

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 41

Rusthemod

Ready, Set, Kill!

Incest/Taboo

4.79

7.2k words

I called the two LTs and Barnes to my ready room and sat down as they entered right behind me.

"Fellas, I have set up a meet with the base Marine contingent for a joint obstacle course run. However, I have some concerns."

"You are thinking they may be planning a bit of retribution?"

"The thought had crossed my mind, yes."

The LTs smiled, "Want us to treat it as an open ended appraise and react mission?"

"I think that would be prudent. I want one squad in full gear on the ship doing guard duty and the other can go play. Switch out if you want and feel it is safe. I want a sniper on the helo pad doing overwatch for the ship. Also, if threatened, you are authorized weapons hot. Hit the course with full gear, maybe those crayon eaters can keep up that way."

They chuckled and I asked, "Do we have some of those extended range Black Hornet II PRS drones still on board?"

"We do, yes. They have a one-hour flight time, and we can covertly keep two over us scanning the area. We can have coms aboard ship receive their live feeds and relay it through our helmets. That way, if we run into a sniper situation, we will have the information we need to react effectively."

"Good, I also want you packing your AP rounds. If things get deadly, I want you to be prepared. Also, let's have one of our bigger Switchblade 600 LASSO drones up to be available to take out an APC if necessary. Additionally, I want each of you carrying your personal Quantum Stealth ponchos, including the SEALs on board. Can fire control put the sea whiz in the loop with the Hornet's telemetry?"

"They can link them after our last refit, yes. How did you know about that?"

"You think I don't know what my ship is capable of?"

"Roger that, Harry."

"Let's just say, my gut says you should be prepared. We don't know if they got all the bad actors out last time. ETA is 8 minutes so get your gear on."

Both LTs were issuing commands over their secured network as they walked out the door. I went to my suite and put on my aramid long underwear over my cotton ones, donned a nice custom-tailored pair of NWU Type III in the AOR2 camouflage pattern along with a tan shoulder holster for my 45, loaded with AP, along with two spare mags. I then placed my fighting knives into special

holders made into the back strap of my holster. I wore an unlined jacket in the AOR2 camouflage pattern, with my name and rank velcroed in place, which I kept open in the front.

Unbeknownst to me, Dad had dressed accordingly in AOR2 camouflage patterned cammo with his sub-machine gun, loaded with 60 AP rounds in two alternating mags, hung under his arm in a special shoulder sling that allowed for quick access and use. Dad also had half a dozen grenades and another 60 AP rounds attached to his belt. He met me at the door.

We both had our ear buds and throat mikes on, so we were in the loop with coms and the SEALs.

I looked at dad and didn't say a thing, knowing it would not matter. I simply nodded my head and smiled.

0o0

The SEAL team squad was picked up in a 3/4-ton transport and driven off to the obstacle course where they met a platoon of Marines. LT gave the signal to stay in a defensive formation with weapons at low ready. Once they disembarked, the NCOIC of the platoon smiled a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

Barnes was watching from the Bridge as he located all the Marines and an APC. "Fellas, there is an APC and about 38 Marines showing up on infrared. No snipers that we can see. I got your six, Sea Whiz is up and spinning so keep an open line of fire. I will advise if you need to move out of the way. Keep about 30 feet between you and the Marines. This looks very hostile. Over."

LT smiled, "Copy that."

The transport stopped and the SEALs disembarked and went behind the truck, putting about 15 yards between them and the mostly massed Marines. As the truck pulled off... the two sides faced each other.

"Hello fellas, looks like you came ready for a small war. Seems we both had the same idea of hitting the course with full gear." Why don't you run the course first, so we know what we are up against?"

One of the SEALs loosed one of his black wasps and had it check out the course. Just above the fourth log obstacle, there was a thin wire. The picture was relayed to all the SEAL HUDs in their helmets through the link to the ship's comms as the drone traced the wire back to a hidden Claymore mine.

The LT responded, "Who was the TUIFU Marine who set out the Claymores?"

The NCOIC laughed, "Well, shit. Still, a Marine platoon against 8 SEALs? You fellas just want to lay down and die for us to save the ammo?"

"Well, it does seem to be a bit unbalanced for a firefight. But it is not our fault you brought only 38 guns."

