The Omega
by themuller

Summary

According to the text books, breaking the bond between an Alpha and his Omega results in the death of the Omega. When John's Alpha, Professor Moriarty, is savagely murdered nobody expects John to survive. Still, here he is, alive and kicking - trying to start a new life, while clearing his name, and keeping unbonded Alphas at bay.

Omegaverse with mentioning of rape/non-con and past abuse. None of this between Sherlock and John.
Mycroft put down the mobile. With a bit of luck, the male Omega would still be alive when they reached the Institute. Mycroft told the driver to speed up. They had to collect Sherlock from the hospital as fast as possible.

It would be the third time he tried this. Highly irregular but Mycroft had wanted to keep Sherlock safe from the syringe and off the streets for the last five years without succeeding. He hoped that a bond could accomplish what neither the therapist, the rehab, nor any kind of threat had been able to do so far.

Mycroft looked through the file once more. It didn't contain much information, which wasn't surprising. Alphas tended to be very protective and possessive by nature. Once bonded they wouldn't let other people get too close to their bondmate. This behaviour was enforced if the bondmate happened to be an Omega. Professor Moriarty had been even more protective than a normal Alpha given his research. Almost nothing was known about the private life of the Professor. He had a son from a former bonding. The male Omega had been his fourth bondmate.

At the hospital Sherlock put up a token resistance to being dragged away. He seemed to loathe the place as much as Mycroft did. The problems started once they arrived at the Institute. Sherlock refused to leave the car. He knew what Mycroft was up to and he had no intend being an active participant in that game. With a sigh, Mycroft gave the driver a wink and a few seconds later Sherlock was slightly sedated. The driver supported him into the Institute and down the hallway to the room Mycroft indicated.

Twice before Sherlock had been locked into this same room, and twice Mycroft had to release both him and the female Omega, he had left in there with him. The first time the Omega had been in tears for the entire three days, terrified at the prospect of Sherlock getting anywhere close to her. The second time, the Omega had been very interested in Sherlock, but the feeling had not been reciprocated, ending the session when Sherlock threatened to tie her up and starve them both to death.

Mycroft left Sherlock lying on the bed. The sedative would wear off soon enough. The challenge now was the Omega. Mycroft had been surprised when he got the message.

"Professor Moriarty murdered. Bondmate still alive."

Mycroft wondered in what state said bondmate would be. Normally, a bonded Omega would become catatonic within minutes after a severed bond, especially if it happened as unexpectedly and dramatically as this. If not helped, the Omega would slip into unconsciousness and die a few hours later. Even the legal breaking of a bond always required both medical help and a therapist for the Omega involved. Still, the Omega could risk adverse reactions both mentally and physically; no matter how prepared the Omega was to the procedure. That was one of the reasons why the breaking of a bond could only be initiated by an Omega. At least legally.

According to Mycroft's sources, the Omega was found sitting beside his murdered Alpha. He appeared to have been there for at least two hours. The Omega had been able to answer a few questions, blood samples were taken, and the Omega had been allowed to change clothes, before he collapsed. He had arrived at the Institute half an hour earlier and the doctors were working on stabilising him.

Mycroft had walked down another hallway, finding the examination room. Upon entering he froze
on the doorstep. The sight before him was almost comically. A small, very angry man stood in the middle of the room, holding one of the plastic chairs in front of him like a shield. One doctor and two nurses were standing out of reach, trying to calm the man down. At first, Mycroft thought he had entered the wrong room. This was not how a bereaved Omega should act. A split second and one deep breath later, Mycroft was not at all in doubt. This was indeed a male Omega, clearly broken bonded. But more shockingly, the Omega was pregnant!

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John was fed up with everyone by now. The arrival of the Alpha didn't help at all. Why didn't they just leave him alone? Give him some rest, so he could start to think again? Start to make sense of this entire situation? He threw an angry look towards the Alpha, who most of all looked surprised. John held his ground, holding the plastic chair in front of him.

The newly arrived Alpha cleared his throat.

"Hrm, sorry to interrupt these," the Alpha paused, "proceedings."

He took a step forward, extending his right hand.

"Mycroft Holmes," he said, facing John.

John was looking from the Alpha, to the doctor, then the first, and finally the second nurse. What was the meaning of all of this? Why was he here? And where was 'here' anyway? Very slowly, he put the chair back on the ground, watching out for any moves from the Alpha. But he kept still, hand offered in a greeting. The doctor and the nurses withdrew to the back of the room, clearing the space around John. John was breathing heavily. He was nervous and confused. Nobody had given any explanations; everybody had treated him like a child or an injured wild animal.

Warily John took the offered hand.

"John," he said. Then added like an afterthought, "Watson."

The Alpha looked questioningly at him. "Watson?" he asked.

"Watson," John answered.

"I would have thought your last name to be Moriarty," the Alpha said coolly, studying John with a frown.

John didn't budge.

"Considering the circumstances," John replied, his eyes locked with the Alpha's, "I would guess, Professor Moriarty's son would not be amused if I continued to use his last name."

The Alpha didn't reply, but let go of John's hand. After a short consideration, he once more addressed John.

"I take it, that your condition allows for a relocation?"

John nodded. Still wary, he hesitantly followed the Alpha out of the room, throwing a last angry glance at the doctor and the two nurses.

"So, John," the Alpha started.

"Mr Watson to you," John cut in, attaching a "Sir" just late enough to make it obvious.
The Alpha didn't miss a beat.

"Mr Watson," he started once more. "Why are you still alive?"

Now it was John's turn to look startled.

"What? You rather I was lying dead or dying?" John almost started to giggle. Damn those Alphas, he thought, shaking his head.

"Well, on the authority of the late Professor Moriarty that would be the normal reaction of a bonded Omega to a savagely performed breaking of the bond," the Alpha stated, using his height to distinctly look down at John.

"I take it, you were in fact bonded," the Alpha arrogantly waved a hand indicating John's very apparent pregnancy.

"Bloody hell!" John's anger flashed through his body. He stopped, hands clenched into fists. "Whatever happened to the 'protective' part of being an Alpha? And what is all this about anyway?"

The Alpha had stopped in front of a door, turning to face John once more.

"I am sorry for the inconveniences. Everything will be explained to you later. Right now," the Alpha opened the door, "I would like you to wait in here. I have to make a few," the Alpha hesitated, "arrangements."

John stepped forward and into the room, before realising that it was a trap. The Alpha closed the door and locked it behind him. Furiously John spun around, but it was too late. He gave the door a kick with his foot, before turning to face the room once more, leaning his back against the door, slowly sliding down to the floor.

Exhausted. He could hardly put his thoughts into any kind of order, tired as he was. It took another three minutes before John became aware of the other person in the room. Another Alpha. John took several deep breaths. Cursing his inability to learn as much through the scenting as any Alpha would be able to. Then John cursed loudly. An unbonded Alpha? Seriously? They, whoever 'they' were, had left him in a locked room with an unbonded Alpha?!

John shuffled to his feet. God, he was tired. Why couldn't they just leave him alone?

The Alpha was lying on the bed. Sleeping. Sleeping Beauty, John's mind applied unnecessarily. He almost started giggling again. This was just so far away from any kind of normality, he could think of. Kafka, John's mind provided once more unasked. Oh stop it, he told himself. He looked at the sleeping Alpha, looked at the invitingly large bed, large enough for the two of them.

Sod it, he thought, took off his jumper and shoes, and slipped under the duvet. Curling in on himself, as if he wanted to protect the little human being growing inside of him, John drifted to sleep within seconds.
Chapter Notes

Some warnings: this is neither beta'ed nor britpicked.

In this chapter will be mentioning of past abuse. Hopefully nothing too graphic.

It's Omega-verse - and Sherlock and John end up naked on a mattress by the end of this chapter...

This story will time and again return to events, which happened during the Second World War (well, the AU of the Second World War).

John didn't want to wake up. For once his nightmare had ended with the dream of a safe place, even if this place included an unbonded Alpha in a locked room. Drifting in and out of sleep, he could still smell the intoxicating scent of the Alpha. He continued to feel the warmth from the Alpha's body beside him. John cuddled himself into that body, willing his dream to continue a little while longer.

Body? As in a body with arms, now draped around him? And legs, entangled with his? Fully awake, John pushed back hard and fast. Too hard it turned out, finding himself sprawled out on the floor. A moment later an amused face surrounded by black, unruly hair peered at him over the edge of the bed.

Panting, John tried to collect his thoughts. Not a dream, then. Those eyes, dear God, those eyes should be illegal. The way they roamed over John's body, as if dissecting him. He felt naked despite being fully clothed.

Gathering his limbs together and sitting up, he checked if he had collected new bruises or injuries, others than the one he was sporting already from the last time the Professor had disciplined him.

John looked up at the young Alpha. Christ, he didn't look older than seventeen or eighteen, barely of age for an Alpha. John shook his head. You're 'barely of age', he reminded himself. Two more weeks, two bloody weeks, and he would have been twenty-one, coming of age as an Omega, getting more leverage against the Professor. Maybe having half a chance to get to college, get a proper education. But now? Shifting into a less painful position, John decided he might as well try to get some answers.

"Good morning, Mr?" John ventured.

"Holmes, Sherlock Holmes," the Alpha answered, amusement in his voice. And what a voice. The soothing baritone had John almost neglecting the meaning of the uttered words. He sat up straighter, once the meaning had sunk in.

"There are two of you?" he asked disbelieving.

The Alpha sat up on the bed, letting his legs glide over the edge, using the difference in height to look down at John in an eerie copy of the other Holmes' pose the day before.
"Of course, you've met my brother," Sherlock huffed. "Why did you agree to do this?"

"Agree to do this?" John was flabbergasted. "Your brother? Well, whatever 'this' is, Mr Holmes -"

"Sherlock," Sherlock interrupted.

"Well, Sherlock," John paused a moment. What kind of name was that? "My name is John. John Watson," John added, reminding himself once more to use his last name. The Professor has really trained me well, John taunted himself.

"That's not a name you have used before," Sherlock stated as a matter of fact.

"Wh- What?" John swallowed.

"You're not used to say 'Watson'. It sounds as if you have to remind yourself of even giving a last name. Probably because you're not supposed to, being an Omega," Sherlock added.

John miffed. What the hell? Could this guy read minds?

"Obviously I'm an Omega," John tried to sound condescending, failing spectacularly, since those eyes were fully concentrating on him again. "And, well, my bondmate, Professor Moriarty, had been murdered yesterday. His son wouldn't like it, if I continued to use his name."

He had managed to respond with a steady voice with no hint of the impending. Saying it out loud brought the memories back as if he had opened a Pandora's box. John could see, smell, and even feel the blood. See the cut throat, the head almost severed from the body. There had been so much blood. How could a man contain all this blood? John felt nauseous, could feel his broken bond hurt in his chest, despair creeping up on him. He was shaking. Pulling his knees up, he was suddenly very aware of how hungry, thirsty, and plain out tired he was. His whole body was hurting, he felt cold and so very, very lonely.

John curled in on himself. He was drifting now, all fight, all resistance to whatever was going to happen to him, drained out. He was past exhaustion, past caring. John faintly remembered one of the threats the Professor would entertain whenever he got annoyed with John's disobedience. Omegas being sold and used as sex slaves, trafficking all over Europe. 'One way to get abroad', the Professor would smirk.

The only reason to keep on breathing was the child inside of him. He would try to keep the little one safe, no matter what the Alpha was going to put him through. With that thought, John blacked out.

The next hours John was hardly conscious for more than just a few minutes at a time. A glass of water at his lips, an arm gently put around his shoulders, keeping him upright, so he could drink. The voice, oh, this wonderful voice, telling him to open his mouth, so he could drink. The food, whatever it was, John was no longer in a state to recognize anything, tasted well. He followed the instructions obediently, not able to resist, after a while not even wanting to resist. Every time he surfaced, he was in this safe place, breathing in the scent of Sherlock, just letting himself drown in it.

At some point he fell into a dreamless sleep. The next time he became aware of his surroundings, he felt rested and well replete. The scent of Sherlock was enveloping him and this time John nestled into his embrace without hesitation. He opened his eyes and looked up into this bright, scrutinising gaze, which always seemed to analyse and examine everything, it was focussed on.

Sherlock's look was intent, almost like a fire burning through layers and layers of clothes and skin,
baring John's innermost secrets to him. John shuddered, and buried his head in Sherlock's shoulder. Whatever he wants to see, let him, John assessed. The more he can find out that way, the less I will have to tell.

"Feeling better?"

"Hmm," was all John had to offer.

Sherlock carted through John's hair. It felt nice, as did the cuddling. John wasn't used to this kind of affection. His parents had seldom hugged him, and once he was bonded with the Professor, cuddling was out of the question. The Professor rarely ever touched him if it wasn't for performing sexual intercourse or disciplining him.

"Take of your clothes, John," Sherlock said in a low, demanding voice.

John flinched. He knew, where this had been heading the second he had realised that he had been locked up with an unbonded Alpha. With a sigh, he reluctantly extricated himself from Sherlock's embrace.

John could swear the man was positively blooming with glee, when John started to unbutton his shirt. Let him, John thought grimly and determined, not much to look at, once my clothes are off. However, when he took his t-shirt off, baring his upper body and his protruding stomach to Sherlock, John had to force himself not to cringe. It wasn't a pretty sight. The fresh marks and bruises were clearly showing John's inability to behave properly. Sherlock's eyes widened, when he took in the sight before him.

"You're too skinny," he said almost accusingly.

"Look who's talking," John retorted, taking a very deliberate look up and down Sherlock's slim body.

"I'm not the one who's pregnant," Sherlock retaliated smugly.

John bit on his bottom lip. Good point, that one. When he motioned to stand up and undo his trousers, Sherlock stopped him

"No, not yet," he said, without taking his eyes off John's chest.

John complied. Sherlock slowly and meticulously traced the various bruises on John's chest and arms, mumbling 'fist', 'belt', 'collar and cuffs? Why would he collar you?'

The initial exhilaration was slowly replaced by exasperation. More than once, Sherlock looked at John with a questioning look, only to get a quiet confirming nod. John patiently waited, letting Sherlock deduce both the instruments causing the scars and damage on his body, as well as the when and the why. John realised that Sherlock was deeply fascinated by the life story, he could elicit from John's skin and muscles. At the same time it became quite clear to John, that Sherlock didn't like the result of his observations.

Sherlock stopped, when he reached John's belly. Reverently he let his hands stroke over the stretched skin. John cleared his throat.

"If you're lucky, you might be able to feel her move," he said. Sherlock eyes went almost black, his pupils dilated. By now John could see Sherlock's arousal. Nothing new there. John knew any sign of fertility made an unbonded Omega irresistible. Even bonded Alpha's would have a hard time to hold back their urge to form a second bond with a pregnant unbonded Omega. For once biology
was quite clever that way, John contemplated. Making sure, the soon to be parent would have an easy time finding a provider and protector for both newborn and himself.

John was getting hard by now. Sherlock's touches and the intensity of his scent were alluring, and John was wondering why Sherlock hadn't taken advantage of the situation already and bitten him.

John was thinking back to his very first heat, the bonding heat induced - hell, stop the euphemism, forced by the Professor with a bite at his neck. John had been diagnosed as an Omega a few weeks after his sixteenth birthday. It had been quite a surprise for both his parents and the doctor, who triple checked the result before telling his parents. According to the laws of genetics, his Alpha father should not have been able to conceive an Omega with his Beta wife.

After a massive row with John's mother, John's father promptly had ordered a paternity test. It showed without any doubt that John's father was indeed his biological parent.

John's grandfather on his father's side had been an Omega, bonded to an Alpha wife. They had three children, John's father being the youngest and according to the stories, John's grandfather used to tell when he was really drunk, John's father was born by John's grandfather, while his two aunts were carried and born by his grandmother. It was the last part, people always wondered about, since an Alpha female wasn't supposed to become impregnated by her Omega. Mostly the argument was settled by pointing to 'this being the time before the war'. John on the other hand had always found it fascinating that a man could become pregnant. Well, not any man, you had to be an Omega, and by the time John grew up and came into puberty, that was no longer as exciting as it had been, when he first heard the stories told by his grandfather.

Society had changed since then. It was unthinkable for an Omega to partake in any kind of action in a war-zone. John's grandfather had been an army doctor, fighting at the front both as a soldier and as a medic. He had been captured and been held as a prisoner of war in one of the lesser-known concentration camps. No matter how drunk he got, John could never get his grandfather to tell him anything about the time he had spend there. It must have been truly terrifying.

John's line of thought was interrupted when Sherlock gave a start. The little one wobbled around inside John's stomach. John almost giggled, but became serious as soon as Sherlock looked up. God, those eyes. John had a hard time coping with the sheer want and lust, they conveyed by know. His body was reciprocating the interest; John felt a low whine forming in his throat. No matter what his mind was telling him, his body had its own ideas on how to react. His pants felt too tight, and slowly but surely he bared his neck to Sherlock, both wanting him to bite and hoping he wouldn't because it would hurt like hell for the next hours, before the heat would wash away the pain and open his body to the Alpha.

Sherlock studied the scar closely, and then huffed.

"He bit you more than once," Sherlock sounded utterly disgusted by the very idea, leaving John puzzled. "He opened the bite three, no four times. Anniversary?"

Sherlock looked at John for confirmation, which he gave with a small nod and a gaping mouth.

"How?"

"The scar tissue. It's clearly healed over several times," Sherlock indicated as if John was able to look at his own neck. "May I touch? Or would it hurt?"

John gave up. Sherlock was definitely not like the Professor.
"I have no idea," John's voice was thick, almost overcome by sentiment. Nobody had ever been this careful with him.

Sherlock let his fingers glide featherlike over the scar. The touch went right into John's already hard cock, drawing out a needy whimper. John was breathless. How could this feel so different from anything the Professor ever had done to him?

Sherlock had started to take of his clothes and John could feel his eyes going wide. Like John, Sherlock could use some extra pounds, but good Lord, the smooth, alabaster like skin, the pink nipples standing out, a dark trail of pubic hair clearly marking the way towards an impressive bulge in his trousers. John developed temporary tunnel vision, unable to take his eyes off Sherlock hands opening his trousers and pushing down both pants and trousers in one effortless motion.

"Now you," Sherlock ordered.

John complied, eyes locked on Sherlock's long, magnificently curved, simply perfect Alpha cock. Already there was precome glittering on its head. John couldn't care less about his appearance, mediocre on every point, if anyone would ask him. His focus was now on Sherlock, pushing his own needs back, just wanting to please this Alpha, earn his goodwill - no matter how much the bite would burn through his body.

Sherlock drew in a sharp breath when John stood naked in front of him. Then he bent down, and John bared his throat, closing his eyes and clenching his fists in anticipation of the dreaded pain. Sherlock hovered a short moment over the scar, then his lips touched it gently. A soft licking followed the first chaste kiss, and John's knees just gave way. Sherlock caught him and let him slide gently down on the mattress.

Mattress? John couldn't remember when Sherlock had lifted it from the bed and... Under the table? Which he had moved as well? Doesn't matter, John fiercely told himself, totally *not* important right now. He wanted Sherlock inside of him and he had no idea, why he hadn't been bitten yet. But bugger it, this felt so damn heavenly, and if only he would be allowed to touch, to kiss, and caress, but no, he wanted to show Sherlock that he could be a good Omega, that he could behave, no matter how far gone he was.

Sherlock had held him until he was lying comfortably on his right side, avoiding any pressure on his stomach. John needed Sherlock inside of him and he tried to push his back against Sherlock's chest. Sherlock was kissing his way down John's spine, fondling John's chest and nipples. Every movement, every caress, sent spikes of arousal through John, leaving him helplessly whimpering, begging Sherlock to take him.

Sherlock shushed him, placing one final kiss on his lips, which John greedily turned into, not being able to hold back any longer. Then Sherlock was gone, fetching something. John felt the emptiness behind him, inside him. He was almost in tears, holding back his own need.

Sherlock returned and not to soon. John heard him open a bottle and a moment later a slick hand slipped in between his buttocks. Lube! The epiphany hit John so hard, he actually turned round and almost knocked Sherlock down, who looked utterly perplexed at John.

"Lube!" John exclaimed. "Lube! Of course. That's why you didn't bite me, why you didn't need to."

Sherlock's befuddlement was replaced by mirth and he had to restrain himself from laughing out loud.
"And they think I'm a novice," smiling all over his face, Sherlock turned John around again.

He continued his ministrations, and soon both of them were caught up in the rutting of the Alpha and the moaning and begging of the Omega.

Before Sherlock had buried his cock deep inside John, he had slowly and carefully built up to this, opening John delicately, savouring every moment, every moan, every shudder. John was chanting Sherlock's name by now, urging him on, the only clear thought in his mind being 'be good, don't come', disbelieving sex could feel this mind-blowingly good.

"John," Sherlock was panting hard, sounding exasperated. "Is something wrong?"

John was breathing hard by now, concentrating on not coming, on being an obedient Omega just as the Professor had taught him to. It had never been like this with the Professor. John had no idea sex could be so wonderful. Sherlock's word slowly registered in his mind, and he winced trying to keep the fast approaching orgasm at bay.

"No," concentrate, concentrate! "Why?" John stammered out.

"Why don't you come? Am I doing something wrong?" Sherlock could hardly suck in enough breath to stutter out the words, pounding into John's body, clearly hitting his prostate every single time by the way John shuddered and whined.

"I," breathe, John, breathe! "I am allowed to come?" He sounded every bit as incredulous as he felt.

"YES!" Sherlock shouted, not able to hold back any longer, coming inside John.

John came the bat of an eye later, spurting up his extruding stomach. Writhing in the aftershock, he felt Sherlock inside of him, filling him up, climaxing three more times, every time pulling John over the edge as well.

When Sherlock finally slid out of his body, John felt safe and happy. He tried sluggishly to remember the last time he had felt like this, but nothing came to mind. Sherlock got a damp towel and cleaned John gently, giggling together with him when he came across a ticklish spot. When everything was made up to his satisfaction, Sherlock crawled back under the duvet, placing a hand on John's stomach. John turned his head, so he could watch Sherlock's face.

John could get used to this feeling, he thought contentedly.

"John," Sherlock looked expectantly at John, "will you bond with me?"
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Some warnings: this is neither beta’ed nor britpicked.

In this chapter will be mentioning of Sherlock’s past experiences. Hopefully nothing too graphic, but beware of triggers (implied non-con and under age - not involving Sherlock directly).

It’s Omega-verse.

Thank you for your support!

A special thanks to ‘skeptic7’ who came up with the perfect explanation for getting John accused of murder: pregnancy induced psychosis.

Mycroft had turned the audio surveillance down low once the moaning started for good. Without the visuals the supervision was not as enticing as he had hoped for. Vexingly Sherlock had used the table to block Mycroft’s view from the observation room through the one-way mirror, placing the mattress underneath the table. Mycroft made a mental note that in the future video equipment was to be installed underneath any furniture, which could be used as hiding places.

He had been quite pleased with himself once Sherlock and the Omega ended up naked. The bruises on the body of the Omega had admittedly been unsettling, however they showed that the Professor had put an effort in the training of the Omega, which all things considered should make it easier for Sherlock to show him his place.

The cover up on Professor Moriarty’s violent death was well underway, the media reporting the Professor having died peacefully in his sleep. So far the bonded Omega had been mentioned, but only briefly, and with a bit of luck it would stay that way. Even so, Mycroft wished he had been able to procure an Omega dying because of the broken bond, enhancing the saint-like status of the Professor.

It was especially the last part Mycroft had been aiming for. The Professor’s research into the behaviour and sexuality of the Omega had for the last sixty years been the foundation for many changes in society, ensuring the safety and quality of life for the Omega. Or at least that’s what the official justification had been for several laws regarding the Omega’s participation - or rather lack thereof - in elections as well as the prohibition from certain jobs, specified education and military services. Mycroft needed the Professor’s name and reputation to be as pure as possible if he wanted his grand scheme to succeed.

The increasing noise from the hospital room in front of him pulled him out of his reverie. The background noises amplified, escalated, and were followed by silence. Mycroft turned up the
audio, listening to what could only be characterised as blissed out panting.

A sardonic little smile crept up on Mycroft’s lips. Part one of Plan B accomplished, he congratulated himself, celebrating by pouring a cup of newly brewed tea and taking a sip.

He held his breath when he heard Sherlock’s voice.

“John, will you bond with me?”

Wonderful, Mycroft thought, ticking off several items at once for Plan B, holding his cup in the air, waiting for the acceptance from the Omega. And waited. Waited. Waited.

“No. I - I can’t. Not yet.”

When the scolding hot tea hit Mycroft’s lap, the undignified noise he made and the burning sensation in his groin were the smallest of his problems. Plan B dissolved in an outburst of lesser known, yet frightfully vicious curses, while Mycroft jumped up from the chair and started to pull off the soiled trousers and pants. Fortunately he kept several sets of clothes stored in the observation room, being prepared for different kind of contingencies. Normally they would have involved some kind of sexual acts on Mycroft’s part, a thought that only infuriated him further.

What was wrong with this Omega? Why couldn’t he just for once do what was expected of him? Mycroft looked at the burns on his genitals. Luckily not that bad, but his anger at the Omega increased by the minute. He put on some salve before reaching for pants and trousers. When he had finished putting on a new set of crisp, clean, and most importantly dry set of clothes, he didn’t bother with another cup of tea. Instead he took the telephone of the hook and called the police. When he had finished the call he started to repeat the different points of Plan C in his mind.

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The look on John’s face told Sherlock at once that his offer would be declined. When John turned away - ashamed? Why would he be ashamed? - Sherlock gently cupped John’s face with his hand and turned him back towards him. John complied and once again, Sherlock marvelled at this man. He could read so easily, letting Sherlock see his emotions, his considerations. John didn’t try to hide, didn’t shy away when Sherlock moved closer to be able to see even the smallest of twitches on his face.

No, John wasn’t ashamed. Frightened, yes. But only a fool wouldn’t be frightened to bond with an unknown Alpha, especially given what John had experienced during the last four years. But it wasn’t fear that was the reason for John’s hesitation. The positive effects of a new bond would outnumber whatever trepidations John could have. A bond would mean safety for the unborn child, even increase the chances to carry the child to term. John would have someone to provide for both of him or her, once the child was born. All his basic needs would be taken care of.

Sherlock knew John was attracted to him, as he was attracted to John. A realisation that had surprised Sherlock even more than did John’s upcoming rejection.

Regardless of his brother’s belief Sherlock wasn’t a novice at the game of flirtation and in all likelihood he had had more sexual encounters than him, and certainly more experience in this field than John. When Sherlock turned thirteen the dullness of school and life itself became too much to master with experiments alone. His mind was racing and he needed something to keep it occupied.

Sherlock had his first sexual experiences with several of his classmates, discovering that he was
mainly attracted to men. When he widened his field of conquests, he knew that he as well increased the risk of attracting unwanted attention. At the age of fifteen he still had the looks of a younger boy about him, but his attitude was that of a far older Alpha. Somehow he had managed to keep this part of his life hidden from Mycroft’s inquisitive eyes, probably because Mycroft at that time was preoccupied with his studies at the university.

Sherlock had put an end to his sexual experiments once he discovered a particular kind sex club. Being invited by one of his latest playmates, Sherlock was shocked when he entered the rooms. Just seventeen at that time he was not supposed to be there, but as an Alpha he was seldom asked for identification. The clients of the club were mainly Alphas with an occasional Beta, while the sex workers were either Omegas or - which Sherlock at that time found even more appalling - neutered Alphas. The latter were Alphas, who had been vasectomised after being diagnosed but before puberty. Beside the obvious inability to have children, the Alpha would become the perfect Omega: submissive, pliant, and caring. Because of the scarcity of Omegas, neutering Alpha boys had become a well-used practice, no matter how illegal it was.

