

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 43

Rusthemod

Timing is everything.

Incest/Taboo

4.85

7.4k words

"Master Craigg, would yah be so kind as ta take a walk wit me fer a moment, Sir? I have somten I would like ta discuss wit ya."

"Absolutely, Pete." Jake said as they walked out the front door and through the porch to step outside. Pete was leading Jake to the pump house and just before entering, Pete turned to Jake and began to speak.

"Sir, afore I get to fer ahead o myself, I jus wan ya ta know it's all perfectly legal. The estate has a Federal license from them ATF fellas as well as all applicable state licenses to make 50,000 gallons a year."

"Well, Pete. With ATF and state licenses in the mix I suspect we are talking about a distillery?"

"Yes Sir. If'n ya wan me to take er all down I will. But, iffin I may say so, I make some o the smoothest alcohol you will ever taste. We can legally sell what we don drink an affer taxes we can actually make a lil money on er."

Jake thought for a moment, "And it is all legal?"

"Ya have ma word it is, Sir. I have all tha paperwork ta prove it back at tha house an will hand er over to ya fer safe keepin ifin ya prefer."

"Let me see your setup."

Pete opened the door to the pump house, and it took Jake a moment to separate the well and purification plant from the distillery. What he saw were two VEVOR stainless steel 18.5-gallon stills situated over two electric burners, four 25-gallon fermentation pots, several 50-pound sacks of cracked corn and malted barley, and a rack of about fifty 5-gallon barrels of white oak casks, along with other sundry items used in making corn liquor.

"What is your recipe, Pete?"

"Well, Sir. Ah gots ma own high yield yeast ma family developed over a hunnert year ago. Since Ah make it so pure there aint no point in flavorin it prior to distillation so Ah use a cracked corn an malted barley mash with added fructose sugar ta get the max alcohol content." Affern Ah distill it, Ah got these white oak barrels Ah place the distilled alcohol in an ah let er age fer bout 10 yars."

"Ah add 'merican oak spirals to them barrels, one light an one medium toast. Tha light toast contributes fresh oak, coconut an fruit flavors, an higher levels o them tannins while the medium toast is more bout tha nose as it has fewer tannins but more bouquet, so it'l impart more aroma than flavor. It has ah warm, sweet caramel character with strong niller overtones. Afer a month, the flavor an nose is completely infused but agein longer smooths out tha alcohol issself."

"How long have you been making moonshine?"

"All ma adult life, Sir. Only after gettin the job here did ah start maken it legal though as ah dint wana put yer family at risk."

"How much do you make in a single run?"

"Well ah get bout 2 1/2 gallons o 180 proof alcohol outa one o these distillers here. So with two ah kin fill a keg wit jus the hearts fer the best purity."

"You are ultra careful about getting rid of the foreshots, yes?"

"Oh absolutely, Sir. Don wanna hurt no one. Ah even recycle the heads and tails in a second run through the distiller and still take out foreshots. So everthin is pure an safe."

"Well, if you are aging an additional 10 years, these are not all you have in storage."

"No, Sir. Ah have 53 gallon white oak barrels, 60 fer each year, stored in ah controlled envirnment. Plus one barrel at is tapped fer use this yar in the garage in the mother-in-law's place where tha missus and Ah stayin."

"You have a bottle you can put some in and bring to the house?"

"Ah gotta gallon earthen clay jug wit a stopper, Sir. Shall Ah get er an meet yah at tha house?"

I nodded. "As long as it is legal I don't have a problem with it. I don't want to have to keep up with paying taxes if we sell it, though. Does it meet with your approval if I pay for all the expenses, we increase production to 100 53 gallon barrels a year and I keep 10 and you the rest? I will ask only for half a barrel for the first 10 years and pay you back all your costs including licensing fees."

"At werks fer me, Sir. Thank yah. This is more a labor o love an family tradition hobby fer me. Ah preciate yah bein so unerstandin."

"Well, I will need stoppered clay quart bottles and I need you to dilute the alcohol down to 90 proof as I want to be able to share it with family and friends, but I don't want anyone getting alcohol poisoning from being surprised at its purity. That will stretch out a gallon into about 2 gallons will it not?"

"Yes, Sir. An that allows fer a refinement o the flavor profile as well. We kin make everthin from a coffee liquor to a peppery vodka or peppermint schnapps. Even a creamy coffee malt like a Bailey's Irish Cream."

"Ahll be back at tha house in jus a moment, Sir."

