

# STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 21

*Rusthemod*

*A dish best served cold.*

Incest/Taboo

4.73

7k words

\*\*\*\*

The briefing took about 30 minutes and then the team tried to get some rest for the next two and a half hours after taking our own poison antidote (just as a precaution).

Dad spoke up, "You OK son?"

"Well, I am pretty laid back about it all. I kind of expected to be anxious, but I am just chilling. Is that a problem?"

"Not really, son. Usually only long term veterans ever reach that level of emotional stability before an operation like this. Good for you. But, if that changes, talk to me, OK?"

"I will. Thanks"

With that, I took a two hour nap.

It was 0800 DC time, which equated to 1500 (3 pm.) local Geneva time when we landed on the French side of the airport. We taxied directly into a secured hanger and were driven to the baggage claim area of the airport. We actually didn't need to use our diplomatic credentials to get to the Swiss side of the airport: we just had to show our flight tickets for departing flights on that side.

We spaced ourselves out to try and not appear as a group and we all met up at the Hotel, which was two blocks from the airport, in an underground storage room with a freight elevator. It took us a total of an hour from landing to regroup so it was now 1600 local.

There was a CIA agent there. "You will need three groups. Two, one each, to clear the side rooms with protection details and one for the main room with the perps and their three guards. One guard is a martial arts Grand Master, so you will need to decide how to deal with him. Chances are he will get to someone before he dies, and if so, they are dead."

I asked, "What is his style or preferred weapon?"

"It is rumored he uses the Vibrating Palm, or death touch."

I smiled and looked at my group, "Leave him to me. The rest of you take out the three guards and I will take him on myself. Then we can deal with the architect of my father's death."

Dad acknowledged my decision, knowing I could best handle him, "Just be careful son. If you need me to spray him, just holler."

I nodded and asked the spook, "How will we deal with the video surveillance?"

The spook smiled, "We have a loop for both the elevator and the hallway and we will intercept those signals when you need us. You will never appear on any video system run by the hotel."

Dad asked, "Son, how are you planning to stop his death punch?"

I replied, "Dad, it is most likely he doesn't really know the real Dim Mac, but uses the cheat of attacking pressure points. With my full flack gear on, most of those on my torso and neck will not be available to him and I will avoid giving him access to those on my lower body. I know the real thing, so I have the advantage."

The Seal Team, Dad, and I donned our cream colored camouflage (to blend with the off white walls) BDU's and flack gear.

1630 was go time for opps. We coordinated with the spook for video intercept and we all got into the freight elevator.

We all had on our tactical hoods as we exited the freight elevator at the end of a side hall just off the end of the main hall of the Motel. Thankfully, the Chinese contingent were the first three rooms to the right.

Three Seals popped out of the side hall and took out the three guards in the hallway with three round bursts of silenced rounds. The only real sound was of them slumping down to the floor. We quickly got set in front of the doors and simultaneously inserted the key cards and burst into the rooms, the Seals acquired targets quickly, one taking the right, one taking the middle, and one taking the left. The right and left members swept towards the middle until the room was clear.

With the exception of the main room, the targets were down hard within 3 seconds. The hallway was then cleared by those teams.

Our situation was a bit different, however.

Our group was made up of 2 Seal Team members, Dad, and myself. When we entered there were 4 men in the room. There were two rooms off the main room and the Seals dispatched two of the men upon rushing in and then cleared the room to the right while Dad cleared the room to the left and I got the attention of the last bodyguard who was obviously the Grand Master we were told about.

We locked eyes and he recognized another Master immediately just by the way that I moved.

He spoke passing English, "So, do we fight like men or is this a coward's attack?"

"I will give you an honorable death." I intoned as I placed my carbine on a table next to the door. I then took off my tactical head gear. "Do you know who I am?" I asked the seated man who was obviously the politician.

He nodded, "You are Harry. The one I have been trying to kill for weeks now. Thank you for making things easier by coming here. Grand Master Li Lei Qiang will make short work of you."

