

# TROPICAL ESPIONAGE PART 8

**Title:** Tropical Espionage

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**Disclaimer:** I don't own the characters. I don't own the story.

**Setting:** Season 3

**Rating:** PG

**Notes:** Thanks to Blue Leader, Uncle Charlie, Debbie Ann Macabie, Aunt Lillian, Uncle Iggy, Aunt Edna, and Carrie for the great set-up. A million thanks to Aunt Minnie, too!!!!

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Part Eight  
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"Aahhh," Lee sighed in exasperation as he pulled Amanda's waving hand down to her side. "What's he doing up there?"

"Well," Amanda retorted, pulling her arm from Lee's clutches. "I'm sure he can see a lot more up there than he could from that palm tree." She began to chuckle at the image of Loki up in the tree. "He's probably still trying to find Howard."

Bitter sarcasm dripped from Lee's mouth, "And don't forget about Yuwanna."

Amanda watched Lee plop himself on the bed. "Who could forget about Yuwanna?" She asked through her laughter while still staring out the window. Her guffaws subsiding, she noticed a large blob of pink down on the beach. "Lee, Phyllis is down there on the beach. I bet she's helping Loki out. We should go down there . . ."

A loud groan, emanating from Lee, interrupted Amanda's words.

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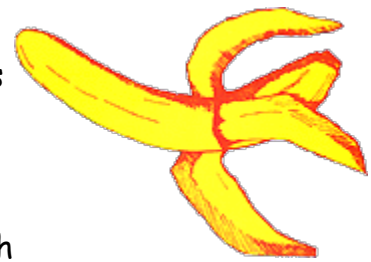
Simultaneously, down on the beach . . ."



This belongs to Bernie? The mortician. Phyllis took her gaze away from Loki and spotted a pale man down at the end of the row of lounge chairs. "Wow! There's a looker, that one. He sure fills out that Speedo better than Ralphie ever could." She waddled her way through the sand to the chaise next to the pasty, white man.

"Oh, hello." Phyllis greeted the man.

"Hello there, little lady." The rotund man perked up in his seat upon seeing Phyllis in all her pink glory. He offered his hand to her. "Name's Bernie. Have a seat!"



Taking note of the large banana on Bernie's lap she exclaimed, "Wow, I've never seen one that big. May I touch it?"



Returning to the Stimpson suite . . .

"Amanda, will you forget about the peanut farm?" He sloppily gestured out the window. "We've got a lot to do before the party. Let's just get ready, okay?"

Amanda knew he wasn't a patient man, but wondered what had made him this surly so suddenly. Their actions, just before Loki floated by, had escaped her memory. "Lee, Loki and Phyllis could be of help. They're both connected to Mr. Drake. And we should watch them." She was crossing to the bed.

"Oh, Amanda." Lee rose from the bed and touched Amanda's arm with a patronizing paternal air. "Enough with your hunches. I know what you said in the elevator. Yeah, something *\*is\** off about Phyllis. She's a weirdo. That's all. And sure, Loki's harmless. He's a rube. That's what he is. Now, we didn't come down here to join a three-ring circus. Those weirdoes are of no use at all. Forget about them. Go over the Drake file again while I take a shower."



"Yes, sir!" Amanda saluted and clapped her heels, deciding patronizing was all Lee deserved in return.

Lee dejectedly shook his head and slammed the bathroom door. He knew he had hurt her, but was he blazing mad over yet another interrupted kiss. And all because of those freaks. "This should be Club Yahoo, not Club Med." Lee said to his reflection in the mirror.



Meanwhile . . .

Yuwana Lipschlitt slid out of the back seat of an old Chevy Nova with Howard in tow. Her eyes widened with wonder as she took in the grandeur of the Drake estate, then turned her head back to the window of the Nova.

"Zanks, Ralph," she said in earnest, then her voice switched to a ruthless tone, "Let'z ope your lovely wife, Philliz, iz doing hear jobe."

The hefty middle-aged man with a bad comb-over replied. "Yeah, hey! You know, my Philly, she's got a roving eye. With all those guys on the beaches, who knows what she's doin'?" He chuckled with amusement.

"Zhe ad better be carrying outz zee plan!" was Yuwana's scalding retort.

Minutes later, Yuwana and Howard studiously sat in the waiting area outside Christopher Drake's office, when a lovely, young, blonde woman took a seat on the settee across from them.

"Hello." The blonde woman spoke softly.

"Allo," spoke Yuwana curtly. The miscreant's nerves were already wearing thin.

"Interesting accent," spoke the blonde woman in a conversational manner. "Where you from?"

"Lapland." Yuwana said flatly.

"Oh, how interesting. Like, as in Sweden and Finland?" she asked curiously.

"Like, az in Nors Weast Russia." Yuwanna monotoned.

The blonde failed to take Yuwanna's behavioral cue that she would rather be left alone. "I'm from Valparaiso, myself. That's in Indiana. The United States," she added, now noting Yuwanna's blank expression. "You here for the Ball?"

Yuwanna just stared blankly, caressing Howard.

"Well, I am. Oh, I'm Virginia Vargas. How rude of me not to introduce myself." She offered her hand to Yuwanna. As Yuwanna failed to shake it, Virginia dropped her hand down to Howard and stroked him a few times before Yuwanna pulled him from her touch. "You see, I do a lot of volunteer work with the Drake Foundation. I'm a pretty good ventriloquist. So I volunteer at hospitals and stuff to cheer kids up. And, well, I'm a volcanologist by occupation, so I jumped at a chance to get to explore the island."

Virginia finished talking as Howard jumped from Yuwanna's lap. His doggy lie detector had begun to go off. He yelped twice and then ran around in circles trying to bite his own tail.



Ms. Vargas stared sidelong at the dog, pretending not to notice his odd behavior. Yuwanna's eyes bored a hole into Virginia as she began to wonder what this \*ventriloquist\* was up to.

Deciding it was rude to stare at the poor little dog, who was still spinning around like a top, Virginia continued. "That's why I'm here today. Mr. Drake wanted me peruse the grounds. He thinks there may be some formations around the estate that could be of interest to me."

Virginia finally grasped Yuwanna's lack of responsiveness upon completion of her nervous speech. She sat, quite uncomfortably, till Mr. Drake's personal secretary called Yuwanna and Howard into the inner office.

Virginia spoke to the secretary, who was again seated at her antique desk. "Whew, she sure is an odd one."



Back at Club Yahoo . . .

Lee pulled his electric toothbrush from his toiletry bag. He was still filled with ire over how this crazy bunch of weirdoes had managed to ruin what he had hoped was going to the beginning of something deeper with Amanda.

"Damn it!" Lee slapped the countertop with his hand. "The toothpaste." His anger over his foiled plans to kiss Amanda was misdirected towards a tube of toothpaste he had forgotten in his over-night bag, out on the bed.

Lee slid into a plush hotel bathrobe and went out to the bedroom to retrieve the forgotten paste. He stopped dead in his tracks as he looked up and saw Amanda, who had been scrutinizing herself in front of the mirrored closet doors, turn to him with great surprise. She was wearing the gift from her mother, the itty-bitty, black bikini . . .



"Oh, my gosh!"



TBC By...

Little Bobby Kenwood -- because someone else (who was first alphabetically) was up on the butcher block but said she was too busy and fell off.

She has to include:

**Person:** Don Ho (the actual famous Don Ho)

**Place:** A small cramped dark closet

**Thing:** A small clump of dog hair

**Phrase:** "Amanda, I think you should put your bikini-top back on now."

