One Wrong Step

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by OhWilloTheWisp

Summary

A/B/O Au: werewolves don't typically have mated pairs. Packs have open relationships, and in a healthy pack sex can be an expression of anything from love, to comfort, or simply for pleasure. Jared's pack is anything but healthy. He is beaten and abused by the Alphas in his pack, and when they are seeking new lands he inadvertently winds up in a hunters trap. He is left behind by his pack, and saved by Jensen. The new pack embraces Jared and helps him heal. He enjoys exploring new, healthy, sexual adventures, but he still likes Jensen best.

Notes
Warnings: Graphic descriptions of (non-fatal) physical injury, semi-graphic mentions of past non-con between Jared/Chad, and Jared/Others as well as past physical abuse. Chapter two will have Jared/Jensen mild dub-con.

This is a smutty hurt/comfort story, chapter one is ALL hurt. Subsequent chapters will be all comfort with explicit consensual sexual content with Jared/Jensen, and Jared/Others. I will add additional tags and warnings as they come up.

Fill for this prompt at the spn_kink_meme
Chapter 1

The sun filters through the treetops, making the green gold light dance and play on the forest floor. Birds flit from branch to branch, growing cautiously bolder as they cock their heads in curiosity. His ragged breaths and quick heart beats are all Jared can hear. The still beauty works as a twisted parody of the perfect days of Jared’s youth. When the world was still a good place, before everything had changed. Those memories have a hazy glow to them, happy days as a pup, running through the woods, playing in the rivers, finding new caves to explore. Perfect, beautiful, days. Now he lays as still as possible, the slightest movement causing fresh waves of pain. He wonders if this is what is meant when it is said that a person’s life flashes before their eyes before they die. He can’t die, not now, not like this.

The memories continue to weave through his mind, unbidden, unwanted. Unspoiled days of his youth spin past, his memories moving forward. He had been so big, even as a pup, many had thought he would turn out to be an Alpha, they had been surprised when he presented as an omega instead. But he hadn’t minded, he was happy as an omega. Unlike some species, werewolves are not, on the whole, monogamous. Being an omega meant when he hit his first heat he would be used by all the alphas in his pack. The idea had excited him, it seems a sick irony now, but he had looked forward to his first heat. To be taken and used by strong alphas, it was a wet dream he was itching to really experience. He was sure the fantasy would pale in comparison to the reality. He had been right in a way, the reality was nothing like the fantasy had been.

When he turned eighteen his first heat had hit, the intensity of the desire he felt, the desperation of his need, had been overwhelming. That was the day everything had changed. He had no reference for how sex was supposed to be, so he thought at first it just felt wrong because it was new. Each Alpha had taken him for their pleasure, they had been rough, their touches hurt, painting bruises on his skin in their wake. The pain was nearly unbearable as each Alpha gripped him tightly, and pushed in roughly, not bothering to give him time to adjust to the new sensations. The heat had been enough to lessen the pain and his need so intense he hadn’t fought back. But beneath it all, beneath the haze of desire there had been a steady thrum of “wrong, wrong, wrong” this was wrong. It shouldn’t be like this, it shouldn’t feel like this. The worst part was when each Alpha withdrew, pulling out their knots far too soon, causing fresh waves of pain to rock him. It was as if they couldn’t stand to be near him, to be in him, any longer than it took to take their pleasure. Was that really all he was good for? An Alphas pleasure, and nothing more? It quickly became evident his Alphas felt exactly that. When his heat was finally over, he was left alone in the dirt, used, and bruised, dirty and hurt. He had curled in on himself, as despair washed over him. He had felt so powerless, seeing for the first time exactly how little his pack cared for him. Never again, he swore to himself that day, he would never let himself be treated like that again. He had been certain, after that, that he couldn’t feel any worse than he had that day. He was wrong.

This was so much worse. Lying alone on the forest floor, a bear trap snapped onto his leg, sharp metal teeth digging in to the bone, this was, unequivocally the worst moment of his life. His pack had been seeking to expand its territory. They had been slowly encroaching on the land of other packs, trying to see how far they could push the bounds of their lands. Jared was normally so careful. He was aware of the dangers of hunters, had been told since he was a pup to be wary of humans and other weres, to be careful in the woods to avoid the traps set out to capture animals and even weres. Since his earliest memories the message had been very clear: never trust anyone but your pack. But Jared had made a mistake. He hadn’t seen the bear trap hidden beneath the leaves and brush, one wrong step and he was caught. That was all it took, one wrong step. If he had been a foot to the right he would have missed it. One wrong step and now he was trapped, alone, and in pain. If he was in his human form he would have been able to get it off his leg. But if he changed to human now, his
muscles and bones would change and expand. The metal teeth of the trap would bite in his leg in new ways, potentially severing an artery, if it hadn’t already. The very idea of shifting with the sharp metal biting into his flesh was enough to make him balk.

This was, by far, the worst agony he had ever been in. Still, he was no stranger to pain and suffering. His thoughts and memories were growing hazy with pain and blood loss. It was becoming more difficult to make out specific details. The memories continued, but it was getting harder to think clearly. It was blurring together into a strange merged jumble of impressions and feelings.

After his first heat was over, he stayed true to his vow. He didn’t let any of his packs Alphas near him. Even though he wasn’t in heat, they kept coming around, gentle and charming, as if a soft smile and a few kind words could make up for what had happened. But Jared was having none of it. He made it clear he was done with it, the hormones of his heat may make it impossible to resist the primal desire, but until then he was off limits. Omegas were supposed to be passive to the will of an Alpha, and those in his pack didn’t take kindly to being spurned. One of the Alphas, Chad, pushed too far, trying to pin Jared’s arms behind him, trying to physically dominate Jared. Jared was big, especially for an omega, and he easily outsized all the Alphas in his pack. He’d had enough of being pushed around; punching Chad in the nose and feeling a pleased satisfaction at the crunch of bones giving way, accompanied by a howl of pain. He had very little time to enjoy his victory. Someone, he couldn’t see who, pinned his arms behind his back. Chad repaid what Jared had done with a hard punch to his jaw, but they didn’t stop there. He was beaten bloody and shown his place in their pack. It was clear what would happen if he fought back again. Jared didn’t stop fighting, not at first. But in time it became too much. They would take what they wanted from him either way, fighting back only made it that much worse. Eventually he became the good omega he was supposed to be, giving himself over to the will of his Alphas, while he was quietly dying inside. He thought about running away, but in the end it always seemed pointless. They would find him, and even if they did let him go, it wouldn’t help. His own pack treated him like nothing, he knew he could only expect worse from another pack. So he stayed.

He knew how cruel the Alphas could be, but never, not a million years, would Jared have guessed they would simply abandon him when he needed help the most. When he had felt the trap snap shut over his leg the pain had been blinding, all consuming. He had been sure someone from his pack would help him, he couldn’t get free by himself, so surely someone would be there to help free him. Instead they abandoned him to his fate. Chad had said it was too dangerous. If they were in a hunters lands, they couldn’t be sure when the hunter would return. Having a lame were with them would only slow them down increase the danger for the rest of the pack. They couldn't risk the safety of the pack over one omega. Jared knew that Chad hated him, ever since he had dared to fight back, but this level of cruelty surprised him.

He was alone, injured in the woods with no hope of escape. There were strict laws and severe punishments for hunting were. But that didn’t always stop humans from trying. Some did it for profit, others for sport, and some wanted to eradicate the werewolf species all together. The thought of becoming the trophy for some fucking hunter, or being sold to an illegal zoo was enough to push Jared into action. If he was going to die, he damn well was going to die fighting, not just lying waiting for the end. With a monumental effort he forced himself to shift, causing the metal to bite into flesh and bone in new and horrible ways. His wretched howl of pain scaring away the birds that had dared come close, filling the forest with the rustle and beat of wings.

He took a moment to gather himself, before he gripped the metal of the trap, already slick and sticky with blood. He pulled the sides out, managing to pull the metal free of his leg, causing fresh blood to flow over his fingers. The metal suddenly too slick to hold, with a creak of metal and a sickening crack of bone the trap snapped back into place. Jared experienced a moment of absolute pain, the world fading away into nothing but overwhelming agony. Then, mercifully, everything goes black.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

A/N: I am SO sorry it took me this long to update. I had this chapter finished, but I wasn’t thrilled with how it turned out, so I ended up scraping it and rewriting the majority of it. I also decided to make this story longer than I originally intended. It won’t normally take me this long to update.

