Of werewolves and vampires

by Akwolfgrl

Summary

An alt universe. Werewolf John Watson recently back from Afghanistan mets a potential flatmate, who turns out to be his mate. A brilliant vampire named Sherlock. Together they solve crimes and fall in love.

Notes

Sorry not brit picked. Please let me know if you find any mistakes. Sorry the first chapter is a bit short. I wanted to focus on mike the frist shiper lol. Beta by Nerdy_Panda_Writes
Chapter 1

John took a quick double-check to make sure there was no one around. He didn’t hear, smell, or see any other living soul, save maybe a bird or two. He growled low in thought, frustrated beyond belief. How had life gotten so far off track? He continued to walk forward with a slight limp. His leg would be healed probably in the next day or so. Most people wouldn’t notice it. Thankfully, John and his wolf were in agreement about showing weakness, it left them vulnerable. Not that there was anything likely to attack him, even if they both were spoiling for a good adrenaline rush.

As nice as she seemed, his therapist, Ella, wasn’t very helpful. She was fully human and never had been nearly dead before. It felt wrong telling her about the war, about being a werewolf. The wolf agreed with him—no need to be airing everything out to strangers. John continued along down the street, he really didn’t want to go back to his dreadful bed-sit.

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Mike Stanford spied a familiar figure walking towards him. Flashes appeared in his mind, glimpses of John and Sherlock—them running together down an alley, John pinning the man to the floor, them kissing; countless flashes of them laughing together, Sherlock looking happier than he had ever seen. He also saw what would happen if he didn’t do something. Both of them dead within the week. Mike couldn’t, in good conscience, let that happen.

“John! John Watson, is that you?” he called out, grabbing his attention. Mike watched John cock his head to the side with a brief look of puzzlement before his face lit up with recognition.

“Mike? Mike Stanford?”

“Yup, that’s me. I know I got fat.” Mike laughed and patted his belly fondly.

“No, no you look fine” John tried to protest.

“It’s my lunch wanna join me, my treat, I still owe you after all. Let’s see if I can out eat you now.” Mike said in joking manner.

In an attempt to get John to strike up a conversation with him. He didn’t want to just drag John to Barts. He could be stubborn. He’d dig his heels in and refuse to budge. Mike was sure he’d gotten worse but knew Sherlock would be dragging John along with him on cases. They headed towards a small cafe.

“What can I get you guys today.” a waiter asked.

They ordered their meals and Mike watched his old friend. His blonde hair was the same, albeit shorter, his eyes were still dark blue with a hazel ring but the looked tired and hunted. He remembered a time where John had an easy grin, wear his eyes were less hunted.

“ Heard you were in Afghanistan getting shot at, what happened?”

“I got shot and nearly blown up.” his voice was tight.

Mike winced. “So are you staying in London?” he should have avoided that subject.

“Yes but not for much longer. Army pentison doesn’t pay much and London’s so expensive.” Mike heard him sigh. Picking at the sandwich the waiter brought.
“What about Harry or your old pack. Couldn't they help?“ Mike asked, he had a feeling he knew the answer.

“Harry's well Harry you know. And the pack, well I left the pack when I joined the army instead of returning. Don't want to leave London but don't have much choice.“

“Why not get a flatmate?” Mike steard the conversation.

“Who would want me as a flatmate. “ John replied bitterly.

Mike let out a little chuckle. “You know you're not the first person to say that to me today. “

“Who was the first?” he looked curious, good he needed John to come with him after all.

Thus far everything was going just how he wanted it to, he had told no lies. John would have caught that. Sherlock indeed had said the exact same thing to him just this morning. It was imperative that these two become flatmates and partner's. Even if Mike had not seen the flashes of their long future together and their short one's apart, he still would try and set them up. He did enjoy playing cupid, he was rather good at it.

“Why don't I introduce you, he's hard to explain. He’ll probably still be at Barts. “ Mike paid for their meals, John's had been barely touched.

He was worried about his old friend. It wasn't good to have a hungry werewolf wandering the streets. But if everything went well Mike wouldn't have to worry about Sherlock or John. Bonus Molly would be able to move on from the crush she had on Sherlock, then Mike would be able to find her a nice fellow. Yes things were looking well indeed.
Sherlock Holmes was quite busy figuring out a murder, and Molly kept interrupting him in her attempts to flirt with him. It was a distraction he didn't want. While she could be quite useful at times, right now, she was a disturbance.

“Listen,” Molly spoke nervously, “I was wondering- or maybe later- when you’re finished…”

“Are you wearing lipstick?” Sherlock asked, even though he could clearly see it. “you weren’t wearing it before.” It was clearly an attempt to get him to notice her more.

Molly blushed. “I, um, I refreshed it a bit.”

“Sorry, you were saying?” He replied, going back to the papers he was shifting through. He needed to stop her flirting but not chase her away entirely.

“I was wondering if you would like to have coffee.” Molly asked, trying to bat her eyelashes.

“All right.” He watched out of the corner of his eye as she perked up. “Two sugars, please. I'll be up stairs.” he walked away. Allowing her to think he misunderstood her question. He heard her soft reply.

“Okay.”

Sherlock headed up the stairs to the lab; he needed to check something, unfortunately he didn’t have his phone with him, but there were plenty of other people milling about. He took a seat and began to peer into the microscope. He heard faint footsteps, one a familiar heavy tread of Mike Stanford and another with a slight limp. They were headed this way, just in time too. Sherlock needed a phone.

“A bit different than in my time.” Hmm, a doctor most likely most likely, a prospective flatmate or client.

Mike chuckled a bit. “You have no idea.”

They entered the room he was currently occupying. Sherlock glanced at the man out of the corner of his eye. He was short, probably about five feet seven inches. He was sturdy looking. His clothes hung off him in a way that suggested weight loss on top of it being ill-fitting and second-hand. The stranger had sandy hair and dark blue eyes, with a bronze rim around them. His haircut and stance
suggested military, and his familiarity of Bart’s suggested doctor. The way he carried his shoulder suggested he had been shot there. He had a bit of a wild look to him and the light scent of fur, suggesting he was a shifter. Since he was looking for a flatshare, Sherlock ruled out pack animals. He didn’t have cat-like eyes, so he ruled them out.

“Mike, can I borrow your phone?” Sherlock questioned.

“Can't you just use the landline?” Mike replied, gesturing towards the one nearby.

“I prefer to text.”

“No, sorry, must have left it at my desk.”

“Here, use mine.” The other man walked forward, his phone held in his outstretched hand.

“Thanks.” Sherlock took the phone, his fingertips brushing lightly against the other man's skin.

“This is John Watson, an old friend of mine.” Mike announced, trying to smother a grin.

John had clearly been a surgeon, not just a doctor or medic. His hands were tan but not above the wrist. There had been tiny microscopic nicks and cuts on his fingers. He could smell John better now. Sherlock could smell musk, mint, tea, and gunpowder. Perhaps a coyote shifter. It fits with the hair color and the fact he had been in a desert. Which desert remains to be seen.

“Afghanistan or Iraq?”

The man frowned, his brows knitted close together. “Sorry?”

“Was it Afghanistan or Iraq?” Sherlock repeated himself as he used the phone to send Lestrade a text. The phone was a gift of sorts from John's brother.

John looked over at Mike who looked quite smug. “Afghanistan. Sorry, how did you…”

Molly entered the room. John took a glance at her, Sherlock watched the man’s hackles rise and his nostrils flail just a bit. He must have had bad experiences with a witch at some point. She brought over his cup of coffee.

“What happened to the lipstick?” Sherlock asked.

Molly looked down, embarrassed. “It wasn't working for me.”

“Hmm, I thought it was an improvement. Your mouth is too small now.” He turned away from her.

“How do you feel about the violin?”

John watched Molly until she left before turning his attention back to where it belonged. “I'm sorry what? “

“The violin. Sometime I play the violin when I'm thinking, sometimes I dont talk for days on end. I keep my blood in the crisper drawer. Would any of that bother you? Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other.”

Sherlock watched John cock his head slightly to the left. “Who said anything about flatmates? But, I suppose I should tell you my faults as well. How did you know about Afghanistan?”

Sherlock grabbed his coat and scarf. “I have my eye on a flat and between the both of us, we should be able to afford it. We’ll meet there tomorrow evening at 7 PM. I have to go. I left my riding crop in
the mortuary.’” Sherlock started to head out the door when John grabbed his wrist. Firm but gentle.

“So that's it? I don't even know your name or where we're meeting? I barely know anything about you.”

“I know you're a military doctor, invalid home from Afghanistan.” John visibly winced at the mention of that fact. “I know you have a brother that's worried about you, but you won't go to him for help. Possibly because of the drinking, but more likely because he left his wife. The name's Sherlock Holmes the address is 221b Baker Street. Must dash.” Sherlock winked, watching John's face flush slightly, the hand grasping Sherlock’s wrist let go. The taller man quickly turned away so as to not see the anger and or fear flash in the man's eyes. He quickly strode off.
Chapter 3

Im going all out with ppls sents with john since he is a werewolf and sent is a big thing for them.

John watched as his mate walk away, his scent lingering in the air. A heady mix, John could smell-his dry cleaned clothes, his shampoo, his soap. He could smell the chemicals he had been working with. The scent of cold parchment and blood that marked him as a vampire. But most importantly, he could smell sandalwood, smoke and cinnamon. He smelled like danger and adventure. It lingered and swirled about in the air. Mike's scent of Sunday roast faded in his mind. The wolf was pleased with the mate he chose. The vampire Sherlock was smart, interesting, and his eyes spoke of danger, of fire, of the thrill of the hunt, of blood and pain. He would make for a very fine mate for them.

“Yeah, he’s always like that.” Something about the tone in Mike’s voice told him Mike planned for this.

“You knew, didn’t you?”

Mike chuckled. “Of course. You two need each other. Now you’re hooked and won’t be cutting off your nose because of spite.”

John looked back at Mike tempted to argue for a moment but Mike had a good point. After all, werewolves only had one mate.

“I owe you one, Mike. “

Mike just grinned. “Just invite me to the wedding.”

John felt lighter than he had in quite a while. His wolf was feeling quite content, they had to head back for the last time to the small bedsit to pack before starting his new life. It took all of half an hour to pack all of his things, save for the laptop. It all fit in a duffel bag and a box. His gun and RAMC mug careful wrapped. John would be sleeping as a wolf once again, so no need for his sheets and pillow. He could use a good night’s sleep. The wolf was about here and now. The wolf cared little for the past unless it affects the present. It was done with. The nightmares didn’t affect the wolf the same way they did John. The rest of the afternoon and evening was spent trying to find out any and everything about his mate.

“The science of deduction. Interesting title.” John spoke aloud to the empty room.

John read for a bit. It all sounded a bit strange. Shaking his head at the oddity, he shut his laptop down and packed it. Taking off his clothes- they didn’t like the feel of the collar while they slept- and put the dirty clothes in a plastic bag before he shifted. His bones cracked and popped, his skin tore as his body forced itself into a new form. Fur erupted from his skin; covering his body. They shook the remaining pain away after being used to it. To fully shift usually took him five to seven minutes. On average, a werewolf takes about ten to fifteen minutes, but they had practiced shifting in a hurry after joining the army. It didn’t do them much good to be fast healers if they left themselves open and vulnerable for too long.
The next morning, John grabbed his things and turned the keys over with reluctance, not because he enjoyed living there, but because he would have no back-up in store incase this went horribly wrong. But the wolf trusted that things would work out. After all, Sherlock was their mate.

He spent the afternoon at Regents Park, scoping the place out. He could only smell one other werewolf but it was very faint. This would make for a great spot on the three nights he had to spend as a wolf- lots of space to roam, things sniff, maybe a few rabbits and birds to hunt. He left for Baker Street early, he needed to scan out the place first; check all exits and sniff for any potential threats. There was a Speedy's next door and a fire escape out the back.

Only non-human he could smell was a minor fae. They smelled of earth and dirt, of dying leaves, of gingerbread. It reminded John of autumn: of crisp leaves of gold and red, of warm cozy fires, and soft blankets. John watched the cab pull up with Sherlock inside. The wolf wanted to bask in his presence. Their mate.

“Ah, you’re here already. Good.” Sherlock spoke in his deep voice. John watched as his eyes took in the duffle bag, box, and dry cleaners bag that held his dress uniform in.

“This is a prime spot isn’t it? Must be expensive.” John was starting to doubt this would work out. “The landlady, Ms. Hudson, gives me a deal, owes me a favor. A few years back, her husband got himself sentenced to death. I was able to help out.”

“So you stopped it?”

“Oh, no. I ensured it.”

John was a bit surprised. It was, to say the least, unexpected.

“Shall we?” Sherlock gestured to the door.

“Oh, yes, let’s.” Sherlock knocked on the door.
Sherlock glanced at the shifter who was to be his flatmate. An optimist, oddly enough, going by the fact he brought a few things over, unexpected. Sherlock wondered how long he would last, maybe he could put on a good impression. He needed to clean for a bit longer before gaining access to his funds once more. They quickly small talk before knocking on the door. Ms. Hudson opened it, wearing a purple house dress. the brownie welcomed them in. Sherlock noticed her eyes quickly shift from John Watson to him, a gleam in her eyes. She smiled warmly at them and gestured them inside.

“Oh, Sherlock.” she hugs him, one of the few people who are allowed to do so. “It’s so good to see you found someone.”

“Ms. Hudson this is Doctor John Watson.”

“Oh, how lovely, a doctor. Maybe he will keep you out of trouble.” She spoke with a gleam in her eyes before wrapping him in a hug once again. “Come in, come in.” She led the way upstairs.

Sherlock watched the shift’s arse, it was hugged nicely in the man's trousers. It wasn't a common thing for Sherlock to pay attention to, he needed his mind clear to focus on The Work. Unfortunately the good doctor hit quite a few of the items on Sherlock's checklist when it comes to sexual attraction: he was blonde, muscular without being grotesque, a doctor, and a soldier. They reached the top of the stairs, john politely waited for him to door. Sherlock watched John as he glanced about the flat.

“Oh, this could be nice, very nice indeed.” John nodded, sounded pleased.

“Yes, yes, my thoughts precisely.” Thusly, things were going smoothly.

“As soon as we get some of this cleared up.” John spoke just as Sherlock did.

“That’s why I’ve already taken the liberty of moving in.”

They glanced at one another, Sherlock should have seen this coming. He felt himself begin to panic slightly. John was interesting thus far and Sherlock really did not want to look for another potential flatmate. He quickly began to attempt to tidy up, moving stacks of papers, stabbing his mail in the fireplace with a small dagger.

He turned his back to John. “Obviously, I can tidy up a bit.”

“That's a human skull.”

Sherlock turned to see the other man pointing at the skeletal remains of a head. “Ah, yes, a friend of
mine. Well, I say friend. “

Thankfully, Ms. Hudson interrupted them before things got to stuffling and awkward. Sherlock took his coat and scarf off while she spoke to John.

“Well, what do you think, Doctor?” Ms. Hudson asked.

“John if you please.” The blond man corrected.

“John. Theres a second bedroom upstairs if you'll be needing it. “ The gleam was back in her eyes.

“Yes please actually. “

“Oh, don't worry, dearie, there’s all sorts near here. Ms. Turner next-door has married one once.”

“We've only just met Ms Hudson.” He told her kindly while putting his stuff down, and draping his dress uniform over the red armchair.

Already claiming it as his own, which was fine since Sherlock preferred the black leather one.

Sherlock watched John open the box and take out a carefully wrapped mug and a wooden box that smelled of tea. Sherlock could tell by the way he handled the box it meant a lot to him and by how worn it was, it was no surprise the shifter smelled permanently of tea.

“Oh, Sherlock, the mess you've made.” Ms. Hudson spoke, tutting a bit as she went to tidy up the kitchen pots, pans, and some of his equipment that went flouting about. As she started cleaning, her magic filled the kitchen with her motherly warmth. It had not taken long for Sherlock to see her as a second mother, despite trying hard not to.

“I looked you up on the Internet last night.” John spoke, sitting on the red chair, his box and mug balanced on his knees, most likely he didn't wish to disturb Ms. Hudson's cleaning.

“Anything interesting?” Sherlock asked, eager to hear what John thought.

“I found your website The Science Of Deduction I believe that's what you call it.”

“What did you think?”

“You said you could identify a software designer by his tie and a pilot by his left thumb?”

“Yes, and I can read your military career in your face and the way you hold yourself. I can read your brother's drinking problem in your mobile phone. The fact your a coyote shifter by your hair color, lack of a place to stay, the scent of fur you carry with you and the lack of any on your clothes.”

Sherlock turned his back to stare out the window at the police car that had just pulled up. The snow leopard shifter- DI Lestrade got out. He could feel John's eyes on him.

“How?”

“What about these suicides, then? Sherlock thought it would be right up your street. Three. Exactly the same.” Ms. Hudson spoke, a newspaper rustling in her hands.

“Four. There's been a fourth. There's something different this time.”

He turned and headed for the door hearing Lestrade footsteps on the stairs, excitement was beginning
to stir in his veins. He quickly opened the door before Lestrade could knock. His cat eyes looked a
might frantic, not even glancing at John.

“Where at?” Sherlock kept his face cool and composed, he didn't want to give his eagerness away.

“Brixton. Lauriston Gardens.”

“What's different about this one? You wouldn’t have come to get me if there wasn't something
different.”

“You know how they never leave a note? Well, this one did and it's odd. Will you come? It’s got to
at least an eight.”

“Who's on forensics?” Sherlock hoped he wouldn't have to deal with that incompetent wizard.

“It's Anderson.” No such luck then. “Does that even matter? You'll just insult whoever's working, as
always.”

“But I need an assistant.”

“Sherlock, don't be difficult. Will you come?”

“Yes, yes, but not in police car. I'll be right behind.”

“Thank you.” He quickly headed out the door.

As soon as he was gone, Sherlock grinned and leapt for joy. He had been itching to get in on this
case for months now.

“Brilliant! Yes! Four serial suicides and now a note! It's Christmas, but better.” He grabbed his coat
and scarf.

“I’m off, Ms. Hudson.” He gave her a peck on the cheek. “John, make yourself a cup of tea and
make yourself at home. Don't wait up. I'm sure Ms. Hudson has something for you to eat.”

Sherlock quickly headed downstairs and was about to hail a cab when he remembered something.
John Watson was an army doctor. He could be useful, and, unless he was wrong- which he rarely
ever was- John was starved for adrenaline and excitement. He quickly headed back up the stairs.
John was putting his mug and tea box in the cupboard, but turned around when Sherlock re-entered
the flat.

“You're an army doctor, in fact you're a surgeon.”

“Yes.”

“Any good?”

John’s chin tilted up with pride. “Very good.”

“Seen a lot of injuries then, a lot of violent deaths.” John's full attention was on him. “Bit of trouble
too, I bet.”

“Hmm, yes, of course, enough for a lifetime. Far too much.” John replied in dull tone that spoke of
the fact he knew what was expected to be said, but didn't mean a word of it.
“Want to see some more?” Sherlock said with a smile, knowing what the answer was.

“God, yes. “ Sherlock watched the shorter man's eyes brighten to a bright silver blue for a second before darkening back.
Chapter Notes

I had to cut it way short since its way longer then planed, i cut it twice i blame Sherlock and his deductions lol.

Once in the cab, Sherlock turned toward John.

“Ask. You have questions, I can tell.”

John did in fact have quite a few, and a few things to correct. Like the fact he had a half-sister and was a werewolf, not a shifter. Werewolves mostly kept to themselves and avoided larger cities. John hadn’t grown up around werewolves. After his father left when he was six, John hadn’t met another werewolf until he was sixteen.

“Where are we going?”

“Crime scene. Next question.”

“What is it that you do? You left a strange text on my phone about arresting someone's brother.”

“What do you think I do? “

“I'd say private detective.” That didn't seem right, but Sherlock was being tight-lipped for some reason. Back at the flat he spoke readily about what he thought was correct.

“But?”

John really didn't wish to in lust his mate so early on in the developing relationship hell, they weren't even friends yet. However, it would make him open up a bit out of pride.

“The police don't hire amateurs. “

“Amateur!? “ Sherlock sounded offended. John only smirked. “Let's start with the fact I knew about the fact you’re an army doctor. Your haircut, the way you hold yourself, says military. But your conversation as you entered the room said trained at Bart’s, so Army doctor – obvious. Your face is tanned, but no tan above the wrists. You’ve been abroad, but not sunbathing. You have a slight limp at times, and your shoulder which suggests you were wounded in action. That and combined with the tan, which leaves us with Afghanistan or Iraq.”

John was already impressed. The wolf preened in the knowledge that their mate was so smart. But it was clear Sherlock wasn't done yet, he had just briefly paused and had John's phone in his hands.

“Now for your brother, your phone tells it all. It's expensive, e-mail enabled, MP3 player, but you’re looking for a flatshare – you wouldn’t waste money on this. Even if you knew how to use all of it. Clearly it’s a gift. Scratches. Not one, many over time. It’s been in the same pocket as keys and coins. The man sitting next to me wouldn’t treat his one luxury item like this, so it’s had a previous owner. Next bits easy. You know it already.”
“You’re talking about the engraving on the back?” Carla loved to engrave and monogram things. She had engraved all of Harry's phones since they became a couple. Engraved on it was Harry Watson From Clara xxx.

“Harry Watson: clearly a family member who’s given you his old phone. Not your father; this is a young man’s gadget. Could be a cousin, but you’re a war hero who can’t find a place to live. Unlikely you’ve got an extended family, certainly not one you’re close to, so brother it is. Now, Clara. Who’s Clara? Three kisses says it’s a romantic attachment. The expense of the phone says wife, not girlfriend. She must have given it to him recently – this model’s only six months old. Marriage in trouble then – six months on he’s just given it away. If she’d left him, he’d have kept it. People do – sentiment. But no, he wanted to get rid of it. He left her. He gave the phone to you: that says he wants you to stay in touch. You’re looking for cheap accommodation, but you’re not going to your brother for help: that says you’ve got problems with him. Maybe you liked his wife; maybe you don’t like his drinking. Either way you’re here now.”

“How can you possibly know about the drinking? Everything up to that point makes sense.” John asked, amazed.

“Shot in the dark. Good one, though. Power connection: tiny little scuff marks around the edge of it. Every night he goes to plug it in to charge but his hands are shaking. You rarely see those marks on a sober man’s phone unless he has a condition that causes tremors, but you never see a drunk’s without them.”

Sherlock handed John his phone back with a smirk on his face. “Sherlock Holmes: consultant detective, only one in the world.”

“That was amazing, incredible even.” Sherlock looked at him, shocked that smirk gone from his face.

“You really mean that?”

“Of course I do. I’ve never seen anything like it, I figured you were smart; didn't know you were a genius.”

“That's not what most people say.”

“Why not? It’s true. I guess they must be fools. What do they normally say?”

“Piss off, mostly.”

“Such a shame really.”

