It's All in the Mind

by TalentedLoser

Summary

She couldn't remember much, but she could remember some things--or maybe her mind was playing tricks on her. What else could she believe?

Notes

Hello! This is my Molliarty fic dealing with the mental health of Molly if they had stayed together. It's gonna be a fun ride.
They met—she couldn't remember how.

Maybe they bumped into each other at the hospital, or perhaps someone there had introduced them to one another. Did that happen? She wants to say that they met in some office somewhere, in the hospital—where did he say he worked again? Think, think—IT! Yes, he worked in IT. But how did they meet?

She also wants to say that they met because of a computer trouble. Could that be it? Maybe. She didn't remember having computer troubles at all, but maybe she did have some kind of troubles from her work. Did she even use a computer? She couldn't remember.

Either way, they met.

His name was Jim. "Molly," she said, holding out her hand. "I don't think I've met you." She hadn't.

"No, you haven't," he said, a smile on his face. "Jim."

She asked if it was short for James, but he just shook his head and smiled. "No, I'm afraid not."

He had a lovely voice, and was a lovely gentleman, holding the door for her when they would walk out of the building at times, offering to get her a cup of coffee when the day was getting stressful. He would compliment her on her hair, makeup, everything. Someone else used to—who was it again? She didn't think about it. He even visited—no, no, he didn't visit. That wasn't then. She was getting mixed up again. He still was a lovely gentleman, though. Very well kept, attractive, great choice in colognes, and he loved almost everything she loved. Was that a cover, though? Maybe, but she was still a dreamer. She wasn't dead. Not yet.

She was trying to remember the first date, but all she could remember was the dinner. He met her at some restaurant—doesn't matter what, it wouldn't make any difference—and he had gotten a reserved table somehow, candles, food all prepared, violins surrounding them. It was magical, almost all a girl could ever dream for when it came to dates. She couldn't remember the topics they had talked about, or what food they ate, or what music was played for each of them. But she did remember him giving her a peck on the cheek at the end of the night, and he just gave that soft smile. "Goodnight, Molly dear," he said.

And then he was gone, walking down the street, a skip to his step. Or, maybe she was imagining things again. Was she dreaming? No, she could feel something. She was awake.

She remembered not sleeping that night. How she longed for sleep.

Soon after, they couldn't be separated. They'd be together all the time. She would bring her work up to his office and chat with him for the hours on end, or just soaking in the silence together. Maybe it was him scheming the next bombing, or perhaps he just did not want to talk to her, but she usually engaged the conversations, smiling and carrying on. He'd listen, a smile on his face, add his own comments, and she would be content. Was she dreaming? No, she wasn't dreaming. She just went over this.

She could still remember the soft touches of their hands brushing past—why could she remember that and nothing else? Why was it a selected memory? Think, Molly! She couldn't. Maybe she was making it all up in her head. She never thought he could be that lovely. Not Jim, not the
monster he became. Or maybe she did fall in love with a monster—

—Was it still love? Yes, she thought so. Or maybe it was the amnesia toying with her emotions again. But could she call it that—love? Maybe she could. Every time she saw him, her heart still fluttered, her mind still raced on what to say, and she would hold onto him until he had to leave. They never held hands in public, or had any public displays of affection, really, but they were always together, and they would enjoy the other's presence.

Or maybe it was called admiration at this point. Maybe the fear of loneliness had driven her into the insane notion of love. He had made her his cover relationship, used her to get at someone—who was that someone again? She didn't know. But she was just a pawn in the grand scheme of things, just someone that would never be used except in this sense. She was vulnerable; he was the master. And he had manipulated her to be together for almost a month before the world started to spin.

On that day, he asked her to move into his apartment. "It's not the biggest, but, I think…” she kissed him on the lips and he said no more with the cheeky smile. Maybe at that point in time, he was happy. Or maybe it was still him playing her, using her to his advantage. But at that moment, she thought he was happy. And she thought she was happy, too. He would hand her a key, tell her to move in stuff the very next day so they can unpack together, and that would be it.

She couldn't remember unpacking, to tell you the truth. But she could tell you the small date they had that night, celebrating them being together. "Oh, Molly dear," he said to her. And whenever he said that, she knew she was blushing, just like the little girl at heart. It would echo in her head and she would never get tired of hearing it.

She never could.

She closed her eyes. What time was it? Morning? Maybe. It wasn't night. She was never sleepy in the morning—or maybe she was now. It was all so confusing. There was no window where she was, no need for time. It would just be another day, that's all she knew. She heard someone walking around, maybe coming with food. The footsteps were heavy, a weight to the step. It wasn't Jim.

He'd come later.
Warning: Turn Back

Chapter Summary

Why wasn't he locked up? Why wasn't she free?

She stared at the door. She used to stare at their bedroom door for nights and nights, waiting for him to come home. See, Jim would never be home at the deep hours of the night. He would say that he had to work during that time—but she didn't understand why. "They need extra hands at the office today," he said, telling her that the IT department was short-staffed.

And she believed him.

It was a bit lonely at night, though, when he was gone. She never had a proper boyfriend to cuddle with at the late hours of the night, when she needed someone. And Jim was the first one that had given her the opportunity! Unfortunately, it would never happen. She would just stare at the door, secretly hoping he would return so she could have someone to hold.

