Ubiquitous

by WinterKoala

Summary

Before Molly knew who Mycroft Holmes was she had an interesting encounter with him beforehand.

Notes

This is an unbetaed work. So please note that there are tons of mistakes and problems with it. Please forgive me, since I am running on so little sleep and stress right now.
See The world in a shade of grey.

Chapter 1

The first time Molly came across the enigmatic man that she would later on discover was Sherlock’s brother was at a most unlikely event. Sherlock had blurted out deductions about her sex life and the state of her dress resulting in her fleeing from him once again.

Later, when she dignified herself to approach the metal doors that led to her lab that she head a loud crash and grunts of pain. Curious she pauses in the hallway and creep toward where the sound came from. A few feet away, she look through the glass window that displayed the secondary examination room. A man was casually leaning on an umbrella while two muscular man were pushing a blonde hair man onto the floor.

Surprised at the bout of violence, she grew nervous when a gun made an appeared causally in one of the minions hands. Connected on the muzzle was a black tube that she identified as a silencer. The minion glance over at the man with the umbrella. A twitch of one hand from the dignified man was all it took for the minion to refocus on the man held down.

A sharp glint of light and a pop sound was all it took to lay to rest the struggling man. Molly knew he was dead. She looked up from the dead body on the floor toward the man. She squeaked quietly, her breath coming in gasps when she realizes she was being stared at now. Cold eyes slide to her face the callous sky blue eyes piercing into her, a sharp gasp of breath was all Molly could take when the man’s lips quirked up to the side. Mesmerized she jumped a bit when the man presses his fingers to his lips and made a shushing motion.

That simple motion was enough to break the spell that held her steal and quiet. Quickly she jerked back and she fled down the hallway back to safety

That day would always be ingrained inside Molly's mind, even, when no one else would know about it. At least that was what she thought.

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Mycroft was amused when the little mouse as he dignified to call her scuttled away scared. His eyes remained blank as he glances down at the dead man now as his feet. His nostril wrinkled in disgust at the mess of blood. It was so trivial that he had to deal with this threat. Mycroft so loathed leg work, but alas it was necessary.

Mummy would never forgive him if he did not take care of his troublesome little brother.

“Clean this up…and submit the body to Doctor Hooper for examinations.” It was cruel Mycroft thought that he should give the body of the man he just terminated to Miss Molly Hooper to autopsy.

However, one must always test and see if those around his brother were an asset or just simply idiotic imbecilic. Mycroft wondered if the little child would be telling his brother about the odd activities that were so close to the morgue. A smirk slipped over his lips, but knowing his brother he would most likely ignore what Miss Molly Hooper would be spluttering out. His brother was trained with etiquette but simply refused to use those manners.
Mycroft was not concerned, his workers were very good at their jobs covering up and well it would be good to see how far along he could push Miss Hooper. The reports he gained from his assistant in regards to his brother’s new acquisitions prove insightful, but there was more that he wanted to observe. After all, everyone see’s but no one ever observes.

Sherlock was his priority and if he had to just simply remove another life, such as the pathologist it wouldn’t be anything remotely unbecoming. With a tap of his umbrella as he made his decision on his next course of action. He went on his way to another meeting with another bumbling idiot that requires a few smooth and jostling words.

Mycroft supposed his job was basically just that, insert a few words here. Poke the gold fishes with a swipe of words coupled with a caressing intonation to reassure them of their importance while covering up their inelegance, it was hard existing and constantly being needed, after all the British Government was something that existed so that England would live.

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‘The bastard did it again!’ Molly was incensed by the frequent times that Sherlock would steal body parts from the morgue. She may admire the man for his brilliance but there was a level of Molly’s tolerance that people should not cross. Yes, she may be lacking in the capacity to say no, sometimes when the situations were not dire, but the one thing most people learn in regards to Little Molly Hooper is that she absolutely hated someone messing up her domain.

