Be Mine

by SailorChibi

Summary

In a world where everyone is a dom or a sub, Greg has no interest in finding another dom. Unfortunately, he seems to have caught Mycroft's attention, and Mycroft isn't prepared to take no for an answer.

Notes

Sherlock belongs to Moffat, Gatiss, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

This was written for a prompt on the kink meme.

This was my first Mystrade story. It was... interesting.

Please go here to see the gorgeous cover art created by Cleo_Calliope!
It's not like he's ashamed of it.

Even though few people know about it Gregory Lestrade has never been ashamed of being a sub.

The days where subs were looked down on or treated badly are gone, for the most part. There will always be the occasional prick who thinks all subs should live on the floor but that's never concerned him all that much. He grew up with two doms for older brothers; he knows how to handle himself, knows how to steel his will against the mental press of a dom and refuse to back down. It's one of the reasons he hopes he'll eventually promoted to Detective Inspector. Not many subs can face a dom unflinchingly.

There are even fewer subs that can face down Sherlock Holmes.

"I'm telling you, you've got this all wrong," Sherlock hisses. His eyes are wild, the pupils fully dilated, and the mental press of his will is staggering. It takes Greg everything he has not to fall to his knees the first time those otherworldly eyes are turned on him. The fact that Sherlock also recites, in a bored voice, the nature of his relationship with his girlfriend, what he had for lunch, and how he got the bruise on his left cheek just makes it worse. How he gets stuck taking this boy in, he'll never know.

"And I'm telling you we're not about to listen to a junkie who knows too much for his own good," Greg answers mildly. "For all we know you committed the murder and chose the world's worst way to cover it up." The chances of that are not high. When he looks at Sherlock - scrawny even though he's tall, wild hair, looks like he hasn't eaten in months - he doesn't get the feeling of "murderer". But Sherlock knows things, things only the murderer would know, so he has no choice. It's conflicting and unsettling.

"Just because I'm high doesn't mean I'm wrong." Sherlock's eyes narrow.

Greg has no answer for that. He steps away from the holding cell, leaning against the wall in a subtle movement to hold himself up as the press becomes stronger. He has a fleeting moment to wonder what it would be like if Sherlock wasn't high. Good God. "We'll discuss it when you've come down," he says.

Sherlock says something that sounds suspiciously like "that's what you think" but Greg doesn't stick around to hear it.

His legs are shaking by the time he gets to his little office and he sinks into his chair gratefully. Jesus Christ. It's been years since he met a dom that strong, and the last time was an experience he does not care to repeat. For a moment, the memories well up and fold over him, trapping him in their ugly world. His hand tightens around his pen and he takes a series of short, quick breaths that leave him feeling light-headed.

There's a knock on the door and his eyes fly open. This is not what he needs right now. But before he can respond to the person on the other side, the door is already opening. It's on the tip of his tongue to scold for the intrusion when the feeling hits: the strongest mental press he's ever encountered. His mouth snaps shut, the words dying before they make it into the air, as the man in the doorway gives a polite smile.

"Good afternoon," he says.
It takes Greg a moment to remember how to talk. Then he gathers the shreds of his own will together and stands. "Good afternoon. Can I help you?"

"I understand you have my younger brother."

Younger - bloody fuck, there's two of them. Greg hopes his face doesn't display the sheer horror he feels at this new information. "You must be referring to Sherlock."

"Unfortunately." The man's smile is thin. "My name is Mycroft. I've come to collect him." He steps forward, a sweeping gesture that sucks all the air out of the room, and crisply lays paperwork across the desk. Greg shuffles through it. It's all perfectly filled out even though they only arrested Sherlock less than two hours ago.

"He's down in the cell," Greg says. Surprisingly, instead of feeling annoyed, he's actually... amused. And a little bit relieved. He really doesn't think Sherlock is guilty of this. It must show in his voice or on his face because Mycroft looks a little surprised by his reaction. "I'll have someone show him up."

"Thank you," Mycroft says. He studies Greg in the way that is rapidly becoming familiar, if only because Sherlock has been doing it repeatedly for the past hour. It's a way of stripping someone bare without touching them. "You are not what I expected."

Greg grins and comes out from behind the desk. Now that he's had a moment to get used to it, Mycroft's mental press no longer makes him feel like folding instantly. It's a good feeling to stand up to. "That's alright. I've never met anyone like you Holmeses before, so I guess we're even."

"Imagine that," Mycroft says softly as Greg leaves the room.
Chapter 2

It's late by the time that Greg finally leaves. He's half expecting to see Sherlock lurking around waiting for him, but there's no sign of the boy (however old his paperwork says he is, Greg can't think of him as anything but) who left so unwillingly with his big brother. It's just as well. Greg really isn't in the mood to deal with any doms tonight. He's perfectly happy to go home to his girlfriend and forget everything that's happened.

She's waiting for him by the time he gets there, sprawled across the couch watching the telly with takeaway. "'Lo love," she says, not looking up. "How was your day?"

"I've had better." Greg sighs and sits down next to her without taking off his jacket. He snags an eggroll and bites into it. The spiciness helps to clear his head a bit. "Yours?"

"Fantastic. I might have a lead on a story." She finally turns to look at him and he sees that her eyes are gleaming in that familiar way that means she's got her teeth into a lead and she's not going to let go. Sometimes he thinks she would have made a good detective.

"Well that's good," he says. "I hope this will lead to your big break." He drops a kiss on her cheek and stands up.

"Want me to put you under tonight?" she asks.

Greg hesitates just long enough for it to become a problem. When he sees her stiffen he groans inwardly. Being "put under" by a sub is nothing like the real thing. Subs don't possess the mental push required to fully put another sub under. The most they can do for each other is in the more physical sense: being bound up, tied down, putting your trust in someone else's hands to not hurt your body. It's not the same but usually it's enough and he doesn't mind. He likes it, actually. It helps to fill a craving deep inside that's always there. But after his encounter today, well...

"Come on, Greg." She puts her box aside and stands up with a coy smile.

He gives in. "Alright. Just let me shower first."

She goes to get things ready while he takes a quick shower. By the time he comes out, she has the leather cuffs attached to the headboard and is flipping through one of her favourite sex books. "I was just thinking, love," she says a touch too casually. "Have you heard anything more about the Willow Widower?"

Greg cringes at the stupid, press-created name. "We had another crime scene today," he says, roughly dragging the towel across his chest. Then he pauses and looks at her, belatedly recognizing that tone of voice. "Hang on. Your lead isn't – we've talked about this."

She pouts. "I don't see why I can't use my boyfriend as a source."

"Because your boyfriend is trying to become a D.I. and that is an excellent way to make sure it never happens," Greg snaps. Sometimes he wonders why she's really here, but he tries to push that thought away as he walks over and stretches out on the bed. She hovers over him and he pins her with a hard stare. "Seriously, I'm not telling you anything. You know that leaks can break an investigation."

"Yeah, I know." She runs a finger down his arm and slides the cuff around his wrist. The catch slides into place and Greg feels that delicious fizz of anticipation. Sometimes it's not even sexual, but god it always feels good. By the time she moves around the bed to the other side, he's already
"That's right," she murmurs in his ear. "Just relax, Greg. Let yourself go. I'm here. We're going to curl up together and go to sleep, isn't that right?"

"Yes," he says. His tongue catches on the "s", dragging it out into a hiss, and she giggles.

"Listen to my voice, love. Forget everything else. It's just you and me."

She continues to talk, her voice low and soothing, and he floats, listening to the calming sound, answering her occasionally when she requires him to talk. It's calming, like a physical switch that allows the tension of the day to drain away. He could easily fall asleep now and he thinks he might even be able to sleep through until morning if he does. But she's still beside him and she's still talking and that would be rude. In order to keep himself awake he makes more of an effort to listen, more of an effort to respond with something that's more than just an automatic response.

"And what happened?" she says.

He doesn't understand the question until he hears himself answering. "I arrived on the scene and saw that the body had been left naked with the standard willow branch on her chest. There was a boy examining it and I had to deal with him before I could see much more." His voice is distant, slightly slurred.

"A boy? Tell me about him."

"No!" With effort, Greg drags himself free. She jumps to her feet, startled, as he sits up. His fingers search for and find the hidden release catch on the cuffs and he swings his legs off the bed. "How dare you," he says low, shaking. "How dare you put me down for the sole reason of using me?"

