

# Rain and Blessing

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A drabble with a followup fixit when people came after me with pitchforks.



# Chapter 1

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**A Primeval Drabble followed by a Fixit**

### 1.1 Rain

Connor stood outside Ryan's flat in the rain and cursed. This was the third time it had happened this week. He'd be thinking of something interesting and his stupid feet would walk about automatically until he was stopped short by the For Sale sign, like a slap in the face. He turned round and set off back to the flat he shared with Abby.

He got home, half an hour later, soaking wet and miserable. She was waiting. "You went the wrong way again, didn't you?" she asked and he nodded mutely while she held him close in her arms.

### 1.2 Blessing

Abby took to walking him home, just until his feet learned the new route. With a bit of prodding, and a lot of grumbling about Connor's exes managing her life, she made enthusiastic friends with Captain Becker and then allowed nature to run its course.

Then one day, while she was doing the dishes, Becker turned up in the door of the kitchen.

"I'll always be second best, won't I?" he said.

"It's not like that," she began but he was already gone, his boots clattering down the stairs.

She listened to the front door slam and then turned back to the sink, unsurprised to find Ryan sitting on the draining board.

“You’ll have to talk to Connor,” he said.

Abby grunted and dumped a dish somewhere in the region of his thigh holster. He might be incorporeal but she wished he wouldn’t actually sit on top of what she was doing. It was like owning a large, insubstantial cat.

“You talk to him,” she said. “I’ve talked to him lots and he won’t listen to me.”

Ryan looked down at his own ghostly form, “I think I might confuse the issue.”

Abby dumped the scrubbing brush in the sink and pointed firmly at the door. “*You* talk to him. He’s your bloody ex-boyfriend.”

Meekly Ryan got down and walked for the door. “This is not a good idea,” he said.

“Out!”

He went through the door without opening it. Abby sighed and returned to the washing up. A strangled shriek from upstairs told her that Ryan was doing as he was told. She allowed herself a small smile, all Connor really needed was Ryan’s blessing to get on with his life.