Molly in Wonderland

by AlessNox

Summary

When Mycroft asks Molly to help him find where Sherlock has gone, Molly falls down the stairs into another world where things are not quite the same.

WARNING: This story is complete and utter fluff.
I had to write it because someone suggested the topic to me, and I couldn't stop laughing.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
What a trip!

Molly was beginning to get very tired of sitting by herself in the lab. She had stayed up half the night helping Sherlock analyze the composition of several identical samples of cheese from Azerbaijan, but half an hour ago he had jumped up from the microscope screaming out "Eureka!" and saying that he had to get something from the canteen.

Molly was wondering if she should continue measuring the pH of the samples, or if she should slip away to her office to take a little nap when Mycroft Holmes came in through the door.

Mycroft was dressed impeccably in a pale grey three-piece suit, a short black coat, and white kid gloves wrapped around the hooked handle of a black umbrella. Molly had never seen a man wearing white gloves before. It reminded her of her former pet rabbit Flopsy who was grey with white paws.

"Where has Sherlock gotten to this time?" Mycroft asked. "He knows that today is the National Lawn Tennis Championship. Can't he for once be on time?"

Molly stood up. Her blue scrubs and white lab coat looking somehow childish next to the formality of his brushed wool coat. "Is Sherlock going to see a game of Lawn Tennis?" She asked.

"Certainly not." Mycroft said pulling out his pocket watch, "But it appears that he is going to make me late. The ambassador from Baku, Azerbaijan has come to talk about dairy trade agreements and Sherlock calls to tell me to stop all imports now when we are just about to sign! Where is he?"

"He said that he was going to the canteen." Molly said, "I could go look for him if you'd like to wait."

"Wait?" Mycroft said opening and then slamming his pocket watch with a snap before placing it back into the pocket of his waistcoat, "No time to wait! I'll go there myself."

Mycroft turned and left the lab. His smart black oxfords clicking as he walked down the hall. Molly rushed out after him.

Despite being ever so slightly overweight, Mycroft Holmes could move at quite a clip if he wanted to. Molly had trouble keeping up with him. His coat flapped and his umbrella clicked on the floor as he walked down the hallway turning into the stairwell. Molly rushed over to the stairs and looked down. She could hear his footsteps but she could no longer see him.

As she ran down the stairs after him, her foot slipped and she fell. She found herself rolling down, down, down the stairs until everything around her went black.

Molly awoke and sat up putting her hand to her head. She was alone at the base of the stairs. "I'm glad that no one saw me fall like that." She said, "How embarrassing, but I don't hear Mycroft anywhere. How long have I been sitting here? Surely somebody would have seen me if it had been a long time. What if I had lain here for hours? Then would anyone have even noticed that I was gone?"

"I suppose that my cat, Toby, would notice. There wouldn't be anyone to feed him. I suppose that he could try to feed himself on mice if there were any in my flat. I left the bathroom window open. He might be able to catch a bird to eat or a bat. What a silly thought. A cat eating a bat in a flat."
Molly thought as she stood up and continued her trip to the canteen in search of Sherlock.

Neither Mycroft nor Sherlock were in the canteen when she got there, so Molly looked around to see what there was to eat. She was looking at the flavored yogurt when the cashier called her over. "You Molly Hooper?" He asked.

"Yes, that's me." She said her hands in the pockets of her white lab coat.

"Sherlock Holmes told me to give you this." He said and handed Molly a large canvas bag. Molly opened the bag and looked inside it. It was full of different kinds of snacks: Crisps, fizzy drinks, candy bars, and other things, but with brand names that she had never seen before. Who had ever heard of Jabberwocky soda?

She went to a table and pulled out a bag of crisps. Someone had taped a note to the front. It said EAT ME.

Molly opened the bag and pulled out one crisp. She had just started a diet. In her diet, it was okay to eat crisps as long as you counted them. Yesterday, she had counted fifty three. "One." she said as she put a crisp into her mouth.

Molly immediately began to fan herself. The crisp was extra spicy. Blood rushed into her face and all along the surface of her skin. She tried to take off her lab coat, but the buttons were in the way, so she pulled the coat over her head.

Just then Mycroft came back into the room. He walked over to her. "Have you seen Sherlock?"

Molly pulled at the neck of her blue shirt fanning herself with the cloth.

Noticing her distress, Mycroft reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a Chinese fan that he passed to her. She opened it fanning herself until she had cooled down enough to talk.

"Is that better, Miss Hooper?" he asked.

"Yes, much better." Molly said.

"I see that Sherlock is NOT here." He said, "I shall go on. If you see him, please tell him that I am expecting his call."

Molly passed the fan back to Mycroft who took it in his white gloved hand returning it to his coat pocket before walking away.

Just then Molly's phone beeped. She picked up her lab coat and pulled out the phone. The message read...