"Greg, I wasn't - "

"I heard you! You were asking me questions about the crime scene!"

Her expression changes and she lifts her chin, squaring her shoulders. "You won't bloody well help me! I'm the only journalist I know dating a sergeant and you can't even toss me a quote or two? I mean, bloody hell, Greg. It's like you don't care about me at all."

Greg stares at her and shakes his head slowly. "Get out."

"Greg - "

"Get out!" he snaps.

"Fine. Fine! If that's how you're going to be." She marches out of the room and he follows to stand in the doorway, watching as she collects her clothes and dresses in sharp, jerky movements. "I'm telling you, Lestrade, you'll regret this someday. You'll see the name Kitty Reilly and you'll wish you'd just helped me when you had the chance." She storms out, slamming the door so hard it bounces in the frame.

Greg slumps down onto the couch and puts his head in his hands. He already regrets it. Every last bit of it. This just proves what he already knew: people, doms and subs alike, can't be trusted. He won't forget again.
Chapter 3

It's a while before Greg sees Mycroft again. Unfortunately, it's not a while before he sees Sherlock again. The boy starts showing up at crime scenes that Greg's working on and snooping around, looking for evidence and pointing them in completely different but generally right directions. Greg's torn between amusement and annoyance. Honestly, some part of him admires Sherlock's guts, and if it weren't for the fact that the kid is a junkie and is tampering with evidence he might actually be grateful for the help.

And then comes the day that he fully realizes just how much trouble the Holmes brothers are going to be.

A standard crime scene, composed of a suicide-murder. Husband kills the wife and then kills himself. Gory, particularly since he went after the wife with a knife before shooting himself in the head, but nothing overly special. Greg is outside scanning the perimeter when one of his 'mates comes over.

"He's inside again."

"Jesus Christ." There's no need to ask who "he" is. Somehow Sherlock has become Greg's problem. He's not sure how that happened or why. Greg runs a hand through his hair, sighs, and heads inside. It takes all of two seconds to track Sherlock down; all he has to do is go to the scene. Sure enough, Sherlock is there, bent over the bodies.

"You do know you're not actually allowed to be in here?" says Greg.

"You do know I don't actually care?" Sherlock drawls back. The clear, concise way that he snaps off his words tells Greg that at least he's not high and he relaxes slightly.

"See anything?" he asks. Because hey, the kid's here, so they might as well get some use out of him.

"Yes. It's not a murder-suicide, it's a double murder." Sherlock paces around the man, face creased in concentration. He starts muttering to himself at light speed. Suddenly, his head snaps up, he takes a quick look around the room, and then he strides over to the stairs and goes on up.

"Oi!" Greg chases after him. "Where do you think you're going?"

Sherlock ignores him, walks to the end of the hall and into the couple's bedroom. He eyes the bed and scowls. "This is all wrong! All wrong, it's - oh."

That's a bad sound coming from Sherlock Holmes. Greg knows that already. He watches as Sherlock swings around and grabs the closet door, yanking it open. Time seems to slow down as both of them watch the darkly suited figure burst out of the enclosed space. Something glints in the light, there's a loud sound and Sherlock crumbles. The man stands over him and aims his gun at Sherlock's head. Greg lurches forward and tackles him into the wall. There's a disorienting moment where they're both fighting for possession of the gun and then another loud sound and hot pain licks across his side. He gasps and lets go.

Sherlock is still in a heap on the floor, eyes closed, and he looks very small. Greg slides down the wall as people start pouring into the room. He swears he only closes his eyes for a moment.

But when he opens them again he's somewhere completely different. The crime scene is gone and he’s in a white room in a white bed. There's a steady beeping coming from somewhere in the room and his whole left side is one massive, solid ache. Someone is sitting in the chair beside his bed. He
tenses automatically.

"Do not worry yourself, Mr Lestrade."

He's only heard the voice once but he still recognizes it. "Mr Holmes. I didn't expect to see you here," he says, knowing his confusion shows. Why the hell is the man with him instead of his brother? He blinks and belatedly adds, "You can call me Greg, you know."

"Gregory," Mycroft amends with a small smile. "You may call me Mycroft, then."

Calling him by his first name seems weirdly intimate even though he just extended the offer himself. Greg squirms a little in discomfort. "How's Sherlock?"

"You'll come to find out that my brother bounces back exceptionally fast from all manner of attacks. However, I understand I have you to thank that he is still here at all."

Greg squints. "Yeah, I expect that's about right." His memory of the attack is hazy at best, coloured over with drugs, but it matches up with what little he can recall. "Don't think me rude, but why are you here? Sherlock kick you out?"

"In a matter of speaking."

Which means yes. "Well I appreciate you coming to check up on me but I bounce back pretty fast, too." He pats his side and only barely conceals a flinch. Bloody hell, that smarts even more than he'd expected.

"Sherlock can be an asset to you," Mycroft says, the change of subject so sudden that it takes Greg a moment to catch up. In the dim light, Mycroft’s expression is hard to make out. "He can help you solve crimes much faster, as I'm sure you've noticed. I'd be willing to help you cover for him. Smooth things over when your superiors get angry."

It doesn't escape Greg's notice that Mycroft says "when", not "if". "The kid has to get clean," he says.

Mycroft nods once. "Of course."

"That's alright, then." Greg is starting to get tired.

"I'd like to repay you, Gregory."

Okay, that wakes him up a little. His eyes flutter open - when did he close them? Mycroft is standing beside him now. He rests a warm hand on Greg's shoulder. It feels nice, good. Saps him of the energy it would've taken to tell Mycroft that's not necessary. He feels Mycroft's mental push coming down on him and just doesn't have what it takes to push back, especially not when Mycroft murmurs his name in a low voice. He succumbs instead and the push surrounds him, quieting everything, soothing him until even the pain is drifting away.

"You're doing so well. Good job, Gregory," Mycroft whispers. The praise is like a balm and Greg soaks it up eagerly even as he realizes that there's not a hint of condescension in it. "That's exactly right. Just go to sleep," he adds quietly. His hand tightens just a little and Greg sighs. "It's been a long time since you slept, I can tell, but it's alright. You're safe here. There's no need for you to keep your guard up."

"Mycroft..." Greg mumbles.
"Shh. Go to sleep."

Greg sighs again and lets himself fall.
Chapter 4

There’s a voice, softly spoken, moving around the room. The back of a hand brushes gently against his cheek and he fights to get his eyes open. He feels heavy, weighed down, but not alarmingly so. Sleep is reluctant to release him, clinging fast with sticky wisps of webbing that feel so good. But someone is calling to him, calling his name like they know him, and he fights his way out to answer.

“Mr Lestrade? Can you hear me? Mr Lestrade!”

“I’m awake,” he mumbles, squinting against light that scrapes painfully at his eyeballs.

The nurse leaning over him looks relieved. “You’ve been sleeping for a very long time. We were getting concerned,” she says. “It’s time for your medication. No, don’t sit up; I’ll raise the bed for you.”

He takes the pills and the cup of water she hands him. The sharp iciness of the water helps to clear his head and he remembers exactly what happened to send him under so thoroughly. Mycroft, that bastard. He’d taken advantage of the drugs in Greg’s system to catch him off guard and put him down when Greg couldn’t fight back. But why? Well, why does either Holmes do anything? That’s a question that, he is certain, far more intelligent men than Gregory Lestrade have tried and failed to answer.

After a few more questions about his general health, which he bears with remarkably good grace considering that he’s seething with anger the whole time, the nurse bustles out. He immediately shoves the covers back and eases his legs off of the bed. Standing hurts, but not as much as he’d thought it might. It’s not the first time he has been shot and it’s unlikely to be the last, after all. He staggers over to the visitor’s chair where someone has left a bag for him.

Clothing, brand new. All in his size, but unfamiliar, and still with the price tags on, even the pants. Christ, what the hell is Mycroft playing at? Greg shakes his head and keeps searching until he finds his mobile. That, at least, is the same. The battery is nearly dead after a couple of days without being charged, but there’s enough power left to be able to send a text.

Repayment not accepted. Do that again without my permission and I’ll have you arrested. - GL

In less than a minute, his phone beeps. Incoming message. Greg looks at it warily.

