

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 38

Rusthemod

Dumbasses.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

8.2k words

"Team Beta, make your approach. Overwatch, take out any threats you see when Team Beta crosses the road, over."

Then the Chief and the caller began to move. "Hold Team Beta! We might get more fish for the pond."

"Copy, Team Beta holding position. We are in the shadows across the street, no one seems aware we are here. Over."

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"Team Alpa, get two extra body bags ready. Looks like the Chief and our phone caller are en route to the cells. From the look of it, there are no guards until the door at the other end of the hallway and just the Chief and caller will be in the hallway."

"Copy, two body bags for the perps. Just let us know when to pop the cork, over." Team Alpha's L.T. then spoke to his group, the Chief and the caller are inbound to the cells. We wait to pop the cork until they are committed and we blow it. Mother and Fucker will hit the hole hard and disable them. Try not to kill them but stay safe."

He continued, "Masks on, when I give the signal, protect your ears and I will pop the cork. Move fast, get it right, and we all make it home tonight."

I watched as the Chief and the caller slowly made their way to the long hallway. Eventually they made it to the cells, and I got on coms, "Team Beta, Go! Go! Go! Team Alpha, standby to pop."

Team Alpha approached the front of the police station and just very calmly walked in. The front two SEALS threw some flash bangs behind the counter and in the small voice hole in a teller type window to the side. Two Seals then knocked out the officers behind the counter as the Lieutenant counted down from the first flash bang 10, 9, 8, 7... During that time several other SEALS lined the wall to the sides of the heavy, locked door going to the rest of the station. As it opened, the SEALS knocked out the officers and gained entrance into the inner station.

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2, 1...." Team Alpha, GO!"

SEAL team Alpha lit the cap and the Det cord cut a hole through the block wall which the Team immediately cleared and jumped through. The cement dust made it difficult to see, but the Infra-red goggles the SEALS had on allowed them to target the Chief and caller.

The first two SEALS through disarmed the two in the hallway and knocked them out. "Hallway clear!" The second two moved forward and covered the door where they placed a thin metal rod

into the door jamb space between the metal door and door frame before placing a special Det cord slice along it and lighting it off. That immediately welded the door shut with a 4 foot weld. "Outer door secure!"

Some shots were being fired at the door, which was too thick for pistol rounds to penetrate. The SEALS returned fire with a few 30-06 AP rounds from their rifles through the top of the door which did penetrate... Things on the other end got real quiet real fast.

During this time, the third two SEALS slapped some Det cord on the jail locks and popped them off, cutting through them instantly. The L.T. called out to the reporters, "Can you walk?"

All four shouted back as they coughed, "Yes!"

The two SEALS who popped the locks passed out gas masks to the reporters and helped them out through the hole in the wall; quickly moving them to the hatch where Heavylift was going to pick them up.

The two dealing with the Chief and caller had them zipped up in body bags and were hauling them out with rope harnesses. The L.T. got on coms, "Egressing! One minute out!" Just then the door at the far end was being rammed but the weld held and the two SEALS backing back into the hole put a few AP rounds into the top of the door again and threw a few flash-bangs down the hallway. They then popped four gas canisters down the hallway to deter anyone following if they were to break the weld on the door before making like bats out of hell for the manhole exit half a block away.

"Overwatch, any movement with heavies?"

"This is Overwatch, everything seems clear, nothing on Infrared. Over."

"Apaches, move in to hover and cover Heavylift. When you give the clear, let Heavylift know and he will move in to evac."

Batgirl replied, "Copy that, 10 seconds, Heavylift."

The two Apaches were about 200 meters above the police station and they literally dropped out of the sky, scaring the shit out of me, before they went full throttle and took position right in front of the station. "Heavylift, you are clear to land. Over."

Four SEALS popped out of the manhole to cover the street, setting a perimeter around the manhole. Two SEALS from the first team were coming out of the manhole and they pulled up the two body bags after them as the four reporters got up and out onto the street. Heavylift set down just as the last of SEAL team Alpha got onto the street and the SEALS basically threw everyone into the helicopter before they jumped in and Heavylift took off.

"SEAL team Beta! Egress!"

During this time SEAL team Beta was having fun just lobbing alternating flash-bangs and gas grenades, one after another, down the hallway behind the reinforced door leading to the main entrance. When it came time to egress they hauled ass outside and across the street as fast as they could, knowing Overwatch and the Apaches overhead had their backs.

One officer did actually make it to the door of the station just as the SEALS were entering the alleyway across the street and Overwatch bracketed his head with a round of 50. Cal. Yeah, he ducked his ass back into the building.

Batgirl then said, "Overwatch, egress! We got this."

OoO

Within 3 minutes all the SEALs were in the second helicopter and all four helicopters then exited the area. "Command to Base, all clear and no injuries to the team or reporters and no deaths to the officers. Will be arriving in a little over an hour."

