

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 33

Rusthemod

Pats and handshakes all around.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

8.3k words

Sue then smiled, "HL, when was the last time you got laid?"

Captain Hillibrand was taken aback, "I am not sure that is a question I should answer in mixed company, Sue."

Sue smiled, "Nonsense, Captain. Do you know what 'free use' means?"

HL sat straight in his chair, "I have not heard of that, no."

Sue replied, "It means, if you find yourself in need of sex, you just ask someone with whom you would like to have it. If they accept, which most times happens, there are no taboos, rules, restrictions, implications, or recriminations."

HL scoffed, "That is not allowed on a United States vessel, even an Embassy Afloat."

Bella chimed in, "What you may not know, Captain, is this yacht is actually privately owned and is on lease to the State Department. This is our home as well as an Embassy Afloat. And the only person Harry answers to is the President of the United States...not the State Department, not the Joint Chiefs, not the Secretary of Defense, not Homeland, not the CIA. He answers to Bill and Bill alone...your Commander in Chief."

The XO chimed in, "Wait, you are telling us this is a PRIVATELY owned vessel? How is that possible? You have more advanced weapons on this ship than any vessel in the fleet!"

Dad then spoke up, "HL, XO, how that is possible is classified and only a handful of people at the highest levels of government know that answer. I can say that, before Harry became an Ambassador and before he was an employee of the United States, there was a particular country who was very appreciative of his services and paid him with this yacht. The munitions were added last minute just prior to Harry receiving her and were added with the anticipation the ship would be used as an Embassy Afloat."

"Damn, the taxes alone must have been horrendous!" HL said.

I smiled, "Actually it is all tax free. I have a letter from the IRS stating as much."

HL's and XO's mouths dropped and XO whispered, "Who the hell are you people!"

Everyone had a good laugh at that one when all of a sudden Red came over the tablets, "Captain, we have a situation."

Captain Barnes replied, "Give me a sitrep, Red. Whatcha got?"

"Sir, we have two underwater divers approaching. They have no clearance and the remote cameras we deployed in the bay suggest they are armed with ship killing explosive mines. The two are about

10 fathoms deep and 500 yards out moving at 50 feet a minute."

Barnes looked at me and I said, "Take them out."

Barnes looked at one of the SEAL Lieutenants who got on his coms unit, "Alpha team! Prepare to deal with divers approaching! Two divers at 12 o'clock off the bow, 500 yards, moving at 50 feet a minute. Deploy two Striker 40, 40 mm smart grenades set to explode after entering the water. Launch one of the submarines to collect the bodies. Over."

"Copy Alpha Team leader! 2 smart 40's set for underwater detonation, 500 yards at 50 feet per minute. We will have them in the water in 2 minutes! Will Bravo Team handle the recovery? Over."

The other Lieutenant nodded and got on his coms, "Bravo team, launch a sub to collect two bodies approximately 450 yards off the bow. If safe, collect the mines they are carrying for inspection. Over."

"Copy Team leader. Launch is underway."

"Bravo Team, wait until the explosions before you dive, don't want any casualties from the explosions taking out our team. Over."

"Copy Team leader, will wait for the explosions before dropping her in the water."

Captain Barnes then told Red, "Okay, thank you for the good work, Red. Quietly set general quarters and shout out a warning about two loud noises from the water, no need to panic the staff."

"Roger that, Captain." Immediately Red came over the Yacht's intercom, "All hands, general quarters. Be advised there will be two loud noises coming from the hull in about 80 seconds. We are repelling an attack. All hands please man your stations. This is not a drill."

I then contacted Red, "Red, Harry here. Can you tell where they came from?"

"Roger, Sir. They came from the southern most area of the bay, approximately 300 yards outside our perimeter. There seem to be two vehicles and a lookout, judging from infrared."

"Ambassador," one of the Lieutenants said, "I have a visual through our Predator, permission to launch a switchblade?"

Without hesitation I responded, "Permission granted."

The Switchblade struck at the same time as the two grenades exploded underwater right over the two divers. There were secondary underwater explosions significantly more powerful than the primary.

Red came over our tablets, "You can cancel the sub, Sir. There will be nothing left. Evidently the divers had already taken the safeties off the mines and the concussion set them off. Nothing left but fish bait."

"Bravo Team, this is Team Leader. Copy?"

"Copy Team Leader. Over."

"You can launch the sub but just leave her in the water, moored to the Yacht. Secondary explosions left nothing to recover. Over."

"Aye Team Leader. Launching the sub and mooring to the aft deck. Over."

Captain Barnes then spoke with Red, "Red, give it 5 minutes and secure from General Quarters."

"Aye, Aye Captain."

I looked at the XO and smiled, "I take it the Marines are still consolidating their present positions before securing the entire area?"

XO looked a little sheepish and nodded, "Yes, Ambassador. That area will be secured before the evening is out."

The XO looked at Barnes and said, "That was a damn fine and efficient response you and your team had. Very impressive!"

