

STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 20

Rusthemod

The Honeymoon!

Incest/Taboo

4.7

7.8k words

Early Tuesday morning I awoke to Sue sleeping with her arm and leg draped over me in bed. Her breasts were nuzzled into my side and her head lay on my shoulder. I could feel the heat of her sex on my upper thigh which promptly gave me morning wood.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, This is your Captain speaking. I wanted you to know that breakfast will be served a bit late this morning to give everyone some time to sleep in. Please make your way to the rear of the second deck in two hours time as breakfast will be served Al-Fresco. Clothing is optional."

The announcement caused Sue to stretch and then snuggle into my side. "Mmmornin." was all she said.

"Prepare to be ravaged, my sister/wife! You sultry seductress! You siren of sensuality! You...."

Sue gave me a love slap on my cheek, "You talk too much. Get to work, He-Man."

I gave Sue a deep kiss followed by lots and lots of butterfly kisses on her face and neck, paying particular attention to that sensual spot under her ears. I then moved down her neck to her chest and gently licked and kissed all around her breasts before softly nipping with my lips on her areola.

My hand lightly rubbed her tummy as I pulled each nipple into my mouth to lathe it with my tongue before softly biting it as it pulled from my lips. Sue's nipples, something I really enjoy playing with, were hard as rocks.

I moved to her side and massaged her breasts with one hand while the other played with the soft skin of her inner thighs, moving up to but not touching her lips. I softly kissed her tummy, breathing hot breaths over her skin as my lips traced loving lines over her body.

I positioned myself between her thighs and lifted them up so I might feast upon them; leaving a trail of soft bites and kisses and licks down each inner thigh. I could feel the heat of her sex on my face as I softly licked the skin between her outer lips and thigh. Slowly moving in from each side I eventually began licking the edges of her lips. The inner set was swollen and just barely peaking between the outer set. She was very wet.

I just lightly licked the edges of both sets of lips, pushing out just a tiny bit of my Chi and the result was electric. Sue's clit immediately popped out from between her lips, begging for attention and when I licked it, she began to immediately grab sheets and loudly announce she was cumming. "Yes, Harry! Lick your woman's pussy! Make me cum all over your face! Unnnha! Fuck! Fuck! Yesss! Fuck!" she shouted as her body and brain spasmed through her climax.

In a deep, guttural voice she croaked, "Fuck me now! Take me! Now!"

I wasted no time lining up and plunging into her. She was hot. She was slick. She was a wanton slut. She was my wife. She was my sister. I took her in long, deep, powerful strokes; pushing Chi into her sex as I fucked this goddess of love for all I was worth. The wet sounds of our lovemaking filled the cabin as I claimed my sister for the whole Yacht to hear.

As I grunted with each plunge up to my balls, Sue cried out, "Yess! Fuck your woman like the beast you are! Take your pussy my love! Your cock feels so big! It is so hot! It feels so good as you claim your woman's pussy! Fuck I'm cummmmmmmiiinnng! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Sue's groin moved upwards to meet my slamming cock. My balls bouncing off of her ass cheeks. Her cum coating everything down there and filling the room with her sexual scent.

Sue began to whimper as I took her. "Yes baby, make your woman cum again, I am so close! Your cock is electric! Yess, BABY! YESSSS!" she cried as she gurgled through another climax.

My cock began to swell and my balls began to retract, a hot wave moved up my spine and my vision went white as I started to cum. My first spurt was so strong it made Sue jump and as the warmth began to spread she came again as I pumped my seed deep into her. We were both gasping for breath and unable to speak. When my balls emptied they still didn't stop pumping as they dry heaved inside my sister's cunnie.

I still had enough wits about me to hold most of my weight off of her while still making contact. I rested my cock inside her as we both had intermittent spasms for another minute or so.

Finally, Sue looked me in the eye, "Holy freaking cow, Harry! No wonder all four women were worn out night before last!

"Con, Sonar."

"Sonar, this is COB (chief of the boat) what'ch got?"

"COB, you may want to come hear this."

COB walked over to the Sonar room just off the Con and stuck his head in. The Sonar operator handed him a set of headphones which he donned.

Among the sea noises he could clearly hear a woman yelling, "Yess! Fuck your woman like the beast you are! Take your pussy my love! Your cock feels so big! It is so hot! It feels so good as you claim your woman's pussy! Fuck I'm cummmmmmmiiinnng! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

COB laughed his ass off, "Damn! That woman is going to scare off all the fish for a hundred miles!"

Sonar replied with a shit eating grin on his face, "Good thing we are dragging the long range sonar array, no way would I be able to hear an enemy sub with all that noise in the water!"

