

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 15

Rusthemod

Holy COW!

Incest/Taboo

4.77

7.8k words

The agent sat there stunned. Obviously he was used to being in control of such interviews and I just blew his ass out of the water. He knew I had presidential permission to keep my arms, which was unprecedented. He also knew I flew into Langley on Air Force Two. I could see his mind working on the angles and he eventually came to a conclusion.

"My apologies, Sir. Yes, we at the FBI do tend to take control of interrogations, it is how we are trained. Perhaps we can start again. I am Special Agent Brannigan and I would like to get your input on the situation we have before us, would you be so kind as to tell me everything from the time you were at the awards ceremony?"

I smiled, "Thank you for your polite inquiry. Yes, I will gladly do so. You want a report style or train of thought?"

"Actually, train of thought would be wonderful. Thank you."

I went through all the relevant details from the time we walked into the Club that fateful evening up until we boarded Air Force Two.

"Did you speak with anyone on Air Force Two while you were onboard?"

"No comment."

Brannigan nodded, "So, obviously you did and you were told not to talk about it."

"No comment. Deduce what you wish. I have no comment."

"Is there anything else you wish to comment on before we wrap this up?"

"Just one thing. Be very polite with my family, please. They will react to attempted intimidation or bombastic approaches exactly like I did...and you will end up having to explain why you were unable to get the information you needed when everyone was willing to talk before."

"It is a criminal offense to lie to the FBI, Sir."

"Yes, but the Department of Justice has to prosecute. And the Head of DOJ was just appointed by the President. But, I am sure this will not be an issue because your main objective is to get all the information you can. If you have to be polite to get it, why would you care?"

"And will I get it with politeness?"

"Did you get it from me when you changed your attitude?"

Brannigan cocked an eyebrow, "The Colonel was correct about you. You don't intimidate easily and you are quick on your feet."

I smiled, "So what did the Colonel say when you asked for your sidearm back?"

Brannigan leaned back and chuckled, "He said he would gladly do so as soon as I got my Presidential decree."

"We both know this was a statement. Was that why you came in the way you did?"

"I am a Special Agent for the FBI. I am not happy when the Executive Branch issues me a statement when I am doing my job. But you obviously already had that scoped out."

"I was actually just trying to help you get what you needed. I know my family and your need to project your authority was going to rub everyone the wrong way. Shit is getting real and you don't need to have to struggle to get the information you need because of bad first impressions."

"If all of this was already scoped out by you and it was all intentional, how do I know you were being truthful?"

I laughed, "Check the vocal stress analysis, I am sure they pinged you immediately with my no comment, which was the reason for your followup and for your second reading now."

"You seem to be awfully well informed for being just a civilian."

"Nah, I'm just not stupid."

"Are you affiliated with any other Agencies I should know about?"

"At this time, I am just a Captain in a local Sheriff's Office. Before this, I was a college student going through medical school."

Brannigan smiled mischievously, "I will be talking with your father next."

I winked at him and waved goodbye. Not giving him a vocal response for his fishing expedition.

"Hello! Name's Brannigan, may I call you James?"

James tossed him his cell phone and told him, "Call this number, XXX-XXX-XXXX then after the first ring hit \$\$@1. then put it on speaker."

Brannigan raised an eyebrow and did as he was asked.

"This is the Office of the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, how may I help you?"

This is Spectre 98406731, confirm."

"Voice pattern confirmed. What is your code?"

James winked at Brannigan and gave the code for all clear and not under duress. "I would like to speak with Crypto please."

"One moment, Sir."

"Sir, Spectre is on an open line, has given the all clear code, and has requested to speak with you."

"Patch him through."

"Crypto is on the line, Sir."

"Crypto! Spectre here. Long time no see!"

"Been too long, Spectre, How they hanging?"

"Low and slow, Crypto, low and slow."

"You up to your ass in this mess, Spectre?"

"Treading water, Crypto."

"I see you are at the Pentagon. What is it you need?"

"Just needed bonafides so this young man knows with whom he is dealing."

"Who are you, young man?"

"Special Agent Brannigan, FBI. And you are, Sir?"

"Crypto is all you get. Take me off speaker and put me to your ear." Brannigan did so, "Spectre has eyes only Security Clearance and is one of our most bad-assed field agents. That information is need to know and you may not keep any copy of that statement on any record. Any questions?"

"How do I know this is legit?"

Crypto hung up and as he handed me back my phone his rang. Brannigan checked the number and sighed, "Yes Director! How can I help you?"

I heard one word, "Legit," and the line went dead.

Brannigan ran his palm over his face, "Well this is fun. Do I waste my time asking questions?"