Captain Barnes then got on the coms while the entire family, the onboard Secret Service, and the Officers who were visiting that evening were all listening in the very cramped CIC of the Embassy, "Base to Command, we have everything on tape, Command. We will celebrate when you return. Over."

Mary looked to Bill, "Is it always that clean and neat?"

Bill smiled, "Rarely. But these are Spec Ops boys, hon. They know their business and are the best of the best; some of the most highly trained people we have."

Captain Barnes chuckled, "Sir, I would wager they are the best with their additional training in hand-to-hand. Those boys are the ones who stood down 60 battle hardened marines in a bar fight on the docks some time ago. They had all 60 on the ground and incapacitated within seconds without a scratch on anyone; including the marines."

OoO

After we were well underway, the police chief started yelling in Mexican. The L.T. Looked at the reporters, any of you speak Spanish? If so, what is he saying?"

One reporter shook his head, "He says we are all dead men, that we have violated the law, and he will see us killed or hanged."

The L.T. Just laughed, slapping the Chief in the back of the head, knocking him out again. He fell to the floor of the chopper. "Ask our caller here if he still wants to fuck the Mexican President when we land."

The reporter asked the question and the man turned pale as the color ran out of his face. L.T. Laughed under his breath, "That's what I thought. A really bad-ass wannabe on a phone and real bad pussy whupped piece of pig shit in person."

The reporter relayed what the L.T. said and the man just looked at his feet.

Another reporter then asked, "How many did you men kill to get us out?"

L.T. laughed again, "We are the best of the best. Zero body count... there was no need."

A third reporter then asked, "How did you knock him out? You barely touched him."

L.T. then looked at that reporter and smiled, "You saw the video where Ambassador Walker took down that tree by slapping it with his bare hands?"

The reporter laughed, "Yeah, but that was staged."

L.T. just smiled and didn't respond.

"Wait! You mean that shit was real? And you guys know how to do that?"

L.T. softly kicked the prone police chief, "What do you think?"

The first reporter then asked the phone caller what knocked him out. He replied in English, "One of these men lightly tapped me on my neck and I felt a massive shock to my brain. That is all I know."

The third reporter shook his head, "No shit?"

L.T. winked, "No shit."

The last reporter asked, "Any way I can get your names so I can give you credit?"

L.T. pointed each member of the team out and gave their names, "Bad, Ass, Mother, Fucker, Sonof, Abitch, Pussy, and Eater at your service."

The reporter then chuckled, "Well, thanks to all of you. Drinks on us after we debrief."

"L.T. replied, "Oh you fellas are not out of the woods yet. The President, the Ambassador, and the President of Mexico all want pieces of your asses. Take my advice, there are only two people on this earth I am afraid of in a fight and it ain't the Presidents of the United States or Mexico. Walk softly fellas."

"Yeah, the Ambassador who stayed back in a secure Embassy behind a whole base of Marines." The first reporter chuckled.

L.T. raised an eyebrow, "Actually, the Ambassador is on the other chopper. And just for reference, we have video of him slapping a steel I-beam with his bare hand and breaking it in two. I really would not piss him off if I were you."

L.T. Then looked at the phone caller, "And the Mexican President is part of his family. He was listening in to your conversation with her on the phone. So, if I was you, I would start praying he ends you quickly since being a party to kidnapping during a time of martial law carries the death penalty... and he gets really personal when family is involved."

"Last person who attacked his family... well. I personally saw him put the person down by just placing his hand on his head. Man was bleeding from his ears, eyes, nose, and mouth as his brain was turned to the consistency of Jello pudding inside his skull."

Several of the Team members nodded, "Roger that."

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The L.T. with me asked if I had considered the legal ramifications of bringing the two perps onto U.S. soil.

"Shit."

"Until we land, we have authority to execute them."

"What about the newsies?"

"Heavylift, make sure only the SEALs and reporters are fully belted in. We may have to do some evasive maneuvers. Is your side door still open?"

Heavylift knew immediately what was needed to happen. He had played political games for too fucking long. He called the L.T. on coms, "L.T. secure your boys and the reporters only. Make sure the side door is open. We need to lose some dead weight."

The SEALs made sure the reporters were sealed up nice and tight and then took their seats and buckled up after opening the door. Heavylift then did a radical twist, or corkscrew motion at 5000 feet up and both perps slid out the door without a sound; the L.T. having knocked the caller unconscious as well as a courtesy.

The reporters had fits.

"You did that on purpose! You killed those men in cold blood!"

"Actually, gentlemen, Mexico is under martial law. The President of Mexico has publicly stated, time and again, that any and all major crimes were punishable immediately through summary justice with the death penalty. You can take it up with the President if you like when we get to the Embassy but as far as any of us are concerned it was an accident. We were flying back from the mission when the chopper had to avoid something, and the two perps slid out the door. So sad, yes?"

