

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 24

Rusthemod

Her Chance for Retribution.

Incest/Taboo

4.78

7.3k words

We were all sitting around in the owner's lounge area and Ana confessed to the President what she had done.

He took our cue and was gentle with her, "Ana, thank you for letting me know this. I need to call some people who are investigating this incident, would you mind telling them everything you know about your cousin and this conversation you had?"

"Mr. President, I am aware of how bad this looks. I swear to you I had no clue my conversation with my cousin could have caused this. I will do anything I can to help get to the bottom of this."

The President lifted the phone to speak with the yacht's coms officer and put it on speaker, "This is the President, please contact the CIA Chief, Head of Homeland, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and the FBI Director on a secure 4-way conference call, please."

"Aye, Sir! One moment, please."

Bill held Ana's hand as the calls were connected, "Sir, I have them all online."

"Thank you, Gentlemen, Ambassador Walker has found our leak for us. It was an unsecured call a crew member made to her cousin and it seems to have been an unintended leak. I will send the digital vocal recording of the call via secured hookup as soon as we are finished."

The CIA director spoke up, "It's him."

Homeland spoke next, "Is this person available for us, Sir?"

"She is here with me now, gentlemen, her name is Ana, and she wants to cooperate fully with your investigation."

Well, I am not sure there wasn't anything about Ana's past and family relationships they didn't know after that long questioning ordeal. Most questions were asked multiple times in multiple ways along with continual voice stress analysis.

The President told the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, "Get a Special Operations team in place at the cousin's residence as soon as humanly possible and extract her and her family. Get them to the States, fast track their citizenship after vetting them to ensure their innocence, and let me know of your progress."

I then spoke up, "I believe we can be in Puerto de Veracruz in under 14 hours and with diplomatic immunity, we would be the safest and fastest way to get the family to U.S. soil. The Seal Team on board can handle the extraction and as they are attached to me for the moment, they are shielded by diplomatic immunity as well. The only issue is we have the President, the Vice-President, and their wives on board."

The President then said, "Let's go that route. You agree, Gentlemen?"

Basically they all agreed it was as good a plan as any and better than most.

"Get two Sec Ops Ghost Comanches and Marine One in the air along with two Apaches and a tanker and meet us en-route to Puerto de Veracruz. Plan on us making 70 plus knots. We will disembark the Yacht and let these very capable people do their jobs."

"We had already started tasking that since this situation started, Mr. President. Marine One and two Apaches are eight hours out from your present location and under twelve hours if you are making way." Homeland declared. "We can have the two Ghost Comanches out of Langley intercept the yacht in approximately 14 hours and we are dispatching tankers to keep them fueled. Sending three air crews per chopper, your SEAL team will have plenty of room for their operations."

I called the Captain, "Make fastest speed to Puerto de Veracruz. We have a mission. We need to be just over the horizon from the port in no more than 14 hours."

"Yes, Ambassador. We anticipated this probability and can be at 70 knots in less than 5 minutes."

"I need you in the safe room along with the SEAL Lieutenants to plan an extraction from Guadalajara. Also, have Ana join us please."

No one could hear the propulsion kick into high gear, but everyone felt the massive acceleration of the vessel. As big as she was, this baby was moving like a flaming bat out of hell. We literally flew over the tops of the waves.

"Mr. President, can you make a secure call to the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City?"

"Yes, I can, what do you need?"

"Yes, Ambassador, I need to have this family in Guadalajara secured as quickly as possible. She will not know we are coming as the phone lines are compromised."

"Mr. President, we have a handle on all communications out of and into the country as well as all known cartel and crime family contacts. In fact, the CIA station chief has informed me of what happened and we have already located the source for the leak and a list of the most likely responsible. The woman in question is not a known asset for any criminal, political, or drug running organization that we can tell. But, one of one of the major crime families knew she was connected and tapped her phone."

"Get me the CIA station chief on the phone, please."

"Yes-Sir. I had him called up as soon as I was informed you called. One moment."

"Yes Mr. President? Station Chief Ayala speaking."

"I know we still have special operators available under your direction. I want you to coordinate with the Ambassador and I want them to have a ghost protection detail around the family he gives you out of Guadalajara. We will be sending in two stealth Ghost Comanches with a full SEAL team and you are to expect them on station between 15 and 17 hours. Is that a problem?"