Just at that moment a red warning light flashed signaling an underwater contact. COB's face went serious and he quickly moved to inform the Captain from the Con.

"Captain, Con: you said you wanted to be advised upon any under water contact."

"I will be right there!"

Upon entering the Con, the Captain said, "Captain has the con!" COB announced, "Captain has the Con!"

The Captain ran to the Sonar room and stood in the hatchway as Sonar evaluated the contact. The computer chewed on the data and printed out a report which Sonar handed to the Captain, "We have a Type 093B Shang-III class Chinese sub approaching the Yacht, Sir!"

The Captain yelled back into the Con, "Reduce speed to one quarter! Quick Quiet!"

"Speed one quarter, quick quiet Aye, Sir!"

Captain Bill Barnikie, affectionately called Barnacle Bill by the crew, turned and spoke to the crew in the Con. "Rig for red, inform the boat we are at battle stations. Inform the front torpedo room to light up the fish and slowly open outer doors. Have the aft torpedo room load Mark 50's and stand by with countermeasures."

The XO quietly responded and spread the word as the lights in the sub went from white to red.

Captain Barnikie then turned back to Sonar, "You have bearing and range yet?"

"Coming in now, Sir. The Sub is bearing 210 degrees relative and is at 25,000 yards. If we stop dead in the water they will pass across our Port Bow at approximately 900 yards, Sir."

"Any indication they know we are here?"

"No Sir, she is operating as if she doesn't know, Sir."

Barnacle Bill smiled and spoke quietly into the Con, "All stop." Turning back to face sonar he whispered, "Bring us in behind her Jimmy, nice and quiet. If you hear her opening her outer doors let me know immediately. Reel in the sonar, we need to be ready for evasive maneuvers."

"Aye, Cap'n. We really going to sink her, Sir?"

"If she gets stupid, those are our orders, yes."

Jimmy nodded, realizing the fat was in the fire.

The Captain returned to the Con and contacted the Aft torpedo room, "Aft torpedo room, this is the Captain, those 50's loaded yet?"

"Aye Captain, locking in the last one now."

"Fire control, open the outer doors on the Aft tubes one and two and soft launch the torpedoes. Have them move slowly to a point 500 yards off our port side and remain on wire guidance."

"Activate the photonic masts, I want to get a look at them if possible."

The masts were pointed in the right direction from data the sonar had provided and the Captain watched the screen. Nothing showed up initially, but eventually the Chinese sub came into view as they approached. Bill took copious amounts of pictures. 20 very tense minutes flew by when Jimmy came over the radio.

"Con! Sonar! She is opening her outer doors, Sir! She is preparing to fire torpedoes at the Yacht!" And soon after: "Con! Sonar! Two torpedoes in the water, Sir!"

"Fire Control! Go active on the 50's! Launch forward tubes one and two and have them move ahead to 500 yards then turn to relative bearing 250 and go active! Launch forward tubes three and four and move them ahead to 400 yards. Have them go active and take out those fish!"

"50's are tracking Sir! Ten seconds to impact!"

"Sir, one 50 went for the countermeasure the other will hit in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1." There was a rumble as the torpedo struck and then two more rumbles as the LW's hit. A few seconds later there was one, then a second rumble as the second set of LW's took out the torpedoes.

"Sonar, Con: Verify both torpedoes are dead and check on the Shang! Reload all tubes! Bill looked at the photonic mast display and visually verified the damage to the Sub. The 50 had hit the starboard side aft and taken out their propulsion. The two LW's went to either side and detonated just past the nose of the sub and basically split the pressure hull down the middle from the bow to the sail.

Bill was still taking pictures when, "Con, Sonar; the boat is dead in the water and sinking fast. Both the LW's on CAS hit their targets and the enemy torpedoes are disabled. The Yacht is safe."

"Sonar, Con; give me active pings all around, I want to know what else may be out there: not like they don't know we are here now, I don't want any surprises."

"Active pings, Eye Sir!"

"Diving Officer, get us back down under the thermal layer and give me all ahead full. Track to the west side of the Yacht."

"Con, Sonar; reporting seas are clear, Sir! However, the Yacht is turning to intercept."

Bill sighed. "Very well. Diving Officer, belay that order and surf ship."

"Surf ship, Aye Sir."

"XO, send an AAR to COMSUBLANT with all the recorded data over the Sat link, emergency burst transmission."

"Aye Captain, want to see it first?"

"Negative, you know your shit XO, get her done."

"Aye Captain, I will send a copy to your room."

"Very well."