"But U.S. troops have rules of engagement!"

"L.T. laughed, you still don't understand, do you? We are a Black Ops unit, on mission, in a foreign country, with whom the United States has declared war. We are what is called a 'wet' team. During a mission, if we decide someone has to die... they die. We kill people on a daily basis with no remorse. So, my only question to you gentlemen is this, are you going to be a problem? I mean, we put our lives on the line to get you to safety. I guess I can understand if a liberal mindset would not appreciate what we did for you; but to judge us by peacetime standards is pretty fucked up if you ask me."

All four reporters got a bit sheepish.

"Let me forewarn you all and just spell it out. We all have diplomatic immunity as well as a Presidential Pardon for anything we do. Now, we would like to be able to bring you home safely. Regardless, you can complain all you want. No one can arrest us, charge us, or prosecute us... even if we went after witnesses who would never see us coming. Gentlemen, you are NOT in Kansas anymore."

Every SEAL member on the helicopter echoed, "Roger that L.T.!"

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When we arrived back at the Embassy Afloat, everyone met on the second deck and the reporters were brought before the Presidents of both Mexico and the United States.

Bill asked, "Well gentlemen, no worse for wear I assume?"

One of the reporters then complained, "Mr. President. With all due respect and appreciation for being rescued, the team with us allowed two perpetrators to be killed, falling out of our chopper. They intentionally killed those two men."

Bill held up his hand. "Hold up a second there, slim. Were those men pushed out of the chopper?"

"Well, no Mr. President. They were not secured in seats by this strike team like they did for us and when the helicopter made a sudden move, they slid out."

"So, because this team did not give the two perps the same level of courtesy as they did you four reporters, you are claiming they intentionally killed them?"

"They planned it!"

"What proof do you have? Heavylift, I assume you had to do an emergency procedure or something, why was it necessary?"

"There was a group of large birds in the air, Mr. President. They could have damaged the Sea Stallion if I had not avoided them. The fact the two perps slid out is just a very sad accident."

Bill looked at the reporters. "Well, it seems to me, you four decided to get aggressive with a local police department who had you arrested for your troubles. You do realize this is a foreign country with whom we are at war and Mexico has a history of not putting up with that shit; Yes? What you don't know is you were being held for ransom. Captain Barns, can you play that phone call back for our reporters here, please?"

"One moment, Mr. President."

"This was a phone call to the President of Mexico. Maybe it will help you put things in perspective."

The reporters immediately recognized the caller's voice.

When the tape was finished Bill continued, "So, as you heard, you were being held for ransom. Ambassador Walker here, in order to rescue you all as expediently as possible, offered to put his security detail under the auspices of President Isabella who accepted his offer and she then ordered they plan and implement a rescue, reminding them they were to operate under Mexican law during the mission. So, really, you should be directing your complaint to Lady Isabella."

"However, before you do something foolish you might want to reconsider your complaint."

Beth immediately stood in front of the four reporters with her legs slightly parted, fists on her hips, and an eyebrow raised, "Did I make a mistake rescuing you?"

None of the reporters answered her question. Walsh then got fighting mad. I mean, her hair seemed to light on fire. She slapped the table and yelled, "ANSWER HER! THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO JUST ASKED YOU A QUESTION!"

The slap of the table was like a thunderclap and most everyone jumped. "No-ma'am. Thank you, Madam President."

Bill chuckled, "Well, I guess this whole mission is now put to bed. Red? Can you make arrangements for these reporters to be escorted to the carrier? Have Hillibrand set them up with quarters."

Red chuckled, "Aye, Mr. President. Come with me boys." Red led them up to the bridge and radioed HL. (When speaking privately Red suggested the hot bunks in the nuclear power room might be appropriate--to which HL laughed, "Wow, these fellas really screwed up, eh?")

After they left, Bill looked at us and said, "Thank goodness you had enough common sense not to bring them onto U.S. soil."

"Sorry Bill. It was my call to capture them, and I was bringing them back when my L.T. asked if I really wanted to do that. I realized the legal shit storm it would create, particularly with the press present, and we corrected my mistake. The credit for that goes to the team."

Bill smiled, "And that is the mark of a good leader, Harry. Someone who can be told they were making a mistake and then accepting they did and fixing the problem. All too many people in our position just cannot bring themselves to do that. They think it makes them appear weak, which is bullshit."

"What makes them appear weak is when they cannot think for themselves and never stand up against criticism when they know they are right or cannot accept constructive criticism when they are wrong. But a leader always should be true to themselves and their beliefs... often in the face of criticism. You did it all in that short period of time. Hence, my assessment of you being a good leader."

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"Captain Hillibrand, the--gentlemen--are here to see you."

"Gentlemen? What the hell you talking about, Charley?"