MOLLY THE CRISPS MAKE YOU HOT. SH

Molly smirked. "I figured that out already, Sherlock." she said to no one in particular. Looking across the room at Mycroft's retreating back, she wondered what would have happened if she had given one to him. Would he have ripped off his coat, jacket and waistcoat?

If someone ate enough of these, would they strip themselves naked? Molly imagined Mycroft naked except for his shoes, socks, and white kid gloves. He would probably stand there leaning on his umbrella, trying to look dignified. She laughed. Of course, Molly couldn't really imagine Mycroft eating anything so common as a crisp, but it was a funny image nonetheless.
Her phone beeped again and she frowned as she read.

BRING THE BAG TO MY FLAT. SH

Here was Sherlock telling her what to do again. Molly was tired of being treated as a servant. Sherlock ordered her around all of the time, asking her to get him coffee, or to do tests as if she was his paid assistant, and not someone with her own job to do. She had every intention of dropping the bag on the table and going back to her office, but then she imagined what would happen if she fed Sherlock an entire bag of these crisps.

Her eyes glazed over.

Molly placed the bag on her shoulder and rushed out of the canteen toward 221B Baker Street.
The Doormouse

As Molly approached 221B Baker street, a sudden downpour split the sky. Unfortunately she did not carry an umbrella like Mycroft, and so she soon became soaked. She stepped aside into a convenient doorway to wait for the rain to let up. In a moment, another person rushed into the same doorway, a soaked newspaper over his head. He crowded into the narrow space looking away politely until the two of them realized that they knew each other. It was John.

"Molly is that you?" John asked his wet newspaper tearing in two as he used it to block the spray from the street.

"Oh John, I didn't recognize you," Molly said, "You look like a drowned rat."

"Well thanks," John said insulted.

"Oh Sorry, I didn't mean it that way," Molly said, "You're much cuter than a rat. Maybe a drowned mouse."

John turned away from her, facing toward the spray to watch as a woman with an umbrella shuffled past through the flood.

"This was sudden," Molly said, "I wonder if they'll cancel the Lawn Tennis championship?"

"The what?" John asked.

"Have you seen Mycroft today?" Molly asked John.

"Is he here?" John cried peering into the rain, "Do you see a black car? Whenever Mycroft wants me he sends a black car. He's always kidnapping me and taking me to his club or to abandoned warehouses and such. Is there a car? That would be one way out of the rain."

"You mean that you and Mycroft..." Molly began. "What do the two of you do in an abandoned warehouse?" All kinds of images came into Molly's mind: Paintball, Lectures on British History, Poetry readings, Exotic S and M sexual acts.

John appeared to be able to read the expressions crossing her face because he looked up at her and blushed. "Oh no, no. Nothing like that!" he said. Molly raised one brown eyebrow. John faced away from her and said, "The rain is easing, let's make a race for the door."

When Molly entered John and Sherlock's apartment, she was completely soaked, and Sherlock was nowhere in sight. John took off his coat and hung it up. "I'm freezing," He said.

"Here, have a crisp! It will dry you off," she said offering the open bag to him, but the rain had gotten into it and the soaked crisps were swimming around in the bag like animals caught in a flood.

"How can crisps make me dry?" John asked. "I have a better idea. You go into the bathroom and take off your clothes, there should be a robe hanging on the back of the door, and I'll make a fire."

Molly's jaw fell open. The thought of walking around Sherlock's apartment in simply a bathrobe both frightened and appealed to her. She had forgotten to bring her lipstick, and she knew that Sherlock would probably make another remark about her mouth and her breasts being small. Even so, a little shiver of excitement overcame her so she placed the bag full of snacks on the table and went to the bathroom to change.
Once in the bathroom Molly decided to take a shower. She felt so strange undressing in the apartment of two single men. She found that everything about this made her nervous and a bit titillated. She turned on the water and took two entire minutes staring at the soap in her hand before using it.

She thought."This very bar of soap has been rubbed all over Sherlock's body." It seemed indecent to rub it on her skin, but she did it anyway basking in the reflected sensuality of his second hand touch. It was only after she had completely lathered up her breasts, imagining Sherlock's hands upon them, that she realized that John was most likely the last one to have taken a shower since Sherlock had spent the night in the lab with her.

Molly dropped the soap covering her breasts with her hands to protect herself from John's so forward attentions before becoming extremely flustered about the slightly damp towel. "Sherlock rubbed that towel all over his body," she thought as she rubbed the towel on her face smelling it and wondering which place he had dried last.

There was a knock on the door and John called in. "Oh Molly, use the fresh towel under the sink will you. Sherlock used the towel on the hook to mop up a chemical spill, no telling what's on it."

Molly dropped the towel and jumped back into the shower to wash off. She knew what kind of chemicals Sherlock liked to play with, but then she found herself staring again at the soap as she modestly dabbed herself around her elbows.

