

# STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 16

*Rusthemod*

*Sometimes it just feels good to say Kiss mine.*

Incest/Taboo

4.78

6.7k words

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Sunday began with a glorious morning! I woke up to my mother between my legs, lovingly sucking my morning wood.

"MMMM, Mom, that feels amazing!" I groaned as she wrapped her lips around the Y underneath my cock and licked her tongue over that ultra sensitive part.

She just looked at me and winked while she softly massaged my balls in her right hand while her left guided my cock where she wanted it. The feeling of her tongue lapping underneath the crown of my cock caused it to spasm time and again, leaking copious amounts of precum out of the end which Sue gladly licked up before sitting on my face as she spread her lips to feed me her sex.

The aroma of her sex was heavenly and I eagerly speared my tongue into her sopping wet cuntie. My sister had evidently used a douche that tasted of cherries and cream, my favorite ice cream flavors, and I ate out her pussy like a man possessed.

I latched my lips over her cuntie, sealing it to my mouth and I sucked as my bottom lip gently rubbed the base of her clit and my tongue buried itself as deeply as possible inside her hot, inviting pussy.

Mom straddled my cock and gave it a few strokes inside her pussy before getting off and guiding sis around to engulf my manhood inside her with one long, excruciatingly slow stroke that drew deep groans from both of us. Mom sat in a chair next to the bed and attached her milking machine before grabbing her rabbit and spreading her legs for Sue's and my enjoyment.

Mom's breasts were full of milk and she soon had two pints full as she climaxed a half dozen times. The visual and physical stimulation was too much for Sue and my sister came hard, her pussy pulsing rhythmically around my cock.

Just as Sue was coming down from her climax, Leesie walked in to let us know that breakfast would be ready in seven minutes. Sue rolled over to the side and smiled, "Well, mom, that gives you just enough time to fuck my fiance' and cum for him!"

It being a weekend, Leesie was nude already and she quickly straddled my cock and started bouncing up and down on me while she tightened her Kegel muscles to press the walls of her pussy against my cock head as it penetrated her in long, deep, fast strokes.

I was mesmerized by her huge breasts bouncing and wobbling in front of me and I quickly began to manhandle them, helping stimulate both of us to a quick and hard climax...I swear I came a gallon of cum.

Mom immediately disengaged from her milker and rabbit, threw Leesie on the bed and began licking my cum from her pussy. Leesie then looked at her daughter, "Baby?"

"Yes mom?"

"Your fiance' cums bucket loads. When are the two of you going to.....unhhh....give us mothers.....mmmmm.....a grandchild?"

Oh my gosh! Sue got all broody, Mom got all excited, and Leesie came all at the same time...and I knew right then and there I was fucked. LOL.

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Breakfast was simple and delicious. We had a choice of cast iron cooked small sausages (Yes, it makes a difference), thick sliced bacon cooked in the oven on a wire rack (the only way to get crispy yet still soft fully cooked bacon), eggs cooked to order (I prefer over easy with the whites fully cooked and a liquid center), and home made bread buttered and toasted. We had V-8, Orange Juice, Milk, and artisan coffee from locally prepared beans that were ground just before brewing (yes, it makes a difference).

After thanking all the cooking staff and kissing the Chef (and her lover), I asked Lillie, Marion, DD, Doc, and Sue to sit with me in the living room. DD looked at me and evidently read my body language as she sat on Doc's lap, recognized the common thread of the couples; and smiled, nodding her approval.

"Doc, your proposal to DD got me thinking." I said as Lillie laughed.

"Look out Sue! Your brother is actually a man who can use his upper head!" To which everyone laughed and released any tension they might have felt.

"Ouch Lillie!" I rejoined with a smile.

