

Brood Bitch

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Brood Bitch

by [Jane_Fairfax](#)

Summary

Just another routine day at Mary's breeding facility. Mrs. Adler's pretty omega pet has presented, so now it's time to fill him with pups. ...Maybe it won't be such a boring day after all.

Notes

Thank you very much to [RunningThroughTheClassics](#) and [Ursa_Major](#) for the editing. All the mistakes left are mine.

Please read the tags: TW for Rape/Noncon

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Mary greets Mrs. Adler and her pet at the front door. Mrs. Adler is a beautiful woman, charisma and self-confidence apparent in her bearing and stylish way of dress. Her direct, no-nonsense manner confirms the positive first impression Mary had when they spoke on the phone for a last minute stud services booking.

The impeccably groomed omega she walks on a leash lives up to her apparent fine standards, so on point with her style he becomes almost an accessory to her centralizing figure. Eye-catching, even for a casual observer in his obvious high pedigree features: all long, slender limbs and neat lines softened only by fluffy, dark curls and a pert, round bottom.

After an initial moment during which his lively eyes seem to scan Mary from head to toe, he shrinks in on himself a little and never strays from his mistress's shadow all the way through their stroll across the facility. His curiosity for the new place is evident in the roving of his eyes, only timidly hesitating in front of the threshold of the breeding room reserved for him. Once they reach it, the omega stiffens up and plants his four limbs firmly on the floor before entering, and sniffs the air with a perplexed tilt of his head.

All throughout the walk and small talk with Mrs. Adler, Mary studies the omega's features: while he is lithe and graced with elegant limbs, his movements are made a bit ungainly and lumbering by his heat. Things must have already started to ache pretty insistently for a while, she thinks.

Even though there isn't slick dripping down his thighs yet, it is quite obvious that the presenting heat has already set in considerably. The clammy appearance of his skin, and the already quite rigid state of the little cocklet hanging between his thighs, are all dead giveaways of his state. Plus, there is the puffy, flushed mound of his minute sex peeking from behind with its still discrete, thin slash of bright cerise flesh splitting it in half— a promise for alphas of the lusty conquest still concealed within its soft folds.

A firm, single tug at the leash reminds the omega to carry on, and he obediently follows, entering the brightly lit room right after his mistress.

The room is warm and cozy, with pale powdery blue walls. Across from the door sits a large window with a view of the facility's well-kept garden and several dark mats cover most of

the tatami-style floor. The furniture has been reduced to the bare essentials, consisting only of a posh sitting area for the owners in the corner by the door, some slick lockers for equipment on the opposite wall, a sink, and of course the breeding stand which sits in a more central location but still near the lockers. All in all it gives off a sense of a minimalistic and relaxed sitting room rather than your typical bleak breeding room.

Mary knows the tastes of her customers and she caters to them even in the breeding rooms' look. It's the small things like these that make the difference between a reputable breeding center and a first class one. Her customers don't seek only good pedigree studs for their pets, they pay extra for the vanity of luxury services all around.

Once inside Mary crouches in front of him and pets the soft curls on top of the omega's head. "What a pretty, big boy, we have here!" Then she hooks her left hand under his jaw, lifting it after a quick check on his already over-excited pulse point.

With a slow swiping of her thumb she brushes the omega's unique cupid's bow, then begins inserting the digit between his plush lips and slowly dragging the omega's lower one down. She inspects his teeth and gums for any disease sign. She finds none, only healthy and soft mucosa. The omega stares at her a bit startled, but lets her do as she wants.

Never losing eye contact she lets go of his chin and wipes the digit on his cheek, smearing saliva over the light flush colouring it.

She moves beside him and proceeds to stroke the almost translucent skin of the omega's back, from his nape to the curve of his buttocks, noting with satisfaction how, once her hand comes to touch the place over his sacrum, the omega lets out a content sigh, his hips unconsciously tilting slightly upward, urging the deepening of the contact by instinct.

"Good boy," she says, and concludes the long stroke with a couple of firm, pleased pats over his perky buttocks, just above where his little pussy sits, inciting what appears as a pretty strong yearning cramp, going by the noticeable clench in the area and the little cry the omega breathes out. The naive bitch may still be oblivious to the meaning of what is happening, but his body is already eager, gagging to be filled and bred.

