

Planetfall, Chapter One

MF, M+F, M+F+, Mg, M+M, NC, viol

Prologue

I grimace every time some dumb motherfucker in the mess hall sez "Bobs yer Uncle". Yeah, Bob's my uncle. Every time I hear that I just wanted to haul back and crack the fucker in the jaw. Why? I am here because that piece of shit for a human being spiked my drink on my 18th, then "enlisted" my ass to some fucking corporate recruiter for the signing bonus. Next time I see him; I am going to carve off his nuts with a dull blade, fried them up and feed it to him before I drop him leg first into a mechanical recycler.

When I came to, I was waking inside a g-stasis cocoon and have been out for days, in stasis. As the transport started planetfall and I am well on my final leg to the goddamn boot camp on Andros IV for my 14 weeks of basic training and augmentation. That was 18 months ago. I am now a combat rated

"security officer" with the rank of corporal, having been in about 30 missions in 18 months since I finished camp and was rated combat ready. Between missions or "gigs", management stations us on some shithole of a rock that used to be a mining colony about 2 light-years from Zero and roughly about 4 from my home world. This place is crap, outside of the outfit and operational management; most of the worker bees are made up of indentured servants, employees without equity and external contractors of the parent corporation we work for. The cast is made up of oxygen breathing humans or humanoid bipedal and this outfit's combatants are 100% human. I like that. I get my first furlough at month 25 of my 51 month tour contract. I planned on looking up uncle Bob then.

Out here, human life or any form of life ain't worth shit and everyone that's not in Scott's Intergalactic Directory is pretty much expendable. Your entitlement is based on your level or rank and non-com grunts like me basically get nothing besides a bunk, food and a monthly. The med benefits are pretty good, mainly because they've invested money in our training, our implants and built up a cryobank full of spare tissues for us, and the outfit wanted to make sure they maximize their return on investment.

Violence is addictive, and the implants maximize your biomechanical potentials while in combat.

Combatants in mid-tech and low-tech worlds don't really stand a chance. My personal best was taking out an entire enemy platoon of 32 men in a low-tech world single handed. It's really fucking boring between missions because you come back to the shithole mostly to heal, eat, train and fuck. After a while, you start to look forward to missions because you get to eat real, non-recycled proteins and carbs when you're not in stasis. If you get dropped on a mid-tech or low-

tech world your armor and weapon gear generally keeps you alive unless you are dumb enough to step on really nasty ordnance or get whacked by big HEAA rounds. The real bonus is that you get to pillage and take anything not nailed down. Oh yeah, some of those native pussies and assholes are just fine, and most of my unit don't give a shit if they are giving it up willingly or not. I'll fuck whomever and whenever I want while I am planet side. And since it's a hostile takeover I get to kill, maim and rape any native I see unless instructed otherwise. It's an unspoken rule and management have always understood that before the agreements are signed and the accountants come to take inventory, you get to take and keep what you can take, rip off or steal. For them, its infinitely better it's better than having to give us a share of the performance bonus. For us, it's the perks of being a part of a decent hostile takeover outfit, and it's how we accumulate our retirement hoard. Most that are not stupid can retire comfortably after two tours although our outfit will allow you to re-up to a maximum of four tours. Most that stays in for four tours have real problems re-assimilating so they are starting with even more goddamn evals and tests after your second and now they are talking about a full re-cert after your third.

Some guys that are addicted to the ultra-violence just move from outfit to outfit, we call those Ronan. They do tours with the small outfits that are trying to get market share. They generally making less coinage, using inferior gear and doing gigs that bigger outfits shun for a number of reasons. Some are even freelancers and go from gig to gig. Those are the Mercs.

The Past

From what little I remembered from school on Tekus Prime, Earth is Planet Zero and where it all started a couple hundred years back. After the first Nuclear War of 2038 came the global uprising. I guess people don't like getting nuked and probably liked it even less when they figured out how truly fucked they really were. Elections in many places are fraudulent, citizenship don't mean shit, borders are jokes and political parties are shams. Governments did not address justice; they only care about staying in power getting rich. Generally speaking, most government from the 19th to the 21st century were corrupt.

The straw that broke the camel's back were the succession wars and the tactical nukes. When most governments were no longer of the people, by the people and for the people it was just a matter of time before the shit really flies.

And shit did fly. According to the ebooks, it was pretty ugly when the uprising took out most of the governments between 2039 and 2040. When

the chain of command and unquestioned support of their cadre died, the generals fled and the officials were on their own.

In the historical vids I saw with the politicians and officials. Without their protection were pretty pathetic, some of these once high and mighty begging for their lives in famous trials, and the retribution were swift and brutal, even by today's standards.

With the vacuum to provide for and feeding the world at large, it was logical to see that the next step in the evolution was the rise of the corporations. Most corporations were more efficient than governments and are driven by more transparent motives such as selfish profitability and senseless greed. The difference is that shareholders have a say and receive a piece of the profits, if the management team wants to stay in power they'd better perform. During that time "consultants" from the firm Toilette and Douche was under contract by a couple of these corporations in taking inventory of some of the government warehouses. That was when they found the crated star drives recovered from alien crafts in the 1900's. Six years of Joint ventures and trillions of credits later, the human race learned enough about manipulating interspatial mechanics. The new generation of Henry Fords and Ford Motor Company came into existence, these corporations developed the wherewithal and the ability to mass produce our own hyperdrives along with energy weapons and effective defensive technologies to build a orbital defense network and orbital outposts and defense grids to keep alien visitors and migrant under control. They say this was the golden age of corporations or "The Second Industrial Revolution"□. Indeed, new companies formed by man and women with new ideas, mergers and acquisitions took place and the first time since the renaissance, planet Earth flourished. No surprise that ten earth years later several big corporations ruled the planet.

Next came trading with alien races and the creation of security outfits to ensure these new Silk Roads are safe. With trade came the exploration and building of massive databases through data acquisition and stellar cartography. Pioneers touting "Have Spacesuit, will travel" began off world mining, agriculture and investments in deep space outposts, habitat stations and simple then colonization along the supply and trade routes helped with the expansion. The population on Zero exploded as the quality of life improved. People lived longer and no longer have to worry about food, fire or shelter allowed the masses to grow and flourish. By 2068, almost fifty years after they drop the first Hydrogen-Polonium Bomb that changed the status quo, came the first mass exodus.

