**Together in Electric Dreams**

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**Together in Electric Dreams**

by **Space_Sapphik**

**Summary**

Mycroft leaves his childhood home to follow his dreams of studying politics. He finds a new changing world waiting for him and falls in love at the peak of the AIDS crisis. While Mycroft is struggling with his feelings for his best friend his younger brother is feeling abandoned, and, against better judgement falls from grace in ways that Mycroft never saw in Sherlock's future.

**Notes**

so i re read this and realised that it’s kinda shit, so i’m going to leave this version up for now, but i am also going to edit the version on my laptop and re upload when i’ve finished with that so please be prepared for the fact that i a. am fixing it so if you like the story idea then please wait it will get better once i’ve done that and b. there won’t be any new uploads until
i’ve finished that.
please give me suggestion in the comments btw
thanks for putting up with my bullshit!

See the end of the work for more notes.
I would go out tonight
But I haven't got a stitch to wear
This man said, "It's gruesome
That someone so handsome should care
-This Charming Man, The Smiths

Sherlock let his legs dangle from the bridge crossing the river near their parent's estate. Mycroft had been inconsolable since Mycroft had been accepted to his dream university. Mycroft had to leave, he had had a number of backup universities, all far closer to their house, for almost all of them he would have been able to stay at home, or at least come home regularly.

Mycroft took a deep breath and stepped out of the house towards his younger brother.

“Sherlock,” Mycroft leant down and sat next to Sherlock, letting his own legs dangle off of the bridge.

“There was a bitterness in Sherlock’s voice that made Mycroft heart twinge terribly in his chest.

“Sherlock, I am so sorry, I really am,” Mycroft stared at the water moving beneath them.

“Then why did you do it, I don’t want to be alone here, and school is bad enough without you here,” Sherlock had never had friends at school, and he had never really confided in anyone except for Mycroft. The two went to a combined school, the public school that their parents had sent them to ran from year one to thirteen. It had been useful in the long run as Sherlock was so much younger than Mycroft, however, he had never managed to make friends, neither had Mycroft and so the two of them had remained close.

“Sherlock, we can have phone calls, and I can come back, what if I come back each break, I can even make some weekends probably,” Mycroft tried to comfort Sherlock.

“It won’t be the same Myc,” Sherlock looked as if he was about to cry, he had always been so much more emotional than Mycroft. The tears began to well in his eyes and one finally spilled over to drip down his face, he scrunched up his forehead and buried his face into Mycroft’s shoulder.

“Oh Sherlock, I promise it’s going to be okay, I know you have a hard time at school, but really you are very strong, you will be fine,” Mycroft didn’t know exactly what to say.

“Myc, I don’t want you to leave,” Sherlock didn’t seem to be able to stop crying, he was shaking and trying desperately to pull in a breath.

“I know, but I have to,” Mycroft wrapped his arms around Sherlock. Letting his little brother cry.

“Sherlock, I’m going to tell you something, and I want you to use it to deal without me okay?”

“Okay,” Sherlock looked at Mycroft with tears still adorning his eyes.

“These emotions they’re just chemicals, just like your chemistry books. You can control them, you are going to be okay,” Mycroft wiped the tears from Sherlock’s face. “Sentiment is a chemical defect found on the losing side,”

Sherlock sniffed and wiped his tears, nodding he stood walking away from the bridge to where the gravestones sat and leant against his favourite. Mycroft saw a look in Sherlock’s eyes, one that he had only seen once or twice before. Mycroft regretted what he had said, he knew that that would Sherlock, he could tell, he should have known.

Mycroft stared into the water, he had fucked up royally.
Mycroft sat in his parent's car on his way to his new university. Sherlock had decided that he would stay home and read one of Mycroft's old textbooks. Mycroft stared out of the window, all he could think about was that day on the bridge, he was a complete idiot. His mother's father had once told him the same thing, he had thought that it might help Sherlock, it had helped him remove himself. He should have known, he should have realised that Sherlock was different. Sherlock had always been more sensitive, he had always been gentler, he had always been prone to sentiment.

“Sherlock dear at least pretend to look excited, this is the next chapter of your life, it's your dream university,” Mycroft's mother smiled at him from the passenger seat.

“I know, I am excited mother, I am just tired,” Mycroft smiled at Mrs Holmes, she wouldn’t understand, she had always been more emotional than either of her sons. She would probably understand the emotions, but there was no way that she would understand the complexities.

“Alright then, sweetheart,” Mycroft's mother turned back to looking at the road.

“I might turn on the radio,” Mycroft’s father had rather a love for modern music and turned the dial on the car radio until it found the station he was looking for. A soft lilting song came on, I just called to say I love you, Stevie Wonder. Mycroft let his head rest against the window.

The music changed through a variety of songs while Mycroft watched the countryside pass by the car.

The university came into view. The building was old and large, with a massive ground surrounding it and residence halls on campus.

“Here it is darling,” The car pulled into the parking spaces and Mycroft got out of the car to pull his bags from the boot. He returned to the front of the car and leant down.

“Goodbye, darling,” Mycroft’s mother smiled and wrapped an arm around her son through the window.

“Mycroft, we are so proud of you,” Mycroft’s father was crying a little as he leaned up to kiss his son awkwardly on the cheek.

“Love you both,” Mycroft farewelled his parents as they pulled out of the space. Other students were milling around farewelling their own parents and trying to find their accommodation.

“What are you, a fag?” a group of rather large muscled men made their way over to Mycroft, evidently having seen the display of affection towards his parents, they likely also clocked his rather nice suit and his perfectly quaffed hair cut. The men's muscles clothed by knitted jerseys and their pressed trousers could do nothing to disguise the fact that the two cronies of the main man had had their daddy’s buy their way in and the one in the middle seemed to be some combination of that and a sporting scholarship.

“Inventive,” Mycroft replied, his voice clipped and his polite smile conservative. He began to walk away from them to the main administrative building. Mycroft had never been one for unnecessary confrontation.

“Oi, James here asked you a question,” The largest of the three men growled. Mycroft turned, his cheek muscles going taught at the question.

“I assume you are asking if I am a homosexual, I am not,” Mycroft turned once again and walked away from them, he found it easier to lie about these things rather than make a scene.

“Watch yourself,” The smaller of James’ friends called after him as he strode briskly towards the admin building.

Mycroft rolled his eyes slightly and walked up the steps into the building.

