

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 44

Rusthemod

Family.

Incest/Taboo

4.84

7.9k words

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Doc gave both Beth and Barnes a thorough examination, even checking for sexual abuse for Beth. Both of them were okay and he concluded they had just been knocked out. Pupils were contracting fine, so they didn't seem to have concussions. Doc decided to just watch over them until they came to and then continue his observations.

"Brannigan, can your field office return the car to the rental place and the clothes to us at the cottage?"

Brannigan nodded and got on his phone. After securing the vehicle he gave everyone an update, "Well, the local police had been monitoring that particular gang due to their activities. They saw us go into the warehouse and after we left, they got forensics in there to start processing the place. They suspect it was a paramilitary group due to the precision and speed of the strike."

"As to the gang hideout, they are completely baffled. Cameras picked up grenade launchers appearing out of thin air and blowing the place up and suddenly there were multiple hot fires that quickly had the place fully involved. They did see the delivery truck leaving the scene, but they didn't see anyone."

DC was confused, "How could they not see the SEAL squad?"

One of the LTs pulled out his poncho and put it on, disappearing right in front of DC and Dennis. Dennis raised an eyebrow, "They were talking about that shit just as I got out. That shit is amazing!"

DC's mouth was dragging the floor. He couldn't help himself and asked, knowing it was now a cliché with this group, "Who the hell are you people?"

Everyone had a good chuckle and Dennis replied, "That is above our pay grade, boss."

Doc called out, "There waking up."

Harry and Dad and the Lieutenants crowded the small room with Doc. Harry asked, "How are you feeling?"

Barnes quietly said, "Massive headache, but no worse for wear. I knew you guys were coming for us. I just didn't think you could make it to us that fast."

Beth was crying, "I was so looking forward to a quiet vacation." She turned towards Barnes, "I was going to make this a vacation you would remember for the rest of your life. I am so sorry." She sighed, "And all the sexy clothes I bought to wear for you are now gone."

Barnes pulled Beth into a gentle hug and let her cry, "My wonderful pet, we are alive. I was worried I might lose you to those uncouth morons. Having you with me in one piece is the best memory I could ever have."

We took our cue and left the room. Doc said, "Take it easy, but enjoy joining the mile high club." He shut the door behind him, and we gave them their privacy.

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Barnes was about to console Beth again when she gently put her finger to his lips. She stood up and began to sensually undress in front of him. Taking off her clothes and playfully turning this way and that as she freed her breasts, teasing him with partial glimpses before a full reveal. Beth placed both her hands to the sides of Barnes' head and whispered, "My dearest Master, your pet needs your attention." Beth moved her nipples to his lips, and she reveled in the sensation of her man suckling on her breasts as his hands roamed over her body.

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DC sat quietly, assessing this extended family that was now part of his family. He concluded he was at the right place and the right time to really help make a difference in the world. He knew he could not manipulate Harry or the members of his group, they would see right through that and resent it. But he could facilitate what they had already started. With his international businesses, he could present situations to them and let them do what they do best. Maybe it was time to clean up the major trash depots of the world.

DC made plans to get Harry into the White House. He was adept at making or breaking politicians and Harry was the first person he had met who was all about family and country and helping those in need... damn the consequences.

"This could work." He softly said to himself. It would start with the wedding. He needed to talk to Izzy about the guest list."

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It was early morning by the time the group got back home. Most everyone was up, and they immediately got to work feeding and caring for everyone. The SEALs, along with Dennis, faded back into the woods after getting a bite to eat. Everyone slept through the morning until they were awakened by the dining staff for a late lunch at 1300 hours.

Lunch was thinly sliced, grade A Wagyu prime rib shipped directly from Snake River Farms out of Melba, Indiana. It was served with a thick red-eye gravy on a hoagie bun covered with sauteed mushrooms, Poblano peppers, and onions with a bit of shredded Colby cheese on top. The cheese was from Hook's Cheese Company, and it is part of an elite club of cheeses that have earned the title of World Champion (1982).

To drink we enjoyed a Guinness Foreign Extra Stout which is a black beer with a frothy head. The nose is robust with roasted and intense notes of dark chocolate, caramel and dried fruits. The flavor is full bodied with coffee notes balanced with subtle sweetness and low bitterness. It pared well with the smokey meat and earthy flavors of the fixings.

To clean the palate after lunch the aspiring chefs had made individual vanilla custards and freshly ground Arabica coffee. The custards were light as a feather, had a delightful, thin, crispy crust, and

were so delicious they made your tongue slap the top of your mouth.

Millie then sent everyone out fishing for dinner. Dad, Brannigan and Doc went in one boat and Marion, DC and I grabbed another, and we went in opposite directions hunting Musky.

