

# STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 17

*Rusthemod*

*Meetings, Training, and Fighting, oh my!*

Incest/Taboo

4.82

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The gist of the meeting involved several fronts.

First: Special Forces moved up the schedule for taking out the drug Cartels. It seems the captured Pilot wanted to avoid being sent back to the Cartels after both failing to kill us as well as losing the attack helicopter. The information he gave included safe houses, banks, travel routes, hangouts, names of affiliated associates, their homes, number of children, cell phone numbers, underground facilities, storage facilities, how the drugs were transported, who the leaders of the distribution network were...etc..

The Pilot spent years accumulating all this data just in case he was hung out to dry and needed some collateral with which to negotiate. The fact he also was collecting it for the Chinese didn't escape us.

Second: Satellites had already verified the traffic patterns and several special forces groups were in the final planning stages for a combined strike on the families, bank assets, infrastructure, and known associates.

"What about the Innocents?" I asked for Sue.

The CIA rep said, "To the best of our ability they will be kidnapped immediately prior to a coordinated and overwhelming use of lethal force. After which, they will be released and recompensed so they can live either in South America, Mexico, or the U.S. comfortably from a portion of the seized banking assets."

"Thank you. I realize we are dealing with animals, but that doesn't mean we have to kill innocent women and children. That puts us on the same moral ground and I have issues with that." Sue added.

"A Portion of the seized assets, which totals almost ten billion dollars by the way, will be given to the respective heads of state in the affected countries. This is to assure they will not create a problem for us or leak the information to our targets should they come across any. We are keeping them in the dark until the shit hits the fan and they will be notified as the strikes are being made. The rest will be used to finance the operational costs of the off the books operations."

Additionally, five hundred million tax free dollars will be deposited into an off shore account for your use.

I quickly copied down the names of every staff member, family member, Seal Team members of both squads, the boat personnel, and the pilots. I handed the list to the CIA representative and said, "With your permission, Dad?" He nodded. "We want everyone involved here, all 60 plus of them who are working for us and protecting us on site to have an equal share. And higher ups need not be in the loop on this so as not to create issues."

"Everyone also needs a letter from the IRS stating the tax free nature of these proceeds and all combatants need a signed Presidential Pardon for any and all work done for this task force."

Homeland spoke up, "The separate accounts and tax free letter from the IRS are not a problem. However, Presidential pardons are out of our hands, I'm afraid."

James interjected, "Let me pursue that one. The President and I go way back. I am sure I can swing it for a one time deal."

The CIA representative gave Dad a guarded look which Dad saw but didn't acknowledge. Everyone else just looked at him dumbfounded.

Brannigan looked at Dad and asked out loud, "Who the hell are you people?" and then let the matter drop...not sure he wanted to know the answer.

It was decided we would meet again after everything settled down in about a month or so to discuss possible entrance into the Witness Protection Program. We were too good a decoy to get out just yet and our protection details were up for the job. As the group got up to leave, the CIA representative gave Dad a manila envelope. They shook hands in the way men long familiar with each other do, and they left.

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After the meeting had adjourned and the alphabet soup people left with their guards in tow, Dad and Marion got on the phone with the special weapons armorer who supplied our special forces with their weapons.

"Hello, Jim! Marion and James here!"

"Oh! Hey fellas! How are those specials I did for you holding up?"

Dad laughed, "I think they are about to marry their rifles, Jim. You did a bang up job on those. Which is why we are calling."

"Oh?"

Marion spoke up, "My sheriffs each need one, with the case, done just the way you made the previous ones and we need a full slate of those.45's as well. Any chance we can get a volume discount on 350 of each if we agree to support your bragging rights as a sales pitch?"

"These are for the department and not for individuals, right?"

"Yes for the carbines, no for the pistols."

"Okay, so you want a three stage selector switch: single fire, three round burst, and full auto on the '15's?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I will sell them to the department at 5% over cost which will be a 15% discount. That will give you 15 free of each on an order of 350. That sound reasonable?"

"Fantastic, just send me the bill. The County isn't paying for these. When can you have them ready?"