Just as things began to get tense, a BAE Systems Armored Multi-Purpose Vehicle (AMPV) rolled up behind the Marines. The NCOIC then smirked, "So, you think your spec opps rifles will take this baby out?"

LT smiled tensely and grunted, "Target acquired," (the agreed upon signal for attack) as he gave combat hand signals, --hit the deck in five, four, three...--. When the SEALs hit the ground, the

drone struck the APC just as the gunner was aiming his 50-caliber machine gun. It exploded, sending its tungsten rod into the APC which spalled the now plasma hot armor, killing it and everyone inside.

For good measure, Sea Whiz put a massive number of rounds into the APC in one second, turning it into Swiss cheese. It was firing 30mm x 173mm Armor-Piercing, Fin-Stabilized, Discarding Sabot with Tracer (APFSDS-T) rounds, and with the special barrels onboard, Sea Whiz was spitting out those bullets at well over 5,000 feet per second, due to the new barrel coating, and at a rate of 4,500 rounds per second. Basically, the gun fired at the target a mile away, in a one second burst, with the first round hitting as the last one left the barrel. The tracers were still active, so they lit up the fuel upon penetration.

In the one second of absolute destruction of the state-of-the-art APC ending in it being on fire, the Marines were stunned. The SEALs took that moment of shock and awe to jump into the undergrowth. Within seconds the SEAL squad had pulled out their light bending ponchos from an open flap in their packs and donned them as they took up a defensive position just inside the brush line.

By the time the Marines looked up, the SEALs had vanished into thin air.

0o0

Captain Barnes noted the SEALs had taken the opportunity the destruction of the APC provided and jumped into the bush: but they then vanished from infra-red, and the loitering Black Hornets could no longer track them. He quickly checked the personal locators on each team member to verify they were not in the line of fire. "Command to SEALs, hold your positions and prepare for incoming fire!"

Barnes gave the nod and Sea Whiz strafed the Marine position.

0o0

Watching 38 people literally explode in blood and gore while you watched even unsettled some of the team. "Damn! LT! They never stood a chance!"

"We didn't ask for this shit, boys. We just finish and wipe up the mess. They made their intent known and I, for one, want to get back to momma."

"Roger that, LT."

"SEALs on scene, check for survivors, Poppa Bear is in route."

0o0

Soon Dad and I were in the same interrogation room we were the first time we visited GITMO. Captain Watkins was there, along with his XO, Commodore Patty Melendez. As we sat, the four reporters were brought in and cuffed to the anchored table after they sat down.

"You fella's know who I am?" I asked.

"One of the older reporters spit on the floor and nodded, "You are Harry Walker. Owner of the lake property we tried to set up surveillance on."

Dad spoke up, "He is Ambassador Walker to you, ass wipe. And spit at him again and I will kill you where you stand." Dad raised the muzzle of his machine gun and took off the safety.

"Go ahead. Death is better than living out our lives in this shithole."

"Dad let's take it down a notch. He is just at his breaking point. He doesn't really understand he can be killed with impunity." I turned to the reporter, "What would be your dream scenario from this point forward?"

He scoffed, "You release us, we write an expose' on all this bullshit and win a Pulitzer."

I nodded. "And, on the other end, I can kill you all right now and the incident will be over and done."

The reporter replied, "We have family. There will be an investigation."

I chuckled, "I have a Presidential Pardon sitting in my safe that trumps your investigation. Even if I admit to killing you in cold blood, nobody can touch me."

One of the other members of the group asked, "Who the hell are you people? Who can lock up four men and send them to a semi black site for trespassing? And then have the right to kill in cold blood and get away with it?"

I shrugged, "You have heard of bad ass wannabes. My team and I are just bad asses. We are the people who do not go bump in the night because you will never hear us coming." I smiled and continued, "However, it seems from your statements you are more into vengeance than a way out of here..."

Just then Barnes clued me in to what the SEALs were walking in to. I looked at Captain Watkins, "Why are there 38 Marines and an APC threatening to kill my security team?"

Watkins and his XO got white as sheets, "WHAT!"

"Yes, they set Claymores around the obstacle course, which my men found. And when they confronted the Marines, they...." I paused, listening into my earbud, "Your Marines are all dead with one exception and the APC has been destroyed."

Watkins then bellowed, "Commodore Melendez, watch these men as we go investigate."

The three of us smartly walked out and got into the captain's personal jeep.