"Such a fine specimen. It's easy to understand why you want to try to start breeding him right away," She praises.

Mrs. Adler smiles, delighted by the compliment. "Thank you. Kate misses having cute pups around. And we already have plenty of inquiries from people interested in buying one of Sherlock's. So why wait and force him to suffer through his heats alone?!"

Mary nods in agreement and sympathy. "Hopefully he'll be whelping before the end of the year."

The three of them walk up to the simple but peculiar breeding stand; it consists of a legless, padded metal base laying on the floor, with two fully movable sort-of-stirrups rising from both corners of its lower side.

Noticing how Mrs. Adler is eyeing it curiously, “It’s a custom breeding stand we designed,” she explains, anticipating her question.

“Why not use the usual one for the classic presenting position?”

“Oh, we have plenty of them in the other breeding rooms, but we prefer to use this one when the bitch is still a maiden like Sherlock. It makes sure alphas do not lose themselves too much in the rut, so they can see their bitch’s face and constantly check if they are only throwing a tantrum or are really struggling. Lasting damage is rare, virtually non-existent if the alpha-studs are well trained like ours, but we don’t want to take any chances, we are a professional facility.” She shrugs. “Alphas tend to work themselves more into a frenzy when they breed maiden omegas, and therefore-”

“Better safe than sorry,” Mrs. Adler completed appreciatively.

“While I prepare Sherlock, you can sit on one of those chaises,” Mary says, while motioning to Mrs. Adler to pass her the leash. “If I remember correctly yesterday you told me that you’ll need to leave us soon, right?” She asks.

Mrs. Adler, already sitting with her legs elegantly crossed, nods her confirmation.

Mary steers the omega to stay over the padding on the base, then she unhooks the leash from his collar.

““Down! Here!” Tugging at the omega’s collar she guides him to rest down over the padding. The omega follows, a bit hesitant.

“Sherlock, show belly!” The omega watches across the room towards his mistress, nervous, but gingerly obeying once she give a single nod for him to comply.

When the omega is in position, belly up and helpless, Mary quickly fastens the collar to a ring in the rack, inducing a short, panicked struggle for freedom from the omega. “No! Stay!” She scolds him. Next she bounds his arms to the frame, and positions the short padded Y shaped stirrups under his bent knees, leaving them closed with the omega feet still firmly planted on the floor. Each leg is immediately immobilized at the knee with belts passing above and below it, tying the thighs to the stirrups and preventing any eventual kicking later.

Omega now secured to the breeding stand, Mary leaves the room to go fetch John, the stud booked for this session. Hopefully the omega would use the time alone with his mistress to relax a little and get used to his bound state.

Less than two minutes later Mary is back, this time followed by the alpha, collarless and proud. With a rolling gait he goes to placidly sit in his usual corner, near the large window

and not too far from the omega's feet. From there he will monitor all the preparatory work, and as always, patiently waiting for his treat at the end.

Once Mary returns to the omega, she immediately notices how the added presence of the alpha and the powerful musk of his pheromones are already affecting the omega's body responses. His breathing stutters and his eyes begin to acquire a bit of a glazed-over sheen, pupils blown wide, eclipsing almost all of his mercurial irises in black wells of lust.

Since stepping into the room, John never took his dark possessive eyes off the young omega, but he sits obediently still and steady. The alpha has a placid confidence developed through good training and the assuredness of a well-known routine. (Be a good boy and let the mistress finish preparing the omega, fuck the omega-bitch sooner.) Mary will be always proud of the prime example of an alpha stud breeder she has made out of him. Although she must admit that he was always quite the perfect stud, she just added a bit of discipline.

The omega is silent, but his hips are free and rolling a bit in a slow rhythm of unaware yearning, as if trying to unconsciously attract the attention of the unfamiliar alpha's sitting about eight feet from him.

"So eager for my John," she points out, smirking.

Struggling with his fastened collar, which prevents him from straining his neck too much, the omega sends quick, uneasy glances toward the shorter but strong-looking alpha staring at him.

