

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 37

Rusthemod

Visitation can be a pain in the ass.

Incest/Taboo

4.79

8.7k words

OoO

I was on the headset asking Heavylift, "You and yours were well taken care of I hope?"

"Yes, Harry. We were pampered guests at the airport and the accommodations they provided were very comfortable. Several flight attendants who heard we were there even offered some private entertainment."

I smiled, "Glad to hear."

"I understand there was a bit of a rucus?"

"Yeah, two in fact. One Porter decided to commit suicide trying to knife Bella in front of Walsh and a local politician/crime lord attempted an assassination with two flunkies using pneumatic pistols with special darts. Obviously none succeeded and all met untimely deaths. Seems there is still a bit of push back from the lower tier rogues in country."

I could see Heavylift's head nod through the doorway to the cockpit. He then relayed that information to Ladyhawk and Batgirl. "Heads up Ladyhawk and Batgirl. Two attempts already. Let's be on our toes for a third."

"Roger that Heavylift. Combat escort formation and we are all lit up and ready."

The flight back to the Embassy was uneventful, though; but I appreciated the professionalism.

Bella requested we land on the Carrier first so she could talk with the fleet commander. Heavylift and the Apaches landed in an out of the way part of the flight deck and we were met by the XO who escorted us to Captain Hillibrand in his quarters.

"Captain, Ambassador Walker and Lady Isabella are here to see you."

"Very well, XO. Harry and Beth is it okay with you both if he stays?"

We both nodded agreement and we sat in his small seating area. "What can I do for you two today? Scuttlebutt is you had two different attacks while visiting south of here."

Beth nodded her acknowledgment, "Yes, HL. It was most depressing knowing I was the target of two different assassination attempts in less than 24 hours. But I think we accomplished our goals in the end."

HL took a moment to look closely at Beth, "How you holding up?"

Beth smiled in return, "Harry and Sue helped me regain my perspective. I am okay, but still a bit saddened."

HL nodded, "If it helps, it has been my experience you cannot help those who do not want your help, you cannot save those who do not want saving, and you cannot change the base personality of anyone. You can only do what you feel is right, what you have the power to do, and above all: be true to yourself."

Beth smiled warmly, "Wise words indeed, HL. Wise indeed. Which brings us to the reason for my visit today."

"Oh?" HL inquired with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, The Marine contingent got nothing but praise for their politeness, professionalism, and attention to duty during our minor skirmish. I certainly do not intend to step on any toes, but I was wondering if you could consider releasing them from their punishment? Judging from their actions, they have learned their lesson and I believe further punishment is unnecessary."

"That would need to be an official request from you, My Lady. I cannot set such a precedent on my own for obvious reasons. But for political expediency, rules can be bent. So, my question to you is; is this an official request from the President of Mexico?"

Beth smiled, "It is an official request, yes. Unless, of course, it creates a problem for you."

I spoke up, "Perhaps it would be good for morale and foreign relations for Beth to ask this of you in front of the Marines, after referencing this talk? That way they know beyond a shadow of a doubt this is a one time thing based solely upon their performance while on duty?"

HL grinned, "We can make that happen. XO, how long before the Marines will be back with the fleet?"

"Captain, I sent some extra helicopters back earlier to gather all the men at one time. Their ETA is approximately 10 minutes."

"Very good, XO. Have them muster on the hanger deck when they arrive and we can send them to their ship afterwards. Also, have their Commander present as well."

"Aye Aye, Sir." With that, the XO saluted and briskly walked out of the room to have the Commander fetched.

HL got up to get some coffee, "Coffee Beth? Harry?"

"No thanks," was our common response.

Beth was in a thin, skin tight, silk lavender dress with no undergarments. To say one could read the braille on her nipples would be an accurate observation. I know I fully enjoyed watching her breasts bouncing around in the chopper on the trip back to the yacht.

The dress was open back with just a ribbon of silk for a behind the neck tie back and the opening ended at her dimples of Venus. The front was obviously a custom fit because the silk material enveloped her breasts with no loose fabric to the sides or bottom where it flowed without wrinkle from the bottom of her breast to her chest.

It was one of the most sensual dresses I had ever seen on a woman.

After HL sat back down, Beth knelt between his knees and opened his trousers, pulling out his cock which hardened immediately.

HL looked about to stop her when she said, "Captain, I just wanted to be submissive and give you a blow job in thanks for you considering my request."

Beth gently pistoned his manhood while her other hand massaged his balls. When her wet full lips slipped over the ridge and her tongue ran over the Y underneath, HL took a deep breath and softly groaned as Beth lathed her tongue back and forth. Soon Beth was giving HL a very enthusiastic blow job and when he came, she swallowed it all down while looking directly into his eyes. When she was finished she made sure he was completely drained and kissed the tip before putting it away again and helping the Captain back into his pants.

HL coughed as he adjusted himself and smiled, "I would be remiss if I didn't make sure you come let me know if there is ever anything else I can help you with!"

Beth laughed cutely and gave HL a sultry wink.

We sat for a while and did small talk and around 30 minutes later HL got us together to go to the hanger deck. I looked at HL and asked, "You kept them waiting for dramatic effect?"

