

**Three days later**  
**Friday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

The kids came out of school on the dot.

Could not think *why* they were so excited!

“You guys ready?”

“Yeah!” Megan declared happily.

“We going aboard that boat with the dirty name, now?” Anne-Marie asked.

“Yep,” I replied happily.

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**Half an hour later**

**Burnham Harbor**

“Can’t you change the name; it’s disgusting now I know what it means.”

“It’s bad luck to change the name of a boat,” I explained to Anne-Marie. “Anyway, we have two other boats with us this time.”

“What are they called?” Stephanie inquired. “USS Dripping Fanny and USS Cum Stain?”

Joshua laughed raucously. “Good one, Steph!” he said approvingly.

“No,” I growled with a very unamused tone. “When I called the yacht, *Salty Swallow*, the youngest person aboard was the foul-mouthed Megan Wilson.”

“You called!” Megan announced from a few yards down the dock.

“Am I going to survive this trip?” Anne-Marie demanded.

“Of course, why?”

“Well . . . on the first boat trip, I was seasick. The second, I was kidnapped. On the third boat trip, we were struck by missiles and almost blown up and sunk. Do ya see a pattern building here?”

I grinned.

“You were rescued the second time and you survived the other trips, too. Hey, you’re with me!”

“Yeah...” Anne-Marie mused as she headed up the gangway. “I’m so dead.”

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It took a while for everything to be stowed correctly and for most to change out of their school uniforms into something a little more comfortable.

“What are you looking for?”

I had just spent several minutes watching Anne-Marie and Danny as they had searched every square inch of the main deck.

“Hidden weapons, missiles, explosives – that kind of thing,” the not so innocent young-girl replied nonchalantly as if searching a boat for hidden weapons, missiles, and explosives was a perfectly normal occurrence.

“You’ll *never* find them!”

“Is that a challenge?” the young girl asked with a broad grin.

“Just don’t blow us all up if you *do* find anything.”

“Can’t promise that...”

I laughed as she vanished below followed by her brother; it was all one big adventure to those two. Our crew consisted of eight: myself, Dave, Danny, Anne-Marie, Josh, Chloe, Stephanie, and Lauren. We were going to have *the* most amazing time together. During the last cruise, we had headed up the west coast of Lake Michigan so this time, we were going up the east side of the lake.

Our first port of call would be Michigan City, a gentle thirty-two nautical-mile cruise to the southeast.

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### **17:00**

It was a totally awesome feeling as I pressed the starter buttons and the twin diesel engines thundered to life.

The view from the flying bridge of the *Salty Swallow* was just perfect as Dave and Joshua released the lines and we got underway on thrusters. Two slips away, another yacht was casting off her moorings. I pressed the button for the horn and sent a blast out across the marina. A hand was raised from the retracted roof of the Sea Ray 470 Sundancer with the pure white hull and dark blue horizontal stripe. The *Sea Hunter* was Marcus’ wedding present and he had been itching to get out in her. With him, for the cruise were Paige, little Damon, Vicky, and Hailee. They all needed family vacations as did everybody.

In the next slip, was the other yacht of our little squadron. The *Hurricane* belonged to the Bennett family. She was another Sea Ray product, a 510 Fly. Her crew was made up of Ryan, Cathy, Curtis, Megan, Saoirse, and Morgan. I had a feeling that Ryan and Curtis were going to be a little outnumbered!

I sincerely hoped that Megan was not going to embarrass herself too badly but then, it was Megan.

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### ***Salty Swallow***

**Position: 41.85° N 87.6063° W**

**Course: 101°, Speed: 12 knots**

As we headed east into the lake, the four girls aboard *Salty Swallow* stretched out on the sun pads.

In the bow was Chloe in her dark blue, two-piece bikini that covered . . . well – not very much, really. Not that Joshua seemed to mind what was being revealed for him as he sat on the bow seat with a large glass of ice-cold Coke. His eyes roamed almost constantly across his girlfriend’s perfectly toned physique while she lay on her back and enjoyed the warm sun as it blazed down upon her. Chloe’s

breasts may not have been all that big but as far as Joshua was concerned, he was perfectly satisfied by the mounds on his partner's chest.

