

Of Kidnappings and Cafes

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Of Kidnappings and Cafes

by [superangsty](#)

Summary

“Clearly there has been a miscommunication. We will meet here weekly. Same time, same day of the week. You will keep me updated on Sherlock’s status, and warn me if you believe he is in danger of overdosing again. I will send a car to you every week, because it’s more efficient than you using public transport. Have I made myself clear, this time?”

Or the one where Mycroft is an overprotective big brother, and Greg is a (sort of) worried detective inspector.

Notes

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

Meeting 1

Mycroft, as a general rule, did not frequent cafés. He despised the places, too many people sitting around aimlessly whilst talking. And of course, everywhere he went he found that the beverages were below his usual standard. He could make himself better tea or coffee in the comfort of his own home, and then he wouldn't be forced to socialise. But he was sure that, in the grander scheme of things, being here was only a small sacrifice for the benefits it would bring him.

He heard the door to the café slam shut, and did not need to look up to know that Detective Inspector Lestrade was storming towards his table. Instead, he kept his eyes fixed on his newspaper, continuing to read even when the detective angrily sat down in the armchair opposite his. Was it even possible to sit down angrily? Before that day, Mycroft would have replied with no. Now, he wasn't so sure.

"What," Lestrade started, obviously glaring at Mycroft (or the newspaper held in front of his face, as the case may be) "the bloody hell was that?"

A lifetime of having good manners drilled into him meant that Mycroft lowered his paper to look Lestrade in the eyes as he spoke to him "I'm afraid I have no idea what it is that you're talking about."

Obviously, he did know what the other man's problem was, but didn't think that acknowledging it would help his situation, so he elected not to mention it. "You-you are joking, right? You kidnapped me, as I was leaving a crime scene!"

"I did not *kidnap* you, as you say. I merely sent a car to collect you so that you wouldn't be late for our meeting, I--"

But before he could continue on about he prized punctuality, he found himself being cut off mid-sentence. How rude. "-So that I wouldn't be late for our meeting, which you hadn't even told me about? Would it kill you to pick up a phone, just to say 'hey, Greg, are you free to meet me in this café after work?' It's not that hard!"

"...I apologise, I'll keep you more informed next time." Mycroft Holmes, apologising? If only Sherlock were there to see. He would laugh. "However, we did discuss these meetings last week, it's hardly my fault that you don't remember our conversation."

"Well excuse me for assuming that we would only start this whole..." He paused for a moment, obviously carefully selecting his next words "'thing' *after* Sherlock was out of the hospital. I can't exactly tell you how I think your brother is doing until he's back on the job, the ICU isn't really the best place for friendly conversation."

"Clearly there has been a miscommunication. We will meet here weekly. Same time, same day of the week. You will keep me updated on Sherlock's status, and warn me if you believe he is in danger of overdosing again. I will send a car to you every week, because it's more efficient than you using public transport. Have I made myself clear, this time?"

“Clear enough. Although I still don’t know why you can’t just find out how he is yourself. Surely with a job like yours that’s a pretty simple thing to do?”

“I occupy a *minor* role in the British Government, Detective. Good day to you.” And with that, he picked up his umbrella and strode out of the wretched establishment.

Meeting 4

It had only been a few weeks, but already Lestrade had come to expect a sleek black car waiting for him outside the Yard each Friday. As weird as he still thought it was, he couldn’t help but appreciate the shelter of a warm, dry car on days like this, when the rain refused to stop bucketing down. So pretty much every day in London, really.

This week, for once, his meeting with the elder Holmes brother actually had a purpose, since Sherlock was out of the hospital and back to trotting around as if he owned the entirety of New Scotland Yard and its staff. Which meant that all he had to say to Mycroft was something along the lines of ‘Sherlock is fine.’, and that was it. Thinking of it in that way once again highlighted how utterly pointless these meetings were. If Mycroft really needed him to update him on Sherlock, surely it would make more sense to just text, or email, or whatever.

The past few weeks had just been Mycroft telling Greg what the doctors had said about Sherlock that week, followed by the two of them drinking their coffee in silence before getting up to go their separate ways. It was awkward, to say the least. At least this week they might actually get to have a conversation, no matter how brief it would be.