What if I had your permission? - MH

Not going to happen. - GL

The message is sent before he can really stop to think about whether that answer had been wise. If Mycroft is anything like Sherlock he’ll keep picking at this until he knows exactly why Greg is so opposed to the idea of having a dom. But his mobile stays silent and he breathes out slowly, relieved. It’s true that, in spite of the fact that he has been shot, he feels a great deal better: there is nothing quite like being pushed under and held in a comforting wave of warmth and security until sleep takes over, but the thought of someone doing things to him without his permission itches under his skin. Doms have all the power in a relationship; that’s why he stays out of them. He doesn’t know what Mycroft was trying to start but he wants no part of it.

His mobile beeps again.

We’ll see. – MH
He leaves against the advisement of his doctor. Stops by Sherlock’s room on the way out. Sherlock is awake and has apparently grown horns and a tail while Greg was out, judging by the pissed look on the nurse’s face as she storms down the hall past Greg. He sighs and pushes the door open.

“Can’t you behave for even a few minutes?” he asks.

Sherlock looks up and scans him once. “My brother has been to see you. He put you under last night hoping it would pique your curiosity but instead it made you angry.” The corner of his lip twitches into what might be a smile, though is more likely a smirk. “Interesting.”

Jesus. “How did you know?”

He just shakes his head. “Mycroft is so dull. You’re exactly the kind of sub Mycroft would be attracted to.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Greg has left the clothing behind in his room. He shouldn’t ask. He doesn’t want anything to do with Mycroft. But he’s curious.

“Boring,” Sherlock announces dramatically. He eyes Greg and smiles. It’s disturbing. “If you help me get out of here, I’ll tell you.”

“Not happening,” Greg says, mildly amused. Sherlock was wounded worse than he was. It will be another few days yet before Sherlock walks free, especially since there is no one around to take care of him. Greg pities the sub that someday ends up with Sherlock. She - or he - will need to have patience in spades and a core of steel to put up with the kid for more than five minutes.

Sherlock pouts. “But I’m bored,” he whinges.

“Maybe one of the nurses would take pity on you if you stopped deducing every little thing about them.”

“Boring.”

Greg sighs. “Obviously you’re fine if you’re well enough to complain. I’m off, then.”

“Mycroft will be angry if you go back to work.” Sherlock suddenly looks amused.


“Lestrade.”

He stops. Sherlock sounds unusually serious.

“Be careful with my brother.” Sherlock steeps his fingers under his chin. The overhead light makes his pale eyes glitter. For a moment, it seems like he is going to say something else, but he doesn’t.

Greg just looks at him for a moment before he leaves.
He's not allowed to go back to work until another day has passed, and even then he's supposed to be on desk duty until he's been officially cleared by his doctor. But they're so busy that he's only been sitting in his chair for a handful of hours before his door swings open and DI Wilson sticks his head in. "We’ve got a scene. Could use your help if you’re up to it."

"Right behind you," Greg says eagerly, rising to his feet. Possibly a shade too fast, as his side immediately throbs with pain. He conceals a grimace as he grabs his coat. Maybe there's a shade of truth to the doctor's warning that he’s trying to do things before he’s ready. It wasn't too bad when he first got arrived, but the longer he sits in that chair the more his wound aches. He tells himself that a crime scene is just what he needs to get a surge of adrenaline going.

The scene isn't overly brutal, as it turns out, just puzzling: exactly the kind of thing that Sherlock loves to sink his teeth into. Greg glances briefly in at the body, which is that of a young woman dressed in an expensive suit. She looks like she's going to work, except for the fact that there's a neat hole in the middle of her forehead. No blood, though, not a single drop, and he can tell that the crime scene boys are beginning to get frustrated. Everyone is darting less than subtle looks at him and it doesn't take him long to realize that it's not because he's wounded, but because they all wish Sherlock was with him.

Greg smiles grimly. Tough. It'll do them all good to rely on themselves for once - maybe they'll appreciate Sherlock a little more the next time he shows up. He goes down to the kitchen and starts a perfunctory examination of the room, searching for a way that someone could've gotten in. He doesn't realize that someone has gotten in until he turns around and nearly jumps out of his skin.

"Jesus Christ - Mycroft, what the hell?"

Mycroft smiles pleasantly and it takes Greg a second to realize that he has, again, called the man by his first name. "Good morning, Gregory."

"What are you doing here?" Greg demands. "This is a crime scene."

"Yes, I am aware."

Greg stares at him. "Are you here to do what Sherlock usually does?" he asks doubtfully.

"The world does not need another Sherlock Holmes," Mycroft says. "There was a concern that this might be something that the Met couldn't handle. I was asked to check into it."

Highly aware that he'll never know if Mycroft is lying, Greg frowns. "What do you mean something we couldn't handle?"

"A governmental matter," Mycroft explains delicately.

So much for that "minor position". "And what have you found out?"

"I've found out that you are not at all what I expected."

"I meant about the crime scene," Greg says pointedly.

"Oh, it's not a governmental matter. I knew that before I came here." Mycroft waves a hand dismissively.
"Then why are you here?" Talking to a Holmes, Greg has realized, can be very much like talking to a child.

"I wished to see you."

Yup, definitely a child. "Mycroft, I'm working. And don't take this the wrong way, but I don't really want to see you."

Mycroft just smiles. "That's why I came here. I knew that you would try to avoid me. But you won't be permitted to leave a crime scene, so the timing was perfect."

"That depends on who you're asking." Greg mutters, crouching down to look at the kitchen door. Flimsy lock, he notes. Anyone with a meagre knowledge would be able to break or pick it no problem. Yet it's whole, without any signs of tampering. He doesn't think anyone came in this way.

"She knew her killer."

"Come again?"

"Two glasses by the sink, not washed," Mycroft says. "Both have fresh lipstick on the rim but it's in two different shades. Everything else in the kitchen is spotless, has been washed several times, yet she left those two glasses out. That speaks of someone with a guest who is too busy or in too much of a rush to achieve a normal level of cleanliness." He moves around the room with ease and in spite of himself, Greg is fascinated. "One set of shoes on the mat but there are also footprints of a different size. They're fresh too, still damp from the rain last night. I'd guess a size six, smaller than the victim. Definitely a woman's shoe, though. Your victim was killed by her female lover or her male lover's wife." He glances at the victim's purse and pauses. "No, her female lover. Find her and you'll know exactly what happened."

"Her female lover," Greg mumbles. No one has mentioned a female lover. He straightens up and is a little horrified to realize that he's turned on. Watching Mycroft deduce was... yeah. He coughs and straightens his jacket to hide the bulge. "Thanks, I guess."

"Not a problem," Mycroft says. His gaze turns knowing. "Would you like to know why I put you under, Gregory? Why I sent you that gift?"

Greg knows he should say no. Mycroft has helped advance the investigation, true, but now he should say thank you and send the man on his way. He has the feeling Mycroft might actually go if he does. Instead, he says, "Why?"

"You're different." Mycroft is close, so close. His warmth presses against Greg's back suddenly. Greg stiffens, breath seizing in his chest, as Mycroft whispers into his ear, "I was intrigued when you were able to stand up to my brother. Not many doms can stand up to Sherlock, much less a sub. I'm very tired of having a sub who obeys my every command, who agrees with every little thing I want without challenging me. That's boring. None of them have any fire. But you, Gregory, you have fire in spades." His hand ghosts over Greg's wrist and Greg shivers. "Putting you under was both the most sexual and pleasurable thing I have done in months. Surrounding you in my push was a little taste of heaven. And then you rejected my demonstration of my ability to take care of you, something any other sub would gladly spread their legs for, and that only made me desire you more."

"Putting you under was both the most sexual and pleasurable thing I have done in months," Mycroft says. "Surrounding you in my push was a little taste of heaven. And then you rejected my demonstration of my ability to take care of you, something any other sub would gladly spread their legs for, and that only made me desire you more."

"Do you want to know what I did with myself afterwards? Would you like me to tell you how I went back to my flat and wrapped my fingers around my cock, how I stroked myself and imagined that it was you on your knees in front of me?"

"Fuck!" Greg can't breathe. No, he really can't breathe. His legs are weak and his cock is hard and
his vision has gone foggy. All he can think about is how much he wants that.

