

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 28

Rusthemod

The Calm before the Storm?

Incest/Taboo

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The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs then spoke up, "This is going to be called operation 'Chili Pepper'. The President called a closed session of Congress and has asked for and received a resolution authorizing the use of military force to meet the imminent threat posed by the crime families in Mexico. The current Ambassador and the CIA Station Chief will be arrested when everything starts."

"We are going to need a Pacific fleet naval group off Mexico's west coast to help support a Marine contingent there and provide air support in taking out the gangs. They will not go down without a lot of blood."

"We are also sending 2 reinforced infantry brigades split between the several border cities who will be supported with Apache helicopter squadrons."

SOCOM, Spec Ops command, added, "We have battle tested special operators shadowing each of the crime families and have documented their primary assets both inside Mexico and in the United States. The Mexican President's personal assets will be released to Lady Isabella immediately after seizure and all assets in country seized from the accounts of the crime families as well as assets in the United States will be available for her use in running the country. The assets will be diverted electronically minutes before this operation kicks off so there will be no prior warning nor issues with local banks."

"I will need someone to liquidate those material assets and place all the cash in one account from which I can pay the bills for this transition."

"Lady Isabella, might we suggest you call in the United Nations as observers to verify the honesty and integrity of your elections?"

"General, That will be one of my very first priorities, along with ensuring our economy remains stable through the changes that will be coming with the installation of a true Democracy."

"Before anything else, however, we need to make sure my people are safe, have food, and have clean water. Tell your men to leave the power stations and lines alone, please. Building a better infrastructure will be difficult enough without adequate power. I will also need advisors for each of my ministers to both oversee operations, provide feedback to me so I can make good decisions for our people, have independent audits of the banking system and governmental agencies, and offer expertise in how to make things run more smoothly. This is to include what to prioritize."

"With that in mind, Mr. President, I need schools set up for both military and police training as well as the proper military and police equipment necessary to enforce the peace and protect us from southern border incursions by others hoping to capitalize on the upheaval that is to come. I also need food banks filled with any surplus MREs your military forces have as well as portable water purification facilities."

"I need engineers who know how to construct and maintain Run-of-river hydro power facilities to channel flowing water from our mountain streams and rivers through penstocks to spin electrical turbines so we can develop our natural capacity with our mountain streams to create a stable electrical grid. The cost of building that grid is to be paid by America as payment for eliminating the drug and human trafficking across the border."

"I would also ask you to consider creating a combined military base at a place of your choosing between Veracruz and Merida in the Bay of Campeche to patrol the border and turn back refugees. I believe there is a natural incursion of the Gulf there you can transform as a protected port for your ships."

"You can use the base as an out of sight and out of mind training facility for tropical jungle as well as mountain and desert training as well as your Naval and special operations divisions."

"I also want 1,000,000 prepaid cell phones to distribute among the towns and cities to support all our communities so they can call in gang issues as they arise. I will also set up trade schools to give my people jobs so they do not have to resort to crime for their income."

"Please tell your military to impose martial law and broadcast anyone involved in violent crime, extortion, or other felonious crimes will be shot on sight. The legal system is corrupt and there is no valid reason to expect them to change overnight. We can begin to ease up on that as the legal and penal systems are purged of corruption and the criminal organizations are put in disarray."

The Vice President looked at Lady Bella and just chuckled, "My Lady, are you sure you are not a natural born diplomat and negotiator?"

Isabella just smiled and, looking towards Dad and me, just said, "I have good teachers and am a quick study."

The President looked at me and replied, "No shit."

Isabella looked at the people in the room and asked, "Well?"

The President nodded his head, "Done, small price to pay for the national security gains. I will mandate it as part of the military operation supported by Congress. If we do this right, it will save us hundreds of millions of dollars a year for the rest of our lives and improve our healthcare and infrastructure as well."

The head of the Joint Chiefs looked over everyone and said, "Men, we have some planning to do. Operation Chili Pepper commences in 8 days but the logistics needed to start moving yesterday."

I then made my final requests, "When our week is over here, I need my family's SUVs air lifted to Puerto de Veracruz as soon as the base is secured at the port for transportation. Those things are armored better than the presidential tank. Additionally, I want to be designated Chief of Mission. That will require the military in-situ keep me in the loop of what is going on so I and others can appropriately advise Lady Isabella."

I could tell the Joint Chiefs were not too keen on that idea so I continued, "Gentlemen, you are wanting the full cooperation of Lady Isabella. I cannot guarantee that if I am hamstrung by political in-fighting between the branches."

