

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 32

Rusthemod

War done American style.

Incest/Taboo

4.77

10k words

Within minutes of each other, these things all occurred or began:

The President called the Mexican Ambassador and told him the United States had declared war on Mexico.

Bunker Buster bombs were released from Air Force fighters which took out all the known tunnels into the States.

Troop carriers which had previously been slowly approaching the port of Vera Cruz under cover of darkness quickly entered the port, unloaded, and immediately began to set up a layered defensive perimeter.

Every home, business, warehouse, drug manufacturing plant, and property of the 5 crime families was raided. Known bad actors were eliminated, and assets were located and seized.

Known and identified street gang headquarters were bombed.

The American Embassy in Mexico City was shut down by its own Marine contingent and the Ambassador and his subordinates were arrested.

The banks in Mexico, the United States, and in multiple other countries were electronically raided and every single account associated with the Mexican crime families was sucked dry and put into a special account in Isabella's name (that took all of 15 minutes).

The Mexican/U.S. border was shut down completely by a full military blockade supported by helicopters, infrared vision, gun boats, amphibious troop carriers, and drone reconnaissance. Only commercial traffic and U.S. citizens returning to the United States were allowed to cross after a full inspection at the border crossing stations. All other traffic was stopped in its tracks by turning it back towards Mexico or elimination if they resisted with violence.

Special Forces units began moving through the major cities taking out known criminal street gangs, distributing the prepaid cell phones, and announcing where food and water supplies would be distributed to those in need. (This was to be the one on-going military action which would take a month or so to complete.)

Electrical power plants and sub stations were secured.

The airports were secured via cargo planes landing and disgorging troops along with portable anti-air and anti-missile batteries with light armor which were put in place along with drug and bomb sniffing dogs. Other heightened security measures were added to the standard airport security to prevent criminal activity.

As I hit the 5 minute mark on the countdown, the President called the Mexican Ambassador, who had been summoned earlier, into his Oval Office and over coffee said, "Mr. Ambassador, I am so thankful you were able to come to see me on such short notice."

The Ambassador shot him a sharp look, "Well, I certainly hope this is worth the disruption to my day."

Bill then smiled and handed the Ambassador a date and time stamped letter on presidential letterhead declaring the existence of a state of war between the United States and Mexico. It named all the grievances leading up to that declaration and was signed by the President.

"Perhaps other countries will think twice about attempting to assassinate a sitting President of the United States, Ambassador. You are dismissed."

"Mr. President, with all due respect, only your Congress can declare war!"

"Oh! Did you miss the announcement? That was passed about a week ago." Bill then waived to the Secret Service agents in the room to escort the Ambassador to his Embassy.

As I gave the first 'go' code, multiple F-15s dropped their laser guided bunker busters exactly where intelligence had found the underground tunnels. The timing was impeccable as my last 'go' code was transmitted only an instant before the first bomb buried itself into the ground. Soon muffled explosions, more felt than heard, shook the ground and small lines of indented surface lowered a bit to fill in the caves underneath.

One tunnel was currently in use by a car thief ring. The tunnel collapsing on all of them, giving them a fitting burial, the bomb having sucked all the oxygen from the tunnel and instantly stopping all the vehicles, knocking out the drivers and passengers in an instant before covering them in dirt and timbers. Something none recovered consciousness from.

Within a minute, the Port of Vera Cruz was awash in Marines. They fanned out to pre-assigned positions, not expecting resistance. Elements from the Navy were in place to oversee the port's operations within 5 minutes of our forces landing as a group broke down the door of the port authority and took control of the port traffic.

At least for the day, everything was shut down as the Marines immediately began to set up layers of increasingly capable defensive perimeters around the port to secure it from land and air incursions. It would be several hours before this was completed, but once in place, not even a mouse was getting past them.

There were two cruise ships in port and they were informed they were allowed to collect their passengers and leave the port. One had not yet disembarked its passengers and the other had just finished loading theirs from the evening's planned shore festivities, so that was fortunate.

The Navy took a bit of time to seal off the blockade, but ships don't move that fast. The Subs, however, were already in position and were tracking all the surface and any subsurface traffic in the area.

There was one very nice yacht that pulled away from its dock and made a bee line for the exit to the protected port. As soon as it broke cover it was spotted by the USS Cole (DDG-67) which took up pursuit.

"Montecello this is the United States Destroyer USS Cole, you will power down and we will come along side you. Should you not comply you will be sunk. If you do not respond to this message you will be sunk. Awaiting your decision. Over."

"USS Cole, this is Montecello, we are a civilian vessel in Mexican territorial waters. You have no authority here. Over."

"Montecello, just in case you have not figured it out, the United States and Mexico are at war and this port is now under a blockade. You will heave to or you will become a fish habitat. You have 1 minute to comply before we cut you in half. Over."

"Commander, the gun crew has reported manned and ready!"

"Very well, have them aim for the forestem and put a shot through it on my mark."

After a minute, the Montecello had not complied. "5 inch Gun crew, you may fire when ready."

The round took out the first six inches of the forestem. It was just gone in a shower of shrapnel that hit the sea on the other side of the cruise ship with a cone of debris.

"USS Cole! Cease fire! Cease fire! We are a civilian vessel!"

Montecello, this is the USS Cole, if you look out your starboard window you will see the 6 inch gun is now targeting you amidships with a high incendiary round which will likely cause your fuel to ignite and incinerate your crew. You have 30 seconds to power down before we fire. Over."

The Montecello cut her engines and was boarded. On board was one of the lieutenants of one of the crime families and he was taken into custody, the yacht impounded, and piloted back to port. Her crew were dismissed and a naval crew took over with Captain HL and his XO having crews work up the communications suite and repairing the forestem so they could take temporary residence during the blockade.

