Making of an Omega
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Summary

Jensen has always had an obsession with the fantasy of ‘omegas’. He regularly coxes sweet boys under dogs just to watch them play the role of a needy omega looking for a knot. When Jensen finds out he has a nephew he ends up taking the boy in and soon decides to train Jared into the perfect omega, all without the teenager ever knowing it.

Notes

This is my kinky big bang! A 20k fic all in one dump so enjoy that? This isn’t a dark story but it’s fairly void of morals, so beware of that. Jensen is a bad, dirty man in this. Srs. Also this is porn, porn and some more porn.
Chapter 1

Jensen was a good man.

He paid his dues and worked hard in life despite coming from a wealthy family. Jensen donated to charity on a regular basis, helped out at the local free clinic as a doctor and put up with all the drama his family loved to indulge in.

He did his best to be a good person and Jensen felt like he had his right to a few…dark spots in his life.

When Jensen was a teenager he realized two things: one, he was gay, and two, his family would never accept him for it. They would love him, but as a strict Republican Christian family in the spotlight, they’d never publicly acknowledge a gay son. So Jensen got married right out of high school and promptly left his wife with his family so he could go to college and butt fuck every ass he could get in his bed. Everyone was happy, his wife loved having his name and wealth while never having to actually see him, his parents could be openly proud of their upstanding son who was going to be a doctor and save people and Jensen got to be with who he wanted and keep his family.

So when Jensen says he earned the right to a little sin he means it.

During college Jensen dated this kinky son of a bitch, and he meant kinky, the whole nine yards: gangbangs, fisting, dp, getting face fucked until he vomited, being pissed on, Jesus, just a no holds kinda guy. On one wild evening, Jensen had sat back and watched with a few other guys while his crazy boyfriend let a dog fuck him, a dog. It was sick and disgusting to see an animal on his boyfriend’s back, pumping its huge red tool into that sloppy hole. Jensen was certain at first that he only stayed until the end because he didn’t want his boyfriend to end up choking to death on his own vomit passed out or something. The sight of the bestiality haunted him though and during sex his tongue started to slip, he dirty talked about it while he fucked the same hole the dog did, used the same bitch.

Not long after that he came home one day and his boyfriend had gone out and bought a big unfixed dog with a knowing gleam in his eye. Jensen never felt any urged to actually get fucked by the animal or fuck the dog himself, it was watching someone else that drove him crazy. The longest relationship he’d ever had with a guy and it was directly based on the fact his boyfriend was willing to be a bitch.

But they broke up eventually because Jensen was married and in the closet and his boyfriend wanted more than Jensen could give him. So he moved on and two guys later Jensen accepted that if they wouldn’t let a dog into their bedroom, Jensen wasn’t all that interested in being there either. As the years went by he learned what to look for, eager to please attitudes went better than anything because even if they weren’t sure, they’d usually do it just because Jensen wanted them too. He leaned towards the younger ones, twinks who looked so tiny under a big dog, those wide innocent eyes looking up at Jensen while the animal fucked them raw. Jensen never got tired of it, loved how they were like rag dolls when he took his turn, pushing into their sloppy holes and added his come to the mess the dog had left already. But it was hard to find the right boys, the ones that he could ease into bestiality and know they wouldn’t ever tell anyone about it.

Then some lady’s cheesy vampire books become an overnight sensation and as an aftereffect werewolves got popular too because of them. The more popular it got the more porn was made
dedicated to the themes, blood drinking porno flicks started being made. But more importantly to Jensen the idea of a knotting became sexy, pretty much every young guy into the supernatural was easy to convince to fuck a dog in order to feel a real knot. Jensen admittedly got caught up in the idea of it as well. The internet was stuffed full of endless written porn that circled the idea. Alpha and omega sex was the main term and a common suggestion was self-lubricating guys. Right from the get-go Jensen loved the idea, jerked off plenty just thinking about it and he went through pains to find guys willing to let Jensen pump their ass with a fat syringe of lube just to watch it dribble and ooze out of them. When the dog jumped on and shoved his cock into the sopping hole it was always wet and messy and Jensen usually blew his load before the dog was done.

So yeah, Jensen was a standup guy with a few dirty kinks but he figured as long as the good outweighs the bad he’d be fine.

So when he got a phone call at three in morning from him mother telling him to jump on a plane immediately and cross the country to come and be part of some family fuck up, Jensen sighed and packed a bag without complaining.

“Are you sure?” Was all he could say and his older brother swore at him in response.

“We had three tests done, there’s no doubt,” his mother answered and Jensen shrugged and looked over to his sister. “Congratulations, you’re an aunty.” They cracked up and his mother sighed and father frowned.

His brother freaked the fuck out of course.

“You think this is hilarious?! How’d you like your past mistakes dragged into the light?” Josh snarled and his wife put a calming hand on his arm, she looked totally fine with the situation but then Jensen figured that was half the reason she was Josh’s wife. Jensen managed to feel a little sorry for his brother; an illegitimate kid was never a good thing for a politician to have.

“Jen’s butt fucking ain’t gonna have produced a kid,” Danneel shot back and Jensen couldn’t fight the grin from his face, Mackenzie snickered, and even Josh looked a little amused. Both his mother and father acted as if nothing had been said.

“Anyway, what are you going to do about all this? Throw money at his mom until she shuts up? Isn’t that standard politician reaction?” Jensen watched his brother give a huge sigh and then slump back into his chair.

“Don’t I fucking wish. She’s dead, that’s why the kid is being dumped on me, her last wish or some nostalgic crap,” he explained with such an annoyed air that Jensen couldn’t help but note how big of an asshole his brother could be.

“Life if hard for you, own up and welcome your little miracle into the family bosom,” Mackenzie told their brother, her tone suggesting she wasn’t impressed with Josh’s candid attitude towards the child either.

“It’s not that easy,” their mother announced in a certain tone that made Jensen frown, hoping she wasn’t about to say something he going was going to have to be pissed about. “The boy’s mother was mentally ill and she might have passed it onto him. Even if she hasn’t she raised him… sheltered.”

“She kept him in the fucking basement, she was nuts and she raised a fucked up kid,” Josh cut in
with heat and Jensen fought the anger at his brother ignorance of mental illness and got up to go over to his father’s desk. There were numerous folders and he flipped through them, DNA tests, psychological evaluations, and physicals, the works on the boy. Fifteen years old with behaviors issues, severely antisocial, separation anxiety and panic anxiety. Jensen felt a well of sympathy for his nephew, reading the files and eventually locating his mothers.

Schizophrenia, the big bad.

“There’s no proof that Schizophrenia is based entirely on hereditary factors, it’s different elements added up. Just because his mother had it doesn’t mean he will,” Jensen grumbled to the room at large, still half reading the files.

“Either way the boy is very unstable and it might be best for everyone to have him committed,” his mother said in a light tone, like she wasn’t suggesting putting a boy in a metal institute to sweep him under the rug.

Mackenzie’s eyebrows jumped up and Danneel looked uncomfortable. Josh and his wife seemed fine with it, and Jensen’s father was looking right at him, waiting for the only doctor in the room to say something.

“Are you seriously thinking you can just shove a teenage boy into a psychiatric hospital so you don’t have to deal with him? Imagine if the media found that one out,” Jensen scoffed and felt another swell of pity for the child, the Ackles family was not a kind one and the boy was only going to be seen as a burden.

“What do you think should be done then?” His father asked and the majority of the room looked towards him expectantly.

“I’m still not sold on this,” Josh muttered like a sullen child but Jensen had no sympathy for his brother. They walked down the hospital halls towards Jared Padalecki’s room.

“Then you should have kept it your pants. Jesus, the kid’s fifteen so you had to have been,” Jensen paused while he did the quick math. “You got to be kidding me, fourteen, you knocked up a girl at fourteen and got a fifteen year old son from it?”

“I’m aware of the situation,” his brother replied and Jensen shook his head, kind of amazed with the bad luck on his brother’s part. Fourteen was young to be fucking up on this level.

“Either way it’s done, so just try not to be a jerk. Don’t jump around or raise your voice unnecessarily,” Jensen reminded him pointlessly, they’d both been warned about the boy’s triggers already. Josh rolled his eyes and nodded before Jensen pushed the door open and the two slipped inside.

Jared was a gangly kid, but certainly a cute looking one. The boy was dressed in a hospital gown and had one hand handcuffed to the side of his bed. He was curled on his side with eyes unseeing. Jensen tried to ignore the immediate surge of lust at the sight of his nephew, the boy was certainly the type he preferred and Jensen had always liked them on the young side.

“Why is handcuffed?” Josh asked with honest incredulity. “Hey! Come in here and un-cuff him,” he yelled at a nurse walking by and Jensen resisted the urge to smack his brother as Jared shrank back into the bed and started shaking.
“Will you please go yell out in the hall?” He hissed and his brother winced, turning to watch Jared tremble. “Sorry kid, I didn’t mean to upset you, I’m going to go find out why he’s cuffed,” Josh said and hurried out of the room.

A great first meeting of father and son Jensen thought.

“Hello Jared, my name is Jensen,” he said in a docile tone, moving in and carefully putting his hand on the bed in plain sight of the boy. Jared’s eyes locked on Jensen’s fingers and watched them slowly move over to his own slack hand and entangle their fingers. The boy was touch starved and answered well to physical reassurance according to the doctor. Jensen watched Jared’s fingers close around his tightly and he noted how soft the boy’s hand was.

“Josh didn’t mean to yell, he’s just over eager to make sure your treated fairly. Do you think your being treated fairly?”

“I wanna go home please,” the teenager whispered, voice shaking as Jensen rubbed his thumb along Jared’s hand soothingly.

“Did anyone explain what’s going on to you? Do you know what happened to your mom?”

“…She killed herself, I went to the neighbors for help but they said she was already gone,” Jensen watched the boy give a soft huff, tears coming easily.

“That’s right, she was very sick Jared and she shouldn’t have kept you in a basement all by yourself like that, do you understand that?”

Jared pulled his hand free from Jensen and curled in on himself. “My mother loved me,” he whispered a panicked edge coming into his tone.

“Hey, hey, Jared listen to me. Your mom loved you, anyone who says different is lying to you,” Jensen watched the boy break from the state he was sinking in and look at Jensen for the first time.

“You’re not a doctor,” he accused softly, looking at Jensen’s street clothing.

“I am actually,” he chuckled and reached his hand back, Jared moving to grip it on his own this time. “But I’m not here as a doctor, I’m here because I’m your uncle,”

“…my mom didn’t have any siblings.”

“No, she didn’t, but she knew who your dad was and arranged for him to be contacted if something ever happened to her.”

“That other man…?”

“Yeah, that was your dad Jared. His name is Josh.”

Josh and his wife weren’t interested in the boy at all and Jensen’s parents were more concerned with tucking him away than anything else. Jensen felt akin to his nephew, he knew what it was like to be the different one in the family, the one hidden away and never mentioned.

Jared clung to any female more than a man at first but no one was willing to put up with him so Jensen babied the boy. After a few days Jared tentatively adhered to Jensen and when he allowed it,
the boy became increasingly desperate to have him around at all times. Jensen spent most of his time at the hospital indulging the kid, dealing with dosages of what they pumped into Jared to keep him calm and trying to mediate family members as they argued what to do with Jared.

After two weeks of careful observation it was decided Jared would go home with Jensen’s parents. With a variety of little pill bottles and psychiatrists on hand, Jared left the hospital and Jensen flew home a few days later. It lasted a little over a week before Jensen ended up flying back to go get Jared.

“I miss you,” the boy whispered and Jensen smiled, picking at his takeout with the phone to his ear. “I miss you kiddo, how are grandma and grandpa doing?”

“They don’t like me being here, she thinks I’m…I’m a freak or something and he just doesn’t look at me. I don’t like it here,”

“You’re still getting used to it Jared, you’ll settle in and get to know them eventually. Now tell me what you did today,” Jensen directed and the tremble in Jared’s voice faded as he repeated his day back to Jensen. The psychiatrist had told Jensen that the best thing to do was distract Jared when he showed warning for an oncoming panic attack. Plus the boy liked to talk, even with his meek nature the kid was a little chatterbox with a little prompting.

“Uncle Jensen?”

“Yeah kid?”

“I wish I lived with you,” Jared confessed with a tiny voice, the silent sob of tears present.

“I live a long way away from the rest of the family Jared, pretty much on the other side of the country, I don’t think you’d like getting on a plane and coming all the way over here to be all alone most of the time. I work a lot and Danneel doesn’t live with me so it’s just be you and my slobbering mutts,” Jensen explained carefully, trying to paint a picture that would make it clear to Jared that he didn’t really want to be there.

“I wouldn’t mind, I like dogs and you promised I could meet yours,” Jared replied, his voice still strained with a soft little hope. “I wouldn’t mind it either, being alone, I’m alone here anyway, just sit in my room. But I don’t mind that, I’m used to being alone…I just wanna be with you,” the teenager said with a whimpering plea. “I don’t ever feel like you don’t want me around,” he whispered.

“God, you know how to work me don’t you?” Jensen asked with a dry chuckle and he could practically hear Jared’s confusion over the phone. “Jared, I want you to really think about it and talk to your grandma and grandpa, plus the doctor you see.”

“…and?” Jensen couldn’t fight a smile at the rising hope in the teenager’s tone.

“If they all agree then I’ll come get you and we can see if you’re more comfortable being with me.”

Jensen talked a little more with the excited boy before saying his good byes.

“Having him around will be awkward,” he mused lightly looking at his Irish wolfhound fucking a teenage boy on his living room floor. Nothing like a show to go with his dinner after all. One of the main reasons Jensen preferred to live alone and so far from his family was for this. With no worries
about any family showing up unannounced he could indulge as he pleased, having Jared move in
with him would change that. But watching the small teen cry out as the dog pounded his ass without
any let up, Jensen couldn’t help but think about Jared under the animal. It would never happen but it
was a nice image. Jared would change Jensen’s lifestyle but he would manage for the boy, feeling
like someone in the family had to show the kid some kindness.

The next evening Jared didn’t make his usual phone call to Jensen and the man wished he didn’t
know it meant something bad. When the second night passed without Jared calling Jensen dialed up
his parents.

“He’s sleeping, been doing little but these last few days,” his mother explained but Jensen knew that
airy tone to her voice, the one she used when she was hiding something.

“He’s called me every night since I got home, like clockwork and he’s suddenly to tired to? I’m not
an idiot mom, what’s going on?”

“Nothing is, Jared just started going through a rough patch, his doctor decided to give him something
to help him out.”

Of course.

“What did he give him, read the damn prescription out to me,” Jensen demanded and then softly
swore when his mother did. Sedatives, they were giving him sedatives and powerful ones too. If they
boy couldn’t conform how they wanted then he’d be drugged into compliance.

“Did he mentioned anything about moving in with me? He had been asking about it,” he tried;
purposely keeping his voice calm and blank of his own opinion on the matter so his mother wouldn’t
try and lie.

