### Biology and the British Government

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**Summary**

Young DC Lestrade is wrapping up the interviews of people involved in the Camden Riot – the riot caused by Sherlock's oncoming heat where he met John Watson. In the course of the interviews, he meets Mycroft Holmes, Sherlock's brother and guardian at the time of the riot. Greg is intrigued by the posh Alpha, but cannot get close for fear of his secret getting out. If that happened, Greg's life would be ruined.

**Notes**
See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Lestrade saw the Alpha across the room. He was tall and attractive and expensive. He and another man – a lawyer for sure, Lestrade knew the type all too well – were with the Chief Superintendent, who almost seemed intimidated by the Alpha’s supercilious air. Greg figured that anyone who could intimidate Superintendent Kahn had to be pretty important. The Alpha’s eyes swept the large room, detectives bustling about, working at their desks, conferring here and there – everyone quickly finding something to do with the Chief Superintendent in their midst.

“DC Lestrade.” It was his DCI, Gregson. She was with the Superintendent and the civilians. Lestrade joined them, feeling acutely self-conscious. “Mr. Holmes this is DC Lestrade, one of our best young detectives. He was on scene in Camden.” Gregson told the Alpha. She turned to Lestrade. “Mr Holmes has some information about the riot. Take his statement and then make sure he gets back to the Superintendent’s office.”

“Sure, Guv. Mr. Holmes, this way please.”

“DC Lestrade.” Gregson touched his arm lightly. “Use my office.”

Lestrade felt his eyebrows rise but didn’t comment. He gestured in the opposite direction. “This way, then.”

He shut the door behind the Alpha and tapped the chair next to the desk. The Alpha seated himself comfortably, in that way Alphas have – totally at ease and simultaneously completely in charge.

As he sat behind the desk, Lestrade surveyed the other man: His long, lean frame dominated the chair and his expressive face was appealingly freckled – something that offset the man’s inborn arrogance… but oddly his fussy suit seemed designed to draw attention away from his youth and vitality, and the coif of his auburn hair highlighted rather than hid the beginnings of a receding hairline. Odd choice, that.

Lestrade caught an undiluted whiff of the Alpha’s scent... it was... divine. Smoky and spicy and completely intoxicating... like a fine 50-year-old whisky… he wanted to press his face into that long, lovely neck…

“DC Lestrade?”

Lestrade remembered himself abruptly. Betas can’t detect individual scents. Lestrade reminded himself firmly. And I am a Beta. And a police officer. He smiled professionally, pencil poised. “You have information about the riot in Camden three days ago?”

Lestrade was aware that he was good looking, tall enough and handsome enough with an appealing hangdog charm. He’d discovered that with a minimum of effort he could pull pretty much any Beta, male or female, that he wanted. And occasionally he did. But he’d never dared seduce an Alpha. With Betas he could call the shots, he could top, keeping his partner away from the anatomy that would give him away. But an Alpha would want to fuck him... Greg couldn’t allow that. Considering his situation, it would be crazy to even consider sex with an Alpha.

As he listened to the Alpha’s tale – his brother, the mate chosen for him, his escape – it underlined exactly why getting involved with an Alpha was a terrible idea. This man was his brother’s keeper, believed his brother needed a keeper... Lestrade had escaped that life.

Flirting with this Alpha, even seeing him again, would be playing with fire.
When the interview was finished, Lestrade gave Mr. Holmes his card and did not let his fingers touch and linger. He kept his smile professional and didn’t hold eye contact one second longer than was polite.

He ignored the heady, smoky scent.

When he bid Mr. Holmes goodbye, he thought he sensed disappointment.
Mycroft heard Greene open the front door, heard him greet the visitor. He knew who it was: DC Lestrade, the handsome Beta who’d taken his statement whilst Gregson and Superintendent Kahn had talked with his solicitor. They had decided – as he knew they would – not to charge him. They’d issued him a ticket instead, outlining offenses such as, ‘Negligence and Neglect in Supervision of a Dependent Omega’ and ‘Causing a Pheromone-Induced Incident.’ Mycroft had paid the exorbitant fine and left a free man.

Cold comfort to the relatives of the three deceased Alphas – Mycroft had learned that the third had succumbed to his injuries this morning – and the Alphas who had to live knowing they’d murdered their fellows with bare hands. (And teeth, reportedly.) Mycroft was in the process of setting up trusts for their families and to cover the medical expenses and lost wages of the others involved. Anonymously, of course.

Still, he felt culpable. If Sherlock hadn’t run, he’d be bonded to the man responsible for the riot – the Alpha Mycroft himself had vetted and approved and championed for his brother.

He’d been eschewing the Diogenes Club and working from home as much as possible ever since Sherlock and John Watson had been taken from Watson’s hovel of a flat and held hostage. Moriarty had surprised him – *again*. Mycroft was furious with himself. Only Sherlock had ever been able to surprise him, to trick and evade him, and never so completely. Moriarty was, obviously, a genius. Too bad he was insane.

Mycroft wouldn’t underestimate him again.

He summoned Greene. “When the detective is finished with my brother and his mate, would you ask him to meet with me in here? Thank you.”

In the meantime, there was the interesting issue of DC Lestrade. Mycroft hadn’t seen it immediately – the policeman’s professional attitude had obscured it – but by the time he left the station Mycroft knew that Lestrade had a secret.

He didn’t know what the secret was – probably something dull, immaterial, certainly nothing alarming like murder or paedophilia – but it was important to Lestrade. So important that it defined him. Everything about the Beta – his charm, his easy smile and outgoing demeanor, his scrupulous honesty, diligence and hard work – everything he did was designed to distract from the fact of his secret.

Mycroft was intrigued.

He’d done some cursory research into the detective – he was a Beta with Beta parents, both.
deceased, he was the guardian of an orphaned niece, an Omega with a learning deficit. Special needs. He had been single-minded about becoming a policeman, rising to the rank of Detective Constable within four years of joining the force. He had distinguished himself among his peers – he was a good detective, sharp and imaginative with a real knack for the work. For all his diligence and determination, he didn’t have much of an ego – he was humble and hard-working, willing and eager to learn.

Lestrade seemed to have little time for a social life. He’d had two girlfriends, neither had lasted longer than two months. He’d had a number of hookups, one-night stands with women and men. All other Betas.

Mycroft briefly considered if that was Lestrade’s secret – his interest in sex with men. Betas amongst themselves tended towards the puritanical – there were ridiculous Beta taboos about same-sex relationships. It didn’t extend to their relations with Alphas – Alphas were omnisexual and could pull Betas of either sex if they chose. There was no societal taboo about sleeping with an Alpha of the same sex – on the contrary, being with any Alpha was considered an honour. But Betas with Betas generally kept strictly to heterosexuality.

He didn’t reject the theory outright, but he thought it unlikely.

Mycroft had discovered the detective’s Grindr profile. Lestrade’s Grindr handle was the very promising ‘Bit0rough.’ He identified as a 27-year-old, single, discrete, bisexual Beta. Asked what Grindr Tribe he belonged to, his answer was: ‘a twank, I guess. I dunno, I’m just a regular bloke.’ His photo omitted his face, showing instead a nicely muscular chest and shoulders with a small but attractive smatter of dark hair between the pectorals. His nipples were large and full. His interests included ‘sport, pubs, pints, darts’ – chosen for their utter banality, Mycroft was certain.

‘Bit0rough’ was looking for – when he looked, Mycroft noted that the app wasn’t often used – J4T hookups (just for today). Bit0rough specified he was ‘top only’ and liked to take charge. After he’d read that, Mycroft’s finger had been poised over the ‘message’ icon for long seconds. He wouldn’t mind letting Lestrade take charge J4T. And maybe tomorrow too.

He didn’t message the Beta. Any privacy Grindr and apps of its ilk claimed was illusion. Mycroft didn’t really care if his allies and enemies found out who he slept with, but he didn’t need to make it quite so easy for them. The moment one sought companionship of any sort on the internet, the honey traps would be thick on the ground.

If Mycroft wanted companionship, he’d find it in person. In person, he could read people’s intentions so easily…

Greene brought Lestrade to his study forty minutes later. Mycroft studied the Beta. Lestrade was obviously attracted to him, but he was holding himself back. Mycroft couldn’t quite work out why – professional scruples, maybe... It wasn’t because Lestrade was intimidated by his wealth or family name. And it wasn’t because Mycroft was clearly influential, escorted around the Met by a Chief Superintendent. Lestrade wasn’t the type to set much store by those sorts of things. It was something else.

Something to do with his mysterious secret?

It was somewhat disappointing, Mycroft admitted. Despite being a blue-collar Beta top, who looked capable of handing out some rough treatment – just Mycroft’s type – Lestrade had a charming touch of vulnerability. Mycroft wanted to gather him in his arms and pet him and care for him, shower him with praise, and keep him for himself... no one had ever affected him this way. Mycroft wasn’t sure he liked it.
Perhaps it was better Lestrade continue to be reserved.

Mycroft stood and indicated the detective should sit. He left his desk and sat in the twin of the wing chair the policeman occupied. “I trust my brother and his mate filled you in on their... adventures.”

“They did.”

“You’re satisfied with their account?”

Lestrade raised his expressive eyebrows and shifted in his chair. “Everything they’ve said matches up with what we know happened at the riot – your brother is lucky John Watson was there.”

“Indeed.”

“As for the kidnapping...” The policeman frowned. “We’re investigating. Something happened in Watson’s flat – it’s a disaster area – and forensics have been all over the natatorium. But the CCTV blackout has been a stumbling block.”

“That appears to be how Moriarty operates.” Mycroft said. “He’s invisible unless he chooses to be seen.”

“And you’re convinced he’s some ‘evil mastermind,’ not just a guy who got jilted and overreacted.”

“That wouldn’t explain how completely he’s disappeared. Or how selectively and conveniently CCTV malfunctioned.”

“Yeah. It’s strange.”

“I believe Gregson has told you that Sherlock occasionally consults for the Met.”

“Er, yeah.”

“Moriarty is a mathematician, as you know. Sherlock has begun analysing his dissertation and feels he can use the theories presented there to uncover certain patterns.”

“Erm... ok.”

Mycroft smiled thinly. “He thinks he can track Moriarty by identifying the patterns presented in his dissertation.”

“That’d be a neat trick.” Lestrade shrugged. “If anyone can do it, it’d be Sherlock.”

Mycroft was intrigued. “You think an Omega is up to the task?”

Lestrade’s expression changed minutely – Mycroft watched fascinated: he’d upset the policeman, put him on his guard. That wasn’t a typical reaction. “I think Sherlock is up to the task.” He said. “I think there are very few tasks Sherlock wouldn’t excel at.”

Mycroft felt his smile grow sincere before he could stop it. “I happen to agree with you, Detective.” Mycroft confided. “I’ll keep you apprised of his progress.”

“Thank you.” The Beta wasn’t quite mollified.

“Cigarette?” Mycroft asked, pulling his pack of Treasures from inside his jacket.

“In here?” Lestrade’s eyebrows raised in mild surprise. Interesting that that was more shocking than
an Omega tracking down an evil genius.

“It’s my house.” Mycroft said, indicating the ashtray on the table between them. He knocked two from the pack and held one out to the policeman.

Lestrade took it. “Cheers.”

Mycroft produced his lighter and lit his Treasurer. He regarded the handsome Beta for a second, then leaned forward to light his cigarette for him.

Lestrade’s hesitation was shorter than his own. He scooted to the lip of his chair and leaned his fag into the flame Mycroft offered. Their fingers brushed very lightly, very briefly. It was electric.

Mycroft sat back and took a drag, exhaling smoke from his mouth and inhaling it through his nose before it could dissipate. It had the intended effect – Lestrade was staring at his mouth. Mycroft wondered what the Beta would do if he knelt in front of him right now and unfastened his trousers. Mycroft’s mouth watered.

Lestrade knew what he was thinking, the gist anyway – the eye contact Mycroft had initiated made it unmistakable. If he were uncomfortable, Mycroft couldn’t detect it. Lestrade smoked his cigarette with the dedication of a serious smoker, visibly enjoying the high-end tobacco.

“What is it you do, Mr. Holmes.” Lestrade asked.

Mycroft felt triumphant – the Beta had finally asked a personal question. “I oversee the family business.” He said. “And I occupy a minor position in the British government.”

Lestrade laughed at him. “Minor position... I bet.”

“It’s completely true, I assure you.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Lestrade said, amused skepticism clear in his tone. He took a last, sucking drag on his cigarette then stubbed it out in the ashtray. He stood up. “Thanks for the smoke.” He said and before Mycroft could stand and offer his hand, Lestrade strode from the room and out Mycroft’s front door.

Mycroft shrugged off his vexation and returned to his desk.

“Blud.” Sherlock leaned on the door jam with a penetrating look on his face.

Mycroft sighed in irritation. “I’ve given the Prime Minister my personal assurance we’ll find Moriarty. Shouldn’t you be on the case?”

“I am on the case. We’re both on the case.” Sherlock said. “We’re both talking to the handsome policeman. I even talked to him about the case.”

“Don’t be smart.” Mycroft chastised.

“That takes me back.” Sherlock said. He assumed a child’s voice. “‘Don’t be smart, Sherlock. I’m the smart one.’”

“I am the smart one.” Mycroft asserted.

“I used to think I was an idiot.”

“Both of us thought you were an idiot, Sherlock. We had nothing else to go on ’til we met other children.”
“Oh, yes. That was a mistake.” Sherlock shuddered.

“Ghastly. What was Mummy thinking?”

“Probably that if she brought enough Alphas to the house, I’d have to like one of them.”

“Oh yes. Romance. Of course, you go in for that sort of thing now.” Mycroft taunted.

“And you don’t? Ever?”

“If you seem slow to me, Sherlock,” Mycroft complained. “Can you imagine what real people are like? I’m living in a world of goldfish.”

“Yes, but I’m bonded now.”

“So?”

“Oh, I don’t know. You aren’t responsible for me any longer… I thought perhaps you might find yourself a … goldfish.”

Mycroft rolled his eyes. “You know I tried that. Dating Jason was the longest five months of my life. He actually expected me to listen to him prattle on. Every day! I thought I would mummify with boredom.”

“You didn’t seem to mind listening to the good-looking policeman.”

Mycroft rolled his eyes. “Come now, Sherlock. Like me, you can’t stay interested in another person for ten minutes let alone months. You can’t tell me you aren’t getting bored of John.”

“I’m not bored of John at all.” Sherlock said softly.

“No?” Mycroft asked skeptically.

“No. He’s… fascinating.”

Mycroft scoffed.

“The empathic link, Mycroft. It’s not like anything you’ve ever experienced… you are in their mind. You can feel the texture of it, the flavour… and he never reacts the way I expect. He’s constantly surprising me. It’s not boring at all.” Sherlock said knowledgeably. “You’ll understand when you’ve bonded.”

Mycroft arched a single brow. “I’m aquiver with anticipation.”

Sherlock regarded him with that penetrating look again. “Let’s do deductions. Tell me what you thought of Lestrade.”

“I’m busy.” Mycroft was not going to share his feelings about the Beta policeman.

“Oh, come on. It’s been an age.” Sherlock prodded.

“I always win.”

“Which is why you can’t resist.”

“I find nothing irresistible about a slightly better than average looking Beta male with middling charm
and no personal life, who chose to work in law enforcement to assuage his obvious control issues.”

“He has some imagination.” Sherlock said. “And he’s not unintelligent.”

“High praise indeed.” Mycroft snarked.

“When I look at Lestrade,” Sherlock said. “I see his loneliness in his shirt, and his isolation in the shadows under his eyes and the bruises on his hands. I see beauty hidden behind cheap clothes, vulnerability closely guarded by his badge and air of authority, desire tamped down by two packs of cigarettes a day. I see bravery in his willingness to stand out, honesty in his refusal of undue credit and humility in his willingness to accept my help solving his more interesting cases.”

“I see a man in a dubiously clean shirt.” Mycroft countered. “That doesn’t mean he’s lonely.”

“Brilliant!” Sherlock crowed sarcastically.

“Elementary.” Mycroft returned dryly.

“But you’ve missed his isolation.”

“I don’t see it.”

“Plain as day.” Sherlock insisted.

“Where?”

“There for all to see.”

“Tell me.”

“Plain as the nose on your ...” Sherlock taunted.

“Tell me.” Why was his brother always so exasperating!?

“Anybody who wears the same shirt two days in a row and spends as much time as Lestrade does at work and in the gym lives alone. A romantic partner would never allow that.”

“Not at all.” Mycroft said, thinking of J4T. “Maybe he just doesn’t mind being alone. Not everyone is cut out for a relationship. He doesn’t necessarily have to be isolated.”

“Exactly.” Sherlock said, triumphant.

“I’m sorry?”

“Lestrade is alone – so what? Why would he mind? You’re quite right. Why would anyone mind?”

Mycroft stared daggers at his brother. “... I’m not lonely, Sherlock.”

“How would you know?”

“Sherlock...”

The Omega shrugged. “Lestrade is an exceptionally good-looking goldfish.”

Chapter End Notes
Shoutout to Ariane Devere and her transcription of The Empty Hearse. You can find it at Arianedevere@livejournal.com.

I hope you're enjoying this fic! We've gone back in time to events that already happened in 'Biology and the Consulting Detective,' but from another perspective. Eventually, we'll move on to new things.

Next time, they meet again and spend some quality time together.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Mycroft Holmes and Greg Lestrade meet for a third time.

These events coincide with Chapters 6 and 7 of 'Biology And The Consulting Detective' — the dead girl is found in the garbage tip and Sherlock, John and Lestrade investigate...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lestrade saw the tall aristocratic figure in the bespoke suit and overcoat standing at the edge of the garbage tip before Sherlock or John. His first reaction was a fluttering of excited anticipation low in his gut. He hadn’t seen the Alpha for weeks, not since they’d smoked posh fags in Mr. Holmes’ office — or library or whatever it was.

His second reaction was frustration. Why would Sherlock warn him off his brother then have him come here? Lestrade hadn’t stopped thinking about the attractive Alpha and his heady scent, but he’d reconciled himself to the impossibility of it all. It was a disastrously bad idea to expose himself to not just an Alpha, but a traditionally raised Alpha. An Alpha with a vested interest in the status quo.

If Lestrade had had any doubt Sherlock had engineered his brother’s presence, it evaporated when the Omega pushed them together and ran off, John trailing behind.

“This way, Mr. Holmes. We can find someplace more comfortable.” Lestrade would simply be unfailingly polite and professional.

“Less redolent would be fine.” Mycroft said, lifting a well-shod foot from the sticky mud. “Call me Mycroft. It’s Gregory, isn’t it?”

“It’s, erm, just Greg... Mycroft.” So much for professional... Jesus, he could detect the Alpha’s smoky scent despite the stench of the tip and the river.

Mycroft smiled his slight smile as they made their way back across the footbridge to the industrial corridor. “We can sit in the office.” Lestrade said, opening the door to one of the warehouses. “The DI commandeered some space.

He turned back when Mycroft didn’t cross the threshold. “I think we can find someplace more inviting.” The Alpha purred. “Don’t you, Greg? Someplace we can get a cup of tea together.”

Desire straightened Greg's spine and he looked directly into the Alpha’s eyes. They were greener than his brother’s, darker and less changeable, but no less dangerous. Lestrade took a deep breath. “Sure.” He said, dropping the door. “There’s a cafe a few streets over. Or did you have somewhere specific in mind?”

Mycroft smiled what Lestrade was coming to think of as his delighted smile. It wasn’t any broader than his faux smile or his dangerous smile, but his eyes participated, crinkling playfully at the edges. “The cafe is fine — if you think it’ll be private enough.”
“You aren’t gonna divulge state secrets, are you?”

“Not British state secrets.”

“Then we should be fine.” Lestrade chuckled and started walking. He nodded at the clot of uniformed officers keeping press and spectators out of the narrow corridor. He could feel Mycroft at his side, smell his scent. The air between them felt charged.

“Smoke?” Mycroft asked when they were alone, holding out a pack of Treasures Aluminum Black.

“Ta.” Lestrade took a fag with pleasure. He’d never had such fine tobacco before Mycroft had offered one in his study. This time they were much closer when Mycroft leaned through the charged atmosphere to light his cigarette. Together they cupped their hands around the flame to protect it from the wind, swaying in tandem for a long moment whilst the Alpha sparked the lighter. The touch of their hands made Lestrade feel breathless.

When Mycroft withdrew, they shared a long sultry look that Lestrade felt all the way to his marrow. For a second he thought they would start snogging right there in the street.

*Professional!* Lestrade reminded himself sternly. He cleared his throat and continued on towards the cafe, luxuriating in the flavour of the Treasurer. After the last time Mycroft had given him a fag, he’d found a newsagent’s that carried them, thinking to get a pack as an indulgence. He’d seen the price tag and whistled his disgust. He’d bought his usual Regal Kings instead.

Inhaling the fine tobacco smoke now, Lestrade thought he would go out with Mycroft Holmes just for the fags.

Except that Holmes had *so much more* that he wanted than posh cigarettes.

He glanced at the taller man, his profile distinctive in the dusky light. Greg wanted to lick that ivory neck… feel those long legs wrapped around his waist…

He felt his breath catch in his throat. Mycroft heard, he looked over at Greg with burning eyes, his cheeks reddening on his pale face. Greg *wanted* him with a deep and desperate hunger he’d never before experienced. Electricity crackled in the air.

The cafe was in sight, but Lestrade had other things on his mind than coffee. The attraction between them was undeniable, it had been from the start — and despite the danger, Lestrade could not deny it any longer.

Without allowing himself to think about it, he tapped the Alpha’s elbow and veered off down a narrow gangway between two abandoned tenements. He stopped at a dogleg, out of sight of the street. He turned to the Alpha — Mycroft didn’t waste a second, he pressed Greg against the wall and brushed his lips against the detective's. Then he waited, his eyes dark with desire.

“Greg…” He said and Lestrade had a hand on his nape, just above the Alpha’s high collar, pulling him in again for a kiss. Mycroft tasted his mouth, lips fitted against lips, tongue teasing.

Lestrade wanted more! He *needed* more! He took control and kissed the Alpha hard, letting the pent-up passion of years guide him. Mycroft tasted of his cigarettes and Lestrade enjoyed the flavour as much this way as when he’d smoked one. He taunted the Alpha with his tongue, flicking and nipping, then diving deep, consuming the other man.

He licked along Mycroft’s jaw, tasting a hint of stubble and salt. He bit the Alpha’s earlobe, eliciting a low moan, and kissed behind the shell. His hair pomade had a subtle clove odour that accented his
natural Alpha scent perfectly. Greg inhaled the smoky scent greedily then returned to kiss Mycroft’s mouth again, lips firm with purpose, sucking on his tongue.

Mycrof had a hand in his hair and a thigh between his legs... Greg was hard, his cock trapped in his trouser leg. He ground against Mycroft, the compression almost painfully tight. He wanted to adjust himself upwards — as Mycroft’s fat Alpha cock was, jutting into Lestrade’s hip — but he didn’t want to stop the consuming kisses.

The Alpha suddenly pulled back. “You aren’t comfortable.” Mycroft observed.

“I am... I’m really enjoying... if I could just adjust a little...” Lestrade reached down, but Mycroft caught his hand and kissed it, sucking his forefinger between his wet, red lips. Lestrade groaned.

“Allow me.” The Alpha murmured and unzipped Lestrade’s trousers. In one smooth motion, Mycroft crouched down, fished Lestrade’s prick from his pants and popped it into his mouth.

“Oh shite...” Lestrade moaned, fingers sinking into Mycroft’s copper hair. The Alpha sucked hard and swallowed him down, throat twitching around the head of his cock. “Fuck!” Mycroft pulled off and licked from root to tip, licking inside his foreskin, lavishing attention on the glans. Then he bobbed again, taking him deep. “Oh jesus, yes, suck it...”

Mycroft wrapped thump and forefinger around the base of Greg’s cock and slid back and forth, he peeled Greg's foreskin down, exposing the ruddy head and ran his tongue under the ridge. He pulled the head into his soft mouth tonguing the slit, lapping up the salty drops of precum.

The Alpha was a master of fellatio — Lestrade had had a few blow jobs, Grindr made no strings sex with men ridiculously easy, and Greg had never had a problem pulling birds when he wanted — but he’d not ever had anything like this. Mycroft seemed to know exactly how to draw it out, heighten the experience. Over and over he brought Lestrade to the brink then pulled back, kissing his belly and sucking his balls, panting hot breath into the crease of his thigh, stroking his perineum and encouraging Lestrade to fuck his face.

This, Lestrade thought deliriously, is the way the science of deduction ought to be applied!

And Mycroft enjoyed it as well. He moaned with pleasure, his throat vibrating around Lestrade’s cock. It made him wild with desire. If he pulled his hair or thrust too hard, the Alpha hummed his approval loudly and grasped his hips with frantic fingers, signaling his appreciation before Lestrade could pull back or apologise.

He likes it, Lestrade realised, when I’m rough!

That thought brought him right to the edge. Then Lestrade saw that Mycroft had his trousers unfastened and his big Alpha cock in his hand, jackin himself as he sucked Lestrade. It was an impressive piece, as long as his forearm and just as thick. The foreskin had retracted and the damp tip was bright red in the dim light. He’d never be able to suck it like Mycroft was sucking him — Lestrade’s prick was big for an Omega but average for a Beta. And Mycroft obviously had experience, something Lestrade was light on.

But just the thought of that fine, fat, velvety cock sliding through those long fingers, ejaculating on his shoes and his trouser legs, soiling him, was enough to shove Lestrade over the edge. Mycroft was tonguing his balls enthusiastically when Lestrade tugged on his hair and choked out, “I’m going to cum.”

Instead of getting out of the way and giving him a hand as Lestrade had expected, Mycroft dove onto
his cock just as he spilled himself. Toes curling and shuddering ecstatically, Lestrade shoved himself forcefully into the Alpha’s throat and shot again and again and again. He could feel the twitches of Mycroft swallowing straight up his cock to his nipples and the bottom of his tight balls, and it milked more and more pleasure from his body. He trembled, his entire body clenched, the blissful shocks wringing him from the inside out.

Finally, he sagged back against the wall and Mycroft stood up. Lestrade fell on him, kissing him thoroughly, savouring the taste of himself in this man’s mouth. Mycroft moaned into the kiss, rudely shoving him back into the wall and fighting him for dominance.

They grappled, hands gripping arms, strong bodies moving against each other. Mycroft’s smoke and whisky scent was strong, a pheromonal cloud enveloping them. Greg succumbed to it, melting into the Alpha’s embrace, pressing his nose against Mycroft’s neck. He lapped at the scent, running his tongue over the Alpha’s alabaster neck, licking and nipping.

Lestrade remembered himself abruptly — he shouldn’t be scenting the Alpha! As a Beta, he wouldn’t be able to detect the Alpha’s personal smell. He cleared his throat. “We should probably zip up before we’re done for gross indecency.” He said breathlessly, forcing himself to pull back.

Mycroft smiled a very satisfied smile as they put themselves away and straightened their clothes. “Can I take you to dinner?” He asked. “There’s a wonderful little Spanish place I know of...”

Lestrade felt wrong-footed. He’d never gone past this point with a man, never gone further than furtive quickies and the occasional back-to-his-place fuck — he’d barely gone farther with women, sleeping over a few times, the anxiety allowing him little actual sleep. But now he wanted to go farther — god he wanted to! But it was much too dangerous. Mycroft could never know his secret.

“What’s wrong?” The Alpha asked, his smile fading.

Lestrade desperately wanted that smile back. But now was the time to do it — to thank Mycroft for the blow job, shoot down any suggestion of more and walk away.

“This was fun.” Lestrade managed. “But I have other plans tonight.” He made to leave, but Mycroft pinned him to the wall, studying his face dispassionately. Lestrade felt a moment of terror that Mycroft could work out his secret just by looking at him. Sherlock had!

Then the Alpha stroked his cheek and kissed him again, chastely. “You want to say yes, but you’re afraid of something... not me, you’re not afraid of me... something else...”

Lestrade pushed him back a little, just giving himself an inch or two of space. “You didn’t say you could do that deducing thing, like Sherlock.” He said.

“You’re changing the subject.”

“You noticed.”

“Always.” Mycroft leaned close again and stole a kiss. God help me, Lestrade thought, I don’t want him to stop. “It makes me an excellent lover.”

“If you say so yourself?”

“Any complaints?”

“No. That was the best blow job I’ve ever had.” He admitted.
There was a hint of the satisfied smile. “How about this, Greg — let me take you to dinner Saturday
night, and if I can discern what the problem is, you’ll allow me fix it.”

Lestrade looked away. “There’s no problem, Mycroft.” He even liked the feel of the Alpha’s name in
his mouth.

“Good, then you’ll come on Saturday.”

Lestrade licked his lips, terror creeping slowly through his flesh. “I’ll just tell you.” He said. “I’ve
never been with an Alpha before. Just Betas. I always thought Alphas were too pushy for my taste. I
guess… erm… I was right.”

Mycroft looked stung. He stepped back, out of Lestrade’s personal space. Lestrade’s whole body
mourned.

“No hard feelings.” Lestrade said, walking back down the narrow gangway towards the street.

“Of course not, Greg.” Mycroft answered, his voice perfectly composed. Too perfectly. “We still
have business to take care of.” He gestured to the cafe.

Lestrade glanced at his watch. He’d been gone from the murder scene for over an hour already.
“Give me the short version — did you catch Moriarty?”

“Not yet.”

“Is there anything I can do to help you catch Moriarty?”

“Not at the moment.”

“That’s all I need to know,” Lestrade said. He pulled out his own fags and took one. After a
moment’s hesitation, he offered one to the Alpha. Mycroft surprised him by taking it. Lestrade
searched his pockets for his matches, but Mycroft pulled his lighter out smoothly and offered it.
Lestrade took it and lit up. He handed it back, letting Mycroft light his own cigarette. They walked
back towards the tip together.

Lestrade wondered what Mycroft was thinking. He rather fancied the Alpha was trying out
arguments in his head, looking for the way to convince him to change his mind and go on a date with
him. He rather thought Mycroft experienced very little resistance. He expected Mycroft got his way
most of the time.

“This is me.” Mycroft said, indicating a shiny, black saloon. “Can I give you a ride somewhere,
Greg? It’s really no problem.”

“Best not.” Lestrade said.

“Right. Well, then...” They stood there awkwardly. Lestrade knew he had to let the Alpha go... but it
was hard. Mycroft turned and opened the car door.

Lestrade’s phone alert sounded. Mycroft looked up as the policeman dug out his mobile. He frowned
at it. “It’s Sherlock.” He said. “Sherlock always texts.”

“Unless it’s an emergency.” Mycroft told him.

“Shit.” The policeman poked the mobile and put it to his ear. “Lestrade... yeah... yeah... bloody
hell!... right, no you’re right... I’ll alert the cavalry... yeah... how’s he gonna... right, never mind...
you sure it’ll work?... yeah... yes! Ok!... I’ll see you there. Bye.” Lestrade put the phone away and looked at Mycroft. “Actually, would you be willing to drop me at St. Bart’s Hospital?” Lestrade asked the Alpha.

Mycroft pulled the door wide for him. “In you get.”

Lestrade climbed into the back of the saloon. It looked how he imagined a diplomat’s car would look, with wide, pale expanses of buttery leather. Mycroft slid in after him and spoke to the driver (!) then closed the screen.

“I need to make some phone calls.” Lestrade told him.

“Can I help?” Mycroft asked.

Lestrade hesitated.

“What can you tell me about the emergency?”

“Yeah, right... One of the doctors at Bart’s, she and her bondmate have a young Omega, Molly. Sweet girl, I’ve met her a few times at the Morgue — erm, her mum’s a pathologist. Anyway, your brother just told me that Molly’s gone missing. With these Omega murders — Molly’s about the same age — her mums are going out of their minds. “I don’t know how much you know about John’s Omega sister — I know very little myself — but Sherlock says he rescued her from an Omega whorehouse when he was sixteen. He’s going back to his source to try to find out where to look for Molly. Then John and I will go in and, hopefully, rescue her. When we have the lay of the land, we’ll call in a Beta Brigade to make arrests and mop up.”

Mycroft was quiet for a long second, his lips pursed. “There are so many things that can go wrong with that plan, I don’t even know where to start.”

“I know.”

“Assuming John does find out the location, and assuming they let you in — Alpha-only clubs are repulsive places, believe me — there’s no guarantee the girl is even there.”

“I know. But we have to try. I can’t just give up on a fourteen-year-old kid. If there’s any chance...”

“No, you’re right. You’re absolutely right.” Mycroft pulled out his mobile. “I can call Chief Superintendent Kahn and get your cavalry approved. You ring whomever you need to get them ready.” The Alpha was already dialing before Lestrade began searching his pockets for his mobile.

The car was idling in front of St. Bart’s by the time he finished.

“Thanks, My.” Lestrade said and meant it.

“Good luck. I hope you find the girl.”

“Yeah. Me too.” In the confines of the car, the Alpha’s smoke and whisky scent had grown stronger. He looked tired, Lestrade thought, like a man who had flown back from Budapest, traveled to a garbage tip at the whim of his troublesome brother, seduced a policeman and had a leisurely quickie in an alley, been rebuffed yet had still been a gentleman and a friend, and now was again called to aid his brother. “You should go get some sleep.”

Mycroft smiled his rueful smile. “With you and John walking into a veritable lion’s den — with my brother as backup? I won’t sleep until I know you’re all safe.” He brushed a lock of hair off
Lestrade’s forehead. He looked at his fingers and withdrew. “Apologies.”

Lestrade caught his hand and held it. “One more for luck.” He said and leaned in and kissed the Alpha. Mycroft met him halfway, touching his jaw gently as their lips met. The kiss was soft and deep and much too brief.

When it was over, Lestrade didn’t open his eyes right away. He wanted to remember the feel of Mycroft’s mouth against his own. He was the first person Lestrade had wanted for more than sex. He needed to remember...

“Thanks. Goodbye, Mycroft.” He said, sliding to the door.

“Goodbye, Greg.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter! Greg is finding it harder and harder to resist the allure of the Alpha, Mycroft Holmes, despite the danger.

Next time, we find out what happened after Chapter 10 of 'Biology and The Consulting Detective,' after Greg and Sherlock free themselves from Sebastian Moran and the other kidnappers.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

A quick summary of Chapters 8, 9 and 10 of Biology and the Consulting Detective:

Greg, Sherlock, John and John's friend, Bill Murray infiltrated the Omega brothel. The four split up: Greg and Bill Murray to create a diversion; John to free the captive Omegas from the laboratory where they'd been experimented upon; and Sherlock to get what information about Moriarty he could from the office computer. John was shot, and due to the bondmates' empathetic link, Sherlock was also incapacitated. Semi-conscious and in pain, Sherlock is taken captive. Greg, searching for Sherlock, is attacked and taken captive as well. The two, with the help of John's gun and BAMF Greg's mad fighting skilz, manage to overcome their injuries long enough to free themselves from their captors...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mycroft hadn’t been able to speak to either Greg or Sherlock when Greg had called in. He had been with John Watson in an ambulance. Now he was in a waiting room whilst his brother’s mate had surgery.

Mycroft was furious.

*Sherlock had gone into the whorehouse with John and Greg! Sherlock, an Omega, had waltzed into a place that sold sex with captive Omegas!*

Not only had John allowed that, he’d let Sherlock go off on his own! He’d let Sherlock out of his sight!

And now John Watson had been shot and his brother had been kidnapped! By the very people responsible for kidnapping and murdering the other Omegas!

The idiocy! The complete and utter stupidity!

The only small consolation was that Greg was with Sherlock, wherever that was. The resourceful policeman had managed to find his brother. Mycroft knew he’d do everything in his power to protect the Omega.

And he had — Kahn had rung and reported that Lestrade had contacted them on the kidnapper’s phone, they were fine, he’d said, but he’d asked for an ambulance. Mycroft had instructed the Chief Superintendent to send two.

The PA Mycroft had assigned to keep tabs on those ambulances had reported that Sherlock and Greg had been loaded into one and were being taken to hospital. Mycroft had pulled out his mobile and intervened, rerouting the emergency vehicle to this hospital. Sherlock would need to be close to his injured Alpha.

And selfishly, Mycroft wanted to see Greg. See for himself that he wasn’t badly hurt. And then yell
at him for allowing his brother to do something so incredibly foolish.

He closed his eyes. Mycroft had miscalculated. Again. He’d been so certain he and Greg had been on the same page. The Beta was attracted to him, liked him, enjoyed his company, desired him... it was obvious. He had not been wrong.

Mycroft had given in to his base instincts and had had the police detective in a filthy gangway near the stinking Thames. And it had been perfect. Kissing Greg was wonderful — intense, playful, passionate... and making love to him, Mycroft could have sucked him all night long. And he’d thought... he’d assumed... he’d looked forward to Greg’s company at dinner, at many dinners, sharing cigarettes, lingering over phone calls, having Greg naked in his bed, feeling his bare skin pressed against his own, moving together, tongues tangling as they kissed and kissed and kissed…

Greg was indeed a very attractive goldfish…

He wasn’t the brightest fish in the bowl, that was indisputable. Not even close. He was dogged and reasonably imaginative, dedicated to his work, humble and outgoing. His intelligence was above average amongst normal people, but so far below his own it was laughable. But he had something… a quality that transcended his rugged physicality, his scruffy good looks. It was magnetic — it was catnip and Mycroft was the cat. Mycroft did not think he would grow bored of Greg Lestrade any time soon.

And Greg liked him! Greg — despite his J4T protestations — wanted to be with him. Mycroft was not wrong!

Mycroft couldn’t understand what had gone awry. There was something... something right in front of his face to which he was blind. It was his secret — Mycroft had become convinced. Lestrade’s big, mysterious, ridiculous secret. Mycroft still hadn’t worked out what it was — it was incredibly frustrating! Greg Lestrade, reasonably intelligent, engaging, handsome Beta police detective, should not be able to hide things from Mycroft Holmes, brilliant influencer, master manipulator, one of the most powerful Alphas in the world! He was the British Government for god’s sake!

Greg shouldn’t have rebuffed his advances! It didn’t fit! That stuck in Mycroft’s craw almost as much as the refusal itself. It didn’t fit!

And it had hurt, Greg’s refusal.

Was this some trick of Moriarty’s? Some trap laid for him months ago? It was a ridiculous thought. Paranoid. But Moriarty had duped him so expertly... was that Greg’s secret?!

His PA interrupted his train of thought (his train wreck of thoughts). The ambulance had arrived. Mycroft made his way to A&E to ensure Sherlock was put in John’s room.

His brother was unconscious. His heart rate and blood pressure were alarmingly low.

“He requires the presence of his bondmate.” Mycroft told the A&E doctor. He spared a glance at Greg, sitting quietly on his own gurney. Greg looked back apologetically. His face and neck were covered in blood, so much that Mycroft was desperate to touch him, feel his heart beating.

“We’ve paged the Omega specialist.” The doctor told him.

“Now I comprehend why this 'hospital' has an 80 percent Omega mortality rate!” Mycroft stormed. "The very first thing everyone learns about bondmates is that if the Alpha is harmed, the Omega suffers! He must be near John Watson. Touching, if possible!” Why was he bothering with this idiot?! “Diana.” He addressed his PA “Get the chief administrator here.”
“Mycroft.” It was Greg, speaking softly. “Where is John now?”

Mycroft glanced meaningfully at Diana. “Recovery room B, sir.” She told them. “He’s been out of surgery for twenty minutes.”

Greg slid off the cot. “Let’s take him there.” He tugged on Sherlock’s gurney. Mycroft glared at the idiotic doctor and he got out of the way.

“Diana?” Mycroft prompted, taking the opposite end of his brother’s gurney.

“The recovery room is this way, sir.” They followed her out of the A&E and onto a lift. Mycroft saw how Greg leaned wearily against the wall. He was exhausted and almost certainly concussed.

“Diana, take DC Lestrade’s place. Greg, walk with me.”

Greg didn’t argue. That worried Mycroft more than anything else.

Diana had somehow gotten a hospital key card and took them directly to the recovery room. Mycroft let her interface with the nurses and found John himself. He and Greg rolled Sherlock next to his mate. Mycroft took his brother’s hand and laid it carefully on top of John’s good arm, avoiding the IV. Their hands touching, Sherlock shifted slightly — the first sign of life he’d shown.

“Thank you.” Mycroft said to Greg — and found him dead on his feet. He put his arm around the policeman and he melted against him, allowing Mycroft to support some of his weight. He wrinkled his nose. “Why do you both smell like muddy Alphas?”

“Something Sherlock made to get us into the brothel.” Greg mumbled into his shoulder. “It’s awful... can’t wait to take a shower...”

“I think we might need to get you to a doctor first. Diana?” The PA came over, she had donned a paper apron and hair covering. “Stay with Sherlock and John. Make certain they are kept together. Text or call with any updates — especially when they’re moved. I’m taking DC Lestrade back to Casualty.”

“Yes, Mr. Holmes.”

“Thank you, Diana.”

Mycroft led Greg back the way they’d come. In the lift Greg sagged more heavily against him. Mycroft wondered if he could carry the Beta — probably not in his arms, he was an inch or two shorter, but Lestrade’s broad shoulders and bulky musculature suggested he outweighed the Alpha. Still, he thought he could manage a fireman’s hold if pressed.

“Greg? Greg, we’re almost there. Just a short walk.”

“Yeah.”

As they staggered out of the lift, a nurse rushed to help and between the two of them they got the detective on a gurney. A doctor — a different doctor, this one a competent looking Alpha — followed them into an exam room and started assessing Greg right away, asking him questions, shining a light into his eyes, feeling his scalp. Mycroft waited in the doorway, watching her ministrations.

“He’s definitely concussed.” She told Mycroft at length. “I want to admit him overnight for observation — I don’t like how out-of-it he is. You’re his bondmate?”
The question took Mycroft by surprise. He struggled not to show it. “Detective Lestrade is a Beta.” He said.

“His scent...”

“Ah — a masking suppressant. He needed to be an Alpha for a police operation.”

“Oh...erm... ok...” She looked puzzled.

“I’d like to stay with him until he has a room.”

“Fine. The nurses will be here in a minute to put in an IV and hook him up.” She gestured at the bank of machines.

Mycroft sat down in the chair by Greg’s cot. He felt at a loss — he wanted to hold the Beta’s hand, to comfort himself as much as Greg. But after having been rebuffed... just a few hours ago — it felt like days! — he didn’t believe it would be welcome.

“How are you feeling?” He asked. Not expecting much of an answer.

“Headache.” Greg replied, keeping his eyes closed. “A few other aches, I’m sure I’ll feel them when my head stops pounding.”

Tentatively Mycroft began stroking Greg’s hair. “Is this all right?” He asked.

“Feels good.” Greg sighed.

“Try to relax. Can I help you clean up?”

“I would really love to get this coat off.” He said. “And my jacket.”

“Can you sit up?” Mycroft took hold of Greg’s shoulders and gently helped him sit. When he was upright, the Alpha began pulling the sleeves of the coat down, easing it from Greg’s shoulders...

It was just a tickle at first, a sweetness in his nose... but it grew richer and warmer, full-bodied...

Treacle...

Mycroft stilled, leaning over Greg’s shoulder, pushing his coat and jacket down his back. He pressed his face against Greg’s neck and inhaled deeply.

Treacle!

Treacle, warm and thick and very, very sweet.

Suddenly everything fell into place with a triumphant flourish of trumpets. Greg was an Omega disguised, somehow, as a Beta! That was his secret! That was why he had been reluctant to act on their mutual attraction!

Oh!

OH!

Greg was an Omega!

Mycroft swore softly.
He smelled wonderful!

Mycroft had met a number of Omegas through the years. Most of them had a pleasant scent. Père’s had been deeply comforting, and his brother’s the slightly cloying scent of home.

Omegas to whom he was not related had scents of varying sweetness. None overpowering — not even the few unbonded Omegas to whom he’d been introduced.

None had ever smelled like this!

Mycroft wanted to bathe in this treacle, drown in it...

He became aware that Greg had gone stiff and tense in his arms. Only then did Mycroft realise he’d been scenting the Omega, pressing his nose to the gland at the back of his neck and inhaling deeply, placing open mouthed kisses on the delicate, slightly oily flesh, embracing Greg tightly against his chest.

Slowly, through sheer force of will, he released the policeman, and stepped back. Mycroft felt bereft, his arms disturbingly empty...

How could Greg Lestrade be an Omega!? He was so… determined… so self-sufficient…

Greg was pale as a sheet under the blood drying on his face, his brown eyes wide and stricken. He was beginning to panic, Mycroft could feel it.

Of course he was — this secret was everything! His whole life! If it got out he’d lose the job he loved. He’d lose all independence. He’d be preyed upon by amoral Alphas, fearing rape and forced bonding...

At best he’d be patronised by Alphas like himself, unable to admit that an Omega could protect himself. Greg would be shuffled off to an Alpha guardian for his own good.

Mycroft felt ill. He wouldn’t do that to Greg. He wouldn’t!

“I won’t tell anyone.” He blurted. “Your secret is safe.” Impulsively he touched the Omega’s hand. Greg flinched violently, and Mycroft snatched his hand back.

“I … Greg…!” He whispered. “Tell me what you need.”

Greg stared at him horror-stricken a moment longer. He began searching through his pockets, patting his coat. He slid off the gurney to stand and ripped the coat off. “My suppressant.” He said, searching through the coat frantically. “They must have taken it when I was unconscious.” He flung the coat away.

Mycroft understood ‘they’ to be the kidnappers. “Careful…”

“I won’t bloody break, My!” Greg snapped.

“I’m not suggesting you will.” The Alpha kept his voice soothing. “But you are concussed.”

Greg sagged against the gurney, the fight draining out of him.

“Here… back on the cot...” The Alpha helped the injured Omega back onto the gurney. He went quietly. “I’ll take care of it.” Mycroft pulled out his mobile.

“You’ll take care of me?!?” Greg asked scornfully.
“You’re jumping to conclu… I’m saying I’ll provide you with suppressant.

“It’s not the same! I need my suppressant.”


The Omega didn’t reply, just held his head in his hands.

Mycroft began clicking through everything that needed to be done in his mind and he hit a snag. “The doctor... she said something...” He found Greg’s chart at the foot of the bed. She’d ticked the box next to ‘Omega.’ Mycroft swore and tore the chart from the board.

“What is it?” Greg moaned.

“The doctor’s an Alpha. She checked ‘Omega’ on your chart. Don’t panic, Greg. I’ll sort it.”

Greg began rocking back and forth, hugging himself and swearing. “Jesus… oh god oh god oh god… my fucking cousin Archie! He’ll get guardianship. That twat will get everything I own! I’ll lose my job. I’ll lose my flat. I’ll have to go live with Arch in bloody Croydon! Oh god, he could sell me. If I’m lucky to some Alpha who wants ten sodding babies… if not… someplace worse than we just raided…but he wouldn’t...he wouldn’t...”

The picture Greg painted was vivid and undoubtedly accurate. “I will never permit that happen.” Mycroft vowed.

Greg did not appear to hear him. “I knew...” he moaned. “I knew as soon as Sherlock worked it out... I knew it was just a matter of time until it was all over.”

“Sherlock knows?!” Mycroft asked more sharply than he’d intended.

Lestrade scoffed. “From the first moment we met. He’s right, you know, Omegas simply are better at some things. Things that aren’t bloody babies.” He added bitterly.

“I... I never doubted it.”

“Liar.” It was said without heat, but the brown eyes were challenging. “You chose your brother’s bondmate without consulting him.”

Mycroft sighed. “I did. But honestly, that’s more class-based than prejudiced. My bondmate will be chosen for me as well.”

“But I bet you’ll be consulted.”

“Obviously you’ve never met my mother.” Mycroft replied drily.

“You can’t tell me that if you refused the Omega she chose, you’d be forced into bonding anyway.”

“It would be… a major scandal… if I refused to bond with the Omega chosen for me. It would harm the family reputation. It would make it difficult to convince other Alphas to let their Omega bond into the family. I’m the only Holmes Alpha of my generation, Mummy can’t disown me in favour of a younger sibling… no, it would be devastating for the family.”

“More devastating than Sherlock’s refusal?”
“Infinitely.”

Greg shook his head — Mycroft could see that it hurt him terribly. “I can’t even tell you how messed up that is.”

Mycroft shrugged. “I was raised — I was conceived to lead my family. It’s a responsibility I take very seriously.”

Greg pressed his hands to his temples with a grimace. “Jesus, My… I almost feel bad for you. You must envy John Watson… “

_Badly._ Mycroft stopped himself from correcting Greg’s grammar aloud. “John? Whatever for?”

“He’s lucky enough not to be a posh bastard.”

Mycroft scoffed. “There are millions of Alphas just like John Watson.”

“You’re wrong there, Mycroft. There are very few Alphas like John Watson. How many Alphas would see Sherlock as a competent adult, able to care for himself? Able to make his own decisions? I don’t think you do, even now. Bonding with John made Sherlock _more_ independent, not less! John Watson is _astounding._”

That was humbling. To be compared unfavorably to Watson — a man average in every way! No, Mycroft corrected himself, Watson only _appeared_ average… it was his camouflage. Underneath he was quite extraordinary in aspects Mycroft was only beginning to understand. But Sherlock had known, somehow, how extraordinary the Alpha was. He had chosen him, whilst terrified, in the midst of a riot… “Perhaps I have more to learn from Watson — and my brother — than I realised.” Mycroft allowed.

“How much does it hurt to admit that?” Greg asked, but he’d covered his eyes and begun rocking again and Mycroft didn’t feel the entire weight of the accusation.

But he had enough of his own. “Not as much as it would have before Moriarty.” Mycroft admitted softly. “He played me for a fool for a year and a half. Sherlock saw through him in seconds. People have died because I was too arrogant to consider I might be wrong. That is a mistake I don’t intend to make again.”

Greg had taken his hand before Mycroft registered the movement, the touch.

“I don’t deserve your good opinion, Greg. You were wise to push me away.”

“Don’t be such a berk, My.”

It was astonishing how good Greg smelled. Mycroft brought the Omega’s fingers to his lips and kissed them reverently. The warm treacle scent of his skin both calming and arousing… “You aren’t close to your heat, are you?”

Greg snatched his hand back. “Christ, Mycroft! You bloody Alphas are all alike!”

“What…?”

“How soon will I be begging for it!? Seriously, My, I didn’t think you were like that!”

“I wasn’t! Greg! That’s not — after what happened with Sherlock, I wanted to do due diligence. That’s all I meant.”
Lestrade covered his face with his hands. Mycroft could hear him swearing softly.

“Greg... please...” Mycroft had rarely felt at such a loss.

“Mr. Holmes.”

Mycroft turned, composing himself, at the discreet hail. “Stephen, thank you.” He took the unmarked paper bag. “We’re moving my brother, Mr. Watson and DC Lestrade to a private facility. The Scholer Clinic — ask Diana to make the transfer arrangements. I want everything ready by the time Watson can be moved — helicopter would be best. In the meantime, I need all their medical records transferred and...” Mycroft paused ominously. “... wiped from the files of this hospital completely.”

“Yes, sir.” Stephen said.

“Completely.” Mycroft repeated.

“I understand, sir.” Stephen replied and left.

“Jesus, Mycroft...” Greg said without looking up. “You’re terrifying.”

“Yes.” Mycroft agreed. “I try to use it for good.” He stroked the Omega’s hair, and Greg allowed it. He noted the few threads of premature silver amongst the dark. They were the same age, Mycroft knew, but other than this, Greg looked younger. He liked them, the bits of silver. It suited the dark treacle of his scent, offset it in gloriously glittering fashion.

Greg leaned into his hand and Mycroft found himself nuzzling the Omega’s temple. The treacle was growing stronger.

Reluctantly, Mycroft put the bag of suppressant in Lestrade’s hands. “Can I assist?” He asked.

“I’ve got it.” Greg said, tearing open the bag. He fought with the seal on the suppressant bottle, cursing, but got it open at last. He sprayed himself all over, but especially on the back of his neck. Mycroft mourned as Greg’s natural scent disappeared.

“I don’t smell like a Beta.” Greg said. “I smell like an Omega wearing suppressant.”

“The Scholer Clinic is entirely discreet.” Mycroft brushed Greg’s hair back with his fingers. “I don’t imagine you’ve seen an Omega doctor in some time... this would be an opportunity — if you choose to take advantage, of course — to have a complete physical. Off the books.”

Greg looked up. His brown eyes were clouded, and he had smudged tears through the drying blood on his face. It was frightening and pathetic. “Why are you doing this?”

“Isn’t it obvious, Greg?” Mycroft asked softly.

Lestrade shrugged and he looked every bit as alone and lonely as he must feel every day, holding his secret near to his chest, never letting anyone too close. “Because of what happened with Sherlock...”

“Don’t be an idiot.” Mycroft said very gently. “You know that I like you. I like you very much. I like spending time with you — I thought I’d made that clear earlier this evening.”

The Omega sighed, a sound so soft, Mycroft barely heard it. “Is that the price, then? For keeping my secret?”

“Greg, no... there is no price. I will not betray this confidence, and I will, to the best of my ability, keep anyone else from discovering your nature. I will not allow you to become your cousin Archie’s
ward and be banished to Croydon.” He licked his lips, allowing himself a moment of anxiety. “I simply hope that you will choose to spend time with me. But if you don’t, I will still keep your secret.” Mycroft tried a smile. “Don’t misunderstand me, I’m not above blackmail. Professionally. I simply prefer my personal life be... authentic.”

“Mr. Holmes.”

Mycroft composed his features. “Yes, Stephen?”

“The helicopter is ready for you and Detective Lestrade. Mr. Watson and your brother are already aboard.”

“And the medical files?”

“Forwarded on to the clinic, sir. All copies have been destroyed.”

“Excellent. Thank you.” He turned back to Lestrade. “Stephen has brought a wheelchair, it’s probably best that you use it.”

The policeman nodded and got into the chair as the Alpha gathered his belongings.

As the helicopter lifted off, Mycroft contemplated the conundrum that was DC Greg Lestrade. How had he hidden his Omega nature so completely? It still seemed preposterous that this self-assured, independent, rugged man wasn’t a Beta. Everything in Mycroft rebelled at the idea that the outgoing detective, and natural leader should by law be a dependent who needed constant protection. Who, if he had a job at all, it would not be in as dangerous a profession as law enforcement. He attempted to imagine Greg as an Omega nurse’s aide or preschool teacher... or a stay-at-home parent like Père had been... he simply couldn’t.

But Greg’s scent left no room for doubt — he was an Omega. And the scent suited him... took his charisma to new heights, added depths to his hangdog charm. Depths Mycroft desperately wanted to plumb. The knowledge that Greg was an Omega trebled his desire, even as made him wary.

Why wary? Dating an unbonded Omega with whom he did not intend to bond was fraught. No, it was unheard of outside the tawdry, exploitative, illegal whorehouses! Legally, Mycroft would be guilty of corrupting a dependent Omega — the seduction earlier that day meant he had already transgressed. And now that he knew, anything that might happen between them could be considered damage over which Greg’s guardian could easily sue.

And emotionally... Mycroft already felt the first prickly blossoms of sentiment! Obviously — why else declare he would not only keep the Omega’s secret, but help ensure it stayed thus? Mycroft hardly recognised himself! He had never been so rash, so unconsidered. Knowing Greg was an Omega, Mycroft should run full tilt in the other direction! Sentiment was just a chemical defect, after all, and Mycroft had no intention of being on the losing side.

It was more complicated... it was his responsibility as an Alpha to protect Greg from harm...

But Greg was no delicate flower! He didn’t need protecting — not in the usual way anyhow. Greg had accomplished so much as a Beta! It staggered Mycroft that an Omega would even attempt it... perhaps he needed to reassess what nature gave Omegas versus what nurture tried to make them...

He definitely needed to study the problem closely... in depth...
The Scholer Clinic was... well, it was a lot. A lot more than a cop with a concussion needed.

They gave him an MRI first thing. Then settled him into an airy room with cool green walls and fresh flowers. The nurses sponged the blood and grime from his skin and helped him into a pair of crisp cotton pyjamas. They were exceedingly apologetic about having to wake him every hour. They took his vitals with good-natured briskness.

Lestrade woke fully at 10:26 a.m. to a shouting match in the hallway carried on in the viciously posh tones of the Holmes brothers. Greg was glad Sherlock was feeling better — he’d been worried for the Omega. But the shouting was bringing back his headache. He was just about to intervene — or at least yell ‘Oi! Shut up!’ — when the shouting abruptly stopped and Lestrade was visited by the Omega specialist.

The Omega doctor, Weintraub, was (of course) a Beta — an older male with a round, earnest face. The first thing he did was show Lestrade the medical file he’d opened — it was in the name of Lestrade’s ‘niece’ with special needs, a fiction his parents had invented as a means for him to explain the regular absences he took to ride out his heats.

Greg agreed to a physical. Mycroft had been correct in his assumption that he’d never had a proper pelvic exam. Lestrade traded the crisp cotton pyjamas for a backless gown and let the man prod and palpitate to his heart’s content.

He hesitated when the stirrups came out, but in for a penny...

“Are you a virgin, Mr. Lestrade?”

“Erm, no.” He was 27! Were there a lot of 27-year-old virgins?

“Have you had many partners?”

“Gosh... erm, eleven... I think. No, erm, twelve? I may be forgetting one or two.”

“Alphas?”

“Uh, no... just the one Alpha. The others were Betas.”

“Male or female?”

“About half and half.”

“You have had penetrative sex?”

“Yeah.”

“Where you were the receptive partner?”

“Oh, uh, no.”

The doctor nodded and made notes on the chart. Lestrade saw him tick the box next to ‘virgin.’ That was novel. Apparently Beta sex didn't count. He wouldn't tell that to the Betas with whom he'd had sex.
“Ok, this will feel a little strange. I’m inserting the speculum and now I’m opening it. You may feel some discomfort. Are you in any pain?”

“Erm, I feel pressure, but no pain.”

“Good.” The doctor lit his torch and peered between his legs. Lestrade studied the ceiling intently.

“Everything looks lovely.” Weintraub told him. “I’m going to take some swabs, just to make sure. You might feel a little cramping... there, all done.” The speculum slid out. “These tests take about four days — it’ll tell us if you have irregular cells, an STD or HPV and it will give us an idea of your fertility — although there are more specific tests for that. As you have abstained from penetration, I suspect you’ll get a clean bill of health.

“You can call for your, ahem, niece’s results — here’s my card. If you do become sexually active, come see me again. And if you decide you’d like to conceive, we can support you in that as well.”

“Can I... erm...”

“Right!” The doctor helped him out of the stirrups and Lestrade gratefully sat up.

The doctor regarded him for a moment. “How are your heats?”

“Irritating.”

The Beta chuckled. “Are they on a regular schedule?”

“Every three and a half months.”

“How many days do they last?”

“Four... sometimes closer to five.”

“Have you noticed any changes over the last few years? Have they gotten more or less intense, for example?”

“No, they’re pretty much the same. Why? Should they be less intense?”

“I don’t know.” The doctor admitted. “You’re the first unbonded Omega of your age I’ve encountered.”

“Oh.”

“But physically it appears that if you chose to bond, you would not experience any problems.”

“Oh... erm, good...”

“Call that number in four days. I’ll have your results ready.”

“Thanks, doc.”

After the Omega specialist left, Lestrade went looking for his clothes. His head still ached, but not as badly, and he was beginning to feel all the other lumps he’d been given. There were quite a number. More than anything, Greg wanted to go home and sleep in his own bed for about a week.

His clothes were a mess, smelly and sweaty and stiff with dried blood. Greg binned the shirt. He found an extra bin bag and put his jacket, pants and trousers in it, hoping they could be salvaged. He
took a long shower, taking pleasure in cleaning all the dried blood out of his hair, washing away the sweat and oily fear. He found the tender spot on the back of his head where they must have struck him. Idly, he wondered what they’d used. A pipe wrench flashed through his mind and he carefully dismissed the idea.

Greg donned the running pants, t-shirt and hoodie, all bearing the clinic’s logo, that he found in the wardrobe. He wished there were clean socks as well as he pulled on his soiled ones. At least his shoes were OK.

Mycroft was in his room when he emerged from the loo, sitting on the gold upholstered chair by the window.

Lestrade had purposely not been thinking about their conversation the night before.

“‘I brought you these.’” Mycroft said unnecessarily, indicating a bag of fresh grapes on the side table.

“‘Ta.’” Greg smiled at the traditional gift. He wondered if the Alpha was nervous. Greg certainly was, now that Mycroft held his whole life in his arrogant Alpha hands. “How is John? And Sherlock — I heard him in the hall earlier, sounded like he was doing much better. Much louder anyway.”

Mycroft bit back his rueful smile. “I apologise if we woke you. Yes, Sherlock is much improved. John is stable and should recover completely.”

“‘That’s brilliant.’ Greg said. ”Brilliant news.” He studied the Alpha for a moment. Mycroft seemed almost as cool and fastidious as usual, but Greg saw the tightness around his eyes. “You look exhausted.” He observed.

Mycroft smiled his slight smile. “I’m fine.”

“You should go home and get some rest.”

“Is that what you’re intending to do?”

“Yeah.” With his eyes, Greg dared him to challenge the decision, to say he needed to stay in hospital.

The Alpha simply nodded. “Smoke?” He asked, producing a pack of Treasurer Aluminum Blacks.

Lestrade frowned. “In here?” He’d been craving a fag since he’d woken up — and his morning cough had begun dogging him — but he hadn’t expected to be able to smoke until after he was discharged.

“‘It’s allowed.’”

Lestrade raised his eyebrows skeptically but walked across the room and took one. Mycroft opened a drawer of the side table and pulled out an ashtray. He sparked his lighter and held it up towards the detective. Lestrade leaned over and lit his fag, inhaling it deeply. Mycroft lit up after.

"‘Oh, that's good.” The Omega leaned on the windowsill and looked out at the buildings as he smoked. “I should quit.” He said.

“I’ve attempted to quit.” Mycroft admitted. “But my work can be stressful, and I start again.” He tapped his cigarette ash into the ashtray. ‘‘Your ‘niece’… you’re fortunate no one has ever taken a close look at her. Her identity was paper-thin, it would have collapsed with the most cursory of examinations. I’ve taken the liberty of making it more robust. There’s a birth certificate, medical,
dental and school records, housing records, receipts, photographs, and the paperwork attesting that you are her guardian. It’s in the car that will take you home.”

Lestrade took a long drag on his cigarette, hiding his emotion behind it. “Thanks, My. For all this. For everything.”

“I’ve never had a nickname.” The Alpha said softly. “Not at school, not at home. I’ve always been Mycroft. Or 'Holmes.'”

“Sorry, I’ll stop.” Lestrade mumbled.

“No, don’t stop. I like it.”

He looked vulnerable. The Omega reached out and rubbed Mycroft's shoulder. “I should probably end this now.” Greg said. “Even if we did get on well, it can’t go anywhere. In a few years you’ll bond and have kids. Sherlock says you have to.”

Mycroft was silent for a long moment. “I must sire children.”

“I’m sorry about what I said. Yesterday. She’ll be a lucky Omega, to have you.”

Mycroft huffed unhappily, seeming not to know what to do with his hands. “Why do you say 'she.'”

“Sherlock. After what happened with your father, he says your mother will insist on a female for you.” Lestrade wondered how much he'd just revealed about his interest in the Alpha. "Yes, we talked about you, My. I asked.”

Mycroft didn’t notice or didn't care. He sat very still in his chair. “Sherlock is correct. However... I... I'm not... for me to impregnate an Omega, I would ... greatly prefer... to have a male.” He spoke stiffly.

“You should probably tell your mother that before she picks out a nice girl for you.”

Mycroft stood and stubbed out his cigarette in one determined motion. He went to where Lestrade was at the window and, cupping his jaw, kissed him. Lestrade was reticent at first, but the Alpha smelled wild and dangerous like a vast Scottish moor and he could not help but respond. He pulled Mycroft closer and deepened the kiss. He loved the smoky taste of him, the solid feel of his lanky body, the way his deft hands explored his back...

“Have dinner with me, Greg.” Mycroft murmured and kissed the Omega’s throat, his jaw, the corner of his mouth...

He wasn’t asking because Greg was Omega. He’d asked before he knew. He’d liked Greg before he knew.

And his scent! Greg could not get enough. The thought of never pressing his nose to Mycroft’s neck again, never feeling his lips on his skin, never again folding himself into the Alpha's embrace... it was hateful. It was anathema. It was unthinkable. “Yeah... ok.” Lestrade agreed.

This was stupid — he was stupid. He could not bond and Mycroft could not bond with him. He was going to get hurt.

Mycroft kissed him again then pulled slowly away. He smoothed Greg's damp hair back from his temple. “There’s a car downstairs. It’ll take you home. I'll send it back to collect you Saturday at seven p.m.”
“Just like that?”

“When you get your phone back, text me.” Mycroft kissed him once more, a long, lingering kiss full of promises Lestrade knew the Alpha couldn’t keep.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Mycroft and Greg go on their first official date.

Hope you enjoyed this extra-long chapter. I can say with almost 85% certainty that Mycroft and Greg DON'T go the way of those other star-crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet, and kill themselves. Pretty good odds!
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Mycroft takes Greg on a date.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mycroft was nervous. It had been six days since he’d seen Greg, six days since the false Beta had returned his kisses and agreed to this dinner. They hadn’t communicated since.

Greg had gotten a new phone on Wednesday, Mycroft knew, but he hadn’t texted. He hadn’t called either, but he hadn’t expected that. Greg preferred to text.

He’d texted with John and Sherlock. He’d texted Gregson and Coleman and some of the other members of his team. He’d texted his cousin, Archie, an Alpha with a plumbing business in Croyden.

He’d called one of the forensic techs and met up with her for a drink. It might have been a date.

He had not contacted Mycroft.

On Saturday, Mycroft brought a tablet loaded with files that needed his attention with him in the car. If Greg canceled, the time wouldn’t be wasted. He opened the first file and forced himself to concentrate on it. He’d gotten halfway through and was making notes with his stylus when the door opened.

“Am I interrupting?” Greg asked, peering into the car.

“Of course not.” Mycroft turned off the tablet and set it aside. He smiled. Greg looked extremely handsome — even more so than usual. He wore a good, blue pinstriped suit, sans waistcoat, with an olive shirt that offset his lovely brown eyes. He was clean-shaven, and his brown shoes were shined. Instead of the rumpled, tan trench coat, he wore a deep brown overcoat. He had a tie in his pocket.

It was still startling to Mycroft that this self-sufficient, independent man was an Omega!

Greg fingered the tie as he slid into the saloon. “Wasn’t sure if I’d need it.” He said, reaching out and straightening Mycroft’s perfectly straight tie.

Mycroft caught his hands and held them. “You won’t.” He said. “We aren’t going anywhere formal.” Greg smelled only of Beta vanilla — it was uncanny, Mycroft’s senses were insisting that this was a Beta, even though he knew better. He missed the warm treacle of Greg’s natural scent.

Lestrade slid closer, the pale leather seat yielding under his weight. “You should take yours off, My.” He said. “You’ll be practically naked.”

Smiling a little at the affectionate nickname, Mycroft pulled his tie from his waistcoat and unfastened his ornate tie bar. He unknotted the tie. “When I’m naked, you’ll know it.” He tugged the strip of silk from his collar.
Greg sucked in a breath and unbuttoned the top button of the Alpha’s shirt, the tips of his fingers caressing the tiny triangle of exposed skin. Then he leaned forward and kissed it.

Mycroft felt his cock pulse with interest. He pushed the Omega forcefully back against the seat and kissed him — passionate and aroused, forcing Greg’s mouth open with his tongue and plundering his mouth. Greg buried one hand in the Alpha’s hair the other on his hip, tugging him in. Mycroft pushed himself up on his knees to get closer, pulling Greg partway up with him, dragging kisses over his lips and jaw. He noted distantly that he was tenting his trousers — and wrinkling them. He ground himself against Greg’s hip, wedging a thigh between the Omega’s legs.

The noise Greg made — the helplessly aroused, needy sound — was the most beautiful thing he’d ever heard. Greg clutched the Alpha’s buttock, squeezing and pulling him closer, they began to move together, against each other, breath hot in each other’s faces. Mycroft pressed his nose into the flesh of Greg’s neck — and there, very faintly, was the merest hint of treacle.