Jared came to consciousness gradually. For a minute he laid still, his mind a pleasant blank. But something vague and troubling pushed in at the corners. Something had happened, something bad. He didn’t want to remember, he wanted the pleasant haze to continue. Pain. Unbearable pain. With that thought everything came crashing back, being in the woods, the trap, the pain, the fear, the darkness. He groaned at the memory pushing his face down into something soft. It was only then that he became fully aware of where he was. Not in the woods, not anymore. He was in a bed, a very soft, exceptionally comfortable bed. There was a dull ache in his leg, and his leg felt strangely heavy…which was odd. He remembered bones breaking, the pain should be much worse. He pushed the blankets that were spread over him back just enough to get a good look at his injured leg. There was a white plaster cast covering it which explained the strange weight. He had no idea where he was or how he had gotten there. He didn’t feel overly concerned though, he knew he should be panicking right about now, but somehow he just felt warm and, inexplicably all right. He felt a little worried about what had transpired, but somehow he couldn’t bring himself to feel as concerned as he knew he should feel. He closed his eyes, and tried to relax, letting his mind drift back, trying to piece together what he could remember of what had happened.

He remembered trying to pull the trap off his leg, then everything went black. Then there had been….someone. Someone kneeling beside him, worried green eyes, and a gentle honey-smooth voice assuring him that it was all going to be okay, he was safe now, he was safe. He hadn’t felt safe, he had been in a lot of pain and barely conscious. Then, “I’m giving you something for the pain.” Well, that explained why his broken leg was down to a dull ache, it also explained the unreasonable feeling of peace and wellbeing that was surrounding him like a blanket. He felt sleep tugging at him again, after what he had been through it felt so nice to not be in pain, to be in a warm bed. He wondered who the green eyed man was as he gave in, slipping into sleep.

When he next awakens the pleasant haze of the painkillers has worn off. His mouth feels like it’s filled with cotton, the dull ache in his leg has resolved itself into an intense bone deep pain, and the panic he had managed to put off hits him full force. He curls in on himself as best he can and concentrates on breathing. He isn’t dead, and that’s a good thing, something to hold onto. He’s clear headed enough, and his memories have pieced together enough for him to be certain that he has been taken in by another pack. The room, and the bed in particular has a strong smell of rain, and pine and wolf, Alpha wolf to be precise. The scent would actually be quite nice if it wasn’t for what it represented. He has no delusions as to why he has been saved. If his own pack, those he had grown with, those he knew most intimately, had treated him so badly, he could hardly expect better from strangers. But, he wasn’t dead, and that was something, that was important. Whatever came next was not as bad as dying in pain, alone in the woods.

A soft creak catches his attention and he turns toward the noise. A man is standing in the doorway, watching him intently. Tall. Green eyes. Alpha. This must be the man who saved him. His stomach
does a flip and his heart starts racing, as he is filled with a confusing mix of fear of desire. This has to be the single most attractive person he has ever laid eyes on, even more so when he graces Jared a soft beautiful smile.

“Good, you’re awake. I was starting to get worried.” His voice is just as captivating as he remembers. He watches as the man crosses the room to the bed. The plain t-shirt and jeans do little to hide how well built the man is, even by alpha standards. As the Alpha sits down on the edge of the bed Jared instinctively pulls back as far as he can, which actually isn’t that far. The best he can do is press his back against the headboard as the other man turns to face him.

“How are you feeling? Bad I’m guessing, your leg was pretty chewed up when we found you, I really wasn’t sure if you were going to pull through at first. I’m just glad we found you in time.” The way the man was looking at him Jared felt like he should say something he just really wasn’t sure what to say. He was afraid of saying the wrong thing. The Alpha looked friendly enough, and his voice was soft and concerned, but Jared knew firsthand how quickly “gentle and charming” could turn to “angry and cruel” when it came to Alphas. He stayed rigid, his muscle tense, he felt like something inside him had ben wound too tight, and he couldn’t bring himself to speak. A shadow of concern crosses over the other’s man face, and his mouth tugs down at the corners. He fishes something out of his jeans pocket as he speaks again, “I’m such an idiot. Here I am making conversation, when you must be in a lot of pain.”

Jared takes the pills and swallows them, downing the majority of the water along with it, which does wonders for the unpleasant cotton-mouth he woke up with. He knows the painkillers will make him feel pretty out of it, but he isn’t terribly concerned about that. It isn’t like he needs to keep his wits about him with the Alpha - Jensen. He has no intention of saying no to whatever Jensen wants from him. He learned long ago that saying “no” was not really an option, even when he was at his best, and especially not when he was injured.

“How are you doing with all of this?” Jensen asks again, sounding genuinely concerned about Jared’s wellbeing, maybe he is, no one wants a broken omega, his pack had proven that unequivocally to him. Jared just shrugs, unable to find his voice.

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“I’m sorry you had to go through that. I intend to hunt down whoever has been leaving traps in our land, make sure what happened to you doesn’t happen to someone else.” Jared is undeniable pleased at that, the thought that whoever the hunter was, they were going to be held responsible for what they had done.

Jensen is being so nice, it’s a little unnerving. As it turns out, it wasn’t the haze of painkillers that gave him that nice feeling of wellbeing, or at least, not entirely. There is something about Jensen himself that makes Jared feel like everything is going to be okay. Something about his scent that
makes Jared feel so very right. He knows it’s wrong, he has no real reason to trust Jensen, yet somehow, he does. Although, if he’s being reasonable it’s not entirely true that he has no reason to trust him. Jensen did save him from certain death. His pack abandoned him when he needed them the most and Jensen and his pack took him in, he owes Jensen his life, and at the very least his gratitude. He has only really known Jensen for such a short period, but he has already shown Jared more kindness and compassion than his own pack ever did. Maybe he is just desperate for comfort, desperate to finally feel safe, or maybe it’s just relief that he is still alive, but he finds himself slowly relaxing. It feels like for the first time in a long time he can finally breathe.

He knows the score, he knows how Alphas view omegas. He knows Jensen will never see him as an equal. Still, there is something about Jensen, something that seems so kind. Or maybe Jared just wants to see it that way. In the end though, Jared knows it doesn’t really matter. Kind or not Jensen is an Alpha, and ultimately what happens to Jared, good or bad is out of Jared’s control. He knows what Jensen, what all Alphas, want from an omega, and knows from experience it’s better to just give in and show he is willing than try to fight back. That path never ends well. He edges down the bed a little towards Jensen, he tries to be careful, but the movement jars his leg causing him to take in a sharp breath. Jensen’s face grows concerned, and he moves up the bed to Jared’s side, putting a steadying hand on Jared’s arm. He watches Jensen for a moment, trying to gather his quickly waning courage. He leans forward, before he can lose his nerve, closing the distance between them. When their lips meet Jensen closes his eyes and leans into the kiss, mouth parting slightly, allowing Jared to deepen the kiss. It doesn’t last long before Jensen pulls back and studies Jared, as if trying to decide what he is thinking. “Getting hurt, losing your pack, must have been pretty traumatic, huh sweetheart?” Jared really has no idea what Jensen is getting at, so he just nods, hoping Jensen will explain. Instead, the Alpha leans forward, putting one hand behind Jared’s head, pulling him into another kiss, deeper and longer this time. Their tongues tangle and Jensen tastes so damn good, Jared finds himself leaning into the Alpha, wanting to get closer. His heart is racing and he wonders if Jensen is similarly affected by the kiss. Eventually Jared pulls away and stretches out on the bed, lying on his stomach, the invitation obvious, if not particularly subtle. But then Jared isn’t exactly skilled at seduction, he has little experience trying to initiate anything. He isn’t particularly looking forward to this part, in his experience sex if never exactly pleasant, but he figures it is a foregone conclusion and he might as well get it over with.

