Action Pack 15: Family Outing, Part 1

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 Jein supposed if she was going to be following in her mother’s footsteps, she’d have to expect long nights and periods without rest like she’d been subjected to recently.

 But if it meant waking up to something like this when she did finally get to recharge her batteries, it wouldn’t be so hard after all.

 She was standing in a little room off to one side of Samanasia’s main living space as warm water showered down on the two of them and she rubbed lather across her daughter’s bare ass. Samanasia stood still, but quivered and panted a little for breath at her father’s touch. “You okay, sweetie?” Jein asked.

 “Just feels good to know you’re there, daddy.”

 “I don’t actually know anything about being a parent yet, just to give you fair warning.”

 Samanasia chuckled. “You’re doing okay so far.”

 Considering where they were, it was impossible not to notice Samanasia’s naked skin was decorated with a slew of varying tattoos. Inked across Samanasia’s shoulders were some ancient characters Jein recognized as meaning “might and wisdom as one.” It was the motto of Kosmalt, the ruler of Akton’s first empire. On her left buttock was a crown with an overlaid banner reading “Daddy’s Little Princess.” Jein picked up the soap and rubbed it against that one harder to call attention to it.

 Samanasia looked over one shoulder, cheeks a bright apple red. “You said that one was still okay,” she half-explained.

 Jein laughed softly. “Does that ever start to sound natural? Talking about things I haven’t done yet like I have. And…sorry if I made you get rid of some of your ink? Did I?”

 “The things that don’t exist back here,” Samanasia confirmed.

 “Well, sorry,” Jein said. “Bet they were pretty awesome.” She slid her index finger down her daughter’s spine to between Sammy’s ass cheeks and over the soft pucker between them. Sammy tensed and then splayed her legs, moaned and started to lean back against Jein. She slipped arms under Sammy’s and took the girl’s breasts in her hands.

 Jein had been right before, they didn’t quite compare to her own or Cathallis’s, but they were still a nice handful apiece. Sammy gave a long, steamy exhale while her father lightly rolled her breasts. “That feels…like…”

 “Like we should have a third person down there eating you out?”

 “Wow. You really are my dad.”

 Jein smiled and kissed her quickly. “It’s what your aunt would’ve said.”

 “I know.”

 “Oh yeah?” Jein asked. “Which one?”

 Sammy smirked. “Aunt Jasami. She’s the slutty one.”

 “I prefer to think of her as enthusiastic,” Jein replied. Then she squeezed Samanasia’s breasts hard. “And don’t go calling your aunts sluts. Even the ones who kind of are.”

 Eventually they actually finished showering and Clarice turned into a fresh outfit for Jein to wear home. She checked herself to make sure she wasn’t looking too scandalous before going home this time. Samanasia just stood in the doorway to her shower compartment wearing nothing but her tattoos and the sheen of the water still clinging to her skin.

 Jein took one last hard look at her. “Well, time to go save the world.”

 “Daddy,” Samanasia asked. “Is it okay if we do this again?”

 “I hope we do it a lot,” Jein smiled. “But I got some other people I need to check on right now.” A panel flipped aside and was filled with a white glow. Before she walked through it, Jein turned to her daughter and blew a kiss. Samanasia bit her lip as she watched her father go.

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 It was dark when Jein stepped out of thin air into the street behind the Devyre estate. The lights were on in her aunt’s bedroom and her own, but not Jasami’s. Maybe her announcement would have to wait until next morning, she thought as she let herself in the back and went upstairs.

 Sitting at the little desk in their room was Cathallis, with a stack of old books next to her and one open in front of her. On Jein’s bed, the one she never used, was Jasami reading a glossy glamor magazine. They looked up as their older sister entered. “You’re back,” Cathallis said. “Maybe you can convince the little one to sleep in her own room.” Jasami scowled, sprang across the room and started to pull Cathallis’s ears in opposite directions.

 “Cut it out, you two,” Jein said sternly and pried Jasami’s fingers off. “I’ve got an announcement to make.”

 “You’re going to quit neglecting us?” Jasami asked.