It could be said that some doctors are borderline obsessed with having clean facilities and everything organized, but this was not necessary true. Molly had plenty of co-workers that were absolutely pansy when it came to keeping their homes clean.

Nevertheless, Molly one place that she absolutely hated when someone messed with is her laboratory. Imagine the amount of work going to waste if someone decided to put a culture of bacteria in the wrong area, resulting in contamination's.

It was worse, when she had to conceal the missing fingers or body part of a particular body that was being shipped to burial homes.

Imagine telling a relative, I am sorry, but that arm your dead husband has is actually John Doe number 4.

Imagine the legal ramifications.

Imagine the screaming of emotional distressed families.

The thought of it all brought shivers up and down Molly’s spine. It was almost like a bullet point that displays red little letters, forming and collating together and she did not want to think what they would say. So here she was outside 221 Baker Street. Peeved, she had to come here on her day off to retrieve poor Mr. Wendell’s foot.

Molly knocked on the door and smiled when the sweet old lady opened the door for her.

“Oh Molly dear…” Mrs. Hudson smiled at the whimsical woman and let her inside. “I see you must be here for that body part that he has boiled in tar.” The land lady by now should have been use to all of this, but like usual Sherlock’s peculiarities still put her off.
“Sorry about that Mrs. Hudson.” Molly gave an apologetic smile, “He manage to run off with it before I could take him down.”

“Of course dear…” Mrs. Hudson knew how much Sherlock ran off, like a child or at least like her ex-husband’s cat. Always bringing in dead mice or birds and presenting them proudly like they were the most prize possessions. “We can’t always manage to make Sherlock behave.” She gave an exasperated sigh, “If only I were younger, but my hip has been acting up.”

“Oh! Well just stay downstairs in your room.” Molly spoke in a rush, “I don’t want you to hurt herself more going up the stairs…”

“Thank you dear…also remind John that the biscuits are ready…” Mrs. Hudson said with a grin.

With a wave of her hand, Molly went up the stairs her fingers trailing the banister to keep a tight grip on it. Molly then opened the door and said out loud, “Sherlock! Give me back Mr…Oh….”

Surprised at the sight of Sherlock and the familiar man sitting on opposite chairs facing one another. Sherlock with his curls in more of a disarray was handling his violin with roughness while the same man a few weeks ago was twirling his umbrella in his hand. A lingering chill was sliding between the two like a cold war of immense tension. “I…am…” Molly began to apologize.

“Hey Molly…” John appeared from the kitchen with the kettle in one hand and a tea cup in another. “Yeah---come into the kitchen those two will be at it for a while…” He gave a sigh.

Molly noted the two set of eyes that slid over her then back to one another. Whereas she could tell that John was in a green color jumper and there were thick lines of fatigue lined around his eyes. Molly stuttering out a response while following John into the kitchen, “Who?”

“Oh that’s Sherlock’s brother, Mycroft…Yeah they don’t look like siblings but trust me…their demeanor are both the same.” John made a face the lines around his eyes tighten as he pulled out another tea cup and offered it to Molly. “Tea?”

“Ah…! Yes...Thank you John.” Molly was trying to wrap her mind over the two men in the living room. Hell she was trying to get a grip on the thought of two Holmes. “Are they?”

John looked at Molly to gauge what she was getting at and notice her making two hands quack at one another signifying fighting, but it was quite cute. John almost laughed but his lips twitches to signify his mirth, “Yeah they are always that way.” He lean forward and slid the tea cup in front of Molly after he gesture for her to sit down.

Molly pull the tea over and added milk and sugar. “I wasn’t here for this but—Sherlock went and stole Mr. Wendell’s foot.” She look nervously, “I need it back before his family get back his remains” She glad that it was a foot. At least inside the coffin before the cremation it meant that whatever had happened could be concealed.

“Oh yes, that…” John’s nose twitches in absolute disgust, “It’s inside the fridge, and I only manage to put panels into that place to keep it from killing off my grocery.”