"Anyway, I have been thinking that waiting to get married, with all that is going on with the family right now, is just silly. Marion and Lillie, I was wondering if the two of you would mind a triple wedding ceremony on the Club's Yacht that we take out for a cruise for a week. I have been talking with Mavis about the crew and they are evenly matched and sexually active with each other which means we could have a fun filled, nude, and sensual honeymoon together. How do the two of you feel about that?"

Lillie and Marion didn't miss a beat; Marion responding, "We had already considered that and were going to ask all of you if you wanted to join us."

I called Mavis over, "Dear Mavis, when is the soonest the Yacht can be available for a week long excursion?"

Mavis smiled, "How does Monday week sound?"

I looked around and everyone nodded their approval. "OK, ladies. You need to get the wedding planned for Monday morning of next week. After the party, we set sail on our honeymoons."

The women squealed loudly and the cook staff, Chef, the Apache pilots, Chief's wife, the two Marine's spouses, Mavis, Leesie, and Barbara all ran into the kitchen to plan the wedding. Not being fools, we guys grabbed our fishing gear, snagged some boats, and went fishing.

Chief called in one of the Seal Team squads and took one Marine to the firing range with the Sea Stallion and one of the Apaches for their morning training. They quickly loaded their gear and were outbound by the time the rest of us got into our boats.

Doc, Marion, and James were in one boat while the Marine going on the second training run and I were in another. As we set off, there was a side bet on which boat would land the most poundage...The bet was the other boat had to gut and clean everything in preparation for dinner.

While the other boat began fishing in the channel for large catfish, I took us to the feeder stream of the lake where there were some overhanging trees and steep drop offs on the banks with lots of reeds for cover. We had just settled in, throwing Pike rigs along some of the grass, when I heard the distinctive sound of a large reptile's warning grunt.

Right in the middle of the grass was a four foot wide path to the shore. And right in the middle of that path was an 18 foot alligator. This guy was a monster. He had nearly a foot between his eyes and he was vibrating his body in the water trying to warn us away from his territory. This was obviously a pet someone had let go in the lake many years ago as Alligators are not indigenous to the area and are considered a dangerous pest in the state.

I looked at the Marine, the Marine stood on a seat, lined up his shot right in the middle of its head and just a smidgen behind the center line of the eyes and let loose with one of the armor piercing rounds. The Gator died instantly.

It was all we could do to get the 425+ pound Alligator in the boat. Just as we finished, the other boat, the Patrol boat, and some of the Seals showed up wondering what the shot was about. Seeing the Gator was all the information they needed, knowing they were all getting fried Alligator for dinner. Everyone was happy....well, except Doc, Marion, and James who knew they had to clean the monster.

We went to the cooking bungalow and everyone was excited about the Gator. The guys had no idea how to clean one so I did offer to help get things started.

"Anyone got a portable air compressor they can get their hands on?" While some looked curious, the Marine said there was one in the garage of the place he was staying. He jumped into the boat and took off to go get it.

"OK, I am going to need a sturdy, sharp pointed knife." One of the ladies helping to cook ran and retrieved an thick bladed, 10 inch carving knife that was sharp pointed and very sharp on the honed edge.

"I need some rope and a stick to make a tourniquet with." Out of the woods, a hand reached out with the necessary items. I guess the Seals wanted to watch as well.

I applied the tourniquet around the Gator's neck to seal off the bullet holes from the body and commenced to make an incision just on the upper body to the inside of the tourniquet. When the Marine arrived with the compressor we ran power to it. After its 5 gallon tank was fully pressurized I stuck the nozzle in the hole just under the skin and applied pressure to seal it in.

I nodded to James who held down the button on the valve and highly compressed air began to flow, separating the Gator's hide from its body. I repeated this for each leg and the tail to make sure it was all separated before I turned the beast over and skinned him.

I wanted to save the white underbelly for a special project later so I turned the knife sharp side up and gently cut from inside the skin along one line of the belly and side where the white and dark coloration met. After that I cut around the anus and sex organs before running down the side of the lower tail ridge.

