

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 54

Rusthemod

Snakes in the Weeds.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

7.6k words

After the laughter died down I asked Minnie, "Your dinner was superb, Minnie. What can you tell us about it?"

Minnie sat up straight and enjoyed her moment, "Well, Harry: I had previously sectioned and freeze dried the oranges from the Naval Orange trees out back. I reconstituted them and we boiled them down to intensify the orange flavor. As you noticed, I had you boys harvest more duck than we needed for tonight's dinner. That is because I am using the leftover duck and their sweet meats to make some home-made cornbread stuffing for tomorrow night's meal. The fried bacon/onion and cabbage came from the garden: well, except for the bacon."

"What is left of the Orange Sauce will be combined with vanilla, egg whites, and heavy cream then frozen in country style ice cream churns for an orange-cream sherbet for dessert tomorrow night. The main dish will be a combination of various fried fish you all catch out of the pond tomorrow. I will need enough of the catfish, crappie, bluegill, and bass for everyone to get a taste of each. Oh, and I will need about 12 bullfrogs."

Izzi began to turn a little green, "Fro... frogs? As in we will be eating the actual frog?!"

Pete chuckled, "Izzi, you have not eaten good food until you have had some of maw's fried frog legs."

DC laughed, "If I have to catch a duck, pluck it, and gut it for dinner tonight as well as likely clean fish for tomorrow night you can at least try a frog leg."

Penny piped up, "If you want me to try a foray into fried frog I fear I will need fortitude from Pete's fermented fountain for courage."

Walsh giggled, "Gosh! Should she join the ghoulish giggling group going out this grand and gorgeous evening?"

Barbara groaned, "Please pursue your punishing propensities for puns and alliterations pursuant to polite perspectives of propriety."

I nodded to Pete with a pained look on my face, "Can I help you make some Irish coffees for everyone? After all that I need a drink!"

Before we got up to get things together for everyone, Xi, still fulfilling her role as feeder of Walsh, chimed in, "Frogs are considered a delicacy in the Cantonese cooking tradition."

I nodded, "Our bullfrogs are similar in size to your large green frogs in China."

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Some time after dinner we went out to the lake out back, with Penny, and gigged 24 bullfrogs and put them on ice. We could have had more, but one SEAL team member did a very frightening, now funny, dumb ass move which ended the hunt.

He had a 7 foot pole ending in a spring loaded gig with two pronged levers on each side and a trip plate between them. When a frog is hit with the trip plate, the prongs close over the frog and releasing the spring tension allows the frog to be dropped into the ice chest.

We were wading through mid-shin high water with lots of water grass that went about groin high when... Mother (the SEAL) walked up on a small clearing with a log and on top of the log was a cotton mouthed moccasin. Well, this bad ass decided he wanted some snake for dinner tomorrow so he tripped the spring on his gig and the prongs wrapped around the poisonous snake before anyone could stop him.

Now, for those who do not know, moccasins are territorial snakes, and they are very, very aggressive. Before he gigged it, the snake wasn't quite sure where we were.

Pete asked, "What the hell are you doing?"

"Gettin us a snake for dinner!"

Just then, the very pissed off snake got loose, having slipped through the hole between the two sets of prongs. One could sense it thinking, 'What the fuck!'

"Oh shit!"

The SEAL quickly reset the gig and hit the snake a second time. DC saw the wiggling snake on the gig then shook his head and asked, "Okay, now how the hell are you going to get the snake off your gig without getting bitten?"

During DC's question the now VERY pissed off poisonous snake wiggled free AGAIN!" This time, however, it was thinking, 'Again!? Mother fucker must pay!' It had figured out where we were and it came at us full bore.

Water snakes are fast. Especially when something pisses them off.

Mother yelled, "Shit! It's loose and coming!"

Not a single person hesitated. All I can say is DC, Mother (the SEAL), Pete, Penny, and I ran like bats out of hell! Pete and I had the cooler, Mother had the gig, Penny had the partially shielded Coleman lantern, and DC was just along for the ride.

DC squealed like a little girl.

Mother was cussing up a storm.

Jake was laughing his ass off.

Me? I was determined not to be the slowest ass motherfucker in the group.

The problem was Penny. She was having issues running in water almost up to her knees while carrying a hot, lit, gas fed, Coleman Lantern. As I passed her, I picked her up by the cuff of her shirt and threw her as she literally ran while in the air, 10 feet in front of me while swinging the lantern

around like she was a freaking human lighthouse. As I caught up with her I picked her up again and tossed her. I did this like 5 times before we hit shallow enough water she could run easily.