Barnacle Bill then addressed the crew, "My fellow sailors, we have just been victorious in defending innocent Americans from a determined aggressor. They fired first, we fired last. They are dead and our charges are safe. I wish to commend you all on a stellar performance. COB will be putting out a schedule for Hollywood showers for the entire crew. Well done! We are sending a Sit-Rep to COMSUBLANT and are awaiting further orders. Walk proud sailors, you got your dicks wet and lived to tell the tale."

The family and the Captain had all gathered aft on the second deck to enjoy Mimosas and fresh fruit as appetizers before the main breakfast was brought when we felt the Yacht shudder. The Captain was alarmed when we felt another stronger shudder and a moment later two smaller shudders in quick succession. The Captain was on his radio asking what the problem was when we all watched a plume of water rise up from the ocean.

The Captain gave orders to circle around and prepare a skiff. Breakfast came and we wolfed down some rather excellent Belgian Waffles and thick cut smoked bacon topped with a very nice blended coffee. "Stew, make a large insulated carafe of that coffee and bring up a couple of hot cups for me as well as a 3 pound bag of fresh grounds please."

Dad looked at the Captain and said, "You know what that has to be, yes?"

"Yes, and the good guys won or we would be sunk. Maritime law requires we look for survivors, but that would be unlikely."

Dad spoke up, "Let me go with you, I might be able to get more information."

The Captain laughed, "Not unless you get some clothes on first."

We all laughed.

When we got to the place the flotsam was coming up a Virginia Class submarine surfaced beside us. The Captain of our Yacht, Dad, Myself and Doc went over on a skiff. We stopped short and the Captain asked for permission to come aboard. A man atop the sail hollered back, "Permission granted!"

A sailor grabbed a line and another threw over a short net so we could climb onto the hull. The Captain came down from the Sail and introduced himself, "Bill Barnikie, Captain of the New Jersey."

"Captain Barnes, Sir. Happy to see you boys here. Seems quite the coincidence but it seems you fella's saved our bacon."

Captain Barnikie smiled but didn't say anything, unsure what information he could share. Dad broke the ice, "Coffee Captain?"

"Always up for a good cup of Joe, thank you." Dad handed him a cup and I poured the coffee.

Dad reached into his pocket and pulled out his credentials, "Have your boys run a check, you will find I and the family are cleared for any information you might have."

Captain Barnikie nodded to a Sailor who got on a radio to relay the particulars. Needless to say, it came back positive and Captain Barnikie explained everything. "We are still tasked with shadowing you. We only surfaced to say hello, send a report, and get further orders. Can you explain why I just sunk and killed a top of the line Chinese attack sub?"

Dad grabbed a cup of coffee and he, Captain Barnikie, and I walked a ways from the Sailors where Dad gave him a full sitrep of the situation with a kind reminder it was ears only. Both Captains enjoyed their coffee and radioed their lookouts to see if anyone saw any survivors. With none seen, we bid our goodbyes.

Captain Barnikie smiled, "Um, mind leaving that coffee?"

Captain Barnes smiled, "I also have three pounds of freshly ground for you Captain," and he handed over a Ziploc bag.

Captain Barnikie grinned again, "I really like you!" We all had another laugh as we left the sub and it was at that point I noticed all the women were still nude, on the top deck, waving at the sailors, boobs just a swaying with their enthusiasm.

The crew stowed the skiff and we got underway. Captain called the XO on the Bridge, "Keep it under 20 knots XO we don't want to lose our escort."

"How fast will she move?" I asked.

"Our max is 70 knots but we can cruise easily at 40. We have two main gas turbines and two auxiliary. At 30 knots we can run off of one of the mains and rest the others. Problem is, I don't know their Max speed or their max stealthy speed."

I was impressed. A 200 plus foot Yacht that can move that fast is unheard of. "Those speeds don't do a number on the structure of the ship?"

"No. Reason being is we are basically a flying wing at those speeds and we are flying across the surface of the water rather than plowing through. Our 100 foot wide stance keeps us well balanced since we have only about 4 inches in the water on the hulls which are specially made to have an air cavity cushion under them to drastically reduce surface friction."

Well, The ladies all stayed on the top deck and called us all up, along with any crew who could attend. The rule was no clothing allowed. When we got up there it seems a large, 15 person Jacuzzi was quickly filling and we all jumped in, along with some more of the crew.

With all the tits, ass, shaved pussy, and hard cocks, things quickly got--'under way'. DD whispered a number to each woman and Leesie whispered a number to each man in the Jacuzzi and that is how we paired up.

"Hello, Harry, I am Anise," she said as she turned her back to me and promptly slid my cock into her well lubed pussy.

