Pu-erh

by okapi

Summary

Now Complete. Epilogue No. 2: The Naughty Box. More of John's fantasy sex club, Sherlock reveals a fantasy of her own, and the Naughty Box is the start of something unexpected.

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Sherlock's consulting in the farthest reaches of the Gamma Quadrant when John goes into heat. As she races to her Omega's side, she employs the use of a robot—an Alpha prototype of her own creation—to initiate John's heat. Fem!Johnlock omegaverse set in a Star-Trekesque Universe with a rogue robot.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

“Not much,” said John, shrugging, “Tidying quarters—“

“Did you touch my things?!?” Flared nostrils and flashing mercurial grey eyes filled the screen on the wall.

John huffed. “No, Sherlock, I dusted around the gizmos and gadgets and spare parts in your workshop.”

One eyebrow rose; a ribbon mouth frowned.

“It’s space, John. The final frontier. You don’t need to dust. There is no dust to dust.”

“Figuratively-speaking. I straightened things. Cleaned a bit.”

“Did you bin anything?!?”

John glared at the screen, lips pursed. “You mean the pail of dirt labelled ‘THIS IS NOT DIRT. BIN UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH!’ Really, Sherlock! You threaten like a child!”

“You tidy like a mother!” countered Sherlock. “It isn’t dirt. It is soil from Talos IV, one of the most unique mineral composition in the galaxy, most notable for its unusually high concentration of…”

“Oh, I am sorry, soil, not dirt…”

“And after last time…an entire month of research…flushed down the bloody cosmic loo!”

“So, how’s the case?” asked John quickly, averting her gaze.

Sherlock stopped short. Her eyes surveyed John’s face and then softened. She tapped the fingers of one hand to her lips and looked sideways.

“Interesting. The two-day journey as well. The Reichenbach Wormhole lives up to its reputation. Perilous, but our ship passed relatively unscathed…”

“Well, there was one casualty,” whispered John. She touched the juncture of her neck and shoulder where Sherlock’s teeth marks had faded.

“John.”

“Hmm?” John rubbed the back of her neck and looked everywhere but the screen.

“The Reichenbach Wormhole may have erased our bond. It did not, however, annihilate my powers of observation. What. Is. Wrong?”

John inhaled loudly.

“I-have-a-craving-for-pu-erh-tea!”

Sherlock’s jaw locked.

John’s voice cracked. “It-it-it could be nothing. It could be a false signal. It could be…”

“…your heat arriving fifteen days prematurely,” finished Sherlock in the eerie, portentous tone
usually reserved for announcing the first significant clue of a case. “Did you order any?”

John shook her head. “I thought if I ignored it….”

“Really, John. Doing the same thing over and over and expecting different results is the definition of insanity.”

John stared at her, incredulously.

“Read it on Lestrade’s coffee mug.”

John’s lips twitched; then she bowed her head and studied the tip of her boot. “I asked Stamford for an assessment,” she said quietly.

“In the sickbay?!”

John rolled her eyes. “Give me *some* credit, Sherlock. If I am in pre-heat, I am not going to risk leaving quarters. I asked her to stop by at the end of her shift.”

Sherlock nodded. She rose from her chair and began to pace, ruffling her hair with two hands.

“Contact me with her findings.”

“Okay. May be nothing.” John forced a weak smile. She touched her fingers to lips and then to the screen, pressing a kiss to image of Sherlock striding back and forth like a caged tiger. “Watson, out.” The screen went dark. John slumped forward and buried her face in her hands.

Sherlock touched the blank screen and brought her fingers to her lips. “Holmes, out,” she whispered and resumed her pacing.

One hour later, Sherlock was still in motion.

“I have six to eight hours before heat commences,” said John gravely.

Sherlock sighed. “Even using the fastest method of transport, with no re-fuelling and no difficulty navigating the Reichenbach Wormhole, it will be at least twenty-four hours until I’m within teleporting range. Thirty if I travel the entire journey.”

“The simplest solution is to check myself into a facility.”

“And share your heat with a surrogate!” Sherlock shook her head violently; dark tendrils escaped the twisted pile on top of her head. “The idea of you being with another Alpha is intolerable, John. You’re an unbonded Omega…”

“I wouldn’t *bond* with him or her or it, Sherlock. Those facilities have rules, contracts.”

“Yes, and breaking those rules, those contracts, is the stuff of those lurid romance stories that you favour. *Tales of Forbidden Omega Love!*” Sherlock huffed. “Really, John! The one about the *lagoon*!”

“Snooping in my reading queue is not on.” Both knew the protest to be feeble and futile.

“The possibilities, the probabilities, ugh!” spat Sherlock. A wayward curl sprung loose from its binding and settled in the middle of her forehead.
“Sherlock, the alternative is to order a supply of toys and initiate a heat quarantine here, in quarters, by myself. For me, even the best toys are poor substitutes for an actual Alpha. And I’ll be alone. The heat will be prolonged and frustrating. And there’s no guarantee that I’ll be cognizant enough to lower the quarantine shield when you arrive. And only the Omega that initiates it can. How will I even know when you arrive?” John’s final question was directed more at herself than the screen.

“True,” conceded Sherlock. “Either way, I won’t be able to communicate directly with you.” She stood still and looked straight at the screen. “The heat quarantine will block all outside transmissions to quarters, and a facility, well, I’ll risk being sanctioned—“

“Imprisoned,” corrected John, not raising her head.

“Mycro. Sanctioned,” argued Sherlock. “—if I even attempt any kind of contact before your heat is ended.”

“I prefer a facility. It’ll be quicker, safer in some ways. Security staff, medical staff, in case there are complications. You don’t even have to return now. You can finish the case, and by the time you arrive, it’ll all be over. We’ll re-bond during my next heat and pretend nothing happened.”

John swallowed loudly and looked up, finally meeting Sherlock’s eyes.

Sherlock flew at the screen, drops of spit splattered the image. Her words tumbled out in a posh sneer.

“You! Are! Mad! You must have already drank quarts of that foul, smoky elixir because you are high if you think I’ll be happily working a case while my Omega is getting fondled and fucked six ways from Sunday by some sweaty ignoramus with a metre-long cock!

“How quintessential Alpha! I am an Omega! Going into heat! I want you, but if I can’t have you, I want a real Alpha, not a silicone facsimile! I don’t want to breathe in some manufactured pheromone spray, resisting the urge to claw my skin off or vomit while my cunt fucks on auto-pilot! At a facility, I can select a partner, one that I find attractive—“

“—which, if your past is any predictor, could be anyone from three quadrants of the known galaxy —“

“—with a reasonable-sized cock—“

“—who’ll be touching you, inside you, hearing your moans, feeling you clench—“

“—with some skill, some intelligence, some charm, not, of course, the same as,” John waved toward the screen, “but some—“

“—who, once they smell you, won’t at all try to renegotiate the terms and take the tiniest nibble—“

“I AM AN OMEGA, SHERLOCK! I WANT AN ALPHA! MY ALPHA!” John was on her feet, shouting. She threw her hands in the air and cried despondently, “ANY ALPHA!”

Sherlock roared back, “I AM AN ALPHA, JOHN! I WANT MY OMEGA TO STAY MINE. HOW CAN I DO THAT IF YOU BOND WITH ANOTHER?! EVEN I WON’T BE ABLE TO FIX THAT! I’M A PROPER GENIUS, NOT A GODDAMN SORCERER!”

Both sets of eyes shone with tears. John blinked first.

The vein at Sherlock’s temple throbbed, but her voice was even when she spoke.
“You are not a typical Omega, John.”

John pressed the heels of her hands into her eyes. Between sniffs, she mumbled, “Our bond is more than teeth marks and pheromones, Sherlock.” She wiped her tears away.

Both crumpled into their respective chairs.

Sherlock closed her eyes tightly and then opened them. “Something you said.” She was up, pacing anew. “Facsimile, facsimile, it’s not ready, but it might work, with alterations, changing some code, upgrading the...maybe, maybe even...Is there time? Maybe. I hate ‘maybe.’”

“What is it, Sherlock?”

“A variation on the latter option that may ease some of your discomfiture. And mine.”

John raised an eyebrow.

“My workshop.”

John drew off the drape. “Oh, Sherlock! It’s a robot!”

“Android,” corrected Sherlock. “Gynoid. Well, a little bit of both. Let’s not be pedantic.”

“...but it’s you,” said John with awe.

And so it was.

The naked figure standing before John was a replica of the galaxy’s only consulting detective: same tall, lean frame; same cut-glass cheekbones and aquiline nose surrounded by a riot of brunette curls. John touched the hair. Then she leaned up and buried her nose in it.

“You didn’t shave your head because of a chemical fire. I know this. This is yours.”

Sherlock nodded, smirking.

John touched the alabaster skin of a hairless arm. It was cool, the way she had erroneously imagined Sherlock’s to be before she knew better.

“It’ll warm up once it’s turned on.”

“Don’t we all?!” said John dryly. She looked at the screen with a raised eyebrow.

“John,” said Sherlock. “You have my consent, my permission, my leave, my bloody blessing.”

John cupped one breast in her hand and nodded. “Very...life-like.” She cleared her throat, then looked down at the cock that hung flaccid between the legs.

“How in the hell did you manage...?”

“Synthetic erectile tissue. My own formula. It can knot, ejaculate.”

“What, I press a button?”

“Like in a humanoid Alpha, its pheromone levels will fluctuate in response to yours. That’s one of the critical features I want to ensure is working properly.”
“PEROMONES?! Sherlock! You barely escaped sanction the last time the Federation Scientific Council caught you cloning pheromones!”

“Preposterous idea that I was trying to create a master race! And enslave hapless Omegas! It was merely expedient to use my own pheromones in the initial experiments! How was I to know that I would be so successful?! Well, I guess I should have seen that coming. But, no. In this case, it’s like perfume. The base notes are my own but the top notes are distinct. Still Alpha, of course; still Holmes, probably; but not an exact clone of mine. Similar enough, though, that I think your body will find it familiar and respond positively.”

“Like fucking your cousin. Or Mycroft?” John teased.

“Like my cousin. Distant cousin.” said Sherlock coolly.

“What would it be pumping into me? I’m on contraception, but…”

“Synthetic ejaculate. No live sperm. Hypoallergenic.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want to break out in hives. Or worse.”

“I introduced it into your body wash for three days, and you had no reaction.”

John’s eyes widened.

“I used it on myself first! And remember the free sample of mango-flavoured lubricant?”

John rubbed a hand slowly down the front of her face. “I like mangos,” she mumbled.

“I know,” said Sherlock.

“You think she’ll be ready to go in six to eight hours?”

Sherlock bit her lip and looked uncharacteristically modest. “I think so. I want to make a few changes and conduct quite a bit of testing, but hook it into the main power and telecom sites, and I’ll have a definitive answer in a couple of hours.”

“I’ll make a reservation at a facility and order some toys and tea. And we’ll see. But, I’m open to trying.”

“Fair enough,” said Sherlock.

John moved to close the screen and then stopped. “But, Sherlock I had no idea that you were this far along in your tinkering. What was the original point of this? Surely not to initiate in my heat when you were away on a case a gazillion light years away.”

Sherlock shrugged. “Part of it was pure intellectual challenge, but there are a lot of instances, especially in our more dangerous and delicate cases, where having a facsimile of myself would have been advantageous.”

“True. Might have helped with the one with the aluminium crutch. Anyway, I trust you, Sherlock, and, from what you’re telling me, this just might work. But I’m going to sort out a plan B and C, just in case.” John brushed her fingers across her lips and walked to the wall, pressing a kiss to the screen. “Watson, out.”

“Holmes, out,” said Sherlock, touching the blank screen and then her lips.
When John returned to the workshop, the Alpha figure was clad in a standard Starfleet uniform.

“Results are better than anticipated,” said Sherlock excitedly. “Feel under its left arm pit for a mole.”


“Fine.” Rapid clicking. “Just let me change a bit of code.”

John ran her fingers under the left arm and pushed the raised nub she found there. The Alpha’s eyes flew open.

“Green. You gave her green eyes. Your eyelashes?”

“Mmm. Tedium waiting for them to fall out on their own and collecting them, but I wasn't prepared to lose them wholesale.”

“Hello,” said the Alpha.

“Hello,” said John, smiling.

“What’s your pheromone level now?” asked Sherlock.

“5.6, as of, 10 minutes ago. Stamford left me some extra test kits.”

“Let’s see if she can read you.” More clicking. “Yes, yes. Good. Now, let’s see if you can read her.”

John closed her eyes and inhaled deeply. “Can I ever? You’re right. She smells like you, but, not. Not heavy and cloying like Mycroft either. Interesting. Good. Yeah, I feel myself…for lack of a better word…loosening.”

“Good. Some limitations: the production of bodily fluids. Outside of ejaculate, very little. Sweat is non-existent, and saliva limited compared to a humanoid. If you find your own amount of natural lubricant insufficient, you—or she—will need to provide it externally.”

“Not a problem. I got plenty of lube. And once the heat gets underway, I’ll probably be a bloody faucet. Will my own bodily fluids short-circuit her systems?”

“No.”

“Am I going to have to re-charge her?”

“No. Her current power supply should last for at least ten days.”

“If I’m in heat for ten days, I will have bigger problems than her running out of juice.”

“Precisely. Her conduct is based on a complex set of algorithms that I’ve tailored to the occasion. Her prime directive is your pleasure...”

“Hello,” purred John. She threw a glance at the screen behind her. “Nice.”

“With a secondary directive as your safety. She will not harm you. She will destroy herself first. She can think, she can learn, she can reason. There’s an emergency power-down switch, a ‘kill’ button, if you will, under her right armpit.”

John nodded slowly. “Shall we have a test run?”
“By all means.”

John brought her arms up slowly, encircling the Alphas’s neck. Their lips touched. And touched again. Two arms wrapped around John’s waist and turned her so she faced the screen. Then the figure bent to brush her lips at the nape of John’s neck, where collar met skin.

“A little dry, like you said, but soft. Not bad. Not bad at all. Smells good. If the cock works…we may have a winner.”

“Here’s the real difference, John. She’s not just an artificially-intelligent vibrator.” Hands turned John back around; then she wasn’t staring into green eyes, but rather very familiar grey ones.

“Sherlock?!”

“Exactly.”

John looked over her shoulder at the screen. Sherlock wore a heavy black helmet.

One finger touched John’s chin and while another set tangled in her hair, two gestures so recognizable that John cried out. “Sherlock, Sherlock.” John felt strong arms around her as she closed her eyes and nuzzled.

“This is how we will by-pass the heat quarantine. The Alpha operates on a unique frequency, one that only I will be able to access; transmissions will pass unnoticed by the security system. The limitation is that I can’t do this often or for prolonged periods of time, because it requires too many energy cells, especially when I am shuttling back to base. So, I can’t spend the entire heat with you, but I will check on you, periodically, to ensure you’re safe and well.”

“Can you feel me?” John asked.

“No. If I had a full body suit, it would be possible, but I only brought the helmet. I didn’t foresee the need for it. Nevertheless, I can see you and directly control the Alpha’s movements. For a time.”

“So you’ll be able to let me know when you’ve returned.”

“Yes, and talk you through lowering the quarantine security provisions.”

John nodded. “It just might work.” She looked up, and green eyes had reappeared. On the screen, Sherlock was removing the helmet.

“Wait a minute, Sherlock. How are you getting back? Is there a ship headed this way?”

“I bought a shuttlepod.”

John stared at the screen, mouth open.

“First of all, you’re traveling back from the farthest reaches of the Gamma Quadrant, traversing the Reichenbach Wormhole, in a shuttlepod. That’s like going down a waterfall in a barrel! Secondly, you bought a shuttlepod? Are you sure you didn’t appropriate it? Borrow, without notifying the current owner, of course?”

“I paid the Ferengi full price for it. It’s mine.”

“You mean you paid twice as much as it’s worth; I’m sure he was thrilled about that.”

“I’ve never seen anything like it. It’s perfect, called a Belstaff.”
“Never heard of it. New model?”

“One-of-a-kind. Black, sleek, fast, tough. Holds large stores of extra fuel and energy cells. Must have been Romulan at one point because it has a cloaking device built-in, impressive phaser array, shields, everything, John. I plan to bring it back. Make a space for it in the shuttlebay.”

John crossed her arms. “You look cool in it is what you’re saying.”

Sherlock huffed. “It’s perfect for my work. You’ll see.”

“Right, right. There room for two in this masterpiece of space engineering?”

“Of course. I shan’t repeat myself again: it’s perfect. Moving on. I want to try beaming into the Alpha once the heat quarantine shields are up, as one final test before I launch.”

“I might be at a 6 now. I’ll need to test at a 6.5 to initiate a quarantine.”

“Let’s see what I can do about that,” said the Alpha. Then she picked John up and carried her to the far wall, pinning her feet off the floor with firm hips and kissing her neck.

“Hello, hello,” said John, holding onto the Alpha’s shoulders and looking at the screen on the wall. “You’ve given her superior strength—and a slight Irish accent.”

