A Million To One

by WillSherJohnKhan

Summary

The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one, he said. But still, they come...

Disclaimer:
I don't own any of these characters. I just like to play with them every now and then.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
They Come

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221B BAKER STREET

Molly Hooper rushed up the stairs of 221B Baker St and burst through the door of the flat at the top.

All was silent.

And dark.

It took a minute or two for her eyes to become accustomed to the gloom. Once they had, she was able to seek out the man she had come to find.

He sat slumped in his chair. It didn’t take an expert to work out that Sherlock Holmes, the world’s only Consulting Detective was in a drug-induced stupor, and had clearly been so for several days.

Usually so impeccably dressed, his standards dropped dramatically when high. And it wasn’t just so that he could fit in with those who were more than willing to supply him with his next fix.

The more he used, the less he cared.

So in all likelihood he had no idea what had befallen the United Kingdom, and probably the rest of the world over the last 72 hours.

Molly made her way over to the comatose figure.

Standing over him she noted that his current ensemble included: runners with holes in them, baggie jeans that only remained on his slim hips with the aid of a piece of rope in lieu of a belt, a tight-fitting, old, dirty t-shirt, and instead of his usual belstaff he wore a cheap raincoat with a broken zip. His hair was greasy and probably hadn’t been washed in a week. His upper lip, cheeks and chin were darkened by stubble.

It made him look rather piratical, Molly thought absently, before shaking herself out of her daydream.

Now was not the time.

“Sherlock,” she called as loud as she dared.

There was no response.

She leant down and grabbed hold of his coat and began to shake him.

“Sherlock, Sherlock!”

There was still no response.

She tried to pull him to his feet. But even when conscious, this would have been difficult. Unconscious as he was, it was simply impossible. He was too heavy.

Molly chewed on her lower lip. What to do?
She risked raising her voice. “Sherlock, please. I need you to wake up.”

Blearily Sherlock’s eyes finally opened and he attempted to focus on her.

“Ah, Molly,” he said in recognition. “What brings you here?”

Molly sighed with relief, but she was also exasperated as it was clear he had no idea what had befallen the Earth.

She attempted to pull him to his feet, but he refused to budge.

“We have to get out of here Sherlock,” she said panic returning. “The Martian’s are coming.”

His response to her statement was not what she expected.

“Of course they are,” he drawled, before yawning. “Wake me up when it’s over.” He then closed his eyes and returned to a state of oblivion.

“I don’t have time for this,” Molly muttered in irritation.

There was only one solution. Or to be more precise, Molly’s hand connecting with Sherlock’s cheek.

Slap.

No response.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

“Owwww,” Sherlock yelped, instantly awake. He gave Molly his best puppy dog look as he rubbed his abused flesh. “What was that for?”

“Didn’t you hear me? We have to get out of here, fast.”

Sherlock took a deep breath before getting to his feet.

Looking down at his clearly distressed Pathologist, he gently placed his hands on her shoulders, doing his best to offer something that would pass as comfort.

When she looked up at him. It was clear she was waiting for either a plan of action or some assurance.

He chose to give her an explanation based on scientific fact.

“Molly,” he began, his voice rough from lack of use. “Even if it were possible, given its climate and atmosphere, for Mars to sustain life-forms. Their ability to travel 35,000,000 miles to Earth, and to survive here, given the gravitational forces pressing down upon them, would make invasion simply imposs…”

Sherlock’s logical deductions were interrupted by a rumble like thunder that caused the ground beneath their feet to tremble and shake uncontrollably. It was followed almost immediately by a deafening cry.

“UuullllaAAHHH!”

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A flare, spurting out from Mars - bright green, drawing a green mist behind it - a beautiful, but somehow disturbing sight.

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221B BAKER STREET

“You were saying?” Molly demanded, her panic and fear momentarily forgotten.

Sherlock didn’t say anything for a full minute, his drug-addled brain attempting to come to grips with the bizarre turn of events.

It was only when a Fighting Machine paused out the front of 221B that saw him snap out of it and into action.

“We’re going,” he said, grabbing her hand in one of his own, his belstaff in the other before charging out the door and down the stairs.

As they reached the bottom step, Sherlock called out “Mrs Hudson!”

“Quietly Sherlock,” Molly hissed. “They’ll hear you.” But something glowed warm within Molly at the knowledge that despite being still drug affected Sherlock would still consider the welfare of his elderly landlady.

When Sherlock made to check Mrs Hudson’s flat Molly pulled him towards the front door.

“She’s safe Sherlock,” she assured him. “She’s with John and Mary.”

Sherlock felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Now the only one’s safety he had to consider were Molly’s and his own.

He opened the front door as quietly as he could and scanned the area. The Martian that had been stationed outside had decided to move on and was currently lumbering down the street.

Not seeing any others in the vicinity, Sherlock decided now was as good a time as any to make their escape. He led Molly around the corner, pausing when they came to a manhole. Out of a pocket of the raincoat he produced a short crowbar that he used to force the latch so that he could raise the manhole lid. He then stepped back, indicating for Molly to make her way down first.

Molly cautiously made her way down. It was very dark and once Sherlock closed the lid they were going to be in complete darkness.

And Molly really hated the dark.
But as soon as Sherlock shut the lid he turned on a torch that he always kept in his coat pocket.

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THE UNDERGROUND TUNNELS

When they’d both reached the bottom, Molly looked around in the limited light offered by the torch.

She didn’t get much of a chance to ascertain anything of relevance about their surroundings. As soon as Sherlock had put his belstaff on, he made his way confidently down the darkened tunnels. Striding along he called over his shoulder. “This way Molly. Do keep up.”