"That and I am reversing a previous disciplinary action. I am reinforcing who is in charge."

We got to the deck and the XO smartly called everyone to attention when HL showed up. The Marines were still wearing their kit when the Captain began. "I have been informed by the Lady Isabella, President of Mexico, that your work ethic, professionalism, and courtesy during your last deployment was exemplary. To that end, she has something to say to us...Lady Isabella the floor is yours."

Beth cleared her throat. "Captain, in consideration of the exemplary conduct by this Marine group, as President of Mexico, and in concert with our negotiations prior to this meeting, I am officially requesting the punishment for these personnel be ended if you deem it appropriate to do so."

Captain Hillibrand nodded, "In the spirit of cooperation with the Mexican government, your guard duty assignment on the docks has been lifted. However, the docking of your pay remains due to actual damages. That is all."

XO yells, "Attention!" Salutes the Captain, and hollers, "Dismissed! You are to return to your ship, Marines!"

To a person, the Marine group was all smiles. The senior NCO walked up to Beth and bowed deeply, "Ma-am, you just made some life long friends. Should you need anything, just ask. If it can be requisitioned, stolen, confiscated, or legally dispatched, we are your team."

Beth held out her hand and took his in a firm clasp and shake, "I appreciate your service, Marine. And let the rest of your group know I said as much."

"Roger that, Ma-am!"

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Back at the Embassy Afloat, Heavylift tried to land us on the top deck, "Heavylift, just put us down on the dock. Then we can all board together. I note You already got the SEALs brought over."

"Roger on the SEALs. We are the last ones to return." Upon landing the Embassy played over the speakers on the ship, 'Lick' by Joi. Beth was all over it. With just about the entire ship watching she exited the helicopter and walked in time to the music while running her hands over herself in the most sensual walk I have EVER seen a woman perform.

On each of the 'grab a hold' parts of the lyrics she either framed her breasts with her hands or stopped momentarily with her hand on her crotch as if she was being given the best blow job ever. Her facial expressions matched what she was doing with her body and by the time she reached the gangway, everyone, male or female, watching her had their mouths on the floor.

Walsh was at the gangway and at the end of the song she begged, "Beth! You have GOT to teach me how to do that! Oh my gosh! The heat on this ship just went through the roof!" Everyone got to the lounge deck and stripped in record time as 'White Horse' by Laid Back & Monifah came over the speakers and everyone went wild.

The sex was hard, thrusting, and animalistic, with no holds barred. The captain had Beth's pussy, Dad had her ass, and one of the LTs had her mouth and all of them were loving it. Sue and both moms grabbed me and took me to the bedroom where they laid over the bed and spread their cheeks, revealing their well lubed asses.

As I approached Leesie, George Thorogood's original 'Bad to the Bone' broke out. I grabbed the lube and lathed my cock before plunging into mom, pushing my chi up her spine and taking her balls deep, thrusting to the beat. Sue and Barbara were latched onto her nipples while Leesie was whipping her clit with a free hand and soon she was wailing over the music with her climax. Feeling her ass clench my cock as I took her felt glorious.

Leesie moaned and cried and squealed all at once as she came a second time within 10 seconds before she just let go and flopped insensate onto the bed.

I immediately pulled out of Leesie and used some wipes to clean up before re-lubing my cock and taking Mom. Barbara was soon beside herself, enjoying the hard thrusting to the beat of the music while Sue and, eventually Leesie, latched onto her nipples. I reached between us and let my finger rest on mom's clit as I took her hot ass from behind. It was throbbing with her heated pulse and very slick from the juices flowing from her pussy.

"Oh fuck yes, baby! Fuck your mother's ass like you own it! (Gasps and wheezes) Oh baby, your cock feels so good ramming in mommie's ass! Make your mother cum hard for you, baby! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Mommie is cumming for you baby!" Right after that Mom's whole body was shaking uncontrollably with rolling orgasms for about a minute before she collapsed.

After cleaning up again I slipped my throbbing, angry, rock hard and hot cock deep into Sue as I took things a bit slower. "Sis, you want it hard and fast or slow and sensual?"

"Oh you naughty brother, taking your pregnant sister up the ass like this! You know I like it slow and sensual."

Holding myself deep inside her bowels I reached around and began to finger her clit.

"Let me feel every inch of your cock as you move inside my hot ass! Mmmnnn, you feel delicious back there. Keep it nice and slow and sensual, I want a slow burn to climax. Show me my brother knows how to fuck his sister."

Sue was on her knees and shoulders on the edge of the bed as I sensually moved in and out of her willing ass. The heat of her body set my cock on fire as it moved frictionless in and out of her body. I pulled out until the ridge of my cock pressed against the ring of her anus and I softly teased it from the inside for several strokes before going balls deep again in my sister. This had Sue groaning in debauched pleasure. Sometime during this, Leesie slipped a vibrator into Sue's pussy and one into my ass for prostate stimulation. "Fuck mom! That feels so good with Harry stroking deep inside me!" Sue exclaimed.