I leaned her back so I could enjoy rubbing her breasts, tummy, and clit as we had gentle sex. I did push some Chi into her pussy through my cock and it seemed to have an immediate effect.

"Oh fuck, Harry! What are you doing to me?" Anise squealed as she began to use her tummy muscles to move up and down on me.

"Anise, what job do you do on the ship?"

"I am the helmsman for when we get underway and going into port. I am also the First Mate of the ship and do all the scheduling. The ship has an extremely high level of automation but the Captain prefers a 'hands on' approach when in proximity to other surface craft or shallow berths."

"Well thank you very much for taking care of us on our honeymoons."

Anise laid her head on my shoulder and groaned as I fondled her and slowly took her sex, "Hnnnha, I now understand why your wife was screaming her head off in your cabin this morning, your cock is magical!"

I reached down and softly rubbed Anise's clit as it throbbed between her lips and soon she was groaning out her climax for all in the tub to hear. Mom had two of the male stews sucking on her tits and plugging her ass and pussy while DD grabbed the Captain and was giving him a vigorous fuck, her nipples being held to his mouth to suck. Marion had snagged our Chef for the cruise while Dad was busy bugging the XO. Doc was paired with one of the Stews and a fun orgy was had by all.

All in all, it was a proper orgy, and when one woman came, another took her place. I think, before it was all over with, everyone on the ship had gotten laid that morning...which really broke the ice between us and the crew. It was a no clothes worn cruise after that moment.

After the fun, I walked over to the area designated for physical fitness and found a Force USA G20 all in one gym and a Nordic Track T 9.5 S Treadmill. Dad, Marion, and I took turns on the equipment and we did a combination cardio, endurance, and upper body workout. We agreed to do a second cardio and endurance set that afternoon along with a lower body workout.

All of us men in the family had taken our pills and we even shared some with the male crew. By the end of the day, everyone had as much sex as they ever wanted. I walked onto the Bridge and had my way with the women there as they stood watch. It was fun taking the helmsman in her ass as she held onto the ship's wheel for all she was worth.

I walked onto the Bridge of the Yacht and smiled at the naked women there. There was a lady working some nautical maps, tracing our course and working out the mathematics of our position before double checking it with the ship's systems. She had a very nice, tight and athletic ass paired with long legs and red hair. The runway strip above her lower lips giving evidence she was a true red head.

Her skin was very light with an abundance of freckles on her face and chest. Her breasts were a smallish C cup and they stood proud, only lightly jiggling as she moved about the Bridge. Her nipples are what really caught my eye, though. The areola were at least two inches across, very dark, and were puffed up like the tops of freshly baked muffins. The nipples themselves grew as she caught me checking her out and were the size of half cherries.

"Hello Harry," She said. What brings you to the Bridge?"

"I heard there was a natural red head who really enjoyed her sensuality and I thought I might try my luck." I unabashedly replied, "But you seem to have me at a name disadvantage?"

"The name is Red," she laughed. "Well I will say, between your wife's vocals this morning added to Angie's report of your magic cock, I was actually hoping you would 'come' by," she smiled with a wink while she sat in the Captain's chair as she invitingly lifted and spread her legs.

I walked up between them and softly rubbed her inner thighs and outer lips with the backs of my fingers. Her pussy was wet, hot, and very open in anticipation. I slipped my middle finger inside her all the way and it glided in without resistance to her encouraging moan. I pulled out that finger and began to rub her dark rose with it as she looked into my eyes with a smile and raised eyebrow.

I slipped my well lubed finger into her ass and sunk my thumb into her pussy and began rocking my hand back and forth inside her as I leaned in to suck on her absolutely gorgeous breasts.

Red bit her lower lip before moaning, "Oh, you are a naughty boy aren't you!" She then placed her hand on the back of my head and directed me to service each of her nipples several times while my

other hand found and lightly massaged her very wet clit. Her outer lips never really closed as her inner lips were long and silky. I felt them gently clinging to my thumb as it gently rocked in and out of her pussy.

Red's nipples were very sensitive and she kept my mouth moving between them. Soon, she was bucking in the chair as her climax approached. She looked me in the eyes and begged, "Please, Harry. Please don't stop what you are doing. I am going to cum for you. I am going to soak your hand with my cum. Grab your cock and lube it with my cum and take my pussy! Use it like you stole it!"

With that, Red's eyelids and body shuddered as she came on my hand. She was a squirter. I gently pulled my finger from her ass and cupped her cum in the palm of my hand as I whetted my now hard cock. I stepped up, aligned my cock at the entrance to her cunnie, and slammed home up to my balls.