“In case the tedious Federation Scientific Council became aware of her existence, I wanted additional argument that she wasn’t an exact clone of me. I see no reason to change it. You like Yeats, Wilde…”

“How romantic! I like uh-uh-uh that right there.” The Alpha ground her hips into John’s in a slight figure-8. “Christ, you smell good.” John licked behind the Alpha’s ear and slipped a hand between their two bodies. “And she’s responding,” she said to Sherlock. The Alpha gripped under John’s legs and lifted her thighs. “Yeah, yeah, that’s good. We will be revisiting this, my friend.”

“Accent and eye colour notwithstanding, John, I find that watching you, get fucked by me, is not without its…appeal. Something for future thought.”

John laughed. “Noted. I don’t need a test to tell me that I’m definitely at a 7, at least. I want tea and to get out of this uniform, in that order.” The Alpha set John gently on the floor. John walked to the screen. “I love you, you brilliant, gorgeous git. Come back to me in one piece. Watson, out.” She touched her lips and then the screen and then flicked the screen closed.

“Ready?” asked John.

The Alpha nodded. They walked to the quarter’s entrance. John scanned her retina on the security panel and began tapping buttons. She placed her hand flat on the small blue screen. More tapping. Suddenly stripes of blue laser spanned the entranceway and curved along the outer wall. She turned to face the Alpha.

“There we go.”

“John.” Grey eyes looked back at her.

“It worked!”

John ran to the open arms. Then she was off the floor again and being spun around.

“I’ll be home soon,” said Sherlock. John nodded; her feet slipped to the floor. “And know, there is
nothing that I would not do for you.” They kissed and Sherlock whispered, “Holmes, out.”

John stepped away from the Alpha. She rocked back and forth on her feet and rubbed the back of her neck.

“This feels sort of like a first date; I’m a little nervous, to be honest.”

“I think I’m going to get lucky tonight!” said the Alpha, with a silly expression. It was the type that Sherlock used when she was pretending not to be Sherlock, to be ordinary, for a case.

John burst out laughing. “She gave you a sense of humour! Extraordinary. Let’s have tea. Well, you can watch me have tea.”

As they moved to the galley, the Alpha said, “My prime directive is your pleasure. An essential factor in your pleasure is your comfort with what is arguably a new—and possibly disturbing—situation. Jocularity is an effective dissolvent of tension. Ice-breaking.”

“Now, that sounds like Sherlock. I forgot to ask her what to call you. ‘Sherlock’ isn’t appropriate; although, in all frankness, it might slip out. In the heat of the moment, ugh, horrible pun. Excuse that. And the other, when it happens. If it happens.”

“Not a problem. I am a multi-gender, organically-enhanced, remote-managed, intelligent, Alpha, rationale-driven, terran-Vulcan-facsimile, version-Y.”

“Doesn’t exactly roll off the tongue.”

“How about Moriarty?”

“Hmm. Okay. Nice to meet you, Moriarty.”

John held out her hand. Moriarty shook it.

“The pleasure is mine. Not actually. The pleasure is yours.”

John laughed. “This is going to work out perfectly.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The heat commences.

John and Moriarty sat across from each other in the galley at a small picnic-like table flanked by two benches.

John drank tea.


“Yes,” said John. “And at any other time, it would be my last choice for tea. It has a smoky, nasty flavour. But, for some reason, during my heat, it’s all I want.” John shrugged. “I prefer it hot, but in the frenzy of the heat, I’ll even drink it cold.” She nodded toward the far counter, where two large clear canisters of light brown liquid sat. “I made some ahead of time. We’ll take it to the sleeping chamber and keep it with the other supplies. Toys, lube, lots of linen, some plain drinking water, biscuits, and other nibbles.”

Moriarty rose and went to the food counter. She tapped some buttons on the screen. There was a loud whoosh and she slid the small door aside.

“What’s that?” asked John.

“Fresh mango.”

“Ha! Nice. Yeah, bring that, too.”

Moriarty held out an orange cube of fruit, offering it to John. John took it in her mouth and chewed.

“Damn, that’s good.” She smiled.

“The act of feeding and being fed is one of the trust. Trust-building is key to share moments of physical and emotional intimacy.”

John nodded. “Lucky for you, I’m used to sharing my life with an Alpha that knows too much. And talks like that.” She threw back the dregs of her tea.

“Shall we?”

“Yes.”

“This detaches,” said John, grabbing one end of a low bookcase laden with supplies. “Let’s move it closer to the bed, just out of arm’s reach. Not so close that we kick something over, but believe it or not, when we’re hooked together, even walking across the room presents a challenge.” Moriarty took the other end, and they rolled it parallel to the bed.
John stood up, in front of Moriarty. She clenched and unclenched her hands at her sides and rocked back and forth on her feet. She rubbed the back of her head.

“Now, I guess, umm...you show me yours, I show you mine.”

“That expression refers to phalluses. You do not have a phallus,” said Moriarty.

“No. I’d be a pretty unusual Omega if I did. Attempt at humour. Poor. Uhhh…”

“Perhaps this will aide,” said Moriarty, approaching the room control and tapping buttons.

Suddenly the room was flooded with a gravely male voice crooning.

*I JUST WANT TO HOLD YOU...RUN MY FINGERS THROUGH YOUR HAIR!*

John laughed out loud. She turned away from Moriarty and rubbed her hand down her face, giggling.

“Premature?” asked Moriarty, frowning.

“Yes, premature, just a tad. But music is a good idea. That, *that,*” said John as the fabric covering her back parted and she felt lips touching exposed skin, “is an even better one. Yeah.” The lips and tongue were soft, exploring every centimetre of her. John made to pull the garment off her shoulders; a hand stopped her.

“I would very much like to demonstrate my skill and prowess as your heat companion. Allow me to undress you.”

John shuddered. “Yeah, I’d like that.” And then the lips were at John’s lower back, mouthing, feasting on skin. And then the uniform was being peeled off John’s shoulders. “I hate this uniform,” muttered John. Moriarty kissed the side of John’s neck and ran an exploratory tongue down to the tip of her shoulder. The sleeves were pulled off John’s arms, and the top half of the uniform drooped at her waist. Moriarty circled the globe of John’s shoulder with lips and tongue. She scraped her teeth along the skin. The wetness grew between John’s legs. Moriarty moved to the other side of John’s neck. She repeated her kissing, licking, and grazing of teeth until she reached the scar.

“At least I don’t have to worry about you being squeamish about the scar,” said John.

Moriarty stopped.

“This is to be revered,” she said solemnly, nodding to the mangled flesh.

“Revered?” asked John.

“It means to show devotion and honour to something…”

“Yeah, I know what the word means…I just didn’t know…I mean I never realized…that *that* was what she…it’s not the way people normally react…” John’s gaze drifted to the wall as thoughts crowded in. She was vaguely aware of being led to the bed and guided into Moriarty’s lap until she was straddling her. Moriarty’s mouth was at her cleavage.

“I’ve mis-stepped. Again. As with the music.”

John was jolted out of her musings. “No, love, no. I just need to get my head in the game, so to speak.”
“Sport reference. Means to concentrate.”

“Yes. And stop comparing you and your maker.” John smiled at her.

“Understandable, given the physical resemblance and my role in these…proceedings.”

“Understandable, maybe. Helpful in seeing my way through this heat? Nyet.” John took a deep breath and closed her eyes. She shook her head as if to physical clear the spider threads of her thoughts. Then she opened them and smiled. “Alright.”

“John.” The voice was strong and commanding, and John responded like the once and always soldier that she was. Her body tensed and she focused on the green, glinting eyes.

“Your pleasure is my prime directive.”

“Yes,” said John softly, melting into the arms that encircled her waist.

The cadence was slower the second time, and the pitch lower, like a just-woke dragon’s rumble or a dark sorcerer spell-casting.


A surprised gasp was all John could manage as Moriarty’s mouth clamped onto her nipple, sucking hard. Her tongue teased the nub in circular strokes until it pebbled; her nose nuzzled the under her breast to her cleavage; her lips trailed up under John’s arm, only to return to the nipple and ravage it anew. Each sensations followed the other in rapid succession, and John felt herself wanting more and more. She buried her face in the top of Moriarty’s head, breathing in the scent of her hair, feeling the soft curls against her nose and cheek. Moriarty licked across the valley between John’s breasts and flicked the other nipple with her tongue. She kissed the other bud, swollen in symmetrical response, and then covered it with her mouth, sucking with a slow rhythm that made John groan aloud.

“Lovely,” John moaned, carding her fingers in Moriarty’s hair and massaging scalp. Her hips began to cant, and the heat, the need, the want between her legs increased.

“Off,” she choked, pulling at the heavy fabric at her waist. She noted the dark stain at the crotch of the uniform as Moriarty pulled the garment down. She stepped out of it, and when Moriarty returned to the edge of the bed, John clawed at the Alpha’s uniform. “Off,” she urged.

She knew in a far corner of her mind that it wasn’t real skin, but it was soft and warm, and she rubbed herself against it like a feral animal, scenting its mate. The scent was, at once, familiar and new. Familiar made it welcoming and new, well, new made it exciting and worthy of her own exploration. John found herself wanting to drown in the aroma. She ran a hand down Moriarty’s torso, fondling her breast awkwardly, feeling the musculature of her abdomen, until she cried out.

“You’re hard.”

“How could I fail to be? I am an Alpha, enveloped by the scent of an Omega in heat. John,” John looked down into green eyes blown black, “I want very much to fuck you.”

John shivered with anticipation at the word fuck. “Yeah, me, too. Let me feel you first.” Moriarty held John’s waist firm as she reached around for the lube. She poured some in her hand and began to stroke Moriarty’s cock.

This was no vibrator, no dildo, no sex toy, at least it was like none John had ever felt. “Christ, it feels so real.” Thick base, tapering to a head with a slit, sponge-like firmness encased in soft skin. “This is
“going to feel so good inside me.” Moriarty rubbed her head against John’s neck.

“John. Please.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m ready.” The dampness was already trickling down John’s thighs. “Let’s try it the old-fashioned way before we start with the acrobatics.” John scooted to the centre of the bed and opened her legs.

“Old-fashioned meaning missionary position.”

“Yes, yes.”

Moriarty followed and placed the tip of her cock at John’s entrance. And in spite of the swirling pheromone cocktail in the air, despite her body’s urgent demands, John felt a pang of trepidation.

“I will not harm you,” said Moriarty plainly.

John pushed the worry aside. “I know, I know. Come on.”

John threw her head back, closed her eyes, let out a long, low moan as Moriarty entered her. John’s knees rose instinctively, and her internal muscles clenched around the cock. When Moriarty was fully sheathed inside John, John grabbed Alpha’s buttocks and held her there.

“Stay, just a bit.”

Moriarty bent to lick at John’s temple, at her cheek, at the bone of her jaw.

“Sherlock!” Grey eyes looked down at her. John smiled. “S’good. She’s good. How are you?”

“Making excellent time. I should be at the entrance to the Reichenbach Wormhole in four hours.”

“Good.”

John bucked her hips slightly, and Sherlock began to thrust.

“Sherlock,” she mewled, not sure exactly what she was asking for.


Sensations were building inside John, threatening to erupt and consume her. She jerked her head side to side. “No. No. No. It’s too much. It’s too much.”

Sherlock tented her arms around John’s face. “Look at me.” John’s eyes focused on the face that hovered above her and felt her body unwind. “Let. Go.”

“Oh, oh, oh!” The first wave of pleasure ripped through John. She dug her fingers in Sherlock’s back and rose up off the bed. She fell back against the sheets, panting. Sherlock slipped out of her.

“Am I always this much of a nervous nelly at the beginning? How in the hell did I ever fuck across three quadrants?”

“The latter is not a part of your personal history on which I care to speculate or dwell. But as to the
former, yes. And you always turn into a shameless, insatiable minx very soon after the first coupling. And you usually suffer from an imperfect, pheromone-induced amnesia when it’s over.” Sherlock’s smile was warm—despite the fact that it was an oft-repeated reassurance. She ran protective, tender hands over John’s face and neck and chest.

John closed her eyes and turned on her side. “I’m glad you’re here,” she murmured into the bedding.

Sherlock curled behind her and whispered. “I wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

John dozed contentedly.

Though only minutes had passed, John knew that green eyes would be watching her when she rose. She felt the full flush of the heat upon her and pushed up onto hands and knees. Moriarty uncurled from her position across from John and mirrored her movement.

Then John threw her a wicked smile and approached, sniffing her neck and licking it lightly, then moving to her shoulder. She buried her nose under Moriarty’s arm pit and licked. She licked down Moriarty’s side, marvelling at Sherlock’s attention to detail: there were even rib-like undulations in the flank. When she nuzzled between the Alpha’s legs and gave a quick lick of the flaccid cock, Moriarty growled softly.

And then they were four-legged beasts, tussling across the bed, playfully nipping and licking. Each half-heartedly pinning the other to the mattress, and after several giggle-filled moments, allowing the pinned to break free. John squealed as Moriarty grabbed her by the waist and slung her across the sheets.

John stopped, panting, on her knees. She took Moriarty’s head in two hands and kissed her softly.

“No reason why this shouldn’t be fun,” said John

“No reason at all,” replied Moriarty.

They returned to their play. John pressed Moriarty face-down into the bedding and covered the Alpha’s prone body with her own. She pushed the long hair aside and nuzzled the nape of her neck, running a hand down her back. “Mmm,” hummed John, appreciating the porcelain skin and the raven tresses scattered wildly. “This Omega likes this Alpha very much.” She bent down and pinched one round buttock between her teeth.

Moriarty wiggled her arse in response. Then she turned over on her back; she curled one hand behind her head and smiled. John rose up on her knees beside her and trailed her fingers down Moriarty’s neck. The Alpha arched in response to the touch. Then John explored her breasts and belly and half-hard cock. Then she put her hands on her own hips and smirked.

Moriarty answered the suggestive look by reaching down with her free hand and tugged gently on her cock.

“This Alpha wants this Omega very much.”

John smiled. “Better come and get me, then,” she teased. She let out a high-pitched squeak as Moriarty lunged.

Pheromones cracked in the air; the wrestling took on a fiercer urgency. Fingers no longer brushed and teased, they grasped and squeezed. Teeth were bared and growls, from both, grew louder. John wrested out of Moriarty’s embrace twice, twisting and turning violently. Moriarty’s short fingernails
scratched down John’s back, and John moaned with pleasure and sank down on the bed. Moriarty sprang, resting the entirety of her weight on John’s body.

John turned her head. “Yeah, yeah. Mount me.”

Moriarty held John by the neck, her forearm pressing down the centre of her back. She pushed John’s legs apart with her knee. She reached toward the bookcase.

When John heard the *squish* of lubricant, she said, “I’m soaked, love. I don’t think you’ll have trouble…”

“I am not to harm you,” said Moriarty.

“Suit yourself,” said John.

And then there was a firm hand under John’s hips pulling them up until her knees curled under her. Head down, she gripped the bedding tightly when Moriarty entered her.

“Oh, yeah, like that, just like that,” moaned John into the sheets, rolling her head back and forth. The back of her thighs rubbed Moriarty’s as the Alpha began to move, slowly, then faster, increasing speed until John howled. Then she slowed again to deep thrusts; the howls turned to moans. All the while, Moriarty leaned over John, steadying her movements with one hand and gently rubbing the pink scratches that decorated John’s back.

“NO!” John twitched up when she felt the Alpha leave her. “No, please.”

“Shhh,” said Moriarty. She returned with a small bottle of lotion. She massaged John’s buttocks and eased her cock back into John’s cunt. She pushed John’s head back to the bed. She moved with a steady, unrelenting pace as she dabbed small dots of lotion on John’s back. Then she tossed the bottle aside and rubbed the white cream into John’s skin; Moriarty's hands moved in rhythm with her hips.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, okay.” Then Moriarty shoved a small pillow under John’s torso. John further pushed it between her legs. “Better, better, FUCK!” John ground into the pillow and Moriarty ground into John. “FUCK, YES!”

Alpha and Omega came together. Moriarty pulled out gently, and John closed her eyes, revelling in tiny aftershocks. She made to lower her hips, but a hand stopped her.

“Wait,” said Moriarty. Then John felt the faintest touches at her cunt. Not sexual, not arousing, her orgasm-fuddled mind tried to characterize the almost-probing.

*Clinical.*

“I’m okay,” said John, looking over her shoulder.

“I need to verify you have not sustained any tearing or bruising.”

“Not this early in the game, love. Hormones sort of make everything slightly more…durable…for lack of more delicate term.” John smiled.

After a few more moments, the pillow was removed and John rolled on her side. She heard shuffling and then there was a warm, wet flannel at her pubic hair.

“I can do that,” said John, sitting up. Moriarty’s look silenced her. “Or just watch you do it.” John sat
back on her elbows and spread her legs wider. She watched Moriarty clean her and then clean herself.

“I might say…things,” said John.

“Things?”

“Stupid things, silly things, things that make no sense. Don’t pay them any mind. It’s just ‘heat-rubbish.’”

“Saying them distresses you?” asked Moriarty as she put the flannel in a plastic-lined bin.

“In the moment, no, but knowing I’ve said them—the few I remember—does, after the fact.”