The car stopped, and the engine turned off. Mycroft heard his driver climb out and close the door behind him. He pulled back abruptly and saw that Greg had heard it too. They slid apart, Greg closing his coat over his lap and Mycroft following suit. He knew he was disheveled, hair out of place, clothes rumpled, but couldn’t bring himself to care overmuch.

Greg was similarly disarrayed, his mouth and jaw pink from Mycroft's bruising kisses, but on him it looked good — debauched and rakish. Mycroft felt another surge of lust for the man.

The door opened, and Greg slid out, cool as you like, straightening his suit casually. Mycroft followed feeling self-conscious. None of his staff had seen him anything other than perfectly groomed. But if Greg kept dating him, they would get used to it. He smoothed his hair down and buttoned his overcoat. He had to be presentable by the time he checked his coat. To that end, he avoided looking at the curve of Greg’s arse as they walked to the restaurant.

He could not, however, resist placing a guiding hand on the Omega’s back.

“Tapas.” Greg said, as they were seated in an intimate corner with a window and view.

“Tapas is warm-weather food, I know. I can’t resist it when it’s cold.”

“You prefer warm weather?”

“I loathe it.” Mycroft admitted. “But the food is divine. Is red wine acceptable?”

“I’m... erm... more of a beer drinker, My. But if the wine is something special...”

Mycroft smiled, fondness welling within him. “No, you should have what you enjoy.” He waved the server over and asked him to tell them about the beer selection. They ordered Alhambras

“People are looking at us.” Greg said uncomfortably. “A lot of people.”

Mycroft glanced around. “Not for much longer.”

“Who are they?”

“My political rivals... and allies.” Mycroft told him calmly. “I haven’t been out with anyone in a while, so this is a novelty. They’ll want to catalogue any potential weaknesses. See if they can use you against me.”

“Oh.” Greg swallowed. “Maybe we shouldn’t be here, considering...”
Mycroft leaned closer and spoke softly enough that only Greg could hear. “If I tried to hide you, they’d think there was something I wanted to keep hidden and would search for it. It’s better this way.”

Greg fidgeted and tapped his fingers. “I don’t know, it seems risky.”

“I would never put you at risk.” Mycroft said, meaning it. “You’ve hidden in plain sight your whole life, this is no different. Trust me. Besides, I want to rub their noses in the fact that I’m out with the best-looking detective at the Met.”

Greg scoffed. “How did they even know we’d be here?”

“I told them — or as good as. I made a reservation for two at a romantic restaurant and requested the best table.” Mycroft took the Omega’s hand — it was larger than his own, powerful. He shivered a little thinking about the things those hands could do to him. “Greg, we’re both single. I have a history — a short history, but a history nonetheless — of seeing Beta men. You saved my brother’s life...”

“No, Sherlock saved me — he saved us both.” Greg protested.

“I understand it was a joint effort, Greg, but you must know it won’t be perceived that way. Regardless, we met because you’ve worked with Sherlock... You are exactly what you seem to be. You are... expected.”

Greg gave him a searching look. “OK.” He said. “I trust you, My.”

“Good.”

“Just don’t tell me we have to double date with your political allies.”

Mycroft laughed. “Good lord, no.”

“Because that’s a bridge too far.”

The server interrupted with their Alhambras. They ordered dinner — olives stuffed with chorizo, a cheese plate with quince and almonds, Spanish ham, and puffed pastry with lamb and baked dates wrapped in bacon. Mycroft noted with satisfaction that their watchers were rapidly losing interest.

“You don’t care for hot weather, you’re not one for a beach holiday, then?” Greg asked, sipping his beer.

The Alpha laughed. “No. I prefer to keep my clothes on out of doors.”

“Could have fooled me.”

Mycroft blushed remembering the gangway. Had it only been a week ago? “I seem to make all sorts of exceptions for you.”

Greg smiled and slid his foot between the Alpha’s. Mycroft smiled back, joy pumping through his veins, and moved his hand across the table to touch the Omega’s fingers with the tips of his own. He felt like a teenager with a crush, a little out of control and intensely happy.

The server came by to refill their water. They both sat back. “What about you?” Mycroft asked. “Do you fancy beach holidays?” He would take Greg to Bora Bora, to a villa on the ocean...

“I don’t know, I’ve never tried it — too exposed.”
Mycroft again felt a hint of the burden Greg carried. “What sort of holiday do you enjoy?”

“Dunno. We let a caravan in Cornwall when I was a kid. I haven’t been on holiday since me parents died.” Greg said evenly. “That’s not true, I went to Brighton once. Not much fun on me own, so I haven’t bothered since.” Mycroft wasn’t sure what his face had done, but it wasn’t good. “No, My, don’t feel sorry for me. I have the life I want. If I’ve had to make a few sacrifices, it’s been worth it.”

“I don’t.” Mycroft said with only partially false bonhomie. “I’m envious if you want to know the truth. Last week I spent four days in Budapest. This week I was a day in Brussels, two in Tallinn and had a stopover for a meeting in Copenhagen. Staying home has a definite appeal.”

“That was all work, though. When was the last time you took a day off?” Greg’s handsome face was earnest and interested.

Mycroft looked at his hands... he’d gone to Sherrinford for Sherlock’s meeting with Moriarty, but of course he’d brought work. He always brought work along. He thought about the files out in the car. “I do better when I have something to occupy me... I take time for family and for myself, but... idle time... isn’t good for me... what is it Sherlock says? Without stimulation his brain rots? I understand that only too well. We all find coping strategies. Mine is my work. I turn to it rather than... some of Sherlock’s more self-destructive impulses. There’s always work to be done.”

Greg absorbed that and nodded, glancing out the window. “Too bad Sherlock’s an Omega. He could have done with a job like that.”

Mycroft laughed without humour. “I tried to recruit him — Alpha, Omega, Beta — in my line of work all that matters is one’s ability, and Sherlock has more than his share. He has never been interested in government... he’s always wanted more... titillating work. I throw what I can his way. When he deigns to take it on, as with Moriarty’s maths and pattern recognition, he’s rather effective.”

“Almost as effective as you?” Greg was teasing him, but neither of them were amused.

“Honestly, I thought him a bit slow-witted as a child. Until I met other children... it was a lonely realisation that my little brother would be one of the few people who could understand... this.” The Alpha touched the side of his head. “Moriarty understands, I think. It’s made him insane. My coping strategies are more effective than his have been — but then I had Mummy to guide me. Moriarty had no one, just a brain spinning faster than a brain ought.” He wiped his mouth on his napkin and set it aside on the table. “Come home with me tonight.”

Greg picked up his glass and drained the last of his Alhambra. “Yes.” He said simply.

This time as they slid into the car and clicked their seatbelts in place, they were more subdued. They had the entire night before them, the desperate passion of earlier could wait... it could mature and grow and take them when they were ready. Greg took Mycroft’s hand and held it between them on the soft leather seat. Mycroft memorised the feel of his fingers, the exact texture of the skin, the pattern of the lines and whorls, the pressure and temperature, the restless caresses of his forefinger, the grip of his thumb... he would remember this forever and he wanted to have every detail to savour.

This thing between them... as strongly as he felt it, Mycroft knew it was delicate. Greg knew that Mycroft would be obliged to bond in a few years. Mycroft could not even say why he was pursuing this relationship so avidly — Greg feared he would be gutted when the time inevitably came... Mycroft knew he himself would be utterly devastated to give up this man. Better to stop now, swallow a bitter pill, instead of going ahead and having his heart torn from his chest.

Mummy was not wrong about caring being largely a disadvantage.
But a sly and cunning part of his brain — the part that pushed here and pulled there and arranged everything to his (and his family’s, and his country’s) advantage — whispered that Mycroft could work out a way, between now and then, to have both: to have this man, take him as a Beta lover, and to take a bondmate and sire children. There were bonded Alphas who kept Beta lovers.

Mycroft’s bond with his mate would not be the profound connection that his brother shared with John Watson. He had observed their link and had felt... envy... anticipation. The first anticipation he’d experienced for his own future bonding.

But if he could have this with Greg instead...

The car pulled up to his townhouse. Mycroft reluctantly let go the policeman’s hand and unlocked his seat belt. The driver opened the door.

“Something to drink?” He asked when they were inside.

“What happened to the, erm, the guy? Who opens the door.” The policeman looked like he wanted to kick himself for sounding like an idiot. Mycroft wanted to eat him up.

“Greene?” The Alpha hung his coat in the closet and handed a hanger to the policeman.

“Yeah. He doesn’t work nights?”

“He doesn’t work tonight. I thought we might like some privacy.”

Greg smiled, and it lit his handsome face. Did he know how gorgeous he was?

“There’s beer in the kitchen. And wine. Water, sparkling and still.” He sounded like a waiter. Mycroft forced himself to shut up.

“A beer would be great, My. Whatever you have.”

The nickname caused a flutter in his chest every time Greg said it, making it hard for him to breathe properly. “This way.” He led them to the kitchen at the back of the house. He’d had it modernised when he moved in — it had long stretches of marble worktop, cupboards and a kitchen island. There was a large, open archway into the conservatory where a breakfasting table had been placed.

Mycroft spoke softly to the Alexa, a soft light came on and music began to play unobtrusively. Greg wandered into the conservatory, taking in the giant ferns and the huge, old potted palms that pressed against the windowed walls and ceiling. Mycroft grabbed two bottles of beer from the fridge. He opened them and carried them into the conservatory. Greg was looking up at the stars. He smiled.

Mycroft set the bottles of beer down on the broad lip of a pot. He cupped Greg’s face and kissed him gently, nudging his lips apart with his own. He tasted the Alhambra and chorizo on Greg’s tongue.

Greg’s hands found his waist and held him as he nipped at Mycroft’s jaw. Mycroft panted and bit the Omega’s bottom lip, sucking on it. He felt like he could kiss this man right here under the stars all night long. Greg held him more tightly, his hands rubbing circles on his back and arse. Mycroft deepened the kiss, exploring with his tongue.

Greg moaned into the kiss and Mycroft felt himself hardening. He wanted this man! Their kisses grew in intensity, becoming deep and fierce, clashing teeth and gasped breaths, a struggle for control that Mycroft would be happy to lose. He maneuvered himself so that Greg pressed him against the archway, one hand in the Alpha’s hair the other under his suit coat, gripping his back. Greg bit at the Alpha’s chin, licked kisses under his jaw and scented his neck.
Then Greg was tugging at his jacket, pulling it off of him whilst sucking ravenous kisses over his mouth. Mycroft let it drop to the floor. He wanted to strip Greg of his, but the Omega’s hands were busy on the buttons of Mycroft’s waistcoat. “I want to see you.” Greg murmured, biting into the Alpha’s neck, tonguing the shell of his ear…

Mycroft let the waistcoat drop. He successfully divested Greg of his jacket and let his hands linger on the Omega’s chest, thumbing a nipple through the olive fabric.

Greg growled and ripped the Alpha’s shirt open, buttons flying. Mycroft wished he hadn’t worn a vest this evening, but he hastily shed the shirt and let Greg lift the cotton vest over his head, exposing his hairy torso, his nipples standing proud.

The Omega hummed in approval and caressed his skin, scratching long lines down his back and tonguing along his collarbone. He pressed his nose to the Alpha’s neck, breathing in the whisky scent. Grinding his hips forward, Mycroft felt how hard the Omega was. He began to work feverishly at unfastening Greg’s belt and trousers, opening them up and pushing them down his thighs. He took the Omega’s stiff cock in hand and stroked it.

Greg groaned and scrabbled at Mycroft’s trousers. Mycroft kissed him deeply then leaned close to Greg’s ear. “I want you so much.” He whispered.

"I want you too... but..." Greg pulled back just slightly, not pausing his fumbling at the Alpha’s trousers.

"But?" Mycroft stroked the velvet skin of Greg's erection.

"Fuck!" Greg panted, thrusting his hips forward. "Let's keep it, erm, simple, yeah?" He kissed Mycroft again, abandoning his flies to palm him through his trousers. "I'm not up for, erm, penetration..." He leaned back and met Mycroft's gaze with his soft, brown eyes. Mycroft thought he could fall into them.

He pulled on Greg's cock, twisting his wrist over the head, smearing the drops of arousal down the shaft. Greg gasped and clutched at Mycroft harder, the hand over his prick almost painfully good.

"How do you feel about topping?" Mycroft asked.

“I, erm, prefer to top.” Greg said. "I only top. But you’re an Alpha… I thought you'd want to...”

“I’m an Alpha that’s never met a hard surface I didn’t want to be bent over. I want you to fuck me, Greg.” He slipped a condom and a tube of lubricant from his trouser pocket and into the Omega’s hand. "You're in charge. Take what you want."

Greg moaned and swore and kissed him hard, excitement crackling between them. He gripped the Alpha’s wrists, pinning them to his sides, grinding their hips together, imprisoning Mycroft between himself and the wall.

Mycroft bit at his lips. Greg bit back with a snarl, teeth sliding along his jaw. “This is what you want?” Greg asked, his breath hot in Mycroft’s ear. “You want to be taken?”

“Yes!” Mycroft’s erect nipples scraped the fabric of the Omega’s shirt as they pressed together, and he shuddered with desire.

Greg bit his neck hard enough to hurt and Mycroft jolted against the Omega with a needy gasp.

Then Greg released him. Mycroft stumbled forward, confused — he could still feel where the Omega’s teeth had embedded themselves. He wanted more of that delicious pain.
Greg’s hands were once again at his flies. “Strip!” He commanded, finally opening the Alpha’s trousers.

Mycroft shuddered again at the authoritative tone. He toed off his shoes and bent to remove his trousers. He was naked except for his socks, and when Greg rubbed his Omega cock against the sensitive skin of his own erection, Mycroft didn’t give a toss about socks. He tore at Greg’s shirt. “Off!” He demanded.

Greg began furiously unbuttoning his olive shirt. He tried to pull it off, but it stuck at the cuffs and he had to yank at it gracelessly. He untied his shoes and pulled them off, then shoved his trousers and pants down to his ankles and kicked them away. Mycroft leaned against the breakfasting table and watched the show.

Rugged twank indeed. Greg was very lean and tan everywhere except for the slightly paler skin under his boxer briefs. His shoulders were broad and his chest and arms firmly muscled. His abdominal muscles were soft ridges visible beneath his skin, a dark trail of hair bisecting them. The ‘V’ from hip to groin prominently displayed his genitals. His prick was lovely, a full six inches of uncut rigidity standing tall against his belly. His pubic hair was short and dark and his testicles, vestigial as they may be, hung full and tight.

Mycroft knew he had nothing to be ashamed of — he had the long physique of a swimmer, his musculature more subtle under the auburn fur that carpeted him from neck to toes — but next to Greg’s glorious masculinity, he felt unworthy.

Greg, apparently, didn’t agree. He ran his fingers through Mycroft’s coppery pelt and sighed happily. Mycroft’s Alpha cock was turgid and heavy in its ginger nest, a fertile ram he’d always thought excessive — too big to be blown easily, too fat to suit most Betas’ tight holes. Mycroft had received more hand jobs from alarmed lovers than he could count. It was a mercy he greatly preferred to bottom.

Greg took the Alpha’s face in his hands and kissed him slowly, sucking on his tongue, restarting the foreplay after the pause to undress. Mycroft ran his fingers over Greg’s abs, over his navel and down to his bush and over the bones of his hips.

Greg's hands dropped to Mycroft’s arms and he dipped to tongue and suck a nipple. He rubbed his face in the mat of hair between Mycroft’s pectorals then bit the opposite nipple, again making him jolt and moan.

Greg stood up and for a second looked into Mycroft’s eyes, pupils blown wide and stormy with desire, soft brown now a hard black.

With a strength and surety of movement that startled Mycroft, Greg turned him roughly and shoved him belly down on the table, his hand firm on the back of his neck. “Like this?” He asked.

“Yes!” Mycroft gasped.

Greg rubbed his cock between Mycroft’s buttocks, and Mycroft arched his back seeking more stimulation.

“You want it like this.” Greg muttered, wonder in his voice. The Alpha heard the condom wrapper tear and Greg rolled it onto his prick with a slight awkwardness that told Mycroft he didn’t do this very often. Then the tube of slick snapped open and Greg’s fingers were at his hole, rubbing and pressing. Greg had big hands, and when the first finger breached, Mycroft grunted and pushed back,
impaling himself on it. It had been a long time since he’d been with anyone, but his greedy arse

Greg held him down, face pressed against the wood of the table, as he worked Mycroft’s hole with
his finger, preparing him. Mycroft found himself moaning and moving his hips, trying to take more,
go faster... but Greg would not be hurried. He leaned over again and nipped Mycroft’s spine as his
finger twisted in his arse.

He was sweating with desire, whinging for more. “Greg… please… I need…”

Greg finally inserted a second finger. “I’m going to fuck you.” He murmured, working his fingers in
and out. “I’m going to give you what you need.”

“Greg...” Mycroft whined. He felt desperate for the Omega. He struggled fruitlessly to hurry the
process, to reach back and grasp Greg’s hips. Greg chuckled softly and pressed his face against the
damp skin of his back, licking and biting into his flesh. The fingers in his hole were slow and
insistent.

The third finger hurt. Mycroft leaned into the pain, feeling it subsume him. Greg twisted his hand and
the tips of his blunt fingers massaged the Alpha’s prostate, making him gasp and buck. “I’m ready!”
Mycrof insisted. “I need your cock.”

“You need it?” Greg drawled, maddeningly.

“Yes...! please...!” Mycroft was on the verge of groveling, arching his back in desperation.

Greg’s fingers disappeared, and he kissed low on Mycroft’s arse, putting a little teeth into it. He took
hold of the Alpha’s hands and brought them to the small of his back, holding them there with one of
his big paws. “God, look at that!” He said. “You have a gorgeous arse.”

Mycroft felt so empty without the Omega’s fingers inside him. His stretched hole gaped and winked
under Greg’s gaze, attempting to close itself, but unable. “Please...” He whispered.

Greg leaned over and Mycroft felt his prick bumping tantalisingly against his arse.

Finally, Mycroft heard the tube of slick opening again. He sighed with relief and Greg smiled against
his hip. “Greedy.” He whispered.

“Oh yes.” Mycroft agreed.

The wide, round head of Greg’s cock poked demandingly at his entrance, pressing against the ring of
muscle. Mycroft wanted this so much! He pressed back and Greg’s cockhead popped through the
outer ring, filling him, so hot and huge. Greg eased in slowly but inexorably until his pelvis pressed
against the Alpha's buttocks. Mycroft sighed. It felt amazing to be penetrated — Greg’s prick was
perfect, touching him places that he’d forgotten longed to be touched.

Greg began to fuck him, to saw in and out of him slowly.

Before their date, Mycroft hadn’t been certain he wanted this tonight. It had been a long time since
he’d indulged. He hadn’t known if Greg would even be interesting in topping, he was an Omega,
after all, they were built to be receptive. Mycroft had thought manual and oral were more likely. Still,
he’d prepared himself meticulously for the possibility…

Then Greg had gotten into the car and kissed him... and Mycroft wanted nothing more than to have
the Omega inside him. The more time they spent together, the more Mycroft had wanted him like this
— Greg holding him face down on the kitchen table whilst he fucked the Alpha. But this… Greg leisurely sliding his fat prick into his arse with taunting deliberateness… it was amazing… it was torture...

Mycroft endured it as long as he could, minutes of the unhurried, teasing fuck, of Greg’s hips grinding lewdly, driving him mad. “Greg…” He gasped. “Please!”

“What is it, My? What do you need?” Greg asked softly. His cock was relentlessly slow and even.

“I need... harder... fuck me hard!”

“You like it rough?” Greg asked, his voice dark.

“Yes! Rough! Please, Greg!”

Greg steadied his cock and shoved. “Yes! Oh god.” Mycroft cried. The Omega stilled himself and ran his free hand over Mycroft’s back, checking in, but the Alpha fucked himself back impatiently on Greg’s cock.

He didn’t hesitate any longer. Gripping Mycroft’s hipbones firmly, Greg reamed the Alpha with forceful thrusts, his balls loudly slapping against the upturned arse. “More.” Mycroft groaned, and Greg pumped harder. Mycroft’s thighs bumped the table with every thrust, his prick rubbed roughly over the wood, abrading the sensitive skin painfully. Mycroft loved it.

The Omega pressed on the small of Mycroft’s back, changing the angle of penetration and suddenly his shaft slid against Mycroft’s prostate. The Alpha cried out. “Fuck. Yes! Fuck!”

Greg laughed delightedly. “Your filthy mouth.” He said, slowing his strokes again. He dragged his cock across the bundle of nerves over and over, relentless as a juggernaut. He grabbed the Alpha’s shoulder and pulled him upright. He seized a fistful of Mycroft’s hair and slowly pulled his head back, forcing Mycroft to keep his back arched. Then stretched his arms around the other man’s upper chest, holding him in his arms as they fucked. One hand spanned Mycroft’s vulnerable neck, pressing — not enough to cut off his air, but enough to constrict it.

The Alpha turned his head and Greg kissed him, hard, a messy assault of lips and tongues. They panted against each other’s mouths, sweat slicking the auburn hair on Mycroft’s torso.

Abruptly, Greg sped up again, hammering into him, grunting with every thrust. Mycroft keened — it felt amazing, the hard cock in his arse, assaulting his arse... he could feel the Omega’s chest muscles flexing against his back, sliding on the effortful sweat. Greg kept an arm vicelike around Mycroft’s vulnerable neck, pressing — not enough to cut off his air, but enough to constrict it.

Greg leaned in, scenting the Alpha, pressing his nose to the scent gland at the back of his neck, licking it. “Jesus you smell good.” He murmured. Then he bit down on the gland as an Alpha would bite an Omega in heat, bonding them.

As Greg’s teeth closed around his flesh, Mycroft’s orgasm overtook him with a suddenness and intensity he wasn’t prepared for. He shouted as he came, swept up in electric waves of pleasure that crackled over his skin and unhinged his mind. The Omega’s arm tightened around his chest, holding him steady as he gasped and trembled, his arse fluttering and contracting around the Alpha’s cock in jerky spasms. Greg’s hand stroked his abraded erection roughly, milking rope after rope of ejaculate from him. His legs began to feel weak, rubbery, as he striped the tabletop with his cum.
Greg growled around the mouthful of convulsing Alpha flesh. Through his endorphin rush, Mycroft felt the other man’s climax, felt the Omega’s cock swell and heat inside him. Greg groaned loudly as he shot his load deep inside Mycroft, fucking his arse with vigorous thrusts.

Mycroft shuddered and slowly relaxed in Greg’s arms. The Omega released his neck from his jaw and licked the place he’d bitten. It hadn’t broken the skin, Mycroft could tell. He felt vaguely disappointed by that. He turned his head and Greg kissed him slowly, his arms trembling around him.

Eventually he lowered Mycroft, so he rested on the table, carefully avoiding the mess of ejaculate. He pulled out slowly and removed the condom, tying it off, then he pushed the Alpha’s buttocks open. “Show me.” He said. “I want to see.” Mycroft bore down, and his stretched hole gaped at Greg. He wished they hadn’t used a condom, that he could expel some of the Omega’s ejaculate, feel it leak down the backs of his thighs…

“Brilliant.” Greg sighed, resting his forehead against the Alpha’s back. “Just brilliant.”

Later, after a shower, they lay naked and damp in Mycroft’s bed and shared a cigarette, passing it back and forth. Mycroft’s limbs felt pleasantly heavy.

“You’re gorgeous.” Mycroft observed lazily. “But you’re so thin. Your clothing hides it.” Since the shower he could smell Greg’s natural, warm treacle scent and it inflamed him. He hoped they could make love again with that scent enveloping him.

“Stress.” Greg said, taking a drag on the Treasurer.

Mycroft ran his hand down Greg’s side. “I hope I helped you relieve some of that.”

Greg grinned and, plucking the fag from his lips, kissed him. “It was great.”

“You didn’t mind topping?”

“I never mind topping. I love topping. I’d top you every night.”

Mycroft writhed against him, his blood starting to rise again. “Promises, promises.” He muttered. “I wasn’t sure… you’re my first Omega.”

“I’ve never done it the other way.”

Mycroft turned towards him and propped himself up on his elbow. “No?”

“I couldn’t — they would know I wasn’t a Beta. And I’ve never wanted to.” Greg huffed a little sigh. “I suppose you want to now.”

“No.” Mycroft said truthfully. “I never want to. I’m not sure how I’m going to manage to sire children.”

Greg chuckled. “You don’t need to worry about that.”

“No?” Mycroft was skeptical that Greg appreciated the extent of the problem.

“Heat.” Greg replied. “It’s not like this. It’s… driven. When I’m in heat, all I want, all I want is a fat Alpha cock up my arse. I want to be knotted. I want to lay on my face with my arse in the air and be bred over and over until I’m thoroughly up the duff. Then I want to do it again and again. It’s the hormones. When you’re with an Omega in heat, My, you’ll knot him. Or her. You won’t have any
problem. You won’t be able to stop yourself.”

“That sounds… disturbing.”

“Nature has her way with us. Some of us more than others.” He took the cigarette from Mycroft and sucked on it.

“How do you ride out your heats?” Mycroft asked. “If it’s not too personal, Greg.”

Greg laughed. “We just fucked on your kitchen table, My. No, it’s not too personal.” He said. “I have a timed lock on my bedroom door. After I set it, it won’t open until time’s up. The door is reinforced, and the windows have armoured shutters. I can’t break them down — I know, I’ve tried. If I can, I take sedatives and sleep as much as possible. The rest of the time I spend in the tub. Cool water takes the edge off. A little.”

“You’ve never considered taking a mate? I understand the heats are a lot more bearable.”

“Not seriously. A bond bite would blow my cover as a Beta, innit. And if I got pregnant… my career really goes out the window. No one would ever take me seriously again.”

“You’ve thought about having a baby?” Mycroft asked surprised.

“Sherlock says we can’t help it — Omega biology compels us to want to have children. He’s right, I think. Logically, I know a kid — if by some miracle it didn’t ruin me professionally — wouldn’t fit into a cop’s lifestyle. I can’t rightly imagine how I’d raise a kid. But sometimes, My, I want one so much it hurts.”

Mycroft took the cigarette. “I’ve never really thought about if I wanted children. I’ve always known I’ll have them. It’s a requirement.”

“A requirement… You said that before but…. surely there are cousins…”

Mycroft cut him off with a humourless laugh. “There are, and it doesn’t matter. Sherlock’s children won’t be enough either. Only my children can inherit, can prevent a power vacuum. I must sire at least one Alpha, preferably two… eventually.”

Greg sighed, and Mycroft’s heart sank. He sat up and stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray by the bed. “But not for years.”

“When?”

“No set time. Mummy was 35 when she bonded with Père, but Gran started searching for a suitable Omega when she was 30. I believe they waited a few years until he came of age before bonding.”

Greg stirred restlessly. “When I say it now, I hear how it must sound.” Mycroft told him helplessly. He lay down on his back, avoiding the Omega’s searching brown eyes. “But it was my normality growing up. Père was a wonderful papa… I’ve always regretted that I didn’t… didn’t pay more attention when Mummy talked about having a second Alpha. That I didn't realise…” Why hadn’t he?

“You can’t blame yourself, My. You were, what? 13? 14?”

“That’s no excuse.” Mycroft rubbed his eyes tiredly. “At that age I represented the family’s financial and political interests abroad… sometimes I wonder what other mistakes I’ve made.” He felt the full weight of his responsibilities for a moment. “I apologise, this isn’t appropriate pillow talk.”
Greg took his hand, interlacing their fingers as they lay side-by-side. “Bugger appropriate, My. You miss your dad.”

“I do.” He touched the sadness he rarely let himself feel ... it was still there, as deep and painful as it ever was. Wasn’t time supposed to heal these things? Greg was making him experience all sorts of emotions he’d thought he’d consigned behind locked doors in the depths of his Mind Palace.

“Mummy has always insisted that caring is not an advantage... but even she misses Père more than she’ll say.”

“What is that supposed to mean? ‘Caring is not an advantage?’”

Mycroft scoffed softly — more at himself than the question. “Emotional entanglements get in the way — they take time and energy, they can be used against you, they change priorities making one less effective...emotional attachments are a characteristic of the losing side…”

“I always thought I was missing out, but when you put it that way...” Greg’s gentle sarcasm did not hide his hurt, not from Mycroft. The Omega sat up and swung his legs off the side of the bed. “I should be getting home.”

Mycroft had sat up and put restraining hands on Greg’s shoulders before he even thought about moving. “Stay.” He said, pressing his face to the back of Greg’s neck and inhaling the sweet treacle scent. “Please... I... I would be... grateful if you stayed.” Mycroft cringed at his own words. “I’m not expressing myself well.”

Greg turned and pulled Mycroft into his strong arms. “Are you saying you care... despite the disadvantages. Or do you just want laid again?”

Mycroft nuzzled his neck. “Can’t I have multiple motivations?”

He felt the tension in Greg’s body begin to dissipate. “I would never expect otherwise.” Greg’s hands moved restlessly over his back.

Mycroft kissed him. He felt raw and perversely aroused. Greg gripped his arse with his big hands and squeezed. The Alpha moaned and pressed against the other man, stroking his chest, thrilling at the sinew and muscle. “I love your scent... your natural scent.” He said, nuzzling his neck. “It fits you. It’s magnificent, like you.”

“I am a handsome devil, aren’t I.” Greg laughed, lightening the mood.

“I’m not going to laugh.” Mycroft said primly. “It’s true, you are.”

“I like your scent too. From the first time we met... when I took your statement... I couldn’t get enough.” He pressed his nose to the Alpha’s neck. “You smell... wild. Arousing...” He pushed Mycroft down onto his back and lay over the other man, balancing on his knees and elbows. His Omega cock was hard and damp, poking Mycroft’s stomach. Balancing on one elbow he reached between them and took the Alpha’s cock in hand, stroking it and thrusting his own against it.

Mycroft writhed under him, pressing up into Greg’s big hand. He took Greg’s prick and fondled it, running his thumb over the dripping head and twisting his own against it.

Mycroft groaned and kissed him, lips firm and tongue seeking, the fast, hot kisses of growing passion. He pressed his hips down and rutted against the Alpha’s body. He kissed Mycroft’s face, his brow, his temple, breathing in his smoky whisky scent.

Mycroft moaned and fondled the Omega’s throbbing cock. He spread his legs wide and wrapped
them around Greg’s hips. “You feel so good.” He murmured. He’d never felt so needy. He should probably examine that... later...

“So do you.” The Omega said, propping himself up on his elbows. Mycroft could see the shine of Greg’s eyes in the dim light, could see his smile, as he thrust against the Alpha’s furred belly.

“Lubricant.” Mycroft muttered. “Let me get it.” He released Greg from the confinement of his legs and Greg levered himself to the side. Mycroft rolled onto his front and reached for the bed table drawer. He felt the Omega’s big hand caress his backside, down the length of his thigh. He shuddered with pleasure.

A simple caress. The Omega’s hand, calloused and slightly coarse, warm on the curve of his arse, sliding along his furry skin... Mycroft felt the damp dribble of precum on his abdomen.

He returned with the lube and condoms, stowing them by the pillows. Greg was grinning at him and side-by-side they laughed together as they kissed. “Never gone twice in one night.” The Omega admitted.

“No?”

“Never stayed this long.” Greg took the lubricant and poured a generous dollop in his big paw. He reached down and stroked it onto the Alpha’s cock.

“Then it’s my very great privilege.” Mycroft said panting at the sensation of Greg’s hand, scenting his neck. “To be your first. Mmmmmm...”

His tongue traced the Omega’s collarbone, kissed across the broad chest, feeling it rise and fall with his rough breaths. Mycroft’s seeking fingers traced down Greg’s flanks, felt their way to his hard Omega cock. It was hot in his hand. Molten. Greg moaned, shifting his hips, seeking friction.

Mycroft took the slick and dripped it directly onto Greg’s erection. He felt Greg’s shiver at the coolness of it. His hand slid through the viscous gel, applying it with firm strokes to the velvety hardness.

The Omega gripped Mycroft’s arse and pulled his hips close, as close to his own as possible with their hands working in between them. He smiled at Mycroft again and kissed him, slow and wanting. The Alpha luxuriated in the feeling of their tongues exploring, their lips sliding together, the feel of Greg’s hand on his arse, his fingertips just touching his well-fucked hole…

Greg took his hand off the Alpha’s cock, wrapped it around his nape instead, holding Mycroft’s face close to his own. They panted against each other’s mouths, kissing. Mycroft grasped both their erections in his hands, his long fingers playing over the soft skin, stroking in time with their thrusts.

The Omega's fingers found their way inside Mycroft. The Alpha was sore from before, aching in a way he’d long forgotten, but Greg’s fingers were gentle, massaging, exploring... Mycroft ground his arse down, taking them farther. He gyrated, pushing his cock against Greg’s belly, then his arse onto Greg’s fingers, setting a rhythm.

Greg sucked on his tongue, humping his own hips into Mycroft’s hand, against his abdomen. It was tight between them, close, all friction and sensation. Mycroft would have liked to finger Greg’s arse as well... but the Omega had said he didn’t want to go there.

Mycroft sped up his strokes, pulling Greg’s Omega prick with dexterity. He ran his thumb over the tip, spreading the damp down his glans. Mycroft’s mouth watered, he wanted Greg’s cock in his mouth. But he didn’t want to stop kissing Greg, didn’t want his fingers to stop their probing…
He twisted his wrist as well as he could in the tight space between them, liking the way Greg moaned into his mouth. He thrust his hips harder, back onto Greg’s hand, forward into the slick crevice between them. Greg was matching his movements, his cock slippery. Mycroft clutched it harder, squeezing and stroking it. Greg’s hand gripped the back of his neck almost painfully hard.

Greg shuddered with his entire body and heat erupted between them. He cried out, his voice harsh and lewd. The Omega’s movements were erratic, but Mycroft kept hold of him, kept jacking him, pulling the cum out of him. His body was taut with pleasure.

It was a long moment before Greg’s muscles began to relax and tremble. Mycroft wrapped his arms around the Omega and kissed his mouth and his face, thinking about how gorgeous he looked like this. Greg grinned into their kiss.

He let go Mycroft’s neck. It felt cold without Greg’s big paw wrapped around it. Greg maneuvered his hand down between them, finding the Alpha’s big cock and stroking it lightly. Mycroft shivered with the sensation.

It felt wonderful… but Mycroft wasn’t certain he could get off like this. He usually required more intense stimulation. But Greg’s presence, his scent and his virility, were proving quite the aphrodisiac.

Greg’s hand was firm on him, his caresses casually rough. Mycroft liked the way Greg held him. And he loved the way Greg’s fingers probed his hole. He had two fingers inside now, fricating him to the second knuckle. The stretch felt amazing. Greg quickened his strokes on the Alpha’s big cock and fingered him in time. Mycroft felt the pleasure building within him…

Greg’s fingers ghosted over his prostate and Mycroft heard the wanton, choking groan he made. “More.” He whispered against Greg’s face. “Hurt me.”

Greg’s hand moved faster over his prick, his thumbnail scraping just a little, and the fingers of his other hand continued to strike his prostate each time Greg pushed inside him. Mycroft was sweating now, his body clenched, his hips moving feverishly… “More!” He begged.

Greg’s hands moved faster, squeezed him harder. His fingers fucked him roughly, angled perfectly now against the sensitive bundle of nerves inside. It was like the clanging of a huge bell, each time his fingers stroked across his prostate… it was almost enough…

“Come for me.” Greg murmured, his hands flying. Mycroft arched into the friction… almost….

Then Greg pinched the head of his cock! Hard!

The pain shocked Mycroft, took him up so high! Then his orgasm was rushing through him with force. It carried him out of his head, away from the bed, shoving him back and forth like a pebble in the surf. He was vaguely aware of the jolting bliss spurting from his prick, of the juddering spasms that wracked his body… but he was floating on pure joy a meter above his body, all sensation and wonderment…

Slowly, Mycroft drifted back into his body. He allowed his muscles to relax. Gravity pulled him onto his back and he lay stunned.

Greg held him and stroked Mycroft’s cheek with his knuckles. “So good…”

Mycroft turned his head and kissed him. He felt magnificent and lethargic, floating on the endorphin high, and he just wanted to curl up with this incredible man and sleep…
But he was sweaty and sticky again and needed a wash. They both did.

“I’m going to clean up.” He said reluctantly. “Don’t go anywhere.”

“No, My, you relax. I’ll bring you a flannel.” Greg said.

“It’s fine.” Mycroft said, forcing himself to sit up.

“Lay down. Let me take care of you.” Greg kissed his forehead. Then he swung off the bed and Mycroft watched his arse as he strode across the room, the muscles flexing. God, he was beautiful!

There was fluid glistening on the back of his thighs... Mycroft frowned at it — then felt stupid it had taken him almost a full second to work it out. It was the natural lubrication, produced when an Omega was aroused. Mycroft wanted to taste it. He wanted to shove his face in Greg's cleft and lap it up. He imagined it would be sweet, like Greg’s scent.

He drowsed as he listened to Greg in the en suite, moving around, running water. He must have closed his eyes, because suddenly the bed depressed next to him and Greg was there with a warm flannel, cleaning his chest and groin, then running his hands across the auburn pelt between his pectorals, smoothing it down.

“You’re staying, I hope.” Mycroft said imperiously, lacing his fingers through Greg’s. He didn’t care if that made him sound vulnerable.

“And miss my chance at Egyptian cotton sheets?”


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Greg woke at 7 a.m. He woke at seven every morning — to an alarm on days he worked, to the ticking of his internal clock on days didn’t.

This morning was no different. Except it was completely different. He wasn’t in his narrow bed in the room with the industrial filter running on high, the room in which he pretty much lived, despite the living-kitchen-dining area in the flat. The room with the reinforced door and armoured shutters. The room that since his parents had died, only one person had visited — Sherlock, who had sussed his secret in ten seconds.

The panic when Sherlock had let on he knew — extorting him, of course, to get into a crime scene — had nearly choked him. Greg had lived his whole life in hiding... and Sherlock had dropped his hints so casually...

But... talking to the Omega had been... a relief. Things he’d never understood about himself, things he’d worried about, Sherlock knew. Greg had been able to talk to him. The Omega had fought so hard to be taken seriously... Greg had a new appreciation for everything his parents had done for him.

Why was he here, then? In an Alpha’s bed. In Mycroft’s bed?

Because he smelled good? Because he had found out and helped him keep his secret in hospital? Because he knew, and Greg wanted to be touched the way the Alpha was touching him right now — pressed against his back, a strong arm around his chest, warm breath his neck, and the weight of his
quiescent cock against Greg’s arse...

He’d never been held this way. Greg had had sex, but he’d never had a lover, never laid down next to someone and slept in their arms...

“Lots of deep thoughts this morning.” Mycroft said, his arm tightening briefly. He pressed soft kisses along Greg’s neck.

“I didn’t know you were awake.” Greg stretched and turned over, smiling at the Alpha, brushing dark auburn locks back from his face. He looked different this morning than he had last night, his composure restored. Greg had liked the more open, uncertain Mycroft he had met last night.

“I felt you wake up.” Mycroft kissed him along his hairline and down his cheek. He stretched over to the night table and retrieved his cigarettes. He offered one to Greg, who took it, and lit it before lighting up his own.

“Do I smell coffee?” Greg asked, savouring the Treasurer thoroughly.

“Yes. Mrs. Farthingale is making breakfast. Usually just eggs, but if you’d like something else...”

“No, that’s fine — more than fine.” Greg brushed his fingers through Mycroft’s disheveled hair, smiling at the sight. As composed as was his demeanor, the Alpha looked thoroughly debauched. His freckles stood out orange against his pale skin — as did a faint bite mark on his neck. Greg’s fingers found the mark.

The kind of sex they’d had... the way Mycroft had offered himself up to Greg... Greg had always craved control in a life that could so easily spin completely away from him. Perhaps that’s one reason why he’d chosen to be a cop, to exercise control...

But the sex... topping the Alpha... the admission that he needed intensity, even pain — that he enjoyed it... this was exactly the kind of fantasy Greg wanked to but had always held himself back from with a partner.

The thought that Mycroft might want more — spanking, restraints... the use of some of the interesting sexual accouterments Greg had seen in porn and in the sex shop windows... that thought was a simmering excitement low in his belly...

Mycroft’s fingers traced tantalizing circles on Greg’s chest. “Are you a morning sex person?” He asked, taking the cigarette from his lips to speak. “I don’t object, I’d just prefer to clean my teeth first.”

“I... erm, don’t know, My. I’ve never woken up with anyone before.” Greg admitted, catching hold of the Alpha’s hand and kissing the elegant palm.

“I’m being stupid. Of course you haven’t.” Mycroft caressed his neck with the tips of his fingers and Greg shuddered. “Go ahead and use the loo. There are spare tooth brushes and toiletries in the cabinet. Use whatever you like.”

Greg blinked. The Alpha was all set up for overnight guests. Well, why not — he was fit and successful, he probably had men over all the time. There was no reason for Greg to be anything special. “Thanks.” He said. He clamped the fag in his mouth and rolled out of bed — it took longer than he’d expected to get to the edge of Mycroft’s enormous king.

“Greg?” Mycroft had sat up and was watching him. “I’d hoped you would agree to stay over. I had the cabinet stocked because I wanted you to be comfortable.”
Greg scratched his face, starting to feel self-conscious about his nudity — it was unnerving how Mycroft could see right through him. “I need to have a conversation with John.” He remarked.

“What? Why?” He’d confused the Alpha, for once.

“See how he deals with someone knowing exactly what he’s thinking all the time.”

“I prefer to avoid misunderstandings whenever possible.” Mycroft said. “Don’t you?”

“Yeah, I guess.”

Greg showered briefly, little more than a soapy rinse, and cleaned his teeth. There were pyjamas and a dressing gown folded neatly next to the towels. He put on the bottoms to cover himself — he had no idea where his clothes from the night before had got to. (At least they weren’t all over the kitchen floor — they’d cleaned all that up last night.) He studied himself in the mirror, wondering if he should shave. What was the etiquette for the morning after? He decided to skip it in favour of finishing quickly.

He stepped into the bedroom as Mycroft emerged from a door on the opposite side of the room, already wearing suit pants and a crisp shirt under a silk dressing gown. He had, Greg noted, shaved.

“Is that another loo?” Greg asked, waving at the door the Alpha had come from.

“Yes.” Mycroft said simply. “Ready for breakfast?”

“Erm, maybe I should head home, My. I don’t want to be any trouble.”

Mycroft kissed him, cupping his cheek. It was a lingering kiss, gentle but thorough. “It’s no trouble.” Mycroft said. “Stay. For breakfast.”

Greg nodded. “Yeah… so where are my clothes?”

“Being cleaned.” Mycroft’s graceful hands trailed down his chest to the dark line of hair at his navel. “They’ll be ready by the time you’ve finished your coffee.”

“Ok.” Greg said amenably. “And my phone?”

“Everything from your pockets are in the drawer by the bed.”

Greg looked at the drawer. “When did that happen? Was someone in here while I was asleep?”

“While we were asleep, yes.” Mycroft seemed perfectly calm, idly stroking Greg’s stomach. “Please tell me they were Betas.” Without the suppressant, any Alpha in the room would know immediately he was an Omega.

“Do you really think I’d allow another Alpha in my bedroom whilst you are here?” Mycroft asked, a touch of Alpha aggression in his voice. “Because that will never happen.”

Mycroft had grasped his hips firmly as he spoke, and the possessiveness of the tone and gesture left Greg damply aroused. He shivered and kissed the Alpha again. “The things you do to me.” He murmured.

“The things I’d like to do to you.” Mycroft was flushed, the sprinkling of freckles across his cheeks subsumed in colour.
Greg kissed him feeling passion growing within.

There was a sudden knock. Greg jumped, startled, as the door began to open. “Sir, I have…”

Mycroft looked fit to murder. “Not now!” He snapped, and the door closed immediately. “I apologise, Greg, they’re not supposed to disturb us.”

“Next time we sleep over at my place.” Greg joked, passionate mood broken. He thought of his narrow bed, the old telly, and the mini fridge by the cushy settee and could not imagine Mycroft there.

The Alpha smiled with a hint of triumph at ‘next time.’ “If you like.” He said mildly.

Greg chuckled knowing there wasn’t a chance in hell either of them would want to stay in his flat. “Let me put a shirt on. That coffee smells amazing.”

Mycroft reluctantly let him go and went to the door to speak with his underling. Greg checked his phone, quickly mixed his special suppressant and doused himself thoroughly, donned the pyjama top and joined the Alpha to descend the stairs. Mycroft took his hand in the stairwell.

Mycroft’s kitchen in daylight was bright and gleaming, very different from the dimly luminescent room in which they’d had sex, but Greg still found himself blushing as he leaned against the island worktop.

Mrs. Farthingale was the leanest cook he’d ever seen. She was an older Beta with short gray hair, wearing loose white trousers and tunic. She looked more like she belonged in a dojo than a kitchen. Greg thought he caught the slight bulge of a concealed weapon at the small of her back. She beamed when Mycroft introduced them.

“I was starting to think Mr. Mycroft would never break his duck.” She confided to Greg as she handed him his coffee. “Black, one sugar.” Of course she knew how he took his coffee. “He’s been lonely for a long time.”

Mycroft pretended not to hear, but he grimaced as he poured milk into his tea. “I’ve been pretty lonely meself.” Greg told her. “But I work a lot, so…”

“Mr. Mycroft would be working now, if you weren’t here.” She whispered. “It’s not good for him. I worry.” Mrs. Farthingale patted Greg on the arm. “Croissants are in the basket, and scones with sultanas. Lemon curd, berry jam, and clotted cream are on the table... If you prefer toast, I have a lovely sourdough and a rye. How do you take your eggs? Mr. Mycroft likes his soft boiled, but I can scramble or poach or fry for you — no bother a’tall, Mr. Greg. If you’d like a bit of sausage or some beans, it’s to hand.”

“Erm... just ‘Greg,’ please. Scrambled sounds brilliant. Ta very much!”

Mycroft had a croissant on a plate and took it through the archway to the conservatory. The breakfasting table amongst the huge, old potted palms was set for two, the Sunday Times taking a third place. Greg helped himself to a scone — everything in the basket was still warm from Mrs. Farthingale’s oven — and followed blushing red as he pulled out a chair and sat where he’d fucking the Alpha the night before.

Mycroft glanced at him with a sly smile. He opened the paper and offered Greg his choice of sections. He chose Sport. Mycroft, surprising him, bypassed World, News and Business and went directly to Puzzles. He folded the paper back so the fourth with the crossword was exposed and pulled a pen from the inner pocket of his dressing gown. He began filling it in steadily as he ate his
Greg looked at the footie scores, read an article about a promising new striker, then looked at the rugby. He’d started paying attention to rugby after he’d met John. It was nice to have a regular bloke to hang out with occasionally.

When he glanced up, Mycroft had finished the crossword.

Mrs. Farthingale’s scrambled eggs were delicious, fluffy and light with cream, salt, pepper and a hint of sharp cheese. It was a welcome change from his usual greasy sausage butty grabbed on the way to work. He picked up the News section.

“What do you usually do on Sunday?” Mycroft asked, tapping the shell of his second soft boiled egg.

“About half the time I work. Lots of murder on the weekend.”

“And the rest of the time?”

“I try to keep in shape — I go to a boxing gym not far from my flat. I smoke and eat like shite, so I gotta do something healthy.” Greg shrugged.

“You box?”

“A little. Mostly just the heavy bag.” Greg laughed. “Sometimes I’ll pick up a match, but more often I just spar. I spend half my time there jumping rope.” He didn’t know why he was downplaying his boxing. He was actually quite good at it, powerful and quick in the ring.

“Have you ever had to use it in your work? The boxing?”

Lestrade coloured. “I have had to subdue a suspect once or twice. Solid jab to the solar plexus usually does it.” He laughed. “You... like that?”

“You, sweaty and half-dressed hitting things? What’s not to like?” Mycroft said huskily. He cleared his throat. “What else do you do?”

“I’m pretty boring, My. Usually I just work... go to the pub with the lads afterwards... sometimes I go down to my local and watch the game with a mate... to the cinema or out to hear music...”

“Concerts? I love music — I try to go to the Proms every year...” Mycroft must have seen his expression, much like a deer in the headlights. “You probably enjoy a different genre.”

“Erm... yeah. Nothing against classical —” Greg saw the Alpha’s wince, subtle as it was. “And I just made some sort of faux pas, but I have no idea what.”

“Symphonic.” Mycroft murmured. “Classical refers to music composed between 1750 and 1820... but it’s often used as a blanket term, so...”

Greg hid his smile behind his hand. He hoped Mycroft didn’t think he was laughing at him — he wasn’t. “You can educate me on symphonic music then. I’ll play my David Bowie records for you.”

“I’m familiar with the work of Mr. Bowie.” Mycroft said with supercilious air.

“You are? Let me guess, the Berlin Period.”

“Low is tragically underrated.” Mycroft protested. “I heard the London Symphony play selections
from Low and Heroes ten years ago. It was magnificent.”

“London Symphony? Actually... that sounds brilliant.”

Mycroft smiled at him, his delighted smile. Greg was becoming rather addicted to it. “It was.” He said simply.

“What do you do on weekends, then? Other than work — Mrs. Farthingale rumbled you there.”

“Other than work. I train — I race the London triathlon every year, so I swim, cycle and run regularly. I go to the theatre and the symphony. I read for pleasure sometimes — non-fiction, of course. I have a penchant for biography. Occasionally I go out to Sherrinford for a family gathering. Do you see much of your family?”

“Not much left. A couple cousins, but we’re not close.”

“The deception... hiding your secondary gender... that was your parents’ idea?”

Greg reflexively looked around to make sure no one was listening. “Yeah. Yes. As long as I can remember.”

“Fascinating. What compelled them?”

“I asked me mum once why they did it — why they hid what I was. It wasn’t easy, we moved around a lot, never stayed more than a year anywhere. I was always in a new neighborhood... a new school... mum and dad left good jobs for crap ones...

“I was resentful that we never settled down, that I never had friends... and I felt guilty for feeling resentful — I knew it was all because of me. If only I’d really been a Beta, everything would have been ok... I said that to me mum...”

“What did she say?” Mycroft asked, rapt.

Greg sighed heavily. “She said I were worth it. That it weren’t me fault Omegas were discriminated against. That Alphas took advantage. That it weren’t nought, all the movin’ if it meant I could be valued for meself... not me womb...” Greg winced. “She were Northern, me mum.”

In spite of himself, Mycroft laughed. “I apologise, Greg. It was rude of me to laugh. Your Northern accent is spot-on. Your mother was a very determined woman.”

The Omega smiled, a little sadly. “She had a sister — a friend, really, but they were raised like sisters — who was an Omega... something dreadful happened to her. Mum would never tell me what... but I’ve seen enough as a cop... I can imagine...”

Mycroft touched his hand, a gesture of support.

Greg looked around, a little surprised to find himself in this beautiful townhouse. “Look, I need to get going. My clothes are in the bedroom?”

“Yes, I’ll show you...” The Alpha started to stand, but Greg stopped him.

Greg was abruptly keen for a few minutes alone. “Finish your breakfast, My. I’ll come say goodbye.”

"Greg.” Mycroft stopped him. "Are you alright?"
“Yes, of course. Just need a minute.” He left Mycroft in the conservatory. He found the master suite and, on the third try, found his suit and shirt from the night before clean and freshly pressed — even his pants! — hanging in a room-sized closet. The closet, he noticed on closer inspection, adjoined both toilets, creating a sort of circuit. He wondered vaguely how rich you had to be to have his’n hers (or his’n’his) loos...

Dressed, he gathered his belongings and stashed the borrowed pyjamas in a hamper. Greg sat down on the newly made bed and pulled out his fags. He lit one, grimacing slightly at the quality after a couple of the Treasurers.

What was he doing? What was he doing!? After everything his parents had sacrificed to give him independence... anonymity... safety... what was he doing here? It’s not like he and Mycroft had anything in common — they literally had almost nothing in common. It was just pheromones — they went into overdrive during his heats, but they were always there. Mycroft’s Alpha scent had stimulated his body's pheromone production, attracting the Alpha, which in turn stimulated Mycroft to produce pheromones...

He wished he weren’t so bloody lonely.

Waking this morning next to someone, having coffee and breakfast together, sharing the paper... as brilliant as the sex last night had been, this morning had been better.

Greg felt the pricking of tears and stood up, blinking furiously. He stubbed out his fag in the ashtray and went into the loo to splash water on his face. He wondered why he bothered — it wasn’t like he could hide anything from Mycroft.

He went downstairs and ran into Greene. “Mr. Holmes is in his office. He’s asked that you join him there.” Greene gestured discreetly at the correct door.

“Ta. Cheers.” He said. Greene looked like a guy who watched the game at his local, except in a morning suit. Greg knocked lightly on the door.

“Come in.” Mycroft sat behind the desk, files open in front of him, reading intently. Greg shut the door, leaned against the frame.

Mycroft closed the file and looked up. He blushed, pink high on his freckled cheeks. “You look... handsome. The colours suit you.”

The Alpha’s vulnerability melted Greg’s reserve and when Mycroft came around the desk, Greg met him halfway.

“Thank you for last night.” Greg said. “And this morning. You’ve been a perfect host.”

Mycroft’s smile was genuine, but far shy of delight. “You're a welcome guest.”

Greg touched the Alpha’s jaw and kissed him. It wasn’t passionate, but it was serious, and he felt himself relenting further. He forced himself to end the kiss and step away. “Thanks again.” He murmured and quickly left Mycroft before he could say another word. His last glimpse of the Alpha, Mycroft stood in the center of his office appearing ... interrupted.

Greene had Greg’s coat out and helped him into it. “Where’s the best place to get a cab around here?” He asked the butler.

“There’s no need, DC Lestrade. A car is waiting to take you home.” He opened the door and indeed there was.
Chapter End Notes

Next time, we dip back into the happenings from Biology and the Consulting Detective.

Hope you enjoyed this super-long chapter. It was originally going to be two, but I decided to just get on with it. You're welcome!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The brothel case is wrapped up, giving Mycroft another excuse to see DC Lestrade. This coincides with Chapter 11 of Biology and the Consulting Detective.

Note: this chapter contains discussion and descriptions of D/s sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Five days later, Mycroft found himself in his brother’s atrocious flat. He was sipping tea from a mug with a teddy bear on it. He was also staring at Greg.

DC Lestrade had come to Baker Street to wrap up the murder cases. Mycroft had come to talk with Sherlock. He’d arrived early.

Sherlock had sighed heavily when he saw him. “What are you doing here?” He asked.

Mycroft considered sparring with his irritating little brother. They’d fought viciously in hospital — Mycroft was still staggered that Sherlock had waltzed into the Omega brothel so blithely. He could have been killed — he almost was killed! Worse, he very easily could have been enslaved, trafficked, experimented upon, raped… Sherlock still did not seem to appreciate the danger.

“I received this today,” Mycroft said, holding up an envelope. “Take a look.”

Sherlock feigned boredom, but he took the proffered envelope. With a suspicious glance at his brother, he opened it and unfolded the paper inside.

He looked up. “This was in Taillin?” Sherlock asked.

“My home. This morning.”

Sherlock’s eyebrows shot up and he made an aborted movement that almost looked protective. “I assume you’ve investigated the delivery.”

“Thoroughly. As with the investigation at the natatorium, it yielded altered CCTV footage and not much else.”

“You’re certain it’s Moriarty?”

“Balance of probability.” Mycroft sighed. “He wants us to know he’s watching. I’m increasing your security detail.”

“Is that necessary?”

“It’s already done.”

“Mycroft!”
“I’m inclined to take the threat very seriously. I want to keep you out of the brothels.”

“Mycroft?” Sherlock’s riposte was cut off by John. He had come into the lounge unheeded, his left arm was in a sling, stabilising the healing gunshot wound, but he looked quite well otherwise. Mycroft smiled at him thinly, keeping his teeth well hidden — the other Alpha was emitting aggressive pheromones, challenging Mycroft. “What threat?”

The bell rang for the front door. “I’ll let Sherlock fill you in.” Mycroft said, holding up open, placating hands. “That’ll be Lestrade.”

John huffed, eyeing Mycroft warily. They listened to Mrs. Hudson welcome the detective constable and lead him upstairs. Mrs. Hudson gave them each a mug of tea whilst the rituals of greeting were enacted, then she left them. John settled himself on the couch, Sherlock slouched next to him and Greg sat in John’s overstuffed chair.

One look at his brother and Mycroft knew from his expression that Sherlock sussed they were sleeping together. Had slept together. Mycroft cocked an eyebrow back, then situated himself with his back to the bright window, so he could see everyone in the room, but they could not see more than his silhouette. He didn’t want to inspire any more of his brother’s ridiculous micro-expressions.

“Eugenics.” Sherlock proclaimed, as if the one word answered all of Detective Lestrade’s questions. Well, it was enough for Mycroft to extrapolate the whole story, but Greg and John had… different strengths.

“Yes.” Mycroft began to fill in the details for the detective. “After interviewing the rescued Omegas and going over the medical records Sherlock found at the brothel, we’ve determined there are at least thirty carefully bred infants... somewhere.”


“Perhaps.” Sherlock said. “Or conducting an experiment. Or attempting to cure some defect. Or breed a cure for another person’s illness.”

“Or growing donor organs for transplant.” Mycroft offered. He noted that both Greg and John winced a little at that. “Although that’s unlikely as the infants appear to have been bred for intelligence as well as hardiness.”

“Do you think this is why Moriarty wanted you?” John asked his mate. “To breed your intelligence into his super babies?”

Mycroft shuddered internally at the reminder that he had brought all this down upon them by allowing James Moriarty to play him for a fool. It was galling personally, and that was the least of it. If Moriarty had taken Sherlock… as it was, people had died.

Sherlock shrugged. “If that’s what he’d wanted, he could have put me in his infirmary and harvested my eggs. He seemed sincere in his desire to bond.”

“Jesus.” John breathed, taking his mate’s hand possessively and glaring at Mycroft, the other Alpha in the room.

“Why the drownings?” Lestrade asked. “Why draw attention to it?” Greg had files open on his lap and was making notes.

“From their medical records, they didn’t have the genetic profile that Moriarty sought, so their eggs were considered unusable.” Mycroft said without inflection. “And they weren’t able, for whatever
reason, to bring a healthy IVF baby to term.”

“Drowning them kept Moriarty’s chief enforcer, a man named Sebastian Moran, happy.” Sherlock said, shifting closer to John. “He enjoyed raping and killing, and he wasn’t picky about who. Moriarty let him have the less reproductively desirable Omegas. He specified drowning them in swimming pools and leaving the bodies on display but left the other details to Moran.

“You killed him.” John confirmed.

“With help.” Sherlock said, glancing at Lestrade. The detective nodded stolidly.

“And the bitter scent.” Lestrade asked. “Did you ever work out what that was?”

“Pregnancy.” Sherlock told him, his face set like stone. “Specifically, a difficult or non-viable pregnancy. I remember Papa had a bitter scent all that last Autumn.”

Mycroft remembered that Autumn all too well. He felt Greg’s eyes on him… and a deep pang of bitter sadness for Pére.

Greg mercifully changed the subject. “And no sign of Moriarty himself.”

Mycroft heaved a sigh. “I went to Tallinn, following a lead from the brothel. I took apart a drugs smuggling scheme he had there, but Moriarty slipped the net.”

“Right.” Greg said. He closed the file.

“The Omegas.” John said. “How are they? They’re all safe?”

Greg nodded. “Some, like Molly, are back at home — their families had been out of their minds with worry. But the bulk of them were sold by their Alpha guardians to a corporation that appears to be one of Moriarty’s fronts. A care agency is looking for permanent, safe homes for them, but it’s difficult. Happily, we’ve found a good interim solution.”

“Oh?”

“Sherrinford.” Mycroft said, girding himself for his brother’s reaction. “Most of the house was empty, there’s plenty of room.”

“You left vulnerable Omegas with… with Mummy!?” Sherlock shrieked in horror.

Mycroft’s chuckle was dry as a bone. “They aren’t family, she doesn’t hold their gender against them.” It was sadly true — Mummy herself didn’t see the contradiction.

“She was very welcoming.” Greg said. “I think she’s been lonely in that big house now that you’re both gone.” Mycroft wished he could have been there to witness Mummy meeting Greg. But it was good that he had been abroad, Mummy would have known his involvement with the detective almost as quickly as Sherlock had. And Mummy would care.

“Wait, Mummy was welcoming?!” John asked. “Sherlock’s Mummy?!”

Greg shrugged. Mycroft moved slightly out of the back light, so he could meet Greg’s eyes. He read the Omega’s expression and relaxed.

“We might need to mount another rescue mission.” John muttered to Sherlock.

“I should get back to the Met.” Greg said peremptorily, gathering his files together and standing up.
“I, too, need to be going.” Mycroft said, smiling.

“Text me if you get anything good, Graham.” Sherlock demanded of Lestrade.

“Greg!” Mycroft corrected. “Seriously, Sherlock.”

“I always do.” Greg said. “John.” He nodded goodbye. Mycroft waited for the policeman to leave and followed him out without another word to his smirking brother or his wide-eyed mate.

His car was waiting in the street. Mycroft opened the door and held it for Greg. His trip to Tallinn had made it impossible for him to contact Greg — this was why Mycroft hated legwork, it was disruptive, tiresome and dirty. But he hoped to make it up to the detective now.

Greg hesitated, but then he smiled. Mycroft climbed into the saloon after him.

“Should I drop you at the Met?” Mycroft asked. “Or do you have time for a dinner break.”

Greg’s lips twitched, and he looked at his watch. “I have half an hour. Not enough time for tapas.”

“No matter.” Mycroft replied. “I know just the place.” He had taken the precaution of researching restaurants near the Met and had one in mind that was fast, quiet and interesting.

The car stopped in front of a dim storefront whose sign read ‘Vada Pav.’ “Have you been here before?” Mycroft asked as they climbed out of the car, knowing that he hadn’t.

“No.” Greg confirmed. “Curries?”

“Indian street food.” He opened the door to the restaurant and a cloud of spice enveloped them. It smelled heavenly.

“I’m hooked already.” Greg said. They ordered bel puri, a kata roll and kulfi on a stick and took it to go.

Mycroft indicated a little park half a block down. “There are benches.” He said, juggling two bottles of water and the kulfi.

“Brilliant.” Greg said. He carried a wrapped entrée in each hand.

The park was deserted — Mycroft had sent his security ahead to ensure it — and they found a secluded bench. Mycroft set to unwrapping the kati roll. He took a bite — it was delicious. “Oh my.” He sighed. “You must try this — trade me.” He took the bel puri but watched Greg taste the kati roll.

“Wow! That’s great. How did you find this place, My?”

Mycroft had a mouthful of the savory/sweet bel puri. He put his hand in front of his mouth as he swallowed. “Google.” He answered honestly.

Greg laughed — a real, infectious belly laugh, and Mycroft found himself joining in. Then Greg leaned in and kissed him, smiling hugely. “You are brilliant, Mycroft Holmes.”

That was completely true, but Mycroft opted to smile instead of affirming it. He kissed Greg again, his mouth spicy from the kati roll. “Kissing you was the most brilliant decision I’ve ever made.” Was that too much? He’d scared Greg the last time, sent him fleeing before he’d even finished breakfast. Mycroft had to remember to go more slowly.

But Greg leaned into the kiss, nuzzling the sensitive place were his jaw met his ear. “I completely
agree.” He murmured. He sat back and took a bite of the bel puri. “I wish I didn’t have to be back at work in fifteen minutes.”

“Not quite enough time to finish eating and have a quickie in the car.” Mycroft agreed. Greg laughed again. Mycroft loved the sound. “What time do you finish?” He asked, although he knew what time Greg’s shift officially ended. “We could have that quickie then.”

Greg leaned back and considered, accepting the kati roll. “You set the bar pretty high last time.” He said.

“You don’t think I can best it?”

“I know you can, that’s what scares me.”

“You have nothing to be frightened of. Eat your dinner.” Mycroft ate some of the bel puri. He wanted to blow Greg right here in this park, his trouser knees be damned.

Greg finished the kati roll and Mycroft handed him the kulfi. It had just started to melt. Greg licked up its length, catching the melting drops with his tongue.

“You have nothing to be frightened of. Eat your dinner.” Mycroft ate some of the bel puri. He wanted to blow Greg right here in this park, his trouser knees be damned.

“If you keep doing that, I’ll have you right here and now.” Mycroft said, his cock sending urgent messages to his brain.

Mycroft carefully took it in his mouth, then took it deeper. He heard Greg’s intake of breath and bobbed lower. Greg fucked his mouth gently with the kulfi, moaning along. “Damn. Your mouth.”

Greg sucked on the frozen dessert lustily, eyes on Mycroft, teasing. He let it go with a ‘pop.’ “You try it.” He demanded, holding it out.

Mycroft pulled off the dessert. “Cigarette?” He asked, producing his pack.

“Ta.” Greg abandoned the kulfi in favour of the fag. Mycroft lit the Omega’s first, touching his hand lingeringly as he did so.

“Can I see you tonight?” Mycroft asked.

“I’m not off until midnight.”

Mycroft shrugged. “If you don’t come over, I have enough work to keep me busy. If you do… I get to take a break.”

“Sounds like I’d be doing you a favour.”

“You absolutely would.”

Greg grinned and Mycroft’s heart swelled. Then the detective’s smile faded. “We need to have a discussion, My, about sex.”

“We do?” Mycroft asked, worry creeping cold fingers over his skin.

“Yeah. You know I don’t have much experience. But it seemed that you like rough sex — not just rough... you enjoy being dominated.”

"Yes." Mycroft allowed, his voice barely above a whisper.
"I find the thought of dominating... extremely interesting. I've always... I've never had the opportunity before, but this is something I'd really like to explore with you.

"I'd like to explore it with you too." Mycroft told him. It had been a long while since he’d had the opportunity and suddenly he longed for it.

"But..."

"But?"

"But we need a safe word. At the very least.”

Mycroft had been holding his breath. He let it out slowly, relief making him feel rubbery and loose. “You’re right, Greg, of course. I should have suggested it myself.” Greg looked relieved. Mycroft smiled and inhaled his cigarette deeply. “Municipal.” He said.

“What?”

“Municipal. It’s my safe word.”

“Municipal?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, erm, good. Municipal.”

“Anything else you’d like to talk about?”

“Erm, yeah. Can I fuck you over that pretentious desk in your office?”

“It’s not pretentious, it’s Victorian. And yes, please.”

“All right. It’s a date.” Greg said, grinning. Mycroft kissed him, his brain buzzing with all the possibilities.

Mycroft didn’t ride in the car to pick Greg up from work. He would attack the man immediately and Mycroft was too old to fuck in the back seat of a car. (He’d happily suck Greg’s cock in the car if there was no time for anything else. But Greg was coming over, they had time.)

Also, it allowed him to prepare himself. Among other things he shed his jacket, waistcoat and shoes — undressing would be much easier this time.

The driver texted him when they pulled up, allowing Mycroft to open the door for his guest.

“Greene get another night off.” Greg asked, smiling at Mycroft and peering around the dim hall.

“I imagine he’s asleep.” Mycroft said. “I suppose we could check if you really want to know what my butler does at 1 a.m.”

“Just hoping we had privacy.” Greg said, crowding him against the closed door and kissing him roughly. “I’ve been thinking about you all evening.” He tasted of mint and cigarettes, which was somehow incredibly arousing.

Mycroft felt the war within himself — impulses to both claim and own this Omega and simultaneously to surrender completely to this man. It had him growling and fighting Greg for dominance whilst hoping Greg would win. “Should we go up to the bedroom?”
“You promised me the desk.” Greg said. “I want the desk.”

Mycroft smiled. “Not my desk.” He purred. “I’d never be able to work there again without thinking about you...”

“Not my problem.” Greg grinned, bullying him to the office door.

