





The tender saddled up sideways to a set of stairs at the stern of the yacht and we disembarked onto a 40 foot wide stairwell with plenty of crew to help with the bags and stabilize us as we moved from the tender to the ship.

Upon walking up to the second deck everyone was aghast at the space. The At 200 feet wide and 100 feet deep, this open deck area was enormous. And that didn't include the submarine and tender sets on each end (one tender was in the water still).

Rows of sunbathing chairs, a massive hot tub, lots of casual seating and a gorgeous 30 place table made from light cherry stained, matched, AAA grade, waterfall bubinga wood panels with a deep, high gloss, urethane finish. The table was lined in dark teak and the deep cushioned chairs were made of dark teak. There were smaller, matching, 6 person tables scattered around the overhang.

The two submarines were TRITON 3300/6 subs configured for 4 passengers and a pilot for increased comfort. They were capable of diving down .6 miles beneath the surface which was more than enough to enjoy most of the world's reefs.

The deck was light teak and looked to be of real wood panels. The walls matched the table and the whole expanse spoke of true decadence.

I looked at the family, whose mouths were on the floor, and said, "I don't think we are in Kansas anymore."

Mom merely whispered, "No shit."

The manufacturing rep walked up, introduced himself to us and began his introduction of the ship, "This entire ship's communications are hardened fiber optic and the entire ship is made of cross layered Carbon Fiber. She can be controlled by the Bridge, by individually highly secured tablets, or from the armored safe room in the 4<sup>th</sup> deck master suite. Each and every room has multiple hidden cameras as well as being wired for sound. And there is 360 degree exterior coverage with proximity alert...that includes underwater coverage."

"The hull at the waterline and below is reinforced with an inner layer of 2 inch thick Titanium with the hull and outer walls above the waterline with 1 inch thick Titanium that is laminated with 1.5 inches of carbon fiber. This lady has a 7.5 foot waterline and the bow of each hull is raked at a 60 degree angle to cut through the waves with minimal resistance. Each individual hull is made to semi plane on the water at high speeds and built in air cavities in their bottoms reduce water friction at any speed."

"The hulls have a special coating of Aluminum, Boron and Magnesium along with titanium boride which results in a substance that is just the third hardest material in the world coming after diamond and cubic boron nitride. This coating makes the hull more slippery than Teflon and nearly as hard as diamond. It almost eliminates marine growth of all types and allows the Yacht to slip through the water like a ski boat, which is only a very slight exaggeration."

"This hull is made to be beached without any harm to the outer layers or structure of the ship."

"The Yacht doesn't actually have engines. Instead, she is powered by stacks of 10,000 KWH combined heating and cooling gas turbine generators; each of which is activated individually as power or air conditioning needs dictate and they are fully computer controlled. These turbines provide air conditioning, heating, and hot water to the Yacht."

"They run at nearly 98% thermal efficiency, and have a combined output of 1,000,000 KW. These generators provide the electrical energy to run the ship as well as the two dozen state of the art, proprietary, 4,000 HP electric motors that are connected to 6 hydraulic transmissions which turn 6 internal variable pitch water jet type screws (four motors per transmission, one transmission per screw, three screws per hull, two hulls). This girl can go from stationary to full throttle in 5 seconds flat."

"The main fuel tanks are underneath the crew spaces in each hull, along with the two ancillary tanks in front of the engine spaces. They hold a combined 287,250 gallons of fuel which can power the ship for 94 days at 8 knots or 30 days at 20 knots or 8 days at 60 knots. As a comparison, your typical marine diesel has a thermal efficiency that tops out at around 51%. This propulsion system has an overall thermal efficiency of approximately 80%."

"Total screw output can range from 500 to 96,000 horsepower with overwhelming redundancy and vital component isolation between the three hulls. Each exterior hull has hydraulic thrusters distributed in the bow, amidships, and stern respectively and the ship has no anchors as it is kept within 1 meter of its position through GPS integration with its propulsion and positioning systems."

