

# STANDING IN FOR DAD CH. 23

*Rusthemod*

*Fish in the Water!*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

6.2k words

I jumped into the shower and Mom followed me in. "Hi Mom," I smiled as she began to soap me down with her hands. It was nice, sensual, and very gentle. I pulled her in close as the warm water sluiced over our bodies. I had her sit on the edge of one of the corner seats and I grabbed a towel from outside of the shower and put it on the floor in front of her.

Mom gently pulled on my cock, rubbing her thumb underneath the head at the Y while wrapping her finger over the ridge of my cock. "Mmmmm, baby, your mother needs some family attention."

I huskily replied, "Yes mother, spread your legs so your son can plumb the depths of your sex."

Mom opened her thighs and I knelt on the towel in front of her. She lined us up and I moved forward, sheathing my cock with my mother's warm, moist depths. I diverted some Chi to her and she moaned, "So this is what all your women are talking about! It....feels....wonderful!"

Mom threw her head back and just grunted with each thrust, whimpering her climaxes, and begging for more as I took my mother's pussy for my pleasure. After I had cum, I cleaned her up and dried her and myself off and we walked to the table to join everyone for breakfast.

There was sliced ham, some cheese grits, home made flaky biscuits, smoked bacon, scrambled eggs, and hash browns all set up in chafing dishes and everyone dug in with gusto.

During breakfast dad started the conversation with, "Harry, the Seals have set up an obstacle course around the perimeter of the fitness center. They were wanting to do some laps with you after breakfast if you are up to it. I think they are wanting to spar afterwards. Mind if we watch the sparring session?"

OK, something was up. He never asks to watch. "What gives, Dad?"

"Well, I think about four of the Seals are planning on ganging up on you to see if they can overpower you. Just promise you will not hurt anyone. Those fellas are the good guys."

I laughed, "You are that confident, eh?"

"You forget, I have seen you fight."

I nodded and commented on how good the food was.

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The obstacle course was well thought out and we went through about 10 rounds together. Then one of the Seals asked, "So Harry, you interested in a little four on one sparring?"

"Four on one? That doesn't seem quite fair!"

"You gonna chicken out on us, Harry?"

I laughed, "You misunderstand. I am just worried I won't get much of a workout with just four of you."

"Oh hell no! You fellas hear the smack he is putting down?"

"Yeah, this is going to be epic."

Epic it was. Dad was taping the bout on his phone and the family and other Seals were watching. They had picked four of their best and quickly surrounded me. I put my Chi at about 30%, nodded I was ready, and all hell broke loose.

I charged the Seal in front of me and stopped abruptly just out of arms reach as I jumped completely over his head, tapping him on the back of his head as I vaulted over. "Boop! You're dead." I twisted in the air and landed facing the other three who had closed some distance. The one I tapped was stunned but not hurt and he went to his knees before laying down on the mat.

That hindered the one in front of me and the two Seals to the side attacked. The one on the left went high with a front kick which he intended to follow with some fast strikes to the body while the right Seal went for a leg sweep. I jumped up and a little back so the front kick sailed in front of me and countered with a side kick just above his groin with mild impact. "Boop, your ass is on the ground."

When I landed the Seal to the right was changing his foot positioning after the leg sweep and I just continued going to the mat, did my own leg sweep and jumped over his falling body as I tapped his head, "Boop, you're dead."

The fourth Seal had traversed the first one and then attacked with quick hand strikes which I had to deflect. He left himself vulnerable to his chest if someone was quick enough...and I was. I placed both palms to his chest and cackled, "Boop, you're dead."

The Seals gave a slow clap of acknowledgment and the family whooped and hollered.

One of the four I helped back up was one of the Lieutenants. "Well, that was fucking embarrassing! Four highly trained Seals in hand-to-hand combat, trained by some of the best, demolished in less than 10 seconds."

I smiled, "That was a nice warm up, anyone else care to play king of the mountain?" Sorry, I just had to rub it in. I had no takers, even when I said we could do 8 on 1 odds. So for the next hour we did katas and Seal on Seal light contact training. In the end, everyone gathered around as I explained the release and use of Chi. They all already knew the basic concepts, but they were crude in their application which robbed them of most of that power.