They arrived. Sherlock paid the cabbie and they climbed out.

“So, anything I got wrong?”

“A few things: Harry's my half-sister, short for Harriet. She lives above the bar she co-owns which is too small for me to stay. Clara and her are indeed separated.”

“A sister! There's always something.”

“One more thing, I'm not a coyote-shifter I'm a-”

“Well look who it is, what are you doing here, freak?” A black woman interrupted John before he could tell Sherlock that he was a werewolf.
He really didn't like her calling Sherlock a freak, she smelled like a spring field underneath the male deodorant that was almost overwhelming. John recognized the scent of clovers and daisy's, she was a rabbit-shifter. They tended to be either sweet and kind people or abrasive and rude. John had a feeling she was the latter.

“I was invited by DI Lestrade. It's nice to see you too, Sergeant Donovan.” Sherlock replied sarcastically. “Thought you'd be in a better mood today since you didn't make it home last night.”

Her face flushed and she looked away. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.” She turned to John. “Who's this?”

“Doctor John Watson. He's a colleague.”

“You have a colleague? Did you have to pay him to follow you around?”

“Of course not.”

“Would it be better if I just wait here?” John ignored the woman, not wanting to lose his temper. The wolf wanted to put the little rabbit in her place and teach her not to insult their mate.

“No.” Sherlock lifted the yellow police tape for him to step under as Sergeant Donovan used her radio to let the others know they were coming.

“Freaks on his way.”

John followed Sherlock, resisting the urge to snarl at her as they passed. Unfortunately, they ran into someone else, wearing an ungodly amount of cologne on top of everything else. John wanted to wrinkle his nose in disgust. But he could smell the hint of magic coming off him.

“Don't contaminate my crime scene, you hear me?”

“Ah, Anderson, how long is your wife gone for this time?” Sherlock asked with a sneer on his face.

“How could you possibly know that?!”

“Your deodorant, of course, it's for men.”

“Yeah, so? I'm a man.”

“But Sally's not and she's wearing the same kind.” Sherlock said, the sneer still showing.

“Just what are you implying!?” Anderson spoke slightly panicked.

“Oh, nothing. I'm sure you just had her scrub your floors from the state on her knees.” With that, Sherlock flounced off.

John snickered when Anderson was out of earshot. Sherlock’s lip twitched up in a small smile.

“Who's he?” The grey-haired cat-shifter from earlier questioned. He smelled of pine and frost of cool winter nights in the woods blanked in snow. “What's he doing here? This is a crime scene, Sherlock.”

“He's with me.” Sherlock replied.

“That doesn't answer my question.”
“Doctor John Watson. Nice to meet you.” John offered his hand, trying to seem harmless, but the hesitant look DI gave him made the wolf like him. He was clearly smart and recognized a superior predator.

“Detective Inspector Greg Lestrade “

“Yes, yes, there’s a dead body waiting for us, so let’s hurry this along.”

“Upstairs.”

The DI led them upstairs after John put on protective gear. He still had no idea why he was here.

“Sherlock, what am I doing here?”

“Assisting me.” Sherlock said before running up the stairs.

John could hear the DI talking to Sherlock as he walked up the stairs.

“Her name’s Jennifer Wilson according to her credit cards. We’re running them now for contact details. Hasn’t been here long. Some kids found her.”

John watched Sherlock as he moved around the body with an easy grace. It was a shame he still had the coat on, John would have loved to look at his arse once again, but Sherlock was focused on the pink lady who smelled like flowers. John had a feeling if he got closer, he would smell the taint of a black witch. The flowers he was smelling were all poisonous: monkshood, foxglove, and Daphne were the ones he recognized. One his ex’s was obsessed with deadly plants and flowers.

“Got anything?”

“Not much.” Sherlock was on his phone searching for something.

“She's German. Rache means revenge. It might be a message.” Anderson spoke, leaning against the door frame.

If he really was a wizard, he should be able to detect magic of all sorts, but Sherlock had mentioned his incompetence. While John had no doubt it was a message, revenge sounded ridiculous. He had held many a men as they died, not once did they say anything remotely close to that. His most certainly weren't.

“So she's German?” At least the DI sounded doubtful.

“Of course she’s not. She’s from out of town, though. Intended to stay in London for the night before returning home to Cardiff. It's quite obvious if you simply observe.” Sherlock said smugly as he slammed the door in Anderson's face.

“Well, it's not obvious to me, so explain yourself. I know you're dying to show off as usual. “

Sherlock ignored him and turned to John. He could get lost in the pale kaleidoscope eyes of his eyes.

“John, take a look. I want your opinion on cause of death.”

“Now hold up, there's plenty of medical examiners to do so. Sherlock.” The DI tried to protest.

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”
“Fine. Ignore me, but you have two minutes before I come back, and he better be done, Sherlock.” Lestrade left the room.

John walked over to the woman and did a quick exam. He had been right - the closer he got, the more he could smell the taint of a black witch.

“Well?”

“Asphyxiation. Passed out, choked on her own vomit. Black witch involved somehow. I can smell a mix of monkshood, foxglove, and Daphne. But the witch wasn't with her when she died.”

Sherlock smiled at him like he was some interesting bug under a microscope that he wanted to study. It shouldn't have please him so, but it did. What this man, this vampire, did to him in such a short amount of time was astounding.

“You can come back now, Lestrade.”

The cat-shifter entered the room. “Well, what can you tell me about our victim?”

“Victim is in her late thirties. Professional person, going by her clothes; I’m guessing something in the media, going by the frankly alarming shade of pink. travelled from Cardiff today, intending to stay in London for one night. It’s obvious from the fact that she was dragging a suitcase.”

“Suitcase?” Lestrange asked

“Suitcase, yes. She’s been married at least ten years, but not happily. She’s had a string of lovers but none of them knew she was married.”

Lestrade sighed. “You better not be making this up.”

Sherlock glared at him but carried on. “Her wedding ring. Ten years old at least. The rest of her jewelry has been regularly cleaned, but not her wedding ring. State of her marriage right there. The inside of the ring is shinier than the outside – that means it’s regularly removed. The only polishing it gets is when she works it off her finger. It’s not for work; look at her nails. She doesn’t work with her hands, so what- or rather- who does she remove her rings for? Clearly not one lover; she’d never sustain the fiction of being single over that amount of time, so more likely a string of them. Simple.”

John was amazed and couldn't help but to praise his mate. “That's brilliant!”

Sherlock preened at the compliment.

“How in the world did you get Cardiff?” Lestrade questioned.

“It's quite obvious.” Sherlock huffed.

“No, not really.”

“Sorry, no.” John apologized.

“Dear God, what is it like in your funny little brains? It must be so boring.” Sherlock stared at them, shaking his head before going back to showing off. “Her coat: it’s slightly damp. She’s been in heavy rain in the last few hours. No rain anywhere in London in that time. Under her coat collar is damp, too. She’s turned it up against the wind. She’s got an umbrella in her left-hand pocket but it’s dry and unused: not just wind, strong wind – too strong to use her umbrella. We know from her suitcase that she was intending to stay overnight, so she must have come a decent distance but she
can’t have travelled more than two or three hours because her coat still hasn’t dried. So, where has there been heavy rain and strong wind within the radius of that travel time?” He showed them his phone. “Cardiff.”

“That’s fantastic! “ John exclaimed. Sherlock was a genius, plain and simple.

Sherlock looked at him for a moment with curious eyes. “You’re aware you do that out loud right?”

“Of course I know. I intended to.”
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Here you go bit longer then i had planned but oh well.

Sherlock stared at the blond man standing before him. Only his family had ever praised him for his detections and never as enthusiastically as John did. It was odd but extremely pleasant. He could get used to such things, but he had to concentrate on the case and not on John.

"Why'd you keep saying 'suitcase'?"

"Yes, now where is it? She must have had a phone or an organiser. Also find out who Rachel is."

"She was writing 'Rachel'?"

"No, she was leaving an angry note in German. Of course she was writing Rachel; no other word it can be. Question is: why did she wait until she was dying to write it, and where is the suitcase now?" Sherlock snapped back, sarcasm dripping from his voice. Why didn't people just do as he asked it would save so much time.

"There wasn't a case."

"What do you mean there wasn't a case? There had to be a case. She wouldn't have left looking like that."

"Sherlock, there was never a case."

"Suitcase! Did anyone find a suitcase? Was there a suitcase in this house?" Sherlock called out after opening the door, hoping one of the other idiots had spotted it

"Sherlock!" Lestrade snapped. "There was no suitcase. I already told you that."

"Maybe she left it behind in the car?" John asked.

Left in the car! Then the killer would have to dispose of it right away, can't be seen with a pink suitcase, it would draw unwanted attention. The killer made a mistake!

“Oh yes! I love serial killers they always make a mistake. All of these are murders made to look like suicide. They take the poison themselves; they chew, swallow the pills themselves. There are clear signs. Even you lot couldn’t miss them. But there's someone else there with them every time, and they have just made their first mistake!” Sherlock needed to find the case. He quickly ran down the stairs.

“Oi! Where you going!” Lestrade called out.

“Pink!” Sherlock replied as he head out the door there was dumpsters near by he would start their. They must’ve dumped the case some where. Sherlock began rummaging through bins on every backstreet wide enough for a car to fit. He would find it even if it took all night. He almost didn't hear someone joining him.
“Need any help?” Sherlock looked at John. With his nose, John might be able to find it first. Between the two of them, it would go by much faster.

“Yes, start looking over there. I already checked the last couple of streets. You search ahead, any backstreet wide enough for a car to fit though. He can't be seen with a pink case.”

“Alright, no problem.” Sherlock watched his eyes turn to a silvery blue different from his usual dark blue with a hazel ring.

It was something to figure out. Sherlock wanted to deduce what John was, he already told him he wasn't a coyote shifter. But before he got a good look at his eyes John was off headed for a street a couple minutes away from sherlock. He refocused on the street next to him.

“Sherlock!” A voice three streets down called out.

Sherlock quickly headed over to where John was standing a trap pushed aside. He was standing in the dumpster holding up a pink case. Sherlock double checked the tag.

Name: Jennifer Wilson  
Address: 73 Wentloog Road, Cardiff, CF3 3HD  
Phone & email: 07565 996385, jennie.pink@mephone.org.uk.

“Yes!” Sherlock was eager to look inside he started to unzip it when a warm calloused hand covered his.

“It might be safer to take it back to baker st. Also cleaner don't want to contaminate evidence.”

Sherlock looked up at John who was still standing in the dumpster. His eyes were darting around keeping an eye out for any potential danger. He was definitely a soldier a bit parioned but he had a point. That attention to his surroundings always on grad could be useful to him. Someone to watch his back. How ever he would need to find out if the good doctor would stick around. If he or his brother would scare him off. Clearly the cases wouldn't put the man off nor the fact he was a vampire. Sherlock zipped the case back up.

“Fine. We will wait till we're back at the flat.”

John quickly jumped out of the dumpster and flowed sherlock back to 221b baker st. Back at the flat Sherlock porped suitcase open and dug though it after discarding his coat and scarf. There had to be a phone, a laptop, and day planner something anything really.

“want some tea?” John called out.

Sherlock huffed in affiminton. There was nothing, there hadn't been a phone on her which must mean the killer still had it.

“What kind?”

Sherlock didn't answer him.

“Alright I'll just surprise you.”

“John I need you to send a text.”

John walked out of the kitchen and placed a cup of tea and some sugar by him. The tea smelled good sherlock added two sugars, stired and took a sip.
“Cardamom cinnamon tea. You did manage to surprise me. Figured you for black or earl gary maybe green or breakfast tea. I need you to send a text to 07565996385.”

“Why can’t you?” John replied getting his phone out and typing the number in anyhow.

“My number is one my website might be recognized. “ He replied with a sip of his tea.

It was quite good. Now Sherlock needed to figure out who the murder was. Obviously clever even if he made a mistake.

“Type these words exactly: What happened at Lauriston Gardens? I must have blacked out.”

“Baiting the killer? “ John asked typing.

“Of course.” Sherlock smirked. “You finished yet?”

“No, be patient will ya. All right done. Now what? “

Sherlock smirked again took a sip fishing the tea savoring the moment before the phone would enatile ring. “A few hours after his last victim, and now he receives a text that can only be from her. If somebody had just found that phone they’d ignore a text like that, but the murderer …” The phone starts to ring. “Would panic. Witch means without a doubt the killer has her phone she didn't leave it somewhere or forget it which was a possibility. “

“Now what do we get the police? Call the DI? “

“Oh John four people are dead. There isn’t time to talk to the police.”

“Yet your talking to me.

“Ms. Hudson took my skull. “ Sherlock said looking at the empty place on the mantle avoiding Johns gaze.

He really wasn't going to admit that he enjoyed talking to the man. It would leave him open and he wasn't about to have that.

“So I’m basically filling in for your skull?” John said in what Sherlock was sure was a teasing tone.

“Relax, you’re doing fine.” Better than fine the skull never completed him. Sherlock put his coat and scarf back on and watched John do the same after finishing his tea. “Besides I think better when I talk aloud. The skull just attracts attention, so …”

John laugheded shaking his head as they head out the door. “I can only imagine what sort of sight you make talking to a skull. Where are we going anyhow?”

“Northumberland Street’s a five-minute walk from here.”

“You think he’s stupid enough to go there?” John asked with a raise of his eye brows.

“No – I think he’s brilliant enough. I love the brilliant ones. They’re always so desperate to get caught.”

“Why would they be desperate to get caught sounds contuter pordive to me. “

“Appreciation! Applause! At long last the spotlight. That’s the frailty of genius, John: it needs an audience.” Sherlock spoke searching his arms out wide his coat falling out behind him."This is his
hunting ground, right here in the heart of the city. Now that we know his victims were abducted, that changes everything. Because all of his victims disappeared from busy streets, crowded places, but nobody saw them go. Think! Who do we trust, even though we don’t know them? Who passes unnoticed wherever they go? Who hunts in the middle of a crowd?” aside from a vampire looking for their next meal that is. But then the bodies would be drained not poisoned.

“Aside from the obvious and not the culprit no cule. You? “

“Haven’t the faintest. Hungry? “ Sherlock knew a great little italian place near Northumberland Street were they could sit and wait.

“Starved. “

“I know a place. “

This would be interesting to see how Angelo would react with John. He always said sherlock needed someone. Of course he wouldn't listen when he said he didn't need anyone. They entered the restaurant. Out of the corner of his eye Sherlock saw john take a big whiff and smile then scan the room checking for potential threats and exits. Angelos nephew led them to a small table with a reserved sign on it.

“Thank you, Billy.”

John sat with his back to the window but turned his body slightly so he could still see outside a bit.

“Twenty-two Northumberland Street. Keep your eyes on it.”

“He isn’t just gonna ring the doorbell, though, is he? He’d need to be mad for that to happen, no matter what you say about needing to be caught. “

“Well he has killed four people thus far. “

“Good point. “

Just then Angelo came by with a larger than life personality. He quickly patted sherlock on the back and if he hadn't already been sitting he would have given him a hug.

“Sherlock! Anything on the menu, whatever you want, free. On the house, for you and for your date.” He winked at John, who flushed slightly most wouldn't notice the ever so slight eating of his cheeks, glancing at him. “This man got me off a murder charge.”

“John this is Angelo.”

“Nice to meet you. “ Angelo grinned at him obviously plased at what he saw. ”Three years ago I successfully proved to Lestrade at the time of a particularly vicious triple murder that Angelo was in a completely different part of town, house-breaking.”

“This man cleared my name. “ He said putting menus down.

“I only cleared it a bit Angelo.” Sherlock corrected him.

“But for this man, I’d have gone to prison.”

“You did go to prison. “

“I’ll get a candle for the table. It’s more romantic that way. “ He left with another wink.
“He seems nice. Bit of a matchmaker I presume?“

“Indeed he is. “

“Clara and Mike both are the same way. “ John picked up the menu.

Angelo came back and set a tea light in a blow on the table and lit it smiling at them. “Are you ready to order? Sherlock do just want garlic bread?“

Sherlock nodded while vampires could eat they didn't need to. It did help his body produce a bit of blood on its own, he didn't eat while on a case, the exceptions being Ms. Hudson's honey ginger biscuits, tea and Angelo's garlic bread.

“Yes please I'll have the Chicken Cacciatore.” good hearty choice.

“All right I'll bring wine more romantic with a candle.”

Angelo left the two of them alone Sherlock was keeping an eye out.

“Do you know about my sister and sister-in-law what about you? Any siblings?“

“I have a few older brothers I don't know them well so it's just Mycroft you have to worry about. Victoria is not in the country at the moment.“

“What's he like then?“

“He's fat and annoying and nosey. If he offers you money to spy on me say yes we can split the money and make up stuff to tell him.“

“Here I was thinking my relationship with my sister was bad. I'm guessing he's your older brother then?“ Their food avired.

“Yes he is.” Sherlock grabbed his bread.

John seemed to enjoy his meal. It was strangely satisfying watching him eat. He seemed too thin half starved almost. Part of him was glad the was no sign as of yet while the other half was getting impatient.

“Are you seeing anyone?” John asked. “Girlfriend or a Boyfriend?”

“No. Look John I'm flattered but…..” there right there a cab had pulled up right where he asked to met the killer. But no was getting out “Look across the street. Taxi. Stopped. Nobody getting in, and nobody getting out.” Sherlock couldn't see the outline whoever was in there keep moving around. “Why a taxi? Oh, that’s clever. Is it clever? Why is it clever?”

John turned to look. “That’s him?”

“Don't stare!” Sherlock hissed.

“Your staring. “

“Well we both can’t stare.”

Sherlock stood up and left hurriy after the cab before it left he could flwool it but there was less chance of them getting away if he catches them early on in the chase. He could hear John right behind him. They got close but the cab took off.
“I’ve got the cab number.”

“Good for you. “ Sherlock closed his eyes and say the streets of London. Taking in account for road work and traffic he plotted out the best route to take on foot. “Right turn, one way, roadworks, traffic lights, bus lane, pedestrian crossing, left turn only, traffic lights.”

They took off running their feet slapping the pavement as they spread off turing threw allies and leaping in between buildings the rush of adrenaline coursing through veins everything sharp and focused weaving around cars avoiding getting hit. It was exciting. He finally caught the car using a badge he had stolen he pounded on the window.


Sherlock heard John sneeze and gag as the scent of cologne and two different perfumes wafted towards them. It was enough to make Sherlock's nose twitch and protest, he could taste the cloying scent on his tongue. He didn't blame John for taking a couple steps back. He looked at the passengers. Two females about twenty years old and a obviously gay man were cramed in the back of the cab dressed in revealing clothes. Drunk as well he could tell from dilated unfocused eyes. Here for a weekend of fun and party's. Although the girl hanging outside of the other window vomiting clearly wasn't having a good time.

“Youuurr the poo lice?” the man slurred. “Youur to hott ta be a cop. Wann some donutss piggy? “ he giggled. Form the acent he was American.

“Sorry about that. Have a good rest of your night. “ Sherlock spoke and quickly got away form the car. Vomit did nothing to help the artificial reek that was wafting from inside the car. He quickly found John who seemed to have quit sneezing and gagging.

“Sorry, downside of having a sensitive nose. “

Sherlock nodded. “Are you ready for another run? “ The drunkards in the cab had attracted a real police officer this time

“Definitely. “ John spoke with a sparkle in his eyes and a grin on his face as the raced back home. They made it slumping against the wall trying to breath and talk and giggle at the same time.

“That has got to be one of the most craziest things I've ever done. “

“You invaded Afghanistan.”

“That wasn't just me though. “

They looked at each other a giggled anew. Sherlock knew then he wanted to keep John Watson as long as possible.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Not beta or birt pic looking for one though

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John couldn't believe he just flowed Sherlock though the London streets, up and over buildings it had been fun. Exlirting even. The climbed the steps still giggling a little sherlock threw himself on the couch after taking his coat and scarf off, his hands folded up under his chin. John grabbed his stuff and headed upstairs. Lucky there was furniture already. John put his threadbare sheets on the bed put his clothes in dresser his shoes and dress uniform in the closet. It was a bit sparse but when he got the foot locker and box of medical texts from Harry's.....well it would still be sparse but less so. He headed back down the steps but before he could do much else he heard the sound of multiple people come the stairs and bursting in to flat. The DI and his team were bursting into their flat. The wolf wanted to force them out of their den. The started to rummage through Sherlocks belongings John had to bite back a snarl. But then Lestrade had the gall to attempt to sit on John's chair. He growled at the cat shifter it was their chair not his. They had claimed it, they were all lucky John had good control of the wolf.

“What are you doing?! You can't just barge in here!” Sherlock spoke angrily.

“Well, I knew you'd find the case. I’m not stupid as you like to think I am.” Lestrade said turning to Sherlock.

“You can’t just break into our flat.” John told him.

“And he can’t withhold evidence. And I didn’t break into your flat.”

“Well, what do you call this then?”

“It's a drugs bust. “

“Seriously?! This guy, a junkie?! Have you met him?!” John exclaimed how dare they.””m pretty sure you could search this flat all day, you wouldn’t find anything you could call recreational.”

“John. “

“What? No, you? “ He looked at Sherlock's face he couldn't believe it he was at a loss for words.

“Shut up. “ Sherlock looked away from him and yelled at Lestrange “I’m not your sniffer dog.”

“No, Anderson’s my sniffer dog.” He nodded towards the kitchen.

“Anderson, what are you doing here on a drugs bust?”

“Oh I volunteered. “ Anderson spoke with a sneer.

“They all did. They’re not strictly speaking on the drugs squad, but they’re quite keen. You've made a lot people angry.” Lestrade told Sherlock with a shrug.
“Are these human tongues!?” Donovan exclaimed.

“Put those back!”

“They were in the toaster. “ She looked at him like he was a bizarre creature. John really didn't want to know what Sherlock was doing with them. But if these people didn't leave soon John was going to be sorely tempted to shift and chase them out his home. If it was closer to the full moon he would have.

“Keep looking, everyone “ The DI turned to Sherlock. “Or you could help us properly and I’ll stand them down.”

“This is childish. “

“Well, I’m dealing with a child. Sherlock, this is our case. I’m letting you in, but you do not go off on your own. Clear? Or this is what happens you can’t hide evidence. “

“Oh, what, so you set up a pretend drugs bust to bully me into submission. “

“It stops being pretend if they find anything. I know you didn't just feed on cocaine addicts you also took it yourself”

“I am clean!”

“Is your flat? All of it?”

“Our flat. “ John growled they were quite displeased with the treatment of their mate.

“Sorry Mr. Watson.” Lestrade apologised.

“It’s Doctor. “

“Doctor Watson. “

“Sherlock let’s work together on this. We’ve found Rachel.”

“Excellent. Who is she?”

“Jennifer Wilson’s only daughter.”

“Her daughter? Why would she write her daughter’s name? Why?” Sherlock looked puzzled.

“Never mind that. We found the case.” Anderson said pointing to it.

