

# The President's Weapon

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2026-06

## Synopsis

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readByi¼š	Virtual Voice
inLanguagei¼š	english

**... A SGT. MARVIN STYLES ASSIGNMENT SERIES: BOOK 1 THE PRESIDENT'S WEAPON**

The President's voice cut through the solemn air of the conference room, his words laden with the weight of a nation's secrets.

"Sergeant, I'm going to give you the short version here. First, and foremost, I know I have your word that nothing that is said goes outside this room, ever and I mean ever. Understand?"

Sergeant Marvin Styles, his military bearing unwavering, responded with resolute affirmation. "Goes without question, Sir."

"Good. Let me get to the point," the President continued, pacing with purpose. "If you have two boxers in the ring and one has his hands tied behind his back heâ€™s at a rather large disadvantage. Wouldnâ€™t you agree?"

"Yes Sir, no doubt." Styles nodded in agreement, his eyes fixed on the President, anticipation building with each word.

"Well, Iâ€™m going to untie the hands that are behind Uncle Samâ€™s back," the President declared, his tone firm. "Iâ€™m going to tell you something that less than fifteen people in the world know about."

The revelation hung heavy in the air, a revelation of thwarted disaster. "Two nights ago a detonator on a dirty bomb failed to function," the President disclosed, his words echoing with the gravity of what could have been. "That is the only reason that Madison Square Garden and a large portion of New York are still here."

Styles listened, the magnitude of the revelation sinking in. The President's words painted a picture of averted catastrophe, a world teetering on the brink of chaos.

"The bomb was timed to go off at the puck drop. For reasons I donâ€™t know yet the detonator failed," the President continued, his voice tinged with urgency. "Otherwise it would have exploded and we wouldnâ€™t have known a damned thing until it was over. That terrifies me."

Silence enveloped the room as his words sank in. A plot of catastrophic proportions narrowly averted by sheer luck. The President's determination

cut through the tension like a knife as he laid out his intentions.  
going to drop the Marquis of Queensbury rules. I want someone who will get their hands dirty, someone who will do whatever needs to be done without hesitation. Someone who is willing to trust me that who I say have to go is gone. Do I make myself clear?  
Yes Sir.

## Reader's comments

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