

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 18

Rusthemod

Sometimes you just have to fuck her and damn the torpedoes.

Incest/Taboo

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After I got dressed, it was obvious to Marion and Dad I was a bit put out. They gave me little signs to keep my mouth shut for the time being and I did so. I reasoned they both knew this was going to happen and they let it happen. They also knew me well enough to know what my reaction would be...which meant they felt it was still necessary to let it play out.

I needed some distance to figure this out and have a private talk with them...something you really can't have in the White House. Thank goodness the one who paid the price for all this wasn't seriously hurt, well, except for his pride.

If they wanted to know if I could kill or attack to defend, they already had those answers in spades. So this had to be about my hand-to-hand skills specifically. I am pretty sure the powers that be would have talked with Dad and Marion about this prior to. So, what reason would they have for me to need to showcase my hand-to-hand combat ability?

OK, I am an 11th Dan or Juichidan level in Judo, not 5th like I told my opponent (there was no need to tell them everything). I spent my summers during my youth in Japan at one of the traditional schools.

This form of martial arts easily lends itself to the one thing I learned from the great Bruce Lee: conventional martial arts moves will get you killed in a real fight to the death with a determined street fighting opponent.

That is why I began to incorporate other disciplines into my technique and that is why I also hired Manny to teach me as he is the undisputed expert in the field when it comes to real fighting as opposed to show fighting.

I wasn't up to Navy Seal fitness levels yet, but I was no slouch in the fitness department. And in the hand-to-hand combat department I was right there with the Seals, if judging by our sparing sessions was any indication. I did want to debrief with Manny on the fight itself to get his wisdom on it, though.

The President, Marion, Dad, and I then walked into the room where our ladies were, the others having been given the heads up their husbands were ready to go if they were.

Sue asked the other ladies present, "Where did our boys go?"

The First Lady took her to the side, "They went to set up a sparring session between Harry and the martial arts instructor here from the Secret Service."

Sue looked at her with her mouth open, "Oh, that will not go over well with Harry at all. He is very good, but he would not be happy about having to hurt someone who doesn't deserve it just

because someone wants to see him fight."

The First Lady raised an eyebrow, "You seem very confident he will win."

"There is no question in my mind, no offense meant....but Harry is destroying the Navy Seals he spars with on a daily basis. His instructor, Manny, is the only one who can best him...and that is only on rare occasions."

"What makes him so good?"

"He is a natural in hand-to-hand combat. His quickness and skill overwhelms people very easily. Also, his Chi is tremendous. Manny has helped him harness and control it better. Harry says he only uses less than half his energy when he spars because he doesn't want to permanently hurt anyone."

The First Lady smiled, "Reeeally."

Sue just looked at her, "What gives?"

"Well, the instructor he will be fighting can be a bit, how should I say this, cocky about his abilities. Might do him a bit of good to get some comeuppance. Perhaps teach him some humility?"

Sue smiled, "Count on it." was all she said.

"Sue, may I ask you a, umm, very personal question?"

"Only if you can handle the very straightforward answer."

Nodding, "Fair enough. Sue, I have heard rumors that the two of you have," she paused and blushed, "a very open relationship."

Sue giggled, "It is a free use relationship, as open as you can get. If you want some of him, just ask him. Of course, I might ask the President the same question....if you don't mind."

"Oh, you are a dear! Darling, I will introduce you and undress you in front of him if you like. He loves to have a woman 'offered' to him....if you don't find that objectionable?"

Sue winked, "Sounds like a plan, want me to return the favor?"

"I don't think that would be necessary, but thank you for that delightful offer."

Sue shrugged, "May I ask you to do one other thing when you 'present' me?"

"Name it honey."

"Whisper to him that I have one of the smoothest, wettest, most welcoming, and most desirable pussies he will ever fuck. But if he really wants to ring my bell, he needs to whet his cock in my pussy before fucking me in the ass. I just love backdoor action." Sue winked.

"Oh you are a sweet confection! He loves a willing ass fuck. I don't enjoy it so he gets very little. With your permission, I will be sure to plant the seed, in a manner of speaking."

Sue winked with a big smile and raised eyebrow.

When we entered the room, Sue took one look at me and walked straight over, put her arms around my neck, and gave me one hell of a searing, sensual, minute long kiss. The energy drained from me like water down a sinkhole and I took a deep cleansing breath. Sue put her forehead to mine and looked into my eyes, "Better?"