Back at the house Jake pulled Walsh to the living room where they sat down on the plush, Italian leather couch with Walsh on his lap. Walsh looked at him with a smile and asked, "Soo, what made Pete and Minnie so uptight?"

Jake laughed, "It seems we are the legal owners of a distillery and Pete is a professional moonshiner of at least two generations."

Walsh raised an eyebrow, "Oh really! Is it any good?"

"He is bringing over a jug of it for us. It is 190 proof, though. So, a shot glass is it or we will both be on our asses."

Walsh just laughed, "Mise boyo, is féidir leis an lassie Éireannach seo d'arse scrawny a ól faoin mbord." (Me boyo, this Irish lassie can drink your scrawny arse under the table.)

Jake smiled, "As sin níl aon amhras orm, mo ghrá. Ach caithfidid a bheith suas geal agus luath chun bualadh leis an gceannasaí ar maidin. Seiceáil báistí?" (Of that I have no doubt, my love. But we have to be up bright and early to meet the commander in the morning. Rain check?)

Walsh nodded and hollered out, "Minnie! It's okay! And your dinner is smelling divine!"

Minnie let out the breath she didn't realize she was holding and smiled, "Thank you, Miss. You just don't know what that means to ol Pete. He is a fifth-generation moonshiner, and it is just in his blood. He is a good man and doesn't abuse it, but it is about impossible to get the Tennessee mountains out of a man once it infects him."

As if on cue, Pete walked in with a two-tone brown and tan clay fired jug with an old-time wire clamped stopper in his hand. He walked to the bar and pulled down 3 shot glasses and placed a small ice cube in each one before he walked over to Walsh and Jake.

He poured a liquid that had a golden hue similar to a fine pilsner into each shot glass and passed them around. Walsh lifted her glass and said, "Cheers!" as she put it to her nose to smell it.

She half expected it to curl her nose hairs and she was very surprised such a high proof didn't. Walsh smelled vanilla and caramel with other more subtle scents she couldn't quite place. She took a good sip and waited for a burn that never came.

In fact, it was as smooth as drinking water. She rolled it over her tongue, tasting the light but substantial oak and elusive coconut flavors that moved to an indistinct fruity aftertaste. It went down like ice water... until she took a breath. At that point the vapors from the alcohol hit her lungs and almost made her dizzy. "Damn! This is good moonshine! And dangerous as hell!"

Jake, having tasted his had to agree, "Yeah, this is top notch whiskey, and it is potent enough and smooth enough to turn you into a blithering drunk before you can blink twice."

Pete smiled from ear to ear. "This here comes from tha 5th barrel Ah ever made."

Walsh was confused, "I thought your wife said you were a 5th generation moonshiner."

I winked at Pete, "Hon, this has been barrel aging for ten years."

Walsh took another sip, savoring the subtle nose and shift in flavors as it rolled over her tongue. She took another breath and said, "Don't you dare change a thing."

"How much do you have left in this batch, Pete?"

"Sir, Ah just tapped this here keg an this be tha firs gallon out o her. So thar be bout 50 gallons left as a keg usually loses bout two gallons to tha wood in tha keg."

"I have decided to finance him for half his production. That will be a keg a year for ten years and go to 50 kegs each year after that."

Walsh smiled, "When they come visit, we have to share some with the family."

"As Ah wuz telling Master. Craigg, ma'am, Ah kin make this inta quite a few thangs instead o tha flavor yah have now such as a coffee liquor, a peppery vodka, peppermint schnapps, or a creamy malted coffee cream like a Bailey's."

"I think I would like to do that by the drink, actually. This is much too good and too versatile to make a batch of something like that and then be locked in. Don't you think, bunchkins?"

"I can see the wisdom in that," he said as he took another sip. "You know, after the second sip the vapors are no longer noticeable. This is dangerous stuff indeed!"

Minne called into the living room, "Just one shot, please. Dinner is bout finished and I don't fancy carryin your butts to the table."

Walsh giggled, "Oh I am going to like Minne. Her sass makes me feel right at home."

Dinner was Cornish Hens Marbella, mushroom rice, and a bean sprout salad. Minne had already taken two plates to the two security men on duty before she set the table. Walsh had insisted everyone eat together so the other two security men, Simon, Janelle, Minne and Pete ate with them at the table. The food was top notch.