We cut off the head and peeled the meat from the skin with little trouble. At that point, I handed over the knife to be resharpened and asked the ladies to provide Doc, Marion, and James with sharp knives so they could gut and de-bone the carcass.

One of the ladies said, "Gentlemen, if you can just get the meat off the bones, we can get the tendons and muscle coatings off ourselves. We have a meat cuber here so we can tenderize all of this before dinner."

"Fellas, don't forget the jaw meat. This big fella will have quite a bit there."

I had skinned all of the head I could and finished cutting the hide off of the monster. When the Chief returned I was going to have him make a pit stop at a local tanner to tan the hide and prepare it for making some nice things for the ladies.

The hide, the Marine, and I then got in our boat and I drove back to the cottage where we laid out the hide on the dock for all the ladies to see. The cooking staff, Chef, and Mavis oohed and awed for about 20 seconds before jumping into a pontoon boat heading to the cooking cottage.

Having made some preliminary plans, Sue, Mom, DD, Leesie and Lillie all looked at the Gator hide and then at me. Sue shook her head and said, "I take it we are having Alligator for dinner? Must say, I have never tried that before. I am sure Chef will do it right."

"I hope so, that thing will dress out at about 150 pounds of meat." About that time, Chief returned and the Seal Squad admired the pelt before moving out into the brush.

For lunch, Chef made some sliced Corned Beef on Rye with home made Sour Kraut, deli sliced baby Swiss cheese, artisan mustard, home made mayonnaise, and slaw on the side.

As we were sitting down to lunch, Chief got a call on his SAT phone. Seems the powers that be wanted a commercial sound bite to release and wanted to know if a crew could come by around 1600 to film it. No one had issues with that and I told Chief to send the crew hungry for a Cajun style dinner.

We all jumped into the pool to relax a bit before the commercial crew showed up.

I caught DD's eye and motioned for her to come see me. Biting her lower lip, she slowly approached and wrapped her lithe legs around my waist. "DD," I asked, looking deeply into her eyes, "How are you feeling?"

DD immediately relaxed in my embrace and began to softly cry, "I find myself so happy that I am waiting for the other shoe to fall and it all fades away. Please assure me this is all real?"

"DD, you are the most perceptive woman I have ever met. You can read a person before they even speak. You have been around us for some time now. What does your heart tell you? What do your observations tell you?"

"That," snuffle, "this is all real. That my stressful, uneventful life has been transformed with wonderful people whom I could trust with my life. That I finally have the family I have always dreamed of. And

it is scaring the hell out of me."

"You are afraid of losing it all now that you have it. But, DD, we both know where that comes from. And you know how you need to deal with those feelings."

"Yes, and we both know it will take time. The past is a hard thing to shake off."

"Indeed it is, honey: indeed it is."

I held DD in my arms as we enjoyed wondering around the pool. To my chagrin, my cock got hard (red blooded American male, go figure, right?) and DD kissed me deeply. She whispered in my ear, "It has been too long since Girl has enjoyed your cock, Sir. May this Girl envelope her hot, wet pussy around Sir's cock and please him?"

"Ahh Pet, I would be delighted to have you please me."

DD reached down, moved a bit, and slid my cock deep inside her warm pussy. The temperature difference alone almost made me cum. I held off, though, to DD's amusement. We spent the next 30 minutes making love in the pool, some watching, some participating with other partners, some masturbating....but everyone having a wonderful de-stress moment. DD climaxed several times, holding me close and moaning in my ear. After her third, I couldn't hold out any longer and filled her pussy with my hot cream.

We were soon met by the second squad and I put the hide in an ice chest with some ice for Chief to take to the tanner for me. Seems Marion knew of a top notch one who would both tan the hide and could make anything I wanted from it. I got him on the phone and talked to him about what I wanted and told him where to meet Chief. Chief took the rest of the Seals and the other Apache and Marine to do their training and the rest of us got dressed for the video crew who would be coming soon.

