Quantum Mutatus Ab Illo

by Dovahlock221

Summary

Quantum Mutatus Ab Illo:
How changed from what he once was.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Sherlock has been missing for a week. A goddamn week.

Seven days of scrambling around London, endless phone calls to Lestrade and his team, yelling at an empty room and even a breakdown at one point.

In the end, John received a text. After all that, a text from a blocked number containing an abandoned warehouse address was how they found him.

"It has to be a trap. It's too easy," Greg had muttered, running a hand over his face.

"I don't care!" John had yelled. "It's been seven days, Greg. He could be-" He broke off, not daring to utter the words that have been circulating in his head since Sherlock had gone missing. This could be the location of Sherlock’s body. John knew Greg was thinking the same thing, but neither of them dared to say it out loud.

It took a red-faced John screaming at Greg to gather whatever backup he felt necessary for them to finally act.

Now, he sits in the back of Greg’s car, hands clenched into fist in his lap, the last time he saw Sherlock swirling around in his mind and praying that it wasn’t the last time he had seen him alive.

One week earlier

The day had a gloomy darkness resting upon it. Light cast through the room of 221B as clouds passed over the sun. The result was a quiet day on Baker Street. John and Sherlock had decided to take a nice day off from any case. Well, John had made that decision, much to Sherlock’s dismay.

In the early morning, John woke to find Sherlock in his chair, as usual, with his hands against his chin and his eyes focused on something that John himself could not see. And so he had left a silent Sherlock at the flat to retrieve some necessary items from the Tesco down the street.

It was hard to stay out of his head as John walked down the abnormally tranquil street. Things at Baker Street had been, well, odd. Months had passed since Sherlock’s return from the dead. Anger still festered in the pit of his stomach, forcibly pushing the feeling down whenever it threatened to arise.

When someone you care for deeply dies, you never quite get over it. You just slowly learn how to go on without them. Impossible in his opinion, but one has to try. You always keep them safely in your heart. John was in the process of doing just that when Sherlock came back. Sherlock marched straight back into his life and all progress John had made was now part of the past. All the rebuilding of his heart he had worked so hard to do was torn to shreds once again.

Months after his return, they settled back into the routine of their daily lives together almost easily, but John wasn't fooled. Words unspoken lingered in the air around them and the odd comfort they were living in began to change.

The most noticeable change was the way Sherlock acted toward him. Careful. As if John would leave the moment Sherlock did or said the wrong thing. It's not that he didn't appreciate the change. It
was just weird, Sherlock conforming to dancing around him rather than shouting insults at John like he used to.

Sherlock wasn’t the only one who had changed. John had as well, though he doesn't think of it that way. It was just hard; much too hard to quench and disguise his feelings for Sherlock. If they weren’t strong enough before, they were now.

He *craves* it. Years spent grieving the man and now the had returned, the feelings grew from the quiet urges in the back of his mind to *hunger*.

Every accidental touch or Sherlock deciding to invade his space far too much—it was beginning to weigh on his mind. Were the touches intentional? Did John want them to be?

The feelings he has for Sherlock have always been an object of confusion. Breathless from chasing murderers and shared smiles once the crime was solved. He has never felt as alive as he did in those moments.

But still…it has to stay buried deep inside, the way he feels about his flatmate. He's had to bury it. That is the only way to make it bearable. His heart will get him killed. If Sherlock found out—

A buzzing and beeping ringing out from the pocket of his jeans thankfully pulls him from his thoughts, also making him aware he has arrived at Tesco.

**Where did you go? SH**

John smiles as he looks down at his phone. Of course, the man is unaware that he has even left. Most likely he has been talking to the empty air of the flat as well.

**Shops. Need anything?**

*Stupid question*, he thinks. Sherlock never needs anything, does he? Unless it's a body part from a corpse for an experiment.

Stepping into Tesco and quickly grabbing the necessities, he pulls out his phone once more when he is in line. Frowning, he notices Sherlock still has yet to text back.

Placing his items on the counter and flashing a smile to the cashier, he jumps as the phones buzzes in his hand.

**Would you accompany me on a "night out", as one might call it? SH**

Smiling, John types his reply.

**New case?**

**No. SH**

The reply came instantly and John was lost. Was Sherlock asking him out? That couldn't be right. He is jumping to conclusions before having all the facts, *as usual*, as Sherlock would say.