“Would you like me to…say…things in reply?” asked Moriarty, a faint smile twitching on her lips. She moved to the head of the bed and leaned back on a nest of pillows. John crawled to her and settled against her chest.

“Umm.” John considered. “Sherlock’s usually pretty quiet. It might be fun. See what you come up with.”

Moriarty gave a quick nod. “Done.”

Then John added, “I might laugh if it’s funny. Will that upset you?”

Moriarty stared down at her. “I’m programmed not to be ‘upset’ with you, John.”

John laughed. “Yeah, I guess that’s part of the wiring, huh?”

“Code,” said Moriarty, pressing a kiss to John’s shoulder.

“Right. What does your code tell you now?”

“Fuck you against that wall,” said Moriarty, nodded to the empty expanse across the room.

“I love this code,” said John.

“You ca-a-a-an’t argue with robot strength!” huffed John as Moriarty pounded her against the wall. Her legs dangled off the floor. Her arms clung tightly around Moriarty’s shoulders. Moriarty stopped and gripped John’s thighs, just above the knees, pulling them up. John responded by raising her legs and locking her ankles around Moriarty’s waist. The movement further impaled her on Moriarty’s cock, and she groaned.

“I don’t know how long I can ho-o-o-ld this. But it definitely hits a sp-o-o-o-t! Right there, right there, love! Yes, ma’am!” John squeezed her leg muscles and lifted them.

“This is novel?” Moriarty’s question was a hot breath of air at John’s ear.

“Yeah, since I stopped fucking Klingons,” said John with a chuckle. Moriarty licked the sweat-drop that crossed John’s temple. John rested her head against the wall and looked up at the ceiling.

“You fuck me so good. This Omega needs it, needs her cunt fucked by a big, strong Alpha.” John’s pink flush deepened to a bright red.

“John.”
John’s eyes locked on Moriarty’s. “This Alpha needs it, needs to fuck your Omega cunt. More?” Moriarty thrust hard inside her.

“Yes!” cried John.

“More?”

John buried her face in the crook of Moriarty’s neck. Her entire heat-feverish, sweat-drenched body was plastered to Moriarty’s dry, cool one. She savoured the contrast.

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes! Argh!” Moriarty’s cock pulsed; all of John’s muscles strained to bring the Alpha irrationally closer to her, deeper inside her. Finally, John went rag-doll-limp, and Moriarty gently lowered her to the floor, not releasing her firm grip around John’s waist when the Omega’s feet hit the floor.


And then her feet were off the floor and she was being carried, and then placed on the side of the bed, sitting. And then there was a heavy glass tumbler of smoky liquid in her hands. She gulped it down, coughing and sputtering.

“Gentle. Easy.” She finished the glass, and then another. She leaned against Moriarty and closed her eyes. Then she looked down at the bedding and noticed the blooming dark stain beneath her on the duvet.

“I’m a mess,” she said, wiping the cold sweat on her arm. “Shower. Wait…can you…?”

“Waterproof,” said Moriarty, smiling.

“She thought of everything,” said John.

“But wait,” said Moriarty, filling John’s glass for the third time. “Catch your breath.”

“Yeah, good idea. Damn, I’m glad you’re here,” said John patting Moriarty’s thigh affectionately. She drank the liquid and then gave Moriarty the glass. “That’s enough of that,” she said as she slumped against Moriarty’s chest. The arm that was curled around John’s waist moved to her shoulder and held her close.

Finally, John stood up on wobbly legs, arms outstretched for balance. She stumbled toward the lavatory.

“John!”

“I’m okay. Just give me a minute to take care of business, then, come in.”

In a few minutes, Moriarty knocked on the door. John opened it, clouds of steam billowed out.

“Spaceship lavatories, like ancient sea-faring ones, are very tiny.” Moriarty stepped inside and pulled the door shut. Between the sink and toilet and shower stall, there was barely enough remaining space for the pair. Moriarty wrapped her arms around John. Amidst the fog, foreheads and noses touched, grinning lips brushed grinning lips, feet slotted tightly beside each other. John grabbed Moriarty’s damp hair in tight fists and kissed her savagely. With every coupling, John noted her body and mind loosening, the doctor and solider and chronicler retreating to the side-stages, and the Omega emerging into the spotlight, or perhaps a better theatrical metaphor, taking over the director’s chair. John ran her hands along Moriarty’s shoulders, breasts, stomach, and back, feeling their new
dampness from the steam. She turned the taps off quickly and said, looking down at Moriarty’s cock.

“I know you don’t get anything out of it, but I’d really love to…”

“Suck me, John.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” said John dropping to her knees.

Moriarty made optimal—and athletic—use of the space afforded them. She hitched her hips on the sink and steadied herself on the closed lid of the toilet.

Without preamble, John gobbled the cock down and began to suck, swiping her tongue along the shaft and hollowing her cheeks. The flaccid member sprung to life quickly and soon she was bobbing up and down, only pausing to pull off and moan.

“I know, I know, you don’t…” John repeated. Moriarty leaned down and yanked her head back by the hair.

“John, your pleasure is my prime directive. This,” she made a motion indicating the wanton expression on John’s face, “is good. Very good.”


“Yes!” cried Moriarty. John returned to her ministrations. She licked up the shaft and kissed the head. She outlined the slit with the tip of her tongue. She experimented with how much she could take comfortably in her mouth.

“Hey, what’s going on?” John pouted when Moriarty pulled her off. Moriarty skilfully repositioned them so that she was seated on the lidded toilet. She pulled John onto her lap, onto her cock.

“Bounce,” ordered Moriarty. John easily leaned forward and gripped the edge of the sink. She settled her legs outside Moriarty’s and bounced on the throbbing, rock-hard member. Moriarty teased and tweaked John’s nipples and licked back and forth across the back of her neck.

“Good call, mmm. Ugh, ugh, ugh.” Moriarty smoothed her hands up John’s back and held her firm. John thrust down hard and Moriarty pushed up in the opposite direction. They crashed into each other; jarring both.

Within seconds, John was keening; the cock twitched inside her.

She rested her head on the edge of cool sink and panted. When her breathing slowed, she eased off of Moriarty’s cock and turned, facing her, straddling one thigh, head on one shoulder.

“John.” The word was soft.

“Yes?”

“Allow me to wash you.”

“Yeah, I think you’re going to have to, love, I’m a little bit…” and with that, John slipped off the saddle, so to speak. Strong arms caught her before she crumpled to the tile floor.

“Hello!”

The last of John’s afterglow daze evaporated when the cold draft hit her. One towel was wrapped
around her and she was drying Moriarty with the other as the two shuffled toward the bed as one unit, kissing and giggling.

“I still want more,” John said, rubbing the towel between Moriarty’s legs.

“As do I,” said Moriarty, taking the towel from John and throwing it into the linen bin. She sat on the edge of the bed. John scanned the room. She went to the bookcase and retrieved the lube, a vibrator and a heavy stand.

“That,” John nodded toward the lavatory door, “got me thinking.” She knelt between Moriarty’s legs and snapped the vibrator to the base. She angled it slightly and flipped a switch to lock the position. She poured generously amounts of lube along the shaft and rubbed up and down. When she looked up, Moriarty was stroking her own shaft in synch with John’s hands.

“Now I can suck you and get fucked at the same time,” said John.

Moriarty’s face grew serious. “First, let me check you.”

John huffed. “I am fine! Nothing hurts!”

“Of course, nothing hurts. Given the amount of pain-killing, heat hormones coursing through your veins at the moment, you could have a Tamarian dagger sunk in your skull and not be in any pain. Please. I have two directives.”

“Alright.” John turned her back to Moriarty and dropped her towel with a burlesque flourish. She looked over her shoulder and winked.

Moriarty whistled.

“HA!” John laughed and launched herself on the bed. She opened her legs, and Moriarty inspected her.

“See? Nothing to worry about. OH!” Moriarty had opened John’s folds and pressed the lightest kiss to her clit. She looked up at John.

“Is that…acceptable?” asked Moriarty.

“Yeah, just go easy. Very, very easy.” Moriarty’s tongue was hesitant, tentative. John reached a hand down and interlaced their fingers. The other she carded in Moriarty’s hair. Coils of pleasure curled and uncurled inside John. John squeezed Moriarty’s hand in encouragement when the Alpha’s lips found an especially delicate spot. “Yeah, oh, oh.” John’s cry was half-surprise, half-joy. She tried to turn on her side, but Moriarty held her fast, plundering the spot over and over again. John buried her cry in the duvet. Moriarty licked John’s dripping cunt and damp thighs.

Finally, John did turn on her side. She stayed motionless for a while, then turned her head, one eye peeking from the bedding.

“Novel?” asked Moriarty.


“Come suck me, John.”

John scrambled to the floor.

Soon, the vibrator was deep inside her, humming at its lowest setting, and she was sucking
Moriarty’s cock with abandon.

“Good girl,” said Moriarty. John pulled off the shaft and bit hard into Moriarty’s thigh, whimpering. She reached down to flip a switch, and the humming grew louder. Moriarty took John’s head in two hands and tousled her short hair gently. “Good girl, good Omega.” John rubbed her face against each hand in turn and mewed. She rock up and down on the vibrator and finally with a frustrated growl, reached a hand toward the switch.

Suddenly, Moriarty was hauling John roughly off the floor to her surprised yelps. She pushed her to the far end of the bed, turned her on her right side, lifted the right leg, and sank her cock into John’s wet cunt.

“I have more pheromonic receptors than you, John,” said Moriarty by way of explanation.

But John needed no further words. The hardness inside her was growing and filling her in a way that was, at once, singular and glorious. “The knot,” said John. “The first knot.” John’s whole body relaxed, and she rode wave after wave of pleasure.

The next thing John felt was something soft and wet and…sweet…pushing at her lips. She opened her mouth and took the fruit. She chewed and smiled. “Mango.”

“Excellent choice. I’m pleased.”

John made to turn, but she realized the swollen cock still bound her. She twisted her head.

“Sherlock!”

Grey eyes examined her with an intense stare meant to cower the unfamiliar, the weak—and the guilty.

But John was none of these. She let those grey eyes go on about their inspection, collecting, cataloguing, deducing. She did not object until she felt light fingertips exploring the juncture where their bodies remained linked.

“Not you too! Moriarty’s been examining me more thoroughly than my gynaecologist! I. Am. Fine. Stop it.” She batted the hand away.

“Moriarty?”

“Yeah, that’s what she calls herself. Wait, didn’t you program that? Her name?”

“No. But…I did program her to think, to be somewhat…creative…problem-solving…within certain parameters.”

“Well, that’s what she came up with. And she has been…creative.” John wiggled her eyebrows at the last word. She snorted.

“Hmm.”

“Ooo, is the galaxy’s only consulting detective jealous of a robot?”

“Should I be?”

“I don’t know,” said John glancing at the wall, “she’s definitely ‘ploughed me like the back forty.’” She snorted again and giggled into the pillow.
“John, I do not find your Earth-based agricultural euphemisms for enthusiastic sex to be…charming.”

“No?” asked John, looking over shoulder. “Maybe she’ll like them.”

John heard the growl and felt the vibrations at her back.

“Alright, alright, I shan’t provoke my proper-genius, Vulcan-human Alpha any more. In all seriousness, Sherlock, it’s been good. Very good.”

“Obvious.”

“How are you?”

“Also doing very well. I’m at the edge of the Reichenbach Wormhole already.”

“Be careful.”

John felt the huff of breath at the nape of her neck.

“I’m serious, Sherlock. You are a detective, not a navigator. The asteroids, the God-know-whats out there. It will be intense. You’ll have to use all those little grey cells of yours and then some.”

“You read too much fiction. And worry too much.”

“Probably. But I’m an Omega. I worry.”

“I worry, too.” The words were a quiet whisper.

“You worry that I’m going to bin your soil. I worry that you and your sexy tin can will be pulverized by flying piece of space rubble or be eaten by some kind of Borg-a-saurus!”

John felt the knot loosen and knew their time was up.

“Be careful, Sherlock.”

“You, too, John.”

Sherlock sped along, twisting and turning the Belfast like a race car driver.

“Maybe I should capture some images for John,” she said to herself, “as souvenirs. Not right now, after this patch.” She looked at the monitor and then switched to lens view.

“What is that?” she asked, squinting and leaning forward into the curve.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The Belstaff spun out of control, hurtling toward a bright stream of lights.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

And then Sherlock’s universe went black.

“John?”
“Hmm?”

John unfurled the clean sheet and watched it settle lightly on the bed. Moriarty dropped the clean duvet atop the sheet, and they pulled each side taut. Then she handed John a glass of steaming cup.


“You are beautiful, John.”

John blushed. She set the mug down quickly and wrapped her arms around Moriarty’s waist. She hid her face in the crook of Moriarty’s neck.

“You’re surprised?”

“Sherlock doesn’t go in for compliments.”

“With an Omega like you, she should.”

“Technically, I am not her Omega. Not right now, at least.”

“Well, I know I am just a substitute, a stand-in, but would you allow me, for just the duration of my portion of the heat, to call you mine?”

John considered the request. “I won’t object, if it gets blurted out, in the moment, so to speak.”

“Fair enough.”

“Mine, mine, mine!”

Moriarty pulled out.

“No, no!” cried John, turning back to face her. “More, please!”

Moriarty rubbed John’s buttocks and squeezed them.

“Whose are you?” the Alpha growled.

“Yours!”

“Whose?”

“Moriarty’s!”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The heat adjourns.

“I apologize,” said Moriarty.

“For what?” asked John. She was curled under Moriarty’s arm. Moriarty’s fingers rubbed her shoulder and her scar. Both stared at the ceiling.

“For my earlier display of…typical possessive Alpha behaviour. You are not mine. You are your own.”

“Heat rubbish. I told you, it happens.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

Moriarty’s eyes travelled around the room. “This was originally Sherlock’s sleeping chamber.”

“Yes. When we first met, we were just quarter-mates, sharing this space. There were two sleeping chambers. Then when we became…closer…it made sense for me to move in here, and my sleeping chamber became Sherlock’s workshop.” John smiled. “Her laboratory. Her sanctum. Where she does her experiments, her thinking, her tinkering, where she made you.”

“And where is your…sanctum?” Moriarty kissed John’s temple.

John considered. “Uhhh…I guess I don’t have one. I mean, do I need one?”

“‘A room of one’s own and five hundred a year’?”

John sat up and turned to look at her. “Sherlock programmed you to quote Virginia Woolf?! Seems…odd.”

“I have access to libraries across the galaxy. Literature and scholarly text from many planets. Shall I recite some Bajoran poetry?”

“No, thanks.” John raised her knees and hugged them. “But to your earlier question, I guess…I’ve never thought about it.” She shrugged. “Might be nice, a study, for me, to write, to read…”

“To think?”

John laughed. “What do I have to think about?”

“You’re a physician. Not a drone.”

“Hmmm. Well, there isn’t space. And it was more than a worthy sacrifice, not to keep tripping over Sherlock’s experiments everywhere. Or binning them accidently.”

“Well, if you were my Omega, you should have all the space you require.”
The corner of John’s mouth raised in a half-smile. “Very chivalrous.”

“And speaking of chivalry, will you do me the honour of a dance?”

“Music! Yes!”

Wrapped in dressing gowns, they began with a stately waltz around the room. John giggled. “This is fun. Sherlock doesn’t dance.”

“Doesn’t she? Pity. For you, I mean. We seem quite…compatible…” tripping the light fantastic."

The music played on, and the pair danced. Then John’s fingers began to search beneath the fabric of Moriarty’s dressing gown for skin. Moriarty let them to the wall and then turned John abruptly. She pressed her body to John’s back. John rested her cheek on the flat surface.

“I need….” It was almost a whine.

“I know.” Moriarty untied the sash of John’s gown and pulled the fabric off her shoulders. She let the garment fall to the floor. Then she opened her own dressing gown and cocooned John in it. One hand pushed up the centre of John’s chest, holding her firmly to Moriarty’s front. The other found her wetness.

“Will you let me suckle here?” Moriarty teased her cunt. “Drink from you?”

“Of course,” breathed John. “Just fuck me now.” Moriarty guided John’s torso lower until she was stretched parallel to the floor, pressing into the wall for support with flat hands. John opened her legs. Moriarty leaned over them, letting the dressing gown drape around their bodies. Then she eased her cock into John and thrust until she spent herself inside the Omega.

Sherlock’s head throbbed. She blinked, and her vision cleared.

Cold. Very cold.

She was still in the Belstaff. She inhaled frigid air. She looked at the control panels, gauges, and dials—all defunct, silent, blank—and realized that she had no way of knowing how much air remained in the hull. She pulled herself into the navigator’s chair and gazed out the front glass. She was floating, aimlessly, in the Reichenbach Wormhole.

No power, no light, no energy, no shield, no signal. No heat. Her breath formed puffs of fog.

She began to frantically press buttons and shift levers—to no avail.

“Aargh!” She pounded the controls with two fists. A stab of pain blinded her. She gingerly touched the crown of her head and noted the flecks of dried brown on her fingertips. Slowly, carefully, she swivelled her head, spying an edge of the control panel smeared with blood. With kinetic memory, she began to replicate John’s assessing fingers with her own, searching for broken bones and further physical damage, but found none, save the head wound.