“Sherlock,” she gasped as she caught up with him. “Where are we?”

He huffed impatiently. “Isn’t it obvious?”

Molly could just make out the trickle of water as they moved along. “We’re in a drain,” she finally concluded, before muttering under her breath. “This better not be a sewage drain.”

Sherlock turned and offered her a small smile. “London is a city from above and below,” he explained. “The above you know. The one underground is a labyrinth of inter-connected tunnels that criss-cross the same area as above.” He became more animated as he continued. “These tunnels are fascinating, they have their own history, being made up over hundreds of years as man has acquired knowledge and an ability to improve conditions for themselves. You may not realise it Molly, but we are wandering through one of the most industrious areas of London, all of it completely out of sight.”

“Industry? Water and sewage drains,” Molly said with obvious distaste.

Sherlock shrugged. “It all has to go somewhere. Better down here than through the streets.”

They carried on in silence for a while, Sherlock in the lead as he turned down side tunnels like he was taking a walk through the streets of London.

Molly concentrated on keeping him in sight as she did her best to keep up with him.

When Sherlock pulled out his mobile from the inside pocket of his coat, Molly increased her pace until she was alongside him.

“Don’t,” she said. Stopping him as he was about to turn it on. “You’ll want to conserve the battery for as long as possible.”

Sherlock frowned at her. “I’ll just recharge it later.”

“You can’t.”

“Why? Was there a law passed banning the use of mobiles when the Martians invaded?” he sniped sarcastically.

“In a manner of speaking,” Molly replied, her tone serious.

Sherlock said nothing, but waited. It was only now just dawning on him how much he was unaware of while he’d been high. He had a lot to catch up on in the short period of time before they reached their destination. He knew he was going to need to pay very close attention to every bit of information that was currently known about this threat that he’d only just become aware of.
A threat like none he’d ever been confronted with before.

Realising that for now at least she wasn’t going to be interrupted, Molly continued her explanation. “When the invasion happened five days ago, it took the authorities by surprise. When the Martians came to Earth, they were mistaken for falling stars. It was only when they emerged from their spacecraft that their intentions and capabilities were realised.”

“How many ships have landed exactly?” Sherlock asked.

“Actual numbers are still unclear. But it has been confirmed that they landed in Horsell Common, Addleston and Pyrford. When they emerged they were in those huge machines, like that one you just saw outside Baker Street.”

“Was no attempt made to communicate with these… Martians?” Sherlock was no diplomat, but he knew what standard protocols required in a situation such as this.

“Of course,” Molly said. “But the Martians response was to completely obliterate those that were offering the hand of friendship.”

“How?” Sherlock asked, becoming more and more intrigued.

“They produced some sort of funnel that they used to direct a beam of intense heat, a heat ray… There was nothing left…”

“What happened next?” Sherlock asked, directing Molly away from her distressing thoughts, although he was pretty certain he knew what her answer was going to be.

“The military responded in kind,” Molly confirmed. “They were successful in bringing down two of the machines.”

“I assume the Martians weren’t expecting a fight,” Sherlock postulated.

“No, I don’t think they thought we were capable of taking them on,” Molly responded. “Once they realised their mistake they instantly set about ensuring their superiority.”

“So they took out all power, telecommunications and military installations.”

Molly nodded. “We have effectively stepped back in time. Our technology, such as it is, is the equivalent of that in the late 1890’s.”

“Their strategy makes sense,” Sherlock noted. “Reduce us down to a point where we are no longer a threat,” he paused a moment, deep in thought. “A pity the military chose to show their hand so early,” he murmured. “That was careless.”

“They didn’t have a choice,” Molly said defensively becoming slightly annoyed by Sherlock’s attitude. Though she couldn’t fault his logic.

Sherlock had moved ahead of her again. From where she stood she could see he was searching for something.

“Ah, here we are,” Sherlock cried triumphantly as he began to ascend a ladder.

“Where?” Molly asked, following him up.

“To the most secure building in the whole of London,” he replied as he reached the top and began trying to push the trapdoor open.
“So, Buckingham Palace? The Houses of Parliament? Number 10 Downing Street?”

“Nope,” Sherlock said as he finally got the door open. “They have nothing on this place.”

*

As he emerged into the room, his eyes landed on a pair of highly polished, expensive leather shoes and the tip of an umbrella.

“Brother dear, so good of you to join us.”

***
Listen, do you hear them drawing near in their search for the sinners? Feeding on the power of our fear and the evil within us.

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THE DIOGENES CLUB BUNKER

Sherlock heaved himself up and out into the room. He took a quick note of all those assembled. Along with Mycroft there were the Watson’s with their baby daughter, Mrs Hudson, Lestrade, and somewhat surprisingly Billy Wiggins. He stood apart from the others, looking nervy and on edge.

“Sherlock!” John cried, relief clear in his voice, though his face registered concern as he asked. “Do you know if…?”

Sherlock didn’t respond, instead he bent down and offered his hand as he assisted Molly out of the tunnel. “Welcome to The Diogenes Club Bunker,” he said, indicating the room with a flourish of his hand. “The most secure place in London.”

The next few minutes were spent with everyone, save Mycroft, assuring themselves that their friends were truly there and safe.

It was brought to a premature end when Mycroft stated. “Since you are now back in civilised company,” he paused as he turned a withering glance at Wiggins. “Well, almost all civilised, brother mine, perhaps you might do us all the courtesy of taking a shower, and shaving.”