I know the vibe on my prostate made me swell up another notch...something that wasn't lost on sister Sue as she shivered on my next thrust. I was deep stroking my sister's hot ass as our mom was thrusting a vibe up her cunnie and my ass. Soon both of us were breathing hard. "Mom! You are making me cum!" I managed to choke out before my cock began to fire hose my sister's slick ass.

Sue wailed her spine tingling climax hitting just as my cock pumped its first deposit of cum inside my willing sister's ass. Dang if she didn't drain me dry!

OoO

The next few days were a bustle of activity. Everyone pitched in and got the Embassy spit polished for our guests and the Secret Service people were brought over to the ship, half for each of two evenings, for some R&R and dinner. The Owner's table on the fourth deck was still ship's Captains and their XO's but the SEALs made sure the Service men and women were entertained.

On the second evening, when I greeted the Secret Service on the helicopter deck I was surprised, "Hello Brad!" I exclaimed as he exited the chopper (Brad is the Secret Service martial arts instructor whose ass I kicked at the White House). "I haven't seen you since the wedding!"

Brad was all smiles. "Harry! Well met! What's for dinner?"

"I believe we are having a seafood style dinner, that work for you and the crew?"

Brad checked with the others present and all agreed it would be fine. I then said, "Well, we have to go catch it so those who want to go fishing need to get into one of the two skiffs and we will be off!"

It wasn't long before both skiffs were manned and we took off to La Galleguita Island to fish just off the underwater sea walls which rimmed the island. The fact the Naval vessels had been throwing their biological trash overboard for a month meant the baitfish were abundant which had drawn in the Yellowfin Tuna, Striped Marlin, and Mahi Mahi.

We rigged our poles with Humboldt squid and dropped them down to about 300 feet over the side next to the island shelf and gently jigged them upwards, reeling in the slack as we lowered the rod tips for another jig. Soon we had a Striped Marlin on our skiff and a Yellowfin Tuna on the other.

I was with Brad who had hooked the Marlin, and he was having a religious experience as he fought the fish, whispering, "Oh my God!" each time the Marlin started a run.

It was funny to watch him fight the thing (we found out this was his first deep sea fishing experience and he had no idea how strong a Marlin fought). He begged one of us to take his pole after about 20 minutes but we all laughed and told him to 'man up' and land the thing.

After another 20 minutes I was able to get a rope around the fish's tail and got help to haul him in. It was a fine specimen, measuring out about 12 feet and probably weighed around 400 pounds, give or take. We took pictures with Brad standing next to the fish before we gutted and deheaded it to let it bleed before doing a quick filet and stowing it in some large ice chests.

One of the lady Secret Service members, by the name of June, was still fighting the Tuna and she was exhausted after the fight. But, to her credit, she never asked for help...being determined to land her fish on her own. When they got it aboard it looked to be about a 300 pound tuna. Pictures were taken with her and her catch prior to the deck hand bleeding the fish before filleting it and putting it in an ice chest.

With those two caught we had enough for dinner within an hour and a half of leaving the Yacht. After giving everyone a chance to land another fish (we started fishing for Mahi Mahi and everyone got at least one fish. We kept 5 that ran around 20 to 30 pounds apiece. Quick pictures were taken with the angler as their bright blue and yellow colors turn to a mottled gray rather quickly. Within 4 hours we were back at the Yacht and Chef, along with his assistants, grabbed the coolers and quickly skinned the fish before cutting out their blood lines. Within minutes, the fish were repacked in ice and taken to the kitchen.

All of us, along with the family, jumped into the 50 person roman pool/hot tub on the aft of deck 2. The family just got nude and jumped in, which put the Secret Service folks a bit off guard, even though they had been forewarned by the first group. After some encouragement, they joined us and all the fishermen started bragging about their catches. The Stews kept us in beer, Michelob Amber Bach, and natcho salads as June held everyone's attention with her blow by blow account of how she landed the biggest fish. I didn't have the heart to tell her Brad's had hers beat by about a hundred pounds and Brad followed my lead, letting her take the honors.

About the time we all got waterlogged, the Captains and XO's started arriving and I let Chef know we would be dining Al Fresco on the second deck. The officers stripped as soon as they saw us and we all had a good time drinking beer and telling stories. I piped up, "June! Tell these Navy boys and girls how to catch a Tuna!

June smiled ear to ear, "Oh my gosh! I was pulling in my line and all of a sudden a Mac Truck was taking off with my bait! The deck hand helped me into the chair and locked me and the rod in. Thank goodness the drag was not set hard until then! That fish! Every time I made headway on the line he took out that and more in another run! When I finally started making some headway, I was exhausted! I finally got him by the boat and the fish was so big they had to tie a rope around his tail to get him in the boat!"

By the time she had regaled everyone again with her catch, June's Tuna had grown to 500 pounds or more. It was hilarious. Her excitement was infectious, though and the rest of the anglers got their tall tales in as well.

Then dinner was announced.

