

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 12

Rusthemod

Oh shit.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

9.1k words

Pet and Mavis arrived with the bartender (who quickly got over the shock of all the naked people and quickly undressed with Mavis and Pet) with trays and trays of Hors d'oeuvres and cases of chilled Armand de Brignac Ace of Spades Brut Gold in two large ice chests full of shaved ice.

I was familiar with this offering. It is a young champagne and a prestige cuvée that expresses vibrant fresh fruit character, and layers of complexity.

Peach, apricot and red berry aromas are followed by crystalized citrus, orange blossom and hints of brioche. The palate is rich with cherries, exotic fruits and a touch of lemon, vanilla and honey. The mouth feel is soft and creamy, with a hint of toastiness, from the unique Armand de Brignac dosage which is aged for one year in French oak barrels.

The Hors d'oeuvres consisted of Pate A Choux, Foie Gras, Royal Osetra Caviar, toast points, cream cheese stuffed celery, plain cream cheese, and Carr's Whole Grain Crackers. In addition, they brought bread plates and Champagne flutes from the Club along with plush folding chairs the which family set around the pool.

I was handed a glass of water and two pills. Sue said, "One is a fast acting Viagra and the other is a slow acting one for sustained woodies." She giggled and gave me a kiss. "You have fun this evening, baby. Don't worry about a thing."

Not five minutes after everything was set up, cars started arriving. I just knew it. It was the Congressmen, the Governor, the Mayor and their wives.

The family set up a receiving line and helped everyone out of their clothes as they entered while I stood in the center of the room and watched as I was ordered. As soon as the spouses were denuded each one came over to me and soon I was hard as a steel rod. "Hello ladies. I wanted you all to know I found your notes very intriguing."

The Governor's wife placed her hand on my member and said to the other ladies present, "Oh my, ladies, he is packing more than one pistol tonight!" Another slapped my behind, "well he is definitely overdressed. Let's help him out ladies."

The Mayor's wife smiled as she began to take off my tack belt while others got my shirt and boots working. "Seems I get my protector after all." She winked and pulled me in for a soul searing kiss.

In no time I was stripped and feminine hands were all over me. I was led to a couch where the Mayor's wife licked my balls as the Governor's wife impaled herself on my rock hard cock, dancing up and down like she hadn't had sex in a decade. A Senator's wife and a Congressman's wife each sucked on my nipples as another stood over me and lowered her wet and engorged pussy to my lips. I had handfuls of pussy and boobs.

Thank goodness the women traded places on their own as there was no way I was keeping up. As soon as one came on my cock she got up and the one over my face took her place. The one lapping my balls then went to my face and one of the women whose pussy I had in my hands went to my balls. I was in a round robin of pussy for over an hour, I came 7 times and never went limp. When all the women finally came up for air and went to get food and drinks and recharge, I looked around.

Seems every woman in the extended family had either a Senator, a Congressman, the Governor or the Mayor deep inside their pussies or mouths. Pet was having the time of her life. One was in her mouth, one was in her ass, another in her pussy, and both hands were jacking off other men.

As I grabbed some water to rehydrate, two of the wives came by and thanked me personally. "We both were ovulating today, thank you in advance for giving us babies." I was at a loss for words.

The Governor's wife then took me by the hand and had me lube up her ass. She then walked me over to her husband who was vocally appreciating Sue's pussy as he slid his thick cock in and out of her. She bent over and started sucking on Sue's nipples and spread her cheeks. I placed my cock head at the entrance to her dark rose and pressed.

I met little resistance. Obviously this woman loved anal and practiced it regularly. I let myself go and just enjoyed fucking the Governor's wife in the ass right in front of him. Soon she was climaxing left and right and, after the third one, she could no longer stand. "Harry, you feel so good up my ass. Please help me stay up and cream my ass for me? I need this honey."

I grabbed her hips and held her up as I pummeled her ass. How in the world I still had cum left I have no idea, but I did manage a fair amount and deposited it deep into her. She moaned her pleasure and with her fourth orgasm she was spent. I sat her in a chair and cleaned myself up before jumping in the pool to cool off.

About 1:00 am, Marion got on the phone and had his off duty officers come by five to a car, and drive everyone home. None of the women could walk straight and the men were too drunk to drive. It was all the family could do to get them properly dressed before they left.

I made sure Mavis and Pet had a place to sleep for the night and I went to bed a pooped puppy. Sue came in and handed me my medal from the Mayor. "Congratulations baby!"

"Thank you honey. But, what in the hell did we get ourselves into tonight?"

"Insurance honey."

"Insurance?" Not comprehending.

"Insurance, remember all the security cameras around the place? Everything was taped. Only the immediate family knows this, so shhhhh."

"No shit. If word of that gets out we are all dead people walking."

"To be used only if the shit really hits the fan baby. But insurance it is."

With that I slept the sleep of the dead...no pun intended.

The next morning I woke up around 10 and the place was abuzz. My cock was sore. Mom popped in and pulled down the covers and swathed my cock in some cool, soothing cream. "This will take away the soreness, baby. But, no sex today so you can heal. You were a busy boy last night. All the wives said you were magnificent, by the way. They all said when you visit with the Governor that they want you to have a private lunch with them. Seems having the baby of such a powerful man is a fashion trend."

