Summary

A virus spreads in the morgue, in which Molly is trapped fully exposed and Sherlock must get her out of there before it's too late.
Sherlock was in his kitchen experimenting with some other human part and was bored, John was with Mary and could not come very often. There were not many cases worthy of his attention as he solved them all at the time.

"I need brown eyes"

He send a message to Molly, knew she was on her morning shift.

John went into the kitchen and saw Sherlock in a bad mood.

"What happens now?"

"It's been exactly 42 minutes since I sent Molly a message to ask for body parts and she still has not answered me" he said angrily moving his hands.

"I'm sure is working Sherlock, leave her alone, when she can she’ll answer you and I hope she can't give you what you're asking because your experiments are very unhygienic, you know?" said John tired

Sherlock rolled his eyes.

John was not working today so he was going out with Mary. It was already noon and Sherlock was still annoyed that he could not continue his experiments until Molly answered him.

"Come on John come with me, there's something important to do" Sherlock said, putting on his belstaff.

He said it so seriously that John worried. When getting into the cab Sherlock indicated the driver to go to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. John wanted to kill him.

When arrived they saw many agents, they were located strategically in each entrance and sector and would not let anyone in.

"What's going on? " Sherlock asked surprised.

"Get away gentlemen, nobody can get in here, a biological weapon has been detected inside this building. No one could enter or leave" said the agent

"What?" John said looking at Sherlock.

They both looked at each other and thought of Molly inside. Sherlock pulled out his cell phone and
quickly tapped Mycroft's phone.

"Have you heard already, brother?" Mycroft replied.

"What's happening Mycroft? What do you know?" Sherlock asked.

"All we know is that a biological weapon has been detected in the hospital's subsoil. The area is contained, no one can go down there, health workers are on the way to make a diagnosis and decontaminate the area. I can't let you pass you understand, right?"

“The subsoil: the morgue “Sherlock thought

"Tell them to let me in" Sherlock said.

A sigh is heard on the other side of the cell phone "I'll be there in a moment."

Sherlock pulled out his cell phone to call Molly. "Nobody answers" he said angrily and John looked worried.

Mycroft arrived at the hospital in a matter of minutes.

"I've talked to the director of this hospital, the exposed area is the morgue, the doors there are closed, no one can pass. The virus or whatever is there is contained, so there will be no problem that you pass " said Mycroft

Sherlock and John looked at each other.

"How did that happen?" John asked before Sherlock

“An autopsy was being carried out , when it opened the abdomen the person had a device that sprinkle a substance in the gaseous state. The person in charge of the autopsy immediately informed her situation and locked herself there so as not to filter unidentified dangerous material."

“Her? Who was there?” Sherlock asked knowing the answer

"Oh God" said John.

Mycroft looked at Sherlock, he understood with his eyes who was in there exposed. He swallowed hard and went straight into the building. Mycroft gestures to the agent to let him in.

"Brother!"

Sherlock turned.

"It's a very delicate situation, you must understand that she doesn’t have many possibilities”

Sherlock turned to get in quickly with John.
Sherlock's mind went fast as a twister trying to memorize all the dangerous viruses and bacteria he knew, John was by his side not knowing what to say. Both were heading to the subsoil and saw the hospital on alert, there were nurses and doctors waiting for some new news regarding the situation. All faces looked worried. Sherlock and John went straight underground, some agents were there.

"Your names, please" one of them said.

"Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson" Sherlock said.

"Go ahead" he replied.

They were walking quickly down the corridor, it were many doctors there, they kept coming and going nervously.

They were already approaching the morgue, missing less. Sherlock was getting impatient, wanted to see what was happening, what is happening to Molly in there. Some doctors and nurses with a prepared resuscitation team and some wagons with cables and monitors placed on a stretcher were seen outside the morgue.

The entrance to the morgue consists of two doors, the first one makes you enter a mini room where there is another door that leads directly to the morgue. In this previous room was a window that led directly to the morgue, it could see everything that was going on inside.

The detective and the doctor came in and met hospital’s director, three doctors and a nurse. He saw that they were glued to the window giving directions to Molly. They all were stressed.

Sherlock approached the window, the director realizing his approach and stopped him with a movement of his hand. There were sounds from inside the morgue, things that fell and blows.

"Come on gentlemen, I want to talk to you" the director said, leading them out. They accompanied him to the morgue hall.

"Let me introduce myself, I am Dr. Ewan Finch, director of the hospital. I understand that you are Mr. Sherlock Holmes and John Watson."

"Dr. John Watson" said John

"Oh, Dr. Watson" said the director looking at him "I understand that you are friends with Dr. Hooper. That's right?"

"That's right" Sherlock said. "Can you explain the situation?"

"Dr. Hooper was in the middle of an autopsy, she was alone and informed us the release of a gaseous material which we still can not identify, when cutting the abdominal muscle there was an device that made contact with the scalpel of the Dr. Hooper, immediately went off into the air attacking her immune system"

Sherlock and John were listening intently.