On arriving, the detective sat down at their usual table by the window, and was pleased to see his usual order was already there waiting for him, before he cringed internally. Apparently now he had ‘usuals’, which meant he was a regular at a place that wasn’t a pub for the first time in his life. As always, Mycroft had his eyes glued to a newspaper, but didn’t even look up when he greeted him.

“You’re late, Detective.”

Of *course* that would be the first thing he commented on. “Only by five minutes, sorry. I got held up with paperwork.”

“That’s quite alright.” He finally looked up from his paper to continue talking, “So, how is my brother managing being back in the ‘real world’?”

“Actually, he’s doing alright. He waltzed onto the crime scene as if nothing had happened, he’s acting exactly the same as he always does.” He noticed Mycroft was about to comment, but kept talking, since he was pretty sure that he knew what the other man was going to say. “He wasn’t high, I’m certain. From what I can see, he hasn’t been using at all since he got out.”

Perhaps he saw Mycroft give a small sigh of relief, but perhaps he didn't. He wasn't used to seeing any sort of emotional display from either of the Holmes brothers, so he must have been imagining things. "Well, it's early days yet, but I suppose we'll see..."

They fell into silence for a few moments, each of them sipping at their drinks, before Mycroft spoke again. "I suppose I should give you an update on things at my end. I have moved Sherlock out of that poor excuse for a flat and into an apartment directly next door to my main town house. I have my people searching the place regularly to make sure he doesn't have anything there. Everything seems fine so far."

He knew that he should probably focusing on other parts of what Mycroft had just said, but instead found himself fixating on something completely irrelevant. "Your *main* town house? As in you have more than one house in the city?"

"Yes, Detective, I do. Is there anything else you wanted to ask me?"

"No, no, nothing else." He replied, glancing at his watch. "Anyways, I should probably be going. Gotta get back to the wife, I'm sure you know how it is." Although, come to think of it, he had never seen Mycroft wearing a ring. Weird. He was sure a guy like that must have an equally beautiful and sophisticated wife.

As he left, he could have sworn he heard Holmes muttering "Of course I don't." But he was probably just hearing things.

Meeting 7

When Lestrade walked into the café that Friday, Mycroft didn't even get the chance to greet the detective, who started talking the minute he sat down. "Sherlock is fine, everything is fine, I assume your side is fine too?" He didn't even wait for confirmation as he rambled on "Right, so that's done, I guess I'll just be going then." And he was already getting up to leave. Something was definitely wrong.

"Not so fast, Detective. Sit back down." Already, Mycroft had started looking over the man to see what the problem was (people talking about things took too long. Much like his brother, he preferred seeing his answers instead).

Lestrade slowly sat back down, and Mycroft started turning the information round in his head. The most obvious thing he could pick up on was sofa. So, wife troubles. Not just an argument though, because it hadn't been his own sofa (Detective Inspector Gregson's, he believed). Which meant big problems. Cheating kind of problems. His wife was the one that cheated, naturally. Lestrade seemed loyal to his very core. Although, if it was her that cheated, surely it made sense for her to be the one to stay elsewhere? Mycroft was hardly an expert on relationships, so he let that slide. How very unlike him, although he always seemed to act differently where Lestrade was concerned. He became...softer, and desperately hoped that nobody noticed.

After what seemed like an eternity of awkward silence between the two of them, Mycroft spoke again, asking the one question that he couldn't find an answer to. "How do you feel?"

"Like shit." The detective briefly ran a hand through that silver hair of his and sighed. "You've already worked out what's wrong, haven't you? You're a lot more like your brother than you care to admit, I think."

Mycroft gave a small chuckle, hoping that wasn't inappropriate, given Lestrade's misery. "I fear you may be right. But I do apologise, detective. I will avoid such invasions of your privacy in the future." Apologising again, he noted. Whatever was the world coming to?

"Thank you. And..." The older man took a moment to compose himself before continuing. "We're friends right? I mean, we've been having these meetings for almost two months."

Friendship. What an odd concept. Mycroft didn't think he had ever had a 'friend' before. "Yes, yes I believe we are."

"Right, but my friends call me Greg, and you call me Detective. That's going to have to change."