Red cried out in pleasure and wrapped her legs around me as I pummeled her pussy in long, rapid, strong, and deep thrusts from my cock. The wet squelching noises of sex filled the Bridge as I took her. I pushed some Chi into her through my cock and Red rode wave after wave of climaxes, whimpering and gurgling her encouragement right up to the point she passed out.

As I slowly pulled out of Red's pussy, the lady at the wheel begged, "Harry, I know your cock is soaked with Red's cum. Please pull out my butt plug and fuck my lubed ass right away. I need sex right now so bad, foreplay is a waste of time!" She leaned her breasts against the wheel and arched her bottom, pulling her cheeks apart with both hands to reveal a bejeweled butt plug. Her anal ring was literally winking at me in lust.

I stepped behind her and gently pulled out the plug, set it on the map table, and slowly, inexorably glided my Red soaked cock into her inviting ass. Holy cow was her ass hot and slick! I slipped in a third of the way before pulling back until my cock ridge pressed against the inside of her anal ring and then bottomed out inside her as my balls made contact with her pussy lips. She grunted like a mare in heat each time I bottomed out in her slick ass.

I took it a bit slower, not wanting to hurt her, but she obviously loved a good ass fuck. I pushed Chi into her bowels and she began to scree as her body began to vibrate. It was all she could do to stand and hold onto the ship's wheel as I held her hips and enjoyed the hot tightness of her ass.

At that time, Red came to and asked the kitchen for three large glasses of Orange smoothies with a scoop of vanilla Whey protein added to be brought to the Bridge. I looked over my shoulder at her as I fucked and saw she really couldn't move yet. Her legs still wide open and resting on the arms of the Captain's chair.

The lady at the helm still trembled and cried, "Oh fuck, Harry! Your cock is amazing! I need to cum, Baby! Make me cum for you! Fuck! Yessss! I'm cummming!"

Her body jerked violently and I slammed deep into her bowels, holding on for dear life as I came bucket loads into her. Finally, the helms woman could not stand anymore and she barely was able to hit the autopilot as she sank to the deck.

Gasping for breath, I made my way to the chair at the map table and sat down. There were some wet wipes there and I cleaned myself up just as the kitchen brought up the Orange juice shakes. They were made from a bit of Vanilla ice cream, fresh Mandarin Oranges, brown sugar, and Vanilla Whey protein powder blended with ice to form a very cold, orange smoothie.

The fella put them on the map table and Red looked at his now rock hard cock and said, "Poor baby," and looking at the still quivering mess of a woman on the deck in front of the ship's wheel, "She can't help you now but cum to Mama, you can fill my pussy with your cum before you head back down to the galley."

"Thank you, Red," he said as he stepped up to her and began working for his release inside her hot depths.

I was relaxing in my chair, enjoying my smoothie, as I watched the two of them enjoying a nice, sensual fuck. Red was much more reserved with him, treating him like a young, inexperienced lover. While my ego was loving it, the young man was clueless.

It was nice to watch Red work with him, giving him feedback to help him become a better lover.

Sue thought to herself, "I wonder how fun it would be to walk into engineering and see if I can find both the chief engineer and his mate there." As she entered the engine room, they were standing on either side of a two foot high tubular stainless steel rail separating one of the idle turbine engines and a water desalinization/purification plant. They were changing out the filters when they both noticed her walking in.

"Hi fellas! What are you two doing today?"

Both of them watched me bounce in with no clothes on, shaved pussy, and nicely jiggling tits. "We are changing out the filters on one of the two water filtration/desalinization plants. We chemically clean the old filters and re-use them a few times before discarding them."

I walked over to the Chief Engineer and stood next to him, putting my arm over his back and softly running my fingers through his hair on the back of his neck. "Well, putting those filters into those tubes looks very sensual to me. Reminds me of a nice, firm cock going into my pussy or mouth."

My words immediately had the effect I was looking for as both men got woodies. "You fellas are the only ones on the Yacht who are dressed." I said with a pouty lower lip.

"Well, Ma-am, we have moving things down here. Not a good thing when your cock gets caught up in moving machinery," the Mate said as he checked out my hardening nipples.

I placed my hand on his bulging trousers and said in my most horrified little girl voice, "Oh my! I guess I have created a safety hazard for you two! I am sooo sorry! Here, let me fix this for you." I spread my feet and bent over the rail, winking at the Chief as I pulled down the pants of the mate. I wrapped my index finger and thumb around the base of his cock while my other fingers played with his balls and I engulfed his cock balls deep down my throat.