With the rooms cleared, the two Seals took positions at the main door with Dad. "Master Qiang, I bowed--just a little bit--as I was not taking my eyes off of him or getting off balance."

"Harry." He said, which was obviously an attempt to demean and anger me. I didn't take the bait. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly, mustering all my Chi. There would be no holding back with

this one...he was too dangerous.

Master Qiang took a standard 'Dragon' stance as he also loosed his Chi. Qiang then expressed his Dragon Aura and surrounded himself in a ferocious draconic energy in an attempt to induce fear into me. I immediately realized his use of Vibrating Palm was real and that I was in for a fight.

Problem for him was I wasn't affected by his Aura and I gave off an aura of power and confidence in response. I could see he recognized his failure to frighten me in his eyes. Master Qiang then summoned his Dragon Aura Fist and the fight commenced.

The Dragon Aura Fist is similar in use to how I channeled my Chi with the Assassin at the State cook off. I noted he didn't seem to have quite the power emanating from his hands as my method. That bode ill for him for when Chi meets Chi, it is usually the stronger one that both cancels out and overpowers the other.

We postured and maneuvered, measuring each other. Master Qiang then asked, "Are we going to dance for a while or do you just want to end this quickly and let me deal with the others?"

I responded with a smile and a wink. And when Master Qiang struck an open hand blow towards my chest, I responded with a closed hand to his palm.

Our Chi's met and clashed.

I was right, mine was more powerful. Qiang's Chi rebounded against him and basically powdered every bone in his hand and arm up to his shoulder. I literally heard the bones turning to powder, cracking into oblivion.

Qiang went to his knees in shock. Wasting no time against such a deadly opponent, I did a lightening fast roundhouse kick and put the heel of my booted foot against his temple. He was dead before he hit the ground.

My left hand, which had intercepted Qiang's punch was not unscathed, though. My arm was numb and felt warmer than it should. I didn't seem to have any broken bones, but it was obvious that at least some of his Chi made it through. It would take time to figure out all the damage it had done...but now was not the time or place.

Not allowing myself to show any ill effects to the Chinese diplomat sitting at the table, I turned to him and smiled. "Anything you wish to say before you die by the hand of the son of the man you had killed?"

The color drained from his face. He looked into my eyes and saw the same level of mercy he showed my father, and he knew. I took my right hand, still infused with my built up Chi, and palmed the top of his head.

I let my Chi flow into him as an ever increasing wave until he screamed in agony before his brain turned to jello inside his skull. He was bleeding from his eyes, nose, and ears before I let go.

Killing him brought me no peace. I didn't expect it to. He was an animal that had to be put down and the entire world was a better place for it. That was enough for me.

The entire operation took 7 minutes from the time we left the elevators till the moment of the Pariah's death. We gathered our guns, took money off the dead, computers, and other things of value to make it look like a robbery and left as quickly as we entered.

As the doors to the freight elevator closed and we began to descend, we heard the screams of several women in the hallway we had just left.

When we were back in the storage room we quickly discarded our tactical clothing into a drum of nitric and sulfuric acids which quickly dissolved everything from BDUs to boots (the soles of our boots were made of leather rather than rubber so they would melt as well). I had Dad help me as my left arm was still very numb.

"You going to be OK, son?" He asked, concerned.

"I don't know, Dad. We need to have it checked out when we get home."

Within 30 minutes we had all wiped the GSR residue off of ourselves and dressed in our diplomatic clothing once again to make our way out. All in all, from the time we arrived at the motel to the time we left took 59 minutes.

We took our time, spreading out and going by different routes at different intervals to get back to the airport. It took us another 45 minutes to get back to the plane through the baggage area again. With the reports of the assassination out, we did have to show our diplomatic credentials on the way back, but thankfully they held up to scrutiny.

The plane had been refueled and repositioned for immediate takeoff. We were in the air at exactly 1815 or 6:15 pm Geneva time which was 11:15 am D.C. Time. The doctor on board took me to the back where he performed a full CT scan on my arm. There were no broken bones but there were some stressed muscles and a little bit of bruising. Nothing that would not heal with some time.

