

Guilty Vices

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Guilty Vices

by [AmbiguousMorals](#), [S0RT_0F_CRA2Y](#)

Summary

Two years since the last instalment of the series. Sherlock is now 16, Mycroft is 23. Both Brothers have not seen each other for about 2 years since the last incident.

Notes

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

The Calamities That Befall Us

Chapter by [AmbiguousMorals](#)

Sherlock's POV

Sherlock was sixteen years old and quite tired with life already. Perhaps it was the tedium of repetition, recycling interest faked each day, hoping that it would be enough to fool the therapists and teachers. Or perhaps it was due to the vacuous interactions he shared with his peers; each conversation wearing down on him like mud on clothes.

He hated school, it was boring, full of insipid people preoccupied with sex and hormones, and those that did pursue education were far from enjoyable company. That minority wanted to be doctors, do something world-changing with their feeble minds, and Sherlock couldn't stand the self-righteousness of them.

As such he often found himself in the presence of the delinquents, kids who stayed far from the masses, skived off classes, and smoked at lunch. They were not bright, not in the least. But they were street-smart, and if Sherlock ignored their lack of cognitive brain function otherwise, they made for useful company. He knew them by their weaknesses, and traded homework answers for cigarettes. Eventually he found that small pills could be bought off some students, lovely little pills that took him away for a bit. And so what if he fell asleep in class? So what if the school janitor found him knocked out in the boy's loo? It was good for those few hours.

Mummy was cross. Well, no, she was *disappointed*. Daddy was devastated. Sherlock couldn't bring himself to give a fuck. He heard his parents talk together in whispers when they thought he was asleep, he knew that they wanted to contact Mycroft; the older Holmes sibling always had a way to curb his little brother's eccentricities in the past. But they never did, even in spite of Mycroft's weekly calls. Mycroft would call in every weekend, always at the same hour and always with the same questions.

How is Mummy? How is Daddy? How is Sherlock? Did they receive the latest check deposits? Did they need anything? No? Wonderful, until next week then. Good bye.

It was sickening, Sherlock refused to talk with his brother. Mummy and Daddy assumed it was old resentment and though they always offered, they didn't push. Mummy did give him that *look* however, a look reminiscent of Mycroft's; a slight pull to her lip, and a line drawn between her brows in a mixture of disappointment and sadness. Resigned.

So Sherlock flipped her off and slammed the door. He didn't need nor want the guilt-trips. He hated guilt; loathed it so much, in fact, that he deleted it. It made it much easier to do things without a care as to how it would affect others. This eventually led his therapist to make that appointment with his psychologist which landed him with that wonderful diagnosis: ASPD with emphasis on narcissism and sociopathy.

Sherlock flaunted his diagnosis, it felt like an award. Finally his efforts to delete emotions were paying off; look how the average person attested to his complete disregard to the human condition!

Of course this did mean he had no friends, even dealers he was faithful to, turned on him at the slightest hint of betrayal (it didn't matter who hinted at the betrayal). This also meant he was often hated. Teachers loathed him, students gave him not-so-subtle looks and would complain when assigned to work with him. His parents no longer knew how to reach him and so they left him to his devices.

Sherlock had never before been so completely alone. The isolation hit him hard at night after one too many ecstasy pills. And it was no different tonight...

It was dark, the moon being in its new phase, and rather cold for the month of June. Then again, perhaps it was Sherlock who was just cold, he couldn't remember the last time he ate something more substantial than a chocolate bar. Even that had been well over a day ago. Currently he was naked (his preferred state of being) and laying on his bed, idly messing with a syringe he had procured from the drug store.

Originally, he got it because he wanted a blood sample and it was pretty obvious that he couldn't just steal blood off some strange source. So he decided to use his own, which required a syringe, and so he got one. But now he had his sample and yet he couldn't help but feel interested. He had drawn things out of his body, but what— what about injecting something *in* ?

He had a small packet of cocaine, it was something one of his dealers had traded him and he never got around to throwing it out. Sherlock wasn't so gone down that he would use hardcore drugs... or was he?

It was summer break, he had nothing to do, his parents weren't about to check on him for at least another thirty eight hours or so. Why not give it a try?

Sherlock didn't know how to use cocaine, but he had some idea from basic research (he had conducted a shallow run through the most common drugs and their respective uses when he was nine). As such he knew the fundamentals. He cleared a bit of his desk and turned on the bunsen burner to a low flame. He set up a small, clean crucible and poured some filtered water into the basin.

He took out the cocaine packet and poured out the powder on a sheet of paper, then, using one of the dull razor blades he had in his desk drawer, he chopped it roughly. Once it looked fine enough he folded the paper and poured the powder into the heated water.

He mixed it with a glass stir rod and waited for the powder to dissolve fully. After around a minute or so, he turned the flame off and poured the entire solution into a filter-covered beaker. He waited a bit for the solution to cool and then, after giving the needle a few brief rinses with water, he pulled the solution in.

Finding a vein was frustratingly hard, not so much as it was difficult to spot, but that it was difficult to hold and inject. He found that using a weak tourniquet in the form of an old belt helped bring the vein out. He stuck the needle in, wincing at the pain.

Contrary to what his therapist believed, he wasn't fond of pain in the slightest and had no intent to hurt himself in such methods. But there was a greater good for this pain and for that,

Sherlock was willing to go through the sharp pinch. He withdrew the needle testing for blood and once he adjusted a bit, was satisfied with the blood feedback.

He plunged the solution into his body and at once regretted not leaving it to cool a bit more. The effect was strange, feeling the hot solution travel up his arm and slowly dissipate as it passed his armpit. He followed the solution mentally, tracing the paths of the body and just as he expected it to hit his heart he felt a sudden and dramatic shift.

According to his own estimate it took less than thirty seven seconds for the rush to hit him, and when it did he wanted to scream and laugh and jump and do millions of things that he never thought himself to do.

He felt his skin itching for something, he wanted to punch and kick and bite and his mind was racing at a thousand kilometers per second. Everything was brilliant and bright and he felt like he had just jumped from a building. He *wanted* to jump from a building!

He shoved all the clutter off his desk and felt insanely giddy when everything crashed down. The crucible cracked, the beakers shattered, the syringe was nowhere to be seen and the noise was loud and wonderful. But Sherlock didn't care about that now, he opened the window (too much force; the windowsill might have fractured) and felt the night air on his bare skin. He wanted to scream with glee, but it came out in a laugh.

Distantly he could hear footsteps rushing to his room, but he didn't *care*. There was this need to do something and right this moment all he could imagine doing was jumping out his window and flying. Because for some reason he knew that if he just jumped high enough, and pushed off with the right velocity, he could beat the acceleration of gravity and *fly* !

"Sherlock? Sherlock what are you doing!" Daddy's voice barely touched his ears. He climbed out the window and stood for a moment on the third story of his house feeling the moon kiss his skin. Without giving a thought to fear or consequence, he jumped.

Sherlock felt the high come down around forty minutes later and it was deplorable. He was sitting in the ambulance with Mummy, his body buckled in tightly to the gurney and covered with a blanket. The EMS was talking in hushed tones with Mummy who responded in a very controlled and level voice.

It was hateful. But Sherlock couldn't feel too bad, after all there was still this sense of confidence (residual from the drug which had a stronger effect due to his relatively new use) that gave him a more lax view on things.

Daddy had caught him before he jumped. Well, more correctly, right *as* he jumped. He wasn't sure exactly how Daddy managed to keep both of them from falling but it didn't matter much.

Sherlock actually enjoyed being wheeled around at normal height, it was quite nice not to have to make an effort to *walk* to places. Though he did regret not having his phone. Daddy was at the AE waiting for them, he was wringing his hands in worry and his face was pinched

white. He was talking to one of the doctors and when he caught sight of Sherlock being pushed in he instantly dropped the conversation (frankly rude, when compared to Daddy's normal etiquette). He didn't even turn to talk with Sherlock instead talking with mummy in low tones.

Sherlock felt himself being wheeled past some doors and then into a small waiting room with an officer and nurse present. Mummy walked around and took his hand into hers. He gave her a look of disgust and she quickly dropped his hand.

The police officer started to speak to her but Sherlock was preoccupied with deducing the nurse. Her lips were chapped, hiding yellow-tinted teeth, her eyes slightly bloodshot. She was nervously fiddling with her pen, biting at the tip as she flipped through what was presumably Sherlock's medical records. Her maskara was a few days old, and the rest of her makeup looked poorly-applied. Her nails were chipped, yellow, and chewed on, and the deductions came to Sherlock rather quicker than usual.

"Recently broken up, boyfriend aged twenty something, two cats and lives with her mum now. Doesn't plan on keeping her job based on her recreational drug use made obvious by the constant nervous state in the presence of an officer. Though in my opinion marajuanah isn't all that bad... judging by her cuticles and frankly awful skin condition I would say that relationship stress isn't the only thing going on, I'd add rent and perhaps mummy isn't feeling too well... terminal cancer is it?"

Sherlock grinned at the nurse's shocked expression, the officer glanced at her with something of mild suspicion but ultimately he turned back to Sherlock. Mummy was blushing darkly and looked equal parts mortified and furious. "*Sherlock !*" She hissed.

Sherlock laughed and leaned back on the gurney, "What? Am I not allowed to say the truth?" The nurse sputtered a bit and then turned to the officer with an excuse ready on her lips. The officer held up a hand and turned to Sherlock with a stern look.

"You might have a good laugh now, but keep going down this path young man and you won't be laughing anymore. Mrs. Holmes, I will be conducting a brief questioning with your son, would you like to stay?"

Mummy nodded mutely. The police began with the basic questions, most of which Mummy had to answer. Full name, age, history of criminal activity, description of what had happened, explanation of the circumstances and concerns. When he was satisfied he turned his attention to Sherlock who was beginning to fidget. "We will need to conduct a full strip-search on you, would you prefer a male or female officer?"

"I'm already nude, officer, but if you insist; female." Sherlock smirked, aware that it wasn't what the officer thought he would request. Indeed, the officer gave him a knowing glare but turned to the female nurse who stayed despite Sherlock's previous verbal beating.

"Mrs.Holmes, let's wait outside then, Ms. Glen, if he gives you any issues, I'll be right outside." The nurse, Ms. Glen, nodded briskly with a strained smile. The officer and Mummy stepped outside.

“Alright, I’m going to unstrap you now, please don’t fidget.” Ms. Glen began to undo the straps on Sherlock’s legs, clearly wary of having Sherlock’s arms free.

“Does the break-up have anything to do with your reluctance to engage in vaginal sex?” Sherlock asked with a smirk. The nurse fumbled but continued without saying anything. “Oh I see, it was anal then. Medical professional, squicked by the idea of getting shit on her significant other. Dull, predictable, and unbearably prude.”

“I’m going to lower you down and undo your hand restraints, I expect you to come into a sitting position. Try to wait until the bed comes to a full stop.” The nurse was rather good at ignoring him. This only irritated Sherlock further.

“Let me guess, the reluctance comes from being raised in a very Mormon family? Oh don’t tell me, daddy issues too?” The bed came to a sudden sharp stop before continuing down. Ms. Glen looked about ready to scream or cry.

She bent and roughly undid Sherlock’s hand restraints, before turning to the cabinets and retrieving a dressing gown. She tossed it onto the gurney and then stood off to the side with a deeply embarrassed, yet still firm, look. “Please get dressed in the gown.”

“Did daddy fuck you when you were a kid?” Sherlock continued, feeling a sadistic glee when her face went pale as chalk. “Ohhh, lucky guess, tends to be awfully common in those overly-religious households.” He sat up and tossed off his blanket carelessly, nudity didn’t bother him, and yet it bothered others greatly. It was an excellent weapon. He picked up the gown with a look of disgust and tied it around his waist.

“W-wear the damn thing right!” She sputtered, tears slowly filling her eyes. Most likely a reaction to some memory triggered by Sherlock’s words. He couldn’t give a fuck.

“I’ll wear it how I want, *bitch*. Or perhaps *whore* is more fitting, given it’s what your daddy preferred.” The nurse burst into tears and shoved past him and through the pushing doors.

The officer stepped in right away with Mummy and Daddy looking scared behind him. “What did you do to that nurse?” The officer demanded.

Sherlock snorted, “Nothing but tell her the truth.” He noticed his parents trading horrified looks and watched as Mummy ran after the nurse.

Daddy walked over to the officer, “Sir. He’s under the influence, he doesn’t normally act like this, it’s just adolescent rebellion...” The officer rubbed his head tiredly.

“I’m well aware, it’s not a crime to insult people. Despite how rude and deplorable it is. I will take the nurse’s statement to ensure he did not physically assault her, but for the moment all we can do is turn him in to the youth psych ward and fill in his paperwork for the rest of the night stay. We’re just waiting for the other doctors to come in and see him.”

Another doctor and nurse as well as a separate officer came in and led (with the officer walking tightly behind Sherlock) Sherlock to the psych ward in the hospital. Sherlock was feeling a bit nauseous now, the high of the cocaine was certainly gone but now there was just

an empty feeling of depression and anger. He blamed the nausea for the lack of fight he put up.

He was led to a desk where he was given a bucket with a bunch of personal items like a toothbrush, underwear that looked like a diaper, toothpaste, a hair brush and some snacks. The officers left, the doctor left, the nurse led him to a room with five cots set up against the wall and then left as well.

There were three other people in the beds, two of which were sleeping and the third who was pretending to sleep. Sherlock tossed the bucket down loudly and almost snorted with laughter when one of the sleeping boys jumped up like a spring, screaming.

It took two more nurses to calm the screaming boy down, and eventually Sherlock was moved to a different room. This one being a severe downgrade as it was evident one of the boys farted often in his sleep. Sherlock wanted to make a fuss, but one of the nurses had injected him with some sort of anti-anxiety substance and he slowly felt himself lose consciousness.

Mycroft's POV

The gun had jammed that fateful night; Mycroft had loaded the magazine incorrectly for the first time in his life, and a small gap was enough to prevent the bullet from loading. The mistake had saved his life, but only just. In truth it was the phone call from his superior giving him the “*ok*” to attend the mission he had been putting forth requests for over the past few months. Mycroft had driven off and in under three hours was being deployed on his first undercover mission in Russia.

Currently, Mycroft was being given mission after mission. He had hardly gotten back from a trip to North Korea and now was given notice that he would be leaving for Germany by the end of the week. At the moment, Mycroft was bunking in a small, well-furnished hotel room. His flat was being inhabited by a decoy and it was imperative that he come nowhere close to it.

Mycroft finished typing the encryption code to his last report on the nuclear weapons inventory from North Korea with a stern message to his co-worker to forward his request for an assistant. There was simply not enough time in Mycroft's day to go through every single email, call, solicitation, threat, and other messages as well as manage his schedule and manage his workload. An assistant would take care of the tedious work, and would ensure that he left no traces. Using a new VPN for every damn hotel room he stayed in was getting awfully tiring.

He had his eyes set on this young man, inconspicuous enough by British norms, previously having worked in the military and achieved the rank of Colonel. The man was a beast and had body-guard as one of his many qualifications. He wasn't brilliant, but he was in no way dull. He specialized in covert operations which made him a perfect fit for Mycroft's work. His name: Colonel Sebastian Moran.

Fortune did not favor the brilliant however. His request failed to reach his superior on time and he was left with the last option on the assistant list. A reedy, nervous-looking teenage girl, with messy black hair, glasses, and a face full of pimples. Mycroft wasn't a man to judge on looks, but then again, when he made deductions, they were based fully on appearances.

When this girl, “Anthea” knocked on his hotel door at half-past midnight, Mycroft was fully prepared to make his excuses. What he hadn't been ready for was the flow of positive deductions that came hurtling his way.

The girl was an orphan, smart, privately schooled for certain. She was wearing make-up in an attempt to make herself look older and it was obvious that it was her first time applying it. Held in front of her was a small black handbag which she was fiddling with nervously, it held a phone, notebook, pens, and a taser. She also dragged behind her a single suitcase with all her other belongings. Perhaps the most pleasing deduction came at her greeting.

“Good morning Mr. Holmes. Anthea, might I come in?” She spoke with a level tone, calm despite the gleam of perspiration on her face, and the shaking in her hands. Mycroft found

himself surprisingly chuffed, after all, a person in full control of their voice was often a person, with little training, who could become a very useful asset.

“Please.” He stepped aside and gestured for her to come in. They spent the next four hours trading information, mostly with Mycroft explaining what her tasks and expectations would be. She was an excellent listener, and an exceptionally fast typer. She used her phone like an extension of herself. She hardly ever asked him to repeat something and was seamlessly able to use multiple programs with little to no questions.

She was proving to be already irreplaceable. Despite this, Mycroft could not have an assistant walking with him looking like a child. “Do you have a make-up kit with you, Anthea?”

The girl blushed and sputtered for a moment, “Well... I ... yes of course.” She fumbled with her suitcase for a moment and then unzipped it revealing her handgun, ammo, clothes, and a small black bag with ‘PARIS’ printed on the front. She removed it and revealed a basic make-up kit. Clearly never touched, yet customised for her skin. Something provided then, from headquarters.

“Come to the bathroom. Bring the taser if you wish.” Mycroft said off-handedly. He was glad to see that she brought it, it would always pay to be extra vigilant, especially in his field of work. He took a few of the make-up removal wipes and handed them to her, “Clean off your face.”

“Sir?”

“They failed to train you in basic application, as such, I will take it upon myself to teach you.” Mycroft explained, busy taking out all the concealers, blushes, eyeshadows, maskaras and numerous other applicants. Anthea removed her grossly over-applied make up and after patting her face dry with a clean towel, Mycroft began to apply her make-up *properly* .

It wasn’t hard, once he concealed all the blemishes, shadows, and highlighted the color of her grey eyes, and brightened up her lips, Anthea looked similar to a covergirl. Well, aside from her dreadful jeans and blouse, and mussed up hair. There wasn’t much Mycroft could do to fix the former though, he didn’t have suits to fit her at the moment. “Stand up, let me fix your hair, we have forty minutes before departure.”

“Yes, sir.”

The word slipped out of her mouth so easily and it made Mycroft feel strangely at ease. It was surprisingly pleasant having someone else with him. Perhaps he could befriend his assistant, it would make those long plane trips much more entertaining if he had someone with whom he could talk to.

Anthea stood up and undid the low pony-tail holding her hair. Mycroft decided to use some of his own styling conditioner along with her brush and some water to encourage her natural waves out. It wasn’t all that hard, Anthea had gorgeous hair, just no clue how to handle it. Luckily for Mycroft, it was nearly identical to Sherlock’s hair, and so he was personally acquainted with treating such hair.

“There...” He said and snapped the conditioner bottle shut, “now you look presentable.” He turned Anthea around so that she might look at herself in the tall mirror. The poor girl seemed to be speechless. She touched her hair and her fingers hovered over her face with silent awe.

“Wh— how— I don’t even recognise myself!”

“That would be the ideal, yes.” Mycroft snorted, tidying up the make-up brushes and palettes, and then handed her the sealed make-up bag. “See to it that my suits are packed, I will take a rinse and be right out.”

“Of course sir, thank you!” Anthea said, and there was a certain bounce in her voice that hadn’t been there before. A pleased smile crept up on Mycroft’s face before he could stop it.

“Yes, well, you’re welcome.” Mycroft said, feeling a bit of an awkward blush on his face. Anthea flushed happily and trotted out of the bathroom, leaving him to his own thoughts.

Mycroft closed the door softly and locked it. He turned on the fan, which was blessedly loud and obnoxious. She wouldn’t be able to hear his groan of frustration then.

Mycroft slid off his clothes quickly and turned on the water in the shower; on the one hand, it was good to have an assistant who “liked” him. It would be useful to have someone who actually wished to work well with his orders and who wouldn’t hesitate to do what he asked. On the other hand... Mycroft didn’t have experience with women. He chose men when his sexual appetites got too much, it was far easier to pretend, just for those few moments that those strange boys and men he bedded were Sherlock.

When he was feeling particularly desperate, he refused to let them speak, dictating that they only ever moan and groan but never utter a single word. It furthered the illusion then, almost allowing him to pretend it really was Sherlock he was fucking.

He managed to get into the shower before the images began to play in his mind, but couldn’t wait for the water to heat up before he wrapped his hand around his already red cock. He didn’t even need to try at this point, the memory would always play flawlessly.

Sherlock lay below Mycroft, gloriously naked, and wonton. He reached around and pressed his fingers through the curls on Mycroft’s head, eliciting a sharp, uncontrollable, gasp of pleasure from Mycroft’s lips.

“Myc... Let me. I’ll do it. You won’t have to touch me... just... let me.” Sherlock begged, his hips never ceasing their back and forth motions. Mycroft felt a desperate whine escape his mouth, and helplessly rolled over. Sherlock instantly flipped so that he sat on top of his brother’s cock and instantly resumed his back and forth motions.

Mycroft couldn’t breath through the delicious pressure and friction. Sherlock’s cock was bouncing up and down and between that and Sherlock’s wide open, smoking eyes, he knew he wouldn’t last long.

“Sherlock. Oh god... oh... ohhh god...” His words were broken and proceeded to turn less and less intelligible.

Mycroft's hips twitched up, nudging his cockhead up against Sherlock's crack. Both brothers took in identical breaths and their eyes met. Sherlock pressed backwards and with one hand guided Mycroft's cock between his arse cheeks. Mycroft could feel where Sherlock's hole was, tight and puckered and a delightful bundle of friction to his frenulum.

"I want to feel... just a little... please." Sherlock begged again, he licked his hand and used the spit to slick the way between his arse cheeks, the slide becoming smoother and faster.

Mycroft thrust his hips upwards, desperately, needing to feel more and yet it was all just too much. "Oh god. Sherlock... hnnnng... please."

Sherlock's eyes darkened at the plea, and he instantly pressed down and began to earnestly hump Mycroft's dick. He was rocking back and forth like the sluttiest porn star, like a boy driven by primal need alone. His mouth was gradually dropping lower and lower and his eyes couldn't get any darker. There was not a hint of the blue, seaglass left. "Cum for me, cum in me, Myc." Sherlock whispered, hoarsely.

Mycroft came explosively. Just as he did every single time his mind replayed those words. It took less than five minutes from the start of his fantasy to the end, and each time the come-down was worse than the last.

It began with the slowing of his heart, the washing of his body, the slow titration of lust from his core. And then came the guilt. It washed over him like the shower water and sank deep into his skin like viral pathogens, embedding deep into his cells. His... brother... the one he had abused since age ten, the one he could not help but be obsessed with.

God how much he was breaking. He hated himself with an intensity so strong that if he allowed it to flow, it would destroy him. It would destroy everything. And yet, he was so fucking *weak*. Oh he hated the cycle, the arousal, the fantasies, and then this. This deplorable, hateful, honest visual. Mycroft felt disgusted with himself. Repulsed to such an extent that he wanted to throw up. And it got worse every single day. Because every day he would do the same thing. Like the most moronic excuse of a human.

Mycroft had developed a relatively quick way to deal with the waves of guilt. He kept a tally. For every lascivious thought he had of his brother another line was drawn, once he reached a time and place safe enough to deal out his punishment... he would sign his name on that slip of paper, agree to the risks, don his facemask, and submit himself to as many minutes as he had thoughts. On some occasions this could be under an hour of torture.

On other occasions... it could stretch for well over three miserable hours. And this was not a pleasure-seeking opportunity. No this was brute torture, there was only ever one limit to those men; Do not kill him. This was the singular condition which Mycroft agreed to. In the beginning he had insisted on bypassing it, but legal matters stated that he may not endanger his life needlessly in the line of duty. As such, he could not knowingly allow these men to kill him. Compromises were made.

He got out of the shower relatively quickly after that, and donned his suit like a coat of armor, with each article of clothing he pushed down his guilt, his feelings, his needs. All to be dealt with at another time, and another place.

Perhaps it was a good thing that he now had an assistant, it might even allow him to take his mind away from his brother if he attempted to convince himself to pursue her. Women were not his area. He never found them titillating or exciting in the least, but Anthea was more than just some woman. She would be his personal assistant for the rest of his foreseeable career. There had to be more to their relationship than simple hierarchy.

He shaved quickly and sprayed some cologne on his neck. Perhaps it was time he attempted to seduce a woman, it would show great maturity and growth from his adolescent obsession with Sherlock. And perhaps... one day... he might even believe his own lies. Mycroft opened the door and saw Anthea sitting on the bed with her phone in hand, (busy dealing with his emails most likely).

She glanced up as soon as he shut the door behind him, "Ready sir?"

"Yes. Did you call a cab?"

"No sir. I'll get to it right away." Anthea said, blushing at the fumble. Granted, Mycroft didn't expect her to take initiative just yet. That would take time and with practice, he may not even have to ask in the future, she will have already read his mind.

"No problem. I will prepare us coffee." He didn't ask her how she would like it because it was obvious. A girl like her, orphan, poor meals, hardly any access to sweets as a child? Obviously she would like creamer and sugar, but since she would have measured with her eyes and not her taste buds, she wouldn't have known how to make the perfect ratio. Mycroft however, was quite excellent at balancing sweet with savory.

She took the coffee with surprise, and after tasting it her eyes lit up like firecrackers. "This is incredible! What company is it?"

"Just one of Costa's instant coffees, nothing special." Mycroft smiled indulgently, he found he really did enjoy making Anthea smile. She had a rare authenticity to her happiness that he rarely found anymore in his area of work. It was refreshing.

"Well, you must be a wizard then, because I really don't think I have ever had a coffee so damn good!" Mycroft barely suppressed his own smile.

"Right well. Good." He mumbled, awkwardly pleased. He moved to grab his phone from off the desk where it had been charging and quickly scanned his emails and phonebook, pleased to see that Anthea had cleared all of his junk mail and had not only kept the important ones, but had organized them in order of importance, using a rather endearing rainbow color scheme that he was not going to criticize.

In a separate email that was his alone to access, he found more messages than he expected. He maintained his family business separately from his work. Calls from his parents and from Sherlock (though the boy had yet to ever place a call in the two years since his last visit) had a unique code that made them highlighted on his callbook. Judging from the number of missed calls however, something must have happened.

A cold weight sunk in Mycroft's stomach. He glanced at Anthea, "Excuse me. I must take this." She gave him a nod, a brief look of concern on her face before returning her focus onto her mobile.

Mycroft swallowed and speed-dialed his mother. Daddy would be far too emotional to reason with, what he needed was his mother's simple but effective logic. She picked up after two rings.

"Oh Mycie, thank goodness!" Her voice was cracking and she sobbed thickly. Mycroft felt his heart stop. He had never heard his mother sound so wrecked, so absolutely destroyed. Panic began to eat at his guts as he struggled to maintain a calm tone.

"What happened, Mummy? What is going on?"

"Oh, gosh. It's Sherlock, love. It's your brother... he —" She broke off and he could distantly hear the sound of the phone being passed around. When Daddy's voice came up, he was stunned to hear how calm and steady his father was.

"My, Sherlock tried to jump out his window tonight." He took in a shaky breath and Mycroft felt his vision go red.

"Tr-ried? He's alright?" Mycroft said, and noticed his voice was far too faint. Daddy picked up on it and rushed to calm him.

"Don't panic, My. He's alright, he's ok. We're all just a bit shaken up. He was high. On cocaine. It's what the police suspect at least." Mycroft stuttered, unable to form a single word from his multitudinous thoughts. Each clambered over the next, and before he knew it he had let out something of an outraged sob.

Vaguely he heard Daddy's voice trying to calm him down, but he was just so overwhelmed. By choking guilt and boiling anger, relief so profound and yet paralyzing fear not a step behind. He was to blame for this. As sure as he was to blame for the damage he had dealt to his brother in his early years.

In the end, Anthea's gentle hand on his shoulder startled him back to focus. He flushed, embarrassed at his utter lack of self-control. He coughed a bit and spoke back into the phone, ending his father's frightened questions. "I'm alright, Daddy. Just. It's a bit of a shock." His voice had regained its normal cadence again and he felt far more in-control. He took a steadying breath and then asked his father for the name of the hospital Sherlock was in as well as if both he and Mummy were doing ok now. Once he was reassured of his family's security and position, he closed the call with a few promises of seeing them as soon as possible.

"Sir?" Anthea stood a bit away, her face a puzzle of concern, fear, and uncertainty. Mycroft straightened himself out and pushed back his hair, both were still in impeccable condition, but he desperately needed the motions.

"My apologies, I did not foresee such a call taking place. You will have to forgive me for subjecting you to such a delicate scene." He drummed his fingers nervously on his leg and

replaced his phone into his pocket. “We must leave now. Our ride will have been waiting.” Without further ado he took his own suitcase and pulled it behind him as he made his way out of the hotel-room. Anthea followed, quick as ever to catch up.

Their flight for Germany was scheduled for the end of the week, as such, Mycroft had hopes to make a quick trip to visit his mother and father, and perhaps pay a visit to his brother at his hospital. He managed to book a private flight there and back with a word to his superiors. They were most accommodating, but he had suspicions that it was mostly due to their desire to keep him on the next few missions. His success in the previous trip to North Korea had most certainly secured his position in MI6.

While waiting for his flight, he did some research on the hospital Daddy said Sherlock was staying at. It was a decent hospital, but nothing outstanding. They had a rehabilitation program as well, but it catered mostly to recovering alcoholics. The research was tedious and invasive in some areas (most people were not cleared to view employee records and patient complaints after all, but Mycroft was not “most people”), but Mycroft was adamant that Anthea was not to be meddling in his personal affairs. At least just yet.

He was keeping himself from thinking about what had occurred. What Sherlock had done. Now, according to the information provided, Mycroft could comfortably say that both Holmes siblings were suffering tremendously. Two suicide attempts in the family, both from the siblings with such a dysfunctional relationship. The obvious tie was their estrangement, but Mycroft was more inclined to believe that it was far more complex than simple pinning.

Mycroft had made his attempt out of guilt. Guilt and shame and emotions too thick to see through. Sherlock... as it would appear... Made his attempt from desperation. The drugs were certainly a stepping stone. And given the police report which his parents had filed out and he had not-so-legally obtained, the cocaine had been a first. Traces of ecstasy pills were found in Sherlock’s blood sample, which led Mycroft to believe even more firmly that Sherlock had not attempted suicide out of a deep sadness or guilt, but rather from frustration.

His needy little brother would forever jump the plank rather than wonder endlessly about what the ocean hid. He would always dive head-first and then later allow others to suffer the fixing and consequences. And this was no different.

The time for his flight came and he rushed to the private helicopter that landed a bit away from the major aircrafts. The trip was loud, rough, and overall uncomfortable but Mycroft had been in far worse situations since he had joined MI6. The plane dropped him off at his parent’s house and after a quick reunion with Mummy and Daddy and a promise to come right back after his visit, he took their car to drive to the Hospital where Sherlock was being held. He had Anthea call ahead and book him a visit.

The hospital was much smaller in person than online, the reception room felt small and rather cramped, not to mention that the old paint, smoke stains on the walls, and roughened floorboards gave a rather unkempt look to the place. The nurse he had spoken to was checking his identification for the past forty five seconds and Mycroft was beginning to re-

evaluate his initial deduction about her level of education. Finally she seemed satisfied and handed him his card back.

“I’ll take you to him. Just this way Mr. Holmes.” She pushed past some horridly painted, blue door and waited for him. Mycroft took off his suit jacket and hung it over his arm with a sigh.

It was now... or never. He was going to have to see Sherlock at some point, he could only hope that things might have changed in the boy’s affections for him...

Recalibrate

Chapter by [AmbiguousMorals](#)

Chapter Summary

Mycroft comes to visit Sherlock in the hospital and their visit goes rather badly. Later, mummy and daddy ask the question as to why Sherlock began to use, and Mycroft decides to tell them the full truth. At least the truth he believes.

All the usual warnings...

Sibling incest, violence, angst, underage sex (mentioned), rape, conditioning, grooming, pedophilia (mentioned).

