If You Want a Job Done Right

Chuck sighed as he looked out the window of his office, a drink in one hand and a stack of papers in the other. The pit bull was in a bit of dilemma, and while it was from the best of circumstances it was still causing him no end of headaches as he turned his chair back around to his large mahogany desk. Sitting there before him were the blueprints to a new branch of his company, a company that he had built from the ground up and put his blood, sweat and tears in order to make it as successful as possible. From his humble beginnings he had taken what little seed money he managed to scrape together and created a corporation that has their hands in everything from military and space contracts to chemical, pharmaceutical, and biotechnology brands.

As his fingernail flicked against one of his nose rings he knew that this branch was key in order to secure the expansion of that company even further; this new branch would not only satisfy the contracts that he had lined up for the next few years but be able to continue his growth in the nearby agricultural sector that he was planning on going into next. It was the culmination of nearly a decade of work and there was a lot leveraged against it, which was why he needed someone that he knew would run it properly. If this branch failed it would cause a potential cascading effect that could endanger everything he built, which was why he needed someone that had his drive, his hunger, his knowledge of the stakes that were involved…

…in essence, Chuck needed another him.

But that was not what he was finding as he took the employee files he had been holding and threw them onto his desk. Sure they all had the qualifications to be the branch manager, he thought to himself as he took another drink, but after seeing their interview tapes he didn’t see a single spark in any of them that he wanted in someone that would lead a major portion of his company. Plus there was the training time that would be needed in order to get them up to speed, plus the fact that all of them were demanding an arm and leg in order to do this. While he knew he had to make a decision at some point Chuck wasn’t looking forward to the sleepless nights that he would have wondering whether or not they were actually doing a good job.

As the papers he had tossed slowly fell off of his desk he noticed a different colored folder was there that hadn’t been when he came back from his briefing with the architects a few hours ago. He must have covered it up when he made room for the blueprints, Chuck thought to himself as he grabbed the green file, the color of which meant it was from his biotech division. As he opened it and looked through the papers his eyes widened before he let out a chuckle. After his first round of interviews went bust he had gone down to do his usual rounds with the project heads and had been complaining to biotech that there was no one like him and asked if they would just make a clone of him instead.

“I can’t believe they actually looked into it for me,” Chuck said as he stuck out his tongue while he looked at the report. “Man, I needed something to lighten the mood, I’ll have to go down there and give them a good ribbing when… I…” The canine trailed off when he saw the last page of the report, which was where the summary of results was, and saw the words that caused him to read it at least three times before he sat back in shock. “Statistically possible…”

The very next second Chuck called up the head of the biotech department and told him to get his ass in his office immediately before slamming down the phone, which prompted a very nervous dragon to appear in front of him in the space of ten minutes as he held up the file. “What the hell is this?” Chuck said as he tossed the file down in front of him. “Are you saying that it’s really possible to clone someone?”

“Well, yes, we actually found that it was feasible through a gene therapy program that we were studying,” the dragon quickly explained. “When you made your inquiry we looked into it and found that through a special bio-organic polymer applied to living tissue we could actually grow you a clone, someone that would be exactly like you in every way from personality to physical appearance. The only thing you would have to supply is the knowledge you have but in essence we could grow another you.”

The dragon continued to stand there nervously as Chuck tapped a finger against his nose ring, his face furrowed in deep thought before a grin came to his muzzle. “This is perfect!” Chuck exclaimed, his tail wagging behind him as he stood up and caused the dragon to back away slightly. “How soon do you think you could get a clone of me to the point that you just said?”

“Uh, well, if we could collect a sample of your DNA now we could get something growing in the vats within the week,” the dragon stated. “Unfortunately we have to progress the tissue through all the life-cycles of growth in order to make sure that we guide it through without any problems, but with growth accelerators we could get you another you in… about five years?”

The excited look on his face quickly disappeared at hearing that and Chuck sat back down in his leather chair with a defeated look on his face. “This project is supposed to be done in a year,” Chuck said with a sigh. “Even I could run the branch I can’t do it for four years while waiting for this clone to cook, and even if I could then I would have to train it. Damnit! I really thought we might have had a solution.”

As Chuck sighed and rocked back and forth he found himself even more depressed than when he had made the call, rocking his glass back and forth in his free hand while the other pressed against his temple. The idea of having himself run his own branch had been a ray of light in this otherwise dismal search for a branch manager, but as his yellow eyes looked up he noticed that the dragon had not left and gave him a look of question. “Sir… there is one other alternative that we had found as well,” the dragon said as Chuck raised an eyebrow at him, which only caused his project lead to tremble like a leaf. “There’s some… uh… ethical concerns, but if you really want a clone right away… we may have a solution…”

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A few days later Night was walking down the street along with the scores of others that were looking to go to work, though for the wolf he was actually looking for a job after the company he was a part of went bankrupt. While he had gotten a bit of the way up before everyone got the ax he had been trying to move up in the world, though that was proving harder than he had even imagined as he looked at his phone while the breeze ruffled his long white and blue tinted hair. As usual he scoured the job boards electronically as he made his way through the streets, trying to find stuff that he would be able to apply to that would help him get the leg up he wanted. Unfortunately his aiming high had not gotten him very far and one of the reasons that he was walking down the street at that moment was because he had an appointment with a job recruiter that was probably going to make him aim lower and potentially have him start over.

