Revelations

by distantstarlight

Summary

Sherlock Holmes is an unusual man. He's brilliant but as an omega he can't do anything substantial until the day he finally finds an alpha of his own. It hasn't happened and time is running out. Enter one Doctor John Watson, alpha.

Notes

I know I said I was taking a creative break but like so many resolutions it didn't last.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Sherlock twisted this way and that, examining himself from head to toe. His suit was the best that money could buy, fitted to enhance every inch of his body but all the finest suits in the world couldn’t disguise the fact that there was nothing to hide. It was awful. There was nothing to be done for it. Even the best tailors could only do so much when they had nothing to work with. Sherlock sighed with despair he didn’t show any place else but the privacy of his bedroom. He hated how he looked. He was too tall, too bony, too pale, too awkward. His muscle mass was becoming denser, more masculine, his stomach relentlessly hard and flat no matter how many treats he ate. Mycroft had no problem putting on weight, keeping himself just plump enough to keep an entire bevvy of alphas at his beck and call should he ever choose to settle down. He wouldn’t though, not while he was still able to use his charms to grow his power base and to make the family wealthy.

Despite his advantages, Sherlock didn’t have a single suitor. Flushing a bit he turned and looked over his shoulder, sighing. At least one part of him was normal. His behind was round and plush, firm and inviting. He could only hope it was inviting enough to attract someone tonight. It was so humiliating having to do this cycle after cycle but what choice did he have? What were the chances he’d stumble across an alpha that wanted some unappealing omega fifteen years past his prime and a history of mental instability and drug abuse? Drugs had helped Sherlock with the heats in the past but they had addicted him in the worst sort of way and he couldn’t take them any longer. His last heat had been dreadful; Sherlock had literally clawed the walls in a desperate attempt to gain someone’s attention,
anyone. No one came for him, not one alpha anywhere. He didn’t understand it and swore he would have an alpha the next time, no matter what.

Sherlock sighed again. Even calculating in the possible attention his behind might get Sherlock estimated his chances as being much the same as the cycle previous and all the cycles before that, zero. Even if he could find an alpha that wanted a bony omega who was near twice the height of all the other ones who would want an omega who not only a virgin but entirely untrained? Sherlock’s family was so embarrassed that they’d forced Sherlock to join the local Omega Match Group. He had a meeting that evening. After making it through yet another heat unassisted and nearly driven mad from need Sherlock was under strict orders to meet an alpha of his own within one cycle or be assigned an appropriately qualified alpha chosen by his parents.

It was devastating. Frustrated with his appearance Sherlock fled the flat to hide at the morgue at St. Bart’s. At least at the morgue, all the employees were betas and wouldn’t trouble Sherlock, no matter what he smelled like. He loathed that about himself and the special underpants he needed to wear during this time. If he accidentally came across an interested alpha the last thing he needed to do was be forced to walk through London with soaking wet trousers. Why was his biology so cruel? To make everything worse his lease at the omega-only flat complex was over. He had only two days to secure a new place to live. He had somewhere in mind, a fantastic and practically once-in-a-lifetime deal but his brother wouldn’t let him live alone even though Sherlock could afford to do so. Mycroft insisted on a flatmate or that Sherlock moved home to be paired off decently before their mother died of shame. It didn’t matter that Sherlock was a genius, or that he’d cobbled together the beginnings of an independent career, all that mattered to Mummy was that Sherlock was a Holmes Omega, someone who should have been bonded and bitten when he was still in his teens not gallivanting around London alone! All that his sire cared about was that Sherlock found someone, anyone, to bond him. It was unheard of for omega to be unattached at Sherlock’s age but not even they could deny that not a single alpha had even sniffed in Sherlock’s direction.

Molly was there, “Oh there are three fresh bodies if you need,” she said gently. She was so kind. She let Sherlock experiment and examine to his heart’s content whenever she was at work. Her father had been old-fashioned in his views about what was appropriate for young women to be doing and in her own gentle way Molly had rebelled by becoming a pathologist, single and living with only a cat to be sure, but a doctor as well as highly regarded in her field. She felt sympathy for Sherlock who was clearly brilliant but unable to do anything because of his secondary gender.

“Thank you, Doctor Hooper,” Sherlock always made sure to use her hard-earned honorific, it was the least he could do to pay her back. “There are bruise patterns I’d like to examine better.” she nodded and left him to it. He worked at the microscope for a few minutes first, making samples to examine later. He heard footsteps and murmured conversation. His sensitive nose fluttered and his back straightened as he took in the incoming odours. One was Mike Stamford, a doctor and instructor here at St. Bart’s. He was with an alpha, someone powerful, decadently so, someone male. Sherlock’s insides quivered as the scent of the alpha filled his head and made him feel dizzy. He’d never smelled anything like it, it was heavenly! It was pure masculinity and strength, it was bravery and patience, it was extraordinary. The smell buried itself inside Sherlock’s mind, already strangely familiar, like he knew it already and was just being reminded.

The doors to the morgue pushed open and Mike Stamford preceded a small blond man with a cane. Sherlock couldn’t look directly at him, not yet. His higher senses were being assaulted by the glory of the alpha in front of him. If Sherlock hadn’t been seated already he would have sunk to his knees and begged to be taken. It was so embarrassing. He wondered what pheromones his body was exuding, he couldn’t control them. Steeling himself Sherlock glanced over and found his gaze caught in the dark blue eyes of the most magnificent alpha he’d ever come across in his entire life. Sherlock’s mouth opened of its own accord, “Afghanistan or Iraq?” his voice was flirtatious, the
words coming easily to him. The alpha smelled surprised at first but then to Sherlock’s astonishment surprise turned to fierce interest and even a hint of appreciation! The hint became outright praise and Sherlock had to flee but not before almost begging for appreciation, adding a coquettish wink, “The name’s Sherlock Holmes, the address is 221 B Baker Street.” He left with the tatters of his dignity, weak-kneed and flustered. He had just flirted with a strange alpha and offered to live with him! How desperate was he? The desire he’d felt was erased by self-loathing. He was weak and contemptible. Any alpha would do wouldn’t it, he’d nearly wet himself just being introduced to the soldier.

John.

His name was John.

John had silver and gold hair, dark blue eyes, and skin that sang of summer and sand. Sherlock didn’t notice the small smile on his face as he floated his way back to his flat, the Omega Match Group forgotten as Sherlock dreamed of Doctor John Watson, soldier, and alpha.

John was incredible and he thought Sherlock was fantastic, amazing, brilliant. He wasn’t like any alpha Sherlock had ever met, he wasn’t into posturing aggressively, he didn’t trouble himself to try and dominate the detective, he followed the omega instead and complimented him constantly. John wore frumpy jumpers but carried an illegal hand weapon. John was a doctor but he’d gone to war. Sherlock was almost overwhelmed with the hormonal urge to just kneel for the alpha in the age-old posture of submission, to beg John to mount and bite him, to mark him as part of his harem of omegas. Sherlock had no idea how many omegas had been bitten by John but his friends teased the soldier with the nickname Three Continents Watson. Sherlock despaired at the potential number of past mates he might have to deal with but that was how the alphas made their way. They sampled omega after omega searching for the perfect one.

Sherlock knew he barely stood a ghost of a chance attracting someone like Captain John Watson as a bonded alpha, it was beyond his reach, it was a simple fact. The best Sherlock could hope for was for John to be willing to share his heat. It was coming soon. If nothing happened Sherlock would finally allow himself to be taken to a servicing centre to be assigned a masked alpha. He couldn’t bear another heat alone and after this cycle, his parents would be stepping in. When his heat approached Mummy sent brochures to several places. John saw them first thing in the morning when he picked up the mail and suddenly his scent was tense, almost angry, “What are these?” the alpha’s voice was terse, clipped.

“I have no options left John. My family is going to choose someone to bond with me after my next cycle. They won’t put up with me being alone any longer.” Sherlock looked forlornly at the brochures. All the rooms were sterile, almost like operating theatres. He would be stripped, led inside, and given over to the attention of a randomly selected alpha from a group of screened volunteers. He would never see the alpha’s face; the mask kept the volunteer anonymous as well as prevented a bond-bite from occurring. The alpha would be given birth control to prevent conception even if he knotted Sherlock. Once Sherlock’s heat was over they would never meet again. Sherlock shuddered with loathing at the thought of being handled so intimately by a stranger. John’s scent grew dark and dangerous, “I am an omega, John, you know my responsibilities.”

Omega were expected to bond as soon as they could, to begin breeding as soon as they were able, it was instinct. Most alpha and omega spent their early adulthood searching diligently for their mate. Mycroft had placated his sire through his work but Sherlock had not, apparently being a detective, even a consulting detective wasn’t enough to keep his hidebound father from demanding that his omega son finally bond and produce a child because that was his job. Sherlock failed to attract anyone, his needs remained unanswered so he had drowned his urges with drugs and shielded
himself from the animal instincts that were out of his control. Now look, those same urges were
telling him to submit to the very first unbonded alpha to come his way, his only friend, his flatmate,
the last person in the world who would ever want to be saddled with a male omega of dubious
quality. “You’d let some stranger do that to you?”

“It’s not a matter of letting, John! I have never once…” Sherlock flushed scarlet, mortified beyond
belief to finally have to admit this truth, “I have never once been…” he couldn’t say it. Not one suitor,
not one! Not ever. Never once had any alpha ever been attracted to Sherlock, not even at his most
beguiling, back when he was a tender youth, lithe and flirtatious. Now he was a mess; scarred,
awkward, and burdened with intelligence that kept him ostracized from nearly everyone. The agony
of going through heat alone was horrible; to contemplate suffering through it one more time was
unbearable. To avoid it yes, yes Sherlock would allow a stranger to press their flesh to him, to take
him any way they chose. He shuddered again, unable to control his urge to repel the unseen hands
away from him, “You don’t know what it is like,” he whispered miserably. No toy was satisfactory,
Sherlock had tried them all. He was cursed to be alone, suffering forever.

John was staring up at Sherlock, his eyes stormy and intense, “A stranger, Sherlock? Someone you
don’t even know? Someone who doesn’t know you, doesn’t know how you like…” John cut himself
off, breathing raggedly through his nose. The alpha smelled strongly of anger and something new,
something powerful and almost crushingly overwhelming. Sherlock nearly whimpered, his eyes
growing wide as the alpha locked his gaze on his, “This is not happening, Sherlock. You are not
going to one of these places. I…” John bit off his own words, pressing his lips together firmly before
speaking again, “Sherlock, do you want that?” he tilted his head toward the colourful stack.

“No, John, of course I don’t want it! What choice do I have? What choice am I left with? I’m thirty-
seven John! Even if I could have a child still who in the world would want one with me? I keep
body parts in the refrigerator! I’m too old, I’m too difficult, I’m too much of an oddity.” Sherlock
was appalled at having to make these omissions to John, “My family is old and proud. I am an
embarrassment to them. They will find someone who will tolerate me as their omega and see me
bonded before the year is out. What choice do I have? They are my family, it is their right.”

“Someone who would tolerate…” John looked furious for a moment and then breathed carefully
again until it was tamped down. He looked back at Sherlock, “What if you found an alpha on your
own. Would your family stop you from bonding with them?”

Sherlock was confused. How could he possibly meet an alpha worth bonding with in only three
days? It wouldn’t be more than that before his heat was upon him. “My family has given me all this
time to meet someone on my own and I have failed to attract anyone, John. You know what a failure
I am. In all the time you have known me have I ever successfully brought an alpha home?” He was
despontent now, unable to look John directly in the eyes. Even Anderson had not only an alpha but
a beta wife! His spouse had worked out some kind of compromise with Sally Donovan and they
shared the omega between them. Anderson! How was Sherlock less worthy than that incompetent
fool?

Sherlock heard John laugh softly and then the doctor's fingers were on his chin, raising Sherlock’s
face so John could look at him properly, “Just the one time,” he said with a warm smile. “Sherlock
you really are a fool. You are the most incredible omega I’ve ever met and I’ve been wanting to
bond with you since the second I smelled you at the morgue in St. Bart’s and that’s saying a lot.
There were dead bodies there, that should have put me off but you…god…you smell amazing.” John
leaned in and Sherlock stopped breathing as the alpha ran his nose slowly down the length of his
neck. John was scenting him! John was deliberately scenting him! Sherlock nearly swooned. John
nudged at Sherlock, walking him backwards until he was pressed to the kitchen wall, “I don’t want
you to go to one of those places. I want you to stay here, with me. I don’t want some stranger’s
hands on you; I don’t want anyone to touch you but me. I live here with you an unbonded omega because I want to bond you. I won’t let any other alpha near you, I haven’t, have I? No, not one of the bastards has come close to being near you.” John ran his nose back up the other side of Sherlock’s neck. John had been keeping other alphas away? How?

Sherlock’s hands were shaking as he lifted them and gingerly placed them on John’s broad shoulders, brazenly tilting his head back to expose his neck even more. John growled and Sherlock gasped as the alpha licked a broad stripe from the base of Sherlock’s neck all the way to his chin, “John.” Sherlock’s body was responding to the possessive scent that poured off of John in waves. Instinct was screaming at Sherlock, he needed to respond clearly so the alpha understood how willing he was to accept his domination. John understood as well and stepped back two paces so Sherlock could sink to the floor with his knees spread, head bowed, neck exposed, a posture of absolute submission.

John didn’t hesitate, crowding up behind Sherlock, his mouth pressed dangerously hard on the nape of Sherlock’s neck. They could only bond during Sherlock’s heat but John clearly felt strongly enough to bruise the skin above the bonding gland so everyone could see Sherlock was promised. His strong arms circled Sherlock’s ribs, pulling the omega back to sit on his heels, “You are mine, Sherlock Holmes and I will share you with no other. I lay claim to you, I will be the alpha to your omega and we will make a bond between us. Your children will be my children.” John leaned in and added a surprising line to the otherwise formalized words of possession, “I will take no other but you.” Sherlock nearly gasped. John was openly swearing his fidelity! It was completely unnecessary but Sherlock felt warm inside as his alpha said the words.

His alpha! Sherlock had an alpha. His spirits soared and he twisted his head back to look up at John, almost rapturous with the unexpected turn of events, “John.” The doctor helped Sherlock up, tossing the brochures in the bin as soon as he could, and then lead Sherlock to the kitchen, “Tea?”

“How has he managed that? “John, are you sure?”

John stopped making tea, walking right over to Sherlock and tilting his head back. He pressed a long tender kiss to the detective’s mouth before looking Sherlock straight in the eyes, “I’ve never been more certain of something in my life,” he said, “As far as I’m concerned you are perfect, Sherlock. I’ve thought so right from the moment we met and nothing has happened to change that. You’re beautiful but more than that, you’re brilliant, you’re so clever, you’re so different. You’re strong and I like that. You are difficult but I like that too. I think you’re gorgeous and there’s nothing I’d rather do than spend every waking moment in bed with you showing you all the different ways you can feel amazing. I want this, Sherlock. I want you. I want you all to myself, forever.”

“Oh,” said Sherlock in a daze. He was smiling foolishly but John seemed to enjoy it. The doctor made the tea and sat at the kitchen table with Sherlock a strange and almost rueful smile on his face. Sherlock grew instantly concerned, “Regrets already John?”

“About you? A bit but not in the way you think.” John reached over and to Sherlock’s surprise, the alpha took his hand, “I was going to court you properly. I didn’t get the chance. You deserve to be
courted Sherlock, deserve to be shown off so everyone could see how hard I needed to work to catch someone as astounding as you.”

“I’m not like the other omega, John,” confessed Sherlock softly, “I don’t think I’ll be a very good mate.”

“You’re perfect.” said John stoutly, “Exactly the omega I need in my life. You, Sherlock Holmes, are the most perfect omega I could ever have wished for. You’re almost too perfect. If you had been slightly less perfect I might have been brave enough to start courting openly already. I wasn’t sure you’d accept me, you’re kind of out of my league.”

What in the world was John talking about? “How could I be? I’m barely acceptable. Any other alpha would only be willing to take me under duress, once my heat is upon me any functional alpha would be willing to service me.”

John literally snarled, moving so fast Sherlock barely saw him shift. Suddenly the doctor was hunched over Sherlock, his teeth nearly on the bruise at his neck, “No one but me Sherlock. Ever.” John’s voice was dark and raspy.

Sherlock didn’t need to suppress his need to submit, whining deep in his throat and baring it for John’s teeth to latch gently on. Sherlock felt relief in every part of himself as his alpha forgave him and claimed him at the same time, “I wouldn’t want anyone but you John, not ever. I could never.” Touching John was wonderful; he never made Sherlock’s skin crawl or made the detective feel like he needed to wash. Both of them relaxed as Sherlock gently petted his alpha’s back, smoothing his long fingers down John’s spine until he was at ease again.

“Good.” John dotted tender kisses over Sherlock’s neck, his scent strong and as dominating as his posture, “You’re mine now Sherlock, let everyone know.” John bit the mark again, bruising it almost to the point of rupturing it, “No one but me.”

Every unsatisfied urge in Sherlock’s being revelled in the attention being shown him. John was masterful and demanding, his hands were gentle but firm as he held Sherlock’s head in place to accept his kiss, “No cases until we bond. You don’t leave the flat for anything.”

John was in full alpha mode. Sherlock shivered when he realized John would not risk Sherlock coming across another unbonded alpha despite Sherlock’s dismal record of continuous failure in the past. That meant nothing to John. All he knew was the Sherlock wouldn’t be properly his until they bonded and until that happened his omega was at risk. The courtship had commenced and once again Sherlock did not have to fight his need to submit, “Of course John.” Sherlock would find something to occupy himself in the flat, willingly sequestering himself to please his alpha.

John nuzzled him, satisfied with his response, “After we bond we can go back to work, I don’t want to give up working on cases.” Oh my god, John was amazing! He was going to let Sherlock continue consulting? He wasn’t going to make Sherlock be a typical omega, kept at home like a cherished pet? “Maybe I’ll blog about your discoveries, brag a little. No one has an omega like you.” John sounded proud of Sherlock eccentricities, not ashamed at all! Sherlock’s heart beat faster and he pressed himself closer to the smaller man, “You’re exactly right just as you are.”

“John,” surely he wasn’t serious. Sherlock was too thin, too tall. Suddenly he felt awkward and ungainly, “I can try to eat more, I’m sure if I try…”

“Well, you do need to eat more but you don’t have to push yourself, I think you’re beautiful Sherlock.” John’s eyes were warm and appreciative now, “I like everything about you.” John leaned in and scented Sherlock again, this time rubbing his own neck against Sherlock, transferring his scent
temporarily to the omega. After the bond, Sherlock would bear a permanent thread of John’s scent mixed with his. “I don’t care how others see you, I see a brilliant, unusual, fascinating man who just so happens to smell like concentrate sex covered in chocolate. I’m not dim enough to pass that up. I don’t have much to offer someone as sublime as you Sherlock but whatever I have is yours.”

Sherlock’s cheeks were scarlet as John lavished compliments on him, the alpha’s voice thick with desire and admiration. No one had ever looked at Sherlock like that, like he was a rare treat just begging to be eaten up. The rest of John’s words caught up with him and he instinctively wrapped his arms around John’s ribs, nestling his head under John’s chin, “Just being with you is more than I deserve John, I am the lucky one.”

John made a strange sound deep in his throat, “I know you’re more evolved than I am, Sherlock so I don’t want you to think less of me for doing this.” Suddenly, Sherlock found himself being rutted against, John’s mouth devouring his as the alpha’s hands gripped the back of Sherlock’s neck, keeping his face still as John marked him. Sherlock couldn’t contain his groan as John’s mouth latched onto the pulse-point of his throat, sucking a bruise onto it before moving down to his chest, yanking Sherlock’s shirt open to suck a matching bruise over Sherlock’s heart. He couldn’t help himself; he was becoming aroused, his small erection pushing at the fabric of his trousers.

With another snarl, John pulled Sherlock out of the kitchen chair and walked him quickly to his bedroom. Sherlock found himself on his back, his trousers around his hips and his shirt torn wide open as John knelt over him, his trousers completely gone as were his pants. Sherlock almost couldn’t breathe. John’s cock was of course monstrously larger than his, but he hadn’t expected it to be so hot, so hard, or so bloody thick! He understood what John was doing and with a blush, he lay back and let him. John was perfunctory about it. He gripped both their erections, making Sherlock help him as he resumed rutting. An omega cock was extremely sensitive; he couldn’t take much stimulation directly. Sherlock whimpered as the pleasure built quickly, the omega in him glorying once again. It took only a few minutes before both of them were crying out and spilling their mixed seed onto Sherlock’s hard flat belly. John’s hand swept through it, rubbing it over Sherlock’s stomach and chest, swiping some on his full lower lip and licking it off again before trailing a smear down Sherlock’s throat and licking that away as well. Now Sherlock smelled heavily of John, the possessive gesture archaic and nearly as deeply rooted in instinct as knotting. John was claiming Sherlock in as many ways as he could to warn off rivals, and he was doing it in the extreme, “If you shower I’m just going to do this again.” he warned and Sherlock nodded.

“You’re very old fashioned,” said Sherlock weakly, examining his now glistening torso. He could taste John’s seed on his lips; it was salty and bitter but delicious. He wanted more.

“You have no idea,” said John almost grimly. The alpha sat at the edge of the bed, “I hope you understand what you’re in for by saying yes to me, Sherlock. If I make you mine there’s no half-way about it with me. It’s all or nothing. I’ll let you do whatever you like as long as you give me what I need.”

Sherlock tore his eyes away from the drying semen on his skin. John was very serious, “What is it that you need John?” what could Sherlock give the alpha? Whatever it was he would, he would willingly give John anything he wanted.

John looked reluctant to speak but clearly forced himself to be clear, “Possession. I will possess you entirely, Sherlock. If I bond to you I will make it absolutely clear to anyone anywhere that you are taken, do you understand what that means?”

Sherlock’s jaw dropped. John really was old fashioned! “You want to collar me.” There would be no way to hide his omega status with a collar which would have John’s name on it, signifying his
legal claim to Sherlock’s person. Even betas who couldn’t smell alphas or omegas would see and understand who Sherlock was.

“Ink too. Possibly a stud, I haven’t decided. I don’t care for the idea of branding.” John was serious. Omegas were rarely marked beyond the bond-bite these days, it had fallen out of fashion. John was reaching centuries into the past with his desires, all legitimately available to him as an alpha, but so uncommon in this day and age as to be nearly unheard of. Now John was telling Sherlock that he could expect to wear not only John’s collar, but to have his ear pieced to bear John’s mark and to have his body tattooed someplace with John’s sigil. Branding had been a very short-lived custom, only a handful of omega in history had ever been marked like that by their alpha, even the most possessive of them shying away from hurting their mate so much.

“How many omegas have worn your collar?” Sherlock asked tremulously. He fingered his neck, wondering what it would feel like to have a strip of leather clasped around it for the rest of his life.

John frowned, “None. I have never once bitten or bonded an omega. I would never do that and leave them behind! If I had bonded before this you could be damn well sure they’d be with me now. No Sherlock, you’re the only omega I’ve ever been interested in bonding with and I am not taking this casually. This is the most serious thing I’ve ever done in my life and I will do it properly.”

John wasn’t exaggerating. His alpha was fully in control of the soldier now. He did eventually allow Sherlock to shower but the second the detective was out from under the water John had him pinned back onto the bed, their cocks rubbing slickly against one another as precum simply dripped from Sherlock’s unprotestingly willing flesh. This time the omega in him nearly purred as John rubbed their combined semen into his skin. After that John wouldn’t allow Sherlock to dress, keeping him naked in the flat, touching and admiring the omega all throughout the day. He ordered their food in and collected it himself, not allowing Sherlock to take a single step out of the place they called their home. Mrs Hudson was absolutely thrilled and began to make arrangements to go stay with her sister the second Sherlock’s heat kicked in. Sherlock was under lock and key until John could bond him and he couldn’t be happier.
Sherlock had never been so pampered in his entire life. No one had ever wanted to lavish attention on him the way John did. Sherlock felt like he was living a whole different existence and suddenly realized that he was. He was no longer Sherlock Holmes, suitor-less omega, he was now a mere bite away from being bonded, something he thought would never happen to him. It felt odd at first, a strange sort of lightness in his chest but Sherlock realized that he was happy because John was happy. The alpha was nearly glowing as he made Sherlock tea and let him play on his laptop, encouraging Sherlock to look at online schools for anything that he thought he might be able to do. Sherlock was astounded. John wanted to let Sherlock chase his academic dreams!

Feverishly Sherlock put together a massive list of areas he was interested in. John laughed when he saw it but he smelled so proud. The costs made him frown a bit but he just shrugged and said he’d figure it out somehow. There was a large medical component but John was a doctor and promised to teach the omega everything he could out of the few books he still had so Sherlock could get a better understanding of crime scenes. John told Sherlock how impressed he was with all that the omega had learned on his own, kissing Sherlock’s head several times as he said so. John adored the fact that Sherlock was so smart; it made the alpha’s scent rich with pride. Sherlock was so happy he had to hug John, something the alpha didn’t mind a bit. Fondly John sat Sherlock back down and continued pampering him with little snacks and more hot tea, little kisses on the tip of Sherlock’s nose, and even building a great roaring fire because Sherlock didn’t have any clothes on.

A few hours later Lestrade imprudently tried to come to retrieve Sherlock for a case. He was an alpha but had been widowed years ago due to a car accident, his teenage children taking up all his spare time and for the most part acted like Sherlock was one of them. Lestrade was no threat to John’s burgeoning claim on Sherlock but all the same he nearly lost an ear when he walked up the stairs to their flat without checking in with Mrs. Hudson. John bristled with wroth when the DI
knocked perfunctorily on their door before pushing his way inside. Sherlock fled to his bedroom, bare as the day he was born, while John shouted Lestrade away, demanding to know why he thought he could enter an omega’s home without welcome, cautioning him not to return until John had given him the okay. Lestrade left, nearly falling down the stairs in his haste to leave the building.

The alpha wasn’t surprised when Mycroft showed up a short time later so John allowed Sherlock to dress in his pajamas and robe and nothing else. When Sherlock came back and sat obediently on the sofa for John the older omega looked at his little brother with pity and then at John with contempt until John surprised them both by snarling and forcing Mycroft to submit to him. Mycroft was on his knees with his neck extended before he realized how powerful John really was but John was nowhere near him. Instead the alpha was beside Sherlock, caressing his mate tenderly, demonstrating John’s unshakeable position as Sherlock’s and only Sherlock’s. Mycroft now knew that John could have had them both if he’d chosen; neither Holmes had it in him to deny an alpha of John’s extraordinary presence. John sent him on his way instead, his ears burning with the alpha’s critical comments about how he treated his younger sibling, someone who had needed his guidance and protection, not someone to be bullied and treated like a commodity. Reeking of humiliation the civil servant left with a crimson face and dampened trousers, shamed to the core by the sound rejection he’d just experienced. “No one will ever hurt you again, not my fine beauty,” promised John ardently, “You are so much better than any of them could ever imagine Sherlock, so much smarter. I know you’re so clever. I think you’re perfect. No one will ever say otherwise.”

Sherlock was astounded all over again. John was so amazing, how had an alpha like him gone so long without bonding? “I don’t deserve you John; you’re far too good for me.”

“Well one of us is wrong because I think I’m the one who’s not good enough for you. I’ve waited my whole life to find someone like you. I knew the second I saw you that you were the one for me, it was like I knew you already, not that I ever would have forgotten meeting someone as breathtaking as you.” John caressed Sherlock’s cheek gently. “I’m old Sherlock, well past my prime as an alpha. I decided a long time that I wouldn’t bond with someone unless they were special. It should be special; it should never be just because it was convenient. I want so much from you Sherlock. I have nothing by way of possessions to offer you but I can never let you go, do you understand? I mean to make you mine, if you wish it.”

John was putting so much into Sherlock’s hands. Alphas didn’t ask. They took. If an alpha on the street decided he wanted Sherlock, as an unbonded omega he was fair game. It was a risk he’d lived with his entire life, the humiliating truth he lived with was that he was undesirable to all, all that is except John. “I do wish it John, very much.” The alpha took over John completely then. Sherlock found himself stripped naked, stretched out on their bed while John scented and marked Sherlock all over, “My John!”

“Yes Sherlock, god yes, yours, I’m your alpha, only yours. You’re so beautiful, so bloody beautiful, my gorgeous brilliant, clever, clever omega.” Sherlock felt himself grow slick and suddenly John groaned deep in his throat, his voice husky and rough, “I can smell your slick.” Sherlock flushed crimson again; no one had ever spoken so cruelly to him before. John rolled Sherlock onto his belly, burying his face between Sherlock’s buttocks. Sherlock gasped in surprise, and gasped again when he felt John’s tongue begin to explore hungrily. The noises John made were obscene and lavish, his tongue was tireless as he lapped and licked until Sherlock was trembling from head to toe and leaking continuously. There was a terrible heat in his lower belly and his skin felt too tight. Fluid gushed from him and his insides felt hot and uncomfortable. John pulled back with an almost agonized groan, “Your heat is starting. We triggered it.”

Sherlock clutched his torso as cramps gripped him. He had three more days! The signs were unmistakable though, his body was purging itself and John managed to get Sherlock to the
bathroom before he lost his dignity entirely, “Go tell Mrs. Hudson to leave. We need supplies. You have a little while before I’m done.” Sherlock would be in the bathroom for some time as his body emptied itself. It was an embarrassing necessity and this was the first time Sherlock had suffered through the beginning of his heat for any reason. Stoically he bore it, listening to John move about the flat getting their nest ready. Mrs. Hudson called indistinctly from the door and Sherlock could hear the alpha answer before the door closed firmly. It seemed like forever before he was ready to totter into the shower, washing away all scents from his skin, scrubbing himself methodically from head to toe for John. He remembered to shave as well though as an omega his facial hair grew at a glacial pace. He wouldn’t need to shave again until after his heat was done. It would last anywhere from three to five days depending on how well their bond took. Sherlock was nervous. He knew instinct would kick in, his body would know what to do no matter how ignorant his mind was but he was still concerned he wouldn’t be enough to entice the alpha into biting him.

Nervously Sherlock inspected himself. He didn’t see it. He didn’t see what John found so beautiful about him. Yes his eyes were striking and his hair was thick and curly, his skin was clear but he was so skinny! He had moles and freckles all over the place. His chest hair was technically there but only technically. Sherlock’s eyes darted over his barely rounded shoulders and the relentless flat of his belly, the lean flat muscles that covered him all over. He sighed and looked at his face, shaking his head. As an omega he should have been made of soft yielding curves, plump and ripe, just the way alphas loved them to be. He didn’t see it at all but John didn’t smell like he was lying when he kissed Sherlock and his eyes certainly weren’t lying as they looked at the omega. Sherlock thought his face was rather odd, his eyes were a bit tilted, his chins had a distressing tendency to multiply when he smiled too hard, and he’d always felt strange about his mouth but John did rather enjoy kissing it. Finally deciding he didn’t need to like how he looked because John clearly liked it and that was all that mattered Sherlock took a last huge deep draught of air to steady himself.

He could smell John. It was dizzying and compelling. With a soft and happy sigh Sherlock left the steamy bathroom, droplets of water sliding down his skin as he searched for the alpha he needed desperately. His slick made his backside glisten but Sherlock felt no embarrassment at being entirely nude, his small cock hard, his body filled with raw desire. The hunger he was well familiar with filled him but instead of dread Sherlock was filled with anticipation. He followed John’s scent to the front room, the alpha was bolting the door, stopping suddenly and sniffing the air, “John.” said Sherlock softly.

John turned and Sherlock was staggered with the heat of passion that was already in John’s face. As the alpha let his eyes wander over Sherlock’s unclad body the omega in him nearly purred with satisfaction at the spike of lust he could smell coming from the magnificent man in front of him. Coquettishly Sherlock turned away slowly and paced toward the bedroom. There was no point being uncomfortable. John followed him, pausing only long enough to bring a basket filled with meal replacement drinks and bottles of water. Sherlock lay back on the bed and ran his hand down his body, sighing gently again as small shivers of pleasure made themselves known. “Don’t touch yourself.” snapped John. Sherlock’s hands fell away instantly, “That’s all for me.” growled the alpha.

“Yes John.” said Sherlock, the omega in him simply melting at the voice of command. This was what he craved, a strong hand, the decisive mindset of an alpha, someone to balance the impetuous and reckless spirit that made him such an unusual omega, “My handsome alpha.”

“Beautiful omega, so good, so lovely, I’ll take you. I’ll bond you. I’ll breed you. Make you mine, my omega.” Sherlock fell to his knees, unable to do anything but respond to his instincts as John’s scent overwhelmed his senses. All logical thought washed out of his mind as need filled him, he wanted to please his alpha, to give him his flesh, to unite in as many ways as they could. “On the bed lovely one.” crooned the alpha, his touch so gentle. Sherlock made a satisfied sound as the alpha positioned
him, “So lovely, smells so good, my perfect omega, you’re such a beautiful omega.”

Sherlock had always feared he would rebel against being taken; that he would balk at the last second when another being took control of his entire existence but with John Watson it wasn’t about giving himself over, it was a true bond; John was giving himself to the omega as much as Sherlock was giving himself to the alpha. After all the years of waiting that Sherlock had endured alone he’d finally come across an alpha that was perfect for him. To submit to John was natural and comfortable, the omega trusted the alpha to be good to him, to care for him, to love him. With John there was nothing to be afraid of; they were the alpha and the omega, the perfect union of halves to make a miraculous whole.

Sherlock had read account after account of alphas taking their omega to bond at the beginning of their heat. It was rough and swift, a primal need sated as quickly as physically possible. John didn’t do that. He worshipped Sherlock, lavishing caresses until Sherlock couldn’t bear it any longer, he wanted his alpha, “John, please.”

“Touch me Sherlock; I want you to know me.” John was so strange, so unusual. Sherlock sat back on his knees, both men shifting until they were facing each other. Sherlock allowed his eyes to wander over John’s small powerful frame. His muscles had softened a bit with time but all it did was enhance the sense of power that the small man exuded effortlessly, he was a seasoned warrior, tested in battle. John was so much more than met the eye, he was the epitome of masculine beauty, so glorious that Sherlock was entirely lost for words. He let his fingers trail everywhere, greedy to touch as much of John as he could, his long fingers stroking over the override cock that jutted so proudly from a nest of curls. The base of it was lightly furled; John’s knot wouldn’t harden until Sherlock was at the height of his heat and at his most receptive.

Sherlock shivered when he realized there was a very strong chance that John would impregnate him, an omega was at their most fertile during a bonding heat. If the bond was strong an omega could even become pregnant with multiples. Sherlock wasn’t sure if he could manage one baby, two or three seemed impossible. He looked at his alpha, so strong, so sure and suddenly imagined his arms full of little replicas of the man in front of him. Sherlock imagined a small army of tow-headed and pugnacious little soldiers, all with kind hearts and steady hands. The omega in him thrilled at the idea and Sherlock felt a sudden surge in the dampness between his legs, “John.” Sherlock leaned forward and tasted his mate. John sighed and laid back a bit, allowing his omega to become familiar with him even though the desire to just rut together was beginning to strain them both. It would happen soon enough; Sherlock could feel the need beginning to grow unmanageable, before it happened though he wanted to explore John as much as he could, to taste his alpha in as many places as possible so he would know him better than any other creature alive. He was John’s and John was his.

Sherlock felt so warm, his limbs seemed to be made of liquid fire. Brazenly he knelt on the bed once again, his back to John, his knees spread to display himself as wantonly as he could. Reaching behind Sherlock boldly ran his own fingers through the glistening mess between his cheeks, rubbing his fingertips around the rim of his entrance. John swatted his hands away, “I said not to touch yourself, that’s mine.” Sherlock arched his back and spread his knees further, dropping his chest to the mattress. John shifted immediately into position, the hot heavy weight of his cock sliding between Sherlock’s cheeks to smear the slick everywhere. “My beautiful little virgin, so sweet and untouched, my cock will be the only cock you ever know.”

Sherlock smiled and rocked back, “Only you, no other, just you, never wanted anyone but you.” It was pure truth. Sherlock had never been attracted to an alpha, never once had he come across an alpha that affected him the way John had before they’d even laid eyes on one another. He could feel John’s cock growing longer and harder as he responded to the mating pheromones Sherlock was emitting. John was much larger than the toys Sherlock had fruitlessly attempted to sate himself with
Another gush of fluid from him drove John deeper into his alpha. Sherlock felt John rub the head of his cock against his entrance, smearing slick over himself as he growled softly to himself. John’s voice was ragged and rough when he spoke next, “You are mine Sherlock Holmes.” John pushed inside, one hand on his cock to guide it in, the other on Sherlock’s hip to keep the omega from pulling away. The stretch was unbelievable. Sherlock nearly yelped as John nudged him open. Sherlock was in full rut now, his body opened naturally, hungry to accept his alpha, to welcome him. After a moment of resistance John began to slide inward, rocking back and driving in deeper with every thrust.

Sherlock grunted at the beginning of each push. He’d never felt so full and John wasn’t even halfway in yet. Panting and trembling all over Sherlock arched his back to ease John’s way, grunting again as John bucked his hips a little to push yet further inside, “Look at that beautiful little hole, look how stretched out you are,” John’s voice was filled with crude admiration, “You’re so wet for me, look at you just dripping. John began to rock harder, pushing deeper and deeper. “Look how spread out you are, I love your fucking legs, so long and sexy.” Now both of John’s hands were on Sherlock’s hips, pulling him back as well as thrusting forward, “Good omega, look at you take me, you can take it all can’t you, you can take every inch of me can’t you Sherlock? No one else can but I bet you can because you’re perfect.”

John had never fit inside anyone before? That meant John had never knotted anyone either! Sherlock’s whole body reacted to that information by becoming relaxed, yielding to John’s presence with increased willingness. John became louder as his appreciation for Sherlock’s flesh grew with each new inch he pushed inside. Sherlock was almost painfully full now but John’s hips were nowhere near his arse. Spreading his knees a tiny bit wider Sherlock reached back, holding himself up on his chest and spread himself wider still, “More John.” he begged. He wanted to be the first, the only omega John had ever knotted. John could split him in two if he needed to.

John pulled out for a moment to change his stance. Now he was crouched over Sherlock, his feet planted firmly on the mattress. He guided himself into Sherlock’s newly stretched hole and wasted no time plunging inward. Sherlock shouted as John pushed in several inches more. He could feel John’s large testicles swaying against the back of his thigh and knew John had nearly succeeded. The alpha pulled out, nearly removing himself again before he dropped down swiftly, driving himself almost cruelly into Sherlock’s body. “Oh god yes, oh fucking yes, that’s so good Sherlock, look at your pretty little ass. You’ve taken my whole cock, all of it! You’re so perfect, so fucking perfect.” John stroked Sherlock back and hips, holding himself as deeply as he could for a long time, “I’m going to fuck you so hard.”

John pulled Sherlock up so he could grip the headboard tight, “Please John.” Sherlock was burning up inside. He needed to come, he needed John to come, he needed to be filled, to have John’s seed in his womb. He needed to be bred, to be allowed to carry the offspring of such magnificence, “Please alpha, want you.”

John slid his hands up Sherlock’s back until one circled Sherlock’s throat and the other tangled in Sherlock’s hair. Roughly John pulled and Sherlock submitted effortlessly, his body bending easily to conform to John’s desired position. John nipped hard at Sherlock’s ear, “I’m going to bond you Sherlock. I’m going to fill you with so much come you’ll be able to have a thousand of my children if you could. I’m going to fuck you raw and knot you. I’m going to bite that long lovely neck of yours and I’m going to fucking own you.”

“Please alpha! Yes alpha, please!” Sherlock wished he could articulate better but the animal part of inside him was fully in control. John pulled back and bucked forward hard. Sherlock yelped for real
this time, his voice almost shrill but his hips thrusting back to meet John with a snap. The feel of John’s long slide inward made Sherlock’s entire body thrill and he wanted it again and again. The doctor obliged.

John began to fuck him with long deep strokes. Sherlock was groaning as loudly as the alpha, his fingers digging into his buttocks as he struggled to keep himself as open as possible. He was delirious with desire, this was the most incredible thing he’d ever felt, this was the most delicious feeling he’d ever been privileged to experience. When he felt the base of John’s cock begin to grow thicker he thrilled again. How intense would it feel when that immense knot pushed into him? John’s cock was already stretching him almost beyond belief. Sherlock grew wetter, instinctively making himself as receptive as possible. John growled again, “Almost, so close.” Sherlock felt the knot swell even more, the furls filling with blood to become almost stony and smooth, a ball at the bottom of an already almost too-thick cock, “You fucking beautiful thing, my amazing brilliant omega, so amazing, so special, only you, my only omega, my perfect wonderful Sherlock.”

Sherlock’s body did everything it could to prepare itself but when John shoved down hard and forced his knot inward Sherlock screamed. He couldn’t help himself, he was being ripped open. The pain was searing and shocking. John fit the last of himself inside Sherlock with an almost audible pop and now Sherlock was nearly howling with pleasure, the immense knot rubbing against his prostate, triggering a stunning series of dry orgasms that made John shudder behind him. Sherlock felt him fall forward, his mouth latching over Sherlock’s bonding gland even as his hips continued to rock shallowly. Sherlock tilted his head willingly and had to close his eyes again when John’s teeth broke through his skin and tore into the swollen gland beneath it.

The world became dreamy and unfocused. Sherlock was conscious of John’s cock working in him, felt the almost harsh jets of semen rushing into him as the alpha orgasmed the second the bonding fluids hit his tongue. A chain reaction caused John’s saliva to become saturated in reciprocal hormones, each one joining with the other’s, spreading and multiplying until both men were almost burning from head to toe as their bodies became attuned and united with one another. Sherlock could smell his scent alter, purring out loud as John’s lay over his like a protective cloak. He was bonded now, safe from possession by other alphas. Once again he was struck with a sense of familiarity, as if this had already happened and they were just renewing it. It never had of course, Sherlock had never felt this level of satisfaction, the crazed urges that had driven him almost insane in the past were now completely sated.

The alpha’s tongue swept over the new wound on the omega’s skin, his saliva would help Sherlock heal now that they were bonded, triggering the omega’s natural reactions with the gentle caress. John stayed where he was, his hand rubbing over Sherlock’s abdomen, instinctively encouraging the omega to retain John’s seed and conceive. Sherlock could feel the head of John’s cock low in his body, heard how the alpha moaned a bit as his hand swept over Sherlock belly again and again. Sherlock felt tingly inside, like parts of him that didn’t normally move were quivering. He was surprised to find he could smell himself on John. Alpha rarely took the scent of their omega but Sherlock could smell himself clearly on his soldier.

John had to wait until his knot reluctantly went down before he could move. Sherlock tried not to cry out. His flesh was so tender now, how was he supposed to survive days of this? He nearly wept at the raw drag of skin against skin until John was out but even as the tears filled his eyes he felt John’s mouth on him, the alpha’s tongue sweeping around broadly, licking and cleaning everywhere. Sherlock felt his flesh grow soothed, the raw torn sensation disappearing slowly until all the unpleasant feelings were gone. The mating urge had subsided for now but Sherlock was still deep in his omega where he would stay until their heat was over. John recovered a bit more, taking care of Sherlock tenderly, leading him to the shower to wash him all over before leading him back to their bed. There was no point changing the sheets, another wave of heat would be on them very soon.
For the next three and a half days Sherlock reveled in being an omega. His alpha was devoted and wonderful, so virile, so strong. He became better at accepting John, his body accommodating his alpha, adjusting itself to allow John to penetrate him with increasing ease. Now even when Sherlock wasn’t in heat he’d be able to take his mate, his body forever changed to please John and only John. The alpha knotted him every time they had sex. Each time was stunning, the dry orgasms leaving Sherlock shaking and nearly comatose. John came inside Sherlock never once spilling his precious seed anywhere but into his omega’s womb. Sherlock’s stomach bulged slightly, his belly full of the seed that had yet to leave him. John caressed the swell ardently, murmuring his devotions to Sherlock over and over again.

Half-way through the afternoon on the fourth day the madness left them. Despite John’s care Sherlock was still extremely tender. John needed to help him to the shower, the water rinsing away the flood of semen that began to drain away at long last. Sherlock felt a bit embarrassed but John knelt right behind him to watch, fingering Sherlock gently to encourage the exodus, humming with strange contentment as he enjoyed the process. When Sherlock was clean inside and out John allowed him to dress properly.

After a small light meal John took Sherlock by the hand and led him from Baker Street directly to an Omega registration center where Sherlock’s bite mark was photographed, a blood-sample from both of them was submitted, and a proud picture of them side by each was taken right after John placed an order for Sherlock’s official tag. Indulgently John allowed Sherlock to choose the pattern and style. The collar would take a little while to be made but John wasn’t worried. The registration center offered all sorts of recommendations so after a brief discussion with the registrar they left and went to a small specialty parlor. Once again John indulgently allowed Sherlock to choose the location, not hiding a proud smile when Sherlock extended his left hand. There on the back close to his thumb Sherlock allowed himself to be marked with a strangely swirling sigil that told people that Sherlock’s alpha was a doctor as well as a soldier. John had drawn it on himself, his hand steady as he made the complex sign to his satisfaction. Another shop saw both of Sherlock’s ears pierced near the top, heavy hoops already pushed into place for the days it would take for Sherlock’s ears to heal enough to accept the custom studs that were ordered. Sherlock blushed, only the highest ranked omega ever had both their ears pierced like that. John was showing everyone what he thought of Sherlock, that Sherlock was valuable and cherished. The omega was giddy and glowing by the time they made their way home. John smelled so proud that Sherlock was almost floating down the street with contentment that he’d made his alpha so happy.

His ears were sore and his thumb felt swollen but Sherlock wouldn’t give up a moment of discomfort if it meant taking away the smell of total happiness that came off of John. The alpha was absolutely thrilled and delighted with everything that had taken place and each new mark of his that Sherlock wore made the alpha that much happier. For John Sherlock would have even considered a brand, not that John would ever ask such a thing of him. The marks Sherlock now had were elegant and classic. The decades in front of them would not dim the beauty of John’s love tokens. The omega regretted the days it would take for his tattoo to heal. It was swaddled carefully beneath bandages at the moment but John had reminded him that alphas and betas didn’t have the accelerated healing that blessed omegas. It could have been a full month of waiting instead of the bare week Sherlock could expect.

Mrs. Hudson came home and spoiled them both with a huge home-made dinner complete with pie. She fussed over both of them like they were her sons, congratulating them on their bond and making much of Sherlock’s piercings and tattoo. They were completely surprised when a knock came at the door. When Mrs. Hudson answered four large alphas pushed past her and demanded to speak to Sherlock, “We’ve been sent here by his family. He’s to choose from one of us.” said the largest one firmly.
John laughed, “You’re too late mate. He’s mine.” The alpha scowled, sniffing deeply, “I bonded with Sherlock. We’re already registered, blood and all.”

“His family is going to pay one of us good money to take that omega so believe me mate, I don’t even give a fuck if he’s pregnant with your bastard he’s coming with me.” The biggest alpha sounded confident.

All four alpha leered at Sherlock and all four of them jumped back when John began to growl softly in the back of his throat, his eyes hard and his fists clenched. It was four to one and any of the invading alphas was twice John’s size. Sherlock stood there in shock but John’s steady scent didn’t have even a trace of fear. “No I don’t think so. He’s mine.”
Challenges

Chapter Summary

Four alphas have turned up to claim Sherlock but John isn't about to just hand his omega over.

Pie Server
Sherlock had his mobile out even as John stepped between him and the intruders but Mrs. Hudson was already on her mobile calling the police, shouting that omega poachers had forced their way into her building and were trying to abduct a bonded omega. She brandished her pie server menacingly at them and frowned sternly. “They’re on their way.” she told John. That made the other three step back, unwilling to become tangled with the authorities just to try and break a bond for money but one alpha didn’t seem to be bothered.

“How hurt you get is entirely your choice.” said John calmly, “Leave this building right this second and you can just be ashamed of yourselves.” The leers had fallen away and the alphas smelled confused now. They looked at John who was so small compared to them but it was like he filled the entire room. He didn’t take a single step further but set his feet and continued to look at all of them, “You will never take Sherlock from me, I will die to keep him, so you can try if you like. I’m unarmed.” John spread his arms wide. John was wearing one of his more ridiculous jumpers, a striped number with tiny boats all over it. He looked completely harmless but all four alpha were shifting in scent from being arrogantly aggressive to concerned. Their senses were sending conflicting messages, they didn’t see danger but they certainly felt it.

The biggest one seemed incapable of stopping himself from talking, “It’s a lot of money mate, I need it. I’m taking this one. It’s not personal. You can even have him back when I’m done with what I need him for. I just need the cash.”

The entire room seemed to grow darker as John scent became angrier, “You can’t have him. He’s mine. Make a single move toward him and I will continue his anatomy lessons by breaking your bones in alphabetical order.”

Sherlock’s face crumpled, “I only know them by region! I don’t think I can recite them in alphabetical order, at least not yet!” He did know a great deal about anatomy already but his education was a patchwork, cobbled together in bits and pieces. John was willing to help Sherlock join up the fragments.

John threw a grin over his shoulder, “That’s alright love. I can start with their arms; you know all of those bones already.” The other alphas were beginning to clue into the fact that they had unexpectedly walked right into the lion’s den. They began to smell even more concerned when Sherlock stood tall and proud, his alpha was simply fantastic! John glared at them again, “Who exactly sent you?” All of them smelled stubborn now. They weren’t going to say.

Sherlock knew there was only one person who would have done this; this reeked of a certain kind of impatient arrogance. Sherlock got his father on the mobile, “I’m bonded now! Call your rapists off!” he shouted at his parent.

Sieger Holmes scoffed, his disdain for his least favorite son clear in every syllable he spoke, “Do you have any idea what we had to promise in order to find an alpha to breed you? Deals were made, you have a duty now. Stop stalling, choose one, and quit lying.” he wasn’t denying anything not that Sherlock expected him to. That he even bothered to answer the call was incredible, he must have been waiting for it.

John took the mobile, punched the speaker option, snarling at it, “My name is John and I have legally bonded with your son. You have one minute to call off the fools you sent to attack your omega child and avoid charges. You harm one hair on my omega’s head and I will have yours!”

“The agreements have already been made to secure a mate for Sherlock. You had no right to claim him. He’s my son!” shouted Sieger to the whole room.

“Not anymore!” shouted John back, “He’s my omega. I claimed him. He bears my bond-bite now,
we’ve been registered. *You’re too late.* There’s nothing you can do.”

“You didn’t get permission from me!” hissed Sieger and Sherlock nearly laughed in disbelief.

“I didn’t need it. Sherlock is so past the age when he might have needed your consent it isn’t even funny and don’t pretend to not know he’s been entirely available to any alpha all this time! Be grateful he has someone who loves him. What kind of parent sends thugs after their own child? I don’t know who you think you are but let me tell you that I can make it so you never see your son or our children should we blessed with them, not until I’m convinced you aren’t the arsehole you appear to be. Right now I think you’re as pathetic as these fuckers you sent. You made sure they got here the day Sherlock would have been in full heat but I guess I got you there, I’m keeping him.”

John nearly broke Sherlock’s mobile while ending the call. Mrs. Hudson was glaring at the intruders, the pie-server still in her wrinkled hand. All their posturing had disappeared when it became obvious that they had been seriously misled, “Leave my home, now.” she ordered and sullenly all four alphas backed away from John was had begun to walk slowly forward, herding them toward the exit.

The second John was on the front step they swarmed and attacked. Sherlock had difficulty breathing as he watched John react smoothly and without hurry. They might have been larger than John but he knew what he was doing and with one precise strike after another he debilitated each of them in a different way. One was on the pavements clutching his knee. Another was trying to find out how long he could hold his breath because John had done something to his throat that was making it almost impossible for the large alpha to breathe. Several seconds went by before Sherlock heard a high pitched whistling sound as the alpha desperately dragged in a lungful of air. In the meantime John had neatly dispatched the third by way of a rather cruelly placed knee but at four to one you couldn’t fight like a gentleman every moment. The last alpha, the biggest one, suffered a thoroughly broken nose when John’s forehead smashed into it and yowled as he fell onto his back, clutching at it.

John stood back and surveyed the group with a cold eye. He wasn’t even breathing hard and Sherlock felt another swell of pride and awe. John was a god! He was the luckiest omega in the world to have the amazing John Watson as his alpha, “Get up. Walk away before I lose my temper.”

They didn’t get far down the street before the Yard was pulling in. Lestrade and his team had all four alphas against the wall, the disapproval in his voice reflected in his scent. There was nothing more contemptible than alpha who threatened a newly bonded omega. There were just some things you shouldn’t be able to do. It was as bad as threatening a child or a pregnant person or the elderly. Lestrade’s division specialized in crimes of this nature, everyone on his team dedicated to their cause, not one of them showing a jot of pity for the aches and pains of alphas in custody. Sherlock was surprised when a long dark car pulled up and his brother emerged, a worried look on his face, “Sherlock, are you alright? Mummy just called.”

John scowled at the older omega, “Luckily I’ve already bonded Sherlock. Your sire sent over four alphas to abduct Sherlock and force-bond him for money.” Sherlock had gone right over and clung to John’s back, his long thin arms wrapping around his alpha’s chest. John patted his hands but made no move to shift away so Sherlock held onto him and felt lucky again.

He saw that Mycroft looked green for a minute. Lestrade was just walking over when the civil servant darted into the alley to be noisily ill, “What the hell is going on here.” hissed the silver haired man, “These fuckers are on so many wanted posters it’s amazing they were even able to make it through the city undetected. Who sent them here?”

“My father.” said Sherlock coldly, “He wanted me to be bred by one of them.” His father hadn’t even bothered to get respectable alphas. Sherlock felt a thread of anger at how little his sire thought
of him. His entire childhood had been filled with examples of what his father thought of omega. He raged against the lack of more children from their bearer. Sherlock had never understood why his sire hadn’t just gone out and gotten another omega to try to bear his pups. Instead the alpha tormented his family to relieve his frustrations. It had been his decision to force Sherlock out of the safety of the omega-only flat complex and into the open danger of regular leases. Stumbling across John at the last moment had felt like fate, if Sherlock believed in such a thing. He didn’t but that didn’t stop the fact that meeting John exactly then had been perfect.

Lestrade sniffed cautiously, “Your Father?” he looked at John, “Yeah, I got the subtle hint that you were bonding a few days ago though honestly I would have thought you would have had Sherlock bonded the day after you met. Never saw an alpha take to an omega like that before and don’t think I didn’t figure out everything about that Hope situation.” there was no heat in the older man’s words. He was distracted, “What’s that smell? It’s like someone’s baking.”

“It’s probably Mrs. Hudson’s flat, she does little else.” said John looking around. Mycroft came out of the alley mopping his mouth and still looking a little sick, “What was that all about?” he eyed Mycroft sharply.

“Papa has tried this gambit before.” said Mycroft grimly and tugged aside his high collar. There on his neck was a shallow bite scar, not deep enough to have forced a bond but it was clear that Mycroft had narrowly escaped a similar attack some years previous. Sherlock felt ill and John’s hand tightened on his. “I was assaulted but managed to get away before he could bond. I didn’t get pregnant but I could have. Papa is ruthless. It’s always about money. There had to be larger payoff at stake down the road, our sire is a long-term planner. To protect myself I eventually made a deal with my father involving the family fortune. I’ve never allowed myself to be caught alone again and I’ve tried to keep an eye on Sherlock.” Anthea came out of the car, Mycroft’s beta assistant doubled as his body-guard as did his driver and all the rest of the employees that worked closely with him. Mycroft looked at Sherlock and then to John. His voice was apologetic and he smelled sincerely penitent, “I know I’ve bungled my handling of my little brother. I’m afraid I’ve become accustomed to a lower standard of behavior toward omega than should be generally acceptable. Our sire only considers other alphas to be of any worth and I fear his prejudices have become my own even though I am omega. This is my fault. I went to our parents to inform them of Sherlock’s imminent bond thinking they would be pleased. By the time Papa decided to speak to me our sire told me it was too late. I would have told you at least that much but by then you’d already sequestered yourselves. I thought everything would be well. I had no idea he had planned this to happen. Sherlock is still in danger; Papa must have a goal of some sort, something he’s willing to use Sherlock as a bargaining chip to gain.”

“Your father is a bastard!” exclaimed Lestrade who went right over to Mycroft. Laying his hand low on Mycroft’s arm the DI said seriously, “If anyone ever bothers you again, you call me right up. I’ll have a team right there before you can blink.” Neither man seemed to notice how their hands came to together; Lestrade’s gently pressing on top of Mycroft’s to soothe him. “We can send a patrol car past here regularly too; at least someone will be close by if a call for help goes out. I wish I could do more, really I do.”

Mycroft looked startled by the earnest declaration but Lestrade smelled of nothing but sincere concern for his welfare, the older alpha clearly distressed that someone had been assaulted, especially an omega. His natural tendency was to protect the omega until he was safe, to discover four alphas together who were willing to overcome that natural urge was highly disturbing, and that they’d been sent by their omega’s sire distressed John and Lestrade equally. “Thank you Detective Inspector,” Mycroft replied courteously, “Once again my brother and I are in your debt.”

“Nonsense, this is my job and I’d be doing it poorly if I didn’t take scum like this off the street. This
couldn’t possibly be your fault, not if your sire said it was already too late, clearly he’s had this organized for a while. I can’t imagine why he wouldn’t have stopped it as soon as you told him about John.” everyone watched as the sullen alphas were rounded up by grim faced betas to be taken away. There were few laws binding alpha and omega when it came to responding to their natural instincts but these four would be removed from the population for the safety of all. John was entirely faultless and all of them were lucky he didn’t indulge in his right to beat them as hard as he pleased.

Mycroft looked grim, “It’s entirely plausible that my sire simply dismissed my entire report out of hand. I am after all merely an omega.” If Sherlock had been unbonded John would have to prove his claim, to fight for him. If John had lost the battle, the strongest alpha would have been able to legally claim Sherlock no matter how the omega felt about it. Sherlock was clearly bonded, even if it was new. It wasn’t easy but another bond could be laid over an omega’s original bond, not that Sherlock could ever be with another alpha willingly. It would be painful to endure, it wouldn’t be the joyful union it had been with John, it would be an invasive force that would race in and destroy all traces of John inside Sherlock. In order to force-bond him they’d have to take Sherlock, bind him, and keep him bound through his next heat to force a second bond on him. Even if the attackers had the worst of summer colds and couldn’t smell John’s scent on him Sherlock was blatantly marked with John’s tokens. The earrings alone declared to anyone at all that Sherlock was bonded even if they couldn’t see the still brilliantly red bond-bite on his neck. Clearly the alphas had recognized the bond and didn’t care. To deliberately challenge a bonded alpha and attempt to take their omega was a crime against the very fabric of their collective nature. The alpha and the omega had to remain together once their bond was made; even alphas who had multiple omegas would never give a single one of them up for anything. Suddenly Sherlock couldn’t wait for his collar to be ready. It was being custom made for him, the design to John’s specifications. Sherlock had chosen the hardware himself, once he had it on no one could pretend to not know he was faithfully bonded. “We’re having words with your father.” declared John hotly.

Mycroft was as distracted as Lestrade, beginning to look around curiously, “Has a new shop opened up? I can smell vanilla.”

John and Sherlock looked at each other when Lestrade looked around, “I wondered the same thing.” both of them peered up and down the street, not seeing anything resembling a new shop or anywhere the scent of vanilla could be coming from.

Well there were a few areas he was an expert in so Sherlock rolled his eyes and gave his brother a helping hand, “Detective Inspector, perhaps it would be in your professional interest to take my brother’s statement. I do believe there is no time limit for an omega to report an assault?” At least Sherlock liked Lestrade so this wasn’t all bad.

Lestrade instantly became solicitous, touching Mycroft’s arm gently once more, “We can do this
anywhere you’re comfortable, whenever you’re ready.’’ Sherlock nearly shook his head. How could they not notice?

Mycroft looked irritated and sniffed in disdain but his body leaned into the comfort of the alpha at his side. His eyes widened in shock and he looked at Lestrade who was still watching him with gentle concern, encouraging the omega to allow him to escort him to his car. Mycroft looked Lestrade up and down, remaining wordless but with a sharp gesture invited the DI to follow him into his town car, presumably to speak privately about Mycroft’s experience. Sherlock rolled his eyes again. Mycroft was smart enough to put together what Sherlock had seen and intelligent enough not to fight it, “Mycroft might as well drive right to the tattoo parlour.”

“What, why? What happened?” John was looking around and Sherlock realized he was being herded back into the safety of 221 B now that everything seemed to be over. Mrs. Hudson was still standing in the doorway holding her pie-server. She shooed them both back upstairs, locking the door securely behind all of them as John followed Sherlock back to their flat.

“What? Lestrade and your brother? How do you know? Why is Mycroft horrified, Lestrade seems alright.”

“The Jubilation.” said Sherlock, finally removing his coat and hanging it next to John’s. Their flat smelled amazing, like sex and John, Sherlock breathed in deeply, “They both smelled vanilla when they were close to one another, even though Mycroft had been ill. Mycroft’s body is recognizing Lestrade as his perfect alpha, there’s no denying it now. It’s already started; it’s just a matter of time. It doesn’t have to be vanilla of course, that’s just the scent that is personally significant to both of them.” of the many ways an omega could indicate their readiness to an alpha was to scent-bond. The alpha and the omega had to be at a point in their lives where they were not only physically ready for bonding but emotionally. Lestrade clearly had qualities as an alpha that the omega in Mycroft had responded to; his needs would be perfectly satisfied by what Lestrade had to offer, just as John satisfied Sherlock. Jubilation was as rare as soul-bonding, a connection that could happen even if the couple were nowhere near the other. The alpha and omega didn’t necessarily immediately realize they’d been soul-bonded but after a while most began to notice that they weren’t responding to other alphas and omegas in their regular fashion and sought out their soul-mate. Jubilation required proximity, their bodies instinctively reacting to tie the alpha and omega together. It had already happened, Mycroft couldn’t escape it and Lestrade hadn’t even realized he’d accidentally acquired an omega. Mycroft was old for an unbonded omega but nothing could stop nature from doing as she pleased, and she had been pleased to match the very dignified and powerful civil servant to a widowed father of four in a wrinkled trench-coat.

“Jubilation? Really? I wished I’d noticed, I’ve never met a Jubilant couple before. Well, I guess I have haven’t I. I wasn’t paying attention I suppose. I wasn’t expecting have someone try to poach my omega right off the bat. Mycroft is going to go into heat soon isn’t he? He must. He’s your brother; your cycles would be almost identical.” In a home where there was more than one sibling of the same sub-gender their cycles would synchronize to reduce the stresses of the larger family while keeping their progeny safe while they were vulnerable. John had triggered Sherlock’s heat early but it was supposed to have started the day previous or today. Mycroft’s normally began somewhere a day before or after Sherlock’s. It was likely if he wasn’t starting on his own he would be triggered by Lestrade soon enough.

“Oh I imagine it is beginning imminently.” said Sherlock and hoped his brother was someplace
discrete and that Lestrade could be unexpectedly away from everything for at least half a week while he completed bonding. An hour later they received a text from Anthea confirming that Sherlock’s brother had locked himself away in his townhouse with the DI but that his staff would ensure that Lestrade’s children were with their paternal grandparents for the duration. With a smug smile he showed the message to John who snorted. Sherlock said, “He was known as the Ice Man. I don’t even know how many alphas tried to court him, he turned them all down. His career has been his focus.” Each cycle Mycroft had made use of very expensive private services to deal with his heats, finding alphas willing to be masked and temporarily sterilized to see to his needs. Most of them had approached him afterward to beg for his attentions but Mycroft froze them out, earning his unofficial title over and over again.

“Well I guess that’s not a nickname that’s going to work for him any longer.” John kissed Sherlock soundly on the cheek. He turned Sherlock’s face with his hands and kissed his mouth lightly. Sherlock put his arms around his alpha and suddenly John was kissing Sherlock hard, pushing him up against the wall, “They tried to take you. I’ll never let that happen, never.”

John took him right there in the living room. Sherlock was knelt on the sofa as John claimed him once more, driving himself deeply into his omega, worrying the bond bite a bit as he worked Sherlock through two orgasms before finally bringing Sherlock to a final glorious finish with him. Sherlock fell gasping face down on the cushions and John sprawled on top of him. They started to giggle and John gently bit Sherlock’s shoulder-blade, just enough to redden the skin. Sherlock felt wonderfully owned and protected. His John would never let anything bad happen to him and if someone tried they would be sorry. It made his insides feel warm again. As they recuperated John mused, “I wonder what it’s going to be like for Greg to be bonded to someone like Mycroft?”

“He’ll understand the true meaning of being stalked. My brother is a controlling man, he won’t leave Lestrade unmonitored anywhere.” Mycroft’s tendencies were well known to his associates. Many had tried to get away with clandestine projects on the side but even as they’d made their deals Mycroft’s spies had informed him in time to break off their nebulous working relationship, no longer a part of the civil servant’s inner circle. Mycroft had been a skilled player in the great game of alpha and omega but no longer. Now he belonged to a street-tough DI with nearly as many bullet wounds as John. Lestrade seemed kind though, he might be good for Mycroft, at least Sherlock hoped so. There was nothing to be done for it if he wasn’t, a fact that Sherlock had personal experience of.

John was a very attentive alpha and had been right from the day he’d moved in. Not all of them were. Never once had he treated Sherlock like he was mindless or unintelligent. If anything the witter Sherlock was the more thrilled John had become. Sherlock had shown John his kitchen lab, shyly opening his laptop to let John look at the website he’d started, “It’s not very exciting but the information is accurate. Some would find it useful.” Sherlock had taught himself painstakingly, reading everything he could find online and making sense of the world one fragment at a time. Many omegas weren’t given an education outside what they needed to know to parent successfully but his sire had ignored Sherlock so intently that he’d been able to sneak books to read. If there was more than one omega in a family and no alpha or beta the eldest omega sometimes got a reprieve, which is clearly what happened with Mycroft but Sherlock had received no encouragement from his sire about anything.

“The Science of Deduction.” read John. He stood up and grinned down at Sherlock in his chair, “Brilliant! God is there anything you can’t do?” John smelled so proud that Sherlock’s feet began tapping happily on the floor. John liked what he did! Sherlock had shown John case files he’d solved and John’s pride grew. He questioned Sherlock closely and compared old cases to ones they’d worked on together. Sherlock was so happy. Now that they had bonded John was still supportive and filled with admiration. He told Sherlock he could stay up as long as he needed to do his experiments, at least until John told him to go to bed. The alpha was liberal but there were limits.
John wasn’t going to let Sherlock stay awake for days at a time any longer nor to go without food for more than a day, no matter how Sherlock complained. They couldn’t take a case until Mycroft could speak to them more about how Sherlock could be in danger. It should have driven Sherlock crazy to be still sequestered but being shut away with John was sheer bliss.

John cooked for Sherlock. It had been strange enough when they had been just flatmates and Sherlock had hazily assumed he would now be responsible for domestic duties. John laughed, “No. Absolutely not, I’ve seen what you do to cookware. No, I’m secure enough as an alpha to risk being laughed at for being able to make my own dinner. We’re talking about chores though. I don’t mind cleaning up but you’ve got some awful habits.” John didn’t expect much mostly that Sherlock ensured his laundry ended up inside the hamper and not beside it and that Sherlock put the lids back on things once he was done with them. A bit of negotiation had the kitchen in quadrants, some for eating and cooking, others for scientific inquiry.

Doing absolutely anything John wanted turned out to be incredibly easy. What John wanted was for Sherlock to keep doing his experiments, or to play his violin, or to work inside his mind palace which John very much admired. During these occupations John was pleased to see to their home, busily cleaning and tidying. It kept seeming strange to Sherlock until he realized that John was in fact incredibly dominant. He wanted to do things his way because he wanted things done his way. He had deliberately chosen an atypical omega because Sherlock also did things his own way and that was an attitude John respected. John could have found an obedient and perfectly trained omega nearly anywhere. Doctors were much in demand as mates; he would have had no trouble securing someone even with his wounded shoulder. The alpha didn’t want mindless obedience. He wanted Sherlock to behave but at the same time he was willing to allow Sherlock to be himself.

Each night before they fell asleep John would make love to Sherlock, teaching him all the many skills he’d gathered during his travels. John was a careful lover, having spent a lifetime withholding himself so as not to damage his partner. That he finally had a lover with whom he could be free with delighted the alpha beyond measure but old habits were difficult to break. Sherlock learned that pleasuring the omega satisfied John deeply. John also always demonstrated on Sherlock if he wanted the omega to do something specific to him. Sherlock was an avid student and John was very pleased. Even though it was physically impossible for Sherlock to do more that lick or stroke John’s cock it didn’t stop the doctor from giving Sherlock a multitude of very intense lessons about oral sex, the alpha on his knees in front of his omega nearly as many times as Sherlock was on his knees for his alpha.

Sherlock loved it when they managed to stay awake after. John was filled with interesting little stories and funny little questions about Sherlock’s life. It was marvelous to fall asleep laughing, stretched out together, holding hands or cuddling softly. Sherlock told John about all the small strange places he could take the alpha right there in London. He knew all about the city, he’d studied the streets and histories of it since he was small. John was fascinated and eagerly agreed on a staycation in London as soon as they had their current problem sorted out. Sherlock was dizzy with all of it, he’d never been with anyone who was so interested in him, who found him worth listening to, worth paying attention to. Sherlock found the attraction he’d always had for John grow and grow, accompanied by a warmth in his heart that began to burn hotter each day they spent together. John was the center of the universe and that was absolutely the way it ought to be as far as Sherlock was concerned.

When Mycroft and Lestrade finally emerged an impressive five days later Sherlock and John had received an additional three visits from groups of alphas looking to cash in on Sherlock, all unaware that Sherlock had bonded already. The last group had been made of the most desperate alphas of the lot. They’d attempted to force their way inside the building. One of them ended up in hospital due to a cut near their eye from Mrs. Hudson’s pie server which was uncommonly sharp and fit neatly
between the chain on the door. The man had threatened to press charges but John had snarled him down before beating some answers out of him. It seemed that their sire had put out a general offer through some very odd channels but had neglected to withdraw it with any speed. John was patient and waited, as soon as Mycroft and Greg’s bonding registration was complete Mycroft took his alpha home to meet their parents, John and Sherlock with them.
Holmes

Chapter Summary

There have been some ups and downs at 221 B Baker Street but now everyone is off to see Mummy and Papa Holmes

Chapter Notes

I have extra clever readers who are guessing what's happening before I can post. I like that, you're all brilliant. Have a cookie. <3

Sherlock wasn’t looking forward to going back to the family estate. When he was young Sherlock was almost sure his sire had forgotten he’d even had a second son. His time there had been filled with bleak loneliness, growing up mostly in a suite of rooms at the back of the house. His sire had very little time to waste on what he considered to be substandard progeny but he’d hired all the appropriate tutors to make sure his children had the skills necessary to become good mates, if nothing more. Sherlock had never been entirely certain what it was their sire did but their family was wealthy and had appearances to maintain. Mummy ensured that Sherlock received a new wardrobe once a year even if he wasn’t living at home. Sherlock had accepted silently, knowing each gift was just another hope his mother had that he would somehow find an alpha.

Mummy was absolutely thrilled and started to fuss over both alphas before her husband forced her to stand behind him, hands folded, her head lowered so she was staring at her feet. Sherlock looked at her; she was as beautiful as ever, her golden hair gone silver, the generous curves of her body swathed in rich fabrics. There was a delicate chain of jewels around her neck so beautiful no one would ever expect that it was actually a choker collar. It would seem their sire had become stricter than ever. Sherlock forced himself to retain the relaxed and easy manner he normally had when he was with John. Sieger sat behind a massive hardwood desk. He was tall, thin, angular, his eyes sharp and critical. Sherlock’s sire looked at him with a hard gaze, not bothering with introductions, “You should be behind your mates. If either of you had paid attention to your training you’d know that.” growled the silver haired man disapprovingly. He looked at John and Greg, “Don’t be afraid to beat some manners into them. Both of them are more trouble than they’re likely worth.”

John took exception instantly, preventing Sherlock from slinking behind him, “Don’t tell my omega what to do. We’re here as a courtesy only, you don’t get to control my mate one bit.” John kept Sherlock right beside him but the small alpha was like a wall, shielding Sherlock from the contempt they could both smell from Sieger.

Sherlock’s sire snorted derisively, “All he needs to do is take it up the arse whenever you’ve got an itch to scratch and to push out as many pups as he can. That’s their only purpose.” Sieger glared at his children. “My omega only managed to have two and both of them are nearly useless. Mycroft has fucked his way up the ladder to some money but Sherlock has done nothing but disgrace our family name. At least Mycroft sold his arse for some purpose but I guess that’s all over now, not unless his new alpha doesn’t mind him fellating every Member of Parliament.” Papa’s prejudices were well
known in this house. As far as Sieger was concerned all omega weren’t much better than walking orifices that you used when you needed.

Mycroft went very still as his sire spoke but Lestrade did not, “You shut the fuck up! Myc isn’t some kind of whore! He works hard; he’s smart, clever and talented.” Sieger looked at the DI like he’d lost his mind. Lestrade took a menacing step forward, “I know you’ve sent people after your boys. The second I find a link between those brutes and you I am doing everything in my power to ruin you. You let your oldest boy be…” Lestrade gritted his teeth to stop speaking for a moment, “I was there to watch Sherlock’s alpha and his aged landlady save him from being stolen right out of his own home. John tells me the attacks haven’t stopped. Now either you are completely arrogant and think that you can just let this keep happening without repercussions or you are up to something more than just trying to get your kids bonded. Call your predators off and do it now. I can promise you all nine levels of hell if you don’t.”

Sieger pretended Greg hadn’t said a word, merely sitting back at his desk and dismissing everyone with a final comment, “I expect grandchildren within the year. If one of you isn’t at least pregnant by the time twelve months have passed I will be sending visitors to help you get pregnant. I’m an old man, I don’t have forever. Breed them if you haven’t already. It’s about time they did something decent.”

Lestrade wasn’t nearly as threatening as John but it really was just a matter of degrees, “Mr. Holmes, I am Detective Inspector Gregory Lestrade. It might interest you to know that I specialize in crimes against omega. I now have even more interest in crime against omega, specifically my omega. I have someone to find now and believe me when I say I will find him. When I locate this particular individual we are going to have a little conversation. Warn him all you want. Threaten anyone you want it won’t stop me. One little link is all I need and then I will come back here with some friends of mine who will help me have a little conversation with you and all of it will be perfectly legal, I promise.”

Sieger was shocked for only a moment before sneering, “Detective Inspector? I should have known Mycroft would choose someone from the working classes. Still it’s somewhat better than what the addict dragged home. I’ve broken no laws; all I’ve done is to attempt to arrange bonding for those worthless omega.” Sieger could claim he never encouraged the alpha to assault his children. It would an alpha’s word against an omega’s.

John stepped forward, “Don’t ever refer to Sherlock in that manner again. He’s mine not yours. You may be his sire but I am his alpha.”

“Some little nobody with nothing doesn’t impress me or are you a Detective Inspector too? Sherlock would settle for anyone at this point, he couldn’t give it away if he stood on the street with his arse hanging out. I should be hip deep in great-grandchildren by now, but not even one grandchild to continue the line! Pathetic, both of them.” sneered Sieger down at John, “I should be grateful though even if this does complicate matters. This little breeder has been such a disappointment; you’ve saved me quite a lot of money by taking him for free.” Sherlock’s sire sat straighter, clearly dismissing them again, “Breed them. One year or I will do as I said.”

The rumble in John’s throat was dark and ominous, “I am Doctor John Hamish Watson, late of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers and you will not threaten my mate.” Even the air felt filled with menace as John simply loomed without moving.

Sherlock was astounded to see his father’s head jerk up in complete surprise. There was a long moment of silence and then Sieger stared fiercely at John, “John Watson? Not Captain John Watson of Edgewater?” Sieger looked aghast when John nodded slowly and Sherlock watched as his father
nearly wilted back into his seat, his eyes downcast, “A thousand apologies.” he said humbly, “I shall of course retract everything. I wish no harm to my children or grandchildren should we be blessed with your line.” Sieger signaled his wife; not even looking at her just snapping his fingers, and sadly Sherlock watched his mother sink to her knees, her head lowered even further.

John growled. Sherlock’s father still hadn’t offered him the courtesy of their names, “My mate’s bearer will never bow to me. Rise. I thank you for your son. Your gift is beyond repayment.” Mummy rose smoothly to her feet, her head still bowed but only slightly.

These were old words coming from John’s lips. John! John who was wearing that dreadful oatmeal jumper he liked and those green and white checkered trainers. Still Sherlock couldn’t deny that his normally unassailable father looked like he was going to be ill as he stared at John with worry in his eyes. Mycroft was staring at John like he’d never seen him before, “Lord Edgewater?”

“Don’t call me that. I gave all that up when I joined the army. Everything went to my sister. If you want to suck up to someone Harry’s the one to do it to, good luck, she’s a beta.” Betas wouldn’t be susceptible to the pheromones of alphas or omegas, if they wanted to get into Harry’s good graces they’d have to get to know her somehow and John didn’t seem to be interested in introductions.

“You family is run by a beta?” Sieger was shocked but dropped his eyes when John growled again, “Apologies my Lord, I meant no insult.”

“Don’t call me Lord. I’m not, not anymore. My little sister may be a beta but she’s more than capable of doing her duty.” Sherlock was beginning to understand and once again regretted his piecemeal education. He should know things like who was part of the great ruling families. He vaguely knew the name Edgewater and tried to recall what he could of them. Suddenly Sherlock shivered as his mind palace assembled every detail attached to the name. His mate was of the glorious and ancient line of Edgewater, famed warriors, healers, poets, and heroes. There were no bloodlines more respected! Edgewater estates produced the finest cheeses in the country as well as all manner of good things; some of their smaller holdings specializing in honey, the only reason Sherlock even knew the name. He loved honey and Edgewater honey was the best. John was of noble blood!

Sherlock blinked, feeling the ancient pattern tattooed on his hand, the pinch of the heavy rings in his ears where John’s sigils would eventually be displayed. John had marked him to show everyone that Sherlock was of the highest rank, if his collar had been ready his sire would have known John instantly. Sherlock suddenly felt so ignorant. All the clues were right there and he hadn’t figured it out. John stepped forward a single pace and Sherlock saw his father grow ashen. John looked over to Mycroft and Greg before looking back to Sherlock, “I wanted to do this in front of all of them,” John stared down at Sieger, “You will never trouble us. You will never use my family connections to your advantage. If we decide to contact you we will. You will not trouble my brother. His mate might have been your son at one time but Mycroft is no longer under your control. Do not make me angry.” Sherlock shot a glance at Lestrade who looked as stunned as Sieger, especially when John openly claimed him as a brother. John took Sherlock’s hand and almost dragged him away.

Mycroft brought them home and John was silent the entire ride. No one dared disturb him, he looked irate still. When the car pulled up to Baker Street John turned and pointed to Lestrade and then to Mycroft, “Not one word about my family to anyone! I left that life behind over twenty years ago and I’ll never go back to it. For all intents and purposes I am exactly what I seem to be, a retired soldier with a dodgy shoulder and a pension.”

“You’re Lord Edgewater though!” said Lestrade, “Why wouldn’t you…”

John growled in the back of his throat and Lestrade stopped talking. John breathed for a second then spoke softly, “I’m not Lord Edgewater. I gave up my title and gave it to my sister, Lady Harriet. I’m
just John Watson, lucky bastard who got to bond with Sherlock Holmes. I can’t say I did you any favors there but I at least tried to fix it so he wouldn’t bother you two.”

John helped Sherlock out of the car and shut the door on Mycroft and Greg’s questioning faces. Looking around suspiciously John got Sherlock inside and locked the door behind him, “I don’t trust how quickly your father will put out the word that you are no longer available.”

Sherlock stopped moving, “John, you have to tell me what’s going on. I don’t have enough data to understand and you know how frustrating I find that.”

“I know love, I know. Come on, let’s have some tea at least.” John ushered Sherlock to their flat and made tea and a snack for both of them, pottering around the kitchen like always. Sherlock had a hard time reconciling the awe and fear his father had demonstrated toward the small man who was now struggling to get a packet of biscuits off the top shelf, “Sherlock stop putting these up here.”

Sherlock got up and fetched down the packet, taking a biscuit right out of the bag. He pressed himself to John’s back and leaned down to nibble John’s ear, “But getting them down for you is so fun.”

“Don’t distract me. I have a lot to tell you and I don’t want to forget anything.” John still stopped and kissed Sherlock for several minutes. When he finally pulled away there wasn’t a trace of anger or irritation left. John smelled content but preoccupied. Sherlock set out the biscuits on a plate before following John to the sofa to listen. “My family is indeed of the Edgewater line, the Watsons have often been at its head. It could have been me this time but I felt I had a duty elsewhere and I wanted to be a doctor. Harry is good at what she does; she’s a far better choice than ever I was. I like to fight too much. I suppose that’s one of the million reasons I liked you so much, I know it hasn’t been very long but right from the first day being with you feels like what I’m meant to do. If I hadn’t been in the army you and I would never have met. I would have been bonded to a hundred politically connected omegas or something ridiculous like that and spent all my time sorting out family feuds that date back centuries. Harry has a wife; she can’t bond so she doesn’t have a harem. Clara is smart too, she helps Harry with everything but it’s never going to be a life I’d look forward to. I have a perfect life. I have an omega that is smarter than ten people combined who lets me get into fist-fights with criminals and lets me shoot people. How rare is that? More than just being the perfect omega for me I’d like to think we’d of been friends anyway, best friends even. I like you Sherlock. I find you interesting and funny, I like spending time with you, I admire so many things about you. Sometimes I feel like I’ve been selfish for walking away from my family like that but I can’t regret it, not when I have you.”

“Your friends call you Three Continents Watson.” said Sherlock accusingly, trying to ignore the pleased blush on his cheeks.

John laughed ruefully and rubbed the back of his head, “Well, there’s nothing I can do to change the past. I never wanted a real relationship with anyone so I always kept things casual, you know, one-offs or just fuck-buddies. It just never felt right, not any of them. Most of the time I regretting doing it at all but god, sometimes you just need to get laid.”

Sherlock knew that feeling. He’d lost track of the times he’d begged the silent air around him to manifest an alpha to be with him. Shuddering again Sherlock wrapped himself around John, suddenly feeling uneasy, “You might take other lovers. I might not be enough for you. You could meet someone you like just as well.”

“No I couldn’t. I made a vow, a promise. I won’t break my word, not to anyone but especially to you. You are my omega Sherlock. You are the sole interest in my life, the one and only part of my existence that I can never be without. Even if the most in-demand omegas in the world came here
and offered themselves to me I wouldn’t be interested. I wouldn’t. They’re not you and if I don’t have you I don’t have anyone.” Sherlock was still feeling insecure but John took his wrist and tugged at him until Sherlock spilling into his lap giggling and smiling. John ran his hands over Sherlock’s behind and said with a leer, “Anyway, you’ve got just the right arse for my cock, no one else does, how could I possibly ignore an important fact like that?”

“Well my father would certainly approve of that observation.” said Sherlock tartly.

“Yeah but he’s a douche who hates omegas and I’m a poor sap who’s so in love I can hardly see straight.” Sherlock looked down at John and saw it in his face, could smell it on him. John loved him. John didn’t seem to expect any kind of response, “I want to ask you something. You can say no if you want.”

Sherlock’s looked at John again, he’d gone from being serious, to teasing, and now Sherlock could swear John was nervous! “Ask John.”

John took Sherlock’s hand and kissed his fingers softly, “Sherlock, I know we’ve bonded and that makes me so happy I can’t even explain it but it’s not enough. If you want, if you’d let me, I’d like to do one more thing.”

Sherlock paled. John was going to brand him. He knew it. John was going to pick a piece of Sherlock’s skin and sear his sigil into him. He could practically hear the sizzle, smell the burn. Swallowing hard and knowing he would let John do it if he asked Sherlock just said, “What would you like John?”

John kissed Sherlock’s fingers again and pressed them to his cheek for a moment before looking up into Sherlock’s eyes, “Sherlock Holmes would you marry me?”

Sherlock literally gaped. His mouth fell open and his eyes widened in complete shock. They were bonded! Alphas did not need to marry their omega; marriage was for betas or the occasional same-sub-gender couple that happened. Marriage was only for those who couldn’t bond but they had!

Sherlock didn’t understand. “Why?”

Instead of being offended John’s eyes crinkled in a smile and he kissed Sherlock’s tattoo. The wrapping had come off two days previous, the flesh completely healed. “I want to wear your ring Sherlock. I want people to see me and know that I am with someone, someone special enough that I would like everyone to know as soon as we meet that I don’t just have an omega, but that I have a partner, a husband, an equal. We aren’t the same but you aren’t less than I am Sherlock. You are amazing and astonishing and brilliant and I feel like I can’t do enough to show you how much you mean to me. I want to marry you so everyone will know I am as much yours as you are mine. Please say yes?” John’s eyes were hopeful, as if Sherlock might actually choose to say no.

Sherlock was tempted, just to see if John would accept it but he knew deep inside his heart that John would. He would take no for an answer and remain Sherlock’s devoted alpha regardless. John wasn’t asking so that Sherlock felt obligated to answer. John really wanted to know. Sherlock smiled and nodded, “Yes John.” the hot burning feeling in his heart grew hotter still and Sherlock felt light. John was beaming up at him, looking so pleased and so happy that Sherlock had to pull him close to hug him, and to kiss his sweet face. “I love you John, I would be very happy to marry you.”

“Oh!” John looked so surprised that Sherlock sat back. Had he seriously expected Sherlock to say no? “You love me?”

That’s what surprised John? Sherlock looked down at his alpha, “Of course I do John, should I not? You are wonderful and kind to me, you look after me, care for me, allow me to be myself the way no
other alpha would. I don’t do anything a properly trained omega should do, I can’t cook, I almost never clean, I have some rather questionable things in the bottom crisper of the fridge but you don’t mind! You don’t think that I am somehow less than human, you treat me as you would anyone.”

“Well not anyone.” protested John, “I don’t go around snogging strangers.”

“Well not anymore!” exclaimed Sherlock. John giggled and it was so adorable Sherlock kissed him for it, “I do love you John. I would be very happy to marry you.”

