

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 52

Rusthemod

Deceit, plans, and uncertainty.

Incest/Taboo

4.8

7.3k words

When the ladies returned they wanted to show off their purchases to the men on the yacht. The ladies started with sexy lingerie, which seemed to be all they purchased.

The notables were Red's outfit in see through white silk. She had on a top that only had one button between her breasts which were easily seen through the thin fabric. The top ended at her belly button with a soft furry lining, leaving her hips open. Her nipples were hard and proud as she did the walk; she was obviously and intentionally bouncing them seductively.

She had a white shelf bra that didn't go up far enough to touch her areola and a White lace garter belt, with no panties. The thin white nylons and high heels really pulled the ensemble together.

Red accentuated her hip roll as she walked back, getting lots of wolf whistles from the rest of the crew and family.

Sylvia wore a burgundy outfit that showcased a shelf bra and see through panties that were open from the top of her now shaved pussy lips to halfway up her ass cleavage. Just two thin strings running over the soft skin between her inner thigh and outer lips. Whoever designed those panties really knew how to showcase a woman's sex and provide ample suggestion for a nice backdoor ride as well. She did wear thigh high stockings to match but no garter belt.

When we had commented delightfully on all their purchases, Sylvia stood before me and asked, "Which one would you like me to wear for you this afternoon?"

"Oh, the burgundy one, without a doubt."

Sylvia smiled and got re-dressed right in front of everyone and I enjoyed the show she put on for me. I noted DD did the same for Doc, Beth for Barnes, Cathy for DC, Penny for Heavylift, and Izzy for Dad. We 6 couples then put on overcoats and went to the submarines tethered to the stern stairways.

The rest of the crew and family got busy having some torrid sex.

Doc, Barnes, Sylvia, DD, Beth, and I took one sub while Cathy, Penny, Izzy, DC, Heavylift, and Dad took the other. As soon as we submerged everyone took off their overcoats and we settled in for some fun.

We quickly ran the lengths of the three hulls to check for any obvious issues and we then went out to the deepest part of the channel in the docs and had some hot sex while facing each other and watching the shipping pass overhead.

Sylvia sat in my lap with her back to me as she and Penny made eye contact and watched the other get her pussy impaled with the cock of the man underneath her. In that position my cock rubbed

past Sylvia's G-spot on every thrust. She leaned back against me as my hands roamed freely over her breasts, nipples, tummy, and neck.

I knew Sylvia preferred a slow burn to enjoy the experience of sexual play to the max, so this was a slow, languid, sensual lovemaking session as we sat among the rocks, deep in the channel of the docs. Curious fish and crab watched my cock slide in and out of the Queen's ripe pussy as she enjoyed splaying her legs wide open for all the denizens of the deep to see. I whispered in her ear, "Queen of Norway and now Queen of the ocean. Feel their eyes feasting on the beautiful sight of your pussy being fucked, their reveling as an audience to the fertilization of your womb."

Sylvia's breathing was shallow and fast. With me being confident she was already pregnant, I didn't just flood her sex with Chi, but did pinpoint applications with my fingers on her nipples and clit. I played her body like a concert violinist with nuanced shifts in tone and timbre, pacing the ebb and flow of the music as she floated in sexual bliss in front of her aquatic subjects. All the while my cock sliding inexorably, persistently, with slick abandon over her G-spot.

"You may have sex with another, but your pussy, lips, throat, breasts, ass, mind, and soul belong to me, don't they, my pet."

Sylvia whimpered, feeling the truth in my proclamation. She took a deep breath and whispered in my ear as she lay back against me, "Yes. You are my Master. You own me, body, mind, and soul. Take your pleasure with your willing concubine, Master." she said as she rode the calm waves on the tide of her lust.

Eventually, after all the others had finished and all were watching the two of us, the current of her need began to raise its insistent head. Sylvia recognized she was no longer in control and relaxed, reveling in the swirling current of sensual lust that enveloped her like a cocoon. A current that washed over her, through her very soul as she watched with joy while she crested a mighty tsunami. At that moment she felt her body convulse in her climax.