New corporations cropped up everywhere as Earthlings started massive terraforming projects, as a preface to planet wide colonization on Nitrogen-Oxygen based planets. Question: From a population of maybe 30 billion inhabitants, how do you find enough people to form and populate thousands of planets? Answer: You don't. You have anywhere between 10,000 to 1,000,000 seed colonists, and enough biotech and genetic materials to clone another 10,000,000 or so from the colonists

to ensure "genetic purity" and diversity. Companies, Religious and racially motivated groups started what is now known as "the great stellar chuck wagon race" to stake their claims. This was known as the First Golden Age as human slowly spread out across 60 light-years of space. With 13 trillion humans across a sphere around 60 light years, it's no wonder some alien races along the edge of our known space consider us no better than vermin, and some are making more aggressive overtures that may eventually become...interesting. Looking forward in see how some of them are going to enjoy breathing space.

By 2092 we had the formation of the first Galactic Corporations, and invariably the first of the hostile takeovers by 2112. With the hegemony of companies, religious groups and pure race worlds, it's easy to see that a galactic level governing body was necessary. The first Galactic Republic was formed by 2022 and it was a joke from the very first day, although history had proven that it did on occasion managed to help avert a few major conflicts and made light of numerous atrocities in the past hundred years. We also learned that most humans are Xenophobes.

And what of the Art of War? As a race, we've learned quickly. When dealing with alien races, stay away from the aggressive races that are technically superior. Try to appease them and use any method necessary to get at some of their tech, both to neutralize their threat while gaining market advantage and negotiation positions. When trading with the technically neutral races, treat them as equals and partners, since they can do unto you as you could to them. That is, until you become technically superior: that's when you can rewrite the rules of engagement. Finally, subjugate the rest that are not aligned or protected.

Big corporations are big because they are good at maximizing the value of their acquisitions. Why waste credits or use physical WMDs when you can take them in as subsidiary worlds without having confrontational or armed conflict? If you can't entice them or buy them up, its far better to use subversion and deceit along with some good old fashioned bribery, blackmail and coercion. Greed is a language that is pretty universal.

Failing that, "chemicals" or "biologicals" that can wipe out most if not all of the dominants without collateral damage, with the added benefit of removal of a layer of management and thus both reduced your total cost of ownership and improving your bottom line. The other tangible benefit is the ability to put in new residents on the assets that are left, with only a minimum of clean up and investments. Much more profitable to drop the dead dominants into recyclers and resell what's acquired than to rebuild infrastructure and pay for rebuilding, detention and re-education. It's a time honored human thing to do, asset "flipping" where you get to buy cheap and sell dear. That's basically how my middle class parents managed to acquire our lake front summer home on Anrares V for so little money.

Another lesson learned: It's hard enough to fight space fleets coming out of hyperspace with molten rocks, but it's even harder to defend against an invisible enemy. Image a slow burn virus or encapsulated nanoparticle toxins unleashed in your spaceport or other planet wide mass transit systems. Now imagine an engineered strain of viruses that have been designed to attack specific genomes / genetic sequences to wipe out the dominant race but leave everything else untouched? Dirty? Absolutely! Is it Genocide? You bet. Do you have problems with that? Welcome to the think tanks of the new corporate elite. Why mobilize a fleet and expend trillions when you can aerosol release maybe 100kg of airborne virus, or maybe a couple of metric tonnes of nanoparticle toxins that are inert until you "activate" it when you are ready to assume your target planet and own it in 3 to 4 weeks?

When faced with the prospect of taking on someone that's your technical equal when negotiations fail, call your lawyers. It's consider a good practice to have your client's lawyers generally meet with their counterpart to draw up a contract and agreements for a set of protocols that would remove Atomics, Biologicals and Chemicals from the engagement. You want to reduce the amount of collateral damage, and minimize the negative experiences of your acquisitions and people often forget that inhabitants of these worlds are or will be equity owners at some point as well. A clean, efficient acquisition improves the bottom line, whereas whispers of atrocities diminish corporate share value and increases the net cost of post-acquisition support. When you step back and look at it, it's really just simple and sensible economics.

When bound by conflict contracts and protocol agreements, operational groups in corporations have found the element of surprise is paramount is human to human conflicts. It is much harder to defend when someone that "pops" out of hyperspace next to your planet, use railguns from high orbit to lob 50kg balls of metal plasma and ceramics down your gravity well at hypersonic speeds. On impact, those balls of molten ceramics, glass and metal will create non-radioactive subatomic explosions that can wipe out entire cities. The trick is to take out all the orbital outposts and the geosynchronous and polar orbit defense grids on all the inhabited planets quickly, and send in ground forces to mop up any resistance if they don't agree to the terms of acquisition. Those were heady and exciting times. Sigh, some days, I figured I was just born about a hundred years too late.

Present

Nowadays, it's pretty fucked up out here, even just a few light-years from Zero. Most of the outfits like ours are "security forces", operating under contract to parent companies or working for other big corporations. Our job is to "protect their assets" and to "enforce

their policies" of our clients. What's left of the old Galactic Republic is just a big joke. Most World Reps are just mouthpieces and votes for the big corporations. A handful of Multi Planet Corporations (MPCs) runs this and most of the neighbouring Galaxies now. Their reach is about 30 light year radius from Sol. whatever they cannot "merge" or "acquire", they resort to "hostile takeovers". That's when we get to go out and play. 60 light years and thousands of worlds, sometimes outfits like ours gets a little busy...

The rock we are stationed on is old and mined out years ago. The recyclers on this rock are at least 80 years old and are somehow still working although the air is stale and smells like wet moldy socks and the recycled crap they call food taste like shit. The local booze burns your throat and the imported stuff is so watered down that it's barely recognizable. You want drugs? Well, if you have the credits, you can get the good stuff out of the dispensers. The rest of us get our stims from dudes reselling shit from a network of off world dealers. The organics are so bad, you'd have to shoot down after the high, or risk getting addicted or overloading your implants. You want sex? It's the same thing. If you have the credits you go on the Galactic Network and order one of those pro-ho tighties that travel the off world circuit with their vaginal and anal implants, otherwise, you can pay for the company whores that are loose, sloppy used up smelly fucks.