Rich Alphas would pay poor families a small fortune for a newly diagnosed Alpha boy, who typically would end up as a second bond to the Alpha, used for his entertainment.

What Sherlock observed during that one night in the club, changed his attitude towards sex and his fellow men for good. The boys, none of them were of age, were used as sex slaves, having to obey the clients every wish no matter how outraging or perverted. Horrified by the scenes in the room, Sherlock stayed at the bar for the whole night, pretending to be more interested in looking rather than participating.

The next day Sherlock had catalogued and categorised the events, stored them safely in his mind and sworn that he never ever would be the active part in coercive sex. Round about the same time Sherlock had discovered drugs and their impact on his mind. The very idea of sex as a diversion seemed utterly ridiculous by then.

Sherlock shook his head to get the doors closed on those memories. This wasn’t about him this was about John.

So, despite of the positive effects, John would reject Sherlock’s proposal. Fascinating. Sherlock’s eyes were roaming over John’s features, observing the on-going battle in John’s mind. Suddenly John stilled.

“No. I - I can’t. Not yet.”

Again he tried to look away, and again Sherlock wouldn’t let him. He could see the fear, could feel John’s body tremble. Tears were forming in John’s eyes, and his arms were placed defensively around his abdomen, protecting the life inside. Sherlock felt oddly proud of John. He had just defied an Alpha, said no to the security of a bond, knowing far too well what challenges lay ahead for both him and his child.

Oh John, Sherlock thought, I understand.

Slowly, very slowly, Sherlock leaned toward John, giving him a chance to back off, to stop him. When John didn’t, Sherlock’s lips touched John’s, coaxing them open and John complied, clearly confused, relieved, crying, and smiling all at once. Sherlock let his tongue flick teasingly into John’s mouth, trying to persuade John to reciprocate. Hesitantly, John let his tongue slide into Sherlock’s mouth, shyly exploring it, while Sherlock pulled the two of them closer together. Every move on his part designed to show John that Sherlock was more than pleased by John’s actions.
John pulled away to get his breath back. His eyes were wide and pitch black, pupils dilated as far as possible. Sherlock suspected that he looked the same. Both men were panting. John leaned into the kiss again, still a little bashful and wary of Sherlock’s reaction. Sherlock took control and sucked softly on John’s lips, leaving them red and swollen. Taking a deep breath, Sherlock couldn’t hide his arousal any longer. He pushed his body up against John’s, grinding his hips and groin against the other man’s, earning a deep moan.

On his part, John had started to nibble on Sherlock’s lips, sending sparks of excitement through Sherlock’s body. Becoming bolder, John was fondling Sherlock’s hair, twisting his fingers into his curls when Sherlock started thrusting purposefully against John.

Sherlock was close now. He could feel John tense as well, responding to every thrust with a groan, a silent plea to go faster, harder.

They came, mixing their semen between them and on their bellies.

When they regained their breath, Sherlock groaned loudly, hiding his head in the pillows.

“Mycroft! Go away!”

Mycroft cleared his throat pointedly.

“I just wanted to inform you that the police has arrived. They are going to arrest the Om-,” realising the faux pas, Mycroft corrected himself. “They are going to arrest Mr Watson.”

Sherlock snorted. Idiots, he thought. John was looking totally bemused between Sherlock and Mycroft.

“On what charges?”

“Voluntary manslaughter due to pregnancy induced psychosis,” Mycroft stated matter-of-factly.

“Utter nonsense,” Sherlock retorted.

He had turned, so he could face Mycroft directly, but didn’t move to get dressed. He held John close, feeling his heartbeat. Amazingly, John had calmed down again.

Mycroft didn’t answer.

“Do they know about John’s condition?”

“They assured me that everything would be taken care of so no harm will come to both of them. Mr Watson will be permitted to have guests. Overnight,” Mycroft added.

“Get out of here,” Sherlock demanded once more.

“I’ll tell the officer’s you’ll be ready in ten minutes.”

“Make that half an hour,” Sherlock answered, standing up and facing Mycroft stark naked.

He returned Mycroft’s condescending glance with a smirk when he realised the change of clothes.

“Enjoyed the show that much, brother dear?”

Mycroft harrumphed and left with an air of dignified aloofness.
Sherlock turned to John, who hadn’t moved once he became aware of Mycroft’s presence.

“I’m sorry John. I have no idea, how the police can believe—” Sherlock stopped when he saw that John was giggling.

“What?” he asked baffled.

“Oh God, Sherlock. This,” John waved an arm around, indicating nothing in particular. “This is total madness. Please tell me I’m dreaming.”

He grew serious again.

“No,” he whispered, “no, please. Show me, that this isn’t a dream at all.”

“You want me to pinch you?” Sherlock sounded taken aback. John just nodded and Sherlock pinched him.

“Aw,” John looked accusingly at Sherlock. “Didn’t have to be that thorough.”

“Just making sure,” Sherlock answered smugly.

He collected a towel and started to clean them up once more. He could tell that John was hungry again. While John was putting his clothes on, Sherlock put some of the food from the small fridge on the table. John ate while he watched Sherlock getting dressed. Finishing off with a cup of tea, Sherlock looked at John.

“Ready to face the gallows?” Sherlock asked.

“Will you -,” John swallowed.

His demeanour had changed. Sherlock knew that John had to face the expectations of society. Being a bereaved Omega should have broken him; instead he had come alive in Sherlock’s presence.

“I’ll be moving in with you tonight,” Sherlock answered the unasked question.

John’s relief was profound.

“Well, I’ll better be going then. Making sure the room is acceptable.”

For the first time since Sherlock had met him, John put on the flirting posture of a submissive Omega. The change was breath taking. Hadn’t it been for the waiting officers, Sherlock would have thrown John on the mattress immediately. As it was, he bit hard into his lip and took in the sight in front of him. Savouring every detail to be reviewed during the next hours of separation.

Taking a last look around the room, almost regretting that he wouldn’t stay here one more night, he placed his arm around John’s shoulder and opened the door. A police officer was waiting, reading the warrant to John, and ignoring his protests when he was addressed as ‘Mr John Moriarty’. Sherlock pointedly cleared his throat and the officer apologised. The warrant and the caution were given with the correct name and John was lead to the police car.

“Where are you taking him?” Sherlock inquired.

“New Scotland Yard. The only place where we could change an office into an appropriate ce-, erhm, room for an Omega,” the officer replied.
John turned to Sherlock, standing in the already open door of the car.

“Could you get some of my clothes? And my book?” He asked nervously.


John didn’t explain further, and Sherlock acknowledged that he would try and get everything.

“See you later,” Sherlock whispered, kissing John one last time.

He could hear the faint whimper when he withdrew, letting John get into the car.
Chapter 4

Sherlock turned towards his brother as soon as the police car had disappeared around the corner.

“You did that!” Sherlock sneered at Mycroft.

“Well, we can’t have a killer running free now, can we?” Mycroft answered aloof, casually leaning on his ever-present umbrella.

“John isn’t a killer and you know it,” Sherlock felt an uncharacteristic rage rising in him. Is that how an Alpha responded if his bondmate were threatened? But they hadn’t bonded - yet. Why would he react with such force?

Hiding his puzzlement and beating down his far too obvious affection, he focussed his mind on more secure ground.

“I need access to the house, to the crime scene. And I need to get John’s clothes and other things,” he tried to sound unmoved but without any doubt Mycroft had figured him out. Frustratingly, Mycroft probably already knew more about the why’s and how’s of Sherlock’s sentiment for John than Sherlock was able to realise for himself at the time being.

When Mycroft nodded slightly, Sherlock walked past him, got his coat, and took the first available cab to the late Professor Moriarty’s house.

During the ride, Sherlock tried to connect and catalogue the available data, repeatedly distracted by the image of John curling into him, the memory of John’s moans, of John’s fingers curling into his hair. Sherlock had never felt like this before. To despise his brother he had refused to entertain the idea of ever bonding. Why should he? With a bond followed responsibility. An Omega was a fragile, delicate creature in need of attention in a way Sherlock knew he couldn’t provide.

But John was different. John was -. Sherlock pulled himself out of that line of thought. If he really wanted John, he needed to get him of this murder charge. Even better, he had to solve this case.

When the cab stopped in front of the house, he told the driver to wait while he went to the house. An Alpha constable guarded it. Sherlock told him his name and was admitted without problems. Examining the crime scene itself in front of the house, Sherlock played the naive Alpha, who was in awe of the older constable and his knowledge of crimes, criminals, and this crime in particular.

He was able to extract a fair amount of information about the investigation so far. The constable hadn’t learned anything about the main suspect, though. He acknowledged to Sherlock that the
suspect had been apprehended, but not much was known about him or his whereabouts. Just the DI and the Chief knew what was going on. It was all very hush hush.

Sherlock went into the house without being supervised, a fact that he made good use of. He was surprised to find most of the house undisturbed. The police hadn’t bothered with collecting evidence inside the house. Papers, the Professor’s calendar and notebook were lying untouched in what appeared to be the study.

Sherlock had never been to a crime scene before, but he was certain that the police normally would look into any possible connections, friends, dates, and whatever else to find possible suspects. Nothing like that seemed to have happened here.

Going for the obvious then, Sherlock thought. Case closed, and John didn’t have an alibi, since he would have been at home alone. Sherlock’s thoughts stuttered to a halt, when another thought occurred to him. What if Mycroft had part in this operation as well? Why? What could he ever gain from this? If he just wanted Sherlock bonded with an Omega, Mycroft should have ensured John’s innocence. Instead it looked like he did exactly the opposite.

Need more data, Sherlock muttered under his breath. Stop making assumptions, ask questions, and gather information, he reminded himself.

The papers on the desk had been written by two different people. Sherlock could recognise one as the Professor’s since it matched the writing in the calendar. The other could be John’s then, if he had helped the Professor with whatever the Professor had been working on.

Looking in every room, Sherlock didn’t find any signs of a fight or other kind of disturbance. The Professor had been killed on the doorstep of the front door. No sign of an intruder and equally no sign of John chasing the Professor through and out of the house before finishing him on the doorstep.

So, where had the Professor been that evening and night? Sherlock had to return to John as fast as possible to gather more details, more input about the Professor, once Sherlock was finished with his examination of the house.

John’s room was a bleak affair. White walls, a small window up high on one of the walls, a narrow bed, and a chair. His clothes were in a chest of drawers. Sherlock filled the duffle bag he had found in one of the other bedrooms with John’s few belongings, including his book.

Sherlock tried to remember, what he knew about the Professor and his research. The Professor had been abroad before and during the Second World War, conducting his research on a large number of Omega subjects, both male and female. He was one of the very few specialists who had been able to collect more than just a handful of Omegas for his tests and experiments. A fact that had turned his books about the Omega behaviour into certain bestsellers since he had been able to support his suggestions and conclusions with valid statistical data.

Or so it seemed, Sherlock surmised. He had to stop himself from slipping into the same trap as the police: taking the obvious for prove without checking other lines of inquiries. Oh, I’ll show them, Sherlock thought, how to do to their job properly. They’ll come crawling to me, begging me to help them with their cases. Sherlock smirked, well, that would be one way of making an interesting living. Worth of further inspection after he had solved the case that for now was keeping John behind bars.

Leaving the house with the duffle bag and another case filled with papers, files, folders, the calendar, and notebook, Sherlock gestured to the constable and entered the waiting cab, giving his
address to the driver.

It took Sherlock less than five minutes to gather his own clothes and other things he thought he might need for solving this case. He bought a copy of every available newspaper at the nearby News stand, asking for yesterday’s papers as well. Then he was finally on his way to John.

Once more Sherlock was surprised by his own reactions, looking forward to seeing John, almost yearning to see him again, having to restrain himself from urging the driver on to get to the Met faster.

As soon as the cab stopped, Sherlock tossed some notes to the driver and jumped out of the car. He took his different bags and cases and practically ran up the steps to the entrance. Inside he could detect the faint scent of John, following it upstairs, sixth floor, found the locked door, guarded by a bored Beta police officer, who jumped up from his chair and unlocked the door before Sherlock had said a word.

It’s that blatant, Sherlock thought, even a Beta can figure out who I’m looking for. With an inhumanly effort Sherlock willed himself to be calm before he opened the door and entered the room. Closing the door behind him, he had to hold onto the door handle to keep upright. John’s scent was the only one in the room, it was permeating every little inch of the space. The police had succeeded in cleaning the room from other scents before John had been confined in it. Sherlock took a deep breath of the rich fragrance and his knees gave way. He slid down on the carpet, panting, analysing what he could smell, tasting it.

John, but not just John. The pregnancy, of course. But there was more, a deeper note, an elegant mark. Sherlock could distinguish his own smell, his own pheromones in John’s scent. Even after several hours it still lingered on, in fact stronger than before.

Sherlock marvelled at the subtle, but clear indications of an on going mingling of their scents. An explicit sign of the bonding process, which should not be possible without a corresponding heat. Pushing his bewilderment aside, Sherlock got up from the floor and went to John, who was curled up on the sofa, sleeping.

God, he looks like a little boy, Sherlock thought, carefree and so young and innocent. Very carefully, Sherlock tucked a blanket around John, then took the bags and cases and started to unpack as silently as possible.

The room had a large window overlooking part of London. One corner of the room was turned into a kitchenette, enabling them to make tea and cook some food in the microwave. There was a door leading into a small bathroom. The sofa, John was sleeping on, could be turned into a bed, large enough for both of them. A table, four chairs, a coffee table, and one armchair made up the rest of the furniture.

Cushions and blankets were provided in a large amount, needed when John started nesting, a common behaviour for pregnant Omegas. Sherlock wondered how ‘common’ it was, given John’s very uncommon behaviour on every turn in this case so far.

With a contented sigh Sherlock sat down and started looking through the newspapers, he had gathered. Not one word about the violent death of the Professor. Mycroft had really outdone himself with this. According to the obituaries and other ‘in depth’ articles, Professor Moriarty died peacefully in his sleep. His bondmate was only mentioned in passing in a few of the papers. His son was referred to, but no name given, indicating that he was an Omega. Since he didn’t live at the house, Sherlock hadn’t found any signs of a third inhabitant, the son must be old enough for being bonded, but no bondmate was named.
Well, either he wasn’t bonded, Sherlock inferred, which was highly unlikely because he wasn’t living at home with his father, or which Sherlock found more likely, he was bonded. Either to another Omega - very improbable, especially since the Professor advised against such a bonding - or a neutered Alpha. Any other bondmate would have been mentioned by name and title, showing his or her place in society.

Sherlock started to put notes on a block of paper. The remaining family as far as Sherlock could determine by the articles and notices in the papers, was comprised of John, the Professor’s son and his bondmate. No other family was mentioned or implied. The three former Omegas might have had family, but once bonded the Omega became part of the family of his or hers bondmate, without any legal ties to the Omega’s biological family. This severance of the linkage continued after the death of the Alpha, which made John’s decision to take his biological family’s name back even the more surprising. If a bond was severed legally and with all the normally necessary precautions, the Omega would just go by his or her first name until a suitable Alpha or Beta was found for a new bonding.

Sherlock looked up when John stirred as if waking up. Sherlock grabbed John’s book and moved to the sofa, sitting down at one end and gently guiding John’s head into his lap. John didn’t wake up, just nestled his head into Sherlock’s lap and curled a hand around Sherlock’s back.

Leaning back on the sofa, Sherlock kept the notebook on the armrest together with a pen and opened John’s book ‘The Omega. Biology, Behaviour, and Sexuality’ written by Professor Moriarty. John’s edition was the standard version given by the government to every newly diagnosed Omega. It contained a detailed description on the life cycle of the Omega, including the different kind of heats, pregnancy, sexual behaviour, bonding, caregiving, and so on. The book was illustrated with photographs showing ‘real life’ situations, explaining the dos and don’ts of Omega behaviour and biological needs. It was a very thorough book, John’s copy being the twelfth revised edition, with up to date photos, carts, and tables.

Sherlock had read the book as soon as he had realised that Mycroft was trying to get him bonded to an Omega. Frowning, he thought back to the moment when he finally had understood Mycroft’s motivations. The family lineage had to continue and Mycroft’s sexual inclinations wouldn’t make it possible to conceive an heir. Mycroft would never bond with an Omega, despising their weakness, their need for protection. Like Sherlock, Mycroft was drawn to the male gender, necessitating Mycroft to get Sherlock to bond with an Omega, at least ensuring the possibility of an heir.

Sherlock forced his thoughts and concentration back to the book in front of him. John had written notes in the margins, sometimes even whole accounts on an extra sheet of paper tucked in between the pages. On reading the first few pages, Sherlock became intrigued by John’s observations. Paragraphs were underlined and further explained or rejected. The latter typical with a ‘fuck that’ or ‘hell no’. Not very scientific, Sherlock smiled, but John’s explanations and observations were as comprehensive as the Professor’s.

Absentmindedly, Sherlock started to stroke John’s hair with his left hand, being deeply engrossed in the book, not taking notes, just collecting the data presented to him in his mind.

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John woke slowly, feeling the gentle strokes of Sherlock in his hair. He sighed and nuzzled deeper into Sherlock’s lap, breathing in the scent of Sherlock. Frowning John took another deep breath, and wondered if he was imagining things. Their scents were merging? But, John thought sleepily,
we haven’t bonded yet. Putting the thought aside, he decided to relax into the petting, dream or not, he wanted to have this little peace of heaven before the reality would hit him hard again.

Sherlock’s stroke stopped for a moment, then resumed after he had turned a page. John turned his head and looked up into the book cover hovering over his head.

“Oh God,” he groaned. “You’re not supposed to read that!”

Sherlock lifted the book aside and looked confused at John.

“Why not?” he asked with a frown.

“Well, it’s... I don’t know. I just. I use it as a kind of diary. Like,” John stammered, trying to explain while those grey blue eyes were focussing on him. “When I was bonded,” John started again. “I hadn’t read the book. I didn’t know what to expect, how to react. I thought - I don’t know. I hoped the book had some answers. That I could figured out what’s wrong with me.”

John paused again, feeling vulnerable in his current position. Sherlock's frown deepened.

“There’s nothing wrong with you, John,” he said earnestly.

John closed his eyes.

“Sherlock,” he took a deep breath. “You’ve read it. At least part of it. I’m not even close to how an Omega should be. And I - you,” John struggled to find the right words.

“Look,” John said and reluctantly sat up. “The Professor had done research into this,” John indicated himself and the book, ”most of his life. He had lots and lots of test subjects.”

The last words were said with a shudder.

“He knew what he was writing, he knew how I should behave, how I should feel like. And -”

John had to look away, clearing his throat before he continued.

“I’m nothing like that.”

Now he was indicating the book.

“I’m not your nice little Omega, needy and fragile. The Professor pointed that out to me every damn day.”

He did more than that, John thought, still being able to feel the latest bruises on his body. He caressed his tummy, remembering the changes in his relationship with the Professor when he became pregnant.

“When I became pregnant, I could tell that something was off right away. According to the book, my Alpha should have turned more protective, nurturing, keeping the little one and me safe. Instead,” John swallowed, the memories being to vivid, “instead the Professor seemed to get more frustrated with me as time went on.”

“He punished you more violently than before,” Sherlock said flatly.

John cleared his throat once more, shifting in his seat.

“He did, yes. And he kept muttering about ‘getting the factors right’. Something like that,” John
was looking ahead, unfocussed, remembering some of the incidents. He didn’t understand what he had done wrong at that time and he still didn’t.

“John,” Sherlock had put the book on the coffee table and turned towards John, dragging one of his legs up on the sofa. “Hasn’t it occurred to you that the Professor could’ve been wrong? That he had made assumptions which aren’t accurate?”

John didn’t look at Sherlock. He had started to tremble slightly.

“But I know his research, I’ve seen some of the statistics, even a few of the original interviews and observations,” John’s voice was low, turning into a whisper. He shuddered, closed his eyes, and then deliberately straightened up.

“I can see, that you brought some of the papers for his newest book with you,” John pointed at the table, altering the subject.

Sherlock blinked, clearly not expecting the change of topic.

“It looked as if you helped him with that one,” Sherlock explained.

“Yes, funny thing. It was supposed to become his biography, autobiography. Most of my notes are here,” John had stood up and looked through the paperwork. “Could be interesting...”

John didn’t finish the sentence, lost in thought.

“What could be interesting?” Sherlock prodded.

“Oh,” John flinched out of his thoughts. “Sorry. It’s just, the Professor had several files, folders and even notebooks, he wouldn’t allow me to look at. They’re kept in his safe. Could be interesting to go through them, using them to get the whole picture. He always kept that part of his life locked away.”

John added the last sentence like an afterthought, shrugging.

“I could get them,” Sherlock said, leaning forward eagerly.

“You could?” John was surprised. “But - they’re in a safe and it’s in the Professor’s house.”

He paused, suddenly alarmed.

“How did you even get these? Aren’t they supposed to be with the police? Isn’t this evidence?”

Sherlock smiled smugly.

“Technically, the papers are with the police. Remember, we’re at the police station? And since the morons didn’t take it with them in the first place, they don’t seem to regard it as evidence in this case. I’ll get the rest as well. Would be good to open up for another line of inquiries,” Sherlock replied, thoughtfully leaning back in the sofa.

John shook his head, took a last look at the papers spread out on the table, then went to the small kitchen to put the kettle on. Sherlock seemed lost in thoughts, and John needed a cup of tea to clear his own head.

“Sugar, milk?” John asked when he was preparing the mugs.

“Milk, three sugars,” Sherlock replied, without moving.
John was just about to carry the mugs to the sofa, when it knocked at the door, which instantly was unlocked and opened. A small man with a round, smiling face looked around the door.

He entered the room, and the door was closed and locked once more. He wore a suit and carried a black leather briefcase with him.

John looked surprised at the man, who wasn’t a police officer. Sherlock huffed.

“Is that the best Mycroft could come up with?” Sherlock said disdainfully. John looked confused from one man to the other.

“Your brother? Who are -”

Before he could finish his sentence, the man cut in, holding out a hand, smile growing wider: “Mike Stamford, barrister. At your service.”
The silence in the room was deafening. Mike sighed and let his hand fall back to his side. Mycroft hadn’t been kidding. The glare he got from the Omega in the room was as challenging as if it had come from an Alpha.

“An Alpha?!” The Omega was clearly appalled by the idea of an Alpha representing him at court. “What is wrong with your brother?” The Omega had turned towards the other Alpha in the room, Holmes Junior, Mike surmised.

“More important, why does Mycroft send someone who doesn’t work with murder cases?”

Mike felt the dissecting glance from Holmes Junior. Two mugs of tea landed forcefully on the table, almost spilling their content. Mike expected the Omega to throw a tantrum, having witnessed the rather hysterical temper of this gender in his normal line of work quite often. Instead the opposite happened. Arms crossed, the Omega grew quiet, drawing in a deep breath, and assessing Mike. The change was profound and a bit unnerving. Out of the corner of his eyes, Mike could see that Holmes Junior was taken aback as well.

“What is going on?” The Omega’s voice was calm and even. He looked from Mike to Holmes Junior, expecting an answer. Mike cleared his throat.

“Well, I think Mycroft, your brother, right?” he said turning to the other Alpha, who nodded, his eyes still on the Omega. Mike thought a moment. “Normally I work with financial fraud. Several of my clients are Omegas, so maybe Mycroft thought that was more important?”

Mike shrugged, he had been wondering why Mycroft wanted him on the case. But then again, nothing in this case could be described as ‘normal’ and there wouldn’t be any solicitors or barristers around who had ever represented an Omega as the accused in a murder case.

Holmes Junior turned away from the Omega, seemed to make up his mind, and stood up. He held out his hand.

“Sherlock Holmes,” he said.

“Mike Stamford, just call me Mike,” Mike answered, relieved.

“And this is John Watson,” Sherlock introduced. John was still glowering with crossed arms, when Mike once more held out his hand.
“Mike,” John took the offered hand. Mike’s smile was back on his face. The deliberate disobedience from John - addressing an Alpha by his first name - just endeared him further to Mike. John didn’t smile back, but he visibly relaxed when both Sherlock and Mike settled down at the table, making room for just another pile of paper and files brought by Mike. John turned to prepare another cup of tea, while the two Alphas discussed some technicalities regarding procedure and the possible need for a solicitor. John returned with the third cup, and still wary of the strange Alpha he sat down close to Sherlock.

Mike explained the upcoming proceedings in detail, interrogations, further tests, and the spare time in between. Sherlock frowned at this, while John looked pleased with the possibility to get time to adjust to the whole situation. Mike paused a moment, took a sip of his fast cooling tea before he continued, now watching John closely.

“The police has interrogated James Moriarty, the Professor’s son,” Mike saw the small change in John’s posture, becoming rigid again. “According to him, you had a row with the Professor two days before the murder.”

John averted his eyes, letting his hand brush Sherlock’s, who took John’s hand into his and held it.

“The row had been caused by a minor disobedience, but escalated when the Professor accused John of adultery. The Professor punished John physically, endangering the unborn child by repeatedly trying to kick John’s abdomen. John prevented this, but suffered severe bruises. The bruises were treated by the Professor himself later.”

John had closed his eyes, gripping Sherlock’s hand in his. His breathing had become shallow, and Mike looked at Sherlock. Sherlock indicated that he should continue.

“Further more James Moriarty stated that this kind of behaviour had increased during John’s pregnancy, often caused by the deliberate misconduct of John. And James Moriarty finishes his statement saying, and I quote ‘the Professor tried to please his bonded Omega in every way possible, but the pregnancy seemed to heighten the Omega’s disobedience, making it an impossible task to ensure a loving and caring relationship’ unquote.”

Mike looked worried at John, who was trembling.

“The police has photographs taken on the day of the crime, showing extensive bruising on John’s body.”

This prompted a sharp intake of breath from John’s side.

“As it is, this is ample evidence to support the prosecution’s charge of manslaughter due to pregnancy induced psychosis. We could try -”

“No,” Sherlock’s voice was low and his eyes were narrowed, pinning Mike into place. “We are not going to try anything other than to clear John’s name. He didn’t do this. We just have to prove that.”

“Well,” Mike tried again, “that will take time and can be,” he paused, trying to find the right words, “it can be dangerous to John’s welfare. The easiest way out would be for John to bond with-”

“I am not going to bond with anyone. No Sherlock,” John looked belligerent at Sherlock, then back at Mike. “This situation is a total mess, and I am not dragging anyone else into it!”

There was a short silence, and then Mike cleared his throat.
“Well, I’m sorry to say, we’ve to find a guardian for you, and he or she-” Sherlock cut Mike short this time.

“I’ll be John’s guardian,” he said firmly, staring John down, who wanted to say something, then kept his mouth shut and stood up. Turning his back to the men at the table, John went to the window.

“You need to be of ag-” Mike cursed silently, when he was cut short again.

“I’m nineteen. Let me sign the papers,” Sherlock wanted to get this over with, watching John’s slumped figure at the window.

Mike rolled his eyes. Damn these circumstances. Those two were made for each other and a bond would make everything so much easier to deal with. Stubborn Omega, Mike thought, and started to find the paperwork. He explained a guardian’s responsibilities in great length and to Sherlock’s increasing exasperation.

“You also need to know, should John lose this case, then you’ll continue as his guardian until the end of his sentence,” Mike ended his lecture, Sherlock just nodding, while John shook his head still not looking at the men behind him.