The army deployed rapidly via parachutes, personnel carriers, humvees, even busses and formed a line at the busiest border crossings and moved forward. They boxed in the trespassers between them and the river and soon amphibious troop carriers were available to transport them back over the Rio Grand. Other small gunboats fired warning shots in front of those still trying to cross, turning them back.

When all the illegal trespassers had been returned to Mexico, the army then began to traverse the Rio Grand and continued to push back the growing horde who now panicked and dispersed. The army then held a line 1 mile from the river on the Mexican side and set up stations with food, water, and medical facilities to deal with the mass of people who were no longer allowed to illegally enter the United States. They also made arrangements to ship them back to their home countries or towns in Mexico.

Inside the American Embassy, the Ambassador was awakened by the Marine guard contingent, along with his Intelligence Officer, and he and she were put on a chopper and ferried out to the carrier and jailed as traitors.

"Mr. Ambassador, you need to get dressed, Sir. By order of the President of the United States, you are under arrest for Treason."

"Staff Sergeant! What are you doing in my private quarters! This is preposterous! I am an Ambassador and have diplomatic immunity!"

"You have immunity with other nations, Sir. Not with the United States. You can get up and get dressed or I can haul your mangy ass as is to the brig on the Carrier Harry Truman, Sir. Your decision, but make it fast."

He got dressed. A similar discussion occurred with the intelligence officer but she refused to comply and she was hauled out in her see through nightgown and put on the chopper bound for the Carrier group. One of the men on the chopper threw her a blanket to save them having to deal with her partial nudity. She was yelling and screaming profanities until someone taped her mouth shut and secured her hands to the armrests of her seat.

All of them knew why these two were arrested and none of them gave a flying fuck about their welfare.

"Military convoy to MEX controllers, clear all airspace and runways for military aircraft. Over."

"Military convoy this is MEX, your approach is denied, you may enter the landing pattern at 1500 meters and land as instructed."

"MEX, this is the military convoy. I don't think you understand the situation, son. We are at war and are invading your country. Move your shit or we will blow it out of the sky and do it now. We are on direct approach and if anything is on the runways it will be utterly and completely destroyed. Over."

"MEX to military convoy, this is a takeover! You cannot get away with this!"

"Military convoy to MEX: Duh! What the fuck do you think war is? Dumb ass! Move it or lose it! We are coming in!"

Within fifteen minutes the runways were cleared and the air traffic that could be diverted was diverted with emergency landings of those that could not who were immediately moved out of the way of the incoming waves of military transports.

I watched it all take place on the multiple televisions I had installed in my safe-room which was converted into my command center. I had Dad, the SEAL Lieutenants, and Captain Barnes all watching with me to help me keep my attention where it was needed most.

All the crime families and their assets were dealt with and confiscated within 20 minutes of my go code.

Searches of all their real estate located multiple multi-million dollar cash, gold, and precious jewel stashes which were immediately confiscated and placed on helicopters which were then unloaded into several covered and secured armored troop carriers until it could be counted and put into Bella's account or placed into the safe (the jewels) here at the Embassy or the gold deposited into the international banking system.

The sum total of all those assets came to about 6 trillion dollars, making Bella one of the richest people on the planet.

I was impressed.

Most of the goals I hoped to accomplish during the first day were reached within 30 minutes of commencing Operation Chili Pepper.

"Mad Dog to squad, we need to converge on the gang house, Jamie, watch our six, Mikey, take point! Round the gang into their headquarters, bunch them up so Ghoster can take em out with a mark 84 GBU-15, over."

"Roger that Lieutenant."

The squad moved forward quickly and professionally. It was still before dawn and their target is a primary for their team today. According to intel there should be lookouts. Being seen was part of the plan to awaken and condense the gang into their defensive positions and to that end 4 squads are approaching from four directions. Mad Dog and his squad had operational control and his was the only team slated to actually engage the target.

"Mad Dog, we have no contacts. I don't like it, it's too easy. Over."

"Keep your eyes peeled Mikey."

After a few more minutes, Mikey called back, "Mad Dog I have reached our target, still no contacts. Area is completely deserted, Over."

"Roger, Mikey. Hold position until we reach you. Jamie link back up with us, over."

"On my way Mad Dog."

"Ghoster this is Mad Dog, do you read? Over."

"Ghoster is in position, pickle is hot. Dropping on your mark, Mad Dog."

"Mad Dog, this is Mikey, switching to infrared, something isn't right. There are no guards where intel told us they should be, over."

"Roger Mikey. Team, switch to infrared."

Just then, every second floor window lit up with weapons fire and the squad was surrounded! Evidently someone let them know we had parachuted in and they set up a kill zone. These hardened criminals had stayed inside and under cover, avoiding the drone surveillance, and Deep Look was occupied elsewhere.

"FUCK! WE ARE IN A CROSSFIRE! Ghoster, drop your full compliment on our location and the gang house, over!"

"Negative Mad Dog, you are danger close, I will take you out, Over!"

"Ghoster, drop em, none of us will be ali....."

"Mad Dog, this is Ghoster, over!"

Silence.

"Mad Dog! Do you read, over!"

Silence.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Mad Dog, if you read, tell those mother fuckers Ghoster is comin' and hell is coming with me!"

"Bomb 1 away!"

"Bomb 2 away!"

"Bomb 3 away!"

"Bomb 4 away!"

Ghoster made a sharp turn and watched as all four bombs scored direct hits. Every building around the assault team was leveled.

With a salute he softly transmits, "Rest in peace soldiers, Ghoster sent them all to hell for you."

With a tear he returned to base.