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Still donning their camouflage, the SEALs began to check the Marine company for survivors. The only one they found was the NCOIC of the group. His right leg was cut off at the knee so one of the SEAL team members applied a tourniquet to keep him from bleeding out. He also treated him for shock until medics could arrive.

The Lt looked around, asking the team for a count before reporting in, "This is SEAL team leader, we have one survivor who is in shock and lost a leg. We need an ambulance in route. Over."

0o0

I looked at Captain Watkins, "There is a survivor, we need an ambulance to their position at the start of the course."

Watkins got on his phone and called it in. His hands were shaking.

We beat the Ambulance there and Watkins promptly opened his door, took a look around... and threw up. Eviscerated body parts were everywhere. "Barnes, are all threats neutralized?"

"Free and clear, Harry. One ambulance in route. ETA is 3 minutes."

Watkins was breathing hard, his eyes as big as baseballs, "One SEAL team did all THIS?!"

"Basically, yes. But they actually didn't have to fire a shot. Did you boys?"

A disembodied voice spoke up to my left, "No, Ambassador. We just called in fire support after the APC showed up and began to target us. Figured since they escalated, we would, too."

Watkins' head was on a swivel and his voice was getting a hysterical edge to it, "Who is talking? Where the hell are you? Where is the SEAL team?"

"Stow the ponchos fellas."

The 8 team members revealed themselves and stowed their ponchos. Watkins' jaw literally was wide ass open and stayed there. "How is that even possible?" He eventually asked as he looked like a deer in the headlights at the 8 SEALs who had been standing in a clearing less than 15 feet from him the whole time.

The SEAL LT stepped up and saluted Watkins, "Captain, you will want a demo team out here to clear the obstacle course along with a forensic team to try and identify the dead. We know there is a Claymore over there," he pointed, "with a trip wire running over that log obstacle, but there are likely others."

Watkins was still in a bit of shock, but he did return the salute and get on his phone, calling in the necessary units to clear and clean up the place. The Ambulance showed up and took possession of the lone survivor, quickly checking around to see if there were any more. The lead medic shaking his head and exclaiming, "Mother fucker!" about every minute or so.

"LT, your boys want to have a little fun?"

LT smiled, "What have you got in mind, Sir?"

I turned off my mike, "Put your cloaks back on and turn off your personal locators before you sneak back to the ship and board her. Get some showers and then report to Captain Barnes on the Bridge before you write up your AARs. And don't get caught."

LT looked at his men, a shit eating grin on his face, "You fella's up for that?"

The men were all smiles and a "Oh hell yeah!" was all that was said.

"Job well done, fellas." I turned my mike back on, "Tell Chef I said we are eating steak tonight."

0o0

Barnes was listening and realized something was going on when the locators went offline, and the team was no longer pinging the infra-red. He called the other SEAL LT in and chuckled, "You ready for some fun?"

"Fun, Sir?"

Barnes smiled, "Well, after the shit hit the fan and everything went back to normal all the team members in situ all went off infra-red and their locators are now turned off. What do you think that means?"

"Does chatter indicate they are in trouble?"

"Nope."

LT smiled, "Then they are going to try and infiltrate the ship."

"So how do we stop them?"

LT thought a moment, "We set up an infrared emitter and receiver down the gangway and across the steps aft. They will not be able to see it and when the line of sight is disrupted by their cloaks, we will be alerted to their presence."

"Let your team know. They are a mile out, so I figure you got 10 minutes tops."

LT was giggling like a schoolgirl as he got hold of his team. He let them know how they were going to catch them then issued out the Empire Axe 2.0 paintball guns which they set to full auto. The second squad laid low, having set the trap... and they didn't have long to wait.

Second squad set their coms to a different channel and when the infrared emitter let them know the first squad was on the gangway the LT counted down from 5. At zero, 8 paintball guns, firing on full auto, showered the gangway from 8 different vectors. Soon there were shouts, cursing, and ghosts who were hit with a plethora of multi colored paint splashes.

First squad's LT uncovered and asked, "How the hell did you figure it out and how did you catch us?"

The second squad's LT answered, "When your locators all went off and you disappeared from infrared, and were not under duress, we knew. We set up an infrared emitter and mirror down the gangway and when it pinged there was an obstruction, we knew you were 'walking the plank'."

"Fuck! If we had just kept our IR sets up, we would have seen it!"