"Okay then...Gregory," he replied, testing how the name felt to say. It was his first time calling him that, considering he had previously only allowed himself to refer to him as Detective Inspector Lestrade. "I can accept those terms, if you agree to call me Mycroft, not just Mr. Holmes."

He could deal with calling him Gregory. It was a good name, rolled off the tongue nicely. Although there was no way he would be calling him Greg. Mycroft despised shortenings of names.

Meeting 10

Greg was sitting at his desk, glaring at the file that had just been placed in front of him. The hope was that if he glared at it for long enough, it would go away. Unlikely to happen, but there was no harm in trying. He would sit like that for a century, if it meant that he didn't have to read the papers that were inside. Unfortunately though, he did not have a century, because through the window of his office he saw a familiar black car pull up outside the Yard. Knowing how irritated Mycroft usually got when he kept him waiting, he quickly got up and headed out of the building, leaving the file behind on his desk.

As soon as he got into the café, Mycroft put down the paper he had been reading so that he could greet him. Odd, since normally the elder Holmes continued to read, not paying any attention to Greg. He supposed it was an improvement of sorts. "Hello, Gregory." He said, looking him up and down. Deducing Lestrade, as usual. God, he hated it when the Holmes brothers did that. "You're in a bad mood. Why is it that every time I see you, you're in a bad mood?" He added with a frown, apparently genuinely not understanding.

“Well, let’s see. It’s Valentine’s Day, but instead of a date and sex with my wife, I’m given divorce papers, and a meeting with you. Do you see my problem?”

“It’s Valentine’s Day?” Mycroft asked, looking around the café as if he was only just noticing the heart shaped decorations adorning every free surface of the place. “Ah, so it is. Although I can’t see why you’re upset about the divorce papers, wasn’t it you who asked for the divorce in the first place?”

“It’s tough, okay? Just- never mind, I wouldn’t expect you to understand.” In hindsight, that was probably a bit rude. But if Mycroft had been hurt by the comment, he hadn’t let it show.

“Very well. And how is my brother?”

“Sherlock is fine. You *know* Sherlock is fine. I don’t see why you insist on these stupid meetings when you know a million times more about how he’s doing than I do, I-“

“-Stop ranting Gregory. It’s hardly a productive use of your time.” Why was Mycroft cutting him off mid-sentence? Can’t a man complain about something without being interrupted anymore?

However, there was no point in arguing with the British government (which is basically what Mycroft’s job was, he’d decided), so he just sighed and spoke quieter. He hadn’t even realised he had raised his voice. Oops. “Sorry, Myc.” The other man raised an eyebrow at that. Perhaps he should have just called him Mycroft. “I really need more coffee. Do you want me to get some for you, too?”

“As much as I would love to stay, I’m afraid I can’t. I have urgent business to attend to. But by all means, stay and have another coffee.” He stood up, straightening his suit jacket. “Don’t worry about payment, I’ll make sure it’s taken care of. I’ll see you at our meeting next week.”

“Yeah, okay, bye.” And Greg definitely did *not* watch Mycroft all the way until he had left the café. Nope.

Meeting 21

>My apologies, Gregory, but due to unforeseen circumstances I will be unable to attend our meeting today. I will still send a car to take you wherever you need. –Mycroft Holmes.

>How did you get my number? –Greg

>Actually, don’t answer that. I’d rather not know.

>And it’s fine, by the way. No need to send a car.

>I assure you I used no ‘dodgy’ methods to acquire your mobile number. These things are easy to find if you know where to look. –Mycroft Holmes.

>As for the car, it's no trouble. I'm sure you would find it preferable to taking the tube as you normally do. –Mycroft Holmes.

>Fine, I'll take the car if I must.

> ...Thanks.

>You're welcome. I will probably be unavailable for some time, so it may be a number of weeks before we can meet again. Once again, my apologies. –Mycroft Holmes.

>Not a problem. Can I ask why you're unavailable?

>Or is that classified?

>I feel like it's probably classified.

>You can ask, but I cannot tell you much. Something happened out of country which requires me to be present until it has resolved. I estimate it will take three weeks. –Mycroft Holmes.

> 'Minor position', you say...