Part of me knew I was sending some good men and women in harms way. And to expect all of them to come back alive really was unrealistic. Still, hearing the chatter that a team taking out a gang house was hit hard and down grabbed at my heart. It was one of the Lieutenants who brought my attention to the situation and by the time I was listening in they were already lost and the pilot had dropped his ordinance, taking out the entire gang building and the buildings around the kill zone.

I mourned their loss for a moment and then Doc's and DD's words came back to me from when I had killed, 'In the moment you have to divest yourself of the emotions. You have a job to do, so do it to the best of your ability. You can look into the mirror later, when other lives are not on the line.'

"Mark that unit, Lieutenant, I will need their names and next of kin later."

"Already done, Ambassador."

Also, allocate their secondary targets and responsibilities to a backup unit and get them in the game ASAP.

"Aye Aye, Ambassador."

Before me was a montage of one sided battles. It seemed the crime families either had no clue, were over confident, more inept at conducting a war than we could fathom, our highly trained troops were really just that bad ass, or they just didn't believe the United States would retaliate like this for their attempted assassination. My personal opinion is a combination of the later two. Being honest with myself, I knew this was long overdue and the last incident was just the straw that broke the Camel's back.

I was most interested in the raid of the Presidential Palace, having a vested interest there.

I watched the live feed from the Squad leader's helmet cam and listened to his communications as the raid commenced.

I have included the AAR (After Action Report) of the Squad Leader, with a few additions, to give everyone a sense of just exactly how devastating and how lightening fast this war actually was.

My squad was a ground force of special operators and was tasked with a raid of the Presidential Palace to capture the Mexican President. For over a week prior, a combination of satellite and drone surveillance captured patterns of life in and around the compound. Both hard and soft targets were identified with the assistance of image recognition and multi sensor analysis, including guard posts, backup power generators, and communications connections.

Based on the analysis of these targets, I, as squad leader, using my AI-powered software tools, calculated the required minimum payloads to destroy the necessary targets and provided my drone controllers with a list of appropriate ordnance options paired with a probability of success score. This score balanced multiple considerations such as proportionality, collateral damage, and known enemy defenses into my assessment.

Relevant data was then downloaded onto tablets for controlling the loitering munitions carried by my ground force and saved in a secure cloud-based server for MQ-9 Reaper pilots and other joint-force operators to access as needed.

Switchblade "kamikaze" drones were selected as the primary ordnance for the identified targets. These small '300 series' drones were carried both by the forward air controller (FAC) on the ground and my squad members while the '600 series' drones were carried by the MQ-9s on-station above.

The Switchblade's small size and low operating altitude made them more resilient to enemy air-defenses, while the capability to launch and control them from multiple agents created a killweb resilient to interruptions that would break a traditional kill chain. These devices were programmed to launch while the team was in the assembly area, made to loiter while the team approached our attack position, and strike just prior to actions on the objective, thus maintaining the element of surprise.

All this was in place and on station; and we were ready to commence operations when the 'GO' code was broadcast. Immediately after that code, the primary MQ-9 tasked its 600s. When I gave the signal, the Reaper pilot guided the first Switchblades to strike their preset targets, taking out power, communications, and enemy overwatch positions along with the elevator shaft heading to the underground escape route for the President.

My ground team deployed, while the overhead MQ-9 controlled the Switchblade 600s above the battle space. Those devices can loiter for up to 40 minutes, allowing for sequenced strikes from the munitions in coordination with my ground team's movements.

"Approach the main entrance in a standard 2 x 2 formation!" As my team met minor resistance we took cover and I reacted, "FAC! Use your tablet and its imagery of the compound and direct more loitering drones launched by the MQ-9 to strike entrenched enemy positions!"

Switchblades flew into windows and through doorways, exploding on impact and killing enemy combatants, including the guards at the front of the building. Another one took out the barracks by flying through a window, across a room, out the room's door, and through the wall in the hallway to blow up right inside the barracks.

Another 600 took out the guards in an adjoining room to the Presidential bedroom suite.

The last two 600s and several 600s from a second reaper I had requested were set to loiter so they would be ready to deal with any additional threats as they arose.

My team reached the main entrance without having to fire a shot. "Team! Take strategic positions as we move through the compound! Take out any hostiles as we make our way up the stairs! Move! Move! Move! We have to get to the third floor before non-combatants begin to use the stairs to flee!" My FAC had locked out the elevators when he took out the power.

The team moved as quickly as it was safe, strongly voicing, "Clear! Clear! Clear!" communications as we passed possible threat points along the way. We reached the third floor in a matter of seconds. At this point the operation had taken a total of less than 5 minutes from the 'GO' transmission.

Soon after my raid team entered the building, a hostile quick-reaction force (QRF) lifted off from a rooftop helipad and approached via a helicopter to intercept us. Using sensor-fusion, the AI autopilot assisting the MQ-9 identified the approaching aircraft as hostile and began to analyze a proportional response.

The AI decided on a swarm of the remaining Switchblades to intercept the enemy helicopter's flight path and the MQ-9 pilot approved the recommendation. Seeing the incoming drones, the helicopter pilot deployed flares and attempted evasive maneuvers to no avail as the Switchblades were tracking the helicopter through a multiple array of visual and sensory data. Some Switchblades missed the target but—as predicted by the AI's probability software—enough made contact with the aircraft's most sensitive parts that the enemy QRF was downed.

From above, the secondary MQ-9 identified a group of unknown personnel exiting the back of the compound and its operator directed a Switchblade to engage them. As the device approached, it used object-recognition software to identify the personnel as civilians fleeing the battle. At this point the Switchblade was on its final glide path to intercepting the target but preset rules of engagement criteria triggered the internal ordinance to an inert status.

This automated chain of events cycled faster than human cognitive decision making, and the five-pound drone crashed to the ground without detonating—saving civilian lives. An internal kill switch fried all sensitive software, preventing enemy intelligence from collecting and re-engineering the device.

