
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 02:27:06 GMT
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From: susanmartha Sent: 6/16/2007 11:05 AM

Anna put down the book she was reading. International Rescue had been called out on a rescue last night and almost everyone had gone. They still weren't back although she'd heard they hoped to be done soon. So she was stuck here until someone could be spared to take her home. Kyrano had offered to fly her home after lunch. He didn't want to leave before then because he needed to have something ready for everyone to eat when they did get in. She wasn't too worried about it; she'd called her husband to say she'd might be late. It wasn't like she had anything urgent waiting for her at home and the Tracys had a wonderful library.

As much as she enjoyed reading, she felt like she just needed to get out and stretch her legs. I've never walked down to the end of the island. Maybe I'll do some exploring. She headed up to her room and came back out after putting on a floppy hat and a light, long sleeved shirt over her t-shirt. There was a bottle of water in one pocket of her shorts and her book in the other.

Forty-five minutes of strolling brought her to a small beach. She noticed what seemed to be a log in the distance. That looks like a good place to sit for a while. I'll hear the boys coming back, although you can't see that side of the island from here.

However as she approached the "log" she noticed it had some distinct curves. And there were some strings wrapped around it. She broke into a run.

A soft groan came from the log as she knelt beside it. Anna did a quick once over, then helped the girl sit up. "Here drink this. Slowly." The girl gulped the water down. As she adjusted her hold on the girl, she noticed the skin where she had moved her hand. It's gone back to normal pretty fast. If she was dehydrated, it would still be white.

"Can you stand up?"

"I think so." Her eyes were wide in her tanned face. "Has anyone been looking for me?"

"I don't know. What's your name?" Anna helped her over to some shade.

"Oh, I can't tell you! They might find me!" She looked fearfully out at the ocean. One of the straps on her bikini started to come loose.

"Here, let me help you with that. We wouldn't want it to come lose at a bad time, would we?" Not that there's much left to reveal. This isn't a swimsuit; it's a pair of strings with gland conditions. Anna quickly took off her outer shirt. "Here, put this on. It will help make sure you don't sunburn." She's not burned anywhere. She couldn't have been out there too long.

"What's your first name at least? I need to call you something."

"Jasmine," replied the girl as she slipped on the shirt. It was way too big for her and covered her partway down her legs. She promptly tied the tail ends of it around her midriff, leaving her very

trim looking waist showing.

"Well, Jazz, do you think you can make it up to the house? I'll help."

Jasmine looked pitiful. "Can someone come get me?"

"Sorry. There isn't anyone available right now. Most of the family is away on business. And I couldn't make it back to the house and send someone back without leaving you for too long."

"Oh." Was there a look of disappointment in her eyes? "I don't know if I can make it that far."

And just how do you know how far it is? I didn't tell you.

"Why don't you sit right here, in the shade. No one can see you from the ocean. I'll have Mr. Tracy send one of his sons out to help you."

With what was probably her first genuine smile of the day, Jasmine replied, "That would be wonderful. Thank you ever so much."

Anna nodded and walked briskly down the beach, thinking fast. When she had first been asked to come to Tracy Island, she had checked with some of her police buddies. Ron had been very helpful. She remembered the conversation well.

"No. we don't have any trouble with the Tracys. The older boys cut loose a little but not much when they visit. The one time we had to pull one in on a D&D charge, he didn't give us any trouble. He slept it off and one of the other brothers picked him up the next day. We just issued a warning. He was less trouble than the mayor's kid. In fact, the only problem they seem to have is the occasional beach babe. And that's not their fault."

"Beach babe? As in a girl they picked up?"

"I wish it were that simple. Every two or three months some sweet young thing washes up on one of their beaches. She's usually young, good looking and acts scared. She doesn't give a name and says she's too scared to leave. She'll claim she's scared of the police and might endanger her family if she tells them anything. It can take them a couple of days to get rid of them."

"They can't call you to remove them?"

"Nope. Jurisdiction problems. They've finally just taken to calling the Coast Guard to pick them up. Nothing else they really can do. If they get any bad publicity, no matter what happens, they lose."

As soon as Anna was out of sight of Jasmine, she pulled her cell phone from her pocket. "Mr. Tracy? I think you better implement Operation Cover Up. No, I'm ok. But you have a visitor. I think I can get rid of her before the boys are due back. No, leave it to me. Can I borrow Tyler and Alex for a bit? And Dom as well? And I'm going to need to talk to Gordon."

A half hour later, a beach buggy drove up to where the young woman waited on the sand. The two youngest, and arguably the cutest, Tracy sons hopped out, along with a tall, gangly young man with food stains down his shirt. The older of the two boys spoke up. "Hi! I'm Alex Tracy and this is

Tyler and this is Dominic. You must be Jenny."

"Jasmine." She looked at the two youngest Tracy sons as if she wasn't sure if they were bugs or not. Then she looked up at Dom and smiled.

He smiled back. "Here, let me help you into the buggy." He pulled her up and started to help her into the car. She stumbled slightly and fell against him. Except he wasn't there, having stepped aside to get something out of the back seat. She hit her nose against one of the roll bars.

