

Prologue

Present Day

Jack partially woke with her in his arms; he was slightly confused. The warmth, the feel of her was almost more than he could stand. It had been a long time, too long, since he had allowed himself to hold a woman through the night like this. He listened to her breathing and felt the gentle rise and fall of her breast against his chest. It felt as if her warm breath that feathered across his chest was melting the ice that had formed around his heart. He let his fingers trace over her shoulder lightly, and without waking her he played with her long brown hair that lay spread across his pillow. In his mind he counted off the years he had prohibited himself becoming close to a woman. Recent circumstances, especially the people had again made him aware of what he was missing most in his life. His eyes could just see the beginning shades of color and light creeping into the room. Last night they had lain there and watched the sunset and colors recede from the room. Jack had no regrets as he thought about his past, about Susan. In fact he smiled.

Maria stirred in his arms as he pulled her closer to him not wanting to lose a single moment. He knew all too well how quickly it could be gone. Maria snuggled securely back into the crook of his arm and peacefully went back to sleep. Jack knew that Susan would be wishing him well as she looked in on him. He still missed her and the ache in his heart from that day so long ago had never once lessened. The idea of being in love again had so tempted him that he could not resist. Susan would have told him that it was about time. Jack looked at the sun peeking in between the curtain and the wall and knew it was time to get up. Slowly he pulled his arm out from under Maria and inched away from her. He hushed her mumbled protest with gentle kisses to the top of her head and down her body as he slipped from the bed they had shared.

He pulled on a pair of boxers before walking into the living room of Maria's apartment. He opened the blinds to get a good look at the beginning of the new day. His fingers weaved their way through his long black hair slipping it into a loose ponytail. He opened the window and felt the warm breeze that seemed to never cool in a Phoenix summer. Sitting cross-legged on the floor he faced the east. The breeze played with a loose stand of hair and blew it onto his face. He never noticed it. He entered into the ritual he had performed since he could remember and his ancestors had done before him. His whispered chants danced on the breeze as he began his prayers to the ancient ones and those spirits who had passed. He lit the incense in the bowl and let the tendrils of smoke twirl upwards to embrace him. The whispered words of the age-old prayer transformed and transfixed him until he felt like he no longer sat in an apartment in Phoenix. The world around him fell away and the past was all that filled his thoughts.

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Five Years Before

She had only three hours left until the meeting today. If all went well she would be able to take tomorrow, Saturday, off and go hiking with a group of friends. If things went the way they usually did she would have to redo all of these forms and re-prepare all of it to re-present to them on Monday again. Susan had sat down at the window of the downtown coffee house she frequented, and pulled out her laptop and the stack of papers she still had to enter into the computer and compile for the directors of the company for their weekly report. She had gotten to the coffee shop early that morning, at seven thirty, and she was now on her second cup of espresso, a double. For a five foot ten, one hundred and thirty pound woman it seemed like she was trying to overdose on caffeine. For Susan, it was her normal Friday dose. The coffee house had even brought her the second cup without her even asking.

Susan laughed inside as the numbers on the paper blurred and danced around. The people she went hiking with weren't really friends, just a group from a church that hung out together trying to meet Mr. or Ms. Right. So far she had met neither, but it did get her out of the working mode, out of the house, and her sister off her back. She was so involved in her pile of paperwork she didn't notice a tall gentleman approach her table.

Jack had entered the coffee shop and ordered a chi tea at the counter to sip on; it would make him less noticeable. The coffee shop was in the perfect location and he looked around the small seating area for the perfect surveillance spot by the window. He noticed a woman hunched over papers and a small computer screen with shoulder length perfectly styled brown hair sitting just where he needed to be. She was wearing a silk navy blue power suit, which gave her a matronly look. He moved toward the empty seat at her table. His eyes never strayed from the front window for more than a second, even as he paid for his tea and walked toward the table.

"Mind if I sit down." It wasn't really a question as he sat down in the empty chair anyway, his attention never veering as he set the cup on the small corner of the table not covered with paper. Susan hadn't noticed him come into the shop, hadn't noticed him order, and hadn't noticed him walk her way until he so rudely just sat down as if he owned the chair. She was about to protest, as she didn't need to be fending off any over zealous, or over-confidant male right in the middle of preparing for the meeting. As well as not wanting anything to spill or be spilled on the piles she had carefully sorted out before she got here. But he didn't wait for her answer and just sat down anyway as if he had a right to.