Chief wasted no time getting behind me and plunged his cock into my wet, slick pussy as they spit roasted me in the middle of the engine room. It was hot, sultry, animalistic....and I loved it. The Mate didn't last long and soon I could feel his cock thicken and his balls pull in in preparation to cum. I deep throat him just as his cock began to spasm and he shot it all down the back of my throat as I caressed his balls.

Chief was a bit more experienced and he took his time enjoying my pussy, much to my delight. He was hitting all the right spots and as I was licking and sucking the last of his Mate's cum from his cock I came for him. My body began to shudder and a moan escaped my lips and right in the

middle of my climax I felt his hot cream deep inside me. I kissed both cocks and put them away before sashaying back out the bulkhead door. I stopped, looked back, and blew them a kiss, "Let me know when we need another safety meeting." I smiled, winked, and left.

I heard the Mate say, "That is one hellava woman!"

Chief replied, "Enjoy while you can son, a woman like that is once in a lifetime."

Dinner was a 16 oz. Porterhouse for the men and a 12 oz. bacon wrapped Filet Mignon for the ladies; both served with twice baked potatoes and baked Acorn squash halves seasoned with brown sugar, butter, and a pinch of salt. The beef was lightly seasoned with sea salt and cracked pepper with a hint of fresh garlic and bacon in the au jus.

The wine was a Clos Du Val Cabernet Hironnelle Stags Leap District, 2016 which was Medium to full-bodied in the mouth, it delivered plenty of expressive black fruit, herbs and earth layers with a delicate frame of ripe tannins and a lively acid line. It finished long and fruity.

"Honey, I know this sounds really decadent and very uncivilized, but would you let me gnaw on your bone?"

Everyone at the table laughed at the double entendre as I forked over my steak bone. Sue went after it with gusto, picking it up with her hands and getting meat juices all over her breasts. Soon, all the women followed suit and we men had a grand time watching and cleaning them up afterwards.

On Tuesday morning the Captain had decided to hover the Yacht over an underwater seamount for some quick fishing. A stew, Doc, and I jumped in the skiff and we moved out a little bit from the Yacht.

The deep sea fishing rigs consisted of a 6 foot Ally II, all roller, boat conventional, bent butt rod mated to a Penn Reels International VIS baitcaster and 1,000 feet of SpiderWire stealth camo braid at 80 pound test.

The bait was an 8 inch AGOOL luminous, Fishing Octopus, squid skirt with a 2 oz Reins TG Tungsten heavy weight slip sinker pushed up the head and a long shank O'shaughnessy Stainless Steel fishing hook. The hook had a steel leader wire connecting it through the slip sinker to a black nickel Angler Extreme stainless steel barrel swivel that just barely poked out of the head of the squid so one ring was available to tie off to the line.

The fighting chair on the 30 foot custom fishing skiff was a Nautical Design teak marlin chair and they strapped me in as well as hooked cables to the two rings on top of the reel. "You fellas think we will be landing a big one, I see."

"Yes, Sir! Anything from a 50 pound Greater Amberjack to a large shark. Even Tuna and Sailfish show up from time to time."

The Seamount was 200 feet below the surface so we went just off the side and let out 300 feet of line. I then popped the line hard and reeled in the slack....popping several times very quickly and reeling in the slack to just repeat the process. After the sixth popping set something hit like a Mack truck.

It was all I could do to hold onto the reel. I began to leverage it up and move down quickly to get a foot or two of line back but the fish was fighting for all it was worth. The fish went on several long runs that took us about 300 yards from the Yacht before it was all said and done. About half way through the fight the fish breached and we saw it was a Blue Marlin.

After 45 minutes of hard fight, the Marlin was out of gas and we pulled it into the boat. The crewman immediately put a knife to its brain and killed it. Then he grabbed what I later learned was a Japanese Tuna knife and he filleted the Marlin in a matter of two minutes, leaving the skin on. He then cut the fillets down the center line and cut out the blood line before putting it into a well iced chest built into the floor.

The fillets were boneless, but the chest plate was cut off separately and put on a shark rig which replaced my squid on the pole. The carcass was thrown overboard with the air sack punctured and a 2 ounce weight inside to help it sink. The shark rig was manned by Doc who let it free fall with the carcass.

After about 200 feet, the line started streaming off the reel. "Doc, count to five slowly and then slap on the drag and hold on." Hold on was right; the rod tip bent down to almost the water as drag was screaming off the reel.

"Holy cow this must be a monster!"

The sub says you have a large Tiger Shark on the line. They are very good eating when fresh. So, bring him in Doc!"