"Not a problem, Sir. Is this to be an abduction?"

"It is an extraction. But hostilities will be met by lethal force."

"What about the dirty hands, Sir?"

"Wash them with extreme prejudice, getting intel and moving up the chain. Stay on it till everyone is cleaned. I want to send a message. They came after me, my wife, the VP and his wife this time...all gloves are off, understood?"

"Yes Sir!"

"I will direct the special forces that are winding down in South America to transition through your Embassy on their way back to the States. You may use them as necessary before they come home to assist in this or other necessary operations to effectively deal with the crime families who have been trafficking people and drugs across the border. But, anything you do needs to be quick and sanitized. Understood?"

"Understood, Sir! I will need the necessary supplies to bring them up to full capacity, Sir."

"Call your Director at this number, XX-XXX-XXXX, and let him know what you need."

"Yes, Sir."

"Give me back the Ambassador, please."

"Yes Mr. President."

"If this goes smoothly, make sure you put the station chief up for advancement. Also, take a secure SAT phone and some jamming equipment with you to the President of Mexico and ask for an emergency meeting. If there is an issue ask him if he has just declared war on the United States. Then call this number for my private SAT phone. Get this done now."

"Yes, Mr. President, I am on my way."

"Harry, would you be interested in hosting dinner for the Mexican President and his wife as a cover for your appearance in port?" The President asked.

Sue smiled, "Oh my, you mean I can have sex with the U.S and Mexican presidents in the same day?"

Bill chuckled, "I would not presume, Sue. But I am aware Miguel sees himself as the epitome of Latin lovers. I know his wife is very beautiful, too."

"Yes! Miguel! This is Bill! So glad to hear from you!. I wanted to let you know I was attacked by several fixed wing aircraft and three helicopters filled with special operators along with a submarine that came out of Mexico earlier today. I am calling off a vacation as a result. And, well, I was wanting to know if you have declared war on the United States?"

"Hello, Bill. I can assure you none of that was sanctioned by my government. Sadly, with the untimely and unexplained deaths of all the Cartel families to the south of us and the arrest of several of their family members in the U.S., I suspect this was an attempt at vendetta from one of the crime families here in Mexico. However, in a show of good faith, I will have no issues with you hunting down those responsible as long as your operatives leave Mexico when they are finished."

"I must say, Miguel, I am overjoyed at your willingness to cooperate. It has been my experience such a thing usually plays both ways. Is there something on your mind?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I have three major crime families here in Mexico and I cannot move against any of them. If they were to all suddenly have a change of conscience and quit trying to harass me and my government; well, I would be most appreciative. Particularly if I had absolutely nothing to do with it."

"Well, I think we can both soon feel very appreciated, Miguel. It has been quite the pleasure speaking with you. By the way, there is a nice diplomatic yacht by the name of Le Délice de Susan that will be mooring at Puerto de Veracruz within 19 hours. Ambassador Walker, the owner of the yacht, has extended an offer of a private dinner and, well, entertainment, should you be interested?"

Bill could almost hear the smug smile, "I would love to attend! Shall we make it for tomorrow around 5 in the evening local time?"

The President looked to me and I gave a thumbs up.

"Sounds good, Miguel! Anything in particular you would like to have for dinner?"

"Italian! All the Italian restaurants here in Mexico City make Italian like they make our native food, it is quite the disaster!"

With final pleasantries the Presidents ended the call and I met with the Captain, Marion, Dad, Ana, and the LTs in the safe room while Sue grabbed Bill and Mary and the three of them went to their suite for a farewell fucking. DD then grabbed Rache and the VP as they retired to their cabin. Barbara, Cathy, and Leesie got fully nude and jumped into the elevator to go fuck the kitchen staff.

"Mom!" Catching her attention I mentioned, "Please let the Chef know we need a signature multi course, Italian dinner tomorrow night and we are hosting the Mexican President and his wife."

I sat everyone down and began, "Well, Ana, we are on a high speed run to rescue your cousin. You mentioned she has a little girl but a dead beat dad?"

"Si, Ambassador Walker. I am very worried about her and the little one now that we know what happened."