It could be that the omega is worried by the engrossed gaze of the stranger, but more probably, by the unfamiliar view of the massive cock jutting rock hard from between the alpha's thighs. Where the omega's one is a puny little thing, rosy and barely rising in front of his dainty cunt, straight and ball-less, its tapered little head barely peeking through the foreskin even in his heat-excited state, the alpha's cock instead is of an angry purplish colour and of an imposing length, sporting an impressively bulky head on top of it. Shiny glands flare dramatically and are already exposed by the completely retracted foreskin.

Mrs. Adler notices the subject of her pet's confused glances as well, and arches one of her perfectly drawn eyebrows, amused. "He may be a bit shorter than the average alpha, but he surely isn't small there. Even for an alpha he's very thick. I'm impressed," she says, and adds "however, will a maiden omega like Sherlock be able to take it?"

"Don't worry. John is a first class stud. He makes omega bitches take it all without lasting damages, even the maiden ones. The worst that would happen is that your omega will be tired and sore for a couple of days after the breaking of the heat, but nothing a bit of rest and topical cream can't fix. This is to be expected after an alpha assisted heat," Mary reassures. "And I'm here to help them do their work under the best and safest conditions possible," she adds while fiddling with the stirrups mechanism in order to pull the omega's knees up to his chest, tilting his pelvis upward and folding him in half—his feet now up in the air.

Startled by the sudden change of position he lets out a tiny yip.

She ignores it and starts to open the stirrups. Inch by inch.

Between thin ankles, the sweet mound of his pussy unveils. Soft folds slowly blossoming together with the parting of his white thighs, revealing more and more of the pulsing, cerise flesh surrounding the little slit of his tender vaginal passage.

John lets out a low, possessive rumble, but doesn't abandon his place.

The omega quivers, laying with his thighs forcedly splayed open and framing the sides of his own torso. The head of his tiny erect cocklet almost poking him in the underbelly, his cunt and pink pucker completely exposed, clenching and unclenching around nothing. Restless.

"I know, I know. I'll be quick!" She chides with good humour while kneeling between the omega's feet. Today John seems even more eager than usual. She wonders if maybe this omega, while playing all coy and reluctant, is furtively teasing the poor alpha with his persuasive pheromones, begging for his big knot to take him at once, like the filthy omega bitch he pretends he isn't.

Perusing the omega's smooth inner flesh, she observes, "Hmm... still seems far too dry...", right before passing her index finger between his sensitive labia. The omega freezes—the moment when at the end of its short journey the finger glides over his slit, he lets out a gasp, and blinking furiously starts to fidget, trying to close his trapped knees.

With a dissatisfied countenance Mary studies the scant wetness gathered, rubbing it between the pads of her thumb and the other fingers. "Did you notice any substantial slick discharge since the heat started?" Mary asks Mrs. Adler.

"Before calling you I caught him riding one of the antique armchair armrests. This slutty, silly bitch was definitely drenched then, he made quite the mess. But since I spanked and cleaned him, no more showed."

Humming in understanding, Mary returns her attention to the clenched slit and begins to gently tease it around with the pads of two fingers: splaying, rubbing, and spanning them, playing with the inner labia too.

She doesn't like to force things too much in front of the owners; from experience she knows that they usually prefers to be entertained with a bit of a show, so she likes to take her time.

When the omega's toes start to curl and uncurl in an almost rhythmical movement, she escalates her motions with increasingly tantalizing stimulation. Now tormenting the engorged labia and the brightly flushed flesh within with a more vigorous kneading, but always receding to a scant, maddening skim when passing directly over the dip of the aperture. Little upset cries leaving the omega's parted lips at every tease.

It's only after Mary begins to murmur overly sweet encouragements and pet the omega's lower abdomen that he relaxes a little, letting out short, breathy sighs. The slick is still stubbornly absent. This time the skim becomes a firm, shallow push and she is able to sink the tip of her forefinger inside the hot tightness.

At the beginning of the frankly negligible intrusion the omega startles, letting out a prolonged and pitiful whimper and tightens around her digit like a vice.

She takes note on how very sensitive he is, but is also a bit annoyed over how much he still needs the temper tantrums fucked out of him. It's clear to her that he really needs a big alpha knot to teach him how to submit to his essential nature— a pliable vessel to be filled with fertile alpha sperm.

Shushing him she moves the hand already caressing the omega's belly to the side, and with it she grips around one of the omega's protruding hipbones and pushes down, stilling the last frantic movements of the omega's pelvis.

