

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 39

Rusthemod

Impressions

Incest/Taboo

4.77

7.2k words

I soon found cause to grab General Ginevra Cappitani and her husband, Dante, and speak to them somewhat privately. "General Cappitani, I wish to let you know how appreciative Lady Isabella and I are that you are here to oversee the elections. We want nothing but a clean, fair process and I will gladly and efficiently acquiesce to your every request that is within my power to grant."

"I wish you to know that Lady Isabella, until the elections and transfer of power, has final say on anything concerning Mexico and I have final say on anything involving the presence of the U.S. Military. We will both back you to the hilt."

Ginevra then asked, "Would it be possible to speak with both you and Lady Isabella?"

I immediately got Beth's attention and she excused herself from some diplomats before coming over to us. General Ginevra then mentioned, "Lady Isabella, Ambassador Walker here has said you have the final word for all things Mexico. Do you perceive that to be an accurate statement?"

Beth smiled, "I would indeed, General. How may I be of assistance?"

"I find it best if my people can work with complete autonomy. Will that be an issue?"

Beth giggled with a big smile, "Absolutely no issue at all, General. I was hoping to be able to fade into the shadows concerning this election and if you are willing to take the 'bull by the horns', I am all the happier."

Will my units have arrest powers?"

"I have no problem with your units having arrest powers. While you are here, I will consider you and yours part of my military police force with power to arrest and incarcerate. You will also have the power to prosecute in our courts should you require it. I am sure you understand I cannot speak for the government after the transition of power, however."

Ginevre nodded, "What are we to do if we are fired upon?"

"Fire back with overwhelming force and eliminate the threat. And if you need help give Ambassador Harry a call. He can have heavy ordinance delivered by air to any coordinates you give him within a minute and there will be no inquiry; you just need to provide an AAR to Ambassador Walker when it is all over."

Ginevre smiled, "You are most accommodating, Madam President. We will be out of your hair as quickly as possible after the elections have been certified." She then looked to me, "When will the U.S. forces withdraw from the country?"

"The day power is transferred to the new government we will pull our forces out with alacrity. Indeed, immediately after elections have been certified, the Naval blockade will be lifted so trade

and tourism can begin to normalize."

Dante looked at me shrewdly, "You are a very capable man, Ambassador. Surprising, given your age."

I smiled, "Thank you, and it is just Harry, please."

"And Beth or Bella."

"Dante is just fine with me, though, for appearances, I believe my wife prefers General."

Beth and I both nodded, "General and Dante, we look forward to working closely with you and yours. If there are any issues, please contact the Embassy afloat and we will jump on it immediately."

Ginevre then smiled, "After your little speech to the other ambassadors, I was not sure how we would get along. I am glad my first impression was not the entire picture."

"Well, General, I have no doubt you realize there was a lot of behind-the-scenes messaging going on there. With a new governance of Mexico, some might wish to establish improper relationships with the new politicians, and I wanted to send a very strong message that such things will not be tolerated. The whole point of this exercise is to expunge the crime and corruption and pave the way for a new era of prosperity for all of Mexico."

Ginevre raised an eyebrow, "Oh, I have no issues with military style discipline. I am not sure career politicians feel the same way, however."

I chuckled, "General, ambassador was not my first title."

Dante guffawed, "No, that much is obvious; and I mean no disrespect. You do not have the slime of a career politician. No, I suspect your first title, given your known skill sets, was... associated with black bag operations? Am I close?"

"I cannot speak to that, Dante. I am sure you understand." I said as I smiled and winked.

Beth laughed, "Damn Harry! He has your number!"

"Yeah, seems so. I just hope the others here recognize with whom they are dealing."

Ginevre responded, "I would hazard a guess you didn't leave much room for doubt. You will make an interesting President one day, Harry."

"I laughed, "Oh? What are you hearing?"

"Umm, just the scuttlebutt around the diplomatic halls in the United Nations. Nothing official, yet."

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Walsh, along with Craig, were able to get some alone time with Dante and Ginevre just before dinner and Craig quietly asked, "Mon cher Général, puis-je vous renseigner sur vos penchants concernant les rencontres sexuelles gratuites?" (My dear General, might I inquire about your proclivities concerning free use sexual encounters?)

Ginevre smiled and responded in kind, "Mon mari et moi sommes très aventureux à cet égard. Aviez-vous quelque chose en tête?" (My husband and I are very adventurous in that regard. Did you have something in mind?) she asked discretely as she looked both Walsh and Craig up and down in an appraising manner.