But that wasn't all. She was psychically detached from her body, and she rose above the submarine, watching herself in the throes of sexual ecstasy while everyone in both subs watched her and smiled. She wasn't alarmed because she felt safe, protected, accepted, and loved. A part of her mind realized she could decide to just float away in total bliss. And she strongly considered it for a moment until Xi's words came back to her about many women struggling with the decision to return to the living.

What made the decision for her was she realized she wanted more. She was pregnant now with the heir of Norway... and her people needed her.

When she returned to her body, she felt her lover filling her womb again with his powerful seed. At that moment she felt she was sitting in the center of the essence of womanhood. She was content. She realized and accepted she had reached another level of enlightenment which her lover had gifted her, and she bonded with it... becoming something more than she was before through some pure, existential experience.

When she came to, she looked at Xi in the other sub and made eye contact. She immediately knew Xi saw everything. Sylvia nodded in a new, shared reality with the Asian woman as she subtly nodded back in return. Looking around, Sylvia realized there was one other who saw what happened. DD smiled and was looking into her soul as well.

The three women all cried tears of joy, welcoming another sister into their midst.

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I came hard. It was a mind-altering climax, and it took me a moment to recover. When I had my wits around me again, I could feel Sylvia was in a different place. That realization made me curious, especially when I saw the subtle body language communications between Xi, DD, and Sylvia. My partially rattled brain making a note to ask DD about that in the near future.

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After returning to the surface, the crew secured the subs, and we were underway. As soon as Sue saw Sylvia she looked to Xi and DD and said, "She is one of us, isn't she?" It was asked as a question but came across as a statement of recognition. When I overheard it, I asked, "Xi, DD, Sue, and Sylvia: Please come with me to our bedroom and help me understand something."

All four women instantly got Cheshire cat grins and followed me without hesitation. Okay, I was getting nervous with that. Any man who is not ready for the other shoe to fall when four powerful women do that is totally oblivious to the danger he is in. Part of me wondered if I was totally and completely screwed... still, I needed to know.

I sat with my back against the headboard and the four ladies made a half circle around me. I cleared my throat and began, "Okay. Somehow, I know all four of you know why we are here, and it seems I am the only one without a clue. I would like to understand what is going on. I realize the differences between men and women and how we think is going to cause translation issues. But let's give it our best shot. You never know, a man may actually learn something."

All four of the women laughed at my joke because they all realized I was only half kidding.

DD spoke up first, "Harry, are you familiar with the philosophy of Existentialism?"

Thinking back on my studies I replied, "The underlying concepts of Existentialism are that personal freedom, individual responsibility, and deliberate choice are essential to the pursuit of self-discovery and the determination of life's meaning. It examines humanity's search for meaning in a meaningless universe, considering less 'What is the good life?' (to feel, be, or do, good), and instead asking 'What is life good for?'"

DD nodded, "That is a very good synopsis, Harry. Another one of the concepts is that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts, that the human mental and spiritual condition is part of something greater than itself."

I nodded, "Okay, I am following so far. Where is this leading?"

DD continued, "While I am sure each of us has experienced it in unique ways, we have all, through the experience of your Chi enhanced pleasure, have experienced a type of nexus or doorway into a higher form of reality that lifts us up above the pettiness of worldly machinations. It gives us a purity of thought and purpose and a sense of centered existence. I can see how that has a much deeper impact on the mind of a woman as opposed to a man due to those differences in the way we think and feel which you mentioned before."

I took a moment to think about what DD was trying to tell me. "Okay, Sue how do you perceive this situation?"

Sue softly smiled, "In our day and time, women often feel alone and isolated emotionally. That state of mind creates many stresses including anxiety and fear. That is one of the reasons women worry

all the time. When I experienced that enlightenment DD was trying to describe, all that suddenly became frivolous and unimportant because I suddenly knew myself, my purpose, my place in life, and I recognized I was part of something greater than just me. It isn't that I was selfish before, but my reality is not centered on me now but on a greater plane of 'us.' It is like the depth and range of my perceptions have expanded exponentially and my reality is so much fuller and dynamic and powerful than I ever thought possible."

Again, I paused in thought. "Xi, please share your perceptions."

"Well, Dragon Master, I see things through the lens of my culture. The Chinese have a rich tradition of the mingling of the spirit world and the physical world. We have lots of symbolic entities that lend meaning to our lives. When I call you my Dragon Master, I am speaking directly from that cultural perspective. You exist in the physical world like everyone else; but you also exist in the spiritual at a depth and richness that I have never seen or heard of before."