"You know?"

"I was just told. I don't know why they did it, but it seems to have been planned for a reason."

"Thank you for bringing me down baby. I love you."

"Well, you can have fun fucking the First Lady tonight. We had a talk and she is very interested."

I winked, "And the President?"

"I am to be 'presented' to him by his wife. I am hoping he will fuck my ass after enjoying my pussy. I think this was also planned as a way to heal the hard feelings and mend the fences. She mentioned she is ovulating but her husband's sperm is not up to the task. He is in his early 50's and she is late 20's and her biological clock is ticking. You at a place where that can happen?"

"So, their apology involves me getting the First Lady pregnant?"

Sue smiled and winked, "Ummm hummm. And every time you look him in the eyes after that you will both know his baby is actually yours."

I smiled, "I think I can accept that apology."

Sue gave her a wink and a nod and the First Lady suggested we all retire for the evening. Sue and I held back. This did not go unnoticed by anyone in the family and they all excused themselves with a smile or a wink. Marion did slip me his elint box on the way out, though.

We four retired to the Presidential bedroom and I distinctly heard the President relay to his Secret Service detail there was to be no monitoring of any kind in the bedroom this evening. Exterior windows and doors monitoring the outside of the bedroom were the only exception.

We entered a very nice, but not extremely spacious bedroom with a four poster bed and canopy. I noted there was a wedged pillow and a few king sized silk pillow cases laid across it on the bed.

"Mr. President...."

"Harry, we are about to have sex with each other's woman in front of each other, I think we can be on a first name basis. Bill and Mary, please."

I nodded and smiled, "Bill, will you be using the wedge or may I?"

Bill chuckled, "I think Mary was hoping you would tie her up and take her at the end of the bed."

"That, Mary, sounds wonderful." I said as I began to undress.

Mary beat us all as she just unclasped the shoulder ring of her toga like dress and it fell to the floor. Seems she had been commando the whole evening which set my cock to hardening just thinking about it.

Mary took hold of Sue's hand and walked her over to Bill, "My adoring husband, my I present to you the most adorable, silky smooth pussy you may ever have the pleasure of sliding into. But, My love," Mary continued as she began to undress Sue who was now standing before the man seated on the edge of the bed, "This delectable young woman just loves a man who primes her pussy with his cock and then slips it inside of her ass."

Mary slipped a finger between Sue's already wet pussy lips and placed the moist finger inside Bill's mouth, "Now you be good to her, she is giving you permission to fuck her ass, darling. You make sure to warm her up first....now be a good boy and stand so she can undress you."

Mary walked sensually over to me with downcast eyes, "How would Master like his Pet this evening?"

I smiled as I pulled her in close, my cock pressed against her tummy and her proud nipples lightly scratching my chest. My arm was wrapped tightly around her waist. I didn't answer straight away, but I pulled her long hair to the side and deeply inhaled her scent.

I kissed her neck below her ear and grunted deeply, vibrating her neck, "Pet is ovulating, I can smell it in your scent."

Mary's breathing immediately went shallow and fast, "Y-yes Master. If you would like, your Pet would bear master's child."

"I slapped Mary on her buttock, making her yelp and press even closer to me, "Will you be a worthy mother to my child? Not pawn it off to some nanny to raise for you?"

"You have this Girl's word, Master. In homage to the most powerful man this Girl has ever known." Mary said as her whole body began to tremble in my arms.

I looked at Mary and lifted her chin, looking into her eyes, "How did Pet know I had won the bouts?"

Mary returned the look, "Master, this Girl knew the moment she saw Master walk so full of power into the room. And when Master kissed his woman: it was glorious to watch Master's control as he released his power. Please, Master: Girl begs you to take her as you harness your power again."

"Girl, that was but a small part of my full power. If I were to release the full power of my Chi as I took you, your body would not survive it. I will pull up a tenth of my power for you. But, you must promise that if it becomes too much you will tell me immediately."

"Girl promises, Master"

"Good, now walk to the bed and put the wedge so that Girl's pussy will be elevated and right at the edge. Then turn around and stand. I will harness some of my power and when I walk up to you, I will show you the true meaning of being a powerful master."

Mary did as I asked and as she walked away, I pulled up a small portion of my Chi. When she turned around she gasped, her eyes going wide as I walked up to her.

