

Special Weapons Operations  
Reconnaissance Division: Diversion,  
Insemination, Children, and  
Kidnapping

Operation D.I.C.K.S.W.O.R.D.

*by /a/non*

“Will I ever see you again?”

I held the little girl close while continuing to ejaculate directly into her newly-fertile womb.

“You’ll always be in my heart, Maki-san.”

I separated from the breathless little Asian girl and zipped up my trouser snake. A man was banging on the door so I quickly hiked Maki-san’s pantsu back onto her previously-virginal slit and threw the covers over the bed. Then with the speed only a father going to get milk and cigarettes could muster, I ran for the window. A burly yakuza-like man busted the door down as three armed men ran in, but I didn’t have time for them.

“Maki-san! Are you alright!? Wait, don’t let that kidnapper escape!”

I smirked and jumped out of the window while spreading my arms out in a T-pose. A gliding mechanism deployed from my backpack and it was smooth sailing to the extraction point. A kidnapper?

Hah, that’s only the tip of the iceberg. By the time that yakuza boss realized what had happened, his daughter would already be too far along to try and cover up his family’s shame.

“Mission accomplished Neto. I’m on my way to the extraction point ETA twenty minutes.”

**Operative Nathan Thomas Reagan; callsign “Neto” of  
S.W.O.R.D. Hacking Division.**

“Good work Ojisan, we’ll meet you there.”

**Operative O.G. San; callsign Ojisan of the Special Weapons  
Operations Reconnaissance Division: Diversion,  
Insemination, Children, and Kidnapping. Codename:  
D.I.C.K.S.W.O.R.D.**

I was one of the best in this line of work. My job was to get in quietly, complete my missions, and get out. I was explicitly assigned to the lolicon unit given my proclivities. Sneaking in, kidnapping or inseminating the children of powerful elites committing atrocities against the world, and getting the hell out of dodge was my specialty. Sometimes my mission was to kidnap, sometimes my mission was to create a scandal like with that Yakuza boss' daughter, but no matter what the mission had to be completed. You could say I am the niggest.

\* \* \*

I landed in a clearing away from the metropolitan penthouse where a black bag was waiting. I opened it up and pulled out a set of civilian plainclothes and a special face-mask that would change the defining features of my face in case I had been seen. Without much mind for the temperature outside at night I quickly wiped my dick off and changed clothes before throwing everything into the black bag and throwing the black bag into a nearby dumpster that would get sent to combustibles. Then using the fire escape, I was out on the main streets of the city with a new face and a new identity. I changed my gait and headed into a nearby ramen shop. Yakuza were swarming the building I had just been in a few minutes ago. The ramen shop in comparison was empty.

"I'll have the big bowl. Two eggs, schichimi, extra garlic."

"This late at night? You'll have a stomachache."

"That's alright I can afford the gastronomy lesson."

The chef nodded with a serious expression and lead me to the back-kitchens. I passed by several Zainichi who didn't give me a second glance and headed down through a service tunnel that connected to the subway. By the time I exited at the end of the line, Neto was waiting for me with a cab. I hopped in and we were off. Nathan, aka "Neto" was just a fat balding man in his mid-30s on the surface. Nobody knew he was the top-ranking hacker of our division. He was no genius; just incredibly autistic. He

refused to make eye contact with me while playing a gacha game on his phone.

“Everything went well?”

“Yeah, I took care of the job properly. Now that—”

“UUUUOOOOOOOOOH!!!” Nathan started crying tears of joy as he rolled an SSSR on his favorite loli gacha game, Yellow Chronicals.

I smiled wryly. “Come on man, why do you waste your money on that shit? Danny is gonna be pissed.”

“This is this and that is that. Besides, she understands!” Nathan got shifty eyed and refused to elaborate further while still refusing to make eye contact. I stared at him for several more seconds before sighing.

“We’re heading home now, right?” This was my third mission in a row. I’d been away from HQ for a week straight and I was itching for some R&R.

Nathan rolled his eyes and put the phone down for a minute. “Yeah, yeah. We’re heading back. We’re actually heading straight to the airport right now. Kyle wants to talk with you.”

I glared “What?”

“He said it’s important and you can go home right afterwards. It’s not another job.”

