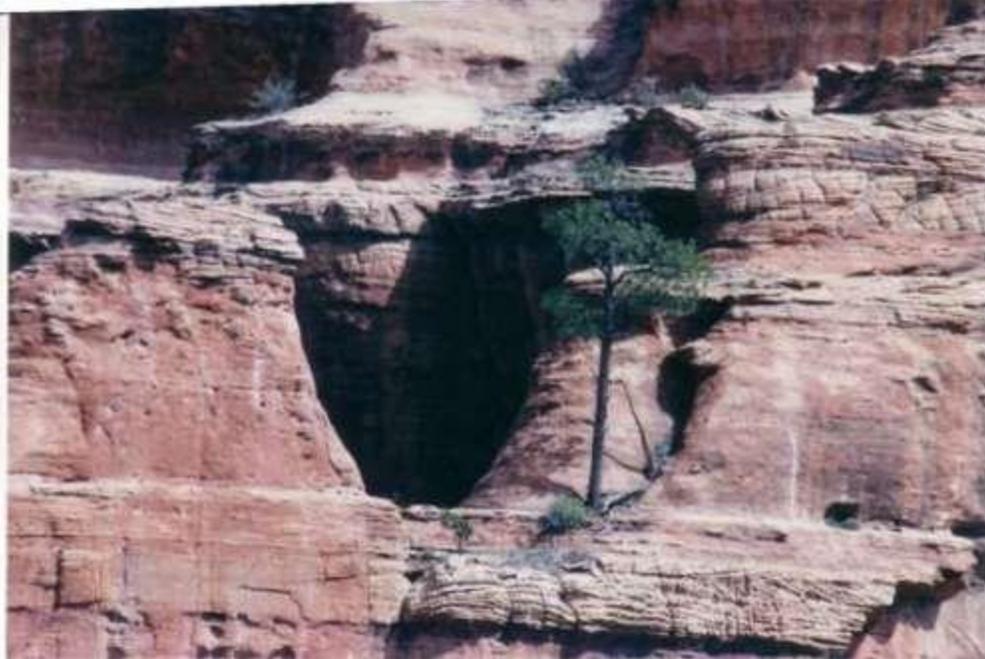


Leona Bestolie – Home and a New Life

I. Christie

Chapter 1

Settling In



Kromeg, Leuwig and Herling’s shuttle, approached the red cliffs at a slower speed, close to the ground, allowing its passengers a view of the open land they would be calling their home.

Cora pointed to the side of the cliff where a lone tree clung to the edge of a rock lip. “That’s it! It looks just like the picture.”

Together, M’boto and Cora watched the small tree grow larger as they neared the mountain entrance to Lonnie’s home.

Lonnie felt elated at finally seeing her home in the mountain in person. Leuwig made sure she had VIDs twice a month showing her how progress was coming, all starting with an approach to the entrance, and through the cave entrance. She grinned remembering one of the approaches was a dare devil attempt, to show her the new safety that was added for such tactics. The security system took control of the ship, holding it suspended until her security had command of the ship.

“We’ve been cleared for landing,” Leuwig said over his shoulder. “It looks like your head of security is alert. She spotted me where most security scans are blind.”

“Head of security?” Cora said.

“Apni Crackle Jones from *Earl Gray*. The cruise company has new owners and she didn’t feel comfortable with their philosophy concerning the personnel on the lower decks, so she didn’t re-up.” Lonnie didn’t elaborate how she offered her a job to help setup the security to her new home, which led to them forming a business partnership in a private security business.

“What about the captain?” Cora asked. “Isn’t he a friend of yours too?”

“Captain Borelie, no, he’s not really a friend. You’re thinking of Commander Co, head of Ship Security. He’s a loyal company man. He’ll stick it out until he’s sure there isn’t any future for him or his partner, Jol.”

“If Commander Maltiean Co and Chief Purser Jol Hrorian leave too, you can offer them a place here.” Leuwig smiled. “You won’t be crowded. We created two rooms that overlook their land with a balcony. We finished up two more dozen sleeping rooms, not all as lavish as the first dozen and there’s room for more without damaging the integrity of the mountain.”

“I have a hotel in my Mountain Castle,” Lonnie said amusingly. “Jol would be petrified of the height, I believe. If they stay here, there will be no looking out windows with dizzying heights.”

“What happened to him?” Dr. Cora Wi asked concerned.

“Bad incident on his first hang gliding experience. He walked off a cliff thinking the draft would do everything, like lift his wings, but down he went in a nosedive and it wasn’t even a spiraling one. By the time the auto pilot kicked in, he hit the wall a few times.” Lonnie didn’t add that someone had tampered with the hang gliders autopilot. There was already too much drama in their lives.

Everyone was quiet for a few moments thinking of how frightening it must have been.

“That didn’t happen on one of your side trips, did it?” Cora asked.

“No. He didn’t go with me or I would have had him try it the way Kali did her first time, strapped to a veteran pilot. How much of the interior is finished, besides my hotel suites?”

“Since your last set of changes or Crackles?” Herling asked.

Leuwig and the girls laughed.

“We’ve kept the boys busy since you said you’re ready to settle,” Herling said. “They had 75% of your place completed when we left to pick you up. I’m interested in how much they’ve completed before slacking off to help Crackle test out your entertainment centers.”

“Entertainment centers?” Cora asked. “Just how big is this place?”

“Roomy and not confining,” Lonnie said. She looked over at M’boto picking up on his change of vibration.

The shuttle flew into the entrance that opened into a large storage area. There was plenty of spare room for the shuttle *Kromeg* to fit next to *Bezel*, a smaller space shuttle Lonnie purchased for business off-planet.

Cora’s dogs in their transportation pens were quickly attended to. Cora was sure they wanted to feel solid ground again. M’boto, a Zophos, was the first off the ship. He was humming under his breath as he moved along the rock wall heading to the lone tree to connect with it. Lonnie suspected M’boto wanted to get the inside information of plant life on the planet.

Crackle was waiting for them near one of the exits from the landing bay.

“Crackle!” Lonnie laughed at her choice of dress.

Crackle braced to attention in her uniform and saluted Lonnie smartly.

“Welcome home, Boss. At last we can speak face-to-face.”

“What happened to you?” Lonnie asked.

“Well, I thought I would need something impressive when we start employing more people for security.”

“More security?” Lonnie asked looking concerned.

“I’ll brief you on your neighbors later.”

The last report Lonnie had received from Crackle was her blunt commentary on her neighbors. Normally speaking, since she had purchased a large expanse of the land around the mountain as well as the mountain, it shouldn’t be a worry, but Crackle’s concern meant in this case it did.

“Where are our boys?” Leuwig asked.

“They wanted to get the sauna working before you got here. They told me by dinner they would have it working. They’re really dedicated workers.”

Leuwig laughed. “We love saunas. I told them they couldn’t work on the sauna until they had at least 95% of the residence ready for habitation; otherwise, they would have done that first and spent all their time in it.”

Herling, Leuwig and the girls went in search of their missing family members.

“Do you want a tour of your home?” Crackle asked. “I have this place memorized so I can find my way around even in the dark.”

“Is that something anyone can learn?” Cora asked. Being in the center of a mountain and facing a maze of corridors even in light was a daunting thought.

“I don’t see why not. I can tell where I am by smell and feel of the ground,” Crackle said, “and if you run your hand against the wall, each level has a different feel.”

“Where will I be staying?” Cora said. She looked over at Lonnie. “I hope you don’t think me rude for wanting to see my place first.”

“Not at all. Let’s go,” Lonnie said.

Lonnie had designed her room of suites and though she was curious at what the design team may have added to enhance it, she was more curious at what they had designed for the guestrooms. Her excuse to Leuwig for so many guest rooms was that during the winter months of being shut in doors, she wanted to be able to wander. The real reason was with the continued construction work she could officially put off settling down.

Crackle led them into a hallway. Lights came on showing a well-designed passageway with the walls and ceiling decorated as if they were walking in space. The dogs pushed past Lonnie, Cora and Crackle, anxious to explore further up the corridor. The three laughed at the sight of dogs running through space.

Along the passageway Crackle opened a door so Cora and Lonnie could peer in.

“I don't see anything. What's in here?” Cora asked.

Lonnie smiled at her response.

“It’s a secured room. Only the owner and security team, that’s Lonnie and me, can see what’s in here or cross the threshold,” Crackle explained proudly.

“A safe room. I want one,” Cora said, “just in case the Obermans find someone who specializes in home invasions. Hopefully, it’s within my budget for my new home.”

“We have connections and can get you a very good deal, right partner?” Crackle asked Lonnie.

"Certainly," Lonnie said.

Crackle closed the door and the group moved on, with only Crackle and Lonnie noticing the small spheres that followed them.

Past the security room the view suddenly changed to a path along the side of a cliff with a colorful valley below them.

“This is the imaging they use on ships to prevent people from feeling too closed in,” Lonnie explained.

“Nice for scaring your guests that are afraid of heights,” Cora said.

Crackle grinned. “Easily taken care of.”

The scene quickly changed to the beach, with waves lapping on the shore.

“Oh, do you have something to prevent a guest from thinking it’s safe to take a dip in that ocean?”

Crackle demonstrated the safety by walking into the image of the ocean. She was suspended above the image and slowly moved back to the path they were on.

