

# STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 34

*Rusthemod*

*Fucking up is not an option.*

Incest/Taboo

4.78

7.1k words

Both the President and Vice President were obviously shocked and the Joint Session of Congress erupted in bipartisan support and appreciation. The politicians knowing full well that to not vociferously and demonstrably show their approval would be political suicide, given the popularity of the 30 minute war among their constituents and the resulting nationalistic pride it was evoking from the populace.

After the thunderous applause finally settled down, the President thanked Beth and then dismissed the proceedings. The six of us, myself, Beth, Bill, Mary, Jim, and Rache then made our way out, going by and shaking the hands of each SCOTUS judge and most of the members of Congress as we passed.

"Harry," Bill said, "I remember you wanted to speak with the Gold Star families and they are waiting for us in a reception room. You willing to address them now? If not, Jim and I can go and you can address them later if you like."

I looked at Beth who smiled and nodded her approval, "Now is good, thanks for the opportunity. Will there be press?"

"No press. This is not a photo opp. I wanted it to be personal."

"Agreed."

We entered the room with 100 people seated in rows consisting of the parents, spouses, brothers, sisters, and children of the slain soldiers who had died liberating Mexico and the room went quiet. There was a large screen television which had obviously broadcast the joint meeting we had just left and there were quite a few who were crying.

I looked at Bill and asked, "Mind if we go first?" He nodded and let Beth and me stand before the group as they stood to the side.

Taking a shuddering breath, I spoke quietly while still projecting my voice for all to hear, "Families of the fallen, I have no idea how to relate to your grief other than to share with you why I was the Commander of this short war. My father was, what is called in the business, a special operator. He and my wife's father were investigating the Mexican drug families moving drugs into our country with the help of some rogue foreign nationals. The foreign individuals have been dealt with, involving an unprecedented level of cooperation with multiple countries around the world."

I took a deep breath, "However, the Cartels were left for the United States to deal with as they were at our southern border. I am sure the President can speak to all that was done in other areas, but I was in charge of dealing with Mexico. I have the current Mexican President, Lady Isabella who can clue you in with her side of the background story."

Beth then spoke up, "I want you all to know, your family members died saving the lives of untold Americans as well as Mexicans. My entire family was brutally murdered in my presence because a crime boss wanted me as his, unwilling bride. I suffered that humiliation for over a decade, being married to the President of Mexico, before Mr. Harry Walker here saved me."

"Through his leadership and my intelligence briefing, we developed a plan with your President to rid Mexico of all of its crime families and establish a fully democratic government. The goal is to utterly destroy organized crime, disrupt street gangs, and bring to a screeching halt all the drug and human trafficking going on between our countries."

"I am very sorry your families have had to pay such a horrible price for that vision which is still being brought to fruition. Please accept the profound appreciation of the Mexican people and myself for your sacrifice. I know nothing will bring them back, but I hope knowing why they died will bring you some solace and know you can be proud of their service to your country, to Mexico, and their respective peoples."

I then added, "We made them pay with their lives. I want all of you to know that not a single person involved in the deaths of your loved ones survived."

"Mr. President!"

"Yes, thank you Lady Isabella and Ambassador Walker. I cannot say much other than to tell you our military's special operations groups have either arrested or killed all of the primary members and support personnel of all of the drug cartels in South America and all of the crime families in Mexico. Currently we are assisting Mexico with their transition to a democratic government as well as helping to develop a strong economy to reduce the appeal of crime in their society and finish killing the drug and human trade coming across the border."

"While loss of a single American in this war was an unacceptable price, Mr. Walker's war plan was exceptional and our forces carried out their orders with unimpeachable professionalism. As you are aware, the war lasted a grand total of 30 minutes before all the major objectives had been reached. That is unheard of in all of human history."

"There is nothing I can say to take away your pain. But I can tell you that your brothers, sisters, spouses, sons and daughters will be remembered for their sacrifice. The United States Congress has approved a memorial, statues of each of those brave warriors standing with their comrades, which will be placed on the national mall. I personally invite you to attend the unveiling when it is finished and anyone needing accommodations or travel will be helped so you can attend."