By the time she came out, she was wrinkled and white. She was wearing a thin purple robe that she felt showed far too much of her. The sound of the roaring fire, however, drew her out, and so she walked over to it, throwing the Union Jack pillow on the floor and sitting down beside it.

John came into the room wearing a striped robe and carrying a bottle of pop. "I hope you don't mind," he said, "I helped myself to some of the snacks."

"No!" Molly cried in horror, "You don't know what those things do!"

"What do you mean do?" John said walking closer to her.

"Those are Sherlock's!" she said, "Read the bottle."

John lifted the bottle to his eyes and read the label written in a hard to read cursive script. "I think it says, 'Makes you larger.' What does that mean?" John asked, "Actually, I could stand to be a few more inches taller."

Molly pointed to his robe and said, "I don't think it affects your height."

John looked down to find that his robe was slowly pushing itself forward. He rushed toward Molly who jumped back blushing all over and picked up the pillow. Then he sat in his chair with the pillow pressed firmly on his lap.

Molly turned toward the fire her face bright red. She stifled a laugh.

"Well this is awkward," John said.

"What shall we do now?" Molly asked her blush passing from her face all the way down to her toes.

"I'm not doing anything until this wears off," John said.
Molly was ever so slightly disappointed. "Well," she said, "you can tell me a story. Tell me about your last case with Sherlock."

"It's rather long," John said.

"Is it?" Molly asked peering at John's lap.

He frowned. "I meant the story."

"Oh!" Molly said.

She walked beside John's chair, and sat on the red rug leaning her head against the armrest, and causing John to push the pillow down on his lap even harder. "Well let's hear it then," she said tilting her head toward him. She stretched out her legs, and crossed her ankles. John crossed his legs away from her holding the pillow with one hand.

"Alright. I'll tell you the tale," he said.

John's tale

It all began when we went in search of The Caterpillar, the notorious leader of a drug ring. He was known to reside in the back room of a certain bar called The Mushroom where he would smoke his hookah as he ran his criminal organization.

We were digging for clues when two of his men politely asked us, with guns, to come see him. He sat on a great tasseled pillow before walls curtained with expensive Persian rugs. "Who are you?" he asked, "And why are you interfering with our operation?"

Sherlock squinted at him sideways and said. "Southern Africa. That tobacco you are smoking. Is it from Namibia? I've done quite a study of tobacco, and I'd love to take a puff."

The Caterpillar just stared. "Who are you?" he asked again.

"I'm Sherlock Holmes," he said and I put my head to my hand thinking. "Way to keep undercover, Sherlock, they're sure to kill us now."

But the man said. "Not THE Sherlock Holmes who wrote the excellent monograph on the two hundred and forty different types of tobacco ash?"

"Two hundred and forty three." Sherlock replied.

"Two hundred and forty three." Sherlock replied.

Molly sat up. "So what happened?"

"Well," John continued, "The two of them sat around smoking tobacco out of a hookah and having a grand old time until the police came. Sherlock had texted Lestrade as soon as we had been captured. They took the caterpillar to jail, but he still writes Sherlock every so often to talk about tobacco and such."

John sat back in his chair, and the pillow slipped out of his hand. Molly glanced at him, "Not that long after all," she said. John leaned forward snatching the pillow back.

"I've always wondered," Molly asked, "The stuff in your blog... You aren't making this up aren't you?"

"Why should I want to make anything up?" John said, "I've got enough things 'up' right now. Why would I want to want to make up new ones."
Just then Sherlock rushed into the room. He wore a top hat above his long coat. It looked strangely appropriate.

"John," he said, "get dressed at once. We are going out! Oh sorry. Did I interrupt something?"

John and Molly looked away from each other their faces red. Molly's in embarrassment. John's in anger. "Sherlock!" he asked, "What is it with those snacks? Why do you have a drink that makes you larger?"

"Oh you tried it did you?" Sherlock said rushing over and snatching the pillow from John's hand. "Let me see." Sherlock flipped open John's robe and looked down at him a moment before John grabbed back the pillow and whacked Sherlock a good one on the side of the head.

"It's a water soluble variation of Viagra," he said."That should go down in a few hours."

"Hours!" John said, "So what am I supposed to do till then?"

"I might be able to find you a kilt?" Sherlock said, "The tassel and purse should be able to hide that better than a pair of trousers."

Sherlock ran off to his costume closet.

"I'm not even Scottish," John said as he examined himself in the mirror a short time later.

John was wearing a military coat with gold braid and a kilt, while Molly stood in a three-quarter length blue dress with a lacy white apron and a big bow on the back. Despite the old fashioned design, Molly felt quite pretty.

"Sherlock, how is it that you have a dress like this in my size?" Molly asked as she examined herself in the mirror.

"Well," Sherlock began. "You and John are pretty close to the same size."

"John!" Molly said shocked she turned toward him. A redness was passing from his neck up across his face again.