"Don't let me bother you," was all she sarcastically spit out before she went back to work. Inevitably she expected to fend off an advance from him. She worked in silence for the next ten minutes without her new table companion even saying a word. Susan stopped occasionally, for only a second, to glance at him. He was tall, over six feet, well groomed with jet black hair just long enough to put in a small pony tail, and she figured by the tint of his skin that he must be partly Native American. The shoes he wore didn't match the quality of the shirt and tie he wore. The shoes were higher end, customized she was sure, the soles were rubber, and they looked liked they were made for walking distances not for impressing the corporate world. She noticed the small ear bud and figured he was listening to an MP3

player in his pocket even though it was only in one ear. She continued to work for the next half-hour, neither one of them talking to the other one. And even though Susan would occasionally look up at him, he never took his eyes off the window. She gave up and went back to work.

“What is that in the cup?” She had noticed the smell when he first sat down and it wasn’t coffee. Even though he sipped at it occasionally, he was careful not to have it in his hand for long.

“Chi tea. The stuff you drink will tear your stomach apart,” he spoke without looking at her. Susan couldn’t figure him out. There had been a fair share of cooperate tycoon types who had tried to approach her here, but this one truly just wanted to sit by the window and really didn’t want anything to do with her. It should have comforted her but somehow she took exception to it, after all they were sharing a table.

“Do you work downtown?” she had worked in the downtown Phoenix area, near Copper Square, for the last six years.

“Just started,” he took a sip of his drink and continued to stare out the window not one bit phased by her try at conversation.

“What do you do?” She wasn’t sure why it was important to her, but his looks and intensity intrigued her. His complete lack of interest in his immediate surroundings and his intent stare just didn’t compute in her world. She couldn’t figure out just what was so interesting to him outside this window. Susan looked out the window and looked at him and each time she noticed nothing.

“Data collection,” it wasn’t a lie, but it wasn’t all of the truth. He had had women hit on him before, even when he was dressed like a desk jockey, but she definitely wasn’t the type to pick up men. So he had given the only answer that was acceptable to her. Jack did collect data, just not the kind she was entering into her small computer. His was the type that was more subjective and best gotten when the one he was observing didn’t know he was there. Jack had worked for the C.I.A. for the last eight years, three of those years in South America helping to collect information on the drug cartels.

He was currently tailing the brother of the group’s leader that he had been watching. They were pretty sure that he controlled the laundering money side, but not sure on just how. Following him back to the states had surprised Jack, he hadn’t been here for quite a while, but it had allowed him to set up a better surveillance team. The ear bud was a two-way radio device that kept him and the team he was running in contact at all times.

“Maybe I know the company you work for,” Susan took a sip of her coffee, trying not to make a face at his cup of tea.

“Doubt it,” he seemed to be becoming a little annoyed at her continual conversation attempts. Too bad, she thought, he had chosen to sit with her.

“I’ve worked this,” but she didn’t have time to finish her thought. Jack quickly stood up and placed his left hand in his pocket for just a second as he did.

“Nice talking with you,” and he was gone before she had time to finish what she was saying. He moved quickly, and nearly without a sound she noticed. Susan wasn’t sure what to think. His half finished drink sat on the table, lukewarm, and he had already disappeared from view.

Susan didn’t allow herself to think anymore about it. She finished up her work and packed it away. Getting up from the table she took her two cups and pausing for a second she looked at his cup. Picking it up as well, she threw away all the trash as she left for her office; almost ready for the grilling she was about to receive.

Jack saw his target through the front windows of the building across the street. He left the coffee shop quickly when the man he was tracking left the building. He signaled the others with two clicks as prearranged so that they could keep radio silence during the tail. The last thing Jack wanted was to be spotted. He had met with him casually before at a function in Lima. Although he was sure that his change of attire and location would keep him comfortably safe, having more than one person follow him was a must to keep the man from detecting the tail. They also had two more men waiting in two different cars near the city center incase he decided to get a bit more mobile. So far the man and his entourage had not left the downtown area for two days. He had been to two bank buildings and three other offices, all duly noted down and now under covert investigation. As soon as he left town, Jack and a friend would pay

each place a friendly visit.