"The water plant is in engineering and is capable of providing 6,000 gallons of water a day. There is a 3 day holding tank of fresh water."

"All passenger rooms have adjustable California King sized beds with en-suite restrooms sporting walk-in tubs/showers and fabricated stone counter tops with gold filigree fittings, large cedar lined closets, private televisions, individual blue ray players, high speed internet, the latest gaming computers, gaming consoles, and loads of storage."

"Each room is insulated to the point of being sound proof and the walls sport rare wood panels such as waterfall bubinga, snake wood, figured maple, cocobolo, figured sapele, leopard wood, padauk and the like. All internal flooring is teak or high traffic, easy clean, marine carpeting."

"But one of the most intriguing things about her is her self defense suite."

"This girl has 2 sets of 2 groups of Mk 57 Peripheral Vertical Launch Systems, one group each in the bows of the outer hulls, that house 8 SM-6 Block IB missiles in each group. She also boasts 4 programmable VLWT torpedoes in four launch tubes with another 12 torpedoes in auto loaders in the bow of the center hull. And as a point defense grid she boasts 4 pop up 20 mm Vulcan Sea Whiz Gatling guns at the four corners of the Yacht."

Dad asked, "How was this possible?"

The builder rep replied, "The ship yard had nothing to do with it. We built the enclosures to specifications supplied to us and the manufacturers of those weapons installed them. We had nothing to do with it beyond that. We didn't procure anything. We were told it was a national defense issue and to keep our mouths shut. It was all very curious, too since we were paid extra to expedite the changes. Everything was installed only last week as the different manufacturers came in and took over. Everything they had was modular and fit right into the housings they had us make."

Dad asked, "Did you see the Department of Defense Authorizations?"

The rep handed Dad a copy of the paperwork. I looked over his shoulder and it was all in order. Every order was even signed by the President of the United States and the Joint Chief.

Just then Dad's special SAT phone rang. Dad looked at the Captain, "You are semi-retired Navy aren't you?"

Captain Barns just smiled, "Not even retired, on special assignment."

Dad motioned for the Captain and me to follow him to another room and he answered the phone. "Yes, Mr. President?"

"Ahh, there you are! I take it you have figured out we have some things to discuss?"

"One or two things, Yes-Sir."

"Well, if you don't mind, I would like to go with you on your week long shakedown cruise. I have the VP and our wives with us, would that be acceptable?"

Dad looked at me, "Your Yacht son, yes or no?"

I laughed, "As if. When can we expect you, Sir?"

You could hear the smirk over the phone, "ETA is ten minutes. We will just land on the pad on top and disembark from there."

I looked towards Captain Barnes, "She ready to sail, Captain?"

He pulled up his pad and announced to the deck hands to handle the moorings and cast off as he turned and walked away to the bridge with a big ass smile on his lips.

Dad and I walked up to the factory rep and thanked him for his time as we walked him to the gangway which was raised and retracted immediately upon his departure. The Yacht immediately pulled away from the dock and began moving brusquely out of the small harbor. I looked at Dad, "He wasn't kidding, this thing is quick and agile."

Dad looked at me, "Sorry son, I didn't know."

I replied, "No worries, I kind of expected something. Being the owner of an ultra fast Naval littoral ship rigged for combat and disguised as a luxury Yacht wasn't my guess, but, eh...life will be interesting to say the least."

We then took one of the elevators up to the fourth deck where I went to the safe. After opening it I pulled out a Swiss bank card with two accounts. One had a balance of 3 BILLION dollars and the other only had 2 million. I showed them to Dad whose eyes popped out of his head. We read the note together, "It is the pleasure of our government to provide you with enough funds to operate your new Yacht. You will need to contact Guy de Picciotto, CEO of the Swiss Bank 'Union Bancaire Privée' to activate your accounts. Three sets of Debit cards are provided here for the working account and only you have access to the main account. Thank you again for your services."

I looked at Dad, "So, the United States got a rogue Chinese psychopath to finance the build of a U.S. combat littoral ship made to look like a private Yacht and pay for her expenses for the indefinite future?"

