

# STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 31

*Rusthemod*

*Resistance is Futile.*

Incest/Taboo

4.75

6.1k words

Captain Barnes, Red, the two Lieutenants, Beth, Sue and I stood by on the top of the Embassy as a helicopter landed and allowed The Captain and his XO to disembark before it took off again. The Captain and XO saluted the American flag and then saluted Captain Barnes, "Permission to come aboard, Sir!"

Captain Barnes returned the salute with a warm smile and replied, Permission granted, Captain! XO! So glad to have you over!"

The Captain was very stiff and, wanting to break the ice, I said, "Captain, you seem to have something you need to get off your chest. Whenever we communicate please consider it the order of the day to speak freely without fear of retaliation."

Captain Hillibrand nodded and responded, "Thank you, Sir. Frankly, Ambassador, I am not accustomed to being treated the way you have treated me so far. I do not react well to threats and dressing me down through a subordinate is character unbecoming. And that is not even mentioning your firing on one of the ships of my fleet! As a man of character I feel obliged to let you know I will be writing up a formal complaint to the Department of Defense."

Captain Hillibrand. I hear you. Might I mention I am sure the Arleigh Burke that attempted to ram us on our approach to the fleet was not acting without at least complicit directions from you to challenge us? He was impeding the mission of a diplomatic embassy and I had every legal right to defend myself and my embassy personnel."

"Frankly, Sir, he was lucky he backed off as I was about to give the order to sink her."

"SINK HER?" He scoffed, "With what!"

"With two VLWT torpedoes and three upgraded to 30 mm Sea Whiz guns, Sir. As a courtesy we fired warning shots in lieu of just destroying him outright."

"He would have fired back and you would have also been sunk."

Captain Barnes spoke up, "Not likely, Captain. Our hull is made to withstand 20 mm rounds. And before he could launch any torpedoes, with the speed of those VLWTs, he would have been knocked out of commission and sinking before he got a shot off."

I continued, "And as for speaking to you through your subordinate, I seem to recall you started that process by having him tell me you would not be attending. As you now know, Captain, I do not do bullshit and am a plain speaker. If you don't want our discussions to be public, then keep them private."

"Well, Ambassador, this is all highly irregular. You are what? 25 or 27 years old? You do not have the experience to run a war with a foreign country."

Seeing as this was going nowhere fast I handed my tablet to the Captain. "Please tap the red phone, Sir. You will ring the direct line to the Secretary of Defense. Please, by all means, file your complaint immediately."

The Captain hit the red button.

I began to wonder if this Captain had any clue. Did he really think I would hand him the fucking phone to the Secretary of Defense if I didn't already have my ducks in a row? Like I had not already apprised him of the situation and let him know to expect a phone call? He must think I really am that stupid.

"This is Sec. Def. Whatcha got Harry?" He said before looking at the screen. "Oh! Captain Hillibrand. How can I help you, Captain?"

"Sir, I wish to file a report against Ambassador Harry Walker..."

"Stop right there, Captain. One moment."

In about 20 seconds a second face appeared beside the Secretary of Defense...It was Bill. Captain Hillibrand snapped to attention and saluted the President, "Mr. President!"

Bill gave him a half hearted salute in return and said, "We are speaking freely here Captain. Before you go into your complaint, let me say a few things."

"First: I have been fully apprised of what happened and have an audio and video transcript of everything that was said and by whom. Your challenge of the Ambassador through the Arleigh Burke is inexcusable given the Secretary of Defense had contacted you personally to let you know Ambassador Walker was in charge of all operations prior to."

"So, in short, you played a game and lost. Suck it up and do your job. Give the man a chance, he is more capable than any man you know and has my full backing for this operation. Ambassador Walker has said he wishes there be no reprisals, so your career is safe from that indiscretion. Perhaps you can find your way to thank him for that over dinner."

"Second: I can send you a highly redacted service record for Ambassador Walker but it would be so redacted as to not be worth while since all of his service has been above your pay grade and security clearance. He may be a kid, but there is a hell of a lot more to the young man than you may ever know."