This mission will be sweeping up a low-tech world. According to the Galactic Wiki, Abdullah VI is a Class II planet, roughly the size and gravity and composition of Zero. Abdullah VI circles the bigger of two binary stars and was terraformed about 100 years old. The original colonists were mostly sects of religious fundamentalists funded by 21st century petro. They hopped on their starships and headed to the Abdullah system in the late 22nd century, the first arrivals were about 130 years ago and the last of the colonists arrived about 105 or so years ago. Geophysical satellite surveys indicated that they have rich deposits of Thorium, Vanadium and Bismuth in addition to Iron, Copper and Gold. Thorium is used for fuelling star drives while Vanadium and Bismuth are used in the construction of the new high performance star drive components.

Mineral deposits of this high grade are always desirable in our energy thirsty galaxy. All efforts for Joint Ventures or negotiations to acquire mining rights were turned down in a generally hostile fashion.

Subversion and coercion didn't work as Subsequent public execution of a number of the client's operatives along with some of the officials for espionage and corruption pretty much sealed their fate.

They even ignored the legal teams request for prior conflict sit downs, threatening to blow the clients spacecraft to kingdom come before permanently and irrevocably terminating communications. Without the ability to turn the planet over to an in-situ government, the client had decided that they will install a provisional management unit in

place and subjugate the inhabitants as indentured employees / servants to offset the cost of the campaign.

For a planet with close to 800 million inhabitants, their defense network is pretty pathetic and it's hard to believe that at this day and age they would still use fast breeder reactors for power and depend on a predominately nuclear arsenal in their defense network. I guess that's the downside of being a pure race world with isolationist tendencies. These people are at least a hundred years behind most developed worlds in terms of tech.

Our outfit and six others were the first to arrive. Our smaller ships came out of jump behind a gas giant circling the other star, undetected by their ancient sensor array. One wonders why they even bothered.

Our client's four light cruisers came out of hyperspace along the planets equator seconds apart and entered geosynchronous orbits 90 degrees apart along their equator in about 30 seconds. They raised their antimatter based shields as the nuclear device after nuclear devices detonated around them, without any effect. Their forward observers must shit their pants when 240 nukes on 4 light cruisers did absolutely nothing. We saw the dark side of their planet winked out and gone dark as a result of the massive amount of EMPs from all those nukes. I thought to myself just exactly how dumb can you get?

A few minutes after Abdullah's last nuke detonated, the four cruisers lowered their antimatter shield and proceeded to deploy their onboard energy weapons to neutralize Abdullah's ground other based weapons platforms and any orbital countermeasures identified, that took maybe 3 to 4 minutes before they are now pretty much defenseless. Another minute later the four cruisers proceeded to open up with their railguns. At 30 rounds per minute per cruiser, I figured the 20 minute barrage delivered 2400 non-nuclear payloads of around 100 kilo tonnes each on the surface. That's a whopping 240 mega tonnes of destruction raining on any city with a population of 100,000 or more. The barrage ended as abruptly as it started. When it was over, what once was a beautiful, ocean covered planet of 800 million now riddled with ugly, glowing pockmarks. Craters now exist where the cities and population once stood. The client didn't really care because the money's in the minerals, and they can't see past a population of 50 million because they couldn't sell more than that without flooding the labour market, and since the deposits were relatively shallow and they planned on a planet wide strip mining operation there's enough infrastructure after it's all said and done to support 5-10 million workers.

Two minutes later, the four light cruisers broke orbit and went sub light. I always marvel at those Thorium powered ion drives and how far we've come along on reaction drive. A minute later they jumped and are gone. I call it shining examples of 23rd century military precision and corporate efficiency. A once thriving planet of 800 million is now probably less than 100 million in less than one standard hour. I'll

never get tired of seeing this for as long as I live. In less than 60 minutes, a planet and most of its populace are gone. Dead.

Our sweep up fleet established predetermined orbits around Abdullah VI. Management unlocked the mission manifest and the mission briefs and all relevant details were uploaded to our implants and our suits. The support ships jumped out of hyperspace as we prepare to board our landing crafts. I disengaged the implants for a second as I mentally go through my checklist and do a visual check of my suit, gear and weapons. I know it's redundant and a waste of time since the implant have synced up with the suits and the weapons, but I can't help myself because I am a human. As expected, it's all good. I re-connected to the implant and lit up the comm interface. The support crafts have already deployed the constellation of polar orbit satellites and wiped out all the planets communication satellites. The light armour units are about to make planetfall right after our teams are deployed. My platoon commander wanted an O-Group to review our orders before we make planetfall. He passed us the hierarchical encryption and the spectrum data through his implant and I took a quick glance which he was with the other sections before filing it away. My section is to secure an area of 60 square kilometers, which includes two towns and roughly about 16,000 inhabitants and prepare them for processing. We were told to expect the population to swell to about 22,000 with the influx of survivors from the larger towns and small cities. With light armour and transport support, if we do our job properly, we should be done in about 72 hours but we are contracted for a full three standard earth week. Interesting. Me thinks that I should read the mission brief in my way down.

Piece of cake I thought while I disengaged from the O-Group on Platoon Command channel and engaged My Section Command channel to talk to my guys. I was sharing the appropriate parts of mission briefs, sharing the intelligence reports and the appropriate crypto keys when Smitty spoke up. "Hey bosses, the natives, are they like Arabs?" he asked. "Yep, this rock is a pure race planet, terraformed about a hundred and thirty years ago." I replied. "Have you ever fucked one of those?" he asked. "Nope, but most like will today" I replied while everyone chuckled. "Intel said they have some 20mm sniper weapons with DU and Tungsten alloys rounds that can penetrate our armour at 500m or less, so keep track of thermals from the Drones" I continued. "Being religious fundamentalists, there are many religious centers there with valuables, and there are banks and other high value locations. Currency will be worthless since there is no government left and a significant percentage of the male population will be slaved, so only take shit that you can resell."

"Follow the Standard Operating Procedure. Terminate any that are disabled or injured and make the prisoners pile the dead up for processing. They will be dropping recyclers in about 20 standard hours; the dead will start to stink up in a couple of days".