“Tch.” I clicked my tongue and stared out the window at the passing lights. I never got tired of this city, but at night it turned into a den of degenerates. I’d asked the boss on several occasions to clean it up, but he told us that was the job of the local authorities and that we only had authorization to go after internationalists. He was right, but that didn’t mean I liked it. The lights of the streets blurred past as I started to doze off. This too was normal. The air was filled with a powerful sleeping drug after all. I liked to try and beat the anaesthesia and maintain consciousness as long as possible. Nathan was already out cold the second he’d completed his mission of informing me about Kyle. When I’d wake up, I’d be at headquarters.

\* \* \*

“Ugh...” I always hated the hangover-like feeling that accompanied me when I’d wake up from chemical sleep. On reflex I reached over and grabbed the electrolyte solution next to the medical bed and looked over the papers. High blood pressure from stress and too much sodium in my diet, cancers that we were aware of but that wouldn’t kill me for several decades at least, oh, apparently I’d accidentally been exposed to meth while climbing through that ventilation shaft. Great. I sighed and continued sipping my hydration drink.

“Welcome back to the land of the living, Ojisan.”

“Ugh, of course you’d be here. What is it, Kyle?”

**Logan “Kyle” Koning; callsign Glownigger of S.W.O.R.D.  
Command.**

This guy and I were incompatible. His fetishes were just too fucked up and he always employed the combat units for house raids and firebombings. He was my superior in name only since my missions usually came from his boss. The guy had short blonde hair and blue eyes, and kept his uniform in mint condition without a flaw to be found. He had severe OCD about keeping things clean so I intentionally spilled my drink a little which caused his eyebrow to twitch.

“I’m just here to deliver your next mission. You’ll be working alongside Anon.”

“Yeah, yeah, who’s brat do I have to impregnate this time? You know the last one wasn’t even a virgin? She was barely 10! What the hell!? It’s always the—Wait a second did you say Anon?” I got up out of the hospital bed and started throwing on my clothes.

“Yes, you’re working with them.”

“Fuck you, I’m talking to the boss.” I hated dealing with Anon.

“Those orders came from boss’ boss. This is an important mission and you’ll get the next month off so just grin and bear it, Ojisan.”

I glared at Kyle before grumbling and leaving the medbay. Boss’ boss was the big guy, so his word was final. I’d been away for a week so right now I just wanted to go home.

\* \* \*

“I’m home...”

“Onii-sama! Welcome back! Ah, you look so sad, what happened Nii-sama?”

I realized I was frowning and quickly adjusted my behavior. “Mikan, I’m so glad to see you! Sorry for worrying you, ’Nii-san is back. Has Nathan stopped by yet?”

### **Mikan: Little Girl**

I gave Mikan a kiss on the forehead and put her back down. She was grinning from ear to ear and shook her head. “Nathan-oji hasn’t been by yet. I got an email from Danny saying she was scolding him for spending too much on gacha games again.” Told him that would happen. “Are you sure you’re ok, Onii-sama?”

I ruffled her hair before stretching my arms. “There’s just a lot of things happening with work right now is all. I’m glad I get to spend some time with my little Mikan~”

“Ah, mou! I’m not little any more! I’m a whole 122 centimeters tall now Onii-sama!” Mikan pouted and I laughed while pulling her into another hug.

“You’re growing up so fast! Before long I’m going to have to start sewing your wedding dress for your future husband! Ah, how troublesome!” Mikan looked away from me.

“Well you could always just marry me and then it won’t be as much trouble...” She muttered something under her breath that I couldn’t quite hear.

“Hm? What was that?” I cocked my head and Mikan pushed me away.

“N-Nothing! Forget you heard anything!”

She seemed flustered about whatever she was mumbling about so I decided to change the subject. “I still have one more job I have to do, but I won’t have to deploy for a couple days so let’s make the most of it. How about I cook dinner tonight and help you study? I’ll make your favorite curry!” Mikan beamed a smile that could kill at my declaration and pulled my hand against her cheek. “That sounds great, but for now can we play a game, Nii-san? Danny bought me a new board-game when I asked her for something we could play together.”

“That sounds wonderful, Mikan.”

\* \* \*

“So you’re the infamous child-fucker Ojisan, is it?”