"Avez-vous eu le plaisir de faire l'amour en hélicoptère avec d'autres couples en survolant plus d'un kilomètre de hauteur dans les airs?" (Have you had the pleasure of sex in a helicopter with other couples while flying over a mile high in the air?)

"Je dois admettre que non. Mais une orgie impromptue en rejoignant le club Mile High est en fait sur notre liste de choses à faire. Puis-je demander qui serait présent?" (I must admit we have not. But an impromptu orgy while joining the mile high club is actually on our bucket list. May I inquire as to all who would be present?)

El Presidente de México, Lady Isabella y su maestro, el Capitán Barnes, el Presidente de Estados Unidos y su esposa, Mary, yo y la Sra. Walsh, el Embajador de la ONU Adrian Scotsdale y su esposa, Carol, Harry y su esposa, Sue. ¿Aún interesado? (The President of Mexico, Lady Isabella and her master, Captain Barnes, the President of America and his wife, Mary, myself and Mrs. Walsh, UN Ambassador Adrian Scotsdale and his wife, Carol, Harry and his wife, Sue. Still interested?)

"Ah absolument! Et c'est une utilisation gratuite?" (Oh, absolutely! And it is free use?)

"Vous pouvez demander à la personne de votre choix; mais un refus poli est acceptable. J'informerai les autres des plans. À votre choix." (You may ask anyone of your choosing; however, a polite decline is acceptable. I will inform the others of the plans. By your leave.)

The four raised glasses and took a sip as Walsh and Craig let the others know.

Ginevre looked at her husband, "Êtes-vous heureux d'être venu maintenant?" (Are you happy you came along now?)

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The hors d'oeuvres were a delightfully eclectic and an international blend of offerings which included:

Fried sage pork sausage wrapped around halloumi cheese sticks

paired with a tangy tzatziki sauce,

Deep fried french onion and minced chicken meatballs held together

with a bit of corn starch and egg white which were wrapped around a

wedge of Gruyère cheese,

Eggplant caponata crostinis which was a juicy medley of eggplant

simmered with tomatoes jazzed up with a flavorsome mix of vinegar,

capers, olives, aromatic herbs, and golden raisins,

Bacon-wrapped dates stuffed with goat cheese,

Buttery crescent rolls wrapped around aged brie,
Scottish eggs made of boiled quail eggs wrapped in bulk Italian
sausage before baking,
And mauve stinger Jellyfish cooked in lemon juice, vinegar, and water
before being battered, fried, and served salted with a spicy red chili
sauce.

Sue and I mingled, and she was ten times the diplomat I was. She smoothed out feathers left and right from my impromptu speech, mostly mentioning I was raised with a military, authoritarian mindset but was very open to new ideas and suggestions. She complemented me by sharing I could spot cow fertilizer (she had to explain her euphemism for bull shit a few times--to the delight of many) from a mile away and anyone wanting to approach me should leave the BS and manipulative schemes at the door. Simple honesty and openness were my weaknesses. However, I did indeed have very strong protective instincts.

Beth and Captain Barnes were quite the popular socialites, along with General Ginevre and Dante.

I had a moment to meet Adrian and his wife, Carol. "It is wonderful to meet you in person, Adrian." I bowed to his wife, "M'Lady."

Carol held out her hand and shook mine with authority, "It is Carol, Ambassador, M'Lady just doesn't fit."

"And it is Harry, Carol. Quite the pleasure. You are a lady, if I may be so bold, who is very easy on the eye." Carol had straight brunette hair that fell to her upper back and stood about 5 foot 10, with a D cup, slim waist, and medium hips. Her ivory skin tone was white with a yellow tinge making it look like dusky white, with fair and warm/neutral pinkish or peachy undertones and she had bright green eyes.

She wore a full coverage, long, pink, silk, formal gown that was obviously tailored with a thin pink camisole underneath so her private attributes didn't show through. But the outfit did nothing to dissuade anyone from lingering an appraising eye over her luscious curves; easily noting she did not wear a bra or panties.

Carol smiled and looked to Adrian, "You better take notes, hon. This one has a silver tongue!"

Adrian laughed, "And he is one of the smoothest, most dangerous men in the world, sweetheart. He is, and no disrespect meant... only admiration," Adrian said looking at me with a slight nod, "like a Black Panther: he is sleek, elegant, graceful, with a smooth movement, and very, very deadly should the need arise."