As Jack followed the man down Washington Street, he noticed, as always, how the city didn't seem to have a focus; like most American cities these days. Old buildings were mixed with the newer ones. The buildings were all of various heights and scattered throughout the entire downtown area leaving the Phoenix skyline looking like it was punched full of holes. When Phoenix had done its growing there wasn't such a thing as city planning, and the land was cheap and plentiful at the time. It was a painful reminder of how much America had lost, or never had culturally.

His prey turned north on Central Avenue. Jack dropped his hand back into his pocket and signaled the team with a series of clicks that alerted all of them. His prey walked the three blocks to a parking garage. Once in a car, Jack would let the other part of the team take over and the ones on foot would meet at the prearranged place. He had to be able to identify the car so he continued his pursuit. It wasn't long before Jack saw him duck into a line of cars and get in a running four door blue sedan with a driver. That wasn't a hard one; no one could sit out in this heat without having the air conditioner running. Another series of clicks rang out the car make and license number, and then Jack backed off. He was sure that his prey would be followed. Later he would be notified by a secure cell phone call as to where the man went.

Jack slid into the shadows as the car drove past him. Then he turned back and walked to the county court house in Caesar Chavez Plaza. It was a solid and meticulously carved old building, and had a room readied for his team to meet in. Jack didn't know it when he walked into the building but it wasn't going to be until much later that night that his team would get any sleep.

The next morning Susan was just waking up as her hand slapped the piercing alarm and she wondered why she had ever thought this outing was a good idea. It was four in the morning and soon she would be out the door for an early morning hike up South Mountain. She smelled the aroma of coffee from the automatic coffee maker she had set the night before. Dragging herself out of bed she made her way into the kitchen and poured herself a large cup. She leaned back against the counter and as she was about to take a sip she remembered what her table friend had said to her about her choice of beverages. Shaking him from her head she welcomed the taste of hot brew. She couldn't help but wonder why he had even entered her thoughts this morning. Susan chalked it up to an injured ego and headed for the shower coffee cup in hand. An hour later she was in her car and on her way, a second cup of coffee in her hands.

There were six of them headed up the side of the mountain today. It wasn't going to be a hard hike, but it would be a beautiful walk as the sun began to rise. They chatted and walked up to the path from the parking lot. Susan led the way as they began their gradual climb up the mountain as the rays of the sun began to make their appearance. She was surprised that there weren't more people hiking today, the weather was almost perfect at this time of day for hiking. She could see small groups and individuals as they moved along the path. The sun was finally beginning to peek over the horizon and paint the sky brilliant shades of pink and reds. The pale greens and browns of the desert began to breathe again, and the sight of all of nature coming alive made Susan look on it in wonder. And suddenly it had been worth the early start. It had been too long since she had seen a sunrise and enjoyed the richness of nature. She took in a deep and satisfying breath. The group she had come with was talking about upcoming events in the church and the programs each of them were running. Susan wasn't that involved, so heard none of it as she took in all the beauty that nature had to offer.

The path curved around the side of the mountain and a smaller less used one went off down the side. Susan let her eyes wander down the smaller path and was surprised at what she saw. There was a small lookout with what must be a spectacular view off to the east and at the end of the path sat a man with jet black hair that hung loosely just past his shoulders. He sat in the traditional meditation position facing the east. Susan blinked, and looked again. It didn't seem possible but it was pretty obvious as the sun lit up his face. The man that sat looking out to the east was the same man that had shared a table with her yesterday, but today he seemed relaxed and natural; at one with his surroundings and exuding calm as his hands invited the smoke from the incense to wash over him. His jeans and simple pale green tee-shirt with no sleeves made him seem more approachable and much better looking. She stopped and

watched him for a moment as her group wandered past her without even seeing him. They were about five feet ahead of her before they noticed she hadn't moved.

"You coming Susan?" She turned and looked at them, and then down the smaller path again.

"Go on. I think I'll just stay here and enjoy the sunrise," and the sight of this man she thought.

"Catch you on the way down," and they continued their conversations as they moved on up the path. Susan made her way carefully down the small path trying not to slip. She could just barely hear his chants as she approached and began to think that she should have just continued on with her friends, afraid that she might be interrupting something.

"Sit down if you like," his deep, smooth voice surprised her. It was very different than yesterday. She had heard of work and home personalities before, but this was extreme.

"Thanks," her voice sounded small and quiet.