“Goodmorning, my name is Mycroft Holmes,” Mycroft leant against the front desk and directed his speech towards the least bored-looking of the women working there.

“Okay, here’s a map, I assume you have all of the appropriate papers, you can have all of that processed at your college,” The woman sounded as if he was the hundredth student to ask her that day.

“Thank you,” Mycroft left the building and headed for his college, avoiding eye contact with any more aggressive thugs.

Mycroft found the college easily enough and made his way inside. Once his papers had been looked
over by the woman at the front desk he was directed on where to go and he found his room easily enough.

He unpacked quickly placing the things he had deemed valuable enough to be brought with him into the various cupboards and draws. His room had a window facing the grounds, looking over a small river running through that part of the campus. Mycroft sat on his bed, he wondered what to do from now, he had no friends, and he was in a single room, truthfully there was nothing to do. His parents had told him not to call until later that week, he felt he should talk to Sherlock, and yet his parents would insist that he spent time getting acclimatised to the place before sullying the experience with calling his family. He had bought himself a cheap landline before moving into the university, he had already taken the time to set it up, but he knew that he would have to go through his parents to get to Sherlock.

Mycroft leant against the stone wall behind his head. The radio that his father had bought him was playing some count down. He was sure that his music taste had been completely corrupted by his fathers pop styled tastes, but he was still inclined enough to classical music that he didn’t feel that it would completely destroy him to indulge himself. Well so long as no one found out about his guilty pleasure that was.

“Hello,” A voice followed a gentle knock on his door, the sun was beginning to dip in the sky and Mycroft had been certain that he would not be disturbed.

Mycroft rose and opened the door to find a young woman standing in front of him, she had hair that stuck out from her head in perfectly formed waves that fell to her shoulders.

“Hello,” Mycroft greeted the woman curtly.

“Sorry I couldn’t help but hear the music that you’re playing, I was wondering if I could come and listen?” The woman tilted her head slightly.

“Yes of course,” Mycroft stepped aside to let her in, well that was his guilty secret out the window.

“I’m Anthea,” The woman entered the room sitting on his desk chair without asking and leaning back slightly.

“I’m Mycroft,” Mycroft reached out and shook her hand.

“So Mycroft what are you studying?”

“Politics, you?”

“History,” Anthea smiled curtly, she evidently felt a little inferior to Mycroft.

The two began to small talk for a while, the music seemed to be the only thing that they truly had in common, and yet Anthea seemed intent on making friends with Mycroft. The two eventually moved to the topic of political impacts in history and Mycroft was in his element. They spoke for a long time on the topic. Mycroft felt no need to ask Anthea anything about her background, he could tell enough from the way she held herself, and she didn’t seem to mind that he only gave short concise answers to any of her personal questions.

“I should probably be going, otherwise people will think there’s something untoward going on, but some of my friends and I are going out tomorrow night, you should come,” it didn’t sound like a question but Mycroft didn’t particularly want to go out with a bunch of women to a club.

“I don’t particular-”

“You’re coming, I’ll come to get you at eight tomorrow evening okay,” She turned and shut the door behind her not allowing for any kind of argument.

Mycroft had nothing that he would think appropriate for such an activity as dancing, but he really couldn’t argue with her.

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Mycroft had eventually decided on a pair of trousers and a plain shirt, he forwent the jacket that would have made him comfortable and waited nervously for Anthea.

“Mycroft, come on,” It was just before eight o’clock when Anthea knocked on his door and he answered to a tug on his wrist as he closed his door behind him.

“I am,” Mycroft followed dutifully and wondered who Anthea’s friends would be. It turned out there were a few women around Anthea’s age who all seemed to very excited. There were only three women other than Anthea but it felt like far too many.
“All right, this is Irene, Kate and Candice. This is Mycroft, he is in the room next to mine,” Anthea tugged Mycroft by the wrist and led the party down away from the campus.

“Where are we going?” Mycroft asked, the women laughed and looked at each other.

“There is a bar in town, we are going to it,” Irene looked Mycroft up and down, her eyes raking every inch of him, it was somehow sexual and simultaneously clinical.

“We are meeting Candice’s boyfriend there, he is training to become a police officer,” Kate filled in. “Ah, I see,” Mycroft replied, a heterosexual bar, this would be only somewhat bearable because he was fairly certain that Kate and Irene were never going to be attached to any of the men they came across.

“It will be fun, we could even find you a girl,” Anthea smiled tugging the group forward, she had finally let go of Mycroft's wrist.

“I am really focusing on my studies at the moment,” Mycroft replied, it was a practised lie, but it had worked so far.

“Sure you are lover boy,” Candice almost cackled. Mycroft decided that he didn’t like her all that much. She was a bit over the top for him, and almost definitely prone to cheating.

They passed the rest of the walk, in awkward conversation. He found out that Irene was studying Psychology, Kate was getting a degree in creative writing, and Candice was studying Journalism, although she seemed to have no real intention of actually getting a job, likely she was planning on marrying her boyfriend and living off of his money.

The arrived at the bar, neon signs identified the place and music floated from the entrance. A young man was standing outside of the bar, he was smoking and smiled when the group approached.

“Hello,” The man greeted wrapping an arm around Candice.

“Baby,” Candice pressed a kiss to the man's cheek.

“Who is this?” The man asked nodding towards Mycroft.

“I’m Mycroft,” He greeted nodding curtly at the man.

“Greg, you at the uni then?” Greg asked as they made their way inside the bar.

“Yes I am,” Mycroft nodded, he moved to sit in one of the booths lining the walls and the rest of the party sat with him.

“We are going to dance,” Irene declared and pulled Kate up, the two made their way to the dance floor where Irene proceeded to dance in time to the upbeat music pulling Kate along with her.

“What are you studying Mycroft?” Greg asked shifting slightly closer to him in the booth. Greg’s cologne was slight, it managed to mask the undercurrent of sweat, presumably from his training.

“Politics,” Mycroft smiled at the man, “Candice tells me you’re studying to become a police officer,” “Yes, I wanna work in law enforcement, you gonna be a politician then?” Greg’s voice had slipped from eloquent to abbreviated as he visibly relaxed into the scene of the bar, that seemed to Mycroft to be bordering the line between bar and club.

“No, I would like to work in the government,” It wasn’t a lie, not truly, but Mycroft really had minimal plans. He had ambition sure, he wanted power, he wanted to put his mind to work, but he felt no true desire to do that in any specific area. The music was somehow loud, but the booths seemed to insulate enough to allow for conversation.

