

Tuesday March 6th. 1.00pm. Tracy Island.

Tiredness was completely ignored as Dominic strode through the lounge, nodding to the curious people that regarded him with cocked eyebrows. He needed to know. He speedily made his way through the villa, keeping his eyes and ears open for sounds that would lead him to his goal. He just needed to know. He already knew; but he needed to know, in person, himself. He was busy berating himself for being such a worrywart, when his ears caught a sound. It was a very familiar, very welcome sound, indeed. He sped up his pace, and walked down to the kitchen.

He knew the smile on his face was a tremulous parody, something that was a result of worry, fatigue and self-annoyance. He would trust the people of Tracy Island with his life. He would just have to learn to trust them with a certain other life, as well. You'll be no good if you can't get over this. You feckin' eejit, ye.

Two grinning faces greeted him as he walked into the bright, clean room, and he automatically held out his arms to scoop the young child out of Lisa's capable hands.

"Here you are, sweetie. Daddy's home." She handed Joshua over, and grinned as Dominic held the child in a close cuddle. "He was missing his dad especially for the last hour, especially. He was fine up until then, though."

Joshua grabbed a fistful of his father's dark hair as he was released, and began to twine the strands around his fingers. Dominic held him securely in one arm and rested his other hand on a kitchen counter.

"He's used to me not being around in the mornings," he explained. "I used to work nights and mornings, you see. Then I was around all afternoon till bedtime."

"Ah, I see."

"Did he sleep well?"

"Like an angel." Lisa chuckled. "And he's made a new friend in young Asterisk, let me tell you."

She explained the scene she and Kat had seen, and Dom grinned. Joshua started to clamour and wanted to be let down. Dominic set him down, and he climbed under the kitchen table, intent on exploring. Dom ran a hand through his hair and slumped back against the counter. He took off his glasses and gave them a futile wipe with the hem of his red t-shirt, and sighed. Lisa regarded him curiously.

"What's up?" she asked plainly.

"Hmm? Oh, it's nothing." Dominic replaced his glasses. "I'm just going to have to get used to leaving him here. Not that I don't trust you," he added hastily.

Lisa held up a calming hand.

"I know what you mean. It takes a while to get used to someone new looking after your pride and joy. But you'll soon realize that everyone here on the island is going to want to chip in and help. And you'll get used to it, I know."

"I know. Thanks, Mrs Parkhurst."

"Oh, call me Lisa." She chuckled again. "He's a real cutie."  
Dominic stooped over as he son beckoned him under the table and grinned.

"I can't think of my life without him."

Post by ArtisticRainey on 24/08/2004

---