We all had been kitted with Croix -- Legend Tournament "Big Nasty" 9-foot rods with Shimano -- Tranx PG baitcasters rigged with Cortland Musky Master 100-pound-test braided line and Stealth Tackle 200-pound-test fluorocarbon leader. We used plastic lures from Musky Innovations (a magnum quad dawg in Hanson Perch and BL special). The other rod had on a Chaos Tackle's Monster Medusa in Tequilla coloring. Dad and his group went deep, looking with their fish finders, to find some big muskie while we went to the shallows.

We bobbed our plastic baits in a slow retrieve, covering quite some distance. After about an hour of moving through the shallows DC got the attention of a monster 5-foot, 50 pounder that followed his bait to the boat. I instructed him to make a large figure eight with his bait on a short line and the muskie soon got tired of playing and bit the heck out of the bait before hauling ass.

The fish was so large and took off so quickly, DC was unprepared and almost lost his whole rig. I grabbed him, keeping him from going overboard, and the fight was on. DC hollered. "Oh shit!" He did hold onto his rig as he lost his balance, though. He was heading overboard when I grabbed him and hauled him back into the boat. That muskie was pissed! It took out so much drag, with DC holding on for dear life, I thought I might need to douse the drag with lake water to cool it down.

Eventually the muskie tired and DC was in a two-way fight. Marion kept messing with him as we both sat down and grabbed some beers. "Hey! DC! You gotta quit letting him take all your line if you actually want to eat him later today!"

DC scoffed through gritted teeth, "This thing is a man eater! How am I supposed to man handle a fish this size?"

I laughed, "Yeah, that is what my wife says when she wants to give me a blowjob. This isn't about sex, though. Work it in and let's get the cooler all wet."

DC shook his head and laughed. After about half an hour he finally got the fish to the boat, and I used the boat's Pristis fish lip pliers to secure the muskie. I hauled it into the boat and used some long needle nose pliers to retrieve the bait before putting the fish in the large ice chest.

DC grabbed a beer, sat his ass down, smiled and said, "I got mine. You two slackers need to put on your big boy panties and get yours."

Dad called me on his phone, "We got a 60 pounder! I thought Brannigan was going to shit his pants when his pole almost drug his ass into the lake! Man had a religious experience!"

"We got about a 50 pounder. Same with DC. Man was having a cow! One more landed should be enough so holler when you get your next hook-up of a big one and we will do the same." Just as I was hanging up my phone, Marion hooked about a 40 pounder. It being a good bit smaller, Marrion was still messing with DC, "I just don't understand why it was so difficult bringing in your fish! This one practically wants to jump in the boat!"

DC laughed, "Size matters, Marion. That's all I'm saying!"

I was absolutely rolling. "Dang Uncle! You going to let him get the better of you?"

Marion just smiled, "Yeah, I know we are talking about fish." He said as he chuckled.

DC smiled into his beer.

I called dad, "We got another one, about 40 pounds."

Dad responded, "Okay, let's take them to the cook shack and meet up in the middle of the lake to drink some beer and tell fishing lies."

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We had been chilling out, bullshitting, telling stories for a while when Mom called and asked if we would like to meet Jake's friend who brought whiskey.

All I am saying is it was a race to the dock.

When we got back, we all disrobed and jumped into the pool to get the fish smell off. Drying quickly, we got into the house and sitting at the bar was an authentic, backwoods, Tennessee, blonde, bombshell, built like a brick shit house, female hillbilly. DC smiled at her obvious discomfort and walked straight up to her, his cock swinging in the breeze, and gave her a hearty handshake. "You must be Pete's sister!"

"Ah am! Name's Max! His bro wuz busy hunt'n an 'e' sent me in his stead. Ah brought ya'll 25 gallons 'o' pure shine an a gallon sampler 'o' the coffee liqueur, peppermint schnaps, peach schnaps, and a creamy coffee liqor at is better 'n' Bailey's."

One of the agents politely asked, "Max, are you hitched or spoken for by any chance?"

Max laughed and slapped her bare, shapely thigh, "O hell naw! Mah pappy and bros give me all the sexin Ah needs! Ya'll know how it is bein raised up 'n' tha backwoods. Ya get dick when ya can. Kin er no kin."

Max saw his state of arousal and winked, stood up, lifted her short jeans skirt to reveal she was not wearing panties, sat down lifted her knees and said, "Come 'n' let ol Maxie take care 'o' that thar pigsticker!" Max's pussy was well shaved with a landing strip that proved she was a natural blond.

The agent didn't need a second invitation and he slipped inside Max's moist, warm depths and groaned as she held his head and deep kissed him, wrapping her thighs around his waist and locking him to her with her crossed feet. Her tits were bouncing with each thrust, and she quickly pulled off her tube top revealing a nice set of boobs. The light pink areola puckered with her excitement and her large, protruding nipples further testament to the enjoyment she was receiving.

