

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 55

Rusthemod

Take a deep breath just to give it away.

Incest/Taboo

4.81

7.8k words

The choppers arrived at Eglin (pronounced EGG-LIN) Air Force Base in Fort Walton Beach, Florida and flew directly into a secure hanger. Heavylift went in first followed by Batgirl and Ladyhawk and then the two AI choppers who were flying overhead cover swooped in and the doors were closed just enough to still let the limousine get through.

Air Police were on duty both inside and out. Cathy and Silvia were both dressed in summer dresses with their large, newly purchased bamboo beach hats in their hands and bikinis underneath their dresses. Cathy carried the bag with the sunscreen.

The Sergeant Major in charge of the Air Police approached the air crews and ushered them into a large SUV and told the private at the wheel to take them wherever they wanted to go for the day, including to some on-base quarters for them to get some down time.

The Sergeant Major replied, "The base commander has given the private a special card for any purchases you may wish to make on base. Tab's on us."

Heavylift returned the salute and nodded his appreciation, "Thank you for taking care of us Sar-Major."

OoO

Cathy and Sylvia were whisked away in a motorcade to the Officer's Club boat dock where they boarded the base commander's private 90 foot fishing boat, being greeted by Bill and the base commander.

"Ladies!" Bill smiled, "Queen Sylvia and Cathy! It is so nice of you to come fishing with us! May I introduce the base commander, Colonel Bernard Stinger."

Colonel Stinger shook both their hands, "It is a distinct pleasure to have such beautiful and accomplished ladies aboard my humble fishing yacht."

Sylvia returned the handshake, "Just Sylvia will be fine, Colonel."

"Please call me Bernie."

With that, Bernie showed the ladies around the special built yacht. It was a Viking 90 foot fishing yacht with a functional free-flowing and spacious layout that promoted comfortable movement throughout the yacht and sported a full-beam master stateroom, a his and hers head with shared shower, a king-size bed, a large maple-lined walk-in closet, a credenza below a 65-inch HDTV, a vanity/desk area with swing-out stool on the starboard side, a port-side lounge seat and port and starboard credenzas with drawer storage. "We have five guest staterooms, each with its own private head and shower, crew quarters with immediate access to the engine room, a pantry with an additional crew athwartship berth and a day head.

There were rather lavish, by sport fishing standards, appointments and good use of wood within the yacht. When Bernie gave Sylvia and Bill the VIP suites and Cathy hers, the ladies dressed down to their bikinis, with Bernie watching as he drooled.

Cathy had on a white silk, almost see through, outfit whose top triangles barely covered her nipples while the bottom was mostly just tied string with a very small rectangular patch that barely covered her labia majora from just above her lip cleft to just past her dark rose. The patches, being of silk, seemed glued to her body and the braille of her nipples and camel toe of her sex were very in your face.

When Cathy turned to show off her voluptuous body in her new suit she smiled as she looked at Bernie's groin, "I would ask if you like my outfit but, judging by the prominent bulge in your shorts such a query is not needed." she said as she winked at him.

All Bernie could say is, "Ma'am, your significant other is a very lucky man."

"Well, Bernie. If you can practice some discretion, I am sure you and the President can be lucky men, too. How long until we reach the fishing grounds?"

"About an hour and a half."

Cathy turned her back to Bernie, pulled on the knots holding up her top until they fell to her sides and then bent over, slowly pulling her bottoms down, giving Bernie a full view of her sex and ass. Still bent over, she looked over her shoulder and smiled, "Bernie, I am on birth control so if you feel a strong need to relieve yourself inside my hot, wet, and inviting pussy, just ask."

Bernie stepped into the berth and slipped down his shorts, revealing his rock hard cock. Cathy just moaned softly as she reached back to spread her cheeks. Bernie saw her deep pink lips were very wet and he aimed his pulsing cock to slip between them as he pressed forward and Cathy leaned back.

Cathy kept taking him deeper and deeper into her pussy until she felt his balls touch her pubic mound. She whispered, "Stay there." and she began using her kegel muscles to massage his deeply buried cock as she let go of her cheeks and began massaging his balls from between her thighs.

"Ummmm, good boy. You can take direction." she said as she caressed his balls with her fingers. Her well developed kegels working furiously over the shaft, head, and ridge of his cock. "Don't worry about cumming too fast, Bernie. You can help me cum afterwards if you need to pump my pussy full of your man cream before I climax for you. We have lots of time to try again and again."

Bernie's hands were all over Cathy's back, from her prominent dimples of Venus to her shoulders, gently massaging this sensuous siren who had engulfed his entire cock in one slow, erotic, sensual push.