I knelt and grabbed her butt cheeks in my hands. Mary's whole body was shaking violently now. I gently lay her on the wedge and tied her ankles wide to the bed posts with the pillow cases. I then tied her wrist to one end of a pillow case and slipped her arm to her elbow inside and behind her knee and tied it to the same post...repeating this with the other arm.

The effect was to have Mary immobilized while gaping her elevated sex for me. "Hmmmm, Pet, your clean pussy is very beautiful and inviting," I said as I softly ran the backs of my fingers over her inner thighs.

At that moment Mary's body shuddered violently and her eyes turned up in her head. Her pussy and anal sphincter began winking at me so, in the midst of her mind blowing climax, I placed the head of my cock at her pussy lips and entered her in one long, slow, rock hard, slick, hot plunge up to my balls.

At that moment, Sue bent over the side of the bed and plopped her right nipple into Mary's mouth as she sucked on Mary's right nipple. Bill held on to both sides of her hips as he stood behind her and began to pile driving his cock into her dripping pussy.

I began long stroking Mary's pussy, letting very small amounts of my Chi fill her body and Mary never quit climaxing. With each inward thrust I could feel the head of my cock rippling over the ridges of her G-spot but I didn't slow down. Knowing Mary would be unconscious soon, I wanted to cum as quickly as possible so she could feel and enjoy the heat of my cum invading her womb to fertilize her.

Sue groaned as Bill entered her ass and he was taking her like a wild man as she egged him on, "Oh YESSS! Bill, take my ass! Make me cum around your powerful cock! Fill my ass with your hot man cream!"

I came in record time. When my cock began to swell I rammed home deep inside Mary's continuously convulsing pussy and fire hosed her womb with all I had. Mary spasmed extra hard and then went limp. It happened so fast I was worried I had killed her but her pulse was good and she was breathing well. Her face was contorted in ecstasy and not pain, so I figured she was OK.

I pulled out and moved to the other side of the bed and fed Sue my cock as Bill fucked her hot ass for all he was worth. After a moment, I felt Mary begin to lick and suck on my balls, so I knew she was OK. Sue was as animalistic as Bill was and they both came together. Bill immediately lay on the bed above his wife and continued to gasp for air.

I kissed Sue and Mary before I rose and untied her. Neither of the three of them could walk so I grabbed some hand towels and placed them under everyone's sex so they didn't leave wet spots. The wedge pillow was soaked from Mary hosing it down as she gushed through her orgasms.

Bill spoke up, "Mary?"

Mary, still gasping, "Yes?"

"I don't think I would live through another session like that."

"I know exactly what you mean." Was her rejoinder. "Harry, there are some tampons in the bathroom drawer, would you be a dear and get me one? I want to keep your sperm inside me for a while before cleaning up."

When Sue and I got back to our room later that evening, there was a knock on the door and Marion, Cathy, James, Leesie, and Barbara came into the room.

James held up the slip of paper the Chinese Ambassador had palmed me. "Son, this is the reason for the test this evening. It is a list of the politicians who are responsible for your father's death and an itinerary for a meeting of political radicals in the Eastern Block to be held in Geneva next month on the 18th where they will be attending."

"So now the question is, do we just take the two out who were responsible for his death or do we do the world a favor."

"There is a private meeting in a little over two weeks time where only the upper echelon actors will be present. With all of them in attendance we can take out the radical leaders of eastern despots and terrorist groups in one hit with minimal to no collateral damage. Additionally, we can make it look like an internal hit. The security will be tight, but we can overcome that with highly discrete methods and tools."

Dad said, "Let's talk about this at home, we can speak more freely there and everyone has plausible deniability."

Breakfast was a combination of fresh fruits and Belgian waffles with an array of butters, syrups, jams, fresh milk and coffee.

When we returned to our rooms to dress and pack for the trip to the Great Chefs contest Marion and James walked in with a few boxes. Inside were t-shirts, camisoles, and pants that had been made to order.

James spoke up, "These items do not exist and you cannot talk about them. They are micro-weaved sets of a special, stretchy, carbon nanotube fabric. They will stop any bullet from penetrating. They will not stop the kinetic force of the round, but the round will not penetrate your skin. However, any sufficiently large or powerful round will push the fabric into your body and can still kill. It is the best that can be made, though, and everyone has a set made to fit them."

Marion spoke up, "They are light as a feather and made with expandable pleats for full range of motion and are more breathable than the standard Kevlar model. They are also ice pick and blade proof."