Molly patted John hand in sympathy, she knew it was probably killing John about the unsanitary methods, but she knew that he was at least cautious not to get himself killed off by Sherlock’s experiments.

Sherlock always did brag that John was an Army doctor, so it could be why the man’s survival in
conditions unsanitary was the reason why he could stand his flat mate. “Could I have it back?”

“I would even gift wrap it if you could sneak it out of here…” John stood up and quickly pulled out a zip lock bag. With a quick yank and pull he manages to wrap the foot discreetly and securely so that nothing escapes. Molly quickly pulled out a box that she brought for this purposed and slid the bag inside.

“By the way…how did you…meet…” Molly trailed off.

John snorted, “You mean Mycroft?” He acknowledges the nod from Molly and pulls his tea cup near him, “Simple he did it in an uncongenial way, basically he kidnapped me from the street.”

“Now John, it wasn’t at all a kidnapping, you had a choice after all.” The baritone voice came through making Molly jump with fright. She had forgotten all about the two inside the living room.

Sherlock slinkier to swipe the tea that John had set out and drained it while ignoring his brother. John snorted once again, “If you said choice of either being coerce into getting into the car then you and I got different definition of choice, Mycroft.”

Molly’s eyes slid back and forth from Mycroft and John. “Okay…I am just going to go back to work now…”

“Doctor Hooper.” The casual address threw Molly off, “you don’t have to leave just because of my presence here…” Mycroft said.

“I…how did you…?” Molly asked.

A gleam of calculations inside those cold eyes made Molly shiver, “I like to keep up to date with those that my little baby brother associate with.” Mycroft intoned in a bored voice.

A slam of porcelain made Molly squeaks in surprise, “That’s enough Mycroft…just get your fat face out of my flat, you are making me ill from your trivia…” Sherlock rumbled.

Molly winces in sympathy toward the poor tea cup, always being harshly dealt with by Sherlock.

“Now brother dear…” Mycroft dusted off his sleeve as if there were dust there, since when did Mycroft do anything without purpose.

Sherlock narrows his eyes, “no...absolutely not!”

‘It was almost like the two brothers were having a dialogue conversation without saying anything.’ Molly realized. Glancing toward John she noted he was calmly sipping his tea, probably noting the silent conversation, but choosing to stay out of it.

“Go away, Mycroft, and stop trying to steal people I associate with.” Sherlock was now pointing his finger at Mycroft.

“Really now, Sherlock.” Mycroft feints disinterest, “I am not sure what you are addressing.”

“She won’t help you!” Sherlock was now growling.

Mycroft sniffs turning his nose up, “I am sure she would, I can reward her quite immensely.” The conversation as starting to grind on Molly’s nerves.

“Okay-stop you both!” Molly hisses, “I am not sure what is going on, but I am sure you both are talking about me, and I dislike it when someone talks like I am not even here!”
Mycroft faked a chaste look on his face, “Oh I do apologize Miss Hooper.”

Molly was puzzled why her name was now switched to Miss instead of Doctor. Damn Holmes. “It’s fine, but…”

“Well before I was interrupted by my, little brother, my name is Mycroft Holmes.” Mycroft tap his umbrella on the floor.

Molly was sure if he had a hat he would be tipping it at her. “Yes, John has mentioned your name just now…” Molly was embarrassed that she was caught in conversation about the man. She supposes it could be considered rude.

“Yes, I am sure.” Mycroft eyes slip over to John whom was setting his chin in a stubborn line.

“Now, Miss Hooper, I wanted to request your help in a little project of mine.” He stated casually.

“She won’t be helping you with bodies, Mycroft!” Sherlock bristled.

Mycroft’s lips twitches, “But she already has…”

Molly wanted to sink through the floor. All she did was autopsies the body as required of her work. She could feel Sherlock’s pointed look on the back of her neck and John’s curious look.