Bill then bowed deeply and said, "I thank you all for their service and the entire country thanks you for your sacrifice."

With that, we mingled and consoled before leaving the room.

After we were alone in the Oval Office, Mary shed a tear saying, "Harry and Beth, that was a wonderful thing to do."

Rache added, "Hopefully they will find some comfort knowing what their loved ones died accomplishing."

Jim concluded, "Don't be surprised or dismayed if some of them lash out. That is part of their grieving process and Politicians and military leaders are prime targets. It is just part of the human

condition."

I mentioned, "Some will accuse us of going on a vendetta for the death of my father and the attempts on all our lives. I am fine with that and intend to own up to it as part of a response to include all the other, more altruistic, reasons for our actions. I don't know about what your people are saying, but I find that owning up to the personal aspects of this will only affirm we were human and not blind to that issue. The average American will appreciate the defense of our families against criminal aggression."

"Harry, there is a U.S. Senate opening next year in your district. The party wants you to run. Are you interested? I can guarantee you all the funding you need."

Beth smiled, "You would make a wonderful politician, if I may be so bold saying such as an outsider."

Oh shit.

"Thank you Beth, Bill. You know I have to run that by the family first...but I am not saying no to the prospect. Thank you and the party for the offer and please let the powers that be know I appreciate their support."

"Is that a preliminary yes?"

"It is a preliminary yes, barring the family not agreeing to it."

Bill got on his phone and called the Embassy Afloat. Captain Barnes himself answered, "This is Captain Barnes, Mr. President. What can we do for you today?"

"Captain, I need you and the rest of the extended family on this line. How long before you can make that happen?"

"Give me 5 minutes, Sir, while I put you on hold."

Three minutes later Barnes was back, "Sir, the extended family is on the line."

"Wonderful! Harry has something he wishes to ask the family."

I looked at the President with a raised eyebrow. "You really want this to happen, don't you."

He winked, smiled, and pointed at the phone.

Dad spoke up for the family, "What gives son?"

"Well dad, it seems your and Marion's plotting has born some unexpected fruit. The President, on behalf of the party, has asked me to run next year for the open Senate seat in our district. I told him only if the family approves and he just up and called everyone on the spot."

After quite a few intakes of breath plainly heard over the phone, Sue asked, "Is this what you want?"

I replied, "It would be a different direction than where we are currently headed...and a lot safer. I would also be a straight shooter, no pun intended, and may not get elected because of my level of candor. But, yeah, I think I can help make a difference. If anyone has an objection, don't let the President calling you out of the blue cause you not to speak up and say your piece."

Barbara interjected, "Son, your father would be proud. But you do what you want to do, the family will back you all the way."

Everyone on the phone agreed.

Bill smiled, "Good, I will have the party leaders start the groundwork and informational campaign to get you a groundswell of support. Be prepared for a lot of propaganda."

"I would like all of it to be verifiable...No fake embellishments, please."

Jim laughed, "I told them that would be the case. The party is already getting a run down as to what they can and cannot disseminate. All the black book stuff is secured at the highest levels, so no worries."

Bill then added, "Hank is being groomed for Presidential after my term ends in 3 years. Your Governor may very well tap you for V.P. for his Presidential run after that. So work your position as if you will be running for President within a decade or so. That will give you a good record in the Senate as a foundation."

"The party will be keeping you in the news until then so you become even more of a household name."

Jim asked, "Beth? When do you think you could hold elections in your country? Reason I ask is as soon as you are free, Harry can begin visiting NATO and other countries to begin making diplomatic ties. Also, there are issues popping up here and there with the power vacuum, created with the demise of so many international criminal heads over in Switzerland, where we feel Harry and his crew may have some helpful input."

"We can get a new government set up within six months with some help from the United Nations."

Bill got hold of his secretary, "Carinne, please get me the Ambassador to the United Nations on the line as soon as possible."

"Yes Mr. President."

Five minutes later Bill's phone rang. "Mr. President, the U.N. Ambassador is on the line."

"Thank you Carinne. Adrian! How are you?"

"Well, Mr. President. I must say, I have never seen such international support for your recent actions in Mexico and South America."