"Mmmm, ya feelin good fer a govment man. Most 'o' them thar revinuers got small dicks. Ah used ta let em have a go iffin thay overlooked our stillery back 'n tha day."

Mom had pulled out several shot glasses and had filled each one with a good sip of peach schnapps for the first round. All but the pure stuff was 90 proof. DC took his glass and let the schnapps roll around in his mouth and over his tongue. The flavor was like sucking on a perfectly ripe, lightly sweet, succulent U.S. Fancy grade A Georgia peach. There was no bitterness, no alcoholic aftertaste, no unusual finish: just like drinking pure peach nectar.

"Wow," was the group's consensus.

As Max was moaning her enthusiastic encouragement to her lover, Mom handed everyone a small bite of whole wheat bread to cleanse their palates and then poured a sip of each of the special selections in turn. Everyone was extremely impressed with the outstanding flavors of each offering. The final swig was the 180-proof shine by itself.

DC, having a very educated palate for spirits, smelled the partial shot, which reminded him of sweet vanilla caramel, swirled it around the shot glass to see its line, and sipped it into his mouth. He, like Jake and Walsh before him, was expecting the familiar burn of high-octane alcohol which never came. He tasted the initial wave of white oak which gently gave way to elusive coconut and fruit flavors and swallowed what he would have sworn was water until the heat of his mouth caused vapors to accumulate that let him know when he took a breath that it indeed was not water.

DC got on his phone and called his son, "Hey dad! Did you get a chance to try the shine?"

"Yes, how much do you need, Son. Let's get this done. Call the family lawyer and get a contract written up. Also, check to see if you can pay back taxes on that mountain. If so, you should be able to get the deed at a rock bottom price (pun intended). Let me know where to wire the money when it is all said and done."

"So, you liked it as much as Walsh and I then."

"Best damn shine I have ever tasted, Son. Get on this, it is a gold mine."

Just then, Max leaned over and plopped DC's cock into her mouth and gave him a few sucks. "Tis a bidness doin pleasure wit ya!" she said as she winked after lifting her head to speak before going back down on DC.

In moments, the whole place was alive with the sounds and smells of hot sex.

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When the student chefs got the fish, they immediately filleted them out and meticulously pulled all the Y bones. They then placed the fish into sealed containers of Pineapple juice for thirty minutes. Muskie is a lightly flavored fish, but it is considered an almost 'tough' meat. Pineapple has enzymes that very quickly tenderizes meat but anything over about 30 minutes of marinating will turn any meat to mush.

After the marinating was done the fish was washed really well to stop the process and then placed in bags with 4 tablespoons of key lime juice, 3 tablespoons of melted and clarified butter, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of orange marmalade, 2 teaspoons of horseradish, a teaspoon of garlic powder, a teaspoon of coriander and some Red Beard's roasted jalapeno hot sauce per 2 pounds of fish. This was allowed to sit for another 30 minutes before the fish was cubed and put into bags with a mix of $\frac{3}{4}$ ths flour to $\frac{1}{4}$ th corn starch to coat before being fried in hot peanut oil. After frying salt and pepper were dusted over the fish.

The fish was served with a side cup of orange marmalade and key lime juice mixture.

The fish was accompanied by Cole slaw, jalapeno and corn and onion infused, beer based, fried hush puppies, and a sweet corn and scallion relish over white rice. Dinner was a bit late as the wives and girlfriends of the SEALs who were helping the chefs kept getting kidnapped, along with the willing female student chefs, for quickies and then released on good behavior. Much to the delight of everyone. When the chefs loaded the pontoon boat with the chafing dishes, they left plenty for

the SEALs to raid for their dinner with strict instructions to get some food to the local officers who were still helping with security.

Dinner was served 'Al Fresco' at the pool. The fish was tender, flaky, and had a peppery 'citrus note' flavor profile. The peach schnapps that Max brought was the drink of choice mixed with sweet tea to ensure no one got drunk off their asses. After dinner the entire family applauded the students on their marvelous take on a very tricky fish to cook well.

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After dinner Max joined everyone in the pool and came over to Mom and me. We were talking about how our lives were going. Mom mentioned she had felt more alive this last year than she had in a while. "I never regretted getting out of the Agency in order to raise you, but after you went to college and with dad still active, life was getting a bit boring."

I chuckled, "Yeah, this year has been anything but boring. Mom, coming up on the first-year anniversary of Dad's passing, you may have some depression. Please talk to DD about it should the need arise?"

"Oh baby, I have been," she said as she patted my cheek. Her eyes shifted to an approaching Max and she smiled, "Seems Max has been told and wants a taste."