Sherlock was playing cards, it being one of the only things allowed in this god-forsaken hospital. He was doing so alone of course, as the mere idea of sharing his space with *anyone* was rather repulsive. He was practicing a memory game, an old one that his brother had taught him (not that he would bother keeping that fact at the forefront of his mind). It was simple in theory but difficult in practice. Memorizing the specific order of cards was easy when starting with five or six, but it became quite challenging once there were fifteen or twenty cards laid face-down on the table.

A nurse was walking towards him and he internally took a deep breath. These irritating “care-takers” should honestly learn to take “bugger-off” as a direct order rather than a suggestion. Then Sherlock caught a glimpse of a man in a fitted suit trailing behind her.

Tall, handsome, dangerous, a mop of dark, red-brown hair, and ice-sharp eyes. Sherlock felt his stomach drop quicker than a stone. His hands started shaking like a man out of a trainwreck. He stuffed them under his legs hurriedly, his mind scrambling in a blind panic. *Why now? Anytime but now! Stupid! How did he not realize that Mycroft would hear of this!*

The nurse reached him and looked at her clipboard for a moment, (mostly to avoid inciting any conversation with Sherlock who was notorious for insulting the staff) before glancing up at him to say, “Mr. Holmes here to see you, Sherlock, you may use the guest room or stay in the lobby.” She turned to Mycroft who was studying the wallpaper with an absent interest, “If that’s all you’ll need, Mr. Holmes. Meeting hours end at four thirty. If you wish for any assistance, we are at the front desk.”

Mycroft turned to her with one of his most unremarkable, fake smiles, “Understood, thank you ever so much for all the trouble.” The nurse looked quite surprised at Mycroft’s politeness; she clearly had been expecting a more “rude” response, given the next of kin. She blushed and pushed her hair aside, giving Mycroft a pretty smile.

“It’s my pleasure!” She almost fucking curtsied and then scrambled away blushing darkly. Mycroft raised a single eyebrow at her retreat and then pulled out a chair in front of Sherlock, still avoiding making any eye contact.

For his part, Sherlock was as jumpy as a rabbit. His focus remained sternly on the cards on the table, stubbornly ignoring that his heart was beating a mile a minute and that his hands had begun to sweat, his leg too, was keeping a steady tempo at prestissimo and hitting well over 250bpm. He wanted to say something, wanted to snap at his brother and scream and... But he couldn’t. *Why did Mycroft have to show up? Three-piece suit, smartly styled hair, charismatic as ever... the disgusting bastard probably knew exactly what kind of effect he would have, coming into this miserable excuse of a hospital.*

After forty seconds of painful, prolonged silence from both of them, Mycroft sighed. “How long will you continue this infantile rebellion, Sherlock?”

Instantly, that nervous energy transformed, as energy was prone to doing, becoming fuel for an irritated attack. “Oh I don’t know, just how long do you plan to avoid me? ‘Till I graduate? ‘Till I manage to get out of the house? What will it take to get your attention, Mycroft, hmm? What do I have to do for you to send me a bloody letter? Jump off a building? Get myself killed? Is this what you wanted when you left? *You fucking selfish bastard!*”

Sherlock aimed a kick at the nearby, unoccupied chair, sending it backwards a few meters before ultimately falling over. Mycroft raised one unimpressed eyebrow. “Really now, there is no need for your dramatics. I would have come when my work permitted me to do so, and not a moment later.”

“Don’t fucking lie to me Mycroft!” Sherlock seethed, leaning forward in his chair. “I know as well as you do that you don’t need to wait for permission to send a bloody letter!”

“Your attachment to my person is unhealthy and I sought to remedy that, Sherlock. Surely even you could understand where I stand.” Mycroft responded, calm as ever, but underneath that mask of calm was a turbulent storm in his ice-eyes. Fear, anger, doubt... the emotion was unclear, but it remained there. A hint of some sort of fracture to his mask of mirrors and smoke.

“Well, you’ll be glad to know that you’ve succeeded. I don’t want to see you anymore, Mycroft. Get out!” Sherlock stood up, his hands white on the table and his heart hammering in anger. Mycroft rolled his eyes.

“We will not be avoiding the subject as to your being here, Sherlock. Just when did you think that cocaine would be a logical step to take?”

“Around the same time I realized what a fucking, cock-sucking, bastard you are!”

For a brief moment, there was real shock in Mycroft’s expression, not hidden by any mask or veneer of calm. He sputtered a bit and then regained control, albeit in a rather seething tone. “Watch yourself, Sherlock. I will not tolerate such vile language from your mouth.” He hissed.

“ *I don’t care!* ” Sherlock yelled, he pushed the table at his brother, blind in his rage he couldn’t even care when Mycroft was hit in the stomach, or that his brother was bent over double from the sudden attack. Instead he only pressed his advantage and he flew at his brother, pushing him up against the wall of the recreation room.

Mycroft gasped as the force of Sherlock crashed into him and pressed him against the wall, the thin plastering crushed under their combined weight, revealing the woodwork beneath. “Sherlock! Stop!” His words were cut off instantly with a fist to his stomach, unrestrained and horribly painful.

“You fucking arse! I hate you! I hate you! *I hate you!* ” Sherlock was yelling so loudly that Mycroft feared people outside the damn hospital could hear his brother. He hardly had the chance to worry about it with each raining blow that Sherlock sent at him. He deflected once and twice and again, desperately avoiding using his training.

Sherlock’s screaming melded into sobbing, large shuddering gasps of pain and anger that hit Mycroft even harder than the punches to his middle and sides. It *hurt* knowing he was the cause for his brother’s pain, knowing he was the cause for all this. And at the same time that it hurt, it was cathartic. Finally, Mycroft was receiving punishment for his sins. Finally, he was getting the result of his youthful delinquencies! Here he stood and was being subjected to his brother’s anger, as he rightly should.

The only issue was... Mycroft was enjoying his punishment too much. The catharsis of being given the opportunity to right his wrong (however he thought this would right the years of abuse he had done to his brother he had no idea) was giving him the strongest sense of relief. And with relief came satisfaction, and with satisfaction came arousal and with that... With dawning horror, Mycroft realized he was growing hard.

Nearly as soon as Mycroft noticed. Sherlock stopped raining down beatings, he shoved Mycroft once more against the wall, pressing his body back and on full display to his scrutiny, seeing the growing bulge in his brother’s pressed trousers. When his gaze lifted, there was incredulity, shock, anger, and so much repressed emotion that Mycroft felt himself crumble.

“You fucking liar...” Sherlock whispered, venom in his voice. At this point the commotion was heard by the staff and two bulky security officers had barged in and pressed Sherlock’s arms behind him in a restraining hold. They were apologizing to Mycroft and slowly dragging Sherlock back. But Mycroft was deaf to their words, watching with no small measure of guilt as Sherlock continued to struggle against the men. “I can’t fucking believe you! You bastard! You motherfucking pig! I hate you! I fucking *hate* you!” Tears were streaming down his face now in rivers.

Mycroft was no longer hard, needless to say. He felt wretched. He wanted to vomit. For the second time in his life he wanted to end his miserable self and—

“Mr. Holmes, we are so terribly sorry! He has been known to be a rather vocally violent patient, but has never displayed physical tendencies before, we had no idea that this would be a risk. He is being placed in solitary for the next hour until the doctor is able to get

permission for administering his stabilization medication. We will direct you to the head office if you wish to file a complaint...”

Mycroft quickly snapped out of his mope and mentally slapped himself for getting sucked into that ridiculous pit of despair again. He turned to the lady, cleared his throat and dusted off his suit, “No, hold the boy to no fault, I should have better prepared for how my presence would trigger him.”

Mycroft left before anyone else could corner him asking about charges or reparations of some sort. He left a check to pay for the cost of the damage, and made his quick retreat from the facility.

Sherlock was guided into the padded, softly lit room known by the staff as the isolation ward, and by the patients as the soft heaven. Sherlock was offered water, which he refused by tossing it at the nurse. And then left he was blissfully alone.

There was nothing in the room. And he was only permitted to enter with one of those hospital gowns. Luckily the room was warm. Sherlock promptly discarded the dress and sat opposite the door with his back to the soft walls.

In the muted silence of the room, with only his own sobbs to remind him that he wasn’t deaf, Sherlock let himself reach the peak of panic. He screamed and cried and banged his head repeatedly on the soft walls.

After minutes that passed like hours, he felt his emotions calm; against his will, of course. But there was only so much energy he could spend on screaming and crying. He felt exhausted. He wanted to sleep so badly. But it felt wrong. It felt like admitting defeat, like accepting that Mycroft was right.

Mycroft had been hard during their physical fight and though there could stand many different reasons as to why that had happened (adrenaline, conditioning, excitement from previous instances) there was one sign that solidified Sherlock’s initial deduction.

Mycroft’s face when Sherlock looked up at him, it spelled everything out. The lust that Mycroft claimed to never have for him. The attraction that he said was only for children. It was directed at him. Albeit under layers of masks, and years of discipline.

So his brother was playing the righteous one, was he? He preferred to keep in line with the rules of society and follow rudimentary guidelines rather than to follow the path that he and Sherlock should follow.

For a moment, Sherlock permitted himself a fleeting glimpse into what their life would have looked like had they pursued a deeper bond.

He could see himself and Mycroft, isolated far away in a house of grand size, with all the tools and resources they could want at their beck and call. He could see them pushing each other further and further on their shared pursuit of knowledge, pushing past what mankind has learned and pushing deeper into the realms of understanding. He could see his brother

supporting him as he always had, teaching him with a steady hand and a steadier voice, guiding him through every step.

His brother was the true genius, and he was brilliant enough to have made Sherlock into a genius himself. Mycroft could do anything, could become anything.

He was a god to Sherlock when they were children... and in this fantasy world, he remained a deity. With all his powers, Sherlock could watch him create and build a world so grand and complex that only he, Sherlock, would be permitted inside. Because as wonderfully brilliant as his brother was, he would have been terribly lonely without someone to share that brilliance with.

Sherlock could see them blending together, two beings becoming one for hours at a time, melding body and brain alike, and he could almost feel just how incredible their union would be. Like a supernova... an explosion of nuclear proportions. The mere existence of the two men within each other would be too much...

Sherlock blinked himself out of his daydream and noticed that he had been gone for far longer than he had thought. There was a plate of food set by the doorway and new clothes in place of the ones he had torn off. The food was cold and given that it was past lunch when Mycroft had come over, this meant it was past dinner time and he had spent approximately four hours in the silent room.

He felt calmer. Sadder, but calmer. He suddenly wanted desperately to feel that rush of cocaine again, just to remember what it might feel like to have that brilliance soar through his blood and body. Instead... he got dressed, picked up the tray of food and pushed out the room, it was unlocked (by protocol the door would be unlocked after an hour of silence from the patient). He threw the food out by the nearest bin and then replaced it on the food counter near the lunchroom.

By the time he returned to his room and cot, he was calm, and quite content to follow protocol for the next few hours. Afterall, it was about time he planned on leaving this bloody hellhole and get back out to where he could find real methods to cope with his brother's damage.

Mycroft had returned home after that disasterly attempt to talk with Sherlock. Granted, there wasn't much talking involved. He hadn't expected his brother to be quite so... angry? He pulled into his parent's car lot and turned off the engine. He had one more day he could spend trying to fix this before he had to leave for Germany.

He got out of the car and headed inside the house, mentally preparing for the barrage of questions surely coming his way. As expected, both his parents were seated on the sofa in the sitting room, awaiting his return. His father hopped up and walked to him with worry and disappointment etched on his face. "I take it didn't go all that well, Myc?"

Mycroft closed and locked the front door, met his father's gaze and shook his head in affirmation. Daddy looked down and pat Mycroft on the shoulder, "Well... worth a shot. I'll put on the kettle."

Mycroft took off his suit jacket, damaged from the collision with the powdery plastering on the wall, and sat himself in one of the armchairs in front of his mother.

“Well, what happened?” She asked, her bright green eyes somehow dimmed, even in the warm glow of the afternoon sun. Mycroft took a breath and mentally tried to reason what would be an appropriate summary to tell his mother.

“He was quite displeased to see me...” He began, “There was a bit of a physical altercation and the attending nurses had to cut our visit short.”

Mummy’s face crumpled with pain, and he could easily read in her eyes just how much that small tidbit had hurt her. “It’s alright, mummy, he was just quite upset. I’m certain he has been short on sleep and perhaps seeing him in the hospital after two years was not such a bright idea.”

Daddy walked in with a tray containing three cups of hot tea, he placed it on the coffee table and sat down near mummy. “Mycroft, is he... has he been using for long?”

Both parents were well aware of their sons’ shared abilities to deduce and see far more than the eyes of any individual saw, as such the question was not unprecedented. Comfortable in his place of facts and observations, Mycroft picked up his cup of tea and blew on it gently. “This was the first time he has ever touched cocaine. However, he has been meddling with other drugs like ecstasy and cigarettes for at least the past year. The evidence is in his room, I did a quick search before I set off to see him.” His parents traded horrified but knowing looks before turning their attention back to Mycroft.

“His room is always such a mess... I always fear he has something noxious in there and he might just fall asleep after an experiment and lock himself up and...” Mummy cut herself off with a shudder. “There wasn’t anything... terribly concerning there?”

“No. Mummy, nothing out of the ordinary for Sherlock. Although I suggest we keep his room ventilated and supply him with a few specific chemical detectors for his own safety. I will have the repairmen come by before Sherlock returns.” Mycroft said. Daddy set his cup down with a rather alarmingly loud click (a rather shocking action for daddy’s disposition).

“Mycroft... What is this all about? Sherlock was doing so well up until you left for your job. This isn’t simply detachment issues, we’d been over that when you left for uni. This just isn’t like him.” Mycroft sipped his tea, maintaining a respectable amount of eye contact. The truth of the matter was... he should admit to this issue. If anything it would at the very least absolve his parents of needless speculation. However, the truth often stings, and Mycroft wasn’t all sure how he might be able to broach the subject without causing at least one or two aneurysms.

The silence grew and both his parents seemed to get more and more concerned. Mycroft had long since put down his cup of tea, and sat with his hands folded, and his gaze slowly dropping. Mummy spoke up, “Mycroft. You know what is going on with him don’t you?” Her voice was soft, and Mycroft remembered that she knew... or at least had suspicions since Sherlock was ten. But there was always a chance that she forgot that fateful conversation—

so long ago it was— when she sat Mycroft down and handed him a cup of tea and breached the subject of their strange closeness.

The morning light was streaming into Mycroft's teen bedroom, in his hand a note from Sherlock, who had been a bit over ten years of age, reminding him not to eat all the chocolates he had left in a box. Mummy knocked on his door with a cup of tea ready in her hand. "Morning darling, would you like a cuppa?"

"Ah, yes. Thank you mummy." She sat herself at his desk and looked around fondly.

"Sherlock loved coming into your room when he was little. Still does, doesn't he?" Mycroft hummed the affirmative while sipping his tea delicately.

"I've noticed you two are still so close, and well... I suppose there's no other way to say this but. I've noticed... how close." Mummy blushed somewhat, and rubbed her hands nervously on her apron. Mycroft set down the cup of tea and remained quiet for a moment, refusing to let the panic show on his face or in his voice.

"What do you mean by that?" He asked warily. Mummy huffed and looked about the room again, obviously stalling but perhaps also searching for words to say what she knew to her eldest son.

"You remember when you were five, before Sherlock was born of course, and we had to take you to the doctor's?"

"Yes..." Mycroft said apprehensively.

"Do you remember the diagnoses they gave us?" His mother continued, somewhat more gently than normal.

"Quite, Doctor Harvey and Doctor Shaina, correctly diagnosed me with ASPD, with a focus on psychotic tendencies." Mycroft said curtly. "You think I'm hurting him?"

"No! I have not a single bone in my body that fears you would bring harm to Sherlock. You are his angel, Mycie, if anything I worry he's hurting you. Sherlock doesn't yet understand how fragile you are."

"I'm not fragile, mummy!" Mycroft scoffed.

"Oh but you are, love. And don't think for a second that it's wrong to be. Your fragility only exists because you love Sherlock. And it is an incredibly beautiful thing to have, Mycie. I just worry... constantly. For both of you."

"So you know then. What I've done to him." He said bluntly. For a moment there was silence, and then Mummy walked to him and knelt on the rug by his bed. She carefully took the halffull teacup and set it on the bedside table, replacing it with her hands in Mycroft's.

“You’ve not yet done anything to harm him, Mycie. I know that much. But I also know that perhaps what you are doing, although natural for you two, might not be... well....”

“You’re referring to my perfectly natural requests to see you and daddy copulate, at age six?” Mycroft asked, a hint of a sardonic smile on his lips at the memory. His mummy laughed and patted his knee affectionately.

“God no! I don’t think that was natural at all, or if it was, you certainly went about it unusually!” Mummy laughed, fond of the memory.

“I’ll leave him be, if you think that’s best.” Mycroft said softly. His mummy’s hands came up and turned his face to her, forcing him to meet her eyes.

“I’m not saying you’ve done something wrong. Just... The right thing to do is to say no. Gently, but firmly, just as we did for you at that age. If you need, I can talk to Sherlock too. Try and get him to see where you are. He’s a smart boy, if a bit selfish. He’ll see and hopefully, he’ll understand.” She stood up, and pulled Mycroft into a tight hug. “I still love you Mycie, and I still trust you. Just, let’s fix this before it gets messy, alright?”

“Mycroft?” His father’s soft prodding took him out of his memories and brought him back to the present. He turned to his mother and set his mouth in a firm line.

“Yes. I believe I do know what is bothering Sherlock.” He paused and took a shallow breath. Why was it so hard to tell this to his parents? He had faced men with knives and days of torture, he had seen executions and faced his own probable death many times over. He had assisted in, and done himself, acts of violence on men and women that some might say was enough to land him in the darkest pits of hell. Yet somehow, he couldn’t bring himself to admit the least of his sins? The one act that, although taboo and wrong in society’s eyes, was done with love and care?

Enough. Emotions never helped anyone, and caring was not an advantage. Mycroft sat up a bit straighter, and looked directly into his mother’s eyes when he said, “I never did stop, when you told me to.”

At first, both mummy and daddy looked very puzzled. Daddy moreso, “Stop what? Violet, what is he talking about?”

Then mummy’s eyes widened and her face went pale. Mycroft felt himself crumble, he felt his heart shrivel into a hard stone of despair, seeing how his mother was reacting made him want to kill himself ten times over.

“Mycroft, what are you talking about?” Daddy said, his tone edging past desperation to something of irritation.

Seeing that mummy was incapable of answering, Mycroft cleared his throat and faced his father, “I’ve been abusing Sherlock, sexually, since he was ten years old.” Saying the words out loud felt akin to taking a serrated knife to his own skin. It was dirty, disgusting, vulgar. Admitting to killing his brother might have sounded better. Bracing himself, Mycroft continued, “I stopped once I left for university, but another instance occurred during my brief

visit two years ago. At that point I made it clear to Sherlock that what I did to him was wrong and that we would not be pursuing such a relationship. My best guess is that he had grown attached to my abuse, and associated it with healthy versions of love. I believe I may have inadvertently groomed him during his youth and now the effects of my abuse are taking effect.” His hands were shaking as he trailed off, and he squeezed them into fists.

His parents were white-faced and shocked. Mummy looked on the verge of tears, and daddy... he was already crying. “How... why... Mycroft, how could you?” He got up in desperate agitation, angry and scared to an extent that made Mycroft’s entire being want to bury itself ten feet under. Daddy was grabbing his hair, his face was white and red and covered in tears and then he just looked at Mycroft and burst out sobbing. “Mycroft, we *trusted* you! You told us you loved him! How could you do that? He was a child!”

“I’m sorry Daddy.” Mycroft said softly. Averting his gaze to the floor. His mind was awl, he had to do everything he could to rectify this, to make it better, to fix what he has so chaotically ruined.

“No. No this isn’t something you can just say sorry about, Mycroft!” Daddy said furiously, he dragged his hand down his face, “Ten years old... Do you even understand how young... Sherlock couldn’t even—”

Daddy swore and spun on his heel, fleeing the room. Mummy stood up and dried her eyes, she walked to Mycroft, who was still seated on the armchair, white-knuckled and tense with shame.

“Can you understand what you did, Mycroft?” She whispered, her voice thick with unshed emotion. Mycroft looked up at his mother, and for a moment he saw what she saw: her firstborn; red hair, bright blue eyes, cherubian face— aged now, lines and scars mapping his skin, blue eyes that once sung of summer skies now spoke of cold winter ice, cruel and calculating; a child molester, a criminal, a psychopath with no understanding of right and wrong, with no care but for himself.

“I’m sorry mummy.” He said, even softer than before, humiliated beyond imagination. “It took me too long to realize what I’d done. He won’t see me again. I will not add to his trauma anymore.”

His mother pushed her fist to her mouth and looked away. She sniffed and breathed deeply before removing it and looking at Mycroft with only a mother’s eyes. “You hurt my baby—” She started, her voice hitching. “—and that is a sin no mother can *ever* forgive.”

“I—” Mycroft’s voice cracked, he couldn’t even bring himself to answer her. The absolute shame and agony he was feeling right now made him wish that he could reverse everything, stop everything, destroy himself, destroy what he had done. “If I— If it were possible to undo everything I have done... I would pay any price... anything...” To Mycroft’s horror, his own eyes began to fill with tears. He felt shame slam over him with unprecedented force, and his hands twitched with the almost irresistible urge to cover his face; to hide from his mother’s disappointment and his own failures. But he didn’t, because this shame and humiliation was a meager percent of what he deserved. And so he let his mother watch him; watch as tears filled up his eyes and poured outwards. He let his mother see him cry.

To his utter shock and disbelief, she cupped his face in her gentle, ever-warm hands, turning up his face so that he had no choice but to look at her. “But you are my baby too, Mycroft. And I will never be able to stop loving you, despite what you have done.” She choked and her hands fell away, their shockingly comforting warmth disappearing and leaving Mycroft cold and... scared. For the first time, Mycroft felt genuinely scared.

He scrambled for something to say, “What would you have me do, mummy? Tell me, and I will do it. Anything.” Mycroft should have been ashamed at how blatantly he was begging. How he groveled and grasped at his mother’s hands, needing her to look back at him. But she refused to look at him, turning away and pulling her hands out of his grasp. “I need to— check on daddy— ” She made her way out of the room and towards the bathroom, out of sight from Mycroft.

She did not come back for a long while. And Mycroft refused to move from his position. He struggled for the next two hours, warring between the need to check on his parents, and the rather strong urge to use his tie and asphyxiate himself, or use the penknife in his shoe to open up a few critical veins, or perhaps bite down on the small pill of cyanide in his pocket.

The methods were endless, but death was far too much of a gift for a criminal such as himself. Too easy and painless. He wanted to suffer, he needed to suffer.

Mycroft cut off his self-pitying line of thought and snapped back to reality when his father and mother walked back into the room. Daddy was still pale and shaky, but mummy appeared much more calm and collected.

“We think it might be best for you to leave now, Mycroft. Sherlock called us just now, he wants to come out of the hospital and come home. We don’t think it would be a good idea for you to be here...” Daddy said softly. Mycroft stood, his legs weak and shaky.

“Then I will do so. Did the hospital give you permission to take him out?” Mycroft asked. Mummy and daddy shared a look and then daddy sighed.

“I’ll call them now.”

“No need, daddy. I will organize your pick-up in an hour. It’s ... the least I can do.” Mycroft said, pulling out his mobile. Mummy stared at him, her expression unreadable. Meanwhile, daddy mumbled something about ‘hospital food’ and ‘Sherlock must be hungry’ and walked off to the kitchen.

The call took only a bit of time, there was a bit of pulling, Mycroft eventually had to talk with the hospital psych ward manager and organized for his parents to pick up Sherlock, with the promise to keep the minor under close observation. With a secondary phone call, Mycroft reached his personal doctor to retrieve a recommendation for a psychologist who gave him permission to leave the hospital. After that, it was only a matter of making the appointment and thanking the operators for their cooperation.

He clicked his phone shut and turned to his parents. “I will take my leave then. If you need anything... please, phone me.”

Mummy nodded silently while daddy refused to make eye contact. It was as best of a reaction as Mycroft could expect and he made his way out of his parent's house without any further dallying.

Sherlock was recreating the periodic table on a piece of paper with some crayons. It was practically the only thing keeping him calm for the moment, a state of mind he desperately needed to maintain if he were to get discharged.

There was something about the periodic table that gave him a warm and safe feeling. He knew *why* of course, as it was one of the first things his brother had taught him when he was five. He remembered the occasion well, but the memory hurt to think of now.

It was quiet-hour when most of the teens kipped, but Sherlock refused to conform to the schedule, and so, polite as he could (which really wasn't all that polite), he asked to call his parents. He was given access right away and rang mummy's number.

"Mummy?"

"Sherlock! Oh, hello darling, how are you feeling my love?" Her voice was strangely thick and wobbly and Sherlock felt a bit surprised. Whatever had gotten mummy upset must have been really bad, she hardly ever sounded so off-balance.

"I want to come home." He said softly. The silence on the other line was telling but then he heard a soft inhale and his mother whispered something too softly for him to hear.

"Sherlock, love. We can't control when the hospital lets you go. They have to ensure you are at no risk to yourself or to others—"

"I don't care! I just want to come home already!" Sherlock snapped. Then he took a deep breath and calmed himself down, it wouldn't help to get angry at his mother. Not when he needed her to take him out, "I'm sick of it here. Please, mummy?"

"I will try, love. I promise I will try. Do you want to talk with daddy?" There was a rather loud protest from daddy much to Sherlock's surprise. He couldn't make out exactly what his father was saying, but the tone told enough. Sherlock felt his stomach sink. Daddy had never protested to talk with him, he was normally the one asking after Sherlock. This sudden upset must have meant that Mycroft had come home and told their parents about Sherlock's outburst.

Sherlock hung up before anything else could be said. He returned to the recreation room where blue duct tape was covering the large gaping hole in the wall. Well, he could only wait now. Sighing, Sherlock began to list the elements in order of increasing atomic radii.

Twenty minutes later a nurse grabbed his attention with a small cough. Sherlock bit back the irritated retort and simply grunted instead. She spoke gently, almost as though she was afraid he would explode on her, "Sherlock, your parents are coming to pick you up in half an hour, we are organizing your belongings right now and we will come to get you when they are here. Do you want to check to make sure you have everything you need from your room?"

Sherlock blinked in surprise, he had no idea how his parents had managed to get him out, but he was not about to complain. He quickly nodded and gathered all his papers, throwing them into the waste bin and ignoring the shocked expression on the nurse's face.

Less than thirty minutes later, Sherlock was being led to the front desk, and he spotted both his parents there. A shocking and rather embarrassing wave of joy slammed over him at the sight of them. For a moment, Sherlock wanted to just drop the anger and hate and just collapse into his daddy's arms and sob.

He resisted and instead just stood awkwardly in front of his parents as multiple nurses explained their findings and observations and recommendations. He heard PTSD, anger issues, depression, but then tuned them out because daddy was looking at him differently.

There was a fear in his eyes that wasn't there before. An uncertainty that Sherlock could not attribute to anything. Eventually he was dismissed, his discharge papers prepared and his belongings (few as they were seeing as he arrived nude) were returned.

The car ride home was quiet. Sherlock wanted to break this strange glass that had been formed, shatter the alien distance that his parents suddenly seemed to share. Perhaps it was a fear of his sudden diagnoses? No that couldn't be it... they've suffered through worse diagnoses when Mycroft was a child. Perhaps it was that Sherlock attempted suicide? Or the drugs?

Neither of those options made sense, they weren't so shell-shocked even after the instance, or when they had called him yesterday. It must have something to do with Mycroft. That was the only difference.

"Where's Mycroft?" Sherlock asked suddenly. At the mention of his brother's name both his parents flinched. Confusion was not a state that Sherlock was used to, nor comfortable with, and so he reiterated his question; "What happened?"

Mummy turned around from the front seat and smiled sadly to Sherlock, "We'll explain everything when we get home, Sherlock."

"Why? What's going on? What did he do?" Fear filled Sherlock's gut, he couldn't explain why but his mind had jumped to a thousand conclusions, none of them accurate and none of them logical, but all equally horrific.

"We will talk about it at home, Sherlock. Settle down." Daddy said, his hands tense on the wheel. With little to no choice in the matter, Sherlock did just that, up until he saw their house and they pulled up to the driveway.

Once inside, he tossed his bags on the floor and turned to his parents. Mummy closed the door, and made her way to sit by daddy on the sofa. Both his parents looked at Sherlock and waited for him to sit.

He sat on the floor, crossed legged and confused. "Explain." He said curtly.

Daddy started, “Mycroft told us something that really— surprised— us, Sherlock.” His voice got thick and he teared up, much to Sherlock’s horror. Mummy touched his arm and pulled the conversation into her own hands.

“What daddy is saying is... Mycroft admitted to what has been going on between you two, for the past—” she took a shaky breath, “Past six years.”

Sherlock felt himself freeze. Mycroft had told them about ... their love? Fear filled him like icy hydrogen, and his mind instantly painted variations of what Mycroft must have said: *Sherlock came onto me... Sherlock forced me to do it... I told him no, but he wouldn't listen... he came onto me at night...* Sherlock didn’t even notice how badly he was shaking until daddy had his arms around him.

“It’s alright, Sherlock. It’s ok. We know it’s not your fault.”

“What... What did he say?” Sherlock croaked, keeping his eyes on mummy. She blinked and cleared her throat.

“He admitted to abusing you sexually since you were ten.” She said hoarsely. And suddenly everything made sense. Sherlock jumped up in a rage, he could hardly believe the fucking audacity of his brother, shaping their story of love into an ugly tale of sibling abuse.

“He is a liar!” He yelled, much to Daddy’s shock and Mummy’s surprise. “He didn’t do anything to me... I came onto him! He’s just trying to shift the fucking blame! God *fucking* damn him!” Sherlock was so furious he could only see red. He kicked at the coffee table, sending it smashing against the wall; the old brittle wood unable to handle such direct pressure, shattered.

“Sherlock, calm down! What are you saying?” Daddy said urgently, he grabbed Sherlock by the arms and held him tight, forcing him still. Sherlock fought and squirmed kicking at his daddy’s shins until he felt himself manhandled down to the floor. He could hear mummy talking over his screams.

“Siger! Be gentle with him!”

“Violet! Get me the throw!”

“You can’t mean to wrap him, he’ll freak out!”

“God damn it! Just give me the fucking thing!”

“Oh for Christ’s sake!”

Suddenly Sherlock felt himself being wrapped up in something soft and warm. His vision went dark and he felt his body relax under the sudden muteness. For a second, all he could hear was his own breathing slowing down and his heart calming. He felt strong arms cradle him and then noticed that he had shut his eyes. He opened them and saw his mother and father looking down at him with worried, yet relieved expressions.

“Better, love?” Daddy asked softly, smoothing back his curls. Sherlock guessed he should have felt ashamed, he was wrapped up in a blanket not unlike a fussy toddler, and had quite honestly just tantrumed like a tot. But he couldn’t bring himself to feel anything but calm.

“Yeah...” he mumbled.

“Sherlock... perhaps let’s leave this conversation for another time, I think you need to rest for a bit.” Daddy said softly. Mummy tilted her head and pecked a kiss to Sherlock’s face.

“Come, you can sleep in our bed.” The invitation wasn’t so much for comfort as practicality. Both parents were well-aware that a full clean-up was still due for Sherlock’s room.

Daddy stood up, helping his youngest son up to his feet, Sherlock kept the blanket wrapped around himself, stubbornly refusing to leave the comfort. His parents led him to their room, and while daddy closed the drapes, mummy tucked him in. “We will talk about this later, just rest for a bit, Lockie.” She hummed.