Mycroft chuckles darkly. "You will be mine yet, Gregory Lestrade," he says and his voice is a low, sweet promise. "We are not finished, you and I."

Something clatters on the stairs and someone swears. The warmth at Greg's back vanishes and he collapses against the wall as DI Wilson swaggers into the room. Mycroft is gone and Greg is left feeling oddly cold and shaken as he mumbles something about a female lover to his bewildered superior.
It haunts him. The memory of Mycroft’s searing heat as he pressed himself against Greg’s back, the feel of his fingers as they slid around Greg’s wrist, the low hum of his voice in Greg’s ear. All of those images, impressions, sensations creep up on him when Greg is least expecting it, whether that’s when he’s interviewing a possible suspect or chasing Sherlock down or attending to some paperwork at his desk. Sometimes it’s especially bad at night, when he’s trying to fall asleep, and his cock is so hard against his belly that he can’t keep himself from wanking... and then, no matter what he tries to think about, he always comes to the vivid memory of Mycroft’s promise.

He doesn’t want another dom. Not really. Yes, it’s built into his genetics to desire someone to take care of him, to tell him what to do, and for a sub there is nothing sweeter than falling to your knees and allowing someone else to take you in hand. He misses that part of it, he can admit when he’s being truly honest with himself. But it’s the other parts he hates. Letting someone else have the control, trusting them not to take it too far, and believing they’ll stop when they say. Greg has seen the worst of humanity first-hand; he knows what it’s like when a dom won’t stop. He was lucky, before, and he’s seen what happens when a sub isn’t. He never wants that to happen to him.

So why, then, does he crave Mycroft, who is so completely a dom? Why does he dream about submitting to Mycroft? It’s not something he ever imagined he would want for himself again. He’s done well so far, using relationships with other subs to fill the gap, but Mycroft is like a poison: his influence is spreading and seems to get deeper every day and the bloody man’s not even around. Greg hasn’t seen him since Mycroft walked out of that victim’s house. He knows he should be grateful for that reprieve, at least, but he’s not. He’s really not. And he hates that.

That’s why he finds himself at one of the clubs. He needs to get this out of his system or he’s going to go mad, and at least they’re privately owned and very cautious about information leaks. Better yet they’re completely legal so he doesn’t have to worry about it getting back to the Yard. He makes an appointment for his next day off and walks in, feeling apprehensive. But if this will help him get rid of Mycroft, help him think of anything else, anyone else, it’s going to be worth it, even if it costs a fortune.

“Lestrade,” he tells the receptionist. She looks his name up and nods, then stands up and leads him down the hall. She directs him into a medium-sized room and tells him to strip and stand in the corner until someone comes. He waits until she closes the door before he begins taking his things off, folding each item of clothing neatly and placing it on the desk.

About five minutes later, the door opens and a man walks in. He’s tall, a few inches above Greg, with blond hair and the beginnings of a beard, wearing only a pair of dark trousers that hang low on his hips. His chest is lightly muscled and he moves with a controlled grace. He walks over to Greg and makes a slow circle, taking in every inch. Greg forces himself to stand still even though he wants to hide away.

“Safe word?” the dom asks.

“Grace,” Greg says, feeling an uncomfortable jolt, reality creeping in. A safe word. Another reminder that this dom isn’t his dom. He breathes in deeply and tries to forget about it.

The dom nods and stands in front of him. He places a hand on Greg’s shoulder and pushes so that Greg falls to his knees. The carpet is plush beneath him and cradles his knees and calves, allowing for no discomfort. The dom’s hand remains on his shoulder and then he can feel it, the gentle surrounding of the dom’s push. Greg tries to give into it but it feels pitifully weak against his
defences, which have been built up to withstand the likes of Sherlock and Mycroft. The dom
hesitates and then pushes a bit harder, trying to overwhelm him. Almost instinctively Greg pushes
back and the dom exhales.

“Submit,” the dom says, and there’s just enough bite to his voice that Greg automatically gives in.
The push slides over him, coalescing into a soft heady hum at the base of his skull that makes
everything else seem insignificant. Greg relaxes and the dom smiles, pleased. “There you are. Good
job. You’re doing very well. I’m pleased with you.” He squeezes Greg’s shoulder gently. “Just as I
wanted.”

Greg soaks up the praise and smiles lazily, keeping his eyes trained on the dom, waiting for the next
order. Yes, this is what he needs, where he belongs, waiting for someone else to tell him what to do.
In this moment there is no need for him to worry about anything because this man, this dom, is going
to take care of him, and every part of Greg wants that.

“I want you to get on your knees on the bed,” the dom says. “Do it now.”

He scrambles to obey, getting up on his hands and knees and presenting his arse for inspection. A
hand lands on his spine and travels lower, cupping his buttocks briefly before releasing. There’s a
moment of tingling anticipating and then the swat comes, a full strike on the seat of his bum with a
rougthened palm. He jerks forward slightly, a gasp escaping his parted lips. It’s been a long time since
he’s done this and for a second he digs his hands into the covers, scrabbling for a hold on reality. The
next steady set of blows eradicates any hope of that as the dom eases him further down into the push
with every strike.

“Just let go,” the dom murmurs. “Let go. Good job.”

And god it feels so damn delicious. Greg moans and pushes back into the next blow, feeling
lightheaded as the blood rushes to his cock. The warm heat on his arse gradually spreads through his
body, adding to the fizzing haze in his mind. His eyes are heavily lidded and he breathes shallowly,
soft grunts forcing their way out of his throat with each new blow. They’re steadily becoming harder
and he loves it, wants more, wants it so hard that he won’t be able to sit down for a week.

The dom seems to understand because he stops and moves away and when he comes back he has
something new in his hand. A sleek riding crop, deep burgundy in colour, it slaps against Greg’s skin
like a sharp, sweet kiss. He cries out and arches his back, the sting cutting through his haze briefly
before he slides that much deeper. Yes, this is what he needs, this is what no sub can give him, this is
what he’s gone without for so long – too long. Each time the crop hits him it causes a new flare of
pain that is followed by a rush of pleasure so succinct, so bitterly sharp, that he feels himself
shuddering with the effort of holding back.

“My my, it has been a long time for you. We’ll get you started, just once, before we continue. Good
boy. You may come.”

It’s all he needs for the pleasure and pain to mingle into one brilliant rush that enfolds him. His vision
whites out and he hears a rasping cry echo through the room, formed sluggishly into the rough
syllables of a name, but he’s too far gone to even register it. His arms tremble and give out and his
face ends up buried in the covers as he shakes and gasps and the dom rubs the burning cheeks of his
arse soothingly, thumbs ghosting into the crease between. Greg breathes and shivers and tries not to
realize –

That he just screamed Mycroft’s name.
Chapter 7

It’s truly remarkable how much better he feels in the days following his visit to the club. The memory of Mycroft still haunts him at the worst of times, but on the whole Greg feels more settled, more grounded, and not so much like the slightest little thing is going to be the gust of wind that brings everything crashing down. It helps that he doesn’t hear from the man. The change must be noticeable because he catches a few people looking at him curiously, clearly wondering what has brought this on.

And then there’s Sherlock, who doesn’t have to wonder.

“You visited one of those clubs,” he says in the middle of a spiel about a victim and how she was killed by one of her doms because she was cheating on him with another dom.

“What?” Greg says, staring down at his notes. It takes him almost a full minute to catch on to the fact that Sherlock is talking about him and not the victim. Then he sighs and scratches his head, realizing that he should’ve known this was coming. “Yes, not that it’s any of your business. Can we stay on topic please, Sherlock? I’d like to get this wrapped up before midnight if it’s all the same to you.”

“Ah,” Sherlock says and smirks. “You did it to get away from my brother. Pity. He’s probably enjoying the fact that he’s driven you to such lengths.” Those keen eyes study him intently. “He’s wearing you down slowly but surely, making you realize that you need him after all.”

“That’s not - Jesus, you’re a bastard sometimes.”

“I did warn you.”

“No, you tried to bribe me into helping you escape the hospital when you were fresh out of surgery and I said no. You didn’t warn me at all.”

“The fact that you’re going into this blind almost makes me pity you.”