Mom found that way too funny.

Pet and DD then came in with a breakfast tray. I sat up and started to pick up a fork and got my hand slapped. "Your Pets are feeding Master, forgive the playful slap, but Master shall not lift a finger today without a Pet to be there to assist."

I had some serious questions about who was the Pet and who was the Master, but I figured, why kick a gift horse in the mouth?

Both girls began to feed me breakfast. Sausage patties, eggs over easy, buttered toast, bacon, orange juice and V-8 juice. Fare fit for a king.

"Girls," I said as they cleaned me up from breakfast, "If I could I would make love to both of you. That was a very special breakfast, thank you both very much."

DD spoke up, "Neither of us girls would ever deny Master, but it seems everyone is in need of a day to recuperate. Even the bartender," she giggled.

"Did everyone have a good time?"

"Oh yes, Great Master," Pet intoned, "By the way, all the lady visitors last night were quite taken with Master's virility. This girl took the liberty of letting them know the women in the family were already well aware of Master's sexual prowess and suggested they might want to have a one-on-one session with you should the opportunity arise."

DD smiled, "Yes, this girl thinks they actually were planning that out among themselves," she laughed.

I groaned, "My pets are going to kill me."

The girls thought that was hilarious. Seems I missed my calling as a comedian.

I decided then and there that Uncle Marion and Dad were going with me when I met the Governor.

I went downstairs to rounds of applause from the family. "What is all that for?"

"Your impromptu interview," Marion pipped.

"We have all the news reports videotaped if you want to watch them. They are quite impressive," Lisa quipped.

I asked for some coffee and sat down to watch with the family. Sue grabbed the remote and Pet brought me a cup. "Thank you, Pet."

Sue first went through the montage of main networks on my interview and the responses ranged from, "Of course we are against dangerous criminals roaming our streets, but was killing this man

actually necessary?" to "What an interview! This man is a national hero! We need to get him on the show to talk about his experience!"

Then one of the conservative super shows showed a closeup of the perp's gun hand just as I fired. It was very obvious the hammer was moving back as he squeezed the trigger. My round hit the pistol just in time to prevent a round from being fired.

They actually referenced the first commentator from another show and answered the question: "Absolutely it was necessary! If this Officer had fired a few seconds later the Governor of the state would have been dead. You can clearly see in this video that we slowed down for you that the perpetrator was in the process of firing his pistol into the head of the Governor at point blank range."

"Damn, I didn't know it was that close."

"I would keep that to myself." Marion stated. "No need to give anyone any cause to second guess your actions. I would just simply state, if asked, 'The video doesn't lie and speaks very plainly for itself.' And leave it at that."

The next show actually showed what happened in real time. James whistled, "Damn you are quick! And to pull and fire with that level of accuracy, not once, but three times? That is legendary quickness, Harry."

"Harry," Marion interrupted, "The highest bid for an exclusive interview is now at \$50,000 with all expenses paid for you and me and Sue and Lisa. Not sure how you feel about it, but we need to answer by this evening and they will send a helicopter out to pick us up and take us to a local studio for a live interview. They will put us up for the night as well as provide dinner and breakfast before the return trip."

I sighed, "I don't need the money, but lets have them donate it to the local orphanage? Also, I need to call the Governor and ask him his opinion."

Cathy handed me my phone. Evidently this was already figured out. I called the Governor and got his secretary. She put me right through.

"Harry! Great to hear from you! I wasn't expecting your call for another day or so! What's up?"

"Is this call secure, Sir?"

"Hank: and as secure as is possible. You know Feds."

"Understood. Hank, I have an offer for a live interview with a major network who is very supportive of what happened last night. They want to pay \$50k plus expenses for a night as well as provide transport. I am considering accepting with the caveat they send the check to the local orphanage. What are your thoughts?"

"After your impromptu interview last night, go for it. You think fast on your feet, obviously, and it is good press for you and for our agenda. Be sure to ask the interviewer to note where the money is being sent. That is another feather in your cap, Harry."

"Thank you for your thoughts and support."

"I saw the slow-mo. I would have been dead in another second, Harry. Come by my office around ten o'clock on Thursday and we can discuss your future. We have big plans for you, Harry, if you are interested. By the way, the wife has invited you to the house for lunch, so come hungry."

I knew what all of that meant but kept my mouth shut. I had the phone on speaker and everyone in the room stifled their laughter. "Will do, Hank. See you Thursday."

With that, Marion made a call. "Yes, I was given this number to let you know if the Officer from the Club shooting was available for that exclusive interview. Yes I will wait....Yes, this is the Sheriff. Yes, he is willing to do the interview...with one requirement. No, it isn't anything you would be uncomfortable with. He just wants the interviewer to mention the network was asked to send the remuneration for the interview to the local orphanage. Nothing bombastic, just low key. Yes, we will be ready."

Marion hung up, "They will be here with a chopper in an hour. They already know where to land. And, they want you in uniform. I will need to go get mine, and Lisa, you need to be in yours as well. We will be his protective detail, covering his back."