>Just admit that you're important already.

>I will admit no such thing. –Mycroft Holmes.

>On a more pressing note, please do not hesitate to contact me if you fear something is amiss with Sherlock. –Mycroft Holmes.

>Of course I will, don't worry.

>Does Sherlock even know about these meetings?

>I am one of the few people that know how to keep things from him, so no he does not. I would prefer if it remained that way. –Mycroft Holmes.

>Right, okay. It can be our little secret. ;)

>Indeed. –Mycroft Holmes.

>What is ';) '? –Mycroft Holmes.

>A winky face.

>It's a joke.

>A joke? I don't understand. –Mycroft Holmes.

>Never mind.

> ...

>Sherlock is asking me who I'm texting.

>He thinks it's my girlfriend.

>Dear me, Sherlock should know better than that. He always was so stupid. –Mycroft Holmes.

>If you think he's stupid, I must seem like some kind of ape.

>I prefer the term 'goldfish'. –Mycroft Holmes.

Meeting 25

>I have returned to London, and will be able to resume our usual meeting this Friday. –Mycroft Holmes.

>Can't make it, I have a date.

>Sorry, I hadn't realised you'd be back.

>That is fine. Will you be available next week? –Mycroft Holmes.

>Of course I will. See you then.

Meeting 26

As Lestrade walked into the café, Mycroft tried to contain his joy at seeing the other man again. It had been far too long since their last meeting, since Mycroft had been forced to be out of the country for so long. Sometimes he really hated his job. Not even pretending to read his newspaper, Mycroft looked up at the detective and smiled, greeting him with his usual "Hello, Gregory."

"Hey, Myc." Ah. So he was still insisting on calling him 'Myc'. How irritating. "How was your work thing?"

"It was...tolerable. How was your date?"

"I actually rather enjoyed myself, didn't expect to." Oh. Could this be disappointment that Mycroft was feeling? How odd. "But I guess I'm not as interesting as I think I am. She said she didn't want to go out again."

"I assure you that you are incredibly interesting. If this woman was unable to see that, then I doubt that she is worth your time." Mycroft absentmindedly considered that perhaps, if Gregory was looking for a relationship, he would be able to find a suitable partner for him. He had excellent resources, which meant that he was far more likely to achieve a positive result than any dating site or 'friends of friends' would get. But, he reminded himself,

Lestrade never seemed completely comfortable when Mycroft used the resources that he had access to. He should probably just leave it.

“Well, uh, thanks. But honestly, I don’t think I’m so great at this whole dating thing. It’s been years since I’ve been alone.” Gregory seemed awkward talking about this. Should he change the subject? How does one go about changing the subject of a conversation subtly enough that the other participant doesn’t comment on the fact that the subject has been changed?

But, before he got the chance to use his (frankly quite brilliant) conversation starter on the increasing threat to the bee population of England, Gregory started speaking again. Perhaps he had taken too long in deciding on a topic. “Um. So, anyways.” He started, pausing to clear his throat. “Why is it that you always sign off your texts with your full name?”

Mycroft was sure he could have done a better job in changing the subject, but he supposed he might as well just go along with this one. “I sign my texts to ensure that you know who you are speaking to. Is that not standard procedure?”

Gregory looked completely incredulous. He couldn’t see why, though. It was common courtesy to sign off a message. “I’m guessing you don’t text an awful lot of people...”

“Not at all, no. I prefer to call.”

“Well, for future reference, you don’t need to sign off every single bloody text, okay?”

Advice which Mycroft was sure he was not going to follow. “Presumably most people you text will have your number saved, so they’ll already know who they’re speaking to.”

“I’ll have to take your word for that.” He briefly glanced over at the clock on the wall behind the detective. Shit. He had lost track of time. “Anyway, sorry to cut our meeting short, but I still have some things to clear up at work concerning the past few weeks, so I must be going.”

“Right, of course. Bye then.”

It was only after he was in his car that Mycroft realised they hadn’t discussed Sherlock at all.