Barnes shook his head, "XO, it has to do with the SEAL Team we have on board. These boys are the best of the best."

"HL, may I inquire as to how many attack subs you have in your fleet at the moment?"

"Yes, Harry: we have 3. Why do you ask?"

"I want to invite their Captains and Execs over for dinner. Would inviting them over one sub at a time seriously hamper their protective shield?"

Isabella then lit up and asked, "Actually, HL, would it be possible for four ships at a time, including the subs, dock here in port for 2 days at a time for shore leave? We have quite a few merchants here at the port who would love to have them drop by since we have disrupted their trade. Perhaps even keep it on a rotating basis?"

HL began to smile, "I think that would be one hell of an idea, M'Lady. Thank you for the hospitality."

I then added, "That is a capitol idea! Please let the officers know we will be expecting them over for dinner each night they are in port, casual dress! I am particularly interested in meeting our infamous interdicter."

HL smiled even broader, "With your permission I will certainly do so."

Just then our Chef entered from the elevator with food carts in tow. "All I know is the next set of assholes who interrupts my dinner prep with a need for general quarters are going to have my knives up their asses!"

Everyone had a good chuckle and then dinner was served.

Chef had been slow cooking several lean briskets with salt, pepper, onion, vinegar, water, new potatoes, and celery stalks for over 6 hours. It was served in ¼ inch slices with a small bowl of Bar-B-Que sauce on the side.

No cutting tools needed as it was melt in your mouth tender and very juicy.

Chef had also baked mini-loaves of dark bread which were served with honey butter on the side.

The wine selection was a very hearty 2020 Bouchard Pere & Fils Reserve Bourgogne Pinot Noir that was very intense in both color and aromatic bouquet with ripe cherry, raspberry, and currant flavors

leading to a beautifully smooth finish.

After dinner we were served snifter glasses of chilled GODIVA Chocolate Liqueur featuring its original, ultra-velvety dark chocolate flavor. It had the pure essence of Godiva chocolate with balanced notes that were not overly sweet which was mated with an equal amount of D'USSE Cognac XO contributing rich flavor notes of ripe blackberry and apricot, layered with hints of dark chocolate and walnut, culminating in an exceptionally balanced finish.

HL smiled as he sipped his after dinner drink, "Harry, feel free to invite me back any time. And by the way, I deeply apologize for everything in the past. You are not at all who I thought you would be and my fears were unwarranted."

Captain Barnes lifted his glass, "To second chances!"

"Hear! Hear!"

Brannigan and a dozen FBI agents, all male, drove up the drive, past the burgeoning press corps and local police blockers, to meet Mrs. Cooper whom they found on the front porch waiting for them.

"Hello, Mrs. Cooper. In case you forgot, I am Special Agent Brannigan and we are here to secure your cottages."

"Fantastic! Thank you fellas for coming. And Special Agent Brannigan, I do remember you from last time during that foolish incident. I hope we can put that behind us."

"I have been told you had an epiphany at GITMO. Is that accurate?"

"Indeed it is. I am very happy with how things turned out. I just wish I had not been such a fool to begin with...Life would have been much simpler for me. But then again, I would not be here doing what I am doing if it hadn't."

"Well, it is good to see you found your silver lining. It is a pleasure to meet you this time, M'Lady."

"Well, Mrs. Cooper and M'Lady just will not do. Please call me Millie. Also, I took the liberty of making sure all the sensors the SEAL Team left behind were working and locked into the house security system for you. Additionally, dinner from the Club is served buffet style on the kitchen bar. Help yourselves and after you have eaten we can get you situated unless you want to go dipping in the pool with the now naked lady servers who are already enjoying it."

"Also, there is fishing gear and boats available any time you want."

The rest of the agents looked at Brannigan who smiled, "What goes on here stays here. Anybody got an issue with that can leave the detail."

One of the men chuckled, "I think I just got the dream assignment I never knew existed."

Leesie was sitting next to the XO and the poor man had difficulty not staring at her breasts the whole evening. During after dinner drinks, Mom just took off her top while still at the table so he could get a better view. His and HL's eyes popped and their jaws dropped when all the women at

the table followed suit. The Tequila, some salt, and lime slices were set around the table and the party commenced. Seems the XO was all about mom's boobs, enjoying licking his salt off of them before biting his lime and chugging a shot.

It didn't take long for the clothes to come off and all the women at the table started giving blowjobs. Soon the ladies bent over the table and we men did a round robin, moving around the table, spending 2 minutes in each pussy. The last man standing won.

It came down to a battle between Dad and I. I barely won and that was likely because his last pussy was Sue's. His daughter really gave his cock a workout while I was tooling Batgirl for all she was worth. Walsh finished off HL and Leesie finished the XO. All-in-all, everyone had a great time.

Early the next morning, we had 4 surface ships and one submarine docking and sending their sailors on a two day pass. One of the ships was the Arleigh Burke who tried to ram us on approach to make us change course.