On the sun pad, immediately forward of the control station where I sat, the other three girls were laid out. A few feet in front of me was Lauren. She wore a *very* pink bikini and she sat drinking iced-tea through a straw from a large glass. It was her first time out on a boat and she was thoroughly enjoying herself. Across to starboard, on the other side of the sun pad, Anne-Marie and Stephanie lay in the sun. Both wore one-piece costumes – Stephanie's was a dark green and her sister's costume was a very appealing purple.

I, myself, wore a purple bikini with dark blue shorts. Dave and Danny wore yellow swim-shorts as they sat aft on the sundeck playing cards at the table and drinking Coke. Anne-Marie sat gazing over the bow and lapping up the sights and the sun while her elder sister lay on her back and dozed in the sun. Anne-Marie looked a little strange as she still wore the cast on her left forearm, it only having been a little over a week since her injury.

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Thirty yards to starboard, *Hurricane* cruised on a parallel course.

On her bow sun pad lay a very scantily clad Saoirse and slightly more covered up, Morgan. Both girls lay on their fronts to allow their backs to tan evenly. Up on the sundeck, Ryan was at the wheel while a bikini-top-and-shorts-clad Cathy lounged on the adjacent seat to port. Curtis and Megan were down below in the cockpit at the stern of the yacht. Curtis wore a pair of grey swim shorts while Megan wore a *very* revealing and *very* daring green bikini that her mother did *not* approve of but since Paige was on another boat, Megan had chanced it.

Despite Megan only being within a few of months of turning twelve, her body was very much that of a developing young woman with feminine curves appearing in all the right places and she often attracted the glances of much older boys.

Thirty yards to port on an identical course was *Sea Hunter*.

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### ***Sea Hunter***

"There's not enough material in that damn bikini to make a headband!" Paige growled to her friend.

"She's growing up, Paige, and she has a boyfriend to impress," Vicky challenged."

"It's taking me a little time to get used to her body changing so fast. Not all that long ago she was my little girl – now she's turning into a young woman with all the fixtures and fittings."

"Curtis sure likes the 'fixtures and fittings'!" Hailee laughed, much to Paige and her mother's displeasure.

"At that age, you did not even have any boobs, and if a boy so much as *looked* in your direction, you'd blush bright red and run away," Vicky countered with a nasty grin.

"That's low..." Hailee growled back.

Paige and Vicky were reclining on the bow sun pads in two-piece bikinis while Hailee, in a one-piece swimsuit, leaned against the port rail. Little Damon was nestled between the two adults. Marcus was

at the helm and he was having the time of his life as the forty-seven-foot yacht cut through the waves like Hit Girl cut through ninjas.

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### ***Salty Swallow***

To allow secure communications between each vessel, an encrypted communications channel was available via specially fitted equipment.

It was over this equipment that the day's fun began.

*"Is it just me,"* the radio at the sundeck control station squawked, *"or is Stephanie's chest not as flat as it used to be?"*

I laughed and looked over to starboard. I could make out somebody with a large pair of binoculars pointed in our direction. Stephanie propped herself up on her elbows and she glared back at the other boat. She also turned a little bit pink as she turned onto her front and ignored the jibe from Curtis.

*"Nice butt, too!"* Curtis added and Stephanie screamed her humiliation and displeasure into the sun pad.

There was laughter from everybody in earshot of the radio much to the ten-year-old girl's chagrin. The radio came to life again.

*"On pain of death, I have been directed to say that Megan has a much nicer butt . . . She also has much nicer tits and she yelps when you touch..."*

The radio was cut off mid-sentence. However, the outraged exclamations from the eleven-year-old girl on the other boat could be easily heard across the open water between the two vessels. Next on the radio, came the voice of that eleven-year-old's mother.

*"I have no idea who that girl is but suffice to say, she's a brazen hussy!"*

Megan's yelling at Curtis stopped abruptly as she came onto the radio.

*"Brazen and proud of it, Mom!"*

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'Finally – peace and quiet!' Stephanie thought as she shoved her shorts and knickers to the floor then sat down and began to pee her life away.

Stephanie growled to herself as somebody knocked on the door.

*"Occupied!"* Stephanie yelled.

The knocking continued. Stephanie grimaced.

*"Anne-Marie, fuck off!"*

The knocking stopped and there was a short pause.