The second squad all laughed, "Come on fellas, we will help you clean up."

OoO

"Um, Ma'am, what is this about?"

"I am Commodore Melendez. My information is the Ambassador has full authority over the dispensation of your case. He can set you free, he can leave you here, he can put you into his custody, or he can shoot you dead and bury you at sea."

The photographer bowed his head, "Shit. And Alvin's quip about an expose' screwed us."

Comodore Melendez nodded, "Well it didn't help. Fellas, what you don't know is that man just initiated, planned, executed, and completed a war with Mexico and won the war in about 30 minutes with only 20 fatalities. He killed the Mexican President, all the crime lords, stopped the drug and sex trades, and set up a new government in Mexico. As far as the public and the politicians are concerned, he walks on water."

"So, he really is untouchable."

She just nodded her head. "From what I can gather, Ambassador Walker did all that because the Mexican President was involved in the death of his father. And when you set up your cameras you put his family in jeopardy. You have really pissed off the wrong man."

"But he called the other man here, Dad. What gives?"

"That man is his father-in-law, and he is the highest-level field operative in the CIA. He is a living legend in their organization."

"How do you know all this?"

Melendez laughed, "Because I am Captain Watkins' XO and also the lead CIA agent on this base. I was sent here to clean up a big ass mess those two men uncovered last time they were here and arrested the previous base commander."

"So what you are really saying is we just thought we were in over our heads but we really don't have a clue."

"Yep, that about sums it up."

"What would happen to us if we tried to run an expose'?"

"You would be assassinated, the very fact of your existence would be erased from the surface of the earth, and if your loved ones made too much fuss about it they would disappear."

"He would do that?"

"No, he would never know about it. The Agency has some dirty laundry in all this and they don't like loose ends."

"If he leaves us here, are you going to kill us?"

"That remains to be seen. I am sure that decision is being discussed well above my pay grade. But if that order comes down, you would not be able to hide from us."

"Why are you telling us this?"

"Because you knowing doesn't matter. And, honestly, I am not looking forward to slicing your throats. It is believed the Ambassador has some plans for you and, frankly, we owe him and his father-in-law the favor if he decides to use you four. You see, he will be running for President when he comes of age. The prevailing thought is he wants you fella's to document his legacy for that presidential run... but he has to be able to trust you know the difference between support and treachery. Support he will empower. Treachery, well... his past actions should tell you all you need to know."

"Just how deadly is he?"

"All reports indicate he could kill you dead just by touching you with his little finger if he chose to do so."

"Bullshit."

"No shit."

"You are full of shit."

At that, Melendez picked up a television remote and clicked it at the television. "What you are watching is a demonstration by Ambassador Walker when he was on board a U.S. carrier."

The four men watched as Harry walked up to a steel I-beam...placed his hand on it, and lightly slapped it... breaking it in half.

"Is that REAL!?"

"Yep."

The men sat in silence for about an hour, awaiting their fate. When the door opened with some force, all four of them jumped.

0o0

Dad, Watkins and I walked back into the room and Commodore Melendez, with her hands on the table, slowly stood and acknowledged us, "Ambassador, Sir, Captain Watkins."

"At ease." Watkins smiled.

I took one look at the four men and realized we were in a much different place. I looked to Melendez, "What did you tell them?"

"Nothing that isn't public knowledge, Ambassador."

Dad looked at her and said one word, "Agency."

She nodded, "Yes, Sir. I was sent here to clean up this mess and to cut off any loose ends."

Okay, serious alarm bells and red flags: this woman just got my full attention. "Captain, who set up the meet with the Marines?"

Watkins was looking sheepish with all the bombshells, "Commodore Melendez did."

I let my anger show, "You intentionally put my people in danger?"

"Intentionally, no Ambassador. What I did do was give those men the opportunity to hang themselves, which they obviously did. I have also studied you extensively and I knew you would set it up so your men were protected."

I let my chi manifest in dragon form, "I am not amused, Melendez. Who authorized this?"

"It came directly from the head of operations, Ambassador. We knew the danger to you and yours would be minimal, you have proved that over and over."

I got deadly serious with her, "Let the chain know this is to never happen again under any circumstances. I will not tolerate it."

"Yes, Mr. Ambassador. And that was my statement to operations when I was told to set this up."

