

The British Ambassador's Secretary in Libya Part II

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Lady Patricia bounced, she bobbed, and used her hands to spread her cheeks for the third Marine.

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THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S SECRETARY IN LIBYA - PART II

Just when Lady Patricia thought things had quieted down after the chaotic change of government, Sir Anthony called a meeting of all department heads in the “secure” room. He advised them that under NATO protocol he would be assisting the Americans in “tidying up” the surface to air missile problem that seemed to be occupying their minds full-time.

Both he and his special assistant Harry Reed accompanied by his personal secretary Lady Prendergast would all be jaunting up to Bengasi to grease the skids of transfer of the SAMs from the rebels to the Turkish government. God knows why they still trusted the Turks considering the way they stabbed them in the back over the dreadful Iraq episode and stranded an entire division for months. Not that they deserved anything less after ignoring the whole Kurdish thing for decades.

Sir Anthony had arranged for transport from a coastal town on a ship out of Cyprus with a greedy Captain with little or no scruples.

Patricia saw some of the “old hands” eyeing each other with the “look” that meant there was more here than actually was stated at face value. The last time she felt such negativity was in Cairo just before everything fell apart and she had escaped with her dignity barely intact.

She didn't much care for the American diplomatic types anymore with the possible exception of the always fit Marines at each embassy. Some of the lads right here in Tripoli looked quite stunning but

she had only just arrived. She heard Harry tell Sir Anthony that security was sorely lacking in the Bengasi area for the entire diplomatic corps. She remembered at the back of her mind that the Marine security detachment did not extend to Bengasi because the newly instituted government (if one could call it that) frowned at foreign armed guards. Most especially those with a history of invading their country were not wanted outside of the diplomatic section of Tripoli.

Both she and Harry made their way to the top floor communication room and she was quickly on her knees attending to his neglected cock with her unique and effective skills. Soon he was grunting like constipated old man and pulled her head in close to drain his long hard shaft in quivering spurts deep inside her mouth.

She tidied up her face and lips and said,

“That is going to have to hold you for a while, I’m afraid, this little trip is not ideal for dilly dallying around and you have to be on your toes at all times in service of the Queen.”

Her words were later borne out by the tragic circumstances of Sir Anthony barely escaping an assassination attempt and the elimination of the American presence in Bengasi as well. Harry had filled her in on the CIA annex which was supposed to be very hush-hush, but it seemed that even the kitchen staff was well aware of it. It did seem strange that such an outpost was established almost in a “behind enemy lines” position. Especially, when everyone was in full agreement that the “Locals” were incapable of defending the diplomatic corps. The press people were in a different situation because they had plenty of funds to buy temporary safety of a sort.

Safely ensconced back in the Embassy in Tripoli, Patricia was sad to see Harry head out to Cyprus to shepherd the SAMs to the final destination. He later told her they “lost” part of the shipment with 3 truckloads heading to the Syrian border but the bulk of the shipment was turned over safely to the Turks. With Harry missing from her bed, Patricia decided to cheer up Sir Anthony and visited him in his quarters with a bottle of bubbly to celebrate his escape from a nasty incident.

Just as she hoped, the ambassador needed to reassert his manhood and mounted her with a determined air and new-found confidence. She opened up for him and voiced all those words that instilled in him the belief he was a stud of the first order.

He confided in her that he was well acquainted with both her father and the Colonel and they had all shared stories of her bottomless need for cock and firm discipline. Patricia had to giggle because he said it with such a humorless visage that she had to laugh at her own weaknesses.

After that, and several glasses of the excellent French champagne, he proceeded to bind her wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed and delivered a severe paddling to her proud buttocks. She was squirming in a puddle of her own female juices begging him to continue and give it to her “good and hard.”

The long lean mature man hopped onto the bed and lowered his rampant cock to her slightly raised

pussy. His entrance was swift and sure and she soon was humming a tune of feminine desire that threatened to consume her entire body in repeated orgasms. He pulled out and moved to her head to insert his dripping cock into her waiting mouth. She slurped his lovely cock tasting of her juices with gusto and exhibited wanton and total disregard for her loss of dignity.

The ambassador's cock was starting to get deeper into her throat when the red phone on the side table rang with insistent authority. The older man did not miss a beat in stroking her throat with his cock or bouncing his hanging ball sacs against her chin.

"Ambassador Tremaine here!"

He held her by the back of her head and pressed her mouth closer to his heated groin.