The first course (appetizer) of the dinner meal was the Tuna. It was cut into 1 1/4 inch thick steaks which were marinated in Olive Oil for an hour before being coated with a mixture of lime, sea salt, cracked pepper, coarsely ground walnut flour, and egg white. It was fried using a high temperature Olive Oil, specifically refined for high temperature cooking (Not Virgin or Extra Virgin), until the crust browned on each side, leaving a juicy pink center with a nice, crispy crust.

The steaks were then cut into thin slices and laid partially on top of each other to both showcase the crust and the pink center and a wedge of lime was squeezed over the fish. Light salt and cracked pepper were added with a sprig of fresh Cilantro parsley. It was served with pickled ginger slices to the side.

If you have never had fresh tuna then you will just not be able to relate as it tastes NOTHING like canned tuna. The meat is moist, when properly cooked, has no fishy taste, and is a uniquely sublime flavor, particularly when served as it was. The drink with the meal was Atago no Matsu Honjozo Sake which is a quality, beautifully balanced Sake that is both crisp and clean on the palate with a slight, lingering sweetness which mated well with the light tang of the lime.

It was served along with ice cold water.

The second course was the Striped Marlin. The Chef served this marlin as full steaks, cooked in a fresh squeezed garlic and clarified butter sauce topped with freshly stewed Romano tomatoes and fresh basil with Greek olives and feta cheese served to the side. The Chef served a rather interesting Retsina from Mylonas Winery as the drink with the meal. Their Retsina is crisp, clean, and aromatic. While the nose speaks of aromas of peach, mango, lemon, and mastic, the real surprise is one can also feel the taste of fruits on the palate. The refreshing acidity lingers through the finish with light pine notes. It really brightened up the Greek main course.

The third course was my favorite, though. Chef made a glazed ginger root and teriyaki mahi mahi and leeks sauteed in olive oil with rosemary, thyme, lemon juice, lemon zest, sea salt, and freshly ground pepper on a bed of jasmine rice cooked with vegetable broth. The Atago no Matsu Honjozo Sake was again served with this dish.

For the finale, we were served lemon teacakes with Basil Limoncello Spritz drinks which is a refreshing and herbaceous concoction that is a perfect lighter and slightly sweeter cocktail combining the tart and citrusy flavor of limoncello with bubbly prosecco, club soda, and muddled basil creating a light and refreshing, herbaceous flavored drink that settled the meal.

By the time dinner was over, nobody wanted to leave the table...mostly because they had all eaten about a pound of fish each with vegetables and rice, along with quite the variety of alcohol.

June groaned, asking, "Please call in the kitchen staff."

I asked for the staff to come to the table and when they arrived, June said, "I would never have believed a Chef could start with a Chinese fish dish, move to a Greek fish dish, and then transition back to another Chinese fish dish and end with an Italian desert in one meal and make it so good you didn't mind being sick from eating so much when it was all said and done."

The staff was overjoyed everyone loved the meal when the Chef replied, "Actually, with super fresh fish of the types you all caught today, it really was easy to mate all the different dishes together. As you experienced, really fresh fish is a completely different flavor profile from fish you get in a market or grocery store. I was a bit worried about the Retsina wine, as it is a unique flavor."

I asked, "What are you planning to do with the rest of the fish? There had to be another 350 pounds of it after everyone ate."

"With your permission, Ambassador, I was going to have it delivered to the ladies working just off the docks as a special meal for them. There will be enough for them and the marines to eat tonight as well as another full meal the ladies can share or eat later."

"How are you going to make that happen?"

"Well, it seems there are about 60 marines who were willing to volunteer to get the food to them. We are about to make that happen, with your approval."

Knowing the boys he was referencing, I was quite pleased with their initiative. "Make that happen."

The kitchen staff then left immediately to finish their preparations.

We all finally did make it back to the roman pool/hot tub and relaxed for another hour or so. During that time the Marines came and went, delivering the food. (As is typical, they 'commandeered' a few trucks to load all the food into before departing to the different 'houses' around the docks.)

After a bit, the senior NCO approached the pool and was laughing his ass off. I raised an eyebrow and asked, "Okay, this has to be good." The noncom then started expressing what one of the first ladies to sample the food said. He relayed, "I am so pissed! My pussy doesn't smell or taste anything like this fish!"

To a person, the pool rolled and laughed until their sides hurt. June hollered, "I WISH my pussy tasted that good!" That started another whole fit of guffaws and laughter and then the ribald jokes just started rolling in.

Walsh had a particularly good one:

"What is the difference between a Wife, a Prostitute, and a Whore?"

She waited for dramatic effect and then answered, "The Whore says 'deeper, deeper, deeper.' The Prostitute says 'faster, faster, faster.' The wife grunts, 'beige, beige, beigh...I am going to paint the ceiling beige!'"

Beth then asked, "Why do women have such poor depth perception?" She holds up her thumb like she is hitching a ride, "Because they have been told that is six inches all their life!"

Cathy then piped up with hers, "Three nuns died and went to Heaven. Saint Peter was there and said, 'Ladies, contrary to what you have heard, you must answer a question before you can enter.'"

"He assured them the questions, with their backgrounds, would be easy and he walks up to the first nun and she is so nervous and shaking like a leaf. 'Wha, Wha, What's my question?'"