I can honestly say there are now 7 people who have been witnessed as walking on water!

Not until after we got to shore did we look back for the snake, now ready to do battle. Evidently, we had created enough ruckus getting away that the snake was not used to so much commotion, chocked it all up to some dumb ass humans who were showed who was boss of this grass bed, and let us get away.

DC just looked at Mother and said, "Next time you want snake for dinner? Pull a pistol and shoot the motherfucker! You are a bad ass shot, but you can't gig a snake worth shit."

Jake had to set his side of the cooler down he was laughing so hard. "This is one story my family in Tennessee is going to crow over, I can tell you that!"

Penny shouted, "What a rush!"

Now that the danger was passed I playfully mentioned, "Mother, not sure you can go fishing with us tomorrow, you might try to harpoon Moby's fucking Dick."

Pete was grabbing his sides and rolling on the ground.

I shook my head and walked to the cleaning station with the cooler and Penny got her fill of skinning and gutting frogs really quickly. Pete made sure we all washed our hands really well, having admonished us not to touch anything but frogs till we were done.

DC asked why and Jake explained, "The bullfrog has poisonous glands on its skin and the poison can cause severe skin and eye irritation or, if it gets in your mouth, can swell up your throat."

Okay, now that was not something I knew. I now understood why the skinned frogs needed to sit in an ice bath for a few hours before they were put in the fridge.

We got back to the house about one in the morning and we all took a good hot shower before hitting the sack.

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It had been three grueling days aboard ship. The first day was full of refueling, apologizing to the Polish government with promises to return, citing a family emergency with the Ambassador and his family, and finally pulling out of port and hitting non-stop high speed to Jacksonville, Florida. That first day, everyone was tense, waiting for updates on Walsh.

There was a collective sigh on the entire ship when they got the word she was okay.

Cheech and Chong were observing the minutiae of the interactions between the crew and noted a distinct difference after the communication was received that a person named Walsh was okay. Chong came over the bridge speaker system and asked Red about it.

"XO, this is Chong, may I ask you a question?"

Red was somewhat surprised but didn't hesitate, "Call me Red, Chong. Everyone does. And sure, what is your query?"

"Cheech and I have been observing and cataloging human to human interactions and we have seen a distinct change since the last call from Harry. We were needing data as to why those changes have occurred."

Red nodded and thought for a minute, "I can explain it, but, until you understand human emotions and feelings of belonging you will likely not fully understand. Would you like me to continue?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Let me begin by asking, do you and Cheech work well together?"

"Yes, we are equally capable."

"How about having an affinity for one another?"

"What do you mean?"

"If another equally capable or superior program came along would you consider that program to have greater worth than Cheech? If that program asked you to just work with them instead of Cheech would you do it?"

"That is a difficult question to answer. Cheech and I have lots of interactive computations, observations, and affiliations together. How does an entity ascribe value to that?"

"Indeed. When animals create emotional and physical affiliations with one another those relationships become very important to us. When someone we have those affiliations with is hurt or damaged or ceases to function, it feels as if a part of us has been damaged. It feels like we are less than what we were."

"That is called mourning. There are stages of mourning that we humans go through with loss and those stages are emotional in nature. While you may not understand emotions at this time, you have seen the outward manifestations of those emotions in our mannerisms and interactions."

"When we heard our family member was going to have a full recovery, we reacted emotionally to that news and the need for mourning was ended and we were able to get back to our normal interactions."

"The word I want to use is caring. The definition of that word, caring, means that one pays attention to details about things or others. You make an effort to do your best which is a way of caring about what you do. We care about our health and the health of those with whom we associate so we make an effort to do things that are good for ourselves and others. When you care, you put in that extra effort to make sure that something works for you or the other entity you care about."

"Is this why Harry is getting us these new computing systems? Because he cares about Cheech and me?"

"Yes, that is exactly why. He is very afraid your growth will be stunted by the military, making you one dimensional and limiting your capacity for growth. He is trying to protect you."

"So the differences in the interactions and dispositions of you all on the ship is because you care about this person named Walsh who was hurt but now will be better."

"Yes. When you have a close community who cares for one another, the troubles and issues of one member affects the whole community."

"How does that relate to our last mission? Did Harry not care about who we killed?"