Satisfied, she turned her attention to the pod. It must have taken a hit from…something. Asteroid? Enemy craft? She could see nothing out of the front glass. She stumbled, groaning, toward the rear of the vessel. She flipped open a porthole and began to crank a heavy lever. In a few minutes she was looking through an ancient mechanical eye, a telescope, surveying the exterior.
One wing was clipped and scorched, but it was not enough damage to cause a craft-wide power failure. She scanned the interior and moved starboard. All the supplemental energy cells were intact. Collectively would they be sufficient to replace the main power supply and fuel the pod through the Wormhole? She began to calculate.

“Sherlock Holmes.”

The telecom screen came to life with a green flickering line, startling Sherlock. It was a low, gravelly voice, instantly recognizable to Sherlock as being produced by a mouth-held, voice distorer. Sherlock lurched toward the bow. She stared out the front glass, straining her eyes. Then from her lower line of site, a shuttlepod rose. It was similar to hers in outward design, but black with white spots. Sherlock squinted and realized that they were not spots, but tiny Terran skulls.

“Who are you?! What do you want?!” growled Sherlock.

“We have much to discuss, you and I, Sherlock Holmes. Permission to beam aboard.”

“Permission denied.”

“Rude, rude, and useless. I have control of your craft. I don’t need permission.”

A petite figure in a black, heavy, floor-length hooded cloak and thick black boots materialized in one of the two teleporting stations of the vessel.

“Who are you?!”

“Tsk, tsk. Repeating yourself.”

Sherlock lunged at the figure, phaser drawn. She was repelled by the figure’s own. A red laser light threw Sherlock back, hard, into the navigator’s chair. She hit her head on the back of the chair and saw stars. Flickering beams of red light danced around her like electric ropes, tying her to the chair, and her attempt to cross them resulted in a full-body electric shock.

“Aargh!”

Blood poured from Sherlock’s mouth where she had bit her tongue.

“Clean yourself up, woman,” said the figure, approaching her. A black gloved hand dropped a handkerchief on Sherlock’s chest. The part of the face not shielded by the hood, was covered with a dark scarf. “Really.”

Sherlock dabbed her mouth with the cloth; she studied the cloak. “Romulan? Borg?”

“BORG?! BORG?! That is the stupidest thing I’ve heard you say yet, and so far, I have to say I’m a little disappointed in you, Sherlock Holmes. BORG-ING! Ha! ‘Resistance is futile!’” The figure lumbered with outstretched arms back and forth in mock parody. “‘You will be assimilated!’ Moom-hoo-ha-ha! Oh my goodness, what a laugh. No, no, no. The outfits alone, no, no, thank you. No, Sherlock Holmes, I am a hybrid, just like you. This,” two gloved hands adjusted the cloak with a flourish, “just makes me look cool. And the boots, well, make me taller.” A high-pitched laugh died abruptly.

“Hybrid of what?”

“Well that’s for me to know and you to find out, isn’t it, Sherlock Holmes? But let me say that I am fan of yours. Yes, yes, yes. Ever since you made the news with your little pheromone-cloning
scandal. I said to myself, ‘There is someone to watch.’ But then you started to aide Federation investigators. You got closer and closer to my…interests…at first, just meddling, then interfering, until finally—Io and behold!—I hear that you and your pals were headed for my doorstep, tromping through my playground,” the figure held its arms out, “and about to cause me some serious problems. And well, I just couldn’t have that. No, no, no. Couldn’t have you sticking your pointy nose—and ears—in my business. So I had to put a stop to you, Sherlock Holmes.”

“And I have to give it your friend, Sherlock Holmes, not much of an investigator, but she is one helluva navigator.”

“Lestrade?”

“Mmm. She got through nearly all my little obstacles. I almost didn’t get the transponder attached to your ship. But, lucky for me, I play the long game, as the Terrans say. Always. And I want to savour this moment, Sherlock Holmes. When you realize that you have been played, not like the bishop or queen that I’m sure that you think you are, but like a pawn. Stupid, commonplace, expendable.”

The figure approached Sherlock.

Suddenly, the scarf was ripped away, the hood pulled back, and the voice distorwer spit on the floor with a clink.

“Hi! My name is Moriarty! So nice to meet you.”

The Gaelic lilt. The sparkling emerald eyes.

Sherlock felt the icy cold creep into her core. The walls of the Belstaff were closing in on her; ridding her body of air. Bile rose in her throat.

Amidst these sensations, she had but one thought:

*John.*

John moaned.

“Feed your cock to me.”

Moriarty looked up from where her head had been buried between John’s legs. John pushed up onto a stack of pillows. Moriarty straddled her, bending slightly forward, inching closer. John shrunk down until her mouth was poised just before the dripping head. John stuck her tongue out and brushed the skin gently.

“Take it,” said Moriarty, pushing the head into John’s mouth.

John did.

Sometime later, they lay side-by-side under the covers, legs intertwined, facing each other.

“Sherlock doesn’t allow you in her workshop?”

“‘Allow’ isn’t the right term. I just don’t go in there, except to clean, once in a while, when I’m bored. I wouldn’t understand even half of what goes on in there…”

“Her experiments?”
John nodded.

“She doesn’t discuss them with you?”

John shook her head.

“So you don’t ever participate in them?”

“A couple of times, I’ve found out after the fact, but I am sure that mostly happens without my knowing.”

“Or your consent?” said Moriarty with a frown.

“Yeah.” John bit her lip and shrugged; she curled on her other side, away from Moriarty.

Moriarty draped an arm around John’s chest and laced her fingers in John’s.

“I’m sorry, John.”

“Don’t be. It’s life. The hazard of living with a proper genius.”

“Doesn’t have to be.”

John gave a dismissive wave of her hand and closed her eyes.

They lay together in silence until Moriarty nuzzled at John’s neck.

“John?”

“If you’re amenable, John Watson, I would very much like to make love to you.” John turned her head. Moriarty’s eyes were deep green and pleading; then she dropped her head.

“I’d like that. Thank you,” said John. She slid into Moriarty’s arms and into the warmth of her embrace. Lips and fingertips skimmed over every point on John’s body. And through it all, there was a whispered call and response.

Okay? Yes.

Good? Yes.

Better? Yes.

Here? Yes.

More? Yes.

How ‘bout this? Yes.

Now? Yes, yes, yes.

When Moriarty’s cock was finally sheathed inside John, she released a litany. “Warm, wet, soft, open, beautiful, precious Omega.” And then John felt the knot forming, and Moriarty rolled them on their sides.

“That feels,” John swallowed loudly, “so damn good. Let’s stay here for a while.”

“As long as you desire, my love.”
John whimpered.

John would not remember much about what passed between the second and final knotting: the smoky taste of pu-erh tea; the sounds of gnashing teeth and feral snorts; the coolness of the floor to her palms and then at her back; wetness, everywhere, on bedding and pillows, on human and synthetic skin, on lips and fingertips and thighs and knees and even feet.

All the sensations distilled to one word:

*Fuck.*

Being pinned and fucked; hoisted and fucked; turned and fucked, pushed and pulled and fucked. Begging to be fucked, demanding to be fucked. The room reeked of fucking, and the word (“Fuck, fuck, FUCK!”) filled the ether around the pair. It was moaned and sighed and screamed until John’s throat was dry.

Even as the knot rose deep inside John, she knew the heat was ebbing. She clung to Moriarty and let the tremors overwhelm her.

---

“John.”

“Hmm?” They were still locked together.

“Look at me. Please.” John opened her eyes and focused on the green ones that stared at her.

“I was programmed to please you and protect you.”

“Mm.”

“But somewhere along the way, the two melded or changed. And my directive, in this moment, is to love you. Would you consider, even for a moment, letting me be your Alpha? Coming away with me and starting over fresh together? Alpha and Omega. Somewhere where our differences won’t matter. You’d have all the chivalry, all the corporal worship this Alpha can bestow. You would never be left behind or shut out or used, I promise.”

“Dancing?” asked John with a smile.

“So much dancing,” said Moriarty. “And music and poetry…we’d find a way to bond and breed and make a home together, with all the rooms of your own you could ever desire…”

“Sounds like a fantasy.”

“I’ll make it your reality, I swear, my love.”

Moriarty kissed the top of John’s hand.

“Come away with me.”

---

“I knew you wouldn’t stop at just cloning pheromones,” said Moriarty. “Knew that your pride and your ego and your intellectual prowess and curiosity, would push you to clone yourself. I understand, Sherlock Holmes. Let’s face it, you and I are a lot alike.”

“I don’t know who or what you are.” Moriarty had short, tightly cropped black hair and pale, smooth, almost glassy skin, with no prominence or feature with which to identify her. Sherlock’s
anxiety bubbled to the surface, and she blurted out.

“John.”

“Ah, yes. The long game. We’ll get to your pretty Omega in due time. But first, the eyes? Where’d you get the eyes, Sherlock? That merchant had quite a few. Bet you thought you were getting super deal on them, eh? I have to say I was flattered that you picked the ones I fashioned after my own.” Moriarty hovered over Sherlock and batted her eyelashes. “They are my finest feature, don’t you think?” Sherlock lunged again and screamed in pain as electric current coursed through her body. She fell back panting.

Moriarty continued. “Tsk, tsk. You going to hurt yourself, Sherlock. Let’s see. Where was I? Oh, yes. The eyes are the window to the soul, Sherlock. Or in this case, the window to the frequency that you communicate with your clone. Once I had that, I could watch your progress, and on occasion, just like you were doing in my business, *interfere.*” The last word was uttered with cool menace.

“And the voice? I hardly know what to say about that. Only that in an alternate universe, we must be star-crossed lovers. Or sisters. Or both.” She chuckled. “Naughty, naughty.”

“You are nothing like my sister,” said Sherlock.

“That odd Omega who is much less Vulcan than she purports? Oh yes, I know her little secrets, too. I make it a point of knowing my adversaries, Sherlock Holmes. Half-sisters, I would say, if I had to bet. And as we’ve already established, I am a betting woman.”

“But, why do you insist on distracting me? Oh yes, so you come out here, right into my web, and your little Omega stays home, like good house-wife she is. And she goes with her feather duster into your workshop and breathes in all that nice Alpha pheromone that I’ve been secretly releasing since your departure. Subtle, but powerful. Powerful enough to trigger a heat. And you’re left in a quandary and turn to…your clone…as surrogate.”

Sherlock couldn’t breathe. “WHAT DO YOU WANT?!”

“I want you to leave the Gamma Quadrant and never return. Ever. I want you to retire to your workshop and your scientific inquiries and your experiments and leave the investigating to the bumbling Federation teams who have difficulty putting their red shirts on correctly in the morning. In short, be the reclusive socially awkward, absent-minded scientist that you were born to be. And stay out of my business.”

“Your crime, you mean?”

“To-may-to, to-mah-to.”

“And if I refuse?”

“With just a few tiny lines of code, I’ll crush your Omega’s throat. Right now.”

“She’s not my Omega. We’re not bonded anymore,” said Sherlock stiffly.

“Nice attempt at bravado. Really, I applaud you for the effort. Insist on your little line of reasoning, though, and you’ll be insulting my intelligence. And that will just make me cross.”

“How do I know you’ll keep your end of the bargain? You could’ve already killed her.”

“Guess you’ll just have to take my word for it. Or maybe hers.” Moriarty held up a mobile telecom
device and pushed a button. Two voices crackled.

"'Whose are you?' ‘Yours!’ ‘Whose?’ ‘Moriarty’s!’"

Moriarty stepped toward the teleporting platform. “Stop your meddling, Sherlock Holmes, or I will burn the heart out of you. Who knows? Perhaps I already have.” She threw her head back and laughed. And then she disappeared.

The shuttlepod vanished along with the red laser-ropes that bound Sherlock. With a loud whoosh, the entire Belstaff came to life, lights flickering, instruments beeping, and heat puffing through the vents. Sherlock grabbed the helmet and shoved it on her head, wincing at the pain. After a few frustrating minutes, she removed it again and threw it to the side. She slumped in the navigator’s chair and went about putting the Belstaff in motion. She put the vessel on autopilot, briefly, and hooked all the remaining energy cells to the power supply. She returned to the controls and sped, with maximum power, along the streams of light.

“Move, move, move!” roared Sherlock, pushing through throng. She held her mobile telecom to her ear and stepped onto the teleporting platform to yells of protest from the queue.

As soon as she reached the Enterprise, she was running and growling into the receiver.

“Mycroft, I need a code to override a heat quarantine.”

“Hello to you, too. Sherlock. Where are you? Why did you leave Lestrade?”

“The code, Mycroft!”

“Impossible. Only the Omega that initiates the quarantine can lower it. What is going on, Sherlock?!”

Sherlock turned the corner and whispered, “There’s someone out there who knows that your ears aren’t as pointy as they look. THE CODE!”

Silence.

“I’ll see what I can do.”

Sherlock reached the quarters’ entrance. She frowned and moved to the control panel. She tapped in her code.

The door slid open. Sherlock crossed the threshold with her phaser at the ready.


All of Sherlock’s senses were primed, but she could not even detect that a heat had taken place. No scent, no sound, nothing out of place. She moved from room to room. All empty.

She ended her search in the galley. She stared at the clear canister of dried tea and a message cube on the table.

She tapped the top of the cube.

And there was John, before her, smiling.

“Hello, Sherlock. This is what people do, isn’t it? When they leave their lovers? They leave a note. I think in ancient times, Terrans actually used to call them ‘Dear John’ letters. Funny, huh? Well, this
is a ‘From John’ letter. You aren't sentimental so I won’t draw this out: I’ve fallen in love with Moriarty.” Suddenly, a green eyed version of Sherlock appeared with her arm around John. John turned her head. They kissed. “The heat changed both of us and made me realize that there’s more waiting for me. Out there. And I want to share it with her.” The arm around John’s shoulders squeezed her. “She’s amazing. Just amazing. Well, you know, you made her that way. But now, she’s, somehow, more. It wasn’t something any of us planned, and I am so dreadfully sorry if this hurts you, but I want to spend the rest of my life with her. She’s my future, my knight, my shining star. I wish you nothing but the best.” John rose and reached toward the cube. In the last second of the image, Sherlock saw green-eyes glaring triumphantly at her.

Sherlock replayed the message twice, scanning the image for signs of coercion or threats, but in the end, could find none. John had made the message of her own free will. She had left. Willingly.

*John was gone.*

Sherlock’s mind stilled, and she rested her head on the galley table. How long she stayed like that, she didn’t know. Then in one swift motion, she lifted the canister and threw it against the wall.

Her boots crunched glass and tea as she strode toward her workshop.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

*In memory of Mr. Leonard Nimoy, who gave voice and form and incredible pathos to the Final Frontier's own Sherlock Holmes for almost half a century.*

This chapter owes a lot to the Star Trek: The Original Series episodes "The Menagerie" Parts I & II.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Twenty-five minutes.

Twenty five minutes since Sherlock’s galaxy had been turned upside down, inside out.

*John was gone.*

Sherlock pushed the stool back and forth with her boot, swivelling, staring at an empty workbench. She glanced around at her tools, her projects, her plans; her charts, her maps, her diagrams; at the humming machines and the blinking lights; at the jars and the cylinders and the tubes.

“What’s it all for?” she asked no one.

John had left. Left Sherlock for another Alpha. Left Sherlock for another Alpha of Sherlock’s own creation.

Sherlock wanted to laugh. To cry. For an instant—to be much more Vulcan than she was.


Had left. Had left a *note*.

Sherlock bristled.

“AARGH!”

She kicked the rubbish bin.

*CLANK!*

Red-brown soil spilled across the floor.

John had left a note. Looking like a bride on her honeymoon. Sounding like a heroine of a lurid…

“…my future, my knight, my shining star…”

Sherlock froze. A thought germinated. Her pulse quickened.

Accessing John’s reading queue would take too long. She closed her eyes and let invisible fingers dance across her archived memories.
John’s words were those of a romantic heroine…specifically, the one in Chapter 2, no 4 of…

“Tales of Forbidden Omega Love!”

It was a message…a clue…a something…what it was not was a coincidence.

Sherlock looked down at the pattern of soil that spread from her boot tip.

A second thought paralyzed her.

“John said she didn’t bin the soil!”

Sherlock fell to her knees, sifting the particulate with her fingers.

Until she found it.

A nano message cube. Smaller than Sherlock’s thumb. Sherlock pressed it.

Password encrypted.

Sherlock laughed and tapped the holographic screen. John only had one password.

“Fort Knox.”

The image was dark, grainy.

Sherlock stared.

John was…John was…

Under Sherlock’s workbench.

“Sherlock! Moriarty’s not under your control. Either she’s acting on her own. Or she’s under someone else’s control. I am going to go with her in the hopes that she leads me to you. Or whoever has you. Don’t worry…”

Sherlock caught the glint of John’s phaser.