The hardest thing for them to realize was Chi had little to nothing to do with physical strength. The release of Chi for use in a fight was more about relaxation and allowing it to manifest as opposed to getting psyched up to do battle. More along the lines of absolute confidence and acting out of that confidence without the need for lots of muscle energy. The two being absolutely independent of each other.

After that, I worked a few minutes with each Seal to help them better manifest their Chi with simple exercises. I told them to practice and we would continue the training tomorrow.

Mary joined me in the shower, "I don't really want sex unless you need some release, Harry. I just wanted to be with the father of my child for a while. Is that OK?"

"Absolutely, Mary." I said as I pulled her into the shower. I began to soap her down with my hands, attempting to have a nice sensual shower with her. I paid special attention to her tummy, much to her delight. I kissed her tummy and asked, "Are you as excited as you seem about our baby?"

"Oh yes! I am sorry for announcing it as Bill and mine, but I didn't want to hurt his feelings or possibly embarrass him. I know everyone knows, but knowing and flaunting it in his face in public are two entirely different things."

"I agree, Mary. Just remember your promise to raise it rather than pawn it off to a nanny, please."

"That is not going to happen, Harry. I promise."

I was sitting down and she was standing so I hugged her around her hips and just held her there for a while as she ran her fingers through my hair.

Lunch was rather simple fare, but good. We had toasted wheat BLT sandwiches made with thick, house cut, smoked bacon that was air fried on a rack. This made the bacon both crispy and chewy at the same time. The mayonnaise was in house with a hint of red pepper and celery seed. The tomatoes were huge beefsteak tomatoes that were ripened on the vine...definitely not the half green hot house tomatoes you get at the grocery. The sandwiches were diagonally cut into wedges and were easy to handle. As a side dish we had baked cinnamon pear halves filled with made in house, fresh mascarpone cheese lightly flavored with vanilla.

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An hour after lunch was served I met with the staff in the Auditorium. "Ladies and gentlemen: First, I want you to know how overwhelmed I am at your service level of expertise. I want you to know I just told the Captain to give everyone a 10% raise because you have already proven to me all of you are a cut above. Please accept this as a most sincere thank you. Now, I want this to be short and sweet, but I also want to address any questions you might have.

Most of the questions were pretty minor clarifications about how things should be done so the meeting didn't last long.

Eventually we arrived at the Cayman Trench and the tenders were rigged for fishing. One was rigged for trolling while the other was set for still fishing.

Dad and Doc went with the VP on the trolling tender while the President and Marion and I were on the set line tender. Now, I must admit, we kinda cheated a little bit. We lowered an underwater sound box down to 50 feet and began to transmit sounds of schooling bait fish. We each had two lines, One at 120 feet deep and one at 60 foot. Both with squid as bait. We also layed out a floating tarp with squid hanging down under the tarp to entice fish to feed near the surface.

We soon had a school of large mahi-mahi, also known as dolphin fish (not the mammal) and we started loading the boat up with 3 to 5 foot fish going from 30 to 50 pounds each. We stopped after 6 fish, figuring that was enough for dinner.

However, The trolling tender was using 10 inch mackerel colored broken back jigs and they hooked up with a huge blue marlin about 30 minutes after we had almost finished and fought it for over an hour before they landed it. She was a beauty at around 100 pounds. Lots of pictures were taken of

the larger dolphins and the marlin when they were first caught as their coloring fades after being caught.

We quickly returned to the yacht and handed the fish over to the chef before cleaning the tenders and getting bathed. The men regaled our wives with our fishing prowess and it wasn't long before the 100 pound blue marlin weighed 200 pounds and the dolphin we caught were 88 pound monsters.

The ladies took it all in stride, realizing it was a male bonding moment, and we all had a good time sipping wine, celebrating our fine catch, and waiting for dinner.

We ate dinner Al-fresco with the guests on the second deck as we continued to sail to the blue hole near Jamaica. We began with a wonderfully light romaine lettuce salad tossed with lightly salted and roasted pepitas, shredded carrot, finely diced boiled eggs, and seasoned with fresh ground black pepper. The dressing was a house made oil and vinegar made from a traditional 12 year old balsamic vinegar of Modena and First Cold Pressed, Pompeian Robust Extra Virgin Olive Oil with crushed, fresh oregano. The result was a salad with tons of texture and loads of flavor that didn't overpower the palate.