The game hens were soaked in a marinade consisting of bay leaves, garlic paste, pitted prunes, capers, pimento stuffed green olives, olive oil, rice wine vinegar, caper brine and olive brine a day previous then seasoned with salt, pepper, brown sugar and parsley. The marinade was added to a white wine and then placed around the halved hens in a casserole dish and baked until done.

The bean sprout salad included fresh raw bean sprouts, shredded scallions, julienned fresh carrots, fresh cilantro, and minced Poblano pepper. The dressing with which it was tossed was made by combining rice vinegar, Sriracha sauce, toasted sesame oil, lemongrass paste, fish sauce and honey.

The mushroom rice was a delightful dish with sauteed mushrooms in butter, garlic and olive oil. Half of the mix was set aside, and the rice added with enough vegetable stock to fully cook the rice. After the rice had absorbed the flavors of the glaze in the pan and fully cooked, salt, pepper, and the rest of the mushrooms were added and well mixed before re-heating.

Sweet tea was served with dinner.

"Oh, my goodness! Minne! Your cooking technique is wonderful! Those hens were the most flavorful I have ever had!"

"It makes a difference when you catch them out of the pen and clean them just prior," she said with a smile.

"I never realized how fresh game hens were so much more flavorful! Very impressive! I am afraid I have eaten too much!"

"So, I take it you don't want to try my homemade lemon meringue pie?"

"Oh, my goodness!" Welsh paused for a moment, "Let me help you clear the table and then I will have room for a slice!"

During desert Walsh asked, "Minne, how did you and Pete meet?"

"Oh, Miss, he is my brother and first cousin."

"Oh! Common mother or father?"

"Well, maw was a bit partial tah both twin brothers." Pete added, "hope that ain't offensive."

"Not in the least bit, Pete. The Ambassador I work for married his half-sister and they are expecting their first child."

Pete smiled, "Ah knew takin this here job was tha right move fer me an mine!"

Jake mentioned, "You know, Pete, you have a pretty good vocabulary for being a mountain man. What gives?"

Pete smiled slyly and spoke with impeccable diction, "Well, Jake, Sir: I have a masters degree in mechanical engineering and a Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. I speak the way I do out of respect for my family heritage. Besides, I find it gives me some insight when I interact with others and how they treat me."

Walsh's mouth dropped and Jake just laughed his ass off. "Okay, Pete, fess up. How many gallons a year do you actually make?"

Pete smiled again, "About 3 thousand gallons a year."

Jake laughed again. "Okay, if you handle the business end I will finance the operations. I will buy us a building so we can max out our legal production. I just want 10% of the profits after my expenses are reimbursed. You handle the taxes and everything... and I want it all to be above board and honest with Uncle Sam."

Pete smiled, "Sounds like we have a deal, partner."

Just off the top of your head, how much profit are you expecting from 50,000 gallons a year?"

"We can expect about 3 million dollars a year after taxes, distribution costs, and amortization of long-term assets in year 10. We will work up to that and the 3,000 gallons I have per year will be about 15% of that. I can use the stock I have stored to generate brand recognition and if we put most of the first five years of profit back into advertising and distribution we can mostly sit back and let the money roll in after 10 year's time."

"Thing is, with that volume, we can start selling the methanol, which is what the foreshots are, year one

"Okay, where in the heck do you have over 30,000 gallons of 190 proof moonshine stored?" Walsh asked.

Minne giggled, "Pete's family has some land up in the Tennessee mountains and there is a huge, sealed off cave going into the mountain. He says it keeps the temperature steady for the aging process, making for a much better product."

"How do you keep it protected?"

Pete laughed, "My family takes care of that. Besides the men being Coopers by trade, they get 4 kegs a year to sell and drink per family and they get to sell the barrels after they are used. The women make the earthen containers like the one I have which they sell separately. They also buy back cleaned and undamaged containers at a 50% discount before cleaning them and reselling

them. There are currently 3 families, and those kegs make enough money for them to live on for the year."

Damaged kegs are used as firewood to toast the oak spirals used in the aging process. The kids make the spirals, and the shavings are also used for heating and cooking after being turned into wood blocks."

Jake then asked, "Okay, what are you not telling me?"

Pete smiled, "Well, if you are serious about wanting to make some money, that 50,000-gallon limit is for this state alone. Kentucky has no upper limit. The Federal permits are valid there as well and we just need state permits. With enough capitol, we could make 1,000,000 gallons a year and make well over half a billion in profits a year after amortizing the capitol expenses, taxes, infrastructure expenses, materials, and labor."