With that, Marion got up and he and Lisa left to go get dressed in town. Barbara had put up my uniform when I got attacked last night so it was good to go. I smiled with this thought to make the Pets happy, "Pets, would you two be so kind as to help me get dressed?" Sue laughed, but Pet and DD were ecstatic. Mavis just shook her head and grinned. "No flippin idea." was all she said.

Sue then was aghast, "Oh my goodness! I have nothing to wear!" At which Mavis and Mom and Leesie all jumped. "Ladies! Upstairs for a reconnoiter we only have an hour!" Leesie commanded and the entourage left in haste.

DD and Pet took me in hand and led me to the shower for a quick bath. Knowing we had no time to play, they left me to bathe as they got my uniform sorted out. I did the 'three S' routine (shit, shave, and shampoo for those who are wondering) and dried off. I got my hair set and walked into the bedroom. I could hear all hell breaking loose in Jame's and Leesie's room and I knew I dang sure didn't want to go in there.

Pet looked a bit concerned. "Great Master, Pet's sister has gone to get an unscented fabric refresher spray for your uniform. While clean, it does have a faint odor of stress pheromones and Master's pets thought it best to deodorize it before girls dressed you."

"As always, my pets serve me well and please me with their initiative." Pet just beamed.

I was ready in 15 minutes and waited in the living room. I checked both pistols to ensure they were fully loaded along with my magazines. Everything was in order, including a ribbon to commemorate my medal from the Mayor. Pets took great care to put more pain cream on my cock and get it situated properly in my boxers before putting on a spare set of ballistic underwear. I gave them both a toe curling kiss to thank them.

Marion and Lisa returned with about 10 minutes to spare and we all stood and witnessed Sue's grand entrance. My mouth dropped and only one word came out, "Wow!"

Lisa looked at Marion and said for everyone to hear, "We don't have enough firepower to protect her looking like that." Sue had on a Burgundy dress that hugged her figure, showed a modest amount of décolletage and ended below the knee.

She was bra-less but had borrowed an absolutely gorgeous necklace Leesie had whose main jewel was a huge ruby in the exact color of the dress. The dress went to her ankles where she had on matching shoes. She used very light makeup to accentuate her beautiful blue eyes.

"Baby, I would hate to see you when you have something to wear. You are stunning." Sue beamed a smile from ear to ear.

Marion and Lisa had brought a suitcase of clothing for the evening and the return trip while the ladies had gotten all that together for Sue. The pets also took care of my clothes and placed them in Sue's suitcase as well.

OK, I wasn't sure what I was really expecting? But two full on, loaded for bear, Attack Helicopters out of the local National Guard post as escorts definitely wasn't it. A CH-53E Super Stallion landed in the clearing just off from the house as two AH-64 Apaches circled in close air support.

As a courtesy to the ladies, the Super Stallion cut its rotors so everyone could board the chopper without having the blade wash ruin clothing or hair. As soon as they slowed enough we were escorted, hunkered down to give the still turning blades plenty of room, into the aircraft and it immediately wound up and we were off just as we acclimated to the seating and had noise canceling I/O headphones placed on our ears.

We all four had window seats. "You fellas with the National Guard?"

"No Sir! We were deployed there to do some training, but we got a tasking order from DOD to escort you four to a radio station. Seems the Governor called in a favor, Sir!"

"Some favor!"

"Yes, Sir!" We are clearing the airspace as we speak, the 'pachies are in full protection mode."

"Meaning?"

"Let's just say, NOBODY wants to fuck with them on this mission, Sir. Somebody so much as lights a laser pointer at any of us or somebody hits us with radar and it will get real exciting real quick. Keep your seat belts on, just in case. Our pilot did time in an active war zone and he doesn't play."

"Damn!"

"Yes Sir."

Thankfully, we were able to enjoy the ride with no issues. I must say, the broadcast studio was somewhat nonplussed about being invaded by the military but things calmed down rather quickly. The two Apaches and the Super Stallion then exited the area after giving us a number to call and unloading our suitcases letting us know they would arrive within 10 minutes when we were ready for transport back home.

The studio sat me in a noise proof room with a backdrop, a screen where I could see the commentator, a chair, a desk, and a glass of water and we were live in less than 5 minutes. I suspect the studio wanted this interview over as soon as possible, which was just fine by me.

"Ladies and gentlemen! We have with us, joining by remote, the Sheriff's Officer whom we have all seen on national television save one of our state governors at an awards ceremony where the

Officer was being awarded a medal for previously saving several other civilian lives! And we have his exclusive interview!"

"Hello Officer, so glad you accepted our invitation to speak with us! How may I address you, Sir?"

"Thank you, it is a pleasure to be here to speak with you today. And, Harry is just fine."

"Thank you, Harry. You have already given a quick interview at the scene, mind if we play that back for our audience?"

"Please, it will set a good foundation for our interaction."

The network played the tape, "Was that rehearsed, Harry?"

"No Sir. I really was caught off guard with the request for an interview. I know a lot of people are bandying around the term hero, but I really am nothing out of the ordinary. Plenty of Law Enforcement Officers would have done the same thing. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time."

