
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 14:40:48 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 8/14/2006 11:04 AM

Wednesday, July 25, 2068, 9:30 a.m., Tracy Island

Jeff looked up as Dianne came into the lounge, a tray with cups, saucers and an insulated carafe in her hands. "This is a pleasant surprise," he said, smiling.

"I thought you might appreciate it," she replied, as she set it on a table. She fixed a cup of coffee for her husband, and brought it over to the desk. "How did that phone call go?"

"Very well," he replied as he took cup and saucer from her and set them down on the desk top. I'm making arrangements for Tin-Tin and Scott to pick Ms. Kennedy up. They'll arrive in Kansas early in the morning of the 27th, so I've got the caretakers of the farmhouse on notice. They'll be able to get a few hours of sleep before returning."

"By this time, Scott must feel like a commercial pilot with all the ferrying around he's had to do," Dianne said as she fixed her own cup.

"True. I bet he never thought that he'd be reduced to being a flying taxi driver." Jeff took a sip of his coffee and watched as his wife sat down in the chair closest to the desk. "What's up, lady?"

"Am Ah that obvious?" she asked with a sigh.

"To me, yes. To your mother and mine, yes," Jeff admitted. "This is about your fa... this is about Garrett, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, looking away. She sipped her coffee, then gazed back at her husband. "Ah... Ah don't know what to do heah. Ah suspect he's lookin' foah money, but..."

"But you're not sure," Jeff said, completing her sentence.

"Rahte," she replied, her voice dropping in volume. "An'... an' if'n he's sincere about makin' amends, Ah don't know what to do theah eithah." She sipped her coffee again, put her cup down, then sighed again. "Ah've hated him for so long..."

Jeff gave her a look of sympathy. "If it helps any, I've already got our security department looking into his finances, and seeing if there's a possible motive for him turning up now of all times." He sipped his own coffee and added, "I've also spoken to your mother about changing her phone number again, and possibly even moving." He shook his head. "She doesn't want to move north with Doug, nor do I think she should. But Jared's a possibility..."

"So is here," Dianne stated flatly.

"Yes, I've made the offer," he assured her. "I've also suggested moving out near Drew if

necessary."

"Ah'd feel better if she was here," she said.

"So would Kyrano," Jeff admitted. He blew out a soft breathy sigh. "We should hear soon about what Garrett's been doing."

"An' what if he's legit? What if he's really tryin' to make amends? Then what?"

"I don't know, love." Jeff set down his cup, and went to sit down by his wife. "I think you should consider forgiving him. In the long run, it'll be better for you if you can let it go. Just because you've forgiven him doesn't mean you have to have a relationship with him. You can still walk away, but without the bitterness."

"If he's sincere," Dianne said stubbornly.

"Even if he isn't," Jeff amended. He held her gaze until she looked down, and sighed.

"Ah'll try," was all she would promise. "Do you think he might try to pull a 'grandparent's rights' thing with the kids?" she asked, leaning toward him.

He put an arm around her. "I don't know, but if he does, I'll step in. He really couldn't get anywhere; he's never been a part of their lives, or yours, but there's also the fact that they're my children now. And I'll do my dead-level best to protect them." He smiled and drew her close. "He wouldn't stand a chance against our legal team."

Dianne smiled, then turned serious again. "If'n Dougie gives him owah private phone number, Ah'll string him up by his toes!"

"I'll help you," Jeff said. "He knows better than that... I hope."

They were quiet for a moment, then she asked, "When do you expect to heah from the security people?"

"I set a deadline of next Monday. I know it doesn't give them much time, but they're putting their best people on this and should find enough to give us an idea of his motives."

"All right." Her drawl was dying down, a sound that Jeff welcomed this time. He held her a little longer, then kissed her on the lips. "No rest for the weary, I'm afraid," he said as he stood. He drew her to her feet and held her close once more, then kissed her again. "I've got to get back to work."

"I know. I have things to do, too," she admitted softly, stroking the side of his face. "Do you think people would be upset if we didn't turn up for lunch?"

He smiled. "I think you have a date, love."