“Well, that’s handy to know, just in case I’m unsteady on my feet,” Cora said.

They continued their journey, up a winding stair that led to another level of living space. This hallway was like walking through nature with the ceiling showing a blue sky. They stepped on a walkway that began to move them forward.

“This ceiling can be dialed to time of day and has moods for weather. You can also choose from 200 different planet skies,” Crackle explained.

“That would lose me even if I’m on a moving floor,” Cora said.

“Have no fear. Remember those directional bots they use on ships?” She pointed to one of the spheres following them. “Right there. The most recent version from Brid’s Spy Shop. Each room or guest is assigned one to prevent anyone from getting lost. Your own guardian or tour guide.”

“I had a much larger one at my farm in the form of a butler,” Cora said. “It did everything but manage my life.”

“We have butlers or maidbots too. Your room has a view of the valley on the other side of this mountain. When Maltieani Co and Jol Hrorian have their dude ranch built, your room will have a view of it.”

“Just how far is my room?” Cora asked as they continued along the corridor for over five minutes.

“There’s an escalator and elevator whichever you prefer. I thought the auto-walkway would let you appreciate how nice and big this place is. We’re almost there. See the light

blinking? It's telling us we're approaching where we can step off the walkway. And, here's your room."

The door was pushed open and the dogs rushed past them, running about and sniffing everywhere.

"Wow! For me?" Cora said, holding onto Lonnie's arm for support.

They entered a lavish sitting room with one wall lined with art, another with a virtual ocean scene that took up most of the wall, and by the buttons on the side could be activated into other virtual views from the menu. Furniture consisted of a desk, couch, and comfortable looking chairs around a small table. Statues were scattered about the room. As much as Cora loved art, she had not dared to have any in her home since the volatile Aliana Oberman would have destroyed it in one of her infamous tantrums and later out of spite.

A transparent door led out to a large balcony that could hold a dozen people Cora's size. It had padded furniture and an open pit for a fire. The area was enclosed with a see-through wall, blocking out the effects of the wind that they could hear blowing up the cliff face. Peering over the balcony she could see a valley below with a lake. Stepping back in the room, they moved to the adjoining room where there were three dog beds set along one wall near her bed.

"I hear you like to rock climb. As you noticed on the approach here, we have plenty of that outside. Inside we have a climbing wall to keep up your practice. If you miss the dizzying heights, you can make the deck to your balcony transparent, so it would seem like you're hanging on the tip of a ledge."

"This is all beautiful!" Cora said. "It's not so painful to leave the ranch with all this around me. I can't wait until we start on my place. Already I'm making changes to the plans, though, I don't want something this high up."

Stepping in the bathing room Cora was taken back at the luxuriousness. In the bath if she wanted to just soak, she could dial her atmosphere, choosing planet and place as well as the weather. It was a style of bathing room that Cora had never imagined she would have as her own.

"Your bath attendant hasn't been programmed yet. You'll have to give me your particulars so we can make it your personal attendant. Once activated, you are the boss," Crackle laughed. "They're great at massaging out the sore muscles and tension. I have one of my own. It doesn't have the complications of giving out mixed messages like the real people sometimes pick

up when you're just out for a good relaxing rub, you know what I mean?" Crackle grinned at Lonnie.

"This place is for royalty. Wow, Lonnie. What kind of guests are you planning on having?"

"I gave no suggestions for the guest quarters," Lonnie said.

As they walked back through the sitting room, Cora spotted a panel in the wall. "What's that?"

"A food kiosk in case you don't want to eat in the dining area. There's going to be days when you have a guest and you won't want to join us downstairs."

"For someone that doesn't cook much, you would think to put one in," Cora said with a smile. "As for entertaining anyone...that's the last thing on my mind these days."

"Do you want to see Lonnie's room?" Crackle asked, giving Lonnie a teasing grin.

Cora looked at Lonnie. "Yes. You don't mind, do you?"

"No. You'll get a chance to see the shortcut to the other side of my mountain residence."

They took the escalator that Crackle programmed, which was more like a car that jettisoned them to the other side of the mountain.

"Why did you put me way over there?" Cora asked.

"I thought you would like to see open land from your balcony. You can move to any room that's available. For that matter, sleep in a different room each night," Lonnie said. "Check and see what's available. Mine is off limits and Crackle doesn't even let me see her room."

"It's because she keeps adding things to my room. I asked her for a bare room, minimum furniture and such. That's how it started out."

Lonnie grinned but said nothing.

"It's now filled with furniture and artwork. It's gorgeous and I hate leaving it to go to work. My concession is that all the rooms are nice, so I spend time in each one...except the bosses. In each room I test the facilities, the security and enjoy nice views both inside and outside of this mountain castle," Crackle said. "It's like being on vacation in hotels I never thought I would be able to afford a visit."

Lonnie had a larger sitting room area, sectioned into a business area and entertainment section, with statues of athletes scattered about. Along one wall were pictures of dancers, male



and female, some Cora recognized and some she didn't. She found one that reminded her of a younger version of Maxine, Lonnie's last dance partner.

Lonnie walked to the balcony and looked out, nodding at the view. Then they moved to a large sleeping area and into the adjoining bathing room. It was identical to Cora's.

"Wow. This place would give a home wrecker spasms of joy to dismantle," Cora said.

"I won't say that won't happen, but I will say, it would be a challenge to even approach this place with ill intent. This place has security built into it, unseen and the obvious. Those four girls of Leuwig and Herling's were a big help setting up tests and finding what would work better. A bit too enthusiastic on some things. They were like little home wreckers, but we managed to survive," she said wryly.

"What happens if you have a power failure?" Cora asked. "How would I get around?"

"Shutting down power isn't going to turn off the security or lights, and you'll always have a bodyguard with you. The failure of the main power will be just a blink if you catch it, as it switches to a backup system."

"Are you hungry?" Lonnie asked.

Cora looked at her embarrassed. "Actually, I'm tired. Would you mind if I called it the end of the day? I'll use the kiosk if I'm hungry later. By the way, if the dogs need to go out, how do I let them out?"

"This way. Your small bot there will show you out and will help you back to your room, or just about anywhere you direct it," Crackle said.

While they went to take care of the dogs' needs, Lonnie went in search of her designing family.

Chapter 2

The Best Laid Plans....

Six months later, Lonnie sat on the short rock outcropping outside of her patio balcony, nearly at top of her mountain castle staring out at the landscape before her, wondering why she wasn't happy when she had friends around her and a beautiful home with a lot of things to do.



Shari had moved in a month after Lonnie settled in, not happy with the invasion of hang gliders that landed on their ocean cliff property at Besita all too often. Lonnie was surprised Shari had adjusted so quickly to having so many people around in the Mountain Castle. But of course, it was easy to not mingle with anyone since each room had its own kiosk for food if the resident wanted to be alone. If Shari missed the vibration from the pounding waves against the cliff at Besita, she didn't say, and she laughed often enough to give the impression, she was comfortable. Her laugh was pleasant to hear, echoing through the halls.

Bella, Ang, and Cookie had moved in just a few months ago. They were Dr. Cora's staff from her clinic at her ranch, Almhomena in Ambleton. They finally had been able to slide under the radar screen of government and private investigators, the news media and other nosey people that wanted to know where Dr. Cora Wi disappeared to and disappear themselves. Cora's marriage to Aliana Oberman ended finally according to the latest documentation from her lawyer, with all of Cora's assets intact.

Lonnie smiled, remembering everyone's excitement to test out various rooms before picking the one they liked. Not everyone wanted a balcony to the outside. Cookie and Ang, her daughter, as well as Shari picked inside rooms that had a view of the waterfall inside the mountain. It powered most of the energy the castle used.

They also readily made friends with other citizens of the new planet at the various malls that could be reached quickly with the public transportation shuttles. All of them became involved with the various agencies of government wanting to make sure their new home was not going to turn on them.

Shari signed up to teach a class on accounting, which would be broadcasted across the planet and recorded for future releases on a galaxy channel. She was testing herself to see if she was up to teaching what she enjoyed doing, working with numbers. Lonnie wondered if she would move to numerology which worked well in her accounting business.

Everyone was settling in well.

“Nice view, no?”

Lonnie didn't need to turn to know it was Cora. “It is. How was your business trip?”

“So, so. You don't sound enthusiastic. No one to play with? Or is it a particular person's company you're missing?” Cora asked.

Something in her tone had Lonnie turning to look at her. No new haircut or clothes. Yet, she looked happier than when she had left earlier in the morning. She got up and joined Cora on the other side of the glassed-in patio.

“Looking out there you wouldn't know that behind us the weather's building into a snowstorm,” Cora said. “That valley will be blanketed in white cold stuff by tomorrow morning.”

“Snowed in. I didn't realize it could be so challenging seeing all this land out there and not being able to take a leisurely walk,” Lonnie said.

“You can take a walk, but it'll be hard work. I'm used to snowy winters. When you took time off on your cruises you choose what type of weather to enjoy by which side of the planet your ship docked at to visit.”

“Hiking in the mud or knee high in cold wet stuff was not always my idea of a relaxing weekend away from the ship.”

“Ha!” Cora laughed heartily. “What did you call those hikes into the forest on rainy days, or river rafting down the rapids that Crackle likes to recount over diner!”

“Hm,” Lonnie blushed.

“Are you sure this mood of yours isn't because Kali Maxine will be performing on a nearby planet?” She held out a bulletin.

