

I'm not lonely, Sherlock

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I'm not lonely, Sherlock

by [georgie_porgie260405](#)

Summary

'The lying Detective' Season 4, Episode 2.

What if John didn't watch Mary's video, what if he was emotionally compromised. What if after being kicked out of Baker street Mycroft, mulls over why on earth Sherlock would go after a serial killer alone and how exactly Mary is involved in it all.

What if Sherlocks savour isn't who he expected, and the one he expected let him down?

Mary Moore was anything but stupid being an assassin in her own right, a part of the AGRA - she had to be smart. She wouldn't risk it; she wouldn't do that...unless she needed something. Something only Sherlock could provide, something he was willing to do. Go to the extreme for.

John Watson, the name came to mind in a thought as he stepped out of the door onto the street towards his waiting car.

By calling the man out publicly Sherlock was undoubtably calling attention to himself, much like a fly in a spider's web.

Chapter 1

“I was there for you before.

I’ll be there for you again.

I’ll always be there for you.”

Chapter One: Another Moriarty?

Chapter One: Another Moriarty?

Mycroft crossed his arms letting one arm lean on his right his fingers pressed to his cheek and lips, unseen to others in the room his teeth gently nibble on the flesh. A nervous habit he's had since he was a child.

He watched as the disk loaded and Mary Watson face appeared smiling, *dear lord not another one.*

"If you're watching this, I'm probably dead", Mary Watson voice was cut off when John Watson stepped back from the screen from his left.

"Okay no, stop that now, please", his hand was extended towards Mrs Hudson who reached forward and paused the video as John walked away to the far wall.

"Everyone out now." Mrs Hudson stated firmly, "All of you! This is my house, this is my friend, and that's his departed wife. Anyone who stays here a minute longer is admitting to me personally, they do not have a single spark of human decency". Slowly the room began to empty leaving only himself, John, and Mrs Hudson.

Mrs Hudson turned on him, stepped forward into his personal space and hissed "Get out of my house. You **reptile**".

Mycroft stood still for a moment staring down at her, *reptile? Is that how she sees me? After all I have done for them, risked for them?*

John Watson did nothing to prevent him from leaving, family huh. *Did John forget that if he was Sherlock's family, that made Mycroft his as well?*

He lowered his arms and stepped around her out into the hall. Family's only as good as they give, it seems. He started down the stairs as he mulled over the events of this afternoon.

Why would Sherlock do such a thing? Chase after a 'serial killer'. Even if Culverton Smith was, it was not proven. Why would Sherlock accuse the man so publicly, without back up? Even on drugs Mycroft knew his brother wasn't that stupid. However, insanity was another matter entirely.

He had almost had a heart attack when the disk displayed the words 'MISS ME?'. If Moriarty had truly been back, then there was so much more in danger than Mycroft losing his job from Sherlock hiding such big evidence.

He had been afraid that Moriarty had manipulated Sherlock into doing something ill-advised again, like jumping off the roof of a building. But then Mary's face had appeared, and that gut wrenching fear hadn't disappeared. If anything, he felt sicker. Why would she be there? Had she been apart of it all along? How had he missed her? How could he miss something so

important and let her involve herself in Sherlock life? There was a small comfort in the words, "I thought that would get your attention".

But then there was another matter why leave it to Sherlock? She could have sent it to John, why would she go through the effort of sending something like this to Sherlock. Her own little note, was it to get back at him for John's pain?

Mary Moore was anything but stupid being an assassin in her own right, a part of the AGRA she had to be smart. She wouldn't risk it; she wouldn't do that...unless... unless she needed something. Something only Sherlock could provide, something he was willing to do. Go to the extreme for.

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By calling the man out publicly Sherlock was undoubtedly calling attention to himself, much like a fly in a spider's web.

He stepped into the car phone already to his ear, "Smith hospital, Peter" he told his driver - who sped off as soon as the door shut.

"Boss?" Athena asked in his ear, "I need you to send guards to my brother's suit, set up my safe house. My brothers about to do something incredibly stupid. I fear I may not be there in time to stop it".

"yes sir" Athena confirmed, when it came to his brother everything was an urgency.

Sherlock what have you done?

The hunt is on

Sherlock woke opening his eyes to a hospital room, he hadn't expected John to hit him. To keep hitting him after he was already down. Wasn't that a motto, not to hit a man when he's down?

Sherlock listens to the heart monitor beep for a few seconds blinking his left eye was a little sort all bloodshot no doubt. What had woken him?

A noisy sign sounded in the room, ah that.

Sherlock swallowed and turned his head to look at Smith who started to speak to him, "you've been ages waking up. I watched you. It's quite lovely in its way".

Can't anyone in London speak appropriately? If he had said such a thing to someone his mother would have boxed him over the head.

"Take it easy. It's okay. Don't want to rush this. You're Sherlock Holmes". Sherlock wanted to roll his eyes and sigh but kept quiet. Yes, thank you for the obvious, I am Sherlock Holmes. It's not like a little fist fight would make him forget that. He really hated when criminals got chatty.

"How did you get in?" Sherlock whispered staying in character, Smith steps closer to the bed his voice lowered as if to be sneaky.

"Policeman outside, you mean? Come on. Can't you guess?" Smith asked, Sherlock turned his head to the door slightly and his heart lurched, the cane. Where was the cane? Had John not visited yet? He had been out for hours, surely John had visited. Where was the cane? This was not going to plan at all.

