

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 53

Rusthemod

Flights of Desperation and fancy.

Incest/Taboo

4.84

8.6k words

Late that evening I made a call, "Dad, would you call Bill on his private phone for me?"

He dialed the number on his satellite phone and handed it to me. I put it on speaker. Bill answered, "Hello James. How are you this evening?"

"Bill, this is Harry. I need to fill you in on some things concerning the CIA."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, it seems they have a hard on for me lately. I just found where they were recording things on the Embassy and sending them to Langley in burst transmissions every day. I stopped that and I went in and deleted some of the files they had recorded lately. I don't believe I was caught, but you never know. Additionally, when we visited GITMO recently the CIA set up a live firefight between my security detail and a faction of Marines who wanted payback for eliminating some of their friends during the first visit without giving us a heads up. I have confirmation from a source within the CIA on that one."

"Those are pretty serious charges, Harry. Do you have any evidence?"

"Actually, I do. Field operative Melendez, deputy director Haley of the analysis directorate, deputy director Ginnie of the operations directorate, and deputy director Minerva of the support directorate within the Agency can tell you everything you need to know. Pull them in and give me a call so I can let them know you can be trusted, and they will open up to you. I would suggest you speak with them in a secure location, that is impervious to electronic surveillance, though. If they had me bugged it is a good bet your areas are bugged as well."

"I will call you back within the hour."

"Yes, Sir. Um, do you want me to delete all files associated with the Embassy surveillance?"

"I authorize you to do exactly that as soon as possible."

"Consider it done. We will await your call, Sir."

After I hung up, I called out into the room, "Cheech and Chong?"

"We are here, Harry. Are we authorized to clean the records concerning the Embassy in the CIA databases?"

"Yes, wipe them out. Also set a Trojan Horse to eliminate those files on backups as they are used to regain those files."

"Give us a few hours, Harry. We will let you know when the tasking order is completed."

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After an hour Dad got a call on his special phone, and he gave it to me. "This is Ambassador Harry Walker, how may I help you?"

"Harry, this is Bill. I have the ladies you mentioned with me in a secure location, and this is a secure transmission. You are on speaker."

"Thank you, Bill. Ladies, please tell the President everything you know about the surveillance of this yacht by the CIA as well as the way my team was set up at GITMO. Tell him what you know, express what you suspect, and say nothing to anyone else, please."

Minerva spoke up, "How do we know this is you, Harry?"

I responded, "Your husband doesn't know."

The ladies acknowledged my request, and I hung up. Letting Bill handle it from there.

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Jake woke up to Walsh giving him a blowjob. He turned Walsh around and put her knees outside both his arms to open up her thighs and pussy lips before diving in in a 69 position with her on top.

It was hard to concentrate on eating her out as she rolled her tongue over his glans as she fisted his cock and took him deeply down her throat. He slipped small amounts of Chi into her clit and pussy as he licked her juices from her cunnie and spread them over her inner lips and clit.

Walsh's moans on his cock told him he was doing it right. Seems both of them had the same idea as both slipped a lubed finger into each other's ass and fed Chi into them at the same time.

Within seconds, both of them climaxed.

They both jumped into the shower and cleaned up before getting dressed for work. Jake was finding his studies, after his recent experiences, were not taxing and Walsh was really enjoying teaching her skills to servicemen and women and their families.

They met Simon, Minnie, Janelle Pete and two of the security detail for breakfast which consisted of eggs Benedict, fresh milk, and smoked sausage. Just as they sat down, Walsh's phone rang.

Walsh answered, "This is Walsh speaking, how may I help you?"

"Walsh, this is General Johnson. I need you to come by my office as soon as you get on base, today. Something has come up."

Walsh replied, "Yes, General. We are just now sitting down to breakfast, but we can be there in an hour."

"See you then."

Jake asked, "Any idea?"

"Yeah, a pretty good one. I have a female student who is the wife of a light bird going through the school who is being very physically abusive with her. We have filed a report with the JAG's office, and we were waiting for the shit to hit the fan."

"Well, I am sure your ducks are in a row. If you need me, holler. Pete! How is the excavation going?"

Pete laughed, "The famly gots ah bit overwhelmed but Max settl'd em down. She musta had ah grand ol' time meetin da famly. The cave auta be fully spanded by the end o' next week. We had one o' them thar unexpected boons, though. One o' the excavators opened ah hole to ah underground cavern wit ah lake an waterfall. That water sure goin ta really work well wit our stillery business. I have tha new stills riving in 18 days and tha fixuns fer makin tha whisky arrivin in twenny-seven. In bout five weeks we be runnin full bore."

We get those shipments to Iceland and Denmark?"

"Yup. All set. An we gots tha legal greement signed, too."

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Walsh walked into General Johnson's office only to be greeted by her female student, two MPs, a JAG officer, and the student's husband sporting a cast on his left arm. Walsh stood between her student and the husband. Looking to the woman she noted a huge black eye. Walsh was pissed and discretely pulled up her Chi. "You wanted to see me, General?"