"Sir?"

Once again, John jumps and glances up to see the cashier impatiently staring at him.

"Oh, right, sorry," John stammers and hands the cash to her.
Stepping back out onto the pavement, he quickly fishes his phone back out, only to have it buzz once more before he has the time to write a reply.

No new case. Just feel it would be nice to get out of the flat and was wondering if you would like to join me? SH

That sounds great :)

Good. It will be interesting and please feel free to stop misusing symbols in your messages. SH

John smiles once more, picking up the pace a little. Sherlock was right. Tonight will be interesting.

Exactly six hours later, John and Sherlock are surrounded by people in a club and four beers in before Sherlock asks something that makes John's heart jump into his throat and his hands curl by his sides as they start to sweat.

"Dance with me?" Sherlock asks, holding out an expectant hand.

"Why?" John gapes, staring down at the extended hand, wanting to grab it, but he holds himself back. He is still unsure what the point of this night out is, but he's sure this isn't it.

"Because we are at a club...and that's what people do?" Sherlock states in a dumbfounded, almost mocking tone.

"We don't do that," John retorts. God, he wants to. But he can't bring himself to say that. Not yet.

Sherlock slams down his glass on the bar with a playful smile on his face. The smile makes John start to sweat.

"Well, first time for everything," Sherlock says as if that will make John's heart stop beating so fast with nerves. He is sure his heart is faster than the best of the music.

John follows behind Sherlock as the fast beats stop and a slow song starts to play. Of course, it's a goddamn slow song. He is sure the DJ is out to get him.

At first, they stand there staring at each other. John inwardly groans and takes a deep breath as he steps forward.

He extends his arms, waiting for Sherlock to take his place.

John almost gasps when Sherlock's hands settle on each side of his waist and for a second he can't move.

Finally, his soft palm slips into position on Sherlock's shoulders.

John has to force himself not to sigh at the closeness.

"Ready?" John whispers.

Sherlock smiles slightly and raises an eyebrow. "Always." The softness of the baritone voice sends chills through John's body. "You act as though we are going into battle."

John giggles and he has to stop himself from falling into a laughing fit. "Not quite the same,
Sherlock."

Their voices fall silent and John can feel the quiet energy flowing through them where their bodies are connected as if together like this they make a complete circuit. He wonders what it would be like if that connection were more intimate. How electrifying would it feel if it were more than just hands touching—if it were lips and chests and thighs and more? He has to force himself to take a cleansing breath, to push the thoughts from his mind, before he can meet Sherlock's gaze, terrified that he might see the images flashing behind his eyes.

The position should feel awkward. It probably looks as if they are at a school dance. But warm sensations are coursing their way through John's body and it just feels natural.

"I'm not very good at this," John says, laughing nervously.

Sherlock raises that damn eyebrow again, a smirk tugging at his lips. "You're surprisingly better than I thought you would be."

"So you were expecting me to be bad?"

Sherlock sighs and pulls John closer. "If you want I can give you private lessons."

John's body freezes completely and it's ridiculously hard to start moving to the music again. He can't think of a response so he keeps his mouth shut if only for the sake of not saying something stupid.

"This is nice," John says.

It is. It feels like this is where John is always supposed to be.

John is trying hard to not display his feelings through each note, allowing it to become a love letter of sorts, a statement of the things he's never said and now never will. The resulting sound is bittersweet, speaking of love and longing, of laughter and sorrow, of John's desire for Sherlock's happiness and his selfish yearning to keep Sherlock to himself. The music reflects John's warring emotions better than he could ever display them at this moment. John worries that this will be his only chance to show Sherlock a glimpse of how he feels, even if the man won't see it as such, and quickly he decides he's going to take the opportunity to let his body speak for him as best it can.

"John," Sherlock says, the name sounds like a hesitant question on his tongue, as they continue to dance.

John pulls himself out of his head and meets Sherlock's gaze. When their eyes lock, he feels that familiar warmth begin to spread. It burns through him, the heat of his desire, of their unspoken connection, scorching through his veins, setting fire to his fingers and his toes and every solitary cell in between, smoldering beneath his skin until his entire body is ablaze. He can feel himself melting under the flames, all the essential bits of him breaking down, dripping from his bones thick and sweet like honey.