I walked up to the ship and waited with two fully armed and kitted SEALs until the crew departed on shore leave and I asked the officer manning the gangway, "Permission to come aboard, Sir."

Seeing the SEALs he was hesitant and came over to ask me, "Sir, we generally don't allow arms on the ship. May I inquire as to who you are and the nature of your visit?"

"No problem! I am Ambassador Harry Walker. I am the In-Situ commander and I hold an SES ES-5 rating. I would like to speak with your commander, please."

I showed him my diplomatic credentials as well as my civilian rank.

"One moment, Sir, I need to clear this with Commander Petritch," he said as he walked off to the side with his hand radio.

"Sir, the Commander is on his way."

A minute later the Commander appeared at the gangway.

"Permission to come aboard, Commander?"

"Yes, of course Ambassador! Is this official business or a social call?"

I smiled, "Social, absolutely! I apologize for the security detail. War Zone and all that."

I handed the gallon bag of specialty, just ground, coffee to him and said, "I just wanted to formally invite you and your XO to dinner tonight and tomorrow night at the Embassy. It is casual dress and time is set at 1730 hours local."

"I am so sorry, Ambassador, but I have a Captain's Mast set up for that time and must respectfully decline."

I raised an eyebrow, "I suggest you mention this to Captain Hillibrand before you make that your final word, Commander. See you at 1730. Don't be late."

With that we left to visit the other ships to invite them to dinner. When we hit the submarine we were met by none other than Captain Bill Barnikie. Barnacle Bill met us on the top of the sub and

gave us permission to board.

I gave the Captain a firm handshake, "Captain, dinner both nights, 1730, bring your XO, casual dress." I handed him a gallon bag of the coffee and he smiled, "We will be there with bells on! Thanks for the coffee!"

We had some small talk and after a cordial meeting we saw the other two Commanders. Evidently the first one had spread the word that dinner was not optional after being dressed down by Fleet Captain Hillibrand so things went very smoothly.

Immediately after the invitations, SEAL Team Bravo Squad boarded the chopper with Bella, dad, and I, and with the two Apaches in cover formation, we rode to the Presidential Palace where the 5 crime boss bodies were lying on their funeral pyres. SEAL Team Alpha Squad had set up at daybreak to cover the area with two fully armed Predators as well as the Deep Look satellite and the area was deemed secure.

Upon landing and the Apaches taking up station in wide circles around the staging area, people began to gather and after about 30 minutes, Bella took to the impromptu stage and spoke into a microphone.

"My dearest people of Mexico! I am Lady Isabella de Sousa, wife of the late President. I stand before you today as we celebrate our freedom from tyranny and criminal control of our dear country! Behind me you see the funeral pyres of the 5 criminal families who have ruled our fine country with an iron fist!"

"No more will crime be ignored by the courts if you are a wealthy citizen!"

"No more will wives be 'taken' as I was and their families murdered so some crime family boss can forcefully take them as their wife!"

"No more will crime be tolerated as a viable career in our communities!"

As Bella hit a button and all five pyres began to burn, "As these men's souls are burning in hell, so shall their bodies burn today as a symbol of our great country turning its back on their criminal enterprises!"

"Today we look to the future! Those of you who wish to participate in that future please call the number or visit the website below this video as it is displayed on your television sets this afternoon and tomorrow. We need laborers, police officers, judges, politicians, loggers, heavy machinery operators, concrete workers, brick layers, plumbers, electricians, job site food workers, project managers and more! Even if you used crime as a means for employment and have decided to turn over a new leaf, you can find a job helping your country move into a future with promise."

"I know there will be Americans here to help for the short term, but there is a hire Mexicans first policy so let nothing stand in your way to find your place in the future of our beloved country!"

When our government has been duly elected and is stable, the Americans will leave. Also, I have invited the United Nations to oversee our elections so you can have faith in fair and free elections. Food banks are up and coverage is expanding for those in immediate need as well."

"Immediately after work forces are developed and trained, we will begin to upgrade our power grid generation to clean energy, build our state of the art schools, train police officers, train judges, and vet those running for political office. We will not prevent anyone from running for office, but we will provide full background checks on all those running for city and federal government. The plan is to begin all those projects within 4 weeks time so get your applications in as soon as possible for those positions!"

"Finally: I appeal to you all, as a fellow victim of crime in our streets...No: I beg you my fellow citizens, help me eradicate the criminals in our neighborhoods and from our streets. We no longer have to live with that pariah on our society! If you witness crime, pick up your free phone and call the number to report it."

Pointing to the now fully engulfed funeral pyres Bella exclaimed with fiery passion: "The past is dead and buried! Long live the future of Mexico! Long live the future of our citizens! Long live prosperity!"

To mounting and raucous clamor in support of her speech, Bella moved off the stadium and began to walk among the crowd giving hugs and shaking hands...much to SEAL Team Bravo's chagrin. One man stood to each side of her and another two behind her ready to cover her if she were to receive incoming fire. Luckily, it was so impromptu, no one had anything planned nor were they able to execute it if they had.