As usual he very few that would even look at his resume, but just as he was about to reach the end of the list he saw one for a branch manager for a major corporation that was in the area. When he saw the posting he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw that the interview period was open, and as he looked at the timestamp and saw that it had been freshly posted he figured that it was probably a mistake. He decided to click on it anyway to give it a shot and fire off his resume, but before he could it opened to a questionnaire that he had to fill out. Night gave a loud sigh; he hated when the company required these personality things, most of the time he just filled them out with whatever he believed they were looking for only to find that the questions on there were a bit different then he was used to.

The first part was all about family history, which was unusual but easy for him to fill out since he had none, with the second part being a personal information section that also asked things like sexual preference. Part of him wondered if that was even legal but answered it anyway and found the last part was the more typical personality survey with a few extra questions sprinkled in there. Once he had finished with it he clicked on the next button to upload his resume, only to find that it had a thank you for submitting screen that caused him to groan. Well so much for that job, Night thought to himself, as soon as they saw that he somehow missed the prompt to upload his stuff they weren’t going to hire him anyway.

As he shook his head and was about to put his phone back into his pocket he was surprised when it started to ring, looking at the screen to see it was an unfamiliar but verified number that he answered. “Hey Night, I just received your resume,” the gruff, deep voice on the other line said. “It turns out that I just had an opening in my schedule and we can actually squeeze you in within the hour for an interview! Do you think you could swing that?”

No way… was this the company that he had just bungled? When Night asked for the address to go to his eyes widened as he remembered that was the address on the posting he had just filled out. “Of course!” Night replied eagerly, though he tried to quickly calm himself so he didn’t sound desperate as he coughed to steady his nerves. “I mean, yes, I would be happy to come in.”

After being told to come in within the hour the phone hung up, leaving Night with his heart pounding in his chest as he continued to look at the screen long after he had been disconnected. Not only had he been given a meeting at one of the fastest growing corporations in the country but he was also meeting with the CEO himself, which he had been told to call Chuck as he quickly made his way down to the nearby elevated train station. He wondered what he could have possibly done in order to warrant such a hasty invitation, especially when he thought he hadn’t sent in his resume, but those thoughts were quickly pushed aside as he tried to prepare himself for what could be an interview of a lifetime. He found himself fortunate that he had been already in his suit to meet with the recruiter, which he hastily cancelled with the made up excuse that he had urgent family business out of state while he made his way to the corporate office.

Despite a few delays Night had gotten into the lobby of his destination within the half hour, which was almost completely empty save for the lone security guard that sat there. When Night came up to announce that he was there for an interview he didn’t get out a word before the stern-looking bull pointed a finger in the direction of the elevators. The wolf thanked him and tried not to look nervous as he went over to the bank of shiny doors only to have one open for him. When he looked back over the security guard motioned for him to step inside, and once he did the bull just shook his head as he went to the cameras that viewed the lobby and stopped the loop that prevented Night from being recorded on them before calling up to his boss.

Night found himself fidgeting several times as he waited for the elevator to stop, and when it did it opened its doors to an office that he had only seen before in movies. He found his jaw dropping despite himself as he walked in while his gaze wandered around the entire space until it was brought back to the desk at the other end of the room. There he saw the pit bull that was the Founder and CEO of the company whose building he was in smile at him and motion for him to take a seat, the light from the windows behind him glinting off of the gold piercings in his ears. Everything still surreal to the wolf as he got into the chair opposite of the other canine and realized in horror that he didn’t even have a copy of his resume to give him.

“You look a little tense Night,” Chuck said, which caused Night to swallow hard and the pit bull to chuckle. “Relax, some say the hardest part of the interview process is the wait before it. Can I get you something to drink, water, soda, maybe a little something stronger?”

“Soda is fine, thanks,” Night replied, watching as Chuck went over to the nearby wet bar before a glance back from the intimidating man had him suddenly stare straight ahead at the empty chair. “I’m… I don’t have my resume with me, but I do have a version on my phone.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about that,” Chuck replied as he poured the soda out of the can and into a glass before he did the same with a crystal decanter full of an amber liquid into another. “Sometimes what you’re looking for isn’t on a piece of paper, and while your past can be useful its your future I’m more interested in. Now I saw your questionnaire and I saw something there that I knew that I needed to see for myself.”

“You did?” Night asked as he looked at Chuck in question, seeing that he had come over with his soda that he quickly took and drank from before setting it on the desk while the pit bull settled back down in his own chair. “I’m kind of surprised, can I ask what it was?”

“It was a spark,” Chuck replied with a smile as he took a drink from his own glass, which prompted Night to do the same. “It’s what I’ve been looking for, someone that I know I can mold and reshape until they’re just like me, someone that I can trust to run the branch like I was the one behind the wheel. Are you understanding what I’m saying Night?”