“Oh he did, but we sat him down and told him he couldn’t be a bother like that to you,” his mom
explained and Jensen dropped his head against the wall he was leaning against, imagining him
parents explaining in their special guilt riddling way that Jared would be nothing but a unwanted
burden to Jensen. The message wrapped in pretty words so Jared would be heartbroken and then feel
at fault about it.

Great.

“Did you know his mom molested him? The doctor was explaining it yesterday and-"

“Wait, the physiatrist talks to you about what Jared tells her?” Jensen demanded in an incredulous
tone.

“Of course she does honey, what do you think we pay her for?”

Jensen booked a flight right after he got off the phone with his mother.

Jared’s room was bright and sunny, big open windows showing the gardens and then the cityscape.
Jensen imagined it was like a strange sort of hell for Jared, who felt safe in closed areas. It took a few
days for the drugs to work out of his system, for the dull-eyed boy to look more like the one Jensen
had left before. Jensen couldn’t decide if he was disgusted with his parents or not. They allowed it to
happen but the genuinely couldn’t see anything wrong with that they were doing, in their minds they
really were helping.

“Hey Jared, feeling better today?” Jensen asked quietly, coming into the bedroom and settling down on the bed beside the teenager. The curtains were drawn and Jensen made damn sure they stayed that way. Who the hell thought it would be a good idea to take a boy used to feeling safe in a basement and shove him in open room like this?

“Jared?”

“…yeah?”

“How you feeling, better now that we stopped the extra pills?”

“I dunno, I…I don’t know what I feel anymore,” the teenager admitted and gave a sniffle. Jensen reached out and rested his hand on the boy’s bare arm, gently rubbing back and forth.

“That’s alright, you’ll figure it out when you’re ready to kiddo. Listen, I’m not sure if you’re still interested but I got a room picked out for you at my house,” Jensen explained and watched the boy hesitantly look up at him.

“I…I don’t want, I, you shouldn’t have to take care of me,”

“Jared,” Jensen called the boys attention with his firm voice, he’d thought long and hard about the best way to get this clear message through to the teenager. “Have you ever felt like I didn’t want you around?”

For the flight Jared had to actually be sedated again. Being out in public like that induced uncontrollable panic attacks. Jensen booked a midnight flight so the airport was fairly empty and he prearranged the situation with the airline. Jared was for the most part out of it but still aware, the teenager asked for something mild over the hard sedative they’d been pumping in him and Jensen could understand why, medication like that was intended for patients with far worse problems the Jared, it turned them into fucking zombies. But even with the medication Jared was terrified of being out in public and he curled into Jensen and clung to him like a child, shaking and whimpering the entire time.

Settled in the plane with him, Jensen realized for the first time Jared would never have a normal life. The anxiety he felt went far deeper than anything Jensen had seen before. When he was in the safety of a house the boy was almost normal so it had been easy to downplay his condition. It was a hard wakeup call to see him such a state and in the time it took for them to take a taxi from the airport to Jensen’s home, he arranged for a psychiatrist, tutor, and general caretaker for Jared so the boy wouldn’t be forced from the house until he was ready to.

“You have a really nice place,” Jared told him the next morning, the medication worn off and the stress from the flight down to tolerable levels.

“Thanks, I know there’s lots of windows but I’ve ordered some heavy curtains for them. I’d like you take the spare room beside me since I want to be able to hear you if anything happens but we can convert the basement into a bedroom or something for you,” he explained easily, already making plans to turn the empty storage room into something more functional.

During any hard times Jared wanted to be on the lowest level, he’d hidden himself in his
grandparent’s basement a few times and there was no point trying to avoid that it would happen here as well. What mattered was being there made Jared feel safe and Jensen had no intention of taking that away from him.

“For now let’s just get you settled in.”

Jared didn’t like computers. At all. Jensen had a spare one set up in the bedroom for Jared and he had to move it before the boy agreed to take the room.

“I just find them jarring I guess, my mom hated them too, always talking about how they made people lazy and that everything on them was a lie,” the teenager trailed off with a self conscious shrug, clearly well aware he was displaying an irrational fear.

“It’s fine, I can see her points. Computers can make people lazy but their also very efficient. But yeah for the Internet, I’d be real careful before I believed anything on there. But it’s not the end of the world either, you’re certainly not the first person to dislike them,” Jensen soothed the boy and Jared looked grateful for it. All the kid really needed was someone willing to understand. He wasn’t a normal person but he wasn’t damaged beyond function.

Jensen figured taking in the boy had to get him some awesome karma and he really did like his nephew so he settled into having the kid around indefinitely. He started back up at work, although his clinic had two other doctors who took his appointments when the entire mess first started their kindness was, understandably, starting to wane.

They set up a routine right away and stuck to it. Jensen had get up early and Jared was usually up and about as well. They shared a breakfast and then the tutor arrived for the day. The general caretaker would stop by - she did cleaning and got groceries for Jensen for years and easily adjusted to Jared and his needs. In the afternoon the psychiatrist would come over and just be getting ready to leave when Jensen came home.

A steady routine was what Jared needed so Jensen did his best to keep it up for him. He introduced Jared to each new face beforehand and had him approve them, staying for a few sessions until Jared was comfortable with them. Jared struggled with separation anxiety but Jensen made a point to call him at lunch and before he headed home, letting the teenager know everything was fine and always picking up when Jared called him during bad days. With his life so wrapped up in being a parent to Jared, Jensen had absolutely no time to slip out and get laid. It was sexually frustrating but he pushed it to the side for now. He wondered later on down the road if maybe he had got himself a quick fuck that it would have changed how things proceeded to play out.

“Do Rem and Jake ever stud omegas?” Jared asked during dinner one evening and Jensen felt the painful burn of un-chewed food scratching its way down his throat. After a good coughing fit and long drink of water he turned his wide eyes on Jared who looked horrified.

“…this is something people don’t talk about, isn’t it?” He whispered with shame coloring his face. “God, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have- I’m sorry,” the teenager blurted and stared at his food, the fork in his hand shaking notably.

“It’s certainly not dinner conversation,” Jensen finally managed, his voice a little hoarse. “How do you know about that sort of thing?” He inquired while he tried to think of anything that would have given him away.

“I found some books,” Jared admitted with a little shrug, his demeanor slowly calming when Jensen
kept his own tone light. “I’m sorry if it was wrong, I asked the tutor last week about anal sex and she got pretty upset, I’m not very good at knowing what’s proper conversation yet,” the boy explained with a little sigh, pushing his food around while Jensen watched him quietly and tried to ignore the dirty part of his mind putting his nephew under a dog.

“I…it’s fine Jared, why don’t you save questions you’re not sure about for me and we’ll get through them. You caught me off guard though so try and ask them when I’m not eating or drinking alright?” The older man teased and coaxed a little smile from the boy, Jared glancing over to meet his eyes and finally relaxing again. Jared reached out his hand on the table, looking for reassurance and Jensen didn’t hesitate to take his hand, knowing physical touches were still the best way to calm Jared down. Plus they gave him a little thrill that was quickly becoming something substantial.

“Kay, thank you, I appreciate it lots.”

“No problem kiddo, now you said you found books on omegas?”

“Yeah,” Jared sat up and with a hesitant look at Jensen he let his curiosity spill over. “Two were mostly biography kind of stories about specific omegas and one was a more analytical book, talking about how to train an omega,” as Jared described and Jensen realized the boy had found online erotica that Jensen had printed and put into book format. As much as he liked reading off his laptop, Jensen would always prefer a paperback book.

“I’ve never heard of that kind of thing before, of people and animals having sex or even just people that were different from just basic men and woman, I wonder what it would feel like to be something unique like that.” Jared added, looking thoughtful while Jensen felt his cock go painfully hard in seconds with the realization that Jared didn’t know it was a sexual fetish, the teenager thought it was real. He felt light headed as he leaned back heavily in his seat and watched the boy, so young and innocent prattle on about bestiality like it was perfectly normal, like the idea of a male whose ass would lubricate in order for a dog to fuck him wasn’t something hardcore and taboo.

“Anyway, I was just…curious I guess, it’s nice to learn new stuff I suppose and if you don’t mind I’d like to see more books about it?” The teenager’s tone took on a timid edge and Jensen knew it was still hard for Jared to ask for things for himself. He also knew if he was a better man he would open his mouth and go through the awkward conversation that explained to his nephew that Jensen’s literature was in fact an illegal sexual fetish that he liked to dabble in. But here he was with a beautiful innocent boy who had no idea it wasn’t real, no clue it was a fetish at all. Jensen managed to dredge up some shame for the way his cock throbbed at the idea of it; of someone who truly believed in omegas, who actually thought they could be one.

“Uncle Jensen?”

“Sorry kiddo, I got lost for a second there. I’ll see what I can find for you, grab a few books from a store on my way home or something alright?”

“Thanks, you’re the best.”

Jensen was a good man. The good out weight the bad in his life but God; this was a temptation he couldn’t even pretend he didn’t wanted desperately. All day long it filled up his thoughts, how easy it would be to convince Jared he was an omega. The boy was already on sleeping pills, he’d never wake up while Jensen slipped in to his room at night. As one of his hardest kinks, Jensen new numerous ways that people trained omegas. He could just whisper in the sleeping boy’s ear, use subliminal messaging alone. Or he could go into the room and put his hands on Jared, ease his
pajamas down and lube him up, convince Jared that he was making the slick himself, that his body was self lubricating. Jensen had to hide in the clinic bathroom and jerked off more than once just thinking about it.

It wasn’t like Jared would be harmed by it either, not really anyway. With all his anxiety issues he could be happy at home as an omega, servicing the dogs whenever they pleased. With training he’d learn to want it, love it even when one of Jensen’s big dogs climbed up on his back, looking to shove their cock up into that slicked hole, always prepped and dripping.

Jensen figured years of being a good man would outweighed his downhill spiral and he called a fellow dog lover and more importantly a decent writer, Jensen needed some books done up.

The psychiatrist was hard to pay off, Jensen had to open up a saving account he had for retirement but it was worth it to know if Jared came to her with questions she’d give him the answers Jensen wanted him to hear.

The tutor was fired and replaced with one who was into the omega role-play. Jensen had to fly him in from the other side of the country and pay him obscenely but it would be worth it when Jared needed ‘demonstrations’. Introducing the boy to another man was a careful process, aside from Jensen himself Jared still wanted to be around women over men. But with some coaxing and the tutor being genuinely charismatic Jared accepted him.

The caretaker wasn’t an issue, she knew Jensen tastes and was all too happy to keep her mouth shut and bank account full.

He knew what he was planning was fucked up and wrong but it wasn’t enough to stop him. It wasn’t enough to keep him from jerking off all the time, thinking about it, waiting to begin turning his innocent nephew into the perfect omega.

Jensen waited half a year. Jared got used to living in his home and together they found an easy pace and settled into it. Jensen spent those months carefully researching psychology and conditioning techniques. The changes he made were painstakingly meticulous and Jensen and Jared’s psychiatrist critically observed their results. Jensen supplied mock up books about omegas, made a little library for Jared to explore as he pleased. After learning more about subliminal messaging, Jensen tracked down a guy who worked in media and paid him to alter his cable box. He set the thing to sporadically flash millisecond imagery of an omega nature, boys under dogs mainly. The music cd’s he bought Jared were altered as well, the sounds of an omega being bred in the lowest levels of the sound. It was all tiny subliminal things that would insure Jared’s mind was constantly thinking of it, the idea of an omega always in the back of his mind.

With the sleeping pills the boy took it wasn’t a hassle to stop by his room each night without waking him. Jensen had recorded a few sessions of the dogs with an omega role-playing, making sure the boy never spoke out loud beyond whines and whimpers. Instead the recording focused on the panting of the dog and the wet pounding sound of the boy being fucked hard. Jensen played it at night for Jared at first, let the boy listen to the sounds alone for a few weeks. Then he started to gently touch the boy, stimulate him until the first time Jared got an erection. Jensen eased the blankets down and slid his hand over the boy. Touching him, Jensen stroked and rubbed Jared through his pajamas until the boy was humping at his hand. When Jared came with a beautiful little hitched sob, Jensen quietly whispered to him how good an omega he was. He made regular visits to Jared’s room at night, played the sounds and coaxed his nephew until the boy was getting erections from the
sounds alone. Now Jensen was training Jared how to come untouched, for Jensen fingering him to be enough for the teenager to climax.

Jensen locked up for the night, shutting off all the lights before he made his way upstairs. Stretching his arms to shake off the long hours of paperwork he went down Jared’s room. The teenager was dead to the world, he’d taken his sleeping pill an hour ago, enough time for it to really hit him but not long enough for the full effect to wear off.

Jensen pulled out his phone and scrolled through the music on it until he found the file he wanted. Setting on repeat he laid it on the table beside the bed and eased Jared’s blankets down. The low panting of the dog started up and in a matter of minutes Jared was squirming and hard.

“Good boy, such a good omega boy,” Jensen crooned gently, easing Jared onto his side and sliding into the bed behind him. Popping the bottle of clear lube he brought with him he got just a drab on his finger and then eased it down the back of Jared’s boxers. The boy gave a little whimper when Jensen pressed his finger along his sweet hole.

“Good omega’s love having it here, they need it, you need it. You need to feel this to come, to really feel good,” he explained to the sleeping boy, pressing his finger along the rim of his hole before sinking his fingers in. After weeks of this, Jared’s body had loosened up and took two fingers easily. “It feels good, so good and you know it, you know it’s because you’re an omega, a perfect little omega who needs a dog’s cock, needs it up here,” Jensen pushed deep and with practiced ease rubbed along Jared’s prostate.

“It’ll feel so good, so right to be under a dog, to feel that burn as they stretch you open and shove their knot home,” Jensen ignored his own throbbing dick in order to finger his nephew, the recording of the dog fucking filling the room as Jensen worked Jared to an orgasm. After about two weeks of training, Jared would now come without Jensen ever touching his dick. With a few desperate whimpers the boy did just that, clenching on Jensen’s fingers as he came. Jensen had his hand down the front of the boy’s boxers already and caught the warm mess. He wiped it carefully onto a cloth for his dogs later. Jensen had started training them as well, mixing a little pheromones in with the come for the dogs to scent and lick. They learned to associate the scents together and if Jared ever masturbated the dogs would come around, interested in the smell. It was one of the early signs of being an omega according to the books Jared had read.

Turning the recording off Jensen leaned down to press a light kiss to Jared’s brow.

“Your uncle loves you very much and you can trust him.”

“Do you think it’d be bad if I was an omega?” Jared asked one evening and Jensen glanced up at him from his diner plate. Always at dinner with this boy.

The teenager looked a little nervous but nothing close to a worrisome level.

“It would be very lucky for you since you live with me” Jensen responded finally and his nephew nodded.

“You have trained stud dogs and you don’t discriminate against omegas,” the boy elaborated, glancing at the sleeping dogs with a… curious little gleam in his eyes.