"I'm almost done Susan," and he continued his prayers. The use of her name took her off guard and she nearly stumbled. He never turned to look at her, but without her seeing it, he smiled. She sat on a nearby rock watching both the sunrise and this odd man she had only met yesterday.

"I don't mean to intrude," she had waited to talk until she saw him open his eyes again, turn, and he began to pick up what looked and smelled like an incense stick that had burned in front of him the entire time she had sat there. He rubbed the end to the ground to put it out. Susan mused how the image of the entire situation suited him.

"No intrusion, but I think I may owe you an apology. I'm sorry about yesterday, I didn't mean to intrude," his eyes looked at her and into her at the same time. It unsettled and oddly excited her as she realized that he had noticed her on some level after all.

"I was getting ready for the weekly report. It was no bother," she paused a moment, "I don't even know your name."

"Jack. Jack Golightly" and he extended his hand out to her, "and yes it was." His eyes, hair, voice, and the warmth of his hand almost undid her as he fluidly moved from his sitting position to standing right in front of her. This was not the same man she had seen yesterday. The man she had met yesterday had been focused, businesslike, and severe. "Beautiful way to start the day isn't it?"

"I've been on hikes before, but this is the first time we've ever gone at sunrise," Susan removed her hand from his and pulled it back into her lap.

"I try and greet the sun every morning, it's important to me. This morning I decided that I had had too much of the city and needed to get out. If only for a little while," he let his eyes drift over the area, but his gaze was not half as intense as it was yesterday. Then his eyes rested on her again.

"Oh," she paused, "do you have to go in to work today?" Susan hoped not, although she wasn't sure why.

"No, won't be doing anything until Monday," when Jack had seen her yesterday, he thought that she wasn't the kind of person he would want to spend time with, but showing up here on the mountain today had put her in a whole new category. Yesterday she had looked too groomed and polished. He had always looked for a woman that would be able to share what he appreciated, not that he had been looking for someone to spend time with at all. Today with her jeans and hiking boots on she looked more like a person he wanted to get to know, and it may be a nice way to spend the weekend. She had on a simple white tank that contrasted with the personality he had assumed she had yesterday. "How about we grab a bite to eat as an apology for yesterday? I know this great place just near here."

"I'd love to, but," she really wanted to find out what made this man tick, and why the complete turn around from yesterday. She also couldn't deny the fact that she was attracted to him.

"How 'bout we just enjoy the rest of the sunrise until your friends come back and if you still want you can take me up on my offer," he smiled and it warmed her from the inside out.

"Okay," she felt completely comfortable with him and what surprised her most was that she had no reason to, "What were you doing?"

"It's a ritual, morning prayers to my ancestors and to the ones who have passed on to the next plane of existence. I've been doing this everyday since I can remember. It's about the only custom I still

adhere to.”

“And those customs are,” Susan paused to let him fill in.

“Native American, or at least one side of me,” Jack didn’t mind sharing this about himself; it was pretty obvious. In a few days, a couple of weeks at most, he would be back on a plane to Peru and that would be the end of whatever this might be.

“It’s very admirable,” and this took Jack a bit off guard. It was something he didn’t expect anyone else to understand; at least anyone that didn’t come from his background. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at her. Even the women he had dated before found this custom odd, strange, and sometimes just plain smelly. Without knowing it a small smile touched the corners of his lips. They sat basically in silence until Susan’s friends came back down the mountain. They stopped to check on her, and even tried to hang around a while. She assured them that she was just fine and when they finally believed her, they left to continue on down the trail.

As promised, Jack took Susan out for a wonderful breakfast that morning. They began talking and surprisingly discovered a few hidden commonalities about their lives. Both had grown up in the west, and both loved animals even though neither of them had any pets right now. Susan slowly lost her interest in breakfast as they talked. He was easy to talk to and she found herself opening up to him more than anyone else she had ever gone out with.

“Tell me more about your family,” Jack’s tone was easy, his voice deep and silky, and she could listen to him for hours but she was doing most of the talking. She told him about her one sister and her two kids, and that her parents had passed on many years ago.

“And now your turn,” she looked at him and saw his eyes shade just a bit, “Did I say something wrong?”

“No,” he was surprised at how easy she read him. Very few people could, “There’s just not much to tell. I was an only child, my mom a single parent, and we moved around a lot. She’s retired now and has a nice small place that I pay for in the East Valley.”

“Sounds like you’re a good son,” she wanted the mood to lighten. More than anything she wanted that serious shadow to disappear.