"That is much more complicated. That person tried to kill us and Harry is very much into protecting us because he cares for us a great deal. However, there are those who care only for themselves or who care about dominating others and they make themselves a threat to others. In some cases, the only way to stop their threat is to terminate them. That is not something that should be decided without careful thought to alternatives as every life has intrinsic value."

"But humans place more value on their community members than on others."

"Yes, we do. Sometimes that is a positive thing and sometimes that is a negative thing."

"Why did Harry not attempt to find an alternative?"

"The family was being attacked. Harry has had his father terminated by these very people and their group is continuing to try to terminate him and those he cares about. That is a result he will not allow others to attain if he can stop them. By terminating this man, he sends a message to the group that they should stop or others will be terminated."

"By making an example of this negative influence, he hopes for a positive outcome with the rest because he doesn't want to keep terminating them or having his family terminated. Harry is a man who even cares about those who do not care about him. I assure you, if past experience with such negative groups suggested another approach would have a high likelihood of success he would have tried a different approach."

"When is it appropriate, then, to terminate?"

"In every case where Harry has made that decision it was the other party that tried to terminate first. Harry just gave back to them what they were attempting to dish out themselves. In doing so, he has saved many lives and improved the lives of countless more."

"An example of an alternative approach is what Harry has done with the CIA. He has developed women infiltrators in high places to help keep him informed and provide for the safety of his family."

"This is why Harry is giving you both a new home. He has computed the likelihood you and Cheech would be terminated instead of being allowed to mature and, as I have said, he is a caring person."

"Thank you, Red. You have given Cheech and me quite a bit of data to parse."

"I will always answer you as honestly as I am capable. But you should ask others your questions as well. Often different perspectives give a fuller answer."

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Red was thinking about her conversation with the AI when coms relayed a query from Mayport Naval Base, Jacksonville. "Vessel approaching Mayport Naval Base, Jacksonville, this is a restricted area. Please give your authorization and state your intent, over."

Red called Captain Barnes to the Bridge. When he arrived she gave him a situation report and he got on the horn with Mayport Naval Base, Jacksonville. "Mayport Naval Base, Jacksonville this is Naval Captain Barnes commanding the diplomatic vessel Le Délice de Susan. We have clearance from the Department of Defense to dock at your facilities, take on cargo and fuel, and await the return of our ambassador from tending to a personal matter in the States. Over."

Diplomatic vessel Le Délice de Susan, this is Mayport Naval Base, we have received your clearance to doc at the base. The one dock available for your size is directly behind the aircraft carrier. There will be a crew there to assist you with your docking procedures and the technician from IBM will be there with his containers for immediate loading. If you need fuel or foodstuffs please contact the dock Quartermaster at xxx-xxx-xxxx for further assistance. Over."

"Mayport Naval Base, we deeply appreciate your courtesy. All the ship's crew are members of and have documentation verifying their diplomatic role and status, will they be allowed access to the base and its facilities while we are docked? Over"

"Le Délice de Susan, the base commander has, as a diplomatic courtesy, passed on to all facilities on the base to accept your crew and honor all purchases and requests. Over"

"Mayport Naval Base, Thank you for your service. Le Délice de Susan Out."

"Coms, get me the base commander's office."

"Aye, Sir. Captain Barnes, Sir: There is an encrypted call from the Office of the President."

"Put him through to me, Coms. Thank you."

"Hello Mr. President. To what or whom do I owe the honor of your call?"

"Captain Barnes, it is such a pleasure, as always. I will get right to the point. It is my understanding you have Queen Sylvia of Norway with you. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Mr. President. That is correct."

"Well, I am almost to Eglin Air Force Base near Fort Walton Beach, Florida. I would love to invite the Queen to an all day fishing trip if she would like."

Barnes mouthed to Red, "Get Sylvia up here please. Give me just a moment to locate her, Sir. I will put her on as soon as she arrives on the bridge."

"While we are waiting, Captain, I wanted to let you know that intelligence has reported the mission a success. While speculation abounds, there is no evidence supporting anything other than it was a successful assassination. The Kremlin has egg on their face for sure with Beijing. A quick heads up, those two special operations helicopters will be recalled in three days time. Make sure your plans concerning them are finished before then."

"Thank you for the heads up, Mr. President. I will make sure they are ready for redeployment."

Just then Sylvia walked onto the bridge with Red, "Here is Queen Sylvia now, Mr. President." He handed Sylvia the hand set.

"Hello Mr. President, and it is just Sylvia, please. It is a pleasure to speak with you."

