

Hagen Tannberg
1439 Sorrel St.
Simi Valley, CA 91365
hagent@earthlink.net

about 5000 words

WARNING

Some Sexual Content

REJUV

By Hagen Tannberg

Jim tapped his finger impatiently on the leather steering wheel of his five year old Corvette. He had it custom painted blood red with twenty coats of clear because that was Jen's favorite color, plus it did kind of fit into his type of work-- the blood part that is. He really didn't want a Corvette, he would have preferred something much more exotic, but it was part of the deal to spruce up his all-American image. He got his private secured lab, and the board of directors, got their handsome poster boy Dr. Jim Newman (the leading founder and the brains behind REJUV). Finger still tapping, he admired his gray Brioni Vanquish suit. The sleeve dropped down revealing a Chopard Superfast watch, he glanced at it.

"How long can it take to get two coffees?" He sighed.

Deep down in the turmoil of Jim's subconscious, a myth broke free and percolated to the surface. It was quite unexpected but he had a moment to kill. He remembered the tale about a very rich Japanese Lord who dedicated his elderly life to Shintoism with the goal of creating the ultimate garden. Each time he thought his garden was perfect he called upon the Monk to come and give his approval. Each time the Monk pointed out some little problem, and each time the Lord fixed it. This went on for many years. Then one day the Japanese Lord summoned the Monk, and with supreme confidence showed him the garden. The Monk looked and looked for hours but could not find anything wrong. The old Lord smiled, and said "You see I have finally created perfection!" The Monk bowed his head and replied, "Not Yet." The Monk then tore a leaf from the nearest plant and exclaimed, "There! Now it's perfect." The Monk smiled, bowed to him and walked away leaving the Japanese Lord to ponder his statement.

As if by magic, the door to Starbucks swung open by itself. Out stepped a slim blonde woman with straight hair and a cup in each hand. Jen was one of those girls whose beauty was so startling that any man, young or old would hold the door for her, and for their reward she would flash that amazing smile and mean it. As she walked towards him Jim thought it had to be the

perfect combination of her physical beauty, intelligence, innocence and moldability that made him so attracted to her. He never thought of getting married until he met Jen. Jim stepped out of the driver's door and walked around his Vette and opened the passenger door. He raised his left arm away from his side and welcomed her in.

"Oh how sweet! You always know how to make a girl feel special." She briefly kissed him on the lips, and gracefully slid onto the black leather seat. As Jim glanced down her short skirt hiked up revealing a white G-string, his eyes lingered. She shot him one of those blinding white smiles as he closed her door. For an instant, a touch of emotional pain plucked at the center of his soul.

Jim started the engine and drove out of the parking lot making a right turn. He was about to punch it when he remembered the cups in Jen's hands. He held out his right hand and she gave him his fresh-brewed coffee. The skin on the back of her hand was creamy white and flawless. They both took a sip at the same time. He made another right turn into the carpool lane of the freeway onramp. In front of him, in the non-carpool lane, a BMW 700 series car was waiting patiently. The light turned green and the BMW accelerated.

Jim said, "Hang on sweet heart." While multi-tasking the steering wheel and coffee he stomped on the gas pedal. The engine roared to life, a boyish smile emerged on his face as they were pushed into their seats. He had to admit that the Z09 sounded damn sweet as he passed the BMW going ninety.

"Jim, do you always have to do that?" Her eyes were peering over her dark sun glasses as she stared him down.

"Sorry, I can't resist the most fundamental things in life. Hot cars and--"

"Hot girls?" She finished his sentence and seductively licked her red lips at him. After crossing four lanes the red Corvette slowed to a respectable eighty mph.

The display in the Vette's console came to life, a young woman in a white dress shirt with black rimmed glasses appeared; she was nibbling on a pen. "Hello Dr. Newman, are you available? Dr. Synapsian would like to talk with you." He touched the green "ACCEPT" icon below the image.

Jim cleared his throat. "Hello Stacey, I can take his call." Becky perked up and showed how well she filled out that shirt.

"Thank you Dr. Newman, I'll transfer your call now." The pen touched her lips again and then she was gone replaced by a clean cut dark haired man in his late thirties.

Dr. Synapian had an Armenian accent and a five O-Clock shadow at 8:30 in the morning. "Good to see you Jim! How is your beautiful wife doing?" he said.

Jen put her shades on top of her head, grinning she waved her hand back and forth saying, "Hi George, I'm doing fine." She looked back down at her phone and started scrolling through her messages.

"She's all mine George you can't have her. So what can I do for you, any good news?" Jim remarked.