Dad just shrugged, "Don't ask, don't tell. Let's wait to see what the President has to say."

I immediately called Guy de Picciotto, the CEO, who immediately answered his phone. "I see you are calling from an expected number, Sir. This is Mr. Guy de Picciotto, may I have you repeat the phrase, 'Please name her, 'Le Délice de Susan' and offer my heartfelt thanks for the gift' so that I may verify your identity by your voice."

I repeated the phrase.

"Thank you Mr. Walker. You now have full access to your accounts. The three cards you have are linked to the working account only. You will need to give me a call to transfer any funds from the main account as voice verification will be required. If you are under duress just use the name of the Yacht and we will act accordingly."

"Thank you, Sir. You have been most helpful."

With that done we ended the call and I gave Dad one of the cards. Dad and I took the one elevator that went up to the top of the Yacht just as Marine One settled down on the deck and the President, Vice President, and their wives departed with a small contingent of Secret Service agents.

We had gotten under way in 7 minutes and the Captain was with us; the XO taking the ship out to sea. I handed him a card since he was in charge of the ship procurement operations. I shouted

above the rotor noise: "Use this card to pay for any procurements from now on, Captain." A few crew members grabbed the luggage.

It was impossible to meet and greet with the blades whirling so we all just got into the elevator and went down to the Owner's deck as Marine One lifted back off the deck. When the elevator doors opened, the whole group just took in the expansive place with awe.

The whole owners deck was paneled in highly figured waterfall Maple with a golden pecan stain that really brought forth the waves in the wood grain, The whole place looked like the wood had melted and was flowing towards the floor in rivulets. The walls had a thick, ultra hard coating of marine grade, ultra clear urethane that made you think the walls were behind a pane of glass. The walls were mesmerizing.

The President and VP took the two special guest suites and I put up the Secret Service members in the one of the balcony suites on the second floor...figuring they would hot bunk in shifts anyway as they watched over the two dignitaries.

Doc and DD took one of the VIP suites While Marion and Lisa took the other. Leesie and Dad took the other VIP suite.

Cathy bedded with us in the Master suite.

It seems both Seal Team Squads and their spouses came along. With the unmarried Seal Team members doubling up, we had just enough rooms for everyone.

Captain Barnes had filled out the crew with his original crew members along with some additional members...some of whom I suspected were specialists to maintain the self-defense platforms.

After everyone got situated the family and the President and VP met in the owners lounge on Deck 4. The President then started an impromptu meeting but I held up a hand to speak first. He was a bit flabbergasted at that but quickly smiled and relaxed as I asked my question.

Looking at the First Lady, I asked, "How have you been feeling?"

She positively glowed, "The President and I are expecting!"

Everyone seated around knew the baby was mine but to a person they played the charade; taking their leads from her statement. We all congratulated The President and his wife on their first and all the women started talking excitedly about the pregnancy.

After a bit, DD got everyone's attention and reminded them the President was about to speak. The ladies apologized and smiled, knowing there was going to be a long discussion on the pregnancy later.

The President nodded to DD in appreciation and he began, "I assume you all need something of an explanation."

Dad, Marion, Doc, and I all nodded.

"Well, more and more we have a need for a military staging vessel that doesn't look like a military staging vessel so it can get into foreign ports. When we got wind that a Chinese National was having a private super-yacht built in the northeast of the States, well, we secretly took over the build and just let him finance the thing."

"Our intention was to nationalize it and use it for our stated purposes. Then, the Chinese government just up and gave the thing to you. We thought about it and decided this was just perfect. They even paid for all the munitions and operating costs through those two accounts you have, Harry. By the way, here is a letter from the IRS stating that money is tax free."

He handed me the letter and I immediately excused myself and put it into the safe...along with everyone's Presidential 'get out of jail free' letters.

Upon my return, the President continued, "Harry, you being the owner, though, does create an issue. One that would be easily solved if you and your families became CIA field officers. Of course, that would mean a recall for Barbara and Leesie. It would be strictly black box, though."

