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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 13:53:30 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/24/2006 11:23 AM

Saturday, July 21, 2068, 7:30 p.m., England (7:30 a.m. Sunday, July 22 on Tracy Island)

"Is everything in order?"

"Yes, sister dear," Giles said in a desultory tone. "Mr. Hackenbacker will be arriving at the airport in Paris tomorrow. Our taxi driver will be there to pick him up."

"Are you sure that Tracy hasn't made any other arrangements?" Desdemona asked, giving her brother a dirty look.

"No, of course I'm not sure!" Giles snapped back. "It's not as if I have any contacts at Tracy Industries. Just the one at the conference and at the airline. He's flying from Sydney, first class." He sighed. "It's safe to assume that he'll take a taxi to the conference hotel, just as the others will."

"Nothing is 'safe to assume' when it comes to Tracy and his people, Giles." Jacques turned from the window of his office. "I hope you have other plans in hand to capture this Hiram Hackenbacker should he slip through your fingers at the airport."

"Of course I do," Giles retorted. He took off his glasses to polish them with a handkerchief. "Are you keeping an eye on that Lady Penelope? I am certain that she had something to do with our losing Mrs. Matumbo."

Desdemona snorted a laugh and shook her head, her golden mane of hair swaying. She pushed it back out of the way. "Just because the woman humiliated you in a public place doesn't mean she's some sort of... secret agent." She lit a cigarette, took a drag, and blew the smoke out. "Really, Giles, you're obsessed with the woman."

Before Giles could sputter out a rebuttal, Jacques held up a hand. "I've had the woman thoroughly checked out, Giles. She's into good works and attending the events on the social calendar. Yes, she is a good friend of the Tracy family, and perhaps was more to old man Tracy at one time. But there's nothing in her background to suggest she is any more than what she appears: a rich social butterfly."

Giles subsided, grumbling. Desdemona smiled at his discomfiture, and stood up, grinding out her cigarette in one of the room's crystal ashtrays. "Well, boys, if Giles has everything well in hand, I'll be heading out." She paused at the door. "I'm looking forward to meeting this Hiram Hackenbacker."

"Will you do better with him than you did with Mrs. Matumbo?" Giles sneered.

"Oh, yes," his sister replied, dropping her voice to a breathy, sultry tone. "A man like him won't be

able to resist me."

She left, and Giles rose. He put his glasses back on. "I am also heading home. I'll be ready to leave for Paris in the morning."

"You had better pull this off, Giles," Jacques warned. "I want this man. He's the key to all of Tracy's secrets."

"And you shall have him," Giles replied. He left the room, and there was silence for a few moments. Then Jacques picked up his phone.

"The car, Jacobs. I am going to the club."