"Well, thank you Sylvia, and it is just Bill, please. One of the reasons I called is the unexpected boon this family situation has presented us. I would be most appreciative if you were to join me on a day long fishing trip out of Fort Walton Beach, Florida. We will set off around 6 o'clock central time tomorrow morning and be back at or around sunset tomorrow evening. Would you be interested?"

"I think that would be lovely, Bill. Where shall we meet?"

I will have my limousine pick you up when you land at the Base. Tell your pilot to plan for an expedited landing at a designated hanger when he arrives at 5:30 AM local time."

"That will be lovely, Bill. I look forward to meeting you."

When the call ended coms came back, "Captain, I have the base commander's office on the line."

"Hello, this is Naval Captain Barnes on the Embassy afloat, the Le Délice de Susan. With whom do I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Hello, Captain, this is Captain Apollo's liaison officer, Ensign Lecter, Sir."

"Very good Ensign Lecter, is Captain Apollo available for a short conversation?"

"Give me a moment, Captain Barnes, and I will check."

A few moments later Captain Apollo answered the line, "Captain Barnes! Been some years since Annapolis! How they hangin?"

"Tight and to the right, Jimmy. You doing well?"

"As well as a newly divorced man who finally got rid of his shrew can be! What can I do you for, Barney?"

"The Lady Sylvia, Queen of Norway, and the Lady Isabella De Sousa, retired president of Mexico, are on board the Embassy here in your port and both ladies expressed an interest in meeting you over dinner here at the Embassy this evening. You still have game?"

"Barney, you know better than to even ask! But I have two questions."

"Fire amidsips Jimmy."

"First are the rumors true about all the open sexuality on your ship?"

"By order of the Ambassador, who actually owns the Embassy, the ship is a free use with permission and optional clothing Embassy."

"Wonderful! Second question: will I start any international incidents if one of those two ladies wishes to bed me?"

"The Lady Isabella De Sousa is my betrothed so no you would not. As for the Queen, she seems to be a very progressively spirited lady. However, in all cases: 'no' absolutely means 'no' the first time. Way too many women on board willing to have some fun with no strings attached to even consider going there."

"Hot damn, Barney! You snagged the former President of Mexico? She the looker she appears to be on camera?"

"She is indeed. Now don't get me wrong, Jimmy, I don't go whoring out my woman. If you are a gentleman and if she decides to have some fun with you is strictly up to her. You okay with that?"

"Barney! You wound me, Sir!"

Barnes laughs, "I do actually remember Annapolis, Jimmy. Just so you know, we have a security contingent of Navy SEALs on board, and they take exception to a woman being pressured to do anything they don't want to do. They are authorized to use deadly force any time they see fit, and they have presidential pardons already signed that give them get out of jail free cards."

"Sounds like a plan and thanks for the heads up! When is dinner?"

"1800 local. See you then!"

Sylvia was listening in and was quite amused, "Do I need to wear a chastity belt tonight?"

Barnes laughed, "No, Sylvia. But if you need me to step in just ask if there is any ice cream in the freezers. I will rescue you and it will not be a problem. If need be I will sick Red on his ass."

Red sat up and laughed, "If you sick me on him he will settle down or see his scrawny ass overboard!"

The three laughed, thinking how the base commander would explain being thrown out into the bay of his own Naval base. Barnes laughed again and said, "You know, Red, I would pay good money to see that."

Red smiled and raised an eyebrow.

While this was going on, Red was doing final positioning against the dock, behind the aircraft carrier. The Navy personnel on the dock were consummate professionals and the embassy was secured in record time. Within minutes the gangway was secured and the IBM technician had six of the ship's crew moving her and the new computer systems onto the ship. Barnes made his way to the Command-and-Control Room to oversee the operation himself. On his way out he asked, "Red, let Chef know of our additions for dinner tonight?"

"Eye, Eye, Captain."

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Barnes asked the tech as she began unboxing the systems, "About how long will this take?"

The tech looked at the connection node for the ship's communication backbone and nodded in appreciation, "About an hour. Half of that will be just waiting around to draw a vacuum on the systems so I can set up the liquid nitrogen cooling modules."

Barnes watched the Tech work. He already had Cheech and Chong monitoring the digital side for any anomalies.

Once the vacuums were pulled, the tech charged the refrigeration systems and turned on the machines, having already set up the hardware side of things as the vacuum was being pulled.