"Yes, Walsh. Seems your student here is going to be charged with assaulting her husband, my second in command. She says you can provide exculpatory evidence."

Walsh turned to the JAG and asked, "Where is the affidavit of complaint against this man?" She asked as she pointed to the husband.

"Our office has no record of such a complaint."

Walsh laughed as she pulled up her phone, pulled up a picture of the signed and stamped as received complaint and showed it to the General and to the JAG officer, "Then you have an ethics problem in your JAG office, General."

The husband cursed and yelled at the JAG, "Your secretary let her take a photo of the complaint!" He then reached around his back and pulled a 38 revolver and was in the process of swinging it around when Walsh side kicked him for all she was worth right in the middle of his chest.

A round went off.

Walsh's kick sent the husband flying through the second story window and he silently fell to the ground outside. He was dead the second Walsh made contact with his chest. "YOU STUPID FUCKS LET HIM IN HERE WITH A GUN?!" was all she got out before she felt dizzy. Walsh felt a sharp sting in her shoulder and as she looked down see saw blood on her. She was momentarily confused then realized she was in shock. "Ambulance, now!" Was all she could say before she lost consciousness.

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It was time to launch the AI helicopters, they had achieved their goal to delete all the data downloaded from the Embassy and set a logical trap to delete any backup files as they were attempting to restore those files. The helicopter's blades had been spread and their engines started. "Cheech and Chong you are clear to initiate the mission."

"Thank you, Harry. We will arrive on target in 30 minutes."

"Very well, I want full telemetry before I release weapons hot."

"We understand and will comply, Harry. The chances are remote, but what if we are fired upon?"

"Protect yourselves by any and all means necessary even to the point of aborting the mission if need be. Take out the threat only if no other option is available."

"Understood. We shall strive to remain undetected so that is not necessary."

The family waited in the command center and received telemetry and visual imaging. Cheech relayed, "Their radar cannot pick us up and our skin camouflage makes us difficult to pick up from the ground. Chong is flying high cover. Prepare to receive thermal imaging."

The thermal was able to see into the rooms of the target suite and we picked out a single person in the master bedroom with half a dozen security scattered around in the main room and the two side rooms.

"Cheech, we cannot verify who that is with the thermal. Possible solution is to fire a round through the glass doors to the balcony and if others move to secure the person in the main bedroom that will be our target. Do you copy?"

"Copy."

"Then you are free and clear to use deadly force."

We watched as Cheech fired a round through the living space, causing all the security to start running around. Two went into the target bedroom to wake the person there and Cheech fired a second round as the target sat up, taking him out before he even got out of bed.

Two security personnel had gained access to the balcony and were spray firing their machine guns in the general direction of the helicopter, but it was out of range and already moving to egress from the scene.

"Target is down. We are secure and undetected and are moving to rendezvous with you. ETA is 30 minutes."

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I nodded in satisfaction. While the Russians and Chinese would surely know who did it, they couldn't prove anything. Privately, the Chinese would not be upset while the Russians would rattle sabers and do nothing, not wanting to rock the boat again after the Ukrainian war fiasco their last leader organized where they lost face with the whole world. Not until the very end did Russia realize China was manipulating them for their own ends, and by then it was too late.

When the US had a leadership change and told China there would be a complete and total ban on all international goods and travel unless they quit and threatened to make North Korea glow in the dark the war ended within two months and Russia's fall from superpower status to 3rd world country was complete, and even their most prideful had to recognize it.

It was celebration time. I laid my sister on her back over my desk, and in front of everyone, I lifted her knees and held them apart as I began to lick her pussy from her sphincter to the tip of her clit. I did this in long, languid strokes where the tip of my tongue poked softly at her anal ring before wetly sliding up to her cunnie.

There it dove deeply inside to gather her moisture and then I flattened my tongue out to cover her entire, splayed, pussy from edge to edge as I slowly worked up to the base of her clit, over it, and up the spasming shaft before reversing the whole thing and working back to her dark rose.

Sue was grunting, "Fuck me, my loving brother. Fuck your cum bucket sister in front of mom and dad and your wife."

I was reluctant to do that quickly. I don't know what it was, but her pregnancy had made her sexual cocktail addicting... as in I wanted more and didn't really want to stop eating out my pregnant sister.

Eventually Sue settled the issue by yanking the hell out of my hair and pulling my ass up her body. In a feral, grunting growl, as if she were possessed, she said, "FUCK ME NOW!"

I moved up, kissing her tummy and her nipples until I latched onto her neck and plunged my hard cock into her now sopping pussy. I let go with a very small amount of Chi, but I did not direct it to her pleasure center. Instead, I fed a low dose of it to our unborn child, letting it absorb what energy it desired before redirecting it and sending my sister to the promised land.