"Is your cavern big enough to house the whole process as well as store 220,000 barrels?"

"With a little bit of excavation, yes. We would want to purchase one half of the mountain on the side where the cave is so we have rights to do that."

Jake smiled, "Okay, new deal proposal: I will finance all of it, lock stock, and barrel. I get 10 percent of my initial investment returned each year for 20 years beginning on the last day of year 10. That way I double my investment in 30 years time, which is a bargain for the company and makes it worth my while."

Additionally, "In the first ten years marked by the start of production I get 10% of all profits after all expenses other than those related to my initial investment. At 10 years I get 25% of all profits after expenses. At 30 years I get 50% of all profits after expenses. The company is to be privately held for not less than 30 years and each percentage of the company shall be issued 100 pieces of stock. Your family will own 50% and my family will own 50%. How each family splits up their stock among its members is decided by that family."

"I know you already have the numbers, what is the full investment number?"

"1.5 billion will cover it for the first ten years."

Jake called his father right then and explained the situation. DC wanted to taste the goods before he would release a portion of Jake's part of his inheritance, so Pete called one member of his family, explained the situation and had his brother drive to the Walker's residence with 20 gallons of the mature whiskey to be delivered within 5 days.

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The family got to the lake house and unpacked, undressed, got into the pool, and destressed. I closed my eyes and held up my arms for one of the women in the family to cuddle with me in the pool. Within moments, Sue was in my arms, laying her head against my shoulder.

With the arrival of the SEALs, the F.B.I. took a siesta in the pool with us. "Brannigan! How they hanging my man?"

He was balls deep into Millie as he saddled over to us, "Light and tight, Harry. You?"

"Just taking a break and getting ready to host some more extended family."

"Oh? Who?"

"You know a wealthy man by the name of DC Craigg and his wife Izzi? Well their son and Walsh are getting married and we figured a family get-to-know-each-other vacation was in order."

Brannigan gave a low whistle. "Damn Harry! You run in high-end circles!"

"Well, I kept his son out of trouble down in Mexico and he and Walsh hit it off. What can I say?"

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Dad and Leesie had parted with the group at the Club and gone to the airport to meet Penny, Izzi and DC when they landed. They arrived just in time to meet the couple and they greeted each other warmly. Leesie giving DC a deep kiss and Dad giving both Penny and Izzy one as well.

They grabbed bags and left as the private plane went to get refueled and put in a hanger. Penny practically laid down in the third row seats, "I'm sorry everyone, but all the sex has me bushed. No pun intended."

Dad and Leesie laughed while DC and Izzy just shook their heads and/or rolled their eyes, "Nothing like a good first impression there, Penny." was all her mother said.

DC was a bit concerned, "No security detail?"

Dad replied, "Actually, DC, this car is impervious to 20 mm cannons and below. And I am your security detail. But if you want a police escort I can have one in 5 minutes, all I have to do is call my brother, the high sheriff."

DC laughed, "No, I hear you. But tell me about this car?"

Well, the body plates are titanium as well as a titanium 'tub' inside. The glass is transparent aluminum and can stop a 50 caliber round at point blank range. We have a very powerful engine that is protected by titanium plating on all sides and the body has a cross layered carbon fiber scrim impregnated with a compound of Aluminum, Boron and Magnesium along with Titanium Boride which is the third strongest material on the planet. The clear coat is transparent Aluminum. We have voice activated communications with all law enforcement and we are running on tires that cannot go flat."

DC laughed, "So what you are telling us is this thing is better protected than the President's limousine."

Leesie smiled, "That is exactly correct, DC."

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I was very concerned, "Honey, I have a serious question."

"Yes? What is it?"

"How long do you think a baby can hold its breath underwater?"

"I imagine that depends. Why do you ask?"

I smirked, "Your belly button is underwater and I don't want the baby to drown."

Sue groaned and then giggled, "Maybe it will be part fish and have gills?"

"Eh, sounds fishy to me!"

Sue ran with the idea, "Sigh, no more blowjobs."

"Why is that?"

"I don't want to have a bobble-head baby!"

I snorted, "No anal sex either!"

"Oh?"

"Don't want him being an ass wipe!"

"Well you know I will have to have a C section."

"Why?"

"We don't want him to be a pussy, either!"

I held her close and nuzzled her neck as we called a truce on the corny jokes just as the doorbell rang. Millie and Brannigan had finished their sexual encounter and she called out, "I got it!" and she grabbed a towel to dry off as she walked nude to the front door and opened it to find an upper middle aged couple, a young woman, Dad and Leesie standing there.