HL looked up to see the 4 reporters in very rumpled clothes which were covered in concrete dust, "Ah, yes. Our infamous reporters. Who the hell did you boys piss off?"

"Pretty much the whole special operations team that saved us, the President of Mexico, The United States President, and a woman named Walsh."

HL was in the process of sipping some coffee when he sputtered and spit it out on the deck. "You mean you pissed off Walsh and lived to talk about it? You boys have some brass balls!"

"We are more concerned about upsetting the President."

"LOL, only because you are all ignorant sons of bitches." HL played the tape of Walsh breaking the timbers with her bare hands as the reporters watched open mouthed. "As I said, you pissed off THAT woman and lived! Frankly 'Gentlemen', I am very impressed. The last three men who pissed her off were dead before they could hit the ground."

One of the reporters asked, "Who the hell are these people?"

HL and his X.O. Laughed loudly, "That is waaay beyond your pay grade, son. X.O., set these boys up in their accommodations we discussed earlier."

The X.O. smiled, "Aye Aye, Captain. Gentlemen, if you will exit the room, you will find the C.O.B. waiting outside the door for you to get you cleaned up and bunked."

One of the reporters then piped up, "Don't think I don't know the naval meaning of calling someone a 'gentleman'."

HL laughed, "And don't think that your status as a reporter while on a U.S. warship during time of war means jack shit. You four can eat with the crew. And stay out of my sailors' way. I don't want you on board my ship in the first place so be careful not to fall overboard. We will not come looking for you." HL then glowered, "Now get out of my sight before you piss me off and I haul your asses up before a Captain's Mast."

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C.O.B. just said, "Follow me." He led the four reporters down into the bowels of the carrier and into the nuclear power plant room. He gave each of them a radiation tag and had them strip so their clothes could be washed. He also directed them to the radiation shower with a bar of soap. "Use one gallon to get wet, soap up, and use 2 gallons to rinse."

He then gave them towels, "Wrap up in these until your clothes are cleaned. They will be returned to you in a few hours' time." C.O.B. then showed the reporters four 2 foot by 2 foot by 6 foot alcoves with bed sheets and a pillow in them...these are your births."

"This is bullshit!"

C.O.B. Laughed, "Welcome to the Navy, boys. Oh, by the way, I would be sure to wear those rad tags 24/7. Who the hell did you fellas piss off anyways?"

Reporter number two said, "The Embassy security team, the U.S. and Mexican Presidents, and a woman by the name of Walsh."

C.O.B. looked stunned, "You fellas pissed off WALSH!?"

"Seems so."

C.O.B. just shook his head, "Dumb ass motherfuckers." and walked off.

One of the reporters asked him why she was the one everyone was so scared of as they were stripping their clothes off for a seaman to take and get washed. C.O.B. stopped, laughed, and responded, "Yeah, dumb asses." and continued to walk off.

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Later that evening we took the Embassy out to the Island of Sacrifices off of Vera Cruz where I got in one of the Sub tenders with Bill, Mary, and Sue. We had the Embassy turn on all of her underwater lights as she was stationed just off the island over the coral reefs. When we submerged, we also turned on our lights. The coral reef at night was beautiful.

Bill asked, "Harry, is it possible to put the sub down on the bottom and we watch the marine life around us as we have sex?"

I laughed, "Mary, you want another go? Sue?"

Both nodded and we quickly undressed after I set the sub just off a coral shelf. Large Tuna, Marlin, Dolphin, and other colorful reef fish swam around us, being drawn in by the lights. Bill and I sat back in two chairs while Mary sat with her back to me, slid my cock into her pussy and Sue did the same with Bill.

We both slowly moved in and out of each other's wife as we watched the fish swim by. I was reaching around and pulling on Mary's nipples as she played with her clit and cupped my balls when all of a sudden a huge 15-foot hammerhead shark swam very close by; startling all of us.

It was obviously curious.

I softly whispered, "Mary and Sue, did you know that hammerhead sharks are considered just under great white sharks on the list of man eaters? It is probably sizing us up to see if it can eat us."

This of course instantly created an even more sensually tense atmosphere within the sub. Being so close to something that thought of you as a meal while being totally naked and having sex was turning on both our wives something fierce.

"Mary, spread your knees really wide and show him your pussy being fucked. Make him jealous, knowing you would not let him to this to you."

"H, how do you know it is a male?"

"You can tell it is a male by those protrusions between his two sets of fins on his lower body behind his gut cavity. They are called claspers."

Mary was breathing heavily at that point. Just when she was about to climax the shark made a high-speed run at us, veering off at the last second. This scare put Mary and Sue over the edge and they both screamed their climaxes as the shark sped by. Mary was trembling in my lap with my cock still fully impaling her. We fucked languidly after that. The shark having moved on.