He shivers, suddenly cold, bereft of the Alphas warmth, as he listens to Jensen undressing. Jared has his good leg partially bent, his knee under him to help support his weight a little, his broken leg canted out to the side, to make sure there isn’t any weight on it. The angle is a little awkward, but Jared prefers it this way. He has always found it easier if doesn’t actually have to look at the Alpha fucking him. Though, now, the thought of looking into those beautiful green eyes is strangely appealing. The bed creaks and shifts as Jensen moves behind him, settling in between Jared’s legs. Jared tenses slightly when Jensen slips one finger inside of him, it’s more a reflex than anything. It’s a familiar burn, as the Alpha slides a second finger in. It’s not painful exactly but he can’t help tensing in anticipation of pain, his body is used to this by now, but pain is still pain. Jensen takes his time prepping him, slipping his fingers in and out, scissoring him open. Jared isn’t used to an Alpha bothering to take so much time to prep him, it feels good in a way, but he wishes the alpha would hurry up, he just wants to get this over with. Once Jensen is satisfied that Jared is ready for him, he leans forward one hand going down on the mattress next to Jared, who tenses further, muscles tightly knotted. Jensen pushes in slowly, bottoming out as he leans forward with a soft nip to Jared’s pulse point, licking away the sting. He starts to move setting a good rhythm as he continues to nip and lick along Jared’s neck and shoulder. One hand moves caressing down Jared’s chest and stomach, slowly, almost teasingly, until he finally reaches Jared’s half-hard cock, matching the rhythm of his hand to that of his thrusts. Jared quickly becomes achingly hard, because fuck, it’s never felt like this before. No alpha has ever cared enough to make sure Jared enjoyed what was happening; no one had ever been remotely concerned with whether or not he got off before. Jensen is being so gentle,
and the way he is moving inside of him, it feels good, better than good, Jared didn’t know anything could feel like this. He finds himself arching up, pushing into the warmth at his back, pushing up to meet every thrust Jensen makes. Tears start to fall onto the bed beneath him, and really he doesn’t want to, he wants to be strong and hold it all together, but he isn’t used to this, this kind of pleasure, this intimacy. For the first time in his life he can really understand the appeal of having someone inside of him. He can feel himself trembling, and tries to pull himself together before Jensen catches on, but can’t seem to get his treacherous body under control. Jensen stills then, and Jared pushes up into him again, desperate to make him keep going, but to no avail.

“Jared? What’s wrong sweetheart, am I hurting you?” His voice is uncertain and thick with concern. He shakes his head in negative, “…don’t stop.” He means it, but the way his voice shakes with emotion, and his tears keep falling surely belies his words. Jensen’s voice is still concerned, “You’re crying, something’s wrong. Maybe this was a bad idea.” “No…please, don’t stop…I want this, please don’t stop.” His voice is steadier this time, but Jensen stays still for a moment longer, clearly uncertain. Jared holds his breath without thinking, he can’t possibly have finally experience a pleasure so intense only to have it taken away so abruptly, it just can’t happen. Finally Jared lets out his breath in relief as Jensen pushes into him again, his hand once more moving along Jared’s aching cock. It doesn’t take long before the building pressure is too much and Jared is rocked with a blinding pleasure, almost as an aftershock he can feel Jensen rocking into him as he comes, his knot hitting Jared’s prostate just right to send another wave of sensation through him, almost too much to bear. As Jared comes down he practically melts into the blankets beneath him, emotionally and physically exhausted. Above him, Jensen is breathing heavy, and Jared can’t help hoping it was as intense for Jensen as it was for him. For a time the only sound is their breathing, their bodies still locked together. When he feels Jensen moving, Jared tenses once, he always hated this part. The anticipation of the pain from withdrawal cuts through his afterglow, replacing with the pleasant haze with something sharp and jagged. It was all so perfect, what shame it has to end.

Instead of the pulling out Jensen shifts their positions, moving slowly to the side, pulling Jared with him. Jared goes willing as Jensen moves so they are both on their sides, his back pressed into the warmth of Jensen’s chest. Jensen’s breath is warm against his neck as Jensen sighs, “You must really miss your pack, sweetheart. Don’t worry; we’ll make sure you can get back to them.” Whatever relief Jared was feeling quickly fades as he is consumed by a wretched rush of panic. Jensen thinks he was crying because he misses his pack, of course he does. Weres are social creatures, they supposed to be loyal to their packs, they aren’t supposed to be separated from their pack, staying in their tight knit group from birth ‘til death. But after what he just experienced, no way is Jared going back to the life he knew. “NO!” His tone is sharper than he intends, he knows Jensen meant well, but seeing his pack again has become the absolute last thing in the world he wants. Especially now, feeling safe in the strong embrace of this incredible Alpha. He can feel the way Jensen had grown tense behind him, and he takes a deep breath trying to steady his nerves, keep his voice quieter, more neutral this time. “I don’t want that. I don’t…I don’t want to return to my pack. I’d rather stay with you.” The last part is said so quietly it’s almost a whisper, he can’t even be sure Jensen hears him. He hates how timid he sounded, but the thought of being rejected by Jensen, of being forced to return to his pack is gut wrenchingly terrifying. He has finally found something so… so unbelievable; he can’t bear the thought of losing it. He thinks it just might have been better to have died in the woods than to have experienced this and then have to return to the way things were before. Jensen arm is around his side, his hand lying against Jared’s stomach moving in gentle circles, the contact comforting, helping ease some of the apprehension he feels.

There is silence for a long moment while Jared waits anxiously for Jensen to respond. Finally, “why don’t you want to go back?” His tone was soft, sympathetic even, and Jared thinks he really wants to know the answer. In his experience Alphas rarely really want to know what an omega has to say, but Jensen has already proven that he is different than any Alpha Jared has met before. And really, he
knows better, but he is so tired, and he so desperately wants to believe he is safe. It’s enough to make him breakdown and confess everything. He tells Jensen about growing up in his pack, and his first heat, and what came after. He tells him how his Alphas treated him, and this is the first positive sexual experience he has ever had. He lays it all out and it feels good in a way, but it also makes him feel so desperately vulnerable, like he has just laid bare his soul. Once is done talking, he wonders if it had been a mistake, maybe Jensen will perceive his words a betrayal, being disloyal to his pack, and more importantly, to his Alphas. What if Jensen feels the same way the other alphas did, and now he will see Jared as nothing more than a badly behaved omega?

To Jared’s horror, Jensen growls, the sound low and deep and Jared can feel the vibrations against his back. He is ready to apologize for what he has said, and promise to be a good, obedient omega to Jensen. But he doesn’t get the chance to say anything before Jensen starts talking, his voice low and deadly, “if I ever find the bastards who hurt you, I will rip their fucking throats out.” Jared was stunned into silence; that was the last thing he had expected. No one had ever tried to protect him, no one had ever been angry on his behalf before. Jensen is everything he had ever wanted, everything he had thought an alpha should be. He feels himself overwhelmed with love and affection for the man.

Jensen misinterprets Jared’s silence, and nuzzles into Jared’s neck, his voice going soft and soothing once more, “I’m sorry, sweetheart, I shouldn’t have said that, I know their your pack. I just hate the thought of someone hurting you like that. Omegas are precious; they should be treasured and protected, never harmed. Sex should be about love and comfort, or hell, boredom is as good a reason as any, but it should never be damaging.” His voice grows sad as he continues, “I’m sorry sweetheart, if I had known I would have never…” Jared can tell where he is going and cuts him off before he can finish, his words coming out in a rush, “don’t be sorry, that was the first time I…I never thought…I liked it.” He stumbles over his words, everything that happened has been so overwhelming, and he isn’t sure how to articulate exactly how he feels now. But the way Jensen tightens his grip, pulling Jared closer against him, Jared is sure Jensen understands. When he speaks again his voice is pitched low, intimate and intense with conviction, “No one will ever hurt you again, you’re safe here, I promise you that.”

Jared believes him. For the first time in a long time he really feels safe.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This chapter (briefly) introduces the other Alphas in Jensen’s pack, and gives an idea of the Jared/Others part of the story. But this chapter and the next will still be Jensen/Jared, and the last chapter will be mostly smutt. Those who would rather not read about Jared with the other Alphas, you can stop reading at chapter four without missing a ton plot-wise.

Also, I apologize for the iffy/terrible medical aspects of this story. Jared is a werewolf, so I guess any medical inaccuracies can be attributed to that.

When Jared opened his eyes he was in the woods and night was descending on the world like a shroud. The trees loomed over him, their long shadows reaching out, twisting and terrible. Branches like gnarled fingers moved and scraped against him, the world was closing in on him, trapping him. The pain in his leg was intense growing worse by the second, filling his senses. As the light faded away he knew without a doubt there was no hope, not now, not anymore. He gave into the despair letting it wash over him as the last bloody tendrils of sunset faded away.

Jared awoke in a cold sweat, his heart pounding hard and fast. Pain shot through him, and for a few terrible seconds he thought it was real. But the pain helped clear his head enough that he realized his broken leg was the source of the pain. Everything else had been a dream, just a dream. It had felt so real. It almost had been real. If it hadn’t been for Jensen….Jensen who is lying next to him, shifts sleepily to pull Jared in close to him, whispering soft, half-heard words of comfort. In his sleep he had moved into an awkward position that had put pressure on his injured leg. He took a moment to grab a few painkiller pills from the bottle on the nightstand, downing them quickly. With that done he moves so he is facing the man beside him. Jensen’s arms are wrapped around him, strong and safe. He wishes the dream would fade away, but it stays, every detail intense and vivid, and with it the feeling of dread and absolute hopelessness. But Jensen is so warm, and his voice is so soothing. The fear slowly starts to slip away, replaced by warmth like the first rays of the sun on a new day. He can’t fall back to sleep right away, but he is content to lie still and listen to Jensen’s breathing slow and even out and he falls back to sleep, his arms still wrapped around Jared.