"Thank you, Adrian. We worked hard to bring a lot of the European and Eastern power brokers on board. Sorry we had to keep you out of the loop for that. We just had to keep it as close to the vest as possible."

"Well, it was a smashing success, Sir. So, may I inquire as to the reason for your call?"

"Absolutely! I take it you are up to speed with Harry Walker and his part in the Mexican war?"

"Indeed, Sir. He is quite the topic of conversation among the diplomatic corps of the United Nations of late."

"Oh?"

"Yes, the impression is Harry is a man who can get things done. Many of the NATO countries would like to meet him so they can develop a profile on him. It seems he is quite the enigma in international circles."

Bill laughed, "Let them know he will be visiting Europe within the next 7 months and ask them if NATO can help facilitating the transition of Mexico into a democracy? Their current leader, Lady Isabella, would like to retire from public life as soon as possible."

"Does this come directly from her, Sir?"

Bella then entered the conversation, "Ambassador, I am the Lady Isabella, current ruler of Mexico. I can assure you I am wanting this transition to move both quickly and smoothly so I can walk away from this heavy responsibility. I have had enough of this already."

"My Lady! I am so pleased to hear you! Your story is quite the heart breaker. You have my deepest sympathies as well as my highest regard. You are a special woman, My Lady."

"I am flattered, Ambassador. But how did you hear of my story?"

"From your meeting with the Ambassadors at the White House dinner, My Lady. You made quite the impression. From there, the Embassy's in Mexico began gathering all the background information on you they could gather."

Beth smiled, "It would seem some State dinners and parties are in order in Mexico. I would hate to have the Ambassador's get false impressions."

"I have only heard good things about your rule so far, My Lady Isabella. I will introduce the necessary authorizations to the body within the week so we can get things moving to assist you."

"Thank you so much, Ambassador. Both Mexico and I appreciate all your efforts."

After Bill hung up the phone I asked if the four of them would like to have dinner with us, Bull, and his wife at the Riggs Cafe. They both politely declined, having made other arrangements for the evening.

"I know you two have to be hungry, I have had the Chef make us some lobster sandwiches. Let's sit down and eat."

We all left and went to a dining area where we were served fresh baked hoagies stuffed full of clumps of freshly sauteed Lobster tail using Old Bay seasoning (simmered in butter--not margarine) until the chunks turned color, home made spicy mayonnaise, capers, chopped lettuce, finely chopped green onion, and celery.

They were served with Michelob Amber Bock beer and crispy salted potato wedges with Grey Poupon mustard and ketchup cups on the side. (A note to readers, the way to make crispy potato wedges is to bake them whole until done, let them cool, cut them into wedges, douse them in an egg wash, cover in flour, and deep fry them in deep, hot sunflower oil until the coating is crispy brown...turning as necessary.)

Beth and I were famished and ate quite a bit. Much to the server's delight. "Complements to the Chef," I was able to say between mouthfuls.

"Bill, do you think we could get Bull to drive us to our hotel?"

"Not only will Bull drive you, you will have two Marines with you as well." Bill got on the phone and made that happen while Beth and I started our goodbyes with the others. When I hugged and kissed Rach and Mary I sent some Chi up their necks so they both climaxed. Jim just snickered, realizing what I did. Bill, when he looked up, raised an eyebrow wondering why the ladies needed to take a seat.

Rach announced, "Jim, Bill, you two HAVE to learn how to do that!" Bill figured it out and both of their husbands laughed.

When we got to the limousine, we met up with two Marines who were fully kitted out with vests, the highly modified rifles in 308 and 45 auto's from Jim's Custom Gun Shop. I looked at the two Marines and smiled, "Hey fellas! This is Lady Isabelle Walker, President of Mexico and I am...."

"Sir, the whole world knows who you are. Thanks for doing right by the fallen soldiers and being so respectful to the gold star families. That has not always been the case in past administrations and it was noted and passed around. Also, thank you for getting the approval for these kick ass pistols and rifles!"

I smiled and shook hands, "Well Sims and Wagg, we are dining at the Cafe Riggs tonight where Beth and I are staying, would love to have both you and your significant others join us for dinner and a, ahem, VERY casual get together in our room afterwards."