I looked at the mirror, "Cut the mikes, this is not to be recorded. If that order is not followed to the letter there will be hell to pay."

Next thing I heard was someone squawking in his earbud about the mikes being down. Brannigan pulled his earbud out and leaned back.

"The Chinese involved?"

"Yes."

"The pilot?"

"Recruited."

"How do you know this?"

"I have my sources. I checked. He was recruited and is a known asset of the Guoanbu."

"Shit!" Brannigan got on his phone, "Yes, Brannigan here! Pilot is an asset of the Guoanbu. Credible source....Yes. I cannot say more even on this encrypted phone. Yes, I will."

"No name, no call sign."

"Understood."

"Are you blown?"

"Very likely."

"Now all the assets in the field make sense."

"Kids don't know and it needs to stay that way for now."

"Your friend, Harry's father. It wasn't an accident, was it."

"No."

"You have leads?"

"The contracted assassin, the contractor, and the initiator have been dealt with out of country."

"Can I speak with them?"

"Only if you are a Necromancer, are friends with Poseidon, can find enough pieces, and can speak shark. Harry's dad was my friend and partner...I took it personal."

"The only other thing you need to know from me is the jaunt to the nightclub was not planned and was unfortunate. Shit happens when things get domestic and family is kept out of the loop."

"Why is the CIA working domestically?"

"We aren't, we handed all the domestic stuff over to a joint task force. We have lines of communication with that task force. Anything else you need, get it from them."

Brannigan noted his dismissal but asked one more question: "Why did you volunteer fingerprints?"

"Because they are fake. Besides, cover is blown. Doesn't matter now."

"Pharmaceutical business?"

"Partners bought me out yesterday."

"Okay, that explains the 54 million in your account. Thank you."

Brannigan gave me his card and walked out.

"Heavylift, is it?" Chief looked up at the suit, "Hello, and you are?"

"Brannigan, Special Agent, FBI."

"How can the Marine Corp help the FBI on this fine (looked at his watch) morning?"

"Yeah, sorry about that Chief. The big hats want a debrief and anyone with any sense knows not to go to such a meeting half cocked."

"Roger that!"

"So, what do you know?"

"My team and I were tasked to train with a local National Guard unit and then received a change of orders out of the blue from high up the food chain."

"How high?"

"When a General gives you a direct order you don't ask."

"Can you tell me what those orders were?"

"Sure, I was told this was part of an ongoing, top secret operation whose parameters were fluid. That this family was a high value target and to expect hostilities. There would be a Seal Team squad on station, predator drones, and any other assets I felt were necessary would be provided...no questions asked. I was given full authority to fire when fired upon and to take whatever action was necessary to protect the assets. This was to 'officially' be a training exercise."

"What can you tell me about the Chinese."

"Nothing, really, I was debriefed after this latest incident, and knowing it was a Chinese Chopper, I needed to know if they were involved."

Brannigan walked up to Bill, "We have all we need from them already. There is no real need to interrogate the others but send someone in to get their statements to complete the record. I need to get in touch with Homeland because this is definitely both an international and domestic situation and we have an alphabet soup of agencies involved."

Brannigan continued, "Get me my fingerprints and we can call it a night. What is lined up for their transportation home?"

Bill smiled, "Air Force Two is waiting for them at Langley. Evidently the V.P. wants a debrief of what was said."

Brannigan just shook his head, "I hope the family makes it through. This has to be some deep shit for all this...and the kid has potential."

"Brannigan, just so you know, I checked with Langley, the dad mentioned he was ex-spook. He was half right. The term ex was not accurate."

"Yeah, that was rather painfully obvious."

Back on Air Force Two the Vice President called us in separately and had us repeat, word for word, what we all said and to whom it was said. I thought he was going to laugh so hard he was going to

get an aneurysm when I mentioned I told Special Agent Brannigan to kiss my ass.

Back at the airport all the helicopters had been fully fueled and the flare package on the Sea Stallion was swapped out. I noted the Apaches now also had an array of Air to Air and Air to Ground missiles. The Secret Service gave us back our firearms and Heavylift, Batgirl, and Ladyhawk got us home in one piece. It having been a long day, everyone decided to call it a night and went right to bed.

James and I hit the stairs together, "James, some time you and I need to have a talk."

James looked at me, "When it is safe for you to know, I will tell you everything."

I nodded my acceptance, suspecting there was a whole hell of a lot beneath the surface I had no clue about.

Around 11 o'clock in the morning I was roused, and aroused, by my mother and sister sucking on my nipples. "Morning ladies."

Mom looked into my eyes and smiled, "Sue, I told you it would work and he wouldn't be mad about it. By the way, he still owes you a good lovemaking session. I will see you both for lunch in an hour!" and Mom sashayed out of the room.