He would just have to work with his other equipment then, but he had relied his plan on that cane. On John. He could feel the familiar weight of the necklace of a bee Mycroft had gifted him many years ago what held a recorder and tracking device. He always wore it; it was a reminder of what their relationship had once been.

He turned his gaze back to the wooden panel opposite the bed, "secret door" he whispered.

Smith turned his figure motioning to their surroundings. "I built this whole wing. Kept firing the architect and builders so no-one knew quite how it all fitted together. I can slip in and out anywhere I like, you know...when I get the urge"

"H. H. Holmes" Sherlock comments remembering the comment Smith had made earlier that day.

"Murder castle, but done right. I have a question for you. Why are you here? It's like you walked into my den and laid down in front of me" Smith asked. Sherlock lowered his eyes

down to his bed sheets not wanted to see the man as he admitted regardless if it was true or not.

“Why?” Smith insisted. Sherlock looked back up at him realising he would have to play the mans game, “you know why I’m here”.

“I’d like to hear you say it” he smiled briefly “say it for me, please”

“I want you to kill me”.

Now the words were out, he felt sick. Those 5 words went back on what he had told faith previously nonmatter whoever the fake faith had been. He had meant it.

“Taking your own life.

Interesting expression, taking it from who?

Once its over, its not you who’ll miss it.

Your own death is something that

Happens to everyone else.

Your life is not your own, keep your hands off it.”

Haunting smiles

John appreciated Miss Hudson, he really did. He tried to calm his breathing as the room emptied. Why would Mary make this for Sherlock?

Our Sherlock. He could remember her smile, she always called him that, they had called him that. Until he became Holmes.

He stood there, watching the screen with his wife's smiling face on it, why would she send this to her murderer?

Did you miss me? He had wished it was Moriarty.

Her Murder, Mary was dead. She wasn't coming back, because of Sherlock. He only had Rosie now. His sweet little Rosamund, he could hear her little cries for her mother in the middle of the night.

He couldn't bare telling her, that her mother wasn't coming back.

He had already lost Mary to Sherlock, he wouldn't let him take Rosie too.

"John" Miss Hudson's voice startled him, she was holding a cup of tea out to him. How long had she been gone?

He took it and sipped it silently. No, he wasn't going to risk Rosie.

He put down the cup and walked down the stairs, he ignored Miss Hudson who had called for him. All he needed right now was Rosie, to make sure she was ok.

He called for a cab and got in.

Rosie is all that mattered now. Sherlock can fight his own battles.

A fly in a spiders web

Smith moved to the side of the bed and rested his left gloved hand on the bed close to sherlocks left hand resting on the blanket.

"if you increase the dosage four or five times...." Sherlock says softly as Smith looked across at the drip stand. "Toxic shock should shut me down within the hour " he continued.

Smith straightened and walked around the end of the bed "Than o restore the settings. Everyone assumes it was a fault, or you just gave up the ghost" he smiles.

"Yes"

'your rather good at this" smith takes of his jacket. "Before we start..." He drops his jacket onto the the chair near the drip stand, "tell me how you feel". He reaches to his left hand and takes put the cufflink.

"I feel scared" Sherlock states softly.

Smith scoffs "be more specific" he chuckled, "you only get to do this once"

"Im...scared of dying" Sherlock watched as Smith moved his right cufflink and puts both cufflink on the seat of the chair.

"you wanted this, though" Smith starts to roll up his shirtsleeves.

"I have....reasons" Sherlock stated.

"but you don't actually want to die"

"no"

Smith smiled "good" he continues to smile as he rolled up his sleeves. "say that for me. Say it".

Sherlock frowned slightly "I don't want to die".

"Again" smith urged looking down ag his left sleeve as he rolled it up. "and again".

"I don't want to die" Sherlock stated more firmly.

"once more for me" Smith rolls his right sleeve even higher.

Tearfully sherlock answered "I don't want to die. I don't" smith paused to lean over Sherlock bed and leaned over him "...don't want to die".

Smith leaned forward until Smith face was a few inches above Sherlock, "Lovely".

Tightening a smile he straightened up "here it comes". Sherlock looked at him with an anguished look on his face. Smith reaches to the control panel next to the drip stand. He presses the button twice and it beeps noisily each time. He reaches to another button before pressing it repeatedly. The readout on the screen initially reading 3.2 starts to rise.

A lie in comand

In the hospital room, a drop of liquid drips down from the bag on the stand. Smith is slowly walking around the foot of the bed.

"So tell me: why are we doing this? To what do I owe the pleasure?" Smith asked, his eyes held a spark of excitement.

Sherlock took a small breath, and quietly answered "I wanted to hear your confession; needed to know I was right".

"But why do you need to die?" Smith asked curiously.

"The mortuary; your favourite room", Sherlock mused.

Smith smiles slightly in response.

"You talk to the dead. You make your confession to them" sherlock stated. Smith sniffs, straightens up, rubs his nose and turns away towards the chair, shaking his head.

Outside the room, the guard was talking on his phone.

"Sorry, sir, what?" the officer asked in confusion, replacement? listening to his commanding officer he turned his attention to the door.

"What do you mean?" He takes hold of the door handle and turns it and pushes but the door doesn't open, "I think the door's jammed".

He tried to ram his shoulder against the door in an attempt to open it when a nurse came down the corridor.

"Oh, has that door locked itself again? Yeah, it's always doing that" Nurse Cornish assured him.

Chapter five: A crack in the ice

Chapter five: A crack in the ice

Mycroft anxiety tapped his foot, his phone gripped tightly in his left hand.