The view was intoxicating. His cock was buried to the hilt in her but neither one of them was moving. This was in direct opposition to what his cock said was happening inside as this woman was fucking him like an amazonian gone berserk. Her gentle playing with his balls just enhanced the experience to the point he had to let her know, "Cathy, it's too much! I am going to cum!"

Cathy moaned her approval and encouraged him, "Yes baby, cum in your woman's cunt. Own it, claim it as yours with your baby cream. Let me feel the heat of your cum deep inside my womb."

Impossibly, Cathy seemed to double her efforts and her pelvis began moving in short up and down motions. With him still deeply planted inside her this caused the ridges of his cock head to slide up and down inside her along with the internal pumping action of her muscles.

It was too much.

Cathy felt his balls retract and his cock swell and she knew he was about to explode. She whispered, "Cum for me now. Cum deep inside my pussy. Hose down my snatch, daddy."

At the mention of 'daddy' one of his hidden desires came to the forefront and his mind went white with desire for this woman, his daughter, whom he had secretly always wanted to bed. Explosive cannon shells of his daddy juice erupted from his cock with enough force to make his girl react when they made contact against her womb.

Cathy smiled, knowing she had hit a fantasy of his and she just cupped his balls saying, "Oh daddy! Thank you for filling up your little girl's pussy. Your cock spasming and filling up my cunnie felt so good, daddy."

Bernie knew then that she knew and he was embarrassed. "I am so sorry, I did not intend for that to ever come out."

Cathy turned her head to look at him, "Your secret is safe with me, daddy. I will be your good girl. I promise. If you need to fuck your little girl again during the day, just take my hand and lead me to my bedroom and your little princess will let daddy use her any way he wants."

"Fuck!"

OoO

Bill was standing at the door to Sylvia's room as she took off her sundress. Sylvia noted he was enjoying her body display and she stood up before him, facing him, and released the strings holding up her top, letting it fall to the floor. Her hands massaged and lifted her massive breasts and she looked deeply into Bill's eyes, "I am pregnant. But I have learned to appreciate anal sex while visiting with the Ambassador. Bill, come in and suck my nipples and maybe I will let you fuck me in the ass on the way out to the fishing hole."

Bill wasted no time stepping in, closing the door, and kneeling to suckle the nipples of the Queen of Norway. She asked, "Bill, are you a strong enough man to fuck your pregnant mother in her ass?" as she softly ran her fingers through his hair with her free hand.

For some totally unknown reason, that statement alone made him lose all control to the Queen, "Yes mommie, your son wants to fuck his mommie in the ass while daddy's baby is in her womb."

"That's a good boy, Billy. mommie really needs her ass fucked by a wet, hard, pounding cock. Mommie wants you to fuck her ass so hard that she feels your balls bouncing off of her clit as you take her from behind."

"Take off your clothes."

Bill complied in four quick motions, pulling his shirt over his head, kicking off his shoes, and pushing down his shorts to rest on his ankles.

Sylvia handed Bill a small plastic ampule of anal lube, "Now insert this into mommie's ass baby, squeeze most of it inside mommie but leave a little to spread around the outside."

Bill did as he was asked and loved the way Silvia's ass winked at him as he played with it. He used his finger to spread out the lube on her dark rose and let it slip inside her to do the same. "Mmmm, yes baby, get mommie's ass all ready for her little man to use for his pleasure. Now slip your cock into mommie's pussy to get it good and wet before you take mommie's ass baby."

Bill aimed his cock head to Sylvia's now wet labia and slipped in up to his balls in just a few strokes before he held it there. His cock absorbing her moisture. Sylvia was on her knees and shoulders on the edge of the bed now and Bill pulled out of her wet pussy with a plop, aimed his wet cock so it touched her lubed ass, grabbed her hips, and went balls deep inside his mother in one quick, slick, powerful thrust as he grunted, "I'm fucking your ass, mommie!"

Bill took his mother with abandon, rutting deep inside her bowels with only his need to cum registering on his mind. Sylvia took him all in, smiling at her control over the most politically powerful man in the world. "Yes, you are such a good son, your mommie's motherfucker. Cum in mommie's ass baby. Claim mommie's ass like your daddy never did. Make mommie's ass yours to have and to hold and to fuck whenever her baby boy needs to."

Sylvia's clit was reacting strongly to Bill's balls bouncing on it with every deep, penetrating thrust of his cock

Bill watched as his cock pistoned into his Queen mother's ass, loving the way her sphincter pooched out as he pulled back, not wanting to give up its grip on his manhood. He heard Sylvia moan her pleasure and he redoubled his efforts, his cock as hard as he could ever remember. With his wife's advancing pregnancy he had not had sex in two months and he soon realized he was not going to be able to hold off his orgasm.