"She realized the gravity of the situation and locked herself inside. She doesn't let anyone in and also quickly close the window by which we are watching. She is informing us of her symptoms, she can still speak but we can't diagnose what she has, we must let the symptoms continue to appear to know how to attack this danger."

"Where did that body come from?" Sherlock asked.
"That's what we are finding out, we don’t have files of that body, we lack the information"

"What symptoms are Molly having right now?" Sherlock asked, John realized he was nervous and angry.

"She suffers from hallucinations and violent expulsion of blood, over the course of hours she changed the behavior in her personality due to her hallucinations. But she can still reason, knows in the situation that she is, at the moment of hallucinations she suffers collapses in her memory and doesn’t remember anything, but only lasts a few seconds. Due to this we are waiting impatiently for the health team against biological hazards to be able to remove her from there, she will not stand more blood loss, two or three more expulsions could lead to heart failure and respiratory failure."

Sherlock clenched his fists, had a lump in his throat.

"Now I need to ask you a favor, I need her to close the abdomen wound and put that body in a bag and put it in the containers. It’s important, we are trying to persuade her to do so but she can not because her fumes change. Can you convince her for us? ” asked the director

John and Sherlock looked at each other.

"I will" John said. Sherlock looked at him.

"It's better Sherlock, let me try it first."

"Go on then" said the director, opening the door to the mini room of the morgue.

They went to the window, on the other side Sherlock saw Molly.

She was standing right in front of the open corpse staring at him, completely white, her mouth was pale, her hands trembled slightly, her eyes were red and her apron was covered with blood. Sherlock saw that the floor of the morgue had blood, there was much. The director said she would not survive three more expulsions of blood. He clenched his fists and felt a pang in his chest.

Molly had some blood on her lips, a hint that she had cleaned her mouth after vomiting.

She looked very fragile and it was clear that she was suffering from the symptoms. John went to the window. The director beckoned to him to speak to him. Sherlock swallowed.

"Molly, it's me, John" he said.

She turned her head to the side where the window was, her gaze distant, watching him as if she did not recognize him. After a few seconds she react.

"John" she said "what are you doing here? It's dangerous, please go…” her voice sounded worried.

"Molly, we're here because we want you to get out of there, there's a team on the way, we'll get you out and you'll be safe but first you must do something for us” said John.

Molly looked at him with narrowed eyes.

"You must close that man's wound and put it away from you, can you do that?"

Silence.

"I can’t " she replied.
"Why not? " said John and look at Sherlock

"Because I can't, I don't see well and my articulations don’t respond well either."

"You can do it, Molly" John said encouraging her.

"I really can't John, I wanted to but-" Molly stood in the middle of the sentence to take her chest and breathe as if she were drowning

"Oh will do it again" said the director worried.

Molly bent down and vomited blood violently. Sherlock went to the window.

"Molly, do you listen to me?" said Sherlock worried

Molly was on her knees resting her forehead against the floor, grasping the stomach in pain, her breathing was returning to normal but still agitated.

Sherlock saw her tears come up.

"Shit calm down Sherlock..." He closed his eyes and swallowed hard.

"Molly, do you listen to me?" He repeated again, his chest agitated.

She did not answer.

"I'm going to come in and get her out of there" Sherlock said, pulling off his coat.

"Are you insane?! You can't do that " shouted the director.

"I'm not going to let her die in there! you're treating her like a laboratory rat, I will not watch her die here!" Shouted Sherlock furiously.

"You can't enter Sherlock" John shouted, struggling.

"Sherlock..."

Molly's voice rumbled.

"I'm listening, is that you...?"
"I hear you Sherlock, I can hear you, are you really here?" Molly asked confused.

Sherlock hurried to the window. He saw her still on her knees near the pool of blood. He felt strange, felt things. Pity?

Fear.

They looked at each other for a moment. He saw her as an animal in a cage which they were about to sacrifice and that was what Molly reflected in her gaze. She saw him as her salvation or as a last pleasure to see him before she died.

The doctors talked among themselves. "It's the fourth time she've vomited" He heard.


"Yes… I think I can" Molly said with difficulty.

She moved a little closer to the window, the light on the other side did not let her advance.

"Molly listen to me, you must close the wound of that body and lock it up, can you do that?" Said Sherlock quietly.

"I don't think I can, my joints are not good, I have tremors and I have no strength" she said in anguish.

"Yes, you can do it, come on" Sherlock said with a genuine smile. "Are we going to dinner after this?"

John was surprised at the way Sherlock spoke, he did not seem to be lying or manipulating her.

Molly looked down and grabbed her head with her right hand.

"Molly Hooper! Dr. Molly Hooper, are you listening?!" shout out loud the director

"Yes, I hear you" Molly said, seconds later.

"Don't yell at her" said Sherlock enraged

"We have to keep her conscious" said the director angrily.

Molly went straight to a drawer and took some tools and thread to close the wound. Everyone saw Molly's hands shaking and her body involuntarily, though she tried not to give in. She had an internal struggle with her body.

Sherlock wanted to break that window and get her out of there. Molly approached the body, cleaning the area with difficulty.