"Third: I have every confidence in him and I would appreciate not having to order you to follow his lead or, should you refuse, accepting your immediate resignation and putting Captain Barnes in charge of the fleet. Not like I haven't done it twice recently with the GITMO commander as well as two Joint Chiefs at Ambassador Walker's request."

"Now, was there something you wanted to say to me?"

Captain Hillibrand was obviously off balance, "No, Mr. President. I believe we have an understanding. I will support Ambassador Walker to the limit of my abilities."

The Sec. Def. spoke up, "That is good to hear, Captain. I am deleting my acceptance of your resignation as we speak. I wish you the best. I look forward to hearing how well the two of you have gotten along. Have a relaxing dinner and goodbye."

With that the call ended and a deflated Captain Hillibrand handed me back my tablet.

Captain Barnes then spoke, "He is a good man, Captain. Give him a chance to show his colors and I am sure you will be impressed. He will be your staunchest ally if you let him."

"Or my doom if I don't?"

I said, "Let's start over, shall we? Captain, I am not the enemy. As far as I am concerned the past is best left there and I really am looking forward to working with you and the XO."

I put out my hand and the Captain took it, "Agreed. I am looking forward to you showing me what you got, Ambassador."

"Please, Harry. And this is Sue, my wife and liaison. Captain Barnes you have met, his XO here is Red. This is the Lady Elizabeth de Sousa, the wife of the Mexican President and soon to be leader of that country. And these two fellas are the Lieutenants of my SEAL Team security detail. You can call them Bad Ass and Motherfucker as their names are classified, I said with a smirk."

Okay, that broke the ice as everyone snickered at my joke.

Captain Hillibrand shook hands with Captain Barnes who said, "Call me Barney"

"HL Hillibrand said, and Red?"

"Yes, please."

"And Mrs....."

"Beth is just fine. May I call you HL?"

"I would consider it an honor, M'Lady. And you must be Sue?"

"Yes Captain, XO....?"

"Just XO, ma'am."

"Which of you is Bad Ass and which is Motherfucker?" the XO asked with a grin on his face.

The more elder of the Lieutenants answered, "We both are bad ass motherfuckers, XO." Another round of chuckles with the handshakes to go around.

"HL, Captain Barnes was going to give you a quick tour of the Embassy. How about we meet back on deck 4 for dinner when you are finished?"

"Sounds wonderful! I must admit the mention of VLWTs and upgraded Sea Whiz has my curiosity Piqued...and you are mostly immune to 20 mm? Please, if you can, I would like to know how?"

"Well HL, we have a titanium hull with a special coating..." Barnes began as the three of them walked towards the elevator.

Red walked up to me with the Lieutenants and after they were out of earshot she said, "You know he is just waiting for you to fuck up, right? So he can tell the Chain of Command he tried to warn them."

"Yeah, I know. But what he doesn't know yet is that he has to fuck up first for that to happen. Don't worry, Red, I have his balls right where I want them."

Red smiled, "Okay guys, I owe you both a blowjob."

I laughed, "You knew you were going to lose that bet, Red. I take it you won by losing?"

Red laughed, "Damn, Sue! He really is smarter than he looks!"

We all laughed and made our way to the table on the private quarters deck for dinner.

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The table was actually a 12 foot circle that could seat 12 people comfortably. With Dad, Leesie, Barbara, Isabella, Red, Sue, DD, Walsh, Doc, Cathy, Captain Barnes, the two Lieutenants, HL and his XO, and myself we added a 6 foot section to the middle, making it an oval, and we brought in 4 additional chairs from storage to seat all 16 of us.

We went ahead and sat down and Chef had made pitchers of his Bloody Mary's for us. Soon the Captains and HL's XO came to the table and it was obvious HL and the XO were impressed with the Embassy. HL saying, "I am glad the Arleigh Burke backed off. This ship is loaded for bear and while she looks like a luxury yacht, she is actually a damn fine warship!"

The XO said, "I now understand how you were able to suppress the anti-air batteries on GITMO. This ship is most impressive indeed! I wonder, Barnes if the Captain and I could take a ride sometime in one of your subs?"