Lonnie took it and stared at it for a while. Her eyes studied the dramatic pose, noting the tension in the eyes. It mentioned two male partners with small attached pictures of them dancing with Kali. It was the usual controlled advertisement: the diva was the draw and her partners should consider it an honor to dance with her and being mentioned in the same advertisement.

“Did you sign a contract or make any promises that a lawyer could say you broke if you went to her performance?” Cora asked.

Lonnie looked up startled. “No. Why would I do that?”

“Just asking.”

Lonnie's gaze moved back to the forest. "I thought by now I wouldn't feel so.... I don't know what it is, actually."

"What's stopping you from visiting her at one of her performances? It's been over a year since you two have seen each other," Cora said.

"I don't think it would be a good idea."

"Why not? What are you afraid of?" Cora poked her in the arm. "That bar you visit in Pandem to play your guitar is only an hour away from where she's appearing. I would take that as a sign that you should see her. With her performance schedule, I'm sure she's looking for a few days break."

"Ask her to come here?" Lonnie looked surprised.

Cora shrugged her shoulders. "If she wants a break from fans, this is the place. Or, if you don't want her to know you're there, the theatre is large enough for you to watch from somewhere she won't see you."

Lonnie's face turned red.

Cora laughed. "You were thinking of the same thing. Well, if you're looking for encouragement, you've got it from me. I'd love to go with you, but as our tipsters have reported, the Obermans have agents hunting for my whereabouts. They think I'm off planet but aren't sure. It's not like I'm going to show up at their trial. I got my just dues, and rid of their ridiculous petitions to the courts about my continued irrational behavior. I bet Miller is laughing at that."

"Which is why I can't be recognized," Lonnie told her. "They find me, and they'll know you're not far."

Cora waved her hand in disdain. "When you dress up to go to the bar, I don't even recognize you. Believe me, you and Bella are masters of disguise."

Cora watched Lonnie's face as she wavered between going and not. "Go. And take your friend Crackle with you. I think she's on the verge of doing something rash to our neighbors to the east of us."

"I'm on the verge of doing something rash to them if they don't stop trespassing and hunting on my land," Lonnie growled. "There will be no unauthorized hunting or trespassing."

"There you go. You need some time away. M'boto and I will handle that problem."

"What are you going to do?"

Instead of telling her she changed the subject. “I invited Herling and the girls to stay over for the storm. The lure of the Sauna broke down Herling’s resistance. Leuwig is off planet with their sons on a consulting job and I didn’t want them looking for a place to stay when we have so much room. She also has the new plan for my house. Unlike you, I want my house to be seen and I don’t mind if it’s near a road.”

“Strange coming from a person that is justifiably paranoid about her safety,” Lonnie said.

“By the time my house is finished, the trial will be over and the Obermans will be banned from a lot of things, like traveling abroad. I’m optimistic. A normal prison cell will be their new home. The quadruplets are driving Leuwig and Herling crazy about going shopping at the satellite space mall off Ballantine — Beshire’s Floating Mall IV. They have a new store they want to check out.”

“I got an advertisement that they have a new electronic store there. Little Brid’s Spyware Shop,” Lonnie said thoughtfully.

Cora chuckled. “Your friend Ridly? His company is doing good business. You and Crackle have turned Bella into a miniature spy specialist, I want you to know. What happened to my triage nurse?”

“What’s happening with the hospital since they were bought out by that galaxy corporation?” Lonnie didn’t want to tell her that it was due to Bella’s concern for Cora’s welfare, that she had Crackle teaching her about security. Bella was impressed by how advanced security had become since Cora had her farmhouse built at Almhomena which was also constructed by Herling and Leuwig over twenty years ago.

“You know we petitioned the local government the day we were notified that an off-planet conglomerate bought our community hospital,” Cora said.

“Right.”

“And we all know it’s against the planet’s rules. Since none of us heard a word of warning from those bureaucrats, I flew to the local government’s satellite office and a group of us presented more than enough evidence that this company’s practices are against the Terrian-4S Declaration of Businesses and Private Practices. We’ll wait four days for the representatives in both the local and planet government offices to reply. If they don’t then we can call the Clerk of the Court to draw up recall petitions for the locals. We also requested that the staff that had been fired to be able to return to work so the hospital can reopen until our challenges have been

settled, which demands a reply in two days. I can't understand why this blatant takeover wasn't stopped at the moment it was proposed in the council chambers."

"It seems like there's a lot of breaking down of agencies that are supposed to be acting as checks and balances. I think that's something to bring to the local council, next time we meet." She mentally reminded herself to speak with Shari to do some research. Shari was good at ferreting out information on things most people couldn't find. With all that was going on, she was glad Sheri had moved in. Besides a good friend, she was a treasure of information to have close at hand.

"So, are you going shopping for new spy toys?" Cora persisted.

"Are you trying to get me to take the girls shopping? Do you and Herling have something private to talk about?"

"If you're going," she said.

Lonnie thought about what it was like to be eleven years old. Positively rebellious. Even if they put trackers on the girls, those girls were smart enough to figure out how to deactivate them and disappear with their own agenda to complete. She didn't want to find herself worrying about where they were.

"If they go, they'll have to follow my rules," Lonnie said.

A buzz on the intercom, followed by the code for a ship's arrival, then who it was let the two know their anticipated guests had arrived.

Cora was chuckling as she started for the elevator that would take them to the cavern entrance. "Like you know how to organize a herd of cats. Cats, cats. We used to have wildcats on the ranch. Those six limbed creatures were climbing over all the Ibysis trees and clawing them to bits. Do you think that saying refers to them?"

"It's hard to say with so many sayings and species traveling around these days. I wouldn't use any saying unless I knew for sure what it's about. That's all I need is to insinuate something I have no intention of fulfilling in an off-hand remark."

Cora laughed heartily. Having experienced that at first hand when she had taken a few cruises with various species and cultures, she knew how easy for off-hand remarks to be misunderstood. She had great respect for space liner captains and crews whose second nature was to defuse misunderstandings.

Lonnie suspected she would end up inviting the girls anyway. In a lot of ways, they didn't act as young as they looked. Species memory tended to mature some faster than others, she reminded herself.

When they arrived in the cavern, Crackle was talking to Herling. The four girls looked unhappy, slumped against a crate as the adults talked. The last time they had visited they had set every alarm off in the compound without warning Crackle. Since Crackle had been letting them help her in her various projects, they had taken an active interest in the Castle's security. They found critical points that took the least resistance to confuse the security system where it was being breached.

At least the alarm had gone off, the girls had told Crackle. They could have disabled that too. Considering that Crackle had plenty of experience with difficult and very arrogant passengers on *Earl Gray*, she recovered with her annoyance hidden, and asked the girls how they would design a fool-proof security system. That probably reinforced the girls' belief that the security system was their project, while their brothers, and parents, had their own jobs to attend to.

"Hi, Herling. Hi, girls. Why the long faces?" Cora asked.

"Commander Crackle said we have to stay on the 2nd level," Lin said.

"We can't even go to see the dogs!" Liz said forlornly.

The dogs were sleeping in their beds after two hours of romping with Crackle as she inspected the outer security system. They weren't young pups and all that activity necessitated a nap on return to the castle.

Herling laughed. "Nice try at sympathy young ladies, but it won't work with any of us. The lot of you cause too much trouble if you're given free rein. No self-discipline. You're at the age where normally our ancestors would have you in a tent secluded from the tribe to contemplate marriage prospects. Consider yourselves lucky we aren't bound to those customs."

"It's a good thing we tested Dama Lonnie's security," Libby objected. "How else were they going to know anyone could short out her security?"

Lonnie and Crackle smiled.

"We're going to look at the new security store at that mall near Ballantine. If your mother okays it and Crackle says it's okay, you can come with us and help us find what we may be missing," Lonnie said.

The four squealed and jumped up and down in front of their mother then in front of Crackle. Crackle had an unreadable look in her eyes, but her mouth moved into a smile.

“Okay.” Herling waved the girls to silence. “Rules to this visit are thus: whatever Dama Lonnie says goes. You know the difference between right and wrong and our family rules to visiting malls. Those are in affect too.”

“Well, before we can figure out what we’ll need, you’ll have to check out the security,” Crackle said. Lonnie gave her high marks for being so accommodating.

“Okay,” Libby said businesslike. “Did you make any of the changes we suggested last time?”

“All of them,” Crackle said. “I take your suggestions seriously.”

“Good,” Lin said.

“Okay, let’s test,” Liz said.

“Lea, go to the control room with Commander Crackle,” directed Lin. “We’ll test from around the castle – on all levels.” She didn’t look at any of the adults when she added that.

Lonnie, Herling and Cora left the five to the testing and went to the main sitting room. Cookie always ready with new treats came into the room with something for everyone. Herling was grinning when Cookie placed a large dish in front of her of her favorite treats.

“The girls are going to be very sorry they didn’t come with us,” Herling said as she picked up a treat and munched on it with a blissful look on her face.

Lonnie thought Cookie was the happiest living in the castle. Her herb gardens had been enhanced by M’boto, and the kitchen could be used for whatever size of group came visiting. Her kitchen had a view screen that turned one wall into whatever Cookie wanted to see, from underwater scenes to a cooking class she subscribed to. It was amusing to watch Cookie work in her kitchen when the VTS showed an underwater scene with creatures swimming close enough to swallow her.

