

# STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 36

*Rusthemod*

*Just rewards.*

Incest/Taboo

4.75

6.9k words

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"Jefe, the packages you requested have arrived."

"Excellent! Bring them to me!"

Jefe Julio Gonzales was still fuming at the public burning of his second cousin. His family had lost almost everything to that unappreciative, conniving, whoring bitch. But, with her imminent death he was in a position to regain his family's honor and prestige. He could snooze up to the Americans until they left and corrupt the politicians once again. Then everything would return to the status quo.

Julio opened one of the boxes and lifted out a plastic pneumatic pistol and a box of Teflon coated darts. "Yes, very good! Remeros, Juan, come here please."

Julio handed each a pistol and power pack along with 30 darts. "These plastic guns and Teflon coated, ceramic darts will evade both dogs and metal detectors. Practice with them so you can hit a human target from 15 meters. We will bring them with us when we meet in two days time."

"Yes Jefe."

Julio smiled, thinking these dumb ass Americans will not see his assassination of Isabella coming. When she is gone he will mobilize the now underground criminal elements in the country to strike back at the Americans, making their continued occupation of his country too expensive. With luck he will be able to kill both Isabella and that thrice damned Ambassador at the same time. Leaving everyone leaderless and ripe for his rule.

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Back at the lake the FBI had settled into the routine of monitoring, fishing, sex, and good food. During one of the fishing trips Brannigan went on, he was asked by a junior agent, "So what is this guy, Harry, like?"

Brannigan laughed, "He is young, mid twenties, and, while handsome, would not strike you as anything unusual. Harry has an upper genius level intelligence and has a strong white knight syndrome. He is very polite and congenial until he perceives a threat to his family. In those instances, he flips a switch and turns into one of the most deadly operators you will ever face. Besides being trained by some of the best oriental martial arts practitioners in the world, he also is the only person I know who can beat Manny in street fighting."

"Manny, you mean the guy who trains our Navy Seals and Spec Ops guys?"

"Yes."

"Harry is very mature for his age and knows more about how things work than most. Even to the point you begin wonder if he has been trained from youth to do the things he can do."

"Such as?"

Brannigan thought for a moment, "He is the deadliest martial artist I have ever heard of and is a confirmed killer in both pistol and hand-to-hand when the need arises. I have seen him pulverize a tree trunk that was a foot wide just by slapping it. By pulverize, I mean the trunk looked like it was hit by a mortar round."

"Although he never really looks for trouble, he never shies away from it either. He rivals the best marksmen the academy has ever produced... as in he never misses... and his reflexes are mythical level. I have seen him draw and fire with uncanny accuracy before a perpetrator could fire his own handgun when he already had his finger on the trigger. He laughs when someone attempts to have authority over him and has the political clout and personal presence to turn it back on you without missing a beat, blinking an eye, or sweating."

"Not only did he stand me down when we first met in an official interview, but he also stood down the head of Homeland and, from what I hear, the Joint Chiefs."

"Sounds like you admire him."

"Yes, I do. Rumors abound about black bag operations he likely had a hand in. And if just a small part of what is rumored is true, you really don't want to piss him off."

The radio squawked in their ears, "Brannigan, be advised, we have infiltrators 220 degrees off the main cabin dock. There looks to be 4 of them and they just breached the perimeter so they are about 200 yards from the edge of the lake, moving slowly. Predator is on standby."

As soon as their earbuds squawked everyone was reeling in their lines and stowing their gear. Brannigan insisted anyone fishing had to have their tactical gear on the boat and the group donned their gear in less than a minute.

Brannigan spoke into his cuff, "Any changes?"

"Looks like they are attempting to get to the lake. Suggest you make for the dock of the secondary cottage and move to intercept on foot."

The team pulled anchor and acted like they were leisurely calling it a day. Once out of sight of the intruders, however, they moved with alacrity, using the obstacle course trail laid down by the SEALs. Just a few minutes after the infiltrators had reached the edge of the lake they were surrounded. The agents remained silent, however, attempting to ascertain the intent of the interlopers.