All the jump doors opened on our Platoon's landing craft, my unit walks in and start to strap-in to their cradles. Before I stepped into mine, I checked out equipment cache and informed my boss that 2-Section is ready. These implants are great. Don't know how I lived without one of them before I was signed up. I instructed the suit to turn the lid down. As the helmet cover came down I felt the rush of cool, oxygen enriched air flooding my suit. I plugged the cables and hoses from the cradle to the quick detach ports of my suit. As expected, The HUD lit up and shows my suit is 100% charged and ready. My implant is now running the pre-check and it's all good. "Sound Off" I said into the throat mike. "Alpha One" "Alpha Two" "Bravo One" "Bravo Two" "Charlie One" "Charlie Two" "Delta One" "Delta Two" resonated on by one through my helmet from the four squads. "Two-Two" said Johnson; my second in command as I did the final review on the helmet HUD shows everyone is strapped in and their status is green. I switched to Platoon Command Channel "All present, accounted for and ready to deploy sir" I said. "Copy that and good hunting Tommy" said the lieutenant. "Thank you sir, Three-Two Bravo Out" I replied as I disengaged from the Platoon Command chatter and opened the mission briefs...

I felt the landing craft rotating into position, a couple of seconds later we were free falling as our lander is coming into the atmosphere. A few minutes later the pilot change the crafts attitude and I felt the thrusters kicking in. Looking at the HUD I saw our heat shields kicking in as we accelerated to hypersonic velocity to match planetary rotational speed. Although we appear to be speeding up, we are actually decelerating. Orbital Insertion physics, it's so weird. The ride is getting bumpier and bumpier as the landing craft hits thicker atmosphere. Inertial dampening is always crappy in landers. The prep program in my implant is starting to step up and increasing my lung activity to gradually increase the oxygen intake and the glycogen in my liver is being converted back to carbs for my fast twitch muscles. At 8,000 meters the pilot changed attitude once again and the hard braking started as the landing craft prepared for troop insertion. At 5,000 meters the red light indicators came on and our airspeed is around 700 kph.

I closed the mission files, close my eyes for a second and breathed deeply. At 1200 meters above ground level the light turned green and my jump door opens and at 300kph, I did a quick last second check and punched the launch button.

A quick jolt from the rocket motor and my cradle ejected from the landing craft at about 4G. A second later the attitude, stabilization and braking rockets engaged as the unit righted itself. I looked around saw the flames from hundreds of retros firing ten I heard the familiar "Tally Ho! Good Hunting Lads" from Command Net. It's the Colonel and the man says that every time we make planetfall. I chuckled and watch the altimeter on my display as I dropped to 500... 400... 300... 200... 100 as my relative airspeed dropped to about 30kph. At 10 meters I disengaged from the cradle and rolled when I

touched down to disperse whatever kinetic energy was left. "Two section on me." I said after I engaged the section communications channel.

After a quick test, the implant showed an all systems are green as I connected to the GPS from the constellation of birds overhead. The GIS overlay shows the rest of my unit is spread out across about 200 meters radius; it was a good, clean insertion. The equipment cache landed about 40 meters from me and Smitty was the first one there. He interfaced with and lit up the cache and has already opened his locker by the time I got there.

I opened my locker, pulled out my secondary weapons and holstered my two sidearm and my coveted antique bowie knife while my unit did the same with theirs. After handshaking with my implant the weapons lit up. I pulled supplies and snapped them into the load bearing areas of my armor. Ammo, Food, Meds, Water, Stim, Oxygen... I'm good to go.

"Comm check" I said. "Alpha One" "Alpha Two" "Bravo One" "Bravo Two" "Charlie One" "Charlie Two" "Delta One" "Delta Two" and "Two Two" replied and my HUD shows them in close proximity to me. I lit up Platoon Command and checked in "Three-Two Sunray this is Three-Two Bravo, Reporting In, Proceeding to Objective, Three-Two out"□. Then I switched to Command Net 2 through my implant.

"Foxtrot, this is Three-Two Bravo. Radio Check" I said. "Three-Two Bravo this is Foxtrot. Please connect to Unit 77" said the radio operator, indicating our assigned Overhead Drone. Using the command code to Unit 77, I handshaked with the drone and established a circular flight pattern around my position at low speed overtop at 1000 meters above us. I checked the thermal imaging interface. A shitload of subjects in the area I noted as I then passed the drone connection info to Johnston. "Jonny, pass the connect to the rest of the section" I said.

"Roger that" my 2IC said as he send the connection data from the support drone to the rest of the team.

"I see over 30 subs, spread out" I said as the team started to move away from the equipment cache and formed a widening semi-circle. "Smitty on point and Keene behind him" I said as the unit falls into a staggered formation about 30 meters apart. Looking at the thermal imaging, I see movement that indicated they are moving into position to ambush us in a wooded section on our way to the first village.

I chuckle and connected to Smitty. "See them Smitty?" I asked. "Roger that" Smitty replied. Looking at the Topo + GPS + UAV Imaging overlay, I was figuring they will wait for us to enter a ravine like area before they open up on us. A second later, I saw an IR beam on Smitty's chest. I managed "Smitty incoming" as I saw the impact and him flying back from the kinetic energy being absorbed by him and his reactive armor while he hit the ground with a resounding thud.

Checking his vitals I see that he's got a broken rib from the blunt trauma but the bullet did not penetrate his armor. I figured it was probably from a 20mm that the Intel talked about. "Stay Down" I said as I switched to Command Net 3.

"November One-Two this is Three-Two Bravo requesting fire support. Sniper encountered." I said.

"Three-Two Bravo this is November One-Two, what's your Unit's number?" came the artillery support radio operator.

"Seven-Seven" I responded. "Roger that, stay put and help is on its way" came the operator "November One-Two out". While I was calling in, my 2IC started ordering counter sniper suppression fire to keep the fuckers down. I noticed on my HUD that a few that were breaking off from the group and running towards the village. Patrol going to raise alarm no doubt.

A few seconds later, I saw three inbound artillery rounds exploding overhead as it sends many thousands of tiny steel flechette darts raining on the attackers. I thought I heard high pitched screaming but at close to a thousand meters away, it's hard to be sure. "Let's go" I said and I switched my primary weapon to full auto and closed the 600 meters between us and the first of the assailants. The implant increased the oxygen intake, added glucose, adrenaline and stims to my bloodstream as my body geared up to overdrive. Running in a random zig-zag pattern took me close to 3 minutes to cover the 600 meters. There was a little bit of small arms fire but nothing of substance. I spotted the first corpse and head shot it with a short burst for good measure. It's been pierced with quite a few flechettes so it was already dead before the burst perforated its head as my men ran past me. "Keep a couple alive for interrogation" I said as I heard their weapons discharging.