"FUCK! Alpha Team this is Alpha Leader! Concentrate on a five person deep circle around Bella! Hit anything that you have verified with a weapon!"

Both snipers responded, "Copy that Alpha Leader! Five person radius, eliminate threats."

"Bravo Team this is Bravo Team Leader! I want a five person semi-circle around Bella with three men creating a corridor ahead of her so we don't lose her in the crowd! Be forceful but as polite as you can be. Use your CHI to take out any threats you find. Move!"

Bravo Team then formed a protective halo around Bella while giving her an open front for her to interact with the crowd. After Bravo team set up around Bella he continued, "make a circle over to the helicopter and lets get her on it. Don't act like it is a rush job but let's get her clear of this ASAP!"

"Roger Bravo Leader, edging towards the chopper."

Dad and I headed to the chopper to clear everyone away and when we did I got hold of Heavylift, "Rotors are clear, prepare to disembark on my command."

"Roger that Ambassador!" "Batgirl, Ladyhawk, position for cover formation as we lift and leave the area."

"We copy Heavylift, we got your ass on liftoff as you egress."

The three Team members opening a corridor were using hand motions to direct the crowd to part and politely assisting those who had difficulty, all the while on high alert for threats. When they made it to the chopper Bravo Team leader got on all fours and three SEALs jumped inside. One turned to give Bella a hand and the other two positioned themselves to close in behind her as she

entered. When Bella took the hand two seals stepped up with her and closed in behind her, quickly assisting her into the chopper and giving her maximum cover.

Dad and I then jumped in and helped the LT into the chopper. "Heavylift! We are secure! Get us out of here!"

Heavylift didn't even respond. He immediately gave full thrust to the rotors and we took off as he banked the chopper to cover the open doorway.

The two Apache pilots actually flew sideways, facing each other, on each side of our chopper to continue providing cover for us. I made a note to mention everyone's prowess up the chain of command.

Dad then smiled to Bella and after putting a headset on her he chuckled, "Well daughter, you damn sure know how to keep your protection team on their toes! Perhaps, if you are planning something like that in the future, we can get a heads up? There are a lot of different safety measures we can incorporate if we know ahead of time. Okay?"

Bella's eyes got big, "I am so sorry! I just reacted to the heat of the moment and didn't consider the consequences!"

SEAL Team Bravo's LT then spoke up, "No recrimination, Bella. But when you do something like that you put yourself and everyone around you in danger. It is my job to make sure everyone, including my Team, gets home alive. When we have advanced notice we can make plans that give us a hell of an advantage should the shit hit the fan."

When we landed on the dock, Bella insisted on getting out first. She then hugged and apologized to each and every person on her detail, including the pilots saying versions of, "I am so sorry I acted impulsively and put everyone in potential danger. Thank you so much for being my heroes and protecting me from myself."

Later that day, a shipment for Bella was delivered and she called in all the SEAL Team members including Ladyhawk, Batgirl, Heavylift, and their crews. She gave each of them a numbered wooden and hinged case and began her presentation.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a special gift I would like to bestow upon you all. I ordered these when we were last in Washington and, well, I got just enough for you all to have one."

Everyone opened their boxes and found a knife in a black semi locking Kevlar belt sheath. These are fighting knives made with the KA-BAR profile; with some notable changes. The knives sport a hollowed out tubular handle covered in a thin 100 pound test black nylon braid and sporting a screw in pommel for precise balance. These are one of a kind pieces never before made and will not be made again."

"The metal is formed as a one piece knife created with approximately 3,000 layers of Silicon carbide fibers that have been doped with Boron and then heat treated to extreme temperatures to sinter the metal into a knife with Damascus style layers. You will note the blade has been laser cut sketonized to some degree to make it lighter and to prevent suction when used as a weapon. Diamond is the only comparable substance for hardness and the layering provides for exceptional torsion strength as well as adding to the durability of the edge."

"The knife is then shaped and polished with diamond dust and the metal is coated with a black Molybdenum Disulfide baked on finish. The knives were then precision sharpened to an 18 degree edge, literally making them razor sharp. Inside the handle you have fishing line, a hook, waterproof matches, a tungsten steel wire saw, a pair of thin steel snares, and a compass which is built into the pommel with two key rings residing between the handle and the pommel."

Everyone was really excited to get them and expressed their appreciation. One of the men carefully slid his knife edge over his hairy arm and it literally glided through the hair like it was moving through melted butter, leaving him smoothly shaven.

Heavylift said, "This is a wonderful gift, Bella. Thank you very much. It shall become a family heirloom."

Bella responded, "By accepting the gift you honor the giver."

