The Cookie Story (or, That's The Way The Cookie Crumbles)

by SimplySly

Summary

Fluffy story in which there are cookies, photo's, and realization that their father's know them better than they thought.

Notes

I don't know the real name of Colin's siblings, so I'm using Laura for his sister and David for his brother. Also, Colin and Ryan are their own people, this probably never happened, and is thus complete fiction. Edit: @maradao has informed me that Colin's brother is Graeme. The text has been changed accordingly.

Ryan hummed with pleasure, his mouth full to bursting. He loved days like this, when Colin would surprise him with the tasty treat he was currently enjoying. Speaking of Colin, the other man was currently chuckling at Ryan from where he stood on the other side of the counter. “I love your Mother's cookies. If it wouldn't be so weird being your step-father, I'd ask her to run away with me.”

Colin outright laughed at this. "She knows, that's why she sent so many this time."

Ryan, with the timing of years of practice, had dropped by unannounced this afternoon to find Colin opening up a care package from his mother, who apparently had some extra time on her hands. Inside of the package were four (four!!!!) packages of homemade cookies, as well as a tin of what Ryan suspected to be fudge. He eyed it, but the immediate satisfaction guaranteed by the cookies kept his hands from reaching for it, for now. Speaking of, Ryan carefully examined the cookies in front of him, carefully weighing the pro's and con's of each one before lifting one to his mouth.
Ooohhhh yeah, that's the stuff. He pointedly ignored Colin's laughter, the cookies were too good to waste time bickering.

"Is that the look Pat sees every night?" Colin managed to get out between laughs. He had his own package of cookies open, but was going through them at a normal pace. Ryan glared at him as much as he was able with a mouth full of Mother Mochrie's cookies, which wasn't much. He swallowed, and then swallowed again. Oh crap. He had forgotten the main side effect of the cookies; the dreaded sticky mouth. Ryan made a face as he attempted to get his tongue clear enough to talk, and that was enough to set Colin, who had finally managed to calm down, off again. In fact, Colin was laughing so hard that he had to lean on the counter for support. Ryan scowled at him. It wasn't that funny, damn it!

Ryan stalked around the counter to the fridge and took out the jug of milk. Well fine, if Colin wanted to be that way, then he was going to have to face the consequences. With a deft twist of the wrist, Ryan removed the cap and lifted the jug to his mouth. The first swallow as a welcome burst of coolness on his tongue; the second cleared his throat, and the third was just because he could, damn it. By this time, Colin's laughter had calmed, and he was looking at Ryan, amusement evident on his face.

“You owe me a gallon of milk.” Colin reached out and took the jug from Ryan's grasp, taking his own hearty swing straight from the container. Ryan moved back over to the counter; it was time for more cookies.

“How does she get them so good anyway? I mean, there's no sugar in these.” As far as he or Colin knew, that was the only alteration to recipe over the years, and that had only occurred recently after Mother Mochrie learned about Ryan's diabetes. He really, really loved that woman.

Colin shrugged, "She's never told me. She won't even give Laura the recipe, claiming that we can all find out after she's dead."

Ryan groaned. "In other words, never going to happen." Colin tossed a cookie at him, and Ryan caught it, popping it into his mouth with a pleased smile and a moan of appreciation. The box the cookies had come in was still sitting there on the counter, waiting to be emptied, and Colin reached into it, attempting to finish the task he had abandoned when Ryan had demanded his cookies now. Ryan firmly believed that it was a crime against humanity to deny a man Mother Mochrie's cookies. Privately, Colin agreed, but there was no way he was going to tell Ryan.

Ryan watched avidly as Colin removed the other containers of cookies, as well as the tin of probable fudge. The next thing that came out of the box confused him though. Why had she sent a photo album?

Colin appeared equally as puzzled. He moved some of the cookies out of the way (although, Ryan grabbed his container and held it to his chest. there was no way that it was going out of reach!) and then placed the album down. He opened it with a soft 'snick' of unhappy plastic, and Ryan leaned over Colin, resting his head on Colin's shoulder. There, staring back at them, were... themselves. About 20 years younger, arms thrown over each other's shoulders, standing in front of a snowman taller than Ryan. Ryan chuckled, a rumble deep in his chest that Colin felt more than heard. They had spent all day on that thing, the damn head hadn't wanted to stay on, and they had finally ended up pouring water around the edges to seal them.

It had been Christmas of '87, and Ryan had chosen to spend the time with Colin's family rather than deal with the masked hostility that his father had possessed. Colin's father had taken the picture, and had spent the rest of the break beaming at Ryan. When he had asked Colin about it, Colin had replied that his dad was just glad that Colin had a male friend and that they spent time together
outdoors (this was accompanied by an eye roll), and Ryan hadn't pushed. Colin flipped the page, revealing more photos from that Christmas. There was them with Laura and Graeme, covered in tinsel from an “accident” while decorating the tree; Colin helping Mother Mochrie in the kitchen, while Ryan snuck tastes from the bowl of cookie dough (Graeme and Laura had probably still been sleeping, but Ryan couldn't quite remember); Ryan and Colin's entire family involved in a full out snowball war (him and Colin against everyone else), which had been taken by a helpful neighbor.

