

LOCKE had insisted that they get new clothes for Terra; it would draw less attention to have her in civilian gear, “and don’t worry about the price,” he had said, “I have my methods.”

It was hard to remember what sort of style she liked, and she spent hours deciding, worrying that Locke would get impatient, although he never seemed to; eventually, she chose some dresses that seemed comfortable, and he grinned in approval and told her she looked lovely. “Feels better to be out of that stuff, doesn’t it?” he said, and she suddenly wondered whether that might have been the real reason for their shopping trip all along.