 “As a matter of fact, yes,” Jein said, holding a pamphlet. “I’m planning on some questing when the government doesn’t need me, and I’ve heard about this place called the Adventurers’ Society. It sounds like a great place to network with people it’s handy to have on a quest. But best of all, that way I get to keep any treasures I find. Something about ‘encouraging a courageous and enterprising spirit in the people of the Free Territories.’ ”

 “But mostly getting treasure, right?” Jasami asked.

 Jein nodded. “Getting treasure would be nice. Because I’m starting to get the feeling my life is getting too weird for me to live with Aunt Namiel anymore, and I’m not gonna go destroying her peace and quiet with all the stuff I’m already getting involved in.”

 Cathallis knitted her brow. “You’re going to tell us what that has to do with getting treasure, I assume.”

 “Well, here’s the thing,” Jein answered. “I could probably get my own place with what I’m making in Legion Beta, but there’s no way I could feed three people. And it wouldn’t make any sense asking Aunt Namiel for money still if we moved to our own place.”

 Jasami’s face lit up. “Right! If you move, you have to take me with!”

 “Both of you,” Jein corrected her.

 “I guess, if you have to.”

 “And not just that,” Jein went on. “I figure if I’m going on adventures, I’ve got no right leaving the two of you at home all the time wondering where I am and what I’m doing. The non-government adventures, I mean. I kinda can’t bring you on those ones.”

 Jasami kept beaming. “AWESOME!!”

 Cathallis rose and took Jein aside. “Are you sure that’s a good idea? I mean, you’re the one who’s been studying to be a warrior and all that while we’ve been sitting at home.”

 “Ascending the throne didn’t work,” Jein replied. “I’m trying to make the best of things, and it isn’t fair to make you sit around and wait for me all the time. Besides, remember how much you were enjoying that museum before the mutants attacked? Wouldn’t you like to be the one who finds the stuff they put in the museums?”

 A semi-startled look formed on Cathallis’s face. She’d probably never considered the possibility. “Um, maybe.”

 “C’mon, Cath,” Jein said. “Let’s not just read the history books, let’s write ‘em!”

 Cathallis smiled lightly. “All right, all right. That does have a certain appeal…”

 Then Jasami grabbed her oldest sister from behind. “Since we’re going to be spending so much time together, maybe we should get started tonight,” Jasami suggested. “I know this little place…”

 Jein touched her cheek. “All right, go get ready.” Jasami grinned and scurried out of the room.

 Once they were alone, Jein wrapped her arm around her twin’s shoulders and Cathallis leaned on her as they walked. “How’s the job hunt going, anyway, Cath?”

 Cathallis sighed and put her arm around Jein’s torso. “I can hardly get a museum or university to talk to me. I don’t have any official credentials, and even if I can find someone willing to test my knowledge, they always ask if I’m THE Cathallis Devyre. When I say I am, they say they’ll call me and I never hear back.”

 “Maybe you don’t have to tell them that,” Jein suggested.

 “Maybe I’m not planning to do something quite so public as you are, but I’m proud of who I am and I have no intention of hiding it,” Cathaliss said.

 Jein kissed her on the cheek. “No, I guess you shouldn’t have to.”

 Cathallis leaned in and planted a kiss on Jein’s lips, while her hands slipped inside Jein’s shirt and wrapped around the full cups of her bra. “Jasami did have a point, you know,” Cathallis whispered after breaking from the kiss. “If we are going to spend more time together it’s not a bad time to get started…”

 “I didn’t just mean in pairs, you know.”

 “I know,” Cathallis said. “But as it so happens I’ve heard about Myto Neris putting on a performance tomorrow night, and there’s this lovely little dining spot only a block away from that theater. It would mean ever so much to me if I could get my lover to accompany me…”

 “You got a lover?” Jein asked. “What’s his name? I’ll go talk to him.”

 Cathallis tapped her on the nose. “You, you goof!”

 Jein endured it, then kissed her sister’s finger. “A Neris show, huh? Pretty big, isn’t she? You must’ve been saving up for a while for that.”

 “I like a night out with good company as much as anyone,” Cathallis said.

 “Not as much as me!” Jasami called from her room.