With the shark gone, the reef inhabitants restarted their normal nighttime routine. I whispered into Mary's ear, "I love the feel of your wet pussy wrapped around me, Mary. I want to cum deep inside your very pregnant belly."

Mary whispered back, "Yes, Harry. I want to feel your hot baby cream inside me. Show me how much you enjoy my pussy!"

With her encouragement I began to long stroke her in earnest. We evidently inspired Sue and Bill as well as they also picked up the pace. Soon, all four of us were cumming hard as the living sea around us watched.

I noted quite a few Caribbean Spiny Lobsters around the area as we began exploring again. "Would you three mind if I caught us and the crew a mess of Lobster for dinner tomorrow?"

Mary and Sue were all for it and Bill didn't mind so I started working a large mesh bag with one manipulator arm that I held behind the lobster while I approached them from the front with the other manipulator. More often than not, with the lights partially blinding them, the Lobster swam directly into the bag.

I filled one bag and tied it off before getting a second, third, and the final ninth one open and within two hours we had around 50 six to twelve pound lobsters (roughly a bit over a third of that weight is tail and spiny lobsters have no large claws, so the tails ran between 2.5 to 7 pounds apiece).

With 450 pounds of lobster in our bags we surfaced next to the Embassy and the stews/cooking staff unloaded the lobster into large ice chests full of ice to quickly chill them.

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Getting back to the dock and getting secured, we all got a good night's rest. Mary and Barbara slept with me, Sue and Leesie slept with Bill.

Breakfast the next morning was a-la-cart. But, before breakfast, Mom wanted me to bugger her ass while Mary licked her clit. Mom must have gotten up early to lube her ass because I slipped right in. The feel of her anal ring sliding over the ridge of my cock sent shivers up my spine. Mary positioned herself with her head at the edge of the bed and Mom just stood at the side, with Mary's head

between her thighs. She widened her stance until Mary was able to eat her pussy and she then leaned over Mary's body to return the favor... all the while, my balls bounced off of Mary's face as I took Mom's ass with gusto.

After cleaning up we three walked out into the main room and headed for the breakfast bar. There were omelets made to order, in-house link sausage and patties, and thick, smoked bacon. There were hash-browns with choices of sauteed mushrooms, onions, jalapenos, diced ham, shredded smoked Gouda cheese, and/or chili. Fresh Orange juice, V-8 juice, Mimosas, Bloody Marys, and/or milk were the drink offerings.

Bill, Craig, Captain Barnes, Doc, and the ladies, all naked, then walked into the glassed-in porch in the front of the owner's deck and sunbathed in the nude on chaise lounges while sipping on exotic drinks and lathering each other in sunscreen and tanning lotion, among other activities, all morning until lunchtime. Bill had the reporters brought over from the Carrier, hoping they had learned their lessons.

Those boys: while their clothes were clean, they were not. Unshaven, tousled hair, bloodshot eyes... they were barely able to stand; wavering to and fro as they stood before us at the lunch table before being seated.

Bill remarked, "Damn fellas, you all are quite a sight today."

"Sorry, Mr. President, We haven't slept in the last 36 hours or so. We are getting a bit tired."

"So tired you have no idea what happened to your camera crews."

The reporters were taken up short. "Are they alive?"

Bill nodded, "They were released when you were arrested; but all their gear was smashed beyond use or repair."

I looked to Sue, "Honey, after they eat lunch, could you set them up in some quarters so they can get some rest after cleaning up? Maybe get them some shaving kits and deodorant, that sort of thing?"

Sue nodded her head, and the four journalists did a collective exhale and mumbled their thanks.

Lunch was shaved grade A Prime tenderloin and smoked Gouda cheese Philly cheese steak on in house baked jalapeno and onion imbued hoagies with caramelized onions and sauteed mushrooms. Deep fried potato wedges coated in crispy and spiced flour and corn meal batter were served on the side with a mixture of A-1, Heinz 57, and ketchup to go with the fries. To drink we had a Laurel Highlands Pale Ale which is a seasonal and incredibly hoppy wheat pale ale. It was refreshing due to its delicate and light body and lower than usual alcohol percentage.

After eating the reporters were almost falling out of their chairs so Sue stood and excused herself, motioning to the reporters to follow her as she led them to the elevator. After about 45 minutes Sue returned and giggled, "I will be very surprised if they are available for dinner tonight. Those boys are beat."

"I imagine so. The power plant room of a Nuclear-Powered Aircraft Carrier never sleeps. Berths in there must have been nightmarish for them... especially after their arrests and the rescue. Been a rough go for them this trip so far." Captain Barnes replied.

After lunch I invited the Secret Service detail currently with the president to the indoor firing range and provided some of their standard ammo for practice. They had a great time competing against one another while the family, Bill and Mary enjoyed the sauna.