But this was a different door. This was a different room. She sat against the wall, just staring right at the door. She could be able to tell you everything in the room—nothing. The walls were padded, the floor was cement, there were scraps of food on one side and a facilities portion on the other side, and the door was padlocked with three different locks. She wasn't dangerous, was she? No, he was. Why wasn't he locked up? Why wasn't she free?

Oh, yes, because he caught her before she could escape. For a month, they were inseparable—during the day. At night, while she slept, he would sneak away. Some nights she would wake up and watch him leave. Other nights, she would sleep right through and see him in bed, waiting for her to open her eyes. Those nights were the loveliest. Or maybe when she was alone, maybe those were the loveliest—wait, did he ever come back?

She hated those drugs they gave her. They gave her such a headache, and it was always such a struggle to discern between reality and fiction. She asked Jim about some of the memories, but he told her not to worry about them. "I'm still here with you, aren't I? It must mean something to you, Molly dear," and she would comply. How could she beat a beast of the night, a monster in the shadows? So she had to believe what she wanted to believe, to make her survive another day.

But this door, how she wished for freedom. No, she didn't wish for freedom. She tried that with Jim, before and after his presence, and she couldn't do it. She tried to get her freedom, too, and she was locked up. How it had failed, she thought. Molly remembered the night she found out about Jim—this much she knew was certain. She knew that she had received a phone call deep within the night, before the sun would come up. She heard the vibrations on her dresser next to her, the glow illuminating in the bedroom.

"H-Hello?" She rasped.

"Molly," a deep voice on the other line connected. She wished she could remember the name, but it's a blur.

"What is it?" She rubbed her eyes.
"You need to get away from Jim."

At first, she couldn't believe her ears. "W-What? Why? You're not jealous, are you Sh-" Sh. Yes. His name started with a Sh. What was the rest of it? Molly couldn't remember.

"He's a psychopath, Molly." She was awake.

"N-Now, wait, h-he can't be a psychopath! He's such a nice guy, and…"

"Is he with you right now?" She looked to the empty side of the bed.

"N-No, he's never here at night, but…"

"Did you know the IT department does not have an employee by the name of Jim?"

She sat in her bed. "U-Um, n-no, h-he w-works there, y-you're…"

"And are you aware that he does most of his crimes in the middle of the night? Around this time?"

She looked at the clock. It read 4:13. Most of the crimes nowadays had been happening at 4:25. "I-It m-must be a coincidence…"

"Molly, you have to run," the line went dead. Did the man hang up on her? Or did the line go dead because of Jim? She didn't know. She didn't want to know. She had to run.

She had no time to pack. She had to just get out of there as soon as possible, just to get away. Maybe he was wrong, she thought. Maybe Jim had nothing to do with these crimes. Just before she was out the door, she grabbed her purse and a set of keys to her car. She didn't know where she was going to go. Paris? Berlin? Somewhere, anywhere. She was going to go.

She opened the door. A man with a bouquet of flowers stood there, blocking her path. It was Jim, a smile on his face. But this smile was different. It held malice. "Oh, Molly dear, I wish you hadn't had found out this way. Or found out at all," he said to her. How did he know? She didn't know. She still didn't know. He held out the flowers to her, but she wanted to run. She should've taken the flowers, now that she thought about it. But she didn't. And now she was trapped. She made a move to go around him, but he caught her by the wrist and never let go. "You don't want to stay? Have I done something wrong, my love?"

"P-Please let m-me go, Jim," she whispered. Jim tightened his grip around her wrist, and she winced.

"Hm," he hummed, "I don't suppose that's the right answer in this situation, Molly dear. I care too much about you. I need to keep you safe." Maybe the man on the phone was wrong. Jim couldn't hurt a fly. He was just trying to protect her.

"R-Really?" Jim loosened his grip and casually wrapped his arms around her.

"Of course, of course," he whispered in her ear. Yes, she thought, this was the Jim she loved. He would protect her, she thought. But she was wrong, so devastatingly wrong. "Then again, I'm so changeable."

The next thing she knew, a needle was stuck in her neck and Jim was holding her as tight as he could. She thought she was dying, but it was much, much worse: she was falling asleep. And when she woke up, she was in her prison, screaming for help. And he would silence her.
She didn't want to be alone.

The first night in the cell, she woke up to nothing. It was pitch black in the room, and in the hallway outside, and she screamed. "Please help!" She shouted. "Anyone!" Maybe someone could hear her. Maybe the outside world could see that something was wrong, that someone needed help—but help came in a different way. She found a wall and scanned it, walking against the wall to find the door. And when she found it, she tried to open it. Nothing. "Jim!" She cried out, clapping her hands against the door. She tried to look out the window, but she couldn't see a thing. Tears were running down her face, her heart beating faster and faster. Where was she? She didn't know.

She let her fingers scale the door, trying to find a latch, but there was no way out. She found the small crack in the door. Her fingers tore away at the metal that kept her inside as she tried to claw her way out. She broke one fingernail, and as much as it hurt, she continued to try. "Come on," she desperately pleaded. "Come on!" Her voice echoed in the room. When another fingernail broke, she winced her hands away from the crack and leaned her head against the door. She could feel her eyes burn with the tears falling down her face.

Why was she here? Of what purpose was she stuck in a cage? Where was she? Who was out there listening to her? Someone had to be there. Was it Jim? She wanted to know so much, but she was only being fed lies. The whole relationship was built on a lie. He was not Jim from IT. He was Jim from the underground, Jim the sociopath, Jim the psychopath—he was everything she thought he wasn't, and how he lied to her. The IT department never mentioned a Jim. They never needed more people during the night.

