand up, and slid a pair of fingers in. When she curled them to hit my g-spot, I came. There was nothing I could do against her onslaught.

She continued her sucking and gentle strokes as I peaked and came over and down the crest. I slumped against her, and she patted my thigh twice. "Right, sorry," I climbed off her face, still dripping.

As I curled up to her side, she brought her fingers to my lips. "Open."

I did.

She stuck her fingers deep into my mouth, swiping them across my tongue and slathering my mouth with my own fluids. I tasted meaty, with a hint of sweetness.

"Good girl. Need a moment?" she said, reaching over for a tissue to clean off her face.

"Yeah, one sec. Holy fuck, Freya. That was insane."

She gave me a devilish smile, handing me a water bottle. "Well, I've had a lot of practice."

I was starting to drift off, but I forced myself awake. "Is your g-spot in the same spot as mine?"

"Just about."

"I'll keep that in mind." I slapped myself across the face. "Sorry, just... that nearly knocked me out."

"I'm glad." Her confident demeanor shifted. "Are you sure you want to-"

"Pass me the strapon."

It only took a minute or so before she was lying on the bed with me between her legs. I rubbed the plastic cock along her opening, trying to avoid looking at her clit. I did want to taste it, to make her feel good, but I'd settle for fucking if that's what she wanted.

"Ready?"

She nodded, her blush spreading down her chest. I pressed in, earning a gasp from her and a command of "slower!"

I paused, with just the tip in. Her breathing was heavy, her clit twitching in the corner of my eye. "Okay," she said. "A bit deeper."

I slid in a little more, watching in wonder as her eyes crossed and her legs shook. I couldn't help myself, watching as a thin line of fluid leaked from her tip.

Again I pushed her limit, earning a moan so profound it made my soul ache to catch it with my lips. But from this angle I couldn't reach her, so I settled for groping her tits.

Finally, I reached the hilt, and she let out another line of fluid. God, I wanted to taste that. But, I'd respect her decision.

I stayed still while she caught her breath, eventually opening her eyes and giving me a nod. So, I started thrusting.

Very gently at first, just how I'd practiced with Emilia. Fucking an asshole felt mostly the same, to be honest. It was obviously tighter, and had an almost sticky texture that I had to cure with a healthy dose of lube every few thrusts, but it was still a hole.

Eventually, my thrusting had picked up to a good clip, earning moans and squelches each time I moved. Freya was completely unwound, her legs wrapped around my thighs and her hands clenching the sheets as I fucked her. She looked rapturous, with her intense joy and delightful expression. Her lips quivered as another burst of cum came from her still-flaccid clit.

Finally, I'd had enough of the distance between us, and used the force of my thrusting to carry me into her embrace. I forced my arms behind her back, clutching her close, and grabbed at her lips with mine.

She could barely return my vigour, she was so taken with the sensation, so I just sucked and kissed and bit her neck, cheeks, collar, and lips.

It was enough that I was almost ready to cum, but I felt her whole body tense up before I could finish, and she let out a massive cry that I swallowed. I took that as a cue to slow my thrusting, though I didn't pull to a stop until she was done, catching her breath in my arms.

Finally, her eyes refocused, looking me over. "Hi," she said softly.

"Hey. How was that?"

"Best sex I've ever had."

I nodded, proud of myself. "It was pretty good. Can I pull out?"

"Slow."

I nodded, inching out until I finally exited, pulling a surge of lube with me. I grabbed a towel, wiping her ass clean. I paused as I reached her groin.

She looked down at me, bringing her legs together as she saw my gaze on her clit.

"Would you like me to wipe it up?"

She nodded.

"Do you think... I could taste it?"

She froze, taking a shaky breath, before closing her eyes and nodding. "Be careful."

"Of course, darling," I said, running my tongue along her pelvis, making sure not to touch her clit. She tasted... well, like me. Meaty with a sweet aftertaste. It was delicious. I wanted to suck her dry, make sure the dregs of her orgasms weren't still clogged up inside,

but I decided against it. Maybe we could work towards that trust, but right now I didn't want to risk it, so I wiped up the rest with the towel, cleaning my thighs up as well.

I tossed the strapon to the side with the towel, and climbed into her embrace.