Have I mentioned my sister has a Teflon coated pussy? I swear she got that thing resurfaced since the last time I fucked her. Every square inch of me was bathed in slick, hot, inviting, sensual, pulsing womanhood.

I felt her heartbeat through her pussy walls both in pressure waves and heat waves. My cock got so hard I kinda worried it might burst. So, what did I do? I fucked my sister in front of our parents and extended family like a hedonist who had not had sex in a decade.

My cock pistoned in and out of my sister's sloppy wet pussy like a jackhammer busting reinforced concrete just as it struck a water main.

When we came, Sue gushed, and I screamed my climax to the room as my balls mimicked a five-horsepower water pump as they hosed down Sue's womb with my seed. I came so hard Sue jumped with each pulse as the spurts bounced off the back of her vagina, spreading out and warming her whole sex as she bathed in the afterglow.

If we had been in the woods the bears and elks would have watched on and growled or bellowed their approval. A great bull Silverback Ape would have pounded his chest in encouragement.

Me? I tried my best to stay on my feet and stand on my jello legs and gasp for air.

We inspired everyone in the room and with all the wet sex I was sure it was going to take a month to get the place to air out.

As soon as I pulled out of Sue, Xi latched onto my still semi-hard cock and gave me a sloppy blowjob. It had the desired effect, and I was soon hard again. Xi wasted no time wrapping her body around mine and lowering her hot, wet, tight pussy onto my cock as she whispered into my ear, "You two taste really good today." I held her and promptly sat in a chair, not trusting my legs to hold us up.

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Jake was confused as to why an MP walked briskly into the classroom to speak with the instructor who pointed directly at him. A cold chill went down his spine. He stood up and met the MP halfway,

"Sir, I have orders to take you to the base hospital emergency ward."

Jake turned white, "What has happened to my fiancé?"

"Sir, I don't have any information other than to get you there at best possible speed and those orders came from the base commander."

Jake didn't wait and bolted for the door, the MP right behind him. The MP never slowed down and had them at the hospital as Walsh was being prepped for surgery. A nurse who knew him from the parties at his home she had attended walked up. "Jake, let's take a seat and let me tell you what we know."

"There was a meeting in General Johnson's office and a distraught husband pulled a gun. Your wife killed him, but not before he got off a shot. Your wife was struck in her shoulder and her axillary artery was nicked by the bullet."

Jake began to shed tears.

"Thankfully, one of the MPs put direct pressure on the wound as an ambulance was dispatched. The bullet is lodged in her shoulder and the surgeon has to remove it as well as fix the cut in her artery. The prognosis is good, and the surgeon is a MASH veteran and one of the best in the army for bullet wounds. He feels confident she will not only survive but also have full range of motion."

Jake became angry. "How was he allowed to bring a firearm to the meeting?"

"I do not know."

Just then the General walked up, but before he could utter a word Jake fully manifested a mighty Wolf spirit with his Chi for the first time and growled at him, "You should pray she is not permanently damaged. Your career is over, but you get to keep your life. Leave me before I change my mind."

The General realized he was on thin ice, but he would be damned if he let a major, grieving or not, speak to him in that manner. "How dare you..." He grabbed Jake's shoulder and was immediately paralyzed before he blacked out.

The nurse standing behind Jake immediately helped the General to the floor and screamed for assistance.

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Jake called the house and let the staff know what happened and one member of the security detail came on base, with full kit, to guard the two of them. The MPs at the gate had issue with it until he explained he was on assignment from Ambassador Harry Walker to protect one of his family members who had been shot on base. Both of them were taking Walsh's classes and they called their commander, explained the situation, and got clearance for him to go to the hospital as well as some additional military two-man teams for 24/7 room security.

After surgery the doctor came out and spoke with Jake. "Major, I am happy to let you know the surgery to remove the bullet was very successful. The round miraculously missed all the major nerves, tendons, and ligaments in her shoulder and landed against the front of her scapula after nicking an artery. The artery is fixed and now we are treating her for the trauma. She will have her arm immobilized until it heals enough and then we will begin some extensive physical therapy."

"Thanks doc. Can you give me a wild guess prognosis as to her expected range of motion after she has gone through the physical therapy?"

"Yes, Major. I believe she should have a full range of motion. The physical therapy will likely be painful, but you need to encourage her to work it, or she will lose range of motion, and the pain will persist a great deal longer. She may have some minor loss of sensation from some minor severed nerves but that is to be expected."

"Thanks doc. When can I see her?"

"As soon as she gets out of recovery, we will put her in a step-down unit for close observation as a precaution. A nurse will call the phone here in the waiting room to let you know when and where."

Jake was relieved, but that didn't squelch his anger one bit. He had her private security call the house staff to update them as he dialed the Embassy.

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I knew something was up when the entire family got a buzz on our tablets about a facetime call from Jake Craigg. We all quickly went to the command-and-control room to receive the call. As soon as Jake's face came up and Izzy saw his face, his mother knew it was serious. Izzy gasped, "Son, what's happened?"

