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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:59:57 GMT

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"Come on in, son."

Dominic's eye twitched when Matthew used that word, but he nodded and entered the grand house. Matthew Hawkins had made himself a millionaire through business, shrewdness, and by being the best aeronautics designer outside of Tracy Industries. Dominic glanced upwards at the sweeping winged staircase and the large diamond chandelier that hung above it. The stairs descended into a large, square hallway, to which all of the rooms on the lower floor were connected.

Matthew took Dominic's bag and set it beside the staircase, before smiling at his son -- though it was a smile that could sense the bad feelings between them -- and holding out a hand to point to the kitchen.

"I'll make you some breakfast, and we'll talk about this situation."

Dominic wanted to say no, he didn't want food (especially food cooked by his fake father), but he nodded and walked where he was told, his head ever-so-slightly hung. Matthew pulled out a chair at the central kitchen table for Dominic, and immediately shrugged off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and started cooking. Dominic watched his every move. For a heavysset, six foot tall man, he was surprisingly fluid in his movements. Matthew reached into the large double fridge for a packet of bacon, before setting it down again and opening one of the drawers near the bottom. He took out a variety of foodstuffs that Dominic recognized immediately -- vegetarian alternatives. His lips flattened together. Neither Matthew nor his wife -- nor anyone in his immediate family, as far as I'm aware, is vegetarian... When his father set a huge plate of vegetarian bacon, sausages, eggs and toast in front of him, Dominic found himself ravenous, and nodded his thanks before digging in.

Matthew smiled, poured two cups of coffee, and sat down opposite his son. He watched Dom wolf down the food as if he hadn't eaten in days, before smiling wider as his son found something particularly to his tastes.

"Potato bread?" Dom asked incredulously. "Where did you get it? I've never been able to find it over here."

"I made it."

Dom's jaw dropped, but quickly clamped shut again when he realized there was half-chewed food inside his mouth.

"What? Why?"

"Well, you sang its praises when you were here last, so I looked up a recipe. Took a few times to get it to turn out the way it looked in the picture. I've developed a taste for it. Which is probably a bad thing, considering..." Matthew slapped his rotund stomach for effect.

Dominic chuckled, but suddenly found his appetite had left him. He set down his knife and fork, and sat still for several seconds.

"Dominic?" Matthew asked.

"I'm tired," Dom said. "I'd...like to get a few hours of sleep before the hearing."

"Oh, oh of course," Matthew said, suddenly feeling a thick sheet of ice separate he and his son. "Any of the guest rooms you like. When is it?"

"Noon."

"I'll wake you around eleven, and give you a ride there."

"That's unnecessary..."

"But it's happening."

Dominic sat again for a few moments, before rising from the table and leaving the room. He picked up his bag on the way upstairs, and let himself in to the nearest bedroom. He threw his carryall on the floor, and flopped down onto the bed with his head in his hands. I cannot deal with this right now. But all he could think about was the vegetarian food, the potato bread, his father's unfailing kindness, and the sick feeling that the past and the present clashing were creating in his stomach

"I do not need this right now..."

Posted by ArtisticRainey on August 30, 2007

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