Exploring the soft inner walls, she starts to bear down with her finger, slowly but firmly; pushing till half of it is inside the hot and silky opening, internal muscles rippling and squeezing around its touch.

"Yep. Almost no slick inside as well, just as I thought." Pulling out and cleaning her finger with a wet tissue, she adds, "It's all right though. I think it's caused by the stress from the intensity of his presenting. It's rare but it can happen to the most sensitive ones. Some omegas' bodies need a couple "training" heats, before all those new hormones tune perfectly together. However, his fertility shouldn't be significantly affected."

She gets up and walks to the sink placed on the wall behind the omega's head. After she finishes washing her hands, she opens one of the blue lockers near it, and from within she retrieves a small, white box, and a pair of nitrile gloves that she puts on at once. "The slick should return soon, especially with an alpha close by... but since no one likes to wait..."

She returns to her spot at the omega's feet where she kneels and places the little plastic box on the floor, beside his pelvis. She opens the lid and picks four thumb-sized, off-white bullets from within, arranging them in a single orderly row on the now closed lid.

Mrs. Adler perks up and squint to see better. "Suppositories?!"

"Precisely, and they are fantastic! They're homemade right here in our facility," Mary explains, "They have a small core filled with both fertility and slick hormonal coadjuvants. They will be absorbed as the shell melts from the body's internal heat, lubing the omega as well. ...with a tiny bit of ginger added to the mix. It adds an itch to the concoction that drives both parties even more wild to "scratch it". It also helps reluctant bitches to "let go" faster."

After patting the omega's inner thigh a couple of times with her left hand, she leaves it there, holding the limb in a firm grip. "Poor sweet thing, luckily you weren't caught in this state by a random alpha in a shady third rate facility. It would have been a shame to badly ruin such a pretty omega-pussy."

Picking up the first suppository, she warms it in her hand for a moment until a thin sheen of slippery lube start to melt and coat it. Ignoring the resumed whimpers of the now still omega, she briefly teases his slit with the tip, then, with a quick push, shoves it in, stopping just shy of burying all of it inside. The omega cries out while the small object easily parts the clenched muscles and nestles within.

Leaving it there, Mary watches with a satisfied smirk how the walls spasm strenuously in their attempt to push it back out, which instead has the opposite effect, gravity completing the job and helping sucking the last quarter of inch of the bullet inside. Slowly concealing its sight within the soft flesh closing around it.

Once the first one goes in, she picks up the second suppository without wasting another instant. This time however her finger buries it fully inside the omega's body, continuing to push both bullets as far up the canal as her finger can reach. Then she crooks it a little and starts energetically fingering the hole, pumping and twisting her finger around a few times with purpose, testing and spreading the quickly melting lube more uniformly inside.

The fingering seems to quickly coax the omega into a new state of careless obedience, and he now takes the meagre imitation of fucking with complete abandonment. His hips undulating with the rhythm of her pumping, timidly seeking to soothe the burning longing inside of him.

Panting softly, he frenziedly tosses his head left and right, as much as the carabiner binding his collar to the stand allows him. Glazed eyed, the omega is dazed and subdued by pleasure. The only thing not completely yielding is the stubborn tightness of his little cunt still gripping her finger.

Before the bright flush that has begun to spread across his chest ends its conquest of the rest of the omega's pale body, Mary stops and pulls her finger out, leaving him bereft and crying for more. Hungry for a kind of completion he still doesn't fully understand.

As the omega is already beginning to sober, Mary proceeds to perform the same operations as before, this time however her focus switches a little below, her fingers move to brush over the omega's pink anus. It tightens even more under the brief contact.

Turning to an unfazed Mrs. Adler, Mary explains, “I’ll add a couple more in his behind, as well. I do this because John is an enthusiastic silly pup and doesn’t make the distinction between the two. When he is satisfied with a well filled pussy, he likes to switch it up. He just wants to be sure to breed the omegas well and good. That silly boy!”

Maybe she has been a little too crass but it doesn’t seem to bother Mrs. Adler, who laughs amusedly.

After years in the breeding field, Mary knows how omegas in heat always notice the difference in the fucking. During the duration of the anal act they usually react with displeasure and irritation, since their roaring heat instincts are left burning and unsatisfied. Luckily, however, they are physically able to undergo the fruitless exploit nonetheless, particularly with some lubed help.