While we were steaming, I asked Bill, "Boss man, you mind if I go to the shooting range and blow your agent's minds?"

Bill laughed, "Be my guest. When they lose, they have to come tell me about it."

I smiled, walked out of the sauna, did a shallow dive across the pool, dried off, and put on a bathrobe hanging nearby before walking barefoot onto the range.

The ladies and gents there were all smiles and slapping June on her back for winning the competition. I asked, "What was the competition?"

One of the men said, "Quickest 3 shots with smallest grouping. Anything over an inch in pattern takes off a hundredth of a second per half inch."

"You got a percussion timer?" The agent held up his hand to show it to me. "One second so I can get my sidearm and holster. You feeling lucky June?"

June laughed as I turned to get my gear and said, "You are so going to lose this one Harry. I was the best in the Academy."

I returned with my shooting gear on and as I walked up there were lots of eyes on my custom weapon. I explained how I took the base model and had micronized Teflon pressure blown into the guides and lands of the slide along with the trigger mechanism. The trigger was replaced with a highly polished (and now Teflon coated) adjustable version set to my preferences, and the sights were Trijicon HD night sights with an orange front outline.

The handles were highly figured Amboyna Burl Gun Grips and fully checkered for a secure grip on the firearm. The barrel was extended past the slide and the exposed tip was threaded to accept a silencer. The inside of the barrel was micro polished to remove any burrs from manufacture and was mirror smooth. My holster had the front cut in a deep U so most of the top of the pistol was visible to facilitate a fast draw and fire.

This particular trigger didn't have the creep normally associated with single/double action triggers and it was as crisp as a new \$100 bill.

I unloaded the weapon and let everyone look at it. When they were done with their raised eyebrows I accepted it back, reloaded it, and holstered it. "June, ladies first."

June got set and she fired off a three round burst center mass. The three rounds almost touching each other at 50 feet and from a full draw she fired all three within .95 seconds.

Everyone on the range was smiling, knowing I had met my match. "Very well-done June. I will be hard pressed to beat that for sure! But, if I do beat it, you all have to explain to Bill how a lowly ambassador kicked your asses. Deal?"

"Talking heavy smack for a man who has no chance! If June wins, what do we get?"

I thought a moment, "How about a quart of the Mexican President's private stock of Tequila?"

Brad was the only one who held back on the bet saying, "I got my ass handed to me once by this man. I am a bit wiser now. But you all have fun!"

Everyone's mouths were watering as a new target was placed down range and the timer was reset. I drew and fired three rounds. There was only one slightly widened hole.

One agent said, "You fired only one round. Timer says .812 but you get time added for not firing three rounds."

"Oh? Are you sure? Let's pull up the target and verify."

The target was brought up and there were three holes, all connected and almost all in the same hole.

Another said, "Bullshit, let me see your magazine."

I released the mag, which everyone had seen earlier was full with 10 rounds of .45... four were missing. I ejected one from the pipe and found my three pieces of brass. Brad laughed his ass off, "I tried to tell you."

June was defeated and shook her head asking, "Who the hell are you people?"

As we walked out of the range, we met Beth and the family with Bill and Mary who were all nude and carrying a bottle of Beth's reserve Tequila. She smiled, "I figured you all might wish a participation trophy. No drinking until you get back off duty in the States, though. This stuff is habit forming."

Bill stood there and asked, "So how is it my crack Secret Service agents were embarrassed by a lowly ambassador on the shooting range?"

June just pouted, "I broke the academy record and he made me look like I was standing still. He fired so fast we had to verify that he actually shot three times."

I then relayed, "We have a converted poker table over here where we can clean our weapons," I showed them what we used to clean our firearms with and after all was done, I then sat a few jars of Renaissance micro-crystalline wax polish that had been combined with an equal amount of Materialix 100% PTFE dry lubricant ultra fine powder (Teflon Powder).

"Take your slides off and use Q-tips to rub in a thin film of this on your slide grooves and lands after you get them cleaned up. After that, cycle it a few times and tell me it isn't smooth as greased owl shit. This stuff dries on and will not bind, freeze, or melt under the hot sun."

To a person they were amazed at the difference just one application made... I gave them each a small container.

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After cleaning up we all went to the theater and watched 'Kingsman: The Secret Service' (2014) a film Directed by Matthew Vaughn starring Adrian Quinlan, Colin Firth, Mark Strong, Jonno Davies, Samuel L Jackson, Michael Cain, Taron Egerton and Sofia Boutella among others. After refreshments we then returned to watch 'True Lies' directed by James Cameron and starring Arnold

Schwarzenegger, Jamie Lee Curtis, Tom Arnold, Bill Paxton. We ended with 1973's 'The Devil in Miss Jones' directed by Gerard Damiano and starring Georgina Spelvin.