“A lot of people just don’t understand omegas,” the older man replied and Jared huffed but nodded,
the literature Jensen supplied him all supporting the fact that Omegas were an unspoken occurrence, that it was utterly forbidden to mention them in polite company.

“I get all that, but what about you? Would you be upset to have a nephew omega?” Jared asked, glancing at Jensen worriedly and getting a warm reassuring smile.

“I’d love you even more, knowing you were something as rare and special as an omega.”

A few days later a omega came by for a preplanned stud session from Rem and Jake. Jensen let him in and then called Jared down from his room. The omega was a regular boy and Jared had seen him in passing plenty of times.

“We’re going down to the basement for Jake to stud, would you like to come and see how it all works?” Jensen asked and the omega smiled encouragingly as Jared flustered. With a red face the boy finally agreed, staying close to Jensen and almost clinging. It was a good sign; Jared was pushing passed his anxiety of other people because his curiosity about this was stronger.

The basement had been renovated into a single open room essentially for omega fucking. Jensen had installed a few large kennels for his dogs and kept all their grooming supplies and extra stuff down there under the pretense of it being a dog room. One corner of the room had mats put down, installed permanently and easy to clean. Without shame the omega stripped down.

“This is a recording station I’ve set up, I want to make a few videos eventually about omega breeding and studding, the more information about it the better,” he explained and showed Jared a few earlier videos. After a few months Jared had gotten more used to computers and while he didn’t really like using them, he was able to. The Internet searching had already been altered on the two computers in the house so if Jared ever chose to search omegas or anything sexual he’d get the results Jensen wanted him too. As the clip played the sound came on and Jensen watched Jared’s face heat up, the boy squirming as he immediately got an erection at the sounds Jensen had been touching him to for months. Pretending not to notice, Jensen called the omega over and the boy came happily, a clear smear on the inside of his thigh already trickling. The boy had come already lubed and prepared as Jensen instructed him.

“Are you ready sweetie?” He asked the cute boy and he nodded his head, not the least bit shy as he got on his knees and waved his ass for Jake. With Rem locked out upstairs the Irish wolfhound didn’t have to rush to get him first. The big dog trotted over and sniffed at him, his tongue licked out along the round curve of the boy’s ass.

“Good boy,” the omega whimpered and Jared swallowed hard beside Jensen, his attention riveted on the scene in front of him. Playful the experienced boy waved his ass teasingly, crawling away a little to get Jake chasing him, tail wagging. They rolled around for a little bit, playing the game as Jake kept sniffing the omega’s leaking ass, lapping at the lube with traces of pheromones in it.

The first time Jake mounted the omega pulled and tried to get away.

“You gotta tease ‘em a little sometimes,” he chuckled and winking at Jared who gave a dazed little nod. The boy’s jeans were tented as he stood there and watched Jake mount the omega boy. Once he was on his back securely, the teenager reached back between his own legs and led Jake into him, crying out hard when the dog slammed home.

Jared jumped at the sound and watched with huge eyes as Jake fucked the boy hard and fast. The wet slapping and panting had Jared shifting; biting his lip, fisting his hands and clearly trying not to
“Oh God, good boy, fuck me, fuck my omega ass,” the boy whimpered and Jake panted, thrusting away wildly as the boy’s cries got louder and louder. With a hard sob he threw his head back and Jensen knew Jake was knotting with him. Part of the reason the omega was perfect for Jared to watch was the boy came without his cock being touched. Choking back whimpers his erection pulsed white lines on the floor as Jake’s pace slowed and tapered off. The big dog panted easily as he shifted and then turned, the omega already having a hand between them to hold the knot in.

“Sometimes,” Jensen began and Jared started at his voice. “The dog will pull too hard when he turns and force his knot out, it ruins the point of the breeding and can sometimes hurt the omega,” he explained like it was a common demonstration Jared was watching.

“Does it hurt? To be knotted?” Jared whispered and Jensen repeated the question louder for the boy on the floor.

“S-sometimes it can be r-rough…but- uh, but it’s good…it feels so good and right, an omega belongs under a dog with a nice big knot in them, there’s nothing better then having a belly full of warm dog come.”

Jared nodded his head and shifted, his face getting a little redder. Glancing at Jared’s jeans Jensen realized that sometime during the breeding his nephew had come in his pants.

“You realize, you yourself can’t touch him,” the curt voice on the phone told Jensen and he frowned a little, glancing up from his work desk to see Jared outside. Jensen had a huge private property and Jared felt safe enough to go out on the deck and a little further when Rem and Jake were with him.

“What are you talking about?” He asked the psychiatrist who worked with Jared daily and provided Jensen with advise on what he was doing with Jared. At this point the woman had become so involved in the ruse that it was like a forbidden experiment for her, she was fascinated with the process Jensen was using and in the same breathe disgusted.

“Jared has been severely sexually abused by his mother, the reason he’s so obsessed with being this omega for you is because it would mean he’ll never have to be intimate with a person, it would be a excuse for his aversion to his sexuality. Jared thinks that the reason he’s not interested in people is because he’s meant to be with canines, he’s starting to express a sexual interest in them,” she explained and Jensen watched the boy running around with the dogs, playing with them happily.

“So if I tried anything?” He prompted and neglected to mention he’d been touching Jared for months while the teenager was unconscious.

“He’d react badly, he’s built you up as a hero type, a father figure with zero sexuality. A woman who abused him raised Jared, he actually expects women to use him on some level but with men he’s not sure. He’s mostly nervous of them but with you he has absolute trust. If you do something to harm that he could fall apart. The main reason what you’re doing to him is working is because Jared wants it to, if he’s seen anything to contradict what you’re teaching him he disregards it because he wants this, he’s actively choosing ignorance to feel like he’s normal in some aspect of his life.”

The words rattled around in Jensen head for the next few days. While Jared was still innocent of Jensen’s own interest in omegas it would eventually come out. Jensen couldn’t exactly hide his fetish when he wanted Jared to be the said fetish. Still he didn’t want to hurt Jared, the world he’d built around the boy was one Jared was happy in and Jensen didn’t want that to crumble down, he
When Jensen got home early a few days after the phone call he was forced to make his decision. Misha was Jared’s tutor, a little weird but very well educated, the young man was also very fond of omega play. Jensen hadn’t forbidden or encouraged Misha to let Rem or Jake stud him but he had made the man aware of Jared’s special situation and cautioned him about how to go about it. Still Misha had been teaching Jared for almost six months now and he’d never played with the dogs. So it was a bit of a surprise for Jensen when he got home from work and Misha was bent over the coffee table in the living room with Rem fucking him roughly. Jared was on the couch, watching with huge eyes as the dog and man went at it vigorously.

“Rem wouldn’t leave Misha alone,” Jared told Jensen when he noticed his uncle stand in the doorway. “Misha said it was because he studded with a dog just before he came over and Rem could probably smell it.”

“Jesus,” Jensen muttered, unable to ignore how hot it looked, Misha was a handsome man and bent over like that, grunting with each hard lunge, it made Jensen’s dick throb. He stumbled into a sofa chair and kept his coat on his lap as he watched the breeding, he hadn’t gotten a chance to get a little relief in a few weeks. Not since Jared started watching the omega breeding sessions with him. It wasn’t like Jensen could use the boys after the dogs or even jerk off openly with his nephew there. Hoping he hid it well enough, Jensen leaned back in the chair and watched the show. Once Misha was knotted he excused himself and jerked off in the bathroom.

Jared of course caught on.

“Why do you keep stud dogs?” He asked over dinner a few nights later and Jensen expected it. Jared had been giving him looks lately, little unsure things that seemed to reinforce the psychiatrist’s predictions of Jared not being able to handle Jensen falling from grace.

“They’re needed,” Jensen replied easily with his nervous tone hidden but the boy wasn’t appeased.

“Yeah, but what do you get from it? No one pays you and you’re not attracted to dogs like an omega.”

“Is this appropriate?” the older man asked sharply, the importance of the answer making him edgy. Jared went stiff and focused on his plate; silently hurt and making Jensen feel like an asshole.

“It’s complicated Jared, it’s complicated and I don’t want to say anything to upset you.”

“I’m not a baby, I can handle the truth,” Jared mumbled back and Jensen thought silently that no, Jared really couldn’t.

“What do you think the truth is?” He finally asked, wondering what the boy had come up with in his own mind.

“…I dunno. I think…maybe you like it or something, like watching.”

“Why would you think that?” Jensen prompted though he figured he knew why from the way Jensen hadn’t been able to tear his eyes away from the show Misha had put on.

“Just how you looked when Misha was, I mean you looked like you enjoyed watching it, like it was sexy or something,” Jared’s face was bright red and his tone unsure, careful and prodding. This was probably going to be one of the most critical moments for them and Jensen needed to not screw it up.

“I’m not comfortable talking about this, it’s not you or anything but, it’s not proper, this…desire I
have.” Jensen finally replied doing his best to sound embarrassed and not having to fake it completely.

“So you do like watching it?”

“Not all people are perfect Jared, lots of us have dirty little parts of us, things we’d prefer hidden or changed if we could.”

“Come on Uncle, you don’t think there are a million things I’d like to change about myself?” Jared scoffed. The comparison was unexpected, but good, really good Jensen realized as his mind started figuring out how to smooth everything over.

“That’s true, I imagine if you could you’d do away with your anxiety,” he said with a sympathetic smile and he took Jared’s hand, the boy immediately clamping his fingers around Jensen’s.

“I’ve always been interested in omegas, fascinated with them on the level of a doctor but somewhere along the way it changed, became perverted. I don’t want to feel the desire I do but I can’t help it,” Jensen admitted and Jared ate it up, looking worried and understanding.

“I know that omega’s aren’t sexually interested in people, but seeing them with their partners…it does something to me. I’ve never wanted to be an omega I just…I just get off on seeing it happen,” he rushed the last part like it was hard to say and Jared didn’t take his hand back, even squeezed his fingers a little.

“I’m sorry Uncle Jensen,” the teenager said in a soft voice and Jensen gave him a warm smile.

“Not many people know this about me, hell only a handful even. It’s nice to be able to tell someone who can understand having to struggle with something they can’t help.”

“I do,” Jared replied with honesty, nodding his head and looking elated to be the one comforting for once.

When Jared’s psychiatrist called for the weekly update a few days later she opened with: “Well played you sick, manipulative, son of a bitch.”

On a weekend evening after Jared was in bed Jensen went into the locked medical cabinet and took out the supplies he needed. As a doctor in a tiny clinic he sometimes brought supplies home for storage he explained to Jared, telling him he kept it locked at all times because the clinic insisted on it. Jared was too naive to know the clinic would never allow such a thing or that it was illegal.

Jared was going to have his first medical check-up in a two weeks. Jensen was of course going to be the one administering it and when it happened he wanted Jared to ask a few precise questions. In order to do that Jared needed to undo go a few ‘symptoms’.

The lubricant was water based and Jensen mixed it carefully with canine bitch pheromones and used a needleless syringe to draw a few ounces and put the rest away, careful to clean up with bleach in order to kill the scent and keep the dogs from the cabinet. Jared was fast asleep in his room as always and Jensen played the recording and fingered his nephew until Jared came. For the first time Jensen left the mess of semen in the boy’s boxers. The syringe had a curved tip, meant to administer liquid medicine to the unwilling. Jensen used it perversely, sliding the tip and most of the syringe itself up into his nephew’s slick hole before he pumped the lubricant into him. Easing Jared’s boxers back up,
Jensen covered him with his blanket and dropped a kiss on his nephew’s brow before he went to bed himself.

It was a Saturday morning so Jensen was home all morning to see the results. Rem and Jake would not leave Jared alone of course. The boy had woken up and uncharacteristically taken a shower, Jared usually had one before bed not in the morning. While Jensen made breakfast Jared took a spot at the dinner table and Jake and Rem sat right beside him, watching the boy attentively. When Jared got up to get a glass of juice Jensen watched in the reflection of the stove as Jake shoved his nose into the teenagers ass and sniffed happily. The canine pheromones did their job as the dog pressed his snout hard and whined a little. Jared looked over at Jensen and not seeing his uncle was watching in the reflection, the boy actually stood there a moment and let Jake sniff at him. It was the perfect reaction; all the months of careful manipulation were starting to finally pay off as Jared stood there and let a dog sniff at him hungrily. When Jake tried to hop up and knock Jared down the boy moved away, shooing the dog as he got the juice out.

“They probably need a good walk, they’re pretty energetic this morning,” Jensen noted mildly and Jared flushed a little but agreed.

“How about after breakfast we all go for one?” He offered and his nephew gave a smile and nod.

The walking only worked the lube from Jared’s body and Jensen could see the way the teenager would pause and frown a little, uncomfortable with the wet spot in his boxers no doubt. When they got back Jared excused himself to his room to do some homework, when he came back his jeans were different but Jensen pretended not to notice. In the days that followed he administered the pheromones and lube each night after fingering Jared to orgasm. He left the mess for the teenager to deal with and as the days went on Jensen increased the strength of the pheromones he added. But the end of the week both dogs were always in whatever room Jared was in at all times.

On Sunday, a week after Jensen had started the process he caught the softest of sounds and looked up from his work desk. They had gotten home from a morning walk only a few hours ago and Jared was still hiding in his bedroom. Curious, more so with Jared in his state, the older man went quietly down the hallway to Jared’s room. The door was just opened a tiny crack. A little muffled sound drew Jensen closer and he peered in, catching sight of Jared.

The teenager was on his back, his legs off the edge of his bed and spread wide, his jeans and boxers around his ankles. Jared had a hand clamped over his mouth as Jake and Rem stood between his spread thighs, licking hungrily. Jensen watched as Jake tried to mount but Jared pushed him back down with a soft ‘no’ and the trained animal obeyed, going back to licking. The dogs shoved their faces in the cleft of Jared’s ass and licked at the sweet scent there, no doubt pushing their tongues hard to try and get into the little hole and at the scent coming from there. Both animals slurped nosily as they lapped, trained to lick at Jared’s balls and cock on occasional but their attention was mainly on Jared’s virgin hole. With a muffled whimper, Jared’s cock twitched and spurted on his stomach, Rem moved up to lick the semen up but Jake kept at Jared’s hole.

Jensen careful backtracked down the hall without being noticed and rushed to get to the bathroom, tearing his jeans open and managing a few thrusts before he came hard. The imagery was one he’d never forget and just recalling it was going to give him hard-ons for months after.

“They’ve gotten pretty fond of you,” Jensen commented at dinner, Jake and Rem lying by Jared’s chair as the boy flushed guiltily and gave a little shrug.
“I spend most of the day with them,” he pointed out weakly and Jensen nodded, smiling easily as if he was oblivious to what Jared had done.

“I’m glad, we’re a happy family,” the older man chuckled and Jared just ducked his head, face bright red.