Sue planted a kiss on my lips and put a cool, moist cloth over my eyes, "Now Harry, you have to be still." Was all she said before she put the petals of a rose to my nose. She then caressed my body from my ears, across my neck and chest, over my stomach and around my balls with the rose. The soft sensation heightened my sense of touch all over my body.

Sue then positioned herself over me and slowly sat down on my cock in one long luxurious thrust. "Unngghhhh!" I groaned.

Sue then planted herself on top of me like a limpet with maximum skin-on-skin contact. Breathing softly in my ear she whispered, "I love you, Harry."

"Love you, too, Baby," I whispered as I pulled her lips to mine and kissed her softly, longingly, lovingly as she slowly moved my cock back and forth while planted deep inside her.

I concentrated on delaying my orgasm as long as I could, wanting Sue to enjoy several orgasms before I let go. For the first one I could tell she started to increase her pace. I took the cloth off my eyes and looked deeply into hers, "Slow down baby. Make your climax come to you, don't go rushing after it. Let it build slowly so it moves up your spine in waves before you spasm."

Sue was transfixed on my face, breathing deeply in ragged, lustful intakes of breath as she kept her regular pace. "Oh Harry! It is building so deep inside me."

"Relax and let it chase you, Baby."

I could feel her concentrating on the wait, relaxing her pelvis and letting the climax build. All of a sudden her breath got real short and fast, her thighs started quaking, her eyes rolled up into her head, and her whole body climaxed to her rhythmic moans of pleasure.

She passed out while on top of me and I just locked her in with my legs and arms and gently short stroked her pussy as she recovered.

When she finally came to she quietly exclaimed, "Dang that was good!"

I smiled and said, "My turn." I moved over on top of her and raised her knees to my shoulders so I could angle my thrusts and hit her G-Spot on each inward stroke. I started slow and built up speed and energy over a period of 5 minutes. At the end of that time Sue was crying, groaning, panting....sounding like she had been enslaved by a devil as she got worked up. Finally, she came a second time as she screamed bloody murder that started high pitched and ended in a guttural growl of passion.

It was too much for me and I came as Sue gushed her cum all over my cock and balls.

I heard thunderous steps coming up the stairs and the door to the bedroom burst open and half the family came rushing in. Sue was unconscious and I had just rolled off her, panting for breath. James spoke up, "Damn son! Did you kill her?"

"I, I tried, tried my best, Dad. Did I succeed?"

Leesie just started laughing her ass off and Barbara said with a wicked smile, "I'm next!"

All the away team missed breakfast, having not gone to sleep until about 5 in the morning so Chef and Mavis decided to make something special for everyone for lunch. Steamed Old Bay seasoned King Crab clusters, 1.5 pound Lobster tails and claws, melted artisan butter, boiled red potatoes seasoned with liquid Zataran's Crab Boil, twice baked potatoes, and steamed broccoli.

Weihenstaphaner Hefe Weissbier which is a beer with Aromas of banana, clove and peppery spice making it incredibly appealing. Some citrus fruit and malts also characterize the taste with great balance and good carbonation. The beer was unique and light on the palate as to not overwhelm the seafood, enhancing and adding to the meal instead.

"Mavis?"

"Yes Harry?"

"Did the boat and Seal teams get this for lunch, too?"

"Of course! They get theirs before you do!"

"Uh huh. And how many marriage proposals have the staff received?"

Mavis and Pet both laughed, "They are inundated! The abduction and release schedule has certainly picked up!"

"I bet." I snickered. "Pet, this was absolutely delicious." I said as I lifted my beer in salute to a chorus of everyone else cheering in and thanking Chef and the staff for all their hard work.

Doc then got everyone's attention and got down on one knee in front of DD who immediately started crying. "DD, I know that really, we have just met. But the recent events we have all been through have made me realize I should not put off the important things in my life. I have grown so fond of you that I now cannot bear the thought of not being with you. Would you, DD, be my wife?"

Doc opened the ring box and the engagement ring was absolutely beautiful. DD was crying: hell, every one was crying. DD was just able to snuffle, "Yes, I will marry you!"

Lots of congratulations and handshakes and hugs ensued.

As anyone who has eaten crab knows, it gets messy. Everyone stripped off and jumped in the pool to clean up and then Leesie, Barbara, DD, Sue and Lillie all jumped out and ran upstairs to get ready for the afternoon shopping trip.

Doc looked at me and asked, "Do we need to go see what we need to wear?"

James and I just laughed, "Oh hell no. We will be told what to wear. Give it another 10 minutes and we can just walk up to the door and will be handed our clothes."