After signing the papers, Sherlock looked at Mike, indicating the door. It was late, and John was clearly exhausted. Mike took the hint. Before he could leave, Sherlock made a list of requests.

“And we need to be able to lock the door from the inside. I want John to be able to feel secure. No unbonded Alpha cop when he is interrogated,” Sherlock looked at Mike, who just nodded, “and John needs a special diet. He is pregnant and needs to gain some pounds.” John huffed from the window.

Mike would return the next day, wanting to go through the evidence so far with both of them. For now, John needed his rest, and Sherlock wanted to get to work on his own ideas for possible lines of inquiry.

A few minutes after the door closed behind Mike, it was opened again and the key was handed over to Sherlock.

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John was trying to calm down. He really was, but every turn of this case just made things worse. Now he had a guardian two years younger than him, intend on bonding with him, and -

“John!” Sherlock’s voice pulled John out of his gloomy thoughts. “Why don’t you want to-”

“NO! Sherlock, just no! I can’t bond with you,” John was almost shouting. “For goodness sake, Sherlock. You have no idea how this situation will turn out. You have no idea how broken I am.”

“But you’re not-”

“But I am! Sherlock,” John felt very tired. “James is right. Somehow I can’t get my head around the most basic Alpha Omega stuff. I have no idea how the Professor could even accuse me of adultery, and yet somehow I must have triggered him. You know the book - look at my notes! Being pregnant was the first time, I actually could relate to anything written in that book. And yet my Alpha had to discipline me every single day - every damn day, Sherlock.”

John had turned around and sank down onto the sofa. Now his trembling wasn’t just caused by
anger, but was due to exhaustion. He was tired, hungry, thirsty, and - yes, he had to admit to himself, he was frightened.

“And now I’ve dragged you into it despite everything,” John had closed his eyes again, folding his arms protectively around his belly. “If I’m sentenced-”

“John,” Sherlock was kneeling in front of John, taking his face into his hands. “John, look at me.” Reluctantly John opened his eyes, blinking some of the tears away.

“You’re not guilty and I’ll prove it. We will find the killer,” Sherlock sounded reassuringly and John wanted to, needed to, believe him. He leaned into his touch.

“Take of your clothes, John,” Sherlock’s voice was low and demanding. John almost flinched away, but Sherlock caressed his face gently with his long fingers.

“Let’s take a bath, then have a talk,” Sherlock was already helping John out of his clothes, all fight drained out of him. Feeling Sherlock’s fingers tenderly unbuttoning his shirt, pulling his t-shirt over his head, making sure John didn’t get entangled in it, and finally John started to relax into Sherlock’s actions. Helping John up from the sofa, Sherlock continued to take off John’s shoes, trousers, pants, and socks. He was naked now, and leaned into Sherlock, inhaling his scent as if his life depended on it. In a way, it did.

Sherlock toed off his own shoes, and then guided John into the bathroom, wrapping him into a large towel and letting him glide to the floor, resting his head and back against the bathtub. Sherlock started the shower, taking of his own clothes. John couldn’t take his eyes of Sherlock’s lean body. All this flawless skin was breath taking. How had he ever ended up with a man like that?

The water was getting warm and Sherlock helped John up and into the shower. The hot stream hit John’s body and he almost buckled under the sensation. Sherlock held him up, got John to steady himself by leaning back against the tiles on one side of the shower.

John had closed his eyes, relaxing into the warm water, the closeness of Sherlock, when he suddenly became aware of Sherlock’s proximity to his bondbite. John’s eyes flew open, and he was breathing fast. Sherlock’s lips touched the mark on his neck gently, licking it, and sending sparks through John’s body. John let go, let his biology and need take over, deep down knowing that Sherlock wouldn’t betray his trust that he wouldn’t try to force a bonding heat. John bared his neck, letting out a needy whimper, concentrating on keeping upright for now.

Sherlock continued to kiss a trail from his neck down to his left then his right collarbone. The kisses became firmer, Sherlock’s tongue exploring John’s chest, latching onto a pink nipple, then the other, coaxing it into standing flush against John’s marred skin. John almost fell over, groaning, feeling the rush of blood down to his cock. He wasn’t able to form a coherent thought, whispering Sherlock’s name over and over again.

And Sherlock continued his ministrations. Kissing and licking his way down and over John’s belly, stroking John’s hips and his back, trying to soothe him, taking away any hints of anxiousness and worries.

John kept his eyes closed, concentrating on the sensations Sherlock sent through his body. Sherlock stroked the protruding belly, as if to ensuring the little ones safety, as if trying to convey to John that he would take care of both of them. Then Sherlock’s fingers trailed down both of John’s thighs, leaving him helplessly aroused, his cock now hard and wanting.
Sherlock sat back on his heels and John let out a whine.

“Shh,” Sherlock shushed him. “You’re so beautiful, John. I just want a look at you, needy and wanting, begging me to continue.”

And John was begging, unaware of whatever he was babbling, his body clearly expressing his wishes. His hips were bucking when Sherlock gave his cock a featherlike touch, curling his fingers around the shaft.

“Wh- what are you d- doing?” John could only stammer, the sensations too overwhelming. Sherlock answered by swallowing John deep, forcing him to stop talking, even thinking. The world narrowed down to the mouth on his cock, the fingers fondling his balls, the curly, black, wet hair bobbing up and down beneath John’s stomach. John had to open his eyes, breathing deeply, wanting this to last, but unable to hold back any longer. Watching Sherlock kneeling between his legs, not fully comprehending what was happening.

He tried to warn Sherlock, his fingers digging into the wet curls, but only enticing Sherlock to take him even deeper, pushing John over the edge, drawing out the orgasm, when John realised that Sherlock was swallowing his come. Then John collapsed, eyes closed, his legs too weak to hold him upright any longer. Sherlock helped him sit comfortable under the shower.

“John,” Sherlock said softly, his eyes black, the pupils blown wide with lust, “John, I want you to look.”

John opened his eyes, Sherlock hovering over him, holding his own cock. John tried to sit up straighter, to make use of his arms and hands, but to no avail. They just fell back, to weak to even hold Sherlock, no matter how much he wanted to do just that.

“No, John, just look at me,” Sherlock repeated with his deep, soft voice.

And John looked, watched when Sherlock started fisting his cock in one hand, while bracing himself against the wall over John’s head with the other hand. John listened to the rapid breathing, unconsciously joining in, licking his lips and opening his mouth when Sherlock came, spreading his semen on John’s body, claiming him as his, marking him with his scent. Several minutes passed with Sherlock’s semen pouring over John’s body, before Sherlock bend down, falling to his knees between John’s spread legs.

“You’re mine, John, bonded or not,” Sherlock whispered, kissing John on his lips, licking up some of his own come.

“Yes,” was all John could answer, wanting to drown in Sherlock’s scent. The water from the shower was slowly cleaning John’s body, Sherlock tracing some of John’s scars through the mixture of semen and water, before he once more started exploring John’s body with his tongue.

John was almost sleeping, when Sherlock finally decided that they both were clean enough to leave the shower. He lifted John up and carried him into the room, having laid out a fresh set of towels on the sofa, now pulled out to be used as a bed.

“No sleeping yet, John,” Sherlock murmured. John could only answer with a content sigh, speaking being far too demanding for him at the time being.

Sherlock walked away from the bed, and John could hear the opening and closing of the fridge. Then Sherlock was back and started to feed John, helping him up now and again to drink some milk and juice.
“Is this becoming a kink of yours? Feeding me, I mean,” John slurred after a while, regaining some of his strength.


“What brought all this on?” John wanted to know.

“Mike’s smell was all over you,” Sherlock answered with a frown, his eyes looking at the door, now locked firmly from the inside.

“Oh,” John lay silently for a while, becoming aware of the clean smell in the room. Sherlock had made sure Mike’s smell was gone. He must have opened the windows and made up the bed, while John was half asleep under the shower.

“Hm,” John looked at bit worried, biting his lower lip. “So, you’ll kind of mark me whenever I come into contact with other people?”

“Only for as long as you’re refusing to bond with me,” Sherlock answered, bending down and kissing John’s bitemark lightly, making him shiver.

“That’s blackmail,” John answered gravely. Then he added smugly, “Might backfire, though. This feels far too good to give up for a bond.”

Sherlock looked down at John with sparkling eyes.

“I might have to punish you for disobedience, John,” Sherlock’s voice was seductively low, a smile quirking on the edges of his lips.

“Yes please,” John answered in a hushed voice, eyes equally sparkling.

With that Sherlock took a cushion and threw it at John, who grabbed it and threw it back, starting a fight that soon was won by Sherlock. John being to tired to keep up any resistance.

“This was very childish,” Sherlock said scolding, his panting and grinning contradicting the earnest tone of his voice.

John answered by curling up around Sherlock, sighing happily, and falling asleep, well fed, feeling safe, and satisfied. And secretly looking forward to meeting the next strange Alpha, hoping Sherlock would keep his word.
“Where had he been, John?”

Confused, John rolled over, reluctantly leaving the spot he had snuggled into during the night. Sherlock must have left his side of the bed hours before, but John could pick a whiff of his heavenly scent from the sheets and the pillow.

He rubbed his face with both hands, trying to wake up and understand whom Sherlock was talking about.

“Your Professor,” Sherlock answered the unasked question.

“You said he had been away the whole night. The milkman found you sitting beside the body at half past six in the morning. You were covered in blood, holding the knife in your right hand. The doctor said -” John broke in.

“Wait, what doctor? I can only remember the doctor and the two nurses at the hospital. I - it’s all blurred after I found him,” John swallowed and sat up in the bed.

Sherlock was standing with the back to the wall opposite of the sofa-bed. The wall was covered with notes and pictures. It looked as if Sherlock had been working on establishing a timeline for the day of the murder.

“I went to bed early the evening before,” John said, acknowledging Sherlock’s nod to go on.

“The Professor had some appointment. I don’t know whom with. It should be in one of his notebooks. I can’t remember any nightmares or other dreams during the night, but I woke screaming, because,” John paused, averting his eyes from Sherlock’s scrutinising glance, “well, it felt as if someone was cutting through my chest with a knife, cutting off an invisible limb from my body.”

John had to take a short break. He could still feel the ache in his chest, but it had dulled since he had been together with Sherlock.

“I’d no idea what was happening. The connection with the Professor - it was gone, replaced with something that felt like a large void. This pain came in waves through my whole body. I - it took a
few minutes before I could get out of bed. I needed to find him, I needed to feel safe, to make sure the little one wouldn’t get hurt.” John stopped to take in a deep breath.

“I went through every room in the house. I’d no idea, where he could be. I knew he’d been to a meeting, but normally he would’ve been back around midnight, taking me to his bed. I remember that the clock in the hall showed half past four in the morning.”

John closed his eyes, remembering. The panic had kept him on his feet, forcing him up whenever the pain became too much, almost bringing him to his knees.

“I don’t know why I thought of looking outside the house or how long time had passed when I finally found him. It was,” again, John stopped. The memories were too vivid.

“Yes, you found him, checked on him, got the blood on you, when you turned him over, and then took the knife in your hand,” Sherlock sounded detached and clinical in his listing of events.

“Do you remember, where the knife was in the first place?”

Surprised, John realised that Sherlock’s cold manners kept him grounded. He deliberately thought back to the moment, he found the Professor, forcing his mind to focus on the things he saw, not the pain he felt.

“It must have been underneath him. I saw it when I turned him over,” John swallowed, beating down the memories, the smell, the feeling, and the sight of the blood, which flowed out of the dead body. Not spurting, but it was liquid, not dried up yet.

“He was warm, his body was, and the blood, I stepped into it, could feel it under my feet. Warm and wet,” John stopped.

“You were wearing a thin pair of pyjamas. Nothing else? No shoes or coat? It was freezing that morning,” Sherlock had turned back to his wall of notes.

John saw how his long, slender fingers traced a photograph of John, taken before he was helped into a new set of clothes. John didn’t want to think of that morning, the pain, the confusion, and the fear, the all-consuming fear that this would hurt the little one, that he wouldn’t be able to carry the pregnancy to term.

“No, I didn’t, I hadn’t expected... I didn’t feel the cold. Didn’t feel anything in fact. Just the pain in my chest, and... and the little one, the little one was all I could think of,” John was stroking his stomach, feeling a small flutter against his hand, sighing relieved.

“The next thing I clearly remember is the ambulance and how my feet and hand felt like they were pierced by hundreds of needles. When I arrived at the hospital, all I wanted was to be left in peace, instead a doctor and two nurses wanted to do some tests or whatever, and then your brother showed up,” John’s voice petered out.

This had been two, no three days ago? It felt like an eternity since he last had seen the Professor alive. John looked up at Sherlock, questioningly.

“There were no traces of a fight inside the house,” Sherlock was talking fast, as if trying to put his thoughts into words at once, talking while he still deduced the connections, the results. “No extra clothing was found near the entrance or in the hall. If you’d wanted to kill him, you’d to wait for him. You would have been freezing cold. If we take time of death occurring between four and half past four that morning, then you would’ve been sitting on the porch for two hours, before the milkman found you. According to the doctor, you were close to hypothermia, matching your low
body temperature to the two hours of sitting beside the body. The hall is not heated, but you would have to wait in it if you wanted to keep the Professor from entering the house before you killed him. There was no blood inside the house, but you were covered in blood before you killed him. If you had returned into the house after cutting the throat of the Professor you would’ve left traces of blood. Your feet were bloodied.”

Sherlock stopped for breath. His eyes were sparkling. John just tried to keep up.

“Hang on, you mean, I can’t have committed the murder, because I would’ve had to wait in the cold hall, freezing even before the Professor came back - and my body temperature wasn’t low enough to indicate that?” John looked wide-eyed at Sherlock.

“Reasonable doubt, John! Reasonable doubt,” Sherlock was triumphant. “Pregnancy induced psychosis wouldn’t keep you warm while waiting. And you wouldn’t have had the opportunity to hide the clothes or other things without leaving evidence in form of bloodstains after the killing!”

John’s admiring glance didn’t go unnoticed. Sherlock looked as smugly as a cat who had been in the cream bowl.

“Mike should be able to get you off the hook, at least if he is as good a lawyer as Mycroft thinks he is,” Sherlock mumbled, looking at his wall of notes once again.

“But who did it, John? Who followed the Professor? And why? Why did he have to die?” Sherlock turned around and watched John intently, radiating excitement.

“Who did the Professor meet with that night, John?”

John shrugged his shoulders, frowning.

“I need the other notebooks and files from the safe, and the computer -” he tried to explain, but Sherlock cut him short.

“There was no computer,” he said.

“There has to be. It’s in the study, where you got all those papers,” John waved at the papers on the table. “Maybe the police took it with them?” He added, trying to be helpful.

“No,” Sherlock answered with a frown, “no, they haven’t mentioned a computer in their files.”

Sherlock shook his head.

“No, this is Mycroft’s work. What did he work with, John? His latest research?”

“Well,” John tried to remember what the Professor had talked about, especially when James visited. “There was the book, but that should be covered by the papers and whatever you find in the safe. And he mentioned...” John stopped, looking at Sherlock as if hit by an epiphany.

“Game theory,” John said disbelieving. Sherlock wrinkled his brows, uncomprehending, and disliking it intensely.

“Game theory,” John said in way of explaining. “He was a mathematician, working on how to create an algorithm which could predict the development of financial markets.”

“Predict? You mean, manipulate?” Sherlock caught up right away. Then he looked at John, who looked back at him, nodding.
“Mike!” They both said at once.

“That’s why he had to take the case. Omega clients, ha! Financial fraud - Mycroft knew all along!” Sherlock sounded furious.

“He had been planning this from the very beginning. I wouldn’t put it past him to have one of his minions taking care of your Professor.”

John looked quite appalled by the thought.

“You can’t call your brother a murderer!” John was getting out of the sofa-bed, changing it into a sofa again. Sherlock huffed.

“If Mycroft thought the Professor was selling his research to the wrong people...”

Sherlock steepled his hands in front of his face, sitting down in the armchair, lost in thoughts.

John looked annoyed. Honestly, accusing your own brother of murder. John began preparing a large breakfast for both Sherlock and him. He had a feeling that Sherlock would be off soon to - to what? Investigate? Like a detective? That would really be fitting, John thought. Just the work for him, finding clues, deducing people, and maybe even help the police once in a while.

Well, right now John would be satisfied if Sherlock would be able to clear his name, getting him of the charge for manslaughter. If the jury would buy Sherlock’s deduction, well, don’t get your hopes up high, John thought.

Sherlock didn’t eat anything, and hadn’t spoken since his accusation against Mycroft. When John had finished breakfast, eating Sherlock’s serving as well - wouldn’t let that go to waste now, would he - he started to organise the papers on the table, preparing to continue the work on the book about the Professor’s life. Maybe something interesting might turn up, he surmised.

In the middle of it all, Sherlock suddenly snapped out of his pensiveness.

“The papers in the safe and the computer,” he said apropos of nothing. “I’ll go and have a talk with Mycroft.”

“Oh, okay,” John felt a small sting in his chest. He was used to stay alone in the Professor’s house, but with Sherlock everything was different. He would love to be able to follow him around, observe how he could work out events by the smallest hints. He let out a little sigh. Maybe sometime in the future, he hoped.

Sherlock must have sensed John’s distress, despite John’s attempt to hide it. Before he left, he moved close to John, cupping his face in his hands, kissing him chastely on his lips. John opened his mouth, enticing Sherlock to deepen the kiss and he complied. The snogging went on for a couple of minutes, John and Sherlock only breaking apart to catch their breath. Then Sherlock tilted John’s head to one side, baring his neck for Sherlock, who kissed his way down to John’s bitemark, finishing with a deliberate nip to it. John’s knee buckled under him, but Sherlock held him firmly in his arms.

With a vicious little smile, Sherlock turned John’s face to up, locking his eyes with John’s.

“You’re mine, John,” Sherlock’s baritone send sparks through John, who had to fight to stay upright, “don’t forget that while I’m gone.”

A last bruising kiss on John’s lips, and Sherlock turned, unlocked the door, winked, and was gone.
John was left behind, panting, and more than half hard. Bastard, he thought, just you wait and see, what I have in store for you, my gorgeous friend!

He straightened up, hobbled undignified to the door, his trousers far too tight, closed and locked the door, before any of the many Alphas in the nearby police offices would get funny ideas.

Well, with Sherlock collecting more data and information, probably having a row with his brother, John was left behind with his self-appointed work. He sat down at the table with a fresh cup of tea, considering where to start.

He had always loved this part of his bond with the Professor. Being called into the study meant peace and harmony while John took notes, discussed, and explored ideas for the book together with the Professor. John knew the Professor kept a large part of his early years and research hidden from John, but even so, John was impressed by the Professor’s knowledge not only on the Omega - that part John time and again challenged and was allowed to as long as it happened in the study - but also on mathematics and human behaviour in itself.

They had covered the last ten years of the Professor’s research in the book, omitting the part about game theory and financial markets. John remembered how the Professor only discussed that topic with James, who would enter the study with a self-satisfied smile, glowering at John until the Professor would dismiss John.

Yes, the study had been a sanctuary for both James and himself, John thought. More than once John had noticed that James was jealous of him and his relationship with the Professor. John tried to make himself scarce whenever James was around, but often the Professor seemed intent on making James resentful. John always felt like he was a test subject in one of the Professor’s experiments, when the Professor provoked James by being overly kind and thoughtful toward John. Behaviour the Professor never showed when they were on their own.

John shook his head, returning his concentration to the task at hand. Sherlock had found a way out of this mess, maybe he could find evidence to support the involvement of others in this case. Lines of inquiry, Sherlock had said. Well, let’s see what I can turn up, John thought and took the pencil in his left hand, determined to work his way through the files and papers on the table.

For the next hours, John was engrossed in his work. He had a light lunch and was only disturbed by the delivery of food and drinks. Mike had made sure that Sherlock’s instructions were followed through. Putting away fresh food and milk in the fridge, tins and cans in the cupboard, he started to feel hungry again and ended up with a freshly made sandwich and some shortbread for tea.

Sherlock’s return late in the afternoon was announced with a knock on the door. John could hear a muffled argument through the door and hurried to unlock and open it. Sherlock brushed past him, still talking agitated with Mike, who followed in a more sedate pace, the small smile on his face, winking knowingly at John, and carrying several heavy bags with him.

“He knew, he knew all along, and didn’t tell you anything?” Sherlock had thrown his coat over one of the chairs.

Mike just shook his head, not even trying to explain anything. John had to hide a grin. Sherlock turned towards his wall of notes again, then started pacing the room. John helped Mike with the bags and was preparing a cup of tea for both Mike and Sherlock, when Sherlock began talking again.

“So, my brother dear informs me, that he had your Professor under close observation,” Sherlock was clearly miffed, “not close enough, since they couldn’t keep him alive. They knew he was
working on the algorithm. He had even been experimenting on the market itself.”

John nodded at that, earning him an inquiring glance from Sherlock.

“Oh, it just makes sense,” John was a bit flushed, not expecting the sudden change in attention from Sherlock. “The Professor must have used James or Sebastian, his bondmate, as a go between. When James came for a visit, I normally had to leave the room, while the three of them were discussing shares and the stock market.”

He tried to remember what it was they discussed as accurately as possible.

“Sometimes they had some charts in front of them, talking about key personnel and how to influence them. Sebastian works for a security company,” John shrugged. “I thought this was just some kind of plotting how to blackmail certain people and avoid it - not some elaborate scam to bring down the stock market.

Sherlock narrowed his eyes on John.

“Well, Mycroft thinks otherwise. He wouldn’t let me near the computer and he was very adamant on how we are to use the information, he finally provided.” Sherlock looked angry, clearly remembering the row the two brothers must have had over this.

“It seems as if the Professor had been working on this algorithm for quite a while. But the stock market was only the test ground for something even bigger. Mycroft doesn’t even know what that ‘something’ is,” Sherlock couldn’t hide a satisfied smile.

“He is concentrating his examinations on the computer and has agreed to let us know if he finds something useful for your defence,” Sherlock sounded exasperated and threw himself into the armchair.

John had finished with the tea and carried one cup over to Sherlock after having given one to Mike, who was sitting at the table, taking down some notes and contemplating what Sherlock had told them.

“But we still don’t know whom he met with that night?” Mike asked after a while, having looked through his notes and the notes on the wall.

John answered, since Sherlock had taken on his thinking pose again.

“I haven’t been through all of the Professor’s notebooks yet. And isn’t the police trying to find some witnesses to confirm his whereabouts?”

John looked at Mike, who shifted in his chair.

“Well,” Mike answered uneasy, “so far, you’re the only one who claims that the Professor had been away from the house that night. James Moriarty and his bondmate claim that the Professor stayed at home when they left the house around three o’clock in the afternoon that day.”

“What?!” John looked from Mike to Sherlock, who had perked up on Mike’s remark. “But, how would they even know that? What did they tell the police?”

Mike picked up a new file from his briefcase and opened it.

“The police had a new interrogation with Mr Moriarty and Mr Moran today. I haven’t had time to look through the whole transcript yet, but they stated that the Professor told them that, and I quote,
‘we’ll have a quiet night in. John needs to know his place once and for all.’ Unquote. Mr Moriarty further explains that the Professor sighed deeply at this point, upset about the upcoming disciplining of his bondmate.”

John looked disoriented at Mike.

“But, shouldn’t I’ve had new bruises or marks on my body? I - they took pictures of me. You told me so. And Sherlock,” John shifted in his chair, facing Sherlock, “you said a doctor examined me in the house. Surely, the doctor should be able to tell how old bruises are?”

“Exactly. It should be easy to disprove those statements and James should -” Sherlock stopped in mid sentence.

“Except,” Sherlock muttered under his breath, jumping up from the armchair and pacing the floor once again. Mike and John looked uncomprehending at each other, but stayed silent. Mike sipped his tea and John started to organise the folders, notebooks, and papers, Mike had brought with him.

“They couldn’t have done it,” Sherlock declared after a while. Again Mike and John exchanged a glance, turning their attention toward Sherlock, who had stopped pacing and was facing his wall again.

“If the Professor had told them that he would stay at home that night and given his history with John,” Sherlock waved a hand in John’s direction. John looked away from Mike, uneasy about the implication, “it would be reasonable for them to believe the Professor when he used the disciplining as an excuse. Do they think John to be innocent or that it is a set-up to frame John?” Sherlock asked, facing Mike.

“No, quite the contrary. Mr Moriarty seems to become upset whenever the police pose a question that could imply John’s innocence. At one point they had to take a break, so he could compose himself before continuing with the questioning,” Mike said, while looking through the files in front of him.

“If the Professor didn’t want them to know what he was up to,” Sherlock contemplated, “using John as an excuse was the easy part. James and Sebastian must have thought that the Professor had disciplined you that evening, that’s the only way their statement makes sense. You would become angry, or even psychotic due to the disciplining - both Sebastian and James had witnessed the Professor’s ‘craftsmanship’ on several occasions, I take it?” The last part was aimed at John, pointedly looking at the table, nodding slightly.

“The Professor doesn’t want to be disturbed while he is arranging a meeting with person or persons unknown. He uses you as his excuse, causing James to think you’ve killed the Professor, believing the police will find evidence in form of bruises on your body, corroborating your guilt,” Sherlock paused. “James doesn’t like you, does he?”

John swallowed.

“No, I think he was jealous of me and my relationship with his father,” he said quietly.

“And the idea that you might have killed him drives him mad. So no matter what, he will be a very biased witness,” Sherlock went silent again.

“Uhm, you said, they couldn’t have done it?” John prodded.

“Hm,” Sherlock looked up, “Oh, James and Sebastian couldn’t have done it. They would’ve known, that the Professor hadn’t had time to discipline you. That part of their statement is easily
invalidated, since you had been examined at the time. This makes the rest of their statements equally doubtful. At least to a good lawyer,” Sherlock shot Mike a glance, which he returned with his characteristic smile, standing his ground.

“If they had been involved in the killing,” Sherlock continued, “it wouldn’t make sense to tell the story to the police. And that indicates, that neither of them can be the killer.”

Sherlock went silent again.

John cleared his throat. Mike had scribbled down notes while Sherlock was explaining about the witness statements.

“Well, that should at least give the police a new line of inquiry. Pity, though,” Mike said, “would’ve been nice if you could’ve proven their guilt. As it is, we still don’t know where the Professor had been and what he’d been up to. Well, well, I better be off then, have a little chat with the police and the prosecutor.”

Mike’s smile became wider at the thought. He stood up, collected his briefcase, nodded to Sherlock, who was lost in thoughts again, and bit farewell to John. John followed him out of the room, closing and locking the door again, and drawing a deep breath

“I’m off the hook then?” John asked.

Sherlock made an effort to get his thoughts back to the present situation.

“Hm?” he queried.

“You proved that I couldn’t have done it,” John clarified, waving at the wall and the papers on the table.

“Oh,” Sherlock answered, “yes, but we still don’t know who did it. James and Sebastian are out, Mycroft I’m not so sure about. Too many things don’t add up concerning him and the manipulation scheme. But Mycroft didn’t know about the Professor meeting anyone. He was too annoyed when I told him about it. So, who did he meet? And why?

Sherlock was lost in thought again.

All is well, then, John thought. But he still felt on edge. Something in Sherlock had changed. His determination to actually solve the case had put everything else on stand by it seemed.