"Jimmy! I told you we could make it! Now set up that video equipment ASAP so we can get out of here before we get caught! And make sure to camouflage it so no one will know we have video surveillance on the place! This works out, we will get the Pulitzer prize!"

The four FBI agents waited until the cameras were set up and then eased up behind the members of the press and put guns to their heads. "FBI! FREEZE!"

"Shit! We're fucked!"

Brannigan laughed, "Yeah, I have to agree with you on that one. Strip search them, and take pictures of their setup before taking down their gear." Speaking into his cuff, "send the pontoon boat over, we have guests."

"We are the Press! We have rights! You cannot strip search us like this!"

Brannigan looked at the idiot and very quietly said, "You can file a complaint as soon as you land in GITMO."

Deathly silence... even the birds and insects quit making noise.

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"Harry, we have the United Nation's Ambassador on a secure line. Says his name is Adrian Scotsdale and he wishes to talk with you and Bella." I also have a call from an FBI agent, says his name is Special Agent Brannigan."

"Patch Brannigan through to my pad and tell the Ambassador I will be there in just a few minutes as I am out of pocket."

"Aye, Sir."

"Special Agent Brannigan is on the line, Ambassador."

"Brannigan, how they hangin?"

Brannigan laughed, high at tight at the moment, Harry. Yours?"

"Drained and satiated. Whats up?"

"Seems we had an attempt by some press to put the cottage under video surveillance. They are under arrest for being in violation of the Espionage Act and I am sending them to GITMO. You may want to check on them when your schedule lightens up to decide what you want to happen to them."

"Okay, I can work that to my advantage, thanks for the heads up. How is cottage life treating you?"

"Best damn assignment I have ever had. Sex upon request, food to die for, and a really laid back, vacation like, atmosphere. I must say, hiring Miss Cooper was a stroke of genius. I have never seen such an attentive or caring caretaker."

"Well, I am glad to hear you are being taken care of. And again, thanks for all you have done. If there is nothing else, I have United Nations on the line and need to speak with them."

"No, that was it. Have fun with the UN."

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As soon as the connection ended Beth came into the room and Comms put the UN Ambassador through, "Ambassador Walker, the Ambassador to the United Nations, Mr. Adrian Scotsdale, is on the line."

"Thank you." I responded politely, "Ambassador Scotsdale, Harry here. What can I help you with today?"

"Just Adrian is fine, is calling you Harry okay?"

"That would suit me just fine, Adrian. We both put our pants on one leg at a time."

Adrian laughed, "I have no delusions about who wields the power in this conversation, Harry. By the way: I have gotten approval for and have underway a substantial United Nations force coming your way to oversee elections for you as Lady Bella requested. Is she with you now?"

Beth responded, "Please, just Beth or Bella when we are in private. And, thank you for your lightening fast response on this. When might we expect them and what accommodations should we prepare?"

"They should arrive within a month. With your permission, I will give that unit commander this number so you can coordinate all the necessary logistics."

"That would be wonderful! Please let the UN commander know their entire staff will be my personal guests at the Presidential Palace for the duration."

"Wow, that was fast! How did you make that happen?" I responded after Beth had finished, not wanting to step on her conversation.

"Oh, I just mentioned the sooner elections could be verified the faster you would be visiting the NATO countries in Europe. It was a lightening fast vote after that."

I laughed. "Seems I am the flavor of the month."

"You think? All of the UN wants to know all they can about you. They all realize there is a good chance you will be President some time in the next 12 to 16 years."

A bit taken back, I asked, "Oh? What have you heard?"

"Not a thing. But people in our business don't get where they are by being obtuse. And we know, with your age, you will not qualify for that office until that time."

"Well, current plans are in a few years time I will run for the Senate. Where things go from there is unknown."

"So the grooming commences. Congratulations."

"Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves, Adrian. I am of the opinion I am too straight a shooter to get elected President. And I am sure those with nefarious dealings really would not want me to win the Presidency as I would tend to want to clean house....no pun intended."

Bella then asked, "Adrian, I am having a diplomatic gathering next weekend. If I could arrange transportation for you and the UN commander to attend, would you and your spouse be interested? I think it would be a very good idea if the four of you would. I will also be inviting the President and Vice President and their spouses so you all could possibly fly in on Air Force One."

"If either one of them are going to be in attendance and it is okay with them I would gladly attend."

"Wonderful! I will set it up and have the White House get in contact with you."

After pleasantries, the call ended. Beth got hold of Coms and asked, "Would it be possible for you to call up the President please?"

"Yes Ma-am. Give me a moment."

After about 10 minutes Bill came on the line, "Hello Bella, what can I do for you?"

"Hello Bill, I know it is last minute, but I am having a social event Friday of next week. Dinner is at 1800 local time with a cocktail party starting at 1600 hours prior to with local ambassadors and I was hoping you and your wife could attend along with the UN Ambassador and his spouse. I was hoping transportation could be arraigned for the head of the UN oversight group who is headed this way to help with the election process here in Mexico?"

Bill laughed, "Actually, Sue had my people informed last week and plans have been made for Mary and I to attend. I have an advance group of Secret Service agents that should arrive on the Carrier tomorrow to help secure the Presidential Palace. They will need to work with your people on that."

Beth made a mental note to thank her sister for her foresight. And will you be able to bring the UN commander and his wife with you?"

"I will make sure she is with us. Yes. Will we have births on the Yacht?"

Beth looked a bit sheepish, "I am so sorry, I did not intend to insult her. Will her husband be able to attend?" She looked to me and I nodded, "Yes, we will look forward to meeting you at the airport Will you be able to come on Thursday and stay through Sunday?"

"I do believe that was the plan. Mary and I look forward to spending time with you and the family."

Right after the call I got hold of Major Craigg, "Jake!"

"Yes, Harry, what do you need?"

"I Wanted to give you a heads up, there is a batch of Secret Service personnel who will be arriving on the carrier tomorrow who will help in securing the Presidential Palace for the Ambassadorial dinner Friday of next week. The American President and his wife will be attending. The Secret Service, the United Nations Ambassador, his wife, the United Nations Commander overseeing the elections, and her husband will bunk at the Presidential Palace."

"Got it. We are currently in situ at the hotel and are clearing it room by room. We will be finished today and I can meet them at the carrier tomorrow for transport to the Palace."

"Get Heavylift to help with transport."

"Will do! Thanks for the heads up. I took an additional precaution upon advisement. The head table in the conference room has been replaced with a heavy wooden table and the top is covered by a 1.6 inch clear aluminium oxynitride sheet that can stop an AP 50 cal and is mated to the top of the table. Should anything happen it can be turned over and used as an effective ballistic barrier."

"Exceptional! Keep up the good work, Jake."

"Walsh gets the credit for that one, Harry. That woman is amazing! By the way, this group of Marines you sent over..."

"Yes, what about them?"

"They are some of the most polite, motivated, and conscientious group of Marines I have ever come in contact with. Please be sure to let their commander know."

I smiled, "You have no idea how much I appreciate you letting me know that. If something goes down, I want the hotel shut down until we have everything under control. The Marines will need to have a battle stations plan in place to do that. We will be arriving late tomorrow evening prior to dinner. Please let the dining staff at the Hotel know to expect us."

"Roger that, Harry. If that is all, I need to quit slacking." He said with a humorous tone in his voice."

"See you tomorrow evening!"

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That evening I sat down with Dad, Captain Barnes, Doc, Beth, and the whole SEAL team to work out how we were going to protect Beth during the time she was going to be in the hotel's conference room with the other parties with whom she was going to be negotiating.

There were two entrances, one from the main lobby and another one on the far side of the adjoining wall where a small anteroom led to a hallway going to the kitchen.