George was obviously in a good mood his cheeks were filled out, the dark circles under his eyes were almost gone and he had enthusiasm in his voice. The word "*Encrypted 512*" just appeared in bold red letters at the top of the display. The picture jumped for a moment. "As a matter of fact, that's why I'm calling you. We have just confirmed that T-mems can now be uploaded with less residual feedback while the G-mems are enhanced for a more...normal outcome." Dr. Synapian's voice trailed off as his eyes darted to Jen, who was oblivious to the conversation and still using her phone.

Jim paused for a long moment choosing his words well. "Dr. Synapian, as you know I've been implementing your modified algorithms. Would you like to inspect firsthand the results of your work?"

George's jubilation vanished, as so did the color from his face. He paused as his brain comprehended all the implications of what Jim just said. George glanced at Jen then back to Jim, he stammered "Ah ahhhh when?"

"I'll call you tonight. Then we'll set something up in a few days." Jim's mouth was dry so he took another swig from his coffee.

George responded more quickly this time. "Ok, ok, when we get together I'll have the wife make us coffee eh? And maybe barbeque again. I'll be waiting for your call." George stared at Jen, his eyes narrowed and his look became cold. The call ended.

Jen was still stroking her phone. "Do I have to go to George's house? Your conversations bore me to death, his wife's an idiot, and I don't want to gain ten pounds."

Jim smiled. "Don't worry. I'll make sure you can skip it this time."

Jen looked up, and while trying not to spill her coffee, gave him a kiss on the cheek. Jim exited the freeway. An immaculate red Corvette pulled up to a guard shack in the middle of a U-shaped driveway. A tall glass building towered above, huge stainless steel letters spelling "REJUV" shone in the morning sun.

A security guard hastily walked towards the passenger door. Jim got out holding his cup of coffee while the security guard opened the passenger door and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Newman."

Jen slid out gracefully from the car--in one hand she had a coffee cup and the other a gold colored i-Phone21s.

"M'am may I take that for you?" The guard reached for the cup.

"Why, thank you Dave." She handed him the empty Starbucks cup. He took it and their fingers touched, her skin was cool. His heart skipped a beat and then he realized the color of her nails perfectly matched the Corvette.

Jim walked around the front of the car and took Jen's hand in his own. He held up his empty cup to the guard and said, "Thank you." The guard took it, his eyes glazed over looking at Jen. Jim was used to this sort of reaction by men because she was the most beautiful thing ever created, perfect in almost

every way, and he enjoyed knowing that other men knew that she was his. Together, arm in arm, they walked towards the main entrance. Jim looked around, it was a quiet morning and that was good.

Jen's red heels clicked on the white marble floors as ropes corralled them into a full-standing metal detector. She walked through with her small purse in hand. The metal detector rejected her presence with a harsh noise and a flashing red light, but she kept on going, and soon to follow was Dr. Jim Newman. The guards nodded at them and they continued on their way to the elevators. Jen stopped and starred at the button to call the elevator, she looked nervous. Jim leaned in and pushed the up button, it turned green.

"Don't worry I'll hold you all the way up." Jim was stroking her back.

"You know I hate elevators why can't we just walk this time?" Her voice was shaky she look frazzled.

"It's thirteen floors up sweet heart." He said coolly.

DING The elevator door opened. They both stepped in and Jim laid his left arm around her shoulders. He took out his phone, punched a couple of icons and then touched the phone to a gold disk set in the elevator console, the number 13 light up. He

put both hands around her back and pulled her in close.

"Shut your eyes." He whispered into her ear. Jen hugged him tightly and did as he commanded. The elevator doors closed, the car started moving making a rumbling sound. She pressed herself tightly against his chest. In a moment number 13 lit up and the door opened. They both stepped out, and with a big sigh she said, "When we leave I'm walking down." He said nothing his face lacked any emotion.

They continued to the reception area. A middle aged dark haired woman sat behind the desk. She spotted them and was bringing up Dr. Newman's emails and calendar on her screen. She was one of the very few people on this floor. Jim stood in front of her with a look of expectation. "Hello Becky, any surprises today?"

Becky looked at her screen and then politely said, "No, Dr. Newman, there are no meetings or appointments for today. Everything was pushed back 'til Wednesday."

Jim responded, "That's great, I'll be in my lab if there is an emergency. Thank you."