John rolled his eyes. “You mean we found it for you. “

“According to someone, the murderer has the case, and we found it in the hands of our favourite psychopath and his new pet.” Anderson sneered.

“I’m not a psychopath, Anderson. I’m a high-functioning sociopath. Do your research. And John's not my pet” John looked at Sherlock certain the part about being a high-functioning sociopath wasn't true. Sherlock turned back towards the DI. “You need to bring Rachel in. You need to question her. I need to question her.”

“We can’t Sherlock she’s dead, technically she was never alive. Rachel was Jennifer Wilson’s stillborn daughter, fourteen years ago.”
“No, that’s ... that’s not right. How ... Why would she do that? Why?”

“Why would she think of her daughter in her last moments? Yup – sociopath; I’m seeing it now.” Anderson said sarcasm dripping from his voice.

“She didn’t think about her daughter. She scratched her name on the floor with her fingernails. She was dying and in enormous amount of pain. It took effort. It would have hurt even more adding to the pain she was already in. “

“You said that the victims all took the poison themselves, that he makes them take it. Well, maybe he ... I don’t know, talks to them? Maybe he used the death of her daughter somehow.” John asked trying to helpful.

“Yeah, but that was ages ago. Why would she still be upset about her daughter’s death? Her daughter who was never born? “ Sherlock asked him. The room grew quiet as everyone stopped what they were doing to stare at Sherlock who’s eyes never left John’s “Not good?” he asked

“Bit not good yah. “ Sherlock seemed to need some help with social norms and the people behave beyond murdering others.

He nodded and resumed trying to figure out what she meant writing her daughter’s name. “If you were dying ... if you’d been murdered: in your very last few seconds what would you say?” Sherlock asked the room

“Please, Máni* let me live.” John said trying not to remember lying bleeding out on the hot sand as others died screaming around him, the sliver burning threw his blood the shard tearing threw his skin his body trying to heal too many wounds at once if he hadn't been a werewolf he would have been dead almost instantly. He had prayed to the moon god his father and latter pack had all prayed to.

“Oh come on John use your imagination!”

“I don’t have to.” John felt all eyes turn to him. Sherlock looked apologetic a moment. Before going back to his dedications.

“Yeah, but if you were clever, really clever ... Jennifer Wilson running all those lovers: she was clever. She’s trying to tell us something.”

Ms. Hudson came up the stairs. “Sherlock your taxis here it’s not nice to keep him waiting. “

“I didn’t order a taxi. Go away. “ Sherlock made a shoeing gesture with his hand.

Ms. Hudson glanced around the room dismay written on her face. “Oh, dear. They’re making such a mess. What are they looking for?”

“It’s a drugs bust, Mrs Hudson.” John told the kindly fea woman.

“But Sherlocks been clean he hardly ever smokes any more. “ John felt better about that.

“Shut up, everybody, just shut up! Don’t move, don’t speak, don’t even breathe. I’m trying to think. Anderson, face the other way. Your face is putting me off.”

“What!? My face!?” Anderson squawked

“That’s what i said isn’t?”
“Everybody quiet and still. Anderson, turn your back. It's easier to do as he says the soon he finishes
the soon we can leave. “

Anderson mumbled under his breath as he turned around.

“Ah! She was clever, clever, yes! When she got out of the car, she knew was a dead woman
walking. She left the phone in order to lead us to her killer.”

“How is that supposed to help us Sherlock?”

“Rachel. Oh, look at you lot. You’re all so vacant. Is it nice not being me? It must be so relaxing.
Rachel is not just a name. John, on the luggage, there’s a label. Email address….please. “ It sounded
like he tagged the please on the end.

John looked at the tag he overheard Donovan whisper to Anderson. “Did the freak just say please? “

“Er, jennie dot pink at mephone dot org dot uk.” John opened up his laptop a typed in the
information.

“Oh, I’ve been too slow. She didn’t have a laptop, which means she did her business on her phone,
so it’s a smartphone, it’s email enabled. So there was a website for her account. The username is her
email address and her password is Rachel.”

“So we can read her emails. So what?”

“Anderson, don’t talk out loud. You lower the I.Q. of the whole block. We can do much more than
just read her emails. It’s a smartphone, it’s got GPS, which means if you lose it you can locate it
online. She’s leading us directly to the man who killed her that was her plan that's why she wrote her
password.”

“Unless he got rid of it.” Donovan said.

“We know he didn’t. We texted him and he called back.” John told her.

“Sherlock, dear. This taxi driver he won't wait forever. “ Ms. Hudson spoke.

“We need to get a helicopter the battery won't last forever. “

The map showed up and the phones location was here at Baker st. “Sherlock.”

“It narrows it down from just anyone in London. It’s the first proper lead that we’ve had.”

“Sherlock.” John spoke louder.

“Where is it john quickly!” Sherlock said eagerly.

“It's here at baker street.”

“That's not possible, we know he has it. “ Sherlock shook his head unbelieving.

“Well, maybe it was in the case when you brought it back and it fell out somewhere.” Lestrade said
trying to be helpful.

“We have established the fact that it's not already. “ There was a small ding and Sherlock looked at
his phone with a perciuler face.
“Sherlock, you okay?” John asked concerned for his mate.

“yah yah I'm fine.” John frowned at the lie.

“are you sure about that? “

“Fresh air. Just popping outside for a moment. Won’t be long.” Sherlock ignored the question and headed outside. John went to the window and watched him drive away the wolf howled inside of him begging him to go after their mate.

“He just got in a cab. “

“Just brilliant leaving again, I told you Doctor Watson that's what he does he leaves so get out while you still can. Get a away form the lunatic. “ Donovan raved angrily.

“All right everybody pack it up were leaving. “ Lestrade ordered the people out.

“Why would he just leave?” John wondered out loud. “you know him better than me. “ he asked the cat shifter. The wolf wanted to stop talking and go after Sherlock.

“I've known him for five years and no, i don't. I've never seen him act the way he does around you. He's usually much worse.”

“then why do you put up with him? “

“ because I'm desperate that's why. And because Sherlock Holmes is a great man and one day I hope if I’m very very lucky he’ll be a good man. I think you will be good for him.” with that he left.

John watched him leave and went back to the laptop to refresh the page and noticed that the dot had moved and headed down the steps with his laptop to Ms. Hudson’s apparent. He was going after his mate and wasn't going to wait for the cops. He knocked on her door being his shift. She opened the door he handed her the laptop.

“Ms. Hudson please call Detective Inspector Lestrade and show them this. “ John groaned as his bones began to break and shift. “I need to go after Sherlock. “ He stood their panting bent over as his spine began lengthen his skin burned and itched soon his clothes would be replaced with fur and a collar.

“Of course dear you go after your mate now. “ she smiled knowingly and opened the front door for him.

“You are most kind. “ John told her in lieu of a thank you.

He felt the rest of change happen he shook the rest of the pain away as he leapt out the door Ms. Hudson shutting it behind him. John and his wolf raced through the streets of London shifting as they ran the wolf taking control as always during a hunt. This time they were hunting for their mate, their vampire, their Sherlock. John knew this change hurt like hell and latter he would pay the price. Latter after the found Sherlock. The cold air formed a small fog as ran he paws flying over concrete. Faster they ran turning through the alleyways. They came to a stop at two buildings the wolf could smell Sherlock and the man who murdered the dead lady, the man who was putting their mate in harm's way. John paryed to Màni to let them reach their mate before death takes him.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Sorry no beta but am looking for one.

Sherlock held the pill to his lips. If what John could smell was correct, then unless he was 100% correct, or had more than just Jeffery Hope to feed off of, he would be dead. Good thing he was 100% cretian. However, before he could take the pill, a loud crash from the door splitting distracted him as an extremely large creature burst through the destroyed door. Forty-five stone of muscle and sandy fur knocked Jeffrey Hope to the ground. The man pinned to the ground screaming in terror as the wolf-like creature snarled. It's font shoulder muscles looked larger than the back, similar to that of a bear or tiger meant for slashing. It's claws dug deep into helpless man's shoulders as it loomed over him. Sherlock could smell the the amione stench of urine the wolf like creature turned to him. Sherlock watched as blazing silver blue eyes glared at him drakaing to ounces he was more familiar with.

“John? “ Sherlock had been surprised once again. It left him temporarily outa sorts.

John the werewolf gave him an aspiring glance checking to make sure he was unharmed. Always the doctor, apparently being a six hundred and thirty pounds of fur and muscle and sharp teeth and claws did not change that fact.

“Don't kill him yet. I need informison. “

John nodded and tore his claws in to the man's soft underbelly causing immense pain but not killing him right away. If he got medical attention right away he would most likely be fine, if he didn't go into shock first. Sherlock loomed over the man. “Tell me was I right? “ Hope groaned and whimpered in pain. Witch was a non answer witch Sherlock refused to tolerate. He needed answers. He nodded to John who tore in to the man's legs with his claws. “You may be dying but we can still hurt you. Now who is your sponsor. “ Sherlock asked after his screaming died down. “Give me a name.”

“Moriarty! “ the man choked out.

“What is this Moriarty? How do you contract him? “ but Sherlock’s questions went unanswered as the light left Hopes eyes.

Sirens sounded below them the police had finally arrived. John took off at a run Sherlock watched his tail disappear he felt a small pang in his chest he was afraid to identify. Lestrade and the rest of him team stormed the room.

“What Sherlock are you alright?“ Lestrade asked him as he lead him out of the room and down the stairs.

He had wanted to go after John when he had left. He wanted to watch him shift, he had noticed a collar around his neck with army dog tags. He was forced to sit on the ambulance with an orange shock blanket throw across his shoulders. “Why am I wearing this? “

“Its for shock. “
“I'm not in shock. “

“Well some of the team what some pictures. Now what killed that man up there? “

“A bear. “ he wouldn't give John up, there was so much he wanted from the man.

“A bear? You mean a shifter? “

“No I mean a wild bear wandering around the streets of London.” Sherlock told him his voice dripping with sarcasm. He spotted John on the edge of the crowd watching waiting for him. He stood heading towards him.

“Oi! Were you going were not finished. “

“I have to go over there, besides I'm in shock i have a blanket see? “ Sherlock told him shifting his shoulders under the orange fabric as walked backwards. “besides I just caught you a serial killer albeit a mauled one. “ He turned back around to face John whose face was a tiny bit flushed, his hair mussed, eyes still a bit wild.

“Heard about what happened. An animal attack two pills dreadful business that. “

“Ah you would know wouldn't you, being a werewolf and all. “ Sherlock spoke as they walked away tossing the blanket towards the cars. “Are you alright? “ Sherlock didn't know why had felt the need to make sure John was fine.

“Yes, of course I'm alright why wouldn't I be?“

“Well you have just killed a man you have his blood on your paws “

“Suppose I do, he wasn't a very nice man though, and quite frankly a bloody awful cabbie.”

“Very ture. You should have seen the route he took. He could have gotten us here seven minutes faster he went a different way. “

Sherlock was pleased to hear John giggle once again. He could feel a smile bloom on face a warmth spread his chest as John's eyes sparkled with mirth.

“Stop that! We can't be giggling here it's a crime scene. “

“You're the one who muled him don't blame me. “ Sherlock smirked

“keep your voice down will ya. “

They walked passed a glaring Donovan.

“Sorry sorry just er nerves, I think. “ John was a terrible liar. After they had passed her john turns to him his eyes serious. ”You were going to take that dam pill weren't you? You would have died with no steady source of blood nere. The cabbie was old and his blood would be weak. “

Sherlock had to clear his throat feeling guilty for causing John to worry. “Course not. I was sure you would turn up i merely buying time. He had a lighter with him after all. “ fire was a vampires biggest weakness they were highly flammable.

“so is this how you get your kicks then? You risk your life to prove your clever. “

“Now why would I do that? “
John smiled softly at him. “Because you're an idiot.”

Sherlock smiled back. “Dinner?“

“Stavering. “ John's stomach growled in agitation.

“At the end of Baker St. there's a good Chinese place that stays open till two. You can always tell a good Chinese place by the bottom third of the door handle. “

“Dim sum? Wana to share some dumplings?“

Sherlock nodded he would eat some he was no longer on a case, he could push the rest over to John. Shifting into such a large animal must take a lot of energy. “I can predict the Fortune cookies.”

“No you can't. “

“Well almost every time. “
John was glad he had made it in time to stop Sherlock. He watched as he lead the way. They soon arrived and took a seat. Sherlock started the questions.

“How are shifters and werewolves different? I know the average size of a gray wolf is sixty-six to hundred thirty pounds, you were six hundred and thirty pounds. Your front muscles are more akin to a bear or tiger. I noticed you have a collar in place of clothes.”

“Well, unlike shifters who change in an instant, werewolves take much longer. I typically take five minutes. It’s also very painful.”

“Can I watch one day? Without your clothes of course, I’ve seen Lestrade and Donovan shift, they just blur for a second before reappearing.”

“Tonight, I need to wash my fur and could use your help if you don’t mind. You can get a closer look then. Anyway, back to your original question. Werewolves are long-lived if we don’t get ourselves killed. We won’t die of old age or of sickness. We have excellent healing when it’s not mixed with silver, which takes our bodies longer to heal. There’s increased strength, better hearing and sense of smell.”

The waitress came over and they quickly ordered their food before counting on with their conversation. Normally, John wouldn’t be discussing any of this, especially their weakness. However the wolf and him were in agreement because it was their mate, he needed to know.

“I gathered the scent bit seeing as you were able to detect what poisons were being used, the downside would be artificial ones at least when their in abundance. Hence why you didn’t sent the cabbie because of the drunk people, they were highly intoxicated and had bathed in the stuff.”

“That would be the downside, easily overwhelmed. Word of warning: don’t ever use a dog whistle on me, if you need to use one, warn me first.” John couldn’t help but wince from the memory.

The waitress put down a plate of dumplings. John took a bite and let out a happy sound. If he had still been a wolf, his tail would have wagged. It practically melted into his mouth. His couldn’t wait for the rest of his food. Sherlock looked at him, amused.

“You were right, this place so far is amazing, can’t wait to see how many fortune cookies you get right.”

It didn’t take long for them to finish off the dumplings and then the waitress brought out their meals. They ate in a comfortable silence. Sherlock even slid the rest of his meal over to him. They took the fortune cookies home. Mostly because John felt dirty and needed desperately to get clean.

“Ready?” John asked Sherlock, waiting for affirmation before stripping.

“Don’t be tedious and hurry up.”

John rolled his eyes and quickly stripped. “I can shift a bit faster than most werewolves because I worked hard at it. Ten to fifteen minutes of shifting leaves me open and vulnerable to attack. So I worked to condense the time.” With that being said, he began his third shift that day. His muscles
protested but he pushed past it with a bit more effort. He could feel Sherlock’s eyes on him as his body contorted into the larger more furrier form. They stood before Sherlock on four legs, sandy fur crusty with the blood of the cabbie. Sherlock kneeled before him.

“Your coat seems to be to light for the cooler weather of London but too heavy to for the darest this would imply you adapt to different climate changes.” Sherlock said his fingertips lightly touching his fur.

Which reminded John to ask Sherlock not to touch him after shifting back into a human. His skin would feel to raw, and touch would only make it worse. Fur had less nerve endings so they leaned into his touch. Sherlock continued rubbing his fur.

“You’re 152 centimeters at your shoulder *5 ft* and 366 centimeters long *12 ft* 45 stone *630 pounds* a bit underweight.” Sherlock picked up his left front paw lightly, running his fingertips along the fur that grew in between the pads, he twitched and involuntarily jerked out a gasp.

“Ticklish?” Sherlock picked his paw again to examine his claws which retracted like a cat’s. “May I examine you more when your coat is lighter in the summer? It would be easier to see the way your muscles move then.” John wagged his tail and nodded. “I said I would help you wash your fur, so do hurry up.” Sherlock ordered as he headed to the bathroom.

John quickly followed him, steam was already starting fill up the bathroom. Sherlock had taken his shirt off so it wouldn't get wet. John couldn't help but enjoy the sight of his pale smooth flesh, he wanted to see his abs and follow the trail of dark hair that disappear into his trousers. When Sherlock turned the water off and moved out of the way, John hopped into the tub the water, turning a rusty pink from the blood. He closed his eyes, enjoying the warm water, he heard the sound of a bottle and could smell sandalwood. His army mates would take turns on the day of his three night cycle hosing him off, if his fur was covered in mud or blood he could still feel it after he had shifted. No matter how many times he showered, it didn't help. If Sherlock had said no, he'd have asked Ms. Hudson to hose him off. But this right here was heavenly. Sherlock’s long clever fingers working out the knots in his fur, the sent of his shampoo mingling with the scent of Sherlock. It was something he hadn't asked the detective to do. He gave Sherlock’s cheek a small lick of thanks and appreciation.

“Is your fur always this color or is it lighter because of the sun much like your own hair?”

John shrugged the best he could, he didn't really look at him self in mirrors and he didn't swim as a wolf, he would sink.

*“Is it true that wolves only have red and blue photo receptors in their eyes? Very little research has been done on what colors wolves see. Tests on domestic canines show that they may not be able to distinguish yellow from green or orange from red. Tests on wolves, where red, blue, yellow, and green dyes were put onto clean snow, show that they often detect the red and yellow stains. This could be because they associate these colors with blood and urine and have little interest in the other colors. There is no conclusive evidence regarding the color vision abilities of wolves, however.”*

John let out a small huff of amusement, he mate seemed to be enjoying him. Showing once again how smart he was.

“John, if you allow me to do small experiments and to study you, I will bathe your wolf form whenever you need it. Since you can't actually speak, I will take this as a yes.” Sherlock drained the tub and rinsed him off. “We can start tomorrow. I need to plan this out and finish off my other experiment.” Sherlock towelled him off. “Go ahead and shift. I want to see the difference between the two shifts.”

John rolled his eyes and began. He was knackered he hadn't shifted this often since he left
Afghanistan. After the shift, he stretched his arms up over his head, hearing his arms pop, enjoying the stretch. “We can talk about the experimenting tomorrow. Thanks for helping me out. Good night, Sherlock.” John headed up to bed, hoping that tonight would be nightmare-free.

Chapter End Notes

http://www.runningwiththewolves.org/anatomy.htm
Is were i got the info about what colors wolves see
Chapter 10

Sherlock had enjoyed helping John. Not just because he was able learn more about werewolves, but because he liked the man and the wolf. His fur, where it wasn’t matted with blood, was soft. It had been relaxing. His brain had slowed and calmed down a bit. Maybe he could make a shampoo to use on John, should be easy. He could add mint since John already smells like the scent. Perhaps pick up a brush while he was at it. He had enjoyed brushing Redbreads fur when he was younger. He hadn't deleted him from his mind palace. But, no, he shouldn't get a brush, John most likely won’t last a week, maybe a month. The last flatmate last three days. On the other hand, John had killed someone for him today.

He had enjoyed watching him shift, a normal, dull person would have found the sight grotesque as his bones broke and his skin tore and ripped as fur split from the cracks. Sherlock was sure if John moved at the wrong moment, there would be blood. After he couldn't help but stare at the sight of strong John standing before him naked.


But he couldn't he wanted to see him more. Wanted to examine the hard tunt muscles, the scar tissue across his left shoulder. Those strong powerful legs, the thick cock resting between his thighs. He could feel his own stir at the thought and recent memory of his new flatmate. Sherlock went back to the bathroom for a cold shower.

Sometime latter Sherlock was jerked out of his train of thought by a strange sound. There it was again a moaning thrashing sound coming from upstairs. Sherlock slid up the stairs and paused listening in.

“Get back! Go! Now! No!” was all Sherlock could understand in between the screams and sound of John thrashing the bed frame thumping against the floor, the springs squeaking.

Sherlock therw the door open and step inside he placed his hand on John and tired shaking him awake. Next thing he knew he was on the ground with John on top of him. A knife pressed against his stomach a growl rumbling in his throat his eyes wild and blazing silver and blue.

“John it's me Sherlock.”

The knife was no longer pressed against him, but John lunged for his throat. His teeth pressed on each side of him throat.

“Bad mate, our mate. “ he started to lick where his teeth had been. “Mate Sherlock.” a low whining came from John's throat as he stroked Sherlocks curls, John nibbled at his cheeks and his nose, his ears.

All ways wolves show affection, the teeth at his throat was a reprimand. With how John was speaking and the fact his eyes were different Sherlock decuded that there were two beings in John's head. John and a wolf. The wolf was currently in charge and had no intention of letting him up. They lay on the floor a tangle of limbs until John and his wolf fell back asleep. Sherlock slowly slid out from under him and left them lying on floor.

He took out his phone he had deleted all the information about mates. He needed information but who to ask. Mummy would want to met John right away, would ask to many questions and reveal to much about his childhood, like she did when mycroft married whats her name. He had deleted
Mycroft's wife's name, he hated her so did mummy after she found out she was cheating on him. The only good thing that came out of her was little Áine. Victoria was out of reach and Sherlock didn't want to wait, Father would tell Mummy. So that left Mycroft the insurable fat git.

How do vampire's tell who their mate is? -SH

How is your Doctor Watson brother? Trust you to find the only werewolf residing in London -MH

I could put his talents to good use.-MH

Leave him alone he's mine Mycroft-SH

All right i will tell you under one condition. You will not disgorge Doctor Watson from taking any jobs from me.-MH

I won't disgorge him to much is the best i can do. As long as he's available when I need him.-SH

There are a few signs other than compatibility and normal more typical ones. Shared dreams, their blood will be the most exquisite tasting blood you have ever had and when you first bite them your minds will merge into one you see they will see memoirs and everything at once. -MH

Sherlock had a lot to think about now, his mind was racing to much to atcarly sleep and test out the first sign. He would test that first and second before the first one. Now how to taste John's blood without biting him. Maybe for an experiment vampire's sliva had minor healing properties mostly to heal over bite marks but maybe it will work for shallow knife wound. Cut both of John's arms one side to see how long it takes for his body to heal and the other side to see if he could heal faster with Sherlock's saliva. All of which would have to wait till John woke up. Sherlock wasn't quite ready to deal with wolf side again.

In the morning Sherlock waited impatiently for John to finish in the bathroom and come into the living room. He wanted more from him but was feeling lethargic and couldn't be bothered to drag him out of the bathroom. Sherlock watched John putter around in the kitchen the kettle and the microwave going off at the same time. John placed a mug of warm blood next to him. Sherlock took a sip.

"You put honey in here. "

"Yah do you like it? It was the only thing you had in cupboard so I assumed that you put it in your blood. "

"Where did you learn that trick?” it wasn't something most vampire's gave away.

"Clara put cinnamom and nutmeg in hers. A friend from Afghanistan put cumin and cayenne in his. Clara always said a hot cup of blood was better than a cuppa in the morning. She always complained about the taste of cold blood. Bill never did. Maybe because she was turned and was born? I don't know."