John smiled up at him, stroking his small hands down Sherlock’s arms, “It’s not right that you should ever be treated as anything but who you really are. There’s no medical reason that omega should be considered incapable of doing anything anyone else can do. We both know lots of omega who have regular jobs and do things like everyone else does, it’s not right that your lives are so prohibited.”

In small but significant ways did Sherlock’s gender count against him. He couldn’t enroll in school without an alpha’s permission. Omegas didn’t even get awarded the letters they’d earning in school if they got that far; their credentials were given to their alpha to show to potential employers. The jobs omega were allowed to obtain were always indoors, safe jobs, places where they would be protected, like Anderson. His alpha worked with him, or left him with his beta wife when Donovan was busy elsewhere. Sherlock had broken so many conventions in becoming a consulting detective but he didn’t get paid for it. Lestrade had let him help but only because Sherlock did it for free. John seemed to be reading his thoughts, “You know what love? I am going to blog. I’m going to write up all the stories about the cases you’ve solved. I bet there’s people out there that would hire us.”

“Hire? As in make money to do the Work?” John would allow Sherlock to earn an income? “Don’t you want to be a doctor still?”

“Oh I can still work at the clinic and be a consulting detective’s assistant on the side.” Sherlock blushed again. John was only going to consider himself Sherlock’s assistant? John took Sherlock’s hand again, his free hand caressing Sherlock’s cheekbone with a gentle finger, “You are worth showing off Sherlock. No one can do what you do. If you had been born a beta people would have flocked to you to help them. If you’d been an alpha you could have been powerful and wealthy using nothing more than your natural skills. Instead everyone treats you as if you haven’t a thought in your head just because you have a womb. Beta women have wombs but no one expects them to walk a pace behind their spouses, or to work for free so their alpha can receive their wages! Your father…” John bit off his words and took a careful breath, “You will never have to kneel to prove my status Sherlock. I would never do that to you. You have every right to be treated decently.”

“You’re almost royalty John; you shouldn’t be working part-time at a clinic and chasing after criminals.”

John rolled his eyes, “You mean I should have kept my title and spent my time making sure a great load of over-privileged snobs stay happy?” John shook his head, his eyes gentle, “I want to help people. I like being a doctor. I wanted to be a soldier. I wanted to be a part of something that was important. That’s why I want to be with you, to watch what you do, to help if I can. It’s important. You help people even though you get nothing for doing so.”

“Really it’s just the puzzles I like.” confessed Sherlock, “I don’t know these people. Most of them don’t like me no matter what I do. It’s always been this way even before my first heat.”

“How old were you?”

“I was late; I was almost eighteen before it finally arrived. My mother was so worried and my father…” Sieger had not been kind toward a child who had only one purpose and couldn’t even
manage the most basic part of it, “He allowed me to eventually take suppressants when it became obvious that I wasn’t able to attract a mate.” Sherlock’s shame must have shone through his words despite his efforts to keep his voice steady, “You have no idea John, no idea at all what it’s been like all this time. Heat after heat I suffered. How can an omega not attract an alpha when he’s in full heat? It should have been impossible but I did it, for twenty years John.”

“That’s the entire time I was in the army.” said John softly, “No omega anywhere, just alphas and betas. I tried not to get involved with anyone too closely but there were nights when everything was too much and you just needed someone with you to feel something with. I’ve always been attracted to men so I only slept with women, just to keep myself from developing any kind of connection. They weren’t any more interested in a relationship than I was. It was release, that’s all. I couldn’t really have sex with anyone, I’d hurt them too much but there were ways around that if you really wanted.”

Sherlock draped himself over John, trying to make himself smaller so he could be held. John just lifted him and shifted his legs so Sherlock was sitting over his knees, almost cradled in his arms. “I’m glad we don’t have to do that anymore.”

“Me too love.”

Sherlock pondered what John had revealed to him, “So you’ve always been attracted to men?”

“Joining the army seemed like a really good idea when I was eighteen,” said John with colored cheeks and a self-deprecating laugh, “All those blokes in uniforms, lots of hard bodies.”

“That’s what you like?” Sherlock had a hard body. He didn’t want to but he did. John nodded, his hands beginning to drift down Sherlock’s sides, “What else do you like?”

John looked Sherlock over, “Well, I’ve always liked a fit bloke, someone taller. When I first joined I wasn’t so careful about who I took to bed, it didn’t seem to matter then but it was mostly men, I liked women too, I just liked men more. I guess I was feeling my freedom for the first time. I was free from the family by then; I was being trained to go to war, at the peak of my physical condition, and single. I liked lots of different things but there were a few things that really, really did it for me.”

John’s hands were now delicately trailing down Sherlock’s thighs, “Like what?”

“Oh, there were the normal things like strong thighs, or long legs, or a muscular back, but for me, my thing was a long lovely neck.” John tugged Sherlock over and placed a gentle kiss on his neck, “I don’t know what it is about it but I suppose I like a taller man because it makes it easy for me to do this,” John paused and nibbled on Sherlock’s throat for a moment, “Which I love to do.”

Sherlock gave a small shuddering breath because John’s teeth were nipping in a very distracting manner that Sherlock could for some reason feel in his nipples, “Any other body part?”

John shrugged and nibbled again for a moment, “It might be the alpha in me but I can’t resist a wonderful bottom and yours is superb.” John’s hand reached over and he squeezed Sherlock’s behind softly, “I know you suffered Sherlock but I am so glad no one has ever had you before me. I wish I could do something to erase all that time but I can’t.”

Sherlock kissed John and thought about one of his particular skills. He could do it but it wouldn’t be right, “I could delete it.” he said reluctantly, “From my mind palace. I could get rid of every memory of everything I suffered before we met, it would be like it never happened.”

“What do you mean?” John sounded horrified, his hands ceasing their journey.
“I can get rid of information. It’s not the same as forgetting. I can take all the memories I don’t want and just delete them.” he looked at John seriously, “I don’t think I will though, I feel those memories are important.”

“It’s important to remember how much you had to endure?”

“Yes John. Without those memories I would not understand how special you are. I wouldn’t be able to fully realize how remarkable a thing it is that we share between us, that you are the one person in the world who finds me desirable and I am the one person in the world you can actually physically be with. That we like each other even without those factors is incredible.”

John pulled him in for a long kiss before looking into Sherlock’s eyes, his fingers carding through Sherlock’s hair, “I don’t want you to get rid of anything in that beautiful head of yours. That’s one of the other things that really does it for me.”

“You think my hair is nice?” asked Sherlock. John’s fingers felt delightful on his scalp.

“No you silly thing.” John stroked a thumb across Sherlock’s cheekbone again, “I love how smart you are. Intelligence has always been a turn-on for me and you are probably the sexiest person I’ve ever met.” John kissed Sherlock softly, “You’re so curious. You don’t even care what you’re learning about, everything is fascinating to you. It’s absolutely brilliant. You’re so unafraid to learn more, you don’t know how to stop reaching for more and maybe that make you seem greedy but I can see you’re starving for it, you need it, and I want to give it to you. I want you to feed that magnificent mind of yours with whatever you want because I can’t think of anything more beautiful than watching you learn something. You’re everything our society says you shouldn’t be and it’s beautiful. You’re beautiful Sherlock.”

Time stopped for them. John and Sherlock made love to one another, first on the sofa, then again in their bedroom. John once again worshiped Sherlock from head to toe, delighting in every part of his omega, bringing Sherlock to orgasm again and again. By the end of the night both of them could barely move and lay sprawled together on their bed, glistening with sweat and semen. Sherlock tried to swipe some of it off his belly but John licked it off, “I love the way you taste.” he said.

Sherlock shifted closer, “I like the way you smell.”

John sniffed, “Ew, I’m rank. I need a shower.”

“No don’t. I like it.” Sherlock did. It was pungent but it was an honest smell, one that happened because of their mutual efforts. It comforted Sherlock and for some reason he couldn’t get enough. It made John wiggle and giggle a bit but Sherlock found himself rubbing against John’s underarms and sides, even against his crotch until he felt satisfied that he was sufficiently covered.

“Now you reek too.” said John but he didn’t seem to mind.

“I don’t care. I’m not washing tonight.” said Sherlock sleepily. Suddenly he was so very tired. Today had been a big day. Basking in the smell of his alpha, John curled up against his back, Sherlock closed his eyes. “I love you John.” Sherlock was asleep before John could reply.
Sherlock was lethargic all the next day but John just spoiled him, letting the omega lay around on the sofa to do nothing at all. It took several cups of tea and some sweet treats before Sherlock finally yawned and stretched, getting up to join his alpha in the kitchen where John was washing Sherlock’s lab equipment which the alpha had clearly inventoried. “We’ll have to get you some supplies.” Sherlock was surprised again and wondered if he would ever stop being surprised at how John was, “We’ll make a list of everything we need.”

Once the cleaning up was done John and Sherlock went online to order extra beakers and test-tubes as well as slides and all manner of other consumables that Sherlock very often went without. After that Sherlock coached John through setting up a blog for himself, “You were a surgeon, how can you not manage the keyboard?” he asked as he watched John painstakingly search and peck his way through the letters.

“Well the fingers on my left hand don’t work quite like they should and I didn’t do speed surgery. The whole point was to be slow and careful.” John was filling in his profile information. The Tab key seemed to confound him and using the touch-pad was a continuous recipe for disaster. Eventually Sherlock found an extra mouse, plugged it in and gave it to John to use instead. The pace did not pick up.

“The English language is going to evolve before you get your first post up.” Sherlock noted. John was searching for the e. How could he not recall where it was? He used it more than any other letter.

John was finally getting frustrated. He’d already put his name in three times and accidentally closed the screen twice. Finally Sherlock pulled the laptop away. It sounded like a storm as his fingers flew over the keys, the omega deftly filling in all the information flawlessly, even choosing a series of options that John didn’t even know existed that would make life a little easier for the alpha. Sherlock hoped he’d made the process simple enough. John was a wonder but clearly technology was not his friend. “That took you about fifteen seconds.” said John and he looked grumpy for a second before brightening up, “I don’t have to do that again? Wonderful, I just fill in this little bit here right?”

“Yes John, I have it all set up for you.” It would still take hours for John to write a story of any length but Sherlock didn’t mind. He would find something to do in the flat while John worked.

To his surprise John closed the laptop down and urged Sherlock to dress, “We need to get out and do some things.”

“What about rogue alphas?” said Sherlock with a smile, he had nothing to fear if John was with him.

“Well I have a lot of energy to burn off so we’ll have to see if I get lucky today or not.” said John with a wink, “Come on beautiful, lots to do.”

John took them to apply for a marriage licence. The clerk argued for a while because of Sherlock’s
gender but there was no legal reason that prevented them from getting married so all the paperwork was filed. It would take at least a month to be processed and then they could wed, “What kind of wedding would you like?” asked John.

Sherlock blinked. He had no idea. “I’ve never considered it John. Is there something you’d like?”

“Well when my sister got married she and Clara chose a nice little church and just had some family and friends. It wasn’t tiny but it wasn’t huge either.”

“I don’t have any friends and I really don’t like most of my family.” Sherlock loved his mother but he didn’t think his father would agree to allow her to come to his wedding, even if he was getting married to John.

Once again John seemed to read Sherlock’s mind, “Well your mum needs to come for a few days beforehand, that’s traditional. I’ll send a request to your father and we’ll see if she can stay with Mrs. Hudson, she has a guest-room downstairs. Your father can come to the wedding on the day of if he feels like it.”

“If you invite your sister he’s sure to want to come.”

John laughed heartily, “I wasn’t really going to invite Harry but I suppose I have to. I’ll have to make her leave her toadies behind though, just Clara.” They walked for a bit and then John said, “I suppose they’ll meet someday. I’ll call Harry. We’ll go see her.”

Sherlock felt a bit nervous but John just pulled out his mobile. The second the call connected Sherlock heard a long drawn out, “JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNY!”

“For fuck’s sakes Harry, stop calling me that!” grouched John.

There was laughter and John had to hold the phone away from his ear, “CLARA! JOHNNY’S ON THE LINE!”

“Harry stop it! You don’t need to call Clara to the….oh hello Clara, no…just…slow…Cla…j…” he couldn’t get a word in edgewise.

Sherlock took the mobile from his hands and used his poshest voice, “Clara Watson? Hello, I am Sherlock Holmes, your brother-in-law’s new omega. He would like to introduce us face to face.”

All speech at the other end stopped for a second before an explosion of words occurred between the two women followed by shrill screams of excitement. Harry was back on, “Sherlock was it? We’re coming to see you. Clara’s getting the car brought round. We’ll be in London for dinner!” Harry got their address and ended the call abruptly.

John stood there in the street, “She’s bloody well coming here?”

“That’s what she said.”

“Oh god, do we have to make dinner?”

“We could eat out.”

“No everyone would be staring.”

“Then we have to shop.”

John was both irritated and excited, telling Sherlock about his younger sister with fondness and
exasperation. “We should have been born the other way round; she’s always felt like an older sister.” he told Sherlock as the omega pushed the cart around the shop. John had quickly learned that Sherlock would put anything that caught his eye in the cart, if not to eat, then to experiment with. He was under orders to keep both hands on the handle of the cart while John chose ingredients for a small but elegant dinner. “She’s not fussy really but I don’t get to see her very often.”

Sherlock helped choose a wine just in case Clara wanted a glass. Harry didn’t drink any more but John would join his sister-in-law if necessary to be polite. Part of Sherlock’s education had included training for exactly this. His father had initially hoped his children would make advantageous bonds and had made sure they knew useful things like assorted ways to set a table and how to choose the right bottle to go with a meal. Sherlock had deleted the table setting information but had retained the wine knowledge. John was appreciative. Sherlock helped John carry everything up to their flat, even managing to collect up the mail on their way up. There was a small parcel so he set everything on the table. Emptying his sacks Sherlock looked at the bottle and sighed, “I can’t really drink. I had a terrible reaction after I came off of my suppressants. I’d been on them too long.”

John was quiet as he put the groceries away and set out the things he needed to prepare, “Any other side effects?” he asked softly, his back still to Sherlock.

Sherlock was confused for only a second before he understood, “No John. I’m fertile. I was tested several times. Papa insisted.” Of course Papa had insisted. Sherlock’s potential fecundity was the only thing about him his father had any use for. John’s shoulders relaxed a little.

“I’m sorry Sherlock. It shouldn’t matter to me if you have children or not…” John sounded guilty.

“Don’t John. I would be very grieved if I could not bear your children. At my age though, becoming pregnant might take some time.” Sherlock felt badly about that. John deserved all the children the omega could make for his alpha.

John turned away from the counter and came to Sherlock. The alpha kissed Sherlock’s mouth briefly before dropping to his knees and kissing Sherlock’s flat stomach, “I can’t help but imagine a whole playroom filled with little scientists, all with little dark curls and beautiful eyes. I want us to make all the little copies of you that we can, a whole little division of brilliant detective babies.”

Oh John! Sherlock bent down and pressed a tender kiss to the top of John’s head, “We have time to practice.”

Sherlock felt John smile against his stomach, “Yeah? I still have to make dinner.”

“Half an hour.” whispered Sherlock, gently stroking the back of John’s neck with the tip of his fingers.

John shivered, “Well, Harry didn’t give us much notice, she can’t complain if dinner’s a bit late.” John saved a lot of time by taking Sherlock in the shower, not turning the water on until he was ready to slide deep inside. A shock of cold washed over them but that just made Sherlock’s entire body even more sensitive. John sighed and gasped as he worked himself as deeply as he could, the tight furl of his knot rasping pleasantly against Sherlock’s flesh. Being all the way inside Sherlock like this never failed to make John almost incapable of rational speech but the alpha still managed to get Sherlock to come once before he brought them off together, “I will never get tired of that.” swore John as the hot water sluiced down around them.

Sherlock was having a hard time standing. His head was hanging low, he was gripping the sides of the tub, his feet braced apart. When he could breathe a bit he managed to get the rest of the way up and had to lean against the wall to continue recovering. His behind felt pleasantly tender from the
slightly fast and rough ride it had just taken, “I’m glad I can have more than one orgasm.” he said with a contented and weary smile.

“You’re lucky that way. If I came as many times as you I’d be in a sex coma most of the time.” One of the few perks of being an omega was their ability to orgasm as many times as an alpha could manage before he himself came. Sherlock ejaculated a sterile fluid that was similar to the slick he produced to ease John’s way, his body naturally produced a lot of it so losing a bit during his release made no overall difference. John liked the taste of it very much; he’d almost gotten side-tracked on his knees before prioritizing their slim ration of time. Even now John’s fingers ran over Sherlock’s sensitive backside as if seeking another trace of it. With a soft growl he leaned in to kiss Sherlock, “More of this later.” he promised.

“Yes John.” The only thing that could possibly tempt Sherlock from allowing John to ravage him as much as he wanted would be a case and it would have to be a really good one. They finished washing and changed into dinner clothes. John had Sherlock dress in one of his well fitted suits, choosing a deep plum colored shirt, keeping the top buttons undone, “Do you mind?” he asked breathlessly. Sherlock shook his head. It felt wonderful to have John layer him in his choices, Sherlock felt handsome and self-assured.

“One minute!” exclaimed John, going to the kitchen naked and coming back with the parcel, “I know you chose something and it was beautiful but…” John undid the wrapping and revealed a small flat box. He opened it to reveal a simple metal circlet. “A leather collar won’t do for us. When we’re at work we’re going to be in all kinds of situations and your collar will be dirty all the time. I found this instead. You don’t need to wear my name like you’re my pet, I…is it alright Sherlock?” John sounded so nervous.

Sherlock reached out and touched it. The metal was cool, the designs on it simple. In the front was a single circle, clasp to the collar by filigree. It was elegant and lovely, the band slim and rounded. The collar Sherlock had originally chosen had been heavy and dark, it would have covered his neck safely but then Sherlock realized John wouldn’t have access to his throat if it were covered by his collar. This was better, much much better! It wouldn’t be troubled by Sherlock washing up or getting rained on and there was the time he’d fallen into the Thames and he doubted you could get a smell like that out of leather. The metal of this collar would be so much easier for everything, “It’s perfect John.” Sherlock knelt and looked up at John, “Just so you can reach easier.” he explained when John tensed. This wasn’t about submission; this was an act of unity.

John smiled and bent down to kiss Sherlock softly, “You know my shoulder is playing up.”

“I noticed when we were carrying the shopping up.” John kissed Sherlock again before slipping the collar around his neck, clicking it shut with a snap. The metal stayed cool for only a moment before it warmed. The weight of it felt oddly reassuring and the circle at the front pressed strangely to his skin, making him aware of his neck in a way he’d never felt before. Sherlock stood back up and John adjusted it slightly, “How does it look?”

John stepped forward and pressed a line of kisses down Sherlock’s neck, “It looks beautiful my darling, you look beautiful. Are you sure like it?”

Sherlock stepped in front of the mirror and looked at himself. The collar was unobtrusive, the silver against his pale skin not dramatic until the light caught the rich gleam peeking from his shirt collar. If he buttoned up to wear a tie no one would see it at all. Sherlock decided to throw all his ties away. He was never hiding his collar from anyone, “I really do John. I love it.”

“There’s more.” John extracted two tiny items. Sherlock’s earrings! They were tiny and perfect, solid but meaningful. Sherlock knelt again and let John remove the training hoops before he carefully
inserted the silver studs, setting them exactly as he wished before locking the back on. Sherlock looked at himself again. Now the tops of his ears had discrete silver and gold glimmers. It reminded him of how John’s hair was silver and gold. He liked the effect very much, “I do love bees.”

“I know you do my darling, I’m glad.” John’s personal symbols included a stylized bee to represent one of the foundations of his family’s continued good fortune. Sherlock was very fond of bees, they were logical, organized, and very highly evolved. They made honey too and were therefore Sherlock’s favorite creatures. John let him preen in front of the mirror for a moment longer before getting himself dressed.

Despite the care he’d put into his omega’s appearance John just pulled on a black and white striped jumper to go with his green trousers and went to cook, “She’s my sister, I’m not getting all done up just for her.” he’d said.

“You made me dress up.” said Sherlock pointedly.

“You’re a work of art. You deserve to be in the best sort of setting. What I look like won’t matter to her. If I wore a suit I’d never hear the end of it from her.” Sherlock blushed again as John complimented him. It left him quite breathless to keep hearing how attractive John found him. For the first time in his life Sherlock didn’t mind being so tall or so willowy. His alpha loved those qualities and Sherlock began to feel like perhaps he wasn’t actually put together incorrectly. He was odd certainly but in a way that suited John perfectly.

Even though Sherlock wasn’t much help he was still able to assist John into catching up with his original timetable. By the time the oven timer beeped their doorbell rang, “Pull that out of the oven love, I’ll be right back with Harry and Clara.” John kissed Sherlock swiftly and raced downstairs. Sherlock pulled on a pair of John’s oven-mitts and carefully retrieved their meal, setting it on the stove. He was just pulling the last pot out when they came in. Sherlock set the pan down and pulled his mitts off just as a sandy haired woman towed a vibrant red-haired lady into the kitchen at full speed. Both of them were wearing loose flowing blouses of many colors and jeans to go with them. “Harry slow down, he’s not going to run away or anything!” yelled John from the doorway.

Both women stopped cold and stared at Sherlock. He glanced over them, “The bathroom is the first door on your left.” Clara looked relieved and raced off but Harry looked amazed, “Greetings Lady Harriet. I am extremely pleased to make your acquaintance.”

“Oh my god Johnny this is him? This is who you got to bond you? How? Why? Sherlock why? Why him? Look at him! Look at you! It doesn’t work, it just doesn’t work! Johnny!” the woman that Sherlock had correctly deduced was Harry Watson turned to her older brother, “He’s gorgeous. He sounds smart too, wow Johnny, how’d you luck out like this?”
“I know Harry, I know.” John smelled so proud as he went over to Sherlock and took his hand, “Sherlock, allow me to introduce you to my sister, Lady Harriet Watson of Edgewater. Harry, this is Sherlock Holmes. He’s a consulting detective.”

John was almost bursting with pride and his sister did not miss it. She grinned, “A detective? You detect? Like one of those old black and white movies?”

Sherlock quirked his head at her looking puzzled, “I don’t believe so. Are there movies about omega consulting detectives?”

“There should be.” she said, still grinning, “God you’re amazing.” Harry turned her head, “CLARA HURRY UP ALREADY, HE’S AMAZING, YOU ARE MISSING EVERYTHING!”

From the bathroom Clara shouted back, “SHUT IT HARRY AND GIVE ME A MINUTE FOR FUCK’S SAKE!” the toilet flushed and they could hear Clara washing her hands. Harry just stood there grinning, not flustered at all about being yelled at by her wife or for yelling to begin with.

“Glad to see nothing’s changed.” said John dryly. Sherlock could see that the Watson family had slightly different standards for casual interactions amongst family. Sherlock couldn’t imagine smothering Mycroft’s face in kisses or squeezing him tightly the way Harry was doing to John before she let him go and answered.

“Well the manor house is big, it’s a long ways to walk for a quick question.” she shrugged her shoulders, unconcerned. “I have a million questions but I have to wait….CLARA HURRY UP….oh hi love.”

Clara gave her wife a loving glare before turning a sweet smile to Sherlock, “Hello Sherlock, I’m Clara. I’m so thrilled to meet you. We thought John would never bond! How’d you meet?”

“In the morgue.” said Sherlock. Both women laughed at first before realizing he wasn’t joking. They looked at John, “I was doing research.”

“Mike Stamford said he knew someone who needed a flatmate.” said John.

“We were introduced and I asked John to move in right away.” said Sherlock with a fond smile at his alpha.

“I ran back to my bedsit and packed that night. We hadn’t even rented the flat yet.” admitted John with a blush, “I couldn’t wait.”

Harry was smiling and Clara looked entranced, “How long before you got together?”

“Ages.” they said together and everyone laughed. Finally John looked up at Sherlock, “I was just blown away by him. Right from the second we met it’s been fantastic. I’ll be putting up a blog eventually; you can read about his adventures. He’s just amazing, you can’t believe the stuff he knows, how he can put clues together.”

“I actually thought John wasn’t interested in me so I can’t be that good yet.” said Sherlock pointedly and John flushed.

“I was nervous! If your mum hadn’t sent those brochures…. both of them stopped talking.

Harry snorted, “Let me guess. Johnny got jealous and jumped you on the spot.”

“Not exactly!” protested John, his face completely scarlet.
“He might have said one or two romantic things first.” said Sherlock in his alpha’s defence but it just made both women giggle.

Visiting with Harry and Clara was nothing like the grim visit to see Sherlock’s parents. Harry was funny and aggressive, Clara was sweet but very sharp, both of them playfully contentious with one another, bickering endlessly and always with love. “The food is brilliant.” commented Clara, “Did you make all this Sherlock?”

He felt a bit chagrined informing them that John had done the bulk of the cooking because he didn’t know how. Harry just nodded, “Good. Keeps his hands busy and builds up his fine motor control. At least you don’t have to listen to him whinge on about how you cut the carrots at the wrong angle or how your celery cubes aren’t exactly perfect.”

“No my slicing skills are accurate, not as accurate as Doctor Hooper but I’m getting better. I ensured that the ingredients would cook in an even fashion. John had no complaints.” Clara and Harry examined their plates. Sure enough all the vegetables were sliced with near perfect uniformity.

“Oh god there’s two of them.” groaned Harry. John rolled his eyes and ignored his sister. Sherlock felt a bit better, neither woman seemed to care that an alpha had made their meal rather than his omega. Of course they were both betas and perhaps not accustomed to the way most omega were expected to behave but Sherlock didn’t think so. They truly didn’t see him any differently than anyone else they would be meeting; they were just thrilled to meet John’s significant other.

Over the meal John told Harry about Sieger and Sherlock watched the Lady Edgewater grow grim and stern, all laughter put aside. When she spoke the playful little sister was gone, “You are known to him now, he will use you despite your warning. He won’t be able to help himself. I don’t know Holmes personally but we’ve had a lot of dealings with alphas like him. There’s a clique of them in the older families, they’re the ones keeping omega oppressed, yes I said oppressed! It’s tragic what most omegas put up with. Do you know there’s no legal limit to how many omega you can bond? We’ve read of cases where an alpha had as many as four hundred! Four hundred omegas and he bred them all. He could probably start a small country now. We’ve looked into this lack of regulation because we’ve been working to undo unfair laws but how do you undo something that isn’t written down? Did you know that until only two hundred years ago an alpha was only expected to bond with a single omega? It wasn’t until the Industrial Revolution where so many alphas became super-wealthy that they began to bond more than one. It caught on as a fad and spread until it was tradition. It’s not against any law so technically it’s allowable. How many alphas are out in the world with no hope of meeting their omega because the one they were supposed to be with is chemically bonded to some greedy arsehole?”

Sherlock sat back. He’d never thought of it like that before. He’d never considered it at all, he’d been trained his entire life to be some alpha’s omega and it was drilled into him to expect other omega to be a part of his life. “I know sister, I know. I swore to Sherlock that he would be my only omega. I will never seek another, he’s my only.” Both Harry and Clara looked sentimental as they watched John take Sherlock’s hand. “Harry I asked Sherlock to marry me. He said yes.”

They didn’t protest about the lack of need. They didn’t mention how John and Sherlock were already bonded. As one woman they launched themselves across the table to hug and kiss both men, squealing and jumping all over the place, “Oh god Johnny! Married! Oh….we have to start making a list, it’s going to take forever to get everyone together, oh god there’s so much to do. Sherlock needs clothes; we’ll get him his clothes don’t worry about that John. The food too, Clara, where’s the number to that caterer that did ours, he was great.”

John managed to stop his sister, “Harry! Sherlock doesn’t want a big wedding.” Harry looked ready
to protest but John put his hand on hers and she fell silent, “He’s got no one close to him except for me, his brother, and his brother’s alpha. I’d like to get his mum here for a few days before the wedding but that means getting her away from Sieger and I don’t think that’s going to be easy. I don’t really want the other great families involved. Every time I see someone everyone asks when I’m taking my title back. It’s getting old.”

Harry just shifted gears, flapping her hand unconcernedly at her brother, “Oh we can do small. Small’s no problem. We’re still getting Sherlock’s clothes. John you can just go roll in the alley or something, wear a box, no one cares, in fact just come naked. We’re going to make Sherlock so glorious no one will even know you’re there.” Both Clara and Harry looked dreamy for a moment before Harry continued with a harder voice, “I will deal with Sieger Holmes. I’ll do it officially and request that his omega attend her son.” For a moment Harry and John were very much alike in fierceness.

“Mummy’s name is Violet.” offered Sherlock, “I don’t know if Papa still uses her name though.” Sieger didn’t seem to speak to Mummy at all, merely using words of command or hand signals like she was a well-trained animal.

“He doesn’t seem to like using names at all.” said John blackly. He really didn’t like Sherlock’s sire. Sherlock took John’s hand and John immediately stroked it, looking up at Sherlock with love in his eyes. Clara and Harry sighed happily, “Shut it you two.” said John, his eyes not leaving Sherlock’s.

“Shan’t big brother, it’s too squishy and fluffy. Here you are, my battle hardened hero of a sibling, all cozied up with your squeeze, I never thought I’d see the day.” Harry pretended to wipe a tear from her eye.

“You’re just hilarious.” said John acerbically.

“Well with you to laugh at I’m never short of material.” she replied tartly.

“Oh ouch, short jokes. How original. You know Sherlock is fourteen centimeters taller than me, have fun with that fact.”

“OH GOD TALL DARK AND HANDSOME!” shrieked Harry dramatically, pretending to swoon onto her wife who was sniggering and propping her up, “Sherlock you really are a catch, seriously, why did you even look at him? He’s so drab, like a peahen instead of a peacock.”

“Actually I fell in love with John well before I laid eyes on him. It happened before we were even in the same room together for the first time.” Sherlock clearly recalled how John’s luscious scent had left him feeling almost transcendent, “He’s the most wonderful person I’ve ever met. He’s kind, caring, steadfast, brave, honest, moral, and best of all he’s entirely dangerous. John is the most intriguing person I’ve ever met and I can only hope to make him proud.”

“I’m already proud of you love,” said John sincerely before turning to his sister, “He really is amazing. Do you know he taught himself two extra languages so he could study in secret? He plays the violin, he’s incredible. I’ve got him signed up for all sorts of courses. It might take a bit but I want him to have as much access as he wants to the information he’s interested in.”

“We can pay for that!” said Clara excitedly, “Like a wedding gift only no one will be giving you crap you don’t need. I mean, your flat is already furnished with that moldy sofa and these rickety chairs, we couldn’t possibly add to the charm. Would that be alright John, would you mind if we paid for Sherlock’s education? We’re going to add his name to the family registry anyway, he’s entitled.”
Sherlock was so choked up. These people were so different than the ones he’d grown up with. They weren’t judgemental or cruel. They were loving and helpful, so eager to share in the joy and help with the misery. Already they were surrounding him with love and affection, willing to take steps to protect and shelter him, “I appreciate that Harry.” said John as he smiled at his sister.

Harry beamed for a second more until Clara took her hand. They smiled softly at one another and Sherlock frowned when he saw regret in both their eyes. Harry turned back to John, “We didn’t just come to meet Sherlock though that was reason enough. I’ve got news for you John.” her voice was serious and the smile fell from John’s face. Harry gave him a reassuring look, “It’s nothing dreadful, just a bit sad.” Harry stopped and took a breath before speaking, “We can’t have children. Nothing’s worked. We’ve been trying for nearly ten years now, we’ve tried everything. It’s just not happening. We’ve both tried; we’ve even gotten more than one donor in case it was him but… I’m so glad you’re marrying Sherlock because whatever child you have is going to be the heir to the family. There’s no other. I hate to pressure you like this John but I hope you’re doing everything you can to have a baby. The succession is in jeopardy. You know what happened the last time the family didn’t have a clear heir.”

Even the finest families have black spots in their history. Sherlock was sure he’d read one or two stories of the infighting that ended up decimating the great families and nearly ending two of the seven great houses. John exhaled slowly. He didn’t smell pleased but he also didn’t smell surprised. Instead John smelled of the same regret Harry did, “I understand sister. I would ask that you give my child the same choice our father gave me when the time comes. If things go well Sherlock could bear me more than one.”

“Of course John, I don’t want to make my niece or nephew miserable but someone has to inherit!” She looked teary now, “I know how you feel about this John, I swear to you I will not put the same demands on your children that were placed on you. I would give anything to not have to ask this of you. We will need to discuss this further at a later date. If it turns out that Sherlock is not able to have a child we will need to talk about which great family will take our place.” John nodded, both siblings looking grimly serious.

Clara sat up straight, “Enough sobbing into our shirtsleeves, let’s go out. Harry and I are going to get a hotel later anyway, let’s go dancing.”

“Dancing?” Sherlock looked at John, “I’ve never gone dancing.”


“Well no, it’s not exactly safe for an omega to go out alone, even one who had as difficult a time as I did meeting someone.” Alphas weren’t the only ones with a taste for omega.

“Too good-looking.” said Clara sagely, “Scares them away. It’s a problem.” she sighed and Harry rolled her eyes.

Sherlock said nothing. He didn’t want to explain to them what things had been like for him before John had come into his life. John took his hand, “Would you like to go love?”

Sherlock was nervous but it couldn’t be safer. He would be with John as well as Harry and Clara. He nodded, “It sounds interesting John, of course I would like to go.” he didn’t really but John looked so happy Sherlock was content that at least his alpha was pleased.
Affectivity

Chapter Summary

Sherlock has met his alpha's sister, Harry Watson and her wife Clara. To his surprise he's been greeted with enthusiasm that has developed into some fun time outside the flat.

Harry knew somewhere and their driver took them off into the night. John and his sister bickered amiably while the alpha held Sherlock’s hand. He rather liked Harry and Clara. There was a well-worn easiness to them; they were comfortable to be around. It was clear the siblings were fond of one another but that Harry was an extremely busy woman who didn’t get nearly enough time for herself. It seemed like being the head of the family was more than settling feuds, there was a lot of business involved and Harry was at the head of all of it. Right now she seemed determined to forget that part of her life to visit with her brother. John was relaxed and laughing with them while Sherlock politely listened to Harry to enthuse about the club. Whenever she and Clara came to London on business they’d always try to get out at least once. Sherlock recognized the name of course, no one knew London better than him. He sat back into the seat and decided to enjoy the night. This would be interesting. People-watching was a very useful occupation, who knew what Sherlock would learn?

He learned that dancing was a lot of fun. John was full of laughter, Clara and Harry moving with careless abandon, well used to dancing with one another. John was one of nature’s natural dancers, the style or pace of the music didn’t trouble him, his body adapted easily from one to another with careless ease. His expressions and body language were amusing, putting Sherlock at ease quickly. The omega wasn’t sure how to begin but John just took him by the hips and began to dance him back and forth until Sherlock got used to moving to the upbeat tempo of the music. He glanced around to examine how other dancers were moving and cautiously tried one or two of the milder moves. Eventually he was moving with ease, his body well suited to the activity, naturally supple and graceful. He liked how it felt to twist his hips a bit and managed one bit of a swirl that had John biting at his shirt playfully, “Keep that up and I’m going to have to take you home to bed.” teased the alpha. Sherlock blushed but John just kept dancing with him.

“Well I am a bit tired.” he was. They’d already been dancing for over an hour and he wasn’t use to it. The music was loud and his sensitive ears were beginning to hurt. There were a lot of people sweating around them and suddenly Sherlock could smell all of them clearly. Distressed he hid his nose in John’s neck, “It’s unbearable!” he retched.

“Are you ill?” worried John tugged on Harry’s sleeve, all four of them making their way out of the club and onto the street. Once they were in the open Sherlock was able to breathe easier, “How do you feel?”

“It was the smell. Too much perfume and other scents, it was a bit overwhelming.” Sherlock kept his face in John’s neck, hunching over so he could breathe in the calm soothing aroma of his alpha.

“Poor darling.” said John and stroked his back.

Clara and Harry stood there looking concerned, “I always forget how much better your senses are than ours. Sherlock is worse?”
“Not worse, better. He hears better, can smell things better, it’s just how omega are. He’s a bit more sensitive than most that’s true but I think it has more to do with the fact that Sherlock already notices so much more than other people do, I haven’t seen him react like this before.” John smelled concerned but Sherlock was feeling better with every breath he took.

“What do you mean he notices more things?” asked Clara.

“There were two-hundred and thirty people in the available space in the club. Seventy percent were male but of those males fourteen percent were omega, bonded of course, two to the same alpha. Of the women present an overwhelming fifty percent were omega, the rest beta with a small percentage of female alphas, I think around eight. The music lasted an average of 3 and a half minutes per song, and the light show cycled through twelve different settings. The building has been remodeled since its opening during the gentrification surge of the ‘eighties, this space used to be a factory. You can tell by the heavy machinery scars on the upper portions of the walls they haven’t bothered to recover.” Sherlock kept his eyes closed during his recitation. It was all surface details, negligible information that filtered through his eyes constantly. He couldn’t help it but he’d learned how to manage the constant influx, his mind palace automatically receiving information and cataloguing it neatly away. There clearly had been a momentary overload of that process. He’d need to spend some time restructuring part of his mind palace to fix the problem.

“Oh my god you noticed all of that? We were in there for ages and I didn’t even see that part of the interior didn’t have plaster on it.” Clara sounded astounded.

“Seeing and observing are not the same thing. I could explain the pattern of overall movement of the crowd based on some very interesting predictive mathematic….” Sherlock noticed there was silence. He raised his head and looked at Harry and Clara. They looked completely shocked and impressed, both women with crooked smiles on their faces as they stared at him. Sherlock looked down at John.

“You really are amazing.” said the alpha softly before he kissed Sherlock lightly, “We can walk for a while until you feel better.”

“That would be lovely John.” They did and the relatively fresh air helped. All four of them wandered up and down mostly deserted streets, chatting and visiting with one another as if it wasn’t nearly one in the morning. Harry told Sherlock about John when he was younger, and Sherlock tried to explain how he had been raised and why he wanted to be a consulting detective, “I love the challenge of a good puzzle. I like to be able to take the nebulous information I’ve trained myself to find and use it to put together all the pieces. It was difficult getting someone to let me even try but my brother’s alpha gave me a chance. Lestrade didn’t even know Mycroft then, he had no reason to put his trust in a strange omega but he did. It’s taken a long time but I’ve managed to solve several cases for New Scotland Yard. I could have done more, so much more, but that majority of interesting cases are only accessible to bonded omega, if then. I was never allowed no matter how Lestrade wanted to help me.”

“But now you have John, you can still detect right?” asked Harry.

“I hope so. We haven’t tried yet but then Lestrade has been getting used to being bonded to Mycroft and I would imagine that would take some adjusting.”

“Sherlock set up a blog for me. I think once people hear of what he can do we might be able to get some paid work. He can pick and choose the cases. If we’re lucky maybe we’ll get some interesting ones.” Sherlock beamed down at John who looked excited with the idea, “I love watching him work. I wish you could see it. It’s almost like magic, he just sweeps in and in only a few minutes he sees more than the entire forensic team does after they process the scene. With Sherlock’s help the Yard has solved several cases that might not ever have been closed if not for him.”
“Well we’ll make sure he gets all the accreditation he needs to do the job the way he feels it should be done.” said Harry firmly, “How useful having a detective in the family.”

“I’ll send you our rates.” said John.

They laughed genially and then began to ask Sherlock all manner of personal questions about being a male omega, “Do you have a period?” being the more entertaining ones.

“No of course I don’t! I do go into heat, that’s sufficient thank you very much. I think four days of that per cycle is more than enough!”

“Aw Johnny can’t be that bad!” teased Harry.

“I have only shared a single heat with John.” said Sherlock. He didn’t really like the direction the conversation was going in and sure enough Harry asked.

“How many alphas have you been with? Must be tons by now, John can’t even remember how many people he’s shagged.” she laughed but Sherlock did not. Suddenly he felt distressed. He’d had no one for all those years and John had been with an unnamed legion of people. Sherlock began to feel sick again, like John had betrayed him but that wasn’t right because John had barely left his side since they’d bonded and he would never betray him. Not ever! Still a dark unhappy feeling refused to die away completely.

“None.” he said hoarsely. He didn’t want to talk about this. He’d lived as a failure for so many years, he’d only been happy for a fortnight. “I have not been with anyone but John.”

“Stop it Harry! You’ve upset him.” Sherlock was rigid now, feeling absolutely miserable and almost teary, “Darling are you alright? Sherlock you don’t look very well.”

“I don’t feel well John. I feel…everything.” Sherlock was feeling dizzy now and pulled John close so he could lean on him. He buried his nose in John’s hair and the smell of him helped again but Sherlock still felt like he was overwhelmed.

“Harry get your driver over here. Sherlock? Darling come lean against this wall, Clara get on his other side, under his arm. Sherlock?” Clara and John kept Sherlock upright as the world went swimmy.

“John, come close.” whispered Sherlock and John crowded right up. Gratefully Sherlock breathed him in and grew steady. “You smell like home.” he said weakly.

The car arrived only a few minutes later and with gentle hands they got Sherlock inside. Not caring what it looked like he crawled into John’s lap and pressed his nose to John’s neck, breathing slowly and feeling the distress ebb away. By the time they got back to Baker Street the dizziness had left him but his sense of smell was even more acute than ever, “Mrs. Hudson had two herbal soothers tonight.” he muttered as they got out of the car, “She must have hurt her hip at salsa class again.”

Harry and Clara saw them inside but excused themselves reluctantly when John said he would be fine alone with Sherlock, “If anything happens I’ll call you.” Sherlock burrowed into their bed, wrapping himself in John scented sheets, all dizziness gone but the tiredness was still there, “Our bond is still very new, he’s adjusting to a lot of changes. I think we pushed it tonight by taking him out. Will you be here tomorrow?”

Sherlock heard the regret in Harry’s voice, “We’ve got to get back first thing. Call us though John, tomorrow night, you know, just to let us know.”
There were some muffled sounds and Sherlock deduced that Harry and Clara had each given John a hug and a kiss before leaving. A minute later he heard the door downstairs open and shut. A short time after that John returned, “I’m better now John. I think I just need to sleep.”

“Do you want to wash up first?” asked John gently. Sherlock thought about in and nodded. He was very tired but getting clean was a very good idea. The sheets were ruined now, the stench of the club was all over them. “I’ll change the bedding and come join you. Will you be alright?”

“I’m fine John, I’ll call out if I feel dizzy again.” he didn’t. He felt perfectly fine now that they were home, just very sleepy. He stood under the hot spray of the shower with his eyes closed and waited for John. It was only a few minutes before the small alpha was behind him, rubbing a foamy flannel over him, gently speaking to Sherlock to keep him awake. John washed himself quickly as well when Sherlock flinched away from his arm which still smelled of the press of strangers. John got him out and dried off, barely getting Sherlock under the covers before he was completely asleep.

Dreamless hours passed before Sherlock finally opened his eyes. John was sleeping beside him; the alpha on his back, Sherlock nestled against his side with his head pillowed on John’s arm. They were both naked. Sherlock smiled and sleepily pulled himself a bit closer, enjoying the heat of John’s skin and the wonderful smell that now covered Sherlock too. It was perfect. Lazily he rubbed his hand over John’s stomach, enjoyed the softness of his skin, the gentle brush of his hair against his palm. Keeping his eyes closed Sherlock allowed his hand to wander over his alpha’s body wherever he could reach.

When Sherlock’s fingers delicately traced their way over the flaccid but still considerable length of John’s penis he couldn’t help but remember that John had slept with a great many people and for a second Sherlock wanted to leave the bed because his heart hurt so much but before he could move Sherlock was filled with a sense of full-blown proprietary jealousy. John was his! How could he have shared his body with others? That was wrong, it was so wrong, John was wrong to have done it. Logically Sherlock knew that John had every right to do as he pleased sexually, that even if they had met and bonded before he’d left for the army that John was still entitled as an alpha to seek out a lover if his omega wasn’t available. Alphas just did. It wasn’t even considered infidelity but Sherlock didn’t care. John should have known somehow, he should have realized somehow! John was his! He was going to make it so John never forgot that.

Sherlock was enraged now. John was his! He was going to make it so John never forgot that. Sherlock leaned in and kissed John slowly, sucking on his bottom lip a bit before pressing kisses over his face, stopping near his ear to nibble on the sensitive skin there. John woke up with a soft smile; returning Sherlock’s kisses until the gentleness burned away and the heat began to build, “John I want to fuck you.”

John stilled for a moment but barely hesitated before turning in Sherlock’s arms, pressing his buttocks against his thighs, “Go ahead.” he offered. Sherlock smiled. John really was special. Sherlock began by kissing his way over John’s back, letting his body wake as he began to caress him. Sherlock was already hard, easily aroused but it was helpful.

“You might like this,” whispered Sherlock, his lips brushing against the shell of John’s ear. He felt John flinch as Sherlock’s fingers trailed between his buttocks to smooth on a thick viscous fluid.

“Oh god are you using….?”

“Yes John.”

John’s groan was deep and hungry, suddenly his knees spread wide as he turned on his stomach and presented himself eagerly, “More.”
Sherlock was using his own slick, rubbing it into John’s skin, his finger probing and careful as he opened the alpha gently. Sherlock’s cock was leaking copiously now, he was so excited. John looked lovely like this, his behind was taut and perfect, the small pucker of his anus closed around Sherlock’s finger as it dipped in and out slowly. When John relaxed a bit more Sherlock teased him by rubbing the tip of his small cock around his entrance, smearing more slick everywhere before continuing with his fingers. John was moaning into the pillow, “God it feels so strange, not painful exactly.”

“Like a good stretch.” said Sherlock who had experienced exactly that when John had first taken him. “You won’t need much more.” Sherlock worked in a second finger, moving carefully to loosen John as much as he could. He kissed his way over John’s backside, running his free hand over John’s skin as much as he could before reaching beneath the alpha to stroke his long cock into the final stages of hardness, “Good thing I’m not as large as you.”

“Big enough.” grunted John. Sherlock’s cock was small compared to John’s but perfectly shaped and when erect, hard as a rock. Both of Sherlock’s fingers were buried deep; he’d twisted his wrist a bit and stroked the pads of his fingers over John’s prostate. John grunted again and shuddered, “Oh my god…that’s…I’ve never felt that before.”

John was rocking back onto Sherlock’s hand, “Never John?”

“No. God. No. Never been topped…oh god…”

“Good.”

Sherlock let his fingers slide slowly out of his alpha, shifting his knees so he was directly behind John. He used his hand to position himself and with gentle care pushed inward slowly. John groaned and shuddered again, his hips pushing back just a bit, “That’s incredible.” John’s voice was breathless.

Sherlock couldn’t speak at the moment. He’d never thought to experience anything like the tight channel that now encased him fully. John was so hot inside. Sherlock’s heart was pounding and he fancied that his cock was throbbing in time with it, almost vibrating with the need to plunge deep and to keep going until the end of forever. It wasn’t to be though, “I’m not going to last.” he gasped. Sherlock only managed a minute or two of delicious but frantic thrusts before he spilled himself inside John but the alpha just pulled away, pushed Sherlock onto his back to hitch the omega’s long legs his shoulders and slid inside with one long steady push. Sherlock’s orgasm was still buzzing through him but his refractory period was nil and so soon enough he was erect again as John indulged himself in a long and rather energetic round.

John was merciless now, Sherlock had excited him almost beyond control by fucking him, “I have a new kink now you beautiful thing, god that was the hottest thing anyone’s ever done to me.”

“I wanted something from you no one else has ever had.” said Sherlock between thrusts, his words broken by grunts and gasps, “I needed to.”

John thrust deep and held himself there. Moving carefully he lay forward until he could kiss Sherlock, tasting the omega softly, “I’m sorry my love, I’ve always regretted it, it was always just because I couldn’t…it’s not fair. I’d known who was waiting for me after all that time I would have taken a vow of celibacy before joining up. I would have figured out how to stop my body from needing….I… I would have waited to be with you Sherlock, just you.”

It helped. John’s words helped so Sherlock wrapped himself around John as much as he could and bucked his hips. John exhaled raggedly and began to move again, gyrating slowly as he pushed
forward until Sherlock was shivering and moaning softly beneath him, “Please John, hard. I…want it
hard.” Sherlock still sometimes felt shy about asking for things but it always gave John a rush of
excitement to grant his requests, especially this. To have an omega that could accept his overlarge
alpha cock was something John would never take for granted and though he began slowly soon
enough he was moving with abandon, unafraid to give Sherlock absolutely everything he had to
offer and Sherlock loved it. He loved the look in John’s eyes, the stunned disbelief that still
manifested when he bottomed out, or the way his expressive face sometimes went slack when the
pleasure he was feeling was almost more than he could bear. “I love you John.” Sherlock threw his
head back and came again, he couldn’t stop it.

“Love…you…ah!” John’s hips swiveled and thrust rapidly and Sherlock felt the satisfyingly thick
hot wash of semen deep inside him, felt the long throb of John’s cock piercing him, felt his body
nearly melt into the bedding because of how delicious every single molecule of him felt. He closed
his eyes and committed every sensation to memory.

They must have slept again after that because Sherlock eventually woke to the smell of breakfast but
there were still traces of heat on the sheet beside him. John hadn’t been up for long. Pulling on a thin
blue robe Sherlock trailed out to find his alpha, “Good morning gorgeous.” smiled John. He was just
fixing tea, “I was hoping the smell of bacon would wake you.”

“I’m starving.” Sherlock was ravenous. John had toast made and Sherlock stole a piece, crunching it
down quickly before John gave up half-heartedly trying to take it away from him.

“You alright today?” asked John, his eyes kind and concerned.

“I feel perfectly fine, if somewhat hungry.” Sherlock stole another piece of toast so John laughed and
sat him down before scrambling some eggs to go with the bacon. After making more toast John sat
with him and they ate in silence. Sherlock cleared his plate and stole another piece of toast from
John. “I don’t know why I’m so hungry.”

“We’ve been having a lot of sex lately. That takes a lot of energy; your transport is just telling you it
likes it.”

Sherlock gave John a toast-crumb kiss, “My transport does like it, very much.” Sherlock had never
experienced satiation like this. He was always ready for more sex, as much as John wanted, but
whenever it wasn’t on the current agenda Sherlock still felt as if all his needs had been taken care of.
“Did you sleep well?”

“Like a rock, a very happy one.” John kissed Sherlock again and squeezed his bottom, “We’re doing
that again.”

Sherlock smiled, “You liked that did you.”

“I’ve never been so turned on.” growled John, nibbling Sherlock’s jaw. “You know we passed out, I
woke up a little while later still inside you. I don’t think I’ve ever come so hard.”

Sherlock was very contented to hear this, the omega in him purring once again at his ability to please
his alpha so well. No one else had that power, just Sherlock. “What are we doing today?”

John kissed him, “Well we can call Lestrade and see if there’s any cases we might be interested in,
and then I thought we could go see about a ring.”

Sherlock’s smile was huge, “Yes, I’d like to do that.” John wanted Sherlock’s ring on his finger and
that fact smoothed away the last of the helpless jealousy he’d felt the night before. John was a
marvelous alpha and they’d both been around the world from one another during the long years before they’d met so had done what he had to do to get by. Sherlock would never be happy about John’s ex-lovers but the thought of it no longer made him feel ill.

The first shop they went to had an alpha proprietor and he spoke to Sherlock in tones filled with paternalistic condescension as he pulled out trays of rings for the omega to look at. His attitude irritated Sherlock so he commented loudly about how the diamonds featured in his premier sales case were blood-diamonds and demanded that John take him elsewhere. The proprietor received accusing looks from the other patrons as John swept Sherlock right out the door without pause, “He was a jackass. Let’s go somewhere else darling.” John hadn’t appreciated the attitude either.

Sherlock’s mobile cheeped and eagerly he dug it out of his pocket. “Case John!” oh this was marvelous! They hadn’t had a case since before they bonded. What would it be like to work with John now that they were? John was just as excited as Sherlock, hurrying the omega to flag down a taxi. They met Lestrade at the end of an alley. Foregoing pleasantries he just launched into the details, “Three bodies, all alphas. The room reeks of an omega in heat. It almost looks like a pairing was challenged; the scent in the room is unbonded but maybe you can find out more. There’s a side-door over here.”

Lestrade led them inside where Sherlock darted ahead, ignoring the admonition to climb into barrier clothes. The room had already been taped off and the forensic team was inside. Donovan was standing at the doorway watching her omega collect evidence. Sherlock tched, “If you ever plan to call me in the future please prevent scene contamination and do not allow bumbling fools to trod over everything!”

Anderson stood. Normally Sherlock would have had great respect for an omega who had come as far as Anderson had but something about the other omega always struck sparks. They really didn’t like each other. Normally his alpha would ignore their verbal sparring but today Donovan looked at Sherlock with a frown and took a dramatic sniff of the air, “Who in the world would bond you freak?” she demanded.

Sherlock’s fists clenched. Donovan had been calling Sherlock a freak right from the day they’d met and the unflattering nickname had quickly circulated through the Yard, making it even more difficult for Sherlock to be taken seriously. John came up behind Donovan and Anderson sputtered, “You?” he sniffed again and wrinkled his nose, “Oh god you smell like the freak too! Are you defective as well?”

Sherlock glowered at Anderson. It was bad enough to accept insults from him because Sherlock would be tossed out if he fought with another omega but no one was going to slander John, “A mere three percent of alpha-omega bonds result in shared scent. Only the strongest most powerful bonds are like ours.” Sherlock sniffed the air in Donovan’s direction dramatically, “Not a trace of you on her.”

Anderson scowled and Donovan took a threatening step forward. Sherlock had no idea what she’d been about to do but there was a soft word behind her, “Don’t.” She stopped in her tracks and John finished coming into the room, pacing around the Yarder to face her, “Don’t Donovan, not anymore. Sherlock wants to help solve problems. That’s all. We’re not interesting in your personal opinions about anything.”

Lestrade came in and he looked sternly at his associate. Donovan dropped her eyes, “We had a discussion about this Donovan, right after I told you that Mycroft is my omega. What was the deal we made?”

“I’d stop baiting Sherlock and you would see about getting Phillip the advanced training HR denied
“That’s right. You behave and I help your omega. You two are a good team but I’m not tolerating this hate campaign you have going on. Anderson would have gotten into the advanced program by himself if you two didn’t waste so much time trying to prove Sherlock is wrong when he never is. For one it’s sexual discrimination. Don’t make that face. You don’t like Sherlock because he was an unbonded omega. Well he’s bonded now so that should sort the matter out for you. If you find breaking these old habits too onerous I can send you to a discrimination seminar to be lectured like a child and transfer Anderson down to traffic. You two can find out how much advanced training he gets there.”

Sulkily Donovan took Anderson and retreated to the hallway. Lestrade turned to Sherlock, “Don’t encourage them. Part of their punishment was being disciplined right in front of the both of you but this is the end of it. Anderson is a good technician. He’s not as good as you at this sort of thing Sherlock but he’s not incompetent. From now on you will give him the respect he’s earned. You know full well how hard it must have been for him to get into this business. If you want things to change for you, you’re going to need to give a little to get a little.”

Chagrined Sherlock nodded but John wasn’t impressed, “The next time you have something like that to tell Sherlock you will do me the honor of speaking to me first.” John was incredibly stern and Sherlock was surprised to see Lestrade look as abashed as he had felt. He wouldn’t have tolerated John speaking to Mycroft in that fashion.

“I’m sorry John. You’re right. I’m just used to Sherlock being on his own. I guess I have my own bad habits to break.”

“If we’re all done discussing behavior it might interest you to know there was another alpha as well as the unbonded omega, both male. From the scent the omega was very close to being in full heat, the other alpha smells strongly of the omega, they’re partners or at least known to one another. Get the CCTV footage for this street and the exits to the alley. Someone somewhere must have caught a glimpse.” Lestrade looked startled but didn’t hesitate calling in the orders. Sherlock examined the bodies again, “Murder John. They were lured by the omega and brought here to be killed. We need to find out if there’s a connection between these alphas.”

“Right.” said John, turning on his heel to get Donovan on the request. Sherlock turned back to the scene. There was something on the edge of his senses, he couldn’t quite formulate in words how it made him feel but Sherlock was edgy. The strange scent of the missing omega was disturbing for some reason, it made Sherlock’s belly clench nearly as much as the scent of the missing alpha. Deciding he’d seen all he could usefully see he left the room before John came back, “Home?”

“Not yet John,” something clicked together in his head and Sherlock looked back at the bodies, “The game is on.”
alley
Chapter Summary

Sherlock and John have been called on a case and there’s something a bit odd about it.

Sherlock considered what he’d observed. All three deceased were typical alphas, strong in body, capable of doing great damage to a challenger but the wounds had been negligible. “We need to get to the morgue after the bodies have been processed.” he told John and the alpha nodded, “What did you notice?”

He loved this about John. The alpha stopped walking and stood to think seriously about Sherlock’s question. John was blind to so many clues but most people were, what Sherlock loved was John’s exasperation. At some point the small man would become frustrated and blurt out an angry comment. This reaction never failed to provide Sherlock the keystone to the puzzle in front of him. John was very special, very special indeed. Everything about him, especially his flaws, were the perfect counter-point to everything in Sherlock. “Well, I could only smell the three of them and the omega, I trust you when you say there was a fourth, I wish I had your sense of smell sometimes. Two of them were ex-military, did you see their shoe laces? Lestrade isn’t the only one with old habits.”

Ex-military. Sherlock had indeed noticed the laces but hadn’t instantly correlated the pattern. John was very useful indeed. “What of the third man?”

“I dunno really, he was fit. His clothing was well kept, he looked like he’d been on a date maybe? His fingernails were buffed, I remember thinking how smooth they looked. The smell of the omega was strongest around him though.” John sounded unsure.

Sherlock nodded, “I surmise that he was the one who brought the omega to this room, possibly to share the imminent heat. It’s entirely possible that this is exactly what it seems to be, an alpha who brought an omega to someplace that wasn’t secure enough to keep out rivals. The first two could have simply been taking a short-cut through the alley and happened upon them, violence ensues and the omega is left with three dead alphas.

“What about number four?”

“Indeed John, where did this mystery alpha come from and where did he take the omega?” Sherlock was scenting the air carefully. There were sweet little hints scattered about, “They came out here,” Sherlock paced down the alley to the exit at the far side with John on his heels, “They came this far and must have gotten into a vehicle. I can’t smell anything beyond that.” There were no CCTV cameras anywhere; nothing would have been caught as evidence. Irritating. Sherlock sniffed. The faint traces were disappearing. They made Sherlock feel odd again.

“I guess we won’t know more until we examine the bodies.” Sherlock nodded. It was disappointing in a way not to find more but on the other hand it was exciting to have a problem in front of him that didn’t practically unravel itself. His mind whirled into gear.

“The omega would be in full heat by now. Of course with a vehicle you can get some distance before you’d need to find someplace private but they wouldn’t have long enough to get out of the city. They’re in London still; we just need to figure out how to pinpoint them. We have no idea
“So we can’t work on the case?” Sherlock shook his head. They’d already looked at the scene. They wouldn’t get more clues until Sherlock was allowed to examine the bodies with Doctor Hooper in attendance. It would take a while before they were removed from the scene and transported. The alpha smiled brightly, “We can keep shopping for rings then.”

Sherlock stood straight. John’s ring! “Of course John, that is exactly what we should do.” Sherlock flagged down a cab and took John to a different jeweller. This owner was an alpha as well and spoke only to John, but deferentially, and when asked to show Sherlock rings simply presented the trays without a word and stood back to allow them time to browse. Whatever thoughts he might have had about an omega were kept to himself.

Sherlock examined everything closely as the proprietor measured John’s finger to ensure the fit would be correct. John was a doctor and a soldier. His ring needed to be as special as he was but practical too. Sherlock dismissed all the rings with stones set in them. They were lovely but not for John. There were gold rings and silver rings, some were heavy, some were light. Some were broad and others were almost dainty. Most were simple but some were wildly ornate, as if the jeweller had done all they could to test the flexibility and creativity of the metals they worked with. None were right for John.

Finally after searching nearly a dozen large trays Sherlock happened upon a pair that caught his eye strangely. They were made of gold and silver that had been beaten together so that pattern was almost organic, the insides of the rings polished smooth but the outside left the tiniest bit rough. It would smooth over time, weathered down as life and experience sanded away the edges. The rings were simple and sturdy but unusual and filled with meaning. This was them. This was the two of them melded together and made stronger for it, different but inseparable even if they were both slightly flawed. “These ones.” he said.

John looked, staring for only a moment before indicating to the shopkeeper that their choice had been made. Sherlock used their credit card to pay for them, John’s name emblazoned across the receipt. When they had registered all of Sherlock’s cards had automatically been reverted to John, a packet had arrived in the mail with all of Sherlock’s credit cards, bank cards, and even his driver’s licence updated with John’s name boldly across the top. Sherlock no longer had a personal bank account, everything merged with John’s. John didn’t care to monitor Sherlock, just handing him the entire packet instead of doling them out when needed like most alphas did, “Just leave in enough for rent and groceries.” he’d said. “It’s your money not mine.”

Well it had been Sherlock’s. He’d been living off the omega support trust his family had in place, holding a family record for being the only omega who needed to keep using it for more than a decade. Now that John was his alpha he would be responsible for financially supporting Sherlock but that didn’t make all of Sherlock’s old money disappear. Even his omega-hating father wasn’t about to see his son live on the streets so he’d ensured that Sherlock always had a generous rental and entertainment allowance and permitted Mummy to give Sherlock clothing to keep him respectable looking. Sherlock wore the clothes and rented his flat but had no one to entertain so over twenty years it had piled up into a respectable heap of cash. John didn’t want any of it, “That’s not mine. We’ll open another joint account, I’ll put my wages into that and we can use that. If we make money consulting you can keep that too.”

“That’s not equitable John. Thank you for allowing me to keep this but if we earn money consulting then that will go into our account for us to use.” An agreement had been struck so now Sherlock was able to buy John his wedding ring using his own money, even if John’s name was on it.
The rings were taken away to be cleaned and put in their boxes, “Do you want to wear it?” asked Sherlock softly.

“Yeah, I’d love to but I think I should wait until we’re married. It’s a pretty amazing ring though darling, I love your choice.”

“You could consider it part of the engagement.” said Sherlock with a smile and enjoyed how John’s eyes lit up.

“Yeah? Well…that’s actually a pretty good idea.” John was nearly squirming around with excitement. He did want to wear the ring, very much. It was so obvious to Sherlock, “If you don’t mind that is.”

“I insist John. We’re getting married in only a few weeks and that’s a lot of time for other people to keep thinking you’re single when you really, really aren’t.” Sherlock pulled John closer and kissed him softly, “Wear it.”

“Okay, okay, no need to get bossy about it.” said John with a smile. He smelled entirely pleased though and Sherlock knew he’d made the correct choice. His alpha was happy and the world was right. The rings came back so Sherlock pulled them out of the box and held up John’s left hand to slide the ring on. John looked at it for a very long time before looking up at Sherlock, his eyes soft and full of love, “Thank you for saying yes.”

“Thank you for asking.” Sherlock leaned down and gave John a small kiss before allowing him to push his ring onto his finger. John linked their hands so they could see their rings side by side, “I love you John.”

“I love you too Sherlock. Let’s get out of here before I embarrass myself by crying.” John’s eyes were red but he was still smiling hard. Sherlock put his arm over John’s shoulder and together they left the store to walk the streets.

They enjoyed a leisurely lunch at a small restaurant that featured a dish so spicy you had to sign a waiver before you could order it. John almost did but thankfully decided on one of the less suicidal menu options. Sherlock liked eating with his hands so he ordered an assortment of things on skewers while John decided on a thick rich stew that came with a basket of savory bread.

After lunch they stopped at the morgue to see Doctor Hooper whom John kept calling Molly, “Hi Molly, we were waiting to hear about some bodies. Three alphas should have been brought in.”

Molly Hooper was wearing her hair tied up yet again, her makeup partially worn off and not refreshed. Clearly she’d had a busy day but efficiently she flipped open her register and inspected it, “No. I’ve received one alpha, female, the rest are betas, male and female, most from vehicle accidents. I can call and check if you want?”

Sherlock nodded and frowned. It shouldn’t have taken this long to remove the bodies. He texted Lestrade, “At morgue. No alphas. Still on scene?”

Lestrade texted back a minute later, “Bodies removed two hours ago. Should have been there.”

Sherlock showed John before texting back, “They’re not.”

There was a long silence from Sherlock’s phone and then a message, “Meet at my office.”

So, Lestrade knew something he needed to tell Sherlock in person or something to show him. Showing John the new text he followed his alpha to the street after bidding Doctor Hooper farewell.
He flagged down a cab and soon enough they were at the Yard and making their way to Lestrade’s office.

They found him at his desk still wearing his trench-coat. He was looking through CCTV footage. One day Lestrade would learn to save time and just let Sherlock do it but so far he hadn’t been allowed, “They’re gone. A team arrived like normal to remove the bodies. Loaded them up and everything. Turns out no one from our end went anywhere. Whoever that team was they weren’t affiliated with the Yard. They nicked the bodies right out from under our noses.”

“How is that even possible?” demanded John. Sherlock hummed. This indicated a large organized structure, this was more than the death of three people, something larger was in play.

“I’ve got Myc’s people involved. He has access to more CCTV than I do and it turns out one of the dead alphas worked for him. Guess which one?”

“The date.” said Sherlock. The target, he thought to himself. The omega deliberately baited him there. How the other two figured in had yet to be determined. Perhaps they were supposed to kill the date but ended up dying as well? It didn’t add up. A lethal fight between three alphas would have resulted in more wounds than were apparent even during his very cursory examination.

Lestrade nodded, “Was supposed to check into work this morning. Mycroft’s people aren’t shoddy. When someone doesn’t show up they damn well find out why. Mycroft saw the photographs I took and recognized him. Whatever happened here it was more than a date gone wrong.”

The silver haired man finally turned away from his computer monitor and took in their appearance. He blinked in surprise, “You married?”

“Getting married, we only just picked up the rings.” John sounded defensive; clearly waiting for the other alpha to make a negative comment but Lestrade just looked thoughtful.

“Myc’s my omega so I’m legally entitled to access whatever he’s working on. That increased my national security level up to heights I didn’t even know existed. The upside of that is I can utilize his skills to help me. I can’t tell you how excited he is.”

“I can believe it. He bonded a Detective Inspector of New Scotland Yard, which gives him unparalleled access to your databases and security systems. He was shifty enough prior to your bond, now he’s in stalker heaven.” Sherlock’s tone was dry but Lestrade just laughed fondly.

“I don’t mind. It’s rather nice actually, we work a lot. We’ve hardly had time together.” Sherlock privately wondered if Lestrade would keep not minding that Mycroft watched his every move. Time would tell. “He’s trying to button up all his projects so he can go on leave. Anthea is taking his place.”


His grin was almost boyish, “He’s pregnant. Caught him right off. I could smell it right away but the tests came back this morning.”

“Pregnant! Mycroft?” Sherlock was stunned. For some reason he never imagined Mycroft ever becoming pregnant. Even though he’d bonded with Lestrade the idea of Mycroft conceiving hadn’t even drifted across his consciousness.

Lestrade was bursting with pride, “Yes! He told me it was impossible because of his age but I knew better. I know a thing or two about making babies. I knew the day after his heat finished.”
“Impossible!” declared Sherlock. There was no way to tell that quickly. Mycroft and Lestrade had barely bonded! He’d only be days gone.

“It’s not. There’s a particular smell to a pregnant omega, you can really tell when it’s your own. My late omega Janice used to smell that way, four times we succeeded, so when I smelled Mycroft I knew right away we’d done the job right. Number five will be here soon enough.” He was still grinning hugely, “I wish I could describe it to you. It makes me all squidgy on the inside. I love kiddies. He’s more excited than I am. He wants to take off the entire pregnancy so he can enjoy it. Seriously, I wish I could describe it.”

“Try anyway.” demanded Sherlock.

Lestrade squinted, considering, “It’s soft, not exactly sweet but…milky maybe? It depends on the omega of course, everyone smells different but there’s a kind of tang to it, I can almost smell it now. It’s like Mycroft is right here.” he was beaming at both of them now, his eyes full of delight.

“Knowing him your office is probably bugged twelve different ways. He’s as good as here.” said Sherlock. He wasn’t sure how to feel but congratulations were probably in order.

John was taking care of it by shaking Lestrade’s hand vigorously, “Fantastic news Greg, just fantastic news.”

“Thanks John, I know we’re a bit on in years but I couldn’t be happier and Mycroft is pleased as punch. It must be on my clothes or something because I swear it’s like he’s in the room.” Lestrade lifted his lapel and sniffed. John was still smiling as he watched Lestrade inspect himself. His head turned as he looked at Sherlock and then John was utterly surprised. Sherlock watched as John gripped Lestrade’s shoulder roughly, “Ouch John! What’s going on?”

“Greg!” John almost shouted, nearly crushing Lestrade’s shoulder, “Him!”

“Him what? Let go, I need that arm later. John?”

John let Lestrade go and buried his nose in Sherlock’s neck, “It’s not Mycroft.” said John, his voice filled with wonder, “You’re not smelling Mycroft.”

Sherlock was shocked. He’d assumed the change in his scent was because of the bond with John! Clearly the alpha had thought the same. Lestrade stood up and stood behind John, carefully not touching Sherlock but took in a careful breath of air before clapping John heartily on the back, “Let the baby race begin!” he shouted.

John hugged Sherlock so hard he had difficulty breathing for a second. His knees gave out and he dropped into a chair with a thump, “My god Sherlock! You’re pregnant! You’re pregnant!” John was kissing his face all over and hugging his head because Sherlock was still sitting but John had crowded up between his knees.

Sherlock was stunned. He was pregnant. He was having John’s baby. Deep inside him was a little being probably no more than a handful of cells all eagerly dividing and growing more complex by the second. Would it be a boy or a girl? Would the baby have sandy-blond hair or raven locks? Would the child have deep blue eyes and an inner warmth that soothed everyone around them? It struck him. He’d succeeded. He was pregnant with his alpha’s pup. He was a finally doing what his body had ached to do his entire life. He was having a child! “Oh John!” Sherlock burst into tears of happiness, hiding his face in John’s coat as he threw his long arms around his alpha and tried to contain the overwhelming joy that filled him. A baby! John’s baby! Sherlock was having the only child in the world to be born to John Hamish Watson.
“Well done mates, bloody well done.” said Lestrade enthusiastically, “This is going to be fantastic, John you are going to love this.”

“We have to go to the clinic and get this verified,” said John who sounded happily dazed, “We’ll talk to you later Greg, congratulate Mycroft for us will you?”

“Can I tell him?” asked Lestrade eagerly.

“Sherlock, do you want to tell your brother yourself?”

Sherlock snapped out the baby-dream he was lost in and focused on John, “Wait until we’ve been to the clinic. We need to be absolutely sure.” Sherlock was sure. Now that Lestrade had said Sherlock knew he was pregnant. It explained all the changes he’d felt since they’d bonded, the fatigue, the emotional swings, the almost vicious increase in his sensory abilities, the hunger. Still, he needed proof. He was a scientist and he required solid evidence, “Let’s go John, call the clinic and tell them we’re on our way.”

Case entirely forgotten Sherlock strode away with John hard on his heels, his mobile already at his ear as he arranged a last-minute appointment with a colleague, “We’re in the cab now.” said John, his voice still filled with excitement as he ended the call. Looking at Sherlock he said, “That was one of the new nurses, I think you’ll like her. She’s setting up an appointment with one of the doctors.”

“Who is she?” A baby! Sherlock could barely focus on John’s words. He felt fluttery inside and was beginning to feel anxious. What if he wasn’t pregnant, what if it was a mistake and they found nothing? Dread began to fill him and his hand rubbed over his abdomen as if to protect a possibly phantom child from disappearing.

“She just moved to London, her name is Mary, Mary Morstan.” Mary turned out to be a bright haired and charmingly funny beta who made them comfortable in an examination room. Her hair was short and her smile was warm, she was a little too familiar with John but then she’d put her arm around Sherlock to help him onto the scales even though he didn’t need assistance so he wrote off her behavior as being part of a nurturing nature. John chatted happily with her and smiled as she left to go bring the doctor in. “She’s good with patients.”

“She seems very pleasant.” said Sherlock. He didn’t want to talk about nurses that worked with John though the alpha was on good term with all his co-workers. John got on with everyone it seemed, Sherlock had yet to meet someone who thought ill of the man.

A tall ginger alpha came into the room. Sherlock was relieved that he was using the scent neutralizing wash that John also used when he worked at the clinic. The last thing ill people needed was a nose full of alpha. He had storm-gray eyes and a wide-smile, “Doctor Watson, I see I’m here to find out if you’ve got some good news.”

“Doctor Janus! I thought you were on vacation! Corin, this is my omega Sherlock Holmes, we need a blood test run.” John shook the doctor’s hand.

“I’m leaving right after this, Mary caught me on the way out the door. No problem John, Mary did all the pre-exam work?” John nodded. Sherlock’s blood pressure had been taken and all the normal questions had been asked.

“Yes, Sherlock’s file is right there.”

“This won’t take long Sherlock, just roll up your sleeve. This will pinch a bit.” deftly the doctor slid a needle in, extracting a small vial of blood. He was very gentle, Sherlock hardly felt a thing. Doctor
Janus was very good at his job. Sherlock watched the doctor seal and label the vial while Sherlock held a small cotton square on the needle-mark. A small plaster was applied after the doctor finished his notes, “I suppose I have to sprint to the lab and lash the technician with a wet noodle until they test this right?”

“If you wouldn’t mind.” said John with a grin nearly as wide as the tall man.

“Right, wait here. This shouldn’t take very long. The sooner I get back the sooner I can get off of work.” he left with the vial and another grin, alphas were always happy when someone got pregnant, even if it wasn’t theirs.

Sherlock rolled his sleeve down and looked at his file. “I’ve gained four pounds since we’ve met.” that was good news.

“Yeah? I guess all that take-away wasn’t such a bad idea though I probably gained eight. I’m not stepping on that scale.” Sherlock smiled as John ruefully rubbed the small soft swell of his belly.

“If I knew how to cook I’d feed you until you were entirely round.” said Sherlock, smiling flirtatiously at his alpha, “I’d love every inch of you.”

“I guess I’m lucky I’m in charge of the kitchen then,” said John. Sherlock was pleased when his alpha came over and kissed him softly, “I can’t even imagine what you’re going to look like with a baby belly.”

“I’ll look like a lollipop with the candy in the middle instead of the top.” said Sherlock flatly and John snorted out a laugh, his whole body shaking as he tried not to giggle.

“You’ll be beautiful. I’m going to be completely useless aren’t I.” John was worried now, all the delight gone from his eyes, “Oh god Sherlock I’m the oldest new father in the world! I’m not even good with children! I’m either going to drop them because my shoulder gives out or fall over entirely when my hip decides to stop working again! Half my hair is gray!”

“Your chest hair is gray too as is some of your pubic hair but unless they’re involved in parenting decisions I don’t see how that particular fact is an issue.” John looked devastated when Sherlock pointed out the other unmentioned gray areas. Sherlock continued, “I’m already terrified of being an awful mother. I’m worried about the world our child will come to know. I’m fearful of how my family will impact it. If our baby is an omega, what kind of life are we giving them?”

John blinked for a second, “Well probably a good one, our child is already the heir to Edgewater, their gender is irrelevant.”

“Really?”

“Yes, of course. How’d do think Harry managed? She’s a beta. Most families make the eldest alpha become the family head but with ours we’ve always just left it to the eldest. That I was an alpha was just circumstantial, I was the eldest, that’s what mattered. You are going to be an incredible mother because you are always incredible. Your family will have as much or as little influence as you allow, if you want I’ll even forbid your father from ever coming near us.”

Sherlock was very comforted by John’s words and wrapped himself around his alpha. They held each other while they waited, their patience growing thinner and thinner with every minute that passed, “Urine tests are practically instant.” muttered John, “Still, this early bloodwork is the only way to go.”

Sherlock was trying not to tap his foot. Half an hour had already gone by, barely enough time to do
the test. Doctor Janus tapped on the door and pushed his way in. Handing a piece of paper to John he smiled at Sherlock, “Congratulations!”

Sherlock sat down again, grinning hugely and completely incapable of working his legs. John was involved in some kind of wiggling victory dance that included air punches and various facial expressions as he waved around the hard-copy confirmation. They were having a baby.
Little Beginnings

Chapter Summary

Sherlock and John have learned the most fantastic news they could have gotten, Sherlock is expecting John's child! The joyfulness must be shared.

happy couple

John said farewell to his colleague and to everyone they passed, a huge smile plastered on his face. Sherlock was clutching prenatal vitamins and a sheaf of pamphlets for new mothers. He couldn’t think straight, not even enough to answer the questions the smiling Doctor Janus had for him, John had answered. Sherlock was instructed to find a personal doctor that specialized in male omega pregnancies but that he seemed perfectly healthy and should expect no problems. “You have to call Mycroft and I have to call Harry.”

“Wait till we’re home.” said Sherlock. He was dazed. John was so happy he agreed instantly, willing to do whatever his omega wanted.

The alpha held Sherlock’s hand, “We’re having a baby.” he told the cab driver proudly. Sherlock rolled his eyes but the cabbie gave them warm congratulations before dropping them off. John looked up and down the street suspiciously before letting Sherlock get out and then hustled him right into the building as fast as he could.

“Mrs. Hudson!” shouted Sherlock the second the door shut behind them.

She came rushing out of her flat, pie-server in hand, a tea-towel over her shoulder, “Sherlock! John! What’s the matter? Are we being attacked again?”

“We have news!” said John.

Sherlock covered John’s mouth with his hand. He wanted to tell her, “I’m pregnant.”
Their landlady made high-pitched sounds of excitement before coming over to hug Sherlock carefully and to pat his arm affectionately. She beamed over at John, “This is just the most wonderful news! Oh my boys!” Mrs. Hudson told them she had knitting patterns to look at; she had at least six different baby outfits she wanted to make and was already planning to shop for the softest yarn she could find. “Mrs. Turner has married ones but she doesn’t have a baby.” she had said with satisfaction.

“We’re getting married too.” said John, “Sherlock said yes.” the alpha was nearly hovering off the floor in a delirium of absolute happiness that Mrs. Hudson clearly shared, transmitting her delight by way of happy coos and more loving hugs, this time to both of them.

They hugged and kissed her before going upstairs to contact their families. Sherlock called Mycroft, “Your alpha tells me you are planning to go on leave.”

“Indeed brother.”

“Luckily for me my hours are my own.”

There was a momentary pause, “Congratulations Sherlock.”

“You as well Mycroft.”

“I shall inform our parents.”

“You can tell them about yours. John will speak to Papa on my behalf. Mycroft, John asked me to marry him.”

“I saw the paperwork. It’s all been approved and is on its way back to you.” Sherlock should have known his brother would have his finger in somewhere. At least Mycroft knew that John had asked before he knew Sherlock was pregnant, for some reason that seemed to be an important point in his mind. Thanks to Mycroft’s bureaucratic influence they no longer had to wait the required month. Instead they could get married as soon as their paperwork arrived.

“Thank you Mycroft.” perhaps it was because they were both pregnant after bonding so closely together but Sherlock found himself wanting to reach out to his only sibling, “I will require a specialist.” he said as they fell into their lifetime habit of cautious double-speak, two conversations, only one spoken out loud. Share this with me.

Mycroft understood, “I have someone in mind. He’s been vetted by Anthea. I’ll have his office contact you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. Perhaps it wasn’t much but sharing the same doctor was at least a step in the right direction. Sherlock wondered how much of his dislike for Mycroft had been trained into him. Deciding the past couldn’t hurt him any longer Sherlock determined that his eventual niece or nephew didn’t deserve to grow up and witnessing how he and Mycroft behaved toward one another. No. They would be shown a better way, “Perhaps we can schedule our various appointments together.” We are stronger together. Safer.

There was another small pause as Mycroft considered the peace offering, “It would be advantageous to compare notes and to keep an eye on one another. We’re both of advanced maternal age and it would be logical to be wary.” Agreed.

“Indeed brother.” I know you will watch out for me. Thank you.

“It is convenient that John is a doctor as well.” My alpha will look out for you too, in as many ways
as John can.

“Gregory is much reassured by the knowledge.” My alpha will do the same.

“John introduced me to his sister. She’s going to speak to Papa about having Mummy here to help me before the wedding.” John’s family is powerful, they are willing to help.

“Mummy would love that. I can’t see Papa objecting.” Get her out, do whatever you can.

“The Lady Harriet is so looking forward to making his acquaintance.” John’s family is rallying. We could be ending our family line.

“I’m positive it will be a delightful visit, Papa will be charmed I’m sure.” It ended when we bonded. They are no longer our family. We were unwanted even when we still were.

“Very well brother. We have to call John’s sister now.” Understood. The call ended and John was giving Sherlock a bemused look. “Yes?”

“That’s it?” John still wasn’t used to the sparse relationship between Sherlock and Mycroft. They were years apart, groomed for very different purposes by a parent who didn’t care for either of them.

“Was there supposed to be more?” Perhaps he could have said something warmer to Mycroft but it didn’t feel right.

John shook his head softly and dialed Harry. It took John a minute or two before he could break into the verbal barrage that assaulted him, “He’s fine Harry, we’ve been to see a doctor today.” John pressed the speaker option and winked at Sherlock.

Harry’s voice boomed out filled with concern, “He’s alright isn’t he? Does he need a specialist of any sort, he’s healthy? CLARA WHERE IS THAT LIST OF APPROVED DOCTORS WE HAD FOR THE CASE WITH THE THING AND THE WHATSIT? YOU REMEMBER THE THING…CLAR… oh thanks love.”

“He’s fine. He will need a specialist but Harry….”

“Oh my god, he’s ill. Oh. John. Oh John, we can come to London. CLARA GET THE CAR!”

“Harry stop!”

“No, we’re coming.”

“You don’t need to.”

“Shut it John, you can’t stop us. HURRY UP WITH THE CAR CLARA!”

“I CAN’T FIND THE KEYS HARRY DID YOU LEAVE THEM IN AGAIN?”

“For fuck’s sake Harry! HE’S NOT ILL HE’S PREGNANT!” bellowed John at long last.

There was dead silence.

The silence continued.

There was a windy raspy sound.

John’s mobile speaker nearly gave out from the decibel level of Harry’s excited shriek,
“BAAAAAAAAABAAAAAAAAAAY!!!!!!AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH A BABY OH MY GOD A BA…..” Harry’s scream was suddenly muffled.

“John? It’s Clara! Congratulations! Really John, you and Sherlock both, congratulations! This is brilliant news, absolutely brilliant. Harry is on the floor. I think she’s having some kind of seizure. No…no…she’s laughing. I had to stuff a towel in her mouth. It’s okay, she’s fine,” there was a damp sound, “I’m sorry love. I’m having a bit of a cry. I’m very happy John. I am.”

Sherlock had initially felt ecstatic over their reaction but now he felt absolutely dreadful. Here he was with the love of his life growing a little bundle of hope but neither Clara nor Harry would ever enjoy that sensation. Suddenly Sherlock’s lower lip trembled and his eyes filled, “Clara.” he croaked.

John looked startled but came over to Sherlock immediately to take him into his arms, “It’s alright love, it’s okay.” he soothed, obviously unsure exactly what he was soothing but giving it a go regardless. *Mood swing*, Sherlock thought glumly as he cried into John’s hair. For so long Sherlock had been forced to discipline himself into almost machine-like behavior just to cope with the strictures that kept him stifled every moment. Now he was with John who loved him so fiercely that Sherlock would never be afraid again and he had so many feelings! He didn’t know what to do with them as they swooped and swirled, tangling impossibly together as he tried to smile at John but it was as watery as the assurances that Clara was still trying to give. He had to get a grip. He was above this sort of thing. Sniffling mightily Sherlock managed to dry his eyes and take the mobile from John.

“Oh Sherlock, I’m sorry dear. I didn’t mean to make you feel sad. I’m so happy, really I am. I was so worried that John would never find someone, so worried for so long that he’d never have a baby of his own, and Harry and I tried we really did but it was always supposed to be John and now it is. All these years and all that worry and suddenly it’s all gone and it’s all because of you! The relief of it was just a bit much for a moment. Thank you Sherlock, I can’t even explain what a gift you are giving us. Thank you. I’m…I’m…I’m sorry I have to cry again but it’s happy I sw…sw…swear.”

Sherlock felt better. He wasn’t denying them anything. He was helping them and with a small snuffle of relief Sherlock let Clara cry on her wife for a moment before Harry was also collected enough to have a somewhat rational conversation with him, “You have a doctor?”

“My brother is also expecting and has agreed that we will see the same physician.”

“Good, that’s better. We have people too in case this one gives you the creeps, some of them do, pay attention to that instinct. Now Sherlock I understand that your family did things very differently but you are a Watson omega now and since you are pregnant a lot of things are going to change for you. For one we’ve gotten your name on the family registry which means you’re entitled to a share of the Edgewater profits. That’s all your money; it has nothing to do with your alpha. John gets a share too if he’d ever use it. It’s been piling up in his accounts for the last two decades, he’s so stubborn! Tell he has to now, he’s an expectant father. I’d like to meet your brother too if you don’t mind, if he’s pregnant too then that’s wonderful.”

“He’s in government. He got our marriage license fast-tracked, he just told me, I haven’t even had a chance to tell John.” John was standing beside Sherlock looking thrilled.

“Then he sounds like a very useful contact to have. Clara and I are coming to town for meetings tomorrow and the rest of the week. I am going to arrange a visit with your sire during that time. Now I know this might piss John off but I would like to be the one who tells your father about you being pregnant. There are reasons, I’ll explain everything later and perhaps we can see about finding someone to perform your wedding for you. Clara has barely slept since we saw you; she’s been looking at wedding clothes continuously, you absolutely have to go shopping with her, she’s driving
me mad. She’s also going to set up an educational account so you don’t have to run back and forth between the lot of us to sign up for things, you’ll need to discuss your requirements with her. Sherlock?"

“Yes Lady Harriet?”

“It’s just Harry, listen Sherlock. You’ve made John very happy. I want to thank you for that. You have no idea how miserable he’s been for so long. Life switched him off. He was nothing but duty. I thought he’d forgotten how to smile but when I saw him the other day I could see that you’d switched that light back on. Thank you. I can never repay you for all the good you’ve already done our family.” Harry’s voice was soft and serious. Sherlock could hear Clara snuffling in the background, obviously still hugging her wife. “If our meetings don’t run too late I’d like to have dinner with you tomorrow, maybe your brother and his alpha can make it?”