She closed her eyes and tried to think about what had happened. So, she got a text—no, a phone call—wait, was it a phone call? What day was this? What time was it? Molly was struggling with her memories. How did she get here? "Molly dear," her eyes snapped open. "I never knew you were such a screamer. A little secret between you and I then," his playful tone softly whispered through the darkness. She turned around and looked into the pitch black.

She couldn't see him.

Where was he?

"J-J-Jim?" She whispered. No response. Where was he? Her hands were shaking as she turned her back to the door. She heard the click of a foot against the ground below. She didn't know where the footsteps were coming from; they kept bouncing off the walls. Her fingertips brushed over the padding; why were the walls padded? What kind of monster gives them comfort?

"Oh, now," she felt his hand brush against hers, wrapping his fingers against her own. She tried to pull away, but he pulled her in. "You don't want me to leave you, do you, Molly?" He twisted her arm behind her and slammed her against the wall, pushing against her back with his other hand. She felt his strength push her into the wall, crushing her other hand against her chest. She closed
"P-P-Please…" she whimpered.

"Please what? Let you go?" His voice was full of anger. He took a step forward, leaning into her ear. "Never," he whispered, clinging to her hand. Then, his voice turned to the playful one again. "You see, I can't have someone running around with my secret, no, no, no. That'd be too dangerous—ha! Me, worried about danger," his grip softened around her wrist. "Come now, you can lighten up, Molly dear," then, suddenly, he let go.

For a split second, she was free, trying to run away from him, but he wrapped his arms around her and brought her to his chest again. She began to sob into his clothing. "W-Why a-a-are y-you doing t-this? I-I w-wouldn't talk," she mumbled against his chest, struggling to get away. He slowly rubbed her back. She found it soothing.

"I know, I know, but, it's such a terrible world out there, wanting everyone to die. Just knowing my secret would make things worse for you. The government finds you too valuable, my dear, and I can't have you die like that, no, no. I'm just here to keep you safe," There was that word again. Safe. She hated the word. "I need to keep you safe" was the biggest lie he ever told her.

"B-But, h-he c-called you-" Jim shushed her.

"Shh, Molly, breathe," her mind was racing. She was getting tired again, but she wasn't drugged. She didn't feel a prick of the needle. Maybe it was his warmth that was making her tired—or maybe it was the drugs. What drugs, though? She felt him hum, his chest vibrating. She always loved that about him. She closed her eyes. "A psychopath? He's such a liar, that darling of mine. Oh, Molly, don't listen to him. Trust me," he whispered.

Who could she trust? Who told her the news again? Had that happened? It must've, why else would she be there? Maybe Jim was right. Maybe he was keeping her safe. It was such a loaded secret after all, and the police must be looking for him. She was the only one that he trusted—did she trust him? "Y-Y-You're not lying?" he held her closer to him.

"Oh, my Molly dear," she let her hands rest against the lapels of his suit. She always noticed how well kept he was—was he in anything else? "Why would I lie?" She sighed. She didn't have an answer. Why would he lie? "Now, can I ask you something?" She groggily lifted her head and met his coal black eyes with hers. She was afraid, but, somehow, she was calm. Her heart was racing a mile a minute, but on the outside, she was okay. "Will you promise me to stop screaming?"

"U-Um," she was at a loss of words. What was she going to say? She was going to say something, right? Yes, yes she was. She couldn't remember.

"Please?" he just stared at her. He was not backing down, and she was being overpowered by the monster with her. So she nodded. Was it against her will? Was he controlling her, or was that her choice? He kissed her forehead. She must've chosen for herself. "Thank you, my love," she let a small smile grace her face and she buried her head back into his chest. Yes, she could trust him. "Now, be good while I'm gone."

No.

Where was he going?

She didn't want to be alone.

"Don't leave," she whispered, but he was already leaning back into the darkness. She heard the
door nearby open, but she still couldn't see. She looked up at him and looked back into those black eyes again. She tried to follow him, but she didn't know where he went. She reached out with her hands, felt something soft. She tried to grasp it, but it was just the wall.

The footsteps next to her started to exit into the hallway. She was terrified, tapping her shaking fingers against the wall in front of her. When she turned around, nothing was there, and her back slid down the wall. She wrapped her arms around her legs and held them close. "Please don't leave me, Jim!" She cried out. The next thing she heard was the door close, silence echoing against the padded walls. She kept her promise.

Now she sat there, staring at the door, waiting for her reward.
Trapped and Chained

Chapter Summary

"Molly, dear, you need to stay inside. We'll keep you safe."

He'd be there soon. It was what she kept telling herself: he'd be there soon. At some point in the day, he'd be there to visit her, tell her how much he missed her, bring her a little gift to ease the pain of being there, then tell her a story. Yes, he'd be there soon.

When would he be there, though? She didn't know. Time was not important in her life. Time made no sense. Who were some of the henchmen that came into her room? Why couldn't she remember certain days? Was she still being drugged? What had she eaten in the last two days? How did she get there? Why did she feel stuck?