He wakes slowly, feeling pleasantly sleepy still and peaceful, despite the insistent pain in his bad leg. If it hadn’t been for the hunters trap then he would have never met Jensen, he would still be trapped in his old life. It’s only been a day it already feels far away, like another world. Still, no matter how happy he with the way events transpired, it doesn’t make it any more fun having a broken leg. Doing his best to ignore the pain, he moves til he finds Jensen’s mouth with his own, the kiss is lazy and slow, and Jared moves his hand down along Jensen’s side and across his back in a slow caress. He moves back, without breaking the kiss, so that he is lying on his back, using the arm that is around Jensen to gently pull the other man over on top of him. Jensen pulls away from the kiss and staying still above Jared, supporting his weight on his arms on either side of Jared’s shoulders. Suddenly pulling away, his movements are quick and jerky as he climbs off the bed. To Jared’s obvious look of confusion he only offers a quick, “Breakfast. I’ll get us breakfast.”

Jared props himself up on one elbow and watches as Jensen makes a hasty retreat. That was odd. He had been hoping for a repeat of last night, he couldn’t fathom what he did to warrant that kind of
clearly panicked retreat. Jensen had more or less runaway from him. He sighed. Maybe Jensen just wasn’t a morning person; he could only hope it wasn’t anything more serious than that.

He was comfortable enough that he didn’t really want to leave the bed, but the pain in his broken leg was making him restless. He grabbed the bottle of painkillers from the side table, and took the crutches Jensen had left for him, awkwardly hobbling to the attached bathroom for water.

Images from the previous night kept flashing through his mind, the weight of Jensen’s body on top of him, hands skimming over his skin, the feel of his lips, the feel of the Alpha inside of him. He was already painfully hard and decided it would probably be best to take care of it himself, if Jensen’s behavior was any indication, it might be a bit before he would be able to get Jensen back into bed with him. It didn’t take much to work himself off, just thinking of Jensen was enough to get him there quick and hard, leaving him sated and filled with the pleasant haze of afterglow, for the time being at least. After cleaning up he made his way back over to the bed, he didn’t bother getting dressed. He didn’t have any of his belongings with him, and he didn’t think Jensen’s clothes would fit his larger frame. Besides, he wasn’t exactly feeling shy, not around Jensen of all people. He stretched out on the bed and waited for Jensen to return.

He took time to look around his new surrounding properly. The night before he had been too distracted to really care too much about where he was. Now he could see that the walls were made from roughhewn wood, the décor had a similar rustic look. Deer skins adorned several of the walls as well as the floor. Antlers had been repurposed to serve as the base of a bedside lamp, and held up several shelves filled with books. If moving wasn’t so difficult Jared would have liked to see the titles, he was curious to learn more about the man who had saved him, and finding out what he chose to read would have been a nice place to start. The room was not that unlike the home of his last pack. There were some packs that chose to live in cities among humans. But for the most part wolves preferred to live in the woods, surrounded by nature and trophies from their hunts. It appealed to the primal wolf side, while the small luxuries, like sleeping in a bed, appealed to the human side. Werewolves’ lives were happiest when they could find a balance between animal and human.

But this place was so much nicer, than his last home. Or, maybe it was just Jared’s emotions that were coloring his perception, making this one room seem so bright and warm and the memory of his old home so dark and forboding.

It was strange to think, he had known Jensen for less than a day, but he felt such a strong connection to the alpha. He barely knew him, but it felt like he had known him forever. There was so much he wanted to know about Jensen and his pack; he intended to find out everything he could. Not that there was any hurry, Jensen had assured him he could join this new pack, and Jared had no intention of going anywhere, not ever, not if he could help it. The soft creak of the floorboards outside the bedroom alerted Jared to Jensen’s approach. Just knowing that the other was close sent a thrill of pleasure running through him.

He pulled himself up as best he could, lean back against the headboard as Jensen walked in carrying a tray of food. The smell of cooked meat was heavenly.

Jensen set the tray down next to him, and sat down on the edge of the bed opposite Jared. Jared gave Jensen, what he hoped was, a seductive smile. “It all looks delicious, but you know, I think maybe breakfast can wait. I can’t stop thinking about last night. And you said it yourself, I had a hell of a traumatic experience, I could certainly use some more ‘comfort.’” His stupid treacherous stomach chose that exact moment to growl loudly. Jensen tried, and failed, to hide his evident amusement. “Perhaps it’s best to focus on breakfast for the time being.” As much as Jared wanted to protest, he really was very hungry. He pulled the tray of fruit, eggs and bacon into his lap and dug in. It tasted better than it looked and he couldn’t help moaning obscenely around a piece of bacon. He caught the way Jensen looked at him, his green eyes dark with desire. But the expression turned to a far less
pleasing one of guilt. Though what Jensen had to feel guilty about Jared really had no idea. He was looking past Jared, though he didn’t seem to be really seeing anything. Jared could tell something was bothering him, the shadow of uneasy thoughts playing out across his features. Jared desperately wanted to know what was bothering Jensen; he would do anything to make it right, to make him smile. But he wasn’t sure he should push, as much as he wanted to know what Jensen was thinking, he knew the Alpha had an entire life that Jared was only just starting to be a part of. If Jensen didn’t want to talk about it, Jared wasn’t sure it was his place to pry. As quickly as the it had come, the sadness in Jensen’s eyes disappeared and he leaned back against the headboard, mirroring Jared’s position, his body angled towards Jared. He looked relaxed, but there was still a stiffness to him that suggested whatever was bothering him had not entirely resolved itself. When he spoke his tone was light, as if nothing in the world was wrong, “I believe I have you at somewhat of a disadvantage.” Jared looked at him curiously, “Really and how is that?”

“Well, it would seem I know a very good deal about you. And you know very little about me. Last night you trusted me enough to be open and honest about a very painful subject. I want to repay that trust. You must have questions for me, so tell me, what do you want to know? You can ask me anything you like.”

Jared just stared at him dumbly. This was it, his chance to find out more about the amazing Alpha before him. And suddenly he couldn’t think of anything that didn’t sound inane and trite. They hadn’t exactly had a sweet romantic-comedy meet cute, their first meeting had been bloody and Jared had been barely conscious enough to be aware of what was going on. What was he supposed to say after that, “You literally saved my life and gave me the only positive sexual experience I have ever had, so, read any good books lately?” He wanted to know everything about Jensen, every thought, every fear; he wanted to know what his childhood had been like, what foods he liked best, no detail was too small, too insignificant when it came to Jensen. But the pain and betrayal of what had happened was still too close to the surface. There was still a lingering doubt deep inside him; maybe Jensen would change his mind. Decide that Jared wasn’t worth it, maybe Jensen would betray him like every other Alpha he had known had. He knew Jensen was different, he had already seen that first hand, but he couldn’t let go, not entirely. He wanted to prove himself worthy of Jensen’s kindness. And a part of him feared saying the wrong thing, revealing himself to be the awkward, inarticulate omega that, deep down, he knew he was. So instead of peppering Jensen with silly, school-girl with a crush kind of questions (has anyone ever told you your eyes are the color of sunlight streaming through leaves?), he just shook his head, saying instead, “I already know everything I need to know.”

Jensen made a sound that was half amusement half skeptical derision. “Seriously? Okay, I suppose I will just have to fill in the gaps myself then. Feel free to stop me if you manage to come up with any questions or comments.” He crossed his legs at the ankles, and settled himself back more comfortably. “I’m Jensen, which you already know. This pack has four members, aside from myself, and you of course.” Jared’s heart warmed at the casual mention of him as part of the pack, like it was the most natural thing in the world. “There are three other male Alphas, Jeff, Chris, and Misha. And one female beta, Genevieve, we used to have an omega as well…” Jared didn’t hear the end of the sentence, every muscle in his body suddenly taught as he was filled with an almost unbearable fear, his chest felt heavy, and he found it difficult to draw breath. Three Alphas. Of course there were other Alphas. Of course there were. He hadn’t given any thought to the rest of the pack. He had been so caught up in Jensen, the rest of the world didn’t seem quite real. He took a deep breath and tried to relax. Jensen was so kind and good, he would never be a part of a pack with other Alphas weren’t like him. He wouldn’t. Surely the other Alphas wouldn’t be like the ones from his old pack, no doubt they would be just as wonderful as Jensen himself. Such a pretty lie, a small bitter part of him whispered. He did his best to ignore it. This was his chance, his chance for a better life. It couldn’t end badly, it just couldn’t.
Jensen was watching him, those beautiful green eyes intense as he looked Jared over, trying to figure out what he was thinking, just as Jared had been trying to do with Jensen not that long ago. Jensen reached out his hand, and then stopped suddenly in an aborted movement, as if he wanted to touch Jared, but didn’t dare.

