

The Exodus Project - pt 12

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The following story may contain erotic situations. If it is illegal for you to read this please leave now.

"We got the results from the blood tests?"

"And..."

"We found two sets of anomalies. The first one is present in every member of D-Flight but one, and interesting enough, he is on the flagged list. I think we better take a closer look at him. The other anomaly was found in one of the basics of C-Flight."

"What was the nature of the anomalies?"

"That's part of the anomaly, we can't identify it. In all cases the blood contains compounds that shouldn't be there, but which we also cannot identify. The unknown compounds are similar, but different enough for us to consider distinct. Like comparing a poodle with an Alaskan Husky, you know their both dogs, but they are drastically different."

"What is your recommendation?"

"Isolate D-Flight completely. Their infection, or what ever it is, must be contagious for all of them to be affected. Focus on the Basic in question. Leave C-Flight alone and see what happens. If our suspicions are correct, we might be able to flush out our target."

"No, I want to catch the entire network. We can't do that isolating D-Flight. Treat them like normal"

Nico

Day 3 1230 hrs

1Lt Nico Stephanos stood in formation with his new green flight suit. It was a pretty bright lime green, not the drab green of traditional flights. The green designated him as a member of C-Flight and therefore a CMD -- a commander. Each flight had it's own color -- Red for the medics in A-Flight, yellow for the log guys in B-flight , blue for the ops guys in D-Flight and purple for the resources guys in E-Flight. Each flight suit then had a distinctive set of stripes that ran along the back, just below the collar and then down the crease line of both arms. Each uniform had nametags, but those were redundant to some point, as the stripes were unique to each cadet, *or officer*, thought Nico. Each set contained six stripes, the first two identified the rank of the person. The next stripe what clan they were in in their flight, and the last three was their serial number. The stripes were based on a Base-5 system, utilizing 5 colors -- Red 0, Yellow 1, Green 2, Blue 3, and Purple 4. The stripes on Peter were - Red, Green, Green, Red, Red, Yellow. Which meant -- 1 Lt (Red, Green) - Charlie Clan (Green) - Serial 001 (Red, Red, Yellow). Nico's stripe was identical to Peter's except for the final stripe -- Red, Green, Green, Red, Red, Green, as his serial was 002.

It was all extraordinary. Here he was in the human military project and he was actually enjoying it. When he had been assigned to Planet S7836 (System bound class), he had expected a monotonous, uneventful tour. But then this event occurred. He was

pretty sure its classification would have to change, but would it become a D class or a X class. Or maybe the species would have to be labeled an N-Class species. Well that wasn't for him to decide.

Nico kept his eyes focused on Peter. And who would have thought Peter would have happened. Nico was afraid that he was in danger of losing his objectivity. But at this point he didn't care. He thought back to last night. Peter had been in a somber mood all day because of the attacks, and Nico could fully understand. After all, Nico's race were themselves an N-Class species. There were now only about 200 of them. That was why they were scouring the known galaxy for a compatible species -- (maybe Earthlings were the one!). Nico had barely escaped himself from the hands of the Viron. The Viron and the Replars (Nico's race) had once shared a common ancestor. But somewhere they had radically split. Replars 'copied' a 'factual'. That meant the source of Nico's current DNA still walked around somewhere, unaware that someone looking exactly like him existed. He had not been harmed in any way. Replars inherited an impression of their factual, but no distinct memories, maybe some habits or pre-dispositions, like Nico's factual's high enjoyment of masturbation. But the longer he was in this body, the more unique he became. He was as identical to his factual as an identical twin.

Virons, on the other hand, were man-sized viruses. They had been a radical subsection of their species that had not been content copying others. They wanted to dominate them and they did. Virons actually took over a host. The worst part is the host is constantly aware. That's part of the 'thrill' for the Virons. Starting with their 'parents', the Replars, the Virons had been moving from world to world taking over the local population and then depleting the world of its resources. Thankfully they did not know about Earth. Nico had never found a species so alive as these humans, they would be like nectar to a bee for the Virons.

Nico continued to stare at Peter. Even though he was clothed in the green flight suit, Nico could still picture his naked body in his mind. When a factual was replicated, some of the latent attractions carried over; it was part of the DNA of the replicant. Nico, however, seemed to have a deeper attraction to Peter than was normal. He remembered the feeling of Peter filling him last night. He had never spruked so hard in his entire existence, not even the first time he had mated. Nico had to hold his hand back so that it wouldn't reach out and grab at Peter's ass.

The squadron was called to attention by Cadet, *General* Getz. He too was in a green flight, designating him as associated with C-Flight and thus a commander. His stripes were green, red, red, red, yellow, purple. Which meant, 1 Star General (Green, Red), Alpha Clan (Red), Serial 009 (Red, yellow, purple). The basics had been given the lower serial numbers, and then the upper class who had been added later. What Nico couldn't figure out was why there were three stripes for serial numbers. That allowed for 625 different combinations, and there were only at most 10 in any given clan.

General Getz gave the command, "Present - ARMS!" All the cadets snapped their arms up in salute. Over the loud speaker, the Roll Call of the Fallen continued.

"KEVIN ALTA" Pause, CRACK! came the first name, and after several minutes, "DILLON APMAN" Pause. CRACK! came the last name for the formation. The formation dropped their arms at command and march to lunch.