Chief was to airlift them in for security reasons after dropping off the Seals for weapons familiarization.

Marion, Lillie, and I all got into uniform. Each of us in our ballistic underwear. The ladies were all wearing casual clothes. I say casual: they obviously wanted to impress the video crew and as a backdrop, moving back and forth behind the taping would definitely photo bomb the whole event.

James turned down the air but also started a small fire in the fireplace to add some warm ambiance to the scene. I just rolled my eyes at all the detailed planning behind the scenes.

In about an hour the Sea Stallion arrived and a video crew disembarked with their equipment. Chief had them wait as he shut down the 'copter and he escorted them to the cottage and introduced us. As soon as he could he pulled Marion, James, and me to the side and said, "This is a hand picked crew. They have been fully vetted and cleared, so I am going to run back to the training facility. Have fun!"

We got the crew set up in the living room, facing the fire where I sat to the side in a high backed chair. The person leading the crew gave me a set of talking points and wanted to know if I wanted a teleprompter. I told him I felt comfortable winging it, much to his chagrin.

Everything was set, everyone was quietly watching, and the person in charge said, "we start filming in five, four, three....then just with his fingers....two, one: and he pointed at me."

I had lowered my head and slowly looked up with an engaging smile on my face, and began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm Harry! You may have seen my interview on the news after I saved some lives from a would be murderer. I'm not a politician, and you probably already realize I am a plain speaker."

My face took on a serious demeanor:

"When violent crime threatens a law abiding citizen, the criminal will not wait for you to go get your firearm to defend yourself or your family. Additionally, violent criminals in prisons, when asked, invariably say they go after the obvious, undefended targets; that being your home, your spouse, your children, or your person."

My face switched to one of quizzical questioning:

"In rape prevention, we teach women not to portray themselves as a potential target for rape. Why are other forms of violent crime such as armed robbery, and murder exempt from this policy? It just doesn't make sense."

I motioned for the extended family to stand behind and around me:

"My life and the lives of my loved ones have been saved numerous times by the legal application of deadly force. Get your concealed weapons permit, get trained, and protect you and yours."

"Now, I know there will be many who will disagree with me and call me names and try to label me as some lunatic. They will parade people in front of you who are in law enforcement and politicians who will claim that guns perpetuate violence and should be outlawed."

"But listen closely to what they say, because what they will not do is compare the F.B.I. violent crime statistics between cities that promote open carry of sidearms and those who strictly prohibit or restrict gun ownership. The reason they will avoid that is because those statistics throw their hypocrisy under the glaring light of reality."

"The latest F.B.I. crime statistics prove three things:"

I held up my hand and raised one finger:

"First, that mollifying a violent criminal doesn't work. The criminals just see it as weakness and as a free pass to commit violence on you and/or your family."

I held up a second finger:

"Second, when law abiding citizens are armed, violent crime goes down."

I held up a third finger:

"And third, in each city or state with strict gun control laws, violent crime increases."

I lowered my hand and put on an earnest face, looking directly into the camera:

"Those, Ladies and Gentlemen, are the verifiable facts. Don't believe me? Look up the F.B.I. crime statistics for yourself, just like I did, rather than listening to the weak and infirm who cower in fear in the face of violence against themselves but couldn't care less about the safety of you and yours."

"Do not go looking for trouble. But if trouble comes looking for you, give the police back a violent criminal who attacked you with lethal force someone they don't have to worry about being back out on the street within 24 hours because of misguided and lenient prosecutors."

"I am not talking vigilantism here, though some who want to make a point will beg to differ. Simply ask yourself this simple question:"

I gently had Sue sit across my lap. "Is the life of your spouse, the lives of your children, or your life more important than the life of a pariah on our society? Remember, the violent criminal is the one who started the lethal confrontation, you just ended it. It is called justifiable homicide for a reason."