He gave me some anti-inflammatory pills and iced my arm for the trip back to D.C..

We arrived at the Joint Military Base around 1330 hours and took the underground rail back under the White House by 1400. The family met us at the underground depot and all the women marched us up to a shower and bed to get a 2 hour nap before having to get dressed for the State Dinner which was to be our alibi.

Sue just snuggled up behind me and lulled me to sleep in the most tender and caring way she knew how. It was sweet.

At 1630, 4:30 pm, Sue woke me and helped me get dressed. She wrapped my arm in an ACE bandage as we didn't want to advertise any injuries at the party. "Baby," she said as she looked deeply into my eyes, "Sometime later you will have to tell me what happened. But right now, I am just glad you are safe. If you get to feeling badly, let me know and I will feign bad cramps and you can excuse us so you can get some rest. Are you feeling OK at this moment?"

"Other than some mild discomfort and tingling in my arm, I am OK, honey. Thank you for the out if I need it."

She just smiled a smile that reached her eyes as she helped me dress.

We walked arm in arm to the dinner party.

We entered the anteroom to the dining area and I noted both the French and Chinese Ambassadors were somewhat taken aback. They both made bee lines towards me with their wives in tow. I noted Homeland and CIA both decided to stand close by as the Chinese Ambassador began to quiz me.

"I am so delighted you have come to dinner tonight, Mr. Walker. Have you traveled far?"

I smiled as I bowed in respect, "Actually my wife and I arrived early this morning, Mr. Ambassador."

The French Ambassador spoke up, "I am very confused, Sir. The French airport at Geneva has someone on video who matches your face and build exactly who left on a plane only 6 hours ago. You should still be at least 2 hours from landing. How is this possible?"

Homeland then interjected, "This is most disturbing, Ambassador. If Harry has a doppelganger, we really should find out who this person is. Would it be possible to view that footage tomorrow morning?"

"Indeed! This is most puzzling."

I looked to the Chinese Ambassador and smiled, "I can see why you both are interested in this. I heard there was an incident in Switzerland involving someone high up in your government, am I correct, Sir?"

"Indeed, Sir. Sadly, the head of our National Security Agency was assassinated along with his entire entourage of personal security with no trace of who did it. We are investigating the incident and I have been told it might have been an attack by a militant group who was also at the hotel."

I nodded and Sue smiled, "Well, as you can see, my husband is here with us."

The Chinese Ambassador nodded in her direction, "Indeed, milady. And congratulations on your marriage by the way."

"Thank you, Sir. You are most kind."

At that moment, a small bell rang and dinner was announced. We all chatted amiably as we entered the dining room and found our places.

After the President was seated, everyone took their places and the President then made an announcement to the table.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. We have a guest Chef this evening who has recently won the first ever unanimous decision in her State's annual Great Chefs of the State competition. The First Lady and I have had the honor of tasting this heavenly dish and we have asked her to prepare it for us this evening. With that, I humbly introduce tonight's guest Chef, Chef Beatrice.

Pet was simply aglow. She began introducing the evening's meal with a well projected voice, "Thank you Mr. President for this singular honor. Ladies and Gentlemen, the main dish for this evening is my signature marinated and grilled Mediterranean pork loin served with a micro green tomato, cucumber & white-bean salad with a basil vinaigrette dressing and herbed Greek roasted potatoes with lemon, garlic, herbs, and topped with feta cheese.

For those of you who have had my signature dish recently, or if anyone has an aversion to pork, we have an Indian dish of grilled Gruuvan Shaal fresh Alligator kebabs served with spiced new potatoes and a delicious spinach salad with apples, nuts, raisins, and a curry/chutney dressing.

Alternatively, if you have difficulty deciding on which main dish you would prefer, we can serve small portions of the Indian kebabs, potatoes, and spinach salad as a first course and then go to the main course of the Mediterranean pork loin, micro green salad and roasted Greek potatoes.

For desert we have my version of a moist, death by chocolate cake with a whipped cream based icing that is served with a home made, sweetened, fresh strawberry sorbet.