Neither of them looks away as they dance on, the connection only growing stronger as they allow themselves to breathe life into it. This is what it could be like, John thinks.

If Sherlock were his, this fire between them would be allowed to catch and thrive, to burn hot and bright as they allowed it to consume them.

If Sherlock were his, he would spend his days stoking the flames rather than extinguishing them, adding fuel to keep the inferno inside them roaring rather than raking across dying embers.
If Sherlock were his, they could dance whenever they wanted, with no worries about open curtains or Mrs. Hudson's footsteps on their stairs.

If Sherlock were his, John would bend his head and close the distance between their lips, letting them speak their desires in the twining of tongues and the sharing of breath.

If Sherlock were his.

The end of the song sneaks up on him, and John's breath catches in his throat.

John begins to pull away, but Sherlock pulls him close again as another slow song starts (*Is the DJ trying to kill him?*) and they fall back into the slow movements.

John is once again tethered to the man he silently loves by the large steady hands on his waist and the power of their eyes on one another. The air between them shimmers with heat, and John lets himself believe for just a moment that this could be possible.

Sherlock's tongue peeks out to wet his lips, his eyes darting to John's mouth and back as if asking for permission.

Unable to bring himself to speak, to break the potential of this moment, John responds in kind, flicking his gaze to Sherlock's lips and back up to meet his eyes, hoping his response is clear enough. When Sherlock starts to bend his head, his mouth inching closer, John lets his eyes flutter closed. He can feel the small, quick puffs of Sherlock's breath warm and moist across his lips.

The loud beat of a dubstep song beginning causes John's eyes to burst open. He pulls back quickly and *dear god*, he almost kissed Sherlock Holmes. This is too much. Everything is too much and he can't do this. It's the music. The alcohol. It's getting to both of them and making their minds fuzzy.

"I can't do this," John breathes into the air. The sensations are too much. Hands all over. Breath mingling together. The sensation is too much and John is starting to feel lightheaded. If Sherlock wasn't holding him, he's sure he would collapse right there on the dance floor.

"I wasn't aware we were doing anything," Sherlock replies, leaning back. His bright eyes staring deep into the others man's. As if he can see right into his soul. His mind.

John starts to laugh, but Sherlock's breathing against his neck again and instead his air gets sucked back into his mouth.

He clears his throat and pushes Sherlock back a little. Not too hard, as to not be rude and still fearing that he will fall to the ground.

"The alcohol...it's getting to me. I need to sit down," John states, as calmly as he can.

Sherlock's hand begins to fall from his waist and John tries to hide a wince.

When his hands drop completely back to his side, John feels cold again.

Now they are standing in the middle of the floor staring at each other.

Sherlock starts to lean in and on reflex, John moves backward. But Sherlock is faster. He always is.

John swears black dots start to bounce around in front of his eyes as Sherlock's mouth settles against his ear and says, "Are you sure it's the alcohol?"

John moves backwards once more. He has to get away. Remove himself from the situation- *because*
"Yeah." John stares blankly at him, trying to hide every emotion behind his eyes. He can't let that happen again. He can't afford to have them laid out in front of the genius. Ever.

Sherlock reaches forward once more, but this time with his hand. He grasps John's hand and squeezes. "Thank you, John," he says, and John swears he can see a hint of a new emotion in the man's eyes. He can't name it, but it's frightening and exhilarating all at the same time.

As Sherlock turns to walk away, a shiver runs down John's spine, a sudden coldness taking over his body.

And then he is standing alone. Abandoned in a sea of sweaty bodies, the smell of alcohol and unspoken emotions.

He makes his way back up to the bar. Eyes glancing over the mass of people thirsty for more drinks. Sherlock is nowhere to be found and John is unsure why he expected anything different.

Pushing his way to the front of the bar, John pays the tab and heads for the exit. Opening the large door, he ends up in an alleyway. Opening his mouth wide, he attempts to pop his ears now fully aware of a ringing noise caused by the loud music and blinks his eyes to adjust to the moonlit area. It takes him a second to realize he is not alone. Leaning against a dank wall, is the silhouette of a man he knows all too well.

"I'd wondered where you ran off to," John states, taking in the cigarette clasped between Sherlock's fingers and the smoke pouring from his mouth.