Sherlock didn’t bother with a response he simply made his way over to the bunkers small bathroom.

As he opened the door he casually threw over his shoulder “I do hope you have a change of clothes hidden away somewhere for me, blood.” And with that he shut the door firmly behind him.

* 

Five minutes after the shower was turned off Molly softly knocked on the bathroom door before entering with the requested change of clothes, only to come to an abrupt halt.

Sherlock stood before the mirror, shaving.

Molly’s eyes wandered over his slight, but muscular frame, the scattering of hair on his chest that didn’t quite hide the scar where he’d been shot.

Surgery, he’d called it.
Her gaze then slipped down until it settled on the small towel that was only barely secured around his slim hips.

“I’ll take those,” Sherlock’s rich baritone vibrated around the room and through her quivering frame.

Molly’s head snapped up, meeting his knowing look in the mirror.

He wiggled the fingers of his hand that he had stretched out towards her.

“Of… of course,” she stammered, blushing furiously as she handed him his clothes before turning and bolting out of the room.

*

When Sherlock emerged from the bathroom, no sign of the addict existed. His attire immaculate, he face clean-shaven and his hair freshly shampooed. The world’s only Consulting Detective had returned.

As much as she loved his current look Molly couldn’t help but let a little sigh of disappointment escape her lips. There was just something about a rougher, unkempt Sherlock. It made him appear more dangerous, and more unpredictable than usual. But it was no more. Goodbye Pirate.

Sherlock was just making his way past her, when he paused. Turning her to face him he lent down and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead, his thumbs rubbing soothingly over the exposed flesh between her neck and shoulders. Stepping back he gave her a wink before heading over to Mycroft.

It left Molly wondering if she’d inadvertently spoken aloud. But from the bemused and somewhat perplexed looks they were receiving from the others in the room, it was clear he’d just used his deductive skills.

And for that she was, for once, greatly relieved.

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Everyone had gravitated over to the Holmes brothers. If anyone could find a solution to the current situation, it was going to be them.

But as was usually the case when Sherlock and Mycroft were in the same room, they were having a difference of opinion, several in fact.

“What is being done to contain the situation?” Sherlock demanded. It was clear by his tone that he wasn’t receiving satisfactory responses from his brother.

Mycroft let out a resigned sigh; his expression clearly indicated he saw little point to his brother’s line of questioning. “As I’m sure Miss Hooper…”

“Doctor Hooper,” Sherlock corrected sharply.

“As I’m sure Doctor Hooper has already advised you, a diplomatic solution was attempted. But the Martian’s murdered them outright and have seen fit to destroy all avenues of defence.”

“I know all that,” Sherlock interrupted peevishly. “I want to know what has been attempted since then?”
Sherlock’s tone struck a nerve and Mycroft reacted accordingly.

“While you, brother mine, were under the euphoric influence of whatever illegal narcotic had you in its thrall,” Mycroft all but spat. “These Martian’s have been busy. Not only decimating our military capabilities, communications, power and food resources, they have now built new machines with large baskets.”

“To what purpose?” Sherlock asked, though he already had a number of ideas, none of them good.

“To capture and collect any foolish individual stupid enough to make themselves known,” came the curt response.

John now took over the explanation. “From what we’ve been able to ascertain from a small number of witnesses. The Martians have been draining the blood of those they capture and have been injecting the blood into their own veins.”

“So they are finding it difficult to adapt to our atmosphere,” Sherlock noted. “That is interesting…”

“It is a disgusting and repugnant abuse of innocent individuals,” Mycroft snarled, his usually calm demeanour momentarily absent.

Sherlock closed his eyes, took several deep breaths before opening his eyes once again.

“So what are The Powers That Be, and in this case I mean you, intend to do to protect the Earth and its citizens?”

Mycroft didn’t waiver under Sherlock’s gaze. Having regained his composure he looked his brother in the eye as he stated coolly. “Analysis of the situation leads to only one possible conclusion. We have to use the only means we have left to destroy the invaders.”

Those assembled became hopeful at Mycroft’s words. It seemed too good to be true that he knew of a way to win against the Martians. But their eagerness was tempered when they saw the stricken look on Sherlock’s face.

“Mycroft, you can’t,” he pleaded, his pale features almost translucent as what colour remained washed away. “You can’t use Thunder Child.”

***
Thunder Child

Chapter Summary

Between them lay the silent grey Ironclad ‘Thunder Child’. Slowly it moved towards shore then with a deafening roar and whoosh of spray, it swung about and drove at full speed towards the waiting Martians.

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THE DIOGENES CLUB BUNKER

If Mycroft was surprised by Sherlock’s knowledge of such a Top Secret matter, he gave no indication, simply responding. “I can, and I will.”

His tone sent a shiver of fear down the spines of everyone present.

Mycroft, in the blink of an eye had gone from hero to villain, with Sherlock the only one to fully appreciate why.

For Sherlock to be worried, let alone scared meant that they were dealing with something extremely serious, and deadly.

With her gaze firmly fixed on Sherlock’s horrified expression, Molly tentatively asked. “And what exactly is Thunder Child?”

“It is a weapon, Doctor Hooper,” Mycroft replied.

“The most terrible of weapons,” Sherlock added.

“What type of weapon?” Molly asked, her voice tremulous.

Sherlock walked over to her, surprising everyone when he wrapped his arms securely around her, before turning back to his brother.

“Tell them Mycroft,” he urged, his body tense. “You are one of the architects of this weapon after all.”

Mycroft didn’t respond.