"Here are my thoughts, anyone with an idea, chime in please. There will be a heavy wooden table at the head of the room that has a ballistic top on it made of 1.6 inches of aluminium oxynitride which can stop AP 50 cal."

"I will be seated to the right side of where Bella will be seated and a SEAL will be to the other side. The idea would be, at the first sign of trouble, I flip the table on its side while the SEAL pulls down and covers Bella. I would like Walsh on one side, around halfway down the seated guests, and another SEAL on the other side from her with another one beside the door."

"Well," Captain Barnes spoke up, "We all know Walsh is going to jump right into the middle of the fray should anything go down. My suggestion, after Beth is secured, is we cover Walsh's back."

"Agreed. I will be wearing my fighting knives behind my back under my formal coat and can assist in the melee as well. If something goes down, I want the hotel shut down until we have everything under control. The rest of the SEALs and the Marines will have a battle stations plan in place to do that."

Dad added, "Anyone in the room will have their nano-weave carbon fiber undergarments on. They will stop penetration, but not impact so be careful. SEALs should have on their full kit."

Major Jake Craigg will be the liaison for the Marines so I need both LT's to be on coms with him so he can know if and when he needs to have the Marines shut the place down."

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Heavylift, Ladyhawk, and Batgirl had a busy day. First, the Secret Service detail was met on the flight deck of the carrier and flown over to the Presidential Palace where they were bunked and given introductions to the security team there. Then, after landing on the docs next to the Embassy, they took on our team to take us down to our Hotel.

On the way to the Hotel, Heavylift spoke up, "Harry, the Hotel has a helipad on the roof, want me to set you down there or in the parking lot which is pretty much empty at the moment."

I thought about it a bit and decided, "Well, we could make an entrance. But: landing on the parking lot would likely damage some cars which would set a bad precedent so let's take the high road. But

we can still have Batgirl and Ladyhawk do a tight patterned cover circle around us."

Heavylift just laughed, "A 'We are bad ass but polite' statement it is, Ambassador!"

Heavylift came in fast, scaring the shit out of the employees trying to guide him in. Everyone but Walsh ran for cover, expecting a crash, just before he pulled back hard and laid the baby down like a feather on a bed.

"Talk about me being a bad boy!"

Heavylift grinned, "I just had to make SOMETHING of an entrance!"

I chuckled as we unbuckled and the door was opened. I jumped out and helped Beth out of the chopper and we both greeted Walsh as she walked up. "Well, THAT was an entrance!" she shouted over the rotors as the rest of the hotel's makeshift ground crew started poking their heads up around the edges of the landing pad.

When we were clear, Heavylift took off to go to the nearby airport where a secured area had been set up for the three of them. I looked at Sue and she smiled, "They will be well taken care of. They have to be near, both to their aircraft and to us, for safety reasons. But that does not mean they have to suffer for it."

I nodded my approval as we entered the elevator to go check in and get some dinner.

By the time we got down to the check-in desk, the hotel ground crew had already started in on Heavylift's stunt and the hotel manager came to the desk a bit miffed. "Madam President," was all he said but with a tone that expressed his disapproval.

I spoke up, "El Lady Isabella desea disculparse por las travesuras de su piloto. Él estaba tratando de presumir por ella. Ella no inició ese comportamiento y pide tu perdón." (The Lady Isabella wishes to apologize for the antics of her pilot. He was attempting to show off for her. She did not initiate that behavior and asks for your forgiveness.)

Somewhat mollified by the fact the President had actually offered an apology, his demeanor changed and he became much more polite. At that point he began to issue keys to specific people. I held up my hand to receive them all and asked there be no record of where anyone was sleeping for security reasons. The manager lifted an eyebrow and nodded, understanding. "Are you expecting trouble?" he asked.

I replied, "Expecting? No. Prepared for? Well, we are not fools."