“Sweetheart, what’s wrong? I’ll do whatever I can to help you, but you need to talk to me.” Jared shook his head as much to clear his thoughts as it was an answer to Jensen. “Nothing, nothing’s wrong. I was just…nothing. It’s fine. Everything’s fine now.” He so desperately wanted to believe that to be true. Jensen looked uncertain; clearly not sure whether or not to believe that everything was okay. He didn’t want to tell Jensen the truth. He didn’t want the Alpha to know that lingering fears Jared still had, the anxiety he had felt at the very thought of more alphas. It wasn’t fair. He had no reason to distrust them, he hadn’t even met them yet. He did his best to push down his anxiety, and tried to nudge Jensen back towards what he hoped would be easier grounds, “I’m fine. Really. You were saying, you used to have an omega?” Jensen stared at him a moment longer, and when he did speak again his voice was hesitant, “we did, a female named Danneel. She was a beautiful soul, kind as she was smart. Sorry, that makes it sound like she died. She is a beautiful soul. She just isn’t part of our pack anymore. Sometime ago she took up with a human Alpha. She was downright smitten with the man from the moment they met. I know it was a difficult decision for her, to leave the pack and go to live among humans. But she really loves him, and she felt like it was the right thing to do. She still comes back to visit quite often, and I really am glad she is happy, that is all that really matters. Still, I miss her dearly, we all do. She will always be a part of our family, but it’s always difficult to lose a member of the pack. Even under positive circumstances. But we have you now. I still can hardly believe your pack would abandon you. Not that I’m not glad you’re here now, I am, I just can’t imagine how they could be so cold as to leave you behind.” He looked at Jared like he was a revelation, like he had hung the moon in the sky. No one had ever looked at Jared like that. It made him feel at once loved and unworthy. He was an omega, nothing more; he didn’t deserve that kind of open adoration, like he was something truly special. He looked down, unable to meet Jensen’s eyes, his voice barely above a whisper, “I don’t understand. Why are you so different?” Jensen put his hand under Jared’s jaw, gently pulling him round, forcing Jared to meet his gaze. Jensen looked so sad, and Jared hated himself a little for making Jensen look that way, “You have grown up your whole life being indoctrinated into an abusive environment. In time you will see that I’m not so very different. I can’t say there are no other Alphas who feel entitled to use omegas as they wish, but they are in the minority. If you hadn’t been so isolated you would have seen that. If I could change what happened to you I would. I only wish you had been born into a pack that valued you, that made you feel exactly as special as you really are. I can’t change the past, but I can make sure the future is good for you. No one will ever hurt you again; not as long as I am around. You may not believe me now, but I have a lifetime to prove it to you.” With that he leaned forward, pulling Jared into a soft kiss. Jared wrapped his arms around his back, pulling him closer. He began to move, sliding down the bed a little, pulling the other man further forward, in a bid to get Jensen on top of him, but as he did Jensen broke the kiss, pulling away completely. The dark look of guilt had returned. Up til now Jared had tried to explain away Jensen’s behavior, but he couldn’t deny it any longer. Something was wrong, and Jensen was definitely avoiding any kind of sexual contact with him. He felt sick, what could possibly have happened to make Jensen so distance? He couldn’t help wondering if he had done something wrong. He didn’t think he’d done anything, and Jensen had been nothing but reassuring, after what he had just said, it was hard to believe Jensen was upset with him. But he didn’t know what else it could be that would make Jensen pull away.

“Jensen….What’s wrong? Last night you were so…affectionate. And now…” Jensen refused to meet his eyes, keeping his gaze averted as he studied the pattern on the bedspread. Panic rising once more, Jared’s voice was barely above a whisper. “I’m sorry.” That got Jensen’s attention, his head snapped up, his green eyes wide with surprise. “You’re sorry? For what?” Jared couldn’t help his words from coming out in a desperate rush, “For whatever I did to upset you. I didn’t mean to I
swear. You’ve been so good to me, the last thing I wanted was to do something wrong. I’m so sorry, I’ll make it up to you, just tell me how.”

Somehow this only seemed to make things worse. Jensen looked utterly stricken, and the look of guilt and sadness only intensified as Jared spoke. He cut off Jared’s desperate apologizing, his own voice intense with emotion, “Fuck, Jared, no. You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m the one who should be apologizing. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it, what happened last night between us.” Jared had been thinking about it all day too, but based on his tone it was clear that Jensen didn’t think of it as a good thing, as Jared did.

There were tears in his eyes as the alpha continued, “I took advantage of you. After everything you have been through, I was supposed to save you, instead I hurt you. I am no better than all those other Alphas who used you.”

That was it? That’s what had been bothering Jensen all day? The mix of disbelief and relief overwhelmed Jared and despite himself he laughed, it was completely inappropriate and he clapped his hand over his mouth in horror. It was just so ridiculous. Jensen was actually apologizing for giving him the best sex of his life. Jensen was furthest thing from his old Alphas as was possible. And Jared told him so.

Jensen watched him dubiously, clearly still unconvinced. “You only let me fuck you because you thought that was what I wanted. I can see that now. You had no way to know I wouldn’t hurt you if you didn’t. If I had only known…” What that he looked away, staring at the bedding once more.

“But you didn’t know. And it doesn’t matter anyone. You are a good man, Jensen. You said you would never hurt me and I believe you. I want to be with you, in every way possible. I didn’t have a choice before, but I do now, and I choose this, this pack, and especially you.”

Jensen finally looked up, meeting Jared’s eyes. He didn’t look happy exactly, but he didn’t look quite so guilt stricken, and Jared decided that was progress.

He gave Jensen his best, puppy-dog-can’t-say-no-to-me smile, “Now that we have that cleared up, do you wanna?”

Jensen’s expression lightened, and he graced Jared with a beautifully genuine smile, “You have a one track mind don’t you?”

“I do now. So is that a yes?”

“No, sorry. Not tonight. You need time to heal, physically and emotionally. I didn’t know about your past last night, but I do now. I think it’s important you have some time to distance yourself from that part of your life before anything else happens between us.”

“I’ve had plenty of distance. That was, what, over a day ago, at least. That’s plenty of time to heal.”

Jensen laughed, and reached out, wrapping his arm around Jared’s shoulder. Jared went happily, snuggling up into Jensen’s side. “Not tonight, sweetheart.” Jared was disappointed, but he angled himself so he could rest his head against Jensen’s chest. It wasn’t exactly what he wanted, but for the time being he was content to stay wrapped up in Jensen’s arms, listening to the soft rhythm of his heartbeat.
I'm so sorry for the long gap in updating! These last few months have been very busy, and I haven't had a lot of time to write. This chapter was going to be about twice as long, but since I have been so bad about updating I'm posting the first half now, and adding an extra chapter to the story.

When I started this it was going to be a three chapter PWP, but I enjoy writing it, and it is already twice as long as I had originally intended. So I'm turning this into a 'verse and there will be at least two more stories after this one, possibly more. There will be no mentions of mpreg in this story, but there will be a sequel with mpreg and werepup fluff and fun.

Anyway, here is chapter four, and I have most of chapter five written, so it will be up soonish.

It had been a few weeks since Jared had broken his leg and ended up in Jensen’s bed. Being with Jensen had been a revelation, something had awakened inside of him, something he never knew existed before. One time with Jensen had turned him into a total knot slut. Before Jensen, Jared didn’t even think he could want sex outside of his heat, now he wanted nothing more. The only problem was, Jensen wouldn’t touch him. Well, that wasn’t strictly true. Jensen actually touched him a good deal. Whenever they were close, Jensen was usually touching him in some capacity, he would leave his hand on Jared’s leg or arm while they talked, Jared would fall asleep in his arms every night, and when Jared woke up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night from nightmares Jensen was always there to pull Jared into a warm comforting embrace. But Jensen absolutely wouldn’t do anything remotely sexual, no matter how hard Jared had tried to persuade him otherwise. Jensen knew the pain Jared had suffered in the past, and he was determined to give the omega time to heal. That combined with Jensen’s lingering guilt that he had taken Jared without realizing Jared only offered himself up out of fear. Jensen was determined to do right by Jared, which was sweet really, and very noble. But being around the alpha, being surrounded by his scent, combined with all the physical contact is like torture. It’s like a slow tease and Jared is pretty sure if it is possible to die from sexual frustration then he is a goner.