"Shut up" she said softly.
Everyone looked at her.

"She is hallucinating" said the nurse.

Molly prepared the thread, bit her lips hard, seemed to struggle against all that pressure that was emerging from her body and mind, did not blink and whispered very low. Began to close the wound with an impressive difficulty, she heard voices and everything around her was spinning.

"You can do it Molly, keep it up" Sherlock said.

She closed the wound and went to get the bag. She could not open it, her hands trembled and began to squeeze it tightly as though strangling someone.

"Molly" John said.

She stopped and looked all around, seemed to come back to herself, breathed hard and went straight to the corpse to guard it. She managed to get him in the bag surprisingly fast, she was the best at her job.

Molly put a hand on the table and began to beat it with only her fingers. Sherlock was staring at her, she did not take her eyes off him. She was talking to him in Morse code. She knew he would understand.

Molly:
- .... -.- / -... / -. - - . / ..-. . / -.- / -.. -. . / -.. / -.- / ..-. . / -. - - . / -.. -. .-.-. . / ... . ..-. (They are going to let me die here)

Sherlock:
.. / -.. -. -. / -. - - / ..-. . - / -.- - ..- / -.. .. . .-.-. (I will not let you die)

Molly:
.. - / .- .- ... / -. - - . / ..-. . / -.- / ..-. . / -.. -. . / -. - . / -.. . .-. / ... . .-.-. . / -.. .. . -.. .-.-.- .-.-. (It was nice to see you before I die)

Sherlock did not know what to answer. He felt a lump in his throat.

Sherlock:
.- / -... ... / -. - - . / ..-. . / -.- / ..-. . / -.. -. . / -.. - - . / -.. -. .-.-. .-.-. (We still have that dinner together)

Molly:
Sherlock:

.-.- .... / .... ... .... (Just you and me)

The others looked at each other without understanding.

Molly looked at him distressed and turned her back. Long all her tears, she was shaken, she was sensitive, knew that her life would end and Sherlock was on the other side of the glass, she felt miserable for what she had to live.

Sherlock heard her cry, closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against the window. Molly's crying became more intense which caused a change of mood.

"Let me out, please…"

"We can't Dr. Hooper" the director said, not quite knowing what the conversation was with the detective.

She was as fast as he could to the door of the morgue.

"Lock the door! " shouted the director to the doctors.

"Shit! let me out!" Molly shouted from the other side, trying to open the door, but the doctors were already locked tight.

"Please! " Molly shouted "I don't want to die here please!"

John put a hand to his mouth, it was painful to see her like this and not be able to help. Sherlock ran to the door, pulled out a gun and pointed them all in there, wrestled with the doctors until he pulled the lock.

"No Sherlock!" Cried John, frightened

"Don't do it, you are going to kill us all!" Said the director "Get everyone out of here!"

Sherlock was determined to enter at all costs. They all left quickly as they saw Sherlock's approach, he was furious.

"Go on John!" He shouted.

"Hold on, my friend!" John said quickly to leave the room.

From inside the morgue it could hear things falling down. Molly was frustrated, she was going to die there and alone.

John closed the door of the morgue's aisle, leaving Sherlock inside and felt the door lock.

A door only separated him from Molly.

Sherlock took the lock to enter. The morgue door closed behind him.
Outside the morgue things were agitated, in addition to Dr. Hooper another person had entered exposing itself to the dangerous material. The director grabs his cell phone quickly.

John was scared, his friend had returned from death and now this happens. "He is so irrational sometimes." Thought.

The detective entered the morgue, the temperature was low, towards cooler than normal. The second he felt was burning in his skin, there was a smell he could not identify. There was a gas floating in the air like an almost impermissible mist, it made his eyes burn. Molly had not yet realized he had entered. She was sitting almost in the back of the room against the floor and the wall covering her face with her knees.

"Molly… " Sherlock said slowly. He react that his throat felt raspy.

"Oh, I've gone crazy" she told herself and did not raise her head.

"Molly look at me" Sherlock demanded in a louder tone.

She thought she was hearing voices again.

Molly lifted her head, her eyes wide and frightened and swallow hard at the sight of him and got up very fast from the ground.

"Oh God, no…" she said, bringing her hands to her mouth. She began to sob hard. She cried in anguish, Sherlock slowly approached her.

"No, no, Sherlock, you can't be here, not you, oh my God, why did you come in?" She cried

She felt guilty about the situation, she was condemned inside and now Sherlock had entered there.

"It's my fault!" she said, crying away from him as he approached.

"It's my decision to be here, Molly" he said in a low voice. "Come, let's sit down" he said, holding out a hand.

"No Sherlock, I'm infected and you're here now! Do not you realize that I've condemned you?" Molly said crying.

Sherlock discovered that he doesn’t like to see her cry.

"I'm sure Mycroft must already know that I'm here inside Molly, so it's only a matter of minutes before the squad comes to get us out of here, I told you I'm not going to let you die here"

Molly felt guilty and he was not going to get that idea out of her head. They went a little closer where the window was, was more light there. Sherlock noticed Molly's physical condition, was covered with blood in her clothes and her skin was as white as porcelain, her lips all pale and her eyes red. She looked weak and fragile, just putting a finger on her would break her.