"I will get my current orders finished in a day or so and we can begin work no later than Thursday. That will give me time to begin receiving the additional shipments. I have enough parts on hand for the first 60. My guys can get 20 done a day of each so I need three weeks for delivery. That meet your needs?"

"Don't over tax yourself, we want the same quality as the last set."

"Marion, it's your weapon but it is my reputation, if I run into a snag I will let you know. I assume you want presentation boxes for the handguns and 4 mags for each weapon?"

"Yes to both, please."

"OK fellas, that comes damn close to about 2.5 million. Since I am getting such a low profit margin on these and it being such a large order I am going to need that up front to cover ordering the weapons and the parts. Will that be an issue?"

"Give me your banking information and I will have the money sent directly to your account. It should arrive by tomorrow morning. I will send you 2.5 million and we can settle up upon delivery."

"You got a deal!" Jim said. I will send you a signed contract via email. Please sign it and fax it back to me?"

"Will do!" Dad got the banking information and called his bank's CEO, making sure the transfer would be done that evening.

With that out of the way I asked Marion and Dad to meet me in Sue's and my bedroom.

"OK, you two. Spill. How the hell does my Dad have a direct line to the President of the United States and how do you have the kind of pull to get done what you say you can do?" I continued in the face of their deadpans, "I already know you work for the CIA," I pointed at Dad, "And I know you, Marion, know all about it...along with Mom and Leesie. There is a reason I want to know and it is not just idle curiosity."

Dad blew out a long slow breath and Marion pulled out a small device and flipped a switch. When I raised my eyebrow he simply said, "It is a device that stops anyone from electronically listening in."

I sat down and said, "Fire away, please. I want it all."

Dad spoke up, "Harry: your father, Marion. and I were recon force. The current President of the United States was a pilot who had been shot down and captured in a country we were not officially supposed to be in. Your father, Marion, and I were his only shot. We infiltrated the prison camp where he was being tortured and secured his release just before they had decided to kill him on camera and put it on the air."

Marion took over, "Both your Dad and your Father met Leesie and Barbara while they were logistics and planning personnel for recon force within the CIA. I retired, along with Leesie and Barbara when You and Sue were born. But James and your Father are, or were still active."

James continued, "Your Father and I were working out the Chinese connection to the Drug Cartels to the south and when we got close enough to make that connection we gathered all the intel and sent it to the Pentagon. At that point, we were out of the picture until they found your Father and killed him."

I looked at Dad and said, "You know they are going to pay for that, right?"

Dad looked me straight in the eye, "Son, I have already eliminated the assassin, his handler, and the low level Chinese official who made it happen. The only ones that remain are the political officials who were involved. And when they get outside of China, for whatever reason, I will be notified. I take it you want to be involved."

"I insist."

Dad just nodded. "We will make that happen. Anything else you want to know?"

"Nope. I had figured most of that out myself, but I wanted confirmation. And I wanted to make sure I was on the team for the retribution."

With that, Dad got up and opened his Manila envelope. "I need to get these to the Seal Teams and to the chopper crews."

Dad handed me mine: It was official Presidential letterhead with a short statement.

Let it be known that Harry \*\*\*\*\* has Presidential authorization to openly carry or concealed carry any weapon of his choosing in public or private, on any public conveyance, and in any governmental or private building while not under the immediate supervision of the U.S. Secret Service and shall not be liable for its use. Should it be necessary, this document is also to be considered a Presidential Pardon for said use anywhere on U.S. Soil, its territories, or its Ambassadorial grounds.

Dad handed Marion his as I sputtered: "Holy Crap!"

"Make a copy and put it in your wallet. We will go by the bank in town and put them in safety deposit boxes tomorrow."

"Yes-Sir."

Dad walked downstairs and caught up with Chief. "Chief! I need you to disseminate these documents to the appropriate people, can you make that happen?"

Chief looked at his and smiled. "Cool! So my new weapon is now my official duty sidearm!" Chief then looked at some of the other documents, "I would ask you how in the Hell did you know the names of the Seal Team members but I am sure I will be told not to worry about it."