Why would you do this Sherlock? He just hoped his team would arrive before him. Streets speed by, he was aware that they were speeding most likely breaking a dozen laws, he would deal with it later. He gripped the door tightly with his right hand as his left came up to protect his face as his body launched forward as the car came to a sudden stop. His right arm strained as it was wrenched when it was shoved into the seat in front of him, his body weight was thrust into it. He hadn't bothered with seatbelts in his haste to get to Sherlock, he opened the door and rushed forward into the hospital, aware he was leaving his own security team behind him as their car pulled in behind them.

He was alone in this.

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Where was the security team? The hallways were bare and silent beside the sound of his shoes thumping on the slick floor as he rushed through the halls. Mycroft slid to a stop when he reached Sherlock's room.

Where was his guard?

He tried to open the door, but it didn't open, he tried putting some weight behind it. The silence in the room was putting him on edge, ramming his shoulder into the door.

Why do you do this to yourself Sherlock?

Why do you do this to me?

Mycroft stepped back and gritted his teeth, this would hurt. He wrapped in hand around his gun and delivered a good kick to the weakest part of the door pain rushing up his leg as the door creaked and swung open.

He was getting too old for this.

Life and Death

Mary's voice from the DVD will be appearing in this Chapter.

Mary: You can't save John because he won't *let* you. He won't allow himself to be saved. The only way to save John ... is to make him save *you*.

"Why do you do it?" Sherlock asked, shifting in his hospital bed to keep an eye on Smith.

"Why do I kill?" Smith asked as he sat in a chair, he gently rubbed his fingers together.

"It's-It's not about hatred or-or revenge. I'm not a dark person. It's ... Killing human beings ...", he lowered his head as if he was laughing at him, he placed one hand back to his mouth. "... it just makes me ..." he let out a content sigh, "... incredibly happy".

Sherlock gave him a small smile, which made Smiths fall breathing out he stand up approaching the bed. Smith laned forward on the bed hands gripping the blanket, "You know i-i-in films when-when you see dead people pretending to be dead and it's just living people lying down?" He shook his head "That's not what dead people look like". His voice raised and his gaze became more intense "Dead people look like *things*. I like to make people into *things*. Then you can own them".

He let out a huff of a breath and stood up straight, "You know what? I'm getting a little impatient".

Smith face took on more of a predatory look as he bends to the foot of the bed and presses a button on the side. The top of the bed lowers down to the horizontal position. Sherlock looks anxious, his eyes turning to the door. Once the bed is flat, Smith straightens up and bares his teeth as he looks at Sherlock, running his tongue along his bottom lip before walking around to the other side of the bed. He straightens the glove on his right hand and leans down towards Sherlock.

"Take a big breath if you want" Smith said in a wistful tone.

Sherlock looked at him slightly afraid lowering his gaze to Smith's hands.

Where was John?

Mary: Go to Hell, Sherlock.

Sherlock takes a panicked gasp of a breath just as Smith places his right palm over his mouth, pressing down hard, using his left hand to cover Sherlocks nose restricting his breathing.

Mary: Go right into Hell, and make it look like you mean it.

Smith pressed down harder as sherlock started to struggle underneath him as he began to suffocate.

“Murder is a very difficult addiction to manage. People don’t realise how much work goes into it. You have to be careful” Smith said sightly strained due to Sherlocks struggling.

Sherlocks eyes grew wide as he gripped Smiths wrist in a weak attempt to remove his hand as his other hand flailed weakly. “But if-if you’re rich or famous and *loved*, it’s amazing what people are prepared to ignore” His voice shook in effort as Sherlocks attempt to dislodge him continued.

“There’s always someone desperate, about to go missing ...” Smith grunted in effort “... and *no-one* wants to suspect murder if it’s easier to suspect something else!” Sherlock started to sweat as he struggled underneath him. “I just have to ration myself; choose the right heart to stop” Smith said in a daunting tone.

Mary: Go and pick a fight with a bad guy. Put yourself in harm’s way.

Sherlock struggled his eyes filling with panic.

Where was John?

Where was John!

John!

“Please, maintain eye contact. Maintain eye contact” Smith whispered to him intently. Sherlock stared up at him as he withered.

Smith stared down at him “Maintain eye contact. Please. I like to watch it ... happen”.

Mary: If he thinks you need him, I *swear* ...

Outside the room, Mycroft rushed down the hallways trying to reach Sherlock's room.

Inside the room, Smith leaned over Sherlock whispering to him, his teeth bared as his gaze became ecstatic as he spoke.

Savagely Smith whispered, “And off we ... pop”.

Sherlock's eyes began to drop and begin to close.

Mycroft stopped In front of Sherlocks room trying to open the jammed door, ramming his shoulder into the door.

Mary: ... he *will* be there.

Sherlock stops moving, and the heart monitor goes into a long single tone.

Chapter 8: Cheap Revenge

Chapter Eight: Cheap Revenge

Mycroft was greeted with the sight of Smith leaning down over Sherlock and a single long tone of the heart monitor sounding through the room. Smith jerked back in surprise at his entrance turning to look, straightening up and releasing Sherlock, who noisily hauls in a long painful breath. As the heart monitor starts to beep again, Mycroft raises his gun from his side and in a single movement and without hesitation he pulled the trigger. Smith cried out in pain as he gripped his leg as blood splattered along the wall and floors as he collapsed in pain. He wasted no time coming to his brother side his hand going to his neck checking his pulse not trusting the silent machine, afraid Smith had altered it.

“Are you alright” he demanded Sherlock, who only coughed in response. “Sherlock. What has he done to you?” he searched his brothers’ eyes who tried to look away from him disappointment clear on his face.