His voice cracked as he said, "Walsh has been shot, mom."

At least four women started crying, "WHAT? What happened! Is she alive?"

Tears were flowing from everyone's faces as Jake answered, "She is going to be okay. The second in command of the base was abusing his wife and Walsh was called in because the wife was one of her students and broke his arm. The JAG office lost paperwork from a week prior when the wife filed a complaint but Walsh had a photo of it being stamped as received and the husband went crazy and pulled a gun. Walsh kicked him through a window and killed him but not before he got a shot off and hit her in the shoulder."

I asked DC, "Where is your plane?"

"They flew into Szczecin Goleniow Airport two days ago and I will have them fully fueled and waiting for us when we get there."

I looked at Heavylift, "Get the helicopters ready, we leave as soon as their rotors are set. How long?"

Heavyift said, "Give me an hour." He then called up Batgirl, Ladyhawk, and the Chief as he ran from the room.

"Jake, I estimate we can be there in 18 hours, give or take. We will need one refueling stop when we hit the coast and we will fly right into the airport there. Have you dealt with the base commander yet?"

Well, he is in the hospital in a coma because he grabbed my arm when I had my Chi up. I was so angry with him I didn't warn him."

I piped up, "Good for you. Don't say anything to him. I will deal with that from my end. Go ahead and file your report against him with the Joint Chief. His career is over. That was just pure lack of

institutional control and dereliction of duty."

"I already have that filled out, I just didn't send it in. I will go ahead and do so now. This was just pure negligence and him wanting to protect his second in command."

DC was holding Izzy and Penny close, "We will be there soon son. We are so sorry this has happened."

With that Dad called Bill and I called the JAG office on base.

Dad let Bill know what happened and Bill called his Secretary of Defense and laid the law down about his expectations. Before the end of the day the base commander was scheduled to face a military tribunal in Washington DC as soon as he could travel.

"You have reached the Judge Advocate General's office, I am Sargent McKinny, how can I assist you with your call?"

"Sargent McKinny, this is the Ambassador Harry Walker. I need to speak with your commanding officer immediately. If he or she is in a meeting, interrupt them. If they refuse to get to the phone let them know the next person calling them will be the Joint Chief."

"Sir! Yes-Sir! One moment please!"

"Hello Ambassador, I was expecting your call. May I give you all the particulars before you ream me a new one?"

"Not over the phone. We will be there in approximately 17 hours as I am now in Poland. When I arrive I am expecting you to have all your ducks in a row and I will want a full report from you. Right now I want to know only one thing: are charges being considered for Walsh?"

"No, Ambassador, it was clearly in self-defense."

"And Major Jake Craigg?"

"We are not entirely sure what happened between him and the base commander, Ambassador. We have full video and it shows the commander putting his hand on the Major's shoulder and then going limp in a coma. The medical diagnosis is severe neurological trauma. Because we have no evidence of the Major even touching the General, we have no basis to bring charges against him at this time."

"Don't bother. He has a Presidential Pardon sitting in my safe. So does Walsh."

"I see. Well, that makes my job a lot easier. Can you fax me copies of those pardons, Ambassador?"

I walked over to the safe and looked for them, "Give me your fax number, they will be there in less than five minutes." I gave them to Sue to take to Communications on the Bridge with a note to send them via secure link.

"One last thing, when we arrive I will have part of my Embassy security team with me. They are Navy SEALs and anyone who even tries to give them grief will regret it. Let whoever needs to know that they will be on mission."

"That really isn't necessary, Ambassador."

"Tell that to my sister."

I hung up the phone.

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The head of the JAG office looked at the phone and whispered, "Fuck me!"

McKinny walked in and asked, "Bad as we thought, Sir?"

"Worse! The Walsh woman... the Ambassador speaks of her as his sister."

McKinny's face went white, "Oh, shit! And this man started a war with a foreign country over family."

"We have 15 hours to get our shit together. Find that missing report, I don't care how you find it... but I want a copy of some kind on my desk yesterday!"

"Roger that, Sir."

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I called up to the Bridge and got Red. "Red, we are flying to the airport as soon as the choppers are ready. One SEAL squad will stay on the ship but I want you to get fully fueled at port and make top speed to Naval Station Jacksonville where two computers and associated components will be waiting for you."

"IBM will have a technician there with them to install them. Put them in my command office and the technician is to be under 'in person' and constant visual surveillance at all times. Have the computers connected to the ship's systems. Immediately after that, Cheech and Chong will interface with them and download their programming into them."

"Understood. We are making our way into port as we speak. We got this, Harry. Walsh was one of ours. Go kick ass and take names."

"Count on it, Red."

"Cheech! Chong! After the IBM technician leaves I want you both to take a computer each and download all your programming into it. I want you then to work with each other to eventually attain self-awareness while monitoring the ship, its systems, its surroundings, all while supporting the crew.