"Just needed some air. I knew you would find me." Sherlock raises his head, eyes peeking through curls dark hair to look at John. A smile breaks across his face, before focusing on taking another pull from his cigarette.

"Didn't you quit?" John asked, pacing forward to lean against the wall, next to Sherlock.

"Yes, I suppose I did," Sherlock mutters, smoke billowing out of his mouth, before inspecting the orange tip with dark eyes.

The next five minutes has John drowning in a deep silence. Neither man says anything, but they connect eyes once or twice, sending a warmth through John once more.

Before John notices, Sherlock has burned the cigarette out against the bottom of his shoe and pushes himself off the wall.

John's space is invaded once more as Sherlock stands much too close and places a hand on the wall above him. Warning signals begin to blare inside his head and he can't help but cower a little against the wall, feeling incredibly small.

"Thank you, John." Shivers run through John's spine at the deep voice penetrating the deafening silence around them.

"For what?" John retorts and damn the shaky tinge in his voice.

"For tonight, of course," Sherlock replies, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. He so close that John swears he can taste the other man's breath. Liquor is the strongest offender followed by tobacco, but the rest is purely Sherlock.
Before John can reply, Sherlock turns away and begins walking down the alley. "Where are you going?" John asks, all too aware of the breathless tone of his voice.

"For a walk," Sherlock yells back. "I'll see you at home, John."

"Want me to come with you?" John asks, already knowing what the response will be.

"No." And with that, Sherlock turns a corner and is gone once more. John can't help but feel thankful. A tension filled cab ride next to Sherlock or a silent walk home together would be too much to bear right now. Taking a couple deep breathes, John makes his way to the end of the alley and hails a cab.

It was much too easy for John to get lost in his head on the cab ride back home. Staring out the window, his mind refused to do anything but reflect on the events of this confusing night. What had it all meant? The dancing, the flicker of Sherlock’s eyes towards his mouth. Everything that happened tonight is jumbling around in his head and leaving him with nothing but confused emotions and frustration. It was stupid for him to think that Sherlock was blind to all the emotion and feelings that had crossed through his eyes at the club, but one could hope. He had helplessly given himself away.

The most confusing was that now he walked up to the door of their flat feeling as though his desires were reciprocated. Sherlock had never looked as beautiful and vulnerable as he did in his arms. Or had John seen what he wanted to see?

Fingers shaking, John attempts to shove the key into the door of 221B, damning himself for not thinking to bring his gloves.

He walks slowly up the stairs, not sure if he wants to run away from the impending conversation or run towards it. When he finally does reach the top, the door to the flat is open and the sight before him causes all the air in his lungs to rush out.

Sherlock is lying on his on the floor. Blood is running down his face from both a cut on his forehead and a gash on his cheek. The most astonishing feature that sends electric shocks through John, is how scared Sherlock looks. His head is resting on the floor and his bloody hands lay in front of him. A creak in the floorboards is all it takes for Sherlock to raise his head. His eyes widen as they connect with John's own.

John makes to move forward, dread coursing its way through his body, but Sherlock shouts at him.

"John, don't!" Sherlock yells, holding out a hand in front of him and it takes only a second for John to notice that it is trembling.

The sharp tip of a knife appears at his neck and he reflexively raises his head.

"Hello there," the voice says, hot breath against John’s ear. "I was wondering when you would arrive."

"What do you want?" John spat, trying to force as much venom into his voice as he can, but it's terribly difficult to do watching Sherlock writhe on the floor with no energy to intervene.

It's then that John has to wonder why Sherlock is not moving. His hands and feet are not tied and there is no other perpetrator threatening him. He can sense that Sherlock is trying to communicate
with him through his eyes. His eyes. Dilated. Sluggish. Red.

_Drugged._

Sherlock must be able to tell that he has worked it out because he sends John a knowing glance of apology.

"That doesn't concern you," the voice retorted.

"I think it does, seeing as you have my friend at a disadvantage."

The knife against his neck presses a little harder.

"Stop!" Sherlock shouts, weakly lifting a placating hand. "You’re right. It doesn't concern John. I will do as you ask."

"Sherlock, no! Whatever it is-" John starts, but his words go unnoticed.

"Ah! Fantastic!" The man exclaims.

"Do what? What are you making him do?" John yells.

The man behind him lets out a sound almost like a growl. "You ask too many questions."

