

With his drink in one hand and a glass of punch in the other, Scott walked across the lounge and stepped out onto the balcony. He crossed over to where Cassie was leaning against the rail, a slight breeze blowing the long jacket of the pants suit she wore.

"Hi, Scott," she replied, seeing him approach.

"Hi. I brought you a glass of punch," he said, holding it out.

"Thanks," she said, taking the proffered glass.

"If you'd like something stronger, I can go get it for you, but I don't recall ever seeing you drink alcohol."

"The punch is fine," Cassie replied, before putting her lips to the glass and taking a sip before continuing. "With the exception of a sip of champagne for the toast at my wedding, I haven't drunk alcohol in years."

"Any particular reason?" Scott asked, as he leaned against the balcony railing.

"Bad experience in high school."

"Get in trouble for drinking at a party or something?"

"Well, I was drinking at a party but as far as I know neither of my parents know about it," Cassie told him. "One of the guys on the football team had thrown a party for his team and the cheerleaders. I'm not sure who brought the beer and I can't remember who got me drinking it, but when it came time to leave, the friends I had come with and myself were pretty wasted. My brother, Philip, was at NYU at the time, so I called him to come pick me up and stayed at his apartment for the night."

"So your brother covered for you instead of telling your parents."

"I may have been better off facing my parents. Philip volunteered at a soup kitchen and guess who he woke up at five the following morning to help out." Cassie took a sip of the punch in your hand. "I guess his method worked though," she continued. "I never did drink at a party again, though I can't say the same for some of my friends on the squad."

"So you were a cheerleader in high school? I didn't peg you as the type."

"Why? Because I'm not blonde?"

"No. You just don't seem like the type that would like wearing the cheerleading uniforms."

"I viewed them as a necessary evil."

Scott laughed at her comment. "Did you participate in any other sports?"

She shook her head. "Not in high school. I did swimming in junior high but wasn't really all that good. I gave it up and joined chorus and yearbook in high school. Giving up swimming allowed me to also participate on the dance team, which basically consisted of people on the cheerleading squads. So what about you? Play any sports in school? Tennis maybe?"

Something about the way she asked the last question made Scott look over at her. Cassie was wearing a knowing smile, which made him think she had heard about the incident while he was teaching the kids tennis.

"Did someone say something to you?"

"Things get around," she replied. "Seriously though, did you play any sports in school?"

"Yes I did and I did play tennis actually. I also played basketball and did little league over the summer."

"Must have kept you busy," Cassie commented, before taking another sip of the punch in her hand.

"Are you kidding?" They heard Virgil say, and looked up to see him walking toward them. "Scott is the reason the rest of us are all over achievers ourselves," the younger Tracy added, as he came up beside Scott and rested his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Along with his sports he also managed to find time to do student council and become senior class president. Unfortunately for me, his arch rival was the star quarterback, and decided to give me a hard time just for being Scott's brother."

"The only competition that existed between the two of us was in that guy's head," Scott replied glancing over at his brother. "What was his name anyway?"

"Edward Turner the third," Virgil replied and then looked away from his brother and back at Cassie. "Thankfully for me, I only had to deal with him my freshman year. I think I would've gotten more grief the following year after Scott was voted Prom King over him if he hadn't graduated."

Cassie smiled. Looking at Scott, she could see he was a bit uncomfortable from his brother's comments. She had a feeling the Thunderbird 1 pilot wouldn't have mentioned being Prom King himself.

"Don't you have somewhere else to be?" Scott asked, taking a sip of his drink. "Where's your date anyways?"

"Vince asked her to dance."

"Dancing sounds like a good idea," Scott commented, seeing a way to get away from Virgil. He turned to Cassie. "Would you care to dance?" he asked, holding out a hand to her.

"Sure," Cassie said, placing her hand in Scott's. "I'll talk to you later, Virgil," she said, as Scott led her toward the lounge.

They deposited their glasses on a service cart and then joined the other dancers.