

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 26

Rusthemod

I love rock and roll! Put another dime in the jukebox, baby.

Incest/Taboo

4.79

7.3k words

"Commander Watkins, how are you today?" I asked as I handed him a 3x5 card and a pen with the question 'Who set up the two snipers?'"

To his credit, Commander Watkins was now shaking as he wrote, 'Had to be the CIA Station Chief.' as he handed me the card I passed him another one: 'What are they so scared of they are willing to kill a US Diplomat over?'

Watkins then responded in writing, 'Drug smuggling and human trafficking also foreign agents doing illegal torture.'

I then wrote something, "If safe, will you testify?"

He responded, 'Can't be safe, CIA.'

I wrote, "We are CIA and this is not going to fly. You have family?"

Watkins wrote back, 'None.'

I then wrote, 'When I offer a tour of the Embassy, accept and we can leave. We can knock down anything shot at us. After this, your life is not worth a plug nickel anyway.'

"Commander, may I meet the CIA station chief? Also, I would like to interview one of your prisoners, Miss Stanley Cooper. Oh, and have the Admiral brought to us as well, please."

What I didn't know was the SEAL Team helmets were tied into the bridge of the Embassy and Captain Barnes saw the cards as we passed them back and forth. He turned to his communications officer and said, "Get me the CIA Director and Homeland on the horn on a secure channel!"

The men were on the line within minutes and Captain Barnes introduced himself, "Sir's, I am Captain Barnes, Captain of the Embassy ship Le Délice de Susan and we have a situation. Ambassador Walker has just uncovered proof of drug smuggling, human trafficking as well as foreign agents doing illegal torture."

"The Base commander was just stripped of his command for failing to follow an order by the President of the United States and the second in command, Commander Watkins is in imminent danger. It is my assessment the former Base Commander will not live out the day as well. Commander Watkins is willing to testify. Is this a sanctioned situation?"

Both men asked, "What proof do you have?"

Captain Barnes replied, "Deep Look satellite caught them cleaning up their shit underground and we have video of a written conversation with Commander Watkins."

The CIA commander said, "Hell no this shit isn't sanctioned!"

Homeland spoke up to someone in his office Get the Joint Chiefs on the horn and patch them in, NOW!"

Moments later the Joint Chiefs were on the line and Captain Barnes gave them a sitrep. The Chairman said, "Get that carrier group to blockade that damn base immediately and send in enough Marines to take the place by force. Arrest everyone not killed. The President is not to be informed except that we have had to take over the base due to illegal activity. If he wants to know more, we will tell him in the Situation Room."

"How long?" Barnes asked.

After a pause the Chairman said, "Can your people get to the defense hub and shut it down?"

"Sir, that SEAL Team and Ambassador Walker can shut down the whole fucking base, Sir."

"We can have a Battery of Marines there in 45 minutes arriving in both helicopters and para trooping in if the base anti-air resources are secure."

"It will be neutralized, Sir. You have my word. Also, I am sending the video of Deep Look so you can brief your men on the way in. Sir, what are the rules of engagement?"

"Do whatever you need to do, Captain, to secure that base, protect the SEAL Team, the Ambassador, and yourselves. You are authorized weapons hot."

After everyone hung up Captain Barnes said, "Coms! Can you get exact coordinates of all the anti-air assets on the base with Deep Look?"

"Already mapped out, Sir."

"How many batteries and what is their composition?"

"Sir, there are Five sets of 8 missile silo's with half a dozen gun emplacements."

"Plug in the gun emplacements and be ready to fire one missile on each emplacement. Have one additional missile on the command and control center as well."

"Sir, that center is underground, the missile will not be effective."

"Shit! What about a communications tower?"

Coms laughed his ass off, "Sir, this base was old when my daddy was in the Navy. They have a centralized set of towers that seem to control everything."

"Fan-freakin-tastic! Have two missiles strike that position first!"

"Sir, may I make a suggestion?"

"Absolutely! What's on your mind?"

"Sir, this base is self sufficient. It is run entirely by generators. Those generators are on the surface and in a direct line of site to the Sea Whiz."

"You have to be fucking kidding me!"