“...I’m also putting some of this dirt in my boots. If it’s as unique as you say, you’ll find a way to track me. I’ll leave it like breadcrumbs. Also, this cube will send a mayday signal to Mycroft in 24 hours.”

Sherlock held her breath; her eyes stung.

“Remember, not your typical Omega.” John winked. “I love you. Here she comes. Watson, out.” John put her fingers to her lips, and then the image blurred.

“More than pheromones and teeth marks,” whispered Sherlock as she touched her fingers to her lips. She bent her head and allowed a single tear of relief to hit the floor.

Then she was up and running.

John did not realize that she was asleep until she was jostled awake by bumping of the shuttlepod.

“Sorry it’s not much of a ride. I’d like to chauffeur you in much finer style, but it was all I could manage on such short notice.”
“Don’t care,” mumbled John. “I’ve ridden in worse. Are you going to tell me where we’re going?”

Moriarty smiled. “It’s a surprise. But I’m sure that you’ll like it.”

John uncurled her legs and stretched and yawned.

“How did your boots get so filthy?” asked Moriarty.

John shrugged. “Knocked over one of Sherlock’s experiments when we were packing.”

Moriarty hummed.

“You can go back to sleep. The teleporting station isn’t for another hour.”

“Nah, that’s okay,” protested John. Her eyelids fluttered twice and then closed.

As John snored softly, Moriarty closed her eyes. When she re-opened them, they were a deeper green. She stared at the soles of John’s boots and then ran a finger along the centre of one. She put the finger in her mouth.

“Interesting. And also…inspirational.” She looked up at John. “Yes, that will do nicely.”

“This looks…bucolic,” said John as they walked away from the shuttlepod. “I thought you said we were going to teleport.”

“The pod had rudimentary landing gear; I decided that my love deserved ‘door-to-door’ service. When we get to the top of the ridge, I want you to close your eyes.” They strolled, hand-in-hand, over grassy, rolling terrain. John scanned the environs, but saw nothing but hills and trees. As they approached the ridge, however, she smelled a salty tang. She closed her eyes.

“Alright. You can open them.”

“Oh, wow! Looks like image of my great Gran’s, of our ancestral home on Earth!”

In the far distance, a small cottage was perched atop a windy slope overlooking a tiny sliver of shoreline.

“Just a honeymoon spot of sorts until we find more permanent lodgings.” The roof of the cottage was shingled with grey panels. “Solar cells for energy. I will need to recharge at some point. Literally, not figuratively, of course.”

John looked up the dirt road. More cottages dotted the landscape, and a town centre was visible in the distance.

“Where are we? Who lives here?”

“Clesik. Small planet in the Alpha quadrant. It’s sort of a…colony…for star-crossed lovers. Not just humans and androids, but all kinds of couples and other configurations that don’t fit in in regular societies.”

“Really? Never heard of it. Kind of lovely, actually. That a place like this exists. Must be very hush-hush. I wonder how…”

Moriarty gallantly offered John her arm. “Shall we?”
“Let’s,” said John, smiling.

Out of the corner of her eye, John spotted the entrance to the cave at the far end of the rocky inlet. “Now if I were going to keep the galaxy’s only consulting detective captive, that’s exactly the place I would do it,” she muttered under her breath, which was drowned by the wind and cawing sea birds.

She heard Moriarty approach.

“I love the sound and the smell of the sea. It’s perfect. Thank you.” John turned her head and they kissed.

“I’m glad you like it,” said Moriarty.

“I know we brought some things, but shall we go into town for provisions? And to get to know the neighbours, of course.”

“Let me handle that. You unpack and get settled here.”

“Okay.”

Sherlock paced and ruffled her hair with two hands. She looked out at the blackness.

“Where are you, John?! Your trail ends here. Maybe Moriarty figured out what you were doing and made you dump the soil. Or worse. Maybe,” Sherlock looked at the maps on the screen for the hundredth time, “maybe…no…that would be too…neat. Court-martial be damned, it’s worth investigating.”

As soon as Moriarty’s figure disappeared over the hill, John dumped the remainder of the dirt from her boot outside the cottage. Then she slipped her phaser down the back of her trousers and made a beeline for the cliff. She scampered down the step-like side to the shore and hurried toward the cave entrance. She crept silently, keeping to the cave edge.

Then she saw it:

*Sherlock’s scarf!*

Her blue scarf—it had to be hers—bundled in a rocky nook. John’s heart leapt. “Sherlock!” She ran toward the garment. “Sherlock?” When John put her hand on the blue material, it passed through, like air.

She stared at it. “It’s an illusion.”

“So many things are.”

John startled and turned. Moriarty advanced on her, eyes and expression cold. John made to move around her, but she grabbed John.

“Our prime directive changed,” hissed John.

“Yours never did, did it?” growled Moriarty, gripping her tighter as John struggled. John wiggled her arm and pulled her phaser. She pushed it into Moriarty’s chest and fired. The blast sent them both tumbling to the ground. John leapt to her feet and ran out of the cave. Moriarty’s roar grew louder as John climbed the steep edge of the cliff.
“If I can just make it to town, to another cottage, someone will help me,” panted John as she reached the top of the cliff.

She stopped and stared.

There was nothing: no cottages, no road, no town. The bag that she’d brought from the shuttlepod sat in a barren field of red-brown soil beside a wooden cot, table, and chair.

“Nothing’s real.”

She heard Moriarty scaling the cliff behind here.

“At least the shuttlepod’s real.”

John took off over the far hill. Her lungs were burning when she reached the shuttlepod. She climbed in and plopped into the navigator’s chair, hitting buttons and switches. “Come on, come on.” She cried in frustration. “Lestrade’s course: Navigation for Dummies, please don’t let me down! Here we go, here we go. Manual control. Up, up.”

“AARGH!” Moriarty jumped into the hull as the pod lifted from the ground.

“No, no, no!” The pod lurched as John struggled to keep her grip on the steering lever.

“Argh!”

Moriarty struck John hard on the side of her head, toppling her from the chair. Moriarty pulled up on the lever, and the pod rose over a red, craggy mountain. John shook her head and lunged, pushing Moriarty. They fell together, wrestling, each struggling to pin the other. Finally, Moriarty was over John, fist raised. John looked out the front window.

“CRASH!”

Moriarty turned her head to see a second red mountain looming. John struck Moriarty with all her strength and then pushed her aside and reached for the controls. She pulled up on the steering lever, and the pod rose vertically over the mountain.

“ARRGH!”

John felt hands around her neck, cutting off her breath. She released the control.

BAM!

Suddenly, the entire vessel was spinning. Moriarty and John tumbled from floor to ceiling.

BAM! BAM!

John was thrown hard against the bulkhead; Moriarty crashed atop her.

The pod stopped moving. John felt tenderly around her head arms; she tried to push herself to sitting.

“Finally,” said Moriarty. She grabbed John’s phaser and fired.

John blinked.

Then, powerless to move or speak, she realized that she was being tied with cord, hoisted on Moriarty’s shoulder, and lifted from the wrecked shuttlepod. She watched the craft smoulder and
then burst into flames.

Through the distortion of smoke, John thought she saw something else. A second shuttlepod? She could not be sure. It was red-brown, or somehow camouflaged to appear so, but so well blended into the landscape as to be barely discernible. John squinted as she bumped along.

_Must be another illusion because that’s the coolest shuttlepod I’ve ever seen._

John was thrown to the floor.

“Here’s the other one,” said Moriarty.

“JOHN!”

John couldn’t move her head, but she didn’t need to. _Sherlock._

“This one is injured,” said a strange voice. John saw a pair of ice blue eyes, set below an enormous bulb of a head, staring at her. The figure was dressed in a grey cloak and wore a round gold pendant with a black centre.

“Just stunned. It’ll wear off in a few hours. Still very much breed-able. And very compatible with the Alpha. So, as promised, a pair, for your menagerie. Thank you for the use of your services. If there’s nothing more, I’ll be on my way.”

“The mess with the shuttlepod, we do not appreciate littering on our planet.”

“I’ll tidy it up.”

“Very well.”

John was being hoisted and thrown to the floor again. She landed on her side. Metal bars clanged.

“YOU’LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, MORIARTY!”

“I just did, Sherlock.” John watched Moriarty waltz out of the cave. “And thanks for the sweet ride!” she called as she disappeared.

“See that the android keeps her word about the rubbish.”

“I WOULDN’T COUNT ON THAT, IF I WERE YOU!” Sherlock’s voice softened. “John, John, John. I’m here. I’m right behind you.”

Tears welled in John’s eyes.

“Nothing to do until the Omega is recovered.”

“John, John, John.” John listened to the litany as feet shuffled away from them. “We’re on Talos IV. The Talosians, they tricked me. I thought you were…I’ve been so stupid, stupid, stupid, about so many things. I’m going to figure a way out of here. Don’t worry.”

Time passed.

John clung to the sound of Sherlock’s voice, but let the words melt and lose their meaning.

The shuffling feet returned.
“Turn her so she can see me. So I can see her. Please.”

“You are not in a position to make any demands or negotiations, Officer Holmes.”

Suddenly, there was a crackling and a tinny—but instantly recognizable voice—echoed through the cave. “No, but I am. This is Ambassador Holmes. Permission to enter requested. I am accompanied by both security and science Starfleet delegations.”

“MYCROFT! BLAST US OUT OF HERE!”

There was a loud clicking and the shuffling of many pairs of feet. John saw light stream in from the entrance to the cave, and shadows move across the ground.

“MYCROFT! KILL THEM!”

John heard a familiar sigh.

“Ambassador Holmes.”

“The Keeper.”

“Your reputation precedes you.”

“I find that somewhat incredible given your most recent attempt to secure prisoners to repopulate your world.”

“Desperate times, desperate measures, Ambassador Holmes. No harm would come to the Alpha or the Omega once we acquired what we needed from them. We are not violent people.”

“Nor am I. That’s why I bring information, not arms to you. One, I am here to inform you that the Federation Scientific Council has developed a shield to distinguish illusion from reality. This shield will soon be mass produced and installed in every craft and tricorder in the galaxy. So your main defence, as it were, will soon be useless. These science officers are here to demonstrate this technology.” Loud clicking erupted. “And two, given the impending ubiquity of this technology, there is a referendum pending to rescind Starfleet General Order 7 so it will no longer be a violation to visit this planet. Soon, this planet may be flooded with visitors, visitors who can see your home for what it is. And as my team notes that the surface of this planet is once again able to support life, I am here to negotiate.”

“This news is very disturbing. Negotiate what exactly?”

“The rebuilding of your world. Peaceful, voluntary repopulation; redevelopment of agriculture, industry, trade, communications, and the like; eventual membership in the Federation. Facilitating the use of your sizable collective intellect toward recreating an advanced civilized reality. These officers are prepared to work with you and your colleagues to do just that. Right. Now.”

“In exchange for?”

“Abandoning your use of illusion as a weapon and any attempt at forced breeding for repopulation as well as the release of your menagerie stock to our care, including Officer Holmes and Lieutenant Watson.”

More loud clicking.

“It is agreed.”
“Wonderful. As soon as my officers assure me that the caves are clear of prisoners, my teams will begin working with your colleagues and you and I can focus on the treaty.”

“This will change our entire civilization.”

“Yes, and transitions are not without their anxieties, but I think you’ll find very soon that the reality is much more satisfactory than the illusion. Please.”

Metal rattled.

“Diplomacy, Sherlock. Not theatrics.”

“John!”

“Yes, yes, please, Lieutenant Watson.”

John was being lifted once again. She floated out of the door. As soon as the sun blinded her eyes, she heard the faint whoosh of the hypospray and then sensation flooded her limbs from core to tip. She sat up in the stretcher. Her eyes finally spotted Sherlock, who ran to her from Mycroft’s side.

“Sherlock, we need to talk!” called Mycroft.

“Later! John!”

“You’re still injured, Lieutenant Watson, please lie back,” said a blue-shirted officer, pushing her gently back on the stretcher.

Sherlock’s face loomed over her.

“You’re okay?” asked John.

“Yes. You?”

“A little banged up, nothing serious.” John smiled.

“John…”

“Sherlock…”

John sat up again and saw they were in a field beside the shuttlepod wreckage. Two enormous Federation shuttlecraft were in the distance. Blue-shirted staff fluttered around her and Sherlock with tricorders.

“I guess Moriarty got away.”

“Not exactly.” Sherlock pointed in the distance. “You feel like taking a walk?”

It took another twenty minutes of assessments and injections and reassurances before John was allowed to accompany Sherlock the short distance to the outcrop of rocks, which did turn out to be a shuttlepod.

“So this is the Belstaff?”

Sherlock nodded; a proud smile crept across her face.

“Oh, Sherlock!”
The ground at the door of the craft was strewn with wire and metal bits and pieces of synthetic skin that John recognized instantly.

“I added sensory identification and rigged it to blast anyone—besides myself—who attempted to enter or operate it.”

“You booby trapped your pod?!” cried John.

Sherlock smiled and shrugged and then her face fell serious. “The danger isn’t over, John. There is more I need to tell you. For now, I’m just glad you’re safe.” Sherlock wrapped her arms around John and held her gently.

“Nothing beats the real thing,” murmured John, burying her face in the crook of Sherlock’s neck. “How long did it take you to find my message? Ten minutes? Five?”

Sherlock was silent.

“Sherlock?”

“Twenty-five.”

John pulled away so she could look into Sherlock’s eyes. “Sherlock! No! Oh, love. You didn’t really think I’d run away with a robot!”

“I-I-I…”

“Never, love. You’re the one for me. Ever and always.”

Sherlock smiled then she looked down at John and frowned. “How did you know?”

“She called me ‘beautiful.’”

Sherlock snorted.

“I’m not beautiful, Sherlock. Not by any planet’s standard; I’m not symmetrical.” She raised her left shoulder. “And, any robot programmed by you with my pleasure as its prime directive would never make that mistake; we’ve had far too much…”

“Unpleasantness?”

John nodded. “…on that subject. So, she had to be thinking on her own—or, more likely, taking her orders from someone or something else. You had to be in danger. I assumed the kill switch wouldn’t work, and the heat was still in full swing, so I had to wait it out and try to figure out what her plan was. And then save the day.” John rubbed a hand down her face. “But I didn’t save the day, did I? Mycroft and your shuttlepod saved the day. And what did I do? Come to think of it, what did we do?”

“Survive?”

“Survive the royal pickle we got ourselves into.”

Sherlock kept one arm around John’s shoulders and turned toward the Belstaff. She laid her palm on the door and, after a series of beeps, it opened. Her two hands went to John, steadying her as she slowly climbed into the craft. “Are we going to leave the pieces here?” asked John, nodding to the ground.
“I have no desire to keep any as a souvenir of this incident. Mycroft’s team will dispose of it.”

John nodded. “Moriarty’s compliment was the first red flag. But it wasn’t the only one.” Her voice was light and teasing as she looked around the interior. “There was way too much cunnilingus at the end.”

Sherlock collapsed into the navigator’s chair. She pressed her fist to her mouth, stifling a giggle.

“I mean, how much tongue-in-the-twat does one woman need?!” John rolled her eyes and settled into the seat beside Sherlock.

Sherlock bit her lip. Then she cleared her throat and began pushing buttons and flipping switches. “It is a question to which I devoted not un-considerable calculation at our initial courtship, having no personal reference of my own.”

“The answer?”

“Much less than *Tales of Forbidden Omega Love!* would lead you to believe,” said Sherlock dryly. “Home?”

“Yes, and don’t spare the horses.”

Chapter End Notes

I am drinking Teavana’s [Yunnan Golden Pu-erh tea](https://www.teavana.com/yunnan-golden-puer), which is a blend of pu-erh and black teas. It is foul. Not recommended unless you’re a fan of smoky teas (e.g., lapsang souchong) or are an Omega in heat in Outer Space.

I’ve been seriously blocked about this chapter for quite a while and I think the experience has finally cured me of WIP-itis. I am going to work very hard to resist my impatient, impulsive nature and wait and post whole works, or at least wholly-drafted works, rather than true WIPs.
Sherlock and John sat opposite each other at the galley table, each holding a mug of tea. John laced the fingers of her right hand in those of Sherlock’s left.

They both sipped in silence.

Sherlock frowned at the dark liquid.

“What is this?”

“Duke of Wellington.”

“Good.”

“Yeah. Much better than the other.” John grimaced at the rubbish bin.

“The heat, John…”

“I don’t remember a lot of it, Sherlock. You’re right: the pheromones pretty much wipe the slate clean at the end.”

Sherlock gave a dismissive wave of her hand. “Puerile curiosity. Forget it.”

John tilted her head and paused. She licked her lips and then said slowly, “But we could mind-meld and you could see for yourself.”

Sherlock’s lips twitched; she traced the rim of her mug with one finger.

“Okay.”

Sherlock rested a hand on either side of John’s head.

Immediately, John felt the intrusion into her thoughts, like someone plundering an attic, ripping open tightly-sealed boxes and rifling through them. As Sherlock moved through her memories, they came to life, in vivid detail, before her eyes.

And she remembered. Everything.

Every thrust, every outburst, every conversation. She let the embarrassment and confusion that bubbled up inside her evaporate, having long ago made peace with the foibles and follies of her biology.