Mycroft had not been working at his desk, but in a chair by the fireplace. His laptop was still by the chair with his cup of tea. His desk was cleared of paperwork. Mycroft had stowed lubricant and condoms in the top drawer. He wondered if Greg would have him facing the chair or facing the door... or lengthwise... perhaps they’d need to have relations there multiple times to cover all the bases.

“Go to your desk.” Greg ordered. Mycroft complied, walking to his chair and pulling it out. He didn’t sit.

Greg had whipped off his jacket and was unbuttoning his shirt. He sat in a wing chair to untie his shoes, then stood and slowly unfastened his trousers. His erection tented his pants obscenely and Mycroft’s mouth watered.

“Greg...”

“Don’t move.” Greg ordered. Mycroft restrained himself but watched longingly as the Omega pushed pants and trousers off at once. He stood up, his cock proud. Greg touched himself. “You want this, don’t you?”

“Yes.” Mycroft breathed.

“Where do you want it?”

“In my mouth and then in my arse.” Mycroft answered quickly. He detected Greg’s surprised arousal that he’d named both orifices.

Greg strutted to the desk, muscle rippling under his tan skin. He crowded into the space between Mycroft and his desk and leaned against it. “On your knees then.” He said.

Mycroft dropped to his knees, eyes on Greg’s face. Greg spread his legs wide and his cock bobbed lewdly. “Erm...” Greg took the Alpha’s chin, lifted his face and met his eyes. “Give me your hand.”

Mycroft complied — he knew what was happening. Greg was taking care of him — he must have done his research. He felt warm.

Greg placed Mycroft’s hand on his thigh. “If you need me to stop for any reason, squeeze here. I’d say tap, but I’m not sure I’d feel it. So give me a squeeze, yeah?”

“Yes.”

Greg let go his chin and moved his hand into Mycroft’s hair. “Get to it then.” He ordered.

Mycroft started slowly, tasting and savouring the Omega’s prick, licking the bitter drops from the slit and slurping on the head. Greg had showered that morning, but now there were sixteen hours of living on his body. His cock was musky, redolent of arousal, sweat and hot, dark treacle.

The last broke Mycroft’s control and he sucked the prick down his throat in a swoop, pressing his face into the dark nest of hair. Greg made a strangled sound and Mycroft hummed and swallowed,
his throat vibrating and constricting around Greg’s cock.

Greg cursed and fisted his hands in Mycroft’s hair and began fucking his mouth, shallowly at first and then with increasing vigour as Mycroft tugged at his arse, inviting him deeper.

Mycroft fondled his own prick through his clothes, humming.

“Take your clothes off — did I say you could stop sucking my cock?!” Mycroft let Greg thrust against his face as he unbuttoned his shirt and flies. He shed his shirt (he had had the foresight to remove his vest beforehand) and shoved his trousers down as far as he could, exposing himself. He fondled his cock, but Greg shifted and pushed his arm away with his foot. “No touching. All your focus should be on my prick.” To make his point he drove himself savagely into Mycroft’s throat and held him there tightly, hands pressed to the back of the Alpha’s head. Mycroft moaned.

“Up! Stand up!” Greg demanded, releasing him. Mycroft stood, and Greg caressed his face. “You all right?” He asked.

“Oh yes.” Mycroft assured him, enjoying the kisses Greg bestowed. He tugged at the drawer with the condoms, opening it so Greg could see.

“You are bloody amazing. Now turn around!” Greg pushed, and Mycroft stumbled on the trousers around his calves. The raw power of Greg’s boxer’s arms wrapped around him before he tilted too far, guiding him and pressing him down over the ornate desk. The interplay of strength and gentleness was breathtaking. Greg began to caress his cleft, running his fingers from his back to his perineum. Mycroft heard the Omega’s sharp intake of breath. “Someone’s prepared.” He dragged his hands up the Alpha’s slim flanks. “You’re so gorgeous, My. I can’t believe you did this.” He tugged Mycroft upright into his arms, pressing his face into his neck, kissing the strong, smokey scent at its source. Greg pet his hair, his arm an iron bar across chest. Mycroft leaned into him, feeling Greg’s damp erection against his buttocks. “You’re amazing.”

Mycroft turned his head and Greg snogged him, lips hard, breath hot, tongue searching, a hand fisted in his hair holding him still. “Amazing.” He murmured between bruising kisses. Mycroft surrendered completely to the Omega’s will with a blissful shudder.

With a last kiss, Greg bent him over the desk again. He ran his hand down Mycroft’s back, through the copper fuzz. Mycroft had been self-conscious, once upon a time, at his hirsuteness... but embarrassment was futile, unproductive, so Mycroft had deleted it. It had been freeing, that first time, undressing with a burly Beta male... that had been the first time he’d done anything other than rubbing off together. He’d let the man bugger him and he’d loved every second of it.

For a few years, he’d pursued sex… it wasn’t difficult to find men, but it was so much work! Yes, he could open Grindr or walk into one of the many cruisy toilets in London and hook up as easily as anyone else… but Mycroft needed to vet his liaisons, make certain they were safe — not just physically, but politically. Thus anonymous strangers were right out. Occasionally he’d hired pre-approved rent boys, but their perfunctory caresses were off-putting. He wanted his sexual partners to choose him as much as he chose them.

He’d had two Beta boyfriends, one for two months and the other for seven. Ultimately, Mycroft had found the whole business untenable. He liked sex quite a bit, but he liked is sexual partners less so. In general, Mycroft was desperately bored by anyone with whom he spent more than an hour, spending seven months with someone had been stupefying. He gave it all up as a bad job.

But that was years ago now. Greg was the first person he’d wanted in ages.
And Greg wanted him! He pressed his face into the small of Mycroft’s back and licked his coarse, auburn fur. Greg’s hands ranged down his hairy thighs, and his thumbs spread his buttocks wide. He kissed Mycroft’s tailbone reverently.

He pulled the plug from Mycroft’s hole carefully, setting it upright on the desk. It was new and as close to Greg’s size and shape he could find. That it happened to be shiny, silver chrome was a bonus.

“I wasn’t the only one thinking about your arse all evening.” Greg moaned. Mycroft heard the crinkle of a condom wrapper and then the feel of Greg’s cock at the gape where the chrome plug had been. Greg slid himself inside with a shuddering whine. “Fuck, that’s good! That’s brilliant, My...”

Mycroft sighed as the Omega entered him, the slick he’d used for the plug easing the way. “Keep your hands in front of you, that’s perfect, hold onto the far edge of the desk. Don’t let go.” Something silky touched his back, then covered his eyes. It was Greg’s tie. He tied it firmly in place blindfolding him. “You’re clear on the rules, My? Your hands don’t move.”

“Yes, Greg.” The blindfold heightened his other senses — the Omega’s fingertips ranging over his back were electrifying.

Greg started a rhythm, fucking him smoothly and murmuring endearments. It was good. Mycroft arched his back into it, willing Greg to pick up the pace.

“So impatient, my man...” Greg said, snapping his hips and giving a little roll that hit all the right places inside him. “You need more, I know, and you’re going to get more. I’m going to fuck you so hard.”

“Yes!” Mycroft exclaimed before he could stop himself.

“Hush, I’ve got you.” Greg’s hands dug into his shoulders as he began to hammer away at the Alpha’s hole. His balls slapped against Mycroft’s buttocks as he fucked. Then... something else, a new sensation... it was fucking incredible... it had Mycroft gasping and reaching for his cock.

But Greg caught his wrist and pulled his hand away. “Hands in front!” He ordered. Mycroft wriggled his hips trying to work out what Greg was doing to him. Then he understood — Greg had eased his big thumb into Mycroft’s hole alongside his cock and was fucking in and out in contra-tempo to his prick. He had, in essence, double penetrated him. the Omega used his thumb to angle his cock towards Mycroft’s prostate and every stroke scraped against it causing lightning bolts of pleasure to shoot through him. He wouldn’t last long this way.

“Harder!” Mycroft gasped. He needed more — he needed every nerve ending in his body on fire. He needed his body to feel, to feel so intensely he couldn't think any longer. He needed to turn off his brain. He needed pain.

He grunted as Greg grabbed his hair with his free hand and yanked his head up. The Omega pulled Mycroft’s hair to anchor himself, to fuck harder. It hurt. Mycroft resisted and it hurt more, the pain delicious. The Alpha felt like a horse being ridden — galloping himself into a froth. He felt the hard surface of his desk under his belly, his weeping prick rubbing the hard edge, finding a harrowing friction against the wood.

As the hard rod of Greg’s cock pounded him relentlessly, Mycroft curled his fingers over the edge of the desk and dug his fingernails into the wood.

The climax gathered low in his belly and grew — pleasure sparkling and sparking against the tinder
of pain, finally erupting, blindly rocketing him, screaming, high in the air where he burst into a thousand tiny pieces that shot away from each other. He erupted again, shooting higher, his breath leaving him. He flew higher still, bursting open again and again and again...

Mycroft came back to himself... he was on the floor, Greg’s arms around him. The blindfold was gone and Greg was murmuring endearments. “You are so sexy, so perfect... you are just amazing...” The desk had moved several feet from where it was supposed to be, turning up the carpet with its legs. Mycroft’s head buzzed pleasantly, and his body ached.

“Take me to bed.” He muttered, hoping he said it aloud.

Greg helped him up and bent him gently over the desk again. Mycroft went docilely, wondering vaguely what would happen now.

The chrome plug nudged against him — it had grown cold whilst they fucked, and it intruded upon him rudely now. He spread his legs for it and Greg pushed it carefully inside him. He could feel its weight bearing down. “Is that ok?” Greg checked in. “Comfortable?”

“Mmmm... yes...”

Greg pulled him upright and guided him out of the room, up the stairs and directly into the bed. He lay down, pliable and obedient. “Where are you going?” He asked plaintively when Greg pulled away.

“Loo. I’ll be back on a minute.”

“You’re staying.” Mycroft insisted.

Greg smiled at him and caressed his cheek. “Of course.”

Mycroft drifted. He thought briefly of the mess they’d left in the study... he should have put the desk back in place and wiped up any ejaculate... but that didn’t seem important now...

Greg climbed into bed, a warm, solid presence, his arms pulling Mycroft close. He fell asleep and dreamt of treacle.

Chapter End Notes

Hope everyone is enjoying their holidays! A little gratuitous smut can only add to the spirit of the season, as far as I'm concerned. If you ever get a chance to try Indian street food, JUMP AT IT.

Next Wednesday: Greg goes into heat. WHAT WILL HAPPEN?! A cliffhanger for the New Year.

In the meantime, check out my OTHER ongoing Mystrade saga, Twenty Fantastic Dates, here: https://archiveofourown.org/series/1211193
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Greg goes into heat. Mycroft wants to take their relationship to the next level.

This chapter contains depictions of D/s sex. And separately, an Omega in heat.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After his first date with Mycroft, before seeing him again — or even texting from his new phone — Greg had gone to John for advice.

According to John’s friend, Bill Murray, John might seem mild-mannered, but the Alpha had serious game. He’d pulled all sorts of people — birds and blokes — and had tried some crazy shit. At the brothel, Bill had been telling a convoluted tale about John, a married Beta couple and an S&M club that had involved intricate bondage, a garden weasel, a six-and-a-half-foot leather daddy, hot wax and a timer — and Bill hadn’t seemed anywhere near the end of the tale.

They’d met at a pub not far from Baker Street. “Thanks for coming, John.” Greg said when they’d gotten pints and found a quiet corner. “And thanks for coming alone.”

John grinned good-naturedly. “No problem. I couldn’t get Sherlock to come to a pub if I tried. Not without a murder anyway. What’s up?”

“I, erm, need some advice. Of a... erm... romantic nature. Your friend, Bill might have been telling tall tales, but I got the impression you had some wide-ranging experience.”

John actually blushed a little. “Yeah... ahem... I’ve dated some interesting people.”

“Have you ever been with someone who wanted pain?”

John leaned back in his chair. “Yeah.” He said. “I have.”

“How...” Greg paused to gather his thoughts. “I know I need to take care of him... I’m not sure how... and how do I know how much is too much?” Greg swallowed and looked at his hands. “And... and... what if I enjoy it?”

John nodded his head, his eyes turned inward for a long moment. “Greg, you should both enjoy it. You should both... get what you need. You have the harder role — you have to have control, so he can lose it. So he can surrender.

“Ok... how do I do that?”

“Well, the basics — do you have a safe word?” John asked. He had gone on to explain how safe words should work, how important communication was before, during and after, how to reward your sub, praise him and make sure he knows how special he is... he’d detailed different dominance
techniques, ways to heighten the experience for both of them... he talked about extra ‘stuff’ — blindfolds, feathers, hot wax, paddles, flogs & crops, dildos, plugs, chastity, bondage materials... which led to a whole discussion of what one could and should not use to tie someone up, different knots, different parts of the body to restrain...

Before Lestrade knew it, two hours and three pints had gone and the golden glow through the windows had turned dusky. “Looks like I came to the right bloke.” He said.

John shrugged. “I was with a woman for a year or so who was pretty deeply into it.”

“Can I ask, were you into it too and you met her, or did you learn it all for her benefit?”

“The latter, yeah.”

“And was it always just for her, or did it... resonate with you? Did it change how you wanted to have sex after her? Sorry, that’s too personal.”

“It’s ok, Greg. I can’t say it resonated — it wasn’t like I’d found what had been missing from my life. But yeah, to some extent it changed my sex life after her. I mean, it was a relief just to have lazy, lie-in sex occasionally without having to tie her up and spank her first. But I prefer to be in control, I get off on, I don’t know, guiding the experience. Does that sound ridiculous?”

“No, not at all.”

“And the skills I learned come in handy more often than you’d expect.” John chuckled. “Just being able to issue orders convincingly — it’s amazing how effective that is. In all sorts of situations — I don’t have to have me clothes off.”

Lestrade laughed. “Thought you learned that in the army.”

“Nope. But it was useful in the army.”

“Is it, erm, different with Sherlock?”

“Only because of the bond. That’s changed everything. That uncaring demeanor that Sherlock affects — it is an affectation. He is so passionate underneath...”

“Do you think that’s true for all the Holmses?” Greg asked.

John gave him a penetrating look but kept his thoughts to himself. “Yes — well, maybe not Mummy. Mummy is downright terrifying.”

“I met her recently in a professional capacity — she didn’t seem that bad.”

“Maybe she would if you were with one of her sons.” John said, his gaze flicking to Greg then away.

That had given Greg a lot to think about. When he woke in Mycroft’s bed for the second time, his first thought was of Mummy — how would she react if she knew about them?

It was a long time until he found out. Almost a year.
Mycroft knelt at the foot of the bed, naked and still. He’d returned from an exhausting trip to Beijing last night and had been on edge all day, waiting for this. This and what came next.

Greg came into the bedroom — their bedroom, Mycroft thought secretly. They’d showered before dinner and Greg had changed into the jeans, black t-shirt and boots he wore now. His natural Omega scent was strong and pure, unadulterated by suppressant.

Greg pulled out a box half a meter long and started laying items from the box along the bed, within easy reach. Mycroft kept his head bowed, but he could tell there were some new toys. Greg had been shopping whilst he’d been in China. Mycroft felt the blood rush to his prick just at the thought.

“Look at you.” Greg said. “So excited.” He slid his fingers into Mycroft’s auburn hair, pet down to his neck then grasped a handful and jerked Mycroft’s head back. He could feel Greg studying his face, but he kept his eyes downcast. He sighed, feeling the tension begin to drain from his body.

In the past several months, their relationship had progressed. Greg had begun to spend most of his free time with Mycroft. The Alpha continued to woo him, dinners out, classic films, the theatre occasionally, and now and then a concert. (Greg had appeared to enjoy his company more than the music, but he had enjoyed the music.)

And lots of evenings in. Greg had started sleeping at Mycroft’s more often than at his own flat — he was there whenever Mycroft was in London. Mrs. Farthingale had begun to stock his favourite foods. Greene, it turned out, was as mad for rugby as John Watson — the three of them, he knew, had gone to a couple matches whilst Mycroft was abroad for work.

The sex... the sex had continued to be fantastic. Their kinks were fortuitously compatible. The more they discussed it — at first Mycroft had been resistant to Greg’s insistence on talking about everything. It was tedious and frankly embarrassing. But he quickly realised how the discussions had lead to increased satisfaction for them both. Mycroft had always craved the rough attentions of a strong, sexually dominant male, but he’d never gone farther than that. With Greg, he had been able to reveal deeper desires — to be dominated, to be subjugated, to relinquish control completely allowing him to entirely submit himself to another's will. To go to a place where he had no decisions to make, no responsibilities, no family, no business interests, no governmental duties, no base Alpha instincts goading him into aggression and authority. To exist in a world built completely of sensation. Mycroft had always needed intensity to achieve orgasm, now he and Greg could construct scenarios so much more powerful than he’d ever allowed himself to realise outside fantasy.

Together they built the trust necessary to share even their most lewd and hard-core fantasies. Greg admitted he loved taking the posh and proper Alpha apart piece by bloody piece, teasing him and pleasing him until Mycroft swore like a sailor and begged for mercy. He discovered that Mycroft’s desire for pain satisfied something within himself that he’d never allowed to see the light of day. He’d been ashamed of wanting to control and dominate, to command and completely subjugate, of wanting to use the giving of pleasure and the giving of torment to force another out of their comfort zone, to break him down, to own him in that moment. To have what an Omega could never have, complete authority and responsibility over another. And in doing so to fulfill all of the other’s needs.

That didn’t mean that they did everything — Mycroft was firm that not all fantasies should be acted upon. His fantasies of being gang-banged and double penetrated, for example, remained just fantasies. If that was partly because he couldn’t bear the thought of anyone else touching Greg, Mycroft kept that to himself. No matter what he surrendered during sex, he was still an Alpha.

They acquired toys, sexual aids. Mycroft particularly enjoyed the broad, flat paddle Greg employed
when he turned the Alpha over his knee. And the padded restraints that allowed Greg to immobilise him on the big bed, arse up, and have his way with him. They experimented. The first time Greg hit him with his bare hand, Mycroft's worldview expanded a thousand-fold. His mind was completely blown. It was a revelation of Biblical proportions, yet a mere taste of what had abruptly become possible. What was possible together.

But not all their sex was D/s sex. Sometimes Greg held Mycroft in his arms and made love to him, his heart full of tenderness. Sometimes Mycroft stalked Greg through the house, cornering him, sucking him, edging him until he begged for release. Sometimes they gave each other quick hand jobs in the shower. And sometimes they didn't have sex at all.

If one or the other was tired or out-of-sorts, and simple companionship was wanted, there was no pressure to perform. When Mycroft had been traveling and wanted nothing more than loving arms and rest. When Greg had a particularly grueling week at work... Greg had had a spate of unconnected murders and he and the other detectives had worked twenty hours a day for over a week, grabbing a kip at his desk when he could, eating from the vending machines and going home only to walk through the shower and change clothes. Mycroft barely saw him, his calls went to voicemail and his texts were answered with brief apologies.

When it was over, when Greg had charged the third murderer and slogged through the necessary paperwork, Mycroft had been in a car waiting for him outside the Met. He'd hushed Greg's thanks and apologies and let him doze in his arms on the ride home. They'd gotten ready for bed straightaway and Greg had slept ten hours through, then had a big breakfast at the little table in the conservatory. He had smiled, his soft, brown eyes grateful and full of sentiment, his sweet scent a comforting presence in the room, and Mycroft had fallen for him all over again.

All in all, Mycroft thought, things were going exceedingly well.

Greg slapped Mycroft across the face. It propelled his head sideways, shocking him with its suddenness. Mycroft savoured the hurt, the stinging echo on his flesh. Greg caressed the flaming cheek gently with his big, rough hand, grunting his approval. Mycroft wanted to preen, bask in Greg's approbation.

Greg unzipped his flies and pulled out his hard cock. Mycroft leaned towards it, but Greg's hand in his hair held him back. Greg brought his hips forward and Mycroft eagerly opened his mouth and sucked the damp head greedily. Greg's fist in his hair tightened and Mycroft sighed happily, knowing what would come. Greg thrust forward, holding Mycroft's head still, fucking into his throat. It was brutal and wonderful and Mycroft moaned around Greg's cock as it plunged in and out of his mouth, his own Alpha cock engorged and huge.

Too soon, Greg pulled away and tucked his cock back into his trousers. “Lick my boot.” Greg commanded. Mycroft knelt forward like a dog and pressed his tongue to the toe of Greg’s black engineer boot. He felt the other boot between his shoulder blades, pressing him down into the floor. He shuddered with the degradation, his cock achingly hard. Greg ground his foot against Mycroft’s back, the heel digging in sharply. Mycroft closed his eyes, feeling himself sinking down closer to that lovely place where there was nothing but pleasing Greg.

The sharp weight of the bruising boot disappeared. Mycroft moved to lick it as well, but Greg stepped away. “Stand up.” He said, picking something up from the bed.

Mycroft stood, hands at his sides, eyes down. Greg stroked his cheek and kissed his mouth — it was tender and Mycroft kissed him back readily, swaying to follow retreating lips. Greg grasped his chin firmly between thick fingers, holding his head still. When Mycroft settled, he ran his thumb over Mycroft’s lips and released him.
Greg pulled Mycroft's hands behind his head and tied them securely with what felt like a silk scarf, looping it loosely around his neck. That was new. The delicate whisper of the silk against his skin contrasted with it's strength in binding his wrists. Mycroft twisted his arms, but could not work free. He rested his hands against the back of his head, the position felt awkward, ungainly.

Greg returned to face him and wrapped his big paw around Mycroft’s Alpha prick, jacking it. He knelt down and took the huge head in his mouth, laving it with his tongue, moving his hand up and down the shaft. He released it, producing a second scarf and wrapping it securely around the base of Mycroft’s cock and balls like a cockring. He knotted it with a knot that whilst secure, he could release with one tug, and pulled it tight. It didn't hurt, but it wasn't comfortable, the trapped blood pounding in his shaft. Greg brought the loose end of the scarf up to Mycroft’s mouth. “Hold this between your teeth. Do not let it go.” Mycroft understood that if he let go, the scarf would unknot and release his throbbing Alpha cock. He would not let it go.

Greg had been studying up, learning new skills — on YouTube or perhaps at a seminar at the bondage club John had told him about. The idea of the hands-on seminar was... upsetting. The thought of someone else's hands on Greg, even a Beta, was upsetting. Some days, Mycroft could barely stomach Greg’s friendship with John — a bonded Alpha, absolutely no threat. Mycroft knew it wasn’t rational. He knew he had no right to dictate Greg’s friends...

Greg’s fingers were rough against Mycroft’s shoulder. “Back on your knees.”

Mycroft knelt awkwardly, carefully keeping the scarf between his teeth. It pulled on his junk uncomfortably. The silk around his neck constricted his airway slightly if his hands moved too much. He kept them still.

When he was on his knees, Greg set a pillow behind Mycroft and knelt. He pulled Mycroft into his arms and scented him, pressing his face under his bound hands, nosing his scent gland and inhaling deeply. Greg moaned and his sweet treacle scent grew stronger, fogging Mycroft's brain with fresh arousal. His prick strained in the knot of silk.

The Alpha made a disappointed sound when Greg let him go. “None of that.” Greg chastised him, his hand a pincer around his neck. He pushed Mycroft forward, down onto his face, his arms uselessly pressed to the back of his skull, scarf still clutched between his gritted teeth. Greg slapped his arse, a loud smack with his cruel, perfect hand. “Up,” he demanded. Mycroft raised his hips, arching his back, presenting like an Omega in heat. He desperately wanted Greg to fuck him, breed him — hard, ruthless, to use him any way he wanted. He was Greg’s for the taking, only Greg’s.

Greg’s hands roamed over Mycroft’s buttocks, his thumbs rubbing circles in his cleft, pulling him open. Mycroft felt his hot breath first — he gasped around the scarf, his prick dripping in anticipation — then Greg’s flat, wet tongue licked over his hole. He teased Mycroft, running his tongue up to the base of his spine, then back down to his perineum. He laved circles around the tight little knot of muscle. It felt so good, Mycroft grabbed fistfuls of his own hair, tugging it roughly as he gasped and moaned. He almost lost hold of the silk between his teeth.

Greg dug his fingers in the cleft, made more space for his coarsely, stubbled face. He probed the ring of muscle as it began to give way to him. Mycroft moaned as Greg introduced his tongue to his hole, pushing inside his tight center. Greg growled and set about fucking him open wetly, and Mycroft pushed his arse back eagerly onto his tongue. When Greg came up for air several long minutes later, Mycroft’s prick was dripping puddles onto the carpet, the sodden scrap of silk in his mouth muffling his wanton moans.

The Omega returned to licking, kissing his hole, taking his time. Mycroft knew that Greg felt just as powerful giving pleasure as giving pain, and Mycroft was swimming in pleasure, drowning in it, his
prick impossibly hard and throbbing. He floated in an ocean of sensation as his man licked him open. The pressure in his balls was immense — he would cum, but for the scrap of silk binding the orgasm down, keeping it tied up inside him.

Mycroft heard the click of the lubricant bottle, and sighed. Greg would fuck him and surely he'd let him cum! Greg’s blunt fingers pressed into him, fingered him, frigged him roughly. The fingers strafed his prostate, sparking pleasure through his body, adding to the heavy tension in his bollocks, sending him to the very edge. But the scarf strangling his sac prevented it, frustrated his body's attempts to burst with pleasure. God! He wanted to cum! He was so close to cumming! He was almost weeping with the need to cum. He clenched the scarf between his teeth, snuffling and moaning. If he let go the strip of silk, let it fall from his mouth, he could climax, he could explode, find sweet, sweet relief...

The cold metal of the plug intruded, coarsely filling his hole and Mycroft choked on the scarf. He had not expected the plug. Greg pulled Mycroft upright, his big paws under Mycroft’s lifted arms, dragging his torso up against Greg's broad chest. When he was again kneeling, the plug settled against Mycroft's prostate, the stimulation overwhelming. It was a constant, electric pressure he could not escape.

Greg stood, abandoning Mycroft. Mycroft’s head fell forward, the slack on the scarf tantalisingly close to allowing the weight in his balls to release. Greg returned to the bed and Mycroft held his breath. Greg would choose a toy, something with which to hurt him, to thrill him, fill him with fuzzy, swirlly endorphins. It would be something new, something Mycroft could not anticipate. The idea made his cock throb painfully.

When Greg turned around, Mycroft caught his breath. The Omega had a flog in his big hand, a leather cat-o-nine tails — a thickly braided handle attached to nine braided whips, each knotted at the end to stick and pull on his flesh. Greg ran the dangling tails of the flog over Mycroft’s chest, down to his bound cock. It tickled and Mycroft squirmed. “Keep still.” Greg told him sternly. He walked around behind him, the flog tickling his ribs, his spine. Mycroft braced, reminding himself not to move his arms, to keep them still over his head.

The first blow hit high on his back and Mycroft almost lost the silk scarf, almost spat it out as the pain exploded through his body. Before he could recover, before he could correct his flinch and straighten his spine, another blow fell, and another. Mycroft grunted and cried out through his clenched teeth as each landed. His back and buttocks and thighs were burning — immolating. The flog flicked down again and again, licking over his skin, sticking and dragging furrows. The blows might have been random or carefully arranged, criss-crossed or overlapping, but Mycroft couldn’t say, didn’t know, because it hurt! It hurt so much! Mycroft wept, he cried out, snot flowing from his nose, his lifted arms aching, as he snuffled and keened whilst keeping the scarf desperately between his teeth.

It felt endless, the whips of the flail landing with hard determination. The evil knots at their tips dug brutally into his flesh. Though he knew Greg would never break his skin, he felt flayed, the very skin shredded and ripped from his back. He was wet, drooling down his chin, perspiration rolling down his sides. It felt like blood. He screamed as the blows fell, screamed around the scarf stuffed in his mouth. Screamed at the relentless whipping. It was too much! Greg was too strong, he hit so hard!

Greg tossed the flog aside, the ‘thunk’ of it hitting the floor making Mycroft shudder and cringe. It was over, it had just begun. He shivered, his back and arse and thighs in torment. Greg fell to his knees behind Mycroft and again scented him, wrapping his strong arms around him and pulling him against his chest as he buried his face in Mycroft’s neck and it was agony. Greg’s t-shirt felt like burlap, like sandpaper on his abraded skin, his jeans scoured Mycroft’s backside like a brillo. He
couldn’t stop the choking sobs from escaping his throat. He almost lost the scarf again, remembering almost too late to bite down hard.

Greg released him, but before he could finish drawing in a trembling breath, Greg’s hands gripped his arse, thumbs digging into the angry, red welts. Mycroft couldn’t help it, he flinched away, tried to escape the coarse handling. He buckled and fell forward onto his face, hands straining behind his head. The scarf in his mouth was jerked and tightened around his flagging cock, but he barely felt it. Greg’s fingers pinched, bored into him, pushed his face into the floor and ground his denim covered erection into the shredded flesh of Mycroft’s arse.

Mycroft floated on the waves of pain, feeling lightheaded. Greg palmed his buttock, red stripes stinging and burning as he rubbed ruthless circles. Mycroft’s eyes burned, his jaw was tense, clenched painfully to keep hold the scarf — he must keep hold of the scarf. He moaned brokenly.

Greg moved, pulling away. Mycroft felt a brush of air as Greg shed his t-shirt. He heard the zip of Greg’s jeans, the crinkle of the condom wrapper, then Greg’s rough fingers were back, spreading him open, pulling the plug slowly from his body and replacing it with his cock.

“You smell so good.” Greg crooned. The head of his cock slipped through the loosened ring of muscle and they both groaned. Greg stilled.

Biting the scarf to keep from begging out loud, Mycroft waited — he wanted to push back, to grind against Greg’s hips, to fuck himself hard. But he didn’t dare.

Finally Greg began to move, sliding into him, so horribly slowly, so wonderfully deep. The Alpha moaned, a long, low sound that vibrated through his chest. Greg’s cock dragged against his inner walls and Mycroft was so close! So close! The tortuous scarf, impossibly, felt tighter. He was helpless, his skin buzzing, screaming, as he was fucked at a leisurely pace. The blissful sensations of Greg's cock in his arse, owning his arse, slammed up against the beachhead of frustration. He was unable to cum, unable move, unable to form coherent thought... it was glorious!

“No one had ever done this for Mycroft before, no one had been able to take him out of himself like Greg. No one was strong and fierce and cruel enough, no one was nearly as magnificent as Greg. Mycroft whimpered, completely subsumed. He clenched the scarf in his aching teeth, his arms straining against their silk bond, and felt his man thrusting into him with his perfect Omega cock.

Greg took hold of Mycroft’s shoulders and lifted him gently back against his chest. His back screamed at the contact, but Mycroft melted into Greg’s stern embrace, turning his head to better smell the hot, thick treacle scent that rolled off Greg like fog. He heard Greg moan in his ear, whisper praise and encouragement. Finally Greg began to fuck harder. Mycroft wept tears of pleasure and need, his prick so hard, so ready... so ready for Greg... just for Greg...

The Omega — his Omega — shoved his cock deep inside Mycroft, his teeth closing around the smoke-scented flesh at the base of his neck, sinking in, claiming him, owning him with the savage bite. Greg shifted and his fingers dug into Mycroft’s chest and hip, the solid strength of his body utterly comforting, as he began to fuck in earnest. He thrust with calculated force and it was so good! So, so good! Mycroft's distressed skin pressed to Greg's body... Greg’s cock moving within him so blissfully... Greg’s strong hands holding him tightly... he was helpless. He was Greg's, entirely,
completely Greg's.

Mycroft could hear Greg's satisfied groans, his whispered assurances that Mycroft had pleased him. That he had been good, had done all that had been required of him and Mycroft thought they must be done, must be nearly done. He was so thankful for Greg and his stern hand and fierce will, for his fearlessness. No one had taken Mycroft so far down, held him down so firmly for so long. Greg was everything Mycroft had ever needed...

“Let go, My.” Greg rumbled in his ear. “Let go the scarf.”

For a moment, Mycroft didn't understand. His jaw ached and his cock ached and his bollocks screamed for release. Then Greg's words penetrated and Mycroft opened his clenched jaw. The sodden silk slipped away. He cried out, caught for a moment between frustration and fulfillment.

Greg reached around and tugged the loose end and the scarf dropped away. “You've been so good.” Greg told him, stroking Mycroft’s big Alpha cock. “So good for me. Cum, My. Cum now.”

Mycroft had been edging orgasm ever since Greg had held his head and thrust his cock down his throat so long ago. At Greg's command, his climax rose up, an enormous wave finally, finally cresting, a long shuddering, sobbing release that milked every last bit of semen from his bollocks, every last bit of tension from his body, every churning thought from his mind... it flooded and flowed through his body, curling his toes and arching his back. His cock jolted out a flood of cum onto the floor, juddering from him in great pulses. At long last, the wave faded, retreated, and Mycroft was nothing but a trembling limpet in Greg’s arms.

"You're so beautiful, My." Greg crooned as Mycroft shuddered with aftershocks. Greg took his own pleasure from Mycroft's body then, using him roughly. He thrust hard, carelessly, grunting, gripping and bruising. Mycroft sagged into him, his arms achingly held over his head. Greg pumped fast and hard. He groaned and panted against the Alpha's neck, his breath hot and humid. He shoved deep and still as his climax rushed violently over him. The Omega flooded the condom with his sterile ejaculate, teeth clamping down again on the red and ravaged scent gland. Greg held him tightly for a long moment.

Greg released Mycroft's hands from the strip of silk and they dropped bonelessly to his sides. Carefully, Greg pulled out, then still cradling Mycroft's body, helped him lie down on his side. He put a pillow under Mycroft's head. Then he stood and moved away. Mycroft floated. He wanted to sleep, he wanted Greg to push his face into the floor and slap his arse again and again.

Slowly Mycroft's breathing evened out, deepened. His eyes fell closed and he drifted.

"My." Greg's voice was soft, kind, his hand gentle on his back. Mycroft didn't want it. "My." Greg was insistent.

Mycroft wanted to stay down, stay down in that lovely, quiet place.

"My, open your eyes. Just have to put you to bed." Mycroft opened his eyes reluctantly. Greg's brown eyes were soft and sweet. He allowed Greg to help him to his feet. His knees were stiff and sore from kneeling so long and he stumbled a bit as Greg led him to the big bed.

"Greg?" Mycroft asked as he was tucked in.

"I'm here, My." Greg climbed in on his side, moving to hold Mycroft in his arms. "I'm here."
Roughly three months after he started seeing Mycroft, Greg realised his heat was imminent — he hadn’t had near as much warning as usual, only a day or so of light headache and the uncomfortable skin-too-small feeling.

Greg squared everything away at work, talking to his DI and DS and briefing the other detective constables in his Major Investigation Team on the work he’d been doing. Greg wasn’t the only policeman with an Omega ward — his cover story was guardianship of an Omega niece — Betas were routinely asked to care for unbonded Omega relatives. It was common enough that no one thought twice about it.

“I thought we’d try an Eritrean restaurant tonight.” Mycroft told him over the phone. “What time do you think you’ll be finished?”

“I’m not sure why you always ask that.” Greg said good-naturedly. “You always know when my shift ends, and you know I can’t say if I’ll be able to leave then or not.” It was true, Greg — and all the detectives — regularly worked long after their shifts officially ended. “You generally guess when I’ll be finished more accurately than I do.”

“It’s polite to ask.” Mycroft informed him primly. Greg could hear the smile behind it.

“Eritrean... well, you’ll have to sample whatever they eat in Eritrea without me. I have a dozen errands to run before tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” Greg could almost hear Mycroft clicking through the vast database of his mind searching for what significance the next day might hold.

“Bella’s heat.” Greg said, colouring slightly at using the cover story Mycroft knew was fiction. “I have to get some stuff and then I’ll sequester her for the duration.”

Mycroft was silent for a beat. When he spoke, his tone was businesslike. “I won’t see you until next week, then.” He said.

“Nope. I guess I’ll miss that thing this weekend. Sorry, My.” Mycroft had gotten them tickets for a show at the National Theatre — Greg couldn’t remember the name, but it was a movie he’d seen years ago and liked. Mycroft had assured him he would enjoy the clever stage version. “I know you were looking forward to it.”

“No matter. I’ll change the tickets for another weekend.”

Greg almost protested, but knowing My, he already had an assistant on it.

“Greg... ring — or text if it’s easier — anytime. I will miss you.”

“I will if I can... but... don’t be worried if I don’t. I won’t be... in a good frame of mind.”

“Of course. I simply thought... in a moment of respite...”

Greg laughed bitterly. “There is no respite.” He said. “Not without an Alpha. It’s... it’s relentless, My...”

“Ah, Greg... I wish there was something I could do — I mean... you know what I mean.”
“I do.” Greg had thought about bonding with Mycroft — how could he not? It had vast appeal — not only would his heats be easier, he wanted the empathetic link with the Alpha, he wanted to bond himself to this man, to have him forever, to hold him and care for him as Greg knew he needed to be cared for — as only Greg could care for him — with a firm hand and loving heart. He wanted to know Mycroft as well as he knew himself, wanted to feel his emotions, to love him...

But bonding would create more problems than it solved for Greg. And that was without taking Mycroft’s duty to his family into account. “I’ll miss you too. Look, I have to go. I’ll try to ring again tomorrow.”

“Oui, mon canard.” Mycroft said. Greg rolled his eyes at the endearment.

He hadn’t a chance to ring the next day. He’d barely got back to his flat that evening with a sack of provisions from the Tesco when it swept over him. Greg used his last bit of willpower to lock himself into his bedroom. The close call terrified him — what if he hadn’t gotten home in time to lock the door?! What if he’d been able to leave the flat!? What if he’d been bred and bitten by the first Alpha he could find!? Bonded to a stranger — never seeing Mycroft again! Impregnated! Outed as an Omega! Fired!

What if he'd caused a riot like the one in Camden!? The thoughts haunted him. He had always known in the past when his heat was coming on, known with ample time to prepare and lock the door.

Then his heat took firm hold, driving the worry from his mind. All that mattered then was finding an Alpha, any Alpha, and riding his Alpha cock.

It was... intolerable... it was his worst heat since he’d presented. Greg ripped his clothes off and paced the room, his penis painfully erect, the back of his thighs drenched with his arousal. He tried the door compulsively — it didn’t matter that he knew he couldn’t open it, he had to try. He worried at the shutters, but their padlocks defied him. He went back to the door and pounded on it, shouting for help, for mercy. For an Alpha.

He wanted! He wanted an Alpha’s big cock to fuck and breed him so much! So much! It was excruciating — great wracking, cramping pains shuddered throughout his body, emanating from his cursed womb. It had never been this bad, this soul-crushingly awful.

The pain was so great he screamed himself hoarse, then he sobbed and sobbed, curled in a ball on his narrow bed. He sobbed until he was dehydrated, his eyes dry and his head pounding. Greg forced himself into the loo and drank directly from the tap for a long minute. He had eyedrops and paracetamol in the medicine cabinet but getting them out was beyond him. He sank down onto the cool tile floor, curling into the foetal position, clutching his arms wretchedly around his throbbing abdomen.

He threw up the water on the floor.

“Please stop... please stop... please stop... please stop...” Greg’s plea to his body became a mantra, meaningless other than as something to hold onto.

He wanted to die. If he’d had the wherewithal, he would have killed himself. Anything to stop this hell.

Eventually, Greg passed out on the loo floor. He was so exhausted, so completely wrung out.

He woke shivering and wanting. He was on fire with want. Burning up with want. He managed to
turn on the taps of his tub and crawled over the lip into the porcelain basin. He lay there with his fingers inside himself as the water rose... and it did not help. He dug his fingernails into his thighs, but he barely felt it.

The pain came again, and it destroyed him. He screamed his hoarse throat raw.

Four days passed like this — it might have been a year, Greg was in a place where time had no meaning, the torture stretched endlessly — before his symptoms slowly began to abate. Gradually the pain receded like the tide. At some point Greg found he could sit up. He was thirsty, very, very thirsty. He found the Tesco bag and liberated a bottle of water. He wanted to drink it down at once in several large swallows, but he forced himself to take small mouthfuls.

Greg ate a banana. He showered, washing the musky stench of heat from his body. He catalogued bruises and wounds and put ointment on the half-moons his nails had dug into his thighs. Then he got into his bed and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

When Greg woke he had no sense of what day it was or what time of day it might be. He was hungover, bleary and his smoker’s cough raked through his lungs and throat like shards of glass. He drank two of the bottles of water and lit a fag. He put on a t-shirt and warm-up pants and tried the door. It opened easily.

Greg sighed, relieved. He’d never shaken the paranoia that someday the door would not unlock but trap him in the claustrophobic bedroom forever. Never mind he had his mobile — and now he had someone who would come looking if he were gone too long.

Mycroft... he hadn’t rung. Greg sighed, lit a second cigarette with the stub of the first and retrieved his phone from the clothing he’d discarded as his heat began. He hadn’t plugged it in and its battery was drained.

He went to his kitchen to cook a fry-up. He made half of what he wanted, knowing he wouldn’t be able to finish even this, but egg, sausage, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, and mushrooms all fried in the same pan went a long way to relieving his heat hangover and making him feel human.

He checked his mobile again. It had charged enough for use. Greg ignored the several hundred emails he’d have to delete and opened his texts.

He had one from Mycroft, sent six hours ago: *If I don’t hear from you by end of day, I’m coming over with a locksmith.*

Greg read the worry in his boyfriend’s pronouncement. He checked the time, it was after five — am or pm? Probably pm if My had texted six hours ago.

He rang. Mycroft answered immediately. “Greg.” He said.

“How are you feeling?”

“Better now.” Greg answered truthfully. He still felt like he’d been chewed up and spat out, but it was immensely better than the endless torment of his heat.

“It was... bad?”

“Erm... yeah.” Greg did not elaborate. He knew Mycroft was concerned, wanted to help. But there was nothing he could do. Not as things stood.
“Would you like to come over? Not for... just a quiet evening and a comfortable bed.”

“Can we do that tomorrow? I’m still feeling a bit naff.”

“Of course.” Mycroft said. “Thank you for ringing.”

“I got your text. I know you were worried.”

“I won’t insult you by comparing my weekend with yours, but you were missed.”

“Tell me what you did.” Greg asked. He wasn’t ready to ring off, he wanted to listen to Mycroft talk.

Mycroft obliged. He’d flown to Dubai and he told Greg about the oppressive heat and the almost as oppressive air conditioning that froze the sweat on one’s body instantly. There had been a dinner, French cuisine exquisitely prepared — but 24 courses! “I started getting cross when they brought out the sixth course, pheasant colette en croute with a middling burgundy. Completely ridiculous. But it was obvious that to accomplish anything, I had to partake enthusiastically. It was disgusting. Four puddings and two cheese courses. I never want to eat again.”

Greg laughed with his boyfriend. It felt extremely good. “Did you accomplish anything?”

“Oh yes.” Mycroft said. “More importantly, I won’t have to go back for several months.”

“Maybe we can synch your trips to Dubai with my heats — we’ll suffer together, sort of.”

Mycroft laughed. Then he said, “I love you, Greg.”

Greg was taken aback. They hadn’t said it yet. “I would have bet anything that you wouldn’t have said that first.”

“I can take it back if you prefer.” Mycroft said, amused.

Greg admired his confidence — he wasn’t afraid to declare his feelings, afraid that Greg didn’t feel the same. “I don’t think you can, My. Besides, I’m sure you’ve known for ages that I love you too.”

“Absolute ages.”

Greg sighed happily. “I’m going back to bed now. I have to work tomorrow.”

“All right.”

“I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“I look forward to it.”

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Greg knew Mycroft had missed him, but he didn’t realise quite how much for several weeks. They’d gone out for fish and chips at a greasy little chippy Greg favoured. They’d taken their newspaper wrapped dinners and walked out into the cool evening.

“I love this place — it hasn’t changed a bit! We lived in Lewisham for a while when I was fifteen,
sixteen... I came here with me mates all the time. Best fish and chips in the borough!” Greg caught Mycroft’s strained smile. “Thanks for this.” He said, lifting his cone of fried food. “I know you prefer healthier fare.”

“You still haven’t gained back the weight you lost.” Mycroft said.

During his heat. Somehow Greg had dropped half a stone. His Omega metabolism was a mystery. “You worry too much.”

“About you? No such thing.”

“I’m perfectly healthy. That doctor you insisted I see told you so.” Greg suspected Mycroft would want Greg to see the Omega specialist after every heat. He’d agreed this time as the experience had been so spectacularly horrible — but Dr. Weintraub had attributed that to the pheromones Greg was exposed to in his relationship with the Alpha. His body, it seemed, had decided it needed to bond with Mycroft, no matter what his brain thought. No matter what the circumstances or fall-out.

Greg had no illusions about the privacy of his medical records. There was very little that could be kept from Mycroft, and Greg didn’t care enough to try. It served the nosy git right, though, to discover not only how awful Greg’s heat had been, but that he was the cause of Greg’s additional suffering...

“I’m too selfish with you.” Mycroft muttered.

“What now?”

“I should step aside, mon canard, let you find an eligible Alpha with whom to bond.”

“Oi... stop talking nonsense.” Greg meant the ‘romantic’ endearment as much as the rest. Why a duck?!

“I should, but I’m too selfish. I want you all for myself. Move in with me, Greg.”

It took Greg a moment to parse the sentiment. “Mycroft Holmes! It sounds like you’re proposing to me.”

Mycroft took his hand. “I wish I could.”

Greg laughed softly. He’d gone into this with his eyes open, he well knew Mycroft’s responsibilities.

“You will, won’t you, mon canard? Move in.” Mycroft urged.

“Oh. You’re serious.... that’s, erm, not a good idea, My.”

“It’s a perfectly splendid idea. You spend most of your time there, as it is.”

“And when I go into heat?”

“We can adapt one of the guest suites. Greene and Mrs. Farthingale can see to your needs.”

“Mycroft, no.” For a second Greg was at a loss for words. When he found them they were full of frustration. “You can’t expect me to go into heat with you on the other side of the door. That would never work.”

“Greg...”
“And when you bond with some other Omega, what becomes of me?” Greg felt anger filling him up, his patience fleeing. “Do you expect your bondmate and your boyfriend to live together?” Greg scoffed. “You probably do. That’s... that’s not going to happen.”

“You know how much I need you. How good we are for each other.” Mycroft said softly, persuasively, and Greg hated how manipulative he could be sometimes. “You wouldn’t force me to choose?”

“No. Because there is no choice to be made.” Greg replied sharply. “It was all decided long before we met. We have this now. This is what we get. Be as selfish as you want, My, but when you bond with that other Omega, this ends.”

“But I love you, Greg.”

“Mycroft… fuck…” Greg tossed his dinner in a bin — he wasn’t hungry any longer, his stomach twisting with resentment. He stared at it spilled out over the other refuse, his back to the Alpha, and tried to rein in his temper.

“Greg?” Mycroft touched his back, his hand sliding up to his shoulder, his fingers resting on his neck. It felt good and it annoyed him.

“I’ve told you how I feel, My. Don’t make me say it again.” Greg snapped.

He felt Mycroft’s hand on his shoulder tense and then slowly relax. “Yes, of course.” Mycroft said. “I apologise. I won’t ask again... but... if you change your mind, the offer stands open.” The Alpha pressed himself against Greg’s back, his arm sliding around to pull him close, breath hot on his sensitive neck. Greg felt himself melt into his touch. “Come on, I can’t eat all this myself.” The Alpha held his cone of fish in front of Greg. “Share it with me.”

True to his word, Mycroft did not ever mention Greg moving into his townhouse again. He did cause three drawers, a shelf and a third of the hangers to be empty in his large closet cum dressing room and invited Greg to keep clothes and personal items there for convenience. Then he went ahead and furnished the drawers with socks and pants in Greg’s size, put a new pair of pyjamas on the shelf, and hung new shirts on the hangers.

A charging pad appeared on Greg’s side of the bed. The loo gained an electric toothbrush and an ample supply of Greg’s preferred personal products.

Mycroft installed an enormous flat screen television in the lounge with surround sound and subscribed to a number of sport and cinema channels. He acquired a very comfortable couch and had it placed in front of the television. Jump ropes and a heavy bag appeared in the workout gym, not far from the weight bench and treadmill. Four pairs of boxing gloves were hung on the wall and a bowl full of hand wrappings took a place next to the water jug.

For each of these things, Greg thanked Mycroft. He hadn’t asked for them, but they did make life more convenient. And enjoyable.

When Mycroft gave Greg a spare set of house keys ‘just in case,’ and invited him to use them any time, Greg looked at him incredulously.

“You pay a man to open your door. I don’t need keys.”

“This gives you access to the back. You could park your motorcycle in the garage.”

“You always send a car for me, My.”
“An emergency could arise.”

Greg eyed the Alpha skeptically, but he took the keys and joined them with his own. Mycroft smiled a delighted and somewhat triumphant smile and Greg decided not to say, ‘This doesn’t mean I’ve moved in.’ But he spent three nights at his own flat that week.

But when Mycroft tried to give him his own car and driver, Greg finally rebelled. “Too extravagant.” He said. “And the Underground is faster.”

Mycroft shuddered slightly at the thought of taking public transportation. “I send my own car for you often enough. How is this different?”

Greg knew Mycroft would not accept, ‘because it is.’ “You’re right.” He said instead. Before Mycroft could overcome his surprise at the easy triumph he added, “You should stop sending your car. Just tell me where to meet you — I’ll grab a cab.”

“A cab... no...”

“Your brother takes them everywhere. Refuses rides in police cars, even unmarked ones.” Greg said pointedly. “Sends them away.”

Mycroft didn’t make Lestrade connect the dots for him. “Fine. Will you allow me to continue to send my car for you if I don’t get you your own?” He asked with a long-suffering air.

“If you’re sure it’s really convenient — if I’m taking it away from official use...”

“I assure you, you aren’t.” Mycroft almost snapped. He hated that Greg did not hesitate to leverage his greatly-desired presence, against Mycroft. Greg did not need to remind him that sentiment was a chemical defect...

That’s what it came down to — Mycroft wanted him. Greg wanted Mycroft and he wanted Mycroft to want him. He loved Mycroft, unreservedly. But Mycroft could not seem to stop himself from pushing here and pulling there and attempting to arrange things — specifically things having to do with Greg — to his liking. He had a very Alpha-ish need to own.

They could play at belonging to each other as much as they wanted, there was only one way for Mycroft to truly own him in the long-term, only one way they could genuinely belong to each other, and it was out of the question for both of them.

Plus having his own car and driver was a ridiculous extravagance.

In truth, Greg found these occasional arguments reassuring. Every couple fought. Their fights were all, at essence, about the same thing — the thing that would eventually break them up. Otherwise, everything was pretty much perfect.

And then… then they broke up.

Chapter End Notes

Greg is being so sensible! And Mycroft is being quite selfish, wanting to have his cake and eat it too. But then that's his Alpha nature. At least he isn't trying wrap Greg in cotton wool, as other Omegas are. And he's respecting Greg’s strength, independence
and boundaries... for the most part.

Cat-o-nine tails: http://www.bullwhipsquadron.org/cat-o-nine-tails/
National Theatre: https://www.nationaltheatre.org.uk/shows/amadeus (It was WONDERFUL, btw)

*mon canard*: My duck. Believe it or not, a common French endearment

Next week: A huge misunderstanding! A brutal argument! Lots of cray Alpha jealousy! And the reappearance of BAMF Greg!

Saw *The Favourite* the other day — if you haven't yet, SEE IT! It's marvelous. Join me in totally loving Olivia Coleman and everything she does. How many takes do you think it took Mark Gatiss before he could say "Tonight I must sleep with my men." with without laughing out loud. ACTING! Still any straight actor would probably weep as he said it to Rachel Weisz. I know I would.

Happy New Year!
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Mycroft's Alpha instincts take him OFF THE MOTHERFUCKING RAILS.

This chapter contains descriptions of a domestic quarrel with some physical violence.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Greg’s second heat since he started seeing Mycroft came in mid-Autumn. He again had little warning — he had watched the calendar this time, carefully counting the days, not wanting to be caught out. Still, it was a near thing, he had barely enough time to get himself home and locked in. He was grateful his heat was so regular, always coming 99-102 days apart.

After his last heat, Dr. Weintraub had prescribed a variety of medications — hormone pills that he thought might lessen the symptoms, a painkiller, and sleeping pills. Greg had all three to hand when he set the time lock on his bedroom door. He took two painkillers right away and two of the ones that were supposed to make the whole ordeal less awful. Maybe, he thought, I can watch a movie or read a book.

But the wanting descended and turned him into little more than an animal with a primal urge to procreate. The painkillers, however, were a godsend. He still felt the cramping, but they never matured into the agonising waves of misery that had left him howling in the foetal position. He took two of the sleeping pills and another painkiller for good measure.

When he woke, the pain was just starting to take root inside him again. Greg swallowed another handful of pills, drank a bottle of water and waited for the pain to recede and sleep to claim him.

115 hours later when Greg opened his bedroom door, the first thing he did was light a fag. The second thing he did was to send an effusive email of thanks to the Omega specialist.

As soon as he hit send, his text alert sounded. Mycroft welcomed him back to the land of the living.

Greg smiled. The Alpha loved him.

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Mycroft was out of town on business relatively often. He said very little about why and sometimes even where, but it was clear that at times his travel schedule could be grueling. Greg took it in stride, when Mycroft was gone he spent more time at work and saw friends he neglected when the Alpha was in London.
This particular weekend, Mycroft had to be in Washington DC. Mycroft had been loath to go — Greg had just finished his heat. And despite not spending his heat together, Mycroft was acting particularly protective of the Omega, clingy even. He seemed wary of other Alphas, keeping Greg close by his side in restaurants and other public places. Greg had received several texts ‘just checking in’ whilst he was at work. Greg assured Mycroft he was absolutely fine, and he needn’t worry.

Less welcome were Mycroft’s pointed questions about DCI Gregson, Chief Superintendent Kahn and the other Alphas with whom Greg regularly interacted. Greg laughed at them at first, but when the questions kept coming, he told Mycroft he sounded paranoid and needed to stop.

Despite that, Greg leaned into the Alpha’s solicitous attentions. They felt natural. They felt loving and deeply comforting. He was not looking forward to a long weekend alone.

But the trip could not be put off. They agreed before he left to have dinner at Mycroft’s townhouse on his return. After four long days and nights, that evening finally arrived. Mycroft texted Greg upon his arrival in the U.K., and Greg had rushed through his paperwork, trying to get out of the office on time for once. He was filled with delightful anticipation.

A glossy black saloon was waiting at the curb when he left the Met. Greg climbed in carrying his briefcase and gym cum overnight bag with definite excitement for the evening to come. The car whisked him silently through the city.

But when he arrived, there was no dinner, no chatty Mrs. Farthingale, no Greene. Just an unexpectedly cool and truculent Mycroft Holmes.

“I missed you.” Greg said simply, sliding his arms around the Alpha. Instead of welcoming the embrace, Mycroft stiffened. “What is it?” Greg asked, releasing him. “What’s wrong?”

Mycroft made an effort to relax, but it didn’t erase the tension in his eyes. “You were... busy... while I was away.” His voice was almost mocking.

Greg frowned. “Not especially. My, what’s wrong?” He repeated, beginning to feel distressed.

Mycroft face was completely blank, but his eyes pinned Greg in place like a bug. “Come with me.” He said after a long moment. Greg had the impression that however controlled Mycroft seemed, he was only hanging on by a thread. Greg longed to pull him into his arms and comfort him. Or better, to order him to kneel and lick his boots, go to that quiet, blissed-out place that only Greg could take him.

The Alpha led the way into his study. His laptop was on his desk. Mycroft swiveled it around so it faced them and logged on with his thumbprint. A video was revealed on the screen. Mycroft pressed ‘play,’ and stepped back, allowing Greg to watch the video unhindered.

On Saturday, Greg had met up with his friend from the forensics unit, Meaghan. He hadn’t seen her in a while, which he regretted — they got on well and could talk shop and football for hours. Friends like Meaghan had sustained Greg through the long years he’d spent alone, giving him affection, and the connection he craved without the danger of a romantic relationship.

They’d originally met up on Saturday to watch the game over a pint — they were both life-long Rangers fans — and after several hours, several pints and a nail biter of a game, they decided to get dinner together. And then they decided to get drinks… it was after midnight by the time Greg got back to his little flat.

Greg had had a magnificent time. He hadn’t been dancing in ages and the club they’d ended up in
was perfect, low key enough for conversation but lively enough for a full dance floor. He’d been pleasantly intoxicated, but not too drunk to get himself home without tossing his cookies on the way.

The video Mycroft had on his laptop started when Greg had met Meaghan outside the Horse and Carriage Pub. As he watched himself hug and kiss his friend hello, he recognised he was seeing CCTV footage — he’d certainly watched enough in the course of his career.

The video switched after she’d opened the door and waved Greg into the pub in front of her. It skipped to them leaving, streetlights illuminating them in the dusk of evening. Meaghan took his hand on the sidewalk to drag him to Herman Ze German for bratwursts. The video followed their progress, switching cameras to keep them in sight. Greg remembered they’d been tipsily recounting the game, exulting in how the Rangers had dramatically scored the winning goal against Tottenham in the final seconds. He watched himself laughing with his friend, gesturing animatedly, touching her arm...

Apparently, there was a camera within Herman Ze German. It showed all five booths and the counter in the fast food restaurant from the center of the ceiling, in a trippy sort of fish-eye. Greg watched them order. He’d bought a couple rounds of beer earlier, so Meaghan paid for his dinner. The seat Greg had chosen to sit in put his back to the camera. He slid in with his bratwurst and chips then Meaghan slid in right next to him, crowding him over with her body, trapping him in the booth. Not that he’d felt trapped at the time, he’d laughed and put his arm around her and made some stupid joke about being on a date. She’d punched him, and he’d laughed harder and helped himself to some of her currywurst. But with their backs to the camera — and if you didn’t know Meaghan — it could be misconstrued. They had their heads together most of the time — except when Meaghan was feeding him chips...

Mercifully, the author of the video had fast-forwarded through most of the meal, so he wasn’t watching the back of his head whilst he ate bratwurst for twenty minutes. When they left the restaurant, the video followed them to the club and then skipped, Greg imagined, to them leaving the club, sloppy, affectionate and still exuberant from their team’s exciting win. But he didn’t bother to watch it — he’d been there, he knew what happened. And he didn’t particularly care to watch himself singing that Taio Cruz song from a few years ago at the top of his lungs: ‘Cause we gon’ rock this club / We gon’ go all night / We gon’ light it up / Like it's dynamite!...’ Bloody earworm.

“And?” He asked Mycroft folding his arms across his chest. “Do you keep tabs on me all the time or just when you’re out of town?”

Mycroft had the decency to look abashed for a microsecond before his features smoothed back into an icy mask. “This was flagged for my attention.”

“Big brother is always watching.” Greg said. “Seriously, My?”

“I had not given any such instruction. My assistant was... showing initiative.”

“That’s sweet. I hope you and your assistant are very happy together.” Greg turned to leave the study, disgusted.

“Lestrade!”

Greg turned back, incredulous that Mycroft had not called him ‘Greg.’ “Yes, Holmes?” He replied sarcastically.

"Now I understand why you refused my offer to move in here — more fool me, I believed your excuses.”
“What does moving in here have to do with you stalking me via CCTV?!”

“Clearly you’re looking for an Alpha with whom to bond... I’m not available so you’ve broadened your search.”

“Clearly you’re an idiot. What is this, My?”

“I won’t be played for a fool.” The Alpha sneered. Then he shook his head, his gaze still flat and mocking. “No, this is my own fault. I had assumed that we were exclusive. Obviously, I shouldn’t have.”

Greg had assumed they were exclusive as well, but Mycroft’s taunting tone made him see red. The anger sharpened his tongue. “Why would you assume that? We’ve never discussed it. We still use condoms, for christ sake! For all I know you spent the last four days with some American twink! Should I requisition the CCTV footage and find out!?”

Mycroft lifted an eyebrow. “You won’t distract me with your righteous indignation. My conscience is clear.” He moved to stand between Greg and the door. It made Greg feel uncomfortable.

“So. Is. Mine.” Greg snapped. “I shouldn’t have to say this — you’re supposed to be a bloody genius! But then we both know you have your blind spots!” Greg felt grimly satisfied at the tiny downturn of Mycroft’s mouth. “Whatever it is you think you see on that video, you’re wrong. Meaghan and I are mates. We went out, we watched the footie, we had fun! Then I went home alone, and Meaghan went home to her wife!”

The Alpha didn’t seem to hear him. “I won’t let her have you. I’ll rip her apart.” Mycroft snarled.

“Jesus!” Greg stepped back instinctively from the aggressive display. “Am I allowed to have mates, Mycroft?” Greg demanded. “Is that ok with you!? Or are you gonna threaten to murder all me friends?”

With shocking speed, Mycroft shot forward and pinned Greg against the desk. “You are mine.” He growled. “You belong to me!”

Greg felt a searing anger — with a large helping of adrenaline. “I belong to me!” He asserted. With a deft movement, Greg broke free of Mycroft’s grasp, flipped their positions and shoved the Alpha face down on the desk. “You don’t own me! Nobody does!”

The room was thick with pheromones, their odourless scent overwhelming. Greg felt choked. Mycroft shoved himself backwards abruptly, pushing Greg off balance. He whirled around, and grabbed the Omega by his arms. “I can smell her on you! Did you let her fuck you!? Did you stick your arse in the air for her!?” He demanded. “Did you stick your arse in the air for her!?”

“Let me go!” Greg spat, outraged.

Mycroft’s fingers tightened viselike on his arms. “You’re unbonded. You have to be careful!” The statements sounded like threats.

“You want me to stay home when you’re out of town, then?! Like a good little Omega!” He snapped. Greg needed to get out of Mycroft’s space before one of them did something unforgivable. “I don’t know who you are!”

Greg attempted to twist out of the Alpha’s grasp, but Mycroft’s fury had given him strength. "You were begging for it! I saw you, prancing around drunk! Shaking your arse... wearing those tight jeans!” He forced Greg against the wall of the study and pressed himself against the Omega.
Greg felt his massive erection pushing into his hip. It shocked him and he looked up — Mycroft seemed just as surprised, as if he hadn’t known he was aroused until that moment. Greg’s own body began to respond, and he was nauseated. They were both at the mercy of their wretched biology. “I don’t like this, My. Let me go.” He gritted, trying to push the Alpha away. "Municipal... municipal!"

“Greg...” Mycroft sounded pleading. “Greg!”

“Get off!” Greg cried. Mycroft’s scent was overwhelming, a smoke and whiskey fog. Greg felt... docile. He felt a yearning to placate the Alpha...

“Greg... you are mine...” Mycroft scented his neck, his teeth sinking into the tender flesh painfully.

“Stop!” Greg shouted fighting his Omega instinct to yeild. He struggled, dislodging Mycroft's jaw from his scent gland. Teeth scraped torturously across his neck and Greg cried out. The very real pain scared him, panicked him, woke him from the haze. They grappled, Greg trying to wrestle loose, but Mycroft seemed immovable. He managed to free an arm and struck out wildly. His fist connected with Mycroft's ribs, but the Alpha barely seemed to feel it. Greg hit him again — not the controlled slap he used when they had sex, Greg punched Mycroft with his fist, flailing at the Alpha desperately. A red fist-sized shape bloomed on Mycroft’s face. His lip was split and bloody.

“Let me go!” Greg demanded. He bucked against Mycroft as hard as he could, and finally managed to twist away, shoving the Alpha off him.

“Where are you going?” Mycroft demanded, grabbing for his arm. “We aren’t finished here.”

Greg turned on him, unwilling to let the Alpha have the upper hand again, unwilling to slow and let his treacherous instincts assert themselves. His powerful boxer’s stance was as threatening as Mycroft’s Alpha aggression. “You’re wrong, Mycroft. We are finished.” He snapped. Before Mycroft could assail him again, Greg took the offensive and shoved the Alpha against the door frame, pinning the taller man by the neck. “We’re definitely finished! Why would I stay with someone who doesn’t trust me? Who tries to...” He stopped himself, repulsed and more than a little frightened. He pushed away from the Alpha, freeing Mycroft.

“Greg...!” Mycroft’s icy demeanor finally cracked.

“Don’t! Just... don’t.” Greg shouted and swiftly left the study. He strode across the hall and yanked open the street door.

“Wait!” Mycroft hissed. He followed the Omega but stopped as soon as the door opened, shying from it like a vampire from sunlight — unwilling, apparently, to make their row public to even the smallest degree.

Greg stalked out the door without closing it, without looking back, abandoning his briefcase and overnight bag. His fury carried him down the block at a good clip. He took the first turning wanting to be out of sight of the townhouse. Not that that meant Mycroft couldn’t see him — he spotted several CCTV cameras along the way.

He walked briskly for a long time, smoking through half his pack of fags. He avoided people as much as possible, staying off high streets, trying to clear his head. After a while, his phone began to buzz incessantly. Greg ignored it as long as he could then snatched it from his pocket and gripped it furiously. With great difficulty, he restrained himself from smashing it to pieces. He turned it off instead.

He glowered at the closest camera as he stuffed the phone back in his pocket.
It infuriated him that he couldn’t escape the ever-present CCTV cameras. As law enforcement, he relied on them... but it’s not like he’d ever used them to track someone he knew! John had hinted once that Mycroft had the run of them, but Greg hadn’t given it much credence. Clearly, he should have.

He lit another cigarette and kept walking. He wanted a drink rather desperately, but if he had one, he didn’t think he could stop. Greg could not afford to lower his inhibitions, not with his Omega instincts in overdrive.

Greg had been looking forward to this evening... out dancing with Meaghan, half in the bag, he’d longed to have Mycroft as his partner on the dance floor. He’d told Meaghan a little about the Alpha. Not much, just that he’d been seeing someone special and it was going well.

_Had_ been going well.

Mycroft had been so altered tonight — so angry and jealous. Threatening, physically aggressive — Greg had _never_ seen him that way. He’d seen plenty of _other_ Alphas lose control, he was a copper after all — fully eighty plus percent of perps were Alphas who couldn’t control their base instincts.

But his prim, straightlaced My... Greg had never dreamed...

Did Mycroft _actually_ think he was going out with other people when he was out of town!? Was he so blinded by jealousy that he couldn’t see the truth!? Just because Meaghan was an Alpha? At least half of Greg’s friends and coworkers were Alphas!

The video wasn’t even incriminating — Meaghan was a bit touchy-feely, but in a friendly way. It was one of the things Greg liked about her — after his parents had died, before My, no one had given him much affection, casual or otherwise. Meaghan’s warm physicality had been a godsend!

It was ridiculous! If Mycroft’s assistant — or Mycroft himself! — had bothered to do a background on her, they’d have discovered she was gay and married to a Beta woman. Not that the “enterprising” assistant should have been mucking about in their boss’s private life anyway!

Slowly Greg’s fury began to dim into a sense of wounded ill-use and creeping guilt — he _had_ struck My in the face, and he hadn’t pulled his punch. He’d broken their agreement that he’d never break the Alpha's skin — an agreement that pertained to the consensual activities of their sex life, and this had been neither. Still, he shouldn’t have split Mycroft's lip. He shouldn't have punched him so hard. He’d been panicked... but he should have found some other way to escape the Alpha... to neutralise him.

But what he wasn’t going to do — _ever_ — was put up with that Alpha shite!

Alphas… they were a double-edged sword. Greg had never been happier than when Mycroft held him. There was just something about being with him — with the _right_ Alpha — that filled him up. He’d been starving before Mycroft, he knew that now. His touch, his scent, they affected him like nothing else ever could. How would he continue on without the banquet of Alpha touch? He felt sick.

It was after moonrise, the dark streets lit eerily. Greg was footsore and emotionally exhausted, the inevitable pain from his first real break-up threatening to crash down and cripple him. His lungs felt thick and there was a lump in his throat that made it hard to breath...

A van screeched to a halt on the pavement next to him, the doors flew open and three Alphas jumped out. Before Greg could even react, they had surrounded him.
“What’s this, then?” He asked. “Mycroft send you?” As soon as he said it Greg knew it couldn’t be true — Mycroft would send Betas. He’d be instinctually uncomfortable for Greg to be in the custody of Alphas. So who *had* sent them? He hoped vainly they were just random thugs after his wallet.