Oh boy, it was going to be a long day. She only wanted to get the blasted foot so she could hurry up and go home to sleep, but this day off wasn’t turning out the way she wanted it to be.

‘Damn you, umbrella man!’

To Be Continue
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

All Molly wanted to do is relax after a really bad day.

“Molly…” The disappointed tone laced with malicious violence lingered in the air.

If Molly had any ticks to indicate her level of nervousness it would be mostly the stuttering. Then again Queen Elizabeth II’s father did have a stutter, but at last he had an audio booth to record if he were to give any form of speeches in.

Molly wasn’t even granted such liberties when turning to face off with the man child. “Don’t Molly me and you…” She poked a finger into Mycroft’s chest giving the man a start at being physically touched. “I autopsies bodies! I am not even sure why…”

“Oh! Your job is immensely important Miss Hooper.” Mycroft smoothly interjected. “After all, you did an admirable job of doing the paperwork and examination of that body.”

John Watson watches the interplay, “Could someone fill me in on what is going on?”

“It’s quite simple John…Miss Hooper just took care of a dead body for me.” Mycroft was poking at Sherlock’s buttons that he had gained assistance from a source that the curly hair burnet coveted.

“Stop trying to make the situation sound worse then what it is!” Molly threw her hands upward exasperated.

John was squinting by now, “Okay. Fine. So basically Mycroft had a dead bodied that Molly just simply did her job on.”

“That’s stating the obvious, John!” Sherlock grumbles, “Molly do not do anymore favors for him.” He looked like he was going to spit out something disgusting just from saying those words.

“I am not a dog, Sherlock!” Molly huffs, “I will do my job as I please, which reminds me I need to leave now.” With a nod to John, “John see you later then, Sherlock I better not see you in my lab for a WEEK!” She then spun around gripping the box handle tight in her hand, “As for you…just stop it.”

Striding forward she went to the living room then opened the door. “Good day!” The door instead of slamming like she wanted too, closed with a snick.

John cheek ticked as he took his tea cup with him and headed to his chair. Ignoring the two that were once again bickering, he decided he was going to watch some crap telly and hope that this non-paid babysitting situation blows over.

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Molly drags her weary body through the door of her flat. “Toby! I am home.” She called out; flicking her finger at the switch the living room in pastel green was bathed in light from her lamp.
Toby her kitty came running out from her room, meowing as he winds himself around her legs in greetings. “Yes, I know…I’ll get your food ready.” She did invest in a machine that would dispense dry food, but Toby always did love the wet food from cans the most.

Shutting the door, she began to chatter to her cat, “You won’t believe what I had been through…” Tugging off her pink jumper she threw her shoes into her closet, not caring where they land inside the little room, as long as they were just simply inside. “That horrible intern that smells like dog urine came along to our lab again.”

Paddling into her kitchen she started the electric kettle, filling it with water, “It was dreadful, you think the way he smells he would acclimated to the dead stiffs they bring in.”

“Meow…”

“Hmm?” Molly opened the door of the upper left cupboard and pulled out Toby’s wet food and with a pop had the can opened. “No—I cannot get rid of him. Doctor Smith hired him.” She set the tin can down on the floor fingers tangling and smoothing out Toby’s fur as he munch hungrily. “You think he would have better taste in hiring personnel, I guess not too many people want to do morgue work.”

With a stretch of her muscles, Molly hurried over to her bathroom to get her bath ready; all she wanted was a nice soak. After being bent over a dead body for so long, she deserves being pampered by bubbles.

As the tub filled up, Molly slip off her clothes and stood in a towel, the water was ready with the bubbles, switching off the facet handle, she dip her toe inside the water testing it. Enjoying the scalding hot water, with a whoosh, she drops the towel and slip into the waters.

A meow came from beside her as she settled down, “Yes, it’s bubbles Toby, and yes I know you hate water.”