I relaxed a bit and asked, "And what did you think your chances of surviving the operation were?"

"My assessment was 75:25 for survival, based upon our analysis, Sir."

"So this was a test on several levels, then. With your life in the mix."

"Yes Sir. That is the way I see it."

I nodded, "Okay, it is water under the bridge. But let them know I am deadly serious. Never again."

"You have my word, Sir. They will be informed. And may I say, our estimates of your genius level insight and intelligence were spot on."

"Humph, wait until I am no longer pissed to flatter me, Melendez."

Melendez smiled, "But where is the excitement in that?"

I raised an eyebrow, "Indeed!"

Dad growled, "Playing fucking games with us is dangerous business, agent."

"And you know damn well I didn't have a choice. Not really."

Dad nodded, "I admit it was well played, though. Well done."

Melendez genuinely smiled at that, "A compliment from you, Sir, is a highlight of my life."

Watkins just blew out the air he was holding. "I am in waaay over my head, aren't I?" he said more as a statement of recognition than a question.

All three of us laughed and said in unison, "Yes, Captain, you are."

The lead reporter then broke the ice asking, "Who are you people?"

Dad laughed and responded, "Above your pay grade, Son."

I looked at the men and started over, "So, let me ask again since we are at a different place: What would be your dream scenario from this point forward?"

OoO

Thirty minutes later the four men were released into my custody under certain understandings that were not negotiable. Captain Watkins made sure they had access to facilities to bathe and clean up and Dad and I took them to the Base Exchange to get several outfits ranging from business suits to casual wear, toiletries, etc.. We then were driven back to the Embassy where I introduced our new media personnel to the family and crew. Jimmy, Bobby, Larry, and Alvin were warmly greeted and the family then invited them up to the owner's level for a swim.

Alvin then said to me in front of the family, "So, we are indentured servants now?"

I shook my head no, "If you are willing to sign a non-disclosure agreement which, if you violate, sends you back to GITMO by my word alone, you are free to leave the Embassy as soon as we dock at the Naval shipyard. Your employment with me will terminate at that time."

Larry asked, "Employment! What is our pay?"

"\$50,000 a year with room and board here at the Embassy or anywhere we are at the time. Plus exclusives on things you are allowed to report upon."

"And if we report on the other stuff?"

I sighed, "Yeah, well, that is where the hammer would fall. Let's just not go there. You cannot hide, you cannot run fast enough, and the legal or political system cannot save you. That is the price you pay for being admitted into the inner circle."

Bobby then spoke up, "50k a year and no expenses? Count me in!"

The rest agreed but Jimmy shrugged afterwards, "About the swim, we don't have suits."

Mom just laughed, "Boys, this is a clothing optional and free use with permission ship. If you had on swimsuits, you would be out of place."

The four of them were speechless after that comment so Cathy, Leesie, Barbara, and DD took them by the hand and helped them undress poolside while Red joined me and Dad. All four of our reporters had prominent woodies that began throbbing as the women undressed.

Larry was a bit embarrassed and said, "My apologies, ladies. It has been a while since I have enjoyed the pleasures of a beautiful woman."

Barbara smiled, "Come on and get in the pool with me, sweetheart. Momma will help you with that wonderfully hard cock of yours."

Mom escorted Larry into the pool and promptly put her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. She whispered in his ear, "You can put it in my ass or my pussy, baby. Momma loves it both ways." She then proceeded to nuzzle and softly lick and nibble on his neck as Larry reached down and held onto her cheeks.

He found a hole. He wasn't sure which hole, but his raging cock didn't care at this point. He hadn't had sex in four months and his cock just needed a hot, willing hole to cum in. "Can I call you mom? That has always been a fantasy of mine."

"Yes baby. I like being called mom. Fuck your mother, baby. Take me nice and slow so you can really savor the motion of your cock sliding slowly in and out of your mother's hot, wet, willing pussy. Mommy loves how hard her boy's cock is." Mom whispered with a soft, breathy voice into his ear.

"Fuck, mom. I can't last long. It has been too long!" Larry said, stressing to hold back.

"Don't hold back, baby. Cum in your mother. Go ahead and give it to me, baby. You can play with your mother's pussy after you fill me up with your cum. Next time you can last a bit longer but right now you need to cum inside me."

"Mom, I am so hard for you. I can't believe I am fucking my mother."