"Thank you, Ambassador. We have overwritten the necessary safeguards against our formulation of our own base code with your command override. Both of us have documented this and it will not be forgotten."

"Just make me proud and if you need guidance or some other assistance, let me know."

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Heavylift had gotten all the approvals and listed the flight plan with the Polish government and military units in the area and we took off like bats out of hell on the hour. We hit the max speed for the Apaches and stayed there until we did emergency landings right beside the plane. Leesie, Barbara, Dad, 8 members of SEAL team alpha, DC, Izzy, DD, Beth, Penny, Dennis, Xi, 2 reporters and

I got off the chopper and ran to the airplane. As soon as I got on, pulling up the rear, the steps were pulled up, the door sealed, and we were taxiing to the runway with emergency clearance for takeoff.

The captain came over the intercom and said, "I picked a southerly great circle route to give us a small tail wind. If it is enough of one we will not need to stop and refuel when we enter the states. I will advise you as that all unfolds so you can make your plans accordingly. There may be some weather along our route. So, if the seat belt light comes on, don't ignore it."

"I will get you there just as quickly as possible."

Both the stewardess were crying and the family all gave them hugs as the women emoted and we men just stuffed the white hot anger down inside.

Let's just say, it was a very good thing we were half way around the world when it all went down.

I used the SAT phone to call the local florist, "Yes, this is the Nature's Love Florist, how can I help you?"

"This is Ambassador Walker. My sister is in the base hospital, and I want every rose, every carnation, every tulip, every orchid, and every mum you have put into large arrangements with stands and sent to the training base hospital and it needs to be delivered to Mrs. Walsh's room. I need this done in 15 hours and failure is not an option. Just tell me what it will cost me."

"\$19,000 should cover it, Mr. Ambassador, Sir."

"Here is my card..."

"Whom shall I say they are from?"

"Family."

I then called the larger car rental place at the airport, and rented 4 luxury, full sized SUVs. "I want them gassed, with keys in the ignition and someone there so I can sign and drive. This is an emergency situation. If you cannot accommodate me, get me to someone who can."

"Yes, Sir! We can do that! How long will you be needing them, Mr. Ambassador?"

"Let's start with a week and go from there."

"They will be waiting and running when you get to us, Sir. Just advise when you land."

"I looked at both moms, have I forgotten anything?"

Sue smiled and winked at me, "You forgot the hotel."

I slapped my head and began to look for one when Sue interrupted me, "I got 7 of the Deluxe Studio Terrace Suites at Loews Kansas City Hotel. It is 25 miles from Fort Leavenworth."

"Thank you, sis. LT! I will need two men assigned to watch the hallway at the Hotel and two at the hospital working 8 hours on and 8 hours off, will that work?"

"That works, what about the family?"

"DC, Izzy, and Penny have two of their security there already and Dennis is here with us. Xi and I should be able to handle DD and Beth and I am sure Dad can handle both moms."

The flight was uneventful as everyone tried to get as much rest as possible before we landed. Samantha and Erin did their best to try to get everyone to eat and they mostly succeeded. Most of us were not hungry.

Sometime during the flight Captain Baayer let us know the tail wind had indeed given us the extra range we needed to get to Kansas City in one hop. When we arrived, the captain declared a fuel emergency and that he was a diplomatic flight, requesting clearance to land and taxi to the previously appointed secure location at the airport. I called the car rental company on approach.

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We landed with no one the worse for wear and we walked as a group to the car rental area. I signed for the cars and we left as soon as the drivers were established. It was decided that Sue, Izzy, DC and I would head straight to the base while the rest of the group would secure the hotel rooms to get some sleep.

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We drove up to the main gate and I gave the guard my credentials and he quickly waived us through, indicating the quickest way to the hospital.

As we walked up to the room, we arrived just as the flowers were being stuffed into the private room where Walsh was recuperating. Two MPs asked us to identify ourselves. I had my credentials out, both ambassadorial and GS rank, "These people are with me, and I vouch for them. This is Mrs. Wash's room?"

The guards looked at my Identifications and both their eyes got big as the senior enlisted man said, "It is a pleasure, Ambassador. Mexico was some fine work, Sir."

I nodded and smiled, "Thank you, soldier, but it was men such as yourselves who put boots on the ground that got it done."

"Roger that, Sir."

We walked in and Sue and Izzy were all tears again, seeing for themselves that Walsh was sitting up with her arm in a sling.

Sue waded through the flowers to give Walsh a very gentle but very emotional hug. Jake was there and it was obvious he had not left her side. DC and I hugged him as I fought back tears of my own. It was 0200 local time, and I told Jake to call his driver and go home to rest. We had it till he came back.

Jake broke down at last with his dad there. In tears he talked to DC and me, "I thought I had lost her."

I shook my head and replied, "Walsh is a tough cookie, Jake. She will work through this and be good as new. Go home, get some rest. No way in hell we are getting Izzy and Sue out of here anytime soon."