“Don’t ask her that,” and then he smiled. It was a smile that took her off guard. His eyes twinkled and anything she had seen was now gone, “She’ll say I spend too much time out of the country and I never call her enough.”

“Well,” she smiled back at him and slightly leaned toward him, “Do you do those things?”

“Yes,” and that was the end of that conversation. It had to be. Jack glanced at his watch. They had talked together for about three hours. He looked at her plate and noticed that she was probably finished, “How about a movie and a walk, only this time in the park?” Susan couldn’t say no, she was enjoying herself too much. It was funny she thought, she was only really learning the surface things about him. He was skilled at evading any topic he didn’t want to cover and although this should scare her, she strangely felt safe in his company.

“Sounds good to me,” and they left the table, “but can I trust you?” She said jokingly.

“Never,” and he smiled as he stood up and gentlemanly escorted her from the café.

They continued to talk about family and friends after the movie. She talked about career choices. Susan noticed that every time she brought up his line of work, he changed the topic, or answered it with only vague references. By the end of the evening Susan was not ready to accept it anymore.

“You don’t normally work in the states do you?” She asked a question that she already had an answer for as they walked into the park. The sun began to set on what was had been a surprisingly lovely day. Both were enjoying the colorful tinge that it cast in the sky.

“No,” and the topic ended again. He took her hand as they walked through the park. It seemed natural, sweet, and she didn’t resist.

“Just my luck,” she said. Susan knew she had found a nice guy but soon he would leave again. Half joking she said, “Just like me to fall for a spy.” At that exact moment she felt his hand tense on hers. It was very slight and only lasted for a split second, but it had been unmistakable to her, “I’m sorry.”

"For what?" his casual air was back and she wasn't sure, but she could swear his voice was slightly different.

Jack was still trying to figure out just how she had come to that conclusion. He had never met anyone who had read him so completely, at least not a civilian and that's what worried him. He had also never met anyone he found so easy to open up to. If he had time there might just be something to discover between them assuming she was who she said she was, but he would soon have to return to Peru.

"I thought I was making a joke, but some how I don't think it was. Either that or it was a very bad one," Susan stopped and faced him. "It's been a wonderful day. I don't think I have ever felt more comfortable with anyone else in my life." She saw the confirmation in his face. The color of his eyes seemed to deepen and Susan almost lost herself in them for a moment. Before she knew it he had moved closer to her. Jack had been a gentleman all day. It would be at least two or three dates before he would allow himself to freely kiss his companion without her permission. Somehow the brilliant reds and oranges that filled the sky fed into his growing passion for her, and he bent to kiss her.

He wasn't sure what to expect, but was pleasantly surprised when Susan allowed him the kiss and even willingly participated in it. Jack stayed there with her in his arms for a while gently kissing her and then slowly they moved away from each other. Jack didn't want to stop and didn't want to let her go. Something inside of him came alive when he was with her, but the cell phone in his pocket began to vibrate. It had been quiet all day long, something that would have, should have been strange, but not completely unexpected. He pulled it out and looked at the number. Shaking his head he answered.

"Hold on," he said into the phone and he let it drop to his side, "Be right back. I have to take this." Jack walked just out of earshot of Susan. She noticed that and turned to get a better view of the sunset, allowing him his privacy. He smiled. "Okay, I'm clear, what've you got," he listened for a while then responded, "Book me on Thursday's flight. Ward and I should be done by then," and he ended the call. Jack walked slowly up to Susan taking time to enjoy what he saw. She wasn't at all who he had thought she was in the coffee shop yesterday and he was surprised to think that he would love to spend a lifetime finding out about her. Wrapping his arm around her, he stood silently beside her.

"Will I get to see you again?"

"I'd be an awful boyfriend," Jack wanted her to know what she was getting into by asking that question as he nuzzled her ear. It surprised him even more to know that the idea didn't send him packing immediately.

"That's good because I hear I make an awful girlfriend, too focused you know. Work too much, too long," neither one looked at each other.

"I'm leaving on Thursday and I don't know when I'll be back," in one sense he wanted to dissuade her, but another part of him was also fighting all those old impulses.

"Shall we just wing it. Let whatever this may be develop however it will?" Susan suggested. Jack smiled for reasons he couldn't explain and pulled her closer.

"No promises. I can't give you any. All you have to do is ask my mother and she'll tell you that."

