2B or not 2B that is the question

by LadyGlinda, sherlock221Bismymuse

Summary

Gifted to LadyGlinda for her burning desire to always have me kill off anyone but the two Holmes Brothers. Molly can go first. John can most certainly go. Lady Smallwood is always a target.
So naturally this is the event horizon of that wish fulfilment---where everyone on the entire planet is killed off but the two of them.
The title is a play on 221B and of course Hamlet’s existentialist soliloquy.
Presenting the magnificent end of the world apocalyptic tale. 2 B….or not 2B

Notes

The rating changed to 'mature' halfway through because the wonderful LadyGlinda contributed to chapter 4.
It is more loving than explicit but fair warning.....

The rest of the story will continue to be a crack fic ;)

And of course if you are here despite the Holmescest tag in the first place, you know what to expect ...but still.....
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

The rotor blades of the helicopter could barely be heard above the chaos that erupted all around London and in fact around the world.

As far as the eye could see there was only death and destruction. Plumes of smoke spiralled up towards the sky from fires and bombs.

Zombies were running amok on the streets, devouring any poor creature that crossed their paths and even many who didn’t.

Molly was the first to die because when the zombies emerged, they did so first in the morgue. Molly saved everyone else in the hospital by sacrificing herself. She locked the main door from inside and fought the zombies for as long as she could.

But, alas, how long would a single person wielding one scalpel last?

John died in the plague that swept across the planet the very same day. Those affected developed large purple boils all over their skin and when these ruptured they bled to death, lying in heaps all over the streets as they died instantly.

Greg died in an explosion while attempting to kill the zombie king. He did succeed but unfortunately that only delayed the inevitable and didn’t prevent it.

It was the end of days.

Sally died in a volcanic eruption when the tectonic plates shifted beneath London. Anderson fell into the wide ravine that opened up below the Thames and swallowed the entire river in seconds.

Mummy and Father Holmes had come to spend the weekend at Baker Street at the insistence of Martha Hudson. A poisonous gas leak there meant that none of them woke up the next day.

Locusts, tsunamis, hellfires, everywhere one could see only mayhem.

The only sign of life at this point was the black helicopter whirring over London and one lone figure standing on the roof of St. Bart’s, black coat flapping behind him as he watched this scene, aghast, his eyes searching for someone.

“Sherlock!!!” he heard someone yelling and looked up to see Mycroft in the helicopter.

A ladder dangled down and as he held on to it and started climbing he noticed that Mycroft was still dressed impeccably as usual, and was piloting the helicopter.

“What happened Mycie ?!!”

“ARC Air is a go Sherlock.” Was all he heard as the helicopter picked up speed and they hurtled
away towards an unknown destination.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The Holmes brothers have to fight their way out of the apocalypse and to a safer place......

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mycroft set the helicopter down expertly on the lawns of the London Tower.

That was a bad move.

Every single alien they had ever locked up in the dungeons of U.N.I.T had escaped. Luckily Thanos had been destroyed by Doctor Strange already and the only Dalek they had was the outer machine only.

Mycroft picked out some weapons from the helicopter and handed them to Sherlock.

“It’s us against them Brother Mine! It’s a fight to the finish!”

They stood on the lawns back to back against each other, looking for all the world like swashbuckling heroes from a movie, and started to shoot at all the creatures loping and running and flying towards them. Enemy bodies piled up on the lawns and finally they ran out of bullets.

Mycroft then pulled out two rings from inside his suit and handed one to Sherlock. “These rings are made of Vibranium and will activate a shield around you. I want you to run to the basement and wait for me near the ARC. I will cover you and then come there.”

“I am not going anywhere without you Mycroft!” Sherlock said, outraged at the suggestion.

“Go Sherlock! Don’t waste time! I am coming. I have no intention of leaving you.” Mycroft urged him.

Sherlock hesitated for a second and then ran, coat flapping, whirling the shield around him as he made it safely to the basement. He looked from the grill and saw Mycroft fending off attacks, his strong muscles rippling under his well-fitted suit, barely breaking a sweat.

He had a strange sensation ….a feeling of slowly growing awareness of awe and admiration….

Mycroft had just flown a helicopter expertly, then used guns and swords like a fighter and he had always known he had a genius brain….was there really ANYTHING he couldn’t do ?!