“See! I told you he was The Iceman’s Beta bitch.” The smaller of the two men exclaimed.

“Who’s asking?” Greg demanded. One of Mycroft’s enemies, plainly.

“You’ll find out soon enough.” The big man facing him said. He pulled an evil looking stun baton from his belt.

What would Mycroft’s enemies hope to gain by kidnapping Greg? They had to know that Mycroft would obliterate them if *anything* happened to him. “You know I’m a copper. Maybe you should just get back in your van and go.”

The woman laughed. “Bet you’d like that.” She said and shoved him towards the big man.

He hadn’t expected the shove — stumbling forward, Greg's fight training kicked in. Instead of trying to check his momentum, he pushed into it, slamming into the big man. He got his hands on the stun baton and twisted it hard, dislodging it from the surprised man's grip. The man started to pull back and Greg head butted him, feeling the man's nose crunch against his forehead. Getting a better hold on the stun baton, his fingers found the ‘on’ switch and he flicked it to life, and simultaneously jerked away from the bigger man — he had grabbed hold of the live end and Greg didn’t want to be touching him when the electricity jolted through his body.

The stun baton dropped the big man to his knees. Greg now had sole possession. Swiftly, he flipped it underhand, pointing the live end in the opposite direction and jabbed it backwards under his arm, blindly aiming for the woman. By some miracle, it made contact and dropped her as well.

Before he could swing around to face him, the smaller man jumped on his back. Greg hurled the stun baton away — too great a risk he’d be shocked now.

Greg felt the man’s arm around his neck, cutting into his air. Automatically, he grabbed the arm and ducked down, squirming around. The man still had him in a head lock, but now Greg’s cheek was pressed to the man’s belly — he wouldn’t suffocate. He punched the man in the dick as hard as he could, once, twice, then sprung back as the man’s arm loosened. The man doubled over and Greg kicked the back of his knee, collapsing him to the ground.

He wished desperately that he had his handcuffs, but he never carried them off-duty. He put a couple metres between himself and his attackers and felt for his phone. The big man was already trying to struggle to his feet, snuffling through his broken and bloody nose. Greg swore when he saw that he’d turned his mobile off. He pressed the button and waited impatiently for it to boot up, retreating halfway down the block as the big man staggered upright, blinking. His mobile wanted his eight-digit passcode. Greg cursed out loud and swiped for an emergency call.

As the big man saw him and started forwards, another van screeched to a halt next to the first one and more tough-looking people began to spill out.

"Fuck!" Greg said, He shoved the phone back in his pocket and began to run.

He could hear the tattoo of feet behind him. He searched desperately for an escape, taking in the buildings, the street names... the street names! Abruptly he knew where to go.

Greg pelted down the street and dodged into a narrow mews — an alley, basically, behind several flat blocks. He sprinted full out in the shadow of the buildings, hoping his dark coat would conceal
him. Hearing running footsteps behind him, he rounded a corner at full speed, his lungs already bursting, and caught sight of a white van at the intersection. They were hunting him! He streaked across the road into the mews opposite — out of the corner of his eye, he saw the van brake and turn towards him. In the darkest shadow — praying the van or his pursuers hadn't reached the second mews yet — he leapt a short garden fence and darted between the buildings, perpendicular to the mews. Greg emerged in front of a nail salon and restaurant, both closed at this hour. He ran across the street, and searched for a way through the buildings on the other side that the van couldn’t follow. Three houses down he found a narrow walk between the looming brick walls. He scuttled through without looking back. He emerged on a familiar street. It was deserted.

He was completely out of breath, staggering and wheezing — internally cursing his smoking habit — but he didn't dare stop now. A primal fear of being hunted by an Alpha pack had roared to life as he ran and everything within him was screaming for him to run. RUN! HIDE! Run to his Alpha! His Alpha would protect him!

He forced himself to be still, sheltering in the shadow of a building, and took careful stock.

Row upon row of nice two- and three-flats and small businesses lined the road. The street was quiet for the moment and he was so close to his goal... did he dare go for it? He could see it from where he stood, Speedy's was dark but there was light shining from the second floor windows! Someone was awake! He wouldn't have to rouse anyone! It would only take two minutes!

RUN! The urge was almost overwhelming, to sprint to the safe haven and pound on the door...

No, the hunting Alphas were too close... just around the corner... less... if any of them had seen him jump the fence!

Greg crept, as quietly as he could, along the street away from his goal, glancing down the stairs in the pavement that lead to garden apartments below street level — every house had one. He quickly chose one that was was dark, no light shone from the flat. Down the stairs, he pressed himself to the wall opposite the door to the flat, where the streetlights didn't reach.

He tried to control his breathing, counting out breaths, slowing them — he didn't want his panting to give him away. But now that he'd stopped moving, he needed to hurl his guts from the anaerobic effort of sprinting full-out. He focussed on the cool cement against his face as his stomach cramped and tried to keep it together. Greg prayed that his scent wasn’t strong enough to give him away. Alpha sense of smell wasn't as acute as Omega, but Alphas were hunters... they were good at sniffing out their prey...

Greg cursed the moonlight. He felt exposed and nervy, an excess of adrenaline still pumping through his veins. The pack was coming! He crouched down and wriggled into the tight space under the stairs, huddling like a small animal. If they found him here, he was well and truly trapped. He pulled his foot into the shadow, wincing at the scuffing sound. He waited.

He heard it then, a vehicle driving slowly down the street.

Greg strained to hear. Then there were footsteps! More than one person, close! Right above him! He held his breath.

"Where'd the bitch go?" Greg recognised the voice, the smaller man that had jumped on his back.

Another voice. "To the brother, obviously. He lives right there."

Greg swore silently. He listened to the footsteps cross the road, fade, and dared to breathe again. The
vehicle had stopped... there were voices... a discussion... Greg wished he could make out what they were saying.

The voices died, but the vehicle didn't move. He was cold, the sweat on his skin unpleasant in the chill air. A car door slammed. Then another. Greg listened, tense and shivering. More footsteps receding. There was a change... the vehicle engine had stopped. They were parked, camped out in front of 221 Baker Street.

Greg settled in for a long wait, huddling down into his coat. The cement was cold under his bum, leeching the heat from his body. He was so stupid! He should have run in the opposite direction! Run away from Sherlock and John's flat... The import of his assailants knowing Sherlock and John hit him — was this Moriarty!? It had to be! Greg felt even colder.

Could he risk a call? A text? The light from his phone might shine up through the stairs, giving him away. As he sat there, cramped and cold, his shivering increased and his teeth began chattering. He clamped his mouth shut and dug out his phone. He turned the sound off, then unbuttoned his coat, wrestled his arms out of the sleeves, and pulled it over his head as well as he could. He hid the phone under the coat and thumbed it to life. He opened his texting app and chose Sherlock.

**don't look, there's a van outside your flat. Attacked me. Alphas. Moriarty? Call Met, arrest people in van. Pls hurry.**

**Where are you? SH**

**hiding. cold. call cops!**

**stay there — police on the way**

Oh thank goodness!

Greg waited. Minutes passed slowly. He tucked his freezing hands under his arms, ducking down into his coat as far as he could. It was interminable. His mind wandered to Mycroft, to the ugly row... how different tonight was supposed to be. He had so been looking forward to it. Mycroft would have told him funny stories over dinner about the Americans, imitating their flat accents and ridiculous sense of superiority and entitlement. They would have laughed and laughed together. Then they would have gone upstairs and shut the bedroom door and he would have unwrapped the Alpha like a gift, one garment at a time, feeling his furred skin sliding against his own...

How had he ended up here, huddled in a concrete stairwell, cold and terribly alone? Hunted by an Alpha pack almost certainly sent by James Moriarty.

He'd never met Moriarty, yet he felt he knew the man. Greg had read through the case notes for the riot, for the swimming pool, for the whorehouse and infirmary often, going over the descriptions of the little man with the huge personality. Mycroft had been frustrated by his repeated failure to catch the villain, growing to respect his intelligence and cunning. The captive Omegas were terrified of him. HIs scent... Sherlock had said it too, Moriarty's scent was evil. Was it a coincidence? The row tonight and then the attack? Or had it somehow been orchestrated?

Greg was feeling panicky, paranoid. Why wasn't anything happening?! Maybe he could sneak up the stairs to street level and slip away without the Alphas in the van noticing. He was getting desperate enough to try it despite his instinctual urge to make himself as small and unobtrusive as possible.

He wanted his Alpha! His Alpha would protect him from the pack! His Alpha would hold him and
comfort him until he felt safe again... and warm... Greg swore fitfully. He had to remember he didn't HAVE an Alpha! Greg would never have an Alpha. Greg took care of himself. He was fine! He was fine...

He was so cold... so very, very cold. He wanted a cigarette more than he wanted to breathe.

Finally! Finally he heard cars turn onto Baker Street, heard the comforting sound of voices squawking on walkie-talkies as car doors slammed and footsteps sounded. He heard a metallic knocking — a copper knocking on the van door? Then someone was demanding that everyone exit the van. Greg breathed a sigh of relief. More cars on the street, more voices and footsteps overlapping. An argument. As cold as he was, Greg didn't move. He had to be sure it was safe. He didn't want the Alphas in the van to see him. They were dangerous.

Then Sherlock's imperious voice. "...MI5...brother sent you, no doubt. Well...him..." Greg exhaled a breath he must have been holding. Sherlock's voice... he could have cried with relief. He felt better, stronger. More himself.

"Sir, could you please go back inside?" The woman's voice was loud, official. "We have this in hand."

Mycroft's people. Mycroft's loud, argumentative people. Of course, they were here. The only question was whether Mycroft had been watching Greg on CCTV the whole time or if MI5 was automatically triggered whenever police were called to Baker Street. After tonight, would Mycroft send his agents to help Greg?

Footsteps approached Greg's hiding place. He froze. It was probably safe now... but the last thing he wanted was to be carted back to Mycroft by bloody MI5 agents.

"I recognise this one." Sherlock again, closer. "Agent... Agent whatever, I've seen this woman before. It's imperative that you question her about James Moriarty."

Greg's blood froze.

The name had an immediate effect — all the footsteps converged near the van. There was intense conversation, clipped, staccato orders and car doors slamming. Then the sound of vehicles starting and driving away.

There was still the sound of coppers. Still footsteps and walkie talkies, but the intensity had gone down about twenty notches. He could hear Sherlock's voice, he sounded superior and bored.

Things quieted down. More cars drove away. Silence. Greg waited... did he dare come out? The Omega inside of him was insisting he stay hidden. In the course of his work, he'd seen Betas frozen with fear — easy pickings for an Alpha predator. He could not decide which was wisest right now — to stay or attempt to go.

A lone set of footsteps approached. Greg held his breath, adrenaline again shooting through his veins. Had the cops missed one of them?! There were two vans, had the other found him!?

"They're gone, Lestrade. Just your mates from the Met here now." Sherlock's voice!

How did Sherlock know where... Greg dismissed the thought. Didn't matter how. He slowly uncurled, stretching his stiff legs and creeping out from under the stairs. He pulled himself unsteadily to his feet and dragged himself up the steps, his legs prickling painfully as blood began to flow through them once more.
Sherlock took one look at him and his shoulders dropped. “Already?” He exclaimed, scoffing. Then he stripped off his Belstaff coat and threw it over Greg’s shoulders. Sherlock stood there for a moment in his pyjamas, t-shirt and blue dressing gown — reminding Greg painfully of his older brother — then took Greg by the arm and pulled him down the street towards his flat.

The street was empty but for one panda car sitting by the van. Waiting for the tow-truck no doubt. The uniformed coppers inside watched them, but didn't leave the warmth of their car.

Sherlock flung his front door open. “Come in, then.” The Omega started up the stairs without waiting for Greg to cross the threshold.

Greg followed him numbly, closing and locking the street door, with only the briefest glance at the CCTV camera opposite.

“What did he do?” Sherlock asked, crossly, when Greg joined him in the lounge. He thrust a warm mug of tea into his hand.

“What? Moriarty? They came out of nowhere...” Greg was confused. The room was wonderfully warm and the mug heated his numb hands. He sipped the tea and began to feel better. He shed the Belstaff reluctantly, still shivering.

“No, Mycroft, of course. My delightful brother. You’ve rowed. Obvious. What did he do?”

The horrible row with Mycroft came crashing back into his consciousness. He swallowed his shudder with a gulp of tea. “How do you know it was Mycroft? It could have been me.” Greg said feeling unaccountably defensive of his erstwhile lover.

Sherlock scoffed loudly. “No, it couldn’t. Mycroft is a compulsively interfering git. That’s why the government runs as smoothly as it does — Mycroft interferes. But you can’t run a relationship like you run the government, my brother doesn’t comprehend that. He never has. I knew he would ruin it.” Sherlock waited a moment, watching Greg drink his tea down. At length, he decided Greg wasn’t going to respond. He turned away and picked up his violin. “You’re dead on your feet. There’s a second bedroom upstairs. You’re welcome to sleep there.”

Greg nodded. “Yeah. Ta.” Greg was dead on his feet.

“Don’t go home until you’re ready to see him again.” Sherlock advised, tuning the violin. “He’ll be waiting when you get there.”

For a second, Greg again thought he meant Moriarty. Then he understood that Sherlock meant his brother. Greg sighed, frustrated. If Mycroft was using the bloody CCTV cameras to follow him, he’d know exactly where Greg was, what had happened. But he hoped the presence of his brother would put him off another confrontation. Greg was not ready for that.

He climbed the stairs to the third floor. The room was spartan, nothing more than bed, chair, wardrobe, lamp and rug. But it was warm, the bed was made with a thick duvet, and Greg was tired. He stripped down to his pants and socks and crawled in curling in on himself for warmth. He had a pit in his stomach over Mycroft, and a lingering fear that the Alpha pack would find him, drag him out of bed. This was not the evening he’d expected...

As DC Greg Lestrade slowly warmed under the heavy duvet, he listened to the gentle strains of Sherlock’s violin. He surprised himself by drifting off into sleep.
Yowza! You'll recall that John had a fit of Alpha jealousy back in Biology and the Consulting Detective — fortunately he realized what was happening before it got so bad and took himself off to talk to his friend and mentor James Sholto. Mycroft's instincts seem to have had ample time to run wild before the confrontation with Greg.

An eventful evening! Moriarty’s people took advantage — finding Greg alone and moving in! Good thing Greg’s a bad motherfucker!

Herman Ze German - it’s delicious! http://www.hermanzegerman.com/

Next week - WHAT WILL HAPPEN!? Will Mycroft realize he's a complete moron? Or will he double down? Can Greg ever forgive him? Should he? And why does Moriarty want Greg!?

Sherlock DID predict Mycroft would singlehandedly sink his relationship with Greg. But I don’t think he’s happy to be proven correct.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

And now, Mycroft's POV.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Mycroft Holmes closed his front door carefully, his teeth gritted so hard his jaw ached. He wanted to run after Greg, bring him back into the townhouse. *Keep him there.* He wanted Greg to apologise, *needed* him to apologise... to tell Mycroft the other Alpha had simply been a bid for attention... to beg Mycroft to forgive him... to hold him...

The astonished stares of the people on the sidewalk had been a cold bucket of water... chasing Greg down the street — that was out of the question.

He’d spent the lion’s share of the flight back from America anticipating this evening’s reunion with Greg. He’d texted the Omega as soon as his plane had touched down at Heathrow. Greg’s response had made him feel giddy inside. He had fallen hard for the Detective and, confident in Greg’s reciprocation, he allowed himself the indulgence.

In the car home, he’d taken up his tablet to see what had developed whilst he was out of contact. He hadn’t seen the video right away, it was quite low in the queue. He was halfway home when he’d clicked on it. He had sat frozen as it played out in front of him...

At home Mycroft went directly to the small toilet near the garage entry and vomited. He felt feverish, kneeling in front of the commode, his saliva production in overdrive, his stomach roiling despite having emptied itself thoroughly into the porcelain bowl. He waited there for long minutes, retching and spitting. He listened to his driver carrying his luggage into the house, greeting the cook, then continuing upstairs. Mycroft waited until he was certain his body was finished attempting to expel whatever fluid and bile remained inside him.

He stood carefully, washed his hands and face, and rinsed his mouth. Then Mycroft ventured into his kitchen.

“Welcome home, Mr. Mycroft.” Mrs. Farthingale called. “Did you want the pork loin for dinner or those bangers and mash Greg likes? What time do you expect him?”

Mycroft felt his stomach revolting again and only held himself together with the force of his considerable will. “Mrs. Farthingale...” He began. He swallowed down his gorge and kept his hands at his sides despite the sweat breaking out on his brow. “Mrs. Farthingale, I’m afraid I’m too ill for dinner.”

“Oh, Mr. Mycroft —” She began, but he cut her off.

“Can you please send everyone home and then take the evening off yourself. Immediately.”

She stared at him for a moment, clearly wanting to dote on him, remedy his ills. He was viciously grateful that she refrained. “Of course, sir.” Mrs. Farthingale quickly tidied the kitchen and left the
room. Mycroft sank down into a chair at the breakfasting table in the conservatory. He realised he was gripping his umbrella so hard his knuckles were white.

When the house was empty, Mycroft went into his study. His briefcase was on his desk, placed there by Greene or his driver before they’d left. Mycroft unlocked it and removed his laptop. He plugged it in to charge and booted it up, his body performing the actions automatically whilst his mind numbly buzzed.

He called up the video again. Before watching it, he confirmed who’d sent it, pursuing the identity through to the IP address. It was almost certainly from who it appeared to be from: one of his many personal assistants, one he’d had for several years. She’d been thoroughly vetted before she’d been hired, but Mycroft flagged her for investigation. If she was a plant of some kind, placed by political opponents — or worse, by Moriarty (a thought so terrible it made his body want to void itself all over again) — Mycroft would know within a few hours.

Then he played the video, searching for the tiny tell-tale inconsistencies that would mean it had been doctored, manufactured. He found none.

His fury sickened him again and he retched into the dustbin. Hatred for the other Alpha was curling around his stomach, crawling up this throat, making his teeth ache and his fingers itch. He swallowed it down.

Methodically, Mycroft accessed the CCTV program on his laptop. He navigated through the myriad neighbourhoods, the tens of thousands of cameras until he found the one that had shot the first section of the video outside the pub. He rewound back to Saturday afternoon... and there he was. Greg. *His* Greg! *Kissing the other Alpha,* smiling at her brightly, so happy to see her... how often had Greg smiled at *him* like that? And Mycroft had never detected the pretence that must have been there!

Or was this new Alpha... better... than him somehow? Did Greg prefer females? Quite a few male Omegas did. Or had she interfered... tempted him, tricked him? Forced him? Why else would Greg choose her over Mycroft?!

*He would taste her blood!!*

Mycroft watched the hated Alpha wrap her arm around Greg’s shoulders and lean in to whisper in his ear intimately as she guided him into the pub, her hand dropping to the small of his back and lingering as they went through the door...

The pain... Mycroft felt as if his heart had burst. How had Greg taken him in so completely? How had he feigned the emotion that had seemed so unambiguous... *he would rip that interloping Alpha limb from bloody limb!!*

Sentiment. Love. Mummy had been right, he should have been at pains to avoid it. It was nothing but a chemical defect... a hormonal anachronism... a *disadvantage...*

Had someone created Greg Lestrade? Training the Omega meticulously, masquerading him as a Beta, dangling him in front of Mycroft... even his discovery of Greg’s secret planned all along — is that why he’d been abducted along with Sherlock? To make certain Mycroft would uncover his clandestine identity?

*Was Greg Moriarty’s creature?! Was Moriarty the REAL Alpha in Greg’s life?!!*  

Everything within him rebelled at the thought. But Mycroft couldn’t dismiss it. He tasted bile.
If he were wrong, if Greg was exactly what he seemed, having him investigated would ruin him. Even with the evidence of the policeman’s cheating in front of him, Mycroft couldn’t bring himself to take that step. Greg was a personal matter and Mycroft would treat him as such, honouring his promise to keep the Omega’s secret... until he had certain evidence of treachery.

For a moment, Mycroft loathed his weakness. Sentiment! How had he allowed himself to fall victim!? Then his rage at the other Alpha asserted itself — Mycroft would fight for Greg! Mycroft would have him!

He received the text telling him that Greg had arrived at the townhouse. Mycroft composed himself as well as he could and went to the front door...

After Greg had fled, Mycroft’s fury momentarily morphed into self-loathing. He’d been so focussed on keeping Greg here, he’d tried to force him to stay. He had put his hands on Greg with angry intent... and then he had become aroused? It was disgusting. He was disgusting.

Mycroft felt profoundly confused — this wasn’t like him. He had to think this through! He had to break the problem down. He forced himself to set aside the competing Alpha for the moment and consider the most important issue first: had Greg been sent by Mycroft’s enemies to spy on him? Could he have been sent by Moriarty?

His mind rebelled at the idea. Either Greg was the best trained operative he’d ever seen, or he was authentic. If Greg hadn’t been an Omega, Mycroft would be satisfied. But as he’d recently learned, Omegas were capable of far more than he’d been taught to believe.

His stomach churning, Mycroft returned to his laptop and began his own investigation of Greg Lestrade, being careful to cover his tracks — guilty or innocent, he didn’t want his footprints to lead anyone else to the Omega.

He’d done this all before. None of the information he uncovered was new. No matter which way he went at it, nothing was suspect. Nothing was out of place. Nothing was too easy. He kept at it until he was completely satisfied that Greg was exactly what he said he was. Mycroft’s relief was palpable — he felt tears on his cheek as he wept with the reprieve. Whether or not falling for Greg had been foolish, it hadn’t made him a villain’s pawn.

Mycroft slumped at his desk... the same desk where Greg had held him down and fucked him... and pet and kissed him so tenderly... all those months ago when they had just been beginning… the agony of Greg’s betrayal washed through him again. He wanted to curl up tightly in his sheets and sob. But he couldn’t go to bed, the bed he so often shared with the Omega. Their bed.

He loved Greg. He still loved Greg.

Mycroft was galled. Sentiment was insidious, weaving its tendrils through the very fibre of his being. He loved Greg and he wanted him. Mycroft felt the flames of rage reignite for the interloping Alpha. How dare she even look at Mycroft’s Omega!? Let alone touch him! Attempt to seduce him! Mycroft would kill her! He would taste her blood! He would rip her throat out with his teeth!!

He shook himself, forced himself to think. The surge of Alpha hormones had transformed his pain into fury against the competing Alpha. Evolutionarily it made sense — it preserved the precious Omega and ensured he would be bred by only the strongest Alpha. But that had no place in the modern world.
No, Mycroft needed to focus on Greg, not the competing Alpha.

Why had Greg denied it? At the time, Mycroft had simply thought Greg was employing offense as his defence, attacking Mycroft instead of owning up. But had he? Other than his one great secret, Greg was not given to obfuscation.

Mycroft isolated an image of the Alpha on the video, took a screenshot and put it through for facial identification. Fewer than seventeen seconds passed before Mycroft had her entire life history at his fingertips.

Meaghan Fraser was thirty years old, an Alpha with a Beta sire and an Alpha dam. She grew up in Bedfordshire and had come to London ten years previous. She had been a forensic technician for Scotland Yard for seven years. She was popular at work, diligent, swift and accurate, and had received two commendations. Mycroft sifted through her life, noting patterns — from early teens, she had been romantically involved only with other females, mostly Beta, but several Alphas. For the past four years she’d lived with a Beta woman. They’d married two years prior. Fraser had a large pool of friends, mostly male, Alpha and Beta. She was a football fan and favoured the team to which Greg was partial. She often watched football games at the Horse and Carriage with friends.

Greg had said they were just friends.

But Greg had kissed her! And not fleetingly. It was not a light press against the cheek or a quick peck. Greg’s strong arms had wrapped around her, enveloping her in his embrace, their bodies aligning. Their mouths had met enthusiastically... She had touched his Omega!

His Alpha instincts surged again. Mycroft wrestled them down. He realised, belatedly, that it was possible his base instincts were hindering him from seeing the situation clearly. Mycroft felt fully capable right now of murdering Meaghan Fraser — he’d even noted her address and schedule more or less unconsciously. No, he definitely wasn’t acting rationally.

He’d not gone about this properly. He needed to talk to Greg.

Mycroft pressed the button on his phone that direct-dialled Greg. It rang through to voicemail. Mycroft hung up and rang again. And again. It was clear by then that Greg was not answering, but Mycroft rang again.

Abruptly, Mycroft felt exhausted. Why wasn’t Greg here with him, his warm body pressed to Mycroft’s under the duvet, his wonderful, sweet Omega scent infusing the air around them?

WHAT HAD HE DONE!?

Mycroft lit a cigarette. The nicotine calmed him somewhat. He watched the video through again. He hated Greg’s familiarity with her, begrudged every touch, every laugh and smile. He ground his teeth as she fed him, her fingers in his mouth! He loathed her. He found himself measuring her movements, looking for weaknesses he could exploit in hand-to-hand combat — all evidence of his base Alpha nature, his ridiculously aggressive hormones, influencing him.

He started the video over again, writing down in unemotional language what he saw happening, stopping the video to note exact timings. It filled him with so much rage, his pen dug deep furrows in the paper as he wrote.

He closed his laptop and read through his notes, crossing out value judgments and evidence of emotional reactions. The result... Mycroft blinked. The result was not what he’d expected. The kiss had not lasted nearly as long as it had seemed. There were fewer touches and they were all,
excepting when she had fed him with her fingers, on less intimate parts of the body — arms, shoulders, backs. Stripped of the visual, the smiles and laughter read as friendly instead of lascivious.

Mycroft hung his head. He’d never succumbed to his base nature like this before! Not even when he’d presented. He’d always been remarkably controlled. It was terrifying to learn that a rage-filled murderer lived inside him.

He thought about how he’d acted with Greg, and he was so ashamed.

He was going to fire the assistant who had sent this. No, he was going to ruin her. What was she thinking, mucking about in his private life?!

He rang Greg again. He was shifted directly to voicemail. Mycroft swore.

He’d been so angry. So cruel.

That couldn’t be the last time he spoke to Greg. Even if he couldn’t fix this, he couldn’t let that be how Greg remembered him.

Mycroft realised that he was confident that he could fix this. Completely confident. But this wasn’t work — he couldn’t exert subtle pressure here and pull a bit of support there to ensure his success. He couldn’t bribe or blackmail Greg back into his arms. His confidence was foolish. Hubris would be his downfall. Hubris and his base instincts.

Mycroft called Greg again. And again.

He was beginning to worry. Yes, Greg Lestrade was more than capable of defending himself. He could overpower Mycroft with ease — even enraged and full of aggressive hormones, Mycroft hadn’t been able to hold onto Greg. He was strong, a boxer, trained to fight...

But he wasn’t answering his phone.

Yes, Mycroft had upset him, made him angry, he had plenty of reason to avoid his calls right now... but still...

Cursing himself, Mycroft reopened his laptop and navigated back to the CCTV program. The image of Meaghan Fraser was still there, and Mycroft’s guts twisted with rage. He quickly restarted the program, obliterating her face.

He found the familiar camera view of his townhouse and backed it up until he saw Greg fling his door open angrily. More time had passed than he realised — it had been hours since they’d rowed.

He followed Greg’s progress as he stalked through London. Mycroft hadn’t needed to worry — Greg’s fury made him dangerous, a predator, not prey. More than one person crossed the street to avoid him. If Greg noticed, he showed no sign.

But he was an Omega. Greg was more vulnerable than he appeared. Mycroft felt the overwhelming urge to protect the handsome man rush over him. He needed to bring Greg here and keep him here.

He was doing it again! Why hadn’t Alphas learned to overcome these obsolete impulses? Mycroft felt irrational and out of control.

It was clear Greg had no destination in mind — he was not heading towards his flat. He wandered through the city, avoiding high streets when possible, seeking solitude in his travels. As Mycroft’s perusal of the CCTV footage at double and quadruple speed got closer to the current time and Greg
continued to walk, a white panel van passed him... hadn’t he seen that before? Mycroft slowed and
memorised the white van’s registration and markings. He backed the video up and found another
white panel van drive past Greg. He noted the registration number. It was the same van. He fast
forwarded back to the second pass and viewed the video intently, watching for it to circle back for
Greg a third time...

When he saw it, it came to a sudden halt and three people, two men and a woman — all dressed in
the kind of pseudo combat gear that mercs and wannabes sport — jumped out. Mycroft watched in
horror as they surrounded Greg…

Mycroft compared the time stamp on the video to his phone — Greg had been accosted over an hour
before! No matter how quickly he got help to Greg, he would be too late! He dialled anyway,
watching them stand there — they were talking.

As Mycroft relayed information to the person on the other end of the phone, Greg dispatched first
one and then another of his assailants in quick succession — he made it look easy!

Mycroft swelled with pride — with all his alpha aggression, he could not have done that! Maybe
Mrs. Farthingale could but she was a highly trained agent. After what happened at the brothel,
Mycroft thought that John Watson might manage it too. But Greg! His Greg!

The third assailant gave Greg more trouble. Mycroft held his breath as he watched, certain that the
Omega would be subdued and taken… but Greg bent and twisted, quickly reversing his position and
then his attacker let him go, doubling over! Greg had the man on the ground — it had taken no
longer than twenty-five seconds. The entire episode had taken little more than a minute.

Greg pulled out his phone to call for help, retreating down the block. He looked nervy. Mycroft
could not blame him. He was beside himself just watching!

The biggest of Greg’s assailants was getting to his feet — Mycroft shouted a warning before
remembering Greg couldn’t hear him.

Greg began running down the street, the big man chasing him. And another white van pulled up next
to the first! Four more ‘mercs’ piled out and helped the smaller man and the woman to their feet.
Two began running after Greg, the rest returned to the vans.

Mycroft didn’t think Greg had had time to ring for help. He was out there on his own!

As the van started to move, Mycroft searched nearby cameras for Greg. He saw him turn into an
alley out of camera range. He returned to the van and watched in fast forward as it trolled for Greg.
Abruptly it stopped and turned down another street. Mycroft slowed and switched cameras and saw
one of Greg’s pursuers stop and wave at the van before plunging back into a darkened alley.

Mycroft stayed with the van — he would tell his agents its ultimate location. He was desperate to see
Greg. If they hurt him…

The van turned onto Baker Street and Mycroft’s heart dropped. He knew now what he would see:
Greg going to Sherlock’s and the people in the van taking both of them!

In horror, Mycroft watched. He would kill each and every one of these people. He would find out
who had sent them… Moriarty! This was Moriarty! The photos, the passive threats… if anything
happened to Greg or his brother, Mycroft would not rest until he’d tracked Moriarty down and ripped
his heart from his chest. He would not escape Mycroft again!

He watched at double-speed as the people chasing on foot re-joined the van. There was a
discussion... then two climbed into the van and it parked in front of his brother’s flat. The other two walked away — to the other van? Mycroft swore and redialled the secure number. He was assured that people were on the way. Mycroft tasked the man on the phone with finding and following the second white van. He rang off and stared at the van in front of 221 Baker Street. Where was Greg!?

He opened a second window and navigated to the scene of the attack. He watched Greg take out the three attackers a second time, it thrilled him all over again. He followed Greg’s progress into the alley — the mews — where he’d lost sight of him. He moved a street over, where the man had waved at the van and backed up. There! There was Greg pelting across the street into the mews opposite. Two men chased him into the mews, the third waved at the approaching van.

Mycroft found a camera on the next street over. Two of the men emerged from the mews and looked around, one continued on, the other turned back. Mycroft rewound. No, Greg had not come out that side. He returned to the second street and re-watched them run into the mews, flag down the van, and then dash into the shadows. He watched... no one reappeared, not Greg or his pursuers. Greg had run into the mews and disappeared.

Motion in the first window caught his attention. The police had finally arrived at his brother’s flat! He watched them surround the van — the video playing double time, the police moving in jerky fast motion — and methodically pull three people out, handcuff them and escort them into the back of a Police lorry.

Then a black sedan pulled up and out spewed MI5 agents — a disturbance at his brother’s home would automatically summon them. Mycroft noted how long it had taken them to arrive and made a mental note to speak to their superiors. He watched them attempt to take over the scene, watched Sherlock emerge from his flat — alone! What was John Watson thinking letting his brother wander around alone at night?! — and begin arguing with one of the agents. He watched the police yield to the agents who began to inspect the van and the area.

Sherlock flagged the agent in charge and said something that kicked everyone into high gear. Mycroft couldn’t help but smile a little as Sherlock facilitated first the agents and then the police into taking the suspects and then themselves away.

When there was only one car left — assigned to wait with the van, clearly — Sherlock took a walk alone. What was he doing? Mycroft switched to other cameras on Baker Street but couldn’t see him. He was outraged — there was a blind spot in the CCTV network near his brother’s flat!?!? Sherlock’s doing, no doubt! Mycroft would remedy that!

Sherlock was out of camera range for more than two minutes, long enough for Mycroft’s indignation over the blind spot to wane and his worry to blossom. Why wasn’t Watson with him!?? What good was the bondmate if he didn’t protect his Omega!?

But when Sherlock reappeared, he had Greg with him! Mycroft slowed the video down — Greg! Alive and seemingly uninjured! Sherlock had wrapped his own coat around Greg’s shoulders — he must be cold. Of course he was if he’d been concealed out-of-doors all that time...

Greg was safe! Mycroft felt relief weaken his limbs. He felt rubbery and unstable. Greg had been tough and resourceful. He’d fought and run and eluded his captors! He had saved himself! And thank god! If Greg had had to rely on the police — or Mycroft’s useless agents... or Mycroft — he could be tied up in the back of the van by now, going who knows where. Or dead. Greg could have been killed...

Suddenly Mycroft felt ill.
This was his fault! If he hadn’t acted so boorishly, Greg would never have left. Greg would be here, safe, with him now.

’I did that to him.’ Mycroft thought. ’I am to blame.’ He no longer felt the false confidence that he could win the Omega back. He didn’t deserve him.

Reflexively he’d wondered what Sherlock was doing outside his flat at night. Mycroft burned with shame — he’d let Greg walk off alone into the night! And then he felt even more shame for thinking strong, independent Omegas couldn’t take care of themselves — Greg had once again proved that he was more than capable.

Greg followed his brother inside 221 Baker Street. He turned to close the door and for a second Greg looked directly at Mycroft, a glare full of pain and rage and utter exhaustion. Mycroft couldn’t breathe.

’What have I done?’ He asked himself. ’What have I done?’

Greg closed the door.

Mycroft hit the fast forwarded again, watching the police sitting with the van…

Mycroft rang Greg. He hung up when he got voicemail. He rang his brother.

“Call me back.” He clipped out to Sherlock’s voicemail.

Mycroft watched the tape, staring at the light spilling from his brother’s flat. He rang Sherlock again.

Still no answer.

Mycroft swore colourfully. Why didn’t Sherlock understand!? He had to speak with Greg! He briefly considered ringing John Watson, appealing to him Alpha to Alpha, but he rejected the idea quickly. Mycroft could barely bring himself to admit his appalling behaviour to Sherlock — who had predicted it.

It was ridiculous! Sitting here, staring at the front of his brother’s building, vainly trying to get someone to pick up his call. Watching to see if Greg would leave or stay the night. Waiting for a cab to pull up…

Sherlock’s shadow appeared on the illuminated curtains of his flat. He was playing his violin. Greg was staying then. Mycroft quickly fast forwarded to real time, making sure no one had left the flat. As he texted his driver, Mycroft dictated instructions for his assistants to look into the two white panel vans, discover their trajectories, their origins, before they had accosted Greg.

The ride to his brother’s flat took fewer than twenty minutes at this time of night. He spent the time talking with his agents, determining the fate of the prisoners from the van, updates on the search for the second van, calling Sherlock’s phone…

“Drive around the block and wait. I don’t want you out front, but I may require you again tonight. I’ll text.”

“Yes, sir.”

Mycroft climbed from the car and watched it drive away. Then he pulled out a key and let himself into his brother’s front door. As he mounted the stairs, he heard Sherlock playing. Mycroft recognised the Debussy piece — he’d never heard Sherlock play the soothing music before. Was he
playing for Greg? Was Sherlock that sentimental?

Even that inspired a flare of jealousy in his breast. Ridiculous! Mycroft had nothing to fear from a bonded Omega — not in a competition for Greg’s affection!

Still, he took a moment to school his features before pushing open the door to Sherlock’s front room. The Omega was facing away from the door, leaning into the notes that fell from his instrument.

The music stopped. “You’re late.” Sherlock said without turning around.

“I didn’t realise I was expected.”

Sherlock snorted his disbelief and set his violin carefully in its case. Mycroft watched as he wiped it and his bow with a soft cloth, cleaning away the excess rosin. Sherlock loosened the bow slightly and laid it to rest with the violin. Only then did he turn to Mycroft. “You’ve lost your pretty goldfish.” Was all he said.

“Where is he?” Mycroft asked, already weary of his brother’s antics. He glanced around the small flat... a whisper of Greg’s faux vanilla scent lingered, but it wasn’t fresh... surely Greg wasn’t in the bedroom with John Watson!

“Calm down, brother mine. My Alpha has no interest in any other Omega. Especially when he believes him to be a Beta.”

“Where is he?” Mycroft repeated. Sherlock wasn’t lying — he could smell Watson on him. He loathed the way his base instincts took over, clouding his intellect. It made him feel slow and stupid — and at the same time it made him feel seductively powerful and alive.

“He left out the back five minutes after he arrived.”

“Come now Sherlock, you know I can always tell when you’re lying.”

“Not always.” Sherlock contradicted. “Alpha instincts are quite simple to manipulate.” Mycroft caught his brother’s surreptitious glance toward the bedroom he shared with his mate and despite Sherlock’s scent, certainty bloomed hot in his chest. He stalked across the room to the hall and flung open the bedroom door, his body priming to spring at Watson.

John Watson lay in the bed alone, sleeping soundly. Mycroft blinked and peered around the room anxiously.

“He’s not in the closet either but look if you must.” Mycroft jumped — he hadn’t heard Sherlock walk up behind him. Omegas didn’t register as a threat as far as his base instincts were concerned. Yet another survival strategy nature had given them. Omegas would make the perfect spies! Mycroft realised. Especially if they could pass as Betas like Greg...

The thought of Greg returned Mycroft to the matter at hand. He glared at his troublesome brother as he turned on his heel and walked to the lounge. “You’ve made your point. Where is Greg!?”

“I knew you’d drive him away. I didn’t expect it to be so soon though.” Sherlock actually sounded regretful.

Mycroft reached for a retort, but it eluded him. “I had hoped it would last longer too.” He sounded halting and sad, even to his own ears.

“What did you do?” The tone of the question wasn’t unkind.
Mycroft smirked unhappily. “I allowed my base instincts to be manipulated — not as difficult as I had presumed as you have so ably demonstrated. Whether it was a purposeful manipulation is yet to be determined.”

Sherlock nodded. “Why are you here?” He asked.

Wasn’t that obvious!? He was here for Greg! He’d announced that already, redundant as speaking it aloud had been... ah, Sherlock wanted to know what he would say to the Omega. Not that it was any of his business... but at the moment, Sherlock had information Mycroft needed...

Mycroft searched inside himself. Why, exactly, had he come? As much as he wanted to, he couldn’t by rights claim Greg Lestrade as his own. He doubted Greg would take him back after how he’d acted. But he had hurt Greg and that was simply intolerable. “To apologise.” Mycroft said softly. “And to assure him that I will continue to do everything in my power to safeguard his... position.”

His secret. Even here, knowing Sherlock knew — had known even before he had — Mycroft was cautious about saying too much.

Sherlock regarded him with pale eyes. A long time ago, those eyes had looked at Mycroft with adoration. He couldn’t remember exactly when that had changed. Sometime after their father had died and Mycroft had taken over his brother’s care. He had been too young, he’d blundered more than once, using a cudgel when a tap would have sufficed and tapping where he’d needed to bring his weight to bear. He had learned quickly... but not quickly enough for Sherlock.

“He’s sleeping,” Sherlock said finally. “Upstairs in the spare bedroom.”

The spare bedroom. Of course. Mycroft was really off his game tonight. He’d eschewed sentiment for so long, his learning curve was steeper than anticipated. He prayed he’d make less of a hash of it now than he had with Sherlock.

—

Greg woke all at once to the confusing knowledge that he was not in his own bed nor was he in Mycroft’s. For a second he thought the Alpha pack had got him… then the row came back to him, piercing through his memory and into his heart. It was hard to breathe around it.

As a cop, Greg had seen the results of the aggressive Alpha instincts all too often. He knew that they had been at play last night. He simply hadn’t expected it of Mycroft — he was always so measured, so composed... outside of sex anyway.

It was a joy to take such a fastidiously controlled person apart, piece by ruddy piece, until he was nothing but a shuddering mass of sensation beneath him. It was not so nice to be on the receiving end of that loss of control.

Greg covered his face with his hands. Sherlock had seemed certain that Mycroft would be waiting for him at his flat. Greg was not so sure. After some of the things they’d said and done last night, he doubted he’d ever see Mycroft again.

He stretched his limbs, yawning. He wasn’t looking forward to going downstairs and facing John and Sherlock. John especially — he’d want to know what happened, he couldn’t deduce it like his mate. Greg didn’t feel up to talking about it yet. Maybe he could dress and get downstairs and out the door before anyone noticed.
Anyone but the CCTV camera opposite.

Fear whispered through him. Would more of Moriarty’s people be waiting for him?

Greg sat up, resolving to sneak out as quickly as he could — but he froze before he could move another centimetre.

Mycroft slept in the upholstered chair not a metre away.

Greg cut the cautious hope inside him. But whatever was going to happen, Greg wanted his clothes on for it.

Unfortunately, they were draped over the chair Mycroft currently occupied.

He swung his legs off the bed and reached stealthily for his trousers — but Mycroft startled awake.

They stared at each other for a long moment. Greg couldn’t tell what Mycroft was thinking, but at least he didn’t seem to be the icy stranger of the night before.

“You’re still too thin.” Mycroft said finally — reminding Greg that he was naked but for his pants. Greg abandoned his aborted reach for his trousers and pulled the sheet around his waist. “Greg...”

The Alpha’s voice stilled Greg again. He waited, his instincts screaming at him to stay quiet until the Alpha signalled his claim and then he would cleave unto him... Jesus! His instincts were shite!

“Are you alright? You were attacked...”

“I’m fine.” Greg cut him off. Of course, he knew.

“I have people looking for the other assailants. Tracing the vans. We will find them.”

“Yeah. Good.” Greg didn’t much care right now.

“I owe you an apology.” Mycroft said carefully. “For the row... for my behaviour. You didn’t deserve that last night. I... overreacted.”

“A bit, yeah.” Greg smiled more in relief than anything else.

“I have no excuse. But I am sorry. I do trust you, Greg, more than I’ve ever trusted... anyone.” Mycroft sounded surprised at the realisation. “I find it... difficult... to trust other Alphas when it comes to you. But I should never have let that difficulty get between us. To be perfectly honest,” the Alpha all but whispered. “I don’t know what I will do without you.”

Greg sighed. He felt incredibly relieved — the Mycroft he knew was here. The thought of going on without him had been bleak. But... they weren’t back together! Greg couldn’t simply open his arms and say it was water under the bridge. This could never happen again.

“I don’t want this to be over, Mycroft. But will you do this every time I go out with me mates?” He asked, his voice cool.

“No.” Mycroft said uncomfortably. “I’m embarrassed at how I acted. Ashamed. It never should have
happened. I am, I see now, just as susceptible to my base nature as any Alpha.

“But knowing my weaknesses, I can combat them. If I have... concerns... in the future, I will bring them to you. Rationally. I would try not to... I wouldn’t... jump to conclusions.”

“Even if I’m one-on-one with an Alpha?” Greg pressed. “Because I will be.”

Mycroft swallowed. “Even so.”

“And this CCTV stalking thing...?”

“I did not initiate that. I have begun an investigation into the assistant who sent it.”

“Just showing initiative, you said.”

“My personal life is not the place for that.”

Greg nodded, somewhat pacified. “Did you really think I’d step out on you, My?” He looked into the Alpha’s green eyes, letting him see the hurt he’d caused.

“I didn’t... the video exploited an... insecurity. One I wasn’t aware I had.” Mycroft fidgeted, something Greg had never seen the composed Alpha do. “Alpha instincts... I never believed the stories... the bare-knuckled fights to the death, the blood-soaked cage matches, sister killing brother over an Omega, locking Omegas away in towers... all hyperbole, I thought. Or if it had been that way once, I was certain we’d evolved beyond it. Even after Sherlock’s riot, I didn’t understand.” The Alpha sighed. “I know better now... I’ve never been gripped by anything so powerful... and so irrational.” The humiliation this admission caused Mycroft made him lapse into a self-protective blankness. “But having experienced it, I can now guard against it.”

“You won’t murder me friends?” Greg asked. “You were... scary.”

Mycroft met his eyes. “Honestly, I might have tried last night. And I cannot tell you the distress that causes me. I’ve always used my mind to advance myself and my family... but last night, my mind was so clouded... I won’t ever let that happen again.”

“Sentiment.” Greg said softly. “It clouds the greatest minds. Perhaps you should avoid it.”

“Too late for that now, I’m afraid.” Mycroft sat up a little straighter. “Something else I should say, Greg...”

“Yes?”

“Even if your tryst with your friend had been... romantic in nature.” Mycroft’s voice was carefully neutral. “You would have been within your rights to do so. I should never have assumed something so important as exclusivity.”

Greg nodded slowly. “All right.” He sighed, rubbing his face. “Apology accepted.” Before Mycroft could react, he added, “And... erm... I’m sorry too.”

“For what?” Mycroft’s voice took on a guarded quality, as if he were afraid of what Greg might confess.

“I hit you pretty hard, My. I shouldn’t have.”

Mycroft looked relieved. “Don’t think anything of it. It would not have happened if I hadn’t been... aggressive with you. Unforgivably so. The need to keep you close... it was so... apologies, I won’t
let it happen again.”

Greg traced the shadow of a bruise on the Alpha’s jaw, feeling the sandpaper of his morning stubble under his fingertips. Mycroft leaned into his touch. “I don’t like to hurt you... not unless... well... not unless we agreed on it beforehand.” Greg smiled with just a hint of humour.

“I didn’t give you much choice.” Mycroft admitted ruefully, catching and kissing Greg’s fingers. “And seeing that you are more than capable of defending yourself, you let me off easily.” Mycroft hung his head. “So often I have worried about you out there, dealing with all the rampaging Alpha instincts ... I never thought I’d be the danger.”

“My...” Greg paused, gathering his thoughts. “I love you. But if this ever happens again, that’s it. I can’t be with you if you can’t deal with me job or me mates. I can’t let anyone have that control over my life. I know you were brought up with certain... attitudes... towards Omegas... if you can’t leave that behind...”

“I can.” Mycroft assured him immediately. “I have. This was... this wasn’t that. I love your independence and your strength, Greg. I would never try to take that.”

“What was it then?”

Mycroft shrugged miserably. “I think... my hypothesis — your heat...we didn’t bond... and that’s not in question, but instinctually... I think I feel... threatened. I trust you. I know you are with me because you want to be and that’s better than binding you with a biochemical claim. But my Alpha instincts... well...”

“I feel it too, My.”

Mycroft opened his mouth eagerly, then closed it and looked away. “I will simply learn to control myself.” He said gravely.

“Yeah.” Mycroft was sitting up straight in his chair, his sleep rumpled suit smoothed into compliance. Greg smiled back silently, sharing the joy and the pain of their odd situation.

Mycroft sighed. "I was so frightened when I saw that you'd been attacked. So worried. I should never have put you in that position.” That was most likely why he’d sat in the chair whilst Greg slept — the need to protect him. It made Greg feel warm inside.

"It's not your fault, My."

"Isn't it? If I hadn't..."

"Stop. Self-flagellation won't help.”

Mycroft smiled very slightly. "No, I prefer my flagellation to be administered by a big, strong police detective."

Greg grinned — it felt good to have his Mycroft back. "I'm sure that can be arranged."

Mycroft returned the smile hesitantly. “If it’s not too forward, I’d just like to say, Greg, that I would be honoured if you would consider... giving me the privilege of being your... exclusive sex partner...”

“You sure know how to sweet talk a bloke, My.” Greg said wryly.
Mycroft’s face fell. “Yes, I apologise.” He started gathering himself to leave. “After last night... why would you... forgive me, I can’t stay....”

Greg pushed him back into the chair with one big hand on his chest. “Shut up for a minute.” He said. “You really are insecure.”

“Yes.” Mycroft said simply, unable to meet Greg’s eyes.

“Yes, you idiot. Of course, I want you to be my ‘exclusive sex partner.’ I’ve been waiting my whole life for someone — the right someone, mind you — to ask me to be their ‘exclusive sex partner.’” Greg leaned in and kissed Mycroft chastely. “You old romantic, you.”

“You’re making fun of me.” Mycroft observed.

“I am, a little. Yeah.”

Mycroft snaked his arms around Greg, pressing his face into the Omega’s neck and inhaling his treacle scent deeply. “I would protest this mistreatment, but I’m afraid it would make you stop touching me and I can’t have that.”

Greg cupped the Alpha’s jaw and lifted his face. For a moment he looked down at the sweetly freckled cheeks and the deceptively calm, green eyes, then he leaned in and kissed the warm, waiting mouth.

Mycroft’s arms tightened, pulling Greg deeper into their kiss. It was a relief, a comfort, to kiss the Alpha, to know physically he had not lost him...

“Come home.” Mycroft said. Then he cleared his throat, remembering they didn’t share a home. That Greg had refused. “Come home with me. Please.”

“I... erm... I have to work today, My.” Greg said regretfully, pulling away. He glanced at his watch. “Soon, actually... I hope John and Sherlock won’t mind if I use their shower.”

—-

Mycroft sat primly at his brother’s table whilst John Watson served him tea in the teddy bear mug. He was certain Watson gave him the puerile mug on purpose and refused to give him the satisfaction of a reaction. But inwardly he frowned.

He could hear the shower running — Greg would be ready to leave for work in fifteen minutes. Mycroft had sent his driver for Greg’s briefcase and the disreputable duffel he used interchangeably for his gym kit and as an overnight case for his inevitably rumpled suits and shirts. Mycroft had taken to having Greene unpack the duffel and send the clothes to be pressed before hanging them in the closet. But today the police detective would wear a wrinkled suit. That felt like a defeat, but Mycroft would count himself lucky if that were the extent of the fallout from his behaviour last night.

“John...” His brother’s mate looked up from his newspaper with a wary expression. “When you presented... did you get into fistfights with other Alphas?”

“Sure. Didn’t you?” John eyed his bruised face and split lip.
“Yes.” Mycroft sipped his tea. “And since then?”

“Have I been in fights? Yeah, but not because my hormones were raging. Well, except for the riot.” John nodded at Mycroft. “You get in a fight?” He asked.

“Not as such.”

John Watson looked so deceptively harmless, he was a bit short and seemed so accommodating. A peaceable man, one would think, despite the bantam strut of the Alpha that coloured his movements. Mycroft knew better, knew John had not only had the great presence of mind to save his brother’s life whilst in a pheromone-fuelled frenzy, but had beaten an Alpha to death with his bare hands whilst rescuing Molly Hooper and the other captive Omegas.

“What would you do if you perceived a threat to Sherlock?” Mycroft asked.

“No, that’s... that’s not what I meant. I’m asking about you — what you would do regardless of Sherlock’s capabilities. If, say, someone tried to take him from you.”

“We’re bonded. No one would do that.”

“But if they did?” Mycroft insisted.

“I’d kill him. Or her.” John said simply.

Of course, he would — and the law would be on his side. Sherlock was his Omega, if any Alpha challenged that, John would kill the interloper swiftly and surely.

“What’s this about, then?” John asked. “You meet a nice Omega?” He frowned. “Is that what you and Greg were rowing about.”

“No.” Mycroft said with some finality. “I assure you, I am quite devoted to DC Lestrade.”

“Good. That’s good. Greg, well, I’d hate to see him hurt.”

A thrill of last night’s jealousy shot through Mycroft’s guts — his certainty that Greg had been with John Watson in the bedroom... it had been irrational. But for a moment Watson’s simple words of support brought back that certainty.

He shook it off with an effort. Watson was not interested in Greg like that — he doted on Sherlock, Mycroft could smell it on him.

John didn’t even know Greg was an Omega.

“I will, at some point, be obliged to bond with an Omega.” Mycroft said, watching the other Alpha closely. “I must produce offspring. Heirs.”

“Greg knows?”

“Yes, of course.”

John looked at Mycroft sympathetically, as if he’d just announced he had cancer. “That’s tough. For both of you, but... especially for Greg.”

“Why do you say that?” Mycroft asked. “It’s not unheard of for a bonded Alpha to have a Beta
lover.”

John laughed without humour. “You’re kidding — you’d have to be a right bastard to do that.”

Mycroft frowned quizzically, although it may have looked like a particularly unpleasant smile. “How so?”

John shook his head. “You’ll understand when you’re bonded”

“Everyone needs to stop saying that I’ll understand when I’m bonded.” Mycroft said crossly. “I’m capable of empathy.”

“What? Really... empathy?”

“I don’t often choose to employ it. That doesn’t mean I’m incapable.”

“Ok...erm... I’ll try and explain.” John said, a touch helplessly. “Erm... an hour ago, I was asleep, dreaming about... well, it’s a dream I’ve had for years. A nightmare. Something precious is being taken from me and I can’t stop it. But the dream is different now. Sherlock is there, and he tells me I’m dreaming. He tells me that I can wake up and everything is ok... it’s extremely comforting...”

John paused, focussing inward momentarily. “Right now, Sherlock is in his Mind Palace — you know about his Mind Palace?”

“Who do you think taught him to build it?”

“Right. Yeah. Sherlock is in his Mind Palace and he feels very calm. He’s searching... erm, for something... he’s hungry, but he’s ignoring it — he does that a lot. Too much. It’s easy for him to ignore food, but it’s really hard for him to ignore his nicotine cravings. Every time he smells cigarettes on you or Greg... his desire for a cigarette is intense... I think it’s one of the reasons he lashes out, to distract himself...

“And then when we’re, erm, together, it’s intense...” Mycroft comprehended what the other Alpha was describing and felt his face warm with embarrassment. “Sometimes, I can’t tell which of us is feeling what... we both experience it all and it’s... incredible... indescribable...

“Being with a Beta — no offense to Greg — it simply can’t compare. It would feel... paper thin after being with your bondmate. And your mate — they would know. They would feel everything. It would be a... a sick punishment... Mycroft, even if it’s an arranged bonding — Sherlock and I were strangers, he even told me, before we bonded, that he wouldn’t care if I kept my Beta girlfriend. But afterwards... there was no way... I couldn’t even imagine. I couldn’t do that to Sherlock. And I wouldn’t do that to her. It would have been... cruel.” John Watson studied his brother-in-law. “Are you ok?”

Mycroft tried to nod, failed, and pushed himself back from the table. “If you’ll excuse me.” He murmured.

“You love him.” John Watson said, stopping Mycroft where he stood. “That’s obvious — even to me. You don’t want to lose him. I understand, I really do. But if you try to keep him after you bond, it will tear you apart. And it will hurt Greg.”

Mycroft felt the white heat rising inside him again — it took a huge effort to force it down, to make himself accept that Watson was not saying these things, so he could have Greg for himself. When he focussed on John again, the other Alpha was standing, his hands up defensively. He’d sensed the very real threat Mycroft had posed.
Watson slowly relaxed and sat back down, keeping a wary eye on Mycroft. He took a bite of toast.

“Please tell DC Lestrade that I’m waiting in the car.” Mycroft muttered and fled.

Chapter End Notes

A sincere apology and some hard limits set.

Do you think John has convinced Mycroft that he can't bond and keep Greg as he intends? I don't think Mycroft is willing to give up that easily.

Next Week - Do Overs. They try to have that nice evening to which they were both looking forward.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Mycroft and Greg finally get an evening together.

The second half of this chapter contains descriptions of mutually satisfying D/s sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

That evening Mycroft had hoped to have a ‘do-over’ — to have the evening with Greg to which they’d both been looking forward.

However, Greg demurred. **Told the crew I’d go out for a drink tonight. Team bonding and all that shite.** He’d texted when Mycroft suggested dinner together.

**You’re welcome to come afterwards. You know I’ll be up regardless.**

**Not tonight, My. Get some sleep, I’ll text tomorrow.**

‘But,’ he wanted to text. ‘But what about the attack! They could try again — with more Alphas! With guns!’

He held himself back. Greg was testing him. Greg had every right to test him.

But the attack weighed heavily on Mycroft's mind.

MI5 had the three Alphas in custody and they were talking — making up wild stories and then laughing in their interrogators’ faces. Mycroft feared they’d have to resort to... persuasion... to get the real story. Not that that was a guarantee of honesty.

The white vans had appeared on CCTV out of nowhere. Literally. They simply popped into view from one frame to the next.

The registration plates of both had been stolen from different, identical white panel vans — a sleight of hand that had Mycroft’s agents running in a circle most of the morning. They eventually cleared the owners of those vans, but it took hours and hours of leg work.

Mycroft had his people studying the CCTV footage for inconsistencies, evidence of tampering or blackouts, and analysing traffic patterns to try and shed light on the vans’ origins — they had to come from somewhere! He was having more cameras mounted...

And he had people going through the code looking for viruses or other evidence of hacking. Mycroft ordered investigations into every single CCTV operator, installer and maintenance person, past and present. Whoever had hacked the system may have had help. Mycroft would find the culprit.

It was all exceedingly troubling.
The surveillance photos, the attack on Greg, the white vans, the prevaricating assailants, all were setting off alarm bells in Mycroft’s brain. He was certain now it was Moriarty — the vans appearing out of nowhere tipped the balance of probability squarely towards the evil Alpha. The thought of Moriarty knowing about Greg, watching him... it made Mycroft feel nauseated.

And furious! No other Alpha should even look at Greg! But especially not Moriarty. Mycroft would kill him!

He summoned his security chief. “I want DC Lestrade protected at all times.” Mycroft informed her. “However he won’t accept protection. So, I need people who can do it without him knowing. He’s police, mind. He’s been trained to spot a tail, so you’ll have to send your best.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll put the team together myself.”

“Thank you — oh, Betas only. No Alphas.” He reminded her.

Even as they spoke, Mycroft knew that practically speaking, there was very little he could do to protect Greg. Short of tracking Moriarty down and actually killing him — something Mycroft was beginning to consider — if Moriarty really wanted Greg (or Sherlock, or himself) nothing Mycroft could do would prevent it. Greg had escaped this time through his own strength and resourcefulness, but next time the abductors would come prepared for a real fight. Greg would not slip them a second time.

Mycroft could surround Greg with security — if he would have allowed it — and still find himself watching his lover being subdued and taken on CCTV. Or worse, finding no recording of the event. The way Moriarty and his people appeared and disappeared from CCTV, balance of probability suggested that one day, Greg would simply disappear.

The only real defense was to catch Moriarty before it happened, and eradicate his organisation.

Mycroft had been attempting to do just that since the Camden riot. And failing.

It was difficult to sit calmly through yet another nitpicky Brexit meeting without screaming. He needed to be out there hunting Moriarty! He needed to nullify the threat to his brother and his Omega once and for all!

The one satisfying part of his day had been making an example of the assistant who had presumed to interfere in Mycroft’s personal life. It took almost no time at all, but it left the rest of his staff stunned by his brutality. It would never happen again.

And if she had been working with Moriarty or another of his enemies, the surveillance he'd put on her would discover it.

That evening Mycroft worked late. He arrived home feeling tired and out of sorts.

“Good evening, Mr. Mycroft. Dinner in half an hour, if that suits you.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Farthingale, that sounds fine.” He answered by rote.

“Oh! You’re hurt!” Her eyes were wide, her professional mien replaced by maternal solicitousness.

Mycroft glared at her — then caught himself and recomposed his features into blankness. He gingerly touched his jaw, remembering the bruise there, his split and puffy lip. No one at work had dared say a word. They hadn’t even dared look more than an extra second. “Nothing important.” He said coolly.
He watched her take a breath and pull the mantle of politesse back over her features. “Will you be dining alone tonight?” She asked formally.

“Yes.” He said.

“I hope you’re feeling better, Mr. Mycroft. No longer ill.” Mrs. Farthingale pushed.

“Much better, thank you.” Mycroft replied blandly. If she said anything more, he would fire her on the spot, no matter how much Greg liked her.

But the cook said nothing else.

Mycroft retired to his study. He had Mrs. Farthingale bring his dinner to him there — something he used to do rather a lot before he started seeing Greg.

After he’d pushed away his plate, after he’d poured himself a few fingers of whisky and ploughed through the Baltic memos, read the new report from his mole inside the Security Council and begun drafting a letter to his counterpart in Belgium, his phone alert sounded.

Greg had texted. **Miss you. Get some sleep tonight.**

**I miss you too. Did you enjoy drinks with your co-workers?**

**I’ve had worse evenings.**

**Indeed. Can I attempt to show you a better one tomorrow?** Mycroft hoped he wasn’t pushing his luck, asking him over again. He didn’t think Greg would continue to test him, but he wouldn’t blame the Omega. He watched the three spheres bounce anxiously.

**That sounds great, My.**

Mycroft exhaled a breath he hadn’t known he was holding. He closed his eyes in an attempt to hold in the sentiment that wanted to pour out. After a moment he opened them, breathing normally. Greg would not notice the extra seconds before his reply. Sherlock would have. Balance of probability indicated Moriarty would notice as well. Idly he wondered if that Alpha had found a way to monitor his secure phone. He’d have to have Greg’s mobile checked out. **I’ll send a car. Should I send it to the Met or to your gym?**

**How about you send it to the Met unless you’re working late. Text me if you are and send it to my gym.**

**I’ll do my very best to get out of the office at a reasonable hour.**

**Me too. Really, get some sleep. I don’t want you to be completely useless tomorrow night.**

**Sounds promising.**

**Go to sleep.**

In the car on the way home the next evening, the irritations of the day fell away and Mycroft cautiously allowed himself to feel a taste of giddy excitement at the prospect of an evening with Greg.

It was tempered by the row, by his complete loss of control over his base instincts, by the attack on Greg. Mycroft could not take these things lightly — he worried his relationship with Greg would be unalterably changed.
Mycroft was happy to finally be home — home with Greg! He entered the house through the garage and heard voices in the kitchen as he hung up his coat.

“... uneventful — work mostly. And how was your weekend, Mrs. Farthingale?” Mycroft recognised Greg’s warm voice with a thrill. He lingered in the mudroom eavesdropping. “Did you get time at the shooting range like you wanted?”

“Oh yes, I had nothing but time with Mr. Mycroft out of town. I wish you didn’t stay away when he travels — it gets lonely here. And I bet it’s lonely at your flat.” Mycroft agreed with his cook — he would like it if Greg spent more time at his townhouse.

“No, no! You’re not all ganging up on me tonight.” Greg laughed. “How can I help with dinner?”

“Potatoes are boiled — masher’s in the drawer.”

“Got it. Butter?”

“Here. Don’t let Mr. Mycroft see you put all that in there. He’ll have my hide.”

“Butter’s what makes it taste good.”

“I’ll tell you a little secret, he was on the verge of becoming vegan before he met you. You came along in the nick of time.”

Greg laughed, a lovely, loud, ringing peal that echoed through the room. Mycroft couldn’t help but love the man who laughed like that! This was all Mycroft wanted, to come home to a happy, domestic scene, to hold and kiss Greg... his heart was full. He took a step towards the kitchen, but then he heard Mrs. Farthingale speak again.

“Is everything ok with you two?” The cook asked, her mien serious. Mycroft was infuriated that she’d ask... but he kept still, he had to hear what Greg would say.


“But you worked it out?” The cook asked hopefully.

“In the short term. Time will tell.” Mycroft felt the rug pull out from under him. He’d thought — he’d hoped — they were more solid than ‘time will tell.’

“Oh Greg, don’t give up on him.”

“Never.” Greg said with such winning insouciance that Mycroft knew the Omega had reached the end of his patience with this line of questioning.

“Ok, I’ll leave you alone. It’s none of my business anyway.” Clearly Mrs. Farthingale twigged to Greg’s reluctance as well.

“Nope.”

Mycroft heard her snort — she thought it was very much her business. “You’ve helped enough tonight.” Mrs. Farthingale said. “Off with you. Dinner’s at seven-thirty.”

Mycroft listened to Greg leaving the kitchen, heard his footsteps on the stairs. When they’d faded completely, Mycroft waited another three minutes and then entered the kitchen.

“Good evening, Mrs. Farthingale. Has Greg arrived?”
“Yes, yes — that man of yours is upstairs, Mr. Mycroft.”

“Ah. I’ll go say hello. What time should I expect dinner?”

Mrs. Farthingale consulted the clock on the kitchen wall. “Thirty minutes, if that suits.”

“Perfectly, thank you.” Mycroft left the kitchen and followed Greg up to the bedroom.

When he opened the bedroom door, he was treated to the sight of Greg wearing only the black boxer briefs Mycroft had bought him and nothing else. He was kneeling by the bed, sorting through items in a black, hard plastic case he’d pulled from under it. Mycroft admired the view — Greg’s broad shoulders, back muscles twitching, his perfect arse and strong thighs showcased in the black pants...

Mycroft closed the door softly. Greg swivelled on his knees at the sound — a smile lit his face when he saw Mycroft. When he did that, the Alpha wondered why he ever felt insecure...

Greg rose and travelled the ten steps between them. He pulled Mycroft into his arms and kissed him gently. “Jesus, you feel good.” He mumbled.

“You make me feel good.’ Mycroft thought, deepening the kiss. He’d waited all day to hold Greg like this — longer! With the trip and the row, he’d waited a week!

Greg pulled back a little and carefully thumbed the healing split in his lip. He grimaced. “This looks like it hurts. I did a number on you.”

“And I you, mon canard.” Mycroft said, touching the toothy bruise on Greg’s neck. “Never again.”


Mycroft smiled at him warmly. “What are you thinking?” He asked nodding at the plastic case.

Greg frowned. “I’m not sure we should tonight.” He said, tracing the darkening bruise on Mycroft’s jaw.

“I think we both need it.” Mycroft replied — he’d been twitchy and tense for days, he needed it rather desperately. “And I was promised some flagellation.”

Greg smirked. “OK, then. Do you have a preference, or do you want me to surprise you?”

“Oh, definitely surprise me.”

Greg kissed him, holding the Alpha close and inhaling his scent deeply. “I think you need some correction.”

“Mycroft felt his cock throb hungrily. “Yes. You know how Alphas are. We need frequent reminders.”

Greg grinned. Mycroft could feel his burgeoning tumescence pressing against his thigh. He would never grow tired of Greg’s arousal — and never stop wondering at his ability to inspire it. Easy going, outgoing, attractive Greg Lestrade really could have almost anyone he wanted… yet for some unfathomable reason he had chosen Mycroft.

Mycroft was wealthy and important. But Greg wasn’t impressed with those things. He had the distinct impression that Greg liked him in spite of it. Mycroft was a genius. Literally. But like his brother, that meant he had little in common with regular people — would John have tolerated Sherlock without the empathetic bond to soften his edges? How did Greg tolerate his? Why did he
tolerate Mycroft’s sharp edges?

“I should shower before dinner.” Greg murmured.

Mycroft kissed a line across his brow. “Yes, of course.” He loved Greg’s natural Omega scent — he always wanted the faux Beta washed away before they made love. “But really quite quickly.”

“You’ll have to let go of me.”

“Impossible.” Mycroft closed his eyes as they kissed, feeling Greg’s fingers trace down the knobby furrow of his spine, dipping below the waistband of his trousers.

“You should get in with me.” Greg said. Take off all these clothes.” He tugged at the fine wool. “Let me feel you.”

How could he have thought that Greg was seeing someone else!?

Unbidden, the image of the other Alpha feeding Greg a chip came to him, Greg laughing and sucking her finger...

Mycroft’s guts twisted with murderous jealousy.

“Go ahead.” He told Greg, hiding his face against the Omega’s neck. “Get the shower hot and I’ll join you.” He put on a smile he hoped was convincing and faced Greg. The Omega smiled softly and kissed him again, his tenderness breathtaking, and Mycroft’s fears melted away.