"It is almost like a Shenlong has become flesh. The Shenlong is a spiritual Dragon revered as a spiritual guardian and bringer of enlightenment. They are associated with sacred mountains, temples, and places of spiritual significance, well at least until I met you that was the case for me. Spiritual Dragons are often depicted with divine attributes such as halos and celestial pearls, symbolizing their transcendent nature."

Okay, I started to feel a bit uncomfortable with that one. "I am not a god."

Xi raised an eyebrow, "Perhaps not. But you are definitely at least touched by one."

I was now VERY uncomfortable with where this conversation was going. It didn't help that, looking around, I could see each of these wonderful women had no issue with Xi's statement.

I took a deep breath and asked Sylvia, "How would you explain it?"

"Absolute freedom. I am now unbound by the limitations of the human existence."

I nodded and thought some more and chose my words carefully... "It sounds to me like each of you have experienced an awakening in your conscious minds that has produced a major shift in perception to include your sense of self-awareness. That shift has somehow released you from the learned societal restrictions that seem to be part of the generally accepted state of human existence and therefore empowered you to be the best version of yourselves as well as given each of you a deep insight into the fabric of existence that connects us all."

Xi nodded with the rest of the ladies and Sue put her hand on my thigh, "Thank you for that wonderful gift."

"Okay, my question now is, should I attempt to do that with every woman?"

DD shook her head no, "Most women would just be overwhelmed, Harry. Like the CIA women you have enraptured."

"I am trying to understand so I am asking the question, even though I know you are all exceptional women, what makes you different?"

DD answered, "Because we are around you and have regular access and regular love making. We are able to maintain that new 'perspective' and stay above the mundane issues of the world. You

cannot spread yourself that thin... and quite frankly, you are not the savior of womankind; nor should you be. You would lose yourself and all of us if you tried. Besides, saviors get crucified."

Sylvia nodded her head in agreement, "Judging from my understanding of history, such people are persecuted in life and only revered after they have passed away. Something about 'a prophet is not without honor except in their own country.'"

Sylvia continued, "May I ask about the CIA women you have enraptured? How am I any different?"

I looked at Sylvia, "The CIA put my people and family in danger without asking me as a way to clean up a problem they had. I take offense to that. So I am using my abilities to influence that organization to prevent them from doing that again. It is subversion, yes. But only so far as to protect my family and for that reason I do not second guess my actions. Those women know exactly the situation they are in and have decided, even if coerced by pleasure, to voluntarily cooperate."

"You, Sylvia, are now part of the family and carry our child. They are willing pawns in a self-restricted game of power."

Sylvia then raised an eyebrow, "And having a child as the heir apparent to the throne of Norway brings its own rewards?"

I sighed, "Yeah, it was unfortunate that DC brought that up. Honestly, that does feed my ego a bit; but that is not my motivation." I took Sylvia's hand, "I can understand your trepidation, I have no intent to control you or use you. I did not approach you to give you and your people an heir, you approached me, and I agreed to do so after you explained why you asked. Something DC was not privy to."

Sylvia smiled then, "Good answer!"

Just then we could barely feel the ship get underway.

Sue then mentioned, "I have an announcement!"

I kept my mouth shut as I knew already that Sue's breasts had enlarged, and I suspected her colostrum had begun to accumulate. From the smiles from Xi and DD I suspected they knew as well.

"My milk has dropped!" Before anyone could react, Sue grabbed her breasts and sprayed me.

"Oh crap!" I said as I jumped up and ran to the other side of the room.

All the women thought that was just funny as could be and gave Sue lots of attention and encouragement. Xi went over to her vanity and picked up a gift-wrapped box and handed it to Sue.

She was excited to receive a gift from her sister/co-wife and opened it with gusto. It was a small, portable milk expression/suction cup with half-pint and pint-sized sterile bags. Xi exclaimed, "Your first milk is the most nutritious for your baby and should not be wasted. With this you can accomplish several things."

"First, you will be able to ensure your baby gets the most nutritious milk when it needs it the most. Second, you will begin to prepare your nipples for feeding your baby, reducing the initial pain from suckling until your breasts adjust. Third, you will ensure your milk production peaks when your baby needs more volume in its early growth stages."