"He asks, 'Who was the first man on the face of the earth!'"

"She answered, 'Oh! That was Adam!'"

"Lights flashed! Bells rang! The doors opened! And, she walked on through!"

"Saint Peter then walks up to the second nun and she is still a little nervous and asks, 'What's my question?'"

"Saint Peter asks, 'Who was the first woman on the face of the earth?' The second nun blows out the air she was holding and says, 'Eve! The first woman was Eve!'"

"Lights flashed! Bells rang! The doors opened! And, she walked on through!"

"Saint Peter then walks up to the third nun who is now chilled out, realizing this is a gimme test. 'Whatcha got for me Saint Pete?'"

"He asks, 'What is the first thing Eve said to Adam when she saw him for the very first time?'"

"The nun's jaw just dropped. She started shaking, she started sweating, and she shook her head, 'Gee! That's a hard one!'"

"Lights flashed, bells rang, the doors opened and she walked on through!"

Barbara also had one, "A husband and wife who owned a farm woke up one morning to their sheets sticking to them. The wife complains, 'Dammit Jimmy! You and your wet ass dreams!' Jimmy just shook his head, 'Well it would be a hell of a lot cleaner if you didn't dream of milking cows all damned night!'"

We had a good time.

After the jokes settled a bit, June crossed over towards me and asked as she bounced her eyebrows up and down while she wrapped her arms around my neck, "So what is my prize for catching dinner?"

I chuckled and asked with a grin, "What would such a fine lass wish?"

"Well, every woman I have met on this ship has told me I have to check out the owner's electric cock before I leave tonight. I was wondering if you could point him out to me?"

"Well that is an interesting proposition; particularly since I am the owner of this ship."

"NO! Really?" June asked with lots of drama, "You don't actually have an electric cock, do you?"

I softly laughed, "No, I don't. But many consider it actually better than that."

Sue and Barbara were near by and were listening in to our conversation and Sue laughed, "Bet your sweet ass it is."

Mom winked at June and just nodded her head.

June looked at me and wet her lips. I asked, "You want the light version or the full blown mind bender version?"

"Oh, mind bender for sure!"

I slipped into June's wet sex and held her still while I looked into her eyes, "If you ride the mind bender you have to get out of the pool afterwards. I don't want you to drown."

June giggled and said, "Hit meEEEEEE, hunng! hunng! hunng!" she grunted as I let loose a larger dose of pulsed chi than I normally do that traveled right up her spine to her brain; causing her to go into a rolling orgasm. After 10 seconds her eyes rolled back and I stopped. Mom and Sue helping me get her into a chaise lounge beside the pool as she continued her orgasmic roller coaster ride. Sue watched over her until she came to.

"What the fuck was that!" June asked with some trepidation.

"That," giggled Sue, "Is the mind bender."

June took a shuddering breath, "I bet I can guess how it got its name. He literally blew my mind! It was a total white out! I was fine one second and the next there was nothing but overwhelming pleasure and climaxing at a level I have never experienced before in my life! How do you even cope with that?"

"Oh, we ladies know better than to ask for a mind bender. After just a few of those it really messes with your brain."

"No shit! Just one fucked me up! Pun intended!"

DD decided to come over to the two of them with Cathy at that moment. DD asked, "How are you feeling?"

June answered, "I bit washed out, like I just finished a marathon in record time."

Cathy asked, "No headaches, burning sensations, dizziness, blurred vision?"

June shook her head, "No, I am feeling normal except for being washed out. Why are you concerned?"

DD answered, "Well, Harry, back when he was learning how to control what he does, almost injured a crew member and his wife, Sue, here doing something similar. We were just checking to be sure you were okay."

"Wait, how can he injure me?"

Cathy responded, "Worst case scenario: he can literally fry the synapses in your brain and turn you into a vegetable... if he doesn't just kill you outright." When June gasped she continued, "He has good control, especially with the two close calls. So he knows what not to do. It is just the two of us would prefer he didn't even approach that level as any distraction or mistake would be costly to the woman as well as to him."

"What cost to him?"

"He is a tender hearted man. He would never forgive himself for lobotomizing a woman that way."

"Well, I can tell you one thing for sure. Any woman he did lobotomize while doing that would consider it worth the price and would not even care if she were a vegetable for the rest of her life."

Sue nodded, "Yeah, I know exactly what you mean."

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Thursday came and everyone was ready for the arrival of the President. Heavylift, Batgirl, and Ladyhawk were waiting at the Mexico City International Airport for Air Force One since the runway at Veracruz was not long enough for the Presidential plane to land. There were four other Super Stallions and 8 more Apachee helicopters in the convoy for tactical security that would be flying in a rough protective formation with Heavylift being the actual helicopter transporting the President and his entourage.

When the plane landed, it taxied to a remote hanger and Bill, Mary, Adrian Scotsdale and his wife Ashley, Brigadier general Ginevra Cappitani and her husband Dante, along with eight Secret Service

agents loaded up into Heavylift's chopper and the entire helicopter group took off and flew low and fast straight for the port at Veracruz which was an hour plus flight time.