“Go to hell...and look like you mean it” he whispered his voice strained; Mycroft looked at him pained. “He didn’t come” Sherlock looked at the busted open door, “no” Mycroft said quietly shifting his hand from his brother neck now that he was confident Sherlock’s pulse had steadied and lifted it to his hair brushing it from his forehead stroking it. “He didn’t”.

Sherlock shifted looking up at his tears in his eyes but a newfound expression on his face, as if he was unsure of himself. “But you did” he says breathlessly. Mycroft pressed his lips together in displeasure why does everyone assume he feels nothing? They didn’t spend enough time with him to make a fair judgment of his character.

“Of course I did” he says finally, “always Lock”. Sherlock closed his eyes to hide at the long-forgotten nickname, a single tear ran down his cheek. Mycroft carefully brushed it away, pulling his hand away when he heard his security detail finally arrive. Taking a step back separating himself, from his emotional scene. His cold mask was back up as he looked calmly at his brother and the wounded man.

“Arrest him” he motioned to Smith, two of his guard gripped the man tightly with no regards to the man’s pain and dragged the howling man from the room. “My assistant will notify you in a moment. This will be kept tight-lipped” he demanded walking out of the room his men following.

Once deeming Sherlock would not be able to listen in, he turned to them. “No one will hear about what has happened tonight is that clear?”, he received a confirmation. “If anyone in the law enforcement ask, tell them the bare minimum. There was a gunshot victim, and the rest is being taken care of. No one is to know of anything, no matter their status”. No one could know, he needed this on lockdown now. He could trust these men, they were his best he had known them just shy of 15 years.

“Oh and, John Watson is barred from this room. If he approaches arrest him, excessive force is... encouraged”. The firm statement gained pleased expressions all around him. All of them

are well informed of Sherlock and over the years Sherlock had become the little brother of their group. They would appreciate the opportunity to put Watson in his place, for harming their little brother.

A different type of escort

Lestrade passed in the hospital hallway, he almost had a heart attack when Donovan called him. There had been a 'fatality' and a gunshot victim, in Sherlock's hospital room. Greg had been surprised that John wasn't already here, he called him 7 times before the man picked up and he urged him over.

The floor was crowded with guards, obviously Mycroft's they looked way too trained to be hospital guards.

The guards looked concerned, and it was off putting, every so often a guard would leave their post to approach the woman who was running the entire operation. They would speak swiftly both their shoulders would slump then the guard would return to his post retelling the other guards the same answer.

"These guys won't budge" Sally signed as she returned to his side after attempting to pry information out of a guard, "they confirm if it was Sherlock who was shot".

"He's alive" Greg assured her, she blinked in surprise "how'd you know?" she asked.

He nodded over to the tense guards, "every few minutes one of those guards go over to talk to Athena. They're concerned, they receive bad news and come back. Obviously, someone was wounded there concerned about them, not a teammate there working to well to be filling in for a downed soldier. So, it's Sherlock" he deduced, then blinked "I've been around Sherlock too long" he mused.

"They don't look reassured" Sally frowned at the soldier's, "he's wounded, possibly fatal, he's clearly not getting better".

"What do you want Greg? What's so important to have dragged me out of bed at this hour?" John asked annoyed as he stepped into the hallway. Greg noticed how the guards tensed immediately and were on guard.

"It's Sherlock-" Greg started but John groaned. "Of course it is, can't he ever have a night of peace" John complained, a guard stepped forward.

"John Watson you are not permitted on this level" he said his jaw tensing and his grip on his weapon tightening. Another soldier stepped up next to him the comfort of a companion calmed the soldier.

"Permitted?" John asked offended, "by who?". His outraged voice reached over to Athena who stepped towards them "is there an issue here?" she asked sternly.

"No miss" the first guard answered. "Of course Mycroft" John rolled his eyes at the sight of her, "you know your boss can't bar me from seeing Sherlock just because he thinks he has the power too" he tried to push past her. The guards were quick to seize John on either side pulling him away from Athena.

“He does have the authority” Athena said calmly, “Sherlock will want to see me” John argued as he pulled against the grip on his arms.

“Sherlock does not wish to see you, that is if he lives the night” she said coldly waving her hand as John was escorted out of the hospital roughly.

There was their answer Sally and Greg shared a look, Sherlock might die.

Old memories and hard decisions

Chapter Notes

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

Sherlock twitched at the irritating beeping that echoed through the room, *beep beep beep*. his face ached and he felt sickly, his army itched for its next fix and he had a clouded head. How was he expected to work when he couldn't think straight, he opened his eyes and winced slightly, the lights dimmed significantly and he tried to focus blinking away the odd pattern in his vision.

"Mycroft" he muttered as he spotted his brother standing with his umbrella in hand next to a chair, he had obviously been sitting in before dimming the lights. "Sherlock" Mycroft sighed, "why do you do this to yourself?".

The drugs, he was talking about drugs, "it was for a case" he argued, "I'm in complete control". Mycroft shook his head in disappointment, "no sherlock your not. You think you're in control, you just want an excuse for the fact that you were given an opportunity and you took it".

Sherlock shifted so he wouldn't have to look at his brother he didn't want to listen to the lecture he knew all too well, he was slightly surprised when Mycroft stayed silent. Suddenly he could hear arguing in the hall, and he frowned.