“If you don’t,” Sherlock bit out angrily, his impatience growing. “I will.”

The atmosphere was thick with tension as it became clear that neither brother was prepared to back down.

“Come on Mycroft,” John said as he took a protective stance beside his wife and infant daughter. “Just what exactly are we talking about here.”
“And what type of impact will it have?” Lestrade added.

“Tell them Mycroft,” Sherlock ordered. “They have the right to know.”

Quite unexpectedly Mycroft gave in to Sherlock’s demands. “Very well,” he said as he walked over to a concealed safe. Keying in the pass code he opened the safe, and removed a device that could easily be mistaken for a TV remote.

“What’s that?” Mary asked suspiciously as she handed her baby daughter to Mrs Hudson.

“This Mary is the answer to all our troubles.”

“But not the answer to our questions,” John noted.

Sherlock smirked at his brother, pleased that his friends weren’t willing to put up with Mycroft’s games anymore than he was.

“This device,” Mycroft finally explained, “will detonate a weapon that is the equivalent of a hundred nuclear bombs.”

“Try a thousand,” Sherlock interjected.

Molly, John, Mary, Lestrade, Mrs Hudson and Wiggins exchanged worried looks.

“Only a handful of people know of the existence of Thunder Child. If the general population were to learn that such a weapon existed, it would cause widespread panic.”

“For a very good reason,” Sherlock agreed, his comment earning him a glare from his elder brother that he completely ignored.

“Okay, so whatever this weapon is the consequences of using it will be serious, yeah?” Lestrade noted in exasperation as he looked from one Holmes brother to the other. “How serious?”

Sherlock waved his hand to indicate he was leaving the grand reveal to the one who literally had his finger on the button.

Seeing there was no way of escaping his current predicament, Mycroft plunged right in to his explanation.

“Thunder Child is a number of weapons that have been placed at strategic positions all around the globe. It cannot be detected because the technology developed for these weapons were designed with the specific intention that they remain hidden from prying eyes, with only a handful of people who know there exact locations. In addition due to the sensitivity of the weapons themselves and the continual need to shield there whereabouts it became necessary that technology be developed so that they were powered under its own quite unique and independently secure power source.”

“So when the Martians took out all power installations, Thunder Child wasn’t affected,” Mary clarified.

“Correct,” Mycroft confirmed.

“So we have an extremely powerful and sophisticated weapon that’s been placed all around the earth that can be detonated by one small device,” John noted.

“It was thought best that the detonator be simple to operate in case the situation was so catastrophic that trying to remember a code or a specific sequence to initiate it may prove
prohibitive.”

“What happens?” Molly asked quietly. “What happens when you press that button?”

“The Martians will be destroyed.”

“And?” Sherlock pressed.

For once Mycroft’s usually stoic expression was briefly replaced by something like regret as he informed those present. “And so will every living thing on the planet.”

When Mycroft finished his explanation there was a stunned silence as everyone internally digested the full implications of what, and how far he was prepared to go destroy the Martian invaders.

“Have you lost your bloody mind?” Lestrade demanded.

“Yes,” came Sherlock’s immediate response.

“You’re telling me,” John cried angrily as he indicated his sleeping baby daughter and the others in the room. “Your solution for winning this war against the Martians is to kill everything, and everyone.”

“There’s no other option,” came the fatalistic response.

“The hell there isn’t,” Sherlock snarled as he lunged at Mycroft.

After a brief struggle he managed to disarm his brother. With the remote safely in his possession he placed it in the inside pocket of his jacket.

“Just because you’ve decided to give up Mycroft,” Sherlock snapped as he grabbed his Belstaff and put it on. “That doesn’t mean that I have.”

He walked over to Mrs Hudson, who was cradling Isabelle Watson in her arms. “Mrs Hudson, keep a close eye on Mycroft. It wouldn’t surprise me if he had a backup device hidden away somewhere.”

“Yes dear,” she replied.

He bent down and pressed a gentle kiss to the infant’s forehead, before turning to Wiggins. “Should there be another device and he attempt to retrieve it, you have my permission to use whatever means and force necessary to ensure that he cannot use it. Do I make myself clear?”

Wiggins nodded, silently withdrawing a flick knife from his pocket.

Sherlock looked over at Mycroft to make sure he fully comprehended and understood the situation.

Satisfied, he turned to the others. “All right everyone, lets get to work.” Walking over to Molly, he took her by the hand and led her back over to the hatch that led to the underground tunnels.

“Where are we going exactly?” Lestrade asked, as he, John and Mary made their way to over to join Sherlock and Molly.

Sherlock opened the hatch and began to descend, pausing to indicate for Molly to join him as he nonchalantly responded. “To save the Earth, obviously.”

***
Our Microscopic Allies

Chapter Summary

For the vegetation that gives Mars its red appearance had taken root on Earth. As Man had succumbed to the Martians, so our land now succumbed to the Red Weed.

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THE UNDERGROUND TUNNELS

As soon as they’d all descended down the ladder Sherlock handed them all torches that seemed to magically appear out of nowhere. Then without a word he set off, striding down the tunnels with the others trailing after him.

After about twenty minutes John couldn’t contain himself any longer. “Sherlock.”

“Hmmm,” came the non-committal response from up ahead.

“Care to share exactly where it is that we’re headed?”

Sherlock came to an abrupt halt before turning back to the others, his furrowed brow clearly indicating his annoyance. “Was I not clear?”

Seeing the blank expressions of his companions, he let out an exasperated sigh. Reaching into one of the pockets of his Belstaff he withdrew a map of the tunnels that he’d hastily drawn up and handed it to Lestrade. “You’ll need this to make your way back.”