Sherlock didn’t want to talk about it. He didn’t want to hear how Mycroft had distorted the story to make himself the villain, he didn’t want to hear the many variations Mycroft must have woven on their midnight escapades only to paint himself as the pedeophilic older brother. Because it wasn’t true, none of it was! Sherlock loved Mycroft. He had wanted his brother... he had come onto his older brother’s bed at night, seeking comfort and pleasure. And Mycroft only ever did as an older brother should (in Sherlock’s opinion at least) granting his little brother what ever it was he wanted.

He turned to face away from mummy and pulled the blanket over his head with a huff. Later. He would speak to his parents later and settle this right.

Girlfriends

Chapter by [AmbiguousMorals](#)

Chapter Summary

As with other installments, warnings include: Incest, references to underage incest, drug abuse, and angst (I'm making that a warning for a reason).

Also, there will be a bit of Mycroft/Anthea here. Nothing too graphic but it is necessary for the storylines. I did not tag them because it isn't really a pairing that I focus on.

Mycroft felt as though there were a large block of ice lodged under his throat, frosting his words so thoroughly that others began to avoid eye-contact. Perhaps it was simply a result from his trip to Germany and the rather shocking electro-torture he was forced to oversee. But, more likely than not, it was this divide he had with his parents.

Mycroft had learned to love his parents, it did not occur to him past age seven that his parents were people whom he cared for, after all, he was as close as one could get to a diagnosed psychopath (pre-sherlock at least) as one could get. After Sherlock's birth, Mycroft found a new appreciation for his parents, moreso for creating the little being that so fully captured his attention. But also, in part, for their own patient handling with himself.

By the time that Mycroft turned thirteen he had grown to truly love his parents, it pleased him when they were proud and happy and so he did things to entice such reactions. Even if it meant putting a stopper to his acidic tongue.

Now however, for the first time in his life, he was seeking his parents' affection and was wont for it. Neither Mummy, nor Daddy had phoned him once, even well over the two week period. Anthea had noticed the change in him, granted he hadn't done much to hide his lack of appetite, general impatience, and growing anxiety. The truth was, Mycroft was not sure what to do. On the one hand, he could simply cut all ties to his family, simply becoming someone else.

He had thought about doing it. Changing his last name would be hard, but it wouldn't be impossible. It would have to be a simple spelling change, as his name was far too comfortable in the mouths of his superiors. "Hollums" or something of the like.

On the other hand, perhaps separation was not the right course of action. Many families went through hardships, albeit less dramatic, and time seemed to heal many of those wounds. Some space would do wonders.

So, Mycroft stayed away. He did not call, he did not text, he did not come for the holidays nor did he give his parents any hints as to his whereabouts. He continued to pay the mortgage

for his parent's house, and managed to sneak money into their accounts slowly so that they wouldn't run short. But this was as far as he allowed himself to touch his family.

It continued on like this for nearly half a year. And then he received a phone call, late at night (granted it was nearly half past four in the morning for him) with his mother's phone number on his screen (deleting his parent's phone numbers was a fruitless endeavour as he had memorised the number within twenty seconds of first seeing it and had never forgotten).

Sitting up in his bed, with his laptop open on some confidential security plans, Mycroft wasted a few seconds wondering if he should pick up. Finally, under the fear that perhaps there was something awful happening, he answered. His voice was shaky, and he was shocked to hear the obvious hints of hesitation in his words. "Good evening, mummy."

"Oh. So you are alive then?" She sounded cross, not a great start then. Mycroft took an unstable breath and pursed his lips, preparing for the onslaught. "You realise that you haven't called, texted, mailed, or given us any clue as to your welfare for nearly five months?"

"Yes, mummy."

"Have you no shame? What the hell were you thinking? That you could just go galavanting off, doing heavens-knows-what? For all we knew you could have died! I raised you better than that, Mycroft!" Mummy's voice was shrill, but no less vicious for it. Mycroft hesitated before deciding that perhaps pointing out the obvious would help.

"You have not made it evident that you wished for me to reconnect, I assumed my dismissal from the family would be final until further discussion." The silence on the other line was strangely ambiguous. Mycroft couldn't tell if it was a silence of shock, or a silence of acknowledgment.

"I— Mycroft, your father and I never meant to send you away permanently, that day. We just thought... at least for the moment. It would be better for us to keep you and Sherlock separate." He could hear his mother's voice break, "Is that really what you thought, love?"

Mycroft was mortified to feel his throat clench painfully and tears spring into his eyes at the endearment. He had long thought himself above such pedestrian feelings, and so finding himself at the mercy of emotions so powerful, he was abashed. "I— I miscalculated, my apologies." He said thickly.

"No, Myc. You have nothing to be sorry for my love. This... everything that has happened, none of it is your fault—"

"How can you say that?" Mycroft interrupted, horrified. "How can you say that knowing what you know? Knowing just what I've done?"

"Because, as smart and clever as you boys are, you've always been so dim when it comes to matters of the heart." His mother said, her tone sounding fond yet broken all the same.

"You underestimate exactly how aware I was when I seduced my brother." Mycroft said coldly.

“Enough of that. I know what you think you did, and I know what happened. This is not a simple matter of fraternal sexual abuse, Mycroft. And you’ll do better than to manipulate us into thinking such.” Surprised at his mother’s adamance, Mycroft found himself silenced. Only for a while as his mother quickly picked up the lapsing conversation, “We want you home as soon as you can come, Mycroft. We miss you.”

Mycroft pursed his lips shut against the whimper of want that nearly slipped out. He wanted to come home too. He wanted to find himself welcomed and ... loved? He was simply so lonely, doing mission after mission, closing himself off from the world, and encasing himself in the persona of an ice-man. Serving crown and country should have been simple, but laying undercover so often, denying himself any and every opportunity to leave his facade, had created an empty cavern where warm water once flowed. He was cold and hollow, his life a meaningless repetition of following orders; and he wasn’t sure just how long he could do it anymore. *Psychopath indeed* .

“Of course, mummy. I will speak with my supervisor as soon as I can.”

“Alright, pumpkin. Be safe.” The line closed and Mycroft felt himself slump over in exhaustion. Coming home after six months wasn’t a long time. But he had been resigned to forever cutting ties, to disownership and solitude. To suddenly have his sentence lifted was rather a shock.

He decided against waking Anthea who fell asleep in the room next door. Instead composing the message to his superior himself. Requesting both time off for himself and for Anthea, goodness knows the girl needed it. She was not cut out to be dragged mission after mission as he was. He would talk to her in the morning, hopefully she had somewhere to go. For now... he began to pack his bag.

Sherlock had ended up sleeping through the day and into the next. When he woke up it had been well past morning and the sun’s position suggested noon wasn’t far off. Sherlock got up, wrapped himself in a blanket in lieu of actual clothes, and slipped downstairs.

He found it odd that his parents were seated in the kitchen, each sipping a cup of tea. Who had tea between breakfast and lunch?

“Good morning lovely.” His mother said with a genuine smile. Sherlock shrugged the blanket up a bit and mumbled a half-formed ‘morning’ in return, seating himself down on the opposite side of the table.

Mummy traded a look with daddy before standing up, “Let me get you a nice cup of tea, I made some crumpets the day before, they’re the ones you like.” As she swept off to the kitchen, daddy set down his tea and coughed softly.

“Sherlock. When you... erm... that is to say. When I and your mother told you about what Mycroft told us about your boy’s relationship, you seemed adamant that he wasn’t telling the whole of it. We want you to tell us exactly what you were trying to get at.”

Mummy walked back in and placed Sherlock's tea and biscuits in front of him, "Daddy's right, communication, especially in this situation is very vital. So start from the beginning, and walk us through what has been going on."

Sherlock was a bit stumped, so he stared at his tea; milky, small sparkles of oil on the surface suggesting whole milk was used, the perfect scent, the temperature perhaps a tad hotter than ideal, all in all, a good cuppa. He twisted it back and forth on its saucer, buying time and trying to think of what exactly he should say. After a prolonged silence, where both his parents were still and waiting. His mother finally turned to daddy with a whispered word.

Daddy then turned to Sherlock and said, "Perhaps we'll just ask some questions. Mycroft said it started when you were ten. Is that right?"

Questions. Those he could do. Those were simple. Sherlock took a sip of his tea and put the cup down, "yes."

His parents traded a look and then daddy pushed onward. "You know that technically, a relationship between a boy as young as ten and another as old as seventeen is not only illegal but also dangerous?"

Sherlock scowled, "It's only illegal as a preventative measure, and it's only dangerous if there is an abuse of power."

Mummy jumped in, "Why do you think that Mycroft did not abuse his position?"

"Because I accosted him! I went to him at night and..." Sherlock felt himself blushing and furiously sipped his tea to cover up his pause. It didn't really work but it was better than stumbling through his next sentence. "I went to him at night time and told him about my fantasies and convinced him to act them out with me."

Both his parents looked rather confused, mummy in particular looked troubled. "All the same, Mycroft was seventeen, he was old enough to understand exactly how little you knew about those things." Mummy said slowly.

Daddy suddenly turned to face mummy, "Hold on Violet, you know Mycroft was a virgin too at the time, who's to say either boy understood anything about sex. You remember how horrified Myc was when that one girl asked him out in primary?"

"Well that was knowledge, he only ever knew about sex in a clinical manner. He was barely six when he asked to see us..." Mummy trailed off much to Sherlock's disappointment. His brother rarely spoke of his time on earth before Sherlock came into it. He spoke of it as inconsequential and rather dull. As such, any mention of his brother pre-Sherlock was valuable information.

"Right well it doesn't matter either way," daddy said, turning back to Sherlock. "I know this will probably be very uncomfortable for you, but Mummy and I don't want to get the authorities mixed up into this unless we really have to. As such, we need you to explain what you did with Mycroft, during your sexual encounters. At least whatever you can remember."

Sherlock sputtered and felt himself burn hotly, “Why on earth do you need me to tell you that?”

“Because,” Mummy said, patiently but also rather firmly. “If you don’t say anything, we have to take Mycroft’s word as evidence of what happened and that would mean Mycroft is guilty of abusing you, and that would mean quite a lot of trouble for him and years of therapy for you.”

“I doubt that...” Sherlock said under his breath. Clearly his parents were even more clueless about Mycroft’s power than he had thought. As such, more to keep his brother’s secret than to honour any fear from his parents. Sherlock put his tea down and began to bring back the memories of his and Mycroft’s time together.

“First time was rather uneventful in my opinion. It took a fat lot of convincing on my end, and Mycroft gave me the same talk about consent and children that I suppose most self-aware pedeophiles think of at some point. Eventually I enticed him to give me a handjob and — you do know what that is right?” Sherlock paused, suddenly afraid that he might have to detail what a “handjob” entailed. By the looks on his parent’s faces however, they knew all too well what a handjob was. “Right then. I blew him, he blew me, we fell asleep together, end of trial one.”

Daddy coughed and looked as though he was trying to avoid choking on his own spit. Mummy meanwhile frowned and said softly, “You make it sound as though it were simply clinical for you two. Is that what it was? Experimentation at its core?” Sherlock hesitated and then decided on telling the truth.

“It was... at least at first. But it became something of another way for us to show affection I suppose. Well... so long as it wasn’t anything new... then it was experimentation. But there was a lot of overlap for us. Mycroft really cared for my comfort and... well... he always would tell me how much he cared and loved me. He made it feel like more than just an experiment. I always feared it meant more to him than it did to me.” Surprised at his own admissions, Sherlock busied himself with drinking more of his tea.

“It sounds like Mycroft fell in love with him, Vi.” Daddy said softly. “What about later on, though?” He directed his question to Sherlock now, “were there any instances where Mycroft tried to get you to do something you didn’t want to? Sexually?”

Sherlock frowned and honestly tried to think if there were any times Mycroft asked him to do something he didn’t want to, “He told me ‘no’.”

Mummy rolled her eyes, “Do I want to know why he said that?”

“Are you asking?” Sherlock backfired mockingly. Mummy sighed and nodded.

“Yes I suppose I am.”

“I asked him to fuck me.”

His parents froze for a moment. Then daddy ventured out questioningly, “this...was when you were ten?”

“Yes,” Sherlock said, raising his eyebrow in defiance. “And when I was fourteen. He said no, both times. Which I found hypocritical given he’s allowed me to fuck him.”

Daddy actually started choking, and Mummy had to slap him on the back a few times until he got his breath back. But then they simply stared at Sherlock as though he had grown another appendage.

It didn’t take long for Sherlock to feel uncomfortable. “Right well. You can stop that now. The... faces.” He said, hoping to snap his parents back to normal. When they didn’t shift but to trade eye-contact with each other. Sherlock shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “Getting a bit weird now,” he mumbled. “Mummy? Daddy?”

Finally mummy seemed to come back to her senses. “Right! Ok. Well then! We... That is to say, me— daddy and I— will talk this over and see what to do. Um. Why don’t we continue this conversation later hmm?” She collected all the cups of tea, drunk or not drunk and then scampered off to the kitchen. Daddy only seemed to notice her absence when Sherlock turned his attention back to him. Fumbling for something to grab or say, Daddy simply ended up standing up, straightening his trousers, and looking all the more lost for it.

“Right. I’m going to help your mother clean up in the kitchen then...” He nodded to himself and then swiftly fled into the kitchen, leaving Sherlock alone.

Sherlock wasn’t too sure if he felt amused, bothered, or just indifferent. All he was sure of was that he was now bored and itching for something to do. So he left up to his old bedroom, hopefully he could find something to keep him occupied.

Weeks passed by, Sherlock worked on getting his university applications finalised. He took standardised tests as well as advanced ones to cover up the spotty school record he still had. He passed them easily, all the material was boring and dull and not at all interesting. He could have put in more effort into them if he really wished to impress the school board, but he couldn’t find any reason to.

Whilst his parents believed him to be studding (really, did they not know him at all), Sherlock snuck out and met up with one of the dealers from his old school.

Her name was Lee, she was a dingy and rather unpleasant girl, with a sharp tongue and little to no patience. She also had a case of a runny nose, was an orphan, had no home and was living in the school’s abandoned gym storage. Sherlock preferred her due to the little to no talking, and the knowledge that she worked alone. Where she got her cocaine, he had no idea, he had tried following her up on it, but she had left before he could even start talking.

He managed to get her a simple phone so that they could organise places to meet in order to trade. Tonight’s trade was to take place near an old skip not a mile from Sherlock’s home. He was going to meet her at two in the morning, and so he prepared ahead of time, sorting his room and taking out his purification equipment.

He had been more careful with his doses since that one near-overdose. And had managed since then to keep at a rather constant high, just enough so that he could feel the rush, but not enough to alter his behaviour too much. He took a short hit every five hours and it worked marvels for keeping his boredom at bay.

The time read four in the morning on his phone before he snuck out of his window and onto the handily placed ladder. He took his time walking to the designated location, but after forty minutes he was feeling the itch crawl up his skin again.

He arrived there with time to spare and so he made do with a cigarette, waiting for Lee to show up. Five minutes elapsed. And he saw her crawl under the broken chain-link fence, her large, brown sweater obvious in the dark.

“Fucking finally...” he muttered, throwing the unfinished cigarette onto the floor and snuffing it out with his foot.

Lee was limping a bit when she made her way to him, her face was dirtier than usual and her lip was bleeding. “Keep your pants on, smartarse. I’ve got your candy.” She muttered darkly.

“Who beat you up?” Sherlock asked, but he couldn’t help but try to deduce it for himself. Her clothes, although always dirty and rumpled, looked rather worse than usual, not unlike as though she had fallen to the ground. Why would anyone want to beat her? She was a dealer, it could have been the police, but no... she was a girl, a young one at that, no more than fifteen. No this was an assault. As Lee busied herself getting out the packs of white cocaine from her jacket, Sherlock answered his own question.

“Did he actually rape you, or was it just a failed attempt?”

Lee paused, and then stood up straight, her face was dark, hidden under curtains of greasy hair. Her black eyes narrowed and she glanced at herself for a second. She turned her focus back onto Sherlock and said hoarsely, “What’s it to you, junkie?” Sherlock scoffed.

“That’s rich, from you.” He took a short breath and glanced about the alleyway. He couldn’t be certain, but he had an uncomfortable feeling that someone was watching them. “I honestly don’t give a fuck. I have the cash, let’s get this over with.”

Lee rolled her eyes and handed over the small white baggie, nearly twelve ounces. Sherlock handed over the cash mindlessly and calculated that he should be able to get a good ten after purification, but he also noticed that she had more baggies on her. “Give me another.”

“No.” Lee zipped up her jacket and began to count up the cash, always double checking. Sherlock frowned and rolled on his heels a bit, ansty.

“Give me another.” This time it came out urgently and demanding. Lee glanced up at him with dark eyes and scowled.

“I’d rather you don’t off yourself, I need clients,” she hissed. Sherlock laughed, a short and rather uncomfortable sound.

“Don’t be ridiculous. Give me another. I’ll pay double.”

“Show me the cash.” Sherlock pulled out another bundle of nearly two hundred pounds and waved it in front of her for a second before hiding it in his hand. Lee seemed to think for a bit, her eyes narrowing in contemplation. Sherlock rocked back and forth impatiently.

“Would you fucking hurry up—” Sherlock started when she suddenly grabbed his wrist and pulled his arm to her. Her grip was ridiculously strong, and her hands were painfully dry on his soft skin. She shoved the baggie into his hand and took the money.

“If you fucking die on me, I’ll rob your grave and leave your corpse in the street for the necrophiles,” she spat.

“Love you too,” Sherlock said, far too pleased with the doubled amount to be bothered by her threat. Lee left at a run but Sherlock took his time. He was going to stop by one of his boltholes and take a quick snort so that his trip back would be more... pleasurable, it was only three minutes away.

Three minutes on the dot he spotted the skinny alleyway, hidden behind a large skip, overflowing with junk. Being thin enough to slip between the wall and the metal of the skip, Sherlock was rather comfortable with his hideout. He knew that, unpurified, the cocaine wouldn’t be as good. But he was still desperate. It had been nearly two days since he had run out of his last batch.

Lacking proper equipment would have meant that Sherlock would be forced to grind the powder on his hands, but he had hidden a small box under the trashed floorboards in the corner containing a dull blade and a flat plate. Quickly fishing it out and spilling a small amount on the tray Sherlock chopped it and, glancing around again, sniffed it up.

It stung and his eyes instantly watered, but he forced himself to clean the plate, as it were. Licking off the remnants he couldn’t sniff. It would take a moment, and he hoped that he could be well on his way home and into bed by the time that the high hit him.

Sherlock stuffed the supplies back in the box and out of sight and set off home at a brisk jog. The night air began to feel invigorating and he felt himself get further and further from the depression that haunted his every waking day.

He got home in record time, the high now well in his bloodstream and adrenaline making him excited. It all dropped like a stone in water when he noticed lights were on in the house, and a strange black car on the driveway.

Fuck! fuckfuckfuckfuck —Sherlock felt panic eat away from his high, but he had no time to mourn that loss, the car was expensive and new, it could only mean two things. His parents had panicked and called one of their friends who worked with the Met, or... Mycroft, somehow, was back home.

Mycroft had managed to alert his superior, but he had insisted that Mycroft take Anthea with him, something about consistent training. Anthea was hesitant about coming; she was

troubled by the thought of interfering in his private life. But Mycroft assured her that as his PA, she would need to know everything about his life, including that which she was uncomfortable with.

As such, they agreed to come undercover as a couple. Mycroft was a tad worried about how his parents would react to the idea of him being with someone else, especially so soon after they learned what had transpired between him and Sherlock. But all the same, it was good for them to be under the impression that those days were behind him. Of course, Anthea did not know of his dalliances with his brother, he couldn't quite admit that to anyone ever again.

They managed to take one car from Mycroft's sponsor (a lady high up in the ranks of MI5 whom he had been corresponding with since age sixteen) all the way to Mycroft's home, a journey of well over four hours. For the first half they collaborated on a backstory, Anthea was nervous of course, seeing as this would be her first undercover operation, but Mycroft made it abundantly clear that it would be simple. She only had to exaggerate her own characteristics and treat the situation as she would a real-life relationship.

They agreed on mild physical displays, hand holding and pecks on the cheeks being the most reliable tells of any relationship. Anthea was unbothered by this, but Mycroft found himself horrifically nervous. For all his sexual exploits with men and occasionally women, he had never attempted a relationship. Those required feelings; mutual romantic feelings. Those emotions had never been evoked in anyone except for his brother. For Anthea's sake and to keep him out of any danger zone however, he pressed forward on a heterosexual display, forbidding himself from even thinking of the time he spent with his brother.

The next half of their ride was silent. Up until they reached the gravel driveway of Mycroft's childhood home.

"Ready?" he asked. Anthea looked at him, flashed a bright smile, and popped open the door.

"After you Mycie!" She giggled. Mycroft's eyes widened for a moment in surprise at her ease before he settled his expression into one of basic anxiousness (meeting the parents) and deep set adoration (this was, after all, his girlfriend).

Mummy opened the door still in her night wear. Upon seeing Mycroft she instantly burst into a smile and roped him into a tight hug, "Don't you *ever* do that again, Mycroft Holmes. Don't you dare leave us like that, you absolute mad boy!" Daddy managed to tap mummy's shoulder to get her attention.

"Violet dear, I believe Mycroft has brought over a friend." Startled, mummy let go and pushed Mycroft aside (sputtering and only slightly gasping for breath).

"Oh, my sincerest apologies darling, Mycroft did not tell us he was bringing over a friend." She blushed, suddenly aware of all the things she did not have prepared and the very obvious fact that she was still in her nightie.

"It's completely alright, my boyfriend has a way with surprises. You should hear what he did for our one-month anniversary!" Anthea said kindly. She stretched out her hand and shook Violet's gently, "Annette Jean Johnson, a pleasure to meet you!"

Mycroft coughed lightly, bringing his mother's attention sharply to him, "I meant it to be a bit of a surprise, I apologise for any... inconvenience."

"Yes well, we only have one room prepared... if that won't be a problem... What am I saying, come inside the both of you, daddy will fetch the luggage, Siger go on!"

"Let me," Mycroft insisted, rushing back to the trunk of the car to grab his and Anthea's suitcases as the rest of his family went inside.

The kettle was whistling as Mycroft made his way back down from his room, he had set up the large bed with extra pillows for Anthea and him to sleep, hoping that she wouldn't mind some simple bedsharing, if she did he could make a small bed mat on the floor. Anthea was talking animatedly with daddy about something or another, perhaps that anniversary she took the liberty of inventing. It was fine of course, Mycroft had told her he had little to no experience in dating and had instructed her to construct their acquaintance from beginning to end, keeping in mind that he be present for any significant features so that he will memorise them. He sat down as mummy (now wearing her favourite pink-flowered robe) pushed him a cup of hot tea.

"How have you been, we worried about you, you know?" Mummy said, sitting down and folding her arms securely around her chest.

"Busy, truth be told. Never much of a break." He sipped his tea as Mummy narrowed her eyes, they never quite got over his consistent brushing off of their inquiries as to his job. Only, he was making money, and it wasn't illegal so they left him to it. "Where is Sherlock?" He asked, realising that the boy should have come downstairs, if not to see him then at least to investigate the sound of a strange woman's voice.

Daddy grimaced subtly as Mummy sighed, "Daddy checked up and said he was absolutely passed out, goodness knows how long the boy's been without sleep." Mycroft frowned and looked directly at Daddy.

"Is that so?"

"Vi, when I said Sherlock was asleep..." Mummy turned to daddy with such a look of sheer fury on her face that the rest of daddy's sentence came out far quieter, "I meant to say... he wasn't there at all."

Mummy stood up rapidly, and without a word dashed upstairs. Daddy slumped back, "And so it begins," he groaned. "You must forgive us Annette, Sherlock is a bit of a troublemaker at the moment."

Anthea, brilliantly, did not seem to mind at all, "Of course, there must be one in every family if I'm not mistaken!" She laughed and stood up, "Well, don't mind me, I'll settle into bed, I'm beat. Mycie?"

"Of course, let me show you to our room. Thank you daddy, I'll be down shortly to help with... well... the trouble." Much to Mycroft's delight, his father smiled at him gratefully and tipped his head in acknowledgment.

Mycroft led Anthea to his old bedroom, setting their suitcases down on the floor he gestured to the empty closet. “I’m unsure as to how long our stay will be, feel free to use any of the drawers, they should be free.” Anthea, her face subtly different from when in front of his parents (less faked enthusiasm, more calm), yawned gently.

“That’s perfectly fine, I didn’t bring much to start with. Will I be kipping on the floor?”

Mycroft scoffed, “Don’t be ridiculous, there’s enough room on the bed for three if needed, nevermind two. If you feel uncomfortable I will take the floor.” Anthea shook her head vehemently.

“Oh no, not an issue, just... I suppose I should mention I’m a twitchy sleeper?” She blushed and bit her lip nervously. Mycroft rolled his eyes fondly.

“Then I shall wear armour made of duvets and pillows, shall I? I’ve slept in far worse conditions Anth—Annette.” His stumble was only due to their privacy as it would never have happened in public, despite this it was still a rather embarrassing slipup.

“What’s the deal with your brother then?” Anthea asked, picking out her sleepwear from her duffle bag. Mycroft pursed his lips, unsure of how much to tell her. When she glanced up due to his prolonged silence he sat down on the bed corner and slipped off his suit jacket, undoing his cuffs as well.

“Sherlock... He and I have a bit of a difficult history. I may be partially to blame for his—” Mycroft struggled to find an appropriate term, “—insouciance. He has recently been caught doing drugs and I suspect, has continued to do so under my parent’s nose.” Mycroft fiddled with his shirt buttons, deciding against changing just in case he needed to go out to find Sherlock. “Again, it is mostly my fault—” His guilt was making him admit far more than he should.

“You introduced him to drugs?” Anthea asked dubiously. Mycroft shook his head, a retort on the tip of his tongue, but she continued over him, “With all due respect, sir—Sherlock’s actions can’t be your fault. His actions are his decisions alone.”

Mycroft pressed his fist to his mouth, debating for a moment. He could hear his parents arguing downstairs and their volume was slowly escalating. “Anthea, there are some things that I— I cannot tell you. Yet. Whatever mistakes Sherlock makes are — irrevocably— my fault. I cannot explain to you why, but take my word for it,” Mycroft glanced at the door and pushed himself up from the bed before walking to Anthea. “Let the matter rest for now, and while you are at it, you should rest too.”

This got a snort out of Anthea but she simply gathered her clothes and headed to the adjoined bathroom to change. Mycroft left the room, but instead of going downstairs to where his parents were he checked his watch and saw that the time read nearly five in the morning. Without a second thought he walked down the hall to where his brother’s room was and closed himself inside.

In many ways, the room was the same as it was years ago, the same paint and flooring, the same basic furniture. In many more ways, it was different. The wooden desk had a mess of

glass and chemicals, and it took Mycroft all but five seconds to see the residual of past purification attempts. He walked past Sherlock's bed, noting that the sheets were positively filthy and found that the nightstand drawer was full of razors, lighters, and packaged syringes. He grimaced and closed it roughly, making a note in his mind to get a cleaning team in here.

The window wasn't locked, and when he glanced down there was a ladder hidden at the bottom of the house walls. A not-so-subtle means for escape then. Mycroft moved to Sherlock's closet, reading the wear on the hinges like a book. This closet was hardly used, not a surprise with all the dirty sweats and shirts littered about the rest of the room, but Mycroft wasn't interested in clothes.

The closet opened quietly much to his surprise, and there he saw exactly what he expected. Boxes of his things (pre-uni) were pushed to the end of the closet, things like his notebooks, his personal studies, letters he and Sherlock would trade when they were kids, and of course his old artwork from when he was about eight or nine. Mummy had saved them and stored them in the attic and then one day Sherlock had found them and demanded they be his. The boy was strangely attached to anything Mycroft-related pre his birth.

Mycroft spotted his old journal among the notebooks in the boxes. He had stopped using it when he turned eighteen, but up till then it had been his favourite means of reflection because then he wouldn't need to explain to Sherlock what had gone through his mind, Sherlock could simply read it. There was nothing overwhelmingly incriminating in the journal and it had only ever been half-filled.

Flipping past where he had set his final entry, Mycroft noticed a few more. Sherlock's telling handwriting, far more slanted than Mycroft's and with too much space between words, covered the remainder of the pages.

Most entries were about experiments, some talking about school and how dull everyone there was. Others were rather sentimental, Sherlock sounding lost and sad and reminiscing about times he and Mycroft spent together.

There was a sudden tapping on the window frame and Mycroft put the journal away. He expected Sherlock to show up, as from the looks of things his stash had run out, so the boy must have gone out for a refill. And there was the window being pulled open now.

Mycroft stood, his back against the wall and crossed his arms over his chest. He waited until he saw Sherlock peep over the window sill. His brother's face was tight with fear and then it slackened at the sight of him. His eyes brightened for a fraction of a second before falling into an expression of disgust. He slid inside his room and tossed the ladder backwards, barely wincing when it crashed on the ground.

"So. You're back then," he said, taking out two clear baggies with white powder in them and setting them on his desk. Mycroft felt distinctly odd, seeing Sherlock and knowing now that he had told their parents about everything that had happened between them was... strange. For no reason he could point out.

“Yes. By mummy’s request, I do hate to make her cross.” He pushed off the wall and held out his hand to Sherlock, “I’ll take those.”

“No. You won’t.”

“Sherlock. We can do this with little argument, or we can call the police,” Mycroft threatened, his voice calm as ever. Sherlock narrowed his eyes and then leaned back on his desk. His body was far too thin for sixteen, too lean and too frail. Mycroft raised his eyebrow and waited.

“I paid for it,” Sherlock stated.

“And don’t think that you will be getting any more allowances from anyone. Hand them over, Sherlock. *Now* .”

Sherlock grinned, a feral look that gave Mycroft pause for a moment. His brother rarely ever looked quite so... predatory. “So. Did you like it? Was it fun, getting all that guilt out of your system?”

“What are you—”

“Oh don’t pretend you didn’t get off on it. I imagine mummy was horrified, daddy cried didn’t he? When you told them what a disgusting paedophile you were? How you convinced your little brother to get you off—” Sherlock pushed off the desk and advanced onto Mycroft, who stood rather frozen against the wall.

“They asked me for details you know...” Sherlock said conversationally, now barely a metre from Mycroft and only getting closer. “So I told them how you put your hands on me, touched me in places no brother should touch... I told them how you taught me to suck you off, ‘*use your lips, no teeth*’ .” Sherlock’s smile was like a shark’s. “I would have told them more, but daddy had to run into the bathroom. I think he threw up. Poor mummy was white as a sheet. So, tell me Mycroft— ”

Sherlock pressed up against his brother now, pinning him to the wall despite their few centimetres difference in height. His voice was loaded with hatred as he practically spat out the rest of his sentence. “—When you say you *hate* to upset mummy, what were you thinking when you decided to tell them how you *sexually abused* your baby brother?”

Mycroft felt his anxiety sky-rocket, and in a blink of an eye he saw two distinct possibilities. He could crack, break and fall apart with Sherlock’s accusation. Or he could push away those feelings. He could destroy everything Sherlock had just done with the simple mantra that ruled his professional life: caring wasn’t an advantage. It came as no surprise which option made more sense.

He pushed his brother away suddenly and with a bit much force, causing Sherlock to fall back and land on his arse. He smoothed out his trousers and gave his brother a cold stare. “If that will be all, I will be taking these—” He took the baggies and he could see the urge Sherlock was barely keeping at bay, to scream and tackle him for that cocaine. Instead, the boy pursed his lips and glared at him. Mycroft paid him no mind. He put both into his trouser

pocket and gave the room a final look around. "I believe I taught you, many years ago, that telling lies is not conducive. I know you denied my responsibility in your trauma. If your obvious lies weren't telling enough, mummy only confirmed it with her call. Lying is an art, little brother. And I've never known you to be quite artistic. Now, if that is all, I do have a girlfriend who is waiting in my room."