Sure enough, we lined up outside James and Lillie's bedroom to receive our clothes and we all went to Sue's and my bedroom to get dressed. Marion, James, and I put on our bullet proof underwear and I gave Doc an extra set of mine, explaining what it was and for him to wear it over his regular underwear. We all had jackets and James put on his ankle pistols as well as his shoulder harness for his. I carried my Sig.45 with two extra mags, one regular in the pistol and the other two filled with the armor piercing rounds, in a shoulder harness along with my backup gun on my ankle with two magazines of one each regular and armor piercing. I noted James had armor piercing.308 Winchester rounds in his mags.

James then pulled Marion aside and handed him a gun case and a briefcase. In the Briefcase was a specially designed shoulder holster and in the gun case: Yep, an identical PTR 91 PDWR to the one James was wearing. It was fully prepped and filled with two, taped and offset, 20 round magazines with armor piercing.308 Winchester rounds.

I spoke up, "Guys, we are carrying more firepower than the Marine guards."

James smiled, "Not for long. First stop is the gun shop. I called in and ordered ahead."

"Seems the ladies want to go low key today." I said as I noted we were all in different colored weathered jeans with matching unlined jackets and lighter colored shirts to match in tan, brown, navy, and gray. We were all given the latest Wolverine Tacoma Durashocks Hunting Boots that are EH (electrical hazard) rated. I also had a razor sharp CRKT Halfchance Parang Machete slung upside down diagonally across my back just because I wanted to.

We went down to the living room and were met by the Marines who would be escorting us. After another 30 minutes the ladies came down. They were color matched to us in denim outfits that left nothing to the imagination. Both Sue and Barbara were in my light gray while DD was in Doc's navy, Leesie was in James's brown and Leslie was in Marion's tan.

When we walked outside we were greeted by five identical AMG G 63 SUVs in white, charcoal, green, blue, and black sitting in the driveway, each with heavy brush guards and wenchers in the front. I looked at dad, "Armored and set up like ours?"

He nodded. "Titanium under plating, door panel plating, roof plating, engine compartment plating, military grade self sealing fuel tanks, bullet proof glass with ballistic film on both sides, and foam filled tires. The interior of these SUVs have a similar Titanium tub design as the A10 Warthog. The President wishes he had one of these vehicles in his motorcade."

Dad then handed Marion, Doc, Barbara, and Myself our color coded keys and we all got in and disembarked. The two Marines rode with Barbara.

We arrived at the gun shop and parked. The parking lot was deserted and it looked like the shop was closed. I got Marion's attention with a raised eyebrow.

"We are the only customers this afternoon," was his reply.

We walked in and the owner seemed overjoyed to see us. "Hello everyone! I am so glad you are here! Are you prepared to take possession of your equipment?" James nodded and said, "Yes we are, would you kindly show us two of them?"

The man promptly pointed out 36 large APACHE 9800 Weatherproof Protective Rifle Cases. James and Marion each pulled one out and set them on the counter and called over the two Marines. "Open them, fellas, they belong to you," James said with a smile.

The Marines looked at each other and smiled, opening their respective cases. Inside were highly customized M16 automatic rifles.

The shop owner smiled as he described the weapons:

"These heavily modified, M-16's have a Geissele Automatics two-stage trigger and a 16.3" match grade Titanium barrel including a screw on (with an inset hex bolt for security) combination flash suppressor/compensator that is set to reduce barrel harmonics. They also sport a Titanium folding stock, a KynSHOT hydraulic recoil buffer tuned for .308, an orange Sprinco buffer spring (one additional for spare parts), and a low profile BigAim green laser gun sight boasting a 5 hr continuous run time."

"In addition, these rifle cases include 12-30 round Titanium magazines; half loaded with black tip .308 Winchester armor piercing rounds that will penetrate 3/4 inch plate steel and half loaded with Winchester .308 168 grain match BTRN ammunition. These rifles are also equipped with a limited stretch Crosstac Ambi bungee sling."

"The barrels, uppers, lowers, magazines loaded with armor piercing ammunition, and folding stocks are cerakoted in non-reflecting graphite black while the match grade BTHP loaded magazines, triggers, bayonet studs, sling mounts, charging handles, bolt catches, selector switches, picatinny rail Titanium hand guards, and folding tactical fore grips are cerakoted in a non-reflecting burnt bronze."

"The hand guards are also heat sinks for the barrel and each rifle is accompanied by two ammo cans, one each with 320 rounds of armor piercing and 320 rounds of match BTRN ammunition."

The two marines picked up their new weapons and checked out the weight and feel of the rifles. "They don't feel as heavy as our standard rifles," one said.