"No way in hell am I going to stand for another Bay of Pigs fiasco and we all know that with special forces, Army, Navy, and Marines involved there will be pissing contests. This will nip that bullshit in

the bud. I have no intention of pissing in someone else's pond, but we all know there needs to be someone who has the authority in-situ that can make shit happen. And, frankly, I don't have any dogs in this fight."

"If you want assurances I can work with your people just ask Captain Barnes." With that I nodded in his direction.

Captain Barnes cleared his throat to give him a second's pause and said, "I can assure you Ambassador Walker's request has merit. In the three engagements we have had in just the last week he has worked seamlessly with the Secret Service, the SEAL Team stationed onboard, and those of us on ship who have military skills. While a superb strategist in his own right, he has no qualms receiving suggestions and feedback and is able to reach a consensus without ruffling feathers or endangering boots on the ground."

The Vice-President confirmed, "The President and I saw him work when our lives were in the balance, the kid is cool under pressure, thinks fast on his feet, and is a bad ass mother-fucker, apologies Lady Isabella, no offense meant."

Bella chuckled, "None taken, Sir. And I also agree with both Captain Barnes and you concerning Ambassador Walker's abilities. I am here with you today because of his leadership and ability to take command of and control a situation as it develops."

The President looked at his Joint Chiefs, "Without objection, I am giving Ambassador Walker COM status." There was no objection raised. "Then get your plans together and meet with Ambassador Walker for approval of the general operational plan. You have two days, Gentlemen. Also, about your vehicles, I will run them by Norfolk first so they can be covered in that carbon fiber scrim painted with the Aluminum, Boron, Magnesium, and Titanium Boride coating. Is the natural silvery gray finish acceptable?"

Dad nodded, "Anything would be acceptable for that level of protection."

With that the Joint Chiefs took over the meeting and the rest of us left the room.

The President then asked Lady Isabella, "I look forward to working with you in the next few months Lady Isabella. Perhaps, when things have cooled down and I can visit the base there in Veracruz and we can get to know one another, better?"

Lady Isabella smiled, "Why Mr. President, it would be a fun time, IF the First Lady approves and comes with you? I would not want to be the cause of marital problems between the two of you."

Just at that time, Mary walked up and asked, "What does Bill need my approval for?"

Lady Isabella looked to Bill and he smiled, "The soon to be ruler of Mexico has agreed to some very fun time together in the Port of Veracruz in about a month's time. She wanted to make sure whatever happened would not cause issues."

"Oh how very kind of you, Lady Isabella," Mary said without any guile in her voice, "Bill does love to spread his oats from time to time. Perhaps you have a significant other who might be interested in having a row with the First Lady of the United States?"

"I cannot speak for him, but I will certainly ask." She then blatantly turned to Captain Barnes and raised an eyebrow much to the surprise of all the non-consulate members of the group. Barnes had

the good grace to just smile and nodded with a wink at Bella, "And, it is just Bella, please. If we are going to be intimate, then the formality in private just seems pretentious, don't you think?"

"Absolutely! And it is Bill and Mary, please." Mary said, having recovered her shock before Bill did. She then leveled her gaze at Captain Barnes and said in a sultry voice, "Most impressive Captain, most impressive indeed!"

Bella smiled.

Back at the B & B we all went out drinking at a local Irish pub to celebrate Billy's purple heart. We were being a bit loud, granted, but one Irish really bad boy wannabe approached our group and told us to shut the hell up or else he and his boys were going to fuck us up.

I looked at him kinda funny and smiled, "Dude, these fellas eat grenades for breakfast, we will keep it down a bit for you, but you need to back up and reassess my friend because you have just bitten off more than this whole bar can chew."

Fella looks at me and says, "Ó sea! Fuck TÚ!" and he pulls out a 38 snub nosed revolver.

At that point, 16 Navy SEALs pull out their .45s, all pointed at wannabe whom they immediately surrounded. And that didn't include dad's machine gun. "Um, yeah. Keep him with us fellas, I am dialing 911. Try not to shoot him if you can help it." Of course his 'boys' backed up immediately and nobody was moving in the bar which was quiet as a church mouse.

Sue just started laughing her ass off, "Dude, you just fucked up in more ways than I can count. You just threatened a United States Ambassador and his security detail who are very highly trained in lethal combat tactics...not to mention a foreign dignitary."