"Wow," was all I could say.

She laughed. "Yeah. I'm gonna have to get used to that. Because I am not going to be a sub for you."

"Aww, you were so cute though!"

She blushed, pouting. "Okay, maybe occasionally. But I want to get so used to it I can admire your face while you fuck me."

I laughed. "Given what I saw today, that's gonna take a lot of practice."

"Don't think you're up for it?"

"I didn't say that."

A silence fell as we both caught our breaths, considering what we'd just done. I'd fucked my clone. She'd fucked me, the original. And we'd both enjoyed every fucking second.

Her stomach growled, and mine followed soon thereafter. We donned some pajamas and heated up some soup once we realized Thylda and Rose would be indisposed the entire night.

"Some stamina on that one."

"Well, Thylda is a demon, right? Seems right that she'd be capable."

Freya shrugged, sipping from her spoon. "What do you think mom and dad will say?"

"Dad will realize what happened right away. Mom," I shrugged. "I don't know. But I'm cutting them off if they don't like you."

She smiled. "I hope it doesn't come to that."

"Me too."

Again, we ate in silence, craning our ears to see if we could catch a glimpse of what Rose might be doing with her girlfriend.

"Did Rose say Thylda has a penis?"

I raised an eyebrow as I recalled the conversation. "She did imply it. Maybe she meant strapon?"

Freya sighed. "It might be nice to have another dickgirl in the house."

"You don't want to be trans?"

"Well, I was born a cis woman. At least in my memories. Maybe my experiences would align with trans women, but I remember our first period, getting catcalled at fifteen, hating boys in PE."

"One of those is universal to all genders. Boys suck."

She laughed. "Yeah. It's weird, though. I'm not actually a biological male. I was born with breasts, and this face." She put down her spoon. "Maybe I'm just a freak of nature."

"No, that's the autism."

She laughed. "You're funny. I'm glad."

"Are you implying you're not?"

"I just... after everything I've been through, it's hard, sometimes. To see the silver lining."

I sat forward. "Let me make it clear: the silver lining of my life has been meeting you, alright? I haven't thought about work once in the past few days. That's fucking crazy."

She tapped her fingers against the table. "I guess you're right. What... do you think mom and dad will say about our relationship?"

I shrugged. "Again, I think dad'll get it. But mom... again, I don't really care. You're my priority, now. We'll figure it out." I paused. "And we don't actually have to tell them."

She nodded. "Thank you, Freya."

"The name thing might be a problem for mom though."

She laughed. "Oh, yeah, remember there was that kid named Fred in our econ class? She could not keep us straight."

"I tell you, neither of our parents are normal. I don't think we have anything to worry about."

She nodded, sipping up the last of her soup. "You're probably right. Thanks, Freya. You're a great girlfriend."

I sighed. "That feels like such a weird term, for what we are. I feel like soulmates might be more accurate."

"The sex was that good?"

I shoved her shoulder, laughing. "C'mon, we should get some rest. Tomorrow's gonna be stressful."

The next day certainly was, as the three of us, Freya, Thylda, and me, sat watching tv and waiting for Rose to return with our parents. Finally, gravel crunched on the driveway, and Freya went to hide.

Mom came in first, huffing about how she hoped I had a good reason to drag them both out here to the middle of the woods on bingo day.

Dad came in, adjusting his glasses and analyzing the surroundings. He wrapped me in a hug then went to fetch himself some water from the tap.

They both greeted Thylda, and the tension began to climb.

"Well," I said, clapping my hands together. "I can't lie that I've been thinking about this all morning. I am fucking terrified."

"We already know you're gay, sweetie, what could you possibly tell us to make us hate you? Oh, Joey, do you think she's in trouble with the law?"

"Mom, please." I paced back and forth, relishing the silence. "Dad, how much did you know about KC's less-than-legal practices?"

His eyebrow raised slightly. "A little. I'm sure they've increased their goings-on in the decade I've been gone."

"How about cloning?"

He froze. "Freya, darling, what did you do?"

I laughed nervously. "Nothing! I just broke out one of KC's slaves! Tada!" I said, gesturing to the other room, where Freya cautiously peeked out and then crept closer.

