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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:42:21 GMT

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On Tracy Island ...

"Thank-you," Vince said as Jenny finished filling his coffee cup.

"You're welcome, Mr. Crenshaw," she replied as she turned and headed back to the kitchen.

Most of the villa residents had already left the table to get started on their tasks for the day. At the far end of the table, Emily, Lisa and Kyrano were talking quietly. Across from Vince, Gordon had remained seated.

Vince picked up his coffee cup, and took a sip of hot liquid. Mr. Tracy had said he wanted to discuss some business after breakfast. The former navy officer was trying to wait patiently for the Tracy patriarch to bring the subject up.

"Well, Vince, my sons and I talked things over after the interview last evening," Jeff finally said, sending a quick glance at Gordon before focusing his attention back on Vince. "We'd like to offer you the position, but first, there is something more to the job than what we've let on so far."

Vince sat up a little straighter in the chair, his curiosity piqued. He remained quiet though as Mr. Tracy continued.

"However, before I tell you what that is, I need your word that - whether you take the position or not - you keep what I'm about to tell you a secret."

"Of course, sir," Vince replied without hesitation, figuring he was about to hear about some business secret that Mr. Tracy didn't want Tracy Industries' competitors to know about.

Just as he was about to continue, Jeff's wristcomm beeped.

"Yes?"

"Dad, I need to have a word with you privately," Scott said, his voice coming over the watch. "It's an urgent 'business' decision."

As Scott had headed up to the lounge after breakfast, Jeff quickly caught onto what his eldest meant by 'business'. Evidently, something had come up that needed International Rescue's attention.

"One moment, Scott," Jeff said. He looked over at Vince. "If you'll excuse me, this will only take a moment."

Vince simply nodded as Jeff got to his feet. As he left the dining room, the elder Tracy heard Gordon start a conversation with their guest.

"Go ahead, Scott," Jeff said as he reached the corridor.

"Dad, John received a distress call from the manager of the Bláfjöll Ski Resort," Scott informed him and then proceeded to give his father the other details. "As we're under Operation Cover Up with our guest here, I wasn't sure what you wanted us to tell the manager," he finished up.

Jeff considered the situation. With the World Government putting a halt to local rescue operations, International Rescue was these people's only hope.

We were going to tell Vince about IR anyway. What better way for him to get an idea of what he'd be getting into than to see us in action? Jeff mused.

"Scott, tell John to let the manager know we will be responding," Jeff said, coming to a decision.

"What about Mr. Crenshaw?"

"I plan on letting him observe the rescue," Jeff told his son. "Give me a moment before you sound the alert down here to prepare him a little," he said, not wanting to alarm their guest with the alarm going off out of the blue.

"Yes, sir."

The conversation ended, Jeff turned and headed back into the dining room.

"There's been a slight change of plans," Jeff said as he approached the table. "As I was saying, there is more to the position than what we've told you so far. The research and development position with Tracy Industries is really a cover for our other business." Jeff didn't miss the confusion and bit of curiosity which showed on Vince's face. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Somehow, revealing IR to strangers hadn't gotten any easier. "My family and I run International Rescue and we've been recruiting others to help us with that task."

Did I just hear him right? Vince asked himself. Part of him didn't want to believe what was being said. But who would try to make this up? International Rescue! I've heard the rich can be a little eccentric but really...

"Gordon and I were going to show you around the underground facilities here on the island, but a situation has come up that requires our attention," Jeff informed him. "It looks like you'll get to see us in action. If you'll follow me, please."

Gordon was already on his feet and heading out of the dining room. Speechless, Vince got to his feet too. Still trying to digest the information he had just been told, he followed Mr. Tracy from the room as an alarm started sounding throughout the villa.