He left, somewhat enjoying Sherlock's momentary shock before quickly closing off his emotions again. He went downstairs and found his parents waiting patiently at the kitchen table. He set both baggies in front of them, "He has a dealer nearby, I suspect someone around his age group. Removing the ladder from his side of the house would be paramount, as well as locking his window from the outside. I'm afraid I cannot do much more as I have been running on around two hours of sleep in the past three days. Good day."

Anthea was already in bed asleep when he changed and slipped under the covers with her. He lay awake for sometime, battling between the urge to put down the ice-mask and fear of being caught without it. In the end he had not much choice in the matter, he was far too tired and Anthea's soft breathing was lulling him into a state of comfort.

She was rather twitchy, he couldn't help but compare her to a puppy; snuffling and kicking as she was. She made an endearing whimper which caused him to turn to her in surprise. Well, he wanted to end this obsession with Sherlock didn't he? Anthea was obviously elated by this chance to be his girlfriend and he would have to be a fool to not notice her infatuation with him. It couldn't hurt to explore this... just a little bit. If only to distract from the pain of Sherlock.

Mycroft turned onto his side and spooned Anthea close into his chest. The body was feminine; softer, warmer, and smaller than a male's. For a moment he remembered holding Sherlock like this, barely two years ago. Then he pushed the memory forcibly away and threw a leg around Anthea's flighty one, effectively holding her in a man-made cage (literally).

She hummed and pressed her rear into his crotch, seemingly on instinct. Mycroft felt his body want to respond, but the exhaustion ate up whatever reserves he had and his body failed to do anything but relax into the comfort. He was edging on the precipice of sleep when suddenly, the door opened a crack. It was so silent that had Mycroft actually fallen asleep, he wouldn't have heard it. But he knew who was on the other side. Only one person in this house would have the sheer audacity to open a closed door to a private bedroom without a care.

Clearly, Sherlock did not believe him when he had said he had a girlfriend, and this was his attempt at verifying the information. Mycroft toyed with the idea of confronting his brother, but in the end he was legitimately too tired to care.

Sherlock scoffed when Mycroft had referenced a girlfriend, his brother had sexual encounters, that much was obvious. A man with that much power, that much stress, and consistently travelling? Not to mention pent up sexual frustration? Of course he had sexual dalliances. But relationships were not his thing. A girlfriend or boyfriend was never even a concept that came to mind in Sherlock's late-night thoughts.

So obviously there was only one way to verify what Mycroft meant by his “having a girlfriend” statement. And that was to go into his brother’s room and see for himself. He snuck down once he ascertained that his parents had gone to bed (daddy came by to check on him once before retiring) and found himself, yet again, at Mycroft’s door.

He opened the door gently and peered inside, it took a second for his eyes to adjust to the darkness but when they did he was floored at what he saw.

Mycroft’s lean and strong body was wrapped protectively around a small woman with dark hair and long lashes. His arms were secured around her waist in a tight hold that made Sherlock’s own body cry out in jealousy, and one of his legs was thrown over her (admittedly small) hips, with his calf folded inward to lock under her own leg. In short, the two were entangled like pretzels and it made something in Sherlock crack.

He closed the door harder than he meant, but his eyes were burning too much for him to care. He dashed upstairs and locked the door behind him, he hardly made it in before he slid down the door into a heap of tears and bitter resentment.

How could he—how dare he? Sherlock knew it wasn’t logical to feel like this, but somewhere in his heart he had assumed that Mycroft had only one person he loved, that being Sherlock. Perhaps it was selfish or narcissistic... but it was also fact! Mycroft had said so himself years ago that Sherlock was the only person he could ever love. And here he was blatantly showing that wasn’t the case. Sherlock felt betrayed, heartbroken, angry, and so many other feelings he just couldn’t name.

Forcing himself to get up and walk to his bed, Sherlock paused to glance at his pathetically empty stash of cocaine. He could have really used a hit right then. He lay down, refusing the urge to bury his face in his pillows to cry to his heart’s content.

Unbidden images floated into his agonised mind; Mycroft wrapped around him like he was around that girl. Mycroft kissing him with as much love and affection as he did once upon a time when Sherlock was far younger. Mycroft touching him gently, with whispered words of endearment.

Sherlock hardly realised he was sobbing until he felt his face, and his fingers came away wet with salty tears. He finally gave in to the urge, and buried his face deep into his pillows, allowing the suffocating warmth sooth his face. He fell asleep just like that.

Coupled with Bugs

Chapter by [AmbiguousMorals](#)

Chapter Summary

This chapter title is a shame on my record of chapter titles. But I think it will also be funny once you realise just how literal it is :P

Warnings for this chapter: angst, seemingly unrequited love, sexual scenarios between an adult and 16 year old minor. And for those of you that don't normally read this... straight sex scene.

I apologize for the delay in bringing out this chapter, there were a few hurdles including school and inspiration that made it a bit difficult. But here it is!

Mycroft woke up due to the feeling of movement against his body. Easily recalling his position and of course, who he was with, he gently began to detangle himself from Anthea's comfortably warm body.

"Mmmh, g'morning sir."

"I'd prefer you to call me by name if we wake up together," Mycroft yawned, blinking his eyes open to see Anthea turn around to face him with a bright smile. "No, don't do that— it is far too early to be cheerful," He groaned.

"Oh brighten up you grouchy old man!" Anthea got up on all fours and stretched, much like a cat. "I haven't slept that well since—since ever, I think." She flopped back onto her belly, out of breath and looked at Mycroft from under her dark curls. Reminding him sharply of another face with curls.

Quickly, as to distract himself from that thought, Mycroft cupped Anthea's waist in one hand, dragging her onto his chest with a groan. She gave a small yelp but ended up giggling when he simply pushed her face into his chest. "Mmmph! Mycroft!"

"Hush up and sleep in for once." Mycroft muttered, patting her head gently. She finally seemed to get the message and her body relaxed, practically melting onto his. It was nice, like a warm, weighted blanket.

Of course, no such peace was long-found and Mycroft heard a crash from downstairs and alarmingly loud voices. One of them easily being his mother's and the other sounding a lot like Sherlock's. He sighed and nudged Anthea to his side.

“Got to deal with the morning family drama?” She asked, only the smallest hint of sadness in her tone. Mycroft noticed it immediately and turned to face her.

“It’s not an ideal part of family life, but it is an alarmingly common factor.” Mycroft sat up and made his way to the bathroom, “You can join me now or later, you won’t be catching much sleep either way.”

The two brushed their teeth in relative silence, unwittingly becoming eavesdroppers to the multiplying drama coming from downstairs. The words weren’t quite decipherable, and it honestly just sounded like incoherent yelling and occasionally like something was being broken.

Suddenly, just as Mycroft was finishing to shave and Anthea was finishing to apply her makeup, there was a knock on their door. Mycroft obviously went to open it, as both he and Anthea were still in their dress robes. It was daddy, carrying a large tray with tea and toast. A bashful and somewhat embarrassed look on his face.

“I’m so sorry your girlfriend had to visit right now,” he said softly, obviously hoping that Anthea wouldn’t hear. “Perhaps you and Annette could go down to the marketplace, enjoy some of the new cafes or take a stroll in the local garden? Just until the mess with Sherlock is over?”

“There’s no need to fuss, daddy.” Mycroft took the tray from his father and set it on the coffee table by the door. He felt somewhat odd talking to daddy so *normally* as though the conversation they had six months ago hadn’t happened... as though nothing happened. But if that was what daddy wanted, then so be it.

Daddy wiped his hands on the apron he wore and looked downstairs as another crash was heard. Mycroft bit his lower lip, perhaps it wasn’t a good idea for him and Anthea to stay. “I can’t stay long either way, I have... well... limited off time and I don’t wish to cause more harm than good.”

“What? No, don’t be silly, Mycie, you’re doing nothing wrong.” Daddy said, and then seemed to quickly regret saying it as his face paled, “I meant to say... that is...you... *aren’t* doing anything wrong?” The question was so deeply embedded into a plea that Mycroft couldn’t help himself from sighing.

“No, daddy. I am not.” And wasn’t that painful? To have to reassure his father that he wasn’t sexually abusing his little brother again? Daddy nodded with a hard-put on smile and gave Mycroft’s shoulder an awkward pat.

“Of course not, I don’t know what I was thinking... just that... Never mind. You and Annette... ahm. Yes. Enjoy breakfast—” Another crash and this time Mummy’s words were understandable. Something about ‘*go to your room*’. Daddy winced and looked at Mycroft suspiciously. “Did you boys... talk... last night? Or—”

“I think, daddy, your help is required downstairs. Thank you for the tea, we will be down in an hour.” Mycroft said coolly, and then closed the door on his bumbling father. It wasn’t often that he got irritated with his parents, after all, he was eternally grateful for them as they had

brought his little brother into the world. Even if it were a matter of simple egg and sperm mixing together.

But he had no interest in going over exactly what Sherlock had said to him last night, it was enough to fuel his own haunting thoughts for at least another year or more. Anthea finally popped out of the bathroom, having obviously waited for Daddy to go. She was dressed well in black slacks, a comfortable pale cream blouse, and a black, cashmere sweater. “Bathroom’s all yours,” she said, her eyes searching for her phone.

Mycroft grinned as he watched her struggle for a bit trying to find the device. He didn’t bother going into the bathroom, as he only had to change and it wasn’t the first time he had done so in the presence of others. Granted it was the first time he was dressing in front of someone he slept with. Or perhaps it wasn’t — Sherlock aside though, it was.

“S— Mycroft? Did... Did you take my phone?” Anthea popped up from behind the other side of the bed with enough suspicion in her voice that it was more of an accusation than an inquiry. Mycroft chuckled as he pulled down his favourite light brown shirt.

“I am sure I don’t know what you mean. Have you misplaced it, dear?”

“You know as well as I do, that I never *misplace* anything, Mycroft,” Anthea grumbled. Mycroft began to button up his shirt lazily and watched as she continued to search around the room for it.

“Well, there’s always a first time, isn’t there?”

“Mycroft! Where did you hide it?” Anthea grabbed a pillow from the perfectly made bed and tossed it at Mycroft. “I need to clear your cache of emails you know, they don’t just magically disappear.”

“Oh I’m well aware,” Mycroft managed to drop the button he was working on just in time to catch the pillow and toss it back at his assistant-turned-girlfriend. “Which is why I believe you are overdue for a bit of a break.”

“A break?” The exclamation was said with enough sarcasm to make Mycroft look up from his task of finishing to button his shirt.

“Yes, it is where one pauses the work they normally do in order to revitalise—”

“Mycroft Holmes I know what a break is, and I assure you I don’t need one!” Anthea fumed, walking over to Mycroft and poking him aggressively on his exposed chest. “One only needs a break if they’ve been working. So far, as your assistant, I’ve been doing nothing more than answering your emails, bringing you tea, and playing girlfriend. All work that is so below my skill set, I have yet to figure out why you still keep me!”

Mycroft lifted an eyebrow in surprise, he hadn’t realised his assistant had been so fed up with her workload. She never complained so he thought she was quite comfortable with what she was doing. Nonetheless, he did feel the urge to correct her on her “low” workload.

“Annette, I feel I must remind you that while you do those tasks on the regular, you are also given a great deal of other work. You are my personal assistant, you arrange all my transportation when I need it. You oversee my belongings and yours on last minute flights. You make sure we always have communication with HQ, and that our correspondents are up to date on our every move.

You manage my emails yes, and see to it that all my passwords and profiles are updated on a biweekly basis. You track hackers and locate them to be dealt with before any issues occur, and not to mention you keep a close eye on my threat emails and alert me of high-priority ones.

So, yes you make my tea, force feed me meals, because I cannot be arsed to take time away from work to care for my own basic needs as you so often tell me, and play pretend girlfriend with me. But you are indispensable to me Annette, and I would be quite lost without your reliable assistance.”

Anthea was quite literally stunned silent. Her lips parted in a comical expression of shock, and her eyes wide enough that Mycroft was certain he could see his reflection in those dark pupils. Then all of a sudden he was being pulled and there was a hand behind his head and soft lips on his own. Anthea was kissing him and he felt himself freeze over.

His heart chanted that this was not right... it didn't feel right... that he knew what a kiss was supposed to feel like and it was supposed to be fireworks and colour, not logs cracking in the heat from suddenly ignited flames. All the same, those fireworks were wrong and he needed to forget them. So instead of breaking off the contact, Mycroft kissed her like he once kissed his little brother.

One of his hands found itself in her hair, the other was cupping her cheek. He felt her mouth opening to his and, after swallowing the pill of panic, dove in right after her. It did feel nice, it felt wonderful actually... if he could just stop thinking of his brother's beautiful face. If he could just push those memories away—ahhh perfect. Now in the moment, Mycroft dragged the hand from Anthea's face down to her hips and waist and pulled her tight to his body, enjoying her soft warmth against his hard form.

Oh and he *was* hard all over. Which was a pleasant surprise, he hadn't really expected to feel anything from her, too lost in his fears that it would be due to thoughts of Sherlock. But here he was, not with his brother, but with an admirably plain woman, with a rather impressive IQ, and sassy mouth and *ohhh* ... clever fingers.

Her soft hand was pressing against his tented trousers, pressing along the seam of his zipper and making him buck upwards in eagerness. She smiled into his lips and groped him, holding his hardness even through his pants. Before he knew it he was pushing against her, rutting into her palm with a frustrated groan. His fingers were tight on her waist and even tighter on her hair.

Smoothly, he pulled away from their kiss, and whilst still gently pulsing his hips against her palm, he pulled her hair a bit, guiding her head to his shoulder where she latched onto his neck. Now she was in the perfect position for him to bend over her ear and whisper, “Unzip me, I want to feel you on my skin.”

Just as he had suspected, she melted onto him with a shiver and fumbled at his fly, her fingers teasing as they ran up and down, searching for the slider. Finally she found it and dragged it down in a rush, only then seeming to remember he had a belt on. She unclasped it and popped out the button so that there was only the thin cotton pants left between her hand and his cock.

Mycroft breathed heavily into her neck, she had a sweet smell, only slightly spiced from her arousal. “Come on now, a bit more—” he urged, moving his hands to her waist to where her own slacks were fastened with a clip. He easily undid it and just as she reached into his pants he pushed and pulled her onto their fixed bed. At one point he had practically lifted her off the ground, with nothing but the grip on her trousers to hold her. She instantly helped him get her trousers off by pulling her legs in and up. And once he had taken his own off, she splayed her legs open like a flower blooming.

It sent such a sharp, unprecedented spike of arousal in Mycroft that he was struck dumb for a moment, just watching as her creamy legs opened and spread and led his eyes right to the damp spots on her burgundy panties. It was honestly a lovely sight and Mycroft didn’t even have to think before he pounced on her, pulling her legs even wider apart and higher up. Both of them ignored the creaks of the bed and the silence beyond the room. Mycroft pressed his tented pants against her warmth and let out a helpless moan at the feel. Even through two layers of cloth, he could feel the shape of her lips and clit and instinctively began to tease them both with gentle frottage.

“Mycroft! Please! Don’t— ahhh— don’t tease!” Anthea moaned, and despite her words continued to move her hips in delicious gyrating circles, only intoxicating the both of them more. Mycroft smiled into her neck, breathing her interesting scent in. His mind was unhelpfully searching for Sherlock’s scent and he had to push the thought away before it became intrusive. Instead he cupped her womanhood and gently began to fondle her, ever amazed at just how wet women could get. Within seconds her panties were soaked and he hooked his fingers into the straps on her hips and pulled the offending garment off. Quickly, and before he could forget, he grabbed a condom from his drawer.

Mycroft didn’t leave himself time for second thoughts, he tore open the condom and slipped it on, before making his way back onto the bed, and kissing Anthea once more. His fingers found her warmth as his tongue found her own. They kissed messily, carelessly, hungrily, and his busy fingers opened her up, stretching her so that it wouldn’t hurt. He was delighted by just the sheer amount of fluid her cunt was leaking, lubricant wouldn’t even be an issue.

“My god you are so wet.” He couldn’t catch himself in time, allowing the sentence to slip past loosened lips. Anthea only gave a high groan and shoved herself deeper on his fingers.

“Please, My— Mycroft! I want you in me! I need to— ahh— I need to feel you!” Had he not been so aroused, Mycroft might have laughed at the cliché words. In reality however, he could only comply with her wishes, slipping his fingers out and moving upwards to guide himself towards where that delightful heat was centred.

“Hold your legs open, I want to see you spread...” He panted, there was something for seeing just how wide her legs could go, something in the provocative imagery that triggered a long-

buried feral part of his brain. And when she did it now, he did not stop himself from guiding his cock inside that pink hole and *sinking* in.

“Ohhhhh fuuuck! *Slow*— slow please!” Anthea’s voice shuddered so dramatically that he swore he could feel the reverberations on his cock.

“Jesus *fucking* —Christ!” He couldn’t help but swear, and she was so tight it reminded him of — *no he will not think of his brother now* ! He slowed down his pushing, allowing her to adjust and *Christ almighty* she was tight. He could not only feel the squeeze of her vaginal walls closing on him, but even her pubic bones, it was just that side of pain to make him push a bit deeper, searching for relief. “God you are *tight* !” He gasped.

Anthea squeaked and her cunt seemed to suck him in just a centimetre more. “Would m-make sense! I was a virgin before this!” Anthea gasped as he pulled out gently. Mycroft paused and glanced at her with shock.

“And you tell me this now?”

“Makes no— ahhhh slower slower—no difference. Does it?”

“God. Fuck. Could have at least told me!”

“Mycroft! Please just— fu-uh! Uh! Uhhh!” She couldn’t finish her sentence because it was then that Mycroft began to genuinely thrust into her. He started off with slow but strong thrusts, and as she built up resilience, he built up speed. All at once they were fucking intensely. Mycroft felt like his hips were on fire, and his cock was in nirvana. He grabbed a hold of her shoulders and shoved her back wards as he thrust forwards, doubling the impact and increasing his pleasure. Of course he wasn’t mindless to Anthea’s enjoyment, as soon as she stabilised herself using the headboard to push back on him, he busied his hands on her clit. Rubbing fast and hard, relishing the flow of moans pouring out of Anthea’s mouth.

She was quaking by the time her orgasm hit her, her body arching up like a bridge, or a body on suspended ropes, and her mouth open in an obscene, yet silent scream. Mycroft followed shortly after, cumming into her in one or two last thrusts.

For minutes, they just gasped for air, panting as though they had run a kilometre. Mycroft remained buried inside her until she gave a squeeze and pressed him out, much to his displeasure. “A warning!” He gasped, “Would have been appreciated just now!”

“Not everything is voluntary Myc.” Anthea laughed weakly. “Well I suppose I should get ready... again?”

“I— yes that would be wise.” Mycroft got up offering her a hand and then removed the condom from his now limp dick. He tied it and threw it away in the bin, watching a bit fondly as Anthea hopped up and left for the loo, clearly intent on cleaning up the residual mess.

“Sir?” Mycroft was busy redressing but at the sound of her very panicked tone he stopped.

“What?” He watched as Anthea walked to him with her hand outstretched, still nude. Confusion and panic began to ebb at the surface of his mind as he watched her expression darken.

“I think we’ve been bugged.” She said, opening her hand to reveal a small dark microphone recorder similar to the ones Mycroft had used on his person in his early days of fieldwork.

For a second he just remained silent, clearly Sherlock had stolen one of these from him and had it planted in his room. If Mycroft didn’t know any better he would have said that Sherlock was trying to spy on him.

But he did know better. Sherlock clearly had a much different reason for planting the recording device. It was an old version and clearly used. “I believe Sherlock is responsible for this.” He said darkly, snatching the device and burying it in his pocket. Anthea flushed in embarrassment, but her face was controlled.

“Will you be confronting your brother then?” She asked. Mycroft nodded and returned to slipping on his shirt.

“I will talk to you later, will you be alright to keep company with my parents for an hour?” He asked, making a grab for his waistcoat.

“Of course, sir—” Anthea quickly realised her mistake and corrected herself, “Mycroft.”

“Careful, you’re giving the impression we have quite the kinks in bed.” Mycroft jested, enjoying the eyeroll that was so similar to Sherlock’s signature exasperated look.

“Not too far from the truth, if I’m honest.” Anthea snorted, pulling her bra on. Mycroft, feeling generous, helped her buckle it from behind, and then gave her bum a pinch.

“Tart. I’ll show you kinks.”

“Now?” Anthea’s brows jumped up in disbelief, a smile playing on her lips.

“Later.” Mycroft assented, then he pressed a kiss to her cheek and left the room. His good mood was tempered as he saw the mess in the kitchen that his parents were cleaning up. Broken glass and porcelain along with a mess of tea painted quite the clear picture.

“Good morning, Mycie.” His mother said, brightening up instantly at the sight of her eldest son. “Is Annette up yet?”

“Of course she is, I was just up with tea, dear.” Daddy said, only slightly affronted as he emptied the dustpan into the bin before sighing and giving Mycroft a bit of a pained look. “Sherlock’s not in a great mood today. Perhaps you and Annette should go out.”

“Oh yes,” Mummy suddenly added in, “Go off to the lovely gardens, perhaps enjoy some of the new cafés, my girlfriends told me that they have a splendid vista.”

“I will take that into note. I do however need to speak to Sherlock about... something of concern.”

Both his parents traded a look that Mycroft did not like. It felt like he could read their thoughts, daddy's wide eyes and pale face translating his unspeakable fear that Mycroft might have other intentions... Mummy's stern frown contradicting such a thought, and yet the shared anxiety they had pulsating around them telling Mycroft just how well they thought such a meeting would go.

"Do you really think that's a good idea, Mycie?" Mummy finally said, so gently as though she were approaching some sort of scared animal. Mycroft sighed and reminded himself sternly that his parents were only trying to keep their kids safe.

"Realistically, it will invite an argument. But I must speak to him. He has crossed a boundary I cannot ignore."

"What did he do?" Daddy said, confusion on his face. Of course Daddy couldn't think ill of his youngest son, Sherlock had always been his favourite. Something Mycroft would not begrudge him. All the same, Mycroft wasn't about to tell on his brother.

"A private matter. In the case that he does not listen to me, I will tell you about it." With that, Mycroft continued his way to Sherlock's room. He was careful, not wanting to surprise his brother, yet also not wanting to alert him to his presence. He knocked three times on the door and waited.

After a minute and no response, he knocked again, "Sherlock?"

"Go the fuck away!" Was the polite response. Mycroft took a deep breath and then promptly ignored his brother's request and opened the door (the lock had been removed for safety since his brother's first overdose).

"Sherlock. You owe me an explanation and I—" Suddenly, everything just died on Mycroft's tongue. His brother was smoking on the bed, but that wasn't the alarming factor, that honour was reserved for the fact that his little brother was completely nude and currently stroking his cock.

It took but a second for the fact to register in Mycroft's mind, before it promptly travelled to his body. He backed up into the door, closing it with an abrupt slam. Sherlock continued to mindlessly stroke himself, whilst taking a drag of the cigarette, but his eyes were trained on his brother and he had a smile on his lips. "You were saying?" He muttered, his voice extremely low due to the smoke.

"I— I— Can you stop?" Mycroft slapped himself (mentally) and then realised just how dangerous this was. Quickly, he walked to his brother and snatched the cigarette from his loose fingers. "You shouldn't be smoking!" He stubbed it out in the make-shift ashtray which was just an old crucible.

"And you shouldn't be aroused by my naked form. I suppose we are both rule breakers." Sherlock countered lazily, glancing at Mycroft's tented trousers. Now that his hand wasn't holding a cigarette he folded it under his head and stretched his head back, stroking himself just a bit faster.

“Sherlock, please—” Mycroft choked, doing his best to look away. But his brother was like a magnet for his eyes and he couldn’t help but watch as Sherlock edged himself closer and closer to orgasm.

His brother was stretching out, his neck a pure-white column of skin just begging to be licked and tasted. His chest was heaving and his hips were gyrating and thrusting up into his fist. The motion alone would have been enough to render Mycroft hard as stone, the fact that it was his baby brother only made it worse—

“Sherlock... don’t...” Mycroft wanted to tell his brother to stop, to just end this strange erotic show but he couldn’t speak... he couldn’t do anything but stare as his little brother’s lips parted and his mouth dropped open in a silent gasp, eyes shut tight against the pleasure assaulting his body and with a sudden spasm, baby brother reached his peak.

Cum splattered out like an eruption, covering Sherlock's pristine skin with a glaze of white and even reaching those perfect pink lips, making Mycroft lick his own in subconscious longing.

For a second, Mycroft forgot that this was forbidden, forgot the millions of ramifications to come. And somehow he was close enough to touch and he did. He pressed his hand to Sherlock’s heaving chest and dragged his touch gently down over a pink nipple before dipping into his little brother’s essence, remembering times that he had been with his brother before his emissions even existed.

Sherlock’s eyes were shut tightly, his face pained, and when Mycroft’s hand made upwards to his lips he acted. Snatching Mycroft’s wrist in a vice grip and snapping Mycroft out of the strange trance he had fallen into.

“Don’t.” Sherlock said, hoarsely. “Not when you don’t mean it...” Mycroft pulled his hand back slowly, despite his body screaming at him to jump and run away in shame. Sherlock glanced away, his cheeks pink. “The bug was... was not meant to catch anything.” He said softly.

“But it did...” Mycroft realised, with a lurch of shameful embarrassment, just what his brother must have heard, listening to him and Anthea fucking. The more empathetic side of him ached, knowing how painful it must have been for his little brother, knowing they could never have something like that. He sidestepped from that dangerous branch of thought and instead asked the question he came to, “Why was it there?” Sherlock didn’t answer for a while, staring up at the ceiling as though it were of most sincere interest. Just as Mycroft was giving up on getting any sort of response from Sherlock, his brother spoke.

“I wanted to hear you breathe, just breathe. Stupid childhood memories—” Sherlock said blankly, he got up then, his arms resting on his pointed knees and his head bowed. Mycroft’s heart broke at the sight and, at the moment, it had never been more confusing as to *why* Mycroft was doing this to them.

“I— I am *so* sorry, Sherlock.” Mycroft whispered, shame and guilt burning in his throat. What had he done? What did he do to his little brother, a boy once so bright with excitement and happiness? He corrupted him with an addiction he will never be able to undo, a

childhood of memories tainted with the forbidden fruit. Sherlock pressed his hands to his eyes and sighed.

“Go away Mycroft. Just... Just leave me alone. I can’t stand to see you anymore.” Sherlock’s voice broke and Mycroft swore he could feel his heart crack simultaneously.

“Alright, brother mine.”

Sherlock watched his brother leave the room and only once he was assured that Mycroft had left, he let his hands drop. He was still filthy from his earlier emission and wanted to curse himself for being so weak afterwards. He was helpless really, arousal gave him confidence, but once that was quenched, all his emotions broke him down.

Instead of a shower, Sherlock just used some wet wipes and got the worst of the mess off his chest. He pulled on some pants and a pair of dirty sweats and then sat down on his bed to think.

It was obvious what he wanted to do; run away, break down, cry, shoot up, and in no particular order. That being said, if he wanted to get out, he would need to leave his room, the ladder was no longer available and his window was now locked from the outside.

The sound of a car pulled him from his thoughts and he glanced outside to see Mycroft’s car pull out of the driveway, the girl with the dark brown hair in the passenger side. Well then. Good riddance.

Sherlock was sick and tired of being forced under his parent’s watch, if he could slip off to uni then he would have far more freedom to do as he wished. And perhaps, perhaps... There might be a chance, a small one albeit, that out of their parent’s house, Mycroft would be more inclined to act out on the attraction he obviously still had for Sherlock.

For now. He would need to work on building rapport with his parents again. Tedious. Sherlock undressed from his disgusting clothes and dug into his wardrobe for something not dirty. He found (under layers of boxes) one with Mycroft’s neat sprawl, hand-me-downs. After some hesitation he opened it.

Instantly nostalgia, warmth, sadness, and utter *pain*, hit Sherlock’s heart. The smell was that of Mycroft before he had become this cold diplomatic man, this agent with a gun. There was no tobacco, no expensive cologne, just the smell of books, fabric, and Mycroft’s unique scent that, as a boy and even now, Sherlock could never get a fill of.

He picked out a purple silky shirt, still in pristine condition and pulled it on. The shirt was a bit large, but still workable. And, sentimental as it was, it felt strangely like being embraced by his big brother. It gave him no small measure of comfort. He found a pair of trousers that were also a tad bit long, and a belt. It didn’t take too much effort to fold the trouser hems inwards and he could ask Mummy to sew them up. Sherlock washed his face, fixed his hair as best as he could, and then stood in front of the mirror trying so hard to see something other than what he knew to be there.

He knew that who stood in that mirror was a depressed, drug-addicted, boy who harboured intense and unreciprocated feelings for his older brother. He knew that there was anger stewing behind the facade of hope, he knew that there was a self-destructing timer that would go off any second now given the chance. And he knew that nothing will ever change that.

What he saw was frustration.

Barely tempering the urge to shatter the glass, Sherlock walked back to the wardrobe to pull off the clothes. He wasn't ready for this.

He folded the shirt and trousers back in their perfect form and put them back in the box, noticing that there were, shockingly, pants there. Of course, Sherlock couldn't help himself. If there was even the slightest chance that his brother had worn these, he would take it. He slipped out of his own boxers and noted with some admiration and no shorting of lust, that Mycroft had been much more endowed at 17 then he was at 16. The bulges in Mycroft's trousers were revealing, but not quite as much as Sherlock would have liked. He also noted that his arse was a bit more generous than Mycroft's. Wearing his brother's pants and pulling on some clean, but frumpy clothes, Sherlock felt a bit better; safer being a preferred word.

Navigation

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Chapter Summary

Usual warnings apply for incest, underage incest, references to paedophilia, references to self-harm, and others that I may have not remembered to tag.

In this chapter (long awaited for I know XD), Sherlock attends school, Mycroft goes on a mission. Both boys are still suffering from their trysts and each one has their method to cope with what they think is unforgivable.

I will say that this has been a challenge to write both due to inspiration, and also just momentum, it felt slow and wasn't really going anywhere I wanted it to. Mycroft kinda took over after a while and demanded some time for self-contemplation and I kinda had to just let him XD

That being said, I have a vague idea of where I want this to go so this is NOT gonna be abandoned! I've dedicated far too much to leave now!

About one month after Mycroft's "forced" visit, Sherlock was packing his own bags. He was finally about to move into the dorms of Cambridge. Mycroft had gone to Cambridge himself, and the family legacy ran through those halls, but Sherlock wasn't truly interested in pursuing his education.

He was more interested in the company he would keep there. High-class men and boys; wealth ran the halls and corruption was rich where there was influence. It wouldn't be hard to sustain his addiction there, not at all. It was strange how confident his parents were that he was keeping completely sober, that he had only ever slipped once or twice and that the habit had all but ended. It was honestly embarrassing, but it favoured Sherlock and he was not about to alert his parents to their mistake.

Sherlock would take the train with Daddy as Mummy had a new job interview she couldn't postpone, she had given her goodbyes early that morning and gave her son a very firm warning to stay away from the "suggestible sort" on campus that might offer him drugs.

Sherlock bit back the retort that he was one of those "suggestible sort", and swallowed her hug like a nasty pill. Daddy was rather quiet through the cab ride to the station, drinking his coffee and staring out the window. Sherlock itched for something and he suddenly wished he had the foresight to take some molly pills with him, this was going to be a long ride otherwise.

Once they had the trunks loaded and their tickets stamped, Daddy led Sherlock to the private cabin that they rented out. They ordered tea and sat down, closing the partition doors to give a measure of privacy.

Until the tea came, father and son sat in awkward silence, not one word was uttered. Once the serving woman left however, Daddy spoke.

“Sherlock. I wanted to talk to you about... well... About Mycroft.”