*"How'd you know it was me?"*

*"Who the fuck else would follow me to the damn toilet and annoy the fuck out of me?"*

“Good reasoning.”

“Can I wee in peace, now?”

“Nah – it’s my job.”

“Job?” Stephanie queried.

“My *job* is to annoy the hell outta my big sister.”

“Can’t you take a day off?”

“Nah – 24-7.”

Stephanie closed her eyes for a moment to compose herself.

“There are days when becoming a big sister to you seems like a very bad idea...”

“Nah – you love me to bits.”

“Anne-Marie – please go away.”

“Okay...”

“Thank you.”

“Don’t forget to wipe!” The eight-year-old yelled as she ran giggling up the gangway to the main salon. The resultant torrent of verbal abuse from the toilet was audible to those two decks above.

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“Where is she?” Stephanie demanded as she stormed up onto the sun deck.

Danny smirked.

“She’s on the port sun pad,” he whispered conspiratorially.

Stephanie grabbed a large glass from the small kitchen and she quickly filled it with chilled water from the fridge. Mindy chuckled as her eldest daughter tip-toed past her. Mindy could see a massive flaw in Stephanie’s plan but once a bitch, always a bitch so Mindy kept quiet.

Stephanie launched the ice-cold contents of the glass over the port sun pad and there was a very loud piercing scream.

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A very, very annoyed Lauren jumped up from the sun pad and the teenager glared at the very guilty younger girl who held a large and very empty glass in her right hand.

“Oh, shit!” Stephanie began. “I’m *so* sorry, Lauren.” The angry ten-year-old turned towards the sound of snickering that came from the starboard sun pad and then to her younger brother. “You... Don’t tell me – ‘it’s your job’!”

Danny nodded with an outrageous grin on his face. Stephanie looked over at Mindy for some help.

“Leave me out of it,” the veteran vigilante muttered.

“Mum – wouldn’t you find things so much easier with only one child in the house? Those two are dead meat once I think up some creative way to kill them.” Stephanie turned back to Lauren. “I am really so very sorry, Lauren.”

“Don’t be, Steph. I’m a big girl; I can handle it,” Lauren laughed but then she turned serious as she glared towards the twins who now stood by the gangway which led below. “However, should you need any help disposing of the bodies, you just let me know.”

The twins fled as fast as their legs would take them.

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**Position: 41.7348° N 86.9247° W**

### **Michigan City**

We arrived off Michigan City at just before eight that evening.

Forty minutes later, we were tied up in the Outer Basin. *Salty Swallow* was at the tip of a pier while the other two yachts were moored just across the pier from us. Everybody gathered aboard *Salty Swallow* for dinner. It was a beautiful evening, so the bow sunshade was rigged while Paige, Cathy, and Lauren looked after the cooking.

Dinner was an awesome array of steaks, burgers, sausages, corn on the cob, and salad. With twenty people, things were crowded aboard so we each grabbed a plate, loaded it up, and went to find somewhere to sit. I found myself on the bow, under the sunshade. I was the first there, so took the starboard seat facing forwards. It was a lovely view over the harbour. I was soon joined by Chloe, Saoirse, Morgan, and Hailee.

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“Your hair looks really good, Morgan,” I commented.

The sixteen-year-old no longer had her usual black hair. She had removed the dye and had allowed her hair to go back to its natural blonde state.

“Thank you,” the blushing Morgan responded.

“I think you look much better,” Megan suggested as she came down to join us.

“I feel better, to be honest.”

“You a natural blonde?” Megan enquired.

“Yes, she is,” Saoirse commented with a smirk and Morgan blushed.

I quickly steered the conversation away to protect Morgan’s modesty.

“You seem to be handling things well, Lauren.”

“I am. This is fabulous, Mindy. You have all been so kind to me, despite what I have been through.”

“All have us have had bad things happen in our lives, even the dirty Kitty at the end there, and it helps bond us all together.”

Megan stopped dead in the act of licking mayonnaise off the end of her sausage and she smirked wickedly before she seductively pushed the sausage into her mouth. Lauren began to giggle uncontrollably, closely followed by Chloe and Saoirse.

"She's very multitalented, isn't she?" Morgan commented which then had me laughing.