“So we’re splitting up then?” Lestrade clarified.

“Yes. Molly and I need to get to Barts to collect some equipment. I need you, John and Mary to gather as many samples as you can.”

“Samples?” John queried.

“Martian DNA,” he paused briefly. “I know what I’m asking of you is extremely dangerous. But to defeat this enemy we have to know exactly what we’re dealing with first. As far as I’m aware no such undertaking has ever been done, unless Area 51 has something. But even if communications weren’t down, they’re unlikely to share their findings if they had any. So we’re going to have to get some ourselves.”

“Fair enough,” John responded, “Once we have the samples, then what?”

“Then we look for weaknesses. These Martians clearly have some or they wouldn’t be using human blood in an attempt to adapt to our atmosphere. Once we can pin down the exact nature of their weakness then we can exploit it, and use it to our advantage.”

“Sherlock,” Mary called out as the detective once again took off down the tunnel.
“What now?” he demanded turning back.

“What are we supposed to put these samples in?”

“Oh.” Sherlock paused in thought, then began frantically searching his other pockets, eventually producing a number of small sample bottles, flick knives, some labels and markers which he handed to Mary, John and Lestrade.

“What do you have an extension spell on your coat pockets like in Mary Poppins and Harry Potter?” Lestrade asked in amazement, he and the others curious what else the detective kept stored away in his coat.

The references were completely lost on Sherlock, who looked at them all as if they’d lost their minds.

“I have a long coat with many pockets,” he said, stating the obvious and frowned with confusion when the others laughed affectionately at him.

John patted him on the shoulder. “Mate if you don’t want to be a rubbish godfather you’d better set up a room in that Mind Palace of yours dedicated to children’s literature.”

Sherlock rolled his eyes before turning and continuing down the tunnel. Over his shoulder he stated. “I’ll have you know I’m a brilliant godfather and will share with Isabelle when she’s old enough my knowledge of Grimm’s Fairytales. The actual fairytales and not the saccharin Disney versions.”

Ten minutes later Sherlock paused near an exit. “This will take you close to New Scotland Yard,” he said. “Get as many samples as you can.”

“And take care,” Molly added before hurrying off after Sherlock who was already several feet ahead.

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OUTSIDE ST BART’S HOSPITAL

The building still stood but it had sustained significant damage, having clearly come under attack from the invading Martians.

Sherlock led them quickly inside to the hospital foyer. Molly paused to observe the damage, chewing nervously on her bottom lip as she looked up at the ceiling.

Deducing her concerns Sherlock attempted to reassure her. “We should be fairly safe as long as we don’t do anything that could further compromise the integrity of the support structure.”

She nodded her head absently before following the detective who was heading for the nearest stairwell.

As soon as they reached the familiar surrounds of the pathology lab, Sherlock made his way to the staff locker room.

It didn’t take him long to locate what he was looking for. In one of the storage cabinets he found a number of large bags that would be big enough to carry the items they were there to acquire.
They made quick work of gathering up microscopes, Bunsen burners, glass beakers of various shapes and sizes, thermometers and a wide range of chemicals that they hoped could prove useful to their investigation into how to best tackle this new and extremely destructive adversary.

* 

As they made their way back to the manhole, Molly turned back once more to look at the senseless act of wanton death and destruction. “Why did they do it, Sherlock?”

Whatever he intended to say died before he could voice it when he saw the way she looked at him. Instead he took the time getting them both back safely in the tunnel to consider his reply. When he did he responded carefully. “I don’t believe they had a specific reason, at least not at first. Their initial motivation appears to simply be one of conquest. But when they realised they were having difficulty adapting to our atmosphere, they needed to find a quick and easy means to absorb what they needed to survive here.”

“So they believe that injecting our blood directly into their veins will give them some sort of protection, an immunity boost to the Earth’s atmosphere?”

“Precisely,” Sherlock replied, giving her a rare smile that faded all too quickly. “Unfortunately to get enough blood into them, they require a lot of…”

“Fresh supplies,” Molly finished.

“Yes,” he confirmed, adding quietly. “And the hospital would be the perfect place to obtain ready provisions…”

Molly shuddered, imagining the helpless and terrified patients, assuming they survived the initial attack on the hospital, trapped and unable to escape, picked off one by one.

Sherlock placed his hands gently on her shoulders. “What’s done is done Molly,” he said as he pulled her in close for a reassuring hug, before swinging the bags over his shoulder and taking her hand in his and leading her through the tunnels once more. “We need to get back so we can start on our solution to this terrible catastrophe.”

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NEAR NEW SCOTLAND YARD

When John, Mary and Lestrade emerged from the underground tunnel, they found themselves looking upon the landscape of another planet.

The London that they all knew and loved no longer existed. Mars’ red weed had taken root on Earth.

Wherever they looked the red weed clung, strangling all that it touched. Its ability to adapt was clear to see, as it grew with frightening abandon. Its claw-like fronds spreading out in all directions, overpowering and consuming everything it came into contact with.

Without a word John bent down and collected a sample.

They moved cautiously down what had once been familiar streets. Streets that were now broken memorials to what had once been. So many buildings stood in ruins. Those that weren’t had still suffered damage. Looters had been busy, grabbing what they could. Shops with their windows broken, the contents from within scattered all over the pavement.
Bodies also littered the streets, their outlines softened by a layer of black dust, a residue from the poisonous smoke that filled the air. This was another weapon developed by the Martian’s to subdue the local population.