The manager nodded again and handed me universal key cards which I distributed to the group. We were about to go up to the second from the top floor (to give us some overhead protection) when a bag boy, who was danger close, pulled a knife and yelled, "¡Muerte a los usuarios!" (Death to usurpers!)

Reacing instinctively, I slapped away the knife, pulverizing his hand and wrist bones, as Walsh simultaneously slapped him backhanded in the chest, breaking almost every rib attached to his breast bone and sending the shards into his heart and lungs. He was dead before he hit the ground.

Walsh just shook her head and said, "Dumb ass." While I looked at the manager with a raised eyebrow. It was obvious he was mortified.

I looked eye-to-eye with him and said, "Ahora entiende nuestras precauciones en su cuarto de seguridad y cocina, ¿sí?" (Now you understand our precautions in your security room and kitchen, yes?) He nodded profusely and was about to speak when I stopped him and spoke in English (I already knew he understood English) "I know from your reaction you were unaware. But I suggest this has driven home the point you need to do a background check on any and all employees with whom we will have contact. Will that be a problem? Oh, and we apologize for the mess."

With that we went to our rooms. We grouped up and fanned out. Sue, Beth, and I took one room while Jake and Walsh took the adjoining suite. The rest of the group spread out, taking random rooms down the hallway. We had 24/7 doubled up Marine guards in full battle kit at every elevator and stairwell entrance as well as a full SEAL team on the floor with us.

Beth asked, "Was your and Walsh's attack instinctive or deliberate?"

I looked her in the eye and showed her my heartfelt regret. "I am sorry you had to see that, Beth. But that young man, delusional or not, made his decision to be a killer and likely a martyr. He was danger close before he attacked. There was no time to do anything but react with deadly force. The fact that Walsh and I both reacted the same way is the best answer I can give you."

Beth hugged me, "I need you right now, please. Right at this moment I just want to walk away from it all."

I held her tight and let her cry, "Focus on all the children who will now not be sold to sex trafficking slavers. All the people who will not be killed from illegal drugs, all the women who will be saved from a life of rape and terror. All those lives saved from the elimination of the street gangs and crooked politicians. Honestly, Beth, there is no way to calculate the hundreds of thousands of lives you have already saved and are going to save."

"But I could not save him."

"Just like your late husband, and the other major crime lords: He didn't want to be saved. Honestly, Beth, a male, criminally run society is going to be difficult to change without push back."

Sue and I got her undressed and we all got into the shower. Sue and I gave Beth all the attention and by the time we needed to get ready for dinner, she was feeling better.

"Harry, why didn't you fuck me just now?"

"You needed consoling, not sex. You needed your family to love you and hold you. That is what you got."

Beth took a long, deep, halting breath, "I keep forgetting how great it is to be part of a family who supports me instead of just uses me."

This time it was Sue in tears as she hugged Beth for all she was worth.

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Dinner was uneventful. While eating, I noted the complaint of the late President of Mexico concerning the cuisine available from cooks in the country and, up to this point, I could not disagree with his assessment. Everything had a Mexican flavor profile. That really didn't bother me as I enjoy Mexican food. But, I could see where it would become an issue over time. If I order Italian, I want authentic Italian flavor profiles, not 'adapted to Mexican' flavor profiles. I must say, there are



a plethora of places in the United States that do the same with Mexican, Italian, French, and other cuisines...but I never frequent such places if I can help it and never more than once if I get mislead.

Additionally, even Mexicans do not drink their tap water. It isn't that it isn't sterilized at the source: it is polluted because the pipes are compromised. Mexicans do not wash their food, brush their teeth, make ice for drinks, or even wash their dishes in tap water. Personal hygiene for women is also done with bottled water. No Mexican will ever think you are insulting them by refusing to drink their tap water. They will find it disgusting to see you drink it, though.