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### ***Meanwhile...***

Anne-Marie was working her way through her corn on the cob like an old typewriter and she was making quite a mess thanks to the copious amounts of butter that she had spread on the cob.

"She's like a machine," Danny commented in disgust as he swallowed a chunk of steak and then selected another suitable chunk for his fork.

"She's a growing girl," Stephanie commented. "She's got to be able to feed that massive gob of hers so she can talk shit."

"That's one," Dave chuckled.

"We're on holiday," Stephanie growled. "Can't the goddamn jar take one too?"

"That's two," Marcus muttered as Stephanie scowled and went back to her sausages.

"This is just perfect, eh, Ryan?" Dave commented as he heard the girls giggling and laughing on the bow and he looked up at the stars.

"Sure beats the last cruise!" I laughed.

"That still freaks me out," Stephanie commented between mouthfuls as Paige breast-fed little Damon.

"It's a perfectly natural thing to do," Cathy commented. "Chloe and Curtis were both breastfed."

"Just what I needed to hear!" Curtis complained.

"I have to agree with you there, pal," Joshua grimaced.

"So, you've never sucked on a nipple, then?" Ryan asked innocently and Joshua went very red.

"I never said that..."

"Chloe complained of very sore nipples at her last medical," Cathy commented and Anne-Marie almost choked on her corn as everybody roared with laughter.

"I get carried away..." Joshua tried.

"I have to admit that I do, too," Ryan conceded as he smirked at his pink-cheeked wife.

"This conversation is getting very creepy," Curtis growled.

"Megan said that you're a tit man," Joshua teased.

Curtis went red and took another bite of his steak.

"Can we *please* change the topic of conversation," Stephanie begged.

"Mindy gets sore nipples, too," Dave added which had Marcus almost choking on his own steak.

“You are all disgusting fuckers!” Stephanie growled as she grabbed her plate and glass of coke before she headed below followed by floods of laughter.

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“Hi, Steph!”

“Hi, Mum.”

“Problem?”

“Those disgusting fuckers keep talking about tits... Ewww, Megan, you are just as disgusting. You’re supposed to *eat* the damn sausage *not* play with it!”

“Oh, Stephanie, stop being so . . . British!” Chloe laughed.

“Just because I have good manners and you Yanks – well you have no idea of the definition of the word ‘manners’!” Stephanie growled good-naturedly.

“Well, young lady,” Chloe drawled in an appalling attempt at a British accent. “Us Yanks may be uncouth and ill-mannered, but at least we know how to have fun!”

“One is still able to have fun, *without* resorting to vulgar conversation and inappropriate behaviour,” Stephanie retorted with a raised eyebrow.

Megan burst out laughing at Stephanie’s deadpan expression.

“I have to agree with the Brit,” Chloe acknowledged. “I have only ever seen Stephanie flustered, just the once and she had a damn good excuse for being flustered.”

“I remember,” Mindy commented with a nod. “The Willis Tower.”

“What happened there?” Lauren asked.

“I’d like to hear about that, too,” Saoirse added and there was a nod from Morgan.”

“I’d rather not go into it – but Mindy could tell you.”

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“It was Psyche’s first night out...”

“Mindy was like a damn mother hen!” Megan interrupted with a laugh.

“I was concerned for the girl is all,” Mindy grouched before she continued relating the events of that Sunday night before the previous Christmas. “By ten-thirty that night, Psyche was dangling over ninety stories above the city of Chicago. The night had gone well and I had witnessed Psyche in action for the first time – she was good, if a bit cold.”

“I had gone after our target, Anthony Genovese,” Stephanie interjected. “I ran after him, onto the roof of the 90<sup>th</sup> floor. He kicked me away from him and I stumbled over some rails. I plunged over the side of the tower. I screamed in terror.”

Stephanie looked very uncomfortable as Mindy continued.”

“I saw what was about to happen and I dived after Psyche. I was able to grab hold of her utility belt and I was lucky that Shadow grabbed my legs, or we might both have perished on the sidewalk ninety stories below. Kick-Ass supervised an operation to rescue us both with ropes. Stephanie was



very shocked by her near miss. It was the first time that I really felt for the girl and I made the decision to keep her with me.”

“Do you regret that decision?” Chloe asked.

“Every fucking minute!” Mindy laughed as Stephanie scowled.