It isn’t so rare for prime alphas with above average stamina to burn, to being caught by the fancy of it in the middle of the rut. In addition to the pleasure the alpha takes from having a different outlet from which to subdue and knot their bitch, it may also be a small evolutionary—although unwanted—mercy for the young omegas in heat. It gives their overworked pussies a little respite, especially helpful when they’re being mated by alphas who are too tenacious in their coupling.

It’s more common, and happens outside of heat—but sans knot and in a quicker, shallower way—as a way of scent marking and as a demonstration of power and ownership by alphas over any omegas in their territory, especially over the unruly ones.

Mary works to quickly stuff the tightly furrowed pucker with the two spare bullets, and start spreading the lube inside. This time the omega takes them with a jolt of his pelvis and a grunt, followed by a low, nervous howl.

“You’ll thank me later, trust me.”

Looking at her phone, Mrs. Adler stands up. “Well, I really need to go now. I have a meeting and I’m already a bit late. I’ll leave Sherlock in your care.” Before walking out of the door she stops to look at her pet with a devious smile. “Be a good puppy Sherlock.” And looking back at Mary again, she adds: “See you soon Mrs. Morstan.”

Seeing his mistress leave, the omega lets out a long, pitiful howl of despair, but she is already gone without even a glance back.

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 will come in a few days, do not worry.

Comments and/or kudos are very appreciated.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“All right, you’re now all lubed up and ready,” Mary says, as she gives the omega a couple final thrusts. Then she pulls her finger out and shuffles to the side, sitting next to the omega’s slim hips.

Turning her eyes toward John she calls him, signalling that now he can approach the omega and give in to his instinct. Doing his part of the job at last.

Eager to gorge himself on the omega’s untouched softness, the alpha springs up and trots toward the omega’s groin, starting to inquisitively sniff at it. He even sticks his nose between the cheeks and folds a few times to better smell the state of the heat, making the omega whimper and his skin erupting in gooseflesh.

Confused by the lack of slick he even tries a couple of unconvinced licks, but quickly loses interest when the only thing he gets is the flavour of the homemade lubricant and a shudder from the omega.

Wasting no more time he lifts his broad trunk to bracket the omega’s torso with his arms, and lowers his pelvis to align his already leaking cock with the unclaimed slit, then pushes forward, in vain. While his glands end up hitting the entrance at the first attempt, the tip fails to breach the too-snug target and it ends slipping upward, gliding between folds and hitting the underside of the omega cocklet.

The omega lets out a surprised yelp and jolts at the short contact with his tender core. Understanding dawning in his eyes, now completely sobered and as big as saucers, they quickly rush down to glue themselves to the huge cock trying to pierce him—his breath already starting to go erratic.

Not leaving too much time for the omega to think about it, the alpha re-attempts to sink himself in, but this time he is hampered by the omega futilely yanking at his restraints in a panic induced frenzy. Whimpering softly, the omega wiggles his pelvis left and right, trying to avoid the intrusion.

The alpha doesn’t relent and continues thrusting forward and retreating with quick jabs of his cock, poking repeatedly at the omega’s cheeks and perineum in a punishing hunt, his livid

glands leaving behind smears of glossy precome over pale and gentle skin.

Since the situation is stalling, the omega still too reluctant and tight, even for an unclaimed one, Mary decides to step in and help nature a bit. With a gentle hand on the alpha's shoulder she signals him to stop and lift himself away from the omega's body.

He grumbles in irritation—displeased—but stills and withdraws his hips, leaving her some space to work on the omega, like the disciplined stud he is. As a reward she pats his head, pleased.

After she first goes to spread the stirrups wider, with every last possible inch, she reaches down with both hands to gently pinch the omega's folds at both sides, her fingertips sinking a little in the ripe flesh. Then, she pulls to part them completely. The lewd manoeuvring forces them wide apart, so the exposed slit is coerced into being pulled open a little.

Right away the alpha repositions himself between the parted folds and tries to bully himself inside a couple more times, but the little thing still doesn't surrender.