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When it came time for the meet, security was tight. While the invitees were given a modicum of dignity and not patted down if they did not trip the metal detectors, everyone walked past two drug and explosive/gunpowder sniffing dogs before being ushered into the meeting room. Walsh and the two SEALs were in position and I walked in first to the head of the modified table, followed by two experts on lake water quality. I sat just left of the center while the experts sat to my left. Then, with a SEAL partially blocking her from a direct line of sight to the attendees, Bella entered the room.

We all sat down and as the attendees began to sit, two men (one on each side of Julio Gonzales who is one of, if not the primary, political members present) reached under their coats in what was an obvious grab for weapons.

In that instant, all hell broke loose.

I toppled the table, the SEAL next to Bella grabbed her and took her to the floor, covering her body with his, and Walsh jumped, using the back of a chair in front of her, right into the middle of the three men.

"¡Muerte a los usuarios!" (Death to usurpers!) was chanted loudly by the two armed men who each got off a strangely thumping shot that impacted the table top. Thankfully the rounds ricocheted up over Bella's head as she was being taken down to the ground and covered...even as Walsh was in mid air in her attack.

The SEALs against the two walls immediately covered Walsh and were on a hair trigger to deal with any other threats as one of them shouted the code for lock down over the communications network.

That was all they were able to do as Walsh landed with a savagery rivaling a mother Grizzly Bear defending her cubs. She landed hands on each perp's neck, instantly shattering their entire spinal column and cutting the nerves that controlled their heartbeats that exited between the second and third vertebrae of their necks. Not satisfied with that, as they fell to the floor, she slammed both fists into the backs of their skulls, creating fist sized holes in their craniums.

Several other members who were too close and not wanting to be collateral damage literally flung themselves away from her. Walsh had let loose her draconian aura and it sent deep and subliminal fear down the spines of anyone close to her.

As soon as Bella was being made safe and the table was still in motion, I looked up just as the two projectiles were landing and saw the smug expression on the face of Julio Gonzales and without a second thought I loosed both of my Chinese fighting knives with a flick of my wrists towards his

chest, each taking out a lung as they sunk deep into him without a sound. I then vaulted over the table and landed two fists on Julio, loosing all my chi upon him in an instant.

Julio Gonzales was dead the instant I touched him. Every bone was powdered, his entire circulatory system was over pressured and erupted, his liver, spleen, and heart exploded, and he fell to the floor bleeding from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. I got to him so quickly I was able to hold onto my knives as he fell and they slipped from his body.

Walsh and I were now facing one another and after making quick eye contact we surveyed our surroundings for additional threats. No one dared move. Heck, nobody was even breathing hard, wanting to avoid any unwanted attention.

I spoke clearly and loudly, "¿Alguien más necesita morir hoy para demostrar su virilidad?" (Anyone else need to die today to prove their manhood?)

Nobody picked up my challenge.

I located the two firearms and noted they were pneumatic guns made with 3-D printers. I sent a description to all the security staff with orders to pat everyone down for any more. After 5 minutes of no other issues I gave the all clear and the Marines and SEALs stood down from full lock down but stayed at high alert.

"Lady Isabella, I think we are clear of any danger now. Do you want to call off the meeting or shall we continue?"

Beth was quite put out but agreed, "We cannot allow those who wish to cling to the ways of the past to deter our resolve to change our society for the better. If security deems it is safe, I want to continue."

We got the table back up and Beth began her speech.

"I have listened to the complaints about the lake the current dam has created and how the fertilizers upstream have created a lake that is too nutrient rich and the fish are dying off. I have a plan that will both fix that issue as well as create a viable fishing lake while creating cheap electricity for all of you if you are willing to listen."

Everyone nodded their heads as the three bodies were being removed.

"I propose a multi-headed approach. First, we dredge the decaying material from the bottom of the lake. This material can then be used as fertilizer, and can be sold as potting soil. Additionally, I propose to seed large populations of fish that can thrive in eutrophic lakes like Peacock Bass, Bluegill, bullhead catfish, and triploid Grass Carp to create a stable fishing population. Finally, we will set up floating aerators with pipes reaching down near the bottom of the lake which can pull up the lower water in the lake and let it run over slats much like a chiller for a high-volume air-conditioning system which will aerate the water and reduce the buildup of fertilizer runoff as well as keep the byproducts of the plant decay under control."