Deciding to up the ante with Jared’s physical only a few days away Jensen used an enema kit to give Jared a large dose of the lubricant mix. Gently he eased the sleeping teenager onto his side and slicked his hole up, as regularly as Jared was fingered he took the small nozzle easily and Jensen fed it up as deep as he could. He’d given enough enemas in his medical practice to know how to do it and he’d given enough of these kinds to omega boys to know the right mix to insure it wasn’t too sloppy. With a good consistency it insured Jared would wake up with a mess like usual but more importantly he’d leak all day rather than in the morning alone. Jensen was careful not to over do it and he massaged Jared’s stomach to work the lube mix deep into him. Rolling him gently onto his stomach he repeated the process and then put him on his other side to insure that it worked its way high and deep into him. Jared never woke in the slightest; his pill dosage was a powerful one.

Tonight Jensen had mixed in a dosage of Sildenafil into the lubricant, a drug used primarily for erectile dysfunction. Mixed with the pheromones he knew that the next day was going to be uncomfortable for his nephew. Not only was he going to be dripping all day with the dogs chasing his pretty little ass, but he’d get persistent erections through it as well. Jensen used the stronger canine pheromones and had to close Jared’s door once he was done to keep the over eager dogs out.

“Soon, but not quiet yet,” he told them and send Misha a warning email of what to expect tomorrow before going to bed, eager for the next few days.

When Jensen got home from work Misha was in the living room under Rem, the big dog nailing the man hard. Jensen could see from the mess on Misha’s thighs that this wasn’t the first round.

“They been on him lots?” He asked Jared casually while he got a drink from the fridge, pretending that Misha’s moaning and the wet slap weren’t out of place.

“All day, they won’t leave him alone,” Jared replied, curled up the couch and red faced because of the way he hugged the pillow on his lap and looked so adorably guilty.

“…if..if you..” Jared flushed all red and fidgeted again before glancing at Jensen nervously. “If you wanna take care of yourself you can, I-I won’t mind it,” he breathed and Jensen flashed him a thankful smile.

“I won’t mind either,” Jensen shot back with an easy smile and pointed look at Jared’s lap. “It’s normal for teenagers,” he added to soothe Jared’s nerves. But the boy still stayed curled up with his pillow so Jensen didn’t openly masturbate, he wanted Jared more comfortable with him before that.

After Misha left Jensen got a text from the young man. ‘They wouldn’t leave him alone, kept trying to fuck him and he nearly let them a few times.’

With how things were going Jensen knew it was time, otherwise he was going to miss the first time Jared gave it up to one of the dogs.
Jensen spent the day watching the clock, checking it as each hour slowly dragged by, time itself seemed to have slowed. After what felt much more than a day of work Jensen’s clinic closed. Misha arrived on time with Jared trailing after him, a nervous wreck. They ushered the teenager in through the back and set him up in a room right away. He’d already arranged the appointment with Jared’s special circumstances and the secretary made sympathetic faces when she caught sight of the trembling boy.

“Hey Jared, how are you doing?” Jensen asked the teenager straight away when he came into the office and pulled Jared’s medical file.

“I-I’m ok, not awesome but…ok I think. Nearly puked in your little garbage though,” his nephew tried to joke, his voice strained as he wrung his hands.

“That’s fine, I’d rather it in the bin then on the floor. You’re doing amazingly well Jared. You’re out in public and un-medicated for the first time in…?”

“Ever I think, not since before…you know,” Jared shrugged not wanting to say before his mother locked him up. Jensen stepped in close and gave his nephew a one armed hug, feeling the boy melt into the touch.

“You can do this, I’m proud of you,” he told the teenager and Jared nodded his head before Jensen stepped back.


“Har, har,” Jared rolled his eyes but managed a weak smirk for Jensen’s teasing.

“Aright, strip down for me and hop on that scale,” the doctor instructed, indicating to the scale in the corner as he turned to fill out the paper work of Jared’s first medical check-up.

“…how far should I…?” Jared trailed off and it took a Jensen a moment to understand what his nephew was asking.

“Oh, sorry Jared, just down to your boxers. No need to fly free,” he chuckled and the boy looked relived as he started to undress. Once he was done Jensen turned back to him and went through the process, he listened to his nephew’s heartbeat and respiratory system, did blood pressure and talked Jared through the entire process with a casual ease.

“Sit up on there please and lay back, I’m going to feel your stomach and abdomen to make sure everything feels alright,” his nephew nodded and did as Jensen asked, lying back with a nervous breath but not jumping as Jensen prodded his stomach, pushing lightly.

“Good, sit back up for me, you’re doing great,” Jensen assured, trying to keep a place between professional and personal.

“Alright, this I’m gonna stick in your ear, check for any build up or if your brain is leaking out,” he teased and Jared finally relaxed a fraction smirking softly as Jensen checked each ear and then felt
around Jared’s neck for any unusual lumps. He chatted lightly and kept his nephew calm through out the examination and recorded everything expected of him, despite his own excitement he took the exam seriously.

“You check out good Jared, your blood pressure is a little high but that could be the anti-anxiety pills you pop every now and again, plus it’s not in any danger zones,” Jensen summed up, flipping the pages to double check the medication listed.

“That’s it?” Jared asked, his tone a little surprised and Jensen chuckled give his nephew a lopsided smirk.

“What did you think? I was going to do open heart surgery?”

“Nah…I don’t know what I thought, but I worried about this way more then I needed to.”

“That,” Jensen pointed the chart in hand at Jared with a smirk. “Is very normal, people come in here all the time acting like I’m about to break out the anesthetic and try and take a peek inside them or something.”

Jared finally let out a laugh, the anxiety around him giving way as he smiled openly at Jensen.

“Anything else then Jared or can I give you a few needles and a sucker?”

“Needles?”

“Flu shot, and no it’s not optional.”

“…fine. What else would there be?” Jared asked, watching as Jensen took out the needle and a sterilizing swab.

“Anything you need to ask a doctor, changes in your body or anything you’re worried about, those sort of things. I’m not an expert on your medication but I do know a bit about them,” Jensen explained smoothly, not taking notice to the way his nephew tensed up a little.

“I…” Jared stalled and Jensen looked over at him, cocking his head a little.

“Jared if you need to ask me anything go for it, I’m the one person you know is going to understand,” he encouraged and the young man fidget nervously.

“It’s just, I’m…it’s kinda embarrassing…”

“Trouble in the bathroom?”

“What? No.”

“Strange rashes?”

“No, God, no. Nothing like that, Geeze.”

“Well, out with it then,” Jensen said with a raised brow and gentle expression.

“I keep getting w-wet.” Jared finally forced out and Jensen blinked at him, trying for confusion.

“General area?” he asked and watched Jared point to his groin with a red face.

“I think I might be a omega, Uncle,” the teenager confessed in a rush, his body crumbling as if the
words freed him. Jensen put the charts down and went over to him, gathering Jared up in a hug and the boy hid in the contact.

“It’ll be fine Jared, we’ll figure it out and if you are that’s fine. It nothing to be ashamed of,” he soothed the boy and Jared gave a little nod of his head.

“We usually administer tests to check this, do you want to do them? They can be invasive and with your anxiety…”

“Will you be the one who does them?” Jared asked, pulling away to look up Jensen and the man nodded his head, reaching to smooth Jared’s hair back a little.

“Alright then, I wanna do them then, I want to know for sure,” the boy said with a brave face and Jensen gave him another lingering hug before stepping away. He pulled an unmarked medical kit from the cupboard, the only one in the building but made to seem as if it was common, like it was in every room.

“It’s a simple test, we’ll take a few samples and I’ll administer a prostate exam,” Jensen explained gently. “For samples were going to take a swab of what your body is producing and a semen sample, alright Jared?”

“…yeah, I guess but how will you get…?”

“Do you understand what a prostate exam is?”

“Yeah, you...put a finger up in me. It sounds weird,” Jared admitted with a little frown but he didn’t look timid about it. The nature of his mother’s abuse probably hadn’t been penetrative then.

“I’ll try to put two fingers into you, an omega’s body is looser so they’ll go if you are, then I’ll stimulate your prostate, if you’re an omega it’ll induce a climax,” Jensen explained easily as he slipped on a latex glove and put a touch of ky on his fingers.

“I’m going to need you to take off your boxers though Jared, you’ll have to face away from me,” he directed and Jared stared at his slicked fingers for a moment before obeyed, nervous hands dropping the last piece of clothing. Jensen had seen his nephew naked so many times that he took easily in stride, keeping the air professional as he stepped up behind Jared.

Jensen didn’t try to make it sexual, he could feel the nerves rolling off Jared and the psychiatrist’s warning ringing in his head. With a soft warning his slid two fingers and they went up smoothly from months of fingering and the lube to help.

“Does it burn at all? Feel too big?”

“…it feels weird but it doesn’t hurt at all,” Jared whispered back, his hands clenching on the edge of the examination table.

“That a point for omega, I’m going to press in deeper and stimulate your prostate now, we’ll know by your sensitivity.”

Jensen knew exactly where to feel, exactly how hard to push to make his nephew gasp out. Without comment he rubbed over the spot, months of doing this to Jared giving him the knowledge needed to get the boy off fast. Jared whimpered and his hips jerked, trying to get away even but Jensen’s hand followed, not letting up the pleasure he knew he was giving Jared.

“Please, I can’t-”
“You’re doing amazing Jared, we’re almost there, don’t fight it, this is a natural reaction,” Jensen soothed as he dug the tips of his fingers in just right and Jared choked a groan and his body clenched down on Jensen digits.

“What are you thinking of Jared?”

“What? N-nothing, I’m not-”

“Please don’t lie to me right now, I need honesty here, tell me,” the older man pressured and Jared gave a low gasp. “Are you thinking of dogs? Of taking a knot in this little hole?”

It was too close to dirty talk but Jared just groaned a breath, nodding his head furiously. The little sounds were different from when he was asleep and Jensen want to hear them all, every noise inside his nephew.

“Have you thought much of it? Of being under Rem or Jake?”

Jared gave a broken sound and his head bobbed positive as his hips stuttered and jerked frantically. Jensen felt Jared squeeze his fingers and watched the boy arch his back, breathing hitched as he came.

“Did you have an orgasm?” He asked liked he didn’t know and slipped his fingers free when Jared nodded, his shoulders trembling. Jensen reminded himself of restraint as he stared at the lube leaking from the loose hole. Instead of doing anything inappropriate he went to the kit at took a few q-tip swabs.

“I’m just going to take a sample,” Jensen explained as he ran the swab along the slick mess coming from Jared’s hole. He did the same with the come on the examination table and Jared watched as he put each sample in a cylinder and labeled it. Jensen took out a wet napkin and handed it to his nephew, the boy beet red as he cleaned himself up.

“You can get dressed now, you did really good Jared, I know this was hard for you,” he congratulated his nephew with a warm smile and Jared gave a weak nod, dressing while Jensen gathered all the supplies up and with Jared’s back to him he adjusted himself, his cock aching inside the chastity device he had on. The last thing Jensen needed was to get hard during the exam and there was no way he could have stopped an erection during that.

“W-will it take long to know?” the teenager asked finally, his voice quiet and nervous. Jensen put the rest of the fake kit away and threw his gloves in the trash bin. Going over to Jared he gave him a one armed hug again and Jared didn’t tense up, didn’t look afraid.

“A few days for the test results but I know enough to tell you I’m ninety-nine percent sure. If you’re not an omega I’ll be shocked as hell,” he told Jared with a smirk and he pressed a chaste kiss into the boy’s hair. “This isn’t a bad thing, this is just a part of nature, it’s simply what you were born as,” Jensen explained and Jared accepted it, slumping against his uncle and trusting the man utterly.

The anticipation was killing Jensen. When they got home he wanted nothing more to lead Jared to the basement and bend him over a breeding bench. But he forced himself to resist, one wrong move and everything would fall apart. So they took it easy, had a quiet dinner and watched an action flick.

“I’m going to head up to bed soon, I think I’ll shower first,” Jared announced once the credit’s rolled.

“That’s fine, but first,” Jensen stopped the teenager from leaving as he pulled a few books from his library. “I wanted you take a look at these, give them a read so you’ll know what to expect from your body and your urges,” he explained lightly as he handed Jared two new omega books. The boy took
them with a wistful smile and quiet good night. Jensen watched Jared take his pill and then head upstairs for a shower while Jensen went to his study to pretend to do work until Jared was in bed and under the drugs.

Creaking the door to his nephew’s room open a little more, Jensen leaned against the doorkframe and looked down at the innocent boy, feeling his heartstrings tug a little at how hard a life Jared had been dealt. But that was done now, Jensen was going to take care of him, look after Jared for the rest of his life.

Dropping a soft kiss to the boy’s brow Jensen started the routine, played the sound clip and eased his hands under the sheets, sliding in the bed so he could spoon Jared’s slack body close as he touched him. The teenager would have a single day before Jensen got to watch him take his first knot. With a soft smile at the idea of it, Jensen easily fingered Jared open and used a small prostate vibrator on him, he fucked his ass with it and the drugged boy didn’t stir as Jensen coaxed orgasm after orgasm from his body. Dropping his free hand to his own crotch Jensen jerked off for the first time as well, got off on the feeling of his nephew’s ass and how loose the dogs were going to make it. Jensen couldn’t resist touching Jared until his own cock couldn’t get up again and then he gave the boy his usual dose of lube, mixed with the canine pheromones and Sildenafil. At the end of the session Jensen took a latex glove and small unmarked tube out. With the glove on he applied a tiny bit of the concoction in the tube to Jared’s hole, gently rubbing it along the rim. Redressing the boy he left quietly and took both dogs into his own room for the night.

Jared could barely sit in the morning, fidgeting something awful with discomfort on his face.

“Are you ok?” Jensen asked with concern, looking at the way the teenager squirmed.

“I’m fine, just feel a little weird, maybe something happened when you gave me the prostate exam?”

“It might have kick started your heat? If you’re already showing signs of it and I stimulated your prostate as an omega you might go into heat. Check the books I gave you and if something doesn’t feel right don’t be afraid to tell me.”

“I’m not a female though, so my heat won’t be as bad right? Since I can’t actually breed?” Jared questioned with a nervous look and Jensen nodded his head.

“Yours won’t be as rough but it’ll still be intense for you, you’ll need a stud a few times a day at least,” he warned and Jared glanced down at Jake and Rem.

“Yes,” Jensen said, watching his nephew blink back at him. “Rem and Jake will be studs for you if you wish, I’d never deny you something as important as that.”

Jared smiled then and looked back to the animals with a curious look in his gaze, Jensen couldn’t help but wonder if Jared was imagining being under the dogs. Jared’s face tensed though and he bit his lip, looking uncomfortable again. What Jensen had rubbed on Jared’s hole as a mild irritant, enough to make him feel it but not nearly enough to hurt him.

“Will you tell me what’s wrong? You’re not hurting are you?” He pressed and Jared shook his head.