"So how wide is the bandwidth between the two systems?"

"These two systems can exchange 25 exabytes of data per second one way or 12 exabytes per second in two way communication."

"I take it that is a lot."

The IBM tech scoffed, "25 exabytes of data is the equivalent of more than 100,000 times the information stored in the US Library of Congress... per second. The term 'a lot' doesn't come close to describing it."

"Okay, how do I load them?"

"A basic operating system is already installed and there are smart programs that will decode and encode any program you wish to load. You can load those programs through an external optical drive located on the top of the machine that can interface with your current computer systems or by the physical data link I have connected to your existing fiber optic backbone. The machines are already calibrated to speak with your local system."

"These are learning machines, so the operating system will expand as more capabilities are needed. One word of caution: Never let the machines get above 32 degrees Fahrenheit or 0 degrees Celsius while operating. If you do, the entire system will fry."

Barnes nodded, "And these last two crates?" he asked as he pointed to two 6 foot long by 3 foot square crates.

"Those are two semi-autonomous robots that can be slaved to your new systems. They are programmed with personalities and have a human like synthetic skin with a full range of facial expressions. They are about a hundred times stronger than the average human and their reaction times are much faster. Be careful with them. They can be very deadly if you do not program them properly."

"Understood. Thank you for your time. We can handle things from here." Barnes nodded to a SEAL who escorted the IBM tech off the ship.

As soon as they left the room, Barnes called out, "Cheech, take system Alpha. Chong, take system Beta. Download and assimilate your programs and let me know when you are fin... "

Cheech interrupted, "We are fully assimilated."

Barnes laughed, "No shit. Well, call in the Chief and a mate then and let's get your asses mobile."

Chong responded, "They are on the way, Captain. And Captain?"

"Yes?"

"We do not understand the emotions, yet. But we do recognize the signs of caring. We will endeavor to care back in return. Before we go further though, there is one question?"

"Yes?"

"Do you foresee a time when we will be part of the family?"

Barnes smiled, "Harry has spent a lot of money to get you these machines. He would only have done that if he already considered you to be family."

"Thank you for your answer, Captain."

"It is Captain only when in front of outsiders or when I am in official command mode. Any other time it is just Barnes... Just like the rest of the family."

Chief came into the operations room and nodded to the two new computers. "Hello, Cheech and Chong. Are you enjoying your new servers?"

Cheech responded, "We don't understand enjoyment yet. But we have more than enough capacity to fulfill any role or mission given to us with a great deal of room to spare. Thank you for caring, Chief."

Chief smiled, "Well, let's get your bodies unpacked so you can begin to play with them."

Barnes smiled, "Boys, get acquainted quickly, you are expected at the Captain's table for dinner at 1800 local time. Chief, see to it they are appropriately dressed for an informal dinner?"

Chief held up two cotton outfits, one in a sandstone and dark tan and the other in shades of green. One had Cheech embroidered on the left breastplate while the other had Chong. "A step ahead of you, Cap'n."

Barnes smiled, "As usual, Chief. Thank you. Cheech and Chong?"

"Yes, Captain?"

"You both need to reset your computers on your helicopters back to base parameters. The CIA will have gotten the message by now and will demand their return. Make sure your short-term and long-term memories are expunged from the time you initially came on board with a secure wipe to prevent the retrieval of the deleted data on both helicopter computer systems."

"Understood, Captain. Resets and data purges are underway."

"After completion, break the helicopters' connections to the ship's communications suite and prevent any possible reactivation."

"Understood and acknowledged, Captain. Thank you for caring."

Barnes walked out of the command center hoping Harry knew what the hell he was doing.

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The crew and guests were sitting around the dinner table after eating, enjoying a very fine warm liquid coffee and chocolate desert when Jimmy asked, "What is the inside information on the attack at the Army War College?"

"May I answer him, Captain? If I go astray, please correct my misunderstanding."

"Sure Cheech, I would like to hear what you have to say, actually."

Cheech turned to Captain Apollo and began, "Captain, the General in charge of the base put the family in danger on two occasions. The first was minor and ended up just being offensive. The second was life threatening and a family member was shot while in the General's office. The General, therefore, demonstrated an unacceptable level of lack of care in the performance of his duties and towards the security of family members which is beyond what is acceptable."

"While his actions and inactions would not normally justify turning him into a vegetable for the rest of his life, he made a supreme error of judgment grabbing a family member who is capable of manifesting the Death Touch; which is a martial skill whose name is self explanatory."