"Could you point out her place from an aerial map of Guadalajara?"

"Oh yes, Mr. President. My cousin and her daughter live on the third floor of a four story building on the north east side of the city." Looking at the aerial map she pointed to a building with lower buildings to the front and rear sides and similar buildings to the sides. "She lives in room 302 right next to the stairs on the north east corner with two other families. The street number is 230 and the building is number is 2375."

I got on the SAT phone and called the Ambassador to Mexico, "Yes, Ambassador, this is Ambassador Walker. May I speak to your CIA station chief Ayala?"

"Yes, Ambassador, she is right here."

"How can I help you, Ambassador?"

"Our target and her daughter live on the third floor of a four story building on the north east side of the city. She lives in room 302 right next to the stairs on the north east corner with two other families. The street number is 230 and the building is number is 2375. If your people can secure the ground around the building and the bottom two stair landings of the stairwell our boys can do the rest."

"Arrival time still set?"

"Yes, the choppers will create a coms blackout to prevent anyone notifying others of the extraction so inform your ground team when their coms go out, we are in position."

"They are not going to like that, Sir."

"Which is why the heads up. They need to be sure to keep visual contact with each other. Any fire from the buildings will be met with lethal force from the Ghost Comanches. Our boys will be in and out within," I looked to the LTs and they both put up four fingers, "Four minutes or less."

"Yes, Sir. I will inform the ground team."

I hung up the phone. "Ok Captain, you know the timelines, have you worked out a plan for the choppers?"

"Yes, Sir. We will be 70 miles out of port when the Ghost Comanches arrive. We will put one SEAL squad on each of them along with Ana and your Dad who will go with the second squad to get her family. The Ghost Comanches will arrive at 2200 hours, (10:00 pm) local time. The first team will secure the third and fourth floor stairs for a safe egress."

"One chopper will be hovering for maximum mobility and air cover while the other hovers on the roof for the extraction. They will switch positions so the first team can evacuate and they will be flying nap of the earth back to the yacht which will remain away from port until their return."

They will then land on the roof, allow everyone to disembark, and the Ghost Comanches will then move to the tanker and refuel before going to Fort Bliss Texas for some secured down time until they return to Langley.

Sue closed the door to the suite and quickly undressed herself, Mary, and Bill. In no time, Mary was sitting on her face while Bill was balls deep in her silky pussy. Bill was standing to the side of the bed with Sue's feet behind his neck, pounding her from cock tip to slapping balls for all he was worth. Mary had her hands behind his head as well as she tried to keep her breath, the visual of her husband fucking the shit out of the woman eating her stimulating her beyond reason.

Sue was loving the pounding, but she was giving it back to Mary with gusto. She licked between Mary's inner and outer lips before parting them at her cunnie and tongue fucking Mary. Each out stroke she made sure to run the bottom of her tongue over the base of Mary's clit before diving in again.

"Fuuuck Billy, she is so damn good at eating pussy! I am going to cum!" Mary cried as she arched her back. Bill immediately went for her nipples and sucked them with abandon as Mary cried out her orgasm on Sue's face.

Sue didn't let up, though and went after Mary's pussy and clit with abandon. Mary grabbed both sides of Bill's head and growled into his face, "Sheee's mak...ing...me...cum...again!" she groaned while intensely staring into Bill's eyes.

This caused Bill's cock to engorge even more and he was hard as a ten penny nail. His cock was ramming so deep and so hard his balls were bouncing off of Sue's ass on every down stroke. The smells and sounds of animalistic sex filled the room.

Then all hell broke loose: Mary groaned out a bestial orgasm, Bill slammed home and hosed Sue's womb, and Sue clamped down on Bill's cock as her whole body shivered in climax. Mary and Bill collapsed on the bed, breathing for their lives. After a moment, Mary gasped, "Damn....Sue....you....tried to....kill us!"

Sue jumped up and into the en-suite and brought everyone moist, heated towels so they could clean up. Bill was able to speak by then and said, "Sue, you have to slow down for us old people!"

Sue smiled with a wistful look on her face, "But, I don't have to slow down for mom or dad!"

Mary laughed and said, "She is a succubus, Bill. A natural born succubus!"