The day drained out of her body and relaxing the sore muscles of her day, the comfortable temperature let her drift into her thoughts easily. Especially to a problem she did not want to think about, since the meeting at Baker Street, Molly considered the brother of Sherlock.

The man was a mysterious character in her opinion, Molly knew she wasn’t noticeable. Whereas when Mycroft Holmes was inside a room, he became a ubiquitous part of the scenario, and every situation. He was simply everywhere at the same time at least that was what she noted. Surely, she did not see him, just a few glances here and there, and image of a man from behind an appearance of an umbrella.

The men in black suits that seem to trail after her, her lips curl into a snarl at the thought. Then of course the small little notes that were found at her workplace, in her newspapers, and the worse in her LUNCH!

The notes weren’t threatening, just simply, ‘Miss Molly, I require your assistance.’ Or ‘Doctor Hooper, you are needed.’

Try biting into a slip of paper while you are about to chew on a hamburger. Then there were the text messages that in an ubiquitous fashion appearing on her computer console, her cellphone, worse on the television display.

Molly was tempted to alert Sherlock about his brother, but since seeing his reaction, she did not dare tell the Consulting Detective. One he would accuse her of fraternizing with the enemy. Two he
would accuse her attracting the wrong sort. And three he would be an absolute git about it every time he came along to the lab resulting in more loss of body parts as an excuse to his childishness.

Indeed, Molly contemplates other methods of telling the brother of Sherlock to just go away.

A ringing of her door bell drew Molly’s attention. She chose to ignore it once again and wiggles in her bathtub renewing more bubbles in her bath.

Another ring of the bell, ‘well they are just going to have to wait!’ Molly viciously thought, ‘what sort of maniac rings a door bell at 1 am.’ Waiting, for sound of the doorbell, she relaxes once again in her tub and hums, soaping up her leg.

“Miss Hooper, I do beg your pardon at this time of night…” A baritone voice came from the doorway.

Molly squeaked and sunk into the waters screaming at the sudden appearance of Mycroft Holmes, she started to yell, “You pervert! What are you doing in my home!!!”

Indeed, Mycroft Holmes never takes refusal well.

To Be Continue
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

She really hoped she just didn’t make the biggest mistake in her life.

Twenty minutes later and Molly was dressed in a night gown with a robe on. She was beyond flustered instead she was borderline vindictive when she slammed the mug of tea in front of her not so welcome guest.

Molly’s kitchen was not the largest room in her flat, replete with only three energy efficient bulbs taper to a large lamp above, thick linoleum floors, a kitchen table that doubled as a laboratory work space if required.

Overall, it was similar to Sherlock’s, except for the cleanliness though not meant for entertaining important British government officials such as Mycroft Holmes. One could usually tell the net worth of Molly’s expenses just by the glance at the cupboard off to the side that display small delicate teacups that original belong to her Grandma Melanie. A nice old lady that was her childhood neighborhood grandmother when she lived in another town, so long ago, before tragedy struck and the old lady passed away.

Leaving behind her belongs that she willed to Molly at age sixteen. Molly tightens her belt and sat down her arms folded over her chest defensive.

Toby was exploring the new person with interest; his human normally did not partake upon guests, especially a male. Snagging a mug of her own, Molly coughs, “Could you properly apologize and explain why you are in my flat?”

“Molly…” The tone of how Mycroft spoke her name was in a friendly voice, nothing at all like the man that Molly had profile in her mind. “I did ring the doorbell.” Like that was all the explanation needed in a Holmes justification for the invasion into her home, Molly huffed in exasperation.

“I don’t really think that is quite an apology, but tell me what do you want?”

Mycroft was elegantly dressed in a three piece suit, most likely Italian made. His light red hair was perfectly arranged, his regal face was completely unlined, and his deceptively dressed body was nicely rounded by tailor sewn cloth.

His expression said he was examining her, figuring out how to approach in a certain way to maximize the chance of the outcome he wanted. His light eyes indicated he wasn’t exactly pleased by Molly’s defensiveness.