They continued down a hallway until they came to a dark cherry door on the right. He turned the handle and they both entered into a small waiting area. It was fully equipped with a

large display on the wall, a brown leather couch, and the latest magazines on health and biotechnology. There was a stainless steel door on the far wall it had no handles or knobs, next to it on the right there was a small security display showing the REJUV company logo. Jim touched the screen and the logo was replaced with a large square QR barcode. He reached into his pocket and took out his phone. He pointed the phone's rear camera at the barcode and the front camera at his face, he remained motionless. The phone flashed green and made an audible chirp. Jim touched the corner of his phone to a round silver circle on the left of the security display. The screen changed and the words "Access Granted" appeared.

The door opened with a hiss, cool dry air continually escaped and a faint smell of disinfectant greeted them. Single file they walked through the open door. Jim said, "If you want, why don't you get yourself something from the lounge."

She looked at him, "Will you be long?" She had to use the restroom before she had any more liquids.

"If all goes well, I'll be back in ten minutes." He replied with a smile. He spun to his left and started walking down another corridor. She watched him leave and enter another high security door on the right. Nature was calling her name and she headed for the ladies room to relieve herself. Jen was very

conscious of coffee breath, and brushed with a small electric tooth brush. Inspecting her face in the mirror she examined what little makeup she wore but didn't find anything that warranted attention, so she washed her hands and left for the lounge.

She looked at her phone "8:15 am", and wondered how long he would actually be. He was pretty good at keeping his word on time. She looked around, not much had changed. The lounge was small but had enough room for a fridge, microwave, and high end coffee machine. The couch was very comfortable and had a complete entertainment system built into the wall. She went to the fridge and grabbed the orange juice then put it back, remembering she just brushed her teeth. It was fully stocked with sandwiches, fruits and yogurt. Jen closed the fridge door and sat down on the couch. She took out her iPhone and started tapping away.

Jen heard the familiar beep of a security door. Jim entered the hallway, she looked at her phone it was "8:41 am".

"Sorry, I had to enable the remote log in, so I can check on my work." Jim lied, but his smile was convincing enough. "Come I want to show you something." He held out his hand. Jen stood up and took it. How strange that she could feel his rapid pulse, she thought. Jim guided her to a familiar door. This

door had no special security, just a knob, they entered. This was his private bedroom, a place where he could crash after working until the wee hours of the morning. Jen complained playfully and put her hands on her hips, "I thought we were leaving?"

He had a smirk on his face, "If we are lucky, it's a four hour drive to Vegas, and there is no way I could stare at that beautiful body of yours without having a brain aneurism." Jim put his expensive jacket on the end of the bed. With one hand on each firm butt cheek, he pulled her close to him.

"Is that so?" She noticed his lower lip twitch just before they kissed. Ugh, coffee breath, she thought. They kissed passionately while he carefully unbuttoned her blouse. At the same time she took off his white dress shirt revealing a lean muscular chest and then removed the remainder of his clothes. Standing naked he undid the clasps of her white bra, and helped raise it over her head and off her arms. Her breasts, fully exposed now, were a wonderful sight to behold; he took a good look at the right one and then the left.

"What are you doing?" She said while running her fingers through his blonde hair.

"I'm just making sure your left breast is the same size as your right one. Normally a women's left breast is a little bigger, but you have a perfect matching pair." He kissed her left nipple while unzipping the back of her skirt, it dropped away revealing her white G-string.

She smiled and whispered, "Sometimes that doctor brain of yours is so weird." She took his hand and continued, "Come to bed I want to fuck your brains out... So we can finally drive to Vegas." She laughed and pushed him onto the bed. He fell with his back against the pillows. She clambered on all fours arching her back pawing her way towards him and stopped between his legs. One hand grabbed his groin, as she leaned in kissing him passionately. Jen turned her body 180 degrees and wiggled her butt in his face, "Help me take these off?" She had a naughty look on her face.

"I thought you'd never ask." He said smoothly. He sat up and ran his hands under both breasts, her nipples were hard. He gave them a playful squeeze and continued down her chest until he could feel each bump of her rectus abdominis muscles. His hands continued down her lean sculpted body until he felt the G-string hugging her hips. He sat back on the pillows and pulled the G-string down and helped remove them from her legs.

Jen tried to turn her body around and face him, but he grabbed her waist and pulled her hips towards him. Her butt rested on his stomach muscles and her back leaned against his chest. He reached around touching her all over. Jen also reached down past his hand and returned the favor. As Jen caressed him she thought it strange, this was only the second time they'd made love in this position, and the first was just a week ago. She moved her hips down and guided him into her. She loved this feeling, so full, so complete. The fullness started to wane as her body got used to being occupied. Jen began to rhythmically move her hips, slowly at first and then faster. Jim let her do all the hard work as he found her jiggling breasts he caressed them firmly. He was close to coming but he could not last her.