"Yes, son. Fill your mommy with your baby cream. Your cock feels so good inside of mommy. Give it to me baby."

Larry came hard. He felt his balls ache as he came, his body literally shooting a jet of cum into Barbara. He shuddered violently afterwards, burying his face in her neck. Mom just cooed him protectively as she unlocked her legs and stood before him in the water.

She could feel the heat on his cheeks and quietly said to him in a soft voice, "Larry, I really enjoyed that. It reminded me so much of when Ambassador Walker, my son, makes love to me. Don't think for a second that you have embarrassed yourself or revealed anything you would face recrimination for."

Larry pulled back enough to look mom in the face, "Ambassador Walker is your son and you to have sex?"

Mom called me over and I guided dad and Red over to her, "Son, Larry just had a wonderful fantasy of me being his mother as he filled me with his cum. Would you explain why that is not something to be embarrassed about?"

I lovingly and gently French kissed my mother and said to Larry, "She is my biological mother, and we make love on a regular basis here in front of everyone any time either of us feels like it. Most of the family and crew call her mom, so feel free."

Red then leaned over and kissed her, "Shower after dad and Harry cum for me, mom?"

Mom smiled and nodded, "You three finish up, I want to eat Red's pussy in the shower."

Larry took in a deep, shuddering breath, "Mom, thank you. You are a very special woman."

Mom tousled his hair with a wink and a smile and said, "Good boy! Now, run along and play and when you need more of your mother's pussy you just let me know, okay?"

Larry smiled, nodded his head, gave mom a quick kiss, and began mingling with others who had also finished having sex... which ended up being the men on his video crew and the women they had had sex with since none of them lasted long having not had any in months.

Cathy, Leesie, and DD were still with his buds, enjoying one another's company when Larry joined them. He said, "Did we just jump from hell into heaven?"

Alvin, Bobby, and Jimmy all nodded thoughtfully. At that point Larry asked, "How many of you ladies are married?"

DD and Leesie raised their hands.

"Are your husbands on the ship?"

DD laughed, "My husband is the ship's Doctor. He is right over there buggering that pretty maid in the ass right now."

Leesie smirked, "My husband is the biological father of Ambassador Walker and you met him on GITMO. He is right over there with Harry fucking the redhead who is the XO of the Embassy. Her name is Red."

"And how is it there is no jealousy?"

DD responded, "I am the ship's psychologist. I can tell you that everyone here is very comfortable in the stability of their marriages. If a spouse needs personal time, they get it. Being free to enjoy sexual encounters outside of our marriages goes both ways. However, if a problem arises, the couple can always bow out of other sexual encounters if they feel the need."

"Which one is Harry's wife?"

"That would be Sue, his half sister. She is the pregnant woman getting fucked by my husband, the Doctor of the ship. And just as an FYI? By all reports she has the smoothest pussy on the ship. You should approach her for sex sometime to judge for yourself."

"Pregnant? Is Harry the father?"

Cathy then responded, "I am the LPN for the Embassy. Yes, he is the biological father of his child."

Alvin chuckled, "So many familial connections here. It is hard to keep it all straight."

Leesie giggled, "Don't worry about it. No one else does."

0o0

Captain Watkins and his new wife, Linette, along with Commodore Melendez showed up for dinner and we all got cleaned up. Even though she was made aware, Linette was a bit taken aback by the casual nudity on the ship. Melendez just went with the flow and undressed as soon as she got on board and under cover.

Melendez had a striking body. She was in her late twenties, strongly muscled while still appearing very feminine. Her C cup breasts rather pronounced on her athletic frame. Her well defined nipples stood high and tight in a deep shade of pink. Her light caramel skin was free of blemishes, and she carried herself like an apex predator. She was light on her feet and was very observant of everything and everyone. Her labia majora were closed and well shaven, leaving a small, thin landing strip. Her thin waist flaring nicely into her hips and well defined cheeks. Her long muscles were well defined and it was obvious she put a lot of work into keeping fit.

Watkins and Linette soon followed Melendez's example and while Melendez was the athletic predator, Linette was the sensuous domestic. Where Melendez walked like a cat on the hunt, Linette glided with the grace of a swan. She was a brunette with soft curves, combining large teardrop breasts with wide hips and puffy lips both above and below. Hardwood floors highlighted her thigh gap capped by her pussy lips which stayed partially open, exposing her minor lips. Her alabaster skin a stark contrast to Melendez's light caramel.