Colin snorted at their younger selves, and Ryan leaned more fully into him, cookies forgotten for the moment. He wrapped his arms around Colin's waist, and Colin patted his clasped hands lightly before turning the page again. This page was full of pictures from Christmas Day, opening presents and what not. It was Ryan's turn to snort, as he pointed to one picture in particular; that of himself showing off the shirt that Colin had given him. It was florescent orange, with smatterings of bright pink and green mixed in. Ryan had loved it.

“I remember that shirt.” Colin's grin was evident in his voice, even if Ryan couldn't actually see his face from this angle. “You wore it almost every day for eight months, until it was 'irredeemably damaged’.”

Ryan's eyes narrowed. “Sure, say that like you didn't have anything to do with the large amounts of coffee and ketchup that mysteriously found their way on to it.”

Colin replied in a tone of faux innocence. “Why, Ryan. I'm sure I haven't the foggiest idea of what you're talking about.”

“Oh—uh-huh. Sure. Just like you have no idea who started that tinsel war.”

“Exactly!” A flip of the page, revealing more Christmas hijinks, and. Oh. He hadn't known that a picture of that existed.

It was Christmas evening, he and Colin were sitting on a couch wrapped up in one large blanket. Their faces were close together as they talked, and Colin was backlit by the dying fire. One of his thumbs rested on the edge of Colin's mouth, caught mid wipe. Their abandoned mugs were partially obscured by the blankets' folds and Father Mochrie was just discernible where he stood in the doorway, watching them and smiling. Laura must have taken that shortly before she fell asleep.

“I want a copy of that.” Ryan's voice was rough, and he felt Colin's nearly imperceptible nod, indicating that he felt the same way. Good. They flipped through the rest of the book in silence, which included various Christmas' vacations as well as both of their weddings. Ryan frowned as he realized that Father Mochrie was smiling a lot less in the later ones, and in a few pictures even seemed to be scowling at Deb or Pat. Now, Father Mochrie was one of the nicest people Ryan knew (topped only by Colin and Mother Mochrie), so this revelation was a tad disturbing. “Hey, Col?”

“Yeah?”

“Why does your dad seem so upset at the weddings?” Colin laughed.

“You mean, you never figured it out?” Ryan furrowed his brow. Figured what out?

“If I had, would I be asking?”

“He thought we were dating.”

“What?!?!?!”

“Mmm. He told me when I announced my engagement to Deb. The first words out of his mouth
were, and I quote, 'What about Ryan?'' Ryan snorted.

"Yeah, what about me? How dare you cheat on me, Colin. I thought we had something special." Ryan's voice got more outrageous with each 'accusation', and Colin turned his head enough to glance at Ryan before saying, deadpan,

"Well, maybe if you had a sex change..." Ryan gasped.

"Are you saying that you don't love me the way I am?" Colin snorted, and absently handed Ryan a cookie, most of his attention focused back on the photo album.

"You know perfectly well how I feel about you. Stop fishing and eat the damn cookie."

"Mmmm, cookie." Ryan released one of his hands from its grip around Colin's waist; the cookie was just too tempting. As he munched, he considered, and finally decided to share with Colin.

"You know, that's the same reason why my father didn't like you when he first met you. It didn't help that we were both comedians." Colin frowned and twisted in Ryan's grip to face him. Ryan sighed at the loss of his head rest, but leaned back slightly to let him.

"I never knew your father was homophobic."

"He's not, as long as it's not his son that's 'swishy'." Colin smiled slightly, amused.

"Is that why you were all over me that weekend?" Ryan tried, and failed, to look innocent.

"Of course not, Col. That was just because I love you." Colin's lips twitched and Ryan considered himself victorious.

"So, what you're telling me, is that both of our father's thought we were together?" Ryan raised an eyebrow.

"Thought? Col, my dad still believes that you're my piece of ass on the side. He's just more accepting now that I am, at least, keeping up appearances." The last was said derisively, and Ryan made a conscious effort to lighten the tone. "And last Christmas your father asked me point blank when I was moving back to Canada."

"He didn't." Colin looked at Ryan's face and sighed. "He did. Apparently being married for more than a decade and a half isn't enough for him. Then, again, he has seen the show..." Ryan and Colin smirked at each other. They had both had a lot of fun playing around on stage. Colin reached for a cookie, but the package he removed it from happened to be Ryan's.

"Hey! That's mine!" Ryan reached indignantly for the cookie, but Colin was just slightly faster, and popped it into his mouth.

"Mmmm," Colin chewed with exaggerated movements, before speaking (with cookie still in his mouth). "You can have it if you really want it."

Ryan didn't hesitate, merely leaned in and kissed him, tongue questing for the cookie goodness. It was then that Ryan realized his new favorite flavor; Mother Mochrie's cookies and Colin. Later, Ryan would reflect that perhaps their father's really knew what they were talking about. For now, though, there was Colin, warm and there in his arms.
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