"Officially you would be a Traveling Ambassador of the United States, giving you and your Yacht diplomatic immunity in almost any country's ports. She is fitted with the latest satellite communications as well as an ELF antennae in the keel of the central hull for the more clandestine communications you will have. Everyone's pay rates would reflect your positions, of course."

"She is also impervious to listening devices and all of the portholes and windows are bulletproof with an additional precaution of ballistic film on both sides of the glass. This girl is one of the safest ships on the ocean. A great place for a community of operatives and several young families to raise young ones. What say you all?"

I looked around and everyone nodded their agreement, even Doc and DD. "I want Doc and Cathy to be the ship's medical team and I want DD to be our in-house counselor. That a problem?"

The President smiled, "Not for me."

The others let me know it was an exciting proposition.

"One thing, though. I want to be the highest rank on this ship and I want a SES ES-5 rating with everyone else here at a level 3 rating. Also, I need a letter from you saying I have complete autonomy over this vessel and its crew while they are stationed on this vessel. I don't want any military or bureaucrat pissing in my pond."

The President balked a bit at that one. The Vice President then spoke up, "He is only right in wanting to protect this vessel from anyone who might think this operation is a red herring. Our party will not always be in power. I think it is a reasonable request."

"Good point, Okay, done. We have an accord?"

Everyone around the room nodded and agreed.

Sue then asked, "So what is my job?"

I looked at her, "You will be the Diplomatic Liaison Officer."

"Cool! I fully intend to liaise with our politicians later today!"

Most everyone laughed and agreed that was definitely on the agenda.

With that, we guys got into the elevator to go meet everyone on deck 3. The ladies restarted their pregnancy discussions and they were having a grand time as the elevator doors shut.

The President and VP both walked out onto Deck 3 and the place was full of Seals and Secret Service agents, all having a grand time. One of the Lieutenants saw the President and hollered, "ATTENTION ON DECK!" and everyone jumped.

The President laughed and said, "As you were! I am here on vacation and I don't want to have to deal with military protocol while onboard. While here, just relax and let me be one of the guys. VP, you agree?"

"Fully, Sir."

The two then went around and said hello to all the groups on the deck, the President addressing them and their spouses by name, impressing the hell out of everyone there. After a bit, the two sat down at a poker table with some of the enlisted men and played some blackjack. It took a while, but eventually the two were accepted as equals in the room and everyone had a great time just being human.

Captain Barnes showed up and the President had him join in the poker game, the table being large enough for 12, "Captain, I need to let you know that Harry here is now an ES-5. He also has full autonomy over this ship and its crew while stationed on this ship. Consider that a Presidential order. Do you see any problem with that?"

"Not at all, Sir. I have been around Harry enough to know he will accept my guidance in my area of expertise."

I responded, "Captain, I absolutely defer to you on the running of this ship and I would value your counsel on any operations we have."

Captain Barnes nodded his appreciation and looked at the President, "As I said, no issues at all, Sir."

After a few hands, the President called the LT over and said, "LT, I am about to get up and go back to my quarters. If you holler everyone to attention I am going to slap you upside your head, copy?"

"Crystal clear, Sir." he laughed, "Have a great evening, Sir."

We all got up from the table and the place went silent for about 3 seconds, waiting for the command that didn't come. After that, the room resumed. But, it was obvious to everyone the President earned some brownie points with all the military personnel there.

We next visited the Bridge and the XO started to acknowledge the group when the President quickly countered, "Chill, just here to enjoy the view. Please treat me as just another guest while I am here."

The XO smiled, "As you wish. Is there anything you would like to know, Sir?"

"Well, where are we headed?" the VP asked.

"Captain Barnes and I thought you might like to see some atolls and do a bit of fishing. We are on our way to the Blue Hole over in Jamaica to do some sightseeing and a bit of fishing off the reefs."

"Oh! That is excellent! Visiting the Blue Hole and fishing in Jamaica are both on my bucket list!"