“I can ask Mycroft. He is extremely busy and his alpha is the Detective Inspector we work with at New Scotland Yard. Still, I imagine they will do their best.” Sherlock would get John to ask Lestrade.

“Pass me back to John.”

John took the mobile and listened for a minute, his eyebrows climbing up and down as his sister had a hard fast one-sided conversation in his ear. As Sherlock watched John’s face slipped through surprise, exasperation, fondness, irritation, resignation, acceptance, irritation followed once more by fondness and a firm, “I will Harry.” John listened some more, “I’ll call Greg now, seven tomorrow should be fine. I can’t promise about Mycroft, he’s got stranger hours than his alpha, tomorrow then.” John sighed and ended the call. “That was exhausting.”

“My call to Mycroft was much less taxing.” agreed Sherlock who still had damp lashes. Self-consciously he wiped his eyes dry and wondered if his face was blotchy. He didn’t cry often but now it seemed he was going to cry at the drop of a hat. That was a little off-putting. How was he supposed to be taken seriously as a detective if he was an emotional mess all the time?

John gave Sherlock a reassuring kiss, “I need to call Greg.” he said. Sherlock nodded and John led him to the sofa where they made themselves comfortable. John dialed, “Greg, do you have two minutes? Good, listen, my sister is coming to town tomorrow and she’d like to meet you and Mycroft. Can you make it for dinner, seven maybe? You can? Mycroft as well? Good. I’ll have Sherlock give him a ring. Tomorrow then. The case? No, we haven’t had time….really…yes, send it, whatever you have. Right then.”

John pointed to Sherlock’s mobile and made a face that seemed to say Sherlock should be calling his brother so Sherlock did, “Mycroft. You are coming to dinner tomorrow to meet John’s sister and her wife. The Lady Harriet is going to announce our news to our sire herself.”

There was only the slightest pause to digest all the ramifications before Mycroft said, “I haven’t spoken to Papa yet.” the question hung in the air for only a moment, “I can always contact him later, after I’ve had a word with Gregory.” Mycroft wanted to wait to see how Harry dealt with their sire before he gave Sieger his news.

“There is no rush.” agreed Sherlock amicably. Both men were finally realizing they were no longer under the brutish control of their sire. They were bonded, safe. He could shout and threaten all he wanted now, he had nothing to take away from them, was no longer permitted to hurt or abuse them with his poisonous attitudes and actions. They were free from Sieger Holmes at last and the House of Watson was about to pop round to pay Papa a visit.
“Indeed brother. I must go; I have several meetings to complete before my day ends.” Mycroft merely ended the call but Sherlock was fine with that.

John handed him his mobile, there was an email from Lestrade, “Another dead alpha, it’s just been called in. Greg says we can meet there, he’s sent everything he’s managed to put together this afternoon.”

Sherlock was surprised all over again with John. “But I’m pregnant.”

John looked confused, “And? Don’t you want to figure this out? We don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“You don’t mind if your pregnant omega goes to look at the body of a dead alpha?”

“I’d be more concerned if my omega was going out to look at the body of a live alpha but to answer your question no. This is your job Sherlock, this is what you do. Until it’s difficult for you to get around I don’t see why you should stop consulting. I won’t let you go alone of course but whenever I’m not at the clinic I can’t see why we shouldn’t be able to keep doing the Work. If our roles were switched and I was the one pregnant I’d be pretty put out if you told me I couldn’t be a doctor any longer. I love you Sherlock, why would I want to stop you from doing what you’re meant to do?”

Sherlock kissed John, “You are the most wonderful man in the world. I love you John. I wish there were more ways I could show you how much I love you.”

“Well so far you’ve given me a marvelous home, you’ve bonded with me, agreed to marry me, got tattooed for me, have been pierced for me, and you’re having my baby. I’d say you’ve covered all the love bases pretty thoroughly.” John gave Sherlock a firm kiss. “I love you Sherlock Holmes and I’m never going to be afraid or threatened by who you could potentially be. You are brilliant; you are going to reach heights I could never hope to achieve. All I can do is offer you the tools you require to get where you would have gotten on your own with time. I would hate the person who tried to stifle genius like yours. I want it to flourish. Your mind is a gift to the whole world and the world has suffered without it because a bunch of old alphas decided years ago that your gender wasn’t any better than walking incubators. How wrong-headed is that? My family has worked against that attitude for years; I suspect that’s why Harry is coming to town. We’ll find out more but tonight we’re going to climb into our coats, catch a cab, go look at a body and see if we can catch a killer.”

That’s what they did. Lestrade was there and he looked grim after Sherlock informed him that the dead alpha was the same as the one that had left with their mysterious omega, now in the full throes of his heat. The smell of him was thick in the hallways that led to the nondescript flat. The door was kicked in and the blood splatter was testimony of a violent rage that had ended his life. Except for a ball gag that was still firmly in place the alpha was laying naked in a pool of his own blood, his face bloody and broken, the omega’s mating pheromones still hanging in the air. Sherlock recognized the strange sweet taint in the air. The alpha had made it through at least two or possibly three waves with the omega, his back was scratched and he had distinctive love-bites on his throat and chest. That meant they had begun sometime this morning. There was a dry chemical odor to the fluids that stained the sheets, “He was sterilized. The same product they use at servicing centers.” The omega didn’t want to be bonded or bred, just serviced.

Sherlock closed his eyes and sifted through the smells that hung in the air. He dismissed John and Lestrade’s scents, wrinkled his nose at Anderson and Donovan, got rid of the three betas by the door and smelled….someone. He frowned. He couldn’t tell if the person was male or female, or what their sub-gender was. Very odd. “The omega was taken away by another person, I have nothing more than that.” he said. He examined the body again. The alpha’s face was a ruin but the actual death
blow was a single precise strike above his heart. He would have died instantly after that but before
that blow had been struck someone had exorcised a lot of rage from their system. Was the location of
the blow merely a technical strike or was there other significance to it? Sherlock kept looking, the
base of the alpha’s penis was slightly chaffed, “He knotted the omega at least once.”

He stood and John shook his head, he had nothing to add. Lestrade came over and tilted his head at
the body, “So you can verify that this is the same alpha present at the scene from earlier?” Sherlock
nodded, “Right, we’re going through the CCTV footage as well as any footage we can grab from
surrounding businesses. Someone would have noticed the smell of an omega in full heat even if they
were in a vehicle. Even betas would be able to smell him.”

“Why just today?” muttered Sherlock, “That omega should have been in full heat yesterday as well.”

“I can’t say Sherlock.” Sherlock hadn’t expected John to have an answer but the omega found it
easier to allow his thoughts to wander verbally, bouncing concepts and ideas off of John who merely
listened and occasionally said something illuminating, “It almost looks like someone got caught
cheating, like those jealous rages you hear about in the news, you know, the old oh honey I thought
you were at work kinds of situations.”

*Interesting*, the omega wasn’t bonded but that didn’t preclude the possibility that a claim had been
staked. Where was the *promised* alpha? Was he the murdered alpha they were looking at now or was
it the successful rival who had spirited away the man in question? If an alpha caught someone trying
to service their omega it would be simple to trigger a savage rage but most alphas didn’t leave their
omega in vulnerable situations when their heat was upon them. Perhaps the alpha was kept away
from his omega? It still didn’t explain the presence of the first two dead alphas, or even the one John
kept referring to as *the date*, this was now a body count of four dead alphas and one still missing
omega. “I can’t smell another person, the killer has figured out how to mask their scent entirely.”

“That’s a bit worrying.”

“Indeed John.”

“If this someone can do that to themselves could they hide the smell of an omega in heat?” asked the
doctor.

*Brilliant!* “Indeed they could John.” they left Lestrade with the body and paced out of the building,
Sherlock casting his head from side to side as he scented the air like a big dog. He even smelled the
door handles as well as the frames, the panel to the lift, and the hand-rails inside, “Traces.” he
muttered, there were nothing but hints, all overwhelmed by the smell of the omega’s rut.

They took the lift down to the carpark. Three bays in and the omega’s scent disappeared suddenly,
“So they either got into a vehicle at this point or the other person did whatever they needed to do to
block the omega’s smell.” John and Sherlock walked the entire carpark trying to locate another trace
of the omega but found nothing, “Poor chap. That can’t be easy being transported during his heat.
He’d be going mad.”

“I know.” said Sherlock. He remembered only too well what it was like to crave an alpha and be
denied. Sherlock wondered if John had ever noticed the claw marks on Sherlock’s bedroom walls.
“The best we can hope for is that he’s being cared for somehow.” They couldn’t tell if the omega
was a victim or a suspect, it was possible he was both but once again he was in the wind. There were
no leads.

“So unless there’s another dead alpha tomorrow we can assume this particular omega might not
surface for another two to four days.” mused John, the omega’s heat would be over by then.
Sherlock suspected John was correct. Whoever this last person was had managed to remove a full rut omega through London with no one the wiser. The three bodies of the original dead alphas had entirely disappeared, winkled away by an entire team of people.

“Lestrade will have to ensure that this body makes it to the morgue.” John nodded and followed Sherlock back to the scene. Anderson was busy photographing before he ran the room for evidence. Sherlock itched to take over but he wasn’t allowed. He knew he could do a better job; Anderson was once again stepping too closely to things, making a muddle of what was once a pristine snapshot of a crime.

John snapped at Donovan, “He’s stepping in the blood! There are footprints all over now. Can we just get in there first before it’s totally ruined? Sherlock needs more than one quick look.” Donovan began to protest until Lestrade cleared his throat and then Anderson backed sullenly out of the room once more. “There you go Sherlock. Anderson, pass him those evidence bags and some gloves if you please.” Frowning Anderson did as asked even if Donovan glared at John a bit.

Sherlock dug in his pocket to take out his viewer. The bed gave up the most trace evidence, hairs, semen, slick, and Sherlock got Anderson to carefully strip the sheet from the bed so they could take it to the lab for further testing. Delicately Sherlock checked around the bed, in the bathroom, and all over the extensive carpeting. They’d made full use of the room, fucking everywhere it seemed. Carefully Sherlock lifted fingerprints off of surfaces, demonstrating to Anderson a slightly newer technique for removing them cleanly. The other omega gave no thanks but at least paid close attention and hopefully learned something. Once they’d processed the room together a team came to remove the body. Donovan visually confirmed that they worked with the Yard and so Sherlock and John went to the morgue to wait for its arrival.

Sherlock poured over the corpse for hours with Anderson and Doctor Hooper. At some point he was fed, he could smell John’s impatience but was too engrossed in his examination to pay his alpha any mind, just opening his mouth occasionally to eat another bite of sandwich or a bit of fruit. Several hours later he’d garnered all the details he could from the man. “He was regularly sterilized, he’s got track marks on his inner arm but not for street drugs. The ball-gag that was used is generic, you could purchase that brand at any sex-shop anywhere. What was useful about it was that it was stained. This ball-gag was used by more than one alpha, perhaps it was the omega’s regular unbonded? There’s a smear on one of the straps, see? Ash and not just any ash, this is cigar ash, rare, Cuban most likely. I’d have to cross-check my website. Someone has a very expensive habit. Rare cigars are easy to locate. Once I’ve determined which one it is that will narrow our search down to only a handful of shops.”

“You collect cigar ash?” Anderson asked coldly.

“Not just cigars. I also collect cigarette ash, all manner of wood ash, and everything else that can be reduced to ash during the burning of a typical residence or block of flats.” It made sense, there was no point collecting ash that required higher temperatures than that, what would be the purpose. That seemed to be Anderson’s question though he said nothing. He didn’t say it but the word was screaming unspoken on Anderson’s face, freak. “You don’t have to understand.” said Sherlock before pushing rudely past Donovan to get into the hallway. He didn’t need to explain himself to them! He wasn’t a freak, he wasn’t. He was just interested in being precise. There was nothing wrong with that!

Sherlock was nearly out of the building before John caught up with him, “Slow down Sherlock, I’ve been calling you! Please don’t ignore me.”

Sherlock stopped in his tracks, horrified, “I didn’t mean to John.” Tears filled Sherlock’s eyes and he
was absolutely mortified, “They think I’m a freak.” he said, the hitch in his voice unfeigned.

“You are not! You are brilliant, and beautiful, and complicated, and a self-made man who’s also very hungry. Don’t mind them love, come home. We need to rest and to eat, one dried out sandwich between the two of us isn’t enough.” Sherlock tried to stop sniffling but he couldn’t so John just ushered him to a cab he managed to flag down, “221 B Baker Street.” he ordered. Sherlock felt awful. He was the most abnormal and substandard omega on the planet. What kind of curse had his unborn child earned to have been burdened with him as its mother. Poor mite. “You really collect ash samples?” asked John curiously. Sherlock nodded miserably. “That’s brilliant. I mean how useful is that? I bet you can learn all sorts of interesting things if you know what you’re looking at. Brilliant. What else do you collect?” John was smiling up at Sherlock, his eyes bright and interested.

His sadness disappeared as he listed off the different sorts of organic samples he’d distressed to observe their various factors. John’s grin was earnest, his eyes impressed, and his scent proud, “You don’t think this is odd?”

“Odd? No, should I? What would be odd is a detective who didn’t know anything about all these sorts of details. What’s brilliant is that you didn’t have any help learning this stuff or knowing what was important to focus on, you figured that all out on your own. I wouldn’t have thought about collecting ash, not ever, and I’m a doctor and I was a captain in the army. You’re amazing Sherlock. God I love you.” He did. The love John felt for him shone brightly and took away the last of the sting that Sherlock had felt.

“Perhaps I’m a little hungry.” said Sherlock just so he could see the happy hopeful look on John’s face once more.

“It’s late but I bet we can still get take-away delivered, I’ll call, your usual?” John had quickly learned that the large stack of menus Sherlock had collected were for the sole purpose of noting which dishes he found acceptable and John had memorized them all. Now Sherlock just had to pick a restaurant and John knew exactly what to get him. He did so now, “It’ll get there just after we get home.

“Sounds perfect John,” Sherlock took his alpha’s hand. Today had been another busy day and he had a lot to think about. Closing his eyes Sherlock unintentionally drifted off for a brief nap. He was still drowsy when they got home but John just made him shower before they ate. Sherlock’s eyes were so heavy he could barely finish his meal, nearly dozing off at the table. With a fond smile John helped him to bed, holding Sherlock until he drifted off, “Love you John.”

“Love you too Sherlock, it’s okay, sleep. I’m here.” Soothed and comfortable Sherlock allowed himself to slip away.
Sherlock and John have shared their good news with the people that matter most to them. It's a good feeling.

John had to work at the clinic the next day but that was fine with Sherlock. John dropped him off at the morgue where Doctor Hooper allowed him to help identify everything they'd collected off the sheets. Sherlock found the processes soothing and informative, John had reminded him to bring his laptop and he was glad he had as he built a database to contain all the facts as he discovered them. Working with John was so much better than working by himself, his alpha took care of all the minutiae in his life, the omega had never been so free to dedicate his mind to his research. It was liberating. He didn’t have to worry about making it back to the omega complex at a safe time, or to be prepared to leave the second a strange alpha employee came into the room.

Sherlock ignored everyone all day except Doctor Hooper who tried to engage in flirtatious conversation. Sherlock had long suspected that the doctor might harbour some futile wishes about him. Omegas and betas did occasionally pair up though it was not as common as alpha-beta pairings but Molly, as she now insisted on being called, never had a chance with Sherlock. His family never would have tolerated it nor did Sherlock find her more than genially pleasant to be around, which was better than how he found the vast majority of people. Normally Sherlock avoided people entirely, uncomfortable in the presence of other omegas who looked at him with pity, or alphas who normally didn’t even seem to notice he was there. Molly was a beta and therefore safe for Sherlock to be around. She wasn’t an alpha who had the ability to make Sherlock succumb if they chose. Molly would have to woo Sherlock and even before John it wouldn’t have happened. Still it wasn’t difficult to be polite to her and to stave off more tentative advances Sherlock asked if she had any decaffeinated tea because he was pregnant with John’s child but terribly thirsty. She was speechless for a moment. “Oh. Pregnant…so…you’re bonding?” Inane question, he couldn’t bond while he was pregnant and he wouldn’t go into heat again until after his child was weaned. It was entirely possible to become pregnant without bonding but it was difficult, most omega were close to infertile in between heats though it wasn’t uncommon for the occasional lucky pregnancy to occur.

“We’ve already bonded.” Molly looked him over, obviously only just noticing all the changes in his appearance. She wouldn’t be able to notice the change in his scent and clearly she hadn’t seen his earrings or if she had, she had completely missed their significance. Sherlock was often surprised how little people observed, “We’re getting married as well. John’s sister is helping me arrange everything.” He held up his hand so she could see his ring and tattoo.

“Oh. Well. Um. That was…fast.” she blushed and fumbled, “Congratulations I mean, whirlwind
“Indeed. John Watson is a remarkable man.” said Sherlock, bending his head to his microscope. After that Molly was pleasant but not invasive and Sherlock thanked her by engaging in conversation about her cat. He also complimented her on her procedural techniques which made her flustered and after that simply did his work in silence. Part way through the afternoon Lestrade showed up to check on their progress and to bring a take-away lunch and hot beverage to Sherlock, “John and I are taking turns making sure you two eat regularly. Anthea is standing over Myc right now and I was already here so go on, all of it.” Of course the over-protective alphas would team up. Sherlock ate because John would be disappointed if he didn’t, even if it meant Sherlock had to re-do two slides.

Molly was startled all over again, “You have an omega Greg? I didn’t know.”

“It was a massive surprise but yes, Mycroft, this one’s older brother. We’re having a sprog too.” He held up a picture of Mycroft on his mobile.

Molly gasped, recognizing Mycroft from one of his many unnecessarily intimidating visits, “You mean that tall scary man is Sherlock’s brother and he’s pregnant with your baby?”

Greg laughed at her description of Mycroft, “Yes he’s Sherlock’s older brother. Fascinating man and really good with my kids, I’ve been completely thrown over, the little rotters.”

“Congratulations Greg.” she seemed to want to say more but wasn’t able to put the words together. Lestrade only stayed long enough to watch Sherlock eat all of his food and to take his vitamin tablet. Satisfied that he’d done his duty by his friend Lestrade took his leave. Sherlock sighed and Molly spoke up, “If you ever need a babysitter.”

“There’s almost no one I would trust more, I will let John know.” said Sherlock sincerely. Molly was an excellent doctor, she would make an admirable babysitter and Sherlock already liked her so it wouldn’t be onerous to be around her outside of the morgue. John got on well with her too and Sherlock realized John treated Molly very much like a little sister, always speaking kindly and encouragingly to her, admiring her many responsibilities. How very like John, he automatically wanted to connect with the people around him, to shelter and help them. He was a natural born leader who had walked away from his people but the urges were still there. He couldn’t hide from his nature.

Sherlock’s reply pleased Molly completely and she had a small smile on her face for the rest of the day. She was just getting ready to leave when John returned to collect Sherlock, “I hope you didn’t mind me asking Greg to come round with some food. I had a really full schedule and I know you’d be too distracted to remember on your own plus Molly is too soft on you to make you.”

Molly blushed and shrugged so Sherlock said, “Molly is too kind and I am too stubborn. I suppose I must remember I am eating for two now.”

“You barely ate for one before this, we’re going to have to have a think about how to manage your meal requirements.” teased John, “Molly we’ve got to run. We’ve got guests coming.” She bid them farewell and John led Sherlock quickly to the street, “If we shop fast we can make a large roast dinner, it should be ready just after everyone arrives.” It would be close timing so Sherlock didn’t waste John’s time by trying to talk him into some interesting looking imported vegetables, instead just helping John select the best smelling items, his extra-keen senses capable of noting small imperfections that were undesirable.

They rushed home and while Sherlock sat patiently slicing vegetables John seared a large roast and got it going. He pulled out pots and pans and soon was merrily putting together a small assortment of
dishes. Sherlock helped by cleaning up around the alpha and by fetching down things that were a bit out of reach for John. As dinner time approached John took Sherlock away for a quick shower before they changed for dinner. Once again John just threw on the first jumper his hand landed on but he made Sherlock dress in a fine suit, his top buttons open to display his collar.

Greg and Mycroft showed up exactly at seven but Clara sent a text saying they were delayed only a few minutes and were arriving as soon as they could. John asked Sherlock to play his violin to entertain them while he finished dinner. Sherlock turned his back on Lestrade and Mycroft who were dancing quietly together in the front room. It was almost disturbing to see Mycroft actually look tranquil and relaxed, his eyes closed as the slightly shorter man held him gently, allowing the older omega to simply take in his alpha’s presence after a day apart. John often held Sherlock like that and it always felt marvelous. Sherlock felt actual gladness in his heart that his brother had found someone who clearly loved him and wasn’t hesitant to let him know it. Lestrade was clearly as affectionate at John was, delicately petting Mycroft’s back as they moved. Sherlock kept playing until their doorbell rang.

“Got it.” said John, handing a stirring spoon to Sherlock who hastily put his violin on its stand. John point at a pot, “Mix that while it’s still hot enough to melt.”

Sherlock mixed and listened to the Watsons loudly make their way into the flat. Mycroft stood tall, the epitome of dignity while Greg slouched like normal, like always looking permanently rumpled. John came in first followed by Harry and then Clara. Both women were wearing dark business suits, their hair done up in slightly severe but professional styles, their faces gently made up. It was such a contrast to the easy natural look they’d sported when Sherlock had met them. Clearly they were dressed for work. Harry began pulling pins out of her bun even before she introduced herself, “Excuse me but my scalp is about ready to look for another head to live on.” she shook out her hair and stuck out her hand. Lestrade shook it easily, “Harry Watson or more formally, Lady Harriet of Edgewater.”

“Greg Lestrade, this is my omega Mycroft Holmes.” Lestrade’s smile was effortlessly charming but Mycroft looked stiff as a board.

Harry’s expression softened as she gazed at him, “Mycroft, I’m extremely pleased to meet you. This is my wife, Clara. We would like to speak with you if your alpha doesn’t mind.”

“No. Shut up John. This is business, not unless you want the title back?” said Harry without looking. John rolled his eyes but didn’t say anything. Harry looked at Mycroft, “Mycroft I would like your permission to address your sire on your behalf. I have an explanation but before I give it to you I would like your answer.”

Mycroft didn’t hesitate, not even glancing at Lestrade, “Lady Harriet it would be my honor to have you speak on my behalf, if Gregory is amenable.”

Harry grinned and winked at Lestrade, “Good, he can answer for himself. Well Mr. Lestrade, would you mind? I’m asking all official-like even though technically I’ve already let my hair down.”

That made Lestrade laugh, “Well, since Myc doesn’t object I think I’m fine with that. I hadn’t planned on talking to Mr. Holmes quite yet. I have things to prepare.” Sherlock knew that Lestrade was putting together a case against his sire relating to the attack on Mycroft. He was reassured that the alpha would have done it anyway even if he hadn’t bonded Mycroft but since he had Lestrade was going at it with everything he had.
"We have some interesting information to share then but first, food." Harry marched into the kitchen and seated Clara before plunking herself down with a sigh. It was a bit of a tight fit but they managed to crowd around the table. Harry sat at one end and John sat at the other, Sherlock sat on one side next to Clara while Mycroft and Greg took up the other side of the table.

Dinner was filled with genteel conversation about the weather, and popular events, polite commentary on music and art. Finally the meal concluded with many satisfied smiles. Harry helped John clear the table before everyone went to the front room. "Gentlemen, thank you for agreeing to allow me to represent you. Mycroft, Sherlock, I have developed a particular interest in your sire. After John brought his name to my attention I made several interesting discoveries through my various channels. Some information has been very disturbing and I felt it my duty to speak to you in person."

Mycroft looked at Harry closely, "What has Papa done?"

"I see Sherlock isn’t the only brilliant Holmes omega."

"I am a Lestrade now." said Mycroft, sounding almost offended.

"Congratulations by the way, and on your upcoming joy. It is to that matter that I must speak with you. First, some background. Clara?" Harry looked at her wife and Clara smiled back.

"Thanks love. Some of what I have to say will be upsetting. I apologize but I must say it anyway. For many years the Watson family and others have been quietly working in the background to address legal matters which have bound almost a third of our population into slavery. During the course of these efforts various trends and patterns quickly became apparent. Oppression of omega has been systematically increasing for years, their relative value diminishing with each freedom they lost until most omega are treated like animals instead of human beings, denied everything they have a human right to unless an alpha gives it to them and even then they practically have to have proof on hand every minute to keep it. That is disturbing enough. What our work has also revealed is that this oppression has long-rooted financial value by way of human trafficking. Omega have no protection unless they are bonded, when unbonded omega go missing everyone normally assumes he or she has been bonded by an alpha and been taken to live with them. What is actually happening is appalling. Omega are being sold or traded to work as prostitutes or as breeders, kept in laboratory environments and forced to produce children for people who cannot have children of their own. It is bitterly ironic that Harry and I fall into this category. Given a bit more time and a little less hope I can see how we might be tempted by an opportunity like this. You can pay money to receive a child that meets your specifications. If you want a brunet alpha male they will breed the omega until one of them has a baby to match your requirements. From what we can ascertain all children sold this way have ended up in good homes where the families are relatively decent, except that they bought their kids more or less online. Sherlock, Mycroft, your sire recently had plans to sell one or both of you in this manner. Mycroft, you saved yourself years ago when you began to funnel your various profits into your family’s account. I don’t believe your sire realizes that he can’t milk you as a cash cow any longer, all your money is now going to Mr. Lestrade. He will attempt to lash out, don’t worry about that though. Sherlock, your father planned to breed you and sell your children for as long as you could keep making them. I’m sorry to say this so plainly but there is no decent way to tell you something so awful. Your sire is sterile. He accidentally poisoned himself over thirty years ago, he can’t have more pups. His vindictiveness has been growing all this time and he has been heavily involved in the omega oppressive movement for his entire life." Clara paused, "We have something even more difficult thing to tell you. It’s about your mother."

“What about Mummy. Is she alright?” Mycroft sat up straighter than ever and Sherlock gripped John’s hand. His head was already spinning with all the information. So many larger patterns became
apparent now that he had additional information. Worry for his mother added to his internal chaos.

“She’s currently doing as well as ever. Mycroft, Sherlock. I’m so sorry to tell you this. Please, try to brace yourselves.” Clara bit her lip but forced herself to speak, her voice gentle and filled with sorrow, “Your mother was bonded before she knew your sire. He took her from her rightful alpha and force-bonded her. She was born Violet St. Claire. Her original alpha was never found again, he vanished, and was declared legally dead. Perhaps he is, perhaps he got away. We can’t make that determination.”

Sherlock had to rush to the bathroom to be ill, regretting every bite of dinner that he wasted. Force-bonded! Mummy had been taken away from her alpha and hurt before being compelled to live with their horrific sire! What if that happened to him? What if someone took him from John, forced themselves on him after they destroyed his bond and severed his connection? Sherlock heaved, unable to stop himself.

John was there and he soothed Sherlock with embraces and kisses on the back of his neck until the spasms stopped. John cleaned everything up and got Sherlock into the shower, departing only long enough to get Sherlock his pajamas and robe. Sherlock brushed his teeth after drying himself off, dressed quickly, and went back out front, unconsciously wrapping his arms around John. He needed to be near his alpha. Clara and Harry looked tight-faced and concerned, clearly miserable that they’d had to deliver such awful news. Mycroft was in Lestrade’s arms, his eyes red, his face stricken, “She kept a photo hidden in my room. She said it was my uncle.”

“His name was Sherrinford Holmes. He was the eldest brother of the family. The competition between them was apparently fierce. After Sieger stole Violet he ordered Sherrinford shunned so that no one would ever speak his name even though he was missing. Shortly after that your uncle was declared dead, at least, he didn’t come for Violet.” Sherlock could practically hear John’s teeth gritting together, his small hands covering Sherlock’s almost painfully tight. Sherlock felt a burst of relief. Even if it happened, even if Sherlock had to endure it, John would come. Nothing would stop him. Nothing.

Mycroft looked at Harry. “Is Sieger our sire?”

Harry exhaled slowly and said, “No.” Sherlock nearly collapsed with relief. Papa wasn’t their sire. Sherrinford was.

Mycroft seemed to sink into Lestrade’s arms as grief overwhelmed him, “I can almost recall him. It’s always been like a half-remembered dream. Mummy always said he was my guardian-angel; that he watched my dreams, and that’s why I remembered him.”

“You would have been barely six when Sieger took your mother. Old enough to remember your real sire if the events hadn’t been so traumatic. You would have gone from a house filled with love to someplace dark and lonely. Violet was only just pregnant with Sherlock when she was taken, I believe Sieger hoped the force-bond would cause her to miscarry but she didn’t even though the drugs they used were harsh. Sherrinford disappeared under very suspicious circumstances that were never investigated.” Clara’s voice was filled with sorrow for Violet’s plight. Mummy shouldn’t have been able to be forced while she was pregnant. They must have used the harshest of drugs to induce her false-heat that allowed Sieger to destroy her bond with his brother and lay his claim on her.

“How could the police not know? How could someone do that and get away with it?” demanded Lestrade.

“Prejudice and character references.” said Harry flatly. “If at the time the chief of police, the local magistrates, the bankers, the everyone in charge were all part of the problem it would have been
pretty difficult for Violet to get justice. To whom would she have turned to for help? We’ve been unravelling a tangle for years now and your bonds couldn’t have come at a better time. We have proof against several of people, all part of a greater problem. We tried for every bastard connected to this mess but as it stands these are the pivotal names. Sieger has proved very useful; his arrogance prevented him from being discrete with his connections. A surface check revealed absolutely nothing untoward about him but we very seldom leave it at that. In the short time since you gave me his name I have managed to connect a very significant amount of dots and have come up with a rather lovely picture.”

“What are you going to do?” asked Sherlock. She wouldn’t be telling them without reason. Harry sounded very organized, where did she get her information, how had she verified anything? She hadn’t much time, her resources must be vast.

“After nearly two decades of patient information gathering what we are going to do is bring the hidden government to its knees and we want to know if you feel like helping.” said Harry with a grin.

Mycroft sat forward, “What can I do?”

“There is an organization that omega are compelled to use to meet alpha.”

“The Omega Match Group.” said Sherlock bitterly, “Papa forced me to join.”

“He did?” said John angrily, “How long did you have to go?”

“Never once John, the day I was supposed to go to my first meeting was the day I met you. I forgot all about it.” Sherlock blushed slightly because he’d been so angry with himself for reacting so strongly to John but he couldn’t even hang onto his own fury, spending hours behaving as love-struck as he clearly was.

“Oh.” said John softly, his jealousy subsiding and a small smile on his face, “That’s alright then.”

“It’s actually a bit of luck that Sherlock didn’t go. All attending omega are targets. Simply by trying the service out those omega declared that they were having difficulty meeting an alpha. Those omega names go into a system and if the omega meets the specifications needed they’re abducted and bred, bonded if necessary. There are actually alphas out there willing to keep the bond of a stolen omega, to impregnate them, and then to sell their own children. It’s…it’s monstrous.”

Sherlock wanted to be ill again, “If I hadn’t met John…” No one wanted to discuss what might have happened, they all knew. Sherlock was guaranteed to have been targeted, Sieger had set it up and when Sherlock hadn’t gone the alpha had then arranged for criminal alphas to abduct him. Terror filled him for a moment. If it had been just Mrs. Hudson home, if John hadn’t triggered his heat early….Sherlock hung onto his alpha with all his strength. He would have been forced to give up child after child until he couldn’t have any more. Years of slavery without even a hint of love, how would his heart have survived being parted from his babies? Sherlock clutched his stomach protectively only to find John’s hands already there. John! John would protect him. John was here and he would never, ever allow anything to happen to Sherlock or their child.

“Harry I want you to give Sherlock access to all the information you have.” John sounded serious but he turned to Sherlock with concern, “If you think you can do this darling, I’d say this is exactly the sort of case that requires someone like you.”

Centuries of shady deals and sliding law, a multitude of powerful families, blackmail, avarice, and violence, all hidden in plain sight, right out in the open for the public to see if anyone would simply
look. No one had, “Mycroft must help. This is too important to trust my observations alone.” It chafed a bit but Mycroft was more intelligent than Sherlock. He’d made it so much longer than Sherlock had without having an alpha, had become wealthy and powerful despite the bars set in his way, and still managed to look after Sherlock’s physical being if not his emotional one.

Greg squeezed Mycroft’s hand and Sherlock saw his brother’s face harden, “Someone killed our father and enslaved our mother. Omega everywhere live lives that are not their own. I was raped before being forced to support the entire family and Sherlock was simply to be used. The people we had no choice but to trust have spent their lives living off the labors of omega. I will gladly assist in any manner possible.”

They talked long into the night. John made Sherlock a plate of left-overs after a while and slowly he managed to eat all of it. Harry and Clara were brilliant tacticians; they had been working patiently for long years to build up their contacts and loyalties until they were poised to strike. “It can’t happen soon enough but it won’t happen this night.” Harry said with a yawn. They wrapped up with promises to meet again as soon as Clara could organize some free time. Mycroft was already on leave from his work so he willingly volunteered to be their assistant, a role that was as challenging as the one Anthea used to have. Clara demurred but reluctantly, “You took time off to enjoy your pregnancy and that’s exactly what you are going to do. You and Sherlock can both work on this all you like but it is not your job. You aren’t obligated to put in a hundred hours a week, we have more help than you realize. Harry has been networking for a long time. It’s busy but then, it always is.”

“When are you going to see Papa.” asked Mycroft. He sat back a bit, “Sieger.” he corrected himself.

“Tomorrow, Clara has already set up an appointment with him. All we want to do is introduce ourselves and dangle some bait in front of him before we get Violet out. Sherlock, John, you will be coming with us. We’re using your wedding as the gateway, I hope that’s alright.”

“We’ve already agreed.” said Sherlock, “I am willing to do what needs to be done.”

“He’s a right bastard,” said John, his voice unkind, “Watch every word sister.”

Harry turned amused eyes onto her older brother, “If we were in a gunfight Johnny, I would use you as my shield and be unworried. We are going into battle my brother but for this it is I who will protect you. Say as little as possible. Clara and Sherlock, you both have appointments tomorrow morning, Sherlock I hope you don’t mind, it wasn’t really necessary but it gets Clara off my back for two hours.” Clara poked her wife in the side but said nothing, “Just a little spa time to freshen up. We’re seeing Sieger in the afternoon. Do not share a single hint of what you know about him, say nothing to Violet beyond what you might normally say when you are visiting.”

It seemed that Harry was ending the evening, simply standing up and stretching. Clara yawned and stood as well, “Tomorrow is going to be a long day. Get some rest everyone. This is just the beginning.”

Mycroft and Sherlock looked at one another. Their entire lives had been rewritten this evening and both brothers needed time to absorb all the changes. Their lives together had never been warm and they had only begun to offer each other the most nebulous of changes. There was nothing to say yet so without a word Mycroft left with Lestrade by his side. Clara looked worried, “We’re fine.” promised Sherlock, “We understand what we must do and why. It will be well.”

“We’ll send a car in the morning. I imagine John is coming with you?”

“Oh definitely Clara, I’m not letting Sherlock go anywhere I’m not familiar with. The morgue was safe because of Molly and Lestrade but I’m not letting Sherlock out of my sight unless I can’t avoid
it.” It was nice to hear that John trusted Molly. Sherlock enjoyed his time at the morgue and it would have been sad if John had deemed it unsafe.

“You don’t mind leaving him in the morgue but you’re fussed because they’re going to a day-spa?” asked Harry with a grin.

“Sherlock won’t move from the microscope at the morgue but he’s going to get bored at the spa and he could wander away.” Well that was actually very likely.

“But he’ll stay put if you’re nearby?” asked Clara with a skeptical look.

Sherlock looked at her, “John is the only person in the world I never get tired of. He’s interesting, entertaining, and I feel safe around him. I am able to spend time in the morgue because it’s one of the few places that has been consistently safe for me to be well before I met John there. All the employees are betas and are not troubled by having an omega among them. Doctor Hooper is acquainted with all the staff and warns me if an alpha is coming. Of course, now that I’m bonded that is less of a problem.” Most alphas would chase Sherlock right out of there instead of allowing him to work peacefully.

Clara and Harry nodded, “Tomorrow morning then. Goodnight.” cheeks were kissed and hugs were exchanged.

John saw everyone out while Sherlock carried cups and glasses to the kitchen and ran a sink of hot water to wash up with. John came back and helped him before they got ready for bed. Neither of them was in the mood to do more than hold one another. After a long time of comforting silence John said, “I would come for you. Nothing could stop me. You’d know it. I know you would, even if….even if the worst happened….I’d come.”

Sherlock’s body relaxed from a tension he hadn’t even realized was there. John was swearing to find Sherlock if their fears were realized and Sherlock was taken from him. Sherlock could feel the truth of it deep inside himself. The flame of love inside him grew brighter as it did every day. “I know it John. No matter how long it took I would wait for you.” no matter what they promised each other silently. No matter what they had to do or what they had to go through they would come back together if they were parted. Sherlock knew John would find him, knew John would know where he was somehow. He knew it. The surety of that belief was such that Sherlock had no trouble closing his eyes. There was nothing to be afraid of. He was with John and even when he wasn’t, John would always come for him. Always.
More Than Meets The Eye

Chapter Summary

Sherlock and Mycroft have received incredibly distressing news but the Watsons have plans in place and its time to make the first move.

John had a nightmare. Sherlock woke up in the middle of the night in time to hear John groaning miserably, his legs thrashing as he struggled to move, his scent filled with distress. Instinctively Sherlock called softly to his alpha before laying gentle hands on him. Automatically John pulled his omega close to his body, sheltering Sherlock who wrapped his arms around his lover and made comforting sounds until John’s body relaxed. Sherlock stroked his sides and his thighs, trailing his fingers everywhere he could reach, encouraging John to relax further. He felt John’s lips press to the top of his head even as John’s arms tightened around him, “Sorry I woke you darling.”

Sherlock could tell John didn’t want to talk about it, “I’m sorry you had a bad dream.” Sherlock decided his alpha needed a distraction so he carefully kissed John’s chest, just simple caring kisses that he used to make his way to John’s mouth. John held onto him tightly, his fingers nearly digging into Sherlock’s arm and shoulder as the kiss grew feverish.

“I need you.” said John, his voice rough and soft. The omega in Sherlock purred with contentment as another part of his nature was fulfilled, he was here to offer the comfort of his body to the man he loved so dearly.

“You have me.” said Sherlock simply; slinging his leg over John’s hip so he could sit up, his bottom on the top of John’s thighs. Leaning forward Sherlock kissed John, encouraging the alpha to touch him wherever he wished. Sherlock allowed his fingers to make a deliberately wandering path down John’s torso until they grasped his semi-hard shaft. Wrapping his fingers loosely Sherlock carefully stroked John until he was full and hard, rolling his heavy testicles occasionally before he finally lay forward to trap it between their two bodies. Sherlock allowed his body to arch and twist but not to rub as he kissed John, teasing him until the alpha was moaning and thrusting lazily upward.

Sherlock’s body was attuned to John’s, as the alpha grew aroused so did he. Sherlock slowly slid and rocked his hips upward, dragging himself boldly up John’s thick member until he was able to lean forward and place the tip at his slick entrance. John was mouthing at Sherlock’s chest, his hands
on his hips as he allowed Sherlock to set the pace. Sherlock reached back and allowed himself a sensuous moment of swirling himself over the fat head of John's cock before he pushed back slowly. Setting both hands on either side of John's shoulders Sherlock kept pushing himself downward, working his lover into his body with patience, allowing John to simply enjoy the feeling of being embraced.

Sherlock loved this. He loved how his body felt each time John entered him for the first time. He loved how he could feel himself wrap around John and felt triumphant with each downward push, loved the soft rasping breath John took when he lifted himself up before pushing back down again, sliding ever further. Sherlock loved how his body reacted to John's, how the slick that used to annoy and frustrate him was now welcome and oh so wonderful because it didn’t matter when or where John wanted to take him, Sherlock would always be ready to and he wanted that.

Sherlock loved how it felt when John ran his small hands over the hard planes of Sherlock’s chest and stomach, groaning hungrily as he did so. Sherlock felt beautiful and desired as John bit lightly at his nipples. His alpha’s hands moved and caressed his hips before reaching back to stroke and squeeze Sherlock’s behind. When Sherlock was finally fully seated John allowed his hands to trail back and rest on Sherlock’s thighs as the omega sat up, setting his knees again before beginning.

They both loved this. Sherlock began slowly, rising and falling in a gentle rhythm. When he was moving easily he began to twist his hips ever so slightly as he rose and fell, rocking forward occasionally. Languidly Sherlock reached for himself, knowing John was watching. He ran his hands over his chest occasionally, always returning to stroke himself a bit more until his movements began to lose their grace. John braced his feet and began to thrust the second Sherlock couldn’t move himself any longer, barely able to keep himself upright as John fucked him steadily. His orgasm was building and he knew John loved every second of his arousal.

Sherlock opened his eyes and looked down at his alpha. John’s cheeks were flushed gorgeously, his eyes hot and focused. Deliberately Sherlock stroked himself harder, knowing John wanted to see, wanted to feel as much of Sherlock’s pleasure as he could. He tried to keep his eyes open at the end but he couldn’t. With a cry and a shudder Sherlock came over John’s belly, his hand stroking furiously as he moaned.

Sherlock managed to get John back on his pillow, drawing the duvet up when the alpha’s body cooled and relaxed, John slipping back into sleep quickly now. Sherlock curled up behind him and held his alpha, hoping to keep further nightmares from troubling him. Closing his eyes Sherlock dozed off and on until their alarm went off and it was time to begin their day.
They didn’t intend to but their shower ran very long and they ended up having to wolf down a quick breakfast, their hair still damp, both men still in their robes when Clara showed up to collect them. With an exaggerated sigh she pointed firmly to the bedroom where they scampered away, giggling like boys to get quickly dressed to go out. “You two.” she said fondly, “Come on, we’re on a schedule here.”

Harry obviously married Anthea’s administrative twin. Clara pulled out a mobile the second they were in the car and began to work furiously. The driver obviously knew where they were going but Clara ferociously waved off attempts at conversation until they arrived. She’d taken them to a very small and exclusive salon that Sherlock had walked by several times and never once considered visiting.

It was a long and relaxing few hours. Clara had booked all the services and commandeered the entire beta staff so by the time they were nearly done they’d soaked in muds, herbs, oils, been scraped gently, massaged thoroughly, rubbed nearly everywhere, and were now all sitting back in pedicure chairs having their hands and feet tended while some kind of green paste was drying on their faces, their eyes shielded with a salad of vegetables that were working away mysteriously to do whatever it was they did. Sherlock had never had an experience like this and was thankful John was with him because the soldier was just as baffled as he was. Clara just seemed blissed out, rarely saying anything as she simple oozed into whatever they had been made to lay in at the moment.

Once they’d marinated long enough the mask was removed and the salad discarded, everyone sent to private showers to wash with an assortment of products that waited for them. Sherlock tingled from head to toe when he was done; the shampoo they’d given him had made his scalp feel almost squeaky clean before the conditioner turned his hair into raw silk. Pulling on the luxurious robe that had been provided and settling his now smooth soft feet into spa shoes he flip flopped his way back out front where John was already seated, a small fussy looking man trimming his hair cautiously. Sherlock was given a seat next to John and a tall severe looking woman came out and inspected his hair critically, making him shake his head to settle his curls naturally before she even touched a strand. With narrowed eyes she began, snipping with assurance as she trimmed him everywhere before examining him intently, moving back and forth, her eyes as sharp as the steel in her hands. When she was done she slicked her fingers with a shining product of some kind and ruffled her hands through Sherlock’s broken curls. She made him shake his head hard before turning him to look into the large mirror. Sherlock was astounded.

The man in the mirror had intense eyes and nearly flawless dewy skin. The sharpness of his cheekbones brought out the tilt in his eyes in a way he’d never noticed before. His curls were wild and tamed at the same time, the sheen of them enhancing the rich darkness of every strand. The tops of his ears were lightly hidden by the natural fall of his hair but the silver and gold of his earrings still glimmered coyly, more apparent than if they’d been boldly on display. His collar shone at his throat, the silver of it complimenting the snowiness of his flesh. Sherlock blinked and the stranger in the mirror blinked with him. He looked like one of those people in high fashion magazines, the impossibly beautiful people that didn’t really exist except for the blessings brought on by computer manipulation. The image in the mirror blinked again and John said querulously, “He looks just the same as when we started.”

This was how John saw him? Sherlock stared in the mirror again, studying his reflection closely.

Clara gave a delighted and fond laugh, “Harry always says the same thing about me but I bet Sherlock doesn’t share that opinion.” Clara was right. Sherlock looked at her and saw understanding in her face, “I’ve always hated being a ginger Sherlock, I know it’s silly to be fussed about something as unimportant as the color of my hair but even after all these years with Harry I still can’t quite believe she settled for me. Little visits like this give my ego a tiny boost even if Harry doesn’t see the point.” Sherlock examined Clara. Her heavily freckled skin was reddened more than his was
and he saw how the natural flush of her cheeks clashed with the brilliant orange of her now
complexly braided hair, but that the green of her eyes was appealing, the intelligence behind them
was vast. She’d been lightly made up but only enough to bring out what was already there, not to
obscure it.

Sherlock smiled, “I can see what she sees,” and Clara blushed furiously but smelled delighted.

“Stop flirting with my sister-in-law.” grouched John but Sherlock could smell the approval coming
off of John. He was very fond of Clara and appreciated Sherlock making her feel good. “When can
we get dressed or is visiting Sieger starkers part of today’s agenda?

“Don’t get your thong in a knot John, Harry’s sent you clothes.” John sat straight up. “And we had
your old clothes taken away so either you wear what Harry sent or pick a robe you like because
that’s all there is.”

John inspected the offering. “There’s a waistcoat.” he said accusingly. “She knows how I feel about
waistcoats.”

“Wear it.” said Clara. She was standing behind a screen changing. Sherlock was also behind a screen
and examining the suit that was hung up for him. It looked very like the many suits he already owned
except that there were subtle touches, the buttons had the Watson sigil faintly inscribed on them, and
there was a green tartan scarf to take the place of the blue scarf he normally wore. Sherlock got
dressed, having no objection to looking as fine as his new family wished. John complained the entire
time, “Oh my god John! Are you a child? Put your god-damned clothes on and stuff it!” yelled Clara
at last. John grumbled under his breath but finished dressing. Sherlock heard a zipper being struggled
with so he closed his eyes and felt his way over to Clara to zip up her back, “Thanks love.”

“You are welcome Clara.” Politely Sherlock went directly to John. He looked so…different. The
silver and gold of his hair made the subtle color in his skin even more apparent, the dark blue of his
eyes enhanced by the mossy green of his waistcoat and dark striped tie. John wore a mid-thigh coat
along with polished black shoes, he looked ready to sit in a board room or go for a walk in the park,
it wouldn’t matter what he did. His alpha was stunning and Sherlock could not hide his reaction.
John’s eyes went wide as he scented his omega’s appreciation. “You are very handsome.” husked
Sherlock, bending a little to whisper into John’s ear, “Almost too handsome to be allowed out.”
Sherlock nibbled at John’s earlobe, knowing this would make John’s knees go weak and right on
cue the alpha wobbled the tiniest bit. John turned his head and caught Sherlock in a kiss that made
his newly buffed toes curl up inside his soft leather shoes.

“Oi none of that now.” barked Clara, “We don’t have time to re-do all of this. You two can keep it in
your pants for a few more hours. Let’s go.” Clara was wearing a very sharp dress-suit, the top of
which was very fitted but covered with an elegant jacket that enhanced the curve of her slight waist
and the much more generous curve of her backside.

“You made him so tasty.” said John with a leer, “That might have been a bad idea.” John smelled
Sherlock’s neck slowly, taking in the unguents and other scents that had been rubbed into him during
the day, “I’ll have to take some time to enjoy this later.” he said softly into Sherlock’s ear but stepped
back to take Sherlock’s hand and lead him back to Clara’s car.

Harry was waiting inside, “We are eating before we go anywhere. They served these little odd buns
with some kind of paste inside them. It tasted like snails. I need pizza.” Sherlock tried not to laugh
because Harry looked quite fearsome today. Her dress-suit was fitted and screamed of unspeakable
wealth. Her sandy-blonde hair had been caught in an elegant coiffure spiked with rods tipped in
emeralds that matched the jewels in her ears. They went with the waistcoat that she also wore, hers
made of the same distinctive tartan as the scarf at Sherlock’s neck, the Watson colors. Sherlock
realized that Clara was wearing a delicate string of emeralds set in gold around her throat and that her earrings matched her wife’s. John’s waistcoat was the same green as the tartan but the blankness of it made its own statement. Sherlock marveled at the cleverness of it all. Harry and Clara had arranged all of this so quickly.

Bespoke clothes or not the driver still parked in a dingy alley so Harry could eat take-away pizza out of box which now sat on the back of the car. They had napkins tucked in but everyone ate with their hands and drank the cans of soda she’d gotten as well. “This is food.” she mumbled around a cheesy bite, “Don’t like snail buns.”

Sherlock quite liked the experience. He’d never shared pizza with anyone but John before and hadn’t anticipated the hand slapping fight that broke out as Harry and John fought over a piece with more pepperoni on it, a battle that ended when Clara ate it as they squabbled. “They never grow up.” said Clara eventually, “Put them together and both of them are twelve years old.” she shook her head and snagged another slice, offering it to Sherlock. Sherlock smiled and ate quietly, enjoying the feel of being with family.

After only a couple of brief delays to find restrooms they were on their way. Harry looked at everyone, “Sherlock, I don’t expect Sieger expects you to say anything so don’t. John, he will expect you to say something. Don’t. I don’t care how he tries to aggravate you say nothing. Let’s be clear here. I am laying a trap and you are my bait. All you have to do is stand there and be quiet. If it goes well it won’t take long.” She took Sherlock’s hand and looked apologetic, “I’m going to be quite rude. I’m going to ask some things of you and I know John will be angry with me but if you could just obey just this one time I swear I will never ask such a thing of you again.”

“You want me to be submissive.” said Sherlock bluntly and she nodded. John instantly smelled angry and Harry smelled upset but determined. Clara just smelled calm, looking at Sherlock with an almost cheeky look in her eye. Sherlock understood, “It’s a sham. You want him to believe this is how you are.”

Harry relaxed as did John, “Yes Sherlock, that’s exactly what this will be. I hate to do it….”

Sherlock shrugged elegantly. He knew exactly how to behave and since it wasn’t real he could make it very convincing, “I’m an excellent actor.”

John sounded reluctant, “Actually he really is.” John had tittered several times on cases when Sherlock slipped into a necessary character to tease information out of someone. John couldn’t do it, he was too naturally honest and he had marveled at Sherlock’s adaptive skills several times. “I might get angry though. I might not be able to stop myself.”

“That’s all for the good though John, Sieger will scent your anger and know I am the one in charge of the family no matter your bond with Sherlock. It’s all part of it and I am sorry brother. This is the easiest, fastest, safest way to get Violet out.” That’s all it took for John to nod his agreement. For Mummy Sherlock would willingly endure any amount of temporary humiliation.

They pulled into the Holmes property without another word and got out. With Harry in the lead with Clara by her side they walked to the door and presented themselves. The aged butler showed them to Sieger’s office where the alpha sat behind his great desk. Mummy was nowhere to be seen. “Lady Edgewater, I am pleased to meet you.” The elderly alpha didn’t even bother getting up, his hatred of omega spilling over into misogyny.

Harry looked down at Sieger who still didn’t stand. She simply radiated power and control, an impressive feat for a beta. Harry continued to look down at Sieger until he rose, giving her a shallow bow, “Sieger Holmes, welcome to my estate.” Harry stared at him, unimpressed. She was a Lady,
someone of unmatched power and wealth and he was giving her a greeting one might expect to offer to a very nearly beaten business rival. Harry continued to say nothing and the air grew significantly colder. Sieger paled and came around, bowing deeply to her and saying humbly, “Welcome to my lands Lady Harriet, allow me to offer you refreshment.”

“I doubt you have anything here that meets my standards.” snapped Harry. “I cannot help but be dismayed that this is the line my only brother has chosen to bond with. Where is your omega Mr. Holmes or did you somehow misinterpret my request to meet Sherlock’s parents? Is she not his bearer? If so then where is she?”

“She is unimportant and has no bearing on our discussion. She is in her quarters.” Sieger waved a hand dismissively as if Harry’s request was of no matter.

Harry pointed her finger rigidly at Sherlock, “I will be the judge of that. So far the stock my brother’s choice comes from seems to be seriously lacking in quality. Omega Watson, fetch Omega Holmes this instant. Mr. Holmes. I have an offer to make you, pay attention.” Sherlock bowed his head gracefully and backed away until he reached the door. If Harry hadn’t told him beforehand he would have been very hurt at being ordered like that. As soon as he was out of sight Sherlock fled down the corridors of his old home until he reached the rooms Mummy was often kept in. They were locked but the key was on the small table beside the door, “Mummy?” he called.

Mummy was on the bed but she sat up slowly. She smelled of pain and surprise, “Sherlock? Oh my little angel, why are you here? He’ll be ever so angry if he finds out!”

“I’m here with John’s sister. She has demanded to meet you and has sent me to collect you.” Sherlock looked her over. Her face was untouched but she moved so stiffly he knew Sieger had beaten her yet again.

“I’m alright darling; I’ll be right as rain in a day or so.” So many alpha took advantage of the omega’s ability to heal quickly, beating them with savagery for disobedience or simply because they could. Sherlock was filled with cold fury. This was why Sieger had kept her here, so Harry wouldn’t see how he treated his omega.

“Come with me Mummy, take anything small with you that you can’t bear to leave behind. We’re taking you away.” Mummy stood still for a moment, her fingers trembling and she looked like she wanted to protest. Sherlock watched her fight the urge to stay with her alpha and saw her overcome it.

“In Mycroft’s old room there’s a hollow book.” Papa would never trouble himself to look through an omega’s library. Sherlock found it on the top shelf, an old copy of Omega, a book of conduct given to all omegas when they came into their first heat. It had been carefully carved out and filled with tiny treasures, one of which was a very faded picture of a man who looked almost exactly like Mycroft except with black hair. There was no time to speak of it but Sherlock knew this was his father, the missing Sherrinford Holmes. Sherlock closed it tightly and hid it in his deep coat pocket.

“Say nothing when we get there, the Lady Harriet has requested our silence.” Mummy nodded and Sherlock clutched her fingers before taking her arm to help her walk to Sieger’s office. He let her go and followed behind her, both of them entering with heads lowered, their hands folded in front of them, stationing themselves on either side of the door until asked to be moved somewhere else. Harry did so.

“Omega Watson.” she snapped her finger and pointed to John who was standing tall and stiff. Sherlock took his place behind John, head still down, hands still folded. John smelled disapproving but the look on Sieger’s face was everything Harry could wish for. He looked vindictive and
triumphant, there was greed there too and Harry played it deftly, “If you accept the contract you will be out of the country for a month or more but since I have insisted that my tasteless brother be at least legally wed then I will also request the presence of your omega for the duration.” Harry sounded irritated, “She will be given a beta companion to mind her, we’ve provided a small dwelling for her in the interim.” Mrs. Hudson had so many doilies and homemade quilts ready for Violet that the elderly omega was likely to die of affectionate suffocation during her brief stay with the doyenne of Baker Street.

“My omega can remain here.” said Sieger stubbornly, “My staff knows how to keep her exactly as I wish.” Indeed, thought Sherlock bitterly, locked in her rooms and fed on a rota, just like I was.

Harry looked entirely irritated now. “Mr. Holmes I am attempting to make an alliance with you that has nothing to do with this ridiculous bonding business. I am the head of a rather old and extremely large family and I have traditions to uphold. The bearer must be present for all the pre-wedding rites our family insists upon. I had to host my wife’s mother for three entire months before we were wed, are you telling me that my brother’s wedding should be less respectable? It is bad enough they’re getting married after Sherlock got pregnant, if I’d known in time I would have had them decently wed well before this. It’s absolutely shocking and damaging to our family reputation. I can’t wait until the omega is huge with child! They have to be married as soon as possible; I can’t even have a proper one with the family in attendance! It’s appalling. Very well Mr. Holmes, if you do not want the overseas contract I cannot force you but I must ask you to reconsider the ramifications if I cannot fulfill my family obligations because the bearer is not present.”

Sieger spoke instantly, “I didn’t say I rejected the contract! Why must Sir John wed?” he sounded completely confused.

Harry sounded offended, “You have two sons pregnant out of wedlock and that doesn’t concern you? How can I bear such condition? It is insupportable. If I had any influence over the Detective Inspector I would insist he marry Omega Watson’s sibling immediately! It casts a stain on our family honor! They must be wed and as soon as possible.” Harry leaned forward a tiny bit, “I will not be the one responsible for casting a shadow on Edgewater.”

Sieger clearly read the threat. She wouldn’t be but he would. The financial fallout would be devastating if he alienated a house as powerful as House Watson. You didn’t insult one great family; to reject her very reasonable request was to offend all the great families. He conceded, “Very well, you may take my omega for whatever time you require even though I suffer without her services.”

“Then you will be pleased to note that your contract will bring you close to several organizations that can see to your comfort.” said Harry with careless disinterest, “We do try to provide for the wellbeing of our employees.” She pushed a manila envelope toward him, “Read this with your legal counsel before you send it back to my offices. The contract begins in less than a week so your travels will commence in only two days, be ready.”

“My omega needs to prepare.” he said, trying to stall.

Harry frowned and looked disdainfully around the room, her expressions as fluent as John’s as she silently told Sieger that his idea of quality was seriously lacking, “She will be gifted with appropriate items during her sojourn with Edgewater. You need not concern yourself about her ability to represent you. It would do me no good to allow Sherlock to seem…ill-bred.”

Sieger frowned slightly as Harry unsubtly reminded him that his bloodline wasn’t even part of the extended great families and that for Sherlock to have bonded into the Edgewater clans was no small coup for Holmes. It insulted Sieger further to understand that no bauble he gave his omega would match the sorts of accoutrements Lady Harriet could provide but it cost him nothing and there were
so many perks involved for simply agreeing. “Very well but it is unseemly for me not to attend the wedding of my youngest son.”

“My family is well used to my ways Mr. Holmes and you will not be the first associate I have sent overseas at an awkward time. The project I am giving you requires a particular sort of person and I am pleased to find that you meet all my criteria. I prefer to keep my contracts within the family and though technically you are no longer affiliated with Omega Watson I am reluctant to let a potentially advantageous connection go.” Advantageous for her but not for him, Harry flattered him just enough that he merely signed the docket and pushed the envelope back to her, “Are you certain Sieger Holmes? You did not read the contract.”

“I’ve done my own research. Lady Edgewater always keeps her bargains.”

“Yes I do. This contract guarantees that the Holmes fortune will quadruple, congratulations but I am unfortunately very pressed for time. I will send a car to collect you two days from now, be prepared for cold climates. A private plane has been arranged and a temporary residence awaits you with all the usual amenities.” Clara held up her mobile so Harry could make a show of reading an incoming text, “My next meeting. I need to go. Mr. Holmes, I will speak to you later when I review your progress on the matter you will oversee.”

Harry snapped her fingers and turned on her expensive heel, sweeping out of the room so thoroughly everyone was sucked through the large doors with her. Sherlock took his mother’s arm the second they were out of sight of the alpha who had been left smiling greedily into the distance. Clara strode behind her wife next to John and Sherlock noticed that even though they were very impressive they also weren’t moving very fast, just fast enough for Violet to keep up without undue effort. Sherlock was touched once again at the effortless consideration that John’s family was blessed with.

Harry stormed into the car with Clara right behind her. John looked furious as he ducked under the frame and took his seat but the second Mummy was inside and Sherlock shut the door everyone began fussing over Violet until John pushed them all away to address her himself, “Hullo Violet, I’m John.”

“Hello John, of course I do know who you are.” she said wryly and John laughed softly, “You’re a doctor, am I correct?”

“Yes I am and you’re hurt. Lean back on Sherlock, these seats are a bit too soft but we won’t be very long. Sherlock shifted around so his mother could lean against his chest while John sat with Clara and Harry on the other seat, “We’re bringing you someplace for someone to look you over, Harry?”

“I have someone who can meet us at Baker Street, someone I trust.” said Harry sending a message off on her mobile, “Apologies John but most hospitals and clinics keep eyes and ears on the staff, we’ve long since learned not to go to institutions for care, especially for omega. I retain private help.” John’s face was shocked and horrified, “Yes John, even the clinic you work at. You’d be hard pressed to find any large organization that isn’t linked to the problem we discussed. This is why it has taken so very long to prepare. There are thousands of people involved, thousands. This is a battle that will be won without bloodshed Johnny, for this fight the pen is mightier than the sword.”

“Where did you send him?” asked Sherlock curiously.

“Oh I gave him a very important contract to tour several gold-mines we’re thinking of investing in. He was very excited about the fact that he would receive a percentage of all earnings from each successful contract he brought in.” said Harry seriously.

“But where?” pressed Sherlock.
“Siberia.” said Clara with a wink, “He’ll enjoy the food and culture.”

John sat up and stared at his sister, “In Siberia they…”

“They revere omega, yes. The Mothers Council in every town and village acts as a form of
government family. It’s their job to make sure everyone is treated fairly, has food and shelter, and to
mediate any legal problems that arise. It’s very organized.”

“You said you’d look after his needs.” said Sherlock pointedly and Harry actually laughed.

“I wasn’t lying. The block of flats I own for employees is very near a legally run…well I suppose
you could call it a brothel…you have to pay at any rate and then you have to obey the rules, alphas
don’t get to call the shots there. The Mothers will see him looked after when he needs it but under
their conditions, not his.”

“What’s the catch?” asked Sherlock suspiciously.

“If he behaves there is no catch. If he just does his job and goes to the brothel when he needs it he
will come back here a wealthy man and be given another contract.” Harry’s eyes were wide and full
of truth.

Sherlock mulled this over; there was something he was missing. “The contract, what did he agree
to?”

“Oh the usual, contract rates, percentages, a copy of our Code of Conduct, and his agreement to
abide by the laws of the land he works in.”

“Which is Siberia.”

“Which is Siberia.” agreed Harry.

“So if he…”

“If he acts like a giant arse then the Mother’s Council steps in and makes a judgement. If he’s found
guilty of breaking one of their laws he’s charged. If he’s charged his contract with us becomes null
and void, I instantly withdraw support and terminate all financial contact with him.”

“What happens to him if he commits a major crime.” asked Sherlock, now morbidly curious.

“Oh they’ll imprison him. Most first timers get a short sentence, only a month or two in the New
Gulag.”

“In Siberia.”

“Hard labour too, gold mines, remember?”

“In Siberia.”

“Yes.”

“He’s almost seventy.”

“Well let’s hope he minds his manners then.” said Harry placidly. She tapped the window to catch
the driver’s attention. “221 B Baker Street.”
Harry has managed to winkle Mummy away from Sieger and it's about time.

Mrs. Hudson was waiting by the door when they pulled up, fluttering anxiously as they helped Violet inside. Gratefully Sherlock’s mother lay on the warm bed that waited for her. “Is this alright Mummy?”

Mummy looked around. Mrs. Hudson’s guest room was warm and very frilly. The bed was covered in a deep layer of quilts and blankets just as Sherlock had suspected it would be and Mrs. Hudson had baked biscuits with smiley faces on them as a welcome. A plate of them along with a tall glass of water waited on the nightstand, “This is lovely my son, it’s not putting her out is it?”

Sherlock held his mother, “Mrs. Hudson wouldn’t hear of you staying anywhere else. I think you will like her.”

“Her home smells nice.” said Mummy shyly, “Like happiness.”

“She’s a very happy lady, she is very good to John and I.” Mummy still smelled nervous. She was someplace she’d never been before and Sherlock was the only one familiar to her. Sherlock let her cling, the scent of John was on him and he knew she was associating that scent with safety.

“Your John is a very good man, isn’t he little one?” asked Mummy.

“The very best sort of man Mummy.” The absolute best sort of man was his John.

“His family is very old, I remember my father speaking of Edgewater. I’m glad John found you.” Mummy seemed to want to say more but trailed off.

Only a few minutes passed before there was a sharp rap at the door so Sherlock excused himself and went to meet the doctor. Harry answered it and brought in a middle aged alpha with a sharp determined face. He was rolling a small black suitcase behind him. “Where is the omega?” he asked,
his eyes looking accusingly at everyone.

Harry reached out and touched him gently, “This is her family, and we’ve just brought her out. They’re very worried. Violet is over here.” The alpha’s aggression drained away and he looked abashed, “It’s alright Victor. They’re not like that, none of them.”

“Sorry Harry, after all these years…” he stood up straight, “Take me to her.”

Sherlock stepped forward, “I must stay with Mummy as well.”

The alpha looked relieved, “Good, come along then, Victor Trevor.” He shook Sherlock’s hand quickly but kept moving.

John squeezed Sherlock’s hand, “I’ll call Mycroft and Greg.” Sherlock nodded and went to see his mother.

The alpha stood outside the door as he introduced himself, standing aside so Sherlock could slip in and carefully crouch beside his mother. The alpha made himself small, crouching on the floor next to Sherlock, “My name is Victor Trevor, I’m a doctor. I specialize in omega trauma. I would like to examine you if I may?”

His scent was reassuring. He was worried and concerned but not dangerous. Mummy nodded and he approached, “I think a rib is broken.” she said softly.

“Well we’ll just check you all over, alright?” he said kindly, “Would you mind disrobing?” Sherlock helped his mother out of her dress and made no comment about the mottling on her back and ribs. Some bruises were old, some were new, but none were as disturbing as the lash marks that scarred every inch of her back that was normally covered by clothing. Doctor Trevor said nothing, merely examining her with professional detachment. He was very thorough and allowed her to dress again with Sherlock’s help, “Well it can’t feel very good but it’s not too bad, you have two bad ribs but they’re not broken. The bruising will fade, no more than three days. I’ll give you some supplements to help your system recover a bit, and a cream that will help soothe the pain a touch. I’ve developed some tablets that will help as well, I’ll give you one now and I’ll get you a prescription for more, they’ll make you drowsy but don’t fight it. You need rest. Once your ribs have healed I have another product we can begin to use on the scar tissue, it won’t make them disappear but they will soften and feel less noticeable. Food and rest will be the best cure, that and a lot of love.” Sherlock hugged his mother carefully, “I see you’ll have lots of that at least.”

“Where is she?” Sherlock could hear Mycroft out front and in a moment he was in the door. He wasn’t wearing a tie and he looked disheveled for the first time. The doctor nodded his head and left the room. The second he was gone Mycroft came right over to kneel in front of her, afraid to touch her, “Mummy!”

She reached over and pulled him tight, ignoring the ribs that Doctor Trevor had bound tightly, “My beautiful boy, oh I am so happy to see you.”

Mycroft was obviously overwhelmed and just held onto their mother tightly before he was able to sit back and look at her, “Mummy, I’m so sorry.”

“What are you sorry for little one?” She stroked Mycroft’s hair and kissed his forehead.

“I should have helped you before this!” he cried. His distress was so palpable that even Sherlock felt compelled to put a comforting hand on his brother’s shoulder.

Mummy shushed him, “Silly boy. There was nothing you could have done; he would have hurt you
so badly.” Mummy reached over to Sherlock, “I tried to protect you both. I know he was going to do something awful to Sherlock; I mailed those brochures hoping Sherlock would be at a facility rather than be taken by the people Sieger sent. He didn’t even care to hide it from me!” Mummy didn’t realize she’d spurred John to claim Sherlock; he’d have to tell her when she wasn’t so upset. She began to weep softly, both her sons holding her now, “Am I really free of him?”

“Yes Mummy, no matter what we’ll never send you back to him.” Mummy cried harder, eventually falling asleep in Mycroft’s arms, the tablet erasing her pain as well as sending her into much needed rest. When she was slumbering deeply his brother laid Mummy back onto the bed cautiously while Sherlock tucked a blanket over her, “She needs to be someplace she can recover.” Mycroft said tersely.

“Mrs. Hudson’s late alpha was abusive. They’re of an age. Mummy will find it easier to open up to someone like that. If someone tries to break in Mrs. Hudson has learned to be rather unforgiving with her pie server and I doubt anyone is going to get past John.” argued Sherlock softly and to his surprise Mycroft not only agreed but hugged Sherlock close, “Harry sent Sieger to Siberia.”

Mycroft’s eyes opened wide and he stifled a laugh, following Sherlock out of the room. Doctor Victor was speaking with Harry and giving a prescription to John who looked concerned. Everyone did. “She’s asleep now.” reported Sherlock.

“Good.” said Doctor Trevor firmly. “She’ll nap on and off for the next week or so, the medicine will ensure it, it’s a kindness. The abuse has been long-term but physically she will recover. She will however suffer some separation from him due to how they bonded; it’s a chemical reaction, like an addiction. It will make her achy but the medication I provided will help.” Doctor Trevor looked like he was clenching his jaw and indeed his voice was bitter when he said, “If her alpha were a beta he’d be charged and imprisoned for keeping someone in this condition.”

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“I know Victor, I know. We’re working on fixing it, you know we are.” soothed Clara. Clearly she had known the doctor for a long time.

“How long must we continue to wait? How many more years will I be sneaking around like this patching up poor souls and knowing it’s just going to happen again? I am an alpha! Omegas are treasures! How…how do so many people see what is happening and yet do nothing? These are their sons and daughters, their mothers!”

“This will never happen to our mother ever again!” said Mycroft angrily, “It’s all very well and fine to lecture us now that Mummy has been removed from danger…..”

Lestrade came up and put his hand on Mycroft’s arm and the omega stopped speaking instantly. He turned and buried his face in Greg’s neck while his alpha comforted him, “It’s okay love, we know you tried. You did what you could but we’re all here now and we’re all going to help, alright? I’ll never let that bastard get to her, not ever, not even if I have to learn how to crochet so I can hang around here with Mrs. Hudson and Violet all day long.”

Victor looked ashamed of himself, “My apologies. You do not deserve my frustration. My sisters…I have four sisters. All of them are omega. Their alphas are not bad people but they are not good either. I adore my little sisters and to see what they must do each and every day without protest…it sickens me. The people I help, by the time I am brought to them they have already suffered so much agony and humiliation! It is so wrong.” Doctor Trevor looked at Harry with pain in his eyes, “The old ways must come back Lady, the alpha and the omega, the unity not this…travesty.”

“We are so close Victor, keep hope. Clara and I are doing all we can, you know we are. You won’t have to be patient much longer.” She pressed her hands over his and the doctor relaxed a tiny bit and nodded sharply, “Thank you for coming so quickly.”
"You know you only need to call. I will always come." he promised solemnly. He looked at Mycroft and Sherlock, his nostrils flaring tellingly. Victor could tell and concern filled the doctor's voice when he said, "Don't go to a clinic to verify your pregnancies and if you've already done so get rid of the records as soon as you can. Your children will be targeted, believe me. This is an ugly business the Lady Harriet is fighting, don't become a weakness," he pinned John and Greg with a fierce stare, "Protect them. Cherish them. Do right."

Mycrof already had his mobile out and was speaking to Anthea. He listened for a moment and nodded, "She's clearing the systems of both my visits as well as Sherlock's. She's sending in someone to remove all hardcopy and to manually verify there is no trace of our reports or any of our samples left behind."

"It might be too late." said Victor, "It won't hurt to scrub the locations though but be forewarned, they most likely know and you don't even know who betrayed you."

"We only interacted with two people, one Mary Morstan, nurse, and one Doctor Corin Janus, currently on vacation. We didn't see the technician who took my blood sample." said Sherlock, "John says Mary is new to the clinic but he behaved as if he has known Doctor Janus for a long time."

"We met at a seminar," said John, "Advanced omega paediatrics...oh my god...not Corin?"

Harry looked serious, "We don't know John. We'll have everyone at your clinic checked into. In fact it would probably be advisable if Mycroft had his staff re-checked as well, not all leaks know that they're leaking."

Lestrade looked grim, "What about me?" The alpha's fists were curled. He had braced himself. Lestrade knew the answer wouldn't be good.

Harry looked almost forbidding now, "You're the worst risk of the lot Lestrade. Dirty cops are everywhere. Your division is the least susceptible but you are surrounded by corruption. Take heart that there are overwhelmingly more good ones than bad ones but it only takes a handful in exactly the right places to make them seem inconsequential."

Lestrade snarled, sounding so much like John that Sherlock was actually startled, "I will root out each and every one of those evil fucks if it's the last thing I ever do!" he hissed. Lestrade smelled of pure fury and outrage. He'd dedicated his entire life to protecting omega and bringing their abusers to justice, thankless and nearly hopeless job that it was. Now it was Mycroft who was laying gentle hands on his alpha to cool his temper and Lestrade wrapped his arms protectively around his omega, holding Mycroft tenderly, "I have people I trust. Check them out. If you trust them too we'll begin."

Harry and Clara both nodded their agreement and Lestrade released a sigh, letting his anger temporarily go.

"Start with Donovan and Anderson." said Sherlock and Lestrade frowned and Sherlock hurried to explain before the DI assumed he was speaking out of spite, "She protects him constantly, Donovan never leaves Anderson alone. She allowed him to get married so he'd have someone to be with when she wasn't able to. If she doesn't actually know something is wrong then she at least suspects and has taken steps to provide additional safety for her omega. She allows Anderson to work in a field where most omegas are unwelcome; you know she's been trying to get him additional certification. If there is an alpha to begin trusting on your team it would be Sally Donovan."

"You don't even like Donovan." said Lestrade.

Sherlock was confused, "What has that got to do with anything? I dislike most people. You however
will not be at ease until you know for sure that the people you work closely are trustworthy or traitors. Start with the key people and work your way outward. Donovan works the most with you, begin with her. Once you’ve cleared your division you will have a core of people to rely on as you investigate other divisions. You will need people you have faith in to do this. The chances of being successful escalate with each uncertainty you diminish.”

Victor was looking at Sherlock with surprise in his eyes which slid over to John who gave a proud half-shrug, “He’s a consulting detective. I’d listen to him if I were you. He’s a genius.”

“You let him be a detective?” asked the doctor with delighted surprise.

“Well, he lets me be a doctor, so it’s working out pretty okay so far.” joked John and shared a smile with the much reassured alpha. “He was a detective before we met, by the time he solved his first case in front of me I had fallen so hard I still can’t think straight.” John smiled proudly up at Sherlock who tried not to blush and failed.

Mycroft was looking at Doctor Victor curiously. Tilting his head he asked, “How do you know how Mummy and Sieger bonded?” John was still holding the prescription for her aches. Everyone looked at Victor.

The alpha looked around and sighed, obviously exhausted, “I can smell a bond. It’s a talent that runs in my family. That’s why I started working with Harry and Clara, I can tell a forced-bond from a natural one despite what the alpha says. These two are Jubilant, it’s new.” he pointed at Greg and Mycroft who nodded but Sherlock was stunned when he pointed to John, “These two are soul-bonded. It’s old, they must have bonded young. Not many people bond that young.”

John’s jaw dropped and he smelled stunned. He shook his head slowly, disbelievingly, “I only met Sherlock a little while ago. I’ve been in the army for two decades.”

Victor smelled dismayed and he stared at Sherlock with concern, “You were bonded without your alpha for two decades?” Sherlock couldn’t talk. He just stood there staring at Doctor Trevor, almost unable to absorb another word. He and John were soul-bonded. It was old! They’d somehow bonded decades ago. This was why he couldn’t attract an alpha. His scent told them he was taken! This was why John didn’t enjoy sexual liaisons the way he might of, they weren’t his omega, Sherlock was but they had been thousands of miles apart! Doctor Victor looked at John and back to Sherlock, “May I examine you at my office Sherlock? John? You should come with me.”

Worried now they left everyone with Mrs. Hudson while Harry and John followed Doctor Trevor into a town car that took all of them to a nondescript house, once past the front room it turned into a private clinic complete with an array of diagnostic equipment, “I can bring the worse cases here, Harry and Clara have donated most of this stuff but I generally invest my wages back into this.” He looked at Sherlock, “This won’t hurt. Strip off your top and lay back on the table. I am going to do an ultra-sound. I need to check your womb.”

Terror shot through Sherlock and Victor soothed him, “You’re perfectly healthy, I can’t smell a thing wrong with you, nothing to fear, nothing to fear.” He rubbed a cold jelly over Sherlock’s flat belly and applied a wide wand. John was standing in front of a monitor watching closely. “Watch carefully.” cautioned the doctor. All three of them watched the screen as Sherlock’s womb came into view made up of shadows and scattered lines. Suddenly there was a flash, like a starburst, Doctor Trevor moved back slowly until he caught it again. “There John, Sherlock look, that’s your baby.”

“Oh my god.” it pulsed. The entire thing moved and throbbed, its miniscule life already measured in heartbeats. Doctor Trevor pushed on the wand a tiny bit and the song of life became a duet, and then a three part harmony, “Triplets!”
Victor was beaming at him, “I bet you hard cash that one is a beta, one is an omega, and one is an
alpha. God dammit I never thought I’d see this, absolute perfection!”

“Triplets!” John was a stunned as Sherlock, “Three at once! Oh my god Sherlock, you amazing,
amazing man!”

“There’s more though, and this is where it’s going to get uncomfortable. You’re soul-bonded but
you’ve been separated. Your bodies are compensating for that. This pregnancy is going to be
accelerated and with three at once, well John I’d say you’d better quit your day job and brush up on
omega obstetrics, Sherlock is going to need careful watching. He should be perfectly fine if a bit
awkward, his balance is going the seriously affected because he’ll be growing every moment of the
day, he won’t have time to adjust the way most pregnant people will. He should be able to do nearly
everything he did before he was pregnant within reason, I’ll leave that to the two of you to decide
what’s normal activity. Sex is completely fine, in fact more is better, an omega body is much relieved
by orgasm and maintaining the connection between the pair of you will ease Sherlock’s discomfort
more effectively than almost anything. He’ll need to eat a great deal but that shouldn’t be a problem,
his appetite will pick up enormously, John, I hope you like to shop for groceries.”

“He loves it.” said Sherlock distantly. He was fixated on the three little stars pulsing on the screen.
His children. John’s pups. There they were, inside him. Living. Growing. Being. His whole body
relaxed as he stared at them, knowing they were safe, knowing they were loved, sheltered deep
within him. Soul bond.

“How accelerated are we talking?” asked John, he and Doctor Victor fell into a detailed conversation
about fetal development, multiples, omega physiology, and finally the fact that this was Sherlock’s
first pregnancy and he was of an age where most omegas had nearly adult children of their own. “So
six months at most.”

“If there are no complications we can hope for six months but once the kiddies decide they want out
they’re not going to wait for a deadline,” cautioned Victor, “Male omega find it very easy to deliver
so Sherlock has that working for him, so as long as he doesn’t panic during labour that part should be
fine if a bit uncomfortable.”

The doctor finally removed the wand, allowing John to clean off Sherlock’s belly with towelling
before he sat back up. “Well done John, you certainly know how to accomplish a task.” said
Sherlock dryly, “A single heat and three children.”

John blushed but couldn’t stop smiling, “I couldn’t have done it without you love, I’ve already told
you how perfect I think you are, this is just proof.” John kissed Sherlock hard and both of them could
smell the approval from Doctor Trevor, “I love you.”

“I love you too John, I want to sit up.” John giggled and helped Sherlock off the examination table.
“None of my clothes will fit.” he mourned. He rather liked that dark purple shirt; he’d have to wear it
again soon before it never fit ever again.

“Harry and Clara will smother you in clothing. They love to shop.” said John glumly, “I foresee
hours spent trying on clothing.”

“I could always just wear a sheet.” said Sherlock with a wink and John giggled again, “Of course I
normally save that for visits to the palace.” John giggled again and Doctor Trevor looked confused,
“You really had to be there.” said Sherlock with a wave of his hand and John giggled all over again.
The alpha was thrilled to pieces, “We should get home John. Mummy will be waking from her nap
soon.”
They shook Doctor Trevor’s hand and made their way back to Baker Street. They were thankful to have a driver since John couldn’t help but kiss Sherlock the entire way home, both men ecstatic. Harry and Clara were having tea with Mrs. Hudson while Mycroft and Greg sat with Mummy, “Thank you Mrs. Hudson.” said Sherlock sincerely but she just waved it off, bringing Violet a cup of tea. Sherlock smiled at her as she leaned against Mycroft who stroked her shoulder carefully. A brief nap had done her a world of good.

“You saved me Sherlock, so many years ago, this is the least I can do. She seems lovely and I’m certain we’ll get on wonderfully. I’m looking forward to a bit of company.” Sherlock had managed to find the proof lawyers had needed to have Mrs. Hudson’s alpha sentenced to death, it had been in another country, one where they took their finances very seriously. She’d come back to England and Baker Street.

Harry stood, “John we’ve got to get going, I’m so sorry I can’t stay but there’s still a lot to be done. Our day won’t be over for a while.”

Sherlock went over and looked down at the small woman in front of him before hugging her closely, “Thank you Lady Harriet.”

“Nonsense Sherlock, you’re bearing the heir to Edgewater, I’m selfishly protecting my own interests. I need all the nieces and nephews I can get. Helping your mum out of a tight spot seems pretty poor payment, you deserve so much more. If I had my way I’d have you making babies by the bundle.”

“Alright.” said Sherlock, “Have it your way then. John?”

“Fine but three is the maximum. More than that and I’m going to think you’re showing off.” said John, a proud glimmer in his eye.

There was dead silence again and Harry swayed where she was standing, “Three?”

“There.” said Sherlock laying a hand deliberately over his stomach, “Doctor Trevor just confirmed it.”

There was a large round of hugs before John looked up at Lestrade, “Sherlock’s going to win the race, sorry mate. Victor says he’s accelerated, six months, tops.”

“Sherlock was always impatient.” sniffed Mycroft, “It was never a contest, I shall have mine in the fullness of time.”

Everyone knew Mycroft was very happy for them but none as happy as Mummy. She simply shone with delight, “Four grand-children all at once.” she said, her hands clasped to her chest. “Oh my wonderful boys.” Sherlock was content and happy. His family was safe and all around him. Sieger had been sent into a trap that would eventually end him by his own hand. There was a massive battle to be fought and won and after everything he had learned today Sherlock knew he couldn’t turn his back on it.

John took his hand and stood beside him. Sherlock knew he’d always be willing to do so and squeezed John’s hand. They had so much to do now.
They began with dinner. Clara browbeat Harry into staying, rearranging their schedule without waiting for Harry to finish arguing. Mummy was shocked as John and Harry squabbled their way through the cooking of it while Sherlock and Clara cut and sliced helpfully. Mrs. Hudson had been admonished to put her feet up and to get to know Violet so the two elderly ladies began a halting conversation filled with many sips of tea and long pauses as Violet took in everything around her.

Mycroft and Greg had set the table, just quietly discussing things they needed to do. Both of them had great plans to shake down their respective organizations. Combining their influence with Harry’s would vastly increase everyone’s chances at success and grudgingly Harry agreed that staying had been advantageous. Graciously Clara did not comment. Mummy could not stop watching her sons. Greg would pat Mycroft on the shoulder or on his back very often, and Mycroft was at ease with his alpha, thinking nothing of kissing Greg’s forehead as they passed each other by and planned. When they were seated at Mrs. Hudson’s table it was a tight squeeze but Mycroft and Sherlock sat on either side of their mother as she watched in amazement as everyone just dove in, every plate for itself as sibling went against sibling to serve themselves up. Mummy’s plate ended up being almost overflowing with everyone offering her a spoon of this or a taste of that. “They are very informal.” said Sherlock softly in her ear, “They don’t expect anything from you except that you might feel better for having eaten.”

Mummy nodded nervously but began to eat neatly, keeping her eyes on her plate until Mrs. Hudson asked her a question and then Greg and soon Mummy was part of the conversation that ranged over many topics. Mummy was highly intelligent and much like Sherlock had absorbed as much information as she could come across during her life. She was bashful about making comments but did watch with bright eyed interest as other people spoke. Both brothers were openly affectionate with their bearer; Sieger had deliberately kept them apart so until now their interactions with her had either been extremely brief or monitored. Now that they had liberty to hug her as often as they chose or to kiss her hair or her temple whenever they were able they did. Mrs. Hudson was making Mummy blush and laugh with one of her racier adventures as a newly widowed omega, eventually discussing her plans to vacation with Mrs. Turner during the cooler parts of the year, “You travel?” asked Violet with surprise.
“Oh yes, every chance I get. It’s great fun. There are all sorts of places that are very welcoming to omega, you should come with us some day,” invited the older woman sincerely, “Perhaps before the babies get here and Sherlock is settled in.”

“Oh.” Violet blushed and looked down at her hands, very flustered, “That’s…I have never considered, that is to say, thank you. That’s a very lovely offer. I shall think upon it.” Mummy had only been allowed out of the house when with her alpha or when accompanied by one of the many betas he kept on hand when he wasn’t at home. The very idea of traveling without someone hovering dangerously over her was a large one.

“Whenever you’re ready dear, we travel quite often, especially now that Sherlock is here, sometimes his experiments are a bit…ripe.” Sherlock blushed as Mrs. Hudson gave him a pointed look.

John laughed, “Well, I can’t argue that but it’s nothing opening a few windows can’t fix and it’s all for science.” John was so proud of Sherlock’s constant explorations, “Once we get his lab set up a bit more it won’t be so problematic.”

“He has a laboratory?” asked Violet with amazement.

“Well it’s really just the kitchen table but it’s the only open space we’ve got that we can clean. I’ve got most of the toxic stuff safely contained and whatever you do, don’t use the bottom left vegetable crisper. Those aren’t vegetables.”

Mrs. Hudson nodded her head quickly, “Best not to touch anything in there actually. John has it all sorted.”

“How does Sherlock cook?” asked Mummy, looking up at Sherlock before turning quickly to John who was trying not to laugh at Sherlock’s red face.

“Um, I won’t let him cook. I do it. Sherlock’s got better things to do than making a fry-up. Besides, I like doing it and sometimes he plays the violin for me. It’s nice.” John did like it when Sherlock played in the background. He’d make a point of doing it more often.

Greg leaned over, “I’ve got this great casserole recipe you should try, Mycroft loved it, once Sherlock starts eating you out of house and home it might come in handy. Also there’s these breakfast biscuits, they’re sweet but packed full of all kinds of things, perfect for a quick bite on a busy day.” right then and there Greg and John shared their domestic tips on how to keep their high-strung omegas happy and content, both men’s plans involving much coddling and spoiling of said individuals.