Sherlock busied himself with making his tea, refusing to look up at his father, “What about him?”

“I realised it must have come as a shock to you, him bringing Annette over...”

“I don’t care for her.”

“Right well, my point is. I just thought to check in with you because, well, you two were so close—” Daddy coughed delicately, insinuating just what he meant by “close” without saying it. Sherlock lifted a brow but let his father continue. “I wondered how you must have felt, I thought you might want to... talk...about... it?” He trailed off wincing at his clumsy way of wording his thoughts.

Sherlock pursed his lips. Yes, he wanted to talk about it. He was furious, he felt betrayed, he felt cheated, he felt hurt and wanted to scream and cry and tear down the walls around him. Sherlock wanted Mycroft back, he wanted his brother to be his again. But for fuck’s sake, how was talking about any of that shit going to do anything?

Daddy took a breath and then sighed, “I realise how difficult you must find this; talking about your feelings.” He paused and glanced out at the fast-moving terrain before leaning in to whisper softly, “But if you can’t talk about them we might need to get a professional involved again.”

Sherlock scoffed, “You know what happened to the last one, Daddy. I really don’t think a repeat experience is necessary.”

Daddy grimaced, “What you did to that poor woman was... cruel. You played with her, Sherlock, you shouldn’t do that to people who just want to help you.”

“She just wanted your money, don’t be stupid.” Sherlock scowled and turned his attention to his fingernails, noting that he had been biting his nails again, funny how he never notices when he is actively doing it.

“Regardless, I just want you to be alright Sherlock. None of this was your fault to begin with and—”

Sherlock gave his father a furious glare, “Who’s fault was it then? If it wasn’t mine it certainly wasn’t Mycroft’s, was it? Or are we going to return to the big-brother-is-a-child-molester theory?”

“No. No, Sherlock. I’m not—” Daddy pursed his lips in frustration, “I’m not *blaming* Mycroft. He... he was in the wrong for what he did to you, whether or not you want to accept that he was responsible for his actions is irrelevant, we’ve moved past that now. He’s moved on. He’s with a respectable partner and has a job and is doing relatively fine. I’m worried about *you*, Sherlock. You haven’t moved on, you’ve only gotten worse.”

“Well so sorry I can’t be like your perfect paedophilic son. Shall I try kissing some little boys to appease you?”

Daddy was red with anger but he took a deep breath and let it go and with it, left his anger. “Sherlock. I’m not trying to compare you two. I’m only trying to point out that if Mycroft has moved on then it shouldn’t be hard for you to do the same, not unless he really has harmed you beyond your comprehension.”

Sherlock refused to even listen anymore to Daddy’s ramblings, he opened his carry-on backpack and found one of his school texts and began to read, ignoring his father completely. Daddy seemed to accept this and took out one of his own books.

For around thirty minutes, nothing else happened, then Sherlock got up to use the loo. He ignored his father and made his way out of their private cabin to the loo just three cars down.

It was something he had considered, what Daddy said about Mycroft altering his memories and perception, but there was no fogginess and no uncertainty when he remembered back to the times that he and Mycroft had messed about as children. Well, he was a child, Mycroft had been seventeen. It was perhaps a bit strange thinking about it, because Mycroft had been hardly a year older than Sherlock was now and Sherlock couldn’t even imagine wanting to be in the presence of an irritating child. Hell, people his own age were irritating!

He found the bathrooms and closed himself into the small, but pristine stall. His thoughts continued to circle in his head like birds, even as he undid his fly and took out his cock to aim down the basin.

Why would Mycroft even want to be with him at that point? How had his brother tolerated his stupidity? Because Sherlock was self-conscious enough to know that he had been an utter idiot at age ten, especially when compared to now. And hadn’t his brother already started working for MI6 at that point? Or was it MI5? Either way, Sherlock found that he was more in awe of his brother’s interest in him than he was disgusted or disturbed.

He was also a bit embarrassed given the perversions he held as a child, he could recall that wetting the bed or whatever surface he had available had been something he quite enjoyed at that age. Not once could he remember his brother mocking him for it. In fact he could recall many times his brother indulged him, with towels put atop beds, and moving them to the bathroom so that they could have more—messy— fun.

All of a sudden, the stall door opened, startling Sherlock and making him zip himself up just as a boy around Sherlock’s age walked in. By the time that the boy noticed that the stall was occupied and shouted a quick and muffled apology, Sherlock noted one too many details.

The boy was probably sixteen, with red hair and freckles, he had green eyes and a long, thin nose. The boy was also going to Cambridge, judging by the shirt and school insignia. The boy was also clearly about to come in for a wank and *not* a piss judging by his rather prominent boner, and the dark flush on his skin.

Acting rather rashly, Sherlock grabbed the boy's sleeve and held him from escaping. The green eyes looked at him with shock but also obvious attraction. Sherlock used the latter to his advantage. "I don't mind company..." He whispered tentatively, adding a small smirk when the boy's eyes widened by a fraction.

Green eyes glanced around quickly before joining him in the small stall. Sherlock locked the door this time before pressing the boy against the wall. He smelled pleasant and his face was pretty, "What's your name?"

"V-Victor." The boy stuttered, more out of arousal than nervousness, Sherlock judged. He moved so that he was pinning Victor against the velvet colored walls of the train bathroom and then whispered into the boy's ear.

"My father is expecting me back soon. Do you think you can manage a time constraint of three minutes?" His hand moved to the boy's prominent bulge but hesitated, recalling that consent was rather important for things like this, but also figuring that by entering the stall, the boy had already consented.

"Less—if you keep talking like that," Victor breathed, he thrust forward hesitantly just as Sherlock went down on his knees.

In one rapid movement, Sherlock unzipped the boy, pulled down his flies and pulled out his cock. It was modestly sized and hard as stone, the boy didn't smell as good as Sherlock remembered his brother smelling; there was none of the subconscious connection to comfort for one, but he wasn't unpleasant. So in one go, Sherlock swallowed the cock in front of him.

Instantly, hands pulled on his hair and Victor moaned loudly, granted not so loud that it would be overheard. Sherlock made quick work of downing the boy's cock, remembering how badly he wanted to do this to his brother and for a second he could pretend it was Mycroft in front of him, if he ignored the size of the boy and the smell that was.

All too quickly, the boy came in his mouth with a shiver and two jolts of his hips. Sherlock let him finish and then spat out the cum into the toilet bowl.

"Jesus Christ..." Victor gasped, watching with no shorting of awe as Sherlock smoothly got up and pulled out his own erection. Victor reached out to touch, but Sherlock slapped the hand away.

"Watch," he ordered, pulling harshly at his cock and enjoying the way that Victor's face was drowning in red at the sight of him. He pulled at himself in ways that he normally didn't, doing it more for show than for pleasure. But the exhibition was enough by itself. Sherlock quickly felt himself topple over into orgasm, and he hardly had the presence of mind to aim vaguely to the toilet bowl. He caught the rim instead but hardly noticed through the white-hot pleasure coursing through his body.

For a few seconds, he lost track of where he was and who he was with, almost expecting to see his brother there, ready to hold him and soothe the sharp edges of orgasm away. He opened his eyes to instead see Victor.

He swallowed the disappointment quickly and using some of the toilet paper cleaned himself and the toilet seat off before washing his hands. “Best if I leave first.” He muttered, pulling up his pants and trousers.

Victor grabbed his hand suddenly, “Wait.” He let go and bit his lip nervously, “Will I see you again?”

Sherlock gave the boy a once-over. He wasn’t bad looking, even if he wasn’t Mycroft. And he seemed... nice? Either way, he would make a decent distraction between hits. So Sherlock gave him a charming smile, and gently pressed Victor up against the stall’s wall. “I should hope so, Victor.” He kissed him sweetly, but shallowly, before letting him down and leaving the stall.

Never mind that he didn’t get the boy’s phone number, nor give his name. Such trivialities were just minor obstacles to the game. And the goal right now was to see just how much he could make use of Victor as a distraction. Perhaps he could even trigger his brother’s dormant jealousy?

The possibilities were frankly exciting but a part of Sherlock wished that it wasn’t necessary, a part of him which he normally kept under tight leash, longed for his brother alone. Not some distraction.

He returned to his father feeling a bit sober and craving the distraction that cocaine might have given him.

“Everything alright, ‘Lock?” His father asked, peering up from the book he wasn’t reading. Sherlock gave a noncommittal shrug and sat himself opposite Daddy.

“Did Mycroft phone you since he left?” He asked, only somewhat curious.

“Oh, yes actually, something about him being out of touch for a few weeks due to a research project in Russia. He said that there might not be much cellular reception where he will be so not to expect any regular calls.”

A pit of fear grew in Sherlock’s stomach; as much as he would like to pretend he didn’t care about what Mycroft did outside of his life with Sherlock, he really did. If Mycroft was going to Russia, it wasn’t for research, it was for much more dangerous reasons.

Suddenly a thought invaded Sherlock’s head, dark and terrifying: what if Mycroft did not come back?

The fear must have shown on his face because Daddy had put down his book and was looking at Sherlock with concern.

“Sherlock? What’s wrong? Your face just went white as a ghost.”

“N-nothing.” Sherlock dragged his hands down his face and quickly scoured his mind for a believable excuse, “I forgot my chemistry journal at home.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll send it in the post as soon as I get back home, sit down.” His father then reached into his travel bag which Mummy insisted was a purse and he insisted was a “business” bag (but like in all arguments, their discourse was in jest) and fished out a resealable bag filled with a few of Mummy’s cookies. “Here, Mummy wanted you to eat something on the train ride, and it would make me glad too.”

Sherlock took the cookies because he did have a sweet tooth, but also because he needed something to chew on or else he would sever his tongue with the anxiety coursing in his body at the moment.

The train came to a slow stop not even an hour later, and twenty minutes after that, Sherlock was situated in his new dorm room. His dorm mates were listed, but had not yet arrived, leaving Sherlock to pick his space as to his liking. Once he was all settled and there was no more reason for Daddy to stick around Sherlock gave his father the boot and kicked him out in a less-than-polite fashion. Daddy took it with good humour reminding him to stay out of trouble and to call every day.

Sherlock agreed under the conditions that Mummy or Daddy immediately notify him if and when Mycroft calls. Daddy seemed apprehensive at first but agreed to the terms once Sherlock glared at him.

Finally alone, Sherlock instantly phoned up Lee who picked up after two rings.

“Lee’s bakery, do you take rice or flour?” Her monotone came out deeper than normal and Sherlock wondered if he just woke her up.

“Flour.”

“Oh hey smartarse, you finally in school then, eh?”

“Mhmm, just twenty minutes ago. Who’s your contact here?” Sherlock said, fingers twitching. Lee yawned on the other end, the sound of her jaw cracking subtle but detectable from Sherlock’s line.

“Someone by the name of Edward Andrew Peddleson, though I think he goes by Grizzle as his code name. I’ll let him know you’re looking for him.”

“What does he look like?”

“Tall, fucking huge actually, man has a chest like a barrel. Dark-skinned, mean little eyes, and a broken nose that’s an eyesore. He operates usually at around two am right at 26-27 Petty Cury Street.”

“Got it. Thanks Lee.”

“No problem jerk, don’t kill yourself,” Lee snorted and hung up before Sherlock could roll his eyes.

The rest of the day consisted of Sherlock checking his schedule and exploring the grounds to get familiar with the layout. After all, he will need to know all the best boltholes if he were to sustain a drug habit here.

He also travelled into the plaza where Lee said that Grizzle haunted, he didn't see the man obviously as it was far too early, but he spotted quite a few places where one could conduct unsightly business without getting caught.

Sherlock returned to his dorm and slept away the rest of the evening, he would need to wake up in time to catch Grizzle, and he wasn't about to miss out on that chance.

Mycroft and Anthea resumed a professional relationship the moment they left Mycroft's house. It wasn't so much as a topic up for discussion, not when they had so many enemies out to exploit their weaknesses.

Besides, their next assignment in Russia was promising to be a very dangerous mission indeed and would require their full concentration. Mycroft had yet to fail any mission, and so the responsibility of the rescue operation was given to him as the task force commander. A heavy responsibility that settled around his lungs like an oppressive smog.

Anthea was in the unit luckily, along with four other men and one more woman. It was a small team being dispatched for a number of reasons. According to the briefing, a captive of MI6 was being held at one of the abandoned villages in the region of Kolyma, somewhere along the Road of Bones. The captive was unable to give much more information as to his whereabouts, only mentioning something about the infamous road, and something else about there being no one there. From the sound of his voice (which had been hard to pick out from the radio), he was not doing well.

The captive had been on a covert mission to discover the status of the supposedly dead Autonomous Combat Terrorist Organization, but got captured instead by its followers nearly a month ago. If Mycroft rescued the man he would secure himself both a double promotion, a few medals and, most importantly, the option to retire from active service.

It was an attractive proposal as Mycroft had plans to achieve much higher ranks in life than a simple muscle-man for the Secret Service. He was far too intelligent to do the dirty work himself. That being said, one has to cross the bridge to get to the other side.

Mycroft and his team trained for two weeks, preparing themselves for the gruelling mission in a land of ice and snow. All of them had prior training, but this was a boost up to bolster their survival skills. Out in Kolyma there were few villages and even fewer ones that weren't abandoned. To survive out there in blizzardous conditions would require tremendous strength and even more luck.

They set out as quickly as possible, taking a private helicopter on a long ride to the Mezhdunarodnyi Airport as it was the closest they could get before having to go by car. While it would have been optimal to travel in October, the only time recommended to drive down the horrid road, pushing off the mission for another two months might spell the end for the MI6 spy.

So the team sent their goodbyes home, Mycroft let his father know that he would be on a research trip with little cellular reception, and then they cut off all ties to the world as they went to rescue their fellow soldier.

Currently, their aircraft was landing, or at least trying to, and Mycroft was getting nauseous from the number of circles they were doing. The wind and ice were not allowing the helicopter to land nicely and instead was jostling it around up and down. A good start to any trip, Mycroft mused darkly.

“Sir, are you alright?” Anthea asked, the glitter of a smile evident in her eyes, the only part of her visible.

“Perfectly,” Mycroft snapped as the helicopter leaned once more to the right. All five of them were wearing heavy parkas and ski-masks to cover their mouths and faces, the temperature along the roads they were about to travel were cold on any day, and at this time of year were positively frigid.

Finally, they felt the tell-tale bump of landing and within seconds their radios clicked on with the relieving message that they had landed. Mycroft waited until the sounds of the engine were low enough before crouching over to open the Helicopter’s hatch. “Everyone out!” He bellowed over the howling sounds of icy wind.

In a military fashion the men and women filed out of the aircraft and moved directly to their contact, a man waiting with two jeeps and looking very disgruntled to be there. It wouldn’t be odd, the air was icy and bit at any exposed skin like a starved wolf, snow was dragged with the gusts and made the entire world look bleak and grey. And it all made for generally unpleasant conditions.

Mycroft greeted him in Russian and quickly rehearsed their purpose of being there (of course it was a fabricated lie), the number of people and the number of baggage as well as verifying the cargo they had ordered to be on the jeeps. After all was said and done, Mycroft returned to his platoon (which were entertaining themselves by jumping up and down to get feeling back into their limbs).

“Corvic, you, Harris and Matthew will take the first jeep on the right, check for stability and test the tire pressure, god knows how long the Iwan has kept them here. Johnson, Cooper and I will take the other one.” He threw the key to Oliver Corvic, a dark haired, bulky man, good with large rifles and talented with a knife in close combat. The man grunted a “yes sir”, the sound seen more than heard, from the brief plume of white smoke in the frigid air.

They jumped into their respective vehicles, Mycroft doing the check on their own jeep while Anthea and Jay loaded up all the baggage. Mycroft didn’t trust the man who lent them the cars, moreso out of habit than any other reason. A few kicks to the tires and quick peek at the gas tank ensured that the engine would run and the ride would be smooth. They had two spare tires in each jeep and around three of the five-gallon military gas canisters. Enough to get them by quite a few hundred kilometres.

They started off quickly with Mycroft’s jeep trailing the other and as soon as wind started hitting the glass of the car’s front windshield a wave of anxiety overtook Mycroft’s body. If

he weren't so focused on keeping their jeep steady and keeping his eyes on the road he might have puked. This was his first major mission being the solo man in charge, if they failed—if any mishaps were had, the responsibility would go on his shoulders.

Anthea was going by her covert last name “Johnson” for this trip, she switched it up generally but this was her favourite for some reason. She and Jay were talking in the back of the jeep reading over the map again and trying to speculate as to where the MIA spy would have been kept.

Their prerogative was to find the spy and bring him home safely, but it would be ideal if they could salvage his months-long record of information, granted most of it was possibly confiscated when he was captured but there was a chance it still wasn't destroyed.

They drove for a few hours carefully, the gravel road was frozen, which was preferable to its being sloshy and muddy, but there was more snow than ice and the potholes were covered so that everything looked perfectly even.

The drive was quiet for the most part, giving Mycroft plenty of time for contemplation, something he rarely allowed himself. But driving through the snow, with the strong but silent winds pushing against the windows, his mind fell into a lull, and weakened his resolve.

It wasn't like Mycroft was consistently unaware of what his life was; it was, in essence, an everlasting futile mission to escape his crimes in the distraction of greater and riskier endeavours. But knowing this and keeping it in the forefront of his mind were two separate things. Because if Mycroft thought about *why* he was here, he would need to address *what* he did.

There was a word for men like him, a word that reminded him of nights and days spent in sinful indulgences. A word that said, in denotation as clear as a bell, that he was dangerous, depraved, damaged. And the truth was, these weren't exaggerations, they were true.

Mycroft was... he was...

He couldn't even bring himself to think of the word without shame springing into his eyes. He blinked them away and bit his tongue to bring himself back to the present.

Unbidden, the memory of small teeth and a sweet tongue entangled with his own briefed his mind and it was so sudden, so visceral that Mycroft lost control of the vehicle. He quickly readjusted, heart thrashing against his ribcage like had just jumped off a cliff face, and brushed off the sudden motion as avoiding a pothole.

This is too dangerous. I must think of something else, not him. Never him. Mycroft felt his heart continue to race and his throat constrict tightly, thoughts and memories of those early years were coming to him with unnerving ease nowadays, and often in the most inopportune moments.

A part of him longed to ask if Sherlock suffered from these memories too. This self-destructive part of him sought confirmation that he had indeed damaged his brother beyond reason. This same part blamed Mycroft for the drugs, for the disobedience, for the

recklessness, and for the moment Sherlock jumped out the window. It was a heavy part of Mycroft's consciousness.

Another part of Mycroft, some fragment of self-preservation which had somehow protected and guarded Mycroft's life and sanity, knew that that way lay damnation. To search for answers where the truth would certainly spell the final sentencing to Mycroft's war on his right to live. If he could pretend, for a moment, that Sherlock forgot, that these memories were purely Mycroft's burden... then he might be able to push through.

The snow continued to blow against the car's window and after nearly eight hours of driving, both teams pulled over to switch drivers and check on the map how far they've gotten.

The moment Mycroft stepped out of the car, icy wind slapped him awake, even with his ushanka's ear flaps pulled down he could still hear the howl of winter and it shook him to his core. The absolute desolation of this road sunk into a pit deep in Mycroft's stomach and made him feel queasy.

"Sir? Are you alright?" Anthea yelled over the shrieking of snow, Mycroft nodded instead of answering her back and moved to the back of the truck to check on the fuel.

It was vital that the jeep's engine never be turned off, meagre moments were enough to threaten freezing what fuel they had in the tank and it was trouble enough to work out how to unfreeze the gas canisters they had with them without worrying about defrosting the engine itself. For the moment though, steam rose steadily from the cars' exhaust and they were fine.

"We'll come up on the first designation within four more hours," Mycroft yelled over to his other squad, getting their attention from where they were bent over the tires. One of them yelled something in return, but Mycroft couldn't hear them over the sudden appearance of a tall and dark figure looming through the veil of snow.

It was enormous, with a silhouette that was monstrous and hard to pick out at first, until it started coming closer... at a rapid pace. Mycroft pulled out his handgun and aimed it to the upper part of the beast's head and let out two shots. They hit nothing and Mycroft realised why when the beast finally came out into sight.

It was an enormous bull-moose charging like his life depended on it. Mycroft's third shot grazed the beast's gargantuan shoulder and clipped it enough for the animal to let out a shrieking cry that echoed far too loudly in the haze of the winds.

Mycroft's men were alerted by his first gun shot and one of them had hopped back into the jeep to drive it out of the moose's line of charge. But the beast had had enough and turned its great bulk around, trotting back into the mist of the winter haze.

Mycroft lowered his gun, and then mechanically checked his ammo, forgetting for a moment that he had already changed the Glock's magazine before they left the aircraft. He clicked it back in and, ignoring whatever his underlings were yapping about said, "Get in the jeeps, we need to keep moving!"

There was a faint response of “Aye-aye sir,” But Mycroft didn’t bother trying to hear it, he slipped into the back of his jeep and allowed Cooper to take the wheel. Once everyone was inside and the jeep started moving again, Mycroft allowed himself to listen in on the conversation between Anthea and Jay.

“I couldn’t even make out what the bloody hell that thing was! I was like, no way that’s a person, far too tall!” Jay was saying.

“I’ll be frank, my mind jumped to that American creature—the windigo or something?”

“The hell is that?”

“Some sort of folk monster with antlers that eats humans. I don’t remember the specifics. But it looked like that, with the horns and just how dark it was.” Anthea made a harsh turn suddenly, jostling everyone in the jeep, “Sorry, pothole!”

“Bloody hell woman, do you drive like this in London?” Jay snorted, earning a punch to his shoulder from Anthea. “Ow! Hey!”

“I’m not about to let that one slide, Cooper,” Anthea growled. Mycroft narrowed his eyes, unsure how he felt about this casual teasing but decided that he had no right either way. He pushed his furry hat to cover his eyes and then slumped down to catch a few winks of sleep, he would need to be alert when the time came to it and he learned that you sleep when you can when on a mission like this.

He woke up a little under three hours later, noticing with alarm at how dark it was. Jay and Anthea were silent, clearly not yet aware of his being awake. Mycroft allowed himself the chance to lie in relative solitude.

In an hour, they would need to pull off to the side of the road to set up a quick camp, and prepare for the first scan through the abandoned village that lay right at the Aldan River’s edge. They were not far at all from the nearby city of Khandyga, which held many commodities that they might need, including a gas station and inn.

But the city was populated and not likely to be the hideout for any ex-terrorist organizations. Not when such a place was frequented by tourists. Mycroft would have his team stop there however, if anything to just get word of any strange activity, which was to say *any* activity.

For now however, they had a bit more time, and while in some cases the drive from where they were now to the abandoned village wouldn’t have taken more than thirty minutes, the snow storm and darkness of night made it difficult to travel any faster than fifty kilometres per hour, making the ride much longer. Mycroft stared out the jeep’s windows, watching as snow flew by fast enough to trick his mind into thinking they were travelling at light-speed.

It was beautiful, in a way, but strangely isolating, it made Mycroft think thoughts he wasn’t all too comfortable with. The silence only made his thoughts more acute and loud. It felt as though anyone and everyone could hear and know what was passing through his mind, and as the white-bear problem so easily proved, he now couldn’t think of anything but what he wanted no one to know of.

What if Anthea found out? He wouldn't put it past his brother's capabilities to somehow tell his assistant about their trysts as children. Well, Sherlock was a child, Mycroft was not. And what if she found out and was horrified (as she rightly should be), disgusted and quickly told on Mycroft to his higher-ups? While Mycroft was safe from most scandals thanks to his early training and non-existent record beforehand, this might very well prove to undermine all his efforts.

While realistically such claims would need to have been supported, all that was needed was Sherlock's testimony and all of Mycroft's hard work would have been for nothing. The utter shame and humiliation of being tried in a court for his crimes, and the horror of what that might do to his family made Mycroft cringe painfully.

He would need to ensure that his brother remained silent, however horrid that sounded. At least until he had substantial counters for such a case being brought up. His brother's drug addiction, as bad as it was, actually provided a considerable amount of counterproof. Who would possibly trust the word of a drug-addict?

But his brother wasn't just that was he? Mycroft felt guilty for even thinking of Sherlock in such terms, even in the safety and privacy of his own mind. Sherlock was a genius, an unspent and restricted one albeit, but a genius nonetheless.

There were moments when Mycroft was in university that he well... fantasied about his brother growing up enough so that they might move somewhere alone... these thoughts only ever came around when Mycroft was truly sleep-deprived and in between his waking and sleeping hours.

But the thoughts persisted, and Mycroft couldn't help but imagine a world where he and Sherlock could live as more than brothers. Mycroft entertained himself by imagining countless scenarios where he would provide some sort of lovely puzzle for his brother, with a delightful reward for the correct answer. And those scenarios were sinful not only for their intrinsic feature of including his *brother* but also for the horrid fact that his imagination could not picture Sherlock as any older than when he last left him. So despite his mind convincing Mycroft that his brother was older in the fantasy, perhaps in his twenties, his mind refused to create the accurate physical representation.

And so, in simple terms, Mycroft fantasised, and wanked off to, made up scenarios involving his ten-year-old brother.

If he wasn't able to say it before, he was most certainly able to now, Mycroft was a disgusting paedophile. There were no excuses, even as some part of him was desperate to cling to the weak threads of dignity and throwing justifications like "Sherlock wanted it, asked for it clearly!" or, "Sherlock wasn't a dumb child, he knew what he was doing" or even, "I never hurt him, I did only as he wanted!"

None of these held for a moment. Mycroft was not a man who allowed himself to get away with criminal acts, he had punished himself for these crimes from the day he left Sherlock at ten years old. He had not let one day go by without the word pasted on his heart, and the crime whipped across his skin in marks of self-flagellation. When he was younger, he allowed other men to do the whipping for him.

That being said, such acts were self-serving, Mycroft realised. They did nothing to help Sherlock and everything to help his own guilt. And once he had realised the reality of his actions he stopped them. What he did instead was plan out Sherlock's future, financially. However, these plans too were foiled once he uncovered Sherlock's drug use. Now giving his brother the money would have enabled him to harm himself, and thus Mycroft would be once more, the cause of his little brother's agony.

So what could he do?

When Mycroft was twenty one, he had counted out the sentence given to child-molesters (such as himself) and attempted to carry it out on his own person. But with so many loopholes it was as good as useless. He had not spent five years in prison, he had not suffered, and even if he had, Mycroft was a masochist at heart, so for him to suffer, would be (if not pleasurable) guilt-relieving.

There was truly nothing he could do. Nothing more than what he was already doing. Giving everything he could to his parents, and letting them decide his fate. Speaking of his parents, they somehow still thought that he and Sherlock should talk, somehow thinking that their *brotherly* relationship was salvageable and still valuable.

For Christ's sake! Did they not realise just how horrid Mycroft was? They sent him *photos* of Sherlock on his sixteenth and fifteenth birthday! As though they thought that Mycroft would lament not being there! As though it never crossed their minds that Sherlock's elder brother would see these photos and think... and wonder... and imagine... What lay under those ill-fitting clothes?

Mycroft was a disgusting pervert as well as a peadophile, as it turned out, though one was technically an extension of the other. And even without the pictures on his phone (deleted after a minute of glorious observation), he retained a perfect memory of it. Of how much Sherlock has grown and how gorgeous his lips and face were. And perhaps that was a balm on his soul too, that he was still attracted to his brother's form even past his early youth. It wasn't much, but it meant something.

It meant that Mycroft was a peadophile in actions only, not in desires... whatever good that did him.

The jeep suddenly jerked to a halt; they had arrived. Mycroft sat up straight, adjusted his cap and wiped his internal debate to the recesses of his mind, to be uncovered at another inopportune time. For now, it was time for action.

Failure

Chapter by [AmbiguousMorals](#)

Chapter Summary

The other half of Mycroft's mission, and Sherlock gets a bit too much of the good stuff. The family will reunite sooner than expected.

Chapter Notes

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

Sherlock pulled his jacket tighter over his chest, it was ridiculous how easily cold he got these days, perhaps an unfortunate side effect of not eating near enough. He was currently shuffling around from alley to alley attempting to find the elusive Grizzle that Lee said would be waiting on 26-27 Petty Curry street. It was well past two in the morning and no one was there, the street was as fucking empty as a uni student's flat.

Sherlock stomped his feet a bit more, trying to regain some warmth in his limbs. This was ridiculous, Lee wouldn't have just told him nothing, Sherlock was well aware that she was well-compensated for every client she handed over. The fault lay with this *Grizzle* character then.

Sherlock narrowed his eyes and attempted once more to give the surrounding alleys a thorough scan, he thought he caught movement but just as he made to walk over there, a large hand slapped over his mouth with terrifying suddenness.

Sherlock couldn't even scream because another hand scooped him by the waist and pulled him backwards into the alley, Sherlock struggled and squirmed but neither hand budged, just as real panic started creeping up he was slammed against the brick wall of the shoe store and was face to hooded face with a gigantic man. His hands dropped their hold and one fished out a large flip-knife in an unspoken threat.

"What's your name kid?" The man's voice was as deep and dark as the rest of him and held a throaty growl that didn't sound all that natural. Sherlock swallowed his panic and hoped to god that he hadn't pissed himself.

"Sh-Sherlock—,"

"Fuck, you smaller than the bint said," the man, who was certainly Grizzle, laughed. He put away the knife and moved back a tad. Much to Sherlock's relief.

"You're Grizzle then?"

“Aye, the one. I’m guessing you be wantin’ to refill, yeah? Show me how much you have.” Grizzle leaned back on the opposite wall and opened up his ginormous coat, reaching in one of the deep pockets.

Sherlock fumbled for a moment, still a bit shell-shocked from being so close to what he thought would be a very gruesome death. He fished out one of the rolls of hundred-pound notes (he was slowly running out from what he had of his allowance from the past few years and would need to figure out a way to get more money soon). “Is two hundred quid enough?”

“For five grams, aye.” Grizzle handed over five small zips with the familiar white powder and took the pounds from Sherlock, making a show of counting each note. “You come from big money eh, kid?”

“Does it matter?” Sherlock felt himself bristle up, instantly defensive. It wasn’t that he was unaware of his privilege, it was that he didn’t like to be reminded of it. Afterall, what had all that money done for him in the end? Nothing. He was still miserable, still bored, and above all, still fucking lonely.

Money had taken his brother away if anything. Grizzle pocketed the notes and gave him a steady look, almost measured in a way.

“It will. Once you run out. Rich kids like you don’ know how to make a pound. An’ you a pretty thing too, you’ll be sellin’ yourself soon if you don’ find another way to make it.”

Sherlock gave the man a disgusted look, “I’m not a whore! I wouldn’t stoop to that shit!”

Grizzle let out a laugh that was far more menacing than it should have been, “Ha! Wait a few days, you’ll be dyin’ for another hit if what Lee be sayin’, ‘bout your habits, true. You’ll be gaspin’ for it like them common whores you so damn afraid of.” He leaned forward suddenly, cornering Sherlock against the wall without so much as lifting his hand. “You wanna take some real advice kid? Stop take’n the coke now. Sell it if y’want, make a pretty pence or two. But y’don’ wanna be on the other side, kid. Trust me, the end ain’ pretty for addicts.”

“I’m not an addict!” Sherlock hissed furiously, a deep seed of fear sprouting in his gut, “I’m a user. I know what I’m doing.”

“It’s your loss kid. I tol’ Lee the same shit. She listened an’ she safe now. Up to you tho’ I ain’ sayin’ no more.” Grizzle stood up again and after checking the alleys, made his way out, leaving Sherlock in an uncomfortable silence.

Sherlock finally made his way back to the dorms around ten minutes later, still reeling from what Grizzle had said. It was true that his parents had already cut down his allowance significantly and that his savings were no longer quite as full as they once were. Technically, he was broke. Unless he found another way to get money, he might very well be starting to consider what Grizzle said.