“It’s embarrassing…I feel…itchy…down…down there,” Jared finally whispered face bright red as he pointed to his crotch.

“Down there, on your genitals?”

“No, just…just where…the books you gave me mentioned it, it was a sign of going into…heat,” the teenager choked out, struggling with each word and Jensen left the table to ruffle Jared’s hair lightly.
“Oh, you had me worried, I know just what you need.”

“An enema…” Jared said with wide eyed fear as he stared at the kit Jensen pulled from the medical cabinet.

“It’s common for omegas to have them, you know that,” the older man reminded his nephew and Jared nodded his head, recalling all the research Jensen had fed him over the long months.

“It’s not complicated, I’ll give you one down in the basement bathroom, it’s designed to have enough room for this sort of thing. Go use the bathroom if you can and then put on some lose sweat pants,” he instructed and Jared looked a little surprised.

“I thought you were supposed to be naked for those?”

“It’s preferred but it’ll only make it worst for you right?”

“…thank you,” Jared finally said with a great deal of relief in his gaze.

“I don’t mind but we need to work this fear out of you, breeding still dressed is messy, it’ll ruin your clothes and you and your stud could get tangled up during the breeding,” the boy nodded his head not fighting the logic at all. “But for this stuff we can keep you dressed,” Jensen tagged on.

Jared ducked out of the room and went upstairs, Jensen heard the flush of the toilet not much longer and Jared returned, but was still dressed in his t-shirt and jeans.

“…we can do it without anything, I’ll go bare for this,” Jared quietly offered and Jensen glanced at him as he prepared the enema, warm soapy water with a bit of lemon juice.

“It’s not necessary right away Jared, we can ease you into this.”

“I know, but I want to get over this fear, I don’t want my anxiety to be part of this, being an omega doesn’t have to have anything to do with it,” the teenager explained, voice quiet as he pulled his t-shirt off.

After watching him carefully for a moment, Jensen turned back to what he was doing and let Jared strip down unobserved.

“Lay down on the table when you’re ready, on your left side and try to draw your legs up a little,” the table in question was actually fairly low and intended for dogs to be groomed but Jared managed to squeeze on it.

Once the bag was prepared Jensen got everything ready and turned to look at nephew noting the line of his back and all the tension there.

Jared blinked up, startled when Jensen draped a towel over him, covering his groin. He also took a second rolled up towel and gave Jared a little pillow.

“Uncle I-”

“I’m the doctor here and I insist you be comfortable,” Jensen said with a strong tone and warm smile, Jared breaking under the combo easy enough. Opening the enema tube Jensen waited until the air was out of the line before he clamped it, insuring none was going to be pumped into his nephew.

“I’ve done this a million times but please pay attention, I’d like you to be able to do this to yourself or even help other omega’s with it one day.”
“Alright.”

With all the attention Jared’s hole got the nozzle slipped up into him with ease, the lubricant slicking the way. Jensen paused though when Jared clenched down on it.

“Relax, you need to let it in,” he coaxed and with a nervous breath Jared visibly forced himself to calm so Jensen could feed the length into him. Once it was in deep enough he took the clamp off and watched Jared start a little.

“It’s fine, you’re doing fine,” Jensen reassured him and put the towel back over Jared’s crotch, but pulled it low so his abdomen wasn’t under the material.

“Put your hands right here,” showing Jared, Jensen helped him slowly start to massage his abdomen. “It’ll help and you can even feel it inside you.”

Jared nodded his head, clearly very nervous but doing really well, a far cry from the way he’d once cringed at anything new or strange.

“You might cramp a little but it’ll be fine, just work through them with deep breaths,” Jensen instructed and Jared nodded, closing his eyes and doing everything as it was instructed.

Half way through taking the enema, Jared got an erection.

It honestly surprised Jensen a little and humiliated Jared all the more to see his surprise.

“I’m sorry Jared, it’s not too often it happens but I forget you’re an omega, omega’s usually get hard during this, I should have warned you. The feeling of the warm water is similar to the feeling of a stud dog pumping semen into your body.”

Jensen watched the bag empty and could visibly see Jared’s abdomen rise, filled up with the soapy solution.

“You need to hold it in for a few minutes, moving around without getting up will help it clean your insides better so I’m going to go upstairs,” Jensen explained as he reached up and grabbed a box of tissue. “And you can take care of yourself, just imagine your first knot,” he teased lightly and left the room before the boy could protest.

Jensen wanted to give Jared time but leaving the enema in too long would only make him cramp painfully so Jensen called in warning as he went back downstairs. Jared was red faced but had tissue balled in his fist and no apparent erection anymore. So Jensen offered him the trash to throw the soiled tissues away.

“Good job, it’s a little embarrassing I know but with time you’ll get used to it, lots of omegas come to like taking a enema every now and then, plus you’ll need them to keep yourself clean and healthy,” he told the teenager, his voice falling into the one he used for his patients and it seemed to help Jared relax when Jensen spoke like a professional.

“I’m going to help you to the toilet now and you’ll release the enema, when you stand up there will be pressure on your body to let it go but I need you to resist it.”

“M’not gonna mess on the floor, Uncle,” Jared muttered and Jensen chuckled.

“You’d be shocked how often it happens,” he replied but went slow with Jared and they finished without any mishaps. After Jared was done Jensen gave him a dose of lubricant again, explaining to Jared it was just so his insides didn’t get too dry. He used a different brand of lube so it felt and
looked different from what Jared though his body was producing.

“Thank you for helping me, I do feel better and I…I really appreciate how good you’re being about this,” Jared said quietly once they were back upstairs and the majority of the irritant on Jared’s hole was cleaned away, Jensen had left a little but not enough to really bother Jared.

“I’ve studied omegas all my life, on a professional level it’s a very fascinating thing,” Jensen pointed out, doing his best to seem unsure as he paused for a moment, long enough for Jared to take notice.

“I wanted to ask you…feel free to say no Jared, especially if it makes you uncomfortable,” the older man began, trying to sound reassuring as Jared watched him silently.

“If you’re alright with it, I’d like to record your first breeding session, I want to make a documentary on omegas but I’ve got no footage of a new omega,” he explained and watched Jared drop his gaze and chew his lip, thinking.

“You can say no Jared, I shouldn’t even ask with all you’ve been through-never mind actually, don’t worry-”

“I’ll do it,” Jared cut him off with a sure voice, looking up at Jensen with determination. “The idea of filming doesn’t bother me, I can’t handle being around a bunch of people in real life but people watching the a video is fine, even of something like that, I’d…I’d like to be able to help you with this, you can record whatever you want and use it however you need to.”

“…are you sure?”

“Positive uncle, I don’t mind at all and the more people educated the better,” the boy said with a little nod and then ruined his strong front by subtly shifting on the seat, still a little tender.

Despite the enema Jared spent the day dripping lube and fighting erections while he squirmed all over the house, he forwent walking that day and took two long showers and Jensen almost wanted to laugh at how guilty Jared looked at dinner, he clearly spent the entire day jerking off. Rem and Jake stayed with Jensen, he didn’t let the dogs chase after Jared and the teenager was dying to say something, to get one of them in his room for a rimming session no doubt. But the irritant on his hole would transfer to the dog’s tongues so Jensen had to keep them apart. Giving Jared a gentle look, he told him a young omega had no business being alone with a stud dog unsupervised.

Jared went to bed early that night and Jensen gave him his sleeping pill, handing him an exact replica that was half the strength.

Tonight was it.

Seven months of planning and carefully creating the situation were going to come to a head, all tonight.

Once Jared was asleep Jensen slipped into his room and worked quickly. He didn’t masturbate the boy tonight, instead he just carefully and thoroughly cleaned up his rim, wiped away any trace of the irritant away. Once that was done he gave the boy a full enema with lubricant, a potent mix with a hard dose of Sildenafil to make Jared painfully hard and a small dosage of alcohol to put Jared into a slightly intoxicated state, it would take off the burn of his first knotting. For the first time as well, Jensen used the pheromones of a bitch in heat without diluting the dosage, knowing the dogs were going to go crazy. Jensen had purposely denied them any omegas to use lately in order to get them randy. With care he worked the enema into Jared and massaged his abdomen to work the lube mix deep in the teenager’s body. Once the full bag was emptied in Jared Jensen eased the nozzle from
him and watched the slick immediately dribble from him. His cock ached with how sloppy the fuck was going to be and Jensen couldn’t resist a quick jerk off session, smearing his come along Jared’s little hole.

Once everything else was done, Jensen took a small syringe of weakened ginger juice and wore gloves as he smeared it along Jared’s hole like the irritant, this time though he pushed the syringe in and gave Jared a small internal dose. The use of ginger had to be done very cautiously; it was potent and could be nothing but painful for Jared if Jensen didn’t do this right. He’d dosed enough bottoms with it before but he still went with the lesser potency. The alcohol in the lube would also make Jared’s insides feel strange to him but the ginger along his rim and just along the first few inches inside him would be what got the boy whimpering. All of the lube and the semen from a few knotting session would wash it out though. The more times Jared knotted the more would be washed away until the ache subsided, creating a fake heat for the boy that would only be sated after some rigorous breeding. Jensen was careful to use the right mix so the dogs wouldn’t be affected as well. Their skin was tougher than humans and the weakened ginger would barely be felt if at all.

Putting the supplies away and cleaning everything up Jensen gave the sleeping boy a kiss on the head and headed off to his own bed.

Of course he couldn’t sleep at all so Jensen settled for laying down and reading quietly, trying to wait patiently.

It was just after five in the morning when Jared stumbled into Jensen’s room. The teenager crawled onto the bed and went trembling into Jensen’s arms, both of the dogs right behind him. Jared pressed himself to Jensen’s side, quivering and whimpering as he hid his face in Jensen’s shoulder.

“Hey, hey, what’s going on?” Jensen tried to soothe and the teenager burst into tears whimpering as the dogs whined. With a hard command Jensen kept them off the bed and eased Jared back so he could duck his head and get a look at the boy.

“Jared what’s wrong? Are you hurt somewhere?”

“S’mething’s wrong,” The trembling boy sobbed, his eyes huge and unfocused, he looked equally dazed and terrified.

“Where?” Jensen asked and Jared took his hand and showed Jensen his soaked pajama bottoms.

“I’m going to lay you back Jared and take off your pajama pants, we need to see what’s going on,” he said in his doctor tone and Jared sniffed but laid back, nearly falling with his coordination messed up due to everything in his system. Jensen stripped the boy and checked his hole quickly, looking for any sign that anything was going wrong. But it looked fine, perfect and pink, swollen slightly and ready to be taken. Rem was right beside Jensen on the edge of the bed and the dog dove in without warning, hit nose and tongue slobbering as Jared threw his head back and screamed out. Jensen watched with huge eyes as the teenager came all over himself. His hips moved, writhed on the bed as he humped at the tongue on him and whimpered.

“W-what’s….what happ’ning, m scared,” Jared hiccupped out, tears streaking his face as Jensen crawled on the bed so he could cup Jared’s face and press a kiss to his forehead.

“You’re fine baby, Jared, you’re just in heat, it’s time for you to become a real omega,” he assured the boy and Jared scrambled to find his hand and clutched at it tightly.

“M’scared, I feel all funny, all weird.”
“It’s just a heat fever sweetheart, lets hurry and get Rem on you, the sooner you knot the faster you’ll feel better ok?”

Jared gave a pitiful sniff but nodded head whimpering a little when Jensen had to let his hand go.

“You’re camera, promised, I promised,” Jared managed and Jensen gave a nod.

Rem was cleaning Jared very thoroughly and Jensen let him but kept Jake back, making the dog follow him as he ran downstairs to grab the portable cameras. When he got back Rem was trying to mount but Jared was too scared, pushing the big dog off him. Jensen set up the cameras hurriedly at different points in the room, not expecting Jared to react so hysterically as he rushed to prepare everything. He got them on and then yanked Rem away sending the dog from the room. Jensen hadn’t intended for the dog to lick Jared out, the ginger was going to have the dog looking for water soon enough.

“Jared, baby do you wanna be on your stomach or your back?”

“Please hurry,” Jared just whimpered and Jensen licked his lips, cock throbbing as he took hold of Jared’s leg and pulled him to the edge of the bed. Getting his ass hanging just at the end he spread the boys thighs wide and called Jake over, making sure the dog didn’t lick Jared but the scent was enough to get the big dog eager.

“Jake is going to mount you now, he’ll jump up onto you so expect it.” Jensen warned and his nephew gave a little nod, still sniffling but calming down far more now that something was happening to alleviate what he was experiencing.

With a sharp command Jake mounted, hopping half way on the bed and Jared gave a grunt as the dog’s weight settled on his stomach. Jake moved in closer right away, humping as he tried to get into Jared. The position wasn’t the best but Jensen had worked with worse.

“I’m going to guide him in Jared, are you ready? It’s going to burn when he first get’s in there.”

“Kay,” the teenager mumbled, still looking dazed but steadily calmer. God, Jensen’s heart was pounding his chest, this boy was going to drive him to an early grave.

Jensen reached under Jake and the trained stud dog let him, followed as Jensen guided him to the slipper mess of Jared’s ass and his dripping hole. Jensen moved back but needed to brace Jared’s one leg so he didn’t slide off the bed. The big dog hobbled awkwardly before his legs clamped under Jared’s middle and the dog shoved hard, thrusting wildly as Jared whimpered. The boy hadn’t cried out so Jake wasn’t penetrating. Jensen took a knee and sure enough the dog was thrusting between Jared’s cheeks but not pushing into him. Jensen took the camera and got a shot of it, holding it in one hand as he used the other to guide Jake.

“Here it comes,” he managed to get out, his cock throbbing as he watched the red pointed tip find the pucker of his nephew’s dripping ass. Jake gave one hard slam and Jared screamed out, arching off the bed. There was a wet sound as his asshole was speared wide and Jensen could see it, could see the hole stretched obscenely for the dog’s cock.

“Uncle!” Jared cried out in panic and Jensen looked up. He was still on his knees and at level with the bed. Jared had one arm around Jake, the animal thrust mindlessly as the boy sobbed. Jared’s wide eyes looked terrified again as he reached his free hand out to Jensen and the man quickly took it, winding their fingers.

“It’s too much, it hurts,” Jared gasped and Jensen tried to reassure him, squeezing his hand tightly.
“You’re doing so good Jared, you’re doing perfect, you’ll be knotted soon and it’ll all feel better,” he promised the boy and Jared pressed his face into Jake’s thick neck whimpering as the dog fucked him viciously. Jared’s little hole was dripping steadily, each time Jake pulled back gobs of lube and dog come came with him. It was wet and made noisy slurping sounds, with Jake’s fur clumping wetly and Jared’s thighs glistening. With such a sight, Jensen didn’t bother to push his sweat pants down; he just squeezed his cock through them and shuddered as he came, watching Jake take Jared’s virgin hole.

“Uncle Jensen!” Jared cried and Jensen tore his eyes from the sigh before him to look at his nephew.