“How did you and Candice meet?” Mycroft asked smiling at the couple.

“I was on the rugby team with her brother,” Greg replied shrugging a little, he seemed truly enamoured with Candice, but there was something below the surface, if Mycroft was right, which he was, Greg seemed a little like he may have settled, perhaps from one of those Rugby boys, but Mycroft refrained from being presumptuous.

“How did you meet Anthea? Boys aren’t usually a part of this group,” Greg smiled a little almost jokingly.

“We are staying next to each other in our rooms, she heard me listening to some music and decided that she liked the music enough to come and sit with me,” Mycroft spoke carefully, he would have to speak to Anthea later if she decided that Mycroft was the kind of man that she wanted to pursue.
“Oh what music?” Greg suddenly seemed very interested.

“Just some popular hits playlist, stuff my dad listens to,” Mycroft supplemented.

“We are going to dance while you two are being boring,” Candice tugged a reluctant Anthea onto the dance floor with her.

“I’m sorry about Anthea, she’s much nicer than she seems I promise,” Greg had real sorrow in his eyes.

“That is perfectly fine, each to their own,” Mycroft played it safe in order to test the waters, see where he would stand with Greg.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Greg looked at Mycroft as if he was analysing him.

“Are you living here? Or are you actually in the city?”

“I’m in the city, that’s where the academy is, but I come here to see Candice;”

“How long have you and Candice been seeing each other then?”

“Nine months, she’s really brilliant,” Greg looked to where she was swaying while eyeing up another man presumably from the university itself.

“Yes I can tell, you must be enamoured,”

“She really is brilliant,” Greg nodded.

“I need to smoke,” Mycroft stood to go outside.

“Do you mind if I come with?” Greg asked, also standing.

“Not at all,”

“I don’t much like smoking in crowded places,” Greg pulled a cigarette out of his pocket.

“No neither do I,” Mycroft agreed, lighting his own cigarette and to offer his lighter to Greg.

“Thanks,” Greg took his lighter and lit the cigarette hanging from his lips.

The two smoked in silence, drawing the nicotine filled smoke into their lungs. Mycroft began to wonder about Greg. He seemed perfectly nice, his clothes were nice, but they didn’t seem to be anything too fancy. The man smelled incredible, sure there was the smell of tobacco which haunted every smoker, but there was also the tangy smell of regular exercise and a deeper musky smell of cologne. Mycroft thought that if that smell were to engulf him he might just collapse. The man was evidently young, he had a mop of dark straight hair on his head. The kind of mop that probably had never been styled but gave him a very dignified and cool look.

“Why politics, really?” Greg asked turning to Mycroft as he breathed out gently.

“I like the subject, I have a knack for it, and there weren’t many other options that would let me work with the government,” Mycroft breathed in the remnants of second-hand smoke with a distinctly Greg scent to it.

“Hmm I don’t think I believe you fully, but sure thing Myc, is it alright if I call you that?” Greg leaned in a little to ask and Mycroft felt his knees go weak for a moment as the walls of the alley next to the bar seemed to loom more than before.

“Yes, that’s perfectly fine,” Mycroft tried to keep the wobble from his voice, whilst taking time to breathe in that wonderful scent.

“Thanks,”

“Why policing,” Mycroft asked leaning against the wall to steady himself and looking at Greg.

“I suppose it was always what I wanted to do, I’ve always wanted to help people and I’m too stupid to be a doctor,” Greg smiled and his eyes creased. This drew attention to his beautiful chocolate brown eyes. Mycroft was sure that if he wasn’t too careful he would get lost in those eyes. “You’re living on campus did you have to leave your family?”

“Yes they live a couple of hours away,” Mycroft felt hesitant to tell Greg anything too much, he could already feel himself getting attached, already feel himself developing some sentiment for this man. It felt like it was something beyond just liking the way he smelt or finding his eyes beautiful. There was something else between them that felt like nothing Mycroft had ever felt before like Mycroft would happily tell this man anything about himself that he asked.

“Oh, so will you see them on breaks then?” Greg seemed to be building to something.

“Yes, that is the plan,” Mycroft nodded.

“Are you close to your family?” Greg flicked his cigarette towards to ground, knocking off a sizeable
chunk of ashy build up from the end.

“I suppose so, are you?” Mycroft asked, he really shouldn’t tell this lovely stranger anything more
than he already had.

“We are okay, they aren’t the biggest fans of some of my life choices but what’s there to do,” Greg
shrugged. Mycroft thought he might be catching on, but in all honesty, while he was fairly certain
that he was correct, it could all be wishful thinking. “Is there anything between you and Anthea I
think she really likes you,” Greg seemed genuinely interested in Mycroft dating Anthea.

“I don’t think so,” Mycroft wasn’t sure how to respond, he couldn’t tell this overall very nice, but
potentially conservative police officer in training about his sexuality in a darkened alley in the middle
of the night.

“Are you interested, because if you are I do think that she likes you,”

“I am trying to focus on my studies at the moment really, she does seem awfully nice though,”
Mycroft really wasn’t going to date her, most likely he would never have a relationship, his dating
pool was small and dangerous and his prospects of finding someone who would actually like
Mycroft were slim to none.

“Okay then, I mean I don’t really believe you but I’ll go along with it if you like,” Greg leant against
the wall himself, sinking even lower than Mycroft.

“Are you not going to interrogate me? I thought you were supposed to be a police officer,”’ Mycroft
joked slightly, his voice lilting.

“In training,” Greg raised an eyebrow.

“Right in training,”

Greg flicked his cigarette butt onto the ground, “We should head back inside, make sure the girls
aren’t too lonely. Well, you can focus on your studies, I’ll make sure the girls aren’t too lonely,”
Greg walked back into the bar. Mycroft followed rather reluctantly.

The booth was still free when they got back and while Greg went to the dancefloor to entertain
Candice, which seemed to work, Mycroft sat.

“Hey Mycroft,” Anthea sat next to him, she smiled

“Anthea, how have you been?” Mycroft asked, motioning to the filling bar.

“I liked it, I was missing you though, you should come dance with me,” Anthea smiled making a
move to stand.

“I’m not much of a dancer Anthea, I’m sorry, why don’t you dance with Kate and Irene?” Mycroft
looked to where the two girls were swaying while in conversation.

“They don’t want me there, they are very close,” Anthea blushed slightly and Mycroft realised that
she had probably caught on that there was more to Kate and Irene’s relationship.