Sims asked, "Ambassador, what do you mean by very casual?"

Beth answered, "Hot sex and an orgy."

Wagg's mouth dropped and I just smiled. Beth continued, "And I am very much looking forward to being taken by both of you studs before the night is over."

Bull roared his laughter, "After me fellas! After me!"

Sims was a bit dejected as we got into the Limo. "Why the down face Sims?"

"I don't have a plus one Ambassador. My girl left me just last week."

I got on my SAT phone and called Walsh, "Hey Walsh, I got a favor to ask of you."

"Fire away Harry. Whatcha got?"

"I have a marine guard coming to dinner and a party afterwards and he doesn't have a plus one. Dinner is at a high end restaurant by the name of The Riggs. You know of any ladies at your old department who might want to have a nice dinner and an orgy with a marine?"

Walsh laughed, "What time does she need to be there?"

"Reservations are at 9:00. I will be outside with her Marine date at a quarter till."

"I will get him a live one. She will be there at 8:50 sharp."

"You boys have dinner dress uniforms and shoulder holsters?"

"Yes Sir!"

"Then after we get to our hotel, have Bull get you to your places and drop you off. Get ready, and I will meet you both in the Lobby at 8:40."

"But we are supposed to be security for the two of you, Sir. That would be a dereliction of duty!"

I opened my tailored coat to reveal my own 45 in my shoulder harness and smiled, "We will be just fine."

Wagg was astonished, "How the hell did you get that into the White House?! Much less on the floor of a joint session of Congress?!"

"Funny thing, no one checked and no one asked. I am sure I pinged the sensors, but no one stopped me."

"No shit?"

"No shit. And if anyone had, I was the security detail for the Lady here and I have saved the President's and VP's asses and I have been under arms in the company of the President and VP before with the Secret Service in attendance, so I suspect it would not have mattered. Likely why they didn't react."

Wigg and Sims looked at me and asked in unison, "Who the hell are you people?"

Beth giggled and responded, "He could tell you but it is above your pay grade."

Bull was just chuckling and shaking his head in the front of the limo.

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Red got on the horn, "Captain Barnes, you are needed on the Bridge."

Within moments, Captain Barnes walked onto the Bridge, his cock at full mast, having been interrupted from his quality time with Walsh, "What you got XO?"

Red didn't miss a beat, lifted her skirt, lifted her knees, separated them to show her pussy, and let her Captain finish his business as she gave him her report. Captain, seems we have some rowdy Marines from one of the ships in a bar, trying to start a fight with the Navy boys. Owner says Navy wants nothing of it but the Jar heads won't leave it alone."

"Coms, get me the Lieutenants in here."

"Aye Aye, Sir...on their way."

Captain Barnes kissed Red as he slowly fucked her pussy, enjoying her use of her kegel muscles. "Thank you Red, I came before I could cum. I very much appreciate you."

"Oh, it isn't altruism on my part, Captain. I have been rubbing my clit on your chair for a while and needed release myself."

The Lieutenants walked onto the Bridge just as Red and the Captain were climaxing and they gave them a moment before asking, "No pun intended Captain, what's up?"

"We have some crayon eaters causing a ruckus in one of the bars on base. Red can fill you in. Send your SEALs in, without weapons, and clean out the Marines. Embarrass the hell out of them and lock

them in their ship's brig for the night. I will call their Captain in the morning."

Both Lieutenants smiled and saluted before getting on their coms and calling their men to the third deck, ready to go kick some Marine's asses in hand-to-hand.

Within 4 minutes 16 of the most deadly SEALs in the country were jogging down the dock and entered the bar just as a group of Marines threw a Navy NCO across a table. One of the Lieutenants jumped the group and had three of them on their asses inside of 6 seconds. The rest of the SEAL team jumped the Marines who were about to back up their boys and for about 30 seconds all hell broke loose.

It was 16 SEALs against about 60 Marines and the battle was completely one sided. It looked like the SEALs were just touching the Marines as they went through the group, but to a person, the Marines dropped to the ground as if poleaxed. Not one of the SEALs was even touched.