 “It isn’t a contest!” Jein called back, then turned Cathallis with a soft smile. “I’d love that. But let’s see about doing some stuff together, all three of us, okay?”

 “Bad idea,” Jasami said as she reentered the room, with a white bellyshirt, teeny red shorts and pink and white striped leggings on. “We’d just fight the whole time and ruin it.”

 “Well maybe we should learn not to,” Jein replied. “Or maybe I won’t take anybody on adventures with me.”

 Jasami pouted. “Well maybe I’ll just go on adventures by myself, then!”

 “You mean with Jeer,” Jein said, smirking slightly. “But he’s already going on adventures with ME.”

 “He never said that!” Jasami snapped.

 “He didn’t have to SAY anything,” Jein replied, smirking even wider.

 “Oh yeah?? Well let’s go ask him!” Jasami half-snarled and seized Jein’s arm then dragged her downstairs. When they got to the garage, she stopped. “You didn’t really mean Jeer picked you over me, did you?”

 Jein snickered and shook her head. “Jeer’s not going to pick anyone if he can help it, Jazz. Besides, two girls ganging up on a guy and trying to make him pick a side’s the cheapest shot ever. I’m talking from experience.”

 Jasami hugged her older sister’s arm. “You had two girls gang up on you once?”

 “Uh huh. I still think picking Shana was the smart move. That way I only lost a girl who was perfect for me. And not being able to walk,” Jein frowned.

 “Well, now you’ve got an even better one,” Jasami smiled kissed her hard on the mouth. “And now we’re even gonna be together when you go to old castles and fight monsters and stuff! It’s gonna be AWESOME!!”

 Jein scratched the back of her head. “Hmmm, I dunno all of a sudden…”

 “No take-backs!” Jasami giggled and skipped to the passenger door of Jein’s car. Jein shook her head and smiled, got in too and drove off the grounds.

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 The place Jasami had arranged to meet Jeer that night didn’t surprise Jein at all. A club with a blinking neon sign announcing the premises to be Haal’s Honeys. Inside was the familiar but still enticing scene of nearly-naked women posing and gyrating against poles on small stages while patrons stuffed bills into their g-strings.

 What was surprising was Jein couldn’t spot Jeer among any of those gracious souls. Instead she finally found the coonkin sitting at the bar, his eyes surveying the entire room. But he grinned as he recognized two of the ladies wading through the crowd toward the bar. “Evening, princesses! For some reason it still amazes me to see such classy ladies in places such as this,” he schmoozed them once they’d made it close enough to be heard over the crowd and the club’s blaring music.

 “Well,” Jein said, “consider this a celebration. I’m going to get into the Adventurers’ Society, and once I’ve made another friend or two who’d be good on a quest, I’m taking my sisters with.”

 Jeer whooped and laughed. “Wow, being an avenger of the night isn’t enough for her! So…all of you are going, huh? What, uh, kinds of division policies are we thinking about on spoils? Could we negotiate, say, an extra 3% for signing on early?”

 Jasami giggled and Jein let the remark pass while she ordered a drink. Jeer didn’t press it, he was busy whispering something to Jasami at the same time he rubbed his wet nose against her neck. She squirmed and laughed at the attentions while his paw sought the seat of her shorts. Admittedly, part of Jein didn’t like seeing someone else getting it on with her little sister, even someone as strangely endearing as Jeer. Even if she didn’t always act like it, though, Jasami was a big girl and probably had been through enough to pick out a decent partner.

 By the time Jein was working on her second drink Jasami got up to powder her nose or something, and Jeer scooted a little closer. “Hey, princess,” he said. “It’s cool you’re planning to let your sisters go on your adventures, but you do know if you’re not invited to join the Adventurers’ Society you need a sponsor, right?”

 She nodded, that was a problem she’d been mulling over. She didn’t know that many influential people yet, and with her career in Legion Beta still on the line, it didn’t seem the best time to think about asking Agent L for a recommendation. On the other hand, getting recognition to get sponsorship seemed hard without also doing something that would get any riches she found seized by the crown to fuel the neverending defense of the Free Territories’ borders by their unfriendly neighbors. As well as it might pay off once she’d managed to make a name for herself, she was hoping to get a big enough bank account to get a place of her own before the weirdness of her lifestyle seeped into her aunt’s household again.