"Yep. Just hand them out, please?"

"Roger that!"

Chief then called in his team and gave them their documents before calling in each of the Seal Team squads to give them theirs. A few eyes were raised about someone knowing their names but given the political level of the documents, they figured it was not a security issue. The L.T.s then looked up everyone's personnel record and noted the document was also in each file. When it was all said and done, both L.T.s wondered again who the hell these people were.

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Things rolled along with me putting my head into my studies for 4 hours in the morning each day. My only breaks were for special occasions such as dinner with the President (sigh, Sue has nothing

to wear) and getting married. At the rate I was moving through the material, it looked to me like it was going to take me 7 months to get it all done.

I had to pass some physical fitness tests as well as take some self-defense courses and do residency in person after my studies were all finished. Last week I had started a cross country morning run around the lake each day. After the first day I had several Seals join me on alternating days as part of their own fitness routines. Those guys did it in full gear, though. Needless to say, they were impressive. A five mile run, in full gear, cross country...and by the end I was sucking air and they were just kinda... "eh", and faded back into the woods.

Instead of the standard law enforcement self-defense course, I hired the Special Force's lead hand-to-hand combat instructor, a guy by the name of Manny, to come and teach me in the afternoons for 3 months. Dad and Marion as well as one of the Seal Team squads joined in the martial training and the runs as well. All had already been through Manny's course and they figured they would brush up on their skills while he was available.

After the second week of running I started coming across downed trees I had to get over and other well placed obstacles that changed every few days. I did notice the downed trees started getting higher every few days until the top was 6 foot off the ground; requiring a jump, heave, and hip throw to clear. By the end of the third week the course would have made Camp Lejeune proud. We had balance poles, we had a scaling wall, we had a rope climb, we had a rappel line, we had high step tire runs. We even had a zip line that we hit on a second time around the lake.

That Wednesday the ladies had to get their final fitting for their gowns and they had to buy the clothes they were going to wear to the White House. James, Marion, Doc and I just went along for the ride and smiled our approvals when our women decided what they were going to wear.

We did have one hard purchase we had to make. We had to get white ball caps for all of us and our ladies for the Chef's competition on Saturday.

Thursday morning came around and I woke up in an empty bed. I took a quick shower and walked downstairs wrapped in my towel when I saw five nude and blindfolded women in the living room draped over a leather wrapped rail. Each of them had their shaved pussies fully exposed. There was a number written on the left butt cheek of each woman and Doc, Marion, James, Chief and I were all there. We each drew a number from the hat and when we stepped behind that woman we were to fuck her for 10 strokes then we all moved to the next one in line until we had fucked all five women. The idea was for the women to guess the order of who was fucking her.

No hands or vocalizations by us guys were allowed. 1 was Leesie, 2 was Lillie, 3 was Sue, 4 was Barbara, and 5 was DD. We guys lined up and we all slipped into their hot, wet pussies and gave ten measured strokes. We then moved to the next number while the one on the end moved to number 1. We then gave our new woman ten measured strokes and so on down the line.

All the people in for breakfast watched and soon an orgie erupted around us with cocks and pussies pumping up a storm of distraction. While the idea was good, every woman there had had each of us so many times that they all guessed with 100% accuracy. After we all laughed, each woman took either her fiance' or husband (Barbara grabbed Chief) and we all joined in the orgie.

I put Sue back over the rail and grabbed both sides of her hips and slid home deep inside her slick pussy. "Oh yes baby! Take your woman! Show me how much of a stud my man is!" She kept screaming.

I stroked her deep and hard five times and then moved to her ass and did the same. The change in sensation from her ultra smooth pussy to her ass was wonderful and Sue loved the move back and forth...so much so that she started to wail very loudly. "Oh! Fuuuuck Harry! Yes! Yes! Yes! Ream my tight ass baby!" This turned everyone on even more and soon everyone was screaming or grunting their climaxes.