Captain Barnes added, "Yep, son, in the history of bad decisions, this one of yours ranks right up there with the Bay of Pigs invasion or the air raid of Hawaii at the start of World War II. In a recent fight with Marines who outnumbered these boys 50 to 1, the Marines lost. Just saying."

One of the SEAL members scrunched his nose, "Dude! Did you just shit your pants?"

"911, please state the nature of your emergency. Do you need fire, police, or an ambulance?"

"Well, Mrs. 911, right now we need some police. A bad boy wannabe just pulled out a .38 pistol on a foreign dignitary, a U.S. Ambassador, and a whole diplomatic security team at the (name withheld) bar and someone needs to come collect this bad boy before he gets more holes in him than a vegetable sieve. The situation is under control as our boy has 16 .45s and one sub machine gun, all with armor piercing ammo, pointed at his head. He isn't going anywhere."

"Oh, and the officers may want to bring something for him to wear as I heard one of the security detail fellas claim he shit his pants. Don't want this idiot wannabe to soil one of your vehicles. I will let you know if you need a Coroner to try and put him back together again if Humpty Dumpty decides to get even more stupid."

I then heard over the phone, "ALL AVAILABLE UNITS! 10-18 CODE ONE TO THE (NAME WITHHELD) BAR. 10-61, 10-31, MULTIPLE 10-32s SO 11-59."

I chuckled a bit as the bar was as still quiet as a mouse, "Yeah, might want your highest ranking officer 10-18 as well, Mrs. 911. And please let your officers know to come in slow. My security team is understandably a bit edgy right now. We want everyone to go home alive tonight."

"Sir, is your life in danger?"

"Oh heck no! Our bad boy's life is, though. I will stand outside the door to greet your officers as they arrive to explain the situation. No need for the scanners to catch it all."

"Please stay on the line until our officers arrive."

"Sorry hon, I need to call the U.S. Department of State to appraise them of the situation."

I hung up and made the call as I walked out the front door with two of the SEALs in tow, "US Department of State emergency line, please state the nature of your emergency?"

"This is Ambassador Walker with the wife of the Mexican President and a security detail at the (name withheld) bar in the city of (name withheld). We have an incident where a local brandished a gun and 911 has been called. Everyone is safe, but the locals will need to know we actually are diplomats and that she is an actual foreign dignitary. Could someone from your office be so kind as to call the local Chief so the officers understand the bigger picture here?"

"Yes, Ambassador, the foreign affairs undersecretary is making that call as we speak. Is there anything else I can help you with? Do you need the F.B.I. or a military unit in route?"

"At this time I don't think any of that will be necessary, we have the situation well in hand. I just didn't want the locals to get themselves over their heads without fair warning. Please give the Chief this number to call so everything can be verified? Thank you so much."

"Very well, Mr. Ambassador, please let us know if you need us for anything else."

As I hung up the first of several police cars careened into the parking lot and came to a screeching halt.

"Easy fellas, we want to de-escalate the situation. These boys are just doing their job."

"Roger that, Sir."

We all put our hands up, Mine had my wallet with my diplomatic credentials for the officers to look at when they felt they had controlled the situation outside.

Doors flew open and pistols and shotguns pointed at me and the two SEALs, "Turn around and kneel with your hands behind your heads!"

We complied as more cars showed up. As we were being cuffed I mentioned, "I am an Ambassador and these men are my security detail. There are several more inside and they are all armed. Please do not storm inside as they may mistake your intentions."

One officer chuckled, "We have bullet proof vests, they shoot at us they are going to regret it."

"Actually, officer, they all have armor piercing ammunition in their weapons and this is a trained crack assault team. You will be lucky to get a shot off. Besides, the bar is full of innocent people, do we really want a fire fight in there? May I suggest an alternative approach?"

"I'm listening."

"First, check my wallet, you will see my diplomatic credentials. Second, wait for your Chief to call you on my cell phone as the Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs has just called him to let everyone know we are legit."

As the Officer was checking my credentials my cell phone went off. "Please, feel free to answer it, I am sure the call is for you." At the same time I heard everyone's radios pop off about standing down and not entering the building until the Captain in charge of night shift arrived on scene.

"Hello, this is Sargent Watkins with the (redacted) Police Department, who is this?"

"Chief! Yes, Chief, we have Mr. Walker in cuffs with two associates who were armed with what looks to be specialty Sig.45's."

There was an extended one way conversation where the Sargent slowly turned more and more pale.

"Yes, Sir! Understood, Sir! I will inform the Captain as soon as he arrives, Sir! No Sir, you have been crystal clear, Sir!"