It was no surprise to me that everyone at the table asked for the complete evening menu.

When the gator kabobs were served with a small helping of potatoes and a very small side salad, The head of Homeland declared, "Mr. President, this Chef's cooking is outstanding! The meat is tender, well seasoned, slightly crispy, and without the wild game flavor most wild game has. If this is any indication of the main course your Chef should get some national attention for her skills."

The head of CIA agreed and his wife declared, "I am not one for unusual meats I am not used to, but this food is absolutely mouth watering!"

Needless to say, the initial course just fed everyone's appetites and there wasn't much talking going on at the table as everyone was busy enjoying the intricate and complex flavors of the meal.

When the main meal came out, Chef had presented the specialty cut, seasoned, bone in 1/2 pound pork loin with the end of the rib bone trimmed bare. The meat was so moist no knife was needed as the fork simply and easily cut through for nice bite sized pieces. The micro green tomato, cucumber & white-bean salad was bright and colorful, crisp and lightly dressed in its own bowl and The roasted Greek potatoes were caramelized, crisp, and well seasoned. Chef had used multi colored small potatoes for the dish and the presentation was superb.

The genuine ooohs and aahhs around the table were most uncharacteristic of this aristocratic crowd. The staff waiting on us made sure to tell Pet that they had never heard of such praise and soon the President asked her to come into the dining room.

"Chef Beatrice, this food is even better than what we enjoyed at the competition. May I have your permission to spread your name around the who's who of the cooking world and suggest others employ your services for special State dinners?"

The Chinese Ambassador immediately spoke up, "Lady Beatrice, PLEASE consider being the head Chef for our upcoming Ambassadorial dinner! We will be the talk of the Embassies!"

The French Ambassador's wife in well spoken English with the heavy French accent then spoke before Pet could answer, "Chef Beatrice! This complexity of flavor and marriage of elements rivals the best French Chefs of our homeland. And how you achieved such moistness and tenderness and nuanced flavor profile from a pork loin is evidence of a Master at work."

The First Lady then lifted her glass and proposed, "A toast to Chef Beatrice! One of the finest the Americas has to offer!"

A chorus of enthusiastic "Hear, hear!" and "Most agreed!" rang in the room.

Pet blushed deeply and thanked everyone for their praise. "Ambassador, I am most grateful for your request and I would direct you to my manager Miss Mavis who coordinates everything for me. Additionally, I would invite any and all of your current Chefs to my cooking school which will open within three months time. This way you can enjoy my cooking style and recipes as you will."

At that point, Dad piped up, "We are in the process of upgrading the Chef's kitchen and adding additional seating and providing for her cooking school as we speak. Just let Mavis or me know when you might be joining us for a meal or even a convention and we will make sure your every need is met."

The President looked to his Chief of Staff at the far end of the table, "Make sure anyone who asks has her contact information, please."

She nodded, "Of course, Mr. President. Consider it done."

As we finished our meal, the polite, nuanced inquiries by the French and Swedish, and Chinese Ambassadors began.

I adeptly pointed out my limited understanding of the situation in Switzerland and all my answers were based upon common knowledge that was gleaned from public news sources.

The Chief of Staff also politely informed the Ambassadors of my arrival time in the morning and pointed out there was no way I could have arrived here, traveled to Switzerland, committed the atrocities there, and returned here unseen and unnoticed until I walked in to dinner with everyone present. There just were not enough hours in that time span to accomplish what would have been a diplomatic disaster for any foreign country, much less the United States.

I looked at the Swiss Ambassador and asked, "Surly, with the exquisite skills of the Swiss Federal Intelligence Service you have some meaningful leads that are not public knowledge?"

The Swiss Ambassador smiled and nodded, "Indeed, we do. In fact, on the surface this seems to be an easy open and shut case. But the neutrality of the Swiss government requires us to do our due diligence in looking at all possibilities. I am sure you understand. We mean no offense in asking such questions of you and politely ask your forgiveness if you have been offended."