We reached the Presidential Suite and forced entry to find the President holding an assault rifle, moving it into position to fire at my team. The first two into the room recognized him as a threat

and took him out.

At this point, with the Presidential Palace secured, we searched the building and found a cachet of billions in gold and American currency. We called in some Marines from the carrier group to help relocate that outside and coordinated a chopper airlift to relocate the contraband to the base command.

Our whole assault was caught on helmet cameras which uploaded images real time to the operations command tactical cloud. At this point, the raid was finished, having found and eliminated the targets, so the ground team extracted.

Even though the MQ-9s had deployed and expended all of their Switchblades, the FAC carried a set of 6 Switchblades capable of launching and then connecting to the MQ-9 system in the air to continue providing support. She did so, one at a time, covering the squad throughout the duration of the raid and recovery; eliminating the need for replacement aircraft to arrive on station or creating a gap in coverage.

After the raid, all recorded Switchblade sensory data was processed through Palantir's machine-learning software to analyze trends in successful and unsuccessful strikes. This feedback loop will be verified by human analysts and used to patch software and develop upgrades to hardware systems.

Delta Force Team Charley leader contacted his Predator controller, "At the go code, send in your Switchblades. Take out the power, backup power, communications tower, garage, and barracks." He then contacted his sniper, "Team Leader to Overwatch, you copy?"

"Overwatch copy."

"When we receive the go code, I want you to take out everything inside that building that is moving with three legs. Start at the rear and move towards our position. Herd them to us and we will clear them out as they appear. No kids, no women, copy?"

"Overwatch copy: Hostile internals, no kids, no women, herd to you."

"Charley team leader to Charley team: as we discussed in our briefing, set your night vision to compensate for the drone missile strikes then open them up. Give Overwatch some time to herd them our way. Launch half of your Switchblade 300s and I will connect them to the killweb. When the surviving assailants congregate I will take them out."

"We copy Team Leader. Let us know when to open up."

"Roger that. If they get danger close, don't wait on my word."

"Affirmative."

The team launched half their switchblades. I connected them to the Predator and assigned all the guards walking around the villa. We all listened to operations command call out, "T minus 30 seconds, 20 seconds, 10 seconds, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1....GO! GO! GO!"

The Predator operator had already launched all his Switchblade drones and set his initial targets. At the third 'go' on comms he cut his loose and I released the 300s against the guards and all of them hit their targets within two seconds of the first impact.

Immediately after that, the Sniper overwatch began taking out targets he identified using his sensitive infrared scope. He took out 7 marks before they gathered their wits. With my infrared I saw three internals, all men and two with weapons, approaching the safe room in the villa.

"Team Leader to Overwatch, take out the team of three moving to the safe room!"

I watched as each one was taken out, the last one just as the door to the safe room was opening.

"Team Leader to Overwatch, great shooting! Resume herding, over!"

Soon, the remaining combatants had gathered on our side of the building and were setting up to make a run for it. Little did they know they were heading right into our kill zone. I targeted them with my last 300 which took out all but two. "Team leader to Team! Take out the last two!"

The team took them out as they stumbled out from cover, dazed from the 300 strike. The whole villa went from intense rocket and sniper attack to absolute silence with only the crackle of the garage fire interrupting the odd peaceful stillness of the early morning.

"Team Leader to Overwatch, any contacts? Over."

Overwatch to Team Leader, I have three women two children huddled in the second story room, north-east corner. Copy?"

"Copy Overwatch. Team leader to team: Any contacts?"

"Team Leader, all we see is what Overwatch sees. Over."

"Team leader to team, reconnoiter the villa. Team Leader to Overwatch, cover their 6's. Over."

"This is Overwatch, I got your asses covered fellas. Get your mops out."

The team cleared the villa. After a moment two members walked up on the three dead at the safe room. "Damn! Team leader, you got my helmet cam up?"

"Roger that! Must be billions in gold there! Not to mention the cash!"

One of the men grabbed what looked to be about a million dollars and put it into a sack. "What's on your mind, Markus?"

"It's for the women and kids, Team Leader. Making my way to them now. Escorting them to the remaining vehicle outside we used as bait. Sending them off with enough to raise the kids and have a decent life. Over."

"Roger that. I got your back on that one, Markus. Good call. Just be sure to keep the bag visible to your cam and let it show you handing it to the women, over."

"Copy Team leader."

Markus did as instructed and I smiled. As hard ass killers as my team was, they still had compassion for the innocents in the world.

The two person team that initially met up with the women and children called into the room in Spanish, "Hello! We know you are in there and we want to give you some money and help you to a vehicle so you can get out of here and start a new life."

"Please! Do what you will with us women! But, I beg of you to let the children go! They are innocent, they have done nothing! As a mother, I beg you!"

"Yes Ma-am, we are going to let you all go. Please come out one at a time with your hands open and where we can see they are empty so we can verify you have no weapons. Women first and children last. We will then walk you to the vehicle outside."

The women came out one at a time to be patted down and then the children, both preteens, came out and were checked. By that time, Markus arrived and handed the bag of money over to the one who was the mother. "This will help you begin a new life."

Markus then gave her one of the pre-paid phones, "Use this to call for help if you need a team of us to come get you or help with a situation. Just open it up and it will dial a switchboard with someone who will send help."

The mother began to cry and hugged Markus, "Thank you for liberating us from that monster! All he did was abuse me in front of our little girls! It is good to have them see not all men are that way."

Markus led them to the car. The keys were inside so the women and children jumped in with their money and the cell phone and took off, leaving the villa behind them in the past and looking down the road with hope for a better future."

As soon as the specialized force raiding the telecommunications center took over the federal television station (They basically just walked in and said they were taking over) they began broadcasting Bella's first taped communique.