 “Yeah, I know. But I suppose if you know that, you probably know somebody in it,” Jein said, downed her drink and gave him her most obviously speculative look.

 Jeer clutched at his heart and gasped in mock horror. “Jein! How could you dare accuse me of accepting sexual favors from my friends?? But seriously, I did. Emphasis on the did. We’re not speaking anymore.”

 “I see,” Jein said and sipped the fresh drink that had been set beside her by the bartender.

 “Eh,” Jeer waved it off. “I’ve definitely moved onto bigger and better things.”

 “I doubt Jasami’s bigger than whoever that was.”

 The coonkin laughed. “She’s bigger where it really matters. But let’s go, huh?” He got up and headed onto the floor.

 “Hey, what about my sister?” Jein yelled over the music as it started to blare.

 Jeer shrugged. “She’ll have fun finding us. But since we’re here, we have a moral obligation to make some donations to the fine art of pole dancing.”

 Jein didn’t suppose she could argue with that kind of logic. As she followed Jeer, for just a second she Jein thought she caught sight of Shana in the shadows like in that other strip club. That girl had done nothing but give her shit since they’d gotten back to Akton, though. Why should Jein think about her ever again?

 But why couldn’t she stop?

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 One coat of lipstick and she’d be ready to join the others back out on the floor. Jasami felt like an amateur having to do most of the work getting made up after they’d already left, but anything to get Jein away from Cathallis that much quicker. She washed her hands and was about to leave when she spotted something in the corner of her eye.

 “Aunt Jasami…” someone whispered. Slowly Jasami turned and jumped back with a yelp. A girl with spiky purple hair was peeking out of a hole in the wall. “Don’t be afraid, I’m not gonna hurt you!” the girl said quickly.

 “Who…who are you?” asked Jasami.

 “I’m Samanasia, I’m your niece from the future. Daddy sent me back to help save Akton. I mean, Jein did,” the girl said. Well, that certainly cleared up something.

 Jasami took a step closer. “Oh yeah? Well if you’re my niece, prove it.”

 Samanasia stepped out of the whole which closed up behind her, then walked straight up to Jasami and kissed her hard on the mouth. After a second Jasami could feel the girl’s tongue trying to slip past her lips to deepen the kiss.

 After a minute Samanasia tried to lean back, her proof supplied, but Jasami slipped an arm around her head and pulled her right back into that kiss. Jasami’s other hand fumbled along the back of Samanasia’s rubbery bodysuit trying to find the fastenings, and Samanasia reached back and opened the seam.

 Jasami’s hands slipped in to stroke over her supposed niece’s back, and she was pleasantly surprised to find no undergarments. They inched back toward an empty toilet stall and Jasami shut the door and locked it with her foot. “Aunt Jasami…,” Samanasia gasped as her eyes lidded, her cheeks glowing red. She leaned back and pulled herself out of her bodysuit.

Jasami’s hands gravitated to her partner’s stomach, tickling lightly to see what kind of reaction she got. Samanasia squeaked and squirmed, banging her shoulders against the sides of the stall, and Jasami smirked lightly. Yes, that reminded her of a sensitive spot on those nights she could sneak a preferred partner away from the aggravating sibling they happened to have in common.

Suddenly Jasami couldn’t see and realized Samanasia was pulling her top up. Up went her arms and off went her top, which Samanasia hung on the hook inside the door. Samanasia panted as she stroked over her aunt’s small breasts with trembling hands, cupping them slowly, reverently, even as Jasami grinned and arched her back to press them into her niece’s hands.

Jasami’s small, nimble hands slipped down the front of Samanasia’s suit and she moved her fingers over the girl’s petals with quick, measured strokes. Samanasia sucked in quivery little breaths and her hands slipped from Jasami’s chest to brace herself against the walls of the stall. Her folds parted enough for Jasami to slip a few fingers inside, but she looked Samanasia in the eye, listened to her rapid breathing. This girl wasn’t excited as much as she was scared.

