
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 23:21:35 GMT
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From: lillehafrue Sent: 10/1/2006 6:35 PM

Boulder, Colorado, Saturday, August, 4th, 3:45pm local time.

Luke Morel stood in the doorway, his arms folded across his chest. "That's it? You're just leaving?"

Barry sighed. "Luke, don't."

"Don't what? I'm supposed to be happy about this?" Luke marched over and pulled the shirt out of his lover's hand. "You're giving up on four years?"

Barry sighed and sat down on the edge of the bed. "You think this is easy for me? I love you."

The anger drained out of Luke and he sat down on the bed, next to Barry. "Then why are you leaving?" he asked quietly.

Barry looked over at him. "Luke, are you happy? I mean, really happy?"

Luke's shoulders slumped. "I... don't know."

"I do. Babe, we never see each other! You're up at the SAR cabin for weeks and since I got that promotion, I'm always on the road." He took Luke's hand. "It's nobody's fault. We've just drifted in different directions."

Luke's fingers curled around Barry's. "Couldn't we try?" he asked softly, already knowing the answer.

"We've been trying for what, a year now?" Barry shook his head. "It's just not working." He got up and resumed his packing.

Luke sighed. "I'm sorry, Bar."

Barry smiled. "There's nothing to be sorry for, Luke. This sort of thing happens to the best relationships." His green eyes twinkled. "And you have to admit, this was one of the best." He wiggled his eyebrows seductively.

Luke couldn't help but laugh. He got to his feet and gave Barry a quick, hard hug. "I've got to take the mutt for a run. Will you be here later?"

Barry nodded. "The moving van isn't coming until tomorrow. Then off to LA by the end of the week."

"Then how about we meet at Carelli's in a couple of hours? A last supper kind of thing."

"I'm only moving, babe! Not dying!" Barry laughed. "But sure. See you then."

Luke started to leave, then paused. "Bar, I love you. And...I'll miss you." Then he turned and walked out the door.