Aside from that, the past few weeks with Jensen had gone by rather pleasantly. If he were human he would have been laid up for months with the injuries he had sustained. Fortunately for him due to his werewolf biology he was well on the path to recovery. His leg still hurt from time to time, and he still had to be careful about putting too much pressure on it, but it was much better than it had been. He could even walk without crutches, sort of. When he did attempt to walk it was with a limp, more of a half hop that Jared could tell Jensen found quite amusing, despite the man’s poor attempts to hide the fact. Still, it was something, and it meant he would be completely back to his old self in no time at all. He missed shifting, letting go and letting his wolf takeover was a wonderfully freeing experience. When his leg was injured it would have been dangerous to shift, potentially risking further injury when his bones shifted and moved. But he missed it dearly. He had hardly ventured out of Jensen’s bedroom since meeting him. That, combined with his inability to take his other form, and he was starting to get cabin fever. Jensen had made it quite clear that he could go wherever he liked. Jared just didn’t really want to, not at first anyway. When his leg started to feel a little better he had made
some exploratory endeavors out into the other areas of the cabin, at night or in the early morning when only he and Jensen would be awake. He had been too afraid of running into the other Alphas of the pack, he knew it would happen eventually, but he had wanted to put it off. He had made excuses and tried to hide this fact from Jensen because he was embarrassed over his fears and anxieties. He knew it wasn’t entirely irrational; his past experiences with Alphas had been traumatic to say the least. But it was Jensen’s pack, and Jensen trusted them absolutely, and it wasn’t exactly fair to assume the worst about three men he had never even met. He was sure Jensen knew why he was avoiding the rest of the pack, but he didn’t press the issue, and for that Jared was grateful. Jensen was willing to give him whatever space and time he needed to heal.

He had spent the time getting to know the Alpha. When Jensen wasn’t around, Jared had taken to reading through some of the books Jensen had on his bookshelves, and then discussing them with Jensen. Their talks had quickly become the highlight of Jared’s day, he loved hearing Jensen’s thoughts, and Jensen always was genuinely interested in what Jared had to say. Unfortunately he had run out of things to read. He had worked through the books Jensen had, and was left with only one he had yet to read: Werewolves: A complete history. It was thick, and to Jared’s mind looked extremely dull. He already knew all he really needed to know about being a werewolf. And what he didn’t know, he wasn’t really sure he wanted to. It had chapter titles like, “The werewolf Trials,” “Humans and Wolves: a blood-soaked history” and “The Evolution of the Werewolf Hunters: From medieval times to today.” He had suffered enough pain and violence in his life; he didn’t really need to read about all the pain and violence others had suffered.

He was left with nothing much to do. He had woken up before Jensen, who was sleeping on his stomach, half sprawled across Jared, one arm and one leg thrown over Jared. Jared had been awake for a bit, but had been too comfortable to move, just enjoying the quiet of the early morning, and the comfort of having Jensen so close. Jensen had rather apologetically and sheepishly admitted that Jared really didn’t have to share a bed with him. There was room for Jared to sleep on his own. Jensen had been reluctant to bring it up, since he clearly liked having Jared with him all the time, but ultimately his sense of obligation had forced him to admit that Jared was free to sleep on his own if he really wanted to. But, as Jared had assured him, he had no interest in sleeping without Jensen. He had spent enough long, lonely nights sleeping by himself, now that he had Jensen he had no intention of going anywhere. The Alpha had been adorably relieved at that, only too happy to have Jared continue to sleep with him. Well, sleep in his bed at least.

As comfortable as Jared was, he was starting to feel restless. Lying on his back in bed and staring at the ceiling was only interesting for so long. He was a little nervous about leaving the safety of Jensen’s bedroom without the Alpha with him, but Jensen looked so peaceful, he really hated to wake the man. He was too awake to fall back to sleep, and he ached to go outside and he was healed enough that he was pretty sure he could take his wolf form without issue. The prospect of letting go and shifting, feeling earth and pine needles beneath his paws was too much to resist. He carefully slipped out of bed, taking care not to disturb the Alpha. As he slid out from under his arm, Jensen’s brow furrowed in an unconscious look of distress, then smoothed out, as he shifted in his sleep, and settled back down in the bed, less sprawled this time, and more curled in on himself. The sheet had fallen away, leaving him only covered from the hip down. He made such an attractive sight it is almost enough to make Jared want to crawl back into bed. Instead he decides to stop torturing himself seeing Jensen this way, and turns away, grabbing some clothes to take with him, for after he gets back inside. They belong to one of the other Alphas, Jeff, who apparently is pretty close in size to Jared himself. Eventually he will have to go into town for clothes, and other supplies. He came into Jensen’s pack with nothing, leaving literally everything from his old life behind. Not that he is complaining, needing a new wardrobe is a small price to pay for leaving behind the abuse and pain from his old life. He makes his way out into the main area of the cabin. It’s set up with a large main area that consists of a living space complete with sofas and chairs, and an open kitchen, with the door
to the outside world on the far wall. Numerous hallways lead off into other rooms and bedrooms. It’s a similar layout to many pack homes, but this one is much nicer, warmer, and more inviting than any he has seen before. At least, he thinks so. It’s possible that feeling safe and happy for the first time in a long time has made this place seem much better than any other.

He takes a minute to listen, trying to ascertain if anyone is awake yet. When he met with only silence he feels safe that no one else is around, and he makes his way outside.

He breathes deep, enjoying the smell of fresh air and trees that surround him. He relaxes, allowing his animal side to take over as he falls forward onto all fours, as his body shifts and changes. The slight pain and pull he feels in his injured leg is well worth it to let his wolf out.

He starts at a slow walk, feeling the crunch of sticks and leaves beneath his paws. He takes time to enjoy the stretch of unused muscles, reacquainting himself with the sounds and smells of his new surroundings. He has been out here in his human form before, but it is nothing like being in this form. Even in his human form his senses are sharper than those of non-weres, but even that pales in comparison to his canine ones, and it is like entering a whole new world. He listens to the songs of the birds, and the skittering of tiny creatures running across the underbrush, scattering in the presence of a superior predator. He works his way up to a run, ignoring the pain this causes in his leg, running feels too good to really care. He feels a sense of freedom he hasn’t felt since he was a pup. He runs until he reaches a small clearing in the trees, lying down to stretch out on the grass, soaking up the warmth of the morning sun on his fur, something he hasn’t felt in what seems like forever. Time slips by easily, and really he could happily stay like this all day. But he knows he has to go back, he doesn’t want Jensen to worry if he wakes up without him. And the longer he stays out the more he risks running into the rest of the pack. He knows he will need to meet them eventually, but a small voice just keeps whispering, not today. He hates that he is such a coward, but still, he figures he has reason to be cautious. He’ll get it together enough to get past this fear, and introduce himself to the rest of his new pack….just not yet.

He makes his way back home walking slowly, taking his time, trying to draw out the time he has in this form as much as possible. When he gets back to where he left his clothes he shifts to his human form and dresses, before entering the cabin…only to find he isn’t the only one up and around. When he opens the door to go inside he runs into someone, literally, he walks right into her, she stumbles, and is only saved from falling when he puts an arm around her, unintentionally pulling her into him. She is a good foot shorter than him, and when she looks up her eyes widen briefly in surprise and fear. It’s awkward, and not the most dignified way to introduce himself to a member of his new pack. But then, nothing about joining this pack has been particularly smooth or dignified, so why should this be any different?

Jensen has been telling Jared all about the members of the pack, in great detail, so he knows immediately this must be the beta, Gen, but just as he processes this, something else hits him, something about her scent is off, or rather unexpected. Her features soften into recognition and just as she says, “You must be Jared!” he can’t stop himself from blurting out, “You’re human!”

She smiles, clearly amused as she takes a few steps back from him, putting a little distance between them. “You can call me Gen.”