Even as the wolf nodded his head he found it harder and harder to understand Chuck, the words starting to ebb and flow into one another as the room began to spin. He took another swallow of the soda to try and calm himself but it only seemed to make things worse as he found himself leaning forward. This wasn’t happening, Night thought to himself as he felt himself slumping forward, was he having a panic attack or about to faint? When he tried to say something to Chuck he found that the pit bull was still smiling at him, which was the last thing Night saw before everything went dark.

When Night’s head flopped down on the desk Chuck’s grin became deadly serious as he pushed a button underneath his desk, getting up and going around the desk to search through the unconscious wolf’s pockets. As the elevator doors opened and the bull security guard walked through he found his boss tossing him a cell phone. “Get that down to communications and have them scrub everything that it might have left a trace on,” Chuck said as he patted the wolf on the head. “Once you’re done with that bring this one down to Biotech, they’re going to be waiting for him.”

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When Night awoke once more he found himself on a mesh metal floor, his bare grey and white fur pressing against it as the cobwebs of his mind slowly cleared. As he became more coherent he realized that he was in some sort of clear plastic tube or cylinder, which as he stood up seemed to be in the middle of a room where there were a number of people in lab coats that were either watching him or looking down at the various monitors that were nearby. As he felt his body shiver Night looked down and realized with some embarrassment that he was also completely naked. When he went over and knocked against the wall it felt thick and no one seemed to notice that he was moving.

What the hell was going on here, Night thought to himself, the last thing he remembered was that he had gone in to talk with the CEO of a corporation about job and now he was in some sort of science lab. He tried to call out to the people that were on the other side of the tube but it was clear that no one heard him even as he tried to shout. As the last of the drugs left his system and panic began to set in he tried to see something that would give him some sign of what was going on. Eventually after what seemed like ages the wolf did notice something familiar in the form of Chuck walking down the metal stairs that led to the floor where he was trapped.

Chuck couldn’t help but smirk slightly as he saw the wolf trying to say something, the wild gestures no doubt an indication of his frantic rambling in order to get an idea of the situation he was in. “That’s a very pretty patterning he has,” Chuck commented to himself as he noticed the blue treasure trail that went from the dark grey fur of his abs all the way down to his sheath along with the yellow and blue lines of his shoulders. “Almost a shame really.”

As Night watched the pit bull go over to one of the nearby consoles he saw him press a button that caused hidden speakers above to crackle to life. “Hey there Night,” Chuck said, Night hearing his voice as clear as day. “How are you feeling?”

“Honestly, I’m a little confused sir!” Night replied as he looked around. “I don’t know what’s going on but I think there’s been some mistake. If you could just let me out of the tube and, uh, give me some clothes, that would be great!”

“Oh, there’s no mistake that was made here, you’re exactly where you should be,” Chuck replied enthusiastically. “Congratulations, you got the job, you’re going to be the branch manager to my company! This is going to be a very exciting time for your life, I can tell you that right now, and you being in that tube is just part of your on-boarding experience.”

“Oh, uh, actually, I think I’m having second thoughts about this job,” Night said as he suddenly looked around nervously.

“Nonsense, I’m sure you’re going to be just great,” Chuck said before he cut the intercom, then looked over at the dragon that sat at the same station. “Do it.”

As Night continued to try and explain that he was more unsure than ever about taking the job it was clear that Chuck was no longer listening to him, and as he saw a few of the researchers starting to push buttons on their various consoles it was clear that something was happening. The fur on his body began to stand on end as he could feel the pressure shifting in the chamber, feeling something happening both underneath his feet and above him. When he looked up at the ceiling he saw the same mesh covering that was beneath his feet, and as the sound of machinery coming to life could be heard he turned his attention back to the walls of the plastic tube and began to pound on it. Whatever was happening above him was getting closer and as Night backed away from the wall he looked up and could only watch for whatever potential horror was about to happen to him.

Suddenly something began to emerge from one area of the ceiling, a shiny white substance that looked like some sort of liquid latex or paint that formed a large droplet that slowly started to hand down towards him. There wasn’t much room for Night to try and avoid it and as he pressed himself up against the glass it still managed to catch his hand, completely coating it in the white substance before falling to the floor. He braced himself as he expected to burn or bubble like acid, but as the excess dripped off his hand it just felt cool to the touch and slightly slimy. Was this some sort of prank, or maybe some test that Chuck devised in order to see if he was really capable of running a branch of his company?

As Night continued to look up he tried to wipe the material off on the glass wall, only to find it was sticking to his hand like glue. He took a moment to look away from the ceiling to examine his hand and found that not only had it seemed to completely coat him but it also matted the fur to his wrist to the point where he couldn’t see it anymore. As he tried to get the rubbery substance off it felt like it had completely adhered to his skin and when he rubbed his other hand against the palm he found that it was so thick that he couldn’t even feel the bright blue padding anymore. Night’s attention was so preoccupied with his covered hand that he hadn’t noticed that a second dollop of the substance dropped from the ceiling and landed with a thick splat on his lower back.