The knife is removed and finally, John feels himself take in a deep breath of relief, but the man whips around to face him, pointing a familiar gun at him. His gun.

The man is dressed in all black. Black jeans and a black long sleeve shirt frame his body. Short brown hair messily falls around his face which has several marks covering it. Including a forming bruise, most likely the work of Sherlock.

He reaches down and roughly grabs Sherlock by the arm, pulling him upright. Immediately, he shoves the gun against the detective's head. "Make one move, Dr. Watson and I’ll blow his brains out."

John stares at Sherlock. What had he just agreed to?

The man drags a sluggish Sherlock forward passing John, who starts to step forward, but the man gives him a warning glare and shoves the gun incredibly close to his Sherlock's head. Sherlock sends him pleading look, most likely begging him not to do anything stupid, but how can John just stand by and watch this happen? He has to do something -

"One move, Watson and he’s dead. Follow us, and you'll be crying over a corpse," the man spat and John could do nothing, but look helplessly on.
When the car finally pulls to a stop in front of a small brick warehouse, John waste no time in jumping out, shoulders set in determination and gun in hand.

"John! Wait." Lestrade runs up beside him, placing a hand on his forearm and glancing wearily at his gun. "We can't just go in there shooting up the place. We have to be smart about this."

"Sherlock’s in there," John growls.

“Let my team in first.”

John watches angrily as Greg’s team runs into the warehouse. He’ll give them sixty seconds. No shots or yelling erupt inside the warehouse. Impatience moves his feet until he is running. Behind him, Greg sighs loudly before following.

John slowly creeps through the large wooden door, waiting for Greg and letting it close quietly behind him. The place smells awful. Water lands on his hands leaking from the ceiling.

Taking in as much detail as he can, John cautiously walks through dark concrete hallways until a sound catches in his ears.

Stopping, he hears it again, echoing through the halls. A soft moan. Weak.

And then he’s running again. He can’t be sure, but somehow he knows. He knows it was Sherlock. The sounds leads him to the only open door in the warehouse, fluorescent lights from inside the room reflect off water on the floor. John slowly walks to the doorway, readying his gun.

And then he sees him.

It feels like drowning.

Sherlock is alive.

Alive.

That is the first and most important thought that passes through John's mind. But then everything else registers. A black haze submerges from the corners of his eyes as he takes in the state of him.

Sherlock looks broken.

"Call an ambulance!" John orders behind him, but his own words sound distant in his ears, distorted as if someone else has said them. Footsteps retreat behind him, but he hardly hears them. All his focus is on the man before him.

Sherlock is lying on his side facing John. His wrists are bound in front of his naked torso.

It is not just the injuries to Sherlock's body that send shivers down his spine. The state of Sherlock's mind is written all over his bruised, bloodied face.

At first, John thinks Sherlock is looking at him. Instead, he is looking through him. Tear tracks are unavoidably visible as they have streaked through the blood coating his face. The look in his eyes reminds John of soldiers in Afghanistan; The ones that broke, crippled beneath the horrors of war.
An empty void.

"Sherlock." His name comes out as a sigh of relief, a breath of air that has been trapped in the cavity of his chest releasing after being trapped for so long.

No reaction.

Sherlock doesn't even seem to be aware that anyone is in the room, let alone the fact that he is being rescued. John steps tentatively forward, watching for any flinch from Sherlock, or recognition of his own presence.

"Sherlock," he whispers again. The closer he gets the more apparent the violent shivers racking through Sherlock's body become. Maybe this is just shock. Understandable, of course, but this isn't the Sherlock he knows.

Sherlock has been through many horrible ordeals that other people would break under the repercussions of. He has had injuries that John had been all but manic over to which Sherlock labeled 'boring'.

His pupils have dilated to twice the size they normally are and the dark circles under his eyes tell John that he hasn't seen sleep in days. Other than the trembling, John can see Sherlock's mouthing moving. Not trying to speak - The movement is similar to someone having food stuck at the roof of their mouth.

Without even realizing, John has come close enough to kneel down and place a gentle hand on Sherlock's shoulder. The shudders reverberate through John. "Can you...Can you hear me?" John clears his throat as the words threaten to crack.

The damage to Sherlock's body is even clearer now and it makes his heart sink. State of mind will have to come second lest Sherlock not survive the injuries to his body in time for John to help him. Right now, Sherlock needs a doctor.