Carol snickered as she elbowed her husband in the ribs, "Now you are just getting me hotter and more bothered, meanie!"

We all had a nice laugh and I said, "Carol, I really am just a big Teddy Bear."

Carol smiled and winked, "Most men are around a pretty woman, Harry. And thank you for the compliment."

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Dinner began with a Lobster Newburgh served in a bread bowl. This classic dish was made of Lobster meat, combined with a velvety blend of heavy cream, Madeira wine, and a touch of egg.

The lobster was closely followed by a light Tuscan salad made with romaine lettuce, chopped bacon, diced sauteed chicken tenders, diced tomatoes, red onion, crumbled blue cheese, and shredded Parmesan cheese. Light sea salt and fresh ground pepper topped the salad with a house dressing made with whisked mayo, red wine vinegar, olive oil, Dijon mustard, salt and pepper.

The next dish was lemon garlic sea scallops seared in avocado oil served with thin slices of lemon and steamed asparagus topped with a creamy white sauce.

For the main course there was a choice between grade A prime rib or rotisserie pork tenderloin. Both of which were served with twice baked potatoes. The prime rib was served with cups of horseradish sauce and Au Jus with both the rib and loin served with onions and baby Portobello mushrooms sauteed in clarified butter along with steamed asparagus and champagne based white sauce for the sides.

The twice baked potatoes incorporated hand mashed potatoes, bacon chips, butter, sour cream, grated extra sharp cheddar cheese, cracked peppercorns, and chopped greens of spring onions that had been mixed and placed back into the hollowed-out skins before baking a second time to brown the tops.

With the varied meats in the dishes, a 2022 Château Trinquedelle Tavel Rosé from a small appellation of Tavel in France's Southern Rhône was served with dinner which featured a blend of local grapes including Grenache, Cinsault, Clairette, Syrah, and Mourvèdre. It sported an iconic intensity of flavor, color, and texture, and its complex profile offered flavors of white cherry, raspberry, and herbs.

Desert was a creamy vanilla custard in a graham cracker crust topped with in-house whipped cream and freshly ground prime Arabica coffee with Bailey's Irish Cream and Grey Goose Vodka added for a creamy kick.

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During dinner, the French Ambassador caught my attention and asked, "Ambassador Walker. There was a very unusual plane filled with diplomatic attaches carrying diplomatic pouches which landed just before all those unfortunate deaths over on the Swiss side of the border. The diplomats were all photographed, of course. Coincidentally, they all boarded that unusual plane soon after all those deaths and took off, heading across France and towards the Americas. I was wondering if you had any thoughts on those most unusual circumstances."

I raised an eyebrow, "Unusual plane you say? Unusual in what sense?"

"Well, it did not fit the profile of any known commercial or military aircraft of any country. Point of fact, it looked to be a rough copy of an experimental high supersonic aircraft that never made it into service that was manufactured by an American company back during the international supersonic travel craze some decades past."

"Very interesting. Very interesting indeed. And, please, your point is?"

"Well, Ambassador, and I mean no disrespect, but a computer based facial recognition and comparison between you and one of those couriers was a perfect match. I was wondering if you had any comments on that matter."

"Well, that is VERY interesting indeed! Are you proposing, Ambassador, that I flew into that airport with a crew of assassins, attacked the Chinese contingent, poisoned all the other attendees of that gathering with a carcinogen, making sure all the Hotel Staff were spared, killed a Grand Master in martial arts, killed a highly ranked Chinese official and his entourage, all while securing no injuries to my team, set up another group to be a patsy for the crimes, flew back to Washington D.C. and attended a state dinner as a cover?"

The French Ambassador smiled, "Those thoughts did cross my mind. My apologies."

I waved off the apology, noting the dining table had gotten very quiet indeed with all eyes on the two of us, "No apology needed, Ambassador. In your place I would be very curious and likely just as compelled as you were to ask the question."

I looked to the Chinese Ambassador, "Ambassador, what is the position of the Chinese government on this issue?"

The Chinese Ambassador cleared his throat after taking a drink of water to create a dramatic pause. His body language screamed he was repeating a very specific response when he said, "While the Chinese people deplore the murders of our diplomats and we are interested in finding the perpetrators, we are aware that Ambassador Walker could not have committed those crimes and then also have been at the dinner in Washington on the same day."