"John I believe there's a very important detail you left out last night. The fact your not alone, when your eyes shift in colour it is in fact your other half in charge at the moment. Your wolf. "

"How did you know? “ John look surprised

"We talked last night. “ Sherlock said draining the honeyed blood.

"You should consider yourself lucky. He likes you, he usually has no need to convince with others.
Human speech is silly and immature, unable to convey everything. So he doesn't do it. What did he say?"

“Nothing important. What's his name?”

“He doesn't have one” John cocked his head a little to the left and his eyebrows raised in surprise before turning his attention back to Sherlock. "He wouldn't mind if you gave him one though. "

Sherlock knew exactly what to call Jon's wolf. “Redbeard.”
John headed down the stairs into the small sandwich shop. Sherlock had no food save some honey and a small tin of chocolate digestives- a nice little snack but not very filling. After shifting four times yesterday, they were quite hungry. Unfortunately, shifting took a lot of energy and his metabolism was already extremely high, the fact he hadn't been eating properly as late didn't help matters. The wolf, while reluctant to leave their mate after what happened last night, considered to the fact they needed proper substance. John didn't want to ask Ms. Hudson for anything. He didn't want to take advantage of her generosity, a fae was never someone to be messed with. He quickly ordered his sandwich, but before he could head out the door a voice stopped him.

“Doctor Watson, please have a seat. I would like to speak with you.” a posh man in a three-piece suit with a long nose and an umbrella gestured to the seat in front of him. As tempting as it was, a refusal in such a public place might cause a bit of a scene. John sat on the edge of the seat, ready to leave at a moments notice.

“You're Mycroft? The vampire smelled of expensive cologne that didn't overwhelmed John’s senses. He also smelled of shoe and umbrella polish. Rain, coffee, and cake were what he truly smelt like. The man had dark auburn hair that was slicked back, and an umbrella at his side. John could smell metal. He knew better than to ask if there was a blade hidden in the umbrella.

“Yes, how much has Sherlock told you? Not much, knowing him.”

“Look, I'm not going to spy on Sherlock for any amount of money so you can…”

“That's not what I want to speak to you about.” Mycroft interrupted.


“To offer you the chance to work for me on occasion. It won't interfere with Sherlock’s cases. Besides, do you really think a man of your skills would be satisfied with a simple GP position? Besides, how long until they find out you're a werewolf? As you know, many believe werewolves to be violent and aggressive, with you having to take three days a month off, someone will eventually catch on to the pattern.”

John hated to admit, but Mycroft was right. “Will I have the option to turn down jobs? How much per job would I be making? “

Mycroft smiled but it failed to reach his eyes, it was odd how the DI who smelled of lightly ice and snow wasn't cold like Mycroft seemed to be. “Within reason, of course. That would be determined by the job, I assure you that it will be quite sufficient, and then some for your needs much more than a steady locum job.”

“All right then, I accept.”

The vampire nodded before pushing his chair back and stood. “Good. My assistant will get ahold of you. Good day, Doctor Watson. Good luck with your shopping.” Mycroft turned his back to John and walked to the door.

John didn't want to work for him, the wolf however did not mind. Sherlock’s kin was packed,
therefor, was to be kept close. John went about his shopping, wincing at the dent in his bank account.

He headed up the stairs to put the groceries away. Opening the freezer, he noticed something odd. “Sherlock! Why is there an ear in fridge?”

“It’s an experiment, John. I told you that earlier.”

“I wasn’t here, Sherlock. I was busy shopping and being bugged by your brother.” John said, shutting the freezer door.

“John, I don’t want to talk about Mycroft. I need you to roll up your sleeves and remove your horrid jumper. I need to see how long it takes for you to heal, and if you heal faster with the added healing properties of vampire saliva.”

John wasn’t looking forward to the experiments, but he would gladly suffer through them to feel Sherlock’s fingers tangled in his fur again, So obeyed Sherlock’s orders. “As long as it’s not silver. Too much will impair my healing ability and end up poisoning me.” John grabbed a bowl for the blood to drip into, no sense wasting it, Sherlock could drink it.

Sherlock took the blade and stuck it into his arm and sliced a deep cut, the blood welled up and dripped down into the bowl below. The edges of the wound where it was shallow began to close as the blood flow slowed to a trickle as the rest of the wound healed. it took about three minutes. Sherlock examined the non-existent wound.

“Your flesh is slightly pink from where you cut, and not from the blood.”

“If you say so. I can’t tell. “

“Vampires have excellent sight.”

Sherlock cut his other arm and began to lick up the dripping blood before running his tongue length way down the cut. Before sucking the wound, John could feel the press of his fangs brushing against his skin but never piering. John couldn’t help but wish Sherlock would do the same thing to his neck before tracing a line down his back. Sucking and nipping, his eyes framed by his dark locks, teasing and lust-filled. John’s cock liked the imagery as well. Sherlock stopped when the wound was closed, his pupils blow wide a rim of silver tinged with red made up the rest of his eyes. John wanted to lift his chin and plant a kiss on his lips as Sherlock licked them, catching the remaining drops of blood. For moment it seemed as if they were going to kiss but Sherlock turned from him and fled into his bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

My friend was very mad they didn't kiss lol.
Sherlock leant against his bedroom door and stared down at the problem currently residing in his pants. Groaning and fumbling, Sherlock unbuttoned his trousers and slid his hand in, cupping his erection through his pants.

The taste of John had been electric. Sweet and addicting, yet hearty at the same time; he needed to taste him again. His skin had been worn and warm, tasting of salt and musk with a hint of tea. Sherlock slid his pants down and began to stroke, teasing his leaking tip. He couldn’t help but picture John forcing him to his knees while he drinks the blood from John’s inner thigh. John pulling Sherlock’s hair back and shoving his cock in Sherlock’s willing mouth with fangs still dissented from before.

In his fantasy, John takes his cock out with a hiss of pain and pleasure before slapping Sherlock’s cheek with it and cumming on his face. Sherlock groaned louder. In the back of his mind he was aware that John would hear and smell his arousal; Sherlock did not overly care, in fact, he rather hoped that John had also been as affected as he was. With a low moan, Sherlock came with John's name on his lips. His legs weak as he slid down, back against his bedroom door. Not stopping until he was sitting on the carpet.

“Well that's one sign down.” Sherlock muttered to himself. With unsteady legs, he grabbed his laptop and sat on his bed. He needed to type up his findings, tonight he would drink the blood that John has collected in the bowl and see if he got the same results. If he did then he would see if they shared a dream tonight. He could smell whatever John was making; food being cooked was something he would need to get used to.

Sherlock waited until John was in bed before heading to warm up the blood. If this worked then, before the final step, he would need to test John make sure he would stick around. Perhaps an explosion or a body part in the fridge. Something large. He would pick up something from the morgue, if it smelled like Molly it would be a bonus. John obviously has had a bad experience with a black witch. Molly, albeit a grey witch, was close enough. Sherlock took the warmed blood back to his room and quickly drank it.

The results where the same. Sherlock found himself hard for third time in two days all thanks to John. Sherlock took care of that quickly, John’s name once again on his lips as he reached his completion. He lay there after wiping himself clean and started to drift away. It had been two weeks since last he slept; Sherlock probably could go a few more days before his transport began shutting down but he had no cases at the moment and his current experiment depended on him sleeping.

There was sand everywhere, the wind stirred it up but the explosions were the things that definitely made it worse. Dirt and sand mixed with blood and flesh poured from the sky like London rain. Hoarse screams of terror and incoherent begging mingled with the sounds of destruction created in the hell bullets and bombs. The dead and wounded alike lay there like broken bits of puzzle pieces; little hope of putting them
back together again.
Sherlock needed to find John. If this was what John saw every night he wasn't surprised he had such a difficult time sleeping. It thankfully didn't take long to find him as he was the only one that had a clear face. The rest of the dead and dying soldiers had blurry and unfocused faces. Sherlock ran to John, grabbing his shoulder and ignoring the startled expression on his face. Sherlock concentrated on changing the dream. He took them to the small lake where he used to play pirates with Redbeard and Victoria. It was calm and quiet, the lake was glossy and still. Sherlock would personally rather have had been at a interesting murder but that would be too distracting and he was currently busy enough gathering data on the shared dream situation. Unlike other dreams he was completely lucid.

John still looked completely confused.
“'It's a shared dream, obviously John. Do stop thinking so loudly.'”, Sherlock murmured to him.

“Well I am sorry that I have never heard of shared dreams before now and have no clue as to how this is even possible! Where even are we?”, John questioned.

“Well important.”
If all went well Sherlock would need to introduce John to his family before Mummy barged in dragging Father along with her because Mycroft couldn't be trusted to keep his fat mouth shut. Although it would be surprising if he even could communicate with all that cake in there.

When John began to strip and Sherlock watched eagerly, drinking in the sight again. Up his strong calves and thighs, over his tight ass, his scarred back and shoulder. His golden skin pale in the moonlight. John turned his head towards him. “Wanna go for a swim?”

Sherlock quickly stripped and followed John into the cool water. He watched as John dove under the water before coming back up. With wetted hair and large grin across his face Sherlock swam closer to the Were. He wanted to taste the grin that was gracing John’s lips. Sherlock closed in until their chests and thighs were touching, John placed his calloused hand on Sherlock’s hip as Sherlock tipped the good doctor’s face up close, their noses brushing, their breath mingling as their hearts beat in time.

Sherlock was jerked awake, his heart pounding in his chest, his cheeks warm. He quickly shut his eyes trying desperately to go back but he could hear the faint squeak of springs from the room upstairs and the sound of a ringing phone. Sherlock looked over at the small clock he keep on the wall, it was 6:23 am. Sherlock was sorely tempted to drain dry whoever had called and ruined everything.

Sherlock waited until John had come out of the shower to leave his bedroom. Fromm the way John was dressed, in something that would give him better mobility and the lack of a jumper, the look of resigned annoyance etched on his face it was clear Mycroft, via his assistant, had called.

“Your brother has shit timing, or at least his assistant. What is his assistants name anyway?”

“She typically goes by Athena or Mania. Neither of which are her real name.”

“Tea or blood? “

Sherlock threw himself across the couch, unless it was John's blood he really didn't want any. Nor did he really need any at the moment. “Tea, milk two sugars. “ John soon placed a mug in front of him. Sherlock took a sip it was a sweet orange tea this time around. He watched John finish his tea and head out the door.
I know I am mean. Mania is the roman goddess of the underworld, mother of ghosts and the undead, Anthea is a necromancer and medium.
Sherlock rolled out of the way of the incoming blade. It had unfortunately left its mark on the table. Ms. Hudson would be disappointed if she found out, it would be a simple matter to replace it without her knowledge. He needed to finish this quickly, John would be home soon and the body of an Arabian assassin would very much distract him from the head in the fridge. Ms. Hudson had already reprimanded him for testing John. The assassin cornered him against his own chair. Sherlock lifted his legs and kicked the man in the chest, forcing him on to his back as he fell to the ground. Sherlock stomped on the man's wrist, hearing the bones crack and break as the assassin howled in pain. Sherlock disarmed him and dragged him up, latching onto his neck with his fangs. Warm blood rushed into his mouth and down his throat. Adrenaline, fear, and endorphins, a hearty combination; nothing compared to John’s blood of course. The assassin stopped struggling as Sherlock drained the man. He was aware that Mycroft has most likely sent his assistant take care of the body. As he heard the door open followed by her footsteps on the stairs, heels clicking, Sherlock let the drained man fall back to the floor.

Athena opened the door, looked at the dead man on the carpet and crooked her finger. The body rose like a marionette and, in this case, she was the puppeteer. It followed her out of the door. Sherlock threw the window open hoping to air out the place before John came back. He had texted John since he was heading to Tesco's before coming back. Something about staying up for the three nights he would be a wolf. He commandeered John’s laptop, the password easy to crack. He had an email to send. The diamond case was much too dull for his tastes, especially since it required him to leave his London. The case had to at least an eight for him to leave London.

Soon, Sherlock could hear John's footsteps coming up the stairs to their flat. Sherlock kept his face impassive and distant. John opened the door, laden down with bags, frustration rolling off of him in waves.

“You could help put stuff away, Sherlock, some of it is for you after all. Why in the hell are you on my laptop? It's password protected.”

“A child could crack your password, not exactly Fort Knox, besides mine was in the bedroom.”

“Sherlock! Why in the bloody hell is there a head in fridge?!” John shouted.

“It's an experiment on...”, John didn't let him finish as he stormed out of the flat.

Sherlock shut the laptop and threw himself on the couch, he knew this would happen. He could just hear the low murmur of voices. Sherlock didn't need to hear the words to know John was telling Ms. Hudson that he was moving out. He turned his body to face the couch as John came back up the stairs. Instead of heading upstairs, Sherlock heard him enter the kitchen. The fridge door opened and he could hear aluminium foil crinkle and rip. Curious now, Sherlock headed for the kitchen, cowering behind John. He watched as John moved the head over to sit on the foil he had put down.

“It’s your mess, Sherlock, so fill up a bucket with water and soap.”, John ordered him, “And stop
slacking, you can keep your head as long as it stays on the foil. Same goes for your other body parts.”

Sherlock was glad John wasn't leaving; John seemed to keep surprising him. Sherlock found himself doing as John ordered unexpectedly as he rarely listened to any one. After the fridge was clean and groceries put away John sat down on his chair with yet another cup of tea. With as much tea as that man drank it was no surprise his skin teased of the substance. John hadn’t made him a cup obviously still displeased with the head in the fridge.

“I’m sorry I was so cross with you earlier. The closer it is to the full moon the shorter my temper gets and it’s usually not this short. Just out of curiosity, who did you kill? I can smell them. The open windows do little to hide it. Next time use cheap perfume or cologne, it overwhelms my nose and I can't tell what happened.”

Sherlock merely hummed in response, finding the fastest way to get someone to spill was to be silent. People had a tendency to hate silence and would speak to fill the void. Sherlock had been unable to uncover anything useful about werewolves on the internet. Some information John had already proven to be false. He also didn’t bother explaining the assassin, he was busy gathering data on his new favourite subject. He did file that tip away for later, not that he had plans on killing any more assassins at the moment.

“It doesn’t help that London is no longer familiar territory for us. Nor do we have much of a pack. Just you, Ms. Hudson and Mycroft.”, Sherlock glared at John. “Sorry the wolf’s idea is you two are family so in his mind Mycroft’s pack.”, John said with a shrug. “Sometimes it's easier to let him have his way.”

Sherlock huffed in annoyance. “No excuse, Redbeard has terrible taste. At least it's not Anderson.”

John chuckled. ”Yeah, he doesn't care for him much either.”

Sherlock knew he had to keep John around more, which would mean he would have to prevent him from doing jobs for Mycroft. In fact he had received an email from an old university acquaintance of his. Even though he originally had no intention on accepting, Sherlock headed for his bedroom to change out of his pyjamas.

“John were going to the bank!”, Sherlock stated as he slid his coat and scarf on before heading out the door, John close behind. Almost as if he had always been there right beside him.
John and Sherlock headed inside the posh bank. It held a large sign out front that had said Shad Sanderson Investment Bank. It was most likely that Sherlock had a case. The wolf was eager to see their mate in action, itching for a good chase, a hunt to get the blood pumping, the moon just beginning to hum softly in their veins. The glass lift took them up several floors, John felt slightly uncomfortable in this sort of environment. Even after being paid a good amount it was still a pittance to what these people were likely used to handling. There were large clocks that had the times from Tokyo, New York and London.

“When you said ‘bank’ this wasn’t what I pictured.”

They headed towards a corner office with a sign on the door that said Sebastian- Director of the Trading Floor. Said man greeted Sherlock, his floppy hair screamed Eton. Clearly another posh human. He smelled of cologne, the expensive stuff but definitely not as expensive as Mycroft’s is.

“Sherlock Holmes.”

“Sebastian.”

“How are you, ol’ buddy? How long has it been? Eight years since I last saw you.” He said with false glee. He looked over at John with slight disdain as though John’s very presence would somehow dirty his clothes. “And who is this?”

“Doctor John Watson, my friend.”, Sherlock glanced over at him.

“Friend? You?” The look on Sebastian’s face angered John.

“Is there a problem with that? We are both friends and colleagues.” John told him, already disliking this man. The wolf wanted to put this measly human in its place, namely on ground begging their mate to forgive him for its rudeness. John stared him down.

“How about you grab a pew.” Sebastian said quickly looking down and away. The wolf was pleased at how quickly it gave up.

They all sat Sebastian on the other side of the desk. His PA came in. “Anyone want something to drink?”

“We are good here.” Sebastian said quickly, quickly glancing at them avoiding eye contact.

John watched as Sherlock examined Sebastian, he knew he was going to deduce the man. “I see you’re doing well, spending lots of time aboard. Going around the world twice in one month in fact.”

Sebastian turned to John with a sardonic smirk. “We were in uni together, he used to do this trick, it looks like he still does it.”

Sherlock glanced down and muttered. “It's not a trick.”

Sebastian continues on, ignoring him. “He could just look at you and know your entire life story. God we hated him, you'd come down to breakfast and he'd know who'd you'd been shagging the night before and if you performed well, announcing to the whole formal hall.”

Sherlock appeared withdrawn. “I just observed.”
John fought the growl rumbling up his chest. “I have seen him do it, I think it's brilliant.” Sebastian better stay indoors the nights he would spend as a wolf, least they hunt him down.

Sebastian looked surprised. He cleared his throat awkwardly before turning back to Sherlock. “So. Enlighten me, how did you figure it out. A ketchup stain on my tie from a brand only found in Manhattan?”, His smirk back on his face as he mocked Sherlock.

“No. I……”

“Oh wait, it's mud on my shoes isn't it?”

“I was talking to your…..”

“A wrinkle in my sleeve? An ink blotch on my hand? What sort of detail did you…”

“How about you tell us why were here since you can't seem to keep your mouth shut long enough for him to answer.” John interrupted him. He had had enough of him. His temper was a bit short at the moment and he had quickly lost his patience.

He cleared his throat again avoiding eye contact. “We've had a break-in. I'll show you.” He led them to a darkened corner office with a glass front. “Sir William's office, he's the bank’s former chairman. His office has been left as a memorial to him.” Sebastian swiped his card on a keypad and showed them inside. ”They broke in here late last night. They stole nothing, just left a message.”, He turned the lights on and there was a painting of an old distinguished looking man with a splash of yellow paint over his eyes. The room smelled slightly musty, as though it's only ever cleaned lightly, and of spray paint. It also smelled very faintly of wet fur but it wasn't one he was familiar with. There was hardly any scent of sweat, he could smell an odd combination of chilli and mellon. If they came across the man who did this he would know it from his scent.

“We have some CCTV footage.” Sebastian led them back to his office. They watched a series of still frames. One showed the painting as normal then next one with the yellow paint. “They’re sixty seconds apart so someone, up here, in the middle of the night, splashed paint on the painting then left, all within a minute.”

“How many ways into the office?”

“About that, every door that opens here is logged into the computer. Including the toilets and walk-in-cupboards.”

"That door didn't open last night?” Sherlock asked.

Sebastian shook his head."No, that means there is a hole in our security. Find it we will pay you five figures.” He reached into his pocket, grabbed a slip and wrote a cheque. "This is only an advance. If you can tell how he got in there’s a bigger one on its way."

Sherlock ignored the cheque. “John will take care of the cheque.” He turned on his heel and stalked off, examining the area.

John takes the cheque and puts it away. "He doesn't like to be distracted by the money while he's figuring out the current problem.” He left Sebastian there to go watch Sherlock. He was taking photos of portraits and the tag, then began to explore Sir Williams office. Since he wasn't talking, John just watched Sherlock's long lythe figure dance around people's desks, cubicles and pillars. People would stop working to stare at him. Not that John could blame them. Sherlock was stunning and striking. His pale skin, wild dark curls, sharp cheekbones, his kaleidoscope eyes and that round arse of his. Sherlock ran to him dragging him out the door. In the glass lift John wanted to know.
“So, how did you know that he had been around the world twice? Did you find anything?”
Sherlock was pleased with John's reaction to Sebastian, his praise and defence. Sherlock had wanted to bend John over the desk and he knew from the way John looked at him he'd be agreeable to the idea. Or for John to stroke his cock, muttering praise in his ear till he came all over Sebastian's desk and papers. Sherlock shoved those thoughts in a locked room for now. He had a case to concentrate on right now.

“So, how did you know that he had been around the world twice?” John asked once they were in the lift. “Did you find anything?”

Sherlock grinned, eager to tell him everything. "His watch. The hands were correct but the date was wrong. It said the day before yesterday. He crossed the date line twice and didn't bother to fix it.”

"How'd you know it was within a month?"

"New rolex. Came out in February. The graffiti is a message for a Van Coon. There are people working at all hours of the day, the message was for someone who comes in around midnight, the position of the pillars show that only one person would have seen it at that time of night when he sat down at his desk."

“I'm going to need a thesaurus soon as you keep astounding me and I will run out of words to convey my amazement.”

Sherlock preened under Johns admiration. “What did you smell?” He remembered the way John opened his mouth just a touch and the deep breath he took and held before slowly releasing, just like with the Jenifer woman.

“Wet fur, it's London so no surprise there about it being wet, very little sweat, chilli and melon. Definitely male, doesn't smell heavily of modern conveniences, but not dirty.”

They headed out the door and Sherlock hailed a cab with his magic abilities of managing to get a cab in the first 30 seconds. Once they got to the address they noted there was a buzzer with a list of tenants’ names. Sherlock presses the buzzer, hoping to get a response. When none came he began to such for a viable second option.

"What now? Do we sit around and wait?"

Sherlock rang a different buzzer. "New tag- just moved in."

"They could have replaced the old one. Or changed their last name."

"No one replaces those John, and if they did change their name, we are just apartment-sitting."

“Hello?” A woman’s voice asked.

"Hi, um, I live in the flat above yours. I don't believe we've met?"

"Oh, well, no I just moved in."

Sherlock smirked at John who merely rolled his eyes and shook his head with a small smile.
"We've locked ourselves out of the flat and we don't have our keys."

"Do you want me to buzz you in?" she asked.

"Yes that would be helpful. Also, can I use your balcony? Ours is unlocked."

"Oh, um, sure." She buzzed them in.

While John politely chatted with the woman, Sherlock started to climb before slipping and almost plummeting down seven stories. The women gasped in fear. Depending on several variables, the fall very well could have killed him if it didn't, he would need several blood donors in order to heal even then it would take quite some time before he's back to full strength.

“Maybe you should take your shoes and socks off, better grip that way.” John told him, his face slightly pale. Sherlock could see his pulse throbbing wildly, his eyes were wide and his pupils dilated. John feared for his safety. Sherlock took them off and slipped them into his pockets. He resumed climbing, he had more data about John and the whole mate business to be examined after the case was concluded. Sherlock opened the balcony door and slipped inside after putting his shoes back on. The flat was empty and sterile. There was the bare minimum of furniture. Everything was set up for a left handed person, there was a small buddha statue a phone book and a copy of the A to Z guide book next to where the phone should be if it wasn't on the floor. John knocked on the door which was blotted with a chain that wouldn't take much force to break.