His big brother was a real hero!
Just then a frumious Bandersnatch made its way across the lawns, drooling and growling.

Mycroft unleashed the sword from his umbrella and the vorpal blade went snicker snack as he killed it and finally swung his way towards his brother.

He closed the heavy metal door behind them and took a deep breath. They had made it!

He held Sherlock’s hand and they ran down a tunnel and reached a huge open space in the central courtyard.

Sherlock just stood there, with a stunned look on his face. “What is this??!” He asked Mycroft.

“This my dear is the ARC. Not quite Noah’s Ark though Dr Trevor Noah did work on this one. It stands for the Artificial Regeneration Carrier. ARC. It will take us into orbit and we will stay there till it is safe to come back or go to another planet.”

“Another PLANET?!” Sherlock said, still dazed. “How long have you been working on this?!”

“It’s been a while Sherlock. You know I am always ahead of the Game.” Mycroft said, modestly, straightening his cufflinks as he spoke. “Shall we?” and he led him in and closed the door behind them.

They reached the Captain’s Bridge and Mycroft sat in the chair and asked Sherlock to take the First Officer seat.

“What does it say?” Sherlock asked him.

“Wakanda is safe. But they cannot make any contact with the outside world since the nuclear fallout and solar flares have rendered the entire planet inhabitable. We don’t know how many years it will take for them to be able to re-populate the Earth. So for all practical purposes, you and I are the last survivors.”

Sherlock sat quietly for the next two hours as Mycroft piloted them expertly into orbit and then put the shuttle on auto and took a break.

He asked the RoboChef to make them two cups of tea.

Then he came and stood next to Sherlock and was about to speak when he saw the dried blood on his arms and took in a sharp breath. “Sherlock! You are hurt!!”
Sherlock looked down at his arm and scoffed. “That is a mere flesh wound. The entire planet has gone down in flames and you are fussing over THIS?!”

“Because it’s you…” Mycroft said and turned away to get the medicine kit. “Please Sherlock, I know I am not your Doctor Watson but I am fully trained in combat first aid. Let me clean and bandage it for you.”

As Mycroft took his arm he could feel Sherlock trembling with the shock of it all. Mycroft remembered countless such occasions in the past when he had done this. Lockie, impulsive and high energy, always getting into scrapes and running to his Mycie to be looked after. Those memories flooded Mycroft as he gently, even tenderly cleaned and bandaged Sherlock’s wound.

Then on an impulse he kissed his arm to ‘make it better’.

Sherlock sat up straighter when he did that.

“Mycie…” he said hesitantly, also remembering the childhood days when they had found each other like this so often. Sherlock injured and crying and Mycroft tending to him, comforting him. Caring for him.

“I want all that…” Sherlock said suddenly.

“All what?” Mycroft asked him, puzzled.

“Want you to cuddle me and pat my hair and …and sing to me…”

“Sherlock…” Mycroft started to say, this isn’t the time but the words froze on his lips as he looked around and realised that in fact that was all they had.

Time.

This was it, the end of everything.

All they had left was each other.

And time.

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“Come.” he said, drawing the younger man close. Sherlock came quietly, softly, snuggled his head into his chest. There may have been tears and Mycroft chose to ignore the wetness against his shirt.

“Hush baby brother.” he said. “They all went peacefully... There was no pain.”

Sherlock mumbled something which Mycroft identified correctly.

“Yes. Mrs Hudson also.”

More mumbles.

“Yes love. Greg and John and Molly too. Mummy and Father probably didn’t even wake up.”

At that Sherlock finally broke down and put both his arms around his big brother and cried. His Mycie hugged him and held him and patted him till he calmed down.
“Come let’s wash up and get some rest. We need to sort out the future plans tomorrow. But let us have some tea and food first.”

Sherlock wiped his eyes and dug his elbow into Mycroft’s ribs and said in a tearful voice “Mycie, the end of the word and you still want your cake!”

Mycroft rolled his eyes, knowing that this snark was just defensive.

They washed up quietly and soberly and had tea and biscuits in silence.

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When they reached the sleeping quarters Sherlock saw that the bunkers were really large but when Mycroft lay down on his bed, Sherlock just stood there waiting.