Cookie also had access to a galactic library of culinary recipes. To Lonnie’s pleasure, all the room kiosks had access to Cookie’s recipes.

The three were seated in comfortable seats facing the screen that covered one wall, giving the impression that they were looking out at the west canyon. Every ten minutes the scene would change with another view of the land around them.

“I appreciate the offer you made, Lonnie. They’re too smart for most people and they don’t have patience with people that don’t take their advice seriously,” Herling said. “I now know how my parents felt about my twin and me. We always thought way ahead of the adults around us and we didn’t care if they knew it.”

“Crackle hasn’t had a challenge like the girls for a long time. They’re nothing like the passengers she had to contend with, so the challenge is a treat.”

“I’ll have to get Crackle and the girls to setup my house security. Not trusting the Obermans to stop looking for me, I’ll have to make sure I have a safe place to return home to,” Cora said.

“We have that already taken care of,” Herling said, responding to the anxiety Lonnie also felt from her. “We look out for our customers. We added security specific for a clinic to your house. I’m sure you don’t want anyone to get to your medications without your knowledge or inside your house from the clinic that you haven’t knowledge of.”

“I know I’m in good hands, Herling. I’m just nervous that one day I’ll either be facing an assassin or we all will be blown up. You did a great job at my ranch.” She rubbed her hand over her forehead to ease the headache that crept up on her. “I think it’s the added stress from the closure of the hospital. I’m thinking I’ll need to get a portable clinic for the folks around here until my clinic is up or they reopened the hospital.”

“We heard the hospital was bought to shut it down so it wouldn’t compete with a more expensive hospital in Aspen owned by the same company. You’re not going to work at the new hospital?”

“This company didn’t ask any of us at the hospital if we want to work at the newer and bigger place. But we did hear that they’re charging a lot for medical care. I wonder who they think can afford it.”

Crackle and the girls returned looking pleased with themselves. “We’ve got the weaknesses marked. Who’s going shopping?” Crackle asked.

“Bella and Shari aren’t back so it’s you, I and the girls,” Lonnie said.

“Actually, I can’t leave,” Crackle said. “Bella is my backup. I can’t see Cora or Cookie taking over security while I’m gone.”

Cora chuckled. “Good thing. I would find a switch to turn the bodyguards on then hide under my bed.”

Lonnie frowned.

“I can fly if you can’t,” Lin said.

“I can fly,” Lonnie told her firmly. “Are you four ready?”

Four young voices shouted yes.

“How long is this storm forecasted to last?”

“A day or two.”

“We’ll try and be back in six hours at the most,” Lonnie said. “If the storm hits before then, we can stay at Herald’s Bed and Breakfast in Beasfor. We’ll call on our way back and check in with you.”

Cora, Crackle and Herling agreed.

“Hey, don’t forget to dress up,” Crackle said.

Lonnie nodded and moved to her shuttle, *Bezel* that was sitting next to Herling’s shuttle, *Kromeg*.

“Can the dogs come?” Liz asked, running to be near Lonnie.

“No,” Lonnie said. She glanced down at Liz, “They aren’t space travelers.”

“What did she mean by dress up?” Lin asked.

“Wear a disguise so I don’t get recognized by some crazed fan.”

“Or by a spy...” Libby added seriously.

Lonnie looked at her and then the others. Of course, they would know. Kids make good spies. Lonnie shook her head at the memory of how deadly they could be.

“We know all about those creeps that were after you,” Libby said.

“And about the Obermans who are after Dr. Cora,” Lea said.

“Right. So, that’s why I disguise myself when I leave this planet,” Lonnie said.

“Really!” the four said. “Can we see how you do it?”

Once they were in space Lonnie set the autopilot to head for Ballantine’s. She unlocked the closet she stored her make-up equipment in. Inside was a computer and bot with make-up supplies stored under a shelf.

“The computer has over 2,000 common species and over 200 additional ones I’ve added. It can do mixed species too. It will also tell me which species trait is dominant over another. There’s history and culture taboos, as well an updated population table on each of the species, which means it gives the chances of me meeting up with the same species, so I don’t. Usually I

don't do a species change. The make-up can be too cumbersome. The bot here is a make-up artist. It's what actors use and people that don't want to be recognized."

They leaned forward for a closer view of the closet's contents but didn't touch anything.

"Can we dress up like your daughters? That would make sense," Libby said convincingly.

"You don't look anything like me," Lonnie said, wondering how they would neutralize the obvious species differences.

"So, right," Liz said. "That's why we have to have something that makes us look related; otherwise, you might be pegged for a child kidnapper. Those mall security bots are sometimes so lame."

"We'll think about this," Lea said.

The four went back to their seats and were quiet for fifteen minutes. Then they huddled and after a whispered conversation, they told Lonnie they had an idea.

"We think we can get away with you as a Libolt and we can be half Libolt and half Sisos."

"I never heard of them," Lonnie said.

"We built a house on Trimwold for a family that was Libolt and Sisos. We know how their children acted. The father was Libolt. You don't want to be a Sisos. They snort a lot."

The girls giggled.

"I want to see what one looks like before I agree. And, if we do go as such a family, this shuttle has to show it's coming from Trimwold. Where is Trimwold?"

"A few hours from Ballantine," Lea said. "We can't be them because chances are someone will know the family. It's too close."

"There's supposed to be a few new colonies on Terrian 4-S..." Liz said.

"But I don't want anyone to think of our planet," Lonnie said.

"If strangers keep showing up in places near Terrian and never from it, it's going to be a dead giveaway," Lea said.

It was something Lonnie knew logically was true, but the idea of anyone knowing of where she lived had her avoiding bringing it up. She did a search on her make-up computer then nearby locations. Terrian 4-S did have a scattering of each group on Terrian. They didn't seem to mind intermingling with other species.

“Okay. Where exactly on Terrian? We need a story and why we live there and not elsewhere. While you’re thinking up that story, run the program on their characteristics and habits so I can listen to take my mind off of twitching at all the make-up that will be plastered on me.”

When it came to the girls turn, there was a lot of giggles and critical comparisons of facial makeup. While they took their turns, Lonnie made calls, taking advantage of the difficulty in tracing any calls made in space. Her first call was to one of the owners of Brid’s Spyware Shop. Since she was one of the early investors, thanks to her investment agent, Shari Sing, she was sure she could get some assistance in keeping herself off anyone’s radar. Little Brid’s Spyware Shop was a small off shoot of the Brid’s she had visited on it’s opening day a little over a year ago.

Ridy, owner number 2 of 3, was pleased with her call and wanted her to give a report on the new shop. He also offered a corporate ship for her to test out the gadgets they had installed should she feel she wanted to update her own ship or if she felt she needed to duck out on another ship should an obsessive fan recognize her. Meanwhile, he would make arrangements on his side to assure she was not being followed. He was interested in seeing how loyal his connections at this mall were to him. Lonnie was thinking he suspected something was not as it seemed on the space mall.

A buzz from her control panel let her know that they were approaching their destination. The ship gave their identifier and a docking space was assigned. A bumper came out and gently enclosed the ship drawing it in its berth. Here the ship would be given a checkup for space worthiness and restocked if it was necessary. The enclosure would prevent anyone from entering her ship while they were gone. This was a docking space for privileged people. Ridy obviously had called ahead.

Eagerly the four girls moved down the ramp, looking around. Lonnie knew they had been to the mall before so their curiosity of what was around them was not from the newness. There were some people interested in them because it was their job and there were some whom Lonnie wasn’t sure what their job was, which made their interest in her party suspicious.

The girls sauntered to the map of the mall. They quickly located Little Brid’s Spyware Shop. Two of them took Lonnie’s hand, the other two followed behind as they headed to the shop.

“There’s some people following us,” Lea said to Lonnie.

“I noticed. We’re picking up too many curious people. I didn’t ask if this species has a known enemy.”

“Oh, no. Not in this day and age,” Liz said.

“You never really can tell,” Lea said.

The other two hummed in agreement then giggled when they exchanged glances.

In Little Brid’s Spyware Shop Lea stayed with Lonnie while the others went in separate directions.

“This goes so much faster if we split up. We always know where each other is,” Lea explained. “That guy with the squinty eyes and black hat keeps talking to someone on his com link.”

“He’s being too obvious,” Lonnie said. “He has a partner that we haven’t seen.”

“Oh, look. This is perfect,” Lea pulled out a sonic whirl from the shelf.

“That would make someone unhappy,” Lonnie said. “Who do you plan on using that against?”

“It’s a backup for your sitting room. It will identify aggression with species and mood and if needed, neutralize up to a dozen at one time.” Lea added it to the auto-cart that floated behind them.

“We’ll add one for each room then,” Lonnie said. “For that number we’ll have a delivery made.”

Little Brid made up for its smallness by having only the latest spy equipment in stock and showed demos on pros and cons. If you were looking for what was not stocked, you could order it from their catalog.

As the cart filled up, Lonnie’s anxiety increased and discomfort in her disguise was adding to her distraction. She was feeling like something was closing in on them.

“We need to leave now,” she said to Lea.

“This disguise is itching,” Lea said.

“Where are the others?”

“Nearby. They have people following them.”

“Can’t be the security here. They have auto-bots for that,” Lonnie said.