The Navy personnel, to a person, backed their asses up and had to pick their jaws up off the floor.

The NCO who was thrown over the table had gotten up and after all the Marines were on the ground asked, "Fellas, what unit are you with?"

"Embassy Security."

"Oh fuck! You guys?"

"The Captain ain't fuckin around with this bullshit. We were told to contain, arrest, and send them to the Brig. Help us get them outside? We can handle things from there...these boys are going to the Carrier's Brig. The Fleet Commander or his XO will likely bring them up for Captain's Mast in the morning."

One of the Lieutenants asked the prostrate Marines, who is your highest ranking member here?"

One of the NCO's raised his hand and stood up on shaky legs. "You will apologize to these Navy personnel, you will apologize to the owner of the bar, and you will have your men gather outside to be flown to the Brig aboard the carrier."

"Fuck You! I ain't apologizing to any mother fuckin' Navy puke!"

The Lieutenant walked up to him and knocked him unconscious with a finger...sending his Chi up the man's neck and overloading his spinal chord. "Okay, who is the second highest rank here?"

A Marine slowly stood, "Fellas, on behalf of all the Marines present, I would like to offer you our apology." Looking to the owner he then said, "Sorry for the disturbance, Sir."

With that, those who could still walk helped their comrades in arms out of the bar.

While this was going on, the other Lieutenant called the Embassy, "Yes Captain Barnes, we have things under control. We didn't have to kill anyone. However, we have approximately 60 Marines who need transport to the Carrier's brig."

"Coms, call heavylift to the Bridge."

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After the non-ambulatory were put on the Chopper and it lifted off, one of the Marines decided he still wanted to get a little froggy. By that time, Walsh had dressed and was out on the docks with the SEALs and she laughed her ass off when the 40 Marines who were left started to bow up at the SEALs. "All 40 of you crayon eaters can't even handle me! Remember that wooden post I took out by just slapping it? EVERY one of these boys can do the same damn thing! So if you, to a man, want broken arms, broken legs, crushed ribs...well then, step forward and give it your best shot!"

Walsh smiled like a she-devil and took an aggressive stance, releasing her Chi, standing loose in front of the Marines.

To a man they got on their knees and put their hands on their heads.

Walsh was disappointed and just shouted loud enough for all of them to hear, "Fucking Pussies! Letting a girl scare the shit out of all 40 of you!"

They didn't say a word.

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Beth and I got to our room and found a set of dinner clothes laid out for us. The Louisa Adams Suite was dedicated to the former First Lady's encouragement of music during gatherings at The White House. The spacious corner suite featured a baby grand piano and string instrument-influenced art in a separate living room with a leather chaise lounge, two high backed and well cushioned chairs, a cushioned bamboo chair, and assorted small tables. The bedroom sported a King sized bed. We disrobed and sent our clothes out to be cleaned, having gotten our travel clothes back from Bull.

I pulled her to me and gave her a deep kiss. "How about a nice bubble bath?"

"I would love one!"

I got into the large, free standing tub and Beth sat with her back to me. We had lots of time before dinner and took a nice long, luxurious bath together.

I gently rubbed the Lavender bath salts/bubble bath into her skin with gentle finger massages. I started with her back as she leaned forward and then worked up her neck and across her shoulders. I worked her arms and then proceeded to rub her breasts, making sure to get her underboobs and side boobs clean before moving to her very stiff nipples.

Beth felt my cock getting hard and she maneuvered it between her cheeks. Everything was just nice and relaxed and gentle...until I reached her thighs. I had to skooch my shoulders to the side so my hand could reach, but I softly manipulated the skin of her inner thighs with one hand while the other reached around her neck to play with a nipple.

When I slid a finger between her pussy lips, Beth took a long, slow, deep breath and let it out slowly. As she controlled her breathing I very gently massaged her lips and clit, even circling her vagina and anal ring as I brought her to a very slow, languid burn.

"Harry, this feels so good, we could do this all evening. Thank you so much for saving me."

She turned her head and we had a deep kiss as she had an extended climax. Her legs trembling slightly as she moaned into my mouth. When she had finished and we broke off the kiss I just placed my open palm and fingers over her sex as we lay in the tub together.