"Don't worry about it" Mycroft told him, Sherlock glanced over to him Mycroft's grip on his umbrella was tightening and his face tensed as if he knew who exactly was outside. "It's being dealt with", Mycroft glanced over to his heart monitor and a small smile twitched on his lip as he moved over to it. Sherlock watched helpless unable to stop him, "go back to sleep Sherlock, well talk in the morning". Sherlock couldn't protest, as he watched his brother drug him until he could no longer clutch onto consciousness and fell back into his mind palace.

Mycroft watched in silence as his brother fought against the drugs before finally falling asleep, his face was gaunt ad his skin was pale. The needle marks were red against his pale skin, it was so obvious. The lack of sleep, eating, irritability, and the drugs. If only Mycroft hadn't been so busy with his own work he would have been able to check in on his little brother, he will have to fire the surveillance guards he had already of cause.

Why did this happen in the middle of election season, he was far too busy to go home and sleep let alone check on Sherlock, maybe that's why he did it. He looked so frail while he was asleep, under all the effects of the drugs and years of running around catching criminals; he could still see bits and pieces of his little brother on that hospital bed.

"What's wrong with him?" Mycroft shifted his attention as he watched an old memory play out, Sherlock was young at least 5 at the time he stood next to him holding his hand.

He remembered this, "He's sick Lock, very sick" his hand absently gripped tighter on the younger Sherlocks who looked up at him and smiled, his teeth gleamed as he beamed up at him. What had happened to that little boy who used to think he was a god? Who used to follow him around like a puppy?

"Will he get better?" Sherlock asked, God he was so innocent back then, Mycroft's gaze joined Sherlock to his older self on the hospital bed, "I'm not sure Lock, I'm not sure". The boy frowned slightly, and pulled on Mycroft's hand until he knelt to his level "you'll help him" Sherlock said confidently, "you always do". The boy then surged forward hugging his older brother, Mycroft held him tight and then..he was gone.. the phantom feeling of his younger brother hug burnt into his mind and a feeling of loss assaulted him as he stood slowly having heard a knock on the door.

"Sir?" Athena stepped into the room, "what do you want us to do?" her gaze slipping from his to look sadly on the younger Holmes.

"We'll help him" Mycroft said confidently as a small smile slipped into his face as he watched his assistant clear fondness of his brother, "like we always do, we'll help him get better than it's up to him".

Chapter End Notes

This is a quick chapter, I'm about to start my new semester of Uni and may not be able to update consistently.

I will try to update every week however, I may not be able to.

Thank you everyone in the previous chapter who said such kind things about this book, I appreciate your support and wait for a new chapter :)

Curiously killed the cat.

Chapter Notes

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

Sherlock opened his eyes and blinked at the small light that was on the bedside table was on. He could hear someone waking around in another room. He was in an unfamiliar room, there was a window he could see out from his bed it showed a great view. Sherlock was sure it was from outer London, a higher-level apartment, a penthouse.

The door opened and a familiar face entered Sherlock let himself relax, Mycroft. "Where are we?" he asked as he watched Mycroft placed a sandwich and a glass of water on the bedside table.

"In one of my safe houses" Mycroft answered, Sherlock watched his brother carefully he moved more heavily on his left leg, and he reduced the use of his right arm.

"Your injured" Sherlock said flatly, his brother shrugged "I'm a bit old for field work". An alarm on Mycroft's watch went off and he signed, "eat something".

Mycroft stepped out of the room and Sherlock could hear Mycroft greet someone before the door shut.

Mycroft stepped out of the room and signed lifting his suit sleeve to look at his clock, he had a few minutes to spare before the meeting. He sits down in his office chair setting up the call waiting patiently as he reads his most recent message from Athena.

'Watson has been moved to Scotland yard drunk tank. Much to his disgust, we should be able to hold him there for a few more hours'

Mycroft lips twitched slightly, and he messaged back.

'Now my dear. I must ask, how did you get the key? MH'

Her answer was quick; 'I have a friend'.

His watch clicked, an old alarm his uncle had drilled into him. Never have a loud alarm, he placed his phone down and focused on his computer as advisers started to arrive.

Oh how he hated election season.

Athena smirked slightly at her phone she breathed in deeply as a pair of hands wrapped around her waist, they kissed her on the neck. Black curly fell over her shoulder, and she leant back into her lovers embrace.

"How long do we think we could keep Watson in containment?" Athena signed pleasingly as kisses started to travel up her neck.

“Eternity , if you’ wished it” They muttered, then chuckled, it was sweet like honey.

“Come back to bed” they said softly against her shoulder where they left a kiss, Athena leant back into them.

“With pleasure” She purred, it turned into a shriek as she was suddenly pulled back onto the bed.

She wouldn’t give this up for the world, she surged up capturing her lovers lips in hers.

”Now show me what you can do with those handcuffs”, she grinned at her lovers startled expression, they started to smirk, “oh darling you have no idea”.

Chapter End Notes

Who should Mycroft end up with? Should I keep him as single or turn this into a Greg/Mycroft ship?

A/N

hi,

I'm having a few mental health issues at the moment and I'm not sure when I will be able to continue this book. I have a few things lined up for it so hopefully, soon I can find the energy to post something. Health first I guess?

Chapter 13: Unfortunate circumstances

Chapter Summary

In this chapter, we begin to get a more in-depth understanding of Mycroft's past relationship with Sherlock when he was high and we meet Sherlock's guards.

This chapter was inspired by the song 'Fallin' by Jessica Mauboy.