“Jared baby, sweetie don’t talk to me, talk to Jake, tell him he’s a good boy, helping you like this.”

God Jared looked so hot, dazed and whimpering, confusion clouding his features before he weakly obeyed.

“G-good boy, good boy Jake,” he gasped and the dog spared him a lick on the cheek, sniffing at his face while he plowed into Jared. They were getting a huge mess on the bedding and carpet but Jensen couldn’t care less. It was well worth it to watch such an intense mating. Jared kept hold of Jensen’s hand and refused to give it up but with the other he hugged Jake, even lifting his one leg to rest on the dogs back. He was thoroughly fucked.

“Jake, J-Jake,” the teenager muttered, his voice changing as the panic abated and a tone with something like wonder came forward. Jared seemed shocked but his hips started to rock, lifting to meet the motions of the animal on him.

“Is it feeling better now?” Jensen asked with a chuckle and Jared nodded his head, his whimpers no longer fearful.

“It’s big, it’s so big and I can feel it, I can feel him moving inside me,” Jared said it like he never expected it to feel pleasurable at all.

“He’ll knot right away, it’s already swelling,” the older man warned and Jared made a weak noise, barely there as the dog rode him. Jake’s powerful hind legs gave him the strength he needed to pound Jared hard without any let up. Jensen could see the dog’s fore legs curled around Jared’s hips and holding him a little off the bed, up in the air so Jared could take the full length of the dog. What a sight, Jensen thought breathlessly, watching as the dog shifted a little and changed his pace, thrust with faster strokes but pulling back less. His knot was swelling up and Jared cried out, his voice rising higher and higher as the dog panted and the bed groaned. Jensen could see the knot bulging obscenely when Jake pulled back, the huge ball no longer coming out of Jared. The base of the dog’s cock was twitching steadily and Jared sobbed out once, arching off the bed as his hips squirmed, the teenager coming no doubt as the knot tied into his pretty ass.

Jared’s finger clutch Jensen hand painfully tight but he let the boy, watching Jared’s face as the dog claimed him. As fast as it started it seemed to end, Jake slowed and his motions stopped moving until he laid over Jared, panting away. The sheets under them were soaked with come and lube, Jensen suspected most of the ginger had been flushed out as well since Jared looked relaxed now, eyes half lidded as he lay under Jake complacently.

The big dog shifted and Jensen shook of his own stupor to carefully help the dog get down and turn without pulling out of Jared. They ended up with Jared at the end of the bed, his legs spread with Jake between them facing away with his tail resting over Jared’s cock and stomach. There where telltale smears of come on Jared belly, enough to suggest he’d come more than once.

“Are you ok sweetheart?” Jensen asked quietly giving Jared’s hand a squeeze before letting it go and
brushing the boy’s damp bangs from his forehead.

“M’ok, s’good.” the mutter made the older man chuckle as he dropped a light kiss to Jared’s sweaty brow.

“You gave me a hell of a scare, never saw an omega panic quite so hard.”

“Sorry.” Jared whispered, face red and eyes still not focused completely. Jared wasn’t totally gone but he wasn’t fully there right then.

Jensen kept an eye on his nephew and dog but he moved around the room, positioned the camera’s better and ducked by his closet to change his damp briefs out.

It didn’t take long for Jake to start shifting, whining and pulling tentatively. Jared whimpered painfully and tried to trap the animal between his thighs. Jensen went over and carefully felt around Jared’s hole, feeling the bulge of the knot.

“It’s down enough to pull out,” he assured Jared and the boy just looked back nervously as Jake gave another harder pull.

“It’ll sting for a second but that’s it, like a band-aid.”

Jensen made his nephew spread his legs and Jared gave a sudden high gasp when Jake yanked free, his knot coming and the long cock slipping from the sloppy hole with a wet slurp. There was a huge gush of come that splattered free as well, coating Jared’s thigh and running down to add to the mess there. Jared nearly slid boneless from the bed to the floor but Jensen caught him, he helped the boy crawl from the wet spot and up onto the cool sheets.

“You did good, really good,” Jensen assured the teenager as Jared peered up at him, looking thoroughly used but his gaze was beginning to clear.

Jensen moved around the bed and grabbed up all his pillows, piling them in the center. Ideally they’d use a breeding bench with such an exhausted omega but Jensen couldn’t haul one of those from the basement and this room was already soiled. So he piled the pillows and helped Jared crawl over them, the boy slumping down again but the pillows stacked high enough that his ass was presented.

Rem was waiting at the edge of bed, had been since he’d slinked back into the room while Jensen was distracted with Jared’s first breeding. But he was trained and he didn’t try to interfere with Jake’s turn and had left Jared alone so far, waiting for the signal. Every now and then the dog would quiver, highly anticipating the go ahead and Jensen smirked at him.

“Jared, baby you’re still in heat I’m going to let Rem take you as well so the heat doesn’t get bad again ok?” The teenager nodded his head and tried sluggishly to get up, raising his ass a little more.

“Rem,” Jensen said simply and the dog was up in a flash, tail wagging as he gave Jared’s offered ass a few licks before he hopped up, hurried to breed with the strong scent of a bitch in heat wafting from Jared.

“Rem isn’t as big as Jake but he’s gonna fuck you harder and won’t tie as quick,” Jensen explained and his nephew nodded weakly. The boy reached out a searching hand and it took Jensen a second to realize what he wanted before he took Jared’s hand in his own and held it as Rem moved in closer, hips jabbing experimentally as he looked for the slicked hole of the omega under him.

Jensen moved to kneel on the floor at the side of the bed while still holding Jared’s hand across the bed. It kept him out of the way of the cameras and also allowed him to cup himself as he pleased.
without Jared seeing it.

In the common position Rem found Jared’s hole without help. The boy gave the sudden hard jerk telling Jensen Rem was in. Jared’s body was unable to not try to escape the pain of the first impalement, but the dog had his paws on Jared’s middle and he held him tightly, not letting Jared get away.

“Oh God! Oh god, oh god,” Jared was definitely more aware now chanting the words out and crying out with each hard slap of the animals hindquarters.

“You’re doing good, just stay up and let him use you, a good omega is a compliant one,” Jensen breathed, still holding Jared’s hand tightly while he jerked off with his other. The teenage made a weak sound and reached up with his free hand to hold the headboard, bracing himself as Rem pounded away. The dog panted happily above Jared, fucking fast and without any let up.

“He’s so big, I can feel him, I can feel him moving in me just like Jake,” Jared gasped, like the friction was unexpected again and Jensen smirked at the innocence Jared was displaying even as he let a dog fuck his ass. Jared’s own cock hung heavy and full, bobbing between his legs.

Jensen longed to reach out and jerk the boy off but it would only upset Jared to have Jensen actively participate so he resisted, he’d trained Jared’s ass enough for the teenager to come without being touched anyway. The tip of Jared’s cock dribbled steadily and after a moment Jensen realized it was dog come and lube, running down his balls and along the length of his dick, his thighs were coated down and like Jake, Rem’s thighs were soaked as well, the slap of fur on skin was a wet sound and something about how messy the whole thing was got to Jensen. He dropped his head and grunted once, coming in his palm as he pumped his dick to the rhythm Rem was using. Looking back up he could see Jared staring without seeing anything, his gaze unfocused again but not because of the drugs, the boy genuinely loved the fucking he was getting.

The large dog gave a huffing pant and his paws on Jared’s middle suddenly heaved the boy up, knees off the bed for a second as the animal changed his pace. Like Jake he moved into shorter thrusts, brutally fast though and each lunge had Jared crying out, his finger’s digging into Jensen’s hand as the dog thoroughly used him.

“Can you feel it? The knot?”

“Yes! Yes, I can- I can feel it, I can feel it stretching me open every time he pulls back but it’s too big now, it’s too big and it won’t-” Jared broke off trying to escape as Rem pushed down on him. The dog pulled the knot out and he was trying to slam it back in.

With a cry from Jared the knot went, Jensen could just see it as it forced its way back into Jared’s ass and Jensen’s spent dick twitched at the sight. Rem kept thrusting though he kept moving even as the knot locked them, young and over eager. Jared just let him, his face rubbing back and forth on the bed from the motions of the animal on his back.

“Close your eyes Jared, focus on what’s inside you, focus on the feeling of the knot, can you feel it pulsing?” Jensen asked, voice heavy and gravelly as Jared obeyed and whimpered a bit.

“Yeah… I can, I can feel it, I can still feel it all the way in me, it’s moving, twitching.”

“He’s coming in you, pumping his come deep into you so your heat will go away,” Jensen explained far from professional but it didn’t matter because Jared bit his lip and shivered, the head of his cock giving a little bob before it pulsed come. Jared painted the pillows with his seed and Rem finally slowed and stopped thrusting, panting hard above Jared as the boy lay on Jensen’s bed, his ass high
in the air with a huge dog’s knot buried inside.

“How does it feel Jared? To be a real omega?”

“...I like it. It feels good, I feel good,” the boy replied, opened his eyes and peering at Jensen from under the dog on top of him. Rem got down and turned, never pulling the knot too hard, trained to move with care.

“You feel ok?” Jensen inquired, letting go of Jared’s hand to brush his bangs from his eyes again, Jensen combing his soaked hair back from his face as Jared let him.

“Are you ok?” Jensen asked again and Jared nodded his head, face flushing a little.

“I can still feel him, I can feel him pumping into me, putting all he come into my belly, like the enema, you were right, that’s why I liked it,” he said with pleasant surprise in his tone and Jensen chuckled nodding his head.

“It feels really good, better then I hoped, so much better, it’s nothing like what mom did,” Jared muttered and Jensen felt the words like a fist to his stomach. Jared had never once spoken of his mother.

“I’m glad then, if what she did hurt you then I’m glad, so glad you can enjoy this,” Jensen offered to his nephew and the boy’s gaze focused on him again, shy smile touching his face at Jensen pet the boy’s hair.

“I love you, Uncle.”

“I love you too, baby.”

Jensen sat beside the bed, waiting with Jared until Rem shifted and pulled with a whine.

“Reach up between your legs, feel around your hole, you should be able to tell if the knot is small enough to come out now by feeling it,” he directed his nephew and the boy did so, grimacing a little as Rem pulled again with a whine. Jared examined his own body, face flushing as he touched hole gently.

“I’m not sure,” he said with a worried note so Jensen carefully sat up and reached over, feeling the knot pulling on the inside of Jared.

“Feel how you pucker smoothes out here,” Jensen explained, showing Jared with his fingers so the boy was rubbing the spots Jensen wanted him to. “When it’s about that small you can let him pull out, if it’s bigger then it’ll hurt like hell and might tear you.”

“Kay,” the boy relied voice mellow and sated, as he gave a little nod. Rem pulled again and Jensen let him, watching as Jared’s hole bulged obscenely before giving the knot up, the entire thing popping out with wet gush and a splash of dog cum. Jared’s ass was a beautiful mess, the pink pucker swollen and well used as a sticky sheen of lube and come covered his skin, all down his thighs and along his own cock.

Jared slumped onto his side, flat on the bed with a deep sigh, looking as fucked out as he had to feel. The boy didn’t he even question when Jensen carefully prodded his hole, checking for any signs of damage. Looking Jared over, Jensen noted that one of the dogs scratched his belly pretty good, long red marks along the boy’s skin marking his as a dog’s bitch, as an omega.

“How to you feel? Is your heat feeling better now?”
“Lots and lots, it’s not nearly as bad as before but it’s still kinda there I think,” Jared replied and Jensen gathered the boy up.

“You need to shower sweetheart, your covered in dog come and sweat, we’ll get you cleaned up and you can sleep in the spare bedroom alright?” Jensen asked and the teenager gave a sleepy nod, dead on his feet as he let Jensen lead him. Jared ended up sitting in the shower but his uncle let him, giving his hair a quick scrub as the boy made happy sounds and pushed into the fingers on his scalp, obviously liking it. Jensen gave him a good scrubbing but Jared got tense when Jensen worked up his thighs so he had the boy clean his own genitals. The showerhead came off and Jensen had a nozzle attachment for it. He used it to gently flush Jared’s body out a little, getting rid of some of the come and slick he told Jared reassuringly as he made sure to flush any traces of the ginger and alcohol from the boy’s hole. Jared took it all calmly, clearly half awake the whole time and exhausted. He was already asleep the second his head touched the pillow.

Jensen himself was feeling like a zombie but he ignored it, he took both their sheets and blankets, the pillow cases and everything soiled that could be washed from his and Jared’s rooms and left them in the laundry room for the house keeper.

He put the cameras away to transfer the footage and stumbled to the couch to get some sleep. Not long after though Jared came looking for him and Jensen was too tired to care as his nephew took his hand and led him to the spare bedroom the two of them squeezing into the mattress and getting much needed rest.

“I’ll sleep better if you’re here, in case my heat comes back,” the boy explained half awake and Jensen was too tired to argue, curling his nephew up in his arms he passed out.

It was late when Jensen woke up, already dark out and Jared was long gone from the bed. The warm smell of food lured Jensen from sleep and he wandered down into the kitchen. It was just takeout but it smelt like heaven and Jensen mindlessly fumbled for a fork to shovel the food into his mouth. A soft little sound caught his attention though and Jensen looked up, listening for a moment as his brain finally came online. Jared and the dogs where nowhere to be seen and Jensen frowned. There was used plate in the sink so they had to be around somewhere he reasoned.

The clock told him the Misha would have come and gone already and Jared didn’t have an appointment with his psychiatrist today. Jensen checked upstairs, the rooms where cleaned, the beds all made up by the housekeeper no doubt. Leaving the upper floors Jensen headed to the basement and could hear the tell tale whine, the worry in his chest fading as he found his missing boys. Of course the worry barely had a chance to fade before lust slammed into him, in the perfect form of his nephew naked and under Jake who was fucking him roughly.

“Jesus,” Jensen breathed, standing there and watching as Jared whined and the dog kept shoving, his pace increasing and the boy under him sobbing out, his cock spilling on the floor as Jake knotted, Jensen just catching the climax of their performance.

“Morning uncle,” Jared called with a breathless tease, looking up at Jensen from under the dog.

“Hilarious,” he shot back his mind catching up. He walked around the pair, inspecting them closely. Jensen had flushed Jared’s body last night but there was probably still some lube helping to slick the way. Once the dog was in and spurting come it would make the motions easier anyway, Jared wasn’t bleeding and he didn’t look like he was in pain so Jensen just watched as he circled them.

“You’ll block it,” Jared warned and Jensen realized he meant the camera on the table, the red light flashing as it recorded.
“Did you record it all?” Jensen asked, and the boy nodded, resting under Jake like everything was perfectly normal. “Your heat acted up again?”

“I think so, I’m not sure it felt different this time but it was kinda similar, I just really wanted to do it,” Jared admitted with a blush, the boy finally looking nervous again as he glance up at Jensen worriedly. “Was it wrong do just do it?”