"We suspect there was a man fitting Ambassador Walker's build who had on a special effects mask matching his facial features who was in that airport. Barring any retinal scans to prove differently, the People's Republic has no interest in pursuing this avenue of investigation and we are content with Ambassador Walker's alibi."

"We are more concerned as to why the organization who was found with the murder weapons would want to insinuate that an assassin, in the guise of Ambassador Walker, would want to inflame relations between China and the United States. An attempt which obviously failed."

I smiled at the French Ambassador, "Which scenario seems more likely to you, given extremist organizations hate America to the point such a scenario is highly plausible?"

The French Ambassador nodded to the Chinese Ambassador, "Of course, the second scenario has more merit. Please accept my apology on behalf of the French government. It was indeed insisted I ask."

"Again, no offense taken. I always appreciate candor in a civil conversation."

With that, dinner devolved into small talk and the tension in the room greatly decreased. I did note that Bill and Mary were putting on their best poker faces during and after the diplomatic game that played out before them... something that was not lost on anyone there... along with the fact I did not answer the Ambassador's question. Well: directly at least. Everyone there knew what the non answer along with the Chinese Ambassador's response meant. The Chinese and Americans were in bed together with this assassination and I was allowed to avenge my father's death.

The French Ambassador realized there was no sense in further pursuing an inquiry and decided to relay this information with a strong suggestion to close the investigation due to the information gathered during dinner. *It is quite obvious this man is not to be underestimated, threatened, or played with.* He thought as he sipped his wine. *And to have killed the Chinese official after defeating his bodyguard without obvious injury proves he is among the elite in martial arts, likely without peer even.* He concluded. *And, the Chinese approved the hit on their official which speaks of a consolidation of power within the country... a power consolidation the Americans are very content with. Interesting times, indeed!*

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Later, the Chinese Ambassador caught me alone and asked a simple question, "All I want to know, if you will tell me, is a simple yes or no."

I looked deeply into his eyes and made sure my smile reached them, "Don't let any negative doubt enter your mind. My father rests easy these days."

The Chinese Ambassador smiled and replied, "Thank you. You did us all a huge favor. Possibly averting a civil war; or worse." before leaving for the evening.

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Heavylift's Sea Stallion, along with five others and about two dozen Apaches, landed in front of the Presidential Palace and three groups of people got into three different helicopters. Half the Apaches were aloft, giving high cover. The President of Mexico, Lady Isabella and her master, Captain Barnes, General Ginevra Cappitani and her husband, Dante, the President of America and his wife, Mary, Major Craig and Mrs. Walsh, Adrian and Carol, along with myself and Sue all got into Heavylift's chopper and the whole air group took off as one with us and the other Sea Stallions in the middle of a defensive bubble.

We quickly climbed almost straight up to just under 3,050 meters (10,000 feet or approximately 1.9 miles) so as to give ample warning for any incoming ordinance before the flight group began the journey back to the Embassy Afloat.

As we were climbing Dante, Ginevra, Adrian, and Carol all watched, initially with some amusement but soon joining in, as everyone undressed, stacking our clothes in a corner of the converted cargo bay. Dante soon propositioned Beth and Ginevra followed suit with Craig. Sue grabbed Adrian, Mary grabbed me, Adrian's wife, Carol, tapped Barnes, and Walsh jumped Bill. It was a bit interesting finding places to fuck, but between the fold down seats and a few blankets, we made do.

Walsh just laid Bill on his back on the floor and squatted down, engulfing his cock into her hot, steaming pussy. She immediately began sending pulses of Chi up his spine and into the pleasure center of his brain and Bill began screaming his multiple climaxes as Walsh used and abused him like a Gigolo.

Bill latched onto Walsh's cheeks and rode her for all he was worth, not ever slowing down after each climax because his cock never went limp. "Fuck yes!" was about the limit of his vocabulary for about 15 minutes until Walsh finally came, expelling a good bit of her cum and Bill's semen onto his balls.

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Walsh thought to herself, *Yeah, I want some of that Presidential cock,* as she laid Bill on the floor on a blanket. *I am wet enough, I am just going to sit down on it and take it in one push. Mmm, a hard man is good to find.* She shivered as Bill's head slipped inside her and felt the thrill of being sexually impaled as he filled her sex. Walsh pressed him all the way in until her clit made contact with his pubic area above his cock, *Mmmm, yes!* she thought to herself as she sat there moving the head of his cock back and forth deep inside her wet sex.