She looked down at her wrists. She used to be chained to the wall. After the first visit, she tried to escape on numerous occasions. Once was with one of his henchmen. They opened the door, walked inside, and she slid right out. For two seconds, she was a free woman, staring down a long, pale blue hallway. There was not a soul in the place, but more rooms to fill. How many others had he captured? But her hand was occupied by his hand. He pulled her back into the darkness. "Molly, dear, you need to stay inside. We'll keep you safe." Thrown to the ground, she was punished by the henchmen for leaving the room.

The next time was when he visited. It was just him and her. It must've been the sixth or seventh visit—or many more, she lost count after eighteen. She was sitting in a corner—which one, it didn't really matter—and heard the door open. No one was there, it just swung open. She stared at the outside world for a moment, wondering if she could make it out of there.


She rose from her spot and stood in the corner. For a second, she didn't want to run. But that second vanished, and she was running for her life.

But he was there.

His arms wrapped around her petite body. "No! Stop!" She cried out. The henchmen down the hall just stared, chains in their hands. "L-Let me go, Jim! Please!" She was clawing at the concrete walls, the tables, the chairs, everything. Why were there chairs?

"Molly, stop," he growled, throwing her back into her dungeon. She heard the rattling of the chains come closer and closer. All she felt, though, were the arms dragging her through the air and against the wall next to a latch. Her body crashed into the wall, pinned between it and him, and she did whatever she could to be free. But he would bite down on her freedom. "Or I will force you to stop!"

She froze. What would he do to her? He never liked to get his hands dirty. The chains behind her echoed inside. "Oh, Molly," his nails dug into her arms, "you are quite the nuisance." His leg slammed into the back of her knee, making her fall to the ground in pain. He held her until she hit the ground. She didn't look up, but she knew he was looking. Those eyes never left her. "Now stay there."
She had never been so afraid of him in her life.

The chains stayed wrapped around her wrists until he saw her behave well, when she didn't try to escape or tear the chains out of the wall (trust her, she tried). They wrapped around her body, suffocating her night and day. She couldn't grab anything, couldn't touch any surfaces with her hands—every time he came, she tried to claw his eyes out. But he would just laugh.

"Come now, you don't really hate me, do you?"

Soon after, she started to calm down with each visit. These visits were short, maybe ten to twenty minutes, if she had to guess—that's all she had left, guessing. She was living life without time. Did people know she was missing? Maybe they thought she was on vacation. Where else would she be?

His visits, yes, she thought. It was hard to concentrate when she only stared at the same door day in and day out, waiting. She hardly remembered what he talked about. It was all gibberish. She only cared when the chains were broken, when she could move her arms again. She was on the floor, sitting next to the wall when the door opened. He was standing there, his shadow hiding her. She didn't look at him as he walked closer and closer to her, those annoying clicks and clacks bouncing on the walls.

"Molly dear," he whispered. She saw him bend down in front of her, a little worry in his eyes. He reached out and traced her arm, sighing all the while. "You're too good to me, Molly." She felt her lips tremble.

"…a-am I?" She whispered to him.

He just smiled. "Of course," he grasped the lock near her neck (it choked the life out of her) and brought a key to it. With one turn, she could breathe again. Her arms were free. She let the chains hang from her as she leapt from the ground to hold him.

And she cried.

She didn't remember if he held her back, but she was sure. He had to have, or else he really was a monster. But that was a long time ago, she thought. Maybe he didn't hold her. Did she hate him for that? Where were those chains? What happened to them? She thought the henchmen came and took them, praising her for how she accepted her stay, but she didn't understand. Maybe Jim took them.

Yes, maybe. He must've walked out with them in his hands. "Promise you'll be a good girl when I come tomorrow." And every day, she would see him come back, find herself visited by the monster that put her there in the first place. But she could not hate him.

He freed her.

She suddenly heard the locks on the door clicking open. One by one, they were unlocking. He was there. Finally. She lied on the floor, watching the light trickle into the darkness as he stood in the doorway, a smile on his face and a few flowers in his hands. He still looked as sharp as ever, still with the charm she was tortured to see.

Then, he frowned. "Molly dear, did you sleep on the ground again?" She pushed her hands into her chest. Was she in trouble? What did she do? What could she do? She couldn't break the promise she made with him. Moriarty closed the door behind him. "You know it upsets me when you don't take proper care of yourself, darling."
In a hushed voice, she whispered: "I'm sorry."

But where else was she supposed to sleep?

Moriarty sat down next to her, holding the few roses in his hands. "It's of no trouble," he told her. She felt at ease again, feeling his hand grab one of hers. Let go, she thought. But she held back. Why? He didn't deserve any affection. He deserved to die. "Come now, I have so many stories to tell you! Let's get to bed."

Molly felt her body being lifted off the ground as Moriarty stood up. Her eyes followed his, glancing at the bed against the wall.

When did that get there?
Monsters are Nightmares

Chapter Summary

"Enjoy the feeling, Molly the Monster."

Perhaps the reason she hadn't remembered the bed was because it was a safe zone. Yes, yes, she couldn't remember him hurting her on the bed. Just outside the bed, just on the ground, against the wall, against the door, pushing against the floor—yes, that's it. That must be it. There was no other explanation. He only held her in his cold arms as he talked and talked about his day, how he bragged about being able to see the outside world while she was stuck inside, believing he was saving her from some deadly attack.

