

Specimen Alpha

Doctor Hue was standing at the terminal, his lab coat hanging on his form like a weighted blanket as he braced himself against the monitor. His heart was racing, his mind was a series of scenarios, pros and cons trying to weigh the options of what he was about to do. He wasn't supposed to be here, he wasn't supposed to be doing this kind of thing. He was a scientist, not some...animal lover?

It's not like it's bestiality. These feelings are justified if the other party has the intelligence to consent. The specimen, Specimen Alpha, beat him at chess the other day, for god's sake!

Hue shook his head, his black hair waving in its styled up-do, his sweat making the hair putty droop and fail. No, he shouldn't be thinking like this. He needed to be objective. He had his career to think about.

"My family would love you," Alpha's words echoed in his mind. Hue was brought back to his last chess game with the specimen. It was a virtual chess board, the pieces illuminated holograms on tokens that you could move. Moving them would cause the other tokens on the other side of the glass to slide into place.

"Don't worry mister Hue," Alpha said as he finished his move and crossed his arms. "I have a feeling you'd fit right in." Specimen Alpha was a creature of legend, a werewolf. His body was large, imposing, powerful, and ripped. His massive fingers needed to grip the tokens with his claw tips to properly move them about. His onyx fur covered his body except his chest. His chest fur was thick and fluffy with white and silver. His beard was thick and full. His chin and chest hairs held the first signs of aging. Silvery strands peppered the bottom of his beard and faded into the white of his underbelly. His

mane was thick and wild, a few bits of silver wove their way in making him a distinguished man...or werewolf.

“What makes you say that?” Hue took one of the opposing pawns.

“You’re young and cute,” the specimen said. “Asian, tight, and fit? You’d make a fine pup.” The werewolf took Hue’s bishop with another of his pieces. Wow, he tricked Hue into a cheap gambit. Hue recorded something in a notebook before making his next move.

“I wouldn’t do that,” the specimen advised. “I’ll have your queen in three moves if you do.”

“How so?” Hue asked.

“Make your move and find out,” the specimen smiled, his razor and menacing fangs looking almost inviting with the way he held that cocky grin.

Why was his voice so deep? His tone so sultry? Hue decided to place his pawn there for the sake of data. Sure enough, in three turn’s time, he had taken Hue’s queen with a confident smirk.

“Check,” the wolf smiled, but gave a little yawn, his jaws flashing, teeth glistening with his thick drool. “Your turn mate. You got one move you can make to extend the game out an extra four turns, but you’re mine now.”

Hue was impressed. He didn’t let the specimen guide him this time. He simply took the move he thought was best.

“You sure? I’ll let you take it back. I do love extending the game for the pleasure of the chase.” The werewolf had propped his head up on his fist while strumming his knee with his free hand.

Hue simply smiled warmly and gestured for him to make the next move.

“Checkmate,” the specimen yawned and locked Hue’s king into an impossible situation.

Hue was pleasantly surprised he wasn’t being lied to.

“This game is getting boring,” the specimen smirked. “I prefer poker if you have a deck of cards.”

The rest of their session was spent explaining how card games haven’t been added to their gallery of games. They had only brought out the chess set a week ago and he was already on the verge of being ready to take on masters. Though, he found the game boring. At least when played against the other scientists. He insisted on only playing with Hue after a while.

“That must mean I’m special right...right?” Hue was in a spiral. He was punching in a sequence only two other people on the payroll knew.

He was crazy, he must be. Hue knew there was something wrong, something deeply wrong with how he felt and what he was doing, but these thoughts and urges were too much. He was studying some of Alpha’s fur in the lab. Distinctly canine in nature, nothing unusual...until he opened the glass slide. It was faint, but it was definitely musky. Such a strong aroma from such a small sample. In that moment, he didn’t know why, but he was compelled to keep that little tuft of fur. He pocketed it...the smell a constant reminder of what he did, but also the subject of so many dark fantasies.