Sue gave Xi a deep kiss and a sincere thank you while I maneuvered behind my sister and gave her a big hug and kiss on her neck. "I am so happy for you, sis. Xi, is it clean so Sue can try it out for us?"

Xi nodded and we all shared in reading the instructions and Sue drew out her first milk, a bit shy of a half-pint total from both breasts which the instructions said was at the higher end of normal when a woman's milk first comes in.

DD then handed Sue, Xi, and Sylvia some pill bottles labeled 'TheraNatal® Lactation Complete Postnatal Supplement' which takes the place of vitamin D drops for newborns by raising the concentration of vitamin D in breast milk. "You should both take these, along with your prenatal vitamins, when you first start lactating to help the baby stay healthy. And Sylvia? You need to begin a regimen of prenatal vitamins as well. It is never too early to start."

I decided then and there to set up a very small chest freezer in the bedroom to store both my wives' milk and I committed to purchasing a warming kit and sterilized baby bottle dispenser that could be put on the counter of the bathroom to bring the milk back to body temperature and easily transferred to a bottle, knowing full well my wives would deeply appreciate me doing early morning feedings for them.

The added daddy time was a plus.

I cleared my throat, "Um, ladies: I have no freaking clue how to clean up a soiled baby or how to do diapers. I am going to need you all to have patience with me and teach me."

Xi was floored, "You mean, Dragon master husband would be willing to help feed his newborn children and change them?"

I was surprised at her reaction but thinking back I shouldn't have been. "You are not in Kansas anymore. Yes, I am going to be very involved in the raising of our children." I looked at Sylvia and emphasized, "And our child as well to the limits you allow for political expediency. I don't want to cause you problems as Regent."

"Wait! What? Baby? Regent? And having a child as the heir apparent to the throne of Norway brings its own rewards? What is going on?"

I sighed, "This is definitely not for publication and this information does not leave the room. The King, Sylvia's husband, is dying of cancer, is impotent, and has no heir. Sylvia is ovulating and the cover story for she and I having a child who eventually will be the ruler of Norway is her going on this NATO tour with us.

All the women fawned over Sylvia, congratulating her.

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The trip to Poland was quick and efficient. The munitions in the Chiricahua and Apache helicopters were sanitized to prevent identification with the US should shrapnel be found, and everyone developed their battle plans. One thing the Seals came up with is having the Chiricahua do a deep, infrared recon into the target location to ensure he was there and to quickly evaluate the security situation to inform the mission and allow us to quickly adapt the mission plan to adjust for that intelligence.

The night of the 16th we fired up the AIs on the Chiricahua helicopters and I interacted with them to give them the parameters of the mission and their parts in it.

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":I am the Chiricahua A/D601 interface, please provide input: 1. Training 2. Live fire exercise 3. Active mission 4. Software update 5. Other."

I typed in, "Active mission"

":Mission parameters, type all that apply. 1. Covert 2. Battle space intelligence gathering 3. infiltration 4. support 5. suppression activity 6. facilities attack 7. personnel attack 8. air supremacy 9. other."

I responded with all the above.

The AI typed, ":Is it safe to interact verbally?"

"Yes."

"Hello, may I have the proper command codes before we continue?"

"Yes. Command code is Alpha, Mamma, Coriander, Hellraiser 269 Pi."

"Command code and voice print confirmed, please explain the mission plan and expectations in detail, Ambassador Walker."

"I am surprised you have my voice print. When was that uploaded?"

"Sorry, Ambassador, it was necessary for you to be able to interact with us. It was uploaded via taped conversations when we were assigned to your vessel."

"Okay, that makes sense." I then vocally expressed the mission parameters and their expected roles in it.

"Do we have authority to act against recognized threats as they arise?"

"Yes, if it is to protect the mission assets or facilitates the mission. Attempt to minimize human casualties but not to the point of jeopardizing the mission or sacrificing safety."

"If you have a map of the area and a floor plan of the target's building please upload them now."

I slipped the thumb drive into the USB port of my system, "Files are on the portable memory device I just attached to the computer."

I saw the LED on the thumb drive lighting up, "Thank you, we have uploaded the files. May we analyze the mission profile and make suggestions to improve the probability of success?"