"Remember also: Good gun control is hitting your target with speed and accuracy."

"I'm Harry; and I'm outa here."

After two seconds the leader yelled, "cut and wrap in one!"

The video group leader asked if they could display the commercial on the big screen television in the living room and everyone sat down to watch.

Mom started crying, "Son, that is one hell of a video. You look dashing, sincere, secure, and well balanced."

Leesie said, "Dashing my ass! He's hot as hell!"

DD spoke up, "Harry, your body language and use of us in the video was inspired. Nothing visual nor any inflection of your voice showed anything but a positive and controlled presence and self-assurance. I think that is one of the best videos I have ever seen."

The video team leader nodded his head. "Harry, you are a natural in front of the camera. I was told you were an exceptional man and that this would be an easy assignment. I didn't believe them. When people get in front of a camera, all kinds of idiosyncrasies and foibles come out. Kid, you were rock solid. Your facial expressions were not forced, your speaking was clear and crisp, your mood was relaxed and infectious. This is going to be ratings gold."

"Heck, folks. I was just being me."

The cameraman looked me dead in the eye, "If you ever decide to run for office, as long as you can get yourself in front of a camera and speak your mind, you will captivate your audience and easily win. You have a 'charisma' about you that others want to cling to and be a part of."

Just at that time we heard Chief making his approach to his landing pad and we all went outside. I told the video crew no recording of any kind as these were Special Forces types and would not take kindly to it.

"We were given strict orders from the highest levels basically saying the same thing. No worries."

The Seals melted into the woods with their equipment. It might have been a figment of my imagination, but it seemed, to a person, they were smiling from ear to ear as each gave me a nod of recognition and thanks.

Chief came up and boats began to move this way as spouses and staff worked their way towards the patio. I turned to the video crew. "Folks, we tend to lose our clothes when we eat together as a

family. You are welcome to join in that tradition or not, your choice and no one will think twice about it. So do only that with which you are comfortable. One thing, though...this is a free use house, so you may be propositioned. Accept or not, up to you: but civility is required either way."

"We are going up to get undressed. You are welcome to put your clothes in the cubby holes next to the front door if you so choose." With that, the family went upstairs and undressed, all coming back down in the nude just as boat loads of nudes started coming in off the dock.

Everyone began to meander around the pool and the video crew looked at one another, shrugged, disrobed, and introduced themselves to the rest of the group. To a person, the video crew were instantly horny and several of our group approached them, offering to help them take the edge off their needs. It was nice to see they all accepted.

Most of us had just enjoyed some sensual time a few hours earlier so most of the group just hung out, enjoyed each other's company, and grabbed some beers. In due time, dinner began arriving.

The first course of the meal was actually served before we sat down to eat. Some of the cooking staff began to circulate with trays of toothpicked sections of Chef's homemade Cajun Alligator Boudin, or Alligator sausage, with a dash of Grey Poupon mustard. The meat had been ground with bacon, garlic, onion, and Creole seasonings before being pressed into fresh sausage casings and grilled.

The drink of the evening was an Abita Restoration Pale Ale made with pale lager with Crystal and Cara malted barley. It was liberally dry hopped with American Cascade and fermented with California Ale yeast. The end result was a brilliant golden ale with a rich body, mild bitterness and a snappy fresh citrus hop flavor and aroma.

When it was time for the second course we all sat down on the pool deck and enjoyed a fantastic Stewed Alligator in a soupy Creole Sauce that was very spicy without being overly pepper hot. Mavis said the basic recipe involved olive oil, sauteed onions, celery, peppers, and garlic. Then fresh peeled and chopped tomatoes, basil, oregano, and thyme were stirred in. The dish was seasoned with salt, cayenne and black pepper. Next was added Worcestershire sauce and chicken stock, bringing the liquid up to a boil. Finally, Chef added diced green onions and tenderized alligator bites.