I could tell Sue was close, so I lined up my cock with her sphincter for the 5th time and I slipped the head of my cock just past her anal ring. I then short stroked her ass, letting the ridge of my cock nudge up inside her anal sphincter each time without pulling out. I leaned in and whispered in her ear, "Are you going to let the President of the United States cum in your ass tonight baby?" This gave Sue the anal orgasm she so loves and it caused me to climax in short order as well.

As I was catching my breath I looked over and saw Mom was wasted and Chief was slowly pulling out of her ass where he had emptied his load.

After a quick cleanup everyone was soon famished for breakfast.

Chef had made some Italian link sausages made from the left over Alligator that she had ground up with some bacon for the fat content (and flavor) and mixed it in with just the right amount of parsley, Italian seasoning, black pepper, fennel seed, paprika, red pepper flakes, salt, and onion before putting the mixture in natural casings and setting them in a very cold refrigerator to allow the flavors to meld before slow smoking them overnight with apple wood chips that had been pre-soaked in beer.

Added to that we had home made yeast biscuits, eggs to order, and fresh hash browns with one's choice of added cheese, Jalapeno's, chili sauce, sauteed onion, or sauteed mushrooms (I got mine loaded). Bloody Mary's were the drink of the morning with three levels of heat from mild to moderate to make your lips tingle hot.

That last 80 pounds of Alligator, combined with another 20 pounds of Bacon was just barely enough. It was tongue slap the top of your mouth delicious! Pet and the crew were just beside themselves with all the praise. Even one of the Seals showed up with one of the boat crew members to tell her how good it all was. The boat just docked at the cook shed to get their food and the Seals came to the cook shed/cottage 4 at a time to get their eggs and hash browns to order.

Sue saddled up to Chef and pointed at me, "Harry, you are just going to have to go get another one of those things."

Everyone laughed and then agreed.

After an hour to let breakfast 'settle' a bit (everyone ate way too much) it was time for showers and getting dressed for dinner at the White House. Overnight bags had already been packed and loaded into the Sea Stallion. And, of course, the ladies picked out our clothes for the evening. Seems we went with formal evening gowns for the ladies and Tuxedos for the guys. It was cute watching Doc getting help from DD putting on his Tux...he had never actually worn one before.

Our Entourage included Sue and myself, James and Leesie, Marion and Lillie, Doc and DD, Pet and Mavis, Cathy, and Barbara. The long gowns the ladies had picked out were all made of silk that had been quickly altered at the boutique store to be form fitting...they hid nothing. The ladies all had to go commando because even the most discrete panties showed through. Each woman did wear a shelf bra, though and the effect was devastating.

The two Marines came with us for security; they were in their Marine Corps Combat uniforms and under arms.

When we walked outside I noticed the motorcade cars were gone. "Dad? Where did the cars go?"

"They are at Joint Base Andrews Son, waiting for us. I had them airlifted there last night. Secret Service agents will be driving them to take us to the White House."

"That works!"

"Marines! You have copies of your load out authorizations on you?"

"Sir! Yes-Sir!" They bellowed, "The boys on the hill are gonna shit themselves when they see this gear!"

James smiled, "I suspect they will."

We all loaded up into the Sea Stallion and we took off with both Apaches in a loose cover formation flying low and fast. Chief got on the headset: "Just wanted you to know, we will be landing on a remote part of the airport next to your private jet that will take you to Joint Base Andrews."

I looked at Dad, "Private jet. That wouldn't be an agency jet would it?"

Dad smiled, "You are getting too smart for your own good, boy."

When we arrived baggage handlers came to transfer our baggage. The Marines were on high alert as they did so and remained that way until we were all safely aboard the plane. As soon as we were seated the pilot came over the speaker, "Welcome aboard everyone, we have immediate clearance to take off and we will not be wasting flight control's time. So buckle up and let's dance."

Almost immediately the engines came to life and began to cycle up and within moments we were moving to the runway and taking off without any pause. Looking out the windows we saw two F16's loaded for bear escorting us.

Upon landing at Joint Base Andrews, we taxied out to one of the remote hangers where our compliment of Mercedes Benz armored SUVs were parked. I looked and Dad and he just shrugged, "I had them shipped out yesterday," was all he said.