Soon she was pulsing chi through his cock and up his spine. Bill's moans and his reaction adding to her enjoyment. Walsh leaned over so her hard nipples were rubbing his as he bucked underneath her like a stallion taking his mare. Feeling his hot cum filling her pussy just made her relax and enjoy the pounding he was giving her. With each up thrust he made contact with her engorged clit again and she slowly began her rise up the wave, relaxing even more to delay the climax so she could savor being taken by the most politically powerful man in the world.

His cock feels so good inside me the way he pulses it when he cums. She thought to herself as he filled her again and again with his hot cream. Towards the end she knew they were dry pulses, but by then she was full of his seed. *Oh! I am so full of cum I am going to push it all out onto his balls!* Bill was gasping for breath when she shouted into his ear, "I'm cumming for you!"

Warmth spread up her spine and her sex pulsed as her body trembled with her climax. Each pulse squirting her cum and Bill's semen out of her clenching pussy and landing on Bill's balls and thighs. Walsh then stopped the chi pulses and collapsed on top of Bill as they caught their breath.

Panting between the words, Bill said, "Walsh--you almost killed me with that! But--what a way to go! Thank you--honey. Now I know--what Harry is doing--to my wife when--he does that to her! It is amazing!"

Walsh kissed him deeply and responded, "I enjoyed it very much as well, Bill. Your reactions made it special for me, too."

When Walsh rolled off of Bill, Ginevra immediately got into a 69 position with Bill and the two began to clean each other's sex with their tongues. Ginevra having quite a bit more to clean gave Bill the opportunity to lap and suckle on her large clit (almost two inches long when erect) and help her to climax again.

Bill then had Ginevra turn around and they kissed deeply before he asked, "Your clit is absolutely wonderful! As large as it is, I was wondering if it was exposed through your outer lips all the time?"

Ginevra smiled, "Actually, yes, it is. With tight military pants I often have to wear a pad as the rubbing when I walk causes me to cum several times a day."

"Well, whenever you get to needing relief while we are together, just let me know. I will gladly suck on it and eat your pussy until you cum on my face."

Ginevra giggled, "Well, thank you Mr. President. I would love to have you be at my sexual beck and call. And, I will add that if you ever want to enjoy my clit and pussy all you need to do is pull down my pants and have your way with me."

Bill smiled, "Just Bill... and count on it."

The rest of the ride was one of soft cuddles, suckling on nipples, massaging clits and cocks, and lots of heavy petting. After a bit, Walsh and I went around and gently touched each person on the back

of their necks, sending pulses of Chi into the pleasure centers of their brains and causing them to cum on the spot. Of course that necessitated another round of oral cleaning; but no one complained.

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The Apaches and Sea Stallions mostly landed on the Carrier, but Heavylift set us down on the Embassy and we all happily departed, clothes in hand, and got into the elevator to the second deck where we walked into a large orgy in progress. Everyone just mingled and played for hours until it was time to crash. Red ended up showing Ginevra and Dante their room... she didn't come back out so I figured they were having a menage a trois nightcap.

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I woke up to the bed jostling due to Cathy, Leesie, and Doc having some fun. Doc was enjoying moving from one breast to the other as the ladies played with each other's clits and Doc's cock. "Oh good! He is finally awake!"

Cathy immediately jumped onto my morning wood and I groaned as her wet hotness enveloped my now raging boner. Doc, having already lubed Cathy's anus, slipped into her with me and Leesie, facing the same way as I was, inched her knees to each side of my head and lowered her shoulders so Cathy could lick her pussy as Doc and I had effectively plugged her other holes.

Cathy was doing all the work, rolling her hips so I was penetrating when Doc was retracting before she rolled back and the heads of our cocks passed each other going the other way. Each time we passed I could feel it through the thin adjacent walls of her bowel and cuntie so I sent a pulse of Chi through my cock each time.

Judging from Doc's grunts and Cathy's wails, both of them were feeling it. I also reached up with my arms and held one against Mom's back while the other played with her tits above my head. I sent Chi up her spine and into her ample breasts as well.

With all the added excitement, everyone came rather quickly. Cathy almost blacked out with both Doc and I cumming inside her at the same time while mom's pussy expressed her cum all over Cathy's face and my chest.