Millie was unabashed as she introduced herself as the caretaker while hugging everyone. I have a room for both moms and dads but I am afraid Penny will have to share a bed with me, if that is acceptable?" Millie noted there was a SEAL at the edge of the woods who pulled in the security detail, all of them vanishing into the woods.

Penny walked up and gave Millie a deep kiss, tongues playfully caressing one another. When they parted she said, "Absolutely yes!"

"Millie giggled and said, let's get you all to your rooms so you can join the pool party."

Izzy winked, "Judging from your lovely nudity, I assume it is sans clothes?"

Millie scrunched her nose, "That is optional, but if you wear anything you will be the only ones."

Soon a nude Penny, Izzy, and DC got into the pool with the family and FBI. Brannigan went over and introduced himself, "Mr. Craig, I am Chief Inspector Brannigan of the FBI and my men and I are here on special assignment. It is a pleasure to meet you again, Sir."

DC frowned in thought for a moment, "Agent Brannigan! Yes, I do remember having met you at several events at the White House. Nice to see you again." he replied as he relaxed against the side of the pool.

Leesie grabbed Leslie and whispered, "Let's make sure to break the ice with the Craiggs." Leslie agreed and the two approached DC and Brannigan. Leslie noted Penny went straight to Harry and Doc had Izzy occupied, nuzzling her neck. Leesie and Leslie both then approached the two and Leesie completely distracted DC with her large breasts which floated just under the water's surface.

When Leesie got DC's attention Leslie grabbed Brannigan and began deep kissing him as she played with his cock and balls.

"Mr. Craigg, could you help me? My boobs and ass need some manly attention."

DC smiled, pulled her close to him, and as his cock rose to press against her mound, he kissed her deeply. Without saying a word, he lifted her up with his hands on her cheeks and aimed the head of his cock, feeling the warmth of her wet sex guiding him to her very willing opening. Letting her back down, DC groaned softly as Leesie's sex enveloped his in a soft, warm, slick sheath.

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Barnes and Beth departed their plane and collected their baggage. At the car rental counter, Barnes rented the Escalade and the happy couple wheeled their luggage out to the car and departed the airport. They were holding hands in the front seat, both a bit excited and a bit unsure why. Barnes had the front windows down, enjoying the warm evening breeze... a mistake he would learn from.

At the corner of the Bee Line Expressway and International Drive they pulled over into a gas station to get their bearings so they could figure out the best way to their Hotel. Barnes noticed a pickup truck pull in beside him but he thought nothing of it. That is until two men got out with guns.

"Get out of the fucking car! Now! NOW!"

Barnes stared into the barrel of a 45 semi-automatic, "Do as they say, baby. We have no options at this point."

Beth nodded her head and they complied. Both had bags put over their heads that were cinched so they would not come off and they were thrown into the bed of the truck. There was a camper shell on the back so they could not be seen. A sinister voice warned, "Do anything stupid and the woman is raped as you watch and then we cut off her limbs... starting with those nice tits of hers."

Barnes did his best to remember the sounds, turns, and approximate time between them as they were driven to a place where the truck backed into what seemed to be a garage of some sort. Their captors didn't know he had ditched his phone in the Escalade after hitting the panic button sequence that would alert Harry and Red.

Barnes could hear Beth was still with him as they had their hoods removed in a dark room where they were tied to steel chairs in front of a table.

One of the perps called on his phone and said in an unidentifiable language, "We have two." The perpetrator then demanded with a thick accent, "Give me a number to call where someone can negotiate your release. Or the woman has a finger cut off. No police."

Barnes gave them Harry's number.

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Penny went straight to Sue and Harry and asked, "Ma'am, would you mind terribly if I got Harry here to bugger my well lubed ass while you two talk? It has been months since he fucked me and I am really needing a reaming."

Sue laughed heartily, "You must be Penny! Of course you can have my husband, my lovely lady. I am Sue, by the way."

"Oh! Am I interrupting some private time?"

Sue smiled, "It's okay, I have to go pee anyway. One of the joys of being pregnant." Sue kissed Penny and I and she moved to exit the pool.

"I was told by my brother to let you know I am now sensitive to chi pulses." Penny said as she turned her back to me.

I smiled and nodded, moving my already excited cock between her cheeks, "Thank you for letting me know, Penny. It is good," unnnha, "to see you again."