"The Chief wants to talk to you," he said as he put the phone to my ear. "You Ambassador Walker?"

"Yes Chief. Sorry for pissing in your pond tonight. We were just out for a celebration, one of the boys just had the President of the United States himself pin a purple heart on him. We didn't want to create a problem for you and your officers."

"Well, I just want to thank you for the enema I just got from the Feds. Just what I wanted just before I went to bed for the evening."

"Sir, can we speak in confidence?" I asked as I looked at the Sargent, who nodded.

"Sure, son...hit me with your best shot."

"My security detail is an active SEAL Team. They are fully armed and I didn't want a full on fire fight when everyone was just doing their job. I am sure you can agree, it would have been a much bigger mess if that were to happen."

"No shit!"

"I do have a request that is a national security issue, Sir. No photographs of any kind. These boys cannot be identified by anyone by any means."

"Done, give me the Sargent"

I looked at the Sargent, "Back to you."

The Officer responded, "Here Chief. Yes Sir. All of them, cars, too? Yes Sir, I will inform everyone here face to face. Yes, Sir."

"ALL OFFICERS TO ME!" When everyone gathered around he said, "By order of the Chief, all video is to be erased and all cameras, both departmental and personal, are to be turned off. That is a direct order. Speak to no one unless cleared by me or the Captain when he arrives. Get to it and clean those devices! Cars, too!"

The Officers looked at one another and one asked, "Who the hell are these people?"

The Sargent bellowed, "No questions! You have your orders! MOVE!"

Everyone jumped and got about turning off all video and cleaning all visual records of the incident.

The Sargent uncuffed the three of us and gave the SEALs their pistols back, "Sorry for the misunderstanding, Ambassador."

"Nah, it is a credit to your department that your Officers acted so professionally. I am very happy with how things are developing. Would you and one of your junior Officers come in with me so you can secure the perp?"

The Sargent distributed the cuffs to the appropriate officers and called one of the lady officers to accompany us into the building. After securing my wallet I reached out to shake her hand, "Officer...Walsh? (I read her name tag) I am Ambassador Walker. It is a pleasure to meet you this evening. I deeply apologize for all the hoopla."

To her credit she was very professional, but she did smile as she said, "Sea, bhí sé beagán ar an taobh mall anocht, Ambassador! Níor thug tú ach beagán deifir do gach duine chun iad a chur ag imeacht don tráthnóna." She replied in her best Irish brogue.

One of the SEALs asked, "What did she just say?"

I laughed. She said, "Yes, it was a bit on the slow side tonight, Ambassador! You just gave every one a bit of a rush to get them going for the evening is all."

Officer Walsh looked at me with a big smile, "Ya got it in one, Yank. Good for you!"

"These boys are my security detail, along with several more inside. I would introduce you but national security issues prevent a more formal introduction....Just call this fellow 'Bad' and this one 'Ass'"

Both SEALs laughed their asses off. Officer Walsh didn't miss a beat, taking both hands and smiling, "Well met! Bad Ass!" Ok, even the Sargent laughed with that.

I led the way, announcing as we came in, "It's all good fellas, friendlies approaching!"

The Perp was face down on the floor with his hands behind his head. His Levi's obviously stained and smelling to high heaven. The .38 on the floor by his waist where he dropped it. Officer Walsh took one look at the perp and yelled, "Diabhal! O'Brien? Tá tú ag fuck suas arís?"

O'Brian wailed, "Oifigeach Walsh! Bhí mé ag insint do na daoine beaga seo a bhí ag gníomhú mar asail go n-imríonn siad as agus chuaigh sé go léir go cac." *Officer Walsh! I was telling these little people who were acting like asses to fuck off and it all went to shit.*

"Cé mhéad uair a bhí mé ag rá leat, a O'Brien? Ní nigh do cac cat a thuilleadh! Bhain siad an ghaoth as do sheolta, a deir tú?" *How many times have I been telling you, O'Brien? Your cat shit doesn't wash anymore! They took the wind out of your sails, you say?*

""Tá Iníon." *Yes Miss*

"Ceart go leor, a quare melter, a ligean ar ghlacadh dooter." *Okay, big ass, let's take a walk."

Officer Walsh cuffed him and led him outside just as the Captain bounded into the bar. She stopped short as she quickly assessed everything was squared away and walked over to the Sargent and me. The SEALs had retaken their seats and Sue called out to the barkeeps, "A round to everyone on us!"