Mummy was surprised and Sherlock knew how she felt. He was constantly surprised with John and it seemed that Lestrade was had hidden qualities he hadn’t observed during their professional association. “They are nothing like the people we have known Mummy.” he said to her softly and she nodded, “You are safe to be yourself here.”

“Okay I have a question,” said Greg as they served dessert around, “Soul bonding. I’ve heard of it but I’ve always been told it never happens. I mean yes, Mycroft and I were Jubilant but that happens enough that you can read about it in the paper if you want, we could have had an article in if we’d felt like it.” Mycroft rolled his eyes but said nothing.

John looked over at Sherlock and nudged him to answer. Sherlock took John’s hand before he spoke, stroking it gently, “Soul bonding does not require physical presence. It is quite literally the binding of the spirits, bodies have very little to do with it. The whole point is the alpha and the omega are meant only for the other and the bond is supposed to draw them together. When we first
met John and I both felt like we’d met before though clearly we had not.”

“Because John went to war.” said Greg and everyone looked at John, especially Harry who had sympathy in her eyes.

John sat there looking uncomfortable as he was lost in his thoughts. He smelled remorseful and guilty, regretful for the choices he had made, “I made it through boot camp. I’d finished my medical training before I finally got called out. I remember the day I was packing to leave England. I wondered if I’d ever come home again and I remember feeling…connected somehow, like a bright light had flipped on…yes…yes I would, I knew I’d come home. I had to.”

“How old were you?” asked Greg curiously.

“For my first tour? Almost twenty-three.”

“You’re five years older than Sherlock right?” said Greg looking between the two of them, “So Sherlock was what? Eighteen?”

Sherlock swallowed hard, “I didn’t have my first heat until I was almost eighteen.”

“He suffered so much.” said Violet softly, “Nothing helped. He was feverish even after it was over.”

John looked up at Sherlock with dismay, “That’s when I shipped out. I left you behind and I didn’t even know it. I couldn’t feel you from so far away, and even if I could I wouldn’t have been able to come for you.”

“I was on suppressants for a very long time.” said Sherlock, not able to look around. Those days had been difficult. Sieger had made Sherlock wait two entire years before he allowed him to use medication to alleviate his agony.

John stood from the table looking ill, “I did that to you. Me. This is what happened because I basically ran away from home and forced Harry to take care of everything and left my omega to…to…I never wanted an omega all this time and it was because I already had one and I didn’t know. I always knew I’d never take just any omega, I wanted to meet the right one and instead I took myself as far from him as I could and left him there.”

Sherlock stood, “John, there is nothing we can do to turn back the clock. Despite ourselves we found one another, we’re catching up to the time we lost.” Sherlock put John’s hands on his flat stomach, “We’ll catch up.” Sherlock couldn’t be angry for something neither of them could control and he didn’t want John to re-paint his memories with guilt when there was already so much pain in his past. Nothing could change and all they could do was move forward.

Still distressed John had no chance to reply, there was a rap at the door and Mycroft rose smoothly with Greg, “We’ll get it.” They left the flat and went out. They came back only a few minutes later, “Anthea brought these.” John turned away and Sherlock knew this was not the time to try and speak to John. He wouldn’t listen, not yet.

Mycroft and Greg carried several shopping bags, “I hope you approve her choices Mummy.” Sherlock brought the bags to his mother’s temporary room and helped her unpack with Mycroft, “We wanted you to be comfortable.” there were all manner of accessories including pajamas, slippers, and a voluptuously soft robe. Mycroft had also gotten her some simple day dresses and assorted other things, “We’ll take you shopping when you feel better. You’ll need more than this.”

“It’s so much.” said Mummy, “I really shouldn’t.” Mycroft leaned in and hugged his mother gently before standing tall. With gentle hands he removed the string of jewels at her throat, dropping them
into his pocket to dispose of. Sherlock approved. She didn’t need to wear that despicable thing any longer. Mummy made no move to touch her bare neck.

“Let us take care of you Mummy, please. It would make all of us very happy.” Sherlock did indeed enjoy the small smile on her face as she admired her new things. He’d have her old things burned, even her shoes. She didn’t need anything Sieger had given her. They would give her a fresh new beginning.

John bundled Sherlock up, they needed to catch a cab to the chemist Victor used before it closed for the evening. He still didn’t want to talk so Sherlock let him sit quietly while he held his hand for the trip. John got the cabbie to wait, he didn’t want to dawdle. The woman behind the counter read the name and nodded, not making a fuss about the unusual prescription or the late hour, “I’ve been expecting you. We discretely deliver as well, in case it’s required. Call the number on the back of the card.” she said, sliding a small card inside the prescription bag. “You can clear it through the Doctor.” Clearly Victor was cautious, both John and Sherlock took note of that and decided it was a good idea. Until they knew who their enemies really were it was simply prudent to be skeptical of everyone. They’d make sure to come here for their future needs since this place was obviously given the okay by the very suspicious Doctor Trevor.

Sherlock could tell that John was becoming even more troubled about the soul bond and his perceived abandonment but the alpha still didn’t want to talk about it. He was trying not to upset Sherlock but holding himself back like that was distressing for the omega. Sherlock planned to deal with that as soon as they got back to Baker Street.

When they arrived there was a full war council going on. Mycroft and Greg were taking notes along with Clara who had produced laptops from their vehicle. Sherlock went and got John’s as well and sat in with everyone as they began to plan with one another. Clara got in touch with whoever it was she used to verify people and gave them a list of names of people Greg worked most with. The networks that Clara and Harry had developed over the years were astounding, and when Sherlock offered them the use of his homeless network they were impressed right back. “How long have you had this in place?” asked Harry.

“For years, ever since I first became interested in the Work. Homeless people are unseen but are everywhere, no one questions or even notices them. They are all sorts, alphas, betas, even omega. I have found it useful to be able to disappear in a crowd and seeming homeless is the easiest.

Harry was looking over a map of London that was spread over the table like a cloth, “Fantastic, this is fantastic. Once we merge all our sources there won’t be a single part of this city we can’t control. Once we trigger everything all the rats will flee and every last one of those bastards will throw themselves into our traps.

“It all has to be airtight.” warned Lestrade, “I can’t tell you how slippery these bastards are.”

“You aren’t telling us anything new Lestrade,” said Harry, typing furiously away at her laptop, “We’ve spent years perfecting the art of fighting these vermin. One at a time won’t do it. It has to be as many as possible as quickly as possible. We’ve got people in place everywhere, it’s all poised to tip over. The first blow is already in place by way of the law. A simple change, no more than the verification of which version of Omega must be reprinted.”

“That awful book?” said Sherlock. He still had Mummy’s copy in his coat pocket. He got it for her and handed it over. She held it on her lap but made no reference to it.

“That awful book is the sum total of law concerning Omega. In it all their duties are listed, their responsibilities to their alpha. What’s missing is the entire section concerning their rights. That bit has
been snipped right the hell out and tossed aside without a by-your-leave or word of protest from anyone and it’s all because of money! All those years ago some bastard figured out how he could make use of all the extra omega he could afford and it all started. One bit at a time, one small liberty at a time, that’s how they did it. It’s taken decades but slowly they changed omega from being equal members of society to being property and we let it happen.”

“How will getting the new version help anything?” asked John. “How can you even get it approved?”

“It’s at the bottom of this year’s financial audits. It’s a simple request detailing the cost analysis for printing the older version which is less sanctimonious and therefore smaller even though it includes all the original material. They do it every ten years or so. We’re playing to both the bureaucratic deadweight that keeps the system from functioning smoothly as well as to the avarice which is the driving force behind this entire debacle. It is one pound cheaper per book to print the old version, the cost savings is staggering. It will be approved and become the new regulating guidelines for alpha omega relationships. It has very little to do with the law of the land which merely interprets Omega and metes out justice that way.”

“So if we get the old version printed and an alpha breaks the rules in that, then the current laws use the new book as a reference and apply the appropriate punishment?” Violet seemed startled that she’d said anything but Harry just nodded.

“Yes. It’s unfortunate we can’t make it retroactive but what it means is some time in the next month or so someone is going to catch up on their paperwork, sign the reprint order, and unintentionally save every omega from that day forward.” Clara sounded fierce.

“What happens then?” said John, “What happens to bastards like Sieger? Can’t they just reprint the bad version again? It seems too simple.”

“Simple but effective, the book can only be re-released once every decade, it was a profit law they made years ago otherwise they’d be reprinting new versions all the time. They’d have to get that law repealed first before they could reprint the bad edition and I’ve got people in place to make sure that process is unsuccessful. They’ll do themselves in just like Sieger will. They can’t help but break the old laws; everything about how omegas are treated today is against the old ways. The alpha and the omega were supposed to represent the divine, perfection made of living flesh, the two made one. Instead we have chemical bonding abuse, slavery, and an endless list of atrocities. Once the old ways become canon again then our people can step forward and begin removing the parasites from our breast. There are so few, it’s astounding. Perhaps no more than fifty families have been directly responsible for the downfall of all omega in this country, it’s taken us all this time to find out who they were and what their weaknesses are. We really could use someone like Sherlock who’s good at sifting through evidence; there are so many more villains to be apprehended. As it is we’re sure we’ve gotten the very worst of them under our watch. It’s a puzzle and no mistake, I don’t know if we’ll ever unravel all the knots and tangles.”

Sherlock smiled, “A puzzle? I do love puzzles.”

“He really does,” said John, Lestrade, and Mycroft in unison. John laughed and smiled up at Sherlock, “If you want to help, you can.” he said. “You’d be amazing.”

Sherlock kissed John softly, “I want to help.”

Harry sat back with a sigh and a determined look, “Begin with Lestrade, cold cases. Lots of people did a lot of shifty things back in the day. Find out who hid what and why. I’m sure you have motivation.” his father. No one had investigated at all but people didn’t just vanish. There was
always a clue, evidence, there was always something to find if you knew how to look just the right way and Sherlock knew every way there was.

John sighed, “Victor told me to brush up on obstetrics. I won’t have time to work and help at the same time.”

“You have money John, use it for goodness sake, it’s sitting there waiting for you. Help Sherlock help us.” Harry wasn’t sympathetic to her brother at the moment, not about this, “Fortune is favoring us at the moment, we can’t depend on our luck to stay good forever. Time is of the essence brother. I will build you a hospital to work in after we are done but right now more than ever your family needs you.”

John was having a moment. His scent was a complex mix of shame and pride heavily layered with more shame and a growing odor of self-loathing. Sherlock stood, “Excuse me. I don’t feel well.”

Sherlock turned on his heel and left Mrs. Hudson’s flat at a quick pace. As he anticipated John was hard on his heels, “Darling? You’re unwell, what can I do?”

As soon as the door to their flat shut Sherlock turned to face his alpha, “You can help me by ceasing your search for a way to flagellate yourself over decisions that cannot be changed. I do not claim to have enjoyed the time we were clearly bonded yet separate but we can’t undo it. It has happened, we can’t go back. Now, we can spend all our time being remorseful and going over all the things that might have happened had our lives gone differently, or we can accept the fact that we seem to be stuck with the linear progression of time that allows for no backpedaling and merely try to move forward together.”

John was speechless, his scent filled with surprise, “I would think you would be angry with me. Sherlock, you told me how much you suffered, how many times did I go out to please myself when you were left utterly alone? How many of those nights when I was with some random person were you left desperate and in pain? I…I hate that I did that to you. Oh my god Sherlock, I love you so much, I hurt you so much, I hate myself, I can’t stand knowing it was all because of me!”

Sherlock kissed John. He didn’t want to hear John speak poorly of himself so he kissed him to stop the words from pouring out, “I love you John, I love you. I don’t like the way it feels when you’re angry with yourself. I can tell my love, I can tell, and I don’t like that. John!” John was shaking in his arms, “John…for so long I thought there was something wrong with me, I believed what people said, that I was defective, a freak. Today we learned that isn’t so. I’m not those things. I’m the omega of John Hamish Watson and I always have been. It doesn’t take away the hurt I felt then but I will not be ashamed of being yours even if we didn’t know it at the time. We reached out to one another despite everything and we found one another. You’re here, with me. You gave me this,” Sherlock held up his hand to show his tattoo, “You took this, the only one who had a right to,” Sherlock tilted his head to show his bond-bite, “But the most special thing you’ve done for me is this.” Sherlock laid John’s hand on his belly, “Three little lives, three little miracles when I thought I would have none. Help me John, help me fix this place we live in so it doesn’t matter if our children are born omega or not. Help me fix this so people like Sieger don’t get to decide how people like me get to exist. I don’t want that for my babies, your babies. John, please, I know you are filled with regret but please, for me….”

Sherlock wasn’t sure exactly what he was asking from John but the alpha relaxed at last and kissed Sherlock back. The bitterness of self-loathing faded away and became instead determination and fierceness, “I will never let someone treat our children the way you and others have been treated. Very well Sherlock. I’ll leave the clinic after my shift tomorrow. We’ll go down and explain things to Harry. After this we are working for her and I…I…fuck I hate doing it and I don’t know why,
but…I guess we can start living off my portion of the family money.”

“You like to be useful; you like to be hands-on with the people you help. We won’t be helping people face to face John but there is a lot of injustice right in front of us, I thought that being naturally heroic would make you the best sort of assistant for a consulting detective.” Sherlock’s voice was teasing now and he bit the tip of John’s nose to make him smile and giggle, “You are a hero John, my hero. I’m terribly proud of the time you were in the army, you did so much good, and you saved lives. You are my soldier and now we have a new war to fight only this time, we’re fighting it together.”

“I shouldn’t be feeling better but I do,” admitted John who did indeed smell much better than he had downstairs. They went downstairs and Harry smiled at her brother, knowing Sherlock had finally brought him round, “Thanks Harry.” said John. She shrugged and they went back to work.

Sherlock didn’t last much longer nor did Mycroft. Before much more time went by both omega were getting sleepy. Greg fondly bundled his lover up and gave Violet a robust kiss on the forehead and Mrs. Hudson a squeeze before helping Mycroft into the car that Anthea had sent to collect them. Clara and Harry went on their way as well, promising to meet up in two days. Mummy and Mrs. Hudson were playing cards and chatting easily with one another now so Sherlock and John gave them both a kiss goodnight, “Thank you son.” said Mummy with shining eyes, “This has been a marvelous day.”

“It’s been a busy one that’s for certain.” Sherlock kissed his mother one more time before he took John upstairs. He led John straight into the shower and got his alpha to wash him from head to toe. His gambit worked, each inch of his body the John rubbed with a foamy flannel made the alpha a little less able to think clearly until Sherlock was carried out of the bathroom dripping wet and tossed onto the bed.

Sherlock bit him on the chest. Hard. John gasped and suddenly they were rolling all over the bed nipping and tickling one another until Sherlock had John entirely pinned to the bed, unfairly using his longer arms and legs and shouting that he was pregnant and that John daren’t do anything to hurt him, meanwhile using his chin, the only free part of him, to poke under John’s arms or along his ribs or wherever else Sherlock could find that made John giggle like a little boy and squirm in the most delicious way.

Eventually the squirming got to him as did John’s delicious moans and when John twisted around and very blatantly rubbed his behind in Sherlock’s crotch the alpha wasn’t the only one who couldn’t think any more. “Are you sure?” asked Sherlock teasingly, rubbing his small cock over John’s entrance to slick it.

“Get that cock inside me now,” ordered John, “God, please Sherlock.” John pushed his hips back again and joyfully Sherlock obeyed his alpha. It didn’t take long to ready the alpha and both of them groaned loudly as Sherlock pressed as deep as he could, “Fuck!” cried John, his voice broken with desire, “That’s brilliant.” He pushed his hips back again, encouraging Sherlock to begin rocking his hips. It was messy and wonderful and tangled and gorgeous. Sherlock managed to fuck John for only a minute before the alpha was so excited he pulled away so they could switch places, John sinking himself deeply into his omega for several minutes before pulling away, turning Sherlock onto his back and settling himself down on Sherlock’s cock again. “I’m going to get you to fuck me every single day,” gasped the alpha, “Sherlock!”

John was groaning deeply, his breath catching and shuddering in his chest as his hips rocked. Sherlock was completely incapable of speaking. Being inside John like this was too pleasurable, if he spoke he’d come. He couldn’t say a word, not if he wanted to keep thrusting himself into the tightest,
hottest, most arousing body in the world. “John!” he squeaked. Sherlock’s eyes rolled back and he was coming oh god he was coming and he was coming so hard his body arched and his toe curled and his fingers gripped John’s hips almost cruelly.

Sherlock came round a minute later to find John inside him, fucking the omega as hard as he could, his eyes shut, his cheeks heavily flushed as the alpha panted and moaned, sounding almost pained as his body grew rigid. Sherlock felt the pulsing rush of seed deep inside him and he couldn’t take his eyes off of John’s face as his alpha orgasmed. He was so beautiful, his eyes closed, his brows raised high as his mouth dropped open. Sherlock wanted to capture the rictus of ecstasy that gripped John, to keep it forever so people could see that he was capable of doing this, he had the skills necessary to bring John Hamish Watson to the pinnacle of physical delight because no one would ever have a chance to attempt such a feat, not ever again. John was his.

He let John fall asleep inside him, not minding the weight of his alpha on him, or the stickiness that would soon grow itchy. It didn’t matter. What mattered was the scent of love and contentment that covered them both. What mattered was that John was happy and with Sherlock. What mattered was that there was a war to fight and they were going to fight it together. Closing his eyes with a smile, Sherlock lay beneath the limp and slumbering form of John and let himself fall asleep.
Puzzles

Chapter Summary

There are a lot of changes on the horizon. Sherlock and John have agreed to help make those changes happen.

The morning began as beautifully as the night had ended. Sherlock woke to find John crouched over
him, running his nose over Sherlock’s belly, “You smell fantastic. I just…” John pressed his nose to Sherlock’s stomach and worked his way up to Sherlock’s throat where the alpha groaned deeply, “Just bloody fantastic.” John was rubbing his head against Sherlock’s neck now, his mouth catching on Sherlock’s collar-bone which he then bit gently. Sherlock smiled sleepily and let his head roll to the side so John could enjoy himself easier. It was affectionate and sweet, John rapturously scenting Sherlock everywhere while the omega giggled and tried not to twist away if John snuffled a little too hard around his hipbones or near his knees. Eventually though Sherlock had to make a break for it, racing to the loo with John right behind him, “Well fine.” said John as the door shut on his face.

“I’m pregnant John, the bathroom and I are going to be spending a lot of time together.” Sherlock already had a small bladder, he’d need to relieve himself a million times a day by the time three children were big enough to show. He listened to John grouch outside before the alpha went off to lay out clothes for the day.

After he washed his hands Sherlock stood there for a moment looking at himself in the mirror, staring at his abdomen. Was there a slight curve? He turned to the side. No. His stomach was as board-like as ever. He sighed and watched the defined muscles at his waist ripple. How did John find that attractive? Sherlock was so…shapeless. He pushed his belly out on purpose. His stomach still barely curved and Sherlock’s shoulders fell for only a moment before he rallied himself. It wouldn’t be much longer now, a month at most and then he’d finally, finally, finally have something approaching a curvaceous body. Finally.

“You done admiring yourself, can I take over now?” asked John from the door. His face was indeed filled with admiration as his eyes wandered all over Sherlock, “You look absolutely gorgeous.” Sherlock blushed. How did John do that to him? Before he’d met John Sherlock never blushed. He hadn’t giggled, or bitten his lip coyly, or done anything remotely like what he was doing now which was bending over the bathroom sink invitingly to hear John’s voice go deep and raspy, “Yes please.” John had foolishly gotten dressed but when he made to remove his clothes Sherlock shook his head and leaned over more, shifting his left leg further to the side to open himself more. He wanted to feel John inside him, feel the burn of fabric as it grazed against his tender skin. Sherlock nearly purred and arched his back, “This…this is because you’re pregnant right? He said you’d get a little…..oh god.” Possibly it was, one minute ago Sherlock hadn’t been thinking about sex, now he’d already been waiting far too long.

John undid his zip and pulled down his pants only enough to release himself, “We don’t have a lot of time John, fast, if you please.” Sherlock smiled when he heard the desperate whine escape John and smelled the arousal on his alpha climb rapidly. He closed his eyes as he listened to John stroke himself into hardness before the alpha pushed inside almost before he was ready. Sherlock felt him get harder with every stroke, unable to bottom out fully until his cock was firm and plunging deep. John was hanging onto Sherlock’s hips, his feet set wide as his hips rocked quickly. Sherlock loved the wet rude sound of it, the way John’s body slipped perfectly into his, how wonderful it felt to make this connection again, to unite with his alpha, to feel John so deep inside him. There was no finesse, there didn’t need to be, not right now, that’s not what Sherlock wanted. Sherlock wanted this, this hard quick uncomfortable naughty wonderful sexy fast shuddering twisting gasping moaning mess of a fuck that left both of them clutching the sink in a desperate attempt to remain standing.

John’s clothes were a mess, his trousers and shirt-tails smeared with slick and semen so he dropped them onto the floor as he stepped into the shower with Sherlock, both of them washing thoroughly but very quickly. John still needed breakfast and he had to get to work as well as quit his job. Sherlock knew his alpha wasn’t happy about that but he didn’t know what to say about it. Instead he remained affectionate with John, teasing his alpha when they got out and helping John dress so he could be on his way as soon as possible since they’d used up most of their available time.
“Yoo hoo boys! We heard the shower go off!” Mrs. Hudson and Mummy, Sherlock finished buttoning his shirt up and grabbed his jacket as they left their bedroom. John straightened his clean jumper and smiled at the ladies. Mummy was full of smiles as was Mrs. Hudson, “We both woke terribly early and look!” She brandished a large tray. There were fruits and all sorts of edibles, all elegantly put together into artistic little bites, “Eat up John, you’ll be sharp with your patients if you don’t have breakfast.” How well Mrs. Hudson knew them.

“You are both angels.” said John, kissing both women good morning, “I don’t have time to stay but I’ll take some for the ride on the Tube.” Sherlock got a thermal mug for John and filled it with coffee. He was going to miss John today but he didn’t make a fuss, he just kissed his alpha farewell and saw him off for the day, John’s pockets full of napkin wrapped breakfast nibbles and a zoo’s worth of animal shaped fruit slices.

Sherlock examined the breakfast tray, “I’ve never seen anything like it.” Mummy and Mrs. Hudson had clearly put a lot of effort into making a beautiful breakfast where the food was not only delicious but lovely to look at.

Mummy blushed and looked at the floor, “I used to watch cooking shows when….he….wasn’t around, the internet you know, I….never had a chance to try anything.” Sherlock understood, Sieger would have wanted his meals to his standard and Sherlock couldn’t imagine when he’d want to eat sausages made up to look like little octopuses or potato patties shaped like amusing cat faces. John had taken two of everything and had to stop when his pockets were full.

“I can make toast.” said Sherlock. He could microwave things too but reheating leftovers probably didn’t count as cooking. He didn’t even try pre-made frozen meals. He’d survived on take-away or fruit for most of his adult life, rarely wanting to eat and developing no interest in learning more about food unless it was in some way linked with a criminal activity.

“You toasted fingers, I remember John complaining that one of them was still in there.” reminded Mrs. Hudson and now it was Sherlock’s turn to blush as his mother looked at him with astonishment, “Though when John complains he does rather make it sound a lot like boasting.” said Mrs. Hudson thoughtfully. Sherlock blushed again and smiled to himself. John did love it when he experimented and Sherlock had learned to clean up all the bits when he was done with them.

“He’s a very…unusual man.” said Mummy softly eyeing their eclectic flat. John allowed Sherlock to almost wallow in chaos, every flat surface stuffed with books or papers, curios, accidental results from experiments gone interestingly awry, as well as the extensive library that both men contributed to. John owned more books than anything else, three quarters of what he had moved in had been books, only two small bags had been personal possessions.

“He’s an absolute dear,” exclaimed Mrs. Hudson, “You’ll not find a better man than John Watson unless it’s our dear Sherlock. Both of them are the best boys in the world, you must be very proud of yours.” Mrs. Hudson patted Violet’s hand affectionately.

“I am. Very.” smiled Mummy, “I’m happy for you little one.”

There was a rap on the downstairs door and all three of them froze. They weren’t expecting company and all of them jumped when Sherlock’s mobile rang. Mycroft had sent a text “Anthea cleared. She is bringing a driver and some supplies to 221 B” Sherlock looked out the kitchen window where the once-assistant stood. Sherlock went down and opened the door cautiously, “Come in.”

Anthea closed the door behind her, “We have eyes on your street and the alley. This is your driver,” she held up a picture and gave it to him, “The car outside is for your use, don’t go anywhere by cab!
Mrs. Watson has sent a list of approved entertainments that your mother and Mrs. Hudson might enjoy; the driver will act as their body-guard, he’s a beta so that fulfills the requirement Lady Harriet specified in her contract with Mr. Holmes. Mrs. Watson has included a credit card for her use, but accounts are available at each of these shops, your mother’s name is on them. Perhaps a day of shopping, she might enjoy choosing her own clothes."

Point taken, a day of shopping for clothing wasn’t very exciting for Sherlock, but a little boredom was a minuscule price to pay to see the look on Mummy’s face when he asked her if she felt like going, “For me?” she said.

“Of course for you,” said Sherlock with a smile. “We have wedding clothes to think about and everyday clothes you’re going to need. I haven’t the faintest idea what’s in fashion and Mrs. Hudson looks like she's about to explode.”

Mrs. Hudson was quivering with excitement, “These shops are exclusive. You can’t even browse!”

“Can Martha come with us?” asked Mummy tremulously.

“I hadn’t actually thought to leave her behind.” said Sherlock, Mrs. Hudson was going to need wedding clothes too or did she think she wasn’t going to be a part of it. Perhaps Sherlock should mention it, people very often missed things he just assumed were obvious, “Since John will expect you at the wedding Mrs. Hudson would you care to join Mummy and I today? We have accounts at all these places apparently, it’s all on us.” Mrs. Hudson valiantly tried to say no, fluttering her hands and turning her face away. Sherlock mentioned the spa that Clara had taken them to and after a quick text to his sister-in-law-to-be found that they would be willing to take all three of them that afternoon if they wished and Mrs. Hudson gave in without a whimper.

Sherlock excused himself and texted John, “Mycroft arranged a car/driver/guard. Going out shopping with Mummy and Mrs. Hudson, spa this afternoon. SH”

“I need a massage. I’ve already seen two people with the flu. I hope I don’t get sick. Have fun xxxoo - JW” John had reluctantly begun to sign his text messages and it always made Sherlock smile. His mobile buzzed again, “Don’t forget your tablet. Eat lunch!”

“Will send you a snap as proof. ;)” Sherlock didn’t normally subscribe to the concept of emoticons which is why he used one. He could practically hear John laugh and felt a burst of warmth inside. He liked making John laugh, it made him feel happy too.

“I just ate the rest of breakfast. I might marry your mum. JW”

“You’d have to marry Mrs. Hudson too, they cooked together. SH”

“I couldn’t break up a winning team. I’ll stick with marrying you. JW”

“That’s probably the most diplomatic choice. SH”

“Patient. Later xxxoo0 JW”

Sherlock smiled at his mobile before tucking it away. He rejoined his mother and Mrs. Hudson who was giving Violet a quick tour of flat. Mummy stared at the buffalo head and looked askance at the skull on the mantle, shook her head with Mrs. Hudson when she saw the bullet holes in the wall and the happy face sprayed onto it but Mrs. Hudson just kept chattering along, delighted with all the excitement John and Sherlock brought into her life.

He sent a text to Lestrade “Leaving 221 B. Have approved car v Harry. John knows SH.”
“Putting together cold cases. Will drop off this evening. GL” Good, Sherlock could begin researching immediately. Perhaps he could use the small bedroom upstairs to store the files; there would be a lot of them eventually. He’d ask John later and see what he thought.

Mummy was amazed the entire day. Sherlock swept her in and out of shops with a commanding hauteur, spoiling her as much as he could as he urged her to look at absolutely everything that caught her eye. Mummy was still very modest and though she examined the fine gowns and rich materials in the end she chose very simple and comfortable clothes, a handful of vibrant and fun tops in the mix because Mrs. Hudson could be very persuasive. They lunched at a small tea house and Sherlock sent John a picture of all three of them biting into their food as well as a staged shot of Mrs. Hudson pretending to force feed Sherlock his pre-natal tablet that Mummy snapped. John sent back a string of hearts and a happy face.

Sherlock was surprised when Mycroft joined them at the spa and his older brother looked similarly discomfited, “Anthea and Gregory united are difficult to dissuade.” he said.

“Mummy will be thrilled.” said Sherlock softly and Mycroft nodded. Both brothers wordlessly decided to just enjoy making their bearer happy, she had such a wonderful smile on her face, and her eyes were so filled with delight when Mycroft popped around a screen to surprise her.

“My little angel!” she kissed his cheeks when he bent down for her to reach, “You’re not too busy?”

“I have been heartlessly routed away from work by my alpha and my ex-assistant! Who am I to trust?” said Mycroft in mock dismay, “Now I suppose I shall be forced to spend the rest of the afternoon languishing.”

“You’ll like it. I languished once, it was delightful.” said Sherlock and Mrs. Hudson tittered. Their assistants were professional and thorough. All of them were divested of every scrap of clothing and put into towels that Velcro’d closed to protect their respective modesty. Sherlock noticed that Mummy’s bruises were significantly paler than they had been the evening before. John had undone the tape to her ribs before she’d gone to bed, she needed to breathe easy and the taping had done all the help it could do.

Mycroft leaned close, “Omega heal faster with affection, surely your time with John has taught you that.” Sherlock barely restrained his flush but he understood the concept. John encouraged Sherlock’s body to heal when he licked or stroked his omega but Sherlock realized that simply being with John was enough to make him feel better. Mummy had lived affection starved for so long, without it she would have healed in days but with it, maybe Mummy would be better by tonight. It was worth a try. Both of them hugged her tight and kissed her head several times before allowing themselves to be drawn into the services. Mummy’s smile was brilliant.

Mrs. Hudson said not a word about Mummy’s scars, going on about her trips to here and there. Mycroft added comments whenever a story coincided with a place he’d also been to and Mummy was surprised at how Mycroft’s life had been before he bonded with his alpha.

All of them were swaddled like mummies in herb infused lengths of cotton. Sherlock felt foolish but it felt enjoyable so he just sagged into his soft chair and listened. Mummy was telling them about where she’d grown up, a manor in the countryside, an old keep turned farm. Her family had lived there for generations. She hadn’t gone back since then and Sherlock wondered what it was like now. “Our family were law-keepers,” explained Mummy, “The titles would change with the time but it was always the same job, make sure people obeyed the law or saw justice done when it was needed.”

Mycroft was the one who asked, “How did you meet him?” he didn’t need to say his name. All of
them knew who Mycroft was asking about.

Mummy smiled and looked off in the distance, “In the fields near my home when I went out walking. The sun was shining and the sky was cloudless. There were flowers everywhere and the wind was blowing. It was ridiculously romantic, almost sickeningly so. He rode up on a great black horse and we saw each other. We knew right then and there we’d met the right person. I was appalled, I nearly ran away in a panic.”

“What happened?” asked Mycroft.

Mummy giggled, “His horse took a fright and reared before running away. The rears snapped right out of his hands and caught him on the chin, cutting him. I gave him my handkerchief and he escorted me home. Papa helped him catch his horse and the very next evening Sherrinford came back and asked if I would be his. He still had a plaster on his chin.”

Mrs. Hudson told the tale of Mr. Hudson which was a surprising one filled with car chases, gun fire, law-breaking followed by almost immediate bonding. By the time her story was done their spa session was almost over and Mummy hadn’t stopped laughing the entire time.

Sherlock didn’t need it but everyone else had their hair trimmed and styled. Mycroft looked dapper as always, his hair carefully styled to remain as consistent as possible. Mrs. Hudson had opted for a sassier color and a bit of zip in her new hair-style but Mummy decided to keep her hair uncolored and free-flowing. It was marvelous. The stylist parted it on the side and trimmed it neatly. Mummy looked beautiful, her lovely face framed and happy as she looked at herself. Sherlock realized Sieger forced her to keep it up most of the time, a look that suited her but so did this. Another stylist made her up lightly and Mrs. Hudson not-so-lightly, both women now teasing one another and chattering on while Mycroft and Sherlock sat back and enjoyed the obvious pleasure their bearer was experiencing.

Suddenly Sherlock could smell something luscious, something decadent, something rich and complex that could only be one thing, John. He turned his head and sure enough in the doorway was his alpha, eyes bright and appreciative as he took in Sherlock’s glowing face, “Hi beautiful.” said John, “Since I quit my job I didn’t have to stay late. I thought I’d take everyone out to dinner.”

“I would love to join you John but after Gregory arrives we have an evening of our own planned, his eldest is performing in a play tonight and we are going to watch.” Mycroft had indeed bonded with Lestrade’s four existing children, treating them all as small adults, an attitude all of them could respect since they were so clearly grown up and didn’t require a new mother. Mycroft had scoffed at the very idea of mothering them and had instead managed to find an interest in all their activities, encouraging them to be as creative as they pleased, and best of all, sneaking them out of the house black-ops style to go to the movies when their sire was at work. Lestrade pretended to be outraged by it but by then you couldn’t prise them away from Mycroft with a crane. “Mummy, Mrs. Hudson, would you like to join us? I’m told it is the pinnacle of thespian achievement.”

Mummy smiled, “Are you sure Mycroft? I’m not family.”

“Yes you are. They have decided amongst themselves that you are their grandmother so they have made special effort tonight to clean up and look presentable. Can I let them know their efforts will be appreciated?” Mummy looked so pleased, she bit her lip the way Sherlock so often did but nodded quickly. “Excellent. You will be happy to know that dinner has been arranged for us, four young chefs have also spent their after school time in a state of culinary ecstasy. I can assure you that you will never have tried anything like it.” Mycroft was so dry and Mummy couldn’t stop giggling. Even Sherlock was smiling and Mrs. Hudson was openly grinning.
Mummy and Mrs. Hudson changed into their new clothes and left with Mycroft while John and Sherlock took all their new possessions back to Baker Street where Lestrade was waiting for them. He had several stacks of file boxes with him. “Cold cases, lots of them. I ransacked all the divisions I could get away with and went back as far as I could manage. Have fun with these, I’ve got to get going, keep me updated if you find anything good.”

John hauled most of them up by himself even though it aggravated his shoulder. He let Sherlock carry a few before he made him stop, “No, you’re pregnant and this is making me uncomfortable. Let’s just listen to our instincts for once in our lives, alright?” Sherlock did. Instead he sat on the sofa and began going through one box at a time. There were hundreds of cases, some with nothing more than a file, others with boxes of what had become useless evidence.

He created a quick catalogue while John made dinner. Lestrade had concentrated his efforts around the period when Sherrinford, father, had gone missing. That was nice. There were plenty of other crimes around that time, some not listed as crimes but there were still paper-trails to follow. Sherlock began to read. It wasn’t until John kissed his mouth that he realized his alpha had been calling him to dinner. The second his awareness was back Sherlock’s stomach roiled with hunger, “It’s all served up darling, come on.” John was filled with smiles as he led Sherlock to the table and Sherlock remembered that John loved it when he worked, he loved watching Sherlock take in information. He felt that burst of warmth inside again and saw John’s eyes widen, the alpha placing his hand over his own heart, “I can feel how happy you are.”

“You can?” Sherlock was startled. John was smiling and nodding and Sherlock felt that wonderful warmth again. “Good, because I am.” said Sherlock. He was. He was incredibly content to be doing what he was doing. He didn’t even protest about taking a break for meals though he had convinced himself that eating and thinking didn’t go together. That argument would have to go right out the window unless Sherlock was prepared to admit that during his pregnancy when he was eating all the time that his mind no longer functioned! No, he had mysteries to solve. Food was required, he would adapt.

Dinner was another of John’s stir-fry combinations, an eccentric mix of vegetables and meat seasoned with a random assortment of spices. John was a scientist in his own way, always experimenting with food to see what he could enjoy next. Sherlock rather enjoyed it, certainly more than he enjoyed most food available in biodegradable containers. Mindful of the precious burden within him Sherlock carefully ate everything John gave him and even had an extra glass of water. A full meal didn’t trouble him at all as he went right back to going through the boxes and boxes of files. There were hundreds of cold cases. With John’s help the database grew quickly. Sherlock had come up with a large number of values to cross reference and though John found it a tiny bit annoying at first he soon got into the habit of calling out the relevant information in order so Sherlock could enter it all faster into his laptop. Time flew by as they worked their way painstakingly through one box after another.

Eventually John stopped calling out information. Sherlock looked over. His alpha had fallen asleep on the sofa, a file in hand, his head at an awkward angle. Sherlock checked his mobile; a message from Mycroft told him that they’d delivered Mummy safely home with Mrs. Hudson some hours previous. It was two in the morning. Sherlock looked at the files ruefully. He’d never get through them all in a single day. With a sigh he closed everything down and woke John to help him to bed. Once they were snuggled down together Sherlock found his eyes closing very easily and he slept.

He was vaguely aware that John woke first but all the nuzzling and stroking did nothing more than rouse Sherlock the tiniest amount from his slumber. The alpha retreated and Sherlock knew nothing for a long time until the kisses and nuzzling came again but once more Sherlock refused to rouse
completely. There was a long blissful silence before gentle kisses to his forehead made him aware
even enough to take in the scent of something sinfully delicious. Suddenly Sherlock was awake, his belly
screaming with hunger but not as loudly as his bladder which needed tending too, “How long did I
sleep?”

“Well I don’t know when you finally came to bed but its noon now.” eight hours was twice as long
as Sherlock normally slept. Their children must already be demanding their portion! “You have to be
hungry by now.”

“Help me to the bathroom before I disgrace myself.” said Sherlock tightly. The need was growing
exponentially more urgent by the second. Getting out from the warmth of the blanket was no picnic
either, Sherlock barely made it to the bathroom on time, groaning with relief as he stood there.

“Lestrade sent a message; they have some information on that alpha we looked at.” Sherlock washed
up and joined John in the kitchen for tea and lunch. Digging in Sherlock indicated with a fork for
John to continue, “He worked with Mycroft’s people, he was low-level security, basically muscle for
hire, but anyone that works with Mycroft would be heavily screened. It seems like he met someone
outside of work, no one knows who for sure, some kind of last minute deal. He took five days off to
share a heat with this person but turned up dead only two days into it.

“That still doesn’t explain how he managed to get the omega out of the building with the other dead
alphas or what happened to the omega after.” Sherlock remembered the strange scent in the air and
wondered why it was so troubling. Was it just that there was another omega in heat and he felt
threatened? John hadn’t noticed the smell and hadn’t reacted in any way to the omega, “John what
did you scent at the scene.”

John furrowed his brow as he went over his memories, “Well, I remember thinking that the omega
was in full rut, and I wondered how anyone could even move the poor soul, he’d be hyper-sensitive.
If whoever moved him was an alpha then it would be torture not to be able to mate with him. If they
were in a vehicle for more than thirty minutes they’d need to park somewhere or get somewhere so
he could service him. Sedation is a possibility too but the pheromones would be making an alpha go
crazy, unconscious omega or not.”

“Why would an alpha be with an omega someplace as vulnerable as the first location? A location of
convenience, a meeting place? Was the omega actually supposed to be there or did something go
wrong? In the second instance the location was very secure, someone knew where they were and
did not like what they found, what did you smell there?”

John thought again, “It was faint but it smelled a bit the way I do when I get jealous.” John sounded
embarrassed, “Sorry.”

Sherlock shook his head, “Nonsense John, your alpha instincts are spot on. I suspect our mystery
person is also an alpha and that our mystery omega was supposed to be theirs. The dead alpha was
gagged to prevent a bite from occurring. The omega is clearly unbonded. Will that still be the case or
has our mystery person taken care of that? The dead alpha we brought in somehow got access to the
omega while the mystery person was not present, servicing the omega until they were interrupted, the
alpha killed in a jealous rage, and the omega removed entirely.”

John’s brow furrowed even more and he smelled faintly of anger with a thread of rage, “I would kill
anyone I found laying a hand on you. If I came home and found you with….” John stopped
breathing. His lips pressed together and his hands bunched into fists. It took an entire minute of
deliberate effort before John calmed himself down, “It would not end well for the third party.” he
said softly.
Sherlock thought about that. John’s jealousy was extreme, was that typical of an alpha? While he thought of it he pulled John close and gave him a reassuring kiss, “If you came home and found me with someone I would expect nothing less than for you to act with extreme prejudice against whoever was violating the sanctity of our union. I… I can’t even bear… John I would never wish anyone’s touch but yours. To have someone’s hands on me… like… that…” Sherlock had to swallow hard but couldn’t stop himself from shuddering, nor keep his arms from developing goose bumps all over. “I would want it to stop as soon as possible; I would be horrified for it to continue.”

John’s scent went from angry to protective in an instant, “I’ll never let anyone touch you darling, never, you never have to worry about that, not ever.” Now John was the one comforting Sherlock and he seemed reluctant to ask, “But in your heat. Do you think you’d be able to say no to an alpha that was right there?”

Sherlock shuddered but gave it serious thought. His heat with John had been exquisite. The heats before that had not been. If an alpha had made themselves available in the middle of one of Sherlock’s lonely heats he would have been on them as fast as he could have gotten their pants off. “No.” he shuddered again and prayed it never happened to him.

“What if that’s what happened here? The mystery person, what if you’re right and it’s an alpha, one that couldn’t be there when the omega went into heat. What does he do? He tries to protect his omega but something goes wrong, someone sends the wrong person, someone trusts the wrong person, someone knows more than they should, who can say? The first situation looks like a set-up, the second situation looks more like a crime of passion.”

Sherlock wished he had more information. They set the discussion aside and went over some of the items they’d catalogued the night before, “There’s so many! How does this not look suspicious?” asked John as they went over one case after another, all of which seemed very solvable to them but it seemed like many of the investigators had suffered from almost terminal disinterest in their cases. “Most of the accused went straight to prison with hardly a nod at the law on their way through, look, this one’s had his appeal denied eight times. He still insists he hasn’t been charged with anything but he’s been in there for decades.”

“What?”

John showed him the case file. Sherlock remembered the name, “Timothy Flowers.” they dug out the file, the information was sparse but from what they could see he had been picked up for assault but never charged and yet had ended up in prison and never released. “There’s no mug shot.”

“Here’s this.” John held up a photograph. It was a man’s arm and it was tattooed from shoulder to wrist with purple flowers. “He took his name seriously.”

“We’ll make some time to speak to him. We’ll need to make a list, from the looks of things most of these so called criminals went to only a handful of facilities. That should make tracking them down a little easier.” John just nodded, beginning to dig deeply into a new box. They set aside the Flowers file and it was soon joined by dozens of others, more and more cases where arrests were made for the flimsiest of reasons yet resulted in the sternest of penalties. By the time dinner-time came up both men were starving. They heard a yoo hoo from downstairs, “Boys! Dinner!” Thank goodness for Mummy and Mrs. Hudson. Leaving their files for later John and Sherlock went downstairs to eat.
Mummy and Mrs. Hudson ended up falling asleep after dinner. John and Sherlock quietly washed up and put away the leftover roast that they had prepared, spreading soft blankets over their knees as Mummy snored genteelly on Mrs. Hudson's sofa while Mrs. Hudson huffed out an accompaniment in her reading chair. Hopefully they would wake in time to go to bed properly, Sherlock made a note to come back later to check on them, or at least, John would.

The files called to both of them. Clara had texted telling them meetings were keeping them away for a day longer than anticipated so with a shrug both men simply went back to work. John was as possessed as Sherlock now, both men combing through boxes, sorting everything until they had everything arranged by the unfortunate destination of the cases where the individuals who were still among the living. They had discussed it as they’d gone along and while it would be gratifying to solve all the cases they only had so much time, and some of the people who had obviously been wrongly imprisoned deserved to be freed as soon as possible. It still made for hundreds of cases, it was shocking. “Are there any guilty people in jail?” asked John angrily, “How many of these prisoners were seized for minor traffic violations yet ended up receiving life sentences? How corrupt was the justice system?”

Sherlock had been making notes about that too, “In the vast majority of these cases a mere six judges were responsible for the sentences. I’ve checked online, all six have long since passed on and have been replaced with what appears to be much less ethically flexible people. It wouldn’t surprise me if
Harry or her associates had a hand in choosing those replacements.”

“Look who these people were too, police officers, doctors, this one was a librarian, there is an unbelievable percentage of teachers. Teachers! How could someone who taught six form be a threat to anyone?” John was outraged as they continued to go through the files. They were only half way through the boxes Lestrade had brought and their home was already looking like a reconstructed forest. “The interviews alone are going to take an eternity.”

“It will be time well spent John. Some of these people have been in jail for over thirty years! Surely we can sacrifice some of our time to help them get out.” Sherlock kept typing but John fell silent.

“You’re right. I’m just….you’re right. We have a lot to do and losing my temper isn’t helping.” John sounded mildly ashamed of himself.

Sherlock rolled his eyes, “You are a good man John Watson, for you to be unaffected by this information is impossible. There is vast injustice to be righted, the proof of which is nearly crushing us. We have a duty to sift through every sheet of paper in here so we know where our energies are best directed!”

John didn’t speak another word of protest unless it was to make Sherlock eat a snack or to have a drink of some kind. They took turns rubbing each other’s shoulders to work out the tension brought on by hours of repetitive actions and a sense of growing wonder that no one had attempted this before. Was it forbidden to touch a file once it was marked cold? Most of the files in the cold case boxes weren’t even for unsolved cases except that the files outlined the fates of dozens of alphas and betas. Cases that should have rightly been filed elsewhere were hiding inside these boxes. Sherlock doubted Lestrade even realized. Most of the boxes were dusty and barely touched, the boxes sealed shut and the glue dried. The earliest boxes had tape that crumbled when John tried to slice them open. These files had been hiding on the wrong shelves for years.

At ten John went downstairs briefly but came right back up saying it seemed like everyone had taken themselves to bed properly so they kept working. At eleven Sherlock became ravenous and John had to make him a small stack of sandwiches and a large mug of hot chocolate.

At one in the morning they decided to call it a night. They’d made a lot of progress, only six boxes remained. They’d finish them in the morning but now Sherlock’s transport was demanding sleep. John had helpfully repacked all the files back into emptied file boxes, each box representing a different facility. They’d re-sort each facility later and try to make sense of who was sent where before they made a list of individuals they wanted to interview. Sherlock’s mind was whirling with ideas but until he had all the information he couldn’t tender a theory.

John was sleepy but Sherlock couldn’t close his eyes or relax his body. He couldn’t stop going over the thousand details they’d examined. Restlessly he tried not to fidget until John finally sighed and rolled toward him, “Can’t shut it off?” Sherlock shook his head and John chuckled softly, “I think I can help.”

Oh John was marvelous. Tired or not the alpha still took the time to take Sherlock to absolute pieces before allowing Sherlock to orgasm magnificently down John’s wonderful throat. He managed a second one when John mounted him, coming almost immediately, his alpha laying on his back as his hips worked urgently, and a third one when John’s hips stuttered to a halt, his orgasm causing him to bite down on Sherlock’s neck in a deliciously painful way. “John.” said Sherlock, almost insensate, face-down in his pillow.

“Sleep sweetheart.” John kissed Sherlock’s sweaty shoulder and tugged the duvet high. Sherlock slept. His dreams whirled with information, bits and pieces dancing here and there until a steady
chorus of thumps provided a rhythm and Sherlock’s mind began to sift and sort on its own, filing, examining, prioritizing, revealing. There was a pattern. He could almost see it. It was who and when and timing had been everything. People had gone down like pieces in a game of dominoes, the biggest unmentioned battle in history and Sherlock had almost died from the ferocity and hadn’t even known. He dreamed of being a child and all the cold ways he’d been educated, remembered whispered snippets from Mummy, a kind word here and there and suddenly all of it almost made sense. He was so close. Something was missing…he needed….

Sherlock needed more information. His eyes snapped open and he found it was late in the morning but not unreasonably so. John was still snoring beside him so Sherlock kissed his alpha gently before sliding silently out of bed. Sherlock wrapped himself warmly and put on his slippers even though he didn’t like wearing them. He couldn’t risk catching a chill, John would be upset but Sherlock couldn’t wait for the flat to warm up.

He opened the last few boxes and began to work again. He lost himself in examining file after file, carefully setting each box to the side as he completed it. He had been correct. Everyone seized had made comments during their universally denied attempts at gaining parole. It was the only place where there was any clue to who these people really were. For the thinnest files the parole hearings were the only place where their existence was recorded at all and Sherlock highlighted those ones. He’d want to speak to these people first; three quarters of them were in a single facility a few hours north of London. Sherlock examined column after column of information and the terse notes he and John had made. He was just opening the last box when John staggered sleepily out of the bedroom; “You should have gotten me up.” complained the alpha softly.

“You need your rest John; I don’t sleep as much as you do and when I’m tired I will nap. I can’t sleep until this is done, I’m so close.” Sherlock kept typing, tilting his head so John could kiss the top of it. John did.

“Okay love, I’m getting some tea, can I make you something?” Sherlock already missed tea and in some ways coffee. Still, he reacted strongly to caffeine and as much as he would have loved a cup of either he settled for juice which John brought to him in a very tall glass.

“Toast please John.”

“Coming right up.”

“Maybe some eggs.” he was feeling a touch hungry.

“No problem.”

“Do we have sausages?”

“Um….yes….I can fry some up, yeah?”

“If you want to John, you may as well make some bacon too.”

“Well I bet I’ll wish I had if I don’t, right?” laughed John. There was clattering in the kitchen as John got breakfast going, “Anything else?”

“No, I’m not very hungry.”

“There’s some left-overs from yesterday, I could pop it in the oven and reheat it.”

“If you must John.” there was more clattering but Sherlock was entirely focused on his task. He was glad his database had included so many variables even if it had made John read out the files in a
somewhat irritated voice for a few minutes, it would have taken forever to review everything and add
details later, though honestly, very few cases were rich in facts. That itself was indicative. Where
information was missing was just as intriguing as the tidbits that had been left behind. Now that
Sherlock had it all neatly mapped he could examine it any number of ways and tease something out
of the whole that was more than the sum of its parts.

“Breakfast is ready darling; can you take ten minutes to eat?” John had excellent timing. Sherlock
saved his last entry and tucked away the final file. He’d emptied the last box and could begin
reviewing the data after he had a bite or two. Sherlock went to the kitchen, and stared at the kitchen
table. It was loaded with food, “Everything you asked for.”

“It’s rather a lot John.” the alpha just shrugged and grinned, seating Sherlock with a kiss, “I’ll do my
best.” His best turned out to be impressive. There was barely a scrap left on the table when Sherlock
was done. He was entirely surprised and looked down at his belly. Flat as ever.

“Where do you put it all?” marveled John whose own belly was rounded and adorable looking.

“It must go straight to the babies.” said Sherlock; he didn’t feel overfull even though he’d just eaten
three times as much as John had and that was saying a lot.

“Well good for them, they’re clearly Watsons.” said John with vast contentment. “Today is already a
good day.” John’s mobile buzzed and he read the text, “It’s Harry. Sieger is on the plane, destination
Yakutsk, Siberia.” John spelled out the name of the town and Sherlock looked it up. Of course, the
coldest city in the world, Sherlock checked further. Harry didn’t even have offices there. It would
have been easier to deliver Sieger much further east. She must be moving him in stages. The only
highway had the charming nickname The Road of Bones. Harry really was a master at understated
viciousness.

“Let the countdown begin.” said Sherlock. How long from when he landed in Siberia would it take
for Sieger to break a local law? Had he bothered to learn anything about the place he was being sent
to or had he spent all the intervening time fantasizing about what to do with his imminent good
fortune? Would he even survive the trip to his first destination? Sherlock wondered if the person he’d
once thought of as his sire even realized that every breath he drew was numbered.

Their doorbell rang, and Mycroft and Lestrade arrived to tell them that Mummy and Mrs. Hudson
had been abducted by the Lestrade brood in order to spend the day going to various amusements,
parents were definitely not invited. Violet was armed with her new credit card and a licence to spoil
the children as much as she pleased. Neither man seemed to mind being completely abandoned in
such a fashion, the silver-haired detective examining the signs of progress, “Looks like you didn’t
waste a minute.” said the DI as he examined the controlled madness that was their front room, “So?”

“We’ve only just completed our initial review of the files, we haven’t had a chance to analyze
anything but…I think there’s definitely something.” Sherlock needed to look at his information so he
pulled out his laptop and showed Mycroft what they’d assembled. His brother spent several minutes
scrolling back and forth before he sat back, deeply lost in thought. “We would like to interview some
of the prisoners. We’ve sorted them out but haven’t had a chance to go over the potential selections.

Mycroft looked stern, “Most of these judgements are spurious. These convictions hold no weight of
law. By rights these people should be able to march right out of confinement today!” He took
Sherlock’s laptop and began to scrutinize the information further, “I can interview people at a
different facility if you wish? It makes sense to divide our efforts.”

Sherlock thought on this, “Lestrade would have to accompany you.”
“You’re damn fucking right I’m accompanying you Myc! I’m not sending my pregnant omega into prison where he’s surrounded by criminals and also the inmates.” Lestrade was as amusing as John who also made jokes to hide his worries. The guards were to be feared more than those they watched over.

Mycroft reached over to take Lestrade’s hand before continuing to read, “We must begin legal proceedings to release these people. We’re going to need the room shortly.” That made John laugh and after a moment Greg laughed too. Mycroft was right. They needed to empty the prisons of the wrongly accused to make room for the heartless leeches that had profited so long on the misery of so many. “I have an idea.”

Harry made time in her day to come by after lunch. Mycroft sat at the end of the table and gave his proposal in quiet serious words. “Can you make that happen regardless of which copy of Omega is currently in print?” asked Mycroft seriously as they examined Sherlock’s database.

Harry and Clara were smiling hugely, “Oh you are treasures indeed Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes,” she ignore their dual cries of Lestrade and Watson from both omegas, “No, you are who you are and you two are going to make your family rich, powerful, and famous.”

“Can you make it happen?” pressed Mycroft, also choosing to ignore her insistence that he was still a Holmes.

“I can make it happen. I will gladly make it happen. I knew meeting you both was a good thing, and not just for my brother, for everyone. Clara?” Harry was looking at her wife who was already texting furiously.

“I’ve contacted the League, I’m just giving them the bones of it now….wait….give me a minute, I’d better just talk to Malcom directly.” Clara got up and began a spirited conversation with someone, quickly explaining what Sherlock and John had accomplished as well as Mycroft’s proposal. It went back and forth for a few minutes and then she hung up, “He’s going to send someone to collect up all these files today. Good work everyone.”

“Wait, someone is taking over the investigation?” Sherlock wasn’t going to take that sitting down!

“Hardly, more like we’ve just given you a staff made up of a hodgepodge of barristers, law-students, judges, and others, all of them about as relaxed as Doctor Trevor about omega rights.” Oh. Well. That was different. Satisfied Sherlock sat back. Harry worked with Clara for a minute, both women using half-sentences as they arranged something in their complex work, “Oh the timing is almost divine!”

“What exactly is going to happen?” asked John with some frustration.

“What’s happening my dear brother is that your lovely Sherlock has managed to almost magically identify possibly every single missing political prisoner ever taken illegally into custody for the last forty years, while his marvellous brother has come up with a very easily managed plan to release said prisoners en masse just in front of the tidal waves of arrests that are going to occur very soon because look.” Harry held up her mobile where an assistant had sent a flagged message, “Re-print signed. Cost-savings approved.”

“Omega is being re-printed?” said John with excitement.

“Presses roll tomorrow. We’ve had everything prepared for this eventuality.” said Clara with satisfaction. The second the first book comes off the line the world changes for all omega in this country. This is just delicious.”
“Are we still interviewing people?” asked John.

Harry looked over the database, “Yes but not quite yet. This will take some time to do, first things first. We have to stand down the current guard and replace them with people who are more humane. That’ll take a week or so, after that Sherlock can go in and arrange interviews in order of precedence. Let’s begin with the ones with little or no information. The least we can do is put some faces to the names and fill in some of the blanks. Who knows who we’ve really got locked away? Find out. One week and not a second before that, I mean you Sherlock! You will not endanger the children by being impatient and going in earlier.”

Sherlock bit back a retort. Before he was pregnant he wouldn’t have listened. He would have talked John into going to the prison at their first opportunity. Now he didn’t balk at staying where it was safe. He was no longer risking himself, an unwanted omega, now he was risking the lives of John’s precious children, the babes Sherlock thought he would never have a chance to bear. The prison was filled with guards who kept people who respected omegas behind bars, his chances of getting in and out of there unmolested were miniscule. He nodded his agreement and decided to throw himself into work. “There must be more cold case files. I can look at those while we wait.”

Lestrade looked uncomfortable but Harry just sent off another request, “Your superiors will give you the approval you need Greg. I’m not trying to get anyone into trouble. Like I said, we have people in place everywhere. This problem has been a problem for a really long time, and thankfully, not everyone is blind to it.”

“Pressure points.” said Sherlock, and Harry gave him an approving smile, “That’s how it was done then and that’s what you’re doing now. You’re using their own tactics against them.”

“Well it was terribly effective wasn’t it,” said Harry darkly, “No protest marches or letters to the editor, no public complaints or mention anywhere. Just broad daylight abuse of the law to make a handful of people wealthy at the cost of the freedom and dignity of millions. Disgusting.”

Clara looked at Sherlock, “Before these all get taken away to be copied think about anything you want the analysts to do for you. You know your mind best, they are there to help you. Find the patterns, make the connections. I don’t want some self-serving bastard to get off after this is all said and done because we didn’t make sure to check under all the rocks.”

Sherlock nodded at Clara, he’d always intended to review his own data first, having a team work for him would simplify matters a great deal since there were many areas where he didn’t currently have workable knowledge. His new team could review the files and put together legal missteps that needed to be corrected or at the very least, made a matter of public record. He looked at Harry, “Why Yakutsk?”

“It’s historic. Lots of beautiful scenery and the locals are robust; Sieger seems to be a man who appreciates tenacity.” Harry was grinning and it wasn’t pleasant, “He’s a foolish old man who only sees what he wants to see. He’s spent years living someone else’s life and even if he does break the law there he’s still going to be finished in a very short amount of time. I’m not noble like John, I don’t mind making an old man suffer just a little bit more because that fucker really deserves a whole lot worse.” Harry’s voice was almost savage, “People like him sicken me. He’s prideful and cruel, treacherous and filled with the kind of cunning that succeeds because it is so ruthless. People like Sieger Holmes take until there is nothing more to give and then they break the remainder, I would see him die by inches rather than by the heart-attack or stroke that will likely kill him while he’s abroad. He’s lucky I’ve decided to be kind.” Freezing painfully to death one appendage at a time or being worked to death in the goldmines, these were Harry’s ideas of mercy. Sherlock liked her more than ever.
Clara checked her watch, “We have another meeting to get to, suddenly we don’t have enough
time.” Harry sprinkled kisses everywhere and Clara collected hugs before they swept out the door.

Mycroft looked down at everything, “We need a bigger space to work. It’s too crowded here; we’re
going to miss something.”

“Later brother, these boxes will be gone presently and we’ll just need sitting room and possibly more
laptops.” They began organizing their space, ordering the alphas to do the actual moving and lifting
until all the boxes were downstairs waiting to be picked up.

Sherlock and Mycroft sat side by side and began poring over the data. They made a list of other
values to track, expanded Sherlock’s current database to divide some information that was already
there and were still working steadily on it when a team of fresh-faced youths in ill-fitting suits
showed up. “The Lady Harriet sends her regards and asks if we might take these for copying and
analysis.” said a young woman politely.

Sherlock just looked at her, “What did she actually say?”

The girl blushed and paused before she said, “The Lady actually said run your arses down to 221 B
Baker Street to pick up a shitload of boxes you need to eyeball and whatever else Sherlock asks you
to do.”

Sherlock nodded, that sounded more like Harry. “We have a database started, recheck the data just to
be sure and fill in all the rest, if someone has an idea for something else to track contact me
immediately.”

“Yes sir.” said the girl. Sherlock realized half of them were alphas including the girl speaking to him
and not one of them was behaving with undue arrogance. They just seemed like a group of young
and very eager students, “This won’t take us long, there’s a fair group of us and we work as a team.
We’ll send a message along as soon as we’ve completed the first phase of your plan.”

Sherlock didn’t actually have a plan but made a note to make one with Mycroft. Harry had goals to
be sure but pure research had no purpose if there wasn’t a goal. The boxes were quickly collected up
and taken away along with a copy of Sherlock’s database.

Mycroft was upstairs and he was frowning at the screen, “We’ll need to bring in a photographer. At
least half these files are missing all but the most basic information.”

“Well we have identifying marks at least. John made note of tattoos, scars, and other physical
characteristics like missing appendages.” Mycroft nodded as Sherlock spoke, scrolling over to the
relevant columns, “The files were updated for a time before being put into what we shall charitably
called long-term storage. Some of these marks happened while they were incarcerated.” It wasn’t
uncommon for prisoners to mark themselves somehow to remember someone on the outside or with
something that would help them with their time on the inside.

How had they managed, he wondered. Where did they get the inks, the needles? Some of the tattoos
had been strangely elegant, artwork almost, some of it hauntingly beautiful. The one with the flowers
had been especially poetic, the flower rough at one end but progressively more delicate and beautiful
the further along they went. Did it mean something? Sherlock wondered and mentally went over the
other tattoos he’d seen. They were eclectic; they didn’t seem to have a theme. Obviously they were
private then, something personal to the individual.

It was time for Greg to meet up with the children. Mycroft stood, “I would like Mummy to stay with
us.”
Sherlock looked up in surprise, “Why? She is perfectly safe here.”

“Indeed she is but the children love her and she has something to occupy her all day long. All she can do here is wait politely with Mrs. Hudson, they don’t know each other well enough to stay full time together should Mrs. Hudson even wish such a thing. She has ever been the independent woman. The Lady Harriet has provided Mummy with a bodyguard by way of her driver, she is safe and happy with us.” Mycroft was asking permission though as the eldest it was his right to do as he pleased. Sherlock thought for only a moment, Mummy didn’t need to sit quietly in the corner until they had time. They would be busy with their case now, Mycroft too. At least at Mycroft’s the children would have someone to love who would be happy to love them back. He nodded. “I will ask if she wishes it. We can collect her things tomorrow.”

“Very well brother. As long as she is happy.” that was the only important thing. Mummy should be happy, no matter what it took. Mycroft agreed and took his leave with his alpha. With a sigh he watched his brother leave. John came over, “Mummy will stay with them if she chooses.”

“You sure darling?” John sounded concerned but nodded when Sherlock did, “Alright then. I guess it’s only fair. I’m going to make you some dinner and then we’ll look this stuff over together alright? We have a whole team of people who now work for us. Let’s give them something to do.

“Indeed John.” Sherlock bent his head over his monumental task, instantly lost in his work while John took care of everything else. There was so much to do, Harry and Clara were right. Suddenly there wasn’t enough time.

Chapter End Notes

I have currently used up all my excess time and though I want to post every single day I might not be able to do that. I will try though, I will try very, very, very hard because this is just getting to the fun bit.
A legal case had possibly never been put together with Holmesian precision before. Mycroft and Sherlock were focused, exact, detailed, and relentless. If John had been impressed with Sherlock’s intellect prior to watching his omega take on this project it was nothing to the sheer awe the doctor seemed to be experiencing as he watched the detective scrutinizing facts at a rate exceeding that of the entire League combined. They had a video conference going on between several people, all of whom were jostling for turns to answer Mycroft or Sherlock’s quick-fire questions. The League definitely knew their jobs, Sherlock was woefully ignorant of law in many areas, mostly due to the fact that Sieger had kept an incomplete library while Sherlock was growing up and after that he hadn’t bothered to learn more than had been advantageous for doing the Work. Mycroft saw things from an entirely different perspective, his minor position in government was an administrative post but it had garnered the elder brother some valuable analytical skills. The very first day with their new assistants had resulted in a much expanded database complete with graphs and all manner of options for reviewing the material. Both brothers went at it with almost disturbing focus.

Greg had to work during the day but John watched over both omegas carefully, making sure both men ate appropriately and were looked after and generally undisturbed as they lapsed into their old ways of communicating in simple words and references. John clearly couldn’t follow along but as long as Mycroft could and John didn’t interrupt too much they could work their way with speed through the available records. Sherlock was grateful when more material arrived, he poured over everything with Mycroft and John, and Greg when he came to pick his omega up for the night. Their database grew to astounding portions, thousands of pages of information that the brother reviewed and added to continuously.

In the background John and Greg managed to keep the outside world at bay while Harry and Clara readied their people to begin moving, Mycroft’s plan nearly ready for execution. One person at a time had been carefully cross-checked so now Lestrade’s division and Mycroft’s personal staff had been cleared and apprise of the situation, there had been three leaks in Mycroft’s team and to Greg’s everlasting shame, two in his division. Both officers were transferred into a division where their contacts with omega were severely reduced. As Sherlock anticipated Sally Donovan had been made ill and then furious when Lestrade provided the proof she had always been convinced had existed that omega were being deliberately ill-treated. Anderson was taken immediately to Doctor Trevor who tried to explain the differences between bonds and was astounded when he was able to teach the omega the scent differences even if it made Anderson make a face when he scented Sherlock and John’s rare soul bond. Doctor Trevor agreed to try and teach other officers the skills though for lack of choice they’d all be alphas. Still, it was a start and Lestrade’s division was grateful.

Harry had contacted one of her many partners and before the staff at a very particular penal institution realized anything was going on all of them had been put on paid leave from the prison and kindly requested to remain on hand for performance reviews. Since all the guards had lived lives of
impunity none of them thought for a moment to worry and toasted their good fortune. The replacement personnel moved in like a small army, flooding the once horrid prison with medical professionals of all sorts as well as vast contingent of lawyers provided by Edgewater to begin processing people out. The inmates had been stunned as well as rightfully suspicious until the locked doors to their cells had been opened and left opened unless they themselves wished to close them, the new guards apologising for the delay but that only a tiny bit more patience was required, Lady Harry didn’t want to miss a soul that should rightfully be released and everyone needed to be checked. There were hundreds of people at a single facility, and countless hundreds more at others. Even with Harry’s resources fully at their disposal it was going to take some time. Everyone worked feverishly to make that time as short as possible.

There had only been two notable distractions that drew Sherlock’s attention during work hours. The first had been the arrival of the documentation allowing their marriage to proceed at their leisure. He kept it tucked near his laptop; it was the most important package of papers Sherlock had ever received. He needed to speak to John soon about their actual wedding but at the moment there was so much to do. Sherlock made a stern note to himself not to forget. He knew he could become too focused on the Work and delay arranging it but that would hurt John’s feelings and Sherlock could not do that, not to John. He was a genius. He could solve the case and organize a wedding too.

The second distraction was news of their once-sire. Sieger didn’t even make it to his first meeting. After freezing his way through a long day of icy travel along The Road of Bones he’d arrived at his Siberian abode cold, miserable, and short-tempered. To cheer himself up Sieger had attempted to relieve some stress with the young omega who had delivered his dinner, an honorable service the law abiding building manager had been happy to boast his residence offered. Not everyone was served by so prestigious a person, it had been meant as a gesture of respect. Apparently the young woman’s screams had immediately alerted all the alphas in the building, all of whom had converged on Sieger’s room in time to stop him from removing the last of the woman’s clothing, her face bloodied where he’d struck her out of careless anger. The elderly alpha had been entirely outraged by the interruption but not as outraged as the much younger alphas who quickly surrounded him, protecting and sheltering the weeping omega and hiding her from his eyes. Sieger had been beaten for a few minutes then summarily, and rather roughly, ejected from his flat after being in residence for less than an hour and physically delivered by a group of angry volunteers who dragged him through the streets in front of the all the residents, shouting his shame out for all to hear, and delivered Sieger, bloodied, bruised, and protesting to the local Mothers Council to have a chat. It hadn’t gone well. Sieger was still cold, hungry, frustrated, angry, and completely incapable of speaking to anyone who was an omega with anything other than scorn and contempt.

Thanks to the brisk no-nonsense system the Mothers had in place the morning Sieger was to have met his first business contact instead found him on the road heading toward the very same gold-mine he was to have inspected after being stripped and lashed ten times. Then Sieger had spent the night in the very warm and plainly appointed room that passed for a temporary holding cell in the community jail. The elderly alpha would be given ample opportunity to know the mine’s workings inside and out, if he lasted. Since the New Gulag didn’t provide work clothes Sieger had to hope that his fashionable winter-wear was sturdy enough to survive the brutal drop in temperatures that were an everyday occurrence. Mycroft and Sherlock smiled to themselves as they read the detailed report Harry had immediately sent them but both agreed to say nothing to Mummy until they knew for certain that her alpha had perished. Perhaps she would know; neither Sherlock nor Mycroft knew what the force-bond allowed her to share with her bond-holder.

Sherlock sent a thank-you text to Harry and mentioned that their paperwork had arrived. She obviously told her wife because Clara texted back almost instantly and arranged a time to meet with him later on that day, no excuses accepted. Sherlock sighed and showed John. No matter how riveting the Work was at the moment Clara could not be denied, “Well, let’s get it done love, I’d
rather not wait if you don’t mind.” John smelled of excitement with a touch of impatience.

Sherlock had nothing to wait for. Getting married was simple wasn’t it? Someone official said things they repeated and they signed a bit of paper with some others and that was it. It was a legal procedure. Being married was very significant and Sherlock didn’t want to understate the importance of the day but the actual mechanics of it were easy.

It ended up being a rather long visit with Clara. Sherlock sat on his chair while she sat on John’s chair; Mycroft and John on the sofa listening to the arguments unfold. Clara wanted flowers. John didn’t care for cut flowers so Sherlock said no. She mentioned a church; Sherlock had never been to one except to study architecture and thought it would be a bit hypocritical to be taking a solemn vow someplace that meant nothing personally to him. There would only be a bare handful of people in attendance, did they really need to find a large space to celebrate in? Was there somewhere John particularly like? The alpha had shaken his head and Clara was beginning to look frustrated, “Well I just don’t know what you want!” she exclaimed.

“I want to be married to John.” said Sherlock firmly, “I am willing to do it in whatever way makes John happiest. I don’t have many close acquaintances, Mummy and Mycroft are already here, I don’t understand the use of most of this frippery you’ve mentioned and I doubt John does either. I also don’t see the point of wedding clothes, I think he looks very nice in his blue jumper and he likes my purple shirt. If we can get someone to perform the official part of it I’d be just as pleased to stand right here in front of the fireplace as anywhere in London. I just want to be married to John.”

Clara looked disgruntled but John was so pleased he was nearly wiggling around, his smile huge and filled with delight. “Fine, we’ll have it here in your grotty death trap. We won’t have to throw rice; the plaster dust drifting down from the ceiling will give everything a smoky ethereal quality.”

“It’s not a death trap.” Sherlock and John protested instantly. Both men loved 221 B Baker Street dearly. It had character and Mrs. Hudson.

“But you’re not arguing the grotty part.” said Clara dryly, “Alright, alright, don’t get your knickers in a twist, we’ll have it here in your well-loved and very seasoned domicile, clearly the nexus of connubial bliss.”

“When?” demanded Sherlock and Clara laughed merrily.

“I’m sure my wife knows someone who can help.” she said with a warm smile, “This is disappointing, heartily disappointing I don’t mind telling you. I had every intention of forcing Harry into a really hideous bridesmaid dress, I saw one in the shops, they’re holding it for me. Now there’s no point.”

 Entirely alert John sat up straight, “Wait, don’t cancel the hold.” Clara was already giggling and John was grinning before he leaned over and smiled at his sister-in-law and speaking with the syrupiest voice Sherlock had ever heard John use, “Allow me Clara, I would absolutely love to buy Harry’s dress for my wedding.”

“Oh I couldn’t possibly John!” protested Clara who was already emailing him the name and address of the shop. “I hope you like limes.”

“I love them.” John stated firmly.

“Where?” demanded Sherlock a second time.

“I’ll talk to Harry, she’ll talk to someone, they’ll get back to us, and we’ll tell you when the earliest
time becomes available alright?” said Clara firmly, “It won’t take John more than a moment to pull on his wedding jumper and I bet he’d help you button up your purple sex shirt, temporarily at least.” Sherlock blushed but said nothing, “A day or so lovey alright? Let’s get the dress first, and then I’m sure it won’t be longer than that. You’ll conduct your first interview a respectably married man, I swear.” Sherlock sat back, very satisfied with that idea. “I’ll take those rings now.” Clara held out her hand, palm up.

John covered his ring with his other hand, “Why?”

“So I can give it back to you during the ceremony you dolt.” Clara brandished her palm again.

John shook his head, “You can get it off me the day of, the minute before, not sooner.” Clara looked as Sherlock who firmly shook his head. He wasn’t taking his ring off for anyone.

“You two really were made for each other,” Clara gave in, “We’ll get back in touch with you as soon as possible. Since it’s going to happen here all we need to do is keep track of every one so we know when to momentarily converge on the location. John, have the dress delivered to our office.”

Sherlock looked at Clara and with a completely expressionless face said, “I am terribly fond of the color green.” he was but Clara understood and sniggered immediately. Harry couldn’t say no, not if her brother had bought the dress and it was in Sherlock’s favorite color, if not shade. There were limited applications for lime green but for a single day an excess of it would merely mark the occasion in everyone’s memory.

John was already on his mobile calling the shop in question and having everything put on his credit card, “Messenger it over.” he said as he ended the call.

“Tomorrow.” said Sherlock with finality. “No later than 4 PM.” John was grinning and smiling at Clara who rolled her eyes, “The facility is going to be available for interviews in two days. I wish to be married before then. I have a list of interviewees already sorted.”

Clara smiled fondly and promised, “Tomorrow, no later than four pm. Alright Sherlock. Goodnight gentlemen.” John was thrilled but said nothing, just working in the background as Mycroft and Sherlock got on with their project. Lestrade showed up just before dinner to take Mycroft home where Mummy and Lestrade’s children were waiting on a meal. Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Turner had already left for one of their many evening diversions; John thought it was more dance lessons tonight so reluctantly Sherlock put his work away to have dinner with John without distraction.

During the meal Sherlock realized he would be working could be working on this case for a long time. He’d spent the entire day completely immersed in it, almost entirely ignoring his alpha. Sherlocked needed to spend time with John, they were going to be married the next day, they needed to focus some of their time on one another. To that end Sherlock let John wash up after their meal while he got things ready. John came out to find that Sherlock had lit the fire, put away all his work, selected some music, and was waiting for John with a soft smile on his face, “Dance with me?” he asked.

John’s face lit up, “You want to dance?”

“Well not out in a club, just here, with you.” John seemed to like that idea very much and set their herbal tea down on the hearth to stay warm before taking Sherlock in his arms to move slowly to the music. Sherlock held John closely, enjoying the way it felt to move and sway together as one song after another played. The music’s tempo didn’t matter, neither man let go of the other nor did either of them attempt to move away. They just danced.
They kept the evening light and romantic, finishing their tea in little sips between dances even though it was tepid. As they danced Sherlock rested his head on John’s and ran the fingers of one hand up and down John’s spine. John was practically purring in Sherlock’s arms and the omega felt like he was dancing on clouds from how happy making John happy made him. When the fire died down Sherlock took John by the hand and led the smiling alpha to the shower where they washed each other slowly before going to bed. Once again John made love to Sherlock, bringing the omega ecstasy over and over again until the alpha could hold himself back no further. When they dozed off at long last both men fell deeply asleep, both deeply satisfied, and entirely content.

John didn’t fuss at all when Mycroft showed up after breakfast and began working with Sherlock as had become the norm for the omegas. Apart from taking a minute to laugh at the angry text he got from Harry followed by the confirmation text from Clara that an officiant had indeed been located the alpha was perfectly content to allow the brothers freedom to do as they needed throughout the day provided they both ate all their lunch and took their tablets. The alpha kept them well supplied with water and fruit juices as well, neither brother noticing that they were steadily nibbling their way through bowls of olives, or fruit slices, or other healthy snacks that John was wordlessly putting close to hand. Sherlock had never eaten so much in all his life and he didn’t seem to mind at all.

At two Greg showed up to whisk Mycroft away and John chivvied Sherlock into the shower. Afterward they dressed each other carefully, John choosing one of Sherlock’s many bespoke suits and Sherlock picking all his favorites of John’s clothes until each man was done up to his lover’s satisfaction. At three a team of movers magically appeared along with Anthea who took out all the clutter from the front room of 221 B, lay down a fresh area carpet, and set out a small number of folding chairs. By three-thirty the movers had disappeared to go for a drive with John and Sherlock’s sofa and guests began to appear. Mrs. Hudson bustled in with Mrs. Turner, Mummy arrived with Lestrade’s children, all wearing play clothes and simple dresses and holding each other’s hands, strung out like baby ducks behind the elderly omega who smiled proudly at her sons. Mummy sat up front with Mycroft who, like Sherlock, was wearing a suit. Molly showed up with Mike Stamford, both of them still wearing their lab coats and clearly arriving directly from work.

The officiant’s name was Bryon and he was a tall rough looking man whose appearance brought to mind a rough-hewn lumberjack rather than a man of conviction but he shook both their hands and went over the vows with them to make sure they agreed with the wording. When Sherlock heard bickering downstairs he nodded to the man, “We’re nearly ready. The groom’s sister has arrived.”

“Hurry up Harry, I swear they’re beginning!” Clara rushed headlong into the flat with Harry hard on her heels. Clara was wearing an elegantly charming deep purple cocktail dress but Harry’s dress was an eyesore even for the blind. The wide strap that came over her left shoulder had a monstrous pouffe on it that was offset by other monstrous pouffes that outlined Harry’s right hip. Some sort of scalloping lined her neck and the very high hemline of the skirt, and somehow Clara had found shoes to match. Lime green strangely suited the sandy-haired woman. Harry stopped in the doorway, looked at everyone wearing their regular clothes and turned her glare on John, “You bastard.”

“Heard you Harry, we’re almost starting.” he said with a grin. Clara came up behind him so John finally relinquished his ring and set it next to Sherlock’s on her palm. Since they had done away with all the extraneous pronouncements and speeches the officiant simply called the assembly to order and began. John was smiling so hard the Sherlock couldn’t keep his eyes off his alpha, admiring the joy in John’s face when the alpha promised to love, cherish, and worship Sherlock for all of his days and nearly cried when Sherlock fervently promised the same. Clara squeeched Sherlock’s hand as she passed him John’s ring and Sherlock knew he had never seen anyone as magnificently happy with life as John Watson was when Sherlock slid his wedding ring firmly back into place.

It felt different this time.
Sherlock was aware of John in a way he hadn’t been. Suddenly it was as if John were an extension of him, the rings on their fingers more than mere display. Sherlock felt connected to his alpha, felt John’s happiness, his deep seated fears, and his overwhelming conviction that Sherlock could do anything he put his mind to. John believed in Sherlock without a scrap of doubt or hesitation. “I love you John.” said Sherlock after they exchanged their first married kiss, “Thank you for marrying me.” How had he gotten so lucky? How had the universe managed to produce someone so effortlessly perfect for him? “I love you so much.”

John was hugging Sherlock so tight his ribs almost creaked and the alpha’s eyes were brilliant, and filled with almost ferocious devotion, “I love you Sherlock, you are the most incredible person to have ever existed and I will never stop thanking my luck for being in your life.” Oh John! They kissed then and forgot about everyone because the only two people in the world who mattered right then was them. John’s mouth was sweet and warm, his lips moved against Sherlock’s and made the omega’s heart begin to pound.

They bent their heads to sign their marriage license when John surprised Sherlock again, “What would you like your married name to be?”

It hadn’t even occurred to Sherlock that he might have a choice in the matter. He’d just assumed he would go from being Sherlock Holmes to being Sherlock Watson. “I’m not sure John, I have not thought on it. Do you have a suggestion?”

John did, “I was thinking we could both change, just a bit. What do you think of Watson-Holmes?” Once again John was breaking the mould, alphas didn’t marry their omega and they certainly didn’t take their spouse’s names if they did choose to wed.

Sherlock pondered it, ignoring everyone who was watching and smiling behind them. He sounded out the names in his mind Sherlock Watson-Holmes and John Watson-Holmes. He tried it the other way Sherlock Holmes-Watson and John Holmes-Watson. It didn’t sound as nice so he tried John’s suggestion again Sherlock Watson-Holmes. He was Sherlock Watson-Holmes, equal partners with his husband John Watson-Holmes, “I think that will do very nicely John.” he signed with a flourish.

John’s smile was so large it must have been hurting his face a bit but he signed as well, and Sherlock admired his husband’s new name as the ink dried, sinking into the parchment right next to Sherlock’s signature. They were married.

Clara had arranged for a small banquet to be delivered as well as several bottle of sparkling water and juice since so many of the wedding goers could not consume alcohol. Sherlock and Mycroft got first pick of everything of course and even though John was the groom he still spent his time ferrying small plates of things back and forth to Sherlock until the omega was finally so full he was getting sleepy. Lestrade’s children were fascinated with their flat, inspecting everywhere they were allowed to go and asking Sherlock questions about being a detective and John about being a soldier, both occupations receiving the highest praise from the eager boys and girls. All of them were friendly, energetic, and amusing. They had no problem circulating the crowd of adults, casually leaning up against Mummy whenever they had a spare moment before their attention was taken by the skull or Sherlock’s harpoon, or any of the dozens of other unusual things the couple kept in their home.

Everyone stayed only for a couple of hours which was more than enough for Sherlock who just wanted to stretch out and nap. Even Mycroft looked half asleep so after a stream of hugs and good wishes 221 B finally emptied out and Sherlock collapsed in their bedroom to sleep. He woke up a few hours later to find John sleeping at his side and slipped out to inspect the front room. The movers had come back in and replaced everything. If it wasn’t for the framed license John had on the mantle it would be like nothing had happened today at all. Sherlock turned and went silently back to bed.
He slipped under the covers and looked at John. His short hair was flat in the front from how he’d fallen asleep and there was already a pillow wrinkle on his cheek. Sherlock was charmed. He was certain wedding nights weren’t supposed to end with a good night’s sleep but one couldn’t argue one’s biology and Sherlock was pregnant. He’d discovered that when his transport decided it needed to sleep, it slept and Sherlock’s brain had very little input regarding scheduling. His transport was making other decisions too like causing Sherlock to lean forward to smell John’s neck.

*Oh!*

John’s scent had always been complex, so layered with things that it seemed almost simple but like the man himself it wasn’t. John smelled like….Sherlock floundered as a barrage of images flooded his mind. John smelled like the calm before the storm, he smelled distantly dangerous, wonderfully destructive, marvellously controlled, powerful, overwhelming….stillness. That was John. He was the stillness before a strike, that moment of silence before thunder and lightning, the soundless instant before a vast explosion, John was all that magnificence held in abeyance, poised on a knife edge because John was all those things but John was also….movement. John was the rush of blood through Sherlock’s veins, the pump of his heart. John was the causality that directed Sherlock’s existence, that had forged him into someone who in every way needed John to be exactly as he was. John was everything Sherlock was missing, every hollow part of the omega had been matched to the alpha and now seamlessly they were one. *Unity.*

Sherlock pulled himself close to John, draping himself over his husband’s back and holding him close so he could smell John in his dreams. Perhaps they should have consummated their marriage in a more traditional way but this night Sherlock felt like he had melted through the barriers of reality and had fused himself to John. They were as together as they could be so he lay there in the soothing darkness and pressed his growing belly to the hardness of John’s body, surrounding their children with steadfast devotion. Sherlock felt ecstasy; he felt the vastness of the universe around him, he felt love. John was dreaming of his love for Sherlock so with a small smile Sherlock pressed his nose to John’s neck, closed his eyes, and joined John in his dreams.

Chapter End Notes

I still plan *possibly fruitlessly* to post on a daily or near daily basis. I have so many ideas and I’m not about to let something boring like Real Life get in the way.
Sherlock and John had the perfect wedding but now there’s serious business to tend to.

John Watson-Holmes was a possessive protective territorial alpha. Well before they were supposed to be up Sherlock’s husband had woken and decided to make sure his claim was screamingly obvious before he allowed the omega to travel to a prison to interview convicts, even if they had been put there wrongly. Sherlock was pulled from his dreams as John kissed and nibbled his way up and down Sherlock’s body until he was wound tight and gasping for more. Each shivering inch of his body was super-aware of each bit of John’s as the smaller man stroked and teased him into a state of almost babbling lust.

Sherlock blessed his natural flexibility when John pushed his thighs up against his chest so he could position himself. Sherlock watched rapturously as John entered him, both of them moaning softly as John buried himself one generous piece at a time until he was pressed tight to Sherlock. The alpha delighted in the freedom he had with Sherlock’s body and it brought Sherlock pleasure on multiple levels to see his lover take that delight. The hard wet slap of their flesh was the finest music Sherlock could imagine, their grunts and moans the sweetest song, and their mutual cries at the pinnacle of it all resonated deep within him.

They didn’t have a lot of time so after a brief period of kissing and touching one another they slid out of bed to shower and ready themselves. Harry’s car would be there to pick them up after breakfast.
and drive them to the hotel they were staying at. Sherlock and John would be met by Mycroft and Lestrade the day after which was the soonest the DI could break away from his job. Sherlock packed their suitcase while John made breakfast and before much longer they were driving down the streets and reviewing their information together, “What are you asking for?”

“I want to get their side of the circumstances; clearly these people were not represented by anyone at all. Perhaps there are yet names unnoted that were responsible for all of this happening. Of course it’s possible one of the people I plan to interview will be released before I get to them but hopefully there will be some way of coming across them after that so we can pursue all possible leads.” John nodded, he’d heard the plan before of course but he was a soldier, preparation was common sense.

It took all morning to make the trip not including the brief stop at a nearby community to check into their hotel room and drop off their suitcase, and to eat a hearty lunch. Sherlock and John proceeded directly to the prison, they could interview right into the evening, no one had anything better to do, that was for certain. The guards at the gate had Sherlock and John’s picture waiting; they were waved right inside and met with a small team of legal counsel who were enjoined to sit in to record each session. Sherlock reviewed their list.