John sighed, cleaned the dishes, and prepared dinner. Sherlock sat in the armchair, not noticing John’s puttering around him. Like breakfast, John ate alone, Sherlock didn’t even answer when John asked whether he wanted his share. Shrugging his shoulders, John just continued with his tasks, and once the kitchen was cleaned, he returned to the notebooks on the table.

A few hours later, he decided that Sherlock needed to get his mind occupied with other things than the case. John had made sure to stay close to Mike during the afternoon, hoping to get Sherlock into another possessive fit later. Since hours had passed without anything happening, he decided to do something about that.

Heart pounding in his ears, John set out to seduce someone for the first time in his life. He hoped his instincts would provide the necessary actions. John carefully pushed back the chair he was sitting on. Sherlock didn’t react. John stood up and stretched up his arms as far as possible, calculating that his shirt and t-shirt would slip out of his trousers and bare part of his skin. He didn’t look in Sherlock’s direction, but he could almost feel grey-blue eyes piercing him.
John turned to look into Sherlock’s eyes. They were pitch black, pupils blown wide and mixed with a predatory glare. John slowly lowered his arms and sauntered towards the armchair, Sherlock was occupying. Shifting in his seat, Sherlock spread his legs to sit more comfortable. John suppressed a smirk. Oh yes, he thought, getting a bit tight in there? Looking directly at the impressive bulk in Sherlock’s trousers, he licked his lips, then knelt between the legs, congratulating himself on being able to do that in a more or less fluent motion, being as pregnant as he was.

Sherlock drew in a sharp breath, sinking a bit lower in the chair, providing better access for whatever John might have in mind. Well, well, John thought, someone is eager, considering Sherlock’s distant behaviour just a few minutes ago. This time John didn’t suppress the grin on his face. Sherlock let out a small groan, when John licked his lips purposeful once more. Then he bowed his head and lifted his gaze from Sherlock’s trousers to his face, John’s eyes half lidded, and every move now slow and intentional. Sherlock was panting, trying to calm himself, needing to adjust himself, since the strain on his pants and trousers was only too far too obvious by now. John took in the elegant musky fragrance that was Sherlock, and while keeping his eyes locked with Sherlock’s he lowered his head to take in the scent, brushing his lips gently over the strained clothing between Sherlock’s legs.

Sherlock involuntarily bucked his hips to meet John, his fingers digging into the armrest, throwing his head back and gulping in air. John was losing his composure as well. The wet stain on Sherlock’s trousers was too blatant a sign of his arousal, and the heady mixture of Sherlock’s smell with sex was turning his own trousers into a very close-fitting piece of clothing.

His fingers trailed up along Sherlock’s thighs, finding the zip, and opening Sherlock’s trousers carefully and with a little difficulty, since Sherlock couldn’t help himself for the need for more friction. Finally John managed to pull down Sherlock’s trousers and pants, his erection springing free and earning him a deep sigh from Sherlock.

John sat a few moments, taking in the sight in front of him. Sherlock’s head was thrown back, baring his white, long throat, two buttons of his shirt were open, giving away a tiny glimpse of his chest. Sherlock’s slender fingers were curled into the armrest. His breathing was fast and shallow, and unconsciously he had slipped even further down the armchair, enticing John to focus on the large, delicately curved Alpha cock on display between Sherlock’s legs, surrounded by a black, curly nest of hair. Precome was freely flowing from the tip, and John couldn’t resist any longer. Wetting his lips, he took Sherlock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the glans, giving the shaft a few strokes with his left hand, while his right hand fondled the heavy balls below.

Sherlock tensed up, and John turned his head, so he could watch Sherlock’s reactions. Sherlock’s eyes were wide, surprised, and lascivious. He didn’t close his eyes, and almost reverently did he place his hand on John’s head, not for control, but because he needed to ground himself, touching John’s face, tracing along his neck with his fingers. With a twinkle in his eyes, John relaxed his throat and took in Sherlock’s full length. The fingers tightened in John’s hair, which helped him to ground himself. The feeling of Sherlock inside his mouth and throat, constricting his breathing, the smell, the taste, and the tension in Sherlock’s muscles, trying not to push himself further into John’s mouth, all of this brought John so very close to the edge. Closing his eyes and concentrating, he managed to bob his head up and down, before he had to release Sherlock for a gulp of air.

Sherlock let out a needy whimper, so very unlike what an Alpha was supposed to sound like, and so very, very irresistible that John licked his way down the shaft once more, before taking Sherlock down his throat a second and then a third time, and by the time John finally released Sherlock’s cock, Sherlock was utterly debauched, unable to restrain his bodies needs any longer. John took pity in him, putting his tongue to good use, he licked and sucked the head, while stroking the shaft
faster and harder. From Sherlock’s balls John trailed a finger across the perineum and traced Sherlock’s hole, while using the palm of his hand to put a soft pressure on his balls as well.

The sensations proved to be too much, and with a cry and a last push from his hips, Sherlock started to spurt his come into John’s face and shirt. John continued to stroke Sherlock’s cock through the next minutes, while his orgasm released several bursts of semen, covering most of John’s shirt.

Sherlock’s convulsions continued for a few moments after the last drops of sperm were delivered. John bent down and licked a last time up and down the now softening cock, before looking up at Sherlock, who tried to form a coherent sentence, but had to start over two or three times, before he could mumble

“You, in the shower, naked, now!”

and it took several more minutes before he was able to join John.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Warnings:

This time nothing explicit. Sorry.

This is neither beta'ed nor britpicked.

Mentioning of miscarriages.

And I am sorry. I am so, so sorry.

There will be a happy ending! Rainbows and unicorns all over the place – I promise!

Thank you so much for your support! It means a lot to me!

When Sherlock finally made it into the shower, John had already discarded his semen soaked clothes and stood in the middle of the small room, unsure of how to proceed. He was so hard it hurt. Sherlock was still too befuddled from John’s ministrations and the resulting orgasm to get a clear thought through his mind. Unfortunately that meant his Alpha instincts took over unguarded.

“Don’t touch that!” he growled aggressively at John, who flinched away from him.

Before John averted his eyes, Sherlock could see resigned compliance in them. John’s shoulders sagged, his whole posture changed. This was not the flirting put on submission, John had shown just minutes ago. This was the conditioned response to an Alpha who claimed the Omega’s body and mind as his property. To use in whatever way he found fitting.

Within the beat of an eye Sherlock stood in front of a stranger. Not John any longer, but ‘the Omega’ waiting for the next order from his Alpha. Sherlock’s eyes widened in horror when he realised what was happening, what already had happened.

The playful mood from before had been replaced by a feeling of terror and John’s eyes had gone dead. Sherlock felt like he had been dealt a blow in his stomach.

“John,” was all he could manage.

He was out of his depth, wanting to embrace John, to soothe him, to set this right. But John’s lack of eye contact, his withdrawal into his mind, leaving just a shell to be ordered around was more than Sherlock could handle on his own.

The change in John brought back the unpleasant memories from Sherlock’s visit to the sex club. Many of the sex workers had the same look on their faces, the same demeanour, waiting for the next Alpha to tell them what sex act he wanted them to perform.

Sherlock took off his own clothes and started the shower. Once the water was hot, he guided John
under the spray, took a washcloth and cleaned him gently. John let it happen. He didn’t respond except when Sherlock told him to lift an arm or turn around. John did whatever Sherlock told him to.

John’s cock flagged by the time he went under the shower. Sherlock was wondering why it hadn’t right away. Then again, if these were conditioned actions, it was quite possible that the Professor had wanted John to show arousal whenever he was ordered around. Sherlock remembered how most of the sex workers in the club in fact were wearing cock rings or the like, ensuring a visible sign of the right kind of ‘enthusiasm’ on the sex worker’s part.

Sherlock’s mind was racing while he was wiping John dry with a large towel. By the time he had finished, he had decided on whom to call. Sherlock took his own bathrobe and placed it around John’s shoulders, then steered him to the sofa. He collected a few cushions and blankets, then told John to lie down on the sofa. John followed the order, obediently placing himself facing the room after being told to do so. Before Sherlock covered him in blankets, he petted John’s tummy, and a wave of relief ran through him, when the touch was rewarded with a small flutter of movement.

Placing two blankets over John, Sherlock almost cringed when he saw John’s eyes staring unseeing into the room.

“I’ll have to make a phone call, John, but I’ll be back in a few minutes,” he said with a soft voice, then got up, unlocked the door, and went outside to find a phone.

He returned within minutes. And waited, kneeling beside the sofa, caressing John without getting any response. The minutes ticked by and it felt like ages before Mike turned up. He closed and locked the door behind him, looking worried for once.

“What did you do?” the question was nothing like Mike’s normally mild mannered conduct. His eyes had narrowed and the frown on his face spoke volumes. Sherlock didn’t answer immediately, feeling uncomfortable with telling the older Alpha the whole story.

“Sherlock, this is serious!” Mike sneered, clearly conveying not only annoyance but impatience as well, which both took Sherlock by surprise, being used to a calm and relaxed Mike.

“John,” Sherlock almost stammered, still not wanting to give all the details, “we had sex. He gave me a blowjob,” close enough to the truth, Sherlock thought, “then he went into the shower and I followed, and I,” Sherlock had to swallow, “he was hard and I thought he was about to touch himself, and I didn’t want him to, and I -” this was embarrassing, “I practically growled at him not to touch himself.”

Sherlock felt like a little child being summoned to the headmaster, waiting for his punishment.

Mike didn’t talk for a while just stood by the locked door and took in the situation in front of him. John was apparently calm, but did not respond to Sherlock’s continued stroking. Sherlock was obviously distressed, and rightfully so, Mike thought angrily. Stupid, young Alpha, after all John had told them, this brilliant young boy should have been able to deduce a thing or two as to how to conduct himself in front of his bondmate. Well, soon to be bondmate if he could help it anyway.

Well, Sherlock was a Holmes after all, so what had he expected Mike scolded himself. Should have given him a manual on how to treat traumatised Omegas.

Drawing in a deep breath, he decided on a strategy and gestured Sherlock to join him at the door.

“I’m about to give you a dressing-down like you ever had one. The physical part of it will be
show,” Mike whispered to a wide-eyed, vulnerable looking Sherlock, “but I mean every word I’m about to say to you. Do you understand?”

Sherlock nodded, and Mike almost pitied him. Out loud he started to shout at Sherlock, telling him how utterly stupid and ignorant he had been, and what the hell he was thinking when he had turned out his possessive Alpha nature. Sherlock didn’t try to defend himself, mostly because Mike just put words to what he actually felt. But he visibly shrunk in front of the agitated Alpha, at least twice his age. Mike put every little ounce of authority and the additional age difference to good use.

It helped that he really was furious. All of this could have been avoided if Mycroft had acted on his Alpha instincts and had protected the Omega from further harm. Instead the idiot had put his brother’s needs before anything else. Mike was talking himself into an Alpha rage, which cowed Sherlock in a way he never had experienced before - and he wholeheartedly hoped that he never would be on the receiving end of it ever again.

“Sherlock,” Mike’s voice was low and threatening now, “you and your brother believe to be way above the rest of mankind. But I swear, if I ever catch you acting like this again, I will not stop with a smack to your head.”

With that, he gave Sherlock a hard and loud slap on the face.

Sherlock didn’t try to strike back, but had taken a step backwards, humiliated, and with an air of utter defeat. Mike was still looming over Sherlock, when he suddenly felt a hand pushing him back.

“Don’t you touch him,” John’s voice was calm, but his eyes threw daggers at Mike. John had placed himself protectively in front of Sherlock, making up for the difference in height by squaring his shoulders and leaning forward, ready to punch or throw himself at Mike.

Mike looked at John, once more amazed by this Omega’s resilience and loyalty. And they haven’t even bonded fully yet, he thought. Looking at an equally flabbergasted Sherlock, Mike wondered if he had any idea what an extraordinary bondmate he was going to have in John.

Mike shook his head, and looked at John, his normal smile finding its way back to his eyes.

“Welcome back,” he said, deflating John in an instant.

The completely flummoxed look on John’s face almost had Mike laughing, but he could restrain himself to a smug grin.

“I’m sorry, if I’ve been a tad violent, but I had to provoke you in some way to get you out of that state, John,” he explained.

John stood disbelieving between the two Alphas.

“That was just a show?” he asked hoarsely.

“Well, no,” Mike admitted. “I meant everything I said, but I’m not prone to violence. To be honest though,” Mike added as an afterthought, “Sherlock had it coming.”

“Yes, thank you,” Sherlock cut in sourly. “I think, we can manage things on our own from here.”

Mike ignored Sherlock and focussed on John.
“Are you alright?” he asked concerned. “I could stay if you want me to. Or I could arrange for another Omega to stay with you tonight. If you want to, I can take Sherlock with me.”

Sherlock closed his eyes. It hadn’t even occurred to him that John might want him to leave, that John maybe even needed him to leave to regain his footing. Sherlock realised how much he already depended on John to be there when he returned home. ‘Home’ being where ever John was.

John cleared his throat.

“Thank you, Mike,” John answered with a steady voice, “but I would prefer Sherlock to stay. Just him,” he added apologetically.

Mike nodded. He told John that he was welcome to contact him any time, and shot a last warning glance at Sherlock, before he left the room. John locked the door behind him then turned and leaned back against the door.

Sherlock hadn’t said anything, trying his best to return Mike’s farewell glare and failing miserably. Age did add a lot to an Alpha’s confidence, he found.

Now Sherlock turned to John.

“John, I’m-” John held up a hand and shook his head.

“No, Sherlock, no. Not now. I’m too tired to talk about what happened. I need to sleep,” John looked as worn out as he sounded. “I need to think, and I don’t want to say things I regret later on.”

He walked towards the sofa. Sherlock stood crestfallen in the middle of the room. John changed the sofa into the bed, put pillows and the duvet in place, before he went into the bathroom to change into pyjamas. Sherlock hadn’t moved when John returned. Sighing, John went to bed. When Sherlock didn’t follow, John turned towards him with just the hint of a smile on his face.

“Come here, you git, and turn out the lights,” he said, and Sherlock could feel the knot inside of him dissolve.

xOxOxOxOxOx

“You have to stop this charade, Mycroft!”

Mike was leaning back in the comfortable armchair; he long ago had decided to call ‘his’. Through the large windows of Mycroft’s London based flat, Mike had a good view of Regent’s Park. He had arrived late for his weekly meeting with Mycroft because of the trouble with John. Still angry with both Holmes brothers, he had explained to Mycroft what had happened.

“It’s too soon,” Mycroft answered, clenching his teeth.

Mike saw the signs of being under stress on his friend. He really had to take care of him. Later. Right now he needed him to understand that things had progressed much further than any of them could have hoped for.

“They’ve bonded, Mycroft, trust me on this one,” Mike held the tumbler in his right hand, the cigar in his left. Leaning towards Mycroft, who sat in the other chair, facing the windows, a small coffee table between them.

“But that’s impossible, Mike. It’s only been four days! And the Omega-”
“John, Mycroft. He has a name. Get used to it and drop your old fashioned antics,” Mike shook his head. God, the Holmeses were just too much sometimes. “He’s family now.”

“He’s not been in heat yet. There’s no way-”

“Deal with it! I’ve no idea how it’s possible, but they’ve a shared scent by now. I don’t even think they know how far gone they both are,” Mike smiled good-natured at Mycroft.

They had both been under pressure for quite some time now. The Professor’s untimely death hadn’t helped, and Mike knew that Mycroft was worn out.

“You don’t really want Sherlock snooping around at that sex club, do you?” Mike asked.

Mycroft hesitated, then closed his eyes, and rubbed his face. Yes, he was exhausted, Mike thought. He needed this case closed soon.

“No,” Mycroft’s voice was soft, “no, not really. But you know that the murderer isn’t the mastermind behind this. And there is so much more to this than meets the eye.”

“Yes, and if you tell Sherlock, I’m sure he’ll help getting this cleared up. For all I know, John might be a valuable asset in all of this,” Mike argued.

Mycroft huffed.

“An Omega, a pregnant Omega?” Mycroft’s arrogant voice was back and Mike had to restrain himself from slapping him in the face too.

“Just because your family seemed to enjoy fighting each other, bonding Alpha with Alpha for the umpteenth generation, doesn’t proof all Omegas to be weak, fragile, and dumb. Only goes to show the stupidity of certain families. Really, Mycroft, did you enjoy your childhood that much?” Mike knew that the remark was below the belt, Mycroft having suffered heavily under the constant fighting between his two parents, resulting in both broken bones and open wounds, but they stayed together until Mycroft’s father had died.

“Well, your bond seems to work all fine,” Mycroft muttered weakly.

“Yeah, after we’d fought for the best part of four years, laid out a contract, then bonded, just to start fighting all over again,” Mike explained.

Penny had fought him every inch of the way, as he had her, both afraid that the other would get the upper hand once they bonded. A year after their bond, Penny got pregnant and almost had an abortion, being scared of Mike’s reaction. Since then both had calmed down, Penny realising that Mike wouldn’t pin her down with home and family, and likewise Mike realising that Penny wouldn’t turn him into a henpecked husband. Against all odds, the truce had developed into a deep and trusting relationship, leaving both of them a liberal amount of freedom to shape their own lives.

“It’s hard work, every day. But that’s not the point here, Mycroft,” Mike changed the subject back on track. “Instead of letting Sherlock run around London like a headless chicken, you could put him on the right trail. At the same time John could continue to go through Moriarty’s research files.”

Mycroft made a dismissive wave with his hand, and Mike finally lost his patience.

“Mycroft, listen carefully,” Mike’s voice had turned dangerously low and Mycroft eyed him nervously, knowing his friend well enough to recognise the tone of voice.
“Either you come to your senses and tell Sherlock everything - and I mean absolutely everything you know - or I’ll leave right now, telling Sherlock the bits and pieces I know about, while you can try and get by all on your own for at least one more week!”

Mycroft’s eyes went wide and he fought to keep his composure. Mike knew that he was at the end of his tether. Another week without any special attention from Mike was surely close to unbearable by now, since they hadn’t had time to indulge themselves in their normal routines for close to three weeks in a row.

“That is blackmail,” Mycroft’s voice was clipped, his posture stiff and tensed.

“Last resort, Mycroft, last resort,” Mike said softly. “Why don’t you just trust me? Is it because it’s about your brother?”

Mike sighed and leaned back in the armchair, seeing Mycroft’s resolve crumble for good.

“Deal?” he asked, laying a hand gently on Mycroft’s trembling arm.

“Deal,” Mycroft whispered.

Mikes smiled and patted Mycroft’s arm. He had bowed his head. Waiting. Mike shifted in his seat, getting comfortable.

“Well, then, take of your shoes, Mycroft,” he demanded in a low voice. “And make sure, the door is locked.”

xOxOxOxOxOx

The next morning found John draped all over the sofa bed, head snuggled into the place, Sherlock had left a few hours earlier. Sherlock was pacing the room in front of his wall of notes, a small black notebook in his hand.

“Good morning,” John mumbled, wondering if Sherlock ever slept at all.

Confused, Sherlock looked at him.

“Have you been sleeping?”

“Yes,” John said cautiously, not knowing what answer Sherlock expected from him. “I thought that would have been obvious.”

Sherlock grumbled, then heaved a deep sigh.

“I better repeat myself then,” he said clearly annoyed.

John had to suppress a giggle, pushed pillows and blankets together, making a cosy spot for himself on the bed, and then turned his full attention on the lanky male in front of him.

“Go on then, repeat yourself. Just to please me,” John said with a mocking tone of voice, completely lost on Sherlock.

“I’ve found the notebook!” Sherlock exclaimed triumphantly. “He had a meeting. At a sex club with someone he denotes as ‘O-Plus’.”

John’s face blanched. With a few strides Sherlock was at his side, panicking.
“What? John, what’s wrong?”

“That’s me,” John said. Seeing Sherlock’s disoriented look, he elaborated.

“The Professor used to call me his Omega Plus. James was his Omega, and Sebastian well, for obvious reasons the Professor just called him A-nil.”

John shuddered. While James only on very few occasions was called by other names than his first, Sebastian only ever was A-nil to the Professor. Even John was fortunate enough to be acknowledged by his name every now and then, when the Professor was in a good mood or they were working together in the study.

“But, had he ever taken you to this club or any other club?” Sherlock asked, stroking soothingly over John’s stomach.

“No,” thinking about it, John had to smile. “He wouldn’t let me get close to other Alphas if he could help it. I guess a sex club would’ve been the last place on Earth he would’ve taken me.”

“You’d no idea, he was visiting the club? I’ve found entries like the one on the day of the murder at least once a week for the past two months,” Sherlock explained. “The same club and an O-Plus.”

“Did he go on a particular day or time of day?” John asked.

“No, the club’s only open from Thursday till Sunday. Any of those days and any time during the opening hours, as far as I can remember,” Sherlock didn’t like the memories flooding his mind. Still, they might be useful now.

“So, you think he was meeting someone at club, an Omega? If it was the same person every time, someone should know. Maybe the club keeps some kind of records?” John mused, his hand stroking his belly absentmindedly, brushing Sherlock’s as he was calming down again.

“Hardly,” Sherlock answered, his mind starting to focus on the case and probable course of action. He got up and started pacing again, then seemed to come to a decision.

“I’ll need to,” lost in thoughts; he didn’t finish the sentence, just grabbed his coat and made it for the door.

“Oi,” John shouted, annoyed to be left out, “where are you going? To the club? It’s far too early for that, isn’t it?”

“No, there’s,” again Sherlock trailed of, “I’ll be back later tonight, John. I promise.”

With that, he turned, unlocked and opened the door, and went away without further explanations.

John heaved a deep sigh.

“Well, little one, seems like it’s just the two of us then. Better get some breakfast going, I’m starving,” John got out of bed and started on his morning routines.

The day passed uneventfully for John, who used his time reading the diaries and taking notes. He concentrated on the former Omegas the Professor had bonded with, trying to find patterns, similarities, and exceptions.

Surprised, John realised that he had been the only bondmate to be called Omega Plus. The three former Omegas had been women; only the second was mentioned by her first name, Anna. The
other two were just ‘the Omega’. Anna was James’ mother, who had died while giving birth. The other two Omegas had been pregnant several times, but miscarried every single time.

John shuddered. The Professor had meticulously recorded every observation, punishment, behavioural characteristics, and the like for each of these women. Clinical in his descriptions, no matter how great the suffering must have been, when the third Omega miscarried for the fifth time, seven months into her pregnancy. The small boy stillborn.

It reminded John that the little one wasn’t in the clear yet. Something about the miscarriages struck John, forcing him to reread the unfortunately many accounts for the third Omega. It almost looked as if the Professor had experimented on her.

She must have been a strong woman, John thought, surviving through all that pain. Again and again hoping and each time it seemed as if she could carry to term, getting closer to the nine months. After the last miscarriage her health deteriorated fast and she died only thirty years old, the Professor’s neat handwriting stating date and time of death, cause of death being ‘heart failure’. Since the Professor was her bondmate and a scientist, not a medical doctor but well versed in the Omega behaviour and biology, no coroner’s report was issued.

Nothing in the notes suggested foul play by the Professor, but John’s instincts told him something was amiss. He had to talk with Sherlock. Not that it would help anyone, the Omega long buried and probably forgotten by her family. Still, in the back of his mind John was sure the mystery of the third Omega was hiding more than a tragic life story.

The rest of the day went on peacefully, giving John the much needed rest and time to recuperate from the last days of turmoil.

He went to bed early, being woken in the middle of the night by a frantic knocking on the door. Sleepily he stumbled to the door, unlocking and opening it, brushed aside by a wild looking Sherlock who rushed into the bathroom. A few minutes later John heard retching sounds followed by the shower. Sherlock emerged fifteen minutes later, still damp, clad in his pyjamas, leaving his clothes and coat in the bathroom. Without a word he laid down beside John, curling into him like a little child. John wondered what had happened, but decided to let it go. Sherlock would talk, when he was ready. And right now they both needed to sleep.

John pulled Sherlock as close as possible, stroking him until he felt the muscles relax and Sherlock’s breathing become deep and regular.

The next few days continued without Sherlock disclosing his whereabouts. Neither John nor Sherlock breached the subject of John’s reaction on Sherlock going all Alpha on him. John didn’t know if Sherlock was evading him or if he was too engrossed in the case to be bothered with telling John about his newest findings. Probably both.

John on the other hand was making progress on his understanding of the Professor’s research. Many things didn’t add up yet, but he got the picture of a man who used every available Omega as a test subject. Including his own son. Ever so often, John came across pieces of information, followed by a ‘Q.E.D. as before’. As if it was a mathematical proof, not the life or death of a human being. The add-on ‘as before’ seemed to allude to earlier research, and John got more and more anxious as to what was awaiting him in the notebooks and diaries from the Professor’s earliest research.

It was also quite evident that the Professor had several lovers, or rather ‘test subjects’, at the same time. Only exception was the time with his second Omega, Anna. After her death there was a gap of a few months without any mentioning of another Omega.
John had tried to gather the data and information in a way that made it more accessible, hoping some kind of pattern or system would show itself. As the second week of his confinement was nearing its end, John still hadn’t found the one clue that connected the financial scheme with any of the Professor’s other research.

Sherlock and John hadn’t had ‘the talk’, mostly due to Sherlock’s odd hours. As promised, he would stay with John during part of the night, but always left in the morning. John was worried about the lack of sleep and food, especially since it started to show. Sherlock’s cheekbones becoming even more pronounced than they were naturally so, his clothing not as fitting as it had been.

Eventually, John woke one morning with Sherlock still asleep by his side. He had come home even later than usual the night before and it looked like his body finally demanded a rest.

Carefully John extracted himself from the limpet-like embrace Sherlock had become accustomed to since the shower incident. If he needs sleep, he will probably like some food as well for once, John thought. Starting breakfast, he suddenly found himself caught in a strong hug.

“Happy birthday, John,” Sherlock whispered seductively in his ear, while his hands started to work their way around John’s stomach and from there on downward.

“Nothing to be happy about,” John grumbled back, before he could think. Sherlock tensed up and left off.

“I’m sorry,” he mumbled, taking another step back.

John turned slowly, head bowed, hands rubbing his face.

“No,” he said. “I’m sorry, Sherlock. It’s not, I mean - hell, why is this so damn difficult?” He looked at the ceiling, shouting at no one in particular.

“Look, Sherlock, it’s my twenty-first birthday. I’m locked up at a police station, accused of murdering my bondmate. I’ve a high-risk pregnancy, which can terminate any time. And yes, it should have been a happy day, coming of age and what not. Instead I’ve a guardian till... until this case is solved or I’ve ended my prison sentence. Not one of my best birthdays, no,” he added with a sigh.

Sherlock look at John, unsure as what to do or say.

“Sit down, tea is ready in a minute,” John said firmly.

Sherlock sat down at the table, looking over the notes, John had compiled during the last days. When he came upon John’s tables regarding the miscarriages, he frowned.

“John,” he asked without looking up, “what is this?”

He held up some of John’s notes, while looking through the rest of them.

“Times and dates, how far progressed the pregnancy was, when it terminated, where the Professor had been at the time, and several other factors, I’ve tried to collect. So far, I can’t see a pattern,” John stopped, looking worried at Sherlock.

His frown had deepened, while he worked through the dates and time, eyes flying over the pages, connecting the dots in his mind creating a coherent picture. A picture, which was as fascinating as much as it was horrifying.
“He had experimented on them,” Sherlock whispered.

“Yes,” John just said, placing a hot cup of tea in front of Sherlock, and sitting down with one himself.

“Twenty-four hours,” Sherlock mumbled.

“Hm?” John wasn’t sure he had heard correctly.