The morgue was infected with this gaseous material. It burned on contact with the skin. Sherlock felt
the material enter his body through his respiratory tract.

They both sat on the floor, Molly did not want to get too close."Can you tell me what really happened, Molly?" Sherlock asked, then coughed.

"Sherlock, let me tell you first the symptoms you'll feel in the next half hour" Molly said sadly. He listened carefully.

"This material enters through your airway and causes burning in the skin and eyes. I am here Three hours ago and I have experienced various symptoms, they are slow but some are really painful. First your head will ache and you will have a cough. The headache will be very strong Sherlock but it will go fast, just have to be patient, I promise... I will surely have stronger symptoms by inhaling the material directly by cutting the body." Molly said

"You been here for three hours?" Sherlock asked angrily.

Molly nodded. "I think the squad is a little late"

She turned her body to support her left side and saw Sherlock directly while they were sitting there. She lean her head against the wall, looked very tired.

"I really don't think there will ever be a squad" Molly said.

"Now they will come, Mycroft will not leave me here, his career would fall "

Molly smiled. Sherlock never saw her prettier than she had been. Their eyes met for a moment.

"So I'll tell you what happened, there was a body in the morgue that was not identified, I had his file but suddenly I didn't find it, I had read it so I knew he had died supposedly by heart failure. I was alone here and at the time of making the cut in the abdomen one of my tools made contact with a very small device that sprinkled a gas directly from there." Molly paused.

"Some of that gas got into me, but there was enough to fill this room. So I locked myself in here and sounded the alarm. The director came quickly with the most important doctors of the hospital, made some calls and well here I am."

Sherlock coughed, had trouble speaking.

"It's okay, it's over soon, I promise" she said taking her hand. Sherlock looked at his joined hands. For a second his mind palace turned white and squeezed her hand. Molly looked at him sadly and smiled shyly. Sherlock felt his pulse rise to see her smile.

"I didn't know that you knew Morse" He said in surprise.

"There are a lot of things you don't know about me" She smiled but then she got serious "I know I don't have much time, I've lost a lot of blood" she said, lowering her eyes.

"They'll come soon Molly, I promise" Sherlock said, closing his eyes.

His head began to ache as it never hurt in his life. The pain was unbearable, he felt his skull split. He put both hands to his head. It could hear Molly's voice in the distance.

"Will pass quickly, I promise, listen to my voice Sherlock, stay here, please!" Molly's voice was far Sherlock scream of pain. Then he felt pains in all the muscles, his body involuntarily moved, tried to control the movements, do a superhuman effort. He began to sweat, it was a horrible feeling, he
could not have control of himself. He wanted to get up and break every thing that comes his way.

"It's almost over, listen to my voice please…" He hear.

A hands rested on his back and caressed him.

The minutes passed and his pain was unbearable until little by little went out to be a bearable pain.

"What the hell was that?!" He asked.

Molly moved closer to examine his eyes and face. She took off her apron as it was full of blood and was no good to her at all.

"It's okay, it will not come back any more if they get us out fast, this symptom is one of the ugliest and most unbearable, but if they get you out of here fast, it will not come back" she said nervously.

"How many times have you had this pain?" Sherlock asked worried.

"Three times" said Molly anguished

Sherlock was surprised, he could not believe that she felt all those pains and yet she is there, it was incredible.

Molly started to cough hard and got up to get away from him. Sherlock got up with difficulty, his head still ached and his body a little stiff. Molly went straight to the sink and began vomiting there. She made a gesture so he would not come close.

This time it was more blood than usual, Molly fell to the ground hard, had shed all her strength. Sherlock ran up there and picked her up to put her on the work-table. Molly was already colorless, it was hard for her to breathe.

"Molly what should I do? tell me what to do" asked Sherlock nervous

She wiped her mouth and took Sherlock's face, caress his neck with her fingertips. He closed his eyes archiving that feeling, was unique.

"Come closer Sherlock…"

Sherlock was nervous, began to breathe hard, his chest was agitated. He grabbed Molly's face, needed to taste her lips. She closed her eyes and he came to her lips when suddenly the morgue door opens and men come in with decontamination suits, two of them took Sherlock by force, he struggle with them.

"Leave me! Let me! Shit! Take her not me!" Shouted Sherlock with all his strength.

The morgue doors were closed, all the men in suits were out, Sherlock was in the hall, there was no one there, only the director inside one of the suits.

"What are you doing? Take her off!" Shouted Sherlock

The last man came out in his suit. He put a sash over the door and padlocked the handles.

"Don't!!"

Molly was still inside.
Hello! Thanks for reading my story! It makes me very happy that you like it! I wanted to clarify that the Morse code written here is not literal so it is not accurate if you are looking for it, I am not good with remorse haha kisses for everyone!
Sherlock began to feel a heat in his body, it seemed to be burning him. The members of the squad began to remove his clothes to put a suit to him like they had. Before being placed on a stretcher they began injecting medication to control the pain, Sherlock saw some of the doctors who were out in those outfits in addition to the strangers.