The mahi-mahi was served over rice with a wonderful sauce of Aji Amarillo, chopped red onion, diced tomatoes, minced fresh garlic, diluted chicken broth, and white wine vinegar. The fish was floured and cooked in a light avocado oil, drained, and plated before covering with the sauce and garnished with cilantro.

The blue marlin was served in oven braised, cross section steaks basted with clarified butter and topped with finely chopped roasted pecans and a sprinkling of allspice. A side dish of lightly salted sweat potato fries accompanied the dish. I cautioned Mary to just eat the dolphin because of the high mercury content of the marlin, but everyone really enjoyed its firm texture and delicate flavor.

The wine was a 2020 Tyler Winery Santa Barbara County Chardonnay that was ripe yet bright and marked by flavors of ripe stone fruit, citrus rind, green apple, lemon cream, and flint. It was a restrained wine showing off its refined acidic focus and balance.

Dessert was Bananas Flambé, a saucier version of the classic bananas Foster, which uses heavy cream at the end to bring the mixture together into a boozy, butterscotch-y sauce. Served over whipped mascarpone, it melds flavors of banana liqueur, dark rum, cinnamon, caramelized banana, butter, nutmeg, and salted roasted macadamia nuts on a bed of soft, creamy cheese.

It was served with copious amounts of coffee made from freshly ground Arabaca beans with a medium roast.

Sex after dinner just wasn't happening so a large group of us went and played cards at the tables. After a long day, many had sacked out by 1000 hours (8:00 pm) and we all went upstairs to get some rest. All the ladies grabbed their man of choice for the evening and we all went to bed, expecting a fine start to the morning.

During dinner we had reached the Blue Hole and Captain Barnes had us geostationary just off the Atoll. Subs would be lowered right after breakfast for 60 minute sightseeing tours and lists were being filled out for the available slots.

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2200 hours--"Captain, we need you on the Bridge."

Captain Barnes jumped up from his desk and made haste getting to the Bridge, "Whatcha got XO?"

"Sir, we have a contact that was lit up by the side sonar we use for locating fish. It is on a commercial frequency so they may not have noticed. But it is closing very slowly, barely underwater, and is acting like they have hostile intent."

"Get the President down here ASAP! And light up the defensive stations. We may have a full scale attack heading our way."

Bill was zonked out with Sue wrapped around him when his ship phone rang. "Yes, what is it?" was his groggy response on the phone.

"Sir, sorry to bother you but we have a situation and the Captain has requested your presence on the bridge. We have some potential hostiles inbound, Sir."

The President grabbed some pants and a T-shirt and literally ran to the elevator. The VP was evidently alerted as well as he was hot on his heels. Soon after, the entire ship was quietly put on general quarters and the Seals were dressed and armed in a matter of 5 minutes, awaiting orders.

When the President and VP walked onto the bridge the Captain gave him a sit rep, "Sir, we have an inbound sub that is danger close. Do we have any subs in the area?"

The President was shocked, "Get me COMSUBLANT on the SAT connection immediately!"

Within seconds, the bridge communications officer handed the President a phone land line handle, "COMSUBLANT is on the channel, Sir!"

"Who is this!"

"This is your President speaking! Authorization Alpha, Charlie, Zulu, Gamma, Pappa! Give me whoever is in charge ASAP!"

"Sir! Yes Sir!" About five seconds later, "Mr. President, this is Vice-Admiral Swalter, what can I do for you, Sir?"

"I need to know if you have any assets near the Jamaican Blue Hole area and I need to know yesterday!"

"Sir, we have no boats anywhere near that area! Do you need assistance?"

"Not at this time, I will keep you advised." And the President hung up. "Blow his ass out of the water, Captain, you are authorized weapons hot."

"Sound general Quarters! Light up tubes one and two and program them for anti-sub. Give them the coordinates of the intruder and advise when they are ready to fire. Do not, I repeat, do not alert them to the knowledge we see them."