"Yes, dear, everything is just fine. I assure you I am not in a "rather tight" spot any longer. In fact, I am relaxing in my quarters taking care of some overdue business."

He kept his cock deep in his secretary's mouth and at the same time began to shove 2 of his fingers very rudely into her pulsating brown eye. Patricia loved the feel of his controlling fingers taking possession of her proud posterior whilst he conversed with his overly snobbish spouse.

"In fact, I am ready to conclude my business and deliver the package right now!"

The gushing flood of male liquid ran down Patricia's throat almost gagging her but she swallowed as fast as she could just as the Colonel had taught her.

"Well, dear, now that you mention it, I am about to go into a new phase of my program here and hope to see results very soon."

The ambassador pulled out his fast moving fingers and replaced them with the head of his demanding cock. Patricia gasped at the effrontery and struggled to accommodate the thick cock of the handsome mature man with ease and grace. After he was fully seated inside her bottom, she started to milk his cock with the practiced skills learned attending to her own father's needs.

He pounded her so hard that she was panting with repressed emotions. She hoped he would shoot his creamy cum deep inside her but just before he came the ambassador pulled out and shot his load right onto her submissive face covering it with lines of white sticky liquid.

"Goodbye now, love, be sure to give my regards to your mother."

Patricia looked up silently at the ambassador with her face covered in his creamy cum and asked,

"Is there anything more you will be needing, this evening, Mr. Ambassador?"

She moved down the hall quickly after pulling her skirt down to a decent level. The cum still inside her

pussy, her bottom, and even her mouth clung to her like sticky jam difficult to discard. There were still traces of the white stuff on her face and streaked into her long black hair. It was definitely time for a nice hot shower.

The next night at the Marine bar, she put down several glasses of a nice white wine and made some new friends with the young warriors with pussy hungry eyes. She totally avoided a couple of the CIA types that reminded her of hawks searching for prey. It was that period of time after a stressful incident that the diplomatic corps hunkered down in cloistered isolation. There would be no "trips to the market place" for quite some time. She decided to go with 3 of the marines to see their new exercise room installed at the expense of the generous State Department.

The very first thing Patricia noticed was that all of the walls were actually mirrors. She thought that it was indeed a very erotic looking place for exercise. Her mind was focused more on the display of sexual equipment rather than on the development of muscle groups.

One of the marines, a young man from an odd sounding place called "Truth or Consequences, New Mexico" stretched out on a long leather bench and started to press up a weight of serious bulk. He asked her to "sit" on his knees to help him get leverage and she did so with alacrity. It was necessary to hike up her party dress exposing her French panties and the nylons the ambassador had given her for "behind the closed door" dictation. The other two marines were focused on the dark matted hair under the silk visible through the sheer material. They were almost licking their lips with the possibility of getting some classy pussy.

Sitting on the muscular sweaty legs, Patricia did not feel particularly ladylike. In fact, she felt downright horny wanted to sample the staying power of all three of the young marines. She did not feel in the least bit like a "cougar" since she was only about a dozen years older but with a lot more sexual expertise in deviant practices. Her ass bounced up and down on the marine's legs and when he stopped, she bent forward and gave him a wet sloppy kiss as a reward. One thing led to another and before she even realized it, she was being poked in her pussy by the reclining marine and found her mouth taken by the ginger haired short one with the terribly huge cock. Just when she was getting adjusted to the dual assault on her person, the third marine a tall ebony skinned sergeant slowly fit his knobbed cock in her ass crack for some up close and personal ass training.

She bounced, she bobbed, and now she was using her own hands to spread her cheeks wide to make the rear entry of the third marine even deeper. Lady Patricia had not been so fully probed since the fun trip to Venice with Harry and the marines. She was so jealous of her paramour Harry pounding the Canadian slut on the other side of the thin Hotel Casanova walls that she had taken on the trio of horny marines in a fit of spite to get back at the insufferable man. Now, she was re-visiting that frenzied experience with similar perverted passions.

Early the next morning, she received a text message from Harry Reed to expect a transfer to the embassy in Athens. When the orders arrived as announced an hour later, she was already packed and ready to depart the Tripoli assignment without a backward look. It didn't look like things would be getting any better in the troubled country any time soon and the prospect of dreary months of

inactivity was all too boring to even contemplate.

Perhaps the shopping and sightseeing in Greece would be just the thing she needed right now.