After about 5 minutes, "Harry? You need some relief?"

"Beth, you are likely one of the most exotic and beautiful women in the world. Just being able to hold you and cuddle is a wonderful experience. Besides, I want to be able to perform for all the women tonight. But I very much appreciate your concern."

Beth smiled, gave me a peck and cooed, "Yeah, this is very nice, relaxing, and sensual."

We stayed that way until the water got uncomfortably cold and we started to prune up. We then jumped into a hot shower to rinse and warm back up. I must say, taking a shower with and watching a polite, stunningly beautiful, nude woman, who is relaxed and playful just makes a man's heart melt.

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Wigg and Sims arrived at a quarter till. Wigg's date was a very pretty brunette with a nice figure and very playful demeanor. I met them in the lobby and, after introductions, I snagged Sims and we stepped outside to be there for his date.

When the cab stopped in front of the hotel and the driver got out and opened the door for her, I knew something was up. D.C. Cabbies just don't do that.

When the lady got out of the cab, I understood.

She was traffic wrecking gorgeous. Standing just under six foot with her heels, she was a strong, slim, woman with an hourglass figure. Full lips and full hips that complemented her body shape were covered in a black silken dress that showed a great deal of décolletage and the dress looked like it was painted on. She obviously had no bra or underwear on as the lines would have been visible.

Her breasts were a healthy C-cup and stood tall and proud, sporting muffin top areola. Judging by her nipples, she was either cool or excited.

By her pale complexion and deep auburn hair that hung to just below her shoulders, she was a genuine Irish Lass. She had the sleek, smooth as silk, mesmerizing walk of an apex predator.

She glided up to us and said, "You must be Ambassador Walker? And you are my date this evening?"

I took her hand and kissed her fingers, "A bhean álainn, is Ambasadóir Walker mé go deimhin, agus seo é an Sáirsint Foirne Sims."

"Maith thú, a Ambasadóir. Jo is ainm dom."

(My lovely lady, I am indeed Ambassador Walker, and this is Staff Sergeant Sims.

Well met, Ambassador. My name is just Jo.)

I looked at Sims and his mouth was open. Much to Jo's amusement I reached up and shut his mouth, "Sims, this is Jo, your date. Time to man up bro, she is all woman."

Before Sims could recover Jo moved in to press her breasts against him. She gave both of us a half lidded, very seductive smile and whispered in a breathy voice just loud enough for both of us to

hear, "Hello, Sims. What is it about a good looking man in uniform that gets a girl so wet just by looking at him?"

Okay, that broke the ice and Sims put his arms around her, holding her tight and kissed her.

Jo smiled and having placed her hand on the his side said, "Ummm, a man who is packing in two places!"

Sims returned the smile, "And glad I am carrying, Jo because I am going to have to beat the hell out of all the men who want to molest you this evening."

Jo laughed lightly, "Only the ones not at the after party."

Sims offered Jo his arm and as she took it to walk inside he said to me, "Harry, you are a god!"

We all laughed as we entered the hotel.

Just as we were about to do all the introductions Bull, Aria, and another couple entered the building. I held my arms wide for Aria, "Aria! So good to see you again! Please, introduce me to your friends?"

Aria beamed and introduced me, "Janet and Mike, this is THE Ambassador Harry Walker. The man who is going down in history as having won a war with another country in less than 30 minutes!" She then looked at the exotic Isabella and nodded, "And this is the Lady Isabella De Sousa, the ruler of Mexico!"

After the handshakes and complements I introduced everyone else and after a few minutes of mingling we walked to the Hotel Cafe and were immediately seated. Initially there was an underlying sexual tension in the air as we ordered drinks but Jo, Bella, and Aria soon broke the ice with excited conversations, pulling the rest of the group into the discussions. I had ordered an 18 year Old Fashioned made with Glenmorangie 18 Scotch, orange, and Earl Grey.

I had noticed a family of 3 kept looking at me and eventually a young lady, looking to be in her early twenties, stood up and meekly let me know she wanted permission to approach the table. I motioned for her to approach and she came up to me, "Ambassador, My parents and I were in the galleria for the Joint Session today, having come to watch you being honored."