The only private places to have the interviews were once grim interrogation rooms. There wasn’t much to be done to brighten them up but a proper table had been brought in, several relatively comfortable chairs, and a side-table filled with refreshments. The room was grim but the atmosphere was hopeful. The first man was brought in. He was gray-haired and thin, his posture slightly defensive, and his eyes sharp. Sherlock noted that he was scenting the room unobtrusively, the man was cautious, intelligent, and wary, “My name is Sherlock Watson-Holmes, I would like to ask you some questions beginning with your name.”

The man looked at Sherlock and said, “Elias Booker.” that was the name on his record sitting in front of Sherlock.

“I meant your actual name.” said Sherlock kindly and the alpha looked surprised, “You are not being misled. This past week is exactly what it seems to be, the road to freedom. We are here to make sure that you are not only released from this place as soon as possible but that the people who made sure you ended up here are appropriately punished.”

The alpha sat stiffly for a minute and looked hesitant before he said, “My name was…is…Adam Covington. I was taken from my omega Emma Richfield almost twenty years ago after we found out she was having twins. I was arrested at work and accused of misconduct but that was it. There was nothing more than that and I haven’t seen my Emma in all this time.” The hour they spent with Adam produced names of various arresting officers and one of the now deceased judges that had convicted him. “If you release me where do I go? Emma was the only person in the world who mattered to me, she didn’t mind that I was just a teacher, we got by. I had no one else.”

That was a problem. It was hardly helpful to release them and then force everyone into a life of homelessness. Sherlock sent a message to Harry regarding the problem only to discover she’d already thought of it. “There is a place in the country, it’s all farmland and there are several large estates that are kept only by the staff for use by the families when they have occasion to visit. Most are fitted with guest suites and many of these homes have been made available to people such as yourself to use as long as necessary until we find your families.” Adam was very surprised but nodded again, “The Lady Harriet is arranging a transport system to deliver people to their destination.” Sherlock corrected Adam’s file information while the alpha was photographed and formally released. He still decided to go back to his cell to wait for the next day when he would be brought to his temporary home. Sherlock added Emma’s name to the list of missing omega they had developed during their research, “One last question Mr. Covington, who did your tattoo?”
The alpha smiled for the first time, “Saw that did you.” Adam’s forearm was covered wrist to elbow with what looked like an assortment of clock-faces, “Emma used to collect them, our flat was filled with clocks. That was one of the things I miss the most about her, the sound of all those damned clocks ticking all around us.” He looked at his arm, “Tim. His name is Tim Flowers, he’s done a lot of the lads. Gifted he is.”

Sherlock remembered the name; he had Mr. Flowers on his list for interview. He checked. He was ninth on the list, “We’ll be speaking to him later, thank you for your time Mr. Covington.”

“I don’t have anything else, you’re welcome to a bit of it.” said the alpha wryly, “Thanks for doing all of this, most of us thought we’d die here eventually.” Without another word he left and was replaced with another man.

The interview was repeated and John took over correcting the information in their database. This alpha had been a police-officer named Felton, not high-ranking but very popular in his community where he was part of nearly every endeavor either as a volunteer or sponsor. His family had been very old-fashioned and he used to give motivational speeches to youngsters about being good citizens. One day he had been called in to speak with a superior officer and then ordered to bring himself here. He had, thinking he was part of the detail of officers that occasionally escorted prisoners during transfers and had been shocked to his core when he was immediately put into a cell without a word of explanation. He’d been there for twenty-five years. He’d had an omega as well, “I don’t know what happened to Carlton. He was delicate. I just never came home, what must he have thought? I worry about him still, do…do you think you can find him for me?” Sherlock added Carlton’s name to the list and promised to try his very best. He would.

“One last question Mr. Langley, who did your tattoo?” Sherlock was shown a finely wrought hummingbird sipping a honey-suckle blossom.

“When I was a lad I lived in the country. My bearer used to keep one of those fake plants in the window, the ones you can refill, you know, to attract the little buggers. When we retired Carlton and I were going to find a place in the country and raise real living things.” He stopped talking for a moment, “Timothy Flowers, bless him and his clever hands. He did this.”

They thanked him and he went on his way, once again replaced by an elderly alpha. He looked sharply at Sherlock, “You need something to drink dearie, and a snack.” He looked sternly at John, “He’s pregnant.”

“Yes he is.” said John defiantly, “Your point?”

“My point is that it’s cold in here, that seat is crap, his back is going to seize up, and he’s obviously hungry.” Sherlock was hungry and now that he thought about it he was thirsty too. There was food and beverages available; they just hadn’t stopped to have any. John remedied that while the elder sat down, “Eat up dearie, it’s always snack time in the beginning, like your body is saving up for later when eating isn’t happening so easily.”

“You are referring to morning sickness. I haven’t got it.” said Sherlock. This interview wasn’t progressing as smoothly as the first two.

“Not yet dearie, you will. My Lottie had five before I came here; it was the same every time. Eat as much as you can dearie, you’ll thank yourself later.” advised the alpha softly. He eyed John a little sourly, “He needs to mind things better.”

“If my alpha minded me any more he’d be hand-feeding me every hour on the hour and carrying me everywhere.” said Sherlock tartly, “His behavior is not in question. The people who put you here
however, *their* behavior demands many questions. What can you tell us about them?”

Sherlock had made the old man smile wryly before he frowned, “So it’s true. You’re after the bastards. Owen Smith.” Sherlock introduced himself and shook the offered hand.

“Yes. Our goal is to remove as many individuals from this place as expeditiously as possible to make room for various replacement tenants. *Their names* if you please?” The alpha had a savage smile on as he carefully named people who had caused him to be where he was and completed the interview. “Can you tell me about your omega?”

The old man’s face fell, “She’s not with me any longer. I got an official letter that told me Lottie passed on. I didn’t feel a thing.” he looked mournful. “She was so young, far too young for someone like me but she insisted so we bonded. It’s been ten years since I saw her sweet face.”

“You would have known if something happened to her?” pressed Sherlock and the old man nodded, “How?”

“We loved each other. Our bond was really strong. I knew when she was happy or sad, sometimes, it’s like I still know.” Sherlock sat a bit straighter and tried not to admit that his back was indeed a bit stiff. If Mr. Smith could still feel his omega, perhaps she was still alive. He didn’t want to get the old man’s hopes up but he put her name on the list anyway. The old man got up to leave and looked sternly at John again, “Take a break. Go for a little walk. He’s not complaining now but you’re doing him no favors.”

John didn’t argue and did as he was told. “No one is going anywhere Sherlock, so we’ll get one less person done today, we’ll tighten up the interview time somehow and do more people tomorrow.”

“Perhaps John, Mr. Flowers is on my list and his name has been mentioned in nearly every interview. I feel some extra time with this individual might be required. His skills have touched many in this place.” Everyone on Sherlock’s list had tattoos noted and most of them had the same delicate touch, clearly all of them had been created by Mr. Flowers. Sherlock was interested to meet the man and hear his story.

They walked up and down the hallways of the administrative portion of the facility until Sherlock’s back loosened up. They were eating sandwiches, incredibly tasty ones, “Harry obviously upgraded the food,” said John appreciatively around a bite, “This is the best sandwich I’ve ever had.” Sherlock ate two, and drank an entire litre of juice. They walked some more until he needed to relieve himself and then Sherlock felt like he could face more interviews without discomfort.

The next alpha was a large beefy man with an expansive belly and twinkling eyes, “Oh ho! I haven’t seen an omega in so long I’m wondering if I’m hallucinating or in heaven! Pregnant to boot! Hello ducky, you look too thin, have a biscuit.” The large man grabbed a plate of biscuits on his way by and plunked them directly in front of Sherlock, “You need to feed him more little man.” he frowned at John.

John bristled but Sherlock lay his hand on John’s and spoke, “I am unable to gain weight. I have spent years trying. John feeds me almost more than I can manage.”

“He needs to try a little harder in my view,” said the big man, “Pudding, lots of pudding and heavy cream. You’ll be caught up in no time.”

“I could eat a pound of butter with every meal and it would make no difference,” snapped Sherlock, “To put your mind at ease John takes amazingly good care of me, he’s entirely devoted, and if you criticize him one more time I’m moving your name to the bottom of the list!”
“Sorry ducky sorry! Didn’t mean to make you upset, there’s a love, here, have a biscuit.” the big man patted the table near Sherlock anxiously and nudged the plate closer to the omega, “I’m sure he’s a fine alpha. Don’t be sad. The name’s Wallace Greenall.”

Sherlock was upset and cursed his roiling hormones for choosing this instant to make their grand appearance, “We’re just trying to help.” he said and wished he hadn’t teared up when he said it or that his voice hadn’t broken on the last word. The big man was twisting his fingers together but John just pulled Sherlock close and kissed him on the top of his head until Sherlock relaxed again. Once he was collected he excused himself, “Apologies, I’m not normally like this.”

The big man sighed, “Sorry ducky, I know I smother. I can’t help it. I miss my Bertram but even he would be ready to knock me about the head for smothering too much. Poor lad, I wonder how he is.”

“He is your omega?” asked Sherlock politely.

Now the big man grew forbidding, the jolly happy man entirely disappearing and he seemed bigger than ever, “He was. He was taken.”

“Taken?”

Wallace nodded, his face thunderous, “They broke into our house in the middle of the night, guns, masks, the works. He was terrified; we didn’t know what was going on. They dragged him right out of my arms and carried him off one way and me the other. Two weeks later I got sick, terrible sick. I knew it was my Bertram; they did something to him, something awful. If I ever find out who…..” he stopped speaking, his large fists curling and uncurling, “He was a real good lad, smart. He was writing a book, he was clever like that. I’m not so smart but my Bertram…oh he was a brilliant boy, the very best…someone hurt him and took him from me.” Wallace’s eyes were red, “Fifteen years now. Fifteen years since I was with him last.”

Sherlock and John leaned forward, “Tell us everything.” Wallace did. Grimly they made notes and added Bertram’s name to the list of missing omega. Greg’s division was going to be putting in a lot of overtime tracking everyone but every last member of Lestrade’s team had vowed to put in all their spare time too if that’s what it took.

“You’ll look for him then, my Bertram?” asked Wallace, “Find him for me, make sure he’s alright. That’s all I want. I just want to know he’s alright.” Sherlock’s heart hurt when he realized Wallace wasn’t even asking for Bertram back. He knew his omega had been force-bonded to someone else, Bertram wasn’t his anymore but Wallace still loved him, he just wanted to know that he was out there somewhere and being taken care of.

Sherlock had to swallow hard and he couldn’t speak. Instead he nodded firmly and allowed Wallace to pat his hand farewell before he left. Sherlock had to turn to John so his alpha could hold him while Sherlock wept into his coat. The tragedy of it all! When his tears dried Sherlock was angry, “We will never stop John, not until ever last villain involved has been found.”

“Every last one.” promised John, soothing Sherlock with a tender kiss, “Do we need to take a minute?” Sherlock shook his head, more resolved than ever to continue no matter how many times he cried. Somewhere out there people like Carlton or Lottie or Bertram had wept a million tears already. Someone needed to be taken to task for each and every one. “Alright then love.”

John called in the next man who looked sternly at John when he saw Sherlock’s teary face, “He’s done nothing,” reassured Sherlock, now becoming accustomed to their over-protectiveness and understandable level of skepticism, “Our last visitor had a poignant story which I suspect everyone does. I’ll be fine.”
“Have a sip of something lad, or a bite. It will steady you,” urged the older man, “My name is Wilson Bennett, I’ve been here for nearly forty years now. Thought I’d die in here. Seeing a pretty omega during my last days though, that’s a blessing I never thought to receive.”

The old man’s compliment made Sherlock smile and even John looked approving, “My name is Sherlock Watson-Holmes, we would like to ask you a few questions.” The interview went quickly. Mr. Bennett had run a magazine when he had been in the world, one that had printed thoughtful commentary about current society as well as articles on art and history. The company had closed when he had been seized for suspected tax evasion though all his records were pristine. He had a tattoo from Mr. Flowers as well, a stylized letter M on top of an equally ornate W. Wilson wanted Sherlock to rest a bit before he went on with the next person, “I’m fine. John is a doctor, I am very well rested, I will not exert myself unduly.”

“Take care that he doesn’t,” the old alpha eyed John firmly; “You can’t watch him closely enough.” The more they spoke to the inmates the more they understood their automatically protective feelings for Sherlock. Every last one of them had been separated from their omega before being incarcerated. Wilson’s lost omega was named Margaret, or Maggie. Even the lawyers that accompanied them were finding it difficult to retain their professional poise but they kept working regardless of their reactions.

Sherlock stopped to eat a small meal while everyone took a break. John walked him up and down the corridors again and made sure he had another drink and took some time to refresh himself before they went back. The next alpha to be interviewed identified himself as Thomas Gray; his missing omega was named Simon. They had been arrested after Simon opened a free school for omega interested in higher maths. Thomas had been so proud of his omega; the school had been filled almost immediately. It wasn’t to last. Thomas had been arrested, Simon had been taken away, and they hadn’t seen each other again. Thomas couldn’t say for sure if he still felt Simon at all but he said for years he had, he knew he had, “I’m old now, unsure. I’m not certain if he’s still alive, maybe he died. I don’t know if I’ll ever know.” If Sherlock had to spend the rest of his days doing nothing else he would find every last name on his list.

During each interview John had remained by Sherlock’s side, inching closer and closer until he could unobtrusively place his hand on Sherlock’s armrest. It was odd that Sherlock found being able to bump his elbow against John’s hand to be so comforting but it was. Sherlock was grateful for the gesture during the next interview with a stone-faced alpha who was tall and whip thin, “Garson Sweeney. I used to oversee out-patient care for a maternity ward. My omega, Scott, he was a doula; he helped first time mothers with their deliveries. We were taken at work, no word of explanation. He was supposed to go into heat two days after we were seized. I don’t know what happened to him.” Mr. Sweeney had a tattoo as well, an odd construct that seemed to be made up of small unreadable symbols that formed the shape of a wolf, with its head thrown back in a howl. Sherlock didn’t need this one explained. Canines were often used as symbols of fidelity. Wherever Scott was Garson was waiting to find him. He had been waiting for almost thirty years.

After Garson’s interview Sherlock needed another break, “Every single one of them has only one omega. Not one of them even hinted at wanting more, or even another omega to replace the one they are no longer with.”

“I would never consider it.” said John flatly, “If I were one of them and this happened to me, I’d wait to find you Sherlock, even if it took the rest of my days. I’d figure out some way to get out and I would find you, I’d never want another omega. How could I? You’re my omega.” Sherlock hugged John tight for a minute, both of them needing the reassurance before they called in the next alpha.

The next alpha was a large man with chocolate brown skin and a voice so deep it was almost
inaudible. He was clearly intelligent, his gaze piercing and serious, “I was a scientist. I had been working on compounds to replicate the bonding gland for cases where the omega has been damaged and is unable to bond. Thanks to my efforts to help my process has been perverted and used to cause all the damage you are attempting to undo. My name is Quincy Sheridan. I need you to find a man named Maximillian Asquith.”

“When is Maximillian?” asked John, taking notes.

“He’s an omega; he would have been my omega if he’d been able to bond. He couldn’t. He was in a car accident when he was sixteen, almost left him paralyzed. His bonding gland was severely damaged and didn’t heal. I was trying to find a way for us to bond despite that. We were trying to have a baby. It’s very important that we find Maximillian, he has the rest of the formula.” Quincy was looking back and forth between Sherlock and John, “I haven’t told anyone, how could I tell anyone? The hope would be too cruel. Maxi has the other half of the formula that was taken from me, the one that enables force-bonding. It undoes it. We have to find Maximillian.”

“Where did you live?” asked John, getting a text ready to send to Lestrade.

“Hounslow.” Sherlock called his brother directly the second the name left the alpha’s lips.

“Mycroft, we have someone here who tells us he has a formula that will undo force-bonds.”

“What!” Mycroft sounded shocked, “Who? Where do we find this person?”

“John is texting Lestrade right now, the man’s name is Maximillian Asquith, he’s omega. He can’t bond due to an accident,” Quincy interrupted and pointed to his shoulder mouthing the word scar and made an expansive motion, “He’s got a large scar where his bonding gland should be. He’d be very senior right now.” Quincy shrugged. He looked like he was in his seventies somewhere but his eyes were keen and bright and his body was solid. “This person is now our priority. Hundreds of omegas have been force-bonded. They are as imprisoned as their alphas.”

John was calling Harry now as well, standing in the corner as he informed his sister of the astounding news. Sherlock ended his call with Mycroft and looked at Mr. Sheridan, “How have you kept this secret and survived?”

“I’ve been here longer than anyone. I used to be rich, an introvert, god I hated people. Maxi and I had a large home, servants, everything. All I did was research and Maxi helped me, we did everything together. When we figured out how to bond without his gland we were suddenly very popular. Maxi was concerned because we were being introduced to all kinds of strange people, powerful people.” Quincy stopped talking, “We were having a dinner party, we were getting ready and I realized I forgot to get ice. Maximillian went to the store to pick some up.” Quincy teared up, “If he hadn’t he would have been at home with me when our house was invaded. They destroyed everything they could find but I know Maxi kept copies somewhere, that’s what he did, he was paranoid. I used to tease him about it. I wish I’d just trusted his instincts.” Quincy looked up, “Everyone who might have known what we were working on is dead. Those fuckers took what we created and changed it deliberately; it was never supposed to hurt! These sick bastards hate omega, they hate them! How? How did so many of them get like that? If Maxi is still alive he’s got the answers. He’s clever, he’ll be hiding somewhere in plain sight. Maybe he’s got another alpha to protect him or maybe he’s been on his own this whole time, I don’t know. Find him. Find that formula. I don’t want to die knowing all these people suffered for all these years because I was so in love with someone I created a chemical shackle that enslaved them all.”

Harry called John back. Quincy was to be released that very night, people were coming to collect him to bring him directly to London where he would assist in the search for Maximillian. Quincy
looked shocked, “Leave? Tonight?”

Sherlock realized that the elderly alpha had been institutionalized for four decades. The shock of freedom was unanticipated. “Yes Mr. Sheridan, the Lady Harriet will waste no time, indeed, others have frittered decades of your life away. She would not choose to waste another second of it. You are free as of this moment Mr. Sheridan though legally you have been free this entire time.” Not one of the interviewees was legally imprisoned. They just couldn’t get out.

“Get me to London then, the sooner the better.” The old alpha stood tall and looked down at John and Sherlock, “It was never supposed to have been like this. When I was growing up it was bad enough but what I see on television and what I read in the papers, it is worse isn’t it. It’s so much worse.” Sherlock nodded. Mistreatment of omega had steadily increased for nearly two hundred years. Mr. Sheridan might have unintentionally created the force-bond but he’d done it out of love. Someone else had warped his attempts to share his life with the person he cared for. It made Sherlock feel ill again but if they could they would find Maximillian and if they couldn’t then Sherlock would spend some of his time trying to recreate the rest of the formula now that he knew it even existed.

“They put us all in here and crushed every voice of protest. Year after year I watched this place fill up with good people, people who had no business being in a place like this. You know, half these inmates are blood-relatives to the people on that big list of yours.”

“We’re about to do some housing exchanges.” said John, “These cells won’t be empty for long.” Omega was already being re-distributed. Clara had set up a free exchange at every book store that carried the re-print. Three quarters of the ruling families had donated to toward the purchase of every print that came off the presses so that there was no cost to the recipients. Omega and status conscious alphas everywhere had been coming in droves to acquire their new chic looking copy. A few of them were even beginning to read it.

The interview with Mr. Sheridan had run long and Sherlock needed another break so one of the young lawyers with them went to tell Mr. Flowers that his interview was slightly delayed and offered their apologies. John walked Sherlock around and made him wash his face in the bathroom. They stopped to have a small snack and Sherlock found a small sofa he lay on for half an hour to rest his back. He was getting tired and wondering if delaying Mr. Flowers until tomorrow would be alright. Sighing he sat up. Mr. Flowers had been here nearly as long as Mr. Sheridan, tired or not Sherlock had a duty to interview Mr. Flowers so he could be on his way to seek his omega and try to reclaim his long lost life.

“I’m ready John, let’s get this last one done. I think I need to sleep soon.” John nodded and spoke to their assistant. Sherlock sat on his chair and leaned against John to rest. He really was very tired, perhaps this had been a mistake. He yawned and sat up to drink the glass of water John had someone bring him. It was refreshing and he perked up a little. He heard the clang of the gate at the end of the hallway and the march of footsteps, the last interview was here. Sherlock tried to look professional but he just felt saggy and exhausted.

The omega sat entirely upright when a strange scent caught him. It was vaguely familiar, like he’d smelled a bit of it before, perhaps in passing. “Just in here Mr. Flowers, Mr. Watson is waiting for you.”

Sherlock looked at the door as the suited assistant led a tall thin man into the room. Sherlock’s mouth dropped open. It couldn’t be! He heard John swear and realized the two of them were now standing up and staring at the man in front of them. Sherlock couldn’t quite process what his eyes were seeing so he took it in stages. “Who are you people?” The man demanded.

Sherlock’s mouth stuttered, “My name is Sherlock Watson-H….”
“Hello Mr. Watson. This whole place has been buzzing about the pregnant omega who is looking for some names. I’ve got names, lots of them. Here’s a name for you Sieger Holmes….write that down.” the man was angry, very angry. Sherlock couldn’t help but look at the spill of vibrant flowers down the man’s arm, the colors almost alive, rich and detailed. Violets.

John said weakly, “We don’t need to write it down, we know who he is.”

“Yeah? Then you should know he’s a dead man walking. Get me out of this place so I can track that fucker down and kill him! He needs to die; he took my omega from me and put me here.”

Sherlock knew the man’s face and he knew the man’s scent. Mummy smelled like that, just a bit. Mycroft looked just like that, a lot. The man’s hair was thin and silver, the freckles that were faint on Mycroft had darkened with age on the alpha in front of him but everything else was the same. Sherlock cleared his throat and finally managed to speak, “You are Sherrinford Holmes. Your omega is Violet St. Claire.”

The man stopped raging but took a menacing step forward, scowling at Sherlock, “How do you know! How do you know any of that? No one here knows my real name; I’ve never spoken of….her….by name to anyone, not ever! How do you know?”

“Sherrinford Holmes. My name is Sherlock Watson-Holmes. Violet St. Claire is my bearer. I am brother to Mycroft Holmes who looks exactly like you. I…I am your son.”
Chapter Summary

Sherlock and John spent a long day doing heart-breaking interviews and they certainly didn't expect the last surprise of the day.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The alpha stood tall. He looked fierce and his eyes went from John to Sherlock to John again, nodding his head at Sherlock skeptically, “He’s a Holmes? He can’t be mine.” Sherlock was never more aware of how different he appeared compared to his blood. He’d never looked much like Sieger and the only part of Mummy he had were her cheekbones, hardly identifiable genetic markers. The only thing he might have had from Sherrinford was the color of his hair; Mycroft was ginger like Mummy had been though his was much darker than the near blonde of her hair. Sherlock looked at the man standing in front of him, waiting for his acknowledgement, “That bastard took her!” Sherrinford’s eyes were wild, “He took her and she was pregnant. I knew he hurt her, I felt it, god I felt it. This isn’t possible.” he was staring at Sherlock now, “It can’t be possible.” He was shaking his head; his scent was filled with incredulity.

“He is your son.” said John, “I know it must be hard to believe but I know Mycroft and I know Violet, Sherlock is hers and he is yours. This is your son Sherlock. Violet…she managed to keep him despite everything.” John was clearly as stunned as the elderly alpha in front of them but his words were spoken with gentle care. “Violet is alive. She’s with Mycroft and his alpha, Detective Inspector Gregory Lestrade.”

Sherlock was shaking. He didn’t know how to feel. He was looking at a father he barely understood.
existed. The concept of Sherrinford Holmes had a story-like quality for Sherlock, Sherrinford was a nebulous idea, someone who had been real for others but not for him. He had no father. Sieger had been his sire for his entire life, teaching him how to hate himself, teaching him how worthless he was but here was his biological father standing there alive, and his eyes were filled with denial and doubt. “I have to call Mummy.” Sherlock said blankly. “She…she needs to know.”

Sherlock walked away. He couldn’t look at Sherrinford. It was too much. Sherlock managed to get his mobile out as he walked slowly out of the room in a daze, “Mycroft?”

“Sherlock what’s wrong?” Mycroft sounded worried. Was it so obvious?

“Mycroft, I found father, Sherrinford. He’s alive. He’s here not two meters from me right now. He’s…” Sherlock found he was leaning up against the wall and John was there holding him. His body felt hot, like he was sweating everywhere but it was too cool in here for that. The floor tiles looked so inviting and Sherlock slumped down weakly, “Mycroft. Bring Mummy, now.”

He was sitting in the hallway on the floor and John was checking him over, “Look at me Sherlock, does anything hurt? Are you alright? Sweetie, answer me, Sherlock?” Sherlock managed to hold his head up so he could look at John. Sherlock realized his limbs felt heavy and he was having trouble focusing on things. His alpha was worried, his face looked calm but Sherlock knew how to read the fine lines of his face, the set of his shoulders, “Sherlock, can you hear me?”

“I hear you John. Nothing hurts.” except that spot in his heart where a lonely child had always lived, first as a disregarded second son, and then as a failure of an omega for so long, and now even though Sherrinford most likely didn’t mean for his disbelief to come across as rejection it still felt like it. Was there nothing about Sherlock that people liked? Was he truly so objectionable that the very first reaction someone had upon encountering him was to pull away?

John was holding him and Sherlock realized he was crying silently, his knees pulled up to his chin as he hid his face in his alpha’s neck. At least John cared for him and his alpha was telling him so, “I love you Sherlock, I love you. I’m here darling, I’m here, I’ll always be here, I love you.” John was chanting into his hair as he stroked Sherlock’s back to sooth him.

Sherlock scented Sherrinford even before he felt the old man lay his hand softly on Sherlock’s shoulder and the old man’s voice was filled with awe, “She said she wanted a second baby so we each had one to hold. I barely put Mycie down for a minute; she thought he’d never start to walk.”

“He barely walks now,” sniffled Sherlock and he heard Sherrinford laugh softly, his fingers squeezing and releasing Sherlock’s shoulder gently. “He really does look exactly like you.” The hand on his shoulder was comforting as was the scent in the air and Sherlock felt his tears dry up.

John fished out his mobile and pulled up pictures from their wedding. Sherrinford sat on the floor next to Sherlock and looked at Violet sitting squeezed between Mycroft and Lestrade who was grinning and sticking two fingers up behind Mycroft’s head. Sherrinford’s voice was thick with emotion, “She hasn’t changed at all. She’s even lovelier than I remember. Mycroft looks just like me, he really does. She always said he would and look! He was such a cheeky little thing.” Sherlock was surprised to find thin wiry arms encase him as his father pulled him close and hugged him tight, “My boy. She had another beautiful boy.” Sherlock felt his father kiss his temple for the first time, “Hello Sherlock, my handsome, wonderful, miraculous son!”

Sherlock found he was holding his father as tightly as he was being held and that John was almost shining with second-hand happiness. Sherlock could feel the love his father had for him, it was all-encompassing and warmed him right through, Sherrinford loved him because he was his son and he needed no more reason than that, “She never stopped loving you, not for a moment.” he told his
father earnestly and he felt the older man’s body shake with tears, his arms holding Sherlock tighter than ever.

When Sherrinford was able to collect himself enough to sit back his face was filled with fury, “I have to kill Sieger...my own brother! My only fucking sibling and he did this to me!” The old man kept his hand on Sherlock’s, clearly reluctant to move away and Sherlock’s heart soared at how effortless it felt to know this person as his sire. Sherrinford was his father and he already cared. Sherlock felt his whole being respond to an old need, hungering for love and affection so long denied, and Sherrinford’s hand tightened on his some more, his father wanted that too.

“I don’t know if it will make you feel better or not but my sibling had a bit to do with causing your sibling a bit of discomfort.” offered John. “My sister is the Lady Harriet; she’s the one who organized everything that’s happening to fix what happened to people like you. She took a very serious dislike to your brother and tricked him into going to Siberia. He’s already imprisoned in a gold-mine doing hard labor.” Sherrinford was silent as his instincts fought. He clearly had years invested in planning his vengeance. To find that someone had taken it already was obviously difficult to adjust to until John added, “She’d probably fly you and Violet right there first class and offer you an assortment of ways to do him in. She’s a little blood-thirsty, being her older brother can be risky at times. I had to run away and join the army where it was safe.” Sherrinford smiled but had no chance to say anything because John’s mobile rang, it was Harry. He listened for a minute, “That’s incredible Harry, thanks. We’ll see you soon.” he ended the call and looked at Sherlock and Sherrinford, “Harry’s commandeered a helicopter, it was supposed to be for Mr. Sheridan. She’s bringing Mycroft and Violet straight here along with Greg and Clara. Mrs. Hudson is with Greg’s children until their grandparents make it over. Everyone will be here in an hour.”

“I’m going to see my Violet in an hour?” Sherrinford got right up off the floor in a panic, patting himself down anxiously, “I have to clean up! I can’t let her see me looking like this! Whatever will she think?”

John got up too and helped Sherlock up, waving his hand in a placating manner, “We can sort this.” John went in to speak to the lawyers. One raced off to head into town while another one searched for a men’s clothing store that might still be open. She got one on the phone just as they were shutting their doors, “He hasn’t seen his sweetheart in nearly forty years,” she wheedled, “Please? This is a surprise and a miracle. He just wants to look nice for her.” That melted the shop keeper’s heart and they promised to remain there until the associate arrived with Sherrinford’s measurements which they were taking right then and there with a hastily procured measuring tape. “Go, wash up, shave, do all that. Your suit will be here or at least new clothes when you get out. Go.”

Sherrinford went, completely flustered and excited. Sherlock had to sit on the sofa with his head in his hands for several minutes while John worriedly rubbed his back and shoulders. “I’m alright John; it’s just a bit of a shock.” John hugged him tight and Sherlock kissed his alpha tenderly, grateful that they were there together. It was horrible to think about being parted from John the way so many of omega had been parted from their alphas. Desperately Sherlock clung to his as if they were threatened right that moment and John made soothing sounds, holding him tightly and filling Sherlock with feelings of love and security. John would never let anyone take him, he was safe with John, John would always protect him and their bond. Their children would not grow up as he had, not for anything.

Forty minutes after Harry’s call the young lawyer returned nearly running with the guard to Sherrinford’s cell to present him with a small selection of clothes that were the best fit the shop keeper could come up with at short notice. They’d even remembered shoes even if they were trainers. Some of the other inmates were hurrying around, one of them with scissors. He had forced Sherrinford to sit still for five precious minutes to have his hair sorted a tad before more of his friends
showed up to stuff the alpha, newly shaved and showered, into his new clothes and hurry him off to meet everyone in the interrogation room again, “You look very handsome.” Sherlock assured his father who was shifting around nervously and adjusting his unfamiliar clothes over and over again. The older man gave him a tight nod before his head went high, his nose in the air.

Instinct took over the old man, Sherlock could see it clearly. Sherrinford blinked a single time and turned on his heel, exiting the room swiftly with John and Sherlock right behind him. He unerringly turned down corridor after corridor until they approached an exit that was being pulled open. Lestrade strode through and held the door open. Sherrinford moved faster and then Sherlock could see Mummy. She was crying and her arms were held out, they were moving toward one another and then Sherrinford was kissing her, both of them clinging to each other and the air smelled like summertime and blossoms.

Sherlock found that he was holding John tightly and that down the hallway near the door Mycroft was standing there in Lestrade’s arms with tears streaming down his face as he looked at his father for the first time in decades. They couldn’t intrude, no one wanted to. Both couples retreated a few paces away from Sherrinford and Violet, turning away to give them a tiny bit of privacy as they reunited. Sherlock could hear distant cheering coming from the cells as the other alphas congratulated their old friend. With a gentle smile Lestrade opened the door once again and allowed Sherrinford to escort Violet to the car that was waiting to bring them to their hotel rooms. The elderly alpha passed Mycroft by without a word but pulled his oldest son close for a quick kiss, unable to remove himself from Violet more than that. No one expected any discussion to happen tonight, it was more important to allow their parents to reconnect after such a long cruel separation. Harry and Clara had discretely departed with Mr. Sheridan and allowed the family to have their time together.

John and Sherlock gave up their room, simply removing their unpacked suit-cases so that Sherrinford and Violet could lock themselves away without delay. Sherlock felt weepy with happiness and reached out for Mycroft who embraced him with unfamiliar ease. They went back to the front desk to arrange two more rooms for themselves as well as to organize on demand room-service for Sherrinford and Violet including a cart that was to be sent up immediately containing an assortment of beverages and light snacks. Perhaps they would join their sons for breakfast or perhaps they would lock themselves away for days, it didn’t matter. Everyone was vastly contented.

Sherlock told his brother and Greg all about their day and all the alphas they had met, and about the tattoos, “He’s very talented. He made all their lives a tiny bit more bearable. We barely had a chance to speak to him. He saw your picture though, he said you look just like him and he sounded very happy about that.”

Mycroft hadn’t had a word from Sherrinford but he didn’t seem to mind. “We will speak more tomorrow brother. Tonight has already been a very large night and you are exhausted. John?” Sherlock realized he was almost swaying on his feet and John looked pinched and worried, “Goodnight Sherlock.” Mycroft hugged him again and Sherlock hugged him back. Greg was grinning but saying nothing, just slinging his arm over Mycroft’s shoulder and walking him to their room on a different floor. John opened the door to their room and brought Sherlock inside.

“Well done.” urged his alpha, “You’re done in.”

“Come with me.” said Sherlock, he didn’t want to be separated from John.

“Let me use the loo and I’ll be right there.” promised John. Sherlock managed to get his clothes off, his eyes drooping and his fingers clumsy. He pawed back the blankets and fell down face first onto the pillows, his thighs spread wide as he sprawled across the entire bed. It was so comfortable. Sherlock closed his eyes.
He was dozing lightly when John came out of the bathroom but he still heard the slow intake of breath from John as he stood there and looked at Sherlock laying naked and spread out in front of him, “Oh god.” whispered John and the hunger in his voice was enough to wake Sherlock enough for him to cock his hips a tiny bit in a sleepy offer, “You’re mostly unconscious Sherlock, that wouldn’t be right.”

Sherlock shrugged his shoulders and spread his thighs a little bit more. So what if John wanted to fuck him while he slept, that actually sounded kind of arousing and he felt the need to be close to his alpha. Sherlock smiled a little and woke up a small amount more, enough to reach back and rub his own behind suggestively. John groaned and Sherlock could smell his arousal. He closed his eyes and smiled into the pillow, “I want you to, I don’t mind.”

John couldn’t say no a second time. Instead he laid himself on Sherlock’s back and kissed the nape of his neck, “This still feels a little wrong.” perhaps it did but it seemed to be exciting the alpha who was already mostly hard and beginning to rut against Sherlock’s behind, “You’re sure?”

Sherlock liked how warm John was and how lovely it felt but his eyes were closing again and he was so tired, “I want you in me before I fall asleep. I want to drift off and feel you moving inside me.” That sounded lovely. It felt even lovelier when John pushed inward, groaning softly. Sherlock sighed and relaxed completely as his body rocked back and forth gently with John’s thrusts. Sherlock slept content with his alpha’s gasps and moans filling the air as John filled his body.

When Sherlock woke early the next morning he felt more refreshed than he ever had. He smelled like John too and it made Sherlock blissful to be covered in John’s dried sweat and semen, his behind was a tiny bit uncomfortable but nothing a hot shower wouldn’t fix. Naked and smiling he got out of bed and padded naked to the stall to see just how hot he could stand it. The room was billowing with steam when John came in, “Hi beautiful.”

Sherlock smiled and pulled John in with him. They made love under the hot spray, kissing and stroking one another tenderly until they had to kneel on the bottom because John was fucking Sherlock so hard they couldn’t stand anymore. Their cries echoed off the walls and rang in their ears and when John made Sherlock come three times in a row he nearly whited out.

They had to drag themselves out of the shower to dry off weakly, their thighs trembling and their chests heaving. Sherlock was still glowing and John decided lying down for a few more minutes wasn’t a bad idea. Sherlock lay on his back while John snuggled up close and rubbed his hand lazily up and down Sherlock’s torso. “I think I feel something.” said John, his hand on Sherlock belly. They both looked down and when Sherlock lifted his head he saw it clearly. He had a bump.

It was tiny and almost unnoticeable but when he lay his hand over it he could feel it. There was something firm beneath the layers of skin and muscle. Their babies! “John! Look! We can see them!” Sherlock was ecstatic. Finally! He’d waited his whole life for this and he stroked his belly lovingly. When he dropped his head back the tiny swell disappeared and his stomach was as flat looking as ever. No matter, he knew it was there and he couldn’t wait until he was vast and round and lush at last. Sherlock found he was grinning at the ceiling because John was kissing his stomach all over.

“I’m getting you some of those stretchy tops to wear when we’re at home.” said John, “So we can see every little change that happens.” he kissed Sherlock’s belly ardently, “I bet the rest of you stays long and lovely, there’ll be just this big fat belly.” Sherlock’s smile flipped over and John noticed his scowl, “What, you think you’re going to get thick legs and soft arms and rolls and the rest?” He should be so lucky! Rolls? He’d never even come close, not even that time he’d experimented with baked goods and gained a record breaking ten pounds and then stopped, not earning an ounce more. How wonderful it would be to finally have a sleek soft pliable body, “It might happen but I rather
think I’m going to luck out there because I’ll have both things at once. I’m still going to enjoy your
gorgeous slim hips and those bloody legs that go on for miles and your arms, mmm,” John paused to
kiss his way from Sherlock’s fingers to his shoulder, “Love them,” he kissed his way back down to
Sherlock’s almost invisible bump, “but I’m also going to have this round, hard, jutting, hanging,
swaying belly, oh god.”

Their mobile rang and John cursed but answered it, “Oh, good-morning Harry. What? Um…that’s
probably a good idea, here, tell him.” John handed the mobile over.

“Sherlock? It’s Harry, listen we’re going to be sending you a busload of help, they’re loading up
now. We’ve been talking to Quincy. I want that facility emptied as soon as possible, all statements
recorded but make the teams as small as you can so we can process out as many people as possible in
as few days as we can manage. You can’t interview everyone by yourself, it will take all year. I have
a technical division that will want to speak to you at some point, we’re going to start tracking the
missing omega in as many different ways as we can, they’ll need your input. Put John back on.”
Harry was clearly busy so Sherlock handed the mobile back without having uttered a word.

I’m going to get into trouble if I show up with him hungry. Every last alpha we’ve met thinks I’m a
terrible caregiver, all of them gave me a piece of their minds, believe me.” John wasn’t shifting on
this point so Harry clearly gave in but took a minute more to discuss something else with her brother,
“Fine Harry, that’s actually great. No we haven’t seen them yet. No I’m not knocking on the door!
Leave someone here to alert us when they come out, you can spare an underling can’t you? Fine, the
sooner you shut up the sooner we can go have breakfast and go, okay?” John hung up, “Harry has a
few options for Sherrinford and Violet when they’re ready to speak. She’s trying to contact someone
in Siberia to see how Sieger is managing. Harry wants to speak to Sherrinford as soon as he is
ready.”

Sherlock and John dressed, John making Sherlock put a vest under his shirt though he didn’t
normally wear one, and made sure Sherlock’s trousers were a tiny bit loose at the waist though no
adjustment of any kind was necessary. Sherlock didn’t object and wore them hanging a bit lower
than normal. As soon as John pulled on a clean jumper he helped Sherlock into his coat before
getting his own and led his omega down to the attached restaurant to seek a morning meal.

To their surprise Mycroft and Greg were already seated at a long table along with Sherrinford and
Mummy. Everyone was smiling and laughing over coffee, clearly they’d all arrived very recently,
“Good-morning.” said Sherlock. Everyone was beaming and he realized he was included in that
reaction. Happily he gave both his parents a kiss on the cheek before John seated him right beside
Mummy. Mycroft was on Sherrinford’s other side and John sat beside Lestrade.

Sherrinford looked around slowly, his arm around Mummy’s shoulder, his fingers splayed wide as if
he wished to touch as much of her as he could. Mummy’s cheeks were flushed and her eyes were as
bright as her smile. She seemed almost youthful, her body-language one of peace and ease as she
leaned up against Sherrinford. Love and devotion was clearly shared between the two of them and
Sherlock basked in it. “We must go back today, we’re expected but you are free to do as you wish.
Father,” Sherlock felt the unfamiliar word roll easily off his tongue, “The Lady Harriet would like to
speak to you when you have time. I do believe you will appreciate the conversation.”

Sherrinford’s eyebrows did something complicated, “She’s the one that sent him away?”
Mummy looked up, “I think you would like her Sherry, she’s very straight-forward.”

“I’m sure I will Petal, but not this morning, later perhaps. I should like to go for a walk with you.”
Mummy blushed and nodded. Neither of them had enjoyed freedom in the last few decades,
something as simple as a walk was significant. Sherlock nearly wiggled in his seat when he heard them use pet names for one another and they weren’t new ones, these were old names, ones that hadn’t been used for far too long.

It would be difficult to tell which alpha was spoiling his omega more during breakfast, Greg coaxed Mycroft into eating something he’d never tried before and ended up liking, John was happy to re-fill Sherlock’s plate as many times as Sherlock required, and Sherrinford simply took the utensils away from Violet and did everything himself, both of them looking delighted and almost unbearably happy with the state of things. Sherlock felt a contentment he’d never experienced before, he was with his family and it felt good.

Finally Lestrade stood up, “Alright boys, time to be amazing. Sherrinford, Violet, there’s a car and driver outside; you don’t need to stay here if you don’t want to. Violet, you still have your credit card and Harry gave you a mobile on the helicopter? There you go, I’ll just check we’ve got your number,” he checked, “and we do. I think you two ought to go have a bit of a honeymoon or something, let us get on with the clean-up. The boys will be very busy for the next while so you can find us here or back in London, Violet has everyone’s number in her new phone.

“I feel like we should be helping.” said Sherrinford seriously.

“I think you’ve put enough time into this and so has Mummy,” said Mycroft sharply, “Let us take things from here, Father. If you will excuse us, we have people to free.”

Sherrinford looked proudly at Mycroft and Sherlock, almost shaking his head in disbelief, “Have a lovely time.” said Sherlock sincerely and kissed his parents farewell, almost loathe to leave them but they were already lost in one another so with another soft smile Sherlock allowed John to lead him away. They would catch up with them later, there were more smiles to grant today.

When their cab arrived at the prison there was controlled chaos inside. Their assistants were already speaking to a long line of alphas that had queued up, all clutching sheets of paper and looking hopeful. All of knew exactly who Sherlock was and eyed Mycroft curiously, “What’s going on?” asked John softly when they arrived back at the room they had used the day before.

A young man by the name of Bruce answered, “Word has gotten around sir, everyone knows what’s happening. They want to help. All of them have written down the answers to your questions and any information they have they think you might find useful. They’re all anxious to get started.”

Apparently Wallace, Felton and the others had spent their evening reciting their interviews to all of their fellow inmates and inspired every last one. All of them were worried about over-taxing Sherlock, pleading with him to sit, or have a drink, or a snack and as soon as they realized Mycroft was pregnant as well every last alpha developed an overwhelming urge to protect and make things easier for the brothers.

Sherlock divided up their current resources to three people per interviewee. He remain with John and one lawyer while Mycroft and Lestrade worked with one, and between all of them there were enough people to interview five alphas at a time. By the time lunch came by Harry’s reinforcements had arrived and soon every interrogation room was being used and part of the cafeteria had been sectioned off to make spaces for even more interviews to be conducted.

Sherlock and Mycroft barely had to pause for a meal. They were fed constantly, the inmates bringing the pregnant brother’s little gifts of snacks or bottled drinks, fussing over them as they tried to give them their information in the least upsetting way possible. They were making good headway. By the time the evening was partially done Sherlock couldn’t deny that he was exhausted again but he was content because they’d managed to release nearly a third of the prisoners. Busses had been leaving one after the other to deliver the liberated men to various residences. Lestrade and Harry’s people
had coordinated and were searching for the missing omega, praying for miracles like Sherrinford and Violet to be repeated as often as they could.

Harry called just as they were arriving in the room, “I’ve spoken to Sherrinford about Sieger. He very adamantly insists on being allowed to kill his brother but unfortunately it not a wish I can grant. Sieger is beyond my reach.”

“Father must be so disappointed.” said Sherlock grimly, his father deserved his vengeance.

“He was, very, but the only reason Sieger is out of my reach is because he fell down an old mine shaft. No one can reach him. He broke both legs when he landed and apparently he will be dead by nightfall, about four hours from now if not sooner. The Mothers have asked if he needs to be retrieved for burial.”

“He’s already in a hole though,” said Sherlock, “Don’t they have machinery that will fill that back up?”

Harry laughed, “Oddly enough Sherrinford said nearly the exact same thing. Your family will be entirely free of Sieger Holmes before you wake in the morning. Sweet dreams brother.”

“Thank you sister,” said Sherlock warmly. He looked at John, “Sieger is dying of cold in the bottom of an old mine shaft and he has two broken legs.”

“Harry always did tell the best stories just before bedtime.” said John with a grin. The alpha was grinning and happy with the new of Sieger’s long overdue and wonderfully ignominious demise. He chivvied Sherlock into the shower before stretching him out on the bed to rub Sherlock’s back and legs until he was limp and free of all the stiffness they’d tried to prevent during their long day.

After all the sad stories and hopeful faces neither man really wanted sex but both of them needed to cuddle so that’s what they did. John clicked on the telly and they watched the evening news. A very serious personality was on screen now and they were discussing a series of high-profile arrests that were being made “All the way from Parliament down to the meanest home in London authorities are seeking members of a wide-spread and surprisingly unknown terrorist group that has declared a war on omega. This station as well as others has received conclusive evidence detailing the processes corrupted by political and civilian authorities, all of whom have hidden their crimes in the vilest way….” the announcer went on to briefly describe the horror of the prisons they were currently emptying and surprised Sherlock with a reference to Omega, “All families are urged to obtain the latest copy of Omega which now includes long lost and ignored omega rights heralding a new age for people everywhere. While there is temporary confusion at the top levels of government steps have already been taken to ensure that civil services remain undisturbed and that everyone is inconvenienced as little as possible. Stay tuned for anticipated announcements regarding the country-wide man hunt, volunteers can apply at their local constabulary.”

Sherlock called Harry back, “A website.” he said without preamble. “Post pictures and names of everyone who is to be convicted and another web-site with the names, descriptions, and where possible, the image of the omegas who are missing, someone knows something, we need to get as many eyes and ears going as possible.”

“On it Sherlock, I’ll send this to the appropriate department. You’ll be happy to hear we might have a lead on Maximillian. It’s not much but maybe it’s him. We’ll keep you updated. Good work Sherlock, good work.”

Sherlock ended the call and snuggled close to John once more, enjoying how his alpha was petting his back and his hair. When he woke in the morning Sieger would be dead and Mummy would be
free. They’d be able to process out another huge portion of the inmates and begin to prepare for the influx of actual criminals. Sherlock lay his hand on his belly, pressing down so he could feel the slight hardness once again, “You will be born free.” he promised his children, “Free and unafraid.”

Chapter End Notes

I almost made Sieger's death worse but then I realized someone would have to do that to him and I didn't want to put that on someone's soul - even if it is an imaginary made-up one so I let him buffoon his way to death. I hope that was alright.
Cause and Effect

Chapter Summary

A lot of things have changed and a lot of things are changing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Sherlock woke the next morning John showed him two different texts that made him extremely happy. The first one was confirmation from Siberia that Sieger hadn’t even made it till nightfall and that after some discussion the Mothers had gone with Sherrinford’s request and dumped a load of organic refuse on Sieger’s corpse before they covered the rest of the hole in with tailings and slag from the mines.

The second text was regarding his parents. Instead of going on the suggested honeymoon they were entitled to Sherrinford had bundled Mummy up late in the night and made their driver go straight back to London to re-take control of the manor Sieger had lived with Violet in which was actually Sherrinford’s, and by extension the ruling seat of the Holmes extended family. Sherlock laughed as he read it and was unsurprised. If he was Father, he’d want to get rid of everyone who hurt the person he loved too. Their old home was filled with betas who had acted as guards, keeping Mummy under strict control and administering punishments when Sieger couldn’t trouble himself. Sherlock wondered how Mycroft felt about Father doing this; he’d been forced to sustain the leeches that made up their ill-behaved family for years. His brother probably regretted not being there to witness it all go down but they both understood why Sherrinford would want to do this more or less by himself. He had been denied Sieger but everyone else was right there close at hand. Sherlock wondered how his father would go about it and regretted needing to stay where they were but dallying would help no one so he got up.

When they finally arrived at the prison they found their assistants already hard at work, many of them had arrived at dawn to begin working, eager to finish as many people as possible. The remaining alphas had diplomatically organized themselves by duration of their imprisonment with all the long-timers going first though not one of them had been in for less than a decade. If the team really concentrated they’d have the prison emptied in two more days at most. Sherlock was heartened by it and John seemed to be in very high spirits. He also discovered that being processed by either himself or Mycroft was the preferred way to go; all the alphas jockeying to be in their line so they could see the Holmes omegas in person. More than one small gift was received from delicate and complex origami to intricate little bits of carved wood, make-work for hands that had nothing else to do. The alphas had flourished through their artworks and they offered the omegas the best they had to thank them for their freedom.

Food was a favorite gift too and it was fortunate. Sherlock was hungry all the time it seemed but that pleased every alpha mightily, John practically had to fight his way to the front of the line in order to offer Sherlock something to nibble not that it was necessary. Sherlock wouldn’t touch anything unless it came to him from John’s hand and John’s hand alone. His alpha was a bit smug about that but Sherlock didn’t mind and neither did any of the others who saw their behaviour as laudable and admirable. They worked long into the evening, freeing even more people than they had the day before but it was grueling. Despite the gentle attempts by the alphas to keep the omegas from being
too dismayed the simple facts of the matter were endlessly tragic and both of them were deeply moved again and again. Finally the alphas refused to speak to Sherlock or Mycroft, insisting that John and Greg take the omegas away to rest, stating that one more day for the imprisoned made no difference. They listened.

Exhausted once again but still needing John Sherlock seduced his temporarily reluctant alpha the minute they were in bed together. “Today was so hard on you love, are you sure?” John was concerned and kissed Sherlock tenderly.

“That’s why I need this, I need you.” Sherlock loved John so much. Even if John had never become his alpha Sherlock would have loved him anyway. He was a good and decent person, not because someone told him to be that way or taught him that this was the way to be, John was good because John was good. That’s all there was to it. It was simple and unbelievable but there it was and Sherlock never wanted John to feel unappreciated. Every moment of their lives should be like Father and Mummy were right now, no one should wait to allow their beloved feel how loved they were in case they never got a chance to do it again. Sherlock kissed John and pressed himself to his small strong body, “I need you John, I need to be with you.”

John understood.

Carefully the alpha laid Sherlock back and scented him. He drew his nose carefully up and down Sherlock’s neck and it made the omega shiver all over. John carefully bit at the well-healed bond-bite that had scarred gorgeously. Now there were two dark half-moon scars made from John’s teeth, it looked elegant and was accentuated by a sprinkling of freckles which John loved to count and kiss.

Tonight John took Sherlock into himself, scenting his omega carefully from head to toe, noting each and every different part of Sherlock with diligence and Sherlock was adrift on a blissful sea of love.

John kissed his way over Sherlock’s belly, pausing to dot three kisses onto the smooth expanse of flesh that still hid their treasures away. “Our babies.” he whispered reverently, “You miracle maker you.” John kissed his way back up to Sherlock’s mouth and looked at him seriously, “You make me happier and prouder than I ever thought I could be. You are the most wonderful person I have ever met, I love you so much Sherlock.” John made love to Sherlock, each stroke and touch filled with affection and adoration as John renewed his vow to worship Sherlock for the rest of his days. When they came, shivering and gasping and twisting together, Sherlock felt powerful and strong even as he drifted off to a deep and restful sleep. The next morning he was focused and filled with positive energy and John was so happy.

They had a quick breakfast and rushed back to the prison to find the scene from the morning previous repeated. Some of the lawyers had even stayed the night in newly emptied cells so they could work as late as possible and begin as soon as they could. The building was sounding hollow as each alpha cleaned out their small spaces, bags and boxes leaving with them as they were sent all over England to begin their lives again. Sherlock had to stop to cry twice during the day as he heard stories of omegas being seized or taken from their alpha and each man was sorry to upset him, apologizing profusely to John who forgave them and told them how Sherlock planned to look for everyone. “He’s a consulting detective. If anyone can find your mates, he can.”

“The Lady Harriet is already organizing the search,” Sherlock informed them, “Once we get back to London that job will be our priority.” It was gratifying to change the atmosphere in that dark place from one of lingering despair to that of burgeoning hope. “You can keep track of the searches on our website.” Clara had thoughtfully sent along business cards with the address on it so Sherlock and John had made sure each departee had one. The day was rigorous once again but the fact that they could see the end of the line was inspiration enough to keep them going almost without pause until dinner time when they processed out Jacob Tanner, once professor who made the error of writing a
book on ancient civilizations that based their cultures around omega worship. He’d tried to publish it only to find himself arrested on the street and taken away from his omega who had been left there standing with their groceries. A group of alphas had seized her even as Jacob had been forced into a police van, “Her name is Ming, she’s got green eyes.” Well she would stand out then Sherlock surmised, not many Asians managed to be born with green eyes. He put her name on the list and shook Mr. Tanner’s hand. “I know you’ll do your best, thank you for even trying.” Jacob didn’t look hopeful but he smelled determined. Without another word he picked up the small cardboard box that held charcoal sketches of a small woman with jet black hair, one of which he had given to them to use. She almost looked alive despite the occasional smear of dust. After that he just left, following the footsteps of all the previous tenants as he went outside to take the very last seat on the very last bus on the road to freedom. After this anyone who came to this place was either going to work there or live there until they died. Sherlock carefully put the sketch into a plastic protector and set it on top of the files he and John were bringing home with them. They went back to London.

Ming

Their first stop was to see their parents. Sherrinford still looked fierce but it was softened with the glow of love and happiness as he stood there with his arm around Mummy. She was absolutely radiant, even more youthful looking than before and simply luminous. After a lot of hugs and kisses they managed to go to the great room to sit themselves on the variety of sofa and soft chairs that waited, “So?” asked John, eyeing around everywhere meaningfully, “What did you do?”

Mummy patted Sherrinford’s knee fondly, “He gave them the shock of their lives. We arrived well before dawn and Sherry just marched himself in here with some of Gregory’s lovely friends and had most of them arrested and the rest of them thrown into the street in their nightshirts.”

Lestrade had on a huge grin and winked at Mycroft who was staring at him in shock. Lestrade’s voice was saucy, “What, I had an opportunity to make a good impression on my possible father-in-law and I’m not going to take it? You can’t be serious.”

Mycroft was speechless but Sherrinford leaned in and looked at his eldest son, “He took a few moments and called to ask me properly. If you have a minute son, young Gregory has something
he’d like to ask you.”

Lestrade’s grin didn’t waver a bit even if Mycroft looked entirely stunned as he watched his alpha pull a small box out of his pocket, “I was going to ask you except John went and asked Sherlock first and I didn’t want you to think that was the only reason I would want to even do this but when we found your dad I had to wait a bit more. I wanted to do this the right way because that’s what you deserve, to be treated right. You’re brilliant and clever and so bloody smart it absolutely takes my breath away that you’re also funny and creative and so thoughtful it makes me feel like there really isn’t enough I can do to make you happy but I want to try. You’re so brave Mycroft, you’ve done things no one around you ever thought to do despite everything that was against you and all I want to know is if you would mind me being able to brag, just a little bit because I know you don’t like the attention, but just a bit because more than anything I would like to know if you would say yes to marrying me so we can be the Lestrade-Holmes family.”

“Did you ask the children?”

“The quorum on the name change was Lestrade-Holmes, they voted and everything.” everyone was smiling because Mycroft was blushing and looking at his hands almost shyly. He was very moved and his entire family was watching him. “So?” Greg opened the box and showed Mycroft two solid gold rings, “My grandparents wore these; I think they would like it if we used them too, if you want.”

“Yes.” that was all he said but Greg’s face was nearly in two from the breadth of his smile as he carefully pushed the heavy ring onto Mycroft’s finger. “I had it sized ages ago, I was waiting for the perfect moment, and I don’t mind telling you I was getting a bit impatient.”

“I want a big wedding.” said Mycroft flatly, so much for not liking attention.

“The biggest wedding in the world.” promised Greg ecstatically. “None of this standing in the parlour like John and Sherlock.”

“Our wedding was lovely.” said Sherlock, “It was exactly what I wanted. Do whatever you want with your wedding but we’re getting our own clothes. John has already set the bar for pranks.” They had to explain to Sherrinford about Harry’s bridesmaid dress.

“It will be formal, brother mine, see if you can get John into a suit.”

“If I felt like it I could, I’m sure. I like his jumpers. I’ll find a nice one for your special day. Do you have ideas on a dress yet?”

“Amusing Sherlock and you know I would look fabulous in a dress but for this occasion a maternity outfit of some kind will have to do, not all of us need to look like vagabonds on our special day.”

Sherrinford was smiling and watching his children interact. He looked down at Violet who shrugged and smiled. He shook his head, “I don’t know if I can stand this much happiness. I have my Petal back, I have a son I didn’t know about and my both my boys are giving us grandchildren. I’m can’t wait to hold both of them in my arms.”

“You’ll have to do it in shifts Father, I’m having three.” Sherrinford’s face was a picture of shock and he stared at Sherlock with stunned delight, “It will be soon Father, there is a lot to tell you about how John and I met.”

“Four grandchildren all at once?” Mummy nodded and smiled up at Sherrinford, “Why didn’t you tell me Petal?”
“Sherlock deserved to tell you himself. It’s his news love, his and John’s.” Sherrinford nodded his head, agreeing with her instantly. He kissed her hair and got up to hug Sherlock tight and to give John one as well, “I can’t wait either.”

“This is just amazing, so amazing, I can’t stop checking to see if I’m dreaming or not.” Sherrinford’s eyes were as bright as Violet’s as he sat back beside her. He was beaming, “Two sons and four grandchildren and a wedding. This is heaven.” Sherlock and Mycroft were both very affected by their sire’s approval. Sherlock felt a surge of love for his hitherto unknown father and gripped John’s hand tightly. His alpha was extremely moved, too moved to speak so he sat there holding onto Sherlock and sharing a glad smile with everyone. “What do we do now?”

A lot, it turned out. John took to carrying a knapsack filled with food to offer to Sherlock while they were on the move constantly. Harry and Clara had a team that had already loaded up the information they had gathered and were publishing it online. Nothing was being hidden; each alpha had loudly agreed to have the details of their incarceration displayed publically including their photos. The hue and cry of outrage from all across the country had been gratifying. Volunteers had lined up around the block to search out and locate everyone who had been accused of setting up or maintaining the system of omega oppression until the local jails were crowded, escape impossible because of the hordes of people in the streets who were making sure no one got away. No train left, no plane departed, no transport of any kind that left the country moved without every single person being inspected and compared to the wanted list, no exceptions. Even more volunteers worked to upload files from anxious omega who had been taken from their alphas, everyone desperate to reconnect with their lost halves.

As Harry had said in the beginning there were surprisingly few people to be arrested compared to the millions that had been affected. All of them were brought to the emptied facility and firmly set into their new homes. All of them would be legally reviewed and incarcerated unlike the people who had been in jail before so as they waited for their minute in court all of them cooled their heels in jail. Once again Harry’s mercy was hard but kinder than suggestions for punishment that flowed in from all levels of society.

To no surprise to Sherlock or Mycroft the wealthier strata of English classes suffered the most from the change in omega status. It was there that harems were common, that abuse of omega was a lifestyle most were comfortably accustomed to, and where the loudest protests and threats came from when most heads of the households were arrested. It left huge gaps in families as they lost their alpha, some of the omega had been force-bonded but not all. Many had been naturally bonded to the same person and Sherlock wasn’t sure how to deal with that.

The omegas figured it out for themselves. The harems had been hierarchical, all with an Omega Prime who looked out for all the other omegas. Most had been required to look after their homes or to work for their alpha and to do everything in fact. Now that there was no alpha life continued on more or less untroubled, all omegas simply waiting to see what happened next. They were still chemically linked to men and women who had hurt and enslaved them, their instincts were urging them to go to their alpha but they fought them. Instead they methodically registered themselves if they’d been force-bonded and waited patiently for their true alpha to hopefully find them. Not all alphas had been thrown in jail. Many who’d had their omegas seized had been left alone and clueless, unable to find their mate, unable to move on without them despite the severance they all had experienced.

The first time they located a force-bonded omega who had a recently liberated alpha was emotional for everyone. The two old men shouldered their way through the crowd in front of the Yard and wept in each other’s arms as they hung on to one another. Everyone cheered and applauded loudly, more than one person moved to tears as hundreds of people snapped off shots of the reunion and
posted it online with tags like #hope and #one-heart-one-soul.

The search for Maximillian was intense. He’d disappeared when Quincy had, none of the very few who even remembered them knew what had happened but Sherlock had an idea, “The dead alphas John, one of the suspects could disguise his scent. Where would he get such a product? Perhaps from a very clever omega chemist in hiding?”

They went back to the first scene of the crime and Sherlock sniffed around everywhere but everything was stale and faded. John took him to the second scene but like the first there was nothing new to find in the room but in the parking garage Sherlock and John found a scrap of paper that had blown under a barrier. A gust of wind had made it flap and caught Sherlock’s eye so they looked at it. It was the edge of a prescription pad and it was the name of John’s clinic. “Would you have dropped this accidentally?” asked Sherlock as he slipped it into an evidence bag. John shook his head, “No, I don’t use those, I always use the computer to place my prescriptions, my hand remember? I never liked the idea of someone getting the wrong meds because I can’t shape all my letters correctly anymore.”

“The top of the doctor’s name is still there.” Both of them peered at it through Sherlock’s viewer but they couldn’t make it out. John shook his head and Sherlock sighed, “Let’s see if Harry has had your old place of employment reviewed and begin there. Perhaps one of the technicians is our hidden alpha.”

“Or one of the doctors.” said John grimly. He was still stung that someone he knew and liked had been implicated and Sherlock remembered that Doctor Janus was supposed to be on vacation.

“Where did he go I wonder.” he said out loud and John looked puzzled, “Corin Janus, he was going on vacation but still stayed after his shift to see to us. If he was leaving on a plane or something there would be time constraints. He didn’t seem worried, was he driving someplace, or perhaps going someplace close-by that he didn’t need to rush to?”

“That’s right. Mary said she caught him on the way out.” said John.

“Why did she do that,” wondered Sherlock again, “He was clearly leaving, there were other doctors. Why did she detain him and why did he agree to it?”

They went to Dr. Janus’ address and rang the buzzer. Nothing. Eventually John found the building manager who just looked confused, “He’s up and left hasn’t he. Gone a week or more now, knew he was going, already have a new renter looking at the place. He’s left for work elsewhere, said he had a new contract starting.”

Their suspicions were correct, Janus had left right after seeing them. “We need to inspect his flat.” said Sherlock brusquely, “Doctor Janus could have ties with the missing omega.” That got the building opened to them instantly, the manager glowering and stomping upstairs, “My Elsie and I are good people, we never don’t tolerate roughness. Dr. Janus was a good tenant while he was here, quiet, paid is rent on time, gave me a month’s notice that he was leaving.”

Sherlock sniffed the air carefully. He blessed his pregnancy again, not only were his normal omega senses keen but now that he was pregnant they were more sensitive than ever. He closed his eyes and let the smells sort themselves out in his head, “He wasn’t here alone. There was someone with him… two someones… omega?… unbonded… one smells… odd… different… the other smells… wrong? I don’t know, it’s hard to say.”

“Doctor Corin never said anything about living with anyone else. It was real quiet here all the time.”
“Whether he said it or not if Sherlock says there were two more people here then there were two more people.” John was adamant and the manager nodded, looking at their serious faces.

“Maybe the mezzanine?” offered the man. He pointed up. There was a hidden hutch in the ceiling, “It’s only supposed to be for storage, everyone on this floor has a mezzanine compartment.”

John and Sherlock looked at one another. The omega reached up and pulled it open. A long ladder snaked down and John stopped Sherlock before he put his foot on the first rung. John looked deadly serious, “Me first,” he said and Sherlock nodded. John climbed up carefully and Sherlock watched anxiously as his alpha’s head and shoulders disappeared from view. John swore, “Fucking hell Sherlock, come up here.”

Sherlock followed his alpha, the manager on his heels as they made their way through the narrow entrance. They found a small laboratory. It was cramped and tight but someone on their knees could work uncomfortably. There were notes scrawled on the walls, notations written on the floor but other than empty equipment and a pallet on the floor there was nothing. John took pictures of everything. Sherlock leaned forward and sniffed the pallet, “John, can you smell this?”

John leaned forward, “Do you think…”

“We can’t be sure but we know someone who can.” Sherlock dialed Harry, “We need to see Quincy. We’re bringing him something.”

“What have you found?” demanded Harry.

“Maybe nothing, maybe a lead, we need him to tell us.” Harry gave them the address to where Mr. Sheridan was working with another team.

He was smiling when he saw them, “Hello! I heard you two were finished up north.” Sherlock went right up to him and opened the large plastic bag containing the pallet and saw Quincy almost reel, “Maxi!” he shouted and ripped the bag out of Sherlock’s hand, “Where did you find this? Where is he?” Quincy’s face was filled with emotion. He looked terrified and filled with hope at the same time. This was the first conclusive proof they had that Maximillian was still alive but how long would he remain so? Time pressed heavily upon them.

They explained quickly and the search team sprang into action. Once the location was verified Harry’s network of eyes and ears all over London went into play. CCTV, security cameras, volunteer footage, everything was synched together so they could watch Corin’s building. They reconstructed the day he had left Sherlock and John with their news. The doctor had rushed inside and there was nothing. Every moment of footage for two days was poured over until on the third day Corin was spotted leaving his building, his arm around a small man who looked like he was having trouble walking. The doctor helped him into a waiting SUV and went back inside. Twenty minutes later he emerged again, this time with a taller man who was also walking oddly, as if he were stiff. This man was shoved into the other side of the vehicle without care before Corin got in the front and drove off.

“They could be anywhere!” spit Quincy, “My Maxi is in trouble, did you see how that bastard touched him? Is there anything more? Any lead at all?”

“Mary.” said Sherlock grimly. “The nurse where John used to work, a very friendly nurse, she was the one who got Doctor Janus to examine me, she is a suspect.”

John nodded, “I believe you’re right darling. Let’s leave no stone unturned. Mr. Sheridan, we will keep you in touch.” John exchanged mobile numbers with the old man who was looking anxious
and clutching the pallet roll, “We’ll find him. We will.”

Sherlock gently removed the pallet from Quincy’s hand and inhaled carefully until he was sure he had Maximillian’s scent locked into his mind palace. The old man gratefully took the pallet back, taking in the smell of his long lost lover and looking so torn and hopeful that it made Sherlock want to cry again. He didn’t. “Let’s go John.”

They called Lestrade and Mycroft, “We need to find out everything we can about Mary Morstan and her connection with Doctor Corin Janus. Janus has moved from his residence but we’ve found a link to Maximillian. He was being forced to live in the mezzanine above Janus’ flat.”

“Any idea why?” asked Greg.

“Maximillian was a chemist. On the case with the dead alphas we couldn’t identify one person. They were masked somehow and after that we couldn’t track the omega. He’s definitely male; we have footage from Harry’s team that’s being sent to you. Wherever they have gone they have taken Maximillian with them and it doesn’t look like he’s gone willingly.”

“Do you have a plate?” Greg was obviously making notes.

“I didn’t get one but the footage is being analyzed right now, I’m sure your email will include any information they’ve gotten so far. Right now John and I are on our way to Miss Morstan’s address.”

“I’m sending people to go with you. You don’t know if Janus is there with her or someone else even.” Sherlock nodded. Once again if he hadn’t been pregnant he wouldn’t have capitulated but he was and so he did. John was amazing but if he were taken down by an unexpected advantage of some kind Sherlock’s children would be at risk and he couldn’t take that chance.

“Very well but hurry, we’re going to be there soon.” It was hard to be patient but he tried. Their cab pulled up to the outside of Mary’s flat complex.

John swore, “I think I see Janus leaving round the back, fuck! Is that Maximillian with him?”

Sherlock peered around, he couldn’t see a face but the body was recognizable. “That’s the other omega, the smaller one. Perhaps Mr. Asquith is inside with Miss Morstan? It’s very clear she’s involved.”

John shifted anxiously, “Maybe I should try to get a look, something.”

“No John, Lestrade’s people will be here very soon, look, I think that’s them!” it was. To their surprise Lestrade was there as well as Donovan. John and Sherlock got out of their cab and the driver gratefully drove off, eager to be away from whatever was about to happen.

“Janus just left from the alley with another man. We think Maximillian is in Miss Morstan’s flat.” Greg nodded and two officers went around the back of the building while Sherlock and John followed the rest through the front door. Mary lived on the second floor so they trooped up the single flight and fanned out on either side. Sherlock sniffed the air and nodded before whispering, “Mr. Asquith is inside.”

“I’m not doing that! You can’t make me make it.” shouted a man from inside the flat, “You people are monsters!”

John and Sherlock heard Mary’s voice and it was cold and hard, “They gave you a time limit omega, if you’re not done before Jim gets back Seb is going to make you sorrier than you’ve ever been.” There was the sound of flesh hitting flesh and the officers waited not a second longer. One of them
knocked on the door and demanded to be admitted. There was stunned silence and then a hole blew through the door. She’d shot at them, narrowly missing the officer who still had his hand in the air.

It was chaos for a minute. Another officer kicked the door open and they flooded in, overwhelming the armed nurse and pinning her against the wall. A very thin and dignified man with spectacles was holding a bruised cheek and staring at the door in amazement, “Who are you?” he stuttered.

“Maximillian Asquith?” asked Sherlock and the man nodded, smelling surprised, “Mr. Asquith my name is Sherlock Watson-Holmes and we are here to bring you to Quincy Sheridan. He’s been waiting for you for a very long time.” The tall man fainted dead away.

Chapter End Notes

What did I do?

image can be found here: http://daydrawings.blogspot.ca/2012_09_01_archive.html
Small Changes

Chapter Summary

Sherlock and John have managed to locate and rescue Maximillian.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John revived the older man as Sherlock spoke to Lestrade about where to take the still struggling Mary Morstan, “Don’t let her speak to anyone. Surround her only with people you absolutely trust. No contact with anyone, we don’t know what she knows or what her people will do to either get her back or to keep her quiet.”

Mary looked at Sherlock with disgust in her eyes, “How can you listen to him? He’s meat! He’s a human incubator. You may as well listen to a cow. Look at him. Let me go. Take the freak instead!” John’s anger soared, he smelled furious but until Sherlock smelled distressed he would not leave his patient. Sherlock looked at Mary curiously, her words didn’t hurt him for some reason, in fact it went a long way toward explaining the overall problem. If Mary Morstan was an indicator of the mindset of those who had recently been sent away then it was clear they were dealing with something greater than just the odd person who didn’t like a particular gender. That happened, some men hated
women, some women hated men, betas hated alphas or omegas or all the different combinations that an individual might eventually find themselves in. That was life, people dealt with it, tried to overcome it, but these people had clearly cultivated their dislike.

Donovan actually flinched when Mary shouted her insult. She had called Sherlock a freak countless times, denigrating his efforts to get on in the world alone. Those insults had stung many times, often driving Sherlock away which had been Donovan’s intent. Now Sherlock smelled her shame and her anger as she glared at Mary, Donovan was guilty of many things but she was nothing like the woman in front of her, “Clearly there is something wrong with this one. She will have to be detained at Bethlem Royal.” Donovan’s eyes were hard, her face unforgiving.

Mary’s gasp heralded her sudden silence. She was being sent for psychiatric evaluation and under the new omega guidelines it wouldn’t go well for her, not for being arrested while physically abusing a forcibly restrained omega. Sherlock spoke before they took Mary away, “Sedation if you please Donovan. She can’t be a bother to anyone, same rules. Make sure someone you know is on the door and no food and water that isn’t opened right in front of you. The levels of complicity in this case are uncalculated as yet.” Donovan’s cheek jumped as she clenched her jaw but her eyes never left Mary’s face for a second. The alpha smelled wary and angry. Sherlock thought of Anderson and was grateful that the man’s alpha was so protective. He didn’t like Sally Donovan but her instincts were worthy.

“Sherlock.” said John, “We need to bring Mr. Asquith to Mr. Sheridan, come on, help me get him up.”

“Doesn’t he need to lie down or have some water or something?” asked Sherlock. Maximillian looked pale.

“He’d do better for seeing his alpha. I’ve got food and water in my bag; he can have something on the way there. Come on Sherlock!” Sherlock got his arm around the older man and with John guided him to the street, “We know your legs are sore, just lean on us, we’ll be out of here soon.”

Sherlock complained for a moment that there was only a police car to travel in but at least the man behind the wheel used his lights and sirens, enabling them to cut through London with slightly more ease. Maximillian looked wary and nervous; his lips pressed tightly together, distrust oozing from every pore. Neither Sherlock nor John blamed him. He would have had to be mistrustful to have survived all these years without Quincy. They didn’t try to speak to him or explain anything. He wasn’t going to believe a word. Quincy would be the one to reach the man.

It took over thirty minutes to rendezvous with Mr. Sheridan. Maximillian was nearly clawing his way out of the vehicle before the secured doors could be opened. Quincy was pushing his way through police officers and investigators and Sherlock managed to get out of the car in time to see Maxi try to throw himself into Quincy’s arms. The huge man lifted his omega up with ease, both men laughing and kissing one another, arms tight around each other as tears streamed from their eyes, “I knew you were alive, I knew it, I knew it!” shouted Maximillian with glee, “I never gave up baby, not for a minute. I’ve been looking for you everywhere, how could you hide on me all these years?”

“They locked me away sugar, locked up tight. I hoped sugar, I hoped so much that I would get to see you one more time.” They were kissing and crying now, Maximillian stroking Quincy’s face, trying to wipe his tears away while Quincy tried kiss his lover all over before finally having to put him down, “Still light as a feather sugar.”

“You’re as big a lug as you ever were.” said Maxi, his eyes glistening with tears that refused to stop. They held onto one another for several minutes before they reluctantly pulled apart. “I missed you baby but we have no time.”
“I know Maxi, we need the other half of the formula.” Both men nodded their heads one time together and linked hands. They were ready.

Decades of separation did not slow them even for a moment. John and Sherlock watched as the two men moved together as effortlessly as if they had never been parted. Maximillian gave an officer an address and soon a small convoy of vehicles was head toward an address in Hounslow. “I knew you always thought I was over-cautious but I bet you’re glad now!”

Quincy and Maximillian were canoodling a bit but John and Sherlock just twisted their faces away as best they could to give the old gents a chance to say hello properly. “You’re hurt.” rumbled Quincy sharply.

“A bit of back-ache because of where I’ve been staying but it’s nothing. My legs are stiff, I haven’t been walking as much as I would have liked.” well it was something to Quincy who immediately began rubbing Maximillian’s back as well as he could while squeezed into a car with two other men. They arrived at a pub.

“Maxi you didn’t!” exclaimed Quincy who sounded impressed.

“You’re damn right I did and good thing too! If I hadn’t we’d have nothing right now.” Maximillian pushed through the front door of the pub and went up to the young man at the counter, “We need to speak with Rawlings.”

“Grandpa don’t get down here much.” said the alpha, not looking up from the glass he was wiping.

“Tell Rawlings that Maxi and Quincy are here and I want my damn stuff back.” Maximillian glared at the young man who just smiled, shrugged, and went through a curtain covered doorway. A minute later a corpulent and red-faced omega came out, he was bald as an egg and obviously happily astounded.

“I cannot believe my eyes!” the old man waddled over and embraced the pair, “Maxi, it’s been so long, I was worried. Quincy! I never thought I’d live to see you again, your boy hasn’t stopped looking for you, not ever, not ever!”

“Rawlings you old goat, we can catch up another day. Maxi needs his things back, this is as serious as it gets.” Quincy had his arm around Maxi.

“Dammit Quincy! I haven’t seen you since I had all my hair and now you’re just going to rush in and rush out?”

“Yes, dammit man, waddle faster!” shouted Quincy as the old man made his way back to the curtained door. He motioned them all to follow him but didn’t go far, “Here?”

“Right in plain sight, just liked he asked.” said Rawlings. They were standing in front of a framed picture of a scientist at work. The man’s body was made up of beer coasters and other detritus found at a pub but the walls and floors and all the various features were picked out with drinking straws. “Go on, take the damn thing. It’s ugly and I have a lovely picture of that young singer that I can….”

“Thanks Rawlings, seriously. Thank you. We will be back. Later…..busy…” Maxi was already walking away lost in thought so Quincy shook Rawlings’ hand and followed his omega with Sherlock and John behind him.

Maxi examined the frame carefully, “I need a laboratory, a proper one.”

“We can arrange that.” Sherlock called Harry and she got them access to a private laboratory she’d
had waiting on the hopes that Maximillian would be found. On the drive there the small man explained, “I was raised in an orphanage. You didn’t get to hang onto things for long so when I was a kid I got really good at hiding things. Of course, growing up in a concrete building doesn’t leave a lot of places for hiding so I had to be very, very clever about it.”

Harry and Clara were there when they arrived, their assistants organizing the lab and introducing Maximillian as the head of research for their as yet unnamed project. Maxi looked surprised but got someone to lay the large picture face down on a table so he could undo the backing.

Sherlock had assumed that the formula would be fitted between the canvas and the board but instead Maxi carefully removed a straw from the front and with a scalpel sliced it open length-wise with care. Inside was a tall thin cylinder of paper which he unfurled. It was a numbered page of closely written notes and each straw had one. Clara got someone to find a computer with a scanner and each page was carefully captured before it was fitted to the other pages in order until Maxi had revealed and assembled a small thin volume.

Sherlock was riveted. He stared at the complex formula on the screen, going from page to page, barely blinking as he took in the elegant calculations, the almost beautiful artistry of the formula itself. Now that he saw it, it all made so much sense! This was the most remarkable thing he’d ever seen.

Maximillian instructed a small group of very serious-faced men and women about the fabrication of the formula. “This isn’t the toxic waste that these brutes have been using for all these years, this shouldn’t hurt a bit, in fact, everyone should be feeling pretty darn good about a minute after they take this.”

“What about the other formula?” they asked.

“It shouldn’t hurt either but we had no reason or way to test it back then. Who would want to dissolve their bond if they had a choice or at least that was my thinking but I never could make something without making its anti-dote too, it’s logical. We need to make a sample and find a soul who wants their bond gone.”

“Can we mass produce it?” asked Harry.

“After we test it successfully, certainly.” said Maximillian. “There is no in-between though, whoever tries this gets one chance and one chance alone, there is no second dose to renew a bond or dissolve a new one. Once you have one or the other, that’s it. It won’t work a second time.”

“Why is that?” asked Sherlock.

“Our bodies are designed to bond for life. We are creatures in two pieces, only one alpha and one omega are meant for the other. This business with harems is atrocious and flies against everything we’ve evolved to be. Our society is tearing itself to pieces and it doesn’t even know why! I’ll tell you why! Parents are forcing their alpha or omega children to bond as soon as they can instead of letting them find their true match, others gather omega like they’re accessories, and each new omega they add to their collection leaves one unhappy alpha somewhere who will never be content because he does not have his omega. Betas can marry and divorce all they like but a bond, a real bond, is supposed to link you with the rest of your soul, not provide some over-sexed arse with a variety pack to choose from!”

They began to work. Quincy did whatever Maxi told him to do, clearly thrilled to have his brilliant and clever omega back. The large alpha had led their research for years but after so long apart clearly he was completely content to allow the small thin man to have his way. It took a few hours before it
was all complete to Maxi’s satisfaction and when they were done they had a row of stoppered test tubes sitting in racks. “This will undo the force-bonds. It should work almost instantly.” promised Quincy.

There was a second row of vials and Maxi looked at them, “These ones will allow people to bond if they can’t. It’s a slow release formula that will eventually end with the omega going into a day-long heat about six hours after ingesting it. It gives their body time to prepare for heat.”

“Did you two bond?”

Maxi shook his head, “We were going to. I took the formula …that was the day….” Maxi shook his head, “I can’t take it a second time. We missed our chance forty years ago.”

Quincy pulled Maxi close and both old men were clearly bereft. Sherlock felt his eyes spill over and John was holding him tightly. How monumentally unfair that these two men should go through so much, have done so much, and to have suffered for so long only to be denied the only thing they really wanted, to bond together.

There was a knock at the lab door. Clara and Harry had returned and they brought with them a small group of men and women, all omega. “Mr. Asquith, Mr. Sheridan. These people have volunteered to try the formula. All of them were force-bonded and all of them have their real alphas waiting.”

It had already been a long day but Maximillian and Quincy sat down with the group and with Sherlock and John’s help interviewed all of them to note how they were force-bonded, the duration of their enforced relationship, and other details. Each omega was given a vial and each one looked nervous but resolved. They seated themselves on soft chairs at Maximillian’s urging and one at a time they tipped it back and swallowed.

The reactions were slightly varied and interesting. It seemed that the women responded slightly faster than the men but only by a second or two. All of them became flushed, heavy-eyed, and then one at a time they shuddered all over and sighed almost ecstatically before opening their eyes and smiling around. Sherlock noted that all their scents changed as the traces of their unwanted alpha broke down and disappeared to leave them smelling only of themselves. “Oh my god he’s gone!” breathed one of the women. “It’s…he’s just gone!” she was beaming.

One of the male omega had his hands over his face as he cried into them, “I hated her so much! Thank you for this. Just…thank you!” All the omegas were weeping, hugging Quincy and Maximillian tightly and kissing both gents on the cheeks, “This is a real miracle. You don’t know what you’ve done.”

“We’re only undoing what should never have happened in the first place.” said Quincy, “None of this should have happened.”

There was a bit of racket coming from the hallway and a small man burst through, an alpha, “Kevin! You’re crying! Did they hurt you? You’re crying!” the omega identified as Kevin just held his arms open and the small alpha went right into them, inhaling deeply, “Oh god….I can’t smell her anymore….are….are you okay?” The omega was nodding happily and soon other alphas were coming in to find their right omega. Maximillian and Quincy were smiling, a look of peace on both their faces as they watched their work of decades finally come full circle.

All of the newly freed omegas were examined by a fleet of doctors who asked if they would mind staying there for observation. Everyone agreed happily. If things went well then Harry could authorize the mass production of the solution to be freely distributed to anyone affected. Maximillian came over to Sherlock and John, Quincy right behind him, “We’re going now. The Lady has
provided a room for us. It’s been a long time since we could work for days on end without rest but right now I feel like I need a few hours with my head down.”

“Take all the time you need,” urged John, “You two haven’t had time to be together at all. It’s important.”

“We know, we will.” promised Quincy, “You can’t stop him when he’s working though, not for anything. He’s done now, so we’ll take our leave.”

This was how John was with him Sherlock realized. John didn’t like to disturb Sherlock when he was lost in his experiments; he liked to wait until Sherlock was done of his own accord. He smiled down at his alpha and realized they had years in front of them to enjoy how well they worked together. Maximillian and Quincy didn’t have as much time but at least they had some, and that was better than what they both thought they would get. “Take Sherlock home,” said Maximillian softly, “He needs to rest. There are enough people here to do the next bit.”

Sherlock suddenly realized he really was exhausted. John was holding him up again and Sherlock realized his alpha was tense and becoming worried, “We’ll go.” he said and the tiredness he hadn’t noticed grew and grew until John was helping Sherlock stumble into a car Harry had waiting for them. He dozed on the ride home, wrapping his arms around John’s waist and burying his face in John’s lap. Today had been tiring and emotional.

John was stronger than Sherlock realized because he woke up in bed with the alpha sleeping beside him. John would have needed to carry Sherlock from the car and up a flight of stairs before getting him into bed. Sherlock checked the clock. It was one in the morning but he felt wide awake. Kissing John tenderly Sherlock slipped out of bed to wander around the flat in his robe and slippers. He was debating about making a cup of herbal tea and was rubbing his belly in small circles when he realized his fingers were tracing around a small bump. He looked down.

The small invisible swell was no longer invisible. It was distinct. Sherlock’s entire waist had thickened in the last two days! How had he not noticed? Immediately Sherlock went to find his mobile. Stripping down he went to their bedroom and turned on the light so he could take a picture of himself in front of the full-length mirror, “Wazzat….waz wrong?” John had his eyes covered with his hand and he was trying to sit up.

“Wake up John. Look!” Sherlock turned this way and that. It was very, very definite. His waist was noticeably thicker than it had been and there was a curve that went from Sherlock’s pubic hair to his navel. His abdomen wasn’t flat! He sucked in his belly to be sure and the curve stayed put. “Hurry up John! Open your eyes!”

“What’s wrong, what’s the matter?” John rolled out of bed, alert and slightly panicked looking. He stared at Sherlock standing stark naked with every light in the room on as he pranced in front of the mirror to examine himself from every angle.

“John look!” Sherlock almost twirled around to face his alpha with a huge grin. He spread his fingers out onto his belly and pushed the tips of his thumbs together right over his navel and his touched the tips of his index fingers together below it so he was showcasing the area in question with the outline of a heart, “Look.” he urged again.

John fell to his knees in front of Sherlock and kissed the patch of skin ardently, “Oh look at you lovely little darlings!” John ran his hands all over Sherlock’s waist, “It’s so fast! This is weeks and weeks faster than I expected.”

“Three children and over three months less time than anticipated, Doctor Trevor did suggest you take
“I’m going to. I’ll find the time somehow, I can’t be unprepared, not if you’re going to develop this quickly. We’d better get a scale and begin keeping track of everything ourselves.” Sherlock was thrilled. He ran off naked and booted up his laptop, perching on the sofa and eagerly creating a tracking database for absolutely everything he could think of that might change on him during the course of his pregnancy. John was laughing softly and he still looked tired but happy as he draped Sherlock’s robe over the omega’s shoulders and went to make the tea Sherlock had been thinking about earlier.

John sat beside him with his own laptop and began to search out relevant courses. He flagged several then sent the list to Harry for approval. He wasn’t about to stumble into trouble, not about this! Sherlock approved as John voiced his opinion, “We can’t be sure who is still hidden that might be offering disinformation. It will be interesting for you to review a great deal of these sessions just to see what kinds of attitudes are being trained into new medical staff.”