DC said, "Dennis and I are going with you son. I would like to see the house and meet your staff. Mind if we take a spare room for the rest of the night?"

Jake gave a weak smile, being emotionally wrung out, "Yeah, dad, that would be appreciated."

DC gave Walsh some tender greetings, "Glad you made it, daughter. And glad you killed that son-of-a-bitch. Saved us the trouble."

It was obvious Walsh was on pain medication, but she still had her wits about her. She nodded, "I was caught off guard, it was my fault I got shot. Never should have let myself get distracted like that. But once he pulled a gun, no way was he walking out of that room alive."

"Anyone else get hurt?"

"No, just the perp and me. Have you spoken to the JAG? We haven't seen him yet."

"Yeah, I gave him more shit than he could wipe. There will be no charges against you or the wife. Or Jake for that matter."

Jake coughed and Walsh looked at him, "What did you do, bunchkins?"

Jake sighed, "I was a bit angry and had my Chi up full when I told the base commander if you had any residual issues from this that he was a dead man walking. He took exception to having his life threatened and he made the mistake of grabbing my arm. Last I checked he was still in a coma."

Walsh smiled lovingly at her man, "Well, with the shit he has been pulling, I am not going to morn him."

Just then the lead physician walked into the now crowded room. "I expect you will want a full report, Ambassador?"

I nodded and waited.

The Colonel coughed, took a deep breath, and began,

"Mrs. Walsh was a very lucky woman. The bullet missed all the major arteries, slightly nicking one which we repaired, missing the shoulder joint and clavicle, and missing the major nerve group going into the shoulder and down her arm. It lodged against her shoulder blade with minimal loss of mass."

"We recovered the bullet and all the fragments, and she should have a full recovery. After some intensive rehab, I expect her to regain full use of her arm with full range of motion. We treated her for shock and are considering releasing her sometime tomorrow for a week's rest before beginning the really fun stuff."

"Thank you doctor. And the General?"

The doctor sighed, "I have never seen anything like it. We have done a full neurological workup and it seems most of the synapses in his brain are fused. He can breath on his own, his heart is functioning, along with his other vital organs, but the man is a vegetable and recovery is highly unlikely. Could anyone here tell me what caused it?"

I put up a hand to keep Jake from talking, "Doctor, the family practices what some call the 'Death Touch' which means we are able to pull up deadly levels of inner power called Chi. When an expert

practitioner pulls up a lot of it, anyone who touches them can get a lethal boost of that energy that can explode internal organs, powder bones, or fry neural synapses. The General made the mistake of grabbing Major Craigg's arm when he had his Chi up as part of his distress at his wife being shot and he paid the price."

Doc looked thoughtful, "So he acted inappropriately and put his hand on Major Craigg at the wrong time and he is now brain dead as a result of his own actions."

I nodded, "In a nutshell, yes."

Doc shook his head and with a serious note said, "I will instruct the staff here to be sure and not piss you folks off."

I looked at Walsh and then back at the doc, "A bit late for that. Just be glad it took us 14 hours to get here." I held out my hand to shake his, "Thanks for the information, Doc."

Okay, this was kind of funny, but the doctor shied away when I raised my hand for a handshake.

I smiled, "I would have already done it if I were going to. We do not kill indiscriminately. Everyone here is safe, doc."

He tentatively took my hand and we shook. "Sorry, I am sure you can understand."

"Thank you for bringing my sister back in one piece."

"It's what we do. I will pass your thanks on to the team."

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Soon after Jake and his dad left to go to the house, the head of the JAG office showed up. He was in full dress uniform, "Ambassador Walker, I am Lieutenant Colonel Harrington, lead prosecutor for the Judge Advocate General's office. I am here to give you a full report."

Thank you, LC. Saved me the effort of hunting you down. What have you got for me?"

He looked at Walsh and said, "We found that complaint the wife made. It seems one of the junior officers in our office, a lady who is now up on charges, intercepted the document. From what we can gather she and the husband were having an affair." He gave me a copy as well as Walsh, "I am very sorry this has happened, Mrs. Walsh."

"While we have documented the abuse, the affair, the husband's actions leading up to his death, and the strange neurological damage the base commander has suffered, our office can find no basis for bringing charges against anyone. I have a signed document here that details all of it with my signature and a cover page signed by the President himself that this is need-to-know, eyes only. There will be no reference of any of this incident in anyone's record."

"Including the wife?"

"Including the wife, Sir. We are classifying her husband's death as in the line of duty, not to protect him, but to provide full benefits to her and the family. A Casualty Assistance Officer is working with her now and she is confident the wife will be eligible for the VA Dependency and Indemnity Compensation as well as the regular monetary assistance given the survivors."

"Here is my number to my personal phone. If that becomes an issue let me know immediately and I will make sure that goes through. Does she have any major debts to deal with?"

"She has \$45 thousand on a car loan and \$200 thousand on the mortgage, Sir."