The commentator smiled, "Be that as it may, we have seen the tape and your response was incredible and timely, another second and the Governor would have been dead."

"Honestly, I was just fortunate."

"Actually, Harry, we have discussed this with several Federal Law Enforcement trainers as well as some Special Operations Operatives, and to a person they say your situational awareness, reflexes, accuracy, and situational control were at a level few individuals are ever able to achieve. Indeed, one Navy Seal commented he would be hard pressed to duplicate, without warning, what you achieved."

"Well, I am flattered they feel that way. Thank you for relaying the compliment."

"So Harry, I was informed the fee we were going to pay you was refused and, instead you want the proceeds to go to a local orphanage. I also note, your arrival at the studio was a bit dramatic. So, I have two questions for you. First, are you getting any death threats as a result of your heroic actions and second, are you considering entering into politics?"

"Well, let me start by saying I believe in being direct. To answer your first question about death threats, I am not aware of any. I have no idea why I had such a serious escort to your studio, but I was grateful for it."

"My Uncle, his fiancée, and my fiancée were traveling with me and their safety is always very important to me. To your second question, I can honestly tell you that I have been thinking about the possibility, but no plans have been made nor any serious discussions have occurred on the topic of me entering the political arena. I strongly suspect that issue will resolve itself rather soon, but what that resolution may be or what form it may take, I honestly have no clue."

"Thank you for actually answering those questions, Harry. It is quite refreshing. We understand you had a party that evening, care to share who was in attendance?"

I smiled, "Actually, I am going to err on the side of discretion on that question. Sorry. It was a private party. In my circle, private means people at large have no reason or need to know."

"Was the Governor present?"

"I am sure you have questions I would be willing to discuss."

"I see you are a straight shooter in more ways than one, Harry. I can respect that. Bing in the business, I had to ask."

"Thank you, and yes I understand. But my private life is private and I would ask everyone to respect that."

"You do realize if you enter into politics that may no longer be a viable position."

"It will be viable for me. I will not comment...ever. Let people say what they want or speculate all they want. I am sure they would appreciate the same discretion."

"Sorry, Harry, did you just threaten news agencies who may delve into your private life without permission?"

"Threaten? No, I don't do threats. They are for children. I express my expectations."

"So, Harry, what are your feelings about gun control, and crime? We are aware the local District Attorney's office let the man who tried to kill you with a knife out on minimal bond even though he had an extensive record."

"Yes, that happened. And if that attempted murderer had been held without bond he would be alive today. As it turned out, the District Attorney's decision effectively signed his death warrant. It should have been obvious, with the man's record, the events that took place upon his release were highly likely."

"Are you accusing the local District Attorney of aiding and abetting the death of that man?"

"No, I am not. Absolutely not. I am sure the District Attorney's office did what they felt was right. That criminal made his own decisions which led up to his death. What I am saying, and anyone who says I mean differently is a liar, is common sense is needed when looking at cases such as this. I understand there are serious politics involved in this area at this time, but the facts have become very clear that being soft on crime emboldens criminals and increases criminal behaviors because street criminals are very short sighted."

"Short sighted?"

"Yes, there are some who would have us believe that career criminals can be reasoned with and it will change their behavior. But, to a street thug, they just see that as weakness and will play the game until they are free to continue their criminal ways. That is exactly what happened in this scenario. Look at any city that has been soft on prosecuting street crime. In every instance, not one or two or even three...in EVERY instance, crime is going through the roof. Anyone with common sense can see there is a correlation."

"Now, if you don't mind out of control crime, murders doubling or even tripling, cars being ransacked as a matter of course, businesses dealing with snatch and grab, then so be it. But, I am all about protecting my family, my neighbors, and my community from those who would prey upon them."

"Even to the point of deadly force?"

"I didn't make the decision in any instance, to initiate deadly force. Those decisions were made by the perpetrators involved. I just accepted their decision and acted accordingly."

"You do know, Harry, some in the media are calling you a Vigilante."

"Well, if I call them a moron, does that make it true?"

Smiling the commentator replied, "That is a very good question!"

"Well, the definition of the term Vigilante is broadly defined as a self-appointed doer of justice. I was not self appointed to do anything. I am a sworn provisional Sheriff's Officer. Additionally, I didn't seek out these instances, criminals sought me out to perform criminal acts or did then in my presence. So the definition doesn't apply. And as I stated, just because I call someone a moron doesn't make it true."

"Interesting. So what is your stance on citizens being able to have guns?"

"That's easy. Criminals prey upon the weak, not the strong. We say this all the time as a rape prevention technique...don't portray yourself as an easy victim. By definition, law abiding citizens don't intentionally commit crimes involving firearms, criminals do. Additionally, if you take a gun out of the equation in a domestic situation, the aggressor just uses a kitchen knife or an ice pick or a box cutter. If a man or woman has decided to kill, the tool they use is inconsequential...the decision is made."

"My biggest issue is this: why are we trying to keep a law abiding citizen from being able to protect him or her self against armed assailants who intend them harm? It makes no sense. Do you really think a criminal is going to purchase a pistol from a legitimate dealer? No, they are going to purchase it off the street. Making guns harder to purchase and carry for law abiding citizens makes no sense."

