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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 04:36:04 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 8/4/2007 9:59 AM

The lights in the distance illuminated the downed plane and the undersides of the two Thunderbirds that hovered above it. Dez pulled out her digital camera, trying to get a better look through its zoom lens. She surreptitiously shot a few pictures, hoping that they were outside the range of whatever device IR used to block photography. The cruise liner hadn't been able to get too close, not with three other ships crowding around. The fishing trawler, being smallest, had gotten closest, but the liner was given priority as far as taking on passengers was concerned since they had more room. The launches had already brought back two loads of passengers, four or five of whom were taken to the sickbay.

"Well, there you are, Dez." A booming voice was followed by a tall, rugged man with dark skin and equally dark hair pulled back smooth against his head. His name was Johannes Masekela, and he was the president in charge of development for the Hwange Technology Group. He shouldered aside a few of the gawkers who lined the railing, watching the rescue unfold, and came up behind Dez, putting his hands on the railing on either side of her. Dez stifled an irritated sigh, then turned to her mark with a charming smile.

"Yes, here I am, Johannes," she said. She motioned to the scene ahead of them. "Aren't they wonderful? So selfless. Those ships of theirs... magnificent."

"Magnificent," Johannes echoed as he glanced toward the plane. He pulled back some strands of her blonde hair and leaned in to kiss her neck. "Not as magnificent as you, Desdemona."

Normally, Dez would take the opportunity to further seduce the man she was hoping to dupe, but this time his advances just irritated her. "Let me get one or two more shots, luv," she said, turning to murmur in his ear. "Then we can go back to my cabin..."

"That's something I wanted to discuss with you," Johannes said in her ear as he wrapped an arm possessively around her waist. "The purser is looking for empty cabins... why don't you move into mine for the duration of the journey?"

She was in the middle of a shot, and it blurred when he grabbed her. She took a calming breath and smiled sweetly at him. "Why Johannes. What will people say? More importantly, what will your wife say?"

"Hmm." While he was thinking over the ramifications, she got off two more shots. Then she turned in his grasp.

"It's a lovely idea, Johannes, but we've been far too indiscreet as it stands. We should maintain separate quarters; it'll look more... decorous." Besides, I've got a little redhead on a string, too, and I can't exactly bring her to your quarters. I don't particularly like having a threesome.

"All right, you win," said Johannes as he nibbled on her earlobe. "But come away now, my dear."

As interesting as I find the Thunderbirds, I find you far more fascinating."

She stifled another sigh, and saved her pictures. She had work to do. "Of course, luv. I'll have far more fun with you than standing ass to elbow with the hoi polloi." So saying, she kissed him lightly, and slid an arm around his muscular waist, allowing him to lead her away.

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