Coms smiled, "We take out those generators along with the building housing the battery backups and the base is totally in the dark. Then all we have to do is take out the gun emplacements, Sir."

"Damn son! Where were you during Desert Storm! In 20 minutes I want you to take out the generators first and then launch a missile at each of the gun emplacements."

One of the SEAL Lieutenants tapped me on the shoulder as Commander Watkins was coordinating my requests. When I turned to look at him he tapped the side of his helmet, indicating I needed to turn on my coms unit. OK, I felt stupid at that reminder. I turned it on and asked, "Whats up?"

Captain Barnes came over the line and gave me a very quick sitrep.

"Commander Watkins, is there a secure place we can meet with everyone?"

"Yes, Ambassador, there is a secure bunker not far from my office and within 200 yards of our location."

I nodded, "Have everyone meet us there and make sure they understand I don't want to be kept waiting. The longer I wait the more I want to know."

"Everyone will be there in 10 minutes, Mr. Ambassador."

I wrote a note to the Lieutenants, for them to share, "Weapons hot. Take out ALL escorts after last one arrives with extreme prejudice."

"SEAL Team, we are going to cut power in 18 minutes. That leaves only two stairwells to the lower levels, both within one click. You need to secure those stairwells for 25 minutes after the shit hits the fan."

Alpha Squad broke down into two 4 man teams and went to secure the stairwells. Beta Squad stayed with us but handed over several grenades and three Claymores to each team, bringing their complement up to 20 grenades and 6 Claymores each. I noted everyone had silencers affixed to their .45s.

As soon as we were between buildings, Alpha Squad broke away and headed to the stairwells. When they went into the stairwells they set one Claymore on the 6th step up from the landing of the first floor door set to be tripped from the fourth step and a second Claymore on the wall above where the door would open that would be manually triggered by a SEAL.

The tops of the stairwells were out in the open and were basically 12 X 12 foot reinforced concrete boxes. Both SEAL units then set the other 4 Claymores up in strategic locations for area denial to secure the ground level landing from anyone attempting to storm the stairwells. They were relieved to note no one used the stairwells when the elevators were working.

We arrived at the secured room and 8 Seals came in with us and fanned out to cover the door from all angles, weapons low but safeties off on their .45s which were just sitting unsecured in their

holsters. To their credit, the SEALs relaxed as if this was a cakewalk mission, not wanting to set off alarm bells when everyone entered.

Miss Cooper arrived first with a guard escorting her and treating her roughly. When she entered the room and saw Dad and me there she freaked. "Oh no! Please! Please don't kill me! I made a mistake, I am sorry!" She was weak, unwashed, disheveled, cuffed, and had obviously been abused. We had the guard secure her to the table and I told her to be quiet. The guard was asked to step outside as the room would soon be too crowded for him to remain inside.

The Admiral came next, escorted by two men who looked to be a two man wet work team. They obviously didn't like the arrangement and were hyper alert. After securing him to the table across from Miss Cooper, who was now wondering what the hell was going on, having met the base commander before, the two man team put their backs to the wall and stood close to each other.

Finally, the CIA station chief walked in, just about 2 minutes late, with four men who were obviously mercs. "It seems to be a bit crowded in here," I said, "Two of our guys need to step outside please?" I said as I looked at the LT. He nodded for two to step outside and as soon as the door was closed, the CIA station chief started, "Wha...."

That's all he got out before the six men were gunned down in the blink of an eye by silenced .45s with armor piercing rounds. Good thing, too as they were all wearing body armor. All the mercs were knocked down and the SEALs followed up with head shots before the stunned men could react.

We heard the man outside go down hard as the station chief reached for his gun. Dad stuck his sub machine gun in his gut and said, "Please pull that shit out. I am begging you."

One of the SEALs disarmed him, patted him down and locked him to the table as well. The CIA station chief then said, "You fellas have just signed your death warrants. I'm the fucking CIA!"

Dad just laughed, "Ever hear of the field agent called Spectre?"

"Who in the company hasn't? He is a legend in the spec ops division of the CIA."

Dad smiled, "Well you are now one of the few who can identify me. So you will forgive us if we don't give two shits about you being a rogue fucking CIA field operative who got his dick caught in a vice."