The weapons officer replied, "Aye, Sir! Waking up tubes one and two and sending programming....Sir! We have multiple air contacts on approach from several vectors!"

"Open outer doors, fire torpedoes as soon as they are ready, and get me a radar fix on those contacts!"

"Sir, torpedoes away, impact in 5 seconds! We have solid locks on 3 of the approaching aircraft but 3 others are too low and slow, thinking they are choppers, Sir."

"Activate the Sea Whiz and prepare to repel boarders. Fire 3 missiles and follow up on any misses! XO! Get two Seal sniper teams up top, a Seal squad aft on deck 2 and the other protecting the bridge!"

"Aye, Sir! Missiles 1-3 are firing."

At that point, the Secret Service agents arrived in force, "Mr. President, we need to get you to the safe room immediately!"

"Not going to happen, son. I am needed here to coordinate with our military. If there is a serious boarding threat then we can discuss it. For now, station yourselves just off the bridge and work with any Seal Team members that show up."

"Yes Sir!"

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I was enjoying some relaxing time in the roman pool when the President and VP ran like bats out of hell to the elevator. Knowing some shit had just hit the fan I went and got dressed in my tactical outfit and grabbed my Sig.45 and the Swedish K with two magazines of AP for each just as general quarters was announced. I rushed to the elevator and went up to the landing pad just in time to see three missiles streak from the bow.

I watched the plume from the motors until they went out of sight and soon after I saw three flashes from beyond the horizon. I heard the whop whop of approaching choppers just before the elevator dinged and the two Seal snipers came out with their 50's. "Good! Get on each side of the elevator and take out any choppers that get close. Let me hit any perps that make it to the deck here. Thinking infra red is the proper setting."

"Roger that, Sir!"

About that time, the two aft Sea Whiz Gatling guns started going off. Man what a racket those things make! Evidently the Choppers fired some missiles: thank goodness the Gatling guns took them out. The last one exploded a bit close for comfort, about 100 feet off the stern. The ship was peppered but nothing damaged.

The ship then lit up the night sky and the three choppers became visible. The two Snipers then began to target the one to the left and the one to the right. The Sea Whiz guns peppering them hard as well. Both of those choppers exploded in the air but the third one got inside their firing arcs.

"Hold your fire until they land, don't want a crash on the yacht! See if you can place a shot through the cockpit to get it to veer off and then take her down."

The chopper hovered above the landing pad and 8 men started down four ropes. I sprayed my K over them and managed to take out 4 but it took both magazines to do it. The Snipers took out one each before one of them busted open the cockpit and the chopper veered off to the side and away. At that point, both Seals targeted her and she soon went down hard inside the Blue Hole.

That left two men on the deck. I lit one up with my .45 and the AP rounds went through his vest...and through his heart and lungs. The other perp then raised his arms in surrender shouting in a very strong South American accent, "Harry Walker! We both know I am a dead man. Let me die in hand to hand combat like a man! Let me fight the legend!"

I replied, "Ok....but strip so I know you are unarmed."

He did so and turned around in a 360 to prove he had no weapons on him. I then did the same and we approached one another. It was at that time the perp began to dance.

I thought to myself, oh shit, this guy is a capoeirista practicing the martial art which incorporates elements of jiu jitsu, gymnastics and sports. WHO THE HELL PREPARES TO FIGHT A CAPOEIRISTA!

Knowing he would be jumping around and disguising his kicks and punches and that he would attempt to grapple if we got close, I kept my distance, went fully defensive, and analyzed his fighting technique. I evenly distributed my Chi, keeping it at about 50% because I wanted to take this one alive for questioning.

Even with me trying to keep my distance, he landed a few blows to my arms and legs. My Chi protected me from serious harm but this guy had some power behind his moves. After a few attacks he leapt into the air as if he was going to give me a flying front kick. I defended that, sweeping his foot to the side but it was a feint.

He grabbed my shoulder and used his momentum to put us both on the deck. He immobilized that arm quickly and was going for the other when I struck him, full force, on the shoulder of the arm holding mine. He let go, but didn't disengage soon enough as I hit him with half a dozen Chi charged strikes to his ribs which broke them all on his right side. This effectively put him out of the fight. I kicked him away and quickly stood to move in and immobilize him with a grapple.