So Mycroft shuffled in and stretched out his arm. Sherlock came and slept on it. Mycroft waited, not sure if Sherlock still wanted his song. About half a minute later he heard an impatient sigh.

“Mycieeeee…” came the familiar whine.

Mycroft cleared his throat and sang softly. “I that am lost, Oh who will find me….”

Sherlock yawned, curled in to face Mycroft. When the lullaby was over Mycroft cuddled him and before he knew it Sherlock had moved his face up and had kissed him on the lips.

“Sherlock!” Mycroft was startled but had no place to move. “What are you doing??!”

“Genius, I was kissing you.”

“Well???”

“Remember when we fought that last time as kids? I had said I wanted to marry you and you laughed at me? Then I had said I would marry you only if you were the last person on this planet? Well now you are. The last person on Earth. Kind of.” Sherlock said with an impish smile.

“Don’t be an idiot.” Mycroft said before he could stop himself.

Sherlock pouted, turned away and started to get up.


Sherlock looked at him confused. “What do you mean?”

“Can we talk about this tomorrow Sherlock? It’s been a long and difficult day.”

Sherlock nodded but went to his own bed to sleep.
1. The First Officer on board the USS Enterprise from Star Trek is Spock. Brilliant and does not believe in emotions. Quite appropriate for Sherlock to occupy the same position! https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spock

2. Wakanda is from Black Panther and also the source of Vibranium. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wakanda

3. Jabberwocky is the classic nonsense poem from Alice in Wonderland, written by Lewis Carroll and the reference to the Bandersnatch and the Vorpal blade comes from it. https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/42916/jabberwocky

4. Mycroft asking the RoboChef to make tea is a nod to Arthur Dent in the Hitchhiker’s Guide asking the ship’s computer to make tea and causing it to almost shut down https://hitchhikers.fandom.com/wiki/Tea

5. ‘A mere flesh wound’ is from Monty Python’s Holy Grail

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Is the apocalypse the best time for secrets and confessions.....?

The next morning a robot woke them up. “Here is your tea young man.” She said, in a very familiar voice.

Sherlock almost fell off the bed. “Mycie!” he exclaimed.

Mycroft smiled, pleased at his astonishment. “You are welcome.” he said.

Sherlock came and hugged him. “Thank you! Oh, thank you so much!!!!”

“Would you like tea Sherlock?” The robot said in an annoyed tone. “I can’t stand here forever. I am not your housekeeper.”

“Yes Mrs Hudson.” Sherlock said and he took the cup of tea, grinning away like the Cheshire Cat.

Later, as they stood together, looking out from the window of the space shuttle at the home planet burning like a miniature Sun, Sherlock turned to Mycroft and said, “What did you mean yesterday when you said I took you by surprise?”

“Mmm……nothing. “ Mycroft said, looking away.

“Mycie? “ Sherlock said, “I may not be the smart one but do you really think I can’t make out that you are lying to me? What is it? It is just the two of us and the end of the known universe now. There can’t be any secrets anymore!”

Mycroft looked outside again, avoiding his eyes. He seemed to be debating something to himself and finally reached a decision. He turned and faced Sherlock in the manner that a deposed dictator may face a firing squad.

Sherlock’s expression also turned from being annoyed at secrets, to being curious to being rather worried as he saw the strange change in Mycroft’s expression. What could he possibly tell him now that was worse than the destruction of their planet and the extinction of the human race??! He was so busy trying to deduce him that he almost missed the words that were being said.

“I love you. I always have. I literally don’t care of the entire planet is devoured and the universe is ripped apart, as long as I can save you.”

Sherlock blinked, even more confused.

Did Mycroft think he didn’t know that?? That underneath all their squabbles and arguments Sherlock knew, had always known, was the one thing he could always trust, in this fickle and ever
changing world? Mycroft's love for him?

“I love you Sherlock. I do. I always have. But not just as a brother. I am sorry.” Mycroft looked down, ashamed and scared. “I don’t know when it changed but now it has been something I have lived with and fought against every single day…… for decades.”

Sherlock just stared, uncomprehending. He loved his Mycie too, always had, but this?! This was beyond anything he could have imagined.

“Mycie” he said softly. “Why did you never…..”