Mary carefully scraped a quantity of the dust into another sample bottle.

Lestrade, who had gone on ahead suddenly paused next to a pile of bodies that appeared to have been unceremoniously dumped in the street.

“John,” he called out as loud as he dared. “Come look at this.”

John and Mary quickly made their way over to the detective inspector.

“What have you found?” Mary asked.

“All the other bodies around here, they’ve clearly been killed by the heat ray or from being in or near a building that’s been destroyed, yeah?” Lestrade said. “But look at these bodies, they’re all in pretty good nick, except…”

“They look as if they’ve been drained,” Mary finished excitedly.

“Look for where the Martian’s made their incisions,” John ordered as all three began searching the bodies. “There may be some DNA transfer in the wound.”

They had just finished getting the samples they needed when out of the gloom a fighting machine materialised. With nowhere to hide, and not wanting to draw attention to themselves their only option was to remain perfectly still.

The enormous tripod figure looked from right to left, and then back again before moving on.

“That was close,” Mary noted once they were certain they were safe.

“Time to head back then,” Lestrade remarked hopefully. “We’ve got enough samples.”

“We’ve got all we can” John agreed. “Let’s just hope it’s enough to give us the answers we need.”

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THE DIOGENE’S CLUB BUNKER

As soon as Sherlock and Molly had returned they began setting up the equipment they’d retrieved from Bart’s.

By the time John, Mary and Lestrade joined them they were ready to begin work on the collected samples.

Mary relieved Mrs Hudson of little Isabelle. The elderly landlady took the opportunity to go have a well-earned nap, with the aid of some herbal soothers, while Lestrade and John took over Wiggins watch over Mycroft.

*

Sherlock and Molly worked quietly and efficiently together. Each anticipating the others needs like a well-oiled machine. They sat side by side, both focussed on the samples they were analysing under their respective microscopes.
It soon became clear that all the samples had something in common, they all showed a varying degree of bacterial infection.

Sherlock sat back in his chair to consider what his eyes were showing him. “Could it really be that simple?” he mused aloud.

It was clear that no sooner had the Martian’s arrived on Earth than these microscopic predators and pathogens had set to work attaching themselves to, while feeding on and distorting the alien DNA makeup with the infections they carried, infections, completely unknown on Mars.

As these microscopic allies multiplied, they spread quickly through this new ingestible food source, gradually destroying the invaders from within.

The implications were so much more than they could ever have hoped for.

Sherlock watched as the same realisation came to Molly. Turning to Sherlock she asked. “So what’s our next move?”

“We need to speed up the process,” he replied. “We have to act quickly before the Martians adapt and become immune to their affects.”

Molly sat in thought for a moment. “Well heat is the simplest agent we have at our disposal to increase the growth of most bacteria,” she noted.

Sherlock stood up. “Brilliant,” he replied, then to Molly’s surprise he bent down, took her face in his hands and kissed her firmly on the lips. “Then that is where we will begin our experiment.”

Molly sat in stunned silence as she watched him make his way over to the burners. ‘Had he really just…’

“Come on Molly, we’ve no time to lose.”

Still flustered Molly somehow managed to get up and made her way over to where he was already getting things ready.

*  

A couple of hours later they looked at the small sample they had created.

“It’s not going to be enough to destroy them all.” Molly noted.

“No,” Sherlock agreed. “But it will hopefully be enough to test our theory.”

“And how do you propose to do that?”

Sherlock looked down at her, an enormous grin spreading across his face. The game was clearly on. “By getting as close to them as I can,” came his foreboding response.

***
Chapter Summary

Even some things are worth dying for, if just one man could stand tall. There would be some hope for us all.

Disclaimer:
I don’t own any of these characters. I just like to play with them every now and then.

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THE DIOGENES CLUB BUNKER

“Have you lost your mind?” John all but spluttered.

Sherlock rolled his eyes. “And everyone accuses me of being a drama queen.”

“Hey,” Lestrade interjected. “He’s just saying what we’re all thinking Sherlock.”

Glancing around the room at those gathered, Sherlock read the varying degrees of concern on all their faces. The one showing the most distress was Molly.

As his gaze came to rest upon his pathologist, Lestrade continued. “What you’re suggesting doing is extremely dangerous. You can’t do it on your own, you’re gonna need help.”

“No,” Sherlock responded firmly.

“Sherlock…” Mary began. But Sherlock forestalled her with a raised hand and a shake of his head.

“I’m well aware that this task is extremely dangerous. But I also believe that its success rests in the ability to get as close to these Martian’s without being detected. Therefore a single individual, and one who knows where best to direct the virus to achieve maximum affect, is the best and only solution.”

Before the arguments could continue Sherlock picked up the bag he’d packed, containing the sample and a means of getting the virus into the Martians, and headed out of the room, pausing briefly to offer a reminder.

“Don’t let your guard down around my brother until I get back.” Or don’t get back, was the unspoken subtext. “Hold on to hope for as long as you can. When you feel that there is no other alternative, then you can return this to him.” Sherlock tossed the remote to John, who caught it easily.

*

THE DIOGENES CLUB – VISITOR’S ROOM

“Sherlock, wait!”
Sherlock paused as Molly rushed up to him.

“I’ll go with you,” she offered.

Sherlock looked down at the petite woman and allowed a small smile to play upon his lips. His loyal, dependable pathologist, what would he do without her? She was always there for him, whether it was helping him fake his own death, or in his Mind Palace to tell him what he needed to do after he’d been shot. She was willing to do anything to help him.