"We will do our best to make your vacation worth the name, Sir."

The President asked, "How fast will this lady fly, XO?"



"She is rated for a sustained 60 knots, Sir. But we suspect her top end is closer to 80, though we would be stressing her to do so."

"What are we doing now?"

"We are doing 15 knots, Sir. We figure that is the sweet spot for fuel and speed."

I then asked the XO for the ship's audio system. "Captain Barnes, you have any issues with me proclaiming a clothing optional, free use, cruise?"

Barnes smiled, "Absolutely not, Mr. Walker."

"Ladies and gentlemen: This is Mr. Walker, the owner of the Yacht. I am declaring this to be a clothing optional cruise. Your choice of what to wear or not wear on any and all venues. Also, this is to be a 'free use with consent' cruise for sex. Mr. President do you concur?"

He laughed and said, "I concur."

"Mr. Vice President, do you concur?"

"He chuckled, "Yes, I concur."

Captain Barnes, do you concur?"

"I do with the exception of actual work spaces where clothing or sex is a safety issue."

"Crew and guests, clothing optional at your discretion and ladies and gentlemen, be polite and ask, don't assume." We heard the whoops and hollers from the game room. When we walked back in, clothes were everywhere and several couples were starting to really get into the mood.

In the elevator the VP said, "If the wife approves, this could be a really fun vacation."

When we stepped out on the owner's deck, all the ladies were pleasantly nude. The VP's wife asked, "Jim? Why are you still dressed?"

With that, the ladies helped us disrobe and it was obvious to all that we men were ready for some fun. Sue then handed us a bowl from which to pick out numbers. "This is going to select your sex partner or partners. Barbara is going to go with the First Lady and Cathy is joining in with the VP's wife. Remember to ask for names and sexual preferences fellas, if you don't know them already."

I looked at the VP and grinned, "Looks like you have your answer."

His wife piped up, "Only if it goes both ways and just for this vacation...for now."

The VP's wife was called Rachel, or Rache by her friends. I got her and Cathy and I think they were both enthused with the idea. The VP got DD and Dad got the first Lady and Barbara. Doc got Leslie and Sue and Marion got Leesie. We all paired up. And some of us hit the pool while some the hot tub. Marion and Leesie just went to a couch and started to have some serious fun as they watched a porn video.

Rache was a natural Auburn haired beauty, judging from her landing strip. She had a very nice thigh gap and her inner lips were prominently showing between her outer lips. She was of medium build, more towards the athletic/slim side. Her breasts were a very cute size C but her nipples were very small...and pointed.

I smiled as we took each other in and I winked, "Be careful with those things," nodding to her nipples, "You could put an eye out with them."

She just laughed, putting a very pleasing jiggle to her breasts, and said, "I am looking forward to being shot by your Red Rider BB gun." Cathy just snickered and said, "Where is that damn lamp when you need one!" and I gathered both ladies to me and we walked to the bed.

Rache, what do you like? What have you not tried that you are curious about? Don't be shy about it."

Rache looked deeply into my eyes, looking very vulnerable, "I love anal, Jim won't do that for me. But, I also want to experience whatever you did with your cock when you had Mary. The First Lady was VERY impressed."

"Well I do enjoy anal, Rache. Would you mind if I took Cathy to the promised land first? That way we can enjoy a nice long session where you get to experience a real anal orgasm."

A chill ran up Rachel's spine and she bit her lower lip, "For that I will gladly help you with Cathy." She walked over to her and slowly kissed her, cupping her breast in her soft hand.

Cathy moaned into Rache's mouth as their tongues dueled. Rache took the dominant role and slowly ran her hands over Cathy's body as I sat in a padded chair. She licked her neck below her ears in that erogenous zone which raised goose bumps all over Cathy's body. Cathy's lower lips were already moist when Rache began to suckle on Cathy's now erect nipples.