Chapter Notes

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

The beginning was busy, Mycroft tried to avoid Sherlock's room as much as he could other than bring food and drink while the man was within his withdrawal. He had witnessed it enough to know he wasn't welcome; his wrist gave a phantom ache from the last time he confronted Sherlock when he was high. It throbbed and Mycroft shook it out absently knowing it wasn't really injured he signed as took off his reading glasses, something he would keep from Sherlock if possible. Sherlock was not kind when he found a weakness in Mycroft's armour. He rubbed the bridge of his nose before placing them back on his nose, stress weighing on him the piles of paperwork on his desk to sign alone disregarding the numerous meetings he had to attend today and documents to oversee.

He heard something shatter against the wall a few rooms away and closed his eyes absently, this would be a long day. He heard Sherlock enraged shout and the door slam open. A long, lonely day in this office it seemed. He was not keen to encounter his brother in a high rage, he had a couch in his office purely for days like this to sleep in needed. His back ached from spending hours at a desk, and he longed for a proper bed but he knew he had to deny himself, his shoulder and leg was still stiff from improper and out of practice use he did not wish to give Sherlock any more ammunition than he already had.

The cupboards of the kitchen slammed open, and he could hear no doubt the occupants of the draws being emptied onto the floor. He was looking for a fix it seemed, although why he assumed he would find one was beyond him. His phone light up and he glanced at it passingly, he needed to do more paperwork, it lights up again with a new notification. Something else shattered from the kitchen causing Mycroft to flinch slightly at the unexpected noise, his heart beating loudly in his ears as a flash of gunshots ran through his head, an old mission.

It's over, he told himself. He was out. He was safe. He was home. Sherlock was safe.

But was he really?

He blinked and released his tight grip on the desk watching as his once white fingered grip turn pink as blood rushed back through. Perhaps a distraction as due, he thought idly as he

picked up the mobile and opened the chat, flicking through it.

The group chat had originally been created at the convenience of alerting all guards at once of their task in regards of Sherlock, but over the years it became less strict as the men became more familiar with him.

Bobby, a blond-haired man who was 34 he had spent a few years in the field along with Reed, a red-haired man with a face of freckles - he was younger only 28. Then there was Dominic the brown-haired man who spent every moment attempting to cheer the group up he was 32, and one of his other agents who stuck close together. Then there was Ben, and Alexander the 30 year old blonds who had been friends before he had commanded them, they could be mistaken for brothers if one looked close enough they had taken Kevin under their wing not long after. Fortunately close in age, Sam was one of his oldest guards he had started with the man standing under his own command on missions. He had a wife and daughter, a daughter that was Mycroft's goddaughter.

Bobby - 11:02 am

Do you think he's alright?

It was clear who he was talking about, another message came through.

Dom - 11:03 am

He will be Fine Bob, Mycroft's got him. It's the same as every other time. Nothing to worry about.

Reed - 11:05 am

Is it the same though?

Reed has a point; Sherlock has had close brushes with death before due to drugs but actively seeking out death was not something he did on a routine basis.

Alexander - 11:05 am

He will be fine.

Ben - 11:06 am

Mycroft got it under control.

Kevin - 11:07 am

Mycroft, do you need anything? Anything at all, a break? We all know how straining it is to stay in the same house as him.

Mycroft stared at the message for a moment before replying,

Mycroft Holmes - 11:08 am

Although the offer is tempting, I am afraid there is nothing you can do at the present time - MH.

Mycroft blinked attempting to wake himself up, he strained to listen to the silent house. He needed to be alert. What had woken him?

He heard a groan and sat up from where he slept on the couch wincing slightly as his phone lit up the time displayed on it made despair sit heavy in his chest. It was only 12 pm, he had only gone to bed 2 hours prior to his meeting with the prime minister of Australia. His eyes fluttered shut heavy with fatigue as his shoulders slumped, he pushed himself into a standing position when he heard the strangled groaning noise again this time followed by a whimper. He rubbed his face trying to chase away his exhaustion. He stepped out of his office and down the hall following the noises of distress to Sherlock's room where he found the man sweating profusely and tangled in his sheets.

He knew better, but he did it anyway. He couldn't help the big brother's urge to try and chase away his brother's dreams. He reached out and placed a hand on Sherlock's trembling shoulder only to find himself gasping in pain as his wrist was captured and his chest was forced into the wall beside the bed his arm wrenched behind his back straining his wrist painfully; reminding him of the last time he had helped Sherlock. He had found himself in the same position only this time there was no John Watson to cut through Sherlock's drugged mind.

"Sherlock!" the call cut through the silent air sharply, attempting to bring the man back into the real world the grip on arm tightened and his shoulder pulled at the awkward position, he felt the huffed breath Sherlock let out against his neck as the men pushed flush against him using his own weight as leverage against Mycroft's trapped limb.

"Sherlock!" he hissed in pain as he felt his shoulder drop in resistance, the feeling of lightning shot up his arm into his chest. He was oddly surprised it was his shoulder that gave out first, again with the time he spent in the field it wasn't awfully surprising he always had trouble with this one.

He was jerked and almost shoved away into the wall and Sherlock let out an angry growl releasing him as if freeing himself of someone below him, he turned careful not to reveal his now aching shoulder and the obvious drop in his form, agony ran through him as he shifted as he kept his face blank.

“Get out!” Sherlock clenched his teeth as his tense body struggled to contain the underlying rage waiting to burrow out of his body. Mycroft had stuck around too often to know what happens when Sherlock was in this mood. He shifted and slipped out of the room ignoring the slam of the door behind him as he slipped back into his office sliding onto the couch and leaning back. Hissing and grinding his teeth as he shifted his solder to rest on the sofa armrest. His shoulder hadn’t pulled, it had dislocated. This was something he would need to fix. He picked up his mobile with his free hand and sent a message into the chat, he knew it wouldn’t be well received.