When even a reproachful growl from the alpha fails to quell the unruly omega, she starts to wonder if his anatomy really is too undersized to take John's sizable cock unaided. Maybe in this instance it would be better to do an exception to the standard procedures of letting nature take its course, and try to stretch the omega a little herself beforehand. But before she even has the time to finish the silly thought, John takes more control and lunges to bite the spot near the omega's scenting glands. His teeth piercing the gentle flesh in the crook of the omega's shoulder with a firm and controlled grip, despite his rutting state—still mindful to not maim the taut muscle like a vicious stray alpha from a shady kennel would do.

For a short moment the omega's entire body stiffens, surprise and pain clearly visible in his stunned expression— and in the next one, biology takes over, and a primeval instinct overrides his will, taking from him all the control over his voluntary muscles, leaving him limp and boneless in the clutches of the aroused alpha.

A thin trickle of clear urine begins to leak slowly from the, now soft, omega's cocklet, pooling first in his navel, and ending by spilling lazily down from one side of the omega's graceful waistline.

Nature dictating from ages past that it's much safer for the demure omega to lay languid and subdued, surrendering to the alpha's complete mercy and letting the alpha wear down their

own aggressiveness straightaway into the coupling, rather than riling them up more by continuing to fight their advances once they are caught.

Mary senses the change immediately; she feels the omega relax under her fingertips, the little slit letting itself be completely pried open. An exquisite hollow ellipse, receptive and ready to be appeased of its aching hunger.

John lets go of his hold on the flesh near the omega's long neck, and licks away the scarce blood spilled, leaving an arched ornament of neat ruby indents over the omega's fair skin.

He goes to realign himself, this time the very tip of his cock succeeds in catching on the now more pliant muscles, and with a powerful short shove he is able to force part of the head inside its sweet unmoulded prey. He continues with another implacable thrust, and finally manages to drive the full head into soft, virgin heat. With great effort, the bulky flare of his glands breach through the strained muscles, stretching the omega's thin slit around their passing bulk. Finally getting in, the widest part of the corona pops completely inside with a filthy squelch.

Everything stills and hushes in a long moment of respite— John catches his breath and savours the maddening grip around his glands— the omega is frozen in evident shock from the alienness of the huge intrusion forced so unexpectedly inside of him. As soon as the alpha resume his forward conquest, however, the omega comes to and lets out a sharp shriek, followed by a long string of broken wails, while uselessly trying to fight against the violation.

“Shush... it's alright. See?! You can take it. Stop being such a spoiled bitch! ” Mary reproves sing-songly to the squirming mess in front of her, pretty annoyed by the singular opponency of the bratty omega.

In the meantime, John continues his unrelenting reaming with slow but sure progresses, gyrating his hip and grinding his glands against the omega's convulsing inner walls. Steadily working on stretching the narrow passage with small movements and single-minded purpose. He is preparing the subdued omega to be taken deeply and knotted without damage, so as to pump his belly full of his semen.

He snaps his strong hips back, pulling out his cock till only half the head is resting inside, and with another merciless push he re-sinks inside, claiming another scarce inch of silky pleasure more. Again, and again, and again. Rhythm building up as he spears himself deeper and deeper, every thrust highlighted by the wet sounds of lubed friction and the omega's pitiful whimpers.

Now Mary can see the outset of the inflating knot assaulting the omega's entrance and slipping in after a couple of energetic attempts, enabling the alpha to bury himself fully with a satisfied grunt. An eager pistoning begins immediately. John doesn't spare himself, pulling out to the very tip and sinking fully back in with obvious enthusiasm.

Every powerful push now brings the alpha's weighty sack to slap between the omega's buttocks and over the reddened furl of his anus, tenderizing it in a punishing fashion and preparing it for a later diversion on the breeding process. The omega tries to rebel for the last time, but his pathetic attempts at bucking away from the onslaught are rendered futile by the alpha's massive length burying sturdily inside of him and pinning him firmly there. The aborted writhing of his torso and the convulsing muscles of his pelvis only proceed to spur the alpha to continue with greater enjoyment.

The glistened knot growing bigger means it becomes more difficult to get it through with each thrust and recoil. The omega's pussy desperately clings to the half inflated knot forced in and out of it in such a fast and hard rhythm, while loud grunts and screams, leaving both alpha and omega, emphasize each plunge.