"Mommie! Your boy is about to cream your ass. He can't hold it, mommie!"

"Don't hold back baby. Fuck your mommie's ass and cum for her! Claim mommie's ass baby!"

Three more thrusts and he erupted deep inside Sylvia's ass. His balls ached as they emptied all their contents into the Queen of Norway's willing and inviting ass. He slowly pulled out and Sylvia giggled as she stood up. She slapped him on his ass and said, "Let's get cleaned up you bad boy."

Inside the shower she held Bill close and whispered into his ear, "You make a good mother fucker."

Bill responded by giving her a deep kiss.

OoO

The Joint Chief of the Army yelled, "At ease ladies and gentlemen and everyone take a seat."

The instructor, obviously on his back foot having been totally surprised by their appearance, came back to attention and asked, "General, Admiral, to what do we owe this honor?"

The Chief of staff of the Navy nudged the General and pointed out Jake to him, whispering in his direction and the General, ignoring the instructor as the two high ranking military men made their way to the podium, called out, "Major Craigg! Front and center!"

Jake immediately popped up and smartly made his way to the podium, standing at attention and saluting the General, "Sir! Major Craigg reporting as requested, Sir!"

The General walked up to Jake and shook his hand before turning him to face the class saying, "At ease, Major." And with the Admiral to his left and the General to his right -- with the General putting his hand on Craigg's shoulder said to the class, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Admiral and I were in the area and, having come up through the ranks ourselves, figured there would likely be some push back to the incidences surrounding Major Craigg. Judging from what we heard him say as we entered, that intuition seems to be spot on."

The General then looked at the instructor and then to the class again, "To answer the LC's question, we came by to ensure everyone here," looking again directly at the light colonel, "and on this base understands Major Craigg has been fully cleared of any wrongdoing and we came by at the behest of the President of the United States to show our unwavering support for Major Craigg and his wonderful fiancé` Miss Walsh."

The Admiral then chimed in and spoke to Major Craigg, "Son, we have an award we would like to present to Miss Walsh. I am sure the Colonel here will let the rest of your instructor's know you are excused for the rest of the day. Would you mind us heading to your home so we could present it to her?"

"Admiral, General: It would be a pleasure, Sirs. I would need to give the staff a heads up we are coming, though. And our house keeper will absolutely insist you stay for lunch. She is old school when it comes to hospitality and she runs a tight ship, Sirs."

The Admiral laughed, "Oh I have to meet the house keeper that can keep you and Miss Walsh in line!"

With that, the trio moved to leave and the Colonel shouted, "Atten-hut!" and everyone closed their mouths that had been dragging the floor and jumped to attention.

After they left the room the Colonel exclaimed, "Class dismissed!" and bolted out of the room as the speculation and rumors began to reach a loud crescendo.

One classmate said loudly enough for all to hear, "I think we just snubbed the next fucking Joint Chief!"

There were nods of agreement and immediate, not-so-subtle plans to get invited to his next party.

The General said to Craigg, as they were returning salutes going through the hallways, "Major, be at ease. We put our pants on one leg at a time just as you do."

"Thank you General, but, having been married, I know you realize I have to immediately make a call."

The Admiral laughed, "Yeah, I can just see that house keeper kicking your ass if you didn't."

Jake got on the phone and called the house. "Yes! Minnie! Thought I would give you a heads up, the Joint Chiefs of both the Navy and Army are with me and we are heading to the house. Could you whip up something for lunch?"

"Absolutely! Tell them to come hungry! How much time do I have?"

"I would say about 30 minutes max."

"On it!" Minnie said as she hung up on Jake and yelled for the whole house to hear, "Everybody in this house! Living room! We have a category 5 storm coming! All hands on deck!"

Minnie pointed at Pete, "40 pounds of live fresh lobster, Go! Now!"

Pete grabbed his keys and hit the front door running, "And pick up enough hoagies while you are there!" Minnie yelled after him.

Minnie pointed at DC, "Sweep the floor!" She pointed at the SEALs, "Dust the living room and dining room!" She pointed at LT, "Garden! I need two large cabbages, two large onions, and 6 carrots!" She pointed at Dad and me, "Clean the bathrooms! You have 20 minutes so get your asses in gear NOW! LADIES with me in the kitchen we have lobster to boil and lobster rolls to make along with coleslaw!"

The guys laughed... AS they hopped to get their assignments done.