“Good idea love, I suppose that’s a pretty big thing, we should mention that to Harry. Knowing her she has moles in the organizations already and has probably already installed new curriculums.” As it happened she hadn’t. Even though she was also up working Harry scolded John and Sherlock for being up so late after John’s text arrived and called back to speak to her brother directly, “Wow Harry, that’s fantastic. No, I’ll do that then.”

“What did she say?”

“Apparently I have a new job.”

“Reviewing training programs.”

“Yes so thanks for that love, she hired me on the spot. I don’t know what we’re going to do for time. I don’t want to leave you to go sit in a bunch of classes.”

“I’ll go with you of course. I should be mobile for a while longer, months at least, time enough for you to get comfortably situated and when it’s too difficult for me to get around then we’ll find someplace to have our babies.”

“You make it sound like I’m going to build you a nest in the park!” objected John. “We have to start getting our home ready now not when you can’t walk anymore!”

“Actually a shallow indentation is a good idea John; my stomach will be very large.” Sherlock turned to look at himself again, the smile on his face one of utter delight as he looked at his bump.

“I’m not digging a hole for you to put your belly in.”

“If I want a hole you will dig me one.” said Sherlock, pretending to be petulant. John was still on his knees but he was already giggling and he bit Sherlock’s behind lightly.

“Yes of course love, if you really wanted one I would do it but I think I’d really rather just invest in a new mattress and some nicer blankets.”

“I suppose that will have to do.” said Sherlock magnanimously and John giggled again. “I need a snack. I have children to feed.” Sherlock wasn’t even hungry but look at his babies. They deserved a treat.

John coaxed Sherlock back to bed after biscuits and herbal tea, stroking his omega all over and
kissing their bump again and again. Sherlock felt himself grow dreamy and blissful as John lavished pure love on him, adoring him everywhere. With a happy smile Sherlock fell asleep with John in his arms, his alpha’s hands never ceasing their caresses until he too finally drifted off.

When Sherlock woke the next morning it was late, almost lunchtime. John was up and reading the paper in his chair when Sherlock blearily came out of the room, “Hey there sleeping beauty.” said John fondly as Sherlock collapsed bonelessly into his alpha’s lap and lay his head on John’s. “I knew you needed a good lie-in, Harry’s got everyone working on everything it seems. You need to take a bit of a break.”

“I had a strange dream.” Sherlock was still so sleepy but his head was busy. “I was dancing with numbers.”

“Should I be jealous?” teased John.

“It was like a song and the numbers were the steps. You were there and we were dancing together.” Sherlock wasn’t sure what he was saying. “We kept getting one of the steps a bit wrong but otherwise it was lovely.”

“I’m glad I’m a good dream dancer.” said John fondly, kissing Sherlock’s curls. “It’s probably all those formulas you looked at yesterday.”

Sherlock sat straight up. The formulas! There was an error, something simple, something very easy to fix! “John! I need to talk to Maxi.”

“Maxi and Quincy are having a day together.” said John sternly, “They shouldn’t be interrupted!”

“What if I can fix the formula so they can bond?” asked Sherlock with excitement. He was sure that’s what his dreams meant. All the numbers had worked in his head all night long and he was absolutely almost definitely positive that he was right.

“You figured it out?” asked John sounding amazed. He was reaching for his phone, “Harry, we need to reach Maxi and Quincy, Sherlock may have fixed their formula so they can bond.”

There was an excited screech from the other end and rapid chatter and then silence. “Harry is bringing them here from wherever they are. Go shower and get dressed Sherlock, I’ll have lunch waiting for you when you get out.” Sherlock was ravenous at the mere mention of food but obediently he went and cleaned himself up, feeling hugely refreshed by it all and was nearly done his meal when their company arrived.

Sherlock was nervous but he pulled up the digital copy of their research and went over each phase of it with both of them, “Here, this part, this is the bit that if you adjust it like this…” Sherlock manipulated the formula a tiny bit and Quincy sat back with a grunt, “So?”

Maximillian was silent for a long time and Sherlock could see he was going over the calculations in his head to verify it but Sherlock knew he was right. Eventually the old man’s head nodded shallowly, “It will work.” he said hoarsely and then Quincy was holding Maxi while Maxi shook in his arms, weeping with relief and gratitude, “Thank you Sherlock….all these years….I never….thank you.”

It took two days to perfect the new formula and on the evening of the second day both Quincy and Maximillian swallowed down two doses of thick blue fluid. They were in one of the guest suites at Sherrinford and Violet’s home and the entire family was in attendance. Mycroft and Sherlock remained in the hallway a discrete distance from their room, they only needed to linger for a short
while before retreating with twin smiles, “Maximillian has gone into a short-heat. Quincy will be able to finish the process.” Maxi would still need to be bitten even if his gland wasn’t functional. The rest of his body would react instinctively to the specific wound, the formula would provide all the enzymes and hormones that he was missing, and Quincy’s saliva would be encouraged to develop the reciprocal hormones he would deliver to Maxi at the same time. It would work, it was working. The air was filled with hope.

Chapter End Notes

I am battling so many obligations *or shirking them, whatever dude* to make this story happen. Sleep is for the weak!
Chapter Summary

Sherlock has made a miracle, now dreams are coming true.

Chapter Notes

life challenges overcome to produce this short chapter:

1) a massive power failure in my region, normally no problem because hey, computer batteries right? HAH WRONG! What I had was a very expensive paperweight so for 10 hours I had no power of any description. Who writes by hand, anyone? I don't. It hurt my fingers and I'm way too slow, plus all my letters look like they were scratched out during some kind of seizure. Anyway I had no time today and this is as far as I got.

2) the first problem was frustrating enough that without a second problem I am willing to number a new line just to contain the frustration I experienced when everything went black.

People called it *Blue Moon*. The name caught the media’s attention and soon that was its official designation. Sherlock’s small change had perfected a formula that would painlessly allow bonding between an alpha and an omega. When Maximillian and Quincy emerged late the next day their scents were perfectly blended and both men were nearly delirious with happiness. Quincy hugged Sherlock for so long John was beginning to frown but Maximillian just took his turn hugging Sherlock and while John was crushed nearly in half by Quincy, both alphas wearing huge happy.
grins. “Congratulations.” said John earnestly, shaking both their hands vigorously.

“Sherlock you are a genius, never let anyone tell you otherwise.” said Maximillian seriously, “It’s difficult to stop believing everything we’ve been taught about ourselves but you are a person, just like any other person. You have a right to exercise your mind and body as you choose because you choose. You and John are right at the beginning of a whole new era, one hopefully free of the pointless segregation of genders. It is up to people like you and like me to set a standard. Be yourself. Be a genius. Excel at what you love because you love it and it’s what you want. You are so fortunate to have a soulmate, someone who would have loved and supported you no matter what but now John won’t have to fight so hard to let you be you and there’s the trap. Don’t forget him. Don’t become lost in your new freedom to the point you accidentally leave John behind. He’s part of you and you are part of him. I’ve had a very long time to think about this Sherlock and I have checked my facts thoroughly. I thought I would leave this world without my other half but because of you Quincy and I will never be parted again.”

Sherlock opened his mouth to reply but Maxi just glared at him so Sherlock shut it again. Quincy laughed, “He’s like that. I’d listen if I were you, he’s got a way of looking at things but I guess you’d know all about that, you’re a lot alike.” Sherlock smiled at John who visibly puffed up as his mate was praised. “Keep doing what you’re doing John, you’ve got the right idea. Sherlock is a rare one, nearly as rare as mine.” Dotingly Quincy kissed the top of Maximillian’s head and the old man blushed faintly. “We’ve got things to do. Come on.”

Maximillian and Quincy were nothing if not dedicated. They spent some time visiting with Sherrinford and Violet, both omega much praised by their alphas, each man assuring their old friend’s lover of their endless devotion. Mummy and Maximillian soon were both wearing twin blushes as Sherrinford and Quincy carefully revealed their love marks, the tattoos for Sherrinford but for Quincy a complex series of tiny scars that raised deliberate bumps and welts on the dark skin of his back to form a simple spiral from the braille numbers 1.61803398875 which made Maxi tear up whenever he looked at it, but proudly. After they had thanked their hosts for the use of their guest suite both new mates stood and insisted that they had no more time to waste fooling around.

They approached the first group of volunteers and all of them eagerly accepted the chance to try the new formula, desperate to re-bond with their proper mate. A hotel close by offered an entire floor for use by the hopeful couples and rather dramatically all of them had stood in the hallway in front of their room doors and drank their ration together. With grins and crossed fingers all of them locked themselves away.

Success!

Eight pairings resulted from the first trial batch, all of them with perfectly balanced scents, a strange by-product of the process but not one that either partner would dream of complaining about. Scent-exchange was rare, John and Sherlock were one of the very few bonded to whom it had occurred naturally, but even theirs was just a strong note of their mate for each man, so all the new pairs were extremely pleased to have this distinctive attribute to boast of the trials they endured to be with one another.

Violet and Sherrinford were in the second wave. Mummy had passed the age where she still went into heat, as had many of the force-bonded, but the one brought on by Blue Moon was mild in comparison and more than sufficient for their purpose. Since the man was dead Mummy was did not need to take the un-bonding formula which had the less romantic but more functional designation of Manumit but she did anyway to eradicate the last trace of Sieger from her body. After that Mycroft and Sherlock had presented each parent with their own small vial of Blue Moon, kissed their parents, and stepped away to leave them to re-bond at last.
The day they emerged was an ecstatic one for the entire family. John and Sherlock joined Mycroft and Gregory and all his children, along with Mummy and everyone else they could think of to have a small celebration in the Holmes manor. Mummy looked serene and content and the fierceness of Sherrinford’s face had relaxed enough that he was smiling easily around at all. Mycroft and Sherlock were both treated to an excess of affection from both parents, the men simply delighting in the easy hugs their father gave them, the constant pecks to the cheek, and neither of them complained when Sherrinford ruffled their hair whenever he passed them by. Both John and Greg smelled of nothing more than contentment and happiness that their mates were so pleased, and Sherrinford had easily been adopted by all the Lestrade children as a bonus-grandfather, hauling him all over the place to demand explanations for things in the house or ask if he’d used a spell on Grandma because she looked very young now. “A love potion.” he said with a wink, “but I took it too, so that’s alright.” the children had giggled but looked approving.

An entire pharmaceutical company devoted their whole effort to producing *Blue Moon*, waiving fees in lieu of donations towards cost instead. They were an overnight success as everyone in the country practically wheel-barrowed money over to ensure that every force-separated couple they could find was reunited. Many of the omega had bonding-glands that were undamaged enough to retain enough fluid to reactivate their old bonds but most had fought their aggressors so savagely that their bonds had been brutally taken. It made no difference to *Blue Moon*, it worked on everyone who tried it.

Reunions were happening on a daily basis and Regent’s Park had become the favorite meeting place for couples that found each other online. Apart from a massive and quickly corrected crash on the first day from the deluge of requests the partner matching website was up and functional. The website received millions of hits as people checked and re-checked hourly updates. The omega registration centers had been temporarily repurposed to track un-united alphas and omegas, their system nearly overloaded as thousands jockeyed for a chance to search for their missing mate.

Sherlock cried the day Wallace showed up with a plump and blushing blond man. Both of them were wearing wedding rings and Bertram, as he proudly was introduced, was not so subtly showing off his new collar. “Four days was all it took and we found each other. We had to wait in line a bit to get my Bertram free of…of him…but as soon as we could we were back in line for *Blue Moon* and look!” the head of Bertram’s harem had been one of the very first people arrested and hauled away leaving his home untended, the omegas unwatched for the first time in years. Bertram had simply walked out the door the second he realized the man wasn’t coming back and began to look for his real alpha and found him through the site. Wallace held up the wedding ring Sherlock had already spotted and waggled it right in front of their faces, “I asked and he said yes!” The alpha was so happy he couldn’t help himself and turned to hug and kiss his omega, his entire large body quivering with happiness that was obviously very reciprocated. “The Lady offered us a place in the country; I’m going to grow flowers for the honey-bees and Bertram is going to finish writing that book he started.”

“I’m sure Sherlock will love to come visit you sometime then,” said John warmly. The small alpha was extremely sentimental at the moment, as touched as Sherlock that another happy ending had occurred, “He loves honey and we both love to read.”

“We just wanted to let you know we were alright.” said Bertram. His voice was mellifluous, meltingly warm, and Wallace was practically on his toes with every syllable that passed the smaller man’s lips. “My Wallace and I won’t likely come back to London; I do not wish to remain here any longer than is necessary. If we’re lucky I might still be able to have a child.” It was turning out that very few of the force-bonded omega had children though they could get pregnant. Bertram was one of the many who hadn’t borne a single pup for the alpha that had taken him, like Mummy. Sieger had been fertile for years before he’d damaged himself but Mummy had never quickened.
Sherlock and John understood the couple’s need to depart expeditiously. For years London would have been a hell for Bertram. They didn’t ask about his experience, most omegas had been referred to counselling along with their alphas. Professionals from all over the EU had been pouring into the country to assist the overwhelmed local practitioners who offered their services toward the survivors. There were complex problems resulting from the massive upheaval and they were only beginning to manifest even amidst the joyfulness. For most couples, simply being together was the best therapy.

Sherlock and John put in a lot of hours that first month. Mary was being investigated though she barely said a word. Someone had tried to access her several times but members of Lestrade’s division took turns watching over her. There were still unsavory activities going on, the new changes had caught up much but not all of it and they still had no idea who Jim and Seb really were but Sherlock and John were fairly certain that the once Doctor Janus was one of them. Ms. Morstan refused to admit she’d even said the names and since she wouldn’t talk and no more mysterious alphas showed up dead they were at an impasse.

Both men were studying hard as well as working their ever shrinking missing omega file. Wallace and Bertram weren’t the only couple to stop by to give their thanks in person but most of their new friends sent along cards with photos enclosed, all the pictures of happy faces and signs of renewed ties. John kept all of them in a large album he’d procured, adding each new envelope to its own sleeve until he had to get another book, and then a third.

Each morning when they woke Sherlock and John did a complex series of exams on the omega, measuring, weighing, checking, but mostly admiring Sherlock’s quickly growing belly. In four short weeks Sherlock had gone from a barely visible curve to a deliciously obvious and wonderfully bold baby belly. John had done exactly as promised and purchased a number of long stretchy tops that he pulled over Sherlock’s belly reverently, nearly as thrilled as Sherlock with how much their children had grown. Sherlock wanted to be pregnant forever.

Well that’s what he thought.

Four weeks nearly to the day when they’d found out that Sherlock was pregnant the entire country had undergone a societal and cultural shift of epic proportions but Sherlock didn’t care because he was sick.

Oh god was he sick.

People shouldn’t get this sick without requiring hospitalization.

Why was John such a useless doctor?

Early in the morning Sherlock had woken up feeling a bit tight in the tummy area. He had gone to sleep after binging on nearly everything in the refrigerator so maybe he was a bit bloated. Rising out of bed with only a slight loss of grace Sherlock admired his belly and slightly more padded hips before strolling casually to the bathroom. When he got there he could smell their shampoo, normally it was a delightful floral fragrance but right that second it was a chemical cesspool and with the door shut the bathroom became an olfactory hell pit.

People shouldn’t be so ill that their feet scrabbled against the floor from the force of their heaves and leave you clutching the water tank with both hands lest you collapse entirely, and they definitely shouldn’t be so ill their ears hurt from the unexpected acoustic attributes of the toilet bowl. Sherlock felt his whole body try to eject itself through his mouth and when he couldn’t heave any more he slithered to the floor covered in sweat, “Honey are you alright?”

What a stupid question. Why was John so stupid? Only stupid people would ask a pregnant person if
they were alright after hearing that! Of course John was stupid. He was a big stupid alpha with a big stupid alpha cock who didn’t know anything about being pregnant because his giant stupid alpha dumb dick sucked all the brain juice from his tiny alpha brain and stuck it into the only organ he thought with. Sherlock hated John’s cock. To answer John Sherlock threw up again.

Sherlock was mad about how much better he felt when John came in and cleaned him up, wiping his face, helping him clean his teeth, and helping him into the shower where Sherlock was washed head to toe while John fussed over him. John made Sherlock madder by putting the omega on the sofa exactly where he wanted to be and by giving him the apple ginger tea he liked at exactly the right temperature and some of his preferred salted snacks to nibble on to settle his stomach. When Sherlock finished everything John smiled and said, “It’s just morning sickness.”

Sherlock lost his temper, “Just morning sickness? It’s just morning sickness? I left at least three major organs in the bathroom but I guess that’s okay because they’re just mine!” Sherlock burst into tears and stormed away, slamming the door to their bedroom shut before flinging himself onto their freshly made bed. John was a jerk. Sherlock would never have thought that but clearly he was bonded to a heartless cretin with no sensitivity at all. The omega snuggled his round belly tearily. What had he done to his unborn children? How dare John? How dare he?

Sherlock didn’t even know why he was so desolate but he was. Closing his eyes he ignored John who had followed him in smelling of anxiety and panic. “Sherlock, tell me you’re alright, sweetheart, is it something more than an upset stomach? Do you feel any pain anywhere? I’m going to call emergency services. I’m such an idiot, of course something is wrong….I’m….I’m calling them now, hang on love.” John was fully panicking now and rushed out to get his mobile.

Sherlock was entirely cheered up. Of course John loved him. He was being silly. Sherlock loved his babies and John’s penis which had given him children. How could Sherlock be mad at it? Sherlock rolled off the bed and went to the foyer where John was scrabbling around his coat pockets trying to find his mobile which was in his trousers. Sherlock wrapped himself around his lover and kissed John’s ear, “I’m fine John. You’re probably right. It’s just morning sickness. I feel better now.” He did. John smelled wonderful and Sherlock felt his entire body respond. Sherlock remembered Doctor Trevor telling John how sex made omega deal with their ailments better, “I think I need you to fuck me.”

“What?” John was startled, “Sweetheart you were a human pretzel not five minutes ago. You can’t want sex.”

“Yes I do. Now John,” Sherlock really wanted sex now that he thought about it. He needed to apologize to John’s penis, it had been targeted unjustly and now Sherlock wanted to make up to it. He pulled the very confused alpha into his arms and danced slowly against him, rubbing his small hard belly against John and felt his lover exhale raggedly. “I want you John.” husked Sherlock directly into John’s ear and felt his alpha exhale again, “I need you.” Sherlock bit John’s earlobe. “I love you.”

“I….for….and….yes.” John’s head fell back when Sherlock began to nibble his way from his ear and work his way to John’s throat. “Oh!” Sherlock liked the way it felt against his mouth when John sighed. His lips were pressed tight to John’s neck still so he reached down and caressed John’s beautiful cock apologetically, feeling it thicken and stir by way of acceptance. Sherlock was pleased but he needed to do more than that! He’d been dreadfully rude to it and all it had ever done was make him feel good and make babies inside him.

Deftly Sherlock peeled John out of his clothes and nudged him toward the bedroom. By the time John was being pushed back onto the bed he was half-hard and entirely naked. Sherlock crooned as
he arched over his lover to examine him from head to toe. John smelled glorious. His body was so warm and his skin was like satin. Sherlock found that he was rubbing his body against John’s using the teasing brushes to work John into an even hotter state of growing desire.

It was just what Sherlock wanted.

John was beautiful and strong, so kind and devoted, he was the most remarkable man Sherlock had ever come across and he loved his husband so much. Sherlock pressed tender kisses over John’s chest, flicking his tongue over the hardening nubs of John’s nipples and following John’s chest hair downward where it disappeared into a narrow band that directed Sherlock right where he needed to be.

Gently he pressed a kiss to the wide fat head of John’s penis. Sorry. He dragged his tongue from John’s testicles to the his glans and pressed another kiss to it. Sorry. Sherlock pursed his lips a tiny bit and allowed John’s cock to rub against them, smearing a tiny bit of pre-come over them and when they were wet Sherlock looked up at John and gave him a cheeky wink. John’s cock grew instantly harder, nearly completely erect now so Sherlock felt that perhaps his apology had been accepted and now it was time to make up to it. Using his mouth, his tongue, and his hands Sherlock worked every inch of John’s thick cock, rolling his heavy testicles, coming back to the head over and over again to enjoy the clear droplets that were beginning to gather and spill.

The winning move was when Sherlock final straddled John’s hips but instead of moving right into position Sherlock leaned forward and rubbed his small bump against John, sliding up and down slowly and watching the pre-come smear over the taut skin of his stomach. John growled. It was animalistic and deep. Sherlock found himself flung to the bedding, his legs pushed wide as John feasted on him. Sherlock was now the one gasping as John swallowed him down over and over again, the alpha nothing but pure lust thanks to Sherlock’s attentions. “Yes!” he cried when John’s eager fingers pushed inside him. John rarely did this, he didn’t really need to but Sherlock loved the feel of John’s fingers stroking him so intimately.

“You’re a fucking tease.” rasped the alpha.

“Am I?” sighed Sherlock happily as John resumed his attentions, “Is that bad?”

John just growled again and nipped his way back up Sherlock’s body until he could claim his mouth. “No.” Sherlock smiled with John as they tried to kiss. “You’re so bloody sexy, every day it’s harder and harder not to just…..” John kissed Sherlock deeply, their tongues tasting and probing until Sherlock was having a hard time even listening to what John was saying, “All day long I watch you Sherlock, god you’re gorgeous. You have no idea. You’re moving differently now, did you realize that? More with your hips, kind of….mmm…”John ran his hand over Sherlock’s behind, “This is getting bigger too.” John said the sweetest things! “All day long I have to try to talk to people, or pay attention to something, or whatever it is, and all day long all I want to do is this.”

John was definitely in control of the situation now. He began by kissing Sherlock everywhere that tempted him so he started with Sherlock’s neck and then his wrists, before kissing his hips, and his belly, lifting his leg to trail kisses up and down Sherlock’s thigh before turning him over and beginning a very serious appreciation session with Sherlock’s arse. “We’ll be busy today, we’re always busy these days but today I want you to think of me like I think of you.”

The devil! John seduced Sherlock right back. With a cheeky grin all of his own John tormented Sherlock with nibbles and soft kisses until the omega was keening with desire, incapable of doing anything but react mindlessly to John’s clever caresses. When John tugged Sherlock’s legs down he knew what the alpha was going to do but it didn’t stop him from moaning incredulously as John lowered himself onto Sherlock’s well slicked cock. “John!” It never stopped being unbelievably
incredible to be inside John. Sherlock ran his hands over John’s beautiful hips, scratched his fingertips over John’s chest and belly before taking his long wonderful magical cock in both hands and stroking. Like always John became very stimulated very quickly and after only a few minutes he had to pull away in order to push himself slowing inside his lover.

It was beautiful.

John watched Sherlock intently as he began to move, gauging each response, adjusting his strokes and his pace until Sherlock almost couldn’t bear the continued exquisiteness of the delight he felt. The alpha rocked his hips slowly, twisting and gyrating carefully until Sherlock gasped his way through one bittersweet orgasm and was working his way without pause to a second, “That’s it sweetheart, you can do it, come for me, let me see you come.” John’s eyes never left Sherlock. They burned over the omega as he flushed pink from head to toe, his chest heaving as he keened again. Sherlock felt marvelous. He felt like his body was one huge receiver for pleasure, there wasn’t a single place on him that didn’t tingle as John continued to touch him.

Finally John had to fall forward, his hips thrusting hard and raggedly, sometimes working fast and shallow, sometimes driving deep and hard. Sherlock wrapped his long legs around him and hung on as John began to slam upward as hard as he could, both of them tensing and holding tighter. John lasted just long enough to work Sherlock through an orgasm that left him hoarse from shouting, the alpha almost silent in comparison as he shuddered and came, his hips shoving forward almost harshly as he strove to be as deep inside his omega as he could.

They lay there together for a long time, John limp and motionless, still splayed across Sherlock’s long body. “I think I’m paralyzed.”

“Me too.” said John, his face planted firmly in their pillow.

“I can’t move.”

“Me either.”

“Mrs. Hudson will have bathe and feed us.”

“Okay.”

They lay there for a while longer before they both began to giggle. “I don’t want Mrs. Hudson to wash me.”

“She’s probably very gentle.” protested Sherlock, loving how John giggled again.

“We have to get up.” said John eventually and Sherlock sighed before nodding. There were a lot more people to help today and they had an appointment with Doctor Trevor for a checkup. Showers and a very late breakfast were accomplished at long last.

They were just getting ready to leave when there was a knock at the door. It was Greg, “We have a case. An Omega Prime contacted us. Their alpha was arrested and everyone in the harem who was force-bonded was allowed to leave but while he was cleaning his alpha’s office he came across some very disturbing paperwork, we need you to come look at it.”

Sherlock and John readied themselves to leave, John packing his knapsack worth of food and drinks before allowing Sherlock to leave the flat. They traveled for some time until they were well inside the gated communities of the ultra-rich, the homes of people who had not inherited their wealth and power but had taken it, or in a few cases, earned it on their own. Most of them functioned on a complex system of support, omega support. Massive homes like this where harems existed were tall
and filled with floors for raising hordes of children or entertaining or whatever the alpha had desired. They took in the earnings their employed omega made, and lived on each property like the rulers of their own private countries. Now most homes like this were emptying as the omega left, taking the children they had borne with them. Most manumitted omega returned to their original alpha if they were still alive, and not one alpha had flinched at taking their omega’s children, no matter that they were not the sire.

They found financial records, all encoded. The small round man who showed them into the inner office was wringing his hands, “Daniel wasn’t good man, not by a long way, but this…I never would have imagined.” the omega was seriously distressed and John took him away to have a soothing cup of tea while Sherlock pored over several volumes of hand-written notes.

“Trafficking.” he confirmed, the code itself was very simple, “Not his own children but as good as. Somewhere there are illegal orphanages operating. Without their authority these places could be abandoned. What are they doing with these children now that they cannot be sold?”

Sherlock kept reading and when John came back he joined his husband in going over the book. “These children weren’t just being distributed in the UK, there are records of oversea transactions. They were shipping them like livestock.”

“We knew what we were dealing with when we began.” said John firmly, not allowing himself to get upset about this. Sherlock felt cold and angry. The children! Poor little souls, they hadn’t asked to be born on an assembly line or sold like the latest fashions. “We have to search and find out where he did his business and locate whatever facility he was using. There has to be addresses here.”

The Omega Prime gave them permission to remove anything they chose from the office. “You’ll fix it? Whatever he did wrong? You’ll fix it?” fussed the man. His face looked worried and he kept wringing his hands, “Daniel was always so greedy. He always wanted what someone else had, enough was never enough. Even when he got what he wanted he was always disappointed that it wasn’t better.” That probably explained why the man kept almost twenty omega, nine of whom he had taken from business rivals who had ended up at various institutions. They were free now but Daniel was not. “Everyone is going to take Manumit. Once I close up the house I’m taking it too. I don’t have an alpha but I don’t want to smell his stink anymore.”

Sherlock and John understood. No one wanted a life-long reminder of abuse. It was bad enough they’d carry the memories with them forever. “You can contact us through John’s blog, our information is on there. If we find anything that impacts you we will let you know.”

The man nodded, still looking and smelling worried, “It’s the babies you see, I love children, I can’t stop thinking of the little mites…if you need me let me know. I just want to help.” John nodded and they took their leave. Both men sighed and looked at the new case in their hands and knew this was just the first of many problems to come.

listen to "Blue Moon" Frank Sinatra
Shadows

Chapter Summary

So much has changed, Sherlock and John are right in the middle of the biggest case of their lives.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mary disappeared. She’d gone to sleep in the night and in the morning she was gone. The guards were furious with one another, accusing each other of complicity, and things nearly came to blows until Sherlock arrived and scented the faint after-trace of someone chemically hidden. It was the same disturbing fragment of scent he’d first encountered with the dead alpha case and he wondered if that was the masking agent he was detecting. “John can you smell anything odd?”

John breathed in carefully but shook his head. Sherlock exhaled gustily, it seemed like he was the only one who could even tell it was there, “Let’s look through the security feed.” Sherlock nodded. When the security recording were examined they watched as two men swathed head to toe in black simply waltz in the front door and spritz each officer they encountered right in the face with something. Everyone slowed down but kept moving, ignoring the men like they weren’t even there. Sherlock and John were as astounded as everyone else as the criminals used the guard’s key to unlock Mary’s cell. They weren’t kind to her, slapping her awake before dragging her out in her pyjamas. Mary looked angry but didn’t say a word or try to stop them. Before they exited the smaller of the two turned around and deliberately waved farewell to the camera.

Sherlock sat back. The intruder had known he was being recorded but he didn’t care, in fact he knew the footage would be reviewed. Every other camera in a six block radius picked up no trace of them once they left the building, it was if they had walked out the door and then vanished. Sherlock and John kept watching and through the night they saw the effects of the spray wear off as each guard moved with a little more vitality, everyone going through the motions of their job until the drug was gone and they realized Mary was gone too.

They called Maxi. “It was one of the first things they forced me to make for them. I’ve begun putting together a list of compounds they’ve gotten from me but it’s taking time, we’re so busy. I started working for the omega, James, months ago. He had a little underground laboratory, it had a liveable space in it and I stayed there for a long time working on my research. I knew they weren’t good people but who was? At least there I wasn’t expected to service anyone and I got to make things that were useful. The masking spray was for omega in hiding. Some of them escaped their alphas, they’re out there. Hopefully they’ve become brave enough to try and reach out. This compound is new but James was smart. The other one is Sebastian. I didn’t see him, I heard about him from James but he’s an alpha. He had some kind of cover-life he was living so he wasn’t around much, it was always James. He was insane.”

“Which one?” asked John.

“Both of them, James was frightening enough but this Sebastian character, he’s inhuman. No matter what James asked him to do…I’d never seen anything like it. They weren’t bonded but they might as well have been. I was mostly left to myself until recently. Suddenly they pulled me out of the lab and
put me into that storage unit while James went through his heat. It’s always awful. There was some kind of problem this time and Sebastian was mad at him. Something had gone wrong and we were moving but they had to wait for something, I don’t know what. I’d recognize Sebastian again from his scent and his voice but I never got a chance to see him. They wanted me to fabricate something, something horrible.”

“What?” Sherlock was macabrely interested.

“Something to make people forget specific events,” Maximillian looked very grim, “They wanted to make people forget things that had been done to them, very specific things, like being pregnant.”

“Oh god.” John sounded horrified.

Sherlock’s eyes were wide, “Why?”

“It’s so much easier to take care of a pregnant omega who doesn’t remember that he or she has had children before.” said Maxi with a mix of revulsion and pity, “I wouldn’t do it but James was clever, very clever. He might have been clever enough to make something like it.” Maxi examined the footage again, “They were alright after this?”

“Apart from thinking they’d gone through their nightly routine like normal all of them were fine.” replied Lestrade, “The effects wore off without a trace, if she hadn’t been missing I doubt anyone would have noticed.”

“This is not good news. The nurse has a lot of hatred toward omega. I was only with her for a short while but I could see it, she hates us down to her bones.” Quincy put his hand on Maxi’s shoulder and the omega leaned into his alpha for comfort. Sherlock realized John was holding onto him, his hand splayed protectively over Sherlock’s belly.

“We need to find these people.” Sherlock was torn. He needed to find the missing omega. He also needed to find the illegal orphanages. Now he needed to find a madman name James with a rogue alpha named Sebastian who had an omega-hating medical professional working with them. Nothing about anything was good and he felt himself grow disturbed. No. That was already letting people like them win. This was Sieger’s favourite tactic; he convinced you that you’d lost already, that fighting was pointless because you’d only suffer more. Whoever these men were they were profiting on the sale of innocent children and the desecration of parental bonds. If they were so eager to create this formula that implied that they still had investments to protect. There was a crèche somewhere, someplace where pregnant omega were still being kept despite everything that had happened. Sherlock thought of the illegal orphanages and realized these were all the same problem, the final problem. If he could sort this out so many things would correct themselves on their own. He grew resolved. “We have many resources at our disposal, Mycroft, Harry, the homeless network, the manumitted omega, the freed alphas, everyone who has been affected this last month. We need to utilize that strength.”

Mycroft thought for a minute, “We will need to a place to work. No Sherlock, we can’t keep going back to 221 B. That is your home, your private space. You won’t want endless strangers coming there, especially with your pregnancy advancing as quickly as it is. No, we need offices, proper ones. We need to interview anyone who might possibly have leads we can follow. We have Daniel’s books but that’s just one alpha. There are more, clearly there are more. The newly incarcerated are unsurprisingly intransigent, none of them will speak a word again the other, all of them are convinced of the rightness of their choices. If there are those left un-jailed it is because they are being protected.”

“Not for long.” snarled John, “This is our life now, finding bastards like these! I’m not letting my
children be born somewhere that asres like that get to profit! The website is doing its job matching anyone who is free; we don’t need to worry about those omegas finding their alphas. We have to worry about the omegas that still have no chance at freedom. Sherlock, you can find them, I know you can. All you need to do is look.” John’s faith in Sherlock was unshakeable. John believed in Sherlock, he truly believed.

Sherlock began with Daniel. Carson, the Omega Prime, was still in residence, “The others haven’t quite left yet, some of their alphas had no place to go that was theirs, The Lady of course is generous but the house is here and…that’s not wrong is it?” He looked fretful, “We didn’t like Daniel very much but the rest of us were close, you know, bond-mates, we helped each other dealing with him. It’s very different now, please, I’m chattering. Do come in.”

“Unless there is legal reason for you to quit the residence I do believe it is yours.” said Sherlock, “According to Omega, all the alpha’s possessions are his omega’s possessions and vice versa. Daniel kept your earnings did he not? Those accounts are yours as is this property. You may do with it what you wish.”

Carson was stunned and just stood there, both hands clasped to his plump cheeks, “The entire property? That means…I can invite anyone to stay here?” he asked anxiously.

“It’s your home, take in whom you choose.” said Sherlock gently. The omega was clearly having a hard time adjusting to the shift in things.

“The children.” said Carson firmly, “I know Daniel was up to something awful with the children, I want them, all I can fit into the house. There are several of us still, more than enough to take care of a great many children. I know I don’t have an alpha but I’m still a good parent. I’ve raised many of Daniel’s children, even the ones from his other omega, some of them have come back to see me.”

“You don’t need an alpha to decide what to do.” said John gently, “Sherlock was a consulting detective well before we met, and he still is. You do what makes you happy and when you do meet an alpha that’s right for you he’ll love what you do just as much. You can count on it.”

Carson looked like he needed second so they let him stand there and take a deep breath. He nodded, “For the children.” He nodded his head toward the study, “I don’t know what else there is to find but you are welcome to look as long as you please. If you have any other questions I will be at your disposal.” He left them in Daniel’s old office. Many of the shelves had been emptied but the boxes were all still stacked in the middle of the room. Sherlock began by examining the newly emptied spaces but found no hidden recesses or other secret hiding places. He examined everywhere John would let him look and only because the place was so clean you could eat off the floor and Sherlock was fairly sure that Daniel was the sort of alpha that occasionally made his omega do exactly that. He didn’t find anything so John sat him at Daniel’s massive desk and emptied one box at a time out for Sherlock to review, feeding his omega from his knapsack until Carson found out and suddenly there was a cart with a selection of delicious snacks and several choices of beverages, “Have the ginger tea first, it will settle you and then you can eat.”

Sherlock drank down the small fragrant cup of sweetened tea and found that he had good appetite again. They found their first pieces of evidence in his tax files. The foolish man had created a false company to funnel his illegal profits through. Sherlock used his new security level to have the information verified and found that it was one of the many companies whose profits had been red-flagged and frozen. Flashing on the bottom were addresses.

Sherlock contacted the League and they got warrants to examine each place. They were false fronts as expected, mere mail delivery sites but they had employees, young betas with wildly styled hair and extensive tattoos. They shrugged when Sherlock asked what their jobs were, “Deliver mail,
packages, whatever. That’s it. Stuff shows up here, we take it to the referred address in the files.”

Sherlock looked at their records and smiled. There were dozens of properties listed, all of them were scattered about London and a few in the country but most of them were within an hour of this very building, “Perfect.”

John was glaring at the youngsters who were smiling mockingly at Sherlock. The alpha took a hard step forward, “Are you smiling because an omega is asking you questions or are you smiling because you’re so dense you don’t realize you’ve been helping buy and sell children?”

All of them blanched and one of them got sick into a waste-bin. “It was just mail, that’s all we did, just envelopes and small boxes! There were never children!”

“You have been accepting payments and trade items in exchange for children that were born to forcibly bred omega. We are searching for those omega right now so it would go easier for you if you sat there for a minute and had a really good think about anything useful you might know and when you’ve gotten all the facts straight then you will tell Sherlock after he is done looking things over.” John’s voice was soft but stern and all the young betas sat straighter and looked ashamed.

One raised her hand, “I might know something. I’m Cassidy.”

“What do you think you know Cassidy?” asked Sherlock sharply.

“I might know where some of the kids are. I used to deliver to a place, I thought it was a school, like those posh ones where your parents pay to have you educated real sharp-like.” John took Cassidy aside and had her give him the address which he sent to Lestrade. It would be up to their division to send someone appropriate to look at the place. If it was an illegal orphanage it wasn’t going to give itself up to a pregnant omega and a single alpha. “Well done Cassidy.” She sat back looking relieved.

There were a great many addresses and Sherlock copied them all, sending the information to Harry and the League for review. This would be a massive undertaking. Even if every crèche were small it was still dozens of likely pregnant omega that would need tending to. Harry called him back, “We’ve got teams getting ready to go. Tomorrow, we’ll be ready first thing.”

They had spent the day traveling back and forth but now John was putting his foot down. “We go home Sherlock. You need to rest and have a proper meal. We need to relax together and let someone else work for a bit. You’re pregnant; you can’t go for days without a break.”

“Does Lestrade have all the addresses too?” demanded Sherlock and sat back with a frustrated sigh when his alpha nodded, “Fine, back to Baker Street.”

Sherlock didn’t complain that his back hurt and that his feet were tired but he was pretty sure Joh knew anyway. His alpha smiled tolerantly and held Sherlock’s hand on the ride back. They saw Mrs. Hudson arriving home, the door shutting behind her just as their car pulled up, “Maybe she’s baking.” said John hopefully.

Well that was something to look forward to so Sherlock waited while John inspected the street before allowing Sherlock out, once again almost rushing Sherlock inside as if they were surrounded by enemies there on the street. They weren’t.

They were waiting inside.

Two figures rushed at him and Sherlock managed to push backward against John in a desperate attempt to leave but he wasn’t fast enough. Before he could stop himself he was breathing in a mist that was sprayed right into his face. The world grew calm and still as he stood there, “Oh he’s a tall
one isn’t he?” a high sweet voice came from behind the door, “Hands off Seb. He’s planted already. That’s why we’re taking him.”

“What about the little one.”

“Oh leave him. It will be entertaining to watch him run about trying to find this one. He’ll remember coming home and after that, well it will be like his little hole disappeared into thin air.” Sherlock felt hands at his ears, and at his throat, heard the metallic chitter of his collar and earrings hitting the floor. “Get him everywhere, he’s ripe.”

Doctor Janus came out of the shadows and he had a spray bottle. He misted a clear compound all over Sherlock and all Sherlock’s personal odour disappeared. “You sure you want this one? Seems like a lot of trouble.”

“He’s interesting Seb and you know how bored I get.”

“You do that again and I am fucking chaining you to the wall the next time you go into heat.” threatened Janus…Sebastian, “You fuck around on me one more time Jim and I’m going to cage you like one of your little projects.”

“You tease and you promise but you never do it,” said James dismissively, “I’ll fuck who I want when I’m in heat. You didn’t need to kill him.”

“Yes I did.” grated the big man, “I caught him trying to knot you.”

“He’d already knotted me and I was hoping for a second round.”

They didn’t seem to care that they were having this very private argument in front of John and Mrs. Hudson. Instead they turned Sherlock around and strolled out the door with him. He went, not protesting, not saying a word. “You’re a fucking slut Moriarty.” spat the tall alpha, “I don’t know why I…”

“Shut up Seb. You know why. I don’t care if you kill them after, I’ll fuck who I want to fuck. What about this one, what if I fucked him, would you kill him?” They climbed into a rental car and Sebastian drove away smoothly.

“You may as well fuck a broomstick, he’s not much better than furniture right now. Plus he’s bonded, he’d try to kill you no matter how drugged you have him.” Sherlock was horrified. He didn’t want to have sex with anyone but John, not even another omega. He would have shuddered if he had any control over his body. He didn’t. His mind seemed to be working fine so he began to shunt away every piece of information about the two of them he could from the way they walked to every aspect of their presentation that he could perceive without being able to turn his head.

“But I like it when they struggle. I like it when they cry.” said James petulantly and to Sherlock’s increasing horror the taller man chuckled fondly.

“I know you do babe but not this one. He’s our meal ticket, remember? We’re wrapping him in swaddling clothes and pampering him like he was our own precious baby, isn’t that right?”

"Yes he is, our meal ticket."

“That’s right Jim. He’s the key, aren’t you Sherlock, our key.” they seemed to be heading west, “I still think this is a dumb idea.” groused Sebastian but he made no attempt to stop his partner who giggled and looked over his shoulder to admire Sherlock, “He’s more trouble than he’s worth.”
“But his baby is worth a fortune. Sherlock Holmes has made a lot of people angry and selling his child to his new enemies will be just the start of all the ways we can make money off of him.”

“He’s too old to farm. He has what, one, two kids left in him at most.” Sherlock wanted to be ill. This was why they were taking him? “Why can’t I fuck him, I can’t knock him up again.”

“He has to stay untouched you animal! If you need to get laid so bad go back to the ranch and fuck your way through the new line-up. We have orders to fill.”

“I’m not selling my own kids Jim, you know that.”

“Then shut the fuck up, daddy’s thinking.”

“Babe…”

“Shh.” There was silence as they kept driving. Sherlock felt himself rouse a bit and he blinked his eyes. The solution they’d given him was wearing off. Hopefully John’s was as well, hopefully someone had seen him leave Baker Street and noticed John wasn’t with him, hopefully someone knew Sherlock was being driven away against his will. John!

Sherlock was worried about his children. Moriarty thought he was pregnant with just one. What would they do if they learned Sherlock had three? Where were they taking him? What was he the key to? Sherlock’s anxiety began to grow as their vehicle began to weave up and down streets as Sebastian seemed to drive at random until they arrived at a large building. Sherlock looked at the street signs, it couldn’t be. It was. Hope flared. This was the address the messenger girl had given them. Lestrade was raiding this house in the morning! All Sherlock had to do was make it through the night and part of the next day. He could do that. He could be brave for a day, for his children, for John. Carefully he left the information firmly engraved in a special room of his mind palace. This solution was supposed to leave his memories a blur but it didn’t seem to be working that way on him. Perhaps he’d forget he had the information so he flagged the room for review, his unconscious mind would see it no matter what.

Sebastian handed the keys of the vehicle over to a young alpha who smiled flirtatiously at Jim and rubbed his hand over Sherlock’s behind. Sherlock couldn’t stop the retching sound he made. Jim hissed and suddenly the young alpha was on the floor, Sebastian crouched over him, “Did we say he was a free ride? Just because you’re willing to fuck anything chained down doesn’t mean you have access to every warm body we bring in here. Bring the car back and don’t let someone follow you home. Fuck the line-up all you want but you don’t touch this one, not ever.”

“You said I could have any omega I wanted.” complained the young man, “I haven’t had this one.”

“You will never have this one!” snapped Moriarty, “Sebastian, kill this little puke and send someone else back with the car. He’s a liability.

Sebastian didn’t hesitate. He pulled a handgun out from somewhere and shot the young man between the eyes. He fell right where he stood and Jim looked impatient, “Stupid fuckers. All they do is think with their dicks. Come on Sebastian, bring my toy.”

Sherlock was led inside a large building. It smelled of disinfectant and misery. He followed without protest wherever he was led though his eyes were able to dart around, taking in as much detail as he could. He memorized turns and hallways, counted doors and windows, and when they brought him to a large sterile room with an examination table he felt the first stirrings of panic. “NURSE!” shouted Moriarty.
An older omega came in. He had a stony face, “I’m not a nurse.”

“Like I’ve ever given a fuck, check this one out, the full work-up and after that he gets put in a single interior room, no playmates for this one ever. Make sure he’s fed and watered before he’s put away.” Moriarty looked at Sherlock with proprietary glee, “He’s going to make us all so very rich. Well me anyway. Take good care of him. Don’t disappoint me and send someone down to the garage to clean up a mess.”

The omega nodded tersely and watched them leave. As soon as the door shut he turned and Sherlock was surprised to see how gentle the omega looked, “I’m not a nurse but I do know what I’m doing. I’m going to check you over to make sure you and the baby are alright, okay? I won’t touch you anywhere private but I will open your shirt to listen to your heart and lungs, alright?” the omega was trying to reassure him so Sherlock blinked his eyes in assent. “Thanks, I know this is awful. There’s nothing I can do to help you except try to make you as comfortable as possible. We’re all trapped in here.”

The omega stopped talking while he took Sherlock’s vitals and weighed him. When he lay Sherlock back for an ultrasound the omega couldn’t miss the panic in Sherlock’s eyes. This was where he would be betrayed, this omega would tell Jim and Sebastian…. “Oh my god.” said the omega after his passed the slick wand over Sherlock’s belly, “You’re….three….they can’t know. They can’t know. How do I hide it?” the omega wiped the information off the screen and cleared the memory. He helped Sherlock sit up and gave him a drink of something orange, “This will help clear the fog a bit. My name is Scott. They keep me here to help with deliveries. We move from time to time so I don’t know exactly where we are, we’re never allowed out. We could be in another country for all I know.”

Sherlock managed to shake his head and Scott’s eyes widened, “We still in England?” Sherlock nodded faintly. Scott shut his eyes for a moment, “Can you try to speak?”

Sherlock opened his mouth and wheezed a bit. Scott gave him another drink and slowly Sherlock sipped it all down, coughing mightily at the end before he said one word, “Garson.”

Scott jumped backward, “Who are you? How do you know that name?”

Scott was all the way across the room and could barely hear Sherlock, “He was taken, he’s free now. He’s looking for you; we’re all looking for you. Now they’ll be looking for me too. Tomorrow, they’ll be here tomorrow. We just need to make it till then.” Sherlock had to have faith that they would come, pray that the search wouldn’t be called off because they were out looking for him elsewhere.

Scott was filled with doubt and hope in equal measure, “Lay back. I’m going to give you something that’s going to make you feverish. They’ll let you stay with me until you’re better. I would never do that.” Sherlock nodded and swallowed down a thick white drink that made him vomit profusely.

Sebastian came back, “What’s going on?”

“He’s had a reaction to whatever you gave him. I need to watch him. We don’t have a real doctor but at least I can keep an eye on him.”

“See that you do. If he dies before Jim wants him dead you’re going to wish you’d killed yourself before he’s done with you.”

“I’ll do what I can. We’ll need food, lots of it, and water too.” Sebastian eyed him suspiciously,
“He’s pregnant, you know how it is in the beginning, he needs to eat.” Sebastian looked at Sherlock who was covered in a sheen of sweat, he felt awful and clearly he looked awful too.

“Fine, no one in here but you, if we catch anyone having a good time with this one they get dead, okay?”

“I will do my best sir but you know what they’re like. If they come in here…I can’t stop them.” Scott looked grim and frightened at the same time.

“Those little fuckers…they’re not supposed to mess with the sick ones. Any losses?”

“It was close with two of them. They were rough.”

“Which ones?” asked Sebastian, pulling out his gun.

“Claudius and Rennie.”

“Barnett’s little bottle coveys. So glad Jim let me pop that little shit. I’m locking you in here while I sort this.” Sebastian left, the key in the lock making a distinctive click and Scott visibly relaxed.

“No one can get in or out, we’re as safe as we can be until that door is opened. They won’t let the other alphas use you like they let them use the others. That’s something to be grateful for, don’t forget that if we don’t get out of here. It might be terrible to be away from your home but trust me, these two can make your life so very miserable and they will enjoy every tear you spill.” Scott seemed to be trying to help him so Sherlock listened.

There was other dangers to consider, “There was a woman, blonde, a beta. She was called…”

“Mary Morstan. Don’t get on her wrong side, she’s cold. She knows a hundred ways to hurt you that won’t harm the babies. The children are money but the omegas…she doesn’t care as long as the babies are born healthy. Jim and Sebastian let her do whatever she wants if she fills their quotas. Don’t cross her.”

“Too late.” said Mary from the door. She had a ring of keys in her hand and a wide smile on her face, “I’ll have a chat with you later Scott. You can leave now.”

“He’s ill. I’m supposed to look after him.” Scott tried to stand between Mary and Sherlock but she just walked around him.

“Sebastian said you weren’t a nurse but I am. Leave him to me. I’ll look after him…carefully.”

Mary’s smile was filled with anticipation and she stepped into the room to look Sherlock over from head to toe. She stopped and examined his tattoo, “Lovely skin. What’s that on your hand? It’s ugly. I think I need to get rid of that. You don’t need it to give birth.”

Scott left the room in a rush. Mary pushed Sherlock easily onto the bed, his body still wasn’t his own and he couldn’t resist. Inside he was screaming as she buckled him down, “I’m not going to waste anaesthetics on a cow, you freaks heal fast anyway.” She walked away and pulled open a drawer, extracting a scalpel, “I’m going to go slow, maybe start from the inside. I have an hour at least before that spray wears off and you really start to struggle, more than enough time to peel this right off.” She was most cooing as she leaned in, the blade in her hand steady.

Suddenly she was flung to the floor as Sebastian tore her from Sherlock’s side. He kicked her hard in the stomach while Jim screamed at her, “What the FUCK do you think you are doing playing with him? Did I tell you to do that? Do you make the decisions around here? You stupid cunt, I should kill you right now.” Sebastian’s gun was out and at Mary’s temple in an instant. She froze on the floor,
her cries stuck in her throat as she stared at Moriarty with terror on her face, “Sebastian told you to watch this one, not fuck around with him. I will tell you who to fuck around with. Sebastian. She can’t control herself. Cut off her hand.”

“No!” she screamed. Sebastian walked over to the counter and pulled open drawers until he extracted a bone saw, “Please no! It won’t happen again, I swear, I swear!”

“Of course it won’t happen again, you won’t have your right hand. She’s right-handed isn’t she Seb? Left hand if she isn’t,” Mary screamed shrilly as Sebastian set the saw to her wrist, his foot on her arm to keep it still. He paused and looked at Jim who was laughing hysterically, “The look on your face! Oh my god! What the fuck am I going to do with a one-handed nurse? Pick her up Sebastian. Let her look after the cargo. No more games Mary. Everyone stays healthy and with only the same amount of holes they started out with. Do your job and if you’re good I’ll give you someone of your own to play with. Piss me off again and I will let Seb cut your tits off. Understand me?” She nodded, pale and sick looking. “Good girl. Leave now. I have to have a talk with my sweetie here.”

Scott came in and stood politely by the door, his eyes on his feet as Mary staggered past him clutching her stomach. Sebastian snorted out a laugh, “Untie him and get him some dinner. Both of you are sleeping here tonight.”

Scott undid the buckles confining Sherlock and helped him sit before leaving again. Jim sat beside Sherlock and snuggled close, rubbing his hand over Sherlock’s baby bump, “Hi baby, hi cutie cutie cutie pie! Uncle Jim looooooves you.” Jim lay his head on Sherlock’s shoulder, “Don’t fuck with me. Don’t try to escape, don’t try to get anyone here to help you or I will decide my financial gain no longer outweighs my personal desires and I will let Sebastian and Mary both have their wicked way with you before I take my turn, do you understand?” Sherlock nodded, “Okay baby doll, I thought you would. Kisses!” he air kissed Sherlock’s cheeks and stroked his belly one more time, Sherlock supressed a shudder. “Sebby, as soon as Scott comes back lock them in, I don’t want to be disturbed tonight. Daddy needs some special time.”

Scott came back ten minutes later with a loaded cart that Sebastian inspected carefully. With a nod Jim strode out of the room and let Sebastian lock them in, peering through the window to check them one last time before he departed. Scott sighed and turned to Sherlock, “May as well make yourself comfortable. This is as good as it gets.”

Sherlock said nothing. He ate his dinner and drank everything he could. John would expect him to take care of himself. He didn’t want to get a lecture tomorrow when John showed up. Confident that his alpha would come for him Sherlock continued to not panic. Instead he simply cleaned himself as best he could before turning in for the night. Closing his eyes Sherlock willed himself to sleep, ignoring the fact that he could smell a stranger laying on a pallet not ten feet away. He couldn’t change that and the sooner he slept, the sooner this would all be over. He slept.
Chapter End Notes

My posts are coming later and later, I apologize profusely. I can't guarantee the next one within 24 hours but I'll give it a go.
He was dreaming.

Sherlock could smell John and it was glorious. He wrapped himself up in it and felt comfort. He sang to his children as they floated together in the darkness surrounded by John and it was heaven. Sherlock wanted to dance but John wasn’t there so he called. He could feel John searching for him and Sherlock smiled, filled with love for his alpha. Something tugged at him and it tickled. Sherlock laughed softly and tugged back, he didn’t know how he did it but he felt John grow closer, the alpha’s scent filled with joy and gratitude. The alpha was determined to dance with Sherlock and that made the omega happy.

The omega sang to his children again while he waited, tugging occasionally just to feel that surge of
happiness from John. He would be here shortly, Sherlock wasn’t worried. Time stretched and contracted in his shapeless world made only of sensation and emotion, hours drifted by as he played with John, drawing his alpha back when he went the wrong way and tickling him to encourage him when he changed course to correct. Sherlock felt the love his children had for them and shared it with John who grew determined and sharp. Soon his mind said, soon.

Sherlock opened his eyes. Scott was leaning over him and there was fear in the omega’s face, “Something terrible is happening. I...I heard...I think someone is shooting people.” Scott’s scent was terror and determination combined. He was afraid but he wanted to help Sherlock somehow, even if it was just to tell him they needed to brace themselves.

“That would be John.” Scott looked confused, “My alpha. He has a rather heated temper, I’m afraid that whoever isn’t locked up is likely bleeding profusely right now.”

“How would he know where you are?” asked Scott incredulously, “No one would have followed Jim and Sebastian, they’re good, really good at what they do!”

“John is better and he has something they don’t.”

“What is that?”

“My bond.” said Sherlock. He yawned and sat up to stretch, “Is there mouth-wash or anything like that?”

Scott pointed to the curtained washroom, his face a picture of shock. Sherlock just strolled over and cleaned his teeth and washed his face. He could hear gun-fire in the distance and a lot of shouting. He straightened his shirt the best he could and regretted sleeping in his jacket. He was all wrinkly now. He ran damp fingers through his hair to tidy it a bit and then went back out to re-join Scott who was standing by the bed still and staring at the locked door, “How does having your bond help your alpha?”

Sherlock smiled at the worried man and just said, “John is very special.” He closed his eyes and he could smell John again, it was deep in his head but it was just like his husband was right in front of him. He tugged again, he didn’t know how it was working but it was working. Sherlock didn’t feel a moment of fear, not one second of panic or worry. He knew John was there, he knew it.

They saw people running past the window and Scott stood between the door and Sherlock. “I...I won’t let them hurt you.” promised the old man.

Sherlock reached out and patted him on the shoulder, “It’s alright Scott, I won’t let them hurt you.” Sherlock closed his eyes and tugged again and suddenly he knew it was time. He stood and smiled at the door, “I told you he was special.”

The door slammed open and John was there. The air nearly crackled with the force of his dominant will, and Sherlock heard Scott whimper. John was armed with a hand-gun and a very bloody knife and he stalked toward Scott without hesitation but Sherlock just stepped between them, “Sherlock. Has he hurt you?” John’s eyes were on Scott and Sherlock had never seen John look like this. His clothing had flecks of red everywhere. He’d been killing in close quarters. The alpha’s eyes were flat and cold, reflection-less as he clearly waited for his omega’s permission to kill or not kill as Sherlock chose. John’s entire body was still and poised, his scent was white-hot fury and death. Scott was beginning to hyperventilate.

“He’s a prisoner just like the rest John. He’s Garson’s. No one harmed me.” John relaxed instantly, shifting from being ready to destroy to being entirely protective. Now he was calm and soothing, a
doctor and nurturer, it was dizzying to witness how effortlessly John went from one state to the other. “Deep steady breaths now, that’s it. We’re alright now, and we’re going to be fine. Garson will be so excited to see you, you’re Scott, right?” Scott was clearly speechless and reeling but he managed to nod at the frightening little alpha in front of him with blood dripping from his fingers, “Stay behind me, there are others out there. Lestrade is sweeping the building right now but we are going to walk to the exit slowly and leave. There is a secure vehicle waiting outside and we are not stopping until my husband is in it.”

“ Aren’t you even going to kiss me?” demanded Sherlock angrily.

“Later love, later. I think I have someone’s blood on my lip.” he did. Sherlock got a disinfecting wipe and cleared it off carefully before getting another one and cleaning off the rest of John’s face.

“Thanks sweetheart.”

John gave Sherlock a tender but brief kiss, “ Talking later, moving now.” he ordered and Sherlock nodded his head, “Scott, stay right behind Sherlock. There’s a lot of confusion right now so let’s go.” John was magnificent. He flowed as he walked; the alpha in him completely at ease with the bodies on the floor and the stench of battle in the air. Sherlock could barely keep his eyes on where he was going because look at John! The way he placed his feet! The way his hands seemed independent from the rest of him as the knife and gun aimed and pointed at anything that was a threat! John had made his inward journey with brisk efficiency, and there was no one to stop them and the omega in Sherlock crowed with delight at how devastating his mate was.

Harry was in the car and she flung herself onto Sherlock weeping, “Are you alright? Did they hurt you? Did anyone hurt you?” she was patting his arm and clearly wanting to check him over but John pushed her back and began his own examination. “Who is this?” demanded Harry as she looked at Scott.

“He’s been enslaved by Moriarty and Sebastian but more importantly we know who is real alpha is.” Sherlock gave Harry the information she needed to contact Garson, “Reunite them first. We need to know if James and Sebastian have been apprehended or killed.” John made Sherlock turn this way and that on the seat as he inspected his omega from head to toe as well as he could.

“They won’t be here.” said Scott. “No one ever catches them. They’re worse than cockroaches. They’ll just disappear and pop up somewhere else, that’s how they are. That’s how they’ve always been. They’ll find you again if they want you and they do.”

“Good to know but let’s not give up yet.” said John, “There are a lot of prisoners in there, I passed several holding rooms. I’m not sure what’s going to happen now, I just killed eight people.”

Eight people! John had walked in and slaughtered his way to Sherlock and he wasn’t even sweating. Sherlock was. His whole body was flushed as he stared at his alpha. John was incredible, he was a god, the most magnificent man in the world, the penultimate alpha and he was Sherlock’s! “I love you John.” Sherlock had to kiss him and no one objected. John wrapped his arms tightly around his mate and Sherlock felt all the worry and tension that filled John along with fear, rage, and the need to punish those who had done this. “I’ll be safe here with Harry.”

“You’re sure?” asked John, hesitating for only a minute. Sherlock nodded and quickly kissed John again before letting his husband go. “Be here when I get back.”

“I promise.” said Sherlock with a coquettish wink. Oh he’d be here and hopefully everyone else would be gone because John! His alpha gave him a rakish grin before shutting the door carefully and going back inside.
“You’re just letting him go?” Harry was stunned but Sherlock and Scott just looked at one another. They understood even if Harry did not.

“They took me. John needs to do something about that.” explained Sherlock but Harry still didn’t understand. If Sherrinford were here perhaps his father could explain it to Harry except that father would likely be inside with John so that was no help.

“We got you back. I see you right in front of me. What’s he going to do, kill all of them?” she said sarcastically.

“Well not all of them but a few more certainly. John does like to shoot things; he’s awfully good at it.” Sherlock was so proud of John, his lovely lethal angry little soldier. He needed to work off his aggression, maybe he’d just hit some of them a lot instead of killing them. Sherlock couldn’t wait until John came back to find out what he’d done. John was so amazing.

“I can see cartoon hearts coming from your eyes.” said Harry acerbically. “I’m going to have to assume this is some kind of bond thing I will never understand.

“Possibly Harry but if someone took Clara what would you do?” Sherlock was looking right at Harry and saw a bit of John in her face, “Exactly. It’s not all about being an alpha. John is a good man and sometimes good men do hard things like fixing extremely difficult problems in expeditious ways.”

“He’s killing people in cold blood.” she said frankly.

Sherlock looked at her, “Is he? I can guarantee you that whatever altercation John is involved in will be the result of the other person trying to kill John first. The only ones who end up dead are the ones too stupid to stop trying to attack him.”

“They all deserve to be gutted like pigs.” spat Scott, “They’re worse than any animal, no animal is like these scum. The things they do…killing them fast is the best way. James and Sebastian are monsters no doubt but what of their foot-soldiers, the ones who rape and torture for fun? What of them? They don’t deserve to live.” Sherlock put his hand on Scott’s and his anger subsided a bit, “I’ve watched what people like this do for so long. They’re monsters. There is no other word for it. They are monsters.”

“What happened?” asked Sherlock.

“John called us around one in the morning and said he was standing in the foyer of Baker Street with Mrs. Hudson and that you were missing. She’s with Sherrinford and Violet right now. We woke up Mycroft and Greg and they searched CCTV and got your homeless network going as well as everyone else we could think of. Then about two hours ago John said he could feel you and he knew which way to go. We’ve had a whole armed convoy on the move since then while he sniffed you out. I’ve just never….well I’ve never seen or heard anything like it! If I hadn’t been right here watching I wouldn’t have believed it.” Harry was shaking her head but Sherlock knew what it was. It was their soul-bond doing what it was supposed to do and bringing them back together. It was stronger than it had ever been, no longer a tenuous and almost unnoticeable connection between them. Now it was vibrant and almost tangible. He closed his eyes and felt it, Sherlock knew John was perfectly fine; he opened his eyes again and sat back to make himself comfortable. John was very busy.

They had to wait nearly an hour before John came back with Lestrade, both men weary looking yet grimly satisfied. Greg was on his mobile talking quietly to Mycroft, assuring his mate that he was alright and that he was coming home. After a few soft words Lestrade ended the call and waited for
Sherlock to stop kissing John. “We’ve arrested some of the smarter looking ones that were left after John went through. We couldn’t find Sebastian or the other one but they left pretty much everyone else behind except Miss Morstan, she’s missing too. A second team has already come in to remove all the omega and support staff from here, there were over fifty of them in this one place. It’s ghastly, I just…” Lestrade stopped talking, “We’ve got people moving in to help, this end of it is someone else’s responsibility. The only thing you two need to do right now is go home. A security team has swept your whole building and there are multiple levels of watchers protecting Baker Street, we’ve got eyes and ears as well as tech on the outside so you can relax at home. I’m staying here for the rest of the cleanup but John hasn’t slept and he really needs to be with Sherlock.”

Harry nodded and thanked Lestrade who also hadn’t slept before the alpha left the car. The driver immediately departed to take them to Baker Street. John said nothing, just holding Sherlock tightly and staring out the window. Harry looked worried but Sherlock wasn’t. He knew just what to do but he needed to wait until they were home. He smiled to himself.

“Check it.” said John flatly and the driver took out a handgun and went inside. A few minutes later he came back out and nodded. “Wait here. I’ll signal you from the window.” Harry nodded and watched as John led his omega back into their flat. Once they were inside John made Sherlock stand by the door while he checked everything himself, even going down to the basement suite to look everywhere before allowing Sherlock to follow him upstairs. John made Sherlock stay on the landing while he swept the flat and when he was satisfied he locked them both in, pushing the bolt firmly closed.

John went to the window to wave farewell to Harry but Sherlock darted right to the bathroom. He tore off his soiled clothing and stuffed them into the bin before stepping into the shower. John was right there and he was stripping as well. Hot water made the stall steamy as John scrubbed Sherlock from head to toe, freeing him of all the odors of the crèche, of Jim and Sebastian, and even that of Scott and Harry. When Sherlock finally only smelled of himself and John did the alpha cease and Sherlock nearly purred as he turned around to face his lover. “John.” he said, his voice deep and rumbling.
pleasure as they began to move. This was only for John, only for his alpha, and with a deep moan of satisfaction Sherlock fit himself to his alpha tightly.

John rolled them over, moving slowly, lovingly as he looked at Sherlock, “No one can take you from me.”

“I know.”

“They’ll try again.”

“They’ll fail.”

“You’re mine.”

“I am.”

“I’ll always find you.”

“You will.”

John would. Sherlock knew it. Their souls were tied together and no one could sever that connection. John moved. Sherlock’s back arched as John pulled out slowly. When John pushed forward again Sherlock moaned, feeling every single inch of his alpha fill him. It was exactly what he needed and now that he was safe with John, now that they were alone together, now that John was in him Sherlock could allow himself to feel, “John.” He was whispering, his voice shattered sounding as his arms and legs snaked around his husband, “John!”

“I know, I know,” John kissed his face, “I know my angel, I know,” Sherlock was filled with repressed fear and anxiety now, he had been taken right from John’s side and locked away, threatened with a horrible future, their children menaced and targeted. “I’m here with you, I’m with you Sherlock, and no one will ever keep me from you.”

“They want our children!” gasped Sherlock, weeping at last. John didn’t stop moving but kept it slow and gentle, soothing Sherlock the best way there was, “They have plans, buyers.”

“It will never happen. Our children will never be taken by anyone.” promised John fiercely, “I won’t allow it.” Sherlock needed John more than ever. He pulled his alpha tight to his body so their skins slid together, their sweat mixing and smearing over each other. John groaned as his abdomen pressed against the hard roundness of Sherlock’s bump, “They’re mine too; no one can take them from us. You made me three miracles Sherlock, I’ll never give them up, I’ll never give you up either.

John sat back and reached for Sherlock’s cock, “I need you to come for me; I need to see you come.” John was losing himself to his alpha, his instincts taking over as he sated his need to mate with his omega, to bring his lover pleasure, to prove he was worthy to remain Sherlock’s, that he was strong enough to protect him and their unborn. John smelled so good! He smelled of sex, and possessiveness, and domination, and power. Sherlock was dazed and thrilled as his alpha stroked him. John’s hand was working over the end of Sherlock’s cock, coaxing his orgasm out of him and when John swiped his thumb over Sherlock’s cock-head he could not help himself. “Yes, oh yes, that’s it, that so good, you’re so beautiful, look at you, god you’re gorgeous like this.”

Sherlock’s entire body throbbed and he clenched around John’s vastness so tightly that John almost lost control but he struggled and regained it. “Again Sherlock, I need to see it again.” John was relentless. He kissed and caressed Sherlock, his hips thrusting slow and sensuously as he waited for Sherlock to regain his tumescence, “You’re the most incredible creature on earth.” Breathed John reverently as Sherlock thickened in his hand, “Astounding.” He kept it slow like that until Sherlock
was arched back and gasping a second time, the alpha crooning as Sherlock almost wept his way through the second orgasm. “One more love, you can give me one more.”

Shaking and sweating Sherlock panted and nodded his head, for John, “Please.” He managed to say. He never wanted John to leave his flesh, he wanted to be physically united with his alpha forever, it was bliss, it was perfection, and oh god he was already coming again, oh god! “John!” he cried and heard John’s rumble of approval.

Sherlock was over-sensitive from head to toe, his skin sleek with sweat, his belly gleaming with his release. John was moving harder now, his rhythm steady and deep as he worked his way to his own orgasm. Sherlock hooked his legs against John to provide his husband with some leverage and John’s groan was everything Sherlock could have wished for. Now he was being fucked as hard as John could manage, the flesh on their bodies shaking with each impact and Sherlock nearly howled as John brought him to orgasm yet again, his eyes rolling back as he spurted over John’s belly. John was grunting with effort now, his eyes squeezed shut, his head fell back and suddenly he was moaning and undulating, his cock throbbing and filling Sherlock with jets of hot thick come. Sherlock could feel John inside him and on him and around him and everywhere he could perceive.

He couldn’t move.

Sherlock was exhausted. He’d never come so many times in such short order. He could barely keep his eyes open enough to see that John was now entirely unconscious, his body still deep inside Sherlock, his hand locked around Sherlock’s wrist. Sherlock kissed his alpha and snuggled underneath him. John was warm and limp and lovely. Sherlock felt safe and protected, wanted and desired, loved and owned. This was what he needed, this was where they belonged. Together. He slept.
They slept the day away wrapped in each other’s arms. John woke first, anxiously checking Sherlock over once more before kissing his omega passionately and holding him tenderly. Before Sherlock left the bed John went to retrieve his jacket. Sherlock blushed when John pulled out Sherlock’s scarf and unrolled it. With a soft smile and a kiss John threaded Sherlock’s earrings back in, locked his collar back around his neck, and lovingly pushed his wedding ring back onto his finger. Sherlock had to hold John for a long minute after his tokens were properly in place. He’d ignored how bare his ears had felt, how naked his neck had been, how light his finger. Now he felt right again and suddenly Sherlock was absolutely ravenous. After they used the facilities they went to the kitchen to see what they could make to eat. “Did anyone touch the food?” asked Sherlock suspiciously as John reached for the fridge door. John stopped, “I’m not eating anything in there.”

Sherlock was very, very hungry so John called for take-away, promising an extravagant tip if they would rush the first part right over and come back with the rest as soon as it was ready. The owner, aware that one of his long-time customers was pregnant promised that he’d have something hot at their door in only a few minutes. He did, delivering the steaming container personally and John thanked him gratefully.

Soon Sherlock was sitting at their table shoveling in fried rice as fast as he could while John opened a new tin of tea and made them both a cup after washing everything but then eyed the kettle and the soap dispenser with concern. They ate their dinner right out of the take-away containers after John decided he didn’t want to wash the plates first, “This is never going to work.” said John with frustration, he called Harry using the speaker so Sherlock could hear, “We need a team to come in and decontaminate 221 B. I can’t trust that those buggers haven’t done something to something. We can’t even make dinner!”

“We thought of that, just let me check the details,” Harry was silent for a few moments, “A room has been readied, I’m booking you a hotel room for a few days, leave everything behind. A car will be there to pick you up in fifteen minutes under the name Bunny Huggles.”

“I’m not using that.”

“Clara picked it and she’s not here to change it,” said Harry flatly but Sherlock was suspiciously certain that he could hear Clara sniggering in the background. “Just be ready, someone is already en route.”

“This isn’t a joke Harry.” said John in a hard voice, “Don’t play around with this.”

“This is deadly serious John but we’re going to be doing this for a while so let’s enjoy the bits that are there to enjoy, alright?” John rolled his eyes but stopped complaining. “We’re sending Mrs. Hudson to her sister’s though Sherrinford and Violet said she could stay with them as long as she
needed. She called back and said that was sweet but that they really needed time alone and I agree. We’ll watch her too; they won’t catch us so easily the next time.”

Fifteen minutes later to the second a long black car arrived and the driver knocked on the door bearing a large back, “Mrs. Watson sent replacement clothing, you are to remove everything you’re wearing and change into these.”

Sherlock pursed his lips in annoyance for a moment but John was very irate so Sherlock just touched his alpha’s arm gently. They may as well just get it over with so the man went back to the car and they changed right in the entryway, leaving their old clothes behind, “If we were going to be contaminated it would have happened already,” reasoned Sherlock crossly, “We slept in the bed naked, we were exposed to all sorts of surfaces.”

“Well we’ll just have to make do with the precautions we can manage and hope it is all enough.” said John, “You were taken right from me Sherlock, I’m not kidding around about protecting you. If Harry wants to strip us every ten blocks until she decides we’re safe then that’s what we’re going to do.”

Sherlock felt John’s worry and concern. His alpha was reluctant to leave their nest, their home, their sanctuary. James and Sebastian had violated it, it needed to be cleansed before Sherlock began to settle in for the rest of his pregnancy. Eventually he wouldn’t be able to walk around very well; the stairs would be beyond him. He couldn’t be uneasy in his home. This course of action was necessary so he capitulated and because he wasn’t fighting it John relaxed and went along. They changed. “My clothes look like crap and you look like you’re ready for the runway.”

Sherlock looked at John. Harry had given him ill-fitting pants and a slightly too large jacket which didn’t match and a shirt that went with neither item. Sherlock frowned, “Give me your mobile.”

“You can yell at Harry later, let’s get where we’re going first.” John smelled pleased that Sherlock was upset with his sister’s joke but Sherlock was displeased. John was a hero! She shouldn’t make him look foolish, not for any reason. “This is payback for the dress.” He reminded his omega and Sherlock nodded. He understood but he owed Harry a trick.

John wouldn’t let Sherlock out of the flat until he’d taken a hard look at the street. Sherlock noted several watchers but all of them gave him a distinct nod after allowing themselves to be seen, they were Harry’s eyes and ears. Sherlock made note of all their faces. John opened the vehicle door. “I’m here to pick up Mr. and Mrs. Bunny Huggles.” said the man with a serious face and John gritted his teeth.

Sherlock got in first, “Don’t say another word.” The driver wisely looked straight ahead while John shut the door and fussed until Sherlock’s seatbelt was adjusted properly, “Go.”

They went. The driver took the long way around while Sherlock and John eyed traffic suspiciously. When they were reasonably certain that even a very tenacious follower would be thoroughly shaken they made their way to a discrete hotel that faded into the foreground, unobtrusive and exclusive. The desk clerk didn’t bat an eye as she checked them in under Huggles. John was tight-lipped all the way to their room and when they finally shut the door Sherlock yanked John’s mobile from the soldier’s pocket and called his sister-in-law, “That was in extremely poor taste Clara! I have just been traumatized, why would you do this to me? I am pregnant and I don’t want to be known as Bunny Huggles no matter how amusing it sounds!”

“Will it make you feel better if you knew it was a real person’s name and that the Huggles family is having a reunion in town? There are about three hundred Huggles renting rooms in London this weekend, they’ve been planning it for months now.” Clara sounded placating.
“That seems far-fetched.” Sherlock was feeling contentious.

“Look it up online, they’ve had adverts in.” Sherlock used his phone to check and was disgruntled to see that this was the case. “We’re hiding you in plain sight, Maximillian’s idea.”

Maxi! “Wait, if I’m Bunny Huggles who is John?”

“We’ve just got him as a plus one. No name necessary.” Sherlock sighed, clearly still displeased and Clara spoke with chagrin, “The clothes though…sorry about that, I didn’t think that through.”

“Don’t do that again. I’m very sensitive about John and…”

“I know, I’m sorry Sherlock….it’s my stress coping mechanism, I should really deal with it, I’m sorry.” Clara did sound penitent, “I won’t tease John like that again.”

“See that you don’t. We need proper things.” Clara agreed to arrange everything. Food was already ordered and on its way up and Sherlock was grateful. He was starving again, his last meal a distant memory of almost an hour past.

As soon as he ended the call John came right up, “You were traumatized? Darling?” Sherlock shook his head at the worry in John’s voice.

“Well I didn’t love it but it wasn’t traumatic and from now until I deliver at least you should be free of similar pranks. Jokes are all well and fine in their place but if we really are going to be doing this work for a long time then I don’t want this to be the precedent that we set! I am not a joking person, I don’t understand most humor and I really am sensitive about you. I find it very upsetting…” Sherlock realized he had actually gotten upset and he rolled his eyes with frustration at the tears but John just gave him a warm hug and a firm kiss. “I admit I had not considered what it would be like to be so very emotional whilst pregnant.”

“I don’t envy that but I also don’t mind, you be however you need to be.” John kissed Sherlock firmly again, “Thanks for sticking up for me.”

“You are very welcome John. Any time you need me to use my womb in your defense you need only ask.” Sherlock said this with a very serious voice but it made John giggle like a little boy again and Sherlock loved that.

“You may not be a joker Sherlock but you are so funny, at least to me. I love that.” John was grinning broadly and Sherlock draped his arms over John’s shoulders so he could lean in and press a kiss to the center of John’s forehead, “It’s kind of nice knowing someone has my back.”

“Always John, I will always watch out for you in whatever way I am able.” Sherlock never knew how he could come to relish the contentment that came with keeping his mate happy; possibly it was because what made John happy was making Sherlock happy so it was a lovely arrangement that suited them both perfectly.

“About that, I think it would be a good idea if we expanded your already impressive skill set.” John put his hands on Sherlock’s waist and danced him slowly around their hotel room. They didn’t need music, they just swayed and moved together, “I’d like to teach you some fighting techniques, just to be safe.”

“You want to teach me physical combat while I’m pregnant.” Sherlock was astounded.

John nodded, “You’re not disabled just because you’re making babies! Yes we have to be careful and there will be a lot of things you can’t do, but there are still a lot of things you can learn that
would make me feel better about how we protect ourselves.”

“What do you mean John?” They danced silently for a minute while John collected his thoughts.

John’s hand was drifting up and down Sherlock’s back and when he began to speak he sounded like he was still trying to put the words together, “I suppose it’s that everything around us has changed so much, the playing fields as it were, we’re going to be going into more and more situations where the risks are going to be harder to assess. I want you armed with as much useful knowledge as possible so I know that if we’re separated again, and it’s foolish to insist it won’t happen because it did happen, but if it does happen again I want to know that you are at least capable of basic things. Omega don’t fight, the element of surprise can be a powerful weapon.”

“I can pick a lock.” offered Sherlock. “And I can break almost any password.”

“I’m not even going to ask how you learned how to pick a lock and the password trick has been proven several times already,” John gave him a fond kiss because Sherlock used John’s laptop more than he used his own, “I’m glad to know that though. I want to teach you things like how to hold a knife correctly, how to shoot a handgun accurately, some basic strikes and defensive postures. I want you to be able to defend yourself, or even our children if it becomes necessary. If I’m not there I want to know that whoever is fucking around with us is going to get the shock of their life because no one would ever expect you to shoot them in the knee!”

Omega were only aggressive in very specific situations, if they were being attacked by an alpha who wasn’t their bonded they would lash out instinctively. If their children were threatened an omega could be very dangerous but again it was instinct and not rational thought. Their very nature was that of submission and acceptance, even Sherlock who was as contrary an omega as anyone had ever come across wanted nothing more than to kneel for John because it was how he naturally was. Alphas were naturally aggressive, fighting and defending, instinctively desiring to shield their mate who would exist in a vulnerable state as they produced the next generation. It was the alpha who made sure his mate and offspring were guarded and kept from harm. An alpha’s duty was to dominate and lead, to shelter and protect. If he was dominant enough he wouldn’t need to fight, he could just make the other alphas do as he wished. “I don’t know if I could shoot someone.”

“I know love but they won’t know that and at the very least you can learn how to hold and aim a handgun correctly. Very few people argue when someone has a gun pointed at them.” Mary certainly had stopped struggling quickly enough, that was for certain. “Can you remember what happened?”

“Yes John. I filed everything away in my mind palace as it happened. They sprayed something in my face the second we got into Baker Street, it made me very suggestible. I had no ability to resist but they spoke freely in front of me. I don’t think they expected me to remember anything they said. Jim is an omega but he is most certainly the dominant partner. Sebastian is not just a doctor, he’s like you, he has military capability and he can kill without hesitation. He did, right in front of me. One of their underlings tried to be familiar with me and James had him killed on the spot.” John’s hands tightened reflexively on Sherlock but he didn’t interrupt, “They took me to Scott to be assessed. Scott did a scan, he saw I had three children and not one, he destroyed all the evidence and promised to try and hide the fact if he could. Thankfully he didn’t need to keep his secret for long. Mary came in and tried to…she had me tied to the bed and she was going to excise my tattoo.”

“What!” John went rigid with shock, “She tried to do what?”

“Scott ran and got Sebastian and James before she could begin but if they’d been distracted she planned to cut it off my hand. She has a reputation for being extremely cruel to her charges; I can’t imagine how the survivors are faring.”
“Harry had them moved to a private clinic. They’re surrounded by the best help she and Clara could find.” John was dazed as he answered and he pulled Sherlock’s hand to his face to inspect it. There wasn’t a mark but he kissed it tenderly anyway and held it to his cheek, “I can’t imagine why someone would enjoy hurting someone else so much, what did she think that would accomplish? Did she think I would love you less if she removed it?”

“I don’t know what her motives were John but she was very excited and wanted to enjoy the experience. I couldn’t stop her.” Sherlock’s arms were locked tight around John and he breathed in John’s marvelous soothing scent, his nerves steadying as he tried to deal with the fear he hadn’t allowed to manifest, and the dread he had experienced at the sight of her scalpel. Swallowing hard Sherlock went over everything else he could remember, “They were still in business, they had orders to fill they said. They planned…or at least it seemed that they planned to keep me in order to sell any children I might have.” Both of them stopped moving because in order to do that someone would have to impregnate Sherlock and it wouldn’t be John. Shuddering Sherlock allowed John to hold him tight as they began moving again, “James said it was just the beginning of the ways he could make money off of me, he had ideas John, I don’t know what but he was very clear that clients were waiting and eager.”

John scowled, “No one is doing anything to you Sherlock and anyone who tries isn’t going to get off easy like those little fuckers I dealt with yesterday!” Sherlock didn’t know how many people John had ended up killing and John didn’t seem to want to speak of it. John’s arms were gentle around him though, reassuring him, “If I’d been calm right from the beginning I would have found you sooner. It wasn’t until Greg told me to reign it in that I could feel you. It was incredible. I was so…”

“Grateful.” Supplied Sherlock, he remembered clearly how it had felt to connect with John, “I was asleep. I… I was with our babies. They are aware, much more aware than I would have imagined. We could feel you.”

“I could feel you too.” Said John with wonder, “It was the most amazing and wonderful thing I could ever have felt, I knew I would find you. I just knew it.”

“I knew it too, that didn’t concern me at all.” It hadn’t. Sherlock had absolute faith that John would come for him. Their bond was powerful, “There is still a larger issue to deal with. The raid is just the beginning. Omega are being farmed to create children for sale and business is so good that these people have made a rather successful career out of it. James and Sebastian are insane, exactly as Maximillian claimed. They are violent but they are also intelligent. Whatever their needs are they have learned to fulfill them. The dead alphas, I still don’t know about the first group but the last man was killed by Sebastian who caught him with James. James is apparently not choosy about who he utilizes to help him through his time.”

Sherlock shuddered again, he couldn’t do it. He couldn’t allow just anyone to be intimate with him. He knew other people did it and it didn’t seem to negatively affect them. John had many lovers in his past but it didn’t harm him. Their mobile rang, “Harry? What is it? Oh. Oh good. When? Oh good! Alright.”

“What is it?”

“Doctor Trevor is coming here to do your checkup. I think it’s best that we keep a very close eye on you.” Sherlock nodded and John rubbed his back. Just being here with John was what Sherlock needed. He loved the smell and feel of his alpha, it steadied and calmed him. After a long time there was a discrete tap at the door. Doctor Trevor was standing in the hallway and he had a hotel valet with him. “Come in,” said John who shook the doctor’s hand. The valet wheeled in a luggage rack bearing a portable scanner and other items in carrying cases.
“I see you two are going to be trouble.” He was pretending to frown but Sherlock could scent his approval. He would have heard what had happened and what John did. The doctor was very pleased with Sherlock’s alpha and it showed. “Well let’s give you a looking at.”

John and Victor weighed and measured Sherlock together, taking turns listening to his heart and his lungs, both men discussing changes and possible issues to be cautious of. Sherlock sat quietly and listened intently, neither man was attempting to modify their language to make it easy for him to understand and he appreciated that. He knew much of the terminology and it was intriguing to see his children once more, now so much larger than starburst. There they were all snuggled together and they were sleeping. “They are beautiful.” Said John rapturously, he stared for a minute, “They’re all alright?”

“I don’t see any indicators that they are troubled by anything. We’ll just take some measurements.” He manipulated the screen and used the program to capture vital statistics about the pups, “The growth is a little faster than I anticipated but not much. I’d say by month five your mate is going to be a small planet.”

Sherlock was absolutely beaming. He loved Doctor Trevor! “Really?” Sherlock was already rubbing his belly, “A proper planet or one of the arguable ones like Pluto?”

“I think you can safely target Saturn.” said Doctor Trevor fondly and Sherlock beamed again. This was the best news to date! He was going to be huge!

“He had a bout of morning sickness the other day.” began John.

“It was horrific. I nearly died!” exclaimed Sherlock, “John has no idea.”

John soldiered on, “He was in there for about three minutes, and he was a bit, sensitive, after.”

Doctor Trevor pursed his lips, “So he survived and then he was moody.”

John’s face was blank, “Essentially yes.”

“Barely survived and I was in there for nearly an hour,” corrected Sherlock, “I couldn’t even stand!”

“Five minutes on the outside,” said John calmly, “What can we do to prevent that or ease it?”

“Sex.” said Doctor Trevor, “Lots of sex. Omegas respond very positively to affection, it’s their greatest asset. A well-loved omega will be healthy and strong, will heal faster, be less prone to injury, and less susceptible to ailments in general. Sex before sleep if you can manage it, and during the day if you can find the time, that will help Sherlock’s body stay on track. He’s going to need a great deal of care, his diet needs tending to. I’ve brought a list of food requirements. His body is doing fine right now but very soon, days I’m thinking, his children are going to start drawing from his resources heavily. Sherlock doesn’t have the body mass of the average omega; it’s going to drain him. He’s going to need to keep exercising and eating as many foods from this list as he can. It’s likely too that since this is his first pregnancy he’s not going to recognize what his body is asking for but his mind will find a way to make it known. Pay attention to his cravings, those are real things and not just petulance! If he wants a banana milkshake at four in the morning there’s a reason for it. Make him one.”

“What about the accelerated development, what do I need to watch for?” John looked at Sherlock who was rubbing his stomach again, he did it often now.

“Right now the worst you have to worry about is stretch marks but there are lotions and oils you can use to encourage the elasticity of his stomach as it grows. I can’t promise you to end up mark free
but if it makes you feel better a lot of omegas call them their tiger stripes.” Doctor Trevor was
smiling at Sherlock who was looking down at his stomach.

He wondered what it would be like to have permanent evidence that he had created life and decided
that it would be lovely. John’s scars were gorgeous; perhaps Sherlock’s would be as well. “If they
happen they happen.” he said with a shrug.

“I’m getting lotion anyway.” declared John and once again Doctor Trevor smelled approving.
Sherlock was allowed to rise after they examined the babies closely once again. “Once our home has
been decontaminated what can I do to make Sherlock comfortable.”