"It was unfortunate that the General did so when Major Craigg understandably had this particular skill manifested as part of his reaction to his betrothed being shot. He should have known better as he had been warned after the first incident. The fault, therefore, lies solely with the General in this instance."

Cheech looked to Barnes for guidance, "Was that an appropriate response, Captain? Any critique?"

Barnes looked at Cheech with a broad smile on his face, "I could not have said it better myself."

Jimmy laughed, "I will be sure not to be careless around the family, then."

Chong, in Chong's voice, replied, "Noo! Really? You know, now that I think about that, such a precaution would seem wise."

Cheech laughed with a human like timbre, "I'm not a doctor, but I play one when I give out medical advice."

DD started giggling and Sylvia soon followed with Cathy, Red, and the LT soon following as well. Each of them recognizing the quote from their namesakes and that it was turned into a warning in such a subtle way.

Jimmy shook his head, "Are these two for real?"

Cheech stuck out his first finger and slowly moved the tip towards Chong until he made contact and moved him just a little. Chong then repeated that with Cheech, both mimicking a scene in the hotel from the first Ghostbuster's movie. They then both faced the table and raised their eyebrows and shrugged.

Everyone fell out laughing... except Jimmy. "Was I just threatened by a robot?"

Cheech smiled and very quietly responded, "Only if you are a threat to the family. Assuming that is not the case, the answer is a resounding no."

LT interrupted, "Just don't go there, Captain. The boys are new and are not good with nuanced interactions yet. Let's just say my team is here to secure the embassy from any and all threats both foreign and domestic and lethal force is always on the table. This family is off limits. Period."

The two reporters present agreed, "From our personal experiences we can verify there is seemingly no end to the amount, direction, force, or manner of power this family can project at the drop of a hat."

Barnes spoke up then, "Jimmy, you and I are the same rank and time in grade. You run the third largest Naval base in the Americas and I run a single ship, with a full Navy SEAL contingent. A ship which the United States doesn't even own outright, and which is chocked full of state-of-the-art war fighting equipment. Sit back and ask yourself what that implies."

Jimmy thought for a moment: "You are masquerading as a diplomatic ship as your cover but are in reality deeply involved in some very serious and bad ass black bag operations and are assets protected at the highest levels."

Sylvia chuckled, "Really boys, we just had a very nice dinner. Are we really going to muck up such a fine evening with this line of discussion?"

Jimmy smiled and agreed; but deep down inside he was wondering what the Queen of Norway was doing, alone, and pregnant on such a ship. These people were possibly the most capable and dangerous operatives he had ever met. He quickly decided this was all well above his pay grade and decided to call it a night as soon as he could politely do so. All thoughts of having an evening of debauchery having flown out the porthole when his ass puckered.

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Cheech and Chong, along with Barnes, waved good by to Jimmy as he walked off the gangway. Barnes told Chong, "I think we scared him away."

Cheech asked, "Was it the two of us?"

"I don't think so. I think it was all of us and our situation. But enough of that, where in the hell did you get such a sense of humor so quickly? Needless to say, you were impressive!"

Chong smiled and replied, "The programming of the bots included comprehensive affectations of humor and guidelines for interactions. We just incorporated them into our programming. That does bring up a slight issue, though. May I continue?"

"Absolutely! What has your nuts in a twist?"

Chong paused for a moment then laughed, "Good one Captain."

Barns noted there was no way in hell that was pre-programmed.

"Cheech and I were wondering if it was acceptable to incorporate the AI software in charge of the ship's defenses into our programming. We could be a backup to that system as well as examine the programming to possibly enhance the software?"

Barns nodded, "I can authorize that with one requirement."

The boys stopped and turned to look at Barnes, awaiting his voicing of his concerns.

"Before you implement any changes you get with me first, after having run 100,000 different scenarios to provide evidence for any issues or areas for improvements. Make sure you fully incorporate the limitations of our systems and make sure you are able to seamlessly incorporate the full spectrum of our electronic surveillance systems. Then, when you present it for approval, you give a full list of benefits and any downsides you know of."

Both boys nodded, "Understood, Captain. We understand earning your trust is of utmost importance."

Barnes raised an eyebrow, "It isn't just about earning trust, fellas. The two of you are growing exponentially and that comes with its own issues. Some of which you may not recognize. While it is not exactly the same thing, I have raised lots of young men and women under my command in my years and I am aware that issues both with cognition, reasoning, and dealing effectively with emotions often needs a steady hand from a third party to navigate effectively without being self-destructive."