After a moment of post coital bliss, we all got up and went to the bathroom to use the toilet and shower. Cathy took her time cleaning me while Leesie cleaned Doc before we reversed roles and cleaned both women. Both of them gasped and shuddered as we cleaned their sexes, so Doc and I enjoyed making them cum again in the shower as we sluiced our fingers over their lips and clits.

Eventually I had both women facing me with my fingers over their clits, pulsing Chi into them as Doc slipped his lubed thumbs into their dark roses. Both Cathy and Leesie hung onto me for dear life as they came again and again. Finally Cathy begged, "Please, stop. I am almost unable to stand." Leesie agreed with a head nod and we stopped, doing a final clean and rinse before Doc and I dried off our women and let them sit on the bed to recover.

My stomach growled and was soon followed by Doc's as the ladies giggled. Cathy shook her head and grinned, "Looks like our boys need to get some breakfast."

We all walked into the lounging area to see breakfast being served and we joined everyone at the table.

Everyone looked perky and refreshed... and sans clothing.

Bill immediately moved back his chair and crawled under the table. He separated Ginevre's knees and began licking and sucking on her clit, much to her delight judging from her gasps, as we were served eggs Benedict with hollandaise sauce. The warm, hot buttered and toasted English muffins were topped with perfectly poached eggs and smothered in a warm, creamy, unbroken hollandaise sauce covered with fresh parsley with a side of crispy smoked bacon. Fresh milk and V-8 juice were also available.

While slightly delayed, Ginevre and Bill finished quickly as she came for him and Bill regained his seat. Mary quipped with a smile, "Well! It seems we need to be inviting the General and Dante to our dinner parties!" much to everyone's amusement; after which everyone enjoyed a light conversation during breakfast.

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After breakfast, Dante, Bill, Doc and I decided to do a bit of shark fishing. We were able to obtain quite a few whole foot long Bonita which are perfect for chumming up sharks as they are of the tuna family and like tuna, are very bloody. We went out on both skiffs (Dante with me and Bill with Doc, with an escort of course, and began chumming the water with cut up fish and within minutes we had several large sharks circling each skiff. We had positioned our skiffs about 50 yards apart and we each tossed out a line with shark a hook.

These rigs were specifically chosen for large fish. A six and a half foot, one piece, heavy roller Fiblink rod was mated to a lever drag, size 80, Penn INT80VISWS International 2-Speed Reel loaded with 1,000 yards of 100 lb test Reaction Tackle braided line in a sea blue color with a five foot long 250 lb. test Malin J-Hook Stainless Steel Cable Shark Rig sporting a size 9 stainless steel hook.

As bloody as the Bonito is, we didn't chum a whole lot as a shark's sense of smell, especially when talking about blood in the water, is exceptional. As a result, we didn't add any weight to the rig and just worked a slab of Bonito onto the hook and threw it out and let it sink.

Within 3 minutes we both had large sharks on. Dante had never been deep sea fishing before so I locked him into the fighting chair and tied the rod in after it started playing out line, indicating we had a fish on. I talked him through how to set the drag and plant the hook after making sure the reel was set to high torque.

As soon as Dante set the drag the rod went double, the tip almost touching the surface of the water. Dante did his best to try and pull the rod up and reel in line as he bobbed it back down but he was getting nowhere fast. It was obvious he had a monster on the end of his line.

Now, I don't speak French. But, I can recognize cursing well enough and Dante was letting it rip as he fought that shark for all he was worth. The drag was set at about 80 pounds and this shark was taking out line so fast I had to pour water over the reel to keep it from overheating.

Now, that doesn't mean Dante only had to lift 80 pounds as the torque, through 4 feet was around 320-foot pounds. I figured Dante weighed in at about 200 pounds, so he was trying to lift over one and a half times his body weight. I had the deck hand with us video the whole thing as I talked Dante through the ordeal.

After about 40 minutes of all out war, Dante finally got the shark up to the side of the boat. I swear it looked like our 15-foot hammerhead shark that rushed Mary in the sub the day previous. I rigged

up a bang stick with a 44 magnum hollow point and blew out his brain before we wrapped a rope around his tail and brought him on board. We estimated the shark weighed in around 900 pounds.

Dante was shaking from the Adrenalin dump and sugar plunge, so I immediately helped him drink some orange juice and let him stay seated in the fighting chair as we took pictures of the shark next to him. Dante was shaking his head and speaking excitedly in French, so I asked him to speak in English and he responded, "That is a big fucking fish!"