Luke Foster

Day 3 1230 hours

Luke Foster was screaming, at least on the inside. His only saving grace was that he was now clothed. He cherished the blue flight suit he was wearing. At least he could pretend that Lex Jones could not see right through him. Something was horribly wrong with that boy. As long as Lex was apart from him, Luke could think straight, but the moment Lex's eyes caught his, he was lost. Luke's mind wandered back to the shower room down in their new living area.

Lex had grabbed Luke's arm and pulled him into the shower. He saw that Randy and his roommate Vic were stepping in through a door at the other side of the room. Vic was a small boy with dark hair. The shadow of his pubes was very obvious. Lex leaned over and whispered in Luke's ear. "I want you to fuck Victor, while I fuck Randy. It's only fitting, since we each have tagged the other roommate. Luke had tried to resist, but Lex had grabbed his cock and started to stroke it slowly. He looked over at Randy and Victor and waved them over with his other hand. They seemed to hesitate some, but then slowly answered the beckoning.

Lex stopped stroking Luke and simply said, "Go." Luke walked over to Victor who allowed himself to be embraced by Luke. Victor was about six inches shorter than Luke, his head only came up to his chest. Luke felt like he had a little boy in his arms. Victor was shaking. His arms were tucked up against Luke's chest. Luke started to turn Vic around, so that he could do what Lex had told him. Luke felt trapped in his mind. He was fully aware of what he was doing, but couldn't stop himself. It was like he was

watching some very real VR film. He screamed at himself to stop, but his arms grabbed Vic's shoulders and started to tug.

"Please, Luke, I only want Randy." Victor whispered.

Something snapped in Luke. He wasn't going to rape a third boy. Somehow he managed to push past the mental jail that held him. Yet, he knew he needed to convince Lex that he was doing the deed. Lex had Randy on his back on the floor, his cock was jettison in and out of Randy. Lex was kissing Randy like they were long lost lovers. Out of Randy's mouth came moans of pleasure, but Luke could see the same look of trapped horror in Randy's eyes, that he knew were in his.

"Make it sound good." Luke whispered back. He finished rotating Victor and pushed him against the wall, so that his front was flat against the tiles. He squatted down a bit and thrust his dick between legs and started humping him. Victor, cried out. It was so convincing that Luke thought for a moment he had misjudged and had actually nailed his hole But the feeling of tile on his head reassured him. Lex looked up and smiled. Luke mentally closed his eyes and found he could resist Lex to some extent. But not fully. Suddenly hormones raged and he started humping the hell out of Victor. It wasn't his ass, but it was still friction and sweat lube. Soon he shot his load and felt Victor respond similarly.

Worried that Lex might notice the large amount of cum and be suspicious, Luke squatted down and stuck his mouth on Victor's ass. He licked the rim and then went underneath and licked a glob of cum on the wall. He swallowed without tasting it and stood up. Lex was done. He walked over to the shower, rinsed off and walked out. Randy stood up dazed.

"Take care of him. You can fight it, we need to keep working at it." Luke whispered to Victor, before he too showered quickly and walked back to the changing area.

Lex was waiting for him. "Do you think you fooled me, little Lukey?" He walked over to Luke and pushed him against the wall. Lex pushed into him so they were chest to chest, groin to groin. "I know you didn't tag the little boy." Lex started to grind against Luke. He could feel Lex's cock start to grow again. "After all I've done for you, and this is how you return the favor." Lex began to nibble on Luke's neck. Despite his fear and sense of being trapped, Luke began to respond. Heaven help him, he *wanted* Lex. "I saw you try to cover it up by licking up the cum. I didn't realize you liked the taste of sperm. Well, I will rectify that." Lex started to drop down. He stopped at Luke's nipples and bit on first the right and then the left. He continued lower licking his abs, his stomach, down the stubble of his treasure trail and then onto his cock. Lex's mouth closed over Luke's knob and started licking at the piss slit. He circled his tongue around the bottom of the crown. Then, in one motion, he swallowed Luke to the base. Luke could feel Lex's nose against his skin. Lex began humming and the vibrations on his cock sent Luke into orbit. He began to see a spectrum of colors again. In just a matter of a couple of minutes he was ready to blow. Right before he released, Lex pulled back so that just the head was in his mouth. Luke filled Lex's mouth with several spurts of cum.

As soon as he finished, Lex pulled the rest of the way off and stood back up. He found Luke's mouth and kissed him, forcing his mouth open with his tongue. Luke felt Lex push his spunk into his mouth slowly, so that he had to taste it. Luke's mind gagged, but his body was once again under Lex's own control. He wanted to swallow, but couldn't.

"Now Luke, I want your man juice inside me. Please take care of that." Lex turned around, got down on his hands and knees and spread his ass cheeks. This was not what Luke wanted, he did not want to stick his tongue up some guy's ass. But even as his mind cried out *No* his body was already dropping down and his mouth was heading for ground zero. Luke stopped fighting, wanting this to be over. He found Lex's hole and, after a couple of tentative licks, pushed his tongue in and spit out the cum in his mouth.

Lex then told Luke to get dressed and next thing they were in formation listening to the Roll Call.

Luke's mind snapped back to the present as the flight began marching towards the Mess Hall. Somehow, he would get out from under the influence of Lex. Somehow.

to be continued

Comments or compliments -- e-mail me

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