"Something many do not know because the media will not cover it: there are five towns in the United States that make it mandatory for adults of sound mind with no criminal record to own a gun. Virgin, Utah with a violent crime rate of 1.8 per thousand, Gun Barrel City, Texas less than 1 per 1,000 violent crime rate, Nucla, Colorado 6.63 per 1,000 violent crime rate, and Kennesaw, Georgia 1.82 per 1,000 violent crime rate."

"Compare that to cities or states with strict gun control laws: New York 25.6 per 1,000, Chicago, Illinois 9.43 per 1,000, Los Angeles, California 8.04 per 1,000 residents involved in violent crime. Common sense tells you it isn't guns in law abiding citizen's hands that cause violent crime. There are no statistics kept by the FBI that support such a statement."

"Wow, plain speaking indeed! You have given our viewership quite a bit to think about, Harry."

"I believe in being honest, my family raised me that way. But I also believe in statistical truths as opposed to emotional positioning on the important issues that our society is facing. And that is probably why I would not make a good politician. When I see bull, I call bull."

"Our time for this segment is up. Thank you so much for letting us get to know the man behind the hype just a little bit better. It was a pleasure to have you on the show today."

"The pleasure was mine, thank you."

The studio provided a limousine and a voucher to eat anywhere in the city. The limo took us to a 5 star hotel where we were booked for the night in a 2 bedroom penthouse. The view over the city was very nice, if you liked large cities.

We all, except Sue who was already dressed to the nines, got into evening wear. Marion tossed me a shoulder holster to wear underneath my open dress coat and I also carried my backup pistol in my ankle holster. We went down to the main lobby where we spoke with the Concierge, asking for a limousine to take us to the nicest place in town to have dinner.

The Concierge mentioned it would be impossible to get reservations. "Yes, I am aware that could be the case, but I feel lucky tonight." The limo came and we all hopped in. When we arrived Sue looked worried, "It seems the Concierge was correct, this place isn't letting people walk in."

"Perhaps we should try anyway." I commented.

I walked up to the doorman and handed him \$200. He didn't accept at first and said, "Sir, I cannot let you in without a reservation."

I still held the money for him to accept and responded, "Perhaps we can let the Maître d'hôtel make that decision?"

"Your money, Sir." and he accepted the cash and let us in.

Upon entering we walked up to the Maître d'hôtel at her station and asked for a table for 4. "May I have the name of your reservation?" she asked.

I handed her the Governor's card, "We do not have a reservation, but if you were to call the Governor at his private number on that card, I am sure he can smooth over the situation."

Looking at the card, the lady looked back up at me and scrutinized my face more closely. "You are the Officer, aren't you."

I smiled, "Yes, my lady, I am."

"I seem to have a last minute opening, a party is over 15 minutes late with no contact and, by policy, that opens up their reservation." She motioned for a young man who came over. She gave him our table number and he escorted us to our table.

Sue, Marion, and Cathy just shook their heads.

Dinner was nice, but not as good as Pet's cuisine. I had decided not to gamble and get disappointed so I just ordered a King Cut, blue cooked, Filet Mignon and Marion did the same. Sue ordered the Lobster while Lisa ordered Prawn Shrimp. We ordered a nice Rose to go with the mixed meal. It was nice, but we were spoiled.

Sue commented, "Pet would be embarrassed to serve this."

"Yes," I agreed, "but let's make the most of the evening."

Marion started off the conversation, "Harry, that was some spiel you gave the network. But I have to say, it sure sounded to me like you were about to run for office."

Lisa added, "You know they are going to double check those statistics and call you out if you misquoted."

"Yeah, I know. That is why I wrote them down off the net earlier today," and I handed her the paper with the notes on it.

Lisa softly whistled, "Who needs a teleprompter, eh?"

I laughed, "I may look young, but I didn't just fall off a turnip truck."

Marion laughed.

After dinner I contacted the Limo service and requested a pick-up. They mentioned ours was outside, "It is a slow night," the gentleman on the phone explained.

We walked out and got seated in the Limo. I asked the driver to take us to the most exciting bar in the area. He smiled, realizing we just walked into an exclusive restaurant without a reservation and ate.

As we arrived at the nightclub, there was a line half a block long with two burly gate guards and one more official looking doorman.

We got out of the Limo to a few taking photos. I walked up to guards and palmed them both \$200 from each hand as we shook hands. "My friends, fiancé, and I would like to go dancing tonight. Is there room for us?" One of the burly guards checked with the doorman who looked us over, nodded, and the guard raised the barrier for us to continue.

I nodded politely to the suit and we walked into a foyer with a pretty lady in a long dress, Hello! What a lovely group! Would you prefer general admission or a more exclusive balcony section?"

"Oh, the best you have, absolutely." I responded.

The lady smiled, "You will find it very nice, Sir. The cost of the upper sections is \$1,500 a night with a private waiter or waitress."