"Mi querido compatriota de México. Para aquellos de ustedes que no me reconozcan, soy Lady Isabella de Souza, esposa del ex presidente de nuestro gran país.

Tengo algunas noticias desagradables y prometedoras que transmitirles, mi gente.

Es posible que algunos de ustedes ya se hayan dado cuenta o hayan sido testigos de acciones militares en nuestro excelente país. Estas acciones son una respuesta directa a las familias criminales, incluida la familia criminal asociada con nuestro difunto presidente, que declaró la guerra a los Estados Unidos de América al intentar asesinar a su presidente."

"My dear fellow people of Mexico. For those of you who may not recognize me, I am Lady Isabella de Souza, Wife of the former President of our great country."

"I have some unpleasant, as well as promising news to relay to you, my people."

"Some of you may have already become aware or witnessed military actions going on in our fine country. These actions are a direct response to the crime families, including the crime family associated with our late President, having declared war against the United States of America by trying to assassinate their President and several of its citizens."

"I have been in contact with the Americans and I am happy to announce I have brokered a peaceful resolution that has far reaching and wonderful prospects for us."

"While some will take offense to the actions of the Americans, I would ask you to consider this as the least offensive of the possible punishments the United States could have launched against us for the sins of my former husband and the crime families that ran our country."

"They are offering us freedom from those crime families, a truly democratic government, not just on paper, but in reality and practice."

"They are going to build and strengthen our power grid capacity to the point we can actually sell power to our neighbors to the north and south; so we can provide power to every homeowner for free and drastically reduced rates to businesses."

"They are going to help create trade schools for our youth and I will provide gainful employment through helping to secure small business growth and expansion."

"The United States has committed to building modern hospitals, schools, and universities, built by our people, and run by our physicians, teachers, and scholars...not American. And, after elections that shall be overseen by the United Nations, a new slate of leaders shall be elected who are not beholding to the old ways of corruption and graft or be under the thumb of the ruling crime bosses. They shall be honorable men and women who will be representing all the cities and peoples of Mexico."

"The Americans will defend us and our borders as we govern ourselves to a future so bright we will all have to wear sunglasses to protect our eyesight!"

"By the time you hear this announcement, most of those crime families have been neutralized and all their assets seized. Those assets will be used to ensure we all have proper food, clean water, safe streets, honorable judges and prosecutors, better prisons and jails, better schools, better housing for the less fortunate, and incentives for commerce both domestic and abroad."

"The border to the north has been sealed but commercial traffic, subject to inspection, is allowed to pass. United States citizens may also return to their country after they have been verified."

"For the rest of the day and through the night tonight, there will be American soldiers in our streets to maintain order. There will be a curfew beginning at sundown this evening. However, the streets will be open and at least as safe as they have been in the past, if not safer. So please feel free to go about your daily business as if nothing has happened."

"Anyone wanting to express themselves and participate in peaceful protests may do so until the curfew goes into effect. However, any violence against others will be forcefully suppressed, even to the point of using deadly force if it becomes necessary to protect our families and small businesses. Rioting or looting will not be tolerated and will be swiftly and permanently stopped."

"If you are interested in being involved with the solution rather than being part of the problem, please make contact with a military person and ask for an emergency phone. These phones will automatically call a central hot line allowing you to anonymously report crime in your area so it can be quickly addressed and those responsible dealt with."

"I will caution those who would wish to try to sow chaos in our streets: all actions involving destruction of property or harm to our citizens are now classified as capitol offenses until further notice and shall incur the adjudication of the death penalty to be carried out immediately when you are caught."

"The United States military has drones that can identify you, track you, and locate you, even in your basements, and the military will collect you...alive if you allow it."

"I realize this may seem strict and overbearing and I assure you this is only temporary until we eliminate the criminal element in our country. Law abiding citizens should not fear these actions. I assure you, I am doing everything I possibly can to eliminate crime as a viable career path in our country."

"Before I leave you to your day I wish to let you know that by this evening there will be several locations in each city liberated from criminal control where you may obtain free food and water should the disruptions created by this national cleansing put you in need. Stay tuned to find out about those locations later this afternoon because they will be announced here as they are set up to receive you. Please note, those who attempt to storm and steal those supplies will be dealt with harshly by armed guards."

"As your interim ruler, I thank you for your time, patience, and understanding and I hope you will stand with me as we walk into the future our country deserves. As a final note I wish to say, I will not be running for office in the upcoming elections and all assets still under my control will be released to our new government when it is established."

"My love and best wishes to you all."

And the announcement was set on a loop that played at the top of every hour..

After the initial 4 hours when most of the heaviest fighting was over, I prepared my initial report and had Sue with me as I called the Secretary of Defense on his direct line. "Hello Harry! We were just talking about you! The Joint Chiefs have just given the President, Vice President, and me their assessments of the operations conducted by their branches. I must mention, from the preliminary reports created from the live feed data, to say everyone is quite happy is a massive understatement!"

Bill grabbed the Sec. Def.'s phone and said, "Happy my ass we are ecstatic! Is it true you only had 20 fatalities?"

I grimaced, "I would not use the word only, Mr. President. Each and every life is precious, but yes Sir, we had 20 fatalities, mostly in the northern cities dealing with street gangs. With your permission, Sir, I would like to write letters to their families."

Bill said, "Let's wait a few days, Harry. We can invite the families to the White House and you can deliver them personally. I will have you and Sue flown out on a couple F-18s."

Sir, I can do that, but Sue is pregnant and I would not put her through that stress."

"Congratulations! The First Lady will be so overjoyed at hearing the news!"

"Thank you, Sir. Now, are you ready to hear my report?"