“Oh,” Anthea looked sad and Mycroft was beginning to feel guilty for not dancing with her.

“Come on,” Anthea perked up pulling Mycroft with her onto the dance floor.

She began to sway and gyrate in time with the music. Mycroft followed suit feeling awkward and
too tall compared to her, really compared to all of her friends as well.

The night continued that way, with Anthea forcing Mycroft to dance with her and Greg raising an
eyebrow at Mycroft every now and again. Eventually, they decided that it was probably time that
they start heading back.

Greg offered to walk them back and Candice agreed so the party set off with the women walking
ahead and Greg and Mycroft trailing behind.

“So you and Anthea seemed pretty close on the dancefloor,” Greg smiled up at Mycroft.

“She really isn’t my type, she is very lovely though, and I do hope to be her friend,” Mycroft replied.

“What is your type then?” Greg asked tilting his head to the side.

“I’m don’t think that I have a type, but I do not want to date Anthea,” Mycroft corrected himself,
there was no way to describe his type without giving away his identity or making it sound exactly
like Anthea.

“Oh okay then, do you like Kate? Or Irene?” Greg asked.

“No I don’t like any of the women here,” Mycroft spoke, trying to keep his voice calm and
measured.
“Okay, that’s probably good, Candice keeps saying that Kate and Irene are taken,” Greg thought for a second and seemed to decide against continuing his sentence.

“Yes, I rather gathered that,” Mycroft nodded at the two women who had their arms slung over each other, an act that could be taken as completely platonic if you didn’t know.

“Yeah, I guess,” Greg’s face fell as he spoke.

“What’s wrong?” Mycroft turned to Greg slowing slightly.

“Candice is just uncomfortable I think,” Greg shrugged.

“I see,” Mycroft thought he might.

They spent the rest of the walk-in silence, not that Mycroft felt at all awkward during to walk, he just knew it was unlikely that he would see Greg again. They reached the campus sooner than Mycroft would have liked and Greg stopped just before they caught up with the girls.

“Hey you’re really cool, um look, here is my phone number, if you wanna hang out, talk about girls, have a pint, whatever, if you wanna chat, just give me a call,” Greg wrote his phone number on a slip of paper and handed it to Mycroft. Mycroft searched his pockets for a pen and pencil and wrote his own number down handing it to Greg.

“Just in case,”

“Just in case,” Greg ran a gentle hand over Mycroft’s shoulder and Mycroft came close to swooning.

The two men approached the group of girls. The goodbyes were brief and Greg left to go and make his way home.

“I had a nice night,” Mycroft thanked Anthea when they reached his room.

“Thank you, may I come in?” Anthea didn’t wait for a reply she just walked into his room.

“Okay,” Mycroft was silenced by Anthea’s lips on his own. Mycroft pushed lightly against her.

“I’m sorry I just thought,” Anthea looked hurt at Mycroft’s rejection.

“No it’s not, no I just, I want to settle in before I think about relationships or anything, I do really like you,” Mycroft could feel the wall of the hole he was digging deepening.

“Oh, okay then, I guess, I’ll just invite you out with my friends again maybe next week,” She looked a little sceptical.

“Sure thing,” Mycroft agreed.

She left and Mycroft felt his body heat up. Mycroft flopped onto his bed and fell asleep within moments.
Chapter Notes

Ever fallen in love? In love with someone
You shouldn't've fallen in love with?
I can't see much of the future
Unless we find out what's to blame, what a shame
And we won't be together much longer
Unless we realize that we are the same
-Buzzcocks, Ever Fallen in Love(with someone you shouldn’t have)

Greg finally got back to his apartment. Candice was annoying him, he knew he would marry her, it as what was done. He really wasn’t looking forward to marrying her. His flat was cold and dark and he made his way to his bedroom.

He liked the man he had met that evening, he couldn’t get the man’s face out of his head. He had seemed to be maybe a little different. Myc had seemed to Greg to be eccentric. He felt with Myc what he had felt with the boys from the rugby team, what he had felt with Candice when they had first started dating. Not that anything could happen. Greg was going to marry Candice, it would be a nice unhappy marriage, they would have a few kids and Greg would put up with it. Greg was too old now to do gay things, he was past the age of schoolboys messing around and he couldn’t risk it. It was technically legal sure, within the force, within the country, but he was risking too much. So Greg resigned himself to simply wondering what his life would be like with someone like Mycroft.

Greg wished more than anything that he could see Mycroft again, and again. Mycroft would be kind and gentle. Mycroft would look after Greg. Greg couldn’t do this, not again, he couldn’t become infatuated with another man. This had to end truly.

Greg tried desperately to look forward to the life he would have with Candice. He would settle down and they would buy a house, on a mortgage neither of them could afford, they would have kids neither of them wanted, they would stay together just for them and they would avoid the notion of either of them cheating despite the fact that at least one of them would.

Greg lay back if he was with Myc, well then. They would both work, of course, they could get a lovely house, or maybe a chic apartment in the city. They would pay it off, Myc seemed to come from money. They would talk and spend time together. They would listen to music, Myc would show Greg a passion for classical music and Greg would learn to love it because it was Myc showing it to him and because it made him smile, and Greg would play Myc alternative music with weird twists and Myc would pretend to like it for Greg, maybe they would both love each other’s music simply because it was each other's music. Mycroft would wear silk pyjamas and not mind when Greg ‘accidentally’ tore them. They would watch terrible television and get a dog, or maybe a cat. They would work all the time but they would both get it. They would know each other better than anyone else in the world. Greg wanted that life more than anything, he really did, but this was not the world in which to achieve that life.

Greg stared at his ceiling, he wondered what his ceiling with Candice would look like, beige, uninviting, he decided that it would be an off white colour. Plain simple, to the point.

He let his mind wander, what colour would he paint his ceiling if Mycroft would let him paint it. Greg really wanted a blue or green ceiling, no cracks, just calming colours and plaster across the whole things, missing the dark stain covering the left-hand side of his current ceiling. It would be different, unique.
Mycroft had been more beautiful than any other person Greg had ever met, and Greg had met a lot of beautiful people. Mycroft’s eyes seemed to have made some great impact on Greg, he could remember every swirling detail of them, blue and piercing. Greg had felt as if he was being analysed by the man. Mycroft had managed to both be much taller than Greg but also to seem so small and timid to Greg. Greg had wanted desperately for the whole night to engulf Myc into his arms, to hold him tight and kiss his head, to kiss every part of the man that he could find.