I gave her the card the studio gave me and after she cleared the amount we were escorted to a private elevator operated by a key. We went to the top floor, 3rd to be exact, and down a hallway to a rather expansive room with a small dance floor, a dance pole, plush couches, and a small restroom with a shower, toilet and sink. There were lots of neatly folded towels around and all three of us smiled.

"M'Lady, would you be so kind as to ensure our waiter or waitress understands the need for discretion?"

She replied, "Sir, that is what you paid for. It comes as an unspoken perk with the third floor."

She then introduced us to our waiter, "This is Paul, who will be right outside. Should you require his services just touch a red button located at different places around the room and buzz for him. There are binoculars for your viewing pleasure of the festivities on the main floor and the glass transparency is controlled by this knob. You can also filter the music and crowd noise to your liking or just open the windows if you prefer."

"Thank you." I handed her \$50 for her assistance. We turned down the lights in the room to prevent back lighting and turned up the speakers. Soon the room was rocking to the latest and greatest dance toons.

Sue and Lisa squealed and jumped to the dance floor as Marion and I ordered two bottles of Corton Grancey, Grand Cru 2012 Domaine Latour which is a Pinot Noir (pronounced Pee-noh Nwahr).

It is produced only in years when the Pinot Noir grapes reach perfect maturity. Sporting a concentrated and dense flavor without being overblown, it delivers both ripe and savory elements. Very long, it has a wonderful balance. The polished tannins lend support and a luxurious texture which are particularly well handled while the palate skillfully dances around sweet raspberry, red cherry fruit, and tangy acidity.

The club also had some fresh baked dark bread with honey butter on the side.

Marion and I joined the ladies and we danced to several numbers as the ladies did their best to get us aroused with bouncing breasts and swaying hips. The waiter returned and set out two ice buckets with the sparkling red wine as well as bread and butter plates with two loaves of bread and dishes of honey butter.

We spent the evening making out, drinking good wine, dancing, and munching on....good dark bread. We were sitting in front of the window as I necked with Sue and felt up her boobs. Marion and Lisa were scoping out the floor and noted quite a bit of open coke use along with public sex here and there. I looked at Marion and he said, "As long as no one gets hurt, we are off duty and taking on this club outside of our jurisdiction would be a major, major headache."

It wasn't even out of Marion's mouth completely when the music was cut, the lights came on, and the police raided the establishment. I called the waiter in, "Does this place have a helipad on the roof that can handle heavy choppers?"

"Absolutely, Sir!"

Marion got on the phone, requesting immediate evac and hit the homing beacon he was given to show our position. "They are 7 minutes out," was all he said.

The Waiter escorted us up to the roof, where a few of the more elite patrons had gathered, and we waited for our ride. The waiter then lowered a heavy security door over the roof entrance and padlocked it. I called him over and gave him a \$100. "Do you know what is going on? I asked."

The waiter nodded, "We got word that international drug gangs were attempting to use the place as a meeting place to broker drug shipments and payoffs. So, the local department, along with local and state swat teams, raided the place before anything could get started. I am sorry for not informing you sooner, Sir: but we were restricted from mentioning it."

We could see several choppers inbound from various directions but when the military showed up the Apache's took iron fisted control of the immediate airspace. Everyone on the roof looked around wondering who the hell was among them that required the Marine Corps escort. The Super stallion landed promptly on the pad while two armed Marines guarded the door to the chopper and the four of us climbed in as the pilot took off immediately as if in a hot landing zone.

The pilot said over the headphones as we got secured in our seats, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a police helicopter giving the Apache's some grief."

"I have told them not to fire unless fired upon and the copilot is on the horn to the local dispatcher letting them know this is a DOD live fire escort and to instruct their men to back off for their own

safety. Be aware, they have been told if they light us up with anything it will be considered a hostile act and dealt with accordingly. We are not going to fire upon them, but the Apache's will very likely test their pilot's skill in air collision avoidance."

I let the pilot know we needed to disembark for 10 minutes or less on top of the hotel, giving him the name, to gather our things. "Very well, Sir, we are en route. I will inform the hotel staff to clear the helipad for our imminent arrival."

Marion got on his phone and canceled the Limo.

As we left, I noted another chopper was landing on top of the club and the police helicopter was right behind them. I just caught a glimpse of the police chopper barring the takeoff from the roof as a police SWAT team seemed to use detcord to burn through the lowered security door to gain entry to the roof and swarm the place.

The pilot did what amounted to a hot LZ landing on the hotel landing pad and two Marines disembarked with us. One secured the landing area while the other led us down into the hotel to our room. We stuffed everything into bags and the Marine took the rear as we exited back to the rooftop. The Sea Stallion landed immediately and we all jumped in as the pilot lifted off and we headed home.

Marion looked at me, "Shit magnet indeed."

I held up my hands, palms up, "How the hell was I to know about the raid?"

Lisa then checked us out of the hotel over her phone.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"The Governor is on the horn on a secure, encrypted channel wanting to speak with you."

I shook my head, "Patch him through to all our headsets, please." And I held my fingers to my lips for quiet.

"Harry, this is Hank, I have already been given a sitrep so I just want you to listen. You have hereby retroactively been assigned as a lead investigator into drug trafficking and gun violence involving both State and Federal officials. You have nothing to say on the matter to anyone who asks."