“John,” Sherlock looked at him wide-eyed. “Twenty-four hours without your Alpha, and you’ll suffer a miscarriage.”

John slowly put down his cup. It took a while before the information truly registered in his brain.

“You mean,” he swallowed, “you’re saying, he put his third Omega through the - he did it on purpose?”

John felt nauseous. Sherlock nodded. As much as he admired the scientific set up, the results were too shocking - and the cost of achieving this kind of knowledge... Sherlock forced himself to stop contemplating what could have happened to John, if he hadn’t returned like he had promised the last couple of days.

They sat in silence for a long while then John stood up and prepared the rest of the breakfast.

“Unscrupulous then,” John broke the silence, sitting with toast and his fresh cup of tea. “I wonder what else will turn up, now that I’m getting closer to his earlier research.”

He cleared his throat.

“What about you? Have you come any closer to who’s behind all of this?”

“Well,” Sherlock answered, swallowing down his third toast, “I’d been working together with Mike on this.”

John could feel a slight pain in his chest. He would have loved to be able to accompany Sherlock through the city.

“He checked the financial manipulation scheme, while I found the mysterious O-Plus.”

“You’ve found him?” John said pleasantly surprised.

“Her.”

“Her? But, a woman, would she - could she be able to cut the Professor’s throat?” John’s hope for a soon release dwindled rapidly.

“Yes, she could and she did,” Sherlock answered, chewing happily on his fifth toast.

“And why am I still in custody?” John asked, a bit of anger creeping into his voice.

“Because of the paperwork. Everything had to be approved by Mycroft,” Sherlock clearly disliked that part immensely. “Mike couldn’t disclose anything to the police. Mycroft needed time to take precautions. John, nobody knows the Professor had been killed. The public still assumes he died peacefully in his sleep.”

John tried to wrap his head around Sherlock’s brother being involved in a cover-up, while Sherlock
tried to unwrap it.

“But, I am definitely in the clear now?”

John suddenly felt nervous. He would soon be free to go, free from being under guardianship, as informal as it had been, free to – well, that was the problem, wasn’t it? Free to do what? He needed Sherlock by his side, now more than ever. Unconsciously, his Omega instincts had latched on to Sherlock, keeping the little one safe, making sure he would survive. Bonding against all odds. John was sure he wasn’t the only one aware of the changes in their scents.

Sherlock interrupted John’s rising panic attack.

“Yes, John, you are definitely in the clear now,” Sherlock confirmed seriously. “Will you bond with me?”

Sherlock looked fearful and defenceless. To John, he was the most beautiful man he had ever laid eyes upon. Still boyish in many ways, but John realised how much he wanted to watch this young man develop into a true Alpha. Strong and vulnerable, intelligent and annoying, and Sherlock would always be his, always his Alpha.

The magic of the moment was disturbed by a knock on the door. Letting out a frustrated huff, John placed a light kiss on Sherlock’s lips before he turned to unlock the door.

Even before he opened the door, it was pushed open, having John tumbling against the wall, James and Sebastian brushing past him, followed by an unusually agitated Mike and an even more than usual tight-lipped and grave looking Mycroft.

“Mr Moriarty!” Mike sounded exasperated. “You can’t do this. You’re risking –“

James cut him short with a malicious grin on his face.

“Well, well, Mr Barrister,” James crooned mockingly. “Johnnybaby here has to know his place.”

John stood shell-shocked with his back to the wall.

“Don’t you, baby?” James had turned his vicious brown eyes on John, who couldn’t respond, fighting his urge to kneel before James. ‘Baby’ was the pet name, the Professor had used for him. When John needed to ask the Professor for anything, food, drink, other life necessities, he had to use the third person. “Baby would like to…” John despised it more than anything else the Professor had done to him. More than the beatings, the punishments, the loneliness, the humiliation. This one word more than anything else was the epitome of everything John hated about being an Omega.

“And since Daddy is gone,” James continued his sing-song with a self-satisfied smile, “Johnnybaby’s baby will have to live with his next of kin. Who would be,” James paused dramatically, “yours truly.” And James bowed sardonically.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Warnings:
This is neither beta'ed nor britpicked.

A/N: It's the first time I've tried to write a story. Please let me know if the plot is still too muddled. There are quite a few things, I haven't explained yet (Omega Plus, John's pregnancy). That will hopefully become much clearer in the next two chapters. If you have any questions or comments, please let me know. I'll try to explain things as good as possible.

Thank you so much for your support! It really means a lot to me!

Sherlock was furious. One side of the matter was Moriarty’s threat to take the child once she was born; the other side was his obnoxious brother and this incompetent lawyer of his.

Clearly Moriarty had the law on his side, but that shouldn’t leave a lawyer writhing his hands and begging Moriarty to listen to him. Experienced with Omegas? Hardly, Sherlock thought annoyed.

And Mycroft? He just stood there in the middle of the room, looking by all means as if his favourite toy had been stolen from him. Sherlock quirked an eyebrow, concentrating on the smallest signs of emotions on his brother’s face. Sherlock’s first thought had been that Mycroft against all odds was concerned about John. Unlikely, Sherlock considered irritated. Don’t let your own emotions interfere with the facts he scolded himself. Not John, but the child. Sherlock contemplated the idea for a moment, and then forced himself back on track.

John was starting to panic. Sherlock could feel it like a wave of pain in his chest. The bond, he wondered, but how? We haven’t even shared a heat yet. Doesn’t matter right now; keep your priorities in line!

Sherlock turned his focus back to John, who was hanging on by a thread. Moriarty continued his verbal assault trying to force him down on his knees, while none of the three Alphas seemed willing or able to help John. Feeling abandoned and alone, John tried to keep himself from submitting to Moriarty’s demand for obedience. Sherlock closed his eyes, hoping that John would understand what he was about to do. Sherlock stretched out his legs in front of him, leaned back in his chair, one arm resting on the table, the other hanging loosely over the back of the chair.

Every move was performed to show Sherlock’s cool detachment from whatever was happening around him. One last look at John, whose wide eyes were a cry for help locking with his, one last deep breath, wrinkling his nose when he realised that the room was filled with the smell of Moriarty and his neutered Alpha, then Sherlock turned to look at nothing in particular.

“Take him if you want to,” Sherlock’s deep voice cut effortlessly through Moriarty’s high-pitched singsong and the room went dead silent.

Sherlock let his head fall back, looking utterly bored by the whole proceedings, while his inside
cried out to hold John, to soothe him, take him, mark him. John’s shock felt like a stab in Sherlock’s breast and he had to suppress a wince. He gave nothing away to the bystanders, but he couldn’t look at John, knowing that he had to keep his apparent composure if he wanted his plan to work.

While Mike stood gasping, Mycroft had to shift, surprise crumbling his aloof facade. Moriarty was smirking, thinking himself the winner already. Everything like Sherlock had anticipated, except for Moran. He had moved close to John, openly sniffing him. That had to be stopped immediately, Sherlock decided. With one fluent movement he came to stand in Moriarty’s personal space, Sherlock’s eyes roaming predatorily over Moriarty’s body.

Moriarty had barely registered what Sherlock was saying. Sherlock’s pheromones were enveloping him and his eyes were dark with lust, his nostrils flaring. Moran was working himself into a rage, and Sherlock gave him a challenging wink before he turned towards the table. Waving his hand dismissively at the piece of paper, which contained John’s notes about the miscarriages, Sherlock stepped back from the table.

“Take him, but know that by taking him from his Alpha, he’ll lose his child within the next twenty four hours,” Sherlock said coolly, rolling his eyes when he heard another gasp from Mike.

Moriarty had barely registered what Sherlock was saying. Sherlock’s pheromones were enveloping him and his eyes were dark with lust, his nostrils flaring. Moran was working himself into a rage, and Sherlock gave him a challenging wink before he turned towards the table. Waving his hand dismissively at the piece of paper, which contained John’s notes about the miscarriages, Sherlock stepped back from the table.

“Am I right to believe, you trust your father’s research?” Sherlock left them to draw their own conclusions, standing with his back to them and John. Closing his eyes, he could feel John’s anger. Good, he thought, hold on to that, John. Sherlock turned watch the others figuring out what the notes meant.

Mike had given up on deciphering any doodles, too confused by the whole situation. Mycroft was the first to react, his face distorted in disgust when he realised the implications of the figures and notes. Moran couldn’t be bothered with any paperwork. A possessive hand was placed on Moriarty’s hips, and Moran had to visibly restrain himself from marking Moriarty, pulling him as close as possible. Moriarty’s eyes were focussed on Sherlock before he deliberately forced himself to turn his attention to the paper.

It took mere seconds for Moriarty to comprehend what was put before him. He drew in a breath and his eyes went wide. He had to steady himself, putting his hands on the table, when he fully understood who had been subjected to this experiments of his father. The Professor’s third Omega had been like a mother to Moriarty - and his own father had... Moriarty suppressed a sob, straightened himself, pushing a puzzled Moran away. With narrowed eyes he glared at Sherlock.

“I want that baby,” he hissed at him, then turned to John using his mocking tone again. “And you, Baby, you better keep your new Daddy occupied, because I’ll make sure the two of you’ll stay right here, until you’ve delivered that baby to me!”

Moriarty stormed out of the room, closely followed by Moran who sent one last glare at Sherlock, who returned it with a small smile and a blink.

With a frown on his face Sherlock turned to Mike.

“Can he do that?” he asked concerned.

“The law is protecting the late Alpha’s, erhm, property,” Mike explained uneasy, glancing nervously at John, who had moved to the window, once Moriarty and Moran were gone. His back
to the room, arms crossed. “Normally Mr Moriarty would have taken John with him and, well, he would have become second-bonded with Mr Moriarty’s Alpha,” Mike paused, muttering the next part under his breath. “Nothing normal about this case, though.”

Mike sighed heavily.

Sherlock cast a glance at John, and then turned to Mycroft.

“Make sure John and I can stay here for now - no visits from Moriarty or Moran! I’ll need to be able to leave every now and then. John is not to be disturbed in any way, am I making myself clear on this?” Sherlock drew himself to his full height, his powerful Alpha pheromones permeating the room. This was his territory now, and the other two Alphas were trespassing.

“And get a doctor here as fast as possible, Mycroft. I need to know if John and the child are alright,” Sherlock was issuing orders, not requests, and Mycroft looked unexpectedly smug about this. Sherlock had no time to wonder why that might be, he practically threw the two other Alphas out of the room, closing and locking the door behind them, and finishing with putting a chair under the door handle for good measure.

Sherlock had felt John’s anger increase during the past minutes. Not quite sure how to act, since the immediate threat was taken care of, Sherlock touched John’s shoulder tentatively.

“What’s wrong, J-” Sherlock was cut off when John swivelled round to face him.

“WHAT’S WRONG?! Have you even been here the last ten minutes?” John was actually shouting. “My child is dealt with like some kind of property, no longer a human being,” John was leaning forward, looking ready to punch someone. “I’m a piece of property. We’re going to be stuck here for the next months. And my bondmate is blatantly flirting with a bonded Omega, who’s a madman trying to take revenge on me for some reason.”

John took a deep breath, furrowing his brow when the different smells hit him. He had never got used to the mixture of Moriarty’s almost nauseating sweet scent and Moran’s odd dark smell.

Sherlock stood in front of him with narrowed eyes. He took one more step into John’s personal space. John didn’t retreat; instead he lifted his head and looked defiantly into Sherlock’s eyes. Something inside Sherlock shifted and found it’s place. This was his John, his brave, resilient Omega, and he was going to take him, mark him, make him his.

“You’re mine, John,” his deep baritone sent shivers down John’s spine, but he kept his eyes locked with Sherlock’s. “I’m going to mark you, to show the world who you belong to. And I’m going to bond with you. When all of this is over and done with, as soon as you’re in heat, I am going to bond with you.”

John felt dizzy. The words should have been threatening, but they felt like a promise. Sherlock was his Alpha, offering security, someone to belong to, and someone he could trust with both his own and his unborn child’s life.

Without losing eye contact John slowly bared his neck to Sherlock, who grabbed John’s head and shoulder, pulling him closer. Licking and kissing his way down John’s neck, Sherlock stopped over the pulse point, biting without breaking skin. John moaned, melting into Sherlock’s arms. Sherlock continued to suck the mark, making sure it would be visible for the next days. When he was satisfied with his work, he stroked gently down John’s back, taking in their shared scent. John sighed, and then pulled back, his blue eyes almost black. He had to blink a few times, before he could focus.
“Sherlock,” John’s voice was thick, but he shook his head, swallowed. This was serious; he needed to know what was going on, what might happen to him.

“Take me through this case, I want to know if there is the slightest chance that James could be implicated. If that’s the case, it might give me a chance to keep my child,” John had moved to Sherlock’s wall of notes.

“Give us a chance to keep our child, John,” Sherlock said softly into John’s ear, standing behind him and pulling him into a tender hug, caressing John’s belly. Before John was able to respond, Sherlock continued.

“The female Omega Plus has done the actual killing. She admitted to it, but is in a very fragile state. Mycroft has taken her to one of his secure facilities together with her guardian. They’re bonding right now, because Mycroft figures that will enhance her chances of survival.”

John didn’t understand. “Why would she need to bond?”

“She’s traumatised. Apparently more than you were,” Sherlock tried to explain.

“But that doesn’t make sense. She knew what she was doing, and she wasn’t even bonded with the Professor... or was she?” John tried to turn in Sherlock’s arms, but to no avail. Sherlock kept him firmly in place, making it possible for him to feel the small movements in John’s stomach.

“No,” he clarified, “she wasn’t bonded. And yes, she knew, what she was doing, but there are several inconsistencies. The Professor had met her at the club. He left earlier than expected because of an emergency. Someone had called the club and told them to tell the Professor that you’ve been injured. The man, it seems, knew which room the Professor had booked and whom he was with. When they delivered the message, the Professor hurried home,” John was shifting. It surprised him that the Professor actually had worried about him.

“A few minutes later someone else entered the room and asked the Omega to follow him,” Sherlock paused. John frowned.

“But then she wasn’t alone. Someone set her up. She must have seen, who it was,” again John tried to turn around, but Sherlock still wouldn’t let him.

“He wore a mask - ”

“Come on, you’re kidding me,” John said disbelieving.

“Sex club, remember? Quite common for the members to wear masks,” Sherlock explained, kissing his mark, before he carried on. “But she had been with the man before. He always wears a mask. And was, I quote, ‘a funny smelling Alpha’, unquote.”

“What? Sebastian, he’s a neutered -”, John said.

“Yes, John, but she would know the smell of a neutered Alpha,” Sherlock shifted a bit. “Probably the Alpha had disguised his scent with some kind of aroma. He was a man, so much is for sure, but he could be any second gender. Changing ones scent for just an evening is not a problem, John,” Sherlock sounded condescending and John huffed. How was he supposed to know?

“They followed the Professor home and then the man gave the Omega the knife, called out to the Professor and gave her an order, which she carried through without thinking twice,” Sherlock’s voice had petered out, remembering something.
“The financial scam,” John whispered, this time he was able to turn around, looking up into Sherlock’s eyes.

“Yes,” he answered slowly, “not manipulating financial markets, but people. Turning someone into a killer. Brainwashing.”

He went silent, and John thought frantically.

“But, wouldn’t that be some kind of hypnosis? I mean,” John swallowed, “What about me? If you say the wrong words, would I try to kill you? Or kill someone else?”

Sherlock pulled John close again.

“I doubt it’ll work that way, John. You must have some kind of inclination to do so. Even hypnotised you can’t be made to kill someone. But you certainly can be used in other ways,” Sherlock replied thoughtfully. “Of course, if you’re trained to kill, if you perceive someone or something as a threat... Whenever Mycroft came back to the events before the killing, the Omega answered in the exact same way, same words, same sentences...”

Sherlock went silent.

“This Alpha-guy told her, that the Professor was a threat? And then gave her the means to kill him? But she knew him, why would she feel threatened by him?” John tried to object.

“John,” Sherlock was amused, “you were bonded with the Professor! What if I told you, he wanted to kill your child?”

John closed his eyes and remembered the last punishment. He had been afraid for the little one. If he had had a knife or any other weapon - he didn’t want to think it through. He cleared his throat and nodded.

“Okay,” he said hoarsely. “But afterwards? She must have had blood on her clothes? And how did they get through the city without being noticed?”

“Oh, but they were noticed, but nobody thought anything about it. The man’s mask was very discrete. And when he took the Omega back, he pulled his coat around her. At the club she was cleaned up and told to keep her mouth shut. She did. Until I found her and Mycroft started to interrogate her,” Sherlock explained. John shuddered, thinking about being interrogated by Mycroft.

“He can be very seductive,” Sherlock whispered into John’s ear, knowing John’s thoughts. “Runs in the Holmes family,” he added with a smirk, nibbling at John’s mark again, and enjoying John’s resulting whimper.

John pulled his neck away from Sherlock. He needed to get this straight.

“So, the Professor finds this Omega Plus. Had he been looking for her? What about the other guy? Had he been looking for her as well or did he just follow the Professor?”

“It seems as if the Professor had been looking for her for several years. For you as well. He got the timing right with you, needing you close, so he bonded with you as soon as he had the opportunity. He was not so fortunate with her. So he visited her at the club at least once a week as soon as he had found her. He wanted to take her as a second-bonded, but her guardian wouldn’t allow it. According to her guardian, he treated her nice enough. Not too many marks on her after a session with the Professor, but sometimes she acted strange. Like you did the other day, when I - “
Sherlock stopped when the memories flooded his mind. He shook his head. “She would freeze or become very submissive all of a sudden. The guardian could make a list of phrases and words that had that effect on her.”

“But you’ve no clue as to this other man? When he started at the club, didn’t someone see him without his mask? How about a cabbie?” John asked again, stroking his belly.

“So far, we’ve not been able to find someone who saw or knows anything,” Sherlock said displeased.

John’s shoulder sagged. Not much hope to connect Sebastian or James with this then. At least not for now. They both stood in silence, both caressing John’s stomach, and being rewarded with strong kicks, making them both smile.

A knock on the door pulled them out of their reverie.

“Who -?”


John sighed and moved towards the door, but Sherlock beat him to it. After what happened with Moriarty and Moran, he wasn’t going to let John get close to the door.

Taking away the chair, unlocking, and warily opening the door, Sherlock checked who was standing outside, before welcoming the doctor in.

“Oh, what a nice little creature,” he exclaimed on seeing John.

John rolled his eyes and sighed. One of those doctors, he thought. He sent Sherlock a warning glance and shook his head, and then he obediently bowed his head, waiting for instructions. Sherlock on the other hand was ready to tell the doctor off, only stopped by another glare from John.

“Would you please make it take its cloth of, makes it a lot easier to examine,” the doctor placed his bag on the sofa, rummaging through its contents. Sherlock murmured something unintelligible and John started to undress himself, neatly placing his clothes on one of the chairs.

“That’s a nice little Omega, being so well behaved,” the doctor babbled on. Sherlock’s eyes were as black as thunder, and John had to hide a smile.

“Would you please hold its wrists? They tend to become a little fidgety when I start examining them, you know,” the doctor explained, waiting for Sherlock to grab John’s wrist and holding them behind his back. “I wonder why,” Sherlock whispered angrily behind John. John had to suppress a grin.

Without any kind of warning, the doctor started to poke at John’s stomach, while prattling on about what a well trained Omega John was. John supposed it was the doctor’s idea of soothing a frightened little kid. Definitely not working on John, though, who was fighting a laughing fit, while Sherlock looked like he was ready to commit murder.

“It’s a bit thin, but the baby is fine. A bit on the small side,” John tuned out the doctor’s voice as soon as he heard ‘baby’. Sherlock step closer to John’s back, letting go of his wrists and instead caressed his arms soothingly.

“Could you put it on the sofa? I need to feel if everything is in order with the intestines. Always a
Sherlock’s patience was wearing thin, but he helped John on the sofa, legs spread widely, pillows under his back to give the doctor better access. John tried to relax, forcing himself to stay still when the doctor pushed one of his instruments into him. Sherlock was seething by the time the doctor finished up, declaring that everything was progressing satisfactorily and once more congratulating Sherlock on obtaining such a ‘nice specimen’. Sherlock let the doctor leave without harming him, closed and locked the door, before he grumbled, “I’m going to kill Mycroft!”

John lay back on the sofa and started to laugh.

“What’s so funny?” Sherlock asked astonished.

“You!” John gasped out. “You would’ve killed him, right? God, that guy is a doctor. I really thought these people only existed in romance novels and the like.”

John’s laughter was infectious and Sherlock joined in. He sat down on the sofa, pulling John close and kissed him softly.

“Our child is alright,” he muttered, looking into John’s bright blue eyes. John hiccupped a few times, and then grew serious.

“If everything goes according to plan with this pregnancy, we’ve three months left to find something that can be used against James,” John said, looking hopefully at the wall of notes.

Sherlock took John into his arms. “We’ll find a way, John, I promise.”
Chapter 9

With a huff, John took a notebook from one of the piles. For the past few days, since James threatened to take their child, John had been unbalanced. His hormonal changes caused by the pregnancy were influencing his mood. He had been edgy and Sherlock had tried his best to avoid upsetting him.

Sherlock himself had to adjust to the changes in his own biology. Sherlock hadn't allowed anyone inside the room after he had got rid of his brother and that lawyer. Sherlock had made sure of that, even to the point where Mycroft ended up sporting a black eye, when he tried to force his way in. John had to suppress a giggle, thinking of that particular incident.

John wasn't left alone for any length of time. Surprisingly, John didn't mind Sherlock's possessive streak. Claiming John as his, marking his territory and defending it made him feel safe. In fact, he was relieved the two of them being alone. When John became restless, Sherlock would soothe him. Sometimes by playing the violin, which Mycroft had brought the day after John's birthday. Sometimes just hugging him, kissing and licking the mark on John's neck.

Sherlock didn't sleep much, but would sit on the sofa, John's head in his lap, petting him, running his long, slender fingers through John's hair until John would fall asleep. Sherlock would then stay on the sofa, thinking the whole night through.

John had updated his entries in the Omega book. He reread several chapters and added comments and new notes, where he found it necessary. Somehow, reading the book calmed his mind, focussed it on a task. But he couldn't stay concentrated for more than an hour at a time. His mind was wandering. The child inside him grew stronger every day, and he was grateful to feel the small movements turning into stronger pushes, sometimes like kicking, sometimes more like boxing.

Torn between giving up, letting things take their course, letting James take the child, once she was born or keeping on fighting, John tried to trust in some kind of a miracle, wanting to believe in Sherlock, when he said, that he would find a way for them to keep their child. Their child, John thought, closing his eyes, fighting back tears. God, his feelings were all over the place. He hated
his helplessness, his lack of skills.

Shaking his head, he forced his mind back to the notebook in front of him. It turned out to be one of the older books, John found out once he had opened it. Irritated, because the book must have been placed in the wrong pile, he wanted to put it away when he noted something odd.

"Sherlock," frowning, he turned to the figure lying on the sofa, "do you understand German?"

John flinched when Sherlock was looming over him just a second later. He still had to get used to his Alpha's fast and silent movements. Sherlock's eyes roamed over the writing in the book.

"What is this?" John asked.

"It's the outline of an experiment the Professor had conducted at a concentration camp," Sherlock muttered, turning the page.

John looked horrified at Sherlock.

"Concentration camp?" he whispered.

"Yes, during the Second World War Hitler used concentration camps to -" Sherlock started to explain.

"I know, what a concentration camp is, Sherlock," John hissed angrily. "Why would the Professor conduct experiments in a concentration camp? What was he doing in Germany in the first place?"

"Well," Sherlock cleared his throat. "Seems as if he had access to a large population of test subjects."

It took a few moments, before John realised what Sherlock was talking about.

"No!" John jumped up from the chair. He couldn't believe it.

"This is where he started, John," Sherlock added thoughtfully. "It was a combined concentration and prisoner of war camp."

John felt nauseous. He had to steady himself, holding on to the windowsill.

"He's referring to other books, tables, diagrams, and notes," Sherlock mumbled, while turning the next pages. He went quiet for a while and John tried to make head and tail of the new information, just to end up with drawing a total blank. His mind shied away from even contemplating what the Professor could have done at the camp.

"Oh," Sherlock sounded worried.

John went reluctantly back to the table, looking over Sherlock's shoulder, trying to make out what was written on the pages.

It was the beginning of a table. Names, dates, short hand for different 'treatments'. Sherlock had become engrossed at once, taking in the data laid out in front of him. Suddenly John gasped and grabbed hold of Sherlock's hand to stop him from turning the page. John recognised the name: Hamish F. Watson, O+, a date, a checkmark, and an asterisk.

John's grandfather.

John blacked out.
When he came to, he was on the sofa, Sherlock kneeling beside him.

"Are you alright?" anxiously, Sherlock was looking at John.

"My grandfather," John murmured. "The Professor experimented on him. What did he do to him, Sherlock? What did he do to all those people?"

John was shaking and Sherlock put a blanket around him, pulling John into a tight embrace.

"I don't know yet, I need to read through the books," Sherlock spoke softly, caressing John's face.

"I want to help, let me help," John said shakily, nuzzling into Sherlock's neck, breathing in deeply.

"And I'll need your help, John. Later. As for now," Sherlock said, untangling himself with a sigh from John. "Now, you're going to take a cup of tea and something to eat. Then," Sherlock kissed John's brow, "you take a nap."

John's protest were overruled, and a few minutes later, Sherlock was sitting on the sofa, John leaning up against his shoulder, being hand-fed by Sherlock. Every now and again, Sherlock let John take a sip of tea. John relaxed into Sherlock's care, not needing to think, to act. After a while, John felt drowsy. Gently, Sherlock laid him down on the sofa again, kissing him lightly on his lips, and told him to go to sleep. John complied.

Sherlock turned to the notebook. It contained the research plan and data on the test subjects. Sherlock quirked an eyebrow. Very thorough, this Professor, he thought. Every subject was described by name and gender. The dates seemed to refer to a particular event during the experiment. The checkmark obviously confirming the event's success. Going back and forth through the pages, Sherlock found ten checkmarks, but only two asterisks. One at John's grandfather's name. The other appeared besides an unknown name. Was that the grandfather of the female Omega who had killed the Professor? Apparently, he had to find the other book or books.

An hour later, Sherlock leaned back in the chair, scowling. John wasn't going to like this at all. Sherlock had to congratulate the Professor on his flawless scientific approach to his experiment. Documentation and control group in place, and because of the circumstances ethical problems were just non-existent. Sherlock couldn't suppress a shudder. One hundred and fifty three people were tormented and killed for this one test alone. How many more tests had the Professor been conducting while working for Hitler? For how long had he stayed in Germany? And what was the purpose of these experiments? Especially this one? Why did these people have to die? What did the Professor wanted to proof or accomplish?

This test was dated two years before the end of the war. When did the Professor move to Germany in the first place?

John stirred, and stretched his arms, trying to wake up. He turned to look at Sherlock, who sat at the table, looking disquieted.

"Not a dream then?" John asked, hoarsely. He felt dizzy.

"No," Sherlock said calmly. "I'm sorry, John."

John drew in a breath.

"That bad?" he asked.

"He was working for Hitler. Using their prisoners as his test objects," Sherlock murmured.
John had to close his eyes. No wonder his grandfather never wanted to talk about his experiences during the war. John wasn't sure he wanted to know what had happened to him.

Sherlock continued his murmuring.

"Only ten Omegas survived the initial stages of this particular experiment," he said, and turned the pages rapidly, glancing over them one more time. "The first miscarried after two months, died shortly after."