This mixture was simmered covered for 12 minutes before the sauce was separated and butter was swirled into the mix. The stew was recombined served hot in a shallow bowl and garnished with parsley before serving with crusty French bread and honey butter on the side.

The main course was Alligator in a Piquante Red Sauce served over rice. The flavor profile was an agreeably stimulating and interestingly pungent flavor with lively character and slight tartness. This thick, red, spicy sauce was mixed with cubed Alligator pieces which had been coated with seasoned flour and fried before combining with the sauce and the dish was topped with green onions and served over a bed of white rice. The main course mated very well with the beer selection.

I don't think anyone didn't get at least a second helping. When things had settled down a bit I walked over to Chef, "Did everyone get all they wanted? Including your people?"

"Absolutely Great Master. Everyone is stuffed and we ended up eating all but 80 pounds of the 200 pounds of Alligator meat. I am quite pleased it was received so well."



Chef blushed when I responded, "Pet, as good a Chef as you are and as good a crew as you have, I am not surprised at all."

"Great Master, the State competition is this Saturday. This Girl realizes it would be dangerous for you to attend as planned."

I called Chief over, "Chief, we will be going on an excursion with a Seal Team and family members to the State Chef Competition where Pet will be going up against some of the best Chefs in the State. I will leave you with Pet to figure out the details and just let us know when we are to depart. Please coordinate this with the Seal Team as they may want to position themselves prior to?"

Chief smiled, "Harry, I appreciate your thoroughness, but I got this handled." He winked and walked off with Chef to iron out the details.

After they had finished and Chief had called the Seal Team command post, I called a bit of order to the large group and said, "I hope everyone really enjoyed all the Alligator you ate this evening?"

Everyone roared their approval except the video crew. One asked, "ALL of that was Alligator?"

I nodded, "Every course."

I could see the video crew letting that settle in. Eventually the leader pronounced, "Best damn food I have eaten in my entire life! Where is the Chef?"

I introduced Chef and her assistants, along with Mavis, "This lady is responsible for your meal today, Chef is a submissive and prefers to be called Pet or Girl. Her Mistress is also her boss and Mavis oversees the whole thing including planning and procurement...Well, except for the Alligator this evening." I then introduced each staff member by name, to their surprise.

The video group just bowed low and began a slow applause, much to the staff's enjoyment. Soon everyone joined in and there was thunderous applause for about a minute. When things settled again I started back in, "and, ladies and gentlemen, you can thank our resident Marine, Corporal James Masters for his excellent marksmanship. He took out the 18 foot Alligator with one shot resulting in an instant kill!"

The military people present recognized the skill in that shot, knowing an Alligator has a brain about the size of a quarter and he hit it on a moving target.

"By the way, I didn't get the opportunity to ask any of you about the recoil, accuracy, and craftsmanship of the rifles. Did they perform as advertised?"

Masters spoke up, "Sir, she fires like a dream, the trigger pull is just over the top crisp and there is no creep once you reach trigger resistance. Recoil is not noticeably more than our regular rifles, and they are much more accurate. They have quite a bit more knockdown power, which is critical in a firefight. The sights are intuitive to use and the suppressor is one of the best I have ever seen."

Batgirl then spoke, "The Seals we trained with were wanting to make love to their weapons by the time we got through the course. Just saying."

Everyone laughed at that and James spoke up, "Money well spent, then. Marion, we need to get your officers set up with them. I am sure the maker of those rifles will give us a discount for bragging rights."

Marion smiled. "Let's set that up tomorrow morning."

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"L.T., the squad has finished cleaning their weapons and lunch has arrived."

"Was the squad as impressed with them as I was, Overwatch?"

"Sir, I'm not sure they wouldn't sell their souls to keep them if that is what it took. To a man, they want to do something special for the family to say thanks."

L.T. thought about that for a moment. "Let's eat and see if we can brainstorm some ideas with the Team."