I stopped when I noticed he was frothing blood. Evidently at least one of the broken ribs had punctured his lung and he was drowning in his own blood. He looked at me with pleading eyes to end it. Having compassion on him, I pushed my Chi to 100% and tapped the side of his head, killing him instantly.

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"Sir! We have two positive hits on the sub. She is sinking. The missiles are away and tracking."

"What are those choppers doing!" Captain Barnes demanded of the coms officer.

"They are approaching the stern, Sir. Sea Whiz is taking out missiles they fired. The Seal snipers have arrived and they report Harry is geared up and with them. He has taken control of the situation and is issuing orders."

"Sir, I have visual on the top deck, The Seals and Sea Whiz have taken down two choppers, the third is dropping perps onto the deck."

The coms officer put the visuals up on the monitors in the Bridge and everyone watched the battle unfold.

The Captain barked, "Are there any other threats on the boards?"

Coms replied, "Sir! No Sir! This chopper is the last one." As he spoke, the last chopper veered off and was shot down by the Seal Sniper teams, landing inside the Blue Hole.

"Get a seal team in one of the tenders and pick up any survivors in the Hole. Also get someone in a sub and check out the sub we sank.

The President was speechless. Jim spoke up, "Captain, THAT was impressive as hell!"

The Captain responded, pointing to the monitors, "It ain't over yet, Sir."

The bridge watched as I began the hand-to-hand battle with the perp. "He is using an unusual fighting style I have not seen before." The Captain explained. "Harry is an exceptional fighter, he knows to keep back and evaluate him before committing to a line of attack."

Soon it was over and the Captain was able to concentrate on the Subs and the Seal team moving in to capture survivors.

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The Seal Sniper teams then moved to cover the recovery operation at the Blue Hole and one of them said, "Hell, we should have just let Harry deal with the choppers, he is a one man wrecking crew."

The other sniper replied, "Roger that."

I got dressed and took the body down to sick-bay to isolate him and see if we could get an identification on him. Doc was there immediately and I left him to it. Death was not something I wanted to get comfortable with...yeah, protecting my family and friends was a notable exception in my book.

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I walked onto the bridge as the coms officer was in touch with the Seal Teams. The Snipers, having picked up three heat signatures on their IR settings of their scopes, were vectoring the Seal Team on site to their locations.

The sub reported that the torpedo strikes were catastrophic and the sub was completely destroyed. No chance of survivors.

The President then said, "Coms, put me in touch with Naval Surface Force Atlantic."

"How do you want it, Sir?"

"Just put it out in the air, Son."

"Hello, this is Ensign Simmons, you have contacted the United State's Naval Surface Force Atlantic on a secure line. May I have your authorization code, please?"

"This is the President, code Alpha, Charlie, Zulu, Gamma, Pappa. Get Admiral Zucker on the line."

Within seconds Admiral Zucker responded, "Sir, good to hear you all are safe. We tasked a satellite to watch the action and we have a chopper inbound to your location. ETA is one hour."



"Excellent, Admiral. We have three hostages and one body we need dealt with. Take them directly to the CIA's black site for interrogation."

"Absolutely, Sir. Where might that be?"

"Get the director on the line."

"Yes Sir. One moment, Sir."

After a minute the Director could be heard on the line, "How the hell do you know it's him?"

Admiral Zucker responded, "You are on the line, Sir. Ask him yourself."

"Shit! Warn me next time! Mr. President, is that you?"

"Put me on voice analysis and let's get this dealt with ASAP." he said.

We heard a faint voice saying, "Voice analysis confirmed, Mr. Director."

"Sorry, Mr. President. How can I be of assistance?"

"We have a situation at the Blue Hole in Jamaica. There are three prisoners and a body. The body needs identification and the three prisoners need interrogation. A Sea Stallion is on its way to pick them up and I want them delivered to your black site for interrogation. You two work it out. Is there a problem?"

The Director responded, "No Sir. We will get this done."

With that the President nodded to the coms officer and the line went dead.

The President then asked, "I need a three way call with Homeland and the FBI, please."