“Are…you okay?” Jasami asked, waggling her fingers a little inside Samanasia’s snatch.

Samanasia squirmed a little at the stimulation but leaned forward and hugged Jasami hard. “I’m sorry, I’m just so scared,” she whimpered. “Everyone back in my time’s counting on me…”

 “Ssssshhhhhhhhhhhh,” Jasami whispered and touched a finger to her niece’s lips. Her hands slipped down Samanasia’s neck, her shoulders to her breasts and rubbed at them in soothingly slow motions. “Everything’s going to be okay, little one. Everything’s going to be okay, promise,” Jasami said softly, slipping into that familiar role of gentle caregiver like with those uncertain boys she’d been given to entertain while her mistress was busy.

 Samanasia leaned back and her breathing slowed. She didn’t even seem uncomfortable leaning against the pipes. Jasami smiled and shot her a wink, and Sammy’s breathing started picking up again for a different reason.

 Both of Jasami’s hands slipped down the front of Samanasia’s pants and teased along her petals. Samanasia gasped as her aunt stared working the index fingers of both hands into her vulva again. Slowly, so as not to interrupt the pumping Jasami leaned forward and took Samanasia’s nipple in her mouth. Jasami’s lapping tongue was as nimble and dainty as Sammy could remember, and she almost cried out as her nipple slipped back and forth on the tip.

 “Please,” Sammy moaned. “My ass, too…” The words seemed to have barely left her mouth before a fingertip was wiggling its way inside her anus. Samanasia stroked one hand down Jasami’s chest and settled it on top of the tiny bump of her left breast, then rubbed her hand in a circle and squished it down into Jasami’s chest.

 At this stimulation retaliation, Jasami attacked even harder. Two fingers went up Sammy’s vulva and another joined the one wriggling in her anus. Jasami stopped toying with the nipple in her mouth and sucked as hard as she could.

 Later Samanasia was ashamed of herself for giving in so quickly, and how loud she screamed as she came all over Jasami’s dainty hand.

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 Jein set her second drink down, only half consumed. *What the hell could possibly be taking Jasami so long*, she thought. Jasami never needed this long to freshen her makeup, even when she put most of it on after they left the house. Which seemed to be most of the time, actually.

 And even if Jasami was a big girl, she didn’t frequent the most wholesome crowds. Jein wouldn’t put it past some of the people to try to lure her someplace dark and isolated, and Jasami wasn’t big on self defense yet…

 “Something on your mind, gorgeous?” Jeer asked. “You don’t look like you’re enjoying the view much!”

 “What the hell could be taking Jasami?” Jein replied. “I don’t like it…she attracts weird company when I don’t see her for a long time.”

 Jeer clutched at his chest and slumped back against her. “Jein! How can a tongue as beautiful as yours say such cruel things! It’s okay, I’ll go check on her.” He started to head toward the bar and restrooms, but Jein grabbed his collar.

 He looked up to protest but closed his muzzle when she shot him a mild glare. “No, you won’t. I’LL go check on her. You patronize the art of pole dancing til I get back.”

 “Working relationships are built on trust, y’know!” the coonkin called to Jein’s back as she waded through the crowd to the front of the club.

She pushed open the door to the ladies’ bathroom and rushed inside as the sound of grunting and slapping against stall walls reached her ears. She stopped in front of the stall they were coming from and kicked the door open, then stopped and rubbed at her forehead. Inside, not to her surprise, were her sister and daughter, their clothes strewn on the floor and lips mashed hard together.

“Hi, daddy,” Samanasia said, looking up uncertainly as if expecting to be punished.

“Come on in, we were just getting started,” Jasami followed up, supremely casual as always.

Jein did go in and shut the door just so someone wouldn’t come in and see what was going on. “Sammy, what do you think you’re doing?”

 “Incest,” was her immediate reply.

 Jein sighed, but then smiled. “When exactly did that stop being a dirty word in this family, anyway?”

Jasami spoke. “Your daughter from the future came out of the wall. She seemed really worked up so I thought I’d help her relax. Why didn’t you tell me you had a daughter who came back in time?”

