Getting the Message

by Corvidology

Summary

I offered 12 days of ficlets to my friends.

Snailbones prompted: Christmas, and the lads are together, except they're having to share the holiday with Cowley for some reason.

For once, Christmas had looked promising. They'd chauffeured Cowley to his meeting in York with the regional Chief Constables and then they'd planned on running him up to his mother's house in Glasgow for Christmas at which point they'd be free until the 27th when they'd have to pick him up.

It had been a brilliant plan, at least until their car had broken down outside Dumfries on Christmas Eve. It had been an all right plan, until the only open Bed & Breakfast they'd found had just one room left, one room with one double and one single bed. Cowley had immediately claimed the single bed of course, it wouldn't have been appropriate for him to share, but that had left Ray sharing the double with Bodie.

It wasn't like he really minded sharing, most of his plans for Christmas had centred around bedding Bodie as often as possible anyway, but this thing between them was still new enough for him to resent Cowley's presence even more than he usually would have done. Yet another crappy Christmas in a long line of crappy Christmases and just when he'd got his hopes up.

He'd tossed and turned, the bed squeaking under him, until Cowley had told him to settle down or go and sleep on the settee downstairs. He'd settled down.

He'd even started drifting off to sleep before Bodie started lightly kicking him in the shins. He
flinched backwards, but when he moved his legs forward again, Bodie repeated his actions. It took him a minute to realize Bodie was kicking in Morse code.

. - . / . . -. .-. / -... ... .-. .-. .-. .-. .-. .-. [Are you asleep?]

It was too dark for Bodie to see him roll his eyes.

He kicked back. -.-. --- ..- .-. ... . / -. --- - .-.-.- / -... .-.. --- --- -.. -.-- / .. -.. .. --- - / -.- .. -.-. -.- .. -. --. / -- . / ... ...... ... ... ...- [Course not. Bloody idiot kicking me shins.]

... --- -.- --.-.- [Sorry.] At least this time Bodie tapped it on his forearm instead.

He followed suit. -. ... - / -. --- -. -.-.- [What you want?]


-. ... [Yes.]

. . . . . . / . . -. .-. - / --. .-.-. / - .. -.. -. -.- / .-.. .- - . .-. .-.-.- [Now’s later.]

. . . . . . / . . -. .-. - / -..- .- - .-.-. / .-- .- -. - / . -. -.. / .. - ..--.. / -..- -- .- ... / -.-. .- -. .----. - / --. . - / .-- --- .-. ... .-.-.- [Now. You want end it? Xmas can't get worse.]

-. . . . . . / . . -. .-. - / -..- .- - .-.-. / [Not want.]

-. . . . . . / . . -. .-. - / -..- .- - .-.-. / [What want?]

He’d had something different in mind, something involving a luxury hotel and lots of booze, not a run-down B&B and a Morse code conversation in which they’d both ended up sounding like Frankenstein's monster. -. -. - / .-.-. -.-[Want you.]

-. -. - / .-. .-. - [Got me.]

He should be patient, should wait until after they'd dropped Cowley off whenever that was but he’d never been known for his patience. -. -. - / .-.-. -.- [Love you.]

-. -. - / -. /-. -.- / - . . . / - . -. - .-.-.- [Not in front of Cow].

-. -. -. [Bodie!] He jabbed Bodie's arm hard enough to leave a bruise for emphasis.

-. -. -. / -.-. -. / -.-. -. / [Love you too.]

Then Cowley started snoring and, finally certain he was asleep, Bodie leaned in to kiss Ray briefly before whispering the words again.

And, just like that, it turned from his crappiest Christmas ever into his best.

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