After a few moments, and after it was verified he was the President, he said: "Gentlemen, I am on vacation on a yacht and the only person besides the Vice President and our wives who knew of the trip was my Chief of Staff. We were just attacked by a concerted effort by a submarine, three fixed wing aircraft, and three choppers."

"I want who leaked this information and I want it by the time I come off vacation. Homeland, coordinate this and get in touch with the CIA as they will soon have three perps to interrogate."

The head of Homeland was flabbergasted, "Mr. President, you were attacked by a submarine, three fixed wing aircraft, and three helicopters and you are on a yacht....and survived?"

"You have your orders, gentlemen. Get on it."

We heard the "Yes Sir" from both as the coms officer was given the sign to cut the connection.

"Captain, I am putting you in for the Navy Cross and all those who were part of this operation with Distinguished Service medals. Job well done. Well done indeed."

I looked at the President, "What about me?"

"Oh I have a very fitting honor for you. I am going to show Susan the video of you fighting naked on the top deck of the ship. I am sure she will have some very encouraging words for you."

Oh shit.

The Captain chuckled at my predicament then said, "Thank you Mr. President. That is much appreciated." And he then added, "XO, secure from general quarters and tie our prisoners to beds in the hospital ward under armed guard, inside and outside. Also, keep the video and audio active in the ward. Light it up around the Yacht and set all external proximity alarms."

"Aye Aye, Captain." The XO then got on the horn, "Secure from general quarters. Security, meet the XO on the bridge."

We three got into the elevator and when it opened on the owner's deck, DD met me. "Harry, could I have a word with you in private, please?"

I responded, "Damn. She saw it on her tablet, didn't she."

DD just smiled, "Got it in one." and she locked arms with me and pulled me back into the elevator to the room she and Doc were using.

"So, Harry, why did you engage him in hand-to-hand combat when it was not necessary?"

"Well, I want to say that I wanted to keep him alive for questioning, but that thought didn't hit me until after I was committed."

"I see. May I be direct?"

"Sure, we both know dancing around isn't necessary."

She smiled, "The Grand Master, when you two fought, what was his downfall?"

"He was cocky. Too sure of his abilities. He thought he could handle me but he was mistak..."

DD raised an eyebrow, "Need I say anything else?"

"No hon, point made. And you are spot on. You have any suggestions?"

"Just one, Harry. Knock that shit off. There is always someone better, always. Try not to find that person, please. For the family."

"Fair, and good advice. Thank you for caring."

"Oh, I care, but Susan, Barbara, Leesie, Marion, Leslie, Cathy, and your dad were going to have your head for a snack when you got back. I assured them it would be better if I talked with you first."

"So you saved my ass from someone better already."

"Something like that, yes. We good?"

I took DD into my arms, "Absolutely, hon. Thank you for interceding and for the insight. I hear you."

"Good! Now go back up and fuck the hell out of your wife."

"Yes, Ma-am!"

DD and I walked out of the elevator into a semi-circle of family. I raised up my hands and said, "Yes, you are right, I should not have done it, it was unnecessary, and I promise not to repeat that

mistake."

Sue piped up, "And what did DD suggest you do to calm down the situation?"

"She told me to come up here and fuck the hell out of my sister wife."

Sue took a deep, shuddering, cleansing breath and said, "And what are you waiting for?"

With that, I swept her off her feet and took her to our bedroom. I gently laid her down on our bed and we spooned for a while, cuddling and enjoying each other's closeness. I fell asleep in the process. I didn't even hear the Sea Stallion come in for the prisoners.

I startled awake around six in the morning with Sue still in my arms as the little spoon. My libido had kicked in and I had morning wood that had miraculously parted Sue's lips with the head nudging the entrance to her pussy. I slowly and gently began to move in and out of her super smooth pussy. After a bit she woke and groaned, "This is perfect, don't change a thing."

We stayed situated as we were, me holding her tight, spooning, and fucking in a very sensual, languid, loving union. It almost felt as if her pussy was sucking me in and then pressing against the head of my cock before expelling me only to suck me in again. Like she said, it felt amazing.

I felt Sue climaxing several times but she never let up, never missed a beat, and I was in sensual heaven.

