

## Summary:

A study born in madness, 494's the unwitting participant.

Categories: [Dark Angel](#), [Television](#) Characters: Alec/494, Donald Lydecker, Dr. Elizabeth Renfro, Zack

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Abuse, Anal Sex, Angst, Dark Themes, Dubious Consent, Explicit Sexual Situations, Forced Conception, Hermaphrodite, Language, m/m, Scientific Conception, Violence

Challenges: None

Series: UPC Label #: X5-494

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 3550 Read: 639 Published: 04/08/2011 Updated: 04/08/2011

Story Notes:

Takes place between '1x09 - Blah, Blah, Woof, Woof' and '1x14 - The Kidz Are Aiight'.

### 1. [Story](#). by lopaka tanu

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Title: This Burning Inside

Author: Lopaka Tanu

Disclaimer: I do not own Dark Angel.

Characters: 494/Alec, 599/Zach, Madam X/Renfro, and Lydecker.

Words: 3566

Prompt: Based upon a Spn\_kink prompt I co-opted for this challenge.

Fandom: Dark Angel

Pairing: X5-494/X5-599

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Language, Violence, Sexual Violence, Transgenic Mating, Unusual Sex, Dub-Con, Transgenic Heat.

Summary: A study born in madness, 494's the unwitting participant.

Author's Note: Takes place between '1x09 - Blah, Blah, Woof, Woof' and '1x14 - The Kidz Are Aiight'.

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21/3/19 - 00:24:36 hrs.

Head down, knees drawn up to his chest, he sat on the bunk waiting. His mental countdown was nearing the final minute. In exactly five minutes, twenty seconds the door would unlock and swing open for his next session. They liked to think it was a random pattern designed to throw off his training. In fact, their laziness was all too predictable.

494 figured it wasn't their fault, they were just Human.

He smirked with a quick sniff. Good men were hard to come by in this day and age. People were out for themselves, a state of mind he could appreciate. A healthy sense of self preservation went a long way in the fucked up world outside. It went a long way in here too, just don't let on to the big boys and girls you knew that.

That was part of the reason he was here now. Well, that and the little friggen nomally psycho outside. He could understand their position, to a point. Three months in this shit hole, that was beyond protocol.

He reached the final minute in his countdown. There wasn't much to do in way of preparing himself. Whatever resistance he put up was token at best. They had had twenty years to perfect

their techniques. Three months here and six before weren't enough to give even an X-5 a leg up.

He could feel the hidden cameras recording him thanks to the shark cocktail. They were watching him, spying on his every move in preparation for their coming attack.

Evening out his breathing, he began to flex his muscles. Warming up without appearing to do so was something they had taught him. It wouldn't do any good here, but it gave him a way to center his thoughts. The mental battlefield was the only place he could fight them. Who was he to deny the usefulness of the training?

The moment his mental clock hit zero, the bolt to his door slid back. It was show time!

Raising his head, he blinked to quickly adjust his eyes. His vision focused down to the door and he blocked out all other distractions.

It swung open with the groan of rusted, old metal. The heavy iron only made the noise that much louder.

He expected the usual retinue of four armed guards and single nurse. When he saw there were only three men standing beyond his threshold, he raised an eyebrow. "Feeling cocky today, guys?"

They didn't respond to the taunt. Instead, they stepped forward to shove the middle figure into the cell. Once the man was pushed inside, they stepped back.

Watching the man fall to his knees, 494 studied him for only a fraction of a heartbeat. He was clad in the usual faded blue uniform/pajamas indicating a non-combatant soldier. The man's hands were no longer bound, but scars around his wrists were evidence where the shackles had been. His eyes were bloodshot and bruised. Cracked lips and a sheen of perspiration added to his sallow, sickly complexion. All of this was noted within seconds.

494 quickly shifted his attention back to the guards at the door.

Even though they were out of range, their weapons were still held at the ready. A smart move considering his past. They watched him with a blank gaze until the door swung shut.

He didn't move until the bolt was slammed shut. Once the threat of being taken from his cell was resolved, he focused on the new one.

The man sat where he had fallen. His body swayed, but he made no other move. His eyes blinked unseeing at the floor. Shoulders slumped, he gave the full appearance of having been beaten.

Appearances were deceptive, a lesson he had learned a long time ago. A weakened opponent was the most dangerous on the battlefield. They had nothing left to lose. Taking you out with them was their last, best chance.

