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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:58:41 GMT

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Monday, September 17th 6:30 am, Kansas (11:30 pm Tracy Island, same day)

"Hey, Cassie," Dom said, shaking his traveling companion gently. Cassie had fallen asleep after he had left the cabin area.

"What?" Cassie asked sleepily, opening her eyes. She found Dom leaning over her.

"Elise sent me back to let you know we're about ready to land."

"Okay," Cassie said, sitting up straighter in the seat. As Dom disappeared back up front, Cassie looked out the window. The ground below was starting to get closer as the plane descended.

Moments later the plane made a smooth landing on the runway. Cassie watched the scenes passing by outside the plane as it made its way toward the gate. It wasn't long before Cassie, Dom and Elise were all making their way down the steps. After retrieving their bags from the hold, the three made their way into the airport.

"I think I'll grab a cup of coffee," Elise said she looked toward Cassie. "You have a half hour until your flight to NY, right. Want to join me?"

"Sure, I just want to pick up my boarding pass and figure out where the gate is first."

"No, problem," Elise said. She turned to Dom. "Have time to join us?"

"No, I should probably get going. I want to make sure I'm on time for the trial at noon."

"Okay. Hope everything goes well," Elise told him.

"Thank-you," Dom replied. He looked toward Cassie. "Nice meeting you. Guess I'll be seeing you when you make it back to the island," he said, holding out his hand.

Cassie took it. "Likewise," she told him. She paused and then said, "I hope everything goes well at the trial."

"Thank you," Dom said with a grim smile. "I do, too."

As Dom headed toward the exit, Cassie and Elise headed to a kiosk so Cassie could get her ticket for her flight home.

Dominic walked slowly, the worry about the oncoming trial and the weariness of the flight seeming like lead weights on his shoulders. As he made it outside into the heat and sunlight, he shaded his eyes, but squinted as a familiar figure stopped nearby to light a cigar. Dominic willed his legs to start moving faster, but they came to a complete stop as the man huffed out his first drag. He looked around, but did a double take when he saw Dominic standing just outside the exit, staring

at him.

"Dominic?" He asked, removing the cigar from his mouth.

"Matthew."

Matt Hawkins strode over to his son, his face a wrinkled picture of confusion.

"It's six-thirty in the blessed a.m., what are you doing... wait, what are you doing in Kansas? You're certainly the last person I expected to see as I saw Tom off on his way to New York."

Dominic couldn't help himself. He found himself alone, with no place to go, no one to share the burden with. Much as he bore so much bad feeling towards this non-father, he was better than nothing.

"It's... it's Joshua."

Matthew's face dropped and every one of his muscles seemed to tense.

"What's wrong with him? Dominic..."

"No, it's... my ex-wife. She's... she's trying to sue for custody of him. I'm here for a preliminary hearing."

Matt's face went bright red within a second, and he sucked heavily on his cigar, directing the outflow of smoke away from his son's face.

"That's outrageous! Well then, you're coming with me. We'll get you rested up and well prepared. No one's going to take my grandchild away from me, or to destroy my son's life..."

Dominic felt hatred and rage on many levels: the irony of Matt's reaction, of all of his words... But... he still followed the man to his shining, red, top-of-the-range sports car, and allowed himself to be driven back to the large Hawkins Estate.

--Arrival in Kansas by ArtisticRainey and starrynebula on August 29, 2007

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