"Now," Dom turned back toward her holding a large cup. "I'm sorry! Did you hurt yourself? Alex, get one of the ice packs from the first aid kit, will you?" He helped settle her in the front passenger seat and handed her the cup. "Brains said that you need to drink all of this down."

She obligingly took a sip and nearly choked. "What is this!"

"Vinegar and potassium salts. Just what you need to get your electrolytes back up. Now drink it all down." Dom smiled at her so cheerfully that she stifled the comment she was about to make and took another sip.

"Finish it up. The doctor said we shouldn't start back until it was all gone." Jasmine took another sip and started coughing. She accidentally dropped the cup.

Dominic thumped her in the back while Tyler picked up the cup. "We can't have you choking," Dom chirped. "Now, Alex, give the lady the ice pack and let's go, shall we? There's more vinegar back at the house." Both boys climbed in, Tyler still holding the cup by its rim. The dune buggy went bouncing down the beach, somehow managing to hit every bump on the way, Jasmine holding tightly to the door with one hand while holding the ice pack to her face with the other.

When they reached the house, Dom parked the buggy and helped her out. Brains was waiting in the sickroom when Jasmine limped in.

She looked him over and smiled, but it was rather tentative. This may have had something to do with the pale pink scrubs with bright red hearts he was wearing. Dominic walked over to help her up onto the exam table. "Oh, are you hurt? Anna didn't mention any injuries."

"I'm fine. I just got bounced around a little while Dom was driving me here." Jasmine smiled up at Dom adoringly. Her smile was beginning to be a bit strained.

"Well, let's take a look at you." Brains moved over to the exam table. "Then we can all head up to lunch."

They did a full 15 minute scan. Afterward Brains pronounced her fine. He smiled at her in a big brother sort of way then added to Dominic, "But tell Kyrano she can't have anything heavy for lunch. She still needs to re-hydrate."

Dom nodded and helped her off the diagnostic table. "Let me take you up to a guest room. You can take a shower before lunch. And I'll try to find you some clothes."

Dominic led her down the hall to an open door. Anna was sitting on a chair in the corner. "How is she, Dom?"

"Brains says she'll be fine. She just needs to rest up a bit and get re-hydrated."

"Wonderful. Jane, do you think you will need any help in the shower?" Anna gestured toward a closed door. "Lisa just put new soap, towels, shampoo and conditioner in there as well as a brush and toothbrush. There's a robe on the back of the door. When you're done, why don't you lie down for a bit? Dominic can come get you when it's time for lunch."

"It's Jasmine. I think I can handle it myself." She smiled up at Dom. "And I'm looking forward to lunch."

"We'll leave you to it then. Lunch should be in about a half hour." Anna stood up and Dom held the door for her. He gave Jasmine a cheerful smile and pulled the door shut behind him.

Jasmine opened the bathroom door. A cat stood in the middle of the room, hissing at her. "Well, hello kitty. How did you get in here?" She reached down to pet the cat. The cat promptly reached out with a paw and proved that she had not been declawed. It hissed again, then ran past a yelling Jasmine into the bedroom. Seeing no escape from this new room, it hid under the bed.

Jasmine sucked on the puncture wounds on her hand. It took several minutes before they stopped bleeding. She found some band-aids in the medicine cabinet. After putting them on, she took a fast shower, washing dried salt and sand off of her body and her hair. She dried herself off and put on the thick terrycloth robe she found hanging from the door. Then she went to work drying and brushing her hair.

Dominic and Lisa heard the shriek as they waited in the hall. "My hair!! What happened to my hair?"

Dom sauntered over and called through the guest room door. "Is everything all right?"

"No!!" The door opened to show a tearful Jasmine dressed in the bright red terry robe. It went very well with her now purple hair.

"Oh dear. Let me take a look at the shampoo you used." Dom moved past her into the room. He dropped a bundle onto the bed and went into the bathroom. He picked up the bottle of shampoo and poured a little into his hand. "This is John's shampoo." He looked at Lisa.

"Yes, I took it out of his bathroom. I knew he hadn't been home in months and figured it wouldn't matter." Lisa looked confused. "Was that wrong?"

"He's currently in a 'punk' phase." Dominic turned back to Jasmine. "We're hoping he will grow out of it; twenty eight is a bit old for purple hair, but..." Dominic shrugged. "Personally, I think he does it just to annoy Anna. That's one of the reasons he's not on the island right now. If I recall correctly, it should wash out after a couple of showers."

"Then I'll get some real shampoo and wash it out right now." Jasmine's fury was evident on her

face.

"You can't right now. I was just on my way to tell you. Lunch is ready." He smiled down on her. "I brought you some clothes." He pointed to the bundle on the bed. "I didn't think anything of Tin-Tin's would fit you." He held up a pair of baggy sweatpants and a t-shirt along with a pair of sandals. "These are just out of the dryer."

She took a deep breath and let it out. Then she smiled up at Dom. The smile wasn't quite as brilliant as before. "Ok. Just let me get my clothes on." She took the clothes from him, moved past him and closed the bathroom door.