A last strenuous thrust enables the alpha to sheathe himself to the very hilt with a powerful roar of triumph, knot slipping completely inside and concluding his expansion there. The omega's cunt squeezing around the base and doing its part in locking them together. The omega comes immediately with a sequence of silent shudders, his womb beginning to milk the alpha's knot right away. For at least half an hour it'll be busy with squeezing and twitching around the full length invading it, periodically taking in pulse after pulse of warm alpha's seed, every one of its little inner crevices flooded full and claimed.

Mary passes a finger over the little streak of clear proto-seminal fluid having landed on the omega's taunt belly, and proceeds to smear it all over his lips. The omega lets out a tiny whimper and start to convulse under another orgasm fit. With a smug tone she asserts, "See?! You took it as I said, and you liked it, you little slut."

Since the first breeding is already successfully underway, her presence is no longer required, at least for a while. She leaves, letting John continue his work alone and undisturbed. She'll return in a couple of hours to hydrate the omega, and maybe let him continue the breeding unbound and in a more natural position, if he remains compliant and submissive like he is now.

When she comes back, the scene she finds makes her brows jump to her scalp, both in surprise and amusement.

His hips busy in lazy and light grinding motions, John is knotted again to the omega, but what surprises her is to see him intent in gentling the omega by lapping his face with tender care, long wet stripes crossing from jaw to cheekbones. Exhausted—the omega lays closed-eyed and boneless under him, all the past energy and spirit drained by the alpha's unrestrained lust, leaving behind in its wake only worn out and compliant flesh. The only clue that he isn't passed out being the minute trembling of his eyelashes and the slight furrowing of his eyebrows.

Mary makes John move from his cloistering of the pale body, so as to have a better access to the restraints binding the omega to the stand.

“Oh shush.” She chides, when the alpha lets out a short growl of annoyance before complying and proceeding to lift his torso away.

The change in the alpha's position pulls the knot rather roughly. Being still too inflated to slip free from its confinement, the abrupt new stimulus sparks piercing electricity to the omega's already oversensitive nerves. Hips bucketing and cunt tightening even more around the tugging base, his cocklet begins to pulse and twitch in a long, dry orgasm.

Letting out a silent scream, the omega's eyes open wide and roll backwards.

Now that John isn't concealing him with his body, Mary's eyes catch the omega's completely ravaged appearance in all its ruffled mess: the thin skin of his neck and torso is marked with smeared, criss-crossed streaks of the alpha's cum and saliva, his thighs are caked with a mixture of slick and cum churning out from around the alpha's knot every time he comes—swollen womb already too full to accept any more—and dribbling between and down his buttocks, gathering in a puddle on the padding below.

How thoroughly and wholly John can ravage heat-crazed omegas, like none of her other alphas can do, always leaves her a little amazed. And this time he outdid even himself it appears. Whereas only a couple of hours ago, delicate hip bones jutted like exquisite invitations from what was a flat, toned stomach, now the soft skin of the omega's belly stands taut and bulging around the very impressive quantity of alpha come forced inside, so full and bloated as to entirely conceal even the typically obvious bump of John's massive alpha's cock pressing out from the inside.

If the omega didn't catch already it means he can't catch at all. But she's sure that John's intensive fucking took care to break any possible biological hesitations. No omega, not even a less fertile male one, could come out from this without pups.

She starts to unbind the omega's limbs and John resumes his affectionate lapping over whatever part of the omega he is able to reach, once he finishes pumping another copious load deep inside the omega's womb.

Maybe in a few years, when he'll have whelped several profitable litters and satisfies his mistress's plans, Mary will offer to buy him from Irene and will let the two of them mate together, provided that this behavior of John's is not just a fleeting crush, one which is bound to disappear once the pull and the novelty of the omega's pheromones and greenness cease. Well, she'll think about that when the time comes.

After all, John is her favorite, handy and loyal, and he brings in a lot of money, so it's only right to spoil him sometimes. An omega all for himself would be a befitting gift.

Mary smirks. "Since you seem to like him so much, we'll ask Mrs. Adler to bring him here more often to "play" with you. Do you like the idea, eh Johnny-boy?!" She pets him on the head, the alpha responding to her words with an enthusiast bark of joy.

Chapter End Notes

So I heard someone liked alpha!John...

Kudos and comments are very welcomed.

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