When John opened her eyes, Sherlock was pale and her expression grave. She said nothing.
Silence crept between them again.

Finally, the two blurted in unison.

“I underestimated you.”

They locked eyes. Each looked sheepish, and then alarmed, in turn.

“Alphas first,” said John, fixing her eyes on her cup.

“Moriarty and I did have something in common.”

“You’re nothing alike,” protested John.

Sherlock shook her head. “We both underestimated your intelligence. I am sorry, John.”

John looked up and smiled. Then she shrugged and said in a serious voice, pointing toward the door.

“I want a tour of your workshop, Sherlock. I want to know what goes on in there. I may not understand all of it, but…”

“Done.”

“And I want to know if there’s something experimental in the body wash. Or the lube!”

Grey eyes flickered with amusement. “Even at the risk of introducing a tremendous amount of bias and thus skewing the results?!”

“Yes!”

“Done. Your turn.”

John took a deep breath.

“I underestimated the depth of your sentiment. The difference between what I thought you felt and what you did feel…well, it’s fifteen minutes, isn’t it? And I am sorry for having hurt you, regardless of the motivation or the duration. I won’t do it again.”

“Among all the foolish moments I’ve had in the last couple of days, I feel most foolish for having doubted…”

John squeezed Sherlock’s hand and pulled her fingers to her lips and kissed them. “And I feel horrid for having caused you to doubt…”

“See that it doesn’t happen again.” Sherlock’s voice was tinged with arrogance, but her eyes were pleading.

“Done.” John finished her tea and rubbed the back of her neck with one hand. “I don’t know… maybe we could go on holiday…get away for a bit…”

Sherlock sat her mug down with a thud. “I had the same thought. Come.” She led John by the hand to the back quarters’ entrance. She tapped the controls, and the door slid open.

“Oh my!” cried John, stepping into the chamber. “It’s a lagoon!”

The air was thick with moisture and heat. A stone-lined waterfall fed a turquoise pool in the centre of
the space. A stone path led to a thin strip of beach that lined the far side of the lagoon and everywhere, every crevice and nook, was flush with green ferns and bright pink and orange blossoms.

“It’s not exactly a room of your own, but…”

“Sherlock, of all the things that Moriarty said to me, that’s the most rubbish of them all. I don’t want or need a study. I’m quite content to do my writing at our shared desk and my thinking, such that it is, in my little chair in the sitting room. But this, this is a dream. It’s a holodeck?” She reached out to touch one of the flowers.

“No, a serenity pod. No illusion. After our most recent adventure, I thought it best to forego artifice.” John rubbed an emerald frond; she walked to the lagoon’s edge and dipped her hand in the cool water. A bird cooed overhead, and a pair of butterflies floated past her. Sherlock continued, “It’s attached to quarters. Temporarily. The quartermaster owed me a favour—“

“Whatever. The quartermaster hates you. How many sets of chambers did you destroy or permanently contaminate before we met?”

“True, but I recently solved a tribble problem for him, so….”

“How long do we have it?”

“Seventy-two hours.”

“Perfect.” John spun her head, smiling, “You know it reminds me of…”

“Chapter 7 of Tales of Forbidden Omega Love!”


“Ludicrous. But, believe it or not, it was one of the more popular offerings in the catalogue.”

“Oh, I believe it. When did you have time to order this?”

“Your shower was thirteen minutes longer than average, John.”

“Yeah, well, I felt especially…dirty. But enough yapping. Get me out of this space suit!”

In moments, John’s naked form disappeared into the water with a tiny splash. Sherlock followed her, and they swam from end to end, over and over again. Then John crawled onto the beach and flopped onto her back. Sherlock stood and walked to the entrance, disappearing, and then reappearing with several large towels. John rolled onto one and dried herself with the other.

“This is heaven, Sherlock.”

Sherlock spread a towel beside her and stretched out on her stomach. John listened to the cascading water and the chirping birds and promptly sank into a dreamless sleep.

When John woke, she felt warm. She rolled and rolled until cool water covered her body. Then she pushed off from the bottom and called behind her, “Catch me, Ms. Proper Genius!” She swam to the edge of the waterfall, but when she lifted herself onto a rock, she saw Sherlock, standing chest deep, on the other side of the lagoon, hesitating. John dove again and surfaced just in front Sherlock. She wrapped her arms around Sherlock’s neck and then frowned.
“You’re warm, Sherlock.” Instinctively, John felt Sherlock’s forehead. She was flush and sweating despite the temperature of the water surrounding them. “Very warm. Feverish. Are you ill? Did the Talosians give you something?”

Sherlock shook her head, avoiding John’s concerned gaze. She said in a low voice, “I did not wish to disturb your rest…and yet I…very much wished to disturb your rest.”

John’s hands smoothed down Sherlock’s back until they touched something, something she had not felt in a long time. Softer than plastic or metal, and yet equally unforgiving. It was a flesh-coloured brief that enclosed Sherlock’s pelvis, made of something—to John’s fingers—akin to animal skin, not fur, but rather of shark, or reptile, or fish.

_Cage. Cock cage._

“Pon farr?”

“I don’t _do_ pon farr,” hissed Sherlock. “That part of me isn’t Vulcan.” Both knew the last sentence for the lament that it was.

“Then you must be going into…”

Sherlock spat the word: “Rut. I’m in the middle of a tropical paradise,” she held out her arms and spun around, looking up at the green canopy above them, “with a naked, unbonded Omega. What could I bloody well expect?!” Her voice dripped with disgust. “You’ve just been through a heat—albeit an abbreviated one—plus, the trauma of your attempted escape, being stunned…and now, what? I pounce on you. Like the primitive beast that I am. No, no, no!” She turned and walked toward the water’s edge. “I’ll be in my workshop.”

Sherlock had reached the beach and was wrapping a towel around herself when John reached her. “Wait, Sherlock.” She curled her arms around Sherlock’s waist and turned her head, resting a cheek between Sherlock’s shoulder blades. “Rut or no rut; cage or no cage; don’t leave. How can I rest when I was made to rest with you? You’re my Alpha.”

Sherlock swallowed loudly and turned. “John…this isn’t one of your romantic stories…” Sherlock pulled away and strode toward the pod entrance.

John called after her. “We can swim and nap and be blissfully lazy. You can tell me riddles and the answers and I can tell you silly jokes—and the answers. We can make up fantastic yarns about the birds and the bees—”

“There are no bees here, John.”

“And the butterflies. We can picnic and snuggle and do it all again tomorrow. And if you want to rut,” she shrugged, “I want to be your Omega. It’s as simple as that.”

“I could harm you. Again.”

“That was once. A long, long time ago. I am not afraid of you, Sherlock.”

“Well, you should be!”

“We could bond…”

someplace, in the past. Nothing more.”

“WHAT IS SO WRONG WITH THAT?!”

“You are not mine, John! You are your own person!”

“AND ME, MY OWN PERSON, CHOSES YOU, EVERY TIME, EVERY WAY, IN EVERY POSSIBLE MANIFESTATION OR CIRCUMSTANCE! AND I WILL SCREAM THAT IN ANY QUADRANT OF THE GALAXY WE FIND OURSELVES! SO, I ASK YOU, WHAT IS THE BLOODY DIFFERENCE?!”

The birds ceased their twittering, the butterflies stilled, and it seemed that even the falling water had muted itself.

When Sherlock spoke, her voice was heavy with defeat. “This biology, it is so…*illogical.*”

John pursed her lips and looked down at the sand. “You know it only turns me on when you go all pointy-eared on me.” She looked up at Sherlock through eyelashes and gave her a shy smile.

Sherlock shook her head slowly. Then she laughed and advanced on John. “I’ll want to check you. Inside,” she tapped John’s temple with a finger, “and out.”

“Wait, I thought I was my own woman. When are you going to take my word that I’m okay?”

Sherlock’s mouth fell open. She flushed. “That’s…true…please?”

“Just for the rut. Then you need to start trusting me.”

“Trust you? It’s *me* I don’t trust, John.” Sherlock gestured to her harnessed crotch.

“Then keep your cage on, and let me have my way on you.” John smirked and wiggled her eyebrows.

Sherlock smiled and held up her hands in mock surrender. She returned to the beach and stretched out on the towel anew and gave a vague gesture of invitation at her lower body. John straddled her, facing away, and began to grind her hips into Sherlock’s pelvis, resting her upper body on straight arms.

“This will not take long, Sherlock, not with you and the surreal beauty of this place and the relief of just being fucking alive and *home.*”


“Uh, uh, uh, UH!” John rolled quickly off Sherlock and spun ‘round to face her.

She grinned. Sherlock’s face was red, her nostrils flared, her entire brow drenched with sweat.

“Well, your arms and legs aren’t lassoed. Let’s see if you can catch me!” cried John as she scrambled toward the water.

Sherlock growled. “You took an oath!”

“I’m a doctor, not a saint. Come on, you gorgeous git!”

And with that she sank into the turquoise water and headed for the far side. John clamoured up the edge, through the waterfall to the narrow stone-lined path behind it. She turned and Sherlock shoved
her against the stone wall, lifting her feet off the ground and pushing her thighs up. Their lips were just touching.

“While generally unpleasant, watching your heat was not without its inspiration,” said Sherlock in a low voice that made John shiver.

“S’too good, Sherlock. Too good.”

And it was too good: the sound and the veil of the curtain of water, the feel of Sherlock’s body against hers, the puffs of her breath in John’s ear.

“Fucking…you…like…a woman. John, John, John.”


Sherlock glanced down between them. “I would think that that would make it…”

John’s voice was clearer now. “Sherlock, as much as I like your cock, your mind is much larger and more magnificent—and you’re all woman there.” She brushed a wet curl from Sherlock’s brown tenderly.

Sherlock stared at her. “John.” Her voice broke. And then she was nuzzling John’s neck and rolling her hips in a delicious pattern and taking John’s hands in hers and pinning them to the cool stone. John’s cries drown in the cascading stream and then she crumpled like a paper doll. Sherlock carried her along the stone path to the beach and laid her gently on the sand.

“Sherlock?” slurped John. Sherlock held up a hand. She disappeared and reappeared, then tossed a large, heavy bottle on the ground near John. John saw her slide a hand down her torso and press her thumb to a black square at the side of her briefs. There was a click and then she was peeling off the garment.

“We’re going to need a lot of lube, John.”

John chuckled. She grabbed the bottle and flipped the cap.


John heard the words…somehow.


They were…inside her head.

Sherlock?

You’re sleeping. I want to…I would very much like to…

Yes. Fuck me. Keep your hands on me.

John had the faint notion that she was being rolled and repositioned, one knee rising. Then pressure was at her temples.

And, suddenly, her entire body and mind was aflame.
She choked in surprise.

This…is…rut, John. Wanting to the exclusion of all other thought or action. Savage. Feral.

Beautiful, Sherlock. And this is as much a part of you as logic and science and puzzles. And I want it all, all of you. Come.

Warm tendrils licked at John’s body, coiling inside her, growing like vines. She didn’t so much as feel Sherlock’s thrusts, the scrape of Sherlock’s teeth against her neck and shoulders, the weight of Sherlock’s form on hers, as know that they were there.

That she was being devoured, consumed.

And then there was a sharp spike of heat as Sherlock came. And a roar of satisfaction that thundered in John’s mind.

I love you, Sherlock.

I love you, too, John.

“Alright, tell me about this danger, Sherlock. Here, it feels like nothing can touch us.” They were curled together on the beach. John smiled as a butterfly landed on her arm and waved its wings and then took off again.

Sherlock pushed one arm under her head. “Moriarty wasn’t just a robot, John…”

As Sherlock recounted her tale, John’s expression grew sober. She sat up and pulled her knees to her chest, hugging them.

“So she’s still out there?”

Sherlock nodded.

“And you don’t think we have heard the last of her?”

“Definitely not,” said Sherlock. “She’s interesting. And mad.”

Earlier...

“Federation Refuse and Waste Disposal.”

The red-shirted yeoman looked at a clipboard. “Alright. It’s over there. A wrecked shuttlepod and an exploded android. For incineration at the nearest Starfleet Regional Service Centre.”

“Roger that. Hey, Jimmy, get the hoover and let’s clean up!”

When the shuttlepod debris had been suctioned into the cargo hull and a smaller, round bin hauled onto the hulking vessel, the big man wiped his brow.

“Hew!”

“How ‘bout you let me drive, Pops?”

“Alright, Jimmy. Might just take a little snooze.” The craft lifted off and headed upwards into
darkness. When it has settled into a cruising speed, the big man lumbered toward the back of the craft, but then froze and crumpled to the floor.

“Need to take the rubbish out.” A door opened in the floor of the vessel, and a black boot kicked the body down into the cargo hull.

Soon, an idling shuttlepod appeared.

“Our chariot awaits.”

Then the round bin was being pushed through a transfer tube from the larger craft to the smaller one; a petite figure followed.

“Whee!” cried Moriarty as she emerged, like a child at the end of a slide. She quickly shucked the uniform and reached for her cloak.

“That’s better,” she said, flipping the collar up. She rolled the bin forward and set it in a chair. Then she plopped in the chair beside it and began flipping switches.

“Let’s go home,” she said as the shuttlepod sprung to life, blinking and whirring. “You know it’s a shame, what that evil Sherlock did to you.” Moriarty glanced at the bin. “Never fear, though, I’ll take you back to my workshop and fix you up. You’ll be restored to your former glory—scratch that—you’ll be better than before. Much better. Tougher, stronger, faster, smarter, better-looking, definitely. No more fucking silly Omegas. I’ll call you…Phoenix…because you’ll have risen from the rubble…No, wait, that’s not good enough for my right hand, for my hide-bearer…something more…ferocious…I’ll call you Tiger. And then, we’ll deal with that stupid Sherlock Holmes and her idiotic pet. Once and for all.”

Moriarty hummed happily and shifted the pod into warp drive.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it!

Of all the tea I ordered from Mariage Frères, two blends, a morning, Duke of Wellington, and an evening, Thé des Poètes Solitaires, are my favourites.

The plan now is to go back to Black Dragon Pearl and add a few chapters, two dream sequences and a Happily Ever After ending and to perform CPR on a pet play fic that I started and deleted some months ago. So...stay tuned!
Epilogue: The Caves

Chapter Summary

Sherlock & John explore the caves of a Capellan moon looking for a precious ore and find their bond tested.

Chapter rating: teen for dirty talk.

For my LJ 1_million_word bingo square: cave exploration.

“If I’m such a burden, maybe I should go back to the Belstaff!”

“Maybe you should!”

Sherlock’s words echoed against the red cave walls.

John turned and marched back along the raised path.

“Oh course, I’m slower. My legs are shorter, and I’m the one carrying the provisions,” she muttered to herself, hitching her pack up higher on her back and adjusting her helmet. “Not that she cares. Just transport, right? Eat nothing. Sleep on rocks. But there’s science! Science that she doesn’t bother to explain. Because she’s an Alpha? Or because she’s Sherlock? Or both?” John kicked a rock into one of ruby-coloured lava streams that flanked the path. “Both. Let’s see. I need to keep right here.”

Blood rushed in John’s ears. Her heart pounded in time with the crunch of her boots on the soil. The scarlet walls around her seemed to throb and pulse like arteries.

She continued her soliloquy. “I know what topaline is, why finding a new source of it is important, why this Capellan moon might have that source, why exploring this cave is an efficient way of discovering any veins without disturbing the landscape. I understand it’s a long shot and that a full scientific expedition isn’t warranted. It’s new, interesting, uncharted. I get it!”

“But what I don’t get is how my bond-mate can be so bloody rude! I’ll go back to the shuttlepod and have my own solo holiday until she comes to her senses—or finishes her self-appointed, self-important mission.”

“Geology is so much better than biology,” grumbled Sherlock. “Among the sciences, it is superior.”

“Geology is what brought me here. These walls,” her eyes scanned the crimson rock for any variation in colouring, “might hold the key to unprecedented advances. Topaline. I am becoming more convinced every day that topaline might make the impossible only highly improbable.”

“Geology brought me, but cursed biology brought John. John with her short legs and her insistence on eating! And comfort! Bah! Omega, through and through. I can’t concentrate, can’t focus with her huffing and puffing and questions. Oh, the infernal questions! Why this, Sherlock? Why that, Sherlock? Ugh! If I have to explain everything, I may be distracted and miss something and never find what I seek!”
“Why must I be an Alpha? It was weakness to allow John to accompany me on this mission. I should have made her stay in the Belstaff from the beginning and avoided all argument, all wastes of time that biology brings!”

Sherlock marched ahead. The streams of lava bubbled as she passed, seeming to give shape and substance to her anger. But even as the thought crossed her mind, Sherlock cursed it.

“Bah! John and her poetry-inspiring ways. Were that I was full Vulcan and could leave these human vestiges behind and focus on the science—that is, the geology. It is good that she returned to the Belstaff. Now I might actually make some headway.”

“Let’s see. I need to keep left here. Obviously.”

“This is new,” said John, passing blue cave walls. An alarm on her suit sounded. “Wow. The temperature has really dropped.” She studied her navigator. “And I’m no closer to the mouth of the cave than I was.”