And there was so much money to be made there. Doubly so because he was so young, sixteen was of age, but it was still risky given the chance his partner might be a teacher or other authority figure. That being said, the money he could make was huge. The whole situation

required more careful consideration however, and while Sherlock was pressed for money, he did have time to bide... at least for a week or so.

For the following week Sherlock meandered around the school, attending classes out of sheer curiosity and he found them interesting, if for just the fresh faces to deduce. He also made it his focus to find all the best spots to snort a quickie, and to hide a body (the latter was simply for intellectual exercise).

Sherlock also was happy to receive a small check from Mummy and Daddy with strict instructions saying to use it only for the books and materials he might need—he obviously discarded the message—which he was able to use to purchase another bit of cocaine. Sherlock also spotted Victor multiple times through the halls and in classrooms though they never shared a class. Victor caught his eye once or twice and there was recognition in them but Sherlock was going to wait for the boy to come to him, he wasn't the desperate one after all.

Unfortunately, since Sherlock hadn't had the chance to purchase his normal kit of syringes and crucibles, he had been resorting to snorting his coke, the unfortunate side-effect of this meant he had random nosebleeds (or not so random) through the day. And perhaps the worst situation happened while he was in his English class and working with this group of two girls on peer-reviews.

Sara, a blond girl with brown eyes and an uptight attitude was making vicious corrections on Sherlock's rough draft with a bright red pen and while he was supposed to be correcting Lisa's paper he found that he was feeling a bit too high to properly read.

"Sherlock? Are you feeling alright?" Lisa, a Muslim girl with the quietest voice in the world asked him after he nodded off twice.

"Wh—yeah. Head—M'head hurts." Sherlock said honestly because it was starting to hurt a bit more than he was expecting. The light-headed feeling and severe stomach cramps was probably due to his lack of drinking water (outside of tea) for the past two days and not eating anything but a piece of dry toast. Lisa frowned, clearly only growing more concerned.

"Do you want to talk to Professor Gurney? Maybe she'll let you see the nurse."

"Don' need t'see the bloody nurse," Sherlock groaned painfully, forcing himself to sit up and try to read Lisa's paper again, the words blurred in front of his eyes and he couldn't get them to come into focus again.

"Lisa, just leave him, he doesn't need our help. God your draft is awful! Were you actually planning on turning this in?" Sara said in disgust, shoving the paper back at Sherlock.

Sherlock lost whatever balance had kept him in a sitting position then and fell face-forward on Sara's lap, much to her screeching displeasure. The ruckus went over and past Sherlock's head as he felt a slow, sticky warmth seep out of his nose and a soft darkness envelop his mind.

Mycroft jumped out of the vehicle and the crunch of snow was just as awakening as the blast of icy wind smacking his face. It took him but a moment to adjust to the cold and then to find the flashlight in his utility belt.

“Everyone off! Harris, stay back and keep the jeeps from freezing, radio us if any issues come up.” Mycroft unloaded a few of the light-wight SA-80s and passed them around to his team. As they loaded up and propped the flashlights on their respective weapons, Mycroft continued to give instructions, “Corvic, I want you and Matthew to scout the west riverbank. Johnson, Cooper I want you both to take the east side. I will temporarily join Corvic’s team and search with them, when we finish our rounds, I’ll send them to central. I’ll meet up with Cooper and Johnson and we’ll scout back down the east side if you saw anything suspicious. If not, we’ll rendezvous back to Corvic and Matthew’s position in forty minutes. Any questions?”

“Sir,” Corvic said, awaiting permission, Mycroft nodded at him and the bulky man continued, “If we find no persons alive there, do we have permission to scout the buildings for signs of previous people being there?”

“That will be my job, Corvic. It’s why I will be rotating searches with your teams. Any other questions?”

“Sir.” At Mycroft’s nod, Anthea continued, “How far out of the village do you want us to scout?”

“Do not step out of the village premise, Johnson. We cannot arouse suspicion. Just search for any signs of life and make note of them if you see anything, when I join your team you’ll take me back to those locations. Do not engage in any firefight and keep covert.”

The howling wind swallowed any further discussion and it wasn’t long before the groups set out on their respective tracks. Mycroft, Corvic, and Matthew set off at a punishingly fast pace, struggling to pull through the thick snow banks on the sides of the abandoned buildings.

Most were in some dilapidated state, with windows missing, roofs caved in, and walls crumbling. Some were in better shape and those were the more promising locations. As they walked Mycroft kept his eyes peeled, while there were no signs of smoke from far off, he wouldn’t put off the possibility of electric (battery-operated) heaters for the sake of discretion.

He followed Corvic closely as they reached the midpoint of their search fifteen minutes in, yet so far there were no signs of anyone in the abandoned village. “Corvic, Matthew, I’m sending you to central; keep on the lookout and avoid anything that looks like a trap. Scout out a safe location for us to meet up and stay put. I’m going to join Johnson and Cooper.”

“Sir, do you not think it might be better to wait for them here? They can’t be far off, it’ll be safer not to go alone,” Matthew said hesitantly. Mycroft shook his head, eyeing the snowbanks.

“They’ll be right over the bank. I’ll radio if I need back-up. Head to central and stay vigilant.” With that last order Mycroft took his leave and trudged through the knee-deep wasteland of frozen water.

The snow cracked as he pushed through it, the thin layer of ice like a painful reminder of the bitter cold. Mycroft’s visibility was getting worse as a wind started up in front of him, whipping up loose snow and flinging it into his face. The wind howled low and loud and made sounds like death through broken windows and abandoned shacks. Mycroft couldn’t see barely five feet around him now.

He hesitated to radio, it would be too soon. Johnson and Cooper had to be just around that building. Seeing an area of lower snow-drifts, Mycroft made his way there and slid against the old wooden frame of a burned building. The soot and breaks suggested that the fire had been internal. And had exploded outwards as people failed to stop it.

Sabotage? Or a simple accident? Mycroft gave the house a cursory inspection as he passed around it, noting the absence of home-goods and the strange source of the burns.

The place seemed to have been rigged with an explosive, it was too strong an explosion otherwise. However, whatever evidence there might have been left over was certainly gone now as snow covered whatever the broken house did not.

“Holmes!” Johnson’s voice was a most welcome sound in the abyss of this graveyard and Mycroft spotted her face just under another snow-drift. “Sir!”

“Cooper, Johnson! Did you two spot anything?”

“No sir!” Cooper crashed through the snowdrift, finally close enough that he didn’t have to yell over the howling of the wind. “We passed two or three buildings intact enough to give a brief look over but they all seemed to be burned from the inside.

“Yes, I believe it was sabotage. Someone is destroying evidence.” Mycroft shook his head and then pulled out his radio. “Corvic come in, over?”

The radio buzzed with silence for a bit before Corvic’s gruff voice came through, “Hear you loud and somewhat clear sir, over.”

“Found Johnson and Cooper, we are heading to your location, remain vigilant, over.”

“Roger that, over.”

It took them ten minutes to come to the central location where they spotted a clearing with Corvic and Matthew in plain sight. As they all came together Mycroft radioed Harris to prepare for their return. Static was the only sound which greeted him however.

“Harris? We are heading to the jeeps, do you copy? Over.” Mycroft felt the crunch of snow at his knees start to bite into his skin as repeated irritation began to chafe him. Still, the silence from the radio haunted the team moreso than the ghosts of wendigos or the real pain of ice and snow.

“Harris, can you hear us? Over.” Johnson attempted, a futile hope that perhaps it was Mycroft’s radio not working.

The silence persisted.

“Sir what are we...” Cooper started hesitantly.

“Quick march to the jeeps. Something’s not right. Guns at the ready!” Mycroft ordered sharply, steadying his rifle against his shoulder. Briefly the thought of his brother invaded his mind, as always when adrenaline pumped through his blood.

The five of them marched quickly, or as quick as they could through the snow. The sounds of ice crunching and wind howling were as gravely quiet as the empty air on the radio. Johnson repeated her attempt at contacting Harris, but was not successful.

Five minutes later they spotted the place where they had the jeeps. But the cars were not there.

A body lay on the icy ground, and the snow was stained red and slightly steaming. Mycroft instantly held his hand up, halting his companions as soon as he spotted the body, “GET DOWN!”

They fell to the ground flat on their stomach and waited in dead silence. Mycroft glanced over his shoulder and saw that Matthew was the closest to him. Speaking into the radio just to be certain that his words were heard, Mycroft said, “Matthew, spot me. I’m going to close in and see if I can clear the area. Cooper and Johnson, both of you circle from the other end. Corvic, spot Cooper and Johnson.”

Mycroft then began a quick crawl over to where he saw Harris’s lifeless body. Making sure he kept low and making sure that he scanned his surroundings for bombs. Luckily, there seemed to be a distinct lack of explosives.

He reached Harris and was unsurprised to see a hole in the back of his head, and judging by the soot, he had been snuck up on. That was a good sign as it meant that it was unlikely that there were any snipers. Granted, visibility would make sniping a nightmare at the moment.

Harris’ body had been looted as well, his firearm and ammo were missing. So were his gloves and his first aid. His fingers were already turning white from the cold. Soberly, Mycroft radioed his team, “Johnson, found anything? Over.”

Anthea responded instantly, “No sir. All clear from the looks of things, over.”

Mycroft sighed, his breath a plume of white in the grey of the air. “Come to Harris’ location. We need to head to the city, over.”

The rest of Mycroft’s team came and stared solemnly at the body of their friend and companion. While gloom was heavy, vigilance was sharp and bright, and fear spiked their adrenaline. They made their way to the road, Mycroft and Corvic sharing the weight of Harris’ body between them. Johnson led the front, Matthew and Cooper kept the back.

For twenty minutes the group walked in relative silence, they kept to the side of the road, not willing to relinquish the ease of travel for the safety of being offroad. But the going was not much easier. The potholes were far more deadly now and there were spots of ice which hid under a thin sheet of snow, causing them to slip and fall.

Suddenly the lights of two vehicles shone in front of them—two jeeps. Instantly, Mycroft dropped Harris' body and shouted for everyone to get down and out of the way. The jeeps pulled to a stop and what seemed like eight men got out. Each with a handgun and rifle. At once the firefight began, and with no shelter the bullets found more than one target.

Heat and red panic burst in Mycroft's brain, he aimed and shot seven times, hearing shouts and screams and loud bursts before everything went black and red in a burst of searing agony.

There was more gunfire and more shouting and more commotion and then suddenly the jeeps drove off in a rush, leaving behind five or so bodies on the road.

Feeling dizzy with fear and pain, Mycroft finally rolled over onto his back to see where he had been hit and was instantly filled with panic.

His trousers were red with blood, his thigh being the source of the bleeding. Panic ate at his mind and he felt himself wheezing for breath.

"Sir!" Anthea shrieked as she scrambled over to him, "Mycroft! *Fuck!*" Barely keeping herself in line she grabbed her first-aid kit and found the tourniquet. Mycroft grabbed it from her and looped it around his thigh himself while he still had the blood to do something functional.

"The others! Get to the others, Anthea!" He gasped as she slapped his hands away and prepared to pull the tourniquet. She frowned and gave him a look which said simply, "*no*".

"That was an *order*, Johnson! *Fuck!*" Mycroft hardly got the words out when she tightened the tourniquet and effectively caused him to shut up. The pain was nearly intolerable, and he had already been blacking out from blood loss. His last thought before falling back into the sharp ice of the snow was *please don't let me die without seeing Sherlock again*.

One week later Mycroft got a letter offering five months recovery before attempting another mission. The mission had ultimately been futile as more intelligence found that the captive MI6 agent had died well over three weeks before Mycroft's team had been sent out. The entire phone call had been recorded ages before and had been sent as a trap for more agents.

Mycroft never felt like a bigger fool. And his mistakes had led to the death of Cooper and Harris. He could not attend their funerals, but he had sat in his hospital bed in Germany and had composed letters to the families, detailing the conditions of their deaths and providing words of comfort.

His parents had to be notified soon as well. Else they'd be extraordinarily concerned. Mycroft had sent Anthea to get formal therapy at an intensive care facility as he couldn't stand to see

her suffer from the trauma of that mission. Granted, she had suggested it at first for the both of them.

Mycroft took a deep breath and rolled the hospital sheets away from his leg, revealing the multitudes of bandages protecting his wound from the outsider's eye. Mycroft couldn't move the leg more than a centimetre without extreme pain as it seemed to have severed not just his femoral artery, but also a fair few nerves on its exit. Even now, the slightest flexing of the muscle brought him agony.

He was lucky he had a catheter and didn't have to worry about using the bathroom on his own just yet. Granted, the nurses had offered to remove it, something he was ashamed to refuse. But he just couldn't have anyone help him to the toilet. It would be far too much for him to bear.

Mycroft threw the covers over his leg again and reached for his phone. It was better late than never, and time would only pass if he continued to avoid the issue. He called his mother's number and waited with baited breath as it rang.

"Hello? Who's this?"

"Hello Mummy, it's me. Mycroft."

"Oh—Oh my god! Siger! Mycroft's on the line! Oh goodness, where *have* you been? Where are you now? What's been going on! How did the research project go in Russia?"

Mycroft felt a stab of panic recalling his lie to his parents and swallowed nervously, his superiors had already sent his parents a letter with an agent, one that they should get any day now, having them sign to secrecy and put them under witness protection so that Mycroft could heal and recover at home.

Knowing this, was why he called now. It would be better to tell them himself than to have someone else do it. "There's something really important I need to tell you and Daddy. Is he able to hear me?"

"What? Why? Yes, yes I've put you on speaker dear, he can hear you now." Mummy's voice got more distant and there was a small clang as the phone was set down on a table.

Mycroft took a deep breath and let it out slowly, "I did not go to Russia on a research programme, but I had to tell you that due to the delicate nature of what I was doing there. I cannot share everything with you, but I can tell you this much: I was injured in a fire and was shot. I will need to recuperate for around five to seven months before I can return to work. I wanted to ask if you would be amenable to housing me for that time, as I will need... assistance."

The silence on the other line was deafening. After a long moment, Daddy spoke, "If I am understanding this correctly, and I do not think I am not, you are enlisted with the Secret Service, and you were injured in action. Is that accurate, son?"

Mycroft's voice cracked as he realised just how long he had been avoiding the nature of his job with his parents, "Yes."

"You can always come home. We—we are a little—," Daddy's voice broke in a sob, "Little shocked. But, you always have a home with us, Mycie. Come home as soon as you can. We want to help you. And... I know you can't say much but—I—we hope you are ok."

"It shouldn't be anything permanent, Daddy," Mycroft said, and was startled to hear his voice become weak and feeble. There was a burn in his throat and pain in his eyes as tears dropped out. "I'll be flown home tomorrow. They'll drive me to yours and I'll have an appointment for physical therapy next week. Thank you. I'm sorry you had to find out like this."

"It's alright, love." Mummy sounded as though she were trying very hard to keep her voice level. She sniffed and sighed, "We'll be waiting. Stay in touch please."

"Is Sherlock alright?" Mycroft asked, suddenly feeling extraordinarily guilty for not asking about his brother. The silence on the other line was foreboding. "Mummy? Daddy? What happened?" In his gut, Mycroft already knew.

"Mycroft, love, your brother overdosed again and was expelled. We brought him home just last week. He's also recovering," Mummy explained softly. Mycroft felt his heart sink.

"Oh, I am so sorry. This—this is all my fault." Mycroft wanted to slap himself, that thought should have stayed in his head, but in his pain and frustration and shock he had let his insecurity slip.

"Mycroft. Don't. Whatever Sherlock is doing right now, we won't have you blaming yourself for it. It won't help anyone," Daddy said, far too stern to be comforting. "At the end of the day, we just have to move forward from here. He misses you a lot. And I'm sure he'll be happy to have you home, even if for a bit."

"Well. We'll be one big, happy family now won't we?" Mycroft barely resisted rolling his eyes.

"Oi, watch that tone young man! Your Mummy and I will get all the old puzzles out. We'll have a good old time, or we better unless you want to make Mummy cross!" The jest helped lift Mycroft's mood a little and he sighed with relief.

"I'll see you all soon."

"We'll see you soon, love!" Mummy said as the line cut off.

Chapter End Notes

I've got to apologise for how terribly long it took for me to update this work. I hit a brick wall in terms of the story and only recently did I find the inspiration to pick it up again.

I've got the next chapter partially written and better planned out so there's that to look forward to at the very least.

Thank you to everyone who not only has waited but has continued to check on this work. I promise that I have not abandoned it, I have plenty of love for this story, it's just going through some growing pains!

All that being said, I read back on your guys' comments on a weekly basis to keep me motivated and to remember why I love this story so much. The boys have such a huge journey before them. And given the ending of this chapter, I think you can look forward to a few more confrontations!

Home Again

Chapter Summary

First of all, shout out to my new Beta reader, S0RT_0F_CRA2Y, who really helped polish this chapter and was incredibly diligent in getting through it all (they went above and beyond and even read some of the previous installments in this series to better help me with this chapter!). So once again, thank you S0RT_0F_CRA2Y for all your help!!

Any remaining mistakes are my own fault.

Summary of chapter: Mycroft, on medical leave from his gun wound, finally comes home. Who's there to greet him but the bane and hope of his life, Sherlock. And an unfortunate (wet) accident leads the boys to come closer than they had in years.

There was surely no greater humiliation than to be wheeled into the foyer of the house he had been walking around since before he could remember. Mycroft bit his lip and did his best to keep the sour taste of shame from overfilling his stomach.

“Well, me and Mummy did our best to make some accommodations. Of course, we moved you to the guest room downstairs so that you might have a bit of an easier time, what with the stairs...” Daddy was attempting to fill the silence and Mycroft wasn’t sure how helpful it was.

“Thank you. Where is Sherlock?”

“He’s upstairs, has been sleeping mostly, but we told him you’d be coming,” Mummy said softly.

“Have you now? How did he take that?” Before Mummy could respond there was the sound of uneven footsteps on the staircase and then the familiar tone of Sherlock’s voice, marred only by a slight drag.

“Getting old, Mycie? Can’t deduce the simplest shit now?” Sherlock’s voice was slurred and Mycroft turned to see his little brother slide his way down the stairs in a manner befitting a drunk. Come to think of it, he indeed appeared drunk.

“Good afternoon, brother mine. Mummy, has he been given anything?”

“Oh, um, yes. We’ve decided to try him on some medications again. We hoped that they might help with his panic attacks. He had a rather bad fit a few hours ago so he took two pills and went to bed.” Mummy did not sound pleased at all with this new development, and Mycroft didn’t blame her. Medicating Sherlock had never worked out when he was a child diagnosed with ADHD. And to be slowed down was certainly a nightmare that Mycroft couldn’t imagine coping with.

“The fuck you gave me *two* pills!” Sherlock snorted, wobbling down the last step haphazardly, he only then seemed to realise that Mycroft wasn’t sitting on a chair, but rather that he was seated on a wheelchair. “The fuck happened to you?”

“Eloquent,” Mycroft clicked in disapproval. He almost made to get up when the tensing of his muscles swiftly reminded him of why he was chair-bound. “Daddy, if it is not too much trouble, I’d appreciate being resituated in my bedroom. I’m afraid I’ve grown rather fatigued from my flight.”

“Of course, Violet love, why don’t you get Sherlock some tea?” Daddy said meaningfully, “If he’s up, he might as well be *really* up.”

Mycroft was wheeled into the guestroom and, unironically, felt like a stranger in his own home. Daddy had to help him stand and get back into bed after questioning if he needed any assistance to use the bathroom, to which Mycroft hastily refused. There were some things he could not fathom asking help for.

“If you need anything, give me a ring, I’ll have my cell on me all day now, alright? Mummy will be in with the tea soon.” Daddy adjusted the duvets around Mycroft and patted them down, perhaps more in an attempt to sooth the shaking of his hands than to really make the bedding any more comfortable.

Mycroft sighed softly and took his father’s hands in his, smoothing out the alarming number of wrinkles. *How had time passed so fast?*

“I’m alright Daddy, I’ll be up on my own feet in no time.”

“Will you ever tell us—,”

“In time, perhaps,” Mycroft interrupted, “But I cannot for the moment. If I get notification from my superiors that you have been cleared for this, then I will. For the moment, you’ll have to let be with what I’ve told you.” His words didn’t seem to comfort his father much, but they neither seemed to affect him negatively. Daddy gave him a nod and with a tight squeeze to his eldest son’s hands, took his leave of the room.

A few hours after Mummy had come and left, and the tea had been served and savoured, Mycroft realised his error. Having not used the loo since leaving the hospital (and the catheter) he had already been slightly uncomfortable, now he was verging on pain. Any longer and he was in danger of wetting the bed—a fate perhaps only slightly better than having his mother or father help him to the toilet.

Mycroft twiddled his fingers for a moment, weighing his options. He pulled the duvets back, revealing his rather plain pyjamas which he got at the hospital (better than the blasted gown) and the large bulge from the bandages around his upper thigh. Swallowing his nausea, Mycroft attempted to rotate his body to the edge of the bed, just twisting at his hips.

Instantly, the pain seared through his leg—almost blinding in its sheer intensity. Mycroft choked on a half-formed scream and bit his lip viciously. The last thing he needed was for

Mummy or Daddy to see him like this. With blood pounding in his ears, and the pain still violently spasming through his nerves with each pulse of blood, Mycroft moved again.

For a moment, it seemed painless. Then the pain snapped through his leg again, all the way down to his ankle and up his spine.

The pain caused him to cry out, faster than he could have stopped himself.

For a moment, the pain was all Mycroft could feel—until a warmth trailed down his leg. Alarm caused him to look down, terrified that he might have torn a stitch, but it wasn't blood which stained his trousers.

Shame consumed him as he realised he had wet himself and Mycroft felt close to hysterics. He was barely at a forty-five degree angle from the edge of the bed yet already his transport had failed him—unable to control itself through the shocking agony of movement.

For a moment, Mycroft thought of calling his father, the child inside him longed for that comfort of a parent's helping hand. The shame of his sins and the shame of his person quickly threw that thought away.

Don't you dare! You do not deserve help—you do not deserve kindness! A familiar voice whispered viciously in his ear. The thoughts, while normally instantly banished for their uselessness, gave Mycroft a rather grisly idea.

With some trepidation, Mycroft brought himself into his mind palace. He walked the corridor to the lift which took him swiftly down to the darkest depths of his mind. It looked like an unused library—dusty and old. And at the back there was a familiar bookcase with a false book.

The book in which, as an adolescent, Mycroft had stored his more private amenities. He opened it now and pulled a key from the box. From there he travelled to the door at the far end of the library. The door was clean, and stood in stark contrast to the dark filth of its surroundings. Mycroft unlocked the door and walked into his corridor of forbidden memories.

His baby brother sat on his thighs and used small hands and fingers to follow lines and curves from his neck to his collarbone.

He spat into his hand and batted his little brother's hand away before gripping the boy's cock in his fist. His fist covered the entirety of his brother's prick and it caused a flush of warmth to spread up and down his body. He began to move his fist, only a small amount of motion needed, and gave squeezes to encourage baby brother's little aborted thrusts.

The memories turned sour then; Sherlock's face of pleasure morphing into an expression of pain and fear. The resulting wave of guilt and shame whipping through Mycroft demanded urgent punishment.

There was a red siren of alarm blaring in Mycroft's mind. The disgust and repulsion poured over his body like a sludge of insects, crawling and squirming and needing to be killed.

Mycroft stuffed his palm into his mouth and bit down harshly, the pain—far too little—was a sample of relief. Mycroft braced himself before violently swinging off the bed and crashing on his injured leg down on the hardwood floor.

The instantaneous pain was like the shock of snapping a bone, quick on the onset and rapidly growing worse. Mycroft tasted blood and saw white and red flash over his vision—even blacking out for seconds at a time, with the sound of his heart pounding away like a bass drum in his ear. Then there came the loathsome realisation that he had failed to maintain control over his traitorous body—a puddle of urine pooled around him and stretched down to his uncurled leg. Red tainted the mostly yellowish liquid and that set the alarm bells resounding in Mycroft's brain.

He must have torn a stitch. Panic reminiscent of the very moment he received this wound pounded through Mycroft's brain. He began to desperately search for his phone, seeing with dismay that he had left it on the bed out of his immediate reach.

As though some malevolent being had decided to make his life worse, the guest-room door opened and Sherlock marched in. He was naked, but for a pair of old and loose trousers, and was holding a piece of toast in his hand. Yet as soon as he saw Mycroft on the floor, he closed the door behind him, dropped his toast on the nightstand, and turned on the soft lamplight.

“Do you have a suture kit?” He asked briskly, pulling Mycroft's leg out from under him and straightening it, unnoticing, or perhaps uncaring of, the puddle of piss under his brother.

Mycroft gasped, the sound muffled by the hand in his mouth and then realising his brother had asked him a question managed to remove the abused appendage; his hand, too, was now bleeding.

“In—in my du—duffle.” He managed at last. Sherlock glanced up from where his attention was fixed on Mycroft's thigh, and frowned.

“What did you do to your hand?” Without waiting for a response, Sherlock took Mycroft's hand and examined it. The touch of his skin was both familiar and warm, as well as electric and alarming.

“B-bit it.” Mycroft pulled his hand back. He had not yet locked the door to that forbidden room, and so the shame and disgust at the sight of his nude ten-year-old brother was far too volatile for him to maintain any form of eye-contact with the same, now sixteen-year-old, brother.

“Obviously,” Sherlock snorted, though he didn't look very nonchalant at all. If anything, his hand shook a little. He got up and quickly searched Mycroft's duffle, finding the first-aid kit alongside the trauma-kit. “Do you need the tourniquet?” He threw over his shoulder.

“No! Gods, no! It's n-not bleeding th-that much anyhow.” Sherlock came back with both kits and with a precision which perhaps was benefited by his not-so-legal medical experience, threw on a pair of gloves, got out the antiseptic and some cotton swabs, then prepared the

suture kit. He straddled Mycroft's calf, not sitting down on it of course, but balancing on his shins on either side.

Mycroft swallowed the brief flare of arousal and felt shame quickly take its place. Sherlock was quite literally kneeling in a puddle of Mycroft's piss, the yellow liquid quickly drenching Sherlock's grey trousers and making them tellingly dark. Mycroft tried to shift, quickly reconsidering as the pain blasted through his leg and threatened to blind him. "M-maybe you should g-get up? Don't you need me in th-the light?" He desperately needed to remove himself from this situation—out of this pool of piss—and for his own sanity he needed Sherlock out of it too.

"Not my first time sitting in your piss..." Sherlock muttered. "Here just hold this." Mycroft almost choked and barely caught the torch Sherlock passed him. Obediently (and silent from shame), Mycroft turned it on and shone the beam on his leg. Feeling a burning heat on his face when he spotted how his brother's trousers had darkened from the piss. But the pain in his leg came back with a vicious vengeance when it was jolted by Sherlock, and he was subsequently hurtled from his rumination.

Sherlock cut the leg of the trousers along the seam to better access Mycroft's wound and then proceeded to remove the bandages slowly with the same sharp scissors. It was quickly apparent that two stitches had torn, leaving blood and damaged tissue exposed. The wound was not infected but was greatly irritated and inflamed. Sherlock frowned suddenly, recognizing the shape of the wound. "Wait. This is a gunshot. Mummy didn't say you were in a gunfight. She said you had an accident. What the *hell* were you doing?"

Sherlock's anger was tampered by the panic which was all too reminiscent of when he was a boy. Mycroft remained silent, watching his brother remove the torn stitches and wash the area with saline and then iodine.

"I—I can't share the confidentials. I *was* in a small f-firefight. One of the stray bullets got me. I think that's all I can sh-share." Mycroft winced as his brother pulled out the curved needle and efficiently stabbed the epidermis around the wound.

"I suppose I'll have to deduce the rest, but my knowledge on politics is limited, so I have no idea why you were in Russia to begin with. I'll guess it was some sort of intelligence mission. I'm going to also guess that you failed in that goal."

Mycroft frowned, wincing, "Yes, well, no need to rub—*fuck*—rub it in." Sherlock gave a half-hearted smirk and Mycroft felt his heart beat warmly at the sight despite the painfully sharp pinches to his skin.

Sherlock finished tying the stitch in silence but upon reaching for the clean bandages seemed to reconsider. He blushed a tad as he glanced down to where Mycroft still sat in a puddle of his own piss and blood. "D'you want to wash maybe? Before I put new wraps?"

Mycroft felt his face burst in flames of embarrassment once again, and nodded mutely. Sherlock got up and Mycroft winced at the sight of the dark, wet fabric of his brother's trousers, soaked in *his* piss—a fact he had momentarily forgotten.

Sherlock seemed mostly indifferent—his earlier comment ringing rather true for himself too. He offered Mycroft a hand and then shouldered his brother's weight as they made their shuffling way to the loo.

"I'll clean up that mess, just—," Sherlock hesitated, his eyes trained on the floor near Mycroft's feet, "Try to take off your pyjamas, we'll need to get you a new pair anyway." He left before Mycroft had a chance to respond—which was just as well, since Mycroft didn't know what to say.

He managed to take off his shirt without too much difficulty, finding that the hem had gotten a tad wet from where he sat, but struggled with his trousers. He managed to slip them under his hips yet failed to get them under his thighs, the pain of movement far too raw to bear on his own.

Shamefully, he struggled for the entire duration that Sherlock hovered outside the loo, cleaning his accident, and still couldn't get more than partway down his thighs. He was sweating by the end of it, panting with exertion and blinking away tears of pain and embarrassment.

"No luck?" Sherlock was suddenly leaning against the doorframe. A casual pose, if not for the stiffness of his limbs. Mycroft couldn't help but notice how his brother was eyeing his body, trying to be quick and discreet about it. Yet for some reason, Mycroft couldn't understand if it was indifference, surprise, or anxiety in his brother's expression when those ever-shifting eyes scanned him; nonetheless the experience was not comforting.

"I'm sorry. The angle..." Mycroft trailed off, grateful when Sherlock stopped his intense surveillance of him. Sherlock sighed, a ruse if ever there was one, and walked to his brother. His hands were shaking as he dragged the hem of Mycroft's trousers down past the stitches and off his long legs. He was exceedingly gentle in his motions, despite appearing annoyed and irritated.

The only sound was that of Mycroft's slowing breaths and Sherlock's quickening ones. Sherlock threw the soiled trousers in the tub and then quickly reached for Mycroft's pants.

Sharply, Mycroft grabbed his brother's wrists, their eyes meeting in a heated and terribly tense glare.

"You need a new pair," Sherlock said monotonously. His fists clenched tighter on the elastic, perhaps to hide the intensity of their shakiness. Mycroft grit his teeth.

"It's. Fine."

"You want to sleep with piss-wet pants, be my fucking guest. But if you wake with a rash, don't blame me." Sherlock did not budge away however, and it was clear that he knew he won this fight.

Mycroft swore a hundred different oaths in his mind and roughly let go of his brother's wrists. His mind was blanking; panic and desire fighting like two alley cats over the scraps of

his mental focus. He leaned back, glaring at the ceiling, and breathing harshly through his nose as Sherlock briskly set to removing his pants and revealing his rapidly hardening cock.

Mycroft winced and shut his eyes, begging his body to stop. To not betray him.

To have mercy on him just this *once* .

The sound of water made him glance to the sink where Sherlock wet a towel with some soapy, warm, water. He turned back to Mycroft and began, deceptively, at the bottom of his legs.

Mycroft shut his eyes, unable to see his brother kneeling before him without having some horridly pornographic thoughts. *Please, just once in your life, have some fucking decency, you pervert!* The voice demanded, almost pleading.

The silence was broken with Sherlock wetting the towel with warm water again and rinsing the soap off Mycroft's legs. He now moved up to his thighs, and Mycroft couldn't stop himself from glancing at his, not-so-little-anymore, brother's face.