“So right. I spotted them easily enough, and I don’t mean the ones that they have for everyone to see,” Lea said disdainfully.

“We’ll meet at checkout counter 4,” Lonnie said.

Lonnie had picked it because it was the longest line, therefore the most watched by surveillance cameras.

While they waited their turn, the girls giggled like some young girls would. Lonnie casually looked around and counted too many people interested in them. It was odd because there was a variety of different species in the store. Something about them was attracting the kind of people she didn’t want to notice them.

“We think they’re going to make their move when we leave the store,” Liz told Lonnie.

“Who are they?” Lonnie asked. She almost slapped her forehead. Why would they know?

“Maybe slave traders,” Lea said.

“Maybe a gang that kidnaps for ransom,” Libby said. “They look the type.”

“With all that I’m buying, that would mark us as someone with credits,” Lonnie said. As a first investor and loyal customer she had discounts that most people didn’t have so she could buy more than the usual domestic customer.

At the checkout the robot that tabulated the cost asked if they would like security to escort them to their ship, explaining that large purchases were given the courtesy of free security services.

Lonnie accepted the service. Along with their cart that was covered from anyone looking to see what they had, they had an armed security bot accompanying them.

“Do you have any weapons on your ship?” Libby asked seriously.

“Of course,” Lea said.

“I didn’t see any,” Lin said.

“I bet she has it where most people can’t find it,” Liz said.

“You might be overheard. Keep an eye on what’s going on around us,” Lonnie told the girls.

“There’s four about two stores behind us. Maybe we should duck into one of those other stores,” Lea said.

“The cart won’t go in nor will the security bot. It’s someone else’s store. We’ll head to dock 6.”

“That’s not where our ship is docked,” Lea said.

“I’m having mine serviced and upgraded,” Lonnie said. “I’m borrowing Ridy’s corporate yacht.” Lonnie smiled at getting a chance to fly a ship with all the latest and greatest spy and protection gadgets a civilian ship could legally be caught with.

In slip 6 was a typical corporate type ship, *Belgium Queen*. It was the kind used to take important customers and directors around to the nearby planets. It meant that it had a luxurious interior for short excursions. Sleeping quarters would be limited with the main lounge setup for playing games, having meetings, and viewing programs. It was larger than what Lonnie was used to flying but she had been practicing regularly in simulators on different models and sizes of ships since she settled in her new home. What she did learn was that ships flew without the assistance of a pilot, though it was a requirement of owners to pass a flight test, and pilots to know how to handle a ship should it lose power.

At the slips locked gate Lonnie keyed in the combination and let the girls pass onto the boarding ramp, before stepping in and closing it. It wasn’t necessary for her to look around and see who was watching. It was the same two men. The cart stopped at the cargo hold and the auto-porter from the ship automatically began to unload it. Since she keyed in the information to access the ship, it wasn’t necessary to delay loading the ship with her purchases. Automation on most space malls made purchasing effortless compared to planet side buying sprees. Terrian 4-S didn’t have many shopping malls with auto-porters.

Lonnie sat in the pilot’s seat, waiting for it to form to her shape and recognize her handprint. A list of what she was cleared for was quickly displayed. Owner’s status. That was everything, including the ability to scuttle the ship if a pirate threatened to take it over. Some people found losing their belongings to thieves unacceptable. From one camera’s view, she watched the auto-porter finish unloading the cart. Once done the cargo bay shut with the cart and its guard returning to the shop. Lights on her display showed the ship was preparing for departure.

The girls had found comfortable seats and were testing to see what they could access.

“When do we leave?” Lea asked sitting in the copilot seat.

“Two minutes. It looks like someone had remotely prepped it because normally it would take twenty minutes to go through the systems check list.”

The four girls came to stand around Lonnie. They all hummed over a lot of the buttons that had no explanation as to what they were for. Lonnie brought up the control menu and they all read what did what.

“There’s the rear cannon R5,” Liz said.

“We have four of those on our ship,” Libby told Lonnie.

“You fly in a freighter four times this size,” Lonnie laughed. “Can you image how this yacht would look with four cannons?”

The girls looked thoughtful and Lonnie could swear they were finding places for four cannons.

“Da would be interested in some of these defense armaments,” Liz said.

An automatic message was sent to the control tower that they were ready to leave. Lonnie keyed in the response to the tower’s inquiry, though it wasn’t necessary. Everything had pass codes and sleight of hand tricks for backup should someone not authorized try to pilot the ship. They all could feel the slight change in vibration as the ship began to slowly move out of its berth and then past the space malls markers.

The view they had of the outside showed the space mall growing distant. When it was acceptable the ship immediately went into hyper space.

“Where are we going?” Liz asked. She was frowning at her screen. “I didn’t see you program a destination.”

“Six minutes in hyperspace then we’ll jump out and take a back route to Terrian 4-S. This ship is a lot faster than my civilian shuttle.”

They all were impressed with the speed it was logging.

An alarm on the control panel showed they were being followed.

“Let’s see what he’s got here for evaporating trails,” Lonnie said.

“That’s this button. Can I push it?” Lea asked.

“You’re the co-pilot. Engage,” Lonnie said.

The alarm light disappeared. After six minutes their speed slowed and they dropped out of hyper-space.

“Where are we?” Lin asked.

“I have no idea.” Lonnie stared at the star chart on her monitor and did an inquiry.

“This *is* a fast ship,” Liz said impressed. “We’re in another galaxy.”

“We went through a travel gate and we didn’t even know it,” Libby said.

Everyone looked at Lonnie who was removing some of her face makeup to see better, then began studying the menu options in earnest.

“Who owns this ship?” Liz asked curiously. She pressed a button and a cabinet opened. They all looked expectantly at Lonnie.

Lonnie stood in front of the cabinet and they looked in.

“He must be big,” Lea said.

“Halkin, business partner number 3 is,” Lonnie said. She dumped her mask into the waste bin. She activated a smaller make-up bot. “Well, here’s my decision, should I go back to me or try something else?”

“Go as yourself. This is a different galaxy,” Lin said.

“My very thought.” Lonnie keyed in her name and what appeared was a younger version of her. “Well, this is tempting.”

When she finished each of the girls stepped up. Like most children, they carried an ID which had a current picture of them.

“We can pick up a souvenir just to show we were here,” Lea said. She inquired what malls were in the area. More than a dozen space malls were one hour away from their present position.

“Let’s see what your mother thinks, first,” Lonnie said. She sent an encrypted message to her home.

“The messaging is a lot faster with the new message bouys,” Lea said. The others nodded.

Lonnie also sent a message to Ridy, letting him know she liked his yacht.

“Anyone hungry?” Liz asked.

“I am. Shall we sample the galley and see just how well CEOs treat their guests?” Lonnie asked.

“I’ll see if it’s okay,” Lin said. “You can’t trust everything that comes out of a ship’s kiosk.”

A ding had Lonnie looking at the console. She was surprised when Ridy sent a quick response back. “*Stay hidden. We are trying to identify who is following you.*”

“Now what?” Lonnie muttered.

“For a dancer, you sure made a lot of enemies,” Liz said.

“I’m hoping I have more friends than enemies,” Lonnie said.

“Your disguise was good,” Lea said. “I don’t think they know it’s you.”

Suddenly the ship changed course.

“Someone is using an auto-dialer,” Lea said. “We have that too.”

“So, we didn’t end up here by accident,” Lonnie said perturbed. *Ridy, what else am I testing for you?* she thought.

“An emergency raft is sending a signal,” Liz said. “It’s being towed into the cargo bay. According to the identifier, the ER belongs to this ship.”

“Girls, I want you to....”

But they were already heading to the cargo bay before she could finish.

“I’ll bet they know more about the dangers of pirates than me,” Lonnie muttered, trailing them.

They waited behind the security door while the ER settled and then the bay stabilized with breathable air. The cover to the ER opened just as the door to the bay opened for them to enter. The four girls had the ER surrounded as if it were harmless. Lonnie had activated the security bots but they did not arm themselves, so this person had to be in the database of the ship. Lonnie was really curious.

The young person that scrambled out of the ER stopped with an open mouth in surprise at seeing the girls and then spotting Lonnie.

“Dama Leona Bestolie?” he said in amazement, which quickly turned to concern. “Oh no! How did you get here? Listen, we need to pick up RJ. He’s...” He didn’t finish but rushed to the bridge.

Lonnie gave a quite sigh. RJ was Ridy’s youngest son.

“What is RJ up to?” Lonnie asked the young man that was keying in a destination.

“You know him?” Lin asked surprised.

“Who are you?” Liz demanded.

“Maulinet. How are you? And who are you all? We’ll talk later.” Maulinet, as usual, moved from subject to subject without really saying anything. He set the ship to new coordinates and armed everything that could be armed. That alarmed Lonnie.

“So, what are two doing in this part of the galaxy?” Lonnie asked suspiciously. From gossip at the family gatherings she was privileged to attend, RJ was always getting involved in someone else’s fight and Maulinet tagged along with RJ paying his way. It usually was the underdog’s side RJ took.

Mau glanced at Lonnie surprised then looked embarrassed. “Have you heard of Harriman EcoSystems Inc.?”

“They were recently bought out by one of their big competitors, Gab...only Gab work’s both sides, the polluting side and the cleanup side.”