Putting his bare feet to the floor, 494 cautiously slipped off his bunk. The cement was cold and it sent a quick shiver through him. His height over the kneeling figure gave him an advantage and made it easier for him to assess the situation. Cocking his eyebrow, he studied the man closer.

His was big, larger than himself. Long haired and unshaven, he gave the appearance of a wild man. There was excess weight on him, he was not in top shape for one of their model.

Pausing, 494 frowned. That was an assumption based upon incomplete information. He had been given no sign either way if the man was a member of the X series.

He moved slowly around the far side of his cell. Every square inch of the man was examined closely with his enhanced sight.

The figure was strained, his muscles twitched from over use. Mixed in with the stink of sweat were hints of adrenalin and male body musk. Some of it was old, days, maybe a week. He was strong and had obviously been interrogated using the hardest methods.

Muscle memory sent a shiver through him. There were some pretty fucked up means to getting what they wanted. Ever ahead in their game, those twisted minds always had another method to extract what they wanted if you adapted.

The man exhaling with a gasp made 494 jump. Heart racing, he drew back to defend himself. To his utter shock, he watched the man pitch forward face-first into the floor.

He didn't get up.

Dropping down into a crouch, 494 studied the figure with raised eyebrows. He hadn't been expecting that move.

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21/3/19 - 01:15:28 hrs.

Cracking his neck, 494 stood up from his crouch. He stared with a little disappointment. The fallen man hadn't moved a muscle in almost two hours. His first contact with anyone not trying to break him mentally and it was with a vegetable.

He sighed with acceptance. There would be no mental stimulation today. No physical contact either, he wasn't stupid. Even if the man was unconscious now, it was mistake to assume he would remain that way.

Sniffing the air, he scented for any change in the man's condition. The stink of old sweat and adrenalin was stronger now. His olfactory sensors revealed nothing new. Just to be on the safe side, he closed his eyes and sniffed again. This time, he was much closer to the other.

Nothing new.

With a shrug, he stalked over to his bunk and dropped down. Leaving one foot hanging off, he laid back.

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21/3/19 - 02:08:19 hrs.

Blinking up at the ceiling, he shifted on the bunk and sucked in a quick breath. The mattress felt a little too lumpy. It would take a great deal of rolling to get it back where he liked it.

494 tapped his fingers against the walls in time with a piece he had once heard. They liked to listen to some terrible stuff in the labs. It was supposed to stimulate the mind. All he had been able to understand was that it caused his sinuses to ache.

Still, it was mathematically intriguing.

Before he knew it, he was shaking his head in time with his tapping. It was what they had called Mozart. He didn't know if that was the name of the piece, the dude who wrote it, or the friggen thing making the noise.

Shifting again, this time his hips, he breathed through his mouth. The smell was so strong it was making his nose itch.

Turning up the volume in his head, 494 started to hum under his breath. He pictured running his fingers over the ivory keys. With no reference, he made them into actual door keys. That was okay since they were large enough for his finger tips. It gave them something to do.

Rolling on his side, he kept his eyes shut. Maybe things would be different if he didn't look.

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21/3/19 - 03:56:23 hrs.

Groaning, he scratched at the back of his head. His hips shifted in the sheets of their own accord. Figuring out how to get comfortable in this cell was difficult.

For the third time in five minutes his eyes went to his wrist. There had been a watch on it before all this. It had been a reward for his achievement in tactical preparedness.

494 wondered if he would ever see it again. They hadn't been too careful with it at the time. Then again, it was hard to be delicate when you're cutting the clothes off a struggling body.

Frowning, he rubbed at the bare skin. He really liked that watch. That was the one thing that set him out from the rest. It was a sign that he truly was better than they were. No one else ever got one.

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21/3/19 - 05:48:33 hrs.

494 rubbed his sweaty palms over the rough material of his pants. There wasn't anything different about them than hours ago, but somehow they felt more abrasive. The skin along his spine prickled, making him adjust how the shirt settled. He leaned forward to rub his palms down his inner thighs to dry them.

His new position gave him the full view of the prostrate man. From here, he could see the barcode on the back of his neck. It wasn't a familiar one, which only meant they weren't in the same unit. There was more to it than that, he knew, but what was beyond him.

Closing his eyes, 494 sucked in a quick breath through clenched teeth. His entire body thrummed with unspent energy. His pits and collar burned with heat and sweat, making them itch. Pulse quickening, he shivered with the need to do...something!

He stood up with a loud exhalation. Eyes darting about, he tried to focus on one thing. His mind refused to settle long on any object, though. Feeling frustrated, he tugged at the back of his head and hissed through his teeth.