The spook literally turned white with that announcement, "FUCK!"

Two SEALs then gagged and blindfolded the Admiral and spook. Alpha squad then quickly stepped out to secure the outside door, then they began setting claymores and creating a kill zone up top.

"Commander, I need you to lead two SEALs to the command bunker so it can be neutralized, do you have a problem with that?"

"I can do that, it is actually next to us, within 20 feet. But can you not kill them outright? Those men are innocents in all this."

"As long as they do what they are told and don't attack the SEALs. Lieutenant, you disagree?"

"I would leave it in my men's hands, Sir. Allow them to determine if it is safe to let them live."

"Good enough Commander?"

"Yes, that is all I could ask for, really."

The Commander and two SEALs left to secure the command bunker.

Miss Cooper was in tears.

(Heavy banging) "This is Commander Watkins! We are under attack and I have an urgent message for the Joint Chiefs! Let me in!"

(Shouting through a reinforced door) "Commander! We are under orders from the Admiral not to allow anyone in or out when under attack!"

"First: I am the base commander as the Admiral has been put under arrest by the President of the United States! Second: If you don't open this door immediately we are all fucking dead!"

Realizing the rumors were true, and that the Commander was indeed the next in line to run the base, one of the men opened the door to let him in.

The SEALs rushed the center and secured the four occupants, shutting down their emergency power grid and cutting all command and control to the entire base in the process.

"Fire control, take out those generators!"

Immediately the Sea Whiz Gatling guns opened fire on the cluster of generators and the building with the emergency battery storage. Within seconds the entire area was saturated and destroyed. The battery acid leaked onto the concrete flooring and reacted, creating a hydrogen gas cloud that finished the job when it exploded.

Captain Barnes then ordered, "Take out the gun emplacements!" and six missiles shot straight up and then headed straight towards each gun emplacement which were blown up before the teams manning them could react. No one even suspecting that the Embassy carried the most advanced Naval Missiles on the planet.

When the Sea Whiz started up everyone topside on the base froze and then went into panic mode, finding a shelter to hide in. When the power went out, it took about two minutes before the first Claymores went off on the stairwells.

"Coms let the incoming Marines know where to land and that the airspace is now secured."

The first team of four SEALs noted when the Sea Whiz went live and two members set themselves to cover the stairwell inside while two set up outside with their compliment of grenades and Claymores.

It didn't take long for the first Claymore to cook off in the stairwell. From the looks of it, that first one took out 6 armed men. The SEALs then shot a few rounds down into the stairwell and threw down a grenade to make everyone think twice about coming up.

After a moment, a man with a foreign accent called up, "Who are you people?"

One SEAL hollered down, "Navy SEALs! And if you want to live you will not come up these stairs, they are rigged with explosives and we will take you down."

"I am a foreign diplomat with diplomatic immunity! You cannot hold me here!"

"That may very well be, Sir. But the second I see you, I am blowing your fucking head off. After that I will check your credentials and offer an apology to you. So I suggest you keep your supposed diplomatic ass down there and we can sort this shit out in about 20 minutes."

"You will cause an international incident if you shoot me!"

"Yep, and it will be the second one in as many days. So take a fuckin number, asshole." The SEAL fired a round down the stairwell just for good measure and shit got real quiet real fast.

The coms officer let the SEALs know that they would advise if anyone was coming up the stairs.

Outside they did let the two other SEALs know that a couple squads were headed their way along with a sniper setting up in a nearby building. Sea Whiz took out the sniper but the squads moving in were in line with the two SEALs.

This is where the DEEP LOOK satellite saved their asses. The SEAL members watched and just as the two squads were setting up to attack, they lit up two of the Claymores and took them out to a man.

The second team of 4 SEALs were not quite as fortunate.

When the Sea Whiz went off and took out the power the stairwell was almost immediately packed with armed men. After the first Claymore went off two of the SEAL team members let loose with a couple grenades down the shaft but more men kept coming into the stairwell. One of the armed men had a light caliber M-16 and he was able to bounce a few rounds up the stairwell.

One round grazed one of the SEAL's upper arm and he cursed and immediately bounced a live grenade back at the assailant. The other SEAL threw one down the open center of the stairwell and both of them took out the men coming up the stairs. Thankfully, the active, acoustic, automatic noise cancellation devices in their helmets protected their hearing.