Penny's brown star was very well lubricated and very relaxed. When the head of my cock pressed against her sphincter it slipped right in past the ridge and Penny kept pressing until I was nut deep into her ass. She had spread her cheeks to get maximum penetration and I held onto her hips as I began to enjoy fucking her in the ass. I let out only a small trickle of chi to heighten her enjoyment.

"Penny, I have a question for you."

Penny was already slobbering and breathing hard as she savored the experience of my cock slowly sliding in and out of her ass, "Fuck that feels so good! Ask... away!" she said as she shuddered through her first orgasm.

"Did you fuck your brother and Walsh?"

It took a moment for Penny to get through her climax but she was eventually able to answer, "Yes. Mom and dad, too."

"Good girl." I said as I reached around and began to pull on her nipples and rub her clit as I languidly fucked her. There is just something special about taking a very willing woman's ass that revs up my libido. But, I wanted this to last for both of us. I closed my eyes as I enjoyed the feeling of her body sliding over the glans and enveloping my cock in her heated depths.

Penny's bowels involuntarily spasmed rhythmically around my cock and I pulled out to where her anal ring was clamping down just behind the ridge of my cock, enjoying the sensation of the extra pressure sliding over it before plunging deep inside her again, and again. "Penny, your ass feels so good, you are going to make me cum!"

Penny gasped between spasms, "Fuck yesss, Harry, fill my, ass with, your, hot cum!"

As she said, "cum" I let loose deep inside her bowels and held her there as I grunted through my climax. Penny crested with me and the two of us enjoyed the sensation of cumming with each other.

Just then chills went down my spine. Not from the experience with Penny, though. That dreaded tone I never hoped to hear was blaring over my phone. I looked at Dad and hollered, call in the SEAL's in full battle gear! We are going to war!"

I jumped out of the pool, along with Dad, DC and Doc. I took one look at the phone and saw it was Barnes. I answered it. Red was on the line. "You have a sitrep?" I asked.

She replied, "I traced the phone, it is at a gas station in Orlando just down from the airport. I can't hear anything from him so they are either unable to answer or not near the phone."

"I hear you. We got this. We are coming and hell is coming with us."

Dad and I ran up to our rooms with DC hot on our tail. "Please, tell me what is going on." he asked.

"DC, I got a distress signal on my phone from the Captain who runs my embassy afloat. He is not responding. He and his fiancé are in Orlando and were supposed to be at their hotel by now as they were vacationing at EPCOT. We are gathering our SEAL security team and going to find transportation as quickly as possible to rescue them."

DC grabbed his phone, "Yes! I have an emergency! Have the plane fully fueled and ready for departure ASAP! We are making an emergency run to Orlando at best possible speed. Harry, we are going on my jet. It will be ready as soon as we can get to it."

I looked at DC, "I heard your 'we'. DC, this is going to be bloody. We are not going to negotiate, we are going to find them, breach hot, and kill anything that moves except Beth and Barnes. Don't come unless you are willing to deal with that."

Brannigan was at the door to the room, "Yeah, count me in. I might be of some help. Give me 15 minutes and I will meet you at the cars in full kit."

DC nodded, "I'm committed. Your family is now part of my family and this will not stand. I am bringing the head of my security detail as well, he is an ex SEAL and knows the drill."

Dad threw DC an extra set of ballistic underwear, "Put on your regulars and this over them. It will give you some protection."

DC ran to his room and got dressed. While dressing he called Dennis."

"Yes Sir! We got the message when the SEALs were informed." I am going with you and the SEALs and the rest of the team will be coordinating with the FBI and locals to keep the lake secure. We are five minutes from the house and in full tactical load out."

DC put on his regular underwear then the tactical weave James gave him. He noted it was not Kevlar but something else, Carbon fiber possibly? He would have to ask. He didn't have any tactical gear but he did have a dark grey suit that was lined with ballistic material. He hastily put that on and placed his 45 automatic and two extra magazines in his shoulder harness just in case.

Soon Dad and I met up at the armored SUVs out in front of the house. We met the SEAL team there along with DC's head of security. The SEALs had on their urban camo and vests on. Each also carried a 'go' bag and their pistols were on their belts, rifles on their shoulders.

Brannigan was in his tactical FBI embossed clothing and vest and Dennis was in gear equivalent to the SEAL team. Dennis walked over to DC and said, "I am your right hip, Sir." before he handed DC a box of 45 ACP AP rounds. "Change out your ammo, Sir. Those are armor piercing so be careful of your backdrop when you shoot."