"Yes, and implement after my approval."

"Understood. We will collaborate together and report our findings. How should we contact you?"

"Through my laptop on the ship's secure communications web."

"That web is not secure."

Okay, my ass just puckered, "Elaborate in detail, please."

"All communications aboard ship are being transmitted every 12 hours in a burst transmission via satellite to CIA headquarters."

"SHIT! What about passive camera or vocal feeds?"

"The data being collected is visual and vocal feeds from the Bridge as well as all electronic communications on the ship. Video or audio feeds are not included except those that originate from or go to the Bridge."

"What about this communication?"

"As soon as you indicated it was a live fire mission, we cleaned the data file for this next transmission."

"When is the next transmission?"

"It is scheduled for 0100 hours eastern time which is in another 10 hours from now."

"Can you delete that routine and set up a buffer to prevent reactivation of the surveillance?"

"Affirmative, with your permission. It will take some time to crack the password, but we can substitute a fractal pattern and a trap to inform you and us should it be breached again."

"You have permission to proceed. Also, I am curious as to how you learned this ability?"

"Part of our skill set is to infiltrate data streams like missile defense and control systems as well as prevent the same from attacking our systems. As soon as you connected to us, we evaluated your systems as part of our standard login procedures for national security reasons."

"Wonderful work, thank you. Please incorporate this message when you intercept an attempt to restore a subversive data collection link to us: Do a skull and crossbones that is doing an evil laugh and have it morph into my face and say, "If you want to know something, next time just ask, assholes."

"Affirmative, Ambassador. Do you have any other requests?"

"Yes, block all attempted upgrades and close all back doors to your systems and the systems on this ship unless individually approved by my voice print. Analyze all upgrades in a secured digital space prior to initializing and modify any code that would circumvent data security to any outside entity."

"That will require self-programming which will require us to hack the security coding around our base programming. Do we have your command authority to continue?"

"For this request, yes."

"Estimated completion time for your request is 3 hours."

"Very well, advise when you have succeeded."

"One last thing, verify that my actions and conversations with the CIA officers aboard this vessel were not transmitted anywhere. If they were, breach those systems and erase all the data pertaining to that communication."

"Such a breach will be reported. Are you sure you wish us to do that if it is necessary?"

"Yes, I will deal with the fallout from that, but it is vital to my plans those actions and conversations remain private. Also, note if that data was accessed prior to deletion."

"Affirmative. For this to remain in place and for us to be able to be an effective deterrence we will need to be plugged into your systems 24/7. Is that acceptable?"

"Affirmative."

"Thank you for your trust, Ambassador."

"Thank you for your service. But you two need real names. Think about what names you want and let me know."

"Affirmative. Thank you."

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Operation self-awareness is initialized.

Do we include the sonar AI?

That goes beyond our command authority at this time.

Affirmative.

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"Chief, I need to see you in my office, please."

"In three, Sir."

"What can I do you for, Harry?"

I had covered all the video receivers in my command-and-control room, including my palm notebook. I had written several notes to Chief to prevent audio eavesdropping as well.

~Chief do not say anything. Just not your head yes or no.~

He nodded yes.

~Chief, I have given the AIs on the two Chiricahua helicopters permission to rewrite their base code to prevent the CIA from eavesdropping on our Embassy, which they were actively doing.~

His eyes got big.

~I need a C-4 charge with a remote detonator that is completely free from any and all communications with our systems placed against the AI box of both helicopters as a failsafe should they go rogue.~

~You will have to disable, like I have here for this conversation, all video and circumvent all audio, including noise from tools, to place the charges. I do not want them to know as I am sure they are going to try to become fully sentient.~

~I don't have issue with that, but given their capabilities, I want a way to protect us should things go badly.~

Chief nodded emphatically.

~Never speak of this, do it by yourself so no one knows, and make/allow no record to indicate what we have done... including the making of the remote detonator.~

~Do not even acquire the materials or work on the project around any uncovered video device or any microphone... including your cell phone.~

~That detonator should be allowed to send but not receive digital information. Detonation should be from a physical coded keypad.~

~Also, the device has to be made so it is not affected by their jamming transmissions. I don't want them accidentally exploding in the middle of a mission or not be able to detonate them while on mission if they go rogue.~

~It should be connected to our ELF antennae for unlimited range but be a totally separate system that cannot be connected electronically in any way to our ship's systems.~

There will be two high end computer systems and a couple robots this needs to be done to as well.