"Sub?" I asked.

"The Yacht has a pair of TRITON 3300/6 submarines that can go down to 1,000 meters. It seems Sue, DD, Leesie, Leslie, and Barbara grabbed one of the dive certified hands and they are all in a sub watching us fight the fish...along with one very interested submarine from the U.S. Navy."

"Let me guess, the women are nude and the Sub can see them."

"Well, I would think so since they went and tapped on the hull and waved at their optic sensors."

Doc and I roared.

When Doc finally landed the shark, the deck hand promptly killed it then cut off the tail and fins, putting them into a different deck level ice chest, and he filleted the shark, skinned it, and cut out the blood line saying, "Sharks have to be cleaned and skinned immediately and put in ice water to pull out the urea in their muscles. Once that is done, their meat is very white and very delicate tasting. Some will say it tastes better than that Blue Marlin you caught, Harry."

The Stew then cut out the jaw, placed a plank between the upper and lower, and put it into the ice chest.

"If no-one wants the jaws after they are cleaned I will sell them later." He explained.

I nodded asking, "You get much for them?"

He smiled, "A nice big set like that with nothing missing, about a thousand dollars once it is preserved."

For lunch we had grilled Blue Marlin with salt, pepper, and garlic, and minced pecans were layered under thin sliced onion and lemon. A light Chef's salad with a very mild balsamic vinaigrette completed the meal with some wonderful Hennepin beer by Brewery Ommegang which was dry and effervescent, with notes of pepper and citrus.

After lunch we had another wonderful orgy with the crew who were not on duty and Dad, Marion, and I did our workouts in the nude. I did notice quite a few of the female crew came by to offer us drinks or snacks as we worked out. The three of us took the longing looks in stride and the one not on the machines at the time offered to enjoy a quickie if they were interested...all of them were.

I then went to my online studies for the afternoon while everyone had a wonderful time being pampered.

The Chef on board outdid herself with the evening meal. We had Shark Fin stir fry and blackened shark steaks for dinner.

The Shark fin stir fry was made by first skinning and then boiling the fins and tail before cutting the shark fins into very small noodle like pieces and frying them in a wok with cooking oil. The Chef then poured the water back in to make a stock, boiling it until the shark fin noodles were clear and soft. She seasoned the dish with freeze dried Shiitake Mushrooms, quartered Dwarf Baby Canton Pak Choi, shallots, thinly sliced Daikon radish, salt, pepper, and five spice powder.

The stock was used to make rice and the noodled fins and vegetables were served over a bed of rice with a large filet of blackened shark on the side. Quick fried thin slices of lotus root soaked in balsamic vinegar, fried in new oil, and seasoned with salt came with the dish and added a nice crunchy texture to the meal.

The next morning found us anchored just outside of the main cove of Chacachacare Island. The subs were in the water, the fishing boat was also in the water but the fighting chair had been replaced by a couch. At Breakfast, the Captain gave us a rundown for the morning.

"There is a salt lake on the Island that is fun to swim in and there is a lighthouse as well as an active Hindu Temple and an abandoned leper colony you can visit. If you decide to go inland, be aware of the Manchineel tree. It is the most poisonous tree in the world and is potentially lethal. Its fruit can make your throat close up, its sap causes blisters and blinding pain, and even its bark--when burned--can cause blindness."

"There are campers and day trippers on the Island so clothing is required."

He showed us pictures of the leaves and fruit of the plant. Doc, of course, wanted to bring some samples back to study them so he and DD went ashore to see the sights while the rest of us jumped into the subs to explore the reefs around the Island.

The corals and reef fish were colorful and we took lots of pictures, we even watched a huge Goliath Grouper wondering through the reef. This thing was larger than our sub and we wisely decided to let it be. We did watch some boats bottom fishing, enjoying seeing the action from the other end. A shark did circle us a few times but took off when it was brazenly approached.

We returned to the Yacht a bit before lunch to get refreshed while the crew loaded the subs back inside their berths. Doc and DD made it back just as we convened on the sun deck to catch some rays before lunch. The Chef had prepared smoked grilled pork medallions with a steamed carrots and broccoli medley and crispy baked potato skins topped with bacon, raw spring onions, pepper cheese, and sour cream.

Doc and DD raved about the brine lake and the old buildings on the island. Doc got his samples which were sealed in an airtight box clearly marked as toxic medical material, and each group shared pictures and stories of our outings with the other.

I could go on and on about the rest of our honeymoon, but from the description so far, I think you get the picture. We had a fun time, lots of exotic sexual experiences, and saw some exotic places. Gotta say, though, making love on a secluded pink beach at sunset was the icing on the honeymoon cake.