A minute later the radio crackled, "Found a sniper team and subdued them" Johnston said over our section channel. "Roger that, on my way" I replied and checked his position on my HUD, about 200 meters due north of me on a hilltop. Checking on the downed point man "Smitty..." I said. "I'm OK boss, on my way to the sniper now" he replied. "See you there" I responded as I ran up the hill towards Johnston, with Smitty not far behind me. As I got close, I saw Johnston with two prisoners, with their fingers crossed and hands above their heads. From the brown stains on their garments, I see that both were bleeding, probably from getting a flechette or maybe shrapnel from the artillery round.

"Language?" I asked Johnston. "Common" was the response from Johnston. "Physical Status?" I asked. "Stunned and light to moderate hemorrhaging" he responded as I approached the party.

I was in for a surprise.

First of all, both combatants were female, faces covered with headdress so only their eyes show, and in what appears to be a woven camo tunic. Not standard issue, probably militia I thought. The tunics don't do a good job in concealing their bumps or flared hips. What really got me was the laser rangefinder and the weapon they used to spank Smitty was like two hundred years old model from before the 2038 war!!

As the weapons fire died down, I scanned the thermal image from the 77 drone; I noticed there were three more prisoners alive. "Bring the prisoners to me" I said over the section comm. The teams brought the three prisoners to the hilltop. Two were men in their early twenties and the third was a young female. One of the prisoners saw the young girl and said something rapidly, which the suit-implant recognized as Farsi. "Drunna I told you to run back with the group" the first female prisoner said. "What is your name?" I said in Farsi. The look on her face was priceless. "Asfanna" she said, "but..." "Quite!" I spat as I turned to the child and said in Farsi "So, Drunna you are here to help kill us..." The look on the teen's face was a combination of dumbfounded shock and fear. If I get a credit for every time I see that, I'd have enough for a really good beer every month. "Shut up your murderous bitch!" I shouted before she can say anything and the effect was nothing short of dramatic, she cowered in fear.

Looking at Johnston, I said "Patch and stim up the injured prisoner" and turned to Smitty "Status" I asked.

"Suits 98%, two cracked ribs from the impact" he replied. "Need medical or armorer?" I asked. "I am fine" he replied. Turning to face the rest of the squad, I said "Alpha, Bravo squads proceed to objective one and survey the town perimeter for strength, defensive capabilities and firepower, assume control of drone 77 when you arrive and report back. Charlie and Delta squad, establish security parameter around us". I looked at Smitty and said "you stay with Johnston and me". I said "Go now". They went.

Johnston patched up the three injured. He took off their headdress and I notice the first female prisoner, Asfanna was in her mid-20s, not bad looking with long dark hair and nice looking pair of tits. The second one was probably in her late teens to early twenties.

I approached her and asked "What's your name?" She glared me defiantly and did not answer. I asked her again, more menacingly this time. "What's your name bitch?" She again refused to answer. I think she was expecting me to strike her. Instead, I took my bowie knife out of the sheath and cut all the buttons off of her tunic. Reaching in, I grabbed the tee shirt and pulled it away from her chest as I cut a hole through the shirts fabric, allowing me to insert and slide the blade between her breastbone and her bra and I cut the section between the two cups. I managed to do all that inside a couple of seconds.

Before she registered what I did I grabbed one of her nipples between my gloved fingers and twisted before she was able to pull her fingers apart and protect her chest. I twisted...Hard.

She screamed. I let go her nipple and grabbed her hair and pull her head up and next to my helmeted face. "Once again, what is your name?" I asked again. "Noorana" she mumbled while nursing her tit. I looked at Smitty and said, glue their hands behind their backs in Common. He took out the glue gun and glued their hands together behind their backs. "All five of you, on your knees" I said. Their face was a mask of confusion and fear, Johnston snap kicked one the men in the stomach, effectively knocking the wind out of him. As he buckled and bent over from the pain Johnston grabbed him by his hair and shoved him down to his knees. The other 4 quickly follow suit.

Pain and fear are excellent teachers of object lessons. I then told my suit to flip the lid up on my helmet. I wanted them to see my face, my blond hair and green eyes, an infidel. The look of confusion and fear was replaced with at first recognition, then anger and disgust as they digested the fact that I was not of them. Not of the children of Allah.

Looking at them, I said "I hold your life and death in my hand" as I balled my left gloved hand into a fist. I look at Johnston and nodded. He pulled out his sidearm and shot one of the men on low setting in the calf. He screamed like a stuck pig. The look of hatred quickly replaced with the look of fear as their situation sank in. "I could let you live... or I could let you die" I said, as I nodded to Johnston once more.

He grabbed the screamer, shoved the muzzle of his weapon into his mouth, slid the output on the weapon to max and squeezed the trigger. The man's skull exploded and the gray matter and chards of bones splattered everywhere and he screamed no more. The young girl screamed...and screamed...and screamed while the other three look at me and then Johnston and Smitty with abject fear. I said "Drunna, stop screaming". She stopped.

I sent a message via the implant to Johnston: "Find me a big fallen tree log". Turning to look at the four of them, I said. "I am looking for answers. I will ask each of you a question or two in turn. If you answer me to my satisfaction, I go to the next person. If you refuse to answer or lie we will take a piece of garment off of you. When you are naked, you will be raped repetitively by me and my men until you are dead. Do you understand me?"

There was a hushed silence and a look of confusion on the man's face. I looked at him, smiled and said "most don't care if you are a man, and you have a mouth and an asshole".. Before he said anything, Johnston said "Found one boss" over the section comm channel. "Come and help escort the prisoners" I replied. Two minutes later Johnston

and Smitty shoved them to a knoll in the woods where there was a big old fallen log.

I took the female prisoner that had defied me. Looking straight at her, I said. "Noorana, I like you. Since you refused to answer me twice already, it's only fair that I take two pieces of garment off first" as I grabbed her by the throat, tore off what's left of her tee shirt off and pulled attached bra off of her chest. The only thing covering her breasts was her button less tunic. She tried to spit in my face and groins kick me. I avoided the spit and let her kick. She screamed in pain when her boot encased bones of her foot met armor...I grabbed her by her hair and I said. If you try to spit or kick me again, I will glue your mouth shut, you will not be able to answer any questions. That means you will only last three questions before we rape you to death. Is that what you want bitch?" She shook her head. "So, you will be good?" I asked. She nodded and I noticed a tear forming in her eyes. I took my right glove off and squeezed her exposed breasts. Tears welled up but she no longer resisted.