Barnes smiled, "After the war has settled down, I will make sure that happens, XO. Perhaps some of the men or women in your fleet you want to reward would like to take the other Sub for a spin as well? We can do 4 per sub for 2 hour tours each. So 16 including HL and yourself."

"Keep that to ourselves, XO and let's make that announcement after the fact so we get the right personnel without politics."

I then spoke up, "Ahh, HL. That is one thing I want to get straight with you right off the bat. The war will NOT be run by politicians. Each asset will run its own people with full autonomy as long as they meet the requests and needs of the troops on the ground. Even I will stay out of your hair when you are on mission."

HL looked at me, "No shit? You are actually going to let us do our jobs without political bullshit?"

"No shit. I give you the mission, you plan it and implement it and you call me when you need something."

"And our mission? HL asked as he and Barnes and XO poured their Bloody Marys and sliced some brown bread to go with their honey butter.

"Captain, XO: I want your teams to develop a plan of action based upon the mosaic model of war fighting."

Captain Hillibrand spoke up, "That is advanced war college strategy, what could you possibly know about the mosaic model of war fighting?"

"Captain, as we both know, the theory of mosaic war fighting complements the killweb attack framework for asymmetrical warfare. Mosaic war fighting critiques traditional military design which adheres to a war fighting system with puzzle pieces serving specific purposes as part of a larger system to accomplish the mission."

"Mosaic war fighting rejects that inflexible and easily broken top to bottom design chain and instead seeks systems that work as individual tiles, fitting multiple roles to create unique mosaics of military force that operate independently and with full autonomy. It is my expectation that your resources will work with multiple and independent small special forces groups who are, as we speak, gathering intel, developing attack profiles, and making suggestions for needed assets with optimal force collaboration on all our primary targets."

"To that end, your Marine contingent, drones, and combat aircraft need to assess threats, work with special operators already on the ground, and coordinate the proper application of forces between the services to be employed on each individual mission being performed, when it is being implemented. Much of that intel and planning work is being done already in the field."

"However, your Marines, XO, will need to develop their own mosaic and killweb strategies for securing and defending the base to be set up at the Port of Vera Cruz as well as the airports within a 100 mile radius of Vera Cruz. This Embassy will be the primary headquarters of the Base and we will be moored at one of the Cruise Ship docks."

The XO then asked, "How long do we have to make these plans?"

"You have 10 days not counting today. On the 11th day at 0500 Mexico City time, we launch Operation Chili Pepper. I know that doesn't sound like a lot of time, XO, but a lot of your intel is already available on the secured web you have access to. And, really, all your Marines have to do is blitz the port and the nearest airfields and set up graduated defensive perimeters."

"Captain, all your flight crews have to do is plan for the support requests as they come in prior to day of and have enough assets in the air to support those missions. Your ships are to enforce a total blockade of the port, including a sub blockade, which should not be difficult."

"Civilian traffic will be allowed to leave, such as private yachts, cruise ships, etcetera. I will ask your task force to inspect those private vessels for known targets, however. You have a list with pictures of all of them on the secure web site."

"So you see, this isn't that daunting of a task. You don't have to come up with an overall plan because there isn't one. You just have to support the multiple plans that were developed by the assets already on the ground and the Marines can be set loose to do what they do best: take, secure, and defend a base of operations and a few airfields in the area."

"To that end, XO, you have 5 Reaper drones at your disposal to gather any additional intel you desire on the port, assets housed there, and the airfields. Contact the Air Force drone commander on your commander list and coordinate that...and use them, please."

"Additionally, XO, I believe you have the AAR from your Marines on our takeover of GITMO in less than 25 minutes. If you want to borrow from the expertise of my SEAL Team, feel free to include them in your loop."

The XO leaned back and looked at the Lieutenants, "That was some fine piece of work fellas."

The men smiled, "Thank you Sir. With Ambassador Walker at the helm and Captain Barnes backing us up, it really was a cake walk."

"I read the numbers but I need to hear it from you fellas: How many men did you lose, and don't bullshit me."

"None Sir. One of the members had shrapnel in his arm but was back on active duty within the hour of Doc patching him up."

XO then looked at me, "You lead the assault team?"