"Come along now." Sherlock said as he rushed down the stairs, "The cab is already here. We don't want to be late to the tea party."
The Tea Party

They arrived at a fancy club and were shown to a reserved room. Molly went to the ladies room. When she returned she saw John and Sherlock sitting side by side at a large wooden table. The table was elegantly attired with flowers, linen, tea cups and saucers for at least a dozen people, but John and Sherlock were the only ones in the room and they obviously had eyes only for each other. John was staring up at Sherlock who was leaning over John, his hand on John's lap.

Molly coughed loudly.

The two of them looked up at Molly and they waved for her to leave. "No room, No room!" John yelled.

"What do you mean?" Molly said motioning to the mostly empty table. "There's plenty of room!"

"When the two of us are together, there is no room for anyone else," Sherlock said.

Molly rolled her eyes, walked to the far end of the table, and sat down. She put a napkin on her lap, and waited.

Molly looked around but could see no food anywhere. "So what are we having?" She asked cheerily.

"Would you like some wine?" Sherlock suggested rising in his seat.

"Yes, I think that I would. I would like that very much." Molly replied excitedly.

"Well we don't have any." Sherlock said and sat back down turning toward John and ignoring Molly again.

Molly frowned, "If you didn't have any wine, then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it."

"I didn't think that it was very civil of you to sit down when we asked you to leave." Sherlock replied.

Molly crossed her arms and her eyes began to water. "You always say such horrible things!" she yelled before crossing her legs and looking out of the window at a damp but beautiful garden.

Just then, the tea kettle whistled. Sherlock leaned over and whispered something into John's ear that made him blush, then he rose, walked over to the table, and took the kettle off of the heat. As he turned back toward the table, he stiffened glancing at the door. "Most people knock," he said, "but then you're not most people. Kettle's just boiled."

At the door stood James Moriarty. He was dressed in a grey suit, a thin cream colored tie, white kid gloves, and a grey top hat. He pulled off his gloves one finger at a time as he walked into the door. "I know you're just a tiny bit pleased to see me. Although I didn't plan to interrupt you and your ... date." He said to Sherlock.

"I'm not his date!" John said frowning. He didn't look pleased at all.

"Aren't ordinary people adorable." Moriarty said, "I think I'll get me one."

Then James Moriarty walked over to the other side of the table and sat down beside Molly. He smiled looking her up and down. A wicked grin on his face. "Hi there," He said, "I'm Mr. Sex."
"So why are you here?" Sherlock asked. "Did you come for the tea party?"

"Just so." Moriarty said his eyes still devouring Molly.

Sherlock poured a cup of tea, and walked across the room to place it before Moriarty. "Would you like to move closer so that we can talk more easily?" He asked.

Moriarty took Molly's hand. "Nah." He said kissing it, "I'm on the side of the angels. Gotta admit that's sexier." Sherlock walked back across the room.

"You shouldn't do that Jim...I mean James." Molly said blushing, "We're not together."

"Is that so?" Moriarty said rubbing his fingers along her shoulder and brushing the side of her neck so that she silently sighed. "Molly, you should say what you really mean."

"I may not say what I mean." Molly said batting her eyelashes, "But I mean what I say. It's the same thing after all."

"That's ludicrous!" Sherlock yelled from across the room. "It's like saying 'I see what I eat' means the same as 'I eat what I see'. "

Molly looked at Sherlock and frowned.

"Or saying 'I want what I get' is the same as 'I get what I want'."

"Sherlock!" John said firmly.

"Now, I always get what I want." Moriarty said playing with a lock of Molly's hair. Then he turned to Sherlock, " And you'll give me what I want, Sherlock, because you need me. Without me, you're nothing." Then Moriarty picked up his cup and took a sip of tea.

"Why are you here?" Sherlock asked.

"Why is a raven like a writing desk?" Moriarty replied.

"I never liked riddles." Sherlock said.

"Learn to." Moriarty responded.

Sherlock placed his hands together and started to pace. He walked back and forth for several minutes. Then he crossed his arms. Then he put one hand to his temple.

"Have you worked out what it is yet?" Moriarty asked. Sherlock furrowed his brow and said nothing. "How hard do you find it to say 'I don't know'?"

"I don't know." Sherlock said.

"Oh, clever. Very clever." Moriarty replied nodding his head.

"Then tell me... what is the answer?" Sherlock asked.

"I haven't the slightest idea." Moriarty replied. Sherlock shook his hands in the air in frustration.

"Can't you find some better use of your time than asking riddles that have no answer?" John asked.

"Well that's the problem, the final problem." Moriarty said, "What I do know is that I'm going to
kill you, Sherlock, you and John."

Molly jumped in her seat. Jim put a hand on Molly's lap to comfort her, "Don't worry dear, I'm not going to kill anyone whose name begins with the letter M."

"You aren't?" Molly asked, "Why?"

"Why not?" Moriarty replied before kissing the fingers of her other hand.

John was muttering to himself, "Moriarty, Molly, Mycroft,..." Then he yelled out, ”by the way, my real name is Martin!"