By the time Rache brought Cathy over to me the poor girl was a quivering mess. Cathy straddled my legs and lowered herself down as Rache grabbed my cock and aimed it in. Cathy's pussy lips were soaked with her juices and she moaned loudly into Rache's mouth as she impaled herself in one go. She was so hot and so slick it felt like her pussy actually sucked me in.

Realizing Cathy had not yet experienced me using my Chi through my cock I lit her up as we moved together to slip my cock in and out of her. When my Chi first hit her she gasped deeply, turned her head from Rache to look directly at me with a look of wonder on her face, "Harry! Your cock is electric now!"

Rache stood behind Cathy and offered her nipples to my lips as we fucked and Cathy had an explosive orgasm that rocked her world in only 10 thrusts. Cathy was holding onto my neck for support as she came again and again in a rolling orgasm she couldn't control. Her whole body shook and shimmied, her legs moved involuntarily, and she let out a continuous howl as if she were a werewolf.

After about three minutes of that, Cathy passed out and Rache helped me lay her on the bed. Rache then plopped my ass back in the chair and said, "Oh, hell yeah I want some of that!" She then slid her silky wet pussy over my cock and immediately felt the tingles.

"Oh Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Repeating herself on each downward thrust. As soon as she climaxed the first time though, she groaned as she lifted off me and turned around. Rache used her hands to spread her cheeks and I caught a glimpse of a well lubed ass. "I wanted to be prepared, just in case." She winked as she looked at me over her shoulder.

Rache then slowly lowered herself onto my cock as I held the base for her, aiming it for her anal ring. There was some resistance before the head plopped into her hot ass. After that, she did short

strokes, going deeper and deeper with each stroke until my balls were pressed against her sex as she sat on me and flexed her butt cheeks which had the effect of inching my cock in and out of her ass in short strokes.

My Chi was active the whole time and I softly rubbed Rache's back and spine as she gasped for air. I pulled her back to my chest and played with her breasts and nipples before rubbing her tummy. I eventually rubbed her inner thighs but resisted the urge to play with her pussy and clit, wanting her to achieve a true anal orgasm.

I kissed her neck under her ear from behind as my hands wandered again over her breasts. Rachel's breathing became very short and rapid and tears started to form from her eyes. Her thrusts became more intense, and then it happened.

Rachel screamed bloody murder as her whole body erupted in a mind bending anal orgasm. In the history of the Siren myths, no woman has ever shrieked her lust as loudly, as deeply, or with more melodic ecstasy.

Rachel's body bounced out of control with me still in her ass. The movement and her climactic experience sent me over the top and I unloaded into her bowls which just increased her pleasure and prolonged her own climax.

When she came down she was comatose for a few minutes and she just slumped into my arms. It was at that point I saw Jim and Dad and a few of the ladies peaking around the corner of the walk-in closet.

Dad whispered, "Damn son! You gotta teach me that shit!"

Cathy then got out of bed and knelt between our thighs and began to lick Rachel's pussy until she came to and moaned herself through another orgasm. She then helped Rache off of my cock and we walked together to the huge shower and cleaned up. There were seats in two of the corners of the shower and Cathy and I sat Rache in one before we lathered our hands and hand washed her body from head to toe as she slowly recovered. Cathy then lifted up her legs, spreading them so I could use the spray head to clean my cum that was leaking out of her ass.

Rache came again as some of the spray was hitting her pussy and clit as well (I have to admit, my aiming was perfect) ;-). While Rache recovered, Cathy and I cleaned each other up after I took her from behind in another sensual coupling. The three of us helped each other to walk to the hot-tub for an extended relaxation session.

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Dad led Mary and Barbara to the hot tub and the ladies sat so the bubbles coming up from their seats washed through their pussies. The vibrations soon had both women very hot to trot and Dad held out his hand to Mary, "I know you like anal, Mary." He stood Mary up and had her bend over the edge of the tub. "Barbara, would you be so kind as to hold Mary's hands so she is my sex captive as I bugger her very fine ass?"

Barbara jumped out of the hot tub, placed a chair next to the tub sat down with her legs up in the air. Mary was placed between her legs and began eating Barbara's pussy as Barbara held her hands captive while holding her down with her legs wrapped over her back just behind her head.