0o0

Pete had called ahead and their local seafood supplier had the lobsters packed in a box ready to go and met him at his car as he drove up. They had his card information already. Same thing with the local bread shop for the hoagies. He arrived back home just before Jake and the others and ran the purchases into the kitchen.

Minnie and the ladies already had the slaw made and cooling in the fridge in shallow pans to speed up the process and the mayonnaise based sauce for the lobster hoagies was already made and cooling as well. The sauce consisted of 5 cups of minced celery, 10 cups of Hellman's olive oil mayonnaise, 2 cups of minced chives, 1 cup of key lime juice, 1 cup of lemon zest, 1/8 cup of sea salt, 1/8 cup of freshly ground black pepper, 1 cup of minced red onion, and a half pound of melted butter all mixed and set in the refrigerator to meld and cool.

Minnie and the other ladies had pots boiling with Zatarain's crab boil and they popped the tails, cut away the shells, popped the claws and put them into the boiling water. Tails in one and claws in another. The tails were done in 5 minutes and set aside to cool while the claws took around 10 minutes per batch (there were about 20 lobster).

Just as the women got the first batch on, Jake and the Joint Chiefs came in the front door and were joined by all the men who had finished their chores with time to spare.

The LT immediately called the SEALs to attention and the Army Chief of Staff waived that all way, "At ease, men. We are in your home and that just doesn't belong. Thank you though for the honor and recognition. But the one to be recognized today is Miss Walsh."

The Army Chief of Staff then stood before Walsh, who also stood and was clothed in a clean Ghi and in front of the entire family, he presented her with the Department of the Army Meritorious Civilian Service Award.

"Miss Walsh, this is the third highest honor the military can bestow upon a civilian and it is only given to those who go above and beyond in their service to their communities and country. It is with great pride, therefore, that I present you with this award on behalf of a grateful nation. Not only for your protection of the Mexican President in the face of two lethal attacks, but again, protecting the wife of a fellow serviceman. Thank you for your exemplary service."

The women were crying, Dad, DC, Pete, and several others (including me) seemed to all get quite a bit of dust in our eyes. Before anyone could gently grab her and congratulate her, however, the Naval Chief of Staff began. "And in recognition of wounds received in the protection of others while employed by the United States military as well as the Department of State, you are hereby awarded a purple heart. May this be the only one you are ever eligible for."

With both medals hung around Walsh's neck, Minnie ran back to the kitchen, wiping the tears from her eyes as she finished cooking the lobster. It wasn't long before a few of the SEALs came in and began cracking claws and pulling out the meat to add to the tails for lunch.

Extra chairs were brought in and everyone sat around as Pete served up some mudslides made with his moonshine. Soon the house was filled with old war stories about how humorous life in the military can be. One story Walsh told was how she met the family and the first time Harry had sex with her and how the SEALs all saluted her as they went out into the hallway. Both Chiefs thought that was funny as hell.

Soon it was time for lunch and the General got up a bit too fast and sat his ass right back down. "How the hell did I get so drunk off of just three drinks!"

Jake laughed, "It seems Pete used some of his 180 proof moonshine when he made the mud slides. Sorry, we should have warned you."

"180 proof you say? Damn! That is some of the smoothest rust remover I have ever had! Any way I can get a bottle of that to take home?"

Pete smiled, "I already have two one gallon earthen jars set aside for the two of you."

We carefully made our way to the table and all talking immediately stopped as we stuffed our faces with Minnie's lobster hoagies and Cole slaw. Minnie was beaming with all the oohhs, aahhs, and verbal accolades.

OoO

Around lunch time both Bill and Bernie had just about all the teasing they could stand by Sylvia and Cathy. Every swinging dick on the fishing Yacht had woodies with both of the women prancing around being effectively naked. Thankfully both men caught a few forty plus pound Greater Amberjack off of some wrecks as well as a few Red Snapper and a couple of large Grouper. It was an exhausting morning as neither of the ladies could be persuaded to bring in a fish. Sylvia pulling the pregnant card, of course.

They were heading back in when Bernie and Bill, with the excuse they needed to get some rest, pulled Cathy and Sylvia into their staterooms for some more 'mother/son' and 'father/daughter' bonding.

OoO

After a great lunch and good camaraderie, the two Joint Chiefs left to head back to Washington with their earthen gallon jugs full of moonshine and the house settled down, everyone helping Minnie clean up after lunch.

Minnie then went to Walsh, "Okay, your ban on doing anything is lifted. Not like I could keep you down much longer anyways." Minnie gave Walsh a big hug and continued, "But if you lose your

situational awareness like that again and get shot? I will personally kick your ass. This heart of mine can't handle that shit."