This was a much larger one and as the liquid flowed around and down his tail the tingling sensation grew even stronger than with his hand. Even though he wanted to keep looking upwards the feelings he was getting from his backside were too strong and when he waved his tail around to try and get more of the goo off of it he found it increasingly hard to move around. It was like the latex was weighing it down and when he couldn’t shake it off with just his own movement he reached the already affected hand around. It took a bit a bit of effort but he managed to get his hand on top of his tail base and began to rub downwards to push the gunk off of it…

…only to have his entire tail fall off.

Night’s eyes widened in shock as what used to be his fluffy dark grey and white tail hung there limply before it quickly dissolved into goo that flowed into the floor, and when he reached back expecting to find a hole that it might have burned through all he found was the flat expanse of his lower back coated by the substance. It was like he never had a tail in the first place and as another droplet of the goo dropped down he saw it land on his shoulder and immediately melt the fur around there. Another splotch hit the back of his head and another landed on his ear that made it feel like it immediately melt into his skull. As more of the smaller drops of the strange liquid landed on him it continued to melt his fur, and as Night saw the patches of white rubber appear on his body it was provoking a reaction that neither he or those that were watching had expected.

“Is he… getting aroused?” Chuck asked as the others watched as Night’s cock began to push out of his sheath, which prompted the confused wolf to look down at his cyan member as he held up his arms to try and shield his head from the rain of the strange substance. “I know you said that it was painless but you didn’t say anything about that.”

“Well we didn’t have any ability to test if it was pleasurable,” the dragon replied. “All we knew was that as it worked the subject would start to lose his sense of self, maybe he just enjoys the feeling.”

“Heh, kinky fuck,” Chuck said as he tapped his nose ring. “I’m liking him already, let’s get him finished up so that we can move on to the next stage of the process.”

Back in the tube Night found his ability to speak hindered as a larger glob of the goo hit him on the side of his muzzle and seemed to meld his lips together. As he looked at himself in the translucent reflection of the tube it was like he was staring at someone trying to stitch a fursuit representing him onto a mannequin; not only was he missing his tail and an ear but one of his foot paws had been completely coated and the arms he had been using to shield himself were completely white and shiny with no fur on them. When they were completely converted the liquid dripped down them and as he found himself only able to open half his muzzle another large droplet landed on his face and as it dripped down his face he tried to wipe away the substance, only to see that the entire half of his head was completely smooth and featureless. What was even more bizarre was that with each piece of him that was taken it felt like a piece of him disappeared mentally as well, the very essence of his personality being washed away along with his bodily features that for some reason had made him hard as a rock.

As Night tried to resist the bizarre temptation of stroking himself off in front of these people the droplets that were hitting his head started to melt away the rest of his facial features. When he tried to lean back to stop it he failed to see a particularly large glob of the liquid latex drop right down from the middle until it landed on his lap. Night’s remaining eye looked down in shock as not only did it cause a surge of pleasure to radiate through his body but could start to feel the same tingling sensation that was starting to permeate through the rest of his body. Already the concept of his masculinity had started to fail him as he lost definition in his muscles on his arms and legs, but even before he began to bring his hand down he could already feel this affecting him much more strongly.

Night finally wiped away the substance and found a smooth, shiny white expanse between his legs. His cock and sheath were completely gone, yet as he rubbed against the area it was almost more sensitive. It was like his body knew that something was supposed to be there but wasn’t, as though it was waiting to be determined as his lack of focus allowed more larger droplets to land on him. Soon the rain of shiny liquid got to the point where it just started to completely coat him, with the movements of the former wolf becoming less and less until the figure just stood there as he was completely coated. It lasted this way for a few minutes and when it was finally done and the last droplets dripped off the body there was no longer a wolf, just a featureless humanoid shape whose head seemed to move slightly as the computer announced that the identity sterilization was complete.

Chuck looked in shock just like most of the others in the room as the plastic walls of the tube opened once all the liquid was secured within, the pit bull asking if was even safe to approach it so soon after it had undergone the treatment. “Don’t worry, the rubber has completely absorbed all the DNA of the wolf and has made it so that you can touch him all you want,” the dragon said as Chuck walked over and continued to look over the blank creature. “At this moment with the integration complete it’s waiting for something to bond with, the DNA of the donor creature in this case.”

“Amazing,” Chuck stated as he waved his hand in front of the former wolf. “So he’s not going to remember that he used to be someone named Night?”

“He is completely and totally a clean slate,” the dragon explained. “Think of Night as an imprint of a comic on silly putty, what this machine did was essentially fold and stretch that putty until that picture had completely disappeared. It’s still alive and can still do things like think and feel, but it has absolutely no concept of self-awareness because there’s no identity to give it context.”

“Then I suppose it’s time to give it some context,” Chuck said with a grin as he started to take off his suit, putting the jacket aside before he started to unbutton his shirt. “I’m really looking forward to imprinting a new picture on this guy.”