She didn't know how long he would be there. Sometimes, it would be for hours—others, minutes. It felt like days to her, too, when he was in an ugly mood. She had the cuts to prove it, the stories to tell what he had done. "Now, be a good girl and lie there for me. I must practice with this knife on something, and you are my Molly dear. I'd hate to see you be slaughtered on accident," he said to her. Of course she screamed, but one of his lackeys had to hold her down so he could poke and prod with a knife. Or was it a knife? It was sharp, that's all that mattered. Blood loss must've made her pass out. It was the only explanation.

He held her close; she loved it. She never held back—she never had the chance other times—and listened to him talk about his life. Sometimes they were just ramblings about nothing in particular. "Have you ever seen a Sun spot explode? It's quite a lovely scene." Other times, there were motives for killing another human being. "I've found that most conventional ways of killing someone is simply dull. I need to spruce up the fun in this town, Molly."

She didn't care. She was forced to listen to the stories, anyhow (he held on with a strong grip, sometimes unable to even breathe), and some of the stories were interesting. For some reason, that day, he wanted to tell her about his life. Just a fraction of it, however. "Oh, Molly, you might as well know the true me," he whispered in her ear. Moriarty started to pet her hair and she closed her eyes. She wouldn't sleep; she wanted to hear. "I was born as a black sheep in my little town. Born without a mother, born with a desolate father, they all knew I would be something someday. But they were too afraid to voice their reasons.

"See, I was born without a mother because I killed her. Maybe on purpose, she was killing me after all. Perhaps I should've gone with her, but here I am. My father wanted me alive, wanted to see me grow up to be his little boy. Too bad his little boy would kill him in the long run as well. I told him I hated to get my hands dirty," his grip around her shoulders tightened.

"J-Jim," Molly breathed out.

"Every time he mentioned her, that whore of a mother, the one that died because she wanted a child—I smiled. Oh it felt wonderful to know that I was already known as a demon, a spawn of the deepest parts of Hell for killing his lovely wife, my darling mother. What had she done to me, he asked. Why did you take her away from me, you lowlife, he would say. And I would just laugh, knowing that the world had chaos. And he came to me, on his knees, begging for his life. He was praying to God, praying that all would be right in the world, but nothing would spare him. Hell had already been spawned from his brimstone and fire. So he brought a gun out, pointing
right at my small body, abusing me, teasing me with death. Death had no place in my shadow except right beside me, and my father pointed it to his head.

"'Kill me,' he whispered to me. He grabbed one of my hands and placed my hand around the handle, my fingers on the trigger. 'Kill me like you killed her. I hope you burn in Hell for what you have done to this family. What you have done to me. Burn my heart out, Jim. Do it!' He screamed. My hand was shaking, but not with sorrow. I enjoyed it. I started to laugh.

"'Burn, father,' I said to him. He was afraid to die, screaming to be spared by God, by me. But I would not forgive him. Nothing would let me forgive him. He was giving me the opportunity to be a monster. So I gave into the darkness and fired a round through his skull. The blood, oh the blood. Molly, you should have seen his eyes roll back into his head, the blood splashing in every direction. I had a strong grip on that gun, and I refused to let it go. I smiled at his death, laughed in his face as he laid there, still praying for a Saint to save his soul. The police moved me far away from home, and the rest is history. A grand history, father, and you would be proud." He growled.

"Jim!" Molly could feel his grip hold on for dear life, digging his fingernails into her skin. But the look on her face was not in pain, nor was it full of fear. No, something made her neutral. Something had caused her to just stare into the voided eyes and see the devil spawn within him. She pushed him away—or did he let go?—and rose, sitting on the edge of the bed. Moriarty moved toward her and placed a hand on her shoulder. She did not flinch.

"Molly dear, did you enjoy that story?" He whispered through the dark. She began to rapidly blink. She was searching for an answer, anything, but nothing would come. Moriarty leaned toward her and smirked. "You little monster you," and she brought her hands to her ears.

"No, no, no," she repeated over and over again. She was not a monster—was she? What did she do? Why was she there? When would she leave? Who brought her there?

The door opened and Moriarty was summoned. "Sir," one of his lackeys said. Moriarty growled, stubborn of the fact that he had to leave. The door closed behind the lackey, and Moriarty hummed in her ear. But Molly wanted him gone. She wanted to be alone, on her bed, safe, away from the darkness. She wanted the comfort of knowing there were no monsters in her bed. Moriarty, however, tore one of her hands away and whispered:

"Enjoy the feeling, Molly the Monster."

He climbed out of bed and began to leave. Molly fell to the ground and rocked back and forth, repeatedly shouting "no" through her walls. She closed her eyes and shook her head, wanting to go home, wanting to be somewhere else, somewhere far, far away from the lackeys and the knives and the clean sheets they called home there.

She didn't hear the door open or close.

She didn't dare look for the nightmare, either.
Break Down the Walls

Chapter Summary

Molly screamed as loud as she could.

Some days, Molly would start to crumble. Her world would shake and amplify the worst inside: her nightmares, her dying words. These days were accompanied by reality with a touch of fear driving through her skull. But she'd have no recollection of the breakdown, no motivation to research the plight; she wanted to live in order to survive.

Her life was a dying maze, each dead end another world to live through, but the memories were all the same. It was a slow progression to reality, but it only took days to hit the next road block in her wake. And her Jim Moriarty would always be there, waiting for her to fall. He was there to gently catch her before the storm would break her back and kill her silently; he'd keep her safe.