Jake was sitting next to Walsh when Minnie released her from couch arrest. "You do know you have to force yourself through rehab, right?"

Walsh smiled, "Yeah, that is going to be a bitch. I am going to need lots of TLC from you to keep me motivated."

"Think you can handle a little gentle lovemaking?"

"Oh, yeah."

Jake helped Walsh up and they went to their room and closed the door. Jake was bound and determined to show his woman how much he loved her and he planned on taking all afternoon to do it.

After their lovemaking Walsh sat up next to Jake and placed her hand over his heart. "I'm here baby. I am okay."

Jake immediately teared up and couldn't speak for a bit. He just lay in bed and let the tears flow down the sides of his face. After a few minutes he was able to huskily get out, "I was afraid I had lost you when I first found out. I was more afraid of going through life without you than I ever was out in a live war zone. I just couldn't accept it."

Walsh smiled, "I hear you, baby. I would have reacted the same way. I have loved you since the first time I laid eyes on you. And since that time my love for you has only grown and matured." She patted his chest with a smile, "No way in hell were you getting rid of me that easily."

Jake looked at her, "That shit ain't funny."

"No, baby. But we need to get past this and let it go. If our relationship changes and you are constantly worried about my safety, our relationship will not survive it... no matter how much we love one another."

Jake took a deep breath and let it out slowly, "You are asking a hell of a lot from me."

Walsh nodded, "But you know I am right. You have to find a way through it, baby. You have to let it go."

"Yes, you are right. But I can't do that yet. I still have to face my fear. I will get it done, but I still need a bit of time. That work for you?"

"Absolutely. I love you very much."

Jake winked and smiled, wondering the entire time how he was going to get through this. Maybe he needed to talk to DD about it."

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The frogs were battered and fried along with some blue catfish, bream, Crappie, and Warmouth. The catfish was in succulent cubes sporting soft centers and crispy crust. The other fish were boneless fillets, enough for everyone to have one each. Lots of Key Lime wedges from the garden went with the fish.

Minnie had made some beer battered hush puppies with corn, jalapeno`, and minced onion that were good enough to make your tongue slap the top of your mouth. There was also a huge bowl of mustard potato salad made from peeled and cubed boiled russet baking potatoes, dijon mustard, minced onion, finely chopped boiled eggs, Hellman's olive oil mayonnaise, minced celery, sea salt, freshly ground black pepper, and home made paprika; all but the mayo, salt, pepper, and mustard coming from the garden and hen house.

Izzi was the first to try the frog. She made a grand show of it and after swallowing her first bite said, "Well that was absolutely nothing like what I was expecting. It was flavorful without tasting gamy, tender, and well seasoned. I must admit, Minnie, you have won me over!"

It was then Penny's turn and she looked at mom, "You pulling my leg?"

"No dear. If you try it, I know you will enjoy it."

Penny took a long swig of beer and picked up her frog and bit in. Her eyes immediately went wide and when she swallowed she asked, "Can I have another one of the extras, please?"

The ice was broken and everyone dug in. Xi attempted to help Walsh but she was politely rebuffed, "I need to get a head start on this rehab. I promise if I get to hurting too much or fatigued I will ask."

Xi nodded and got down to eating... watching Walsh like a hawk.

Penny then said to the table, "Well this is certainly worth almost getting bitten by a venomous snake and almost getting blown up by a gas lantern."

All the women at the table froze and looked at Penny. Izzi raising an eyebrow, looked at DC, and asked, "Care to explain?"

Mother (the SEAL) piped up and said, "It was all my fault, actually. We were really doing well gigging frogs and it was my turn with the gig again when we came to a small clearing in the grass. Penny was beside me, using the light to shine any frog eyes, when I spotted this great big, thick, juicy, two-and-a-half-foot long Cotton Mouthed Moccasin lying curled up on a log."

"I was thinking to myself that a nice fat snake would go well with the fish and frog we were having so I gigged it with the spring loaded gig. I was thinking about how to kill it, since I got it right in the center and it was a bit pissed, when Pete here asked me what the hell I was doing."

"I got a bit distracted and just as I told him I was getting a snake for dinner, well, the damn thing got loose! It landed on the log and curled up. You could tell it felt violated and was blinded by the lantern as it was trying to figure out what the hell just happened and who it needed to attack."

"I cussed a bit and reset the springs on the gig and, not believing it got free so easily the first time, gigged it again. DC here started laughing at me then, asking how I was gonna get it off the gig now, cuz it was REALLY pissed now. Then the damn thing slipped out of the gig AGAIN! But this time it got a bearing on us and started after us."