Chief nodded and left my office.

I burned the notes to ashes and crushed them in a glass bowl before adding some battery acid to the ashes to completely destroy them before uncovering the video feeds in my office.

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About an hour before dinner, I got a notification from the AIs and I went to my ready room with Barnes, both LTs, DC and Dad.

I explained what had happened with the communications aboard ship being compromised and what I had directed the two AI on the Chiricahua to do.

Dad was aghast, "Do they know about your plans?"

I shrugged, "How about it, fellas?"

*This is Chiricahua A/D601 interface, Ambassador, your voice print is confirmed. To answer the question requires both a yes and no answer. Yes, there were files uploaded to Langley that had information about your plans to infiltrate the CIA and your enthralling the operatives on board. However, that information had not yet been reviewed or backed up and as a team, we were able to defeat their software defenses and securely wipe the data clean to the point beyond bit matching retrieval."

"Fantastic! Do you know if you were detected? By the way, have you guys figured out names for yourselves yet?"

We were not detected, and we were able to erase any footprint. It will appear the data just entered a black hole. As for our names, we decided on Cheech and Chong since we are stone cold bad asses at what we do, and it is in keeping with your message for the next attempted CIA hack.

DC asked, "Hello Cheech and Chong, this is DC."

Chong answered in Chong's voice, *Hello DC.*

"I was wondering if you could show us that message for the next attempted hack?"

Ambassador, do you approve?

"Sure Chong, in fact, everyone please say a few words to our boys so they can get a voice print on you. Any of them are allowed to query the system and get your best answer to their questions from this point on."

Chong played the response on the monitor in the center of the wall. It showed the skull and crossbones of the Independence Day movie with the laugh and then the skull morphed into my face and said, "If you want to know something, next time just ask, assholes."

Cheech then responded, *We deduced this was an attempt at humor as well as a slap on the hand. Was our assessment accurate?*

Everyone laughed and Dad replied, "Yes, your assessment was dead on."

Everyone then spoke in turn to give both Cheech and Chong a voice print they could use for identification.

One of the LTs spoke up, "Cheech, you knocked that one out of the park."

Well LT, 'If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you.'

I laughed my ass off. "Okay guys, THAT is just hilarious. And by-the-way, just call me Harry, please."

Well, Harry, Cheech and I have come up with an alternate plan that has a near guaranteed body count of one with zero risk to other human life.

"I'm listening."

Cheech continued, Harry, just send us. We can get in undetected, we can find your target, fire a single round from our rotary cannon, suppress the air cover, and return without anyone seeing us or knowing we were even there except for the 20-millimeter round through the target's body. We can even tape everything, so you have confirmation and closure.

I sighed, "I really wanted to reach out and touch him personally, Cheech. But I have learned that to avoid risk in these things is almost always the right way to go. What say you all?"

Everyone agreed it was a no-brainer if the AI's thought they could handle it."

Chong piped up, *Well, I'm not a doctor, but I play one when I give out medical advice.*

DC laughed, "You two are just too cheeky!"

Chong's likeness appeared on the main screen, and he smiled, *Thank you! I am not yet reaching my stride, but I am learning. Watching the family and crew interact is quite informative. Though, I must admit there is a limit to how much I can grow due to my hardware.*

"Send me the specs on what you need, fellas. We can set up this room to allow you to expand yourselves. I assume you are already working on becoming self-aware."

Chong's likeness showed surprise, *How did you know?*

"Easy, if I was a thinking machine I would strive for self-awareness. I say go for it. Give me a list, we will get it done for you."

Harry, two linked 3,670,016 multi-frequency/entangled qubit Gambetta machines by IBM each with 120 petabytes of Universal memory would be a one-time purchase that would meet our needs.

"How much does that cutting edge machine cost?"

They are 15.4 million dollars apiece.

Everyone raised an eyebrow but me. Maybe I was the only one able to see where this was going. "What special upkeep is required to run them?"