“Of course not, omega have that problem all the time, they just need it suddenly, like with how the dogs take Misha, you don’t need me to be here in order to have a breeding,” Jensen assured his nephew walking around and seeing the gleam along Jared’s thighs as Jake got down and turned. Jared reached between them and made sure the knot stayed in place without any prompting from Jensen.

“How many times have you?”

“Just this once, Jake really wanted it and the more he licked at me the more I wanted it,” Jared admitted and Jensen chuckled at the way Jared said it so openly.

“Have you eaten yet?” The teenager asked and when Jensen gave a quiet no his nephew encouraged him to go eat while the food was still warm. Bemused by the entire situation Jensen obeyed. It was almost surreal to see Jared so calm and happy with the dogs cock up his ass and Jensen had to stop at the top of the stairs and jerk off quick and hard. He managed another round in the shower and it took the edge off for him. By the time he ate something and went back to the basement Rem was just pulled free, the dog licking himself as Jared laid sprawled on the floor, a mess of come on his thighs.

“You alright?”

“M’fine, I’m still not used to it and my thighs get really sore,” Jared admitted and Jensen showed him where the breeding benches where and explained what they were for. He gave Jared a quick once over and noted that along his stomach he had more scratches, one of the dogs was gripping him too tight. Jensen made plans in the back of his mind to figure out which one and train it out of them, Jared didn’t need any pain.

When they went to bed that night Jared surprised Jensen by following him to his own room.

“I know it’s probably weird but…I liked waking up beside someone, I’ve never had that before,” Jared confessed with a quiet hope and Jensen was useless against that timid look his nephew used.

“It’s fine, I don’t mind at all,” Jensen told him honestly and let Jared crawl into the big bed with him, both of the dogs sacking out on the floor.

Jensen had intended to ease Jared into sex, let him recover from his heat and then tentatively introduce him to regular breeding sessions. No one told Jared though and the boy became insatiable, constantly getting fucked by the dogs and always looking for a little more, until he was a fucked out mess he wasn’t satisfied.

“It’s new for him, this expression of sexuality without any guilt or reminder of his mother, Jared’s always been shamed by his own sexual urges but with this omega life you’ve introduced him to he feels he can and is expected to like and want sex often, he’s a teenager after all,” the psychiatrist explained when Jensen mentioned it to her and if she was fine with it he had no intention of interfering with Jared’s new found libido.

It was sad that Jensen would never be able to touch the boy himself, to never push into that little hole after the dogs had had their fun. But Jensen was fine with it, Jared’s wellbeing was more important to
him and the shows the boy gave him were divine.

The footage of Jared’s first time was amazing and Jensen had a hard time editing it, he always had to stop and jerk off in the middle of working on it. God, Jared was amazing to watch, the boy was raw and real in a way role-playing omegas never could be. The camera angles and shots where carefully combed so Jared’s face was never clearly shown. Jensen made a series of mock documentaries, using a voice over to talk about the young omega coming of age and attracting stud’s attention. Jared liked the films, watched each one and flushed excitedly to see himself and the dogs fucking so vigorously. They did a series of interviews with the camera hiding Jared’s face, the dogs’ heads in his lap while he talked about being an omega. Jensen had a friend overseas in a country where it was legal set up a website and sell the films. Given their quality matched with Jared’s looks and enthusiasm Jensen expected them to do very well but not nearly as crazy as they did. The demand for more was staggering but Jensen took it all in stride, pacing Jared and his films at a rate the boy was comfortable with. It wasn’t like they needed the money or anything.

Since day one requests to meet Jared had been high in demand, people offered obscene amounts of money for a one-night stand with the omega. Never once did Jensen consider them and he knew he never would. Jared wasn’t some passing lover who Jensen would move on from one day. The affection and protectiveness he felt for his nephew where deep seated and would always been present. No one else would ever touch Jared; no strangers looking for a thrill for no amount of money.

Jensen had the perfect omega and hell if he’d ever share him.
“I want to be intimate with my uncle,” Jared announced and watched his psychiatrist struggle to accept the brazen statement. He knew she didn’t like Jensen very much, something about him rubbed her the wrong way but she always tried to mask it around Jared.

“That seemed to come from nowhere,” she finally replied and Jared agreed. He’d been keeping this one to himself for a while now knowing that she wouldn’t react favorably to Jared’s newfound interest in incest.

“I thought being an omega meant your attraction was directed to canines and not people?”

“It is. I’ll always prefer them to people but I think this is more about…jealousy maybe? Possessiveness for certain. Misha has sex with people all the time. He said it’s not like with dogs, not as wild and satisfying but it’s more intimate, it can feel good in it’s own way,” he explained.

“You’re looking for intimacy on a level a canine can’t offer you?” She asked and Jared nodded, certain that it was along those lines. Jensen had always been willing to give Jared anything. The older man let him sleep in his bedroom every night, curled Jared close to him like a lover. Those moments used to be nerve-wracking for him but now he looked forward to it, to feeling like he was the center of Jensen’s world.

Reminders that he wasn’t always bothered him.

“I get jealous, of Misha and Colin- he’s another omega who visits- they both have sex with Jensen and it gets to me,” he explained.

“Does it bother you that Jensen is having sex at all?”

“No, he should be free to do what he wants. Uncle Jensen is very polite about it; he never does it in front of me, he’ll take them to the spare room or something. It doesn’t upset me that he’s having sex just that he’s doing it with them. I could give him that if he wanted but I’m so fucked up that he didn’t even want to ask probably.”

“I think the fact you’re his nephew probably played a factor,” Genevieve pointed out and Jared shrugged again.

“I’ve seen the way he glances at me, I know he’s thought about it, I can see that he’d want in on a physical level, but I think I’m too damaged for him to take a chance on,” Jared guessed, looking out the window of the living room. The sight of the rolling hills and picturesque forest used to be strange but after years of being there it was a comforting sight.

“I’m happy here, more then I’ve ever been in my life but it seems like my brain refuses to just let it be, it needs to find a new hang up or something.”
“Our minds have a tendency to try and ignore things until we can handle them. With all you deal with maybe it feels like you’re stable enough to handle a little more,” his psychiatrist lectured while she wrote something down, Jared watching her pen glide across the paper.

“Are you going to tell Jensen about this?”

“Do you want me to?”

“I dunno.”

“We’ll wait then. Jensen as always been very patient with my reports, he understands the complexity of your situation and never pushes for more than what we’re willing to tell him.”

If Jared had a say in it he’d tell his uncle everything all the time but his own fears were what kept his mouth shut.

“Just let me think about it, try and figure out if it’s some fucked up thing about my mother or something like that before Uncle Jensen becomes a part of it,” Jared decided, knowing already that it wasn’t. He’d spent months carefully picking apart his own mind to find out what was going on. In the end Jared always landed on the thoughts of being the one closest to Jensen in every way possible.

“Do you feel any guilt about it? Like how you feel about your mother?” Genevieve asked him and Jared winced at the reminder, his mother and her clinical abuse reflecting in his mind.

“Not really, I do feel a little nervous since Jensen is my uncle but nothing like it was with her, like I was something disgusting.”

Jared could remember how his mother would make him so ashamed, her disgust at his developing body. When she touched him she’d always talk about how much she hated it, how she had to do it because he was a perverted dirty boy.

“Jensen doesn’t make me feel wrong, he’s never made me feel how my mom would. Being an omega is natural and I think being with my uncle would feel like that too, my sexuality wouldn’t be something wrong. I don’t think I could ever feel that way with anyone else, but with him I think I could.”

“Can I ask you something?” Jared forced himself to say, watching his uncle look up from his dinner plate. It taken him days to ask, days of trying to make himself open his mouth and speak and even now he felt like he might throw up at any given second.

“Go for it,” Jensen replied, easy smile and patience in his gaze. Jared always felt like he didn’t deserve his uncle’s endless kindness.

“I- I wanna, can I-” Jared stared at his hands, wrung them hard enough for it to hurt as he tried to work the words from his mouth. He felt short of breath and was close to panic but he tried to shove it down, to finally ask the vital question he desperately needed to get out.

Jensen’s hands startled him.

Jared hadn’t even noticed his uncle moving but he immediately melted into the older man’s warm embrace.

“It’s fine, don’t force it Jay, I’ll come when you’re ready, I can wait,” Jensen soothed and Jared felt
his throat constrict with a sob. His uncle always made him feel better, the man never made Jared feel like a burden. His mother and his father’s family did but Jensen never had, not once.

“Love you,” the teenager muttered into his uncle’s chest and he felt the arms around him give him a squeeze.

“And I’m crazy about you so don’t worry, whatever it is we’ll get through it,” Jensen comforted and Jared accepted the words even though he was certain they were true.

Misha was clever. Not just smart but clever, he saw things most people missed. When Jared first mentioned sex with people the older man had turned his gaze on Jared with the same intensity he used on the more complicated puzzles they did. Jensen thought it was a waste of time and not anything proper for Jared’s education but Misha insisted they were useful. They sharpened thinking and taught people to look beyond the obvious answers.

Jared’s fairly sure Misha applied that thinking to people, more pointedly him. It didn’t take long for Misha to let Jared know he’d figured out Jared’s little secret. Casual comments tested the ground and before he knew it his tutor was teaching him skills most certainly outside the curriculum outline.

“He likes a good build up, teasing touches like skimming your fingers and open mouth kisses on his skin. It’s interesting that someone so fond of omega sex can enjoy drawn out play like that. Most canine’s idea of foreplay is a few licks and then it’s go time,” Misha mused and Jared ducked his head, face burning as he stared at his notes, the topic of geography long lost for more devious discussion.

“You just like to embarrass me,” the teenager complained and Misha smirked, not denying the accusation at all.

“Your uncle is very complex when it comes to his sexuality. I feel that as your educator I need to prepare you for it,” he shot back easily and Jared didn’t have a reply for that. Despite the shame of hearing someone talk about his incestuous notions so casually Jared couldn’t say he wanted Misha to stop. The older man was giving him information that would be useful if Jared ever did get the chance to touch Jensen.

“It’s pretty obvious rough sex is a good go ahead; when in question just ask him to fuck you like that dogs do and you’ll be golden. But sometimes sex is all about touching and being touched, it’s the key difference between canines and men,” Misha reminded Jared and he fought the urge to roll his eyes. Over and over Misha would come back to that point -the differences- as if Jared wasn’t acutely aware they were nothing alike.

Never mind the fact they were different species and completely different physically but Jared knew utterly that he wasn’t interested in people. His eyes slid over Misha and took in his form. The man was handsome and fit, his body flexible from what Jared had seen during their yoga sessions. These were the qualities of an attractive man, someone to crave, but Jared felt nothing but platonic affection. Jensen was the only man he wanted, he’d spent plenty of time trying to see if anyone else pulled at him. The people in the photos he looked at though only caught his eye when they had qualities similar to his uncle. Jensen could look at canines and feel a variety of sexual tastes, he loved Rem and Jake but something about a handsome german shepherd always got Jared squirming.

Jensen was everything in Jared’s life and he wanted to be everything for him, even sexually. The idea of that was what was creating excitement over the thought of being with his uncle. Jared understood that well enough. He’d come to wonder what the hands that would hold him in a safe
confident grip when he felt like he was going to fall apart would feel like along his bare skin, over his thighs and along the curve of his ass. Jared had seen normal porn before, he’d seen raunchy “straight to the sex” type and the drawn out “building a flimsy plot line before the sex” type as well. It was always far more interesting for him with the story; the sex alone was boring. Jared was an omega; he was sexuality attracted to dogs and nothing would change that. But the idea of fulfilling needs for his uncle was strong enough that he knew he could take sexual pleasure from doing it.

“You must be deep in thought there, you didn’t jump up at the sound of your uncle’s car pulling up,” Misha announced, pulling Jared from his mind and making him flush a little as he heard the front door opening. Rem and Jake left their spots sprawled out on the carpet to greet their master and Jared trailed after them, just as eager to welcome his uncle.

It wasn’t unusual for Misha to stay late every now and then. Ending up in the basement breeding room was also fairly common of their trio. Rem and Jake liked not having to wait for their turn although they both showed a preference for Jared, something that he couldn’t help but like. But regardless having Misha there was nothing new for them. What he was up to however was vastly new to Jared and the teenager struggled not to get panicked about it. Unexpected things sometimes freaked him out but he refused to let this.

Jensen was watching Jared, his eyes locked on his face as he looked for anything that he should be concerned about while Jared struggled not to show it. Rem was knotted with him, the big dog was off his back and turned away already as his huge knot locked them intimately. Jared could feel it pulsing and twitching, pumping warm gobs of semen deep into him. The sensation was always pleasurable and Jared was hard again already, his erection trying to decide what to do with the sight of Misha blowing Jensen.

Jake was locked with Misha and unconcerned as the man bobbed his head along Jensen’s cock. Jared’s uncle was on his knees before Misha down on all fours but his attention was on Jared. Despite that Jared was accepting about his uncle’s improper fetish, Jensen never did anything sexual with Jared present. He’d get erections and clearly all hot and bothered but he’d never do anything, not even touch himself while Jared was there. After the breeding was done Jensen would take Misha or whoever was with them upstairs to the spare bedroom. Always out of sight and always after Jared would reassure him he was fine and they could go off, if Jared ever so slightly hinted otherwise his uncle would put his own sexual urges aside. Jared’s not sure he could do the same. When one of the dogs was trying to nudge him to the floor the need to do so was staggering. But his uncle always would for Jared, just like he always hid anything sexual between people away in case it bothered Jared.

“Misha,” Jensen muttered voice low as he pulled away from the wet suction of the man’s mouth. Jared watched the length of his cock come free, gleaming with spit and making Jared’s own length twitch at the sight of Jensen’s bare cock. “Not right now,” his uncle muttered and Misha glanced at Jared with a devious smirk. For a breath Jared was scared Misha would tell on him, let Jensen know his nephew was trying to keep him all to himself like a spoiled child.

But all Misha said was a simple, “Jared’s curious,” before he reached out and took hold of Jensen’s cock, pumping the length with a firm pressure. Jensen liked to really feel it, Misha had told Jared. The other man swallowed a low sound at the touch and looked over to Jared questioningly. With a nervous fidget, Jared gave a positive nod to ease his uncle’s worry. He still looked unsure but didn’t stop Misha when the man leaned forward and took the head of his dick into his waiting mouth.

Jared felt Rem shift behind him but not trying to pull free yet, the cock inside him still pumping as he
watched Misha suck down Jensen. The other man was skilled, sucking like his life depended on it. Jensen’s hands were in Misha’s hair, guiding him down with his hips moving to meet each motion, a swift rhythm though not as rough as a dog would be. Jared had sucked on dogs plenty of times; they usually stood motionless while he coaxed their come out. With his hands wrapped around their knot the teenager would sink the length of them into his mouth, into his throat even and he’d close his eyes and drink the endless stream of semen down. Once when Rem was overeager he’d humped Jared’s face. It only took Jensen a few second to yank him off but it had been brutally rough, hard slamming lunges that made Jared gag hard and his eyes water. Despite Jensen’s worry, Jared knew that the recording of it was one of Jensen’s favorites. All of his most watched clips were of Jared, Misha had shown him how to check the files, and the fact made the boy giddy with the knowledge and that much more eager to be the one sucking his uncle off.