Dad slipped his cock into Mary's pre-lubed ass and as slick as she was, he man handled her, taking her in long, strong, but slow and sultry strokes. Dad was a connoisseur of ass fucking and he knew exactly how to please Mary. Eventually his manipulations brought forth a blinding climax for Mary who began sobbing into Barbara's pussy, the vibrations bringing her to her climax.

"Fuck Mary! I am cumming in your hot ass!" Dad groaned as his balls pumped his hot cream into the First Lady of the United States of America. "What a head rush!" he croaked as the last of his seed emptied into her willing ass.

Mary came up for air and cried, "Fuck that was good! You and Harry are the best ass fuckers I have ever had!" Barbara chimed in, "And you, Mary, know your way around eating a pussy! I loved it!"

Just at that time, Everyone heard Rachel's scream and they rushed to investigate.

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Rache, Cathy, and I joined Dad, Mary, and Barbara, who had already taken a quick shower together, in the hot tub and we just all relaxed. I did note that Mom climaxed a few times using the bubble jet in her seat to maximum pleasure. That was something the other women soon did as well. Marion and Leesie along with everyone else soon joined us. It was fun to watch one woman after another shudder through her bubblecums as we men enjoyed the eye candy show.

After about half an hour my tablet rang. "Hello? Yes Chef, I am sure everyone is very hungry. Yes, we will be eating up here in the private dining room. OK, thank you very much."

"Chef is having our dinner served," I motioned towards the dining table. "For our inaugural meal we will be having a whole, slow cooked, Prime Rib roast cut to order at table side. We are also having garlic buttered hand mashed potatoes and asparagus sauteed in a champagne sauce. There is also a garlic and horseradish au jus available for the Prime Rib." Captain Barnes had just joined us to inform the group that they may want to delay going to the third deck for about an hour.

We invited him to stay for dinner and asked what was afoot.

"Well," he smiled, "It seems everyone on the ship got on the third deck and had one hell of an orgy. After it was all done, the ladies declared that no one could eat dinner until the place was cleaned up. Some of the staff brought in cleaning supplies and everyone got down to it as the waiters rolled in carts of the prime rib and opened up the tops. The aroma had everyone working double time to clean the place up." he laughed.

DD said, "That was just diabolical!" Everyone joined in the Captain's laughter.

"It seems the Chef has a huge rotisserie where he cooked 7 20 pound prime ribs to various doneness. The aroma of those things was devastating. I think there is less than 20 pounds of meat left!" Captain Barnes chuckled as he shook his head. "Anyway, the deck is airing out from the cleaning supplies and scent of sex. You might want to let it air out a bit before getting back down there. The guests and crew are busy finishing up their meals anyway."

I asked the Captain, "The air on the ship seems to be exceptionally clean and crisp, is there an air purification plant on board?"

"The Air Conditioning unit has an air scrubber that both converts CO2 and micro cleans the air of smells and other contaminants down to the sub micron level."

"Impressive."

Just as we were finishing drying off, the elevator dinged and two waiters brought us our food and place settings. Everyone took a seat around the table as the place settings were set up and then we were served the different dishes. We each gave our order for the cuts of Prime Rib and I had them cut an inch and a half portion from the very middle of the more rare slab of meat which was very rare.

The meat could be cut with a fork and it was obvious to me it had been injected with salt, pepper, and garlic as the flavor was consistent throughout the meat. Dinner was served with bottles of Chambertin 2005 - Domaine Armand Rousseau.

Rache evaluated the wine for us saying, "It has an ethereal nose packed of aromas with a signature of dried flower of violet and primrose. The flavor is refreshing and full of fruit notes, finishing with the flavor of grilled meat with great bubbly tannin. It has a fragrant but delicate touch on the palate. I firmly approve!"

We all gave our appreciation to the waiters and asked they also be passed to the Chef.