Max overheard her and smiled, "Yep, Ah been tol yer boy here has a magical cock. Ya min iffing I tap in 'n take this here dance?"

Barbara smiled and winked, "I love your mountain vernacular, it is so cute. And you are such a beautiful woman. I caution you, though. He will ruin you for other men. He has me and most of the others here already."

Max smirked, "That so?" Max looked at me, "When mamma be braggin bout her baby boy's love makin it be time ta take notice. Mind iffing Ah sample them goods?"

Mom gave me a kiss and moved away to give Max access to my front. I asked Max, "You want a long slow burn or hard, fast, furious, and mind blowing?"

Max laughed, "Blow ma mind big boy. Let meh sees whatchagot."

Mom shook her head, "You don't know what you are asking for, Max. You will not want to come back to us."

Max raised an eyebrow but said nothing. My cock had already risen due to mom's closeness so I helped Max lift herself up and she held my cock in her strong yet supple hand, guiding me into her slick pussy.

"Mmmm, Harry, yer cock feels gud but ain't nuttin specIEEEEEHHHH!" Max screamed as I pulsed chi up her spine to her pleasure center. She immediately began breathing quickly and shallowly. Looking deeply into my eyes and cried, "Don't stop!"

I took Max like a man on a mission, slamming her pussy and clit with my pelvis, and as my balls made contact with her butt cheeks I pulsed chi into her. She wanted it hard and heavy... she got hard, heavy, and overwhelming pleasure. After about five strokes Max was whimpering, panting, and drooling as she rode wave after increasing wave of climaxes until her mind rose above it all and watched as her body responded to the pleasure.

When I saw that change in Max I stopped the chi and just pounded away at her pussy until I came. She barely grunted a response as her body was still in severe aftershocks from climaxing so hard for so long. I held her close, my cock still buried inside her as she slowly came around. Her body was shivering and the occasional spasm racked her body.

I whispered in her ear, "Do you now understand my mother's warning?"

Max slowly nodded her head, "Fuck, Ah'm ruined!"

Mom came back with a cup of orange juice and a smile, "I tried to tell you honey."

Max swallowed the juice and placed the cup on the edge of the pool. Looking to mom while she laid her head on my shoulder she said, "Thank ye. Yous right, maw. Ah ain nevah been sent ta that place yer boy sent meh and I di-int wanna come back. Harry, ya could rule tha world wit that cock o yorn."

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Breakfast was served bright and early. I woke up to the smell of freshly ground coffee percolating downstairs. Max and Sue were cuddled into each side of me, each with a leg over and breasts pressed against my sides. I guess I startled both women as they both woke and were smiling like Cheshire cats who stole the cream. My stomach grumbled and both ladies moved to get up so the three of us could bathe before going downstairs.

"Thank ye, Sue. Fer sharin yer man."

Sue winked with a smile, "I'm sure you have realized that one woman cannot hope to keep up with him. I appreciate your help last night."

We walked down to the kitchen just as breakfast came over. Chafing dishes full of Savory Apple-Chicken Sausages made from diced tart apples, poultry seasoning, salt, pepper, and ground chicken formed into thick patties and fried in a mix of butter and peanut oil and Chalah French Toast whose recipe included half-and-half cream, eggs, honey, vanilla extract, ground cinnamon, salt, grated orange zest, cardamom, and day-old challah bread.

Toppings for the toast were available on the side and included butter, maple syrup, fresh berries, whipped cream, and confectioners' sugar. The coffee had a small amount of Max's family's rendition of Bailey's Irish Cream.

Dad said, "We are definitely going to have to give these students some accolades with Mavis and Pet."

I nodded agreement since my mouth was full.

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Izzy smiled, "Okay! Barbara, Leesie, DD, Sue, Cathy, Beth, and Leslie; we need to get Walsh on facetime today to talk about wedding plans. But before that, we need to look at several thematic options for their double wedding and kind of prepare her for the size of the event."

Sue was instantly curious and asked, "Size?"

Izzy smiled, "Well, if both agree of course, with our family influence, this could easily be an international event."

They got Walsh on face time and Barbara asked, "How was your first day on the job?"

Walsh smiled cryptically, "It started with a bang mom! Thank you for asking! Beth? Aren't you supposed to be at Disney?"

Walsh nodded, "Barnie and I were kidnapped, and the family had to come rescue us. Everyone is okay, well, except the gang members that is."

"That thing in Orlando I saw on the news was you all? You HAVE to give me the scoop later!"

Beth and Walsh were excited about the theme ideas. Between Early American Aristocratic, British Colonial, Mayan, and Italian; the ladies agreed upon Early American Aristocratic as the wedding dresses tended to accentuate femininity and the men's outfits were very dapper. Colors for the ladies were agreed to be a reddish peach #EF2632 and Robin's egg blue #1fcec9 for the men. Both the brides and grooms would be dressed in all white.