His body was burning and the pain had increased.

"Molly!" He reacts as if he had awakened from a dream.

Sherlock was already fully inside the suit. Two man came up there with a walkie-talkie, he sees one of those men approaching. It was Mycroft.

"Look at the problem that you have generated brother, now you will be taken to an isolated wing of this hospital, you will be analyzed and tested, they have an idea that this virus can be so I don't think you suffer the symptoms of Dr. Hooper and you will not die either."

"Why they locked her up there? Tell them to let her out!"

"They'll do it at the time, first you should treat yourself, then they'll get her" Mycroft said.

"There is not much time left for her Mycroft!" Shout Sherlock

"I know, but that's not my decision anymore. "

Sherlock began to be sleepy, saw white and yellow lights then darkness. He heard loud noises and felt claustrophobic sometimes. He dreamed of Molly moving her fingers to the table talking to him, she went to the window and saw a river of blood on the floor of the morgue, the river was rising by Molly's ankles.

"Sherlock…they kill me, help me" Molly said.

He opened his eyes and got up quickly, was agitated and sweating. He noticed that it was in a transparent room, the walls and doors were too. Was on a stretcher, he had cables and monitors, he saw that his heart rate was fine and had hospital clothes. Sees doctors outside in an isolated mini-room.

"Hello boy" says an older doctor "can you tell us your name?"

"Where's Molly?!" Sherlock ask.

"Answer this questions boy, we're trying to save your life" said the doctor.

Sherlock saw Mycroft by his side, shook his head, urging him to respond.

"Sherlock Holmes" answered

"Very good, tell us your age and address and at least 3 people close to you, are routine questions " ordered the doctor.

Sherlock answered everything, was eager to know about Molly and what was happening.
"We will explain to you, Mr. Holmes, you are in phase one of this virus, fortunately we made a correct diagnosis and we are treating you against this. As you will see is a virus that attacks the respiratory, digestive and neurological system. Therefore, you will remain here in our care until completely healed."

"And Molly Hooper? Where is she?" Sherlock asked.

The doctor looks at Mycroft and he gestures to withdraw. Sherlock felt nervous. Mycroft left the room and went near the transparent walls.

"Get up brother" Mycroft said.

Sherlock got up with a little difficulty, felt better, the drugs were working on him.

"What happened? Tell me" demanded Sherlock.

"Dr. Hooper has been removed from the morgue but first we had to get you, she is in an advanced stage, with you the drugs work but with her not, it is very delicate, it is here winged also isolated, the doctors are doing everything, I put the best ones to take care of you two" said Mycroft seriously.

Sherlock swallowed.

"She has defects in the blood vessels of the digestive tract and disorders of blood clotting, plus there is a part of her neurological system that is compromised is because it had direct contact with the material."

"This stuff was not meant to infect the hospital, it was to kill her, you know that, too, right?" Said Sherlock angrily.

"That's right, I think the same thing as you brother, I brought my agents to investigate the whole situation but they can not enter the morgue in a few days or weeks as I listen. They are working decontaminating everything. Is there something we should know about her? If she have any enemies?" Mycroft asked.

"Molly? No, it's very lonely I don't think, discard it, but we must know who is behind this, you have to let me out" said Sherlock.

"Don't you dare brother, you're not going to convince me, you'll stay here until you're cured, you'll hear about her"

Mycroft withdrew and John entered.

"Are you mad, Sherlock?! How are you going to do that?! You could kill yourself! How are you?" Said John nervously.

"I'm fine John don't worry, I'm sure that dangerous material was meant only for her John, someone wants to kill her" said Sherlock euphoric.

"But who could want to kill her?" Said John worried. "Moriarty is dead, unless he has left someone in charge of this"

"Can it be, but it's weird, Why so much time later? It has to be something else, I need to talk to her" said Sherlock.

"I think you know you can't get out of here, talking about it, I saw her" John said.
Sherlock stared at him.

"It's very delicate, it's in a room like this with glass and everything transparent, the doctors are very good at what they do, I'm sure they'll take her out, I was talking to a nurse, you remember that nurse that was in the morgue near the window? " Asked John.

"Yes, I remember it, I was struck by the fact that only this one was nursing and the doctors there" said Sherlock

"Well, she's a friend of Molly's here, she's known her since she came in here, was very worried, she really loves her and tell me that Molly always helps her in the pediatric department with children and things like that, besides that she said something else to me " said John

"I'm listen to you" he said carefully.

"She saw Molly very nervous the last few weeks and also worried, said that sometimes she didn’t go to her lunch to eat and she was locked in her office, she didn’t want to take her night shifts either"

"Someone threatened her? But she did not tell me anything when I walked into the morgue to accompany her " said Sherlock thoughtfully.

There are things of me that you don't know.

John stayed for a while longer and then went to rest, his date with Mary would be soon and was exhausted by the situation.