“Right. We found out that in this part of the galaxy, they’ve sent an army of their private arm twisters to get a planet to only purchase from them. RJ and I have been able to locate each Gab associate and mark them. We’re going to run a program over the airwaves of that planet, exposing them for what they really represent. Then paint balls will explode over each one of them, and their shuttles will leave the planet, with or without them.”

Lonnie shook her head at the repercussions that would cause. Gab was a nasty competitor, and though they had made more enemies than they could face these days, they still could deliver a bad bite to people that interfered with their business. “Do they know what the two of you are up to?”

“We’ve been followed but we sent *BQ* back to throw them off.”

No wonder we were being watched and that this ship didn’t need any prepping, Lonnie thought alarmed. In addition to me docking in a slip normally used by Brid’s Corporation favorites we borrowed the corporate ship.

“So where are we going?” Lea asked.

“Who are you?” Mau demanded.

“We’re guests of Dama Bestolie,” Lea said.

Lonnie nearly laughed aloud. The girls must be picking up something about Mau that did not warrant complete trust. So, the girls weren’t without their own radar for trouble.

Mau turned his attention back to his screen. “He should be here,” Mau said worriedly.

Lea leaned over the control panel and pushed a menu then selected an option – RHOO - Reveal Hidden Outside Objects.

A raft appeared just outside of their ship. “Gods I could have run over it!” Mau said.

“No way,” Lea said breezily. “This is one supper ship that can fly itself without running over anything before it.”

“Send out a bot to retrieve it, Mau,” Lonnie told him.

Mau did as he was told.

“Once it’s secured in the bay, get out of here with all possible speed,” Lonnie told him.

“But we have one more thing to do!”

“Is it going to ram the point down Gab’s proverbial corporate throat?” Lonnie asked.

“Yes, of course. It’s the only thing they understand.”

“You’ll make your point with the broadcast. Let the citizens of the planet make up their own minds,” Lonnie said.

“What if they don’t kick them out?”

“Then they’re not ready for a higher standard of living. Planets, just like societies and individuals, have to grow into a mindset. If you don’t let them grow and process each advance, then how do you expect them to be able to defend themselves from further encroachment of the negative type? They won’t recognize what’s wrong or right because they didn’t go through the process.”

“You sound like my auntie,” Mau said.

The ship automatically hit hyperspace when the cargo bay doors closed. Two of the girls went with Lonnie and Mau to the cargo bay.

No one got out of the ER. When they popped the lid, it was empty.

Mau cursed. Lonnie turned and ran up the corridor back to the bridge. “Stop this ship. We need to return!” Lonnie sat in one of the pilot seats and watched the ship slow to a stop. Turning the ship, Libby expertly had the ship returning back to the planet they just left.

“Scan the planet for RJ and scan space for a ship. I don’t want to run into big guns,” Lonnie said.

It was when they searched space they found him in a ship that was station keeping above the planet.

“That’s their ship!” Mau said distressed. “We kept it on the other side of the planet and used PTs, pass-through devices, so they couldn’t spot us.”

Lonnie quickly sent a coded message to Ridy, “Family member in danger. Stand-by for rescue.” than did a quick scan of the ship for any weaknesses.

“What’s a pass-through device?” Lea asked.

“PTs? Hasn’t been so successful so it’s still in research but what it does to most scan’s is it repeats the signal directed at it out the other side, so it makes the object it’s protecting invisible to a scan, but if you’re up close, most species can see it by looking outside a window.”

“So, you used it so the other ship can’t see you?” Lea asked.

“We used them in the ERs while we waited for *Belgium Queen* to return. They aren’t dependable. That’s how they probably found RJ. Gods, we have to get him back.”

The four girls looked at him thoughtfully. Lonnie didn’t feel his concern was about RJ’s health. Her priority was bringing RJ to safety, then she would turn her attention to Mau.

“There’s only two people aboard their ship, *Desired Isle*. He’s being held here, alone.” Lonnie pointed at the ship’s schematic.

“According to the ship’s maintenance log, this is the only exit that hasn’t been used since it was purchased,” Lea said. Lonnie pretended not to be surprised at how she got into another ship’s system.

“It’s an emergency exit but in an impractical place, behind the spare ER,” Lonnie said. “Only I don’t see a spare one. They probably decided not to spend the extra credits, or it’s been used and never replaced.”

“What can we do?” Mau asked.

“You lot will wait here and keep a low profile, while I’m going over there to bring RJ back,” Lonnie said. How simple she made it sound, but she did not trust Mau.

Mau looked at her surprised. “Da said you were more than what met the eye...but are you sure you want to do that?”

Was he nervous for her? He never struck her as the type to care about anyone but himself.

“Want to...no. I wish I didn’t have to. But the longer he stays there the worst off for him. How long before your event takes off?”

Mau looked at the timer. “In twenty minutes, it starts.”

“If they have RJ they know about the broadcast and will have neutralized it,” Lonnie guessed aloud.

“Do they have beacons?” Lea asked.

“Yes. Above the planet.”

“I found 1,000 small beacons deactivated. You can recycle them and put a new code in,” Lea suggested.

“How do you know so much?” Mau asked defensively.

“They get around,” Lonnie said. “Do you have any extra PTs?”

Perturbed, Mau showed her a cabinet with a dozen of them. “The ones with the red mark are duds. I haven’t had a chance to go through all to find what’s broken.”

“Work on it while I’m away,” Lonnie said. Lonnie opened a cabinet and pulled out a spacesuit, tucking another in a pack she attached to her waist. At another cabinet, she keyed in code and when it opened, they all could see a collection of gadgets that could be used to break in anywhere.

“Hey! How did you get the combo for that? I’ve been...” Mau suddenly shut up.

The girls glared at him. By their stance, they were steadily building up a justifiable dislike of Mau. Lonnie was sure he would not be getting into any mischief while she was busy elsewhere. That *was* a comfort. Her back was protected.

Lonnie didn’t hesitate with her choices of gadgets which were secured inside pockets. Boarding a ship was something she had trained at while working on the *Earl Gray* in case it was taken over by pirates. Each security team trained for that just in case they were not captured. Those small training session helped her deal with the closeness of living on a space ship for months at a time and the closeness of too many people.

Stepping into the exit hatch, she listened for the recycle unit, then felt the slow fall into space. Once out in space Lonnie activated the PT then began her trip, controlling her jets on a steady course to the other ship.

Something exploded near her and the shock sent her flying off kilter and into unconscious.

Chapter 3

A Strange Wind Blows Her Way

Lonnie opened her eyes to a dramatic display of space. For a long moment she was suspended somewhere strange, then like an explosion, she expanded in all directions, like an energy wave, rolling and absorbing everything in her path, and changing as she went. Then just as suddenly, she was back as a lone figure in a vast expanse of space. Awareness of her

weightlessness, a headache, and an upset stomach brought her to realization that she was floating in space. Turning her head from side to side slowly, she couldn't see any ship. A familiar planet was eye level, so she was somewhere in the vicinity of where the two ships had been. Careful not to cause too much movement that would put her in a spin, she turned her body so she could see behind her. There were no ships. Alarmed, Lonnie glanced at her bio-regulator. Either she had a leak in her air, or she had been out here a long time. Her jet pac had shut down. Pressing the restart didn't reactivate it.

“Not smart. Where would you go if it did start up. *BQ. BQ.*” she called. There was no return signal. Lonnie could feel the beginnings of panic.

“All right, all right. Steady. What would you do in a situation like this Cornol Caline?” Lonnie laughed. “You probably wouldn't have let yourself get in a situation like this.”

“I've been in my share of bad situations, Lonnie.”

It was strange in one sense and not so in another, but there was Caline right before her in an identical spacesuit.

“So, any suggestions?” Lonnie asked.

“Oh, those I have and some you can use. Just wait for your friends to find you. Until then, breathe as little as possible. Hibernate.”

“I would rather remain conscious. I don't want to die out here.”

“You fear death? Death is just a transitional gate to pass through.”

“I'm not ready. I just got this great place I'm fixing up and Kali is going to appear nearby...” Lonnie could feel tears trickle down her face. “I hate this. I can't wipe my face.”

“When you get an itch, that's the real crazy part,” Caline said. “I'm surprised you worry about dying when you've been at death's door so many times.”

“Then I had choices.”

Caline laughed heartily, startling Lonnie.

“Why? Why are you here, Caline?”

“You called me.”

“Does this mean you'll lend a hand when I call for help?”

“Or just give you company until you figure out what to do yourself.”

Suddenly Lonnie became conscious of a cool breeze of air in her helmet. Opening her eyes, she could see an ERB, Emergency Retrieval Bot, next to her. It latched onto her suit and began towing her.

“*BQ?*” she called.

“Dama Lonnie! Did you see that? Did you see the gun battle? We could have taken them out!”

His voice was high pitched and excited. With all the weapons the *Belgium Queen* had Lonnie was hoping the girls were keeping him restrained so he wouldn't do something rash.

“Did you for a moment think about me or RJ and how vulnerable we are? Neither of us want to be casualties of your shoot out. Where is RJ?” Lonnie demanded.

“In the ship still. He hasn't moved.” His voice didn't sound like he heard her concern.

“Where is *Desired Isle*?”

“The ERB bot is taking you. Who are these girls, anyway? They know this ship better than me and I've been flying this ship longer than they've been legal. They wouldn't let me finish *Desired Isle* off. I could have taken the main power out!”