The shop owner continued, "The Titanium allows for greater strength with less bulk, making the rifles lighter than your standard arms. They are chambered for .308 Winchester which is a more powerful version of the 7.62x51mm NATO round and they can fire either round without modification. Each barrel has been finely polished on the inside and each rifle has a target in their case showing a 5 shot group with .25 MOA accuracy at 100 yards. As for the weight, fully loaded they will be comparable to your current rifles."

"Damn!.308? I bet they kick like a mule!"

"Actually, with the dampener, spring, compensator, and fore grip, you will find they do not climb any more than your 5.56 mm rounds. And the recoil will be so close to what you are used to because the kick is spread out over time so you will not notice a difference. The two stage trigger has a minimal creep until you feel resistance. When you press past that, the rifle cycles. The trigger pull at the resistance is equal to your standard firearms and the trigger is very crisp at that point. So when you pull, it cycles. There is no creep in the trigger once you reach the resistance."

"These rifles take down exactly like your standard rifles, so your training still works for you. The Laser sight on the barrel shroud is push button operated and the button can be activated by your finger as you grasp the fore grip."

"These are sweet! Man I wish I could afford this beauty!"

Marion laughed, "Why? You want two of them? Because you are holding your rifle in your hands."

"Man, I am creaming my BDUs! Don't play with me like that!"

"Not playing," James said, "All of these rifles are sighted in at 100 yards?"

"Yes sir, just as you requested. And the lasers are calibrated for 50 yards."

"Very good. We have 5 SUV's out front and we need help loading these cases and ammo boxes."

"I took the liberty of coating the armor piercing ammo boxes black and the round nose boxes burnt bronze, Sir. I hope that was acceptable?"

"Yes, that was a wise decision on your part. Thank you."

The two Marines looked at each other, "Fuck this!" they both said and unloaded their standard rifles and put them in the cases, leaving their new rifles out to use. They quickly swapped out their mag pouches, adjusted the slings to their preferences, and they were set. "Man, don't know which of you bought these fantasy level weapons, but thank you very much! We will cherish them."

Harry spoke up, "I want you to have the best when you are protecting my family. I have already gotten approval for you to use them as your duty weapons while on this assignment."

Both Marines looked like they had just robbed the candy store.

We got everything loaded up into the cars and we drove to the bridal shop and dropped the ladies off so Sue, Leslie, and DD could shop for wedding gowns and decide on colors for bride's maids and groom's men. We men went to the local custom jewelry shop.

Four hours later we got back together and walked out of the bridal shop to head home. Out of the clear blue there was a thunderous boom above us and across the road there was a third story window that shattered. James shouted, "Move! Get into the vehicles and clear the area!" We all jumped into our cars and hit the gas. James hit a button that allowed him to speak over the sound systems in all five cars. "Do not stop for traffic lights but don't get hit by cross traffic either! Weave and dodge at irregular intervals and drive to the limit of your skills."

"Seal Team Bravo Leader, this is Overwatch. I have a contact on infrared. Sniper, third floor, sixth window from my right. Permission to fire?"

"Wait to see if he is lining up his shot. If so, terminate with extreme prejudice. We will be watching for accomplices, over."

"Roger, fire when he begins to line up a..." Overwatch pulled the trigger. "Overwatch to Seal Team Bravo Leader, target has been terminated, over."

"Copy Overwatch, we are securing the building. Calling Homeland to come and handle the investigation. When they have arrived and secured their perimeter we are to clear the area, over."

"Copy Seal Team Bravo Leader, Overwatch standing by, out."

Barbara spoke up, "The Marines say that boom was from a 50 caliber sniper rifle."

"They probably took out a sniper who was waiting for us." Just keep moving and get to the house as quickly as possible!"

"The Marines have contacted the Apaches. They were already in contact with one of the Seal Team squads that was guarding us in town. The Apaches are airborne and will give us cover as soon as they arrive! ETA is 30 seconds!" Mom said.

A nagging thought crept into my head as I was driving like a madman through town...My mother was too calm, too in control, and knew too much about military parlance. Something wasn't right.

"Batgirl, you see what I am seeing?"

"Affirmative Ladyhawk. Two vans approaching at high speed."

"Batgirl, I have a lock, they are stopping and blocking the road!"

"Affirmative Ladyhawk, verify before firing."

Ladyhawk looked through her magnified image and saw armed men with rifles and rocket launchers exiting the vans. She fired one of her Hellfire II missiles "Verified and neutralized."

I had gotten into the lead and I saw two vans and armed men just before a missile blew them away. "Road obstruction ahead! Drive into the field to the left! Do not stop! Follow my lead!"

Doc called out, "Was that an explosion?"