He was both alarmed and somehow unsurprised by what he saw there. There was frustration clear and evident, be it sexual frustration or just ordinary frustration it didn't matter. There was also desire; deep, painful, desire. There was also concentration and concern—care and dedication.

Those iridescent, ever-shifting, blue-green eyes snapped up to match Mycroft's deducing gaze. And Mycroft hid. He threw his shields up desperately. The resulting disappointment and hurt in Sherlock's face was far more painful than the bullet in his leg.

It ached. It burned. It was sore like a bruise on the most sensitive part of Mycroft's frozen heart. It pounded like the last beat before death—frantic and pleading—yet hopeless and despairing.

Sherlock continued to clean his brother's legs, but his motions were slower, as though he were savouring this contact for what it was—all he would ever get from his brother.

Mycroft gasped slightly as Sherlock passed around his wound, but it wasn't the physical pain which caused him to break. He felt tears stream down his face like trails of blood. Soft and warm as they passed over his cheeks; bright and cold as they fell on his thighs.

Sherlock saw them. And stopped in his motions to look at Mycroft, who was far too weak to put up his shields again.

Naked, injured, vulnerable—Mycroft had never felt so defenceless in his life.

And so when Sherlock cupped his face in one hand, he leaned into it with desperation. Feeling weak and pathetic, yet so incredibly desperate.

“Why did you do this to us?” Sherlock whispered softly, his voice somehow calm in the wake of such tumultuous emotions.

Mycroft wished he could answer. He wished he could have said *no* that night when his brother had been ten years old and so damn curious.

He wished he could go back to his seventeen-year-old self and whip him bloody for what he had started.

He wished he could have forgotten everything.

He wished the bloody gun had fucking worked that night when he was twenty-one.

His shock when Sherlock leaned in and stole a kiss from him, was understandable. His subsequent flame of desire and arousal was not. Even his self-disgust and hatred could not quench the sudden ignition of need in his stomach. It was with a furious desperation that he reached out and pulled his brother closer, that his hands tugged on familiar curls with jealous rage.

Why couldn't he have this? Why was it forbidden?

Greed and hunger overtook his consciousness, conflicting arousal and guilt to make him mad. Sherlock parted from him with a loud smacking sound, pausing a breath away while his eyes blazed like methane-burning flames. He leaned in again and viciously bit Mycroft's lower lip with what felt like possessive fury.

"Where's she now?" He hissed darkly. Mycroft was confused for a moment, lost in the scent of his brother's hair and skin. When Sherlock gripped his hair and pulled his head back suddenly and sharply, he started.

"Who?"

"You know who. You know *exactly* who." Sherlock's voice was vicious and Mycroft realised that he was referencing the staged relationship with Anthea.

"We're not together anymore," he said slowly, feeling Sherlock let go of his hair.

"Get on the floor," Sherlock said quietly.

"I can't."

"Get. On. The. Floor." Sherlock grabbed Mycroft's arm and yanked him off the toilet seat with little regard. Mycroft managed to adjust so that he fell on his back but it didn't stop the jolt of searing pain in his leg and he cried out just as Sherlock came to stand over him.

"Sherlock, please!" Mycroft wasn't sure what he was asking for—for mercy? For forgiveness? For more?

"You swore I was the only one you loved. Yet, I saw you and her together. And you loved her." Sherlock was furious, yet the growing tent in his trousers was what made Mycroft worry.

"Sherlock, you *know* we can't do this. You *have* to move on!"

“Oh, but I *can't*,” Sherlock laughed, but it was a dark and hopeless laugh, one which made Mycroft’s blood run cold. “See, you’ve ruined everyone for me. All I look for in others—is you. Obviously, they aren’t you, so I fail...Every. Fucking. Time.” Sherlock started to untie the drawstring on his trousers, his eyes somewhat distant, “So it’s not fair that you can move on and I can’t. You shouldn’t have anyone if I can’t have anyone. You’re mine, Mycroft. You shouldn’t forget that.”

Sherlock stepped back a tad and dropped his trousers midthigh, revealing a semi-erect cock which was horrifyingly familiar. Mycroft felt his heart race so fast he feared he was having a heart attack, he forced himself to look up at his little brother, and demanded his damn mouth to work.

“Sherlock what are you doing?”

Sherlock cupped his cock and he aimed it at Mycroft’s face. “Making sure you won’t forget.”

The sudden jet of piss that hit Mycroft’s face was as hot as blood. It was pungent and steaming and Mycroft wasn’t sure if to be horrified and try to crawl away, or if to keep silent and simply take the humiliation.

Sherlock said nothing, even as he adjusted to piss directly on Mycroft’s hair and then on his lips and down his chest. His face was as cold as stone, expressionless and blank—not even a trace of sympathy behind those damned beautiful eyes.

The stream ended quickly but even as Mycroft sat on the floor, his face, hair, and chest dripping with his brother’s piss, he could tell that Sherlock was not finished with him.

The boy moved closer, “open.” The demand was given just as Sherlock shifted to hover over Mycroft’s chest, his cock far too close to his elder brother’s face.

“Sherlock—” Mycroft knew he should reason with his brother, though really, he did not want to fight this—did not even want to offer a token of resistance. This was, after all, what his brother thought suited him. A punishment to further his penitence.

“*Open*.” The word booked no refusal, and Mycroft was helpless to listen. He tilted his head up, and opened his mouth—obedient and quiet.

His little brother instantly pushed his salty prick in, dipping deep into Mycroft’s mouth before pulling out and then repeating the process. He pumped into Mycroft’s mouth slowly and then placed a hand behind Mycroft’s head, gripping his wet, red hair dangerously tight.

The fucking started then.

Mycroft barely had a chance to breath before Sherlock pushed his cock deeper down his throat, it was by some miracle that all his gags heaved nothing more than spittle which now joined the drying piss on his jaw and chest.

Disgusting.

Deserved.

Sherlock began panting and suddenly his thighs convulsed and he came down Mycroft's throat with a small, weak, and terribly familiar cry.

Instantly, Sherlock's demeanour changed. He crumpled into a heap on the floor beside Mycroft and began sobbing. Heaving giant, breaking wet breaths and burying his face into his arms.

Mycroft swallowed the taste of his brother, cursing the part of him which searched for familiarity, and reached for the now cold and wet towel. He wiped his face from most of the spit and piss and gave his chest a brief wipe down before pulling Sherlock to him and embracing his little brother.

He had no idea why Sherlock did what he did, he had even less of an idea how he felt about the matter, at least outside of his self-destructive desires, but what he knew for certain was that Sherlock desperately needed to know he hadn't messed up.

"I'm s-sorry!" Sherlock gasped, shuddering as his brother held him tight.

"Shhh," Mycroft coughed and winced at the soreness of his throat, "Shh, it's ok."

"Oh gods, what have I done?" Sherlock cried, lifting his face to stare at Mycroft in horror. Mycroft pushed his brother's hair back from his face and swiped at his tears with his thumbs.

"Nothing near what I have, brother mine. I forgive you."

"Myc—," Sherlock's eyes overflowed again and he pushed his face to his brother's chest, sobbing loudly and shaking uncontrollably. "I'm so sorry!"

Mycroft soothed his hand up and down Sherlock's back, tracing familiar molecules on his brother's skin, feeling himself delve into memories far gone and far too close.

"G-glucose"

"No that was sucrose, try again, Lockie..."

"D-Dopamine?"

"There you go... focus now..."

"Serotonin."

Sherlock eventually stopped shaking, his breathing slowed down and his tears had dried to angry red trailmarks. He got up, pulling his trousers up as he did, and reached for the cold towel. He sniffed as he washed and warmed it up again, coming back to sit by his brother and gently cleaned the remains of piss, spit and sweat off his chest.

Silence enveloped them again, neither knowing if this meant things were mended, or if things just got a whole lot worse. Mycroft was light-headed, and hard. He only noticed the latter when Sherlock passed the warm cloth over his cock.

He gasped softly, and Sherlock instantly looked at him. His eyes said nothing, his face almost unreadable to Mycroft. Yet, he maintained that burning eye-contact.

The silence of the bathroom was as oppressive as a heavy smog. It sank around them and deafened them to everything which wasn't pure physical sensation.

Sherlock pulled the warm cloth over his brother's hard cock again.

The motion made Mycroft shake, his uninjured leg spread out instinctively and he heard Sherlock inhale sharply.

There was a pause of hesitation from Sherlock, his eyes darting to Mycroft's face before quickly retreating to the safer space of his covered cock.

Sherlock dragged the towelette up and down again.

Mycroft's gasp was shaky.

It was with sudden, and unforeseen confidence which made Sherlock grip his brother's hard cock through the towel. Holding the stiff member in his hand in a tight, warm, grip.

Sherlock glanced upward again, his eyes dark as night, and his lips red from how much he had bitten them. He spoke aloud nothing, but his face said everything.

The fear and trepidation was only tampered by the sheer intensity of arousal and hope and Mycroft was *helpless* to do anything but look away as he nodded, unable to give his consent while watching the sin he was indulging in.

Sherlock removed the towel, and slicked his hand with some of the same body soap he had used before, and returned to grip his brother firmly at the stem of his cock. Mycroft couldn't stop his gasp.

"Shhh," Sherlock whispered—a warning. Then he started up at a fierce pace, vigorously tossing Mycroft off. And it took no time at all for Mycroft to taste the peak coming.

This was *Sherlock*—his forbidden desire—doing what he had for so long dreamt of, and for even longer dreaded.

Suddenly, his orgasm was there and Mycroft didn't want it. He didn't want to finish and come back to himself. He didn't want to end and break this spell of bliss. He reached out and grabbed Sherlock's hand.

Sherlock whipped his focus to Mycroft's face, wide eyes plainly displaying his fear, but upon seeing Mycroft's half-lidded gaze he gave a small knowing nod. He circled his pointer finger around the slit of his brother's cock, watching as Mycroft tossed his head back and *breathed*

.

Sherlock slid his hand upwards, pulling his brother's foreskin over the head and then back down to reveal the red, weeping slit. He watched Mycroft's face closely and, when Mycroft opened his eyes, saw the deepest desire reflected in his brother's eyes.

He watched, hypnotised as Sherlock leaned forward and tilted his head, just so. When their lips met this time it was like the flame of a candle.

Flickering, small, brief, inconspicuous.

Then burning and searing, igniting and devouring. Growing like wildfire and licking along all of Mycroft's skin. He inhaled his brother and wanted to sob from the incredible unity of the moment. Their lips parted for air, and then rejoined for love which, both lacking sorely for, desperately took.

Urgency fogged Mycroft's mind and he guided Sherlock's hand up and down his shaft, desperately needing to feel the sinful pleasure of his baby brother's lips as he reached the cliff which he was to jump off of.

As he fell, he saw his brother, at all stages of his life, grow before him.

Sherlock at birth, a clever babbling baby.

Sherlock as a toddler, curious and daring.

Sherlock at ten, sweet and charming, brighter than ever.

Sherlock at fourteen, beautiful and hopeful.

Sherlock now, dark and handsome, the last kisses of youth still present in his eyes and cheeks.

"Myc?"

At once, the reality of what he had just done... of what he had allowed to happen, crashed into Mycroft. And the bile which rose to his throat made a threatening attempt at escape.

"You need to go, Sherlock. Now," Mycroft rasped.

Sherlock grabbed his hand and his voice shook with a mixture of desperation and fierce anger, "No! You aren't doing this again! You can't just keep running from what we are!"

"I can and I will! This is wrong! Get out now!" Mycroft barely suppressed the tinge of terror in his voice, managing to cover it with frustration and agitation. Sherlock was fuming.

"I can't fucking believe you. Why do I even try?" His hands clenched into fists and Mycroft forced himself not to wince when Sherlock's punch hit his face.

Of course he could only prevent so much of nature's physics and he fell backwards on the slippery floor. Sherlock was already gone.

Miserably, it took Mycroft far too long to drag himself close enough to the bath to use the water and wash his hair of piss. Then use the towel to clean the rest of his body. He then gave the floor a poor mopping (while struggling to stay seated in the same position) with that same towel before throwing it in the tub.

He eventually dragged himself near his bed, still nude, and, having given up on attempting to stand to reach the comfortable sheets, he pulled the duvets to the floor and slept on that. It was hardly the worst way he'd fallen asleep.

He only hoped his parents wouldn't find him before he woke up.

Fragmented Pieces

Chapter by [AmbiguousMorals](#)

Chapter Summary

Mycroft's injury and the events of the previous night come to a head when the family plans to visit old Uncle Rudy's cabin. And Sherlock shares a bit too much with his drug dealer and then decides to try one last time to seduce his brother. Lots to happen!

Chapter Notes

Holy cow this one was a BEAST to get down. And once I wrote it out my perfectionist ass just couldn't stop tweaking it and fixing it. The good news? Y'all got a big chapter here which has been beta'd by myself because I have ridiculously high standards that even I can't seem to fill XD

I should apologize for how long this took so ... I'm really fkn sorry about the time this took... it's ridiculous honestly how long I worked on this. But... I really think that the content will pay for it ... and if you want a slice of extra good news... this chapter closes the installment and paves way for what I will say is gonna be a fluffy, smutty, feel-good interlude for the brothers! More on that later on!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It wasn't the bright sunlight pouring through the open window, nor was it the relatively late hour which awoke Mycroft from his uneasy rest. Rather, it was the soft squeak of the guest room door and the startled gasp from Mummy, which threw him from his make-shift bed.

"Mycroft!" Mummy rushed down to kneel by his side just as Mycroft jumped up, momentarily forgetting his nudity. His mother did not squirm or blush though, even if getting an eyeful of her eldest son's soft dick was not quite something she'd ever imagined coming to terms with. She soldiered past Mycroft's embarrassed blustering and pulled back the duvets he had hastily used to cover his modesty. "Mycroft, I have to check your dressings!"

"Mummy! Please, it's alright!" Mycroft choked, deeply wanting to cover his face for the shame that burned on his cheeks. Mummy paid him no mind and gently unravelled the stained dressings, pursing her lips in that manner which spoke of her being quite cross.

"Hush, now! Did you fall from your bed at night? Why didn't you call me or Daddy? This is exactly why you have your cell! Oh god, well, at least the stitches didn't tear..." Mummy

trailed off, tracing the different colour stitches in confusion.

“I—It—”

“Did Sherlock help you?” Mummy asked softly, glancing up at her eldest son with something like hope.

Mycroft bit his lip and fought to drive the triggering memories of last night from his mind. Mummy didn’t need to know that he had failed once again to keep his hands off his brother. Nor did she need to know that no matter how much Mycroft acted as though he were over his infatuation with Sherlock, he really— *really* —wasn’t. And it wouldn’t help her either, to hear how Sherlock had reacted to his repeated rejection.

“Yes. He found me and helped against my wishes. But I asked him to leave afterwards.” Mycroft could feel his mother’s sigh deep in his heart as she recovered his wound and granted him the duvet—much to his relief.

“Mycroft, you foolish boy. *Ask* for help when you need it. Please. I can’t believe I have to beg you to do such a thing, but—here I am, doing just that.” Mummy got up and then began to place out some clothes for Mycroft to wear.

“Mummy, I can choose my own clothes I’m sure...”

“I don’t want you aggravating that wound any more than you already have, Myc. At the rate that you are treating your body, you won’t heal for over a year!” Mummy laid out his outfit, and Mycroft was only somewhat amused (mostly embarrassed) to see that she matched his pants to his shirt. A habit he remembered she had when he was still too little to change himself.

“Mummy, really now. I can, at the very least, *dress* myself.”

“Let me call Daddy in here, that might be a tad less uncomfortable. You lot have the same equipment after all!”

“ *Mummy* !” Mycroft felt his cheeks flush red. Mummy left with an impish grin, quite reminiscent of some of Sherlock’s naughtier looks as a child. Not very long after Mummy had gone, Daddy came in, looking every bit as bashful as Mycroft. For a moment, father and son stared awkwardly at each other—Mycroft subtly pulling the duvet a bit higher up his waist. Daddy sighed softly and glanced at the open bathroom door.

“You let me know if you need help alright? I’ll just—” he moved towards the bathroom, “I’ll be here if you need.”

While his father’s shyness wasn’t surprising, there was a small part of Mycroft which was confused for its presence. Perhaps his father really did feel uncomfortable helping Mycroft change, or perhaps his bashfulness was more tied to the actions which Mycroft had committed...

A dark plume of slimy shame and gagging guilt threatened to suffocate Mycroft's mind, and it was with great effort that he banished it away. Now was not the time for rumination—not when he could be watched. Instead, he pulled forward the clothes which his mother left for him and set about trying to plot out his dressage.

Hesitantly, he pushed his injured leg through one hole of his pants. So far, so good. He pulled it up partially to his knee, braced for searing pain at any moment. When none came, he grit his teeth and gently bent his other leg up.

The sudden slight shift in balance put more pressure on his injured leg and he gasped as a wave of undiluted pain pushed through him. Instantly, Daddy came around the bed and, ignoring his eldest son's sputtering of 'I don't need help', assisted him in pulling the pants all the way up.

He felt like a child; an infantile child who needed his pants pulled up by a parent. And god, the hot flashes of shame did not stop there; the knowledge that this body was the one which Sherlock touched—which touched Sherlock—it burned. Because his father was gentle to him and Mycroft did not deserve such a light touch. He did not deserve this concern and care.

"It's really alright, Myc." Daddy was saying quietly, moving to stand up and offering Mycroft his arm. "You should ask for help. To be fair I shouldn't have let you attempt this alone just yet." Daddy helped Mycroft sit up on the bed, and continued to dress him in his trousers and shirt as well.

Mycroft felt tears threaten to pour out. And it wasn't even the shame of not being able to dress himself which caused him to feel such a tight and painful agony. It was the quickly multiplying guilt that his body did not deserve this merciful treatment.

His mind, almost as though it could be heard, was screaming at Daddy: *'Don't you know that this is the body which molested and abused your youngest child? How can you touch this iniquitous body? How can you touch these hateful legs which Sherlock sat on, these cursed hands which caressed your youngest child and defiled him? How can you stand to look at this odious hell-spawn who pressed his filthy lips to your child's skin?'*

Mycroft grabbed his father's hand, shaking noticeably, "I—I can do up the buttons myself, Daddy—honest."

But his father brushed his hands off and smiled softly, "Let me, I don't think I've buttoned up your shirt since you were four." The gentle tone and kind eyes hushed the voices in Mycroft's head, as only a parent's grace can do. And for a brief moment, Mycroft forgot his sins and only remembered himself as a child of four, having figured out how to button up his own shirts.

He sighed softly; the memory was a safe one. "Yes, well I suppose once I learned how, I hardly saw the need in troubling you with the task."

Daddy snorted with amusement, "Yes, you never did quite let us parent you proper. Only ever needed to learn something once. We counted it a rare victory when you allowed us to teach you anything at all."

Mycroft frowned, perhaps in hindsight depriving his parents of *parenting* him may have been not only detrimental for himself but for his parents as well. It was no wonder they tried for another child so soon after Mycroft. It was ill luck which made his mother unable to conceive until nearly seven years after her first child.

“Perhaps we should have insisted on helping you more often,” Daddy mused, fixing the collar of Mycroft’s shirt.

“I doubt it would have worked out all that well,” Mycroft sighed softly. His father finished buttoning him up and smoothed out the fabric of his shirt down his shoulders, frowning a bit somberly.

“No—no, it most likely wouldn’t have gone over well at all.” With few words more, Daddy helped Mycroft into his wheelchair and took him to the dining room where, much to Mycroft’s relief, Sherlock was *not* present.

“Oh, you look lovely Myc! Now, Siger wheel him over to the end of the table, I think the chair would fit better there.”

“Aye ma’am.” Daddy dutifully followed Mummy’s instructions, and wheeled Mycroft towards the end of the table where Mycroft’s tea and some cake was already waiting.

“Thank you Daddy, Mummy...” Mycroft murmured softly, feeling woefully undeserving of such accommodations. For a moment he wondered if the discomfort of comfort was worse than a standard hospital accommodation.

“Of course love. Siger, can you go check on our little elf on the shelf? He keeps disappearing! I swear I just saw him this morning.” Mummy said absently, flipping over a heavenly-smelling omelette.

“Oh up is he?”

“Mmhm, check the porch dear.”

As Daddy left, Mycroft closed himself in his mind-palace. The tumultuous emotions of shame and guilt had not left him since last night, and it was prudent for his well-being that he lock them away, far from his frontal cortex, or as he termed it: the foyer of his mind palace.

And the task was no trot in the woods; to push away emotions and guilt and all these powerful feelings was herculean for most people, and for Mycroft even moreso. He liked to pretend he was unfeeling and cold, but truth be told he felt far too much, a syndrome that he suspected Sherlock suffered from as well.

So he pulled himself up by the bootstraps and took all the events of last night: the humiliation, the shame, the desire, the sinful indulgences... And he locked them away in that room deep in his mind palace’s basement.

The sound of the porch brought Mycroft out of his mind and back to reality. While his parents were used to his sudden and dramatic dissociations (having witnessed them plenty of

times in his youth) they never quite recognised when he was out of that state.

And so now he heard them; talking in hushed voices in the kitchen, oblivious to the fact that he could hear every word. Daddy was whispering angrily while Mummy's responses were softer.

"Smoking! I can't imagine that's all he's been doing, Violet! You know the boy's got a hand at chemistry, if he wanted to cook meth in his room, he very well could!" Daddy hissed.

"Siger, he's clean. I get him tested every month!"

"It's not enough, we need to have tests done every two weeks at least! There's far too much time for it to leave his system if he knows it is at the end of the month."

"We'll try and do surprise checks then. But he can be so unreasonable..."

"Then we make him see reason. We can't have the authorities coming back, Vi. They won't let us off with a warning again." Siger sounded so defeated that Mycroft almost wanted to intervene in the conversation himself. But then there was a pulse of silence and the sound of clothes rustling—a soft embrace.

"We'll be alright. The boys will be alright. Everything is going to be alright, Sig. You'll see. Things will work out."

"Why was he smoking? God Violet, there were three packs there I—I doubt he could have smoked them all, but he was half-way through the first!"

"Perhaps it was seeing Mycroft which upset him. Mycroft fell out of bed last night and tore his stitches, Sherlock helped fix him up." There was a beat of silence after this announcement, and when Daddy spoke again, it was plainly with undiluted fear.

"They...They were alone?"

"Well, given that we weren't there and that Mycroft has two different colour stitches—I'd rather say there's not much of another explanation."

"Jesus...Do...Do you think he attempted to..."

"Hush now. Don't say anything. Mycroft said he kicked Sherlock out right away. Nothing happened. It was probably just...troubling for them."

"I hope you're right."

"Hush! Mycroft might hear you."

Oh and Mycroft did hear, and the guilt which he had just locked away grew past the confines of the box and the room. His appetite swiftly dissipated, leaving him with a feeling of nausea.

Quickly, he wheeled himself back from the table, throwing over his shoulder that he was going to bed.

Mummy pursed her lips at her eldest son's comment, realising swiftly that he had heard everything between herself and Siger. "I told you to keep your voice down." She muttered to her husband who appeared very much like a deer caught in the headlights.

"I—he was in his mind-palace just now. He can't hear things when he's there..."

"Clearly he came out of it!" Violet sighed and took Mycroft's untouched plate and set it in the fridge; perhaps the boy would eat something later. The screen door to the porch then slid open, revealing a shirtless Sherlock—a state of dress her youngest son seemed to prefer as of late.

"Is Mycroft in bed?" He sounded tired and annoyed—yet another default for her youngest son. Violet sighed and went over to pat Sherlock's cheeks, feeling how cold they were and tutting disapprovingly.

"You should be wearing a shirt, Sherlock. If not for modesty, at least for warmth. You'll catch a chill this way."

"Where's Mycroft?" Sherlock ignored her, his eyes dark. Gods, how Violet hated to see that mixture of swirling emotion in her once-cherubian son's face.

"He's resting in bed—," Suddenly realising that Mycroft had no way of getting from his wheelchair to his bed without considerable effort she shared a glance with Siger who was washing the dishes. "Siger, love..."

"I rather think he'd prefer you, dear. And my hands are wet. Sherlock, won't you help yourself to some breakfast?" Siger said, gesturing with his chin to the sliced omelette. Sherlock turned his nose up and scoffed.

"I don't eat in the mornings." Without another word he left to his room upstairs. The soft slam of his door finalised his isolation and once more Siger and Violet were left alone to contemplate what steps to take regarding their two very troubled sons.

"I'll help Myc into bed, and perhaps we ought to have a talk about limiting Sherlock's spending cash, now that he's here with us," Violet sighed softly. Siger snorted and shook his head.

"Dear, he hasn't got a pence on him. He's been swiping these from stores. Regardless, he can't even purchase cigs at his age, and he looks barely fourteen."

Violet felt her body slump in defeat, "We'll have to just keep a better eye on him. Perhaps we'll invest in one of those door cameras that are all the hype."

"Yes, perhaps."

Sherlock threw himself onto his bed, exhaustion warring with unspent energy. It wasn't like he had tried to hide his smoking from Mummy or Daddy, he rather did it openly. It seemed to distract them from when he managed to call Lee over to give him the cocaine.

Speaking of which, he was preparing to go clean for a few days in preparation for Mummy's monthly check-up; granted, given his consistency, he would need to start going clean for a week at a time before those check-ups.

He hadn't slept at all last night, after—everything. *Christ*, Sherlock wanted it to end. The frustration and shame of getting thrown out after everything was just unbearable. It appeared that no amount of seduction or coercion would bring his brother out of the pit of guilt he had sunk into.

And the entire reason was ludicrous to begin with! Sherlock was well aware that, had his brother been intimate with another—perhaps less brilliant—child, the ramifications and resulting trauma would have been different to what Sherlock went through and thus perhaps worthy of the immense guilt.

But just as Sherlock had told his brother over, and over, and over again—he was *not* an ordinary child! He had plainly understood that such a deed was, in essence, wrong. Nonetheless, he enjoyed it and wanted it.

And yet that wouldn't sink in his big brother's stupid brain! Angrily, Sherlock rolled over and grabbed his phone to call the one person he knew would pick up. The phone didn't ring twice before it was indeed answered.

"Lee's bakery, do you want flour or sugar?"

"It's Sherlock."

"Oh. Well well well, if it isn't my favourite little rat. What can I do you for today?"

"Nothing. I just want to talk." Sherlock rolled on his back and threw his arm over his eyes, feeling relieved at the familiar sound of her voice.

"I charge for that separately," Lee monotoned.

"I'll pay you on your next delivery."

"I'm pulling your leg, what's wrong?" The sound of Lee pulling in a breath told Sherlock she was smoking. Sherlock sighed and rolled over onto his stomach.

"Remember what I told you about my brother?"

"Oh yeah, the secret agent big-brother. What 'bout him?"

For a moment Sherlock hesitated. A part of him desperately wanted to confide in her, wanted to tell her everything, and rant about how frustrating it was that his brother refused to be with him even after all this time.

But, that was the crux of it, Mycroft *was* his brother. His older brother. Lee wasn't the most moral of people, but Sherlock couldn't take that chance with his only friend. If she could even be called that.

"You still there kid?" Lee sounded amused. Sherlock groaned and wondered if perhaps she wouldn't be quite as judgemental as he feared.

"Lee... There's some shit I want to tell you but I don't know if I can."

"Aww, hell kid, if you can't tell your dealer your deepest darkest secrets... Who *can* you tell?"

"Lee, I'm serious. This could get me in big trouble."

"Not much more than I could get in for selling sugar to you, kid."

"The jail times are relatively similar."

"Ohhh, shit, it's illegal?" Lee sounded as unbothered as ever and Sherlock decided to bite the bullet.

"I'm in love with my brother."

For a moment the silence on the line made Sherlock want to hang up and bury himself six feet under. Then Lee sighed out, long and tired, and Sherlock could almost smell the smoke from the receiver. "Sherlock, if you really thought incest scandalizes me you gotta re-evaluate your deduction—or whatever thing you do—on me."

"It's different in theory. I've actually—actually done shit with him. Like... This isn't just—me wanting or thinking about it. We used to do stuff a lot when I was younger but..."

"How much younger?" Lee interrupted, and her tone wasn't one that Sherlock was used to hearing. He felt himself shake, and his words caught in his throat.

Lee stopped smoking.

"Hey—how much younger? 'Cause are we talkin' like—kid kid? I can't call the cops or nothin' but like maybe you only think you're in love with him, 'cause he groomed you an' shit. Same crap I see in the trafficking rings."

"Stop! No." Sherlock gasped out. "He's not a sex trafficker! I wanted it!"

"...Shit, kid. You sound like that's what he *made* you say." Lee sounded genuinely worried and Sherlock felt tears in his eyes. How on earth could he communicate that he had not been groomed? That he had wanted it—and *still* wanted it! That he *knew* his own mind and knew what he wanted!

"Lee. I swear. I—I wanted it. I asked him for it. I—I fucking came to his bed at night and..."

“Ok! Ok! I get it. So you have the hots for your big brother. And you two—you actually did shit?”

“Yes.”

“You’re not gonna tell me how old you were, are you?”

“No.”

“I’mma have to guess then. I’d say younger than you are now—but people don’t usually get iffy to say shit if it was like when they were fourteen, so you were prob’ly younger than that. What was it then—twelve? Thirteen?”

“Ten.” Sherlock slapped his mouth a second after the word came out. God he was stupid! Lee was silent again, and then she breathed out harshly through her mouth.

“Jesus, kid.”

“Lee—,”

“Naw, that’s fucked up. How does someone fuck their brother at ten? How old was he?”

Sherlock was tempted to hang up, in fact his hand was on the red phone button and he only had to press it. But his hand wouldn’t obey his command; perhaps in his anger at Mycroft, there was a vengeful part of him which wanted to hear how his brother was a messed up paedophile—how all this pain was indeed Mycroft’s fault.

God, didn’t Mycroft do enough of that to himself? Sherlock would wager that it was his constant rebuttals that kept his brother somewhat sane—perhaps even staying his hand in moments that would have otherwise left Sherlock an only child.

As the silence on the line persisted, Lee seemed to pick up on the change in tone. “Hey, I—listen, I’m not gonna pretend that doesn’t disturb me. Incest is like—one thing. But you were practically a baby.”

“Lee, do I have to explain to you that I wasn’t a kid at age ten—I had the same cognitive abilities as a sixteen year old.”

“Book smarts isn’t everything, kid. You were still little—”

“For fucks sake I don’t care!” Sherlock yelled. Jumping out of his bed with a sudden rage that was violent as it was painful. “I don’t care if you think it was wrong of him. It wasn’t! What’s wrong is that he won’t do it again! He won’t ever fucking do it again.” Embarrassingly, Sherlock sobbed at the last sentence and fell down to the floor, broken.

“Jesus...” Lee sounded lost. “There’s really no one else you can—I don’t know—fuck or something? Get your mind off him?”

“It’s not that easy! I *love* him—I love him so bad it hurts when I try to be with anyone else.” Sherlock said wetly. Shame and agony battled momentarily in his body before Sherlock just

gave up and just started sobbing. “I—I—he h-hates me! He’ll never—n-never love me!” God he sounded pathetic! If Sherlock had any ability to snap himself out of this funk he would have, but instead he only seemed to sink deeper into his despair.

Lee was freakishly silent for a long moment, and then softly, hesitantly, she said, “Hey, kid, listen. Maybe he doesn’t hate you—he’s probably just—,” She sighed and Sherlock could imagine her running a tired hand down her dirty face, “Jee, I really don’t fuckin’ know. Maybe he’s got cold feet now. Or shit, maybe he only liked you when you were little y’know?”

Sherlock felt himself get cold from head to toe, knowing that his brother had once tried to use that very same excuse years before. “No. No he’s—he’s not into kids. I was just the exception...” Sherlock rubbed at his eyes harshly, feeling sick from the swings in his emotions, “Listen, Lee, you can’t—you can’t say anything about this to anyone. No one knows about this except my parents—,”

“The fuck? They know?” Lee laughed in shock and Sherlock had to snort wetly, because: yes, it was quite funny that the people who were in the highest priority not to know, were actually privy to such information.