“Uh, sir,” the dragon said nervously as he watched the pit bull toss his shirt aside and work on undoing his belt next. “That’s really not a necessary step of the process, we can introduce your DNA through any number of means.”

Chuck stopped just as he was about to drop his pants and turned to the dragon with a look in his eyes. “So are you saying that my method here isn’t going to work?” Chuck asked, which quickly prompted the dragon and everyone else in the room to shake their heads vigorously in response. “Good, it’s my clone and I’m going to introduce my DNA as you say however I wish. Plus people are telling me to go fuck myself all the time, I think it will be fun to finally put some truth to that insult.”

Unlike Night the canine had no compunctions about standing in the middle of a room while naked as he dropped his boxers and showed off his muscular, toned physique off to everyone in the room. As he looked around the room he pointed to a few and caught them for looking as he chuckled, letting everyone see the skull and snake tattoos that covered most of his biceps and shoulders along with the piercing bars in his nipples. What he saw really caught everyone’s eye was the gold ring that pieced the head of his cock, which as he found his shaft stiffening he rubbed it while going up to the creature. While he had originally been doing this strictly for business purposes he had been growing more and more excited when he was told about his part, just like with his company he was going to mold his future right in his own bare hands as he took them and pressed them against the smooth white sides of the creature in front of him.

The one that used to be night was aware that it was being touched, but it wasn’t sure how to respond since there was nothing in its mind that would give it reference. All its mind was for was to make sure it knew how to stay alive and other than that it had no feelings or emotions or thoughts. It only knew existence, at least until it began to feel something pressing up against its rear. There was a spark there that came between the two as the pit bull took his throbbing, fully-erect cock and began to push it in, and as soon as the first droplet of pre dripped out from the tip the rubbery material immediately began to connect the half-strands of DNA to its own as grey fur could already be seen starting to sprout from the otherwise shiny material.

It was working, Chuck couldn’t believe his eyes as he paused after popping the head of his cock inside the other man to see that there was a slight nub that was starting to grow over the hole he was in. They were subtle changes but clearly seen on the otherwise blank form, and as he began to push deeper in not only was he getting a thrill of pleasure from the squeezing of the walls of this guy but also because he could see more fur sprouting. He reminded himself that he would have to make sure that he got the entire biotech department a big bonus for all of them as he could feel those hips start to push back slightly. An eager one… that made Chuck chuckle as he took his hands and slid them forward in order to rub against the smooth groin of the blank.

As the blank could feel something starting to push into him it gave it the first sensation that it could remember, pleasure. Somewhere deep down pleasure was bubbling to the surface and the feeling of whatever was inside of it made them feel good. As more of the DNA was being absorbed into its system other concepts began to seep into its consciousness. Male… it was a male, which was the same as the one that was behind him as he began to feel the rubbery surface of his groin start to bulge out when he felt more pleasure from the fingers caressing it. The more that the blank absorbed the more that a picture was already starting to form in his mind, and when he realized that he enjoyed the pleasure of males he matched that with his own identity and his body reacted in kind.

Chuck laughed slightly when he found that as his own penis slid into the blank he started to see one forming where his hands teased the creature, though as he watched the maleness form from over the blank’s shoulder his eyebrows rose slightly when he saw a tuft of black hair forming over it already. This wasn’t just going to be any old cock, the pit bull reminded himself as he lowered his fingers to fondle the sack that was forming underneath the growing shaft, this was his cock. As the back of the blank arched as the new stimulation he could see the rubber starting to get more of a flesh tone to it just like the sack underneath. As he pushed his own cock in deeper he had the perverse thought that it was molding it based off of what was inside him, grinning as he soon found himself stroking a thick shaft that was identical to the one that he had started to pull back out.

The blank was growing ever more aware of his surroundings as his body was starting to shift and warp, growing bigger as his frame stretched out. While the entire personality and memories of the creature he had been were wiped out the gooey substance was smart enough to retain baseline learning in order to make sure that the new creature being created didn’t have to start from scratch, which was why when he could hear a growling voice behind him say that he was becoming more handsome by the second he could understand what it meant… just not the context of it. Some words still were lacking in their meanings but as the big man behind him started to thrust forward more insistently it was clear what he wanted as the hand around his dick started to pump faster as well.

While some of the onlookers had left as the CEO of their company had sex with one of their projects right on the floor there were many who watched in rapt fascination as the build of the creature was growing to match the one behind it. Soon Chuck didn’t have to hunch over in order to thrust into the increasingly male creature beneath him as the ropy tail continued to push its way out. Soon the facial features started to form as well with the blank’s mouth reforming on its face that started to mold into a muzzle as a pair of ears began to grow from the latex. They were pointed just like the man behind him and as more fur began to sprout in patches the blank began to quiver.

As the blank formed more into a canine specimen Chuck started to feel himself tensing, his pleasure reaching a peak as it felt like he was jerking himself off even while he thrusted into the tailhole of the other male. The sensations eventually overwhelmed him and he knew what he had to do, gasping loudly and wrapping his fingers around the thickening latex thighs in order to keep his cock in as deep as possible. While the body of the blank would likely absorb all of it he didn’t want to waste a single drop, and as he fired rope after rope of his spunk into the creature he suddenly heard a gasp that sounded much like the one that he had made. When he looked at the creature that was transforming in front of him his eyes widened as he found the ones that were staring back at him doing the same.

