

Chapter 3

“Frances, are you certain you want to do this?” grilled Gordon several nights later. “You’re not a criminal. You’re about the most honest, forthright, and ethical individual I have ever known. I’m sure there’s more to this plan than you’re telling me. But if it makes you happy, you know I’ll be there right beside you. Anyway, you have the best ass, my little ‘mule’.”

Frances jumped as Gordon pinched her buttocks. She knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that her husband and soul mate would support her one hundred percent. He was right that she’d never put him in danger. But he didn’t have to know all her plans...not yet anyhow.



And so here she was, sitting on a flight to Barcelona with not only an itinerary of exotic ports-of-call that the *Emerald of the Seas* would make but also an itinerary of people and meeting places set up by Louey. The whole undertaking was so titillating that she summoned the flight attendant for a refill on her champagne. She looked at her sleeping, venerable partner and loved him even more.

“You just wait, Gordon, my beloved. This will be a trip you’ll never forget. The best is yet to come,” she whispered under her breath as she sipped the newly filled glass of champagne.