“I simply wanted to continue our conversation. You left quite abruptly my dear.” Mycroft began smoothly, “made me feel that I was being ungracious…what with Sherlock ranting and raving like usual.” A depreciated smile slip through the cracks of the mask that was so perfect that Molly was trying to look for cracks in it.

Molly took a deep breath, “Look, I am sure you are quite busy, and this must be evidently not a simple visit otherwise, you wouldn’t have burst into my home.”
“I don’t do well being ignored Miss Hooper.” The name was switched once again from Molly to Miss Hooper. The slim brunette wonder if this was a habit of his to try to dominate the situation by sounding almost like Mrs. Amber Miller her teacher, when she was but ten years old.

“I was not ignoring you. That would mean that I knew who you were outside my door. I just simply had a trying day and wanted to have a nice warm bath.” Molly drew upon her frustration, restraining herself from dashing her mug of tea into the infuriating man’s face. “And I find myself once again repeating my question, what do you want?”

“I simply require your assistance, or should I say …” Mycroft lowered his voice softly, “it would be your civic duty to help good ole England out.”

Molly observed, sipping at what was left of her now cold tea. “I don’t quite understand behind the why…” She hunch her shoulder, “I am just a simple pathologist…I am not keen on quitting my job at Bart’s and being hired onto something I haven’t a clue about.”

“I never did say that you need to quit, just simply assist in little things, of course you would be compensated in a reasonable sense for that help…’’ Mycroft coaxed seeing a weaken point in the little doctor’s armor. ‘Self-loath or un-confident?’ he filed this away into his log to note to a profiler on Molly Hooper’s demeanor. Information was power.

“That’s the part I don’t quite understand, what assistance would you need? Considering you told me you are basically working for England.” Molly watches the smoothing of Mycroft’s face and the tension of the hand on the mug. “I don’t want to do anything illegal let alone something that I do not feel comfortable with…”

Mycroft subtle shifted his hand, “I don’t think it would be anything remotely illegal, it’s all part of the work that is necessary to help our country.” He wave his left hand in a casual manner, “Just accepting certain bodies and do your normal job, it just requires slight discretion is all…” He pauses, “I could get my own people to do so, but I find that sometimes it’s best to get a second opinion.”

Molly set the cup down and rub her hands on her knees, “I am not…”

“If it requires immense privacy, we would just simply whisk you away to a location to look upon the body.” Mycroft lean forward, “Of course, there are not just those types of little assistances I need, a look upon diseases in the microscope. Perhaps degenerations of interesting cases…”

Molly liked puzzles, she enjoyed discovering more information on genetic progression of a disease while performing autopsies, but normally, they were the same day in day out sort. She was beginning to feel a tad stagnated, sure the cancer cells were interesting, but they weren’t holding much interest. She could try to figure out how to treat the certain disease, but there was such much information you require to figure out something that complex.

Mycroft knew thirst for knowledge of a hungry mind. He could see the developing mind that wasn’t on par with his brother, but it existed in the petite frame of this young lady in front of him.

Molly clenches her hands, “I…” She murmurs, “I will not be goaded to a schedule you decide.” She lifted her head, “If you require my assistance you would notify me, but I rather we do a trial period for this…whatever this is…also I don’t require pay.” She did like to help, but the research interested her, perhaps she could find certain intrigues of new body cases. “Also I am not sparing any body parts to you…I already have enough trouble with your brother.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that Miss Hooper.” Mycroft relaxes he had gotten what he wanted, though he wasn’t happy that the lady in question wouldn’t be set upon the schedule he wanted, but at least it
was a step forward. “If I required a body, it would be whole not partial.”

With that he stood up. Molly’s mouth drop open in shock as the man swaggered away swinging his umbrella this way and that to the living room, where the sound of the door swinging open and closed drew Molly out of her frozen status.

She really hoped she just didn’t make the biggest mistake in her life.

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