Marion was dressed and in his official car with several of the women who would be returning the cars to the house. And when everyone jumped into the vehicles, he put on his lights and sirens and we hauled ass to the airport. Except for turns we didn't slow down, running every light and stop sign like we owned the place right up to the terminal.

On the way my phone rang. I answered, "Hello, who is this?"

"This is the man holding a gun to Barne's head. We have him and his woman. If you want them alive, you will listen very carefully to my instructions when I call you back."

The line went dead. "Brannigan! I need this number traced!"

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At the airport Brannigan took the lead and flashed his badge, "FBI! This team is with me! Make a hole or get your ass run over!"

The team went double time to the plane and Brannigan got on the radio in the cockpit, "XXXXX ATC this is Special Agent Brannigan of the FBI, we are in the Embraer Lineage 1000 that is taxiing to the runway as we speak. We need emergency clearance to depart. Clear and redirect all traffic. Over."

The ATC operations officer replied, "Embraer Lineage 1000 we were advised of your imminent arrival, you are clear for immediate takeoff on runway 18, over."

Harry was not aware a private jet could move that fast.

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As we were getting altitude, one of the SEAL team members got out his tracking gear and within a minute he had them. "LT, I have telemetry. They are together in a warehouse at 11300 Space Blvd between Florida's Turnpike and Highway 17."

One of the Lieutenants said, "Well done! Keep us advised if there are any changes."

"Roger that, Sir!"

Brannigan made a call to the Director of the FBI and informed him of the situation. The Director responded, "I am releasing you as a liaison to Ambassador Walker. That frees you up from FBI protocols and operational directives. I am calling the Orlando office and they will have discrete transportation for you at the airport when you land and will work with the airport authority to get you through the place as quickly as possible. They are not authorized to interfere or assist beyond that. This is not, I repeat, NOT an FBI operation. Ambassador Walker is in charge. Am I understood?"

Brannigan replied, "Understood and appreciated, Sir. I will give you a direct call when this is over."

"Harry! The Director is getting everything oiled in Orlando with the Airport Authority and transportation. He has released me to be under your authority. This is not an FBI operation."

I smiled, "While I already knew that, I appreciate the Director recognizing it."

Dad pulled out his SAT phone and dialed CIA headquarters.

"You have reached the office of the Director of Central Intelligence. Please state your name for voice print identification."

"This is Spectre 98406731, confirm."

"Voice pattern confirmed. What is your code?"

James winked at Brannigan and gave the code for all clear and not under duress. "I would like to speak with Crypto please."

"One moment, Sir."

"Director, Spectre is on a secured line and is requesting to speak with you."

"Oh shit." Sigh, "Put him through."

"Spectre, Crypto is on the line."

"Sitrep."

Dad informed the Director of what was going down

"Shit magnets. Okay, Spectre, I got your back. Make it clean and get out. Call me when it is done and you are clear."

"Roger that Crypto." Dad looked at the team, "All agencies are hands off. This is an unsanctioned black bag operation. Keep it clean, no loose ends. Information has priority Alpha containment protocols."

Dennis looked around, "Who the hell are you people?"

One of the SEAL team members tossed around flash/bang canisters and answered, "We already asked that question and the answer is, 'It's above your pay grade.'"

Alpha team's Lieutenant pulled up the layout of the warehouse onto the television set. "Okay, this is an end unit, and we are going in with a loading truck. We will hit the front entrance. This is an open, 1,000 square foot room with no internal walls. Our people are centered inside that room. There are no windows but there is video surveillance on both corners of the roof line.

"Elint, I am going to need you to do a blackout of all electronics as we pull into the lot. Be sure to keep our com's frequency free of the blackout."

"Roger that, LT. On your go all communications will be blocked."

"The first two to disembark from the truck will take up protective positions while the third will line the hinges with Det Cord. Set off the explosive as soon as it is in place. When we blow the doors, I want instantaneous and multiple flash bangs followed by a full breach and breach needs to be less than 10 seconds from stop so when we stop, move your asses."

"Our people have not moved, which means they are either sitting down, strung up, or laying down. They are centrally located so anyone not in the center of the building gets taken out with extreme prejudice. No exceptions."

"Watch your lines of fire. When clear, move immediately to our people and escort them out. We are to clear the area immediately upon retrieval."

"Agent Brannigan, have you traced that phone call?"