James handed them out. We each had on dark sandstone blue jeans, tan shirts/blouses and dark sandstone jean jackets that would help conceal our weapons.

Everyone seemed to be in a wonderful mood as we prepared to depart on Marine One to Andrews and board Air Force One to meet up at the Chef's state competition slated for noon/early afternoon.

Marion: "Mr. President, we will be arriving a bit early, do you have other plans as well?"

"Well, I thought it would be nice to have an impromptu speech at the State Capitol Building in support of our friend, the Governor, before I arrived at the competition. I suspect he will want to join us as well if he didn't plan on attending before."

"Your vehicles were flown in with mine by C-130 early this morning so you can go directly to the competition upon arrival. I have also sent your two Marines there who are currently guarding your Chef's pavilion for you."

"Your weapons are in the trunks of your vehicles. Sorry, but the Secret Service would not allow them with you on Marine One or Air Force One."

"But we will be allowed to have them at the competition, yes?" I asked.

"Yes, they did make that concession. I explained you were all involved in Law Enforcement in one form or another and that eased them up a bit. Oh, I should probably mention: I hope you don't mind but I had all your white ball caps altered last night with the Presidential Seal embroidered on the front. That will set you apart from anyone else with a white cap on at the competition. I also had extras made for your Chef and her staff to wear."

I chuckled, "I am sure all of them will be delighted, Sir. Thank you, that was very thoughtful."

"They will become collector's items as those are the only caps I have ever signed," he smiled and winked.

I groaned in mock agony, "So now I have to guard against baseball cap theft as well!" Most everyone snickered.

The trip was uneventful, though the in flight snacks were made by a very accomplished pastry Chef.

We had Povitica (pronounced po-va-teets-sa) made with English walnuts and apple cinnamon, mille feuille style Napoleon slice cake with buttercream, and raspberry Bavarian creme Danish pastry. All served with a choice of fresh milk or freshly ground Volcanica Sumatra Mandheling coffee which boasted low acidity, and a rich, heavy body. The flavor had notes of brown sugar, wine, chocolate and dried fruit.

Upon arrival at the State Capitol, Air Force One taxied to a secure location where we met our vehicles. As promised, all our weapons were in the back of the lead vehicle. Dad had bought shoulder holsters for everyone and helped to get them fitted. Additionally there were Sig Sauer P220 SAS pistols in .45 Auto. These were obviously made by the same gunsmith as the other arms and they were for the ladies. Dad and Marion still had their PTR 91 PDWR sub machine mini carbines and I had my .45 with 1 extra hollow point mag and an extra armor piercing mag.

At that point, a U.S. Federal Marshal walked up and introduced himself, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am Federal Marshal Jimmy Peters. I have been instructed to deputize you. Please raise your right hands and repeat after me."

After we were sworn in Marshal Peters gave us all a Federal Marshal's badge and Photo I.D. card which were all put on sturdy neck chains and tucked under our shirts. Marshall Peters got a look at Marion's and Jame's weapons and his eyes got big before he held up his hands, "I don't know and I don't want to know. This is highly irregular already, but Presidential orders are Presidential orders. He obviously trusts all of you with his life." Peters walked away....rather swiftly.

I looked at James, "We are all Feds now?"

James winked, this is all off the books, eyes only, inside the Federal Marshal's department. Peters is very high up the food chain and knows when to not ask. But to answer your question, yes. Don't flash the badges as this is not for public consumption."

Marion and James then all handed us the Seal Team's coms devices with the mikes in our left collar activated by a button strapped on the insides of our left wrists.

Fully geared up for a small war, we got into our Benz SUVs and headed out to the contest grounds. We arrived at about 8:30 just as Mavis and Chef finished setting up their gear and were preparing to begin cooking pork loins in stages. This way they could feed any Judges who came by in the crowds as they tasted their food. The Marines were at each end of the cooking/serving pavilion keeping a close eye on everything. Their weapons were slung in a low ready position.

The family kept everything low key. Mingling in and through the crowds around Chef's pavilion. I heard one of the young women say to their small group, "This Chef must be a family member of someone high up in the military or the Federal Government, hers is the only pavilion guarded by armed Marines."

Another member of the group giggled, "Well they sure are easy on the eyes, that's for sure."

So the obvious Marines were running a distraction with all the other protection in the venue; perfect.

"Group, this is L.T. of Seal Team Bravo squad. White hats, report in so we know you are linked in on coms."