"Never beg John!" Sherlock said.

"That's not what you told me last night," John whispered.

"Shhh!" Sherlock replied to John before yelling across the room at Moriarty, "You're insane!"

"I like to think of myself as Mad." he said grinning. Moriarty stood and tipped his hat to Molly.

"Although I have loved this little game of ours, I better be off. You'll be hearing from me, Sherlock."

"Catch...you...later." Sherlock said as Moriarty walked out of the room.

Then through the open door the words "No you won't!" came drifting back.

"What was all that about?" John asked "That threat sounded pretty serious."

Molly began to reply, "Well I don't think..."

"Then don't talk!" Sherlock yelled.

"Well!" Molly said, "I am never going to a tea party with you again!" She pushed herself up from her chair, and stormed out through the door.
Molly had stormed out of the room with the intention of getting a cab and going back to the hospital, but somewhere she took a wrong turn. She found herself walking down long zigzagging passageways moving toward she didn't know where. They went on and on. The one good thing about them is that they had windows which looked out onto the beautiful gardens, so for the most part she was content.

As she approached one turn in the corner she heard a noise that made her stop. There was a repetitive moaning sound, rising in pitch. She stepped back a few paces and looked out through the window into the passageway ahead. She saw the profile of a man. He wore a long white tunic covered with spades. He made one loud pipping sound, then there was silence.

Molly slowly approached the corner. She peered around it to see Anderson standing there."Hello!" Molly said and Anderson jumped turning away from her. She then saw that Donovan was on the floor beside him. She looked up at Molly, and then she looked back at the floor.

"No, I don't see any prints here," Donovan said seriously, staring at the clean checkerboard print floor.

"Well, keep looking," Anderson said trying to appear casual. He reached into his bag and pulled out a UV light. "Here, try this."

Donovan shone the light on the floor, hiding an embarrassed expression behind her tightly curled locks.

Molly walked toward them. "Pardon me," Molly said "can you please tell me how to find a way into the garden, and what exactly are you are doing with that lamp?"

Donovan stood up. She brushed down her short skirt, and shook out her hair. There were white marks on her knees. "We're looking for evidence," she said, "Someone has stolen some tarts. This light might help us see footprints so that we can find out who did it."

"So UV light shows footprints?" Molly asked.

"Yes, if the criminal walked through linseed oil."

"Did they walk through linseed oil?" Molly asked.

"Apparently not," Donovan said "but we've got to find some evidence or the Queen of Hearts will be really mad. They were HER tarts."

"Oh God! I think I hear her," Anderson said."Let's get out of here!" and the two of them ran off down the zigzagging hallway.

"You spilled some linseed oil on your shirt!" Molly yelled after them, but they were already gone. It was only now that Molly realized that this hallway had doors that led off into the gardens. She opened one and walked out into a field surrounded by beautiful roses and high hedges.

She walked down a gravel path which wound through a rose garden, passing under a trellis trained with red roses to find herself in a large open space. Lawn tennis courts stretched out before her, and a number of well dressed people were milling about.
The crowd parted and a woman came forward. She was wearing a very short white dress covered with red hearts and black pumps with impossibly high red heels. Although she had never met her in person, Molly knew who she was. She had seen her picture before. One magazine spread had showed her standing among very posh people wearing nothing but a knowing smile. Below it read the caption, Irene Adler, The Queen of Hearts.

Irene walked toward Molly. She had her arms around the waists of two impossibly tall and gorgeous women.

"Where did those detectives get to?" she yelled, "They were supposed to find my tarts! I can't have a party with only these two. She said pulling the two girls closer to her so that they tittered."

When she saw Molly, Irene Adler sauntered over to her and looked her up and down. "Hello cute little thing," she said, "What's your name?"

"Molly," she replied thinking to herself, "My, my, these people are a pack of cards."

"Why, You must be here to play Lawn Tennis," Miss Adler said stroking the neck of one of her tarts.

"No, actually I came here by accident while trying to get away from Sherlock," Molly said.

"Sherlock!" Irene sighed standing up taller and rubbing her hands together. "Is he here? I want him on a leash. Ambassador!" She called and a short portly man came over. Irene bent over and gave him a peck on the cheek. "Darling, do you think you could get dear Mycroft to have Sherlock come to the party? I can make it worth your while. I know what you like."

The ambassador appeared to be hyperventilating as she grabbed the hair on the back of his neck firmly. "I'll do what I can," he said, then she slapped his behind and he said, "I'll do it at once!" running off in search of Mycroft.

Irene came over and wrapped her arm around Molly. "Darling," Irene said, "Why don't you come along and watch the game?"

Irene and Molly sauntered through the rose garden toward the tennis courts. Just then a hedgehog ran across their path. Molly looked after it watching as it hobbled under a bush. "I swear that hedgehog looked just like John," she said before the queen pulled her along, her hands stroking Molly's waist.