“Sherlock are you going to let me in?” John asked though the door.

Sherlock coutied to examine the flat. There was very little in the cabinets although the fridge was full of champagne bottles, semi expensive ones.

“Sherlock come on, I can't sniff around properly if the doors shut. I can hear you moving around. Let us... me in the wolfs both displeased and amused.”

Sherlock headed for the bedroom witch was locked and blocked by a chair. It didn't take much to force the door open. VanCoon was lying on the bed the gun in his right hand with a bullet in the right side of his head. A suitcase of dirty laundry on floor. The front door opened as the police waltzed in John joined him in the bedroom.

"Do you think it's a suicide?" John asked a bit sceptical. “I here the suicide rate is high among city types.” he sniffed a few times before shaking his head.

“It’s not a suicide. He's been away for three days going by his laundry if you want to take a look.”

John shook his head, “No I'm good can smell it from here.”

“What else do you smell?” Sherlock asked.

“The same person at the bank was here, it reeks of this man's terror and panic. We are the only non humans here. Do you get along with anyone at the yard?”

“Lestrade is the closest I get. Speaking of have you called him yet Sargent?”

“It's DI Dimmock I know who you are and what you do. I don't want you to contanite my crime scene.” he turned his back to dicort one of men. Sherlock took that opertiny to remove the black paper from the mouth of the dead man. “It's clearly a suicide so why are you here and who is he?” Dimmock said pointing at John. Sherlock didn't care for the way he was glaring at John.
“It's obviously not a suicide.” he snapped. “The man is left handed but the gun and bullet entry wound is on the right side.”

“DI Dimmock have you seen many suicides?” John asked.

“One an overdose on sleeping pills. What has that to do with anything? How in the world can you tell he's left handed?”

“What Doctor Watson means is when someone shoots themselves they don't hang on to the gun. There is plenty of evidence that he's left handed.” Sherlock began pointing all the evidence out. He could feel John's eyes flowing him as he did so.

“Sensational.” John pairsed. At least someone understood his brilliance.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you like the chapter im trying to change things up a bit.
Sherlock dragged him out of there after he finished his deductions. “Do you think they believed you? The whole bullet going out the window does admittedly sound far fetched. I believe you of course.”, John quickly added. “You'd think by now by your reputation for being right would carry some weight. What was it you pulled out of VanCoon’s mouth?”

Sherlock showed him a black piece of paper. "He was being threatened. Hence the graffiti, it was a warning of sorts, there must be a meaning behind it. Other than the execution I highly doubt the job has been finished with just one man. This case has just become much more exciting!” his eyes glittered with glee and a slightly manic mad grin graced his face. “We need to talk to Sebastian, again he may have more information for us.”

When they track Sebastian down he's in the middle of entertaining clients. Mostly human, one had a minor amount of fey blood while another was a wolf shifter. The wolf shifter made sure to avoid eye contact with him. Wolf shifters were close to werewolves and usually recognized a were on sight. “It was a threat, the graffiti was a threat to one of your traders, VanCoon to be specific.”

Sebastian glares at Sherlock."I'm in a meeting at the moment, how about you make an appointment with my secretary. Or how about getting your little friend,” He comments while waving at John. “to make an appointment for you.”

Sherlock sat and helped himself to the wolf shifter's water who glanced back at him and then at Sherlock with a slightly aggravated look in his eye. “This can't wait Seb, Vancoon is dead.” Sherlock smirked. “So sorry to interrupt, do you still want to make an appointment? Would 9 o'clock at Scotland yard work for you?”

John couldn't keep the grin off his face at his mates antics. Sebastian grabed Sherlock's arm tightly and yanked him out his chair, they growled low there throat as a warning. If they were going to kill him it would be silent and without witnesses but they would however be more than happy to maim him. Sebastian quickly let Sherlock go and began to back up. They could hear his heart pounding.

“Sebastian I'd suggest talking now.”

“We gave him the Hong Kong accounts he had spent time in asia. He lost five mil in a single morning and made it all back a week later he had nerves of steal. That's all I know keep him away from me!” Sebastian spoke in a hurry.

They felt Sherlock's hand on his arm as he led them out. “come along John.” Sherlock led them out and they walked side by side until john was in better control of himself. Something about the way that man treated his mate ate at his control.

The next morning John noticed something in the paper. “The man who can walk through walls. Do you think it's the same guy were after?”

Sherlock nodded he had read the paper during John's morning run.”Journalist found dead in his apartment, doors lock and windows blotted shut. The same as Vancoon, he's killed another.” he spoke with glee. “we need to head to Scotland yard.” Sherlock ran to his bedroom, while john put away the tea mugs and plate.

Sherlock storde into Scotland yard like owned the place. He headed straight for dimmock desk, carrying the newspaper column. Sherlock had received a text from Wilks saying that the police ruled
Vancoon a suicide. “Brian Lucas, freelance journalist. Murdered in his flat with the door locked.”

“Bit to similar to be a coincidence don’t you think?” John pointed out.

“Inspector you can’t believe Eddie Van Coon is just another city suicide you checked ballistics right?” Dimmock reluctantly nodded. “the bullet did not come from his gun did it?” Sherlock incoried smugly already knowing the answer.

“No.” The inspector said reluctantly.

“This investigation might go quicker if you took what I say as gospel.” Sherlock said smugly.

Dimmock looked at him obviously not believing Sherlocks argonces was real.

“He treats everyone like that.” John told him knowing it wasn’t the entire truth.

“I just need five minutes in the flat to prove that you have a serial killer.”

Dimmock sighed and rubbed his forehead. “all right all right, come then lets get this over with.”

When they arrived at the flat the door was covered in police tape, inside the flat was dirty chaos there were lots of books. There in the corner was an empty open suitcase. On the dead man's desk there were pages of loose paper with notes skirbled across, there were books about Asia. The same fur, chillies and melon sent was in the flat. The fur was still unrinzble to him, a friend back in uni had been obsessed with the zoo.

“Fourth floor. That's why they think their safe, put a chain on the door and lock the windows. They think their impregnable.” Sherlock spoke staring at the window the light casting him in an almost glow, his skin seemed pale gold his curls has a hint of red. “they never consider that there is another way in.” he then tries all the windows to find them locked, to look up at the skylight.

“I don't understand.” Dimmock spoke.

Sherlock grabbed a broom and dragged a table over and stacked a chair on top. He climbed up onto the slightly precarious structure. He then nudged the skylight open with the broom.

“What are you doing?” Dimmock asked.

“Were dealing with a killer who can climb.” Sherlock told him. “he can climb walls like an insect or monkey.” he flashed a look to John before counting on. “he climbed up the side of the building, ran across the roof and dropped through the skylight.”

“You can't be serious!” Dimmock exclaimed.

“He scaled a sixth floor balcony in Docklands to kill Van Coon.”

“Wait hold on a minute.” Dimmock attempted to protest

“Of course he got into the bank in the same way across the window traress. We have to find out what connects these two men.” Sherlock began to thumb through the books on the desk after climbing down.

John noticed something familiar on the floor, a neat flooded black paper. He put it in his pocket to give to Sherlock latter.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long. Hope you enjoy anyway

Sherlock led John to the library where the journalist's books came from. He was certain there was something here to be found. “Lucas was working here before he was killed.” Sherlock told John, showing the book he had nicked from his desk.

They head for the political section - Southeast Asia specifically, pulling out books. John pulls one out and freezes after he checks the spine. "Sherlock." There, scrawled across the spine, was more yellow graffiti. A horizontal line, they check to find another one.

They head back to Baker St where Sherlock hangs the photos from the bank and the library among the other photos from the other two crime scenes. “So the killer goes to the bank, leaves a threatening cipher at the bank for Van Coon who panics and is found dead in his locked apartment.” Sherlock spoke out loud, connecting the dots he currently had while bouncing ideas off John.

"Then the killer finds Lukis at the library, he writes the cipher on the books, Lukis sees this and goes home." John spoke out loud. Sherlock was glad John wasn't falling behind.

"And that night he dies."
"But the question is why? Why kill either of these men."
"Only the cipher can tell us. The world runs on codes and ciphers...that million pound security system at the bank...the chip and pin machines...Cryptography inhabitants our every waking moment"


Sherlock continued on, as if he never spoken. “But it's all computer generated. Electrical codes, electrical ciphering methods. This is different. It's an ancient device. Modern code-breaking methods won't unravel it."

"So how do you plan on breaking it?"

"I need advice from a painting expert."

Sherlock led John to an alleyway where Raz was currently working. He was wearing his typical hoodie. He was a descendant of a muse, which one Sherlock had deleted, and was much older then he looked. "Part of my new exhibition." Raz told him, smirking with pride.

"Interesting." Sherlock told him, looking at the policemen with a pig faces.

"I call it Urban Bloodlust Frenzy."

"Mm. Catchy."
"I've got two minutes before a CSO come round the corner. Can we talk while I work?" Raz asked not waiting for the answer as he continued to work.

Sherlock takes out his phone to show him the photos from the library and bank. "Know the artist?"

Raz glanced at the photo and shook his head. "No, but I do know the paint. Looks like Michigan, a hardcore propellant. It's probably zinc." He took the phone from his hands and handed the spray paint can to John.

"What about the symbols? Do you recognise them?" The paint type would be only marginally helpful, but what the symbols were might crack the case.

Raz shrugged. "It's not a tag, not sure if it's a proper language."

Sherlock was getting frustrated."Two men have been murdered, Raz. Deciphering this is the key to finding out who executed them."

Raz merely shrugged again."This is all you got? Not much to go off of."

"Think you can ask around and keep an eye out for any more?" Sherlock asked.

"Yah, someone else might recognise it."

A couple of officers round the corner, they start running when they spot them. "Oi!" Sherlock ran from the community support officers leaving John to follow him.

Sherlock busied himself with his collage of pages he got off the internet. Pictures of language systems and archaic symbols, egyptian hieroglyphs, the greek alphabet, hebrew letters, and arabic words, all around a mirror but nothing fits the yellow sqigle. He used it to distract himself from the slight churning in his gut. John was still not at home. This wasn't something he was used to it was bizarre however he needed to focus on the case. Since when did having someone there become almost necessary. The yellow symbol was so messy it defies interpretation. The door opened and John stormed in. Sherlock looked up from his book, elated that he was back, maybe now he could concentrate better. "You've been gone awhile."

"Yah well you know how it is... Custody Sergeants don't like to be hurried, do they? Just formalities. Fingerprints; almost received a charge sheet. Luckily we ran into Lestrade so I don't have to go to court." John grumbled.

Sherlock nodded before going back to his Work. "I still can't place this symbol, I need you to go back to the police station and ask about the journalist."

"Sherlock I just came from thire why do you need me to go back?"

"All of his personal effects will be impounded grab his diary and anything else we might need anything that had information." Sherlock told John pushing him towards the door an excuse to touch his strong shoulders. After John left Sherlock headed back to the bank to gather more information on Van Coon.

The man's desk was as sparse as his flat, no personal items only a few magazines and another copy of London A to Z. He turned to the deceased Van Coons PA Amanda. She had her hair pined up with a jade pin she typed in the dead man's password pulling up his calendar. "Lets see, he flew back from Dalian on Friday. Looks like he had back to back meetings with the sales team."

“What about the day he died?” Sherlock asked, “what can you tell me about where he was? What he
“Was doing?”

“Sorry there's a bit of a gap. But I do have his receipts,” she told him.

“That would do.” after she printed the receipts Sherlock laid them across the desk. There were receipts for taxis, posh restaurants, buses, trains, new suits, and countless experience bar bills. “What sorta boss was he Amanda? Appreciate?” Sherlock asked.

“Er...um...no.” with a wry smile she countied, “I don't think that's the word I'd use. I think the only thing Eddie I mean Mr. Van Coon appreciated was a large price tag.”

Sherlock glanced at the hand cream on her desk. “Like that hand cream, he bought it for you didn't he?” Her cheeks flushed just a touch she pushes the escaped strands of hair out of eyes and tucks some behind her ear. Sherlock turns his attention back to the receipts. “Look there,” he said pointing at a cab receipt. “he took a cab from home the day he died for eighteen pounds fifty.”

“That would get him into the office.” she said confused.

“it wasn't rush hour check the time it was only mid morning. That much would take him as far as…”

“The West End!” she interrupted. “I recall him mentioning it.”

Sherlock picked another paper. “Underground printed at one in Piccadilly witch means he took the tube to work.”

“Why would he take a cab into town and the tube back?” Amanda asked.

“He was delivering something heavy and didn't want to lug the package up the escalators.”

“Delivering?”

“To somewhere near Piccadilly Station then left his package and walked to the tube. Looks like he stopped on his way got peckish.”

Sherlock stood in front of the sub shop talking out loud. “Bought a lunch, en route to the station but where was he head from? Where did the cab drop him off?” he spun 180 degrees and walked away from Piccadilly. He collided with a familiar body. He could feel a large grin grace his face at the sight of John. His John. Excited he couldn't wait to tell John about everything he'd discovered. “Van Coon brought a package here the day he died! What ever was hidden inside of that suitcase. I've managed to piece together his movements before he died. I'll tell you over food.” as if on cue John's stomach growled.
As they sat and waited for their food to arrive Sherlock began to tell him what he had discovered at the bank. When their food arrived Sherlock took a bite before sending it over to him. “My place is better.” John chuckled in agreement before eating with military speed. “I was able to scrap together his movements from his credit card bills and recipes. He flew back from China and stopped near here, he took a cab carrying something heavy before stopping at a sandwich shop before taking the tube back to work. Somewhere close, somewhere on this street.”

In between bites, John pointed to the lucky cat shop across the street. “He went to that shop right over there.”

Sherlock turned to look before turning back. “How can you tell?” John handed Lukis’ diary across the table. Flipping to the page where the journalist had written the address down, whilst still eating quickly, Sherlock had a tendency to dash off. His long coat billowing out behind him, his handsome striking face focused. Sherlock read the paper looking back up at John with a grin. “John! They just gave it to you willingly, I usually have to steal the evidence I need.” Sherlock was looking at him intriguingly and probably thinking on how best to use him. When the waitress came with check John paid while Sherlock took both fortune cookies. They headed across the street to the little store. As they entered the shop John could smell dirt, must, incense, different tea, Ink, oranges, an assortment of other things too numerous to name. A little bell rang, signaling their arrival. A little old Chinese woman was at the counter listening to a Chinese station on the radio. It was small and dusty clearly people didn't come here to often. There are little lucky cats waving their paws. all over the store there are Buddha's and geishas made from stoneware and glass. Sherlock lifts a small stone Buddha and exposes a clean spot admit the dust. The Chinese woman starts talking to him.

"You want lucky cat?"

"Er...no thanks."

"Ten pound, ten pound, your husband he will like." She said, showing his a lucky cat and pointing to Sherlock. John looked over at his mate. He was stunning to look at John could stare at him for hours. Sherlock looked at the bottom of the stone Buddha.

“Sherlock look.” On the bottom was the same symbol that was on the portrait at the bank. “It's the same as the cipher.” Sherlock looks at the English price tag after looking at the symbol on the bottom.

They head out the door, Sherlock glancing in all the shop windows he stops in the middle of the sidewalk and turns back to face him grabbing his shoulders his face showed his excitement. John wanted to kiss his cupid bow lips and tangle his fingers in his dark curls. “John! It's an ancient number system, Hangzhou. Only street traders tend to use it nowadays.” Sherlock turns him so he can see the tags at Chinese grocery store, he was able to tell what the symbols mean in relation to the numerical tags underneath. "They were numbers! Written on the wall at the bank and at the library! Numbers in an ancient Chinese dialect!"

"It's a fifteen, what we thought was an artist tag was a number."

"It was a one, the blindfold was a one! John it was a Chinese number!"

"We've found it Sherlock.” They head back to the Lucky Cat, Sherlock had already scribbled down the new information. “So, two men travel back from China both head straight for the Lucky Cat,
what did they want or do there?"

"It's what they brought in their suitcases."

"Smugglers? It makes sense Van Coon did make five million back in a week. How else would have made that sorta money so quickly that wouldn’t get him killed."

"A guy like that would have been perfect. A businessman taking regular trips to Asia and Lukis as well, writing about China. They smuggled something out."

“But why did they die? It doesn't make sense... If they both turned up at the shop and delivered the goods... Why would someone threaten them and then kill them? After they finished the job it can't be that easy to find more smugglers."

"What if one of them took something. What if one of them was light fingered?"

"So someone stole or kept something? The killer must not know which one of them took whatever it was that was taken, and decides to threaten both of them."

“The Lucky Cat was the drop off.” Sherlock stops in front of the building the housed the Lucky Cat and a small flat. “When was the last time it rained?"

“Monday, why?"

“That's been on the step since Monday.” John flowed his gaze to the front of the building was a soggy telephone book leaning against the door.

Sherlock rings the buzzer with the Soo Li Yao out front. "No one's been in this flat for at least three days.” Sherlock darts down the side of the building down a side ally. John quickly followed him.

"Perhaps they’re away on holiday?"

"Do you leave your windows open when you leave?" He looked up at the open window and began to climb the back of the scaffolding. Once at the top, Sherlock leapt inside. John watched him, thankful that it was a much shorter building. John can hear Sherlock moving around in the flat.

John rings the doorbell. "Are you going to open the door and let me in this time? The wolf is no longer amused by this."

Sherlock clearly ignored him and just rattled off his observations. "I'm not the first person to come here. Someone else was here nearly knocked the vase off like I did. Size eleven but not heavy. Strangely long fingers. Why didn't he close the window when he left? Stupid stupid he's still..." Sherlock’s voice cut off abruptly.

John can hear a struggle going on upstairs. He takes out his gun, takes a step back and kicks the door in, rushing up the stairs and kicks that door in as well. A tall asian male with monkey hands had said hands wrapped around Sherlocks throat. John growled and lifted his gun.

"Drop him."

The man does so and books it for the window. John shoots the man who dared to harm his mate. He hits him in the side but the monkey man leaps out the window. John turns attention to a gasping Sherlock. John neels beside him tilting his head up. “Let me see now love.” He checked Sherlock’s throat, the wolf wanted to hunt the monkey down and present him dead for his mate. “Looks like he crushed your larynx, nothing a bit of blood won't fix. Let's get you home now.” John didn't offer Sherlock his own blood since last time they both were aroused and now wasn't the time. Sherlock glared at him before compiling and following him out the door. One of Mycroft's men, a non verbal
illusionist named Kevin was leaning against the wall. He gave them a two fingered salute with a
wink as they walked away. He was there to deal with the door.

John got Sherlock home who immediately, after removing his coat and scarf, flopped dramatically on
to couch. John quickly heated up a mug of honeyed blood for Sherlock and a cup of tea for himself.
His phone beeped alerting him of a text. “Tell Mycroft to shove off.” Sherlock muttered, his voice
rough as his body used the blood to fix his damaged larynx.

“I would if the text was from Mycroft. It’s from Greg wants to met at the pub later.”

“Who’s Greg?”
Sherlock was not sulking on the couch despite what Ms. Hudson claimed. He was impatiently waiting for John to return. He wanted to show John how he figured out that the killer was a Jueyuan and Mycroft's man dropped off a note which he had found on the doorstep. Sherlock was much too eager to wait any longer and although he rather despised pubs, it would be worth it to retrieve his John. Sherlock threw on his coat and scarf and headed out into the night. He caught a cab to the pub. John was sitting at the bar with Lesertde laughing in between sips.

“If you’ve got good aim you should come and join us on Thursday night.” Lestrade told John after they stopped laughing. “You’d be doing us a huge favor.”

John grinned. “Sure. Sounds great.” John looked, up spotting him his grin grew larger. “Sherlock,” Lestrade turned his head, his cheeks ruddy from the alcohol and from laughing.

“I hear you’re on one of Dimmocks cases,” Lestrade said. “Breaking him in are we?” He said with a slight smirk as he took a sip. “Poor bastard doesn't know what he's getting into.”

“He’s not that bad, if people would listen to him and not call him freak he wouldn't be so abrasive.”

Lestrade sighed and took a drink. “Look, I really don't want to get into this with you right now, about we leave at that for now.” The DI’s phone rang, he glanced at it with a grimace, it would mean that it was his cheating, shrill wife. “I have to take this.” He got up and left for the alleyway for privacy.

John patted the seat next to him. “You came here for a reason, so have seat and tell me.”

Sherlock sat in the DI’s vacated seat, eager to tell John what he found. “Our killer is a Jueyuan, which is a Chinese supernatural. Similar to monkeys, they possess a characteristic of carrying away human females and violating them. They stay with them in the mountains until they bear a male child. The Jueyuan traits are passed along via the males. Once the female they took has given birth she may return to her village with any female children she has born if she wishes. Stockholm syndrome most likely plays a part in them not leaving once freed. A Jueyuan will have monkey like hands and feet, increased strength and dexterity.” Sherlock waited for the praise that would come out of John mouth.

“Absolutely brilliant!” John exclaimed. “No wonder I didn't recognise the scent from the fur.”

Sherlock nodded before counting on. “One more thing, tomorrow we have a lead to check on. Mycroft's minion from earlier dropped off a note he had found on Soo Lin Yao's step.”

“Kevin his name is Kevin. Where are we going?”

“The national anatic mesum. To speak to a guy named Andy.”
“Great.”

Lestrade came back to where they were sitting grabbing his coat as he spoke to John. “Sorry John gotta go I’ll see you Thursday night unless a case comes up first.” he paid his tab.

“Sounds like a plan.” John told him.

With that Lestrade left his head hung slightly low making the spots on the back of his neck visible the ones on the side hidden underneath his coat. Sherlock turned to watch John pay his tab before sliding his coat on. They headed outside walking back towards the flat when Raz found them.

“Sherlock I found something.” Raz led them to a skate park filled with graffiti there was a yellow tag amongst the rest. Sherlock stepped close examining the paint.

“It’s the same type. If you wanted to hide a tree then the best place to do so would be in a forest wouldn’t you say? People would walk right past and never even it’s there. It would be just another tree one of millions. John do you recognise the scent?” Sherlock asked turning his head towards him.

He watched as John sniffed the air a few times getting right up to the wall. “Yes I say it happened after what happened this afternoon there’s a healing tang underneath the chillies and mellon. Still smell a hit of blood so at least he doesn’t have the ability to self heal like we do.”

Sherlock nodded before giving orders. “We need to split up and look for more markers. John go along the railway line you know what to look for.” he slipped Raz some money before heading off his coat flaring out behind him as John headed in the opposite direction. He had no need for a torch seeing as he had excellent night vision. Half an hour later he heard a familiar shout he turned to see John running his way. Sherlock quickly met him. “Take me there.” John led the way north by the train tracks, as the got closer John stopped for a second scenting the air.