Sue helped them up out of bed and the three of them enjoyed a sensual shower together.

DD and Rache undressed Jim and they took turns sucking his cock while the other undressed. DD sat on the side of the bed and lubed up between her very large breasts. She pulled Jim to her and had Rache hold her boobs together around Jim's cock as he began to fuck her chest. Rache moved to lick and suck Jim's cock as the head popped up between DD's breasts and DD cupped Jim's balls and fingered Rache's very wet pussy. "Mmmm, Rache, I'm wondering if you like my large breasts as well." Rache lifted her head as she fingered DD's nipples, giving her a deep kiss as she moaned into her mouth.

"Your body just makes my pussy melt, DD. Yes, I love your sexy breasts." Rache moved from licking Jim's cock head to licking DD's nipples and back as they all enjoyed a final time together before they left to go back to Washington.

"I love your tits, too DD," Jim squeaked as his cock began to swell. Rache was busy cumming on DD's fingers just as she felt Jim's balls begin to contract. Jim pushed the head of his cock up between DD's breasts and into Rache's waiting lips as he came hard into her mouth. Rache swallowed and then immediately went down on DD to eat her out as DD sucked on Jim's cock to clean him up. DD then sat back and enjoyed Rache's cunnilingus as Jim played with her breasts and nipples.

Rache began licking up from DD's cunnie to the base of her clit. She pressed lightly and DD's clit responded by swelling and Rache immediately licked up one side and down the other of DD's clit while it was turgid. She then repeated that process several times until DD came for her. The three of them then got into a circle, mouth to groin, until everyone came again.

We stopped so Marine One could safely load the presidential entourage as the Apaches circled the yacht. I noted the deck had been cleaned and looked forward to see the exhaust residue from the

air defense missiles had also been cleaned. "Captain, please give my deepest appreciation for the cleanup."

"Will do, Harry. The crew even fixed chips in the top coat from where that rocket peppered us."

"Job well done indeed. We need to keep up our diplomatic cover. Harder to do that with exhaust residue, brass and chipping from explosions marring the yacht. Thank them profusely for me, please."

"We will need to refuel while in port, Harry. How would you like me to pay for it?"

The President overheard and gave Captain Barnes a card number to use. "Use this to refuel the girl this time, least I can do to thank her for saving our asses."

Captain Barnes smiled and saluted, "Yes, Mr. President." After they left the Yacht snapped back up to 70 knots to make our appointment with the Ghost Comanches.

Since schedules were all messed up and most everyone needed to grab some shut eye before the mission, meals were simple fare--come grab what you want when you are ready from the chafing dishes.

After some much needed rest, everyone was up and bright eyed for the Ghost Comanches. They arrived 30 minutes after we took up station offshore. The Captain noted they didn't show up on radar...at all. Both of the stealth helicopters landed on the top deck and the only way we knew about it was from the video. Night had fallen already and Anna, Dad, and the Seals loaded up very quickly as the air crews switched out. The first and third crews sacked out in the VIP rooms on the second deck after grabbing a bite to eat.

The pilots pulled up the aerial view of the city and we gave them the coordinates which they locked into their avionics suites. Within 5 minutes of landing, they were off.

"LT, this is Ghost Rider One. We will be moving low and fast so buckle in. Once we hit shore we will be only 50 feet above whatever we are flying over at the moment so be prepared for some rough altitude and direction changes. If you boys want to talk to each other upon insertion, we need your coms frequency so we can adjust the lockouts to allow that frequency. Otherwise, you will have no coms."

LT gave the Pilot their coms frequency and the REO adjusted the equipment.

This conversation was repeated on Ghost Rider Two.

The LTs then spoke to their men, Dad, and Ana to let them know what to expect and the one LT let Ana know it was normal and not to worry.

Traveling at 180 miles an hour, it took only about an hour to reach the LZ. The two pilots went in fast and shut down all electronic communications within 50 miles. At the same time, chopper one hot landed and disgorged 8 SEALS and Dad in full battle gear.

They immediately ran to the stair door on the roof and secured the 4th and 3rd floor stairwell landings.

"Spec Ops, that you on the second floor landing?"

"Roger that! We got the lower stair wells secured and the road out front is under surveillance with a 6 man team."