It was early morning, the nurses and doctors came in and out. Before entering Sherlock's room they wore special suits, less large than the decontaminants but alike, they were put in a mini entrance in their isolated door. Was a small compartment on his walls where his medicines passed him without having to enter the room.

Two days passed since he was there. He was sick of the routine was living.

Sherlock was falling asleep, it was late in the morning when he heard blows on his transparent wall, they were soft knocks, he heard a breath.

Molly was on the other side of the wall holding a serum and looked better but still looked like she was going to faint at any moment.

Sherlock got up immediately from his bed and went to where she was.

"Sherlock… I need to talk to you, forgive me for hiding you, I need you to help me please, someone wants to kill me and ... I know who it is ... please help me…” Molly said teary-eyed.

She leaned her forehead against the wall, he did the same on hers.

Molly looked at Sherlock as if it were the last time. He saw some spots on her chest, like bruises.

"They're internal hemorrhages Sherlock, I don't have much time, the nurse will come to see me, I don't have much strength either, I just want to say that I'm sorry… I never wanted you to be like this
because of me." She touched the transparent wall where the left Sherlock's cheek was.

He looked into her eyes trying to remember if were always that beautiful.

"Explain to me what's happening Molly, just so I can help you" Sherlock said, drawing closer to her hand.

He saw Molly really sick, clenched fists, this medical rank escaped his knowledge, could not predict what would happen to her.

Molly closed her eyes and swallowed.

"Tell your brother to investigate Shaun Wilkinson, he's a criminal who has a connection with the mafia and the bottom ... he's my brother." Molly said with all the shame of the world.

"Brother? I didn’t know you had a brother, Shaun Wilkinson is your brother?!!" Sherlock said in surprise, not knowing how this detail could have escaped.

"Do you know him?" Molly asked palely.

"Of course, about ten years ago he committed murders all over London, he's a real psychopath, he kill all his family, his parents and his sister and ..." Sherlock reacted to this latest information. "Your family is that family."

"Yes, he kill them all, my parents a cousin who was there and me, as he thought" Molly said in a voice filled with anguish. "The government has protected me so he can't know that I survived, that's why I've changed my whole life, my house, my name, everything. He knows it, he knows I'm alive, please Sherlock… someone must stop him, he's an unstable person, he's totally insane" beg Molly.

" You changed your name, What is your name?" Sherlock asked.

Molly looked into his eyes. "I'm Molly Hooper and I'll die being Molly"

"You will always be Molly" Sherlock said, not taking his eyes off her gaze.

She smiled.

"Why do you say it was he who left this virus?" Sherlock asked.

"Because he design somewhat similar to someone, my family found out and the rest you already know" Molly said bitterly.

"I'll talk to Mycroft, we'll get him Molly."

"Thank you for understanding Sherlock, I must go, I don't feel very well, but I'll come tomorrow if I feel better."

"I will wait for you" he thought.

She withdrew quietly.

Sherlock was thoughtful, all the information Molly had given him that he did not know made him more interested in her. He wanted to help her, she suffered a lot with her past.

"Why are you coming back now? Why do you hate Molly so much that you want to kill her?" He thought
There are many things that Molly was saving, this is the tip of the iceberg only. But he did not want to demand too much. Mycroft would come at 8am, it would only be a few hours, must tell him everything and find out what is happening.

Molly returned in ten minutes, Sherlock got up quickly from his stretcher.

"Sherlock, I ..." Molly said with tearful eyes "are we still friends?" Her voice was filled with anguish.

Sherlock smiled at her, knew she would begin to worry about this.

"I can't judge you, Molly" He said, approaching the compartment where his medicines were passing.

He opened it and ran his right hand over there and hit the closed door.

Molly slowly opened the door and put her hand over his and caressed him. Molly was cold. Sherlock took her wrist. She did the same.

"You have a fast pulse" he said, looking into her eyes.

"You have it too" Molly said, stroking him, their eyes meeting again.

"We still have that dinner" Sherlock said.

"If I can't heal, I think that having your hand is worth more than a thousand dinners, that's what I'm satisfied with." She squeezed his hand and removed it.

Sherlock felt something in his hand. "Sleep well" Molly said, smiling and retired.

Sherlock opened his hand, there was a small paper, he opened it slowly and saw a woman's name written. He smiled and broke it.

The hours passed and Mycroft would arrive at any moment. Sherlock was sleepy and remembered that feeling he had when Molly touched his skin.

Something in the distance is heard, there was noise and screams. A woman screams, shots are heard. Sherlock gets up immediately to approach the entrance of his room, although it was sealed.

"Don't! Please no!" Shouted a voice

There were shots again.

The door to Sherlock's room opens. Enter two men dressed in black and one in blue. The one in blue had a gun. He approaches Sherlock slowly, his face is familiar to him, his hair was a very light brown almost blond.

"I'm looking for Dr. Molly Hooper, do you know her? I know she's here" said the man

One of the men dressed in black withdrew from the room and made his way to the side of Molly's.