Beth asked, "Walsh, I would like the women of our family, except for moms as they will be emotional wrecks," she laughed, "To be our bride's maids, that will of course include Penny."

Well we are not going to omit the married ones Walsh began, "Penny, Leslie, Cathy, DD, Pet, Millie, and Mavis. That is seven. So who for groom's men?"

Beth said, "Harry, Doc, both of the SEAL Lieutenants, Marion, Brannigan, and... Peaty!"

Walsh giggled, "Peaty?"

"He is the adorable doorman at the Club. You have to meet him!"

Izzy asked, "May I make a suggestion about the men's clothing?"

Both Beth and Walsh nodded.

"Well, going with your chosen theme, I would suggest a short-fronted tailcoat and fitted waistcoat in your chosen color in fine silk with a plain white linen shirt, tight-fitting silk sandstone pantaloons and black leather Hessian boots with an intricately tied, white linen bow tie. I would also not suggest all white for the grooms, but perhaps a baby blue that will easily match with the robin's egg of the groom's men as well as the reddish peach of the bride's maids and allow the grooms to stand out from the others while mating well with the white of the brides."

Izzy brought up a picture of what she was thinking and both Walsh and Beth got stars in their eyes. "Ohh! Great suggestion, Mom! Let's do that!" they both agreed.

Barbara then added, "We will need to front the bill for these clothes as they will have to be tailored and I know at least some do not have that level of discretionary funds."

Beth agreed, "We need to pay for all the outfits, it isn't fair to require any of them to pay for a 19th century dress or formal wear they will likely never use again."

Leesie then asked, "How large is the room where we will be having the wedding?"

Izzy smiled, "We can have a total of 300 guests."

Walsh got very quiet and DD caught it immediately, "Speak your mind, Walsh. Don't be shy."

"Well, I... I won't have near that many. All I have is family."

Barbara laughed, "Honey, every politician in Washington will be begging for an invitation. 150 will mean we have to be selective."

Beth asked, "Walsh, I think we both know whom we would want to walk us down the isle. Can we share?"

"If you mean Harry, yes."

Beth nodded and smiled.

Izzy then added, "Ladies, both your dresses are on me. Spare no expense. Take your time, get exactly what you want."

Sue chimed in, "Beth and Walsh, would it be okay if Harry and I paid for and got Pet to cater the rehearsal dinner and the reception?"

Walsh was a bit lost, "Who is Pet? Barbara answered, she is the up and coming, premier Chef who won the last State competition and is now teaching an international group of aspiring chefs. She is all the rage on the DC circuit and has had to develop a traveling team to meet all her bookings."

Beth said to Izzy, "Her students are the ones who have been feeding us."

Izzy smiled, "I would love to meet her."

Walsh agreed, "I will go with you on this one, Beth."

Beth nodded, "She will not disappoint."

All we have to do now is set the menu, set a date, pick out the flowers, pick out the champagne and finger foods, pick out the dresses, decide on the flavor of the cakes, set up catering, discuss who to invite, decide on and send out invitations, call someone to set up the venue, work out security issues, and set up several places where invitees can purchase preferred wedding gifts... what am I missing?" asked Leesie.

Cathy laughed, "You forgot about all the psychotherapy everyone will need to deal with this stress!"

DD smiled, "I will be in contact with you both on a regular basis to help with that."

Izzy raised an eyebrow and DD smiled, "Helping people deal with stress is my specialty as a trauma therapist and psychiatrist."

Izzy just shook her head, "This family just gets more impressive every day."

Beth promised to call Walsh so they could share ideas for the dresses and everyone agreed enough had been decided for one day.

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The next morning came early for Jake and Walsh. Jake dressed in his Army Green Service Uniform and Walsh dressed in a white silk top that folded over in front like a short robe ending at her hips

and was tied with her Expert level 5 black belt in the front with the traditional knot. The Krav Maga symbol of a winged sword in black silk on its back. Her pants were a loose cut white silk secured with a drawstring. Her shoes were a set of New Balance Minimus TR BOAs in white and light gray.

Jake drove them in their armored Benz and they were soon on the base and parked beside the administration offices. Jake entered the base commander's office with Walsh in tow and saluted, stating his rank and name and that he was reporting for training. Walsh simply stood to Jake's left and slightly behind, bowing slightly and holding it stating, Sir, I am your new base martial arts instructor. I am a civilian contractor recently attached to Ambassador Harry Walker as security for the Lady Isabella DE Sousa, President of Mexico."

General James 'Hickory' Johnson returned Jake's salute and nodded politely to Walsh, "At ease and please be seated." He smiled at Walsh with a smile that didn't reach his eyes, "So, please explain to me why my current martial arts instructor here on base is suddenly not good enough?"