As soon as the all clear was given the next chopper which had already hot landed disgorged its 8 SEALS and Ana, who also had a flack jacket on and who carried two more for her cousin and the little girl.

"SEAL 2 moving down the stairwell! And entering 3rd floor." The LT said rather calmly over coms.

As the Team moved swiftly to the correct door, one next to them opened quickly and a man jumped into the hallway with an AK which he was leveling up to fire. A seal covering the formation from that side took him out with silenced rounds. "Jackson and Carvel with me!" and the three SEALS cleaned out the room from which the assailant came. Two other perps were there and the SEALS confiscated their documents, computers, and phones.

Ana knocked on her cousin's door and spoke in rushed Mexican: "Martina! It is Ana! I have come to take you to safety! Your lives are in danger! Open quickly, please!"

"Ana! How is this possible!" Martina asked as she opened the door after visually checking to see it was actually her cousin.

"No time to explain! Where is your daughter! We must get these on you and get you upstairs right away!"

Just as Ana was helping with putting on the flack jackets one of the Spec Ops boys yelled up the stairwell, "Four trucks coming hard! Two with heavy guns and two loaded with men! Looks like they have a couple RPG's as well" LT from squad one repeated over coms, "Roger that! Four trucks incoming! Two with heavy guns and two loaded with perps and two RPG's! Ghost Rider One, you copy?"

"Ghost Rider One engaging. Clear the spec ops boys from the street."

LT yelled down, "Clear the street! Incoming fire!"

"SEAL 2 egressing! Make a hole up the stairs! Jackson and Carvell, get that stuff to the spec ops boys on landing 2 and let them evac. Then get your asses upstairs double quick so Squad 1 can load up."

The Comanche Pilot eased over to the side and dropped 20 feet as his Long Bow radar identified the threats from his eye movement inside his helmet. Four JAGMs (Joint Air to Ground Missile) fired from only 300 feet away and all four trucks were vaporized...along with all the window glass in the area.

"Spec ops! Friendlies coming down! Hold your fire!" Carvell yelled as they started down the stairs.

"Here is some intel shit from the room next door." And he tossed the bag to a man on the 2nd floor landing before running back up the stairs.

Jackson yelled to the spec ops in the stairwell, "Evac now while the diversion lasts!"

"Roger that!"

From the time the first chopper landed and the last chopper lifted off after the completed extraction 3 minutes and forty seconds had passed. Ana was in the chopper with her family, helping to keep them calm and strap them in for the hard and fast ride back to the yacht.

"Ana! What is happening!"

"Martina, some bad people were listening in to our phone conversation and tried to kill the President of the United States while he was on the yacht where I work. We came to get you because the assassination attempt failed and we knew they would kill you all once they found out."

"Where are you taking us?"

"To the yacht, it is a diplomatic ship and you will be safe there. We will transfer you to the United States where you can get your citizenship and never have to live in fear again."

Martina's eyes welled up and she remained quiet for the rest of the trip.

Dad got on coms with the SEAL LTs, "No way in hell those trucks just happened to be in the neighborhood."

"Roger that, the Embassy has a leak and needs to check their seals."

Dad got on his SAT phone and called the President.

"Hi, how did it go?"

"We got them, everyone is safe, but we had 4 trucks of resistance. Seems the Embassy has a leak. I suggest we set up a sting using the spec ops coming in from South America to see if we can catch them. The spec ops team will have also figured this out since we were in and out in under 4 minutes and there was no way a response could have been mounted so fast. USSOCOM (The Commander of U.S. Special Operations Command) will want to get in touch with his unit to sort it out."

"That is a fantastic idea. What happened to the resistance?"

"They were cleaned. It was very public and brutal. Might want to send the first 6 units to come up to double up on the three crime families before sending a 7th to the Embassy. Let the first 6 do recon to see any reactions. Isolate it just with the CIA field office. That way we know if it is the diplomatic side or the spook side."

"I will pass that along. Thanks for the intel."

"After dinner, we will be coming into port in Virginia to re-arm. Please have a secure dock ready to receive us."

"Already done. All of you come by when you get back. Give me a call and we can have dinner."

"Sounds like a date! See you then."