"Those 5 aerators will be powered by the proposed hydroelectric infrastructure we have planned which will provide enough electricity to power those devices as well as enough energy for the local population and provide enough electricity for the entire region."

"If you all agree with this plan, we can begin as early as next week to transport the dredgers to the lake as well as begin work on a combination hydroelectric dam with downstream production sites;

and within a few years time you will have a viable sportsman's fishing paradise, cheap electricity, and a whole new taxable industry for your local governments."

The remaining power brokers were looking around at each other, obviously impressed with the offer and one raised a hand to be recognized, "Lady Isabella...Madam President...who will pay for this?"

"That is a fantastic question. The United States has agreed to pay for most of the costs in exchange for a local Naval Base not far from here and for our efforts to stop the drug and human trafficking across our border with them. The rest will be paid from funds captured from the crime families we have destroyed. You have my word not a penny of your tax dollars will go towards this project."

"Wait! There is going to be a permanent U.S. Military presence here!"

"Actually, no. They will have authority only on the land granted to them for the base and subsequent training areas which will include a two kilometer buffer along our southern border to help stop the flow of unwanted immigrants. They will have absolutely no authority over you, your governance, or your lives in any way other than as consumers for goods and services you decide to provide. They will be subject to your laws just as all Mexican citizens are when off base. It is my understanding that issues which arise shall be dealt with in accordance with our wishes and expectations and if they are not, the Mexican Congress will work with the United States to deal with them."

"While the Base will be considered U.S. soil while they occupy the base, the Mexican government reserves the right, by treaty, to expel them should our expectations not be met."

"But what happens if the Americans decide otherwise?"

I then stood up and said, "Then call me. Your leaders will have my direct number. Some of you may know I hold a lot of sway within the halls of power in the States and that is not going to go away any time soon."

"Ambassador Walker, if you give your word to support us, should the need arise, that would be good enough for us. Your reputation precedes you."

I nodded, "You have my word."

With that, the parties agreed to the plan and the meeting was adjourned. I found it quite amusing that most of the people present wanted pictures taken with Beth and myself to commemorate the occasion. It just so happens that Sue had given Walsh a high end digital camera and she got photos, names, and addresses so both Beth and I could sign the prints and get them back to all involved.

After they were ushered out of the room, Beth turned to the SEAL who put himself between her and her assailants, "If I remember correctly, your name was given as 'Mother', am I correct?"

He laughed, "Yes Ma'am."

"Well, Mother, you and I are going to my bed right now so I can show you my appreciation for your bravery and quick actions today. I am going to fuck you every way I know how and when it is all said and done, if you can still walk I will be quite surprised."

He smiled, offered Beth his arm, and smartly escorted her upstairs...midst the well meaning calls of encouragement from everyone else in the room.

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When Beth entered her room she turned and stood before Mother and very slowly and sensually slipped out of her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra or panties, wanting to be a bit distracting for the men to whom she was presenting, and her sex was shaved.

Beth was truly a knockout. Her body perfectly proportioned with a pair of D cup breasts that defied gravity, her nipples sitting high and proud. Her areola were a dark chocolate against her caramel skin. They were also the size of a silver dollar and shaped like muffin tops when she was excited as she was now. Her nipples were hard and stood out about a quarter inch from her swollen nipples.

Below her breasts her body gently tapered in to the flare of her hips which emphasized her hourglass figure without being too prominent. Beth sported a very pleasing thigh gap that afforded a sensual view of her labia which were reflecting a sheen of light from her moisture, making it obvious she was turned on and wet...ready for her man.

Her thighs were neither thin nor large, the tightness of her butt cheeks and long muscles a testament to her being in good physical shape.