"Who you are? What do you want?" Sherlock asked.
"I come to do justice" said the man, smiling coldly.

"Don't touch me! Leave me!" it heard scream

"Shaun Wilkinson" said Sherlock

Shaun looked at him.

"You're the fool who came to rescue my sister" he replied.

The man in black who was gone comes back holding Molly, had a blow to the lips and she was bleeding. When she saw Shaun she almost died of fright.

"No, no, not you! You fucking son of a bitch!" Cried Molly.

Shaun walks over to Molly and slaps her.

"Leave her!" Shout Sherlock. He points at Sherlock and shoots him.

"No!" Cried Molly

The bullet did not pass through the glass, surely it is bulletproof, Mycroft was up to the last detail.

"Oh God, stop Shaun! Please leave him! you already have me, please stop!" Shouted Molly.

"Oh what beauty of scene I see here, you were always so tender and good little sister" said Shaun

"I swear by our parents that I'm going to kill you with my hands!" Molly said angrily.

Sherlock never saw her so upset.

Shaun looked at his two men and nodded at them. They went one on each side and put her on her knees with her arms back. Then one of them bowed her head a little.

Sherlock's chest was almost on the verge of exploding, his beats shot up the ceiling.

"Goodbye, baby" Shaun said, pointing at the center of her head.

"Don't look Sherlock please, I ..." Molly said, crying.

"Let her!! I swear I'll kill you!" Shout Sherlock.

Shaun laughed loudly and coldly.

"Don't!" Sherlock yelled, striking his transparent wall with all his strength.

Shaun pulled the trigger.
Sherlock felt his stomach upset, he was afraid, a feeling not compatible with him. Shaun pulled the trigger but no bullets came out. He began to laugh.

"Oh, little sister, did you really believe it? Did you think I was going to kill you like that? I can't believe it hahaha!"

"You're a sick!" Molly said crying

"I'd like to kill him too in front of you, like the other time" Shaun said, pointing at Sherlock.

"No Shaun! please stop pointing him" Molly said, crying.

Sherlock saw Molly was tormented with every phrase Shaun said. He had been petrified. What if the bullet had out? Molly would be really dead, she would not be in this dark and cruel world. Sherlock was shocked and felt weak, the drugs were playing tricks on him, he was nervous and angry.

Molly was on her knees, sweating and really white as a leaf. She felt bad, was a cocktail of medications and medical tests to cure her. She felt like was going to faint, her heart was racing and the air began to fade.

"Oh no, no. Do not die now. You and I have a lot to talk about" Shaun said, lifting her arm.

One of the agents finished lifting her and took her. The other was behind her but Shaun approached Sherlock.

"Don't mess with us, are you listened to me? Forget you met her. You never met Molly Hooper or I'll kill you in front of her, I swear and I'll enjoy it like that time" He said looking at him coldly.

Sherlock realized that this man was not playing, would really kill anyone who is to achieve his mission. How many people he killed to get to Molly's room?

"Why do you want to kill her? Why did you kill them all?" Sherlock asked.

"You speak and ask too much, dear Sherlock" he replied, looking into his eyes.

He was a little taller than Sherlock, his suit was impeccable, his eyes were the same as Molly's except that his were cold.

"They were all idiots, I really thought I had killed her, I should have stayed to see it, I think I'll have to do the same thing I did years ago and check that she died in front of me" he said looking at his nails.

"What have you done to her?" Sherlock asked.

He couldn’t read him. He was a strange person, nothing in his physique and clothing was out of the ordinary.

"Why do you care about her? Oh ..." he said with a crooked smile “ it's reciprocal…how cute"

Sherlock watched him, he upset him.

"Well I'm leaving, gentleman, you have a very nice face but I think that's not what she saw in you,
my sister is so stupid, she will never change" he said, approaching the door.

"You touch her and I swear I'll kill you myself!!" shouted Sherlock.

Shaun turned, smiled and left.

"Shit!" Sherlock said, pounding the wall.

He shouted loudly to know if there was anyone around. After a few moments appear Mycroft and Lestrade.

Mycroft explained everything that happened while Shaun was inside, had the whole hospital under control, knew where to get in and where to get out. Killed several people and injured others. Lestrade was in charge of the case and Mycroft agents also provided all the necessary information, although Mycroft asked not to be made public.

"They took her away" Sherlock said angrily to Mycroft.

"It’s a danger to have taken her that way, it is a person who is under a treatment at the moment, I don't know how much longer she can bear it, we have to find her immediately, we can't let him kill her, it’s our witness and it has provided us with too much information on this lunatic, so on." said Mycroft to his agents.

"Molly told me something about this. Why you didn’t tell me?" Asked Sherlock furious.

"Because it's not my business to divulge it, take this, open it" he said pointing to the compartment. Mycroft passed a folder there, they had to force it to go there.

"It's the file on Shaun Wilkinson's case over a decade must be bored here so take this and help us for a while "Said Mycroft.

"What?! Wait! Get me out of here!"

"You will not leave until the virus comes out of your system, don't make me tell Mom to come" Mycroft said, looking at him.