The injuries are overwhelming and John has to steel himself against the well of emotions threatening to spill out. He's a doctor, he can do this. But when it is Sherlock who is injured, it just makes it that much harder to keep up with the disconnection of a Doctor-Patient view.

The cuts marring the pale skin of Sherlock’s arms sends a shockwave of anger through John. Most of them are no longer bleeding freely. Scabs have formed on over half of them, but some look fresh. The wounds are akin to self-harm. There must be 10, two inch cuts littering both arms and state of some suggest that they have been reopened at some point. The question of whether Sherlock had done it to himself seems to be an obvious answer. But a closer look around the darkened room reveals a slightly bloodstained switchblade discarded in the right corner of the room on the floor. Who’s it was is not important right now.

There is an array of black and blue bruises littering most of his visible skin, the most alarming is his ribs.

Though the state of him is shocking, nothing seems to be life-threatening so John focuses on what he can do.

He removes the knife from his back pocket that he had thankfully thought to bring. Even unaware of the state he would find Sherlock in, being tied up seems to be a common occurrence in their lives.

Shifting closer he sets himself to the task of releasing him from the ropes binding his wrist together. The ropes look to have been recently re-tied in a haphazard, clumsy way.
Before he can even place his knife against the rough cords, a raspy, panicked wheeze stops him.

"No...Please."

A shudder runs through John and he looks up in shock. The words are the first John has heard from Sherlock since he was taken. The weak fearful way they were uttered, so quiet John had to strain his ears to catch them, almost makes John wish Sherlock was back in his catatonic state.

"It's alright, Sherlock. It's me."

He receives no reply, taking the silence as acquiescence, but the moment he tries again, Sherlock violently wrenches his bound hands against his stomach and growls.

The sound is so foreign coming from Sherlock, that John sits back on his heels horrified. No matter how hard he tries, Sherlock won't look at him. He has turned his head towards John but continues to stare straight through him.

"Let me help you, Sherlock. Please." A fierce nauseating sensation rushes through his stomach at the animalistic expression on Sherlock's face.

"Don't touch me." Sherlock tries to yell with all the vehemence he can seem to muster put behind his words, but it only comes out as a pained whisper.

John gently reaches for Sherlock once more, this time placing his hand on the back of Sherlock's own and threading his fingers through them. Sherlock tightens his around John in an apparent attempt to cause harm, but the hold is weak.

"It's just me. It's John."

"John," Sherlock repeats, running his tongue over his teeth as if feeling the word in his mouth.

It's not an acknowledgment of presence or a question, more said as a temporary respite. As if his name is a memory that had given Sherlock solace when he whispered it.

Still grasping Sherlock's hand, John uses the connection to calm the man as he continues his task, this time succeeding. But now Sherlock seems reluctant to release him. His other newly-freed hand drops to the floor seeming to lack the energy to hold it up.

John desperately wants to pull Sherlock into his lap and comfort him in all the ways he knows how. His hand is shaking with the effort to restrain himself from doing just that, but he has to keep reminding himself that that's not what Sherlock needs right now or would even allow.

He gently turns Sherlock to lay him flat on his back, checking once more that there are no major life-threatening injuries he needs to tend to and making a list of what he can see.

There are cuts on both of Sherlock's cheekbones, black bruises framing them. His lips are cracked and bloodied. Rope burns on his wrist are sporadic, telling John that they had been removed and then re-tied multiple times. Dark blood has matted Sherlock's curls to his forehead. A cut resembling an X mars Sherlock's chest directly over his heart. The cut is not deep, but there is an implication there about the reasoning behind the injury.

Maybe this is related to Moriarty after all. John had thought about the connection over the past week, the act of kidnapping Sherlock just seemed too random. Now it felt personal.

John removes his coat before draping it over Sherlock's chest. His ribs are most assuredly broken if
the bruises are anything to go by.

_He was beaten_. The thought makes John feel nauseous again. It's not that he hadn't realized this beforehand, but the having the words actually form and echo through his head cause a haze of anger and he clenches his fist against the cement floor.

“Sherlock, can you hear me?” John asks tentatively, gently squeezing Sherlock’s limp hand. But any chance for him to reply is broken by the resounding echo of footsteps hurrying into the room.

End Notes

Comments and kudos are always appreciated!

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