He shifts uncomfortably, feeling decidedly embarrassed by their rather abrupt meeting, and his apparent inability to filter his words, Gen probably already knew she wasn’t a were, it wasn’t exactly necessary to announce it like it might be news to her. “Right, sorry. I didn’t mean to…I mean, Jensen’s been telling all about you and the rest of the pack, he just didn’t mention…and I just assumed…” Gen saves him from his continued rambling when she speaks up, “I’m not really surprised Jensen didn’t tell you, he really should have. I think he feels like the distinction will make
me feel less like a member of the pack or something.” She shakes her head, a look of fond affection gracing her features. She has glossy black hair pulled back in a ponytail, and his first impression of how small she is was correct. Perhaps it’s her height, or the fact that she is human, but she comes across as fragile, like she might break, if he isn’t careful. Not that he tells her that, he does have enough sense to know she probably wouldn’t appreciate his assessment.

He doesn’t want to seem rude or like he was trying to avoid everyone in the pack besides Jensen (even if he is) but he also very much wants to slip back into the safety of the bed with Jensen. He finds himself torn as to what to do, only to have the decision made for him as Gen grabs his hand and pulls him towards a sofa, situated against one wall of the large main room, with the stated intent to “get to know our reclusive new pack member.” He finds himself sitting in the corner of the sofa, with Gen curled up next to him. All he can do is look longingly at the door to the bedroom which would mean safety, and more importantly – Jensen. It’s not that he doesn’t want to be a part of the new pack. And he doesn’t want to avoid Gen specifically; she’s a beta and human, far from intimidating by any means, but there are three other Alphas around, besides Jensen. He doesn’t want to be so scared of encountering them, he really doesn’t. He trusts Jensen without question, and Jensen trusts the other Alphas, and has assured Jared he won’t be harmed. But given the severity of the pain and betrayal he experienced with his old pack, it is difficult not to feel anxious at the thought of meeting another Alpha. He can’t seem to simply logic his way out of his fears, he knows he shouldn’t be afraid, but somehow he still is.

He realized Gen was watching him, and he wondered how much Jensen had told her, and the rest, about him. As if she could tell what he was thinking, she spoke up, “I feel like I already know you, Jensen has told me all about you. He’s been talking about you practically non-stop since you came here. But no one else has seen hide nor hair of you, I was starting to wonder if Jensen was making you up.”

Jared had admittedly mixed feelings about this. He could understand why Jensen might want everyone to know about the newest member of their pack, but he thought that they knew everything he had been through made him feel vulnerable. “He, uh, told you everything did he?” He can’t help asking.

The betas expression softens at that, “Yep, everything. He’s just excited to have you around. Honestly, I have never seen him as happy as he has been since you came to us. He’s never talked about anyone the way he does you. It’s pretty obvious he is smitten.”

Jared can’t deny the thrill of pleasure hearing this gives him. Jensen has been nothing but good to him, and Jared’s own growing infatuation is undeniable. He wanted to believe Jensen’s feelings toward him were more than pity, and he couldn’t help feeling pleased at this confirmation.

He found himself starting to relax a little. Gen was certainly friendly enough, and she was treating him like they were old friends, which he found surprisingly endearing. After everything that he had been through, this kind of easy affection, without pretense or expectation made him feel at ease.

“How did you end up…?” He trails off, uncertain how to phrase the question without it sounding like he doesn’t think Gen belongs here as part of the pack. It was just so unusual. Werewolves had been co-existing peacefully with humans for a long time, but by in large there interaction is minimal. For the most part humans avoided the lands of wolves, and wolves generally return the favor. Then again, having spent time with Jensen, he had come to realize that his perception of what was normal might be somewhat skewed.

“How did I end up living with a pack of wolves? It’s a valid question…You’re not the only stray Jensen was kind enough to take in.” She looks down, a shadow crossing her features, and he can tell
this is a painful subject for her.

“You don’t have to tell me. I wasn’t trying to pry.” He is quick to reassure.

“No, it’s okay. There isn’t much to tell, actually. My mom died when I was baby, she was killed by a werewolf, at least that’s what my dad used to say, I’ve always suspected there is more to the story than he lets on. He is the head of an anti-werewolf activist group which wants to go back to the days when weres were treated like animals, and didn’t have the same rights as humans. He always said that weres aren’t like humans; they are like animals, only more dangerous. I never agreed with him, and he would try to…put me in line. He thought he could force me to see things his way, and to become a part of his group, to help him pass laws to take away the rights of weres. When I was old enough I ran away. Honestly, it seemed like a good idea at the time. I thought anything had to be better than enduring his abuse any longer. On my own, with little money and no idea where I was going, it was freeing…at first. I was in a bad way when Jensen found me, he saved me. And I will always be grateful to him.”

He knows that humans – and weres – can be horrible to one another. Still, the thought of anyone hurting the tiny female is sickening. Before he is able to respond, Gen speaks up again, “There. Now I know your story, and you know mine. And you don’t have to worry, everyone here is really great. You’re going to fit in just fine, you don’t need to hide out, you really have nothing to be afraid of.”

“Was I really that obvious?” he asked, embarrassed by his transparency.

“Yeah, you really are. But don’t worry, everyone completely understands. It’s not always easy to start your life over with a new family. No one thinks less of you for it.”

“I’m glad to be a part of this pack, and I’m looking forward to meeting the others. It’s probably time to stop hiding out.” It wasn’t a total lie. He was glad he had the chance to get to know Gen and despite his reservations, he did want to get to know the rest of the Alphas in the pack. And it would seem he would get his chance very soon.

He heard the sound of footsteps as someone entered the room, an Alpha, and not Jensen.
I am so very sorry it has taken me this long to update. I started this story nearly a year ago and I never intended it to take me this long to finish it. My only excuse is that I have been through some big real life changes like moving and starting a new job, even though it was a change for the better both turned out to be far more stressful and time consuming than I had ever imagined. I also signed up for two big bangs, which also turned out to be more stressful and time consuming than I had anticipated. But it was completely worth it. I had the same artist for both stories and their amazing art alone made the whole experience worth it.

This is very different than anything I’ve written before and I really appreciate everyone who has stuck with this story and been so encouraging throughout, despite how long it’s taken me to update, it means the world to me. <3

I've mapped out the sequel to this, and I will start posting as soon as I have the last chapter of this story up. I’m excited to expand on this story and this world so if anyone has any requests for timestamps and/or things they'd like explored in future stories let me know.

The new Alpha was in his wolf form, smaller than himself and Jensen which did nothing to make Jared feel less anxious. He had black fur and vivid blue eyes, which was rare for wolves, but it was hard for Jared to appreciate the beauty of the Alpha as his heart was racing painfully fast. His anxiety was getting worse and suddenly it was all too much, he couldn’t do this. He started to stand up, intending to bolt for Jensen’s room and safety but he was stopped by a hand on his. Gen’s fingers lay against his hand, as if anchoring him.

“You don’t need to run off, believe me there’s nothing to be afraid of from Misha, he’s a real sweetheart.” She reached out her free hand running along the Alphas – Misha’s – coat, burrowing her fingers in the thick fur. In response Misha leaned forward and licked Gen on the nose. It was a sign of affection that surprised Jared. He had never seen a wolf and human so comfortable together, let alone actually being affectionate. He had come to understand that the life he knew wasn’t exactly a healthy one, but this new way of life was still taking some getting used to.

Gen leaned in towards Jared, as if sharing a secret, her voice a stage whisper when she spoke, “Misha looks intimidating but he’s really a gentle soul. When he was a pup he would chase butterflies. He wouldn’t catch them, he was too afraid of hurting them, he would just chase them.” Misha narrowed his eyes in an un-wolf like gesture, and gave a low growl to show his disapproval of Gen sharing this. For her part Gen just smiled sweetly, her expression innocent.

Misha shifted and Jared found a man standing before him, a very attractive, very naked man. Gen seemed completely unphased but Jared found himself feeling uncomfortable for an entirely new reason. Misha was fucking gorgeous, black hair and blue eyes and Jared wanted to run and hide again. No matter what Jensen said, Jared still felt woefully inadequate in the presence of such an impressive Alpha. He was awkward and unsure of himself, and an omega. He wanted to believe being an omega wasn’t a detriment, but after years of hearing how much less omegas were, it was
hard to believe.

“I can be really freaking intimidating if I want to be.” Misha said, sounding exacerbated.

“Yes, dear, you are very scary,” Gen’s said giving Misha’s hand a pat, “I am sure the butterflies were
down right terrified of you.”

“How do you even know that anyway? That was way before you came here.”

“Jensen told me. I told him I wanted to know all about my new pack. We bonded over swapping
stories from our childhoods, so he told me all sorts of things about all of you. That’s what happens
when you grow up with pack, they know all the embarrassing stories about you.”

“Speaking of pack…It looks like I finally get to meet our newest member.” With that Misha was
watching Jared, and he had to fight the urge to avert his eyes, now that he had the Alphas attention.
“I was starting to wonder if Jensen was making you up. I guess he wanted you all to himself. It’s
good you finally got away, I’m glad to finally meet you.”