What the hell was wrong with him? Panic blossomed in his chest as he acknowledged for the first time that there was something out of sorts with him. He wasn't at top peak and that scared the hell out of him! They couldn't have been right all this time. There would have been signs, he would have noticed before.

Something had to have change...

494 glanced down at the unconscious X. His eyes fluttering eyes felt locked on the shape of the man's body. He watched enraptured by the way his chest expanded and shrank with each breath. This was all his fault. Unable to draw himself away, 494 found his feet slowly moving towards him.

A foot away, he knelt down in a single fluid move. His hands automatically went down to brace himself. Every shift of his body was silent, a predator stalking his prey. Cocking his head, he positioned himself to get a better look at the man's face.

Symmetrical features, pleasing to the eye, the man was certainly handsome. There was nothing unusual about that, every X series model was designed to be physically appealing. Breathing through his mouth, he tasted the man's scent and shuddered.

When he opened his eyes, the world was brighter and 494 knew that his pupils were blown. Something coming from this man was causing him to behave...erratically. Drawn, as if by subtle magnetism, he returned to his studies of the man's face. Part of his mind knew this was important but refused to share why.

Thick, full lips were cracked by dehydration and natural ridges. Licking his own, heat flushed through him in a burning wave. He longed to reach out and touch them. They would be soft, pressed against him. Juxtaposed against the scratching of his facial hair, it would be very pleasing indeed. Another shiver shot down his spine to his groin and 494 moaned with yearning.

His eyes flew open. Clenching his teeth, 494 threw himself backwards away from the man. His shoulders hit the edge of the bunk and he still tried to crawl. Hands trembling from the need to touch, he was forced to clench them into fists. Shaking his head, he tried to deny these urges that filled his mind.

Yet, despite his best efforts, he couldn't drag his eyes away. He saw the pale skin, the bruised flesh around his eyes, and wanted to reach out to comfort him. Swallowing, he stared in horror at the man's face and found he was still unable to look away. "What the hell is happening to me?"

That was when he woke up.

494 froze. He dared not breathe else draw the man's attention to him.

Too late, the dark blue eyes blinked then focused upon him like a laser sight. There was an alien emotion there that wasn't wholly Human.

Seeing this sent a thrill through 494. Biting his lip, he barely managed to control an uncharacteristic whimper. His hormones were all over the map and it was ruining his control.

The stranger's features contorted as his lips drew back to reveal perfectly white teeth. He snarled at 494, ending with a low growl.

Whimpering again, he ducked his head. That was all it took to set the stranger off. Before he could blink, the man was off the floor and upon him. Knocked hard against the bunk, 494 threw up his hands to protect his face. All his training was lost in the momentary panic.

Strong hands locked on his wrists and jerked them up over his head. The larger body settled against his, pinning him against the bunk. The man bent to press his face in 494's neck and inhaled. A snarl in his ear quieted any resistance. Eyes wide, he froze and acted on instinct. His body melded against the larger man and he bared his throat.

Sucking in a stuttering breath, the overwhelming scent of the dominant male filled his nostrils. Something sparked in his brain in response. It sent a rush of fire through his veins and he growled in return. He received a nip on his chin for his efforts that only served to incense him further.

Lost to his body and instincts, 494 gave in completely to his urges.

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21/3/19 - 06:13:22 hrs.

Eyes fluttering, 494 came back to his senses to the slide of large hands up his ribs. They curled possessively around his chest tickling his flesh. They reached his shoulders then shot down his arms to grab his hands. It was then that he realized he had been stripped of his own blue clothes.

Another sensation was the giant draped out over his back. His entire weight pressed the smaller man face first into the bunk. Instead of panic, the flutter in his chest was longing and 494 buried his face in the pillow. The man's body was comforting and grounded him in the moment.

His hands were forcibly placed around the foot of the bunk to hold on. Keeping them there, he shifted to make his body more accommodating. This served to line up their groins and he felt a stiffness slip between his cheek. He bucked hard to give the man greater access.

Strong thighs shoved his legs apart in one swift move. The stiff flesh was now perfectly aligned with his hole. Heat radiated from it so intense that it caused him to grind against it. He was slick to the touch and the pointed tip slipped in without hesitation. 494 gasped, moaning with a burning need so great that it ached.

That was when the heavy man thrust his hips, shoving the head deep. A few inches, it sank in.