Meeting 39

The moment he walked into the café, Greg knew something was up. Mycroft, as always, had his eyes glued to his paper, but didn’t seem to be reading it, going by the fact that his eyes were fixed on just one spot. However, this was not the oddest thing. No, the weirdest thing about this situation was that Mycroft was *fidgiting*. Not even trying to hide it, either (or, if he was, he wasn’t doing a very good job of it). As he plopped down into his usual chair, the first thing that Lestrade asked was “What’s up, Myc?”

“National security at risk, murders and various other crimes happening constantly, so you know. The usual.” The other man quickly replied. So he was just going to avoid discussing the fact that he was obviously anxious about something, was he? Not if Greg had anything to do with it.

“No, you idiot.” He tried to hide a smirk at the offended face Mycroft pulled. “I meant, what’s up with you? You seem worried.”

Not looking in his eyes, Mycroft responded with “Don’t be ridiculous, I’m completely fine. And yourself?” Typical Mycroft. Why, oh why, did he have to be so emotionally constipated?

“I’m good. Now, tell me what the matter is.”

Mycroft sighed, before finally looking directly into Greg’s eyes. “Fine, if you must know, it has come to my attention that you have been unsuccessfully attempting to ‘date’ over the past few months.”

Well, this wasn’t what he had been expecting at all. “Yeah, so? Why would that bother *you*?”

“I-I may have a solution to your problem...” And he had started fidgeting again. Seriously, what was up with him today? “You would not have any issues with dating strangers if you were already in a relationship with, ah, with somebody you knew.”

“Minor problem there: I have basically no single friends. Except maybe Sherlock, but he’s Sherlock, so he doesn’t count.”

“You’re meant to be a detective, are you always this slow? No wonder you’re constantly asking Sherlock for help. I was talking about me.”

Had Mycroft just... had Mycroft just asked him out? Mycroft Holmes, the unobtainable man whose lingering presence in the back of Greg’s mind had caused him to inadvertently sabotage almost every date he’d been on since he got divorced? The great Mycroft Holmes was interested in *him*? He was honestly stunned to silence. He should be agreeing to the offer, but he didn’t seem to be able to function his brain. He needed a moment to absorb this new information.

Apparently, though, the moment was too long, because Mycroft flushed bright red and stood up, hurriedly saying “I must have read this wrong, my apologies. I’ll just be on my way then. Goodbye, Detective.”

“You haven’t called me Detective in months.” He had decided to avoid discussing the obvious elephant in the room, because not only was he worried it would scare Mycroft away, but he also had no idea what he was going to say. He still needed time to gather his thoughts.

Well, the statement served its function in that it stopped Mycroft in his tracks, before he had even moved away from the table. But he hadn’t sat back down, which was disappointing. “I am simply maintaining my professionalism. I-“

“-I can’t believe we have to have this discussion *again*, but we’re friends, Myc. Friends use each other’s first names.”

“You, ah, you still want to be my friend? Even after my...suggestion?”

“Yeah, ‘course I still want to be your friend. Although...” His heart started racing as he moved on to the next part of the sentence (which he hadn’t even properly prepared), and god,

when had he started acting like a teenage girl? "...Although, I could be more, if you, uh- if you'd be willing to accept my acceptance of your offer?" Smooth, Greg. Really smooth.

Mycroft gave a small smile at that, simply replying with "Yes, I think that would be good."

Meeting 40

Mycroft did not go on dates. It was just one of those facts of life, a point not to be questioned or argued with, just to be accepted, and that was that. He had always been perfectly content with being alone. In fact, he preferred it that way, so much so that he would deliberately turn down any advances made on him, and insist to his mother that no, he did not need to be set up with anybody.

For Gregory Lestrade, however, he was willing to make an exception.

The man had just walked into the café and was going towards their usual table, a faintly amused look on his face. For what reason, Mycroft couldn't tell. He would have to ask him in a moment.

His question was answered almost straight away, as the first thing that Lestrade said to him was "You chose *this* café as a place for our first date? The same café that we've been having meetings at for the better part of a year? Meetings about Sherlock, might I add. It's hardly the most romantic place to go."

Mycroft had made a mistake, that much was obvious to him. Although he didn't fully understand what the problem was; Gregory enjoyed the café, and Mycroft could admit to tolerating it, and what was the point of messing up the perfectly good schedule that they already had? He said none of this, however, simply replying with "I think these meetings stopped being about Sherlock a long time ago."