Everyone arrived at 1730 sharp, even Commander Petritch and his XO. Captain Barnes gave everyone a tour of the Yacht and we convened on the owner's deck for dinner. Barbara, Leesie, DD, Beth, Walsh, Cathy, and Sue all decided to wear flowered short skirts and halter tops to dinner, much to the delight of the officers present.

As we sat, Commander Petritch mentioned, "Ambassador, I wish to thank you for not taking us out when we challenged you. It is rather obvious to me now we were outmatched. I hope you can realize nothing like that is done without oversight and can see your way to forgiving my actions."

"Commander Petritch, all that is understood and dealt with and is water under the bridge. Let's let it go and enjoy ourselves with the fine meal our Chef has provided!"

Commander Petritch raised his Bloody Mary in toast, "To new beginnings!"

Everyone joined in and the conversation quickly devolved to the standard military conversations which included how I was able to obtain such state of the art weapons and the customary response of it being over everyone's pay grade and the now expected question, "Who the hell are you people?" (To which the crew chuckled.)

Dinner was succulent: oven baked Boston Butt sporting a very crispy top crust with minced garlic, sea salt, and fresh ground peppercorns. Accompanying the roast were iceberg lettuce wedges with crumbled and smoked bacon, goat cheese, apple pieces, chopped walnuts, red onion, and a home made Greek seasoned dressing with olive oil and aged balsamic vinegar. We also enjoyed twice baked potatoes with sour cream, chives, shredded aged and smoked Gouda cheese, fresh butter, sea salt, and fresh ground peppercorns.

The wine of the evening was a 2017 Lieser Niederberg Helden Riesling Trockenbeerenauslese which was a shiny, bright and piquant TBA that combined concentration (grapefruit aromas) with purity, finesse and "mineral" freshness. Lush and round on the palate, it was a noble, textured, raisiny, fresh and elegant Riesling TBA with a long, stimulating finish with wholemeal bread or pumpernickel flavors. It was a generous, soft but precise, lemon-fresh and salty-piquant Riesling of great class and style and really mated the 'earthy' roast and potatoes together with the fruity and nutty salad.

After dinner, Bella provided each guest with a bottle of her singular Tequila with Commander Petritch being very appreciative, "Lady Isabella, this is a wonderful gift, but alcohol is not allowed on

US Naval Vessels. I am so sorry."

I then spoke up with a smile on my face, "Commander, are you aware that no one in the Navy has ever been prosecuted for following a direct order from their superior?"

"Yes Ambassador, as long as following that order does not bring equipment or personnel to harm."

"Then you have a direct order from the overall commander in-situ to accept the Lady Isabella's gift in order to not create an international incident brought on by the disrespect of non-acceptance."

Petritch smiled, "Far be it from me to want to commit a second such infraction, Sir!"

With a nod from Captain Barnes, another bottle was produced and chilled Tequila shots were distributed before we broke up the dinner to go down to the third deck. "Mariners, I need to inform you that this private Yacht is a free use yacht and also, when not on duty, a clothing optional yacht. You are all designated as off duty, and what happens on this Yacht stays on this Yacht. We have poker tables, pool tables, slots, and an open bar so make yourselves at home. Get laid if you want, get sloppy drunk if you like, and enjoy the games."

With that announcement Dad and I handed out some money to play with and all the women stripped and grabbed one or two of the guests before everyone made their way down to deck three for some fun.

Bella had grabbed Barnikie and led him up to the 4th deck where they got in the pool. "Captain, I want to thank you for saving our lives. I have been told how you not only sunk a Chinese submarine but also knocked out two torpedoes headed for our yacht."

"I have a good crew, M'Lady."

"And they have a good Captain." she replied as she wrapped herself around him. Bella gave the Captain a series of sensual kisses which had the desired effect. Bella could feel the head of his cock between her thighs in the water. It was hot and hard, rubbing against her clit as they slowly bobbed in the pool.

The two of them were doing some serious heavy petting and after a few minutes Bella leaned back and looked Barnikie in the eye as she whispered, "Put it inside me, please. I want to feel the heat of your rock hard cock inside my wet cunt."

She softly stroked his nipples, tweaking them as she continued, "I am the richest woman in the world, leader of an entire country; and I want you to take me. I want you to cum inside me. Claim my pussy for your pleasure my Captain."

The Captain felt Beth line up the tip of his throbbing cock and he slowly lowered her onto him, reveling in her heat and wetness. She was an absolutely stunningly beautiful and exotic woman and she was asking him for his seed. The thrill almost had him over the edge as he bottomed out inside her. He held her still for a moment, enjoying the feel of her sex surrounding his manhood.

It was at that point he began to feel Lady Isabella begin to use her Kegel muscles to massage the head of his cock as he stayed balls deep in her hot sex. It felt amazing. She was clamping down on the head of his cock and massaging the ridge and underneath at the Y simultaneously, making him moan and groan as he did his best to hold off his climax.

"Baby, you feel amazing!" He whispered as he laid her back so he could suckle her nipples as she continued to massage his cock.