Outside, two armored personnel carriers were moving in fast. About the time they were able to draw a bead on the SEALs outside though, Sea Whiz again had their backs. The depleted Uranium rounds literally plowed through two concrete block walls of a building and exploded the two vehicles.

While that was happening, another assailant was busy lining up a hand deployed rocket at the Embassy. The moron mistakenly thought he could get a shot off without being targeted. After the Sea Whiz took him out, the bloody idiot had his launcher surrounded.

After all the initial commotion, the base personnel figured out they were outmatched and everyone stood down. About 19 minutes later the Marines landed. Captain Barnes squawked over a

loudspeaker, "Marines, hold position! We have friendlies that have booby trapped access to the stairwells! Allow them to clear the traps and clear the area before you move in!"

"Marines are here you can all evac now." Captain Barnes informed us.

The SEAL Team with Dad and I secured the Admiral and spook while I unshackled Mrs. Cooper as I spoke to her, "Mrs Cooper, if you wish, I am authorized to have you released into my custody for a period of years. I will take care of you and hire you as a property manager to manage 2 lake front cottages. You will have 3 squares, an environmentally conditioned place to live, a soft bed, and limited freedom to move about the area, to include visiting your town."

"All your belongings were confiscated and sold at auction, including your home, I cannot do anything about that. But I will take care of all your needs for as long as you wish. That is, of course, if you can see this way out of your current situation as your best option for a better life."

"If you do not wish to do that, I can arrange for you to be tried for violations of the Espionage Act and if you win your case, you can be free and get reparations for the loss of your assets. If you lose, you will find yourself in prison for the rest of your life. I might add, they have an audio record of your phone conversations with the hit team with whom you spoke, so your possibilities of winning your case are slim and none."

"Mr. Walker, I was a self-centered, egotistical, shrew who made some really, really stupid decisions from a position of false pride. If you can get me out of here, I will be forever grateful and in your debt. This place, horrible as it is, has taught me humility. I will gladly work for you for as long as you wish."

As we exited the underground bunker we met up with the other squad and 22 of us walked out together to meet the Marine Captain in charge of the Battery.

"Captain! I am ES-5 Harry Walker, Ambassador of the United States. I have two prisoners here, one is the former base commander and the other is the CIA station chief. I have evidence they were involved in human and drug trafficking as well as allowing this base to be used by foreign agents to perform clandestine and illegal torture on detainees housed on base. I am handing over those two men and am taking custody of one detainee."

"Commander, if the Marines clear out the non-desirableness, you think you are safe?"

"Very much so, Mr. Ambassador."

"Captain, by Order of the President, Commander Watkins is now base commander and he will work with you to ensure you get all the intelligence and bad actors you need and off the base."

The Captain turned to me, noticed my insignia and asked, "How long before the rest of your command makes it out so we can begin cleaning up this clusterfuck, Ambassador?"

"This is all of us, Captain, you may commence your operations."

"Wait! 18 of you, along with a flippin yacht, were able to shut down an entire military base? Including totally suppressing their air defenses?"

"Yes, Captain. This is all of us."

"Who the hell are you people and can I get you attached to my unit?"

I smiled, "Sorry, Captain, but that information is above your pay grade."

The Captain chuckled, nodded and barked, "Gunny! Assign some Marines to secure these two men and make sure they don't talk to one another! I will deal with them after contacting command."

"Eye Sir!"

With that, the 19 of us casually walked to the yacht.

"Coms," Captain Barnes said, "Broadcast Joan Jett and the Blackhearts singing 'I Love Rock and Roll' as the Team walks back and put it out over every speaker on the ship. After that play 'Hero' by Mariah Carey. These boys deserve a hero's welcome back."

Coms just smiled and cued up the songs.

Cathy met us at the gangway and took the injured SEAL under her wing, taking him directly to the med bay. On the way to the elevator 'I need a Hero' by Bonnie Tyler came over the speakers on the yacht. DD grabbed Mrs. Cooper and took her up to the med bay as well for a full checkup; working her counseling magic along the way.