Martina had more of an issue with the rough return trip than her little girl who turned the whole thing into a roller coaster game. It did the SEALs good to see her antics, having fun and just being an innocent little girl. When they disembarked back at the yacht, everyone on that chopper had a smile on their faces.

The rested crew took over the flying duties and they smartly departed.

Everyone came down to the owner's suite where Martina and her daughter were put into one of the two Special Guest suites. While they took some showers and had their clothes cleaned, we had a mission debrief.

I had both Lieutenants and Dad write separate AARs (After Action Report). "After you finish them please file them with me, please."

"Um, no disrespect, Ambassador, but we are required to file all AARs with our immediate superiors."

"No disrespect taken, gentlemen. However, if you will read this document signed by the President of the United States, you will see I have full autonomy over your Team while you are under my auspices and, consequently, I am your immediate superior."

The Lieutenants read the letter, shook their heads, and one said, "Sir, I have asked this before and I am asking it again: "Who the hell are you people? NOBODY gets to usurp the command structure of the Navy SEAL Teams like this!"

Dad interceded and smiled saying, "Fellas, I think you both have already figured out this family operates on missions above most people's pay grades."

"Roger that, Sir. And may I say, it is nice to get away from the political bullshit. I know most Embassies have Marine guards and spooks, but if you could swing it, to a person, the Team would like to do a regular tour with you folks."

I got on the ship's phone and called the coms officer, "Can you connect me to a secured four way call to the Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, and US SOCOM (US Special Operations Command) please.

"I will do my best, Sir. It may just be their offices as most will have gone home for the evening."

"Understood."

After about 10 minutes, "Sir, we got some magic happening and I was able to get them all on the phone. Over to you Mr. Ambassador."

"This is Ambassador for State Security and International Cooperative Relations, Mr. Harry Walker. I need a spec ops detail on my floating embassy and the current team of Navy Seals has requested a permanent rotation to this duty station. I am sure you will want to clear this with both the President and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs and I am confident my request will be accepted. I am proposing a three SEAL Team rotation with one month on duty, two weeks leave, and 6 weeks training. Unless you have questions, I will leave you to your business."

US SOCOM spoke up, "Who the hell are you and who the hell made you God young man?"

The Secretary of State cleared his throat, "He was approved by a secret meeting of the Senate just yesterday, and he holds a SES ES-5 rating. May I suggest we take his suggestions to heart and clear with the President and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs just for practical reasons, but I have absolute confidence in Ambassador Walker and his mission and we need to make this happen."

"To Hell you say!" US SOCOM retorted with derision.

What I didn't know was Dad had let Bill know what was happening and had come add him to the meeting: "Gentlemen, this is your President, I don't know what SES ES-5 Ambassador Walker is asking for and I don't care. What he wants, he gets yesterday. If you need a signed Presidential order to make it happen, come by my office first thing in the morning and pick it up from my secretary. Any questions?"

Dead fucking silence...well, except from the puckered sphincters that is.

SEC DEF spoke up, "No Sir, Mr. President, I believe you are crystal clear."

"Very good SEC DEF. After rethinking this, I will look forward to seeing you all, along with the Joint Chiefs, Homeland, CIA, and FBI in my situation room at 0800 hours tomorrow morning. This is the last phone call I intend to have on this matter. And for the record, Ambassador Walker has full autonomy over all units assigned to his Embassy, no questions asked. And he DOES have that in writing with my signature."

A chorus of "Yes Sir," ended the Presidents call.

US SOCOM spoke up again, "Fuck me! Who the hell are you people!" The call was on speaker and the SEALs in the room did their best to not laugh out loud.

The Secretary of Defense quickly answered, "That is above your pay grade, Admiral. I believe we are finished here. Ambassador Walker, your resupply is ready and waiting at Norfolk and the President is looking forward to dinner upon your return. See you at the White House in the morning, gentlemen."

Before SOCOM hung up, the SEC DEF said, "You have just fucked up Admiral, I would not be late if I were you. The Joint Chiefs will not be happy having to have this conversation early in the morning."

When the call was over, one of the Lieutenants just guffawed, "Well at least we are not the only ones without a clue!"