Hue had always been a clean guy, and musk wasn’t really his thing. Hell, he had been straight a week ago. But now, every time he listened to the specimen speak, he felt his spine tingle and his heart race. It was like that damned wolf knew he had been huffing that fur. But after a week...it wasn’t enough anymore. It didn’t hit like it used to. It was like a drug and he was addicted. Every time he sniffed it, it was like he was safe and in danger all at the same time. Like he was in the arms of someone who had ill intentions, but would never hurt him.

Access Granted, the screen showed the acceptance of his code as the titanium doors before him slid open. It was a small chamber with another set of doors on the other side. There were hazmat suits and protective equipment for people entering the enclosure. There was no way of knowing if lycanthropy was contagious, so every precaution was set out. He quickly got on his suit and punched in the code for the next door.

He just needed a sample, a little tuft of fur that was fresh...that's all Hue needed. The enclosure was fairly simple in nature. Almost like a high-tech hotel room with sensors and monitors to keep track of the specimen's actions and behavior. The werewolf didn't wear much besides white sweatpants, and the pair he had worn that day were in a pile next to his laundry chute. Hue decided to quickly finish what he was doing and get out while the specimen was asleep. He went over to the discarded clothes and tried to quietly snag a sample.

"Hello there Hue," the scientist heard his name and his body shuddered with fear, and far more from something else. Hue turned to see that the werewolf was setting up on his bed, completely naked and slowly jacking his throbbing dick. Normally, Hue would have turned and ran, hit an emergency button, but something compelled him to stay still.

"That's right, just relax," the werewolf murred, his deep voice rumbling in Hue's chest. It struck so much fear inside him he froze, and yet his spine tingled and his fingers twitched when he heard his name spoken so...intimately?

And that dick! It had to be over a foot of throbbing dog meat. Pearls of pre dribbled out of that tapered tip with every stroke to add to the growing mess on that throbbing member. Hue could see steam rolling off that fuck log and nuts. Producing so much heat it started to fog up some of the windows to the enclosure.

“That’s a good boy, put those pants down,” the wolf rumbled, his toe claws twitching as he gave himself even strokes. “That’s a good boy. Now come over here.”

Hue was shaking. He didn’t realize he was obeying until he was walking over. His knees felt weak, and he fell to them, the large window of his mask fogging over from the thick musk rolling off that cock. He could no longer see it, but he could hear the rolling squelches that came when the wolf ran his massive paw over those throbbing veins. The way he stroked faster and slowed down to tease himself. Then, that fog was disturbed by a splatter. A wad of pre had smacked his hazmat suit, causing the fog to disappear as it rolled down his mask.

“Come now Hue,” Alpha rumbled his name. “How long do you think that air filter will last when you’re this close?” The dog gave a light, husky chuckle. “Take it off for me. You know you want to. Everything you could want and more is resting just beyond that plastic.”

Hue’s hands were trembling as they came to his zipper...he paused and looked up at the wolf. His image a distorted wave of dripping condensation and hazy musk. It was like looking through frosted glass, only getting bits and pieces. That’s when Hue realized that’s what he was doing with that tuft of fur. He was just teasing himself. Giving him glances. Little cheating glances and whiffs of what he wanted.

And he wanted more...

Hue pulled down the zipper, the airlock following next. His fingers fumbled with it like a virgin with his zipper. His thick gloves making it hard, but he managed. With a satisfying hiss, the suit released him into the hot air of the room. Hue peeled his mask off and took a deep gasp.

The musk was so thick it caught in his throat. He had to take a moment to get used to it, his mind swimming. It was like being suspended between the moment you ate something too spicy and the

moment your body realize it. At first, he felt like the air was rancid, but then as he breathed it in, the thick musk smelled more pleasant. It was thick, heady, and bestial. It was potent and thick. It was like there were twenty men sitting in a room, but the smell was far more uniform.

Hue's mouth fell open as he panted like a dog. His tongue lulled out, tasting the salty bitterness of the air. It was so much all at once. A dark spot formed on his slacks as cum oozed through his underwear.