Mother was beside himself. He had seen Beth naked before, but this was very different. She was focused solely upon him, her body movements smooth as silk, her demeanor full of desire, and her intents made obvious. Beth walked over to the night stand and picked up a tube of anal lube with a thin, two inch long applicator tip of glycerin. Bending over the edge of the couch she asked Mother, "Please, Mother, slip this into my ass so I am ready for you should you want to take me there?"

Mother took the tube and Beth, currently the most powerful and richest woman in the world, bent over the bed and spread her cheeks with her hands while looking longingly over her shoulder at him. Beth's sphincter winked its welcome as Mother applied some lube around the outside of her dark rose before slipping it fully into her ass and applying a generous amount of lube inside her as well as he pulled it out to make sure she was fully ready for anal play.

Beth then turned to him and began to help him out of his tactical gear. She made sure to let her breasts sway for Mother's enjoyment as she undid buckles and straps, buttons and buckles. When she lowered his pants she knelt before him and carefully hand delivered his raging hard on from the confines of his clothing, giving it a lick at the Y as she helped him step out of them.

Beth then cupped his balls in her tantalizingly soft grip and licked the underside of his engorged cock again, "And where would this lovely thing like to go first, Mother? (lick) In my willing mouth? (lick) in my very wet pussy? (lick) Or in my hot, tight, ass? (lick)."

Mother shuddered, "A-all three, mouth, pussy, and ass in that order, please."

Beth smiled up at him, making eye contact as she slowly slipped her lips over the head of his cock, her tongue moving back and forth underneath. She stopped just past the ridge of his cock as it spasmed to her touch and slowly moved her warm, wet lips back and forth over the ridge as she simultaneously sucked him and ran her fingertips over his balls while her other hand gently masturbated his shaft.

Beth knew the effect she had on men, that she'd always had. It was a sensual use of power that allowed her to be dominant over men while putting on the ruse of being submissive. She enjoyed the dance, the semblance of power most never realized she gave them while actually orchestrating it all.

In truth, she loved the feel of a man in her mouth. She loved how it swelled in response to her tongue, the flavor of their precum and their semen. But what she loved most was letting a man have the illusion he was in control, when she knew better.

Beth knew where a man was most sensitive and her soft, moist, sensual touches allowed her to play her man like a virtuoso. The fact she actually enjoyed it was a bonus.

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Mother groaned as pulling out of her mouth was a bittersweet proposition before bending her over the bed to take her hot, soaked pussy from behind. Mother preferred this position because he loved watching his woman's anal ring pooch in and out as he took her pussy as well as enjoying the view of a statuesque woman's back. Being able to reach around to play with her breasts and rub her clit were just bonuses.

He took Beth's sloppy wet pussy like a madman, lining up his cock and thrusting in fast and hard until his shaft bottomed out and his balls bounced off her clit.

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Beth smiled to herself when Mother projected he had lost control. She knew what his groan meant. When he pulled out of her mouth she turned around and put her knees on the bed, positioning her sex at the right height for him to take her. She inhaled sharply as he took her with force, his lust now controlling him...and she controlled his lust. "Fuck yes, Mother. Show me how much a man you are. Take me, use me, own me."

She angled her bottom so that every thrust slid the bottom of his cock over her G-spot, sending waves of pleasure up her spine. She then trembled and called out her climax to him, feeding his libido even more. "Oh Mother, you are making me cum so hard, please don't stop, yes, juuuusssst....yessssssssss!"

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At the moment just before her climax, Mother pulled out and instantly plowed balls deep into her well lubed ass. This sent Beth over the edge as Mother plowed her for a few more strokes. Beth's eyes rolled up in her head as her whole body spasmed out of control while Mother held her to his cock.

The bucking mare whose willing ass he had impaled was just too much to endure and Mother felt his balls contract, his cock swell, his mind do a mental white out, and his balls rhythmically contracted again and again inside her. Filling this Aphrodite with his cum.

He had never cum so hard in his life.