Mycroft Holmes – 12:12 am

I require medical assistance - MH.

“Jesus” Domenic whispered as he shifted Mycroft’s shoulder taking in the man’s back and the bruise forming around the man’s wrist. This wasn’t done accidentally his eyes cause Alexanders who nodded in agreement, “you’re not staying here alone with him” he announced. Mycroft stiffened immediately at the words; he knew he would. His boss had the habit of denying help when he needed it.

“I do not require a babysitter,” Mycroft said bitterly, Alex sat next to the man “we didn’t say you did” he soothed the man, he caught his eye again over the politician’s shoulder. “But we both know for a fact your shoulder didn’t just pop out like that”.

Domenic had been rightfully worried when he had received the message earlier that morning, he expected to find Sherlock in some sort of drug-induced fever or delusion that Mycroft might need assistance in controlling. He hadn’t thought that Mycroft himself had been injured, to walk into the penthouse with Alex by his side to find the kitchen destroyed, the smashed glass and emptied draws left on the ground he had feared for the worst. But to find Mycroft leaning back on the sofa in his study cradling an obviously dislocated arm to his chest hadn’t set well with him.

He respected Mycroft’s orders he truly did, but the man had no self-preservation. He had no idea how to care for himself properly. No doubt he would attempt to return straight back to work after this shoulder was fixed not mentioning a word of the injury if he hadn’t required assistance. His lack of self-care scared him, what if one day he pushed too hard and didn’t get back up?

“Just let us stay for a few days while Sherlock waits out his high, well be gone before he’s conscious enough to realise we were there” Alex reasoned, “you can work without being distracted with trying to care for sherlock for a few days”.

Mycroft signed; he did need the extra time to catch up on some documents Athena had sent through. Reluctantly he did see the benefit to the decision, “only this once” he concluded. Alex smiled at the man and nodded silently knowing better than to push any further and risk losing the deal altogether.

Domenic distracted him bringing him back to the task at hand, his hands were carefully placed on the injured arm lifting it to its needed place before resetting it. Mycroft grunted

slightly, wincing “I can’t administer any pain medication,” Domenic said apologetically mainly for the sake of it. They had found out the hard way Mycroft didn’t do well with pain medication, he nodded slightly giving him permission. Alex’s hands found his other side holding him in place at the sudden wrenching on his arm as the shoulder slid back into place his body jerked involuntarily away from Domenic into Alex’s hold.

His vision wavered slightly as his shoulder erupted in pain, he felt sick. He felt himself being laid back before his eyes slid shut too heavy to reopen and he slept.

Chapter End Notes

I apologise for being away so long, I had a free moment to upload and write a chapter but I've been very busy over the last few weeks and likely the next few upcoming weeks as well. I'm attempting to put some time away in the next 3 weeks to write.

Next chapter we will go more depth with Mycroft's relationship with his guards, the only people he trusts with his life.

The silent scream for help

Chapter Summary

Even Mycroft needs help sometimes. His shinning knights in armor decide to take it upon themselves to crash down his walls.

Chapter Notes

Hello!

I am back from my long hiatus; I apologize for how long it has been. A lot has happened since I was gone. I have been to many weddings and far too many funerals, I have switched majors in my Uni courses a few times and found something I truly enjoy. I've been accepted into a university halfway across the world and I am currently halfway through the process of packing.

I am going to admit I had quite a falling out from this fandom over December and early March when my mental and physical health took a rather hard hit, and I was forced to step away to focus on myself for a while. In the recent months I have expanded to a few new fandoms in another account, I found that I quite enjoy them. However, I am going to try and come back to finish this series along with some others on my account.

While being away from the fandom for so long a lot of my views have changed and while I still love the concept of this book, I have matured a bit since I started writing and I would like to rewrite it (mostly to remove the horridness about of spelling mistakes) and focus more into character development that I man learnt recently to give the story more of a punch. Thank you all for being so patient with me!

P.S Thank you for all those people who left lovely comments on my books, they were quite motivating in my attempt to come back to writing.

P.S.S I haven't actually seen this series since December of 2021 so I may need to rewatch the series so I apologies if the book does not "vibe".

"I don't like this" he shifted uncomfortably, his fingers twitching towards the gun by his side unused to his boss and close friend to living somewhere so *open*. It was dangerous, they all knew it, yet he was still doing it. For Sherlock. As always.

“Relax” Domenic murmured placing a hand on his lower back eyes narrowed scanning the perimeter as they slid into the elevator silently sliding the universal sweet card Mycroft had entrusted them all with. A Skeleton key.

He grumbled slightly pressing back into the man’s grip “I still don’t like it” he complained, frowning in concern hand tightening around the leather sheath his gun was in. the hard metal pressing into his skin as his eyes darted around the small space, no camera. Small scratches on the walls and mirrors were the only hint that the place was lived in. it was flesh smelling and the floors were shiny. No gum, no wrappers, no sign that this belonged to its neighborhood.

“Alex” Dom warned, sending him a half-heartedly stern glance his lips tipping up slightly in amusement. He watched the man shift slightly to accommodate his own fidgeting shifting his weight. They were both nervous.

Mycroft Holmes was never someone to ask for help, not even when he once almost got blown up that once time having been impaled with shrapnel and had insisted on others being cared for before he collapsed his own body giving out before they realised the man had been bleeding out internally. Stubborn bastard. All the Holmes were.

It was what made them love them all that much more.