“I think my brother told them actually. Well, he *did* . And then I had to tell my side of the story so they wouldn’t kick him out.”

“Wow. So they—they just let you two stay together?”

“Not really,” Sherlock frowned, “It’s not like they gave their blessing and said everything is fine and dandy. They’re just—I don’t even know what they are trying to do. Play pretend-nothing-is-wrong?”

“Yeah huh? So is that—the whole situation with your brother I mean—is that the reason you started using?” Lee asked softly.

Sherlock was quiet. In truth, it wasn’t a fact he faced frequently. It felt pitiful, that he was drugging himself into a stupor just to get past his infatuation with Mycroft. But in essence that *was* the reason.

“I don’t know. Maybe. Sometimes.” Sherlock sighed, “I got to go now. I’ll talk to you later, Lee. Thanks again for not calling the cops on me or some shit.”

“Pfft, as if I could. Just... Be safe, kid.” The phone clicked and Sherlock tossed it to the side. As he saw it, he only had two real options: try yet again to overcome his brother’s guilt and seduce him into sex again, or simply ignore him and hate him for as long as he could.

To be frank, hating his brother was exhausting. It felt akin to putting on a heavy coat of sharp armour—preparing to hurt whomever came close. At night, when that mask was removed, Sherlock more often than not felt like sobbing.

He felt so now. Exhausted, and just love-sick. He wished with a fervour that was borderline painful, that Mycroft was here now with him. Perhaps smoothing his curls back as he would

when he was little.

Sherlock rolled over on his stomach and reached for his bedside table where he opened up a drawer with a photo of Mycroft he managed to snag back when he was fourteen and his brother twenty one. Mycroft was holding a cup of coffee and was standing on the porch, looking every bit the distinguished and incredibly hot brother he was.

Sherlock placed that in front of his pillow and then hurriedly squirted some lotion onto his hand before sticking his hand down the front of his trousers. He wasn't nearly aroused, but in times of desperation like these, when no drugs were readily available, he had to make do with a short burst of oxytocin.

Sherlock closed his eyes and tried to remember what that soft smile that Mycroft used to give him looked like. With his nose scrunched up and his sweet freckles bright in the summer sun. Sherlock tried desperately to grasp onto the memory of soft hands on his waist, guiding his motions.

He clung unto the sound of his brother's voice, coaxing him onwards, telling him, in a voice that was laced with gentle pride, *'That's it Lockie, just like that my sweet prince...'*

Sherlock grasped at the head of his cock, remembering what it was like to hold Mycroft in his hand, remembering the small and sudden gasps he could pull from his brother's lips.

And suddenly the memory of last night assaulted his mind palace. The memory of touching his brother, of that half-lidded look Mycroft had when he silently asked Sherlock, *'please, go slower. I want to enjoy this longer'*.

He remembered with vivid clarity the way his brother had spread his legs, invitingly, and then a second memory, far older, came from the sidelines. Of Sherlock fucking his brother for the first time. The sensation of warm heat surrounding his small cock; the bright fluttering feeling of unity.

Presently, Sherlock began working his fist faster on his cock; a mixture of desperation and pleasure—both tainted by the dark fog of depression—overtook him and he almost sobbed when he felt his orgasm near.

With agony, Sherlock focused on the seventeen-year-old Mycroft of his sweetest memories. That Mycroft who would close his eyes and open his mouth when Sherlock fucked him just right. And he would spill silently on his soft stomach, his eyes sparkling with pleasure and his body spasming.

Sherlock came with a soft cry and the orgasm seemed to release a torrent of tears from his eyes instead of the dose of oxytocin he had hoped for. Misery covered him like a weighted blanket and Sherlock sank into the pillows, his clean hand clutching the photo of his brother so tightly that his fingers pierced right through the thin paper.

Dinner was a horrid affair. It was the first time in over two years that the Holmes family sat down at the table together. And it was evident that no one knew how to operate in this

dynamic.

Sherlock had come down looking worse for wear, Mummy noticed. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes red, and his face looked as though it had been tear stained but hurriedly washed. Mycroft had a dark look over his face which rendered him somewhat icily. He spoke in a moderated tone of voice which almost sounded devoid of humanity and made her arms burst with goose pimples. It was most unlike her son.

Siger did his best, as he always did. But as often happened, his best consisted of poor small talk and deliberate but obvious positivity that at first was pleasant but quickly began to appear sadly pathetic.

“Darling, the mash is positively splendid this time around! Did you use that new pepper I got you?”

“Yes, love. Sherlock, do eat your food. It’s meant for your stomach, not your eyes.” Mummy said to her youngest, who gave her a glare worthy of a medal—if such medals were given out for impudent looks.

Mycroft seemed to have trouble cutting his steak, Mummy noticed; his hands were shaking and the tremors made his knife skid far too often. He seemed to try and compose himself, taking a subtle breath in and out before attempting to cut the meat again.

“I was thinking,” Daddy said with exaggerated optimism, “What if we all took a little trip down to old uncle Rudy’s cabin?”

“At this time of year?” Mummy said, keeping half an eye on Mycroft as he had given up on the meat and seemed to now eat the mash with spiteful bites.

“Oh it might be a tad chilled, but it’s nothing a warm fire won’t cure!” Daddy said, clapping his hands together. “Oh and there’s a lovely spot for sledding, you boys remember right? We went there some years back. Sherlock adored those slopes, didn’t you?”

Sherlock gave his father a look and returned to eating his steak, taking deliberate measures to cut his meat slowly and with a precision that Mummy was certain had a level of defiance to. Daddy took little notice and continued on about Rudy’s cabin, reminiscing with such fondness that even Mummy couldn’t help but smile.

Good grief, she really had married the epitome of optimism hadn’t she? Daddy had switched subjects now, talking about how the late Rudy had refurbished the cabin’s attic and that it was a perfect spot for star-gazing.

Suddenly, Mummy noticed Mycroft jerking back slightly. It was such a slight movement that if she hadn’t had her eyes trained on her eldest son, she wouldn’t have noticed it. She continued to eat, and responded to Daddy’s rhetorical questions with half focus, the other half she kept trained on her boys.

Quickly, she picked up on the silent conversation they were having. Sherlock had most definitely kicked his brother under the table, and Mycroft was now taking deliberate bites of

peas. His steak remained untouched. Sherlock had cut his own steak into perfect squares and was continuing to cut them down into halves and fourths. The message, as Mummy saw it, was either a tease, or a genuine offer to help Mycroft cut his food.

Mycroft reached for his water, but with his other hand he pressed his plate just a tad in Sherlock's direction, completely avoiding eye-contact. Sherlock, without a word, swapped their plates silently and in a move that no one would have noticed otherwise.

Daddy was now talking about bringing his painting set to Rudy's cabin, and Mummy gave an agreeing hum. Her heart was warmed by the gesture, and she could see a faint colour on her eldest son's cheeks.

There was the smallest of smiles on Sherlock's face, and at once Mummy knew that the trip to the cabin was the perfect idea. It would ensure that her sons had ample time together, whilst in the safe environment of home, as well as keep her youngest far from any forbidden narcotics and drugs he might otherwise get his hands on.

"I think it is a brilliant idea, dear." Mummy said at long last, interrupting Daddy's latest spiral of talking about the fantastic pines surrounding Rudy's cabin. "We'll get packed up and leave first thing Friday morning."

"That's two days from now, Mummy!" Mycroft said, fork halfway to his mouth. Mummy smiled softly and shrugged.

"Well, if we aren't spontaneous now, whenever will we get that chance?"

"You're serious?" Sherlock spoke now, shock evident on his face. He glanced at Daddy and then back to Mummy, his eyes wide and panicked. And Mummy pursed her lips—if anything this confirmed what she had feared—Sherlock had most definitely been taking more drugs in between checks.

"Quite so. I think it will be a good change of environment for you, young man. Now then, 'Lock help with the dishes, Siger, why don't you draw Mycroft a bath—you're able to wet the bandages now aren't you?" Mummy directed the last question to her eldest, who had gone a rather endearing shade of red.

"N-no, I—the torn stitch. I might just do a sponge bath on my own. I'll be well enough alone. Thank you, Mummy, Daddy." Mycroft took his leave almost instantly and retreated to the guest bedroom.

It was with great surprise that Mummy witnessed her youngest son actually cleaning up from the table and bringing the dishes to the sink. She hadn't expected him to follow her orders, but he seemed rather complacent.

"I'm going to retire early then," Mummy said, and attempted to give her son a kiss—he grunted but allowed her the sentiment.

Sherlock and Daddy finished the clean-up relatively fast and it didn't take long for Daddy to wish his youngest son a good night before following in Mummy's footsteps—heading to

bed.

Sherlock waited a beat, waiting for the sounds of his parents' footsteps to quiet into the trustful silence of their falling asleep. And without wasting anymore time, Sherlock stole quickly to Mycroft's room

His heart beat like a drum, each pulse felt loud enough to hear outside his body. Nerves ate at his hands until they were as trembly as the strings of a violin when played. He did not knock on Mycroft's door and instead walked right in, closing the barrier behind him quickly.

At once, Sherlock's eyes found his brother; sitting up on his bed, shirtless and wearing a look of surprise and fear—and just the slightest hint of familiar arousal.

It was always there—Sherlock noted as he walked towards Mycroft—that hint of arousal. His brother did not display it in overt ways; it wasn't as vulgar as an erection, nor was it as bashful as a blush or reddening around his ears. No—no it was simply the subtlest darkening in his eyes; his eyelids just barely drooping half-shut in a mixture of love and lust.

Sherlock reckoned his brother wasn't even aware of these tells.

"What are you doing here?" Mycroft said at long last, gathering the duvet to cover as much of himself as possible. Sherlock did not answer, instead walking to the guest bathroom and turning on the taps to start filling the tub.

"I—Sherlock, I can't take a bath." Mycroft said, clearly touched yet very confused.

"I don't think you were able to clean yourself properly after—after last night." Sherlock said quietly. The thought that Mycroft was still, somewhat, covered in remains of Sherlock's piss was both an arousing thought, and an extraordinarily humiliating one. Well, then again, Sherlock wasn't known for being the most *empathetic* boy in his rages. The least he could do was try and fix it.

"Do—do I smell?" Mycroft asked with comedic trepidation. The blush on his face would have been cute too, if it hadn't been real mortification that caused it. Sherlock, after adjusting the water and adding some soap to the mix, walked to his brother and removed the duvet.

"A little. But I've smelled worse things."

"Not exactly a compliment," Mycroft grumbled, his ears practically glowing in embarrassment. He muttered under his breath that Mummy and Daddy should have said something but resorted to accepting Sherlock's help to get off the bed and walk to the bathroom.

Sherlock did not ask his brother to remove his pants. A part of him knew that if he did—something like last night might happen again. And he wanted to make use of this strange numbness he was feeling. To be able to care for his brother without letting the sharp shards of bitter resentment and fragmented arousal to taint his care.

For a long while, Mycroft settled into the bath, keeping his injured leg somewhat dry with a towel sacrificed under the water to boost it up. Sherlock sat on the toilet, simply watching and assisting only when needed.

The sounds of water moving, a rag being squeezed and soft breaths was all that disturbed the otherwise tense silence of the bathroom. Sherlock took the valuable time to observe his brother. Taking in what, otherwise, he wouldn't ever get to see.

Mycroft's face, despite not being turned towards Sherlock, was very clearly handsome. His hair was more red now as it wasn't dyed that horrid brown colour, and the natural waves, almost always slicked back with expensive gel, had come out due to the steam from the water. His hands, ever things of wonder for Sherlock, were delicately blushed as they scrubbed up and down his long legs and arms. His chest now had a light sprinkling of red hair, it was strange as Sherlock couldn't remember such a thing on his brother's chest before. How was it that puberty still worked its magic on his brother?

After ten minutes, there was clearly no more washing or cleaning to be done, but Mycroft lay back in the tub and stared at the ceiling, he did not ask for help, or for Sherlock to leave. And Sherlock in turn felt on edge. He was waiting for the inevitable demand—command—to leave. It was really only a matter of time.

Suddenly, Mycroft spoke. He addressed the ceiling, but his words were clearly in reference to Sherlock alone, "About last night..."

Sherlock swallowed, a mixture of shame and defensive rage bubbled within his chest, but he forced himself to remain silent and hear his brother out.

"I want to apologise." Mycroft said softly. The rage won out in Sherlock's heart and he snapped back at his brother.

"Why? Why do you always have to apologise? Why do you always have to make what we do wrong?"

"You misunderstood me, 'Lock," Mycroft said gently, almost sadly, "I'm sorry for kicking you out. Not for—for what we did."

Shock and bewilderment silenced Sherlock for a good while until his brother took heed and looked over at him. Sherlock swallowed nervously and carefully asked, "So, you don't—regret it?"

"I'll always regret it," Mycroft said with a frown, almost as though he thought Sherlock ridiculous for suggesting such a thing. "But I could have handled the situation better."

Pain made Sherlock blink back tears, but anger made him speak out, "I'll never regret it. I will never regret any of what we did! Ever."

"The burden of regret is not on you, Sherlock," Mycroft replied gently. And he sounded older than all his years, tired beyond belief and simply—as though he had given up. That final note of fatigue and defeat is what made Sherlock stop.

“Why does it have to exist at all?” He asked plaintively. “Why can’t we just go back to how it used to be?”

“Because it was wrong from the start. I just—I was blind and foolish and—and I just...” Mycroft broke off, biting his lip and looking very near tears, much to Sherlock’s discomfort.

He hated it. He hated that his brother would revisit memories which made Sherlock sigh with happiness and feel nothing but guilt and shame from them. He hated that Mycroft couldn’t see those memories with the same delight and longing that Sherlock held. Instead, Mycroft was ashamed, angry, and hateful towards the younger version of himself which Sherlock adored.

Mycroft spoke again, breaking through Sherlock’s stormy thoughts. “I gave you something I shouldn’t have, Sherlock. I made you expect *love* in a way that you shouldn’t. I—I corrupted your curiosity and desire for intimacy. I did it because I was weak and pathetic and driven by urges that I can’t defend and—”

“But, Mycroft, I wanted *sex* !” Sherlock exploded, “I didn’t just want a hug or a kiss. If I wanted that—I already had it! You’ve created this narrative where you assume I was an innocent child who just wanted to get closer to you but that was *wrong* ! I knew that I wanted to be intimate with you, that I wanted you to touch me in places that Mummy and Daddy said no one should touch! I knew that what I was asking for was something that kids shouldn’t want! But I wanted it from *you* damn it! Not from some stranger! Not from another kid! From *you* !”

Mycroft was stunned into silence, perhaps not so much from the contents of *what* Sherlock was saying, but moreso with the conviction and frustration which Sherlock let bleed through his words. His older brother ran a hand down his face, sighing heavily and with infinite frustration.

“But why?” He begged, turning to look at Sherlock. “Why would you—a child of *ten* — suddenly want those things? What caused it? What triggered it?”

Sherlock bit his lip and held his tongue. It was a good question. One he had asked himself many times with very few answers to come by. There was a short period of time that Sherlock remembered being curious about sex and not confronting his brother over it. Before he had even perfected the art of masturbation with his brother’s assistance.

He recalled peeing into the tub and finding the action pleasurable. He recalled the feeling of wanting someone there to be with him, that he wanted to share that pleasure. But feeling embarrassed of doing it with Mummy or Daddy and wanting someone else.

And perhaps there was another thing...A memory so long buried that Sherlock often tried to forget about it. But perhaps it was time to share that memory—perhaps get his brother’s insight. And perhaps it might even alleviate the guilt Mycroft had—that it was he who inspired this unfounded and immature lust in his kid brother.

“I—I used to watch,” Sherlock stammered inelegantly.

“Watch what?”

“Watch you—masturbate.” Sherlock watched as his brother’s face went through a phase of horror, confusion, and finally reluctant curiosity.

“When?”

“I think I was six or seven. I don’t really remember it much,” Sherlock admitted. He subconsciously brought those memories forth and it caused a shiver of arousal to ignite in his stomach. He crossed his legs and focused on the bathroom floor tiles. “I’d sit by your door and wait for you to do it—you always had some tells that told me you’d need to do it soon. You’d get agitated and say you needed ‘alone time’ and then ask Mummy to keep an eye on me. She never could. And then you’d read a bit, and sit at your desk...” Sherlock was most certainly aroused now, he couldn’t help it. The memory played out now before his eyes as he had witnessed it when he had been so young.

The fear of being caught, the confusion at first, and then the strange sensation that he was seeing something he shouldn’t. The fascination followed, fascination by the parts of his brother that he didn’t get to see, wonder at the strange processes, alarm at the sounds his brother made.

“You’d be so happy and calm afterwards. I started to like when you’d do it. I’d hope that you’d do it frequently. And I’d time my arrival so that I could enter the room about five minutes after you finished so that we could cuddle and read together.” Sherlock huffed, temporarily amused at his younger self’s taking advantage of his brother’s masturbation rituals.

Mycroft for his part seemed thunderstruck. “I—I had no idea you could see me.” He said blankly—his cheeks tinged pink. “So that night—when you were ten—why did you come to me?”

Sherlock sighed and shifted, noticing that he had a semi and wondering absently if Mycroft would notice. “I had been experimenting for a while but I couldn’t get the same results that you’d get. I wondered if I was doing it wrong. And I always thought of you whenever I’d—well I didn’t exactly wank yet—” Sherlock blushed, “I just pissed into the tub ‘cause I thought that was what you were doing at the time.”

Mycroft covered his smile with his hand, but the amusement in his eyes was warming to see. And Sherlock privately wanted to see it again. “I guess I just got fed up with the same results and decided to just come to you to do it together. Anyways my mind-palace version of you hadn’t been all that helpful.”

“It certainly explains a lot. But... It doesn’t excuse my complacency,” Mycroft said slowly. Sherlock sighed and leaned back against the wall, he let his legs fall open, revealing the small tent that had started thanks to the memories.

Mycroft instantly went silent. His eyes opened wide and his pupils expanded, he pulled his uninjured leg up a tad and forced himself to look at the water, his face already turning a violent shade of pink. “Sherlock—you should go to bed.” His voice wobbled and Sherlock

was almost amused at how quickly his brother became embarrassed at any sexual advances made by his little brother.

All the same, he said nothing in response and instead he reached down and caressed the tent in his trousers, feeling a rush of endorphins when his brother went a yet a more telling shade of red. Sherlock reached up at his hips and pulled his trousers off allowing his cock to bounce out and harden even more. He had foregone pants, so now he simply reached down and stuck his hand in the soapy bathwater and then leaned back again and began to stroke himself.

Mycroft's traitorous eyes followed his hand from the tub to where his brother was lazily stroking himself, seemingly lost for words. "Sh—Sherlock go!" He choked out with panic growing in equal measure to his own arousal. Sherlock saw how the flush from his cheeks had spread, how beneath the facade of fear and repulsion his brother was watching with rapt attention. How, despite his vocalisation, he didn't want Sherlock to leave.

"No." Sherlock smirked and spread his legs more, giving his brother a perfect view of his soft balls and pink taint. "No, don't think I will."

Mycroft was hard now, Sherlock couldn't see the tent, but he could tell by the way that his brother clenched his hands—the way his face was flushed in that beautiful pattern of pink across his cheeks and chest. It was invigorating—electrifying.

Boldly, Sherlock used his other hand to tease behind his balls, just tracing the opening of his virgin hole. Mycroft *whimpered* and buried his face into his folded arms. Desperate to prevent himself from witnessing what he clearly—even more desperately—wanted. His hands were claws on his arms, indenting the skin with red, crescent-shaped dips.

"Look at me Mycroft," Sherlock whispered, and his brother made a pitiful sound between a groan and a whimper. "You're not touching me—you can look." Sherlock coaxed again. And to his delight, Mycroft turned his head—just a bit—glancing over his shelter of limbs to watch as his incubus brother inserted a finger into himself.

Sherlock gasped unintentionally, it had been a long time since he had attempted to penetrate himself—he perhaps should have gotten lube. But he wasn't to blame for not being prepared. He couldn't have imagined this happening. Even now, as it happened, he felt a sense of disbelief.

That disbelief mounted into outright shock and sharp, bright arousal when he saw Mycroft slip one hand between his own legs—moving in a fashion which suggested that he was touching himself.

Sherlock groaned and his cock spurted a long line of precum, dripping down his cockhead and onto his thigh. He withdrew his finger and spat on his hand, using the make-shift lube to insert two fingers into his arsehole.

"Remember you kissed me here, My?" Sherlock breathed; his eyes daring his brother to remember, to bring forth that memory and to see it as Sherlock saw it—with a vicious, desirous need.

Mycroft hid his face again, but his hand moved faster. And Sherlock took that as a sign to continue. “Remember when I was on your bed—,” Sherlock began thrusting on his fingers, reaching for that special spot inside. “And you leaned over me—”

“Sherlock...” Mycroft groaned, whether it was a plea for Sherlock to go on, or to stop, Sherlock legitimately could not tell. He chose to go on. Taking his chances.

“You almost fucked me. It was the closest we got. You pressed your—*fuck*—your cock on me. And you humped me like a dog.”

“Sherlock!” Mycroft cried, this time sounding very much as though he were begging for Sherlock to stop. But Sherlock couldn’t. The memory was like a drug, he needed to finish it, he needed more.

“I loved it, My. I wanted you to go in. I wanted more. I always wanted more. You fucked the piss out of me and when you came, you stuck your finger in. You put your cum in me—think I didn’t notice that? Think I didn’t try doing it myself? Fuck my own cum into my hole? Try to imagine it was yours?”

Sherlock was far too close to the edge, his fingers stopped thrusting and he now just wiggled them against his prostate, his other hand worked his cock faster and faster until finally the peak came and Sherlock exploded.

Cum shot out and decorated his chest, the toilet seat, the floor, and even a bit of Sherlock’s face. His brother had seen it, his eyes just barely peeking over the safety of his arms. It was in short order that Mycroft’s legs shook and his eyes squinted shut in pleasure as he orgasmed in his pants.

Sherlock waited for his brother to open his eyes, and then lazily, he withdrew his fingers from his arse, scooped a bit of his cum, and then, brazenly, pressed it back into his hole. Mycroft’s eyes were wide with shock, and he sat frozen, watching without blinking.

Sherlock smirked, and repeated the process; scooping more of his cum from his stomach and pressing it inside his loosened hole. The urge to piss had never quite left him after orgasming, and it was only ever a matter of minutes before the urge became unignorable. In preparation, Sherlock got up and used a towel to clean himself of the rest of his cum. Mycroft remained silent—perhaps in shame, perhaps in inner contemplation.

Briefly, Sherlock considered peeing in his brother’s bath. But he supposed that would rather ruin the purpose of Mycroft getting cleaned of piss. So instead, he began to drain the tub and turned on the showerhead, aiming the first blast of icy water to the side.

“You might want to take the pants off, Myc.” Sherlock said off-handedly, as he washed the suds of soap from all the sides of the tub. Mycroft sighed outwardly and rolled his eyes.

“Can’t exactly do that myself,” he muttered, only somewhat shakily. Sherlock blushed, having forgotten that his brother was in fact rather disabled at the moment. He hung the showerhead back up and hopped into the shower himself, not caring too much about wetting his hair. He then knelt down and helped take off the soaked pants.

His hands did not shake as he pulled the soaked fabric down from Mycroft's hips. Nor did they tremble when he pulled them down the somewhat still-stiff cock between his brother's strong thighs. Sherlock held his breath, knowing from some part of his memory, just what his brother tasted like and using all his self-control not to lick his brother clean.

Mycroft was watching him with a rather blank expression—or perhaps Sherlock just couldn't read what it was his brother was feeling. Gently, he slipped the pants fully off his brother and washed them in the shower stream before directing the warm water towards Mycroft so that he could give his cock a perfunctory clean.

Sherlock shifted from side to side, feeling impatient suddenly and for no good reason. His brother—instead of giving his prick the up-down scrub as Sherlock expected, let his hand linger on his cock. Squeezing it, rubbing it...He was fucking wanking himself right in front of Sherlock!

“You've got to piss, haven't you?” Mycroft said suddenly, a small flicker of a smile on his face.

“What?” Sherlock started, having only realised that he'd been staring at his brother's cock for a bit too long. He angled the showerhead away, “I don't.”

“You're doing a potty dance, 'Lock.” Mycroft was certainly smiling now, and he even looked on the verge of laughing. Sherlock blushed and realised his brother was right...As usual. The impatience he had felt was most certainly due to the pressure in his bladder and the near-uncontrollable desire to pee.

Suddenly bold, Sherlock turned off the shower and stood in front of his brother, “Y'wanna watch?” Sherlock offered. Mycroft's smile disappeared, and he quickly became silent and still.

Sherlock felt his urgency mounting and he knew that either his brother was going to agree or he was going to piss himself in front of Mycroft regardless. He tittered from one foot to the other silently pleading for his brother to *just fucking say something* !

Mycroft subtly glanced at the bathroom door then turned his focus back to Sherlock. He observed Sherlock for a moment that seemed to take an eternity, but his eyes grew darker with every passing second.

“Well? I can't hold it forever!” Sherlock spurted out. Mycroft bit his lip and looked at Sherlock's cock with an expression that could only be described as *starving* .

“Alright...” he rasped, his own cock hard as stone between his legs. Sherlock wasted not one more second before sitting between his brother's legs and adjusting so that his feet were planted solidly on either side of Mycroft's arse. He took care not to jostle Mycroft's injured leg too much and then angled his cock at Mycroft's groin.

Mycroft was red as a beet, and he was most certainly holding his breath with anticipation. So Sherlock decided to tempt fate. He inched closer to his brother so that there was barely ten centimetres between his cockhead and his brother's.

Their eyes met.

This was very different, Sherlock noted absently, than from when he was a child. When he had been young there wasn't the same tension which now was sharp and potent between the brothers.

Their cocks were practically the same size now.

Sherlock inched closer and he heard Mycroft inhale sharply.

"Sherlock..."

"Shhh—just—watch." Sherlock's prick was now hardening, and he was not even a centimetre from his brother's cock—he was seconds from bursting.

Mycroft's hands were shaking.

"Sherlock—"

The final centimetre closed and Sherlock pressed his cockhead right against the warm, softness of Mycroft's penis. Mycroft inhaled sharply and Sherlock let out the breath he held. And then, before Mycroft could shift away, Sherlock let go.

Mycroft slapped a hand over his mouth but just barely managed to cover the moan that escaped his lips. The smell of piss was strong but the sensation was otherworldly—warm, wet, soft, hard, tickling arousal spread like flames up Sherlock's spine. *Sherlock was pissing right in his brother's cock!*

Of course, almost all the piss was being sprayed outside, but the thought that some drops were going inside Mycroft's dick was enough to make Sherlock shake with arousal.

He seemed to pee for an age, the obstacle of his brother's cock a clear explanation for why it took so long to get it all out. But, *god*, it felt good. And Mycroft was closing his eyes, biting his lip and looking as though he were seconds from cumming again.

Just as the stream began to taper off, Sherlock subtly moved his grip from the stem of his cock towards the head, where he then grasped at the point where his and Mycroft's cocks were joined.

Mycroft gasped and his eyes flashed open. But he couldn't move, his back was to the tub wall and there wasn't much room to wiggle free.

"Sherlock—," his name, seemingly the only word that Mycroft could say, conveyed alarm and urgency. It said *stop* ... Yet, it also begged: *more* .

So Sherlock didn't stop. He was so hard it was hurting, and Mycroft was so hard and hot in his hand... He started to frig them, running his fist up and down the wet point of contact between their two cocks and within seconds he felt Mycroft cum against his cockhead. The feeling was so remarkable, so erotic and so *warm* that Sherlock came not a second after.

Their cum dripped between Sherlock's fingers.

Sherlock lifted his hand to his mouth and licked, deliberately maintaining eye contact with his brother. Mycroft stared for a moment and then breathed in and out slowly, closing his eyes with deliberate focus. Sherlock moved to kneel before his brother, his hands planted firmly on the bathtub ledge.

"I love you, Mycroft..." He whispered, leaning forward and pressing his forehead to Mycroft's. His brother huffed out, a thousand different words trapped in that one breath.

"I wish you didn't," he finally whispered. But it was weak, and he instantly revoked those words by moving his head to capture Sherlock's mouth in a kiss.

Sherlock was almost so startled as to fall backwards, but his brother unglued them as fast as they had come together, "You need to get out of here. Mummy—,"

"Yeah! Yeah... I know. It's fine—just hold on a sec'." Sherlock jumped out of the tub and grabbed a towel, rushing to dry himself off and pointedly ignoring the uneasy nausea in his stomach—why hadn't his brother yelled at him to leave? What had that kiss meant? Were they ok? Were things fixed?

With just as much speed, he threw on his trousers, and then helped Mycroft stand up and get out of the tub. He sat his brother down on the toilet and gave him a towel before retreating to the room to get him some clothes.

By the time he came back Mycroft was finishing to tussle-dry his hair and appeared, if a bit disturbed, mostly at peace. He reached out for his clothes, but Sherlock ignored him and set about dressing his brother himself.

"Never thought you'd be dressing me one day..." Mycroft muttered, mostly to hide his embarrassment. Sherlock hummed uneasily and pulled Mycroft's pants all the way up before reaching for his pyjama trousers.

"I've undressed you plenty before—just completing the process I s'pose," Sherlock said, carefully measuring the intensity of his brother's wince at the provocative words.

"It would be pointless to ask you not to mention— *that* —wouldn't it?" His brother asked softly.

"Very." Sherlock had no intention of letting his brother ignore their history, for better or worse, they couldn't change anything now.

Sherlock helped his brother get into the bed and commenced tucking him in, keeping in mind that his brother would need to stay in this position for the entire night. But when he fluffed the pillows which Mycroft was not using, and pulled up the duvet a third time, Sherlock admitted that perhaps, he just simply didn't want to leave.

"Lock—" Mycroft's voice broke through Sherlock's frantic thoughts and he gave up on flattening the creases on the duvet.

“Please don’t...Don’t say anything that’ll ruin this again,” Sherlock said, addressing the floor.

“I—Alright.” So surprised to hear the simple agreement, Sherlock snapped his gaze onto his older brother who was giving him a soft, only slightly sad smile. Heart racing, and feeling only a little dizzy, Sherlock came to stand closer to Mycroft.

“That’s it?” He asked tentatively, not daring to believe that his brother truly would let them have this moment as it were. And Mycroft, glancing once at the bathroom and then to the door, gave Sherlock a small nod.

“That’s it.”

“I’ll—I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“You will.”

Sherlock moved towards the door, feeling as though the small threads which were holding this moment in the tapestry of his mind palace were seconds away from snapping. But with his hand on the door handle, he turned back, looking at Mycroft who was laid down, resting his head on an arm, partially propped up.

He met Mycroft’s crystal blue gaze and for a moment—the sensation of warm, sweet candy-floss filled his mind. Once so common and yet now, having not seen that gaze in over six years, a rarity more precious than diamond.

Sherlock felt himself tear up and before Mycroft could see, he opened the door and muttered, “Good night,” barely hearing his brother’s response before he ran up to his room to sob into the pillows of his trusted bed.

Chapter End Notes

As stated in the beginning.. this ends the "Guilty Vices" aspect of this series... the next series will start as soon as I finish that first chapter and will have some really softer tones to give y'all (and myself) a break from the angst for a bit. All that being said, please leave behind your thoughts and hopes and if you have anything you (nudge nudge wink wink) wanna see incorporated in the next installment.

End Notes

Hey! Thank you for reading this! I really hope you liked it, and well... if you did... maybe leave a comment behind?? OwO
thank youuuu <33333333

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!