Just like he promised—or said. Did he actually promise her? She started to rock back and forth on the floor, feet away from her bed. What day was it? What was the time? Where was she? When did that food nearby appear? Why were the walls padded? No, those were always padded. Jim let her have the soft walls, so not to bruise her precious skin, something he always loved. "I'd hate for my favorite merchandise to be scarred so easily." But he couldn't save her from her nails, his hands, her scratches, his prods.

She stared into her lap. Had she always been in this outfit? Grey sweats that covered her feet, a white t-shirt that was the cleanest item in her room—her hair was a nest, stringy; nails were torn apart at every angle (was it from the lackeys? No, she must've bit them. Yes, she bit her nails) and she continued to rock. Her fingers were twitching at the sights her eyes were adjusting to: the window to her soul, her awakening path. And she didn't know how to react.

She had a feeling she had been at that moment before, feeling these walls come down. It was a game, she told herself. It was all just an illusion. She felt as though Jim was setting her up, however, and did not want to believe in such a lie. Why would the big bad wolf want to lie to his precious little red? Her wolf did not lie to her, ever.

Just as she thought about that nasty monster, she could hear a screeching howl charge toward her room, screaming against the walls. She knew it was coming for her, whatever its purpose. Were they new lackeys? What had she done this time? She rose from the floor and stood back against the wall, staring at the door that kept her safe. What big eyes she had staring at that locked door, hearing the screaming howls tumble toward her. Molly heard the door start to unlock, and she secretly prayed for something new, something fresh, something blue.

Why blue?

Two men stood in the doorway as the door opened wide—my, what a big jaw it has, she thought. "Molly?" the short one called out to her. Who were they? Why did they know her name? Why were they so familiar? And why did she wish for something blue? She stared at the tall one's scarf: a dull blue. "Hey, Molly," the short one called out again. She turned her attention to the short one, wearing a cream-colored jumper—she'd seen that around before. Where, though? His eyes bore into hers as he reached out to her, but she flinched away.
"John-" the tall one growled. She shot her eyes to the tall one. John. John. She knew that name. The tall one, he must be the "Sh" man. Sh. Sh. She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to think, think, think—where was she? She opened her eyes and looked over at John. Yes. He was John. She forgot his name once with Jim.

Where was Jim? She watched the two of them speak, guns in hand, and she tore away at the skin on her fingers. This was real. This was happening. Jim was away, he was gone. John and the tall man must have killed him. Yes. She opened her mouth. "John?" She whispered. John turned his head over to her and watched her take a step forward. He didn't move. She expected him to be afraid of what she had become, stuck in the dark for all this time. How much time had passed? "John?" She reached out with her hand, and he grabbed it with both of his.

Where did his gun go?

"Molly, we're here to save you."

She felt the whole world lifted off her shoulders.

Safe in the outside world. Jim would not touch her again. He would not keep her here anymore. She was able to leave. "Sa-Save me?" She blinked, and she watched his face go from concern to—pity. Jim perfected that look. Why was he giving that look?

The tall one just stood there. "See you, Molly. See you. John, we go through this every time," Molly didn't move her head. See her? Why were they just wanting to see her? Save me!, she thought. Save me from this place! Take me away! Please! She felt John sigh and turn his head to the tall one.

"Sherlock-" Sherlock.

Sherlock Holmes.

The one that put her here, Sherlock Holmes. He was here seeing her—saving her.

"Sherlock!" She cried out. "Sherlock and John." She whispered. John smiled and looked Molly in the eyes.

"Yes, Molly, it's Sherlock and John. We're here."

Sherlock muttered something, but Molly wasn't paying attention. "Every time?" She asked. She heard right, didn't she? Why was the room getting brighter? Why was the hallway not dark looking? It looked so clean and all sorts of lackeys walked around with other people. Did they not see her? Should she scream?

John sighed again. "Molly, we're here again." Again.

Why?

"Again?" She tore her hand away from his hands, bringing it to her chest. Were they lackeys of Jim's now? Did he hire them to kill her? Or to ruin her? Why were they there? When did they come before? Why can't she remember? And why did they have little badges on their clothing? When did that get there?

"Yes, again," Sherlock impatiently said. "Molly, you've been here for a year. You should know that by now."
"Sherlock, stop. She's had a mental breakdown."

"They should not last this long, John, you know this. You're a doctor."

"It's case by case. You should know all about these things, since you know everything."

"Medicine has never been a forte of mine. You've probably seen that."

Molly shook her head. "Stop! Stop! Please!" Sherlock and John turned their heads back to her, and she continued to watch everything fall apart. She started to cry. "You have to help me! Just get me out of here before Jim comes back! You came to save me, please!"

Sherlock stepped in front of John and placed a hand on both arms. She froze. He was a lackey. He was going to hurt her. "Molly," he looked straight in her eyes, watching them bounce back and forth between the walls in the room. "He's not coming back."

She pushed against his grip and held her hands against her chest, protecting her. She knew what was right. "No! You're wrong! He'll be here! You have to get me out of here!"

"But, Molly," John called out. Molly watched the room shift back into darkness, then into the light again. "You're safe here."

"I'm not safe here! He's going to hurt me! Please!" Sherlock's grip tightened on her arms, and she stopped screaming. Was that a sign of torture? She didn't know. Jim never had a sign. She bit down on her lip and looked at Sherlock. "Please."