The press who insisted on coming along were left to their own devices, but unbeknownst to them, the Secret Service had tagged their clothing so they could be traced for security reasons. This arrangement was just fine with the press as it gave them two days to explore the realities of the transitional governance after the war without the photo opp approach politicians preferred before the social event of the weekend took place.

To say the Apaches were on high alert would be an understatement. Bill took it all in stride, however, being used to flying on Marine One. He got on the ship communications and struck up a conversation with Heavylift. "Heavylift is you call sign, yes?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"I have heard great things about you and your escorts, Heavylift. Your Ambassador speaks very highly of you. And the thwarting of that attack by the Chinese attack helicopter was just a work of art."

"Well, Mr. President, that was a combination of luck and experience. You spend time in a war zone and you learn to make quick decisions or you get to go home in a box. I don't like being boxed in." Heavylift replied light heartedly. "The old-lady would be real pissed with me, coming home that way."

Bill laughed loudly, "Yeah, she would probably haunt your ass whether you went to heaven or hell for doing that to her."

Heavylift chuckled, "Roger that, Mr. President. By the way, Sir. Please make sure everyone is well secured in their seats. Things are pretty calm around hear, but you never know. And if I have to go evasive, I don't want people flying out the doors or bouncing their heads on the ceiling. I tend to get excited if I get missiles launched at me."

"I cannot imagine why that would be the case, Heavylift." Bill laughed. Not like the President is flying with you today or anything."

"No offense, Mr. President, but it wouldn't matter who was back there. I intend to get my ass back home alive and well with everyone safe and sound."

"Roger that, Heavylift. That way, everyone wins."

Just at that moment, Batgirl shouted, "Evasive! Evasive! I got lit up by a laser designator!"

Heavylift immediately let go flares, along with several others, and he went nap of the earth, flying low, fast, and dancing in the air to prevent a manpads from getting a clear shot. One of the peripheral Apache pilots peeled off and back traced the laser which hit them as well. Using infrared they were able to see a young child was playing with a laser pen.

The Apache broke off the engagement and rushed to rejoin the group, "It was a kid with a laser pen. Everyone can relax."

After the evasive action, Bill asked, "What happened?"

Heavylift responded in a calm voice, "Two of the Apaches had a laser targeting warning on their threat board, Sir. Turns out it was a kid with a laser pen just playing a silly prank. We are resuming normal flight now."

Bill laughed and explained what happened to the others in the back who were quite anxious about the maneuvers they had just endured. "Sometimes you just have to have a sense of humor." He said. Mary was holding her tummy and being pregnant, was not amused. Bill blew her a kiss and did what he could to help her calm down.

Thankfully, the rest of the trip was uneventful.

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The members of the press, being naturally nosy and feeling a bit self-important and a bit bullet proof due to being on the Presidential detail, decided to go to the central police station and started hounding local beat officers. The Chief, being an old school good old' boy member who silently supported the previous administration, came out to shoo them away. And, when they didn't leave, he had them arrested and put in jail cells.

The Chief smiled as he formed a plan to fund his early retirement.

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When Heavylift set down on the dock, Walsh, Major Craig, both Lieutenants, Captain Barnes, Beth, Sue, Dad, both moms, Cathy, DD, and Doc all rushed to embrace Bill and Mary. When Mary hugged Sue, she leaned in and whispered, "Congratulations on your pregnancy!"

Major Craig gave Bill a sharp salute, which Bill returned with a warning, "You do that again in private and I will bust you to private. In private I am Bill when on vacation. You copy, Major?"

"Yes, Mr. Pres..." He stopped as soon as Bill raised an eyebrow and restarted, "Yes, Bill, I copy."

Bill nodded with a smile, "Good man. By the way, I had a wonderful conversation with your father. It seems this lady, Walsh, had you so discombobulated you didn't even know you were nude on the video call when you introduced her?"

Craig blushed, "Yes, that is true. I am sure it is going to take a while to live that one down."

Bill laughed loudly, "Son, that is grandchildren story time material there!" Bill then met Walsh. "Miss Walsh! The woman who, single handed, made 60 of my finest Marines back down and surrender all by herself?"

Walsh just smiled and bowed her head slightly, "Wa'll, I disahrmed 'em with me Irish Brogue an dein was putty in me hands."

Mary gushed, "My goodness girl, I can see why!" as she kissed Walsh on the cheek.

Soon Bill and Mary were being rushed onto the Embassy Afloat and taken up to the owner's deck where everyone got undressed and jumped into the pool.

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Beth, good to her word, approached Bill and began gently playing with his balls as she slowly seduced him. She had a soft, sensual touch that let Bill know she really enjoyed playing with a

man's cock, making it dance with the slightest touch.

For his part, Bill was enjoying running his hands over such an exotic beauty. Her flawless, light caramel skin and chocolate nipples pulled him in like a moth to a flame. He wanted to savor this, though, so as they stood offset, facing one another, Beth played with his cock and balls while Bill played with her pussy lips and clit.