“I prefer the term lolicon, and I wouldn’t say I’m infamous just—”

“Shut up. Well, I understand why the big guy wants you to come along. Just stay out of our way unless I say otherwise. We’re doing things my way.”

“Understood Jimiko.”

**James Millon Constantine, codename “Jimiko” of the  
Autonomous Neutralization of Newtypes division;  
A.N.O.N.S.W.O.R.D. Platoon Leader.**

“That’s SIR when directly addressing me, Ojisan.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Tch. You never have any bite in you.”

Because there was no point. Of course I didn’t say that part out-loud.

“Alright you prissy bitches, enough fighting!” Kyle stepped forward and turned on the projector to show us a layout of our next mission. “You’ll be infiltrating the Ontario Partnership for Pharmacological Adversarial Innoculation. We have it on good authority that they are storing a bioweapon somewhere at the

facility and we're going to need every able-bodied man to have a crack at stopping the internationalist cabal this time."

"Shit, we're raiding OPPAI headquarters, boss? That's a suicide mission!" James was taken aback and I was even more confused.

"I understand they are working with biological weapons which is why A.N.O.N. is involved Kyle, but why do I have to tag along?"

"Because the bioweapon this time... Is a little girl. A Psion to be precise."

Well shit.

\* \* \*

"Ojisan, don't you think your hatred of Anon division has gone on for too long?" Nathan was tapping away at his gacha game while I verified Mikan's homework and recent grades. Hm, she's falling behind in math and foreign language studies again...

"How could I? What they did was unforgivable." I glared at Nathan who refused to make eye contact while tapping away several dozen dollars.

"I mean, it's because of them that you have Mikan, right?"

I shook my head. "I love and cherish Mikan, but you and I both know that she belongs in the regular world, not this dark underbelly." I took a chug of my post-workout protein shake and grimaced. "Anon platoon took that from her when they killed her dad in that raid."

"Eh, I guess, but you know how the internationalists are. She would have probably faced far worse than a mostly-average life locked away in a hidden bunker if they hadn't flubbed the job like that."

"So what did Danny have to say about this raid on OPPAI?" I changed the subject. I didn't want to dwell on that and Neto was being pushy.

"Tch. Like I could tell her? She'd transfer in a heartbeat if I mentioned it."



I raised an eyebrow. "Aren't you guys basically married?"

Nathan looked up and glared at me. "Just because I signed the contract when she drugged me at that company event doesn't mean we're really married."

I raised my voice. "Dude you're sleeping with her. And I heard she's pre—"

"Yeah well what about Mikan? Have you told her we're raiding OPPAI HQ?" Nathan's interjection caused me to look away. "What, you haven't even told her, Ojisan?"

"I told her that if I completed this mission I'd have the next month off. Lay off it.."

Nathan grumbled and went back to his gacha game. "Hmph. You know she intends to marry you some day. You should think about that when you go on these dangerous missions."

"She's just a kid, she'll grow out of that phase. She doesn't know any better—"

"Says the guy who kidnaps and fucks kids for corporate cash."

"Oi."

"Well, whatever. I better get home or else Danny will bitch."

Nathan got up after the atmosphere turned dangerous. When he opened the front door to leave, Mikan fell through the doorframe and landed flat on her face.

"Atatatata... Ah! Nathan-oji, Onii-sama, this isn't..." I felt a lump in my stomach like I'd just swallowed a heap of cold sand.

"How much did you overhear, Mikan?" I looked at her seriously and she refused to make eye contact.

"I don't really understand a lot of what you were talking about, but I heard that 'Nii-sama and Nathan-oji are going to do something really dangerous..."

Nathan looked at me and rolled his eyes before trudging off. I kneeled down to Mikan's height and ruffled her hair. "I'm going on a dangerous mission, but it can't be helped. The big guy said I had to, and we can only keep living here with Danny and the others if I do my job, so I'm going to do my best to make it back safely, alright?"

“Understood...” Mikan was trembling a bit. “I... I got sent home early because something happened and teacher said I needed to give this to you...”

Mikan handed me a piece of paper which I put off on the table. If her teacher sent her home then it must be a big deal, but I'll read it shortly. First-off... “Now how much did you overhear, Mikan?”