"No," he whispered. "You're not ready."

No.

She was ready.

She had been waiting all this time.

She was ready.

Sherlock released her.

"No," she whispered, watching him back away. "No, stop!" She reached out to Sherlock and grabbed his coat sleeve; he just stared. "Please! Take me with you!" John calmly stepped between them and tried to pry her away, but she grabbed onto his arm. "I shouldn't be here! He's going to hurt me! Please!"

"He's not going to hurt you, Molly," John whispered, trying to calm her down. She let go of Sherlock, staring into the eyes of what appeared to be an angel. He wasn't a lackey. He was John. Yes. Sherlock stepped out into the hallway and waited, looking in every direction. He was on watch. Was Jim coming? No, she had to get away.

"Yes he is! He'll be back!" John brought a hand to her arm and gently rubbed her skin. She felt warmth, something she hadn't felt in a long time. Jim was always so cold.

"Molly," he grumbled. She let him go, and he stepped away. She followed like a puppy dog, but his stare told her to stay. She stopped. Why? Why couldn't she leave? Why was she stuck here? She wanted to be saved. That's why they were there, to save her. They said it themselves—didn't they? No, they wanted to see her. See her. He sighed and rubbed the back of his head.
"Molly, he's dead. He's been dead for a long time."

He was lying. He was a lackey. He was a liar.

"N-No, h-he was j-just here," she whispered. She looked down at her arms, looking at the fresh cuts on her arms from Jim. She had evidence. Why didn't they believe her? They? Who else did she tell? "See? My arms-"

John looked out to the hallway as she stuck out her arm. He saw Sherlock become impatient and bored—and he did not want him bored. He turned around when she lowered her arm. "I'm sorry, Molly. We'll be back soon, okay? You get better." He gave her a small smile, then he turned his back to her.

"No."

But he did not stop. The large jaw started to close on her.

"No!"

She rushed to the door to try and stop it, but she heard the loud crash of the door and the frame, the large padlocks locking themselves into place. The room was getting darker—wasn't it? She took a glance around the room, just turning her head. When did that caged window get there? Why was there a table? Where was she? Where was she!

She turned her head back to the door and started to pound against the door.

"No! Let me out!"

Nothing.

No sound.

No big bad wolf.

No howls.

Nothing.

"Help me! Help me!"

She pushed against the door and spun around, watching the walls crumble before her very eyes. Her eyes couldn't deceive her. There was light in this room, and it was clean. There was a bed. There was a table, a sink, nice walls, a clean floor. Windows graced the wall opposite to her, but the curtains were shut. It was dark. It was light. There was no blood. She was not tortured here. Jim. Where was Jim? Where was he? Where was she? Why was she here? What brought her here? How long had she been here?

She squeezed her eyes shut. Her head started to hurt.

And Molly screamed as loud as she could.
The Big Bad Wolf Returns

Chapter Summary

The big bad wolf lied to her. He lied all the time.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading :)
pleading for mercy. "Oh, look, we have an audience," Moriarty waved to the camera. She just stared at the screen. "I think it's time we start the show, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. Come one, come all," a buzzsaw started to cackle and whizz in his hands, and the man in the chair twisted and shouted for it to stop. But she watched as Moriarty sliced up his body, cutting into the face at first, and then circulating down the stomach to watch the insides fall out, all while laughing and warning those that had watched it their fate.

When Moriarty was finished, he wiped his brow and smeared blood all over him. "Oh, and dear Molly," he whispered through the air, "I hope you know this is your doing." She pushed the chair away from the desk and felt someone grab her arms. She knew who it was; she didn't try to fight. "I hope never to do it again." A man's voice whispered in her ear. She didn't say a word.

But how did she get there? How was she trapped and tortured by the man that kept her trapped in her own home? Why was she safe in some asylum when she should be dead? Was she dead? No, she could still feel pain—she was still so alive. She closed her eyes and screamed in agony. "Make it stop!" She cried. Molly scratched at her head and felt it getting harder and harder to breathe. She opened her eyes to make sure Jim had not been choking her—he would be blamed for such mutiny.

She remembered blood. Little red had to trick the big wolf somehow, lure him into the cell she had been stuck within ever since meeting him. But she never got the chance. Instead, he gave her the consent to kill him. With that devilish smirk, that poised charm, he just stood behind her body and whispered, "My darling Molly, you wouldn't hurt a fly. But I bet you want me to burn." When she turned around, she was already holding the knife in her hand, lunging for his heart. And all he did was smile.

Suddenly, Molly heard the howls in the hallways again, screaming for help, crying for mercy. There were small whispers coming and going, breathing down her neck. And it was the big bad wolf, always trying to scare away his little red. "Jim, please!" She cried. But the whispers were there.

"Monster."

"Nightmare."

"Molly, dear."

"Hello."

She rose from the ground and spun to see the door. She could see the creeping shadows climbing higher and higher on the ceiling, but she wasn't afraid. She was more afraid of what was behind the door, if it was her big bad wolf coming back for her. He was still out there, crawling through the cracks of the system, trying to make it back to her in one piece so he could take her back to his cell, her lonesome prison. The door started to open, and the lackeys started to pile in.