Several of the women on board were close to Martina's size and gave her some clothing while others, with Ana, Sue, DD, Cathy, Leesie and a SEAL protection squad (all with their newly minted diplomatic credentials) went ashore when we got to port and shopped for her and her daughter.

Little did I know that little minx was about to be the center of attention for the whole yacht. And she absolutely loved it. She got special meals, got special hugs, and was allowed to drive the yacht before we reached port: even though it put an end to the public nudity, that little girl put a smile on everyone's faces.

For their own protection, the two were not allowed out on open decks while in port where they could be seen by prying eyes, but the yacht was large enough with enough entertainment, neither minded one bit.

Everyone enjoyed playing her favorite game, hide and seek, with her. Judging by the looks of all the women on board, I had no doubt we were in for a baby boom in 9 months time. And judging by all the men that little girl had wrapped around her little finger, I had no doubt all the husbands would have no issue with that at all.

I was on the bridge when we made port, the Captain waving away the Port Pilot. We were given the Cruise Line's berthing since one would not be in port for the 48 hours we requested. The crew made short work of mooring the yacht and a well guarded gangway was settled into place. All non-essentials were given 12 hour shore leave and soon there was a flurry of sign outs as the XO handed out their diplomatic credentials to keep them out of trouble.

The subs were also lowered. I learned later that this was also a security measure to keep anyone from attaching anything to one of the hulls. All the lights above and below the waterline were turned on and the place was lit up like a Christmas tree.

I had no idea what I had done, though. EVERY one of the crew on shore leave brought that little girl a toy or an outfit from their own personal money. Not even a US citizen yet and that girl was spoiled rotten. And to top it off, Mom, Leesie, Cathy, and Sue were the worst! They purchased a complete wardrobe and makeup for the two.

"El Presidente' Miguel de Sousa, may I present the Ambassador for State Security and International Cooperative Relations, Mr. Harry Walker, recently honored for his work in the field."

"It is quite a pleasure to be received, Ambassador Walker. And what a truly wonderful idea for an Embassy! May I introduce my wife, Lady Isabella."

I graciously took the President's handshake and then bowed deeply to her. "Lady Isabella, your mere presence aboard my vessel makes her shine all the brighter." I said as I took her offered hand and lightly kissed her fingers.

"My, My! Miguel! If Ambassador Walker's kiss is any indication, you have your equal as a lover here!"

The President's eyebrow raised a bit as he smirked an answer, "Well My Lady, there really is only one way to test that theory!"

"El Presidente', Lady Isabella: Allow me to introduce My wife, Susan Walker, my diplomatic liaison officer."

Sue offered her hand to President Miguel de Sousa, "Such a ravishing beauty!" he said as he also sensually kissed her hand.

"I am so looking forward to 'liaising' with you and your wife, Mr. President." Sue smiled in response. She then did something quite unexpected which actually was genius. She walked up, chest to chest, with Lady Isabella and sensually kissed her on her lips.

Thank goodness the kiss was returned. And the ice was definitely defrosted from the heat of that kiss. When the women had separated again, both breathing heavily, The President said, "Please, Miguel and Bella!"

"Thank you Miguel, Harry and Sue."

With that, Sue offered her arm to Miguel and led him on a quick tour of the less sensitive parts of the yacht. I followed suit with Bella but we did separate tours. "I could not help but notice, Bella, that you deeply enjoyed my wife's kiss. It was wonderful to witness the spontaneous pleasure you both had."

"Ahh, Harry, I assure you, the pleasure was indeed mine."

Bella was a true Latin beauty with a flawless, creamed coffee, complexion. She stood at around 5 foot 6 inches, was slim of waist with pronounced but not overly large hips. Her breasts were full and definitely a D cup. She wore a burgundy silk dress with no bra or panties (no lines) and it left nothing to the imagination. The halter top of the dress left her cleavage and side boob exposed and the effect of the kiss announced she had large, muffin top areola and pronounced nipples.

Her hips moved in a sensual rhythm as she glided across the decks and her breasts had a very hypnotic sway.

Noticing my attention to detail, Bella asked, "So, what do your eyes find so fascinating, Harry? Is it my dress, my breasts, or my hard nipples?"