Both enjoyed the slow burn of sexual tension as it built up between them. Deep kisses and necking followed until their breaths came more quickly. Eventually Bill reached around Beth and lifted her up as she angled his cock between her hot, sultry lips. He entered her slowly and deeply. They both luxuriated in each other's sex, keeping still in order to not rush the experience.

They entered into a Zen state of sensuality, lips, tongues, fingers, hands all exploring, enjoying the feelings of touching and being touched. After a good while Beth looked into Bill's eyes and whispered, I am about to cum all over your wonderful cock, Bill. I want us to look deeply into each other's eyes as I do so you can see my soul as I cum for you. Can you be vulnerable when you cum for me and do the same?"

Bill choked his acknowledgment as Beth let her climax come to her, opening up herself to Bill as the heat of her climax moved from her dark rose and up her spine. Her breath quickened and her eyes dilated, her mouth opened up and Bill saw the moment it washed over her. The tenderness and vulnerability she displayed for him were overwhelming in their sensuality.

That pushed Bill over the edge, and he returned the gift, Beth's eyes catching everything, accepting everything Bill gave her.

After they both climaxed and settled back down, Beth put her forehead against his and smiled. As his cock slipped out of her sex, they kissed and parted, both changed by the experience.

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Mary moved towards me and whispered in my ear, "Rache sends you her love. She so wanted to come with us but was committed elsewhere and couldn't get out of it."

"Please tell her I miss her, too." I said as I pulled her in close, running my palm over her tummy. "How is our baby doing?"

Mary put her head to my shoulder and sighed, "I find it hard to believe I am carrying the baby of one of the most famous, most powerful men on the planet inside my womb. Every morning, I wake up needing to relieve the sexual and sensual tension in my body."

I slipped inside her up to my balls as she gasped her pleasure. I just held her there as the waves in the pool moved her body just enough to create a very subtle movement of her clit against my pubic bone. I held her head in my hand and deep kissed her, sending very small amounts of chi through my tongue and hand. Not enough to make her climax immediately, but enough she could feel it and luxuriate in it.

Mary clung to that trickle of chi as if her whole life revolved around it. She didn't come up for air, breathing through her nose instead, and she just floated in a sensual nirvana for about 15 minutes until her body betrayed her in a climactic release.

After she regained her breath, Mary whispered, "Fuck that is so good!"

Cathy ambled up to us and asked, "Mary, do you mind if I enjoy that electric cock of his while the two of you talk? I haven't had it in weeks, and I am pining for some psychic sex."

Mary giggled and rose up off my cock, letting Cathy maneuver it inside of her. I didn't let go of Mary, though and the three of us kissed as Cathy did all the work, sliding up and down my cock as it pulsed chi into the pleasure center of her brain. When she came, Cathy's face screwed up and she softly groaned in a high pitch.

Mary softly rubbed her back, "Yes baby, I know. It feels so good, doesn't it?"

Cathy nodded her head and then deep kissed Mary as she came down from her climax. The two of them moved off together to have some sapphic enjoyment. I looked around and saw both Mom's were keeping the Secret Service men busy and Doc had June well in hand.

That's when Batgirl and Ladyhawk came over. Batgirl sat on the edge of the pool and spread her thighs for me to eat her pussy while Ladyhawk wrapped her thighs around my waist and slipped me into hers.

I ate and fucked some delicious pussy as my chi lit them both up. All three of us managed to cum together just as it got to be time to clean up and get ready for dinner.

Chef made Armadillo eggs and Scottish eggs along with an oriental themed salad with Bok Choi leaves, firm tofu chunks, bean sprouts, and crisp chop suey noodles, with a lemongrass and balsamic vinaigrette dressing.

The Scottish eggs were hard boiled eggs encased in a spicy ground sausage and deep fried until the outer layer was crisp, and the Armadillo eggs started as cored Jalapeno' peppers that were then stuffed with smoked Gouda cheese before being also encased in ground sausage and wrapped in thick smoked bacon. The Armadillo eggs were then slow cooked over open flame until the bacon was crispy then slathered with a smokey BBQ sauce.

To my surprise, there was no alcohol served with dinner. Sweet tea and ice water only.

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Just as we were finishing up dinner the shit literally hit the fan.

The comms officer relayed a call from one of the reporting phones handed out to the populace for reporting crimes to Captain Barnes, Beth, and me: "We have a situation that requires your attention." Was all she said before connecting a caller.

Beth put her tablet on speaker and politely stated, "This is Lady Isabella de Sousa, how may I be of assistance?"

The voice of a young male snickered, "First, you can spread your legs for me! Second, you can pay me five million dollars if you wish to get your press people back alive and in one piece."

Brad, who was one of the Secret Service people dining with us this evening came over to my seat and whispered, "We have the press tagged with homing devices, we can find them. Also, we can track that phone. I can have the caller watched via Predator and the press located within 3 minutes."

"Do it."

Brad ran out of the room to coordinate those activities.

I looked at Beth and mouthed, "Keep him on for 3 minutes."

Beth nodded and asked the caller, "Okay, I am listening. How do I know this call is legitimate?"