A quick X-ray showed three pieces of bullet shrapnel in Billy's arm. Cathy numbed his arm as Doc made sure his instruments were clean. Doc said, "Billy, while I am sure your injury was painful, it isn't really that bad. I can get these out without an issue and, with a few stitches after cleaning your wound and a couple days R&R, you will be right as rain."

"Thanks, Doc. But please don't put me on medical leave. I promise to take it easy for a bit."

Doc nodded, "I can do that. If you keep your promise I will use glue to seal everything up. It will be a bit painful in the beginning but you will not require any more medical attention unless you get stupid and they open up again. Give it a full week before you do any major straining of those muscles, though. Is it OK if I let your LT know of those restrictions?"

Billy responded as Doc began to dig out the bullet fragments, "Sure Doc. That will work."

DD took Mrs. Cooper to the vacated VIP room on the third floor and helped her get the bath ready before going out to the food line and getting the both of them some food. She caught one of the maids who was near Mrs. Cooper's size and asked, "Miss Cynthia, Mrs. Cooper is in rags. Would you find something for her to wear? She is about your size in a C cup. Something conservative, please?"

"Actually, Mrs. DD, I have just the thing." She ran to her room and brought out two nice sun dresses, one a forrest green and the other a sky blue, with high necklines, a couple sport's bras, and a half dozen pair of new, conservatively cut, panties along with socks and a pair of unused sandals. Cynthia also handed DD a makeup case. "All of us decided to get together and get some extra clothes for both men and women since we seem to be picking up those in need."

"Oh! Please tell everyone thank you so much! I will also make sure Harry is aware as well."

"Our Pleasure, Mrs. DD"

DD walked with the clothes and food back to Mrs. Cooper's suite and placed the food on a dinette and the makeup case in front of the mirrored desk before knocking on the bathroom door. "Mrs. Cooper, I have some new clothes in your size as well as a makeup kit and some food for us. May I come in and set your clothes on the counter for you?"

"Oh my! I will be right out! I had no intention of being waited on! That was not my agreement with Mr. Walker!"

DD responded, "Mrs. Cooper, I am not put out by helping you get cleaned up and helping you feel better. You have been through a lot recently and everyone deserves to be pampered for a little while after a life altering experience. I would hope we could develop a friendship over time. I know from personal experience, being alone in life is indeed that, lonely."

"Are, are you sure it's OK?"

DD opened the door slightly, "If you don't mind I will just put these on the counter here for you."

"Please, call me Millie. It was my late husband's nickname for me."

"Millie, what a wonderful name! Mine is just plain DD, please. I have food ready for you when you are finished with your bath. It isn't fancy fair, but it is good. Some salads and some hearty beef stew."

Millie sighed, "I have been hungry for so long, but this bath is just luxurious."

DD smiled, went and got a bowl of the soup and the salads and brought them into the bath with a bath sized table that fit over both sides and made a nice table, "Here you go, best of both worlds. You relax, enjoy your meal and your bath, and when you are good and waterlogged, get dressed and I will be outside."

Millie cried, "I don't deserve this, DD."

DD laughed and said, "Millie, you have no idea what is in store for you. I honestly had a great deal of difficulty making the transition into the family, so I can relate. Just make sure you come commiserate with me when you need a shoulder, fair?"

Millie mouthed a 'thank you' as her tears cascaded down her cheeks.

Every SEAL member, along with Dad and I, had women all over us. Captain Barnes and the crew took us out of the harbor and soon everyone on the ship was having a great time celebrating our victory, even those on the bridge, which was set to autopilot to go up the Floridian east coast. Our young padewan was told to stay in her room on the owner's deck as the 3rd deck became just one big, massive, all hands on deck, celebration.

The women grabbed a man and went straight to the showers, making sure the grime and stress sweat was washed from everyone. The ladies took their time washing us, teasing us, and drying us and themselves before all of us gathered on the third deck where a food line was set up for lunch. We had corn salad, broccoli and pasta salad, beef stew, southern sweet iced tea, and garlic buttered Texas toast. The women of the yacht fed us: none of the men were allowed to get food or pick up a fork or spoon or bottle.