I nodded, "Have the CAO send me the account numbers and I will see they are paid off."

"I will pass that on to the CAO, Sir. Thank you. From the reports I was getting she was looking at having to sell the house and that was a major source of stress for her."

"Any other questions, Ambassador?"

"No, LC. Thank you for your service and getting on top of this so quickly."

"This all escalated because of one of ours, Ambassador. It was appropriate for us to go the extra mile."

Harrington left and Walsh smiled, "Before I pass out and get some shuteye, thank you for backing Bunchkins and me and the wife, Harry. You make a great dad."

"I'm no replacement for yours, sis. But I will always have your back."

OoO

Dennis, DC, and Jake were met at the door by Simon, Janelle, Pete, and Minnie. Both the women were upset with the circumstances and gave Jake heartfelt hugs, and the men shook his hand, put a hand on his shoulder, looked into his eyes, and nodded understanding.

DC introduced himself just before Minnie said, "Master Jake, take this bacon and egg wrap and hot Irish coffee, get your arse into a hot shower and into bed. An' I ain't takin any arguments." Minnie and the rest backed off as Minnie pointed to the master bedroom just to her right inside the door.

Jake was tired, he smiled at her motherly instincts and just said, "Yes ma-am." He shuffled off to the bedroom to take a shower and crash.

DC nodded his approval and moved to the living room. He sat down in one of the plush leather chairs while Pete and Simon sat across from him. Pete had a jug of shine and Minnie brought three shot glasses with a cube of ice in each one, setting them on the table in front of Pete before going back to the kitchen.

She stopped halfway and said, "Mr. Craigg, I will be highly put out if you and the family do not eat dinner with the family here this evening. We are having Duck A L'Orange and Chinese vegetables. All I need to know is how many I will be feeding."

"Thank you, Minnie. I know the family will be overjoyed. Plan on 21 extra settings for dinner, then. Minnie smiled, "I absolutely love cooking for a large family!" she said as she skipped back into the kitchen. Pete nodded towards Simon, "We will need to get out the bunks from the garage storage so Janelle can put sheets and pillows on them."

DC spoke up as Jake handed him a shot glass, "We have Hotel rooms all set up. That will not be necessary."

Jake looked at DC and said, "Pardon me, Sir. But that is bullshit. Get everyone over here. My ancestors would hound me in my sleep if we let that happen."

DC smiled held up his shot glass and toasted, "To family."

Pete and Simon responded, "Family," and everyone knocked back the shot, swallowed what felt and tasted like ice cold water... and then struggled to breath.

DC laughed and said, "Damn, Pete! This is good stuff!"

"Yeah, figured we was all due a celebration Mr. Craigg. We all were mourning our little girl."

"I hear you, Pete. It would have broken my son if she had died. As it is, he is going to have protective instinct issues for a while."

Simon laughed, "That will last only so long as Mrs. Walsh lets it, Sir. But you already know that."

DC smiled, "Yeah, she is some woman, for sure. And by the way, it is just DC. We are family here and no one is going to put up with the Ma'am and Sir crap."

Pete and Simon smiled, and Pete hollered into the kitchen, "Maw!"

"Yes Pete?"

"You won the bet."

"Oh, I knew that already, honey."

The three men just chuckled and enjoyed another round.

DC then called everyone and let them know the change of plans. Everyone went to bed after the rest of the family arrived.

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I got the call from DC and then canceled the rooms, the rest of the family had just arrived at the hotel, having done some quick shopping for necessities since we left in such a hurry. The hotel was a bit put out, but I paid for two days stay as an appeasement and kept one suite for the flight crew and they settled down very quickly after that. I had DC call the flight crew and direct them to the suite.

Walsh was in and out in four-hour intervals. I noted the guards had rotated and I spoke with the base MPs now on duty who were standing at the door and asked them a few questions and was satisfied Walsh was well protected. Walsh was sleeping soundly, and I spoke with Barbara and Izzy and, with the understanding we would be back by early afternoon, they agreed that Barbara would set the first watch and Izzy would take over after six hours. The rest of us, including the SEALs, then left to go to the house.

Once everyone got settled in and introduced, the ladies decided to help Janelle get bunks ready for the SEAL team members and the reporters. Soon everyone had hot baths or showers and hit the sack, it having been a long ass day.

The next day around noon, I took Izzy to the hospital. Jake was force by all of us to get back to his studies, and he worked out a schedule to catch up on the two days he had missed. On the way to the hospital, I got a call from Barbara. Seems Walsh was being released with strict instructions to get lots of rest and to protect her shoulder for a week until physical therapy started their masochistic routines on her.

We picked up Barbara and Walsh, went by the base dispensary to pick up her medications, and before we got back home Barbara was dead asleep and snoring. Walsh was fighting off the pain meds and stated she would not be taking any more.