Jein shook her head. “I didn’t think I was supposed go around telling everybody about that. Usually you limit it to the important stuff so things aren’t screwed up more than they have to be. I kinda thought that was how we were doing it when she wouldn’t tell me who her mom was,” she replied. “But why did you just have sex with a girl who came out of a wall? It could’ve been some kind of trap or rapist or something.”

“Hrrgh!” Samanasia grunted, aghast. “Daddy!! How could you say that?!”

Jasami said nothing but stood up and leaned on her sister’s side, rubbing her neck supportively. Jein sighed and looked down at Samanasia. “I’m sorry, Sammy. But go easy on me, okay? I don’t know what I’m like when you come back, but right now I’m still getting used to being a royal agent, never mind something like having a kid from the future come back to tell me we have to do something now to save the world. I don’t think I’ve graduated to Xena-level yet.”

Their eyes met, and Samanasia’s were quivering with fear. Jein stepped closer and put her arms around the girl. “I’m…I’m sorry, Sammy. You’re the one I picked to come back and change everything, and everybody back home’s counting on you, especially me, right? That’s gotta be a hell of a lot of pressure.” She kissed Samanasia hard, and the girl gripped Jein’s cheeks and pulled her in to deepen the kiss. After a few seconds their tongues were dancing and their hands were stroking over each other’s chests.

Then, they parted to catch their breath. “After we get home,” Jein suggested, “why don’t you come into my room and we’ll let Aunt Cath know about you too, okay? In the meantime, let’s go patronize the art of pole dancing, huh?”

 Both Samanasia and Jasami smiled and started getting dressed. What a family.

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 He sighed. Agent L had been hoping not to have an audience as he presented the findings to the queen. She’d told him she trusted him implicitly. The same way she trusted the people she was meeting with to discuss border defense when he’d called.

 The defense meeting was well underway as L made his way into the room with a sheaf of papers, plans and reports tucked under one thick arm. The queen was standing next to a long table with a three-dimensional map of the Free Territories projected above it. Four other men and women stood around it with her, and an outline of the country of Belrasev to the south was glowing red.

 “Weapons shipment was stopped here,” one said, indicating a spot just north, into the Free Territories. “We believe Tran might be trying to arm insurgents within our borders.”

 “Send another detachment to strengthen our fortifications, and see if the Prophet’s got anything useful to say,” Queen Paetra replied. She looked up at Agent L. “There you are, L. You have quite a story for me, I understand.”

 It didn’t show, but he gulped. He was one of the strongest men on Akton. He could survive a cannon going off at point blank. And it wasn’t exactly well-known, but Paetra Laqure could destroy him or nearly anyone on the planet in a personal fight. L didn’t like the idea of having to tell her something as outlandish as he was about to.

 “A relation of one of our newer recruits has brought some striking things to our attention--” L began, but the queen silenced him with a wave.

 “That much you’ve said,” she interrupted. “What are these findings of hers?”

 L swallowed again. “One was a detection system she claimed could locate members of the organization or species, whichever it was that had designs on my life. Some of our top minds have built a small-scale version of it and tested it on the few captives we have in lockup. They’re convinced it’s what she claims.”

 A moment passed. “And you’re recommending we assemble a full-sized version to allow us to detect these nameless invaders,” Queen Paetra said.

 He placed the plans on the table. “Your majesty, perhaps you remember how at one point a fifth tier of defense mecha had been proposed?”

 Paetra nodded. “That was shelved when an adequate power delivery system couldn’t be devised.”

 “Well,” Agent L said, almost uncomfortably, “one of the other items given to me is, according to everyone I showed it to in the engineering corps, a regulation system durable enough to enable a machine that powerful to operate safely. Other items are improved versions of other weapons currently in use, and key fixtures for other halted projects.”

 The queen looked straight at Agent L. “And this information was supplied by the daughter of one our of newer agents, who’s traveled back form the future to help prepare the Free Territories for an invasion.”

 “Yes, your majesty,” Agent L said quickly, nodding.

 She turned away from him for a few moments, gazing out the window and saying nothing. Then she turned back to Agent L. “And who is this agent?”

 “Jein Devyre,” Agent L replied.

 The silence was deafening.