She unexpectedly hugged me, causing her mortified mother to speak out. The young lady said, "My brother is there, under your command. Thank you for keeping him safe." She then parted, cheeks blushing beet red and quickly returned to her table with her parents.

I excused myself and walked over to her table, "Hello. Your daughter has informed me your son was involved in the Mexican War?"

"Yes, Ambassador! I am so sorry she interrupted your dinner party! She just felt compelled to say thank you."

"It was no bother at all. I am just very happy he is safe and sound. I see you have not ordered yet. Please, allow me to pay for your dinner as a token of appreciation for your Son's service." I then motioned for a woman who was obviously a manager and she came by. "This family's son is a valued service member under my command in Mexico. Their dinner is on my tab this evening."

"Yes, Mr. Ambassador."

Dad cleared his throat, "Sir, you are most generous and kind. But that is not necessary."

I looked at him with a smile that reached my eyes, "I understand, but I am not offering this because it is necessary but because of your family's dedication and support for our fine country. Please accept this meager thanks for his, and your family's service."

Dad nodded his head in acceptance and I looked at their daughter, "Would you like to meet the ruler of Mexico?"

Her eyes lit up like full moons, "Yes! Please!"

I looked over at Bella with a raised eyebrow and she stood and approached the table, introducing herself, "Hello, I am the Lady Isabella, but just Bella to my friends. I wish to thank you personally for your son's service to my country. You have every reason to be very proud of him."

The young girl was extremely excited and the parents deeply honored. I suggested we all take a picture on her cell phone and Sims, who had overheard the conversation, (they were all listening in along with everyone else in the place) jumped up and accepted her phone as Beth and I leaned over behind the family for a picture.

After a few parting pleasantries, Dad gave me his card, "Ambassador, when you run for public office, give me a call. My people will gladly host a fund raising dinner for you."

"You are most kind and I am deeply honored. When that time comes, I will be in touch. Thank you."

We three walked back to our table to the approving murmurs of the whole Cafe. I noted several diners made contact with the father letting him know they wanted an invite.

Bull stood up and shook my hand as I walked past and said in my ear, "You know who he is, yes?"

I shook my head no.

"He is the sole heir of a massive family fortune and is among the elite movers and shakers in Washington. You just ensured your political future when you decide to run for office."

Well, fuck. It seems life is demanding I become a politician.

The rest of dinner was just plain, old fashioned, fun. It seems that Jo had an extensive repertoire of jokes and humorous stories and her enthusiasm was infectious. She and Sims could not keep their hands off each other and it was obvious to all the two were enamored with each other.

The Cafe had unusual and interesting selections for dinner and I began with the Riggs Plateau from the raw bar as an appetizer which I shared with Bella that included a half-dozen Oysters on the half shell, Tuna Tartare, Halibut Ceviche, and a half-dozen Shrimp cocktail. Everything was just off the boat fresh, well presented, and satisfying.

I ordered a Kale salad with Caesar dressing, crispy chickpeas, avocados, and cashews. To that I added a duck breast served with spiced carrots, yellow beets, and hibiscus for the main course.

For desert I had a Palet D'Or which is a small, short layered round puck of cake covered in rich dark chocolate and hazelnuts pared with a Cortado made of equal parts espresso and steamed milk.

Due to the light and dark meats being ordered I also had 5 bottles of 2008 Billecart-Salmon, Elizabeth Salmon Rose' to be brought to the table for dinner. The nose of this vintage is rather

creamy, but slowly evolves into scents of redcurrant and blood orange which appear with an aromatic overtone of potentilla. The palate exhibited a very fine mousse with exquisite texture and balance which veered in a most Pinot-esque direction that revealed truffle and a dimension of earthiness and undergrowth. The final notes shimmered with a bright finish of white pepper and a touch of toasted hazelnut.

By the time we had finished with dinner the Cafe was closing and Bella invited everyone up to our room to socialize. Everyone there had been clued in and there were bright smiles all around. "A ligean ar dul go bhfuil gnéas!" (Let's go have sex!) Jo said as she grabbed Sims by the arm and pasted herself to him.