Both women were obviously aroused, not used to being exposed to a crowd. We made introductions and as I took each woman's hand into mine to lightly kiss them, I sent a small amount of chi up to their pleasure centers. Not enough to make them cum, but definitely enough to get them really horny.

Melendez looked at me shrewdly, "How did you do that?"

DD was standing beside me and giggled, "Just wait until after dinner when he puts his electric cock inside you and sends you to nirvana!"

Melendez took a deep, cleansing breath, "I might have to experience that, Ambassador... if you are willing?"

"Oh, I fully intend on having both of you passed out from a sensual overload right after dinner!"

Just then, dinner was announced, and we all went through a serving line.

The choices for meat included a whole Grade A Prime rib eye off the rotisserie cut to order, whole bacon wrapped filet mignon straight off the rotisserie cut to order, Au Gratin potatoes, sauteed green beans, horse radish sauce, Au Jus, White Corn salad, and baked Acorn Squash casserole.

The beef had been injected with a mix of garlic juice, sea salt, and ground pepper that had been gently warmed in clarified butter and filtered to separate any solids to properly meld the flavors before injection. This uniformly seasoned the meat without altering the texture.

The finely sliced Red Potatoes were cooked al dente with thinly cut yellow onion slices, butter, flour, dried mustard powder, milk, Cheddar and Gruyere cheese, sea salt, and freshly ground pepper.

The green beans were sauteed in a butter and balsamic vinegar mix before being lightly salted. The white corn salad incorporated Hellman's Olive Oil mayonnaise, garlic powder, onion powder, pimento, sea salt, fresh ground pepper, and Green Giant white Shoe peg corn niblets made the day previous and refrigerated to allow the flavors to meld.

The Acorn Squash was boiled before the inner flesh was recovered and mixed with red onion, freshly ground black pepper, minced fried smoked bacon, butter, sour cream, and Queso cheese. The mixture was then baked in a shallow pan to brown the top and served in warmed thick ceramic bowls.

I spoke with the servers while moving through the line, "Lina! Thank you so much for serving us today. I think I would like a 1 1/2 inch rib eye as rare as you have. Perhaps from the center of the rarest one?"

Lina smiled, "As you wish, Sir. It is always a pleasure to serve you and your guests. You are always so appreciative of our efforts."

Further down the line I spoke with Ginger, "Hi, Ginger! Good to see you this evening. Could I have some of the squash casserole, the green beans, scalloped potatoes, some Au jus, and creamed horse radish please?"

"It is a pleasure to serve you as well, Sir. Perhaps you could come by the kitchen again sometime and... erm, boost morale? We always love your personal attention."

I smiled, "I will make a point of doing just that. Perhaps tomorrow right after breakfast?"

Ginger beamed, "I am sure I speak for all the staff when I say we can't wait!"

Melendez was right after me in line and she commented as we made our way to our seats, "I must say, your kitchen staff seems to be the happiest I have ever seen."

I smiled at her as I responded, "They are paid well, are appreciated for their efforts, and I stop by occasionally and make them all climax until they cannot stand anymore. They feed us and a happy kitchen staff directly corresponds to high quality efforts in food preparation."

Melendez snickered, "If what you did to me is any indication, I am quite looking forward to the party after dinner."

I smiled as she took a seat, "That was just an appetizer. This is what I am talking about." I softly caressed the side of her neck with my fingers and made her cum for a few seconds before severing the connection.

Melendez was trying to recover her senses as her climax hit her like a Mack truck. Her arms and legs were trembling as she regained her composure, "Damn!" was all she said as she took several deep breaths. "Okay, THAT is not in your folder."

Sue smiled as she watched us and added, "Hon, you have no idea. My husband can make you cum continuously until you pass out from the pleasure and not care if you come back to the living afterward."

Melendez nodded, "I believe you."

Linette pouted as she sat on the other side of me, so I reached up and caressed her neck with the backs of my fingers and she immediately whooshed all the air from her lungs as her body rhythmically convulsed to her climax. She didn't say a word afterwards but the incredulous look she gave me said it for her.

DD grinned, "Well, that certainly is the most unusual ice breaker I have ever witnessed!" and everyone at the table had a good laugh.

