

His Father

by Judith

“One day I’m going to beat you, Vincent.” Father scowled at the chess board.

“Perhaps it would be easier on your blood pressure if you soothed your chagrin with the knowledge you are an excellent teacher.” Vincent removed his opponent’s queen smoothly.

“Don’t try to butter me up!” Father reared back. “I’ll not be mollified with platitudes. This is my game. I should be winning!”

“Yes, Father.” Vincent smiled.

“Smirk all you like,” Father snapped. “Wait until your own son shows you up like a novice.”

“I am looking forward to that.” Vincent’s gaze became unfocussed and his smile widened.