

Monday, May 28, 2068, 11 a.m., England

"You're late," Desdemona growled as Giles entered the office.

"So I am," Giles muttered back. "I'm surprised you noticed."

Desdemona was about to retort, but Jacques cut her off. "Is there any particular reason why you are late, Giles?"

"No, not really. I was doing some more research on the lovely Miss Tin-Tin Kyrano. I found out something interesting the other day and wanted to pursue it." Giles flopped down into one of the leather chairs.

"Oh? And what was that?" Desdemona sneered. "That she made a monkey out of you the other day at that London restaurant?"

Giles glared at his sister for a moment, then turned his gaze to Jacques. "She wasn't the one who tried to make a fool out of me; her companion was."

"Whoever she was, she didn't have far to go to make you look foolish," Dez replied, a smug smile on her face.

"Children, children," Jacques said, intervening. "You can stop the petty bickering now." He read the printout on his latest acquisition, then glanced up at Giles. "Aren't you going to tell us what you discovered? You wouldn't have brought it up otherwise."

"Oh, yes," Giles said, rubbing his forehead with the long fingers of one hand. "Her companion and champion was Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward. A rather formidable member of the British upper crust. She and Miss Kyrano share a passion for the same English designer: Elaine Wickfen."

"So, this Lady Penelope and your little friend like the same clothes," Dez sneered. "There's nothing interesting about that."

"Possibly. But Lady Penelope is also a very good friend of the entire Tracy family," Giles went on to say. "In fact, there were rumors linking her name in a romantic way with Jefferson Tracy. That is, until his current wife, Dr. Tracy, came along."

"And what exactly is this supposed to mean for us?" Jacques asked, returning to his printout. "I do not see how we can use this information of yours."

"Well," Giles said with a sigh, "Lady Penelope's major factotum is one Aloysius 'Nosey' Parker, a former cracksman and second-story man. He might be amenable to a little action on the side, for the right price. Get into her Ladyship's home, and one might have a back door for access to the Tracys. In any case, I think it's an interesting connection and one we should not overlook."

"Your opinion has been noted and filed," Jacques replied shortly. He looked up at both his brother and sister. "Do we have everything in order to receive our guest?"

"Yes," Dez said. "Our people have kept our target under surveillance and have a good idea of her movements now. They are only waiting for your word."

"Good," Jacques said. "Then it is time to put our American operation into action." He smiled. "We may have a plant within Tracy Industries yet."

From: Tikatu Sent: 10/30/2005

---