But not this time, this time he wouldn’t allow it. He could not bare the thought of her being in harms way. She had to stay safe. If things didn’t go well for him, then she was the only other person who knew what they’d done to the virus to manipulate it to make it more effective in its ability to infect the Martians at a more rapid rate.

It was absolutely imperative and essential that she stay behind.

As always with Molly, he didn’t need to tell her any of this. She was the only one that truly saw him, and could read him better than most.

She tried to be brave as she nodded her head to show she understood, but she couldn’t contain an audible sob escaping her lips, nor the tears as they spilled from her eyes to stream down her cheeks.

Seeing the tears broke something in the consulting detective, and before he could stop himself he bent down and gently pressed his lips to Molly’s trembling ones, tasting the saltiness of her tears. Raising his head, he looked her directly in the eye. “I will do everything in my power to come back to you if I can. I promise.” He quickly brushed his lips over her forehead, before turning to slip out of The Diogenes Club through a side door.

“You’d better,” Molly whispered.

She stood motionless lost in thought, when she became aware of movement behind her. She turned to see Billy Wiggins hovering uncomfortably in the doorway, looking a little embarrassed at being caught observing what had clearly been a private moment.

But when he saw her worried expression, he made his way over to her, patting her awkwardly on the shoulder. “Don’t worry missus, I’ll keep an eye on ‘im for ya,” he promised.

Before Molly could respond he slipped out of the room and set off after the world’s only consulting detective.

Silently Molly offered up a prayer that both would return from their dangerous mission safely.

***

LONDON - SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY

Wiggins had managed to keep track of Sherlock from the time he’d left The Diogenes Club.

But the further they went into the city, the more unfamiliar London became. Wiggins was reminded of images he’d seen of the city during The Blitz.

Building were either completely destroyed, or in serious danger of toppling over. Several fires had broken out, and the unpleasant smell of rotting bodies filled the pungent air.

Covering almost every surface now was the red weed that continued to grow and spread at speed.
But it too was struggling to survive. The normally fleshy red fibre was being replaced by a sickly white parasitic growth that covered the leathery fronds, strangling the flow of nurturance that guaranteed its survival. The alien weed became more and more decayed as the bacteria took hold.

Even the poisonous black smoke appeared to have less of an effect than before.

But this was of little concern to Billy, who kept his focus on the man he was following as stealthily as he could.

He was just following the Consulting Detective around a corner when he came to an abrupt halt. Sherlock had disappeared. Wiggins glanced left then right, but there was still no sign of the man he was pursuing.

“If you’re determined to follow me undetected,” noted a familiar voice from directly behind him. “You might want to try being a little less obvious about it.”

Billy’s shoulders slumped in defeat. He thought he’d been doing such a good job of tailing Sherlock.

“You need to go back, I don’t require a chaperone.” Sherlock stated dismissively.

But as he made to leave, Wiggins responded just as adamantly. “I’m not here for you.”

Sherlock turned back to his self-appointed protégé. “So why are you here, Billy?” he asked contemptuously. Time was of the essence and this idle chitchat was quickly becoming tedious.

“I’m doing it for ya missus.”

Sherlock frowned, clearly confused.

“The little one from the morgue,” Billy clarified. “Promised her I’d keep an eye on ya.”

Realising no argument would deter Wiggins from his task. Sherlock carried on in the direction he’d been going.

“UUUlllaaaHHHH!”

Both men halted in their tracks.

A moment later the cry came again. “UUUlllaaaHHHH!”

“Doesn’t sound well,” Billy noted.

“No it doesn’t,” Sherlock replied, his pace quickening.

Shortly after they came upon the body of the Martian that had been calling out. Its tripod stood completely motionless. The Martian had either left its machine of its own accord or fallen from it. Either way, it had ended up a crumpled mess on the ground. Its body showed clear signs of bacterial infection.

It confirmed to Sherlock that his and Molly’s theory was correct. Bending down Sherlock collected a sample from the dead Martian. Analysis of the decaying flesh could give them more valuable data on how they could improve upon the virus they’d already created.

The virus that still needed to be put to the test.

They didn’t have long to wait.
The ground beneath their feet began to shake. Glancing up they saw another tripod heading in their direction. It had clearly heard the cries from its fallen comrade and had come to investigate.

Sherlock quickly removed a remote controlled drone from his bag, inserted the phial containing the sample of the virus, and set the drone lose.

As the drone approached the compartment where the Martian sat, the alien invader completely ignored it, clearly viewing it to be too small to be of any significant threat.

And that would prove to be a fatal mistake, as Sherlock directed the drone to drop its load, the glass phial smashing on impact, releasing the virus.

Bacteria can get into anything, and this it did, working its way through the alien metal casing and attaching itself to the sole occupant.

Within minutes the tripod began to stagger about uncontrollably, before crashing to the ground, completely immobile. The Martian inside lay dead, slain by the Earth’s minute, microscopic allies.

But the virus’ job was not yet complete. What hadn’t entered the tripod had been picked up by a gentle breeze. And everything alien it touched, the red weed and the black smoke withered away and died.

Sherlock’s immense relief was palatable in the rare ear splitting grin he gave Billy as he noted. “I’d say that our little test has proved conclusive.” Clapping his apprentice on the shoulder he announced with renewed enthusiasm. “Now to get back so we can complete our task.”

And with that he turned, belstaff flapping in the breeze as they headed triumphantly back to the others.

***
**Brave New World**

Chapter Summary

But maybe from the madness something beautiful will grow.

Disclaimer:
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Now that they knew that the virus worked, Sherlock and Molly with the aid of John and Billy set to work producing it in large quantities.