“It’s been a while since I saw my body like this,” Chuck said as he pulled his cock out of the hole that was quickly becoming his own butt as the injection of fresh DNA cause the changes to spread like wildfire, putting his hands on the thickening pectorals of the partial pit bull and rubbing against the thick nipples. “Look at you, fresh as the fallen snow. How are you feeling Chuck?”

Chuck… Chuck… as the creature’s eyes formed and became the same golden hue as the ones staring intently at him he found that name sticking in his mind. Yes, he was Chuck, for some reason he wasn’t sure why but he had to be as he felt the other man stroking down his nipples and giving him more pleasure. As he looked down he found it surprising to see that their bodies looked completely the same, even having the black hair on the short white fur of their chest that accented their muscular build. When he mimicked what the other pit bull was doing the new Chuck saw the canine jump slightly and his cock twitch when he rubbed against the bars that were piercing his nipples.

“Those are really cool,” the new Chuck said, his mouth smiling as he heard his own voice while his nose turned black and white hair grew between his ears. As the last of the latex that had erased his own identity disappeared as well it was replaced with the studly appearance of a pit bull who when he looked at the other guy was like staring in the mirror. “Are you Chuck too?”

“Ah, yes, I guess I am,” Chuck replied. “Although I am really the original Chuck… hmmm, actually this might get confusing rather quickly. Why don’t we go ahead and call you Charles for now until we can get things more situated?”

As Charles accepted his new name for the time being Chuck knew that this would only be temporary. He had no intention of keeping the two of them separate in anything but the way they were created, which was how he was going to run the new branch even as he kept running things in headquarters as he patted himself on the back before going to the dragon. “I want you to make sure that there is absolutely no record of this ever happening,” Chuck said as he started to put his underwear and pants back on. “As far as anyone here is concerned this was an experiment in order to try and replicate someone’s arm or something and it failed, so write off all the materials and labor as a loss. I’m going to have my lawyer down here in an hour and you’re going to make sure that everyone here signs a NDA on top of the one that’s already on them, including yourself, you got that?”

“Of course sir,” the dragon said with a nervous nod of his head as Chuck put on the rest of his suit while the other version of himself continued to look at his body as though it was for the first time, mostly because it technically was. “Do you want me to run any additional scans on the other you, make sure that the process went well?”

“No, I trust that you did a fine job with me over there,” Chuck replied as he got the attention of Charles and told him to come on over, the naked pit bull eagerly doing so. As Chuck looked himself over he knew that there was still a lot of work to be done in order to mold this version of himself into shape, but it was something he was eager to do as he once more patted the dragon on the shoulder. “Once you guys are done with the lawyer I want you to take the entire team for a night on the town, my treat, and when you come in tomorrow it’ll be like this never happened.”

Once more the dragon agreed and watched as the two pit bull walked towards the elevator, the naked one watching his other self and starting to adopt the way that the boss swaggered. For Chuck he was ready to teach this brand-new dog some tricks, and since he was teaching himself he knew that it wouldn’t be long before Charles was a name they no longer needed. As he looked up and down the naked body of the former wolf however he found that there were still a few more physical alterations that needed to be done, but luckily he had someone he could trust that could do both…

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A few weeks later the lead supervisor of the biotech division once more found himself being summoned up to the office of the boss, which caused the dragon to nearly tremble in anxiety as he almost dropped everything that he was doing in order to head to the elevator. He hadn’t heard from Chuck since they had completed the cloning project aside from their usual weekly meetings and began to wonder what was going on. Though he knew that he wasn’t going to be able to follow the project to its antithesis, which would be the training that would allow the clone to fully embrace the genetic programming that had been given to him, he had still been curious on what the outcome was. But the CEO kept everything close to the chest and he didn’t want to ask about it since everything was considered beyond top secret, and the last thing he wanted to do was lose his job just because he asked the wrong question as he stepped into the elevator when the doors opened.

The dragon still found it a bit odd that he was suddenly being called out of the blue and for the entire ride up to the top floor of the building his mind raced with what he could have possibly done wrong. Maybe something happened with the cloning process? What is Night’s personality or physical features had started to manifest once more? The entire thing was highly experimental and as he finally got to the top floor the ding that indicated it caused the dragon to nearly jump before he stepped inside as soon as the doors would allow him.

For the second time in that month the dragon once more found himself in the office of the founder of the company he worked at, who at the moment was over by a weight set completely shirtless doing arm curls. As he looked around he saw that the clone was nowhere to be found, which made his summoning even more worrisome as he stepped forward and got the attention of the pit bull. “Ah, about time you got here,” Chuck said as he put down the weights and grabbed a towel along with a bottle of water. “I thought that since it’s been a few weeks I wanted to catch up with you and see how things were going in biotech, particularly with any special projects that people might be talking about.”