Overwatch smiled, having some ideas that might work.

After lunch, L.T. got a call on his Sat phone. "Yes-Ma-am, we are to set up the night prior and will have dedicated satellite recon starting Wednesday. Am I correct in saying we will have deep sight available to flesh out any threats there might be hidden in buildings as well?"

"Yes-Ma-am. We will look over the area and develop a plan for maximum fire coverage as well as emergency evac."

"Yes Ma-am, plans will be uploaded via secure link by ten hundred hours local for approval."

L.T. walked up to the Team and sat down to eat. After everyone had their fill he began, "Seal Team Bravo Squad, we have a tasking order." At that moment the L.T.'s tablet let him know he had an incoming message. Pulling up the message and passing it to each of the Team's tablets, he began.

"This is the area we are to secure. We will have full satellite coverage with deep sight on station by Wednesday and we will deploy late Friday evening and be in situ until late Saturday evening for a State cooking competition where our charges will be in attendance."

There will be local and armed plain clothes on site who will be identified by all white ball caps and Jean jackets. We are to identify any possible threats and inform the local assets of them as we work with them to deal with anything that comes up. We are to coordinate with them but we will be independent actors so we will be providing our coms to them so they stay in the loop."

I need all of you to give me your ideas as to how to set up for max coverage. Alpha squad will remain here to cover the lake. I need your input in 4 hours as I have to put forth a detailed plan by ten hundred tomorrow morning. Questions?"

There were none. "Very well, Overwatch, I believe you had some ideas on what we can do to show our appreciation to the family..."

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Monday was eventful. The video crew had stayed the night, not wanting to fly out in the dark after having enjoyed a late night of drinking and other festivities with beautiful, naked women. They left after breakfast in the Sea Stallion, having enjoyed some Eggs Benedict which consisted of freshly made, sour dough bread based and toasted English Muffin bottoms and tops covered in thinly sliced smoked ham, an over easy fried egg which was covered in Hollandaise sauce and topped with minced chives.

I think I made the video crew cream their clothes when I asked for their Supervisor's direct number so I could insist the current crew was the only one approved to work with me and the family.

Within 30 minutes of their departure, a small group of Feds, including Homeland, the FBI, a Federal Marshal, and someone from the CIA head office showed up in heavily armored vehicles.

As each member got out of their vehicle they flashed a badge up into the air for a moment, then flashed them into the woods for another moment. After a few seconds the green laser dots dissipated and Alpha Squad's L.T. walked out and spoke with them.

"Fellas, give us a heads up next time and we can avoid this."

Brannigan spoke up, "Sorry, L.T. but Homeland insisted," he said as he flashed the other member of the group a look.

L.T. Then looked at the Homeland official and smiled, "Your choice, but this is one I would not have made. The Team is in love with this family and threats...foreign and domestic...are taken seriously. Homeland nodded, "Understood, L.T.: we will be sure to coordinate it next time. My apologies for pissing in your pond."

"Homeland, this ain't a 'pissin contest. My orders are specific and come directly from the President and I have full autonomy on this mission to act as seems appropriate in the moment. I would prefer to avoid friendly fire, for your benefit."

"Emotionally compromised?"

"Damn straight, Homeland. No apologies or excuses. And, if you have an issue with that, feel free to call the President."

Brannigan laughed out loud. "I told you not to try your big stick approach with anyone here. Been there, done that, got slapped down just as hard, Homeland. Lick your wounds and let's get things done here. For these boys: no is not an answer they will accept when on mission and failure is not an option. You are not in Kansas anymore and though it looks like rural America...you are now in a confirmed battle zone."

Brannigan laughed, feeling good about his movie references and the chance to see Homeland have to back up and reassess. He told their security detail, "Stand down. They had us dead to rights even before we stopped. You can sit out at the pool or on the porch if you like till we are ready to leave."