“How could I Sherlock?! Everything about it was wrong! And you never showed any……and you had Greg…and then John.”

“Oh Mycie!! Sherlock said, with a sudden revelation. “I was craving for something all my adult life. I felt so hollow. I didn’t know what I needed……. The drugs, the adrenaline rush from all the puzzle solving……I didn’t know what I wanted…..” Sherlock stopped and stared at the man standing in front of him.

The man who had, at different points in their life, been his teacher, his companion, his guide, his rock, his shelter, his shield……sometimes his punching bag….and most often his safety net.

His hero.

His everything.

And Sherlock spoke in an awed whisper. “It was you all along!!! It was YOU I craved for!!”

Mycroft looked up at that, a mixture of vulnerability and hope in his eyes. “Are you sure brother mine? We have just lost everyone we knew and cared for. It is not the desperation of our situation talking is it……?”

Sherlock closed his eyes, remembering.

The feeling of being wrapped in his Mycie’s love like a deep red warm plush. Of feeling abandoned and alone when he left for University. Of the strange irritability whenever he saw him after he moved to London. The way he would feel compelled to argue with him and tease him about his weight and annoy him and defy him.

But the worst feeling was that of emptiness whenever Mycroft would turn and leave……

He opened his eyes and looked at Mycroft. “I have never been more sure of anything in my life. I love you Mycie.’

Mycroft stood frozen, as though unable to believe that he had been released from the prison of guilt and longing……. that this was real! It was his to have! Finally!!Even if it had taken the apocalypse to get him to confess….

Sherlock stepped forward, closer and closer and Mycroft just stood there and watched him. Sherlock lifted his hand and wiped away the tears that were flowing down his Mycie’s cheeks.

“Hush My. I do hope these are tears of joy!” and he winked at his big brother and leaned in for a
kiss. Oh so soft and very, very gentle, as though terrified of shattering this suddenly fragile creature in front of him.

That kiss roused Mycroft out of his daze and he saw, the love in his own eyes was reflected in full measure from those mesmerizing eyes that looked as though entire galaxies were trapped in them.

And as the shuttle hurtled through space and the burning planet and its sun lit up the inky blackness of space, he finally claimed the deepest desire of his heart.

“Sherlock, my love…..” he said in a whisper and they melted into each others’ embrace, kissing like there was no tomorrow.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Sex in space at the edge of the apocalypse.....who else but these two.......

Chapter Notes

LadyGlinda decided to rise to the occasion (pun kind of intended :P) and write this chapter for the boys....... since I am utterly incapable of writing anything explicit. If explicit bothers you, (and I know how that feels, because it did bother me too in my early 'innocent' exploring days in the fandom), then please skip this chapter and go to the next one, although I must say this is more loving than explicit. Thanks LadyGlinda :)

Sherlock melted into the kiss he had not known he was craving for but that was now everything that counted. Not just the kiss. Feeling his brother's arms wrapped tight around him. Taking in his warmth and his unique smell, feeling the texture of his skin under Sherlock's hand, stroking his brother's neck, teasing his earlobes, rubbing the dimple in his chin.

Their upper bodies were pressed together but their groins were not meeting so far. Mycroft still feared Sherlock could wake up from his daze, realising he didn't really want this.

"My! I won't change my mind!" Sherlock finally said, sensing his fears.

"I'm sorry, little brother. I'd have never thought... It always seemed so wrong and... unforgivable."

"The world as we know has stopped existing," Sherlock softly said. "There are no rules to worry about anymore. The only one that means something now is to make sure the other one is happy, is feeling safe and comfortable. Don't you agree?"

Mycroft nodded. "Yes. Are you? Feeling safe and comfortable?"

Sherlock smiled at him in a way Mycroft had only dreamed to see over the past decades since their
relationship had started to crumble and go down the hill. “I am, big brother.” He moved forward and for the first time their hard pricks touched each other.

Mycroft gasped, and Sherlock stroked a stray curl out of his face.

“I might be clumsy,” he said. “I’ve never done this before.”

Mycroft smiled. “Neither have I, little brother.”

“You haven’t?!”

“Of course not. There was nobody else for me. Nobody who would have been worth it.”