"Ahh, gentlemen, I am one of those brash Americans who have little sense for the delicacy and intricacy of international politics. I have seen no reason to take offense. I humbly defer to your need to be as informed as possible in a situation which could, even to my unskilled eyes, be a major diplomatic issue for you."

The President was busy talking to others but I could tell he was tuned into our conversation. The Vice President just smiled and surreptitiously gave me a slight head nod of approval.

The Swiss Ambassador then began a series of detailed questions that were quite to the point, "Mr. Walker, I understand you are a medical Doctor, is that correct?"

"You are correct."

"Am I also correct that you are also a Master of the vibrating hand, or Dim Mach in Martial Arts?"

Knowing he already knows this from the video on television I replied, "You are correct again, Sir."

The Swiss ambassador then asked, "In your professional opinion, Mr. Walker, is it possible for the practitioner of the vibrating hand technique to pulverize entire long bones in the body from such a strike?"

"Well, if you have two Masters who are both well versed in the Death Touch, when their Chi's clash, say in an intercepted strike by one of the other, the practitioner with the greatest Chi will likely suffer only minor injuries while the lesser of the two will have his Chi rebound back upon him or her. In that case, it is quite possible bones could be shattered or even pulverized, yes."

"The shock of such a strike on the loser would likely stun them for a bit, leaving them vulnerable. Why do you ask?"

The Swiss ambassador nodded and then asked, "Are both your hands and arms fully functional this evening, Mr. Walker?"

I smiled and didn't give away the tingling in my left arm, holding them both up and moving my arms and wrists and fingers with alacrity, "Yes, Ambassador, as you can see, I am quite fine and have none of the ill effects such a clash would entail."

The Swiss ambassador blushed, "My deepest apologies, Mr. Walker. I had to ask."

I nodded politely, "I take it there was information at the scene of the crime that caused you concern?"

"I am sorry, I am not at liberty to say at this point; it being an ongoing investigation."

"I understand. Have I allayed your concerns?"

"Yes, Mr. Walker, thank you for answering my most forward questions. You are quite the 'disarming' personality."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Ambassador. I will take your statement as a complement."

I thought the CIA Chief was going to choke on his wine.

"As well you should, Mr. Walker," the Chinese Ambassador piped in.

After dinner, and as everyone was leaving, the Chinese Ambassador pulled me to the side, "These developments have eased a lot of tensions within the government. You have our eternal gratitude. Additionally, the tyrant you eliminated for us had a rather sizable Yacht.

The Yacht was just recently completed and when you give it a name, the title will be issued in your name and the vessel will be yours free of encumbrances and cannot be traced back to the Chinese government or any Chinese national."

"I am very happy things can now settle down for your Government and for my family. Please name her, 'Le Délice de Susan' and offer my heartfelt thanks for the gift."

"You will also want to be sure to open the safe in the Master Stateroom as soon as you receive the Yacht. The combination is 00, 36 right, 32 left, 34 right and 21 left. Just a little something to help with operating expenses. We will see to the delivery crew's return so you will need a crew for her."

"How large a Yacht is she and how many crew will I need?"

"She is a 150 meter, custom built, quad deck, trimaran. She has 30 guest suites and accommodations for a Captain and 30 crew."

My mouth dropped.

Sue saw my reaction and came over from saying goodbye to some of the guests. "What is it Harry? Are you OK?"

The Chinese Ambassador spoke quietly, "I was just telling Harry here of the 150 meter, custom built, quad deck, trimaran named 'Le Délice de Susan' that will be in his name, free and clear, and docked at the same port as your Member's Club yacht within one week's time."



Susan's mouth dropped.

"Le Délice de Susan means Susan's Delight in French, does it not?" She asked.

The Ambassador smiled, "Indeed it does. I am sure you will love it."

Sue looked at me, "What are we going to do with a 500 foot yacht?"

I smiled, "Welcome to your new home, sweetheart."

\*\*\*\*

Later that evening, the President, Vice-President, Joint Chiefs, CIA, Homeland, FBI, and at my insistence, Barbara, Dad, Leesie, Sue, and I met in a private lounge under the White House for a debrief.