The darkness is Greg’s room was comforting, he felt unseen, these thoughts felt hidden, as if he could quash them so long as he only thought of men like Mycroft under the cover of darkness. As the night continued onwards, with only small power naps Greg’s mind began to turn, he began to think of what was under the well-fitted trousers and surprisingly thin shirt that Myc had worn. Greg wondered what it would feel like to run his hands over Mycroft’s soft skin. What would his beautiful clothes feel like moving across Greg’s own clothes? Greg’s own skin?

Greg’s hand made it’s way into his boxers as his thoughts progressed. He wondered what Myc looked like when he came. He thought about the things he could do to the perfectly groomed head of auburn hair. He thought what it would feel like to snake his hand down into Myc’s trousers. Oh, what he could do to those clothes.

Greg wanted oh so desperately to watch Myc cum, he needed to see the other mans face as Greg brought him to a climax. This wasn’t going to do, and yet…

Mycroft had fallen asleep quickly, his furtive dreams had been haunted by the face of one man, Greg. Greg had done things to Myc that he wasn’t even sure were possible in his dreams. Mycroft woke suddenly in the dark, with sweat adorning his brow and a painfully erect penis. “Fuck” Mycroft whispered. He couldn’t bear the idea of wanking to a man that he had only just met. Mycroft decided that there was no other way to deal with this, he snaked his hand beneath his trousers. He couldn’t believe what he was doing, but he desperately needed to sleep. He turned his mind from the fact that he had just met Greg to what Greg had looked like. Mycroft had been trying desperately not to become a complete pervert, but he still got a healthy look at Greg’s body. Mycroft reached for some of the things that Greg had been doing to him in his dream. He imagined the tough yet gentle hands of the soon to be cop caressing his skin, he thought of the tight muscles hidden by the fabric, the thick muscles adorning every part of his body. The room was cooling which was helping with the residual sweat from Mycroft’s dream. Mycroft tried to hear the way that Greg had almost murmured his name in the alley, he imagined the way that that gravelly smokers voice could so easily turn to a deep moan. Mycroft felt himself reach the merciful end, he cleaned himself off and tried once again to fall asleep, this time successfully.

Greg’s hand was moving slowly and gently. He let his mind wander towards the more 18+ parts of Mycroft’s physic. He wondered what the lower parts of his body would look like, especially if Greg could touch, pull, lick, do as he pleased. Greg thought of the things he would do if Mycroft was his. Eventually, the combination of satisfaction, exhaustion, and self-disgust sent Greg into a blissful dream-filled sleep.

Both of their dreams were free and happy until their alarms blared at them to wake up.
Mycroft groaned at the sound of his alarm, he did not want to wake up, he was in the middle of being spooned by Greg in his dream. He reached over to silence the yelling alarm. Greg was awoken by the shouting of his alarm clock, there was no way in hell that he wanted to wake.

The two men dragged themselves out of bed groggily. Mycroft pulled out his regular three-piece, easier than actually constructing outfits every day. Greg slipped into plain trousers and a plain t-shirt. He was unsure of what he was supposed to do now.

Mycroft was still of classes, but Greg had training that day. He decided that he would leave him a message now, call him back that afternoon.

Greg tapped the number into the landline in his flat. The phone rang three times before Mycroft picked up.

“Hello,” His voice sounded tired, but not as if he had just woken up.

“Myc I’m sorry I interrupted your sleep, I just wanted to say, I have to go to training today, most weekdays actually, but I will call you this afternoon,”

“Okay sounds good Greg,” Myc had evidently only taken in about half of what Greg had said. It wouldn’t matter. Greg went about the rest of his day, he wasn’t going to remember anything of what he had learnt that day. He had Mycroft’s face on his mind, his groggy voice in the morning that he wanted so desperately to wake up to.

Mycroft decided to work on one of the benches outside, he didn’t exactly have anything to do, but he had promised Sherlock that he would read a novel with him each week and they could discuss it on the phone.

He took the novel to the bench, it was a moderate day but Mycroft had still erred on the side of caution and brought a jacket.

Mycroft tucked a foot under his thigh, the novel was engaging enough and Mycroft let himself be swept away. The sun had reached its peak in the sky before Mycroft was interrupted. James, the boy from the other day loomed over Mycroft. Mycroft stood, he was taller than James himself, but his cronies were significantly taller than Mycroft.

“Hello, James,” Mycroft looked up at the man.

“I have told you that I am not a homosexual,” Mycroft sighed.

“Really, because it seems an awful lot like you are to me,”

“Yeah,” the shorter of the cronies agreed.