"Yeah well, I can agree with that." Lestrade gave a small chuckle, shuffling his chair slightly closer. "Although it still isn't particularly romantic. It feels like just another one of our meetings."

"Of course it's romantic, look, I let the waiter put this candle on the table."

"Ah, yes, how blind of me. I can sense the romance in the air." Sarcasm? Almost definitely. "But for future reference, on the rest of our dates we are going somewhere else, okay?"

He had said 'the rest of' their dates, which, as far as Mycroft was aware, was a good sign. Showed that he was willing to continue this relationship, hadn't just agreed to one date to be kind to Mycroft. Yes, that was definitely good. "Of course, as long as you agree to continue meeting me here each week as well. I fear I would rather miss this, were it to stop."

"Y'know, in a weird way, I think I would too. But they don't count as anything except meetings, got it?"

“Yes, yes. I’ve ‘got it’. Now about these other dates, I have a few questions.” He figured that it would be best to just ask outright what the correct way to go about this whole ‘dating’ thing was, so that he didn’t mess anything up.

To his credit, the detective didn’t even look surprised that he had questions, presumably because he was so used to dealing with the Holmeses that he was prepared for anything they did. “...Questions?”

“Yes, questions. Firstly, can I still send a car to take you to the location of our dates? Secondly, where exactly is an appropriate location for a date? Thirdly, how often do-“

His question was cut off by the sudden presence of Lestrade’s lips pressed against his, which was...interesting, to say the least. He was rather thankful for the interruption, though, as he was fairly certain that he had been rambling, and Mycroft Holmes did not ramble.

Just as quickly as the kiss had started, it was over, and Gregory was sitting back in his chair, looking incredibly pleased with himself. “Sorry if I was overstepping, but you needed to shut up, and I’ve been wanting to do that basically since I met you.”

Words failed him, and apparently he wasn’t doing a good job at concealing the fact, because Greg just smirked and continued. “I can’t believe I managed to render a Holmes speechless. There must be some kind of an award for this or something.”

Meeting 52

As far as Greg was aware, Mycroft Holmes had never been late for anything in his life. Knowing him, he had probably been born on his exact due date, unlike the majority of people in his world. Which was why, even though it was only five minutes later than their usual meeting time, Greg was so incredibly worried about the fact that Mycroft was late.

The thing about Mycroft was that if he was late, it wouldn’t be because of something trivial, like traffic. Not even a meeting that lasted longer than it was meant to would make Mycroft late for anything. No, if he was late then there was a very, very serious issue, like kidnapping, or injury, or...but no. Mycroft would be fine, because Mycroft was always fine, and Greg really needed to force himself not to worry, because if he started thinking about all the terrible things that could potentially be happening to his boyfriend then he may have a bit of a mental breakdown. Just a bit.

Luckily for his sanity, it was only a few minutes later that a rather harried looking Mycroft swept into the place, immediately flopping down into the chair (and yes, he definitely flopped. How undignified of him). Greg quickly leaned over the table to press a kiss to his forehead, because even when Mycroft wasn’t as exhausted as he obviously was, he rarely allowed public displays of affection, other than occasional hand holding. “Hey, Myc. Is everything okay? I was getting worried about you.”

“Ah, yes, everything is fine, no need to worry. I apologise for my lateness, there were a few minor issues with my jet, and so I had to arrange for a seat on a commercial flight.”

“...Your jet?” Funny, how he had failed to mention that he was flying anywhere. “Mycroft Holmes, did you go abroad without telling me? I thought we’d discussed this. Multiple times.”

“Again, Gregory, I apologise. It was all very last minute, you were still asleep when I had to leave.”

“Yeah, well, a note would have been nice! Wait, last time you slept over was Monday...” As he said that, Mycroft looked down, shuffling in his seat guiltily. “Are you honestly telling me that you left for the entire week without telling me? So *that’s* why you haven’t been answering my calls!”

“If it makes you feel any better, I stopped and got you some of those doughnuts you like on my way over here.”