The dragon felt himself swallowing hard as he watched the pit bull wipe down his tattoo-covered shoulders and his face before sitting down behind his desk, not bothering to put his shirt on as he tapped one of his two nose rings with a claw. “Oh, I’m uh, I’m pleased to say that there hasn’t been any talking about any sort of special projects at all,” The scientist said as his boss continued to stare at him. “Everything is staying secret just like you asked, though I wonder… um, just where is… Charles?”

“Charles?” Chuck asked in confusion as he took a drink from the bottle of water he had grabbed. “I think you might be mistaken, there is no Charles that works for this company. Are you feeling alright, perhaps you should sit down and have a drink?”

“I’m fine!” the dragon quickly replied, though whether from the rise in octave of his voice or the sudden tenseness in his voice the pit bull smirked as the idea of going the same route as the wolf had crossed his mind. “I mean, I wouldn’t want to bother you sir.” As the dragon looked down at the floor he suddenly felt a pair of hands on his shoulders, and when he snapped his head up to see who they belonged to he suddenly found the shirtless pit bull had come up behind him.

“You know, I watch you when I come down to the meetings and find that you’re very anxious all the time it seems,” Chuck said as the dragon tried not to shiver in his grasp. “The last thing I want you to do is be a mess in front of me, I want you to be comfortable when we talk and not think that I’m going to fire you or something. You are doing a great job here and you should be proud of your accomplishments.”

Despite still shaking like a leaf the dragon did find himself calmed by that, nodding his head slowly in response as he could feel his body relax slightly. “Thank you sir,” the dragon replied. “I don’t know why I get this way but I just want to make sure that I do my best.”

“Well you certainly do, in fact you didn’t even realize that the other me is still sitting there at my desk,” Chuck said as his grin grew wider, his tongue sticking out as the dragon quickly turned his head around to see the same pit bull sitting there with the same expression as he waved while the other Chuck looked at him. “And that’s how we do employee empathy, when we see an employee is in distress we want to see if perhaps we can take a hand in order to figure out what might be wrong. It could be that they’re overworked, underappreciated, or maybe they just find their boss hot because they keep looking at them lustfully in every meeting and have popped a boner right now.”

The dragon let out a slight yelp as he looked down and saw that Chuck was right, though he wasn’t sure if he had the real one or the clone in front of him. It appeared that their boss had been hard at work and the transition had been so flawless that even with his knowledge of the two of them he didn’t realize that he was speaking to do different people. As the pit bull at the desk got up the dragon suddenly felt a pair of hands press against his sides, and when he looked back to the one that was behind him he saw the same pit bull giving him bedroom eyes and wagging his eyebrows. For the researcher it was unbelievable that the two had gotten the tattoos and piercings to match to the point where they were indistinguishable from one another, although his scientific curiosity was being overwritten by the fact that he had always found his beefcake of a boss to be extremely handsome and now there were two of them.

“You don’t know how much I’ve dreamed of something like this,” the dragon said as he felt the hands of one of the pit bulls go down into his pants while he found two sets of eyes staring breathlessly. “Well, not exactly this, but somehow that makes it even better. I don’t even know which one is the real you…”

“We both are,” the two Chucks said simultaneously as they pulled off the dragon’s shirt, tossing it aside before they began to grope up and down his lean scaled form as one whispered into his ear. “I told you that by the end of this the need for differentiation will be unnecessary, one of us will be the extension of the other…”

“…and together we are one,” the second Chuck whispered into the dragon’s other ear, which caused the scientist to shudder as hearing the same voice on both sides of his head. “I’m going to be taking this company to the next level all by myself, with maybe installing a figurehead at the branch that I can use as my mouth piece. Wouldn’t want anyone catching on and trying to copy us.”

The dragon chuckled at the word copy but he quickly forgot about the joke as the pit bull kissed him, his scaly muzzle feeling the metal on his lips as that tongue that he would always see hanging out was pushed into his mouth. The scientist practically melted in their grasp as those toned, muscular chests pressed against him on either side, intensifying the sensations as he felt his pants get dropped to the floor along with his underwear in order to expose his glistening member. This was not what he had expected when he had first pitched this project, but he could tell that his boss was very happy with the result as he broke the kiss and looked down to see that the other two were both naked as well. As they began to guide him over to his desk the dragon could only imagine how many times the two had done this to each other, groping and fondling their identical bodies as they knew exactly which spots to touch in order to illicit the best response.

Not the two weren’t doing a bad job on his own body as the Chuck that he had been originally talking with lifted him up with those strong arms, feeling the biceps pressing against him as he suddenly felt his bare butt against the desk. The two continued to kiss one another for a while before the pit bull told him that as the boss he would of course be the one on top but that he would give the dragon the choice of being spit-roasted while on his back or on his stomach. Since he wanted to see these two in action he quickly said that he would go on his back and he suddenly found himself pulled backwards by the other pit bull until the cool wood was pressing against his back. When he looked up and saw the two identical smiles on the creatures that hovered over him it was like he was in some sort of dream, one that he hoped he would never wake up from as the two versions of his boss stroked up and down his chest vigorously with the one at his head squeezing his pecs while the other drifted down and stroked his thighs.