During the last movie we pared up and Mary sat on my lap as we watched Georgina get laid time and again. I had my cock inside Mary as she languidly rode me through the movie. She came three times during it as I had fun playing with her tits, nipples, tummy and clit while sitting behind and underneath her.

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As usual, dinner was exceptional.

For the appetizer we had lobster bisque with oyster crackers. The kitchen staff cut all the legs off of the lobster, cut the joints off of the shanks, and took the meat out for the meat in the lobster bisque. Some of the tails were also cut into small chunks.

This meat was then sautéed in clarified melted butter, garlic, sea salt, and fresh ground peppercorns before adding it to the precooked and strained bisque made with olive oil, onion, celery, carrot, garlic, tomato, tarragon, thyme, bay leaf, brandy, cherry, clam juice, tomato paste, cornstarch, water, boiled shells, salt and pepper. To this, heavy cream was added and folded in just before serving.

The steamed and shelled lobster tails, cut into bite sized chunks, was served on a bed of lettuce and with a side of clarified butter; accompanied with a crispy skin baked potato with butter, salt, pepper, and minced, fried bacon pieces, a garlic, lemon, and Parmesan cheese green bean dish topped with sliced, toasted almonds and a garlic and cheddar cheese baguette.

To drink we had an amber Sierra Nevada Pale Ale which had a nose of tropical fruit with hints of pine and spice amidst a bedrock of crystal malt flavor.

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The day of the diplomatic party was upon us and all that day preparations were being finalized. It was at that time we realized the SEAL team didn't have tuxedos and their plus ones didn't have formal dresses. Quick trips to some local rental shops in Mexico City solved those issues and by noon time everything was set, including security. Sea Stallions and Ospreys were constantly flying into the open area in front of the Presidential Palace delivering bar essentials, hors d'oeuvre, iced champagne, and setting up for a formal dinner.

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On north annex of the building is the Treasury Room and the Benito Juárez Museum. Between the two is the Empress Stairway, built by brothers Juan and Ramón Agea. The Treasury Room is no longer in use and is where the reception and dinner were located. Leading to the Museum part of the complex, which used to be the Finance Ministry, is a statue of Benito Juárez by Miguel Noreña.

In the Finance Ministry patio is the Benito Juárez Room, where this president lived during the end of his term and where he died on July 18, 1872. The bedroom, living room, and study have been preserved complete with a number of objects belonging to the president.

The cocktail hour began at 1600 as advertised. Ambassadors and their wives from Russia, Cuba, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Argentina, Panama, and Brazil were in attendance. While all of them were very polite to Beth, Mary, and Sue; it was obvious the ambassador's wives were tasked with pulling them to the side while the ambassadors began asking Bill and me about the

criminal 'eliminations' (being very careful not to call them assassinations) and putting out feelers about the planned extent of US involvement in Mexico after the elections.

Bill was very explicit about not wanting to have anything to do with the governance of Mexico and, aside from a training base down south in exchange for assisting in controlling Mexico's southern border, would not have a military presence in Mexico after the elections. "We have no, and I truly mean no, expansionary interests in Mexico. We are really looking forward to their self-governance and we plan no interference with their politics. That is why the United Nations was asked to send an observational unit here to oversee elections."

Brigadier general Ginevra Cappitani affirmed the role of the United Nations during the election cycle. "I assure you, my people will be closely monitoring the entire process, including the tabulations of votes to ensure this is a proper and fair election."

While Bill handled any and all questions not explicitly directed at me. One thing that did involve me was a question of if my family being threatened had any influence on my decisions and actions in the time leading up to the military action against Mexico.

I looked the Cuban ambassador straight in the eye when I responded, "Absolutely! It was a factor, yes. I would be a fool not to recognize it within myself and none of you would believe a denial anyway. In fact, you would think less of me if I denied such an obvious thing."

I looked to the other Ambassadors, "The safety of my family, now my extended family, is not up for negotiation and it is not a point I will deflect from or minimize in any way. I feel the same for my country's interests as well as the sovereign interests of all peacefully aligned leaders and their nations."

"I think we all know, whether one is allowed to publicly state it or not, that Mexico, prior to the war, was not peacefully aligned. They were intentionally destabilizing my country with drugs, human trafficking, and illegals as well as making multiple attempts on my life and the lives of my family. None of those issues are things I will tolerate."

"For many such bad actors, diplomacy can be misinterpreted as weakness, which breeds even more audacious behaviors. Don't get me wrong, I do believe in talking things out as long as all the parties are doing is talking."

But every action has a reaction and when I choose to react, I intend to not only win the current battle but also all future battles. I am not a man for solving the same issue a second time because I was unwilling to go the distance the first time."

"Then, Ambassador Walker, where do you draw the line between diplomacy and some more drastic responses?"