The suddenness of the breach startled 494 into holding his breath. Thick and growing larger, it filled him. Heat radiated from the intruder and sent ripples of pleasure through him. His entire body tensed in anticipation of another thrust. He didn't have to wait long.

Another thrust shoved it further inside. It was bigger this time, greater in girth and length.

So large that it made 494 open wide with each painful thrust deeper. Deeper, it kept going so far that he fear it might never end. He felt so full, but it wasn't enough. Something was off. Needing to reach for whatever it was, 494 arched up against the man.

Hot and wet, the mouth settled over the back his neck. Sharp teeth bit deep making him still. He knew they drew blood but his eyes fluttered shut in pleasure.

Almost.

Then there came another large thrust from the base. It lodged the entire length into him so deep that his entire body raised up with a pained grunt. 494 felt it then. Building deep in his lower body it quickly radiated out. Pleasure so intense that it caused him to gasp. The large head was positioned and his entire body clenched around it.

His lover gasped. Groaning deep, his entire chest vibrated as his hips made short jerking motions.

This sent more ripples of pleasure through 494. His entire body thrummed with the pleasure. Skin slick with sweat, he gripped the foot rail until he heard it groan from the pressure and give. So much. It was everything.

The man froze with a soft inhale. Then liquid fire filled 494's insides, pulsing with each quick spurt. Pressure built up from the sudden release until it painfully stretched him.

He cried out from the shift from pleasure to pain. Eyes stinging, tears ran down his cheeks. 494

bucked against the larger man, but he could not be dislodged.

Six spurts, he counted, seven, then a weaker eighth. Finally, it seemed to be over.

The man's tense body relaxed against his back. Their hips raised against each other, he was almost limp. Then the swelled flesh began to recede. It pulled out in one quick jerk.

494's eyes once more went wide, his mouth opened in a scream as his insides were scraped raw. The muscles of his lower body clenched and began to cramp. Burying his face in the pillow, he screamed out the pain into it.

That was when the entire weight of the man settled on top of him. He seemed to have lost all control and fell boneless over him.

Pressed firmly into the mattress, 494 shook from the sheer toll it had taken on his body. Unable to process what had happened, he viciously blocked it from his thoughts. To center himself, he began to count backwards from a hundred thousand. Willing his body to relax, he tried to drift off. Thoughts of the man still pinning him into the bunk were quickly forgotten from long years of practice.

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21/3/19 - 06:35:52 hrs.

Staring down at the bank of monitors, she watched the replay of the final two minutes. A slow smirk of self satisfaction settled on her lips. With an expectant raise of her eyebrow, she turned to the man beside her. His scowl only made her smile bigger. "Cheer up, Colonel, this is a great day for him. He's fulfilling his true purpose. And, after all, it's not every time I get to say 'I told you so.'"

Scowling, he met her stare for only a moment before looking away. "You know I don't like these kinds of experiments." He placed a hand in the pocket of his jacket. "My kids are soldiers, not lab animals."

"Come now, even I know you're not that dumb." She grinned widely at him, her teeth sparkling even in the dim light of the security station. "The inception went off without a hitch and if it takes, you can have your 'kid' all safe and sound back where he belongs."

That amused the man and he only smirked at her in return.

Her grin faded a little as she took on a more serious expression. "Of course, we'll have to try a few more times to be sure. But I'm certain 494 and 599 will be up for it, they were specially designed for this."

He snorted. "Naturally." Taking a step towards the monitors, he reached out to touch the one for 494's bunk. "You were always very thorough in your sadism."

Raising her chin a little, she stood a little straighter. "This isn't about torturing them, it's about preserving and continuing our work. We can't do our research if the sample group is incomplete!" Stepping closer to him, she put a little more edge in her voice. "You know the Leo's DNA is vitally important."

Stroking the screen almost tenderly, he snorted. "Yes, 599's resistance to cloning is quite remarkable." He added softly, almost as an after thought, "it's almost like his defiance is encoded in his genes."

"Remarkable isn't the word we use." Watching his posture with a critical eye, she thinned her

lips in annoyance. It was an old argument that didn't bare repeating, but he needed to be put in his place along with his pets. "If we can't at least salvage this much, X5-599 is of no use to us. And you know the committee's thoughts on wasted resources."

Seeing his back stiffen in response, she gave herself a moment to enjoy it. Then she was quickly back to professional detachment. Watching the monitor, she observed 494's pathetic attempts at dealing with his current situation. In a few weeks, she imagined that would become a desperate tool for him.

THE END.....

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