

[Uncommon Growth](#) by [lopaka tanu](#)

Summary:

494 submits to an examination.

Sequel to: This Burning Inside.

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

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Abuse, Angst, Bondage, Dark Themes, Hermaphrodite, Language, m/m, preg, Scientific Conception

Challenges: None

Series: UPC Label #: X5-494

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 1962 Read: 1024 Published: 04/08/2011 Updated: 04/08/2011

Story Notes:

Three months later.

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

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Title: Uncommon Growth

Author: Lopaka Tanu

Disclaimer: I do not own Dark Angel.

Characters: Alec/494, Renfro

Words: 972

Sequel: to "This Burning Inside.

Fandom: Dark Angel

Pairing: past 494/599

Rating: Teen

Warnings: Language, Angst, Fondling, Mpreg.

Summary: 494 submits to an examination.

Author's Note: 3 months later.

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494 trembled. Three months into this and his body was already grossly disproportionate. Holding his shirt above his belly, he exposed it for her examination. To keep from reacting, he gripped the hem tight. The white cotton, stretched thin from his wearing it, became almost transparent.

Forcing his eyes closed was the only way he kept from flinching at her cool touch. Her bony fingers slid over the swollen flesh of his stomach, making his gut clench back to protect himself. It was difficult to get them to pull back far and it taxed his already strained muscles. When her hand settled possessively over his stomach once more, he barely contained the shudder.

"Very good, 494." Her voice grated, brittle in her excitement. "You're farther along than they estimated." She smiled at him, delighted from the progress, no doubt.

After all, he was her first successful attempt in this program. He had heard whispers from the staff about what happened to the others. They claimed him to be a stroke of good fortune. 494 didn't exactly believe himself to be all that lucky. Hell, he'd been getting the shaft since day one.

Seventeen, that's how many times that bastard had fucked him over a two day period. It wasn't

even the good kind. His mate had been all business about it, a mindless animal only focused on one thing. Well, he groaned as she gently massaged around his bellybutton, he had gotten the job done.

It was already flush with the rest of his stomach. The doctor in charge of his medical care informed him it would most likely be sticking out by the end of the month. 494 shuddered again. He didn't care to think how this was going to end. All that came to mind was a lotta screaming and blood every where.

494 knew a little of what to expect. He wasn't the first X-5 to get in this condition.

"You'll be happy to know, our tests came back all negative." Her fingers squeezed his flesh gently. "There are no genetic anomalies in your offspring. Your specific cross might be that special point-five percent of a successful, viable reproduction."

Daring to open one of his eyes, he stared at her. He expected there to be some sign of her psychosis. No one could sound so cheerful about this without being out of their mind. Everything he had experience about the reproductive cycle so far had been horrible beyond all reason.

Leaning in a little closer, she dropped her voice to a conversational whisper. She reached up to cup his face. "You're so precious to us, to this entire project." Her fingers patted his cheek. "Would you like to know the sex?"

This one tiny reaction he allowed himself. After shaking his head in denial, 494 dropped it back against the exam table. "Won't matter." He knew what they did with successful viable offspring. They had done it to him, after all.

Before she got a chance to respond to that, it shifted. He felt it softly at first, movement inside him. The tiny form turned and he squirmed a little in sympathy. Irrational as it was, he kinda felt like the offspring didn't like her touch. To prove this, it kicked within his stomach, against her hand.

She gasped.

It did it again, then twice more.

He trembled with repressed urges. After so many years of denying them, he wasn't sure what exactly his body wanted to do. All he knew as that his eyes started to sting, so he clenched them tight.

"It's a miracle." The words held so much awe that it was painful to hear. "You really are doing this." Her thumb stroked over his cheekbone. "It's shame those incompetent fools let the Leo escape. I'd be interested in seeing if this was a fluke."

His heart began to pound painfully in his chest. She wanted to do this to him again already? The monster inside him wasn't even completely formed and she was lamenting on another one. 494 snarled at her, jerking his head from her touch.

Instead of her usual angry reaction, she only smiled brighter. "Doesn't matter." Standing up straight, she tugged at the cuffs of her jacket. "There are other specimens to work with."

He suddenly had a hard time breathing. Swallowing, he stared at her with deliberately blanked features. "What about my field status? I'm still an active X Operative."

In another break from her routine, she reached up to card her fingers through his hair. She took

her time arranging his already too long bangs. "Your reproductive cycle is six months, sooner if we risk overtaxing your system and induce." With a pat of his head, she stepped back. "Give me a viable X-5, second gen, and I'll see about returning you to operational status."

Keeping his body tightly controlled, he studied her every move for deceit. "And in six months?"

"Disobey me, and I'll breed you to every anomaly until you're used up lump of bleeding flesh." Her back straightened as she stared down upon him. "This project is important. We are depending upon you. Don't let us down."

With that pronouncement, 494 knew his days as a field operative were gone. Distantly, he had known it was coming. A small part of him had known all along. That didn't make this any easier to take, though. He could only watch in numbly as she turned and walked out of the lab.

In his gut, the little monster kicked at his stomach again. It pressed against the lines of his stretched flesh, leaving tiny ripples where it kicked.