The elevator door let out a soft chime before opening and he froze, Dominic’s playful smile dropping at the sight that greeted them. Christ. The place was trashed. Sure, when they received the message earlier that day, they had been rightfully worried. They had expected to find Sherlock in some sort of drug induced fever or delusion that Mycroft may need assistance in controlling. He hadn’t once thought that perhaps Mycroft himself might be injured.

The living room was trashed, pillows ripped apart, feathers flooding the floor, table pushed over. He could already see the clutter on the floor from the small part of the kitchen doorway, Dominic stepped closer wearily shifting his body, so he was protecting him. The draws in the kitchen had clearly been emptied and chucked aside plates scattered around the counters and floor in different stages of broken, cups chipped and cutlery...well...dirty.

The sight left him to think the worst. Domenic paused listen to the enraged yell that filtered out of one of the spare bedrooms. Sherlock's voice was too familiar to ignore. They shared a look walking further into the apartment nudging doors open briefly searching the empty rooms until they reached Mycroft's office.

His eyes widened in alarm as he peered past Dominic's shoulder and spotted Mycroft. The man was leaning back heavily on the sofa in his study his face clouded in pain as he cradled his obviously dislocated arm. His gaze was sluggish clearly on the verge of consciousness, his boss's sharp gaze landed on him.

"Mycroft" he called in surprise stepping past Domenic and rushed to his friends' side. Kneeling on the couch by his side and lifting his elbow taking the pressure off the man's rotating cuff causing him to hiss in pain. "Shh, were here" he comforted the man, his eyes scanning for other injuries as Dom came to his side reaching up to undo the button of the man's shirt pulling it over the man's shoulder silently cataloguing the damage, prodding at the wound in an attempt to relax the muscle.

Mycroft inhaled sharply attempting to tug his arm out of his tight grip, letting out a groan. "When I called, I didn't expect to be prodded at" Mycroft drawled, his tone was light despite the snarky comment. They knew he didn't really mean it; it was his way of dealing with pain. Dom gave him a nod and he shifted realigning the shoulder following Dom's quite instructions as they moved in practiced ease to put the shoulder back in.

"Jesus" Domenic whispered as he shifted Mycroft's shoulder taking in the man's back and the bruise forming around the man's wrist. This wasn't done accidentally, his eyes found Alexanders who nodded in agreement, "You're not staying here alone with him" he announced.

Mycroft stiffened immediately at the words; he knew he would. His boss had the habit of denying help when he needed it.

"I do not require a babysitter," Mycroft said bitterly.

Alex shifted slightly next to the man “We didn’t say you did” he soothed the man; he caught his eye again over the politician’s shoulder. “But we both know for a fact your shoulder didn’t just pop out like that”.

He trusted Mycroft order’s, truly he did. But finding him in his own home injured from his own brother...it didn’t sit well. The man had no self-preservation. He had no idea how to care for himself properly. No doubt he would attempt to return straight back to work after this shoulder was fixed not mentioning a word of the injury if he hadn’t required assistance. His lack of self-care scared him, what if one day he pushed too hard and didn’t get back up?

“Just let us stay for a few days while Sherlock waits out his high, we’ll be gone before he’s conscious enough to realize we were there” Alex reasoned, “You can work without being distracted with trying to care for Sherlock for a few days”.

Mycroft sighed clearly thinking it over a little, his gaze landing on them as he pondered. He did need the extra time to catch up on some documents Athena had sent through. Reluctantly he did see the benefit to the decision, “Only this once” he concluded. Alex smiled at the man and nodded silently knowing better than to push any further and risk losing the deal altogether.

Instead, Dom decided to attempt to distract the man by bringing him back to the task at hand, watching Mycroft grimace slightly at the even mention of medicine. His hands were carefully placed on the injured arm lifting it to its needed place before resetting it. Mycroft grunted slightly, wincing “I can’t administer any pain medication,” Domenic said apologetically mainly for the sake of it. They had found out the hard way Mycroft didn’t do well with pain medication, he nodded slightly giving him permission. Alex’s hands found his other side holding him in place at the sudden wrenching on his arm as the shoulder slid back into place his body jerked involuntarily away from Domenic into Alex’s hold.

There was a slightly click as the shoulder sunk back in and Mycroft let out a strangled noise of pain. His vision wavered slightly as his shoulder erupted in pain, he felt sick. He felt himself being laid back before his eyes slid shut too heavy to reopen and he slept. Dom checked to ensure that none of the blood vessels had gotten pinched as he rubbed up and down his arm to regain blood flow.

“And...he’s out” Alex confirmed adjusting the man’s neck to rest back against the couch, he glanced up at Domenic who ignored him focused on his task. “We should tell the others”.

“You know what he will do if we do” Domenic replied his fingers dancing across Mycroft’s skin. His frown deepening slightly before he pulled back with a sigh, sending him a tired look “They will want to come and help, Mycroft will be annoyed we breached his confidentiality and we both know Sam is dying to have a go at Sherlock at the moment already without this”. His hand ran through his air, listening to the fit of anger coming from the other room, brows furrowing as something slammed against the wall. He sent an unimpressed look in the direction of the room “This one worse” he mused, “I don’t want him alone with him while he’s still “detoxing” as he calls it”.

He stared down at his friend taking in the darker marks under his eyes and the clear signs of stress he was admitting even in his sleep. “We should move him to a bed”, the man needed sleep, a lot of it by the sounds of it. he would need to call Athena later to ask the woman to hold off on any basic paperwork for a little. He knew for a fact Mycroft would work himself to the grave if he could.

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