"Yes Doc, armed men were taken out by a missile shot from one of the Apaches." We hit the shallow ditch on the left and zoomed around the wreckage. I'm pretty sure I saw a few bodies lying around.

"Dad, this was a setup, they knew we were out. We have someone in the city who is giving out intelligence."

"FBI and Homeland are on it. Let's just drive and get home safely."

Marion surged ahead, "Let me run point the rest of the way. James, you pick up the rear. Anyone or anything that tries to stop us now will have hell to pay."

Mom said, "The Marines are grinning from ear to ear. They are hoping for a fight so they can have some fun with their new weapons."

I'm pretty sure I was not the only one to chuckle at that one.

The guard at the gate had it open for us and we didn't slow down until we were in front of the cottage. When we got there Chief was already in route to pick up the Seal team in town.

James got on his phone: "Heavylift this is James: be sure to bring the Seal team to the house, I have something for them."

"I can do that James. You need the other half there as well as the Apache pilots?"

"Let's have the squads trade out so we have coverage, but yes to both. You as well."

"Roger that, we are 10 minutes out."

James looked at the Marines, "Fellas, can you help me get these other gun cases and ammo to the pool area? We are going to give them to the Seal team squads on station here."

"Yes, Sir! We are on it! Take a load off!"

The rest of us got to the pool and stripped, got some beers, jumped in the pool, and chilled until the Super Stallion landed. The Seal team unloaded and it was interesting to note their situational awareness as they approached the pool.

James took the lead, "Fellas, take off your clothes and jump in, we will wash your clothes and you can take turns getting a hot shower, we have three and unlimited hot water, so enjoy yourselves."

"L.T.?" one of them asked.

"Hollywood showers fellas! Get it done!"

Leesie spoke up, I will use a special activated carbon based soap on the clothes so they will not smell like fresh washed civvies boys. We have an industrial washer and dryer here so don't be shy and gimme all you got!"

Frankly speaking, I think the women all got a bit turned on with the six packs and guns, LOL.

L.T. Then looked around, "Where is the Chef who has been feeding us?"

I introduced both Chef and Mavis and 6 of the other staff who were new additions to take care of the additional food requirements. L.T., nude as a Jaybird, walked over and kissed and hugged each woman, "I cannot tell you how much that means to the men. Thank you for all you are doing. Your support will become legend in the community, rest assured."

Marion spoke up, "Actually, L.T., you and your men have saved our lives at least twice already with an additional assist. We should be thanking you. And to that end..." Marion looked to James and stopped.

"Men, as a token of our appreciation, go grab a gun case and one each of the two different colored ammo boxes. Open them up and see if this works for you as a thank you."

The squad opened up their cases with exclamations all around. They immediately began to field strip the weapons and check all the operational parts before putting it all back together. After verifying the exquisite workmanship each squad member had a big smile. "Wow," and "Thanks!" and "Hell yeah!" were the most common expressions of appreciation.

Harry then explained, "These heavily modified, M-16's have a Geissele Automatics two-stage trigger and a 16.3" match grade Titanium barrel including a screw on (with an inset hex bolt for security) combination flash suppressor/compensator that is set to reduce barrel harmonics. They also sport a Titanium folding stock, a KynSHOT hydraulic recoil buffer tuned for .308, an orange Sprinco buffer spring, and a low profile BigAim green laser gun sight boasting a 5 hr continuous run time."

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"All of these rifles are sighted in at 100 yards and the lasers are calibrated for 50 yards. The armor piercing ammo boxes are black and the round nose boxes burnt bronze."

"One last thing, L.T.," Dad said, "every round has been moisture sealed around the bullet/case edge and the primer/case edge and are good to 20 fathoms."

Totally impressed, L.T. looked around at the expectant faces of his squad. He sighed, shook his head and chuckled, "The answer is yes....AFTER we go to the range and get familiarity with the higher caliber. Chief, can you transport each squad separately to a training facility nearby for familiarity exercises?"

"Absolutely L.T. We can do that tomorrow morning...having had."

Marion piped up, "The State has a top notch training facility with live fire buildings, obstructions, pop ups, and 50 and 100 yard ranges just north of the city here. You can have it exclusively for your use. Targets of various types are in a locked shed (he gave L.T. the combination)."

"There are also various steel plates of differing thickness and makeup for you to check out the armor piercing rounds. Just don't use those in the buildings or with the pop-ups. Just tell the Range Master I sent you. I will also have 10 ammo boxes of the same match grade BTRN and one of the armor piercing delivered by 0730 hours for both squad's use."