The bar went back to having a good time like nothing had happened.

The Captain looked at me, "You give your statement yet?"

I shook my head and she then asked, "What needs to happen here?"

I motioned for his 'boys' to come over and they reluctantly came. "An bhfuil an buachaill i ndáiríre chomh dúr sin nó an raibh sé ag taispeáint as a chriú?" * "Is the boy really that stupid or was he just showing off for his crew?" *

One of them spoke up and said, "Ní raibh aon dochar déanta aige, a dhuine uasail. Tá brón orainn agus gabhaimid ár leithscéal as a chuid gníomhartha. 'D'éirigh sé rud beag ar meisce anocht." * "He meant no harm, sir. We are sorry and apologize for his actions. "He got a little drunk tonight." *

I looked at the Captain, "How long can you hold him for me to decide?"

"I can hold him 24 hours but then, without a complaint, I have to release him."

"I will let you know my decision in 25 hours then."

Everyone there caught my drift and his boys nodded their heads as they raised their drinks, "Slán! Go n-éirigh an bothar leat." * "Cheers! May your road rise to meet you."

I lifted a glass and replied, "Slán!"

The evening went by quickly as we enjoyed ourselves and towards the end of the night, who should walk up in civilian clothes but officer Walsh herself. "W'ere be m'e boyos?"

I smiled and pointed towards the two men at the next table and she hollered loud enough for the whole bar to hear, "Aye! BAD, ASS! O'w th'e angin?"

To their credit, and to everyone's raised eyebrows, they replied, "Come check for yourself you saucy lass!"

She walked over, "Oh I'm intenden doin it! But first, w'eres m'e beer!"

Walsh was an instant celebrity and both Bad and Ass brought her to the B & B when we finally called it a night.

It was 2 in the morning but everyone was in full stealth mode getting to their rooms. I felt like a proud father. I left a note at the front desk not to bother with breakfast and asked them to use my card to have brunch catered at 10:00 for everyone instead.

9:00 came early that morning and everyone got a wake up call for brunch at 10:00. Bad and Ass came down with Walsh. She was bouncing around and full of energy but our two SEALs were obviously in hangover mode. I called Walsh over to our table and she plopped down after getting some food.

Brunch was nice, we had An assortment of our flavorful bite-size wraps including, Black Angus Club, and Turkey Bacon Ranch. There was a Chopped Salad with mixed greens, grilled chicken, dried cranberries, Gorgonzola cheese, honey roasted almonds, tomatoes and cucumbers served with a tangy sherry shallot dressing. There were Croissants piled high with egg, cheese and a choice of Black Forest ham, sausage or Applewood bacon. Finally, there was a fresh baked potato bar where everyone could customized their potato with any combination of sour cream, butter, cheddar-jack cheese, sliced jalapenos, and green onion.

There was lots of Orange Juice, Coffee, Milk, and Tea available to drink as well.

After stuffing her face, Walsh began to ask some questions in perfect English, much to our amusement.

"So, Ambassador, I think I wore out your two boys last night. They seem to be dragging this morning."

I looked over at them and nodded my head in agreement. "I think you may be right! Everyone is going to be ragging on them when we go on our 5 mile run this morning before hitting the gym."

"Oh! I would love to run with you guys if that is Okay with you?"

"Um, these fellas are Navy SEALs, Walsh. I am not sure you could keep up."

"SEALS eh?" She said loud enough for them to hear, "Not too impressive with their stamina so far!"

I just laughed as the rest of the Team gave their two members hell about a girl kicking their asses in bed.

Sue then piped in, "Well, you didn't get the one who can make half a dozen women comatose in one go."

Walsh perked up and said loudly again, "You mean there is a man here who can actually hang with a woman?"

There was more ribbing by the guys and Sue looked at me...not saying a word.

"The Ambassador? You shittin me?"

Bella chimed in, "Mrs. Walsh, you have no idea. The Ambassador will turn you every which way but loose and you will be begging for him to stop just before you pass out. Man has an electric cock."

"I'm not going to get into a cat fight with your woman if I jump your bones am I Ambassador?"

Sue laughed, "Sweetheart, I am his wife. Go for it! I will be there to finish him off when you pass out."

Walsh just smiled, "That! I wanna see!"

I wisely kept my mouth shut. But I did give Walsh a wink and then announced, "5 mile run in 30 minutes!" I didn't get any objections but I could tell some of the fellas were not really thrilled at the prospect.