“I’m not going into anything!” Greg reaches out and catches Sherlock’s arm, wanting - no, needing to make him understand. Maybe it’ll even get back to Mycroft, though he doubts it would be that easy. “I don’t want a dom, Sherlock. I’m perfectly content with my life the way that it is. Me visiting a club means nothing, alright? All I want from your brother is for him to back off and keep away.”

“And that right there is why Mycroft wants you,” says Sherlock.

Greg stares at him for a minute and then takes a quick glance around. Everyone is very pointedly ignoring the two of them (no one wants to risk catching Sherlock’s attention). They shouldn’t be doing this on a crime scene, but after days of wondering, he can’t help himself, not when the answers are so close. He pulls Sherlock off to the side and around the corner. Sherlock lets himself be dragged. There’s a tiny, smug smile tucked around the corners of his lips as he crosses his arms and Greg knows, he just knows that he’s let himself be played or tricked somehow, but damn it he can’t really care at the moment.

“Alright, talk,” he says.

“What do I get in return?”

He’ll regret this. He knows he will. But - “I’ll let you in on two cases I might’ve otherwise kept you out of.”
“Four,” Sherlock demands, “And I want access to the cold cases.”

“Two and access to the cold cases,” Greg allows. It can only help if he can actually solve some of them, and he thinks - hopes - that Sherlock can’t generate as much trouble with a cold case as he can with a fresh one.

“Mycroft is intrigued by you,” Sherlock says. “His push is strong, as you are no doubt aware by now. Most subs can’t stand up to it. They fold before he even hits them with the full dose. But you… you withstood mine and you’re even willing to work with me, and then you didn’t give in to his. He’s fascinated. He’s never met anyone like you before. Congratulations, Lestrade, you’ve sparked the interest of the British government.”

Greg feels sick. “Just because I know how to deny you what you want?” he says weakly. Why does it seem like everything in his life stops and starts with the mad man standing in front of him?

“At first yes, but I imagine he grew more fascinated by you after he looked into your records. You haven’t had a dom for some time, not since the disaster that scared you away from them. Like all subs, you do want one, but you’ve managed to make a life for yourself on your own. You’re self-sufficient. You don’t need a dom.” His eyes glitter knowingly. “More specifically, much as it pains and disgusts me to admit it, you want my brother. Mycroft would not come where he is not wanted.”

His head is pounding and he doesn’t know what to say. He’s never exactly hated how Sherlock can do what he does, some part of him even admires it a little, but at that moment Greg does. He hates how both of the Holmes brothers have the ability to look at someone and know everything without even trying. Sherlock’s bad enough, but apparently Mycroft has access to a lot more data and that makes it even worse. The thought of what Mycroft might know is enough to make him cold.

Some of the amusement has drained out of Sherlock’s face. He eyes Greg for a moment and then says carefully, “Mycroft isn’t like other doms. He could be good for you.”

“Are you trying to set me up now?” Greg says hollowly.

Sherlock scowls, offended by the idea. “No. But you are the only one out of those idiots who can actually think. I don’t want to have to waste my time with them if you decide to do something foolish like turn Mycroft down.” He looks at something over Greg’s head and then turns, coat sweeping out behind him, and starts walking towards the crime scene. “Do think about it.”

Think about it. Somehow, when he turns around Greg is entirely unsurprised to see that a black car has glided up to the kerb behind him. The door is open and a woman who looks vaguely familiar is standing beside it, waiting. She doesn’t speak. Greg stares at the car and suspects he knows where it will take him. He could walk away: go back to the crime scene, ignore Mycroft, wait the man out until the day comes when Greg really doesn’t want him and Mycroft goes away. He could.

Or he can go. No one will notice that he’s gone. He can face Mycroft. Have it out with him once and for all. It’s not an unappealing thought (he ignores the niggling voice in the back of his mind that says what’s not unappealing is seeing Mycroft, period).

He gets into the car.
The car takes him to a posh little building that looks as though it’s not often frequented by anyone who doesn’t have a million pounds in their bank account. Greg gets out, his every sense on high alert, and walks towards the front door. The doorman gives him a polite smile and moves to open it for him. A blast of cool air conditioning meets him as he enters and he realizes that it’s actually an office building of some kind. It’s an odd place for Mycroft to want them to meet and he briefly entertains the thought that maybe he’s caught the man off guard before he snorts at himself. Unlikely, however nice it may be to consider.

The young woman who was waiting beside the car is now standing by the front desk. Greg stares at her, wondering how she got here first. She looks up from her phone and casts him a cold smile before turning on her heel and striding down the hall. He trails behind her, looking around curiously. Everything is expensive and tasteful but not really decorated, per se; it’s more like the designers were so afraid of offending anyone’s tastes that they didn’t bother. It’s a far cry from his little office back at NSY, which is sometimes so messy that he often doesn’t notice when Sherlock steals something until a week after it’s gone.

“In here,” the woman says, stopping and indicating a door.

“What’s your name?” Greg asks impulsively.

Her gaze rakes him from head to toe. Definitely a dom. She says, “Calla, sir.”

He doesn’t have to ask to know it’s not her real name. “Thank you, Calla.”

Greg steps past her and finds himself standing in an office which is as plainly decorated as the rest of the building. Mycroft Holmes is sitting behind a large desk on the other side of the room, bent over what appears to be a massive pile of paperwork. For a moment, he almost feels a flash of sympathy: he knows what it’s like to be buried under so much paper that it feels like you’ll never work your way out. Generally that happens after Sherlock has been involved in a case. It’s been happening more and more often.

He waits for a moment, maybe half a minute, but Mycroft doesn’t look up. “Mycroft,” he says, not willing to play the man’s game. He’s not going to stand there like some good little sub and wait for Mycroft to acknowledge him.

“Gregory.” Mycroft puts his pen down and looks up, folding his hands across the desk. “I must admit, I was surprised that you agreed to come.”

“Liar.” The quip comes out easily, not meant to be harsh or degrading, a little more teasing than Greg really wants. He moves into the room and stops just inside the door, not sure whether he should put forward a relaxed front or be on guard. It’s disconcerting and hell, Mycroft probably sees straight through him anyway. “After working with Sherlock for as long as I have, I’ve learned that nothing about you bloody Holmes’s is ever a surprise.” He looks squarely at Mycroft. “And apparently that goes double when I’m talking about the Holmes that has access to all kinds of records that are supposed to be private.”

Mycroft pauses. “Ah, you’ve been speaking to Sherlock.”

“We do chat on occasion.”

“You’re angry.”
“Brilliant deduction,” Greg says, and yes, that is meant to be sarcastic and not teasing, thank you very much. “Do you know?”

“Yes.”

He’s expecting it but it still hits him like a cold blow in the stomach. He takes in a shallow breath, refusing to turn away from Mycroft’s steady, knowing gaze. For a split second, the memories threaten to overwhelm him. The utter humiliation of finding out how blissfully ignorant he’d been, the horror of what could have been, all of the nightmares that haunted him for months, years. It takes effort to stand his ground but he manages. “You had no right to look me up.”

“I am interested in you,” Mycroft says frankly. “If you are to be my sub then I need to know about your background.” He pushes his chair back and stands up. “There is no shame in it, Gregory, and I say that very honestly. Even Sherlock or I might not have realized what was going on. He was clever.”

“I’m not your sub,” Greg says because he can’t think about the rest of it, not yet.

“You will be.”

“God!” The angry exclamation leaves him in an exasperated huff of air. Greg rocks backwards on his heels and shakes his head in pure amazement. “Do you just not hear when people speak to you?”

“What will it take for you to give me a chance?”

Greg pauses, caught off guard. No one has ever asked him that before. There have been doms who tried to fix him, believing that there was something wrong with him, and doms that have tried to comfort him, not knowing that he didn’t need or want their pity, and doms that have tried to control him. But through it all not a single person has ever asked what Greg wants. It’s disorienting and he finds himself taking a step back before he can’t stop himself. Mycroft is changing the game and he’s not prepared for it.

“I don’t trust doms,” he says quietly.

Mycroft regards him steadily. “You trust Sherlock.”

“Sherlock’s not trying to control me.”

“Neither am I.”

“You just said you wanted me to be your sub!”