“Obviously, they think more of RJ than you. How many people are on that ship now, and where is everyone?”

“They only have one guy on the ship. The other took a shuttle planet-side to pick up the others....”

Lonnie ceased to listen to him as a schematic of the ship appeared on her helmet's visor. Clever girls, Lonnie thought. There were two red marks in different places on the ship.

The *Desired Isle* was a typical hand-me-down corporate ship — outdated. Gab agents these days were just employees not meriting top of the line equipment. They were expected to get their assignment completed quickly and if it got messy no evidence pointing to Gab was to be left behind. Gab was being legally squeezed out of business in their part of the galaxy, which explained why they were trying to get a foothold in another.

Now that she was close enough, she studied the hull, looking for the exit hatch. Lonnie knew how to bypass alarms. You simply tell the ship to open it. Exit hatches had their own emergency systems on most ships so if the power went out, the exit hatches would not be disabled.

The hatch opened to a small space. Lonnie could now see why it wasn't used much. There were odds and ends stored in it. Not wanting to be caught if the lone person chose to investigate, or send a security bot, she untangled herself from the junk and dropped onto the deck, engaging her image distortion. The air was thin in the corridor with wisps of smoke near the ceiling. Leaving her helmet engaged she listened for any company. Nothing. On her visor a diagram appeared, showing her where she could find RJ.

His prison was a locked closet. Across her visor four 0s appeared.

Lonnie tapped in the four zeros and the door opened. RJ laid curled up on the deck in a corner as far from the door as he could possibly get. He didn't move. Swinging the door completely open, she tested it to be sure it wouldn't swing back and close on her.

Looking up and down the corridor, Lonnie didn't see anyone. She whispered RJ's name. He didn't move. His breathing was shallow. Lonnie removed the suit from the pack on her hip and began to unfold it. Cautiously, she examined RJ. He had been beaten soundly. By the looks of his digits, they were broken.

The door behind her suddenly slammed shut with a lock clicking in place.

Undaunted, Lonnie began dressing the dead weight into the suit. Softly, RJ groaned but didn't waken. Lights in the room went out and she suspected the air would also be turned off. Finished, she dragged RJ to the door. She keyed in the code.

"Amazing. The code hasn't changed. What does this mean?" she wondered aloud.

Another route appeared on her visor. A word appeared at the bottom. Emergency Life Pods. The girls were good at this Lonnie thought, not believing Mau to help.

Following the route, Lonnie had to stop and rest a few times. RJ was heavy as dead-weight.

At the first ELP Lonnie stopped and lifted RJ in it. She was going to find another for herself but decided the room for another was a sign for her to join him. The moment the lid was closed and locked and the life support immediately turned on. Lonnie hit the launch button and out of the ship they were dropped. Lonnie was hoping the bot was still around and would lead them back to *BQ*.

Lonnie retracted her helmet and RJs. From the emergency medical pac she pulled out a medical reader and let the MR tell her what RJ needed. Thankfully, the MR was maintained. A whoosh of medication was administered to RJ.

Eyes fluttered open. “Dama Lonnie?” he whispered surprised.

“Yes. We’ll be back on *BQ* soon.”

“Da’s going to be so angry,” he mumbled. “Is he with you?”

“No. RJ, everyone has a calling. Instead of doing this on your own, why not do it right? There’s a company, Rapid Motion. Tell them I sent you.” *I hope I don’t regret this, but it’s better than he go out on these causes with an unwise companion.*

The pod shook but continued. Lonnie worried about another gun battle ensuing. It seemed hours passed before she could feel them settle roughly on a deck. Not knowing which deck she was settling on, she prepared herself for the worst.

Libby peered under the lid as it lifted slowly.

“Libby,” Lonnie said gratefully, “We need a med bot right away. RJ’s been severely injured.”

Lin was standing next to her and had a medical wand.

“For now, we’re going to leave him in the pod,” Lonnie said.

Libby nodded and watched as Lin administered to him.

“Where are the others?” Lonnie asked Libby.

“Maulinet is NOT nice,” Libby said.

“He’s not the person I would want to protect my back,” Lonnie agreed.

“He can’t keep his hands off the weapons,” Libby said. “He wants to blow everything up.”

“Is there a brig on this ship?” Lonnie asked.

Libby looked at her with a disbelieving expression. “This is a corporate yacht, Dama Lonnie. Who are they going to lock up?”

“I didn’t think so.”

Lonnie walked swiftly to the lounge, wondering what she was going to do with RJs young friend whom she suspected sacrificed RJ to save his own life.

Lea was with Mau in the lounge. He looked like he was ready to burst out of his clothes.

“You’re back!” He jumped up and would have joined Lonnie except Lea was blocking his way without appearing to. Unless he forcefully pushed past her, he wasn’t going anywhere.

“Sit down Mau. For the rest of the ride, you’re to sit there and not say a word. Nothing. Complete silence.”

“What did he say to you? I must talk to him. Explain to him. Is he alright?”

“Of course, he’s not alright.” Lonnie said. She glanced at Lea who crossed her arms and watched Mau closely. He wasn’t going anywhere.

Lonnie went to the bridge where Liz was sitting at the console watching a screen. She looked at Lonnie when she sat next to her to see what was showing.

“That stupid boy told us what he had done. It wasn’t the original plan but even that one was incredibly stupid. They don’t know anything about the people on Rijamo no more than the people from that company that wants to sell them something they have no use for. Da and Ma will be laughing at this.”

“How long before we get back to...”

“Treboton. Da and Ridy Senior would like us to fly there. The people following us were not after us but that stupid boy. He’s a gambler. We won’t be able to go back to your castle for a few days. The storm is in full force now.”

“OK. There’s a few nice hotels there. Are we being followed now?”

“No.”

“We’re hungry.”

“Get something to eat in the galley. Mau is not to leave his seat in the lounge. I don’t want him anywhere near RJ.”

Liz nodded and left the bridge.

Caline, I hope Ridy Senior doesn’t want to kill me when he finds out I referred his son to a special ops group.

I’m sure he’s already noticed that his son likes to live dangerously. At least he’ll get the proper training and be surrounded by the right friends, Caline replied.

I hope his wounds heal up.

Even if he has a limp. If he has a mind to join, there’s a place for him, Caline assured her.

Lonnie stared at the screen as memories of how she met Caline came back to her. The slow-motion images of people and a building exploding had her holding her breath. In a reflection on one of the kiosk dispensers until the concussion knocked her unconscious, she had a good view of the explosion. When Lonnie picked herself up and walked around the blast wall, in the rubble she could see the spirits of people rising and looking around bewildered. They would have remained standing in shock if someone had not guided them into a mist. Hastily she wiped

her eyes. It was a waste of lives. Why did it take violence to shake people out of their chosen blindness to others' dilemma that they could have aided, to avoid the violence? It wasn't as if these key people were bogged down in their own misery. They were pampered and cushioned by their comforts. There had to be another way to awaken people besides violence.

While she had time, she did a search on Maulinet and his family. Since his father was no longer a partner in the spy shop's business, she heard little of the family, but various family members were mentioned in the newsies, and not in a positive light.

Chapter 4

Surprises Come in Neat Packages

As they approached Treboton Lonnie went to see how Mau was. Sullen and silent, he was huddled in his seat. He had ranted at Lonnie when she refused to drop him off on a floating city – Cacur to be specific, so she had put a restraint on him, chained to his seat he was. Cacur was a place to disappear if you had credits. Mau had no credits and he had some questions to answer from Ridy Senior about how his son got hurt.

The girls always watched him.

“Maulinet, in five minutes we dock. Ridy will want to see you after he's seen to his son's comfort.”

“I don't have to talk to him. Anything happens to me, you're responsible and my father will sue you for every credit you have!” His eyes move to Lin and his bluster turned to fear.

Lonnie left to check up on RJ. Lonnie nodded to Libby who was sitting next to his container, engrossed in her reading.

Peering at RJ's face in the pod Lonnie noted how changed he was from just a few years ago when she attended a corporate party favored investors were invited to. Mau wasn't there.

RJ no longer had his boyish looks. He had grown up.

“He has more color in his face,” Libby said. “The bones are healing nicely but he's going to need a full day more before he's moved out of the pod.”

Lonnie nodded. “Hopefully, his father will take the suggestion to let him remain in the life pod for another day, undisturbed.”

“You don't think he will?”

“I don’t know. He’s gotten a lot tougher on his kids and less forgiving about some things. Stealing the corporate ship to perform terrorists’ acts on another company, no matter how vile their reputation, has consequences.”

“RJ didn’t commit to anything violent,” Libby said. “His intentions were to embarrass.”

Lonnie looked over at Libby. “Do you read minds?”

“I looked up his profile. His mother had him declared proficient for living on his own before his adulthood.”

“So, he’s either a smart kid or his parents wanted nothing to do with him. I personally will go with the smart kid. I’ve seen him off and on for five years and the only time I’ve heard him raise his voice was to defend another even when his own family wouldn’t support him.”

The lights in the ship dimmed and came back up, letting them know they were docking. The moment the hatch was opened Ridy and Leuwig were on board. The boys, Monte and Jem were right behind them. Libby greeted her father and brothers with hugs.

Ridy said nothing as he looked down at his son’s face that still had evidence of bruising then went into the lounge to speak with Mau.