"No, please, stay back!" Her back hit the wall, but her hands were trying to climb. She needed an escape. She needed to get away. Where was her escape plan? She had one. Where was it? The lackeys continued to move toward her, arms out toward her, trying to grab her. But she continued to scream. "No, please!" She could hear the familiar voices of Sherlock and John, talking to a deep voice, and she tried to peer out into the world again, but all she could see were the shadows grabbing at her and clawing against her skin. She screamed while the men beside her tried to calm her.

"Molly, Molly, it's okay. You're not going to die."
But they lied. They always lied to her. "No, you're wrong! Let me go!" She thrashed about, trying to escape from the shadowy clutches of the damned. They held no remorse in their wicked souls, no sense of guilt ran through their veins. They did what they were told by the big bad wolf, and my, what mighty grips they had. "I'm fine! Just let me go!" She needed to leave, before Jim would return, before she was eaten by her wolf. Little red needed to run back to her house and never return to her grandmother's house. She'd stay away for the rest of her life, she promised.

But Molly listened to the outside world again. She knew she was in an asylum. She knew she had a mental breakdown, and that Sherlock Holmes brought her to this place because he did not want the bother of taking care of her. She knew she lived with Jim for months before the blood. But why did he visit her? Why did he care so much about her? She looked up at one of the men next to her. "Why do you listen to him?" The man did not respond. "He's a monster!"

"And you are not?"

Her eyes widened.

No.

Little red was safe. The big bad wolf couldn't get to her.

She turned her attention to the doorway, watching a woman write something in her file. She knew this woman. Brunette, tall, business attire—she was not a nurse. She was there strictly for business. But Molly didn't care about her; she cared about the man next to her, the one the woman never addressed. He smiled. "You still don't think you are a monster, dear Molly?"

"Jim," she whispered.

It couldn't be. He was—he was the big bad wolf, he was gone! He couldn't get to her anymore! He couldn't touch her! Why was he there? Where did he come from? The woman held out the file and continued to write down whatever happened. Molly would make sure to read the writings, to know she was not seeing things—no, this was real. He was there.

"I leave for a little while and here you are, making a scene out of yourself. Oh, haven't we been through this, about your little hiccups?" Molly tried to tear her arms out from the large hands that held her. It was no use.


"But, I came to see you, my little monster. Look at how big you've grown! It's a shame they put you in this place, you should be running around like I had the privilege of having," he said to her.

"I'm not like you!" Molly shouted. Moriarty chuckled.

"Indeed you are," he replied. He started to walk toward her; so did the woman next to him. Molly tried so hard to be free from the clutches that held her down, but to no avail. Moriarty was walking straight for her, ready to pounce and strike at whatever chance he could get. "And you proved yourself to be quite the monster, my dear. Haven't you?"

Molly shut her eyes. She could hear the clicking of the woman's heels. "I don't know what you're talking about." She uttered. Moriarty let out a laugh.

"Ha! Good, good, Molly! Play the innocent card in front of the audience. I do believe we have quite the liar here tonight, folks," Moriarty growled. The heels stopped. Molly opened her eyes and hung her head to the ground, staring at the floor. "Look at me, Molly."
She couldn't.

She was fixated on the blood spilling around them.

Why was there blood? What had she done? "You killed me, Molly," he whispered. "We've been through this time and time again, but you just won't let me go. Instead of Hell I go into, in you go to the pits." Molly looked up. He hadn't a scratch on him. He was alive. He was lying again. "Now, please be a good girl for a while. I hate to see you like this."

"I didn't kill you."

He killed himself.

He told her to kill him.

He wanted her to kill him.

So she did.

On his dying breath, he said to her, "Look at what you have become: a monster."

And he smiled.

For the first time in months, she started to smile, stopping her thrashes. She was laughing. The woman just stared at her as she let her laughter fill the air. She did that when Moriarty died, too. She sat next to his corpse, just laughing, until the police arrived. And even then, she still laughed, still sat in the blood that ruined her. "He told me to do it," she whispered. "He wanted to die. He wanted to. So I killed him. He thought I couldn't, but I did it. He underestimated me. I can kill again. And again. And again." She felt nothing.

But she felt alive.

Molly looked up at Moriarty and continued to smile. And so did he. "Oh, my Molly dear, I knew you would see the light." No, she saw nothing but the dark crowding her. The woman took a step forward toward her and muttered something. Molly, however, was fixated on Moriarty next to her, holding out his arms. "I've missed you so, my little monster. And daddy's so proud of you."

Molly felt elation.

Her smile began to fade as tears formed in her eyes. "Jim," she whispered. She missed him, ever so much. He never visited as often as he did. The room was getting darker and darker, the light fading from the window. The grips on her arms started to loosen as the woman's arm reached for her. But Molly just watched her big bad wolf smile with pride.

"Hush, my dear. I'll keep you safe. I'll catch you when you fall." Molly felt the weight of the world lifted off her shoulders. He was proud to be with her, to feel alive with her. How she wanted to share that feeling with him her entire relationship. She missed him so much, missed his presence and charm. The woman plunged into her veins, and the two men let go of her arms.

For a split second, she was free from the torturous life she had to live day in and day out for a year, maybe more. She felt like she was flying through time and space, drifting from one point to the next. She didn't know why she was in that room, or why Jim wanted to hold her in his arms, or why she wanted to fall into his arms. She wanted to run away and never return. He put her there. He didn't want to keep her safe; he wanted to hurt her, to kill her in the future. But she couldn't remember how they met. They met—somehow.
She fell to the floor.

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