“And yet you teased me with knowing nothing about sex…” He was hinting at that rather nasty episode in Buckingham Palace. Where obviously nobody was alive in anymore either…

Mycroft blushed. “I'm sorry, Sherlock…”

Sherlock huffed out a laugh. “If I start telling you all the things I'm sorry for, we will never get anywhere. It doesn’t matter. Please… let's just explore it. Not everything at once, I guess. But I need you now…”

Mycroft nodded, and they went to Mycroft's bed, and he helped Sherlock out of his clothes, and let him help him out of his.

Stunned, he stared at his brother's beautiful body. All lean muscles, smooth, tender skin, pale nipples and an impressive erection. And he knew how his backside would be looking – plush and alluring and wonderful.

“You're stunning.” Sherlock breathed. He had never seen something so beautiful. A long limbed, pale, hair-covered body, all male and strong. The brother who had always cared about him, who had fought for him and would gladly give his life for him.
The centre of his universe.

Mycroft looked a little disbelieving, but then he smiled. “So are you, Sherlock.”

“Touch me…”

“Are you really sure?”

And Sherlock crashed their mouths together, crashed their bodies together, hard flesh meeting hard flesh, and his hand searched for the politician's throbbing hardness, slightly pulling at it, probing at it, and it felt so heavenly that Mycroft almost fainted.

But then his hand started exploring his baby brother's body, and so did his lips, and eventually they ended up wrapping their lips around the other man's erection, tasting and licking and giving a pleasure neither of them had ever expected to experience, and both of them did it as if they had done it a thousand times before even though they were so new to it.

Mycroft was revelling in his brother's taste and smell and warmth, his taste buds exploding, his hands kneading firm and indeed very plush flesh, and Sherlock's moans and hotness around his oversensitive lovemaker set his groin on fire.

Sherlock felt like having died like all the others and having woken up in heaven but he knew this was all real.

They reached their climax in the same moment, both not backing away, both absorbing the other one's proof of deep desire and longing and underlying was the only love that had ever counted for either of them. Mycroft had known if for so long, had felt ashamed and guilty because of it, and was now accepting it as welcome and reciprocated. And Sherlock who had never known that was what he was looking for knew this was what he had always longed for.

And whatever was about to happen, whatever they would have to face and fight, they would do it side by side.

Sherlock might have needed the end of the world to understand his feelings but now that he had he would never let go of them again.
Chapter 5
Chapter by sherlock221Bismymuse

Chapter Summary

Mycroft had planned on so many things to make sure Sherlock is happy....but there is one thing that makes him happy too
*wicked laugh*

The shuttle was on auto pilot, currently orbiting within their solar system till a decision could be taken about needing to find another planet.

So, they spent a week or maybe more in a state of utter bliss, hardly leaving their bed.

After all, how many lovers can manage a honeymoon in space at the edge of the apocalypse? It had to be these two ….

Sherlock spent many hours pondering whether he liked Mycroft’s freckles more or the strong muscles better……and Mycroft wasn’t sure if he would rather be lost in looking into his lover’s eyes or tasting his warm skin……

They were making up for decades of pent up longing and cravings and desires.

How could anything ever be enough………

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When they finally emerged from the bubble, reluctantly, slowly, like a butterfly does from its cocoon, tentatively flapping its new wings, steadying itself, exploring the horizon….Sherlock finally focussed on the fact that they were well and truly, utterly and completely alone…. 

There was no one else left.

No one.

And no matter how often he told himself and the world that he was a sociopath, the finality of this knowledge made him hurt.

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Sherlock asked Mycroft “You never really planned on saving anyone else did you?”

Mycroft looked a bit guilty. “Well it’s not like I didn’t want to………. but then the calculation said we needed supplies for 5 years minimum which took up so much space and then there was the practical age limit. Molly and Anthea were the only ones I could have justified saving and I would have tried but the zombies had not been predicted ….”
There was silence for a minute. Sherlock looked out into space.

Then he said slowly. “I will miss Molly.”

“Why don’t you call out to her?” Mycroft said gently

“Molly?” Sherlock said.

“Yes Sherlock,” came her soft voice over the speakers. “I can see you. I always see you.”

Sherlock could even hear the smile in her voice. He turned to look at Mycroft in wonder. “But….?”

Mycroft nodded. “I recorded her voice for our PA system.”