Each of us reported in as requested, stating coms were 5 by 5. "White hats, I have you off the main channel for a second to let you know the layout. We have two snipers, one on top of each of the two three story buildings North and East. We have two Seal Team members on each floor of those buildings in rooms with windows facing the pavilions. Two undercover Seals are on station on the ground as well. Your two Apaches are in a wide cover circle overhead to deal with airborne threats."

"We will give you all the warning we can but if hostilities break out, try to keep our lines of fire clear; but lay down fire as you are able." The Marines are on channel along with the Secret Service and we have a Deep Look satellite on station that can see into the buildings and give us a heads up for a hostile sniper nest."

"Copy?"

Dad spoke up, "Copy, Deep Look, two over watch, two man teams, Apaches."

"Pulling you back into the main coms line now."

Just at that time, two couples were obviously making a bee line, approaching me. LT came on the line, "Perceived hostiles Harry?"

I looked them over, "Negative, not hostiles. I repeat, negative hostiles."

The two couples stopped up short when they saw the bud in my ear. "Sir, is it okay to approach you? My girlfriend says you are the guy, the one on T.V. who saved the Governor and did that gun rights commercial?"

I smiled, "Sure, how can I help you?"

The girlfriend asked, "Are you on duty right now?"

I smiled, "Kind of, yes. But I always have time for some friendly conversation."

"Would you give us your autograph, Sir? Harry is your name, right?"

"Yes it is, and Yes, I would be flattered."

The other couple got on their phones and called their friends basically saying, "It's him! He is signing autographs! Come get in line before it gets too long!"

I just laughed. So much for a low profile. Sue was within earshot and just shook her head. She went to Chef's pavilion and got a comfortable chair and small square table along with an umbrella on a stand. She handed me an indelible black ink felt tip pen and winked as she handed me a bottle of water. "Have fun!"

In moments I had a line of people wanting an autograph. I was polite, asked for whom to make the autograph, and shook hands as they departed.

Soon the line got long and I noted the Seals on the ground started milling around and walking up and down the line. They were not obviously armed but I knew better. We made eye contact from time to time.

Before I knew it, it was lunch time and the line thinned out for a bit as people went around to get some food. Sue immediately invited everyone to go eat, saying I would be back after dinner.

Chef had paired the loin with a wonderfully seasoned Greek salad complete with goat cheese. The salad had coarse cut tomatoes, cucumbers, bell peppers, red onions, pitted Greek olives, and blocks of creamy feta cheese with a dash of kosher salt and fresh minced oregano. The dressing was a simple combination of a drizzle quality extra virgin Venta del Baron olive oil and an acid balanced Pompeian, gourmet, organic, red wine vinegar.

The offering also came with a braised chickpea and rice bowl made with chopped fresh spinach, cut cherry tomatoes, freshly ground red pepper and black peppercorns, sea salt, humus, sun dried tomatoes, chickpeas, water, garlic, and Mediterranean seasonings. The chickpea and rice bowl was topped with fresh parsley with the rice served to the side in the bowl and garnished with two lemon wedges.

It was a deadly meal sure to kill the competition and take first place. The seasonings were sublime, the food was expertly prepared, the loin was juicy, so tender you could cut it with a fork, full of flavor, and sporting a nice outer crustiness.

Just when I started eating the President and First Lady, along with the Governor and his wife showed up as if from nowhere and sat down at my table to eat. "Well hello everyone," I said as I acknowledged the ladies and gentlemen who now sat around me.

The President smiled, "I had to try your Chef's cooking for myself. You have given her a high bar to climb, I must say."

The Governor spoke up, "Not really, Mr. President. She is very likely the best Chef in this part of the country, not just our State." His wife agreed.

The staff soon brought over food for the two couples with some lightly sweetened Mediterranean herbal red raspberry leaf tea and everyone dug in after a quick blessing. The First Lady exclaimed, "Oh my goodness this is tender!" as her knife literally sank through her loin without much effort.

"Just wait till you taste it," the Governor's wife said as she devoured the first morsel.

Both the President and First Lady took their first bites and both stopped chewing to savor the pork with raised eyebrows. Eventually they finished chewing and swallowed. The President said, "My

goodness that is the best pork I think I have ever eaten in my life! Harry: you absolutely must introduce me to her!"