As it turned out, there were an equal number of men and women on the yacht. Cathy, Billy, and Doc then joined us, Billy being none the worse for wear. His LT was given the low down on his injuries and allowed regimen for the next week while we all lazed around and allowed ourselves to be fed.

Isabella had grabbed the Captain, sat him in a chair sideways to a poker table and straddled his naked body with hers, sinking slowly down his shaft as she teased and fed him. "Lady Isabella, I don't understand why I feel the way I do about you, but it seems like I have known you for a very long time. I would deeply appreciate if you would consider the two of us getting to know one another much better?"

"Ahh, Captain, this girl has noticed your attentions and she finds you to be a very intelligent, gentle, strong, and passionate man as well as an able commander." Isabella said as she clamped down on and worked his member with her Kegel muscles, causing him to moan. "This girl would be ecstatic to enter into and explore a relationship with you, should her master allow."

"It's Harry?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do I have Girl's permission to ask him?"

Isabella smiled, "This Girl thinks that would be very pleasing."

Mom had sat me down at the same table. "Harry, I am so proud of you, more so for what you have done in the last two days than when you avenged your father. I know he would be proud of you as well." Mom said as she slipped me into her very wet sex.

"Mom, you feel very good wrapped around my cock." She just winked and rotated her hips, doing delicious things to the head of my cock which was buried balls deep in her pussy while she fed me. Mom was sliding my cock head forward and backward inside her cunnie, delightfully rubbing the sides of the ridge of my cock head as she did so.

I was running my hands up and down Mom's back when I heard what Isabella said about needing my permission. I looked at the Captain and waited for him to ask.

"Harry," he said with the husk of lust in his voice, "May I have the honor and pleasure of developing a relationship with Lady Isabella?"

I smiled, "Absolutely. And if the two of you decide you want to make it official, just ask. Isabella, if you want me to hand over your leash, let me know."

Isabella beamed, "Thank you master. If that time comes, I will let you know."

Just as I had finished eating and was about to really give Mom a workout, of all people, DD and Mrs. Cooper walked up to me.

Millie eventually came out of the bath, having dried and dressed. DD had finished eating and motioned, "Millie, how about you sit in front of the vanity while I finish with your hair and we apply some makeup?"

Millie hesitantly sat down as DD took up a brush and began working with Millie's hair. "When we walk out of the room, I am afraid you are going to be a bit shocked."

"Shocked?"

"Yes. Millie, do you know what the term 'free use' means?"

"I'm sorry DD, but no, I don't."

"Well, it means anyone on the yacht can have sex with anyone else who is willing, at any time, and anywhere, though not in front of the child we currently have onboard, without repercussions. And, well, all the women are congratulating the men for their successful mission outside and everyone is nude and having sex."

"Oh my!"

"We don't have to participate, that is totally up to the individual. And there are no recriminations either way. Your wishes will be respected."

"Well, DD, my late husband used to set up swapping with other couples when we were married. I suppose part of me turning into a Shrew was my jealousy and unfulfilled sex life after he passed."

"Are you saying you would like to join in the sex party outside?"

"If you think I would be accepted, yes, I think I kind of need it."

"You think you need a trim?"

"I have never shaved nor trimmed my sex. I did shave my arms in the tub, though."

"Well, having a well trimmed pussy is very liberating, very cooling, and very sexy. I am willing to give you a nice shaved pussy if you are interested?"

Millie blushed, "I am actually and suddenly very interested in the idea. Thank you."

DD got what she needed and proceeded to give Millie her first hardwood floor.

"Harry, may I present to you, Millie, your new property manager."

Mom took one look, smiled, and lifted herself off of my angrily throbbing and very wet cock. "I see the Chef needs a partner, son, mind if your mother goes and takes care of him?"

I smiled, realizing Mom was giving Millie access as well as letting her know the lay of the land all in one short, polite, but to the point message. "Sure Mom. Thank you for getting me all riled up before you leave." I said with a raised eyebrow and smile. Knowing full well the unspoken conversation that just took place and the obvious intent behind Millie being introduced, freshly shaven, to me.

As Mom left to see to the Chef, I looked at DD and Millie, would one of you beautiful ladies like to help me out with this problem?"