They nodded their readiness and I explained our Mosaic battle plan approach as well as the different killwebs we developed. I added in my assessment, my views about what went right, and where we were caught a bit off guard (that mostly centering around the KIAs).

I was finished in about 20 minutes and the Secretary of Defense chimed in, "That was one hell of a first day, Harry. Though I must say I have caught some flack about depleting our switchblade stockpiles."

I responded, "Sir, when anyone mentions it again, respond with the total of 20 battlefield deaths and ask them how many deaths they were willing to accept if we hadn't had them on the ground and in the air to use."

Sec. Def. smiled and said, "THAT is exactly what I will say! I love it! Quick thinking Harry. Oh, and by the way: every field commander, including Captain Hillibrand and his XO, have sent in statements commending your leadership. Looks like you even won over the knuckleheads!"

Bill then took the phone again, "Just to let you know, England, Spain, France and China have all gotten on board and publicly supported the war. The press is all over it and they will want to interview you when you come up. The Pentagon gave a press briefing about 30 minutes ago and your leadership figured prominently in their briefing."

"They included Lady Isabella's video as well and it was a major hit with the Press. Your two interviews you gave are also being replayed by every news station in the States as well as most other countries. Also, it seems someone took video of your fight with the Chinese assassin at the State Chef competition and someone got a closeup of you demolishing that tree with your bare hands."

"Most commentators have come up with questions similar to, 'Who the hell is this guy?' so I expect your life is about to be an open book, Harry. Sorry about that."

"Well, I kind of figured that was going to happen. If we are done here for now I need to get hold of my Uncle and have the cottages secured."

"Don't worry about that, Harry. The F.B.I. is all over it and Brannigan personally volunteered and is heading up that task force as we speak."

"Fantastic! Tell Brannigan I said thank you. Have him contact Mavis at the Club for the particulars; but he and his team are my guests for dinner to be catered from there for the duration of the detail. Also, have him contact Mrs. Cooper at the lake cottage to coordinate use of the cottages for the team to stay in. I will call Mavis and Mrs. Cooper and have it set up."

I nodded towards Sue who immediately got on the phone to let Mavis and Mrs. Cooper know.

I then went to find DD. "Sweetheart, our cottages are going to be inundated with press pretty soon. The White House has sent the F.B.I. to secure them till things settle down. Would you mind allowing them to use your cottage, as well as mine, as a base of operations to make things easier for them?"

DD smiled, "Absolutely! Let them have run of the place. Will be so much easier for them to secure the cottage if they are actually living there."

I gave DD a hug and whispered, "I am going to need to have a sit down with you later. I watched a whole team wiped out and it got to me. I am good for now, but when things settle down, I know I will have to deal with it."

DD reached up and combed her fingers through my hair, "Harry, whenever you are ready, I will be here for you. Just let me know when."

"Thank you. I will. Sending men and women to die is a whole different animal from being on the ground myself."

DD gave me a full body hug, "I understand completely, Harry. I am here when you are ready."

I broke away, needing to get back to the command center, and blew DD a kiss before departing. Just that little bit helped me relax and better concentrate on the cleanup after the battles.

Around noon, the port was declared safe and the Embassy moved into position off the end of the longest pier. There was a Sea Stallion and two Apache helicopters located between the port buildings and where we were docked. Upon the Embassy being secured, I met their pilots and crews with Sue and Captain Barnes at the starboard stern loading area.

When they took off their helmets I was overjoyed to see Heavylift, Batgirl, Ladyhawk and their crews. Sue ran up to them screaming like a banshee, hugging everyone.

"How the hell did you all get this assignment?" I asked with obvious surprise and elation, the smile reaching my eyes after a long day.

Ladyhawk said, "Heavylift called in some favors after our last mission. Seems he is the bad ass chopper pilot of the month and Command figured you would appreciate a couple known ass wipes to escort you and Lady de Souza wherever you needed to go."

"Captain Barnes! These are our dear friends! Chief goes by Heavylift and these two delightful ladies are Ladyhawk and Batgirl! This is Captain Barnes, the man in charge of our Embassy!"

Captain Barnes saluted them and smiled, "It is a pleasure to meet the legends! You three are already deemed heroes by most in the services. Well met! Well met indeed!" he said as he shook all their hands.

I embraced all of them and said, "Get your gear! You all are staying with us for the duration!"

On the way to getting them set up in the VIP suites, Batgirl asked, "So, a flippin 30 minute war, eh? That one is going down in the history books. And your planning and attack strategy will be studied in all the war colleges! Like it or not, Harry, you are now more famous than Schwarzkopf ever was."

"But I didn't plan all this. The assault team leaders did all the planning. I just made sure they had everything they needed to be successful."

Heavylift then spoke up, "Which is the mark of great leadership, Harry. Don't downplay it. You are the prime enabler here and, like it or not, you will receive the recognition. They have to have a figurehead they can reward, son. They can't do everyone involved, and tag, your ass is it."

I sighed in resignation and said one word, "Fuck."

Ladyhawk laughed and slapped me on the ass, "Deal, Harry. You are now a national hero...again."

Barnes then nodded to the helm and "I need a hero" by Bonnie Tyler over the loudspeakers and everyone backed up and bowed to me. "Fuck this! Get your asses up or you all will be swabbing the decks by sundown!"

Everybody roared as we got back on the ship.

When we reached the third deck everyone was there, nude, and the party was on. Evidently the coms officer decided similar 'hero' songs were the theme of the day. Heavylift, Batgirl, and Ladyhawk all got into their rooms and disrobed before joining the orgie.

Sue called DD over and left the two of us in a rather obvious move.

DD smiled, "I take it even Sue sees you are having some difficulty being a hero after sending men and women to their deaths. You ready to talk?"

"Only with my cock buried inside you, but yes."