Sue grabbed Walsh's hand and said, "Come up to the room, I have a running outfit you can wear." They took off and we fellas got up to go get ready. I noted Leesie gathered the women to help

clean up the place after brunch was over.

I set the pace. It wasn't a full out run, but we didn't slouch, either. Some of the boys were a bit winded by the end, having sweat out a lot of the alcohol from last night. Giving Walsh her due, she was right beside me the whole time. We hit the Gym on the last leg back and Walsh and I spotted each other on the free weights. There wasn't much banter as SEALs are serious about their conditioning and strength routines.

We did a sprint back to the B & B and Walsh and I tied for first. We both went up to Sue's and my room to undress and jump in the shower. Walsh gave me a once over, checking my package as I stripped so I returned the obvious attempt at foreplay. She made sure to bend down really low at the waist when she pulled off her running tights, giving me a full view of her sex. She had hardwood floors and light pink inner lips which matched her rose as well as her nipples. She was a large C cup and very perky.

She walked past me to the shower and patted my cock as she went by, "Nice. Looking forward to being impressed!"

I swatted her ass with the flat of my hand and she squealed as she jumped into the shower. I pulled her back to me and wrapped my arms around her as I soaped my hands, making sure her tummy and breasts were squeaky clean. I gently pulled on her nipples with my slick, soapy fingers as I took turns kissing both sides of her neck below her ears.

By the time we were done I had a raging hard on and she was primed for a drilling.

I swept her up in my arms and, as I lay her on the bed next to a nekkid sister/wife, I said, "Your safe word is peachy. If you say Peachy, I will slow down and stop."

She said, "Fat chance!"

Sue laughed, "Fat chance you don't!"

Walsh just lifted her legs and spread her thighs, "Enough talk Casanova! Show me what you got!"

I moved between her thighs, lined up my cock head to her opening, and slowly pressed into her hot, wet sex up to my balls. I held it there for a moment and she cooed, "Mmm, feels nlllICE!" Her last word came out as a partial screech as I let loose some Chi through my cock.

I didn't give her time to recover and started pounding her for all I was worth. Walsh was looking dazed and confused. She was gripping sheets for all she was worth and whimpering with each inward, ball bouncing, thrust into her pussy. Her vocabulary reduced to, "Hunnha! Fuck! Yes! Fuck!" In no specific order.

About every 8th or 9th long stroke she climaxed for about 6 or 7 strokes before restarting. Her climaxes caused her to use her Kegel muscles and her walls rhythmically pressed hard against my cock as I took her like a bear during heat.

After about her 10th orgasm I pulled out. "Turn over and spread your cheeks. I am going to take your ass and send you to heaven!"

After an initial moan she quickly turned over and reached back to spread the cheeks of her raised ass for me. I lined up and pressed. After a little resistance, the head of my cock plopped in past her anal ring and I wetly glided up inside her ass where I immediately sent a pulse of Chi up her spine to her brain.

Walsh went stiff as a board, whooshed out all her air from her lungs before gasping deeply, and cried, "Fuck I was wrong! Fuck! Fuck!..." She kept repeating herself on every stroke as I wasted her ass with my cock. I pulsed Chi a second time and she just started whimpering as I pounded her into the bed. Walsh was in a constant, long term orgasm from the first pulse and it didn't let up. Wave after wave washed over her and her whole body just thrummed with each wave as it crashed over her senses.

Finally, after about 5 minutes of constant orgasms I could faintly hear her begging, "Please. Peaches. Please."

I bottomed out inside her and was still for a moment, my cock pulsing to my heartbeat inside her, making her jump reflexively each time. I slowly pulled out, her ass now gaping temporarily from my invasion. I walked to the shower with my still raging hard on to clean up with Sue it tow.

She cleaned me up real well and then presented her pussy for me. "Come baby, let your sister take care of that for you," she purred. I took her until I came...making sure she did as well.

After Sue and I finished and dried off, we walked back into the room to find Walsh still spread eagled, face down in the bed. Her rose had closed up but she was still breathing heavily. "What the fuck did you do to me!"

Sue laughed, "I tried to tell you! But no! You wouldn't listen!"

"But what he did is just not possible!"

"You would think so. But obviously it is. And now you are ruined!"

Walsh groaned, "No shit! I still can't walk to the damn shower!"

Sue and I laughed and helped her walk to the shower where Sue helped to clean her up. "Sue, is there orange juice or coffee in the breakfast room?"

"I know there is coffee and I am sure I can rustle up some orange juice. Let's get you dressed and we can head over there and sit down to recuperate."