“There is more to a real relationship than control, Gregory. It begins with a mutual agreement and ends with pleasure.” Mycroft’s eyes are heavily lidded with promise. “My assistant will give you my personal number. I am the only one who answers that phone. I won’t contact you from now on. When you need me, you may call.” He inclines his head and walks past Greg, who tenses even though Mycroft makes no move to touch him. “I will be there.”

He walks out the door and Greg listens to the sound of his footsteps echoing down the hall, leaving him more confused than ever. That... did not go as planned.
Chapter 9

Greg doesn’t tear up Mycroft’s card. He feels like he should, and more than once he finds himself with the card creased between his fingers above a garbage can. One small tug is all he needs to make the man leave his life completely. But every single time, he stops, stares at the carefully written numbers across the back, and then ends up putting the card back into his wallet, where he sometimes swears he can feel it burning a hole through the pocket of his trousers. It takes a while for him to be able to admit that he likes having it there, a ‘just in case’.

He never actually means to use it, but on the day that changes everything, that ‘just in case’ ends up saving lives in more ways than one.

It’s one of those cases that can make or break careers. The son of a Very Important Person has gone missing and somehow Greg’s D.I. is the one who landed the case. They’re all stressed out and no one protests when Greg finally breaks down and fires off a text to Sherlock. He’s exhausted (hasn’t slept or sat down in at least two days, now verging on three) and he can’t remember the last time he ate something that wasn’t coffee meant to keep him on his feet. All he wants is to solve the case and go home.

Perhaps Sherlock realizes this, because he is marginally less hostile than usual. If he has comments about Greg or his appearance, he keeps them to himself as he does a perfunctory examination of the scene. Greg hovers behind him, keeping his eyes fixed firmly on the dark coat. He’s learned the hard way about taking his eyes off of Sherlock; it’s never a good idea.

“Hmm,” Sherlock says. That’s it. Just one tiny little thoughtful sound and it sends a chill down Greg’s spine.

“Hmm what?” he asks, dogging Sherlock when the boy - man - stands up and strides outside. Sherlock ignores him and starts walking a slow path around the building, looking for something. Greg could tell him that forensics has already been over every inch of the place but he knows it won’t help. Sherlock will keep searching until he finds what he’s looking for or personally verifies that it’s not there.

Evidently he does one or the other, because he turns to Greg with a strange light in his eyes. “I know where he is but we have to go now. He’s going to die in less than twenty minutes and it’s a half hour drive.”

Foolish, perhaps, but another thing he has learned about Sherlock is that sometimes there is no room for argument. He nods sharply and leads the way to his patrol car. Sherlock gets into the passenger seat with a vague expression of distaste, like the car isn’t quite good enough but it will do only because they really don’t have time to argue. Greg slides in behind the wheel and turns the car and his lights on.

“Address?”

Sherlock tells him.

“Text D.I. Wilson. Let him know where we’re going. Now, Sherlock,” he adds in a firm, no-nonsense tone. Sherlock sighs loudly but his fingers fly over the keys and he shows the screen to Greg as proof before he hits send.

“The police make everything intolerable,” he mutters.
“The police might make sure we live through this, you daft bastard. Now put your bloody seatbelt on so that you don’t go flying out the window if I have to stop!”

The drive seems to take forever, minutes passing agonizingly slowly. Sherlock is antsy, though the only sign of that is the way his knee keeps bouncing. Both of them are relieved to see the building in question: an abandoned convenience store that has seen better days. There are lights coming from the inside. Sherlock bounds out of the car almost before it’s stopped and Greg swears, hastily shutting it off before chasing after him. They sneak around to the back and Greg is contemplating tying him down and forcing him to wait until back-up arrives when Sherlock jimmys the back door open.

“I’ll pretend I didn’t see that,” Greg mumbles, holding his gun aloft. Everyone has been carrying them for this case, it’s That Important.

He gets a scoff in reply as the two of them make their way into the building. They can hear a woman’s voice, loudly berating someone, and then a man replies. The voices grow steadily louder the further they go, until Greg catches a glimpse of a woman who looks kind of familiar. The man she’s fighting with lashes out, scoring a direct hit on her cheek, and she crumbles to the ground beside another man who is tied to a chair. The first man - a dark-haired bloke with a cruel smile - steps forward, bringing a knife out. Sherlock and Greg advance at the same time.

A single gunshot through the head takes the man down. Greg goes to make sure he’s dead while Sherlock eyes the woman and the son.

“Your lover,” he says thoughtfully. “Her husband got a bit tired of it, did he? Thought that he might be able to make some fast cash off of this humiliation.”

There’s a wildly muffled grunt in reply and Sherlock sighs. “Boring.”

Greg has his back turned so he doesn’t see what precisely happens, but he hears it. Sherlock makes an odd sound, kind of a ragged inhale, and then there’s the heavy thump of a body hitting the ground. By the time he spins around the woman is on her feet. She’s small, though, and slender, and it’s almost disgustingly easy to bring her down. He cuffs her and drags her a short distance away before rushing back to Sherlock, who isn’t moving and who doesn’t look wounded. He’s bewildered at first until he sees it -

- the bright silver needle sticking out of Sherlock’s right ankle, plunger fully depressed.

He’s always thought of himself as someone who handles panic well. It’s one of the reasons he contemplated becoming an officer in the first place. But when he sees that needle something in his chest compresses, shifts, and leaves him feeling oddly breathless as he falls to his knees and jerks it out. The little pink mark left behind looks innocent and makes him feel sick, especially when he grabs Sherlock’s shoulders and tries to wake him up and it doesn’t work. Sherlock’s head lolls back and his eyelids flutter but he doesn’t respond any further than that.

It’s like someone has poured a vat of ice water in his veins. He doesn’t even realize he’s got his phone out and is calling until he hears the voice, the wonderfully deep, reassuring voice that says, “Gregory?”

“Sherlock,” Greg blurts, putting one hand flat over Sherlock’s chest, making sure that it’s still moving, rising and falling in a steady rhythm.

“Stay where you are, Gregory.”

The line goes dead and he lets the phone slide through his fingers. Some distant part of him thinks
that maybe he should untie the son, who is watching him and Sherlock with wide eyes. Eventually he moves to do just that, keeping his gaze locked firmly on Sherlock the whole time, until the son’s hands are free and he can untie his own damn feet.

“That was meant for me,” he says, shaking all over as he fumbles with the knots.

At some point the help arrives. Greg thinks, at first, that it’s the other officers from NSY, but it’s not. Mycroft’s people, he registers, looking at the grim black suits and unsmiling faces. A couple of people clothed in white coats come around and start examining Sherlock. Neither of them tries to usher Greg away, which is probably a good thing, since he’s not sure he’d go. Sherlock’s breathing is slowly getting shallower and he can’t help thinking that if he moves away it will stop completely.

They let him ride along in the ambulance to the closest hospital. Sherlock is taken away immediately, surrounded by doctors shouting about blood tests. Greg ends up in the waiting room after reassuring their escorts that he’s not hurt. He’s not sure they believe him but they nod and take up positions a short distance away, watching over him, no doubt. It’s something that should alarm him but doesn’t. He can’t stop thinking about Sherlock, about the son, about how that needle could’ve just as easily hit any of them, but it hit Sherlock, and god if the daft kid lives Greg’s going to kill him for not being more careful.

He doesn’t know how long he’s been sitting there before Mycroft comes in and sits down beside him.

“A heavy dose of tranquilizer,” he says quietly. “Enough to kill if left untreated but they think they caught it in time. They’ve given him something to help and he should wake up tomorrow. It will be alright.”

Jesus. Greg lets out a relieved breath and turns to Mycroft, but whatever he is about to say dies a quick death. He’s surprised by he sees. For the first time Mycroft actually looks human. His face is creased from worry, there are light circles under his puffy eyes, and his grip on his umbrella is abnormally tight. He looks like a man whose baby brother has nearly died.

“I imagined, sometimes, that Sherlock might have died from drug overdose,” Mycroft says. “I never expected it would be at someone else’s hands.” He sounds… fragmented, almost, cracked by the thought of Sherlock’s life ending at the hands of someone else.