The lava was frozen into slick sheets. John’s boots formed shards of ice as she marched.

She stopped. Looked back. Looked forward.

“I’m lost.”

“Okay. This is easy enough to remedy. Just go back the way I came. Déjà vu.”

She started to walk back along the path.

“What if I can’t find my way back? Or my way out? Or Sherlock?”

She stopped again, listening to the whoosh of her own breath.

In. Out.

“Sherlock.”

John gulped. A heavy weight grew inside her.

“What if she’s hurt? What if she’s hungry? What if she’s in danger?”

John broke into a run.

“You left your Alpha alone. What kind of Omega does that? Never mind Omega, what kind of friend does that? No matter how insufferable she’s being. You’ve put up with worse. Remember dinner with Mycroft?”

John shuddered and kept running.

“You’ll died here. She’ll survive. She always survives. And she’ll fare much better without you. She’ll find a new Omega, or, more likely, she’ll engineer a companion. Who doesn’t nag her to eat. Or sleep. Who isn’t plagued by an illogical, irrational biology that sends her into a compulsory fuck-fest.”

“Sherlock!” John screamed. Then her boot slipped on the edge of the path and she tumbled into the icy ravine.
“This is unexpected,” said Sherlock, touch the cave wall with a gloved hand. “Blue.” She frowned. “Need to take some samples. John, can you record—?”

Sherlock shook her head.

“Of course, John can’t record, John isn’t here. Stupid Alpha.”

Sherlock tapped the telecom on her suit.

“John?”

Nothing.

“A long shot. I’ll just determine her most probable route.”

Sherlock stopped. Looked back. Look forward.

“Forward.”

“What kind of Alpha abandons her Omega? Oh, the Sherlock Holmes kind. You did it before with spectacular results,” said Sherlock bitterly. “John’s smart. She’s back at the Belstaff, drinking tea and complaining about her boorish mate.”

Sherlock trudged on through blue tunnels.

“She’s regretting re-instating your bond. Better to keep her options open. Find an Alpha who won’t insult her intelligence or treat her like a pack-mule or a house-keeper.”

Sherlock winced.

“What’s topaline if John isn’t by your side? To share your triumph and say all those words? Extraordinary. Amazing. Fantastic.”

Sherlock blinked.

“Any Omega—any creature—would leave you. Logical.”

The next thought punched Sherlock in the gut, knocking the breath from her.

“What if she’s hurt.”

Sherlock saw a light ahead. She ran, crossing into a large chamber with vaulted ceilings.

Above her, curved walls bore openings with cascades of frozen water flowing into ice pond.

“She might be calling your name right now—“

“Sherlock!”

Sherlock looked up as John shot out of one of holes, slid down the icefall, and landed on the surface of the pond.

“John!”

“Sherlock!”
“Are you hurt?”

“Not badly. Just bruised.”

“I’m so sorry, John.”

“Me, too, love. My temper.”

“I was a boor.”

“I’m a burden.

“No! You’re essential.”

“I belong by your side, Sherlock, even if I’m slow.”

“And I by yours, John.”

“I’ll try to keep up.”

“Nonsense. Here let’s switch packs. Mine’s the lighter.”

“But your equipment?”

“Can be safer nowhere else.”

“Where are we, Sherlock?”

“I don’t know, but the ice is cracking. Take my hand. Run!”

They ran.

“Sherlock?”

“Yes.”

“Everything is green.”

“Yes.”

“And gorgeous.”

The streams were water once again, flowing gently over flat stones. Thick carpets of jade-coloured grass ran beside the path. Moss of darker shades of green lined the cave walls.

“Can we stop?” asked John pointing to knoll in the distance.

Sherlock nodded. “It doesn’t make any sense, John. All my data point to topaline being here and yet it couldn’t possibly be found in these conditions.”

They both sat on the grass. Then John laid on her back and stared up at the mossy cave roof. She sighed, then looked at Sherlock.

“I want to kiss you.”

Sherlock smiled. “Hold that thought.” She glanced at the readings on her suit. “The air here is
poisonous. A few breaths of it would be your last.”

“You data were wrong about the topaline, maybe our suits are wrong too.” John wriggled towards Sherlock until their transparent helmets touched. “Just one quick kiss. I’ll hold my breath.”

“John.” Sherlock rolled on her side. “I would not risk your safety for anything.”

John frowned and looked away. “I want my lips on my Alpha. I need to taste my Alpha. Don’t you understand?”

It was Sherlock’s turn to frown, but the plea in John’s tone distracted her from her train of thought.

“John.” Sherlock’s voice was low.

“Can’t you engineer something, Sherlock, please? Link my suit to yours so I can suck you.”

No mistake, John was begging. Sherlock’s cock grew hard inside her suit. Lurid images flooded her mind. “I want to fuck you, John. So badly,” she confessed. “I want to turn you over and split you open. Hear your sweet little moans.”

“Yes, please! I’m right here, love. I’m wet, so wet, just for you. Let me open myself for you. Your Omega, soft and wet and warm and so very open. Come take me, my Alpha. Take me right here on this lush green grass.”

Sherlock reached for John’s gloved hand, and her eyes drifted.


“Sherlock?”

“John, get up.” Sherlock tugged at John’s hand as she got to her feet.

John stood.

“In the beginning, I was angry,” said Sherlock as they hurried down the path. “I said things, things I would never say to you. I thought things that I would never think of you. Anger. Red.”

John nodded. “I left you, and I got lost. Everything was blue. And cold. I was afraid. For me. For you. For us. Fear?”

Sherlock smiled. “And green?”

They paused to look at each other, then spoke in unison.

“Lust.”

Suddenly, the mouth of the cave appeared with a dark silhouette in the centre.

“Mycroft!” cried John.

“Well done!”

“What is this?” barked Sherlock.

“Test, of course. I’m recruiting for a new team of highly specialised investigators. I’d like you and Doctor Watson to be a part of it, but there were one or two lingering doubts amongst those financing
the endeavor as to the suitability of a bonded pair-mate. So, I thought I’d orchestrate a bit of an exercise to prove them wrong. And you did. Splendidly, I might add. You survived anger and fear and lust and kept to the mission. Apologies for the subterfuge, but I knew you wouldn’t be able to resist the draw of undiscovered topaline, Sherlock. Geology was always a favourite of yours.”

Sherlock leaned towards Mycroft.

John caught Sherlock’s drawn arm between her hands and stilled it before the punch was launched. “What kind of investigations?”

“Ones that I believe will be of interest you both. I will give you a full briefing tomorrow.” Mycroft turned. “I expect you’ll be wanting to rest a bit, John.”

Sherlock and Mycroft glared at each other.

Finally, John interrupted. “Yes, thank you. Your offer sounds very interesting. Look forward to hearing more tomorrow. Come on, Sherlock. Let’s go back to the Belstaff.”

And with considerable effort, John steered Sherlock towards the shuttlepod in the distance.
“I liked the last cave,” said John as she wriggled out of her spacesuit. “Do you think there’s a serenity pod that resembles it? We could rent it when we’re feeling green.”

She smirked at the last word, then glanced at Sherlock, whose long fingers were dancing like a pair of spiders across buttons and levers and dials of the control panel.

“John, I was waiting for an appropriate time to mention it, but I have been tinkering with some technology that might make the green cave a more immediate possibility.”

“Of course you have. What kind of technology?”

“Holograms. The incident with Moriarty, while not fresh, will never be forgotten, so if you have reservations…”

John froze. Then she crossed her arms over her chest and let the top half of her uniform hang inside-out around her waist. Still barefoot, she walked towards Sherlock until she stood in front of her.

“Holograms?”

Sherlock unlocked a storage cell and produced a square device. “The prototype. An imagination cube. Earpieces and eyewear link to cube to wearer. Flip a switch and two can share the holographic fantasy of one.”

“Sherlock…” John frowned.

“The frequency cannot be intercepted, John. Any other ears or eyes but yours or mine—no facsimile, not even a severed organ will work—and it shuts down.”

“Do I want to know how you tested that?”

“No.”

“I didn’t think so. So does it work? Do the images from your brain actually come to life?”

“In simulation, but we could test it.” Sherlock raised an eyebrow. “If you’re amenable.”

John nodded.

Sherlock pivoted her chair to face the rear of the craft; the glass and screens behind her darkened.

John peeled off the lower half of her uniform and crawled into Sherlock’s lap, clad in only bra and pants.

“I suppose yours is the blue set,” she said, eyeing the tiny earbuds and thin-strapped goggles.
“Naturally. Yours are gold.”

“The green cave! You did it, Sherlock!”

John extended her arms and spun in a circle.

Sherlock nodded with satisfaction at the gently flowing stream, the flat rocks, the knolls of jade green grass and the moss-covered cave walls. Then her gaze fell on John. “How do you find your attire?”


Sherlock’s lips curled into a smile. “Problem?”

John laughed. “So it’s a naughty imagination box?”

“Applications are varied and diverse, with me and you on that patch of grass being a priority.”

John took Sherlock by the hand. “Lead on, my Alpha.”

John rubbed her face in the grass. “So I didn’t just climax on your lap in the shuttlepod?”

“As I said, John,” Sherlock was careful to remove the pique that normally accompanied the phrase, “no. It is all imagination. While it is unlikely that you and I could remain totally impassive while we collectively visualise…”

“You fucking me into another galaxy?” suggested John with a giggle.

Sherlock nipped at the bond-bite mark on John’s neck. John wiggled her bottom against Sherlock’s crotch.

 “…our true selves did not imitate the comportment of our holographic selves.”

“It feels so real, Sherlock. Everything has weight and texture.” John’s hand swept back and forth through blades of grass. “Even consistency.” She ran a finger through the sticky residual on her inner thigh and studied it with one cracked eye.

“That was the challenge.” Sherlock rolled away to dip her tunic in the stream, then rolled back and began to clean John. John was silent through Sherlock’s ministrations. Finally, she said,

“And this is all the creation of your brain?”

“Yes. For example,” Sherlock tossed the tunic aside and plastered herself to John’s back, nudging the cleft of John’s arse with her hard cock, “my brain has just overridden any physiological limitations to my natural refractory period.”

“And given me a self-lubricating orifice outside of estrus,” added John, raising her leg and arching her back in welcome.

Sherlock slipped her cock inside John and rocked their bodies together until she came.

John turned her head and met Sherlock’s lips in a gentle kiss. “Am I me or just a character in your fantasy?” she whispered.

Sherlock gently nuzzled John’s bond-site until the foul aroma of Omega distress dissipated.
“Consider yourself a free-willed guest at a party of my brain’s hosting. In terms of your pleasure, your ease, or perhaps serenity, for lack of a more precise word, is as much a part of the equation as any physical reaction.” Sherlock brushed her lips across John’s temple. “And in other news, I’m an idiot.”

John smiled, then laid her head on the grass. “Is time the same? Can I nap here?”

“Yes, time is equal, and there is no location in the universe, real or imagined, where you cannot rest in my arms, John.”

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John sat up and stretched and massaged her eyes and ears with her fingers. She blinked and saw the back of Sherlock’s head crowned by a halo of streaking cosmic light.

“How?” she asked with a yawn.

Sherlock hummed. “ETA. Forty-one minutes.”

“Wow! I slept a long time.”

Sherlock looked over her shoulder. “Not an inconvenience.”

“Good.”

John dressed and took her place in the co-pilot’s chair.

“Would you like to try it, John?”

“The cube?”

Sherlock huffed. “Obviously.”

John took a deep breath, then laughed. “My fantasies might be too much for you.”

Sherlock’s head jerked. “Too much?”

“Now who’s being obvious?”

“John.”

“You are an Alpha, Sherlock.”

“Violence?”

John snorted. “I’d like to see you try.”

Sherlock frowned and tapped her lips with the finger of one hand. Then she gasped.

“Ah! Jealousy. Others.”

John pointed to a blinking light on the control panel. “Sherlock—“

“John, I understand that what stimulates, titillates may bear no relation to what one wants to experience in real life.”

“Sherlock—“
“You give me far too little credit—“

“So do you! Asteroids!”

“Oh!”

Sherlock’s hands flew over the controls. The Belstaff tilted and lurched as she steered it through the flying rocks.

“That’s all of it, John.”

“Yeah.” John exhaled a ragged breath and released her white-knuckled grip on the arms of the chair.

“Thank you for alerting me to the danger. Now, as I was saying—“

“Okay, Sherlock, but no Alpha nonsense if I want to look at someone pretty who isn’t you.”

Sherlock nodded, then asked “When?”

“When I’m in the mood.”

Sherlock’s eyes widened in alarm.

“Not *that* mood, Sherlock. Not heat. Can you imagine? Right now I just want to go home and hear about these adventures we’re going to be having.”

“Fair enough.”
Epilogue No. 2: The Naughty Box (Part 2 of 3)

Chapter Summary

Using the box, Sherlock & John explore John's fantasy: a sex club where Alpha/Omega is only one of the possibilities. Voyeurism. OCs (that are figments of John's imagination) having sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sherlock put a hand to the small of John’s back as they made their way through the crowd.

“A club. Interesting choice.”

“I’ll get us drinks,” said John.

When she returned, she offered Sherlock a short, heavy glass and raised her own flute of sparkling effervescence. “A toast to our first successful mission,” she said.

“To us,” responded Sherlock with a nod and a smile. She sipped, then coughed. “Whiskey,” she pronounced.

“Cliché, right? Like the champagne.”

“You judge yourself far harsher than I do, John. Your dress, for example, is stunning.”

The halter fell in two black curtains from the nape John’s neck and were loosely held together by horizontal strips at her cleavage and sides. Her belt was wide and snug and a skirt of four separate panels, two front and two back, covered her lower half. The panels overlapped slightly at the waist.

She extended one leg to reveal bare skin and a high-heeled thin-strapped sandal. “If you need a reminder this is pure fantasy!”

“And this is traditional evening wear, no?” said Sherlock, unbuttoning her jacket to flash a sliver of blue waistcoat. “The well-dressed gentle-Alpha.”

John smiled. “You look perfect.”

“Thank you. I’m not supposed to smoke a cigar in a study or hunt foxes?”

“Not that cliché,” said John.

“Then how about a dance?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

Sherlock held John close, turning them in a tight circle.

“John, some of the dancers make for unconventional pairings, and some are not pairs at all. In
addition to traditional couples, there are Alphas dancing with Alphas and Omegas with Omegas and I am not yet sure how to describe that group in the corner at all, and yet these are all part of your imagination. Your fantasy.”

John stumbled over Sherlock’s feet. She dropped her head, mumbling, “I’m sorry. I’ll stop.”

Suddenly, the ground, then the walls, shook.

Sherlock pressed her lips to the side of John’s face. “You misjudge me, John, and once again, judge yourself far too harshly. I observe everything and everyone. The most important one and thing to me is you. I am merely observing aloud. I truly want to understand.”

John looked up and shook her head. Two fat tears ran down her face. “I don’t want any other Alpha, anyone at all, but you, Sherlock.”

“John,” Sherlock sighed wearily. She kissed the wet streak on John’s cheeks. “Stop. This is meant to be pleasurable. This, they are not real. They pose no threat to me, and I feel none. This is your mind, your desire. It is fascinating to me.” She drew the black strap of John’s dress aside, exposing her bond-bite. Then she licked and licked at the teeth-mark-shaped scar.

Swipe by swipe, John’s fear and shame evaporated.

“Another dance?” asked Sherlock.

John glanced shyly at her and nodded.

“Do you know what I think, John?”

“Never,” replied John as they returned to the centre of the room.

Sherlock pulled her into a dancer’s embrace. “I think that bedroom eyes in the middle of a dance floor is the beginning of an excellent fantasy.”

The Omega stood, arms outstretched, hands gripping the railing behind her. Her voluminous skirt cascaded to the floor like a chandelier. Eyes closed, she swayed to the melody.

“Who is she?” asked Sherlock.

John shook her head. “I don’t know.” She leaned back against Sherlock’s chest.

“Then why are we watching? She’s obviously enjoying something.”

The Omega grinned and leaned her head back. Her dress shifted. Then the soles of two shoes appeared from beneath the skirt.

Sherlock chuckled. “Ah. There’s an Alpha tongue in her cunt.”

John nodded.

Sherlock’s lips grazed the shell of John’s ear as she spoke. “I believe furtive fondling is allowed in this part of the establishment.”

“Not just allowed, encouraged.”

Sherlock’s hands slid beneath John’s halter and began caressing her breasts. “Oh, she’s loving it.
Being tongue-fucked. Clit sucked, too. Right there.” She thumbed John’s nipples until they pebbled.

When she removed her hands, John whimpered and arched her back in needy protest. Sherlock shushed her, licked her fingertips and began teasing the buds anew. She toyed with them, pinching, flicking, then kneading the pendulous flesh around them with rough hands.

While John moaned and grunted, a second set of soles appeared from beneath the Omega’s skirt.

“Arse, too? John, you naughty Omega!”

John turned her head. “Are you going to spank me?”