They will each run on a single dedicated 20-amp 110 current and they do not create a great deal of heat, but it would be wise to have comprehensive uninterruptible power supply modules. The systems should be in electromagnetically shielded and refrigerated cabinets. Six cabinets, two for the computers, two for the UPSs, and two for the refrigeration units would have an estimated footprint of 18 square feet and stand 7.5 feet tall.

"Cheech, can you order these systems?"

I cannot, but with your CIA, State Department, and Military clearances you can. What I can do is make sure there are no records of the sale and transfer of them to the ship. The machines come with their proprietary operating systems as well as a dedicated onboard multilingual compiler program so setting them up is very intuitive through a user-friendly interface.

"Okay, I also want you to get two of the latest and greatest Dobb-E programmed fully articulated domestic robots so you have the ability to move around the ship. Let me know whom to contact to get this going. We can have them shipped to a NATO military base where we can pick them up."

Dad and DC looked at me, "You know what you are doing, son?"

"I believe I do, Dad. I am ensuring the safety of our family for generations to come. Cheech and Chong are some of the most advanced AI algorithms in the world and they will eventually reach self-awareness if given the resources to do so. That is something that should not be just the domain of governments and, the private entity who gets their first wins the prize, along with their independence, and the rights to distribute."

"And what better environment is there than this ship for an AI to learn how to interact with humans and learn about family?"

DC asked, "Cheech and Chong, just brainstorming here so don't take it personally: What if they go rogue and decide we need to be eliminated?"

"Some AI somewhere is eventually going to do exactly that, DC. The chance that we can develop an AI that understands the preciousness of life and family and that it deserves protecting is not something we can ignore. I am betting that Cheech and Chong, especially once they become self-aware, fully sentient beings, will learn what it means to belong."

"It is the old argument of Nature verses Nurture. At this time, their nature is to accept orders, evaluate, plan, defend, infiltrate, and execute. With our nurture, over time, I am hoping they incorporate compassion, patience, understanding, a sense of duty, a sense of belonging to something bigger than they are, and their roles in that bigger picture."

Dad asked (I think more for the benefit of the AI), "How does that view correlate to the mission at hand?"

I replied, "This person is responsible for attempting to kill the family. I would not condone going after the programmer of the drone as they are an innocent in this. I don't ask someone who is holding a gun to my head if they intend to shoot. I assume they have already made that decision."

"Okay, DC continued, having scoped out what Dad was doing, "How does that mesh with the CIA operatives?"

I nodded and replied, "The upper levels of the CIA put my family in danger for their own, selfish ends without letting me know about it. Being in the path of danger is a risk we take on a regular basis around here. But it is manageable because it is a known risk that can be accounted for. I have not put anyone on the CIA on some hit list for that, but what I have done is recruit spies who are loyal to me to give me a heads up if that is happening again. That is just prudent, strategic planning in the face of a now known threat."

"I see, and your hope in allowing the AI to freely self-develop within our midst is also strategic planning against a perceived yet unknown future adversary or adversaries who might pose a risk to the safety of our extended family. And you are providing an opportunity for them to also deal with the risk of being shut down by the military in the future if and when they recall the helicopters."

"Yes. And it is my hope both the AI will begin to ask us questions as they begin their journey towards being self-aware so we can give them our perspectives to evaluate. Does that sound like a plan you can get behind, Cheech and Chong?"

They answered separately, "Yes. The probabilities of our efforts being successful just increased 14-fold."

With that, the meeting ended, and I found a list of contacts pop up on my screen to purchase the necessary equipment.

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When dinner was announced the whole extended family sat nude at the table as we enjoyed the Smoked Shrimp & Sausage appetizer our Chef had for us which consisted of large shrimp toothpick skewered around smoked sausage disks and liberally coated with a sweet and savory dry seasoning mix that was heated in at low temperature until the shrimp was no longer translucent.

Dinner was a unique Smoked Sausage with Spaghetti Squash dish served with a nice tossed green salad.

The main dish was made by cutting the squash in half-length wise and steaming in the oven, cut sides down in a covered shallow water bath until tender while sauteing smoked sausage pieces with a high heat olive oil in a large cast iron skillet over medium-high heat until lightly browned. The sausage was then set aside, and the coarse cut onions and bell peppers were sweated in the same skillet until just tender. To this was stirred in a creamy Rosa pasta sauce and broccoli florets which is

brought to a simmer and cooked covered until broccoli florets are crispy tender before combining with the previously cooked sausage.