In that moment, the door opened and Walsh's danger sense lit up. She felt the man above and behind her and she raised her arms up to cover her neck just as the man attempted to wrap up her neck in a choke hold. She leveraged her arms to slip underneath the hold and immediately went to the side in a defensive stance. "If you ever do that again I will instinctively kill you."

Jake looked at the base commander and quietly said, "Sir, with respect, she means it and can do it without breaking a sweat."

The commander said nothing and the current base instructor advanced on Walsh. Walsh didn't back up or say anything. She let him attempt to make contact, stepped out of the way, and did an open slap of his arm, sending the instructor to his knees from the chi enhanced pop that ran up his arm to his neck. Walsh then popped him lightly on his head as he was going down and knocked him unconscious.

She looked at the base commander and asked with a raised eyebrow, "Any more questions or do I actually have to kill this egotistical, dumb-ass?"

"Kill him and you will be brought up on charges."

"Commander, my signed Presidential Immunity Pardon says differently. And, for your information, he will not be the first master of the art I have killed."

Jake was livid, "Commander, you just had a man attack my fiancé in front of me. Might I mention that I, too, am a practitioner of the art and can kill with a touch. And I also have a signed Presidential Pardon."

"Are you threatening me Major?"

"No Sir. I am letting you know the full ramifications of further aggression and the fact we both can walk out of here free and clear after killing anyone who threatens us. Sir."

The commander scoffed, "I will not tolerate insubordination, Major!"

"And I will not tolerate my wife being attacked, General."

General Johnson picked up his phone and dialed the Army Chief of Staff and put him on speaker. After stating who he was he then informed the Joint Chief of what transpired. There was deathly

quiet on the other end of the phone for a moment. Then the quiet question, "Major Craigg, do you wish to press charges against General Johnson?"

Johnson was aghast, "He was insubordinate and you are asking HIM if he wishes to press charges?"

"Yeah, right after you had your man attack a diplomatic attaché to Ambassador Harry Walker."

"Major Craigg? Your answer?"

Craigg raised an eyebrow at the commander and said, "May I keep that under advisement, Sir?"

"Absolutely, Major. Miss Walsh, do you wish to press charges?"

"No, Sir. I pretty much handed his instructor his ass. I think we understand one another pretty well."

"If either of you should wish to commence an investigation just call me directly."

He hung up.

General Johnson asked, "Who the hell are you people!"

Walsh smiled and said, "That is above your pay grade, General. Now, we have reported. Where is my assigned station, Sir? I am anxious about getting my credentials and setting up shop. When your ass is here wakes up, have him come report to me."

"What makes you his superior?"

"SES level 3, Sir. If you need me you know where to find me."

Walsh bowed and Jake saluted after Johnson said, "Dismissed." and they both left his office. Jake went to speak with his class leader and Walsh went to the MP shack to get her credentials squared away.

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Well, the date for the weddings was set for 9 months out as there were quite a few international heads of state who would need the lead time to make it. Walsh and Beth were helped with the guest lists and, as Mom mentioned, they had to pare down the list a bit to meet the 300 person limit. It wasn't just the leaders of Spain, France, England, Germany, Italy, and the other 27 NATO countries; but their entourages as well. Each leader was given 6 total invitations with the understanding some would not be able to attend.

In addition to family, a dozen aspiring Governors along with the Vice President, the Speaker of the House, the minority whips, and two dozen each of the influential members of the U.S. House and Senate along with all nine Justices of the Supreme Court and the Joint Chiefs and all their significant others.

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Wednesday morning came and we all were messing around the kitchen when Beth was looking out of the sink window and gasped, "There is a naked oriental woman kneeling beside the pool!"

Knowing the level of security we had, I scoffed but looked outside. To my amazement there was a woman sitting on her knees on a towel with her clothing carefully folded beside her. She had her

head bowed and was waiting patiently for someone to notice her.

Branigan and Dad got on their phones calling their details and asking if they knew about her. They did not. About three minutes later half of the details were surrounding the pool with weapons at low ready.

"DD, I would like for you to sit behind me and to the side so you can observe, I need your insight."

DD responded, "Okay, but keep your guard up. She is a very skilled assassin if she got past our security."

I asked, "Would you agree that she has another agenda, given she did not attack during the night?"

"Likely but not absolutely. It may be an honor killing in which case she would wait for you to approach and challenge you."

I slowly opened the sliding glass door and approached the woman and sat down with crossed legs in front of her with about six feet between us. She had long, silky black hair down to her waist and she had a very fit, athletic build with tight C cup breasts. Her skin was unmarked, fingernails and toenails painted, but no makeup.

"Do you speak English?"

She bowed lower, "Yes, Sensei, I speak English and 9 other languages."