The President spoke up, "Well Harry, it seems the operation was a smashing success. The radical movements around the world will be in disarray and suspicious of each other for years to come and we no longer need to worry about the Chinese financing the drug smuggling into the U.S. anymore. In addition, the United States has full deniability on the international stage. Can you give us your account of how the operation went down?"

I was sitting on a padded, leather love seat with Sue sipping a dry Sandeman Sherry Don Fino Superior Fino sherry wine and smiled. Taking a sip for a dramatic pause, I began: "Well, Mr. President, it seems the Chinese and American advance teams worked seamlessly together. We made it through the airport and across the border into Switzerland without even having to show our passports or other credentials."

"We had an informed briefing just prior to moving into position from a freight elevator to the floor where the Chinese contingent were ensconced. The Seal Team took out the hallway guards without a single sound and we entered the target's room and the two adjoining rooms, eliminating their security forces."

"We were informed one security member was a Grand Master who knew the 'Death Touch' and I told everyone to leave him to me as he would likely have killed at least one person before being eliminated. We squared off and we both released our Chi's. He struck with an open palm to my chest and I intercepted with a closed fist."

I paused and took another sip, "Thankfully, my Chi won out. My strike pulverized every bone in his arm up to his shoulder and stunned him so I could eliminate him as a threat. I introduced myself to the rogue Chinese politician who took my father's life and placed my Chi infused hand on his head and slowly released it into him. It took a few seconds, but it liquefied his brain."

Sue gasped, "That is why your arm is bruised! Are you going to be alright?"

Leesie and Barbara looked at me with a great deal of concern on their faces as I reassured them, "I will be fine. Nothing a little rest and anti-inflammatory meds cannot handle. I should be mostly recovered in a week or so."

"Anyway we egressed back through the common airport baggage claim area to the plane on the French side. This time, though, we had to show our diplomatic credentials. Thank goodness they were from several other countries to throw off suspicion. I was seen by the doc on the flight back and everything checked out OK."

The rest of the briefing was all about contingency planning for the fallout, so the family retired to our rooms.....er, I should say Sue's and my room. When the door was closed and Dad turned on his device to thwart any listening bugs Sue turned on me with a vengeance, "WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING! Taking on a Grand Master on your own like that? What did I tell you about looking for trouble?"

Before I could defend myself, Dad spoke up, "Ahh, my loving daughter, your husband, by doing that, likely saved the lives of several men in the attack group. Harry was the only one who could have stopped him before he had gotten to and killed several of us including the possibility of me being killed."

"Slow down honey and take a deep breath and tell your husband how much you love him and how happy you are he is safe and back home."

Sue glared at her father and opened her mouth to speak when he returned the look with a raised eyebrow and said, "You are smarter than this and I raised you better than this." That was all he had to say.

Sue recognized the truth in his words and stopped in her tracks. She took a shuddering breath and said, "Everybody, clothes off....now! This family is going to celebrate life tonight!"

Soon I was balls deep into Sue's ass, enjoying the slick heat of her pussy as my balls slapped her wet lips. Dad was balls deep into Leesie and Barbara was getting her nipples sucked by Sue and her pussy eaten by Leesie. Dad and I were at the ends of the 'n' and we both enjoyed the sapphic show. I have no clue how it happened, but we all came simultaneously and the room was vibrating with climactic energy.

Having had a long day, everyone went to their rooms and Sue took a shower with me.

"You sure you are OK, honey?"

"Yes, the tingling and numbness are almost completely gone and the bruising is pretty minimal, considering. I just need to keep taking the anti-inflammatory meds and ice it down again tonight."

I really enjoyed lathering up my hands and hand washing Sue's body. She was very responsive to my touch, pulling me close whenever she could to give me a bone searing kiss. We did some extended whole body hugs...and then I had to go and yawn.

Sue immediately got out, grabbed some towels, dried me off, then herself as I watched. She put me to bed and then called the kitchen for some sealed ice packs. She then wrapped my arm in a towel and placed the ice packs to either side when they came, wrapping it all up in several towels.