“He’s going to want to nest at some point, the most likely location is your bedroom but some omegas
choose elsewhere on occasion. It will be wherever the omega feels safest and most at ease. It won’t
be hard to tell when he wants to construct it.”

“I’m not building a nest!” snapped Sherlock, “I’m not a bird.”

“You wanted me to dig a hole for you to stick your belly into!” reminded John and Sherlock snorted.
That wasn’t the same thing at all.

“Nesting is just the term we use to describe the process,” said the doctor soothingly, “You will want
to adjust your environment to increase your personal comfort and that of your children. Sometimes
certain colors bring comfort or certain smells. Some omegas like a lot of clutter; others want their
rooms as bare as possible. Everyone is different and there is no right or wrong way to nest.”

“Sherlock has been targeted.” said John, looking at Doctor Trevor directly, “He was kidnapped and
our children threatened. The culprits don’t know he has multiples on the way but chances are they’ll
try for him again. We may not be able to stay at Baker Street.” That news was devastating for
Sherlock, he didn’t want to leave their home!

Doctor Trevor nodded seriously, “I’d heard about the abduction of course, and the rescue, from
Harry,” he looked at Sherlock directly, “Tell me what happened.”

Sherlock went over the details quickly. Doctor Trevor made a note to find Scott, he was interested in
meeting him and all of them agreed that he had been exceptionally brave despite his lifetime
circumstances. “Hopefully Harry has gotten him to his alpha. That would be something at least.”

“To them it will be everything.” said Doctor Trevor earnestly, “I’ll rendezvous with Harry and Clara.
I think it will be best if I just find you wherever you are and we can do Sherlock’s checkups that
way.”

“Are you sure? That’s a lot of trouble.” protested John.

Doctor Trevor was silent as he packed away his equipment, “I’ve been working with Harry and
Clara for a long time. I knew a girl once…” the doctor stopped talking for a minute, “Not for long
but she was special, I… I really liked her. Before I could work up the nerve to ask her out she’d been
taken. She became the third omega to a woman to the west; she wanted a blonde, a brunette, and a
redhead. Tash had hair so red it looked like spun copper. Her alpha was strict, oppressively strict.
Tash…she got herself out the only way she could.”

Sherlock instantly understood and grief filled him. An omega had destroyed herself rather than
remain the omega to an alpha she could not accept, “You’ve never met another?”

“I’ve never looked. Once Tash was gone I gave up. How could I take an omega when the world is
like this? I work all hours of the day and night; I’m on the move more than I’m in one place. If I
didn’t have my clinic there I’d never go home. What kind of life is that to offer someone? I’d be no
tool better than those heartless pricks who...” he stopped talking, momentarily overcome with emotion.
“Maybe things wouldn’t have worked out with her, maybe she was the one. I’ll never know.”

“I think that the right person would be very willing to wait at home while their alpha was out doing
good things the way you do.” said Sherlock earnestly, “I think that you should look. Talk to
Maximillian and Quincy, Maxi said it was up to omegas like ourselves to set an example but isn’t it
also up to alphas like you and John to do something similar. Wouldn’t you rather have people see
how you think omega should be treated or would you rather that people like that woman represent
your sub-gender?”

“I’m too old to find an omega now. Who is going to want to bond a bitter old doctor with no time?”
the doctor did indeed look bitter as he snapped his last case shut and Sherlock noticed once again
how worn his cases looked. Years of work had gone into creating that wear, countless visits in secret
locations to help someone who had nowhere else to turn.

“I think a great many omegas would be thrilled to attract your attentions.” said Sherlock honestly, “I
think a fair few would find you as honorable and worthy as I find John and it would be a great pity
of there was someone out there who was not enjoying the rapport I share with my partner. Perhaps
looking again would not hurt.”

Victor Trevor’s jaw worked for a second as he argued with himself but his shoulders slumped and he
nodded. Sherlock was glad. Somewhere out there was a lucky man or woman who would sweeten
the doctor’s life once more, and would proudly support the efforts he went through to do what he
believed in. “I’ll check in again in a week, no later, sooner if anything strange happens. Email me
that tracking chart you started, I want to look that over at some point. I know you two are busy but at
eventually you’re going to have to make a choice between caring for Sherlock and trying to care for
everyone else. There will be other people to shoulder the load, don’t neglect your mate.”

John nodded stiffly, “We’ll see you in a week.” the doctor nodded and left, pushing the trolley
himself rather than wait for someone to help. Sherlock looked around the hotel room. It was bright
and airy, the furniture subtly decadent, and bed covered in a luxurious duvet and rich looking sheets.
Sherlock missed his bed at Baker Street and the duvet that John had patched using stitches he’d
learned in medical school after Sherlock had melted a hole in it. He wondered how long it would
take for their flat to be cleaned from top to bottom and what they would find when it was examined
so minutely. He sighed and John looked up. “You okay love?”

“No.” Sherlock draped himself over his alpha, “I miss home already.”

“I know you do love, it’s only for a few days and we have room service. We could order if you
want.” Sherlock wasn’t hungry but he was bored so he shrugged and nodded. John sat him on the
sofa and fetched the hotel menu for Sherlock to look over. Some of it looked interesting so he
considered whatever caught his eye plus a dish neither of them had ever heard of. Eventually he just
couldn't choose so Sherlock flopped back and rubbed his belly some more.

Harry called, “Clara is on her way up with some things, she’ll be there in five.” Harry was obviously
busy again because she just hung up the phone. Sure enough there was a knock at the door.

“Who is it?” asked John, winking at Sherlock.

“It’s Clara, open up, these are heavy.” Sherlock looked out the peephole and saw Clara’s eye pressed
right up to it. “I know that’s you Sherlock! Open the damn door before my fingers snap off.”

“How do we know you haven’t been drugged. What are our cover names?” demanded Sherlock.
“I will kick your Bunny Huggle arse if you don’t open this door right this second!” Clara kicked the door and John opened it with a laugh, “Thanks. Here.” Clara shoved several large shopping bags into John’s arms with a groan, “My arms are longer now, I know they are.”

“Why didn’t you get someone to help you?” said John who staggered over to dump the bags on the bed.

“The guy at the counter said someone would be with me in a few minutes so I said I’d just start because my hands! Look! My fingers are longer!” Clara had line marks on her fingers but otherwise her hands looked perfectly normal, “This is all the clothing I could find for you in your size. You’re lucky I have an advanced degree in shopping.” Clara stopped talking and hugged Sherlock tightly, “I’m glad you’re okay Sherlock. We were falling to pieces with worry.”

Clara and Harry really were an amazing power couple. Sherlock was astounded at their drive and energy, and how effortless they loved the people they cared for, “Thank you Clara. Let’s see what you’ve brought.”

“I hope you like it.” Clara sounded sincere. They took out the clothes. Clara had found John several pairs of sturdy trousers in dark colors, as well as number of soft shirts with a selection of jumpers, also in dark colors with muted patterns. John went to the bathroom to try on a set, tossing the badly matched clothes he had been wearing out the door. Sherlock gathered them up and gave them to Clara with a disapproving look. She wilted, “It was just a joke.”

Sherlock nodded. He understood, he really did, “I know it was and at another time it would have been amusing but not now. The babies are coming even faster than we expected. I need to be able to trust the people around me, please Clara, no pranks. I can’t handle any more stress. Those people want me and my children, it’s not safe and I don’t want to have to worry about something ridiculous like potential itching powder or finding out our credit cards have been canceled.

Clara hung her head, “I promise. No more pranks.”

“Good. I’m glad we had a moment to sort this out.” Sherlock hugged her. He really did like Clara and Harry but this wasn’t just about teasing their brother any more. Sherlock wasn’t sure how he would react in the immediate future but right now he felt very little tolerance for slurs against his John. Just then John came out.

He was wearing denim, the blue of it complementing the simple black of his top. There was a black coat to go with it, the patches on it giving John a vaguely tactical look. His normally tidy hair was rumpled. Sherlock felt himself stirring, “Excellent choice Clara. You can go now.”

“What? I just got here.”

“Clara John looks absolutely divine. You can leave now.”

“We haven’t even checked out the other bags!” she said.

Sherlock sighed and stood up to unbutton the top of his shirt while he eyed Clara meaningfully, “Clara. You did a wonderful job. Goodbye.”

“Oh yes I have an appointment I’m late for. Can’t stay, we’ll catch up later. Bye John!” Clara whirled on her heel and bolted out the door.

“You didn’t have to chase her off.” protested John, “I didn’t even get a chance to thank her.”

“You want her to watch me strip?” asked Sherlock as he pulled his shirt off. John stopped talking
and just let his eyes wander down Sherlock’s long lean torso and linger on the round slope of his belly. “Or would you rather help me finish?”

John’s grin was toothy. “Oh god yes.”

The Author has temporarily been delayed due to the fact that I don’t actually own a TARDIS though I deserve to and therefore cannot immediately leave the present when unwanted visitors/obligations force me to human against my will. Since RL refused to capitulate and leave me alone I am FORCED *against my will remember* to delay the next installment until tomorrow *scowly face and Sherlock-grade sulking*
Chapter Summary

Sherlock has been rescued but 221 B Baker Street needs a good going over. Well it's off to a hotel to relax until their home is habitable once more.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John was gorgeous and strong and dangerous and his! Sherlock bit his lip and stalked across the room to his husband, almost rudely toppling John onto the high bed, “You look extremely…fuckable.” purred Sherlock, almost leering at the smaller man beneath him, “I had no idea how a simple change of clothing could affect me.”

“You have a very dirty mouth.” said John with a matching leer, “Filthy.”

“You love my filthy mouth because of all the naughty things I like to do with it.” John’s eyes darkened and Sherlock’s smile grew wicked. John was turned on and that pleased the omega. “Turn over John.”

John turned with alacrity, throwing that same rakish grin over his shoulder as he pushed his behind toward Sherlock who hummed approvingly and ran his hands over it. Denim suited John. Sherlock was going to see about getting a slightly smaller pair for him, and he would make John wear it all the time until it was thin and soapy feeling, the wear marks outlining John’s hips, his cock. Sherlock slid his hands along John’s belt until they met in the front and while he unbuckled John he indulged himself by leaning in and biting his way down the knobs of John’s spine until he was kneeling on the floor behind his husband. Sherlock worked the trousers off one leg and then the other before he smoothed John’s pants, admiring how the fabric was taut and provocatively concealing his lover from his gaze.

Sherlock leaned in and pressed his face to John, biting gently and nudging. He reached up with both
hands and kneaded the firm flesh, spreading John wide and squeezing him closed again. Sherlock absolutely loved how John looked right now, kneeling there in his pants, his shirt rucked up and his knees spread. Sherlock spread his fingers wide and ran them slowly up John’s back, “Strip.” he ordered.

John just sat back on his heels and slowly pulled his top off. Sherlock hummed in approval again as he watched the shift and ripple of muscle beneath John’s sensitive skin. Sherlock leaned in, his hands on John’s hips, and kissed the nape of John’s neck before pushing him forward again. He curled his fingers a bit and raked them slowly downward, gently clawing the cotton that hid the last of his husband from his eyes. Finally John was naked, and perfectly presented. Sherlock spent a minute just running his hands over his lover, enjoying the warm solidness of John.

He pressed a kiss to the scar on John’s shoulder, it was beautiful and he loved it. Using his mouth to barely grazed across John’s flesh Sherlock swept back and forth, his tongue occasionally flickering out to taste the sweetness beneath him. John tensed and relaxed each time, his back arching a bit when Sherlock came close to his waist, and exhaling when Sherlock teased the invisibly fine hairs that grew faintly thicker until Sherlock had wandered his way to John’s bottom.

He took his time.

Sherlock used his hands, his lips, his tongue. He teased John open one gasping bit at a time until the alpha was almost shaking with need, his hard cock red and dripping, his balls heavy with come. Sherlock stood and pulled John’s hips closer to the edge of the bed, teasing both of them now as he rubbed the tip of his cock over John, “Oh god that’s always fantastic.” John had his forehead on the bed as he pushed back and forth encouragingly, “Please!” he begged finally and Sherlock smiled.

Sherlock surprised John by repositioning him, remaining standing on the floor but keeping John on the bed, his backside almost hanging over the side as Sherlock pushed John’s left leg over and set his right leg onto his shoulder, “Brace yourself,” said Sherlock thickly as he felt the back of John’s thigh against his ribs, “John.”

Sherlock pushed in. The angle was perfect for both of them and Sherlock kept his motions slow and deliberate until he was sure he had everything exactly right. It was so hard to focus; John was so tight, so hot inside, and because of Sherlock’s diligence, absolutely wet. They moaned together as Sherlock drew back.

When he thrust Sherlock was rewarded with the most beautiful cry of ecstasy as he brushed over John’s prostate just the way he liked it. He drew back and did it again, watching John’s face as it contorted and flushed with each calculated push. John was a vision right now. Sherlock mimicked the undulating motions that made him so wild when John did it and it worked on the alpha just as well. John’s moans were getting louder, no longer the soft muted sighs of passion but actual cries that he could not stifle. Sherlock smiled again. Perfect. He readied himself.

Sherlock managed a half dozen more thrusts before he saw it happen. John’s face grew tight and almost pained, he was reaching the peak of stimulation now, he wouldn’t be able to take much more and just when Sherlock tried to nudge at his prostate one last time John pulled away and yanked Sherlock forward onto his chest. Without ado John positioned himself and pushed Sherlock’s hips swiftly backward.

Sherlock threw his head back and shuddered from head to toe as John took him so suddenly. Sherlock was excited enough that even his thighs were glistening so John bottomed out quickly and held himself there. “Ride.” ordered the alpha so Sherlock obeyed.

Sherlock braced his hands and knees so he could move his hips freely. He set to work, wanting John
to come harder than he’d ever come before. Sherlock wanted to see his alpha undone beneath him, wanted to see the look on John’s face as he released, wanted to feel John’s seed inside him as his lover came. It didn’t take long. John set a savage pace, thrusting upward to meet Sherlock who absolutely glorded in the freedom his lover had with him. John’s cries were a staccato song as he drew closer and Sherlock drank in his expression. At the peak of John’s delight Sherlock joined his alpha, unable to resist the need to come when both his body and mind were so caught up in making John feel this way and watching John as his marvelous face and body described everything to Sherlock clearly.

For a long sweet minute they floated there together. Sherlock became aware of himself, felt how heavy he was, how much of John he was covering, and for a second he worried that he was possibly smothering his husband. “You killed me again.” stated John from beneath him. “I’m officially dead.”

“You’re still speaking.” said Sherlock with a weary smile, “You’re not all the way dead.”

“I’m temporarily dead with plans of resurrection.” John cocked his hips a tiny bit and Sherlock laughed into the pillow as John moved inside him, “Maybe after a bit of rest.”

They shifted slowly so Sherlock could lay beside John, both men relaxed and content to simply be beside one another. Sherlock eyed the other bags still sitting on the sofa, “We only tried on one outfit.”

“Yes, you put up an epic struggle.” said Sherlock who cuddled close to his giggling alpha. Did other alphas giggle? Sherlock had never seen one but John did and it was endlessly delightful. When John laughed like that Sherlock couldn’t help but join him, his deep throaty chuckle making the alpha hug him tight. They got up and showered lazily before sorting through everything Clara had brought.

Most of it fit fairly well but Sherlock refused three of the shirts and all of the trousers except another pair of denim ones, “She can send those back.” said the omega fussily as he looked his alpha over, “The colors aren’t quite right for you and the cut of the shirts were unsuitable.”

They called for room service and when their meal arrived they found that Clara had sent Sherlock a new laptop. It contained all the information for the various cases they had been working on so with glee John and Sherlock set to examining it while they ate. Lestrade called and John put him on the speaker, “We have all the addresses we obtained at the mail delivery service, most of those residences have been checked. A good deal of them were just normal alpha homes with just the Omega Primes left in residence but we found two more crèches, both of them are being watched while we assemble enough people to flood the place and remove the omega and staff safely.” he sounded exhausted.

“Have you slept at all?” demanded John.

Lestrade answered, “I’m going home in a minute, I’m just signing off the orders to proceed and Donovan will lead the primary team and Dimmock will lead the other.” That was very diplomatic of the Yard to allow Lestrade’s division clear jurisdiction over two of the three raids but who was Dimmock? “Specialist, Organised & Economic Crime.” said Lestrade, following Sherlock’s gaze, “He’s a bit of a stiff but he’s dedicated.”

“He’ll be following the human trafficking angle.” said Sherlock thoughtfully and Lestrade nodded, “While you clean up the rogue alphas.” Lestrade nodded again. “Well introductions are in order I suppose.”

John laughed but nudged Sherlock, “We can’t go out.”
“Why not?” John couldn’t think of a reason, “Where are you Lestrade, we’re coming there.”

“No you’re not. I’m going home. I’m walking to the car now. Hear that noise? That’s the door closing. I’m going home so I can give my fiancée a kiss and take two minutes to be a parent before I try to get some sleep!”

Sherlock was disgruntled but knew he’d be very put out if John delayed coming back to him so he stopped fussing.

“Let’s go over Daniel’s files, and let’s see if we can find a few more addresses for Dimmock, yeah?” asked John encouragingly and Sherlock nodded. He didn’t need to go anywhere to do that and no one could do it better than him.

“Very well John.” They set to work. Sherlock soon lost himself in a deluge of information. New data had been added since he’d looked last. Some initial information about the rescued omega had been attached so with John the reviewed it all, “Some of them are so young.” said John. He was deeply affected by everything they learned, “They must have been taken the second they went into their first heat.”

“The health system isn’t equipped to handle this many trauma cases.” said Sherlock who reviewed the city’s resources, “Even with volunteers coming in there are too many individuals who will need more attention than can be provided by professionals.”

“What do we do?” John looked at their data fretfully.

Sherlock considered, “Carson was willing to take the children. Perhaps there are Omega Primes who would consider taking in some of the farmed omega. They would be able to provide a safe loving environment, and the only alphas they will encounter will be ones like you John. I think that might be our best scenario to help them recover. Most if not all of them are pregnant.” The only ones who weren’t had recently given birth and were in their recovery period.

“That’s a good idea. Perhaps we can call Carson and see what he thinks.” Carson was flighty and scattered sounding when they called him but it had nothing to do with how organized and capable the man was.

“I know at least twelve others who would be very glad to take in people.” he said firmly. “Let me make some calls and I will get back to you with a list.”

The omega rang off immediately leaving Sherlock looking at his mobile with a smile. “He’ll get back to us with a list.”

John laughed and made Sherlock call Harry to tell her what they’d done. “Oh my god Sherlock that’s brilliant. We don’t even have places to house most of them for the night, it’s a complete mess. As soon as your associate calls you back get in touch with me. The sooner we can move on this the better.

Calling Carson turned out to be the best move they could have made. Not only was the man the head of his household but he also attended all the local school programs for their many children, was involved in the local committee that organized charity events, and all the children from their harem who were old enough played at the local fields as part of various sporting teams. Carson knew a lot of other omega and they all owned mobiles. Two hours after Sherlock called the Omega Prime he had organised nearly three hundred available spaces, all immediately ready for any omega at any stage of their pregnancy, and the babies too if necessary. “That’s enough I hope, we didn’t have much time and some of our friends haven’t had a chance to answer yet.”
Sherlock was extremely choked up. “Lady Harriet will be very impressed.”

There was a gasp, “Lady Harriet knows what I’m doing?” He sounded shocked then embarrassed, “Oh my goodness, if I’d realized I would have called a few more people. Don’t you worry, I have lot more calls to make, oh my goodness The Lady!” Sherlock made a note to ask Harry to make a personal appearance at Carson’s. He deserved something for all the good he was doing. He changed his mind and decided to ask Harry to give Carson some sort of official position, Omega Organizer or something because he was really good at it.

Time flew by quickly. Clara got directly in touch with Carson which made him a bit faint but he rallied quickly and had been put directly in charge of fostering out the stricken omegas. All of them were taken in lovingly, sheltered by their new families and beginning down their personal roads to recovery. Sherlock barely noticed they were living in a hotel room. He hardly moved from the laptop unless it was to have a meal or sex with John. On the third day John made him get dressed but the battery was charged so Sherlock carried his work with him as they climbed into a car that arrived for them and returned to Baker Street. Eventually Sherlock found that John was taking his laptop away and making him shower and change, “What’s going on?”

“We’re going to see your parents. Your mother has decided that you are going to dinner so surprise, we’re going to dinner.” Sherlock huffed for only a minute before he allowed John to help him into his coat. Before John buttoned it closed he spent a moment caressing the swell of Sherlock’s belly, “You’re growing so fast.”

“That’s because you’re so good to me,” said Sherlock earnestly, “Like Doctor Trevor said.” John blushed a bit but he looked pleased with Sherlock’s compliment even if it was just fact. John adored Sherlock and it was having an effect on the omega. Sherlock did feel healthier, he felt like his mind was clearer, and that his body worked better. He wasn’t getting fat exactly but he was definitely gaining baby weight. More than his belly was getting round, his hips were getting more padded every day and his bottom was a bit plumper. Sherlock was pleased the day that his new trousers had arrived, putting them on immediately and gleefully pulling up the maternity waistline which was elasticized so it fit him without crushing his stomach or falling off while he walked.

Sherlock noticed a difference in his old home when he arrived. There was a strange scent in the air, something almost chemical and when they knocked on the door they were greeted by someone he didn’t know but the man simply stood back and said politely, “Misters Watson-Holmes.”

Sherrinford and Mummy were standing in the front room with another strange man, this one shaking Father’s hand before nodding his head politely and John and Sherlock before departing. Mummy came over and kissed both of them, “We have news!” Mummy looked wonderful. It had been days since Sherlock had seen her last but she was almost glowing with happiness. She was wearing an elegant wrap that covered her shoulders and accented her long flowing gown, “Sherry has a new business!”

Father smiled at Mummy, “Well it’s an old business that I’m just continuing.” He waved them toward Sieger’s old office. Inside was a deeply padded and very comfortable looking adjustable chair and an array of inks to go with the impressive display of tattoo equipment and patterns. “Some of the fellows stopped by to let me meet their mates; Violet talked me into doing this after she saw some of the work.” Sherlock and John were impressed as they looked over the photographs of tattoos Sherrinford had created in a sketchbook that was yellowed with age in some parts, the last few pages filled with rough sketches and notes, “Alphas mostly though some have brought their omega in to have work done like Sherlock.” Sherrinford nodded to Sherlock’s hand where John’s sigil was proudly displayed.
"I should do that." said John with excitement. He turned his eyes up to Sherlock, “What do you think love? Should I let your dad do some work on me?"

Sherlock was astounded and he stared at his husband, “You want to get a tattoo?”

“Of something that shows people how much I love you? Yes of course, if you don’t mind that is. You might not like the idea of me getting something.” John was just standing there waiting for Sherlock to decide for him! How unexpected.

“We would need to think about it John. You wouldn’t want just anything permanently etched onto you.” John seemed pleased that Sherlock’s answer wasn’t an outright no.

“No but there are all sorts of things about you we could use as ideas. You’re brilliant, you play the violin like an angel, you’re brilliant, and you’re absolutely gorgeous, and also you’re brilliant.”

“You said brilliant three times.” said Sherlock, his face flushed as his mate praised him in front of his parents.

“Well you’re really smart and it’s my favorite thing about you. I can’t overstate it.” said John proudly.

Sherrinford looked as proud as John, “I haven’t had time to really sit down with either son, both of them have been very busy,” Violet came up and he put his arm around her instantly, “Of course we’ve been very busy too.”

Mummy was smiling, “We’ve had endless company, and it’s been so wonderful! This house hasn’t been this happy in a very long time. Sherry knows so many people; of course everyone wanted to introduce him to their partners. There hasn’t been a night where we haven’t had at least one guest room full. Everyone kept showing off the tattoos Sherry had done for them and soon enough he was being asked to do even more for all of them.”

“Did you want to show them Petal?” Mummy blushed prettily but nodded and with a nod she turned her back to John and Sherlock while Sherrinford lifted the filmy fabric clinging to her shoulders. Both men gasped. Mummy’s entire back was covered from the tops of her shoulders down to her hips with a pair of elegant wings. The lines were graceful and crisp and as the tattoo went lower the edges of the feathers blended into the scars on her skin, turning them into tactile highlights instead of mars. “It’s just the beginning of course, it will take time to finish properly and she’s very brave about it but it does hurt a bit and I don’t want to rush it unnecessarily.”

“He’s done a bit every night, it doesn’t hurt as much as he worries it does.” said Mummy and Sherlock bit his lip. Mummy had a very high pain tolerance, a measure of which Sieger had taken careful note of. Sherlock knew from personal experience in this very house how much pain he himself could tolerate and both the alphas in the room frowned as similar memories flooded both omegas, “Well it does hurt a bit but it’s hardly the same thing is it? This is beautiful, it’s art, it’s a bit of forever and I really don’t mind.”

“It’s absolutely gorgeous.” said John earnestly, “I’ve never seen anything like it. I can’t even imagine how breathtaking it’s going to be when it’s done.” He was now holding Sherlock, the alpha automatically responding to even the memory of distress. “I do want one Sherlock, something that’s all about you. We can put anything you like into it. You love honey and bees. You have your skull on the mantle. Maybe something from your lab? I don’t know I’m just thinking of anything really, I suppose you’re right. We do need to make some choices.”

“We can speak of it over dinner John, it’s ready.” Mummy was letting Sherrinford smooth her
shoulders again now that they were covered once more. He took her arm and led them to the dining room where a large meal had been spread out, “I know you’re hungry angel.”

Sherlock was starving! John loaded his plate high and Sherlock set to while everyone visited. Sherrinford and John got to know one another, the elder alpha very impressed with John’s military and medical credentials, and very approving of John’s continued support of Sherlock’s career. “Three children on the way, you still run your consulting detective business, both of you are responsible for the freeing of hundreds of omega, and you’re both going to school together.” Sherrinford was bursting with pride, “I am simply undone.” he hugged Violet tightly, “Thank you Petal, your gifts are beyond repayment.”

There were those same ancient words that John had used to Mummy when he had first met her. Sherlock blushed and looked at his hands, his mate was so marvelous. Was there ever such an alpha as John Watson? “Sherlock is a very determined young man. He had a very hard time of it but now things are so much better.”

“Yes they are Mummy, it’s all working out just perfectly.” over dessert they explained about the omega volunteer housing and that wandered over to the topic of bonding and soon Sherrinford asked about how they had met. John explained how he’d gone to war and been too wounded to remain, he told Sherrinford about how completely he had fallen for Sherlock the second he’d smelled him, and then Sherrinford listened to Sherlock explain their soul bond and how for twenty years he had been alone.

Sherrinford was quiet for a long time, “If there’s something I understand son, its loneliness.” Sherlock felt another connection with the man that was his father, already this man understood him better than the one who had known the omega for decades.

“He’ll never be alone again. I won’t let that happen.” said John with determination, “Even if he gets kidnapped again, I’ll still find him.”

“Kidnapped!’ said Sherrinford and Violet in tandem, “Sherlock was kidnapped?” Sherlock felt terrible. No one had told their parents? He felt ashamed, he hadn’t called either. “It was only overnight. John got me back first thing in the morning. It was days ago.”

“Days?” said Violet sharply, “You waited days to tell us you had been kidnapped? John? Does Mycroft know?”

Both of them were being glared at, “Mycroft knows. Greg helped get Sherlock back. That’s how we found the farmed omega. That’s why we began the new-home program. Sherlock didn’t fall to pieces, he just kept his head and did something positive with a bad situation. Garson…we found Scott. They’re together now.”

Sherrinford was absolutely stunned and clearly torn between anger that his son and grandchildren had been endangered and overwhelming pride at what had resulted from the experience. “John found me using our soul bond. It led him right to me.”

“It was weird. I can feel him now. I could probably find Sherlock anywhere with my eyes closed.” reported John. “I can’t tell you how useful that was. Look Sherrinford, I’m sorry and it won’t happen again but you should know that Sherlock and the kids are still being threatened by an omega named James Moriarty and an alpha named Sebastian. We knew him as Corin Janus; he was a doctor at my clinic along with a nurse named Mary Morstan who is also being sought. All of these people are dangerous. Sherlock, Mycroft, Greg, and I are up to our eyeballs in a case that involves the entire country and it’s not safe but there’s no way out of it and there’s no way to stop except to solve it. I
can’t promise nothing will happen to us but I can promise to do everything I can think of to protect my mate and my pups.” John explained his plan to teach Sherlock self defense and of the protective measures Harry had put into place.

“What can we do to help?”

“There isn’t much more you can do that you aren’t doing already.” said John honestly. “Seeing your old friends, helping them solidify their renewed bonds, that’s important work. Sherlock and I have our jobs to do as do Mycroft and Greg. Both of them are doing so much, Harry and Clara barely have a second to themselves, and every single day gets more complicated. Sherlock’s pregnancy is progressing so quickly that I’m worried that I’m not going to be ready in time to help him.”

“Well we’re all here to help you John, don’t forget that. If it comes down to it we can renovate his old rooms for you to stay in if you need to. Give Violet another month, she’s been redoing one thing after another.” Mummy had been removing everything that reminded her of her late alpha and Sherrinford said not one word of protest.

John looked relieved, “That would be marvelous, especially right toward the end. Sherlock won’t be able to walk around. I’m not saying we’ll come here but if we need to it’s good to know we have someplace else to think about. We’re both very attached to 221 B though and I think we’d both like our children to be born there.”

Trust John to know Sherlock’s mind. “Indeed, I would prefer it in fact. Thank you father for your offer but I’m afraid this place will never be a comfort for me.”

“I understand son, I really do. We’ll fix your rooms up anyway, just to be safe.” Sherrinford wasn’t going to let old dark memories drag his family down. One day perhaps Sherlock would be able to come to this address and feel at home, maybe one day he wouldn’t associate it with tears and misery, of beatings and scoldings in generous measure. One day.

John stood politely, “He’s tired now. If you’ll beg our pardon I think I need to get him to bed.”

“Of course John,” Sherrinford came around and gave both of them a warm hug, “We’re going to choose a night of the week for regular family dinners. We’ll let you know.” Sherlock nodded, that sounded lovely.

Sherlock kissed both his parents farewell and let John lead him away. He was dozing on the ride home and nearly fully asleep by the time they arrived at their flat. John carefully looked around and got the nod from six different watchers before he led Sherlock inside and locked them away for the night. Three minutes after they got home Sherlock was fast asleep as John sat beside him on the bed, watching over him with a gentle smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

My time is not my own. I plan to update every two days from now on. *moaning and whinging*
Sherlock grew. Each day that passed saw his belly swell and grow rounder, each new inch they recorded as a milestone in his life and Sherlock was happy. There had been a handful of sickly days but overall weeks had gone by in a state of domestic bliss. Once a week they met with their family for a large boisterous dinner, Harry and Clara included, and the rest of the time everyone was busy with their work or projects so that each day seemed to fly by. Sherlock was officially three months gone and bigger than most people were when they were two thirds of the way in. The day he’d started to unintentionally waddle around to compensate for the protrusion that was keeping him off balance was noted on their wall calendar in bright blue sharpie with little red exclamation points all over it.

John was just as in love with Sherlock’s big belly as the omega was. Twice a day John would lay Sherlock down and rub him head to toe with gently scented oils so his belly gleamed, still unmarred but bulging. Sherlock’s navel had become dark and his \textit{linea nigra} was wide and blatant as it plunged downward into his pubic hair. Sherlock and John both loved to trail their fingers up and down as they held Sherlock’s belly to feel their pups shift and move. It always put both of them in a trance-like state of loving calmness and afterward both men felt refreshed and energized, ready to continue with their many obligations.

Sherrinford’s tattoos had become incredibly popular though getting an appointment him was difficult. His priority was always his old mates from prison and their omega, everyone else would be bumped as necessary and would have to wait their turn or suffer a talking to by Violet. It became a status symbol to even be on the list, people bragging about their current position in the lengthy line-up, posting updates excitedly whenever they inched their way up a bit. John and Sherlock bandied
around many ideas for John’s tattoo but couldn’t settle on anything, a rough sketch they had penciled out had been erased and modified many times. Sherlock kept their sketch book with them in case they had an idea when working on a case or while they were out for a walk.

Mrs. Hudson was thrilled with the world in general, hauling up tray after tray of treats to spoil Sherlock who ate everything he could get his hands on. There had been an uncomfortable week when he couldn’t seem to get enough food inside him but the crisis had passed and Sherlock now nibbled all his waking hours. Mrs. Turner had eventually come out of her snit after finding out that Mrs. Hudson’s tenants were not only bonded, but also married, and expecting triplets but the landlady of 221 B Baker Street never stopped being slightly smug whenever she spoke to her long-time rival. Mrs. Turner’s married ones sent over a gift basket of biscuits and chocolates. Sherlock ate them all in a single night.

The search for Moriarty and his people continued but they were elusive and sly as they closed up shop in London, staying just ahead of the search. Sherlock, Scott, and various others had worked with artists to produce life-like portraits of all of them, plastering their images everywhere. Eye-witnesses were as frustrated as the police whenever the trio were spotted in location after location because they vanished every single time. It made John and Sherlock uneasy and when they were in public they were always on their guard. The city of London turned itself upside down as whole neighborhoods checked themselves over for hidden secrets, uncovering several distressing situations including a dozen more crèches. More alphas and a good many betas were arrested and soon the League was involved in emptying out more prisons, releasing anyone who was in for minor infractions because space was needed to confine brutal thugs, rapists, murderers, and every sort of lowlife imaginable.

Every small neighborhood had organized their own system of Omega Primes who took in information and passed it along to appropriate channels, finding space for whoever needed a place to stay, making sure that their small universes were on schedule, and that everyone had their new printed copy of Omega. They fed everyone they could, distributed useful items like spare baby seats or cribs, clothed once-inmates in the fine suits or dresses left behind by newly incarcerated alphas, and generally reached out with motherly arms to anyone who seemed to need a bit of a squeeze and maybe a small snack. Many of the very wealthy alphas had been relieved of vast fortunes and sprawling properties all geared toward indulging a single individual. All of them had been quickly transformed into well filled family play lands where omegas and their true mates could raise their children in peace and safety. Since the omega had been making the money in the first place not one large house suffered financially for the shift in dynamics, if anything they flourished.

It was good to find that the vast majority of alphas were purely relieved with the changes they saw around them. Many of them had deeply regretted the constraints forced on their mates but had lived their entire lives without knowing how to change anything and settled for being good to the omega that was theirs, even if it seemed that it wasn’t the thing to do. Weddings were stock in trade all over the place, first with reunited alphas and omegas and then for long-standing relationships for the average couple who had never thought to formalize their relationships outside their bond.

Schools filled up and registrar offices worked day and night to transfer credits solely to the name of the omega who had earned them, providing London with a shockwave of new doctors, nurses, professionals of all sorts, and technicians of every degree and area. Proud alphas strutted around with their freshly accredited omegas, bragging to anyone who would listen about their mate’s achievements. John was as proud as Garson was when they learned that Scott had been given an honorary doctorate with a specialty in paediatrics. He knew more about omega pregnancy than anyone and was much in demand as a consultant to every hospital that could retain him. He along with Doctor Trevor oversaw every stage of Sherlock’s pregnancy, teaching John everything he might need to know to help deliver his children.
Sherlock loved being pregnant. He was adored by everyone who saw him, allowing people to pet his big belly if John was alright with it, or fuss over his size, or offer him food, or generally make a big deal out of everything he did. Sherlock had never had so much positive attention in all his life and it was making itself known. Before John’s delighted eyes Sherlock simply blossomed. A pregnancy glow made him flawlessly radiant from head to toe, his hair was thick and glossy, the curls always flirtatiously scattered about his head, and Sherlock was sleek. He didn’t get fat the way he’d desperately hoped but he was now covered with a firm sturdy layer of muscle, dense and hard, his thin skeletal frame now completely obscured by a strong fit body that made John drool. With the very distinct exception of the huge taut belly that pushed itself arrogantly away from his waist Sherlock looked like an athlete at the prime of his physical career. John was the happiest alpha in London, possibly England.

Doctor Trevor and Scott had put Sherlock on a strict work quota. He was only allowed to dedicate so many hours a day to a job that never seemed to end, and even then Sherlock had to take breaks in between, “You’re making three people and you are doing it twenty four hours a day seven days a week! Like it or not they are your priority.” insisted Scott. “I know other people can’t work as well as you can but there are a lot of them so you’ll have to satisfy yourself with the thousands of eyes that are looking for what you’re looking for and pay attention to the task at hand, your babies.”

Sherlock did need close watching. Even though he was tended every moment and given everything possible to see to his comfort and convenience he was still rushing through a challenging pregnancy at high speed. Doctor Trevor clung to the hopes that they would make it to six months, Scott was dubious but decided to simply take things as they happened. Sherrinford tried to encourage Sherlock to come stay with them but Scott had surprisingly put his foot down, “No. This is his home; this is the best place for him to birth. He and John will be fine together alone, they’re more than prepared for the actual delivery. It’s waiting for the boys to decide what date they want to celebrate their birthdays that we must be concerned about.”

They were having three sons. Sherlock had been the tiniest bit disappointed to learn that one of his babies wasn’t a girl but pragmatically decided that he’d have all girls the next time, or possibly the time after that. John had been completely useless the day they’d found out, sitting there with a dazed and foolish grin on his face for simply ages. The alpha didn’t care if their babies were boys or girls, he’d just wanted to know and now he did. John was ecstatic, spending a bit of time every single day turning the upstairs bedroom into a nursery.

One morning the omega was thinking about that. 221 B would suit them for some time yet but eventually Sherlock knew they’d need to look into larger accommodations. It made him a bit sad but there was no way Baker Street would be big enough to raise three boys as well as the other children Sherlock planned to have. He wanted to make as many of John’s babies as he could, he only had a few bearing years left in him and no time to waste. They’d probably need to look into schools, maybe Carson had some suggestions for a place they could buy somewhere in the wastelands of suburbia. John found Sherlock weeping into his pillow, “What’s happened! What’s wrong?” John was completely worried in a second and became even more worried when Sherlock wrapped himself around his alpha.

“I don’t want to move away from Baker Street and live in a converted harem!” sobbed the omega. John smelled utterly confused, “Carson won’t know any other sort of place what choice will we have?” John still wasn’t getting it and Sherlock cried harder. He missed living at Baker Street already and they hadn’t even left their bedroom.

“Why would we move away from Baker Street?” asked John as he kissed Sherlock’s hair and wiped the tears from his eyes, “We love it here.”
“The babies need room, what about the other children? We can’t keep them in drawers until they’re away at school! What if we don’t send them away, that could be nearly eight children, we can’t fit ten people into our flat, it barely has enough room for the two of us and my stomach.” Sherlock was weeping in earnest now. His home! His beautifully well-worn and comfortable home! His whole life with John was here. They’d gotten married here. They’d bonded here. They’d conceived their children here! Sherlock didn’t want to leave and it was destroying him.

“You want to have eight children?” John sounded bemused.

Sniffling hard and hiccupping a bit Sherlock explained, “It’s within reason to expect I can gestate at least twice more, possibly even three times and sequential multiples are a bit of a long shot I admit but six is close enough. I would settle for five. Or four. Three is a good start.”

“Three is a good start.” said John blankly. He was staring at Sherlock in a not seeing him kind of way. “I was terrified of just one. I thought maybe two eventually. Now we have three on the way and you want eight.” John’ eyes were blinking a bit quickly and his voice was toneless, “I’m going to be a hundred year old father. My children will be wheeling me around and my husband won’t know who to diaper first, me or them.”

“John, you’re only three years older than me. Are you calling me old? Are…are you saying I’m too old to have more children?” Now Sherlock was crying for a whole new reason. His eight dream children were fading away. He was lucky to have gotten pregnant even once! He might only ever have these precious few. This might be his only chance to ever, ever, ever enjoy the miracle of producing life. Sherlock cried harder than ever and clutched his belly.

“Old?” now John was shocked out of his daze, “You’re not old! Sherlock? Oh…oh sweetie don’t cry! Don’t cry Sherlo…honey? What can I do? I need to do something. Sweetie? I’m sorry I don’t know what to do….Sherlock? I’ll go get you a snack?” Sherlock shook his head fiercely. He wasn’t hungry now! He was devastated! John sounded frantic, “No? Tea?” Sherlock couldn’t drink tea, was John trying to drown him?! “No?” John was fluttering around, clearly at a loss. He patted Sherlock’s back and scrabbled for something to say or do that would comfort his omega, “Please don’t cry love…what can I…is there anyth….can…please…I’ll…I’ll… I’ll buy the building!” he shouted at last.

“What?” Sherlock sat straight up.

“I’ll buy the whole building.” said John looking wild-eyed. “Harry can help. We’ll buy the whole building and fix it so we can keep all eight of our children here.” John wanted eight children too? Sherlock’s heart absolutely melted. “There are two units above Speedy’s and two more in Mrs. Turner’s section not including the basement units. With some renovation we’d have lots of room for all the babies you want and we won’t have to move.”

“Are you sure John?” asked Sherlock, his tears drying up as hope filled him.

“Absolutely, in fact I’ll call her right now.” John marched away and Sherlock could hear him talking to his sister on his mobile. John wandered back, “The whole thing Harry. What’s the point of just getting a bit of it? We need all the space we can get.” John listened for a minute then said with exasperation, “Fine, let me put it to you this way. How many nieces and nephews do you want because we’re only making as many as we have room for here at Baker Street.” John listened again and then said sarcastically, “Oh it’s a miracle! So your realtor will get in touch with us when? Thank you Harry, we’ll see you at dinner.”

“What did she say?”
“She said we could buy four huge homes in the country for what we’re paying for a pile of dusty bricks in central London.”

“Then what.”

“Clara called her cheap and ungrateful and told her she was calling someone named Frank on her own mobile.”

Their mobile rang, “My name is Franklin Bennett, I was referred to you by Ms. Clara Watson, I believe there is a property you wish to purchase?” John began speaking to the man while Sherlock went to the kitchen to eat his way through a fruit platter and drink an entire carton of milk.

“IT COSTS WHAT?” shouted John at one point. There was some furious discussion back and forth and finally John said, “Clara will be in touch.” Another pause and then John was speaking quietly to his sister in law, listening at intervals before ending with, “Just make it happen Clara, I don’t care how. He wants to live here and I do too. After everything that’s happened he deserves to get what he really wants.” John came to the kitchen and ate a pineapple slice. “I may have signed my soul over to my sister but it’s all being arranged.”

“She can’t have it. Your soul is mine.” said Sherlock flatly. He softened when John chuckled wearily, “Thank you John.”

John looked up at him, “You don’t have to thank me Sherlock. I’m happy to do this for you. We can manage it. Clara and Harry are going to check the family accounts, I’ve barely touched them so once they do that they’ll call back and tell me how in the red I’ll be.”

“I have a bit of money and I’m sure Mummy and Father will help if we really needed it,” said Sherlock though neither of them would wish to ask his parents for cash even if Sherrinford and Violet could more than afford it. Mycroft had done well in making the family very wealthy and now he was doing the same thing for Gregory whether his silver-haired alpha realized it or not. Sherrinford had put a stop to Mycroft’s arrangement the second he’d learned about it, ruthlessly cutting off anyone in the family who could support themselves so now he and Violet were only concerned about a few cherished family members instead of every single person with the most tenuous of ties to the Holmes lineage. Most of the other Holmes alphas had found Sherrinford’s return to be a very rude awakening and all of them turned frightened eyes toward Violet who simply stood back and let her alpha do his job.

“Thanks love; we’ll just wait and see what they’ve done with my portion of the family money. All we’ve done so far is pay our rent and buy food, work has paid for everything else.” John and Sherlock never paid for cabs, never paid for meals eaten out, never paid for services, never paid for anything really. Their faces were well known in the city and everyone was thrilled for an opportunity to give them a bite to eat, or a ride somewhere, or maybe a bit of hair trim or whatever else they might need. Even Sherlock’s maternity clothes were a wise gift from a fashion designer who was instantly flooded with requests by ardent and very pregnant admirers of the omega consulting detective. Everyone wanted to wear what Sherlock was wearing and it made him blush to realize it. Whatever else they weren’t getting from people in the streets was taken care of by Harry who had made both of them general consultants for the family business and paid their unrequested fees directly into their shared bank account where it piled up slowly. John had been flustered for weeks as he tried again and again to pay for things only to be confronted with people who couldn’t hear his words or see his cash or cards no matter how he tried to give them over. John now resorted to tipping everyone for everything which only added to his reputation for being a good person and earned them even more free things than ever.
“We should have enough for a down payment if the realtor can get the whole building at a
reasonable cost.” John who never got rattled in battle was sweating a bit so Sherlock discretely
looked online at property prices for their area. He did some quick calculations and closed his laptop
gently. They could get five houses in the country for what they might have to pay for this place. How
would they ever afford it? The monthly payments would cripple them and who knew how long it
would take to pay off the entire amount. Sherlock began to brace himself for the news that they
would have to move. It was wrenching but John’s pride would be so wounded, Sherlock couldn’t
make it worse by giving in to the grief he was already feeling.

They idled the morning away while waiting for Harry and Clara to get in touch with them but she
didn’t call. They made love after lunch and it was a perfect distraction for a good while but after they
had showered and redressed most of the business day had gone by and Harry still had not called,
“She’s very busy. We don’t know what emergencies she’s dealing with. She and Clara could be
anywhere.” Both women were on the move constantly, living in one hotel room or another as they
worked ceaselessly to make the transition for everyone as easy as possible. There were a great deal
of legal issues that needed dealing with, crimes were being re-evaluated under the new standards,
and there was so much to do and all of it was important. Sherlock and John counseled themselves to
patience on her behalf and tried not to tear their hair out as they paced around.

They were so wired that when their mobile finally did ring both men leaped off the sofa in a fright.
John’s hand was shaking when he answered the call, “Harry?” John listened and then sat himself
down on his chair, his left leg folded primly over his right, his face entirely expressionless for the first
time ever, “Say that again?” John nodded and Sherlock noticed that John’s neck was getting a bit red
and that his alpha didn’t seem to be breathing enough, “When? Ah.” John’s left eyebrow twitched
the tiniest bit as he continued to listen to his sister, “So…” he stopped talking and she continued,
“That’s all of it?” John made an agreeable sound but clearly whatever he was agreeing to was the last
thing on his mind because John’s eyes were glazing over a bit. Sherlock looked closely. John was
completely out of it.

Gingerly he pulled the mobile from John’s unresisting fingers, “Harry, it’s me. John seems to be in
some sort of trance. What did you tell him?”

“Sit down.” Sherlock sat on the sofa, “Are you sitting?” when he said he was she continued, “Okay
remember when we told you how John’s portion of the money has just been sitting there untouched
for twenty years? Well it has and it’s been earning interest all this time. The tiny bit you’ve spent is
so small it barely registered as a percentage. Clara and Frank have been working on the request all
day and most of the delay was finding the owner who is now on his way to Baker Street along with
various others and the only question is if you want just 221 or if you want all the buildings on both
sides of the street as well.”

Sherlock was absolutely stunned and answered weakly, “221 is sufficient.” They could afford the
entire street? No wonder John had shut down. Obviously John hadn’t paid attention to the family
finances at any point in his life. Sherlock wasn’t surprised, John was a soldier born, he wouldn’t
have been interested in the business end of life, he was meant to be in the thick of it, brave and bold.

“Good because it’s now legally a single building again. We pulled every string we could find and
called in a pretty big stack of favors. Congratulations, you have a tenant in what was 221 A so I hope
you like the sandwiches at Speedy’s because you own it, they’ll pay their rent directly to you from
now on, or they will once you sign all the paperwork. You’ll need to speak with Mrs. Turner and
her, well your, tenants and see what arrangements you want to make with them about
accommodations.” Sherlock nodded. He took in every word and stuck it directly into a new room of
his mind palace to go over when he wasn’t so absolutely shocked. “Can John speak yet?”
Sherlock looked at his husband still blinking rapidly and staring at the wall, “I’m afraid not Harry. I’ll give him a few minutes then ask for tea. We’ll be ready for company when they arrive. Thank you very much for organizing all of this.”

“It’s the least we could do Sherlock, you and John have been at the forefront of liberating countless people in the last few months. If I’d needed to I would have bought you that building myself but thankfully for John’s alpha street cred he can take care of everything all on his own.” Harry sounded amused but tolerant. She truly didn’t understand the drives that alphas and omegas were subject to. Owning a home meant providing for your mate, it meant sheltering your children, it meant you could be relied upon to be the support your omega would need. It meant you were a good mate and John wanted to be a good mate more than anything. Now John would be responsible for giving Sherlock not only 221 B which the omega adored but all of it, proving that Sherlock could do as he wished and make all the babies he wanted, and John would care for them all. “Congratulations again Sherlock, no one deserves their own home more.”

“We’ll see you at dinner tomorrow.” said Sherlock, “I have to see to John now.”

“Of course Sherlock, we’ll see you at dinner.” Harry rang off.

“John my love, we will be having company shortly.”

There was silence.

“John? People will be here soon, shall I make tea?”

There was more silence.

“I can put the kettle on.” prompted Sherlock. John’s eyes were blinking a bit slower so Sherlock left him there. John was still sitting there when the kettle whistled so Sherlock set it aside and looked down at his husband, “John I’m going to quite cross with you in four seconds. I’m counting down now. Four…three…tw….”

John’s eyes widened and he looked up at Sherlock, “We’re rich!” he said, his voice filled with dread and horror. “I’m just like one of those bastards in jail, running about buying ridiculously expensive things at the drop of a hat because I can, oh god!” John smelled appalled.

“John only one of us can be a drama queen and since I’m the one with the fetuses my four-to-one vote allows me to win by a landslide. Stand up and make me tea, I never get it right and I’m thirsty.” petulance and a tiny bit of a foot stomp got John moving at last and Sherlock smiled to himself as John threw himself into preparations to receive company.

Half an hour after Harry had called them their doorbell rang. Clara called up the stairs and soon a clatter of feet announced the arrival of several people. John let everyone in and soon their front room was filled with suited men and women bearing briefcases. All of them pulled out various pieces of paper and began negotiating with one another regarding various legal changes that needed to be made, variances that were being put in place or waived, processes that were being fast-tracked, and all of it was quite boring to Sherlock except that what it meant was that all these people were making his dream come true. They were making 221 Baker Street into the Watson-Holmes residence all in a single day.

It took a long time because most of the processes normally required days if not weeks and squeezing it all into one evening was challenging. Sherlock ordered out for food eventually though some of the interns that had come along to do the actual typing and note taking served it out to everyone. It wasn’t until well after the dinner hour that John and Sherlock were both presented with a thick
packet of papers that they signed together and they received a round of hand-shakes and congratulations. It would still take some time for everything to be registered but all the legalities had been tended to before Clara herded everyone away. 221 Baker Street was theirs.

John and Sherlock sat on their sofa and looked around. It was surreal. The entire building belonged to them, or would officially after everything was properly processed first thing in the morning. Harry hadn’t been kidding when she said she’d pulled every string. Sherlock looked at John who was finally back to normal if a bit weary now, “Well love? It’s ours. I guess now we need to think about renovating and altering what needs to be altered.

It finally hit Sherlock that they had just purchased a very expensive property right in Central London and it had all transpired because of a single phone call, “I can’t believe today happened!” he sat back and stared around. They owned everything he could see and they owned it together. Everything they had was shared equally between them both. He went over to John and pulled his alpha into his arms, dancing him around a bit awkwardly because his stomach was in the way, “You bought me a building!”

John looked a bit stunned all over again, “I guess I did!” he grinned at Sherlock, “I hope you like it.” Sherlock wrapped himself around his alpha as best he could, leaning forward to kiss John’s forehead, “I love it. You never stop surprising me John.”

“How had Sherlock managed to find John? The omega was completely enthralled with his alpha. John was the most devoted, the most giving, the most selfless, simply the most wonderful alpha on the planet. Sherlock found he was kissing John passionately, tugging his lover toward their bedroom, “I need you.” he said urgently, “My beautiful John.”

Sherlock was filled with awe and wonder as he made love to his husband, taking John apart the way he knew how to do so well now. Nothing aroused John like having Sherlock enter him while his great belly rubbed against John’s leaking erection. It only took a few short minutes before Sherlock was on his back with his legs spread wide so John could stroke the omega’s cock and his stomach even as John’s hips snapped at an almost savage pace. Sherlock locked his ankles behind John’s head to give his lover more leverage and John now hung onto Sherlock’s hips while the omega stroked himself. The weight of his big belly pressed downward and it shook just a bit each time John bottomed out and it drove the alpha wild. Soon John was huffing out agonized breathes in time with Sherlock. They couldn’t always manage but sometimes…maybe tonight…oh god…oh yes…they were going to do it…oh yes!

The feel of John pulsing inside him at the peak of his crisis was incomparable. Each shock of pleasure was amplified by John’s agonized grunts as he filled Sherlock, both men wracked and ruined by the intensity of orgasming together. Sherlock felt his whole body become liquid heat, fluid and alive, nothing but pleasure and happiness as his alpha shuddered above him. It got better every single time and now Sherlock could barely tolerate the almost too-sweet sharpness of his release.

It took them a long time to stop drifting together, side by side as John rolled and took Sherlock with him to sweat and pant until they managed to begin breathing easily once more. Sherlock drowsed for a few minutes before John gently encouraged him to shower. While Sherlock stood sleepily under the spray John remade the bed before joining his omega, washing him from head to toe, even shampooing his hair and spoiling him with extra-fancy conditioner though Sherlock hardly needed it these days. John toweled his husband off and tucked him safely into bed before slipping in behind
him. Once there John snuggled up close to Sherlock’s back and reached over to rest his hand on Sherlock’s belly. Sherlock covered John’s hand with his and both men fell asleep very happy and dreamed of each other.
Chapter Summary

John bought 221 Baker Street for Sherlock and now they need to plan and consider what to do with their home.

Chapter Notes

I apologize for the delay. I had an allergic reaction to something *long story not important* that made my fingertips swell up and be too sensitive to type and then I went into a mini-coma due to the fact that I apparently don't sleep enough so tah-dah, 15 hours later I'm all refreshed and shocked to find it's the bloody weekend already.

Is it me or does it seem that my life gets more complicated the closer to the end of a story I get?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sherlock was an addict.

Perhaps it was part of his genius to be able to fixate on something so completely that it virtually obliterated everything else as the omega focused with a force of will that was unshakeable. When Sherlock wanted something, *really* wanted something, he could not deny himself and he took it, even if it hurt him in the end.
Take heat suppressants for instance. Sherlock had found a whole new freedom in the world when his heats stopped, and he ignored the cautionary advice from his doctors that told him he needed to occasionally allow himself to go through a heat before resuming his suppressant regime. Instead Sherlock tried in vain to live a life that was denied him at every turn, becoming more and more desperate until at last his body couldn’t take the chemical interference any longer and Sherlock broke down.

Mycroft had helped him, getting Sherlock into a proper facility where they eased him off his prescription and let him heal. He hadn’t sterilized himself but it had been a very close thing and for a long time afterward Sherlock yearned for them. His body was never the same, he couldn’t drink, street-drugs were out of the question, and still no one wanted him. Sherlock turned his addictive personality toward something new, something distracting, something that would take his mind off his need for more suppressants.

Sherlock had always loved puzzles and mysteries, and Sherlock had always been confused by people in general. Solving crime seemed to deal with both these areas of his life, he got to enjoy unraveling something and he learned a little bit more about people each time. It was distracting enough and for a while it worked.

Then there was John. Sherlock loved John utterly. There was not one molecule that made up the being referred to as Sherlock Holmes that did not simply resonate with devotion for the small graying alpha. With John Sherlock never had to think about being an addict. John satisfied him in a way he had always needed, with John in his life Sherlock didn’t need to try and forget he was an omega, he didn’t have to fight for a chance to do the work he loved, he didn’t have to worry about hurting himself because John would never let that happen and John was perfect.

Sherlock was still an addict.

He was also pregnant.

Oh curse those twice damned cravings!

Normal food was no problem. John could make a call or nip out for a few minutes and get Sherlock nearly anything he wanted; London was a treasure trove of unexpected flavors except…

except…

except…for…the…i.n.t.e.r.n.e.t…

It was possibly the bane of John’s new existence and the joy of Sherlock’s. Sherlock was an addict and what he was currently addicted to were cooking shows, today it was cooking shows from eastern countries where no one spoke English and used strange ingredients that seemed to have no western counter-parts of any degree, but Sherlock wanted to taste them desperately, “This one says Cooking With Dog but it’s not about eating dogs! How clever! John look, the dog is sitting right there and it’s pretending to narrate! Oh we can make this dish, I’m sure we can find all of those ingredients at the markets!” a while later, “John look these people have learned how to saw an entire tree into chips to make into a flour that they then use to make their food with! How hungry did they have to be before they figured all of that out? Amazing! Ingenious!” Sherlock was sitting on the sofa with a bowl of nibbles perched on his belly, his laptop on his knees as he watched videos about foods from around the world, “John, these people specialize in insects. Insects! Humans will eat anything! Amazing!”

John was sitting in his chair as Sherlock lounged indolently on the sofa. The alpha was making agreeable sounds but he was also working with an architectural firm online to try and sort out the
renovations they needed for their building. In the last two weeks Sherlock had dragged over his parents, Mycroft and his family, Molly, and a large selection of Omega Primes, all for the purpose of hearing what they complained about regarding their own homes, and John was required to keep a list of everything annoying so they didn’t accidentally design it in. Mrs. Hudson had nearly fainted when Sherlock and John told her they now owned her home. “Of course you will continue to live here Mrs. Hudson! Not being our landlady doesn’t mean this isn’t where you belong!” said Sherlock who was very offended when Mrs. Hudson wondered where she would move to now. You couldn’t have 221 Baker Street without Mrs. Hudson! It just didn’t make sense; they were synonymous with one another! “You will stay here for as long as you choose Mrs. Hudson, this is our home, all of us, of course you belong in it.” it hadn’t even occurred to John that Mrs. Hudson would even ask such a question and he needed to sit down with a cup of tea after to settle his nerves after only a minute of imagining Mrs. Hudson’s flat without Mrs. Hudson in it. She had been very pleased with their responses, fluttering around and trying not to blush as she made Sherlock a snack, and poured John another cup of tea. “We will be extensively renovating so any suggestions you have will be gratefully heard.”

Since each unit had been fitted to be independent of the others renovating 221 Baker Street and making it a single residence required more than cutting a few holes for doors, and apparently it was completely up to John to make Sherlock’s ever-changing needs happen. Each space was as large as 221B and John could barely comprehend the need for all of it but Sherlock had so many ideas! The building was a blank slate at the moment, just waiting for the right inspiration to come along and then they could do anything they wished! So many professionals had volunteered to work on 221 Baker Street, why, if Sherlock wanted he could dial back the clock and have his home refitted to the highest Victorian style, a perfect replica of its original state except with better plumbing and wiring. John was in charge of renovations and part of John’s new job was looking at design ideas being emailed to them by firms all over London and even some rather well done sketches sent in by well-meaning fans who just wanted to help. Mrs. Hudson had a few long-term complaints and John made careful note of all of them.

Sherlock was in charge of continued gestation so that’s what he did, “John, look, these people can feed a family of four on a coconut grove and fish from the lagoon! I don’t even want to trouble myself to go to the greengrocer but look at them go! They make their own clothes and everything! Fantastic!” Sherlock kept watching avidly, “Everything they’re eating is moving John….look…at….that! It’s all alive! They’re fighting with their lunch and even the kiddies are doing it! Just amazing, amazing John! Look, the baby is dipping it in sauce anyway, that’s just the most precious thing I’ve ever seen!” Sherlock didn’t notice John shuddering at some of the more graphic descriptions of foreign food culture. John had tried many things in his travels but for some reason turned green when Sherlock showed him a video of a tall man eating a gigantic larvae. “It’s supposed to be sweet tasting and very high in proteins.” reported the omega, quickly sorting through the available selection for another show to watch.

John was just reading a list of recommendations when Sherlock shouted, “Fight match!” and the alpha jumped up to rescue the bowl of nibbles and the laptop as Sherlock’s belly shook and jiggled on its own. Sherlock groaned a couple of times and even John winced when he saw the visible imprint of a tiny something pushing against Sherlock’s very distended belly from the inside. The point disappeared but Sherlock’s belly continued to move, shaking a tiny bit this way and that as their children resettled themselves. “I think one of them is stepping on my spine and I’m sure another one is deliberately kicking me in the diaphragm.”

John didn’t comment about the likelihood of those things happening but instead waited until the worst of it stopped before helping Sherlock adjust his pillows and returned his snacks as well as his entertainment. At three and a half months pregnant Sherlock now looked like he was ready to deliver any moment but despite his size Scott and Victor both assured him that the triplets weren’t quite
ready to come out yet. Sherlock loved it and had cut down working to only six hours a day with a three hour break in the middle. He was always hungry and though they went for daily walks Sherlock got tired very easily and needed to nap frequently. Sherlock was finishing his second bowl of snacks to tide him over until they got to his parent’s house and John reminded himself to refill Sherlock’s snack bag for the drive over. Sherlock was making a list of ingredients for a cooking experiment. They had a small adventure planned for the next day as they looked at different shops to see what they could find that might be a suitable replacement if they couldn’t find the actual ingredient. John said he was pretty sure that they only place they might have any luck for some of the things Sherlock wanted to taste was at the zoo or an import pet shop but he let Sherlock make his list anyway.

Suddenly Sherlock was tired of lying there. He flailed a bit but managed to heave himself over before John could come assist him, “Dance with me.” demanded Sherlock. John just smiled and nodded, signing off from his conversation quickly and turning on some lively music. Sherlock found that dancing was a highly enjoyable way to lull and sooth their children, plus John always got a delightful twinkle in his eyes as he helped Sherlock move around their flat. Sherlock’s big belly was a bit of hindrance for some of the more challenging moves but several times John managed to spin Sherlock or twist him around cleverly, working the odd swing or jazz move as they stepped lightly around the room.

John was amazingly strong and it didn’t seem to bother him to hold Sherlock up occasionally, and though he fuss ed about his weak arm the alpha didn’t seem to notice that he had less and less trouble with it as the pregnancy progressed. Sherlock had done some feeling around and made note of the fact that John’s scar, while still marvellously detailed, was now softer feeling, like a patch on his skin covering a wound that wasn’t there anymore. John’s arm was healing the rest of the way but Sherlock said nothing. He wanted John to notice on his own but so far his alpha had not. John hadn’t even noticed that he made fewer and fewer errors when he worked on his laptop because both of his hands were working better every single day. Sherlock wondered if by the time they delivered John would be able to be a surgeon again. Privately he hoped that was the case because John really did miss it and Sherlock wanted his alpha to be happy in his work. If it didn’t happen then John was still impressive, he oversaw the redevelopment of training curriculum in medical schools, he was part of the discussion group for alphas who were trying to help smooth out the lingering rough spots in the transition by way of mentoring other alphas, he was working out the plans for their renovation even though Sherlock changed his mind twice a day about things, and despite all the demands on his time John always made Sherlock his primary concern, lavishing his omega with attention and love.

“I want prawn crackers.” said Sherlock suddenly, “Those crispy puffy ones that you heat up at home. Do we have any?”

“Yes. You made me buy every container in the shop, remember?” John got up and went to the kitchen to make his husband a treat and Sherlock was very content with the sound of the sizzle and the smell of the hot crackers that John very shortly served to him, “I ate some.”

“I don’t mind.” Sherlock rather loved to feed John but of course the alpha couldn’t eat as much as the omega, not right now. John stuck to three meals a day and sometimes a snack but Sherlock ate from when he woke in the morning until just before he went to bed at night, his three rapidly growing children making huge demands for resources he didn’t have stored away. John gave up serving anything in a regular sized bowl; instead he got Sherlock some savage looking mixing bowls for his extra-large servings of everything. Sherlock’s cold drinks were served by the litre too; he couldn’t be fussed with tiny glasses and insufficient portions. John made a big bowl of crackers for him to take along and then helped Sherlock into his coat, their driver was here and it was time to go going. John brought his snack bag and Sherlock ate several pieces of fruit before they arrived.
Violet and Sherrinford had made several changes to the ancestral home, planting beds of flowers, changing gates and shutters until the entire place felt like a home instead of a mausoleum. Inside had become light and airy as well as they replaced dark memories with bright ones. Mummy hugged both of them tightly and kissed Sherlock’s cheek, “Just look at you! So much bigger in just a week!” Sherlock felt proud as his mother admired how big he’d gotten and followed her into the dining room where everyone was waiting for them.

Mycroft was standing next to Greg. Sherlock looked at his brother who was only a few days behind him, not that you could tell from their shapes. Mycroft had a hard curved belly now too but its slope was gentle, not more than a pot really, and with the right cut of suit you would hardly be able to tell Mycroft was pregnant at all. Harry and Clara were sitting at the end of the dining room table threatening Lestrade’s children with horrible fates which had the teens in tears of laughter. Sherlock had a large firm chair waiting for him so he flopped down gratefully and smiled over to his mother while John and Sherrinford disappeared into the studio. “Sherry says you’ll see it tonight.” promised Mummy.

It was most unfair that everyone had teamed up and made Sherlock not peek at John’s tattoo in progress. His alpha had regular sessions with Sherrinford but kept the work covered while it healed and wouldn’t let Sherlock see under the bandage. All Sherlock knew was that John’s left arm had been out of sight for weeks now, covered by an elasticized sleeve, and he was going to absolutely die of curiosity before it was finally revealed to him. “Your father wanted to make it special and so does John. Let them keep their little secrets.” admonished Mummy and Sherlock let his pout fade away. John did so much to make him happy and this was just one more thing to add to the list. Sherlock couldn’t ruin it for his alpha even if being patient wasn’t exactly his forte.

Mummy had a trolley ready for Sherlock and Mycroft watched in amazement as his little brother ate his way through one plate of savory nibbles after another with barely a pause. Mummy watched him tolerantly but eventually Mycroft said, “We’re eating dinner in thirty minutes.”

“That’s half an entire hour Mycroft, I can’t wait that long. I’m hungry now!” said Sherlock who was enjoying a small bowl of stuffed olives. He had to stop for a minute when the triplets decided to do a bit of wiggling and Mycroft eyed his brother’s belly, “It doesn’t hurt.”

“I didn’t ask if it did.” said Mycroft but he was observing Sherlock with some dismay, “You have two more months to go.”

“Yes.” said Sherlock, popping the p and almost spraying cheese around. Mummy gave him a look and handed him a napkin. Sherlock kept eating but with a bit more neatness. “At the outside, Doctor Trevor has hopes for six full months but Scott is giving me reason to believe it won’t be that long.”

Mycroft looked at Sherlock’s massive belly, “I don’t doubt it either. I can’t imagine you being twice this size.”

“I can. It’s going to be glorious.” Sherlock rubbed his stomach and rolled off his seat to waddle around a bit.

He went over to Clara and Harry who had finally threatened the Lestrade-Holmes brood enough for one night, leaving the youngsters wiping laugh-tears from their eyes as they went to see their parents and grandparents again. “This generation has no respect.” complained Harry insincerely. Lestrade’s children were outspoken and blunt, self-regimenting, and could be reasonably seen as a tiny gang. The brashness of Greg’s youth had been multiplied several times over, he’d been a rebellious man and his children had his same fiery spirit. They got on with Harry and Clara, refusing to treat the women as if they were anything but their boring old aunts instead of two of the most powerful women in England. Their attitudes were appreciated so Harry made a point of tormenting them all
just a bit when they came round, just to watch them fall to pieces over the dreadful things she could do to them but didn’t. Their irreverence was very enjoyed by both women and the children were mildly impressed because they knew Harry was only sort of joking but that was something to be proud of, not feared. After all, she’d sent you-know-who to Siberia and that made her their favorite. Grandma Violet was cherished by her entire family and anyone who did something nice for Grandma earned a smidgeon of respect from the LH’s. “I can feel the gravitational pull increase as you approach.” said Clara.

“You are my favorite.” announced Sherlock seating himself heavily into a nearby chair. He rubbed his stomach as the triplets twisted and turned. Harry and Clara both stared at the rippling surface, “Oh go ahead.” he said with a sigh and instantly both pairs of hands were splayed across his stomach.

“I think I feel a foot!” said Harry.

“Then this would be a bum.” said Clara, her other hand shifted, “That felt like someone’s head.”

“Don’t they get tangled up in there?” said Harry with a shrug.

“They don’t seem to.” said Sherlock with a sigh, “Help me up. Someone is standing on my bladder and I need to pee. Now.”

They hefted him out of his seat and everyone got out of the way as he waddled to the nearest bathroom. He needed to relieve himself frequently which made getting a full night’s sleep difficult but since Sherlock had never been accustomed to sleeping for very long anyway he got by on a series of long restful naps taken whenever he needed them. Thankfully elastic waistbands meant he didn’t have to struggle with a belt or buttons. After he washed his hands and returned John and Sherrinford had returned. Sherlock smiled, “So?”

“Now or after dinner?” asked John, his eyes twinkling again. Sherlock’s heart soared, he loved it when John looked like this. His alpha was pleased and excited, filled with hopeful anticipation at what he was about to show his omega.

“Now if you please John, I’ve been waiting simply ages.” Everyone laughed a bit and Sherrinford put his arm around Violet as John came to seat Sherlock on a nearby chair. Standing directly in front of him John reached over with his right hand and in one smooth move pulled off the sleeve that had kept his new tattoo concealed.

It was ornately detailed stretching from his elbow to very nearly the back of his hand; rich with so many colours Sherlock didn’t know where to begin appreciating it. The central feature was a skull, all the sections of it accurate but every line made up of tiny neurons whose delicate endings made shadowy puzzle pieces that created the texture and details of the skull itself. It was set on a backdrop of honeycomb that wrapped all around John’s forearm, and against it were a myriad of tiny images, a tiny microscope, a little magnifier, and even miniscule test tubes. The next largest image was Sherlock’s violin, clearly it was the one he owned, the unique carving on it distinctly portrayed on John’s arm. There were musical notes floating around, dangling precariously on a blank musical staff which was populated by five lifelike bees. Right below John’s wrist in neat script were the characters ΩSherlock HolmesΩ and Sherlock could not breathe, “There’s room for more bees.” said John with a small smile when he saw Sherlock’s gaze linger, “So?”

John had marked himself with all the things that made him think of Sherlock and there were so very many. All the other alphas had one or two images but John! John had painted his entire forearm with a mosaic of images including the bees which clearly symbolized their growing family and John had left room for more. John had Sherlock’s name scribed into his flesh where absolutely anyone would
be able to see it, even if John wore long sleeve shirts, “John.” said Sherlock thickly, overcome with emotion, “That’s so…”

By comparison the simple mark on Sherlock’s hand was stark and plain. John had made his love token bold and brilliant, eye-catching and so incredibly moving that Sherlock could not speak. He looked at it as his eyes filled with sentimental tears and he sniffled, “It is perfect John, just like you.”

Sherlock could hear everyone making aw sounds as John leaned down to kiss him softly and to hand him a handkerchief to mop his eyes. “I love you Sherlock, I always will.” Sherlock could feel that connection between them grow resilient, clear, and powerful. He could feel John’s joy and happiness because of the joy and happiness Sherlock was feeling. They were making each other stronger, their love growing deeper and richer every moment. Experimentally Sherlock tugged on it just a bit and John chuckled, leaning in to kiss his omega once again, “I’ll always come when you call.”

“I shall rely upon it.” said Sherlock and kissed John softly once more, “I love your tattoo John, help me up, I need to hug father.” John helped him stand and let Sherlock lumber over to his parents while everyone else crowded around to look at John’s arm for themselves. Sherrinford was smiling proudly as Sherlock hugged him tightly, “Incredible work father, you made me cry.”

“Everything makes you cry little one.” said Sherrinford affectionately, “but I understand. I’m glad you like it.” His father helped him back to the table and everyone assembled for dinner. Once they were all seated Sherrinford nodded and the meal began. There was nothing formal about the family meal, everyone served themselves and fought over favorite dishes, and stole off each other’s plates and made a mess because that’s what happened when children were involved, especially ones as old as Sherlock. Everyone spoiled him, even Mycroft who indulgently passed his little brother whatever he asked for because Greg was loading his omega’s plate with everything that came to hand. Sherlock’s brother didn’t need to eat quite as much as Sherlock did but his appetite had definitely increased and unlike Sherlock Mycroft was putting on weight everywhere.

Harry and Clara were chatting with Sherrinford and Violet, informally reporting all their successes for the past week and all their frustrations as well. They hid nothing from the Lestrade-Holmes children at Greg’s insistence, “There has been too much hiding and misinformation, let them hear the truth right from the source.” and now their weekly dinners had become something of a counsel session as they worked over problems and solutions together.

“We still can’t find them.” there was no need to mention names, not after all this time. “It’s like they’ve vanished. They played hide and seek in the city for weeks but now they haven’t been spotted in days, not anywhere.

“Have you had any luck finding their foreign contracts?” asked Sherlock as he poked a forkful of vegetables into his mouth.

“No, we know orders were placed for children, money was paid, it’s still sitting there from what I can see but the line has gone cold at both ends. Thanks to the compounds Maxi created for Moriarty we can’t be sure if our eyewitnesses are being drugged so they can’t remember everything they’ve seen or what’s going on. All we know is they haven’t passed any of our checkpoints exiting the city and we have so many eyes on the ground it feels like half of London works for us.”

“Did Maximillian actually make these formulas for him?” asked the detective suddenly. His fingers were tracing over the test-tubes on John’s forearm.

“No he has all Maxi’s notes though, why?” asked Clara.

“He needs a facility then. Someplace to make these compounds, I’ve spoken to Maximillian several
times, Moriarty would need a proper facility, not a kitchen lab like I’ve got. That’s why he couldn’t make their event-wiping spray, they have the modified memory one instead because they took Maxi out of his lab before he could finish it and he couldn’t make it in the rough lab they stuffed him into. Somewhere there is a lab being used, that’s where they’re hiding.”

It seemed so obvious now. Sherlock considered the problem. They were searching for a mastermind, someone accustomed to being in the background while he sent his pawns out to do his dirty work. The omega still had his two key associates, the alpha, Sebastian, also known as Doctor Corin Janus, and the beta, Mary Morstan, nurse and just as unbalanced as the men. Sherlock wondered if that was on purpose and decide it probably was, they had all the genders represented in their little trio of insanity, and a dangerous complement of skills between them. They were intelligent, resourceful, and an ongoing menace. “Have we learned anything new about them?”

Harry was grim, “The details that have been released are similar, nothing dramatically new. Moriarty was in charge of the overall operations, Sebastian and Mary operated as his real world interface, the legitimate façade he used to access information and supplies. Mary’s role was to discipline and oversee the production of the children for sale. Sebastian is apparently a killer with little or no ability to deny Moriarty anything. They have a strange partnership, Moriarty is not bonded, that’s clear but they are clearly a pairing even if James has a reputation for some rather unsavory habits. It was his idea to allow their guards free access to any pregnant omega, they weren’t allowed to breed them but once they were they basically became sex toys for Moriarty’s employees. The entire operation is horrifying from top to bottom; even the therapists are going to need therapy after this. People like Carson and the other Omega Prime have eased the trauma substantially which is a blessing but it’s terrible to know that all of them can be so comforting because they themselves know what it was like to be taken against their will and forced into a lifetime of servitude and forced pregnancy! Our entire country should be drowning in shame for allowing this to happen but who do we place the initial blame on and what good would that do now?”

“What about Blue Moon, what are the after effects materializing as?” pressed Sherlock, he could feel there was a connection somewhere, he just needed the right piece of information to put it together, “Have there been any adverse reactions?”

“No, the formula works for everyone no matter their condition, there’s even been several pregnant omega who’ve insisted on taking it and short heat doesn’t seem to negatively impact them.” Violet hadn’t been the only pregnant omega to be force bonded nor was she the only one who managed to keep her true alpha’s child even after being viciously assaulted. “The only way you’d know a Blue Moon bond from a natural bond is the scent balance.”

Sherlock nodded thoughtfully, “I would be interested in seeing how many natural bonds begin producing scent exchanges now that alphas and omegas will be seeking their true mates and not just the first available counterpart they come across.” Sherlock was sure love had everything to do with bonding. His bond with John was extraordinary and it represented how deeply they felt about one another. Most pairs like Lestrade had bonded young, the DI had been very fond of his first omega, he’d grown up with her and they’d unintentionally bonded during her first heat and he’d kept her. When she passed away Lestrade had mourned the loss of the mother of his children and an old friend but it was clear to anyone with eyes that Mycroft was his true mate, their bond was powerful too.

“Where should we start looking?” asked Clara.

“We need to track their supplies. If Moriarty needed Mary and Sebastian then they need someone else now. We need to find that person, and we need to talk to Maxi about what sorts of things Moriarty would need to produce his formulas. With any luck there will be something either extremely rare or extremely complicated involved that will help narrow the scope of our search. If
they haven’t left England entirely we need to discover where they’ve holed up. The lack of activity on the far end of their contracts doesn’t mean that their doors are closed for business, people like Moriarty are innovative, he will have back-up plans for his contingency plans. Efforts will need to be made to track and relocate the children that have been sold, if that’s possible, I have no idea what’s to be done about that. They’ll be all over the world. That’s Moriarty’s market; London was just his favorite breeding ground. He’ll set up shop somewhere else and begin his profit making once more. We need to find him before that happens.”

The meal was mostly over but their work was not. All of them spoke long into the evening and didn’t stop until Lestrade’s youngest was drowsing in her chair, valiantly trying to stay awake because she wanted to help. Mycroft scooped her up and nodded to the other children, “We’ll keep in touch.”

John stood and helped Sherlock up and to the loo for one last pee before the drive back to Baker Street. Clara and Harry were hugging Sherrinford and Violet goodnight, “I can’t tell you how these weekly dinners clear my head. Thanks for including us.”

“Well you’re family dear, of course you have to come to dinner.” said Violet warmly, “Whatever it takes to fix all the things that need fixing is what we’ll do but I have to say Sherry and I do have the more pleasant end of things right now.”

“Well that’s the bit you’re in charge of now,” said Clara warmly, “We’ll deal with the unpleasant stuff from now on. Goodnight you two. Great ink work Sherrinford, John’s never looked so pretty.”

Sherrinford laughed, “He’s a fine lad, and he’s so good with our boy. I’m happy Sherlock likes what we created. He put a lot of thought into what he wanted.”

“I love it father, thank you so much for the wonderful gift you’ve given to us both.” Sherlock embraced both his parents, “I’m tired now though. Time for sleep.”

“We’ll see you next week son.” Sherrinford kissed Sherlock’s temple and Mummy kissed Sherlock’s cheek before they turned to do the same to John who always looked like a little boy when they did so, his eyes flashing happily and a little happy grin on his face.

Their driver took them back to Baker Street. Sherlock was so weary he didn’t even do his customary check on the watchers; he was asleep on his feet. John was under his arm and guiding him into their building, careful to steer his tall lover cautiously as he locked the door behind them. Tomorrow Sherlock would spend some time appreciating John’s new tattoo but for now…sleep.

Chapter End Notes

All those food facts are real. Also "Cooking With Dog" is a real show and you can watch it online and you should. The dog’s name is Francis. Also I was flooded with suggestions for the tattoo from a variety of sources and I can't remember who suggested what and from which platform so I'm sending out a general thanks to everyone who gave me ideas and feel free to claim any part of the tattoo that seems familiar to you.
Surprises

Chapter Summary

Sherlock and John have enjoyed a lovely night with their family but...

Chapter Notes

I am apologizing in advance for what I'm about to do.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wakefulness came slowly. Sherlock was aware of how incredibly uncomfortable he was. He was arranged unpleasantly on his back, he normally slept on his side with John spooned up behind him but he couldn’t quite remember going to bed. He must have fallen asleep in the car…but no…he remembered arriving at Baker Street and then…blankness.

His eyes opened reluctantly. Sherlock saw he was staring into bright fluorescent lights. He wasn’t home and shock jolted him awake. He recognized the fixtures. He could smell the antiseptic sting that spoke of hospitals. He was at St. Bart’s but why? Instantly Sherlock reached for his children but his arms wouldn’t move. His eyes flew open the rest of the way. Sherlock was bound to a hospital
bed, legs spread wide and his arms tethered to steel rails, his naked body draped in a thin sheet. He could feel that all his tokens were gone, he twisted his hand just enough to see that his wedding band was no longer there. His heart continued its downward plummet when he heard a high, soft voice almost singing in his ear, “Good morning kitten, you’ve been keeping secrets from Uncle Jim but that’s alright because it’s such a lovely surprise.” Sherlock’s heart thumped painfully as James Moriarty’s evil grin came into view and he could not prevent the distressed whine that escaped him when the little omega came around and pressed a reverent kiss to Sherlock’s belly, “Three little bundles of cash, how marvelous when I thought I was only getting one.”

Something was wrong.

Something was very, very wrong, more wrong than not waking up in his own bed, something more wrong than finding he’d been tied down, something more wrong than seeing James Moriarty by his side, but the maniacal glee in the madman’s eyes as horrible realization flooded through the omega told Sherlock he was right, and Sherlock screamed as Moriarty clapped and laughed with childish joy. Sherlock couldn’t stop himself and he screamed again, and again, and again until a savage slap to the side of his face silenced the screams and only left heartbroken sobs behind.

John was gone.

His bond was gone.

His scent was gone.

John was gone and Sherlock had never felt so hollow.

“Manumit…such a lovely name.” cooed Moriarty as he ran his fingers through the tears on Sherlock’s face, “You didn’t even need to be conscious, we just opened your lovely mouth, poured it right in and presto, available to bond, isn’t it wonderful? We’ve freed you.”

Sherlock’s children rolled in his belly, distressed by their mother’s grief and anguish. The tears would not stop but each one that spilled seemed to thrill the omega beside him, “There, there, precious angel, Uncle Jim will look after you. You don’t need to worry about being alone, not when you have me. Why, as soon as you pop those little assets out I’m going to give you some Blue Moon and fix you right back up again.”

“You’re going to let me bond with John again?” asked Sherlock hopelessly because he knew what Moriarty’s plan was and the tears poured faster when his fears were confirmed.

“Not that defective little fossil, no, Uncle Jim is killing two birds with one stone. I’m making Sebby bond with you so he shuts up about having his own omega, and you get to be my mobile baby factory forever. Seb won’t sell his own children but I am going to fix it so you have the baby of whoever pays the most, easy. Sebastian will be a bitch about it but I’ll fuck the anger out of him, no problem angel, nothing to worry about.” James cooed again as he smoothed back the hair from Sherlock’s forehead gently, as if soothing him, as if Sherlock had been worried about upsetting Sebastian. Sherlock screamed again and this time James hit him so hard Sherlock blacked out.

He floated in darkness for a timeless while, torn by separation and sorrow.

John!

His beautiful perfect marvelous one-of-a-kind John!

The sorrow was almost crippling and it filled him. He couldn’t deal with it so Sherlock searched his mind palace for John’s scent and found it. Desperately he wrapped himself in memory, reaching for
his babies and cloaking them in it. Checking carefully Sherlock could feel his children were physically unaffected by the severance but they were distressed just like he was. They snuggled close to him, crying softly as he lulled them back to sleep with images of John smiling, of John laughing, of John watching him tenderly. The pain of it was too much and Sherlock had to pull together the agony and throw it far away from him as he silently screamed JOHN!

SHERLOCK!

Shock almost jolted him back to wakefulness but he clung to the darkness and listened.

Sherlock!

The cry came again and weak with gratitude Sherlock reached out into nothing and tugged. Sherlock was filled with a golden glow as John’s marvelous presence flooded his mind, Sherlock we’re coming, hold on Sherlock, hold on! John was coming for him. Their bond was gone but John was still connected to him! Their soul bond! Their soul bond had nothing to do with chemical reactions or the location of their transport! Moriarty may have given Sherlock Manumit but it could not sever their soul bond! Sherlock wept again but with happiness. Bravery filled him and he opened his eyes.

He heard a door open and close, “Oh Molly, it’s about time.” Sherlock turned his head and looked. It was Molly Hooper and she was bringing Moriarty tea. Doctor Hooper looked vacantly pleased, and when her eyes traveled over Sherlock there was no recognition in them. Molly was drugged! Sherlock felt anger begin to stir, replacing the fear and misery. Doctor Hooper was a sweet kind person! She didn’t deserve to be drugged and used like a puppet! Sherlock noticed Molly had a bruise on her face; it was small, smaller than Moriarty’s hand. Mary. Mary had struck Molly. Sherlock felt the anger begin to burn hotter and he felt his bond with John grow clear once more as the energy of his passion fed it. He could practically smell John again and it gave him confidence. Somehow John knew where he was, somehow John had figured it out and he was on his way. Sherlock could feel him growing closer.

“Untie him. Gentle now, he probably needs to pee again and we don’t want to have to clean up a mess now do we?” Molly perfunctorily unlocked Sherlock’s restraints and helped him an exposed to a toilet in the corner. James sat on a chair and watched Sherlock the entire time, his face rapt and fascinated. Molly stood with her back to Sherlock, politely giving him what privacy she could. Her eyes remained vacant though and she seemed perfectly content to just stand there, “Perfect kitten, off you go, finish your regular routine, there’s a good girl.”

Molly left without a word and Sherlock swore he’d help her somehow. She was being manipulated, she wouldn’t even recall this had happened but when she eventually learned what she did she would hate herself! Sherlock wasn’t close to many people but Doctor Hooper had been one of the very few people who had befriended Sherlock without expecting anything from it, she’d given him a chance to study, given him sanctuary when it hadn’t been safe, and now she was being forced to betray everything about herself. Sherlock’s lip was split. He could taste blood, “Why did you do this?” he asked, not hiding agony in his voice over the loss of his bond. “How could you do this?”

“Oh please. I did it because I could. You are filled to bursting with John Watson’s children. Do you have any idea what the bids are like already? Feel good baby, they’re astronomical. I’ve never had an auction go off like this and you haven’t even popped yet. We have side bids going on the date, Mary figures you don’t have more than a month to go. She’s pretty good at this so I tend to just trust her, a bit anyway.”

“You’re going to sell my children?” said Sherlock dully. Moriarty pointed to a chair and Sherlock sat, wrapped in only the sheet. There were a few things in the room but nothing immediately helpful except the chair he was sitting in. There was a cart in the corner but Sherlock couldn’t see what was
on it, the bed was there but he couldn’t do anything to it. The door clearly locked from the outside so he couldn’t get out even if he could incapacitate Moriarty. There was small window to peer into the hallway through but other than their two chairs, the toilet, and the sink there was nothing to use as a weapon. *John was coming*, Sherlock had to hang on.