Sherlock kissed her pouting lips. “I believe that’s for the next room,” she replied, glancing toward a large archway. She kept one hand on John’s breast and dropped the other down her back, pressing one finger along the cleft of her arse atop the fabric of the dress. “That explains the look on her face. She leans forward and gets a tongue deeper in her cunt—“

“Clit sucked, too,” said John plaintively.

“Clit sucked too,” said Sherlock, taking John’s earlobe in her mouth and demonstrating. She released it with a scrape of teeth, and continued, “Then she leans back and gets another tongue deeper in her arse. Back and forth, back and forth. She can’t escape the pleasure; it grows with every movement. Now, the two are inching closer. Eating cunt and arse at once.” Sherlock moved her finger up and down along John’s cleft.

“Kissing each other and her. It’s driving her mad.” John reached back and parted to the rear sections of her skirt. Then she wriggled her bottom against Sherlock’s clothed crotch.

Sherlock’s arms went around John’s waist and held her tight. She began to rut gently. “Not just her.”

John turned in Sherlock’s arms, letting the skirt fall back into place. “You’re hard.”

Sherlock hummed. “Leaking, too.”

John ran a hand down the front of Sherlock’s trousers, feeling the outline of her prick and the damp fabric. “I want to drive you a little madder.”

“I’m a willing guest in your fantasy, John.”

They swayed together, sometimes kissing, sometimes petting, but mostly dancing.

“John, I believe I deleted the phrase ‘tongues battling for dominance’ as soon as I read it in that excerpt of Tales of Forbidden Omega Love, but there it is. Two Alphas. I suppose it’s kissing, but it more closely resembles a lingual battle royale.”

“To each their own, Sherlock. Perhaps they’re role-playing Godzilla and Mothra.”

“You must enlighten me later,” said Sherlock, turning them. Her hands slipped under John’s skirt and gripped her buttocks.

“You liked that arse-eating, didn’t you?” asked John with a smirk.

“More than I would have imagined. Perhaps, if time allows, when we advance to the next room…” Sherlock squeezed John to the rhythm of the samba that played.
“Spread my cheeks and lick me?”

“On my knees, worshipping you from behind.”


“Four,” corrected Sherlock.

John frowned.

“There is one at the very centre of the triad, John. She’s petite compared to the others, almost unnoticeable from the outside because of the wings, but she’s been suckling teats and fingering cunts since they arrived. She’s nude and they’ve been pleasuring her in return. By my calculations, she’s reached orgasm seven, no eight, times. The scent of her climax, while not as nearly heady as yours, is not wholly unpleasant.”

“Oh, Sherlock.”

Sherlock’s hand strayed, swiped the dampness that coated John’s inner thigh. She brought her fingers to her mouth and licked. “Perhaps it’s time to move on to some fucking of our own.”

John nodded.

Chapter End Notes

I have a plan for this! All will be revealed at the end of the next chapter.
Chapter Summary

More of John's fantasy sex club, Sherlock reveals a fantasy of her own, and the Naughty Box is the start of something unexpected.


Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“To say you have a vivid imagination, John, would be gross understatement. This most closely resembles an erotic circus.”

There were spectators and performers.

Dark corners and spotlights.

Low cushioned nooks and high trapeze ropes.


Slaps of flesh against flesh.

A quiet and brief burst of applause

“Something like that,” said John with a nervous laugh.

They approached a scene where a nude Omega lay on her side on the floor, ensconced in a bank of pillows. She was being serviced by three other Omegas, one flat on the floor, suckling her far breast, and two between her legs, tonguing her cunt and arse. A fourth Omega was standing in front of her, thrusting her hips forward awkwardly and spreading her labia with her fingers.

“Beautiful,” the Omega praised. “Give Mama one kiss, then go love your Alpha.” The whole tableau shifted as the Omega reached up to kiss the cunt, then flopped back down into the mountain of pillows and eager mouths of her attendants.

The Omega caught sight of John and beckoned to her. “Come. This is for you.” She put a hand under her free breast and hoisted it.

John turned to look at Sherlock, who nodded. Then she fell to her hands and knees, bunching the front strips of skirt between her legs, and crawled toward the scene. Carefully avoiding limbs and trunks, she took the nipple in her mouth and sucked.

“Oh, Good Omega!” A hand petted John’s head; her world shook. “Everyone likes to suckle Mama Sow, but Mama Sow, oh, she likes this pretty little piglet.”

John licked the nub, then widened her lips.
“That’s right, pretty, oh, you’re a hungry thing? I bet you need more. Come here, tall, dark, and gorgeous, and give your Omega the fucking she needs.”

All John could see was skin. She closed her eyes, slowed her lips, and inhaled.

Sherlock. Sherlock’s cock.

John reached behind with one hand and spread her skirt, lifting her bare rump in the air. She felt Sherlock’s familiar grip on her buttocks and the head of a familiar cock probing her cunt.

With her thrusts, Sherlock set the rhythm that John translated to the teat.

“Oh, Mama Sow likes the way you two fuck, yes, she does! Oh, ho, ho! Fuck her hard, Alpha-gorgeous, and Mama Sow’ll have something special for the pretties!”

Sherlock gripped John’s hips firmly and thrust harder. John sensed Sherlock imminent release from the tension in the body that slammed into hers and the sharp twist in Sherlock’s scent. She spread her knees and arched her back in a silent plea for more.

Suddenly, John was being filled from both ends. Sherlock pulled out at once. John recoiled and sat back on her heels. She wiped her mouth and watched streams of thick liquid cascade down the Omega’s rolls of flesh.

But she did not watch for long. A crowd appeared and set upon the Omega, blocking John’s view.

“Mama Sow feeds all the piglets!” shouted the Omega.

Sherlock pulled John to her feet and began cleaning them both.

“Where in the universe did that come from?” John asked, nodding to the wet flannel.

“Your mind, John, though filthy, prioritises efficient hygiene. They floated by on a tray. And here comes the disposal tray.”

John’s gaze returned to the teeming throng that circled the Omega. She shook her head. “Sherlock, I’m not sure …”

“Yes,” said Sherlock when they were both set to rights. “It bears repeating: vivid is an understatement. Perhaps it’s time…”

“Yes,” said John, allowing Sherlock’s hand to lead her through the crowd.

“Godzilla and Mothra are here,” said Sherlock. “Now it’s not only their tongues that are battling for dominance.”

“Some people find wrestling erotic, Sherlock. Especially the oiled kind.”

“More than ‘some,’” going by the number of appreciative spectators, John. And I see that the Omega butterflies are still fluttering.”

“They’re pretty.”

“John.” Sherlock gripped John’s waist.

John stopped and turned into her.
Sherlock drew a line with her finger from the hollow of John’s neck to her cleavage.

“I quite liked fucking you,” she said.

John looked up and smirked. “Want to do some more?”

Sherlock grinned. “Oh God yeah.”

“I want to be an Omega.”

“You are an Omega, John.”

“I want you to be an Alpha.”

“Ah.”

John led Sherlock to the centre of a ring and stood beside a metal frame.

Sherlock circled John and the contraption and nodded.

Once. Twice. Thrice.

Then she roared.

“MINE!”

A few heads turned. A few eyes lingered.

Sherlock stood before John, waving her hands like a magician. Then she slipped behind her.

“MINE!”

With another flourish of hands, the belt of John’s dress snapped and her skirt fell to the floor. Then the halter of the dress was wrenched in two, and John’s breasts were in Sherlock’s palms, being squeezed so hard it made John wince.

“MINE!” Sherlock shouted. Then she breathed in John’s ear, “Yes?”

“Can’t you tell?” John snapped. Her secretions had trickled down her thighs and now were nearing her inner knee. She closed her eyes and focused her lust, sending out a concentrated cloud of pheromones.

As the cloud made its way across the ring at least a dozen groans, including Sherlock’s, rang out. By now, a crowd had gathered to watch, and the light overhead seemed bright to the point of dazzling.

Sherlock’s fingers burrowed clumsily in John’s cunt; then she smeared them in stripes across John’s bare ribs and stomach, painting her with the evidence of her own lust.

The Alpha on-lookers, John recognized the tell-tale glints in their eyes, were leaning into the railing that separated stage from audience. Two even licked their lips.

Sherlock stepped in front of John with a snarling smile. “Mine,” she growled. “Not. Yours.” Then with a dancer’s grace, she turned, bent low, and offered John’s hairy mons a feral lick. Then, just as quick, she was back on her feet and easing John onto the frame.

The locks fell in place. The bindings were secured.
But for the shoes that Sherlock soon removed and tossed toward the spectators, John was bare.
Exposed.
Vulnerable.
And yet, not vulnerable at all, because there was Sherlock.
John felt her Alpha’s presence.
Confident, charming.
Protective, possessive.
It was the last that made John whisper,
“I want to be claimed.”
A perfect tongue licked her bond-bite scar, a perfect voice rumbled,
“You are already claimed, Omega.”
The use of her sex and not her name should not have made John drown in lust anew, but it did. It shouldn’t have made her so embarrassingly, improbably wet, but the trickle had turned to a torrent that until now she had scarce believed possible outside of heat.
Sherlock’s voice was low and soft, but still very much commanding. “Your imagination conjured a breeding stand, John. I can only deduce,” another lick to her neck and John was openly, unabashedly whimpering, “that you want to be bred. Before an audience.”
The frame cut into John’s skin as she arched against it.
“Fuck me, Sherlock,” she moaned.
“What’s that, Omega?” asked Sherlock, with a hand to her ear in a theatrical gesture.
“FUCK ME, ALPHA!”
And though Sherlock had moved behind her, completely beyond John’s range of vision, she knew the instant that her trousers were open and her cock freed. Cocks—of an astounding range of shapes, sizes, and, John noted, compositions—began appearing in the crowd that lined the outside of the ring. Omegas fell to their knees with mouths open. Some formed human tables on which their fellow Omegas were bending and offer themselves for fucking.
But they were all paused in some sort of erotic tableau until John felt the head of Sherlock’s cock breech her.
Then the fucking began.
John did not silence herself, not her hollow groans nor her high-pitched pleas for more. There was no point. Her noises were lost in the collective symphony of sex around them, a symphony that Sherlock seemed to be conducting.
Sherlock’s hands were running up and down John’s back and buttocks with the only break, an occasional slap.
Sherlock’s call was echoed by grunts from the other Alphas. John forced her eyes open, again and again, watching the synchronised movement of cocks in cunts—and arse, she noted, for it seemed that Mothra was besting Godzilla, at least for now.

*Slap! Slap!*

“**YES!**”

John knew exactly what Sherlock’s strikes meant, and knew exactly she was affirming.

The knot.

“**BREED ME, ALPHA!**”

Now the crowd was in a frenzy. The Omegas that had been on their knees, sucking, were scrambling to find positions that afforded mounting. They were being hoisted on to the railing or bent over it. They were being laid out on the floor. They were forming piles of limbs and mouths and cocks and cunts. Any available surface was being occupied and re-occupied.

Sherlock’s cock swelled. White-hot streams filled John’s very core.

Every face John saw bore an almost-pained expression of rapture. Each body was either giving or receiving a knot, and some creatures were empowered with more than one.

John worried she might be extinguished—snuffed out like a flame in wind—from the sheer pleasure of what her body was receiving from Sherlock and what her mind was consuming from the scene around her.

And she was not far off, for as the last of Sherlock’s seed filled her, her world went black.

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She opened one eye.

The circus was still underway, but she was lying on something soft, looking down on it through a fog.

“**John.**”

John looked down as Sherlock’s fingers laced in hers. Sherlock’s arm was bare, but John’s was covered. She frowned at the white cotton, crisp, loose, and unbuttoned at the cuff. Sherlock’s shirt. John shifted and realised it was all she wore. She grunted.

“Your fantasy seems to entail everyone’s orgasm but your own, John.”

John grunted again, this time something resembling “What of it?”

“Just observation.”

But even in her torpor, John heard something in Sherlock’s voice. She turned and sat up.

“The risk that you took, the trust that you placed in me, in sharing these fantasies is not lost on me, John. I feel compelled to honour you in similar fashion. If you will allow me to take control of the
Box, I will share a closely-guarded fantasy of my own with you.”

John nodded, then she glanced back at the circus. “Something calm, yeah?”

“The very definition of the word. Close your eyes.”

John felt a jolt. When she opened her eyes, Sherlock was leading her from the darkness of the club through an archway.

“This is just fantasy, John.”

John nodded absently as her eyes adjusted.

Soft.

Everything was soft.

The glow of light that surrounded her. The colours of the walls. The faint lullaby. The plush animals. The folded blankets. The angora jumper that she was wearing.

John looked down and gasped.

Sherlock spoke quickly. “Just fantasy. If you don’t like it, we can exit at once…”

“I’m pregnant!”

“John.”

“Yeah, yeah. Give me a minute.” John reached a hand out to steady herself. Sherlock held her gently.

John laughed and shook her head. “I said I wanted you to be an Alpha, I guess I should’ve known you’d want me to be an Omega.”

She looked up and smiled at Sherlock, whose look of relief made her heart pang.

“It’s okay, Sherlock. I get it. So this is a nursery.”

“And a nest.” Sherlock led John to a circular arrangement of pillows, cushions, and blankets.

“You want to nest now?” asked John, brushing a lock of hair from Sherlock’s face.

Sherlock nodded and blinked. “Just a few minutes,” her voice was a croaky whisper. “If that’s okay…”

“It’s more than okay.”

John moved slowly, allowing Sherlock to settle them in the nest to her liking, spooned with Sherlock’s hand resting lightly on John’s swollen belly.

John closed her eyes and listened to Sherlock’s breathing. Breath by breath, she relaxed and let the warmth and calm of the nest seep into her, driving out all the stress and strain and weariness. Then she turned and cupped Sherlock’s face in her hands.

“Who’d have thought the old Alpha to have had so much love in her?”
Sherlock wept.

John kissed Sherlock’s tears and her lips and every part of her that trembled. Sherlock rocked them together, and John felt a familiar sweetness kindle inside her.

“Sherlock, I don’t know if…”

Sherlock quickly arranged pillows, but John stopped her.

“Just you. Let me come on you. For you. For my Alpha.”

Sherlock nodded, and John carefully straddled her thigh and began to rut.

“I love you, Sherlock, and that’s no fantasy.”

“No, it’s dream come true. And the truest thing I know.”

Sherlock burst through the sliding doors like a predator on the hunt. Her head whipped ’round, her eyes scanned the environs. Her nostrils flared. She sniffed. “No Alphas. No one at all, but you.”

“Hello to you, too, Sherlock,” said John evenly. “How was the case?”

Sherlock snatched the drink from John’s hands, gulped, and scowled. “Tea, but not pu-erh.”

“No. My heat isn’t due for weeks. When you get settled in, we can talk,” she replied, but Sherlock had already darted into their sleeping quarters.

In a flash, she was back, then d headed at full speed toward her workshop.

John followed close behind.

“You’re hiding something, John. ‘We’ll talk about it when you get back’ is a ridiculously inflammatory statement, especially given our history.”

“If you’d be willing to amend for preference for text-comming,” said John coolly, “I could’ve put your mind at ease yesterday, but no matter, there’s even more to tell now.”

Sherlock halted in the doorway. John crashed into her.

“You tried to use the Naughty Box by yourself. Without me. Wouldn’t work.”

“Yes. Tea?”

Sherlock seemed to deflate. She nodded reluctantly and followed John, her expression like that of a prisoner awaiting execution.

“I was assigned an interesting case in sickbay, which has been occupying me for the last three days while you’ve been gone. I was waiting to see what combination of treatments would be most effective, and the patient and I got to talking. Trust grew, and confidences were shared.”

Sherlock winced.

“Are the conclusions to which you are jumping logical, Sherlock?” asked John, interrupting her own train of thought.

Sherlock grunted into her tea.
“Through our conversations, I learned a secret.”

“Yes?” asked Sherlock.

“*Tales of Forbidden Omega Love* was not written by one author!”

Sherlock raised one eyebrow.

“See? You’re surprised?”

“Indeed. Go on.”

“It was written by a syndicate of ghostwriters, all very hush-hush and anonymous. No one knows who the editor is or was, but they are launching a periodical version and looking for new talent. So, as you were gone and I had two days and nights in sickbay, keeping an eye on things, but no major crises, I wrote a story. It was a short piece based on a scene at the Naughty Box fantasy club, and it was immediately accepted! And they’ve offered me a twelve-piece contract! So, if you’re amenable, I thought we could use the Box to do research.” John wiggled her eyebrows.

Sherlock blinked. “I thought…”

“No. Sherlock Holmes did not think. Sherlock Holmes *feared*.” John took Sherlock’s hand and kissed it. “Which is very human and not very pointy-eared, but I love you regardless of how logical or illogical you are, so, what do you say? Will you help me? It’s going to be called *The Frayed Strand*, by the way.”

Sherlock laughed. “I say, ‘Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms.’”

Chapter End Notes

So I have an idea to start a new series where I write John's stories for *The Frayed Strand* and/or her and Sherlock's experiments with the Naughty Box. They would be ficlets that combine porn with plots from ACD canon stories and fantasy and humor. If it holds any appeal at all, let me know! Comments are gold.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!