John swallowed.

"What kind of experiment? The abortion principle? Twenty four hours of isolation?" he asked with a shaky voice.

"No, John," Sherlock continued his summation. "The next two miscarried four months pregnant. Again, dead less than a week after miscarriage, although they were well cared for."

John was glad he was lying down. He was fistng his hands in frustration and anger. Why? What had been the point?

"And then five of them miscarried in their fifth month of pregnancy, surviving only a day or two," Sherlock did sound troubled now. "The last two carried their child to term."

Sherlock straightened, then sat down on the sofa. John was close to a panic now. He didn't know what to expect, but if Sherlock started to look worried, truly worried, then John doubted he was able to even imagine what this was all about.

Sherlock had reread the pages three times, slowly, making sure he wasn't getting anything wrong.

Sherlock cleared his throat. He looked at John, then his eyes wandered pointedly down to John's belly. John followed his gaze, and he couldn't suppress a whimper.

"Please," he just whispered, now looking directly at Sherlock, needing to know whatever this was about.

"John," Sherlock seemed lost. Taking hold of John's shoulders, he locked eyes with him.

"The Professor impregnated your grandfather with," Sherlock closed his eyes a moment, before being able to continue, "your grandfather's own semen."

John's eyes stayed open, he didn't know how he managed to even keep sitting upright once he realised what Sherlock had been telling him. He went very still. Hardly breathing at all. Then John jumped up and ran to the bathroom.

Sherlock followed as soon as he heard the retching sounds. He kneeled beside John, soothing him, stroking his back. It went on for several minutes. At last John had emptied himself completely, just heaving and cramping, spit and gastric juice was all he was able to throw up in the end.

Sherlock kept him close, shushing him, knowing his voice to be mollifying to John. It was helping; Sherlock could feel it both through the touch and through the bond. Concentrating on John, Sherlock could tell when the next realisation hit.

"Sherlock," John croaked, turning from the toilet to Sherlock. "Does that mean...," he couldn't say it. Couldn't believe it. His eyes were wide, frightened.
Sherlock hugged him, dragging him as close as possible. John didn't want to think, didn't want to know the truth.

He sobbed. Tried to suppress it. But it was too much. He broke. After all what had happened, this was the last straw. He clung to Sherlock, hands fistied into the lapels of his shirt, and he cried. The tears were flowing freely, wetting Sherlock's shirt. And Sherlock held on, letting John feel the safety and love he could provide, not stopping him, because John needed this. Needed to feel supported in his grief and torment, in his bewilderment. And Sherlock could provide, for the very first time in his life he was sure of his own strength, his own abilities. He knew, just knew, that he could help John through this, could shelter the man he loved from the cruelty of the world. Sherlock kissed John's face, licking his tears away.

"Sh, John, sh," he whispered, "it's alright."

John heaved in air.

"How? How, Sherlock, how can it be alright?" John's voice was breaking. His body shuddering through another sob. "I've felt like a freak ever since the Professor took me under his 'care'," John sneered, "this," he waved a hand at his stomach, "this is just-"

Sherlock embraced John, cuddling him.

"This," Sherlock said, firmly, "is our child, John. OUR child! Moriarty won't be able to take it, because we'll be able to prove she is ours!"

John tried to turn away, not knowing where to turn to, wanting to run away from himself. Sherlock didn't let him. He forced him back into his arms.

"You are mine, John! I'm not letting you go. And you will fight for our daughter, John," Sherlock's voice was low, almost angry, breaking through John's foggy mind. "You're not a freak! This child is yours, John. And she's mine, because you're mine. No matter how she was conceived, you have a living human being growing inside you."

John's crying had turned into a whimper. Sherlock was stroking his back, kissing him, biting gently into his neck without breaking the tender skin. Sherlock was trembling, trying and succeeding in restraining himself from taking the bond-bite, which would force John into a heat. Not yet, Sherlock told himself. John needed comfort and someone to take care of his needs, not a rutting Alpha caught in a sex frenzy. It took all the self-control Sherlock could muster, not to bite down and draw blood, sealing the bond for good.

Very slowly and gentle, Sherlock started to undress John, keeping him close, pausing, whenever John's distress became too much. Sherlock was tracing John's muscles, kissing along the scars, and relishing the sight of John's growing abdomen. When John turned his face away, Sherlock cupped his chin and forced him to look into Sherlock's eyes.

"Don't, John!" Sherlock commanded. He took John's hand and placed it on John's belly, lacing their fingers together. He kissed John on his lips, nibbling his lower lip, then invaded John's mouth with his tongue. John was pliant, letting Sherlock have his way with him. John's body was responding to Sherlock's ministrations. His trousers tenting between his legs and John shifted slightly, trying to sit in a more comfortable position. That's when Sherlock decided to pull John up to move things on.

Still having one arm around John, he started the shower. Then Sherlock knelt before John, and kissed his way from the top of John's stomach down to his hard length, still trapped in his pants.
Sherlock pushed both pants and trousers down with one smooth move. John gave a deep sigh when he was freed of the obstructing garments. His cock was bobbing seductively in front of Sherlock's mouth and Sherlock didn't think twice. He took John into his mouth and John had to brace himself not to sink to his knees.

Wet and warm, Sherlock's mouth was closed tightly around John. Sherlock sucked hard, hollowing his cheeks, and John couldn't help thrusting.

"Sorry," he whispered, his hands grasping Sherlock's hair, trying to guide him, to hold onto something. John's whimpers became loud gasps, when Sherlock swirled his tongue around John's glance and started to work his mouth up and down his shaft for real.

John tried to hold himself back, but Sherlock seemed intend on shattering the last small pieces of John's self-control. Looking up at John from under half-lidded eyes, Sherlock's full lips, red and glistening around John's cock, Sherlock's hands on John's arse, his fingers parting John's buttocks, finding and teasing his hole, John tried to give a warning shout before he came into Sherlock's mouth. John was sinking to his knees. Sherlock pressed his lips against John's with a glint in his eyes. Coaxing John into opening his mouth, Sherlock pushed his tongue in. The lingering taste of John and some residue from his release mixed with John's saliva. Bitter and salty, and yet so very sweet to Sherlock, who took his time exploring John's mouth.

"Taste yourself, John," Sherlock demanded and John licked his lips obediently, his pupils blown wide with lust.

Sherlock stood up and undressed hurriedly.

The shower was hot and Sherlock scooped John up from the floor and guided him under the spray. Bracing himself against the tiles, with his back to Sherlock, John could hold himself upright. Sherlock took his time, examining John's back, following the flow of water and droplets on John's muscles with his fingers.

"You're beautiful," Sherlock whispered, licking John's earlobe and eliciting a groan from John.

Sherlock's fingers trailed down to the small of John's back, on their way tracing his ribs, and once more stroking over the taut stretched skin of John's abdomen. Sherlock was deeply fascinated by the magic of procreation. He would have loved to have been part of John's pregnancy from the very start, observing every little change in his moods, his body, and his scent.

Later, he thought. Later. For now, he wanted John to remember, whom he belonged to. Sherlock knew that John was tired, hardly able to stand up, but John needed to know, what it meant to have Sherlock as his Alpha. He would fill John up, pleasuring him, and take his pleasures.

Sherlock's fingers found their way to John's cleft, teasing his pucker, and John moaned, thrusting against Sherlock's fingers. Sherlock could feel John's arousal through their bond. John was utterly in the throes of his lust, unable to hold himself back any longer, he was begging, pleading, for Sherlock to impale him, take him.

The slick wetness of their skin made their movements fluently. Sherlock held John tight, when he finally thrust into him, fondling John's scrotum with the fingers of his left hand. John's balls were drawing up again, and John was making a low keening sound. Sherlock was stroking along John's shaft, his cock hard again. Pulling out and pushing in, Sherlock's balls slapped loudly against John's arse. When he started to set a punishing pace, John's stifled cries picked up the rhythm.

John's orgasm brought Sherlock over the edge, and he was filling John repeatedly, squiring every
last drop of semen into John. Sherlock was quivering through the last aftershocks, and kept both of
them upright with an effort. John was like a puppet whose strings had been cut, unable to form a
coherent thought, let alone stand on his feet any longer.

Sherlock turned off the shower and got both of them into the room, grabbing several towels on his
way. John was barely conscious when he sank unto the sofa, and Sherlock sat beside him, drying
him and wrapping a big towel around him.

Too tired to change the sofa into a bed, Sherlock curled up around John on the sofa, kissing his
moist hair and enveloping his naked body around John's, having skin on skin contact from top to
toe. When he heard John's breathing become even, Sherlock let himself drift into sleep.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Warnings:
This is neither beta'ed nor britpicked.

I’m very sorry about not having been able to warn properly about the last chapter.

This chapter will contain the ‘explanation’ about the self-impregnation, as well as an unravelling of the plot itself.

That said, please stay with me through this. It is fan fiction, not science, but most of the explanations can in fact be found in nature (though normally not in mammals).

Thank you for your support!

In this chapter things will also hopefully start to look a bit brighter...

For once John was up before Sherlock. His mind was still reeling from the events of the day before. Part of him wanted to block out the new information, another part felt almost relieved. If they could prove what they had figured out yesterday there was no way that the child could be given to James.

With weary eyes John looked at the piles of notebooks on the table, fearing what else might be hidden in them. What had been the point of the Professor’s experiments anyway? To John it didn’t make sense. He didn’t know much about genetics, but surely having the same person as both mother and father couldn’t be healthy. Then again, John’s father hadn’t shown any sign of illnesses, unless a bad temper would count as such.

No, John contemplated, the greatest problem between his father and grandfather had been the silence. As if both knew too much about the other and neither of them could find a way to break the ice. Not even when his grandfather was lying on his deathbed and John saw him reach out for his father, who just flinched away and left the room. At the time, John couldn’t understand what was happening and much less why.

Knowing what he knew now, he had an idea though. His grandfather never explained how he had become a father. His grandmother always resented the child, and his grandfather was obviously unable to cope with his experiences in the camp.

John wondered if his grandfather even knew of the truth behind his impregnation.

John shuddered, and started to make tea. Some routine to calm him. The little one started her morning workout, and John couldn’t help but smile, when he felt the small punches in his stomach. Sherlock knew and he didn’t care. John’s smile grew wider. Hell, Sherlock was probably already thinking about how he could turn the little one into a small scientist before her first birthday.

Sitting down in the armchair with the freshly brewed tea, John looked at his soon to be bondmate. Sherlock had been exhausted and was still sleeping soundly on the sofa, curled up around the
blanket, which John had been covered with. John could feel the bond between them, had felt it for a while now, but had been afraid to let it manifest in his mind.

The bond with the Professor had been too painful. The Professor, being a master of manipulation, had overwhelmed John the first months of their bond. Thus, the Professor had been able to induce fear and terror in John, just by letting John feel his thoughts through their bond. It had taken John almost a whole year, before he had taught himself how to shut down for the connection between the two of them. The result had been one of the Professor’s most severe punishments ever, but John didn’t budge. Somehow being able to block out the Professor gave him a small amount of freedom.

The bond, or whatever it was by now, between Sherlock and him had been one-way. Sherlock had probably been able to feel most of John’s emotions, while John had kept the connection from Sherlock to him closed. Still too aware of Sherlock being an Alpha and too worried about the power of their bond. Because it had to be much more powerful than the one he had with the Professor. Developed this far without them even having shared a heat.

They hadn’t talked about how to proceed with the Professor’s work in light of the recent unravelling’s. John really didn’t want to touch any of those books again, but he knew he had to. Sherlock wouldn’t be able to work through all of those data alone. The two of them wouldn’t be able to do that in the remaining months. If it even were months. Weeks were more likely, John thought, petting his stomach lightly and being rewarded with another flutter of movement.

With his hand on his belly he stood up and went to the table. It felt as if his little girl was cheering him on, kicking against the inner walls of his abdomen. He sighed, unable to suppress a little chuckle.

“Yes, yes, little one, I’ll look through those blasted books and find every damn useful thing we can use against James and his bitchy bondmate,” John leaned over the table and started to look through the books which he deemed the oldest. “Time to change the approach, little one. Oldest first, maybe we can find out what made him tick, eh?”

John worked in silence, sipping his tea, and only checking the very first page of every book to determine its place in the timeline. Not too keen on finding new disturbing facts.

He had managed to get most of the oldest books in order, when Sherlock finally stirred and opened his eyes. Moments later John was enveloped in long arms and possessive kisses, claiming his mouth and invading it relentlessly. John complied, letting Sherlock take him.

A hand in John’s hair, pulling his head back and baring his throat to Sherlock, who licked and sucked his way down John’s neck, sucking hard when he hit his mark, making sure that John could feel it, and that it was visible. John felt as if he had been caught in a storm, not quite able to follow what had brought it on.

Having been forced into heat several times through the past years, he couldn’t help the feeling of dread every time Sherlock came close to his mark. John tensed before he deliberately forced himself to relax into Sherlock’s ministrations.

It felt too good to be true and as much as he wanted to believe in Sherlock, John still held back. He wanted to trust Sherlock, his body and mind aching for the possibility to just let go, just let himself be engulfed in Sherlock’s care. But he couldn’t. Not completely, not yet.

John knew that care came at a price. And he wasn’t willing to pay it. He wanted a certain amount of freedom, of making his own choices and decisions. And that, he just didn’t believe Sherlock
would give him.

John bid back a sob, realising that he could have so much more than he ever had before, but still desperately seeking just that tiny little bit of freedom and autonomy that he had lost for good with his diagnose.

Sherlock looked at him with those clear, piercing eyes, trying to deduce what John was thinking. He could feel John’s sadness through the bond, thinking about yesterday’s revelations. But no, that wasn’t what was on John’s mind, was it?

Sherlock frowned, pulling back. John whimpered at the loss of contact. God, he felt like a mess. If Sherlock said something now, anything, John would happily surrender, throw himself into Sherlock’s embrace and forget about his reservations.

But Sherlock didn’t. Because Sherlock could see John. Understand him, much more than John had thought possible. And Sherlock wasn’t interested in an obedient Omega, serving his every little whim. Oh yes, he would certainly enjoy it, but only for a few days, maybe weeks. Sherlock needed a mate who could stand his ground when it really mattered. And John had done so. Even resisted the Professor when every part of his biology had been screaming at him to submit to him.

Sherlock was still observing John, his eye registering every little movement, trying to figure out what was happening. And probably knowing way before John, what was troubling him.

“I won’t, John,” Sherlock whispered, kneeling beside John, looking up at him. “I will not force you. I will not take choice away from you.”

John was trembling. When he looked down into Sherlock’s wide-open eyes, the honesty in his face, combined with an unknown vulnerability, it took John’s breath away. Closing his eyes, he concentrated on their bond, feeling it in his chest like a warm glowing, pulsing through his body. When he opened his eyes again, Sherlock looked at him with wonder.

“You can feel it, can’t you?” John breathed softly. Sherlock just gave a small nod, then slowly and very, very carefully raised his hand to touch John’s chest with the tip of his fingers. As if he was afraid to break something precious and fragile.

“You can do this on purpose?” Sherlock’s voice was hushed, even as his curiosity got the better of him. John concentrated on the bond, and saw Sherlock’s confusion, when he closed the connection between them. Sherlock frowned, and looked pleadingly into John’s eyes.

“Don’t,” he murmured, pressing the palm of his hand against John’s skin. Sherlock drew in a deep breath, when the bond was spreading its warmth through John’s chest into his hand and through his whole body once again.

The two of them just sat there, breathing in their scent, feeling the warmth, and trust, which flowed through the bond.

“He didn’t write about this in the book, did he?” Sherlock broke the spell of the moment.

“Git,” John giggled. “No, the Professor didn’t write anything about the bond itself in the book. I don’t think he ever experienced it like this himself, except maybe with James’ mother. But that would hardly have been enough data for his scientific mind, would it now?”

John placed a light kiss on Sherlock’s head and tousled his unruly curls.

“Get up, we’ve some work to do,” he said and waved a hand over the piles of books on the table.
Sherlock gave a put-on sigh, nuzzled and kissed John’s belly, then stood up.

“Have you found the oldest one?” he asked, while he went to their small kitchen, searching for something to eat for John, and putting the kettle on.

“I hope so. I’m just not sure if I dare read through it,” John answered with a concerned look on his face.

Sherlock hummed in response, putting the food and tea in front of John, indicating him to eat.

“I’ll find the interesting ones, and you can work out those tables and diagrams from his German notes,” Sherlock offered, taking a sip from his tea before settling down opposite of John.

Names, numbers, dates, and different symbols, indicating different treatments, John thought, yes, that would work, especially with the German texts. He would be able to work out the tables without needing to know the truth behind each symbol, making it possible to see just numbers and letters. He gave a curt nod, bracing himself for the task before him.

They worked in silence, Sherlock only pausing to take on his thinking pose, while John had to take a nap every now and then, fatigue overwhelming him. John would be the only one to eat, Sherlock claiming that food would slow his thinking processes.

By the end of the day, Sherlock had worked through the very first of the Professor’s diaries. Written in English, and telling the story why he had to leave the country in the first place. While John had worked on yet another set of data from one of the early German notebooks, he could feel how Sherlock drifted from curiosity to disgust, from detached interest to sheer outrage while reading the diary.

“Care to take me through it?” John asked after he had prepared himself for the night, knowing that Sherlock wouldn’t be sleeping. John had build a little nest of blankets and cushions on the sofa, feeling his Omega nature taking hold of him the further his pregnancy progressed.

“Are you sure you want to know?” Sherlock asked uneasy.

John indicated the sofa. With a cup of tea Sherlock sat down, and John curled up in his lap. Absentmindedly Sherlock began to let his fingers thread through John’s hair, calming both of them.

“He started young,” Sherlock began, “before he was eighteen, he had developed this idea of a perfect soldier. Strong, yet easy to control, and able to reproduce himself.”

Sherlock cleared his throat.

“By then, Mortimer Moriarty still lived in London. He was heading for the university, wanting to study race and gender, genetics as they were understood at that time,” John could feel how Sherlock tensed. “He had several girlfriends. All Alpha females. Every single one died while still dating him. Nothing showed up at the inquests. They had all been pregnant, but in the very early stages. It looked as if the pregnancy had caused their deaths. Nobody was able to accuse Mortimer of any wrong doing.”

Sherlock took a sip of tea.

“He kept the articles about the girls deaths like a scrapbook. And documented every step in his great ‘scheme’,” John concentrated on Sherlock’s voice and on their bond. Sherlock seemed detached and objective. John could feel it all the way through his own body. “Mortimer
experimented on his girlfriends. Impregnated them with, well, you know by now,” John nodded, no need to spell it out again. “Problem was that the Alpha females literally poisoned themselves with their pregnancies. Their bodies killed off the foetus within days, starting to poison the pregnant woman. All of them died during their first month of pregnancy, probably not even knowing that they were pregnant.”

Sherlock fell silent for a while. John closed his eyes.

“How many?” he asked.

“Five. He had to leave the country by then, because the police and authorities began questioning him and his involvement with the women. He moved to Berlin. It was 1939, just before the war broke out,” Sherlock fell silent again.

“How was he able to ever come back here again?” John wondered.

“I don’t know. We’ll have to look through the books,” Sherlock answered, caressing John’s nape lightly, soothing him.

“Or we could ask your brother. Surely, he must know something about all of this ‘scheme’ stuff?” John’s voice was a mere murmuring. Sherlock was so very close, the feeling of peace and safety through their bond was lulling John to sleep.

John didn’t see the deep frown on Sherlock’s face, didn’t watch him walk back to the table, looking through some particular papers, and John’s notes.

John was soundly asleep by the time Sherlock had found what he was looking for. The frown was by then replaced with a look of utter disgust and Sherlock felt relieved that John was sleeping. He wasn’t able to control his own feelings any longer. Sherlock made himself comfortable in the armchair, papers, books, and John’s handwritten notes scattered around him, spending the night thinking.

John woke with a start; feeling like someone had punched him in the chest. Coughing for air, he looked confused at Sherlock, who was pacing through the room like a caged tiger.

“Brilliant idea. Such a brilliant idea, so stupidly applied,” Sherlock triumphantly declared to no one in particular.

John shook his head, trying to wake up.

“John,” Sherlock knelt beside the sofa, cupping John’s face in his hands. Kissing him vigorously, almost suffocating John, who still was only half-awake.

Panting, John pulled away, a hand on Sherlock’s chest.

“What brought this on?” John said throatily, trying to get his mind on-line, before Sherlock assaulted him with another round of kisses. He failed.

Half an hour later, Sherlock eventually released John from his attack. Incredibly, the mark on John’s neck was still unbloodied, but now it was one in many. His hair was dishevelled as were his clothes, his belly laid bare, sporting hickeys all over.

John was wide-awake, completely befuddled, and had no idea what all this was about. Sherlock’s eyes roamed over John’s half-naked body, looking extremely pleased with his own handiwork. Smirking, he stood up and started to prepare a breakfast for John.
John looked down at himself, then looked at Sherlock, unfazed getting toast and tea ready, then back at himself. Once more at Sherlock. At last giving up, shrugging his shoulders, sighing, and getting up to change clothes.

“Don’t,” Sherlock cautioned.

“What?” John’s confusion grew and he was close to pinching himself to make sure he in fact was awake.

“I want you like this. When our guests arrive,” Sherlock said, clearly expecting John to catch up. He didn’t.

“Guests?” When Sherlock didn’t answer, being engrossed in the task of tea making, John moved towards the bathroom.

“No change of clothes and keep your hair as it is,” Sherlock said, and John could feel his excitement once more through their bond.

With another sigh, John went to the bathroom, going through his morning routine without touching his hair or changing his pyjama bottoms and the dressing gown, he was wearing.

Returning to their room, he felt exposed. He wondered who their guests might be, since Sherlock had been telling anybody who wanted to visit them off through the past weeks.

He could feel the exhilaration from Sherlock, at the same time Sherlock deliberately tried to mollify John through the bond. For the first time ever, John let the bond work its magic without trying to fight or control it. Strangely, John felt liberated.

Sitting down at the table, Sherlock served breakfast for John and took only a cup of tea for himself. The table had been cleared, the books piled on the floor up against Sherlock’s wall of notes.

While John was eating, Sherlock didn’t talk. John could feel how he tried to work through the bond, conveying his feelings, trying to make John react in certain ways. When he had finished breakfast and cleaned everything up, John smiled at Sherlock, who was sitting in the armchair.

“You could just talk to me, you know,” he said.

Sherlock huffed.

“You’ll have to submit to me, John,” Sherlock said.

“Why?” John asked surprised.

“We’ve to convince them that you’ve submitted to me, totally, despite not being bonded,” Sherlock explained reluctantly.

John shrugged his shoulders.

“Where’s the problem?” he asked.

“Will you do it?” Sherlock didn’t look at John. He could feel Sherlock’s trepidation and John’s smile grew wider.

“I already have, haven’t I?” he asked back.

John slipped from his chair to the floor, kneeling beside Sherlock, his head leaning up against
Sherlock’s legs. John was feeling peaceful, and looked up at Sherlock, who gazed down at him in amazement.

“No, John, I don’t -” John cut him short.

“I know, Sherlock. I trust you to know what you’re doing. Just drop me a hint when you want me to stop the performance.”

Reassuring Sherlock, John let out a contented sigh because somewhere deep down, kneeling in front of his Alpha felt so very right.

Sherlock didn’t have time to explain further. A knock on the door announced their guests, and Sherlock just called for them to enter, the door being open for once. John frowned at that, making him feel even more vulnerable. Steeling himself with a deep inhale of Sherlock’s scent, and scooting even closer to his Alpha, John changed his body language into that of an submissive Omega, wanting to please his Alpha’s every wish. He could feel Sherlock’s delighted shudder, before Sherlock too prepared himself for their guests, leaning back in the armchair in a pose best described as imperious.

When Mycroft entered with Mike in tow, John almost panicked, barely able to keep up the appearance of a subdued mate. Sherlock’s hand in his hair tightened and helped John to stay grounded. Sherlock would take care of this, had planned this, John only needed to follow his lead, John told himself, leaning into Sherlock’s grip and curling further up around his feet.

Sherlock watched his guests’ reaction to the sight in front of them. Mike’s was close to pity at the sight of a seemingly bonded John, grovelling at the feet of his master. Despite of his resentment for the man, Sherlock couldn’t suppress his friendly feelings towards him. Mike genuinely liked John and had probably hoped for him to avoid bonding with Sherlock. Who knows, Sherlock surmised, maybe he even had wanted John as a second-bond.

But most fascinating was Mycroft’s reaction. He looked - jealous. Surprised, Sherlock held his breath, gathering more information as the two men approached the table and sat down, facing towards Sherlock. Mycroft was jealous of John! Sherlock shot a glance between Mike and Mycroft, wondering what he had been missing regarding the true nature of their relationship.

Didn’t matter now, he scolded himself. Back to more important business, while filing this new information safely under ‘Mycroft’.

“I would like to take you on a history trip,” Sherlock began without a greeting or other social niceties. “Starting, well, twenty, thirty years ago, Mycroft?”

Mycroft straightened his back, sitting even more rigid than he normally did, raising one of his eyebrows.

“When did the British government start its cooperation with Professor Moriarty? And what was the main idea behind it?” Sherlock challenged his brother, who looked uneasy from Sherlock to Mike, who was sitting with an open mouth. Mycroft cleared his throat, before he answered.

“About thirty years ago would be correct,” he admitted. “The Professor had approached one of my predecessors with a solution to the failing population growth.”
Sherlock looked expectantly at his brother, but nothing else was forthcoming.

“That was all it took?” he asked, incredulously. “I can make sure your people will breed more children, was all he had to offer, and you handed him a society on a silver platter? To use as his own private laboratory?”

Sherlock shook his head in disbelief, while Mycroft shifted in his seat, definitely not happy about Sherlock’s line of thought.

“It made good sense at the time. Ensuring better rights for the Alphas in a bond, making sure the Omegas were kept at their side to increase the number of children born to an Omega. Keeping Omegas out of the workforce, letting them take care of their children,” Mycroft explicated.

Sherlock could feel John’s struggle through the bond. From the outside he looked complacent, letting the discussion wash over him, but Sherlock knew that he had to fight hard to keep up appearances. He suppressed a wince, before he continued his assault on Mycroft.

“And did it work?” Before Mycroft could answer, Sherlock continued. “No, it didn’t. Look at the numbers. The population is still dwindling, isn’t it? And your ingenious solution? Go get some more ideas from your beloved Professor,” Sherlock almost spit out the last sentence.

By now, Mycroft was looking at the table, trying to find some way to explain what had happened.

“Second- and third-bonded Omegas, so an Alpha really could deliver a great amount of children? But where are these children, Mycroft? Even you must have realised that something doesn’t add up,” Sherlock almost sounded exasperated. So much stupidity, and they just let it slip instead of having examined what was happening.

Mike was still trying to understand what Sherlock was talking about. Sherlock could see that he was truly appalled by the implications of Sherlock’s accusations. But it seems as if something else was dawning inside of the lawyer. Sherlock had hoped that his findings would give him the needed evidence to fight for their child.

“Has anybody in the government ever tried to look into the Professor’s past? Or were all of you just too taken in by his personality to doubt him?” Sherlock was angry, but not as much as he had been last night, when everything suddenly fell into place. When John asked him, if Mycroft wouldn’t know about the ‘scheme’. When Sherlock finally had put together the small clues about this whole conundrum.

