

The Perfect Boyfriend  
by Jimmy Twin  
Highly Commended

I looked down at the figure laying on the bed. He looked back at me. Bright blue eyes feasting upon my own. Perfection.

He smiled and I smiled. He bit his full lips. I ran my tongue across mine.

I couldn't stop smiling at my new, perfect boyfriend. I knelt down and kissed him gently. He kissed gently in return.

It is hard to believe it was only a month ago I decided to make a boyfriend. We laughed and continued to flirt.

I know what you are going to say, "Big deal! It is the year 2100! Everyone makes their soul mate these days."

But I decided to do something different. I made myself.

I did not wish to spend hours filling out boring surveys to inform how an AI conscience will think and act. And I certainly did not wish to spend several more excruciating hours in a behaviour study to determine which body look and smell affected me the most. I decided to copy my own brain and body. Every cell identical. I felt it was more natural that way.

And the process was incredibly easy. Just a few slightly invasive probes into my brain to collect a week's worth of brain activity, followed by a few slightly more invasive probes to copy memory. I was nearly blissfully unaware of the pain, doing it all while in a virtual vacation at my favourite hot spring. The few hundred biopsy samples taken to capture every cell type on my body added to the burning sensation of the hot water. Sure, I could have picked anybody - and any body - in the world to copy, real or imaginary. I was happy to endure this temporary discomfort. I wanted to make a perfect copy of myself.

Or perhaps he made me.

Given the short period of time to create new memories, it is difficult to say who is who. We are identical in every way. We gesture and move towards each other in unison, and breathe at the same pace. We both hold back to savour the moment, knowing exactly what we wished to do to each other.

Before realising my perfect match looked back at me in the mirror, I tried more "traditional" means of finding a partner. I even tried the new craze of retro-dating, with its inevitable heartbreak and betrayal. I took part in several free trials of made partners in my virtual holiday home, but a partner in servitude did not suit me. I wanted an equal. And what better equal than yourself?

I looked down at the love of my love. The only person I know I could ever truly love. As we moved closer to each other, the hairs on my neck

prickled at the touch of his breath. My hands began to tremble. I knew his hands were trembling as well.

I wanted to be with me. I wanted to be in me. I wanted to be inside of me.

Heavy breathing now, we gently pressed our bodies together. Fingers stroking each other's faces, moving down to our necks, and along each other's muscled arms. Sensual, soft touches to arouse, whilst looking for tell-tale signs of who Frankenstein was, and who was the monster. We knew it impossible but we both knew we would be curious. Our monsters were now both engorged in our pants and pleading to be released and pleased. As we knew we could.

They asked me before it all started if I wished anything to be changed with my perfect clone. I did not. I refused a barcode. I even bribed them not to implant the legally required fail-safe kill switch. They warned me that even they may not be able to tell who was who. We both wanted it this way.

We wrestled for a bit to determine who was on top. We feigned frustration at temporary defeats. It didn't really matter, as we both knew we were happy either way. We ripped off each other's shirts, and threw them across the room using the same dominant hand.

This is what life is going to be like now. Perfectly matched in all what we do.

I started to undo the belt on his pants. His breathing started to quicken. As did mine.

Sliding his pants off, I see him gasp and shudder - his face a mix between pleasure and shame.

He already came.

What a surprise.

So had I.