Millie blushed, but without saying a word, straddled my thighs, reached down to my cock, and guided me into her very tight and very hot sex. When she was fully impaled, I sent out a very light touch of Chi to get her really going and said, "Millie, this isn't part of our agreement unless you want to."

DD interrupted, "She is aware, Harry. She needs this, trust me."

I nodded and smiled as Millie's eyes rolled up in her head, "Oh my! Oh my! What are you doing to my poor pussy!" she cried as she took her new toy for a spin.

Millie, for a mature woman, was not carrying any extra weight. Not sure how much of that was due to the recent starvation at GITMO, but she looked good. She evidently took care of herself, though, as her breasts only slightly sagged, which, for a C cup, just added to her sensual portrayal. I know one thing for sure, she knew her way around a cock. She tightened her already tight Kegel muscles and did a full circle with her hips as she came down on me each time.

I was struggling not to cum too fast.

Millie, on the other hand, came almost incessantly. And, we found out something about her during her surfing the waves.

Millie was a screamer.

Those who had finished soon gathered around us and were egging her on as she screamed through one climax after another. She was crying and gasping in between the short breaks of her climaxes while never missing a beat. Sue wet her fingers and began to pull on her nipples from behind and, well, we just thought she was screaming and cumming all over the place before. Millie was a sexual dynamo!

After about 10 minutes of that, I couldn't hold out any longer and I hosed her cunnie down with my cum. After my balls were drained, Millie kept up her pace, albeit a bit more subdued as she wanted to keep my now limp cock inside her as long as possible. She came another three times that way before collapsing against me to the applause and cat calls of everyone on the yacht.

"Damn! Harry! Looks like I am going to have to up my game!" Sue laughed, much to the amusement of everyone within earshot.

After another round of baths, everyone pitched in to clean up the deck and air it out. As we were doing so, DD pulled me to the side. "By the way, Harry: the ladies in the crew pitched in with their own funds to buy some sets of men's and women's clothing. Thought you would want to know."

"Thank you, DD. I will get on that immediately." I walked over to the Captain, who was also helping with the cleanup, Isabella was at his side, "Captain Barnes, I was informed that the women in the crew got together on their own initiative and purchased several sets of men's and women's clothing for use by those we are protecting or will in the future. Please let them know how pleased I am with their initiative, pay them back in triplicate, and ask them to submit anything else they do like that to you for reimbursement."

"I will take care of that as soon as we finish here. Thank you for recognizing them. I cannot ever remember a command where everyone was so happy. You are a great man to work for, Ambassador Walker."

Isabella managed to add, with a very radiant face, "Yes, they were very helpful to Girl, as well."

I looked at her with a raised eyebrow and she nodded very discretely. I reached up and unclasp her collar and handed it to her. With tears of joy, she turned and handed it to Captain Barnes, who accepted it most humbly. Both were speechless, with grins from ear to ear.

To my surprise, Barnes held up a hand and walked to his quarters, returning with something held behind his back. In his hand he had a flat, 1/2 inch wide silver neck chain for both he and Isabella. He handed her his, and they both mutually put each other's collars on. The room erupted in clapping and awws and Leesie said, "Bout damn time they admitted that shit." To which everyone laughed before finishing up the cleaning.

"Get me the leaders of the Senate and House in my office as soon as possible for an emergency meeting, please."

"Yes Mr. President." His Chief of Staff said and immediately got on the phone.

In an hour's time, everyone was present and the President began, "We have discovered that the President of Mexico was at the heart of the attack on the Vice President, myself, and our families. I am going to request a closed session resolution authorizing the use of military force and I want to know ahead of time if any of you have questions."

One asked, "What evidence do you have?"

"Before we go into that, My Chief of Staff has a confidentiality statement for everyone to sign. This information is deemed need to know only."

After everyone signed the paper, the President continued.

"The wife of the President, Lady Isabella de Sousa, has asked for asylum and has given us a complete run down of all the crime families in Mexico who have been giving us fits at the border. The President is head of one of those families and was directly involved in the attack. I have her complete interview for you on the screen over there in a moment."

"Well that explains all the hullabaloo about us kidnapping the President's wife." The Secretary of State added.