Then in pairs they would set off to different parts of the city, releasing the virus on any unsuspecting Martian they came across, letting the wind take it further afield.

Proof that they were indeed winning the war against their invaders came when communications were re-established and electricity and gas were restored.

From that point on other countries around the world that had been likewise affected were now able to combat the effects that had brought them to their knees.

Life could finally go back to the way it had before…

***

221B BAKER STREET - TWO MONTHS LATER

Molly rushed up the stairs of Baker Street to Sherlock’s flat.

She was a little out of breath, having rushed over when she’d received a text from Sherlock.

Come to Baker St. Urgent.
SH

She hadn’t heard from the Consulting Detective for several days, which wasn’t surprising given all the work that needed to be done around London and its surrounding suburbs.

Clearing up the considerable damage the city had endured required all hands on deck, though some like Mycroft preferred to take on a supervisory role only.

Debris from damaged and destroyed buildings littered the streets. There were few roads that were useable as many had suffered varying degrees of damage and were in desperate need of repair.

Damaged building and bridges had to be assessed for their structural integrity to determine whether they should be demolished immediately or if they could be saved.

And then there were the bodies…

She had lost count how many she had dealt with over the last couple of months.
So it had been with some relief that she’d received Sherlock’s text. She was eager to discover what he’d been up to.

* 

When she entered his flat she had to rub her eyes to make certain she wasn’t seeing things. The flat was immaculate. And not just tidy, but pristine. Of the tenant however there was no sign.

“Sherlock,” she called.

“In here,” came the response from down the hall.

When Molly entered his bedroom she came upon another remarkable sight. Sherlock Holmes was changing the sheets on his bed, himself.

“Do stop staring Molly. I am fully capable of performing such a menial task.”

Sherlock’s words snapped her out of her stupor.

“Sorry,” she mumbled, embarrassed and uncomfortable. Suddenly all she could think was ‘I’m in Sherlock’s bedroom, with Sherlock…’ Realising where her wayward thoughts were headed Molly angrily reminded herself that any change of feeling for her that Sherlock had alluded to in The Diogenes Club were motivated more by their precarious situation than by any…

“Wrong,” Sherlock stated emphatically, now standing in her personal space as he looked intently down at her.

Taken aback by his adamant tone and the realisation of how close he was caused Molly to stumble over her words as she desperately attempted to clarify their situation. “Wh… what do you me wrong? Wr… wrong about…”

Sherlock clarified his meaning by leaning down to place a passionate kiss upon her quivering lips, leaving her in no doubt of exactly how he felt.

That was all it took to ignite the flame of long repressed feelings. Clothes were hurriedly dispensed with, both eager to taste and feel, as lips and hands covered what naked flesh they could reach. All the while they moved towards the bed, finally tumbling back upon it with its fresh new sheets.

Sherlock made his way slowly down Molly’s body leaving a trail of wet, sensuous kisses over her neck, breasts and belly, until he reached his destination at the apex of her thighs. He flicked her glistening folds with his tongue, savouring her musky flavour and the desperate moans she gave as his tempo increased, causing her to raise her hips and grind her exposed sex against his talented tongue in an ever-increasing rhythm.

Molly could feel the telltale signs of her approaching orgasm, but she wanted Sherlock inside her their first time together. So grasping his damp curls she gave a sharp tug, pulling his head up with one hand, while crooking a finger with the other to indicate where she wanted him.

It was a request Sherlock willingly complied with. Rising over her, he pressed his engorged cock against her opening and slowly entered her. Both sighed at the exquisite sensation of finally being joined together in such an intimate way. Then Sherlock began to move, each thrust of his hips penetrating deeper. His rhythm increased as he staked his claim on her. Molly was his, and his
alone.

He thrust again and again and again. The power in his surging body causing Molly to arch her body up to meet his. She sobbed for release, yet prayed that it would never end. The very next moment she let out an exhalant shout as her climax overwhelmed her. Three short hard thrusts later saw Sherlock following her into oblivion as he roared his release, before collapsing on top of her.

They stayed as they were for several minutes, both breathing heavily. Eventually it penetrated Sherlock’s brain that he was probably crushing Molly, so he manoeuvred their bodies so that they now lay on their sides.

*

Sated for now, they lay snuggled together among tangled sheet.

Molly shivered as she felt Sherlock’s fingers gently glide up and down her sweat-slicked body. In retaliation she reached up into his unruly curls, scraping her short nails over his scalp and was rewarded with a pleading moan for more.

But when he rolled her under him, she playfully noted. “You should take Billy under your wing. I’m certain he’d be a great asset to you.”

Sherlock frowned, confused by why she would want to talk about Wiggins at a time like this. And then he noted the teasing glint in her eyes.

“You just want to keep him around because he’s… fond of you.”

“Jealous?”

“Not in the least,” he denied haughtily. “I just don’t intend to adopt him”

“Oh I don’t know…” Molly began, halting when Sherlock began pressing a series of increasingly passionate kisses to her lips, and down to the upper swell of her breasts.

“Molly,” Sherlock growled warningly, “I’d much prefer focussing my intentions on you and what I want to do to you…”

As his kisses became passionate nips and licks as his teeth and tongue swiped over her sensitive skin. Molly was more than happy to comply with her detective’s wishes, turning her full attention back to driving him as crazy as he was making her.

Because finally being able to freely show her love for Sherlock, and knowing he returned that sentiment was the most precious gift, and the only one she intended to focus on for the foreseeable future.

***

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always most welcome. :-}
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!