I nodded slightly, "Sit up and face me please. I wish to see your face as you tell me your story."

The young woman slowly sat upright and took on a proud bearing before looking at me.

It was obvious she was Chinese, her position now showing she had a shaved mound, runners legs, and from what I could see, a very defined bottom. Her long delicate fingers were placed palms up on her thighs and she looked at me with a set of absolutely gorgeous emerald green eyes.

"Sensei, as you will have already determined, I am a skilled martial artist like my uncle whom you killed in Switzerland."

With that statement I brought up my chi to full.

"I was going to take you out for killing my uncle who was my only family. But while investigating his death I came to realize my uncle supported the wrong power faction and was actually an evil person. Being alone and not wanting to walk in his steps, I decided to come and ask you to take me into your family. I know it is not an American custom, but it is a Chinese one. And, my research led me to believe you might accept me and my services."

I nodded, "I am listening."

"Sensei, while my fighting skills were better than my Uncle's, my chi is not as powerful as my Uncle's was but I have greater control than he did. I am able to use all weapons. I am able, as you now know, to move in the shadows, and as you can see, I have developed my own camouflage which lets me get close without being seen. I am trained in the Geisha tradition, and can read, speak, and write in 9 NATO based languages."

"I am mentally gifted with an Intelligence level of 145 on your scale and I love to write poetry."

"In exchange for being allowed to join your family, I will gladly defend the clan with my life, Sensei."

"What is your name?"

"I am called Xiulan (pronounced shulahn with the soft sh spoken starting in the back of the throat)."

"Well, Xiulan, I am aware of this tradition of which you speak. However: I am also aware of the treachery that can come from such an arrangement. How can you convince me your intentions are honorable?"

Xiulan slowly reached over to her clothing and lifted a white crayon, "Great Master, if you will look on the left post of every bed in this house you will find a white X on the headboard. If I were wanting revenge or motivated for vendetta, you would all be dead."

DD then got up and said, "I will be right back."

I looked to Xiulan and asked, "What are your dreams if I allow you to join the clan and become family?"

Xiulan's stoic demeanor almost cracked at that point, "To be an accepted member of a great family would be enough. However, If Sensei were to recognize Xiulan's contribution to the family at some later date, she would beg for a child of her own. Xiulan wishes... no, she needs to be accepted as part of a family and to continue her line. Xiulan is very lonely, Sensei."

DD returned, a little shocked, "It was on all of them."

I nodded, "You have proven your skill and that you are not out for vengeance. Now my only worry is you are a spy."

"Great Sensei, if Xiulan were to become mèi (younger sister) to Master's qīzi (wife) Xiulan would become part of the Clan and her allegiances would follow, in accordance with ancient custom."

"Am I correct in my thinking that would mean you would be something of a minor wife?" I asked.

"Xiulan is embarrassed to suggest this, Sensei, but it is the only way she knows how to prove her allegiance to the family. Xiulan understands if Sensei rejects her offer."

DC had been standing at the door and heard the conversation. He was keenly interested in Harry's response. It would either reinforce his perception of Harry's character or seriously undermine it.

"DD, I need Sue out here, please."

DD got up and went inside to let Sue know Harry needed her. When Sue arrived she did not sit. Xiulan immediately noted her pregnancy and prostrated herself before Sue. "Honey, we have a situation."

After explaining all the ins and outs of it, Sue responded, "She did not harm us when she could have. She is willing to be a minor wife to prove her fidelity. If she will commit to being a bodyguard and teacher to our child, I will counsel we make it happen."

"But Xiulan. No more prostrating yourself. You show your family membership and fidelity by your daily actions. Can you do that?"

Xiulan sat back up, large tears rolling down her face. In an emotionally broken statement she replied, "You are a great and wise qīzi. Xiulan will be a faithful mèi."

"Do you wish for a traditional wedding, Xiulan?"

"Sensei, Xiulan has no family to offer the proper dowry or engage in the proper customs. It seems presumptive in that light. If Sensei were to merely accept Xiulan as his qīzi and allow her to be mèi (younger sister) to Master's first wife, Xiulan would agree she is properly married in the eyes of Bixia, the Chinese goddess of fertility and guardian of children and mothers."

I had released my Chi during the conversation and I stood, giving my hand to Xiulan for her to also stand. "Xiulan, before Bixia, I call you qīzi and mèi (younger sister) to Susan. Your name is now Xiulan Walker. You are the graceful and pretty Orchid flower who has moved to happiness with her new family."

I slowly enveloped a crying Xiulan in my arms and softly raised her chin to kiss her in a soft, sensuous, yet ardent kiss. I then escorted her to our bed. Going through the house, every woman had a tear and a smile on her face. DC had an unusual expression of pride, nodding his approval. Sue gathered Xiulan's clothing and walked behind us into the bedroom and set her things on the dresser. "Oh! Younger sister, Xiulan should not have let older sister attend to her clothing. Xiulan is so embarrassed!"