I laughed and Beth asked what she said, "She is anxious to get to our room," was all I said.

We got to the room and as soon as each person entered clothes came off and were hung with haste. Jo immediately dropped to her knees and was sucking Sims's cock before he even fully undressed. Bull pulled Beth to him, lifted her up, and impaled her wet pussy in a passionate embrace while Mike slipped his cock into her ass.

Just as Janet, Mike, Waggs and his wife, Minnie, and I were going to pair off there came a knock at the door. Puzzled, I looked through the peep hole and saw the young lady from dinner standing there, looking a bit nervous.

I opened the door, my hard cock leading the way, and raised an eyebrow. She took one look, smiled, and without a word walked in and undressed.

"Umm, not to say you are not an adult and can make your own decisions, but I would appreciate at least knowing if your parents know you are here?"

"Yes, they do. They wanted to come as well but felt it would be way to forward since they were not invited."

I smiled and winked, "Get them on the phone and tell them they are invited."

I bent her over and took her from behind right at the closed door as she called. "Da-ad, ye--yes, come on over. Yes, he is taking my wet cunt from be-hind right now! Yep--prett-y sure! As big as he is it is kin....fuck yes! Kinda hard to miss!"

Within ten strokes, mom and dad were at the door. I let them in as I was still taking their daughter from behind and they thanked me for the invite as they undressed. While they did that I sent some Chi up the daughters pussy and she screamed her climax to the whole floor.

I sat her down on the floor since all the furniture was occupied and mom turned her back to me and bent over, her husband immediately finding a willing hole to plunder. I took her mother for all I was worth, going balls deep in one plunge. Mom was as wet and willing as her daughter and I shot bursts of Chi up her pussy with every stroke. Soon, she was unable to stand anymore and I sat her down next to her daughter.

I waded through the couplings, touching the neck of all the women and sending enough Chi into the pleasure centers of their brains to make them cum before I saw Aria eating out Beth and her pussy was open and available. I saddled up behind her and slipped inside, stroking her several times until she came. I repeated that process with every woman there, eventually cumming in Jo's ass after making the rounds.

After all the women had climaxed at least four times each and the men were all spent, it took us about an hour to cycle through the walk-in shower. Someone had opened all the windows to the outside so the heavy musk scents of sex in the room could clear a bit.

Mom, Dad, Beth and I slept in the King bed and the daughter grabbed both Marines and their ladies and went to their room for the night. Bull, Aria, Janet and Mike left to go home.

I awoke to the bed moving that morning and felt Beth on top of the Dad while his wife was riding my morning wood. "His cock isn't electric when he is asleep," she complained then, "Oh fuck! He is awake now!" as I sent some Chi up her sex.

Knowing we were flying in Block III F/A-18 Hornets we went with a light breakfast of high powered blended juice, fresh grapefruit juice, and coffee. Our extra clothes were sent to the Cottage and we were back in our freshly laundered traveling clothes. Bull picked us up and the two Marines were in the Limousine in full kit along with Jo, still in her evening dress.

Bull asked, "Ambassador, would you mind me dropping Jo here off at her apartment on our way to the base?"

"I would be upset if we didn't show her that courtesy. I take it everyone had a great time last night?"

Sims grinned from ear to ear as he held Jo's hand, "Thanks for setting us up in a blind date, Ambassador. Jo and I are both looking forward to see where our relationship goes."

"Well, if you two tie the knot, I demand an invitation."

"Me, too!" Isabella agreed.

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On the way back, I just had to.

"KATL Tower this is F/A 18 Military Flight Group entering your airspace from zero-eight-zero degrees true at 49,000 feet. 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 two-two-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. Give our best to the boys in Mexico, Over."

"Copy KATL Tower. Sorry for the booms you are getting and Lady Isabella and I will relay the message, over."

"No worries, Ambassador. KATL Tower out."

"I TOLD you those motherfucking stealth aircraft screwing with our traffic patterns was Ambassador Walker and the Mexican President! Pay up fellas! Daddy is taking mommy out to eat tonight!" the ATC laughed.