Bella's clit was firmly nestled at the junction where her man's cock met his pubic bone and as she used her inner muscles to massage him it also slightly rubbed her clit against him, sending shivers up her spine. "Your cock feels so good inside me. When we cum I want us to open our eyes to one another so we can see inside. Can you be vulnerable with me my Captain?"

"Yes." was all he was able to say as he lost himself in her sensual embrace. Holding each other close they kissed each other's necks, each other's nipples, each other's lips. Deep, passionate kisses full of longing.

Bella kept them both on the edge for about ten minutes. By that time they both were thrumming and breathing heavily when he asked her, no begged her, to let him cum. Bella held his head in her hands as she smiled and locked eyes with her Captain as she worked them both to a climax. She felt his cock get thicker just as she began her climb and they both came as they looked deeply into each other's souls through each others eyes....letting their lover in to see their vulnerability.

This had the effect of lengthening their climaxes and it took a bit for the two of them to come down.

After he caught his breath he whispered, "My Lady, that was the best, most sensual sex I think I have ever had. Thank you!"

Beth giggled and kissed his nose, "MMM, it was wonderful for me, too. I am so thankful my Master gave me permission to play with you."

Startled, Captain Barnikie asked, "You have a Master?"

Beth smiled, "Yes, he is Captain Barnes."

Barnikie was apprehensive, "I hope he is not going to be angry."

Beth smiled, "Nonsense! He was wanting to have sex with Harry's wife, Sue. I understand she has the smoothest pussy on the Yacht...at least that is what all the men say. You should have sex with her yourself. She is very, very good."

"If she is any better than you are she will kill me!"

Beth laughed and hugged him, "You really are a sweet man. I am so glad we were able to get together." She then smiled and asked, "You ready to join the others on deck three for some more fun?"

Reluctantly, he lifted her off his now semi hard cock, kissing her deeply as their sexes parted under water.

As the pair got out of the pool, Captain Barnikie dried off and was about to put on his clothes when Beth stopped him. "Unless you feel you must, you will be out of place downstairs as I am sure everyone is nude on the third deck."

He thought about it for a moment and figured, "What the hell." and left his clothes folded over the back of a lounge by the pool. The two walked hand-in-hand to the elevator as the Captain thought to himself, 'Barnes is one helluva lucky man.'

Upon reaching the entertainment deck Barnikie saw that indeed everyone was nude and having a great time on the slots, pinball, playing cards, or to his amazement, naked volleyball. It was explained to him by some watching the eye candy that it was pussies vs cocks in volleyball. The winning team getting to pick their sex partner from the other team.

The women were not playing fair, bending over and showing their bare pussies and clenching asses as the guys were trying to play. It was a close game until game point when Cathy fed the ball to Walsh who was at the net. Walsh did a flying loop kick and literally knocked one of the SEALS on his ass with her shot, winning the game.

The ladies all jumped for joy, making for some serious eye candy, and then immediately ran over to the guy's side and laid them down on the floor, taking them right then and there in cowgirl fashion. Walsh went to the SEAL she had knocked over and wrapped him in her arms, "Sorry about that, big guy, let me make that up to you." She grabbed his hard cock, lifted her left leg over his shoulder, and slipped him inside as they were both standing.

Somehow, I don't think he minded having been knocked to the floor.

The next day, each of the ship commanders rotated their skeleton crews so everyone could have a day of shore leave. Come to find out, one of the enterprising vendors and the port/base had gotten wind of an opportunity and decided to set up a set of cubicles where women could ply their wares to lusty mariners.

The switchboard for calls for crimes began to light up and soon special operators were dealing with the perpetrators. Many of them were stupid and fired on the operators and were quickly dispatched. Everything was videotaped so there was no question as to who was the one initiating the gun fights. After a few days, the calls dropped off dramatically...as I expected they would.

Additionally, the clearinghouse for those wanting jobs quickly wound up to full capacity as the job positions Bella and specific job site operations managers had developed and organizing the different groups was moving at light speed.

Within just a few days bars and prostitution exploded along the waterfront. The women and men were happy making money hand over fist, the naval personnel were happy to pay for their services, the vendors were happy to be making money, and soon, ships were begging for shore leave.

Bella made sure there were regular medical checkups, that the distribution of money was equitable, and that every woman had access to planned parenthood pharmaceuticals. She also instituted regular inspections to ensure the establishments were clean and age restrictions were strictly adhered to (It only took one of them being shut down for a day after being caught in violation for them and others to adhere to the rules and make sure their workers were clean and of proper age).

Surprisingly, most everyone behaved. I put that squarely on the ship commanders as they told their sailors that any issues brought to their attention meant the ship was no longer in the cue for shore leave. For that reason, fights in the Bars were shut down just as quickly as they started and everyone was chilled out before the Military Police could respond and the sex workers were treated with a modicum of respect...which was just fine by all concerned.