“Look I should really be off,” Mycroft tried to excuse himself, he really wasn’t in the mood to be beaten up.
“I don’t think so,” James’ voice went cool and cruel.
Mycroft felt the punch to his gut wind him before he fell to the ground. The boys looming over him cackled, followed by harsh kicks to his abdomen. Pain bloomed over his skin, it would bruise, and badly.
The boys seemed to believe that Mycroft had been taught a lesson, so they swaggered off. Mycroft breathed slowly, there was nothing anywhere that he couldn’t hide it if he was lucky no one would need to know. Although it was beginning to seem as if dating Anthea may not be too bad of a plan. He would never marry her, he couldn’t do that to her, but he could date her just until he had appropriately established his immovable heterosexuality.
Mycroft waited for the pain to subside enough for movement and lifted his own body up to move inside. Nothing felt broken and so Mycroft made his way to his dorm and lay back on his bed to read his novel.
Finally, Greg’s day ended, he returned to his flat exhausted. He had been waiting all day for this. He was going to call Mycroft. Nothing inappropriate, he just happened to want to be friends with his girlfriend's very attractive friend.
“Hello?” An almost pained voice came from the other end of the phone line.
“Hi it’s Greg,” Greg’s stomach dropped, did he have the wrong number? No, that voice was unmistakable, so was Mycroft in trouble?
“Hello Greg, I do apologise for being so unresponsive this morning. How was your day?”
“My day was alright how was yours?” Greg asked politely, he felt that there was something off with Mycroft, something wasn’t right.
“Yes it was perfectly acceptable,” Mycroft sounded like he needed to cry.
“Myc are you okay?” Greg asked. Mycroft heard the concern in his voice through the telephone.
“Yes, I am fine, are you okay, you must have had a very difficult day, police training and all that,” Mycroft began to deflect, he couldn’t let Greg know what happened, he would see him as weak, he would realise he was gay and then he wouldn’t even want to be his friend and that would be worse than him just never returning Mycroft’s blossoming passion.
“My I don’t think that you are okay, tell me what happened,” Greg’s voice was compassionate and comforting.
“Some guys don’t like me all that much that’s all,” Mycroft’s voice was beginning to calm. “Oh and Anthea kissed me last night,” Mycroft thought that maybe deflecting attention might work.
“Oh did she, so are you dating now?” Greg sounded almost smug.
“No I told her I want to settle into university first,” Mycroft’s voice sounded sure of himself, and yet also not.
“So you’re gonna date her when you feel settled in enough,” Greg’s voice was some combination of disappointment, smugness and pride.
“Yes, I suppose I will,” Mycroft wondered whether this was a good idea, it probably wasn’t but he couldn’t exactly not do it, not now.
“Oh okay then,” Greg sounded down and out.
Mycroft wondered how long he would have to keep up the charade of dating a woman for James and his mates to stop. He really didn’t want to lead her on too much.
Their conversation continued with each of them only half-listening to the other. Greg wondered how he managed to convince this man to date, Anthea, it was probably a mistake. Greg had never thought that he would do it not really.
“Have you spoken to your family yet?” Greg asked wanting to talk about something else, wanting to get to know Mycroft better.
“No, I am going to at the end of the week,” Myc replied thankful that Greg had decided on something else to talk about.
“Any particular reason?”
“Mother said that I had to get used to university before I called,”
“Do you want to call them?” Greg had gotten the impression that Myc was really close to his family.
“Yes I need to speak with my brother,” Mycroft didn’t know why he was speaking to Greg with no
concern for being private, but he truly trusted Greg, even though he had only known him for a day.

“Oh, why?”

“He didn’t want me to leave, I feel awful so I need to make sure I am talking to him,” Mycroft had finished their novel that afternoon and wanted to discuss the second last chapter with Sherlock.

“You have a brother, how old is he?” Greg was beginning to wish that he could be let into this secret world of Mycroft.

“He’s ten, he’s a good kid,” Mycroft let his guard down a little.

“It’s lovely that you are so close, I’ve never been that close with my sister, she’s younger, she just isn’t really into hanging around me, she has cooler friends,” Mycroft could hear Greg smiling as he spoke about his sister.

“Are you close with your family particularly?”

“No not really, we get on well enough but we aren’t close,” Greg sounded almost sorry that he wasn’t closer to his family. Mycroft wanted to reach through the phone and hold Greg, just so he knew that Mycroft cared about him. “My dad phoned yesterday and told me to be careful I didn’t get ‘that gay disease thing’ so we aren’t the closest,"

“Does he think you are gay?” Mycroft asked tentatively.

“No exactly, but he reckons I hang out with the wrong type, besides he doesn’t know about Candice,”

“I see,” Mycroft thought he might understand.

Greg faltered for a moment, he didn’t know how to explain that he liked men and women, he didn’t know how to explain that most of his friends were gay.

“Are your parents worried?”

“I don’t believe so, I have never been one for relationships,”

“Oh, school hasn’t started for you guys has it?” Greg asked tentatively.

“No, not yet, we start some classes on Monday, so I have a lot of free time on my hands,”

“Oh, I was wondering, you see I have two days off starting tomorrow, and I was thinking that maybe I could come to campus,” Greg almost let the statement become a question.

“I am sure that Candice is looking forward to that,”

“Yes, she is, it's just that she’s not supposed to have guys in her room, at least not overnight, I was just wondering if I could stay with you?” Greg asked he leaned against his bed frame, this was a terrible idea.

“Yes, of course, you can,” Mycroft felt his stomach flutter, it wasn’t right to get his hopes up, nothing could happen.

“Thank you Myc, you’re brilliant. I don’t want to ask more of you, but I don’t really want to be alone, um could you maybe come with us, bring Anthea?”

“Yes, okay I can do that,” Mycroft would take any opportunity to spend time with Greg, even if it could never escalate.

“Alright, I will see you tomorrow then,”

“See you tomorrow,” Mycroft smiled as he said goodbye, they hung up their phones.

Mycroft crossed the hall to Anthea’s room.

“Anthea,” Mycroft greeted when she opened the door.

“Hey Mycroft,” Anthea looked a bit dejected, Mycroft couldn’t really blame her.

“Greg is coming to campus tomorrow, do you wanna go with him and Candice?”

“As in go out together?” Anthea brightened at the prospect.

“Yes, as in go out together,” Mycroft smiled awkwardly at Anthea.

“I would love that,”

Mycroft nodded and turned he returned to his room. So it seemed he now had a girlfriend and a massive crush on his girlfriends best friends boyfriend. He could handle it.

The next morning interrupted the most beautiful dream for Greg. He had just been about to kiss Mycroft after announcing his undying love when his alarm went off. He groaned and rubbed his hands over his face, before promptly realising that today was, well today and springing out of bed to
throw on a rather nice but not too dressy outfit.

Mycroft stared out of his window, he could see Greg making his way inside. He thought back to the
dream his mind had wandered to as soon as unconsciousness had made its way into his mind. He had
thought of Greg coming into his room, of it being normal, common even. He had dreamt of Greg
kissing him, of Greg touching him and making him his own.

Anthea knocked on the door and Mycroft let her in.

“Anthea hello,” Mycroft greeted her.

“Hi, Mycroft,” Anthea batted her eyelashes at him.
The two of them made their way downstairs where Candice had already rushed into Greg’s arms.

“Goodmorning, Myc,” Greg greeted.

“Goodmorning,” Mycroft replied smiling. His smile made Greg’s heart skip a beat.

“I was thinking we could go and sit around the lake,” Candice shrieked rushing off towards the
water.

It was an unspoken rule that even though technically you weren’t supposed to swim in the water as
long as you weren’t caught it really didn’t matter.
The two girls stripped, it was a rare warmer day and they chased each other into the water.

“I’m fairly certain that that water is full of gross chemicals,” Greg looked at Mycroft a little
mischievously and motioned towards a tree. The two sat down at the edge of the water, staring at the
reflected sky.

“My dad called this morning,” Greg started, he sounded strained, like he needed to get something off
of his chest.

“Yes?” Mycroft asked, normally he would be able to tell every little detail about a person, he was
struggling with Greg and it intrigued him.