The group flashed their I.D.'s to me and Dad as they slowly and cautiously walked up to the porch. Homeland looked back to get another look at L.T. but he was already gone, having been quick and ghostly silent in his egress.

"Brannigan!" I hollered as I recognized him.

The other agents looked at him with a raised eyebrow or two and he just smiled, "Hello Harry! Good to see you again! OK if our security lackeys chill out at the pool?"

"Sure! I will have Chef bring them some tea and munchies. Feel free to get naked and take a swim, folks. I am sure some of the group here will gladly join you." I hollered at the security team, "As you can see, the Seal Teams have us covered."

Homeland looked sharply at the security team and I knew right away he was a hard ass and planned accordingly.

Marion and Lillie were in civvies and they, along with Dad, had their PTR 91 PDWR's hanging from their shoulder harnesses. Homeland spoke up: "If they insist on being armed for this meeting I am going to insist my team come inside."

Dad smiled, looked at me, and I nodded my approval, both of us knowing this ass-hat needed taking down a notch if we were to get anything done. Dad pulled out a phone I had not seen before and quick dialed a number.

"Yes, I need to speak with the President immediately," Dad spoke over the speaker phone so everyone could hear.

"Sir, I have your phone identified, channel is secure. May I have your identification information?"

"This is Spectre 98406731, confirm."

"Voice pattern confirmed. What is your code?"

James gave the code for all clear and not under duress.

"Spectre, Top Hat is in a meeting with the Joint Chiefs. Can I take a message?"

"Have a lackey hand him a message that I am on a secured line, please."

"Yes Sir. Hold, please."

Well, everyone's mouths dropped in the room as we waited. But hell, doesn't everyone's Dad have a direct line to the President of the mother fucking United States of America? After about 4 minutes, the actual President of the United States dropped everything and got on a secure phone to talk to my Dad. "Specter! What is it you need?"

"Sorry to bother you, but Homeland is here and he is being a bit of an ass. We really need to have a productive meeting and only you can calm his ass down, Sir."

"WILLIAMS!"

"Y-yes Mr. President!"

"Get off you damned high horse and get this done! If Spectre has to call me again you will have MORE hell to pay! Am I CRYSTAL CLEAR!"

"Yes! Mr. President."

With that, the President said, "Spectre, I would like to meet with you and your family on Thursday afternoon at 1800 hours. Come prepared to spend the night and we will have dinner before talking."

"See you then, Sir."

The President hung up.

Brannigan looked at Williams, snickered, and shook his head, "I tried to tell you."

Williams just swallowed hard and tried to collect himself.

I looked at Homeland, "You figured out yet you are not in control here?"

To his credit, he just nodded.

Mavis then broke the ice with some peach tea and small grilled ham and cheese sandwiches and we all sat around and enjoyed a little small talk before getting down to business.

I spoke up, acting as if the smack down had not ever happened, "Brannigan, I got word you dealt with our domestic situation. Can you give me an update, please?"

"This is need to know information, Harry, may I continue?"

"I trust everyone here with my life and the lives of those I love. As I told you before, they are loyal and will not speak of anything said here."

Brannigan nodded, "It seems our informant was VERY pissed with you and your family. She actually heard over the city grapevine that some foreign people, likely from South America as they spoke Spanish, were ensconced in the Hotel just outside of town. On a hunch she contacted them and offered to give them intel to use for whatever purpose they had in mind. From everything that had been going on, she suspected they were a hit squad but she didn't care."

I nodded, "Where is she now?"

"She is no longer in the United States." Homeland offered. We all knew that meant she was at a black site and might never see the light of day again.

Just off a family situation like this, I asked, "She have family?"

Brannigan shook his head no.

I sighed, "I hate it for her, but she made her own bed."

The CIA officer smiled and nodded...."Yes, she did."

"And the ambush on the road?"

"That was coordinated should the initial attack fail. The informant had let them know the route you would take."

"OK fellas, Let's get down to business."

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