"Don't want any," and Susan was sure that whatever type of relationship she would have with him, the last thing it would be was normal, "I just don't want it to end so quickly."

During the week they met for coffee and chi tea each morning at the same coffee shop and spent most of the nights together as well. Never in her life had she thought she would move this fast into a relationship, but with Jack it seemed that things either happened now, or never. On the last evening they were to spend together she accidentally got to meet one of his coworkers.

Rushing out of work on time she had managed to surprise everyone and complete hours of work in just half the time it would normally take her. She didn't take time to explain, but she wasn't going to waste the last night they had together punching numbers up at her desk. That could wait. Susan was walking toward the coffee shop when she noticed Jack standing in the middle of Patriot Square, a small park in the middle of town, with another well dressed man. They both had similar clothing and she noticed the same type of shoes. Both carried handhelds that were far more powerful than she had ever seen or used and

she had used many over the years. Instead of going to the coffee shop to meet up with Jack she turned and walked into the square. Before she had even gotten three steps toward them, his friend looked up and then quickly put his handheld away. He was shorter than Jack by an inch maybe, but just as muscular, she could tell by the way his suit jacket fell across his shoulders. His hair was brown, well cut, and his eyes a piercing green color. He smiled at her like he knew her as she approached. He was just finishing his conversation as she got within earshot.

"Think I have everything I need," he looked at Jack and then at Susan, "Feelings are mutual if you wanted to know, so you may not want to blow this one."

"Ward this is Susan. Susan, this is Ward," Jack paused and looked at Ward. Something silently passed between them, "I have to work with him at times," Jack sarcastically replied, "Thanks for the read," then they smiled as they shook hands and Ward was gone.

"What did he mean by you may not want to blow this one?" Susan sat down. The seat was warm from the sun's rays.

"He meant you," Jack looked at Susan for her reaction, "Ward specializes in reading people's," and he paused, "body language."

"Nice to know he likes me," Susan met his gaze. It was to be a bittersweet evening, her last with him.

"That's high praise from the likes of him if you'd like to know," their eyes locked. Jack was the first to break the silence, "Shall we go get something to eat?" He took her hand and she stood to follow.

The evening was beautiful. Jack had planned everything well. They had a quiet dinner in a downtown restaurant, a walk in the park and two tickets to the symphony. It was late when they arrived at her house and they kissed for the one of the last times before he went, she tried not to show how heartbreaking it was for her to see him go. She couldn't believe she had become so attached to him so fast.

"May I call you while I'm away?" He didn't want to assume she would want to continue a relationship with no promises.

"I'm pretty sure I remember your friend telling you not to blow it," and she smiled as he kissed her again, this time letting it deepen. Slowly he pulled slightly away from her.

"I'll take that as a yes," and this time she kissed him and he could taste the salt of her tears. Whatever was going to happen, it certainly wouldn't hurt to call every once in a while.

He left her that night as quietly as he had met her. Susan woke the next morning with an empty spot in her bed and a heavier heart. Jack was somewhere up in the sky enjoying the same sunrise as she was, and probably chanting his morning prayers. Although he had never confirmed or denied it, she knew that he lived his life secretly. The data he collected, most likely the kind that the government wanted, was for the country's security. Both Jack and his friend, partner, looked well trained and were too observant. Whoever he was really, if they continued any type of relationship she would soon discover if he was a good guy or a bad guy.

Walking into the office that morning with the sun coming in the window just didn't seem to lift her spirits like it had the last few mornings. Her assistant brought in a cup of coffee, which he left quickly on her desk before Susan even got there. Susan sat down at her desk and looked at the mail. There was one package that was addressed to Miss Espresso, and it said it was from Mr. Chi. Dropping the rest of the mail she opened this envelope first. She was almost afraid to smile, to hope. Inside it she found the partially burned incense stick he had been using on the mountain where they had met, really met. Susan smiled and looked inside the envelope again. She pulled out a bag labeled Chi Spiced Tea. On it was written, "My own blend. Try it sometime when you're thinking of me," and under it was written two numbers. One said home and the other said for emergencies only. On the back of the tea bag was written, "I'll try not to blow it. No promises, but plenty of hope. Jack" Susan smiled. If he was willing to try, so was she. She buzzed her assistant.

"Sam, bring me a cup of hot water," there was a pause, "Yes, I said a cup of hot water and you don't have to hurry."