“Who else have you got along?” Sherlock asked him, realizing once again, though he would NEVER admit it openly that Mycroft was not only the smart one, he was the SMARTEST one. Always miles and miles ahead of the Game.

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“Well…….Anthea is the voice of the mainframe computer system. It seemed fitting since she knows everything. Irene is the voice response for the entertainment system. Mary is the custodian of the security system and Greg is in charge of the library. He always loved his books you know.”

Sherlock was speechless at these revelations.

“Oh and the café is called Angelo’s and there is a snack bar counter with the RoboChef called Speedy’s.”

Sherlock noticed that there was no John but wisely didn’t say anything.

One day he found him by mistake. He was in the gym.

He was the punching bag that Mycroft used every day.
Later that week they finally got around to exploring the entire shuttle.

Unfortunately, unlike Noah’s Ark, it was not practical to save all the animals, though they did have a gene bank on board which had saved the DNA of many species.

Mycroft had save only the codfish in live form and was growing potatoes in the garden. Because Sherlock liked fish and chips.

Sherlock was once again overwhelmed by this love. Did Mycroft ever do anything for his own happiness? He wondered.

Mycroft seemed to have read his mind because he “Whatever makes you happy makes me happy Sherlock.”

“Hmm.” Sherlock said, remembering what he had found in the gym. “That’s not entirely true is it lover boy?”

Mycroft lifted one fine eyebrow and made his deduction. “Ah, so you found my gym….”

“Yes.”

“What do you want me to say? He should be grateful I am only doing this by proxy. And only because you insisted on forgiving him.” Mycroft’s face went purple with rage…even after all this time, the thought that someone had kicked his beloved brother, and kicked him till he bled………… and he had not been able to cut off that person’s legs and hands and head……. GRRR it ENRAGED him.

“Mycie, stop!” Sherlock said, alarmed at this reaction. “It’s all in the past now. Please. I know you will never let anyone hurt me ever again.”

“I most certainly will not! Even if it is a ten headed alien beast attacking our spaceship!”
Famous last words…….. he realized as they heard a loud knock at the door of the Captain’s Bridge and were startled out of their seats.

Who the hell could it possibly be?!!
Chapter 7

Chapter by sherlock221Bismymuse

Chapter Summary

Behind every Most Dangerous Man.....is a woman !!

Chapter Notes

LadyGlinda breaks the fourth wall and makes an appearance in this final chapter written by sherlock221Bismymuse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Did you miss me??? Did you miss me??

All the screens on the Captain’s deck were filled with the smiling manic face of Jim Moriarty.

Mycroft and Sherlock stood there outraged and worried when the images on their screens disappeared as suddenly as they came and there was someone standing in the doorway that led out from the bridge.

“Anthea!” Both of them almost shouted.

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“Hello gentlemen.” she said with a smile. “That got your attention didn’t it?! Just my little joke.”

“What on Earth…??” Mycroft started to say. “Little JOKE?!” when she interrupted him.

“You can’t possibly repopulate a new world on your own, can you two? You need a woman! Geniuses.” and she rolled her eyes.

“But…how??” Mycroft was still spluttering.

“Ah, never underestimate the British Government. So which one of you is going to be the lucky one to be with me?” She asked with a wicked smile and wink. “Go forth and multiply and all that…”

Sherlock paled since he had never been with a woman ( well, apart from Irene in Karachi ...........oh and Janine after John’s wedding....umm and maybe Molly during the Fall...but still........)

Mycroft had meanwhile turned quite pink at the thought of doing anything of the sort with Anthea…

Sherlock looked at Mycroft and asked “Do we toss a coin??!”

Anthea smiled enigmatically. “Really boys? The actual literal end of the world and you are going to
plan for a monogamous relationship?"

LadyGlinda’s eyelids fluttered as she prepared to put on her spanking hands.

_I was promised that only the two Holmes brothers would be left_ she thought as she was about to wake up and hunt down the author…

(author asks the readers to intervene on her behalf because honestly if only these two are left how will they make babies? Biological imperatives and all that…)

….. when suddenly Anthea spoke again.

LadyGlinda goes back to the dream to find out what is going on.

“Scientific hypothesis suggests that 160 people are needed to re-populate or set up a colony at a new place.” Anthea said. “So that is how many children you need to have.”

