
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 22:31:23 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 9/11/2006 9:07 PM

Friday, August 3, 2068, 2:30 p.m., Tracy Island

Jeff sat back and sighed heavily with relief, turning off the vidphone with a decided click. He'd just gotten off the phone with Simone, the Tracy Industries security chief for South Carolina, and in particular, Greenville. She was also an IR agent, a position that made it easier for Jeff to talk with her about specific security issues.

Good to know that Garrett's stopped hanging around Lisa's house. But then, if Lisa made those phone calls she said she was planning on, he probably has heard from Douglas about his ex-wife's impending nuptials.

He tapped his stylus on his chin. Simone said she'd send me a list of recommended local realtors. Lisa will have to have the final say, of course. She might not even want to sell the house... but the business, that's another matter. We can discuss it later, when she's ready to. He glanced over at his calendar. I'd better add that meeting with Mrs. Hanson to the list. Don't want to forget it. Have to make arrangements to get her here, too. He shook his head. It's not always easy living in paradise.

He was in the middle of adding Anna Hanson's phone number to the entry for their meeting with her when Dianne walked in. Glancing up, he smiled, then went back to finish the job.

"So, do we have an appointment with Mrs. Hanson?" Dianne asked.

He nodded. "On the sixth at 10 a.m., rescues permitting. I've set aside Tracy One for the flight to Christchurch. Would you like to be the pilot?"

Dianne thought about this for a moment. "Well, if I went, she'd know that she was safe and in good hands, whether I was flying or not." She snorted a laugh. "She seems to be one who does her homework."

"All right," Jeff said "I'll put you down as riding along, even if you don't pilot. I'll check around to see who else might be available."

"Alan would be a good choice since he hasn't flown for a month or so."

Jeff nodded. "And he could take one of the new team members up as co-pilot so they could get in some more practice. I'll see who Scott thinks could use it."

"Sounds like you've got a handle on it." Dianne moved around his desk to sit in his lap. "I think she'll be good for us. Seems to be very down-to-earth."

"I hope so." He smiled at her, raising an eyebrow coyly. "Do you have some particular purpose in

mind, Mrs. Tracy?"

She kissed him, long and deeply. "Just a little sugar to speed me on mah way," Dianne drawled. "Ah have an appointment with mah mothah to look at some fancy dresses foah Virgil's party."

"Ah, I see." He returned the favor, his tongue sliding into her mouth and making her moan. "Do I get to see this fancy dress?"

Smiling, she ran a finger down the length of his nose. "Not until the party. Ah want to surprise you."

Kissing him once more, she squeezed him tight, then got up. "Ah'll see you latuh, suh."

"Later, love," Jeff said with a soft smile. He watched her go, admiring her derrière from the back, and smiling wider as she stopped at the study door to blow him a kiss. Then he sighed, and sat back in his chair, hands behind his head, allowing himself a little daydream of his wife and himself... later.