“Don’t be long.” Greg winked saucily and turned towards his loo. Mycroft pinched his perfect bottom eliciting a laugh and a wiggle.

When Greg was in the other room, Mycroft faced himself in his mirror. He studied himself as he carefully unpinned the ornate tie bar — it, the mother-of-pearl cuff links and the gold pocket watch with the jewelled fob had all been Père’s, Vernet family heirlooms. Mycroft treasured them, not only for the memories of his dashing papa wearing them, memories of him showing Mycroft’s child self how to affix the tie bar properly... but for what they represented — Mycroft’s biggest, most damaging, unforgivable mistake. The mistake that had yielded all his subsequent blunders.

If Père had lived, Mycroft was convinced that Sherlock would never have become bitter, never have turned away from him, turned to drugs and risk-taking. If Père had met Moriarty along with Mummy — or even sooner, he would have wanted to involve himself in choosing Sherlock’s bondmate — Moriarty would never have gained a foothold in Mycroft’s esteem. Père would have seen through him as quickly as Sherlock had. But Mummy would have listened to Père. Mycroft would have listened.

Mycroft had worn the Vernet heirlooms daily since the debacle of Sherlock’s bonding. He wore them to remind himself that he was fallible... that Mummy didn’t always know what was best... that everyone had weaknesses and regrets... biases...

He studied his reflection... the bruises would not begin to fade for several more days. He sighed. There was little of Père in his features. He favoured Mummy heavily. Only the colour of his eyes, his pale, freckled skin and the lanky elegance of his body came from his papa. The rest was pure Holmes.

Stripped down to his trousers and vest, he joined Greg in the en suite.

Greg was in into the shower, singing to himself: “I’d get him to swap our places / be running up that
road / be running up that hill / be running up that building...” His rich baritone was pitchy. Mycroft smiled.

He watched Greg through the glass, water cascading over his well-built chest and arms, down the muscle shifting under the skin of his abdomen, trailing through the dark hair on his powerful thighs. Mycroft felt a rill of arousal as he stripped off his vest and pants.

He wondered what Père would have made of Greg. He would have liked him, Mycroft was certain. He would have seen how good he was for Mycroft. But he also would see the jealousy, the rages and possessiveness.

Would he have approved? An unbonded Omega without family, fortune or exceptional intelligence. Would Père, knowing how this relationship was bound to end, have approved?

What did it matter? Mycroft could not give Greg up.

As he climbed into the shower and slipped his hands around his lover’s waist, Mycroft allowed the delicate happiness inside himself to stretch and grow and reach desperately for an occluded sun.

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Mycroft knelt quietly at the foot of the bed, head bowed. Greg had prepared everything to his liking, he had donned his engineer boots and jeans, the fitted black t-shirt he liked to wear when they did this. But instead of going to the Alpha, Greg sat down on the bed. He inhaled deeply through his nose and exhaled through his mouth, counting out the breath... he had to be in the right frame of mind for this. He could not be angry or resentful, could not feel vindictive or vengeful... frustrated or irritated... he could only dominate Mycroft from a place of love.

Tonight called for a personal touch...

Greg stood and walked over to stand in front of Mycroft. He caressed the Alpha's jaw, his neck. A sound spanking would be ideal, his hand against the Alpha's lovely buttocks, making them red and hot... but Greg knew that alone wouldn't quiet Mycroft’s racing mind. He would need more.

The restraints he’d chosen weren’t Mycroft’s favourite, but Greg liked their economy. They kept the Alpha’s arms at his sides, allowing him to neither touch himself nor brace for a fall. They made him dependent on Greg.

The strap around the upper thigh fastened with velcro, and the attached wrist restraint buckled. Greg put the strap around the Alpha’s left thigh, but Mycroft fought him when Greg attempted to buckle his wrist into the restraint. “I don’t like it!” Greg snarled. “If you don’t want this,” Greg said, “You know what to say. If you aren’t saying it, shut up.” He buckled the restraint tightly — more tightly than he would have if the Alpha had gone willingly.
Without letting him up, Greg shifted and placed the other strap around Mycroft’s right upper thigh. With a reach and a grunt, Greg grabbed the Alpha’s arm and twisted it back. Mycroft cried out, but Greg had the wrist immobilised in the restraint before he could struggle away.

Greg released the Alpha who now lay on the floor. “On your knees!” Greg snapped. Mycroft began to push himself up, but Greg could see he was purposefully being slow. The Omega grabbed Mycroft by the upper arm and hair and jerked him upright. “I said on your knees!” He snarled. He slapped the Alpha across the face hard.

As he helped right the reeling Alpha, Greg realised he was painfully aroused, his cock straining in his pants. He slapped the Alpha again and opened his flies, freeing his erection from his jeans. He shoved Mycroft back against the bed and straddled his torso — the Alpha was sprawled half on his knees with his upper back pressed to the edge of the bed.

Greg held the Alpha’s neck in one hand and his cock in the other. He pressed it to Mycroft’s lips, smearing the precum across the defiant scowl. “Open up.” Greg demanded.

Mycroft was slow to obey, so he got another slap. Then Greg plunged his cock down the Alpha’s throat. “Fuck!” He cried. It felt good. He pulled out and thrust back in, fucking the Alpha’s face roughly. He grabbed hold of Mycroft’s head by the hair and held him still as he fucked his throat. He groaned, he could cum just like this.

He pulled all the way out, strands of saliva stretching from his cock to Mycroft’s red lips. “You want me to cum in your arse — no condom tonight? Cum in your arse so it drips down your thighs?” Greg snarled. “Answer!” He slapped Mycroft.

“Yes.” The Alpha choked. “Please!” They had discussed this. They were officially exclusive, there was no need for condoms anymore.

Greg grabbed his jaw between his thumb and forefinger and held his face still. “I don’t care what you want.” He said. “Open your mouth.” This time Mycroft hurried to obey.

Greg shoved his cock back down Mycroft’s throat, his bollocks slapping against the Alpha’s chin. He shoved deep, pulled out and thrust in again. And again, loving the feel of Mycroft’s tongue under his cock. “Then you better shape up, or I’m fucking your face and it’s all going down your throat.”

He pulled out and shoved a ball gag in Mycroft’s mouth, quickly buckling it behind his head. Then just as quickly tucking himself away and fastening his jeans. Greg paused to pet the Alpha’s auburn hair, brushing it back from his brow. “You know what to do if you want me to stop?” He asked.

Mycroft nodded. With his hands restrained and a gag in his mouth, they had agreed that vigorous head shaking would stand in for their safe word. “Show me.” Greg said. Mycroft shook his head. “Good. That’s perfect.” He kissed the Alpha’s forehead. “You’re perfect.”

Greg hooked two fingers through the leather strap next to Mycroft’s mouth and yanked him back up on his knees. “That’s better.” Mycroft bowed his head submissively.

God, it made him so hard to see My bound and gagged, striving to be good.

He pressed his boot against Mycroft’s bollocks where they hung between his spread thighs. At Mycroft’s soft grunt, Greg slapped him again.

“Can you be quiet?!”

Mycroft nodded ardently, tears in his downcast eyes.
Greg picked the flog up from the bed and watched the Alpha’s eyes widen. Greg slapped him again and he lowered his eyes immediately.

He gently dragged the flog’s nine tails over Mycroft’s engorged Alpha cock. He flicked it lightly. Mycroft screwed his eyes shut in an attempt to stifle his cry.

“Eyes open.” Greg demanded. He flicked the cat-o-nine-tails at Mycroft’s cock again and the Alpha trembled. Greg smiled. Mycroft was so beautiful like this, flushed and trying so hard to be obedient.

“Forehead on the ground.” He commanded. Mycroft tried to control his pitch forward, but Greg grabbed the gag at his jaw and yanked his head down, forcing him to have faith that Greg wouldn’t let him fall. When his head was on the floor, he pressed on the back of his neck. “Stay there.”

Greg picked up a condom from the bed and opened it. He rolled it carefully on the handle of the flog. He moved the plastic box behind Mycroft and sat on it, his knees spread wide around the Alpha’s thighs. He opened the tube of slick and pressed some into his hole — after six months of fucking, Mycroft opened readily for Greg’s fingers. Greg slapped his flank and Mycroft arched his back.

Holding his cheeks wide with one hand, Greg pressed the end of the flog’s handle against the bud of muscle. It would hurt a little, Greg hadn’t prepared him beyond the most cursory prodding, but he pushed the flog handle slowly but inexorably up the Alpha’s arse until all that could be seen were the nine long tails hanging from his hole like a horsetail. Fucking gorgeous! Greg slapped his flank again and watched it sway prettily, the knotted ends trailing over Mycroft’s ankles.

Greg pulled out his phone and took a picture. He stood up and moved to another angle. “Arse up!” He commanded. Mycroft arched his back and pushed his arse up as high as he could, presenting like an Omega in heat. Greg took another photo. He would look at this when Mycroft was out of town, when he missed the Alpha desperately. Even the thought was exciting.

“Up!” Greg demanded, hooking his fingers in the gag again and brusquely pulling Mycroft upright. It changed the angle of the flog’s penetration, but Mycroft valiantly kept himself silent. Greg pet his hair and kissed his forehead. “Good boy.” He praised. He moved around to see the flail’s tails hanging below Mycroft’s long, pale back. It was sheened with sweat, the Alpha’s ginger body hair damp. Good. Greg took another photo.

From the bed, he picked up the cane. Mycroft’s eyes widened briefly, then he remembered himself and cast them down again. The cane was a long, flexible, lightweight bamboo rod that left fat red welts when laid across the skin. Greg teased Mycroft with it. Trailing the end lightly over his nipples and his cock.

He laid the first blow carefully across the Alpha’s pale back, modulating his swing — hard but not hard enough to break the skin. Just a hair less hard than that. Mycroft choked on a grunt of pain.

Mycroft’s Alpha cock was red and huge, sap dripping from its tip. Greg struck him with the cane again. And again. He striped the Alpha’s back. He heard Mycroft heavy breathing, muffled grunts, his attempts to endure the pain.

Greg stopped and pet the Alpha’s head again. He was so precious like this, so beautiful it made his cock strain against his flies painfully. Mycroft was his in this moment. His to do whatever he wanted. Mycroft nuzzled into his hand. Greg pulled away and slapped him hard.

“Don’t suck up. I don’t like it.” Mycroft bowed his head.

Greg trailed his hand down over the Alpha’s shoulder, scraping lightly over the welts. He heard
Mycroft’s sharp intake of breath and his cock throbbed. He set the cane down on the bed.

“Head down, on the floor.” Mycroft hurried to obey, pressing his forehead to the floor and pooching his arse in the air. The flog’s tails swayed, a horse’s tail in the breeze.

“I saw a Beta get fucked by a horse once.” Greg told him, stroking his firm arse. “Got in the stall and took his pants down, leaned his face against the door. Took a minute but the horse mounted him, his forelegs over the bloke’s shoulders, and thrust his fat, eighteen-inch horse cock up the man’s arse. Didn’t last very long, less than a minute, then the horse got off and the Beta had horse cum pouring out of his arsehole.”

Greg picked up the cane and laid it across the Alpha’s fuzzy buttocks, raising a lovely red welt. Mycroft flinched, so Greg struck him harder, criss-crossing his arse with fat, red stripes, across and to either side of the cat-o-nine tails. He heard Mycroft gasping and sobbing around the ball gag.

He laid the cane down harder, and Mycroft’s gasps turned to grunts, harsh gasping grunts in time with Greg’s whipping. Greg caned the Alpha thoroughly, turning his backside into a hot, swollen, red mass. He loved the way the Alpha sounded when he hurt him. He was so hard… he could climax just from this.

He stopped and handled the abused flesh, hearing Mycroft’s strangled groans as he dug his fingers into the weals and scratched.

“Stand up.” Greg ordered. He watched Mycroft struggle up to his knees and then try to get his feet under him without the use of his hands. The flog swished and swayed as he stood. “Fucking gorgeous.” Greg murmured. “Come here.”

Greg sat on the edge of the bed and patted his lap. Mycroft came to him, tail swinging beautifully, and stood with downcast eyes. Greg’s heart swelled for the Alpha, for this strong, brilliant man that needed him like no one else ever had — needed Greg to take care of him. As an Omega, that was inconceivable. Yet here he was.

Greg took hold of the Alpha’s upper arms and helped him to lie across Greg’s lap, the fat Alpha cock and balls dangling between his legs. Greg tangled his fingers in the cat‘o’nine tails hanging from his bright red, rounded arse, tugging gently. He caressed the heated curve of his buttock, and Mycroft’s cheek above the gag, running his hands over crimson welts and pale freckles alike.

“You alright, love?” He asked, brushing his fingers through Mycroft’s hair.

The Alpha nodded.

“Good. You’re being very good.” Greg rubbed his hand over the inflamed arse, feeling the roughness of the cane’s stripes under his palm. It wouldn’t take much to aggravate them. He lifted his hand and brought it down hard, spanking the Alpha. Mycroft squirmed and recoiled satisfyingly.

Greg thrashed the Alpha’s bottom, holding him still with a big hand on the back of his neck. He could see bruises forming under some of the criss-crossing welts, and he concentrated the paddling there. The grunts and groans Greg could hear around the ball gag were glorious, as were the flinching struggles. He could feel how hard Mycroft was between his legs. Greg’s own cock was fully aroused and straining.

He checked in with the Alpha again and saw his eyes filled with tears. Greg wiped the wetness from one of his cheeks, tasting the salty liquid. He ran is hand over Mycroft’s back, dragging his fingers over the swollen welts until he heard Mycroft sob again. He couldn’t wait any longer.
“I’m going to help you stand up.” Greg told him. “Then you’re going to lie down on the bed.” Mycroft nodded. Greg lifted him up by the shoulders, noticing the small, red weals on the backs of his arms where the cane had overlapped. They made him smile.

Mycroft stumbled a little as he stood, but Greg supported him. The Alpha’s eyes took a long moment to focus on Greg when he said his name. Mycroft was deep in the endorphin high, deep down in the pleasure/pain of submission.

Greg laid a large, rough beach towel on the bed and helped Mycroft to lie down on it. “On your back. I know it’s uncomfortable.”

Mycroft hurried to obey, his teary eyes downcast. “Good. So good. You’re perfect.” Greg kissed his salty-wet cheek.

Greg pulled off his t-shirt and boots then shucked his jeans. Nude, he slathered lube on his hard prick then approached Mycroft on the bed. Mycroft lay on his whipped back, his wrists still restrained by the straps around his thighs, the flog’s tail spread prettily between his bent legs. Greg climbed on and knelt between the long limbs.

Leaning over, he took hold of the flog and slowly pulled it partway out, then pushed it back inside Mycroft’s arse, sawing it back and forth. It was narrower than Greg’s cock, but Mycroft moaned and pushed into it.

“After he let the horse fuck him. The man, the Beta, let the Alphas take turns on him. Their cocks weren’t as big as the horse’s cock. The Beta insisted on taking them two at a time. He sat on an Alpha’s prick, then lay on him, chest to chest. Then a second Alpha shoved his in from behind.”

Greg stroked Mycroft’s hard cock as he continued to fuck him with the flog’s handle. “Look at you, you love anything up your arse. Might as well invite a pack of Alphas to use you, you wouldn’t care.”

Mycroft moaned and writhed. The writhing aggravated the welts on his back and he gasped, fresh tears springing to his eyes. Greg slapped his face, hard. “Is that what you want? Alpha cock up your arse?” Greg demanded.

Mycroft kept his eyes downcast, his mouth stretched around the ball gag.

“What do you want?” Greg demanded, thrusting the handle harder now. “Do you want me to hurt you?”

Mycroft nodded vigorously.

“Double penetration?” Greg asked. “Tell me the truth.”

The Alpha nodded again, moaning loudly. He was way down in it, utterly surrendered.

Greg smiled to himself and pressed the flog deep in Mycroft’s arse, making sure it was secure and stable. He grabbed Mycroft’s thighs and pushed forwards, bending him almost double. With his big fingers, he massaged the ring of muscle around the flog, tracing the edge. Gently, he stretched the Alpha’s hole, slowly inserting a finger in next to the flog. He frigged the Alpha carefully, feeling the flog against his finger. “Bear down.” He ordered. Mycroft grunted and pushed and Greg slipped a
second finger inside him. He twisted and worked the Alpha open.

“Are you ready?” Greg asked. “This is going to hurt.” Mycroft met his gaze and nodded again. “I’ll stop if you show any distress. He said, caressing the Alpha’s jaw tenderly.

With a generous helping of slick, Greg slowly eased his cock into the Alpha alongside the flog’s handle. Raw. Mycroft groaned and squirmed, his fingers flexing against his thighs.

“Aaugh!” Greg hadn’t fucked raw ever. “Jesus! You feel… amazing…” Mycroft’s hole was hotter and tighter and wetter than it had ever, ever been. It was like fucking a fist made of lava. The flog handle was hard, a strange but not unwelcome presence against his prick. Its ridges as he slid along it made him moan.

“You wanted double penetration.” Greg said. “I’m going to use you... stretch your hole so wide…” He hooked the Alpha’s knees over his shoulders and began fucking him — still slow and careful but upping the pace and the force incrementally. Mycroft’s eyes rolled back into his head and he keened behind the ball gag. Greg watched his face as discomfort turned to pleasure.

Mycroft was being slowly shoved up the rough towel by Greg’s thrusts, his welts catching and dragging on the fabric. Greg pinched one of his nipples between his thumb and forefinger, rolling it back and forth. “I love your tits.” He murmured. “They would look so good with barbells through them. Then when I pinched, I’d have something to tug on. He licked his fingers and rubbed his saliva around the peaked nipple. He leaned down and bit it, hard, until Mycroft gasped and grunted a sob.

Greg grinned. He grabbed a handful of the Alpha’s mortified arse and squeezed as he pushed into him. He scratched, digging his nails into the hot welts, enjoying Mycroft’s wail. He spanked the back of the Alpha’s thigh, hitting the caned flesh in time with his thrusts. It felt so bloody good!

Greg fucked him faster now — but still controlled, still steady and careful, angling his cock to strafe the sensitive bundle of nerves inside the Alpha.

He had to be careful. It would be easy to cross the line, lose control. Greg made himself check in, make certain the flog handle was stable, would not harm the Alpha. Mycroft was completely his — to use and to care for. For his pleasure.

He wet his palm and grabbed Mycroft’s fat Alpha cock and stroked it along with his thrusts, along with the pinching and scratching on the red striped thigh.

“Yeah, come for me.” Greg said, using his fingernails as he stroked the long shaft of Mycroft’s prick. “Come on.” He slid his cock over the Alpha’s prostate with every stroke, stimulating it — then overstimulating it. His thrusts along the bundle of nerves must have been becoming almost painful, he could tell from Mycroft’s grunting cries, the arching of his back and neck. “I’m going to milk all the seed from your balls.” He jacked the Alpha cock faster, harder, continuing to press his own cock against the Alpha’s prostate.

With a cry, Mycroft exploded, his cum gushing over Greg’s hand. “Yeah, that’s right.” He continued thrusting against the Alpha’s prostate, continued stroking him, and he pulsed again, and again, copious ropes of cum puddling on his belly and sliding down his ribs to the towel.

After two final little spurts, Greg let go. “Such a good boy.” He caressed the hot flesh of his abused arse. “You’re my perfect fuck toy.”

Greg carefully pulled the flog from Mycroft’s arse and tossed it aside. “So good. So perfect.” He
pushed Mycroft’s knees down against the auburn-furred chest and shoved his cock all the way up Mycroft’s arse in one stroke. “Now you'll be my perfect cum dump.” He began to fuck him in earnest, using the Alpha brutally, using him for his own pleasure. “You’re so fucking perfect.” He told Mycroft.

Greg surrendered himself to the thrill of control: ruthless, selfish, skating the edge of cruel. Thrusting himself into the hot, tight hole, his hands pressing on striped thighs, pressing them down viciously on the hairy chest. “Look at me,” he demanded. “Open your eyes.” Mycroft obeyed, his eyes soft and wet and so gloriously thankful for what Greg could do to him — what he was doing to him. “You love it when I fuck you this way.”

The Alpha gasped and nodded, tears streaming from his eyes.

Mycroft was his, to use as he wished, to hurt and to have, but also to treasure, and comfort. To care for. Greg’s erection thrummed as he thrust into the Alpha; his blood surged beneath his skin as his sense of his own power found its peak. The pressure in his balls was becoming unbearable. Mycroft had surrendered himself, taken what was given and given all that was demanded. Greg felt a rush of lust and appreciation that lit him up from deep in his belly.

“You perfect, perfect man.” Greg cried as he came. His cock surged, electric and hot, over and over. He emptied himself inside Mycroft’s arse, filling him with his cum for the first time. It would leak out of him! The thought made his cock surge again, lightning crackling under his skin. He shuddered as he spilled inside the Alpha, moaning, high on adrenaline and endorphins. It was amazing... fantastic... orgasmic... the aftershocks almost as powerful as the climax, shaking from his core outwards, tickling, trembling, buzzing...

Greg lifted himself slowly from Mycroft’s sweat and cum-damp chest, and pulled out, the Alpha’s legs still on his broad shoulders. He prodded the crimson arse, staring at the wide and winking gape. A rivulet of semen spilled from the edge of his hole. Greg gasped, fruitlessly aroused by the sight. "Gorgeous..." He mumbled.

Greg slowly lowered the Alpha’s legs and stretched out beside him, sweaty and spent. Mycroft moaned and squirmed against the Omega, his furred chest sticky with his own emission. Greg felt the Alpha scenting his neck. He felt sleepy, soft.

He forced himself to sit up. “One last surprise, my love.” Greg found the apparatus by the pillow and enclosed Mycroft’s soft cock and balls within it, clicking it shut. He slid the padlock through the two loops, and closed the lock with a heavy ‘chunk.’

“Mmmm…?” Mycroft asked through the ball gag. He could do little more than raise his head to peer down his body at the metal cage.

“Male chastity.” Greg told him. “Alpha size. Your cock belongs to me now.” He got up and unbuckled Mycroft’s wrists from the thigh straps, removing the velcroed strips gently. Carefully he turned Mycroft’s head to the side and unbuckled the gag, pulling the ball from his mouth and laying soft kisses on the Alpha’s crimson lips and aching jaw.

“Can I wear it...” Mycroft murmured, his voice thick and slow with endorphins. “All the time?”

“The chastity device? Not all the time, it’s not healthy. You can wear it tonight and I’ll unlock it in the morning.”

“Can I wear it when I travel?” The Alpha pleaded. “You could lock it up before I leave... only you would have the key...” He groaned, wincing.
Greg kissed him, smiling. “The very thought is making you hard. Not very pleasant in the chastity cage.”

Mycroft moaned. “It’s perfect.”

Greg leaned in and whispered in the Alpha's ear. “I bought a plastic one just for travel.” He murmured, caressing his bollocks where they hung from the locked cage. "Wouldn't want to set off the metal detector." Mycroft gasped, his nipples standing tall and hard. With a final kiss Greg tore himself away.

He put away the crop and the flog — disposing of the condom and closing the tube of slick. From the loo he fetched a warm, wet flannel and cleaned the sticky mess from Mycroft’s furry abdomen.

“Roll onto your front now.” He said gently. “Here’s a pillow to lie on so the chastity cage doesn’t chafe.” Greg took the towel to the laundry then sat next to Mycroft and massaged a soothing lotion onto the raised welts on his back. He spoke softly, praising the Alpha, telling him how happy he was with him, how well he had done. He saw Mycroft’s sleepy smile.

Greg helped Mycroft under the duvet. After a quick wash, he joined the Alpha, letting him settle against Greg’s body in the way he found most comfortable. Greg turned out the lights.

“Was that true?” Mycroft asked softly. “About the Beta and the horse?”

“Yeah.” Greg told him. “First time I saw a horse up close. They’re huge animals. Magnificent.”

“Did you…?”

“Did I have sex with the Beta? No. I was fourteen and terrified the entire time… I got out of there as soon as I could.” Greg told him softly. After a pause he continued. “The thing that has always stood out to me, though… that Beta was in control. Nothing happened that he didn’t instigate… didn't want. It was… eye-opening.”

Mycroft settled and sighed contentedly. “I should pierce my nipples?”

Greg laughed, his chest vibrating with the hearty guffaw. “Just a thought. You shouldn’t feel obliged.”

“Mmmm… rings would be easier to tug on…or hang weights. And you could attach them to… to the lock on the chastity cage… or whatever you wanted…”

“All very good points.” Greg felt his cock stir with interest. “Did it feel different?” He asked. “Without the condom?”

“Oui, mon canard.” Mycroft murmured. "It felt like you were mine.”

“I am yours, My.”

Chapter End Notes

Time will tell, indeed. How long before Moriarty — if it IS Moriarty — tries to abduct Greg again? Is Mycroft right — is there no measure he can take that could keep Greg safe? Would Mycroft REALLY fire Mrs. Farthingale?
Next week: It's Christmas! Mycroft has a special gift for Greg — and vice versa.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Mycroft takes Greg away for the holidays. Another heat comes and goes, and Mycroft tries to manage his jealousy.

Note: there’s a bit of celebratory D/s sex mid-way through.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

In November, Mycroft asked if he could take Greg on a holiday for the Holidays.

“I don’t have a passport, if it’s out of the country.” Greg cautioned.

“You won’t need one. Just your ID.”

“It’s, erm, an imprisonable offense to use a falsified ID to leave the country.” Greg told him, thinking of the BETA designation on his Driver’s License.

“You won’t go to prison, Greg, nor will you end up sleeping in cousin Archie’s lounge. Trust me?”

“Jesus, My, nothing good ever comes when someone says, ‘trust me.’”

Mycroft laughed.

Greg spent roughly twenty days a year in heat, which ate up a lot of his sick and holiday time. But, by agreeing to work on the holidays themselves, he finagled five consecutive days off between Christmas and New Year’s. Mycroft was overjoyed.

“So where are we going, My?” Greg asked. “On holiday?” They were in bed. He’d just unstrapped Mycroft’s wrists from the headboard and the Alpha had reached immediately for his cigarettes. Now he lay buzzed and heavy-lidded in the circle of Greg’s arms.

“Mmm… not telling.” Mycroft hummed.

“Not telling? How will I know what to pack?”

“No need — I have it covered.”

Greg sighed. “Of course, you do. It never occurs to you that I might want some say in what I take on holiday, does it.”

“Mon canard idiot, have I ever gotten it wrong?” He cuddled closer into Greg’s side, shivering a little with aftershocks.

“You call me a duck. I can’t even tell you how wrong that is.”

“Mais tu es mon doux canard.” Mycroft murmured.
When he lapsed into French, Greg knew he was almost asleep. Someday he’d ask Mycroft about it — he must have learned French at his father’s knee, was it his first language? Had Mycroft’s first words been *Papa* and *biberon, Oui!* and *Non*!? Or had the Holmes boys skipped directly to full sentences? *S’il te plaît, papa, puis-je avoir mon biberon*?

Greg chuckled and pulled Mycroft closer.

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They landed in Gibraltar on Boxing Day. Greg had never travelled out of Britain, never flown on an airplane, never even been to Heathrow. The experience, he suspected, would have been vastly different without Mycroft.

They had been ushered through a security checkpoint with as many apologies as possible for the three minutes it took for guards to glance at their IDs (Greg could not help holding his breath), x-ray their bags and watch them walk through metal detectors. Then they were taken to a luxurious lounge where they sat on a pale blue couch. Mycroft plugged his mobile in to charge and offered Greg a cable to do the same. They were served drinks and invited to help themselves from a bountiful buffet by an obsequious attendant. There were newspapers from around the world available, and separate rooms with televisions if one wanted to watch the news or other programs. Whilst Mycroft tapped away at his laptop, Greg mostly stared out the window wall at planes taking off and landing. It was hard to believe he would soon be on one.

Greg took a moment to look inside the small carry-on Greene had handed him before they walked out the door. The handsome brown leather messenger-style bag contained a zip-lock full of mini versions of Greg’s usual toiletries — including the ingredients for his special suppressant in the little cologne and little ‘skin serum’ bottles (Greg wasn’t certain what ‘skin serum’ even was) — three twisty spy novels that he had not yet read, a book of sudoku, two pencils and a pen, sunglasses, chap stick, new pairs of pants and socks, and the wrapped gift for Mycroft he’d inserted himself.

After an hour, the obsequious attendant informed them quietly that their plane was ready. They walked down uncrowded halls to a luxuriously appointed gate where a flight attendant met them and escorted them onto the plane. They sat in the front, in roomy leather recliners. The attendant brought sparkling wine. After take-off, Greg was handed a heated, damp flannel to clean his hands and then given his own ramekin of warm, assorted nuts. He ate them all whilst he started one of the spy novels.

Mycroft smiled at him with indulgent happiness.

In Gibraltar, Greg barely got the sense of temperate balminess before they were in a shiny, black saloon being whisked through a city very different from London. He was a little surprised to find himself in Spain — Andalucía to be exact — as they had agreed on their first date that they didn’t care for beach holidays. But the car took them inland, into the mountains and through little villages. After an hour, it turned from secondary roads to tiny lanes and then a gravelled drive through the forest.

The villa was made of adobe and sat atop a hill with a stunning view of the Riff mountains in Africa. The rooms were large and open, with colourful textiles offsetting the white of the walls. Almost every room opened onto a terrace. There was an infinity pool at the lip of the mountain filled with warm water. It was large enough for laps, shallow enough for wading.
In the master suite — it was almost as large as Mycroft’s bedroom in his townhouse — Greg finally succumbed to curiosity and looked through the case that had been packed for him. Along with extra toiletries, pants and socks, he found a very nice red and brown tartan summer-weight suit, lounging pyjamas, swim suits, jeans and casual shirts, sandals, and hiking clothes — pants, boots, socks, shirts, hat.

Mycroft had come in whilst he unpacked. The Alpha stood behind him and leaned in, his hands on Greg’s hips. “Did I forget anything, mon canard?”

“When you said you’d pack for me, why did I think you meant clothes I already owned?”

“I have no idea.” Mycroft said, and Greg could hear his smile. “Do you like it?”

“The house? Spain?” Greg asked. “It’s not a caravan in Cornwall, but I guess it’ll do.” He felt the Alpha’s breath on his neck, scenting him. “It’s incredible, My. I love it.”

Mycroft’s arms closed around him and he kissed the nape of his neck. Greg luxuriated in the embrace. “I’m so glad.” The Alpha murmured. “I’m going to start dinner.”

“You’re cooking?”

“I thought it would be nice. I never have time at home. There’s fresh sea bass in the kitchen.”

“I didn’t even know you could cook. Can I help?”

“If you would indulge me,” Mycroft said. “Would you shower, wash off the suppressant? I love your natural scent.”

“We’re alone here?” Greg asked uneasily.

“Of course, mon canard. I would never endanger you.”

Greg agreed with another kiss, and by the time the fish was grilling with olives, onion and artichokes, he had washed and donned jeans and a t-shirt — both of which fit him perfectly — and was drinking Spanish wine barefoot on the dining terrace.

“What are we doing tomorrow?” Greg asked as he watched the Alpha at the grill.

“Whatever you like.” Mycroft told him. “We could go sightseeing — there’s a castle not far from here and Roman ruins. We could go hiking in the mountains. We could drive to Marbella — there are churches and a Moorish castle and a tapas place there you might enjoy. Or we could stay here and read by the pool. It’s up to you.”

“It all sounds amazing.”

“One thing to consider, on Thursday we’re driving to Malaga. It’s somewhat farther away, but we have tickets for the Malaga vs. Barcelona game at La Rosaleda stadium.”

“Oi… what?!” Greg asked.

Mycroft smiled his delighted smile. “Football tickets.” He repeated. “We’re going to a game on Thursday.”

“Bloody hell, My!” Greg bounced out of his chair. “That’s… that’s… that’s fucking brilliant is what that is!” He exclaimed. He cupped the Alpha’s face and kissed him with gusto. “Just brilliant… do you even like football?”
“Of course.” Mycroft said.

“You know I can tell when you’re lying.”

“Your excitement is infectious. I will enjoy it thoroughly.”

Greg kissed him again, with intent this time, his fingers stroking the Alpha’s neck. “Will the fish be ruined if I shag you right now?”

“Mmm,” Mycroft kissed him back. “I don’t think I care.” He abandoned the grill and pressed Greg against the door frame. Greg felt Mycroft’s hardness rub against his own, their legs entangling as they stood.

Mycroft nuzzled his face against Greg’s neck, taking a deep breath. Greg’s senses filled with Mycroft’s smoky whisky scent. It never failed to arouse him.

Greg wrestled Mycroft back from the door and led him to the lounging chaise by the pool, indicating that he should sit. He knelt beside the chair and began to unfasten the Alpha’s trousers. “Lift up.” He said, dragging the garment down Mycroft’s legs, exposing him to the cool mountain air. The skin of his legs erupted in gooseflesh under its auburn carpet and Greg ran his hands up and down the muscular limbs, enjoying the feel of them beneath his palms. He straddled the chaise, sitting lightly on Mycroft’s thighs and unbuttoned his shirt, kissing him on his mouth and jaw. Mycroft attempted to help, but Greg took his wrists firmly and set them on the arm rests, making certain the Alpha understood they were meant to stay there. Then Greg returned to the buttons.

When Mycroft’s copper thatched chest was exposed, Greg ran his hands over it, pausing to pinch his nipples and tug at the small hoops that pierced them. He scraped his fingernails across the Alpha’s abdomen, and sucked a nipple into his mouth, holding the ring between his teeth and pulling. Mycroft hissed with pleasure. Greg slid down and took the head of Mycroft’s Alpha cock in his mouth. They rarely did this — the size of the Alpha’s member was daunting, and Mycroft generally preferred to blow rather than be blown. But Greg was feeling the spirit of giving.

He licked his palm and stroked it down the Alpha’s cock, the foreskin slipping under his hand. With his other hand he cradled Mycroft’s balls. He sucked hard on the cockhead, his tongue fucking into the slit, tasting the bitter sap of Mycroft’s arousal. Mycroft swore colourfully.

Greg fingered Mycroft’s perineum with the hand on his bollocks, sliding back to tease his hole as he jacked the shaft and sucked as much of it as he could into his mouth. He pulled back the foreskin and licked the ridge under the glans.

He paused for a moment and asked Mycroft to wet two of his thick fingers. The Alpha sucked them into his mouth. Greg transferred his wet digits to Mycroft’s hole and pressed them in, fingerfucking him whilst he licked the length of the Alpha’s shaft. He returned his attention to the head, using his teeth sparingly, but relentlessly.

Mycroft had slid down the chaise, spreading his legs and opening to Greg’s ministrations. He gripped the hand rests with white knuckles and panted and sang his pleasure. Greg began to fuck him harder with his fingers and bob on his cock, his other hand stroking and slapping the long shaft, meeting his lips as he sucked.

Greg let go the big Alpha cock and took his bollocks in his hand. He stretched them and carefully crushed them together in the palm of his hand. Mycroft cried out in pain that Greg knew to be considerable.
He continued in this manner, varying speed and pressure, frigging him forcefully, then curling his big fingers to scrape over the prostate. He licked and sucked enthusiastically, his big hand twisting and squeezing the Alpha’s balls. Greg found a rhythm of thrusting against the Alpha’s prostate, sucking and compressing his bollocks that had Mycroft keening and swearing and shoving his hips upwards with increasingly frantic movements...

Greg abruptly pinched the head of his cock and Mycroft came shouting and bouncing on the chaise, seed spurting over Greg’s hand and onto his face. The Omega milked his cock, coaxing the cum from it, kissing the Alpha hard as the shuddering shocks tore through him. Eventually he was limp — his cock, his limbs, his head lolling on his neck.

Greg unbuttoned his flies and pulled his erection free. It was raging, rude and damp and very, very hard. He stood, still straddling the chaise, and aimed the head of his cock at Mycroft’s lips. The Alpha hummed appreciatively and opened his mouth wide. Greg began to fuck his throat, thrusting his cock deep. He held Mycroft’s head still, pressed against the back of the chaise and plunged himself into the hot mouth over and over, using the the Alpha’s mouth like a plastic pussy — something to exploit for his pleasure without thought or care.

This man was glorious! the sultry depths of his throat humming around his prick, his tongue massaging the underside... he was so accepting... so compliant...

It didn’t take long, shoving his prick in Mycroft’s open mouth, before he gripped the Alpha’s hair in desperate fists and pressed his groin hard to his face and shot, grunting, into the hot, wet, throat.

When he’d finished, he tucked himself away and sat back down on Mycroft’s thighs, cuddling into the Alpha’s chest. Mycroft’s arms wrapped around him. Greg looked up to be kissed, Mycroft smiled at the cum still on his face and licked it off before snogging him, his mouth still salty and bitter.

The fish was ruined but neither man cared.

Mycroft foraged in the kitchen, collecting cheese, nuts, fruit and crisp breads and set it out on the table whilst Greg ran up to the master bedroom to retrieve the gift he’d brought.

Greg set it on the table as he slid into a seat.

“What is it?” Mycroft asked, looking at the small rectangular box wrapped in green foil, a white ribbon tied around it in a careful bow.

“Open it.” Greg said, poking the gift.

Mycroft looked very slightly afraid, Greg thought. But he picked up the box, untied the bow and tore the paper. He lifted the lid and looked at what lay inside. “Greg!” He said.

Greg grinned. “Happy Christmas, My.”

“A Dunhill Rollagas.” Mycroft murmured, admiring it.

“Palladium plated.” Greg said. “I almost went with the carbon fiber, but...”

“No, this one is perfect!” Mycroft lifted the lighter from the nest of tissue paper and flicked it open, igniting the flame. He closed it and ran his fingers over the grooves in the metal, examining the vertical stripe design they created.

Greg reached out and turned the lighter in Mycroft’s hand.
“You had it engraved.” Mycroft breathed. Greg watched him reading. The Alpha’s eyes shone. “Greg, this is the most beautiful gift.”

Greg smiled. “I thought it’d be useful.”

Mycroft reached for his Treasurers, offered one to the Omega, then took one for himself. Hand shaking slightly, he lit the flame again and held it out for Greg. He lit his own cigarette, then examined the lighter again, taking a long drag.

“You like it, then?” Greg asked. He’d hoped this gift would be a success — it was unique and stylish, rather expensive but something he knew Mycroft didn’t already have. Mycroft was more effected than he ever would have expected.

“Oh yes. I’ll treasure it.” Mycroft traced the engraving with his finger: ‘To My — With All My Love.’ “It’s perfect.” He said again.

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Two weeks and three days after their holiday, Greg’s heat rolled around again. He had even less warning this time — a slight headache, a vaguely uncomfortable feeling. If he hadn’t been watching the calendar, he might have missed them entirely. It was good he was regular as clockwork.

Greg retreated from the world, locking himself in the bedroom of his modest flat and drugging himself thoroughly. Mycroft haunted his medicated dreams. Each time he woke alone, Greg felt utterly bereft. The third day, he found himself sitting against the locked door, banging on it with bruised knuckles, sobbing...

Afterwards, Greg allowed Mycroft to send a car right away. He showered thoroughly, dressed himself in soft clothes, lit a fag and ate a few bites of leftover takeaway curry from the fridge. He felt fidgety and unsettled as well as hungover. When he received the text telling him the car was downstairs, he bounded down and climbed into the shiny saloon. Mycroft was there, arms open.

Greg melted into the Alpha’s embrace, feeling the itch of tears in his eyes. Mycroft held him tightly and petted his head, soothing the trembling Omega.

At the townhouse, Mycroft bundled him into the big bed and served him tea and Mrs. Farthingale’s homemade sausage butty. He also had fairy cakes laced with THC.

“You lose weight every time, mon canard.” Mycroft told him. “And you never gain enough back. You’re wasting away.” He was right, Greg knew. He had become very lean. And though that made him look ripped, it wasn’t healthy. Sometimes he felt stretched and thin in body and mind.

Mycroft pushed one of the fairy cakes towards Greg. “It might stimulate your appetite.”

“I will if you will.” He said.

They spent the afternoon laying on the big bed giggling and silly. Greg let the Alpha feed him crisps, salted nuts, and Maltesers to his heart’s content. For dinner he ate ice cream and a ham sandwich and didn’t feel sick afterwards. Mycroft deemed the experiment a success.

That night, cuddled up together under the duvet, Mycroft seemed tentative.
“What is it, My?” Greg asked.

“I have a confession.” Mycroft said reluctantly. “I... I’m feeling... irrationally possessive. I know it’s irrational... but just the idea of you near another Alpha is... is... it’s making me insane.”

“My...”

“I’m not asking you to do anything differently, Greg. I know you’re going to work tomorrow. I just wanted you to know. This is my problem, not yours. I... I won’t make it yours.”

Greg’s thoughts had been circling this issue, the strong pull between them, all day. “The hounds of love are hunting... and I don’t know what’s good for me...” He sang softly and sighed. He cupped the Alpha’s jaw. “It’s hard for me too, My.” He said and kissed Mycroft’s lips gently.

“Is it? Do you feel jealousy?”

“I feel sad. I feel like half of my soul has been yanked out of my chest after every heat.” Greg suppressed a sudden sob. “I feel... rootless... like I don’t have a home...”

“I want to give you a home!” The Alpha cried softly. “That I haven’t... can’t... I feel... inadequate... like I wasn’t strong enough to win you. It makes me paranoid that another Alpha will bond you when I’m not looking. It’s a constant, buzzing fear...”

Greg caressed his cheek, his fingers lingering in his lover’s hair. “I love you, My. No one else — Alpha or Beta, or Omega for that matter — no one else has any chance with me. Only you.”

“I don’t want to bond with anyone else, mon canard. Ever.”

Greg looked down, his hands stilling. “But you will.”

Mycroft’s entire body clenched. “I have to. You know I have to.” He cried. “And I know you can’t. But I can’t stand the thought of losing you.”

Greg sighed. “Then let’s not think of it until we have to. We’re in this together. Yeah?”

“The hounds of love...” Mycroft murmured. “The hounds of love have bloody sharp teeth.” They lay with their arms around each other, breathing hard, trying to relax, slowly pulling themselves back together.

“There’s something I should tell you...” Greg said into the silence.

“Oh?” Mycroft asked, his body tensing again.

“Nothing bad. I’m sitting for the Sergeant’s exam this week. I’ve been a DC for almost five years now... I want to take the next step.”

Greg felt Mycroft take a deep breath and let it out slowly. “That’s good — you’re ready. I’m sure you’ll do well, mon canard.” He sounded strained, but sincere.

“Thanks.”

Greg didn’t tell Mycroft that DCI Gregson had personally encouraged him, offering to act as his mentor. She had been complimentary of his work for some time, giving him more and more responsibility. “I can depend on you, Lestrade.” She’d said. “You have good instincts and you’re not afraid of hard work.” Greg had glowed at the praise.
Then she had looked him over speculatively. “Your dedication to your disabled Omega niece, to protecting her during her heats — that’s really exceptional, Lestrade. Especially as her situation means she’ll probably never bond. A lot of people — a lot of Alphas even — would not be so dedicated. I know it must be hard for you, to drop everything to go to her... but I really admire you... too many...well...” She trailed off. “It tells me you’ll make a great sergeant.”

He was flattered and very excited that his efforts and results had not gone unnoticed — he loved his job! He wanted to do well. He wanted to advance!

But more than that, Greg was deeply relieved that being an Omega had not held him back. Quite the opposite! Greg had accepted Gregson’s offer immediately and put his name in for the test.

He had some studying to do!

Greg hadn’t had a chance to mention the sergeant’s exam before his heat. Telling Mycroft about Gregson now didn’t seem like a good idea. Gregson was an Alpha. Though she had never been anything but professional with Greg, and he had no romantic interest in her at all — she was twenty years his senior! —Mycroft was working hard to curb his jealousy. Greg did not want to fuel it unnecessarily.

This professional success... it took some of the sting out of the situation with Mycroft. When the Alpha inevitably bonded with someone else, Greg would still have his own life to live. He was determined, no matter what, no one would take this from him!

Chapter End Notes

Just a reminder, it’s not just Mycroft who has barriers to bonding with Greg. Greg cannot bond with anyone without outing himself as an Omega. If that happens, he loses his job — there are no Omega cops, much too dangerous for a delicate Omega! — and all his property would become the property of his Alpha. Mycroft loves Greg too much to take everything from him.

Dunhill Rollagas - https://www.h-s.co.uk/index.php/dunhill-rollagas-lighter-palladium-plated-lines.html

This is The Futureheads’ awesome version of Kate Bush’s ‘Hounds of Love,’ the one I imagine Greg listens to — https://youtu.be/PbJmqIVHH8I

Lyrics are perfect for Greg and Mycroft - https://genius.com/amp/Kate-bush-hounds-of-love-lyrics

Shorter chapter this week, but get ready for a monster chapter next week!

Next week: Mummy throws her party for the formerly captive Omegas to meet suitable Alphas with whom to bond.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Mummy throws a party for the formerly captive Omegas to meet carefully vetted Alphas with whom to bond. Greg decides to attend to make sure the Omegas aren't being coerced in any way. Mycroft's out of town that weekend anyway...

Note - this chapter ends with consensual, mutually satisfying D/s, S/M sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sherlock and Virginia Hooper had been travelling to Sherrinford several times a month to help the formerly trafficked Omegas ease into normal life — which for most of them included choosing a bondmate. To this end, Mummy had decided to throw a weekend long event, a mixer of sorts, inviting carefully screened Alphas to come Saturday at noon for tea in the garden, round-robin introductory activities, dinner and a dance in the evening. The Alphas were spending the night in the village, then returning the next day, if they chose, for another tea and chance to get to know the Omegas.

“I’m going to Sherrinford this weekend with Sherlock and John.” Greg told Mycroft. “You’re going to be in Paris anyway and John pretty much begged me to come along.”

“Yes, he wouldn’t want Mummy to corner him again. Although he holds his own quite well.” Mycroft mused. He stroked the skin on Greg’s arm — they were lying in Mycroft’s big bed just finishing a post-coital fag. “But that doesn’t mean you have to go.”

“I don’t mind. Honestly, I want to make sure this thing is run properly… look out for the Omegas. I’ve gotten to know a few of them. They’re good kids.” Greg said. Then he chuckled. “And John bribed me with a dance — I haven’t been dancing in ages.” Not since he’d gone with Meaghan…

Greg felt Mycroft stiffen… then shift, so he could study Greg’s face. “You never said you liked dancing.”

“You didn’t deduce it?” Greg teased, refusing to acknowledge the Alpha’s reflexive jealousy. “You knew how I took my coffee. You knew that I’m allergic to cantaloupe and that I’d enjoy hiking in Andalucía. You knew me dad taught me to box and that I’d taken up smoking because it calmed my nerves and helped cover the Omega scent. And I told you how much my parents loved ballroom dancing. Jesus, My, you even knew I was a virgin until I was 20. How could you not know I love to dance?”

“An unforgivable oversight. I would have taken you dancing so often you wouldn’t be compelled to spend a weekend with my mother.”

Greg laughed. “Sounds like she scares you too.”

“Any reasonable person would be frightened by Mummy. But I can see that there’s no talking you
out of it. I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed in your dance partner. Sherlock would be a better choice than John.” Mycroft stubbed out the cigarette and turned off the light.

Greg snuggled down into the bed and allowed Mycroft to spoon him, enjoying the rasp of the Alpha’s chest hair on his back. “There’ll be 50 or 60 carefully vetted Alphas to dance with. I’m sure I can find someone interesting.” Mycroft’s body abruptly became tense. “My?”

“Nothing.” Mycroft mumbled, his arm tightening around Greg’s chest.

“You’re jealous.” Greg said softly, sighing. “Imagine that.”

“It’s nothing. Go to sleep, mon canard.”

“Stop calling me your duck” Greg muttered, as he fell into sleep.

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It was a gorgeous Spring day and Sherrinford looked festive — as festive as a Regency manor with French-style gardens in full Spring bloom could look.

Greg had walked from the train. His rucksack wasn’t heavy, his jeans and old Doc Martens were comfortable, and it was less than an hour from the station. He’d never approached the mansion this way — as he supposed it had been designed to be approached — on foot or horseback. There was a long driveway, half of it uphill through the woods. It was quiet and still there, a medieval forest. But as one crested the hill, the trees fell away and Sherrinford came dramatically into view, the grey stone structure and sprawling gardens picturesque in the extreme.

It appeared that the carefully-vetted Alphas had already arrived — there were roughly 100 people in the east garden, eating Battenberg sponges and Bakewell tarts and sipping tea whilst they mingled. Greg recognised a number of the Omegas, dressed up or down per their preference. He waved to Alfred — at 20 he was one of the oldest Omegas they’d rescued. He and Suki had both expressed a desire to learn a trade and get a job.

“You decided to participate after all.” Greg said. Alfred was wary of Alphas, having spent almost six years in the brothel, and preferred to wear suppressant rather than bond.

The Omega shrugged. “Sooks didn’t want to come alone, did she.”

Greg saw quite a few eyes following Alfred — eyes that narrowed at the good-looking policeman talking to him. “Looks like you have a few admirers.” He said as Alfred led him indoors.

“Cause there’s only three boys, innit. We stand out. Sherlock said you’re staying in the room across the hall from his — d’you want me to show you?”

“Cheers.” Greg said. He’d never been in the private areas of the manor. “Have you talked with any of the Alphas?”

Al scowled. “A few.” He said. “I told them I’m in nursing school and all of them tried to talk me into quitting to have a baby”

Greg knew that Alfred had given birth twice in the brothel’s nefarious infirmary — the infants had
been taken from him immediately, he’d never even seen them. The Omega doctors all agreed that a third pregnancy, even at his young age, would be difficult, possibly fatal. Alfred needed an Alpha who did not want biological children.

“Not the right Alphas for you.” Greg summed up, more cavalierly than he felt. “That’s great about nursing school — I know it’s not easy to get a spot.”

The young man shrugged. “I’m sure the Holmses put in a word. Even got me a tutor — she’s keepin’ me up to snuff. Don’t want to disgrace meself.”

Greg ruffled his hair affectionately. “You won’t.” He said. “I have yet to meet an Omega who isn’t frighteningly smart. You certainly aren’t the exception, Al.”

The Omega ducked his head. “This is your room. John said it’s Sherlock’s brother’s, but he wouldn’t mind if you used it whilst he weren’t here.”

Greg was surprised. He supposed he shouldn’t be, Sherlock and John knew about them of course. But he felt strange about being in this room without Mycroft. It wasn’t like the townhouse where Greg now felt perfectly welcome and comfortable with or without Mycroft. This was where My had grown up. This was Mummy’s territory.

He tossed his rucksack on the bed. “I'll go with you back to the party.” Greg told Alfred, checking the pockets of his leather jacket to make sure he had his fags and lighter. “Help you weed through the dross, maybe find a gem.”

“Maybe.” Alfred sighed. “You should talk to Sooks.” The Omega said as they walked back downstairs. “She wants to go to police academy.”

“Suki wants to be a copper, aye?” Greg asked, heart sinking for the young woman. No open Omega had ever been accepted. Not that Greg knew of anyway. “That might stretch even the Holmses’ influence... but they’ve surprised me before. Arabella is certainly popular.” He remarked as they stepped into the garden to see clots of Alphas and Omegas chatting and drinking tea. Madame Holmes was holding court with a small crowd of what Greg presumed were chaperones and parents of some of the Alphas. “And Peter.”

“They’re both fifteen.” Alfred said. “Any Alpha set on bonding with them will have a long wait. On the other hand, they spent less time inside.” ‘Inside’ was how the Omegas referred to the whorehouse and laboratory where they’d been held captive, trafficked and experimented upon. “They still have romantic notions.”

Greg put his arm around Alfred and the young man melted against him, pushing instinctively into the pleasure of touch and trust. “You don’t have to bond, Al. Not all Omegas do.” Greg told him, although he himself and John’s sister were the only unbonded Omegas over the age of 21 he knew of — not exactly typical examples. “But don’t rule it out. Sherlock told me he’d never wanted to bond until he met John. And they’re ridiculously happy now. Look at ‘em.” Greg gestured at the bonded pair, the tall Omega dragging the compact Alpha across the lawn by the hand.

Alfred sighed. “Too bad Sherlock got to John first...”

Greg snorted — he knew Alfred had a huge crush on John. He wasn't he only one — whilst rescuing them, John had fought and killed one of their Alpha captors, it was instinctive for an Omega to desire to bond with the victor. “John Watson isn’t the only Alpha worth having.” He said. “My boyfriend’s an Alpha and he’s a good one.”
Alfred glanced at Greg, then away. “I got the, erm, impression from Sherlock that you were seeing his brother...”

“Didn’t realise Sherlock was spreading that around.” Greg said, suddenly very aware of Madame Holmes across the lawn, frowning in his direction. “But, yeah, I’m seeing Mycroft.”

“He didn’t...” Alfred looked anywhere but at Greg. “I overheard Sherlock talking to John, didn’t I. I shouldn’t’a said nought.”

Greg patted the Omega’s back. “Don’t worry about it, Al. It’s just... I don’t think Mycroft has said much to his mother about us yet. I’d rather not do it for him.” He glanced at Mummy — was she staring at him?

Alfred looked at him curiously. “I won’t say nought. But why would she have a problem with it?”

“Hopefully she won’t. It’s just... Mycroft will bond with an Omega in a few years. In the meantime, there’s no reason he shouldn’t date. But she’s always been wary of him forming attachments.”

The young man digested the information, several emotions flitting across his expressive face. “What about you, Greg? Won’t that hurt you, when he mates with someone else?”

The melancholia Greg had successfully buried, crept chillingly into his blood. He smiled tightly. “Being with him now... it’s more than I ever expected. It will end, but I will have had it — him. That will have to be enough.”

Alfred looked ready to ask more questions, but mercifully John interrupted just then rendering the Omega tongue tied.

“Hey, we’re setting up a game of footie.” John announced. “James and I.” John’s friend was tall — taller than Mycroft even — and he and John together made quite the odd couple. “You wanna play, Al?”

“Erm... uh, sure. John...” Poor Alfred.

“Greg, have you met James?” John asked.

“Not officially.” Greg replied extending his hand. The tall man took it, meeting his eyes. “Greg Lestrade.”

“James Sholto. It’s a pleasure.” James held his hand slightly longer than was warranted, smirking warmly and keeping eye contact.

He wants me. Greg realised. He smiled internally at the knowledge, but carefully broke contact and turned to John. “Enjoy the game. See you later, Alfred,” John grinned at Greg, understanding that he wasn’t joining in, and led the small group away.

Greg fished his fags from his pocket and watched John and James Sholto organise a number of Alphas and Omegas into teams and start play. At least Mummy was frowning at John now.

“DC Lestrade...” Greg turned to see the Omega specialist, Dr. Weintraub.

Greg felt himself blush red. “Oh... erm... hi, doc.” He’d seen the doctor several times himself, but never in public. He felt distinctly nervous to be with one of the few people who knew he was an Omega. “What are you doing here today?”
“A couple of the Omegas are having disturbing symptoms. I’ve been seeing them regularly.”

“Oh yeah?” Greg felt concern well inside him. "What kind of symptoms?"

Dr. Weintraub frowned. “I can’t talk about my patients… but I do think this is something that should be considered in the investigation.”

“Perhaps if you don’t name names?”

“Yes, we’ll speak generally.” The doctor’s face lightened. “Several of the Omegas have presented with cramping and generalised pain in their joints. They lack energy and have difficulty building and keeping muscle.”

“Sounds awful.”

Dr. Weintraub sighed. “There are good days and bad days, but yes, it’s awful. Especially in such young patients.”

“What’s causing it? Do you know?”

“Mr. Homes — erm, Mr. Sherlock Holmes — has been studying their medical records and believes that these Omegas were injected with a certain compound. We believe it’s responsible for the illnesses. However, they aren’t the only Omegas to have been given the compound. A number of them were given it and show no adverse reactions.”

“Are you sure that’s the culprit then?”

“Yes. Mr. Holmes has synthesised it from the laboratory notes and has been testing it on rabbits. It’s definitely the culprit. The key difference, it seems, is that the Omegas who received the compound and have not had any adverse side effects, subsequently became pregnant and delivered a healthy baby. The Omegas that are having problems have not been pregnant.”

“Jesus… what’s the compound do, then?”

“We suspect it’s intended to have some beneficial effect on the foetus. When Birgit delivers, she’s agreed to let us observe her child, run some tests — nothing more invasive than drawing blood, of course.”

Birgit had been in the early stages of pregnancy when the Omegas were rescued. As Omegas did not survive aborting a foetus — or hysterectomy, or even tubal ligation — Birgit had no choice but to carry the foetus to term.

Birgit, however, did not seem unhappy with her lot. She was looking forward to the baby — as were quite a few of the rescued Omegas. So many had had their infants taken from them, they thought of Birgit’s baby joyfully. Greg privately wondered how they’d manage the inevitable envy and depression… but Mummy had psychologists on hand…

“How’s Birgit doing?” Greg asked.

“Splendidly.” Dr. Weintraub grinned. “Couldn’t ask for a better patient.”

“Is she here today?” Greg asked.

“Oh yes! It appears that some Alphas are not put off by the thought of parenting a non-biological child. Of course, it doesn’t hurt that Birgit is a knockout.”
Greg located the zaftig blonde in the garden. Birgit was indeed a knockout — tall and curvy with a bright smile, clear blue eyes and boundless energy. She looked quite pregnant, but carried it well, her blue minidress hugging her body in all the right places. There were five or six Alphas attempting to make a good impression on the blonde bombshell.

“Good on her.” Greg said. He liked Birgit. She was very down-to-earth and practical, valuing her beauty far below her health and talents. “I hope she finds someone good.”

Dr. Weintraub lowered his voice. “Have you ever thought about…”

Greg stiffened, his tension level ratcheting up to 1000. “No!” He snapped. “Never. I have to talk to Suki, excuse me doctor.” Greg strode away from the Beta quickly, trying to calm himself down.

He took a few minutes, hiding behind the decorative shrubbery and smoking. When his hands stopped trembling, he ventured back out into the party.

He found Suki on the patio near the food tables. The little Omega wore her straight dark hair cut bluntly, a thick fringe brushing her eyebrows. She moved quickly, with the innate grace and surety of an acrobat. Greg could picture her as police, her dark eyes brooking no nonsense. “Hey Sooks.” He greeted her.

“Lestrade! What is up?!” Her exuberance was charming.

“I hear you’re thinking about applying to the police academy.” He said, bumping her outstretched fist, then exploding his hand and wiggling his fingers in tandem with her.

“Already applied.” She said. “The Police Constable Degree Apprenticeship — I can earn whilst I learn, Lestrade.”

“Good luck, Sooks.”

The little Omega lowered her voice. “Sherlock gave me this suppressant that makes me smell like a Beta. I’m going to wear it when I go for the interview.”

For half a second Greg was furious that Sherlock was giving away his secrets… then he felt guilty that he’d kept it for himself for so long without a thought of sharing. “What about bonding, Suki? I thought you wanted a mate.”

“Yeah — everything is easier for an Omega once you’re bonded, Lestrade. Safer. Just have to find a good ‘un.”

“Anyone here with an appealing scent?” Greg smiled.

“One or two.” She winked. “Well, one, really. City Boy, a banker, if you can believe it. Never thought I’d go for a City Boy, but his scent… wholesome, like freshly baked bread. Just feels right.”

“Yeah? Where is he?”

“Talking to Madame Holmes. She’s my provisional guardian, he needs her permission.”

“Wow! You’ve settled it between yourselves already?”

“Sherlock asked John right away… I don’t see the point in waiting.”

“I guess not.” Had it been possible, would he have bonded with Mycroft right away? Allowed him to become the most important person in his life without getting to know him first? Greg honestly
couldn’t answer. It sounded foolish… but Mycroft’s scent had captivated him immediately.

“Soon as I met Magnus, Lestrade, I just knew. And he thinks it’s cool I’m going to be a police constable. Wants me to wear the uniform at home…”

Greg laughed. “Good for you, Sooks! I hope it’s as easy for everyone.”

She shrugged. “I think Birgit and Melanie have decided already. And Nell. Peter likes someone, but he’s so young… his Alpha will have to wait a few years.”

“‘His Alpha?’ Already?” Greg asked.

“Yeah, looks like — there they are, over there.” Suki pointed. Peter sat under a tree next to a well-dressed woman with flaming ginger hair. “She’s an heiress. Her family makes brown sauce or something. I met her, kind of a meaty scent. Perfectly fine if you like that sort of thing.”

“Suki, dear…” Greg looked up to see Madame Holmes bearing down on them, looking regal in black trousers and a neat silver blouse. Virginia Hooper and a natty looking young Alpha followed in her wake. Greg abruptly felt set-conscious about his jeans and worn Doc Martens.

“Detective Constable Lestrade.” Mummy purred. “To what do we owe the honour?”

“Madame Holmes.” Greg smiled and hoped it looked more confident than he felt. How did Mummy do this to people — make grown adults feel like children? “Ms. Hooper, hello. Such a lovely party — and successful, it seems. You must be Magnus.” Greg offered his hand to the City Boy who shook it firmly. “I understand congratulations are in order.”

“Thank you, sir. I hope so.” Suki took his hand and he smiled at her — Mummy must have agreed. Virginia winked at Suki approvingly and the three of them put their heads together.

“It’s kind of you to take the Omegas in, Madame Holmes.” Greg said, watching Suki and her beau. “And to do so much for them.” He didn’t mention his ambivalence about the matchmaking party — it did seem to be working out.

She smiled acknowledgement. “I understand you keep company with my son.” She said pointedly to Greg.

“Erm…” For a second, Greg was speechless — how did she know about him and Mycroft? Had Mycroft told her? Had Sherlock? Had she overheard as Alfred had?

“Mm. I presume Sherlock asked you to come today.”

“Yeah. I think the idea of matchmaking makes him nervous — a couple Alphas could get into it. A police presence, however unofficial, is just a precaution.”

“I’m glad he has friends.” Mummy touched Greg’s arm impulsively. “People he can depend on.”

“He’s been a friend to me too.” Greg told her truthfully. “And John.”

Mummy’s eyes narrowed. “Yes. John. He’s been a good influence on Sherlock, I can’t deny it.” She sighed and glanced around. “Duty calls, Detective.” She said gesturing at a knot of young people
waiting to speak to her. “Enjoy the soirée.”

Greg felt a wash of relief as she walked away. He wondered where he could find some liquor in the vast halls of Sherrinford. He definitely needed a drink.

By the time the dancing started that evening, Greg had drunk just enough from John’s hip flask — there was, wisely, no liquor at this party — to happily socialise with the visiting Alphas himself.

Most of them were his age or younger — not just the sons and daughters of affluent families, but quite a few middle-class Alphas recommended for vetting by James Sholto. He ran an after-school program for Alphas, training them to control their aggressive instincts, and knew many young professionals, academics and artists — like John Watson — who could normally never hope to bond with an Omega.

Greg had danced with John and then with Sherlock — very different experiences, he enjoyed both — and had noticed James Sholto staring at him through the crowd more than once. Greg avoided eye contact with the tall Alpha, giving him no encouragement. He amused himself watching Madame Holmes tour through the rooms, engaging with each group briefly as John attempted to avoid being part of any group she joined.

She was formidable. Her scent made Greg think of fine leather and vast libraries — wealth and knowledge hand-in-hand — but there were notes of granite and marble hinting at a hardness, an immovability, that he didn’t like. He associated it with truculent Alphas he’d interviewed in the course of his work — men and women so stubbornly set in their ways they were blind to everything else.

After the brief chat that afternoon, Mummy had been content to ignore him, which suited Greg perfectly. John’s whisky had aided his complacency.

He’d watched Dr. Mahon dance with Virginia Hooper, the long-time couple could really cut a rug. Greg watched Suki and Magnus dancing and Birgit with her new Alpha, Jennifer. The tall, blonde — and very pregnant — beauty swayed to the music with her chosen one, a stocky young woman who was the epitome of the cocky Alpha — everything about her was assertive, her suit, her haircut, her voice and her walk, her habit of using as few words as possible, letting her silence project dominance. When Birgit had introduced them, Greg had been a little afraid of her. Even her scent was assertive — the overly-bright, sappy smell of freshly sawn pine with the metallic tang of the saw. It made Greg think of solidity and construction… when he thought about it, he could see the appeal. Birgit was definitely smitten. Jennifer looked like she couldn’t believe her luck.

Also looking like they couldn’t believe Jennifer’s luck were several glowering young Alphas — they’d all wanted to bond with Birgit and were looking unhappy at being rejected. They were growing restless and Greg feared an altercation might break out — it certainly would if any of them challenged Jennifer. As Greg watched, James Sholto corralled them and led them from the room.

Good. Greg didn’t want any trouble.

Greg himself was currently enjoying the company of an Alpha, a 23-year-old surgical intern at one of the big hospitals in London. She was an attractive, self-assured young woman, with a healthy, horsey scent — were he not in a relationship, Greg would have chatted her up. As it was, he flirted a bit, enjoying her attention.

“You seem too confident to be talking to me.” He said.

Her eyes sparkled. “What do you mean?”
“I’m a Beta, well within your comfort zone. Aren’t you here to mingle with Omegas?”

“But you’re so good looking.”

Greg scoffed good-humouredly. “We do make a pretty pair, don’t we?” He said. “But seriously, don’t any of them catch your eye?”

“One or two… but I’m not interested in having children… and my career is intense… I hate to waste their time. And then I saw you…”

Greg grinned. “Dance with me — I want to introduce you to someone.” He led her into the great hall where the band was playing, and whirled her onto the dance floor. She laughed and pressed against him as they danced, her breasts soft against his chest. He nudged her across the floor — she moved beautifully — to where Alfred was holding up the wall. “Al! Dance with us!” Greg said taking the Omega’s hand and pulling him onto the floor. “This is Regan. Regan this is Alfred.” Greg slid his arm around the Omega. “He’s training to be a nurse.” Regan smiled, interested, he thought, in spite of herself. Alfred blushed, but didn’t pull away. He took her hand when she offered it, the three of them swaying in a tight circle.

Someone tapped on Greg’s shoulder and he turned…

James Sholto stood there. He was very tall and lean — ‘hardened’ was the adjective that came to Greg’s mind — his sandy hair cut high and tight, the look on his face determined. So much for not giving him any encouragement.

“May I cut in?” The Alpha asked, holding out his hand.

Greg laughed easily. “No one’s ever asked me that before.” He said and took the proffered hand.

“I find that hard to believe.” Sholto said, grinning. He held Greg close and pressed a hand to his waist. “I saw how well you dance.” He began leading Greg.

“You dance quite well yourself.” Greg said as he was twirled and then pulled back into James Sholto’s arms.

“I’ve been watching you all day.” The Alpha murmured. “Ever since John introduced us, hoping I’d get a chance to talk to you.”

“Yeah?” Greg said. “With all these Omegas, I’m astonished you’d look at a Beta.”

“I’m too old for them.” James said. “Wouldn’t be right, asking them to bond with an older Alpha when their health would be so dependent on mine. But you…” The Alpha caressed Greg’s cheek, running his knuckle down to his jaw. “I can’t remember the last time I was so attracted to someone.”

Greg looked up into the man’s blue eyes. “That’s very flattering.” He said. James was quite attractive as well, his scent a pleasing mix of gun oil, wool and healthy dog.

“What would you say if I asked you to come back to my hotel with me tonight?” James murmured. “Would you be flattered? Or would you be interested?”

“What would you say if I told you I was already seeing someone?” Greg countered.

“I’d tell you that I’m better for you than they are.”

Greg thought about Mycroft bonding with another Omega. “You might be, at that.” He muttered.
“So… interested?”


“And maybe a little bit interested.”

“If I weren’t in a serious relationship, yeah, definitely.” Greg said.

James whirled them across the dance floor — he was an excellent dancer and Greg was enjoying himself. James led him through a complicated bit of choreography, steps Greg had all but forgotten — but his feet remembered them. James grinned and dipped Greg dramatically. Greg was giggling as James pulled him upright.

“I can’t remember the last time I danced like this!” Greg said, breathless. “My parents loved ballroom dancing. They took me every weekend when I was a kid. Where did you learn?”

“There was a girl in college… she was taking dancing lessons. I enrolled to get to know her better.”