Dad chuckled, "Yes, XO, he did. The Ambassador here, if I may say so, is very much the most dangerous man you have ever met or will ever meet in your life."

Both the lieutenants spouted off, "Roger that!" Walsh just snickered.

"Finally, if there is something you need that you can't seem to get, let me know. I will get it for you."

The XO looked at me and grinned. "No shit?"

"Try me."

"We are Marine heavy and we need a minimum of 1,000 Switchblade 300s, would love to have twice that many."

I contacted coms and had him get the switchblade depot on a secure line. "Hello, is this Major Costa?" Yes, this is Ambassador Walker, I believe the Secretary of Defense may have mentioned me? Good! I need 3,000 man portable switchblades delivered to the Aircraft Carrier Harry Truman in the Gulf of Mexico in no more than 7 days time. Can you make that happen? Yes, I am aware it will deplete your reserves."

"I suggest you call the Secretary of Defense to let him know that and that you need them replaced ASAP. If he balks, give him my number. Excellent! Thank you Major. Oh, and this order is strictly confidential, no leaks. Understood? Fantastic. How will you get them here? Call Major Demansk at this number (xxx) xxx-xxxx and have him send over a couple cargo planes that can land on the carrier and have the Switchblades on four waterproof, floating palettes."

I handed the tablet to Captain Hillibrand, "He needs a grid location to give to the cargo planes for the drop. It is a secured line."

When the call ended I then called up the Civil Service operator in charge of procuring the required pre-paid phones. "Hello Marnie, this is Harry, How are you doing? Well myself, thank you. I was wanting to ask if you could have those phones distributed to both the Marines on the Carrier Harry Truman in the Gulf as well as to the Army and special forces people who are going to be at our southern border with Mexico within 5 days time?"

Okay, so how many for an initial shipment? Good! 30,000 will go a long way. How long until the rest arrive? Okay, three weeks works. Please get with the battlefield commanders on your list to coordinate the dispersal...also, if you get in touch with Major Costa on your list I believe he can arrange transport to the Carrier for you. It is imperative we have those phones distributed evenly among the different operators so make that happen. If you have problems, call me. Yes, thank you, and your hard work is greatly appreciated."

With that out of the way I looked at the XO. "That all?"

"Who the hell are you people?" was his response. "I have been begging for more Switchblades! Just a few hundred more for the men onboard and all I get is a stone wall of bureaucracy!"

I smiled and winked as Captain Barnes laughed, "XO, he couldn't tell you even if he wanted to. That information is above everyone's pay grade sitting at this table."

The two Lieutenants both piped up again, "Roger that! Sir!"

We ordered another round of drinks as dinner was served. Evidently the Chef knew HL was from St. Louis and decided on dry rub, slow smoked, Brisket and beef ribs with sides of Potato Salad and Cole Slaw. The XO said, "You know, you fellas have a hell of a reputation of being the baddest of the bad. Care to have a demonstration over on the hangar deck with some of my marines?"

At that point I chipped in, "XO, I am afraid these men are too well trained for your boys, no offense meant; I just don't want anyone hurt. But, perhaps Mrs. Walsh, who is Lady Isabella's bodyguard could be convinced to take on your best man? We would not want to embarrass your men too much. If he can take her, then I will let the men loose to participate."

Everyone at the table knew I had just set up the XO and the SEALs remained quiet as a lamb.

The XO laughed, "You can't be serious. My best Marine in hand-to-hand against that twig of an Irish Lass?"

At that Walsh raised a predatory eyebrow and loudly expressed herself in her best Irish brogue, "Craobh na hÉireann A Chaoín mo thóin! Beir leat do bhuachaill is fearr agus beidh mé sásta leis an buachaill a mhúineadh conas a throidéann laoch fíor. Gan rialacha, gan airm de chineál ar bith. Go díreach baill choirp...tapáil amach nó gan aithne a bhuann an bout."

XO looked confused, "What did she just say?"

I smiled, "She said, and I quote: 'Twig of Irish Lass my ass! Bring your best boy and I will gladly teach the boy in how a real warrior fights. No rules, no weapons of any kind. Just body parts...tap out or unconscious wins the bout.'"