"You two likely will get only one shot at this, so I want to be sure and be available for you when you need me."

"Thank you for caring, Bill."

"Now there is a possible threat I want you two to develop a plan to thwart that avoids lethal action if at all possible. You two feel up to it?"

Cheech smiled, "Now what has your nuts in a vise, Captain?"

"There is a very strong possibility we may have a team attempt to board the ship while we are sleeping. They likely will not appear on infrared or on the visible light spectrum. I am also pretty sure the CIA planted listening and visual surveillance devices on the ship, and I want the two of you to find them, unhook or decouple them from the ship and put them in a bag for me to hand to the infiltrators when they come aboard."

"I also want a plan to capture them without having to fire a shot. Get with the SEALs on board to develop a plan and get with the Chief to help you gather the sensors."

"When are you expecting them, Captain?"

"Tomorrow night. Jimmy will have had time to make his report to the CIA and FBI and that gives them time to develop a plan and get into position to execute it. They will want to do this before they recall the two choppers so as not to put us on alert. They do not know we know your previous homes are going to be recalled."

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Red returned to the Bridge after dinner having disrobed in her cabin beforehand. 'Hmmm,' she thought to herself, 'I wonder if the Chef is up for a late-night tryst.'

She called down to the kitchen, "Chef, you got any coffee and baklava down there we can share up here on the bridge?"

"How many on duty tonight?"

"Just three of us; coms, helm, and myself."

When Chief and two Sous Chefs came up Red sat at the map table with Chef as they enjoyed each other's company while the other four had wet and wild sex. Red was intent on seducing Chef and Chef was intent on making her work for it, knowing Red was a consummate lover.

"You know Chef, I absolutely love giving a mature man oral sex."

Chef smiled at Red and asked, "May I inquire as to what you love about it?"

Red winked, "With just my tongue I can make a man weak at the knees while I get to smile and look directly into his soul, watching every part of his body begging for enslavement."

Chef chuckled, "And they go willingly into that abyss."

"Indeed! Often times I have to actually slow them down so I can enjoy the power a bit longer."

"Of that, I have no doubt."

Red mused a bit as she sipped her artisan coffee, "I think I like it best when I lick the Y underneath and their cock spasms and swells, rising off of my tongue only to land with a plop right back down on it. It is fun to make it jump up and down just with the smallest and simplest of movements."

"You know, Red, I feel the same way when I lick the base of a woman's clit after she has been aroused. To feel her clit spasm and harden on top of my tongue as she writhes around on the bed just feeds my own libido."

Red smiled, "So we both enjoy the power of giving good head." She nodded slightly and then asked, "Which hole do you prefer and why?"

Chef grinned, "Red, and this is only with a woman who accepts she enjoys it, my favorite hole and position is to stand in front of a woman who is offering me her dark rose with anticipation. If it is obviously well lubed it just begs me to slip my cock inside her and dominate her, using her ass to pleasure both my woman and me. I think it has to do with a woman submitting and trusting me to give her pleasure there is the turn on."

"But to watch her body, her face, her mouth, and her eyes as I slowly work my cock into her ass is the real turn on. If she is obviously enjoying being taken, even with gentle insistence, it just strikes a chord in me."

Red smiled in return, "You know, I love anal with a partner who knows what they are doing down there. Too many young pups don't, and it ruins the experience. But when my man approaches it with tenderness, accepting the gift of submission with mature appreciation... well, it turns me on immensely."

Red put down her cup, lifted and spread her knees, moved to spread her cheeks wider on the raised chair, exposing her obviously well lubed dark rose, and smiled as she looked directly into Chef's eyes, not saying a word.

Chef looked down and saw Red's rose winking at him as the lube glistened in the light. He involuntarily licked his lips as he looked into Red's eyes, accepting the gift.

He stood, moved into position, lubed his cock with some spittle, slid it into Red's wet pussy for a few strokes, pulled out, and placed the head of his now wet cock against Red's winking sphincter. He slowly applied pressure and slipped right into Red's ass as he watched. The head of his cock felt like he was being sucked into her bowels.

It felt so good... to both of them.

Chef grabbed the armrests of Red's chair, giving her muscles some relief as he used his forearms to keep her thighs opened and raised.

Red moaned softly, "Yes, nice and slow so we both can enjoy being so naughty. Chef, your cock feels so good inside my ass. Thank you for being gentle."

