

Breithlá Sona Duit

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Breithlá Sona Duit

by [vix_spes](#)

Summary

It's Colin's birthday and he had really been hoping to spend it with Bradley for the first time. Unfortunately, luck is against them once more ... or is it?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Colin couldn't help the wide grin that split his face as he left the theatre. Okay, so he had had to work on his birthday but the cast and crew had done their best to make it feel like more of a special show. Brendan had brought a bottle of fizz and Ben had brought a cake (the appearance of which had been greeted with good-natured groans and jokes from Daniel) and the whole cast and crew had sung Happy Birthday. It had even been more successful than their version of Do They Know It's Christmas. Mainly because they all actually knew the words to Happy Birthday but he had had to do without the dancing. The guys had even bought him a few small presents and promised to buy him lunch at Nonna's Kitchen across the road from the theatre which had become their go to place for food. Katie had phoned him earlier to wish him happy birthday and to have a long, generally gossipy catch up while the rest of the Merlin gang had all sent him messages. Bradley had phoned as well of course and promised that he would be back in a couple of days and would give Colin his present then. All in all, it had been a very pleasant birthday and he was in a good mood as he left the theatre and headed home.

Of course, the only thing that would have made it better would have been being able to spend it with Bradley but then that was nothing new. When they had been filming Merlin, they had always been on a hiatus during Christmas and New Year when Colin's birthday fell so he and Bradley had always spent the time apart and with their families. This year had been completely different. Merlin had ended, Colin had been in theatre almost constantly for eight months and Bradley was flying between London and LA on a fairly regular basis. Still, they had managed to spend Christmas together by virtue of the fact that Christmas Day and Boxing Day had been the only days that Colin got off from the show. It had been strange not celebrating with his family but his parents and brother were coming over to London the coming weekend and they would have a belated celebration then.

Unfortunately, having missed most of Christmas with his family because he was in London with Colin, Bradley had gone down to Devon on the 27th to spend some time with his mum and sisters. Colin couldn't really complain about that, family came before relationships after all, but it would have been nice to spend his birthday with his boyfriend for once. To be fair, and to give Bradley his due, the man hadn't been as enthusiastic about Devon as Colin could remember him being when they were filming Merlin. As much as he loved the freedom of living in London, Bradley had always raved about the fact that whenever he went home he got spoilt rotten and stuffed with good food. Christmas was obviously no exception when combined with years of family traditions – much the same as for Colin – but they had both decided to forget their own traditions by spending Christmas together. It was only reasonable that, seeing as Bradley wasn't working, that his family could make demands on his time.

His thoughts occupied most of his journey and by the time he finally made it home, Colin couldn't help but be confused. You could see the windows of his flat from the road and he was positive that he hadn't left the lights on when he had left for the theatre. It couldn't be Bradley because he was still supposed to be in Devon with his family and nobody else had a key to his flat except for his landlord. Unfortunately, the only option that remained was that there was an intruder in his flat which really wasn't something that he wanted to deal with on his birthday. Making a decision that would undoubtedly get him yelled at by both Bradley and his mam if it was a burglar, he decided not to call the police. Yet. Instead, he made his

way upstairs, phone in hand ready to call the police.

When he arrived at his front door, it was closed but that didn't actually mean anything. It lessened the likelihood that someone had broken in but didn't resolve all of his confusion. Not convinced that this was a good idea at all anymore, he put the key in the lock and unlocked the door before gently pushing it open.

"Hello?" He made a few tentative steps inside but stayed near the door in case it wasn't somebody that he knew and he had to make a run for it while calling the police.

"Happy Birthday Cols!"

Colin couldn't help but sag against the wall in relief at the realisation that there was no intruder, it was just Bradley letting himself in with his key. Bradley obviously realised that Colin's reaction was more than just pleasure at seeing him and moved over, hands automatically grasping onto Colin's hips.

"You okay Morgan? You're not going to faint on me are you?"

Colin couldn't help but blush. "I may have thought you were a burglar. In my defence, I spoke to you earlier and you said you wouldn't be back for a few days."

He got exactly the response that he was expecting; namely Bradley looking a combination of horrified and disappointed.

"You thought I could be a burglar so your first thought was to come and investigate when you didn't have anything to defend yourself with? What were you planning to do if it was a burglary and they were armed?"

"I had my phone ready to call the police and I would have run." Colin defended himself as best as he could but knew it was weak. His best option was to change the subject and hope to distract Bradley. He didn't want to argue on his birthday. "You were already on your way up when I spoke to you?"

If Bradley recognised the diversionary tactic for what it was then he didn't say anything. "Yes, I left at lunchtime and stopped at the flat. I probably got here not long after you left for the theatre."

"But why?"

Colin's question had Bradley laughing and leaning in to kiss the corner of Colin's mouth. "You're full of stupid question as well as stupid decisions today. Have you been drinking? Why do you think I'm here? I wanted to cook my boyfriend dinner on his birthday."

"But..."

"You're not really making me feel appreciated Cols. And I spent the whole journey with some kid staring at me and kicking me in the shins."

“But what about your mum and sisters? You’re meant to be spending time with them.”

“I have spent time with them. And I’ve driven them mad talking about you for the last five days. Trust me when I say they were glad to get rid of me.”

“Okay.” Colin allowed himself to be distracted with kisses and the fact that *Bradley was here on his birthday* before something Bradley had said earlier registered. “Hang on, cook me dinner? What do you mean cook me dinner?”

This wasn’t good. This was very, very bad. Bradley was a walking culinary disaster. The only person who could rival him was Eoin and no-one was entirely sure how the two of them had lived together and not killed themselves. Unless Bradley had been taking cooking lessons, this could end very badly; just like the first and last time Bradley had cooked for Colin. Bradley had remembered that Colin was vegetarian but had forgotten that he was lactose-intolerant so Colin had spent a considerable amount of time throwing up; not exactly conducive to a romantic evening. Some of his worries must have shown on his face because Bradley raced to reassure him.

“No, no, it’s going to be better than last time. I promise. Mum’s been helping me and we’ve tried everything out so I don’t try and poison you again.”

Colin laughed at that, only for the laugh to turn into a yawn. A yawn that he didn’t fully manage to hide from Bradley, who immediately turned apologetic.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t even think that you would be exhausted from the show. It’s a bit too late to eat really isn’t it?”

“Well yes, it is a bit but I don’t want all your hard-work to go to waste. Will it save or will it all be ruined if we don’t eat it tonight?”

“The main course will be fine but I wouldn’t be able to salvage the dessert.”

Colin wrapped his arms around Bradley’s neck and leant closer so that he could press a kiss to Bradley’s jaw and speak into his ear. “Why don’t we take the dessert to bed then?”

“Why Mr Morgan, I do believe that’s the best idea you’ve had all evening. Lead the way.”

Colin laughed and, after a brief stop in the kitchen to collect dessert, led the way to the bedroom. Feeling Bradley’s gaze glued to his bum, he couldn’t help but grin. This was turning into one of the best birthdays ever.

Happy Birthday to him.

End Notes

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