Mycroft clutched at his chest. _160 babies?? Between the two of them with Anthea?! This made no sense…_ he was more terrified than when Moriarty had appeared on the screen!

Anthea pulled out her phone and started tapping. “Don’t worry. We have been planning this for a while and it’s all been worked out. There is a lab which is programme to open only when Sherlock plays the violin ……..and it contains 320 embryos ready to be grown as ectogenetic babies. We doubled the number for safety. Of these around 16 are your own potential children.”

She looked up from her phone and counted off on her fingers.

1. Sherlock and Molly. Yeah, blatant wish fulfilment there.
2. Sherlock and Janine. Same.
3. Mycroft and Mary –well we had her samples on record and she was the brightest and the best, so we thought it made send.
4. And then Mycroft and me. Yeah, boyfriends are not quite my area, but in a petri dish is fine.”

Mycroft stammered. "Anthea… I don’t know what to say…"

“We also took pooled samples from the BTS group, yoga teachers from California, Trevor Noah, the women rocket scientists from India’s Mars mission, Enrique Iglesias, One Direction, Elon Musk, Tina Guo and some other. There is a list in the folder titled Re:pop. So don’t worry. There will be rich diversity. We used CRISPR gene editing technology and all the batches have been tested and frozen at 16 cells stage and the nursery will open only when Sherlock plays the Eurus code on the violin.”

Mycroft and Sherlock are too stunned by all this information and are just gawping at her with their mouths fallen open.

“Oh and I forgot to tell you!” Anthea continued. “Sherlock’s original violin and lock picks are in the
bunker locker. We have had duplicates replaced at Baker Street for months! Shame on you Sherlock for not noticing. You see but you do not observe!!” and she snorted with laughter.

Mycroft came closer to speak to her because all this was making his head spin rather violently.

It was only when he was within 3 feet of her that he realized--she was just a hologram!!

‘Anthea’ laughed and said, “The Game is never over boys. But there will be new players! Good bye and good luck!!”

She waved a flying kiss at them and disappeared.

Sherlock came forward and held Mycroft’s hand as they just stared at the spot where Anthea had been standing moments ago.

Whenever they finally landed...... wherever they landed....... they were going to have 160 babies?!

It was too much to deal with.

But Mycroft’s brain had started planning already.

*Maybe they should stay on the Moon because if anyone could survive this ordeal it would be Wakanda and then using Vibranium maybe they could find a way to.....*

*They would incubate them in batches so that when one batch was toilet trained and ready the next one....*

No...NO he could not think of this just now.

It was more terrifying than the actual end of the world.....!!!

He turned to look at Sherlock who stood by his side, holding his hand and smiling at him, confident in the knowledge that no matter what his Mycie would figure it out and they were going to be together happily ever after.

Even if that involved raising 160 babies.......

So Mycroft took a deep breath. As of now life, the universe and everything else could wait.

It was just the two of them, in all of known time and space.

2B or not 2B that was the only question.
LadyGlinda smiled in her sleep, woke up slowly, stretched and yawned.

She put away her spanking hands, wore her typing ones instead, broke the fourth wall and sent a lovely comment to the author.

***************The End*******************

Chapter End Notes

1. Scientists have calculated that 160 is the optimum number needed for space pioneers! https://www.newscientist.com/article/dn1936-magic-number-for-space-pioneers-calculated/

2. In the future we can have babies incubated entirely outside the uterus! Ectogenesis. The final freedom for women!! https://www.vice.com/en_in/article/gyk3jq/artificial-womb-pregnancy-future-ectogenesis

3. Just my usual attempt to add some colour and politics into the BBC version https://face2faceafrica.com/article/meet-the-7-africans-among-times-100-most-influential-people-of-2018

4. CRISPR is not fried babies haha :P but a gene editing technology! https://www.technologyreview.com/s/612458/exclusive-chinese-scientists-are-creating-crispr-babies/

End Notes

Listen to this wonderful and weird music video to get in the right mood of doom and gloom. Radioactive! This is it. The Apocalypse. Welcome to the New Age! https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ktvTqknDobU

Also check out the trailer of this TV series which was part of the inspiration for this fic. Salvation https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-FSPFbAmOA

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