We all climbed into the cars with both Marines in the lead car. Our driver was a very muscular man who was very personable. "What's your name, Sir?" I asked.

"Friends call me Bull, Sir!"

"Mine call me Harry! So, how did you get that name, because you are so big?"

Bull smiled, "Something like that, Si...Harry."

Sue snickered, "Oh I think I like this one Daddy, can I bring him home?"

My eye roll was not lost on either one.

We were quickly admitted into the driveway of the White House and the two Marine guards took position and opened the doors for everyone as they stopped in front of the stairs. You know,

looking at pictures really just doesn't do the scene justice. It was a beautiful and imposing edifice up close.

We were greeted by the Vice President and made a leisurely entrance into the foyer while the White House Marine contingent approached our men.

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"You two are out of uniform with those arms. What authority do you have to flaunt Marine issued armament?" A Marine Colonel spoke.

Marine Corporal James Masters spoke up: "By direct order of the President of the United States, Sir!" he spoke clearly and loudly while saluting the Colonel.

"I assume you have proof of that audacious statement, Corporal?"

"Sir! Yes Sir!" and he pulled out of his top BDU pocket a copy of the President's orders, "These orders are also on file with personnel, Sir!"

"Humph!" The Colonel muttered as he read the note. He returned the letter after carefully refolding it. "Any chance you boys would give us a look see and try out your arms in our underground live fire range, Corporal?"

The Marines smiled and Masters saluted again, "Absolutely fuckin 'A' on that, Sir! Shall we head there now, Sir?"

The Colonel smiled and told one of his entourage to get the procurement officer to meet them all at the long range underground fire bunker. "What caliber, son?"

"7.62 NATO or .308 Winchester, Sir!"

The Colonel nodded and with a twinkle in his eye he told another Marine to grab a full ammo box of .308 Winchester.

Tell me about your rifle and how she performs, son." The Colonel requested as they marched around behind the White House to an underground bunker used for live fire exercises by the White House security teams.

The two Marines excitedly gave the Colonel all the information about the rifles and what made them special. They also spoke at length about their increased firepower, the weight comparison to the standard issue rifle, their accuracy, and the recoil."

"Bullshit." The Colonel replied, "You're telling me that the recoil on the .308, which is stronger than the 7.62 NATO is relatively unchanged from the standard 5.56 NATO? Sorry son, I am just going to have to see that to believe it."

"Care to make a wager, Sir?"

The Colonel laughed. "Well boys, some of us are going to a local bar where we security types hang after hours. If you aren't bullshitting me, both your tabs are on me tonight."

The two Corporals smiled, "and if you don't agree, Sir?"

"Then my tab and the Procurement Officer's tab are on you two."



"DEAL!" both Corporals laughed.

When the Procurement Officer, a Captain by the name of Knowles, showed up with an ammo box of .308 Winchester the two Marines saved their ammo and loaded their 3 30 round clips with the Procurement Officer's rounds, each handing one of the Officer's their weapon and a full clip.

The Captain and Colonel nodded to the Range Master and he had them first fire at 50 yards in single fire mode. After ten rounds hitting the same holes (the lasers were spot on) they went to three round bursts and after swapping out for full clips, went on full auto. Even on full auto the carbines held steady and every round hit center mass with no muzzle climb.

The two officers then set up at 100 yards and after 10 single fire rounds all connecting on the paper with no outlier rounds, they both stood up and fired full auto with the final 20 rounds from the standing position. All rounds hit center mass.

When they were satisfied, the Colonel got on his phone, "Is the General available? Yes-Sir, this is he. I have something down on the firing range you need to see and experience, Sir...if you have a moment? Yes-Sir, I understand dinner with the President is in 45. This will take you five minutes after you get here, Sir. Yes-Sir, I think it is."

Within 5 minutes the Joint Chief of the Marine Corp walked in. "Ten Hut!" the Colonel barked and everyone came to.

"At ease!" Barked the General, "Okay fellas, what have you got for me?"

The Colonel then quickly briefed the General who was as incredulous as the Colonel had been. He asked for one of the carbines and a full clip and walked up to the fire line with a fresh target set at 50 yards down range. "Range Master, you have control." he barked and the Range Master didn't miss a beat, working the General through a quick 30 round set.