“I... When I got home I overheard you talking about my father...” I seized up before pulling the little girl into a hug. “I don't care if it's true, Onii-sama is still Onii-sama and Onii-sama and Danny 'Nee-sama have taken care of me since I was in diapers, so... So that just means there's nothing stopping us from getting married, and, and...”

I pulled her into a tight hug as Mikan began to bawl. Of course a girl her age wouldn't know how to process that information. After she calmed down I made her dinner and we took a bath together. That's when I discovered a red stain on her pantsu.

“Ah, I forgot to read the teacher's note. This must be what that's about...” Isn't she a little young? Kids these days. “Alright Mikan, listen up since we've gotta have that talk now because you're growing up. The reason sensei sent you home was because—”

\* \* \*

Nathan and I met up the next day at the rendezvous point. We both looked incredibly haggard.

“What's got you glum?” I glared at Nathan who had a dead look in his eyes. He noticeably didn't have his phone with him which was incredibly out-of-character.

“Mikan texted Danny about the raid. I got lectured until the sun set and then she wrung me dry until sunrise. She took my phone away, Ojisan.”

“My condolences.”

“Well?”

“Well what?”

“How’d things go with Mikan?” I pinched the bridge of my nose and stared at the ground. “That bad, huh?”

“She overheard our entire conversation and turned into an emotional wreck. Then when I finally calmed her down it turned out that she had her first period so I had to explain the birds and the bees.”

Nathan scoffed at me. “Well that’s not so bad. You’re good at explaining things so I’m sure it was fine.”

I glared at him in return. “When she found out that’s what married couples do she pestered me half the night and then tried to sneak into my room and initiate a night raid when I told her no. When I still wouldn’t, she turned into an emotional wreck again.”

“Tch, I don’t know why you don’t just accept it. I mean you—”

“Never mix business and family life, Nathan. It will bite you in the ass one day.”

“Hmph.”

“What’s got you two down in the dumps? Cheer up! We’re gonna get to raid OPPAI!”

**Becky Swallow Cummings, codename “Marionette” of  
Telepathic Instruction Transmissions of A.N.O.N.:  
T.I.T.S.W.O.R.D. Commander**

“Die Fujo.”

“Leave us the fuck alone, Marionette.”

Becky huffed. “I haven’t done anything yet!”

“You always transmit weird shit into our heads! Nathan developed an appreciation for Bara after you rewired his brain with your psycho-mumbo-jumbo!”

“Oi, shut up, Ojisan!” Nathan smacked me upside the head while Becky laughed. This pink-haired bitch was insane. Every new member of A.N.O.N. who was single would lust after her for a short time before stumbling upon one of her many landmines. Still, nobody could compare to her mastery of brain signals. Not that there were many psionic candidates to do so in the first place.

It was Jimiko who intervened before things turned downhill. “That’s enough, bossman has something important to say.”

We turned to Kyle and proceeded to get a second briefing along with well-wishes before he put on his gas mask and instructed the platoon to get on the plane. It was showtime.

\* \* \*

My mission was simple. This was a covert operation to avoid directly sparring with the fucking Leafs. We would enter through the service tunnels that had direct access to the building’s basement, take out any security in the tunnels, and then the team would split up. The majority of the platoon would intercept the head doctor behind whatever human experimentation they were running on the psion loli while my job was to protect Nathan and Becky while they figured out exactly where the little girl, codename Remi, was being stored. Kyle himself would be leading above-ground operations while James would be leading below-ground operations. Depending on the situation either James would handle the capture (or worse-case scenario execution) of the target, or I would act solo to kidnap and return her home. I shifted around in my heavy gear. I was used to moving in plaincloths or stealth suits, but right now they had me in full taticool so I wouldn’t stand out and by similar virtue I hopefully wouldn’t get shot by friendlies if we crossed paths. They gave me a handgun and a stun baton for self-defense, but ideally I didn’t want to use either.

\* \* \*

“Man, OPPAI has a sick sense of humor naming the psion-girl they’re locking away Remi.” Neto grimaced while Jimiko growled.

“I ordered comm silence until we get to the facility. Shut your trap, Neto.”

“...”

Our group continued for a while longer before arriving at the service entrance. The platoon slowly filed through. A small squad stayed to accompany the four of us while the main force began their assault. We grouped around Neto who had accessed security logs while listening to screams and occasional automatic weapons fire up above.

