

As Luck Would Have It

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by [corastacy](#)

Summary

Fate is really enjoying messing with Gary & Miranda. Set in S01E06 and S02E01

The most neutral way to describe Miranda's luck was unique. For better, like when her best-friend-slash-soulmate started working next door, or worse, such as every time she ended up unintentionally in her knickers in public, no one was at the folly of the universe quite like Miranda.

So it made complete sense that when she had one shot to keep Gary from moving to Hong Kong that she would leave nothing to chance. She wrote out her feelings and took the notes with her for back up.

Unfortunately, the entire kitchen staff became enamoured with her decoy dog Titan. In her frustration and embarrassment not only did she not tell Gary to stay, she completely missed her trouser pocket when trying to put the notes back.

Clive frowned as he watch Miranda hurry out of the restaurant every though he knew she would be back for the party later. His friends were too busy sticking their heads in the sand to notice that this college chum act had grown into something more. Now because they couldn't get their act together he was about to lose the best chef he'd had in years. He cleared the table and started back to the kitchen when he noticed a piece of paper next to the stool Gary had been sitting on. Probably another god awful muffin recipe, he thought. He picked it up and shoved it between the pages of Gary's kitchen notebook.

When the party preparation was in full swing, that notebook was the last piece of his Surrey life Gary shoved in his backpack to take to Asia.

Two and a half months later he pulled it out to see if there was any spark of inspiration that might help him make a mark on this significantly less receptive audience. He flipped through the pages and read every post it, napkin and receipt paper he had scribbled on. He found a piece of folded paper shoved between two back pages. As he opened it he noticed it wasn't a recipe , it was a letter.

Gary, I'm sorry I haven't said that I'll miss you.

The fact that it took that long for him to recognize Miranda's handwriting showed exactly how exhausting he was finding his new gig. He read quickly and carefully.

I love you, and that's why it's best that I don't say anything.

He held the paper to his face and groaned as he flopped down on his small, uncomfortable bed. He was such an idiot! He had been so busy moping about leaving he didn't notice someone was begging him to stay.

Not someone, Miranda. His Miranda. Miranda that would have told him she loved him if he had paid attention long enough.

Right, he thought, Time to fix this.

The next morning he walked into his friend the boss' office and they had the discussion they both knew was coming. Hong Kong was not a good fit for Gary. They shook on two weeks

notice and a plane ticket back to England.

He sold everything that wouldn't fit back in his backpack and wrote one last post card to tell his mum that he was on the move. He found a sublet down the street from the old neighbourhood and put down a deposit.

He didn't even bother to stop in for the keys. He knew exactly where he wanted to go first and who he wanted to see.

He retrieved his bag from the boot of the cab, tipped the driver with his last unspoken for 10 quid and opened the restaurant door.

Just in time to see Miranda kissing the new chef at the end of the bar.

Miranda may have had the strangest luck in the universe, but in that moment Gary felt he had the worst.

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