I slept like the dead.

\*\*\*\*

The next week went by in a flash. Mom and Dad both had closings on their houses they were selling, we had a tearful departure of the seals, the boat team, and our chopper crews. I worked hard on my studies and kept up my fitness routines, the initial construction and updates to the Club had been completed, along with a completely revamped and updated kitchen and the Club was back open for members with the back end expansion moving along very quickly.

All of a sudden, the cottage almost felt lonely with just Doc, Sally, Leesie, DD, Dad, Barbara, Sue and I split between two cottages. All in all, life began to settle back to normal...which was taking some getting used to.

Then a phone call came.

"Mr. Harry Walker?"

"This is he, how may I help you?"

"Sir, we have a Yacht....yacht hell, a damn 500 foot ship, that just anchored out from the Marina. The crew left the yacht and the Captain of the Yacht handed me an envelope with the deed in your name, some operating manuals, computer codes, and this number to call. Could you please come by the Yacht Club and help us get everything squared away today?"

"We can be there in about 2 hours."

"Thank you, Sir. We will secure the yacht until your arrival."

I called the Captain of The Club yacht on his SAT phone: "Hey Captain! How they hangin?"

"Bored at the moment, Harry! We are in dry dock for annual maintenance. What's up?"

"Did you see that new 500 foot 4-deck yacht that anchored out from the Yacht Club earlier today?"

"Yeah, she is a beautiful ship alright. Would love to get a good look at her."

"Well, she belongs to me and I need a Captain and crew to man her. I also want to take her out for a week long cruise to see what she can do. You interested in taking her for a joy ride?"

"You serious? I would give my left arm to take that baby out!"

"I will call the Club manager and tell him you are going to be manning her for a shake down cruise. Get all the paperwork from him and get the girl ready for a week on the seas. We will be there in two hours."

"Two hours! OK, we may not be ready to leave in two hours but we will get her ready just as fast as humanly possible. How shall I pay for the foodstuffs and fuel?"

I gave him my card number and called the bank to let them know to expect some large bills to come in. I then called Mavis and the rest of the extended family for an emergency meeting at the cottage in 30 minutes.

"Sue! Get the family together to pack for a week long cruise! We have a family meeting in 30 minutes!"

To say all hell broke loose would be like comparing a firecracker to the Tsar Bomba.

Within 30 minutes DD, Doc, Mavis, Pet, Cathy, Leesie, Dad, Barbara, Marion, Lillie, Sue, and I were in the living room and everyone but Sue and I had questions. I smiled at Dad, "You mean there is something I know that you don't?"

Dad just raised an eyebrow and held his peace, letting me enjoy the moment. I calmed everyone down and started in....

"Well, it seems Sue and I have been gifted a 500 foot Yacht by a very rich foreign national who recently passed away. She is the 'Le Délice de Susan' which means Susan's Delight in French. She has been delivered to the Yacht Club and we have to go deal with the situation. Mavis, the crew of the Club Yacht is free for the week, yes?"

"Yes, the ship is in dry dock for maintenance for the next two weeks."

"Is there any way you and Pet can get away from the Club for a week to ten days?"

"Lord knows we would love to, Harry, but there just is no way with the Club opening back up after renovations. And we are getting things set up for Pet's culinary school as well. But we would LOVE a rain check?"

I nodded, "You didn't need to ask."

Dad looked hard at me, "This Yacht is a thank you from the Chinese?"

I looked back, "Yes, but they have assured me it is untraceable back to them. I take that with a grain of salt for the Intelligence agencies, but it should pass muster for the press. Is there any way you can get the Seal Team and our pilots to join us?"

Marion was aghast, "How big is this thing again?"

She is a 150 meter, or just under 500 foot, long, custom built, quad deck, trimaran. She has 30 two person guest suites and accommodations for a Captain and 30 crew. She is fully computer controlled and is 50 meters, or 164 feet, wide. She has approximately 167,000 square feet of living space. She is fresh out of the shipyard with no previous owner except for the person who commissioned her. Other than that, I have no clue."