Within weeks infrastructure plans were being implemented, power lines were being laid, sites for energy creation were selected and materials began to arrive on site. The scale of the projects were

immense and rather daunting. Thankfully, Bella and her advisors had set up a system of reporting and tracking that quickly caught those involved in theft or other illegal ventures and soon the word got out. After two months everything was working like clockwork.

Two weeks after Operation Chili Pepper kicked off, Bella and I were put through a crash course in preparation before being put in the back seat of a pair of F/A-18 Block III Super Hornets and launched off the Aircraft Carrier with a full escort. After a few high speed maneuvers that left both of us breathless, we headed out at high speed to a KC-46 to refuel just south of New Orleans, LA and then took off like bats out of hell for Washington D.C.

"We are approaching Atlanta KATL airspace Harry, want to check in and fuck with ATC?"

I laughed, "That could be fun. What frequency?"

"119.5, have them verify altitude, speed, and heading."

"KATL Tower this is F/A 18 Military Flight Group entering your airspace from 220 degrees true at 49,000 feet. Destination is IAD, heading is zero-eight-zero true. Advise any traffic at our altitude, heading, and current airspeed. Over."

"Military Flight Group, KATL Tower, we have no such group on our radar, confirm speed, altitude, and heading, over."

"KATL Tower, Military Flight Group, Confirmed speed is 15 zero-zero knots, altitude is 49 zero-zero-zero feet, heading is zero-eight-zero true. Over."

"Military Flight Group, KATL Tower, we show no contacts matching those parameters. Maintain altitude and heading until you clear KATL airspace. Flight path is clear, Over."

"Motherfucking stealth aircraft fucking with my traffic patterns," the ATC grumbled over an open mike.

"KATL Tower, Military Flight Group, we are clearing your airspace. You have an open mike, Over."

After about two seconds, "Military Flight Group, KATL Tower. Roger open mike. Apologies. Over."

Every pilot on that frequency in Atlanta airspace was laughing their ass off.

Beth came over the flight coms, "Harry, you are such a bad boy!"

I smiled and responded, "I know, right?"

When we landed Bella and I were handed formal outfits that came with a note from Sue: 'Don't ask, just put them on. Bella, I included some light makeup for you should you wish'. I also had a note we had reservations for the Louisa Adams room of the Riggs Luxury Hotel in D.C. And a private table reserved for 9:00 that seats 10 at their Cafe.

We were escorted to a private room where we could dress and the Secret Service picked us up and drove us through a crowd who were cheering as we passed. "Bull! Good to see you again my friend!"

"Good to see you as well, Harry! By the way, the Missus wanted me to let you know the fun time we all had at the house was a big hit. And the fact you are now a National Hero several times over just makes it all even better! She is the Social Queen of the Beltway and she loves it!"

I laughed, "I am so glad she is enjoying herself. Get her to come by The Riggs for dinner at 9:00 this evening and please have her invite one couple in her social circle. We have reservations for the Cafe as well as one of their First Lady's rooms for the evening.

Bull chuckled and I asked what was humorous and he said, "I am getting laid this afternoon after I tell her that. You know that, right?"

I laughed again and said, "Glad to be of service my friend. Tell her I would be quite put out if I didn't have the pleasure of eating her pussy this evening in front of her friends. You can tell her also that the Lady Isabella de Souza, the current ruler of Mexico will be there as well and I will introduce her."

Bull looked into the rear view mirror at Bella and nodded, "Well met M'Lady."

Bella scoffed, "Any friend of Harry's is a friend of mine, call me Bella if I may call you Bull?"

"Bull it is," he said with a big smile.

"Your wife must be quite the woman to be able to hold onto a man such as yourself."

Bull smiled, "Thank you for the compliment, Bella; and yes she is one hell of a woman."

Bull looked back at me, "I hope you know there is going to be a huge press corps greeting you when you get out of the car. Do you want to talk to them?"

"Sure! How about you, Bella?"

"Thank you for the heads up Bull. Yes, Harry, I think I can manage."

We pulled in to the front of the Capitol Building and the place was packed with press. I was a bit surprised it was not at the White House. A podium was set up on the top steps and security made a hole for us. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs was there and as Bella and I got there he finished what he was saying and introduced me as, "The boy wonder who single handedly won a 30 minute war."

"Thank you Sir. However," I turned to the press, "I did not win this war. My father gave me the good sense to let the professionals do their job. It is the professionalism of the Officer Corps as well as the enlisted leaders of all the services who pulled off this amazing victory. I would love to stand before you and take credit, but the only thing truly credited to me is the loss of 20 brave soldiers who died serving their country. That weighs heavily on my heart today."

"However, a ray of hope and sunshine is with me today. It is my pleasure, therefore, to introduce the ruler of Mexico, the exquisite Lady Isabella De Sousa."

Bella approached the podium with the grace of a cat, "Hello Ladies and Gentlemen. I apologize for my nerves as I am not quite used to public speaking yet. I will say Ambassador Walker has misspoken about where credit is due on one point. While great credit is due the brave men and women of your armed services, he is a great man and leader who has personally saved my life at least twice so far."