“I have a friend,” Greg paused unsure of how to continue.

“What’s his name?” Mycroft caught on.

“Michael,” Greg’s voice faltered slightly. “We’ve been friends since, well forever, we were mates in
primary school. He… he’s sick,”

“What kind of sick?” Mycroft already knew.

“Pneumonia,” Greg breathed out looking up to Mycroft’s face.

“Hospital?” Mycroft didn’t know exactly what to say, he followed the papers, even the American
ones. He followed the governments, what they were doing.

“Soon yeah, I… I want to go see him. My dad says he doesn’t want me dying,” Greg pressed his
fingers over each other.

“You should go and see him,” Mycroft ran a hand through his hair, he had never had many friends,
but Greg seemed to be his friend and he could not stand it if the man sitting next to his got sick.

“I will I just needed to tell someone, and I can’t tell Candice, you… you sort of know how she is,”

“Yes, yes I do,” Mycroft looked at the women splashing in the water, they looked to be having fun,
Mycroft resented their carefree attitude, their happy lives. Mycroft wondered if he was about to do
something immensely stupid, “Would you like for me to accompany you to the hospital?”

“Would you?” Greg sighed in relief, he didn’t know if he would have been able to do it alone.

“Yes of course I will, when would this be?” He had only known Greg for a day, and yet he felt like
this was the right thing to do, like he had been friends with Greg for years.

“This weekend,” Greg fiddled with his fingertips, looking at the blades of grass like they were the
most interesting thing he had ever seen.

“Yeah sure,” Mycroft knew that this was probably a mistake, but he couldn’t not go, he couldn’t not
be there for his new friend.

Mycroft relaxed his arms, his hands falling to his sides. Their fingers brushed against each other and
Mycroft felt a shock, almost like static electricity, but not quiet. Mycroft’s mind spun at the sensation
Greg made no attempt to remove his hand and Mycroft decided not to either. The two sat in silence, they both assumed that the other simply didn’t notice, it seemed to work out for the two of them.

“Come on!” shouted Antha from the water.

“Really I am fine staying dry,” Mycroft smiled reservedly.

“Yeah same here,” Greg agreed, he pulled his hand away and into his lap as the girls took more notice of Greg and Mycroft.

“Okay then, let’s go and do something dry,” Candice rose from the water, she pulled her clothes back on, as did Anthea.

“What would you like to do?” Greg asked Candice, his voice sounding defeated.

“Let’s get lunch, there is a lovely cafe on campus,” Anthea piped up, evidently she sensed the escalation of the situation much like Mycroft did.

“Yes that is a good idea Anthea,” Mycroft agreed smiling tightly.

Anthea reached for Mycroft’s hands and wrapped their fingers together. Mycroft’s hand immediately felt dirty, like he was doing something wrong. The small group made their way across the grass to the cafeteria.

The food was adequate and the four sat around one of the tables, Mycroft and Anthea were sitting on one side of the table, Anthea had her hand firmly one Mycroft’s knee.

Candice had her legs over Greg’s own, she was leaning into him and fiddling with a piece of hair behind his ear. Greg looked rather bored with the attention.

The day went by far too quickly, for Anthea or Candice’s liking.
1984 - I Think We're Alone Now

Chapter Summary

I think we're alone now
There doesn't seem to be anyone around
I think we're alone now
The beating of our hearts is the only sound
Look at the way
We gotta hide what we're doin'
'Cause what would they say
If they ever knew?
-I think we’re alone now, Tiffany