The boys followed him, hopefully to restrain him from doing something rash to Mau.

“Good tidings to you, Leuwig,” Lonnie said.

“Are the girls keeping you out of trouble?” Leuwig teased.

“They saved our lives. I thank them and you for teaching them the skills it took to get us out of that situation,” Lonnie said.

Leuwig smiled at Libby. “Our girls are smarter than the average youth their age. The boys and I were doing business with Ridy when you called. When he made some calls, he found the corporate ship had left its berth with passenger's days before and returned without passengers.”

“RJ and Mau.”

Leuwig nodded. “It seems to be typical for the children of these big power brokers to borrow things from their parents and their businesses without asking. Underserved entitlement, I would call it.”

“So, what’s your assessment of this ship?” Lonnie looked over at Libby. “I’m having some upgrades on my ship now. Maybe I should add something more,” she added with a grin.

“The girls will have a lot of suggestions for improvement,” Leuwig said smiling.

“They will?” Ridy chose that moment to appear. “And what would that be?”

“This is a nice ship,” Lonnie said, “But it seems passwords are too easily accessed.”

“Too easy,” Libby said.

“It wasn’t my access code and bio-readings that were used for boarding the ship AND arming the auto-defense. We’re lucky they didn’t get past the higher codes.”

“Is someone going to press charges?” Lonnie asked.

“I’m thinking it’s time those two boys learn about real consequences.”

“RJ’s injuries are a result of a consequence. RJ’s not violent, Ridy,” Lonnie said.

“But he chose a friend who is,” he said.

“I think he’s had his eyes opened about Mau. He probably thought he could help him.”

“Maulinet,” Ridy said distastefully. “He’ll be arrested if he’s lucky and spend time in prison working off his debts. Or he’ll be unlucky and his debtors from the underbelly will collect with his life forfeited.”

“RJ needs to stay undisturbed in the pod another day,” Lonnie said.

“Yes. I can see that. Lonnie, I can’t thank you enough for going out there and rescuing my son.”

“It wasn’t just me. I couldn’t have done it without the four girls watching my back. If it was just Maulinet, I would have had to knock him out and hope your remote worked.”

“It was broken,” Libby said.

“See, you girls are my heroes,” Lonnie said.

Libby giggled. “You’re more fun to go with to the mall than...”

“Don’t even think such a thing,” Leuwig said sternly. “That’s all we need is for you girls going out looking for the wrong type of excitement.”

“You get what you look for,” Lonnie said solemnly, thinking that *she* wasn’t looking for any and it still came her way.

“Here’s the ambulance,” Liz said.

“And the police,” Libby said. “Does this mean we can go sightsee?”

“Do you ever sleep?” Lonnie asked.

The girls shook their heads no.

“Lonnie, I would like to speak with you before you leave. I’ve made reservations for us all at the Elephant Inn. I hear a storm is over your place so returning isn’t possible at this time,” Ridy said.

“Okay.”

Ridy left with his son to the hospital and the police hauled Mau off.

“Well I’m tired from all this excitement. Will you be here when I wake up?” Lonnie asked Leuwig.

“No,” Leuwig said. “We’ll be heading back to Terrian-4S. We have plenty of work there to keep us busy. If the weather is bad on one site, we have other sites to work on where the weather is fine. We can drop you off at your room.”

At the receptionist’s desk there was a note for her. A handwritten note.

Lonnie would have used the stairs to work off some of the nervous energy she was feeling but her room was on the 80th floor. Her room was a mini suite with a real person as a maid. When she stepped into the room dinner was waiting and from the scented air, so was a bath.

Lonnie nodded at the maid and went into the bathing room, expecting to see her surprise visitor.

“I’m over here,” Kali said.

Lonnie turned to the faux balcony that looked like it was overlooking a park with a lake and mini forest.

Lonnie didn’t pause as she went to her and wrapped her arms around her tightly. For a long moment they hugged hard. When they loosened their hold, they remained close, relishing the closeness.

“I see you missed me as much as I missed you,” Kali finally said.

“You’ve taken a bath?”

“No. I was waiting for you.”

Lonnie found she had plenty of energy as she and Kali went into the bathing room, discarding clothing as they went.

“What time do you have to leave?” Lonnie whispered, hours later as they sleepily cradled each other in bed.

“I have another 48 hours. How about you?” Kali asked.

“As much time as you like,” she said sleepily and fell asleep.

The next morning over breakfast they exchanged news. Kali had Lonnie laughing at her description of her dance partners. The time they had together was spent in their room. When their time together ended, Kali left first, dressing as one of the maids.

When she left Lonnie began to prepare for her departure. First, she needed to locate Ridy then schedule a visit at the hospital to see RJ.

Ridy wanted to see her in the corporate yacht. He had something to show her. When he learned she wanted to visit RJ they arranged to meet at the hospital first.

RJ looked exhausted but the bruises were gone, and he was sitting up. He announced to both Ridy and Lonnie that he was going to get a full-time job working for a legitimate firm. If Ridy suspected there was more to the promise he didn't mention it on their trip to the docks. Their conversation was on spy equipment and of his laboratory coming out with a new robotic bodyguard that could operate in all climates as well as space.

“Let's get on board. We'll talk there.”

When they got comfortable in the passenger area, Lonnie noticed a lot had changed.

“What you did for my kid, is impossible to repay, but there is something that I can do for you and that's making sure you have solid security around you.”

Lonnie felt embarrassed.

Ridy went on, noting her red face. “The construction is completed on the space station Terrian 4S, Glosten and Kruge will be using. I thank you for recommending our company for setting up the security.”

“You're the only security company I can trust not cutting corners. Besides, you're the only one with the new security bots that can recognize a pickpocket across species.”

Ridy laughed. “We're proud of that invention. Our company has three slips there, one for *Belgium Queen*.”

When his silence lasted longer than what he was known for not saying what was on his mind, Lonnie asked. “Is that what you wanted to tell me?”

“We are transferring ownership of *Belgium Queen* to you, with the slip. Though it's an older model, we rebuilt her from inside out so she has more than what a yacht of her size and age would have. With a partner's codes being compromised, we thought it better to rekey to a new

owner. That way there are no backdoors or worries about something infesting the security. We all agreed to transfer it to you.”

Lonnie was speechless for a few moments. “Are you sure you want to do that? Ridy, this is an expensive yacht.”

He waved his hand. “It’s nothing. Or, maybe I should rephrase that. We’re in the security business and we know what happens when one key person’s code has been compromised. I checked with Commander Crackle. She thinks it’s a great idea. She said your ship is four years old. You know for you, that’s not good.” He smiled watching her torn between politely refusing and graciously accepting it. “You’re also one of our best investors and customer and you refer a lot of business our way, like recommending our company for the security of the space port.” He frowned and scratched his double chin with thumb and forefinger. “Leuwig is an interesting person. And his daughters...well ...they’re quite a family,” Ridy said.

“Did you order a house built by them?” Lonnie asked.

“Actually, I invited his family over to test my home security. You had mentioned that his girls had compromised Crackle’s security set up at your place, and Crackle is good at security work. I would have hired her if you didn’t hire her. When you make a living in the security business, you want to be up to date yourself. I’m afraid mine is over done in security gadgets and it’s driving my wife crazy.”

“Well, you better put aside your ego then. They’ll tell you the truth.”

“I’m more interested in knowing the weaknesses than protecting my ego.”

“Then you’re in safe hands. I can use a second ship for my expanding household. I didn’t realize settling in a remote area would necessitate so much modern electronics to protect my privacy and life.”

He handed her a key fob. “The security was dumped and updated. The ship will be transferred to PCom Consulting Industries. Your business manager suggested going that route than in your professional name. Commander Crackle gave me what she wanted coded and she should be on her way over here in a few hours. She said something about not much can keep her away from claiming this package. I’ll have your other ship delivered to you once the upgrades are finished. Your purchases are in the cupboard behind the pilot’s seat. Nice choices.”

He stood and nodded to her then left her in her new yacht.

Lonnie remained sitting, looking over the passenger seating with the eyes of a new owner. The interior had been cleaned and polished with new doors installed on the cabinets that passengers could access and store their small packages in. It still had the luxuries a CEO would have available for VIP passengers. Lonnie grinned at how Cora could travel safely in this ship, if she wanted to. She could also leave the ship with the security bots to protect her.

Getting up she went to review the control board. When Crackle arrived, they would be doing some serious traveling to see just how fast QB could go and avoid being targeted by pirates. There weren't many left in this part of the galaxy as less and less planets were harboring them. The Interplanetary Council, IC was getting stricter with outlaws and people that advocated violence. Planets wanting to continue interplanetary travel were becoming more forceful in enforcing their own laws against violence.

Which brought her back to the Obermans. One of the things she wanted to investigate was the latest news on IC, to see if they would take up Cora's case against the Obermans. If they did and ruled against the Obermans they would as a family suffer the consequences and be moved to a planet that didn't partake in space travel, thus cutting them off from anyone outside of that closed planet.

A buzz on her console let her know someone was asking to come aboard. Crackle and Cookie were waiting on the dock.

"Oh, this is going to be an interesting shakedown cruise. Cookie can update the menus, Crackle can play with the controls, and I will learn what buttons not to push the easy way," Lonnie hummed at the anticipated fun the three of them would have.

End

Continued in Leona Bestolie #7