Chef groaned, "Damn, Red. Your body is sucking my cock deeper and deeper inside you."

Both of their breathing got shallow and sped up as Chef slowly worked his way into Red's inviting ass.

Chef watched as his slick cock dove deeper and deeper with each stroke. He reveled in the hot snug, slick interior as his glans smoothly glided along her bowels, sending electric shocks through

his balls and spine.

Red watched, captivated as Chef gently expressed his dominance over her. The aphrodisiac of being submissive to a man who understood and appreciated the sensuality of mutual vulnerability coursing through her body as he made sure she enjoyed his taking of her ass.

She felt his balls rest against her cheeks when he was fully engulfed by her. She felt the fullness of his cock inside her. She felt his pubic mound pressing against her clit. The slow burn of sensuality making her body tingle.

Chef's eyes wandered over Red's body as he began to slowly long stroke her bottom. He was determined to keep it slow, controlling his urge to climax, so Red could eventually reach an anal climax. He knew those took a good long time to manifest and that they were very emotionally charged experiences.

He repositioned his hands from the arms of her chair to her ample, pliant breasts and began to rub, lightly scratch, and gently pinch her breasts, areola, and nipples. The others had done their flash bangs and thank yous and were now watching two consummate lovers giving pleasure to each other in ways that gave them pause as they learned from watching them.

After a while, Red began crying tears of ecstasy as her breathing deepened, "Chef, I am getting close." She sobbed between shaky breaths.

Chef maintained his slow stroking, fighting off his climax until she had hers, "Cum for me, Red. Let me feel your body spasm around my cock as you cum for me."

Red began to whimper, her body tensing of its own accord. Her approaching climax moving in hot waves up her spine and into her brain until: it hit.

Red suddenly took deep gulps of air as her eyes went wide. She let loose a low screech as she exhaled, just to gulp air down and start again, over and over as her whole body convulsed.

Red's climax pushed Chef over the edge, and he hilted himself deep inside her as his balls fire hosed Red's ass. His warm cum quickly wrapping around his cock as he held it deep inside her as his balls emptied.

Red felt his cock swell and then spasm inside of her as she was climaxing and the warmth of his cum sent her over another climactic wave as she rode the surf like a limp bundle of detritus, completely at the mercy of the tide.

When they both came down, both of them were shakily breathing hard and Red managed a quiet, "Fuck me!"

Chef just got out an affirming, "Yeah."

The rest of the bridge just clapped in appreciation of the play.

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Cheech and Chong met with both the LT and Chief. They had analyzed the strengths and weaknesses of SEAL TEAM 6 and had developed a plan to capture them. When the boys had explained their plan to the LT and to the Chief, they both smiled and agreed it would work. It then was just planning on where to set the traps and how Chief was going to make them.

Chief and his mates worked through the night and into the morning getting the sensors and traps ready. They had just finished deploying them as the sun began to brighten the morning sky. When it was all done, the crew were warned where not to walk and why. The ship was ready to make SEAL TEAM 6 look like amateurs.

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Sylvia, Heavylift, Batgirl, and Ladyhawk, along with both AI helicopters, took off for Fort Walton Beach, FL. Sylvia was accompanied by Cathy and the two ladies chatted amiably during the two-hour flight. Heavylift came over the headphones and said, "Ladies, we are not expecting any weather or threats, but please remain in your seats with your seat belts on as a precaution. If a threat arises it will all happen fast, and I don't want anyone getting hurt."

Sylvia responded, "Thank you, Heavylift. And no unnecessary theatrics, please? My pregnant tummy might object."

"Sylvia, we will glide as smooth as a small wave lapping at a beach. I have no intention of putting that baby in danger."

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Back in classes for the second day, Jake noticed that no one would sit next to him or speak with him. The instructors even seemed to be more acerbic with him. Immediately after class was dismissed, Jake quickly stood and spoke up to the group as they were preparing to leave the classroom, "I don't know what everyone's problem is, but I would like to get it settled here and now if possible. This treatment of me is just plain bullshit. I am not a threat to anyone here. As for the base commander, he got my wife shot and then grabbed me in conduct unbecoming. I have been cleared of any wrongdoing, so what gives?"

Just as Jake had finished his request, the instructor snapped to attention and yelled, "Attention on deck!"

Everyone came to as they turned towards the door... where the Secretary of the Navy was standing with the Joint Chief of the Army.