When they got to the court, she found that instead of young women in white skirts with tennis rackets, there were old men sitting in large wicker chairs directing other men who walked forward and threw tennis balls across the net at each other.

Mycroft's chair was painted with the Union Jack. He pointed to an American who ran forward and pelted a stream of tennis balls at a man across the net until he collapsed to the ground.

"Forty, Love!" The referee called out from his chair as the man was dragged from the field and another man, much more scared, took his place.

The opponent. An older man with a pointy black beard gestured and his man started throwing balls at Mycroft's man, but he avoided them and pulled out a gun.

"That's not fair!" Mycroft's opponent yelled.

"All's fair in love and war," Mycroft said crossing his legs.
"Game and Match to Mycroft Holmes," the referee said.

"Nicely Played," Mycroft said, and then he rose to shake hands with the adoring crowd which included the portly ambassador.

Irene detached herself from Molly. "Now I'm off to have a chat with Mycroft. The Duchess will take you to see the mock detective."

Miss Adler strode off on her perfect long legs toward Mycroft. The crowd followed them leaving Molly alone.

Then a woman in a cerise dress came over. "Hello dear," Mrs Hudson said.

"Mrs Hudson!" Molly cried, "What are you doing here?"

"Well..." Mrs Hudson said, "You wouldn't know to see me, but in my day I was quite the looker. On a good day, I would bring in twice as much money as that Adler woman. Anyway, come this way. Sorry I can't walk too fast. It's my hip, dear."

"I've seen much worse, but then again, I do post-mortems," Molly said. Then, the two of them hobbled off in search of the Mock detective.
The Mock Detective

Lestrade was sitting on a barstool a glass of whisky in his hand. Molly sat on the stool beside him.
"I wasn't expecting to see you. I thought that you were going to visit your wife." Molly said.

"Nah, we're separated now..." Lestrade said silent looking into his glass. "I saw her wedding ring. Dirty on the outside, shiny on the inside just like Sherlock said."

"What was that?" Molly asked.

"Nothing." Lestrade replied taking another drink.

Mrs Hudson leaned between the two of them, "Oh Lestrade darling, Molly here wants to hear your story. Do you think that you can tell her. I've got to go back now."

"I don't remember asking to hear his story." Molly said turning.

"No one really wants to hear history" Mrs Hudson said, "But we were all forced to listen to it in school anyway." She patted Molly on the back and walked back the way that they had come.

"Just sit still Molly, and don't say a word until I've finished." Lestrade said.

"How can you finish something that you haven't begun?" Molly said, but she quieted down at his stare.

He downed another drink and began "Once, I was a real detective." Lestrade looked up thoughtfully staring at the ceiling, before hanging his head in shame.

"Thank you for that very interesting story." Molly said rising from the stool. Lestrade placed a hand on her shoulder, and she sat down again.

"When I was young, I was a promising young detective," he started again.

"That makes sense. When you were young, you couldn't be a promising "old" detective." Molly replied.

"I was promoted rapidly. One of the youngest ever to make detective at the yard. I was at the top of my game. Then I had a case that I just couldn't solve. No matter what I tried, it didn't make sense. I spent weeks carefully investigating clues and interrogating witnesses. No matter how much I tried, I couldn't figure it out. I was about to list the case as unsolvable, then out of the blue Sherlock Holmes shows up on the scene. He looks at a few footprints, stares at the windowsill and solves the whole mystery in less than thirty minutes. You know what I thought don't you?"

"You thought Sherlock was a genius." Molly said.

"I thought Sherlock was a pratt!" Lestrade said, "I wanted his balls in a vise! That know-it-all made a fool out of me AND Scotland yard. I hated him."

"Then why did you ever call him again if you hated him so much?" Molly asked.

"Because he was right, and I can't turn away from the right answer when I find it. I started consulting him, professionally, and we've been very successful together, but it's mostly his detective skills that solve the case, not mine. The other detectives know about how much I use
Sherlock, and now everyone mocks me. I am a mock detective. All because of that bastard. "

"But you're still a detective. Why don't you just...do it yourself?"

"Because I need him. God help me, but I do." Lestrade put down the glass and took a swig straight out of the bottle. "You see he's clever. I have a thing for clever. I also have a thing for guys in three piece suits, but that's neither here nor there."

"So is this all you do now?" Molly asked, "Drink and complain about how you get no respect?"

"Pretty much." Lestrade said, "That and dance. I'm a mean dancer. Have you ever danced the Lobster Quadrille?"

"No." Molly said, "Is it like the Hokey Pokey?"

"Nah, more like the Bunny Hop."

"Oh, that sounds like fun!" Molly said rising. She turned in wonder as Lestrade started to sing. He had a lovely baritone voice. People from all over the bar came over to listen.