"Slow down pup," his alpha commanded. "Slow deep breaths."

His alpha? When did he start calling him...

Hue took another deep breath and the thought evaporated. It felt like he was drunk, his head floating in a heated, musky fog.

"Good boy," his alpha continued stroking his dick while taking his free paw and swiping some of his pre with his thumb, bringing it to Hue's face. He tenderly cupped Hue's chin with his fingers, his thick thumb going into that cute mouth and smearing his musk on those lips. "Time for your reward."

Hue moaned on that thumb. His tongue lulled over it, drool dribbling down the sides of his cheeks as he suckled on that thumb. His tongue bathed itself in that musky slick, slurping and gulping it down as it marked his breath with his alpha's scent.

Alpha pulled his thumb out, removing it with a pop. Hue breathed out, his breath hot and filled with that musky scent. He breathed out and he could smell that musk just as much when he breathed in. That's when he realized he was panting and didn't need to anymore. Every breath was like a mouth full of salty goodness. His mouth tingled, and his tongue drooled as he breathed that thick miasma. It filled him up, his lungs a steamy cloud of tainted air.

“Good boy,” Alpha murred and put a leg behind Hue’s back, forcing him forward and to fall into that furry sack. “Drool on these nuts for your Alpha.”

Hue didn’t need to be told twice. He was suddenly surrounded by hot, fuzzy, wrinkly, rankness. It was almost painful how salty it was, how thick that musk made his eyes water as he licked over it. Those balls were easily each the size of cantaloupes, surging with seed as they churned around him. He sucked on that scrotum and then lapped over those nuts, the fur getting wet from a mixture of drool, and the pre that dribbled down from above.

“Fuck yeah, such a good pup!” Alpha bit his lip and wrapped his legs around Hue’s head, forcing him to be surrounded and marked by his heavy nuts. That sack engulfed his entire head, those furry balls churning around his ears as he heard the wolf’s rapid heartbeat. He couldn’t breathe, and he loved it.

Suddenly, Hue was released, his head reeling back, wet from that sweaty sack. He was marked. No matter how much he washed or cleaned himself, the smell of his Alpha would always remain to some degree. He was claimed as a bitch.

“Good boy, good omega, know your place,” Alpha rumbled as he spread his legs wide, his sack flopping forward along with that thick bitch breaker. It slapped Hue’s face. Had he not caught the thing with his forehead, it surely would have given him a black eye. It was heavy, it was hot, and it was slick. Hue couldn’t help himself. He opened his mouth and licked it. The smell and flavor were intoxicating as he rolled his tongue up that shaft. It was like salt candy. It stuck to his tongue like syrup and filled his mouth with that flavor. He gulped it down like ambrosia given by the gods. He gripped the shaft with both of his hands and brought that fat tapered tip to his face. The tip splattered a thick wad of fresh pre onto him.

Hue moaned as the source of that musk smacked him. It was like a slap in the face. This wolf was so manly he didn't need to slap his bitches around. Why would he? He can just cow them into submission with a little splatter of pre, a "little" being a cup of clear slick goo. Hue wrapped his lips around that cock head.

"That's right you omega bitch," Alpha groaned as he lifted his leg again and put it on Hue's back to force him forward, to take more cock. "Suck it like you're not just one of my new whores."

Hue hadn't ever sucked dick before, but he knew how he liked having his own sucked. He swirled his tongue around that member, the back of his throat being smacked with his hot steamy reward. He gagged, the juices bubbling out of his mouth and nose. He scooped it up and used his hands to stroke the bits that wouldn't fit in his mouth. Soon that dick was wedging its way into his throat, that hot stream of pre bubbling down his throat and filling his stomach.

"Come on!" Alpha growled as he thrust further, Hue's jaw groaning as he was forced to open wider. "You can take more. Just a little more."

Alpha's toe claws clenched. The one on the floor tearing up the carpet, while the one on Hue's back ripped up his lab coat and clothes beneath.