Greg runs a hand through his hair and looks at him, suddenly tired and frustrated of this stupid, stupid game that neither of them is going to win, and maybe Sherlock is right after all, though Greg swears he’ll never tell the bastard that. He’s tired and sweaty and dirty but he throws caution to the wind and stands up, slinging a leg over Mycroft’s creased lap. The look of astonishment on Mycroft’s face is fantastic and Greg takes a moment to appreciate it before he slides his hands into Mycroft’s hair and yanks him up for a kiss.
Chapter 10

The kiss grows passionate quickly as Mycroft’s lips part beneath Greg’s, an invitation that Greg is only too pleased to accept. He thrusts his tongue inside, languidly exploring the depths of Mycroft’s mouth. The man tastes of tea and something sweet, cake perhaps. Greg groans softly in the back of his throat and nibbles at that plump lower lip, unable to deny the urge to leave behind a little mark. He can feel Mycroft’s desire to take over, to take control of the kiss, thrumming below the surface like a volcano willing to interrupt, but to his credit Mycroft keeps himself in check and lets Greg set the pace.

Greg pulls back a little, his chest heaving, and can’t resist pressing one last light kiss on those full lips. He’s never noticed before what an attractive mouth Mycroft has, but now it’s all he can think about. Fits against his own like a glove. Mycroft stares back at him with narrow eyes, pupils fully dilated, no doubt trying to discern what exactly is going on in Greg’s mind. Well, Greg wishes him luck with that, and he hopes that if Mycroft figures it out he’ll share because Greg has no bloody idea.

“Fucking hell,” Greg breathes, curling his hands into the light brown hair, which, now that he has a closer look, has a hint of auburn to the strands. He tugs gently and Mycroft goes along with it, meeting him for another hot, greedy kiss. This time Mycroft’s hands clamp down onto Greg’s hips, like he has to hold on to keep himself from taking over, and the thought that Greg is driving this man, this utterly controlled man, to be like this is even more addictive than he could have imagined.

He opens his mouth this time and Mycroft is *there* instantly, tongue exploring every crevice, leaving no spot untouched. Greg allows him to do it, eyes half-open with pleasure, lifting his own tongue to meet and dance and lick and suck and oh god if this goes on for much longer he doesn’t know what he’s going to do but he’s pretty sure that it’s not supposed to happen in a waiting room at A&E. And as if to underscore this thought, Mycroft shifts under him and Greg suddenly feels something hard pressing against his inner thigh, just inches away from his own cock. If he moves just a little bit, just a little, they’ll be able to rub against each other.

Mycroft’s hands prevent him from doing just that. He whines unintentionally and pulls back. “Let go,” he gasps.

“Regrettably, Gregory, I believe that the doctor has returned to give us an update on Sherlock,” Mycroft says. His voice is low and throaty and he sounds like he wants nothing more than to throw Greg down and take him right there.

“Oh... Oh shit.” Greg climbs off quickly and Mycroft stands up smoothly to greet the embarrassed doctor who is hovering in the doorway. Mycroft’s suit might hang just right to cover a burgeoning erection but Greg doesn’t have that luxury. He stares at the floor and tries to desperately think of something, anything, that will help.

As it turns out, the doctor has just the thing.

“He’s woken up,” he says. “It’s a good sign. He was out almost right away again, no time for you to speak to him, but this means his chances of recovering are looking good. Would you like to see him before you leave? Either of you?” He looks back and forth between them and correctly interprets their expressions because he adds, “There really is no reason for you to stay the night. I guarantee that he will not wake up again before morning. This particular drug is... quite strong. I’m frankly amazed he was able to wake up the first time.”
“My brother can achieve astonishing results when he wants to,” murmurs Mycroft. “Yes, we will see him.”

He sounds so authoritative that the doctor just nods and hastily leads them both into the main portion of the hospital. Sherlock isn’t hooked up to nearly as many machines or tubes this time, and really he just looks like he’s chosen a hospital bed to have a nap. Greg walks over to him and can’t resist touching his arm just to make sure that the skin beneath his fingers is warm and flush with life. He glances at Sherlock’s foot, which is tucked neatly underneath the blanket. The image of that needle sticking out of Sherlock’s leg will haunt him for a very long time.

“Thank you, Doctor,” Mycroft says, and when Greg turns around Mycroft is watching him. “You have my number if anything changes.” Somehow he manages to make the seemingly innocent request sound threatening and the poor doctor sputters something that might be an agreement before literally fleeing. “Gregory?”

“Yes, I’m coming,” Greg says, taking one last look at Sherlock. He hates to leave the kid there but if the doctor is right Sherlock won’t know the difference, and anyway he desperately needs to sleep and then to speak to Mycroft alone. He steps out of the room past Mycroft, noticing that Calla has taken up residence outside of Sherlock’s room which makes him feel a little better, and the two of them silently leave the hospital together.

The cool evening air makes him shiver. He sighs and rubs his face, fresh exhaustion settling over him like a heavy blanket that threatens to send him out as surely as the tranquilizer did to Sherlock. It’s been a long time since he slept and he can’t imagine facing this talk before he has at least a little sleep behind him. But how to explain that to Mycroft after the kiss they’ve just shared? It’s official, he should not be allowed around people when sleep deprived.

“Mycroft,” he begins lamely.

“I’ll be happy to have a car take you home, Gregory,” Mycroft interrupts. His eyes are dark and penetrating. “Or you are free to come back to my flat so that we can talk in the morning. It’s entirely up to you.”

Greg tries to examine the offer, wondering if there’s something more to it. Fuck it, he’s always been crap at this sort of shit, too much a man who says what he means. He says, “sure” and hopes he won’t live to regret it.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Greg wakes up to find himself curled up in a bed that’s about twice the size of the one in his flat. The mattress beneath his body is deceptively soft, easing tension out of his aching muscles and forcing him to relax, yet at the same time it supports him just enough to make sure his back doesn’t go into spasm. He blinks hazily up at the ceiling, fighting off the urge to go just roll over and go back to sleep, trying to remember how he got here. His last memory is of getting into the car with Mycroft outside of the hospital; he must have passed out on the way to the flat because he doesn’t remember anything after that.

He rubs a hand over his face and sits up, looking instinctively towards the clock. His eyes widen when he realizes that it’s 1:00pm. “Bloody hell!” he mutters with a shake of his head. The last time he slept so late was… well, it would have been when he was in school and possibly not even then. He can’t believe that no one from the Met has been after him yet. He’ll probably have a ton of voicemails and texts waiting for him.

Still, it’s nice, feeling so rested. He can still feel fatigue weighing him down - bone deep exhaustion doesn’t just disappear overnight - but he feels a hell of a lot better than he did. Good enough to wonder what on Earth had possessed him last night when he climbed onto Mycroft Holmes’s lap and snogged the man. Just the memory of it is enough to make his cheeks burn and he climbs off of the bed. There’re two doors in the room and a quick check of both shows that one leads to a fully equipped bathroom. He takes the opportunity for a very long, very hot shower.

The thing is, it was good, last night. He’d do it again if he got the chance. There’s something about Mycroft that makes Greg think that maybe he could be different, could be trusted. Greg’s not used to that and it makes him nervous to even contemplate giving up so much to another person. But at the same time he’s not sure he wants to spend the rest of his life thinking about what could have been. He’s had enough regrets in his life and he doesn’t want to add any more to the list. As he gets out of the shower and towels off, he’s still not sure what to do. He gets dressed in the jeans and shirt that were left for him and decides he’ll start with food.

The tempting smell of bacon leads him to the kitchen. Greg grins when he walks in. “I never fancied you for a chef,” he says.

Mycroft turns around and smiles. He’s wearing what probably passes for casual for him, a pair of dress trousers and a perfectly pleated shirt in a pale green that makes the auburn in his hair stand out. “I find it enjoyable,” he says. “It’s challenging enough to keep my mind occupied and yet I never have to yell at the sugar for making a bad deal with the eggs.”

Greg chuckles. “Anything I can do to help?”

“Sit down. It’s almost ready.”

He does, realizing that following the order (suggestion?) doesn’t make him feel uneasy. He watches curiously as Mycroft finishes the meal and serves him: three rashers of bacon, an egg, a piece of toast, and some fruit. Mycroft sits down across from him with a similar plate and silently hands Greg a cup of tea that’s made up just the way Greg likes it. He sips from the cup to hide the wry smile that lingers on his lips and digs into his meal with relish. It’s been a very long time since he’s enjoyed a home-cooked meal.
“I’m not a serial killer,” Mycroft says abruptly.