"Corporal! Where did you get these weapons and can I get more for my special details?"

Marine Corporal James Masters spoke up. "General, Sir! I cannot tell you who made them as they were gifts from the family we are tasked to protect, but you will be having dinner with them this evening if you are eating with the President. I am sure the family can give you that information."

The General looked at the Colonel, "Very good, very good indeed. I like the extra knockdown power with no additional felt recoil. The weight is comparable, the workmanship seems top notch. Stainless match barrel and titanium uppers and lowers you say?"

"Yes-Sir!"

"Thank you for insisting I see this before dinner. I need to run."

Everyone came to attention and the General left the room.

The Colonel was smiling ear to ear. "Beers are on me, boys! Let's get your gear cleaned and properly stowed. You can sleep here in our Barracks tonight. You boys brought civvies?"

"Yes-Sir, Colonel!"

The Colonel looked at one of his entourage, "get them set up for the evening and have them meet me at my car, dressed and pressed by 1700 hours."

The Sargent came to attention, "dressed and pressed by 1700 at your personal vehicle, Sir!"

"Dinner is on the house, boys. Get your gear cleaned and stowed with the quartermaster and get cleaned up. We will get some grub and get some drinking done this evening!"

With that the Colonel and Captain left and the Sargent just laughed and shook his head. "You fellas just made your careers, you know that, right? Both of those men are up and coming and the Chief of the Marine Corp is going to know all about you by the end of the day.

The Range Master spoke up, "we have a cleaning bench over here you fellas can use. If you need anything you don't see there, just ask."

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Marion and Cathy were given the Queen's bedroom with James and Leesie taking Lincoln's bedroom. The rest of us took adjoining rooms down the hall, each with an en-suite. We freshened up and were then escorted to the music room where a pianist softly played as the dinner party members gathered.

We had the heads of the FBI, CIA, Homeland, the Joint Task Force, the Department of Justice, the Joint Chiefs, and...the Chinese Ambassador...with the Vice President and President along with everyone's spouses.

The President came over to me and introduced the Chinese Ambassador, along with his very lovely wife. After being introduced, the President left us and the Ambassador looked me straight in the eye and palmed me a note, "Sir, it is with deepest regrets that I must apologize for some of the more radical members of our Military and spy organizations."

"I assure you, your current troubles are not sanctioned by the current leadership. The men involved are very powerful and cannot be openly opposed. However, should they find themselves in unfortunate circumstances while outside our borders...well, other than official statements of concern, the leadership would be most receptive to permanent solutions should such arise."

I looked straight into his eyes and deeply into his soul as I responded, "My father appreciates this message. Please let the leadership of your country know, should the opportunity arise, permanent solutions will gladly be addressed."

I then kept the palmed paper discretely held in my hand before making a show of transferring it to my inside jacket pocket. I actually kept it in my hand and passed it on to James, who gave it to Marion who slipped it to Leesie. Leesie then 'adjusted' her bra.

It was at that time when a butler arrived and announced, "Mr. President and First Lady, dinner is served."

We all followed the President and First Lady out of the room and into the formal dining room where we sat according to where our names had been placed. Dad, Leesie, Marion and Lillie sat to both sides of the President and his wife. Sue and I sat between Homeland and CIA and their wives and across from the Joint Chiefs and their wives. DD and Doc sat next to the Chinese Ambassador and I could tell DD was in full professional mode, profiling the Chinese Ambassador and his wife.

The Marine Chief of Staff was closest to the President when he spoke to me from up the table a space. "Harry, may I call you Harry?"

I nodded agreeably, "Please do, Sir!"

"Please, you are not military, just Phil will do."

"Thank you Phil, what was it you wanted to ask?"

"It was brought to my attention that the Marines guarding you had special weapons that are not approved nor provided by the military for their use."

At that point, the President stopped his conversation with Dad and looked at the Marine General, "Is that a problem, Phil?"