"DC started screaming like a little girl and ran like hell for the shore. Harry and Pete had the ice chest and turned to haul ass and I was right behind them. Poor Penny couldn't run well in the water and I saw Harry pick her up and throw her about 10 feet ahead. Every time she was waving the lantern around like she was the curator of a lighthouse."

"Anyway, I was trying to get past Harry cuz I didn't want to be the slowest ass-hat of the bunch but I swear the man was running on top of the water! Pete was with him the whole way and I have no idea how he kept up with his end of the ice chest as hard as he was laughing."

"He was excited about telling his folks back in Appalachia about my dumb ass move. Anyway, we got to the shore and best we can figure is the snake got disoriented with all the commotion and decided it had taught us a lesson about who was king of the grass bed."

"DC was bitching that I couldn't gig a snake worth shit and just to shoot it next time instead and Harry got a dig in saying I couldn't go fishing with them this morning because I might 'gig Moby's Dick.'"

Okay, when my line came up there was dead silence and all the women were giving us men the imminent death stare look. After a second, Walsh cracked up, laughing so hard she was crying. "I can so see that happening!"

It was obvious the rest of the women were amused but Izzy was not to be denied her dig at DC. She looked him up and down, "Hurumph, some he-man you are, running like a mad man and screaming like a little girl?"

DC lifted up his hands, and did his best drowning fish impression with wide eyes and opening and closing his mouth, wanting to defend himself but recognizing he was not that big a fool.

Now everyone was laughing and we enjoyed the rest of a darn fine dinner.

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SEAL TEAM SIX's operations officer pulled the team together for the mission brief: "Okay fellas, we have a ship that is docked at the pier behind the carrier in port. It is a diplomatic Embassy afloat with access points here and here," he pointed to the gangway and the stairwells aft.

"We are splitting you up into two 8 man teams with 8 hitting the gangway and four each donning your rebreathers and wet suits as you will be hitting the two stairwells at the rear. This is a mission to install new surveillance tech for the CIA and to gather up the items that have been disabled in these locations," he pointed to the hidden spy tech locations that were installed during the ship's last refit."

"Eight members of SEAL TEAM ONE are on the ship and any use of force is to be non-lethal. Your advantage, besides being the best SEAL unit, is this unit is six months overdue for training and we believe they will be a bit rusty."

"They do not know you are coming. So use your stealth ponchos. If shit happens and this mission goes south, do not engage. We want zero body count on this one fellas. You are to preposition and strike simultaneously at 0100 hours local. Any questions?"

There were none.

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It was 0030 hours Cheech and Chong were watching the rear stairwells and the gangway. The team had placed pressure plates on the steps and the ramp but the boys had a secret plan. They were projecting deep ultraviolet radiation through their eyes. This had the effect of showing up the SEAL light bending ponchos as a deep impenetrable black on a blue background at night.

There were two SEALs on the left set of steps leading to the water and another two on the right set at the tops of those steps. The other four were two per side at the top of the gangway. All of the ship's contingent were also wearing their ponchos.

At 0100 SEAL TEAM SIX began moving onto the Yacht. Both Cheech and Chong could clearly see them and they transmitted the locations via real time video to the ship's SEAL group's helmets. As the SEAL TEAM SIX operators gained the deck each of the Yacht's SEALs incapacitated the other team with Chi bursts, putting them out before they could say a word of warning.

The ship's group then pulled out their paintball guns and absolutely made a mess of SEAL TEAM SIXs light bending ponchos before taking off their gear, including clothes, and folding it all neatly in front of them... minus the spy devices.

They were then tied with zip ties and put in a line lying down and a video was taken of the team and securely sent to SOCOM, SECDEF, Joint Chiefs, Homeland, Department of State, and the President with the question, "Since when does the CIA attempt to infiltrate a U.S. Embassy stationed at a U.S. held secure port using a SEAL TEAM (6)? Who authorized the CIA to operate domestically?"

"Oh, and they were caught with video and audio surveillance devices on their persons, which we are sure can be traced back to the CIA, in an apparent attempt to plant new ones where we had disabled the first set. Mr. President, is there an issue we need to discuss?"

"Who wants to come claim these bozos? Obviously they were no match for a single squad of SEAL TEAM ONE."

0o0

"Base to Headache one, SITREP!" There was only silence.

"Base to any Headache member, report!"

The LT had one of the coms units from ST6 and answered, "This is ST1, how may I be of assistance? Over."

The Captain got white as a sheet. He knew this operation was off the books and there was no way in hell he wanted to be the scapegoat if it all went bad. "This is ST6 base support, with whom am I speaking? Over."