Deep in thought, Jim paused for a moment, two paths lay before him and he couldn't decide which to take. Jen's movements slowed down and her breathing became even deeper, she was focusing on the mental explosion that was about to take place. Jim knew she was on the verge of an orgasm, and then a decision was made. Did he choose? Jim's left hand moved away from her warm breast and repositioned itself under her chin. His hand kept going until the fleshy part of his thumb found the perfect spot just to the side of her trachea directly above the right

common carotid. He could feel a pulse from her artery through his abductor pollicis brevis muscle. He thought to himself, Why the fuck do I have to remember these names at this exact moment?!

She was still moving back and forth, but slower now with longer strokes. He was excited on many different levels and was close to his own explosion. Jim moved his right hand over on top of his left and firmly pulled towards himself cutting off the blood flow to her brain. Her orgasm started, she tried to lift her body up for one last pelvic stroke, but his hands kept her body downward and her butt got buried in his groin. At first she didn't think anything was wrong, she had no trouble breathing, and the pressure on her neck didn't hurt, and then her orgasm became really intense with a dreamy quality, specks of light flashed through her fading mind. She thought, OMG this is intense! Darkness and sparkles became one as she passed out from hypoxiphilia.

Jim continued to apply pressure on her neck, her body went limp, but he could still feel her strong orgasm, and disturbingly enough it made him even more excited. He could not stop his ejaculation.

"Damn it!" He yelled. He didn't want his evidence inside her, and he couldn't pull out because that would require him to

loosen his grip and she would probably wake up. So he came inside, feeling multiple spasms while the life drained from her body.

Jim dismounted and left the body on the bed. No remorse, just a cold chill and calmness washed over him. This was his moral savior, his way of dealing with harvesting countless bodies, was this really any different? He put on his underwear and opened a dresser door and removed a white lab outfit and got dressed. He opened a security door that went directly to the lab. Next to the door on the other side of the wall was a gurney. He pulled it into the room and placed it next to the bed. He grabbed her under the arms and across the torso and slid her limp body off the bed and onto the gurney. Jim pushed the gurney into the lab, and made his way to the back of the room. A massive machine that resembled a tall pizza oven was before him, there was a big sign with the words "Tissue Disposal" on it. He pulled the handle on the door and it folded down revealing a slightly concaved stainless steel table about three foot across and seven foot deep. He pulled on the table and it slid out completely. Jim transferred the body feet first then pushed it back into the machine, until only the head was left sticking out. He starred for a while as if struggling to find the correct words. "I always demand perfection in my work.

Your body was perfect but your mind was damaged." He thought the face was just a beautiful reflection of the real Jen nothing more. He slowly closed the door to the machine. Next to the door, there was a large plain green button. Jim pushed it and the machine began process the body.

Jim casually walked across the lab to another secure door; he used his phone once again to gain access. As he went through the door, the lights turned on automatically. It was spacious inside, but uncomfortably warm. An industrial shower was against the far wall. There was also a row of machines spaced six feet apart. Each machine had a large stainless steel cylinder lying on its side, four feet in diameter and eight feet long. Down the length of the tube was a metal roll-up partition and on the far end a rectangular section that housed a display. Only two machines were turned on, one screen showed a large number one and the other a two. Jim walked over to number two, and stood in front of the monitor. He worked his phone and the number two was replaced with vital signs. He studied them for a moment and pushed the OPEN icon. The stainless steel curtain began to move revealing a dark opaque tube. Jim stared at the display looking satisfied, he touched the screen and the main room lights turned off. He touched the screen again and the black glass turned instantly clear, a dim red light illuminated

the inside of the tube. A long fleshy sac inundated with blood vessels floated in a pinkish liquid. Dr. Newman once again checked the display; satisfied, he changed menus and pushed the BIRTH icon.

Jim took a step back and moved over to get a better view of the tank, what was about to happen was his favorite part of the whole process. From under the fleshy sac a mechanical arm moved and positioned itself at the far end of the tube. A sharp blade pierced the tissue and with robotic precision moved perfectly straight down the length of the placenta. The tissue fell away revealing a blonde naked woman suspended in the pinkish fluid. Her eyes were closed.