The caller replied, "Easy, just try to contact any of the American President's press corp. But you can do that after we hang up. I want 5 million U.S. dollars in a Swiss bank account by the end of the day today or we kill one press member a day until we get paid, and the price goes up one million a day to pay for the bullet and disposal of the body."

"Well, I can certainly pay that. But I need to know they are all alive before I pay you to get them back. What can we do so that I know I have proof of life?"

"Nothing. You pay the ransom, or they die. If we feel like it, they will still be alive after you pay up."

Beth was silent for a moment, "That really doesn't work for me. You will need to send me a short, time stamped video showing me they are still alive before you get paid. However, we can discuss that later. Give me a moment to get pen and paper so I can write down the account number."

"Make it quick, I don't have all day you American puppet whore."

Beth waited for another thirty seconds and said, "Okay, give me the account number."

The caller gave her what appeared to be a valid account number for a Swiss bank but I had her switch two numbers when she repeated it back. This necessitated a repetition of the account number and by then, we had him. Brad poked his head back into the dining area and gave a thumbs up.

Beth finished the call, "Okay, the money will be in the account by midnight tonight pacific time as long as I have video proof beforehand that the members of the press are still alive. I need that much time to contact the bank and secure the transfer of funds."

The caller hung up.

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June came in with maps. "They are being held in an underground extension to the police department headquarters." She pointed to a place on the building map that was actually located under the secured police car parking area. "There is a long hallway that leads to a set of two cells and the 4 Newsies are grouped in them."

We looked closely at the area. One of the Lieutenants mentioned, "This wall at the end of the hallway butts up against the underground access for the city's water main and is made of hollowed concrete block. We can use 250 grain/foot det cord with the heat shrink plastic covers we have to help direct the explosive charge enough that it will cut right through the wall. It will stun and disorient any guards on the other side and the dust will blind them. This can happen so fast no one would have time to react."

I looked for the nearest access and there was a manhole access half a block away. "Okay, I suggest we have two teams. One enters the main entrance and causes a distraction by blowing doors and disabling anyone in the front of the building. Time a second blast to occur exactly 5 seconds after

the first and that is when we blow a hole through that wall with the second team. I will coordinate and give the go when the second team has set their explosives."

Barnes spoke up, "Heavylift, is that street wide enough to get your chopper in there for extraction?"

"Yeah, I can get it in there, but if they have any heavy guns set up in that building I will be a sitting duck. We need Ladyhawk and Batgirl to come in right after the SEALS begin their distraction and use their heat sensor gear to locate and their Gatling guns or missiles to take out any gun emplacements along the street before I come in. I will come in hot and land for only a few seconds, you SEALS need to be there when I land. Every second of exposure counts."

Ladyhawk nodded, "We got your back, Heavylift."

The L.T. Said, "We will give you a 15 second warning through Harry who will do the coordinating."

"So, at the 15 second warning the Apaches swoop in and take out the heavy guns, Heavylift lands and pulls out the first SEAL team, the Apaches cover the egress of the second SEAL team who will be extracted two blocks away," I pointed to another road that ran parallel to the one in front of the police building. When that SEAL team is clear of the building the Apaches egress to cover the pickup and we are out of there."

"L.T. can you give me an estimate of how long from blast to being ready for egress?" I asked.

"He thought for a moment, "If the press are ambulatory, 2 minutes. If we have to carry them, 8 minutes. Given the low ceiling of the access pipe and tight quarters, we can bring body bags with us to zip them in and we can drag them out and lift them up the manhole access with ropes if necessary."

"Okay, Heavylift, unload your SEALS over here," I pointed to a park 4 blocks away. "Craig! Make sure there is a troop transport there in 90 minutes to accept the SEALS and drive them as if it is a normal routine patrol towards the Police station. Have them let the first team out a block away and then go past the police station, making a U turn and letting out the second squad a block in front of the Station where they will wait until the first team is set and ready to go."

"Last thing, I want Overwatch with his sniper rifle on the building rooftop across the street."

Craig got on his phone and the SEALS went to gear up and let their people know about the new tasking order. In 25 minutes Heavylift was in the air with the Apaches in formation. A second Sea Stallion following closely behind.

Captain Barnes said, "Bill, Mary, would you two like to watch as everything goes down? We have good satellite pictures available in our communications room."

Bill nodded immediately and Mary eventually asked, "Will there be a lot of killing?"

I looked at her and shrugged, "When fireworks are set off, you never really know."

Mary gave out a whoosh of air, "Well the worry will be there either way, so yes, I want to watch."

Barnes then said, "Let's set this up in Harry's situation room so the whole family can watch."

OoO

Everything seemed to go like we planned it. Which scared the shit out of me. I had the Predator downloading its tracking of our caller on one screen (who was in the Chief's office at the time) and I was tied into the helmet cams of both of the Apaches on two other screens. A fourth screen had a deep look satellite keeping track of our reporters who had not been moved.

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"Team one to scrappy pappy, in position and ready to rock and roll."

"Copy Team one. Overwatch, you in position?"

"Overwatch is in position. Thermals show no heavy guns at this time. Over."

"Team two, make your approach. Overwatch, take out any threats you see when Team two crosses the road, over."