**Some Things Never Change**

by McRaider

Summary

When Greg heard it he felt his insides twist, and then he saw the look on the redhead’s face, the look of pain, shame and defeat and in that moment, Greg’s heart broke, knowing that some things would never change.

Notes

Read MottleMoth wrote this beautiful story Once Spoken, and it both inspired and broke my heart at the same time. I wanted to write my own version of this prompt. Read that one too, it’s amazing. This is also in response to a tumblr prompt The prompt: Okay but… Picture this. Lestrade has them come by nsy to fill out paperwork they’ve been dodging. John meets sherlock there after getting Rosie from daycare. They’re filling out forms and Rosie is playing by herself when she knocks over her toys. “mycroft” she mutters in clear disdain, as if it were a swear word. Sherlock loses it. He’s crying laughing. He swears he didn’t teach her that and begs John not to correct her since she’ll figure it out as she ages. John fails at trying not to look amused. “mycroft” becomes their in joke. Spill some tea? Mycroft. Experiment gone awry? Mycroft. Anyway. That’s what my brain came up with today. Somebody spin that into a good story since I’m a terrible writer.

- Inspired by Once Spoken by Mottlemoth

At first, Greg was sure he’d misheard, that Rosie, now nearly two and a half, had meant to ask her...
Uncle for help, they sat on the floor of the flat they’d been sharing since the Eurus incident nearly a year and a half ago, Mycroft was showing her how to build towers with blocks, and Greg watching and enjoying mostly, occasionally knocking things down. Then she’d knocked it down and the word slid from her mouth with such practiced ease and frustration it made Greg’s insides twist.

Mycroft froze, his hands had been on either side of Rosie’s to ensure she didn’t tumble, always the protector. Greg saw it in an instant, the moment this beautiful man, who’d spent every last ounce of energy the last forty odd years protecting and loving someone who was so ungrateful, he’d taught his daughter to use his name as though it were a curse word. Mycroft stood, grabbing his waist coat and making his way away from the child, who continued to play as if nothing had happened.

Greg’s insides twisted at this, “Rosie,” how did you tell a two year old that wasn’t nice, when she obviously wasn’t the one perpetuating the problem in the first place. Indignation simmered below the surface as he scooped up the toddler and dropped her in her playpen, so she couldn’t escape. Instantly the toddler gave him a look of betrayal. “No, none of that,” he ordered quickly, he wouldn’t comfort her if she cried because she hadn’t been the one hurt by this situation.

He texted John: Come get Rosie. Now.

Not waiting on a reply, before he headed up the stairs, he knew where he’d find Mycroft, sitting in his office, staring out the window. No one else seemed to see it but him, a man, sometimes little more than a child himself, locked away behind the armor of three piece suits and sharp words. But Greg had figured it out ages ago, they’d known one another for the better part of ten years, and had been together for nearly four, despite what Sherlock thought. The incident with Eurus had just made them both realize how stupid they were being acting like it wasn’t a serious relationship. All the same, Greg had been there after every cruel work, smarmy joke, and whispered word of hatred. Reptile from Mrs. Hudson, which still lit Greg a flame, the Queen, by Sherlock, and of course John’s intention to make the man wet himself in fear. Mycroft was just a tool of amusement to them, and Greg hated it. Because he knew what Mycroft had suffered through for years, he knew what had led this man to believe he had to wrap himself in an ironclad suit to keep the world out.

“Hey,” Greg offered as he stepped into the office and behind the desk where Mycroft sat, just staring out the window.

Mycroft didn’t look at him, he didn’t say anything, but Greg saw it, the pain and agony of knowing despite his brother having improved somewhat after Eurus, he was still just a cruel little child who wanted to taunt his big brother. Some things, never changed and it tore Greg apart to see his partner like this.

“Please don’t furnish me platitudes that she didn’t mean it, or it was an accident,” Mycroft finally spoke.

“Wasn’t going to. I’ve told John to come get her. You don’t ever have to see them again, if you don’t want to.”

Mycroft let out a weary sigh that sounded caught somewhere between a sob and a laugh, “What does it matter what I want. It never has before now,” he closed his eyes, willing the ridiculous tears to remain at bay. “Further proof I am little more than a nuisance to my brother. I thought…”

Mycroft smiled looking at Greg, hope in his blue eyes, “I had hoped things had changed.”

“I know, Myc,” Greg replied as he pulled Mycroft out of his winged back chair and pulled him into a tight hug. “I’ll talk to John.”

“Why bother, he lets Sherlock do whatever he wants.”

Greg rubbed his partner’s back, “Well, in this house we love and support Mycroft Holmes, if they can’t do that here and in my presence they don’t need to be in my presence,” Greg replied simply, as he pulled back and cupped the man’s cheek. “I’ll take care of it. You want some tea?”

“Please.”

Thirty minutes later John and Sherlock turned up to get Rosie, to both their surprises, Greg didn’t invite them in, instead he had Rosie in his arms and her stuff right inside the door. “Everything all
right?” John asked, clearly confused.
“You tell me, your two year old daughter decided to enlighten us of her favorite bad word today, imagine my partner’s surprise when it was his name, rather than an actual bad word,” he replied, there was no anger or frustration in his voice, only pity and sadness.
“Greg, it’s a joke,” John began, while Sherlock had the decency to look at the ground. Rosie was passed over to him.
“It always is with you lot. Mycroft has sacrificed everything for you,” Greg said firmly his eyes set on the young man before him, both of them.
“Now wait just a minute,” John tried to chime in, prepared to defend his partner.
Greg stepped forward just enough to get in the soldier’s face, “That man upstairs, that your daughter has learned is a curse word, that your husband taught her, has given up his sense of security, his love, his parents, his childhood and damn near everything else to keep this ungrateful prat alive, much less happy. And this is how you thank him,” now the righteous anger was coming. “By turning his two year old niece in a bully, tell me Sherlock how do you like being called Freak by my men and women? Hate it right, I know you do, I also know they don’t call you that in front of me, I wonder why,” he sneered. “Or how about you John, would you like it if someone called you cripple, or used your name as a curse word?” his brown usually caring and kind eyes were filled with resentment. “Don’t come back until you two idiots and your friends, can respect everyone in this house, properly.” With that he stepped back inside and shut the door, hard. Locking it behind him, he turned and saw Mycroft standing there.
“Thank you,” was all Mycroft could manage. Greg didn’t hesitate to go up the stairs and wrap his partner in a warm hug.
End

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