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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 01:58:17 GMT  
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 3/21/2007 8:01 PM

Los Angeles, August 17th, 1:45 PM, (August 18th, 8:45 AM Tracy Island)

Luke peered into the refrigerator with a frown. I know Barry is a health nut, but he must have something sweet around here. He closed the door and tried the cupboards next. I'm going to kill someone if I don't find a chocolate bar soon.

Finally giving up, he snagged an apple out of the bowl on the table and plopped down on the couch. He grabbed a magazine off the coffee table and scowled. It was the latest edition of GQ. Luke rolled his eyes at yesterday's memory...

"You are not going on a job interview at Tracy Industries wearing that," Barry stated firmly.

"What's wrong with this?" Luke asked, hanging his navy suit coat on the back of the door.

Barry just shook his head in disgust. "Four years I have you. Four years! And you still dress like a redneck."

Luke grinned. "But you love me for it."

Barry groaned. "Come on, babe. We're going shopping."

Barry had dragged him down to a department store and Luke spent the most part of the afternoon trying on suit after suit until Barry found the one that he said was perfect. And grudgingly, Luke had to agree it did look good.

His interview this morning had gone well. The woman Luke had spoken to seemed impressed with his credentials and he felt he had answered her questions well. She told him they would be in touch with him in a few days.

He sighed and tossed the magazine back on the table. Well, with any luck, I'll get the job. Who knows, maybe Barry and I can work things out after all. He got up and paced the room, too antsy to sit still.

Barry's apartment was nearly double the size of the one they had shared in Colorado. This one had a good sized spare bedroom, which was where Luke was currently staying. He looked out the window, unused to seeing cars and buildings. He sighed again and rested his forehead against the glass, closing his eyes.

Could I do this? Could I live in the city? And what about Rom? It wouldn't be fair to keep him locked up inside all day. It's weird not having him around. Feels like part of me is missing. He opened his eyes and stared, unseeing, out the window. Maybe Mom's right. Maybe I have to stop thinking about Barry and start thinking about me and what I want for a change.

The buzz of his cell phone startled him out of his reverie. He pulled it out of his pocket, not recognizing the number. "Hello?"

"Mr. Morel?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Rawlings from Tracy Industries." Luke held his breath. "Mr. Tracy would like to talk to you. Is it possible for you to meet with him today?"

Luke was startled. "Yeah, sure." He glanced at his watch. "What time?"

"I'll send a car to your address in two hours. Please pack an overnight bag."

"An overnight bag?" Luke raised an eyebrow in question. "Where am I going?"

"To Mr. Tracy's place of residence. Where should I pick you up?" Luke rattled off Barry's address. "Very good. I shall see you soon."

Luke hung up the phone, and just stared at it for a minute. "Jeff Tracy wants to talk to me?" He shook his head in disbelief. "Well, guess I better go get packed then."

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