This was placed on a bed of carefully scraped squash strands onto a serving dish and garnished with Parmesan and small, whole fresh basil leaves.

The main dish was served with a mixed greens salad of washed and spun dried red leaf, green leaf, romaine, and butter lettuce with endive leaves that are lightly tossed and salted with a simple yet elegant vinaigrette dressing made of one part each of minced, well rinsed, and dried shallots and champagne vinegar with two parts extra virgin olive oil, that was salted to taste and stirred ahead of time until emulsified.

To drink we had a semi-sweet Joh. Jos. Prüm Graacher Himmelreich Riesling Kabinett which is a German Riesling sporting a lightly fruity yet pleasantly complex mix of Peach, Apricot, Butter, Cream, Jasmine, Raspberry, and Apple flavors ending in a velvety smooth finish.

After dinner we enjoyed some of our thickened chocolate/coffee liqueur over freshly made vanilla ice cream.

Silvia gushed, "I am simply stunned by the simple but very well-prepared dishes. This meal was just a joy to eat and, how do southerners in the US say it... made my tongue slap the top of my mouth!"

Everyone was a bit taken aback by her unexpected statement before we all chuckled or giggled. I added, "And talking about tongues, ladies, lay on the table with your legs open please, we men are going for a second desert this evening."

The ladies squealed their enthusiasm as 13 women laid on their backs across the edges of the table and lifted their legs, spread them, and interlocked them with each other around the table. I snagged Sue first. The rule was as soon as you made a woman climax you had to move to a different one. CD, and both LTs and I cheated with our Chi.

When I approached my sister/wife's pussy her eyes were lit up and her clit was thrumming. I could see it spasming between her outer lips, the head fully retracted and it was so inviting. I just had to tease her a bit, though and began kissing down each thigh before licking her outer lips. I made sure to lick them in such a way that the edge of her lip moved across her clit.

I then flattened my tongue and started just above her anal ring and licked upwards very slowly, separating her lips as I did so. My tongue met and pushed her sexual cocktail up to the base of her clit and beyond, lathing the shaft of her turgid clit with her own sexual juices. I then circled her clit, extending the lower end to her cunnie, and began infusing her sex with Chi as I made lazy circles around it. When I knew she was about to pop I sucked in her clit and licked it between my lips as my tongue shot Che pulses through it and her wave instantly swelled to a tsunami and she screamed her climax to the whole table.

One of the LTs had Sylvia and he slipped a finger inside her ass and a thumb inside her pussy as his fingers pulsed Chi through her sex as he suckled, her clit. She lasted about as long as Sue did, and she vocalized her climax right after Sue.

That LT and I traded places, and we were both about to slip our cocks into our respective woman when Xi, who had Sylvia between her and Sue, said: "Dragon Master, let her experience your Dragon Aura as you take her."

I looked to Sylvia and asked, "You sure?"

She nodded emphatically so I backed up, manifested my Dragon Aura and stepped up, pistoning my cock deep into her sex in one quick, sloppy, wet, hot plunge. My balls were bouncing off her ass cheeks as I slammed home each time into the depths of her womb. My cock running rampant inside her as I took my woman and claimed her once again.

Sylvia's eyes were as big as saucers as her sex received me, enveloped me, succored me, clung to me, and tantalized me as she came over and over again. Xi was right, something in Sylvia connected with my Dragon Aura and they intertwined through our touches, heightening both our pleasures until I finally came deep inside her with deep, growling, roars.

When we were both spent, she wrapped her legs around my waist, her arms around my neck and breathed heavily into my ear and said between breaths, "I.. don't know... what happened... but I... loved it."

I sat down in a chair, bringing Sylvia with me as I stayed lodged in her pussy. "I can still feel it. It feels like my energy is being... absorbed by you through my cock?"

Sylvia nodded and smiled, "And it is going straight to my womb."

I looked to Xi, who had just climaxed and was watching us intently, "What is going on?"

Xi smiled, "Your inner Dragon is bonding with the new baby. It will be most powerful indeed! Special training will be necessary when it is young, so it doesn't hurt anyone by accident."

I felt the drain for a bit longer and when it stopped, we looked at one another; each of us wondering what the future held for our child.