I sat her down on the stump and went to the man. "So, what's your name?" I asked. "Khallad" he answered. "Good Khallad" as I moved him to the stump. Then I went to the woman and the teen.

"Asfanna, how are you related to Drunna?" I asked. "She's my sister" Asfanna replied. "She's pretty like you, don't you agree?" I asked. Confused, she didn't know what to say. "No answer, first garment" I said.

She pleaded "No...Please" as I pushed her onto her back on the forest floor, sat on her belly while I leisurely pulled out my Bowie and cut her pants off. For a good looking woman, she wore conservative, granny style panties. I sheathed the blade and pull her legs apart and played with her pantie cover cameltoes, paying attention to her clit while she is struggling to breath with me sitting on top of her diaphragm. Drunna screamed while Johnston and Smitty looked on, amused with my antics. After a couple of minutes, I stood up and I took her to the stump and had her on her knees on the ground instead of sitting on the log.

I went to Drunna and said to her "Drunna. I hate screaming. If you scream again I will cut your pants off and slice you throat while fucking you in the ass. You got that?" She nodded. "How old are you?" I asked. "Fifteen" she replied. I smiled and took her to the log to sit beside her sister.

I do enjoy my work.

Next, I went back to Noorana. "Face me" I said. She turned and faced me. "Are you married?" I asked. "No" She said. I think I like the answer. I grabbed her tits and played with them for a minute or so and she did not even move, she just turned her head away. I slapped her left tit hard. She screams while I said. "Look at me while I play with

your tits cow, do you understand?"□ She looked at me through her tear covered eyes and gritted out a "yes".

Alpha and Bravo sections are close to the village. I got a message on the HUD saying their ETA is about 5 minutes. I acknowledged and passed that info to Johnston to run with the recon teams, he nodded. I love the implant's neural interface. With the suit and the implants, I almost feel...telepathic.

Next, I went to Khallad. "Would you rather suck my dick or have my two men taking turns screwing you in the ass?" I asked. He didn't reply. So I said to Smitty "Decide what you want to remove." and moved to Asfanna as Smitty approached Khallad.

"Asfanna, are you married?" I asked. "No..." she replied. "Are you a virgin?" I asked. She didn't reply to that question so I cut the buttons off of her tunic and removed it. It was complicated to cut around the glue on the two arms. I squeezed her tits and she didn't even squirm. I guess after someone feels up your pussy, playing with your tee shirt covered tits is kind of anticlimactic.

"Drunna, I assume you have never been touched at 15" I said. "So, I have two questions for you. OK?" I asked "OK" she replied. Fearing that I would start removing her clothes if she hesitated. "My first one is this. Would you rather if I fuck you in your pussy or your asshole first?"□ She didn't answer. Just as I had expected. "Ok. Would you prefer to have my throat fuck you or ass fucks you first?" Again, no answer from her. I said I have to take two pieces of clothing off of you. If you scream I will fuck you in the ass and cut your throat. You don't want that right?" She shook her head, trying to keep quite while crying. "I am glad we understand each other" I said as I unbuttoned her tunic and slipped my hand under it to feel up her chest. I was debating if it's worth my while to take her top off when her sister interjected. "Take my clothes instead, you monster" she spat. "All in good time" I smiled and said "if you take her punishment, it would be 3 pieces instead of 2. That means you will only have one piece left. Are you prepared for that?" I asked. "You are going to kill us anyways" she said. "But would you want it to be painful and brutal or would you want your death to be fairly painless?"□ I responded. She didn't know how to respond. I chuckled. "Wrong answer bitch. If you take your sisters punishment, you have nothing left and we'd be forced to fuck you to death now." I continued, "If you die first, who's going to watch us fuck your sister death?" I had her. "That's one more piece for not answering Asfanna".

Drunna piped up "just take my clothes please" she begged. "Ok" I said. "Would you rather if I take them off myself or I unglue your hands and you do it yourself Drunna?" She hesitated. But before I could penalize her, she said "You do it". Exactly the answer I expected. "You do it PLEASE" I emphasized. "You do it please" Drunna muttered.

Psychology is a wonderful science.

Drunna's is has what I call developing tits, but we are running out of time so I said "I am going to remove the pieces off your sister first." As I approach Asfanna, I think she expected me to take off her panties and fuck her there and then. Instead, I cut the buttons off of her tunic, slashed her tee shirt like I did with Noorana and ripped the bra off of her. I took the other glove off and played with her hardening nipples while looking her in the eyes. She looks right back at me. I smiled and slid my hand inside her panties and rubbed her pussy and slid my middle finger into her puss. The bitch was soaking wet. Wait. Holy shit she's a virgin! But not for long I said to myself.

I went back to Drunna. "Hey", it's your turn" I said. I unbuttoned her trousers and unzipped her. She bit her lips and tried to stifle her tears. "I'm going to take off your shoes Drunna" I said. I did that and I removed her pants. The kid had better looking panties than her sister, and I can smell her wetness. I am going to enjoy this one I thought as I rubbed her little clit through the lacy materials as she grasped and her lubrication started to make the materials of her panties translucent. I stopped, smiled and said "ok". I think she started breathing again.

Next, I went to Noorana and asked her "OK, Noorana. Serious Question. Who was the shooter?" She didn't answer although I already knew the answer. "Ok, fair enough" I said. "Would you prefer if I fuck your pussy or asshole first?" No answer. "One last question Noorana, would you prefer if I tit fuck you or throat fuck you as foreplay?" No answer. But you can see the progressive look of despair in her eyes as she weighted the cost of defiance. She just lost the last 3 pieces of her garments and she knows she is not only going to lose her virginity momentarily, but she is going to be sodomised and literally be fucked to death by a bunch of monsters.

I smiled while I leisurely cut off her tunic and then her pants. "What should I do next?" I pretended like I was debating what I should do as I systematically removed her boots and her socks. Like Drunna, she wore a nice pair of panties too. They don't seem to like to shave but hey, it's never been unwrapped.

I looked into her eyes while rubbing her crack through the fabric. Then I licked my fingers, and slid the gusset of the panties aside, spread her labia apart and rubbed her clit. She moans and got visibly wetter. I slipped a finger into that puss and...Resistance! Wow! Yet another virgin. It's like they grow on trees here. I am going to LOVE this planet!!! She went from tears to sobs to openly crying now.