“I would have sold Lady Harriet’s if she or her wife had a viable egg between them so to answer you, oh yes, *all three*. I put the sale up this morning and you’ve already got a bidding war on your hands, well done you!” Moriarty ruffled Sherlock’s hair as he praised him, “After you pop I’ll give you a week off to tighten up again and then I’m selling your ass by the hour until your next heat rolls around and then I’m having *another* auction to see who gets to fuck you in front of a live internet audience before knotting you. They get partial refund if they knock you up! We’re going to make a *fortune*!”

“If Sebastian is my alpha he’s just going to let other alphas service me?” Sherlock could barely speak the words. He wanted to retch but he needed to remain calm for his children’s sake. John wouldn’t be long. Sherlock could feel him getting closer every single minute.

“Probably not right away but he always does what I tell him to do no matter what it is. He might shout and threaten but in the end he’ll be on his knees sucking my cock while I watch one customer after another ride that pretty round ass until you are just dripping. I’ve got a photographer all lined up, we’re calling the website *Pedigree* and you are going to be the star! Aren’t you excited?” James certainly was, Sherlock felt ill, “You aren’t the only blue blood out there that needs taking down a peg or two but you’re certainly the most *popular*. Don’t you worry about John though; we’ll keep him in touch with *everything* you do. He’ll be receiving a free subscription to our preferred customer account, he’ll be able to zoom in close and watch them do anything they like to you. It was the least I could do; I mean really, I’m not cheap or anything. I had to give him something.”

A mobile phone sang out and Moriarty rolled his eyes with displeasure. He answered it with irritation and suddenly stood, “What?” James strode over to the window and Sherlock saw his chance. James was still speaking to whoever it was on the mobile when Sherlock ghosted up behind the small man just as he craned his neck to look into the hallway. Sherlock kept his fingers fanned the way John had taught him and used every pound of weight he had to thrust his hand forward and struck the other omega in the back of the head with the heel of his palm.

Moriarty’s forehead smashed into the frame of the small window with a sickening crack and he dropped bonelessly to the floor. A frantic male voice at the other end was shouting his name and stiffly Sherlock bent down to retrieve it, “The criminal you are trying to reach is no longer in service, please leave your name and number after the beep, catching you is very important to us.”

“YOU LITTLE OMEGA WHORE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO JIM!” it was Sebastian and he sounded out of breath, was he running?

“He’s still alive if that’s what you’re worried about. Don’t worry Sebby, I’ll be as gentle with him as he would have been with me. *Promise*.“ Sherlock ended the call.

He phoned John, “It’s me.”

“Oh my god, *Sherlock*, sweetheart, where are you? Are you alright? We’re coming for you, I think I know where you are, I’m close.”

“I’m locked in a room in St. Bart’s, the old morgue, Doctor Hooper has been drugged, this is where they’ve been hiding. Bring everyone. Sebastian is on his way, I’ve knocked Moriarty out but I have no weapon. Hurry John.”
Sherlock could hear car doors slamming as John shouted orders to various people, “We’re only a few minutes away Sherlock, I’m coming, hold on love, please, do whatever you have to, anything you need to, just hang on.”

“I have to hang up John. I have to deal with Moriarty before he wakes.” John was reluctant but let Sherlock end the call, both men feeling their love for one another pulling them closer and closer together. Sherlock looked balefully at the small omega at his feet. Bending down with difficulty Sherlock grabbed Moriarty’s feet and dragged him to the hospital bed. He was slight, but almost heavier than Sherlock could deal with but he was so angry that he managed to heft the small man face down onto the mattress. Sherlock stripped off his clothes and used every single restraint he could find to lock the naked madman down, shoving a foam form under his pale hips to raise them up. There was nothing that would fit onto Sherlock so he knotted the sheet around himself like toga and inspected the room.

The trolley had vials on it. Manumit and Blue Moon, lots of both. What was Moriarty’s plan? To bond his omegas involuntarily when he restarted his farms? Sherlock looked at the entire rack of blue fluid and extracted four. He went over to Moriarty and prised his mouth open and tipped in two full doses.

Sebastian would be here soon. Sherlock only had the element of surprise to work for him so he used what he had. He stuck the small plastic chair Moriarty had sat on directly below the plate on the door where an interior handle should have been. The door swung outward into the hallway, he could only hope this would work. He then stood flat against the wall next to the door and waited. Five minutes later he was rewarded.

Sebastian pressed his face to the small window and screamed with rage when he saw Moriarty trussed up and exposed. Sherlock had made sure that Moriarty’s backside was wide open and obscenely displayed, crudely mooning whoever was looking into the room. Sherlock heard the lock being clicked, felt the change in air pressure when the door swung open, heard the gasp of surprise as Sebastian almost but didn’t quite trip over the unexpected chair, but he was off balance and that’s what Sherlock was waiting for.

Just like John taught him Sherlock reached out and pushed hard between Sebastian’s shoulder blades, knocking him the rest of the way off balance. As soon as the alpha went sprawling Sherlock was on his back, both hands gouging Sebastian’s eyes as he yanked the man’s head backward as fast as he could and slammed it directly against the floor. Sebastian went limp and like he’d done with Moriarty Sherlock poured two full doses of Blue Moon down the alpha’s throat. Fixing his sheet Sherlock limped to the door, pushed himself out into the hallway and locked them in together.

He looked around and called John again, “I’ve got them locked in a room. I’m in the west corner, I’m going to Doctor Hooper’s office, its safest there. The hallways are deserted. Doctor Hooper was just here, she’s been drugged.”

“You what? How?!” Sherlock had to explain himself and John was clearly proud but worried when he said, “Be careful Sherlock, we’re in the building; we’re heading down toward you now from all sides. If you’ve got Moriarty and Sebastian contained then we’re still looking for Morstan. Get out of sight Sherlock, move. Now.” John was commanding and firm and Sherlock responded instantly. He moved, gliding down the sides of the hallways silently, peeking discretely around corners as he made his way through the almost abandoned old mortuary.

There were no doors on the other rooms, no curtains to hide behind, no old furniture to obscure him. Sherlock kept moving and prayed he would remain unseen. He couldn’t hear anything, and the bright lights were making him edgy and nervous. The adrenalin that had filled him during his
altercation with James and Sebastian was wearing off and Sherlock began to become aware of a
deep nagging hunger. His stomach growled. How long had it been since he’d eaten? He had no idea
what time it was or how long he’d been unconscious. Well there was nothing to be done for it here;
he was only two hallways away from Molly. He had to help her.

He felt John.

Sherlock moved forward, John was close he could feel him! Sherlock’s nostrils flared and bond or
no bond Sherlock could smell him. He moved faster. He could hear him! “Sherlock!” John! A group
of people rounded the corner and John was in the front, his face tense and worried looking.

“He found me!” Sherlock was caught up in a strong powerful embrace as people with weapons circled them
protectively, “You found me!”

John was kissing Sherlock and almost shaking in his omega’s arms, “I’ll always find you Sherlock,
oh sweetie!” John stroked Sherlock’s bond bite and both men felt nothing. Suddenly everything
welled up and tears began to drip down Sherlock’s cheeks, “We’ll fix it darling, we’ll fix it. Nothing
can keep us apart, nothing.” promised John and Sherlock nodded tearily.

They held onto one another for another moment before Sherlock said, “Molly has to be found. Mary
has been hurting her. I only saw a bruise on her face but if they’ve been hiding here for a while then
Doctor Hooper will have been hurt in other ways.”

“What did you do with the others?”

“They’re locked in a room together. Moriarty is restrained but Sebastian is not. I suspect he could
break the door down if he chose so I distracted them.” Sherlock explained his use of Blue Moon.

“They could be in full heat already!” exclaimed John with a bit of surprise, “Well, that’s quite the
distraction, well done love!”

Mary Morstan was caught bending Molly over an operating table, scalpel in hand, her intentions
unclear but Molly’s lab coat was already stained with blood and Ms. Morstan didn’t stand a chance.
Before she could finish gasping in shock the lab was filled with armed people aiming directly for her.
Molly just laid there, her eyes still glazed and her body unresisting. Sherlock went over and helped
her stand, shielding her from Mary as he led her gently away with John by his side. Mary was being
arrested, her mouth gagged as she shrieked and struggled.

Sherlock looked over a series of bottles in Molly’s supply cabinet. Selecting an appropriate one
Sherlock found a clean syringe and filled it. “Hold Molly up.” he instructed John so his alpha took
hold of Doctor Hooper. Instead of injecting her Sherlock turned on his heel and in three quick steps
made it to Mary and stabbed the needle right into her heart. She turned pale and spasmed to the floor,
her arms flailing as she made a mess of herself and passed out, “I might have given her a bit too
much relaxant.” said Sherlock, covering his nose, “Sorry, she won’t struggle now though.”

The man in the tactical mask just shrugged and pointed to the autopsy table, “We can rinse her off
there before we take her away. No point ruining the transport units.”

“Whatever you feel is necessary.” said Sherlock smugly and looked down at Mary. He took out
Moriarty’s mobile and snapped a shot of her sprawled grotesquely on the floor, her white nurse’s
scrubs doing nothing to conceal her shame.

He went back to John who had a crooked smile on his face, “I’ve never been so happy to be entirely
useless.” he said. “Look at you go, what a badass I married!”
“Come along John, give Doctor Hooper to someone. I want to see James and Sebastian dealt with directly in front of me.” Sherlock’s voice was hard and filled with rage. Moriarty had taken something rare and precious from Sherlock and he would have his due.

“Anything you want love.” promised John ardently. It was amazing how much love Sherlock could still feel rolling off his alpha even with their severed bond. Gently John gave the care of Doctor Hooper to a male beta who led the small woman away along with an alpha guard. Sherlock didn’t need to tell John where to go. His alpha, for John was still most certainly his, followed Sherlock’s trail right back to the locked room. The door was still shut.

Sherlock and John strained to look inside at the same time. Sebastian was naked on top of James’s back and thrusting hard rapidly. They’d gotten there just in time to see his head rear back before he clearly lunged downward and bit at the same moment his hips shoved forward hard and stopped. Moriarty shrieked as he was bonded and knotted to his partner, his arms and legs bound tight, preventing him from escaping. They could hear Sebastian’s possessive moans as he orgasmed, heard Moriarty’s despair merge with the pleasure he couldn’t help but experience as he orgasmed along with his new bond mate. Sherlock snapped a photo with Moriarty’s phone. “I gave them both twice the dosage, I imagine that’s why their heat kicked in immediately. No slow burn for them.”

John was standing there beaming and smiling at Sherlock, “You are bloody incredible.”

“How so John? I was kidnapped out of my own home for the second time.” that wasn’t anything to be proud of.

“Yes, but you also pretty much rescued yourself from being imprisoned by villains so clever they’ve outwitted an entire city and you’re so pregnant you can barely walk.” John was so proud he was nearly splitting at the seams.

“I’m also starving.” Sherlock’s stomach growled again.

“I brought your snack bag.” said John instantly. A woman in body armor stepped forward and handed John his knapsack. “There you are love, all your favorites.” Sherlock would have paused for a moment of sentimentality but he was so very hungry so John held the snack bag while Sherlock ate and everyone listened to the animalistic mating cries of the most wanted men in England. Once Sherlock had temporarily sated his appetite the first wave of heat had finished for the men inside and Sebastian was able to pull off of his omega, “Arrest them now.” said Sherlock.

“They’re in heat!” one of the alphas protested, “The omega won’t be done for hours at least. He’s going to want to mate.”

“Too bad, let him suffer.” Sherlock had no sympathy. The door was unlocked and a lust-dazed Sebastian had to be tranquilized several times before they could enter the room. He lay sprawled on the floor, his erection at half-mast. Moriarty was whimpering and whining, thrusting his backside as much as he could, “Good morning kitten.” said Sherlock pleasantly, “I’ve been keeping secrets Uncle Jim! You can never stop John Watson from finding me.”

“H…h…how?” moaned James, his hips rutting fruitlessly, his body trying to twist and rub.

“John is very, very special and you are not. How does it feel to be bonded James? Can you feel your alpha? He’s very handsome, his cock is lovely. I bet you miss that right now, don’t you, a nice thick lovely alpha cock just reaming you wide open.” Moriarty whined again, “Apologies kitten, that’s not very nice of me is it? Don’t you worry James, we’re going to fix you right up.” Sherlock stood back; he knew exactly how to make Moriarty suffer the most, “Lock him in a cell directly across from his alpha. Under no circumstances are they allowed to mate again. Let Moriarty scream his desperation
out while Sebastian rips himself to pieces trying to get to him.”

The rescue team looked a little ill but John looked approving. “Very appropriate.” he said.

“Indeed John. These two have spent years enjoying the pain they’ve caused by separating true pairs. Let them know what that feels like.” Sebastian was heavily restrained even though he was tranquilized. No one was taking risks, not with these two. They left Moriarty bound to the bed but covered him with a sheet before wheeling him to the transport that would take them to a holding area.

It wasn’t until Sherlock was watching them been driven away that he finally sagged into John’s arms and began to shake, “John!”

“I know baby, I know, come with me love, come sweetheart, I need to take you home.”

“No it’s not safe!” Sherlock was terrified now that the danger was over. Once again all the feelings he hadn’t allowed himself were welling up and spilling over.

“It’s safe now sweetheart, they used everything they had to get you, they can’t do it again, we’re safe Sherlock, we’re safe.”

“What did they do?”

“They had to drug the entire street, they used all their resources to make it happen but it wasn’t enough. They tried to circumvent the CCTV but Mycroft had a secondary system installed after the first abduction. Everyone was just doing their jobs, they wouldn’t have remembered you being taken. Mycroft’s people saw it happen; Harriet’s people reached me first. Maxi has an anti-dote, they gave it to me.”

“How did you know to come here?” Sherlock hadn’t been unconscious that long, how had John known?

“Molly.”

“Molly?”

“She’s been sending her paperwork in like normal. She tracks regular visitors on check-chart, your name has been on it for years apparently. She made note of your arrival last night and when the clerks saw her report they notified us. Harry had already activated a city wide alert. We were called only two hours after you were taken.”

“How long have I been gone?”

“Less than three hours.”

Three hours. Three hours and his bond with John was gone. Sherlock’s hands began to shake and John got him into their car before Sherlock began sobbing on the street. They stayed locked in the car alone for a long time while Sherlock wept, grieving the loss of their natural bond even as John tried to hold and comfort him. After Sherlock’s tears dried John called Harry, “Sherlock was given Manumit. We need Scott and Maxi at Baker Street immediately.”

Chapter End Notes
Don't hate me, I barely kept them apart but still....
Making it Better

Chapter Summary

Sherlock was kidnapped, waking to find the worst had happened to him. There's only one thing to do now.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scott and Maxi were waiting on the steps of Baker Street along with what seemed like their whole family. He felt exposed, vulnerable and Sherlock shied away even from Mummy. There were too many of them, he couldn’t deal with so many personalities at the same time, not just then. He wasn’t sure why he felt this way, he loved his family but without needing to ask John stepped between Sherlock and everyone else instantly, “Stop.” he said softly. Everyone froze where they were, “Thank you all for being here. Sherlock is as alright as he can be, please,” Everyone moved as if to embrace them and Sherlock couldn’t stop himself from reaching for John with an almost inaudible whimper of distress, “Maxi and Scott only. Everyone, please, another time.”

“John…” Harry began protesting but John snapped.

“Later!” he growled and everyone stepped back. John took a deep breath and held out his hand apologetically, “Sorry. I’m sorry. I… listen, Scott and Maxi will tell you what they can later, Harry you’ll be receiving a full report soon. Sherlock and I…won’t be available for a day or two. Please, we need to get inside.”
Sherlock was getting more and more agitated. He could feel his separation from John keenly now and it was getting worse. Seeing the happily bonded pairs in front of him wasn’t helping. With a knowledgeable look at the omega Scott stepped forward, “Let’s go,” he ordered sharply, blocking everyone else from the entrance with a meaningful glare and gratefully Sherlock and John went inside with Maxi. John led Sherlock upstairs, carefully looking everywhere. The flat smelled of everyone, it had clearly been checked from top to bottom again but there hadn’t been time to clean it. Maxi turned, “Tell me everything.”

Sherlock explained what had happened and they stood there listening to him carefully even as Sherlock was seated on a kitchen chair and given a thorough examination. There was a disturbance downstairs and Sherlock heard Doctor Trevor call up, “I brought my cases if Scott needs to use them. I’ll just leave them here.” he shouted as respectfully as he could.

Sherlock nodded at John and the alpha went down to fetch the cases and the doctor. Sherlock trusted Doctor Trevor, his opinion would be valuable. Harry and Clara had provided fresh groceries as well so those were also brought up. John took Sherlock to their room so he could get into a pair of pajama bottoms, “You’re bruised.” said his alpha softly, stroking the dark patches on his wrist, “Does it hurt anywhere?”

Sherlock shook his head, apart from the emotional pain he was feeling from losing their bond he felt fine. They returned to the kitchen and Doctor Trevor advanced cautiously, gently, well used to approaching traumatized omega, even if he already knew them. “I’ve got my scanner here; we can have a look see, alright?”

Sherlock nodded and they retired to the living room. John moved the coffee table out of the way after he got Sherlock stretched out on their sofa. While Scott palpated Sherlock carefully Doctor Trevor prepared his belly for a scan. Maxi stood off to the side with John and watched with concern. Everyone was very reassured to see that the triplets seemed to be perfectly fine, all of them were active, fluttering their limbs a bit, their tiny bodies still curled up tight as fingers flexed and hearts beat steadily. Scott and Doctor Trevor stared hard at the ever changing picture but stood back with satisfied nods, “They’re perfectly fine.”

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief and John’s eyes were red as he wiped Sherlock’s distended belly clear of the gel that had been used. He helped Sherlock sit, holding his hand as Maxi and Scott checked him from head to toe all over again. “May I?” asked Maxi politely, pointing to Sherlock’s bond-scar. Grimly Sherlock nodded and gently Maxi pressed his fingers around it, feeling the gland carefully. He stood back with a sigh, “John did a very good job, Sherlock’s gland is completely destroyed but in the newest way I’ve ever witnessed, this was a precision bite.” Sherlock’s lips trembled. That meant there was no other option but Blue Moon, even if they waited for Sherlock to deliver and for his next natural heat to arrive, his gland was useless now. Neither of them had ever thought to need to bond again. Dropping his head Sherlock let the tears drip silently. He felt like a failure again. He’d lost his bond and he couldn’t make a new one without assistance. His shoulders shook but John was there, cradling him in his arms, running his fingers through Sherlock’s hair, kissing his forehead and telling him how he loved him, how miraculous Sherlock was, how amazing, how John would always, always be there for him.

“When can we take it?” he asked, his voice thick and filled with misery. Their beautiful bond! It had been so special, something uniquely them and they would never have it again. Sherlock couldn’t stop the sobs that wracked him, “Today? I want to be bonded again as soon as possible.”

The three of them conferred quickly and once again Scott had the final say, “It’s more dangerous for him to deliver while unbonded. The children are healthy and other pregnant omegas have made this choice with no repercussions that we can find. Right now the only thing I would recommend is a
very large meal, as much as he can eat, and then he can have *Blue Moon*. This process is very taxing and he won’t be eating for several hours. Apart from that there is nothing I can see that will be dangerous for them. Even without bonding sex will only help Sherlock recuperate. This is the best choice.”

“I need to shower.” Sherlock definitely needed to wash the stench of his captors off his skin. “The flat reeks.”

“We’ll take care of that.” promised Maxi, “Go, clean up. John will order food, when you come back you will eat and after we will set this right.”

John took Sherlock to the shower and helped him out of his few clothes and under the hot spray, “I’ll bring back your robe, I’m going to order from Angelo’s and then I’m joining you here, alright?”

Sherlock nodded and watched the door close behind John. He felt alone suddenly and reached out through their soul bond, relieved when John filled him once more with the golden glow of his presence. Carefully Sherlock washed his belly off, then scrubbed the tears from his face. It was only a few minutes before John returned, “Maxi is doing something with spritzer bottles.”

Sherlock shrugged, all he cared about was washing the stink from both of them and bonding as soon as they could. His stomach rumbled. “I asked for anything he had ready and lots of it. Angelo is bringing everything over personally. I think he may have taken dishes that were supposed to be going out to customers in the restaurant because he said he’d be here in only ten minutes.” that made Sherlock smile. He loved the entire menu at Angelo’s, anything made by Angelo’s mother was to be savored not that Sherlock would. He would be eating as fast as they would let him gulp his food down.

John towelled Sherlock off quickly and once more returned Sherlock’s tokens to their rightful place. Sherlock felt immensely better once he was properly adorned, fussily arranging his collar, and touching his earrings to ensure they were perfectly positioned. When John put his wedding ring back on Sherlock kissed him but hurried his alpha. Their lack of bond was troubling him more and more, they needed to get down to business. John understood.

When they emerged all the various scents in their flat had completely disappeared, “I made this specifically for this purpose.” Maxi remarked, waving around a clear plastic bottle filled with liquid, “They used it to disguise themselves instead. It’s not toxic, you can use it whenever you want, a little goes a long way but now you won’t be bothered by random odors. Once we leave you can mist the room and all our trace scent will disappear.”

Angelo rang the bell and John had to get Doctor Trevor to help him haul up the several bags of steaming hot meals that the tall man refused payment for. The man’s voice was so booming that even with him attempting to speak quietly Sherlock could still hear him clearly, “It’s for the little ones, fat babies are the best, tell Mr. Sherlock to try the garlic bread, I put extra cheese on them, just the way he likes.”

He departed, leaving John no choice but to bring the last of the free meals upstairs. Everyone filled a plate each but Sherlock just sat there shoveling in piping hot pasta and savory baked sandwiches in between sips of tall cool citrus drinks. Encouragingly everyone offered Sherlock more of this or that until he realized over an hour had gone by and all the containers were empty. He’d eaten over half the offerings just on his own and he finally felt full.

Scott made him sit out front and checked him over from top to bottom, ignoring Sherlock’s protests. “You will have time for one more meal before this activates, eat.” He slid over two doses of *Blue Moon*. 
John sat beside Sherlock and opened the small flasks, one for Sherlock and one for himself. Looking him straight in the eyes John just said, “I love you.” and tipped it back. Sherlock was only a fraction of a second behind him, eagerly drinking the strangely tingling mixture. It seemed to bubble all the way down and Sherlock felt his body begin to react instantly to it.

“I love you John.” Sherlock leaned in and kissed his mate, holding onto John as they gave their thanks and farewell to Maxi, Scott, and Doctor Trevor. John released Sherlock just long enough to lock them into their flat.

John took Sherlock directly to bed, not to make love but simply to strip down to their skins and hold one another. John was terribly upset by everything that happened and now it was Sherlock’s turn to soothe and comfort his alpha, allowing John to check him from head to toe, listening to their children by pressing his head to Sherlock’s belly before cradling Sherlock tenderly in his arms for a long time, both men just breathing each other in and waiting for the formula to kick in.

Sherlock had felt his temperature rise right after he’d consumed it and now he felt his whole body begin to grow hotter. It had already been two hours since they’d been given their dose and John helped him out of bed. Sherlock ate a small meal from the groceries Harry had replaced and felt weary. John helped him back to bed and stroked his hair until Sherlock dozed off lightly, exhausted by the emotional upheaval and the very interrupted sleep he’d barely had.

He awoke a few hours later and John was watching him, his eyes already burning with heat, “You smell bloody fantastic.” growled the alpha appreciatively, “You smell better than ever.” Whatever romantic comment Sherlock might have made was negated by his almost instantaneous need for the bathroom. John got him there just in time. Sherlock finished up while John paced outside, not coming in until Sherlock had gotten himself into the shower, scrubbing feverishly at his over hot skin. Then John rushed in, pulling Sherlock into his arms and rubbing against him, “John!” Sherlock felt every inch of his skin. He was hyper-sensitive, each rub was exquisite, perfectly gorgeous, arousing and lovely. Even the way the water fell against them was lovely, Sherlock let his head fall back so the spray would rain against his throat and beat down on his swollen body. “I love you so much John.”

Sherlock felt the slick between his legs grow heavier even as John growled thickly, “Bed.” he snapped and Sherlock agreed. Barely pausing to hastily dry themselves off they kissed and caressed with every hurried step they took until Sherlock felt himself fall lightly backward in John’s arms, both men writhing against each other as their artificial heat swept them away.

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It was very different than their first bonding heat. Sherlock wasn’t inexperienced any longer, he knew John’s body well, and John knew his. The rush was intense but it wasn’t mindless, they understood what they were doing and each caress seemed significant and laden with meaning, and they enjoyed it fully. They were meant to be bonded and nothing would stop them, not ever.

Sherlock dimly noted that their babies were deeply asleep, untroubled by the fury of passion that was overwhelming their parents, how the nips and bites exchanged between the two of them only fanned the flames higher, neither man interested in drawing anything out. Sherlock stroked John’s massive cock to its full rigid glory before moving heavily to position himself on his hands and knees on the bed. His body was ready, he needed John desperately and eagerly he thrust his hips back as John’s mouth covered his entrance, licking and moaning hungrily, “Now John!”

His mate was already deep in his alpha, “Yes baby yes mmm my beautiful Sherlock, always will be mine. Mine, mine, mine.” John wasted no time positioning himself nor did Sherlock hesitate to push backward. It almost stung, nearly too fast an entry to be pleasurable but pleasure was a secondary goal. Both men moaned anxiously as their bodies united, John working his hips carefully, “Knot’s
already forming.” he grunted as his hips began to work quickly.

Blue Moon was very effective! Sherlock had never felt so ready to be taken, he was ready for John’s knot, wanted it so badly that he moaned whorishly each time the growing mass bumped up against him. Sherlock could feel each fold unfurl as the knot broadened and grew hard, flaring out and filling with blood until it was rocky and solid, “Please John, please. Bite me.”

“Anything you want sweetheart.” sighed John, his voice filled with passion, “I love you Sherlock.” John shoved forward mercilessly and Sherlock could not help shrieking, his belly swaying beneath him as John forced his knot into his body. It was agonizing and wonderful but not nearly as wonderful as feeling John’s small sharp teeth piercing his bonding gland a second time, activating his autonomic responses. Both men were gasping as John licked at the bloody bite, his saliva transferring everything Sherlock needed, his tongue lapping up all that the alpha was required to take.

Sherlock felt it happen. He felt their severed bond knit back together again, felt John’s presence fill him fully, properly, felt his marvelous scent wrapping around him, permeating his every cell, he was John’s again! Just like the first time the world went dreamy, almost in slow motion as John bucked hard into him, growling as he worked the wound at Sherlock’s neck, swirling his hips as he filled Sherlock with seed. John had pulled Sherlock up onto his knees, the alpha running reverent hands over Sherlock’s belly, over his chest, over his face, “I can feel you.” said John, his voice filled with awe, “I can feel all of you.”

Sherlock let his eyes close and understood as well. He could feel John; feel all of his lover, his mate, his husband, his alpha. He could feel John fucking him, could feel the sensation of his knot being squeezed, the way his cock drove so deep, felt how his flesh was being squeezed perfectly and how amazing everything smelled. He could feel how good it was to touch his hard belly, how satisfied it made him to know his children had such a capable and strong mother, how he admired the omega for what they could do. Blinking Sherlock struggled to sort his senses from John’s. It was like they had evolved to operate at a whole new level and it was pure joy for both of them, “Tell me what you are experiencing,” he gasped as John continued to thrust shallowly, as Sherlock continued to thrust shallowly. He got John to shift the tiniest bit and suddenly both of them were groaning even louder than before as everything meshed and matched perfectly. “Right there John, right there.” he whimpered.

“I can feel it Sherlock, oh I can feel how I’m making you feel. You love it, you really love how this is between us, oh god you love me, you love me so much!” John sounded almost drunk with ecstasy.

Sherlock knew John now like he’d never known him before. He could feel John’s power and his insecurities. He knew understood how John had to fight his whole life because he had never been a big man, that he feared he wouldn’t be enough for Sherlock, that he would fail him someday, that he was everything he seemed to be, true, kind, faithful, devoted, dangerous, lethal, brilliant, and entirely in love with Sherlock. John loved Sherlock with every particle he was made of, his entire universe revolved around Sherlock and his love had not faltered even for a microsecond. Sherlock smoothed phantom hands over John’s hip and shoulder and felt the last of his old pains disappear even as he felt all the little rents and scars on his heart melt away and grow smooth once more. They were healing one another, completing each other the way they had always been meant to.

By the time John’s knot softened their bond was stronger than it had been before, more complex, filled with connections that thrived and grew between them in a glorious tangle that could never be picked apart. “I can feel our babies.” said John, his voice heavy with wonder as his hands spread across Sherlock’s belly. He was still behind his omega, still buried deep, “I can feel them moving inside me. I can feel your mind racing; it’s unbelievable how much information you handle all at the same time, my head hurts just seeing it. This is what it’s like for you all the time?”
“Yes John, is this what it’s like to be you?” There was so much control locking everything away. John was explosive, packed full of hidden talents and skills, so much rage, so much love, so much destructive violent glorious power. The things John could do if he chose, he could dominate the entire city, no, the entire country if he chose. He could rule the land and make it right again if he wanted but Sherlock could feel how John would never want that, he wasn’t a leader and he knew it, he was a warrior, a weaver of words, a man of heart and conviction but he would never wish to be above anyone. John was a simple man with simple joys. All John wanted was to be a good mate, a good father, and a good person. He wanted to be able to love Sherlock for his whole life, and had plans to make Sherlock happy in as many ways as he could dream up, and John Watson had many dreams. He would still work tirelessly to make the world a better place but he would do it shoulder to shoulder with everyone else. Sherlock was proud and humbled that he had the heart and bond of someone like John Watson.

“You actually like all of that?” John sounded amazed but Sherlock was nearly purring as they pulled apart at long last. Gratefully Sherlock lay on his side, his knees aching from being too long in that position.

“I love all of that. I love how fierce you are. I love how you love who I really am, I love how you want to be with me, you actually want that and I can’t tell you how that makes me feel!”

“You don’t have to now.” said John softly and Sherlock understood that John could feel the layers of loneliness that had defined Sherlock’s entire life, and that he now truly understood what it had been like for Sherlock to suffer for so long by himself. Sherlock felt John’s regret and determination, his alpha would make it up to him, he was making it up to him. Sherlock had never been adored the way John adored him. He had never been so admired, so desired, so deeply loved. There was absolutely nothing John would not do to keep Sherlock happy, there were no limits, Sherlock could ask anything of John and he would do it. Humbled by the greatness of this gift Sherlock could only kiss John once more, “I’m astounded that you settled for me. I’m will never lose sight of what a miracle you are.” John was in a rapture of love for Sherlock, he truly believed that he didn’t deserve his omega, that somehow Sherlock was so precious, so valuable, so rare, that John felt that all he did for his omega wasn’t nearly enough. It was dizzying to see himself through John’s eyes. To John Sherlock was a lean wild thing of pure beauty, a storm in the shape of a man, impossible to tame but why would you want to calm the fury? That was Sherlock’s great splendour for John, the unstoppable force of his mind. It made John weak in the knees to think on it. “One day you’ll be everything you should have been already. We’ll catch you up on all the things you haven’t been allowed to do, and I’ll stand back with our children and watch you be brilliant. I love to watch you shine.”

A second wave overwhelmed them. Suddenly John smelled so irresistible that Sherlock could not help the lustful moan that escaped him. The spike was fast, in only a few minutes John and Sherlock were rutting together until John got Sherlock on his knees once again and entered him. It was mind-bending to feel the sensation of being entered and pushing inward at the same time. Sherlock hazily wondered if sex outside their heat would be this intimate, if they would always feel each other so completely, or if this would be an experience they would only have during his time, if ever again.

Sherlock felt his great belly shake beneath him as John’s hips slammed into him. He felt so full, so sexy, so gorgeous. He was round and ripe, filled with his alpha’s pups, filled with his alpha’s cock, his come, his love, his everything. Sherlock could feel everything about himself adjust subtly. His body was already working better, his felt like his mind was expanding, growing more accessible, more organized as all the missing pieces between John and Sherlock fitted together and made them whole.

John was stroking Sherlock’s belly, rubbing his small hands over the taut flesh before moving down
to take Sherlock’s cock. Sherlock gasped, this was almost too much and with a soft cry he orgasmed as John’s fist worked over him, “Again baby, again!” urged the alpha, his hand not stopping and Sherlock felt his cock harden after only a minute. This was the most fantastic part of heat, the missing refractory period. Both of them could sense that this heat was already almost over. It was only designed to last until they had bonded and they were. John was determined to knot Sherlock one more time and furiously the alpha fucked his omega. Sherlock was gasping and bracing his hands, shoving himself backward as he felt John’s knot grow hard and broad. Expertly John rubbed his palm over the tip of Sherlock cock and made him orgasm again, and when he peaked John shoved forward hard and his knot popped into Sherlock’s body, making him scream with pain and pleasure. The dry orgasms were sharp and stunning, shocking Sherlock over and over again with small intense bursts of pleasure as John came deep inside him, his knot caught tight as John did his best to thrust himself even deeper into Sherlock.

Sherlock was shaking with exhaustion now and John eased them both to their sides, his cock lodged deep inside Sherlock still as he helped his panting omega to relax on the pillows. It took a long time for John’s knot to soften and Sherlock was dozing lightly by the time his alpha was able to move. John was sweet and loving, merely stroking Sherlock gently and running his fingers through Sherlock’s hair, allowing his mate to take the rest he urgently needed. Sherlock was beginning to feel hunger too and knew their false heat was nearly done but that was perfectly fine. They were bonded again and that’s what mattered.

John let Sherlock sleep, not waking him until there was a hot meal waiting for him on the table. Sherlock noticed he was clean and sweet smelling too, John had given him a sponge-bath while he slept. He must have been very tired to have not noticed that! The hyper-awareness had ebbed but their re-forged bond was still very powerful, possibly even stronger than the natural bond had been, and their soul bond was now clearly a separate thing, an entirely different connection than the chemical bond they had just renewed. With a pleased smile John lead Sherlock to the table and urged him to eat as much as he could, happily sliding new offerings over to his ravenous mate. “You look so beautiful.” said John, a goofy smile on his face. The alpha was blisteringly happy, “I know I’m staring.”

Sherlock blushed and looked at his plate. Pretending indifference he said, “I’ll let you know when that begins to irritate me.” John’s grin just grew bigger and even more fatuous than ever. When Sherlock was finally done he was weary again. It was late at night and he felt like he needed to sleep again. John settled him on the sofa so he could freshen their well-used bed up. Sherlock used the bathroom one more time after John collected him again and yawned gratefully when they were tucked back together.

They held onto one another and simply felt each other through their bond. It felt so important to spend this time with one another. The trauma of losing his bond had wounded Sherlock greatly and struck a great blow to his fragile self-esteem. Even with the great love John had for him, Sherlock’s self-doubt had been fostered his entire life and it was hard to let go. “It was my fault Sherlock. I’m supposed to be able to protect you and I’ve failed you so many times now. I don’t know how I’ll ever make this up to you. I couldn’t even rescue you! You had to do it yourself.”

Sherlock suddenly recognized one of the emotions John had been hiding from him. John felt actual shame over Sherlock’s kidnapping, castigating himself ceaselessly because of what happened, “John…”

“No Sherlock. There aren’t excuses. You were kidnapped right from my side not once but twice. The first time was terrifying but the second time… I felt our bond dissolve. I’ve never been so heart-sick. I don’t know how I reacted but I was out of it for a bit. Harry won’t tell me but I may have destroyed her downtown office.” John was hanging onto Sherlock almost painfully tight, “You are
my whole world Sherlock, my entire world. Even if you weren’t filled with my pups, even if we hadn’t been able to bond again, even if…” John was breathing hard now, his face serious and almost wild with remembered worry, “Even if all the worst possible things I could imagine came true I would never stop loving you, I would never stop needing to be with you, I would never stop searching for you, and I mean that Sherlock.”

Sherlock grew calm and settled, relaxing entirely against John. He pulled his alpha’s arm over his big belly, “I know John.” Sherlock kissed John softly, “You are mine and I am yours and we have proven that nothing and no one can change that.” A tiny bit reassured John spooned up behind Sherlock and pressed loving kisses to his neck and shoulders before tucking them both in, “Sleep John.” They slept.

Chapter End Notes

This story is coming to a close soon but take heart, I have other stories just begging to be told and I will get those up ASAP!

FYI - I have unexpected house company - unplanned delay happening
Sherlock woke early in the morning and lay on his side just looking at John sleeping beside him. The morning light was soft and caught itself up in John’s silvered hairs, brightening the gold and enhancing the warm glow of his skin. Sherlock smiled as he drank in John’s appearance. He loved John’s face, every line and mark on it added depth to his expressions, so many ways did John express himself and his loving face was the face he wanted to wake up to every morning for the rest of his life.

Sherlock felt good. He felt balanced and steady, calm and rational in a way he had not been in a long time. His mind palace was massive now, neatly organized and ticking over information Sherlock had gathered, re-filing things as his broadened perceptions added layers to his understanding of the world. Closing his eyes for a minute Sherlock felt his children inside him. They had woken during the night, shifting and moving about but they had settled yet again and were now bunched together to one side so that Sherlock’s belly looked temporarily lopsided. He smiled and stroked it. They would shift and move after they woke from their latest nap.

Sherlock rest his head on his pillow and considered John once again. He felt such love, it was a calm ocean within him now, a bottomless source he would never need fear would end. He was relaxed too. Moriarty, Sebastian, and Mary were all safely incarcerated. They would still need to be careful but the worst threats had been eliminated and he was relieved. He could have lain there all day.
watching John sleep but his transport stubbornly insisted on visiting the loo. Sherlock sighed and rolled himself awkwardly off the bed, his belly hanging heavy in front of him. Peeing sitting down was necessary now, he couldn’t quite see where he was positioned and was considerably less embarrassing than making a mess.

Sherlock got back to the bedroom just as John’s eyes were opening. He still looked tired but so happy to see Sherlock that the omega snuggled back with his alpha for a minute before his stomach started to growl demandingly. It made John giggle, rubbing the heavy mass that was pushing up against his belly. “I’m up my loves, I’ll get breakfast going in a minute.”

“I’ll start slicing fruit.” offered Sherlock and John agreed with a kiss. Sherlock went to the kitchen and only got as far as pulling various items from the fridge before John reappeared, pinching his bum and winking at Sherlock’s pretend complaint. John was happy as he cooked a massive breakfast, stuffing Sherlock tight as a drum before sitting his omega out on the sofa and doting on him a ridiculous amount. John was blowing Sherlock’s tea a bit cooler before handing it to him before Sherlock finally objected, a blush painting his cheeks a light pink, “I can cool my own tea John.”

“You can do anything love but I like looking after you and since I’m not required to rescue you or keep you from being kidnapped I can at least cool your tea so you don’t burn your tongue.” John was joking. Sherlock could feel that John wasn’t as upset as he had been by what he still considered failings but that he was very determined to spoil Sherlock in as many ways as he could think of. When Sherlock received his tea it was exactly the right temperature to be enjoyed fully and John looked pleased with himself.

“What would you like to do today John?” Sherlock felt well rested now and extremely well fed. Their children seemed happy and content as they shifted slightly while he rubbed his belly comforting, “I suppose we need to talk to everyone.”

John sighed, “I suppose we do. I don’t know Sherlock, an afternoon at your parents maybe? We can see everyone there but it’s someplace I’m comfortable in.” Sherlock understood how John felt leery about leaving their home but their family deserved to be told directly and Sherlock absolutely hated the idea of anyone coming to their flat.

“That’s acceptable John.” John called and made arrangements to meet for lunch. Mummy was excited and anxious to see her son. After dressing to go out both of them went downstairs to see Mrs. Hudson who patted both their arms and made them tea before sitting down to listen to what they had to tell her, “It should be over now.”

“Oh Sherlock,” she said fondly, patting his arm once again, “It’s never over, not with you two. There will be something else, and after that, something else again. You two just attract trouble but that’s just bad luck for the other people isn’t it? It seems to me that whenever someone tries to get one over on you two it ends rather poorly for them.”

Sherlock looked at John and saw surprise on his face because Mrs. Hudson was entirely correct but they had never looked at it that way, “Thank you Mr. Hudson.” said his alpha, his scent becoming a little more confident that it had been and Sherlock was pleased. John had nothing to feel shame about! Their foe had been underhanded and clever, they had done everything they could think of to protect themselves, John had not been lax or found wanting as far as Sherlock was concerned. It had been extremely unpleasant to be unbonded but they’d repaired it at least and there wasn’t anyone left to threaten them. They’d still be careful though.

The afternoon with the family was more of a balm to Sherlock and John’s collective soul than they realized it would be. Everyone was loving and supportive, listening to the details with quiet awe and shock. Sherrinford was incredibly upset that Sherlock had undergone such an ordeal, doubly
sensitive to the facts of the matter as he held Violet tightly. “My boy, I would have given anything to prevent this from happening to you.” he said, his voice filled with the very same grief Sherlock had felt the day before.

“I will be well father. Blue Moon had some unexpected benefit for us.” Sherlock explained a bit about their much stronger bond and everyone was amazed. “The children were upset but that was the worst of it for them. They’re happy now.”

Everyone looked stunned, “You know what your children are feeling?” asked Harry.

Sherlock’s brow knitted, “That’s not usual?” everyone shook their heads slowly but he just shrugged, “Well I can.”

John was holding Sherlock’s hand. “Our bond can’t be broken. Moriarty tried and it didn’t work, not really.”

“What’s going to happen to them now?” asked Mummy.

Harry and Clara looked at one another, “They’ll be processed legally like everyone else. We’ll get statements from the freed omega and build a case against them. They’ll remain incarcerated according to Sherlock’s wishes.”

“What about Mary?” asked John with a frown, “Where is she being held?”

“She’s having her status reviewed and then she’s being sent north with the remainder of the alpha and betas who have been arrested during the purge. Everyone who has been incarcerated has had their appearance and crime published online as part of their punishment. There are an unfortunate number of people who did not mind abusing omega, much like Mary.”

The trials of the arrested had begun. The legal system of the entire country was heavily taxed as the huge number of detainees began to move through the courts of law to receive their official judgements. New copies of Omega were issued to each person and the laws used to judge them were weighed and measured against that book. The charges that manifested as group after group left for their permanent residence inside a cold miserable prison read like a book of horrors. Rape was universal for captive omega. Most force bonded had existed in the most wretched conditions for the majority of their enforced incarcerations. Mutilation was common as well, people like Mary had been found and utilized in several locations. Fates of alpha mates were learned, some had been murdered while their omega had been seized and force-bonded, others had been illegally jailed and then freed, others had been left to live their lives alone.

For every negative thing that was uncovered something positive was found. Polyamory was common now, many omegas didn’t want to give up their omega mates even if their alpha had been jailed. True alphas were accepting their mate’s partners into their new families along with their children and slowly society began to rebuild itself. Families like Carson’s had grown quickly. Sherlock and John learned that the plump older man had found an alpha of his own, a young hulking man twenty years Carson’s junior who had eyes only for his omega. They had bonded and Carson and Will ran their oversized estate efficiently, taking in people still and finding places for others. Their nurseries were full of children too, there were unclaimed orphans in plenty that had been taken from the crèche, born to mothers elsewhere and transferred, no one knew where they had originated from but every last one of them had found a safe and loving home. It didn’t take long before Carson was expecting and like every other alpha around Will was so proud he could barely stop smiling long enough to tell everyone about it.

Garson and Scott were close with Doctor Trevor. It was through them that Victor met Matilda, a
short willowy omega with wild eyes and wilder hair. She didn’t know how old she was and her face gave them no clue. She’d been found working at a crèche, unable to get pregnant but never released. Instead she’d served as a body slave and general servant, available to be physically and sexually abused by whoever had a minute. Matilda had been rescued and brought to Victor for treatment. She’d been fighting and struggling the entire time until he arrived and then Matilda stopped fighting with a soft sigh. Doctor Trevor had examined the small bruised woman and had been utterly surprised when she refused to leave him, even getting violent when her rescuers tried to take her to a safe home for the night. Matilda declined to leave Doctor Trevor’s home and there she remained until they bonded. One week after their bonding Doctor Trevor and Matilda announced their pregnancy, both of them grinning manically at one another. Matilda was training to be a nurse so she could assist her hard-working mate, and both of them were filled with joy. She strutted when she walked now. Sherlock quite liked her.

Sherlock’s pregnancy advanced even faster after the re-bond. Two weeks after his rescue Sherlock was unable to get out of bed without John’s help. His stomach was almost grotesquely distorted and huge. His back ached all the time and John gave up doing anything at all except tending to him. The first time he needed help with the bathroom was a bad day. Sherlock was embarrassed that he got stuck on the toilet and John had to help heave him off of it and clean him up because he was so sore and stiff he couldn’t do it himself. John didn’t mind but Sherlock wasn’t happy. John on the other hand was ridiculously proud of Sherlock’s struggles and was less than subtly pleased that his mate was massive enough to be experiencing difficulty. Once Sherlock realized what it was that John was proud of he relaxed and grudgingly agreed to allow John to continue helping him.

Different omega began dropping by during the day. Mostly it was Mummy but sometimes it was Carson, or Lottie, or one of the many omega who had been reunited with their alphas. Wallace and Bertram sent a small case of honey along to 221 Baker Street and for a couple of days Sherlock was on a massive sugar high until John took the extra jars away and rationed out the rest. They tidied the house and took care of the shopping and entertained Sherlock while John got a shower for himself or whenever he was forced to leave the house due to obligations to their work or family. Sherlock actually very much enjoyed their company, listening to their small stories and advice. All of them were mothers, some several times over, and so he paid attention to what they told him.

Father came over a few times but not often. His business was booming but he was but one man and even with taking opportunities to train replacements, and he had apprentices, didn’t shorten his customer list. Mummy came by herself, always escorted by trusted driver/body guards, and spent long hours with Sherlock. John liked Mummy very much, in fact the alpha got on really well with both parents. Sherrinford liked John’s war stories, and all of them enjoyed getting to know one another a little more every day. Father was a little uncomfortable in crowds, too long accustomed to the company of a familiar few but he relaxed easily when he was with John and Greg.

The matter of the Lestrade wedding was a huge one. Each week that passed garnered some new dignitary that wanted to attend so one name at a time the guest list grew to enormous proportions and they hadn’t even selected a date yet. Mycroft was becoming stressed over it and for two entire weeks had firmly decided not to be married until after their child was born. Greg was good about the decision but it was obvious that he had been looking forward to the wedding happening sooner rather than later. Still, the alpha never complained or made any mention of his unhappiness, was so completely supportive of Mycroft’s unilateral decision to delay that fourteen days was a long as the omega could bear the guilt and told his mate that he wanted to be married before the arrival of their first child. Both of them discussed it and decided to wait until Sherlock had safely delivered and so began to tentatively schedule the event for three months into the future, well past Sherlock’s due date.

They didn’t need to wait that long.
Five weeks after Sherlock and John re-bonded Sherlock went into early labour. He had been on strict bed rest for ages and spent most of his time sleeping or eating, tended by a small group of dedicated omegas who with John saw to Sherlock’s every need. He’d stopped eating the evening before and Scott had become concerned. Sherlock had woken in the morning like normal, alert but still not hungry. An hour after he woke he experienced his first contraction. There was nothing subtle about it.

Scott arrived a mere thirty minutes after John called. All the visiting omegas cleaned the flat and prepared the nursery. Sherlock and John’s bedroom was crowded with Doctor Trevor, John, Scott, and Matilda. Downstairs Mrs. Hudson was hosting Mummy, Father, Mycroft, Greg, and that group was busy texting and calling various others as news spread that the children were arriving.

Sherlock was so uncomfortable. His back had been cramping steadily for days now, and all of John’s backrubs had only given Sherlock a bit of relief. “I just want John.” he groaned. For Sherlock nesting had involved only their bed. For the last month Sherlock had been sleeping on pillows stuffed with John’s jumpers but that was the only change he had felt compelled to make and he privately thought it was a good one. Scott nodded, “Everyone go away.”

There was surprisingly little argument even if John looked a little concerned. “Are you sure love?” Sherlock nodded. His back was so sore and his belly was getting hard and tight.

“You can deliver our children John. I want it to be just you.” suddenly it seemed very important to Sherlock for John to be the only one present, “Lock the door.” Sherlock had paranoid moments occasionally, not that anyone blamed him. John always took them seriously and even after he locked and bolted the door to their flat he carefully drew all the curtains and spent some time examining nooks and crannies for bugs or other surveillance devices. Once he was certain they were unmonitored Sherlock found he was able to relax, “That’s so much better John.”

Sherlock’s contractions were far apart but Scott was certain that the labor would escalate suddenly. If John was overwhelmed then they would be just downstairs, ready to rush up to help but everyone, especially Sherlock, was convinced that John could handle any situation that might crop up all on his own, “I’m going to rub your back and belly again.”

It helped. John rubbed away all the bad tension that had been building. The last thing Sherlock needed was to experience even more discomfort because of a strained muscle or kink. Sherlock sighed as John’s hand rubbed his favorite scented oil into his skin. “God you look beautiful.” said John as he worked, “I know you must be feeling like shite right now but you look gorgeous.

“Alphas.” snorted Sherlock contemptuously but John just blushed and chuckled, not denying anything, “I’ll never be this big again.” he sighed. Scott had chatted with him about future conceptions. It was very unlikely that Sherlock would manage multiples again but at least Scott assured Sherlock that he would be able to bear for many long years still, his eight children could still happen, if not quite in the compacted time frame he’d been hoping for. “I’ll miss it.”

“Me too Sherlock.” said John, his hands running over the vastness of Sherlock’s huge stomach over and over again, “But I kind of miss dancing with you.” Sherlock smiled because he could feel the truth of John’s words. Their bond had both lessened and deepened. They didn’t exactly share a telepathic connection but they could feel the weight of the words they spoke to one another. It made explaining things easier to one another if to no one else. Sherlock had struggled his entire life to explain his feelings to people but now he didn’t need to. John could feel what Sherlock meant, even if he didn’t get the words exactly right. It worked the same for John. Sherlock could feel how John found his current appearance very satisfying as an alpha. Sherlock was massive, lush, bursting with fecund energy, stuffed tight with John’s pups, a sign of his virility and strength. This was the core
attraction for an alpha, right now Sherlock was the penultimate wet dream for an alpha. He was everything they sought to attain in their mate.

“I miss dancing with you too John.” John did indeed find Sherlock’s current ample size to be almost irresistibly attractive but at the same time John really did love Sherlock's normal long lean appearance. Sherlock still hadn’t gotten fat but he was incredibly firm of body, after he delivered and lost his baby weight he’d still be at least a stone heavier than he had been previously. He’d become reconciled to his lack of softness, even his swollen belly was hard. His breasts hadn’t even developed very much. His pectorals were as masculine looking as John’s, his nipples a little darker, a little firmer but that was it. Doctor Trevor assured him that the size of his breasts would make no difference when it came to nursing his young, he would be fine but Sherlock had been upset for ages that he wouldn’t even get a temporary cleavage.

John leaned down and kissed Sherlock tenderly. His contractions hadn’t been picking up in intensity but Scott said they would come in waves, much like how his heats operated. He could expect lulls like the one they were currently in. The omega body was designed to deliver, everything about Sherlock’s physiology was made for this day. “You know how you can help.” he said dryly and enjoyed how fast John’s face turned red.

“No I couldn’t sweetie, you’re so uncomfortable.” protested John half-heartedly, “It’s not right.”

“Are you saying that to make it more exciting or are you actually saying no?” Sherlock was laying on his right side so he drew his left leg up, exposing himself a small bit. His behind had grown a bit plusher but that detail only served to assist him, “You and I both want this.” He did at least.

John couldn’t deny his nature, his hands slowly moving more and more sensuously as he nodded shallowly, “If you’re sure Sherlock.”

“I am John, very sure.” John finally stopped pretending to resist and Sherlock closed his eyes with a smile as his alpha began.

John touched Sherlock everywhere, trailing his fingers slowly over Sherlock’s skin as he pressed kisses along his neck, down his chest, and all over his great big belly. “So lovely.” he whispered, “So swollen, almost bursting.” John’s voice was growing heavy and thick with passion as he gazed upon his mate. Sherlock ran his own hand over his belly, teasing his mate, not that John needed much encouragement. Their sex life had never been slack, but the further into Sherlock’s pregnancy they’d gone the more difficult John found it to resist being with his lover. Sherlock liked that very much. He loved how excited John got seeing him like this, Sherlock had never felt so beautiful.

His body grew tense as a contraction rippled through him but John didn’t stop. He was stroking and kissing Sherlock carefully, arousing his omega deftly. Sherlock felt his body grow languid and relaxed, the tension that had squeezed him uncomfortably fading away. John always made him feel good. John’s touch melted away all the discomfort and he sighed with relief. “This will make it all go faster,” promised his alpha and Sherlock nodded again. John was doing exactly what a good alpha should do. He was looking after his omega.

Sherlock sighed again as John attentions wandered all over. When his alpha settled between his thighs, holding his left leg up, Sherlock could barely reach down to caress the top of John’s head as it bobbed lazily up and down. John enjoyed this nearly as much as Sherlock did. John found Sherlock’s cock to be lovely, just the right length, and delicious. John watched Sherlock carefully, his hand splayed over Sherlock big belly and when it tensed John’s tongue dragged up and down Sherlock’s shaft and when the contraction was at its peak John swallowed Sherlock down. The contraction’s end signaled the beginning of Sherlock’s first orgasm. John hummed his approval as he swallowed, licking Sherlock hard in only a few minutes. “More John.” he sighed. He could feel it
helping just like Scott had promised it would.

“You sure?” John still looked torn but he was fully erect and Sherlock yanked impatiently at his alpha’s arm, “Alright, alright, bossy!”

John was smiling as he positioned himself behind Sherlock, lining himself up carefully before pushing slowly inward, “Oh god you’re so tight!” he moaned. Sherlock was shuddering because the feel of John pushing inside him had never been so intense. Both of them moaned loudly as he carefully seated himself fully. Despite Sherlock’s urging John kept it slow and steady for a long time, waiting through several contractions before he began to pick up the pace. Sherlock was hot and sweaty already, his orgasms coming easily as John expertly stimulated him. “That’s it my beautiful angel, oh you’re so gorgeous my love, so marvelous, just look at you!”

Each orgasm that John triggered filled Sherlock’s bodies with a peculiar mix of omega specific hormones. Sherlock was fortunate enough to be a male, most people assumed that female omega would have an easier time of it but in fact the male omega were perfectly designed to deliver with ease. Their pelvic bones separated into small sections that were held together with strong elastic connective tissues. Female omega had skeletal systems more akin to beta females, their pelvis were capable of increasing in width to aid delivery but not to the degree a male omega could manage. Omegas were also blessed with extraordinary flexibility, the dump of hormones made those connective tissues relax and give with ease, causing Sherlock’s musculature become yielding and malleable. The harder John fucked him the easier it would be for Sherlock to deliver.

John did his best to make it a pain free delivery.

John was approaching his own orgasm when Sherlock felt his body tense again, “Now John, it’s happening.” John gave an ecstatic cry and Sherlock felt his cock throbbing deep inside him, triggering yet another small orgasm for him. John was still gasping for breath as he pulled out, rubbing Sherlock’s belly. The alpha was just reaching for a cloth to wipe Sherlock up with when his waters broke.

It wasn’t a huge rush of liquid, it was a small strong smelling stream that leaked steadily from him. “I feel like I’m wetting the bed.” complained Sherlock as John tucked soaker pads beneath him to catch the mess. They had protective layers beneath the sheets to prevent the mattress from becoming soiled and the thin soaker pads would be the only thing necessary to collect up everything.

“Well don’t try to stop this from happening. You want your waters to break; it means our babies are heading out.” Their heads had been in position for a while now. Sherlock felt the muscles in this belly contract again and felt all three of his children shift into a queue. A contraction struck and this one was powerful. Sherlock felt his waist and belly squeeze and ripple. It didn’t exactly hurt but each contraction took effort. He was sweating now and without realizing, he was moaning softly as well.

“John.” Sherlock felt something. “John I have to get up. John, get me up.” Sherlock felt the need urgently, “JOHN GET ME UP!”

John was there and with his increased strength managed to get Sherlock on his hands and knees where he hung his head and groaned. “I’m getting into position.” Sherlock nodded and groaned again. He could feel his first child descending. He could feel his passage being pushed wide open from the inside as his baby’s cranium preceded his small body, “Oh god, it’s happening already! Sherlock, don’t push yet.”

How was he supposed to not push? He wasn’t pushing! His body was practically squeezing his children out on its own. All he was doing was breathing and trying not to cry from the pain. He could sense John behind him, he was wiping at Sherlock’s thighs, stroking his cleft, massaging it,
“You’re almost fully dilated love, hold on just a minute if you can.” What? Sherlock couldn’t hold it in!

“It’s coming John.” he moaned, shifting his knees a bit further apart as he braced himself on his hands. Several omega had coached him on what would happen but there was no way to truly describe the process of feeling your pelvis suddenly give way and spread apart, causing your genitalia to stretch and almost disappear as his flesh prepared to pass his children into the world. The tension in his hips disappeared the moment the spread happened and suddenly Sherlock was more worried about his kids simply falling out of him and onto the bed but the complex system of muscles his torso was made of combined with the basket-weave of fibres that made up his womb allowed him to almost control the speed and pace of delivery.

“Someone’s crowning.” said John with excitement. “Sweetie, I can see the top of someone’s head!”

“Oh!” Sherlock was panting. This was very tiring but there wasn’t the amount of pain he had been expecting. It didn’t feel very good but it wasn’t screaming agony the way he’d anticipated. It was all happening so fast, or so it seemed. With a grunt Sherlock felt his child’s head begin to stretch him open as his son made his way out into the world. The worst was the actual head, Sherlock could feel micro-tears as they happened, felt the push of his child’s mass forcing his body open to grant him egress, “John! He’s coming! John he’s coming right now!”

John wasn’t speaking because he was holding the first part of their first child cradled in his capable hands, “Oh god Sherlock, he’s beautiful.” Sherlock didn’t answer. He was huffing and puffing for a moment before his body told him to bear down again and he did. He felt his son’s shoulder leave his body, and after that the rest of his child slipped out almost effortlessly. Sherlock sank to his side, exhausted. It would be a little while before his second child engaged. John was cooing over his new son, cleaning him up a tiny bit before laying him on Sherlock’s flat chest. The child was small but robust, rooting around, eyes still sealed shut, but so very strong and obviously healthy. Without assistance the tiny mite found Sherlock’s nipple and latched on tight. Both men cried as their first child nursed for the first time, only for a minute, and released. “He’s beautiful, he’s so beautiful.” his son had a thick thatch of raven black hair already, his purple red face wrinkled like an old man, his tiny body fat and pudgy. John put a tiny diaper on him and swaddled him neatly before setting their now sleeping first born into the waiting crib because Sherlock needed to be helped to his hands and knees again.

His stomach hung lower than ever, slightly flaccid now that one child was out of it but the other two were in a massive hurry to get back to their brother and both tried to engage at the same time. There was a worrying moment before the children sorted it out but they weren’t patient. Their second child was born with their third child literally on his heels, his small head crowning almost the second got his older brother out of the way. Their second child had almost white hair, similar to the gray of John’s but with definite damp hints of sandiness, but their third son had coppery red hair, a common feature with most of the Holmes family, and a handful of Watsons. “A blond, a brunette, and a redhead.” said John with wonder, “You are the most incredible man to have ever existed!” he praised as he looked at his children laying out in front of him.

Sherlock had nursed all of them wearily while John dealt with the afterbirths, and gratefully he watched all of their children as they fell asleep by side. “I look like a sleeping bag.” he complained. He was laying on his side again, his large belly substantially reduced to a flabby mound. His body had already begun the process of retreat, once again omega were blessed. His body would retract and remould itself to his former shape and it wouldn’t take weeks to do it. In mere days Sherlock would lose all sign that he had ever been pregnant. He didn’t even have stretch marks thanks to John’s devoted care.
“You look stunning,” said John who meant it. “I love you so much Sherlock, look what you’ve done for me. Three sons, all healthy and perfect, you are my absolute treasure, my angel, my wonder, my miracle. I love you Sherlock, thank you.”

Sherlock smiled wearily. He was extremely tired but not so much that he couldn’t get out of bed gratefully and with a lot of John’s help got into the shower for the first time in ages. Together they washed blood and birthing fluids from him along with sweat and everything else. John helped him into the protective underwear that would soak up the week of shed that Sherlock would experience now that he had finally given birth. John changed the bedding and washed everywhere before he helped Sherlock into loose pajamas. He tucked Sherlock in and lay their children by his side so they were close and safe. “Sleep my fine beauties. I’ll watch over you and when you wake we’ll let the family meet them.” Sherlock slept.

Chapter End Notes

I regretfully have house company. Don't get me wrong, I love my friends and they are always welcome to stay with me if they have need or occasion HOWEVER being social and doing stuff like visiting and apparently providing entertainment is not the same as being able to sit down and concentrate on your preferred occupation, which for me, is writing. I am delayed against my will and I'm not happy about that.
The Sign Of Three

Chapter Summary

Their lives have changed forever, their sons have arrived. Now there is nothing but joy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

babies

Sherlock was blissfully happy when he woke. He was sore and still very tired but he had three beautiful baby boys nestled against him. They smelled like fresh baked biscuits, innocent and helpless. He loved all of them with an intensity he never suspected himself capable of. They were still sleeping but he could see they were beginning to stir. His chest felt tight, his nipples tender and a bit achy. He could hear John somewhere outside the room and smelled breakfast cooking. He was absolutely ravenous.

“Good morning,” John appeared with a large food tray. He set it down and came over to kiss Sherlock’s face all over, “You are the absolute love of my life Sherlock and I’m so happy right now I can’t feel the floor. I’m pretty sure I’m floating around.”

Sherlock felt his cheeks heat as John beamed down at him. He glanced down, “I can verify that your feet are touching the floor John.” John just smiled harder and kissed Sherlock softly, “Good morning my love.”
John seated himself carefully at the edge of the bed and offered Sherlock a tall cool drink with a straw in it. “You need to rehydrate.” Sherlock took it and sipped gratefully. He really didn’t want to sit up and possibly disturb his children but John had already taken that into account. When Sherlock had slaked his thirst John simply fed Sherlock, fussily making small bites out of everything and ignoring Sherlock’s request to man the fork or spoon himself. Hot cereal was followed by a cheese omelette, proper tea which was a lovely surprise, huge slabs of toast with jam, a pile of sausages, and several juices along with a large glass of milk. Complaining or not Sherlock ate the tray clear and was looking for more when his first child woke.

Sherlock found nursing to be lovely and soothing for both himself and his child. One at a time they woke and each of them fed in turn. John burped them gently before he cleaned and changed their little diapers. He lay them naked beside Sherlock and he cuddled them as much as he was able, completely besotted with them all. John curled up on the other side of their babies, his eyes glowing and filled with such love that Sherlock was almost moved to tears, “They’re so beautiful Sherlock. So perfect. They’re just like you.”

Sherlock blushed faintly a second time. He was feeling drowsy again, “Where is everyone?”

“I sent Violet a text telling her everything was alright but I haven’t let anyone come up yet.” Sherlock nodded. That was good. He wasn’t ready for visitors quite yet. His babies were good, he was good, and they needed to be alone. Sherlock felt the intense need for privacy. His children dozed off quickly and John scooped them up one at a time and settled them carefully in their temporary crib. They wouldn’t remain in their bedroom for long but until Sherlock could move easier it would just be simpler to have the children as close as possible. As it was Sherlock was only willing to part with them long enough to use the loo and to take another hot shower.

Gratefully he settled back into bed, cuddling with John for a few minutes. His alpha kissed and caressed him lovingly, palpating his shrinking belly and taking his vitals. “I weighed and measured the boys while you were sleeping. I put everything in your database.”

Sherlock had obsessively created a tracking base for his sons, putting together a daunting list of factors he wanted to make notes about. He was responsible for three entirely new lives, he couldn’t take chances and possibly miss something. “Thank you John.”

John kissed him and asked, “Ready?” Sherlock nodded and John brought their children back over, laying them next to Sherlock, “This is just amazing, look at all of you.” John’s eyes were soft and filled with such love that Sherlock was dazzled by it. His alpha was so happy with him and Sherlock felt satisfied right down to his soul. He had fulfilled his nature at last, he’d delivered his alpha three fine babies, and life was absolutely perfect. Sherlock was almost purring with contentment. This was as happy as he’d even been and it was intoxicating. John carefully snuggled behind him, his strong body bracing Sherlock as John peeked over his shoulder to admire their sleeping children. “Doctor Trevor was wrong.”

Sherlock nodded. They were all alphas, “What shall we name them?” Sherlock and John had deliberately decided not to decide on names until after the children were born. “I would like to name the eldest Hamish.”

“Sherlock don’t do that to our son!” moaned John, burying his face in Sherlock’s hair, “Hamish is a terrible burden to put on a child.”

“Stop it John, don’t make Hamish feel badly about his name!” he chided, “We need two more names.”

“William.” said John firmly and now Sherlock was the one groaning, “No. It’s a good solid name.
It’s not Will’s fault you don’t like your actual first name. Imagine how Scott is going to feel when he’s older.”

Sherlock tried to twist around to protest but John was giggling and it was making him laugh, “You can’t name our children after me John! No one uses my first or my third name! I don’t think anyone has even spoken them out loud since it was printed on my birth certificate!”

That had been a surprise. As information had been updated on how various crimes had unfolded some new pieces of information had come to light such as how Siger had locked Sherlock and Mycroft’s birth certificates away so no one could see that he was not their sire. Sherlock’s full name had made the omega complain for days, “I shall never answer to William!” he’d shouted and John had teased him with Will, or Bill, or even Willie a few times before Sherlock had nearly hit him in the head with a thrown hardcover book.

“At least it wasn’t Percival.” sniggered John and Sherlock sighed, “Greg still has a mark on his arm you know.” Sherlock wasn’t the only one who knew how to throw a book and teasing your pregnant omega about their name wasn’t very intelligent. “If you want we can tell Scott we named Scott after him.”

Sherlock’s grumbles died away. Scott never had children, he never would. “Very well John.” he conceded with ill grace, “I can live with naming one of our children after Scott. After all, we’ll have plenty of other babies to name after people we care about.”

Sherlock still had plans for eight children. Right then and there he decided to ignore the negative chances he had about conceiving multiples a second time. If he wanted to make babies by the batch he would, no one could make him do otherwise. Stubbornly he set his mind to it, the next time they tried to get pregnant Sherlock wasn’t going to dilly dally. John pressed a kiss to Sherlock’s forehead, “I’m glad to hear that darling, I can’t wait to meet all our children.” John was one hundred percent behind the idea of more babies now. Meeting other alphas, working with newly integrated family groups, helping place orphaned children from crèches, all of these activities had overwhelmed John’s instincts and now he was as anxious as Sherlock was to produce as many of their own children as they could manage. The renovation plans for 221 B were nearly finalized and now that the babies were here it would be easy for the loving couple to relocate temporarily in order to allow their planned changes to happen.

Sherlock lifted up their first born and kissed his small head, “Welcome Hamish.” Sherlock lay his son down and picked up his second born, “Welcome William.” He kissed William and laid him back, picking up his third child, “Welcome Scott. All of you are very loved, very wanted.”

Sherlock felt something warm trickle down his neck and realized John had grown teary. “You are so incredible Sherlock, I love you.” John reached out and caressed the face of each of their newly named children.

John called everyone to their flat. In an hour they had a large crowd fitted into the front room, everyone passing the well-wrapped babies around to coo and speak softly to each child while Sherlock sat on his chair looking nearly as proud as John. Mummy and Father were beside themselves with happiness, staring at their new grandsons raptly. Clara could hardly stop crying from joy and Harry kept sniffling and trying to speak but couldn’t manage to get the words out.

The next few weeks were incredibly busy. Sherlock and John adjusted to having three small people in their lives at every moment, their delight and joy growing every single day. Their work continued with much assistance from their families and slowly the entire country began to heal and function once again. 221 Baker Street was in full renovation mode and the Watson-Holmes family was temporarily residing with Sherrinford and Violet.
With the distinct exceptions of Speedy’s and Mrs. Hudson’s flat, both of which received separate attention, there were substantial changes to the entire building. Mrs. Turner had retired to the country where she now lived with her son and his family, but she still came to London to go on outings with her best friend. Her tenants had happily relocated to a small house outside of London where they now grew organic vegetables for a market garden. Sherlock and John had most of the flats stripped down to their bare bones and built right back up again. John acceded to Sherlock’s demand to plan for a future that contained a lot of children so suites of rooms were planned for the top floors but the bottom floor was given over to Sherlock’s lab and their office where they met with clients and kept their files.

The top floor radiated away from a central room which was Sherlock and John’s. They were surrounded on all sides by bedrooms for their children, or until the children arrive, guest rooms for when the couple had company. The roof had been drastically changed too, now it was covered end to end in glass casings for a solarium. Sherlock grew poisonous plants and fungus there for research purposes so John had an automatic lock installed at the top of the door so their children couldn’t break in until they were tall enough to reach it. Sherlock’s fully equipped and ventilated lab took up much of the bottom of the building but they had included a school-room for tutoring their progeny. A large kitchen was more or less in the same place their old kitchen was but now it was big enough to accommodate the large number of people who regularly visited the Watson-Holmes’.

Sherlock and John had upgraded Speedy’s because they were doing the whole building anyway, and renovated Mrs. Hudson’s flat to her specifications, leaving her a private entrance so she or her occasional guests could come and go as they pleased. She and Mummy were fast friends and very often they went about town together with a small army of grandchildren.

By the time Mycroft and Greg’s wedding came around Mycroft was nearly eight months pregnant and was arguing with his little brother. “You’re going to be ill.”

“I’m not going to be ill. That happened only once.”

“You’re going to ruin my special day.”

“I would never do that, come along Mycroft, pull yourself together.” Sherlock was smug. He helped Mycroft fix his tie and re-buttoned the adjustable shirt that covered the expanse of Mycroft’s baby belly, his maternity suit elegantly fitted to enhance the curves of his body to make him seem rounder than ever. Sherlock had to privately admit his brother was very handsome.

“I don’t know why you two couldn’t have waited.” complained Mycroft as he adjusted his tie for the hundredth time.

“Biology, brother mine, there’s no arguing with it.” Sherlock smiled again. His first post-partum heat had arrived a week ago and while their family took care of the triplets Sherlock and John spent three marvellously sweaty days getting pregnant all over again. Scott had given them both a lecture about birth control which Sherlock had been taking but apparently to no effect. Now Sherlock and Mycroft both smelled heavily of imminent pups and both of them were getting admiring glances from the many visiting alphas who had gathered. Sherlock couldn’t help how he felt. He was so happy to be pregnant again even if it did mean he wouldn’t be able to nurse his triplets for as long as he wished. The boys were big and healthy though and at three months all of them were robust and full of energy.

“How can someone be immune to birth control?” complained Mycroft.

“I can’t explain it Mycroft, it’s just my luck I suppose.” Sherlock was grinning hugely. He had been so worried that his heat hadn’t come back. Each week he’d gone to see Doctor Trevor and Scott but
neither of them could find anything wrong with him, his heats just weren’t coming. His body had recovered almost immediately, seven days had seen Sherlock return nearly exactly to his pre-pregnancy state but after that his whole body seemed to go on hold and it had been very concerning.

Those who had known Sherlock before he had met John had been very surprised with the omega as he was now. Long gone was the emotionally compromised and insecure omega Sieger had raised. Now Sherlock was confident, controlled, responsive, and almost entirely incapable of stopping himself from deducing things. John had gotten him back into being a consulting detective, expressing milk for their children whenever they needed to work on cases, but with Mummy, Mrs. Hudson, Father, Molly, Mrs. Turner, Angelo, Harry, Clara, and even Mycroft and Greg on hand to take care of the boys Sherlock was able to not only solve cases but to finish his education in a few spots and scheduled in even more classes to catch up on his various studies. His instructors were impressed with his logical presentations and his ability to understand subtle nuances hidden from other people. Donovan and Anderson disliked Sherlock more than ever, their previous distaste for an unbonded omega now fully grown into a particular dislike for Sherlock specifically because no matter how he tried he could not stop insulting both of them whenever an encounter occurred but professionally at least they all respected one another or pretended to when Lestrade was around.

Lestrade was turning his division on its ear by bringing in omega to work cases as investigators and detectives. The senior ranks were agitated but could do nothing from the inclusion since nothing in their guidelines specifically prevented omega from working for the Met, they’d just never been given a chance before. It paid off almost immediately, omega had many increased senses that were of great use in the field and Sally became an advocate for omega rights on behalf of Anderson and had been shocked when Sherlock supplied letters of support from himself as well as John and Harry. After that Greg was allowed to hire whomever he felt fit his team the best no matter what their gender or sub-gender was. It was taking time but slowly employment policies everywhere were being re-worded to prevent exclusion of the once disregarded omega who dominated the work force.

Sherlock found his new status as a famous consulting detective to be highly annoying. People kept wanting to talk to him, it was getting on his nerves. He found himself strangely missing the days when he’d been nearly ostracized by all society. It had been lonely but at least he could focus on his work and experiments without the incessant blathering of a thousand different people! Sherlock counseled himself to patience. The questions he was most asked had to do with how individuals could advance themselves within their fields of interest. Sherlock was confused by this endlessly because the answer was so simple, “Just do it.” He didn’t get it. If you wanted to be a painter you should paint, if you wanted to be a teacher you should teach. He had wanted to be a detective so he’d done it. John smiled tolerantly at him and reminded Sherlock that not everyone had the same ability to move forward and that a few words of encouragement would do more help than harm and that Sherlock wouldn’t die from being persistently nice to people. Sherlock was doubtful but he heeded his alpha’s advice and tried to speak kindly to everyone.

It helped that everyone often preceded their questions with admiration for his children. It never got old. Sherlock couldn’t hear enough praise about his wonderful sons. He and John took them everywhere with them unless it was gory, and then they had plenty of helping hands that would look after them. Today their little ones were cradled in the proud arms of Father, Mummy, and Mrs. Hudson as they waited for the ceremony to begin. John was as doting a father as he was a husband and mate, so proud of his family that he bragged all the time about Sherlock, posting a blog specifically for stories about his omega that spread Sherlock’s fame around the world. Sherlock couldn’t stop him from doing it no matter how he complained. “You are the most fantastic person on the planet Sherlock, I can’t help wanting to show you off.” said John unapologetically.

Their lives were so busy. John didn’t return to medicine but continued to review training programs professionally, travelling all over Europe to provide his opinion on things. Sherlock worked all the
time. Once Mycroft and Greg were married there was the exciting business of their delivery which ended up happening so suddenly that the newest Lestrade was born at home just after midnight exactly nine months to the day from when her parents bonded. Sherrinford and Violet welcomed baby Lauren with as many tears of joy as they had shed for Sherlock’s sons, “Another alpha.” marveled Sherrinford, “Astounding.”

Sherlock was certain his next children would not only be female but omega as well. He was mostly right. He had all sons again, triplets once more despite the odds against conceiving multiples two times in a row, and these three were all omega. Erin, Gregor, and Harrison joined their three older brothers at Baker Street and two years later were joined by three more brothers, Samuel, Clarence, and Maximus, all beta.

Sherlock loved all his sons dearly but he never stopped wishing for a daughter. Greg and Mycroft had a son now as well, an omega, and little Timothy was the centre of little Lauren’s universe. They were walking through the park hand in hand, enjoying the sun and a rare afternoon off. Their boys were off with their grandparents and uncles so Sherlock and John decided to go on a date. “I want another baby.” he announced flatly.

John sighed, “You beat your goal by one. We have nine sons, are you sure you actually want another baby or do you just want a daughter?”

Sherlock sighed back and John took his hand as they strolled, “I want a daughter.” he admitted. Ten children was rather a lot but he still didn’t have a little girl. It was very tiring parenting nine rambunctious little warrior babies who were all certifiable geniuses but they had enough help that it wasn’t a crippling task. An additional child wouldn’t be any more of a challenge than the ones they already had. At this point they’d reached cruising speed in the world of parenting, the most difficult part of having more children would be keeping their names straight.

“Alright.” said John easily, simply strolling like it was any ordinary day.

“Alright?” questioned Sherlock sharply, “That’s all you are going to say?”

“Well I can hardly stop you from getting pregnant. We’ve been married for years now, we’ve seen exactly three regular heats and we got pregnant each time. The only time you don’t get pregnant is when you don’t go into heat and we can’t seem to predict when that’s going to happen.

That was true enough. Sherlock’s heats didn’t trigger on a regular cycle like other omega. He’d been examined by every specialist Scott and Victor could find, he’d even let Maxi take a look at his bloodwork to see if the finally retired scientist could understand but Maxi had shaken his head, “Your body is making up its own mind about conception. I’ve never seen anything like it. You’ve reacted to Blue Moon the way no one else has. I think it has to do with how Violet was forced to have you, whatever they gave her changed you somehow.”

Sherlock was something of a medical oddity. His ability to conceive multiples over and over again was remarkable. Despite bearing nine children Sherlock still looked like he was in his late thirties, his hair remorselessly black, his body still lean and flawless. His intellect had been honed to a fine edge after years of constant study but all the medical experts in the world couldn’t explain why Sherlock was so different from other Blue Moon bondees. It was like his transport had frozen in time, remaining unchanged despite the years that rolled by, and the matter of Sherlock’s fertility was of great interest to many. His bond with John had grown more sophisticated with time as they learned to read it and each other with greater ease and clarity. Scott mused several times that Sherlock and John were unusually tied to one another and perhaps the matter of their soul bond had something to do with his uniqueness. Their last triplets were over a year old now and Sherlock’s heat hadn’t come at all. Anyone else would have been worried but Sherlock felt deep inside that his body was simply
waiting for an opportune time to activate.

They strolled some more while Sherlock thought of the years that had passed and the criminals they had brought to justice. High crime was a rarity these days, nothing on the scale of the Great Purge had ever happened again. Sherlock thought back to Moriarty, Sebastian, and Mary. She hadn’t survived long, once she’d been incarcerated in a large holding facility it hadn’t taken much for the inmates to turn on her. She’d been killed and it had been uncertain what had done her in first because she had been beaten as well as poisoned and stabbed. There was a lot of rancor among inmates, all blaming each other for the downfall of their once luxurious lives, and Mary was as close to Moriarty as they could get themselves.

James and Sebastian had been blamed for much of what had happened in London but they had merely been capitalizing on a social situation that was already in place. If they’d had more time they would have become an almost unstoppable force, the network they dismantled had been widespread and on the verge of launching globally. Moriarty was the only omega who had been imprisoned and his heats were utilized as part of a system of punishments based on denial. Sebastian was always in a cell within scenting distance of Moriarty but each time his omega went into heat his cage was surrounded by various alphas who were permitted to see and smell him but never touch him. The omega was never allowed to mate and the alphas were never allowed to be satisfied by anyone but themselves. It was maddening and frustrating for all of them and not a single individual received a grain of sympathy from the outside world. Whatever friends they’d had on the outside had long since severed ties with the disgraced alphas of England.

Other countries in the European Union had checked themselves over to clean up the corruption that had spread and festered in disregarded corners. Disreputable alphas were arrested and oppressed omega freed, following in England’s footsteps as generations of decisions were overturned and equity for all became the norm. It wasn’t world peace but it was a large step forward. Sherlock looked at his alpha, “You don’t mind?”

“Why would I mind Sherlock? I love our children. We have no reason not to have more, you’re healthy, I’m not quite geriatric yet, I can probably at least lay there while you do all the work.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes as John joked about his age which was showing normally. John was silver all over now, his sandy blond hair now the highlight, and his face, already well-worn and expressive had become even more deeply painted and Sherlock adored each and every line on his alpha’s face.

“Very amusing John but if that’s what it takes to get a little girl then very well, try not to snore too much while I impregnate myself upon you.” John giggled. The years hadn’t taken anything away from how precious that sound was. Sherlock put his arm around his beloved and kissed the top of John’s head, “You are far from geriatric my love, why just last week I practically had to fight to keep you.”

John blushed scarlet as Sherlock reminded him of the young omega who in the flush of his first heat had hit on John extravagantly right in front of Sherlock, “I don’t see your name on him.” exclaimed the hormonal youth who hadn’t realized his first heat was coming and had gone out for the day.

“As a matter of fact my name is on him.” said Sherlock coldly and tugged up John’s sleeve a tiny bit to show the young man who had stuttered out an apology before being led away by friends to somewhere safer than the streets of London.

“He was just a kid!” exclaimed John, “Even if I had been single what in the world would I have done with a kid that young?” He tugged his sleeve back down. Sherlock loved John’s tattoo. It had grown over the years to include new trios of bees with every pregnancy. John and Father had designed and inked on other small images to commemorate big moments in their lives, their nieces
and nephews had cousin bees on John’s arm, and John had seen fit to fill each empty cell of the honeycomb with tiny alpha, omega, and beta symbols. After the Purge was over John had the cover of *Omega* worked into the tattoo as well. It had played a significant part in the biggest social revolution the country had ever experienced and John understood better than most how important it was. John occasionally counselled alphas of all ages, helping them overcome a lifetime of untoward training that no one would tolerate any longer. It wasn’t their fault that their parents had taught them to be abusive, most of them had resisted as much as they were able and gratefully listened to alphas like John and learned a better way.

Sherlock sniffed sharply. His temper still wasn’t entirely healed over that incident. Seriously, who in London didn’t know John Watson belonged to Sherlock Holmes? The young man may have been entering his first heat but as far as Sherlock was concerned that was hardly an excuse to flirt with an obviously married man. “I’m sure I wouldn’t know.” he said in clipped tones.

John stopped walking and looked up at Sherlock, “I’m old enough to be his father,” he said, “I’m almost too old to be a father.” he winked over at Sherlock, “I’m already mated to a young, attractive, sexy individual, I don’t even need to look, why would I?” John pulled Sherlock close, “Want to go home and practice making babies? Obviously I’m doing it wrong; I seem to be stuck on making just boys.”

“Oh I suppose John.” said Sherlock with a glint in his eye. He was getting what he wanted and that always made him happy. John was very good at keeping Sherlock happy. When they worked on cases together John always let Sherlock take the lead, comfortably following behind, his awe with Sherlock’s mental prowess undimmed no matter how many times Sherlock displayed his uncanny skills. Sherlock’s abilities had increased as his knowledge expanded. John had kept encouraging Sherlock to pursue his interests and since he had been on bed rest for weeks on end during all of his pregnancies Sherlock had plenty of time to study. He had a particular love for chemistry but he didn’t neglect the other sciences, finding value in every sort of knowledge. John stuck to medicine and being amazing.

John managed to flag down a taxi and they went directly back to Baker Street. It was always a delight to take advantage of their rare date opportunities. Making love in the daytime was an opportunity to be savored so they shut themselves away and did exactly that. John was the only one unsurprised when Sherlock’s scent changed the very next day, “You wanted another baby.” he said with a shrug, “If anyone was going to beat the odds and get pregnant between heats it was going to be you.” Omega of course could get pregnant between heats but it wasn’t common. Sherlock was very satisfied with his transport. Four weeks into his latest pregnant he went to see Matilda. “We’re going to have to write you up in the medical journals,” she said acerbically, “How you are managing this we’ll never know.”

“Triplets again?” he asked and she nodded. “Twelve children.” she nodded again. “Has John regained consciousness?” Matilda looked down at the floor where John had slithered down in a shocked faint and shook her head, “Well, I didn’t hear him hit his head, he’ll be fine. Printout if you please Matilda.”

When John recuperated he stood next to Sherlock and stared at the three blurry blobs on the page, “I feel like the very first time you got pregnant.”

“You didn’t faint the first time.” reminded Sherlock.

“No I didn’t.” John kept looking at the printout, “Girls this time?”

“They will be girls.” said Sherlock firmly and told his transport that it better not make him a liar because he wanted daughters and he wasn’t afraid of having fifteen children if he needed to get
pregnant again.

They were girls.

Nine months later Sherlock and John were once again delivering their babies at Baker Street. Mummy and Mycroft had come and picked up the Mongrel Horde and taken them away so Sherlock could labor in peace without needing to find someone’s missing socks, or being asked for another bowl of cereal, or any of the thousand small requests they got from all their children every single day. “Oh god, she’s here!” said John as he stood behind Sherlock, helping him with their first little girl, “She’s gorgeous love, just gorgeous.”

Their second and third daughters were born in the fine Watson-Holmes tradition of being right behind one another. Sherlock had gotten better at delivering, he’d had a lot of practice, and even though his little girls were in a rush he didn’t allow them to simply barrel ride out his body. All of them had flaming red hair and unlike all of Sherlock’s previous births he had given birth to one alpha, one omega, and one beta. “Amazing.” said John, besotted once again with his newborns. “Welcome Viola.” Sherlock named his daughters as he had named their sons, with a kiss, “Welcome Myca,” he picked up his last daughter, “Welcome Martha.”

Sherlock lay back and was content. He knew these were the last children he would bear and he was fine with that. He was absolutely satisfied with his life and wanted nothing more than to live it while he and John watched their babies grow and flourish. They would do The Work until they couldn’t do it anymore. There were still crimes to solve, puzzles to untangle, but before then there were diapers to change and small minds to shape. It was important work and Sherlock looked forward to all of it because John was with him, and together they could do anything. Their love was strong, their bond was unique, and for the rest of their days Sherlock and John lived in a state of ongoing happiness.

Chapter End Notes

It seems so soon but this story is finally over. Thank you so much for following along with such devotion and for giving me your words of encouragement or praise. I really appreciate the fact that practically no one pointed out my spelling errors. I ninja'd my way back and tried to find all of them so yeah. I am taking a very short breather and then I will be posting the first chapter in my new exciting adventure so I hope everyone will join me for that as well. I can be followed on Tumblr at distantstarlight.tumblr.com and I have no problem with people sharing my work everywhere. I hope everyone enjoyed this AU and that it came across as at least plausible and was lacking in substantial plot-holes. Toward the end of this fic I was MIGHTLY distracted and that just didn't work for my creative drive so with any luck that won't happen again any time soon. Love to all! Thank you again.

I have created an email account so people can contact me easier. Feel free to send me a few words at distantstarlight@hotmail.com
Please feel free to comment, it's very inspirational for writers to see their work reflected in other people's reactions.

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