It seemed the ladies in the group had a hard time not dripping things on their breasts during the meal. Of course, we men took turns licking them clean again, much to the delight of all involved.

For desert we had Cherries Jubilee and some fresh grind dark roast coffee.

After dinner everyone sat around in the lounge area, having eaten way too much, while I made after dinner drinks for the group. I poured Jean-Marc Roulot L'Abrirot Liqueur glasses for the group, knowing how it would clean the palate. The drink was a hit with many asking what it was.

After about 45 minutes everyone decided to go down to the accommodations deck and see what kind of mischief they could get up to with the noble goal of working off dinner (yeah, I laughed, too).

Mary, being pregnant, was a bit wary. "My Lady, I assure you, everyone was tested for STD's and medically cleared before they were allowed on the ship." Captain Barnes said, "Knowing how Harry and his family were, I wasn't going to allow anyone to contract anything that could harm them for having a good time on this cruise."

Bill said, "Just let anyone who has sex with you know you are pregnant, baby, and I am sure they will be as gentle or as rough as you allow. Not like anyone is going to do anything that they think will piss me off."

Dad chimed in, "Not like anyone in this room isn't going to have a full dance card for the entire cruise."

For some reason, everyone thought that was funny as hell. He continued, "By the way, I dispensed my combination ED meds to all the men on board. They should be raring to go the rest of the night."

At that, Mary and Rache blushed and DD, Leesie, Lillie, Barbara, and Sue all whooped in appreciation.

We all rode down in the elevator, all nude, all of us guys with hard-ons, and exited on the accommodations deck. The ladies exited first and Sue loudly announced, "Who here is man enough

to have sex with the wives of three of the most powerful men in the world?"

For a second there was dead silence from shock. Then the President said, "Ladies, any of you interested in bedding the President of the United States?"

OK, then the rush started, lol. Each woman had three men who took them to bed and each guy had three women they pounded into oblivion. The cocks and pussies never stopped revolving. At one point I had pussy on my face, one on my cock and one in each hand as I did my best to concentrate and add a smidgen of Chi to each woman. Judging by the screams, I managed pretty well. Soon the crew and kitchen staff joined in and the sounds of sex almost became deafening.

You know how a mob mentality can infect a large group of people? Well it happened that night on the accommodations deck. Sex was frantic, it was who ever was close, it was hedonistic, it was the most fun I'd had in my entire life. Nothing was taboo, nothing was denied, and no one was left standing. Two hours later the family literally crawled to the elevator to get back up to the owner's deck where we took turns in the shower and went to bed, sleeping like the dead.

As we were about to fall asleep, an announcement came over the speaker system: "Ladies and Gentlemen, due to tonight's late festivities, breakfast will be served at 10 O'clock, 0100 hours for you military peeps, and only after the Yacht has been cleaned from said debauchery. Ship's bells will ring at 0900 to give everyone time to clean up beforehand. Sleep tight knowing the night watch has your back."

Just as I fell asleep, the ship's bells sounded on the intercom. I thought aloud, "Someone is playing games, I just got to sleep."

Sue laughed, "Yeah, 8 hours ago. Get up sleepy head, time for a morning shit, shave, and shower."

Cathy grinned, just be glad you don't have to clean up the accommodations deck! You know it had to be a mess!"

I laughed, "You know, I wondered about all the leather upholstery. Now I think I understand: it is easier to clean than cloth."

"Sue, I want to address all the staff after lunch in the auditorium to thank them personally for all their dedicated hard work."

Sue got on her pad, "All set, two hours after lunch. Chef says lunch will not be served until 1 pm due to the lateness of breakfast."

"Great! So 1500 hours it is!" I quickly went down to the Bridge to see when our ETA was. The XO was there again.

"Can I help you, Sir?"

"Yes, XO, when is our ETA to the Blue Hole?"

"We should arrive right at 1600 hours, Sir. We can launch the subs and tenders for sightseeing and fishing within an hour and that will give about 2 hours of good light."

"Excellent. Thank you XO."

I went back upstairs to get a shower before breakfast.

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