Mavis was in earshot and she brought Chef over to the table. "Mr. President, M-Lady, this is your Chef this evening. She prefers to be called Chef or, if in private, Pet. She is my spouse and I manage the members only Dining Club in a nearby city."

The President bowed his head, "Dear Chef, this meal is most exquisite. I am having a black and white diner party for the President of the Swiss Confederation along with the German, English, Chinese, and French Ambassadors next month on the 18th. Harry and his father are also going to attend. Please tell me you will be our visiting Chef for the affair and cook this delightful meal for us?"

I covered my surprise with a large smile as Mavis responded after looking at Pet and reading her non-verbal cues, "Mr. President, she would be delighted. Here is my contact information, please share it with whom you need so we can coordinate with your staff."

It soon became evident to me that this dinner party was to be my cover. This was going to take some planning, though.

We had a nice conversation, with the Secret Service holding back interested onlookers, until the President and Governor were escorted to a podium where they would give a short speech before the winner of the contest was announced.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Judges have given their scores and, might I say, this is the first time in this contest's history we have had a unanimous decision! And the winner of today's Great Chefs of the State competition is...Chef Beatrice with her Mediterranean Pork loin!"

At that moment, LT got a squawk over the command coms channel, "L.T. Deep Look has detected a sniper on the third floor of the North building! Sending you the live video now. Sniper is in the middle room facing the grounds but is in the process of setting up. Send in the floor team, weapons hot but secure alive if possible. We believe your team has a minute to disrupt the threat."

"Team Niner Three! Sniper two rooms to your east! Exit right second door on the right! Weapons hot! Hard entry! Secure alive if possible! You have less than one minute to execute!"

"Roger L.T.! Five seconds to engagement! Hard entry!"

With that the President and Governor who were already exiting stage left were discretely and immediately secured and moved behind pavilions to prevent a clear shot and the 'Beast' was there within seconds to get them out of the kill zone. Thank goodness their wives were with them on stage.

I looked around and the crowd seemed oblivious and there were no startling sounds from the North building.

After a few seconds the coms came alive again, "L.T. This is Team Niner Three. Item is secured! We got to him so fast and knocked him cold so he could not suicide out. We have his jaw secured open and have sedated him for collection."

"L.T. This is command, we see the situation and Homeland will be there to pick him up in 5 minutes."

"Copy command! ETA in 5 ticks."

"Team Niner Three, expect Homeland in 5 ticks to collect. Standby to receive."

"Copy L.T. 5 ticks for package pickup."

"L.T. this is Overwatch, we have a situation, over."

"Go Overwatch."

"I spot 5 separate individuals making concerted beelines towards Harry's position from separate lines."

I responded, "Copy five inbound. Ground team hit the left flank, Marines, 45's on right flank. I will hit the three in the middle but work in from both flanks."

When guns started going off it was absolute chaos. The Seal Teams in the buildings could not get off clear shots but the ground pair took out the left perp and the Marines dispatched the right. I got the left of the center three and Sue popped the one on the right. The middle man still standing was upon me, though and he wanted to get hand-to-hand...which was just fine by me.

He yelled a martial arts challenge and I accepted. We took off our guns and I called off everyone else. I wanted this ass hat to know who the fuck he was dealing with.

He took a moment to loosen up and I could immediately tell he was an accomplished Chinese Boxer. I built my Chi to max and loosened my neck, putting my muscles on fast twitch, and dared him to come get a piece of me.

The fighter approached and did a lightening fast spinning back kick to my head. But my head was no longer there. I had hopped just out of his range and as he transitioned his feet to have a follow up strike with the other foot I jumped in and placed the flat of my right palm against his stomach. I loosed my Chi and he fell immediately to the ground, completely paralyzed from the lumbar vertebrae down. I approached him as he was laying back to the ground and he tried to strike me with his hands. I just pushed my Chi and slapped his forearms, breaking both with compound fractures before I tapped his chest, caving in his sternum for a fast kill. It was over in less than 4 seconds.

The Marines got to me first and yelled in my face, "All Threats are DOWN!" to be sure to get past my battle senses so I didn't hurt anyone else by accident. Of course, the damn cameras caught it all on tape.

Sue ran for me to wrap me up but one of the Marines caught her. "Ma-am! Not when he has his Chi out like this! It will hurt you to just touch him!"

I held my hand up to stop her and the look in my eyes got her attention. I walked over to a six inch Spruce tree trunk and gathered all my power and hit the trunk with it. Damn thing shattered and I felled the tree with one blow. I went to my knees and took long, cleansing breaths, taking myself down.