"Hello Jen" Dr. Newman said. He knew she couldn't hear him. There were hundreds electrodes attached to her body, and fifty to her skull. The mechanical arm retracted the scalpel and special claws began removing the electrodes. Small droplets of blood were released from each micro hole left in the skin. Five minutes passed before the machine finished. Jim brought over a special gurney that had a soft silicone surface with a basic human shape sunk into it. The pinkish liquid began draining out of the tank; robotic arms with silicone gel pads positioned themselves to support each part of her body. There was a sharp whooshing sound that Jim knew so well, the growth chamber

injected a cocktail of drugs into the umbilical cord that would prep the clone to be awakened yet still remain unconscious for the next few hours. Normally clones would be kept under anesthesia as their organs were harvested, but Jen 2 was special. Jim had his wife's memories played back in Jen 2's brain for the last four years, and with the new algorithms that gradually lowered the traumatic events and raised the beneficial ones, Jen 2 would be even better. The glass tube rotated back and a peculiar sweet smell inundated the air. The computer-guided arm moved to the navel, it clamped, cut and cauterized the large umbilical cord. Very little blood escaped. The machine then rotated her whole until she was facing down. More pink fluid began gushing from her mouth. Suction cups on her back just behind her lungs, compressed and pulled, forcing the remaining liquid out of her lungs. Jim could see she was now breathing on her own. The Rejuv cloning machine turned her back over and placed her on the gurney facing up. She sunk into the molded shape. Jim studied her intently, dragging his fingers over her wet body, he noted that her left and right breast were exactly the same size. Pleased he pushed the cart over to the shower area. While still on the silicone gurney Jim washed her down with a long hand held shower head. He then proceeded to cut her blond hair to the correct length, next came her toe and finger nails. The last thing he did was put a large Band-Aid

over her navel. In all it took about an hour before he finished. Jim wheeled her back to his private bed room. Jen 1's clothes were still on the bed, he picked them up and folded them nicely and placed them on the dresser. He then transferred her to the bed admiring that beautiful body again before pulling the covers up to her chest. Dr. Newman changed back into his business attire and sat on a chair at the side of the bed.

He watched every breath she took. He studied her face for any signs of awakening. Finally one hour and thirty four minutes later Jen's head started to move a little. The drugs were wearing off. He reached into his pocket and took out a probe with a blunt silver end, he pushed a small button and a blue light started blinking. Placing the probe on her forehead the blue light stabilized and stayed on. He then studied his phone and could see her EEG wave activity, she was near consciousness.

"Jen." He said softly. He stroked her forehead and hair, her skin was silky smooth, and he knew that not one photon from the sun had ever touched her. Jim bent down, his mouth near her ear. He inhaled deeply and she smelled exactly like baby powder. She stirred and mumbled as if coming out of a deep dream. "Jen." He whispered in her ear. Her eyes slowly fluttered opened darting back and forth trying to focus but not able to.

"You scared me Jen." He sat up and reassuringly squeezed her hand.

Jen turned her head towards his voice but there was no recognition in her eyes. "Wa" Jen coughed a moment, clearing her throat and swallowed whatever crap was in there. "What happened? Every. Things. Blurry." She moaned.

Jim smiled sweetly, "Don't worry, you'll be fine. You just drank one too many at our anniversary party and then took a spill." He gently touched her covered up naval. He continued, "You even fell on a wine glass cutting yourself on the stomach; but I patched you up, I put you back together again. You'll be up and walking in no time."

Jen attempted to sit up but felt disoriented and lay back down. "How been I long sleeping for? I mean how long have I been sleeping for?"

She spoke very well he thought. "Oh, just a...day." He felt like saying five years but decided against it. Jim was very pleased with his accomplishment, and said. "You know sweet heart, we were supposed to fly to Vegas for a few days. After you feel better do you still want to go?" She turned and was able to focus her eyes on him.

"Sure why not? With the way you drive I'd hate to be stuck in that new Corvette of yours for four hours."

He smiled and thought Perfection at last! The thought of perfection triggered neurons deep in the fissures of Jim's brain. He remembered the Monk and the garden legend, and wondered what the Monk would say about his creation lying before him. His real wife, Jen, was not perfect. Most of her, right now, was chilling in his freezer at home. She was twenty-four when they met and not a virgin. But then who was at that age? Was that the tear that made his wife perfect? Yet Jen 2 was a virgin, and soon he would take that from her. Is it possible that a small tear in her mind would equate to true perfection? Can Jim be truly satisfied?

Dave, the guard was still thinking about Mrs. Newman when he saw them walking out of the building. He got the call a few minutes before that they were leaving, and had Dr. Newman's Corvette readied. As they approached, Dave noticed Dr. Newman was helping his wife walk. He was puzzled, and wondered what could've happened to her. Dave stood up, exited the guard shack, and hastily opened the passenger door. He watched Dr. Newman carefully hold his wife's arm and hand as he helped her

sit down. Shocked, Dave noticed that her nails were plain as can be. The deep red nail polish was gone.

THE END