"L.T., Heavylift, Batgirl and Ladyhawk, please come over here." I said. When they came over I presented them with their own AR15's and a smaller case with a replica of my Sig Sauer 1911 Fastback Emperor Scorpion Carry in .45 auto with two additional 8 round Wilson Combat magazines, Trijicon HDs sights and military spec belts, holsters, and mag pouches.

The frames and barrels were in cerakoted non-reflecting graphite black while the magazines, triggers, slides, and hammers were cerakoted in a non-reflecting burnt bronze to match their rifles.

Each came with an ammo case of match grade BTRN +P+ ammo and 3 boxes of 50 round American Ballistics armor piercing cartridges.

"Within the week, all of you will have a signed letter from the President allowing you to use these arms as your official load outs and a notation will be made in your service records indicating the same." James said.

Of all of us, I think I was the only one to keep my face deadpan...but, to a person, we were all obviously thinking a combination of "What the fuck!" and "Who is this man?" and finally, "How the hell does he have the President's ear?"

While the Seals were getting their clothes washed and dried they took turns getting a hot shower and cleaning up. Sue and Mom went over to the Sniper who had Overwatch and Mom fed him her breasts while Sue sat in his lap and sensually fucked him in a slow hand move that drove him wild.

First she played with his cock by lubing her fingertips and softly rubbing the ridge around his cock head as she looked him in the eye, encouraging it to harden. "I want to thank you for saving our lives today."

'Deep grunts' "All in a day's work, Ma-am."

"Sue, call me Sue."

"Yes Ma....Sue!" He said as his eyes rolled up, "Your fingers are magical, umph," He said just as Mom walked up and slipped a nipple between his lips.

Mom ran her hand through his hair, "That's a good boy," she said as the Seal sniper ran his tongue over and around her long nipple as he suckled her breast.

Sue straddled his legs and slowly lowered herself down on his cock. The Seal moaned, feeling her wet sex slip over the ridge of his cock as she took him deep. Sue began to rock back and forth, rubbing the ridged sides of his cock head against her slick pussy, making sure to make contact with the upper and lower sides of her cunt on each swipe.

After a few minutes, "Mmmm, I can feel your cock swelling. You are about to cum, aren't you." Sue whispered as she looked at him over her shoulder.

Mom began tweaking his nipples and he soon emptied his balls deep into Sue who came in response to his hot cream spurting inside her. As he came, he latched down on Mom and sucked hard causing her to cum as well.

Mavis and the staff, with Pet running the cooking of course, fed the Seal Team present as well as everyone else except the new squad dinner which consisted of slow cooked whole Au Jus prime rib cut to order with fresh ground horseradish, twice baked potatoes (loaded with sour cream, butter and smoked bacon chips, and spring onions), and a great Burgundy wine: A 2010 Vega Sicilia Unico which is a medium bodied, dark ruby red wine with caramelized elements sporting strong licorice and tobacco highlights over a background of mild oak with a long fruity and smooth finish.

After the Seal's clothes were all washed and they had taken turns to clean up, the two squads switched out and Mavis got them fed as their clothes were washed. Dad presented the second Squad with their weapons, giving them the full spiel. He explained the letters from the President that were incoming and Marion spoke about the access to the State weapon's range.

"Sir, I must say, these are exceptional weapons. I am sure the squad will carry them with pride," their L.T. exclaimed. Dad had also given each Lieutenant the same .45 load out he had given the Chief and Apache pilots. The L.T. immediately had the squad strip, inspect, and reassemble their new weapons. After they had finished and continued rotating through the showers, Mavis pulled the L.T. to the side and explained the abduction and release schedule as well as how meals were delivered each day.

L.T. was a bit dubious at first until all the staff present let him know it was a great stress relief for both parties and had turned into a lot of fun.

It was then that Chief called in the patrol boat and Dad gave them their weapons, having fun giving them the lowdown on their specs.

Chief offered to provide transportation and the times were set with all parties involved for weapon's training tomorrow and with the Seal Team and patrol boat crews properly washed, fed, and fucked; the second squad melted into the shadows without so much as a sound.

About an hour later, Chief's SAT phone rang: "Hello, Ma-am, yes this is Heavylift.....Yes Ma-am. Understood." and he hung up. "Well I just got some updated intel. It seems our sniper was Mexican, the Seal Team sniper took him out. It seems he had three cohorts with him in a hotel nearby. Searching the phone records the group got a call from a Miss Stanley Cooper from in town just when we let the girls off at the bridal shop."

"THAT BITCH!" Mavis yelled.

"You know her Mavis?" Chief asked.

"She is the one who was such a pain at the Club that you had me kick her out, James."