For Chuck this was something that he had discussed with himself at length on doing, and since he had known for the longest time that the dragon had a crush on him it seemed only natural to reward the one that made this possible. Throughout the weeks the two had remained holed up in his office with the original teaching everything that his clone would need to know. As he had been told by the biotech team his copy picked up on everything quite quickly, to the point where they had started to finish each other’s sentences. They also found something else that came to being with an exact duplicate of one another, they knew when the other was horny and how to take care of it.

While Chuck had originally intended on having the sex he had with his clone in the biotech lab be a one time thing he had been sitting on his couch looking over some financial reports when he suddenly felt a muzzle on his cock. When he looked down he saw the bizarre sight of his own mouth on his dick, but as he watched his own tongue lick around the sensitive flesh of his shaft he found something strangely thrilling about it. It was like he was sucking himself off and when he tried it the other way around it had the same type of feeling to it just in reverse, especially since the other Chuck had been getting very comfortable being him. Soon their mutual blowjobs turned into sex once more, and the pit bull wondered if this was something hidden within himself or possibly a manifestation of Night that he had just come to embrace… though once he had gotten all the piercings and tattoos Chuck had woken up in the morning and looked at his other self wondering if perhaps he was the original or the copy.

At the end of a few weeks though after the two Chucks discussed it they found that neither of them simply didn’t care which one was the real one, and as such they merely stopped treating each other as separate entities and started to do so as one unit. The one thing that they had wanted to do in order to commemorate such a thing was to have sex together with another guy in the mix, which was why at that moment one of the pit bulls was shoving his lubed up cock in to the tailhole of the dragon on their desk as the other started to slide into their muzzle. Neither bothered to ask the other who wanted which and they seemed to organically flow so that one was just on either side of the dragon. Once the dragon pushing into the tight hole of the other creature had gotten far enough in that they could start thrusting the two began to bounce the man between them back and forth, timing it so that when one thrusted in the other was doing the same to try and slide the dragon between their two cocks.

All the dragon could do was just watch as their handsome bodies flexed and strained while his maw and tailhole were stretched open by the same cock at the same time. To feel two members practically throb together while they were pushing down deep into him had caused the eyes of the scientist to nearly roll back into his head. Even the way they grunted was the same, it was like he was being spread open by a guy and his reflection in the mirror before Chuck tiled his head back so that he could slide easily into his throat. Soon the only thing the dragon saw were the grey fur of the pit bull’s thighs as he let out gasps and gargles while his throat and stomach were stretched upwards by the cocks inside of him.

It didn’t take long for the three to finish with their fun, which also applied to the dragon as they watched his cock throb hard before spurting as the two held onto his wrists and ankles to stretch him out further. The pit bull at the front of the desk quickly grabbed the towel that he had left there and wiped off the scales of the dragon before tossing it over to the other Chuck to make sure that none of the cum stained on his desk. When the pit bull at his mouth orgasmed he didn’t have to worry about spilling a drop as he suddenly found those fingers wrapped around his muzzle with his cock pumping in to make sure he swallowed every drop. Once the two had softened completely the two pit bulls slumped their naked bodies down on the chairs on either side of the desk while the dragon continued to lie there in a pleasured daze.

“You know, I was just thinking about how our branch office is probably going to expand quite a bit into the biotech center since we seemed to be having quite a few breakthroughs in this lab,” the Chuck behind the desk said as the dragon turned his head to look at the naked body sitting there with a grin on his face. “We could really use someone to head up the department in order to make sure that everything goes smoothly in the transition and that they can continue to provide us with innovative projects like this one. It would also have to be someone with a personal line to me to make sure that I’m always in the know of what’s going on.”

It took a few seconds for the lust-stricken mind of the dragon to realize what his boss was saying, but when he did he nearly turned over. “You want me to go to the branch office?” The dragon asked, which caused both pit bulls to grin and nod their heads. “But what about my job here? Wouldn’t it be kind of a lateral move for me?”

“It would be true if it was actually you,” one Chuck said as the other walked over and put his hand on the sitting pit bull’s shoulder. “However I believe we have a way to make sure that you can be over there while still not neglecting your duties over here. It would involve you training someone new but I think that with your technology you could find someone that was perfect for the job, someone that was exactly like you.”

“Someone… exactly like me…” the dragon said as he slowly got up and slid off of the desk, sitting in the chair that the other pit bull had vacated. “You want to create a clone of me? Like me me?”

“Unless there is another dragon that is the head of biotech in my company that I just had sex with,” Chuck replied bluntly. “Just say the word and we’ll send out the posting, we can have the new head tech here within the week.” The dragon thought about it for a few seconds, but eventually as he leaned forward he saw both Chucks work as the one on the computer created a posting opportunity as the other pit bull tossed a file he had found into the shredder where a picture of a wolf poked out of it before disappearing…

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