We all got dressed and as we exited the suite, the hallway was lined with the entire group. Captain Barnes hollered, "Attention on Deck!" Everyone snapped to, even the women. "Pre---sent Arms!" Everyone saluted. I snapped to and saluted in return calling out, "As you were!" and everyone broke down in laughter yelling, "Whose the man! Whose the man! Harry's the man!"

Walsh took it in stride and yelled, "Damn straight! You boys need tah ketch your asses up!"

Everyone whooped and hollered as we walked down the hallway to get some refreshments and recuperate.

Sitting at a table with a pitcher of Orange juice and cups of fresh coffee, I asked, "So when you have to be back to work, Walsh?"

She blushed a bit, "Actually, Ambassador, I am working. I am on special assignment to keep you boyos out of trouble."

"So, do you do martial arts?" Sue asked.

Walsh laughed, "My father was an Irish Jew who was," she looked at me with a smile, "An Ambassador to Isreal and who befriended Eyal Yanilov, a direct disciple of Imrich Sde-Ora who is the founder of Krav Maga, one of the deadliest martial arts in the world."

I raised my eyebrows, "That is some serious stuff! Are you proficient?"

She smiled, "I am proficient enough to be a certified instructor."

"Have you ever had to use it?"

"Once, against the man who killed my father." She spat on the floor, "He lasted 5 seconds."

"How old were you?" I asked.

"I was 15."

"Walsh, what would you say to me if I said I have a job for you if you are interested?"

Walsh raised an eyebrow, "Keep talking Mr. Ambassador."

"This is need to know information. As you already know, we have the wife of the Mexican President with us. She needs protection. Like, from her husband and other crime lords in Mexico where we will be returning in 6 days time. There has been a declaration of war of sorts due to the Mexican President attempting to kill our President. Lady Isabella will be an interim ruler of Mexico until elections can be held after everything has stabilized."

Walsh leaned back in her chair, "I'm interested, but not just for a few months. If you want me you have to commit to a full career."

"That will not be a problem as I also want you to train everyone at the Embassy, men and women, in your style of fighting, including my immediate family."

"Okay, what kind of pay are we talking about?"

"What level of pay do you need?"

"I want 50k plus medical and dental."

"Done, and I will throw in all living expenses as well. Give your employer 3 days notice. If they refuse and demand your resignation, give it and we can start you today. You will need to deal with any housing situation as you will be living with us at the Embassy. Sue will set you up with a transitional room of your own here till we leave in 4 days time."

After that quick meeting I met with Miss Stanley Cooper. "How are you doing so far?"

"I am doing so much better, thank you for saving my life."

"Glad to hear. We will be heading out in about an hour to the cottages you will be maintaining for us. I would like to let you know that the local Sheriff's Officers have unrestricted access to the main

cottages for rest and relaxation, fishing, that sort of stuff. It will be your job to coordinate that as well as keep up supplies. If you don't want to cook, you will need to get with Mavis from the Club and work out an arrangement."

"I will set up an account at the bank so you can access the necessary cash to do whatever you need and we need to buy you a car. I am thinking a Mercedes Benz AMG GLS 63 SUV would fit your needs. That agreeable with you?"

Millie nodded appreciatively.

Keep records of all your expenses. Your pay, which will be \$50k a month, utilities for both cottages, fuel for the car and boats as well as their maintenance, repairs, food, etc. will all come off that card. It will be audited every year in December for tax purposes so those records will be important. All your regular living expenses, including clothing will also be paid along with medical, dental, and vision insurance. That acceptable?"

Okay, now she was blushing and started to cry, "Why are you treating me so nicely, Mr. Walker? I tried to have you killed!"

"Because I am counting on you being a very loyal and respected employee who has my back. Think you can do that for me?"

Millie held out her hand and we shook on the deal.

After meeting with her, Sue went and gathered up Ana Barrera and her child.

"Is there an issue Mr. Walker?"

"Absolutely not! I wanted to let you know that Sue, my liaison officer, has purchased a cosy restaurant near where your family lives for you to manage. I want you to modernize it, create a theme you think will sell, and develop the business. You will have full autonomy but keep good records as you will be audited every December for tax purposes."

Ana began patting her heart, "My, my own restaurant to run!"

Sue nodded, "Your work visa is being expedited and should arrive at your family's home within the week. When you arrive, have one of your family members meet you at the airport and go to the local Mercedes Benz dealership and get your pick of any Mercedes Benz AMG GLS 63 SUV on the lot. Pay for it using this credit card."