“He wasn’t interested in children. He wanted to create the perfect soldier,” Sherlock sneered, observing Mycroft closely, not wanting to miss any signs of him having known what really was going on. Mike was too stunned to say or do anything at all. Mycroft’s hand was trembling, and his face was bloodless.

“Do you have any proof?” he whispered, lips pale, and eyes wide.

With this Sherlock stood, indicating John to do the same.

“You better get dressed, John, and I think we could do with some tea,” he winked at him after helping him to get up from the floor. The pregnancy was making such gymnastics increasingly difficult.

John nodded to the two stunned Alphas, then trotted to the bathroom and disappeared behind a thoroughly locked door.
“John has prepared a few charts, showing the magnificent work of your Professor for Mr Hitler,” Sherlock said, ruthlessly exploiting Mycroft’s shock. “Oh yes, brother dear, you can count yourself and your government in a fine group of people, aiding a madman to continue his experiments on a much larger scale.”

Sherlock went through the Professor’s ideas and explained about his deadly experiments, hinting that John’s pregnancy with great probability was an extension of one of those tests conducted at the camp. The death toll of the Professor’s test subjects was frightening in itself, but Sherlock’s clarifications on the symbols, indicating different ‘treatments’, had Mike throwing up at one point in the sink of their little kitchenette. John was still occupying the bathroom, as Sherlock had hoped, not wanting John exposed to the cruel facts about the Professor’s other experiments.

“All of this was devised, so the Professor could create a soldier, who would be easily manipulated, as a bonded Omega would be by his Alpha. Especially, if the Alpha was trained in some of the techniques the Professor had sophisticated over the years. Your government was so very considerate, when it provided him the perfect research ground for how many Omegas could be bonded with one Alpha, and still keeping the Alpha in control,” Sherlock was talking fast now, wanting this to be over with, before John was finished in the bathroom.

“But that was only one part of it. The other part was having a soldier, who could impregnate himself,” Sherlock paused, watching Mycroft closely. “He succeeded, but only with two Omegas, both being freed, before the Professor could use them for further experimentation. He looked for them and their offspring for years. Working your government to ensure a legislation which would give him every possibility to legally conduct his experiments on them, once he found them.”

Sherlock looked from Mike to Mycroft. The sheer horror in Mike’s pale face hadn’t faded, while Mycroft decidedly tried to keep a calm face, being betrayed by his shallow breathing and fidgeting fingers.

“John’s grandfather was a very rare Omega, and the Professor assumed that his offspring would carry the genes necessary to get close to his soldier, who could reproduce himself unendingly,” Sherlock snorted. “John’s child would be the crowning of this idea. She would have enabled him to create as many Omega Plus’ as he wanted,” Sherlock drew a deep breath. “At least that was what he thought. Stupid, stupid man.”

Mycroft looked at him in surprise. So far, he had been disgusted by the ideas and the inhumanly experimentations by the Professor. But he couldn’t see any flaw in his logic.

“Come on, Mycroft,” Sherlock coaxed. “Genetics isn’t everything. And even if it were, looked at the charts. If an Omega Plus is self-impregnated, that equals a normal coupling of genes between a male and a female. The male Omega is a hermaphrodite. The permutations of his genes are as vast as any outcome of intercourse between an Alpha and an Omega. Maybe even greater, because those charts clearly leave an impression of an Omega carrying genes which only activate through this kind of self-preservation.”

“Self-preservation?” Mike sounded weak, but astonished. “How can this, this self-whatever be an act of self-preservation?”

“What if, way back in time, an Omega male was the only member left of a tribe? If he had to, he could start a whole new tribe by himself. Or, like the two Omegas who survived the initial experiment, they both conceived an Alpha male. Surrounded by Omegas, as they were in the camp, that was nature’s way to enhance the chances of conceiving children,” Sherlock explained triumphantly. “This implies that any idea of standardising the offspring of an Omega Plus is void. By nature, this off-spring would be as different as possible from his or her father.”
John had left the bathroom, listening in on Sherlock’s explanation. Putting the kettle on, the room had fallen silent. He turned and looked at Sherlock, who stood arms crossed like a conqueror in the middle of the room, eyes sparkling.

Sherlock could feel John’s appraising glance. He could see, how John’s hand caressed his belly, finally coming to terms with his own pregnancy and the child it will result in. Their child, Sherlock thought, proudly.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Warnings:

This is neither beta'ed nor britpicked.

This chapter will contain a hopefully not too explicit childbirth - by a man. Well, it’s Omega-verse...

Apologies:

Sorry for the late update, RL got in the way (well, I knew it would, but I was hoping I’ll get this done anyway).

A lot of explaining in here, probably not as exciting as the other chapters.

And... Remember, there will be rainbows and unicorns, and a happy ending.

Thank you so much for your support! I’m still surprised how well this story has been received so far. Thank you very, very much!

Mycroft had become very quiet through the last part of Sherlock’s revelations. John wondered how much he really had known about the Professor’s research. There was no doubt in John’s mind that Mycroft had worked with the Professor prior to the murder. Only question was, how much he had known about the Professor’s real plans.

No one said anything after Sherlock had explained the futility of breeding identical Omegas. John put four mugs of tea on the table, and then sat down beside Mike. Sherlock placed himself on the other side of John, protectively. Clearly not liking John to be this close to another Alpha.

Mycroft was fidgeting with the mug, face still pale. Mike was looking expectantly at him. When nothing was forthcoming, Mike’s smile faltered and was finally replaced with a frown.

“Mycroft!” Mike’s voice was deep and demanding, very unlike his normally good-natured, soft-spoken tone.

Mycroft actually flinched in his seat, his head bowed. John reacted as well by closing the gap between Sherlock and himself, needing to feel Sherlock’s body pressed close to him. Sherlock looked deeply fascinated at Mike’s apparent power over Mycroft, putting yet another piece of information to the puzzle of their relationship.

“This has to stop,” Mike continued. “I’ve told you so for years. If you don’t take action now, I’ll personally see to it that this stuff’s on the front pages of every single paper tomorrow morning and for weeks to come!”

Mycroft was sagging even further into his chair.

“Don’t, Mike, this,” Mycroft swallowed, “this can’t leave this room. It’s - I didn’t know.”
Mycroft looked pleadingly at Mike. John had to blink several times, not believing what he was witnessing. Mycroft looked incredibly vulnerable. Feeling oddly embarrassed at seeing this proud man crumble, John left the table, dragging a gloating Sherlock with him to the window, turning his back to Mike and Mycroft. Sherlock looked surprised at John, who just shook his head. John leaned into Sherlock, nudging him until Sherlock complied and gently caressed him. In the meantime Mike was reprimanding Mycroft, at one point jumping up from his chair, raising his voice.

“For goodness sake, Mycroft! Are you even aware of your own stupidity?”

Sherlock couldn’t suppress a smirk, and John threw an angry glance up at him.

“Get back here, the two of you,” Mike’s voice was weary now.

John obeyed immediately, while Sherlock attempted to look casual, eventually following John. Mike took a sip from his tea, sitting down, and trying to calm himself, his eyes throwing daggers at a very subdued Mycroft.

“Two things. John is in the clear now. Not only because of the information, Sherlock presented earlier,” Mike shot a warning glance at Sherlock’s self-righteous smile. “For starters, the laws on parental rights and obligations for the Omega are a total mess.”

“But, I thought -” John started, but one look from Mike and he shut up.

“I don’t know what morons you’re working with, Mycroft, but honestly, our law-making dates further back than the 1960’s. Also concerning gender equality and regulations!” Mike added with renewed emphasis, when Mycroft meekly tried to speak up.

“God, I don’t even want to imagine the amount of havoc you and your minions would have caused if John’s case hadn’t turned up,” Mike shook his head, falling silent for a moment.

None of the others tried to say anything, they all waited more or less patiently for him to continue.

“What would’ve been your next move? Confine every single Omega to a breeding farm?”

Mike’s question was meant hypothetical, but the look on Mycroft’s face said it all. Bloody bastard, John thought angrily.

“But,” Mike leaned forward on the table, lifting his hand, and pointing at John, “if you go back to
1884, you can find a law on how an estate is to be divided between its heirs, taking their gender and fertility into account!”

John frowned.

“A law, which had been in use repeatedly over the past years, because greedy heirs didn’t want to share their inheritance with any neutered bondmates of the deceased.”

“And the point being?” John asked.

“You see,” Mike was enjoying himself now, “the law states unambiguously that an unbonded individual and an individual bonded with a neutered person, no matter what gender, are to be treated as equals! And,” Mike tried to keep the amusement out of his voice, seeing exactly the moment John realised what this meant, “a pregnant individual has priority over anybody else when claiming a share of the inheritance. The reason behind this was, that a neutered person of any gender wouldn’t be able to breed, thus wouldn’t be able to produce offspring and ensure the continuance of the family.”

Mike leaned back, resisting closing his speech with an ‘I rest my case’.

“Yeah, so either I’m a piece of furniture or a reproduction machine?” Despite his sarcastic reply, John’s mind was spinning; in fact the whole room seemed to spin as well.

“Either you have no rights at all, or you’re the one who’s calling the shots,” Mike acknowledged with a wide smile.

“How sure are you about this case?” Sherlock asked, sensing John’s agitation and pulling him closer again.

“I’ve talked with my colleagues, and, well,” Mike chuckled, “some of them were quite upset, because this suddenly sheds a very different light on many cases and rulings. So, if we go to court with this, and I sincerely doubt that because Mr Moriarty doesn’t strike me as a stupid man, the trial would set an important precedent in favour of any Omega.”

Mycroft, who had regained his cool facade, cleared his throat.

“This all sounds very - agreeable,” he said disdainfully, belying his own words, “but if you want changes, we need more than one case and one Omega who, no offence, is far from normal.”

Both Mike and Sherlock sent Mycroft an angry look. John didn’t take offence. He sat deep in thought.

“However, if Mike’s right, we better prepare the case, stopping this Moriarty Omega before your Om-,” realising his slip, Mycroft corrected himself, “before John goes into labour. You better take him back home to your place, Sherlock.”

With that, Mycroft rose and left the room, before Mike could tell him off. Instead he started to collect his things. Sherlock watched Mike closely.

“You should talk with Detective Inspector Lestrade,” Sherlock said, apropos of nothing.

“What are you talking about?” Mike asked confused.

Sherlock didn’t say anything, instead winked at Mike who left with a slightly bemused expression. Sherlock turned his attention back to John.
“Lestrade?” John mumbled, turning his head into Sherlock’s shoulder. “That’s the bloke who had been visiting me a few times, when you’re out, right?”

Sherlock nodded. John couldn’t care less right now. He would be able to stay with Sherlock and keep their child. That mattered. That, and an idea, which slowly had been taking shape in his mind over the past weeks.

“Mycroft is right,” Sherlock whispered.

“Mmmh.”

“We should move home,” Sherlock ghosted his lips over John’s ear.

“Mmmh.”

“Now,” Sherlock said, and pulled John up from his chair.

Sherlock half carried John to the sofa and let him slump into the pile of cushions and blankets. Curling up on his side, John faced the room with sleepy eyes. Drained from energy, he just lied on the sofa, mind blank and peaceful.

xOxOxOxOxOx

The following days were a blur to John. The turmoil of the past months had finally caught up with him, and he was unable to help Sherlock packing. It took four days, before Mike came with the papers and documents necessary to release John from his ‘prison’. Sherlock had left him a few hours every day, arranging the flat for their return, leaving him in the care of Lestrade.

John wondered about that, but didn’t protest. Lestrade was one of the few Alphas John had met in life, who didn’t try to put him down or ignore him all together. In fact, John hoped they would keep in touch with Lestrade, since Sherlock had been able to help him on a few cases. Through the past months, John had realised that Sherlock got easily bored. Working with Lestrade on some of his cases, Sherlock’s mind had been occupied with deductions, not needing other kinds of entertainment. John still feared the moment, when Sherlock realised that John wasn’t half as exiting as he seemed to think.

But working with Lestrade also gave Sherlock the possibility to gain experience for his work as a consulting detective. John couldn’t picture Sherlock as anything else now he had seen him work. The only reservations he had were of the economic kind, which Sherlock had dismissed as entirely unnecessary.

In the end, it was Lestrade, who followed them down to reception when the release papers came through, exchanging phone numbers and addresses with Sherlock before they left the Met. Lestrade promised to keep Sherlock in the loop if any interesting cases should show up. Bidding their farewells, Sherlock and John climbed into the waiting cab and drove off.

Sherlock’s flat, well, John thought, their flat contained a living room, a bedroom, kitchen, and a bathroom with both shower and tub. John was too tired to explore it more than just superficially, toppling into the large bed and relishing in the softness of the duvet and sheets. He fell asleep within minutes, leaving a worried Sherlock standing in the doorway, wondering if this was normal for a pregnant Omega.

He had contacted one of his former acquaintances from university earlier, hoping he could persuade her to take care of John’s healthcare and the birth. She had agreed to come by a few days later; wanting to do some research on the subject, before she committed herself to the task.
Sherlock had discussed her with John, and he had agreed on ‘anyone, as long as it wasn’t the
doctor!’ Both knowing whom John was talking about.

John had been sleeping most of the day, when Molly arrived in the early afternoon. He was still on
the sofa, curled into the heap of pillows and blankets; he had managed to locate in the flat. He
didn’t get up, letting Sherlock do the introduction.

Molly was intrigued by Sherlock’s account about John’s pregnancy. He left out the bit about
John’s other Alpha, as well as how the actual impregnation had been accomplished. As far as he
was concerned, John’s child was his, full stop.

Getting off the sofa and making tea was close to an ordeal for John by now, but somehow he
achieved to produce three mugs of tea, knowing that he had to move even if only for a few minutes
at a time. He hadn’t been outside of the flat, though, afraid he wouldn’t able to with the unknown
sensations in his current state. The move from the police station to the flat had already upset him
more than he had expected.

Molly was chatting with Sherlock about their shared university year, and Sherlock was getting
more and more impatient.

“Excuse me,” John broke in, hoping to avoid some kind of rude behaviour from Sherlock, “but,
well, how much do you know about male pregnancies and, maybe more importantly, about giving
birth?”

Molly blushed and started to stutter.

“Ehm, I, well, you see,” she said, nervously giggling. “I’ve been helping with a few childbirths.
Being a Beta and everything,” more giggles, “but, well, I’ve had,” she broke off, looking from
Sherlock to John, and back at Sherlock again, who had to restrain himself from rolling his eyes.

“You’ve done an autopsy on a male Omega once,” Sherlock reminded her.

John almost spat out his tea.

“Wh- what?” Disbelieving, he looked at Sherlock, who looked calmly back at him.

“Oh yes,” Molly continued, much more cheerful. Far too cheerful, John thought.

“You see, I got this Omega male in the morgue.”

“You work in a morgue?” John glowered at Sherlock.

“Yes,” Molly acknowledged enthusiastic, “as an assistant. Helps me get the experience I need. To
become a forensic ex-”

“Yes, thank you, Molly,” Sherlock cut her off, before John got totally unnerved, “the male
Omega?” Sherlock proposed, getting Molly back on track.

“He had died while giving childbirth,” she explained, gesturing with her hands. “The child was
fully developed, but he hadn’t been able to give birth, because it got caught up in the wrong
position,” Molly was talking fast now. “When the doctor decided to do a caesarean, he messed
everything up.”

Again, Molly used her hands to emphasise her story. John sat wide-eyed.
“I don’t know what he had been thinking, but he ended up cutting through several arteries, and damaged most of the vital organs. The Omega died of loss of blood, while the child had died before due to lack of oxygen.”

She paused to get her breath back. John stared at Sherlock, who looked utterly fascinated by Molly’s story. Taking a deep breath, she continued.

“I did the autopsy on the case. It was really fascinating, because the doctor obviously wasn’t aware of the many differences between male and female Omegas. Did you know,” Molly began to elaborate upon the physical differences between male and female Omegas, side tracking on how Betas and Alphas differentiated as well, just to return to the specialities of the male Omega. A truly fascinating subject, according to Molly - and John was sitting entranced, the idea he had been entertaining for some time now becoming more and more tangible.

“... it took me three days and I don’t know how many attempts, but I managed it finally,” Molly declared proudly. “I got the baby turned and got him out of the uterus. I’m sure I could do that again, eyes closed, and everything. It was great, when I realised how the muscles and sinews were keeping the baby in place.”

Molly’s eyes were bright, when she took a sip of her tea, not heeding John’s shocked expression. Sherlock quietly pointed out to Molly to please refrain from using the ‘b’ word again while she was looking after John. Sherlock didn’t give any explanations, and Molly apologised without losing her happy smile. John’s breathing became even once more, cursing himself for being so wimpy about a simple word.

“To be honest,” Sherlock said, “I would’ve preferred you having more experience with living male Omegas.” Oh yes, John thought, me too!

“But you’re probably better suited to help John than any of the doctors, my obnoxious brother had been suggesting,” Sherlock pointed out, Molly seemingly not noticing the implied insult.

Embarrassed, John hid his face in his hands, and then looked up at Molly who was totally absorbed in trying to get Sherlock’s attention. It was obvious she had come because of Sherlock, not because of John. Yet, when she examined him, she was very gentle and careful, explaining in detail what she was about to do, and telling John to stop her, if she was hurting him in any way or he felt uneasy.

John had to admit that he never had experienced a more professional and thorough check-up before. Molly put John’s fatigue down to the progression of the pregnancy, prescribed some pills to help him rebuild his red blood cells, and was firmly instructing Sherlock to make sure, John was allowed to rest during the day.

Remaining on the sofa, John contemplated the idea that had been festering in his mind for some time now. He still didn’t know how to put it into words, much less into action, and at last let his drowsiness took over, letting him drift into a light sleep.

A few days later, John had a cleaning spree. Sherlock escaped when John had ordered him to move his chair for the third time. John finished about two hours later, for once feeling elated and curiously excited, having no idea what caused it.

The flat was clean. Every little spot had been scrubbed and cleared. Lying on the sofa, John felt very satisfied with himself. He fell asleep before Sherlock returned home, and he didn’t see the tender smile on Sherlock’s face on seeing John.
When he woke, John felt peculiar. Sherlock was nowhere to be seen, but John was sure he was in the flat, probably the bedroom. Relieving himself in the bathroom, he suddenly cringed, feeling a stabbing pain in his abdomen. It felt like the start of a heat, and John shook his head in disbelief. This was just not happening to him. Not a heat, not now, for goodness sake! He was almost sure that a heat was a bit not good for their child, or John himself, feeling like a stranded whale most of the time.

The pain subsided. And John waited a moment, before he left the bathroom, hoping the pain was just down to some kind of indigestion.

Nothing happened and John tried to sneak into the bedroom in an attempt to not disturb Sherlock. In vain, because the man was sitting fully awake in the bed, reading a book.

“You should be sleeping, John,” he said kindly, scooting to one side of the bed to make room for John.

John didn’t answer. He climbed in beside Sherlock and cuddled into his side, falling asleep before he could say good night to Sherlock.

An hour later, John jerked up, feeling the stabbing pain in his stomach once more. No, he scowled at himself, not a heat, not now. Sherlock was fondling his hair, and the pain eased after a short while. John relaxed, and was close to sleep again, when the next wave of pain hit him. He groaned, buried his head in Sherlock’s lap, and cursed his biology.

“John?” Sherlock asked quietly.

“I think I’m going into heat,” John sighed, when the pain had subsided again.

Sherlock looked down at John, who was trying to stretch out, just to let out a low whine and curl up again. Sherlock drew in a deep breath and frowned. Then he deliberately sniffed John. His frown deepened.

“John?” Sherlock sounded concerned now.

“Hmm?”

“You’re not going into a heat,” Sherlock stated firmly.

“I’m. Know how it feels,” John’s voice was slurred and he sounded tired.

“No, John,” Sherlock insisted, and John tried to curl into Sherlock’s lap.

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

“John!” Sherlock put his book aside and sat up, causing John to slide down his lap and growl angrily.

“You’re not in heat!” Sherlock repeated annoyed.

“Definitely heat,” John slurred back, wincing when he was hit by another cramp, at the same time trying to move up into Sherlock’s lap again.

“You’re in labour,” Sherlock tried to explain patiently.

John suddenly stillled. He lifted his head, eyes still bleary from sleep, mind foggy, so he shook his head.
“No,” he said, “heat.”

Then he cramped up again, whimpering, apologising.

“Why are you apologising?” Sherlock asked surprised.

“No good for use until body is ready. Hurts a lot,” John tried to explain, voice sounding off.

Sherlock sighed.

“JOHN!” he didn’t shout, just put some firmness behind the words. “You. Are. In. Labour!”

Sherlock got up and very gently rolled John over and under the duvet.

“I’ll call Molly, you just stay here.”

That was an order John had no intention to disobey, being wrecked by yet another flare of pain.

Sherlock was torn between staying and calling Molly. He stayed, stroking John’s back, telling him when to breath in, when to breath out. After a few minutes John was breathing evenly, tension leaving his body. He was sleeping again.

Sherlock hurried to the phone, calling Molly. She sounded sleepy, but told him, that she would be there an hour later. Sherlock went back to John, lying down and spooning him, warming and calming him with his body pressed around John’s.

Somehow Sherlock managed to soothe John, letting him sleep as much as possible. John was hoping to be able avoid a caesarean. They had discussed the risks of natural childbirth, but Molly’s story hadn’t helped John to feel any better about a caesarean.

While Molly hadn’t been able to find more data about male pregnancies or births for the past decades, Sherlock had looked through the Professor’s records. As he had suspected, the Professor had described several cases of both in his notebooks, giving Sherlock a picture of the difficulties these births entailed. The male Omega was in labour for a longer time, and the delivery often caused severe damage to the orifice. What the Professor had omitted from his descriptions was the physical health of the Omega prior to the birth, as well as how much help the Omega was receiving during the birth. Sherlock suspected that many of the pregnant Omegas just had to cope with poor accommodation and food. He had seen pictures and read accounts about the camp, where John’s grandfather had been interned.

The Omegas, who had been experimented on, were kept apart from the others and under slightly better conditions. But the Professor had obviously not had any qualms about using other Omegas in heat for the entertainment of the guards and other personnel of the camp. Several of those heats resulted in pregnancies and even children, who would be a lasting reminder of the terror. John’s father had been such a reminder, Sherlock thought, getting his focus back to the present.

When Molly came, she had taken her boyfriend with her, leaving him in the living room without introducing him to Sherlock. John was having contractions almost constantly by now, and Sherlock didn’t leave him for a second. Molly’s boyfriend fetched water, food, and towels for them, not getting close to the bedroom, since his scent would disturb John’s concentration and probably would cause Sherlock to react viciously.

With every new contraction John could feel part of his muscles relax, while other parts pulled together, opening the birth canal for the child. After a short examination, Molly could tell them that John was at the beginning of the dilation phase. It had been two hours since Sherlock had told
him that he was in labour.

John winced at the prospect of maybe ten more hours of continuing and growing pain, forcing his mind to focus on the reward; he would have their child in his arms when all of this was over. He didn’t allow himself to think of the alternatives, being brought brutally back to the on-going labour by yet another excruciating cramp.

Sherlock’s soothing baritone talked him through the stabbing pain. It helped, having someone to tell you when to breathe, when to relax. Still, seven hours into labour, John was weary, losing his concentration, and was more than once taken by surprise when the violent spasms wrecked through his body.

Molly had conducted an exam on him every hour. The dilation process had been slow, much to John’s dismal.

When the next attack came, John bid back his fatigue, and asked both Sherlock and Molly to please be silent. He needed all his remaining strength to concentrate on his body. Sherlock had enveloped John in his arms, leaning back against the head-post of the bed, John slouching against Sherlock’s chest whenever he had a short reprieve from the pain.

Once the labour had started for good, Sherlock had felt John’s contractions like a dull pain in his chest. He had never felt this close with John, almost like becoming one person, fighting through the agony together, to ensure the healthy delivery of their child.

When the contractions changed three hours later, John cried loudly for the first time. Sherlock looked concerned at Molly.

“The contractions are changing. He’s fully dilated now and he’ll soon be ready to push,” she whispered.

John shushed them, eyes closed, brows knitted. Sherlock caressed his forehead, and John tried to smile, only to grind his teeth together when the next contraction started. He felt something give way inside of him, and his eyes flew open in fear, only to see Molly jump backward with a yelp, wet all over her front.

His questioningly look was answered by Sherlock with a small smile.

“Your water broke. It took Molly by surprise,” he told him, holding his trembling hand, when the contraction continued its onslaught.

John could feel the body inside of him push further down. And after a short break between the waves of pain, the next cramp was fierce. John pushed and screamed at the same time, feeling the body inside of him move closer to his orifice. He could feel the stretch of his skin, and panted hard, feeling as if he had to keep pushing, to keep going.

“I can see the back of his head,” Molly exclaimed cheerfully.

“Her,” John panted, before the next contraction forced another scream out of him, the head of the child pushed out and the rest of the body following smoothly.

“A girl, you’ve got a ba- a girl, a little girl,” Molly was smiling and laughing, gently placing the girl on John’s tummy, taking care of the umbilical cord after Sherlock cut it with the offered scissors. John felt the fatigue and pain drain away; his body was being flooded with relief and an unbelievable happiness.
Sherlock was speechless. The little girl squirming on John’s abdomen was perfect - exquisite, fragile but strong, making small noises, groping with her small fingers and trying to lift her head. John looked equally stunned at the little person, very, very carefully holding her, making sure she wouldn’t slip from his belly. He looked up at Sherlock with wide, wondering eyes.

Molly was all worked up, but when John flinched, having yet another contraction, she remembered he had to push out the placenta as well. It went out easy enough, and checking it, nothing was missing, showing it to both Sherlock and John, before disposing of it.

John was reluctant to give their little girl to Molly, but she had to be cleaned up, and both Sherlock and Molly made sure, she was as healthy as she looked. Being parted from John had her crying in no time, making John very nervous. Cleaned up, she was put back on John’s chest, where she immediately started nuzzling to find his nipples. John helped and a few moments later the sound of a healthy sucking was filling the room. Molly silently slipped out of the room, only to return a few moments later with two cups of tea for John and Sherlock. Sherlock had again joined John on the bed, curling his arm around him and pulling him close to his chest. He was caressing their daughter, too perplexed to say anything.

They both took a sip of the tea, leaning into each other and curling up around their little daughter, who was still sucking noisily.

Without any warning Sherlock and John suddenly felt drowsy, and both of them drifted off, feeling their limbs getting heavy.

They weren’t able to move when James came in, a wicked grin on his face. Sherlock’s clouded mind was screaming at him to protect his Omega and his child, but his body wouldn’t obey his bidding. He was helpless, when James took a syringe and drew blood from John. John was unconscious, the exhausting labour and the drug leaving him at the mercy of James.

When James stuck their child, she started to cry, fury welling up in Sherlock, who managed to throw himself at James. But it was futile. James had gotten what he wanted, and left the three of them alone, just taking the two blood-samples with him.

John had stirred, when their child cried, but he was left utterly helpless. Sherlock was able to crawl out of the bed, finding Molly unconscious in the kitchen. He made it to the phone and called Lestrade, mumbling ‘Moriarty’ before his body had to give in to the drug as well.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

First of all: so sorry for the late update.

On the bright side: you get both the last chapter and the Epilogue in one go.

And same procedure as always -

Warnings:

This is neither beta'ed nor britpicked.

It is Omega-verse and John finally goes into heat... so expect the last part to be a tiny bit explicit.

But: Rainbows and unicorns! And a happy ending - well, almost.