A piece of food goes down the wrong way and Greg chokes, coughing. “I know you’re not,” he says between sputters. “Sherlock would love any chance to put you away. He’d have taken the opportunity long ago.”

Mycroft smirks. “Yes, he would.”

“I know you’re not,” Greg repeats, fiddling with his fork. The humiliation of it swells over him again. He’s never felt as stupid as he did at that moment, watching his fellow men come for his dom, seeing them taking the man away into custody, having to listen to other officers telling him how lucky he’d been, overhearing the rumours that had circulated the Yard for months afterwards. Lucky. “That’s not why I was… apprehensive. I never thought that about you, Mycroft.” He drinks some tea again and asks, “How is Sherlock?”

“He’s doing very well,” Mycroft says, and there’s something in his voice that makes Greg look at him quickly. There’s a soft look on Mycroft’s face that makes Greg squirm. It’s gone in a split second but there’s no denying that it was there.

“What?” he says.

To his credit, Mycroft doesn’t try to pretend he doesn’t know what Greg’s talking about. “I know you asked Sherlock why I am so interested in you,” he says. “I’m sure that he gave you a thorough explanation, but Sherlock being Sherlock, he’ll have missed out on something important in particular. I told you once that I was intrigued by the way that you were able to stand up to my brother. That’s true. I’ve had subs in the past, Gregory, and even though all of the relationships would have ended eventually, many of them ended prematurely because of my brother. They were jealous of the attention I gave to Sherlock.”

Greg meets his gaze and is suddenly reminded of the warning Sherlock gave him when they were in the hospital together.

“Be careful with my brother.” At the time he’d thought it was meant to protect Greg. Now, he realizes that maybe it was meant to protect Mycroft. He says gently, “I wouldn’t be like that.”

“Yes, I know. Does this mean you will give me a chance?”

Does it? Greg hesitates. He can say no and walk out, or he can yes and see what happens next. He has the feeling that Mycroft will accept either one at this point. “If I agree, I want to take it slow,” he says. “No putting me under without my permission. And you can’t… you can’t run my life. I like my job and I want to keep it. Sometimes it requires long hours, as I’m sure you know, and it can be dangerous but it makes me happy.”

Mycroft nods. “Not an issue.”

“Then… Alright, I’m willing to give it a shot.” He feels something like relief as soon as he says those words, like a weight has been lifted from his shoulders. In spite of everything he is still a sub, and the desire for a dom is something that is built into him. The desire for this dom, well, that’s likely just
insanity brought about from years of chasing criminals around London.

There’s a moment in which Mycroft just looks at him, eyes moving over his face, no doubt searching for any sign that this isn’t what he wants. Greg keeps his face open and honest, letting Mycroft draw whatever conclusions that he likes. At last, Mycroft pushes away from the table and holds a hand out to him. It’s a silent question, Greg’s last chance to say no, to pretend that he hasn’t seen the offering, but he’s in this now, he’s committed. He slides his hand into Mycroft’s and gets up when Mycroft’s hand tightens around his and pulls gently. He walks around the table and stands in front of the man and lets Mycroft stare up at him. There’s something indefinable in his face that tells Greg that Mycroft wasn’t expecting this and he likes that.

“So,” he says, “I seem to recall you telling me about this fantasy you had of me being on my knees in front of you.” It’s surprisingly easy to drop to his knees. Mycroft’s eyes go dark and he squeezes Greg’s hand hard when Greg reaches up and slowly thumbs open the button on his trousers. He settles between Mycroft’s parted thighs and pulls his zip down to reveal a pair of silk boxers that already has a damp patch on the front. He leans forward and mouths the spot, tasting Mycroft’s cock.

“Gregory,” Mycroft rumbles.

“Hmm,” Greg hums in response, using his free hand to tug the boxers down. Mycroft’s cock fits nicely between his fingers when it pops out. He inhales the musky scent and sighs slowly, deliberately exhaling over the leaking head. It’s been a long time since he’s sucked someone off; his last three relationships have all been with women. He’s surprised to find how much he’s missed it.

Mycroft lets out a low moan when Greg takes him in, just the tip to start with, using his tongue like it’s a particularly tasty lolly. The taste is bitter but not unappealing and he eagerly goes deeper until the head bumps against the spongy palate at the back of his throat. Mycroft groans, his hips twitching, and it’s obvious he’s fighting to keep himself from losing it. Greg swallows, keeping his hand wrapped around the base to prevent him from taking in more than he’s comfortable with, and then pulls back, dragging his tongue along the underside, loving the way that Mycroft squirms at the pleasurable sensation. He licks his lips and builds up a mouthful of saliva to keep everything wet before he takes the tip again and suckles lightly.

“Fuck,” Mycroft gasps roughly. “Gregory, your mouth.”

Knowing that he’s reduced Mycroft, who is always so controlled, to swearing makes Greg groan in reply. He pulls back just enough to say, “Yeah, yeah, go on.”

“Are you certain?”

“Yes, Mycroft, I want you to; I’m giving you permission. Push me under.”

He feels it immediately as Mycroft stops holding back and lets go with a sound that’s not quite a groan of relief. It’s not at full strength, not yet, but the push is still a low, humming fizz in the back of his mind, like the tickle of soda against his throat after the can is first opened. Greg accepts it, doesn’t fight against it, and the push surrounds him in a warm bubble that suddenly makes everything feel magnified. His eyes half-lidded with pleasure - this is different from what he gets from the clubs, this is his dom - he takes Mycroft in again, sucking harder. He wants it, wants as much as he can, whatever Mycroft will give him, this is what he needs.

“Gregory, my god, you are so perfect,” Mycroft says above him. His free hand slides into Greg’s hair and tugs gently. “So beautiful, even better than I had imagined.”

Some part of Greg soaks up the praise but Mycroft is still a bit too coherent for his liking. He renews
his sucking with determination and Mycroft writhes above him, hips rocking gently into the warm wet heat. He can feel it when Mycroft is getting close and then the man is tensing with a sharp gasp as he comes, his cock swelling, and Greg deliberately sucks him down as far as he can, swallowing whatever he’s given as best he can. Mycroft breathes heavily and slumps back against the chair, his eyes glazed, staring down at Greg with a look of wonderment. It isn’t until Greg whines and squirms that he snaps out of it and his lips curve into a knowing smile.

“My apologies, Gregory,” he murmurs, using their still joined hands to pull Greg to his feet. He palms Greg’s cock, feeling the heaviness through the trousers. Greg whimpers at the touch, which is almost enough to push him over the edge, but not quite. Mycroft tugs him closer and then turns them both, urging Greg backwards until he bumps into the table, and then Greg gets it; he hops up onto the table and Mycroft stands up in front of him.

Mycroft doesn’t unzip his trousers. He rubs Greg’s cock through the material and every touch makes Greg squirm, panting heavily as the cotton of his pants drags against the sensitive head of his cock. His head falls back and Mycroft nibbles at his throat, biting at the bare skin before using his warm tongue to soothe the pain. It’s all too much - the warmth and the nibbling and the push, making him feel light and euphoric and dizzy with the amount of pure pleasure that’s shivering through him. He clutches at Mycroft’s hand and shudders, gasping, as the man increases the pressure.

“Come on, I want to see you,” Mycroft says. “Let me see, Gregory. Let me see what’s mine.”

“Mycroft,” Greg chokes out, his orgasm overtaking him in a warm rush. He comes in his trousers like a teenager and Mycroft releases his cock and wraps an arm around his waist, supporting him through it, which is a good thing seeing as Greg’s whole body feels like jelly. He leans heavily against Mycroft and breathes in the scent of the man’s skin. The push is still there and he burrows into it, savouring the feeling of being cared for, of being surrounded, of having surrendered to something that they can both make work, in a place where nothing can reach him but Mycroft.

Chapter End Notes

I just wanted to say thanks to everyone who enjoyed this fic. I was really uncertain about posting it after I received some poor comments on the kink meme, but you all bolstered my confidence and made me think that maybe I can write Mystrade after all. Thank you!

Works inspired by this one

Cover Art for ‘Be Mine’ by SailorChibi by Cleo_Calliope

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