“Did you? Get to know her?”

“Enough to realise that I didn’t like her very much. But I did like dancing. I stuck with the lessons.” The song was coming to an end — Greg was planning to beg off a second dance. He was thirsty. And he didn’t want to encourage James further.

After a last twirl, James pulled Greg tight against his body and whispered into his ear. “Come with me to my hotel, Greg. Let me make love to you. Let me take care of you.”

There was no question of Greg accepting the offer, of course. But he was extremely flattered… and found himself liking James…

He opened his mouth to demur... but James Sholto was abruptly jerked away.

By Mycroft!

Mycroft had appeared out of nowhere. He was holding James by the collar and inserting himself between Greg and the taller Alpha. “Get your hands off my boyfriend.” He snarled so menacingly that Greg took a step back.

“My…”

James Sholto furiously wrenched Mycroft’s hand off his collar only to find Mycroft’s other hand wrapped around his neck. For a moment, Greg though Mycroft would strangle him — or that James would hurt Mycroft, John had told him his friend was a black-belt — but then James slowly raised his hands, palms outward and lowered his eyes, signalling surrender. Not that he looked happy about it.

“Come on, My.” Greg said and touched his lover’s arm. “He didn’t do anything.”

Mycroft took a deep breath and let go, but he continued to stare challengingly at the other Alpha. Both of the Alphas were shaking with the effort to control themselves.

“Mycroft Holmes!” Mummy’s voice rang out — and Greg realised that the room had gone quiet, everyone watching the showdown between the Alphas. “What are you doing!”

Mycroft jumped. He never took his eyes off Sholto, but he took a step backwards and adopted a less offensive posture. “I… apologise, Mr. Sholto.” He said stiffly. “If you’ll excuse me.”
He turned and looked at Greg imploringly, then strode away.

“Fuck.” Greg ran after him. Mycroft had left the room, going the opposite direction from Mummy. He followed, dashing through the great hall into the adjacent parlour where people were chatting and mingling, drinking punch and eating nibbles. Mycroft was just disappearing through a door on the far side. Greg pursued, finding himself in the Butler’s pantry. “My! Stop.” He demanded just as the Alpha was about to exit through the kitchen door.

Mycroft obeyed, turning back towards him

“My!” Greg hugged him impulsively, throwing his arms around the Alpha’s neck and holding tight. “I didn’t expect you here!”

“Clearly.” Mycroft enunciated stiffly, holding himself tightly in check.

Greg pulled back slightly and looked into his eyes. The Alpha’s smoky scent filled his nostrils. “You’ve got your knickers in a twist.” He said. “Over James.”

“He was coming on to you.” Mycroft said softly, no hint of accusation in his voice. “Don’t tell me I was imagining it.”

“Yeah, he was.” Greg agreed. He cupped Mycroft’s jaw. “That doesn’t mean I was going to take him up on it. In fact, I was just turning him down… and you appeared.”

“I overreacted.” Mycroft murmured. He was beginning to relax just a bit, his hands finding Greg’s waist, one slipping under his t-shirt. “I thought I had my base instincts well in hand.”

Greg kissed him, and Mycroft’s eyes slid shut. “Do you? You cut your trip to Paris short. You came here because you couldn’t stand the thought of me here with all the eligible Alphas.”

“I hadn’t realised my motivations were so transparent.” Mycroft groused, his hands moving proprietarily around Greg.

“Only to me.”

“I wish that were true. I made quite a scene back there.”

“You really surprised James.”

“Please stop saying his name.”

Greg chuckled. “Everyone knows you’re my boyfriend now. All those Alphas can eat their hearts out.”

Mycroft was tense under his hands again. “They do at that.”

Greg smiled... Mycroft had come a long way since the quarrel over Meaghan Fraser. He had never since taken his jealousy out on Greg, and when he was feeling irrational — it was strongest right after Greg’s heat — Mycroft warned him, and they talked it through. Greg knew he couldn’t help it, just as Greg couldn’t help longing for a baby or going into heat.

Mycroft had come to Sherrinford now because he couldn’t bring himself to trust fifty Alphas not to move in on Greg. That Greg was more than capable of defending himself wasn’t the point. And if he were completely honest, Mycroft’s possessive display had thrilled him more than a little. Greg’s own irrational instincts were comforted and aroused by Mycroft’s strength.
Greg was so in love with this man! Maybe it was stupid, but he could have five years, maybe more. He would take every minute. He leaned in, pressing himself to the Alpha’s chest and cupped his cheek. Greg kissed him softly but thoroughly. “I’m happy to see you.”

“You aren’t upset?”

“No. I’m proud of you for not hitting him. I really thought you would for a minute there.”

“I hadn’t intended… I thought I had my jealousy firmly in check. But the way he was touching you… I had my hand around his neck before I realised.”

“And then you let go.” Greg said, kissing him again.

“I let go.” Mycroft agreed and returned Greg’s kiss. They stayed like that, in each other’s arms, kissing, reassuring each other with soft words. Mycroft’s scent filled the little room.

“Sherlock put me in your bedroom.” Greg murmured. “I’m going to fuck you in your childhood bed tonight.”

Mycroft made a strangled sound and Greg felt him shudder with arousal. Greg wrapped his arms around the Alpha’s neck and rested his head on his shoulder.

“You look incredible tonight.” Mycroft told him, his fingers at the hem of Greg’s tight black tee. “I want to peel this off you.”

“Mmmm… I thought you preferred me in a suit.”

“Ah, I do… but there’s something about this… it suits you perfectly. Like a second skin.”

“Maybe I should keep it on then.” Greg said stroking the short hairs at the back of Mycroft’s neck.

Mycroft chuckled happily. “Either way, I win.”

“Don’t you always win?”

“Unfortunately, not.”

Greg leaned back slightly to look at the Alpha’s face. “Paris didn’t go well?”

Mycroft smiled, but it was thin and unconvincing. “Paris went exactly how I expected it to go.” He said, pulling Greg close again.

There was a knock at the door. Greg turned as it opened. Sherlock ducked in.

Mycroft and Sherlock did that unnerving thing where they had an entire conversation in several seconds of eye contact and micro-expressions. Well, they could read each other as easily as they could read anyone else — better considering their filial relationship — why shouldn’t they communicate in their own blindingly fast short-hand.

Unfortunately, whatever had been communicated left them both frowning.

“What is it, My?” Greg asked.

“Mummy.” Mycroft said, smiling his unhappy smile. “Let’s take a walk in the garden.” He took Greg’s hand and gave Sherlock another significant look before bidding him goodbye. He led Greg through the kitchen, full of bustling caterers, and out the back door.
Outdoors, Mycroft lit up a cigarette, smiling automatically at the engraved lighter, his fingers caressing the Christmas gift. He passed the cigarette to Greg, sharing it. He took the Omega’s hand, intertwining their fingers, as he led them with purpose through the long geometric paths of the fragrant French gardens. They extended quite a bit farther than Greg had thought, eventually leading to a more winding path through a wildflower garden gone a bit to seed. This path led to a small grove of regularly-spaced English rose bushes, wide avenues in between the short rows. Mycroft stopped there, by the bench facing the rose bushes, bowing his head briefly. Then he squeezed Greg’s hand and pulled him into the forest. The path was narrow but well-trod and led, eventually, to a pond.

“My father designed the gardens — did a lot of the planting himself.” Mycroft told him, watching the moon rise reflected in the water. “He was homesick when he first came here, and the gardens were a little bit of France. He told me, much later, that he regretted sticking to such a formal style — that he’d come to love the meandering, intimate English gardens.”

Greg waited, but Mycroft said no more. “My, what’s wrong?”

“I shouldn’t have come tonight.” He sighed wearily.

“I love that you came.”

Mycroft smiled at him fondly. “I know. But as you pointed out, my motivations are utterly transparent.”

“Mycroft…” Greg didn’t get to say any more — Mycroft kissed him hard, his usual finesse subsumed in desperation. Greg wanted to slow him, calm him, but whatever had put him in this mood couldn’t be gentled away.

Mycroft had Greg’s belt unbuckled and his jeans unbuttoned in seconds. He was on his knees the second after, tugging Greg’s pants out of the way and swallowing down his cock.

Greg stroked the Alpha’s hair, aroused but still concerned. He closed his eyes and tried to focus on the hot mouth on his prick, the hands on his hips. Mycroft bobbed on his cock, pulling him in and sucking. There was a frantic edge to it that kept Greg from fully enjoying the attentions.

“My…” Greg stoked his hair.

“Please, Greg…” Mycroft gasped, pressing his forehead to Greg’s hip. “Please.”

Greg knelt down in one fluid movement and pulled Mycroft into his arms.

“What do you need, My?” He asked, kissing the man gently. “Do you need me to take charge, tell you what to do?”

“Please.” The word was whispered into Greg’s neck, but it was enough. “I need you to hurt me.”

“OK.” Greg said. He looked around, searching for inspiration. He found it. “Lube.” Greg asked.

“In my breast pocket.”

Greg reached inside Mycroft’s jacket and fished out a single use tube of slick. “You came prepared.”

“Always.”

“Stand up. Come on.” Greg stood, quickly fastening his flies, and helped the Alpha to his feet. He
led him off the path into the woods, to a large oak tree. “Strip off.” Greg told him, pulling his belt from his pants and hefting it. “Hurry up.” He demanded and flicked the belt at Mycroft’s arse.

Mycroft took off his suit coat, folding it and placing it on the ground, he took off his tie, unbuttoned his waistcoat and his shirt and shucked them. He pulled the vest over his head. He took off his shoes and socks, unbuckled his pants and dropped them, folding the garments into a neat pile.

The Alpha stood there naked but for the plastic cage that encased his genitalia. His penis was straining against the plastic, hardening as much as it could in the confines of the chastity device. Greg thought it must be painful.

Before he left on his business trip, Greg had locked the chastity device onto Mycroft’s cock and balls. It had jock-style straps around the waist and through the legs holding in place a plastic tube, curved modestly to avoid tenting his trousers. The end was open, of course, to allow the Alpha to urinate, and his bollocks hung through two openings in the bottom separated by a bar. The padlock dangled under the curve, in front of Mycroft’s bollocks. (There were also metal chains that could stretch from the padlock to the Alpha’s nipple rings, but they set off the metal detector at the airport, so had to be left at home.)

"I want you to come." Greg told him. "When I tell you to, but not before." Pulling a fine chain from around his neck, Greg used the key it held to unlock the chastity device and free the Alpha's large cock. It hardened immediately, becoming fat and heavy. "Remember, My, not until I tell you to.

The Alpha nodded. Greg picked up Mycroft’s tie. “Come here.”

Greg had Mycroft wrap his arms around the tree then he knotted the Alpha’s wrists together firmly with his tie, looping it over a branch to hold his arms high. Greg walked back around and surveyed the Alpha’s arse. "You may need this." He said, pulling his handkerchief from his pocket. He folded it into a small rectangle and stuffed it between Mycroft’s teeth

He picked his belt up and doubled it, holding both ends in his hand. Then he drew back his arm and lay the belt across Mycroft’s furry buttocks. The Alpha grunted in surprise and pain.

“Not so loud. I wouldn’t mind an audience, but I don’t think you want that party out here watching me beat your arse.” Greg hit him with the belt again and Mycroft muffled his cry, flinching and biting down on the handkerchief.

Greg established a rhythm, snapping the leather belt against Mycroft’s bare flesh, striping his back, his arse, his thighs with marks. He worked methodically, criss-crossing strokes, laying them down good and hard. After a while, Mycroft’s grunts dissolved into wet sobs. He pulled on the tie binding his wrists, twitching and flinching against the rough tree bark.

Greg beat Mycroft until his arm was tired and aching. Then he switched arms and swung the belt with his left. He had less control with his non-dominant hand, so he went more slowly, laying the belt across Mycroft’s skin with brutal care.

“Spread your legs.” Greg demanded. It was the first sound other than the belt striking Mycroft’s flesh or the Alpha’s stunted cries for fifteen minutes. It was jarring.

Mycroft spread his legs.

Greg reached between his legs and with a gentle hand, pulled the Alpha’s cock and balls so they rested pointing down against the tree. He flicked the belt at the heavy bollocks lightly, striking them many times in quick succession. Mycroft withered against the tree bark, crying into the handkerchief.
When the Alpha's bollocks were red and ripe, his huge cock dripping arousal, Greg dropped the belt and fished the tube of lubricant from his pocket. He unfastened his jeans, freeing his own straining prick and rubbed himself against Mycroft’s long, narrow back, his jeans catching on the welts, the leather jacket slipping over his abraded skin. Greg could feel the heat of the abused flesh through his black t-shirt.

He opened the slick and pressed two slippery fingers into Mycroft’s hole, fingering him aggressively, strafing his prostate. The Alpha moaned through his damp sobs. “Yeah, you want it. You want it badly.” Greg growled, frigging the Alpha until he pushed greedily into his hand.

Greg coated his cock with the remaining lubricant and pressed the blunt tip to the little winking gape. Mycroft tilted his hips, pushing back against it. “You have a perfect arse.” Greg said. “Gorgeous.” Without further ceremony, he thrust himself inside the Alpha’s hole. "Fuck, you're tight!"

They’d experimented with levels of pain, mapping out what was a good amount, what was too much. Dry penetration had not been good for either of them. But sudden penetration with minimal prep — Mycroft had requested that twice before. Both times he’d been distracted, upset, and the pain had quieted his mind and pulled him into his body. He’d slept afterwards, deeply and past his usual waking time.

“Yeah, that’s good. You’re so tight. So perfect.” He began to move, taking the Alpha hard with abrupt thrusts. He gripped Mycroft’s shoulder with one hand and his hip with the other as he rode him. “You feel that, don’t you?”

Mycro moaned softly, twitching where the zip of Greg’s jacket aggravated the welts on his back.

Greg grabbed a handful of Mycroft’s hair and pulled his head back. He yanked the handkerchief from his mouth. “Answer me!” He commanded.

“Yes! Yes, I feel that.”

“Is it good?”

“Yes.” He gasped.

Greg dug his fingers into the heavy, criss-crossing stripes on Mycroft’s arse. “Don’t you think you should thank me?” He shoved his cock deep with the question, pulled almost all the way out and shoved into the tight, tight heat again. Fuck, it felt so good.

“Thank you! Thank you...”

“For what?”

“Thank you for making me feel you!”

Greg bucked up, into the hot, too-tight hole. “That’s right, My, take it. Take my fucking cock.” He growled. “You’ll feel me good and hard.”

Mycro moaned and arched his back and Greg hit the sweet spot. The Alpha tried to stifle his cry, but it echoed over the pond.

“My cock makes you scream. I like that. Now I’m going to ride you hard.” Clothes shoved hastily aside, he hammered at Mycroft’s arse, flesh slapping together vulgarly. He used the other man coarsely, his fingers digging into Mycroft’s hips, bruising him. Greg knew it would inflame the Alpha’s desire more than any sweet lovemaking.
He slapped a buttock. The flesh shook with the impact.

Mycroft bellowed and choked, arching his back aggressively. The Alpha began shoving himself backwards as much as he could, fucking himself on Greg’s cock. “Harder.” Greg demanded. Mycroft complied, his arse contracting around the Omega’s stiff prick.

“Fuck!” Greg groaned, the pleasure overwhelming. He nuzzled the Alpha’s neck, scenting him as he thrust, inhaling the scent of smoke and whisky. He kissed Mycroft’s jaw sloppily, nipping his cheek, connecting the three moles that lived there with his tongue. “I know you were jealous.” Greg said.

“I tried… Greg, I trust you. But all the Alphas looking for mates. I couldn’t…”

Greg bit the Alpha’s neck lightly, “I know, My.” Greg rolled his hips as he thrust, eliciting a long groan from the Alpha.

“Tu es ma vie, mon canard. Je ne sais pas ce que je ferais sans toi.”

“None of those fucking Omegas better look at you twice.” Greg said darkly. “That’s all I have to say.” He sunk his teeth into the back of Mycroft’s neck

Mycroft cried out at the sudden pain, but he didn’t pull away. He panted as Greg buggered him forcefully.

Greg pushed his face into the tree. The sounds of their sex echoed through the woods and over the silver pond. Mycroft gasped and cried and arched his back, hands gripping the knotted tie as Greg sawed in and out of him. Greg watched his cock disappear inside My’s arse. God he was so hot inside… so tight…

“Oh Jesus, fuck!” Greg exclaimed, his climax overwhelming him suddenly, roaring through him like a storm tide, juddering and buffeting his body. "Come... come now, My...” He choked. He reached around blindly and grabbed the Alpha's cock, stroking it hard. "Now!” Through the rush of his own pleasure, he felt Mycroft's cock swell and shudder into orgasm. The Alpha keened as Greg filled his arse, his internal muscles clamping down around the Omega's cock, wringing another and another shock of pleasure from Greg’s electrified body. He collapsed against Mycroft’s back as the Alpha trembled and shot his seed against the tree.

It took a minute, maybe two, before Greg could move. He took a deep breath and pulled out carefully, watching with interest as a dribble of semen trailed down the back of Mycroft’s welted thighs. “Jesus, I’m a mess.” He sighed. His jeans were muddy at the knees. He was sweaty and slick, his hair standing on end and his hands sticky and dirty. He wiped his palms on his denim-clad thighs, then tucked himself away, buttoning his flies and pulling his belt back through the belt loops.

Then he untied Mycroft’s hands, tugging the end of the tie that collapsed the knot. When his hands were free, Mycroft slumped against the tree trunk. Greg quickly came around and supported him, pulling him into his arms and cradling his naked body against his chest. The Alpha’s eyes were heavy-lidded and unfocussed.

“You are wonderful.” Greg told him, kissing him softly. “I love you so much.” He helped the Alpha to dress, overriding his moans that he didn’t want to. Greg knew Mycroft was deep, that he didn’t want to have to surface from where Greg had sent him, even a little. But they weren’t going to sleep in the woods.

Greg skipped socks, vest and pants, helping pull on the Alpha’s trousers, tucking his cock inside and buttoning the flies. He helped Mycroft gingerly don the shirt and waistcoat at once, buttoning them
up and tucking the shirt in brusquely. Greg draped the suit coat over Mycroft’s shoulders. With the bundle of underwear and the chastity device tucked under his arm, Greg kissed Mycroft’s tearstained cheek.

“Let’s go get in your bed and go to sleep.” He said. Holding Mycroft’s hand, he led the Alpha back down the path to the garden. He circled away from the sounds of dance music, back to the door on the far side of the house. The garden here was herbs and vegetables, Greg recognised them from earlier and knew it led into the kitchen. He was relieved to find that the caterers had cleaned up already and the room was dark. Greg took them through to the back stairs and up to the second floor. He found the room with his rucksack in it on the second try and pulled Mycroft in behind him.

“All right.” He said, unbuttoning the waistcoat. “We need to clean up a bit.” He tossed the dusty suit coat aside, unbuttoned Mycroft’s shirt and removed it, letting it lie on the floor where it fell. “Shoes off.” He ordered, and Mycroft untied his shoes and toed them off. Greg crooned compliments as he divested the Alpha of his trousers.

In the en suite, Greg turned on the shower and warmed it. He helped Mycroft into the tub, then shucked his own clothes, pausing only to unlace his boots before climbing into the shower with Mycroft. He embraced the man, felt him shaking and tightened his arms. He soaped them both and rinsed, watching the forest dirt wash down the drain.

He wrapped Mycroft in a huge bath sheet and rubbed his hair dry with a hand towel. He dried himself cursorily, then led Mycroft to the double bed — smaller by half than the bed they shared in the Alpha’s townhouse.

They climbed in and he cradled his lover under the duvet. Mycroft was asleep almost immediately, crowded into Greg’s side. Greg held him for a long time wondering just why he’d been so upset. ‘Mummy,’ he’d said. Surely, she couldn’t be that upset that Mycroft had a Beta boyfriend. Was he still angry about James Sholto? Everything had seemed to be better until Mycroft saw Sherlock…

Greg was glad that he could help Mycroft sleep, at least.

Eventually, he drifted off, the music from the party still playing downstairs.

Chapter End Notes

Mycroft couldn't stand the thought of Greg with all those carefully-vetted Alphas, so he cut his business trip short to come to the party. Mummy seeing him confront James Sholto over Greg certainly has Mycroft in a twist. What is he afraid of?

Next week: THE MORNING AFTER. The chickens come home to roost.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

The morning after is full of surprises.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mycroft woke slowly. Greg’s warm, firm body was next to him, his sweet treacle scent strong under the duvet. He moved closer to the Omega.

He recalled last night’s events, but the slant of the light in this bedroom told him it was early — he wouldn’t have to face the consequences for another couple of hours. Mycroft’s back was stiff and sore, his arse unhappy against the sheets. He smiled a small smile. He’d have this to remind him — to help him — all day.

He was grateful that Greg had forgiven him for the scene on the dance floor. Mycroft had not intended to attack the Alpha… but James Sholto had been touching his Omega!

He pressed his face against Greg’s neck, luxuriating in his syrupy Omega scent. He loved Greg’s natural scent! But he was careful never to complain about the artificial Beta scent Greg almost always wore. Greg was his secret Omega...

He felt himself getting hard, morning wood stiff and insistent. He rubbed against Greg, kissing his neck, seeking more of the rich, warm treacle, wrapping himself in it, his aches dissipating magically.


Mycroft felt Greg’s Omega cock coming to life and he levered himself over the other man, stroking them both in his long, fine hand. Greg moaned and thrust into his fist.

They ground and thrust together for a few minutes, rubbing and stroking each other, kissing and scenting each other. It was intense… different than the way they usually made love, fragrant with the musky smell of lust, smoke-flavoured whisky and sweet, hot treacle… he nipped Greg’s jaw, nosing up to his ear, inhaling deeply. It felt so right, Greg underneath him, his big hands pulling Mycroft close as he writhed against him, their cocks in his hand...

He reached lower to cup Greg’s balls and his fingertips touched something slick. He stretched to reach more of it, wetting his fingers with slippery fluid. Greg moaned loudly, rocking into his hand.

Mycroft had to know the source. He wanted to taste it, revel in it. “Roll over.” Mycroft whispered, kissing Greg’s neck, sucking and tonguing, lapping up his sweetness. He pushed his fingers deeper. “Roll over.”

“Mmmm...” Greg turned himself over underneath Mycroft and pressed his back up against the Alpha’s front. Mycroft wrapped an arm around Greg’s chest and held him close. He rubbed his Alpha cock against Greg’s arse, and it slid into the sweet fluid deliciously. He humped into it as Greg moved beneath him, moaning, his thighs slick with arousal. "Yes!" Greg moaned. "Right there..."
Mycroft obliged, sliding his cock between the Omega's slippery thighs, feeling the heat emanating from his core. "Yesssss" Greg groaned, lifting his arse higher,-seeking more contact.

Mycroft pressed his nose to the scent gland at the base of Greg's neck, kissing it, nipping it, feeling his teeth sink into the delicious flesh...

"St-stop!" Greg had become rigid underneath him, struggling against the arm across his chest, struggling against Mycroft.

That wasn't right! Greg was his! They belonged together! He clung more tightly, his big Alpha cock sliding through the lubrication dripping down Greg's thighs. That felt amazing!

"No, don't! Fu-fuck, STOP IT, My!"

Mycroft thrust between the Omega's thighs, seeking more, seeking Greg's entrance as he bit the Omega's scent gland — lightly now, but soon harder. Hard enough to break the skin, bond them...

Greg, using his strong legs, flipped them both over, Mycroft onto his back, Greg on top, still pinned by the Alpha's arms. "Mycroft! My!" He was shouting, a hysterical note in his voice. "Stop!" The words finally penetrated the fog in his brain. "Please…" Greg wanted him to stop.

"I'm...I'm sorry!" Mycroft exclaimed, letting go. Greg sprang away, and Mycroft couldn't keep himself from grabbing for him again — it felt so wrong to let go. "What's happening?" He asked, agitated. "What's happening to me?"

"I'm going into bloody heat." Greg spat, anger and frustration in every syllable. He was already off the bed, moving across the room.

"What?" Mycroft asked stupidly, but Greg had locked himself in the loo.

Mycroft cursed. He dug through his wardrobe, donning a dressing gown and knotting it tightly over his erection. His head was clearing somewhat. If Greg was going into heat, he needed to be in his own flat in London with the industrial ventilator and time locked door. He needed to be safe from all other Alphas, safe from discovery!

Finding his jacket on the floor, Mycroft rooted in the pockets until he found his phone. He quickly placed a call.

He knocked on the loo door. "I've ordered the car." He told Greg through the door. "The driver is Beta, she'll take you to your flat. Do you need clothes?"

"I'm dressed." Greg snapped. Then, apologetically, almost frantically, "I don't know what happened. There was no warning. It's too soon! I shouldn't be... oh fuck... fuck... I had another ten days! It's never come early before!"

"It's ok, Greg. It'll be ok."

"It's not ok!" Greg shouted. "It's very definitely not ok!"

Mycroft's phone trilled discreetly. He glanced at it. "Greg, the car's ready. I'm in full control of myself now, but I'll leave the room if you're not comfortable coming out..."

The door unlocked and opened before he finished speaking. "Don't be stupid." Greg said. "I have
The treacle was absent, but the deep longing to have, to own this Omega was still there. Mycroft stepped back, away from Greg. “I… I’m sorry.” He repeated. His cock throbbed.

“Not your fault.” Greg said around one of his cheap cigarettes. He’d knocked most of the mud from his jeans and boots and wore a different shirt under his leather jacket, but he still looked dirty and bed- rumpled and so, so gorgeous. He looked intensely at Mycroft for a long second. Just as Mycroft was about to reach for him, the Omega wrenched himself away. “I have to go!” He cried and sprinted from the room. Mycroft heard the tattoo of his boots on the stairs and distantly across the grand hall, heard Sherrinford’s front door open and close.

Greg was gone.

Mycroft returned to the bed and burrowed under the duvet. Greg’s treacle scent was still strong here and Mycroft was so hard. He laughed bitterly — Greg had been right, when the time came to sire children, Mycroft would not have a problem. He could have sired a child this morning....

What would he be like? The child that he and Greg made together? Mycroft ached inside, wanting that so deeply. But he couldn’t have it, for so many reasons — chief among them, that he would not take Greg’s independence from him. He could not bond with Greg, could not have the empathetic link with this man with whom he had fallen in love... could not know him inside as he knew him without...

Mycroft wept bitterly into his pillow. He had been stupid. So, so stupid.

—-

Mycroft appeared relaxed, sitting on the blue settee, arm extended across the back, legs crossed. His suit was crisp, precise, the Windsor knot of his tie as perfect as the crease of his trousers and the shine on his shoes.

He appeared relaxed, but he wasn’t fooling Mummy.

She had indicated he should sit on the blue settee just as she’d had him do from his earliest memories when she was ‘disappointed’ — read furious — with him. It chafed, still being treated like a little boy who’d stolen pastries from Père or shirked his reading to finish an experiment with Sherlock.

But he sat, in the attitude of complete relaxation, feeling the throb of his whipped buttocks against the cushion. With a glance, he’d known everything Mummy would say, and she knew all his arguments... it was useless... it had always been useless to argue with Mummy. You either got ahead of events and arranged things to your liking or you did what Mummy wanted.

Right now, Mycroft was a step behind.

He’d aired out his bedroom, flinging open windows and stripping the bed. He’d commandeered suppressant from Sherlock and spritzed the room. He’d swept up the shed dirt and bundled his suit for cleaning... then he’d showered, cleaned his teeth, combed pomade through his auburn hair and dressed meticulously.

He worried about Greg. It was a long drive to London.
Mycroft skipped breakfast having neither an appetite nor the patience for the chirpy Omegas. He went directly to the library, Mummy’s office, and took his seat on the blue settee.

Mummy looked handsome in a grey dress with large, black polka dots and a cardigan with a black and white pattern of stylised foxes all over it. Her short, dark curls had turned mostly silver and she had tamed them into a sleek cloud around her face.

She eyed her son and he read her dissatisfaction in the lines of her face and the position of her fingers.

“What were you thinking?” Mummy demanded.

“What precisely?”

“Cutting short another business trip. The word from France isn’t what we’d hoped.”

“My continued presence would have changed nothing.”

“Perhaps. But leaving Copenhagen two days into negotiations last month certainly affected the outcome. And postponing the meeting in New York was detrimental to the annual profit cycle.”

She was correct about both. He’d told himself he had everything under control, but neither had gone as well as they should have. “Indeed.” He acquiesced.

“All for that police detective? That Beta? The one you made a spectacle of yourself over last night.”

Yes. The answer was yes, but Mycroft couldn’t bring himself to admit it to her.

“What were you thinking, Mycroft? You’ve never been sentimental.” She was embarrassed by his display of aggression on the dance floor, all for a Beta, a policeman, a nobody, in front of people upon whom she wanted to make a good impression. If not for Mycroft's outburst, the party would have gone off perfectly. More than that she was frustrated — rightly — that he’d cut short business trips to spend time with Greg, giving the family business short shrift. She would not understand how difficult it was to be away from Greg so much. She would not understand how it almost hurt physically to leave him.

It had been wrenching this morning. Greg’s leaving had felt like being disemboweled. But he had not had Greg’s permission to bond with him, quite the contrary. He had to let him go.

Mycroft was chastened. He awaited Mummy’s punishment.

“I’ve chosen your bondmate.” Mummy said. “We have been invited to her home two weeks hence, for you to meet.”

Mycroft shifted uncomfortably. His bonding was no longer an event to take place ‘some time’ in the future. It was imminent. “Who is she.” He asked.

“The Smallwood Omega. Lady Anthea.”

Mycroft grimaced. “Isn’t she sixteen?”

“Seventeen. You’ll wait until after her eighteenth birthday, of course, but it’s time you met, started making plans.”
“She has right of refusal — I won’t force an Omega to bond with me.”

“A formality — you’re perfectly unobjectionable.”

Mycroft smirked. “High praise indeed, Mummy.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Yes.” Mycroft allowed. “But you’ll recall we both found James Moriarty unobjectionable.”

A brief flash of anger lit Mummy’s features, but it was smoothed away immediately. Only the clench of her fist gave her away. “Don’t be difficult. You aren’t a psychopath.”

“That’s a low bar.” Mycroft remarked blandly. “Lady Anthea Smallwood may not fancy bonding herself to a confirmed homosexual more than ten years her senior.”

He could almost hear Mummy grind her teeth. “You have to bond, Mycroft. Why must you make it difficult?”

“I’m not. I simply want to give her some agency — something too many Omegas are denied. Isn’t that what this entire weekend has been about, allowing the Omegas to have a say in their own future? Lady Anthea deserves the same consideration.”

“Fine. But she’s a sharp girl. Ambitious. I think you’ll quite like her, Mycroft. I don’t foresee a problem.”

“It’s kind of you to think of our compatibility.” Mycroft said blandly. “I look forward to meeting her.”

“You’ll give up the policeman. The Beta.”

“No.” The word was out before he could stop it. He closed his eyes against her fury, focussed on the throbbing skin under his shirt, and composed himself. “What I mean to say is that it is not your business with whom I spend time.” Mycroft met her gaze calmly.

“It’s affecting your work.” Mummy snapped.

“It may have. It will no longer.”

She tried to stare him down — a technique Mummy used to great effect in business dealings. But Mycroft had learned at her knee and refused to blink or look away. “You will not spoil this match, Mycroft. After the debacle with Sherlock, I had to work very hard to convince Lord Smallwood that our family is deserving.”

“The debacle with Sherlock would have been avoided completely if we’d simply asked him his preference — which we must do with the Smallwood girl.” Mycroft held up a hand to head off his mother’s retort. “I’ve always known I will bond and have children. I’m not disputing that. I’m not rejecting Lady Anthea. If she’s amenable, I will take her as my mate.”

“And the Beta?”

“Is none of your business.” Mycroft enunciated. “No interference with Greg Lestrade of any kind, is that clear, Mummy? You will stay completely away from him.”

“And if I don’t?”
“Then I will never bond and never sire children and the Holmes Family will fall to our cousins.”

“Don’t even joke about that, Mycroft.”

Mycroft smiled unpleasantly. “I’m not joking, Mummy. Greg Lestrade is off limits.”

Mummy smiled just as unpleasantly. “Whatever you say.”


“Reynolds, Smallwood or Pollit?” Sherlock was loitering at the bottom of the grand staircase.

“Anthea Smallwood.” Mycroft sighed.

Sherlock stopped him mounting the stairs with a hand on his shoulder. “Bond with Greg.” He said very softly.

Mycroft looked into his brother’s quicksilver eyes and saw understanding, empathy. “I can’t ask him to have children, not at his age.” He said, feeling desolate. “At best, it would ruin his career. At worst...”

“Fuck children.” Sherlock said.

Mycroft shrugged his brother’s hand off and took the stairs two at a time. Sherlock didn’t understand. He had to have children. Mycroft wouldn’t take Greg’s life from him — his job, his independence...

He was hanging all his hopes on the Smallwood girl rejecting him. If she didn’t…

Perhaps he and Lady Anthea could have an understanding. They’d spend her heats together, have children, hopefully have a harmonious home life together — and she could take a Beta lover whilst Mycroft kept Greg.

Perhaps.

If he could convince Greg to stay.

A compromise for all concerned… a compromised relationship… Greg would hate it. But what could Mycroft do? He couldn't lose Greg!

In his room, he gathered his things together, his phone, keys, wallet, the valise he’d taken to Paris. He’d booked a ticket on the 9:52 am train to London and needed to get to the station. Stewart would pick him up at Paddington.

The black t-shirt Greg had worn the night before was lying crumpled in a corner of the loo. Mycroft picked it up and held it to his face. It smelled of Greg — sweat, sex, pond mud and a hint of vanilla. He folded it carefully and packed it into his valise.

As he left Sherrinford, he felt his phone’s discreet buzz. He’d received a number of texts whilst he spoke with Mummy. Stewart had initiated a group text that included Mycroft, his butler, Greene, and Mrs. Farthingale.

**Need provisions. Fruit, non-perishables, water**

Stewart had texted along with Greg’s address. Mycroft should have thought of that himself.

Mrs. Farthingale had responded. **On my way. Tell Greg I have scones and jam and that**
Darjeeling he likes. Bringing linens as well.**

Mycroft suppressed his smile. Mrs. Farthingale doted on Greg.

**Bring Greene and Turner. Will need help getting squared away.** His smile vanished. Greg’s heat must be starting in earnest. Stewart wanted the butler and security guard, both large Betas, to get Greg safely from the car to his flat. How awful. Mycroft’s heart ached.

There were several arrival updates, all for a time just past. Mycroft put his phone away. There was nothing he could do to help.

He took out the lighter Greg had given him and lit it. He lit it again. And again. ‘To My — with all my love.’

Mummy had warned him against forming attachments. He hadn’t meant to become so sentimental about Greg, but he’d done nothing to stop it. Rather, Mycroft had run headlong into a highly inconvenient relationship. He should give Greg up, as Mummy had demanded. It would be the intelligent thing to do.

Mycroft put the lighter away and retrieved a small smart tablet from his valise. He began reviewing documents from his trip to Paris — he could still salvage things there, make it work out in his favour. He started making notes for his assistant.

His phone rang, a quiet hum in his breast pocket. “Yes?” It was Stewart, his driver.

“Sir. DC Lestrade is safely home and comfortable, well-stocked for the week.”

“Thank you, Stewart. I’ll see you in...” Mycroft consulted his watch. “58 minutes at the usual place.”

“Yes, sir.” She confirmed.

Mycroft disconnected. He hated the thought of going home alone. Greg’s strong arms and generous nature would be sorely missed.

This morning had been... instructive. He’d often felt deep desire for the handsome faux Beta, and that had not been different. What had been different was what he wanted — he’d wanted, no, he’d longed to fuck Greg, he’d been driven to breed him, to put his mark on him, make him his own. And he would have torn apart any Alpha who tried to get in his way. The intensity of the emotion, the overly-bright, hyper real quality of his feelings... they were partially pheromone-induced.

But he was not under the influence of pheromones now and still he would tear apart any Alpha who tried to get between him and Greg. Including Mummy.

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“Me second cousin’s an Omega.” Ben Turner said in his thick burr. “Our Amelia. I was there when the wee lass presented. Poor bairn, no Mam, no drugs... they had her tied tae the bedpost. We couldnae stop her screaming. Hadta beat the Alphas away from the door wi sticks until we got enough suppressant in the air. After that her dad thought he had tae bond her — only thirteen! I volunteered tae sit wi her instead. I stayed wi her every heat for five years... it were no trouble. And I couldnae bear the thought of her sold off.
“She was a fiery little lass, our Amelia. Her dad said she shouldae been an Alpha like her Mam. He were a Beta too, her dad, insisted the doctor had been wrong when he said she were Omega. Raised her up like an Alpha. Didn't believe different until she presented. I wish we could have done for her what ye parents did for you, Mister Greg. We didnae know how... we didnae even imagine ...

“When it were time, I made certain her Alpha were honourable! You hear stories... Alphas saying they’ll bond, then selling 'em on tae terrible places. Not our Amelia. Found a good match for her, a rich Alpha lass not too much older than herself. I even got tae visit once. Big house, her Alpha had. Treated our Amelia like a queen. She had her own bairn already... she seemed happy enough, our Amelia.” The Beta had wiped his eyes discretely. “You were no worry, Mister Greg. I know it torments ye, but you were no trouble.”

Ben Turner had done his best for the girl, that was clear. And still he had regrets. Greg felt bleak. He hoped the Alpha lass with the big house appreciated Amelia's fiery nature. He hoped Amelia didn't mind being pampered.

If his own parents hadn't been able to pass him off as a Beta, would there have been a wealthy heiress for him? A brown sauce fortune to spend making Greg feel like a... king? Prince? Whilst he raised babies in a big house...

He had been so lucky! Greg should never forget how lucky!

He wondered if Mycroft could track down Amelia... arrange another meeting...

Greg’s heat had been horrendous.

By the time Stewart got him to his flat, he’d been too far gone to lock himself in. Mycroft’s security man, Ben Turner, had had to go in with him and set the lock. The big Beta had been trapped in Greg’s bedroom with an Omega in heat for almost five days. It couldn’t have been nice for him, stuck with a naked, eternally aroused man, moaning and groaning and writhing and sobbing and sweating and swearing despite the handfuls of pain and sleeping pills.

When his heat had receded, Greg had been mortified to discover the Beta in his bedroom.

The man had been a sport, Greg had to give him that. Ben claimed that he had camped out on the cushy sofa in front of the TV, eating Mrs. Farthingale’s provisions and watching movies. He claimed that Greg hadn’t bothered him a bit. “You slept like a bairn, Mister Greg. I hardly knew ye were there. First time I ever got paid tae sit on me arse!”

Greg was quite sure that wasn’t true — the Beta was trying to spare him more embarrassment. Over scones and jam and a much-needed cigarette, Ben had told Greg about his cousin, and Greg had understood why the man had wanted to help him. And why he’d keep Greg’s secret as if it were his own. He was grateful. Then Ben Turner had left to make his own way home.

Mrs. Farthingale had made the others promise not to tell Mycroft that Turner was in with Greg, fearing — quite rightly — that if he knew Greg wasn’t alone, Mycroft would not be able to stay away. His Alpha nature would force him to break through the door and challenge Turner.

Not that the Beta would be in much danger, with Greg there begging to be bred. He and Mycroft would have been bonded within minutes.

If it took that long. Since he’d been seeing Mycroft, his heats had ramped up in severity and duration. This time, the pain medication didn’t work as well, and the sleeping pills didn’t stop his dreams. Greg remembered the nightmares that had haunted him... he’d been bitten by a strange Alpha with a
foul scent... he was pregnant and wandering around, searching desperately for his Alpha... he was at work and everyone was pointing and laughing at him. An Omega policeman? Ridiculous!... he was lost, the foul scent of his bondmate clinging to him like a greasy cloud...

“My, we need to talk.” Greg said. He’d called Mycroft after Ben had left and the Alpha had picked him up within half an hour. Now Greg was lying on Mycroft’s bed, a little high on THC, his belly full of bangers and mash. “About what happened.”

“Yes.” Mycroft lay nearby, his hand touching Greg’s, caressing it. “I spoke to Dr. Weintraub...”

Greg scoffed softly. “The Omega ‘experts’ seem to know less than most Omegas.”

“It’s true.” Mycroft agreed. “His suggestion was suppressant.”

“I know you don’t like it.” Greg sighed.

“Mon canard, I only want what is best for you.” Mycroft said. “Perhaps using scentless suppressant at night, the entire month before you’re due?”

“Yes. That’s wise.” Greg sighed. For some reason his eyes were wet. “Do you ever wish...?” He couldn’t complete the sentence, couldn’t even say the words.

“All the time, mon canard. All the time.” Mycroft replied, knowing what Greg could not voice. “If it wouldn’t harm you... if you wouldn’t lose your job... if it were possible... a child...”

“But your mother —”

“I don’t care! I don’t care about the scandal — I would do it in an instant.” Mycroft choked and took a deep breath. “If it were possible.” He said more quietly.

Greg believed he meant it... but when it came down to it, he thought Mycroft would be hard pressed to go against Mummy’s wishes. He’d been raised to obey her, raised to become her.

If their hormones had gotten the better of them that morning, would Mycroft have been ashamed of Greg? Or ashamed of himself? Would he have regretted their bond? Greg didn’t think he could stand that.

He shook off that thought. It wasn’t fair of him to project his own fears onto Mycroft.

It hardly mattered, Greg could never bond.

Still... it was a lovely fantasy...

“I think about what our child would be like.” Greg said softly. “Part of me and part of you...”

“I too wonder...” Mycroft said. His hand closed around Greg’s and they clung to each other.

It was comforting, Mycroft’s presence. His smoky scent was virile and strong. Healthy. He would sire strong children. Greg hoped his eventual bondmate would appreciate him properly. He hoped they would be well-matched. Mycroft deserved that.

Mycroft thoughts must have dwelt on his future bondmate as well. “Greg... I cannot lose you... tell me that you won’t leave...”

“My...”
“Please!”

Greg sat up, pulling away from the Alpha. He wiped his face with the flat of his hand. “I don’t think we should get high again.” He said. “We’re getting maudlin.”

Mycroft sat up and moved to the foot of the bed. “Yes. I apologise. I shouldn’t impose on you thus.” He said stiffly.

Greg wanted to hug him. He wanted to hold him and reassure him, tell Mycroft that he’d never leave!

But when Mycroft bonded... Greg could not even bear to think about what that would feel like. He could not be with Mycroft after that. He couldn’t! Perhaps it was yet another peculiarity of Omega biology — a bonded Alpha was... off-limits... just as bonded Omegas were to other Alphas.

He heard Mycroft attempting to slow his breathing, attempting to calm himself.

Abruptly Greg wondered what in hell he was doing here in this big townhouse, allowing himself to be pampered and feted... treated like a prince...

No, it wasn’t the same. Tomorrow Greg would go back to work investigating murders and unexplained deaths... he would not be trapped here with the baby he’d just been thinking of so wistfully. This Alpha would never do that to him.

Mycroft sighed deeply. “If I’d fought James Sholto and lost... would you have wanted him?” He asked sadly.

Greg reached out and touched Mycroft’s hand. “You wouldn’t have lost.” He told the Alpha.

Mycroft’s hand closed around the Omega’s. “Greg... what are we going to do?”

“We’re going to make the most of the time we have!” Greg told him, squeezing his hand. “We aren’t going to waste another second fretting about something that won’t happen for years.”

The Alpha’s expression was unreadable as he pulled Greg into his arms and held him tightly.

Chapter End Notes

**Greg’s heat came early! Is it just proximity to Mycroft or did the altercation with James Sholto have anything to do with it? All the hormones two Alphas generate when they compete for an Omega...**

And now it's happened, Mummy's chosen an Omega for Mycroft. When will he tell Greg?

Next Week: Meet Lady Anthea Smallwood.
Lady Anthea Smallwood was *chou à la crème*, a cream puff, curvy and golden and smelling of crème pat. The scent made Mycroft think of Père and the patisserie he loved to bake — a cherished memory, but not one he wanted to associate with a lover.

He wondered how his smoky scent would overlay hers. Peated whisky and crème pat... it was not appealing.

‘Stop it!’ Mycroft told himself. The girl was intelligent, that was clear enough. The doctors had declared her healthy and fertile. He could have no objection.

But certainly she could object... what would a frivolous seventeen-year-old want with a stodgy bureaucrat like him?

Greg was working today, called out early this morning for a murder in Sloane Square. He’d joked that his squad just looked around for the closest Alpha and arrested him or her.

“Oi.” He’d said when Mycroft had not found it amusing. “It’s funny because it’s true.”

It *was* true that most violent, impulsive assaults and murders were committed by Alphas. But for a man who had recently attacked another Alpha simply for dancing with his boyfriend, it was not so amusing. It had been incredibly difficult to back off James Sholto, to let him *live* when everything within himself wanted to rip him apart.

He’d managed a smile for Greg.

“Something wrong, My?” Greg had asked as he rushed around, dressing, with one of his cheap cigarettes clamped between his lips.

‘Yes,’ he’d thought. ‘I’m meeting my future bondmate today and I haven’t told you.’

“Just tired.” He’d said. “You wore me out last night.”

“You usually have more stamina.” Greg remarked, kissing him goodbye. “Maybe you should check in with *your* doctor.”

Despite Mycroft’s attempts to feed him up, Greg was still thin and haggard from his most recent heat. He’d been resisting Mycroft’s suggestions that he touch base with the Omega specialist again.

“It’s not necessary.” Greg had insisted. “I’m fine.”

“You’ve lost more weight.”
"Because I skipped eating for five days." Greg said, exasperated. "And me metabolism goes into overdrive when I'm in heat." Then he'd sighed and kissed Mycroft's temple. "I went the first time because it had got worse. I went the second time to tell Dr. Weintraub that the painkillers and sleeping pills were a godsend, but the other stuff didn’t do anything that I could tell. This time was basically the same. I’ve got nothing new to report. I’d much rather spend the time with you."

The experience with Greg’s heat — how Mycroft had reacted... it had been profoundly affecting. He’d lain in his bed after Greg had left, surrounded by the warm treacle essence, weeping helplessly, absolutely desolate that he had not made Greg his.

He’d never felt so lonely... so bereft... like the entire world had gone wrong. For a few moments he had thought it would be better to die than live without the Omega.

That’s when he’d forced himself up and flung open the windows, gulping in the fresh air, trying to clear the fog of pheromones from his head.

He’d very quickly gone from suicidal to homicidal, ready to kill anyone who got between him and the Omega. That had been harder to shake. Mycroft still felt it when he looked at Greg.

He wondered how the experience had affected Greg... but he couldn’t ask again. He couldn’t ask if it haunted him the same way...

Young Lady Anthea sat cuddled next to her Alpha sire, Lord James Smallwood. Her dam, a Northern European Omega named Hildur Ruriksdóttir, smiled sunnily at her daughter from the piano. The young Omega was clearly a favourite of the household, petted and cosseted and spoilt by all and sundry.

Mycroft sat next to Mummy on a stiff-backed couch, feeling ridiculous as he attempted to make small talk. Anthea wore a pink angora jumper that hugged her petite curves and clutched an iPhone covered in pink sparkles. Though he was not yet 30, she made Mycroft feel ancient.

It was interesting though, how young Lady Anthea — with her pouting and baby talking and eye-rolling — was leading the conversation. Within ten minutes, Mycroft was convinced that nothing happened in the Smallwood home that the Omega had not arranged to her liking.

He wondered what made her agree to bond with him? Yes, it brought two of the most important and influential families together, that’s what Mummy wanted. But what was in it for Lady Anthea?

Mycroft looked at her, his future mate — she was very soft and pretty in a way that made people like John Watson turn into a cartoon wolf with bulging eyes and an A-OOOOOGAH sound effect. (Not that John Watson did that now, Mycroft had sent curvaceous women to test him several times and whilst he’d looked and been flattered, he’d turned all down firmly.) Anthea’s ultra-femininity wafted through the room, captivating all.

Not Mycroft’s cup of tea, that.

How had this seventeen-year-old chou à la crème with her phone in front of her face become the most influential person in the Smallwood family?

“Why don’t you young people take a little walk, get to know one another.” Lord James said in his bluff, familiar manner. “Let Madame Holmes and me handle the details.”

Mycroft had no intention of allowing Mummy to ‘handle the details’ of his bonding contract — and he doubted strongly that Anthea would let her father handle the details of dinner, let alone something as important as her bonding contract — but getting a sense of what the girl was like one-on-one was
appealing. If they were going to spend the rest of their lives together, he wanted to know what he was signing up for.

He smiled at Lady Anthea, hoping it looked more sincere than it felt. “Yes, wouldn’t want to get bogged down with details.” The young Omega smirked at him knowingly. “A walk would be splendid.” Mycroft stood and offered his arm. The girl took it — he barely felt her by his side, she was so small and light. Nothing at all like Greg’s strong physicality.

She led him out to a winding path. It was neither warm nor cold, but the sun was out and the peonies in bloom, the air fragrant with their perfume. He remarked on the weather. She smirked like he’d told a joke.

She held up her phone. “Selfie?”

“I’m sorry?” Mycroft asked, fearing he knew what she wanted.

“Let’s take a selfie together!” She tugged him down, so his face was closer to hers and held out her sparkly phone. Mycroft could see himself on the screen, grimacing. “Smile!” She said and posed herself with ridiculous pouty duck lips. She snapped their picture.

Mycroft stood up straight, feeling ill.

Duck lips… Greg… he’d chosen the endearment ‘mon canard’ — my duck, a common French endearment — because it was ridiculous, and he knew Greg would enjoy objecting to it. And now Greg was his duck. Irreversibly, irretrievably, Greg was mon canard forever.

This girl and her duck lips offended him.

Mycroft took out his Treasurers. He offered them to the Omega, but she declined. He put a cigarette between his lips and lit it with the stylish lighter Greg had given him. That Greg had had engraved for him. He held it in his fist, warming the metal with the heat from his hand.

“Lady Anthea... why have you chosen me?” Mycroft asked baldly.

“My father told me you would be good to me.” She simpered. “That you would take care of me.”

“Don’t insult my intelligence, Lady Anthea.” Mycroft sneered. “Your father, charming as he is, has no head for business. The Smallwood holdings have languished for decades. Then a few years ago, everything started to turn around. Common wisdom suggests your sisters, finally of age, have taken charge. Unfortunately, your Alpha sisters take after your father — charming, profligate, immoderate. Not the sort to save the family business.

“Your mother then? Hildur Ruriksdóttir comes from a family celebrated for their intellect. Regrettably, they’re also absurdly conservative and oppose academic education for Omegas — if your mother could read and add sums when she bonded with Lord James, it’s only because she taught herself. If she could have taken over the business, she would have done years ago.

“You, however, have benefited from your mother’s misfortune. You inherited her intelligence, and she made certain you were educated — at home, of course, with tutors — better educated than your Alpha sisters. All that individualised attention, all of Hildur’s frustrated ambition focussed on you.”

“Mycroft Holmes! You aren’t suggesting that I have anything to do with business.” Lady Anthea protested, posing prettily with the peonies and batting her long lashes. "I'm just an Omega.

“It’s glaringly obvious that you…” He gestured at her with his cigarette. “…have everything to do
with your family’s business. I imagine you use this ‘I’m just a silly Omega’ act to hide your involvement — from your own family, even.” Mycroft said. “You arranged this match, Lady Anthea. You chose me.”

He saw he’d caught her off guard. He watched her face shift, grow knowing, intelligent, her eyes assessing. She smiled quite sincerely. “You live up to your reputation, Mycroft.” She said.

“You could mate with someone much wealthier, much better looking, more dashing, titled... what do you get from bonding with me?”

Lady Anthea gazed at Mycroft contemplatively. “Imagine how hard it is on my mother, being bound to someone so much lesser than she.” The Omega said. “Can you imagine that?”

“I think so.” Mycroft said, pleased she’d finally dropped her mask of helplessness.

“In ten minutes, you learned more about me than my father has my entire life.” Anthea told him. “Your family’s intelligence is as renown as my mother’s. You live up to the reputation — that will make our bond bearable. Fruitful even.”

“Indeed.”

“And then there’s your brother.” The girl continued. “You — not your mother, you — have famously given him independence unheard of for Omegas of our class. That makes me optimistic that you’ll grant me similar independence.”

“Sound logic.” Mycroft told her.

“And finally, I chose you, Mycroft, because you’re gay.”

Mycroft cleared his throat, swallowing his surprise. “Lady Anthea...” He started, then saw her matter-of-fact gaze. “Yes.” He agreed. “I am.”

“Not bisexual? At all?”

“No, but I understand that during heat it won’t matter... otherwise... if it’s a problem that we won’t...”

“No, it’s not a problem. It’s perfect.”

“Perfect.” He repeated, absorbing her unexpected words.

“Mycroft.” She smiled like she’d just told a joke. “I know you have a boyfriend.”

“Yee-es?” Where was she going with this?

“That’s good.” She said.

Mycroft blinked and exhaled a lungful of smoke. “Why is that good, Lady Anthea?”

“Independence.” She said. “Sherrinford is lovely. A beautiful place to bring up our children.”

“You’d prefer to live at Sherrinford. Semi-autonomously.”

“Yes!” She enthused, squeezing his arm.

“With your boyfriend. Or whomever you want. It doesn’t matter to me.”

“I’ll come to Sherrinford for your heats, and to spend time with the children.”

“But you’ll spend most of your time in town.” Anthea insisted. “Work and all.”

“You don’t want to continue your work? Would you be satisfied to simply be a parent?”

“The Holmes Family has vast holdings. I’m sure we could find something for me to do.”

“You want a bonding of convenience.”

“Convenience and mutual respect. I think it could work, don’t you?”

Mycrof regarded her, liking the sharp understanding in her eyes, the self-confidence in the set of her lips. She was clever and pragmatic in the extreme — Mycroft could use someone like her. “You’ve done your homework, Lady Anthea. Was it Sherrinford that tipped the scales my way?”

“It was your Beta, actually.” She said. “Though Sherrinford certainly caught my attention.”

He could envision her googling Alphas, assessing their intelligence, their holdings, their interests... looking for the one that when bonded, would not be shocked to find something so different than what she presented to the world. Rather someone who would value her strengths, use them. An Alpha she could enhance, not simply endure. An equal. For a moment Mycroft could imagine it, the glittering power couple they could be...

If he’d never met Greg.

“It’s not... ideal.” Mycroft told her. He dropped his cigarette butt to the ground and stepped on it.

“Isn’t it? Considering your situation, I expected you to be relieved.”

“My situation... yes. Perhaps I am... relieved.” He said.

“What is it?” She asked sharply. “Why aren’t you acting like this isn’t the answer to your prayers? You are very attached to your Beta, everyone agrees.”

Mycrof sighed. “‘Everyone’ is correct. I am quite sentimental about my Beta.” He thought of Greg, how handsome he had looked in his brown suit this morning. “Bonding with an Omega, even with the accommodating arrangement you have suggested, would inevitably change my relationship with him. The empathetic bond alone... I would experience your feelings whilst with him — and you mine. You can comprehend how that is not ideal. And I have it on good authority that after bonding, an extra-bond affaire — no matter the strength of feeling beforehand — becomes... less palatable.

“I’ll be honest with you, Lady Anthea, as you’ve been with me... I was hoping that you would reject me. If you rejected me, my mother would have to start over — that would take time. Time for me to convince her to wait a few more years.”

“He’s that important to you?” She asked.

“He is.”

She paced along the path, frowning, her cream-puff delicacy completely overshadowed. Mycroft liked this person so much better than the vapid teenager she affected. “I’ll make you a deal.” She said finally. “Get me into Cambridge like you did Sherlock, and we’ll postpone our bonding until I’m 21. That gives us both almost four years.”
“Done.” He said.

—-

Greg did not come home that night.

He didn’t return Mycroft’s texts nor pick up his calls.

Mycroft lit a cigarette and set the elegant lighter Greg had given him on his desk. He contemplated it for a moment.

His people had never located the second white van nor the people in it. The two that they’d captured had eventually broken, but they knew very little. Someone who wanted to interfere with Greg, and had the ability to appear and disappear, was still at large. Moriarty was still at large, and Mycroft had no doubt he was watching.

Worried, Mycroft opened his laptop. He called up the CCTV network and traced Greg. He found DC Lestrade at the crime scene in Sloan Square seven hours ago. Greg was smoking — he seemed relatively cheerful considering he was standing ten feet from a corpse impaled on an iron lamppost.

Sherlock and John showed up and Greg and John stood together and watched whilst his brother sprang about peering closely at bits and bobs on the scene.

After a few minutes, Sherlock pontificated, John looked awestruck... but Greg... now Greg was unhappy. Not at Sherlock — he’d solved the murder in record time. But Greg was unhappy.

After Sherlock and John left, Greg lit another cigarette. He gave instructions to some of the uniforms, took instruction from his DI, then he ducked into an alley, looked directly at the camera and flipped the bird.

He knew.

Greg finished his cigarette and went back to the Met. Mycroft stared at the front doors of the station for long minutes.

Greg knew.

Greg left work late and disappeared into the Underground. He emerged near his boxing gym and met up with another man on the street. He was tall and sandy-haired… Greg smiled at James Sholto’s hail and clapped him on the shoulder. They stood in the street chatting animatedly.

Just the sight of the other Alpha sent Mycroft into a fury. He tried to calm himself with breathing techniques.

Sholto touched Greg’s arm and Mycroft’s blood boiled.

Greg smiled and agreed with whatever Sholto was saying. He pulled out his cigarettes and offered them, the Alpha took one and leaned forward for Greg to light it. When he did, Sholto caressed Greg’s hand that shielded the flame.

Mycroft ground his teeth, gripping the edge of his desk hard enough to hurt. He reminded himself that Greg had already rejected this man’s romantic overtures. Greg had many friends and none of
them were a threat to their relationship.

Greg took a drag on his cigarette and James Sholto stared at his mouth. He touched Greg’s arm again! He gestured flamboyantly, and Greg laughed.

Greg laughed and put his hand on James Sholto’s shoulder! Mycroft had to stand up and pace his office in an attempt to work off some of the homicidal rage within him. He lit another cigarette and smoked it furiously. When it was down to the filter, he stubbed it out and returned to his computer.

He watched as Greg urged the tall Alpha forward and, continuing to talk, they went into the gym together, Sholto’s hand on the small of Greg’s back, guiding him through the door!

Mycroft, his stomach a cold pit of rage, backed up the footage and zoomed in on James Sholto’s face. He took a screenshot and initiated a search. He skimmed over the results — military career, failed marriage, the Alphas Training Alphas program — all things he already knew — all the while his teeth grinding. He felt outraged at the cut of the tall man’s trousers. They must be bespoke — they showed both his arse and package to advantage. How dare he show off for Mycroft’s Omega!?!?

And Sholto was not a member of the boxing gym! What was he doing there!? Had he sought out Greg... or had Greg invited him?!

Greg didn’t seem to mind at all that James Sholto flirted shamelessly with him. He looked like he’d enjoyed it.

Mycroft paced the office like a tiger in a cage, ready to spring the moment the door opened. He tried to breathe deeply and make himself stop visualising ripping Sholto’s throat out with his teeth. He had promised Greg he wouldn’t overreact. “Greg has many friends and none of them are a threat to our relationship.” He repeated to himself, trying to believe it.

He ordered a complete workup on James Sholto, the file to be delivered ASAP. If there were skeletons in his closet, Mycroft would find them.

Greg stayed two hours at the gym — two hours! All the things two men could do in two hours ran through his mind. When Greg left, however, he wasn’t with James Sholto... he was with John Watson. Mycroft’s relief was immediate, his anger ratcheting down to manageable levels.

When had his brother's mate joined Greg’s gym? Both men wore trainers and warm up pants with hoodies and carried sports bags. They were talking, but quickly they shook hands and John Watson walked briskly off in one direction whilst Greg turned in the other. He lit up a cigarette as soon as he was alone.

He fished his mobile from his pocket, scrolled through the half dozen texts Mycroft had sent, turned the phone off and put it back in his pocket without answering.

Instead of meeting Mycroft for dinner, as the texts had suggested, Greg walked the twelve blocks to his flat. He stopped at a Tesco Metro for a six pack of beer and for takeaway at a kebab stand.

He knew!

Mycroft swore. Obviously, John — or Sherlock, but probably John — had mentioned that he had met with his future bondmate today. And Greg had not taken the news well.

Greg knew. And he was upset.

Maybe Greg would break up with him. Greg had said he couldn’t be with Mycroft when he bonded
with someone else...

Mycroft wouldn’t see him anymore...

No! That was intolerable!

Mycroft closed his laptop and picked up his phone. **I didn’t tell you because I hoped she would reject me and it would be moot.** He texted Greg.

It was a minute — a long sixty seconds — before the three bouncing dots appeared, indicating that Greg was typing. Mycroft closed his eyes and sighed in relief.

**You didn’t tell me because you thought it would upset me and you’re a coward.** Greg was unhappy and that made him belligerent. Mycroft wondered how much of the beer he’d drunk.

**yes, that too.**

**I would have told you tonight.**

**Did she? Reject you** Greg asked. Accompanying the text was the selfie Lady Anthea had taken of the two of them, she looked adorably coy despite the pursed lips. He looked like he was attempting to hide his irritation with a smile so insincere it hurt. Below it was Greg’s comment:

**Cute couple**

Mycroft felt ill. He tried to think how to phrase what had happened — he wanted to explain her proposal in person. He needed to see how Greg was reacting. **Can I come over? So we can talk.**

**She didn’t reject you then.**

**Not per se. But we agreed upon a compromise.** Mycroft typed and held his breath.

**Sod off**

**I’m coming over.** Mycroft texted.

**I’m not doing this via text.**

**Don’t. I don’t want to see you right now.**

**When?**

**Tomorrow?** Mycroft pressed.

**I don’t know.**

Mycroft touched the button that rang Greg Lestrade. “How much of that beer have you drunk?” He asked when, to his relief, Greg answered.

Greg sighed. “I hate it when you watch me on CCTV, My. It’s creepy.”

“You weren’t answering your phone. I was worried.”

“What would you have done if something had happened?” Greg asked, his voice ashen.

“Whatever I had to.” Mycroft answered immediately.

“And if it were too late?”

“I would hunt down whoever was responsible and kill them.” Mycroft said with complete sincerity.
“Jesus, My!”

Mycroft shrugged. He wondered if Greg could hear it in his voice. “It’s true.”

He heard Greg spark a lighter and draw in a breath around a cigarette. “I know. That’s what scares me.”

“You have nothing to be afraid of.”

“I know you’re upset when you end a sentence with a preposition.”

Mycroft sighed. “Of course I’m upset, you’re upset, Greg. Listen, she doesn’t want me.” He pleaded. “All she wants is something better than her Omega parent has. She wants respect, independence. When she’s eighteen I’m assuming guardianship and sending her to University.”

“By ‘assuming guardianship’ I take it you mean you bite her bloody neck.”

“No. I sign some documents in front of a judge.”

“When do you bite her?” Greg was insistent.

“Not until she’s 21. Unless I can get out of it between now and then.”

“Of course you can get out of it!” Greg was angry again. “Just don’t sodding do it, My! Tell Mummy you aren’t going to do it!”

Mycroft felt exhausted all of a sudden. “It’s not that easy, Greg.”

“It is that easy! It’s exactly that easy!”

“Greg...” Mycroft said helplessly.

“Oh, that’s right. The motherfucking Holmes family will fall!”

“This isn’t new information, Greg. You’ve known all along.”

“Yeah. But it’s different now, innit. After what happened at Sherrinford.” Greg said bitterly. “I mean, it’s different for me — I thought it was different now for you too.”

Mycroft remembered sobbing after Greg had left, sobbing like he’d died. “Yes, of course it affected me greatly as well.” He admitted. “I don’t know what to do. I would bond with you, Greg... I’m selfish, I want to do it! I want to be connected to you, feel your presence all the time! I want to share your heats! Give you relief from that suffering. I want my children to be yours! I want to know the people we’d make together! ...but, how can I? I would take everything from you! Your career! Your independence. Maybe even your...” Mycroft swallowed around the sudden lump in his throat. “...your life! Greg, how can I do that to you!?”

“I want it too, My.” Greg said so softly Mycroft could barely hear him. “So much... that’s why I can’t stand the thought of her. I... I need some time... away from us.”

“You want to break up?” Mycroft asked, horrified. He felt like he’d been punched in the gut. “Not like this... not over the phone. Greg... I’m coming over.”

“My...”

“I’ll be there in 20 minutes.” Mycroft told him, already texting his driver.
“My, don’t.”

“You expect me to just... what? Let you go? Because we love each other too much? That’s absurd!”
Mycroft’s panic was turning to anger. “Greg... I won’t... I won’t!”

“Mycroft!” Greg almost never used his full name, it stunned him into silence. “You’re right, this isn’t something we should discuss on the phone. But we also shouldn’t talk when I’m well on my way to pissed. I didn’t say ‘break up.’ I said I need some time to think!... about what the hell it is we’re doing.”

“How much time?” Mycroft asked tightly.

“I don’t know. A couple weeks maybe.”

“Don’t strain yourself.” Mycroft snapped. “Take a month, really fire up the brain cells. Take two! Take a year, we’ve got time to dither.” He regretted it as soon as it was out of his mouth, but he was angry! Angry held off the pain that would cripple him...

“Fuck you, Mycroft!”

“Greg — what is there to think about? I bought us years. Years we can spend together! I want that. I don’t need time to think!” He spat the word. “Granted my brain works faster than yours...”

“Shut up, Mycroft. Shut yer gob before you say something you really regret.” Greg said. Mycroft could hear he was getting really angry too. “I will take as much time as I need — be it two weeks or six months! I will contact you when I’m ready to see you again, until then, leave me the fuck alone! Don’t call, don’t text, don’t come over, and for god’s sake don’t stalk me on bloody CCTV! Give. Me. Some. Sodding. Space.”

Mycroft was silent. He felt completely lost, completely out of his depth. “Is there someone else?” He asked at length.

“Of course not.”

“Not James Sholto?” The name was bitter on his tongue.

Astonished silence stretched for agonising seconds. “I swear, if you spend one more second watching me on CCTV, I will break up with you! It’s abuse of power — and it’s goddamn creepy!”

Mycroft was going to have to arrange an accident for Mr. Sholto. Or at least a job opportunity that required him to move to Leeds or York... or New York — somewhere far away.

He composed himself — it took a great deal of discipline, and he was still just barely holding on. “As you wish.” He said tightly.

Greg let out a breath. “It’s not forever, My.” He said.

“It’s not?” Mycroft knew too well how easy it would be for a month to turn into two, into a year.

“No, it isn’t.” Greg said firmly.

Mycroft couldn’t imagine weeks without Greg coming in the front door, stopping in Mycroft’s office to distract him with kisses, before going to the kitchen to quiz Mrs. Farthingale about dinner... he couldn’t breathe... “Greg... I hate this!” He said.

Greg chuckled — he actually laughed at him! “Sometimes you sound exactly like Sherlock. I don’t
think anyone would believe me, but you do.”

Mycroft grabbed at bravery, at gallows humour, at laughing in the face of disaster. “Say that again and I will need time to rethink our relationship as well.” He said. He sensed Greg relax minutely. “If you need anything — anything — you’ll contact me? If you don’t want to talk to me, call Mrs. Farthingale. I’ll tell her... I’ll tell her she need not inform me if you do...”

“Thanks, My. But I’ll be fine.”

“In case of emergency.” Mycroft insisted.

“Yeah ok, if there’s an emergency.” Greg conceded. “Good night, My. Take care of yourself.”

Mycroft almost lashed out again but held himself back at the last second. “I love you.” He said instead.

“I love you too.” Greg paused, and Mycroft held his breath, hoping... “Good night.” Greg said and hung up.

Mycroft sat listening to the dial tone for a long time.

That’s how Mrs. Farthingale found him. She had not been happy.

“What did you do, Mr. Mycroft!?” She had demanded when he’d told her Greg wouldn’t be coming over this week and that he might, but probably wouldn’t, call her. “What did you do to drive him away?!?” She didn’t say ‘this time,’ but Mycroft heard it loud and clear. “Greg was the best thing that ever happened to you!”