I then added, "Tell you what, I don't think your man really wants to fight her so let's set up a demonstration before the bout. Have 3 different 4 foot long 4 x 4s and 6 portable heavy duty welding stands on your staging deck along with one 6 inch 4 foot long steal I-Beam. I will set up the demonstration for your man and Walsh here. If, after the demonstration, he wants to fight her in hand-to-hand...then it's a go."

The XO looked to his Captain who nodded his head in the affirmative as he picked up a rib. The XO smiled, snagging some German Potato Salad, and said, "Your on! Say, 1000 hours tomorrow morning? Will give some of the men a bit of entertainment for the day."

I looked at Walsh, "What clothing is allowed for the fight?"

Walsh winked, "None."

The XO choked, "None? As in you will both be nude?"

"Exactly. Unless your boy cannot handle that."

The XO squirmed, "I would be more concerned with your safety, Ma-am."

"Don't be. I will be well protected by the SEAL Team. Just cordon off the area for a safe zone for your men."

"I will have a chopper pick you up at 0930. Stay in the chopper until it is secured and you are lowered on the elevator."

HL said, "Set up the stands and cameras for broadcasting to the fleet. With your permission Mrs. Walsh?"

Walsh smiled, "Sounds like a plan!"

With that, we dug into dinner.

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Well, the chopper arrived the next morning and the SEALs, Dad, and I boarded. Walsh took off her clothes and handed them to me on the way over to the Carrier. After we were lowered Dad took point and half the Team disembarked.

Then came Walsh. To say there was a roar and serious levels of cat-calls is an understatement.

The second half of the Team got out and I took up the rear.

Walsh was having the time of her life. Her nipples were hard as rocks and she was waving to the crowds of Navy personnel. She took it all in stride, knowing tens of thousands of men would be masturbating while fantasizing of her later on.

We walked into the makeshift arena and I greeted the XO who introduced Mrs. Walsh to the entire fleet. I called out 6 men to come into the ring to help me set up the demonstration. On the Marine's side was a set of stands each holding up an end of one of the 4 x 4s while on Walsh's side were stands with two 4 x 4s in a V formation so she could reach both at the same time.

The Marine she was to fight was a monster. This guy was six foot and 275 pounds of pure muscle. He walked up to the 4 x 4 and looked at Walsh with a raised eyebrow. One of the men announcing the bout gave me a mike and I said, "Marine, test each 4 x 4 to authenticate its sturdiness. Then, when you are ready, stand before yours and strike it as hard as you can. The idea is for you to crack and break the timber."

"After you have made your attempt, it will be Mrs. Walsh's turn."

Walsh grabbed the mike. "And, if you do better than I do, you can have me later."

The Marine roared and everyone got really wild then.

He verified each 4 x 4 was structurally sound and walked up to his. He worked up his Adrenalin and struck the wood with the side of his fist as hard as he could. He cracked the 4 x 4, picked it up by the ends and finished folding it in half before twisting it and pulling the halves apart, dropping them on the floor.

The deck went wild.



Walsh smiled and I got in front of her, "Max your Chi, and just slap both of them. You have grown since the last time and I know you can powder both at the same time."

Walsh winked and I got out of her way. She walked up to her 4 x 4s and placed her palms on them. She began to build up her Chi and was infusing it into the wood beams and when she was ready she silently raised her hands and slapped the posts.

There was no crack, hardly any sound at all. But there was a lot of sawdust under the posts and when it cleared, both centers of the posts had been turned to powder.

The deck went from ultra loud to quiet as a church mouse in a millisecond.

After a few seconds, one of the announcers said, "Fuck me!"

The Marine looked at the posts, looked at Walsh, raised his hands, and tapped his wrist. Seeding the bout without even starting. He backed up to the edge of the ring and someone handed him his clothes.

The deck was still quiet.

I had two of the SEALs set up the steel I-Beam and I looked to the announcers, speaking into the mike, "That was a beginners strike. Now you get to see the Master's"

I walked up to the I-Beam and took a moment to set my Chi to max. I held it all contained before I touched the I-Beam with my pointer finger of my right hand, infusing it with as much Chi as it would take. I then lifted my finger and tapped the I-Beam. There was a loud shrieking crack of tortured breaking steel and the two halves of the I-Beam hit the deck.