DD laughed, "Well THAT was a given! I have always wanted to be bedded by an honest to goodness Hero!"

I groaned and slipped inside her, closing my eyes and letting myself go in the moment.

DD smiled and whispered, "Good boy. Now, tell your woman all your troubles as you make her cum for you."

I slowly fucked DD as my head rested on her shoulder. I cried for the lost. Wept like a child on her shoulder. Somehow, being inside her sex helped to release all that pent up grief and it all came rushing out as she wrapped her arms around me, gently cradling my head in her hand as I cried out my anguish.

DD's massive breasts were pressed between us as I held her close. Eventually I began kissing her neck; salty from all the tears I had shed.

"Yes, Harry, celebrate the fact that, if not for you, there would have been many, many more. Your tactics and leadership saved thousands of lives today. Grieve for the lost. Write your letters and pour your soul into them. Then let them go."

"But for now, lose yourself in my hot, wet, available cunt, Harry. Nothing exists but your cock wrapped up by my sex. Let yourself go and fuck me."

With my eyes closed I held DD close and I began to fuck her. It felt good. The walls of her sex wetly sliding along the glans, sending electrical currents of pleasure up my spine. Each thrust and withdrawal building on the wave of my emotional distress until the dam broke.

When I climaxed it seemed all the pent up stress, all the checked emotions, all the darkness inside of me was ejaculated out my cock as it pulsed inside DD's pussy.

"That's it, honey. Let it all out."

After my balls quit pumping, DD and I touched foreheads and she said, "Now, you have to go eat out your wife and your mothers before you are cured. Doctor's orders." She smirked as she lifted off me.

I smiled and called, Sue, Barbara, and Leesie over for a nice cumming after party. Sue got there first and she sat on the edge of the pool, leaned back, and spread her thighs for me exposing her creamy bare lips for my munching pleasure. Remembering how she was mentally primed I didn't use any Chi but after lining her outer and inner lips, I knew it would be overkill. Her clit was peaking through between her inner lips and I gently licked it, feeling it spasm each time my tongue sluiced across it.

Sue's body reacted strongly. Both mom's began suckling on a nipple and within 30 seconds Sue's thighs were jerking as she came hard.

Then It was Barbara's turn. She didn't have the number of Chi experiences as Sue so she was safe. Mom sat on the edge of the pool next to Sue who was now laying down with her feet in the water in recovery. Mom winked at me with a smile as she opened her thighs for me.

Her scent was heavenly and I took a deep lungful with my nose just above her sex. Mom had larger inner lips that kept her outer lips open all the time. It made it easy to suck her inner lips into mine, enjoying the flavor of her sex.

She was very wet.

I put my top lip over the tip of her clit and my lower lip under the base and softly suckled her clit while my Chi infused tongue lapped up and down the shaft. Leesie was behind her, massaging her nipples.

Mom's clit went hard between my lips and it never released from its turgid state. Soon her body began to quiver and when she came, her whole body spasmed hard in unison with her pussy.

Leesie was next and I slipped my tongue as deeply as possible into her cunnie before taking the juices I had captured and lathing her clit with them. I laid the flat of my tongue over her clit, completely covering it, and softly pulsed my Chi into her sex through my tongue in the same rhythm as her climaxing spasms would be.

Both the Lieutenants came up and suckled on mom as her body reacted to my pulses and soon she was cumming her brains out. Leesie often came just with nipple stimulation, so her climax was long and hard from the triple stimulation.

Before I knew it, Batgirl and Ladyhawk had positioned themselves next. As I was kissing up Batgirl's inner thighs I heard Heavylift as he approached Sue.

Heavylift just could not help staring at Sue's still spread thighs at the pool's edge. His cock was hard as a rock as he remembered how smooth her cunt was the last time they had sex; and it was driving him crazy. When Batgirl and Ladyhawk positioned themselves for Harry, it was just too much. He slowly approached Sue and laid a kiss on the top of her inviting lips.

Sue sat up and smiled, seeing Heavylift between her thighs. "Hi handsome." She husked.

"Sue, I really, really, need to feel the smoothest pussy I have ever experienced wrapped around me once again."

Without another word Sue lifted herself off the edge and wrapped her arms around Heavylift's neck while lowering her sex to find the head of his cock. When she found it she felt it partially enter her because it spasmed in joy. Sue just smiled and extended the invasion into her sex until Heavylift was balls deep inside her.

Kissing him deeply she asked, "Hot and heavy or slow so you can savor?"

Heavylift husked his answer, "Very slow."

Heavylift was in heaven with his cock gently sliding in and out of Sue's pussy as they kissed deeply, tongues mimicking the movements of his cock inside her.

After what seemed like forever, Sue's breathing quickened and so did Heavylift's. "Easy baby, let's keep the same pace and savor the wave of our climaxes as they come to us rather than us chasing them."

Heavylift struggled to maintain his slow fucking of Sue. He felt his climax deepening in his balls and slowly moving up in a wave of heat to his spine. As it moved up it intensified and his balls involuntarily just exploded their contents into Sue.

Sue felt through Heavylift's cock that he was close. It swelled inside her and the ridges of his cock felt exquisite as they gently squeegeed her inner walls, sliding across her G-spot going both ways. When she felt his first spasm through his cock, she also climaxed, enjoying the hot cream he deposited deep inside her.

Ladyhawk's pussy was beautiful. She barely had any outer lips but very prominent inner lips and a three inch long (when hard) clit.

She was hard and spasming.

I wrapped my lips around her clit and placed my tongue to the tip as I pulsed Chi into her sex. Ladyhawk instantly began to climax and she had multiple climaxes for the two minutes I was sucking on her clit. At one point Batgirl got in her ear and said, "Ladyhawk! BREATH! That is an order!"