My cock began to swell, signaling my climax, and Sue whispered, "Cum hard for me baby, remind your woman how much you love her. Remind me that you are my man." Just as I was starting to climax, Sue adjusted and pushed hard against my crotch, burying me balls deep into her cunnie. I grabbed her hip and held my cock deep inside her and came until my balls ached. I could feel my hot cream pressing past the shaft of my cock, having filled her completely.

After I was done, I didn't let her go. My cock still implanted into her hot sex, reveling in the moist heat of her willing body.

After a few minutes, we got up and showered. Drying off just in time for breakfast. We had fresh milk, cold vegetable juice, bacon, and sausage patties. We also had Belgian waffles with whipped butter, blueberry and maple syrups and cinnamon. I just love getting butter and syrup caught up in the valleys of Belgian waffles.

I called another meeting with the staff after breakfast to debrief everyone many had questions about the details of what happened: but the biggest question was if more attacks were expected.

I responded to the question with complete honesty. "Well, as you know, the President has declared war on the Mexican and South American drug cartels to the point of assigning special operations personnel tasked to destroy them and their infrastructure. That attack was a response to his initiative. So, to answer your question as honestly as I can, I seriously doubt there will be continued issues along that front."

What you may not know is this vessel is now an official diplomatic ship and we will be traveling port to port overseas on diplomatic missions. As a diplomatic vessel, we will enjoy internationally recognized immunity from any and all nations who adhere to those regulations. Regardless, I hope you take solace in the way such an attack was handled. I give full credit to our Captain for managing the crises and dealing with the threat."

"We took out a submarine, three fixed wing aircraft, and three helicopters as well as repelled a boarding party and captured three prisoners for interrogation. For a luxury yacht, that is unheard of."

The XO then stood and addressed me, "There is a problem here, Harry. There was no way anyone knew we were headed to the Blue Hole of Jamaica since the Captain and I decided on that after we set sail. Someone here had to let that information out. It was probably inadvertent, but the breach had to come from this ship."

My mouth dropped. He was right, though.

I cleared my throat, "OK, you know all the communications are logged on this ship, so please, just save us the trouble of finding you. It will look better for you if you come forward now."

One of the laundry staff raised her hand, tears streaking down her face. She was shaking as she confessed, "Mr. Walker, Sir. It could have been me. I was on a call with my cousin in Guadalajara, Mexico and I mentioned we had the President and Vice President on the yacht and that we were going to the Blue Hole in Jamaica for vacation. I am so very sorry! I did not suspect my conversation with my sister would be overheard or intercepted!"

"What is your name, hun?"

"I am Ana, Sir."

"Ana, that means favor or grace, does it not?"

"Yes, Sir." She stammered, getting more upset.

"Ok, anyone else accidentally leak that information?"

When no one came forward I said, "OK. Thank you Ana for letting us know, would you come up here so we can talk? Everyone else may leave. Thank you all for coming."

Ana was having difficulty standing so I moved to go to her and Susan, DD, Ana, and I sat down and had a gentle conversation.

DD spoke up first, "Ana, you just made a simple mistake, one I am sure you will never repeat. But there are some people who will want to speak with you about this so they can track down who initiated this attack."

Ana was beside herself so I took her hand in mine and tried to calm her. "Ana, what is your last name?"

"I am Ana Barrera, Sir. My family and I came to America when I was a child and I have earned my citizenship for some years now. I am so sorry I have put everyone's life in danger! Now I worry for my cousin."

"Well, if your cousin is innocent in this, I will find a way to bring her to the States, perhaps working for us as a South American Liaison. Let's get you to the owner's deck where we can let you tell your story to those investigating this whole thing, OK? The sooner we know all the details, the sooner we can protect your cousin."

We were all sitting around in the owner's lounge area and Ana confessed to the President what she had done.

He took our cue and was gentle with her, "Ana, thank you for letting me know this. I need to call some people who are investigating this incident, would you mind telling them everything you know about your cousin and this conversation you had?"

"Mr. President, I am aware of how bad this looks. I swear to you I had no clue my conversation with my cousin could have caused this. I will do anything I can to help get to the bottom of this."