"Absolutely not, Mr. President. However, I did have the opportunity to not only receive glowing reports about those weapons but was able to test fire one myself. I was wondering if our procurement office might have the contact information for their manufacturer. I believe these weapons would serve the Marine Corpsmen and women stationed here at the Capitol and in our Embassies much better than our current ones."

The President nodded and sat back, thinking for a moment. "This manufacturer, is he one of your people James?"

"Sir, he is not officially one of my people but he is within the circle of known assets, yes."

The President nodded again, "Well, James, if it is alright with you, make the introductions?"

"Immediately, Mr. President." and he took out that new phone and sent the Marine General a text with Jim's contact information. He then got on another phone and sent a text to Jim telling him to expect a call from the Marines.

The General raised an eyebrow, wondering how James had the number to his secure phone, but said nothing. However, each of the other Joint Chiefs pestered him incessantly until he gave them the full story. Seems he was very impressed with the weapon. I was happy for Jim. He was about to get rich.

The appetizer was a foie gras served on multi grain toast points with quartered, rum soaked figs.

Dinner was bacon wrapped Filet Mignon with asparagus that had been sauteed in an aged balsamic vinaigrette and twice baked potatoes. The cooking staff had given us a card earlier so we could notate our preferred level of doneness and mine was a perfect blue rare with the bacon wrap having a slightly chewy crispness.

The wine was a Quintessa Meritage, 2017 which is medium to full-bodied. The palate was beautifully expressed with elegant red and black fruit layers and a sturdy, grainy frame with plenty of freshness. It had a very pleasant long and earthy finish.

Dessert was a decadent chocolate espresso cake served with a medium dark roast Alto Grande ultra premium coffee whose beans were ground just prior to percolation.

I got the President's attention, "My compliments to the Chef. We have been quite spoiled with our own accomplished Chef of late and this meal was right on par with her level of expertise."

"Oh?" he smiled, "Perhaps I should have her come cook for us one evening."

"Actually, Mr. President, she is competing in a great Chef's of the state competition tomorrow evening. She will be presenting her succulent Mediterranean pork loin to the judges of the event. We are very confident she will sweep the competition." Dad interjected

"Indeed! Perhaps we should all ride over in Air Force One and do some surprise politicking at the event! The First Lady and I need to get out of the 'House' for a day or so anyway!"

The President then asked, "Is there security set up at all? I am assuming you and yours were planning to attend?"

Marion spoke up, "Sir, there has been deep look satellite coverage on site since Wednesday and a Seal team squad will be in place early this morning."

"Excellent! Let's make this happen! Any who wish to come with us: we will gather at 10 O'clock at Marine One and transfer to Air Force One at Andrews for the flight over. Have the Secret Service send some people this evening to liaise with the Seal Team to add another level of security."

"Mr, President, we really look forward to seeing you there, but we have our own, security enhanced vehicles we have planned to use as our transportation. Perhaps we can meet you there? Unless you would like to take the Beast out for a ride? It is only an hour from here once we get out of the Beltway." I said.

"Motorcade it is! My boys can clear the way and we can save a good bit of travel time!" The President enthused; knowing full well he had just started a shit storm with the Secret Service.

Sue and I had lots of fun at dinner with the heads of Homeland and the CIA. Sue distracted their wives, along with the wives of the Joint Chiefs, while I immensely enjoyed the head games spookie and homie were playing, trying to get a profile on me.

I led them on several merry chases until the spook stopped, looked at me, laughed, and said, "Damn if James hasn't taught you well, boy! You scoped out what we were doing and have been fucking with us since we started, haven't you!"

I smiled, Homeland just muttered, "Fuck."

"I am sure you were both debriefed by Special Agent Brannigan before dinner this evening. And I am sure he told you to be straight and just ask what you want to know. I am curious, though, why you didn't follow his advice."

Homeland muttered, "We thought he was full of shit."

I smiled and even chuckled a bit, "and your assessment now?"

The spook spontaneously spoke up spouting, "he wasn't. And the fact you were able to keep us running in circles for a good twenty minutes before we figured you out pretty much tells us all we need to know."