"To any naysayers out there, let me be frank. The Mexican cartels were endemic in the politics of my country and were directly involved in assassination attempts on your President, Vice President, and their wives as well as multiple attempts on Ambassador Walker and his family. Additionally, they were responsible for child prostitution rings as well as human and drug trafficking into the United States."

"My people are now on a path to true freedom, thanks to the Leaders of the United States, and Mexico will soon be a true democracy. Large scale, wholesale crime has all but been eliminated and is no longer a facet of our lives due to the faithful work of your political and military leaders."

"America is truly a blessed country. Thank you, America, for being you."

Under thundering applause and massive numbers of flashes from photographers we waved to the crowds and made our way into the Capitol Building where a grand reception awaited in the Rotunda. There we were introduced to the Ambassadors of China, the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, among many others.

We were eventually ushered onto the Senate Floor in the north wing and to our surprise there was a joint session of Congress about to get underway. We were seated next to the cadre of Supreme Court Justices to whom we were introduced. The Vice President then called the session to order.

(Loud taps of the gavel) "Ladies and Gentlemen of Congress! I hereby call this joint session of Congress to order! It is with distinct honor that I have the pleasure to introduce The President of the United States!"

With Pomp and Circumstance being played by a military band, We all stood and applauded as the President walked down the isle of the Senate floor and shook hands as he made his way to the podium. He made his way through the Supreme Court Justices and then very graciously engaged both Isabella and me before taking his speaking position as we all sat in anticipation.

I whispered to Bella, "No idea about all this, let's just wing it and have some fun, shall we?"

Bella just laughed, patted my hand, and said, "I have been in the loop on this, sorry Harry; but I was sworn to secrecy."

I just raised an eyebrow, knowing better than to say anything else.

Bill then began with the necessary pleasantries such an occasion demanded and then launched into a detailed, and slightly embellished, story about how I had taken out an enemy submarine, two fixed wing aircraft, and single handedly, in hand-to-hand combat, taken out three choppers full of assassins sent by the late ruler of Mexico in an attempt to kill him, the V.P., and their wives.

He continued the narrative letting everyone know how I saved Lady Isabella from a forced marriage to the late President, and how I had led the effort to eliminate the crime families of Mexico and, with Lady Isabella, am currently working on restoring an elected democratic government along with ending crime as a viable career field in the country.

Okay, I was getting a bit embarrassed with all the praise when, out of the blue, Bill said, "Ambassador Harry Walker! Please come to the podium with Lady Isabella."

I stood and offered my hand to Bella to thunderous applause. We got to the podium and had to wait for some time before everyone settled down again and took their seats. Bill began, "Ambassador Walker: In light of your great service to our country as well as saving the lives of my

wife, the Vice President's wife, the Vice President, and Myself, I am honored to present you with the highest civilian award of the United States, the Presidential Medal of Freedom!"

My mouth dropped. Lady Isabella literally smirked as she put a gloved hand under my chin and closed my mouth, much to the merriment of the entire Congress and visiting dignitaries.

I bowed for the President to place the medal around my neck and he looked to a screen set to the side of the hall where the entire family was on a video feed. Mom smiled and said, "So proud of you son! Sue said, the whole family is, my dear husband."

With a tear in my eye I choked out, "I wish we had waited another month to start our family so you could be here, my love."

Sue beamed, "I am so proud to be bearing the child of my hero!"

The place erupted, not having known Sue was pregnant. Bill having kept it to himself.

During the hullabaloo, the Vice President had come to the podium and, after everyone settled down again, spoke, "Lady Isabella, in recognition of your invaluable assistance and continuing efforts to brighten the futures of all your people, I have the honor of presenting you with The Congressional Gold Medal which is an award equal to the Presidential Medal of Freedom which is only bestowed by the United States Congress."

Bella was shocked, not having known this part of the proceedings was coming. With a tear in her eye, she bowed and accepted the medal. An uproar demanding an impromptu speech from her rose up spontaneously from the floor and Isabella was asked by the President if she would. With a nod, Beth, somewhat breathless moved to the microphone.

With a hard swallow, she began, "I am overwhelmed." I handed her my handkerchief and she wiped tears from her eyes. "At the tender age of 16 my family was killed by and I was forced to marry the man who eventually became the President of Mexico." She put her hand on my shoulder and continued, "This man saved me and took me into his family." She smiled at the family on the video screen, "I am the most fortunate woman on the earth to have such a loving family again."

"Thank you Congress, and all you Americans watching, for being you."

The response was deafening. More than a few shed tears.

After an extended time, Bella continued, pulling two medals of her own out of her clutch. Mr. President and Vice President, I wish to bestow upon you as the first recipients the Medalla Presidencial al Servicio, which is the Mexican Presidential Medal of Service for your continuing service to my people and in recognition of your leadership and work to free Mexico from tyranny.