“Mrs. Farthingale...” Mycroft had tried to work up some indignation, something to keep his dignity intact. “I know he is.” He said instead. “I’m trying to... I’m doing my best.” His voice had not been steady.

She’d softened immediately, she brought out the petit fours she’d baked earlier and brewed tea.

Mycroft told her they hadn’t rowed. He’d met his future bondmate and Greg was upset. “He said he needed time to think and forbade me to contact him.”

She’d nodded sympathetically and patted his arm. As a Beta, she wouldn’t be able to pick up Greg’s natural Omega scent, however since the catastrophe of Greg’s last heat, he was certain his entire household staff knew. He trusted them to be discreet.

“He refused me when I asked him to move in here for the same reason. He’s always known I’d have to bond and sire children... I know it’s not ideal — but what can I do?”

“Have you considered bonding with each other?” She asked gently.

“Of course... but it wouldn’t work. He has too much to lose... and I have to have children. I can’t ask him to do that, not at his age!”

“His age? He’s 28, not 58.”

“Male Omegas are delicate.”

Mrs. Farthingale snorted. “Greg is many things, delicate is not one of them.”

“Pregnancy is different. My father... he was perfectly healthy too...”
“Greg is not your father.” Mrs. Farthingale said firmly. “You can’t equate one with the other. It was terrible for you and Sherlock, losing your father like that. You had to grow up too quickly — you were all your little brother had left. You took care of him, and you did a good job of it, the best you could. But you don’t have to take care of him anymore, Mr. Mycroft.

“More to the point, Greg isn’t a seven-year-old who needs looking to. He’s your partner. You care for each other. And you make decisions together.” She patted him on the knee. “Omegas aren’t infants, no matter how the law treats them. That’s how Greg passes, you know — he’s independent. No one has ever treated him like he needed to be taken care of. If you do, you will lose him.”

“I fear I’ve lost him already.” Mycroft admitted.

“Then fight for him!”

“How can I? He won’t talk to me.”

“You have the power to change things for Omegas.” She said. “Get rid of the guardianship! Give Omegas the same rights and privileges we have. Make Omegas responsible for their actions. Get Scotland Yard to hire Omega officers! Everyone will assume you’re doing it for Sherlock.”

“I’ll just wave my magic wand, shall I?”

“Sarcasm is unbecoming.”

“Yes… Yes, I apologise, Mrs. Farthingale.” Mycroft sighed.

“No, it won’t be easy.” The cook told him. “It won’t happen overnight. But if anyone can do it, it’s you, Mr. Mycroft.”

Mycroft thanked her and retired to his office. He was loath to go to bed — the bedroom was too quiet now, the bed too big. It wasn’t even his room any longer, it was theirs.

He opened his laptop — resisting the temptation to open his CCTV tracking programs — and got to work. A few things Mrs. Farthingale had said bore looking into...

Chapter End Notes

Mrs. Farthingale had some real words of wisdom. Too bad Mycroft doesn't have a magic wand.

Lady Anthea ISN'T a completely terrible match for Mycroft. If he'd never met Greg, he'd probably enjoy being bonded to a mind as bright and wily as his own. Think how formidable they would be. Mummy really has considered their compatibility. Of course, they might also reinforce each other's worst impulses.

Crème Pat - http://amp.timeinc.net/foodandwine/recipes/creme-patissiere

Next week: The white van is back!
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

The white van returns.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mycroft woke abruptly to the chirp of his mobile. He’d fallen asleep in the chair at his desk again and now he had a crick in his neck. He stretched and pulled his phone across the desk.

It had been eight days since Greg had told Mycroft he needed time to think. Eight long, lonely, angry days of trying not to snap at his staff, trying to concentrate on work, sleeping little — rarely in the bed he shared with Greg... he was foul-tempered and out-of-sorts and struggling not to show it. Mycroft’s reputation as ‘The Iceman’ — calm, composed, cold-blooded — was necessary for his work. He could not reveal his humanity. Especially not the sort of depressed, heartsick humanity that engendered pity.

He had bought them at least four years! Eight days — what was there to think about for eight days? Mycroft had to face it, Greg wasn’t coming back.

Mycroft was glad he hadn’t known the last time they made love that Greg would be leaving. It had been beautiful, Greg pinning him to the mattress with his big hands, Mycroft’s buttocks on fire from the paddling, Greg fucking him, going so deep and chafing against the paddle welts... afterwards Greg had held him tightly, murmuring sweet nothings. Mycroft had been deliriously high, wonderfully at peace... everything had been right with the world...

His phone chirped again. Mycroft looked at it — a picture he’d taken of Greg in Spain was on the screen. He’d been wearing the knit soccer scarf he’d gotten at the Malaga-Barcelona game, the jeans Mycroft had given him that hugged his thighs so perfectly, and nothing else...

Greg was calling!

Mycroft stabbed the ‘accept’ button, desperately trying to compose himself — or at least keep his voice steady. “Yes?” He said, not trusting himself to say Greg’s name.

“Mycroft? It’s John.”

“What’s happened!??” Mycroft asked immediately — if John was calling from Greg’s phone... “Is Greg...” He faltered, his brain imagining a thousand terrible things that could have happened.

“Sherlock’s missing,” John said tersely. “I don’t know where he is. I can’t... I can’t feel him through our link...” John trailed off in misery.

“How long has he been missing?” Mycroft fumbled for the time — it was well after midnight. He called up his CCTV program and initiated a facial recognition search for his brother. After a moments hesitation, he added Greg to the search.

“I don’t know. He was here when I left for hospital after lunch. I had second shift in the A&E, I
didn’t get home until now. He isn’t here!... the front room... the coffee table is overturned, the desk... and now... now I can’t feel him any longer... Mycroft... I think he’s... I think he might be...”

“John, why are you using Greg’s mobile?” Mycroft demanded, trying to keep his voice calm.

“I found it here, in the flat. It was on the floor in the lounge, where everything is torn up — I don’t know if he went with Sherlock, if someone came and took them both... if he just left it here accidentally — I don’t know!”

“Have you talked to the Met?”

“Not yet — Sherlock hasn’t been missing long enough.”

“He’s an Omega, three hours would be enough.” Mycroft snapped. “We need to find out if Greg’s been at work. Never mind, I’ll call.” Mycroft opened a desk drawer and pulled out the first of a dozen smartphones that lay there on a charging pad. He dialled Greg’s number at the Met from memory. A DS Jones picked up and after Mycroft identified himself switched him to a DI Feldman who said he hadn’t seen DC Lestrade, but he hadn’t gotten in until after DC Lestrade’s shift. Mycroft hung up on him and dialled DCI Gregson’s personal mobile.

“What?!” Mycroft could tell he’d woken her up.

“DCI Gregson, this is Mycroft Holmes. We met last year in relation to the Camden riot.”

“I know who you are, Mr. Holmes. How did you get this number?”

“Please.” Mycroft said rolling his eyes. “That’s not important. What is important is that my brother is missing, there are signs of a struggle in his flat, and DC Lestrade’s phone has been found abandoned there. Was Lestrade at work today?”

“Uhm...” He could almost hear her brain trying to catch up, trying to decide whether to give him information or to tell him to go to hell.

“How long has your brother been missing?”

“Long enough, DCI Gregson. Now tell me, was Lestrade at work today?”

She was silent another moment. Mycroft hoped he wouldn’t have to call Chief Superintendent Kahn. “Lestrade was at work today...” Gregson confirmed. “Until mid-afternoon. He went out on a house-to-house and never returned, that I saw.”

Mycroft couldn’t stifle his worried sigh.

“Should I be concerned, Mr. Holmes?” She asked, anxiety already colouring her husky voice.

Mycroft eyed the results of his CCTV search. “Neither he nor my brother have appeared on CCTV since this afternoon at 3:34 p.m. when DC Lestrade rang the bell at my brother’s flat. I have my brother’s mate on the phone — neither of them are there, but he found DC Lestrade’s mobile amongst the debris on the floor. In light of the facts that the last time my brother was abducted, CCTV didn’t record it, and his abductor is still at large, I think we should take this very seriously.” Mycroft replied.

Gregson concurred. “I’ll send uniforms by Lestrade’s flat, just in case.” She said.

“Thank you.” Mycroft said.
“I have had the sense lately,” Gregson said carefully. “That DC Lestrade was having a hard time with a romantic relationship. Does that have anything to do with this?”

“It does not.” Mycroft shut her down. “As far as I’m aware.”

Gregson rang off and Mycroft returned to the mobile with John.

“Did you hear that?” He asked.

“Yeah.” John answered. He would already know about Greg’s romantic problems — he was Greg’s confidant. (Although Mycroft was quite certain John still didn’t know that Greg was an Omega.)

Mycroft forced his mind away from Greg and back to the issue at hand. “You found Greg’s phone — did he leave a message on it? An unsent text? Something in the Notes?”

“I don’t know. It’s locked — I activated the emergency call function and got you.”

That warmed Mycroft’s heart momentarily. Until he remembered that Greg himself had not used it. He recited Greg’s passcode and waited for John to unlock the mobile.

“I don’t see anything obvious.” John told him. Texts recently to Gregson, Jones and Sholto, but nothing that looks like a clue... no notes... nothing stands out in his calendar... wait — he started an email. But it just says, ‘white van.’ Does that mean anything to you?”

“Yes.” Mycroft breathed. His stomach had flipped and flattened inside his guts at the mention of Sholto. But the other Alpha was forgotten entirely at the mention of the white panel van. His phone beeped, and he startled. It was another call. “John, I have another call coming in — I’m putting you on hold.” Mycroft answered the incoming call. He was chagrined to see it was from his mother.

“Mummy, I can’t talk now —”

“Mycroft listen to me.” She interrupted him. “James Moriarty is at Sherrinford! And he has Sherlock and your police detective with him.”

—

Greg felt groggy. And he hurt. It was dark, and the bed was moving... there were too many scents — coffee, moss, hay, tree sap, ink... that terrible clinging inky scent — all swirling together. Greg thought he might be sick. He felt himself fading... he drifted through dark currents, his head just below the surface.

The bed jounced sharply, and Greg gasped awake again. Fully conscious now, he understood he wasn’t in a bed, he was in a vehicle. He was lying on the unyielding metal floor of a van or lorry. His hands were bound tightly behind his back. He ached all over.

How had he gotten here? He’d been at work.... Greg concentrated very hard, focussing on the last thing he remembered....

He’d been going to Baker Street to talk to Sherlock about his brother... they’d argued...

“You know bloody well you set me up with Mycroft!” Lestrade had shouted. “Why?! When you knew it couldn’t last!? Was it some kind of twisted experiment? Put me in an impossible situation and
watch me dance!? Or is this about Mycroft? Some kind of punishment for your brother? Am I just a tool..."

“You’re being tiresome, Lestrade.” Sherlock cut in, infuriatingly calm.

“Just tell me! Why did you do it??”

Sherlock had sighed. “Mycroft’s an officious git and he’s forever interfering where he’s not wanted. But if he had the right bondmate... it would distract him.”

“You were the one who told me that your mother would insist on a female Omega — and she’d never approve of someone like me.”

Sherlock eyed Greg spikily. “Despite the fact that you are far better than my brother deserves, Mycroft would be... happier... with you — and thus less likely to meddle in my business.”

“Sherlock...” Greg said, barely holding back his frustration at Sherlock’s narcissism. “He won’t bond with me — and I can’t bond with anyone!”

“Of course you can, Lestrade.” Sherlock said querulously — in that way he had when he suspected he might be wrong but wouldn’t admit it. “Don’t be stupid.”

“I love him, Sherlock. I love him and he's going to bond with... with that... that teenager in the pink jumper. I can’t...” Greg sighed. “What am I supposed to do?”

“Bond with him!”

“I’ll lose my job! I’ll lose everything!”

“Why should it be any different than now? The suppressant will cover your bonded scent as easily as your unbonded scent. You can have both!”

“You don’t know that! And even if it did, someone would see the bond bite. Or notice that Mycroft and I are absent the same five days four times a year. They’d certainly notice when I got pregnant!”

“Why would you get pregnant!??” Sherlock exclaimed.

“You know why!” Greg shouted. “Sherlock, you’ve put me in an impossible situation!”

Greg was cut off by ringing from the street door. Sherlock glanced darkly at Greg as he escaped to answer it. Greg ran his fingers through his hair and turned distractedly to the window as he listened to the infuriating Omega tromp down the stairs and open the front door.

There was a white panel van parked out front... Greg frowned, remembering the attack the night he’d stormed out of Mycroft’s townhouse. They’d had a white van.

There were voices then several people were coming up the stairs. Greg hastily thumbed his phone on — it was already open to his email. He hit compose and started typing.

“What do you want, Moriarty?” Sherlock said loudly from the stairwell. The sound of a scuffle ensued.

Moriarty! The van was not a coincidence. Sherlock is warning me! There was no place to go, no place to hide... Greg started to type in Mycroft’s email address, but the door swung open before he could accomplish it. He hit the ‘home’ button, dropped the phone on the desk and stepped forward, away from it.
Several large Alphas filed into the room, and one slight Alpha with mad eyes — he smelled like ink, viscous black ink. It was horrible.

Before all the Alphas made it through the door, Greg jumped the first, a wiry male. He barreled into the man, shoving him into the tall woman behind him. He twisted away from the third, darting around the coffee table. He picked the coffee table up and flung it at the very large Alpha male coming towards him. Two more came in the door and lunged at him. Greg managed a solid jab to the muscular female, but the first two had recovered and there were five Alphas grabbing him and pinning him roughly face-down on the desk. As they tied his wrists together with a length of rope, Greg saw his phone fall to the floor in a mass of books and papers.

He was yanked upright and saw a sixth Alpha had a gun to Sherlock's head. The Omega looked grimly frightened. The Alpha with the inky scent stood calmly observing everything with a nasty smile. He nodded and the wiry male pulled out a hypodermic, and before Greg could protest, plunged it into his neck... there was a sharp pain then he was falling...

Eventually the van stopped. The doors opened, and moonlight flooded in and blinded him. Greg was pulled roughly to his feet and Sherlock followed. Why was it that whenever Greg was kidnapped and transported via uncomfortable lorry, he was with Sherlock!

Sherlock seemed to still be drifting through semi-consciousness and sagged in the arms of the Alphas holding him. Greg hoped it was an act.

He looked around... Sherrinford. Greg recognised where they were immediately, but the mansion looked ghostly in the spring moonlight. He blinked several times to ensure his eyes were working properly.

The abrupt bark of a gunshot sounded — that got Greg’s attention! He strained against the arms holding him, trying to see what had happened. They dragged him in the front door of Sherrinford, past the body of the butler. The Beta had been shot in the head and lay on his back staining the carpet with volumes of blood. His dead eyes were wide with surprise. Greg began to worry in earnest. Until then, he’d expected Sherlock to pull something brilliant… or at least produce a gun as he had the last time they’d been kidnapped...

The little Alpha with the crazy eyes was talking to a furious-looking Mummy. Someone hit Sherlock in the face — hard, Greg saw his head snap back from the impact and he sagged farther into his captors’ arms.

Sherlock wasn’t faking — Greg himself still felt weak and rubbery from whatever drug they’d shot him with. They were herded up the grand staircase, Moriarty in the lead with Mummy, Sherlock dragged behind them.

Greg was forced to lie face down on the floor in the broad hallway. It was awkward, with his hands tied behind his back, he ended up falling on his face. Mummy was made to lie next to him. There was commotion, voices — the Alphas were rounding up the formerly trafficked Omegas that still lived at Sherrinford, and the household staff and laying them in the hall like cordwood. An Alpha with a rifle stood over them.

They lay there for a long time. Greg had lost track of Sherlock when they’d come up the stairs and he had no idea if all the Omegas had been caught or not — he wasn’t even certain how many still lived there, awaiting the time of their bonding. Eventually, the Alphas started moving the young Omegas into bedrooms in small groups — Greg was able to see a bit of it, they put four or five Omegas in each room and locked the door.
Then Greg was ordered to stand. He was jerked to his feet when he was too slow. He, Mummy, the cook and the two maids were marched downstairs, past the corpse of the butler, and through a hall into the kitchen at the back of the house. Greg saw the backdoor to the garden he and Mycroft had used the night of the party. One of the Alphas opened a door on the far side of the room, far from the exit, and Greg heard Mummy swearing under her breath.

“Where’s Sherlock?!” Mummy demanded suddenly. “Why isn’t he here with us?”

“Oh, I have plans for your son, Madame Holmes.” Moriarty informed her.

“What plans?!”

“That’s for me to know and you to find out!” Moriarty said in his off-putting sing-song. “Lock them up.”

The five of them were forced downstairs to the basement and herded into a small, bare room. The door shut behind them cutting off the light completely — it was pitch black. Greg heard the door lock and their captors clamber back up the stairs.

“Root cellar.” It was Mummy. She sounded furious. “DC Lestrade, we should untie you if we can.”

Greg was grateful. Mummy and the cook started working on his bonds. They’d used rope — clothesline — and it had been knotted tightly. It was a long time before Greg felt the rope begin to loosen. Blood rushed into his hands painfully, a thousand needles piercing him.

In the meantime, Greg asked the two maids to feel around the walls and the doors, the floor, to learn the space, try to find something — an object, a feature of the room — that they could use to their advantage.

When he had the use of his hands again, Greg took the rope and put it in his pocket. Then he checked all his pockets to see if they’d left him anything — his keys or coins, a pen. His lighter. But they’d been thorough. They’d even taken his belt.

The cook had a pencil. Mummy had nothing. Clara, one of the maids had hairpins and an elastic, and Ed, the other maid, had a silver Beta medallion around his neck. Clara and Ed had found a few splinters of wood and an old potato on the floor, and they’d explored the door thoroughly with their fingers.

“I tried to find the handle, but there’s nought on the inside.” Clara told him. “Nor keyhole. Even if we had the key, we couldn’t open it.”

“There isn’t a key.” Cook said. “Just a thumb latch.”

“The door opens outward.” Ed added. “So we can’t remove the hinges. But it might be easier to break down.”

Greg had his doubts about breaking it down, but they had to try. They took turns hurling themselves at the door in pairs until Mummy called a halt.

“That door is solid. We aren’t going to break out.” As he rubbed his sore shoulder, Greg had to agree.

He sat down with his back against the cool wall and dozed. He heard Ed and the cook murmuring together for a while, but then they fell silent. It was quiet in the root cellar, no sound from outside penetrating the thick walls and door.
Abruptly, Greg sprang up, alert — he'd heard *something* outside the root cellar. Someone touched him, and he jumped.

“It’s me.” Mummy whispered.

Greg calmed himself. “We should make noise.” He decided. “It doesn’t sound like Alphas. And if it is, so what. They know we’re here.” He started pounding on the door. “We’re in here.” He shouted. “In the root cellar. Oi!”

Mummy joined him, and the other three shouted as well. The door shuddered, vibrated. Greg pulled Mummy back and darted to the side, ready to leap out.

There was a clunk, and the door swung open. A torch blinded them. “Shhhhh! I don’t want them to hear.”

“Suki?” Greg whispered, shading his eyes from the torchlight with his hand.

“Yes.”

“Sooks, you’re brilliant!” Greg hugged her.

The girl laughed reflexively. “DC Lestrade! I’m so glad I found you!”

“What happened?” Mummy asked. “How did you not get locked up with the other Omegas?”

“I heard them grabbing people and I hid.” Suki said as they all spilled out into the larger cellar. “I waited until they all went downstairs — well, all but one — and tried to ring for help. But there’s no signal. I tried texting, messaging, logging into Facebook — nothing works.

“I went down the servants’ stairs and tried the landline in the kitchen, but it’s dead too. I didn’t know what to do, so I snuck into the big hall. Peterson is just lying there, dead!”

“I know. They shot him when he opened the door. No warning, just shot him.”

“Oh god. I could hear them talking. They said they’d locked you in the cellar, so I came here to find you.”

“You’re very brave.” Mummy said. “Thank you, Suki.”

“The other Omegas, they’re all upstairs still? In the bedrooms? What about Sherlock?” Greg asked.

“I don’t know about Sherlock — I didn't see him at all — but I heard the Omegas upstairs. I could hear them talking and moving around, but they have a guard posted up there, by the big staircase. When he wasn't looking, I snuck into an empty bedroom and spoke to Alfred through the air vent. He said you were here DC Lestrade, so I thought I should get you first. I didn't know what to do about the guard. And I don’t have a key for the bedrooms.”

“You did great, Suki!” Greg said, formulating a plan. "Listen, I need you, Madame Holmes, and cook to go for help. We’ll get you out the kitchen door and you three run for the woods. There’s a path there that’ll take you into town. Go directly to the police.” Greg said. “Ed and Clara, if you’re willing, we’ll go upstairs for the Omegas. We have to get them out before those Alphas start getting ideas. OK?”

“What about Sherlock?!” Mummy asked. “We need to get Sherlock too.”

“I won’t leave him behind, I promise you.” Greg told her.
"I'll stay and help you." Mummy decided.

"Madame Holmes, I need you to go to the police. You're the Alpha, they will listen to you, take you seriously."

Mummy fumed, but Greg could see he'd convinced her. "And, Greg added. "I need you to call Mycroft. Let him know Moriarty is here. Mycroft will know what to do."

Mummy nodded. She didn't look happy. "You'll get Sherlock?"

"Yes. I will."


"Yeah. Sooks, where were the Alphas when you eavesdropped on them?"

"The library." She said. Greg caught Mummy's sour look at the thought of Moriarty inhabiting her office. "All but the one standing guard upstairs, I think."

Greg led the way up the stairs to the kitchen. They all crept slowly and quietly. Greg listened at the door. It was silent. He eased the door open, cringing when it creaked. The room stayed dim and still. Greg led the six of them across the kitchen to the back door. He opened it as quietly as possible. "Madame Holmes, Cook, Suki," He whispered. "This is you. Fast as you can to the police station. Go."

Mummy took her companions' hands and they ran off through the dark garden. Greg watched until they were out of sight. Then he carefully shut the door again — he didn't want to tip anyone off by leaving it open.

Clara retrieved the spare keys from the butler's parlour. "Alright," Greg said. "We'll go up the back stairs, you two should wait whilst I go and deal with the guard. I think I can do it without attracting the attention of the other Alphas, but if I can't, you two get back downstairs and out the back door as fast as you can, yeah? Take the forest path to town, right to the police station. The maids agreed. "If I don't bring all the Alphas upstairs, you two round up the Omegas — as quietly as possible. It's vital that you keep them silent. No talking, no heavy footsteps, no creaking floors if you can help it. OK? Close the rooms up afterwards, make it look like they're still in there."

The three of them made their way up to the second floor via the servants' stairs. Greg let the maids lead — they knew the house better than anyone.

Greg carefully eased his head into the hall far enough to see the guard. He was at the far end, sitting at the top of the grand staircase. He had a rifle in his lap and a handgun in a holster under his arm. Leaving Ed and Clara in the stairwell, Greg crept down the hallway, keeping to the edge were the floor was less likely to creak. He pulled the length of clothes line with which they'd tied his hands from his pocket, doubling it and holding an end in each hand. The last few meters, Greg ran silently. He slipped the rope around the guard's neck and yanked it tight, pulling the man backwards. The guard clawed at the rope, dropping his rifle on the thick carpet of the stairs, then, as Greg rolled him onto his stomach and got a foot on the back of his neck, the guard reached for his handgun. With force, Greg replaced the foot on the man's neck with his knee, using his foot to block the holster. The man's struggles weakened as his face turned bright red. Greg pulled the rope tighter still.

He was conflicted — should he knock the guard out or should he actually kill the man? They had killed Peterson, the butler, for no reason — they would kill him, he was certain, if they caught him freeing the Omegas. They would try to kill any rescuers. But Greg had never killed anyone before...
Greg loosened the rope and the man didn't move. He disarmed the man, sticking the handgun in the waistband of his trousers. He dragged him behind the balcony railing overlooking the big front hallway. It was then that he realised the guard was not breathing. Greg felt a fleeting moment of fury that the Alpha had put him in this position. It left him feeling grim and determined.

He took a moment to listen to the other Alphas downstairs. He could just make out voices. One definitely sounded like Moriarty’s sing-song cadence. Carrying the rifle, Greg crept back down the corridor to the stairwell and gestured to Clara and Ed that the coast was clear.

The maids tiptoed down the hall, whilst Greg returned to the balcony. If the Alphas heard them, he could shoot at them in the grand hall as they spilled from the library. He watched as Clara and Ed opened the first of the doors and whispered into the room. It sounded so loud to Greg, but he didn’t detect any change in the voices from below. Ed led the five Omegas from the room to the back stairwell as Clara opened the second door. When they successfully opened all four bedrooms and rounded up the Omegas, Greg abandoned his post on the balcony and ran softly to the back stairs. Ed and Clara were leading the Omegas down. They were remarkably quiet — Greg reflected that if he’d been trying to rescue Alphas, the ruckus would be deafening. But Omegas knew how to be silent.

Greg watched them all scamper through the garden and disappear into the night. Then he shut the back door again and, rifle in hand, started to search for Sherlock.

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Mycroft was about ready to scream.

He stood in the little police station in the village, surrounded by idiots.

“Silence!” He cried. “Everyone be quiet.” Mycroft had spent the too-long drive from London strategising, and he had his plan all worked out.

Gregson, the village police and the firearms specialists stopped ‘liaising’ and stared at him.

“You aren’t going to take Moriarty by surprise.” He told them. “By now, they’ve discovered that Mummy and the Omegas have escaped. It’s possible he allowed them to escape. He knows we’re on the way. He’s expecting us.”

“What do you suggest then?” The local police captain asked sarcastically.

“I suggest that the armed police surround the house as planned. Whilst I drive up to the front door and ask Moriarty what he wants.” Mycroft told them.

"That's suicide." The police captain told him. "Let us mount the rescue."

"If your armed police enter the house, Moriarty will execute my brother and any other hostages, including DC Lestrade. I can go in and find out what it is he hopes to accomplish without bloodshed."

“No, you can’t.” Gregson countered. “You’re a civilian.”

Mycroft smiled and pulled out his MI5 credentials. “I’m far from a civilian.” He informed her. “And
I know Moriarty. He’s expecting me. If I don’t go, his next step will be to threaten Sherlock’s life to force me to come to him. Let’s skip that step, shall we?”

“You don’t know…”

“I do know.” Mycroft thundered. “This is the only way.”

“You’re not going alone.” Gregson informed him, and Mycroft knew he had convinced her. “I’m coming with you.”

“DCI Gregson…” Mycroft began.

“No arguments.” She said. “You might be in charge of MI5, for all I know, but this is a police matter. If you’re going in there, I’m going with you.”

“Fine.” Mycroft snapped. “Just stay out of my way.”

“Mycroft.” It was Mummy. “I’m coming too.”

Mycroft sighed. He could tell by looking at her that there was no use arguing with Mummy, nothing would keep her from going back for Sherlock. She had never displayed much concern for her younger son, but it must have been there all along. She was a bulldog.

He turned on his heel and walked outside to his car. He slid into the driver’s seat. It felt strange — Mycroft almost never drove himself. Gregson climbed into the passenger seat and Mummy slipped into the back.

“Wait.” Gregson said. “Where are the other three? Your brother’s mate and the Betas?”

Mycroft had brought not just John Watson with him to Sherrinford, but Greene and Mrs. Farthingale. They were both highly trained operatives and they were both armed.

“I sent them ahead.” He told the DCI. “They’re going to infiltrate the house and take out Moriarty’s henchman. He has a nasty habit of using them as snipers in situations such as this.”

“You sent them into the house…?” Gregson goggled.

“All three of them have been in the house, they know the layout — none of your people do. The Betas are Special Forces, and all three are highly trained for exactly this sort of mission.” That wasn’t true of John Watson, but Gregson didn’t need to know that. Watson had proved he was more than capable in the Omega whorehouse, and Mycroft knew he wouldn’t stop until he found Sherlock, dead or alive. Sending him in with Greene and Mrs. Farthingale would make him useful and keep him from interfering with what Mycroft had to do.

“Mr. Holmes…”

“It’s done.” Mycroft said tersely, ending the conversation.

Birdsong greeted the newly risen sun as Mycroft Holmes started the sedan and pulled out, heading briskly towards Sherrinford, and all he hoped to find there.

Chapter End Notes
I used to be a bike racer. Crashing is, unfortunately, part of the sport. I crashed in a big race — rather someone else crashed and took me out — I came to on the side of the road with a broken and dislocated shoulder. The really alarming part was I didn’t immediately know where I was. I had to really concentrate. I remembered the race (but not the crash), but I could not remember how I’d gotten there, a five hour drive from where I live. Again, I had to think about it for a while before it came back to me. Just the strangest feeling ever. I imagine Greg feeling that way when he wakes in the van.

Next Week: Mycroft confronts Moriarty
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Mycroft confronts Moriarty at Sherrinford.

Warning: referenced non-consensual touching and intended rape

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mycroft pulled his car up behind the white panel van parked in front of Sherrinford. He got out and looked at the van. It had invisibly penetrated security both at Baker Street and here. How?! How had they hidden it?! How had Mycroft’s people never found it?!

Before he could take a step, Mummy grabbed his arm. “Do you have a gun?” She demanded.

He glanced at Gregson. She was busy checking the police radio attached to her shoulder. “Yes, of course.” Mycroft told her.

“Show me.” She demanded. Mycroft sighed and pulled the gun from the pocket of his suit coat. She examined it briefly and handed it back.

“Acceptable?” He asked acerbically, stowing it back in his jacket pocket.

“Let’s get on with it.” She replied, striding towards the front door of her home.

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The first thing Mycroft saw as he entered Sherrinford’s grand hall — and the only thing he saw for several long seconds — was Greg.

Greg was naked but for the explosives vest strapped to his torso.

He lay unconscious at the foot of the grand staircase as if he had fallen down them. But his injuries were much more extensive than the sort a fall of that nature would cause. He was battered, his face swollen, dark bruises blooming on his limbs and torso. Greg had been beaten with fists, kicked and punched and struck over and over again. He was bleeding from his nose and numerous cuts and scrapes, blood had matted in his dark hair and streaked his distended cheek. Blood striped his thighs.

Blood striped his thighs!

The iron smell of blood mixed with Greg’s sweet treacle scent and fought with the cloying inky stench of his captor.
Mycroft felt fury rising within him. Those scents should never mix! He would kill Moriarty for this. He would murder every Alpha Moriarty brought with him, anyone who had touched Greg. _They had harmed his Omega!_ They had strapped explosives to him! Mycroft struggled to contain his base instincts, struggled to stand his ground and not simply attack the vile, little Alpha where he stood.

Gregson and Mummy crowded into the hall behind him and, stepping into the room, Mycroft finally tore his eyes from Greg and focussed on Moriarty. The slight man wore an impeccable grey suit, his dead black eyes leering. He held a trigger in his hand that Mycroft had no doubt would detonate the explosives strapped to Greg.

“I was going to have him killed, your little pet.” Moriarty’s sing-song voice made Mycroft want to retch. I ordered him beaten to death. But then I discovered his little secret. Can you imagine my delight…” Moriarty mugged surprise and delight. “When I realised that your plaything, Mycroft, is an Omega. An _unbonded_ Omega!”

“What?” Gregson, behind him sounded confused.


“Didn’t you know, Madame Holmes?” Moriarty feigned wonderment. “Can’t you smell him? So sweet! DCI Gregson, I would say ‘shame on you,’ but DC Lestrade hid it so well. Even _I_ didn’t suspect.” He prodded Greg with his well-shod foot contemplatively. Mycroft ground his teeth and held himself back. “Mycroft, certainly you knew. He’s been in your bed for almost a year now — you _had_ to know.”

“Of course, I know.” Mycroft gritted out.

“When I found him trying to escape with Sherlock, this ‘sweet little Omega’ had already killed one of my Alphas. Strangled him. And shot another... such a sweet Omega.” Moriarty knelt and caressed Greg’s brow.

“Don’t touch him!” Mycroft snarled. Instinct clouded his thoughts and he reached for Moriarty.

The inky Alpha hissed and held out the trigger for the explosives, his thumb on the button.

Mycroft recoiled. He wondered what his face was doing — he was battling to hold his icy mask in place, but he was certain his eyes burned homicidally. He told himself he had to bide his time — when the moment came, the evil Alpha would die!

“What do you want, Moriarty?” He glanced around the hall, taking in the entire scene. Moriarty slouched next to Greg at the bottom of the stairs, snipers looked down their rifle scopes from the second-floor balcony, aiming at him, Gregson and Mummy… but there was no one else. “Where’s Sherlock?”

“Sherlock’s undergoing his treatment. It would have been finished by now, but when I discovered I had _two_ new Omegas to play with, I had them do DC Lestrade here first.” He indicated Greg with the trigger in his hand.

Mycroft felt the blood fleeing his face, leaving a rictus where his cold sneer should be. “What did you do to him?!”

Moriarty rolled his eyes. “Don’t be boring, Mycroft.” He said with an exaggerated yawn.

Mycroft swallowed his panic. “What is it that you want?” He demanded again, enunciating each word.
“Oh, I have what I want.” Moriarty told him. “Or I did until you and your little brother started visiting my… businesses… around the world.”

This wasn’t about money, Mycroft was certain of that. It wasn’t even that he and Sherlock had been clever enough to track down and close quite a number of Moriarty’s operations in the past year. Moriarty would enjoy the game — trying to outsmart the Holmes brothers…

“What are the babies for?” Mycroft asked. “They’re your children, correct? You fathered them all. You’ve placed them strategically I presume… quite a long game, waiting for them to grow up. But with their health and intelligence profiles, they should have no problem infiltrating the highest echelons of government, business… military… crime… what is your plan, Moriarty? What do you get out of it? Is it simply your legacy, or is there some overarching scheme?”

“I knew! I knew you were the one, Mycroft Holmes!” Moriarty crowed. “I admit I wasn’t sure at first. It wasn’t easy to fool you — you made me work for it — but in the end I thought you were just like all the other sheep… so boring! Then you rose to the occasion! Well, you and Sherlock. You work so well together. I’m jealous — I never had a sibling, never had someone that could understand me like Sherlock understands you. He should have bonded with you, not that dreary little doctor.”

“Siblings don’t bond with each other.” Mummy said stridently.

Moriarty ignored her. “That would have been glorious! Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes completely simpatico…”

“I thought you wanted Sherlock for yourself.” Mycroft said coolly. “Why else create a fictional persona, spend two years wooing me?”

Moriarty smiled beatifically. “If only… if only Sherlock had wanted me as much as I wanted him.”
He sang. “You would have made the perfect ally, Mycroft, the perfect second-in-command. Knowing I held your brother’s life in my hands, you would have had no choice.” He gestured widely. “All of this could have been avoided.”

“Could it?” Mycroft asked. “You didn’t start your eugenics program after Sherlock rejected you. You’ve been experimenting on Omegas for years.”

“So what?!” Moriarty screamed. He calmed abruptly and began his sing-song again. “Was I supposed to keep a Beta pet? Well, supposedly a Beta.” He prodded Greg with his foot again. “Dull! I don’t know how you stand it, Mycroft. Although knowing he’s an Omega, that makes him a little more interesting, doesn’t it? But not much. He’s one of them. Baa-aa.” He bleated like a sheep.

“Still… I had a taste. A sample of the goods…”

He had touched Greg! “You…!” Mycroft lunged at the taunting Alpha — but Moriarty held up the explosive’s trigger. Mycroft again stopped himself from attacking, gritting his teeth hard enough to pulverize stone.

“Nuh-uh-uh.” Moriarty chided, waving a warning finger. “I’ve never really been into the butch ones… but I wanted to know what you saw in him…” Moriarty mugged, stroking the explosive’s trigger suggestively. “His blood profile is actually quite extraordinary — perfect for my program. You would not believe how rare that is! One Omega in fifty. Your pet, Mycroft, turns out he is special after all. Well, at least his eggs are. As for the rest…

“He’s had his jabs, he’ll go into heat within a week. Have you ever had an Omega in heat, Mycroft? What am I saying? Of course you haven’t. Mummy knows! Don’t you, Madame Holmes? There’s nothing as exquisite as an Omega in heat, begging for your help. And I do so love to help. I’m going
to breed him. And then I’ll breed Sherlock. Think of the beautiful Alphas we’ll make! And they’ll be half-siblings…”

“You shall die for this, Moriarty.” Mycroft snarled, the words out of his mouth before he could stop them.

Moriarty began to laugh, an unhinged cackle. “You won’t kill me. You won’t get blood on your hands. You’re ordinary.”

“You want me to shake hands with you in hell? I shall not disappoint you.” Mycroft barked, his voice rough. The rage was rushing through his body, he was on fire! He took a deep breath, made himself remember the trigger in Moriarty’s hand. His fingernails dug into his palms as he held himself back.


Mycroft stepped closer to the smaller Alpha, towering over him threateningly. “I may be on the side of the angels,” he spat, baring his teeth. “But don’t think for one second that I am one of them.”

Moriarty studied the elder Holmes’ feral eyes. “No, you’re not. I see. You’re not ordinary. No. You’re me. You’re me!” He sang. “I did it all for you, Mycroft. The babies, everything. I thought I only needed Sherlock, but I did it for us.”

That caught Mycroft off guard. “I’m sorry? Us?”

Moriarty reached out and gripped Mycroft’s arm. “Join me, Mycroft. Join me. You understand me. Together… nothing can stop us.” His black eyes flashed.

“You’re insane.” Mycroft said, disgusted.

“You’re just getting that now?”

There was a commotion upstairs and suddenly everything was happening at once!

Mycroft looked up to see Greene and Mrs. Farthingale had attacked two of the Alpha snipers and distracted the other one. (Mummy had said there were six… the others must be with Sherlock, Mycroft’s brain supplied, and John). He vaguely registered a tug on his jacket…

Moriarty yelped — Greg, who must have been conscious all along, playing possum, had moved when the Alpha was distracted, grabbing Moriarty’s ankles and bringing him to the ground! The explosive’s trigger went flying, skittering across the floor, leaving him vulnerable.

Mycroft’s Alpha instincts surged, and he let the fire in his blood take him as it had taken him when he’d confronted James Sholto. He leapt at Moriarty, roaring his rage… pouncing on the smaller Alpha and grabbing him with his claws…

Faraway he heard gunshots, felt something buzz past his ear. Mycroft ignored it, ignored everything except his prey — except the Alpha that wanted to take Greg from him. His fingers dug into Moriarty’s flailing arms, pinning him to the floor. He shoved his knee in the smaller Alpha’s chest, kneeling on him, and used a hand to press his face to the floor. Moriarty had challenged his claim on his Omega! He’d touched him, tasted him, hurt him!

Mycroft would rip him apart for that!
Distantly Mycroft remembered telling Greg that he could control himself…

Struggling, Moriarty freed an arm and shoved at Mycroft’s face, his unhinged laughter ringing through the hall. Fingers with an inky stench pushed at his cheek, covered his mouth. Mycroft bit them savagely, his teeth piercing the flesh and drawing blood.

The taste of blood in his mouth abruptly made everything crystal clear. Moriarty had taken his Omega from him. He had touched Greg! There was only one way this could end. Mycroft twisted Moriarty’s arm sideways, breaking his wrist. The Alpha howled.

Mycroft straddled the smaller Alpha, blood lust thrumming through his brain, throbbying through his body, making him strong. He pinned Moriarty’s arms to the floor and roared. Instinctually he sought his enemy’s weakest point, the tender flesh of his throat. He surged down and tore into Moriarty, clamping his teeth into the throbbing jugular and the carotid artery behind it. The flesh resisted for a moment — and Moriarty battled back, flailing and twisting in panic, his legs finding purchase on the floor and trying to dislodge his attacker — but Mycroft clamped his jaw closed, pulling and growling and shaking his head like an animal, like an apex predator sinking his teeth into prey… and then hot blood was flowing over his tongue and Moriarty wasn’t laughing anymore, he was screaming.

Moriarty shrieked and thrashed, blood spraying from his neck. Mycroft held on, feeling flesh rip under his jaw, he bit again, tearing mouthfuls of meat free, opening the throat, feeling his enemy weaken and grow still…

Mycroft dropped him, no longer interested in the limp, twitching Alpha. He reached for Greg, instinctually seeking comfort from the touch of his Omega.

He slid in the blood — it was everywhere, a growing pool on the floor, all down Mycroft’s front, on his face, in his mouth, under his hands and knees, coating him where he had slipped.

It didn’t matter. Mycroft stripped the explosive vest from his Omega’s torso, carefully pulling it over his battered head, and tossed it carelessly aside. He gathered Greg in his arms, scenting the Omega, the warm treacle calming him.

Greg clung to him, his arms trembling around Mycroft’s neck.

Vaguely Mycroft was aware that the room had filled with armed police, that Gregson was shouting orders, directing them. They avoided the explosive vest and the spreading lake of Moriarty’s blood. They gave Mycroft, crouched defensively over Greg, a wide berth. Gregson spoke tersely into her radio. “We need an ambulance. Now!”

She stepped towards Mycroft. “Mr. Holmes!” Gregson called out. She wasn’t important. Greg was important.

She called twice more, insistently, then she touched Mycroft on the shoulder. He turned on her, growling. He would protect Greg!

She snatched her hand back. “Mr. Holmes…” Her eyes were wide with fear.

“Stand back, DCI Gregson.” It was Mummy. “He’s protecting his Omega.”

She had Mycroft’s gun in her hand, it was smoking. She held it out, handle first, to Gregson. “I shot one of the Alphas up there.” She indicated the second-floor gallery overlooking the great hall. “I think… I think I’ve been hit…”

She swayed, and Mycroft saw the blood blooming from her side.
“Mummy!” Mycroft cried. DCI Gregson caught her gracefully. She eased the older Alpha gently to the floor.

“Mycrof…” Mummy gasped.

“Mummy… what have you done?” A moment ago, he’d been a savage killer… now he was a boy — a boy who’d already lost one parent.

“Wanted to shoot that bastard, Moriarty.” She told him, her voice strong despite the blood soaking through her clothes “He took my home! Shot poor Peterson! He wanted to hurt my son! My Sherlock! I lifted your gun… but you killed him, Mycroft.” Mummy reached toward him, but faltered, thinking better of doing anything that might seem challenging just now. “I told you caring was not… an advantage…” She rasped a choking laugh. “Caring… just got me… shot…”

“Don’t joke, Mummy.”

“My dear boy… my Mycroft… you should have told me… you’d mated…”

“I didn’t, Mummy. I haven’t.” Greg was still in his arms, warm and solid, the back of his neck unmarked.

“I shouldn’t have left him here… an Omega… your Omega… I’m sorry… I should have protected him.”

“Greg doesn’t need protecting.” Mycroft asserted, though the evidence that sometimes he did need protection, or at least backup, lay in his arms.

“You killed that vile, little man… to protect your Omega… both my sons… headstrong…” Mummy had gone deathly pale.

“Where’s the ambulance?!” Mycroft cried. “She needs help!”

“On the way, Mr. Holmes.” Gregson said.

“My?” Greg’s voice was hoarse in his battered mouth. He was shaking.

“I’ll stay with your mother, Mr. Holmes.” Gregson said urgently. “Take care of Lestrade — he needs you.”

“Go ahead, Mycroft.” Mummy said. “Take care of your Omega. No one else can.”

Mycroft nodded. Mummy was correct, Mycroft would not allow another Alpha near Greg. He wasn’t sure he could allow a Beta near him.

Greg was weak, his adrenaline receding. Mycroft helped him sit up and pulled him close, felt the Omega melt into his embrace. It was comforting, holding Greg, his warm treacle scent blotting out the stink of blood and gunpowder, the taste of carnage in his mouth…

Greene brought a blanket downstairs and Mycroft allowed the Beta to drape it over Greg. The butler took a second blanket to Mummy.

There was a cry. Mycroft looked up to see Sherlock at the top of the stairs. He was wrapped in a sheet, John supporting him on one side, Mrs. Farthingale on the other, taking in the scene below.

Sherlock shook them off and came down the stairs as fast as he could manage, directly to his brother, his sheet dragging through the great pool of Moriarty’s blood.
“Mycroft…!” Sherlock cried, crouching down and touching the gore on his brother’s chin. His fingers came away red.

Mycroft sat up straighter. “Sherlock…” He grudgingly lifted a hand from Greg and took his brother’s bloody fingers. “I am unhurt.” Mycroft assured him. Sherlock’s eyes strayed to Moriarty on the floor.

“You killed him…” Sherlock looked astounded. “With your… teeth…?”

“Yes.” He cradled Greg against his chest.

“Moriarty harmed his Omega.” Mummy said, her voice fading. “Challenged his claim. Of course, Mycroft… killed him.” She coughed.

Sherlock’s eyes snapped to her, took in the blood, her pale face. “Mummy?” He asked. “What’s happened?”

“I’ve been shot, Sherlock.” She said. “You always were… the slow one.”

John Watson rapidly descended the stairs, skirting the edge of the room, giving Mycroft and Greg as much leeway as possible. His posture was non-threatening, his palms open and his eyes down. John’s scent was submissive in Mycroft’s nose and he allowed the trespass.

“Sherlock.” John called. “Come help me.” He knelt next to Mummy. “Lie down, Madame Holmes, let me examine you.” He said, guiding her head gently into Sherlock’s lap. Pulling her shirt aside, he assessed the gunshot wound to one side of her belly. “I need to turn you, see if the bullet has gone through.” She nodded, clenching her teeth against the pain. John looked at Gregson. “Gently, on my count. One, two, three.” Together they rolled the regal Alpha onto her side. There was a large bloodstain on her back, a small hole in her clothing.

“Madame Holmes, we’re going to put pressure on your wounds, try and slow the bleeding.” He pressed the blanket to Mummy’s back guiding Gregson’s hands to hold it in place. John quickly stripped his jacket off and balled it up, pushing it to her front. At his direction, they rolled Mummy onto her back, keeping the pressure steady.

“Is Sherlock… alright?” Mummy demanded weakly.

“Yes, Mummy. I’m fine.” Sherlock took her hand. “John came for me.”

“Your mate… good…” She tried to smirk, but ended up coughing. "I pickpocketed Mycroft...”

“I told you he was an easy mark.” Sherlock said, trying to smile reassuringly.

“Am I going to die?” Mummy asked.

"Not if I can help it, Madame Holmes." John told her. "It takes a while to bleed out from a gut wound, the ambulance will be here long before then."

She harrumphed, a sound suspiciously close to laughter.

“So…” John murmured, catching Sherlock’s eye. “Greg’s an Omega…?”

Sherlock shrugged.


Mycroft pulled Greg into his lap, arranging the blanket over him. He had the presence of mind to
probe Greg’s belly for hard areas that would indicate internal bleeding. He didn’t find any. “Oh, thank god.” He sighed as the ambulance sirens reached their ears. The paramedics had better be Betas…

“My…” Greg said, eyes flickering closed.

“Don’t… don’t leave me, mon canard.” He whispered, stroking the Omega’s hair. Mycroft was aware on some level that this was not fair to ask right now. But he didn’t care. “Please.”

“Never.” Greg said in his fading voice. “Never.”

Chapter End Notes

Mycroft has finally given in to his instincts and killed another Alpha over Greg — one who more than deserved it. Perhaps Moriarty was perfectly able to control his Alpha instincts because as a psychopath, he had no feelings for anyone, no emotional attachment to any one Omega. If so, he would never consider that Mycroft's instincts could be so powerful.

Now that Greg has been unmasked as an Omega, he will lose all his Beta rights and privileges. He’s free to bond now — with his guardian's approval — but without his job and his independence, can he ever be happy? And then there's whatever Moriarty injected him with...

Mummy and Sherlock have finally bonded slightly. Mummy, however, seems upset that Moriarty is threatening something she considers HERS, as much as he’s threatening Sherlock.

If you’re wondering what happened when John found Sherlock, stay tuned — it’s coming. Eventually.

Next Week: The fallout.
Chapter 17

Greg’s life as he knew it is over.

Warning: brief mention of prior non-consensual touching

Greg woke coughing, his lungs turning inside out, sharp pains shooting across his chest. He tasted blood.

He couldn’t breathe through his nose. Every breath was excruciating — he knew that pain, it was a broken rib. Or ribs. Or maybe they were just bruised, it was agonising just the same. Agonising, but not serious. Bruised or broken, they would heal on their own in time. There was nothing the doctors could do.

Greg remembered then. It all came back to him in a rush — Moriarty discovering his secret and telling Gregson and Madame Holmes. All the armed police, Gregson’s crew, the local PD... they all knew. By now everyone knew. He imagined it was a hot topic today at the Met.

Life as he knew it was over.

Abruptly, he was glad for the pain — his whole world had changed, it was right that he should feel it. It was the pain of rebirth.

Greg wondered bitterly if anyone had contacted his cousin yet, told him about his new responsibility. He wondered what he’d see when he opened his eyes. He felt tears welling and he tried to will them away.

He might be an Omega, but no one could say he wasn't brave. Greg would face this new life head on. He opened his eyes — eye, one didn’t seem to want to obey — and peered at his surroundings.

“John.” He croaked, pushing away the surge of disappointment that Mycroft was not here.

“Hey, Greg.” John said. “Would you like some water?”

“Ta.” Greg said, taking the styrofoam cup. The water was cold and refreshing, but after the first sip he began coughing. He hacked again and again, his eye watering, every cough utter torment to his ribs. “I need a fag.” He groaned. “’S’my jacket around here anywhere?”


“Right.” Fuck. John knew he was an Omega. "Yeah. Where is here?” Greg suppressed the pained groan his ribs inspired.
“Same private hospital Mycroft took us to last time.” John told him.

“Yeah… s’Mycroft here? And, er, Sherlock.” He added. He remembered that their mother had been shot… and that he hadn’t spoken to Mycroft in over a week. He’d wanted ‘time.’ Well, he had nothing but time now. Mycroft must have more important things to do than sit by Greg’s bedside.


“Thank fuck.” Greg breathed, coughing painfully. He opened the pack with awkward fingers, extracting a fag, painstakingly lit a match and touched it to the cigarette with shaking hands. He inhaled deeply, pulling the smoke into his aching lungs, ignoring, for the moment, the agony of breathing. “That’s brilliant.” He said, his smoker's cough subsiding, and along with it, fifty percent of the misery from his tortured ribs.

Greg didn’t want to think too hard about what this might mean, what Mycroft might still feel for him.

He caught John’s expression. “You gonna tell me I should quit?”

“Do I need to?”

Greg sucked on the cigarette. “No.” He said. “I know I need to quit… but, Jesus! Mycroft’s fags are fantastic. Early on, before we started seeing each other, he gave me one… I’d never had anything like it. Thought I’d get a pack meself. Found a place that sold them...” He contemplated the cigarette in his hand wondering how much longer he’d be allowed this small act of self-determination. “Ninety bloody pounds a pack, John. Ninety! How sodding rich do you have to be to pay ninety quid for twenty fags?” Greg glanced at John. “I liked the posh bastard in spite of it. In spite of meself too, I guess.”

“Am I the last person to know you’re an Omega then?” John asked

Greg sighed bitterly. All of his friends would treat him differently now. “Does it matter?” He felt every ache and pain keenly all of a sudden.

“Not a bit.” John said. “Just curious. Though, for a few hours I didn’t think Mycroft would let me come near you ever again.”

“I’m trying not to think about it.” Greg confessed, inhaling the cigarette. “Probably won’t see so much of you when I’m living in bloody Croydon anyway.”

“Croyden?”


“Yeah. I got to him before they did too much. He didn’t get the jabs — they were, erm… busy with you.”

Greg remembered everything that had happened yesterday — he’d found Sherlock, he was sedated, but Greg hoisted him over his shoulder and was making for the back stairs… but then his luck ran out. He’d managed to shoot one of Moriarty’s Alphas in the thigh, fight off another, and was getting the better of the third… but two more had come up behind him.

They’d taken him to the kitchen and used him as a punching bag — used their fists and feet. He’d felt the crunch as his nose had broken... they’d stomped on his fingers, kicked him in the ribs... no
wonder they hurt so much. No wonder he ached all over.

By the time Moriarty wandered in, Greg was halfway gone — halfway to retreating so far inside himself the pain couldn’t touch him. But Moriarty’s words had brought him back to himself fully in an excruciating rush.

“Do you smell that?” That’s all he’d said. “Do you smell that?”

The other Alphas began scenting him and he knew it was all over.

At least they’d stopped beating him. They’d stripped him and strapped him to an examination bench — upright so he wouldn’t suffocate on the blood from his broken nose. He was immobilised whilst they puttered and pottered with test tubes and chemicals and took endless vials of blood from his bruised arms. Finally, they pulled out the hypodermics.

He barely felt the jabs in his thighs.

“The jabs? What were they?”

“They’re…erm… running tests now. Dr. Weintraub will come soon. He should be able to tell you something.”

Greg grunted, stubbed out his cigarette and pulled the IV from his arm.

“Greg! What are you doing?” John exclaimed.

“Going to the bog.” I'm doing what I bloody well want to do while I still can! An alarm began to sound — it was the IV stand complaining. Greg struggled upright, stifling an anguished moan as his torso exploded in pain. There were no crisp pyjamas this time, just a gown that gaped open in the back. “Fuck it.” He mumbled and stood up, not caring if he mooned John Watson.

He wobbled a little from the head rush. “Need a hand there?” John asked.

“Nope. I’m good.” He waved off the unwanted help from the well-meaning Alpha. His life would be full of well-meaning Alphas now. They were better than the ones that didn't mean well, but hard to take all the same. Greg made it to the en suite and shut the door. He tore off the gown and slashed. It felt good, like he hadn’t had a wee in days. Mercifully, it was free of blood.

A glance in the mirror showed him a stranger’s face, stretched and distended, purple mottling his skin. His nose had been set and it swelled under the tape, nostrils brown with dried blood. He had two days growth of stubble darkening his jaw and one eye that wouldn’t open more than a tiny slit. His hair was matted and greasy with quite a bit more grey than there’d been the last time he looked in a mirror. Large red bruises bloomed on his ribs and arms, neck and shoulders, and a dried brown something was flaking off his skin… he felt completely grubby.

Greg turned the taps in the shower to ‘hot’ and stepped in. The water hurt, and he gasped, making his ribs complain sharply. Every bruise was inflamed, but Greg did not care. He soaped himself furiously with aching fingers... what was he trying to wash off? The Alphas’ fists? Their vile caresses? Moriarty’s gaze? His very Omega-ness?

If only he could scrub it all away!

He remembered Mycroft, growling ferally, leaping on top of Moriarty like a wild tiger, ripping his throat out with his teeth, the arterial spray catching his face and chest as he howled...

Greg washed his hair less frenetically, slowly working out the matted clumps. Then he was rinsing and rinsing, the water cascading over his battered body...
He wanted a shave but there was no razor. There was a toothbrush and he cleaned his teeth, mouth breathing, spitting blood when he rinsed. He eschewed the gown in favour of a towel around his hips and left the loo.

...Mycroft, covered in Moriarty’s blood, cradling him, saying his name... growling at anyone that came near... Mummy calling him Mycroft’s mate...

John was gone — Greg was blessedly alone in the horribly cheery pale-blue room. Stifling a sob, he searched for clothes, finding hospital issue warm-up pants, a t-shirt and a zip-up hoodie. And slippers, Brown cotton slippers with a rubber sole. Lifting his arms to don the t-shirt made him heave in pain, but he managed it. Dressed he turned to leave...

Where did he plan to go? To his flat? What would he do there? Pack his things before the end of the month? Bloody Archie wouldn’t want to pay the rent one minute longer than necessary even if it were from Lestrade’s savings.

His life was over.

It was intolerable! Anger surged through his battered body. Greg punched the wall, hard, leaving a small dent. He did it again with an anguished cry.

“Greg!”

Mycroft stood silhouetted in the doorway, his lean frame and long neck as distinctive as the copper glow of his hair.

“Can I help?” He asked, concern in the words, in the tilt of his head and the tension in his hands...

Greg collapsed under the weight of his kindness, crumpling to the floor in misery.

“Greg?” Mycroft sounded so absurdly distressed as he knelt next to him.

“My.” Greg felt listless. He made an effort to focus. “How’s... erm... Mummy?”

“Stable. She should recover fully.”

“Good. Good...”

“Tell me what’s wrong, Greg.” Mycroft said gently.

Greg scoffed and pain shot through his chest. He tried to hide the wince. “My life is over.” He said dully. Gregson was a good copper and she’d mentored him... but she would never look at him the same way... if he even saw her again. Greg dreaded going to the Met, fearing his key card had already been deactivated... his badge would be confiscated... everyone staring at him... whispering... all the Alphas trying to gauge when his heat would start, if they could be the one to own him... “What?” Mycroft had said something.

Mycroft sat on the floor next to him and took his hand. “I’ve been speaking with Chief Superintendent Kahn.” He said.

Greg flinched. “Will they let me clean out me desk or are they going to pretend I never existed.”

“Neither.” Mycroft said, stroking his wrist. “You took your Sergeants exam in January and passed
with flying colours. I’ve... convinced him... to allow you to fill an opening for a Detective Sergeant in DI Dimmock’s Major Investigation Team — you’ll still be in the Central Division under Gregson — who, I might add, advocated for you wholeheartedly.”

“Gregson? Why...?” Greg asked, ruthlessly strangling the hope blooming inside himself. He could not believe this miracle... let alone understand it.

“Seems she had an Omega cousin who committed suicide before he was eighteen... his guardian... well, she said it was the greatest waste of potential she’d ever witnessed — and she wasn’t talking about having babies. She's been firmly for Omega self-determination ever since. She said you are a stellar detective, and it would be a shame to lose you over something so trivial as your secondary gender.”

"Something so trivial..." It took a moment for Greg to absorb the words — he felt slow and simple, and his eyes itched with tears. None of this was possible. “Superintendent Kahn... h-how?”

“I... suggested... to Kahn that if he didn’t keep you on — and give you the promotion you’ve earned — the press might find out that the Met had had an Omega passing as a Beta in its ranks for almost ten years. And that no Alpha ever suspected, including him. Especially him. Then I implied that your Beta scented suppressant could become a hot item on the black market — or maybe the recipe would be leaked online.

"I then impressed upon Kahn that changes were inevitable and he needed to be on the right side of history. He would be the visionary who broke new ground and allowed Omegas to serve openly on the force. And since you’re a seasoned detective, there's no risk that this will backfire on him.”

Greg blinked at the Alpha. Mycroft looked cool, patrician... nothing like the snarling animal he’d seen yesterday… except for a vulnerability in his eyes...

“There is, however, a condition.”

Hope deflated quickly, leaving a heavy layer of defeated rage over his heart. “Of course.” Greg murmured, staring at the floor. Would he be desk bound, a detective in name only — for his own bloody protection, of course. Would he be relegated to a ‘special Omega division,’ a sop to the press that was 100 percent public relations shite, patted and patronised relentlessly. Or would he be forced to request permission from bloody Archie for every damn thing he might be asked to do.... which one of the nightmare scenarios would it be?

“Despite ample evidence to the contrary — ten years’ worth — they believe an unbonded Omega would be too great a liability… too disruptive… unfortunately, there’s precedence. All professional institutions — hospitals, schools, banks — require Omega employees to be bonded.”

Greg had sagged, pulling away from Mycroft. But the Alpha still held his hand, still stroked his wrist comfortably. “Erm, thanks, My... for trying. For everything...” He said, pain and defeat overtaking him.

“Greg… is there someone else you’d rather be here with you?” Mycroft asked, his voice strained but still gentle. “James Sholto or Meaghan Fraser? Your cousin? Or... or John? I’ll get anyone you want.” Mycroft wouldn’t look at him.

“No, My. There’s no one.”

Mycroft nodded, but still wouldn’t meet his eyes. “After what you witnessed yesterday… what I did to Moriarty… I know you expected... better from me...”
“My, he was a psychopath. You saved *everyone* from that monster.”

“I did it for *you*, Greg. I… I couldn’t help myself. No… I didn’t *want* to stop. What you’d suffered… what he’d done to you…”

Greg leaned forward and pressed his forehead against the Alpha’s. “I know.” He said. “I wanted you to do it. I wanted you to kill him. For me.”

“Greg… you stayed away so long… have we… broken up?”

“No! I mean, I hope not. I don’t want to lose you, My.”

“Greg.” Mycroft said, kissing his hand. “Greg, would you bond with me? I love you. I want you to come home. I want to take care of you, I want to belong to you and allow you to take care of me… I would never question your independence — you know that, don’t you?”

Greg frowned. He wanted this but there were so many reasons he couldn’t have it… “What about, erm, Lady Anthea?”

“I spoke with her this morning. After Cambridge, she’ll come work for me. She has the intelligence and the cunning… I believe she’s as relieved as I that we will not bond.”

“And…” Greg hated to say it, but he had to know. “Mummy?”

Mycroft looked pale, his freckles standing out bright against his alabaster cheeks. “She… watched what I did to Moriarty. She won’t stand in our way.”

“It’s not a scandal that will disgrace the Holmes family?”

“Perhaps. I’m finding it difficult to care.”

“Oh.” Greg sneeked a look into Mycroft’s green eyes. He saw hope there, and fear, and more vulnerability than he could bear… and he saw his future… “Yes.” He said. “Yeah, My, I’ll bond with you.” For a moment, Greg felt almost happy. Then reality caught up, and he frowned sourly. “Erm… do you have to get *permission* from me cousin?”

“I don’t believe there’s any reason to trouble your cousin. You are perfectly able to decide your own future.”

A smile finally stretched Greg’s swollen mouth. It hurt, but the Omega did not care. “Good. Yes.”

Mycroft returned his smile, a tremulous smile that lit his eyes like no other ever had… then they dimmed. “Moriarty… he said he’d… touched you…”

“Are you asking if I’m still a virgin?” Greg felt defensive, disappointed. “Does it matter?” He snapped.

“No! Of course not. I was trying to be sensitive…”

“Right.” Mycroft cared about him, about what happened to him. ”He touched me. Yeah. He *licked* my face. It was disgusting. And…” Greg shuddered. “But he didn’t… he kept all his clothes on.”

Greg couldn’t bring himself to tell Mycroft how the inky-scented Alpha had fondled him…

“If he were alive, I’d murder him again.” Mycroft said through gritted teeth.

“We’re going to bond. That’s what matters now.”
“Yes. I’d never let myself hope…” Mycroft paused, his brow furrowed. “About children... Greg, I hate to ask…”

“Yes.” Greg said.

“What?”

“I said, yes. Yeah, let’s have a kid. Let’s make a person, My. God knows what they’ll think of it at work, but I want to.”

“You want to…”

“I’ve told you that before, I want a kid. I can’t promise more than one, My — Alpha, Omega or Beta, we get what we get. Might want to change up your family’s inheritance rules, or wills or whatever. The Royal Family did it, the Holmeses can too.”

Mycroft gazed at him unseeingly for a long moment, his eyes turned inward. When they focused again, Mycroft nodded. “Yes,” He said. “That’s fair. That’s more than fair.” And he smiled again, broad and delighted, his shining eyes crinkling happily. Greg reached for him and the Alpha leaned into his embrace, squeezing his hand and kissing his cheek chastely.

“Ow!” Greg exclaimed, flinching. “Fuck, I think I hurt me bloody hand!” Then he laughed, despite the torment it caused his bruised ribs, and allowed Mycroft to cradle his hand against his heart. He kissed the Alpha, a real kiss, lips brushing swollen lips, tongues tasting each other tentatively — they would bond! How would their kisses taste then? Mycroft brushed Greg’s still-damp hair away from his battered face and kissed him gently...

“Ahem!”

They both jumped — Greg’s ribs screaming — and looked up from their embrace on the floor. Dr. Weintraub, the Omega specialist had come. He looked serious.

“Doctor.” Greg said. Mycroft rose gracefully to his feet and offered Greg a hand. Greg took it and rose much less gracefully, aches and pains assaulting him savagely, making him gasp. “What is it?”

“You should sit down, Greg.” He said.

Greg almost protested, but something in the doctor’s expression stopped him. Holding himself stiffly upright to ease the sharp torment of his ribs, he bypassed the bed and sat in one of the wing chairs. He did not let go Mycroft’s hand.

Weintraub sat in the chair opposite. He looked questioningly at the Alpha.

“We’re to be bonded.” Greg told him. “And yeah, we want to have a kid — you said that was part of your practice.”

Weintraub smiled, acknowledging the happy news. “Congratulations.” He murmured. “Fortuitous.”

“You can talk in front of Mycroft.” Greg told him. “He’d find out anyway.” He added under his breath.

“Yes, all right. Greg... we have the results of your tests. It seems you’ve been injected with hormones and chemical compounds to, among other things, accelerate your heat cycle.”

“Accelerate?”
“Yes. I predict you’ll go into heat again within the week.” He smiled professionally and nodded at Mycroft. “You should find it quite a bit easier this time around at least.”

“Among other things, you said.” Mycroft said sharply. “What other things?”

“We aren’t one hundred percent certain. I’ve consulted on a number of the rescued Omega cases, and some of them were given the same compounds you seem to have in your blood. It appears to be a precursor for pregnancy — so if your plan is to conceive right away, that should allow your body to process the chemicals in such a way that you will not suffer the side-effects, which I understand from several of the formerly captive Omegas are unpleasant and long-lasting. However, we don’t yet understand what effect this will have on the infant. We’ve been unable to locate and examine any of the children born whilst the Omegas were held captive.

“But Birgit has delivered a healthy Omega male. We’ve been studying him, his blood, his development... other than being somewhat advanced, he is, thus far, completely normal.”

“You’re saying, if I understand correctly...” Mycroft’s voice was ice. “That if we conceive whilst Greg is in this accelerated heat, Greg shouldn’t suffer any side effects of the drugs, but the child might be affected in unknown ways. But if we don’t conceive now, Greg definitely will suffer side effects and a future child may or may not be affected.”

“Yes.” Dr. Weintraub confirmed. “There’s no reason to think the drugs you’ve been given would have a negative impact on a child — they seemed to be breeding for strength and intelligence, it stands to reason any drugs given to the Omega would bolster that. And Birgit’s child seems to support that hypothesis. But, of course, we cannot say for certain.”

“Thank you, Doctor.” Mycroft said so coldly it chilled Greg’s heart.

“Right.” Greg said, hating Moriarty and his jabs with every fibre of his being, hating that Mycroft ‘The Iceman’ Holmes stood behind him with a tense hand on Greg’s shoulder. “A more ordinary concern — I think I’ve broken my hand.”

They ended up having five days after the meeting with Dr. Weintraub before Greg went into heat.

Greg had broken his hand — although whether it was from the battering he’d endured or punching the wall was difficult to say. But five days had seen his face become recognisably Greg’s again and for the agonised winces that accompanied his every breath to lessen. Many of his cuts and bruises had begun to heal, his swollen eye was open, and he could breathe through his nose again. But he still looked like he’d been run over by a truck, stiff and aching, popping paracetamol like candy.

Still, he smiled often, glancing at Mycroft with wonderment.

Mycroft had brought him home to his — their — townhouse and Greg had spent a few days lounging around in low-slung pyjama bottoms and a form-fitting cashmere jumper Mycroft had given him that, despite his injuries, made Mycroft want to attack him where he stood. Instead he held the Omega gently in his arms as often as possible. Greg’s natural warm treacle scent — no longer suppressed — was a constant pleasure.

Greg hadn’t left the townhouse. He took three weeks leave from work — trying not to worry what
he’d find when he returned — and sequestered himself in anticipation of his heat. He’d kept busy, going through the things from his flat, deciding what to keep, what to donate and what to bin. (He’d refused to allow Mycroft to simply bin everything.) For an afternoon he reclined on the big couch in front of the telly, watching rugby with Greene — he’d invited John, but, bonded or not, John had thought it unwise to hang out with an unbonded Omega so near his heat in another Alpha’s territory. He puttered in the kitchen with Mrs. Farthingale, watching her make patisserie. (Mycroft declared it *almost* as delicious as Père’s.) The Alpha was delighted to see Greg eating. He was, as always, too thin.