Upon our return to the lake house, things got intense. My training with the Seals began in earnest as I learned to work as a team to quickly secure a room or rooms. I also got some training fighting against various oriental weapons such as rope dart, whip chain, fighting fan, deer knives, throwing daggers, throwing stars, and military fighting fork knives (sharpened versions of Sai).

I seemed to have a natural affinity for the fork knives which allowed me to showcase my quickness. So, by the end of the week, Mani gave me a set of 18 inch, layered metal fighting fork knives. These things have a kangaroo leather wrapped handle (Roo leather is stronger and softer than Bovine of the same thickness) and the center tang is a double edged knife. They were perfectly balanced for throwing and could cut through anything.

The metals used were a combination of sintered Silicon Carbide and Boron Nitride which were thermally bonded in micro thin layers via a special 3-D printing process which, when heated, bound the layers together into a structure that is actually harder than diamond but also very physical shock and heat shock resistant. The only way to sharpen them is by laser cutting.

These fighting fork knives were, and I mean this literally, razor sharp. I was speechless when Mani presented them to me saying, "These are a one of a kind close-in weapons of no equal. They will cut through a Katana or similar sword. Use them with care as they will cut off a hand or fingers in an instant and without use of any application of force."

The morning of the State Dinner at the White House came too quickly and very early. Pet and her team came with Dad and I, along with the Seal Team squad I had trained with, and we all got onto a private transport to Ronald Reagan National Airport. From there we went by motorcade to the White House where we were very conspicuous with our arrival and presence while the Seal Team quietly went to Langley Air Force Base.

Upon arrival at the White House, Pet and her team were set up in the different kitchens while Dad and I were immediately sent underground to the high speed rail system and by 6:30 AM we had arrived at Langley and were ushered into a hardened aircraft bunker.

A Lieutenant Colonel Sheffield, who was our pilot, introduced us to the plane.

"She is the only prototype Boeing 2707 ever made. She doesn't get out much, but she is an American supersonic passenger airliner first developed in the 1960s. She originally had seating for

250 to 300 passengers and cruise speeds of approximately Mach 3 but she has been retrofitted for in-flight refueling to carry 100 passengers at speeds approaching Mach 4 and a super cruise of Mach 3 with four new GE XA100, adaptive-cycle engines."

"The old girl was also given a new silver colored ceramic coating that is rated up to mach 7 before it begins to lose its efficacy in absorbing both long and short wave radar, giving her a radar cross section equal to about the size of a flying penny."

By 0700 we were in the air with the Seal Team and when we were over the ocean the L.C. put the plane into super cruise The L.C. then came over the intercom and told us we would be disembarking in Switzerland in approximately 3 hours. The in-flight briefing began soon afterwards.

The militant groups were all staying at the Hilton Geneva Hotel and Conference Centre and we were going to land on French Sector of the Geneva Airport. We were given fake departing tickets for the Swiss side of the airport and a country specific arriving flight several hours later so we could access the joint baggage claim area of the airport.

We also had fake passports from various countries and current photo Identifications from those countries as well as their diplomatic courier papers and papers which gave us access to our private plane so we could access the secured hanger for immediate departure from French airspace.

Everything was prepared deep enough to stand up to short term scrutiny. This gave us a one time access across the border each way without having to involve customs or leaving a paper trail for a lengthy cab ride which would screw up our timing and increase our vulnerability.

We were supplied secured, x-ray proof, country appropriate diplomatic cases for our country within which were suppressed Swedish K submachine guns with 5 fully loaded 30 round magazines of subsonic 9×19mm (three of which were armor piercing) and a fully suppressed Walther PPQ M2 SD in 45 ACP with a factory threaded barrel, subsonic rounds, and 5 fully loaded 12 round magazines (two of which were armor piercing).

The team all wore carbon nanotube garments over our underwear and the whole team dressed in country specific suites appropriate for high level couriers.

There was a team in situ who had given an antidote to all of the cooking and cleaning staff with the cover story that the pill was a precaution against any infectious diseases these unusual guests might have. It was dispensed secretly, through back channels, so as not to leave any official trail to follow.

This team had poisoned all of the food going to all but two groups in the conference during lunch that day with a poison that was collected in the liver and lymph nodes and produced stage 4 liver failure within 12 hours while also creating stage 4 cancer within 5 days. The poison would be completely evacuated in the victim's urine within 4 hours.

The two groups left off the list included our target group and a scapegoat contingent for the inevitable investigation. Used copies of our weapons were placed in safes at the main desk under their names as incriminating evidence.