“Shit. I smell fresh paint.” then took off at a run. Sherlock followed close behind to a black wall wet with a fresh coat of paint. “It was here it was just here! Not even fifteen minutes go the entire wall was made of the yellow paint.”

“Someone didn’t want me to see it” he muttered. Sherlock grabbed his John's head holding his skull close he could smell the faint trace of cheap lager mingling with his musky scent. This close to the were he could hear his heartbeat.

“Sherlock what are you doing?” John placed his calloused hands over his own.

“Shhh I need you to countrate shut your eyes… please.” he added looking into his dark blue eyes. John closed them. “I need you to maximise your visual memory. Try to picture it. Conjure up what you saw. Can you remember it?” Sherlock would have to work on Johns memory skills more often especially if it meant being this close to him.

“Sure, yah.” he sounded amused.

“Can you remember the pattern?” Sherlock asked.

“Definitely,” he chuckled

“How much of it?”

“All of it, look I took a picture,” John opened his eyes and held his phone up next to them. Sherlock glanced at the phone still holding Johns head he moved his hands to cup his cheeks feeling a bit of stubble thier. John amazing John fantastic brilliant John had taken a picture, had gotten the journalists
diary form the police, had shot the cabbie, shot the Jueyuan, had stood up to Sebastian's reiculde, and coutiled praised him. Sherlock lend close to press a light kiss to Johns parted lips. John growled low in his throat before pressing back, his short strong hands tangling in his curls as John deepened the kiss. His tongue coming out to play as John licked his tongue his cheeks and teeth. The soldiers lips pressed against his own. Sherlock moaned as John made his way down his throat kissing and sucking along the side and down the front, unbuttoning the top bottom.

“John,” Sherlock took a shuddering breath to collect himself. “After the case would you be agreeable to have sex with me?”

“Oh god yes,” John moaned.

Chapter End Notes

https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jueyuan_(mythology) info about the Jueyuan i tweaked it a bit of course
John couldn't sleep that night to wound up thinking about the kiss. He had already wanked four times sometimes having a short refractory period was a bit of a pian. John keep thinking about what was going to happen after the case had been concluded. How much he wanted to lick and lave, to bite every inch of Sherlock's cool pale skin. To leave his bite marks all over his perfect skin claim him show everyone who he belonged to. John groaned and rolled outta bed to open the window. He stuck his head out in the cold damp night air, breathing it all in allowing everything to wash over him. The symphony of sounds washed over him. It was distracting witch was the point. The cool wet air helped to temper his arousal. A long run come morning would also help. The wolf did not allow for much idleness, morning runs helped keep restlessness at bay. John shut the window and headed back to bed hoping to finally fall asleep.

After his morning run John showered and shaved, his facial hair grew faster before and during the wolf moons, witch was three nights from now. He took out meat to thaw, London didn't have much in the way of hunting. He then made tea for Sherlock and himself. If the case wasn't concluded by then they'd follow after him in wolf form. coumican would be difficult however. So with any luck the case would be finished within the next few days.

They headed inside of the messume to talk to a man named Andy, he could smell their killer had been here at one point. It was faint and fading fast, there was another stronger familiar scent. Not as familiar as the killer. It smelled like flowers, mellon, tea and clay. It was familiar in a small part to the killer. It could just be a coincidence or they might be related John couldn't tell. They found the younger man named Andy Galbraith.

"When was the last time you saw Soo Lin Yao?" Sherlock asked.

"Three days ago. Here at the museum earlier this morning they told me she has resigned but she wouldn't leave her work unfinished."

"What was the last thing she did the afternoon she left?"

Andy led them to a store room once the light was on John could see broken antiques and statues warped in dusty sheets. Here the killers scent was a bit stronger as was Soo Lin Yao's. Andy pointed to a cabinet in the corner.

"She does a denotation of a tea ceremony for tourists. After she put her stuff away the cabinet. She wouldn't have resigned the pots were obsession, they need constant care or they dry out and the clay will start crumble."

Sherlock nodded before walking over to a statue missing its cover their on the headless statue was the same Chinese death cipher as was on the painting at the bank.

"Do you know what that is? " Andy asked with concern.
"Yes this has been very helpful thank you." John told the concerned young man as Sherlock examined a tea set. “Sherlock do you think she's still alive?”

“Yes the killer is looking for information, he's contacting people form an underground network here the cypher near the tracks. What ever was stolen he wants it back. It's somewhere here in the code which we can't solve without Soo Lin Yao.”

“Why do we need her to solve it? Are you sure something was stolen?” John asked.

“She knew what the yellow paint ment and hide, the killer was waiting for her at the flat. Two men went to China both involved in smuggling both men were killed and the killer is still around. She is hidden here in the museum. As we were just told theses tea pots must be up kept by brewing and pouring tea over them, this pot.” Sherlock points to a shiny clay pot. “has been recently worked on.”

Andy portseted. “But she hasn't been here recently, I can double check with the logs but i'm certain of it.”

Sherlock looked at him, “No need she's hiding here, tonight we will speak with her.”

Later on that night a young asian women crawls out of tunnel and into the museum floor. She walks swiftly and softly towards the tea pots. With gentle hands she places it on a table with catalogs, papers, books about ceramics and antiques and an A to Z book. She began to brew the tea slowly swirling it around coating the inside.

“Fancy a biscuit with your tea?” Sherlock asked startling the the girl. Soo Lin gasped from shock and dropped the delict pot, Sherlock's quick reflexes save the pot from harm he hands it back. “Centuries old would hate for it to break.” Sherlock turned the light on, casting a light on her face. she was nervous and anxious witch was unsurprising.

“You saw the Cipher? You know that he is coming for me, it's only a matter of time."

"You've been clever. Thus far been able to avoid him."

"I had to finish before he came. I know my fate." She said resigned looking down at the pots.

"Who is he? You've met him before haven't you?" Sherlock asked.

"When I was a girl living back in China. I recognise his signature."

“And the cipher?” Sherlock asked

“Yes I know it as well. The one you're looking for is Zhi Zhu.”

“It means “The Spider”.” Sherlock whispered to him. He thought it wasnt that suitable considering what they found out he was more monkey than spider. Soo Lin Yao took her shoe off and lifted her foot up, on the bottom was a tattoo of a black flower which had a circle around it. "That's the mark of a Tong an ancient crime syndicate, based in China." Sherlock informed John.

Soo Lin nodded as she put her shoe back on. “Every footsoldier breas the mark, everyone who hauls for them.”

“So you were a smuggler?” John asked her.

“I was 15 living back in China, in the yellow dragon city our mother was dead. No livelihood no way of surviving day to day, except to work for them."
"Who are they?" Sherlock asked

"They are called the Black Lotus. I would smuggle alcohol and cheap cigarettes, no one thinks to check the pockets of a school girl. By the time I was sixteen I was taking thousands of pounds worth of drugs across the border into Hong Kong. I'm not proud, I'm so ashamed of what I've done how I lived. I managed to escape I came here i went to night school and got a job here. A new life a fresh start."

"And then he found you?" Sherlock spoke

She nodded. "I had hoped after 5 years that maybe they had forgotten about me. But they never really let you go. A small community like ours they are never far away. He came to my flat three days ago asking for my help getting something back, I refused him."

“So he sent the cipher as a punishment”

“He's ruthless he will kill anyone in his way even family if the betray him.” she told them with remorse.

“Did you know him back in China?” john asked

“Oh yes he's my brother. Our mother died during the dimensions in 1989 they let my brother go because he wasn't good enough for them. I was four Liang was six. Two orphans alone in the world. We had no choice we can work for the Black Lotus or we can die on the streets starving begging for food. My brother has become their puppet, at their beck n call. The one they call Shan - a Black Lotus General is the one who holds the reins."

“John give her your phone. We need the picture of the cipher.” Sherlock told him. John quickly pulled up the picture he had taken last night. Sherlock took it from his hand and gave it to Soo Lin.

“Can you decipher this?” Sherlock asked John was glad he asked instead of demanding it.

She took the phone from Sherlock's hands looking at the picture. “Thire numbers.” she pointed to one. “That's a fifteen and that's a one, their based on a book all the smugglers know it.”

John turned his head towards a sound in the distance, he might have heard it sooner if he had been paying attention. “Sherlock I think someone's here.”
Chapter 21

Not bettaed like the last few i might need a new one i havent heard from them. I really needed to get a new chapter out. Hope you don't mind the changes.

John turned back to him. “Stay here, I'll go look.” Sherlock watched as John took out his gun and stalked towards where he heard the sound. Sherlock watched him go, aware of Soo Lin writing but he was preoccupied starting to hear anything as he watched John slip out of sight. The sound of a drum carried over to where they were standing. Soo Lin Yao stiffened in her seat.

“He's here.” she cried out in a panic as the lights went out, witch didn't affect Sherlock since as a vampire he had excellent night vision.

“You should hide,” Sherlock told the young woman before snatching up the paper she had been working on she could be of use latter on. The young woman crawled under the desk, as an exchange of gunshots rang out. Sherlock ran towards the shots, it was irrational and idiotic. John was thughf john had healing abilities and was a werewolf he was fine, but Sherlock needed to make sure. John was his, it had only been a short time and the man had managed to worm his way under his skin.

Senieint. It was a very dangerous thing to run towards bullets fired, for sentimental reasons. Yet Sherlock couldn't find it in himself to turn around. There were shots exchanged once again. He found John crouched behind a stand holding up a vase, John grabbed him and yanked him down as a shot hit the skull showering them with its shattered remains. John had covered Sherlock with his own body.

“That skull is two hundred thousand years old. Have a bit of respect for archaeology!” Sherlock yelled at the assassin.

“Sherlock, I said stay behind you left Soo Linn behind.” John scolded him. “are you okay? Any of the shards hit you?”

“Oh course not they hit you instead.” Sherlock informed him he could smell a bit of John's blood once John had shifted his position Sherlock could see the healing cut on John's hand.

“I don't hear him any more. We should go back,” John said standing up offering Sherlock a hand up. After standing they hurried back to where they left Soo Lin. When they arrived it was to late. Soo Lin was lying on the ground dead with Johns smashed phone and a black flower laying next her. Sherlock was glad he had grabbed the paper she had been working on before leaving.

“We need to call the police I need to see the bottom of the other two mens feet i need their books. There must be an overlap of similar books.” Sherlock said out loud hoping to distract John, he may be a wolf and a soldier but he was a Doctor as well. While the former beget violence and death in their wake John was a healer at heart. He would morun privately for this girl. Now was not the time.

The next day Sherlock went to the morgue alone leaving John behind to receive the books. Sherlock found Molly Hooper on break. "What are you thinking? Pork or pasta?"

She smiled up at him her cheeks turning a slight red shade. "Oh it's you."
“I’d suggest the pasta, less like human flesh then the pork, especially if you're slicing up cadavers.”

"Ohh... Er. What are you having?" she asked him

"John forced a mug of blood down my throat this morning, I don't eat on cases digestion slows me down." Sherlock informed her he really didn't have the patience for small chat, however Molly would be the easiest way to get what he was here for.

"Oh right. Your what are you working on tonight?" Molly asked him grabbing the pasta.

"I have bodies I need to examine. Eddie Van Coon and Brian Lukis. I need to examine their feet."

"There on my list I did the post-mortems"

"Can you wheel them out again?"

"Well, the paperwork has already gone in... "

She clearly needed a push in the direction he needed her to go, Molly's indecision was annoying. He gave her a slight smile. He could charm his way to the bodies. "You're changed your hair."

She blinked up at him her lips parting with shock. "What?" she touched her hair

"The style. You used to part it in the middle." Sherlock told gesturing to object they were discussing.

"Oh. Well yes, yes I did."

Sherlock allowed his smile to grow a bit bigger. "Suits you better this way."

Molly blushed and led him to the bodies. Thus far he never used his charm on John. He just seemed to like him as is. As Sherlock examined the bottoms of the dead mens feet he snapped a photo of the tattoos to the DI handling the case. They needed to get John a new phone... if Mycroft hadn't already done so, the nosy fat git. Sherlock covered the bodies back up and headed back home.

When Sherlock arrived back home boxes lined the floors and walls covering what space was left in the flat. John had already gotten started there were a few piles of books he was going threw a box with a mug of tea by his side, even though he had shaved earlier in the morning after his run his cheeks and chin were covered in stubble it was only mid afternoon, another experiment for Sherlock to conduct later after the case was finished and after the full moon witch ever was last. Sherlock tossed his coat and scarf on the back of John's red armchair and dug into a box of books.

"Tea? I'm about to make lunch." John asked as he headed to the kitchen, Sherlock nodded examining the pairs of books. He picked up the first set. The page and the word where each their own numbers which made a message witch Soo Lin had started for them. The book Sherlock had picked up did not match with the one she must have used. He put it down away from the other books. John put down a mug of tea by him and continued to sort thru the books eating a sandwich with one hand. Sherlock continued to read the books John had separated already.

Long after the tea had gone cold and the sandwich eaten, John looked up Sherlock could feel his eyes on him. “Sherlock what books were on Soo Lin's desk?”

“Varis books on ceramics and antiques and a copy of London A to Z.” Sherlock told him waiting for John to get to the point.

“Why would two London men also own copies of London A to Z?” John asked.
Sherlock stode and stalked over to John. “Turn to page 15 the first word is what?” he held the paper he had saved from the time in the museum.

“Nine,”

Sherlock nodded and told him the next number set. Sherlock of course had memorised it. “8 and 73,”

“Mill,”

Sherlock asked one more as that was all she had translated for them. “9 and 56,”

“For,”

Sherlock grinned and bounced on the balls of his feet. “John! We did it we found the book!” he grabbed his John and pulled him up to kiss him once more, but quickly released him before John could deepen the kiss again. He could feel John's eyes on him as he headed away with a copy of the book. “Nine Mill for jade pin. Dragon den black tramway. We cracked the code were that much closer to closing the case.” he spotted the poster for the Chinese circus act in town. He could get tickets for it quite easily. “John how about a date.”
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait and cliffhanger, not betaed but looking for one

John suspected that this ‘date’ was just another part of the case. But he couldn't find it into himself to complain. The soon the case was over the better, John was a patient hunter he could wait till after the case was over. Besides Sherlock seemed to relish in the concept of abnormal. After a second shave and his gun tucked in to the back of his pants, John was ready to go. Sherlock as always looked fantastic, all John wanted to do was to take him to bed. Lie him down and pop the straining buttons and lick his way down Sherlock’s cool pale skin all the way down to his trousers. Only to slide them off his long legs the warped around his waist or hooked over his shoulders. Leavening only his pants to remove leaving Sherlock’s puckered hole open for John to take apart with his fingers and tongue before splitting him open on his cock.

Sherlock hailed a cab instantly if John didn't know better he'd think it was magic. They followed the small throng of people in the building, there was a small Asian women handling the tickets. Someone from behind jostled into him, he had to suppress the urge to turn and snap at the person behind him. He was always testy before his moon cycle which was tomorrow night. His never endings felt as though they were on fire, his skin itched the moon sang strongly in his veins. He needed a good shift to rid himself of these pains. Alone in his own space it wasn't so bad. But with all of these people it drove him a bit mad. John wasn't aware he was growing until Sherlock laid a hand on his shoulder. John stopped and allowed his muscles to relax a bit. There were far too many people here, the scents the sounds the heat radiating off of them. The wolf was displeased to be here, here among strangers. With the exception of their mate no one was pack. They were a nuisance if there was danger they wouldn't know it in time. The wolf wanted to return to their den, to drag Sherlock back with. It was different in Afghanistan they had been his pack his friends his comrades. He wasn't going to leave Sherlock here, who knows what sorta trouble he'd get into.

“Two tickets for Holmes, you should get that cut checked out espilly if you're still bleeding.” Sherlock told the ticket girl as she handed them two tickets.

They quickly find their spots. At least they had a good vantage point were they were located. On the center of the stage was a tall tripod covered in a black cloth a female performer enters the stage a drum start's as she pulls the cloth away to relevel a crossbow. From her robes she draws a blot and uses the crossbow to shoot the man shaped wood plank. Right threw his wooden heart. She took a white feather from her hat and placed it on the bow, the reailes must be sensitive as it shoots another blot at the wooden man. She takes the blots back out of the wood as a short muscular man dressed all in black with a mask covering his face. The women ties him up with black cord.

“It's an ancient Chinese Escapology act.” Sherlock whispered into his ear. “the crossbow is on a delicate spring, the warrior has to escape before the blot is fried.”

John quirked a smile before replying:“ Well, that sounds like an ideal friday night. Maybe we should try it next time you're bored.”

Sherlock huffed a small laugh before counting to explain what was happening, "they split the sandbag so the sand pours out. Then the weight causing the bowl to be lowered, setting the bow
The man in black began to wiggle his way out of the bounds, just in time to as the bolt was launched right at him at second later and it would have hit him. The crowd of people applauded John turned towards Sherlock.

“Sherlock?” John began to feel panic and anger well in his chest. They were in enemy territory, and he decided to flounce off on his own. The wolf was no longer amused by Sherlock leaving them behind all the time. John began to move threw the crowd of people following Sherlocks scent. It led him to the backstage area where Sherlock was grappling with a costumed man wielding a sword. John quickly drew his listened gun, (thank you Mycroft). But before he can find an opening Sherlock grabs aholt of a can of yellow spray paint, and hits the man in his eyes with the paint. The man screams and lunges at Sherlock his sword raised. The sword embed into the wall as Sherlock ducks, John sees his opening and shoots the man in the arm. Sherlock turns to look at him before returning his attention back to the costumed man, who was holding his shot arm with his other hand.

On their way back from NSY they stopped at a little Thai place. “What's next?” John asked, NSY had been unable to find anything, by the time they had arrived the Chinese cricas was gone. Sherlock didn't answer him, he looked as if he were faraway. His eyes were almost blank but they seemed to drat around rapidly. John ate his food and watched him.

Sherlock could feel the ropes binding him to the chair, He could hear the murmur of the hushed whispers, there was water dripping, he couldn't however get his body to obey. They must have given him blood from an anesthesia pasinet. His mind wasn't running quickly as usual thankfully it was local anaesthesia if they had given him much more or if he didn't have a tolerance for drugs he could have been as slow as Anderson. If he had been cable he would have shuddered at the thought. Sherlock realized with a start he couldn't remember how he got here. He remembered slipping out of the Thai place while John was in the lou. It was no matter he could deduce it easy enough, although the fact he couldn't feel his body nor move his head to stalk of any changes. He began to glance about the room. There were a ring of candles illuminating the room, there were long metal groves in the floor, old tram tracks. He knew John would find him, if not Mycroft would send him. He would just need to pastinet not that he had a choice in the matter. He still had at the very least 10-15 minutes depending on how much of the tainted blood was given to him, and what it was laced with. Before he had time to focus on what exactly he might have been drugged with a couple of figures step into the room. A woman with two men flanking her.
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

There's a bit of torture in this chapter if that makes you uncomfortable, please skip the middle part.

Chapter Notes

Need a beta still.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

John was running down the street, once again tracking Sherlock's scent, through the streets of London as a human. He had come back from the loo only to find that out Sherlock wasn't there. After throwing money down, John left. With the full moon so close it was best if he remained in control, remained human. John came to a stop taking a few deep breaths to gather the scents around him. There was Sherlock's familiar scent along with three others. There was also blood. He pushed the thought of blood out of his mind, it might not be Sherlock's but he had a job to do. John needed to be clear headed. He took his gun out and began to head inside.

"A book is like a magic garden carried in your pocket." the old woman spoke. "Chinese proverb, Mr. Holmes. You have one chance, Mr. Holmes, where is the treasure?" she took out a small revolver when he said nothing. Sherlock continued to ignore her, after all if he told her he was as good as dead. He had to stall for time.

"I have no idea what treasure you are referring to." he told them feigning ignorance, he had a good idea on where it was but needed to confirm later.

She nodded towards her henchmen who flanked his sides. With a second nod they began to rip his shirt open, one of the men took a knife to his flesh. They sliced him from his collarbone down to his navel. Sherlock could feel the knife feel the blood drip down pooling at the edges of his trousers. His body closed the wound. They cut him from navel up to his collarbone.

The women in front of him smirked. "We shall continue to cut you, Mr. Holmes, until you tell us where the treasure is. We know what you can do. We all have read the blog your protective lover wrote about you. Such poetry."

Sherlock, of course, had read the blog post. What he hadn't expected was for it to be widely read. Now, however, was not the time to discuss John's silly blog. Eventually his body won't be able to heal itself once he lost too much blood. However, he had an advantage over them. His body would work through drugged blood faster than what they were anticipating. One of the men stabbed him in his abdomen, twisting the knife in what would have been painful under normal circumstances. They moved to his neck, nicking the arteries, each going in the opposite direction, causing blood to coat his skin in what looked like a ruby necklace.
“Where is the treasure, Mr. Holmes?” she asked once again, holding a small revolver in his face.

John needed to hurry up.

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John could hear voices near the scent of blood strong and heavy in the air. He needed to go in. Cautiously, the wolf was worried over their mate, wanted to rush in and tear everyone to shreds. The bones cracking and breaking under their fangs, blood hot on their tongue, flesh ripped and torn. John quickly put a stop to wolf’s train of thoughts as he crept closer, spotting a bleeding Sherlock tied to a chair with two men using knives on him. An older Asian women put a gun to his mate's head.

“One last time, Mr. Holmes, or I will have my boys begin to remove body parts. Where is the…” John didn't wait for her to finish. The first shot tore through her stomach, the gun clattered on the ground, the second through the left man's neck and the third grazed the right man’s cheek. The one who was grazed dropped his knife, swooped the woman in his arms and took off running. John made his way closer, his gun still raised. The man on floor was choking on the blood bubbling up from his throat. John quickly untied Sherlock. His neck wounds were just about healed but the third stab wound was farther from being healed. John took Sherlock's phone from his pocket, dialing Mycroft's number as he rolled his sleeve up. He used his teeth to rip a gaping wound in his arm. He pressed it to Sherlock’s mouth. It wouldn't be enough but it was a start.

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Sherlock was pleased to see John and his ugly jumper. If his throat was in better shape he would have said so. But the drugs had began to wear off. He still didn't have full control of his limbs, but his was able to hold John's arm as he drank. He forced his fangs to remain tucked away. He would get only one chance to see if John was his mate. The case was concluded. Just one small detail to track down, he was 93% certain that Van Coon’s secretary had it. They had been sleeping together after all. When John's blood stopped flowing freely, Sherlock attempted to stand.

“Whoa, steady.” John strong arms prevented him from greeting the floor. “Mycroft's sending a car and a clean up crew.” John picked him up one arm under his legs the other supporting his back.

“I don't need you to carry me, John.” Sherlock said in a huff. He would never admit that it was quite pleasant to be carried as though he weighed nothing. John was very warm, and he smelled wonderful. As much as he didn't like having Mycroft's fat face in his business, however, it would be a pain to go through the police.