And: THANK YOU! It has been a great experience to write this story and get all of your support. Thank you so very, very much!!!

Mycroft was the last to arrive at Sherlock’s flat. He was expecting the worst, since Lestrade hadn’t been able to give him any information other than Moriarty had been in the flat and Sherlock had passed out while on the phone. The ambulance outside didn’t help much to calm his nerves, and the place was crawling with police officers who looked nervous.

When he arrived inside the living room, the sense of déjà vu was overwhelming. A small, very angry man stood at the door leading to the kitchen and bedroom, holding one of the kitchen table chairs in front of him like a shield. Lestrade and two other police officers were standing out of reach, trying to calm the man down.

One deep breath later, Mycroft knew that Sherlock’s aggressive little Omega had given birth, which made the whole incident even the more ridiculous. Still standing in the doorway, Mycroft hid his face in his hand and groaned silently. What was wrong with this Omega? Couldn’t he just for once behave like he was supposed to? Hadn’t he a baby to take care of right now instead of threatening police officers?

Lestrade stood closest to the Omega, raising his hands.

“John, please, I just want to make sure everything is alright with Sherlock and your baby,” Lestrade said calmly, surprised at the wince John gave when he mentioned the baby.

“Sherlock is fine, our child is fine,” John’s voice was low, “you’re not going anywhere near them.”

There was no doubt that he was serious. Mycroft felt a headache building behind his eyes, and cleared his throat to get the attention of everyone in the room, which at the time being included the three police men, two paramedics, someone from forensics, and a half conscious woman, whom Mycroft identified as Molly Hooper, a fellow student from Sherlock’s university days. Far too many people, no doubt about that. Still, everyone had a task to attend to, if this Omega would let
“Mr Holmes,” with a mocking politeness John had turned his attention toward Mycroft. “Welcome to the party. Would you please see to it, that these people are leaving right now, including Molly and the medics? Lestrade, you could prove more useful chasing down James and Sebastian. I have no idea, why they wanted a blood sample from our girl and me, but-”

Mycrocut him off.

“A blood sample?”

Mycroft felt like he had been hit in the stomach. Moriarty knew, he realised, feeling his blood drain from his face. The Omega had known all along, and the Professor must have had negotiations with other parties as well. The DNA, Mycroft cursed himself for having been so slow. The other party didn’t know what Sherlock had revealed about the Professor’s research. The Moriarty Omega didn’t know about that either. He should have known this, should have anticipated this move. They had all been focussed on the information stored on the computer, instead of looking at the original research. It was all he could do not to slap himself.

John looked at him, without losing his vigilance to the police officers. His eyes narrowed.

“What’s this all about, then?” He demanded.

Mycroft regained some of his arrogant attitude, cleared his throat one more time before he answered.

“I’ll come back to that at a later time, John,” Mycroft said with only a slight wrinkle of his nose.

He had to gain this Omega’s trust somehow, not only because of his own blatant mistakes in this case, but he had to admit that John had been good for Sherlock. And Sherlock was obviously going to be bonded with this man, hopefully sooner than later. Of course, once John trusted him, maybe Mycroft would be able to continue some of the research... better wait with that part for now, he thought, pulling himself back to the current situation.

“I get it that all of you had been drugged, then?” he looked questioningly at John, who still didn’t lower the chair.

“Yes,” John answered, warily.

“But no harm has been done, other than the taking of blood?”

Lestrade had backed away, motioning his officers to follow, letting Mycroft conduct the interview. John just nodded, looking at Lestrade as if he was expecting a surprise attack.

“I put it, that you rather would like to spent the next few days alone with Sherlock and your new-born child,” Mycroft didn’t wait for an acknowledgement before he continued, “so I would suggest that Lestrade will be put in charge of hunting down Moriarty, while I’ll take care of your immediate security,” raising a hand to silence John, Mycroft continued over his protests. “I’ll make sure nobody gets into the flat. Including the security detail. I’ll see to it that food and other necessities are delivered in the next hours, so you won’t be disturbed later. Would that be amenable?”

John’s shoulders relaxed slightly. He was not entirely convinced of Mycroft’s sincerity, but neither of the men in the room made a move at him when he lowered the chair to the ground.
“I want Mike and Molly back here in a week. Mike will have to draw up some papers concerning the parental custody if something should happen to me or to both Sherlock and me,” John explained his request. “Make sure Molly is taken care of. It’s not her fault what happened today. And I don’t want anybody else as my doctor.”

Mycroft suppressed an indignant huff. John trusted this young Beta woman more than he trusted his soon to be bondmate’s brother. Whatever, Mycroft gave a strained nod to indicate his compliance to John, then signalled the other people in the room to leave. The paramedics helped the Beta female to her feet and guided her down the stairs; she was still wobbly on her legs.

With a final nod, Mycroft turned around and left the flat, closing the door behind him. Taking a deep breath, he prepared himself for the tasks at hand, already organising, and planning out the next steps to be taken.

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John trembled all over, once Mycroft had left the room with his entourage. He pulled himself up and stumbled back into the bedroom, where Sherlock was lying on the bed, their little girl on his bare chest, caressing her gently. He didn’t look up when John entered the room, closing the door silently behind him.

John could feel Sherlock’s distress through their bond. Sherlock was the Alpha, he should have been able to prevent this. John shook his head and rubbed his face in his hand. What a mess, he thought. He didn’t need a guilt-ridden Alpha now; he needed the father for his child to be able to bond with her.

He took off his clothes, except for his pants, and climbed into bed feeling relieved to finally being alone and safe again.

“Mycroft will take care of security,” John whispered softly, placing a light kiss on Sherlock’s head.

Sherlock didn’t look at him, but continued to stroke the little girl.

“How is she?” John asked, trying to elicit some kind of response from Sherlock.

“Amelia,” Sherlock said in a toneless voice, bowing his head, and avoiding to look at John.


“My mother’s name,” Sherlock explained.

“Your brother will be pissed off,” John said with a grin.

Sherlock huffed, but a small smile was finding its way onto his face.

“So, Amy it is, then,” John said fondly, pulling both Sherlock and their little girl closer. Sherlock kept his eyes averted, and John sighed. This wouldn’t do.

“Sherlock,” John had placed himself next to him, now cupping Sherlock’s face and turning it towards him. “It’s fine. We’re all fine.”

He forced Sherlock to look at him, and they both looked into each other’s eyes, Amy placed safely on Sherlock’s chest between them. John held Sherlock’s gaze, trying to convey his feelings without using words. Sherlock looked exposed and fragile, feeling that he had failed to keep his family safe. John was certain that Sherlock had taken a far stronger dose of the drug than him, simply
because James wouldn’t want the blood to be tainted. And John would be weaker than the Alpha. Still, Sherlock had managed to react and even call Lestrade, which should have been impossible by all John knew.

When John had woken up again, he had found Sherlock beside the phone, which was dangling off the hook, beeping with the busy signal. He managed to half carry, half drag him back to the bedroom and onto the bed. Amelia had whimpered, and even in his drug-addled mind Sherlock had reached out and comforted her, leaving John to deal with the people, who were invading their home by then.

It really was all fine as far as John was concerned. And there were more important matters to attend to, like bonding with their new-born, food, drink, and sleep.

John had forced Sherlock to keep looking at him, not letting him turn his head away. Now he was leaning forward and closing the gap between them and kissed Sherlock once more. Amelia was making small noises, announcing it was time for her to be fed again. John put himself into a comfortable position, motioned to Sherlock to put Amelia into his arms, and then let the little one find her way to his nipple. A few moments later sucking noises filled the room.

Sherlock cuddled into John’s side, observing every little move of the small human being and just watching in awe. For the next week nothing else was important. John would see to it, that all three of them would get the nutrition they needed, and both Sherlock and John kept the bedroom meticulously clean, while Amelia wasn’t left alone and without some kind of skin on skin contact at any given time. Sherlock proved to be the most reluctant to leave the Amelia. The visits to the loo were kept at a minimum and drawn out until he had to go, always hastening to get back.

While Amelia was the centre of cuddling and safekeeping, John and Sherlock used the time to discuss how they wanted their future to be. Sherlock had to become a detective, John was in no doubt, and they had to find a bigger flat, since they both wanted more children. John had to touch on another, more precarious, subject as well. What if both of them died? After some discussions, they settled on wanting Mike and Penny as the ones, who should get custody over Amelia. John didn’t want Mycroft to have any kind of access to the child, and he hoped that Mike could come up with some kind of solution for that problem. He was certain, that Mike had some kind of power over Mycroft, some kind of secret. The two of them had met at university, even shared a room back then.

The week passed fast, and John hadn’t felt it was the right time to press another subject that was on his mind. It would have to wait, he decided, feeling the bond between the three of them deepen, which meant that Amelia was able to relax even if none of her parents were cuddling her. In the end, Sherlock had to learn to let go and leave Amelia all by herself for short periods of time, so she would be able to develop her part of the bond.

Seeing Sherlock in the role of the caretaker put a smile on John’s face more than once. He had always expected an Alpha to be quite indifferent to their children, as long as they were in a protected and safe environment. But Sherlock was not only protective, he was exceedingly caring, which sometimes left John in the role of the provider of food and more mundane tasks.

The reality of the outer world was thrown upon on them by the end of the week. A very remorseful Molly confirmed that both John and Amelia were doing great, John having healed well, while Amelia had gained quite some weight. Sherlock was under strict orders from John not to harass Molly. John had grown fond of her, especially her polite manners while examining him, making the whole ordeal less embarrassing and uncomfortable.

Mike showed up with a bunch of paperwork and was taken aback when presented with the wish to
have Penny and him as the guardians for their child, should anything happen to both Sherlock and John. Mike didn’t need much persuasion, and Penny’s answer was just a ‘where do I sign’.
Mycroft’s part, or better his not being a part of the arrangement, didn’t need to be elaborated upon, Mike knowing him too well.

All in all, the little family had to find their new routines and ways to interact with each other and the world around them. John for one had to get used to do the shopping, stepping outside the flat and exploring the streets, shops, and places close by. Sherlock accompanied him to start with, but soon grew bored of the tediousness of a shopping trip, staying at home instead. He observed Amelia’s newest progress in mimicking the expressions on his face, letting John in on how well she was doing when he came up the stairs, dragging the heavy shopping bags with him. John grumbled an answer, before entering the kitchen and emptying the bags.

Mycroft visited soon after Mike, but had nothing new on the Moriarty situation. It was clear that Moriarty had sold the blood to the highest bidder, together with some of the information, the Professor had stored on the computer and several discs, the latter had disappeared the night the Professor was killed. Without knowing anything about the previous research, a buyer would believe the Professor’s ideas on the Omega Plus to be valid. John had frowned at that, not wanting anyone to be subjected to the cruel tests the Professor had devised.

For once, Mycroft agreed, and had taken the first steps to ‘leak’ important research results to the countries that were the potential buyers, to ensure that the Professor’s work would be exposed as fraudulent. James and Sebastian on the other hand had managed to escape without a trace, giving Mycroft the perfect excuse to uphold the security and surveillance of Sherlock’s flat.

During his visit, Sherlock had carried Amelia on his arms, not letting her coming close to Mycroft, in fact not talking to his brother at all. In the end, John told Sherlock to let Mycroft take a look at his niece. Sherlock complained grudgingly, and both brothers stood as if they were guarding their territories. When John mentioned Amelia’s name, Mycroft looked quite displeased. Sherlock didn’t even try to hide his smirk, and John just let out a sigh, wondering what it would take to get the two brothers to bury the hatchet.

Finally, Lestrade arrived, and Sherlock was whisked away on a new case, though not before he had given strict orders on how John had to take care of Amelia and, on his return, had to give a full account about what she had been up to during the day. Which wasn’t much, being just about two months old by then. Sherlock stayed awake through the night, thinking about the case, and taking care of Amelia, and in the morning he called Lestrade, telling him whom to arrest.

In the following months things in fact turned into some kind of a routine, Sherlock helping Lestrade, and John staying at home, enjoying the stories Sherlock could tell, and having to report on Amelia’s development in great detail.

When Amelia turned six months old, John had been weaning her for the last weeks, and she had stayed over at Mike and Penny’s a few times, giving Sherlock and John a much needed break to re-establish the intimacy in their relationship.

One morning, John woke up irritated and coming down with a slight fever. No matter what Sherlock tried, John would snap at him. By midmorning, Sherlock had figured out what was going on, and had phoned Mike, hoping he could take Amelia for the next few days. Mike was delighted but had to reschedule a few meetings before he could fetch Amelia. By the time he arrived, Sherlock had to lock up John in the bedroom, before he could let Mike come into the flat. His Alpha instincts had kick in fully, and it was all he could do not to physically assault Mike, when he entered the living room, coming far too close to Sherlock’s Omega. Mike was grinning widely and
lifting a happy gurgling Amelia up, took her bag, and left the flat as fast as he could. Sherlock closed and locked the door behind him, putting a chair under the door handle, before he went back to a furious John, who was banging against the bedroom door, totally clueless what all this was about.

“Why does Amelia have to stay at Mike’s? I’ve a fever, I know, but I’m sure it’s nothing severe, and Amel—” before he could babble on, Sherlock shut him up with a fierce kiss on his mouth, taking John by surprise. Sherlock didn’t release him, before he could feel John’s body relax into his arms.

Gasping for air, John looked bewildered at Sherlock.

“You’ve no idea, do you?” Sherlock asked him, not really believing that John didn’t know what was going on. John shook his head, staring at Sherlock with wide eyes, as if seeing him for the first time.

“Take off your clothes, John,” Sherlock said softly, guiding him back to their bed.

John was pliant, and began to undress. When he opened the fly of his trousers, his eyes narrowed, then he looked up at Sherlock again, understanding dawning.

“I, I’m in heat?” he asked confused.

“Yes,” Sherlock wondered, why John couldn’t feel what was happening to him. The whole flat was permeated by John’s scent, and Sherlock wondered how long it would take before his body and mind went into a full-blown Alpha rut.

“But,” John looked as if he couldn’t believe it. “It doesn’t hurt.”

Again those big eyes, as if he was looking at Sherlock for the very first time. Wonder, trust, and love, they said. And Sherlock felt it, through their bond, in himself, flowing both ways.

Sherlock helped John with his trousers and pants. John was beginning to lubricate, and Sherlock could feel his own body response, when his long fingers pried their way in between John’s cheeks, catching a small amount of the fluid dripping from John’s hole. John caught his breath when he watched Sherlock lick his long, slender fingers clean, one by one, finishing with closing his lush lips around it, and letting the finger slip slowly out of his mouth before repeating the movement with the next.

John’s eyes were dark, pupils blown wide, his cock hard and dripping. Sherlock stripped slowly out of his clothes, one button at a time, his shirt giving way to his bare shoulders, chest, and pink nipples. John’s breathing sped up, while he watched how Sherlock’s hands motioned downwards, opening his trousers, which showed Sherlock’s own arousal very clearly. Sherlock’s cock seemed to be fighting its way out of the offending fabric, standing erect once pants and trousers were out of its way. The tip was glinting with precome, but John’s eyes wandered down the shaft to its very base. In the nest of black, curly hair, John could see the knot. Still small, but beginning to take form. John was whimpering, unable to use words to express his desire. The powerful smell from the Alpha was enticing, and John could feel the changes taking place in his body. He was lubricating freely now, his hole softening, opening.

The pheromones in the room were engulfing them, overriding their civilised manners and inhibitions. Sherlock could feel how his mind was narrowing on the Omega in front of him. ‘Take! Mark! Mate! Breed!’ were imperatives and all he could focus on. Gone were his concerns whether John’s body would be able to cope with another pregnancy so soon, whether John wanted to be
marked. The small Omega was his, and he would take him now, and mark him so the whole world would know that he belonged to Sherlock.

John’s mind was equally focussed. ‘Submit!’ and he on his knees, reaching for Sherlock’s cock, needed to feel it inside of him, to please him, to be pleased by it. Greedily, he started to suck, letting his tongue swirl around the glans, finding the small slit, hollowing his cheeks to get more friction. He could feel Sherlock, in his mouth, through his bond, his whole body felt like it was one with the Alpha looming over him, taking his mouth and thrusting into him, deep, strong, without mercy. And John took him, all the way, gagging slightly, forcing himself to relax into every push from Sherlock, breathing whenever he pulled halfway out, just to push in and down again.

It wasn’t enough. John needed Sherlock inside of him, needed to be filled by him, to be bred. One last deep push, holding it for a few seconds, making John choke, before pulling back out, and then Sherlock was manhandling John onto the bed, spreading his legs, lapping the copious amount of fluid from John’s thighs, circling closer and closer to his eager hole, which was twitching invitingly when Sherlock pushed inside. John was begging Sherlock to take him, to fill him up, barely able to form coherent sentences by now. The whimper had grown into a keening sound, which went straight down to Sherlock’s cock and had him pushing John’s legs apart, and forcefully thrust into John, balls deep, forcing John’s upper body down onto the bed, giving better access to his arse. Then the rutting started for good. Sherlock pounded into John, his cock harder than he ever thought possible, the knot inflating. Increasing the speed, not taking notice of John’s pleads to go faster and deeper. John had ejaculated several times already, when Sherlock’s knot forced its way into his abused hole and deeper into his welcoming body. All John could do was panting, repeating ‘yes, yes, yes’ and ‘please, please, please’, while Sherlock took him in every sense of the word. Sherlock could feel his balls draw up, his body tensing, then uncoiling when his first orgasm hit him, forcing John over the edge one more time, causing his body to tense its muscles around Sherlock’s knot, milking him with every spasm, and throwing both the Omega and the Alpha into a succession of orgasms, which left John limp and boneless, while the knot held Sherlock inside John’s body, deflating slowly.

Both of them had fallen onto the bed, unable to stay on their hands and knees. John could feel the seed filling him, again and again his body squeezed the knot, emptying it for every little drop of semen. Sherlock’s teeth were grazing John’s shoulder and neck, finding his mark, the hickey, skin unbroken but the mark itself tender and sensitive.

“My,” Sherlock growled, nipping at it with his teeth.

John was baring his throat and neck to him, Sherlock’s continued sucking of the mark was pure pleasure, and he let himself indulge in it, unable to reciprocate, wondering how Sherlock had the energy to continue his exploration of John’s body.

Finally, Sherlock knot had subsided, and with a satisfied sigh he slid out of John. The sheets of the bed were drenched in bodily fluids, but John couldn’t care less. If he could, he would have wrapped himself into one of the sheets and slept until the next wave hit him. As it was, he wasn’t able to move a finger, filled with Sherlock’s seed, and feeling a faint humming through the bond. A reminder of what was to come. With that thought, John closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Sherlock nuzzling his balls, taking in John’s scent, waked him. Turning his head to the side, once more baring his neck and throat to Sherlock invitingly, he let out a deep sigh when Sherlock took him into his mouth, causing John’s body to release a new wave of pheromones, readying Sherlock’s body for the upcoming bonding session. His balls were heavy, his cock leaking, and when he let go of John, he was hit by a new, different fragrance. Sweet and strong, telling him that John was ripe for breeding. A feral grin was on Sherlock’s face as he closed in on John’s neck,
again attacking his mark, sucking hard, eliciting a whine from John, his body writhing underneath him. Their slick cock’s sliding against each other, trapped between their bodies. John was begging to be filled, to feel Sherlock inside of him.

“I’m going to make you mine, John, mark you, breed you,” Sherlock was whispering into John’s ear, biting into the earlobe.

“Yes, please, please, please,” John was sobbing, sexual need overriding everything else.

And Sherlock complied, sliding into John easily, groaning when he felt his knot growing, his balls even heavier, his body reacting with the mixed scent of breeding and bonding.

John was lying on his back underneath Sherlock, looking at his Alpha with half-lidded eyes, lips parted, his body thrashing, until Sherlock pinned him down with his hands, John’s legs over his shoulders. John was at his mercy, unable to move. He threw his head back, begging, moaning, while Sherlock was forcing his knot into John. John’s cock was throbbing, and when Sherlock began to move in earnest, John bucked up against Sherlock, wanting him to take the bite, to mark him for good. Sherlock could feel the building of his orgasm, and latching onto his mark on John’s neck, he sucked hard, pushing into John at the same time. John came with a cry, and Sherlock bid down hard, his knot expanding inside John, filling him. Sherlock was sucking blood from the bite mark, and John’s body was shuddering through an on-going orgasm, leaving him helplessly panting and sobbing, pleasure bordering on pain.

Sherlock licked off more of the blood, mixing his saliva with John’s blood, starting another chain reaction in both their bodies. They could feel the bond expanding, feeling what the other felt, becoming one entity, one body, one mind. John had never felt like this before, neither had Sherlock. Both looking at each other in wonder, and a deep understanding unfolding between them without any words.

They stayed in this cocoon of warmth and closeness, until John’s body released Sherlock. One deep breath told Sherlock that the breeding had been successful. John’s scent was changing, and changing fast, Sherlock realised, wondering if it indicated some kind of condition, he should worry about.

John wasn’t in any shape to react, when Sherlock changed the sheets and cleaned him up. John was fast asleep, his body relaxed. Sherlock caressed his Omega, making sure he was comfortable. The heat pheromones were fading fast now. Sherlock wasn’t surprised. John’s body had probably reacted to soon to the presence of his Alpha, in fact not being fully recovered from the pregnancy and birth. Sherlock didn’t know much about the normal reaction of an Omega during heat, but even when breeding and bonding, the heat would last longer than three days. They hadn’t even made it past the second day, and John’s heat was receding. Sherlock knew, he had to take care of his bondmate the next few days, making sure he got the rest he needed, was kept well fed and satisfied.

John would need every little bit of help he could get. Being pregnant again, and having Amelia to care about as well. Sherlock bend down and placed a light kiss on John’s forehead. He looked peaceful and boyish, face relaxed and a small smile playing around his mouth.

Sherlock was fully dressed and had prepared breakfast, when John woke up. Bleary eyed he looked surprised at Sherlock, then groaned trying to sit up. Every little muscle in his body ached, and he felt tired, so very tired. Sherlock sat down beside him, feeding him and helping him drink his tea and some juice.

John lay back, closing his eyes, deciding that now was as good as any time to ask Sherlock.
“I,” he started, swallowed, because his voice was thick, “I would like to go to the university. To study -”


Sherlock didn’t realise slip, before John forced himself to sit up straight, wincing because of the pain shooting through his body.

“Yeah, for some of us that might be the case, while others,” John was angry and hurt, didn’t finish the sentence, just waved his hand about.

Sherlock looked at him in shock.

“John, I’m, I didn’t want to,” he tried to find the right words. “Yes, of course, of course you can go to the university. I didn’t mean to,” Sherlock took a deep breath, smelling John’s pregnancy, reminding him of the miracle happening right beside him, “I’m sorry, John.”

John’s face softened again, and he felt the warmth flooding through the bond, the sheer joy of being alive, of having bonded with the most remarkable man on Earth. John shook his head. Must be the pheromones, he thought with a small smile.

“It’s alright, Sherlock,” he said, tired and fighting off the sleep a few more moments. “I want to become a doctor. Like my grandfather.”
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This was how our Dad and Papa started.

How I was conceived.

And, maybe most importantly in light of later events, how Moriarty became a part of our lives.

Dad went on to become the first Omega since the Second World War to attend a university. It was a hard fight for him, but Papa was at his side the whole way. Uncle Mike was an invaluable help. Insane laws, unbelievable traditions, and yes, sometimes biology were obstacles, Dad had to get round. He had to learn how to defend himself physically, even when in class, because some Alphas simply didn’t get the message.

Bonded and with four kids, one should think even the most stupid... well, don’t get me started. Let’s just say, Papa used his deductions more than once to tell people off in front of the whole university. I was told that it was quite spectacular. Whenever Papa showed up together with Dad, people would gather around them to get the best look at the guy who had dared to offend Dad. And they got what they came for. The guy was verbally stripped to the bone, sometimes needing therapy to get over the trauma.

Dad always felt sorry for the poor bugger, but this was the one thing where Papa every single time went all Alpha on Dad and his surroundings. Try to insult Dad, and Papa would tear you to pieces.

We moved, once the twins were born. That’s how Mrs Hudson became part of our lives. Papa had known her through some case of his, and she had this big house with several flats in the middle of London. The perfect place for Papa’s consulting detective service and much later for Dad’s clinic.

Dad made it through med school, getting a bachelor in surgery. He started the small clinic in our basement. It became the first clinic in the country to specialise in Omega biology and psychology.

Dad only worked part time in the clinic, because he loved to help Papa on his cases. Running around London with Papa was the best thing Dad knew. He wrote about it. First as short stories in a magazine, later he had his own blog. It helped boost Papa’s business, but it also attracted somebody, we had forgotten all about. In fact, only uncle Mycroft had tried to keep tabs on James Moriarty and Sebastian Moran.

I think, Papa knew right away. But he didn’t tell Dad. He knew how much it would upset him. I had my suspicions when uncle Mycroft increased the security around my brothers and little sister. We had moved out of the house by then, started our own lives, and we were scattered all over the country. I’m sure uncle Mycroft ended up with one of his migraines, organising our safety.

But both Papa and uncle Mycroft kept Dad in the dark about who organised the crimes, Papa was working on during the last months. When Dad found out that Moriarty was behind it all, he was furious. He knew that Moriarty had become obsessed with Papa, wanting him as his second bonded. Playing games with Papa, giving him puzzles to solve, almost drove Dad and Papa apart.

Dad didn’t tell us the whole story. Much of it could be read in the papers. But not the more intimate parts. Moriarty was manipulating Papa to get back at Dad. For what, I’m not sure, but I guess it had something to do with Dad being Papa’s bondmate, taking him away from Moriarty,
who considered himself to be the better match.

When Moriarty realised that he couldn’t drive a wedge between Papa and Dad, he turned on Papa instead. Forced him to take the jump, after Moriarty had killed himself.

At the time, we didn’t know why he did it. Uncle Mycroft told us later about the sniper, about Moran, and a crime organisation, Moriarty had been building through the years. All of that common knowledge by now.

Back then we were in shock. Dad went into a coma, and I’ve never seen uncle Mycroft that anxious. He didn’t seem to grieve his brother, but he was genuinely distressed by Dad’s condition. Him and Molly were by his side constantly. We were sent home every night to sleep and be well rested for keeping the vigil the next day. I don’t know how it was possible, but Dad recovered after a week. Uncle Mycroft had a hard time hiding his joy, and Molly was all tears and apologies - no idea why she apologised, but then again, she’s always a funny one.

But Dad had changed. He became withdrawn and reserved. Only smiling, when all of us kids were visiting or he came to visit one of us. A year later he signed up for the army, as a doctor. We had quite a fight about it, but he stood his ground. He felt he could be of more use as an army doctor than as a specialist on the Omega. His research and findings were well documented and he had employed several doctors at his clinic, who would be able to continue his work.

Uncle Mycroft must have been pulling more than one string to get Dad into the army as a doctor. And I still haven’t figured out, why he did it. We were really angry with him, but he insisted that it was Dad’s wish - as if that ever counted in uncle Mycroft’s universe - and that he couldn’t refuse. He even had the audacity to claim that he would see to it that Dad was kept safe.

Yes, right. We now know how well that went. Within a year Dad was shipped out to Afghanistan, and stayed there for almost another year. When we got the message ‘missing in action’, none of us could believe it.

It took some time, but we were all reunited. Later. Much later. But that’s another story to be told at another time...

Chapter End Notes

A/N: That’s it. For now. Thank you all very, very much for reading and commenting!

It has been an unbelievable journey for me *bows deeply* Thank you :D

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