Chief got back on his cell phone, "Ma-am, I have new information on that Miss Cooper: It seems she has a personal vendetta with several of the family members over a social dining club incident where her membership was revoked for behavior unbecoming. He is? Very good Ma-am. Yes Ma-am I will. Thank you."

"Well," Chief said, "It seems Miss Stanley Cooper is being arrested as we speak for collaborating with terrorists and accessory to attempted murder. She will be interrogated by Homeland and held under the Federal Patriot Act. The FBI is leading the investigation." Chief looked directly at me, "Brannigan says hi, by the way. He said he's got this so don't worry."

Everyone looked at me with amused faces, including James who said, "Damn! I had him call the Director of Operations for the CIA to calm his ass down and you are the one he remembers? Color me damn impressed! What the hell did you say to him?"

OK.....Dad has a direct line to the number two man in the CIA. Makes sense. Everyone but Leesie, Marion, and Barbara had raised eyebrows at Dad. Things that make you go hmmmmm. "As soon as he walked in I knew he was FBI, Dad. He had his highbrow manner about him so I basically told him to kiss my ass or leave."

Chief looked at me and shook his head, "No shit? And you got away with it?"

"No shit. And yes, he knew we flew in on Air Force Two and I had Presidential permission to remain armed while he didn't. So I played it for what it was worth. I swear I heard that Colonel laughing his ass off behind the mirror."

Dad just laughed his ass off. Barbara and Leesie had this 'We are so proud of you!' look and Sue was just dumbfounded. Batgirl, and Ladyhawk looked at each other meaningfully and then at Chief who nodded in return. Chief spoke up. "You know who Brannigan is, don't you Harry?"

"With his attitude I figured he was pretty high up on the food chain."

"Ya think? He is the LEAD Investigator for the entire FBI! And you just told him to kiss your ass and he took it!?" Chief looked around, "Who the hell are you people?"

Dad just nodded and smiled.... "Good boy. Damn good." was all he said.

I raised my eyebrows and shrugged, "Man puts his pants on one leg at a time, same as me."

Sue leaned in to my ear, "I want to know what you have figured out...we need to talk."

I gave her a kiss and smiled as I winked. "Folks, my love has just made me an offer I cannot refuse. Please forgive me for retiring early, but manly duties call." Everyone snickered and decided to have sex in the pool as Sue and I went upstairs.

Sue closed the door behind her as I laid down on the bed. "OK, I know you have figured out something so tell me, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!"

"Grab the anal lube baby, let me get inside that wonderful ass of yours and I will gladly tell you what I have figured out."

Sue pulled the lube from the night stand and lubed my now erect cock and handed it to me as she bent over and spread her cheeks. I lubed up her gorgeous dark rose, making sure to slip my finger in as deep as I could to lube her ass. Sue handed me a wet wipe and I cleaned my finger as she did hers.

Sue promptly straddled my cock and sunk my cock deep into her tight ass in one long slow stroke as we both moaned. She slowly moved up and down my shaft in long, languid strokes. "Fuck that feels good," she said, "Now fess up."

"Dad is an active CIA field operative. The pharmaceutical business was real but was used as a front for his field work. Both our mothers are also 'in the business' but in what capacity I haven't quite figured out yet. Not sure they are currently active. Marion knew all about it. I am beginning to suspect my father was also a CIA field operative and was killed as a result of the mess we now find ourselves in. If that is the case, when things settle down, I am taking James and a support crew and we are going to take out those who were responsible, even if it means high ranking Chinese officials."

Sue didn't miss a beat as she stroked me deep inside her ass. She looked me directly in the eye, "I support you one hundred percent. But I want you to promise me you will do your damndest to prevent collateral damage. I want to know you kept the high ground in this vendetta."

I looked deeply back at her, "You have my word. I am only out to avenge my father's murder."

Sue shed a tear, "I loved him, too. Learn some Beijing dialect Chinese. When you take him down, let him know why."

Sue began to concentrate on our mutual enjoyment. I held her breasts and played with them the way she likes (me, too for that matter). "I love you Sue. I want to get married sooner rather than

later. Maybe we can talk to DD, Doc, Marion, and Lillie and see if we can have a group wedding? Fuck, Baby, your ass feels so good sliding up and down my cock."

Sue began to cry as she started her orgasm, "Yes! Yes to all of it! Fuck yes!" she said as she began to scream her orgasm. Sue lost control of her body as her anal orgasm took over. She gurgled her words, her eyes rolled up in her head, and her whole body trembled. Her whole body orgasm picked my libido up and threw it over a cliff as I climaxed with her, filling her luscious ass with my hot, spurting cream.

When we were both enjoying the post coital bliss, she just leaned over and lay on top of me with my cock still embedded in her well lubed and cream filled ass.