Mycroft was, he admitted to himself, nervous about the bonding. It had been several weeks since he and Greg had made love — they’d been separated after Mycroft’s meeting with Lady Anthea, and Greg’s injuries had limited them to careful cuddling since. But this, Mycroft knew, would be vastly different from anything else they’d done together. The small taste of Greg’s heat he’d experienced had not been love or even lust — it was paraphilia, nymphomania... it exacerbated Mycroft’s anxiety even as the thought of bonding, mating, with Greg felt completely *right*.

When he examined his feelings, he found he was impatient to have it done.

Greg had to be his!

So, it was with a sense of great relief and anticipation that when Greg said, “My, it’s time,” and took his hand, he led Greg to their bedroom and closed the door firmly behind them.

“So strange to not be alone right now.” Greg said, kissing him. They were both hard, Mycroft’s erection aching for release.

“I hated leaving you to suffer alone.” He caressed Greg’s face, brushing his hair back and hooking his hand around the Omega’s neck, pulling him back into the kiss. He tasted Greg’s mouth, tongue exploring his palate, his teeth, competing with Greg’s tongue. He nipped softly at Greg’s upper lip and traced the purple bruises around Greg’s soft brown eyes with his long fingers. “Are you afraid?”

He asked.


“Of being knotted.”


“I’ll be careful.” Mycroft said. He led Greg to their bed and pulled back the duvet. For the first time in days he didn’t crave a cigarette — after talking to Dr. Weintraub, in anticipation of becoming parents, they’d shared a last fag and then they’d both quit. Pheromone haze was good for at least one more thing than conception. He hoped Greg wasn’t feeling any of his numerous aches now either.

Greg stripped off the cashmere jumper and shoved down his pyjamas, stepping out of them. He worried at the buttons of Mycroft’s waistcoat, fumbling them open with his unbroken hand in a way Mycroft found irresistibly charming. He took off the waistcoat and shirt and shed his vest as Greg grappled with his belt, his splinted fingers hindering him completely.

Mycroft had his trousers and pants off in seconds and Greg’s good hand groped through his coppery pelt, ranging over his chest and back as he lay down beside him. Greg pulled him close, undulating against him. The lust Mycroft felt ratcheted up, and he rolled on top of Greg, pressing him into the mattress. He found Greg’s Omega cock and stroked him, thrusting his own against his lover’s taut belly. Greg moaned, helplessly aroused.
Greg’s big paw grasped Mycroft’s Alpha cock — tan hand wrapped around his red and rosy column. He liked the way that looked, Greg’s hand on him.

Mycroft kissed him, hot and hard, biting his jaw and neck and inhaling his utterly intoxicating scent. He felt drunk on Greg’s treacle. Greg wrapped his legs around Mycroft’s hips, writhing under him in a frenzy of desire. Mycroft felt impossibly virile and strong, he’d bested all other Alphas in pursuit of this Omega. He had literally killed for Greg, for his Omega!

“Jesus, My! I need you!” Greg gasped.

“Turn over.” Mycroft said, mouthing one of Greg’s firm nipples. “Turn over, Greg.” He tugged at the Omega, trying to turn him onto his belly.

Greg wriggled and rolled, his big frame sliding around. He rubbed his arse against Mycroft’s Alpha cock, moaning. Mycroft slid through the natural Omega slick dripping down the back of his thighs. He levered himself back, onto his knees and licked Greg’s thighs. He’d wanted to taste this since the first night they’d spent together but had always respected Greg’s reticence. It was wonderful, musky and sweet — Greg’s scent made physical, edible. Greg pushed up onto hands and knees and Mycroft buried his face in the cleft of Greg’s muscular buttocks, pressing his mouth to his entrance, lapping up all he could.

Greg moaned and leaned back into Mycroft’s ministrations. “More...” He whimpered. “My... I need more... please, My... more!”

As wonderful as he tasted, it wasn’t enough. Mycroft had to be inside him — Greg needed him! He knelt up and rubbed the head of his massive cock against Greg’s arse, prodding his sensitive opening. Mycroft wanted to be gentle, cognisant as always that his penis was very big — even for an Alpha.

“Yes!” Greg gasped, shoving himself back onto Mycroft’s cock, pressing the ring of muscle against the fat helmet — and suddenly Mycroft was inside him, the tight heat driving all thoughts from his mind. He pushed forward, deeper into Greg, his fingers digging into the Omega’s hips, impaling him fully.

Mycroft was panting, marvelling at how good it felt, how right to be inside Greg. He pulled out and pushed back in experimentally — and choked on the incredible pleasure! And Greg loved it too, he begged for more! Mycroft began to saw back and forth, caressing the Omega’s back, dragging his cock almost all the way out then driving back in, making love to his mate. He leaned forward and urged Greg’s shoulders downward, pressing his chest and face to the mattress.

This had the effect Mycroft hoped, the new angle drawing his cock across the sensitive spot inside Greg, his Omega pearl. Greg cried out in ecstasy, and he began shoving himself back with hard little jolts as Mycroft thrust forward. Something about stimulating Greg’s pearl increased the Alpha’s pleasure as well, Greg’s cries making his blood surge and his knot begin to grow.

This was the first time Mycroft had had a knot since puberty... it felt so much better now, as an adult with his Omega love. It felt natural... perfect...

Greg orgasmed from the thrusts against his pearl, keening and quivering, pulsing around Mycroft’s cock. Mycroft kept up his rhythm throughout, knowing how fantastic it felt to be fucked through climax, how it made it last longer, wrung more pleasure from your body.

Greg sagged, still shivering. Mycroft lifted him up, held him close against his furry chest, scenting him, feeling the short hairs at the back of his neck tickling his nose. Greg reached over his shoulder
and his hand found Mycroft’s head, and combed through his hair. The Omega clung to him awkwardly as he recovered from his crisis, Mycroft fucking him all the while.

It was perfect, Mycroft though, Greg’s hand in is hair, his arms around the Omega’s chest. Sliding on the perspiration between their bodies as he moved inside him. Mycroft had rarely topped another man — and had never been with a woman — but this felt transcendent. It was pleasure, but it was more than pleasure… it scratched an itch that Mycroft had felt since he presented — an itch so pervasive and all-encompassing that it simply had felt like normality.

Finding the cure for this itch made him giddy with relief. Mycroft laughed as he thrust his cock into the wonderfully molten tightness of his Omega over and over. He was astounded at how fulfilling his biological destiny also filled him with such contentment and joy.

Greg made a noise, a wanton moan full of desire and euphoria — and Mycroft knew that the Omega, his Omega, was experiencing something just as sublime. He kissed Greg’s jaw, turned his head and kissed his lips, the familiar taste of his mouth speeding his hips, stimulating his pleasure.

Mycroft was moving rapidly towards his own climax, his knot growing bulbous and hot. He leant over putting Greg back on his hands and knees, wrapping his arms around his Omega, burying his face in the muscular, sweaty back, kissing his shoulders and moving his mouth over the salty, sweet skin. Greg resumed fucking himself back in time with Mycroft’s thrusting, gasping and crying out each time the Alpha’s cock raked over his pearl. He came again, his body going stiff and silent as he convulsed, choking on his own cries.

Mycroft couldn’t fuck him through it this time, his knot had swollen too large. Still he thrust and stabbed, desperate to get his knot inside Greg. He took hold of Greg’s hard Omega cock and jacked it, stroking the dripping erection frantically. Greg began to orgasm again even before the last, internal, orgasm had ended, striping the sheet with his cum, finally collapsing forwards onto his arms, his entire body pliant.

Mycroft plunged his knot inside his Omega and Greg went from lethargic to undone in seconds, Mycroft’s climax stimulating yet another orgasm for Greg. He keened and juddered as if he’d been shocked, then crumbled, completely shattered.

Mycroft’s orgasm was frighteningly intense, jolt after jolt after jolt. It felt like his semen was spraying from a hose deep inside Greg. As Greg fell apart, Mycroft pulled them together, embracing Greg hard against his chest. Without thinking, he sunk his teeth into the gland at the base of Greg’s neck — Greg shook in his arms, his body climaxing yet again, Greg himself almost insensible to the waves and waves of pleasure.

Mycroft peaked again as he closed his jaw around Greg’s flesh, and his legs gave out, dropping them both to the bed. Once again, he tasted the metallic tang of blood on his tongue, and again it made him feel fiercely protective of the other man. Mycroft cradled his Omega tenderly, floating on the vast sea of pleasure.

Eventually he unlocked his jaw and carefully licked the blood from the bite wound. Even as he did it, he began to feel a comforting echo of his tongue on the back of Greg’s neck — and understood it was the empathetic link allowing him to experience what Greg felt.

Mycroft wallowed in Greg’s emotions, all jagged and intense, so different from the dark undercurrents of his own. For a moment he thought how close he had come to never having this with Greg — it was inconceivable! He had been incomplete until this moment! He would treasure Greg for the rest of his life.
He came again, spilling semen inside Greg, saturating his womb with the building blocks of life...

Greg had opted that they not have birth control jabs, much to Mycroft’s relief. He was more afraid of what the side effects of Moriarty’s injections would do to Greg than any theoretical effects it might have on their as-yet unconceived child.

Although it was possible, Mycroft realised, that they may have just conceived...

He kissed Greg’s neck and ran his fingers through his thick hair. They would be conjoined by his knot for up to an hour, then they’d have a respite for food and drink, the loo, even a shower, before they were overcome by their base instincts and the need to breed again.

“You’re mine.” Mycroft told Greg, caressing him, feeling his Omega’s satisfaction with the words and fond amusement at the superior tone... Mycroft smiled wryly — it would be humbling to experience himself through the filter of Greg’s loving tolerance. Humbling and wonderful and terrible and completely, utterly necessary forever more.

Chapter End Notes

It probably sounds stupid, but I cried a little writing that ending! Someone on Tumblr was saying that they didn’t care for Omegaverse fics because of the dynamics of bonding, the dominant, sometimes cruel, Alpha and the submissive Omega, how it always seemed violent to them. But at least for Mycroft and Greg (and John and Sherlock before them) bonding wasn't violent, it's a loving celebration, a joyous coming together of equals. Mycroft has come a long way since he tried to foist Moriarty on Sherlock.

TWO MORE CHAPTERS!

Next week: Happily ever after?
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Three years later...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

DS Lestrade rubbed his eyes wearily. He’d been on the job for 18 straight hours, chasing a mysterious spree killer who’d downed eight people in the last four days. Sherlock had finally given him a lead, now Greg, Sherlock, John and DC Donovan were staking out a stately row house in South Ken, waiting for the killer — a Beta female, Sherlock kept insisting — to arrive.

Greg’s phone buzzed discreetly. He dug it from the pocket of his rumpled tan trench coat and thumbed it on. He had a text.

**How long are you four going to sit outside that house?** Mycroft asked.

Greg didn’t bother hunting for the CCTV cameras pointed his way. **As long as it takes.** He responded. He could feel his mate’s forbearance and the undercurrents of impatience and concern — it was comforting simply to know Mycroft was there, wishing him home.

Greg wanted to be home right now too. He hadn’t seen his little girl in what felt like forever. Violet — named for Mummy (Greg had been half surprised Mummy’s name wasn’t ‘Mummy’ or ‘Madame’) — was only two, but already exhibited the keen Holmes intelligence, reading her books aloud in English to Greg and in French to Mycroft.

Her Gran doted on her namesake, bringing her toys and gifts that made Mycroft goggle in disbelief. Greg was amused by his internal outrage — Mummy had certainly never spoilt her own children! Why did she see fit to spoil theirs?

**How’s our girl?** He texted.

**In trouble again. She’s more like my brother every day.**

**More like YOU, you mean. She can talk circles around Sherlock.**

“That Mycroft? How’s the baby girl tonight?” John asked from the back seat. Uncle John and Uncle ‘Lock were great favourites.

DC Donovan heaved a disgusted sigh, but Greg paid the Alpha no attention. She was one of the few who had never put up a fuss about having an Omega superior. Once he’d proved his competence, she was happy to be part of his team. And she loved looking at photos of Violet.

“She’s keeping My busy. I’m pretty sure she’s more intelligent than he and Sherlock put together.” John laughed. “Must be strange for someone used to being the smartest person in every room.”

“Must be.” Greg said agreeably. “I wouldn’t know.” He ignored Sherlock’s snort.
His phone buzzed again. **I would say it’s fortunate she has your looks and my brain, but she’s watching rugby with Greene right now. That’s definitely something she got from you.**

**That’s my girl!**

Violet did resemble Greg, except she had her sire’s copper hair and freckles. Greg would throw her into the air and catch her exclaiming he would eat all her freckles and she would scream with laughter. She might insist that it was impossible to eat freckles, but Greg thought she wasn’t 100 percent certain. She had even gone so far as to test her theories on her Papa’s freckles.

**Your girl wants to know when you’re coming home. I told her you’d see her in the morning.**

**I’ll see YOU well before morning.**

Having a sharp-eyed little Alpha around the house had curtailed their sex life somewhat — it had certainly restricted it to their bedroom, where Mycroft had had sound dampening panels installed. Mostly. Mycroft had been known to blow him in the lounge after Violet’s bedtime.

Personally, Greg was not bothered if she caught them snogging. He thought it was good for kids to know their parents loved each other. He wanted her to be as secure in their love for her and for each other as he’d been with his parents.

He knew through their link, that this was foreign to Mycroft, and that made Greg sad. Mycroft seemed to have barely any concept of his parents together... but his feelings when he thought of his papa were warm and happy... Greg thought he would have liked Jean-Claude Vernet quite a lot. He certainly would have liked Violet to know her Grandpère.

“The freak was right, there she is.” Donovan said, yanking Greg from his reverie. A petite, mousy woman was bustling up the walk, hands plunged deep in her coat pockets. Sherlock was out of the car before Greg could object.

“Shite!” He interjected, grabbing the handle of his door in tandem with John — they surged out of the car after Sherlock, Donovan just a step behind, John freeing his firearm from his waistband as he ran after his mate.

“Lindsey Adams!” Sherlock shouted. The mousey woman turned and surveyed the four people coming towards her and yanked a semi-auto sawed-off shotgun from her coat.

Greg was grabbing Donovan, shouting at Sherlock and diving for cover long before she got the first shots off. He crouched in the gutter behind the car, talking rapidly into his radio requesting armed backup, and then — after John shot once — an ambulance and a forensics team.

His phone buzzed, and he fished it from his pocket, picking himself up out of the gutter. He’d gotten something disgustingly disgusting on his coat. More disgusting than usual.

**I’m sending a car** **Mycroft**’s text read. **For YOU, mon canard, not my brother** **Sherlock** had recently taken to commandeering Mycroft’s shiny black saloons for his own purposes — generally sex with John.

**NOT A DUCK** **Greg** replied, smiling fondly. He ran his hand through his rapidly greying hair tiredly, wishing he could crawl into Mycroft’s car and sleep for at least twelve hours.
Mycroft looked up from his laptop to glance at Violet. She was perched on Greene’s lap in front of the large screen telly. The one that he’d installed a few years ago in the calculated desire to have Greg spend more time at the town house.

He felt guilty every time Violet watched it — he and Sherlock had never sat in front of the telly when they were children. Mycroft still could not manage it unless he had a book or tablet or something else to keep him occupied. The sport and action cinema Greg favoured certainly didn’t need much of his attention to be thoroughly comprehended.

Sherlock, he understood, had taken to the ‘boob tube’ as if to the manner born — as long as John was glued to it, Sherlock found it fascinating. Perhaps it was good they’d not yet seen fit to procreate.

He smiled at his little daughter in her green footed onesie. Her friend Trevor sat on the floor shuffling through a deck of cards, looking at each one, reading it.

“You aren’t interested in rugby, Trevor?” Mycroft asked the boy.

“It’s OK.” He answered. “Not as interesting as bike racing.” His cards each had the picture, name and palmarès of a different professional bike racer.

“Good man.” Mycroft said. He’d just gotten himself a cyclocross bike after Trevor introduced him to the sport on telly.

Violet preferred rugby. She did enjoy the aggressive nature of bike racing, but lacked patience with the length of the races, the tactics playing out over time. She found a big scrum of Alphas more satisfying. As did Greene.

Her nanny, Trevor’s dam, was in heat this week. Violet had responded by toilet training herself — her 30-month-old fingers lacked the dexterity to change her own nappies and she lacked the patience to await Papa or Daddy’s convenience. Violet was all about ‘right now.’

“Papa!” She’d said to Mycroft yesterday, holding up her tiny hands. He had been writing out notes longhand and she’d been watching him form the letters and words with fascination. She could read what he was writing — and understand roughly 85 percent. “What are you doing?”

“Writing, Violet. I’m writing notes for Anthea to read tomorrow. Whatever you read, someone, somewhere has written it.”

“I want to write, Papa. Can I write?”

Mycroft had given her paper and pencil. She’d objected that it wasn’t exactly like his shiny pen and unlined white paper, but he’d explained that he often used a legal pad like he’d given her and showed her how to hold the pencil, how to use the eraser if she chose. Then he printed the alphabet for her and let her go.

It wasn’t five minutes before the pencil went flying through the air. “Papa!” She exclaimed holding up her hands. “They won’t!”

Mycroft sighed. “Not everything is easy, Violet. Some things you’ll have to practice in order to master.”

“I practiced!!” Greg’s warm brown eyes looked accusingly from her small, tear-stained face.
Mycroft couldn’t help but smile. “For longer than four minutes. It took your Uncle Sherlock weeks to begin to write properly.”

“Weeks?!” She wailed in distress.

“Does that seem like a long time?” Mycroft asked, interested.

“It’s forever!”


In the end, he’d had her start doing dexterity exercises on the tablet and Greg had brought home colouring books and crayons. He’d lain down on the floor and begun colouring a picture of an anthropomorphic squirrel and his pet grasshopper.

It wasn’t long before Violet wanted to know what he was doing.

“I’m colouring, Vi.”

“Why, Daddy?”

“It’s fun. I like it.”

She’d narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

“Try it and see.” Greg had nudged the other colouring book towards her and picked out a different crayon for the squirrel’s shirt.

The next time Mycroft had looked up, father and daughter were both lying on their stomachs colouring with studious concentration, sharing a big box of crayons. The surge of love he felt brought tears to his eyes. He saw Greg smile.

Greg had not smiled much the first year of their bonding — that had been at least partly Mycroft’s fault. Greg had conceived during their first heat together, it was confirmed before his bond bite had even healed. Mycroft’s terror had been constant.

He had been so worried about Greg, Mycroft had Dr. Weintraub on both retainer and speed dial.

It didn’t matter that Greg seemed as hale as ever, Mycroft could not shake the certainty that his pregnancy was high-risk. Every obstetric appointment, every exertion Greg made, every bout of nausea was incredibly stressful for him. Greg took it all in stride, Mycroft fretted.

It had surprised Greg, feeling the constant nature of Mycroft’s worry through their link. And it wore on the Omega, he knew, especially as things were difficult for him at work as well. The transition from his co-workers thinking him a Beta to knowing he was a bonded Omega would have been smoother without the pregnancy to constantly remind them. Male Omegas were rare — most had never even seen a pregnant man outside of the soap operas. And those overly dramatic and overly delicate representations were nothing like Greg.

Alpha co-workers instinctually wanted to protect Greg from danger and Beta co-workers viewed him with suspicion. Cops he’d worked with for years had suddenly been doubting him, trying to shield him from seeing corpses — or even photos of corpses — objecting to him going out on calls, rebelling against his authority…
Mycroft felt Greg’s frustration every day, all day long. He had to bite his tongue from begging Greg to leave such an oppressive situation, to quit his job and stay home. It would have been the absolute worst thing he could say to his mate, and he longed to say it.

At five months, Greg had gotten into a fist-fight with another Sergeant, an Alpha. The man had been trying to restrain Greg, keep him from going into a particularly gruesome murder scene. Greg had put the man on the ground, and the Alpha had responded violently. Mycroft had felt it across London, the fist hitting Greg’s jaw, and had abandoned a meeting with the Foreign Secretary with the firm intention of murdering the Alpha who was threatening his mate — his pregnant mate.

By the time Mycroft got to his car, Greg was no longer in danger. He’d suffered a few blows, but he’d knocked the Alpha out cold. Then he’d walked into the murder scene and taken charge — as was his job. Through their link, Mycroft knew Greg needed him to stay away, needed all the other police to see that Greg could and would take care of himself without his Alpha — or any Alpha — doing it for him.

That was the first step in a long process towards acceptance. One Greg still fought every day.

Mycroft had stood on the curb outside his sedan, stewing. He understood, he really did... but at the same time, he needed to rip apart the Alpha who had hit his Omega! He could still feel the ache in Greg's jaw.

He wanted a cigarette desperately — the sense memory of smoking with the taste of Moriarty’s blood in his mouth was so strong! Mycroft was disgusted at how pleasurable it had been, how pleasurable the memory still was...

There was not one day that went by that he didn’t crave a cigarette.

The ritual of smoking was as calming as the nicotine. But he and Greg had quit when they had made the decision to become parents and Mycroft could not backslide — it would not be supportive. And if he cheated, Greg might cheat which would harm him and his foetus, which brought all his worries full circle.

Instead of smoking, Mycroft gained weight. He stress-ate Mrs. Farthingale’s patisserie at home and stress-ate wine gums and dairy milk at work. He could not stop eating and he could not stop worrying. The memory of an exhausted Pére lying in bed, cuddling little Sherlock as he wasted away haunted him.

When Greg was seven months gone, Mycroft imported an Omega midwife from New Zealand, the country with both the highest Omega average age and the highest percentage of Omegas per capita. Kiwi Omegas survived pregnancy 19 percent more often than British Omegas.

Ece was a chunky, middle aged Omega — female, of course, Mycroft couldn’t remember ever meeting a male Omega older than late thirties (a thought that chilled his blood) — who had been assisting births for thirty years. She travelled with her bondmate, Jerry, a wiry, silent man who stood aside whilst she talked business but was by her side with lightning quickness if anyone — especially an Alpha — got too close.

It was rumoured that Prince William had hired her to help his Omega through a difficult second pregnancy, and that Beyoncé brought Ece in to consult when her Omega had trouble conceiving.

Dr. Weintraub was fascinated by Ece. He had offered his office for the initial meeting and exam and asked her question after question about her midwife practice, only breaking off when Mycroft suggested perhaps it was time for the examination.
“I have never lost a baby.” She’d told Mycroft right off.

“What about a dam?” He’d asked.

Ece had shrugged expressively. “You have too many babies, you die. That’s true for Omegas, for Beta females. Too many babies will kill you. But I have never lost a baby.”

“I’m concerned about my bondmate.”

“How is the Mego?” ‘Mego’ was slang for a male Omega in New Zealand and Australia.

“Er, right here.” Greg told her, raising a hand.

Ece looked Greg Lestrade over. Then she laughed boisterously. “No!” She said. “You are not! Too big!” She spread her arms wide.

Mycroft was irritated. “I assure you, Greg is my bondmate. Scent him.”

Jerry stepped in then, approaching Greg first, walking around him, tasting his scent. “Mego.” He confirmed. Jerry and Ece had a brief exchange in New Zealand Sign Language — Mycroft doubted they knew he understood them: Ece expressed disbelief and Jerry assured her Greg was indeed an Omega.

Ece had scented Greg then. “They didn’t cut your balls off?” She asked. “In New Zealand, we geld Megos. It makes you... mmm...” She searched for the word she wanted. “Resilient.”

“Do you?” Dr. Weintraub was fascinated.

“That’s a joke.” Mycroft informed him drily. Ece laughed harder.

“The Norwegians do that... and the Danes.” The doctor said defensively.

“Savages.” Ece said. “They say: ‘cut their balls off. They’ll have four babies, easy.’ It’s not true! Megos are not made to have so many babies.” She pointed at Greg. “Too late for you anyway. Too old. What is this, baby three? Four? You’ll probably die.”

Mycroft was furious. He had been on the verge of packing her back to New Zealand that instant, but Greg’s amused interest — loud and clear through their empathetic link — stopped him.

“No, Ece, this is my first. Mycroft and I only bonded seven months ago.”

“Seven months? You conceived this baby on your bonding heat? Yes? Good luck! Very good luck. Maybe you’ll live.”

Greg laughed out loud and agreed that maybe he would. Mycroft stewed.

“How old are you?” She asked Greg.

“Twenty-nine.”

“Hmm. Old. I’ll examine you now.” Ece, Greg and Dr. Weintraub disappeared into the exam room leaving Mycroft and Jerry alone in the outer office.

“If my mate dies, I will make your lives very unpleasant.” Mycroft signed to the other Alpha after he’d won their staring contest, his elegant hands conveying his anger.
Jerry raised his eyebrows in surprise at seeing Mycroft signing in New Zealand Sign Language, but quickly regained his scowling equanimity. “Ece is the best midwife in the world. If your mate dies, it is the will of the gods. No one can save him from the gods.” He signed, unafraid. “Will you make the lives of the gods unpleasant?”

“If my mate dies, I will make the entire world suffer!” Mycroft vowed, his hands explosive.

“Love is suffering, brother.” Jerry signed. “The baby will cut you deeper still. There is no end to suffering.” He put his hands briefly on Mycroft’s shoulders. “Time only makes them more precious.”

Mycroft deflated. “It’s hard to believe he could be more precious to me.” He said softly in English.

“I know. But he will. You’ll see.”

Mycroft had simply nodded and hoped Jerry was right.

That night in their bed, Greg had held him, running his hand over Mycroft’s chest, down his abdomen. “Thank god I’m too old to have my balls cut off.” He laughed.

Mycroft felt self-conscious about his body and Greg touching his expanding belly didn’t help. Greg had filled out some, but he had always been too thin. And he was pregnant! Mycroft’s waistcoats were beginning to strain, his trousers had had to be let out... Greg’s words penetrated his self-absorption. “Weintraub is already planning a trip to Norway to study the effects of castration on male Omegas.” He said desultorily.

Greg had sighed, and Mycroft felt his patience and good-humour wavering. “My... I know you’re worried about me — I know, I feel your worry through our link constantly. I’ve done everything you’ve asked hoping that it would help you relax. I see Dr. Weintraub every week! I take handfuls of vitamins every day. I let Greene carry anything heavier than ten pounds. I agreed to let you import a celebrity midwife... but, My, I’m drawing the line at castration.”

Mycroft had laughed with him. But it was half-hearted.

“Mycroft...” Greg only used his full name when he really wanted his attention. “It’s getting to me... your worry. It’s... oppressive for me to feel your anxiety all the time. I get enough stress at work, I can’t take it from you too.”

“I’m sorry...”

“I can help, you know.” Greg said, stroking Mycroft’s big Alpha prick, waking it with his hand. “I can make it all go away for a while — and we can both get a good night’s sleep.”

“I... Greg, I’m not really in the mood.”

“I don’t care if you’ve gained weight, My — I know that’s why you don’t want to. I get it — Christ, I feel like a bloody house meself — but please for the love of god, just let me fuck you! I swear, if you don’t, I’m going to have to start smoking again!”

Mycroft knew he was serious. “Greg! you can’t!”

“Watch me.”

“But...!”
“Fuck the parasite! It’s *my* body. I’ll fill my lungs with toxins if I want to.”

Mycroft had given in and they’d had sex. Good sex. And it *had* helped. He’d been able to sleep soundly — which meant Greg slept soundly too.

It was even better the next day. Work was less stressful. The wine gums stayed in his desk drawer. If he still craved a cigarette, well...

After that, when Mycroft’s worries started running wild, Greg fucked him silly — even when he was very pregnant. Greg’s water had broken whilst Mycroft was bent over the breakfast table taking a right reaming. Greg had wanted to finish before joining Ece and Dr. Weintraub at the birthing centre, but Mycroft could not pull his trousers up fast enough. His mate was bringing their child into the world!

—-

It was another three hours before Greg left the crime scene. He never left early, working longer and harder than any Alpha or Beta copper on the force. He would be damned before he gave *anyone* an excuse to call him weak.

After he’d given his account to Dimmock, taken his instructions, and assigned tasks to his DCs, after everyone had gone but a few forensic techs packing up and uniformed officers guarding the scene, Greg crawled into the shiny back car idling discreetly down the block and lay across the buttery leather in the back seat.

“Hey Jack.” He greeted the driver. “Wake me up when we get there.”

“Right-o, Greg.” Mycroft could be ‘Mr. Holmes’ and ‘sir,’ Greg preferred to be ‘Greg.’ He could have been a driver or a cook or a butler — they all grew up pretty much the same way he had. If he hadn’t been an Omega...

His heat was coming up — only the third since they’d bonded. Pregnancy had suspended them, of course, but they hadn’t resumed for over a year afterwards. Greg had almost hoped he was free of them... then, whilst Mycroft was at the Vatican for a series of meetings, it had come upon him. Without his mate, it was as painful as it ever had been.

Despite Greg’s instruction not to, Greene or Birgit must have called Mycroft’s assistant. Anthea met Mycroft as he abandoned a meeting with the College of Cardinals and confirmed what he’d been feeling through the empathetic link. Mycroft was on the first plane back to London.

The moment he got home, Mycroft ran upstairs and burst into their bedroom. He found Greg sobbing on the loo floor. “Greg!”

“Oh, thank christ!” Greg ripped his mate’s trousers open without hesitating.

Mycroft had taken him right there on the tile floor, fully clothed, overcoat flapping, the wool of his waistcoat irritating Greg’s skin. Greg had gone from excruciating pain to ecstasy in seconds. Within ten minutes, he was knotted, Mycroft’s arms around his chest as they spooned on the floor.

“My love...” Mycroft had crooned. “*Mon canard*... I’m so sorry I wasn’t here...”
“My... the Pope...”

“You are more important, mon canard. You should have told me.”

“I didn’t know.” Greg admitted. “It’s been so long... didn’t even have a headache until after you left.” As soon as he’d realised, he’d gone to Dr. Weintraub for a birth control jab, cursing himself for not thinking of it sooner.

“I’ll give you this, Greg...” Dr. Weintraub had told him. “But it’s late... it might be fifty, sixty percent effective... Omega birth control is never 100 percent effective, but it works better if you get the jab monthly.”

“Ok.” Greg sighed. “Thanks, doc.” Not wanting to disturb Mycroft on his business trip — and not wanting to risk conceiving — he focussed his emotions on how much he loved the Alpha and their daughter, not on how much his heat would hurt without his mate. He’d suffered through fourteen years of heats alone. He could do one more. Greg hoped the pain of the heat itself wouldn’t disturb Mycroft too much.

“You didn’t know? That’s... not true... Greg?” Mycroft’s hand didn’t stop stroking Greg’s hair, but he was tense. “Did you not want me...”

“I don’t want to get pregnant again.” Greg blurted. He hadn’t been joking when he’d called the foetus a parasite. It had begun to suck the life out of him towards the end. It had frightened him. Especially when he’d caught a brief whiff of bitter and realised it had come from himself.

Ece had known. She’d told him the next one would take everything.

Mycroft had been so worried about that pregnancy... Greg had decided that if he didn’t deduce Greg’s fear, and didn’t feel it through their link, he wouldn’t add to his mate’s anxieties. Especially as he’d finally worked out how to calm the Alpha down.

On the bathroom floor, Mycroft’s body relaxed against Greg’s again. “I know.” His Alpha told him. “I’ve taken the precaution of a birth control injection every three months since Violet was born.” Alpha birth control jabs were 100 percent effective.

“You have?” The rush of relief was immediate.

Mycroft nuzzled his Omega’s bond bite — it was incredibly comforting. “I won’t risk you again, Greg.” He said. “What would I do without you?”

“I thought... you never said anything, My.” Mummy had been campaigning hard for a sibling for Violet, and Mycroft had not told her they’d only planned on one. Mycroft never contradicted Mummy, he agreed with all her arguments. “I thought you wanted another Alpha.”

“I want you, mon canard. You were endangered by Moriarty’s injections... we had to have Violet... and we wanted her. Needed her even. But we agreed on one. We don’t need another — never mind what Mummy says. I do need you!”

Greg cuddled closer to his Alpha. “Do you ever wonder how the jabs might affect her?”

“Of course.” Mycroft said. “But I worry more about how they might affect you.”

“Ahem... We’re here, Greg.” Greg blinked awake at his driver’s words, shaking his head to dispel the memories that had overtaken him while he dozed. He stretched out his tired muscles.
“Thanks, Jack. Can you wait? I shouldn’t be more than a half hour.”

“No problem.” Jack said.

Greg pushed through the front doors of the Scholer Clinic and greeted the Beta at the front desk. She waved Greg through, she was used to seeing him. On the third floor, he found the cheery rose room and knocked on the half-open door.

“Come in.”

“Hey Al, how ya doing?” Greg asked. The young Omega was so thin and pale, he was dwarfed by the hospital bed.

Alfred smiled. “Greg.” His voice lacked energy.

“It’s great to see you, Greg.” Regan said. Alfred’s bondmate sat by his bed. She often voiced the feelings he was too exhausted to put into words.

Greg hugged the young Alpha. She looked tired.

“How did the surgery go?” He asked them, taking Alfred’s hand.

“They said it went well.” Regan told him.

“I’m still alive.” Alfred noted dryly. He had uterine cancer — a death sentence for Omegas, who could not survive a hysterectomy. Alfred had undergone an experimental laparoscopic procedure that had cut up and removed the tumours through the birth canal, leaving his uterus intact. He was due to start another round of chemotherapy next week. “How’s Mycroft?”

“He’s home with Violet and Trevor. Birgit is in heat, so we have him for the next few days.” Birgit was Violet’s nanny. Violet and Trevor, Birgit’s little Omega boy, were fast friends. At three, he was almost as precocious as she. “I can bring them by in a few days when you’re feeling up to it.”

“I’d like that.” Alfred said, smiling. Trevor especially loved Alfred, melting into the Omega’s embrace whenever he saw him.

“I ran into Suki at the Met the other day.” Greg told them. “She’s part of an armed response team now.” He was incredibly proud of Suki — she’d had to work hard to convince the powers that be to give an Omega a gun.

“She came by the other day. She looks smart in her uniform.” Regan said.

“That she does. Almost had to call her unit in today, but then John shot the spree killer…” He launched into the story, keeping it short. He didn’t want to tire Alfred out too much.

When he left, he hoped — as he always did — that he’d see Alfred again. He barely allowed himself to think about Alfred recovering, working as a nurse again. Right now, he prayed that Alfred would live another day, that his pain would decrease, that he’d enjoy a meal…

Greg found Mycroft in the kitchen heating soup. The Alpha wore form fitting cycling tights that hugged his lean, muscular thighs, hard-soled cycling shoes that clicked on the kitchen lino, a sweat-wicking shirt and zip-up jacket that matched the tights with three pockets across the lower back. The Alpha had become an avid cyclist and had lost the weight he’d gained during Greg’s pregnancy, and then some.
Greg grinned — leave it to My to have a suit of clothes for every occasion. Shedding his trench coat, he kissed his mate hello.

“You look absolutely done in.” Mycroft observed, wrapping his arms around Greg.

“You’re cheating.” Greg told him. “You know I’m tired.”

“I hardly think our empathetic link can be characterised as ‘cheating.’” Mycroft informed him pompously.

Greg used his nose to nudge Mycroft’s face to the side and kissed his Alpha, falling into the scent and taste of him. He pressed his palm against the outline of Mycroft’s cock through his tights — it had been too long since they’d been intimate. Greg missed it and he knew Mycroft needed it — he could feel his mate’s anxiety creeping ever upward the longer they went without.

“Where is everyone?” Greg murmured, nuzzling Mycroft’s long neck.

“Mm, I put the terrors to bed an hour ago. Violet says you must colour with her and Trevor in the morning. I sent Greene and Mrs. Farthingale off when Jack texted you were on the way home. I suspect the three of them are playing poker with Turner in the security lounge.”

“So it’s just the two of us.”

“Indeed.” Mycroft gave him a heated smile. “Are you hungry? Mrs. Farthingale made bread and beef stew.”

Greg gripped his Alpha’s arse, one big hand on each side, and pulled him close, rubbing his interested cock against Mycroft’s hip. “I’m very hungry.” He growled. “Not for beef stew.”

Mycroft sighed into their kiss, abandoning the stirring spoon and wrapping a Lycra-clad leg around his mate.

Greg unzipped the jacket and pushed it from Mycroft’s shoulders, letting it fall to the kitchen floor. The cycling tights had over-the-shoulder straps, and the Omega peeled them down, off his arms, pushing the tights low on the Alpha’s hips, and pulling the wicking shirt up over his head. Mycroft’s nipples firmed in the cool air and Greg felt it, felt his own firming in response.

They snogged, leaning against the kitchen island. With the empathetic link, Greg didn’t know where his lips ended and Mycroft’s began, it was warm and wet, an entire world of tongues, hands, skin, heat... simply incredible — one of Greg’s favourite things. He felt his own satisfaction inflaming his mate and reverberating back through him.

The Omega dispensed with his suit coat and tie and dropped them on the floor. He unbuckled his belt and pulled it free from his trousers. Mycroft moaned huskily, his anticipation palpable through their link.

Greg turned the Alpha, using surprise and his superior upper body strength to flip him around and press Mycroft’s chest into the wall. Greg rubbed the mound of his hard cock against Mycroft’s arse.

Mycroft whimpered as Greg mouthed the smoky scent gland at the back of his neck. He placed Mycroft’s hands on the wall, to either side of his head — Mycroft knew that meant he should keep them there, Greg didn’t need to say it. The Alpha trembled with expectation.

He ran his hands up Mycroft’s furry torso, finding pierced nipples and raking them with his big fingers. “So fucking amazing...” He played with the nipples, tugging on the rings, enjoying
Mycroft’s gasps of pleasure, enjoying the echoes of the Alpha’s sensations in his own nipples, his own groin.

Greg’s hands wandered lower, he wrapped one arm around the Alpha’s chest and stroked him through his cycling tights with the other, panting hot breaths on the Alpha’s neck.

“Do you want me?” He growled, grinding his tented trousers against the firm globes of his lover’s arse.


“Is this what you want?” He snarled in Mycroft’s ear, grabbing up his belt and smacking the Alpha's lycra-clad arse. "Right here in the kitchen?"

"God, yes...!" Mycroft was practically vibrating with desire and Greg felt it in his core.

He knew he was pressing all of Mycroft’s submissive buttons — with the constant stress of his job, raising a child, dealing with Sherlock and Mummy, and having gone without for almost a week, he needed them pressed good and hard.

He rucked the tights down to his mate's knees. With one hand, he pressed Mycroft's face into the wall, with the other, he swung the belt. It cracked against the Alpha's muscular arse, leaving a wide red stripe across his flesh. "Mmmm..." Greg felt the sharp snap of pain, felt the Alpha’s gasp of exhilaration, through the link and savoured it. His cock strained in his pants, so hard and damp with lust. He swung the belt again. "Oh god, you're gorgeous." He murmured. It was intensely, sensually pleasurable, circling back and forth through their link, growing between them. He wasn't going to last long, he'd best get on with it. Greg laid ten more vicious, red welts into his lover's skin, feeling Mycroft become euphoric with the sensations.

The Omega dropped the belt and roughly fondled his Alpha's ruddy flank. Mycroft grunted with pain and surging exhilaration, pushing into Greg's touch. The Omega pinched and scratched and stroked his hand down into the heated crevice, feeling it almost as if he were doing it to himself. His index finger found the tight bud of Mycroft’s entrance and pressed. “You want me to finger you? In the kitchen where anyone could see?”

“Greg!” Mycroft whisper-wailed, his prick rock hard and dripping, his need a restless animal howling through the link, infecting him...

Greg reached down and found the single large pocket on the bum of the Alpha’s tights and fished out a single use packet of slick — he knew it would be there, same as on their first date. Mycroft always carried a few ‘just in case.’ They’d made good use of them over the years. “Optimistic of you, carrying lube today.” Greg taunted.

“I've carried lubricant every day since I met you, mon canard.”

Greg scoffed. “Wouldn’t wanna miss a chance to fuck a duck...”

Mycroft arched his back and pushed his arse into Greg’s crotch. “Please.” He whispered.

Greg unfastened his straining trousers, freeing his turgid Omega cock and shoved his hips against Mycroft's welted arse. The Alpha's big prick bumped and knocked against the wall and Greg almost choked on the ringing elation from his mate. “You’re going to cum.” Greg said softly, intensely. “When I tell you to. Only when I tell you to."

"Yes." Mycroft agreed with a groan.
“Jesus!” Greg gasped as his fingers found Mycroft’s hole. “You need it, don’t you? You need it bad. Badly.” Greg corrected himself and felt the tiny thrill of satisfaction through his mate’s fog of arousal.

He tore the lube open with his teeth and rubbed a bit around Mycroft’s entrance, jabbing his finger in rudely. “I’m gonna fuck you standing up like a whore.” He snarled, working the Alpha open.

“Please, Greg...please...” Mycroft whined. He was broadcasting his need loud and clear.

The Alpha was barely primed, but Greg knew Mycroft wanted an edge of pain to quiet his racing thoughts — and he’d stinted on the whipping. The Omega slicked his adamantine cock with the lube and guided it home. He pushed in slowly, feeling Mycroft’s straining muscles as if they were his own. He stroked the excess lube onto the Alpha’s big prick, easing his entry. The Omega kissed Mycroft’s neck, his hand fisted firmly in his mate’s hair, holding him in place.

He waited for Mycroft to relax, feeling it in his own body. “That’s beautiful, My.” He whispered. “You took it all. You’re so good. I’ve missed you so much.”

Mycroft expelled a deep breath against the wall. Greg started to move, slowly, grinding his hips, adopting an almost leisurely pace. He yanked on Mycroft’s hair, pulling his head back, nibbling the Alpha’s jaw, mouthing his neck.

“Greg...” Mycroft groaned, endlessly needy.

He knew Mycroft wanted more — Greg wanted more too. But it was all the sweeter when it had been denied. “Shhhhh...” Greg hushed him. “You’ll take what I give you, My.” He whispered in the man’s ear, punctuating it with a jerk of his hips. "And you'll come when I tell you to."

Mycroft grunted, fingernails scrabbling on the wall. Greg fucked Mycroft deliberately, pulling his full length out and then forcing it back in, gasping as the sensations circled back through their link.

“I’ve been thinking about you.” He whispered as he fucked his mate. “My. I’ve decided something important.”

He felt the Alpha’s back tense where he leaned into him, felt the thrill of his anticipation. “Hmm?” Mycroft hummed, rendered inarticulate as Greg covered his mouth with his hand. He pulled Mycroft’s head back farther and worried a mark onto his neck with his lips and teeth, ritually marking the Alpha as his own.

He started fucking the Alpha harder, muffling his grunts with his hand. “I decided that I’m going to put you back in chastity.”

“Ungh.” Mycroft moaned into his palm, collapsing against the wall, the tension in his body dissolving.

Greg snapped his hips hard against the Alpha’s arse, his mind awash with his mate’s ecstasy. “I’m going to lock up your cock when you’re away from me. I’m going to lock up your cock and fuck you, taking my pleasure...” He was thrusting in earnest now, shoving his cock into the heat and tightness of Mycroft’s hole as it clenched and clutched him.

“When you go away for work, your big, Alpha cock will be locked away. No touching yourself when I’m not there. No touching yourself without my permission.” He fucked harder, feeling Mycroft’s helpless lust at his words, felt his climax churning tightly in his balls. “You only get to cum when I tell you that you can. Would you like that?”
“Yes.” The word was muffled by his hand, by the wall, by the grunts and groans Greg’s cock was pulling out of the Alpha, by the intoxicating haze of sensation. “Yes!”

Greg pushed him against the wall hard, fingers digging into Mycroft’s shoulder, and fucked him with abandon, pistoning in and out, rolling his hips, really making the Alpha feel it. Greg felt the terrible pressure of Mycroft holding back his orgasm, clinging to it with every fibre of his being, working so hard to be good for his mate... to be good for Greg...

Greg was overflowing with love for this Alpha. “Come now, My!” Greg commanded softly in his ear. “Come now!”

Mycroft shuddered and let go, his arse clamping down hard on Greg’s cock as he erupted. He cried out, stifled by Greg’s hand, knocking his head against the wall. He jerked again and again, shaking.

Greg tried to fuck him through it, but he felt his mate’s climax surge through him as if it were his own. It triggered Greg’s orgasm — it took him suddenly, sweeping over him and he was coming deep inside the Alpha, unloading with judders of pleasure wracking his body, at the same time, feeling the Alpha’s aftershocks shaking him. He clung to Mycroft as wave after wave rolled through him, buffeting him...

He was sweaty, his legs wobbly. Greg was supporting Mycroft who leaned heavily against the wall, a dead weight in his arms.

“You’re so good, My... so perfect. You did so well.”

Mycroft’s swell of satisfaction and gratitude, penetrated through the buzz of inebriation in his brain.

“God, I love your body, My.” They were cuddled together in their bed, after a quick shower, and a quicker check on the sleeping children. Greg ran his hands up and down Mycroft’s naked torso, delighting in the feel of it. “From the first time I saw you at the Met, so long and lean, so... in control... I wanted you. I wanted to touch you, undo you, strip the fussy suit off your beautiful body and make you completely, utterly come apart...” He bit his lover’s neck, feeling his ambivalence clearly. “You don’t believe me?”

“I... I’m sure you’re... fond... of my body. But...”

“No, My, I love your body. I’ve always loved your body.” Greg snorted an incredulous laugh. “What did you think? That you’d... tricked me somehow? That you’d... hoodwinked me into falling for you? You knew from the start I was attracted to you.”

“Interested... yes, to a powerful Alpha... then the sex was good... I made certain.”

“My... is that what you think? You are an idiot — a bigger idiot than I realised. I love everything about you, Mycroft Holmes, your long legs, your long arms, your long neck, your long nose.” Greg chuckled. “You have the most impressive profile... I want to trace down your forehead, over your nose, your lips, your chin... I love that you’re covered in freckles and I love that there is barely a square inch of you not covered in orange fur...”

“Hyperbole. I’m rapidly becoming hair-free above my ears.”

Greg laughed. “Well, I’m rapidly becoming a grey-haired old man.”

“A silver fox. It’s very different.”
“If you say so.”

They settled. Greg drifted closer and closer to sleep.

“You visited Alfred.” It was a statement. A rill of anxiety floated through their link.

“Mmm hmm.” Greg hummed. “He survived the surgery. He’s tough.”

Mycroft was silent for a long moment. “You are not permitted to get ill.”

“I wouldn’t dare.”

“It’s not a joke. What would I do without you?”

“You’d do whatever you had to do, My.” Greg told him. “As you always do. But I’m not getting sick — you worry too much. Now, please, go to sleep, my love. I’m tired.”

The Alpha sighed against Greg’s chest. “Whatever I have to...” He murmured, shuddering into sleep.

Greg loved him so very, very much, loved their daughter, loved their life together. Nothing was ever going to take him from it.

Chapter End Notes

So ironic that MORIARTY was the author of their happily ever after! He must be spinning in his grave. Tell me, is my foreshadowing too obvious? I foreshadowed Mycroft killing Moriarty... and other things...

These are Trevor's cards. They're fantastic — as art, design and for fans of bike racing: https://www.procyclingtrumps.shop/collections/trumps/products/pro-cycling-trumps-2019-bundle

Cyclocross is badass! Men - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nGdemIWBpk8
And women - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cWc8m-9Rv9E

Rugby. The scrum is the big goose pile of players that fight for the ball - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YweQitn5j-4

ONE MORE CHAPTER!
I promised to tell you all how John saved Sherlock from Moriarty and his Alphas at Sherrinford.
Coda

Chapter Summary

Back in time to Sherrinford — how John rescued Sherlock from Moriarty’s clutches.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Coda

John crept through Sherrinford’s gardens, the dimness of the pre-dawn light making it difficult to see his companions. He hoped they were equally difficult to see from the house.

It had taken them longer to get here than he’d hoped — Moriarty had brought in reinforcements, there were Alphas patrolling the grounds in pairs. They’d painstakingly eluded all but one patrol, and they’d been forced to eliminate the two Alphas. Now time was of the essence — they had to get inside before the pair were missed.

Outside the kitchen door, Farthingale stopped them. There was a body on the ground, laid out by the hedge that shielded the rubbish bins.

John knelt and examined it. For a millisecond, he feared it was Sherlock, but this man was shorter and stockier — and he was an Alpha, he could still smell it on the corpse. He wondered what had happened to the man. Had the Alphas turned on one another? Or had Sherlock killed him? Or Greg? John could well imagine the Beta policeman taking out an Alpha in his attempt to rescue Sherlock.

“Strangled.” John breathed to Farthingale and Greene.

He had been acquainted with the two domestics since he’d stayed at Mycroft’s townhouse — after Moriarty first kidnapped Sherlock and himself. But the drive to Sherrinford tonight had revealed things that John had never guessed.

Greene had stripped off his morning coat and tie, his waistcoat and formal shirt to reveal the torso of a marble Apollo — he looked like the cover of a men’s magazine with the tag ‘ABS!’ emblazoned above him. He donned a black, blade and bullet resistant shell over a long-sleeved, black t-shirt. He had guns holstered under both arms and another on his ankle. He checked that they all were loaded and in good nick, and stowed extra ammunition in several pockets cleverly hidden in the vest. Once he knew what to look for, John recognised there were more pockets. He wondered what they contained.

But an even bigger surprise had been the cook. Middle aged Mrs. Farthingale had always looked ready for the dojo in her loose-fitting shirt and pants, but that wasn’t simply personal style. She wrapped a black belt, with a number of subtle grey stripes at one end, around her waist and tied it. Then she donned deceptively simple looking rigs on her forearms that each held a knife just above the inside of her wrists. They were hidden from view by her sleeves, but with one smooth motion the knife was in her hand. John watched her go through what must have been a ritual set of moves, the knives appearing and disappearing, flipping from hand to hand and from handle to blade, finally ending up balanced on the tips of her fingers. Then with a lightning fast movement, they disappeared
up her sleeves again.

Farthingale strapped more knives to her calves and into her black belt. John had no doubt that there were others. Then she assumed a meditation pose and closed her eyes for the remainder of the trip.

John had been given a bulletproof vest and a silencer for his gun. He felt inadequate. He’d been a pretty good street fighter when he’d presented, he’d worked hard in James Sholto’s classes, and his army training had been rigorous. He was a crack shot and ok with his fists... but nowhere near the class of Agents Farthingale and Greene. He didn’t want to be a hindrance.

But it was his mate they were going to rescue... he hoped. John still couldn’t feel Sherlock through their link. It was the worst feeling... like half of himself was missing. He felt absolutely bereft. He understood now how Omegas couldn’t live without it — John wanted to curl up and die. And he wanted to carve a rage-fuelled path through the hearts of everyone who had taken Sherlock from him. Only Mycroft’s conviction that Jim Moriarty wanted Sherlock alive kept him going.

If Mycroft were wrong — if anything had happened to Sherlock — Jim Moriarty would not survive the morning.

Farthingale moved past the door, indicating — unnecessarily — they should be silent, and crept along the house to the windows. She eased up carefully and peered in. She signalled there were three people in the kitchen.

She slunk back to the door and with economical gestures told them the positions of the Alphas in the room and that John should shoot the one sitting at the table. Greene would take out the one nearest the door and Farthingale herself the one farthest. Greene nodded and pulled something from one of his pockets.

Farthingale gave John a look that equated to ‘keep out of our way.’ He nodded, staying perfectly still and alert, his gun drawn, safety off, his finger off the trigger.

Greene stepped up and silently turned the door handle. It was locked. The butler produced a set of lock picks from one of his many pockets. He knelt and eased the picks into the lock, twisting them with care to make as little noise as possible. The bolt slid back with what seemed like a deafening ‘thunk,’ and they all froze. John counted out thirty seconds in his head. There was no apparent reaction from inside.

Greene stowed his lock picks and the thing he had held before was back in his hand. With a shot of adrenaline, John recognised a garrotte. Greene eased the door open and he and Farthingale silently entered, two shadows in the dim mud room.

As the agents sprang into action, John shot his designated Alpha in the head from the doorway. Greene rushed the big, muscular Alpha nearest the door, looping the garrote around her neck before she had fully turned towards him. He pulled the wire tight, holding her as she struggled.

Farthingale’s guard across the room stopped in the act of raising his gun as a knife bloomed from his neck. He staggered and fell, bleeding profusely. She had pinpointed his jugular from five metres away.

Greene’s guard was failing, her struggles weakening — but abruptly she had a gun in her hand and was raising it towards Farthingale in a last, desperate act of aggression. John swung his gun, but before he could sight her, Farthingale whirled under the Alpha’s arm and grabbed her hand. With a brutal, cracking twist, she broke the Alpha’s wrist. She snatched the weapon from her grip as the Butler strangled her viciously with the garrotte. The Alpha died, her face beetroot red, her eyes and
tongue bulging obscenely.

It was a blitz attack, over in under a minute. None of the Alphas, had uttered a sound louder than a surprised grunt. They had not had a chance to alert their fellows.

Farthingale handed the Alpha’s gun to John, and he held it stupidly for a moment before checking that the safety was engaged and tucking it into the waistband of his jeans. It didn’t have a silencer, so he would avoid using it if he could. Farthingale walked across the room and retrieved her knife from the Alpha’s neck and wiped the blade on the dead man’s shirt before it disappeared up her sleeve. With efficient hand signals, she indicated that Greene should hide the bodies from the casual viewer by stacking them together on the far side of the table, then search the first floor. She and John would climb the back stairs to the second. They thought the bulk of Moriarty’s henchmen would be on the second-floor balcony, pointing rifles at the upcoming showdown with Mycroft below in the great hall.

“That’s what I’d do.” Mycroft had said. “Have the hostages by the stairs, giving the illusion that escape is possible, whilst the snipers cover all of us. It fits with Moriarty’s previous MO.”

“But we can’t assume.” Mrs. Farthingale had cautioned. “We must be ready for anything.”

John followed Farthingale up the back stairs. The Beta reconnoitred the upper floor’s hallway. It was deserted. She motioned John forward.

They heard a car outside, doors slamming... they heard the front door opening.

Mycroft’s distinctive voice was just audible, followed by Moriarty’s sing-song cadences.

Farthingale ran forward silently. She indicated six snipers on the balcony.

As John moved to join her, she turned suddenly and executed a gravity-defying, twirling kick, her heel striking the head of the Alpha that had just stepped from one of the bedrooms. John flung himself at the stunned man, looping an arm around his neck and covering his mouth. The man flailed wildly until Farthingale slipped a knife between his ribs and into his heart, stilling him forever. John eased him noiselessly to the ground.

The bedroom the Alpha had exited was Sherlock’s — and he’d left the door ajar. John stepped closer...

He heard a muffled cry!

He tapped Farthingale and pointed to Sherlock’s bedroom door, signing that he’d heard something.

She nodded and signalled that they should split up. With a finger to her lips, she cautioned him to keep silent.

As he stepped away, a shadow moved by the back stairwell and John had his gun aimed instantly. Farthingale caught his arm as Greene emerged.

John pulled his finger off the trigger and pointed the gun upwards, adrenaline screaming through his veins. The butler gave him an apologetic look as he joined Farthingale. The two of them moved noiselessly down the corridor towards the balcony.

John approached Sherlock’s bedroom and listened carefully — footsteps, the clink of glassware, a low moan... *Sherlock’s voice*?
John shoved open the door. He had a split-second look at the tableau: a table covered with Erlenmeyer flasks, test tubes, pipettes, a Bunsen burner and all the other things John associated with chemistry. Sherlock, alive! Alive and naked, legs wide apart, duct taped to a wooden chair, his eyes glassy with fear. A neat row of loaded hypodermic needles next to him. A brutish looking Alpha standing over Sherlock, hypodermic in hand. Another big Alpha, much closer to John, whirling around and raising her gun.

John shot her point blank.

Snarling, he swung his gun towards the other Alpha, the one threatening his mate. But the man leapt at John and the shot just winged his ear. Then the Alpha was on him, inside his guard, and they grappled. The man was strong and he shoved John against the wall squeezing his hands around John’s neck. Unable to breathe, he pistol whipped the Alpha with his gun, striking his head once, twice, and the man’s hands loosened.

Gulping air, John twisted and ducted, shoving his shoulder into the Alpha’s gut and pushing him back. He felt the man grab at his waistband, groping for the second gun he’d stowed at the small of his back. As the big Alpha grasped it, John dropped and rolled backwards, pulling the Alpha with him, twisting out from under him and pinning him to the ground. He knelt on the man, one knee pressing savagely into his back, the other on his arm. The man kicked and bucked, but John growled, full of rage and strength. This Alpha had threatened his mate! He must die! John brought the butt of his gun down on the Alpha’s head. He pummeled the man, hitting him over and over and over until his skull was soft and squishy with gore. John’s instincts soared righteously at having killed the interloper.

Sherlock!

John leapt up and ran to Sherlock. He embraced his mate, wrapping his arms around the Omega, chair and all, kissing his face above the gag. “I thought I’d lost you! Oh god, Sherlock!” He pulled back to unbuckle the ugly ball gag, his fingers slick with the Alpha’s blood.

“Sherlock!” He whispered. “Sherlock are you ok?” His mate was right here and John still couldn’t feel him. Their empathetic link was defunct... dissolved... he gripped his Omega’s shoulders, the solid feel of his flesh reassuring.

“John?” Sherlock focussed on him.

“Yeah, it’s me, Sherlock.” He rubbed his mate’s shoulders briefly, not sure if he was trying to comfort his Omega or himself. Wiping his still-bloody hands quickly on his jeans, John fumbled out his pocket knife, and began cutting through the duct tape.

It took long seconds to saw through the heavy rolls of tape around Sherlock’s biceps and wrists, but as soon as Sherlock’s hands were free, he reached for John, embracing him hard. John kissed his face over and over. “I was so worried.” He said. “I can’t feel you... I didn’t know if you were...” He couldn’t bring himself to say it.

“I know, John. Help me...” He let go John and began tugging at the tape holding him to the chair just below his knee. John cut through the big swathe around Sherlock’s waist, then moved to free his knees and ankles. His mate smelled distressed — musky, sweaty, his honey scent overwhelmed.

As soon as he was able, Sherlock jumped up, bypassed a stunned John, and strode directly to a small machine with a single switch. Sherlock clicked it into the ‘off’ position. A hum John had not been aware of trailed off — and suddenly he could feel Sherlock again!
“Oh, thank god!” John said.

The mix of emotion he felt from his Omega was unexpected — some relief, some joy at seeing John and restoring their link, but mostly an urgent, horrified anxiety.

“What’s wrong?!” John asked.

Sherlock was already at the table with the neat line of hypodermics and the chemistry equipment. “This.” Sherlock said gesturing at the lot. “It’s dangerous, poisonous! John! Help me get rid of it.” He scooped up the hypos in his hands and, unconcerned with his nudity, took them into the loo. John watched as he ripped them each apart and emptied the fluids down the sink, rinsing them frenetically.

John grabbed a rack of test tubes and a flask and followed his mate. “Sherlock...?”

“These are the compounds they injected into the captive Omegas.” He said, dumping the test tubes. “Before they were impregnated.”

“Did they... erm, did they give it to you?”

“No. Your timing is impeccable, John — they were just about to.” John felt a wave of helpless relief from his mate and Sherlock collapsed into his arms, scenting him, searching for comfort. “They almost got me... oh John... you came!”

John stroked the Omega’s back. “I will always come for you, love!”

Sherlock’s fingers gripped him almost painfully, then the Omega let go. “We must destroy all of it!” He said urgently. John felt his mate’s fear and loathing of the chemicals, his conviction that they were deadly.

They returned to the bedroom together. Sherlock honed in on a laptop. “Can you rinse the rest of those?” He asked, tapping away at the computer. “And the last hypodermic — it’s on the floor by the bed.”

“Yeah.” John retrieved the hypo the big Alpha had dropped and carried it, a flask and the pipettes into the loo and rinsed them thoroughly — stealing a moment to rinse the red from his hands and his gun. When he came back, Sherlock was erasing the hard drive.

“We have to eradicate the formulas — this cannot be allowed to exist.”

“What does it do?”

“Besides kill Omegas?” Sherlock asked. “It has the potential to enhance the foetus... extended life span, intelligence off the charts... but it also can make them unstable, prone to mental illness and megalomania — I synthesised the compounds from the notes we downloaded at the brothel. I tested it on rabbits and pigs... the offspring of the test subjects are bigger, brighter, more robust and, I suspect, extremely long-lived... and sometimes extremely destructive. But the test subjects themselves, the dams, they always die, John. Always. And it’s not a nice death.

“But for the promise of an übermensch — governments will covet it, corporations... billionaires... they will do anything. Moriarty will sell it... and every Omega will be sacrificed on its altar.” The hard drive finished reformattting. Sherlock took the laptop to the loo, wrapped it in a towel and set it on the floor. “Stomp on it.” He said. “Destroy it, John.”

John crushed it under his heel, smashing the screen and breaking the keyboard. Sherlock put the plug in the bathtub drain and turned the water on. He picked up the pieces of the laptop and submerged...
them.

“I should dissolve it in acid.” He said.

John pried it apart. “Which piece is the hard drive?” He asked. “We can take it with us and destroy it completely.”

Sherlock fished out the relevant piece. John stuffed it in his pocket.

There was gunfire and they both froze.

“Mycroft was planning to confront Moriarty.” John whispered.

Sherlock looked wild. “Mycroft!? Why did he come!? He knows Moriarty plans to kill him!”

“Moriarty has Greg. No one could keep him away. No one could keep me away either, Sherlock.”

Sherlock had gone completely still.

“What’s wrong?” John asked, feeling the roil of fear and anger emanating from his mate.

“Lestrade... he was injected...”

John frowned. “But he’s a Beta.”

“No, he’s not.” Sherlock said. “He’s been passing as a Beta his whole life, but he’s an Omega.”

“Greg?! No, I don’t believe it!” But even as he protested, John felt his mate’s certainty and was convinced. “That’s... that’s... how do you know?!”

Sherlock shot him an aggravated look, along with the emotional equivalent of an eye roll. “John...”

“How did he hide it!? Greg’s an Omega! That’s so weird! Does Mycroft know?”

“Of course.”

“But they’re not bonded...”

“Not yet.”

“Mycroft knew and he didn’t report it!? That’s... oh God, he’s been consorting with an unbonded Omega — he’ll go to prison!”

“But... Lady Anthea...”

“He has to bond with Lestrade!” Sherlock insisted. “My brother — he’s changed since he began seeing Lestrade. He’s been working with Omega rights groups. He’s preparing legislation to end the guardianship of Omegas. He never would have done that before! He thought Omegas needed looking after! He’d still think so without Lestrade! They must bond!”

“The jabs... you said Greg got them... will it... will it hurt him?”

“I don’t know. Possibly... probably...”

John swore. Sherlock grabbed his shoulder. “John you can’t tell Mycroft. Or Lestrade, but especially
not Mycroft. It would destroy him…”

“But we have to do something! They need to know before they bond.”

“If you tell them, Lestrade will never consent to bond with Mycroft — he’ll want to spare him, stupid man. Instead he’ll be sent off to an Alpha relative who will arrange a bonding for him — Lestrade will not be given a choice. He will be chattel — you know him, he won’t survive long like that. He won’t want to.

“With Mycroft not only will he be safe, he will be loved. He will be allowed to keep his independence and make his own decisions. And Mycroft will move heaven and earth to convince the Met to keep Lestrade on. Don’t you see? They must bond. It’s the only way.”

“But... not telling them...”

“I know... I know, but there’s nothing Mycroft can do... I... I’ll see if I can formulate an antidote... or a treatment... or something... “

“We just dumped out the compound, Sherlock, wrecked the hard drive. How can you make an antidote?”

“I remember it.” Sherlock whispered. “I stored it in my mind palace, it’s locked inside my head — if anyone suspects...” The Omega’s fear was overwhelming.

“You’ll be in danger.” John instinctually took an aggressive stance, glancing around for threats.

Sherlock grabbed the sheet off his bed and wrapped it around himself. “I have to go... Mycroft...” He stumbled, and John felt the adrenaline that had propelled his mate beginning to ebb.

“Hold on.” John pulled his gun from his waistband and went to the door. He looked out into the hall — and relaxed minutely. “Clear.” He murmured. He wrapped his arm around his Omega’s waist.

There were bodies on the balcony, and blood. Farthingale was taking sniper rifles from limp hands, and yanking a knife from where it was embedded in a neck. When she saw them, she hurried over and inserted herself under Sherlock’s other arm.

At the top of the stairs, John couldn’t believe the amount of blood in the grand hall. There was so much! The floor was awash in a gory red flood. Mycroft, cradling a battered Greg, was covered in it — his face, his neck, his chest, his hands, all bright crimson ...

Sherlock cried out and pulled away from John and Mrs. Farthingale. He rushed down the stairs.

“Mycroft!” John wanted to go with him, wanted to keep his mate from further harm. But he dared not go near Mycroft right now. John’s nostrils flared as he scented the aggressive hormones emanating from the Alpha.

The elder brother looked up. “Sherlock!” He touched his brother’s arm. “I am unhurt, brother mine.” He said, wiping the blood from his chin with his sleeve. John felt his mate’s relief. Sherlock cared about his brother more than he’d ever admit.

A few minutes later, as John was trying to stop Mummy from exsanguinating next to Moriarty’s mutilated corpse, he stole a glance at Mycroft crouched over Greg protectively... John could smell them over the blood, a sweet Omega scent — that for all its strangeness fit Greg somehow — intermingling harmoniously with Mycroft’s smoky whisky scent.

His mind boggled that his Beta friend, a police detective, a regular bloke with whom he grabbed a
pint at the pub and watched rugby was an Omega!

But the sweet scent felt right. Even battered and exhausted, Greg was more vibrant, more complete.

But an Omega! Greg! So crazy!

He looked like hell — he’d been worked over thoroughly. He needed a Beta doctor right away. A Beta that Mycroft could be persuaded to trust and allow to treat Greg.

Because Mycroft... Mycroft was not just in love with Greg, they were mated. Whether he’d bitten Greg or not, the Alpha in Mycroft had claimed this Omega as his own, and Greg had accepted him. Moriarty’s bloody corpse attested to that.

John thought about what Sherlock had said, what the jabs had done to his test subjects — what they could very well do to Greg! How would he feel if it had been done to Sherlock? John’s Alpha instincts rebelled! He would rip anyone endangering his mate to shreds!

Mycroft... their Alpha instincts were the same, but Mycroft was different than John. He was extremely powerful and unafraid of using that power broadly.

If Mycroft discovered that Greg had been jabbed with what amounted to deadly poison, he would not rest until he exhausted every hospital, every doctor, every specialist... Greg would be the test subject for experimental treatments, far-fetched hopes, he would be poked and prodded and jabbed and measured... the hale and vital police detective would spend the rest of his life as an invalid, a pale shadow of the man he was now.

And if nothing worked, if Greg wasted away and finally died... John had had a taste of how devastating it was to lose the empathetic link with his mate. If Greg died, like Mummy, Mycroft would become a bitter, lonely, emotionally crippled Alpha. But instead of turning the blame inward as Mummy had done, Mycroft would focus his outward on anyone and everyone who had contributed to the eugenics compound in any way.

John could easily imagine that all that was good in Mycroft — everything that Greg brought out in him, everything he reinforced — would die with Greg. The howling pain would eat Mycroft from the inside out until all that was left was burning rage and an unslakable thirst for revenge — revenge that Mycroft had the power to exact. He would wreak havoc, not caring about friendly fire or innocent victims. He would destroy everything in his path, scorched earth.

No... John would not tell Mycroft. If he only had a limited time with Greg, let it be pure. Let them have undiluted happiness. Let it be full of love, not dread. Not terror and denial and panic and anger. And afterwards...

Well... maybe the Mycroft who experienced such great love could turn his bereft soul away from destruction... maybe...

And, John reminded himself, it wasn’t hopeless. Sherlock would search for an antidote. If anyone could manufacture a miracle, it was Sherlock Holmes.

Chapter End Notes

The End.
(Don't hate me too much — Sherlock certainly could work a miracle!)

I'm bummed that this fic is finished — I enjoyed writing it so much! It will be sad for me to leave this world. Thank you for all your comments and encouragements! They mean so much.

Please check out my other work in progress, The Twenty Fantastic Dates series here: https://archiveofourown.org/works/16838437

End Notes

I'll be posting updates to this fic every Wednesday.

I hope you enjoy it! I've sure enjoyed writing it.

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