Can you swab it any faster said Sherlock to Anderson,

Because John is getting sleepy and my trash TV is on

See how eagerly the detectives at Scotland Yard advance

So please come on beloved John let's go and join the dance.

Will you, won't you,

Will you, won't you,

Will you, Join the dance?

Won't you, will you

Won't you, will you

Won't you join the dance.

Some days we have a murder, some days we have a theft.

Some days the bodies pile so high, it seems there's no one left.

If we solve all crimes in England, we know there's more in France

So let's all run, It will be fun, for us to join the dance.

Will you, won't you,

Will you, won't you,

Will you, Join the dance?

won't you, Will you
won't you, Will you

won't you join the dance.

The people all around Molly formed a long line with their hands on the shoulders of the person in front of them and they danced to the sound of Lestrade's song wending their way through the gardens and back toward the tennis courts. More and more people joined the line including Anderson and Donovan who had been laying behind a bush, apparently.

They wound themselves through the crowd of spectators, the line growing to truly humongous proportions until suddenly someone pushed the first person in the line, he fell back on the woman behind him who fell on the man behind her until the entire line fell in a wave like a stack of dominoes.

Molly sat on the ground in her blue dress and white apron, her legs out to the side. She stood rubbing her posterior before rushing angrily to the front of the line. Moriarty had done it.

"Why did you do that?" Molly said, "I fell flat on my bum!"

"Didn't I tell you lovely Molly that I can do whatever I want?" Moriarty said a devilish smile on his face.

"And why is that?" Molly asked, "Because you're mad?"

"No." Moriarty said as Irene Adler approached putting her arm through his. "Because I'm the king, and you should see me in a crown."

Moriarty removed his top hat to reveal a jewel encrusted crown on his ruffled black hair. He smiled showing his cheshire cat-like teeth.

"And since you had the gall to oppose me, I think that I will arrest you, and Sherlock and John too. GUARDS!" Moriarty yelled in a scary loud voice, "Take her to the court room right now, or I will SKIN you and BURN what's left."

The guards rushed forward and grabbing her by the arms carried Molly away.
The Trial

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd of people assembled around them. Molly, Sherlock and John were marched slowly into the courtroom together. They were flanked by policemen wearing black.

As they passed the king, Sherlock turned to face him and cried, "I will stop you!"

"No you won't!" The king, Moriarty, replied. "I'm the King of Hearts and I'll burn ... the heart out of you." He motioned with his hand, and the policemen pushed them then, directing them to stand behind the wooden railing.

Despite the drama of the scene before her, Molly was starting to get bored with all of the running around that she had been doing today. She leaned over to Sherlock and said, "I've never been in a courtroom before but I've read about them in books. I hope that they get this done quickly. I'm hungry and I didn't get a bite to eat at that tea party of yours."

A man in long robes walked in in a hurry. "That must be the Judge. I can tell by the wig," Molly said pointing at the man who rushed up and sat in the box at the front.

"Let's get this over with quickly," he muttered to the bailiff beside him, "There was a queue at the loo."

"That's the Jury box," Molly said staring over at them, "and I suppose that those are the jurors."

"So far, so obvious," Sherlock said looking over at the jurors with his careful eye. "Moriarty's already got to them," he said.

"What do you mean 'got to them' What's the matter with the Jury?" Molly asked. Sherlock quirked a small grin, and John turned away covering his eyes with his hand.

"One librarian, two teachers, two high pressure jobs, probably the city, one is a medical stenographer trained abroad by her shorthand, and those two are having an affair." He said pointing at a man and woman who quickly turned away from each other, "He's planted doubt in their heads. They're going to have to be strong to resist, only... they aren't strong."

"But if they can't resist him, then surely they'll find us guilty?" Molly said.

"Don't worry," Sherlock replied, "They won't convict us."

"Why in heaven's name not?" Molly asked.

"Because they have no conviction," he replied, "not one of them had enough conviction to resist Moriarty's bullying."

Molly rolled her eyes, then she looked up hastily as a the judge hammered the gavel and cried, "Order in the court!"

"Really!" Molly said excitedly, "then can we order Chinese?"

"I'll make the order," said John.

"No I will," Sherlock said, "I know all of the best restaurants as I make it a priority to help people who can give me free food. You can always tell a good Chinese restaurant by examining the
"Keep your answers brief and to the point. Anything else will be treated as contempt."

Sherlock had pulled a Chinese takeout menu from his pocket and was reading through the selections. Molly leaned over to him and whispered, "Why do you even bother going to restaurants, Sherlock, you hardly eat anything."

Sherlock raised an eyebrow and glanced over at John. "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," he said.

"Do you really think so, Sherlock?" John asked overhearing them, "You'd need something like a Bowie knife to pierce through the liver and diaphragm that way. A straight thrust through the chest would be better."

Molly noticed Moriarty's smile widen at that remark. He looked over at John and made a mock frown. John looked back with a worried face. Molly simply sighed and put her hands in her pockets to find that she had stashed a candy bar there.