I looked deeply into her eyes and smiled warmly, "Yes, Bella." Which seemed to be the right answer as she deeply inhaled and pressed her body to mine for a deep kiss while in the elevator going up to the owner's suite. I gently held her to me with my hand on her open back and softly pulled her upper lip into mine. She did the same with my lower lip and we both made oral love to each other for a moment.

"A wonderful kisser, indeed, Harry." Bella breathed into my ear. "It seems you are in need of some relief, though." She said as she pressed her crotch against mine.

Her arms were around my neck as we kissed and I let my fingers slide down the exposed sides of her breasts. I walked Bella to the available VIP suite and we walked in and shut/locked the cabin door. I then pulled Bella to me again, kissing her sensually on her lips before moving to under her ears to that sensitive place. I felt her shiver as I did so.

"Bella, I have but one request."

Her breathy reply, "Anything!"

"I want you to look deeply into my eyes as you cum for me."

The top of her dress was a simple hook and loop closure and I unclasp it with ease. I slipped the straps from her shoulders but we were still chest to chest. I held her to me, letting my cock throb against her tummy as my fingertips, loaded with just a small amount of CHI, lightly caressed her back. Bella just placed her head on my shoulder as her body shivered uncontrollably.

After a moment she whispered, "Take me Harry, I beg you."

As I stepped away, her dress fell to her ankles and she stepped out of her shoes. Her dark aureole strongly puckered around her nipples as she spread her thighs for my viewing pleasure. I slipped a single finger between her pussy lips to find them absolutely besotted with her lust. Her pussy lips were engorged and hot to the touch, as if she had a fever.

As soon as my finger touched her clit, she exploded in a climax. Our eye met as she let me in to see her soul while her whole body spasmed. Soon, her sexual juices were dripping down her inner thighs as her body went from shivering to thrumming and I got out of my clothes in record time.

I laid the wife of the Mexican President on her back on the edge of the bed and knelt down between her thighs, slowly kissing my way in, to eventually suckle on her outer, then inner lips. Her pussy was completely bare and fully opened when her thighs were wide. I then rimmed her cunnie

before widening my tongue to lightly and slowly lick up her pussy and letting my entire tongue cover her clit at once.

Just as she was about to climax again I pulled away and then sunk my CHI enhanced cock balls deep into her sloppy wet pussy in one quick stroke. She came hard, her body literally bouncing up and down underneath me as she kept eye contact. I started to stroke my cock inside her as her body completely yielded to me. And behind her eyes I could see...something snapped.

From that moment on, I knew...she was mine. Not as a sex toy, but as a devoted supplicant. I owned her body and soul.

I took her sex in slow, deep, gliding strokes as her body responded with one climax after another in a long, unending string. Her deep open expression locked upon mine as I made her body sing. When I was close, I didn't need to ask, I just seamlessly moved to her ass and slid balls deep into her as she came like a small nuclear explosion had erupted inside her.

I pumped and pumped my hot cream into her bowels as she let out a soundless cry of ecstasy and collapsed underneath me in a sensual coma.

When she woke, I was still balls deep in her ass. She cried softly as she asked, "What do we do now? We both know I now belong to you."

"My lady, my woman: I cannot betray Miguel's trust."

"Harry, he is not trustworthy. I know he told your President there were 3 crime families in Mexico. What he didn't say was he is head of the fourth, the largest, and the one most involved in moving drugs and people across the border. He is a monster in sheep's clothing."

I had suspected as much and responded, "Stay with him for now. Sue will give you a clutch as a present. Hidden in the side will be a vial of poison and an antidote. The poison will absorb through the skin so you can lube his cock with it during sex. It will act over a period of a month and give him liver cancer that will quickly spread throughout his body and kill him."

"Can you take his place as head of the family?"

"Yes, his subordinates are easily controlled. They all lust after me but dare not approach. But, I cannot be without you, my love. I am your servant in all things."

I thought for a moment: that meant the bastard was very likely involved in the plots against my family and the President. "Then after he has passed, you can come live with us on the yacht and become a member of the family. But before we come and collect you, make a list of his crime family members and we will neutralize them so you will be safe."

"You will have it before we leave, my Master."

"Be a good girl, play your part until we can collect you. No one can suspect."

"Master, I have played this role since Miguel took me from my family and killed them all. Do not worry."