"Mavis and Pet, would you be so kind as to use the place and watch over it in our absence?"

Mavis smiled, "I don't know, a luxury cottage on a lake with a boat, and a pool in a protected community?" She winked, "Let me get back to you on that," and she laughed.

"I know I am being presumptuous, but I am assuming everyone wants to go?" After a chorus of yeses I announced, "Three SUV's are leaving in 20 minutes!" Everyone scrambled.

Marion called a couple off duty officers to escort us to the Yacht Club and we made it in record time. Of course, the blue lights on in the cars in front and behind us didn't hurt. DD gathered them together and told them to use her cottage for the week in appreciation for their taking time from their day off to escort us. They were beside themselves grateful and asked if they could host a party. DD told them she would be upset if they didn't and gave them Mavis's number so she could take care of the food. I called Mavis and had her take it from my card.

We had parked our vehicles in the extended parking area and walked over to the Yacht Club office. I walked in and asked, "May I see the Manager, please? I am Harry Walker and he is expecting me."

Immediately, a smartly dressed, balding, middle aged gentleman walked out of an office and introduced himself, "Mr. Walker! So glad to meet you, Sir! Why don't your guests go ahead and load onto your tender parked in sloop 3 on pier 2 and we can discuss business?"

I looked at the family and smiled, "I will just be a few minutes. Could you all please load my things and I will meet you at the tender in just a few."

Dad looked at me, "You sure you know what you are doing, son?"

I looked at dad, "I don't but I will have someone with me who does." At that moment, Captain Barnes walked in the door and he, the manager, and I walked into his office together.

Dad nodded and the family left to load up the tender.

Captain Barnes then spoke up and took charge, "Benny, I know your costs so let's make this quick: 4 thousand a month and we park her at the end of pier 1 so she is out of your way. Electrical, water, and sewage to be paid monthly as used at the going rate."

"If you park her at the end of pier 1 those 20 sloops on the north side of the pier will be unusable as wide as she is. I need at least 6 thousand a month to defray that loss."

"Less than a third of those sloops are in use. 5K a month and you have a week to move the 6 boats that are over there. Payment a year in advance."

"Done."

I handed the harbor master my card, he charged it, and we walked out.

I asked Barnes, "What is the significance of pier 1?"

"You know about barnacles, yes?"

"Yes, they have to be scraped off the water surfaces on a regular basis."

"Well, barnacles also hate fresh water. There is a rather large creek that feeds directly into the area at the end of pier 1 and the fresh water during a good rain will cause the accumulated barnacles to die and detach from the hull. Also, when she puts to sea, the salt will kill any freshwater slime or vegetation that adheres to the hull. You can cut your dry dock maintenance by half just by parking her there."

"So, I am basically mooring her for free, given the savings in dry dock fees and maintenance."

"Yes, that's about right."

"What is your best estimate of annual costs of running her for a year?"

"Since she is brand new, I would guess anywhere from 15 to 30 million a year depending on how often you take her out. That cost will rise over the years, however. In a decade that cost could easily double."

"You can defray a good bit of that with charters, but you have additional costs involved in that as well. You can figure to cut your base line costs in half with charters. I know of some agencies that will do that for you and they will give you priority for bookings, given how beautiful a ship she is. Also, I have taken the liberty of getting you yacht insurance that includes a 50 million dollar liability clause as I figured you would want to go the charter route."

"That was very perceptive of you. I am also planning on moving the family onboard and making her our home."

"I expected that and I have a crew for you that I think will mesh well with your lifestyle. I would also like to offer my services as Captain, if you are interested."

"Consider that a done deal. What about the Club yacht?"

"I have a friend who wants the position and he has his own crew he likes."

I smiled, "You have done exactly as I had hoped. Thank you for taking care of this."

"I should be thanking you! This baby is a state-of-the-art super luxury mini ocean liner. I creamed my pants when the manufacturer's rep took me through her. Be prepared to be wowed."

I walked up to the tender and noted it was a 45 foot amphibious Iguana yacht tender. "Well this is already an unexpected surprise."