Once back home at Baker Street and after reassuring Ms. Hudson, John helped Sherlock strip. It was rather frustring. It was one thing to be lazy the other to be incapable. But leaning against the cool shower wall the hot water rushing over his blood soaked skin. A cold bag of blood on his fangs and Johns fingers tangled in his hair as he washed the blood from his curls. Sherlock couldn't find it in himself to complain. Mostly because of John finger's. Tomorrow Sherlock would make John his.

Chapter End Notes

Did any one ever read a book about a man killing french nobles who owed him money by sliting their throats and placing a ruby necklace over the wound?
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Sumt ahed!

Chapter Notes

Not betaed but am looking for one. Not brit picked. My frist smut scean hope u enjoy it let me know if its any good.

John stood at the kitchen counter tea mug in hand, decaf. The regular stuff wired him up to much during the moon cycle. He could feel the moon in his veins humming gently. He still had things to get done before he had to shift. But he couldn't bring himself to do any of it. He also needed a shave his facial hair always grew faster during this time. The floor was cool against his bare feet, he could hear Sherlock moving around in his room. He hadn't spent his moon cycle with someone since Afghanistan witch hardly counted since he still had a job to do even then. This was their mate, he was much more important than their old army pack or the small pack he left to join the military. He needed to get the meat cooked, he couldn't ask Sherlock to feed him as a wolf. And the next morning he'd be to exughaed to do much of anything.

Sherlock spotted his target standing by the kitchen counter tea mug in hand, bare chest and feet poking out from underneath pyjamas that were much too long on him. He was deviating from his normal morning retuin. The muscles his back were tense, Sherlock knew of an excellent way to ease that tension. He draped himself over Johns warm back pressing his erection into johns firm arrse. He tangled his hands in the short blonde strands, as his other hand slipped under John's pyjama bottoms to his growing erection. Tilting his head to side Sherlock ran his tongue over John's pulse, teasing him before sinking his fangs into John's flesh.

Sherlock could feel the doors to his mind plase filg open as Johns memories rushed in, he knew the same was happening to John with his own. He saw John standing on a bridge staring at the water, he saw him lying bleeding in dessert sand screams and loud sounds echoing around him, a man licking a few of the larger wounds most likely a vampire. Sherlock saw john in the medic tent over different men and women, he saw him as a wolf pup in the woods with another wolf, he saw that wolf leave, he saw a blond woman violently drunk.

So many images and memoirs passed therw his mind, he stored the memoirs away for latter. He saw newer ones all about him it took him a moment to realize that they were sexual fantasies about him. He quickly removed his fangs not wanting to cum just yet. Sherlock still had his hand wrapped around John's cock, moaning he begged "John please I need you to take me please fuck me." John growled low in his throat as turned to face him. John's hands found their way to Sherlock's arse lifting him as he snogged the life out of him, bruising his lips. Sherlock wrapped his limbs around John's waste as he was carried to his bedroom.
John dropped Sherlock on the vampires bed. It smells heavily of Sherlock in here it was delicious. Not as delicious as the sight on the bed, with his long lean pale legs. Sherlock's thin lightly muscled chest his flushed cheeks and glazed eyes. Those perfect cupid bow lips swollen and red still from blood. And his long thin cock dribbling pre cum on to his belly. John would lick every inch of Sherlock's body, another day for now he was impatient. John quickly shed his clothes and kneeled in between Sherlock's open legs. “What a gorgeous you are. One day I will lick every inch of your skin.” John lifted one long limb and began to lick and nip his way down to his mates cock. Licking a strip up and around the leaking head. Sherlock moaned thrusting his hips up seeking more. John grinned and released Sherlock's cock.

“John your wearing to many clothes. Take them off and fuck me.” Sherlock demanded with a glare.

John chuckled, “Bossy git,” he spoke fondly as he quickly shed his clothes while Sherlock rolled onto his stomach rummaging in his night stand for lube. John grabbed the presented asres cheeks and squeezed the round globes. “Mmm such a perfect pert arse you have here,” John snuck his teeth into one of the lush globes of Sherlock's pale behind. The wanton sound Sherlock made went straight to his cock. He wanted to hear that noise again.

“Jawn please I need you.” Sherlock moaned.

John popped the lid to the lube Sherlock had grabbed applying it to his fingers warning it up before rubbing the tight ring of puckered flesh. Before popping one finger in stretching, losing him up, preparing Sherlock for his cock. Being a doctor it didn't take long before he had found Sherlock's prostate.

The Vampire gasped and shuddered. His hips twitching and his cock was dribbling pre-cum prefusly. “Oooh yesss,” Sherlock moaned again.

John sild in a second finger stretching Sherlock father lightly teasing his prostate. Sherlock reached for his cock, John growled and grabbed his hand. “Mine,” he quickly added a third finger. He slid his fingers out of Sherlock's gaping hole much to Sherlock's dismay. He quickly lubed up his cock lining the head his of cock with Sherlock's wet ring of puckered flesh slipping inside groaning at the tight heat, Sherlock's flesh was warmer after drinking from him. He grabbed Sherlock's cock stroking in time with his thrusts.

The warm head of John's cock kept striking his prostate and his hand stroking his own erection. Johns thumb running over the leaking silt. Words tumbling from his mouth set fire to Sherlock's body. “God Sherlock you're gorgeous you feel so good warped around me. The noises you make I need to hear again over and over.”

Sherlock grabbed his head pulling him closer tracing John's lips with his tongue licking his way into his mouth, his bared scratching his skin, the sensation sent plaser down his spine. The soft wet lips, the warm mouth his tongue and teeth. Sherlock committed the whole thing to its own wing in his mind palace, there would be more to come.

John broke the kiss, resting his forehead against his own, his hips thrusting faster each strike hitting his prostate. “Cum for me love. I want to see you cum with my dick your lovely arse.”

“Ah god Jawn!” Sherlock cried out throwing his head back as he felt his balls tighten and his cock twitch before he felt the first wave of his cum spraying his belly and chest. He felt John's pace quicken before he stopped and spilled deep inside of him.
Sherlock had cornered John in the kitchen again, too impatient to wait for him to come back. He sank down to his haunches, sliding John’s pyjama bottoms down. He groaned, “No pants, you should always be like this,“

John’s erect cock was thick and dripping precum already, Sherlock licked his lips. He had already fantasized about this, but in real life it was oh, so much better. There were golden hair with a hit of red at the base of his cock, a happy trail leading up to John’s muscular chest. Sherlock didn’t have much body hair, but thankfully John wasn’t overly hairy. He had strong thighs to go with his muscular arms. Sherlock was dimly aware of his name being called before John slapped him in the face, (more of a pat really) Sherlock rather liked the sound of that. He looked up at Johns face, a questioning look on it.

"Harder, John, slap my face.” Sherlock watched John's eyes dilate and a predatory grin graced his face.

“Oh really now, I suppose I could if you really want it, love.” John told him before slapping his face with a load crack before following it up with a slap on the other side of his face. Sherlock shuddered, licking the bit of blood from where his teeth cut his lip. John grabbed and pulled on his hair, eliciting a wanton moan from Sherlock's own lips. “I see someone likes it rough.”

Sherlock nodded before John growled as he held Sherlock's mouth open. Sherlock could easily break free of the grip, but felt no need to. John forced his large cock in his open waiting mouth, Sherlock moaned as John hit the back of his throat. The vampire had long ago masted his gag reflex. As John began to thrust into his mouth, Sherlock curled his tongue over the shaft, rubbing against the vein. Precum coating the back of his throat, his lips stayed wide as John took his pleasure. Sherlock reached for his own aching cock.

John pulled out and slapped him with his cock, it was better than his fantasy. "If you want to cum, you'll have to rub against my leg." Sherlock moaned around Johns cock as he shuffled forward. “Sherlock, if you want to stop, tap my thigh three times.”

Sherlock huffed and rolled his eyes before agreeing. “Fine, now fuck my throat already.”

John chuckled fondly before shoving his cock back into Sherlock's eager mouth. “Let's find a better use for that bossy mouth of yours.”