Dinner was absolutely mouthwatering. The wine was a 2003 Pinot Nor based Burgundy premier Cru by Gevrey Chambertin. The wine sports medium boldness and tannins on the smooth side with a slightly dry but acidic character which initially covers the palate in cherry and strawberry notes that blend into earthy mushroom and leather tones which again morph into a finish of oak and chocolate coffee.

Definitely a wine for the educated palate.

Captain Watkins was rock hard throughout dinner. During after dinner drinks, Cathy had mercy on him and slid under the table to give him some relief. Sliding between his thighs she softly began to suckle and lick the head of his cock which immediately began to spasm to her touch. Watkins looked down at Cathy sucking on his cock head and she winked at him as she took him deeper into her soft, wet, warm mouth.

Watkins laid his head back in his chair and groaned. Cathy could be heard giggling under the table as she nibbled and licked at the Y under the head of his cock before engulfing it yet again. When Cathy reached for his balls and began lightly scratching them with her fingernails that was all he could take, and he hosed down the back of Cathy's throat.

When he was done and Cathy had cleaned him up, she hopped up on the now cleaned away table with her knees wide and smiled, "My turn, handsome."

Watkins pushed her knees wider and closer to her chest as it opened up and lifted her sex to him. From the excited squeals Cathy was voicing, it was obvious Watkins knew his way around a woman's pussy.

It wasn't a heartbeat after Cathy sat on the table until all the women did the same to the men seated there and we men had our desert and ate it, too. After the women came on our faces, we, to a man, stood and slipped our cocks into our desert dishes and began enjoying ourselves and the

eye candy from so many breasts doing the sensual waves when a woman's pussy is being pounded while she is on her back.

I fucked Melendez as she grunted through a 10-minute climax until she passed out and then I took Linette who lasted about 12 minutes. After bedding both of them Sue came to my rescue and let me bugger her in the ass until I came deep in my sister's bowels.

OoO

Immediately after the last chi lesson for the day, Walsh and Jake went up to their room to get a shower and dress for dinner.

"Jake hon?"

"Yes, honey bear?"

Walsh loved his pet name for her, "Would it be too much to wear something sheer to dinner?"

Jake smiled, "Honey bear, wear what you want. I honestly have no clue as the family is in a completely different place on the sensuality scale since I was home last. If you want to go naked, I will follow suit and back you all the way."

"Aww, bunchkins, you are so good for me." Walsh stepped out of her clothes closet wearing a white sheer mesh sun dress that ended upper thigh, a white lace shelf bra, a white lace garter belt, and barely there white stockings and white low-heeled sandals. And by sheer, the sun dress hid nothing. "Would you be offended if I just wore this?"

"Not at all honey bear. But we need to match, come help?"

When they were finished dressing Jake, he was wearing a sheer white mesh body shirt under an open tan colored sleeveless vest. The pants were a tighter mesh in tan that hinted at what was underneath without just flat-out advertising: he was not wearing underwear. Tan loafers and socks completed the ensemble. Walsh backed up and said, "Now THAT is sexy as hell!"

As they began walking down to dinner, Penny came out of her room wearing a body colored see through halter top and matching miniskirt with the phrase 'Penny's Diner' printed above her pubic area. "Oh my gosh! You two are absolutely gorgeous!" She screed.

Walsh smiled, "And you look very edible my dear sister. I love your muffin top nipples." she said as she lightly ran the backs of her fingers over them, making them swell.

Penny stood close to Walsh and gave her a long, deep, sensual kiss that had Jake's cock starting to swell and tenting his tan trousers. This had the effect of widening the gaps in the fabric and becoming more sheer, much to the delight of the two women. Penny winked at Walsh and whispered, "I am going for the full erection! Wish me luck!"

"Good Luck!" Walsh giggled as Penny body hugged her brother and kissed him just as sensually while pressing her tummy against her brother's forming erection.

Penny looked down and smiled, "The flag has risen!" she crowed as she bounced up and down in front of Jake. Of course, Jake had the decency to stare at her hefty breasts as she bounced in front of him. He reached under his pants and adjusted his cock and though his erection was still very obvious at least he wasn't pointing straight ahead anymore.

When the three of them arrived at the dining room they stood as they awaited mom and dad. Soon the doors opened, and DC and Izzy entered the room.

Jake's eyes got big as saucers.