"Noorana, if you give me your word that you won't try to bite me and will try hard to suck my dick, I won't put a ring gag on you. I don't want to have to cut your throat during the throat fuck. Ok?" She just nodded her head and accepted her fate. I smiled and left her lying on top of the log and went to Khallad.

"Khallad", would you prefer if Smitty throat fucks you while Johnston fucks your ass or the other way around?" I asked. He didn't know what to say. "Wrong answer" I said "Johnston, you and Smitty figure this one out. And ring gag him to be safe."

"When you are done, let the other three have a turn and circle back on me back for some pussy here". If there is ever a shit eating grin, Johnston definitely has it.

I turned to the two sisters as Khallad is taken to the far end of the log. I see Smitty taking a ring gag out and tying it to his mouth while Johnston cuts off his briefs and disengaging his crotch armor. I see tears in Khallad's eyes wide as saucers when he saw Johnston's member. It's about a foot long and got some decent girth. I always wondered about these pure race religious worlds. How do they deal with the fact that they are about to be violently violated, then killed and end up in hell because they are now "dirty". The mental anguish is better than any knife or gun but I guess it really don't mean any different when its 1 dick, 2 dicks or 5 dicks in your ass after the first one...

Turning to the two sisters, "Final question Asfanna and Drunna... Who wants to be the first one to be fucked to death?" Both sisters started crying when I smiled said "wrong answer". I started removing the last vestiges of their garments. The smell of fear and arousal is definitely there when I started to cut their panties off. I turn them over on their bellies on the log so they are straddling it, took out my glue gun and glued the base of their feet together around the log, facing each other.

This way, their privates are fully exposed and no, they can no longer try to run. I took out the disinfectant foam, insert the nozzle into their pussies and assholes and let it do its job. After prepping the two sisters, I went to Noorana, took off my helmet and said "Are you ready?". She nodded as I disengaged the protective crotch piece off my armor. I have my big head exposed, my hands exposed and now my little head exposed. I stripped off the rest of her garments, bent her over the log and stuck the nozzle into her cunt and asshole to foam it.

Then I lifted her off of the log and sat her down on her knees on the forest floor. "Look at me and suck my dick now" I commanded. She looked at me, my dick, and tentatively started to open her mouth. Impatient and with a raging hard on, I grabbed her jaw and opened it up with my thumb as used my other hand to guide the first few inches of my dick into her mouth. I lathered my dick on her tongue and all around her mouth while looking at her face". She resigned and opened it even wider as I slid my blood engorged dick further into her mouth. I said "suck it" as she closed her mouth around my dick as I saw the first few inches in and out of her mouth as she applied suction. For someone that wanted to kill me half an hour ago, she is doing a fine

job sucking my dick as I saw more and more of my my mean into her mouth.

The sublime moment was shattered when Khallad gave this blood curdling scream when Johnston rammed his dick past his clenched sphincter. It abruptly stopped when Smitty took the opportunity and jammed his dick down his throat. It's hard to breathe much less scream when you have a dick in your windpipe.

Wow. Noorana had a look of panic on her face and tried to look in the direction of Khallad when she heard the scream. With her ears in my hand I steered her head back straight and refocused her eyes back to me simply by inserting another couple inches of my dick into her mouth. I'm about half way in, the tip of my dick must've tickled her tonsils while on its way down her throat as her gag reflex kicked in.

From a nice, sublime suck to having puke all over my dick took no more than a few seconds. Looking over, I saw the two sisters straining to stare at Noorana, with my dick still in her mouth and her last meal all over my crotch and my suit. I couldn't help but chuckle and I said "watch and learn". I can see the sheer look of terror in their eyes. For effect, I put the blade on Noorana's throat, just enough to break skin and draw a little blood. "You bitch!" I said "I should make you lick it clean...if you puke again or try to bite me and I'll cut your throat. Do you understand?" She nodded. "Time for more" I said as I stuck my thumbs into her mouth and held her jaw open when I jammed the rest of my dick home. She gagged but the cock stopped anything from coming out. I pulled my cock out of her throat and told her to breathe, she did. I then jammed it back in, pulled out and told her to breathe again. After four or five of these in and out thrusts she got the hang of it and wasn't gagging anymore. I detached the water and washed the puke off of my dick, my crotch and as an afterthought her face and chest. I have to say that throat fucks are great. Next, I told her to kneel on her knees, told her to spit on my dick just before I grabbed and squeeze her tits together to fuck her tits. I told her to suck my knob every time it pokes past her tits. She did. With the water and the spit, my cock glides over her tits and it feeling is... sublime. After about 10 minutes I had enough and stuck my dick back in her face. She didn't even hesitate a second while she swallowed my dick. It's nice and wet again when I got her off of her knees and set her on her back on top of the log. I started to rub her snatch and discovered that she was soaked. I smiled and slid my dick up and down her groove. She groaned and closed her eyes while I was sliding. I was lining up with little pokes to open up her cunt while sliding my dick up and down the slippery crack. With one quick snap of my hips, I am halfway in and this bitch. This child of Allah is now an infidel's woman as her eyes became saucers and a quick scream ensued while my dick invaded the rest of that tunnel. Two seconds later I bottomed out and my dick is pounding against her cervix.

Blood and my precum acted as the lubricant as I pull back and slammed that pussy again and again. In about a minute the look of pain was

replaced with ecstasy, in another minute she was coming like a fucking faucet, with the mixture of her blood and cum is running down the crack of her ass onto on the log.

I've been scooping up some of that and rubbing it onto her poophole as my finder push the mixture into her shitter. With her legs around my shoulders and her just starting to push back, it was easy to pulled out of her puss and in one swift motion, lined up and drilled into her cum lubricated asshole, well past her sphincter before the bitch can clench. Noorana screamed like a banshee "Take it out! It hurts!" At that moment, I think she can now relate to Khallad getting Johnston's foot long in his ass.

I pulled it out of her ass, shit and all. Walked over and shoved it in her face. She hesitated and I said that if she don't want her shit in her pussy, then she better suck it clean. She sucked. I then put my dick back in her pussy, as promised. She came twice more before I blew my first load of the day into that pussy. Cum was dripping out of her cunt while she laid there. I bit her nipple hard enough for a scream, leaving a shallow set of teeth marks I whispered into her ear that I decided to spare her life and we won't be fucking her to death, but she will have a few more loads of cum in her pussy and ass before we're done.