"Hi, mom, dad," she said.

Mom was completely frozen with her mouth agape, and dad had his head in his hands. "Those dumbasses... Freya," he looked between us, "uh, clone Freya, how many memories do you share with my daughter?"

"Up until October 6th, 2020."

"And how about your body, are you a perfect clone?"

She shook her head.

He bit his lip. "I told them it wasn't fucking ready." He stood, taking both of us in his arms. "I am so sorry. I can't help but feel partially responsible. This technology was supposed to be for teleportation, but they came to me about using it as cloning. I said, 'no way! It won't work.' But they went over my fucking head, and this is what happens."

He kissed us both on the foreheads before going back to his seat and taking a sip of water. I could see Freya was almost in tears. I knew dad would be supportive. Mom still hadn't moved.

"So, Freya, uh, my Freya, you said 'slave.' Care to elaborate?"

"Well, our theory is that since my work is so valuable, they decided to clone me against my will and keep her as another work mule. She was working under the name of 'Hector,' often alongside me on projects. She has my brain, I'll tell you that."

"Incredible. The ethical ramifications are staggering. I will be contacting several lawyers." Before we could object, he put his hand up. "I will make sure you are kept anonymous and safe. Just because you are not my biological daughter does not mean you are not my daughter, I hope you understand."

Freya nodded, tears brimming in her eyes. I wrapped my arm around her, pulling her close.

"In the meantime, what will you do?" he asked.

I shrugged. "We did our best to escape unnoticed. Rose helped a lot with that." Rose gave a little wave from the side.

"She is a smart one," dad said. "Thank you for your help with my daughters. I am very grateful."

Rose turned to Thylda, tugging on her sleeve, and Thylda just nodded, saying a quiet, "I know, baby, I'm right here."

Mom finally gulped, reaching over for dad's water, taking a swig, then sighed. "I suppose family dinners will need bigger portions."

She narrowed her eyes at us before tugging on dad's sleeve. "Are you two fucking? Oh my god, Joey, they're fucking."

"Mom!" Freya said.

I shook my head at her. "Use some tact?"

"Tact is my middle name. You need to explain yourself."

Dad sighed. "Do they? Sure, it's ethically ambiguous, but I don't see the harm. They are the same person. It could be seen almost as masturbation."

Mom pouted, but relented.

"Can we please change the topic?"

Freya nodded desperately. "Yes, please, anything else."

Dad nodded, stroking his thin beard. "Freya, uh, clone Freya." He turned to mom. "We're gonna need to take a look at that list of baby names again."

Mom nodded, reaching into her purse.

"You just have that on you?"

She shrugged indignantly.

"Anyway, first, I wanted to know a bit more about your time at Karmacorp."

Freya shrank. "I don't know if I want to talk about that now. Maybe, if we're alone, I can treat it scientifically? But in front of all these people... it's too personal."

He nodded. "Very well. I'll come back up later in the week, and we can discuss it however you'd like. Is that alright?"

She nodded, returning to her full height.

Thylda moved forward, squeezing past mom. "I'll make some lunch, how does caesar salad sound?"

"That sounds great, Thylda," mom said. "While you do that, we can pick out baby names." She showed the list to Joey. "Ooh, Gertrude, I like that."

Freya cringed, and I wrapped my arms around her. "Don't worry. I won't let them pick Gertrude."

"You better not, or I'm withholding strapping rights."

I put my hand to my chest in faux-indignation. "How dare you!" I paused, looking back at them. "Actually, that's completely fair. Gertrude is horrible."

"How about... Faye? Or Farah. Maybe Fiona?"

I took a moment to look her over. "Fae. Fae suits you. Really, anything by Gertrude."

She laughed, hugging me close. "Strapping permits restored."

"Phew."

She bounced over to mom and dad to introduce herself, and while mom was disappointed the choice wasn't hers, dad took Fae into his arms.

I think I'd still call her Freya, though. After all, she was me. And I was excited to spend my new life with her.

Thanks so much for reading! This one was a bit long tbh, but I'm pretty happy with how it came out. I've always wondered what it would be like to have a clone. Spitroasting my girlfriend would be awesome. Anyway, hope you enjoyed, and you can find my site and my other work [here](#).