"We also have some independent intelligence gathered from a Spec Ops mission that implicates the President as well. I have a folder detailing that information for each of you."

After watching several hours of interrogation the video recorded, and reading the folder handed to them, each of the leaders agreed the action was necessary. One Senator asked, "What are your plans?"

"We are going to take out the crime family heads and as many underlings as we can find. I am planning on asking the Lady Isabella de Sousa to take control of her country with our assistance until another government can be fairly elected. An election which we will have absolutely nothing to do with. Additionally, and this cannot leave the room, the CIA station chief is compromised."

"We are investigating the Ambassador, but initial findings don't look good for him, either. I will establish our Embassy Afloat to be our Embassy until a replacement can be ratified. I expect this all to be done and over with in 6 months."

"Homeland will have the only copy of this video and anyone who wishes to see it must first sign a confidentiality letter to not only protect the innocent but to also not alert our targets. Anyone have any issues?"

Everyone agreed and left, getting to work to make sure the resolution would pass.

Captain Barnes called all the female staff in for a meeting in the Auditorium, "Ladies, Ambassador Walker wishes me to convey to all of you his heartfelt gratitude for your initiative in purchasing clothing items for those in need. That has come in handy already on two different occasions. Please let me know who spent what as I am authorized to triple your costs in reimbursing you. From now on: if you do this, please give me your receipts and I will pay you back. Thank you and those of you who need reimbursing, please stay and let the XO get your names and amounts."

The ladies were proud to have been recognized and let the XO know who spent what.

The rest of the day was mostly uneventful, I had everyone write down their individual AARs (After Action Reports) and cataloged them in the safe.

Chef cooked a Spinach-and-Artichoke Crown Roast of Lamb for dinner cooked with oregano, rosemary, sea salt, coarse ground black pepper, and olive oil that was stuffed with a combination of basmati rice, artichoke hearts, chopped baby spinach leaves, crumbled feta cheese and lemon juice.

The wine of the evening was a 2016 Castello di Fonterotuli, Chianti Classico DOCG Gran Selezione which paired well with the Lamb. The wine had great structure and a complex bouquet of dried flowers.

The crown roast was cut to order table side and extremely tender. The food was exceptional and everyone agreed they ate way too much. Millie, who ate with us on the owner's deck, was beside herself. "I have not having eaten a meal prepared this well since I was kicked out of the Club over a month ago." She said without rancor.

I mentioned, "Well, given your new perspective on life, I am sure I can talk Mavis into allowing you back with a probationary membership, if you like?"

"How would I apologize to them? I cannot go back without making amends."

"I would think a genuine apology by you would be all that would be necessary. Let me talk to her when we get back and see what she thinks."

Millie had finished eating and just sat there looking at me. "I don't understand. I conspired to try and have you assassinated. How can you be so forgiving and so kind to me after that?"

"It is simple, really. You were going through a tough time and you didn't handle it well. In the midst of all that, when you complained about Sue and I, you were the one rebuffed and ostracized. You felt alone and abused and life just wasn't fair. I became the focus of all that was happening to you and you made a snap decision, one which you now regret and realize was ill founded. I am just giving you a second chance at life. What you do with it is up to you."

Millie thought for a moment, "I am learning more and more how wrong I was. We both know I would have died in that hell hole. It is ironic that I tried to take your life and you end up saving mine. You are a good man, Mr. Walker. I am sorry for all I did to you and your family."

Sue got her attention, "Your apology is accepted. Now all that is in the past. Let's celebrate the future from here on, agreed?"

Millie smiled, "I would like that very much. Thank you."

All the family then individually let Millie know there were no hard feelings and that everyone wanted to look to the future instead of the past. After it was all said and done, Millie looked at DD and said, "I know now what you meant when you said you had a difficult time acclimating."

DD just smiled, "I know, right? Let's get together and talk some after dinner in the pool."

Millie nodded, not able to respond at the moment.

With that Captain Barnes got a notification from the bridge, "Captain, the President and Joint Chiefs are on a secure line, they want to talk to the SEAL Team Lieutenants, you, Ambassador Walker, and his father."

I looked at Captain Barnes, "We will take it in the safe room." And we all left the table to talk with the President; the Lieutenants meeting us at the elevators.