I released my hold on my Chi, letting it dissipate and walked over to the mike.

"Anyone want to try their luck against Mrs. Walsh?"

Deathly silence.

At that point, Walsh ran up to the Marine and jumped into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist. The Marine felt the heat of her sex on his erection and she whispered in his ear, "Too bad! But, when things settle down give me a call. I might be available for a few hours of shore leave." With that she gave him a big kiss and vaulted away doing a series of somersaults, ending with a triple flip before landing lightly on her feet.

We walked back to the chopper in silence and went home. Walsh laughing her ass off the whole way, making sure to wave at the crowds with a big smile as we left. Not a single soul on that deck even thought about disrespecting her.

The lady pilot of the chopper, just before she lit up the engines and before we took off from the carrier, turned around and gave a thumbs up, saying over the intercom, "Mrs. Walsh? THAT was fuckin A!"

We got back to the Embassy and no one was on top to greet us. The SEALs, however took it upon themselves to hoist Walsh up on their shoulders and walk her over to the elevator.

We went down to the 3rd deck and almost the entire embassy staff and family were there. The SEALs hoisted Walsh up again to the cheers of everyone in the room. We all stripped and grabbed

our lovers and had a grand old time.

I snagged Sue and invited Walsh to join us but she said, "Harry, can you give me a rain check? Red ran off with the two lieutenants but the rest of the SEALs want to try and redeem their honor by seeing if they can fuck me unconscious like you did."

I laughed long and hard as Walsh grabbed all the SEALs and said in a very loud voice, "Okay boyos! Let's see if'n the bunch of ya kin do ta me what yer boss did!"

Everyone laughed as all 14 grabbed her and took her to one of the unused rooms.

Sue and I retreated to our bedroom and I said to her, "This evening I am going to make love to you rather than overstimulate you."

We undressed and Sue lay across the bed on her stomach while I got out some chocolate scented, fast absorbing massage oil. I began working her neck and shoulders with my fingers, giving more of a relaxing massage than one for loosening tight muscles. I worked down the left side of her back, rubbing from her spine to her side till I reached the nexus of her back and hips.

I moved down the other side, again with palm and finger strokes from her spine to her side and then transitioned to long strokes up and down her back, slowly moving lower each time until I was massaging her cheeks. I warmed the oil before applying it and when I spread her cheeks to massage her dark rose Sue began to moan. I slowly moved lower as Sue opened her thighs for me and I oiled and massaged her outer lips.

I was rock hard and throbbing by that time and I mounted Sue's lower back as I began to oil and massage the backs of her thighs and calves. Leaning over her butt cheeks, my cock slipped between her cheeks and gently moved through them as my body moved with the massage.

Sue moaned, "Harry, take me now, just like this, please."

I placed a pillow under her hips which raised and presented her glistening wet sex to me and I placed my hands to each side of her shoulders as the head of my cock found the entrance to her pussy. Both being well lubed, the head of my cock felt as if it was actually sucked into her sex.

I held myself there, not fully entering, and whispered, "Baby, your pussy is the smoothest, most comfortable, most inviting pussy in the world. My cock loves being enveloped by your sex."

I slowly, inexorably, and lovingly entered my sister's hot, wet, silky smooth, inviting pussy up to my balls in one long, pulsing, thrust.

"Do you like having your brother fuck your hot pussy, sister?"

"FUCK yes! Take your sister's pussy with your hard cock, brother! Make your sister cum for you!"

Sue was trembling as if I had used my Chi.

"I love you so much my wonderfully powerful brother! You are making your sister cum for you! You feel so good inside of meeeee!"

I slow fucked Sue through her first orgasm, enhancing her experience as her body bucked underneath me. After she was finished I whispered in her ear.

(Long stroke into her cunnie up to my balls and holding there) "You are" (pulling out slowly and long stroking her again) "a very" (another long stroke) "naughty" (long stroke) "little girl" (long stroke) "letting your" (long stroke) "brother fuck" (stroke) "you like this!"