Rem gave a little whine, a tug in warning before the animal yanked himself free from Jared. He gasped as the cock inside him was pulled out, leaving him empty with dripping dog come down his thighs. Jensen made a low noise, his eyes locked on Jared and the teenager looked back at his uncle, feeling shy to see Jensen doing something sexual but still excited by it.

Misha sank down deep, pushed Jensen into his throat for a few seconds before he slid back, his cheek hollowed as he kept the tip in his mouth and sucked. Jared was certain he was flicking his tongue over the crown like he’d described doing to Jensen before. When the cock slipped free from his mouth, Misha licked his lips and looked over to Jared. Jake was still tied with the man and the dog kept Misha in place so he motioned for Jared to come closer.

Unsurely Jared went, watching Jensen tense up and feeling his own heart jump erratically.

“Jared’s been asking questions, wanting to know about sex with people,” Misha said, calm as you please while he wrapped on hand around Jensen’s erection and slowly pumped it. “Blowing a man is different from a dog, mostly because a guy will thrust a little while dogs normally won’t.” The cock in his hand looked foreign to Jared, so used to the thick red pointed tip of a canine. He watched the foreskin along the length move as Misha pumped his hand and he could see a white drop forming at the rounded head.

“Come give it a try, Jensen won’t mind, he’ll help you experiment a little?” The question went to Jared’s uncle and the man made a strangled noise, looking at Jared with a mash up or worry and lust. “You don’t have to do anything,” he told Jared but his eyes couldn’t stop from flicking to Jared’s own mouth. Talking about sex with Jensen had been terrifying but the act was strangely easy. The teenager crawling closer until his shoulder butted into Misha as the other omega led the tip of Jensen’s cock to Jared’s mouth. With his nerves bundled but not too badly Jared pressed the barest of kisses to the blunt head, the sticky gob of come smearing along his bottom lip as he gingerly gave the slit a little lick.

Jensen made another cut off strangled sound and Jared felt empowered by it. From under his lashes he looked up at his uncle as he gave the end of his cock a more confident lap. Rubbing the flat of his tongue back and forth he felt the spurt of come and watched Jensen stare down at him like he couldn’t be real. Jared edged closer and carefully eased a little more in his mouth. “Flick your tongue,” Misha encouraged and Jared gave it a try, rolling his tongue over the head and feeling the length twitch. Jared eased deeper, sliding his first human cock into his mouth and sealing his lips to greedily suck at his uncle. He could do this easily, he could do this better then anyone else for Jensen, he was certain. Jared wanted to keep watching his uncle but he needed to concentrate so he let his eyes flutter closed as he pushed the cock in his mouth further, noting the differences from a dog as he took the entire thing. His throat tickled, close to gagging, but Jared was well practiced at
deep-throating and he mashed his face to his uncle’s pubic hair, sucking on the cock in his mouth with the sole mission to blow Jensen’s mind.

“Jesus,” Jensen hissed, his hips rolling in tight little motions like Misha had warned. An uncertain hand touched his hair and Jared made a happy sound to encourage as Jensen pet his hair, gently touching him with skimming hands.

“The way he slurps on the dogs it’s not a surprise,” was Misha’s comment but Jared paid him little attention, still focused on seeing what his uncle liked best. He made little swallows and sucked hard enough for his cheeks to hurt. Rubbed his tongue along the underside and hummed lightly to make his throat vibrate. It was surprisingly easy to tell what was well received by his uncle’s gasps and the way his cock would twitch, his hips giving the barest of jerks.

“It’s different from a dog Jared, you need to move, bob back and forth to coax his come out rather the just letting him dump it down your throat.”

“It’s fine, let him do what he wants,” Jensen muttered but Jared was already listening to Misha, recalling that in every porn he’d seen the one sucking did move. On his hands and knees before his uncle, Jared tried to bob his head. Looking for a rhythm as he sucked and slurped but it was more difficult to move then he’d expected. Thankfully Jensen seemed to like it by the way his hips were really moving now so Jared figured he was doing fine.

A low whine distracted him - Misha moaning as Jake pulled free - and Jared pressed in too hard gagging as he pulled off quickly. Spit hung from his lips and sucked in a deep breath. Jensen’s soothing hands combing through his hair while he looked down at Jared with worry.

“You ok?” He asked even though Jared had choked far worse on the dogs when he first started deep-throating them.

“M’fine, lost my concentration,” Jared assured and moved to reach for his uncle’s erection, wanting to suck it down until Jensen came. But Misha had other plans, tugging at Jared’s arm. Jensen moved away and Jared tried not to give Misha a dirty look as he let the other omega move him.

“Lay on your back,” he directed and Jared did so, spreading his legs as Misha knocked them open. Jake closed in and gave a few interested sniffs, his breath warm and his tongue jarring as it slurped along the rim of Jared’s used hole a few times. When the animal moved off Jensen took his place, Misha pushing him, positioning them like his own personal porn.

“We all know how much Jared likes getting licked and you’ve always said you wished you could,” he divulged making Jared’s cock twitch as his uncle looked between his legs, cautious finger running along Jared’s thigh as he spread them wide for his uncle.

“You can, I don’t mind if it’s you,” Jared said, seeing his uncle needed a little encouragement.

“We all know how much Jared likes getting licked and you’ve always said you wished you could,” he divulged making Jared’s cock twitch as his uncle looked between his legs, cautious finger running along Jared’s thigh as he spread them wide for his uncle.

“You can, I don’t mind if it’s you,” Jared said, seeing his uncle needed a little encouragement.

“Are you sure? I don’t want to do anything to upset you,” Jensen replied worriedly, but his eyes were locked on Jared’s used hole, sloppy with dog semen.

“It’s fine, I trust you,” the teenager soothed truthfully, wiggling his hips a little as his uncle finally ducked his head, moving down between Jared’s thighs. Soft kisses along the inside of his leg felt strange, different from a wet dog tongue but Jared liked it simply because it was his uncle.

Jensen pressed more along Jared’s hard cock and mouthed his balls a little making Jared squirm at the sensation. A human tongue felt weird, small and pointed along his hole. Jensen licked at the rim lightly, gathering up the dribbling semen before he pressed harder, the used opening parting easily so
his tongue could lick on the inside of Jared. It felt new and good, Jared liked it just as he loved when
the dogs would lick him, their flat wide tongue bathing his ass. Jensen’s mouth felt different but Jared
decided it was good, a low croon leaving his throat as he arched his back a little and spread his thighs
as wide as they could go. He felt his uncle’s hands cup his ass, squeezing each cheek and parting
them so he could lick and lap deeper, slurping up the mess of come from Jared like it was the best
treat he’d ever had.

It had been a long while since Jared needed a hand on himself to come; he’d learned to take his
climax from a good hard pounding alone. The feather light brush of his uncle’s fingers along his
length caught him off guard and when they circled his cock and gave a few pumps the teenager
hissed out. Twisting on the floor as he grinded back on Jensen’s tongue, Jared shoved into his hand
and came in a sudden rush.

Dogs did what they wanted and while they could be trained it wasn’t easy to make them obey
absolutely so after he came Jared didn’t expect his uncle to slow his motions, to leave his hole and
lap gently along Jared’s spent cock. The soft nuzzles felt good in a peculiar way, like how a good
back rub did. Biting his lip Jared looked down his body and watched his uncle lick at the come on
Jared’s stomach, lapping up the still warm semen. As he moved up he paused to give Jared’s nipple a
few laps, making him squirm a bit, they’d always been a little sensitive. Jensen chuckled, looking up
at Jared with his eyes dancing as he eased closer. It felt suddenly intimate; the room seemed tiny but
not in a bad way, like it was just Jared and his uncle, no one else there but them. Jared swallowed a
little nervously, his eyes dropping to Jensen’s lush mouth; staring right at his eyes was a little too
much for the teenager.

Jensen kissed him softly, nothing like the wet licks of the dogs. Jared felt close to his uncle, more
than physically as the older man gave him their first kiss. It wasn’t like the porno movies had made
him expect; all openmouthed and wet, tongues licking and spit trading. But it was amazing, far more
then Jared imagined and he wrapped his arms around his uncle’s neck, pressed them close to one
another as he felt like he would burst with the warmth building in him. It overflowed and Jared
couldn’t help but smile, his uncle easing back a touch as Jared opened his eyes and looked up at him.
They were so close, pressed together intimately, and Jared felt shy and bold in the same breath,
smiling at Jensen and feeling like his world was perfect.

“Can I,” Jensen trialed off and Jared felt the length of his uncle’s cock rub along his thigh, moving
towards his hole meaningfully. It made Jared start a little, the nerves pouring back in but Jared
nodded his head feeling young and inexperienced as he tried to sit up a little.

“It’s fine,” Jensen told him, nuzzling their noses lightly in a surprisingly cute gesture that drew a little
laugh from Jared. “Just lay back and let me alright?”

Nodding Jared relaxed again, spread out on the mat with Jensen over him, reaching down between
them and guiding his erection into Jared. The rounded head felt strange and Jensen pushed in slowly,
nothing like the hard shove of a dog. Jared could feel himself being worked open for the first time,
Jensen easing in carefully and Jared feeling each inch sinking into him deeper and deeper.

“You ok?”

“Yeah, it feels different to go so slow, I’m used to the dogs,” Jared admitted and Jensen smiled,
dropping a kiss to Jared’s cheek as he rested his weigh on his elbows, his body blanketing over
Jared. It didn’t make him feel trapped though, he felt fine, safe even under his uncle and he raised his
arm to curled around Jensen’s middle as the man started to move, a light rhythm.

“Is he full of dog come?” Came the question from Misha and Jared blinked, he’d forgotten about the
other omega completely. Misha was on his hands and knees, Rem licking interestedly at his behind
while the man watched Jared and his uncle.

Jensen made a low noise in response, not even glancing at Misha as he pumped into Jared. Pressing a little closer, Jared tucked his head under Jensen’s chin and his uncle moved his arm so he could run his fingers through Jared’s hair.

“You can do it faster, I’m an omega not someone delicate,” Jared encouraged and Jensen smiled against his brow, his hips giving a few hard shoves and Jared groaned in answer. Arching his back he pulled at his uncle, urged him on as Jensen obeyed and moved with more fervor.

“Fuck, I can’t. I’m not gonna last long,” Jensen muttered roughly, his hands clenching as he pulled back so he could look down at Jared while he slammed into him. It felt wet and messy after taking Rem and being filled, the come was leaking sloppily now, Jensen’s pumping urging more free. Jared laid back and let Jensen fuck him, his lunges getting rough like the dogs and the feeling of it actually relaxed Jared even more, something he was used to.

Jensen was looking down at him and he kept glancing back up, feeling intimate to be watched as they bred. No, that wasn’t right. This wasn’t a breeding, it was sex. Jared was having sex with Jensen, fulfilling his uncle’s sexual urges with his own body.

“Please,” Jared called out, reaching to hug his uncle tight, pulling him as close as he could while he made weak sounds, his hips moving as Jensen pounded away. “Come in me, please,” the teenager gasped, wanting it so badly then, needing to know he was enough, that he could be everything Jensen would ever need. Thankfully his uncle made a rough sound between a groan and growl as his thrusting lost its rhythm, he slammed hard into Jared and grinded, gasping for air as he took his release in Jared.

Warmth flooded the teenager with the knowledge that he’d given Jensen a climax making him feel high as his uncle nearly collapsed on him, catching himself at the last moment and rolling off him with care. Jensen lay on his side and Jared turned his head to look at him, seeing the breathless state he’d wrought from his uncle.

“Was it good?” Misha asked and Jared didn’t know whom he was asking but the teenager gave a nod, still watching his uncle as Jensen searched Jared’s face with traces of worry.

“It was ok because it was Jensen?” the other omega pressed and Jared felt a little shy at the question but he nodded again, knowing he’d never feel like that with any other person, certain in that fact.

“Will you do it again then? Let Jensen take you after the dogs are done?”

Jared gave his uncle a weak smile, “if he wants he can, I don’t mind at all.”

After Misha left they took a shower together and crawled into bed, Jared had been sleeping with Jensen for years, he liked the presence of his uncle right there beside him to keep him safe all night. This time though Jared pressed in closer to Jensen, snuggled up to him and hid his face against his uncle’s arm.

“Uncle Jensen?”

“Yeah?”

“Will you kiss me again? Just kissing, I don’t need to be bred or anything,” Jared said feeling needy and shy but his uncle chuckled and twisted to face him, lifting Jared’s chin and touching their mouths together.
Jared’s mother had never kissed him. Not for any reason, not on the forehead or mouth. It was meant for lovers she had told him and Jared felt giddy as his uncle kissed him, licked the inside of Jared’s mouth with his tongue and kept him pressed close.

“You like kissing?” Jensen asked teasingly when Jared couldn’t fight a smile and had to break the contact.

“Yeah,” Jared agreed wholeheartedly and his uncle chuckled lightly, stroking his hair. “But just you, for the other stuff too, no one else, only you ok?”

“Yeah, I’d prefer that too.”

“Maybe even just me and you sometimes, with Rem and Jake of course, but… no one else?” He felt a little bad about trying to exclude Misha after all the man had done for him but it wasn’t like Jared meant every single time, at least not right away.

“You think you can handle three needy males chasing after you?”

Jensen’s teasing made the teenager smile a little and he nodded, certain he could be everything for his little family.

“I don’t doubt you can. Me and you sounds good, won’t even have to leave the bed some days,” Jensen joked and Jared tried to subdue his happy grin, snuggling in close to uncle knowing that with time he’d be all Jensen would ever need.

“Do you ever think about being normal? Not an omega I mean,” Genevieve asked and Jared looked over at her. She liked to edge around this idea, always curious what Jared thought of being a regular teenager, of going to school and fitting in. The way she talked was almost nervous, like she was hedging on some big secret. Misha used to talk the same way until Jared got mad at him for it, asking Jared questions about Omegas in a weird way. Suggesting something wasn’t quiet right with all the facts about them from the books, noting Jensen had given them all to him. It reminded Jared of the way Genevieve talked about his uncle still, like Jensen wasn’t the good man Jared knew him to be. Both of them hinted at something off in Jared’s life and Jensen being at the center of it. Jared wasn’t stupid, it didn’t take a genius to see what they were suggesting.

“Of course not,” he replied to his physiatrist with a blunt edge wondering when she’d learn to stop trying with this line of questioning. Looking out the big bay window at the idyllic scenery of his home Jared told her the truth of the matter. “I love my life and I love being my uncle’s omega.”

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