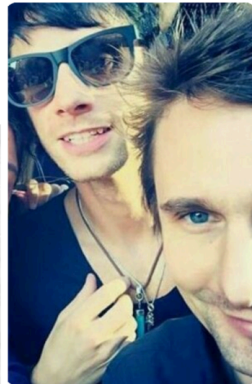




BUT NOT DRONES OR MAYBE IT IS DRONES I

DONT KNOW.



- They would be in their early 30s/late 20s 29/30/31/32/33 so maybe it is drones?
- Dom dyed his hair black for this tour.
- Let me know if you found this! Message me on my instagram @songsofpsyche and tell me your favorite axolotl fact 😊

A Short Flashback:

"It's fair," Dom muttered incoherently, words slurred by too many shots and not enough sober thoughts. "It's...it's only fair to Liz..."

Matt frowned, confusion marring his features. "To Elizabeth?" he asked softly. Elizabeth – Dom's long-term girlfriend – often wore a smile around them and shared endearing glances with Dom that made Matt feel like an intruder in their intimate world.

"I've fucked up, Matt," Dom slurred without looking up. "Elizabeth... I couldn't let her stay... she deserves better."

Matt frowned, confusion knotting his brow. Elizabeth? But they'd seemed so happy together...

"I don't understand," he murmured, trying to make sense of Dom's mumbled words.

Dom raised bleary eyes to meet Matt's gaze. "She doesn't know...the real me..." Hiccups punctuated the words.

A cold dread began to nestle in Matt's stomach, like an ice cube on bare skin. "What do you mean, 'real you'?" he asked, the words barely a whisper in the dimly lit bar.

But Dom was already past making coherent conversation, his head lolling against his chest as he slipped into unconsciousness. Matt could only sit there helplessly, caught in a web of confusion and worry for his friend.

The barman came over, his face lined with a world-weary expression. "Your friend's had enough, don't you think?"

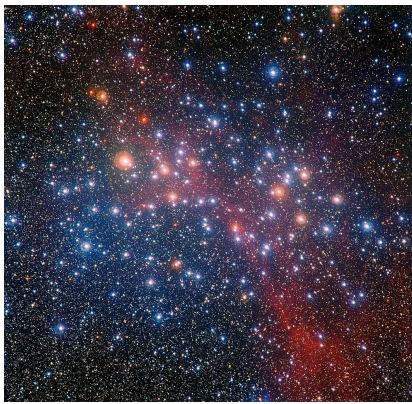
Matt looked up at the bartender, then back to Dom, slumped over in a drunken stupor. He nodded numbly, concern pulling at his heartstrings. He slipped his arms under Dom's heavy, limp body and, with a grunt, hefted him off the stool.

Matt's mind raced with unanswered questions as he half-carried half-dragged Dom out of the bar and into the cool Colorado night air. 'Real you'? What did that mean? Was there a part of Dom that he didn't know? A secret that had driven him to end things with Elizabeth?

His heart ached for his friend. When they returned to their hotel room, Matt laid Dom on his bed before sitting next to him. His blue eyes traced the lines of Dom's face, worry etching deep grooves in his forehead.

"Dom," he murmured softly but received no response.

He sighed heavily and gazed at the city skyline glittering in the darkness beyond their window. The mystery would have to remain unsolved for now – as much as it twisted his insides with worry. All he could do for now was be here for Dom – just as he always had been.



Other variations of Matt's stupid joke (that Dom does not find amusing at all)

-“Hey, Dom,” he ventured again, swallowing a laugh at the absurdity of what he was about to say. “Do you know how you organize a space party? You planet.”

-“D'you hear about the musician who kept his piano in the greenhouse?” Matt asked, trying to inject some levity into the room. “He ended up with a lot of sharp plants.”