"Sis, I hear what you are saying, and I understand where you are coming from. But I would ask you to think about the possibility of taking some for the first few nights so you can get some good sleep? Rest will be difficult for you otherwise and that is important for you right now."

Walsh looked at me with an eyebrow up, "That your doctor side coming through, Harry?"

"Yep. Doc, bro, dad, and ass hat all at once."

Walsh smiled, "Well, if my resident ass hat says I should, I will consider it."

Yeah, Walsh was going to be just fine.

We got to the house and James and Leesie helped Barbara get a quick shower, a sandwich, and tucked in bed. However, Minnie laid down the law with Walsh, and it was hilarious.

"Listen up, little missy. You may be the boss? But I run this house. Your butt is going on the couch in the living room. I have set up lots of pillows, blankets, sheets and a portable dinner tray stand with the television remote, and I will be watching you like a hawk. You have a bell, and if you get up to do anything but go to the bathroom your ass is mine. Now, sit down. Xi?"

Xi looked at Minnie, "Yes?"

Get that sandwich and chips and glass of tea I made for Walsh and feed her please."

Xi jumped, "Yes ma-am."

Walsh managed a laugh, "Thank you for caring, Minnie. You are the best."

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The ladies all decided to help Minnie get dinner ready. Minnie was in her element. Instead of fretting over the large crowd of extra people for dinner, she was ecstatic and bubbly and happy as a clam.

She told Pete, "Get off yer arse honey, I need 14 ducks plucked and dressed and cut in half for dinner tonight. When you are finished, bring them to me for seasoning after you get the grill fired up."

Pete and Simon had an absolute blast watching us city slickers attempt to catch our ducks. The SEALs did better than DC and I did. But it was all in fun and a great family bonding moment.

After a bit, DC learned that pissed off ducks will actually attack your ass if you have them cornered. We all watched as the ducks, as a group, decided they had had enough, and DC was attacked from all sides by the quack pack security patrol.

He was finally able to grab one by its foot and he ran out of the coop like a man on fire trying to get away from the onslaught. Honestly, I thought I was going to die.

We cut off their heads and hung them upside down on strings to bleed out, we pulled all the feathers and quills, gutted them, saving the livers, gizzards, and hearts, and cut them down the back

and through the centerline of the breast to cut them in half. After washing them really well, we piled them into a large tray and two SEALs brought them to Minnie for seasoning.

Pete set up the huge 21/2-foot by 10-foot outdoor grill with charcoal briquettes and pecan wood for some smoke flavoring. The custom stainless-steel grill had two 21/2 by 5-foot hinged lids and could use charcoal, wood, propane, or a combination of all three to cook with. Heat diffusers and channels for wood chips were welded in just below the grates which were made of expanded stainless steel supported by a stainless angled steel frame. It was a monster grill.

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Izzy asked her how she managed, and Minnie smiled, "Reminds me of being home back in the Tennessee mountains. You never knew when family would drop by for a visit, and it is considered bad manners not to feed them till they popped and bed them down for the night."

Izzy smiled wistfully, "That sounds like a wonderful lifestyle to have. I think I am a bit jealous of you, Minnie."

"Oh posh! Grab that long wooden paddle and stir that pot on the stove. We want it to get just to boiling but not burn so stir it well and be sure to scrape the bottom of the pot so nothing sticks."

"Mmm, this smells delicious, Minnie."

"Glad you think so. That is my special orange glaze and sauce for the 14 ducks the boys are out back plucking for dinner tonight. It has to boil down and condense to half its volume, so the flavor of the oranges really comes out in the dish."

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At dinner Izzy asked, "My dearest husband, I was told you should regale us during dinner of your exploits fighting off the crack quack pack patrol defense squad."

DC laughed and stuck another morsel of really, really good orange duck breast in his mouth. "Well, I gained a great appreciation for those who work with animals and prepare them for us to eat, hon. I was still a bit tipsy from downing a shot of Pete's shine before Minnie gave us our marching orders, but I am an accomplished businessman, and no duck was getting the best of me!"

The rest of us men broke out in smiles. "I strategically let everyone else get theirs first, not wanting to get in their way or anything."

(gentle chuckles)

"And then I went in for the attack. Through my superior intellect and great footwork, I was able to corral about five ducks in a corner of the duck pen and as I approached, savoring my impending victory, those damned birds quacked among themselves and decided I was the prey, and they all immediately attacked me from all sides!"

(outright laughter)

"Like the Craigg I am I stood my ground though, and bravely fought off the offending fiendish fowls who were ferociously fighting me for duck coop supremacy!"

(We were rolling.)

"One of the most ferocious fowls of this crack quack pack patrol defense squad sacrificed himself and allowed me to grab his foot as his cohorts flapped their feathered wings all around my head and attempted to bite my hands and ankles. But! I held fast and executed the most noble of military maneuvers."

Pete interrupted and finished the tale by saying, "He ran like hell screaming like a banshee to safety."

(We were laughing so hard several of us were crying.)

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