The ground Seal Team walked up, looked at the corpse, looked at the tree, and one said, "Well that just happened."

"No shit. He just touched the guy and broke everything he touched."

The first one walked over to the tree and saw the crushed fibers in the trunk, "Dude is bad ass to the extreme alright. Thank goodness he is friendly and under control when he spars with us. L.T. Did you catch that action?"

"Yeah. Leave him be and let him come down."

All this was over coms and I said, "Sue, I need sweet tea or a soda...now please."

Sue hauled ass.

The President was on Air Force one and he was absolutely fuming. He glared at the head of his Secret Service detail and bellowed, "SITREP!"

To his credit, he looked the President in the eye and gave his situational report. "Mr President, there was a sniper in the North building who was spotted by Deep Look. The information was relayed to the Seal Team on the ground and a pair of Seals were on him in less than 10 seconds, thwarting his attempt."

"How in the hell did he know I was there!"

"Sir, you were not the target, Harry was. After the Seals secured the sniper," he paused for dramatic effect, "alive...five other operatives, all national Chinese, moved in on Harry. Two Seals on the ground took out one, two Marines took out another, and Sue, Harry's fiancée, took out a third while Harry took out a fourth. The fifth made contact and challenged Harry to a fight to the death...a challenge Harry accepted."

"What the hell! Is he OK?"

"Sir, what the agents still on the ground reported is hard to believe. But, to a person they are saying Harry maneuvered with lightening fast reflexes and touched the perp's stomach, paralyzing him instantly. Harry then approached and lightly slapped away his hands, causing compound fractures to both arms, before lightly slapping his chest, caving in his sternum and puncturing both lungs and his heart with broken ribs, killing him on the spot."

"Wait, what do you mean he lightly touched him? You cannot break bones like that!"

"That isn't all, Sir. After he had killed the assailant, it seems Harry took out that small Spruce tree near where you ate with a single blow in an apparent attempt to bleed off his energy. He felled the tree with one blow, Mr. President. A six inch thick, healthy Spruce tree trunk was shattered."

"Bullshit!"

"Sir, every asset in the field is saying the exact same story. And those monitoring the Deep Look satellite are confirming they saw the same thing."

The President sat there stunned for a moment, "How is that even possible?"

"There are myths and legends, Sir. But I honestly have no clue. The kid is a one man Abrams tank masquerading as a Joe Blow American citizen."

"I take it news crews on site got the whole thing?"

The Secret Service officer hit the television remote and they watched the entire thing play out on the networks.

"Damn! They got it on in only 15 minutes?"

"The local station was running a live show from there, Sir. It only took a few quick phone calls to get it to every major news network in the U.S. and it will be all over the world in less than another 30."

"We have our trusted reporter on the ground investigating the scene as we speak, Shiela take it away."

"Thank you Jack, This is Sheila Morrison with KYTP news with another breaking story involving our local hero Harry Walker."

"If you recall, Mr. Walker was involved in a three person shooting where three members of a family tried to kill him while he was out fishing. After that, Mr. Walker saved the life of our esteemed Governor by taking out an Assassin who was holding the Governor with a pistol at point blank range. Well viewers, it seems our hero was at it again."

"We are at the Great Chefs of the State competition where the President and Governor, with their spouses, had just spoken and left the grounds while the winner of the contest was announced, congratulations Chef Beatrice."

"At this time it is unclear what initiated the incident, but it seems 5 armed men attacked Mr. Walker. Evidently there was private security along with a two-man Marine detail on station guarding the winning Chef's pavilion and they took out two of the attackers with an unknown woman, possibly Mr. Walker's fiancée, shooting a third and Mr. Walker shooting a fourth."

"The fifth attacker then seemed to bellow a challenge of some sort and the two men squared off in hand-to-hand combat. We have full tape of the very short fight and I want to warn our viewers this is not for the faint of heart or for young children as a man was killed, so please take a moment to send the children to another room."

.... "Roll the footage, please."

"As you can see, the attacker was very quick on his feet, throwing a vicious kick at Mr. Walker's head. Mr. Walker slipped past his attacker however and, well, it seems he gently placed his hand on the attacker's stomach and backed away. You see the attacker immediately falls to the ground and Mr. Walker approaches and the attacker begins to swing at him."

