

Of Skype and Surreal Conversations

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1693025) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1693025>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Merlin (TV) RPF
Relationship:	Bradley/Colin
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Fluff , Humor , Domestic
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Tempest/Mojo 'verse
Stats:	Published: 2014-05-26 Words: 1,408 Chapters: 1/1

Of Skype and Surreal Conversations

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Summary

Occasionally, very occasionally, Bradley questions his boyfriend's mental age...

Notes

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

Bradley ran up the stairs (because of course the lift was broken) and practically flung himself through his door, leaving a trail of his things behind him as he moved to turn on his laptop. When he was in LA and Colin in London, they operated a complex system of early mornings and late evenings to stay in touch. There were also random middle of the day/night calls on occasion. Bradley was just grateful that he had persuaded Colin into using Skype; he dreaded to think what their phone bills would be like otherwise.

Casting a glance at the clock, he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that he still had time to take a quick shower while Skype booted up. Rucking up the hem of his t-shirt to wipe the sweat off his face, he couldn't help but grimace at the smell of sweat. Yep, taking a shower so that he didn't reek was definitely the right move. Not that it would make any difference to Colin if he showered or not. That wasn't the point though; *Bradley* didn't particularly like the way that he smelt right now. Besides, if he showered now, he could always be a cruel boyfriend and tease Colin by making the call just wearing a towel. Retribution for Colin doing much the same thing to him last week.

This had been the longest that the two of them had been apart for a while. Bradley had been in London for nearly all of August and a good part of September before he could no longer justify staying in London and had to fly back to LA. Unfortunately, due to Colin's theatre commitments, there were no opportunities for them to see each other at the moment. It wasn't too horrendous though; Bradley already had a flight back to the UK in a week or so at the end of November and he would be staying until after Colin's birthday at the beginning of January.

It wasn't ideal but it would have to do and Bradley was toying with the idea of asking Colin what he thought about the two of them spending Christmas together. He was cut off from his thoughts by the slightly irritating jingle of an incoming Skype call. Seating himself in front of his laptop, he clicked accept and then smirked as Colin's chirpy greeting rapidly faded into speechlessness as he took in what Bradley was wearing, or not wearing as the case may be.

"Hi Cols, were you saying something?"

Colin narrowed his eyes at Bradley. "You're doing that on purpose!"

Bradley adopted his most innocent expression. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Hmm. That innocent look doesn't fool me Bradley James; you know exactly how distracting you are without a shirt on."

"Well it's amazing you ever managed to remember your lines on set then isn't it? Stop complaining and enjoy the view Morgan."

Bradley looked a bit closer at the screen and frowned a little. "You look as though you're ready to go out. What time is it there? Surely you haven't got to leave for the theatre already?"

Bradley had left London while Colin was still in the final weeks of rehearsals for *Mojo* so wasn't completely sure of his schedule. Normally during a run of a play or during a film or TV series, it would take the longest to do make-up but as things progressed, the amount of

time needed became more stream-lined. Especially on something like Mojo where there was minimal hair and make-up needed and they were several weeks into the production.

“I’ve got about half an hour before I have to leave if I want to be there in time.”

“In time for what? Curtain up isn’t until 7.30pm is it?”

“That’s it but we all try and get there early so that we can have a game of aisleball before the house opens.”

“I’m sorry, what? A game of aisleball?” Bradley loved Colin dearly but the Irishman couldn’t be deemed sporty by any means. Whenever the knights had played football between takes on the set of Merlin, Colin had declined offers to play and instead could normally be found on the sidelines heckling them with Katie. He’d always been fit for all the running that he’d had to do on Merlin and then there had been all the training and parkour he had done for The Tempest. Still, the idea of Colin playing what sounded like some sort of team game was more than a little strange, especially one that Bradley had never heard of.

“What the hell is aisleball anyway? I’ve never heard of it.”

After so many years, Bradley was more than aware that Colin could be a complete dork and ridiculously excitable but he had never thought he’d see it about a game. But no, Colin was babbling about soothing that sounded a bit like volleyball that they played in the actual theatre before every show. Something about it getting them working as a team and in the right frame of mind to do the show. He even went so far as to say that Ben apparently couldn’t do the show if he didn’t play it and Rupert never missed a game. Bradley could understand something getting you psyched up for a part but he was still having a hard time imagining Colin playing it. And Ben, who had seemed like a perfectly normal, rational person when they had had dinner, not being able to do a show without playing a game seemed a bit extreme.

“And then we’re going to record the song on Saturday in between the matinee and the evening show.”

“I’m sorry what?” Bradley was completely lost. How had they gone from talking about aisleball to recording songs? Had he zoned out for that long? Or maybe he had walked into an alternate universe where his boyfriend played something that could pass as a team sport and apparently recorded songs. Although the latter wasn’t quite as surprising considering Colin had proved he had a [perfectly good singing voice in The Tempest.

“We’re recording ‘Do They Know It’s Christmas’ for TheatreAid. Two of the actors from Les Miserables are organising it. Various different shows are recording it then they’re going to splice it all together and post it on YouTube on either the 23rd December or Christmas Eve.”

“So why are you recording it so early if it’s not being posted for another month?” Bradley’s mind was still stuck on the previous portion of the conversation, not really having listened past the past where Colin had said they were recording a song.

“Did you miss the part where I said they have to cut all the different clips together? We don’t normally go out in between the matinee and the evening show so it makes sense. We’ll get some takeaway from Nonna’s and eat in the theatre once we’ve recorded.”

“I swear you lot seem to be addicted to Nonna’s. Do you ever eat anywhere else?”

“Yes. Of course we do!”

Colin’s shifty eyes made it clear that he (and the rest of the cast) ate at Nonna’s, the Italian place across from the Harold Pinter theatre far more than he let on but Bradley wasn’t going to complain about that. Especially not when it seemed that he had missed Colin talking. Again.

“Sorry, what?”

“I said, I have to go. I’m sorry we didn’t really have a chance to talk. Sunday? We can have a long talk then?”

“Sounds good. Enjoy your game of aisleball.” Bradley’s tone got him another glare from Colin but he ignored it. “Good luck for the show and the recording. I’ll speak to you on Sunday. Love you.”

“Thanks. Love you too.”

Bradley couldn’t help the small smile that spread across his lips as he ended the call and moved to finally get dressed properly. There was no denying Colin was a combination of a bit dorky and weird but, well, he wouldn’t be Colin if he wasn’t. He made a mental note to try and catch Colin playing aisleball when he went eventually went to see the play and also to catch the video on YouTube.

He wasn’t going to believe this until he saw physical proof. That he could direct the rest of the old crowd to. Eoin and Katie were going to have a field day with this.

End Notes

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