Then I began to quickly hammer her sex, making sure the underside of my cock rubbed her G-spot with each inward thrust. I took her hard, fast, and my unrelenting cock skewered her sex as my balls bounced on her engorged clit and her moans begin to move higher in pitch until she cried out her orgasm.

"Oh, brother! Fuck me! Fuck your sister! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! Yessssssssss!"

I hammered sis through her orgasm, not missing a beat even though she writhed, bit the pillow, and grabbed sheets underneath me. After she finished her climax I turned her over, got back inside her, and slowly made love to her for another 10 minutes until I came, filling her with my cream.

"Oh, baby! Your cum is so warm. It feels so good inside my pussy! Don't stop, I am going to cum again for you, by dear brother!"

She climaxed again right after me and I held most of my weight on my elbows and knees as we both regained our breath. My cock staying lodged balls deep inside my sister's cunnie.

Sue wrapped her arms around me, crying. "Thank you, thank you, thank you! What you have done with your Chi is awaken that part of my mind. Now it is open to you whenever we make love! It is so wonderful! Thank you!"

I kissed her deeply and I rolled us over so we were on our sides. We spend another 30 minutes or so still connected below but using our hands and lips to explore each other's bodies in post coital bliss.

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Three days after my request, the cargo planes showed up and landed on the Carrier. There were exactly 3,000 Switchblade 300s and 2,000 cell phones which were immediately stowed in a brig cell under armed guard since there was not enough room in the armory. I snagged 32 Switchblades and 5 cell phones for my guys as well.

XO immediately set up a training routine to train the Marines on their proper use and capabilities, noting that only one or two would likely be needed in case of egress, not 8. The squad leaders were also trained on how to interface with their assigned Predator as well.

I asked for reports on all the plans that had been developed and the efforts to coordinate assets with needs to be placed on the secured web set up for this project by the end of the day two days hence. That would give Captain Barnes, the SEALs, Dad, and I 3 days to look them over and approve them or make suggestions prior to Operation Chili day.

I also made sure that all the special forces and regular Army working up to the north each had multiple pre-paid cell phones that automatically called our hot-line to report suspected illegal activity.

I called DD, Beth, Dad, and Captain Barnes to my safe room after the SEALs had procured and secured their new toys. Once everyone had a seat I looked them over and smiled, "All of you have a mission."

Most except Dad raised an eyebrow, "I need all of you to help Beth develop, practice, and tape a series of videos to play over the national television and radio networks explaining the situation, what our needs from the people are, how we intend to move forward, and what the intended end result will be." We need to manage expectations, engender trust, and get cooperation for continuing efforts to take out the criminals in the country."

"Make plans to use the Predators, Navy, Army, and Air Force Special Operators, the SEAL Team with us, Marines, and anything and everyone you need to get things done. We need at least two videos for the first day."

When I left the room, I winked at Bella, "You got this." As I walked away I heard DD beginning to talk about the psychological impacts the military operations would have and what the best approach might be to help maintain as much beneficial calm as possible and get the message out in such a way the population will understand and agree with the process.

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The next morning the individual plans started coming in. I had the SEALs look over the plans of action and coordination of assets during the missions, Captain Barnes checked to see all the needed assets had been scheduled and were on standby for full deployment, Dad reviewed the intelligence, and Beth signed off on all the targets. Lots of back and forth communications were managed by the bridge crew.

All I did was sign off on each killweb and catalog them with the intent to add on-sight video and intelligence hotlinks, and AARs as they came in. I sent a daily report of our progress to the Secretary of Defense and kept DVD copies of everything.

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Morning of, 0430.

I had all the combatant teams online, ready to give the go code. "Ladies and gentlemen, your safety is of utmost importance. We have medical choppers stationed no more than 15 minutes from your locations with very few exceptions to evac any wounded. If things go sour, back off to your predetermined fallback locations and additional assets will be at your fingertips within 2 minutes of your asking for them. Be safe.

I have T minus 30 seconds, 20 seconds, 10 seconds, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1....GO! GO! GO!"

With that, all hell broke loose.