"Mr. Walker then slapped his hands away and lightly tapped the attacker's chest with his palm and the attacker dies on the spot. It is unclear if Mr. Walker had something in his hand from this angle but it does not appear he does in the next few frames."

"The unknown lady then approaches Mr. Walker only to be held back by the Marines who told her he was too dangerous to approach right away. Indeed, one Marine got in his face and shouted to him all the attackers were down."

"Then, something quite inexplicable happened. Mr. Walker walked over to a tree and slapped it with both hands, bursting the trunk into shattered strands of wood, and felled the tree with his bare hands. We were able to speak to a local martial arts Sensei who witnessed the fight and he had this to say. Roll that tape please."

"Sir I understand you are a local martial arts instructor in our fine city, can you tell us your opinion about what you saw?"

"Well, the attacker was an accomplished Boxer, which is a form of martial arts originating out of China. It was unclear of the defender's style but one thing was very clear: He is a Grand Master."

"A Grand Master?"

"Yes, I have witnessed applications of Chi, the inner power, before but his was off the charts. I looked at the tree trunk after he felled it just before the authorities roped everything off and the fibers of the tree were not cut or pulled....they were pulverized as if they had exploded from the inside. That can only be from a legendary level of Chi and would place him as one of the most dangerous street fighters in the world. There may be....and I emphasize 'might be' another person on this planet with that skill level, but I seriously doubt it."

"Would you fare well if the two of you sparred?"

"Ma-am, with all due respect, I would not last more than a second or two against him and I am a 6th Dan Jujitsu Instructor. Comparing my skill with his is like comparing roller skates to a bullet train."

"And there you have it, Ladies and Gentlemen. Our local hero, a man of action wrapped in an enigma. This is Sheila Morrison with KYTP news. Back to you, Chet."

The President's face turned red as a beat, "I WANT HOMELAND, THE FBI, THE CIA, THE JOINT CHIEFS, AND THAT DAMNED CHINESE AMBASADOR IN THE SITUATION ROOM WAITING FOR ME WHEN WE LAND!"

"Chief of Staff is on it, Sir."

"Harry, here is your tea."

I took it with a smile, "Thank you baby. After expending that much energy it is a good idea to get something sweet down to replenish the blood sugar." And, I thought, it gives me time to come down before we hug.

I took a long drink of cool, sweet tea and took a deep breath and slowly exhaled, I enveloped Sue in a gentle, loving hug, "You OK baby?"

She hugged me tighter and whispered in my ear, "No fucking way was I going to let some rinkie dink hit squad kill my man."

"No remorse or second thoughts?"

"They should know better than to attack when a mamma bear is around. Absolutely none. I am perfectly fine with it. By the way, talking about bears?"

"Yes baby?"

"I think your fighting skills scared the shit out of the Marines and deeply impressed the Seals. Remember to remind them you are in control and on the same side. Even dad and Marion dropped their jaws. Your mother, though." Sue rolled her eyes.

"What? She OK?"

"Harry, she got out her phone and made a family movie out of it."

I started chuckling at that point, "I take it grand kids are going to be told the story years from now."

"Count on it." She winked.

"So, my betrothed." Sue continued with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, shit."

Sue continued with the raised eyebrow and asked, "Why have you not told me you were a world class Master of Street Fighting?"

"Eh, it really isn't something you advertise hon. Otherwise morons want to come after you and idiots want you to train them. Other than our children, not interested. The really good martial artists of the world just don't do tournaments or Hollywood, with one notable exception: for them, fighting is not for entertainment or pride."

Sue nodded her head, "I understand. But please, explain to me how you could break bones just by touching him?"

"Chi is the art of relaxing when you strike. That level of relaxation requires a calmness of mind that must be taught and practiced. It seems counter intuitive, but to achieve the proper degree of relaxation you need to not think. Basically, if you don't use muscles you can use chi."

"Using Chi requires the development of intention which is necessary to direct Chi. With practice and training, you can actually direct its application. Remember the 'Dim Mach' move in the movie where Van Dame broke the brick on the bottom of a stack and left the others untouched? It is like that."

"My Father helped me manifest my Chi when I was 5 years old and I have been learning to better manifest it and direct it, which is not controlling it by the way, since then. That is one of the reasons I am so quick and accurate with my shooting as well."

"You do know you are getting your ass laid by every woman in the family when we get back home, right?"

"Could not think of a better way to die celebrating life."

"Take one of Dad's pills, you are going to need it."