"Shit!" Sherlock said kicking the stretcher.

The detective started reading the file.

**Dr. Shaun Wilkinson**

- Scientific and Forensic. Attributed the murder of his family: mother, father, cousin, wife, brother-in-law.
- Also civilians: Three women and Seven men. Causes of the deaths of its victims: experimental.

Sherlock was reading fast, read everything carefully. "Scientific and Forensic" thought
Guilty of creating a chemical and biological weapon for an unidentified oriental country.
Denounced by (Molly Hooper's real name) Blood sister of Shaun Wilkinson. Only survivor. Five stabbed in back.

"Five stabs?" Sherlock opened his eyes.

(Molly Hooper's real name) clarifies what kind of chemical and biological weapon Dr. Shaun Wilkinson has created. He has never given a statement on the formula, there is no physical evidence of such compositions.

"Molly knows what he has created " Sherlock said to himself, and continued reading.

In statement: "Shaun doesn’t remember the formula because he has Amnesia lacunar, also called localized amnesia, his brain is full of data and necessary information, but can not remember some things and one of them is the formula" by (Molly Hooper's real name).

"So Molly knows, she knows that formula, so now that he knows she's alive, he needs her to do it again, but why do he send her that virus? As a warning?" Sherlock wondered. "He will not kill Molly until she tells him the formula, we still have time, I must get out of here"

The file had leaves and leaves on it as was the murder of Molly's parents and the others. Sherlock read it carefully, he really was a monster, he had killed his family without a hint of remorse.

"Why kill Molly at the moment if she knew the formula?"

Sherlock gets to a file with Molly's picture. It had all her true facts, her whole life was there. Sherlock hesitated to read them, felt that he was violating her privacy but he did.

**Witness protection program.**

- Patologist. Victim of Shaun Wilkinson, elder brother.
- Mother, father, cousin, sister-in-law and fiance killed by Shaun Wilkinson.

"Fiance?" Sherlock said aloud. “Had he killed her fiance that day too? Oh Molly ..." thought Sherlock

He thought she could not be more unhappy until now. Sherlock really didn’t understand how she could be the person she was now, smiling and friendly with everyone, especially with him. She was a woman tormented inside.
Sherlock felt a hatred from within, Shaun was a monster, took everything she had.

"That's why Shaun shot me, not because he would kill anyone, but he saw that she feels things for me, wanted to kill me as he did with her old fiance, wants to make her all alive again" thought Sherlock closing his eyes

"I'll save you Molly, I'll do it even if I have to kill him" he said, looking at her photo.

Sherlock was evolving much better since they began to treat him. Mycroft had put in charge the best doctors, of which Sherlock was sure.

It had been a week since Shaun Wilkinson entered his room and took Molly by force, since that week he discovered that she had a very strong past life. His thoughts did not stop uniting situations or encounters with her, he wondered why he acted that way in the morgue with her, why he told her to dinner together, why he felt the Impulse to approach her face.

Many questions that have answers but for the detective would be difficult to formulate.

John was already aware of everything, if Sherlock was surprised by Molly's double life, John shocked him, he just can't believe it, Sherlock had to explain it to him twice to understand.


Sherlock's face turned angrily. "No, I had not noticed"

"Oh must be a torture to live like this, I really pity her, also is that madman of her brother, she knows the formula and surely he'll force her to do it, we must find them fast, and your brother?" John asked

"They still can't find them, they searched everywhere have in common but nothing is discovered, without the help of Molly can't make the formula, if she refuses to take longer and also is infected" Sherlock said angrily.

"How do you feel, mate?" John asked

"I feel better, according to Mycroft and the doctors I will leave in a few days from here, I can't waste more time here"

"I mean Molly too, why you went into the morgue and risked this way?" Asked John.

Sherlock looked at him indifferently and did not respond.

John smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" Sherlock asked angrily.

"Nothing, my friend" he said, smiling with complicity.
The days passed and indeed Sherlock was recovered almost completely, they were discharged, fortunately did not get much gaseous material into his system but should take medicine for a long time. He went straight to Baker along with John. Mrs. Hudson was waiting for him. She gave him a hug.

"Oh dear, I'm so glad you're back, I was scared boys! What do you do this time?" She said.

"Why you say that Mrs. Hudson?" John asked.

"Because something happened today, boys, two men broke into their apartment here, they were in suits"

Both looked at each other. They went quickly upstairs.

"Oh God" said John.

Things were turned around, everything was thrown and broken, they seemed to be looking for something.

"Sherlock, what do you think?" John asked.

"There must be something" Sherlock said.

Sherlock saw that even the bathroom and his room were a mess. He saw his microscope in his room, he did not remember leaving it there, it was lying on the floor. There was a folded leaf attached to it.

“I’ll do her so much damage that there will be no trace of her, not a trace of her being, nothing that she was”

Sherlock press the note with fury.

"I'll get you out of there, I promised and I'll keep it" he thought.

He picked up his cell phone and made a call.

"John! Let’s go! " He screams.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!