She peeled back the wrapping while it was still in her pocket, and then she sneaked it out and took a bite.

"Herald, read the accusation," the Judge cried.

It was then that Molly first noticed the redheaded girl with braids. She was wearing a white robe covered with red hearts, and she held a newspaper in her hand. The bow tied in her hair made her look a bit like a kitty cat. She wore a I heart Sherlock pin on her breast, but the predatory way that she stared at Sherlock didn't make her look like a fan. She opened the newspaper and read, "Sherlock Holmes is a fraud!"

John ran forward clenching the railing with his hands. "Oh don't be ridiculous!" he said.

There were murmurs all around the courtroom. Kitty smiled and read more, "He made up all the crimes, and to cap it off, he tried to make His Majesty into a master villain."

Everyone in the courtroom sighed loudly at this except for John who said, "That's not true! I've met Moriarty before and I'll punch the face of anyone who calls Sherlock a liar!"

The herald simply smirked knowingly at John before walking over to the king and dramatically pulling off his robe. There was a whirl of fabric revealing an unassuming man in blue jeans who emerged sheepishly slouching with his hands in his pockets. "Sorry folks," he said, "I'm not really an evil mastermind, I just play one on TV."

"Meet Richard Brooke," the redheaded herald said, "an actor hired by Sherlock Holmes to play the knave and take the blame for his crimes. Sherlock Holmes stole the tarts!"

"He did not!" Molly said, "You're just making that up. He told me his name was Jim when I first met him."

"But he did steal them," the herald Kitty said walking forward holding a laptop. "The evidence is here. Look at the #Sherlock hashtag on tumblr. Legions of women, many of them tarts, are throwing themselves at him daily. I see marriage proposals, erotic art, and even cosplay!"

"Off with his head!" Irene said.
"Which one," John muttered under his breath.

The court was alive with argument as everyone rose to their feet to comment, so no one noticed, when Molly had begun to grow larger. But now that she had reached a height of about twenty feet, people began to notice. They looked up and cried out.

In his haste to back away, John fell over Anderson who was crouching on the floor with head covered. John's legs kicked up into the air and his kilt flew up over his chest revealing bright red pants. Sherlock looked down at him and grinned wildly.

The judge yelled out, "You are in contempt. You are violating Rule 43!"

"I think you mean rule 34," Irene said, "It seems that's the only point of all this."

The people shrank below her. Their shrill cries getting higher pitched in her ears. One guard, encouraged by Queen Irene threw a spear which tore a hole in her dress. Molly pushed over the railing in anger causing a general exodus from the courtroom.

"I ca'n't stand this any longer!" Molly yelled reaching out a giant hand. She picked up Moriarty. They were now under the open sky. The tops of London skyscrapers surrounded them as she held him before her face which by now was almost fifty feet above the ground. He hung in the air, his legs kicking. "Oh you wicked, wicked little thing!" she said, "someone really ought to have taught you better manners."

She held him in both her hands and shook him backwards and forwards with all her might. He opened his mouth and his eyes grew large. His hands changed into paws, and then Molly found herself holding her cat Toby.

"Toby?" she said, "Was it you all along who did all this? I was certain that it couldn't be you because I saw you patiently washing your face in the corner. This is all so strange, there couldn't be anything curi ouser."

But when Molly looked around, she noticed that she was normal size again. She was standing on a street corner outside of Bart's hospital. She looked up, and she could see Sherlock standing on the roof looking down at her. He leaned until he fell off of the roof. He came closer and closer waving his arms and legs as he fell. She should have moved, but she found herself paralyzed. The black coat flapped in the wind, looming larger and larger. Molly let out a scream and fell to the ground. Suddenly the world went black!

"Wake up, Wake up, Molly!" a voice cried. Molly opened her eyes to find that she was lying at the foot of the stairs, and Sherlock was kneeling beside her. Sherlock helped her to her feet. "Are you alright Molly? You seem to have fallen down the stairs. You should let John check you out to make sure you don't have a concussion."

"Oh I've had such a curious dream," Molly said, and she told Sherlock all of the adventures that I have just told you. "That does sound curious," Sherlock said, "but you seem a bit out of it. You should go to the canteen now and get a cup of coffee."

Molly looked up into Sherlock's beautiful eyes. "Would you..." she began, "I was wondering if you'd like to have a cup of coffee?"
Sherlock smiled, "Black, two sugars please, I'll be in the lab."

Molly's shoulders fell. She sighed sadly to herself before turning and walking slowly toward the canteen. Sherlock halted a moment in the hall thinking, "Crisps that make you take off all of your clothes? Interesting. John likes crisps." And then he continued on toward the lab.

THE END

End Notes

A podfic of this work is in Jinjury's Audiofic Archive.
http://www.audiofic.jinjurly.com/molly-in-wonderland

Works inspired by this one:
[Podfic] Molly in Wonderland by AlessNox

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