“Goodbye,” Mycroft pressed a chaste kiss to the side of Anthea’s lips. The woman blushed deeply looking to the ground and running her hands over each other.
“I had a really good time today Mycroft, I would like to go out again, if you would like,” the girl blushed further staring ever harder at the ground.
“Yes, I would also like that Anthea,” Mycroft agreed, evidently trying to get out of the conversation. Greg smiled tightly at Candice before the young woman planted a firm kiss on his lips.
“I love you Greg, see you later,” Candice winked as she flicked her long hair over her shoulder.
“Love you too Candice, night,” Greg nodded at the woman, the dismissive tone in Greg’s voice made Candice deflate slightly before turning to return to her room.
Mycroft pushed the door shut pressing the lock closed to avoid anyone else.
“How long have you and Candice been together again?” Mycroft asked, they acted like an old married couple who had fallen out of love before they met. He was sure that they hadn’t been together long but he really couldn’t remember much from the bar.
“Nine months,” Greg wondered how Mycroft could be evidently so intelligent and yet so incredibly socially terrible.
“You seem as if you have been together for far longer,”
“Yes we get that a lot,”
“Did you want to sleep on the floor mattress, or shall I?” Mycroft asked, he would love to ask to share the bed, he would love to reach out and run his hand along Greg’s solid chest clad in soft pyjamas, curl into the man’s side.
“I’m totally happy to sleep on the floor,”
“If you’re sure,” Mycroft obliged pulling the thin camping mattress from under his bed and laying it out on the floor. The two managed to make the bed quickly.
“I should get changed,” Greg held up a handful of old looking clothing.
“Why don’t you take the bathroom first?” Mycroft suggested pointing to the small separate room.
“No you take the bathroom, I can change out here it will only take me a second,”
Mycroft nodded moving to the bathroom to change from his day clothes into a pair of full length pyjama trousers and a buttoned shirt, he knew that he would look ridiculous next to Greg, but there wasn’t much to do now.
Greg was already laying under the doona on the mattress on the floor.
“Nice pyjamas,” Greg smirked slightly as Mycroft slipped himself under his own doona.
“Thanks,” Mycroft’s tone was dry and sarcastic.
“Really, I like them they look more comfortable, better than my old shorts,”
“Alright,”
“Do you really like Anthea?” Greg asked, the dark was becoming encompassing.
“Yes, maybe,” Mycroft didn’t want to lie to Greg, but he also didn’t want to be found out, it could go terribly.
“Myc, you don’t have to lie to me, I- I may not seem like it but I am a very open minded person,” he faltered slightly to find the right words.
“I think, I think maybe she isn’t my type, but I also think that it wouldn’t be wise to end it between us,” Mycroft felt safe as soon as Greg said his name.
“I think I understand what you mean,”
“We are alone now Gregory, you can speak freely,”
“I know,”
“May I ask a question?”
“Of course Myc,”
“Do you want to be with Candice indefinitely,”
“I don’t think so, although I also don’t think that I have much of a choice,”
“Do you like women… like Candice,”
“I like most types of… people,”
“Ah,”
“Do you have a type then?”
“Yes, I believe my ‘type’ is rather… queer by most peoples standards,”
“I can relate,”
“Gregory,” Mycroft was unsure of what to say, in all honesty he was fairly certain that he had just ruined whatever semblance of friendship he and Greg had, surely Greg was lying.
“Myc,”
“I don’t know what I was going to say,”
“Oh,” Greg could feel the disappointment filling his voice, he was going to give himself away, when obviously Myc wasn’t into him, in fact he was probably just trying to gather information on Greg.
“I, I think that you are an incredible man,” Mycroft started, he really didn’t know where he was going, or what he was supposed to say.
“Myc it’s okay, I get it, I’m not exactly what you're looking for in a close male friendship and that’s okay,”
“No Gregory, that’s not it at all, quite the opposite really,”
“Wait are you saying that you would like to,” Greg didn’t know how to continue, he could feel his face burning, making him grateful for the lack of light in the small college dorm.
“I… yes,” Mycroft sat up slightly in his bed looking over to Greg who followed suite.
“Myc, can I, can I um,” Greg motioned to the mattress Mycroft was sitting on.
“Yes,” Mycroft almost squeaked out the word, his heart jumping into his throat.
Greg climbed gently onto the mattress his weight creating a depression in the mattress that Mycroft could feel. Greg was only dressed in baggy old shorts, his top half was completely exposed and his muscles pushed through his torso ever so slightly. Mycroft smiled curling his legs beside him and turning to sit next to Greg.
Mycroft leant his head against Greg’s shoulder tentatively.
“You’re okay,” Greg assured the man next to him, wrapping his hand gently around Mycroft’s shoulders.
“Thank you,” Mycroft turned his head to looked at Greg.
The two let their eyes meet. Greg let himself get lost in the light blue of Mycroft’s eyes. Mycroft studied the brown disks in Greg’s eyes, encircled by a slightly darker brown ring, one that you probably wouldn’t notice if you weren’t up close enough to Greg.
“May I,” Greg asked, tilting his head to the side and leaning in slightly.
“Candice?”
“Don’t worry,”
“Please,”
Greg leant forwards and pressed his lips to Mycroft’s, he let his eyes flutter shut as Mycroft’s followed suite. Mycroft’s lips proved a stark soft contrast to Greg’s dry lips. If Mycroft had died then and there he would have been happy. Greg reached his hand gently up to the back of Mycroft’s head, wrapping his fingers through Mycroft soft reddish hair. Mycroft let out a small humming noise and Greg pulled his face forwards slightly to push their lips together slightly more. The pressure that had built up between the two over the past few days was finally released. Greg trailed his hand that wasn’t preoccupied with the back of Mycroft’s head down his back slipping a single warm hand under Mycroft’s shirt. Mycroft shivered slightly at the touch leaning into Greg more, feeling the man’s taught chest through his own shirt. Greg sat upwards slightly to straddle Mycroft’s hip, his lips never leaving Mycroft’s.

“Can I?” Greg pulled away from Mycroft his fingers trailing over the buttons holding together Mycroft’s shirt.

“Yes,” Mycroft feels a jolt of anxiety rush through him, his body didn’t resemble Greg’s in the slightest, years of laying around reading had left him soft around the middle. Greg smiled as he reconnected their lips, slowly flicking open each other the buttons with a lazy urgency that Mycroft thought was very cute. Greg pulled away slightly to look down at Mycroft’s body as he pulled away the fabric of his shirt and threw it on the ground. Greg hummed from the back of his throat the sound he made was gentle, kind, something akin to love and lust somehow smushed together into one emotion. Greg reached his hand down keeping one behind Mycroft’s head. His fingers collided with Mycroft’s waist. He allowed himself to lean slightly more forcefully on Mycroft’s lap.

“Greg,” Mycroft turned his head slightly.

“Yes, am I going too fast, sorry,” Greg looked genuinely concerned for Mycroft.

“No, I mean maybe, I mean, can I, can I maybe lie down? And I like this but can we um,”

“Not go any further?” Greg looked at him understandingly.

“Yeah…” Mycroft felt himself blush.

“That’s totally fine, don’t worry,”

“I don’t wanna miss my chance,”

“You won’t,”

“Promise?”

“Anything,”

Mycroft dropped himself onto the pillows at the head of his bed.

“Music.”

“I beg your pardon,”

“Can’t have the whole building knowing what we’re doing.”

Mycroft leaned across through Greg’s arms where they rested above Mycroft’s shoulders. The music was terrible, popular drivel, that Mycroft was coming to love.

Mycroft allowed himself to flop back onto the bed. Greg leant down, touching their foreheads together gently. Their eyes met once again, Greg letting himself get lost again. The night was still young and Greg intended on taking his time, especially if they weren’t going to go much further. Greg’s body radiated heat onto Mycroft’s, the two men wrapped their limbs around each other. Greg smiled as he lowered himself further to press his lips into Mycroft’s again. Mycroft reciprocated the movement, feeling safer now that their eyes were closed.

The night passed faster than either of them could imagine, the light of dawn was streaming in to signal the morning while Greg and Mycroft were tangle around each other. Mycroft was shirtless and asleep in the arms of a man that actually liked him. Although Mycroft was well and truly asleep he was feeling more comfortable than he could ever remember feeling. Greg let his eyes fluttered open as light streamed into the room. Greg looked at the man curled into his side. Greg thought he could probably stay in that moment for the rest of time. That was until Mycroft’s eyes flicked open and the smile that crossed his face at seeing Greg vastly improved upon the past few seconds of peace.

“I don’t want to move,” Mycroft’s voice was groggy, but far from rasping.
“Neither,” Greg’s own voice managed to be almost the polar opposite of Mycroft’s.
“Are we going to the hospital today?” Mycroft knew it was going to hurt Greg, but it had to happen.
“Yes, I think so,”
The two sat in silence wrapped around each other. Fear had infected their hearts, Mycroft was so worried that Greg would leave from the fear, Greg was afraid that Mycroft would run if he thought there was a chance of some permeating infection deep inside Greg’s body.
“Myc,”
“Gregory?”
“I’m scared,”
“I’ll help you get through it, I promise, I’m here,”

End Notes

I am looking for a beta for this work, it is going to be rather long though so please be prepared for that if you are interested

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!