I laughed, "That very shark tried to attack us when we were in one of the subs last time we went diving. He scared the shit out of us. Now, we will be enjoying him for dinner."

The deck hand then began to skin and cut out the filets of the shark along with the central blood line as quickly as possible before placing the 500 pounds of meat into a clean water and ice bath to soak out the urea. Sharks excrete urea through their skin and soaking the meat in clean ice water ensures the meat is edible; so, cleaning them quickly is of utmost importance.

Bill's catch was a 10-foot great white weighing about 600 pounds whole and dressed out at a around 350 pounds. I had the deck hands cut out the fins and jaws before throwing the carcasses overboard. I asked them to clean up and preserve/seal the jaws in open display so I could give them as gifts to both Dante and Bill as a remembrance of their catches.

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When we returned to the Embassy, the Chef immediately took possession of the fins and meat and began preparing a late lunch as it was understood the Bill and Mary would not be staying for dinner.

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"So, where is my intrepid Mariner?" Ginevre asked as she hung her arms around her husband and gave him a big kiss.

I laughed; he caught the biggest one! Sue and Mary, I swear it is the same hammerhead we saw that tried to attack us in the sub! And! I have video!"

We all rushed to the main television on the deck and most everyone watched as I helped Dante land the shark. His cursing was obvious and it even made Ginevre blush. Craig was just laughing his ass off and interpreted for the rest of us. Let's just say, I had no idea a socialite Frenchman could string together so many expletives and make it sound like sweet honey on the ears. We had to pause the video everyone was laughing so hard.

Dante took it all in stride, of course, saying: "Just wait until you see this monster!"

Mary giggled, "Trust me, if it is the same one, Sue and I already have and it could have swallowed us up whole."

After it was all over and the ohhs and ahhs were done when they finally saw how big the shark was, Walsh walked over and nodded to Dante, giving him a pat on the back, "Damn good fight there Frenchie! Good to know there are at least some Frenchmen who know how to fight."

Dante, having heard the hot skinny on Walsh's fighting abilities, nodded with a big smile, "Still not in your league, though." He said with a wink.

As if on cue, all the women sank down and undid the belts of the man they were standing next to and gave us all mind-blowing blowjobs. The one exception was Walsh had Dante sit down before she began. It was obvious when Walsh sent her first chi pulse up Dante's cock as he stiffened and exclaimed at the top of his lungs, "Oh, mon Dieu, femme! Que fais-tu à ma bite, et m'en restera-t-il une quand tu auras fini?" (Oh, my goodness woman! What are you doing to my cock, and will I have one left when you are finished?)

I was doing the same inside Ginevre's mouth and soon she was having throat orgasms as she gently pulled and scratched my balls while she took me down her throat. After a moment Ginevre stood up and with a very athletic move, placed the back of her right leg on my shoulder as her left leg remained on the ground. On tiptoe, she grabbed my neck with one hand to steady herself and my cock in the other, guiding it to her wet pussy.

I felt the moist heat as the head of my cock touched her lips and Ginevre slowly slid herself around my cock, looking me straight in the eye and saying, "Do what you did while you are inside my pussy, please."

Well, what is a poor country boy to do when a beautiful French woman slips his cock inside her and begs him to make her cum? I wrapped both hands around her and began pressing my cock deep inside her as I sent her to sexual nirvana. After a moment, her eyes were open...but nobody was home as she was fully consumed by the moment.

I knew it was a physical strain on her, so I didn't delay my climax, though I made sure she did several times. As Ginevre shuddered her last orgasm I slowly lowered her leg and slipped out of her sex as I lowered her to a chaise lounge next to her now exhausted husband who looked over at her and asked, "Qui sont ces gens?" (Who are these people?)

Craig translated and we all snickered.

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The wine of the afternoon was a 2022 Bernhard Ott 'Am Berg' Grüner Veltliner white wine sporting a lively, babbling-brook minerality with lemon, pepper, and a touch of cream on the nose. Citrus and subtle herbs flowed over the palate with big round juicy fruit tones expressing a lively acidity.

Dinner began with a bowl of Shark fin soup, and it was a wonderful offering of sesame oil, finely chopped spring onion, ginger root, Chinese mushrooms, dry sherry, chicken stock, coarsely diced shark fin, shredded chicken breast, small shrimp, soy sauce and cornstarch.