"Use this other card," Sue handed both to Ana, "To pay for all your living expenses including food, shelter, clothing, proper medical, dental, and vision insurance for both you and your child. You will also be paid \$50k a month in addition to all those things."

Ana was in tears and tightly hugged us both. "Run and get ready! We are taking you to the airport in 40 minutes!"

I grabbed one of the SEAL Lieutenants and said, I need one squad to go with me, fully kitted but in civvies for an overnigher. Wheels up in 40."

"Wheels up in 40, yes Sir!" He quickly ran off to get a team together.

We arrived at the airport and walked over to the private departure area where we met our Captain. Getting through security at first was a pain in the ass until I showed my diplomatic credentials and explained Ana was a foreign national under my employ and Millie was also under my employ. The SEALs caused a bit of a row being in civilian clothes with their weapons cases as well. But, after I verified my diplomatic status it was amazing how fast we were all cleared to fly.

On the way there I called Marion, "A polite young man answered the phone, "You have reached the Sheriff's office on a recorded line. This is Officer Davins, how may I be of service today?"

"Officer Davins! This is Ambassador Harry Walker. Is my deadbeat Uncle asleep in his office by chance?"

"Um....Yes Ambassador! I mean No! Ambassador, he is not asleep but he is in his office! I will transfer you right away!"

"When you let him know about the call tell him some guy is claiming to be his nephew and claiming to be some trumped up Ambassador wants to talk to his sorry ass....those exact words."

As the line connected we did hear Marion under his breath say, "Ambassador my ass."

"Hey Uncle! How is married life treating you?"

"Harry? What is this bologna about being a diplomat?"

"Yeah, can't talk much over an open line. We will be at the airport in an hour, though traveling private jet. Think we could get police protection and a ride to the Mercedes Benz dealership before heading to the cottage?"

"Cathy and I will be there along with a couple squad cars."

"Sounds like a plan. Is the Club open yet?"

"Yes, just had their grand reopening yesterday. Should I book us a table?"

"Yes, and tell Mavis we want the Governor's table. A U.S. Ambassador deserves no less."

"Bull shit."

"No shit."

"Oh shit."

I laughed, "Deep shit," and hung up.

When we landed, Sue handed Ana a manila envelope with copies of all her work visa applications, her status as a diplomatic employee, the deed to the restaurant, \$5,000 cash and a new cell phone with our numbers already on speed dial. After hugs, tears, and heartfelt goodbyes all around, we left to go meet Uncle Marion and Aunt Cathy. With our day bags in tow."

Marion and Cathy met us at the terminal entrance and Sue ran when she saw them, "Aunty Cathy! Uncle Marion!" She hollered as she hugged them both. Marion did a double take when he saw Millie was with us.

"You got her out of GITMO?"

"Not here, Uncle. Shall we load up? I will fill you in on the way to the dealership."

No sooner than we got into his car, Marion demanded, "So what's this about you being an Ambassador?"

Sue piped up, "Well, he saved the President's and Vice President's lives as well as the lives of their wives. He is a multi-billionaire now, he is a full Ambassador and about to have a temporary assignment to Mexico, he abducted the Mexican President's wife, started a war between Mexico and the U.S., single handedly took over GITMO, and owns a 500 foot, trimaran, four deck, luxury yacht with torpedoes, missiles, and Gatling guns! Oh, I forgot, Harry is going to be the man in charge of the second U.S. - Mexican war!"

"Cathy asked, "Sue, have you been drinking?"

I laughed, "No Cathy, everything she just said is actually very accurate...well, with a little embellishment. I didn't shut down GITMO single handed, Dad and the SEAL Team helped, along with support from our yacht Captain."

Millie added, "Sheriff, I can personally verify the part about GITMO, I was there and saw the whole thing."

Marion pulled into the Mercedes Dealership and stopped the car. "Okay, If you are a diplomat, you have credentials...let me see them."

Both Sue and I handed them over and after a few moments studying them all he could say was, "Been a helluva busy week and a half, huh?"

"The war with Mexico is need to know only at this point. We are taking down all the crime families there...the Mexican President just happens to be head of one of them, and his wife is now part of the family."

Marion laughed, "Damn if you didn't take after your old man...both of them!"

Millie picked out her SUV and she drove it with Cathy to the local bank where I set her up with her accounts. From there we headed to the Club for dinner.

When we exited our favorite doorman was there who greeted us with a big smile.