Dr. Henry Morgan got out his key to unlock the antique store. If Maureen was still here he'd just sleep down in his laboratory. It wouldn't be the most comfortable place to sleep off the aftereffects of electrocution, but it would be better than interrupting the honeymoon. He had barely set foot in the shop when Abe stood up from the desk.

"Are you ok?" Abe asked out of the silence, clearly worried about his father.

Henry startled. "You nearly gave me a heart attack."

"Not likely at your age," Abe retorted.

"I am older than you," Henry said.

"Only technically," Abe said. "And you still haven't answered the question about if you're alright?"

"I will be," Henry said as he walked over to Abe. "It's mostly strained muscles. In a day or two I'll be just fine."

"I was worried," Abe said.

"I'm sorry," Henry said. "I did really want to meet Maureen. So when are you taking off?"

"I'm not," Abe said. "When you weren't here and your office said you'd left and I called Jo and she hadn't seen you either, I realized no one would miss you for a day or two if I wasn't here."
“I’d still be fine,” Henry said. “Even if I went missing and the worst were to happen ...”


“I’ve managed before,” Henry said. “I could manage again. I don’t want to stand in the way of your happiness.”

“You aren’t,” Abe said. “That’s the point. I wouldn’t be happy if I left you alone. I know someday it will happen whether or not I want it to, but not by my choice.”

“Abe,” Henry began. He couldn’t get the words out.

“It would be different if I knew you were truly living with friends you could count on,” Abe explained. “If I knew someone else would miss you if you disappeared, I could go, but even your Detective Martinez wasn’t worried. She wouldn’t have gone looking for you if I hadn’t called.”

“She’s not my Detective,” Henry protested.

“That’s the problem,” Abe said as he turned to go up to the apartment.

Henry followed behind. He thought about what Abe had said. He thought he was protecting his heart, after all he was going to out live everyone he met, but maybe he was losing touch with what it meant to live. He thought about what his mysterious caller, Adam, had said about living long enough to not care. Then he thought about the things Adam said about murder and it being a part of the immortal life and how horrified he, Henry, had been over that. If he didn't start trusting again he might end up like Adam.

“Want a cup of tea?” Abe said.

“That would be nice,” Henry answered. He sat down on one of the couches. He was tired and sore but he always found a good cup of tea was quite restorative to his equilibrium and right now he felt out of balance. Abe was good at making a good cup of tea. It was a skill he had learned from Abigail.

Thoughts of Abigail lead to thoughts of Nora and how different their reactions had been to his condition. Nora had been scared and had him carted off to Bedlam. Abigail had stood by his side and done her best to help him hide his secret. She even left him to keep it. Henry thought about how Jo Martinez was more like Abigail. He was going to trust her. He almost had tonight but Lucas had interrupted them.

Abe brought in two mugs of tea, handed one to his father, and took a seat on the other couch.

“Isn't it a bit late for you and Caffeine?” Henry asked, concerned.

“I'm not going to be able to sleep for a while yet, so I might as well,” Abe answered. “Besides, you and Mom taught me well and the tea is more calming than the caffeine is stimulating.”

Henry nodded and sipped his tea.

“I almost told her,” Henry blurted out after the tea had started to work its soothing affect on him.

“I almost told Jo everything,” Henry said. “She had seen the scar and asked about it but I was unable to tell her more than it was a story for another time. Then when I stopped by the bar for drinks....”

“You stopped by a bar for drinks,” Abe said incredulously. “That is a first.”

“I know,” Henry said. “I'm beginning to rethink a few things and you and Iona may have a few points.”

“Who is Iona?” asked Abe. “Never mind. We'll talk about her later. Tell me about almost telling Jo.”

“Well, Hanson went to get me a drink and I started to tell Jo. I got as far as explaining I was shot, when Lucas walked up and exclaimed over my presence in the bar,” Henry explained. “I suppose his surprise was rather warranted.”

“I'm sure it was,” Abe chuckled. “Are you going to tell her the whole story?”

“I think it is time,” Henry answered. “She thinks I have a death wish and I think she should know.”

“Good,” Abe said, satisfied that his father might be alright with out him. Maybe not today or tomorrow but soon, Abe might be able to stop worrying so much.

“Enough about me,” Henry said. “How are you with Maureen leaving?”

“I will be alright,” Abe said. “She said something when I was worried about you that got me thinking.”

Henry set his tea down and focused all of his considerable attention on his son. “What did she say?”

“She said she had figured out my secret,” Abe replied. “About who you are.”

“Had she?” Henry asked, ready to hunt her down to keep the secret.

“She said she had figured out years ago,” Abe stalled. “That you were my son.”

“That is only a natural assumption,” Henry said. He was sad it had come to this. First his wife, his love, his Abigail, had had to deal with the assumption. Now his son was being hit with it.

“I always knew that was why Mom left,” Abe said breaking into Henry's thoughts. “But until Maureen made that assumption, I didn't know what it felt like.”

“I'm sorry,” Henry said because what else was there to say.

“Not that there haven't been times,” Abe explained. “Where I felt like the parent around here, making rules about when opera can and cannot be played. But through it all, I've known that if needed, you'd be there, like you always have, to give an older perspective.”

“And I always will be here if you need me,” Henry affirmed.

“I know,” Abe said. “But if that is the cover story you want to pass around, I think I can take being your father.”

“Thanks, but I think the friend of my father will work for everyone but Detective Martinez.” Henry drained his tea and stood up. He stood a little stooped and bent. Those muscles would be
Henry drained his tea and stood up. He stood a little stooped and bent. Those muscles would be screaming in the morning.

“Where are you going?” Abe asked.

“To bed,” Henry said as he bent and retrieved his empty tea mug.

“But we didn’t talk about Iona,” Abe protested.

“As you’ve just reminded me,” Henry began. “I am your father and no son needs to know about his father and a dominatrix.” With that parting salvo, Henry made his exit.

Abe sat there staring after Henry. While, yes, when he was younger the idea of his father with anyone would have scared him for life, now he wanted to know that Henry was happy. If his father and mother couldn't be together, he wanted Henry happy and if that took a dominatrix then so be it. But Henry was fooling himself if he thought he had completely dodged the subject. Not after dropping that bombshell. Abe would get the story of Iona out of his father. Just not in the next few days. He was willing to let Henry heal from his torture. But soon, he and his father would have a talk. Hopefully not THE TALK, because there were limits to what Abe was willing to talk about with his father.

Abe picked up his mug and made his way to bed. The day had been too long and his night time medications were calling.

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