Closing his eyes, he forced himself to recite the litany of his training. He was a soldier. Emotions were a weakness to soldiers. Weakness was not a luxury he could afford.

THE END.....</lj-cut>

Title: Hmm-Hmm-Hmm To Town.

Author: Lopaka Tanu

Disclaimer: I do not own Supernatural.

Characters: Dean, Chuck.

Words: 950

Prompt: Crack for the 12th Day of Christmas.

Fandom: Supernatural

Pairing: Dean/Hand.

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Language, Sexual Situation.

Summary: Dean's needing to release a little pent up...frustration. Things don't work out like he hoped.

Author's Note: For MJ, who requested crack.

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</lj-cut>

The motel room was quiet. It was a rare moment and he was going to take full advantage of it. There was just one more thing he had to wait for. Cocking his head a little, he listened for it.

A loud thumping came from the wall, then it began to roar.

Hearing the shower come on, Dean closed his eyes in anticipation. A primal shudder ran through him as he reached for his jeans. The button was cool to the touch when he flicked it open. Easing down the bed, he grabbed his zipper and tugged it down.

The first brush of his knuckles against his cock through his briefs was electric. He gasped. At first, his cock remained flaccid. That soon changed as he palmed the length of the shaft, sliding down towards the head. Heat flushed his body and he felt it begin to thicken.

His breath caught in his throat, making him cough gently to clear it. Now clear, he slowly sucked in a breath through his teeth. He massaged the head in tiny circles, working his way under to the

glans. Feeling his body begin to relax, Dean sighed with appreciation.

That's when his eyes popped open.

Eyes darting from side to side, he glanced about the motel room. There was nothing immediately visible. His brother was in the shower still and he was alone. After another more thorough search, Dean forced himself to relax.

Realizing that his hand was still around his dick, Dean tugged on the head a couple times. This sent a few shivers through his body and he tensed a little. He moaned softly, closing his eyes again to begin the fantasy. Through his underwear, that was someone else's hand pulling on his cock.

A tiny smile teased at his lips. His dick rapidly filled with hot blood and warmed the fabric in his hand. Oh, yeah, he was getting into this. Shifting his hips, he groaned softly. He was half hard, working on getting the blood flowing to the tip when he opened his eyes.

Seeing the ceiling, he grimaced. Dean groaned painfully as his dick quickly softened in his hand. Groaning again, he ground his head in the pillows from frustration. His teeth clenched, he beat the bed with both fists. This was not fucking happening!

He took a deep breath, clenching his eyes shut. It took two attempts to clear his throat enough that he felt comfortable to try again. With a steady hand, he reached under the waistband of his underwear. His calloused fingers and palm settled around his dick, grasping the soft flesh.

At first, he tried slow, firm strokes to work any interest into it. This soon gave way to painful jerks. His frustration grew as his cock refused to. After a few minutes of painfully dry rubbing the head, he jerked the hand free his underwear with a growl. Pushing his head back enough that he arched his shoulders off the bed, he fisted the sheets.

Why the fuck was this happening to him? But, he already knew why. He was so going to kill that...

His entire body seized up at the shrill ring of the phone. Smacking his cheek flat to the bed, he stared at the night stand like it might suddenly attack him. The phone rang again, almost accusingly at him. Heart racing, he swallowed. Some how, he instinctively knew this was for him.

With a shaky hand, he reached out for the phone. He grasped the handset from the cradle in the middle of the third ring. Sucking in a mouthful of air, he put it to his ear. "What?" His voice was husky, almost a growl.

"You can..." It was Chuck, and he sounded nervous. "You can just...quit it. Anytime."

"I knew it!" Launching himself from the pillows, Dean sat up in the bed. "You perverted dick, get out of my head!"

"I..I should be the one telling you that!" Chuck cleared his throat. "Please. Stop, okay?" His swallow was audible over the line. "Besides, it's not going to happen, not today."

Dean sent a death glare at the phone. If he had super mind powers right now, the sniveling writer would be dead and roasting in hell by now. "Now, you listen very closely." His voice dropped an entire octave. He practically vibrated with pent up frustration and rage.

"I, uh, I mean, it's not..." trailing off, Chuck exhaled into the phone. This caused the speaker to crackle. "I've seen this already. It's not going to work. You're too, oh boy, self conscious to get it,

you know."

"No, Chuck, I don't know!" He spit out each word like it might strike the man. Despite what he said, though, he understood. That was the part that was making him angry enough that he white knuckled the handset. "Quit spying on me, or I'll..."

"You'll what? Rip my brain out? Smack me around? Punch my...actually, those all sound pretty effective." Nervously chuckling, Chuck snorted. "I would if I could, but, remember? Please, tell me you remember. I don't want to have to go over this again."

Closing his eyes, Dean clenched his jaw to keep from saying anything. This wasn't the idiot's fault, no matter how much he wanted to blame him. With a annoyed exhalation, he reached over to drop the phone in the cradle. That done, he fell back in the pillows.

After a moment, he looked down his body. There, sitting like a worthless lump, was the bulge of his dick in his underwear. Face burning with sudden humiliation, he laid his head back on the pillow. "Damn it to hell, I hate my life."

THE END.....

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