

Ivonne's Pain

Authors Notes: This scene was deleted for pacing and her character arc. It is showing a mother's love and while the reader knows Ivonne loves her sons and younger sister, it doesn't really add anything. Spoiler Alert: This is a scene near the end of the novel.

“I MISS THE KIDS LIKE crazy. I wish they were on this shuttle,” Ivonne murmured to Theodore and Royce as they awaited Ian and Olivia's arrival.

Theodore kissed her cheek. “They'll be home in less than a month, my darling.”

“Lisette and Tristan won't be,” Ellie said softly and rather sadly as she pressed her forehead on the glass window as the shuttle came into its landing sequence. Another girl growing up so fast.

Ivonne sighed. “How quickly they all grow up. Even Olivia. Even though we've spoken on the com, I keep imagining her as the scrawny twelve-year-old she was the last time we saw her in person.”

“The shuttle's in the docking bay!” Ellie rose to her toes and used Vasili-Gaston-Rosalind-Dureau to balance herself. “Madam, Warden, Dr. Whitlatch look! There's Ian!”

Well, maybe Ellie was not growing up to fast, but the others certainly had. Though Olivia looked very pale, even in joggers, Theodore's cousin had grown up beautifully and she walked with youthful grace down the gravity corridor holding onto Ian's arm. An astronaut rolled a cart behind them as they stepped through the series of locks.

“You look lovely,” Ivonne said and air kissed Olivia's left cheek, then her right.

With more English in his accent than usual, Theodore said, “Olivia, may I present Ian’s father, Doctor Royce Whitlatch.”

He always spoke like that when his relatives visited.

Olivia put out a shaking hand to Royce.

“Are you cold, dear?” he asked clasping her hand and kissing her cheek.

“A bit.”

Ian took off his hooded sweatshirt and put it over her shoulders. But Olivia couldn’t stop trembling. “Daddy isn’t exactly happy about this. He seemed angry when we left.”

Theodore sighed. “I am sure he just needs time to get used to the idea of you getting married.”

Watching Ian care for Olivia, Ivonne felt a little nauseous. No shrinking violet lasted long in this colony. She had always been a cautious, pragmatic girl. While a good friend to Lisette, she was not the type to want to live on the moon. Ivonne did not share her thoughts that Olivia’s father was never happy about anything—even if his daughter was getting married to a doctor who obviously was enchanted by her. Was Ian rushing this relationship with Olivia?

She gestured behind her. “This is Ellie Sethdottier who will serve as your personal maid and Vasili-Gaston-Rosalind-Dureau is your body guard.”

The girl curtsied and the android inclined his shoulders.

“Allow us to get your things, Madam Kessler,” Ellie said with a strange formality, perhaps she was mimicking Jardine. Well, Ellie was now really fifteen, rather than thirteen, pretending fifteen. It made sense that she took her duties with more seriousness.

Vasili bowed at the astronaut and took the cart. Olivia looked at the hulking android. Her eyes darted to Ian. Her brows rose to a concerned point and gave a frightened smile to Theodore. She leaned closer to Ian who seemed happy to comfort her.

“How’re the boys?” Ivonne asked hoping to draw Olivia out.

“Tristan seems to love the university and Andre and Ulrich are doing fine at Lisette’s, they’ve become fast friends with the neighbor’s children,” Olivia replied.

“There’s a charming little garden nearby where they’ve been playing Petanque,” Ian added. “They’ve been getting lots of exercise at Earth’s gravity to make up for the loss in muscle mass.”

First Lisette, then Tristan, now Ulrich, and Andre are growing up. Where has the time gone?

Ivonne reminded herself that Royce and Ian remained close. Just because relationships change doesn’t mean they end.

*

Written by Elizabeth Guizzetti
Copyright 2015