"Fantastic! Sorry to have done that to you guys, but I figured it was probably the easiest way to point out that Brannigan's assessment was close to the mark."

Sue then broke off from the ladies and added, "My fiance' is young, but he is quite beyond manipulation and a true Renaissance Man."

Homeland spoke up, "Indeed, and his lovely lady is quite perceptive as well."

Sue just gave him a smile and a wink, "Most of us women with powerful men are; as evidenced by the wives present this evening," she said, indicating the wives at the table who, to a person, either blushed or had knowing smiles.

After dinner, the First Lady gathered all the women back to the music room while we men were led to a different sitting room. All except the Chinese Ambassador and his wife who politely declined and went home.

One of the Secret Service spoke to the President and he then looked my way, "Harry, it seems your reputation precedes you and it also seems many here would like to see you spar with the head of the Secret Service's martial arts instructor. Would you be interested?"

Knowing exactly what this was about I responded, "If you have a GI I could wear? Sure. I suspect many here would like to see if I can hold my own."

The President smiled, "Yes, it would be good to know who we actually have out in the field. Sure you don't mind?"

"As long as no one gets seriously hurt, not at all."

Well, this was shit. But I did understand the why and appreciated their need to know. We all moved to the training room underground and I changed into a GI that fit reasonably well. I took a moment to center myself and build up my Chi. All the men were seated to the left as we squared off and bowed.

I knew this guy was good when I saw him warming up and doing his Kata I did the whole Bruce Lee 'Enter the Dragon' "I am practicing" thing and loosened up with just a few stretches.

OK, this guy got within striking distance with a hop and jumped up, delivering a swiping kick to clear my hands so he could deliver a front kick with his lower leg. I anticipated the move from his muscle movements and stepped to my left, switching my stance, and began a quick pivot to the right. My left hand went under his upper foot and raised it higher to put him off balance.

I completed the pivot/turn and made a fist with my now raised left hand and struck him in the chest in mid air with the flat of my fist. I stuck him hard enough to make him bounce off the mat without breaking any ribs or his sternum and followed up with a move to palm strike his nose that would have killed him had I landed it.

We reset and bowed. I saw a glimmer of respect in his eyes as we began again. This time he came at me with quick strikes towards my face which I dodged by letting them pass to the left of my head. I then hopped inside his attack and raised my knee to his abdomen and lifted him off of the ground. As his body began to move away and while he was still in the air, I extended my leg to place my foot just above his pelvis and pushed hard.

This caused him to rotate and hit hard on his face against the mat. I quickly followed him as he fell and delivered what would have been a killing blow to the back of his neck.

That last move showed my unusual quickness, which frankly, badly outclassed his.

The next bout I took the initiative and switched to a Sumo move. I used a move called Tsuppari which is a series of rapid harite (open hand strikes) and used my Chi to bulldoze past his defenses

and slap the shit out of his arms and body. I did about thirty slaps in about 4 seconds and completely overwhelmed him. The slaps took their toll and he went to his knees and raised his hand to stop the bout.

He was trying to breath after I had poured some of my Chi into him with the slaps. I went over and helped him up. "I only used part of my Chi when slapping you so I didn't break anything. But, you are going to have a shit load of bruises tomorrow. I suggest getting into an ice bath to minimize the bruising."

"Fuck!" he gasped, "What part of your Chi did you use?"

"I would say somewhere around 40%"

He looked at me for a second, "You would have killed me with one blow if you used your full power, wouldn't you."

"Yes. Very likely. I am a 5th Dan black belt in Judo, but I have studied other arts as well and incorporated them into my fighting style. And, I have been training with Manny for a bit lately."

Everyone in the room except Marion, Doc, and James were stunned. I looked at the spook and asked, "Did I pass your test?"

"With ease, son. I needed to know what you were made of...my apologies."

"Doc, give him a once over to make sure he is going to be OK and then let's get him into an ice bath to reduce the swelling and bruising."

Doc nodded and helped me get the guy squared away.

The President then looked at the other men present and said, "We really need to make sure we don't piss this guy off. I get the distinct feeling he can be a very dangerous man."

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