Sue put her hands on Xiulan's shoulders and smiled, "Xiulan, call me Sue. In this clan, we serve one another. It is our way." Sue gave Xiulan a kiss on her forehead and turned to me to undress me. As she did so, Sue explained, "Xiulan, husband uses his Chi to enhance your sensual pleasure and he is very adept at it. You should let go of your Chi so as not to experience any rebound. You must trust him and me in this and do not fight his Chi. He will not hurt you. Do you understand?"

"Xiulan understands and is familiar, though she has never had the opportunity as she is a virgin. Xiulan's maiden head has been torn, though, through years of demanding martial arts training. Xiulan prays husband will not be ashamed or doubt Xiulan in this."

Sue bent down as she released my cock from my pants and underwear. I was hard as a 10 penny nail. Xiulan gasped, "Husband is very well endowed in comparison to the men she has seen in bath houses."

I led Xiulan into the shower Sue had started for us and I began to hold her close while caressing her back. The heat of my cock rested on her tummy as the heat of her sex warmed the front of my balls. I began with soft, feathery kisses all over her face before moving to her neck. There I located her erogenous zone below each ear and gently nuzzled them.

Xi's breath quickened and her body began to shake in anticipation of our marriage bed. I turned her around and began to wash her hair with gentle rubs and caresses. Her jet black hair was luxurious. I made sure to use plenty of Sue's high end conditioner and let it soak in while I began to wash her back with soap and my bare hands, lightly scratching and massaging her back to get her clean.

Xi had to move her hair to one side and over her shoulder for me. When I got to her dimples of Venus I moved down to her cheeks. When I moved her hands so she would hold open her cheeks she gasped as I washed her inner cheeks and dark rose. She leaned her forehead against the tile wall for support.

Xi's breathing was coming hard and fast as I rinsed and kissed and licked her rose eliciting a feminine squeak from her.

I ran my soapy hands and fingernails over Xi's thighs and shins before turning her around to face me. I then gently rubbed her face with my fingertips, cleaning her with my soapy ministrations before moving down to her neck, shoulders, arms, and breasts.

Xi's nipples were small in diameter but protruded half an inch from her areola. I made sure to wash her breasts, my hands slick with soap. I used my fingertips to clean her nipples and I am convinced Xi had a small orgasm from it.

I held her nipples between my thumb and finger as I gently pulled her too me for a searing kiss. During the kiss I loosed a small amount of chi through her nipples and Xi jumped and then deepened the kiss as I continued to let my chi flow through her nipples and up her spine. Soon her whole body was shaking and she was having trouble standing so I had her sit down as I rinsed her hair and finished bathing myself.

I had fun drying her hair. It took 5 extra fluffy towels. I then sat Xi in front of the vanity where Sue gently brushed her hair while I finished drying off. Sue and the other ladies had looked up the traditional wedding bed and had changed the sheets and comforter into a nice, red, patterned ensemble and had placed fruits and nuts in pretty patterns on the bed. Oranges, red dates, pomegranate seeds, peanuts, and ripe persimmons.

The thoughtfulness overwhelmed Xi, knowing the blessings the family was bestowing upon her with their efforts. I didn't remove the items on the bed but I did move the fruits to the sides of the bed and lay down on top of the other things, realizing there was symbology there for her due to her reaction. After fully drying and brushing her hair, Sue braided it so she would not get tangled up in it during sex.

When done, Xi thanked Sue and gave her a sensual kiss on her lips. She whispered in Sue's ear, "I would be most honored to have Husbands pregnant senior wife lay with us on our wedding bed."

Sue smiled, realizing her being pregnant held good omens for Xi, "I would love to."

Xi straddled me and then began to lower herself with Sue guiding my cock, for more good luck. I made sure the first touch was chi laden for her as she leaned over and looked deeply into my eyes as her mouth stayed open in perpetual shock as she slowly but relentlessly lowered her liquid sex around mine.

It took all of her discipline to stay with me but she managed. Her rock hard nipples scraping across my chest as she did the sexual dance below. After cumming several times, Sue realized she was close to passing out and reached between our legs to cup and play with my balls with one hand while using two fingers to rub between her inner and outer labia with the other. "Cum husband, fill your devoted wife with your potent baby seeds. Fill her belly and make her your devoted, childbearing wife."

Sue knew my buttons and soon I was cumming for all I was worth. I had sunk deep into Xi and held her there as my baby cream shot out and soaked her cervix. As I came, I let flow enough chi to send her to nirvana as she also came. She felt the warmth of my seed inside her as she fainted away in total bliss.