Jared knew he should say something, but he found himself tongue tied. The silence stretched out
between them, becoming awkward, until he finally got up the nerve to break it, “Jensen’s told me all
about you. I’ve wanted to meet the rest of the pack, it would just be nice to actually see you around from
time to time. As it is it’s like Jensen has an imaginary friend. He is always talking about you but
he’s the only one who can actually see you.”

“I’m just glad you finally decided to come out, I know the others have wanted to meet you as well.
It’s great having a new member to the pack; it would just be nice to actually see you around from
time to time. As it is it’s like Jensen has an imaginary friend. He is always talking about you but
he’s the only one who can actually see you.”

Jared was saved from having to respond to that when Jensen himself emerged from his bedroom. He
was adorably rumpled and sleepy looking as he made his way out into the main room. Seeing him
filled Jared with a thrill of affection and relief. Everything was much easier to handle with Jensen
around.

“Jared?” Jensen’s voice was still morning rough, “when I woke up you were gone.” He sounded
somewhere between worried and accusing.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to worry you; I woke up early and went for a run. You looked so peaceful; I
didn’t want to wake you when I got up.”

Gen piped up at that, “Jared, you have no nothing to be sorry for. You’re not a prisoner here; you
don’t need to stay confined to Jensen’s bedroom. We love having you around. And Jensen, you
really should have more faith. We wouldn’t let anything happen to your omega.”

Jensen looked genuinely chagrined at that, “I didn’t mean it like that. Jared is still healing, and I like
knowing where he is, that’s all. Besides, it’s still early, why is everyone up and around already?”

Gen rolled her eyes, “It’s not that early, you just sleep late. You should try getting up earlier; the
sunrise can be really beautiful if you’re awake to see it.”

Jensen shook his head, looking for all the world like he wanted nothing more than to go back to bed.
Gen was still curled up next to Jared, so Jensen sat down on the floor by Jared’s legs, leaning against
him. The familiar presence of the Alpha was comforting and made Jared feel grounded.
“Jensen used to have huge paws,” Misha blurted out, “he would trip over them every time he would run. He was the clumsiest pup I’ve ever seen.” Jensen looked up at him indignantly, “What was that for?”

“You told Gen about me when I was a pup, and she told Jared. I thought it only fair that Jared know about you too.”

“We were afraid he might never grow into those paws. I, for one, was worried he would always be that gangly and uncoordinated.” This came from a new voice, a man Jared hadn’t seen entering the room. He was older and his voice was gruff, but he looked kind. He was closely followed by another man, the last member of the pack. Jared found he wasn’t seized with panic anymore. Jensen’s presence had a calming effect on him. Even though he was now boxed in by Jensen and Gen, he didn’t feel trapped, that was progress at least.

“You never told me that!” Jensen sounded offended by this particular revelation. It was difficult for Jared to imagine Jensen ever being awkward or uncoordinated. He wished he could have seen him back then. He wished he could have grown up with Jensen and this pack, he could only imagine how differently his life would have been with this pack, with these people. To think of what could have been made his heart ache with longing of what could have been. But it doesn’t matter anymore; he is here now.

“You okay?” Jensen is studying him, a shadow of concern crossing his face. “I’m fine, I’m happy to finally meet everyone!” He puts as much cheerfulness into his tone as he can muster. It’s not a lie. He is happy to finally meet the pack that he is now apparently a part of. It’s less frightening than he thought it would be, and he feels a little silly that he spent so much time avoiding these people.

Jensen introduced the tall gruff man as Jeff and the other man as Chris. “Normally, Chris isn’t quite this sociable this early. Gen always gets up with the sun, but the rest of us aren’t usually up at such an ungodly hour.”

Chris shrugged, looking completely unabashed, “A new member to our pack is always big news, and we haven’t even had a chance to see him yet. There was so much going on, I certainly couldn’t stay in bed and miss the opportunity to meet the mysterious new omega.”

Jared stayed silent, uncertain as to what to say to that. He wasn’t used to being the center of so much attention and it was still overwhelming.

Jensen filled in the silence for him, “Gen’s been keeping him company, apparently telling embarrassing stories about us. In the future I don’t think we should leave them alone together, who knows what she might tell him.”

Gen looked at Chris contemplatively, “You know I don’t think I know anything embarrassing about you.”

“That’s because I have always been this cool. I never went through an awkward phase.”

Jensen laughed at that, “I’m not sure that’s strictly true. But you can’t embarrass someone who has no shame.”

“That too,” Chris agreed easily.

It turned out Gen had quite a few more stories about the pack and she was only too happy to share. Jared started to feel increasingly at ease as she talked, with Jensen adding in stories from time to time. He loved watching Jensen laugh and the way his eyes lit up when he talked about the people
who clearly meant so much to him.

More than once Jared still had the urge to run and hide in the safety of Jensen’s bedroom. But he was happy to finally meet the rest of the pack, his pack. No one had asked about his past or his former pack, for which he was grateful. But he had a feeling Jensen had already filled everyone in. He got the distinct impression that this was a pack that didn’t keep a lot of secrets.

At the end of the day he was happy to crawl into bed with Jensen, back in the familiar safety of the bed and Jensen’s arms.

“So what did you think, how was it meeting everyone?” There was anticipation in Jensen’s voice like he really cared about what Jared had to say. It was a new and not unwelcome feeling, if a little disconcerting, to have someone really want to know what he thought.

“I like them, a lot. I’m going to be very happy here, I already am. Being with you is the happiest I’ve ever been.”

“Yeah? You mean that, you’re not just saying that?

Jared gave a surprised laugh at that, “You really think I’m tactful enough for that? That’s sweet really. I thought I would have proven by now I’m no good at keeping secrets.”

Jensen nodded, looking satisfied, “I like that. I wish we could have met under less traumatic circumstances, but I am glad you are a part of our pack now.”

“Me too. Meeting you, this pack, being here, it’s changed everything. I want you to know how grateful I am for your kindness. If it weren’t for you I wouldn’t be alive right now.” His words were insufficient for what he really wanted to say. Jensen meant everything to him. And he wasn’t lying, he loved the new pack and he already felt a strong connection to everyone he had met. There was an easy camaraderie between everyone and they already treated him like he belonged. They treated him like he had always been a part of pack, not the interloper he thought himself to be. He wanted to tell Jensen all of this, but he didn’t know how. He wasn’t used to expressing himself. He had never been one to try and share his feelings and as much as he wanted to he found himself never quite finding the right words.

Jensen’s mouth tugged down into a frown, which certainly hadn’t been Jared’s intention. “I’m sorry you had to go through that. I wish you had been born into a better pack, or come to ours long ago. I hate that you had to suffer for so long.”

Jared shook his head, “It wasn’t that bad.” He could see Jensen was about to argue so he pushed on before he could, “I mean, yes at the end it really was that bad. I’m not trying to make excuses for what happened. I just meant that it wasn’t bad for a long time. Growing up I was actually very happy. The bad times tend to overshadow everything else, but there were good times too. I guess that made it all the worse when everything…changed.” Jared hated talking about this, it still hurt to think about what had happened. His physical wounds were healing but the emotional ones were still too fresh. “I had a really good day today, I hate to end it on such a dark note. I can think of much better ways to end the day.” He nuzzled under Jensen’s jaw and pushed Jensen onto his back. “Jared…You don’t have to.” Jared huffed out a sigh, “I know I don’t have to. I want to.” He kissed down Jensen’s throat and collarbone and moved so that he was straddling the other man. “You said that I have a choice now, I can do whatever I want. Well, I choose this. I choose you. Which is a sappy way of saying I want you really fuckin’ badly.” Jensen laughed softly, which turned into a groan as Jared rocked back against him.

“If you’re sure…”
“I am positive.” He was positive that he couldn’t stand being near Jensen without being with him for another second. He was going to show him how much Jensen meant to him the only way he knew how. He didn’t bother with prep, he was already slick and more than ready to take Jensen. He pushed back, sinking down onto Jensen hard length. He set a quick pace, having no interest in taking it slow now. There was would be plenty of time for that later on. Jensen moaned and arched into him with every thrust and Jared was already close. He had wanted this for so long and now that he finally had it he knew neither would last too long. He rode the alpha hard until he felt his knot start to swell hitting Jared in just the right spot, and that was enough to push him over the edge. He came hard over Jensen’s chest and stomach. Panting he fell forward, still tied to his alpha, he laid in Jensen’s arms. He was safe and happy and he knew now that was never going to change.

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