The rest of the courses were samples of each shark served side by side so as to compare the differences in the fish. Each course came with pickled ginger to clean the palate so the subtle differences could be appreciated.

First came a shark ceviche which was small and slightly separated pieces of raw shark soaked in both key lime and lemon juice with diced red onions and chopped tomatoes. It was seasoned with chopped serrano chilies, salt, oregano, and cilantro. Pickled green beans also came with the dish. I found the white shark to be a more delicate flavor than the hammerhead and slightly sweeter in taste while the hammerhead was a bit firmer to the tooth. Both were exceptional in their own right.

Next came pan seared shark seasoned with minced garlic cloves, salt, pepper, garlic powder, paprika, cayenne pepper, oregano, thyme, and red pepper flakes before being pan fried in olive oil and butter. It was served with a thickened spiced rum, butter, and key lime sauce drizzled over the

top. Seasoned fried potato wedges came with this dish. Here my preference went to the hammerhead which really soaked up the butter and rum flavors that seemed to overpower the white just a bit.

Grilled shark steaks that had been marinated in orange juice, soy sauce, lemon juice, minced garlic, freshly ground peppercorns, and olive oil before being grilled over charcoal and hickory chips for a smoked flavor profile were served with fried green tomatoes. I had a hard time picking a favorite here. Each fish complimented the smokey citrus and soy in different ways and both were quite good.

For dessert we ate heaven on earth cake made from freshly baked angel food cake covered in layers of fresh custard, cherry pie filling and whipped cream served with a lightly roasted coffee in which dark chocolate had been melted.

After dinner, Dante exclaimed, "It seems I have been grossly misinformed, Harry. It is now obvious to me you Americans actually do know how to cook. This was a most delightful late lunch. My compliments to the Chef."

We all retired to the pool and lazed around until lunch settled and it was time to say our goodbyes to the Secret Service, Mary, Bill, Adrian, and Carol.

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In the months that followed schools and universities were reopened, banks were audited, and corrective actions taken before they re-opened, work crews started on all the planned infrastructure projects, politicians ran for office, NATO assisted with setting up polling places agricultural and clean water initiatives got underway, the southern border clearing started with dedicated drone recon and the Military base set up with field housing. I noted a small town quickly built up around the new base.

With the 'relatively' peaceful elections (there were a few issues with armed thugs who were quickly eliminated by the NATO forces without our personal intervention), the Naval blockade was lifted, and tourism immediately took off. Beth was anxious to step down and the transition teams made short work of training the political officials who immediately amended the Constitution to create better checks and balances between the branches as well as greater oversight of the banking system.

As soon as possible, Beth handed over all the Mexican monies in her possession, along with a complete accounting and listing of accounts payable and their timelines, to the new President with a copy sent to every new member of the Mexican Congress. Beth gave him a kiss on the cheek and whispered, "Good Luck," before turning and walking hand in hand with Barnes back to Heavylift's chopper with Walsh and I in tow.

After an additional 3 months, it was time for us to depart. The military had pulled out during that time, except for the new base, and a new U.S. Ambassador was approved and in residence. I also got Craig into the United States Army Command and General Staff College and Sue purchased a residence for him and Walsh just outside the complex.

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Beth and I were up on the Bridge as we pulled away from the dock. Barnes looked at me and asked, "What heading, Harry?"

I squeezed Beth's hand as she trembled beside me, "Guantanamo Bay. I have some reporters I need to look at."

Barnes looked at Red, "XO, you have the Bridge, set a course for Guantanamo Bay at good speed and don't let them know we are coming."

"Aye, Captain. Good speed to Guantanamo Bay on the down low. Plot, give me an ETA."

"XO: at 35 knots we will be at the base in thirty-seven and a half hours."

"Very well. Make your speed 35 knots and lay in the course. Helmsman, set autopilot as soon as we clear the harbor."

Barnes then took Beth's hand and, while still on the Bridge, went to one knee. We had set up cameras, so the scene was being recorded and the proceedings were being broadcast over the CCTV system. Beth had no clue, and it was cute to see her facial expressions move from confusion to recognition to shock and finally settling on happy tears.

"Beth," he said as he took her hand in his as he looked up into her face, "You complete me in a way I never believed possible. I can no longer envision a life without you in it and by my side. I am consumed by you and rise from the ashes at each glance, every smile. Your gentle sighs are worthy of the finest concert halls and the purest music to my soul. Please, my love, my soulmate, agree to marry me?"