Sherlock moaned around the large appendage in his mouth as he rubbed his own against John's leg. His nose pressed against John's pubic hair, his scent was much stronger here, his balls slapped his chin. The flat was filled with the sound of their pleasure as they chased their orgasms.

~~~~~~~~(new pov)
John was changing the messy sheets while Sherlock called for take-away, neither of them felt like
cooking. They were both freshly showered after a round of shower sex. The bedroom smelled of sex and sweat, the wolf rather liked it.

“Angelo, I need a delivery- two orders of your garlic bread, one Chicken Cacciatore, a Tagliatelle with shrimp and asparagus, and a Tiramisu,” Sherlock ordered over the phone. John wasn't close enough to make out what was being said on the other end. “No, we don't need a candle, we have our own.”

John chuckled, gathering the cum-coated sheets and bringing them into the kitchen. He shoved them in the washing machine after checking for any body parts or experiments. Sherlock had draped himself over the couch. The sound of footsteps followed by a light tap announced that they had a visitor. The scent of coffee, cake and rain along with the scents Mycroft covers himself in were a dead giveaway.

As Mycroft opened the door, “Hello brother mine, Doctor Watson.”

“Call me John, please, tea? Blood?” John offered as Sherlock glared at his brother.

“Go away Mycroft, we don't have cake and you can't have any of our tiramisu,” Sherlock said right after John.

“That's not why I'm here,”

“Then get on with it, I'm not taking any cases,” Sherlock snapped.

“John, how long until you will be shifting?” Mycroft said, ignoring Sherlock.

John paused for a moment before replying. “Two and half hours, I can push it back half an hour but I'd rather not,”

“There’s a car waiting for you downstairs to take you to a secluded wood,” Mycroft said turning towards the door.

John shook his head, “No thank you, we've spent many a moon cycle in London. We aren't a mindless animal. There's a park nearby, there's a chuck in the fridge, we might get lucky and find a large bird or rabbit.”

“Besides, we have plans that don’t involve you.” Sherlock put his two cents in.

Mycroft stared at him for a moment before nodding his head, “Have a good night,” he went back the way he came, a different voice and set of footsteps came up the stairs in his place. The smell of food set off his stomach.

They sat at the table after nudging Sherlock's less temperamental experiments out of the way. It wasn't until Sherlock finished the rest of the tiramisu that he spoke. “John, I need you to shift early, we have errands to run. We need to retrieve the jade pin.”

“Sure, maybe Sebastian will be there.” John couldn't wait to see the look on his face when he met the wolf. “Mind if I terrify him?”

“Go ahead,” Sherlock said with a mad grin.

“Well, let's get going then,” he said standing up, he began to shift. It was the least painful during the time of the full moon. It was almost a relief, the itching, tightness in his skin finally gone. He stood before Sherlock on all fours. Sherlock reached to touch his fur, stroking it softly.
“You've gained more weight in your wolf from then your human from.” Sherlock remarked. “Let's go finish the case, then off to the Yard.”

John wagged his tail and loosened his jaw in a wolfish grin. They head out to the streets of London.
Sherlock ran through the streets of London with his werewolf lover by his side. People gave them a wide berth, a cab had been out of the question. He could practically imagine the look on the cabbie’s face when a 640 pound wolf with giant fangs tries to climb into the cab. Sherlock left out a chuckle. John, their eyes were a darker blue, made an inquisitive noise by his side.

“I was thinking about the look on a cabbie's face if you were to climb in. We might have to try it later, the look of terror might be as amusing as Sebastian's shall be. We need to pick up the money from him anyway. Perhaps he can put it in your mouth or tuck it into your collar. I've been reading about vampire mates as of late, there are a few mentions of the possibility of being able to communicate via the mind, which would be quite useful in these sort of situations. But for now, bark once for mouth, bark twice for collar, three times if I should come up with a different idea.”

John looked up at him before barking once.

Sherlock nodded he held the door open for him when they reached the bank. Sherlock watched as John shifted his body posture, his tongue lolling out of his mouth. He looked less like a dangerous man-eating, monstrous wolf and more like a large somewhat scary dog. They made their way over to Van Coon’s assistant. Sherlock watched as John flopped down on the floor next to her desk, his tongue hanging out his mouth. He looked ridiculous, but that was most likely the point.

She did look at John with some trepidation before looking up at him. “Hi, can I help you with anything?”

“Yes you can,” Sherlock pointed to the hand lotion on her desk. “You receive that from VanCoon,” John wasn't here when he talked to her last time.

“Yes, why do ask again?” Amanda asked, confused.

“It's the same kind that was in his flat, I know he also gave you that hairpin your wearing,” he said pointing to the pin.

She reached up to touch the hair pin, “Yes he did, we were in relationship.”

“Well he was a smuggler, he stole from the people he was smuggling from. Three people are dead because of that pin,” Sherlock told her.

She quickly tore the pin outta her hair and threw it on her desk, “Take it, get it away from me,” Sherlock took the pin and put it in his coat pocket, he could give it to DI Dimmock.

John’s body posture shifted once again, his eyes were beginning to lighten up, showing that red beard was there. Sherlock opened Sebastian's door holding it open for John.
“Sherlock you're here late, have you thrown in the towel already?” he said smirking, “Where's your bodyguard did you chase him away?” he said laughing.

Sherlock enjoyed watching the laugh die as Sebastian caught sight of John, especially when Sebastian gave a rather high pitched scream and pushed his chair back against the wall and hid behind it. “W w what is that thing!?”

“you don't recognise a werewolf when you seen one? Besides you've already met twice, but i suppose with your lesser brain you must have forgotten. Let me reintroduce you to Dr. John Watson, you were a Captain to i believe right John?” of course Sherlock already knew he was but John nodded his head. “John's here to pick up the other half of the money, we solved your case. I'm just here to open doors,” and laugh at at his fright. Of course Sherlock doesn't mention that fact.

“You with a werewolf?” Sebas asked stupidly

“Yes I am, he's very good in and out of bed,” Sherlock placed his hand on top of John's head. Sebastian and others like him had always thought that he was unlovable and incapable of returning it. “We have other things to do tonight so if you could hurry up,”

With shaking hands Sebastian slowly took out his checkbook and quickly scribbled out a number still hiding behind his chair. “Here!” he held it out at arms length.

Sherlock smirked and took a step back to the door, “John handles the money,”

Sebastian gave an undignified whimper as John came around and put his paws on the back of the chair. Sebastian gave more pathetic terrified sounds as John took the check in his mouth. Sherlock held the door open for him as they walked out. Sherlock took the check once they reached the street. “Let's go to Scotland Yard next,” and off they went running down the streets of London side by side, Sherlock liked the fact he didn't have to slow down much it was always good to renew his map of London. Things could change quite fast in this city, other times it can be so slow when the criminal class took a holiday and drove him mad with boredom. Now he had John to help chase the boredom and clear the cobwebs from his mind.
When they got to New Scotland Yard the sun had set and so had John. Sherlock looked into the bright blue eyes and smiled, “Good evening, Redbeard.” He wagged his tail and gave Sherlock a wolfy grin. Somehow it felt different than when John had done the same thing earlier, cheekier almost. It was hard to tell on the wolf’s face.

They made their way through the Yard everyone gave them a wide berth. People seemed less terrified when the wolf wasn't focused on them. There were a few vampires who acted different than the rest. They still walked around them and avoid eye contact with Redbeard, but it was less out of fear and more out of caution. Most of the Yard was comprised of humans, minor magic user's and a handful of shifters. As far as he was aware Lestrade was the largest at 72 pounds. He headed for DI Dimmock’s office.

When they reached the door Sherlock turned to look at Redbeard. “He's only human and we may not end up working with him again so no need to scare him, if you would wait outside the door I won't be long,” Sherlock told the wolf at his side. Redbeard looked up at him before sitting outside the door with a huff.

With that Sherlock stepped inside, and he took the pin out of coat pocket. “This is what was smuggled out of China, this jade pin is the reason for the deaths.” He placed the pin on the desk. As he expected the next bit was as tedious and dull as always.

When he finally finished with explaining the case to Dimmock Sherlock exited the DI's office. “Are you ready to meet Lestrade and maybe even terrify Anderson while we're at it?” Sherlock asked Redbeard.

Redbeard briefly lowered his front half to the ground his legs stretched out in front of him, he loosened his jaw in a playful grin, his tongue lolling out; and then with a tail wag he quickly headed towards Leastade’s office, looking over his shoulder for Sherlock to join him.

When Sherlock held the door open as they walked inside, Lestrade was hunched over his desk working on the papers strewn across its surface. He was still having marriage troubles, he recently caught his wife cheating on him in their own bed. His suit was rumpled and wrinkly from sleeping in his office. Sherlock stormed over to his desk and loomed over the leopard shifter. From this angle Sherlock could see the grey spots that graced the back of the man’s neck.

“What do you want Sherlock we don't have any cases for you, unless you find paperwork interesting then by all means pull up a chair and join in,” Lestrade looked up while gesturing towards the chair in front of him. As soon as he caught a look at John he leaped out of his chair, and shifted, balancing on the back of his chair. Sherlock smirked as he watched the startled DI. The snow leopard looked ridiculous with it fur standing on end and his claws digging into the false leather of the chair.

“John and I won't be taking any cases for next two days, but if there are any cases during the full moon John might be joining me in his wolf form,” Sherlock informed the shifter detective. Redbeard
was a private name.

The leopard shifted back and glared at Sherlock. “A little warning might have been nice.”

“You see but you don’t observe. I thought you two were friends or something sentimental like that,” Sherlock told him. He wasn't going to admit that he had been wrong about John until he’d torn the cabbie open with his claws. “Is Anderson the incompetent in?” Sherlock asked.

Lestrade shook his head. “Him and Donovan already left for the night, and like I said, there are no cases currently.” Lestrade turned to the wolf at Sherlock’s side, “Hello, John, guess a pub night is out of the question.” Redbeard wagged his tail just a bit in acknowledgement.

Sherlock would just have to try again another time. Would Sargent Donovan react the same way Lestrade had? He would have to find out. It could have been because he had startled the snow leopard. He would have to wait, patience wasn't his strong suit. He wasn't a psychopath, he wouldn't stalk her or Anderson. Although, he most likely would find them together.

“You should look into getting a good divorce lawyer before your wife does,” Sherlock informed Lestrade. He glanced down at the wolf by his side, grateful he had a mate. Only immortals received a mate. Of course, their mate could be a mere mortal.

Redbeard was starting to get antsy, he kept shuffling around, his nails clicking against the hard floor, and there was a tightness to his shoulders. From the data he had collected thus far about the wolf told him that he was a creature of action, of movement, but the wolf wouldn't leave him.

Sherlock could introduce the wolf to some of his homeless network. Word would have spread by now that he was running with a large wolf like creature. It wouldn't be amusing to scare them, they would be less inclined to work with him. They still would for the money, but they would hold things back.

Without a goodbye Sherlock turned on his heel; with Redbeard close behind him they headed back outside to the streets of London.
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Sherlock and John/Redbeard vist Sherlocks homeless network

Chapter Notes

Thank you stormsong for betaing!! Hope u all enjoy

Sherlock led the way past Regents Park, searching for Ole Sue. She had a path she always followed, rarely deviating. Ole Sue would be making her way back to the bridge she slept under after making a stop by a few restaurant dumpsters, wheeling a trolley in front of her; it was filled with drawing and colouring pictures she had torn from children’s colouring books, each picture blessed. Ole Sue was an old white witch who had lost part of her mind along with an eye to a nasty fight with a black witch. She’d won in the end but at a cost to her sanity. She knew all there was to know about magic, when there was more information on Moriarty, who John believed to be a black witch, she would be his first stop. Sherlock spotted her a little ways ahead, she had a successful scavenge.

She stopped and turned to him, her eye confused and lost looking, the other was a gaping hole. Ole Sue always managed to lose the eye patch when someone would give her one.

Redbeard sat at Sherlock’s feet when they stopped.

Sue patted Redbeard’s head muttering quietly, “Good puppy, such a pretty colour.” She turned her now clear eye up towards him with a glare. “Don't mess with black witch's, Sherlock, or you might just lose more than you bargained for,” with that she went back to petting Redbeard. A few minutes later she headed off to the bridge.

They headed towards docks where Sherlock hoped to catch Zane before he drank himself into incoherence and slipped deep into the depths of the water. While not as strong as Victoria Zane was still a siren. He kept his soul gem on a small pin attached to his hat. Sherlock managed to catch him before he entered the pub.

Zane turned to look at him. His eyes weren't currently human, the iris had taken over the whites of his eyes in a swirl of dark blue and pale grey his pupil a thin silt. Zane’s gem glowed faintly. “I see you've recently fed,” Sherlock stated. Sirens feed off of magic and negative energy, they use their voices to feed.

Zane grinned, “Mmm, ya bet I did.” He looked down at Redbeard, “So the rumours are true, you found yourself a partner.”

“This is John Watson, same man I have been seen with as of late and will continue to do so.”

Zane lost his grin as he pressed his face close to the wolf’s. “Don't break his heart or I will drown you,” he hissed.
Zane had become a siren after falling in love, with a werewolf in fact. He had told the whole story one night when they were both high. It had been the first and last time for Zane. What was unexpected was the fact that Zane felt any sort of sentiment towards Sherlock. Zane looked back up at Sherlock before heading off on his way to the pub with a wave goodbye.

There was a small giggle from behind them, Sherlock would recognise it from anywhere. A small child looking sprite was playing with Redbeard’s tail. Sherlock knelt down to be at their height, he reached into his coat to pull out a stick of gum, he held it out. They quickly grabbed it and shoved it in their small mouth with a happy grin. Looks like he wouldn't need to find the sprites, they had found him, or at least this one had.

“Where is the rest of your kin?” Sherlock asked the small sprite, he rather it happen all at once. Be much quicker that way.

The childlike creature paused in their chewing before answering, “This way,” and took off running.

Sherlock and Redbeard followed close behind as the sprite led them to an abandoned brick building they called home. It looked as though it would collapse at any moment. Plant life covered the inside of the building, vines and flowers climbed the walls.

The sprites swarmed them. Sherlock watched in amusement as they took turns riding the giant blond wolf.

The one who had led him there grabbed his hand and tugged, “Elder wants to met you.” They led him to a withered humanoid tree. The sprites weren't the best at glamour, as they got older the less they used it. There were numerous flower sprites and only one tree. As knowledgeable as Sherlock was even he couldn't name them, any of them.

The sprite who led him tugged at his coat holding out their small hand. Sherlock reached in for more gum placing it in their tiny palm. They scampered off towards Redbeard leaving him alone with their elder tree.

Sherlock held his tongue in cheek, these were wild fea, even though as a vampire he had no access to magic he could still feel it when it was heavy and thick in the air. This whole area was saturated with it. Victoria and Zane would kill to be here.

“You wished to see me?” Sherlock asked hoping to move things along.

“You have given much care to my children, you have given them a purpose, and kept them from fading in this iron forest. Thank you,” the old tree fell silent after that.

Sherlock was shocked, the fea don't thank anyone and if you thank them you belong to them. They felt that a thank you means you feel indebted to them. That would mean the elder tree felt indebted to him. He would have to consult with Ms. Hudson later. The fea couldn't be deduced as easily as the rest.

Sherlock mulled over what he had learned as they met with a few humans from his network and all the way back to the flat. The sun was starting to rise when they headed up the stairs. John shifted back yawning, he quickly shed his clothes as he headed for the bedroom. Sherlock watched the normally tidy man leave a cloth trail behind him
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Molly mets Jim.

Chapter Notes

Beta by Stormsong sorry its kinda short work has been insane :( and i am getting roommates

Molly was washing her tools after an autopsy, it had been a floater. Found in the Thames; the bloating and missing pieces meant he had been in the water for a few days. The man had a BAC of .38% any higher he would be at risk of coma and death, but had died of drowning, there was water in his lungs. If he had died before entering the water there would be little to no fluid in his lungs.

Molly could hear a set of familiar footsteps. She could feel her cheeks flush, Sherlock was coming.

As he came closer Molly turned to look at him. He looked good really good, healthier; there was a bit of colour in his cheeks, he looked less pale. More human. He had been feeding more. If what he had said last time about his flat mate was true then she supposed he was.

“Good afternoon Sherlock,” she said, trying not stare too hard at his cheekbones and kaleidoscope eyes.

“Molly, do you have any good body parts or interesting deaths?” Sherlock asked getting straight to the point.

“Not unless you count a drunk drowning interesting; but there is a stomach from a hyena shifter, the contents included partially digested non food items,” Molly told him.

“I'll take it, anything else? I need to keep my mind occupied while John's asleep in our bed,” Sherlock told her.

Molly couldn't help but stare in shook, “‘Our bed’? I didn't know you two were a couple.”

“Of course we are. Don't be stupid, he's my mate.” he looked at with that look that screamed don't be an idiot.

Even though she knew she had no chance with him she had still held out hope that maybe one day a miracle would happen. When he was single she could fool herself into believing. All her silly dreams were shattering before her eyes. She shook her head and pointed towards the cooler.

She took a deep breath before speaking, “Nothing else interesting, you know where to find it. I have other things to do today,” she told him fighting the urge to cry, she was better than that. There were all ways other guys, she didn't need Sherlock. She would keep telling herself that until she believes it. Maybe after her heart no longer felt so raw they could be just friends. She knew he had so few.
Molly headed towards the exit after a long emotionally exhausting day, she just wanted to go home curl up with her cat, Toby, watch her favourite show, have a glass of cheap wine her mom had given her, and forget about this day for just a little while. She hadn't been paying attention when she bumped into someone.

“Oh sorry about that,” a male voice spoke lightly touching her arm.

Molly shook her head, “No, it's my fault. I should have been paying attention.” She looked at the man she had bumped into. He was taller than her but shorter than Sherlock. He was lean and his thin shirt clung to his muscles. While not as striking as Sherlock he was handsome. With short black hair and a slight smile.

He continued to smile at her holding out his hand, “I'm Jim. I just got hired up in IT.”

Molly took his hand and shook it, “Molly. I'm a specialist registrar in the morgue.”

“It's very nice to meet you, Molly. Would you like to go out for coffee sometime?” Jim asked

Now was the perfect time to move on to get over Sherlock. Besides, he was kinda cute and was kind to her. “That would be nice.” She quickly gave him her number.

He smiled and waved goodbye to her after sending her a short text. Molly watched him go feeling better already. She turned around and ran in to Mike Stamford, he looked concerned and worried.

“Mike? Are you okay?” she asked, concerned. Mike was a pretty cheerful guy, she couldn't even find it in her self to be mad at him for introducing Sherlock to John.

He shook his head, “I don't think you should go out with him, I think he might be dangerous.”

Molly looked at Mike in shock and confusion. Did Mike know him? If he was dangerous why would he be working here? There were extensive background checks. Maybe Mike was just worried about her getting her heart broken, he was such a nice caring guy. She could see why he had been married for so long.

“I'll be careful, don't worry about me,” she told him before slipping around him to head home.
John stretched and rolled over not wanting to get up just yet, Sherlock's sheets felt fantastic on his skin. So he was a bit reluctant to leave, but a hot shower also was in order, as was food. The wolf was asleep at the moment so he allowed himself a few minutes as he went through the wolf's memories of the previous night. He felt bad for Greg, he'd have to make it up to him later. John rolled out of bed and headed for the shower, grateful that Sherlock will bath his wolf body tomorrow night.

John quickly popped bread into the toaster and grabbed jam from the fridge, Sherlock was currently out and there was no new body parts. But he heard the sound of short heels coming up the stairs, Ms. Hudson scent grew stronger as she neared.

“Yoo hoo, John!” She called out opening the door, a tray laden with Shepherd's pie floating next to her. “I brought up lunch.”

John smiled and kissed her cheek after taking the tray, “Good afternoon, Ms. Hudson, what would we do without you.”

She blushed happily and waved her hand at him, “Oh, you flattering an old brownie, now eat up. I'm certain Sherlock didn't feed the wolf last night and there's little to no prey to hunt here in London.”

John quickly finished making his toast and sat down to eat.

“So rumor has it you and Sherlock met the wild fea. You were well liked by the young ones, they're hopeful that you'll return again soon,” she told him.

John snorted and shook his head with a smile. “They took turns riding the wolf like a pony, but they're Sherlock's and Sherlock is ours so the wolf considers them pack. Same goes for you.”

“I'm glad to be part of your pack, you and Sherlock are like sons to me,” Ms. Hudson put her hand on his arm she patted it before heading out the door. “Just leave the tray outside the my door, I'll be visiting Ms. Turner next-door.”

John quickly finished the food before starting to work on the blog, he had two and half hours left before moon rise. Some of his army mates had found his blog, in particular Bill Murray.

Bill Murray- you watsons and your vamps lol. to bad harry and i are both gay

Harry Watson - Never in a million years even if we were both straight. This Sherlock of yours John do I need to give him the shovel talk?
John had bought Bill home with him when their leaves synced up. He had no family of his own and got along well with Clara. Harry on the other hand was a different story.

Half an hour before John could feel the itch underneath his skin and restlessness of the wolf when Sherlock came home smelling of the morgue and organs. “On the aluminum foil only, Sherlock,” John was quick to remind him. Most organs and body parts Sherlock brought home had been treated with various chemicals that he couldn't digest and would make him sick as his body purged it, same thing with silver could happen.

Sherlock huffed, but did what he was asked nonetheless. “It's a hyena shifters stomach, Molly saved it for me.”

“That was nice of her, did you tell her thank you?” John asked, standing up for tea and to make Sherlock a mug of blood. Máni knows he wouldn't be bothered to do it himself until had had no choice.

“Why would I do that?” Sherlock threw his coat and scarf on the back of John's chair as he flung himself on the couch. “How long until you need to shift? It must be soon with how tense you are, within the hour I estimate.”

John handed Sherlock his honeyed blood as he drank his tea, he only choose this kind during the nights he would spend as a wolf. “About twenty minutes, most likely after we've finished with our drinks.” The wolf was feeling restless and confined, still stuck indoors when the whole of London was right outside their door waiting for them. “Unless you rather get right into your stomach.”

Sherlock shook his head, “That's for tomorrow while you’re asleep. Cases are much better with you there to fend off the incompetent and stupid masses that Scotland yard insists on employing. Besides, we have the rest of the homeless network to introduce you to, most of them being human this time.”

They spent the second night much the same as the first one, it wasn't until third that things went a bit different.

Chapter End Notes

https://youtu.be/wwG-erdCviQ
A recipe for shepherds pie
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Beta by stormsong.
Sorry it took so long i kept changing my mind on what i wanted to happen. But i hope u like it. I love comments they keep me going at work lol.

Sherlock watched as Redbeard headed out the open door, John had mentioned that they were going to mark their territory and claim it as their own. Sherlock had a new experiment he was working on and hadn't seen the need to go with.

It must have been 23-25 minutes since the wolf left, depending on how long Mrs. Hudson had spent petting Redbeard, when Sherlock heard pings against the window. A quick look confirmed the fact it started to hail. Sherlock headed down the stairs to open the front door for Redbeard, being out in the hail would be very uncomfortable even with the slightly thicker fur protecting him.

With in 5 minutes Sherlock could hear the tiny clicks of Redbeard’s nails on the steps. The wolf looked rather miserable damp and covered in mud. It had rained before it started to hail, they had made it to Regent’s Park by the bit of foliage clinging to his fur.

Sherlock was at the waiting period in his experiment, plus he really didn't wish for Mrs. Hudson to find the mess and start with her fussing about. “In to the bathroom, or you can deal with Ms. Hudson, not John, you.”

He swore the wolf huffed before he headed straight for the bathroom and quickly hoping into the tub. Sherlock started the water and took the shower head and began to wash the mud off Redbeard.

After that was done Redbeard decided to shake the water from his dripping coat, showering Sherlock. He shielded his eyes with his arm but not before seeing the smirk like expression on the blond wolf's face. Sherlock glared at the the wet wolf. Who gave him the right to be so cheeky? Well, two can play this game. Sherlock would have to keep the doors shut for the rest of the night.

He quickly went back to his experiment, or rather he tired to, the incessant click of nails on the hard floors, whining at the door, then more clicks and whining at the window. Perhaps Sherlock should have just let the wolf back outside. But a different sound came from the stairs.

“Yoo hoo, boys,” Mrs. Hudson called as she opened the door. “What awful weather we're having.” Redbeard greeted her at the door, Ms Hudson scratched him behind the ears. “Hello, Mr. Wolf,” her hands moved to the rest of his fur. “Looks like you need a brushing, hmm, and I bet Sherlock didn't feed you either since he hardly remembers to feed himself.”

“It's just a transport, I don't see why you and John both insist upon forcing me to take care of it,” Sherlock grumbled.

“Because we love you, dear. Now let's go see what John has in the fridge for you,” Mrs. Hudson said, Redbeard at her heels. Sherlock heard the fridge open and Ms. Hudson's disapproval. “Oh Sherlock, why must you keep body parts in the fridge?”
“It’s for an experiment, could come in handy for a case at some point; if not, it kept my mind occupied for a bit. Besides, it’s there on the aluminum foil, as John demand,” Sherlock explained, exasperated at the brownie.

Mrs. Hudson didn’t reply just merely tutted at him as she took food out of the fridge. After grabbing a large bowl she turned back to him, “Is this safe?”

“Yes, I haven’t had a chance to use it yet.” But he supposed he could keep it aside for full moons. He highly doubted that any reastunt would take them. Although Angelo might, he’d have test that theory later.

Sherlock headed back to his, now their bedroom in search of an old box. The box held all of the original Redbeard’s items, Sherlock had been unable to let them go. Partially to spite what Mycroft had insisted. The collar would be far too small, and he doubted that the wolf would want to play with the old toys. But underneath all the toys was the old brush he had been searching for. It was a dark blue that matched the old worn collar. Sherlock removed the brush from the box and placed the box back.

Redbeard was finishing up the large bowl of food Mrs. Hudson made when Sherlock came back. Mrs. Hudson looked at him and the brush he held in his hands and grinned before slipping out the door.

“When your finished with your meal met me on the couch,” Sherlock instorted before sitting on the couch to wait.

The wolf quickly finished his meal and joined him on the coach, which gave a slight groan at the extra weight. He hardly fit on the couch half of his body was still on the floor. After a moment Redbeard laid his large head in Sherlock’s lap. It was heavy yet warm and comforting. Sherlock started with the head being sure to avoid the eyes.

“When I was much younger I had an Irish setter, whom I named after a pirate,” Sherlock wasn’t sure why he was revealing this information, but couldn’t find it in himself to stop. “He could lay for hours being brushed. Mummy had only let me have him after a month of volunteering at the animal shelter. Mycroft, of course, doubted I’d even last a week before getting bored and giving up,” Sherlock began to run the brush with the fur around the wolf’s neck and under his chin. “We were the best of friends, when Victoria joined we were a trio, he was the one who had found her that day on the beach,” Sherlock started brushing his side with long stokes. “I was headed to school when Redbeard had dug a hole underneath the fence and tried to follow me there. It wasn’t until I heard the screech of tires, the thud of the car hitting him, and the whimpers that I even knew he was behind me. I tried to close all the wounds, but vampire saliva doesn’t work on animals, nor can we change them. Same goes for were and shifters. After Mycroft found me cradling Redbeard’s cooling body he started down the anti sentiment route, and showed me how to create a mind palace and how to delete things from it.”

Speak and he shall appear, Sherlock could hear the familiar sound of Mycroft's steps and the light tap of his brolly, Mrs. Hudson's steps behind him. Redbeard ignored it and turned over to for Sherlock to brush his chest and belly. He clearly didn't see Mycroft as a threat.

“Mycroft, did you run out of cake? Only thing here is some meat and decaying body parts,” Sherlock greeted his brother as he walked through the door still brushing the blond fur. Mycroft wasn't going to touch his honey if he had any say in the matter.

“Oh, Sherlock, be nice to your brother. Besides, I have biscuits in the oven,” Mrs. Hudson spoke while rubbing Redbeard’s belly.
“What do you want, Mycroft? As you can see we are busy here.”

“Brother mine,” Mycroft looked down at Mrs. Hudson and Redbeard who looked quite pleased with the attention he was receiving. “John's wolf.”

Of course Mycroft would know about the dual personalities of werewolves. Sherlock himself hadn’t found out until after he had been pinned down.

“Mummy wants to meet your new mate, and no I did not tell her anything. She has her ways. London as you know is quite popular among Vampire's and most of them are gossips.” Only Sherlock could see the slight grimace upon his elder brothers face. “I recommend going to see her and soon,” He didn't need to say the last bit.

Sherlock was well aware mummy would drag father to London to invade his life if he didn't bring John there. Perhaps the next full moon would be a good idea, the Holmes estate has plenty of wooded area for the wolf to run.

“One other thing, Victoria is on her way back. I won't be around so I'm leaving her phone with you. The incubus,” Mycroft said the word as though it was filthy, “has found a new lover and removed her items from his residence.”

Sherlock rarely agreed with Mycroft, but this was certainly one of the rare occasions. They both despised the incubus Victoria had been dating. She had horrendous taste in men. Perhaps if she were close by it would be easier to remove them from her life. From the look on Mycroft's face they had the same idea.

Sherlock looked down at Mrs. Hudson. “I found you a new tenant for 221c,”
John was thankful that it had been only a scratch, head wounds had a tendency to bleed a lot so he didn't blame them for panicking. The kid hadn't even needed stitches; if they had been human that wouldn't have been the issue. There had been no concussion. When he got to the front door, he noticed a vaguely familiar scent. Of salt and sea, magic similar to the man who had threatened them. The wolf couldn't be bothered to learn his name of course.

She, going by the floral notes, might be upstairs, she might be a client. John made his way up the stairs and opened the door. There was a woman sitting on the couch her feet tucked under her legs while chatting with Mrs. Hudson. She had long black hair, where Sherlock's dark curls had hints of auburn similar to Mycroft's, her's lacked that; it was so dark as though it was the night sky. When she turned to look at him, her eyes were shades of purple and blue the whites of eyes nonexistent and her pupils were white.

"You must be John. Mycroft and Mrs. Hudson have told me so much about you. Sherlock is out somewhere, you know how he is. Oh, I should introduce myself properly. I'm Victoria, Mycroft and Sherlock's adopted sister."

"Sherlock has mentioned you a few times," mostly in passing and during the last night of his moon cycle. Unfortunately the wolf didn't remember much, mostly because he was too busy being brushed. Harry and Clara had been the last people to brush him, before he was deployed. He had also been to busy getting a belly rub from Ms. Hudson. John didn't enjoy such attention, the wolf was only particular on who he allowed. The wolf would allow Sherlock to get away with anything as long as he didn't put himself in harm's way.

John was so caught up in his thoughts that he almost missed the disapproving look Victoria was giving him. "John, what are you wearing?"

He looked down at his jumper, there was nothing strange on it, no odd stains, holes or loose threads. "A jumper?"

"It's hideous, it does nothing for your coloring or you body shape," She spoke, obviously planning something. John recognized that gleam in her eyes, Clara used to get the same one in her eyes when she planning something. "You need new clothes, things that fit you. Besides you'll want to look nice for when you meet Mummy. Don't worry I promise no suits, just nicer jumpers to start with in soft chasmer."

"I don't need any, I'd rather spend my money on useful practical things."

"How about we strike a deal."

"What kinda deal?" John asked suspiciously, after all she was related to Sherlock and Mycroft.
"Well, I used to have my now ex’s help, but that's out the window. I sell the jewelry I find and it looks good to have someone there as muscle. He's less likely to do anything. He gives me a great price, and in return I will get you new clothes. Please?"

John had a feeling he was going to regret it but, "Alright, fine."

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Victoria was excited she finally was able to swim all the way to the above world all by herself. It would be her first time, she had heard tales, of course, but there couldn't compare to the real experience she was certain of it. When her head breached the surface the first thing she noticed was the brightness of the sun and open expanse that was the sky. This was already the best day of her life.

The sound of laughter caught her ears, there was a pair of boys on the rocky shore. Victoria quickly swam over eager to meet her first human's. She crawled into the rocky shore careful with her shiny tail. When she was close enough for them to see her they stopped to stare. Victoria smiled at them pushing her dark hair off her face before speaking.

"Hello!"

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Sherlock quickly ran past Mycroft, he was too big and fat to keep up with him and Redbeard. Besides, he was just going to leave them again come September. When they got closer to the rocky shore Redbeard took off running.

"Redbeard!" Sherlock cried out.

He stopped, looked behind, and started barking before running off again. Sherlock had no choice but to follow him. As they drew closer to the shore he could smell blood. It was most likely someone who cut themselves by accident or slipped on the rocks. What he wasn't expecting was a mermaid. Her face was bruised with a cut on her forehead. She screamed as Redbeard ran towards her, she threw up her bruised covered arms to shield her head, and her tail was caught under a large rock.

"No! Please don't hurt me anymore!" She begged.

Redbeard sat next to her and nudged her with his nose whining until she dropped her arms. When she did he quickly licked the tears from her face. Sherlock approached slowly like the first time he visited the bee hives.

"Was it twin boys? They are the local bullies." They had tormented him all holiday long. "If you stay still I can push the rock off," he told her before pushing the large rock, grateful that the boys weren't very strong even if they were older than him. With one last push her tail was free.

"Thank you."

Sherlock watched as her tail disappeared beneath the water wondering if he'd ever see her again.
Sherlock watched Harriet Jane Watson move behind the bar, she looked so much like his John. She had longer and lighter blonde hair, she was also an inch taller than John. She wore clothes that were clearly second hand, they were well worn and the fabric was thin in places. The business was doing well going by the number of customers, and the quality of alcohol that was being served. So her clothes were still a habit from their childhood of poverty. She was sober, her hazel eyes were clear and her pupils at the normal size. She had emailed him shortly after the full moon. As soon as she caught his eye she took off her apron and led him outside.

"Wanna light?" Harry offered before lighting one up for herself.

Sherlock took the offered cigarette, he'd need one if this conversation went the way he was 90% sure it would go. They stood and smoked for a few moments, the time dragging on with each drag of their cigarettes.

"Watson is our grandmother's maiden name, we take after her in appearance more than any other family member." Whatever Sherlock had been expecting her to say that wasn't one of the possibilities. It seemed that surprising him was a Watson trait. Their grandmother must have been the one that cared for the two before her death.

"Sherlock is my middle name," Sherlock shared hoping she would tell him more, her face gave away little.

"If you get anyone drunk, supernatural or not, they will talk, you can't really hide much from me so be honest. Are you and him mates? Both of you? I know what you are to him, but if your not 100% sure leave now before it's too late," she spoke obviously from past experience.

Things were clicking, John had mentioned that Clara was a changed vampire and the evidence on the phone told him that Harry had been the one to leave. "You weren't Clara’s mate, she was willing to make things work, you weren't."

"Your as clever as Johnny says you are. I know you vampires only get one change, I wasn't going to let her waste her’s. Now answer my question. Is my brother your mate?" She still refused to look at him.
"Yes," Sherlock gave her a straight answer. He watched as she relaxed the tension leaving her body. He had multiple questions about John to ask now that Harry seemed to be in a better mood. He wanted to know where they grew up, John seemed to be able to empathize and understand what his homeless network lived through on a daily basis. There wasn't enough data and there had been little about John's childhood on his file according to Mycroft, Sherlock had refused to look at it. That would be too much like cheating. He opened his mouth to start asking his questions.

"Look, I have to get back inside, but before I do, I want you to know I recognize a fellow addict. Once one, always one, doesn't matter how long you've been sober; our mother was one before her death. So watch out if you hurt my brother, I have plenty of friends in low places," she told him, putting her cig out. "And I don't want to. I like you, Sherly, I really do," with that she left to head back inside.

Sherlock would have to come back another day, there was still more to learn, things he had a good idea that John wouldn't want to talk about.

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Harry was starting to get worried about her little brother. His father had come by a few days ago to take Johnny out to the woods, just like every full moon. The problem was that they should have been back by now. It was Monday at noon of day five and Harry had skipped school, too worried about her little brother to bother with it. They lived in a small one room flat. In one corner was the stove that kept the room a bit warm in the winter time, and they shared theloo with the rest of the building.

Angie, their mother, was passed out on the bed they all shared. She didn't know that her six year old son was missing, she probably wouldn't even care. Their grandma would have been worried; Harry wished she could have stayed around longer, but she got sick last year. Harry had tried to help, but at twelve years old there was nothing she could do to save her grandma. They didn't have much money, what little they had their mother would use it to buy heroin and alcohol. Harry kept how bad it was from John, it was her job to take care of him.

The sound of the door being opened interrupted Harry from her musings. She rushed to the door grabbing the metal pipe they kept by the door. It might not be her little brother. Harry crept forward, pipe raised, ready to bash the intruders head in. The sound of sobs stopped her fears of an intruder. Dropping the pipe she rushed towards the sound, John was sitting on the floor with his back against the door. His clothes were covered in dirt and torn, and tears were running down his cheeks, leaving tracks of clean skin.

Harry sat down next to him gathering him in her arms, "What happened?"

"Dad's gone, he left me all alone in the woods. There was a girl wolf and he chased after her and left me."

"When was this?" Harry asked hoping it was on their way home.

"The first day."

Harry held him tighter vowing to hit that man with the pipe if he ever dared to show his face around here again. She knew it wouldn't do much damage but it would hurt, and make her feel a bit better. One of their neighbors was a vampire, maybe she could give him blood in exchange for watching out for Johnny the next full moon. Harry had started to hide what money she could in the hope of leaving this hell hole, she'd take John with her. They had an old aunt who lived in Brockenhurst, Harry had already written to her. They just needed to get there and everything would be fine.

https://www.google.com/amp/s/www.mirror.co.uk/news/uk-news/slum-conditions-2016-britain-show-7544949.amp

John would have been 6 years old in the 70s. Martin freeman is 4 days younger than my mom.

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