"In addition, your family and close friends have been assigned a whole group of Federal Department of Justice employees who will be in plain clothes but will watch over you and your family. They have direct connection to the military, including your current escorts. Sorry for the late notice and the intrusion, but the people in that club were international bad boys. You just happened to stumble upon the biggest Federal roundup in decades."

"Shit!"

"I got your back son. Let's make sure we meet Thursday I want you to bring that Doctor and that nurse with you as well. Your chopper boys will pick you up."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir." Now the military escort made sense. I should have realized something was up.

With that, coms were cut. The pilot came over the radio, "Sir, the DOD has dispatched a drone surveillance group to your lake area and the area surrounding your home town. We will have both Apache's on sight at a pad the DOD has rented across the lake and this one will be stationed on your pad at the lake house. We will bivouac near the chopper for immediate departure should the need arise."

Marion chimed in, "Bivouac my ass, you will be guests at the house for the duration."

"Thank you, Sir. But we have rented the place on the other side of the landing pad. But your offer is most appreciated."

"Then I expect everyone over for breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day. Also, get hold of your wives and let them know they are expected at the lake chateau at, he gave DD's address, for an extended, all expenses paid, holiday. Any of you have kids?"

"No, Sir." The Chief Warrant Officer's kids are grown and the rest of us have none."

That should shield you well enough from your commanders and still allow for some family time. Hell, if you are stuck with babysitting duty you may as well have some fun with it."

"Yes, Sir, you are most generous, Sir. As a matter of protocol, we will be in-flight refueling with a tanker at high altitude just before we land. The tanker is in formation above the lake awaiting our arrival, so we will be just a bit later touching down." If you would like, we can let you and your ladies watch through the front window as we refuel."

Sue and Lisa both nodded enthusiastically and stuck their heads into the cockpit area to watch the proceedings when it came time.

I called Mom and Dad.

"Harry! We just saw your escorts taking off from a club where lots of drug kingpins were arrested! Is everyone OK?"

"Yes, Dad, everyone is fine. We cut the evening short and will be arriving via Chopper in a few minutes. Don't say anything to anyone, I will debrief everyone when we get home. Is DD there?"

"Yes, Harry, I'm here!"

I handed the phone to Marion, "Hi honey, I hope you don't mind, but we are going to have an extended military presence around the place babysitting us. Would you mind if their wives used your place so these men don't have to be away from their families?"

"I absolutely don't mind and tell them to consider themselves to be on vacation and expect to have a great time! Pet and Mavis are here and they just whispered they will deal with all the food and logistics since the Club is down for the month. The Board of Directors have decided they are re-designing the place while it is down due to the investigation and subsequent cleanup."

Dad piped up, "The board has decided to keep them all on payroll and their services are at our disposal as a thank you for your actions, Harry. Our neighbors have offered their bungalow to a good portion of the staff as well. They have already set up a covered, outdoor cook shed next to the lake which the neighbors have asked them to leave as a boat house. In exchange, they have offered free use of their two pontoon boats and free use of the bungalow for the month."

"Mavis and Pet?"

"Yes Harry, we are here."

Sue asked for the phone, "Pet, we have a confession to make, we went to the (she named the restaurant) and ate dinner there. As you know, it is a five-star establishment. But I want you to know, we all, as a group, were commenting on how poor the food was prepared in relation to your offerings. We realized we have been really, really spoiled."

Mavis giggled, "I think Pet just creamed her jeans, Sue. That was very thoughtful, thank you. That particular Chef is her main competition at the cook-off later this month."

"Well tell her to plan for at least 25 extra guests for all three meals, please."

Mom grabbed the phone, "This is just so funny, Harry. Mavis and Pet are planning everything out already."

With that out of the way, the Pilot spoke up over the headsets letting us know they were about to commence refueling operations. Both women found it fascinating and remarked how much skill and coordination it must take to keep from having a fatal accident when refueling a helicopter with a fuel line hanging from a fixed wing aircraft.

Our pilot was most accommodating and explained every aspect to them both as he and his copilot worked like a well oiled machine through the process from clearance on approach to refueling to breaking off and landing.

When we landed, James had already taken one of the boats to the far side of the lake to pick up the Apache crews and our crew just walked over with us.

When everyone was there, we all introduced each other and all of the family got undressed before jumping into the pool...inviting the Marines to join us. The Super Stallion Chief Warrant Officer was the commanding officer of the group, and when he looked at his Marines he said, "What goes on in Vegas stays in Vegas." Whereby we had everyone stripping and enjoying a cool off in the pool.

The ladies and men of the flight crews immediately called their spouses or significant others and gave them strict, need to know orders, had them pack for an extended vacation, and gave them the address of DD's place. They were expected tomorrow no later than noon and were to call ahead to be sure someone was there to receive them.

After that, the Chief then called in to his superior on a high security satellite phone and requested use of a Marine gunboat with a full compliment of Marines to facilitate transportation as well as control the lake traffic. At that time he was informed the lake would be surrounded with passive sensors and video by noon tomorrow along with a Predator Drone on station.