The poor woman was turning blue.

When I stopped making her climax, Ladyhawk just slumped and then laid back, still gasping for breath.

Batgirl spread her thighs for me and looked me in the eye, "I am a bit apprehensive."

I nodded that I understood, "Just tell me to stop and I will....or, pat me on the head if that works better for you."

Batgirl's pussy was also a work of art. She was just the opposite of Ladyhawk. Her outer lips completely hid her sex and they were puffy, almost like a creased muffin top. I took my time and licked her outer lips and the internal edges which eventually parted enough for me to lick the edges of her smaller inner lips.

At the tips of her inner lips was her petite clit, Knowing it would be jam packed with nerve endings I was very gentle when I licked it. I did it a few times before adding a small amount of Chi and when I added that, Batgirl moaned loudly and wrapped her hands around my head, pulling me closer.

I had to breathe through my nose as she held me plastered to her sex. I sucked her clit with an open mouth and lathed her clit with my Chi reinforced tongue as she cried out her climaxes. After the first one I just rolled my tongue over her clit as her body reacted very strongly to her rolling climaxes.

Batgirl was forcing herself to breathe as if she was making hard G's in a flight suit. After two minutes of full on orgasms I kissed her clit and let her rest. She collapsed onto the side of the pool with her legs still wide open, unable to move, barely able to breathe.

By that time, Mom had recovered and she slipped into the pool and wrapped herself around me. My cock was hard again and as if her pussy had a homing beacon, she slipped it quickly and easily inside her. Barbara then said, "Baby, I am so proud of you. And your father would be as well if he were here."

With that Mom used her kegel muscles to massage my cock as I stayed deeply lodged in her warm and welcoming pussy. Mom held my head in one of her hands as she licked all the pussy juice from me that the multiple women had deposited on my face. After that she gave me a deep kiss and her tongue worked in tandem to her kegel muscles as she slowly brought me to a gently, long, luxuriating climax.

I held mom close and whispered, "I love you mom. I miss dad just as you do. And I KNOW he misses your sensuality. Thank you for this."

Mom just hugged me tight and laid her head on my shoulder as I slowly walked her around the pool, by cock still lodged deeply in her pussy.

Captain Hillibrand and his XO were invited for dinner, casual dress.

As we were seated around the table Isabella introduced us to some of the finest Tequila the country had to offer straight from the Presidential reserves.

It was served cold and straight. The whiskey had a light nose and went down like it was water. It left a very light taste on the tongue which was reminiscent of cactus flower and vanilla which was followed by a light burn with hints of chocolate which then evolved to a light pepper aftertaste. The Tequila was aged in toasted oak barrels for 25 years before it was bottled.

Isabella explained, "This Tequila is made only for the President of Mexico. It is made by one family line, from one farm, one field, in an on site refinery, and from a specific variety of Agave Cactus that has a lineage of over 200 years. No other farm has this plant.

She then presented a wax sealed bottle to HL and the XO: "Please accept this as a small token of my appreciation for your part in liberating my country.

Both men were ecstatic with her gift and thanked her.

A that point I mentioned to Isabella, "Bella, the body of your late husband has been placed in custody, what would you like to do with it?"

Isabella thought for a moment, "I wish to make a statement. Do you have the other 4 crime family bodies?"

I nodded, "We do. Some are in better shape than others, but we do have all five."

She smiled with a devilish grin, "Then make 5 funeral pyres in front of the governmental Palace and place a body in each with their picture at the base. Let them lie in state for the afternoon, in the hot

sun until they begin to smell. As the sun sets, I will light them on fire and speak again to my people with those fires in the backdrop."

I nodded, "That will certainly send an indelible image of the price of crime to every Mexican in the country."

Isabella looked around the table, "Too much?"

HL looked at her and said, "Not if you remind everyone of their transgressions and that this represents a full cleansing of the country from their evil reign. I would be soft and gentle with the delivery, though."

I then asked how the cleanup was going and Dad piped up, "The Army Corps of Engineers are cleaning up the battle scenes. They say it will take them a week, more on the collapsed buildings. They have recovered most of the dead bodies and placed them in mass graves outside of the respective towns."

"The Palace should be back to normal in a week as they have lots of crews helping with the renovation."

"Thank you very much for that information, Dad." Isabella said with a wink. Captain Hillibrand and his XO were stunned.

Isabella just smiled and said, "I have been accepted into the family here. He (pointing at dad) is our family father."

The XO looked at dad and then at me, "He is your father?"

Dad chuckled when I looked back and said, "Biological. And this is my biological mother, pointing at Barbara, and this is my father's wife, pointing at Leesie. Also, this is my half sister/wife, pointing at Sue."

The XO just sat there with his mouth open, "Who the hell are you people!"

Barnes piped up, "They are those who sit in the shadows at the right hand of the President of the United States and now also behind the interim ruler of Mexico."

The two Lieutenants piped up with chuckles, "Roger That!"

Captain Hillibrand took another shot of Tequila and said, "You had my ass on a block and you let me go. Why?"

I looked him in the eye, "Because you are a good man. Strong, proud, and deeply committed to the women and men under your command. It would have been bad for you if you had not stood up to me. As it is, I now believe we are strong comrades, no?"

HL looked at me and said, "You know I was all set to pounce when you fucked up."

I smiled in return, "Yes, I knew. Why do you think I put you in charge of your part of your mission? For me to fuck up, you had to fuck up first."

HL just laughed, "Damn! And a smart politician to go with his warrior spirit! No wonder you are where you are."

"I also appreciate your very kind letters to Washington. Thank you.

Both men nodded and sat back, now more fully aware of the people with whom they had made the history books with.

Sue then smiled, "HL, when was the last time you got laid?"