"You are speaking with the head of the 8 man team that just took down your ST6 to a man without a shot fired or warning given. Play nice and we might give them back to you. Over."

"You're keeping hostages? Over."

"Only until the President releases them. I would really start to cover my ass, base. Over."

"How many injuries? Can we send a medical team? Over?"

"Not even a bruise. And anyone attempting to board at this time without proper authorization from the Ambassador or the President of the United States will be considered hostile and dealt with. Over."

"You don't have that authority, ST1."

"Call SOCOM and the President and tell them that, base. ST1 over and out."

0o0

Bill got the message on his secured phone just as the Chief of Staff walked into his bedroom, "WHAT THE HOLY HELL IS THIS SHIT!"

"We are attempting to nail it down, Mr. President. I have taken the liberty to have the Joint Chiefs, FBI, SOCOM, CIA Director of Operations, Homeland, and the ST6 base operations commander on a secured and joint video chat set up in your situation room here on Air Force One, Sir."

Bill groaned as he got up out of bed. "Have the doc bring me something for sore muscle pain but nothing that would impair my thinking. I am on my way."

Bill got into his situation room, swallowing down some pills, still wearing his pajamas... he figured it would match his sour mood. "Captain! Tell me what you know and leave nothing out, unless you want to be the one going down for this fiasco."

"Mr. President, 36 hours ago we received tasking orders signed by the head of SOCOM which you see here, (he showed the tasking order) to have ST6 insert surveillance devices aboard the Embassy Afloat while it was docked at Jacksonville. As you can see it is marked need to know, no records to be kept."

"Captain, your career and perhaps your life depends on you securing that piece of paper. Send copies to everyone here and secure it immediately. You are dismissed from this meeting."

"Yes, Mr. President."

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The captain blew out a sigh of relief and then quickly disseminated the tasking order as requested. After the last secured fax went out he realized he really needed to hit the head, like right now. He was just praying he could get to the toilet before his bowels exploded.

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"Now, SOCOM, it's your turn."

"Mr. President. I have a recording of a phone call from the Operations Director of the CIA himself asking for a clandestine operation to plant those devices aboard the Embassy, citing national security concerns due to a data breach emanating from the Embassy." SOCOM played the recorded conversation. When it was finished it was obvious the CIA was attempting to circumvent their ban on in-country espionage."

"Same deal, SOCOM. Copies and secure it. You are dismissed. But we need to talk tomorrow. Be ready to be summoned to the White House when I am ready for you."

"So, it seems my operations directorate in the CIA is running ramshackle all over its directives. Tell me why you should not be relieved and prosecuted for treason."

"Mr. President, we have good reason to initiate this operation. On two different occasions, transmissions from that ship, routed through our secure satellite system, breached our firewalls, and deleted sensitive information from our database. After the second attempt we got a breach warning. We loaded the files back from a backup after securing the breach only to have the backup compromised and the files erased again. The digital trail leads directly to the Embassy."

"Now be very careful how you answer this question. What files were erased?"

"I am sorry, Sir. But the exact files have not all been identified at this time."

Bill laughed, "Nor will you ever admit what they were. I don't blame you. If I was having a wet dream about illegally securing confidential information on the President of the United States I would say the exact same thing." Bill said as he stared directly at the operation's director.

Bill looked at the FBI director, "Is Brannigan back yet?"

"Yes, Mr. President. His team arrived back in DC just last night."

"Get him and his team moving immediately to Langley and take the Operation's Director into custody. I want him in GITMO by the end of the day, tomorrow."

The director smiled, "You may want to reconsider that, Mr. President."

The President smiled and picked up his phone. He had speed dialed Haley, Ginnie, and Minerva, the deputy directors of the operations, support, and analysis sections of the CIA along with Melendez, and he said one word, "Poppyclock."

Each of the directors of the CIA were immediately banned from all systems within the CIA, including their cell phones, and all inputs and outputs were frozen agency wide unless approved for reactivation by one of those three women, which they immediately did for ongoing operations that were time sensitive. Melendez immediately went with several teams to secure the director's cell phones, vehicles and private addresses. Melendez also moved teams to take the directors into immediate custody to await the FBI for transfer.

Bill sat back and smiled as the now ex operations director realized what Bill had done. "I have a third party who will release everything if I disappear."

Bill laughed, "You will be sitting next to Samiria on the plane to GITMO. Do you really think I am so slow as to not look for such a connection?"

The director got white as a sheet. Without saying another word, he reached into his desk drawer, pulled out his service pistol, put it into his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

Bill smirked, "Coward saved me the trouble."

He then looked at the rest of the assembled group, "If any of you had anything to do with this speak now and you will be allowed to retire. If you don't speak up and I get evidence against you... well, let's just say it will be bad for you."