The Drone crews were given strict instructions about not discussing the private lives of the lake's residents as the Drone would be equipped with penetrating optics.

Dad got on the phone to three other lake neighbors and got permission for the use of their Bungalows to handle the overflow...seems most of the owners were members of the board of Directors for the Club so it was easy to get done.

The Chief then chuckled, "There are Navy Seal teams that are going to trade out and practice maneuvers in and around the lake as well. But they will not be allowed to interact with any of us."

They will be trying to circumvent the perimeter. It is an easy way to have additional security and test the perimeter as well. Seems this place is training central for a while."

"Chief," Mavis spoke up, make sure part of their assignment is to steal food from the doc at (she pointed) that location. Meals easy to secure and transport will be made available there at 7:00 am, 11:30 am, and 5:00 pm. Everything will be in sealed, steel, waterproof containers with potable water and heating packets. How many containers should I have my staff make available for their training?"

Chief just chuckled to himself, "Ma-am, 10 units per meal should be plenty. Though I might add, these men and women have high caloric needs."

"It is Mavis, Chief, and thank you, we will plan accordingly. This is my Chef, she is called Pet or Girl as she is a submissive. Can you tell her about how many calories each member needs in a day?"

Chief bowed politely to Pet, "It is a pleasure to meet a woman who enjoys the submissive lifestyle. If you ever have any issue with my troops or other's who do not understand the intricacies of the Sub/Dom relationship, do not hesitate to let me know immediately. My Marines can be a rough group around the edges, but they will not intend disrespect and I will not tolerate such conduct."

Pet smiled, "Sir, you are most kind. May this girl discuss with Sir some of the logistics needed for feeding everyone? The tab is being picked up by the Club, so the menu is wide open."

Harry jumped in, "Chief, I am afraid I must insist tomorrow evening everyone come this way for Chef's marinated pork loin. I am sure, after eating it, many of your Marines will be offering her a hand in marriage."

Chief laughed and Pet beamed, though she was as bright red as a fire engine.

Leesie added, "He isn't pulling your leg, Chief."

I then approached him and the other Marines and asked them to gather around, There were a total of 8, two of which were women; both the pilots of the Apaches as it turned out. "Please get your spouses on the phones and put them all on speaker so I may explain the dynamics of the family to them."

They all did so: "Hello, it is my pleasure to introduce myself to each of you wonderful people. I am Harry and it is, sadly, my fault your significant others are now stuck with babysitting my family and me this month. I need to inform you of our somewhat unique family dynamic as we will all be enjoying one another's company and I don't want to create complications when they can be avoided."

"You are all invited, as our guests, to participate in our open relationships: but participation is your decision and if at any time you should decide it isn't for you, your feelings and needs will be accommodated to the best of our abilities. Above all, discretion is mandatory and nothing that goes on this month on or about the lake can ever be discussed with the outside."

I explained that our household was a free use household and what that meant. I further explained they could participate or not: but to be sure and clear that with their spouses or significant other as a general rule of conduct beforehand as I and the family didn't do jealousy or interpersonal drama at all. With that I left them each to discuss it with their man or woman and let me know their decisions.

It was unanimously decided to participate, much to my relief. I then, with Sue's permission, introduced Chief to her. "Chief, my fiance' has the smoothest pussy you will ever fuck. Please feel free to introduce yourself to her more intimately if you are so inclined."

"I must say, I am at something of a loss on how to proceed, Ma-am." Chief said.

Sue just smiled and wrapped her legs around him and started deep kissing him in front of all the other Marines. With that, everyone jumped in and we had ourselves a wonderful orgy in the pool that lasted until about 2:00 am in the morning.

One of the female warrant officers who piloted an Apache came over to me. She was a slender woman, being very athletic (duh) with short cropped auburn hair, green eyes, and a nude pussy. "Sir, may I approach you for some personal fun?"

I pulled her in and wrapped her around my waist as we enjoyed the pool, "You just have to ask,???"

"Mary" she replied.

"Harry," I responded as I slipped my now healed cock in gentle, amorous strokes into her pussy while I deep kissed her."

She groaned, "Damn that feels good Harry, I have been away from home for two weeks without any man meat. I so needed this."

I was highly motivated with that admission and I made sure she came multiple times. "Mary, I am about to cum, is it OK to cum inside you?" I whispered in her ear.

"Yes, honey, I want to feel the warmth of your cum inside my cunt," She replied, "both of us are on the pill as a pregnancy would sideline our careers." She kissed my neck under my ear and tweaked my nipples as I came.

Chief and Sue bobbed by and both were all smiles. "Was I right about her pussy or was I right?"

"Chief will not discuss it with you, being the gentleman he is, but, honey, he has really enjoyed gliding his cock inside me."

Chief blushed a bit. "Her being your fiance' is a good thing, Harry. I might be tempted to put in a bid for her affections."

Mary, Sue, and I laughed. I noted mom and Leesie had captivated the two Marine guards and had traded them back and forth during the evening. DD and James had grabbed the other female Marine pilot and were sending her to Nirvana on a regular basis. The other crew members were having fun with Mavis and Pet and Leesie.

Tomorrow was going to be a busy day.