"Yes, they used commercially available masking, but we were able to trace the call to a gang hangout two blocks away."

"Very good. Bravo squad, you are to level that hangout. Park a half block away, put on your ponchos prior to leaving the truck, and split into two groups; one in front and one in back. Each group will have two The M32 MGL grenade launchers and I want you to saturate the place with all

24 rounds in less than 5 seconds. Cap any survivors. Be sure to use your silencers as we want everyone to think it was a meth lab explosion."

"After emptying the launchers, I want the other four to toss in two M34 white phosphorus grenades each into the rubble to set the structure ablaze."

"Evac as quickly as possible and we will coordinate our meet back at the airport so we can board the plane and leave before the police can even react to the situation."

I spoke up, "DC, I would prefer you and Dennis sit this one out but I suspect that isn't what you had in mind."

DC responded, I would prefer to cover the back door of the warehouse with Dennis if you will let us."

I looked to the two Lieutenants who nodded, "Okay, everyone on the warehouse squad switch from AP to HP since we will have friendlies possibly downrange. I will go with the warehouse squad and will retrieve our family members after the room is clear. Dad, I would like you to drive the truck with Brannigan for the gang house squad. Immediately after the grenades go off, drive up to the building and let the SEALs load before taking off."

"DC and Dennis, when you hear all clear, I want you to drive around to the front of the unit and retrieve us. I don't want to open the back door and be shot by mistake."

"DC nodded, good idea. Will do."

0o0

Just before we landed, I got another call on my phone, "I hope I have your attention now. I want 5 million dollars placed in a shipping trunk in Orlando into the back of a white ford pickup truck with tag number XXX-XXXX parked at 11305 Space Blvd in Orlando, Florida within 48 hours. There will be no second chance. Any police involvement means both your friends die. Well, after we have fun with the woman, of course."

"It will be there. But I want to hear both of their voices so I have proof of life."

Barnes got on the phone, "Yeah, tied to chairs but we are alive."

Beth got on the phone, "I will see you shortly."

0o0

When we landed the FBI had us moving through back, employee only, corridors and we got into two nondescript low profile panel delivery trucks. I drove Seal Team Alpha squad and Dad drove Seal Team Bravo squad.

"Seal team Alpha Squad, we are in position." Dad called over his com's unit.

"Seal team Alpha squad is in position." I responded. "Seal Teams, this is a GO! GO! GO!"

0o0

At the last 'go' a door guard sitting on the front porch of the gang house saw what looked like a pistol rise up in mid air. The ganger had enough time to say, "What the fuck?" before a bullet split

open his head. Immediately, every window in the place was shattered as multiple grenades were fired into the house from two rotary grenade launchers that seemed to float in the air in front and behind the gang house. In 4 seconds, all the grenades were fired and soon a quick staccato of explosions literally dropped the roof of the house onto the floor. Immediately following, 8 cans began smoking around the house and fires blazed; engulfing the house in fire as a delivery van pulled up, opened its side and back doors, closed up, and left the area. The whole operation taking less than 45 seconds.

A few blocks away, a similar delivery truck rolled up on a warehouse. As soon as it stopped, all the electronics in the building went down. The truck opened up and 9 men jumped out in a choreographed dance and the door to the corner warehouse was blown off its hinges as the delivery truck quickly made a beeline to the rear of the warehouse.

Within 5 seconds the door was blown, and multiple flashes and loud percussive bangs could be heard before silenced gunshots could be heard.

"Alpha Squad is clear!"

"Beta Squad is clear!"

I ran to Barnes and Beth and hollered, "Are you alright?" As I cut their bonds. Neither was responsive but both were alive. One of the SEALs and I did fireman's carries and we loaded into the delivery truck which swung around back to the front of the building; and we were gone in 50 seconds from the last 'go'.

Back at the airport we egressed the same way we came, FBI agents at each door or intersection guiding us back. We loaded the plane and it immediately taxied, Brannigan having gotten emergency clearance from the tower while we started getting in.

Doc yelled, "Bring them both back here to the bed so I can check them for injuries."

As the plane was taking off, Doc checked them over as the Team sat and decompressed. DC shook his head and said, "That was the most professional, clean, and deadly strike I have ever seen. In 55 minutes from landing, we had two successful hits and are airborne and on our way home."

Dennis agreed, "For a mission of that type... fellas, you have my admiration. That was a perfect mission."

Dad just smiled, "Our team is the best in the business."