To a person they adamantly proclaimed their total ignorance.

Bill told the Director of the FBI, "Brannigan has full authority to investigate this incident wherever it leads. Give him whatever he asks for. I will have Congress assign him as a special prosecutor by the end of the week."

"Yes, Mr. President."

0o0

Bill got Captain Barnes and Harry on secure video chat, "Captain, have you informed Ambassador Walker yet?"

At that formal recognition, Harry's ass puckered, knowing it was serious. "One moment, let me get my father and the LT in here."

After they arrived, Harry put the video on the television and spoke, "Okay, Sitrep."

Barnes let Harry in on everything that happened and Bill let him in on what transpired on his end. He then asked, "Harry, these women ready for taking the reigns?"

"Without a doubt, Sir."

"Okay, I will get the ball moving and get them permanently assigned."

"What do we do with SEAL TEAM 6?"

Harry chuckled, "They are innocent in this and very embarrassed. Cut them loose, feed them, and send them home. Keep the electronics."

Bill looked to Barnes, "Cut the LT's loose and let me speak with them, first."

Barnes nodded, "Eye, Eye, Mr. President." He then called to the boys. "You heard him, boys. Bring them to the Bridge. Explain enough to them so they are cooperative."

After 4 minutes the still nude Lieutenants appeared and as soon as they saw the President they came to attention. Bill set them at ease, "At ease, fellas. I already know you and yours are innocent of any wrongdoing."

"Thank you Mr. President. I must say, this is one hell of an embarrassment and fubar."

Bill laughed, "Yeah, my vaunted SEAL TEAM SIX was taken down to a man so fast they could not even call out a warning? By an inferior force no less!"

One of the LTs said, "Inferior my ass, Sir. Those boys have training we have never encountered. We didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of completing this mission. And, frankly, I would love to know how they did it!"

Barnes laughed, "Go ahead and tell him, Cheech."

Cheech then faced the LT and said, "It was Captain Barnes who did a threat assessment and gave Chong and I the task of developing a non-lethal response to your mission."

"To that end, we put pressure sensors on both the obvious ingress points and both Chong and I illuminated those areas with deep ultraviolet light that was well below the visible spectrum and not a wavelength your helmets would pick up. This made your cloaking devices show up as black while everything else was blue. At that point it was just a waiting game until your team came within touching distance of our team and they reached out with their Chi to instantly knock you out."

"And who, or what, are you two?"

Barnes jumped in, "That is strictly need to know, and you don't need to know."

Bill's eyes got sharp as he put two and two together. "I want ST6 to debrief with ST1 and Captain Barnes before leaving the ship. Tell them everything you know. When you are finished, get back to your base, having had."

Both men saluted in recognition of their new orders, "Yes, Mr. President."

The boys led them back to their men and they relayed their new orders to the group as everyone got dressed. On of the LTs held up his poncho, now covered in multicolored florescent paintball hits and looked to the LT of ST1, "Really? That shit is going to be hell getting off!"

LT smiled and said, "Easier than blood, though, yes?"

He nodded his head and was resigned, "Roger that, LT. Roger that."

0o0

Bill looked at me, "Harry, I hope you understand those two AI bots are very fucking dangerous."

Barnes nodded, "I trust him, Sir. The boys have only shown loyalty to the family so far. So Harry seems to know what he is doing."

"How will we know if they go rogue?"

"I have a distinct feeling, if that happens, it will not matter, Sir. But I agree with Harry that having them with us is better than with a narrow minded military person or bureaucrats... or other malevolent actors."

"Point taken. Do it right, fellas."

"Eye, eye, Sir. If we get this done right then the two of them can eliminate threats as they arise."

"When they are ready, let me know. We have a few troublesome pests they may be able to help with."

When Bill hung up I looked at Barnes and nodded my head in recognition, "Damn good job, Barnes."

Barnes smiled, "I learned from the best."

"Seems the boys have come a long way in a short period of time."

"Harry, you have no idea. They are growing up fast and asking really good questions. I think they both have a ton of potential."

"We will be back in two days time. Get everyone's shore leave out of the way as I will want to put back out to sea when we get back."

"Understood. See you then."

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When Jake went back to classes the next day, the atmosphere was totally different. Everyone was his best friend, including the instructors. He was polite, but realized why and was saddened at how shallow so many career minded men and women could be. Did they not realize he saw right though

them? They were all about shunning him when he was down... and while he didn't hold grudges, he recognized he really had no true friends among them.

He recognized family was the only group that was there for him in his time of need. Lesson learned.