“Hurry the fuck up, Neto!”

“I’m working on it, Jimiko! Getting in was easy, but this data can’t be right.”

“What does it say?”

Neto turned his laptop screen so Jimiko could read it. When I looked at it as well, I shook my head in disbelief. “Nah that’s gotta be fake.”

“Can it, Ojisan.” Jimiko looked over the laptop before clicking his tongue. “Well then we’ll backtrack.”

He got on his radio. “Oi Glownigger, this is Jimiko. These fucks have an elevator shaft that drops out of comm reach well below the service tunnels. We’re heading down.”

“Copy that, Jimiko. We’ve secured Doctor Feinberg and are securing the escape route now. Comms were successfully cut so you have a little breathing room before the Canadian officials show up. I’ll send a second squad down with you for defense so make your way there.”

\* \* \*

Our two squads descended the large elevator.

“How the fuck did they build all this without anybody noticing?”

“Boss said comm silence until we’ve secured the underground.”

The grunts were talking to one another while we descended down a huge diagonal elevator shaft. When we reached the bottom, it didn’t take long for security to “greet” us. A few magazines later and the area was secured. Jimiko slammed a scientist’s face into some test equipment and began a very short-form

interrogation where the guy's nads were on the line if he didn't answer truthfully. Eggheads always crack under threat of physical violence. We rushed the position to find a cute but very emaciated and pale Slavic girl playing with a model train. I was kind of thankful she didn't look like Touhou Remi since that would have been too stimulating. Marionette made first contact with telepathy since we figured the girl would respond better to another psion.

### **Remi: Real name unknown. Little Girl (Psionic)**

"Hold up, that doesn't add up. We only saw files for Remi." Marionette looked confused.

"What's going on, Marionette?" Jimiko looked annoyed while she continued.

"Well, according to Remi, she's got a twin sister who's also locked up here, codename Flan."

"What is this, the Scarlet Mansion? Whatever, we only came here for the girl so it's none of our business. Let's grab and go."

I shook my head. "Wait, if there's another subject here we have to rescue her!" Remi's otherwise soulless eyes suddenly focused on me as if I caught her attention.

"I don't give a shit! We're gonna have Canadian SpecOps on our ass in another half hour if we don't—"

"Jimiko." Neto hopped on the radio. "I'm finding some fucked up information here on their mainframe. It seems like there's a second girl deeper in the facility. Comms says Glownigger gave the order to locate her as well."

Marionette and I smirked while Jimiko grumbled under his breath. "Well then hurry the fuck up and locate where she's being stored!"

"Allow me..." Becky put her fingers to her forehead and began looking around. Remi suddenly became panicked and tried to stop her. "I found her! She's... In a dark place? What? I don't understand. It's like she's in a psychic dead zone, but her energy

is clearly leaking out. I'll try and make contact..." Remi started pitifully pounding on Marionette's back.

"Oi, Ojisan, make her cut it out or else Marionette can't focus."

"Maybe we should listen and—"

"That's an order Ojisan."

I glared at Jimiko before grabbing Remi and pulling her away from Marionette.

"Ah, she's made a link. Now I'll just—" Marionette's smirk turned into a look of pure horror and she began to shake. Blood began trickling out of her nose, then her eyes, mouth, and ears as she began to hyperventilate.

"Oi, Oi Marionette what's going on?" Jimiko walked over to her when Marionette suddenly let out a blood-curdling scream that echoed through everyone's heads before passing out. "Oi, Marionette. Marionette! Fuck! What the fuck did she see!?"

I rushed over and checked her pulse. Still beating, still breathing. She just got mentally overloaded and passed out. I hopped on my radio. "Neto, have you located the other girl's coordinates?"

"I have! She's located at—"

A high-pitched ring rang through my earpiece. It seemed to ring through everyone's comms as suddenly there was a ton of chatter about the noise. As I went to mute the earpiece the lights in the room all started to explode!

"Oi. Remi, what's going on?" I turned to the little girl and a voice echoed in my head.

"Flan woke up. She's angry..."

"AH NO, GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME, AAAAAAAAAAA-  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

Comms chatter picked up as the sounds of breaking bones and tearing flesh filled the radio waves from a now-dead grunt.

Shit.