"For me that is an easy line to draw: when innocent lives are being seriously threatened, the time for diplomacy is over and the time for action has come. Some may call me bullish. I am willing to accept that label if it means others leave my family, my country, and her citizens out of any hostile actions. Mexico didn't do that: and they paid the price."

"What would your preferred plan of action be if Americans were taken hostage by a foreign actor?"

"Simple! I would ask for their release and invite the parties to sit down and talk about any grievances after they were released. If the hostages were not released I would go scorched earth. I

would save the hostages if humanly possible. If the hostages were killed, even by accident, I would be arriving with the full might of the American military machine and hell would be coming with me."

"And if they hid behind their own countrymen and women?"

"That is a violation of the Geneva Convention, and my hands would be clean. I would try to minimize non-combatant casualties as a matter of course, but the perpetrators would die regardless. If they truly cared about their own countrymen and women, they would not be putting them in harm's way. If they make that decision, then they will die with the consequences. I will not feel pity for cowards or remorse over their deaths."

"What about prisoners?"

"We would hit so fast and so hard there would not be time for anyone to surrender. If they make their bed, they can lie in it. I have no interest in letting such people play games with me or my country. Hopefully, diplomacy will win the day before such actions have to be put into motion. But once that line is crossed, there is no going back. I will not have those watching from the sidelines getting any stupid ideas."

"No offense, Mr. Ambassador, but many might find that approach a bit heavy handed and lacking sublimity."

"What is sublime about the taking of hostages? What is sublime about threatening the safety and well being of others? If you don't want to deal with the heat the solution is simple; don't go into the kitchen. I assure you, I don't go into another's kitchen without being invited to do so. The recent actions in Mexico are a perfect example."

The French Ambassador then asked, "Are you saying you were invited to act in Geneva?"

"I would have thought you realized I could not have been in Geneva and in Washington D.C. at the same time."

"Yes, that is quite the enigma. The Swiss have yet to decipher it all."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Your counterparts in D.C. have verified I was there and not in Geneva. I do not know what else I can say on the matter. If I ever meet the person or team that made that happen, given the nature of the participants of that get together in Geneva, I am not sure I would not be congratulating them."

"Yes, well one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter."

"Let us not confuse fighting for freedom with using terror as a means to fight a coward's war."

"Some would say your scorched earth approach would be a form of terrorism. No?"

I chuckled, "Just don't attack my family or my country or its citizens and this becomes a purely academic discussion, gentlemen. There is no act of terror when we are not the initial mover or perpetrator. And I would come to your country's aide should it happen to you; upon your request of course."

The Spanish Ambassador commented, "You are a very plain speaker, Ambassador Walker."

"Thank you. I find there are fewer misunderstandings that way. I have always preferred to know where I stood with others. I am not a big fan of hiding behind ambiguous words."

The Russian Ambassador lifted his glass, "Indeed, you are quite refreshing, Ambassador Walker. If not a bit intimidating. What would be your response to a country threatening the United States with nuclear war?"

"Well, intimidation really was not my intent, Sir. I note I was being asked some very direct questions and I gave very direct answers. Answers that will not be changing with the tides. And to answer your question directly, I don't bluff and cannot be intimidated. I would assure them they would not survive that idiocy. Should we have cause for diplomatic discussions in the future, we will know what to expect and where the line is drawn. Yes?"

He nodded and sipped his drink.

The Brazillian ambassador then spoke up, "So the rest of the world would be dealing with a nuclear armed bully once again."

"Not at all, Ambassador: What part of leave me and mine alone and we will get along just fine did you not hear? In fact, the opposite is true. I will not allow any country to bully America with impunity. That is true with trade, relations with others, political interference, or social interference. And:" I lifted a finger and raised my eyebrow, "I will practice the same when dealing with other countries."

China then asked, "Are you an isolationist?"

"Not at all, Ambassador. I will just stand my ground and do what is best for my country. Same as any patriot should do and the same as your governments do. I just don't see where appeasement has ever worked for American interests so I will go the other way should the need arise. If a country does not want the eagle to land in their back yard and sit for a while, best not ruffle its feathers in the first place."

Bill pulled me to the side with a shit eating grin on his face. "Damn Harry if you didn't just throw down the gauntlet with the rest of the world!"

I shrugged, "They wanted to know about me. I told them. But I also told them that when I visit I would be available to discretely help them with issues stemming from the power vacuum created with the deaths of so many heads of terrorist organizations. Think of it this way, Bill. By the time you retire from office, you will have ushered in a new era of unprecedented peace for the entire world. Something not possible with evil people in power."

"Because I don't care about having to do dirty work for them, they not only respect me but are also in my debt."

"You also become one of their biggest liabilities."

I looked at Bill and smiled, "It has been tried before. If anyone is stupid enough to try again and they get the same response, what do you think will be their reactions then?"

"They will likely leave you the fuck alone as long as you don't talk in your sleep."

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