"No need to thank me" I said. She looked at me and started crying. She truly believed she was going to be killed after the debauchery, and thus allowed her young body to betray her. Now, she is going to suffer a fate worse than death. She is going to be an infidel's whore. I don't think she truly understood that her world, her religion and value system that she lived will not exists anymore.

I told her to shut up and suck me hard again. She did. It appeared that Johnston came in Khallad's ass and Smitty took over where Johnston left off. I moved off Noorana as Johnston came over, with the intent to drop a fresh load of cum into her cunt, but not before she had to suck Khallad's shit off of his dick. Jonny Johnston is more endowed than I am; she's in for a treat. Does anyone notice a pattern developing here?

While Noorana was wailing while Johnston is hammering her puss, I walked over to the sisters. Without a word, I flipped Asfanna over onto her back, with her legs still around the log and proceeded to squeeze her tits together to tit fuck her. She was watching and learning when Noorana was getting hers so she started to suck the tip of my dick when it poked pass her tits without any instructions. Her olive coloured tits against my lily white dick was such a contrast, I noted as the sun rises over the horizon.

I then throat fucked her while her sister watched me burying 9 inches into her mouth. Unlike Noorana, Asfanna didn't gag and throw up. Good thing too because I only have a few liters of water left in my suit and I don't want to be washing puke off my dick and crotch all the

time. I fed her a little water, flipped her over onto her belly again. I stood behind her legs and played with her pussy, rubbing it up and down her crack dick while I rubbed her rosebud. I was looking at her sister; her face was a mixture of fear and curiosity.

I was also scooping up her juices and rubbing it into her crack. She was soaked to the point of dripping wet when I lined up and plowed into her asshole. Did she ever scream and scream loud as I buried my pole into that shithole. Ten minutes later she had an anal induced orgasm and she squirted all over my crotch. I nodded as Smitty sauntered over, slid his dick into her mouth and made her off clean Khallad's shit. I stepped over to her sister while Asfanna looked at me with a question in her eyes and a dick in her mouth.

"He's the poor bastard that you shot", so I thought he should have the first crack at you as restitution" I said as she begins to understand. She did not even resist when Smitty walked over to her back side and lined up. She and whimpered when he put that dick of his all the way up her snatch in one stroke. Smitty managed to rip up her hymen, taking her virginity and slammed his dick past her cervix in one smooth stroke. He must have fucked her for a good half hour before he blew his load in her once virgin cunt hole. I saw cum and blood dripping out of her snatch as he pulled out Johnston was getting ready to slide in.

I sprayed neutralizer on Drunna's hands and feet as the 2 part adhesive dissolved. I told her to wipe the residue off on what was left of her garments and then to suck my dick hard again and she did. I like the smell of young pussies, they smell so... fresh. I held her upside down as she blew my dick and I chewed on her clit and tongued her pussy for a while. I then turned her right side up gain when my dick is hard. With my hip resting on the log, I looked at her as I opened her pussy lips with my fingers and positioned my dick. It is so sublime to see her cunt stretch around my dick and her labia wrapped around the head.

I took her feet that were resting on the log, and let her body weight slowly impaled her cunt onto my dick. Drunna is so fucking tight I thought I was going to lose the skin off of my dick as she glide down my pole as she was crying from the pain. A little ways in my dick hit resistance. I snapped my hip upwards to break the hymen. She screamed a little and my dick continues to slide into that tight chute. About a minute later, with the help of gravity, her blood and my precum, I managed to slip the rest of the way in and pass cervix with my pole.

This is a good, slow fuck after cumming a couple of times as my implant adjusted my biochemistry. Did I tell you that I loved my implants?

I must've fucked her for a good half hour before I came. She came so many times she passed out. When she came to, I made her suck me hard again. I proceeded to turned her over and opened her poop chute. She

was trying to crawl away from me as I sank my pole into her shitter. I thought her pussy was tight but her asshole was like a fucking vice grip. She screamed so much when I plumbed her back passage I thought for sure she was going to be mute when this was done. I whispered "if you don't stop screaming I'm going to have to cut your throat", she just ignored me and kept right on screaming. Pissed off, I hauled back until only the tip was in her asshole and slammed it all the way in, knocking the wind out of her. Once, twice, three times while she screamed even louder. She passed out after the fifth ass slam... I just kept fucking away until my third cum of the day. I pissed on her face to wake her up and had her clean my shit, cum and blood covered dick while telling her I am so merciful for not cutting her up.

I called in the perimeter and let the other three have a turn after I fucked Noorana and Asfanna once more for good measure. After we're done, we put our gear back on and contacted support services. Their ETA is about an hour.

These three were being picked up and processed as we move to objective one. If our cum don't take, they will be fucked again, and again until they are impregnated or determined sterile.

Epilogue

The only prisoner that was truly fucked to death was Khallad. The last fuck in his ass came from Keene's foot long schlong. Keene had the decency of giving Khallad a reach around while pounding that asshole. Khallad came when Keene blew his load at the same time he squeezed the trigger that blew out most of the front of his head.

The reason we are spending three standard earth weeks in Abdullah VI was both evil and delicious. On the way down, I spend most of the descent reading the briefs. One of the key objectives was the systematic impregnation of as many of the natives as possible. The client wants all virile male survivors of Abdullah VI to become indentured employees across 60 light years and tens and thousands of shitholes, and for them to spread their genetic materials into all parts of the galaxy, while the remaining females on planet will be bred and providing the next generation of mix breed humans that will be the foundation of next 100 years of mining of the Abdullah system. This is the corporate strategy have un place to extinguish these militant pure race cultures to ensure there will be no indigenous resistance under the new corporate management.

This corporate strategy to assimilate the religious and pure race worlds is so Machiavellian. With between 5 to 20 million females left alive on planet, and upwards of 85 million new indentured employees in chains being sent wherever they are needed. This campaign is going to be a financial success for our client and Abdullah VI is going to be a huge profit center for our client when they realign their workforce.

With 200,000 security officers with high grade genetics blowing their nuts on average of 50 to 100 females each. If there are as many tighties around as I suspect, this is going to be three glorious week. Happy hunting, indeed.