
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 01:45:22 GMT
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 6/10/2007 10:04 AM

Tracy Island, Saturday September 1st, 6:00 PM...

Luke stepped off the elevator that led into the Tracy villa. Dianne had insisted on him joining the family for meals until he was able to do some shopping of his own. He appreciated the offer, but wasn't used to eating three square meals a day. Meals at the SARS cabin usually consisted of whatever someone threw together, and he and Barry had tended to go out more often than not. Sure, Luke could cook, but why bother when there was a drawer full of take-out menus? Oh well, Mom's always telling me I'm too thin.

Earlier this afternoon, he had watched in awe as the giant red rocket, Thunderbird Three, made a spectacular landing in its hidden silo. That means all the Tracy brothers are home now. What was the other one's name?....John, that's it. He looked up as Scott walked into view.

"Hey there, just in time. Come on in, I'll introduce you to the others." Scott led Luke inside and into the dining room. There was a bustle of activity going on, with people talking and laughing all at once.

Luke held back in the doorway, just watching. He wasn't a big fan of crowds; he tended to avoid even his own family gatherings. The throng suddenly parted and Luke got a clear view of a tall, platinum haired blond. His mouth went dry. Is that John? He's beautiful. He watched as John bent to whisper something to Tyler and tussle the boy's hair.

Alan waved his hand in front of Luke's face. "Luke? Hey, buddy, you awake over here?"

Luke shook off his trance, embarrassed to be caught staring. "Huh? Oh yeah, sorry."

Alan chuckled. "No prob. Sit down and dig in before it's gone."

Jeff passed a bowl of salad to Dianne. "John, I'd like you to meet Luke Morel; Luke, my son, John."

John smiled and Luke had to concentrate on not swallowing his tongue. John seemed not to notice. "Hi, Luke. Settling in all right?"

He nodded. "Yes, thanks." He really didn't trust his voice to say anything else.

"And you remember Brains and Tin-Tin?" Jeff continued.

Tin-Tin smiled. "Luke, before I forget, please bring Rommel down to the lab tomorrow. I'll fit him for his vest. Is there any particular color you'd like it to be?"

"Orange," Luke answered instantly. "Service dogs wear red and rescue dogs wear bright orange

or yellow. I hate yellow so I always dressed him in orange."

"Orange it is, then."

"I take it Rommel is feeling better?" Dianne asked.

Luke nodded. "Much better. He chewed up a pair of my boots yesterday."

They all laughed. "In fact, I'm going to be taking him down to the beach and working with him tomorrow." Alex and Tyler exchanged a glance with each other as Luke went on. "Is there anything in the jungle I need to worry about?"

Jeff shook his head. "No, nothing serious. Scorpions, spiders, snakes, but nothing too dangerous if you're careful."

"Good. I'll probably take him exploring there, too."

Dinner continued, everyone still talking.

"Hey, John," Gordon called out. "Have you heard from Kat lately?"

John nodded. "I got an email from her the other day. She said things went well in court; hopefully that guy will be behind bars soon."

"She told me the same," Jeff added. "Seems like things are nearly wrapped up there."

"She's also having a good time getting ready for the wedding," John continued. "She ran into an old school friend, and they've hit it off again." Something in John's tone made Scott and Virgil exchange a look.

When they had finished eating, Luke thanked Grandma and made his way back to his apartment.

The boys carried the dishes back to the kitchen. "So, what'd you think of Luke?" Virgil asked John as he piled the glasses in the dishwasher.

"He seems like a nice guy. Kind of quiet though," John replied.

Scott raised an eyebrow. "That's funny coming from you."

John made a face. "I'm not quiet; you guys are just so loud, you drown me out!" They all laughed as they continued to help clean up.

"So, Johnny, up to a game of pool?" Scott asked.

"Why, looking to get beaten? Heard Gordon whipped the pants off of you earlier today," John shot back.

Scott glared as Virgil began to chuckle. "Who told you that?"

John batted his eyes innocently. "I have my ways. Well, you up for a game?"

"You bet. Prepare to go down, little brother," Scott growled good-naturedly.

John grinned back. "Shaking in my boots here." Still laughing, the brothers left for the Game Room.