Hue was stroking and sucking like a diver desperate for oxygen. His hands slipped down that shaft and rubbed over that knot. His hands started to work down lower, cupping that knot and lubing it up, when suddenly Alpha let him go and stopped him.

"I ain't ready to bust just yet pup," Alpha stood up to his imposing height. He had to be at least three feet taller than the little scientist. He always looked so much smaller behind the glass...but now that he was in the enclosure, he felt like a rabbit kneeling before a god.

Alpha gripped the rags of Hue's lab coat and threw him onto the bed. The mat squeaked as he was thrown. The mattress groaned in more protest as Alpha walked on, his footpaws displacing the entire mattress with his weight. Alpha gripped Hue's clothes and tore them off, his razor claws easily sheering away the cheap clothing.

"You won't be needing these anymore. You're my bitch and that means you're always accessible."

"Y-Y-Yes..." Hue's cock was sloppy with his own cum. He had cum twice in his pants, his groin a musky mess. His own musk smelled like rose flowers compared to the manly aroma that browbeat the air into submission.

Alpha flopped his dick down on Hue's back, the hot member like a metal baseball bat that had been left out in the sun all day. It was hot, it was thick, and it could beat a bitch to death with how hard it was.

"I haven't had good ass since I was last outside. Consider yourself my new cum dump. Whenever you see that I'm horny, expect to serve."

"Y-Yes..." Hue didn't know what else to say. His mind was being fucked by the dominant pheromones in the air. The potency was enough to drive even an elephant into heat. The poor human's body was desperately trying to find an egg to drop, but being male, all he could do was...

Hue came, thick ropes of seed splattering the mattress as his prostate clenched at the thought of pleasing his Alpha.

"Good boy," Alpha growled and lined his cock head up with Hue's pucker. Another blast of pre slapped that ass, a thick welling of lube making it easy to slip on inside. The tapered tip wedged that hole open, Alpha grunting with difficulty as he worked it in. Hue found the exact moment it slipped in, as

his whole world changed. The room felt like a home, the confines of the walls around him were just a place for him to stay with his Alpha. This was their den, and he was the Alpha's omega bitch to dump his frustrations in.

Hue didn't even realize he was being deep dicked until his Alpha gripped his hair and pulled his head back for a deep kiss. That thick tongue plunged deep into his mouth and slapped his tonsils, aggressively feasting on the taste of their love-making as his hips smacked deep onto that bubbled ass.

Alpha didn't need to say what he wanted. His omega just instinctively knew. He clenched his ass, he arched his back and lifted his legs to give him better access to his depths. He had no idea why it didn't hurt. He didn't care if it did. All he felt was his Alpha's pleasure as it shot thick jets of pre into him.

Alpha didn't ask if Hue was ready for his nut. He didn't need to ask an omega jack shit! He was a receptacle for cum and aggression, and Alpha had a lot to give before the night would be over. So when he started his deep, sharp thrusts to seat his not, he didn't care how Hue screamed in orgasm or how it broke off into a staccato of moans. All he cared was that his bitch omega would take his knot.

No-Matter-What!

With a thick sclorping pop, that knot was seated and he continued to thrust deep. He imagined his pack, his harem of betas all in heat and begging for his pups. He remembered his pack and how powerful he had made him feel. This would be the start of a new pack, a more intelligent and advanced pack, and Hue would be his bitch!

Alpha howled, the sound reverberating through the entire facility as his nuts bounced, taint flexing, and cum pipe bulging as he shot his load. Alpha drained his nuts deep into that ass, his cum surging into his new omega. He knew he couldn't bear children, but that's what an omega was, a place for release.

His orgasm wasn't even over when he started thrusting again, collapsing down, his pecs pinning his pup to the musky bed as he continued to do a deep dicking with his omega.

Hue would never leave that enclosure again. The data on the breeding rituals would be very useful for the study.

Operation PACK was primed and ready. They just needed to expand the harem.