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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:45:41 GMT

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Thursday, September 13, 7 a.m. Los Angeles (Friday, September 14, 3 a.m. Tracy Island)

"I'm sorry to hear you're turning down our offer," Mr. Marshall, Thornville's head councilman, replied. "Are you sure there isn't anything we could offer to make you change your mind?"

"It's not the offer that I don't like," Cassie told him. She was in a small, private terminal in LAX waiting for her contact from Tracy Industries to arrive. She had never felt so isolated in an airport before. A little part of her was wondering if Mark's kidnapping theories weren't so far-fetched after all. "I've just got other offers that I want to explore more and it's not fair to keep you all waiting. I'm sure you'll find the right person to help you out. I just don't think I'm that person," she told him, as she saw a woman and man, both around her age, walk from the jetway bridge and into the terminal. It looked as if her contacts had arrived.

"I understand. We wish you the best in whatever you do."

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall. Good luck in your search."

"Thanks. Have a good day."

"Bye," Cassie said, before ending the call. Flipping the phone closed, Cassie turned her attention to the two people who had entered the terminal.

"Cassandra Kishi?" the woman asked cheerfully, holding out her hand. The man was following closely behind her.

"That's me," Cassie replied, as she took her hand.

"Elise Collins. I'm the Tracys' pilot," she said introducing herself. "This is Scott Tracy, the eldest of Mr. Tracy's sons."

"Hello, Ms Kishi," Scott said crisply.

"Nice to meet you," Cassie said. Elise seemed friendly enough. Cassie wasn't sure what to make of Scott Tracy, though. He seemed the polar opposite of Elise.

"Ending a call with a concerned family member?" Scott asked, nodding to the phone that Cassie still held in her left hand.

"No. Turning down a job offer actually. Met with them last week and they wanted an answer by this afternoon. I wasn't ready to commit to anything with this interview scheduled."

"What if you don't get this job?"

"Then I guess I go back to looking," Cassie replied. Scott nodded again.

"How was your flight?" Elise asked.

"It was fine, or at least the part of the trip I was awake for. First class definitely beats coach."

"Wait until you see Tracy 1," Elise replied with a smile and a nod over her shoulder to the plane waiting outside for them.

"Ms. Kishi, do you have any other luggage?" Scott asked.

"No, this is my only bag," she said, indicating the bag she had over her shoulder.

"Then if you ladies are done chatting, may I suggest we board the plane? We've got a six-hour flight ahead of us."

"Let me take that for you," Elise said, reaching for Cassie's bag. Cassie handed it over. "As for Grumpy up there," Elise said as they followed Scott toward the jetway bridge, "don't hold him against the rest of his family. The rest of the Tracys are much more charming."

Cassie suppressed the urge to smile, as Scott shot a look back at Elise. He had evidently heard her comment. No matter how she felt about him personally, Scott Tracy was still her potential employer's son. Etiquette dictated that she at least be civil to him.

"Wow!" Cassie exclaimed as she stepped on board the jet. This flight to Los Angeles had been the first time she had even flown first class. This jet way outdid even first class.

"Make yourself comfortable, Ms. Kishi. If you need anything, just use the intercom," Elise said showing Cassie how to use it.

"Thank-you, Ms. Collins."

"Call me Elise, please."

Cassie nodded. "And you can call me Cassie," she told her.

"Well, Cassie, I'll try to make this a smooth flight for you," Elise said as she headed toward the cockpit.

xxxx

The flight so far had been silent. The weather was clear and the flight routine so far, making talk unnecessary between pilot and copilot. As for idle conversation, Scott was in no mood to talk to Elise after her comment back in the airport. How dare she say something like that to a potential employee? he thought.

"I'm going to get a drink. You want something?" Scott asked Elise, finally breaking the silence in the cockpit.

"A Sprite would be nice, thank-you," Elise replied, not looking at him. She could tell he was still unhappy about her "Grumpy" comment.

Undoing his seatbelt, Scott stood up and headed out of the cockpit.

"You doing okay?" Scott asked their passenger as he entered the cabin.

Cassie looked up from the book she was reading.

"I'm fine, Mr. Tracy. Thank-you," Cassie replied.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"Water will be fine."

Scott nodded and then went and got the drinks. He came back and handed Cassie a bottle of water. Setting Elise's Sprite off to the side, he sat down in the seat next to Cassie. He opened his bottle of Coca-Cola.

"Did you work yesterday?" Scott asked trying to start a conversation with their passenger.

"I worked the evening shift," Cassie said nodding. "I should've been off yesterday but they were short a paramedic so I filled in. Figured it was the right thing to do seeing as they gave me four days off to do this interview."

"Get along with everyone at work?" Scott asked, trying to sound casual even though he was searching for information.

"We're close," Cassie told him, starting to feel on edge. Informal or not, this was definitely starting to feel like an interview.

xxxx

In the cockpit, Elise changed her mind about her drink. Maybe she could catch Scott before he came back with it. Flipping the switch she opened the intercom.

"Then why the job change?" she heard Scott asking. He had to be talking to Cassie.

"My personal life has been more downs than ups lately. My son was killed in a car accident three months ago; my divorce was finalized a little over a month ago and my father never did want me to be a firefighter. Thinks it's too dangerous for his 'little girl'. I feel like I need to get out of the city. Find a place where I can make a new start. Make my life feel more like my own again."

Nice going, Scott, Elsie thought to herself. You're managing to make a great first impression.

Not wanting to give him a chance to ask any more insensitive questions, Elise spoke. "Hey Scott, can you bring me back a ginger ale instead of the Sprite?" she asked.

"Yeah, sure. I'll be right up with it," came his reply.

Elise turned off the intercom system. It wasn't too long before Scott came back into the cockpit and handed her the soda. She took it from him and watched as he sat back down in the copilot's seat.

"Can you stuff that foot in any further, Tracy?" she asked. The remark earned her a glare from Scott before he shifted his gaze and looked out the windshield in front of him.

Posted by starrynebula on August 16, 2007

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