“That does not make me feel better, and I am still very mad. Now hand me the doughnuts.” Despite saying he was mad, Lestrade still felt some of the tension leave him as Mycroft handed him a small box of doughnuts. They were his absolute favourite type, but even after three months of having Mycroft buy them for him, he was still slightly afraid to ask how much they cost.

“I truly am sorry, Gregory. Next time I’m unable to tell you in person that I’m leaving, I’ll make sure you know. I promise.”

Mycroft looked so worried, so genuinely concerned about having messed up, that Greg couldn’t help but forgive him. They hadn’t exactly talked about it much, but Greg got the impression that Mycroft wasn’t really used to the whole relationship thing, so he generally just moved on from things like this. “Thanks, Myc.” They sat in comfortable silence for a while, each sipping at their coffees, before Greg spoke again. “You know, this is our fifty second meeting here.”

“Yes, so it is. One year since Sherlock overdosed.”

“And he’s been clean ever since, which is brilliant, but that wasn’t what I was talking about.”

“Oh?”

“No,” he stated, feeling a grin spread across his face, “it’s been a year since I became friends with you”

Meeting 60

It had been a very long, very busy week for Mycroft, and his brother certainly hadn’t made it any easier. To start, he decides to get himself a new roommate, one who Mycroft had never met, and who hadn’t even been properly vetted before meeting Sherlock. That, of course, was unacceptable, and something that Mycroft had personally seen to fixing. Luckily, the man’s

record was pristine, but still. It might not have been, and that would have put Sherlock in danger, and it would have been Mycroft's fault.

Second, they move into a flat owned by Martha Hudson who, although she was a lovely woman, definitely did *not* have a good record. But he had checked, and it was unlikely she would pose any sort of threat.

And finally, they decide to go off gallivanting around London, meaning that not only did Mycroft have to follow up on them, but they were taking up Gregory's time. Time that was meant to be spent with him.

Which was why he found himself standing outside a crime scene, in the cold and (almost) rain, waiting for them to finish so that Lestrade could actually walk over and talk to him. It was driving him mad, being able to see him but still not talk to him. And then, of course, Sherlock noticed him waiting, and since he was still successfully hiding his relationship with Gregory from him, he had to pretend to be there because of his brother, and this doctor of his. How tedious.

Eventually, everything was done, and Sherlock had gone off to eat dinner, leaving Mycroft perfectly free to go and talk to Gregory. The older man grinned when he saw him, grabbing the lapels of his coat and pulling him into a kiss. In front of other people. Definitely not good. But what's done is done, so Mycroft simply pulled away to greet his partner "Gregory, I must say it is...relieving, to see you."

"Busy week for you too, huh? Because let me tell you, mine has been absolutely crazy."

"I can imagine mine was similar to yours in that respect." Taking Lestrade's hand, he started walking to the car. Usually he wouldn't allow hand holding, either, but since his public displays of affection rules had apparently already been tossed out the window, he decided to just go for it.

"Also, Doctor Watson mentioned something about a friend of Sherlock's kidnapping him. And taking him to an abandoned warehouse. Don't suppose you would know anything about that, would you?"

Ah. He had been wondering if John had mentioned that. "I simply needed to ask him to keep me informed on Sherlock's behaviour."

"I bet you say that to all the boys." Greg replied with a smirk. "Also, should I be offended that you took him to a whole warehouse whilst all I got was a lousy coffee shop?"

"Not at all. If anything, you should be flattered. I was trying to make sure you were comfortable."

"And you didn't care about John's comfort?"

"Not in particular, no. After all, I'm not in love with *him*."

Gregory stopped in his tracks, staring at Mycroft with a look of surprise on his face. Mycroft had to check through what he had just said, looking to see where he went wrong. “You...you *love* me?” Ah. So that was it.

“Yes, I have done since the day I met you. Is that a problem?”

“No! Definitely not! I just didn’t think you- never mind. I love you too, you know.”

That, Mycroft thought, was quite possibly the best sentence he had heard in his life.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! This is my first time writing Mystrade stuff, so I don't know if it was any good or not (hmm, maybe you should comment and tell me), but yeah. As always, I love hearing what you guys think, so please leave a comment!

I'll hopefully post something else soon, so I guess I'll see you then!

x

Also, I now have a [tumblr](#), so feel free to check it out!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!